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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1901 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

MISS LEILA GRIG — MISS FANNIE FULLER — MRS. M'KINLEY — COUNTESS DE CASSINI — MISS HAY (THE YOUNG POET)

New Year's Day at the White House.

A HUNDRED yes have rolled around since thirst New Year's reception was ld in the White House. A hu red years, and what changes the centu has wrought!

In 1801 the Executive ansion at Washington was a great unished building, standing in the midst of sparsely settled distric In coming to take posse sion of it, President an Mrs. Adams had to driv over in a conveyance fro Baltimore — there bein no railroads then. Th driver lost his way, an when they finally arrive at the new capital of th nation and the hous which was being built fo the Presidents to live i it was night, and the se vants could scarcely fin lights enough to make th great rooms distinguish able. They looked "ex ceedingly barn-like" t Mrs. Adams, in their un finished and unfurnishe state, and were pretty un comfortable too, from th fact that she could not ge enough firewood to kee them warm.

That was in the fall o 1800, by New Year's 18c the down-stairs portio was still unfinished an unfurnished: Mrs. Adam was using the east roo which was designated "th banqueting hall," in w to dry the household linen, and state parlors were so in the name onl But President and Mrs. Adams de d to hold a New Year's reception twithstanding, and it was given in oval shaped library on the secon door, a hand- some room, commandi a fine view of the Potomac and the ring Virginian and Maryland Hills. T first reception was a very formal affair. The President and his wife did the honors alone that New Year's day, and it does not seem to have occurred to them to call on the Cabinet families to assist them. The President's wife sat in state, in her brocades and velvet, the President stood beside her in knee-breeches, gaily colored waistcoat, high stock and collar, and his powdered hair tied in a neat queue. After each guest had paid his respects to them, he passed on and was served with refreshments by a colored waiter. Imagine President McKinley attempting such a thing with the thousands of guests who call upon him at the White House reception.

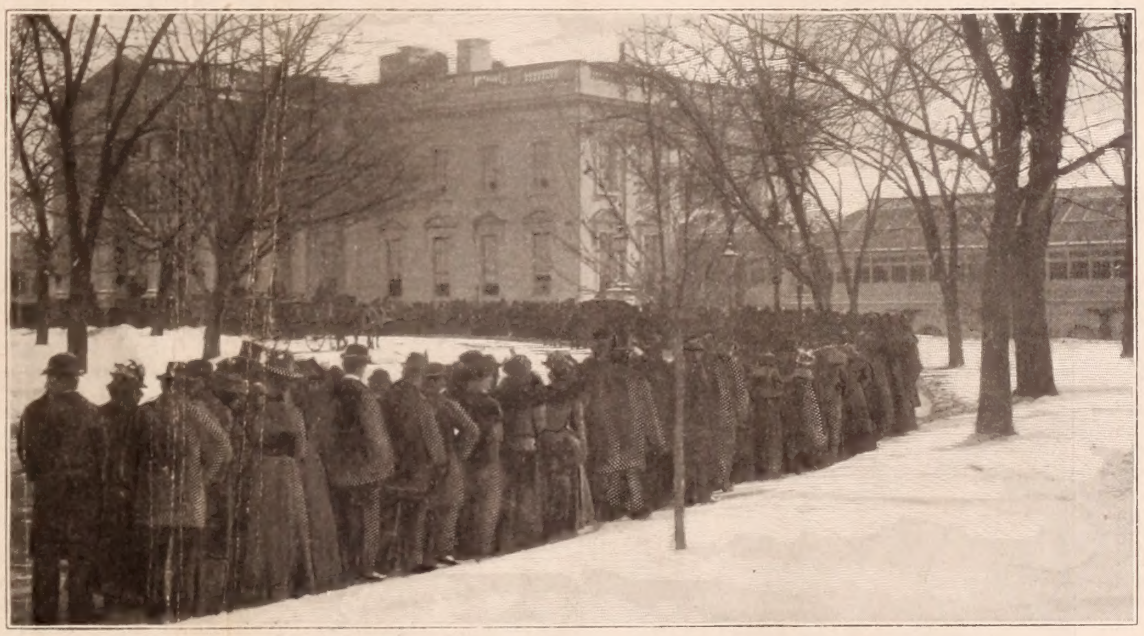
Mrs. Adams and two or three of her successors, tried to return the calls that were made upon them, but the task was herculean, the streets were simply bowled out roadways through the woods, and the mud was apt to be up to the carriage hubs. There was another custom inaugurated during those days, which was even more of a burden to the Presidents' families. Until the administration of Mr. Johnson, every President entertained the Senators and every member of the House once during each session of Congress. By the time Mr. Johnson became Chief Executive the number had become so great that he declined to undertake it. Should President McKinley attempt such a thing he would do little else during the winter, but gives dinner parties to the ninety Senators and the three hundred and fifty-eight members of the present Congress.

When Mrs. Monroe came to the White House, she vetoed the custom of the President's wife returning calls. She had lived abroad a good deal while her husband was minister plenipotentiary, and she established the code of etiquette for the President's family, which has continued in vogue almost unchanged to the present time. At first the house in which the President lived was called "The Palace," but a strong anti-monarchical sentiment frowned on this designation, and finally Congress formally declared it "The Executive Mansion" and by that name and "The President's House" it was popularly known, until it was burned by the British in 1814. Then, when its blackened free-stone walls were repainted white to hide the traces of the fire, it was re-christened "The White House," a name that has clung to it ever since.

After the White House was destroyed by the British, it was not occupied again until 1818, and was not completely finished until 1829. From that time forward, the state parlors and east room have been used for the official functions. Great display, particularly among the diplomats, has always characterized these occasions. Some one writing of a New Year's reception at the White House in the early years of the last century, speaks of "the flashing jewels, silken dresses, and nodding plumes," and adds rather quaintly:

> My attention was attracted to what seemed like a rolling ball of burnished gold carried swiftly through the air upon two gilt wings, toward the President's House. It stopped before the door, and from it alighted, weighted with gold lace, the French Minister and his suite. We now perceived that what we had supposed to be wings were gorgeous footmen, with brass chapeaux and gilt braided skirts, and armed with glittering swords.

In our own day, the President's New Year's reception means a dress parade for the entire official contingent. A day or two before the event, the public rooms of the mansion are closed and put into the hands of the White House decorators. Not only the White House conservatory but those of the Agricultural department and the Botanical Gardens as well, are brought into requisition to supply the needed flowers. From the propagating gardens the



CROWDS AT THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS WAITING ADMISSION TO THE RECEPTION

MISS MARY BARBER

MRS. BAER (FORMERLY RACHEL M'KINLEY)

MISS GRACE M'KINLEY

giant palms—which are famous in horticultural circles the world over—are brought and placed in the center of the east room, in its deep doorways, and in the corridors.

MAJOR MCCAWLEY
Who presents the guests to Mrs. McKinley

More than ten thousand small potted plants with blooming blossoms are used in banking the mantels, over the doorways, and on the window ledges. From each mirror hang wreaths of roses and orchids. From each chandelier, hundreds of yards of roped asparagus and smilax reach to the various points of the ceiling, producing a canopy of green marvelously beautiful in its effect. Cut roses, carnations, azaleas, orchids, tulips, hyacinths, lilies of the valley, and the brilliant poinsettia smile from many a nook. In fact, if the President had to pay a private florist for the New Year's decorations of the White House $2,000 would not cover the bill.

The hours of the New Year's reception are from eleven to one o'clock; but long before eleven, a waiting crowd begins to gather, and by the time the doors are opened, it reaches from the steps of the front entrance down through the long, circular driveway of the grounds out on Pennsylvania Ave., and often extends beyond the State, War and Navy buildings over into Seventeenth street. Every grade of society is represented in this throng. The "man with the hoe," in his Sunday best, stands next the man whose bank account may represent six figures. The colored "Aunty" jostles against some richly dressed lady, and passes in ahead of her, to pay her 'spects to their common Chief Magistrate. To each and every one, President McKinley extends the same kindly greeting. He grasps the hard hand of toil with just as much cordiality, and gives its owner quite as hearty a welcome, as he does the soft, white hand of the stockbroker who comes next. There have always been many who have criticised the Presidents and have cried out against this lack of exclusiveness at the White House, but their protest is lost in the wrathful voice of the people who will endure no such spirit in the Chief Executive of their choice.

On New Year's morning the Marine band takes its place near the conservatory and a band from Fort Meyer or the Navy Yard is stationed in the east hall. On the stroke of eleven the bugler of the Marine band sounds the President's call, and upon the instant the receiving party appears at the head of the family stairway. While the band plays "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," they descend. Colonel Bingham, the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds and Master of Ceremonies at the Executive Mansion, and Major McCawley, a gallant officer of the Marine Corps who was with the first regiment that landed in Cuba, dressed in the full uniform of their rank, lead the way. They are followed by the President with Mrs. McKinley leaning on his arm, and she smiles and bows her acknowledgments to the persons who are waiting in the corridors. The Vice-President and his wife, and the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay should immediately follow, but as there is no Vice-President for this New Year (how Mr. Hobart and his gracious wife are still missed!) and as Mrs. Hay is in deep mourning for her mother, Mrs. Gage, the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, is the presiding hostess of the Cabinet and stands in line next to Mrs. McKinley. In coming down the stairs Secretary and Mrs. Gage are followed by the War Secretary and Mrs. Root, and behind them the Attorney General and Mrs. Griggs, the Post-Master General and Mrs. Smith, the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Long, the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Hitchcock, and the Secretary of Agriculture and his charming young daughter who, as he is a widower, has been his hostess for the past four years. This receiving party pass through the "golden gate" leading into the blue room. The President takes his place at the head of the line, near the door of the red room, Mrs. McKinley is seated next to him, in a chair a little higher than the ordinary one, holding a bouquet of orchids and roses, thus indicating that she is not to be expected to shake hands. The other ladies form a semicircle reaching to the door of the green room, where their husbands leave them to join the party back of the line. This usually comprises the young people who are visiting in the house, the presiding officer of the Senate and Mrs. Frye, the Speaker of the House and Mrs. Henderson, the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court, some of the Senators' wives, and other prominent persons. The house party at the Executive Mansion is unusually small, as the President's nieces are both engaged in teaching and Mrs. McKinley's nieces are in mourning for their brother, Lieutenant Barber, who died in the service in October. But there is a bevy of pretty girls back of the line, daughters of Cabinet members, the Misses McKenna, the Speaker's daughter, Mrs. Frye's granddaughters, and others well known for their amiable qualities.

As the receiving party takes its place the band strikes up an inspiring air and the reception begins. Colonel Bingham in a clear, distinct voice, introduces each guest to the President and Major McCawley presents them to Mrs. McKinley. The Diplomatic Corps is received first. Lord Pauncefote, in all of the splendor of the British court dress, as dean, has the precedence and comes forward with a warm handshake and a courtly bow. He is followed by Lady Pauncefote, their three young daughters, and the entire suite of the embassy. Each of the other five ambassadors and retinues, the Italian, German, French, Russian and Mexican, succeed the dean in the order named. Then the Swedish plenipotentiary, from priority in the service, comes next, and he is followed by the representatives of the twenty-eight nations which maintain legations at our capital, and they are received in the order of length of service. The Diplomatic

MS. GAGE
Who asts Mrs. McKinley

Corps is larger now than at any previous time in our history, and nine new plenipotentiaries appear for the first time at the President's New Year's reception, making the pageantry an unusually brilliant one. All of the ambassadors and ministers wear court uniforms, heavy with embroidery and blazing with decorations and orders. Their wives and daughters wear handsome afternoon toilets. The Orientals, in their brocaded gowns and flaming head-dresses add picturesque touches to the scene. After the diplomats, the President receives the members of the Supreme Court and their families, then the members of the Senate and House, followed by the Army and Navy and the National Guard officers. The officers of the Smithsonian and the various departments follow and then the Associated Veterans of the war of 1846-'47 come in. They are all old men, and make the members of the Grand Army who come next appear quite young and sprightly. After this the general public, which has been patiently waiting outside for hours, is admitted, and is greeted quite as cordially as any of its distinguished predecessors. The people drift through the state parlors and into the east room and corridors. They stand and listen to the music or chat with friends, and then their numbers increase and the crowd becomes almost unendurable in its density, they begin to slip away. They leave through an improvised doorway made through the window in the east hall. The window is taken out from its frame and a temporary bridge is placed from it to the sidewalk. This has had to be resorted to, as there is but one front entrance to the mansion, and it is too narrow for both incoming and outgoing guests. At one o'clock the President and the receiving party pass through the rooms down the long corridor and back up-stairs. The bands play for a few moments longer, while the remaining guests take a reluctant leave of the exquisitely decorated rooms, and thus another New Year's reception at the President's House passes into history.

ABBY G. BAKER.

THE "BLUE ROOM," ONE OF THE WHITE HOUSE RECEPTION PARLORS

A Beggar Spreading the Truth

An Indian evangelist relates a singular way in which the Gospel truth is being spread abroad throughout India. As this evangelist was one day visiting a country district, he saw a beggar approaching, and supposed that according to the custom he was going about among the houses and shops, singing hymns in praise of Vishnu. But as this man drew near and began to sing, the evangelist was astonished to find him singing a Christian hymn. It seems the man had bought a little book of Gospel hymns, and they pleased him so much that as he went his rounds he sang them in place of his old Vishnuvite hymns. Strange to relate, the people welcomed the Christian utterances rather than the Hindu.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S MEDAL FOR HEROISM . . .

AS announced in the Million Edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, issued December 5th, the proprietor of this journal purposes to award once a week, a medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery occurring during each week in the year. The first medal awarded will be for the most deserving act of heroism taking place in the first week of January, 1901. Beginning New Year's Day, every reader is invited to forward to us earliest information of any deed of true heroism occurring in his own locality. Send accounts only of thoroughly authentic cases; tell the story from personal knowledge, not from hearsay. A committee in New York will meet once a week and, on investigating the facts presented, will decide which case is most deserving of recognition. This award is not for heroism in the line of paid professional duty, but for that which is voluntary and spontaneous, and without emolument. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD medal is of bronze, of elegant design. In addition to this award, honorable mention will also be made, weekly, of others who have most distinguished themselves in an heroic way in the same period. Address all letters on this subject to Chairman Medal Committee, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

Destroying Their Own Idols

Rev. W. Hurray, a missionary in Pekin, who has for years been doing a good work among blind Chinese students, writes: Now is no longer the Christian chapels and cathedrals that are being consumed by the flames (they have all been destroyed) it is the towering idol temples, some of which are being destroyed by the heathens themselves, for, they say, they trust the idols and they could not help, hence this calamity. Amongst these is the big Huo Kung, that immense Lama Monastery inhabited by the most insolent and vile) lamas of the city. It has been burned to the ground. It contained on huge image of Buddha, about forty feet high.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY

"CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL"

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for Jan. 13: Matt. 21: 1-17. (Read also Mark 11: 1-11; Luke 19: 29-44; John 12: 12-19.)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

By... Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

CHRIST'S triumphal march into Jerusalem was but for a day. The palms of coronation were soon followed by the nails of crucifixion; but it suggests at this impressive hour, the march of Christ down the centuries. If you would realize the resistless might of that long march, set the week we are studying in contrast to the week we are living. This is "the world's week of prayer," during which a Christian population of five hundred millions—some in every land—have all, in some way, hailed Christ as King—thousands in heartfelt, loyal consecration, others only in the flags and dates which unconsciously, but impressively, proclaim that omnipotent forces have been engaged in ceaseless conquests since that "holy week," when the cross had upon it not gold but blood—the blood of the Son of God, slain by Church and State, and when the total of religious statistics was "five hundred" (I. Cor. 15: 6), instead of five hundred millions. But let us not forget the "me" in the "millions." "Behold thy King cometh unto thee."

Christ's Kingship Foretold *That it might be fulfilled which was spoken through the prophet.* In this indulgent age, devotion turns to Christ more as a Saviour than as a King. But Bible chapters from first to last are bound together by the double thread of scarlet and purple, the Saviourship of Jesus and the Kingship of Christ. He is first presented in the Eden Gospel as the bruised Conqueror of the serpent. In the prophets, his sufferings were so clearly pictured, on the one side, and his royal triumphs on the other, that many of the Jews, unable to understand that a king could be a voluntary sufferer, conceived a theory of two Messiahs. At Christ's birth, the cries mingled, "Unto you is born a Saviour"—"Where is he that is born King?" At his coronation on the Mount of Transfiguration: "He spake of his decease." On the cross, above his wounds, were the words: "This is the King;" written in three languages for all the world to note, in the language of religion, of culture and of law. "The Lord's Supper," usually devoted to Saviourship, by its very name points to the Kingship of Christ, and also by its designation as a "sacrament," a word borrowed from *sacramentum*, the Roman soldier's oath of loyalty. These double pictures of Christ as Saviour and King, culminate sublimely in Revelation in "A throne on which a Lamb as it had been slain."

The opening of our lesson finds two groups interested in the fulfilment of Messianic prophecy which was at hand (Isa. 62: 11; Zech. 9: 9). Jerusalem was crowded for the Passover week when as many as 2,700,000 people are said to have come there annually from all parts of the world. Many of these were Galileans who had seen Christ's miracles, and were almost persuaded that he was the expected Messiah. When they heard in the morning after the anointing that he had spent the night in the suburban village of Bethany, they started forth to meet him, plucking palm branches, which were symbols of royalty, to wave in welcome and strew in his path.

Meantime, Jesus was giving orders to his followers by which he could proclaim himself the fulfilment of prophecy, the Messiah-King. He sent for a young ass on which no man ever sat. This was in accordance with the rule that animals used for sacred purposes must never have borne the yoke. These animals were of nobler breed than with us, and were the chosen carriers of kings (Judges 5: 10; 10: 4; II. Sam. 18: 9). Blooded asses are used by the wealthy of the Orient to-day. The enthusiastic bystanders saddled the colt with their own coats and carpeted the pathway along which he was to bear Christ with mingled robes and palms. There is a disposition, even among some Christians, to drop many passages from the list of Messianic prophecies that were formerly placed there. But there is one group on which we must absolutely rely, namely, all passages quoted as Messianic in the New Testament, even though some of them also have another application also. We do not now need the appeal to prophecy, as the apostles did, to prove Christ a king, for history gives nearer proof in his matchless life, his matchless words, his matchless influence that he is the Universal King he claimed to be. But prophecy suggests praise, for it assures us God has been preparing for us a King and a kingdom of righteousness, not yet consummated, from the foundation of the world. We praise God for pardon through Jesus the Saviour; let us also praise him for protection and direction through Christ the King.

"AND MANY SPREAD THEIR GARMENTS UPON THE WAY AND OTHERS BRANCHES"

Our Prince of Peace *Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek.* The warrior rode the horse, but princes of peace in the East rode upon "white asses." It was but a new utterance of the Christmas song, "On earth, peace." It was a strange thing to proclaim a meek King. Honors in that age went to the cruel Conqueror. But Christ has revolutionized the ideals that Greece and Rome gave to Europe, and made the "gentle-man" the prince of all. The old brutal standards linger on the battlefield and ball field and in the hunt, but they are giving way, and "the meek shall inherit the earth." Men will yet learn that "gore is not glory," and take their pride in peace.

Let us get at the personal side of our "pronoun religion." "Behold thy king cometh unto thee." "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

1. "*Crown* him Lord of all."
2. "Crown *him* Lord of all."
3. "Crown him LORD of all."
4. "Crown him Lord of ALL."

Let us all help to crown him Lord of all mankind, but first of all let us make sure we have crowned him Lord of all in our lives:

1. King of our sentiment, as Mary did on the eve of that memorable, first Palm Sunday.

2. King of our property, as they did who yielded up their property, the asses, when the message came, "The Lord hath need of them." The cleansing of the high priests' bazaar in the temple touches another aspect, the frauds sometimes perpetrated by respectable, and even churchly money-changers. It was all right to have the cattle presented for sacrifice inspected, and the foreign money changed that all might offer the half shekel of manhood equality before God, but the sons of Annas had made even this sacred bazaar a "den of thieves."

3. King of our childhood and manhood; of our life in the street and our song in the temple; of our individual and family life in our Bethany, and our social life in our Jerusalem. "Crown him Lord of all." That is consecration, and consecration is simply loyalty to the king by which we are "instant in prayer" and "pray without ceasing."

How hard men have fought against God in the effort to withdraw business and politics and pleasure from His control! But God must rule all our lives. "We can serve Him without condemnation, only without reservation." A story is told of an Indian, penitent for sin and desirous of peace and pardon. He came into the frontier church, and having heard a sermon on consecration came up to the altar and threw down his string of wampum—all he had—saying, "Lord, take poor Indian's wampum, bless poor Indian's soul." But no sense of peace came to his soul. Then he threw down his frontier rifle saying, "Lord, take poor Indian's rifle, bless poor Indian's soul." Still he found no peace. Then he threw himself prostrate at the altar and exclaimed, "Lord, take poor Indian; bless poor Indian's soul," and in full surrender he found, as we may also, the peace of mind he sought.

A child with a stalk of grapes picked one grape after another from the cluster, and held it out to her father, till, as affection waxed warm, and self faded, she gayly flung the whole into her father's bosom, and smiled in his face with triumphant delight. So let us in the abandon of perfect love and trust put all we have into the hands of Christ, all we have and all we are, for him to use at will.

Consecration is loyalty, not an oath of loyalty only, but especially a state of loyalty. There is room for debate whether we are not cheapening consecration by too frequent reconsecrations. I believe the monthly "consecration meetings" of young people's societies are impressive and useful, but I fear the deeper meaning of consecration as a state of mind and heart is often overlooked in the frequency of the act of consecration. A man takes an oath of allegiance to his country. Would it be a good thing for him to repeat it in a patriotic meeting once a month? I am not sure it would not, but let him remember loyalty may be perpetual and unbroken. He can be loyal without ceasing, even when he is not shouting for the flag, or even thinking about it. Shall a husband repeat his marriage vow once a month? I am not at all sure it would not be a good thing. Some husbands might improve by adopting the rule to say, "I love you" at least once a month to their wives, for they leave too much to be taken for granted. But a true husband is loyal to his wife all the time, even when too busy to think of her. So love and loyalty to Christ, which are the essence of prayer, may be a perpetual consecration by which we "pray without ceasing."

The Plain People for Christ, the Upper Classes Against Him *The multitude cried Hosanna!* The Pharisees exclaimed when the people were crying God save the king, that is, Hosanna, as Christ rode on in majesty, "The world is gone after him." When Ben Tillet was leading the great English dock strike, keeping the men from any outbreaks of disorder, he told the gathered workmen of one whom he called "the Man of Nazareth," who had been a carpenter and became a teacher, and how kind he was to workingmen, and what he would no doubt have done had he owned the docks. A sooty-faced workman listened with a tear now and then cleaning a path down his cheeks, as some story of his kindness was narrated, and when Ben Tillet ceased, this workman exclaimed, "I don't know who this Man of Nazareth was you've been telling about, but whoever he was, I move we give him three cheers." And those fellow-workmen gave three cheers for Christ with a will. Gladstone said the educated class, with individual exceptions, has always been the last to welcome moral progress.

The Righteous Severity of the King *Jesus cast out them that sold and bought in the temple.* It was the temple bazaar, kept by the sons of Annas, that Jesus banished because of dishonesty in the handling of religious funds. It was perfectly proper to have in the temple courtyard a place where worshipers from foreign lands could change their moneys so that every Jew might present the half shekel, the token of Hebrew equality. But the sons of the High Priest were conducting these exchanges in fraud and extortion, and Christ drove them as thieves from the temple. It was in an earlier cleansing of the temple (John 2: 13-16), when there were "both sheep and oxen" to be driven out of the sacred enclosure, that Christ used a whip of small cords, no doubt for the cattle, not for men—and even for the cattle more as a sign than a scourge. But while there were no physical blows for men in this temple cleansing it was a picture of righteous indignation which has its place in any true and full imitation of Christ. "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil." There is such a thing as a "good hater" for repeatedly men are commended for hating what God hates. But it is the evil thing not the person we are to hate. (Rev. 2: 6).

Tenderness with Severity *And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he healed them.* This tenderness comes in beautifully with the preceding picture of Christ's severity. The two qualities go together in all well-rounded manhood. Let us be angry only at sin, but oftener gentle and kind.

A noted manufacturer in this country who has three thousand men in his employ, says: "I never allow myself to speak harshly even to the poorest boy among my work-people. It does not pay. I have tried kind words, without exception, for years, and the results have been admirable."

It was the gentleness of Christ that gave us the word "gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and a touch of his hat Harry Edmond handed to an old man against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit! not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and it's best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it;" and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmate with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charley Gray. "He's only Giles, the huckster."

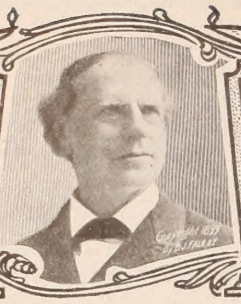
"That makes no difference," said Harry, "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one; and no true gentlemen will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat, or hawks vegetables through the streets, instead of sitting in a counting house."

Christ, King of the Children *The children in the temple saying Hosanna.* Surely, no religion ever took such a hold of children as that of him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The children who had marched beside him with waving palms as he came into the city followed him into the temple so full of enthusiasm they forgot it was the rule of the proud Pharisees that "children should be seen and not heard." When the Pharisees rebuked them, Jesus came to their defense, and praised the children's praises.

He welcomes them not alone to the church building, but into the Church itself. Childhood is the very best time to begin a Christian life. "Childhood is the open gateway; youth, the closing door; age, the barred entrance." Spurgeon said: "I have usually found a clearer knowledge of the Gospel and a warmer love to Christ in the child converts than in the man converts. I will even astonish you still more by saying that I have sometimes met with a deeper spiritual experience in children of ten or twelve than I have in certain persons of fifty or sixty. Capacity for believing exists more in the child than in the man. We grow less, rather than more capable of faith; every year brings the unregenerate mind further away from God, and makes it less capable of receiving the things of God."

The spirit of Christianity speaks in the child of Brooklyn who said, "When I get to heaven I am going to reach down and draw my papa up."

Phillips Brooks once said: "He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of human life can possibly give again."



POWER OF ONE WORD

A New Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

TEXT—Prov. 25: 11 (R.V.): "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

A FILIGREE basket loaded with fruit is put before us in the text. What is ordinarily translated "pictures" ought to be "baskets." Here is a silver network basket containing ripe and golden apples, pippins or rennets. You know how such apples glow through the openings of a basket of silver network. You have seen such a basket of fruit on many a table. It whets the appetite as well as regales the vision. Solomon was evidently fond of apples, because he so often speaks of them. While he writes in glowing terms of pomegranates and figs and grapes and mandrakes, he seems to find solace as well as lusciousness in apples, calling out for a supply of them when he says in another place "Comfort me with apples." Now you see the meaning of my text: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.

You see the wise man eulogizes just one word. Plenty of recognition has there been for great orations. Cicero's arraignment of Catiline, the philippics of Demosthenes, the five days' argument of Edmund Burke against Warren Hastings, Edward Irving's discourses on the Bible, and libraries full of prolonged utterance, but my text extols the power of one word when it refers to "A word fitly spoken."

This may mean a single word, or a small collection of words—something you can utter in one breath, something that you can compact into one sentence. "A word fitly spoken"—an encouraging word, a kind word, a timely word, a sympathetic word, an appropriate word. I can pass right down the aisle of any church and find between pulpit and front door men whose temporal and eternal destinies have been decided by a word.

An Encouraging Word

I tell you what is a great crisis in every man's history, It is the time when he is entering an occupation or profession. He is opposed by men in middle life, because they do not want any more rivals, and by some of the aged, because they fear being crowded off and their places being taken by younger men. Hear the often severe and unfair examinations of young lawyers by old lawyers, of young doctors by old doctors, of young ministers by old ministers. Hear some of the old merchants talk about the young merchants. Trowels and hammers and scales often are jealous of new trowels and new hammers and new scales. Then it is so difficult to get introduced. How long a time has many a physician had his sign out before he got a call for his services, and the attorney before he got a case! Who wants to risk the life of his family to a young physician who got his diploma only last spring, and who may not know measles from scarlatina, or to risk the obtaining of a verdict for $20,000 to an attorney who only three years ago read the first page of Blackstone?

How is the young merchant to compete with his next-door bargain-maker, who can afford to undersell some things because he can more than make it up by the profit on other things, or has failed three times and had more money after each failure? How is that mechanic to make a livelihood when there are twice as many men in that trade as can in hard times find occupation? There are this very moment thousands of men who are just starting life for themselves, and they need encouragement. Not long harangue, not quotation from profound book—not a page, not a paragraph—but a word, one word, fitly spoken.

Why does not that old merchant, who has been forty years in business, go into that young merchant's store and say "Courage!" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling your own experience, and how long you waited for customers, and how the first two years you lost money, and how the next year, though you did better, illness in your household swamped the surplus with doctor's bills. Why does not that old lawyer go into that young lawyer's office just after he has broken down in making his first plea before a jury and say that word with only two syllables—"Courage!" He needs only that one word, although, of course, you will illustrate it by telling how you broke down in one of your first cases, and got laughed at by court and bar and jury, and how Disraeli broke down at the start, and how hundreds of the most successful lawyers at the start broke down. Why do not the successful men go right away and tell those who are starting what they went through, and how their notes got protested, and what unfortunate purchases they made, and how they were swindled, but kept right on until they reached the golden milestone? Even some who pretend to favor the new beginner, and say they wish him well, put obstacles in his way.

The Common Need

There are so many men who have all the elements of usefulness and power except one—courage. If you can only under God give them that, you give them everything. In illustrating that one word, show them that every man that ever amounted to anything had terrific struggle. Show him what ships Decatur had to fight, and what a mountain Hannibal had to climb, and what a lame foot Walter Scott had to walk with, and that the greatest poet who ever lived—Milton—was blind, that one of the grandest musicians of all the ages—Beethoven—was deaf, and that Stewart, in some respects the greatest merchant that America ever saw, began in his small store, dining on bread and cheese behind the counter in a snatched interregnum between customers, he opening the store and closing it, sweeping it out with his own broom and being his own errand-boy. Show them that within ten minutes' walk there are stores, shops, and factories, and homes where as brave deeds have been done as those of Leonidas at Thermopylae, as that of Horatius at the bridge, as that of Colin Campbell at Balaklava. Tell them what Napoleon said to his staff officer when that officer declared a certain military attempt to be impossible. "Impossible!" said the great commander. "Impossible is the adjective of fools".

Show them also that what is true in worldly directions is more true in spiritual directions. Call the roll of prophets, apostles, and martyrs, and private Christians from the time the world began, and ask them to mention one man or woman greatly good or useful who was not depreciated and flailed and made a laughing stock. Racks and prisons and whips and shipwrecks and axes of beheadment did their worst, yet the heroes were more than conquerors. With such things you will illustrate that word "courage," and they will go out from your presence to start anew and right, challenging all earth and hell to the combat.

Saved by a Word

"Good-morning! How do you do today?" said a clergyman in New Haven, Conn., many years ago to a stonemason who was covered with dust and mortar. The stonemason was sour with the world and cross and crabbed, but at that salutation of the clergyman, looked up in surprise, and stopped, and asked some one who was passing who that man was who spoke to him so kindly, and was told he was the pastor of a church on that street. The stonemason next Sunday went to that church to hear its pastor preach. The stonemason was converted under the sermon, and prepared for the ministry and became one of the most useful and brilliant and foremost ministers in the Baptist denomination. I heard him in my boyhood say on the anniversary platform in Broadway Tabernacle that that Good-morning on the street of New Haven, many years before, saved him for this world and the next. Oh, the power of a kind word!

That word "courage," fitly spoken with compressed lips and stout grip of the hand and an intelligent flash of the eye—well, the finest apples that ever thumped on the ground in an autumnal orchard, and were placed in the most beautiful basket of silver network before keen appetites, could not be more attractive.

Furthermore,

A Comforting Word

fitly spoken is a beautiful thing. Only God could give the inventory of sick beds and bereft homes and broken hearts. We ought not to let a day pass without a visit or a letter or a message or a prayer consolatory. You could call five minutes on your way to the factory, you could leave a half hour earlier in the afternoon and fill a mission of solace. You could brighten a sick room with one chrysanthemum. You could put a postscript to a letter that would bring the joys of heaven to a soul. You could send your carriage, and give an afternoon airing to an invalid on a neighboring street. You could loan a book with some chapters most adapted to some particular misfortune. Go home to-day, and make out a list of things you can do that will show sympathetic thoughtfulness for the hardly bestead. How many dark places you might illumine! How many tears you could stop, or, if already started, you could wipe away! How much like Jesus Christ you might get to be! So sympathetic was he with beggary, so helpful was he for the fallen, and so stirred was he at the sight of dropsy, epilepsy, paralysis, and ophthalmia, that whether he saw it by the roadside, or at the sea-beach, or at the mineral baths of Bethesda, he offered relief. Cultivate genuine sympathy, Christ-like sympathy. You cannot successfully dramatize it. False sympathy Alexander Pope sketches in two lines:

Before her face her handkerchief she spread,
To hide the flood of tears she did not shed.

There are four or five words which, fitly spoken, might soothe, and emancipate, and rescue. Go to those from whose homes Christ has taken to himself a loved one, and try

The Word "Reunion"—

not under wintry sky, but in eternal springtide; not a land where they can be struck with disease, but where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick;" not a reunion that can be followed by separation, but in a place "from which they shall go no more out forever." For emaciation and sighing, immortal health. Reunion, or, if you like the word better, anticipation. There is nothing left for them in this world. Try them with heaven. With a chapter from the great Book open one of the twelve gates. Give them one note of seraphic harp, one flash from the sea of glass, one clatter of the hoofs of the horses on which victors ride. That word reunion, or anticipation, fitly spoken—well, no fruit heaped up in silver baskets could equal it. Of the two thousand kinds of apples that have blessed the world, not one is so mellow, or so rich, or so aromatic; but we take the suggestion of the text, and compare that word of comfort, fitly spoken, to apples of gold in baskets of silver.

So, also, is a word of warning. A ship may sail out of harbor when the sea has not so much as a ripple, but what a foolhardy ship company would they be that made no provision for high winds and wrathful seas. However smoothly the voyage of life may begin we will get rough weather before we harbor on the other side, and we need ever and anon to have some one uttering in most decided tones the word "Beware!" There are all the temptations to make this life everything and to forget that an inch of ground is larger, as compared with the whole earth, than this life as compared with our eternal existence. There are all the temptations of the wine cup and the demijohn, which have taken down as grand men as this or any other century has heard of. There are all the temptations of pride and avarice and base indulgence and ungovernable temper. There is no word we all need oftener to hear than the word "beware."

The trouble is that the warning word is apt to come too late. We allow our friends to be overcome in a fight with some evil habit before we sound an alarm. After a man is all on fire with evil habit your word of warning will have no more effect than would an address to a house on fire, asking it to stop burning, no more use than a steam tug going out to help a ship after it has sunk to the bottom of the ocean. What use in

Word of Warning

to that inebriate whose wife was dying from wounds inflicted by his own hand. As he held the hand of his dying wife he made this vow: "Mary, I will never take another glass of strong drink until I take it from this hand which I now hold." In an awful way he kept the vow, for when the wife was in her coffin he filled a glass with brandy, put the glass into the dead hand, then took the glass out of her hand, and drank the liquid. Too late does any warning come to such an one. But many a man now high up in usefulness and honor was stopped on the wrong road by a kindly hand put upon the shoulder and a word fitly spoken. Ah, yes! fitly spoken; that is, at the right time, with the right accentuation, with the right emphasis. A dictatorial way, a condemnatory manner, a fault-finding tone of voice, a manner which seems to say, "Look at me, and do as I do," will only make matters worse. From such a reproval the inebriate will go out to take a drink sooner than he would have taken it, and the dissolute man a worse plunge into sin. The word of warning must be charged and surcharged with sympathy. You will practically say to the man: "I suppose you got into your present habit through overwork, and you took stimulus to keep up and do the work you must do." Or, "I suppose it was through illness, and you took an intoxicant first as a medicine," or, "you are a hail-fellow-well-met, and you took the liquid in sociability," or, "you were the representative of a commercial house that expected you to treat customers. I understand it all. If I had been in the same circumstances I would probably be fast in the same thraldom." By some such

Alleviating Introduction

prepare the way for a "Beware!" that will halt your friend on the wrong road as suddenly as any platoon of soldiers was ever halted. Swing the red lantern across that track, and stop that train before it reaches the chasm!

There must be no impatience in the warning we give others. We must realize, that but for the kindness of God to us we would have been in the same rapids. That man going wrong may be struggling with a tide of evil inherited from father and grandfather and great-grandfather. The present temptation may be the accumulated force of generations and centuries. "No," you say, "his father was a good man; I knew him." But did you know his grandfather? Evil habit is apt to skip one generation, a fact recognized in

the Ten Commandments, which speak of the third and fourth generation, but say nothing of the second generation.

Or the man astray may have an unhappy home, and that is enough to wreck any one. We often speak of men who destroy their homes, but do not say anything about the fact that there are thousands of wives in America who by petulance and fretting, and inconsideration and lack of economy, and all manner of disagreeableness, drive their husbands into dissipation. The reason that thousands of men spend their evenings in clubhouses and taverns is because they cannot stand it at home. I know men who are thirty-year martyrs, in the fact that they are awfully married. Without asking divine guidance, they entered into an alliance which ought never to have been made. That is what is the matter with many men you and I know. They may be very brave and heroic and say nothing about it, but all the neighbors know. Now, if the man going wrong has such domestic misfortune, be very lenient and excusatory in your word of warning. The difference between you and him may be that you would have gone down faster than he is going down if you had the same kind of conjugal wretchedness.

Besides that, you had

Better be Merciful

in your word of warning, for the day may come when you may need some one to be lenient and excusatory to you. There may be somewhere ahead of you a temptation so mighty that unless you have sympathetic treatment you may go under. "Oh, no," says some one, "I am too old for that." How old are you? "Oh," you say, "I have been so long in active business life that I am clear past the latitude of danger." There is a man in Sing Sing penitentiary who was considered the soul of honor until he was fifty years of age, and then committed a dishonesty that startled the entire commercial world. I was on a ship crossing the Atlantic, and all went well from the time we left Liverpool until within a few hours of New York, when, because of some defect of compass, or some lack of fidelity on the part of those responsible, the Nantucket lighthouse suddenly warned us that we were driving straight for the rocks, and the vessel turned in time to save the ship. And many a man has got nearly through the voyage of life in safety, and then gone into the breakers. So you had better not hold your chin too high, as though you were forever independent of all moral disaster. Better, in the way you pronounce your word of warning to those astray, indicate that you yourself have weaknesses that may yet fling you down unless God help you, and that you realize there may be temptations ahead with which you will find it as hard to grapple as the temptations with which that man is grappling.

In mentioning fine arts, people are apt to speak of music and painting and sculpture and architecture, but they forget to mention the finest of all the fine arts—the art of doing good,

The Art of Helping

others, the art of saving men. An art to be studied as you study music, for it is music in the fact that it drives out moral discord and substitutes eternal harmony. An art to be studied like sculpture, for it is sculpture in the fact that it builds a man, not in cold statue, but in immortal shape that will last long after all pentelican marble has crumbled. An art to be studied as you study architecture, for it is architecture in the fact that it builds for him a house of God, eternal in the heavens. But an art that we cannot fully learn unless God helps us. Ourselves saved by grace divine, we can go forth to save others, and with a tenderness and compassion and a pity that we could not otherwise exercise we can pronounce the warning word with magnificent result. The Lord said to the prophet Amos: "Amos, what seest thou?" and he answered: "A basket of summer fruit." But I do not think Amos saw in that basket of summer fruit anything more inviting and luscious than many a saved man has seen in the warning word of some hearty, common-sense Christian adviser, for a word fitly spoken is "like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

So, also, is a word of invitation potent and beautiful. Who can describe the drawing power of that word, so small and yet so tremendous, "Come!" It is a short word, but its influence is as long as eternity Whether calling in wrong direction or right direction, many have found it irresistible. That one word has filled all the places of dissipation and dissoluteness. It is responsible for the abominations that curse the earth. Inquire at the door of prisons what brought the offender there, and at the door of almshouses what brought the pauper there, and at the door of the lost world what was the cause of the incarceration, and if the inmates speak the truth they will say: "The word 'Come!' brought us here." Come and drink. Come and gamble. Come and sin. Come and die. Pronounce that word with one kind of inflection, and you can hear in it the tolling of all the bells of conflagration and woe.

The chief baker in prison in Pharaoh's time saw in dream something quite different from apples of gold in baskets of silver, for he said to Joseph: "I also was in a dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head, and in the uppermost basket there was all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the baskets upon my head." Joseph interpreted the dream, and said it meant that the chief baker should be beheaded and the birds would eat his flesh. So many a man has in his own bad habits omens of evil that peck at him and foretell doom and death.

But, oh, the power of

That Word "Come"

when aright uttered! We do well when we send young men into schools and colleges and theological seminaries, and by nine years of instruction and drill hope to prepare them to sound aright that sweet and enrapturing and heaven-descended word "Come!" The Gospel we believe in is a Gospel of "Come!" That word speak all the Churches. That word is now building thrones for conquerors and burnished coronets for kings and queens. That word is to sound so clearly and impressively and divinely that the day is advancing when all nations shall respond, "We come!" "We come!" And while the upper steeps toward God and heaven will be thronged with redeemed souls ascending, there will not be one traveler on the road of sin and death.

In the Kremlin at Moscow, Russia, is what is called the "King of Bells," but it is a ruined bell, and it has rung no sound for near two hundred years. It is sixty-seven feet in circumference, and in height it is more than ten times the height of the average man, and it took a score of men to swing its brazen tongue. It weighs two hundred tons. On the 19th of June, 1706, in a great fire, it fell and broke. It broke at the part which was weakened by the jewels which the ladies of Moscow threw into the liquid metal at the casting. The voices of that bell are forever hushed. It will never ring again, either at wedding or obsequy or coronation. What majestic and overpowering silence! One walks around it full of wonder and historical reminiscence and solemnity. On it are figures in relief representing Czar and Empress and Christ and Mary and the Evangelists. But as I stood before it last summer I bethought myself of a greater bell, and one still ringing. It is the Gospel bell, ages ago hung on the beam of the cross. It has vaster circumference, and with mightier tongue sounds across seas and continents. The jewels of affection thrown into it at its casting by ransomed souls of earth and heaven have not weakened it, but made it stronger and more glorious. Evangelists and apostles rang it, and martyrs lifted their hands through the flames to give it another sounding. It will ring on until all nations hear it and accept its invitation, "Come! come!" It will not fall, as did that of Moscow. No storm can stop it. No earthquake can rock it down. When the fires of the last day blaze into the heavens, amid the crash of mountains and the groan of dying seas, its clear, resounding voice will be heard calling to the last inhabitant of the burning planet, "Come! come!"

But it requires now no great strength to ring that bell. With this weak hand, yesterday formed and to-morrow turned to dust, I lay hold that Gospel bell in invitation to all to whom these words shall come, on whatever land or whatever sea, in high places or low.

I Ring Out the Word,

"Come! come!" Come and have your sorrows solaced. Come and have your wounds healed. Come and have your blindness illumined. Come and have your fatigues rested. Come and have your soul saved. Do you not hear the very last proclamation from the heavens which the seer of Patmos was commissioned to make: "The Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely"? Aye! hear you not the chime of many Gospel bells in the invitation this moment sounding from the heavens: "Come out from among them and be ye separate," saith the Lord. "And touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters," saith the Lord Almighty. Come and sit down at the King's banquet. Was there ever such a brilliant feast or so many royal guests? Here are the chalices filled, not from the breweries of earth, but with the "new wine of the kingdom." And here are the ripe, purple clusters of Eschol, and pass them around to all the banqueters—"apples of gold in baskets of silver."

THE PREACHING PRINTER

Like Paul, this Self-supporting Missionary Earns a Living by a Trade

FOR more than thirty years Rev. S. J. Liggan, of Lynchburg, Va., has faithfully preached the Gospel of Jesus, although acting at the same time as senior member of a well known printing firm, and working daily with his own hands at the printer's case. After his conversion, many years ago, he felt called to the great work of the ministry, but because of what he felt to be a duty to his family and for other honorable reasons, he could not separate himself from secular employment. Not yielding to discouragement, however, he pursued with energy and efficiency his daily occupation and embraced every opportunity of telling to others the story of Jesus: on the Sabbath he literally went out into the highways and hedges to proclaim the Gospel of the Son of God. His worth was soon recognized by the denomination to which he belonged, and for years he has been an honored member of the Virginia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church.

REV. S. J. LIGGAN

Rev. S. J. Liggan's work in the ministry has been altogether a labor of love; he has received little or no financial compensation. During the week he confines himself closely to business. On Sunday he goes to some country school-house or small isolated church, sometimes walking many miles to get to his appointment, and preaches morning and night, often on the same day conducting funeral and marriage services. His work in the mountains and destitute places is often greatly blessed; large crowds, eager and appreciative, flock to hear him; the poor and destitute welcome him with open hearts; and many are the conversions that have occurred under his ministry.

The appreciation in his home city is well attested by the fact that he probably performs more marriages than any other minister in town. His printing office is sometimes the scene of a happy wedding.

Although now past three score years of age, he is still vigorous and active, doing his duty at the printer's case, and preaching regularly at five different appointments. Full of reminiscences, he delights to relate his ministerial experiences, the humorous as well as the serious. His marriage fees are often the subject of merry and quaint, though never depreciating, comment. It sometimes happens, that after traveling a long distance to some remote place to unite some couple in holy wedlock, he receives in exchange a bushel of apples, or a few potatoes.

JACOB BERRY AND HIS DESCENDANTS—FIVE GENERATIONS

FIVE GENERATIONS

THE Good Book says: "The beauty of old men is the gray head." The silver crown of years is honorable indeed, indicating, as it usually does, that the wearer has been obedient to God and nature's laws, has lived temperately, has accumulated knowledge and wisdom. That many of its people see great length of days speaks well for a nation; and one notes with pleasure that centenarians seem to be on the increase in America. Numbers of letters received at this office from homes where, as writers kindly say, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a beloved and honored guest, show that more people than is commonly supposed are looking down from the vantage of ninety years and more on great-great-grandchildren. The photograph published herewith shows how hale and hearty a man may be who is nearing the century mark. Mr. Jacob Berry, born 1810, in Center county, Pa., married his stateswoman, Susan Landis, 1832. They now live in Berryville, Ill. Samuel, their son, sixty-eight years old, sits on the extreme right in the picture. The lady standing is Sarah, daughter of Samuel; the gentleman beside her is her son, a minister of the Gospel; the little tot is the minister's daughter. The aged head of the family has lived a consistent Christian life; for forty-five years he has been a member of the United Brethren Church; though in his nineties, he will walk several miles now rather than miss attendance on public worship. His household and its branches look up to him for counsel, and that counsel is now, as it ever has been: "Live close to God," and adds this aged saint: "The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless the house of Israel; He will bless the house of Aaron."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 a year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our own risk.

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The Christian Herald will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts forwarded to it with a view to publication.

Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter

The New Century

A GREETING to Nineteen Hundred and One, first-born child of the new Century! While others indulge in retrospect, and review with more of sadness than satisfaction the long catalogue of events that have befallen in the century just ended, let it be ours to look ahead, and with the optimistic eye of faith, and with hearts filled with hope, to discern if we may what the young age has in store for ourselves and those to follow after us.

In the remarkable Symposium which appears in another part of this issue, many of the great problems of the new Century are ably discussed by men and women distinguished in their special spheres. Their strong and hopeful words should encourage as to greater zeal and a deeper faith in the wisdom and the goodness of God, whose hand is visible through the centuries, working out the destiny of the race. Along what lines of development may not His providence work in our behalf, in these coming hundred years! We have seen marvels—nay, almost miracles—in the wondrous unfolding of the past, and who shall say that the new age upon which we have just entered may not be marked by still grander progress toward the fulfilment of the Divine purposes.

To all good men and women, the New Century brings a thousand precious hopes, for the realization of which the entire Christian world should strive ceaselessly, with prayer and effort and in confident expectation. Let us hope and work and pray that it may bring wars to an end forever, and usher in that brotherhood of man of which the prophets and the fathers had foregleams; that it may bring the joy of happier days and brighter lives to the great army of the honest poor; that it may introduce that generous spirit of universal conciliation which will adjust the differences that now divide men, causing envy and hatred between brother and brother; that it may purge society from its moral leprosies, cleanse the Augean stables of vice in our great cities, and bring in the era of pure citizenship and upright government; that it may increase the safeguards of the home and the family; that it may curb the giant, Intemperance, and bind him in chains, so that he shall brutalize and slay no more.

And let us not forget to work and pray that the barriers of formality and sectarianism in religion may be broken down and put away forever, and that the multitudes, near and far, may be brought together in the New Century under the banner of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, so that the Kingdom of Love and Peace on earth may be no longer a beautiful dream, but a blessed reality.

Diabolism in College

WHILE the attention of our American Congress is being called to the alleged hazing at West Point, and one of the prominent colleges has become more distinguished by the maltreatment of freshmen by the sophomores, we wish to say that this evil may be stopped, and all institutions are culpable if they do not stop it. The whole subject should be taken out of the realm of jocosity into the court of oyer and terminer. Put a few of those scoundrelly college-students into the penitentiary and the brutality will no more be heard of.

The burning of the throat and stomach of a newly matriculated student by a draught of tabasco sauce, and the fastening of a blindfolded student near a railroad track, giving him the idea that he will be crushed to death by the approaching train of cars, may be great fun for the participators in the scene, but to us who contemplate such behavior it is an infernalism that ought to be driven back to the perdition from which it ascended. The son of an eminent American lawyer, dying from the effect of "hazing" in one of our northern colleges, brought vividly before the country the diabolism to be found in some of our colleges. You quote "Boys will be boys," and you are right, but boys need not be devils. Such behavior implies a cruelty that ought to be punished by disgrace and imprisonment. Such assault is all the more dastardly because it is frequently made upon those not very sharp-witted, or who are accounted "green." The unsophisticated are usually the victims. The cowards we speak of dare not attack those of strong muscle and wide-awake brain. They take advantage of physical weakness or mental lethargy. A half dozen members of a higher class in college called upon a certain student, and by their manner disclosed that they were about to put him under the process of hazing, and he very justly took from his closet a shot-gun, the sight of which adjourned the attempt at "assault and battery" for all time. Let us have plenty of fun for students. There is the ball-ground, and the lawn tennis, and the quoits, and the gymnasium. But for this deviltry practiced upon the nerves and brain of young men who have come to be prepared for careers of usefulness, let expulsion from college be the smallest part of the punishment. We invoke for such demeanor constable, Grand Jury and prison wall. Such misdemeanor is not to be classified with what are commonly called "college pranks." While we do not advise them, they do not kindle our indignation but do excite our laughter. When some of those, afterward prominent as lawyers, or doctors, or clergymen, assisted at Princeton or Yale college in transporting a donkey to the top of the stairs, so that the president ascending the stairs met the donkey descending; when the students during the night put a farmer's load of wood on the top of the college building, but on the following day helped the farmer re-load his wagon in the right place; when the college bell had its tongue tied so that it could not call the students to morning prayers, something was done that ought not to have been done. But after all there was no cruelty enacted, and no damage done, save the surprise of the college president, or the detention of the farmer in the sale of his wood, or the late arrival of the students at chapel service. But hazing is atrocity, and we have no doubt that in all the professions and occupations there are those whose nerves never have recovered, and never will recover, from the fright and agitation suffered soon after their initiation in college. There is something awfully wrong in any one who finds amusement in torturing man or beast. Such persons have within them, to greater or less extent, the spirit of murder, and they need to put themselves under the severest suppression. Meanwhile let college faculties and the law of the land join hands in putting an end to this appalling ruffianism. We will await with much interest to find out whether the investigation at West Point discovers that that illustrious institution has been calumniated, or that the charges are true, and if the latter, what are the names of the murderers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS
Their Power and Privileges

THERE is a tremendous living power in this nation, of which political economists take no account. To them a Sunday School teacher's meeting may not seem a very important national affair, but they would think differently if they considered of whom it consists, and what are its definite objects. For this great body is an absolute spiritual and moral force, working unanimously with a steady pressure in the region which assures the strength and prosperity of the whole nation. Immoral Sunday School teachers could not, for any length of time, keep their office; for they are the teachers of morality, and every one of their associates are sureties for their sincerity.

Though a voluntary association, framing its own laws, and self-regulated in its proceedings, is there any legislative body in the world who would make such an imposing appearance as all the Sunday School teachers of the United States gathered together in one immense building? Ah! no building could contain them, but one from the hand of the Divine Architect—some vast plain, with the mountains in the background, and the sky for a dome.

* * *

Very foolish, indeed, would be the statesman who could rate such a body, in any sense, as an unimportant one. Even a political statist, viewing them as mere educators and moral agents, would be a fool to ignore their worth and influence. How many children between the years of seven and fourteen owe all the religious and mental training they ever receive to this vast organization of voluntary teachers? And in a country where every great organization is almost certainly drawn into some political party, it is a wonderful thing to find so vast a body sinking all questions of Democracy or Repulicanism in the one great question of teaching the young to be good citizens, independent of party politics.

Another evidence of the deep and great work they are doing, is the touching confidence with which parents surrender their children to the Sunday School. They may have prejudices about secular teachers, doubts and dislikes about secular methods of teaching, but they have an unlimited confidence in the Sunday School. Whether social economists notice this fact or not, it is one of the most extraordinary moral bonds existing in the whole world. And where there is so much bigotry, and jealousy, and passionate feeling about creeds, and churches, and political parties, this blessed neutral ground of the Sunday School is a very truce of God. And this confidence in the parents is duplicated—with a great deal of affection added thereto—in the children. The tie between Sunday School teachers and their scholars is often a very near and dear one; and in a great many cases teachers may assure themselves they have touched souls for good that will answer to that touch even beyond this life.

* * *

The good, however, is intensely reciprocal, for in spiritual matters particularly, it is "more blessed to give than to receive," and the teacher tells his own heart this sweet truth continually, as Sabbath follows Sabbath. Nor does his reward rest here; the Sunday School is for all teachers a splendid "course" in the formation and discipline of character. From the control of home and college thousands of young men and women, who have rendered obedience without asking for reasons for obedience, pass into the Sunday School as teachers. Here they find that with obedience to laws, they are expected to unite individual thought and judgment. Conjointly with the effort to do good, they assume the feeling of a deep responsibility; and this very feeling leads them to defer voluntarily to minds more experienced than their own. Thus they again go to school themselves, but in a higher department than any secular college could afford them. Conscientiousness, subordination to authority, love of order and method as essential to effectiveness, these and many other virtues are cultivated in the little republic of the Sunday School, admirably preparing the teacher to be a member of the greater republic of the world.

* * *

In addition, the Sunday School teacher acquires, in contact with children, a keen and profound knowledge of character. Those who imagine children furnish no material for such an education are very wide of the mark. And those who think lightly of managing children, of winning the stubborn, interesting the stupid, controlling the vicious, are still further wrong. It is an office that no one can accept without fear and prayer; or if any one does accept without these conditions, they only show forth the fact that they have more presumption than piety. And they are soon discovered and judged; for nearly every child under such care sees very quickly the teacher's weak points. and mentally convicts them of insincerity, or inefficiency. For these "little ones" are great diviners of character, and many of them know intuitively what the teacher only learns by patient observation and experiment.

Children also are natural democrats. Any courting or concession will have to come from the teacher; and for learning how to win souls there is no theological seminary equal to the Sunday School. But when the children are won! who has such loyal subjects? Who has such fervent partisans as the Sunday School teacher? Now, as a mere mental effort, it is a great thing to have fathomed the hearts of half-a-score subtle-sensed boys and girls, and by patient tact and love subdued their will to his own.

* * *

Then there is the large amount of self-cultivation the teacher requires. To a great many minds, beginning to teach is beginning to learn. They never really understand a subject until they have explained it to others, in their own words, and this simplification of knowledge is one of the last and best attainments of wisdom. Then, also, they are mentally quickened by the friction of many minds in the Teachers' Meetings. The exchange of views, the attrition of opinions, is an intellectual exercise of the highest order, because it brings to proof and action the immense educational power of self-reliance under the control of Christian deference and obedience.

* * *

Truly, then, the Sunday School is a mighty school, not only for the children but for the men and women who enter it; for the advantages pointed out here are only the most obvious ones, there are others more private and individual, only known to the solitary experience, and to the grateful heart, of every loving and conscientious teacher. Teachers of this kind, as a rule, do not trouble themselves much about creeds and dogmas; they say to the children, "God is Love!" and on that foundation they build. Especially is this true of women teachers; and Keble was not far from the truth when he asked:

Where is it mothers learn their love?
In every Church a fountain springs,
O'er which the Eternal Dove,
Hovers on softest wings.

Amelia E. Barr

The Gospel in Spanish

An opportunity to do useful service is put within reach of all our readers. The beautifully printed Gospel of John in Spanish and English, bound in durable leatherette with red edges, may be had from this office at five cents per copy. Following the Gospel, and bound up with it, are a number of Gospel Hymns, also in Spanish and English, including "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Rock of Ages," "The Ninety and Nine," etc. No more useful gift to Spanish-speaking people at home or for distribution in Cuba could be conceived. On receipt of twenty-five cents, five copies will be sent to Cuba, and an additional copy, free of charge, to the person sending us the money.

WHAT THE NEW CENTURY SHOULD DO FOR HUMANITY

REFORMS WHICH THE CHRISTIAN WORLD SHOULD HOPE FOR, WORK FOR, PRAY FOR, AND EXPECT

MORE important, perhaps, than the summing up of the accomplishments of the Nineteenth Century, is a careful consideration of the foremost tasks of mankind in the Twentieth Century. Looking forward one hundred years, we find that there is work for everybody, in social reform movements, in further scientific development, in educational progress, in municipal improvment, in the purification of politics, in bettering the condition of labor. In the following symposium, comprising a supplement of eight pages—recognized authorities in their respective fields of work, by request of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have written for our readers their opinions of what the New Century Should Do For Humanity. If the prophecies and hopes here defined are to be realized, they afford a most cheering outlook for the future of the race.

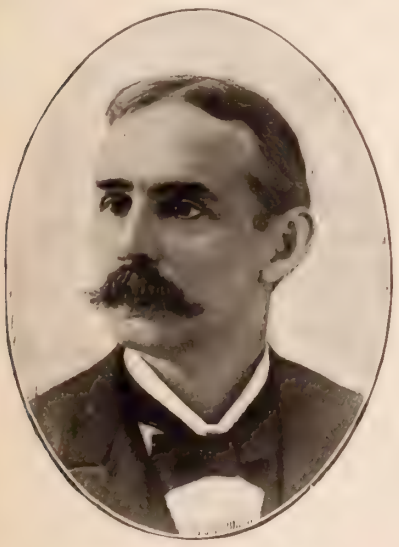
ANDREW CARNEGIE

What is the most important task of mankind in the Twentieth Century? If you could come back to earth in the year 2000, what one change would you most like to see in human affairs? These two questions were sent to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who answered as follows:

The Earth freed from its foulest Stain
the Killing of Men by Men under the
name of War.
The Profession of Arms now Considered
by many the most honorable, then
held to be of all human occupations the most
dishonorable
Andrew Carnegie

THE OLD GOSPEL FOR THE NEW CENTURY

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK



REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK

I BELIEVE that the new century will be better than any that has gone before it. The inventive mind of man is not yet exhausted. The resources of God are almost as yet untouched. New inventions, new discoveries, new treasures from the bowels of the earth, new cosmic forces to be harnessed to the will of man, all await a new century. There will be also, I believe, improvements in the statements of Truth, in the methods of carrying the Gospel into all the world, in the organization of the Church. There will be a broader brotherhood, there will be less sectarian rivalry, and no sectarian bitterness. It will not be thought necessary in the new century to segregate people, young and old, into ranks by themselves, but together they shall go out to fight the Lord's battle or to do the Lord's will. But with all these improvements and with all this progress which I believe the twentieth century will bring, I cannot conceive of any change in the fundamental truths of the Gospel.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ has withstood the changes of far more momentous transition periods than that from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. Truths that have stood the test of nineteen centuries, which have survived the persecutions of the early centuries, the midnight of the Middle Ages, the fashionable scepticism of the eighteenth century, and the materialism and worldliness of the nineteenth, are not likely to be overthrown by any revolutions that the twentieth century have in store for us.

In fact, there are most cheering indications that the truths of the Gospel will be established on a firmer foundation than ever, and that in the very near future. Destructive criticism seems to have done its worst. Dr. Hillis declares that its age is past, and that the era of constructive development of Christian truth has begun. Very many share his opinion. Untenable positions have been uncovered, twisted and warped proof-texts have been abandoned, but every fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church has been maintained and is as substantially rooted to-day in the hearts of the Church as ever in the past history of the world. Ignorance may be favorable to credulity, but it is not the mother of intelligent faith.

The coming century will hold, I believe, more strongly than ever to the truths of God's word, because they will be better understood. The great facts of sin and its consequences, the lost estate of man and his salvation only by Jesus Christ, the great truths of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, of the importance of this life as a period of probation and of eternal reward and retribution, of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the world, and of the imperativeness of the great commission to evangelize all nations, these truths which lie at the base of Christian thinking and Christian activity will, I believe, be more firmly established, and, as a consequence, into all the open doors of the world the Gospel through its devoted followers will make its way, and the twentieth century will be looked back upon by future generations as more bright and golden than any hundred years that have preceded it.

HASTEN THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

THERE are many reforms which I hope to see realized during the new century. I suggest a question which ought to receive more attention during the coming century than it has during the last few years, namely: How can the coming of the brotherhood of man be hastened by those who acknowledge the Fatherhood of God? Love of God can best be shown by the exhibition of a brotherly love broad enough to include all of God's creatures. The Bible denounces as a liar the man who says that he loves God and yet hates his brother.

I can conceive of no greater reform than that which would apply the eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," to all phases of human experience. It would put an end to injustice, whether practiced on a small scale by individuals or on a large scale through the operation of bad laws.

CONTROLLING THE DRINK TRAFFIC IN THE NEW CENTURY

WM. WARDWELL DR. I. K. FUNK A. W. WAGNALLS JOHN G. WOOLLEY

THE END OF SALOON POWER

BY WILLIAM WARDWELL

I AM not anticipating reforms in the liquor traffic in the new century, and am not interested in its control in this century or the next. I am striving only to outlaw and destroy it. However difficult and remote this may seem, it is at least possible, but the traffic has come to have such power over political parties, over legislation and public opinion, that control in any large sense is, in my judgment, absolutely and definitely impossible.

Does any one doubt this? Let him test it by making an effort this winter to reform, in the interests of decency and all that pertains to public morals, the vilest combination of saloon and house of ill-fame ever legalized or tolerated in this State, the Raines Law Hotel. Call a public meeting for this purpose; a few reformers and "fanatics" will attend, but not a single business man or representative citizen will be present. The meeting will pass resolutions to be presented to the Legislature, a committee of which will grant him a hearing and proceed promptly and with scant courtesy to "turn him down," and rightly, as he can bring no evidence of public sentiment in favor of such reform. Test it by seeking to close one saloon or to curtail its influence and power, and he will find the whole traffic solidly united to defeat him, and the traffic will succeed. After a few experiences of this kind he will, I am sure, become convinced that to destroy is more feasible and possible than to control, and will not waste time and energy in useless efforts.

And why should not the liquor traffic be destroyed? Why should the saloon be permitted to exist? Is it not absolutely a bad thing, debasing and ruining the individual, wrecking homes and spreading misery wherever its influence extends?

Professor Landois, one of the most eminent German physiologists, whose works are translated into all languages, and now used in every school of medicine, in his latest edition of 1899, says: "Alcohol acts in small quantities as a stimulant, in larger quantities as over stimulant, thereby paralyzing the nervous system. Through the former, it is capable of exciting the energies of the body through a short illness, but in every instance it causes a loss through later relaxation of all the muscles."

The highest authority in this country, the United States Supreme Court, condemns this traffic, as shown in the following quotations from its decisions: "Nor can we ignore the fact established by statistics accessible to everyone, that the disorder, pauperism and crime prevalent in the country are in large measure directly traceable to this evil." Again, its "use as a beverage is hurtful to society and to every member of it, and is therefore a business in which no one may lawfully engage in any way."

We enter upon the new century with renewed hope and with an unwavering faith in the triumph of right, and therefore the ultimate destruction of this curse in our own and other lands.

SUPPRESSION BETTER THAN CONTROL

BY DR. ISAAC K. FUNK

THE Liquor Traffic never gave us so much crime and so much misery as today. In 1840 the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United States was three and a half gallons per capita; in 1860 five gallons; in 1883, nine gallons; last year sixteen gallons. As M. Thiers said to the Ministry of Napoleon, we say to the Liquor Traffic, "You are committing every possible crime." There is in the air to-day the prelude of a mighty change in all that pertains to social welfare.

What shall be the plan of campaign against this evil for the coming century? Prohibition absolute. The saloon is a murderer, and "no murderer hath eternal life." It must die. There can be no compromise with murder. Use tact? Yes. Conquer by replacing? Yes. But never by any kind of compromise.

We should not continue the serious mistake that has been made in attempting restriction along permissive lines. Restriction should be along prohibitive lines. If we are ready to close saloons on Sunday, and at midnight, and on Election days, let us say henceforth, "Any man who sells liquor on Sunday, or after midnight, or on Election days, shall be punished." Heretofore, we have said, "A man can have the privilege to sell liquor except on Sunday, etc."

The license system must end. The Raines Law has brought into our New York State and Municipal Treasuries, in the last five years, $60,788,856, and the result is a carnival of crime such as we have never known before in the city of New York. For the first time in three hundred years we have legalized the right to sell liquor on the Sabbath Day. The universe would fall into chaos and the stars be ground to dust if they did not obey the laws of Almighty God. How do we expect to escape when we authorize the violation of the laws of this same God for so much cash in hand? There can be no other policy for the twentieth century than absolute, unconditional prohibition.

THE CHURCH AGAINST THE SALOON

BY JOHN G. WOOLLEY

THE law is the public conscience, and to purge it of the wrong of being accessory to the liquor crime is the greatest question for the twentieth century. An accomplice cannot hope to reform his accomplices. Herein is the strength of the Prohibition party: it has come out from among the friends and servants of the liquor traffic. It does not touch the unclean thing. Whether it can force the conscience issue does not yet appear, but it is fit to work at it. The Church has declared the true doctrine on the subject substantially in these words: "The liquor traffic can never be licensed without sin, and no political party is entitled to expect, nor ought it to receive the vote of a Christian man, so long as it stands committed to the license policy, or refuses to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon."

WATER A SUBSTITUTE FOR ALCOHOL

BY A. W. WAGNALLS

I AM asked what reforms should the new century bring in the liquor traffic? The occasioning cause of the traffic is for the quenching of a great, intensifying thirst. Every victim knows of this. It overrides every obstacle. Thirst implies a fever, a fire in the blood, and the real cause of this pernicious fever is in the social evil that exists in almost every home. Space prevents giving corroborative testimony, and the nature of the subject is too repulsive for extensive elaboration.

The present efforts at reform are in the direction of restriction and prohibition. Both are well meant and have my considerate sympathy. For the new century a broader and more general reform by substitution is suggested. Our Indians, who are so close to nature, aptly name alcohol as "fire-water." It is this liquid fire our burning victims are using to alleviate their torments. But such adds fury to the flames. The conflagration requires immediate attention; it must be put out. This fire is to be quenched by its elemental opposite—water. How? By the systematic drinking of water. How much? When? A full gallon, every day. What kind? Warm water preferably to hot or cold. By whom? Every one. Toper as well as total abstainer. Physicians are beginning to recognize the great value of the daily systematic drinking of water in large quantities by the sick as well as those in health. Every one needs to learn that by thus daily flushing every organ, limb, nook and cranny of the body, health, clear brain, and longer life are sure to follow.

This method, however, is for the more immediate effect; the relatively temporary quenching of the fire. Water alone will not do all. The sour grapes our fathers will continue to eat, unless there is a complete reformation through right thinking and right conduct. The pulpit will need teach the dynamic law of thought, as affecting the soul and body. This law operates absolutely, minutely and inevitably. It accounts for the not-to-be-named abominations practiced by our parents, the fruits of which are the saloon and the brothel with all their train of evils. In short, the reforms that the new century should bring in the liquor traffic are: First, restriction by substitution, warm water drinking; and second, and above all things else in the list, prohibition by self-enforcing law; third, dynamic spiritual thinking, and actions to correspond—these mean success.

.. .. SHALL THE NEW CENTURY SEE US A WORLD-POWER? .. ..

BY SPENCER TRASK

"WHAT reforms should the new century bring?" is a question so comprehensive, that one hesitates as his mind endeavors to grasp what might result in benefit to mankind, if what should be done, could be done. Not only are we entering upon a new century, but as a people we are entering upon a new phase of national existence. Until within the last few years we have been an almost isolated community. Occupied in the development of our own vast resources, absorbed in our own political and social life, the strikes, upheavals and changes in other nations have not affected us, except incidentally, or as they may have contributed to our growth. Suddenly we find ourselves a world power. We are called to take part in the council of the nations; the destiny of older civilization and people may depend upon our voice and influence.

What position are we to assume in view of these greater responsibilities? From being a debtor, we have become more or less a creditor nation. From an importing nation, we have become an exporting one; for the four years ending June 30, 1900, our exports have exceeded our imports by over two thousand million dollars. These results have been attained in spite of many obstacles and false theories. The currency question involving also the permanency of the gold standard, has been a disturbing factor for many years. The recent election is now generally believed to have settled the currency question for all time.

SPENCER TRASK

For years protection and free trade have been the principal issues between the two great parties struggling for the possession of the government. The last two elections have been won by the Republican party not on the issue of protection, but in spite of it, since many free traders voted with it, believing for the moment the financial question the more important. It is gradually dawning upon the minds of the most bigoted that we cannot become a world-power, adopt the world's gold standard and seek its trade, force its markets and advocate "the open door," and at the same time hold the theory of protection—which is isolation something worse than a Chinese wall of exclusion.

Never in the history of the world has the future given a more inspiring and promising call to a nation to go forth and supply the wants and needs of the whole world than is now given to us. We have within our borders more of the requisites than any other country—vast deposits of mineral ores, unbounded stretches of fertile fields, intelligent workmen, men of inventive genius and executive ability, boundless wealth, courage, enthusiasm.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to see our country, with a revival of ship-building, such as has been gradually going on in the past few years, regaining its former position as a carrier as well as a producer of the world's products—and this without any assistance of a Ship-Subsidy Bill. Before the coming century has half run its course, New York will be the financial center of the world as London now is, and our ships should cover the seas. What is to prevent us making the world our own? It is not to be won by destructive war, relic of barbarism and of heartlessness—but by bringing to them the products of peaceful labor, enriching their lives, ennobling their minds, educating and elevating man's higher nature. This as a nation we can do if we live up to our higher ideals, and seek to be worthy of the great inheritance that has come to us from our fathers.

.. LABOR'S OUTLOOK IN THE NEW CENTURY ..

BETTER TIMES FOR THE WORKINGMAN

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

THE following questions were sent to Mr. Edwin Markham, at his home in Brooklyn, who wrote the answers specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The lines quoted in two or three of the questions are from Mr. Markham's collected poems, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., entitled "The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems."

1. On what questions should all branches of labor unite for the good of the country?

On the reduction of hours of labor per day; on compulsory arbitration; on the study, from humane motives, of the co-operative ideal in industry.

2. In what way, or toward what end, should labor utilize its gigantic strength?

They should resolutely will to come into harmony and unity of aim and aspiration; they should make appeal through the ballot box for an enlargement of the rights of man. They should strive to so organize the world as to keep open the gates of opportunity.

3. What opportunities should the new century bring to the workingman?

Security in his work, and sufficient leisure from his work to give him time to cultivate his moral and aesthetic nature.

4. What effect, in your opinion, will great combinations of wealth have upon the workingman of the future?—will concentration of wealth, trusts, etc., prove a benefit or a drawback to the workingman's progress.

Great combinations of wealth will tend to make great counter combinations among the working classes. Trusts will be a decided drawback to the workingman's progress unless some means shall be found to make them serve the good of the whole people, as now they serve the good of a very few.

5. To what degree should the workingman be made a partner of wealth?

If I understand your question, he should be made a full partner. In other words, he should receive as nearly as possible the full value of the things he makes or does.

6. In one of your poems, "The Man Under the Stone," you compare a workingman to a man going through life pushing a great stone always up hill. What is the workingman's real burden—what is the real stone in his up-hill life?

That great stone is his unequal struggle for bread to-day, still further weighted with the fear of penury to-morrow and the dread of a destitute old age. All this, of course, springs out of the narrow margin of scant wage and precarious employment.

7. What kind of help, aside from higher wages, does the laboring man need?

He needs the contented mind that comes from security in his work and joy in his work. This necessarily carries the idea that he must have more leisure and more culture.

8. What would most help to lighten the toiler's burden?

Cooperation, in the place of competition, in the industrial world. Cooperation is the logic of Christianity.

9. How can the Government best help the workingman?

As a first step, by assuming control of railroads, telegraphs, etc., and so moving wisely on toward government ownership of all industries which in private hands have become a menace to the public good and the public safety.

10. What should be done with the idle millions? with the great army of men who want work and yet can find nothing to do?

As first steps, they might well be employed by cities and States, at living wages, upon public works. If enough work of that kind is not forthcoming, let the public powers establish shipyards and other industries sufficient in number to employ the willing hands. Of course, if we had a more effective organization of industry, working time for the now idle could be found by cutting down the excessive hours at present forced upon the overworked. Keep cutting down the hours of the day's work until everyone has work.

11. Are strikes, which are really battles between workman and employer, helpful or harmful to the toiler?

As a rule, they are harmful to the toiler. But at times they seem to be cruel necessities.

12. Would the toiler benefit if, instead of striking, he submitted his grievances to the general Government or to a Labor Department, regulated by law and having a Minister of Labor in the President's Cabinet? Would not this be a better way for the workingman, for the settlement of differences between employer and employed?

Yes, labor should be represented in the Cabinet by an intelligent laborer; not by a parlor farmer, nor by a retired capitalist. The method you suggest of settling strikes would be a decided improvement upon the present hap-hazard plan.

13. "Their blind feet drift in the darkness, and no one is leading." What kind of leaders do the toilers need?

They need leaders with the white purity of a St. Francis and the iron resolution of a Cromwell, leaders whose watchword shall be "God and the People!" Such men were Joseph Mazzini and John Ruskin.

14. How can the Church best help the "brother to the ox?" How reach him, lift him up?

By studying the anxious problems of economics and finding a way of applying the Golden Rule to industry.

15. And workingwomen? Have we a "sister to the ox?" How should she be reached, uplifted—her burden lightened?

Yes, we have a "sister to the ox." Men and women rise and fall together. In general, the same means that will lift and lighten man's burden will alleviate woman's also.

16. Do Churches and church workers neglect the working people? Do they pay enough attention to factory centers and great industrial towns?

No, Churches do not give enough attention to these matters. Indeed, the burning question in each Church to-day should be the social problem. The saving of men's souls is very closely connected with the amelioration of their social and industrial conditions. The Church needs a new baptism of the Holy Spirit, which is the same as saying, Social Spirit.

F. DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER

EDWIN MARKHAM

WILLIAM STAINSBY

COLONIZATION FOR THE IDLE MILLIONS

BY COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER

THE very expression, "Idle Millions," sends a shudder through the heart of any thinking man. Is it possible that with all the marvelous advances made by science in every realm of thought and enterprise, we have not yet solved the initial problem of socioculture—the employment of the unemployed in a humane and remunerative manner? The fact is there, staring us in the face—idle millions standing in the world's market places, where the throb of trade and hum of commerce constitute one ceaseless whirl of activity and continuous progress.

See how door after door of opportunity has closed against the idle millions, through no fault of their own. The avenues of rumunerative work are choked with a busy swarm of toilers, who, like a herd of stampeded cattle, gore and trample each other to death in the wild rush for the waters—not of wealth, but of existence, even of very life itself.

There is a remedy—so simple, so natural, so feasible, that the amazing point is that society has taken so long about its consideration and adoption. Let these idle millions be planted upon the vast tracts of idle land by means of the enormous aggregation of idle capital, which can in these days be so easily commanded for any given purpose on which a nation may set its heart, and the problem has been solved. The fallacies that they will not go, that they will not stay, that they will not work, that they will not pay, have been exploded by the land colonies which we have already established in this country. We have unquestionably demonstrated that under proper management and suitable conditions, there is no more attractive and feasible form of philanthropy, and none that will more surely repay the capital as well as toil expended on it. Those who have visited the Salvation Army colonies have been unanimous in their testimony as to the practicability of the plan of placing "the landless man on the manless land," as it has been epigrammatically expressed by one of our great writers.

If we stretch out to the idle millions the warm, loving hands, not of charity but of remunerative employment, in the establishment of homes of which they shall be the happy owners, we shall provide a market for our commerce, new avenues of industry for our city population, an ornament to our nation and an object-lesson to the world, by converting our idle millions into our best and most trusted citizens.

ARBITRATION REMAINS LABOR'S HOPE

BY W. STAINSBY, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF LABOR OF NEW JERSEY

YOU ask for my views on the reforms which the new century should bring into the world of labor, especially as to the establishment of labor courts, the abolition of strikes, and the addition to the President's Cabinet of a Secretary of Labor. The general discontent now prevailing throughout the world among those who may be designated the working classes, would seem to indicate the necessity of such reforms in the relations of employer and employee as will make each better acquainted with the aspirations, responsibilities and difficulties of the other.

I believe in arbitration as a means of settling labor disputes after the principals have failed to adjust their difficulties themselves. Indeed, it is only in that way that any just settlement may be effected. When a dispute becomes so intense as to verge on a strike, the principals are of all persons the least competent to get at the merits of it, and determine which side is right; it is only an impartial third party who can do that. The public interests require that all such disputes should be arbitrated, and the side refusing to submit its case for settlement in that way ought to receive the severest censure that public opinion can inflict.

Many of our States have enacted laws establishing Boards of Arbitration in the interest of the public, but the results of their works seem much below what was expected from them. The failure is generally attributed to the fact that their power is simply advisory; offers of mediation by them are frequently rejected by one or both of the parties to a labor dispute. To give these Boards authority to intervene, regardless of what the principals might desire, with the same authority to enforce decisions which the courts possess, would seem to be the only way of making their work effective. As a theory, such a course would seem to be free from any serious objection; it would only be necessary to find out the right of the matter in dispute, which might be wholly on one side, or partly on both, and decide accordingly; but if the findings should not be aquiesced in by the party in fault, then how would the public regard the measures which must necessarily be taken to enforce them. Assuming the cause of trouble to be the discharge of some workmen by an employer, and that the court, finding the reasons given for dismissal not satisfactory, should order them restored to their places. The employer has no choice between taking back men he does not want in his employ and whom he has already discharged, or incurring the penalty of contempt of the court, which could be no other than fine, and if persisted in, imprisonment.

There are at the present time many instances of labor disputes having been satisfactorily settled by volunteer arbitrators, in whose hands both sides were willing to leave their cause. The intelligence, good judgment, and high personal character of these men being regarded as sufficient guarantee that the conclusions reached by them, no matter which side was favored, would be just and equitable.

"God is invisible, and the Czar is far off" is a proverb among the Russian peasantry, eloquently expressive of wrongs inflicted by irresponsible underlings; the pathetic note running through it finds an echo in the heart of many an American workman, from whom the president or other supreme officer of the corporation that employs him, is as "far off' as is the Russian autocrat from the peasant.

To remedy these things, I believe that every corporation should have sitting at its council board, on perfectly equal terms with the other directors, a representative man who would particularly represent the interests of labor, and see to it that in shaping its policy due consideration be given to them. This representation should be based on stock which the corporation might place within reach of their workmen, on terms adjusted to their means, and which they should be encouraged to buy. He would then have a means of making his wants known and adjusting his grievances without resorting to strikes, and this, I believe, would be of infinitely greater advantage to him and to the public, than the appointment by the President of a Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of the chief executive of the nation.

.. WOMAN'S OUTLOOK IN THE NEW CENTURY ..

LILLIE D. BLAKE BELVA A. LOCKWOOD KATE T. WOODS ELIZABETH C. STANTON

GIVE WOMAN HER RIGHTFUL PLACE

BY ELIZABETH CADY STANTON

EVER and anon public thought is aroused on the question of vice in cities. Though an aroused public sentiment can repress the evils for a time in one locality, they reappear at once with renewed energy in many others. Occasionally church officials make their protests, but no one seems to understand the hidden cause of all these terrible outrages.

The authorities of the Episcopal Church are just now fully aroused to action. The first step to be taken is to teach woman a greater self-respect and the rising generation a more profound reverence for her. So long as we assign to her an inferior position in the scale of being; one unfit to stand in the "Holy of Holies" in cathedrals; to take a seat as delegate in a synod, general assembly or conference; to be ordained to preach the Gospel or administer the sacraments—so long will the degradation and dependence of woman continue!

All our efforts to suppress vice are hopeless until woman is recognized in the Canon law and all church discipline, as equal in goodness, grace and dignity with bishops, archbishops—yea, with all who are called the head of the Church.

Our sons in the law schools do not rise from their studies of the invidious statutes and opinions of jurists in regard to women with a higher respect for them. Our sons in theological seminaries do not rise from their studies of the Bible, and the popular commentaries on the passages of Scripture concerning woman's creation and position in the scale of being, with an added respect for the mothers who went to the very gates of death to give them life and immortality.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Just as long as the Church and the State continue to make woman an outcast she will be the sport of the multitude. If the same respect the masses are educated to feel for cathedrals, altars, symbols and sacraments was extended to the mothers of the race, as it should be, all these problems would be settled.

WOMAN TO BECOME THE PEER OF MAN

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE

DESPITE the fact that women have through the Christian centuries been condemned to positions of inferiority, when happy conditions or strange accidents have given to fine specimens of their sex the opportunity to show their ability, they have proved their superiority in innumerable instances. The armies of Israel were led to victory by Deborah, when Barak lacked the energy to continue the contest. The armies of France were led by Joan of Arc, when the French generals had met only defeat. Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa of Austria, Catherine the Great of Russia, are familiar examples of queens who were greater than the kings who preceded or followed them.

Woman's capacity is beyond dispute, and, if this be granted, there can be no doubt of her ability to bear the burdens and responsibilities of government. And no woman will ever be elevated to high official position, unless she has shown herself at least the peer of those who now hold such places.

WOMAN IN TRADE, THE ARMY AND POLITICS

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

IN the future, as in the past, there will doubtless be some women who will cultivate the mercantile spirit, and they can claim the example of Mrs. Hetty Green, who has turned one million into many millions. And while it does not at all follow that they need to be eccentric or notorious or niggardly in doing it, it is certain that they will do it better, and to nobler ends by reason of the training received all over the country in the schools and colleges of to-day.

The bad habit of dependence, if not subjection, which until lately has been encouraged in women, has hindered their inventive development. But it is likely that the superior effect of the modern methods, the self-dependence fostered, will increase the inventive quality, and that the manual training given in schools will have taught the use of tools, and the old joke of the woman and the hammer will have lost its clinch. If they can never enter trades requiring muscular strength, they can enter those that do not require so much, as many men do. The enlargement also of the intellectual powers, must of course find play in the professions, and women have already demonstrated their value as lawyers, as physicians, helped by feminine tenderness, as ministers, to whom the long cultivation of the spiritual nature through generation after generation lends an added heavenly grace.

It is often quoted as an argument against the advancement of women that they cannot fight, as if there were nothing in the world to do but to fight, as if, indeed, all men could fight.

There is an ample field for women in connection with the army, in the commissary and sanitary and hospital departments, quite as important as any other service. And it should be remembered that when responsibility is brought home to women there will be much less fighting than there is in these days.

And in conclusion, may I not say that while those concerned in our country's welfare are urging the cultivated and refined among men to go into politics, it would seem that the presence of women in politics could not be otherwise than beneficial to the country.

WOMAN AN ACTIVE WORKER IN THE CHURCH

BY GRACE GREENWOOD (MRS. LIPPINCOTT)

IT is one of the consolations of age that I can look back to almost the beginning of the wonderful progress of woman toward what Stuart Mill calls her "emancipation." Some of our hopeful, stout-hearted workers believe themselves working toward entire emancipation from the old-time tyrannies of custom and prejudice, toward political, moral, social and legal equality. It is a happy, second-sight vision, but my heart tells me that such a blessed period in the history of humanity will never arrive without spiritual aid—without the alliance of religious faith and forces. I believe that, first of all, woman should be allowed her true power and position in the Protestant Church. When I was a child I heard frequently of a famous woman minister, in a neighboring Methodist Church, under whose fervid preaching old men sat gladly, while among the "sisters" of other congregations of the same liberal denomination were many eloquent exhorters. Woman has not kept pace in advance with man in secular fields. Many good women in the church are allowed to do the greater part of its charity and missionary work, but it is not enough. Many a woman sits silent and apart in your conferences and prayer meetings, who has a treasure all unsuspected locked in her devout soul—a passionate, persuasive eloquence, that might draw many disciples to the Master—and who is gifted with a power of "fervent, effectual prayer" that might lift your sinking and world-burdened souls upward and heavenward as on mighty wings.

"The Female Prayer-meeting" is doubtless a good influence and agency, as are all forms of "female" religious meetings, but they are by no means sufficient for the well-being of women of the church, and the complete development of the Christian character and energies. If you do not look forward to a divided heaven, you should begin now to work for cooperation, introfusion, equality. In church organizations woman has been robbed of "the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

WOMAN'S ADVANCEMENT IN THE PROFESSIONS

BY BELVA A. LOCKWOOD

WOMAN'S introduction into the business world was a necessity, fostered by education, that has resulted in the industrial independence of a very large class of American women. All classes and grades of work are to-day the result of skilled machinery instead of skilled handiwork. Skilled machinery must be operated by skilled minds, in which, to a very large extent, sex does not enter. In all of the prairie States of the West, where the farming is done by machinery, the women can do the plowing and reaping as well as the men. They have won a power in this industrial independence that has lifted them out of tutelage. We are no longer educating girls to get married, but are training them like the boy to trades and professions. In the business future of the country there will be a rivalry between men and women for preferment, but heavy contracts, large ventures, and business requiring large capital, and intricate problems and long experience will be for the next half century in the hands of men.

The professions have been opened to woman, and she has succeeded in them to a degree that will form a precedent for those who come after, so that the number of women lawyers, doctors, and ministers will increase for each successive year. Already the woman doctor has become a necessity for every considerable town, and she is welcomed in all of the countries of the Orient, where the seclusion of women has been for centuries past the custom of the people.

The advent of women into the real political life of the country has been mostly confined to the new States of the West, but women politicians will increase and multiply as the years roll on, and they will gradually occupy higher places. Wu Ting-fang, the very astute Chinese Minister to this country, who has been much interested in noting our progressive women, said to me, "I believe that some day the United States will have a woman President, but they must first become Cabinet Ministers." I think, however, that to succeed politically women must go into the primaries, be sent as delegates to the nominating conventions, and talk and write in the political campaigns. Nor will this progress lead to the degradation of women as has been feared.

WOMAN'S FUTURE JUDGED BY THE PRESENT

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS

WOMAN'S future in business depends not only upon her tact, but her environment. At the present time, women are competing with men against heavy odds. Men milliners, dressmakers, and shopkeepers do not as a rule make her business life easy. In the professions she has already accomplished much and is destined to do far more. In the pulpit, she is justly honored; in law, she is trusted and encouraged; while in medicine, despite some opposition in the past, she is doing a grand work, which cannot be measured by dry statistics. Her executive faculties are steadily developing as occasion demands, while her management of large organizations has commanded the admiration of statesmen and political leaders.

GRACE GREENWOOD

As a rule, the progressive West offers better opportunities to women than our more conservative East. More women are employed in banks, one lady having the reputation in Illinois several years since of being "a superior bank president." In the State of Washington a woman was first employed as "clerk of the Senate." As librarians women are fast forging to the front and are doing excellent work.

In literature her efforts have been most successful in weeding out the "goody good trash" formerly offered to the young, and her genuine dislike of cant and hypocrisy will do still more in the future; it will aid in overcoming the sensational tendency now so disastrous to legitimate literary work. All this means better wives, wiser fathers, more intelligent mothers, happier spinsters, and a better world, through the general uplifting of our social and spiritual forces.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE in the NEW CENTURY

RECKLESS MARRIAGES SHOULD BE PREVENTED

BY BISHOP SAMUEL J. FALLOWS, REFORMED CHURCH OF ILLINOIS.

THE new century should be characterized, in its earliest periods, by the passage of uniform and just divorce laws by the several States. Whether Congress has the power to pass a constitutional law prescribing the same conditions for obtaining divorce in all the States is an open question. Eminent authorities do not agree upon the subject. Commissions of lawyers have been appointed at different times to urge uniformity of action by the various State Legislatures. Little, however, has thus far been accomplished toward that end in any State.

In all the States, except South Carolina, which has no divorce laws, the violation of the marriage vow is an absolute cause for divorce.

In nearly all the States, physical incapacity is a cause, so is wilful desertion. The time of such wilful desertion varies from six months in Arizona, to one year in twenty States, to two years in ten States, to three years in eleven States and to five years in three other States. Habitual drunkenness is a cause in all but ten States. "Imprisonment for felony," or "conviction for felony" is a cause in all the States and territories except six.

Cruel, abusive treatment, intolerable cruelty, extreme cruelty, repeated cruelty are causes in all the States except seven.

Failure to provide by the husband is a cause, the time varying from six months in Arizona, to one year in six States, to two years in Indiana and to three years in Delaware. No time is specified in the remainder of the States.

Fraud and fraudulent contract are causes in nine States.

Absence without being heard from is a cause, varying from three years in some of the States to seven in others. Voluntary separation for five years is a cause in Wisconsin.

Ungovernable temper, outrages, or excesses, and the like, are causes in a large number of the States.

Insanity, idiocy at the time of marriage, incurable insanity, are causes in several States.

In different States, other causes include notorious immorality of the husband before marriage but unknown to the wife; when the husband is a fugitive from justice; any gross neglect of duty; inability of husband and wife to live in peace and union; vagrancy of the husband, etc.

Previous residence for divorce varies from six months in six States, to one year in thirty-six States and territories, and three years in three other States.

In the State of New York absolute divorce is granted only for adultery.

The ratio of divorces to marriages varies from one to six in some of the States, to an average of one to thirteen or fourteen in other States.

In Cook county, in which Chicago is situated, the number of default divorce cases, that is cases where only one side is heard, is nine times that of the cases where both parties are present in court. About five or six minutes is the average time spent in hearing each case.

Three thousand courts, according to the Government statistics, are granting divorces in the United States.

In 1890 these courts dissolved the marriage relation in 35,000 cases. From 1867 to 1886 they granted 328,716 divorces. The number of children affected by these proceedings, according to the records, was 267,739. Multitudes of other children were not included in this number.

BISHOP FALLOWS

JUDGE DAVID MCADAM

FREDERICK R. COUDERT

The laws should be uniform throughout the country, as I have stated. As a churchman I might insist on one cause only for divorce—marital infidelity. But marriage is a civil contract as well as a religious ceremony. The State has the right to prescribe other causes. But they ought to be of a grave and serious character.

Christians must aim to prevent reckless marriages. They must help devise stricter methods of legal administration. They must strive to end the anomaly of a man's having a wife in one State who is not his wife in another, where he may reside.

A NATIONAL DIVORCE LAW WOULD END BIGAMY

BY JUDGE DAVID MCADAM, OF THE NEW YORK SUPREME COURT

YOU ask me what reforms should the new century bring in the matter of the Divorce Law—should we not have a uniform and just national Divorce Law? After considering all points, I find that the question merits an emphatic affirmative. The present condition of affairs with reference to divorce is deplorable. We have now forty-five States, all of which (excepting South Carolina, in which divorces are not granted) have legislated differently upon this branch of the law of domestic relations. The legislation would not be so injurious in its consequences if the divorces authorized were confined to cases where both parties to the marriage actually resided within the State where the proceedings were instituted, so that actual service of process might be made within the jurisdiction of the State court. Such a decree, process having been personally served on the defendant within the State, is valid everywhere,

A uniform and just national Divorce Law would work a real reform. To enable Congress to pass such a law it would be necessary to amend the federal constitution so as to grant to the national government power to legislate with reference to divorce. In conformity with the method of amendment which has heretofore been followed, Congress might itself, by a two-thirds vote in each House, prepare and propose amendments, which proposed amendments would become law upon their ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. The difficulty of the task involved in procuring the consent of three-fourths of the States to their deprivation of jurisdiction in this important part of the law of domestic relations is, however, discouraging to the average reformer.

The Marriage Law should also be a national instead of an exclusive State concern. At present a man may marry in each of the forty-five States, and if allowed to return to the State where he first married, he cannot be punished there for the bigamies. To reach him he must be indicted in another State, and then extradited by the Governor of that State, so that he may be tried there. And bigamous cohabitation within the United States could be made a criminal offense, cognizant by the federal authorities, so as to punish a party who, having committed bigamy in Canada or any other foreign country, lives in this country with the spurious wife. As a result of such national legislation there would be few bigamists in the country, and many here now might find good cause to migrate to other climes.

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF UNIFORM DIVORCE LAWS

BY FREDERICK R. COUDERT

SEVERAL weighty arguments might be presented in favor of congressional legislation upon the subject of a uniform divorce law in all States. It certainly is unfortunate that a divorce regularly obtained in one State from a competent court should fail of its effect in another, and that a man or a woman should be a husband or wife in New York and a single man or woman in Dakota or Nebraska. This, at least, is one of the troubles that might be removed by national legislation.

But is there not much to be said on the other side? I may frankly say, at the risk of impairing any regard that your readers may have for my opinion, that the way to deal with divorce laws would be to abrogate them in toto. The interests of society at large are paramount. Our sympathies are not always judicious advisers; the relief given to individuals is often a curse upon society.

While the national law would thus remedy one great inconvenience at least, we should inquire in advance of acting what kind of law we are likely to secure from Congress. The State of New York has upon this subject been very conservative, and has only granted divorces in extreme cases. Most of our citizens of New York would be of opinion that if the national law which many desire is still farther to relax the marriage tie, it were best to allow things to remain as they are rather than to fly into the arms of unknown evils. Surely it would not be an advantage to citizens of New York to have the legislation of these States made the law here. It would save expense in individual cases, no doubt, as it would be easier to employ an attorney in this city, and less expensive, than to resort to professional service a thousand or two thousand miles away. Possibly many are only deterred from breaking up their present home by the expense. Why reduce the cost of matrimonial separation far below the present tariff of disbursements? On the whole, in the ignorance of what law we might get from Congress, assuming that it would be inferior to our own, I am inclined to think that, unsatisfactory as the condition of things now is, it is safer to keep it out of national legislation.

POPULAR ELECTION OF UNITED STATES SENATORS

BY U. S. SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON.

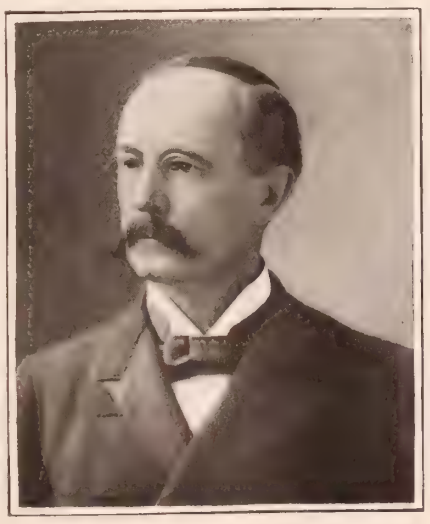
GENERAL interest and discussion, both in and out of Congress, have been aroused by the question of the election of United States Senators by popular vote, and some of the senatorial contests of the last few years have appealed strongly to the popular judgment in favor of an amendment of our Constitution permitting Senators to be elected by direct vote.

In the older States, especially in New England, there has been nothing so far to seriously challenge the wisdom or propriety of the present method of election, and it may be assumed that the New England Senators will continue to stand against any change. They would resent such a change, looking upon it as casting a reflection on the good will of their present constitutency, and their resentment would be just.

In the New England States, where they still retain township organization and have very large legislative bodies, the result of the senatorial elections are almost always in accord with the popular wish, and Senators can almost be said to be elected by the popular will.

In the newer States, however, and especially in those of the West, the legislative bodies are much smaller in numbers, and, as experience proves, may be found subject to the manipulation and control of candidates who would never be seriously presented or supported by the people themselves. Not infrequently, serious charges have been made concerning the use of money to control members of the Legislature in the interest of senatorial candidates, and undoubtedly the use of money in such cases is becoming one of the crying evils of our political system. To-day three States have only half their senatorial representation in the United States Senate because of deadlocks in the Legislatures resulting in no election. In one well-known recent case the Governor of a State, in collusion with a minority of the Legislature, prevented the organization of one of its branches for the avowed purpose of defeating the senatorial candidate, who unquestionably had the support of a majority of the Legislature. None of these things could happen if a Senator were to be nominated in a State convention and run the gauntlet of a popular vote.

SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON



The most serious objection to the present system as it has developed, is the fact that the legislatures in many of the States are now almost wholly selected in the interest of senatorial candidates, and with little regard to their general fitness.

It is impossible to set out in this article the many reasons which naturally suggest themselves in harmony with the broad suggestions above made. On the whole, my own judgment is that the best Constitutional amendment would be one permitting the several States to decide for themselves as to whether they would continue the election of Senators through their Legislatures or by direct vote of the people, and of such an amendment I have for many years been an earnest advocate.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN THE NEW CENTURY

NEW AND BETTER METHODS OF TEACHING

BY MATTHEW H. BUCKHAM,
PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

I WOULD name as the reforms in popular education most to be desired:

First. The handling of pupils in smaller groups and with more attention to individual needs. The multiplication of pupils without a corresponding increase in teaching force has resulted in massing children into large classes in which they are taught *en bloc*. The consequence is that the dull, who need special encouragement, become discouraged and drop out, and the bright, not kept fully occupied, lose interest and accomplish less than their best. The Academy at West Point gets splendid results by dividing classes into groups of ten according to ability. This system is, of course, costly, but the benefits of it would repay the cost wherever practicable.

Second. The coming age will insist on a stricter method in the selection of teachers, a method as effective as that which in business affairs compels the incapable man to fail and retire, and retains and rewards the competent.

Again, methods of teaching need to be better systematized. There are two kinds of teachers—those who teach mainly by inspiring, by awakening interest and enthusiasm, and those who teach by faithful, painstaking drill. And there may be said to be two philosophies, or methods of education—the inspirational method and the pedagogic method. Teachers of the first class are rare; if a great university has one or two of them, if a city or community has one of them, let them be thankful and make the most of their services.

Lastly, and most important reform of all, character-building will become the definite aim and object of all educational efforts. The school shall be a means of ennobling the industries, elevating the callings, purifying the citizenship, of all who come under its benign influence.

A HIGHER GRADE OF SCHOOL-TEACHERS

BY PRESIDENT JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D.D., OF OBERLIN COLLEGE

I DOUBT if the new century is to be as notable as the last along educational lines. The reforms which are needed in education have already been given a start. I expect to see what is, after

M. H. BUCKHAM

all, the greatest need—a much better equipped class of teachers in our common schools. There is little possibility of improving the education of the people except through the improvement of teachers of all grades.

It is plain that the best minds are not too good for the work of teaching and training the young. Some of the most promising material in the nation is found in the country school houses. There ought to a far more general requirement that teachers have special training in normal methods. The words "Better Teachers!" ought to be engraven on the hearts of all school directors. To accomplish this result there must be a more general spirit of liberality, rather, of wisdom, in making appropriate provision for the support of those who are to guide young souls in the most critical years of life. Give us teachers properly trained, with high ideals, and they will, under careful supervision, introduce the reforms most needed.

A system of instruction based on rational principles will discard some of the lumber which is now used. Many things are taught which are a waste of time and strength. But we shall not get good teachers, until successful teachers are continued in office during good behavior and efficiency.

WILL CARLETON

DR. E. M. GALLAUDET

E. P. JACKSON

LET THE CHILD FOLLOW HIS NATURAL BENT

BY DR. W. G. BALLANTINE

THE guiding principle of education in the twentieth century, will be genuine respect for nature's indications. The spontaneous activities of the child will be studied. For example, every boy at a certain age is in love with tools, and if he can get the use of them, spends his play-time in carpentry. This is the time when he should have tools in school and expert manual training. So each other subject should float into the boy's life on a wave of natural enthusiasm.

We shall make nature studies the staple work of the grades. Arithmetic will have a very subordinate place and grammar none at all. Gradually, but irresistibly, a rational spelling of the English language will follow other reforms.

CHURCH HOMES NEAR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY WEBSTER MERRIFIELD, PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

BEFORE the close of the next century our religious denominations will have discovered the economy, religious as well as financial, of erecting church homes about our great public schools, thus availing themselves of the instruction and the scientific collections of the latter, while giving through these church homes such special moral and religious instruction to their youth as each denomination desires.

EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB

BY PRESIDENT E. M. GALLAUDET, OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE

THE present condition of affairs in the education of deaf-mutes is peculiar, interesting and full of promise for the coming century. When the first permanent schools for the deaf were established in Germany and France, two methods were made use of. In Germany, it was contended that all deaf-mutes of good mental capacity could be taught to speak, and the oral method, to the exclusion of all others, has been employed up to the present time. In France, it was held that but a small proportion of the deaf were capable of acquiring a really successful command of speech, and that the greatest good for the greatest number could be secured by making considerable use of the language of signs and of finger-spelling, called the dumb language.

In 1880 an International Congress of instructors of the deaf was held at Milan, the result of which was that the French Government ordered the adoption of the oral method in the schools of France and the discontinuance of the manual method.

In the United States the first school for deaf-mutes, established in 1817, adopted the manual method as it had been developed in the French republic, and this method prevailed in our country for fifty years. In 1867 various causes led to the introduction of the teaching of speech into American schools for the deaf, and since that date a good many persons, instructors and others, have urged the adoption of the oral method of Germany to the exclusion of the French manual method. A spirited and earnest controversy in the schools has grown out of this, those formerly practicing the manual method, while willing to attempt the teaching of speech with all deaf children, being generally in favor of giving it up in the case of those whose ability to speak and to read the lips of others proved to be very limited. It has thus come about that a large majority of American schools for the deaf are to-day working under a combined system, in which all methods are made use of, their application being varied according to the capability and the adaptability of the pupil.

From all which it is not difficult to conclude that the deaf-mutes of the twentieth century ought not to be educated under the pure oral method, which the educated deaf of the nineteenth century condemn, but under the American Combined System, which they approve.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY WILL CARLETON

WE are to have a United States language: in fact have it now in process of building. With English for a basis, we draw from the different vernaculars that come to this country, and add and interweave many of their most virile words and picturesque idioms: in ways more or less similar, all the best languages have been made. As new phenomena arise, new words have to be coined; and nowhere is this necessity more in evidence than in America. Our nation of seventy-five millions of people is constantly weaving a new language, which will probably surpass all those that have heretofore existed, and will go around the world again and again—and, in many places, stay.

Our pronunciation is constantly improving and becoming more uniform. It naturally varies with differences in climate, food, drink, race-influence, fashion, etc., etc.; but there are many agencies constantly at work tending to produce a uniformity; and this will naturally, in so ambitious a nation, finally strike the highest level. Among these agencies may be mentioned constant travel to and fro, long-distance telephones, phonographs, etc., which give people opportunities of hearing and imitating each other, such as they never had before.

SLANG DOOMED TO EXTINCTION

BY EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON

THE elite among writers and speakers, more than ever in the past, are cultivating simplicity, conciseness, and especially exactitude, in their diction. The young writer of to-day who yearns for admission to the best publications, and the orator who demands a hearing before the most cultured audiences, must be sparing of their superlatives. Given grammatical integrity and freedom from vulgarity, nothing will be more fatal to them than the use of words which overstate. And, as popular education advances, the more general will be the demand for a higher standard of linguistic strength and purity; for the more clearly will it be seen that overstatement is really dilution.

Slang, American or Anglican, is doomed to ultimate extinction. It is in language what the criminal class is among men, and criminals are notoriously short lived, the soonest forgotten.

THE PARAMOUNT HOPE OF THE NEGRO

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

MY hope and belief is that the negro in this country will make himself so valuable in all the industries at his door that he will become an indispensable voter—that he will learn to do things so well that he will make common labor uncommon. My further hope is, that in every straightforward honorable way that he will seek to cement friendship between himself and the white people in his community, that he will appreciate more and more that the interests of the two races are of equal importance.

On the other hand, I pray that the white people in every part of this country will bear in mind that they cannot oppress or take opportunities from them — the

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

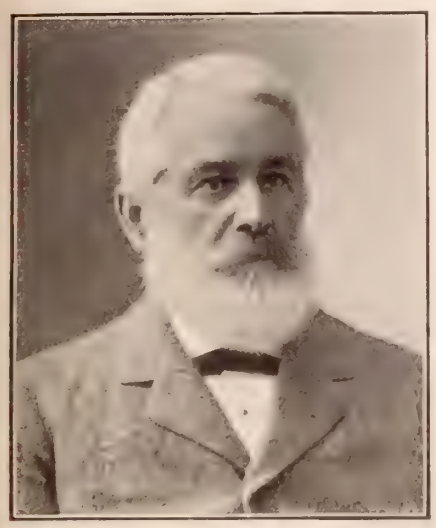
negro, without the white race becoming degraded. Every race that oppresses another race injures itself and in the end must pay the price for its sin. In conection with thorough education, industrial development, and friendship between the races, there must go that high moral and religious conduct which will make a black skin respected.

THE CONTROL OF TRUSTS IN THE NEW CENTURY

THREE WAYS TO CONTROL COMBINATIONS

BY EDWARD ATKINSON

"WHAT Reforms should the New Century Bring in the Way of Controlling Great Combinations of Capital known as Trusts?"



EDWARD ATKINSON

1st. That in my judgment the only method of dealing with the so-called trusts is to require publicity of accounts, then trusting to the survival of the fittest. The combinations which survive will be those which do the greatest and most useful work at the very least cost to the community, paying of necessity the very highest rates of wages that the price of the product will permit to the workmen whom they employ.

2d. To remove all duties and taxes upon foreign products of like kind to those made by so-called trusts.

3d. To leave the trusts which are organized without the protection of letters-patent, for the purpose of creating a monopoly of any product of importance, to the natural law of competition, under which they will inevitably become bankrupt in a short time; a fate which has already struck a very large proportion of those which have been organized during the last seven or eight years.

HONESTY THE REMEDY FOR TRUST EVILS

BY WHEELER H. PECKHAM

IF the enterprise be one open to the law of competition, that law will be as effective in the coming century as in the one just ended. If the partnership, combination, joint stock company, or whatever it may be called, abuses its powers and charges for its product more than the ordinary average rate, more than the ordinary average rate of profits afforded by other industries, it will surely meet competitors who will compel a reduction of price. If any one thinks that it would be too powerful to be successfully attacked because of its great combination of capital, they must remember that the amount of other capital in other hands is also enormously great, and that there is no reason to apprehend that the proportion of capital or persons employed and occupied in any one enterprise to that and those occupied in others differs in any great degree now and in the past, or will present any appreciably greater defense to any of the laws of competition.

There is one class of industries in which the law of competition is futile. It is the class of monopolies. An illustration is a city railroad.

There can be but one railroad in a street. The man or corporation who gets the right to build that railroad need not fear competition. In such classes of industry, where the right to carry it on is given by the public, the remedy against imposition has always and will always consist in the right by the Government to fix fares, or, what is the same thing so far as the railroad company is concerned, to tax receipts. That remedy is perfect, and applies in all cases. Given honest and fairly capable public officials and no monopoly enterprise, so far as some public grant is essential to its use, could ever charge more than the price which would give a profit equivalent to the average of profits in other enterprises. It is a public scandal of the grossest character when the dividends of such a company are such as to make its stock in the market sell materially above par.

The remedy for these things in the present century will not be different from that in the past. Nothing new is needed except honesty—integrity in public officials. We will get it when in the other avocations of men the standard of integ-

WHEELER H. PECKHAM

rity is made higher. That time is surely coming, though at present the signs are dim and a very long way off.

.. HOW ELECTRICITY WILL SERVE MAN IN THE NEW CENTURY ..

BY CARL HERRING

IT is often dangerous to prophesy, and I therefore had some hesitancy about replying to your request to send THE CHRISTAN HERALD a few words about the probable future developments in the science of electricity; but as no time limit is fixed for the prophecies to be fulfilled, the risk may not be great.

Few people realize that to produce the light in the ordinary incandescent electric lamps, only a very small part of the energy in the electric current is actually used, at most one twentieth and probably much less, all the rest being wasted as heat. There is, therefore, the possibility of getting at least twenty and probably more times as much light from the electric current than is obtained at present in such lamps. When this is accomplished it will probably either be by electrical means or at least be discovered through the aid of electrical researches. Another problem which will revolutionize present methods, is to find some better way of converting the energy of coal and other fuels into electric currents without the aid of the very wasteful but at present indispensable steam engine and boiler, which give back to us on the average of about a tenth of the energy that we feed into it. The effect on our industries and comforts of getting from coal ten times as much of

CARL HERRING

that convenient and useful power, electrical energy, as we do now, need not be detailed here. If both of these problems be solved, it would be possible to have at least twenty times ten, that is, two hundred times as much light from a pound of coal as at present. Besides the resulting luxury, comfort and economy of such cheap light, there would also be a wholesome effect on the diminution of crime, which so often requires darkness for its perpetration.

Great as the beneficial effects on our industries and comforts would be by these discoveries or inventions, they would not be as revolutionary as those produced by manufacturing the precious metals out of something else. The sea is known to contain a fabulously large amount of gold in solution, and the probabilities are that it will stay there, but if any method of extraction should be found that will cost less than the value of gold obtained, it would probably be an electrical one. Another possibility of the dim future is that we may be able to find out what the elements of electricity really are.

Power will be centralized more and more in large generating stations and be distributed electrically over long distances, to replace the hundreds of thousand small individual steam engines. Powers heretofore unused, such as water-falls, culm heaps at coal mines, gases from blast furnaces, etc., will be utilized and distributed electrically. Factories requiring large amounts of power will be moved to these central stations. New railroads will be operated electrically, and the existing steam roads will gradually, but very slowly, be converted, partially at least, into electrical roads; short trains or even individual cars, at frequent intervals will replace long steam trains at long intervals. Higher speeds will be possible and practicable. Mines from which it formerly did not pay to get the metal, will be worked by the aid of electric power or processes. The electrical furnace will be used more and more, either for making products which could not be made before, or for doing something cheaper than with gas furnaces. Electro-chemical methods will continue to replace the older chemical methods of producing many compounds and metals used in industries. Wireless telegraphy will come into more extended use, though probably only in such cases in which it is not practicable to make use of any kind of wire.

.. SHALL WE TRAVEL BENEATH THE SEA IN THE NEW CENTURY ..

BY REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP HICHBORN, CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR

THE idea of successful submarine navigation is so attractive, and its possible applications in offensive and defensive naval operations are so great, that for many years most determined efforts have been made to produce vessels capable of meeting the chief requirements of such craft. There are at the present time several types of vessels said to be capable of successful navigation below the surface at moderate speeds. Of these, two are French vessels, of two distinct types, and the third is the well-known Holland submarine vessel, of which the navy now possesses one, manned by a naval crew, and is about to acquire several others, which are being constructed for it by the Holland Torpedo Boat Co. A fourth, an independent type of submarine vessels (Lake's bottom worker, the *Argonaut*), although not strictly a submarine vessel, in the sense that it is capable of floating in the water at variable depths below the surface, is still a vessel capable of moving beneath the surface by crawling upon the bottom. It was proposed and developed chiefly for commercial purposes, such as wrecking, diving, submarine construction, etc., and is said to have traveled considerable distances under water along the coasts of the United States.

The submarine boats of the Holland type are the fruit of a number of years of experiment carried out by the Holland Company at their own expense; and the vessel acquired from them recently has shown herself capable of maintaining a surface speed of ten knots and a submerged speed of seven knots, and has been entirely under the control of her personnel, both when moving on or beneath the surface. The control in both the horizontal and the vertical plane is very perfect. She has, furthermore, demonstrated her ability to avoid the vigilance both of search-lights and of picket boats, by running with her conning tower alternately just awash and completely submerged.

Of the future of vessels of this class, it is not possible to speak with entire cer-

REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP HICHBORN

tainty, because of the possibility, or even probability, of improvements in other lines, which will directly affect the submarine vessels. To be entirely successful, it is necessary that a submarine boat, adapted to naval purposes, should have a high surface speed, a reasonable submerged speed, perfect control, both in the vertical and horizontal plane, when on the surface or submerged, efficient ventilation of the interior, satisfactory accommodations for the personnel, and a considerable field of vision when submerged. What has already been accomplished in the submarine vessels at present in service, both in this country and abroad, demonstrates the entire practicability of obtaining all that is desired in many of these features.

We may reasonably hope that the developments which the past has seen in steam navigation and the advances in the armor and armament of vessels of war, may find their counterpart in the future developments and improvements of submarine vessels of all kinds

PROGRESS OF OUR CITIES IN THE NEW CENTURY

CITY DEVELOPMENT ON PRACTICAL LINES

BY JOHN DE WITT WARNER

IN attempting to anticipate what "reforms" we may expect in municipal matters during the next century, experience warns us that, while in some details they may be so radical and novel as to make that name appropriate, they will, in the main, be such that they would be more accurately termed "developments."

Taking up at random the matters with which city authorities are now busy: Artificial light has for centuries been recognized as a necessity of civilized man and public order. It is, therefore, rapidly and certainly coming to be regarded as a want which should be directly met by the municipality; and it is as nearly certain as may be, first, that public control, and, in general, public operation of city light plants will prevail. And we are tending rapidly toward a similar policy as to heat.

J. DE WITT WARNER

As to transport facilities: not merely will clean, dry and spacious streets be the rule, but systems of subway transport will probably be more extensive than are now surface ones; while, both above and under ground, the rate of transport will be such as to approach a free supply. That is, fares will be so low, as compared with other factors in the use of cars, that these self-same factors, and not expense, will determine their use by each. It is probable that, as in the case of water, the expense of individual supply, so free as not to limit use, will be fully met by fares so petty as to be scarcely more than required to prevent waste; and the operation by the city of these "moving highways" will become as much a matter of course as is now the repair and preservation of our streets for pedestrians. The whole field of express service will be so extended as to provide not merely messenger service much more complete than now, but for the safe carriage and prompt delivery to any part of the municipality of articles deposited at any other part. Telephone service, also, will be correspondingly cheap and abundant.

One result of increased transport and communication facilities will be the growth of public kitchens, where shall be prepared the meals of most of our citizens, which they will receive ready served, of better quality, and more promptly and regularly, than the domestic economy of the average household can hope to furnish them. These will have been preceded by public laundries, which will relieve the wage earner's household of a most important item of its present discomforts.

It is not easy to predict how shall be solved the problem of manual labor by married women. Whether with better wages and cheaper living they will be in general relieved of other cares than those of wife and mother? or whether, with more of opportunity for self-support and partially relieved from present home duties, the number of wage earners among married women will increase? It is practically certain, however, that the right of every child to good care, nurture and education will be better protected with every decade; that day nurseries will be one of the public facilities soon provided as a matter of course; and that labor which takes mothers from their children will be permitted only in cases where proper care of all children below school age is definitely provided for.

Public baths so nearly free as to be habitually used by all and so numerous and extensive as to leave such use unlimited, will be as much a matter of course as sufficient air for breathing. Still greater relief, not merely to the poor, but especially to those of moderate and large means, will result from such a complete system of hospitals that, by 2000, for one who is so ill that he cannot go about, to remain at his residence will be as unusual as a hundred years since it was universal. In every considerable city, education, to the fullest extent of the capacity of its youth, will be literally free as air, and, up to what would now be considered a high standard, make quite compulsory in one way or another.

More provision will be made for public recreation. Beautiful sculpture, instructive paintings and fully equipped libraries will characterize the typical city.

And long before the year 2000 taxation will have been so adjusted as to encourage, not discourage, the fullest improvement of land; public franchises will be so universally operated direct by the public, that a street railway company or private water-works for public supply will seem as archaic as personal government by royal charter, or the farming of taxes.

AN IMPROVED TENEMENT HOUSE SYSTEM

BY RANDOLPH GUGGENHEIMER, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CITY COUNCIL

MOST obvious of all the conditions which need reform in the city of New York, is the tenement house system. This crying evil has challenged the attention of the Legislature of this State and thousands of public-spirited citizens. Nothing else could result from such a state of affairs. The floors of these apartments, from the cellar to the top, are rented to any number of families from four to a dozen. For the children who are born and reared under such circumstances, there is only one exit and one playground, the stairs and the hallway. The evils that flow from unsanitary condition of such tenements are not to be deplored as much as the perverted morals which are the necessary consequence of the indiscriminate associations of boys and girls in crowded passage-ways. The Legislature has been half-hearted in this matter. Individual effort, however earnest, stands baffled and aghast. Those philanthropists who have invested their capital for the establishment of improved dwellings for the working-classes where sanitation and light, which is the best police power in the world, shall be first considered, have conferred an inestimable benefit upon this community. They have been able to find a satisfactory return for the investment of their capital, but their desire has been absolutely unselfish.

R. GUGGENHEIMER

I am personally convinced that we cannot expect a remedy for the ills of the tenement house system from the Legislature. The revolution must be brought about by individual citizens. The aggregations of wealth in the hands of individuals have become so large that I venture to think that the step which has already been taken will be followed by increased attention to the regeneration of the tenement house districts. The ownership of wealth, on a last analysis, constitutes a trust; and I believe that those owners do not discharge their public responsibilities who fail to perform the duties towards the poor, the suffering and distressed which, at least within the reach of conscience, devolve upon them. No better charity—in fact I was about to say there is no other worthy charity—can be performed than by the erection of improved dwelling houses for the people. Such a requirement as this is demanded for the sake of public hygiene. Unsanitary conditions in the tenements mean the contamination of the public health. Pathological experts have found there the hotbed and breeding place of tuberculosis.

The ideal public official, therefore, must realize that cities must, in every department, be run on a scientific sanitary plan. It is not sufficient that we possess an admirable system of sewers; the whole body politic must be safeguarded from disease. The lamp of science has shown that disease clings to infinitesimal globules of dust, and has pointed out death in the incomplete consumption of offal and garbage. I have been, for many years, convinced that every street in the city of New York should be flushed twice a day with salt water and that the refuse of the city should be burnt. Fire is the only purifier; and the germs of disease should not be entrusted either to the water or to the air, however true it may be that, in the former case oxygenation destroys all impurities, all foreign matter.

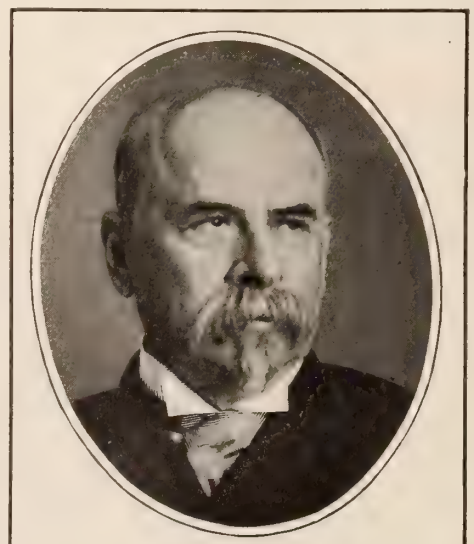
The time will come, in the history of civilized communities, when the two most important departments of a city's government will be recognized as those of Health and Education. I believe that the health of the community can be materially improved by a regular flushing of the surface of the streets by salt water, by the consumption of all refuse by fire, and by personal cleanliness, to be secured by the working-classes in public baths, the number of which should be largely increased.

WILL KINGS DISAPPEAR BEFORE the CENTURY ENDS?

BY COL. ETHAN ALLEN

"WILL kings disappear?" Of course they will, as they are the product of darker ages, and surely must become unnecessary in the dawn of the twentieth century. The world progresses in all its relations, both inanimate and animate. The age of ice is followed by the age of bloom; the saurian passes away and more useful life succeeds him; and man, who began as a "cave-dweller," now walks the floors of a palatial home, which is adorned becomingly for this "Lord of all," whose mental equipment at last weighs and estimates the stars. Shall development stride onward to greater results everywhere and halt at politics? Politically, man has fought his way from the lowest round of the ladder of social control to the highest, and to-day, that highest is republican rule, or the reign of law as commanded by the people. This means that kings must pass away, following other defunct forms of government.

The steps of the marching millions of the earth up to Washington, are politically well defined. Beginning with the "Paternal head" of his tribe, whose sway was when the world was young, we advanced to the "Patriarch," whose word was law to many peoples. Following the changing experiments of Egypt and of Greece we reach the absolutism of Imperial Rome. The Cæsars, broken by their own tyranny, the "Feudal Lord" as their successor was the legalized pirate of the Middle Ages. Then came Monarchy, at first absolute, but afterwards softened by constitutional provisions as man began to assert his power against the insolence of kings. Then followed the last and grandest achievement for political progress, the American Revolution and the inauguration of the great Republic, which, by its example, is to-day teaching the nations of the earth that kings are but impostors who have outlived their day. The unrest which now surges under the thrones of Europe like volcanic fires within the planet, comes from the idea which this Republic inspires, that crowns and coronets should go to the museum, with the thumb-screw and other implements of suffering which were once the safeguard of the thrones of the entire world. The irrepressible conflict for the overthrow of monarchy begun in the last century, shall surely acquire increased strength in the century to come. Evolution never goes back but forward; and the Republic, which stands for man as his own property and not as the chattel of a special class, expanding and conquering, means a higher civilization, and better conditions of life. France is a republic; England trembles upon the verge of a change; Germany is held fast to ancient and barbaric rule by a hand of iron; but her bayonets are of the class which has the power to think, most dangerous to rulers when the hour of opportunity sounds its ominous knell.



COL. ETHAN ALLEN

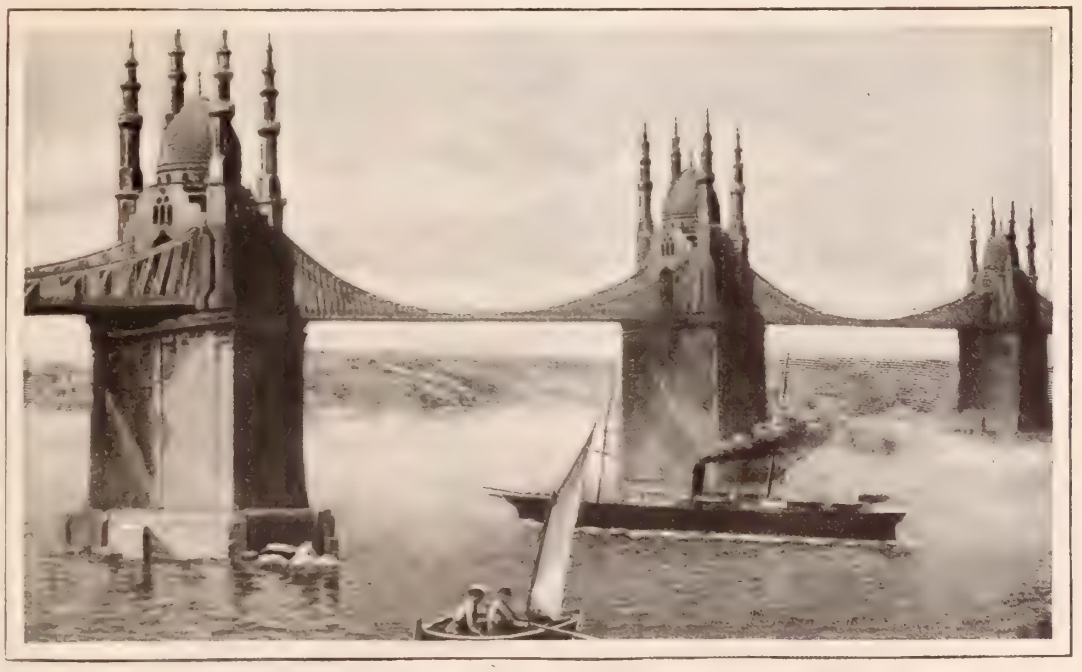
Christianity has given the world its highest civilization. Wherever the Cross has been raised, there has man lifted his eyes to a realization of higher and nobler life. It has been forced to advance step by step with tyrannical rule, but at its highest tide it has usually favored and taught the greatest leniency in government. It has steadily moved forward till all the Western Hemisphere bows before the Nazarean symbol, and long before this Europe acknowledged it. Aggressive, persistent and always armed, because of its faith in the righteousness of its battle, it is now reaching its ever conquering arms towards Africa and Asia. In China, it has been hurled back, but he reads with but little wisdom who fails to see that this is but the recession of the wave, to gather its strength into one mighty billow for a higher reach upon the shore.

As Christ came to teach of the life hereafter, so Washington came, in a lesser mission, to teach of a better way of life on earth, with liberty of thought and action to do what seemed best between man and his Maker, without the restraint, the tyranny, the cost and the impertinent opulence of kings. And so the Star of Bethlehem is supplemented with the Star of Mount Vernon, the free life assured by the second being necessary to the free religion of the first, and this twin constellation, of evil omen to kingly rule, in the destiny of man must make the circuit of the globe and take effect in every country

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

To Connect Two Continents

NEWS comes from the Turkish capital that an engineering project many years old is at last to be realized. This is the building of a bridge over the Bosphorus, the narrow channel which at Constantinople separates Europe from Asia. The Bosphorus connects the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, a distance of sixteen miles. In some parts of its course it is two miles wide, but in others it is only six hundred yards, or about one-third of a mile in width. At one of these narrow places near Constantinople, the bridge is to be built. Granite foundations will be laid at three points in the bed of the channel, and on these, massive towers will be erected for the support of the steel cables from which the floor of the bridge will depend. In deference to Turkish taste, the summit of each tower will be ornamented with a cupola and four graceful minarets. The chief difficulty in the construction will be in laying the granite foundation for the towers, as in the narrow parts of the channel the current is swift and strong. The depth is about three hundred feet. It is interesting to recall the fact that, twenty-four hundred years ago, a bridge was constructed near the same place. It was built by the Greek, Mandrocles, for the passage of Darius and his army, and was defended by the Greeks, until Darius, having completed his campaign against the Scythians, returned and recrossed the bridge into Asia. The Sultan does not propose to have the new bridge put to any such use. He has arranged to have artillery mounted on the towers, with which he could prevent an enemy crossing. The object of the bridge is to connect the railway systems of Europe with the Trans-Asiatic railway of Bagdad. It is curious to notice how civilization is gradually adapting the natural conditions to its purposes. At Suez, where two continents were united, it severed them by cutting a water channel; in this instance, where two continents were separated by a channel, it connects them by making a roadway. In both cases the change facilitates travel, and so is an obvious improvement. Some men have thought that it was possible to make improvements in the means by which men may pass from earth to heaven, but all such schemes have proved failures. God reserves to himself the conditions of that journey.



PROPOSED BRIDGE OVER THE BOSPHORUS CONNECTING EUROPE WITH ASIA

The heaven, even the heavens are the Lord's; but the earth hath he given to the children of men (Ps. 115: 16).

A Juvenile Murderer

There was an impressive scene in a New York court on Dec. 14. The grave, dignified judge on the bench had before him a prisoner in knickerbockers, a boy only fourteen years old, scarcely tall enough to look over the ralling. He was there to be sentenced for the murder of a playmate. He had quarrelled with the boy and cherished a grudge against him. After a few days he procured a shoemaker's knife, and while playing with the boy he deliberately cut his throat. He was quite unconcerned as he stood to receive his sentence, which was twenty years at hard labor. So indifferent was he, that when the warden turned his head away, the prisoner slipped a piece of candy into his mouth and stood chewing it while the judge addressed him. The judge, on the other hand, was overcome by emotion. The thought of the lad's crime, his disgrace, his parents' sorrow, and the terrible punishment it was his duty to inflict, so broke him down that his voice faltered in passing sentence, and he wept. It was some moments before he recovered sufficiently to finish his sentence. The youthful culprit was led away munching his candy without a sign of care. He will find out during his long imprisonment the reason the judge wept in sentencing him. The judge knew better than he what he would have to endure. It is so with impenitent men. God assures them that he pities them even while he punishes.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live (Ezek. 33: 11).

A Daughter's Claim

Suit has been brought in a court in New York by the daughter of a recently deceased citizen against the executors of her father's estate. She claims nine hundred dollars for services rendered to her father during the last six years of his life. Twenty-four years ago she received an offer of marriage, but her father being a widower, who would be left in a lonely condition if she left home, induced her to reject the offer and stay with him. He promised to reward her generously, and told her that certain investments he was then making in the West should be made in her name. She ascertained that they were so made, and remained at home waiting on her father and cheering his declining years, until he died a few months ago. During that period many opportunities of leaving home occurred, but she did not avail herself of them. When her father's estate was examined, it was found that the Western investments not proving satisfactory, he had withdrawn his money, but had omitted to make an equivalent provision for his daughter in his will. She therefore put in a claim for servant's wages, and as the statute of limitations barred a claim for the earlier years, she asked for payment for the six years allowed by the statute. Her brothers, however, who are the heirs, decline to pay it, holding that she was in no sense a servant, but had all the privileges of a daughter during the whole period of her residence with her father. It would seem that even taking that view, her claim might have been admitted, inasmuch as she had sacrificed her own interests to her father's comfort. It must be very humiliating to her to have to take the position of a servant to obtain compensation for her filial services. Happily, the position of the Christian is the reverse of this. His hope consists in his being regarded as a son and not as a servant.

Thou art no more a servant but a son, and if a son then an heir of God (Gal. 4: 6).

A Conditional Inheritance

A peculiar condition is made in the will of a recently deceased millionaire, as to the inheritance of his estate. The clause in the will was made public a few days ago, in the course of proceedings in a law court in San Francisco, Cal. It appears that a Colorado miner, who had accumulated a fortune of three million dollars, settled some years back in San Francisco. He was childless and had no near relatives. In the next house to the one he occupied, there was a little girl to whom he became much attached. She was a beautiful child, with rich golden hair. The millionaire was never so happy as when the child would come into his house and cheer him by her infantile prattle. He offered to adopt her, but her mother could not bear to part from her. However he saw a great deal of her, and when his will was opened after his death, it was found that he had made her the heiress of his wealth. Provision was made for her maintenance and education during her minority, and on her coming of age she is to receive the entire estate, providing "she has led a proper and virtuous life." She is now five years of age and is a bright, intelligent child. She has a very substantial reason for behaving herself, for if she misbehaves she will lose the fortune bequeathed to her. That would be a great pity, because such misbehavior might cost her not only the loss of her fortune, but if not repented of, might involve her exclusion from an infinitely better inheritance, which is only for those who are pure in heart.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven: blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God (Matt. 5: 3, 8).

Marriage as an Advertisement

A furniture dealer at Hoboken, N. J. has adopted a novel method of advertising his business. Among his acquaintances were two persons who were engaged to be married. He offered them a set of bedroom furniture as a gift if they would have the wedding ceremony performed in his show-window on Thanksgiving Day. They consented, and he made the approaching celebration known in the city. At the hour appointed, his store was filled with interested spectators and a still larger crowd blocked the street outside. A civil justice officiated at the ceremony. The furniture-dealer had provided a huge wedding-cake, and announced that every lady present might have a piece of it at the conclusion of the proceedings. A curious coincidence occurred among the spectators. Two of them were engaged to be married. They were at Hoboken on that day by mistake. They had set out for Newark to eat their Thanksgiving dinner with some friends in that city, but had taken the wrong car, and were landed at Hoboken just as the ceremony in the window of the furniture store was beginning. The young man suggested to his companion that they should follow the example thus publicly set. They had been playmates as children in Germany and had long been pledged to one another. They had no thought of being married on that day, but when they saw the other wedding take place they soon made up their minds. The services of the justice were secured and the two were speedily made man and wife. So the furniture dealer accomplished more by his peculiar advertisement than he expected. It is much to be wished that people who are postponing union with Christ were similarly affected when they see others entering into fellowship with him.

Ye became followers of us and of the Lord . . . so that ye were ensamples to all (I. Thess. 1: 6, 7).

BRIEF NOTES

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress has now been translated into two hundred and three languages.

The money spent in Ireland in intoxicating drink last year was $60,000,000. This is an average of about twelve dollars a head.

Under a recent act, every mechanic of Belgian birth and resident in Belgium, who attains the age of sixty-five years and is in needy circumstances, will receive an annuity of thirteen dollars.

The oldest Jewish rabbi in regular service in the world, is said to be Rev. D. W. Marks, who has ministered to the synagogue in West London for sixty years. He is in his ninety-first year.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, has been following the example of Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, in editing a secular daily journal for one week. In one of the issues he boldly denounced the Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery for the interest they take in horse-races.

The prospects of revision of the Presbyterian creed are not bright. The statistics show that the demand for revision comes from the ministers rather than the laity. This indicates that the changes which may be made in accordance with the recent vote of the Presbyteries have small prospect of receiving the requisite two-thirds vote of the church.

The French people cannot be congratulated on the latest test of their liberality and philanthropy. The total number of persons entering the Exposition was upwards of forty-eight millions. The boxes for the reception of gifts for the poor were opened when the Exposition closed and were found to contain fifty-eight francs and sixty centimes ($11.72). The Exposition did not pay expenses by $409,000

A remarkable discovery has been made in the Libyan Desert. Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt, who found the collection of the "Sayings of Christ" recently, have now found a papyrus containing a hymn which must have been written earlier than 300 A.D. It is in Greek, and its words have so many allusions to the Gospels that there is little doubt it was one of the hymns sung by the very earliest Christians in the catacombs. A translation of the hymn is now being made by eminent scholars.

The General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation, at their meeting held in Versailles, France, in August, 1900, appointed Sunday, February 10th, 1901, as the Universal Day of Prayer for Students. The Committee which has appointed this day includes official representatives of the Christian student movements of Germany, Scandinavia, Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, the United States Canada, Australasia, South Africa, as well as Japan, India, Ceylon, China, and other mission lands, including 1,400 student societies, with a membership of 65,000 students and professors. During the past three years, this day has been observed in over thirty different countries by students and by people interested in the work of Christ among students.

TOLD AROUND THE HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE RUMMAGE SALE : : : AT CLARK'S

I'M going to the rummage sale, Edward."

"Don't you want my escort? Am I not to go, too?" asked the husband, smothering a sigh. The fire was bright, the library table was heaped with books, and the easy chair very comfortable to a tired man. Mr. Harvey never ceased to wonder that his wife liked to go somewhere in the evenings, forgetting that her duties kept her at home most of the day, while he was downtown.

As for the rummage sales, which were just now so popular, he had his own opinion. But as his wife and his sisters often accused him of being a wet blanket, he thought he had concealed it. He was mistaken.

"I don't need you in the least, dear," said Mrs. Harvey, "I am going with Mrs. Tilden, our neighbor, and, to tell the truth, you would be rather in the way. And besides, you know you don't approve of our performances, and you would simply stand glooming about, like a policeman out of uniform. We get fun for ourselves, as well as shekels for our charity, in these rummage sales, besides ridding our houses of any amount of ancient finery and disreputable odds and ends, which are picked up with delight by the buyers at Clark's. They are mostly young working girls and their mothers, and it is really an immense saving to them to be able to annex to their wardrobes our cast-off wraps and frocks. Mr. Ellerslie is to do the selling for us this evening, so you see the minister is on our side."

Mr. Harvey looked grave. "You women have no sense of the finer morals, no conscience," he grumbled. "And Ellerslie is being spoiled among you. He might be in better business. I wish, instead of these ridiculous makeshifts for building your new day nursery you'd just bravely go about with a subscription paper, and ask for the money you want. As it is, you are robbing Peter to pay Paul."

"Goodness, Edward! Don't be so glum," pleaded his wife, brushing his forehead with her soft lips as she passed him. At the door she turned, a beautiful vision in a dark, wine-colored gown, and a heavy fur-trimmed wrap. Her husband looked up admiringly.

"Don't mind my scolding, Nelly. Run away and perform your good works in the style you like best. There'll not be a prettier woman in the crowd."

It was a wonderful jumble, that rummage sale. Old hats that might have been worn by Mrs. Noah, old cloaks and gowns, children's jackets, last year's shirt-waists, every variety of toggery under the sun, heaped the narrow counters which had been hastily laid on barrel supports, covered with gay silesia, and arranged along the walls of Clark's Hall. In the midddle of an East Side square, where houses once aristocratic had by degrees degenerated, until they were thronged with unsavory tenants, Clark's Hall was a social centre, leased by a benevolent guild, and open every evening in the year. To-night it was transformed by bright streamers of gay-colored muslin, until it resembled a holiday bazaar, and as tea and lemonade at two cents a cup were served at one end of the room, the similarity to a church fair was quite marked.

Other articles besides clothing were offered for sale, a miscellaneous assortment of cracked pitchers, old platters, coal scuttles, egg-beaters, rugs, fans, screens, rocking-chairs, picture frames, the sort of flotsam and jetsam which is stranded by time on top shelves and in the corners of store-rooms. They were, to do the ladies justice, disposed of at nominal prices only, many of them for a few cents, few at anything beyond a dollar or two, and the avidity with which the eager-faced, pallid and toilworn purchasers clutched their bargains was pathetic. The crowd thinned as the counters became less plethoric. People rushed away with their possessions as proudly as if the old things they had chosen were of real value. The truth is that deep down in the souls of men and women slumbers a great love for spending money, however difficult its earning may be.

Mrs. Harvey and her friend Miss Clitheroe were sitting in a dark corner, discussing the plans for the projected day nursery. Miss Clitheroe was the Guild's president, and her eyes were weak, so that she avoided the gas jets. But her will was of iron firmness, and she wholly disagreed with Mrs. Harvey on one or two important points. They were talking very earnestly when the young pastor of St. Luke's approached them with a wrap on his arm. It was large and very warm-looking.

"Do you think four dollars enough for this cloak, ladies? It is in very good condition, and the young woman who wants to buy it is fearfully poor and very thin and cold—half frozen, she seems."

"Four dollars is a very good price," answered Mrs. Harvey, without a glance. "Do let the poor woman have it," and she turned back to Miss Clitheroe, resuming the thread of her argument.

Fifteen minutes later, when Mrs. Harvey was ready to take leave, there was a vain search for her costly, new fur-trimmed wrap, a wrap which had been sold to her for sixty-five dollars a few days ago. The wrap was not to be found, but on auditing the cash account, it was evident that it had passed, for the sum of four dollars, into the hands of a wearer who probably needed something warm and thick quite as much as did Mrs. Harvey. The pastor was aghast, but what did he, a bachelor, know about women's wraps?

The lady borrowed something to go home in, and rushing to Edward, poured out with tears the story of her evening and her loss.

"It may be recovered from a pawnbroker's," he replied, musingly.

"As if ever I would wear it again," said Mrs. Harvey with much indignation. "This finishes me with rummage sales."

But the next morning, as they sat at breakfast, Mr. Harvey's door bell rang, and a rough-looking man in laborer's clothing entered with a parcel.

"My daughter bought this garment at a rummage sale last night for four dollars," he said. "The card in the pocket showed me that it belonged to you, ma'am, and that there was a mistake. I have brought it back, and will be glad of the four dollars Maggie paid. We are honest people. The child did not realize what she was doing."

Mrs. Harvey could have fallen on his neck and wept. She gave him the four dollars. He refused to accept any more. But that very day she looked Maggie Moran up in her home, and bought her a thick jacket, in which she did not look nor feel frozen that winter.

An Arab Morning Meal

Under all skies people must breakfast, but the conditions of the morning meal vary in different climes and countries. Given his thick, black coffee, and his bit of bread, an Arab chief can breakfast to his own satisfaction, and though in the desert the Arab guide may provide European food for the traveler, he seldom varies his own simple menu. The Syrian woman waits till her Lord has eaten before she herself partakes of any refreshment.

AN ARAB BREAKFAST

All over the Oriental world man is the sovereign, and woman, even when loved and honored, as she no doubt sometimes is, still accepts submissively and without a protest, the second place. Veiled and unobtrusive, she is a servant to the stranger, and thus remains, and must remain, until the Christian religion shall emancipate her.

Wasteful Worry

Our Lord tells us in nothing to be anxious, but in everything to make known our requests unto God. There are crises in every experience when not to worry seems impossible. With no money in the house, no flour in the barrel, no coal in the cellar and no work for the husband, a woman can hardly be expected to sit with a smiling face. And yet, man's extremity is God's opportunity. There is good sense in the words of the Psalmist, "Oh, tarry thou the Lord's leisure!" Worry does not fill the pocket-book, the barrel, nor the bin, nor find the man a business position. God can do all the needful things, if only the Christian can trust and obey.

It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
But yet in his own way
The Lord will provide.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO the young in their gladness,
The old and the grave,
To the sailor far out
On the blue-rounding wave;
To the child, to the maiden,
The near, and the dear,
I send forth this greeting,
A Happy New Year.

A year to be busy
From morning till night,
In breaking down evil,
In building up right.
A year full of struggle,
A year full of cheer,
God give all his children
A Happy New Year.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Other People's Business

Among the minor sins, if there are any, must be included a disposition to be meddlesome. The fussy and intrusive person who meddles is probably perfectly honest and truthful. He would not take your money or malign your character, but he interferes with your comfort, is officious in giving advice, and makes comments where he is not privileged to be critical or called upon to speak at all. The homely proverb about minding one's own business is rather rude, but there is a great deal of good sense wrapped up in its short and pithy sentence.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—PERPLEXED. Say, "Why, yes; you are very good." If you don't want the escort, say, "No; I thank you."

—O. S. N. A man does not take a lady's arm in the street, nor does she take his, unless she is very old and infirm, crippled or blind.

—INDIA. Flora Annie Steel has written several stories about India, and you will find much entertaining literature of a trustworthy kind in missionary biographies.

—TIMID TRAVELER. Leave your fears at home when you take a journey. You are not the conductor nor the engineer, and have no responsibility. Trust in God, and be confident in the discretion of the average man.

—L. S. It would be unusual and not in good taste for a young lady to visit a young gentleman at his home, either before or after betrothal. He should do the visiting. Christianity is not involved, but good form is, in this question.

—JEAN C. Set the deep dish on the platter as a cup stands on a saucer. Do not think at all about the impression you make when meeting new acquaintances. Be natural and feel kindly towards all. With a little observation you will make no mistakes.

—COUNTRY GIRL. In reply to a letter from a friend asking permission to escort you anywhere, you need only write thus: "My dear Mr. ———. I will be happy to go with you on such a date;" or, "I regret very much that I cannot accept your kind invitation for such a date." Sign yourself "Sincerely yours."

—ELIZABETH. It is no longer considered necessary to say "Yes, Mrs. Jones"; "No, Mr. Brown." Yes and no are usually sufficient. To an elderly lady or an old gentleman, if you are specially courteous, you will say "Yes, madame," and "Yes, sir," but you do not use these titles to people of your own age.

—SADIE W. It is not wrong to read good novels. Those you mention are very good literature. About palmistry I cannot answer. It is very entertaining. A good palmist is, I think, a mind-reader. Hands reveal character certainly and so do faces. These are, however, merely amusements and do not merit serious consideration. Designing is taught at such schools as Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, Drexel, Philadelphia, and Armour, Chicago.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

THE ORIGIN OF USURY*

EVERYWHERE in the pages of the Talmud the highest honor is paid to manual labor. "He who teaches his child no trade brings him up to be a thief," said Rabbi Judah, the Holy. "He who earns his living by labor is greater than he who fears God," are the words of another rabbi. Many of the religious teachers were men earning their living at some trade. Rabbi Shamai was a mason, Rabbi Hillel a wood-cutter, Rabbi Tshah a blacksmith, Rabbi Joseph Ben Chalabgha a currier, Rabbi Nehemiah a potter, Rabbi Orchaiah a shoemaker. Rabbi Pinchath a stone-cutter. The Apostle Paul was a tent-maker, and boasted: "These hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." Spinoza, the great Jewish philosopher, would take no compensation for his writings, but maintained himself by his trade—crystal polishing.

In regard to usury, the Bible denounced its practice with great severity, and the Talmud re-echoes its denunciations: "If thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shall relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger, or a sojourner, that he may live with thee. Take thou no usury of him, or increase, but fear thy God, that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase." Lev. 25: 35, 36, 37. Even a garment taken as a pledge could not be retained over night. See Ex. 22: 26.

The Talmud strictly forbade any form of usury. One must not borrow a measure of wheat to return the same after harvest, as during that time the wheat might have gained in price, and thus the debtor pay usury. Not only did it forbid the practice of usury, but it compelled those who had unlawfully demanded it to return the same. The practice of usury at that period was principally a Roman custom. While the Jews were farmers, shepherds and artisans, the Romans were mainly soldiers, traders, writers and philosophers. While the rabbis were mechanics, the two latter classes among the Romans were bankers and usurers. Cato, Brutus, Seneca and Cicero, are examples in this line.

In all the large cities of the Roman Empire there was a nucleus of wealthy Jews—a company of merchants carrying on business upon a rude scale; a large number of artisans and hundreds of poor and needy ones barely eking out a scanty living. The same condition prevails today in all the large cities of England and on the Continent, and we have a striking example in our own New York, with its two hundred thousand Jews of the lower class.

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CRACKER COURTSHIP†

THE courtship of the Georgia cracker is not long. A week sometimes is the extent of it, a summer season the usual time; and rarely do a young man's addresses continue longer than a year. The girls are like girls in other circles, some of them too easily pleased; but if, perchance, a young man finds one who exacts much, he makes no effort to meet her demands, but comforts himself with the thought of the large number who make no demands. Perhaps by the next Sunday he is married, while the young woman may never marry.

My friend at Walesca had described the ordinary cracker courtship and marriage to me. I remember one or two cases he mentioned. He was talking to a young man about his prospects in life. The young man had been in school a short time, and my friend was hopeful of him. "Well, I's quit school; can't come no longer. I 'spects ter git married 'n bout er week an' settle down ter housekeepin'." My friend asked whom he was to marry. "Donno yit; goin' ter see ter-day; want ter 'gage you ter tie us up, though; 'spect it 'll be nex' Sunday." "What!" said my friend, "marry next Sunday, and do not know whom you are to marry? My friend, there are many things to be considered before marriage."

"How do you know? You ain't married. 'Spects I's got 'bout 's much right ter marry as you has ter keep single. Ef I finds er gal ter day I'll write you, an' you be prepared ter marry us within er week."

The next day the following characteristic note reached my friend:

"Found er gal; be ready fur us nex' Sunday."

All day Sunday my friend expected the couple to come, but they failed to appear. Just at dusk one of the schoolboys told him that the young man was in the road a short distance from his house, and wished to see him. He sent the cracker word to come to him, but the boy refused, and my friend went to see what he wanted. Barefooted, and in his usual crackerish dress, he stood in the middle of the road, anxiously waiting.

"Is this here the way you keep yer 'gagements? Pity the gal you marries ef you don't come ter time no better'n you does ter marry other folks. Won't 'gage you no more."

"Where is the young woman?" was asked.

"She's over thar in the bushes. Wouldn't do fur us ter stand here together, 'caze folks passin' 'long might 'spect what's the matter an' stop ter see the job well did. It kin be well 'nough did without nobody lookin'. I don't want nobody, an' Becky don't neither. Come along, Becky."

The young girl, with slat bonnet, blue calico dress, and bare feet, emerged from the bushes. The minister tried to persuade them to go to his house, but they stubbornly refused. He told them witnesses were necessary, and with some difficulty succeeded in persuading them to allow him to go for two of the schoolboys. They were married, and both bride and groom thanked him for his services. The boy said:

"I know'd Becky 'd thank you. She thanked me when I axed her. I know'd I warn't going ter have no trouble. She wus the fust gal I axed, an' she had me. But, say, thankin' ain't 'nough fur you. I owes you er bushel o' taters fur tuition now. Whin I pays you, I'll put in er gallon more fur the marriage. Becky, does you think you's worth er gallon o' 'taters an' er dollar and er half fur license, too?"

He looked doubtful, and they walked off man and wife.

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THE WEEK OF PRAYER

The Evangelical Alliance Suggests the Following Subjects for the Week of Prayer, Jan. 6-13

Sunday, Jan. 6—Appropriate sermons and services.

Monday—Prayer for a better realization of spiritual truth and a better estimate of spiritual realities; a clearer vision of the redeeming Christ, and of the actual need and the divinely intended glory of the world which he redeemed.

Tuesday—Prayer for a Church which, through faith in Christ and by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, shall be wholly Christian, doing God's will and winning the world to Christ.

Wednesday—Prayer for such Christian character and life as shall be pleasant in the home, honored in business relations, welcomed in the neighborhood, helpful in the church—personal religion being thus manifested in its rightful attractiveness.

Thursday—Prayer for right relations in society and the nation, with the Golden Rule obeyed as between man and man, and all social and political action guided by justice and good will—the Christian ideal.

Friday—Prayer for all international relationships and all international action, that they may be based on the Christian pinciples which apply to the individual—the reign of the Prince of Peace.

Saturday—Prayer for all missionaries and all missionary organizations, that being wholly inspired by Christian devotion and wholly guided by Christian wisdom, they may speedily and triumphantly fulfil the Saviour's last command.

Sunday, Jan. 13—Appropriate sermons and services.

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* From the current number of the new Hebrew Christian Magazine, *The People, the Land and the Book*, illustrated quarterly. A publication of the widest interest to Biblical students, and Bible readers everywhere, and which has among its contributors many authorities on Biblical topics and Jewish history. Edited by B. A. M. Schapiro, 436 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. Subscription $1.

†From *Down Among the Crackers*, by Rosa Pendleton Chiles. A tale of the people of Northern Georgia, among the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Most of the conversation is in the dialect of the rustics, known as Crackers. Pp. 328, cloth; the Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati, O., publishers.

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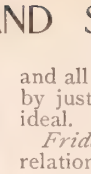

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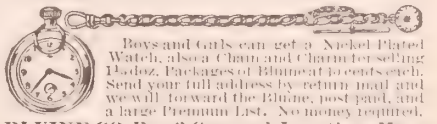

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God's Glory amid the Starry Host

ASTRONOMICAL WONDERS REVEALED BY THE OLD CENTURY TO BE ECLIPSED IN THE NEW

BY DOROTHEA KLUMPKE, D. S., UNIVERSITY OF PARIS
AND OFFICIAL ASTRONOMER, PARIS OBSERVATORY....

AT no period has astronomy advanced with such giant strides as in the course of the nineteenth century. The assistance brought by improved instruments and photography, physics and chemistry, have transformed it from a mere study of the zenithal distances of the stars and their motion, to the analysis of their spectra, which

MISS DOROTHEA KLUMPKE

tells their composition and their stage of evolution from the nebulous gatherings which form the genesis of a world, to the barren plains which mark the world that is dead. A revolution has thus been brought about in astronomy, far-reaching in its effects, which will pave the way for other discoveries doubtless greater than any heretofore conceived. In astronomy there can never be a backward step; not a moment is lost, not an effort wasted. It is the pursuit of infinity, infinite in its possibilities, finite only in its promise of truth.

. . .

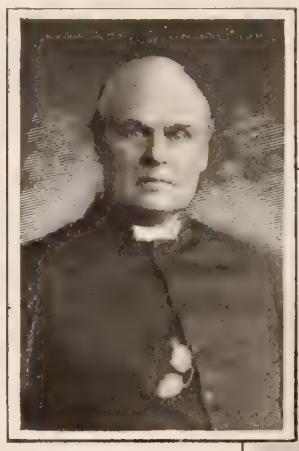
Observing 50,000 Stars The eighteenth century was closed by the observations of 50,000 stars made at the observatory of the Ecole Militaire, by Jerome de La Lande, and his nephew, Le Francais de La Lande. On these observations, all subsequent studies and comparisons have been based. In the first quarter of this century, Walloston saw the solar spectrum, and black lines crossing the colors, but he did not understand them. Following in his footsteps, Fraunhoffer gained further knowledge concerning the spectrum and interpreted it, naming the colors for the first eight letters of the alphabet. He found that the same lines which are black in the sun are brilliant white in the vapors of terrestrial substances, such as water, iron, hydrogen, magnesium, or carbon. If two spectra, one of the sun of our universe, or of any star that forms the centre of another universe, and the other of a vapor found on earth, are laid side by side so that a given black line corresponds with a given white one, all the other lines, white and black, are found to correspond exactly. This proves that they all follow the same law. For over fifty years, photography has been used in astronomy with startling and ever-new results. Great as is the improvement of the large and perfected modern telescopes over the mural quarter circles of the last century, equally great is the improvement of photography over drawing, in clearness and accuracy. The sensitive plate finds much that the eye could never detect, for it is capable of a protracted exposure, whereas the eye at a telescope becomes dimmed after a minute or two. It has revealed double and triple stars, formerly unsuspected; it has watched the movements of variable stars, and has yielded precise information concerning the nebulæ.

. . .

Searching the Heavens To the naked eye, stars are perceptible only to the sixth magnitude; at one time, not more than five or six thousand can be seen, although the impression is conveyed that they are legion. After the sixth magnitude, the aid of a telescope is required, and hence the importance of a good instrument. To-day, the stars visible from the first to the thirteenth magnitude aggregate to about 43,000,000, of which nearly 10,000,000 have been photographed. In the most powerful telescopes, even the fifteenth magnitude has been revealed; of this magnitude, perhaps 100,000,000 stars are suspected; but knowledge concerning them is uncertain. In the Milky Way alone there are some 10,000 stars, separated by vast distances. To the eye at the telescope the sky seems no longer dotted with constellations, but powdered with gold dust.

. . .

Great Discoveries Predicted The discoveries of the next few years depend upon the further improvements that can be made in lenses and photography. It is unquestionable that the twentieth century holds revelations in store for astronomers; but to hazard the barest theory as to what they will be, is impossible. Nature jealously keeps her secrets, even from her most devoted children. It is in the unguarded moments that she is surprised, and a new light is thrown upon the world. But as the purest artistic inspiration is futile without knowledge and strength, so science depends upon the perfection of the mechanical methods which lead to her attainment. Each improvement innovated broadens the limits; each limit broadened opens out the way to infinity.



CHAPLAIN-GENERAL EDGHILL

. . .

[Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the author of the foregoing article, is an American girl, and is one of the astronomers of the French Government, carrying on her studies regularly at the Paris Observatory. Whenever an event of importance to the astronomical world has taken place of late, this talented astronomer has been assigned to observe it. Seven years ago she won a degree of Doctor of Sciences at the Sorbonne. She had studied astronomy long before it became her intention to devote herself seriously to the science. Her thesis was, "A Study of the Rings of Saturn," and it has come to be regarded as a standard. She became assistant astronomer at the observatory of Paris soon after leaving the Sorbonne. She passed her verbal examination successfully and was the first woman to obtain the degree of Doctor of Science and Mathematics. All the members of the faculty voted in her favor.]

An Aged Saint's Translation

A memorial notice in a local paper, Philadelphia, N. Y., begins: "Entered into the rest of Paradise at her home, Nov. 24, 1900, at the close of day, Mrs. Fidelia Danforth, in the ninety-third year of her age." Seventy-one years ago, this venerable servant of God, then in her twenties, came with her husband, Henry Danforth, to the Quaker settlement, now Philadelphia. They were among the pioneers of the town, and their sterling character made itself felt on every side. Mrs. Danforth's memory was rich with stories of historic interest. The last battle of the war of 1812 had made a startling impression on her mind (although she was very young at the time), because in that battle she had lost a brother. As an active member of the Congregational Church in her village, a sympathizer and helper in all good works, she exerted an influence which for years to come will be bearing the fruits of righteousness. Her daughter, Mrs. Babcock, writes:

It seems to me only a fitting tribute that my mother's entrance into life eternal should be mentioned in the paper she loved so well. She has taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for nearly twenty years. She looked forward to its coming each week, and although she could not of late years see to read herself, I read it to her every Sunday. Her mind was clear and bright to the last. She was perhaps the oldest subscriber on your list.

ENGLISH ARMY CHAPLAINS

The Bishop Beloved by all Soldiers, Only Clergyman Who Won the V.C.

AFTER the many articles that have been printed in these pages about chaplains in the American army, and their work in the Philippines, in the West Indies, and elsewhere, our readers will find the following sketch of two notable chaplains in the British army very interesting. The leader or head of all the chaplains in the English army is Dr. Edghill, who occupies the unique position of the Bishop of Army Chaplains. For thirty-seven years, promoted as Chaplain, and later as Chaplain-General, he has lived among soldiers. It was not until 1864, after his health had failed in a Whitechapel curacy, that Dr. Edghill began, at Aldershot, his work in the army. His work here was very successful, and was the first indication of his wonderful influence with the men. In the year 1866 he was sent to Halifax, Nova Scotia. So great were the love and admiration felt for him throughout the army that on the death of the late bishop, in 1895, he was unanimously elected as his successor.

The selection of chaplains lies entirely in Dr. Edghill's hands, and on him alone has rested the responsibility of whom to send to the war. There are at present twenty-four chaplains serving in South Africa. Their duties are to attend to the sick and wounded and to the dying, and to hold services for the living. Dr. Edghill insists strongly on obedience, and regards it as "the great secret of usefulness." He is also a great advocate of temperance.

CHAPLAIN J. W. ADAMS

Another notable clergyman in the British army is the Rev. James William Adams, who accompanied the forces in the Afghan War. To him belongs the distinction of being the only clergyman to whom a Victoria Cross has been awarded. In all the hardships of the campaign "Parson Adams," as the soldiers called him, took his full share. On at least two occasions he gave up his horse to a wounded man. It was, however, at Killa Khazzi that he performed the deed which won him his Cross. Chaplain Adams had dismounted in order to better assist a badly-wounded man, when his horse, alarmed by the heavy firing, bolted. Nothing daunted, the brave clergyman pursued his way on foot towards the front, where desperate fighting was in progress. On his way thither he came upon a deep hole, at the bottom of which, in the water, were two wounded troopers entangled with their horses. A glance sufficed to show him that the men would never succeed in disengaging themselves without assistance; so, although the fierce Ghazis were close at hand, and certain death awaited every living thing that came within striking distance of their razor-edged swords, he dashed down the slope, jumped into the water, and, by dint of much pulling and hauling, got them both safely to land.

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THE CENTURY'S RECORD

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And note along its shining way
The increase of the light.
We see the rapid progress,
The wonder-working power,
Transforming and uplifting,
Enlightening hour by hour.

We read upon its record fair
Of great and noble deeds,
That human hearts have learned to care
Each for the other's needs;
The holy ties of brotherhood
Each darkened land illume.
The Century plant, though slow of growth,
Is bursting into bloom.

The light of God has sent its rays
To pagan land afar,
And longing eyes have turned their gaze
To Bethlehem's Morning Star.
O wondrous light, shine on! shine on!
A beacon and a guide,
Until the Holy Bridegroom comes
To claim his glorious Bride.

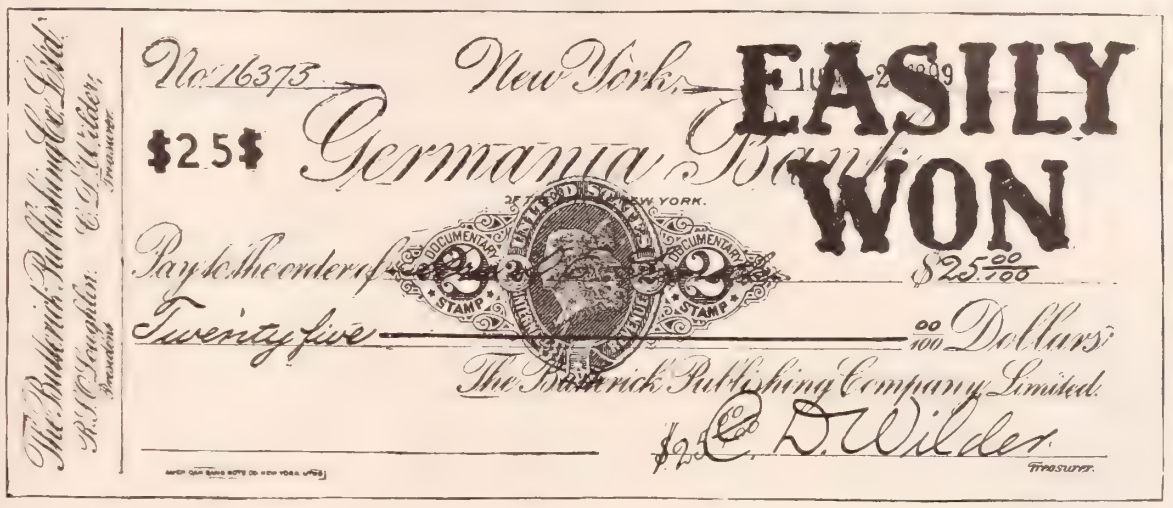
Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

The Pao-Ting-Fu Martyrs

A STATEMENT of how the Christian compounds in Pao-Ting-Fu were destroyed and their inmates massacred, has just been given out by the American officer whose duty it was to investigate and report upon the matter. It is believed that the missionaries in the north suburb at the Presbyterian compound—Mr. and Mrs. Simcox and their three children, Dr. and Mrs. C. V. Hodge and Dr. George Y. Taylor, had no appreciation of peril until they heard the tumult of an approaching mob, howling for the lives of Christians. Outer buildings were rapidly demolished; the missionaries and their Chinese students and servants, about twenty in number, retired to the chapel, and barricaded it, while Dr. Taylor, at an upper window, asked the mob what they wanted. "The lives of all Christians!" they answered. "Why?" he asked, "what have we ever done to harm you? Have we not helped the sick, the poor and the needy? Have we not gone among you, lived as you lived, suffered and died with you? Why will you kill us?"

Arguments and pleading were futile; the mob tried to force the chapel. With what arms they had the refugees defended themselves nobly, and drove the Boxers out of the court, wounding ten and killing the leader, Chu-tu-tsi, who the day before had been invested with the gilt button by a government official, as reward for cruelty to Christians. The Boxers were repulsed in a second attack, and set fire to the buildings. The chapel was soon destroyed, all of its gallant little company perishing by fire, save two children, Paul and Francis Simcox, who, in their terror and agony, opened a door and rushed out, only to be seized and beheaded. The Chinese Christians and servants, true to their teachers and masters, died with them.

Next morning, July 1, the Pithin compound, in the south suburb, where lived the representatives of the American Board, Mr. Pithin, Miss Merrill, and Miss Gould, was the object of attack. From a building in the rear, to which the missionaries and their Chinese converts and servants had retired, Mr. Pithin defended those under his protection until his ammunition was exhausted. As the crowd, battering down the door of his refuge, rushed in, he fell, brave to the last, fighting at the door of the young ladies' room. The two girls were dragged out. Miss Gould, unable to walk from fright, was tied, hand and foot, slung over a pole like a pig, and so carried along; while Miss Merrill, led by the hair, her hands tied behind her back, headed a procession to the Boxer temple, but not before seven native Christians and servants had been killed in the compound. A number of imperial soldiers were serene spectators of all these proceedings. Crowds lining the streets spat upon the young ladies and clutched and tore at their garments. Here they were quickly joined by Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, their child, and Mr. Cooper from the English compound, which had likewise been despoiled. After a mock trial, all were roped together, with the exception of the little girl (five or six years old), who ran along clinging to her mother's dress, and marched through the city amid jeering, taunting crowds, out at the south gate, along the wall to the south-east corner, and there beheaded, one by one, again with the exception of the little girl, who was impaled on a Boxer's spear.



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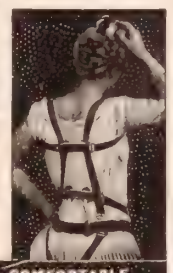

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HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

A Boyish Comrade's Words Led Doremus A. Hayes to the Master

DOREMUS A. HAYES, who now occupies the chair of English Bible in the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., was between eleven and twelve years of age when he received his first serious impression of religious obligation. It was one Sunday morning at the close of the Sunday School service, on the broad stone steps before the old Raper Chapel in Dayton, O., that his best boy friend laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

PROF. D. A. HAYES

"Doremus, I am going to join the Church this morning, and begin the Christian life; and I want you to go with me."

This sudden appeal took Doremus by surprise. His friend had never spoken to him before on the subject. He was totally unprepared for such a proposition. It came upon him like a shock, and he promptly said:

"No. You must go alone. I am not ready."

The two boys had been great chums, and had gone everywhere together. Thus far they had shared experiences. Did this mean that they would be separated in some way? From the moment of the appeal, through the entire church service, and up to the time when invitation was extended to such as might wish to unite with the Church upon probation, Doremus was in agony. He had told his friend that he must go alone; he saw him respond, and somehow felt that he himself would be the lonely one. Yet, as the struggle went on within him, he became more and more clear in his conviction that his first decision had been a proper one. This was not the way for him to begin the Christian life. He needed time to think it over.

Doremus Hayes had a general impression at this period of his life, that all good people belonged to a Church, and that this should be his own case. He also had the impression that only Christians had a right to Church membership; and he set himself to find out what Christians were. For six months he studied that problem in his boy fashion. He went to Sunday School and to church services always with that in mind. He listened and asked questions. He watched the lives of good people. He found out that the secret of a Christian life was in Christ; and at the same time realized that he himself had no conscious relation to Christ.

Six months and more went by. The winter revival meetings were being held in the church. Doremus went once or twice. He was not much impressed by them. Then he was present in a meeting which seemed to have no special power in it, and in the after service he was standing with the rest while the invitation was being given for penitents to kneel at the altar. Just then his Sunday School teacher came to him and gave him a personal invitation, which, to his own surprise, he accepted. He found himself kneeling at the altar, and there for the first time he realized that this meant serious business. A half hour passed, and an hour; the meeting dragged. There was no indication of special interest or power in it. But he was oblivious to everybody and everything; at last he woke to the consciousness that the people were singing:

Pass me not, O gentle Saviour!
Do not pass me by!

The seeking boy made the words of the song a personal prayer. Then a strange thing happened. He did not have any vision. He did not see Christ; but he knew he was there. He did not hear Christ's voice; but he knew his pardon was spoken and that he was adopted into the family of the saved. He did not feel Christ's touch; but he knew the Master had laid hand of benefaction on his head. There at the Saviour's feet the boy burst into a flood of tears—tears of gratitude and joy.

Professor Hayes from boyhood has ever been of an undemonstrative temperament. When he feels most deeply he is most quiet. It was so that night. He had nothing to say. He could not have framed a testimony; but he had had an experience. He went home but said nothing to his parents. If any one had asked them for the next three days whether he was converted, they probably would have had no sure ground for answer. He went quietly about his school work and his daily home duties. During those three days he lived there, as he expresses it, "Fathoms deep in an ocean of peace." For three days Christ's hand of benediction was upon his head, and he walked softly with him. On the third day he was standing on the stone walk by the side of the old Fifth District School in Dayton, in the playground, when that hand seemed withdrawn. It seemed to Doremus that he came up, up, up, out of that ocean of peace into the world he had known before, and he felt that he was accepted and saved, and must live the saved life there in the school and in the ordinary daily duties.

Summing it all up, Dr. Hayes says: "I have never envied Paul his experience on the road to Damascus. My experience was as real and as satisfactory as his. He was blind for three days, until the scales fell from his eyes. I was speechless for three days, awe-stricken by the glory of the Presence revealed to my heart, knowing I could not adequately express the blessedness my soul felt, anxious neither to say nor to do anything to disturb this infinite peace. At the end of three days my tongue was loosed, to speak about these things. Since then I have been able with the full assurance of Paul to tell others that the Christ has been revealed in me and the life I now live I live by faith in him."

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Wilhelmina's Betrothal

Wedding Garments Wrought by Orphan Fingers—The Queen Wins Her Lover to the Temperance Cause

EVER since the announcement of the Queen's engagement, Holland has been in a state of joyful excitement. It seems only yesterday that papers the world over were full of pictures of the pretty, merry child, with her donkey or her dolls; next, with the girl, a crown on her brow, a royal mantle trailing from her shoulders; next, as was fitting, this Queen whom everybody loved, appeared as hostess of the World's Peace Congress.

Last fall Wilhelmina came back from her summer in the Tyrol, hanging on the arm of a stalwart Prussian chasseur, and saying, with smiles on her lips and flowers in her hands: "I have had the happiest summer of all my life!" The grave counsellors knew what that meant. There was a betrothal at the palace, Loo; then a journey to the Hague, where she presented to her people her future husband, the Prussian chasseur, who is also Duke Henrik of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, sixth son of the late Grand Duke Frederick Francis II. As the royal carriage drove from the station the good Dutch folk shouted welcome and sung the "Wilhelmus" (their national air) until they were hoarse. Later, there was a reception at the palace, when the Queen introduced her young Duke to the Diplomatic Corps with the grace and dignity befitting the occasion. Then came the grand court dinner, when the queen-mother, forgetting, as queen-mothers must, what her child's marriage means for her, spoke of what it means for Holland. Meanwhile, telegraph wires buzzed with good wishes from kings, queens and other great personages, among them the Czar, at whose asking she had entertained the Peace Congress; the Kaiser, who has always shown affectionate interest in the girl-queen, and the President of the great American Republic.

Now Holland is a-flutter over preparation for the wedding. Burly burghers talk about wedding gowns, and grave counsellors of state are interested in bridal veils and other frippery. The trousseau will be almost wholly of Dutch manufacture. The embroideries on the white satin bridal dress, tulips and orange-blossoms, will be the work of a number of orphans in whom the Queen has shown kindly interest. Lingerie is being made under the auspices of societies for aiding distressed gentlewomen and at orphanages and schools. The Queen is fond of fine needlework, and is taking a lively and girlish interest in her trousseau.

But Holland has more to talk about than wedding clothes. These are the lovers themselves, who are riding and driving about like ordinary sweethearts, without imposing escorts; and the Dutch like the Teutonic simplicity of such proceedings. The honeymoon is to be at the House in the Woods.

The Queen's public definition of her

DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN
Betrothed to Queen of Holland

position on the temperance question is one of the most interesting occurrences in connection with her betrothal. In responding to the congratulations of the Woman's League, a great temperance organization in the Netherlands, the queen reiterates her determination to remain a total abstainer, and promises to give her most energetic and active support to the cause of temperance in Holland. Neither she nor Queen Emma touch alcoholic beverages; and ladies and gentlemen of the Dutch Court have found that a good road to royal favor is to follow royal example and turn their wineglasses down at public dinners. Duke Henrik has been won to the Queen's way of thinking, to a total abstinence and support of the temperance cause—all of which create a sensation in Potsdam and Berlin, where the corps of young officers to which he belongs are known to take some pride in being considered champion drinkers.

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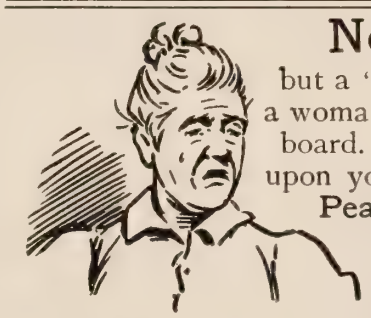
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YOUTHFUL CONSECRATION*

... An Experienced Philosopher's Recipe for Making the Best of Life

VERY few young people in a Christian country deliberately make up their minds to give themselves to the world and sinful life. Their intention generally is to repent of evil at some future time, and to give their attention to religion at some period before they die. The matter is simply postponed. Other matters, such as getting an education, finding a suitable partner in life, entering on business and the acquisition of a fortune, are of immediate concern, and religion can wait for a convenient season. Such a decision is frequently unconscious.—more a matter of action than deliberate intention, just as we postpone to another day something that may be done at any time. The writer of this mysterious book of Ecclesiastes, whether it was Solomon or some later philosopher, gives advice to such young persons. He had been a close observer of human life, a man of remarkable experience, who, setting out on a search for the chief good in life, with abundant means for conducting his search, sought it in wealth, in pleasure, in learning, and in statesmanship, at last found it in faith and peace with God. He would save young people from the sorrow and disappointment that he bore in his long and weary search, and he therefore tells them where the chief good of life is to be found and recommends them to secure it early in life.

The argument throughout is profoundly philosophical. He explains why, with every advantage in his favor, he failed to secure what he sought in any of the courses which were, and still are, supposed to yield satisfaction. Few, if any, of us have so many facilities as he had. Learned, rich, influential, one would have thought he must have succeeded, if any one could. He did succeed in securing the prizes of life, but he found that they did not yield the satisfaction that he expected from them. They did not give rest or happiness. There was no resemblance in his life to the fabled fox, who, failing to reach the grapes, consoled himself with the declaration that they were sour. He tasted the grapes and proved that they were sour. "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," is his conclusion after every victory. But here at last he finds the blessing for which he had been searching so long. True happiness is to be found in adjusting life to the Creator's plan. Unfaltering trust in God, a sincere desire to do his will, a longing after holiness, a kindly, benevolent, cheerful disposition, a readiness to help the unhappy and the unfortunate—these are the means by which he attained happiness. It is worth while to listen to this man, who has tried many ways and eventually found the right one. As a man about to visit a distant land about which he knows nothing can meet no one more useful to him than one who knows that country thoroughly; as a man seeking gold can have no better help than the miner who knows where it can and where it cannot be found, so this ancient philosopher is the friend of all young people.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," is his advice. And it is sound. The memory of a father and mother at home, has kept many a young man in a distant city out of dissipation; but the consciousness of God's all-seeing eye is a more potent bulwark against temptation. You may enjoy life, you may have pleasure, but do not forget God—that is his injunction. Remember his wisdom, his love, his protecting care—that will keep you in peace, calm in the midst of trouble and storm. It is said that old men who had been under the care of Dr. Arnold, at Rugby, when they were boys, felt his influence to the end of their days. When they were tempted to prevaricate, to do anything mean, the thought of that high-spirited gentleman rebuked them and braced their courage to do the right. How much more does the thought of the living God keep a man from evil! And the advantage cannot be had too early. It is at the beginning of life, that the good or the mischief is done. Habits are formed then that persist and influence all the future. It is so much easier for one to do right, who has been trained to do right in his youth, than for one who attempts to change the current of his life in his manhood. And, after all, what better can we do with our lives than to make them what the Creator intended them to be? Therefore, the wisest course, the best for ourselves, and the best for the world around us, is to place ourselves in his hands, to make of us the best that can be made. To remember him, in the sense of considering his wishes in regard to us, that is the way to happiness and usefulness—in a word, to making the best of life.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for January 13. Eccles 12 1.

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Chris Christiansen	10 00
C E Myers.	1 00
Total	$260 75

Door of Hope

Prev. ack	$38 81
Mrs E Wilkinson	1 50
Total	$40 31

Foreign Missions

Prev. ack	$100 15
Edw Adams, Africa	90
——, Warrenton	5 00
Total	$106 05

Home of the Good Samaritan

Prev. ack	$14 50
Joel S Manson	10 00
Mrs H M Northam	5 07
Total	$29 57

Any Good Cause

Prev. ack	$348 87
Mrs Ann E Wolf	24
Mrs M Thatcher	50
Mary A Frisbie	50
L L Smith	10
W L Ranson	1 00
Susie Pinson	10
Mrs John Rarig	50
Fred A Houston	1 00
——, Seattle	1 00
Mrs E A Russ	50
Fred'k D Kerkman	50
Mrs N Sorenson	50
Mrs G B Sammons	50
Mrs E J Farnsworth	50
Mary Penn	50
Geo Hay	50
John Robertson	50
Mrs Helen Thomson	50
Geo Huber	50
Louis F Andriger	1 00
Henry Swinscoe	50
Mrs Mary Shilling	50
Mrs E L Lawrence	50
Miss B H Passmore	50
Mrs C M Perry	1 00
Mrs L Carpenter	50
W M. Cucumonga	1 00
Laura A Smith	1 00
Mrs H M Stannard	50
J W Kepler	15 00
C Beck	2 00
——, Moosup	3 00
Mrs Laura Brewer	50
Carrie E McKean	50
Geo D Adams	50
Jos Miksovsky	10
Mrs Wm Quigley	50
Total	$390 71

Rose H Lathrop

Prev. ack	$41 50
Laura Peterson	1 00
Total	$42 50

Jerry McAuley Mission

Prev. ack	$22 25
Mrs Sarah, Titusville	2 50
C O D, Mechanicsb'g	2 00
Total	$26 75

Miss Emma Nason's Work

Prev. ack	$48 00
C O D Mechanicsb'g	10 00
Total	$58 00

Porto Rico

Prev. ack	$345 44
Wm Marshall	2 00
Total	$347 44

Christian Herald S S Missionary

Prev. ack	$203 00
Eliz Hunter	2 00
Mrs H M Seiler	50
Total	$205 50

Emilio Olsen's South Amer. Mission Work

Prev. ack	$176 95
H Farnsworth	1 00
Total	$177 95

Armenian Fund

Mr L Schroeder	$10 00

Corinna Shattuck's Orphan Work in Oorfa

Prev. ack	$3430 39
Mrs E M Mitchell & Friends in Cong Ch.	30 00
Mrs F A Mueller	30 00
Mrs M C Gile	30 00
Mrs Williamson	25 00
Thro' Alice E Cutter	30 00
J A Hulskamper	5 00
Daniel Heimlich	3 00
C O D, Mechanicsb'g	2 00
Total	$3585 39

Gospel Work in Philippines

Prev. ack	$17 50
——, Carlisle	5 00
Total	$22 50

Cremorne Mission

Prev. ack	$3 00
C O D, Mechanicsb'g.	1 00
Mrs Sarah, Titusville.	2 50
Total	$6 50

Florence Crittendon Mission

Prev. ack	$ 5 00
Mrs Sarah, Titusville.	2 50
Total	$7 50

Mr John C Martin

Ruth S Stetson.	1 00
——, Carlisle	5 00
Total	$6 00

Flag Day June 14

Editor The Christian Herald:—Will you kindly state with reference to an article which appeared in your issue of December 12 (page 1039):

The flags which were forwarded to the school children of Manilla, Hawaii and Porto Rico were sent by the "District of Columbia Society, Sons of the American Revolution." These flags were purchased and forwarded to members of the District of Columbia Society, S. A. R., in Manila and Porto Rico, and to the secretary of the Hawaiian Society, S. A. R., in Honolulu. Lieut.-Col. Russell B. Harrison is a member of the District of Columbia Society, S. A. R., and is not secretary of the Porto Rico Society. The National Society, Sons of the American Revolution, and the Sons of the Revolution had nothing to do with sending the flags.

It is hoped that in future the celebration of 1901 may surpass any previous celebrations, and that every reader will either wear or display from his residence the Stars and Stripes, noblest and best flag in the world, standing for a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." May we all stand by the Stars and Stripes.

HENRY WHITFIELD SAMSON,
Secretary of the Flag Committee, District of Columbia Society, Sons of the American Revolution.
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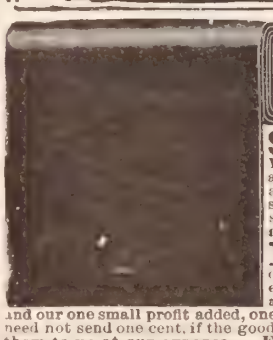

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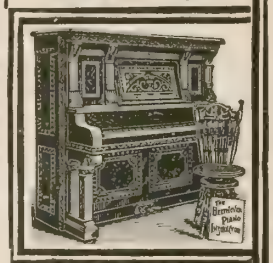

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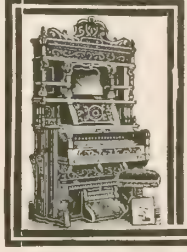

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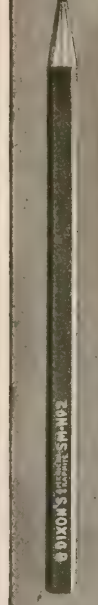

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VOL. 24—NO. 2
T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1901

PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE WORLD'S "WEEK OF PRAYER"—SERVICES AT MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK SEE PAGE 39

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 6

1. Is a country under good laws and a bad ruler better or worse off than a country under a good ruler and bad laws?

2. In the event of a child being kidnapped and held for ransom, is a parent right in yielding to the demands of the kidnappers, or should he put his duty to society before personal feelings, by refusing to condone the crime, and making every effort to bring the kidnappers to justice?

3. What should be the course of a Christian wife toward an irreligious and scoffing husband whom she greatly desires to bring to Christ?

4. Can a man be a Christian and be prominent in the formation of trusts and also speculate in Wall Street?

5. When furnishing a "reference" to some employer concerning some person he wishes to engage, am I morally bound to disclose facts derogatory to the person under consideration, or am I justified in keeping silence and simply answering the questions asked?

Questions of the Week

1. Should a Church sue a pewholder for non-payment of pew-rent?

When a family or person hire apartments in a house they are under obligation—moral and legal—to pay rent. So, when a person or family hire a church pew, they simply hire an apartment in God's house, and are under the same obligation. That pew is legally their property for the time being, to the exclusion of all others, and they certainly should pay for their privilege. If they cannot pay, the pew or some other one should be given to them without payment. If they will not pay their rent, it is wise for the church authorities to try every other legitimate method before suing the guilty parties, and if those methods fail, then sue them, as a landlord would for his rent. R. T. EDWARDS.

. . .

Regarded simply as a corporation, which is proverbially supposed to have no soul, a Church undoubtedly possesses the right to sue one of its pewholders for non-payment of pew-rent. But, regarded as the divine agency on earth in the regeneration and saving of the souls of mankind, it may well be questioned whether the exercise of the right of coercion can add to the conquests of peace and good will, or the extension of church influences in reference to their higher and truer objects, which are not financial, but contrariwise, charitable, in the manifestation of love and sympathy with those who are in distress. The moment a Church ceases to be a voluntary organization, based upon the needs of mankind, and becomes a machine to be run on purely business principles, regardless of circumstances, involving difficulties in making the two ends meet at the homes of its members, that moment it fails in its chief mission of alleviating their sorrows and supplying those consolations which are denied them by the cold charity of the world.

R. I. MIDDLETON.

. . .

A Church cannot afford to resort to law. Being a spiritual organization, it would be false to the teachings of Christ and the apostles if it went into the courts on such a matter, or indeed on any matter. There is a distinct provision in the Gospels for cases of the class to which the non-paying pewholder belongs; but, before everything else, it should be definitely learned whether he is really able to pay. Should he be in financial straits, the Church should assist rather than oppress him. If he can pay but will not, he should be seen and reasoned with by the older members (see I. Cor. 6: 5, 6, 7). In any event, legal action is out of the question. In the last resort, if the pewholder, being able but unwilling to pay, holds his church relationship so contemptuously that he will listen to no advice, he should be denied church privileges (see Matt. 18: 16, 17). E. J. HARDY.

2. In what instance were instructions given for the performance of a miracle without there being any record of the result?

The miracle of the tribute money (Matt. 17: 24-27). Peter was instructed to cast a hook into the sea and was assured that a piece of money, doubtless a shekel, would be found in the mouth of the first fish he caught. This would be sufficient to pay the Temple tribute for Christ and Peter. (See Exodus 30: 13). Peter would, doubtless, obey, but the evangelist does not record the fact. Some have supposed that no miracle was intended, but read the passage thus: "Take up the first fish that cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth [that is, killed him] thou shalt obtain a piece of money," that is by selling the fish. There are many objections to this interpretation, and among others the improbability of Peter catching a fish which he could sell for a shekel. The style in which the incident is mentioned seems to imply a miracle, but the peculiarity is that we are not informed what the result was—a matter in which the evangelists are generally careful.

ROBERT WYNN.

Correct answer received also from John S. Goldsworthy.

3. Is it right for a parent to show more love for one child than for another?

A wise parent will be careful not to show such preference or partiality for one child as may excite the jealousy of the rest. Yet it is perhaps impossible to love all the children equally. There are intellectual and spiritual affinities that naturally draw a parent's heart toward one child more than the others. There are even opposite qualities which excite special admiration and love. And perhaps there is nothing that appeals to a parent's tenderness so much as weakness of body or mind on the part of some one of the children. The very helplessness of a child moves our pity, and "pity is akin to love." These and other causes seem to make it impossible to distribute our love equally over all the children in the family. And this partiality or preference, within due bounds, seems to me to be right. It is a fundamental law of our being to have special loves. Now we cannot obey that law outside of the family, and wholly ignore it within the family.

Yet a parent ought to be careful not to show any marked preference for one child over another. It may be inevitable that he shall have such an innate preference, but in his dealings with his children he ought to be as fair and impartial as it is possible to be. Laxity here has wrought ruin in many families. In the parable of the Prodigal Son, there is reason to suspect that the younger son was pampered before he made that unfortunate break. We fear, too, that David was too partial to Absalom, and suffered in consequence. It was Jacob's marked partiality to Joseph that excited the jealousy of the other sons. Let him that readeth understand.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

. . .

It certainly is not right. Such treatment is in opposition to all Christian teaching. The home becomes thrown out of harmony by such a course. The child less kindly treated soon grows discontented, dissatisfied, and jealous; a feeling of "don't-care" becomes noticeable. One child may be brighter than another, and a parent may come to rely upon him, but that is no excuse for showing more love. The true parental love will show no preference either by act, or word, or voice, or smile. RAY SESSIONS.

4. Are early marriages to be commended or condemned?

Commended, most certainly, because (1) marriage is a sacred relation, instituted by God, commended by Christ at Cana, and pronounced by the Holy Ghost "honorable in all." 2. Those marrying early are likely to be so well acquainted with each other as to understand each other's disposition and temperament, becoming easily assimilated. Hence, if spared, they are more likely to remain loving and affectionate down to old age. 3. The experience of all time has been decidedly in favor of early marriages. 4. Paul says to Timothy (1. Tim. 5: 14): "I will that the younger women marry."

JOHN H. SHERRARD.

. . .

While we may not condemn early marriages indiscriminately, it is quite certain that they are to be deplored in very many instances. In these days the struggle for existence is by no means an easy one. How is it to be made easier for two young, immature and inexperienced people, who join themselves in wedlock in a happy, romantic spasm? He may be a steady, intelligent workman, and she a careful wife; but they must be an exceptional pair indeed if, after a few years of married life and with young children at the table, they do not find the struggle a hard one. Both then realize that, though they may love each other dearly, a few years more of preparation and accumulation before marriage would have been an immense advantage. Usually, their lives become a dreary and monotonous drudgery, with the young wife fading early and the husband becoming a mere wage-earning machine. This describes the average result of early marriages among the workers. In thousands of cases they do not result even so well. With the well-to-do, of course, the different conditions may have a different outcome, but even here very early marriages are frequently most unfortunate. One point in conclusion—early marriages are fatal to ambition, and put a sudden end to thousands of promising careers. The old saying: "Whoso hath a wife and children hath given hostage to fortune to prevent great undertakings," is as true to-day as when it was written, centuries ago. On the whole, therefore, it would seem to be the wiser way for a young man to have his profession fixed, his income fairly assured, and the dazzling illusions of immaturity well over before he takes a life-partner. He will then act wisely and well if he unites heart and fortune with one who has all the qualities that combine to make that most excellent of beings, a good wife. ALEXANDER LAMBERT.

5. Apart from Luke's statement that Christ went to Nazareth with Joseph and Mary and was subject to them, is there any passage which indicates how he spent the years previous to his baptism?

The Gospel narrative is very brief on this point. 1. Of Christ's childhood, we read: He "grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him," Luke 2: 40. 2. Of his youth, besides the account of his remaining behind in the temple (Luke 2: 41-50), he was subject to his parents, and "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man," Luke 2: 51, 52. 3. From Mark 6: 3, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" We may infer, as Edersheim says, "with great probability, though not with absolute certainty," that Jesus followed this trade until the time came for him to go forth upon his ministry. The Gospels are meant to teach us of a Saviour, not to furnish a full biography of Jesus of Nazareth. G. E. KRAUTH.

ANOTHER ISSUE OF OUR BEAUTIFUL TWO-CENTURY CALENDARS

In response to almost innumerable requests from subscribers, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has placed an order for ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND ADDITIONAL CALENDARS. With our usual liberality toward the members of the large CHRISTIAN HERALD family, these superb Calendars will be placed within the reach of all who desire them at TEN CENTS FOR EACH COPY, which, of course, includes postage. No more than two Calendars will be sent to any one address. To those who are not subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the price will be, as heretofore, 50 cents per copy.

Miscellaneous Questions

Chas. S. P., Dalhousie, Prov. Que. What does intemperance cost the United States per annum on the average?

The nation's drink bill for the last ten years has averaged over $1,000,000,000 a year.

G. W., New York City. What course should one take with a person who continues to force his favors upon him who cares not to receive them?

The simplest course would be to decline all such favors, return all gifts, and politely request that such attention be discontinued. This course, however may not be open to everyone. A person who is dependent cannot say: "I wish you to do so much, no more, for me." He must endeavor tactfully yet frankly to make it clear to the other that the acceptance of such favors places him under obligations he does not wish to assume. A sensitive nature shrinks from such obligations. Care should be taken however not to wound the feelings of the giver, whose motives may be of the best, and who deserves the kindest appreciation.

A Subscriber, Colorado Springs, Col. Please state the average number of men who die through the effect of intemperance in one year in the United States; also in Great Britain.

There are no absolutely accurate statistics. Mr. Wheeler, in his *Prohibition: the Principle, the Policy, and the Party*, estimates the number of deaths in the United States due directly to the use of alcoholic liquors as 30,000 in the year 1889, while in the same year 120,000 "hard drinkers" died from all causes. Dr. Norman Kerr, in his *Mortality of Intemperance*, reckoned the number of deaths in the United Kingdom (Great Britain and Ireland) due directly to the use of alcoholic liquor as 40,000. Adding the number of deaths indirectly caused by drink (neglect of children, exposure, etc.), and the estimates run as high as 120,000 deaths per year in this country.

Inquirer, Milbury, Mass. Many years ago when a school-girl I learned to trace the stars. I found Altair in the double constellation Aquila et Antinous, a star of first magnitude, the centre of three bright stars in a line bearing northwest and southeast just two degrees apart. I notice the southernmost star has moved further away and out of line. Can any one explain the matter?

Perhaps some reader who is a student of astronomy may be able to supply this information.

F. J. T., Roanoke, Va. If a young man asks a lady acquaintance to go with him to church, and she says she cannot go with him, and goes alone, what should be his attitude toward her afterward?

We do not think the lady is bound to give her reasons for declining. They may be very good ones, or otherwise; but in any event, she should have the unchallenged right to choose her company. The attitude of the other party should be that of polite acquiescence, without subsequent reference to the incident.

Ohio Reader. Give a brief history of the Society of Rosicrucians.

A pretended fraternity in Germany, which existed simply in a book published in 1614, telling how Christian Rosenkreuz, a German noble, born in 1388, visited the holy sepulchre and spent three years in Damascus, engaged in the study of physic. He built a sort of convent, in which he, with seven friends, established the Rosicrucian Order. The members traveled everywhere to promote the reformation of the world, meeting at the central house once a year. They claimed the possession of the highest knowledge, and freedom from sickness or pain, though not from death. The title of Rosicrucians was finally adopted by a society of alchemists at the Hague, in 1622, and afterwards by the fraternities.

E. H. B., Tremont, N. J. We have no confidence in such concerns.

Jennie, Spencerport, N. Y. Send us your address and we will forward the information by mail.

Subscriber, New Haven, Ct. Yes. Send full address, and information about Bibles will be forwarded.

Reader, Spangle, Wash. We have already repeatedly expressed our views on dancing and similar amusements.

Mrs. J. P. F., Montpelier, Vt. 1. Atmospheric pressure or density. 2. The cause and history of the Chinese war has been fully explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Mrs. J. A. S., Waterloo, Ia. 1. All nationalities inhabit the slum districts, Americans included. 2. Evangelization had greatly improved woman's condition in China until the recent troubles stopped progress by closing the schools and colleges.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1901 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

DR. HENRY G. WESTON — PROF. E. J. BOSWORTH — PROF. F. L. PATTON — DR. W. G. BALLANTINE — PROF. R. W. ROGERS

A · COLLEGE · FOR · BIBLE · TEACHERS

THE PIONEER AMERICAN EXPERIMENT OF ITS KIND, IT PROMISES IMPORTANT RESULTS

By PROF. W. W. WHITE, D.D.

WHILE at Yale, as far back as 1887, I began to realize how prevalent is the ignorance of the Bible even among theological students and ministers, and to appreciate the importance of the study of the English Bible. While Professor of Hebrew in Xenia Theological Seminary (1890-1894) I introduced more of the study of the English version into my courses than ever had been there before. The students, I felt, ought not to be asked to acquire, through a dead and poorly learned language, anything that they could secure from the English version. After getting what they could from the English, I took them to the Hebrew. They appreciated this. During four years of my Theological Seminary professorship, I did much Bible teaching at conventions, synods, conferences, and in various communities, and learned more than ever about the great and general need of a simple knowledge of the contents of the Book.

Though enjoying my work in the Seminary, I felt cramped, and became convinced that I ought to give myself more exclusively to English Bible work. Mr. Moody offered me a position in the Chicago Bible Institute, which I accepted. There I remained for two years, after which time, in 1898, with the approval of Mr. Moody and Mr. Torrey, the superintendent, I went on leave for two years, at the call of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. to work among college men in India. During my sojourn there I attended fourteen representative conventions of students and missionaries in all parts of India and Ceylon. One of the strongest impressions which I received during that experience was the need (confessed by scores of missionaries representing all denominations) of a more thorough and comprehensive and constructive knowledge of the Bible on the part of those going to the foreign field. On leaving those shores, I determined that, if God would permit, I would do something not only for one mission land but for all, in the way of providing the best possible Biblical instruction for those under appointment to the foreign field, who might wish to have it.

We have chosen Montclair, N. J., a suburb, rather than New York itself, as the home of our Bible Teachers' College, because the purpose is to make this college, in a sense, a quiet retreat as well as a school. Having missionaries who are at home on furlough prominently in mind, we believe that a quiet home-life is more desirable than a city location. The directors of the Montclair Young Men's Christian Association have granted us the use of their new auditorium for our class-room work at a nominal sum, and we have been offered the use of more church buildings and chapels than we need. We put practically all our income into men rather than into buildings. We feel that enough money is now locked up in religious buildings, and that we would not be justified in seeking, at any rate at present, to secure buildings. We do not expect even to erect a dormitory for our students. We feel that it will be better for them to be paying guests in homes in Montclair. Dormitory life at best is not ideal. The clergymen of Montclair are without exception in hearty sympathy with us. The Episcopal rector was the first man to be enrolled as a student in the school. One woman, the wife of a Young Men's Christian Association's secretary, was ahead of him. Rev. Amory H. Bradford, of the Congregational Church, in a letter expressed himself as follows: "The plans are practical, scholarly and comprehensive. If they are carried out they will make Montclair one of the centres of Bible study in the English-speaking world."

The Mission Board secretaries approve our work. From several of them, I have already received lists of missionaries at home on furlough, with most cordial commendation. We expect besides the Seminary department, to have a Correspondence department, a Literature department and an Extension department. Students will do original work under the personal direction of professors. The professors will not merely lecture the students. We propose to educate; to teach. The Faculty includes such distinguished names as Rev. Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D., President of Princeton University; Prof. Marcus Dods, D.D., of the Free Church Theological College, Edinburgh, Scotland; Rev. Henry G. Weston, D.D., President of Crozier Theological Seminary; Professor Jacobus, D.D., of Hartford Theological Seminary; Professor Rogers, of Drew; Rev. W. M. McPheeters, D.D., President Southern Theological Seminary; Professor Bosworth, of Oberlin; Professor Ballantine, of the Springfield Bible Training School; Rev. John H. Barrows, D.D., President of Oberlin, and others.

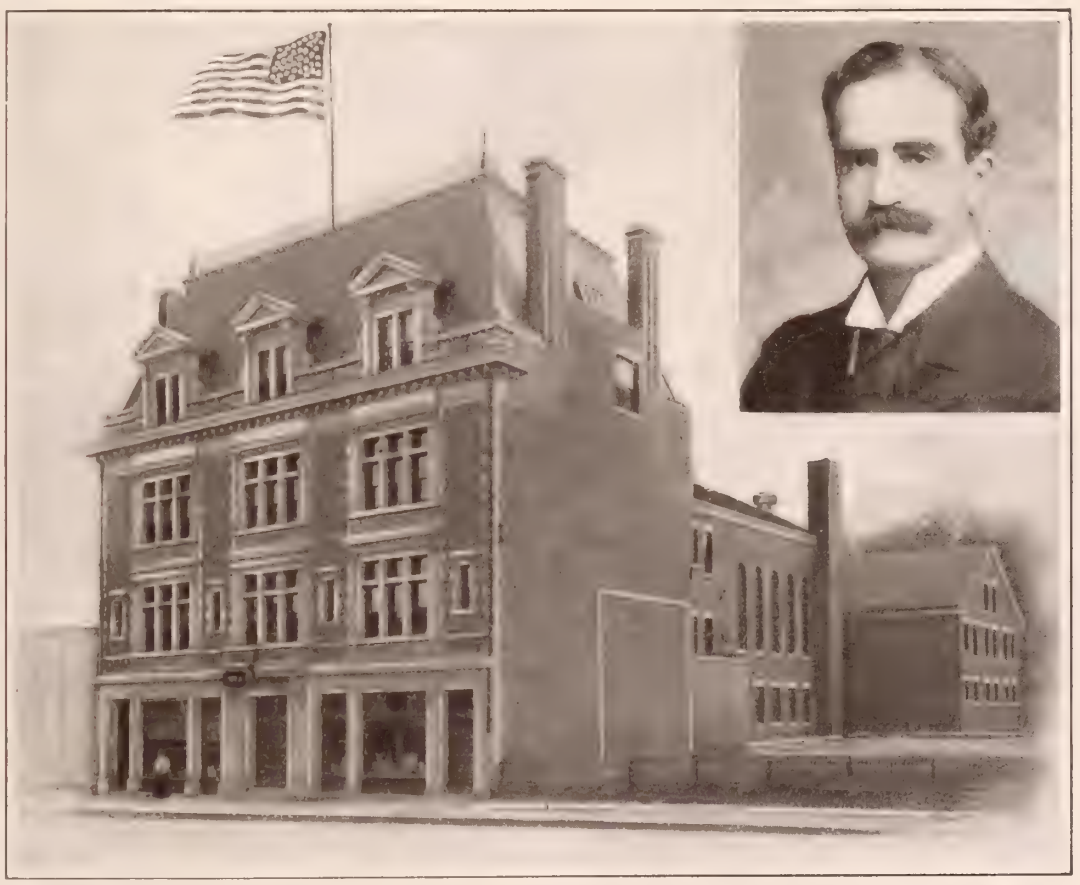
Our students assured represent not only America, but India, Burma and China also. The session opens in January rather than in September or October, in order that the principal may have the summer and autumn for general work both at home and abroad. It must not be forgotten that this is an international movement, and besides, this plan fits in well with the work of both missionaries at home on furlough, and with theological students. The missionaries generally desire a number of weeks for rest and speaking in the churches, and theological students may come to the college for a month or two, after finishing their regular year in the seminaries.

So far as it is possible to have him do so, we propose that the student shall let the Bible be its own interpreter. We propose to reverse the usual order, and have men go to the Bible itself before they go to helps, to make up their own minds independently of the opinions of others.

All truly evangelistic effort has its basis in an intelligent knowledge and use of the Word of God. When the Bible is properly explained, it is a power. The average evangelist would need to shout less and exhort a shorter length of time if he put more of real Biblical teaching into his address. I believe the message through Jeremiah is literally true. "Is not my word as a fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

We propose to teach our students how to teach. We shall organize community classes, within easy reach, and also provide teachers for those Sunday Schools that may wish them, teaching our own courses. Nearly every Sunday School in the country would be a gainer, if it had at least one class not following the uniform lessons. Next, we shall go outside and organize classes among non-churchgoers. There are tens of thousands of intelligent workingmen and women in and about New York City who will respond to the right kind of Biblical instruction.

In our training, we propose to give large attention to soul culture. We do not mean to undervalue intellectual effort. We feel, however, that a man will do his best intellectual work when his soul culture is properly provided for. We mean, in the study of these two key subjects, prayer and the Holy Spirit, to do quite as thorough work in the way of examination of the Scriptures for their teaching as is done in any of the other departments, and we trust that these may in an especial manner be made helpful to the devotional side of the student's life.



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, MONTCLAIR, THE BIBLE COLLEGE HEADQUARTERS—PROF. W. W. WHITE, D.D.

THE · CLOUDLESS · MORNING

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

TEXT: II. Sam. 23: 4: "A morning without clouds"

"WHAT do you expect of this new century?" is the question often asked of me, and many others have been plied with the same inquiry. In the realm of invention I expect something as startling as the telegraph and the telephone and the X-ray. In the realm of poetry I expect as great poets as Longfellow and Tennyson. In the realm of medicine I expect the cure of cancer and consumption. In the realm of religion I expect more than one Pentecost like that of 1857, when five hundred thousand souls professed to have been converted. I expect that universal peace will reign, and that before the arrival of the two thousandth year, gunpowder will be out of use except for blasting rocks, or pyrotechnic entertainment. I expect that before this new century has expired the millennium will be fully inaugurated. The twentieth century will be as much an improvement on the nineteenth century as the nineteenth century was an improvement on the eighteenth. But the conventional length of sermonic discourse will allow us only time for one hopeful consideration, and that will be

The Redemption of the Cities

Pulpit and printing-press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers, and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should this morning, for a little while, look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky, and it shall be "a morning without clouds."

Every man has pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of baseheartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its scientific advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well! People who have a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up, at any time to try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall and its Mint and its Girard College. New York must continue to exult in its matchless harbor and its vast population and its institutions of mercy and its ever widening commerce. Washington must continue to rejoice in the fact that it is the most beautiful city under the sun.

If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away: "What mean thing have you been doing there? what outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrim Fathers will never relax their grasp from New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can now, any day, on the streets of that city, see his customs, his manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet and his meeting-house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on all the following generations. So this capital of the nation is a perpetual eulogy upon the Washington who founded it.

I thank God for the place of our residence, and while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected, and many wrongs that ought to be overthrown, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to

A Glorious Future

I think we ought—and I shall take it for granted you are all interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Hail, conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows and there are sins and there are sufferings all around about us; but as in some bitter, cold winter day when we are threshing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after a while come, or in the dark winter night we look up and we see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illumined by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know it just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. The nation is to be saved; of course, all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Financial Prosperity

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world, people will give their time up to psalm-singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes of which I speak, and all double dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain makers. I am not talking an abstraction, I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now, our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, State taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence. We have to support the municipal governments, which are expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

Reduced Taxation

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of moneys for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No Oyer and Terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No empaneling of juries to try theft, and arson, and murder, and slander, and blackmail. Better factories. Grander architecture. Finer equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. "A morning without clouds."

In that better time, also, coming to these cities, the churches of Christ will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the service of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that Churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not four hundred. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshipers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what

Fervent Prayers

they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The two or five dollars I pay to hear one of the great queens of song is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, outbreaking song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting.

Congregational Singing

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it look standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed! Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the church of Christ, get many hours the start, it will be caught and past by the hosanna of the Sabbath School children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man who, through perseverance of the saints, went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please to stop singing as he bothered the choir.

> Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God;
> But children of the Heavenly King
> Should speak their joys abroad.

"Praise ye the Lord: let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna, and hallelujah hallelujah.

In that time, also, of which I speak, all the haunts of iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illumined. How is it to be done? You say perhaps by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it. The Gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

A Beautiful Chimera

Mr. Ecsler, of England, had a theory that if the natural forces of the wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied and rightly developed, it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius, he said: "Fellowmen—I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay—where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens—where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years, and may level a continent, sink valleys, create lakes, drain ponds and swamps, and intersect the land everywhere with beautiful canals and roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousand tons and for traveling a thousand miles in twenty-four hours.

"From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views to be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof and from the turrets may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement to tire the eye and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the ma-
inery by which this work is to be done,
nd he says he only needs at the start a
ompany in which the shares shall be
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vo hundred thousand shall be raised just
) make a specimen community, and then
is being formed, the world will see its
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lay. It is to be done by the Gospel of
ie Son of God—the

Omnipotent Machinery

f love and grace and pardon and sal-
ation. That is to emparadise the na-
ons. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of
ips coming up the harbor. You know
ow he did it? He lifted a great sun-
lass, history tells us, and when the fleet
f ships came up the harbor of Syracuse
e brought to bear his sun-glass and he
onverged the sun's rays upon those ships.
ow, the sails are wings of fire, the masts
ll, the vessels sink. O! my friends, by
he sun-glass of the Gospel converging
he rays of the Sun of Righteousness up-
n the sins, the wickedness of the world,
e will make them blaze and expire.

In that day of which I speak, do you
elieve that there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from marble steps, of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the street? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No breweries where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No fist-pounded forehead The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and the philanthropists and the Christian men and the honest merchants of our great cities.

Then, what municipal governments too, we will have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the City Hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness and carried up to the courts, and put in prison, of course? What will you do with the grogshops that made them drunk? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into a bottomless perdition? Nothing. What will you do with those who fleece that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frantically asked what he might do? Nothing. Ah! we do well to punish small crimes, but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities, if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, the ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the

Monsters of Iniquity

who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of his retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom.

But all these wrongs are going to be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the Church of God going to be; or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married; but when Righteousness and Peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime purified. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in?

God's love will yet bring back this ruined world to holiness and happiness. An infinite Father bends over it in sympathy. And to the orphan he will be a father, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the poorest wretch that today crawls out of the ditch of his abominations, crying for mercy, he will be an all-pardoning Redeemer. The rocks will turn gray with age, the forests will be unmoored in the hurricane. the sun will shut its fiery eyelid, the stars will drop like blasted figs, the sea will heave its last groan and lash itself in expiring agony, the continents will drop like anchors in the deep, the world will wrap itself in sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love will never die. It shall kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowing sea after all other oceans have wept themselves away. It will warm itself by the blaze of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet peals and the air is filled with the crash of breaking sepulchres and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, commend that love to all the cities and the morning without clouds will come!

HUNGARY'S PICTURESQUE PEOPLE

A RECENT cablegram from Vienna. to the effect that the agrarian provinces around Leutschau, Hungary, comprising 200 square miles, are famine-stricken, is received with deep concern in this country, here there are many people of Hungarian and Austrian birth, or descent, who sympathize with afflicted friends and kindred across the water. The cable further states that disease is rampant and mortality high: some cases of bubonic plague and thousands of typhus are reported. Doubtless, the famine, will be promptly relieved by the Imperial Government, whose resources are more than adequate to the situation; and if the plague and fever lead, as they naturally will, to measures of sanitary education and reform (sorely needed in some Hungarian districts), even these evils will not be without good results.

It is rather difficult to conceive of Hungary, or any part of it, as suffering from lack of food, so fertile is the soil, so varied the products, which include almost all kinds of grain. Wheat and maize, barley and rye, beans and potatoes are usually most plentiful, while of fruits and melons there is no lack. In the south, here are figs, almonds and olives, while from the Carpathians to the Alps, grapevines, in due season, bend beneath red, white and purple burdens. The land is rich in minerals, and, next to agriculture, mining is the chief industry; although the foundries, factories, bell-works and other metal works at Buda-Pest and other cities are not without reputation.

Above all things, Hungary is rich in romance, in picturesqueness, in the charm that envelops a land which, adopting with the one hand new ideas in politics, freedom of the press, religious liberty and landownership, holds with the other to customs of feudal days, and surrenders not the glamour of mediæval song and temper to the spirit of progress Hungary is Gipsy-land; 150,000 of the merry-go-lucky, music-loving Czigany live within its borders. Despised as is the Czigany—the Hungarian of other races hates you to his dying day if you liken him to a Gipsy—the fair, or the wedding, or the funeral where his fiddle, guitar or zither is unheard is tame indeed. He is found in tents as in other lands, but what he most likes is to be a hanger-on of the Magyar noble. The relation between servants and master is primitive, indeed; sons and daughters succeed their parents in service for generations; scoldings, slaps and boxes on the ear are by no means unknown, the servant regarding it as a part of the paternal interest which shows itself most kindly and generous in many ways. In Hungary, the shepherd wears a sheepskin and pipes to his flocks on a reed. The village swineherd carries a horn. Miss Browning, whose wanderings in Hungary have been a source of entertainment to many readers, gives an amusing description of how one swineherd, stepping into the middle of the village square, gave a great blast on his horn which brought pigs flying from all directions. When he thought the whole company had arrived, off he strode, with his herd squealing and grunting after him like mad.

A YOUTHFUL SWINEHERD'S PIPING

IN A GIPSY TENT

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

The people are noted for hospitality. Be it the Magyar noble, the Wallach peasant, or the Gipsy who has but a tent, the stranger is welcomed with warmth and grace. The peasants are very polite, and use many quaint and gracious forms of greeting and farewell, as: "I kiss your hand, honorable one!" and "God go with you!"

The picturesque Hungarian in all his variations of type and costume is best seen at Michaelmas Fair, where you may behold at one and the same time the Magyar in his white felt garments, braided or embroidered in colors; the shepherd in his sheepskin, the Alforder and Wallach in white cotton divided skirt and short blue jacket glittering with silver buttons; the long-haired Slovak in belted tunic; men in baggy blue trousers and red fezes, reminding us, as do the veiled women from Debreczin, that the Hungarian has some Turkish blood in him. There are pretty, dark-eyed, brown-skinned girls in snowy chemisettes, gay silver-clasped bodices, short skirts, aprons (which are parti-colored fringes) and quaint headdresses, or little scarlet caps covered with jingling gold and silver coins; tall, graceful women in Greek-like draperies, wearing big gold hoops in their ears; blue-eyed, fair-haired maids hailing from the province which calls itself "Saxonland," in robes of white linen, crimson and black embroidered, strings of coral around their necks, and silver clasps at their waists. What queer, peaked hats one sees, and what an eloquent medley of colors and barbaric glitter of gold and silver buckles, earrings and bracelets delight the eye! And here where the gipsy band plays is a perfect riot of reds, greens. blues, browns and yellows! In one corner of the square a crowd gathers about a handsome young fellow who is playing the violin and singing:

With csarda hat set jauntily
And decked with perfumed rosemary,
I'll stroll adown the village street.
How all the girls will smile on me!

THE · SHADOW · AND · RADIANCE · OF · THE · CROSS

GREEKS SEEKING JESUS

International Sunday School Lesson for January 20th. John 12: 20–33.

"IF ANY MAN SERVE ME, LET HIM FOLLOW ME"

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT, John 12: 21: "We would see Jesus."

THE season and the lesson both suggest the blessings of seeing and not seeing. The blessings of sight often come to mind when the blind cross our path. And when we contrast the beginning of the twentieth century with the beginning of the nineteenth, we thank God for the century plants our eyes behold on every side: emancipation, popular government, Sunday Schools, public schools, temperance societies, missions, Christian unions, none of which had more than begun to grow a hundred years ago. But there are blessings also in not seeing, which we are more likely to overlook. I will not linger on the blessings of the blind, their protection from the "lust of the eye," their shut-in hours of thought, their compensating gifts of poetry and music. I am thinking especially of the divine kindness in creating us nearsighted as to the future. We try to pry open or peep through its "closed doors in vain." We cannot tell what the new century, or the new year—not even what a day will bring forth. And it is far better so. If a year ago you had seen all your sorrows for the year you might have despaired. Or, if you had seen all your successes, you might have been spoiled with pride. The last song of P. P. Bliss is a fitting motto for our new year:

I see not a step before me
As I tread the paths of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future his presence will cheer,
And what seems dark in the distance
Will brighten as I draw near.

So I go on not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would walk with him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

Charles Kingsley puts in beautiful prose the meaning of the providence that shuts out the future: "Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them."

But Jesus saw the future, and so walked, all through his public life at least, in the shadow of the cross.

. . .

Finding the True Cross *The hour is come.* As a child looks forward to his birthday, Jesus looked ever to his death-day. Three times he spoke of his crucifixion in the first year of his ministry in words that others did not then understand. He said: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will build it up." "The bridegroom shall be taken away, and then shall they fast." "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so shall the Son of man be lifted up." The references to his cross were more numerous and more specific in the second year, and yet more so in the third. In such passages we find the true cross. Queen Helena of Rome went to Palestine and made earnest search for the wooden cross of Calvary, and claimed to find it, and made it a wooden god to worship.

But the true cross is not made of wood, but of will. Jesus is "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," because at the very hour of Adam's sin he gave himself in promise to bruise the serpent's head at the cost of his own bruising. Christ's prophecies of his own death are the real "stations of the cross." Physically, in his six hours upon the cross he suffered no more than many a martyr has suffered. To measure the true cross, we must ponder especially the mental crucifixion in Gethsemane. The journeys of Jesus make one long *Via Dolorosa*, during which his pure, sensitive soul saw ever the Jewish gallows, the shameful cross, that would proclaim him a criminal, looming up in his path and casting its shadow before.

. . .

Culture at the Cross Let us see what reminded him of the cross in the lesson for to-day. He was in the temple on Tuesday of what is called "Holy Week." He had taught of faith and faithfulness by the acted parable of the fruitless, and so cursed, fig tree. He had noted the giving of the widow, in whose two mites he saw the most generous "offering," because it was also a "sacrifice," that was put into the treasury of the temple that day! As he stood teaching in the court of the women, the outermost of Jewish courts, surrounded by a wall on which were inscriptions, saying that any Gentile who passed inside would forfeit his life; some Greeks, who had accepted the Jewish religion—prepared for its teachings by Socrates and Plato—and had consequently come to the Passover and were studying everything with a cultured curiosity, having heard of the wonderful words and deeds of the Prophet of Nazareth, came as near as possible and said, perhaps through one of the openings in the wall, to the nearest apostle: "Sir, we would see Jesus." The one they addressed, or at least the one who answered, was Philip, whose Greek name indicates a Greek-speaking family, though he was himself a Jew. We cannot but linger on their request. Why, we ask, did they wish to "see Jesus?" Doubtless from mixed motives. Greek curiosity, perhaps, played its part. Those who come to church and Sunday School seldom come for the sole purpose of salvation. Curiosity, willingness to please the friend who gives the invitation, these and other secondary motives may have brought them; but, in any case, let us show them Jesus, "whom having not seen, we love." We sometimes wish it were the visible Christ instead that we could see and show. But Jesus said that he was more blessed unseen than seen. "Blessed are they that have not seen [with physical vision] and yet have believed." "Greater works and words" he said he would give when he had escaped the limitations of an earthly body, and he has. Not John alone, but every loving heart can now lean upon his bosom. Not one "beloved disciple," but thousands can now walk at his side. If he were living in human flesh in Palestine only the rich could afford to travel there to see him, and most of them could not get near enough in the crowd that would throng him even to see him, much less to talk with him. But in his new, everywhere present life, millions of the poor that love him now walk and talk with him every hour. Therefore, we would see Jesus with soul rather than sight. We would see him in our sin as our Saviour. We would see him when saved, as our King and our Teacher. There are new beauties in him to see day by day. It takes a lifetime to see him in all the fulness of his being, aye, an eternity.

It is a false, though common, impression that few of the great and learned are Christians. Gladstone said that in his long public career he had mingled with most of the leading statesmen of the century, and that only three or four of them disbelieved in Christ. A generation ago many of the leading scientists were agnostics, but an increasing proportion now find God in nature, as did Sir Wm. Dawson, and Romanes, and Dana, and Winchell. "Oh, God, I think thy thoughts after thee," exclaimed Kepler, the astronomer. "The undevout astronomer is mad," exclaimed O. M. Mitchell, as he thought of God, "the millionaire of stars." Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, who shares with Morse the honor of inventing the telegraph, was as devout as he was learned. Browning and Tennyson, Whittier, and Longfellow were true prophets, singing of faith and hope and charity.

. . .

Life from Death *Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.* There was doubtless more than curiosity in those Greeks, who had already turned from idols to the living God. They yearned for what their religion had prepared them for, the manifestation of God in man. Greek gods were of human form, not horrible images, gorgons and dragons, such as most other heathens have worshiped. Their coming—these first fruits of the Gentiles—roused in Christ the vision of the great world army, of which they were but the vanguard, that was to be gathered about the cross on which he was soon to stretch out his arms in invitation to a sin-burdened world, beneath an inscription proclaiming him "King" in its three chief languages. "Now is the Son of man glorified," he cried, who was about to be crucified, and it was a cry of triumph, not of sorrow. It was a triumphal procession in whose van he saw these representatives of the foremost of Gentile nations. He saw himself not only crucified, but buried, to be multiplied like the grain of wheat, in a whitened harvest of Christians in every land of the world. And then he proclaimed that not he alone, but his follower also in every age was to lose his life to make it most fruitful. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." And many a man who has given not death but a long unselfish life to God, has proved that unreserved giving of self is every way better than selfish getting.

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Christian Service Brings Highest Honor *If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.* This is a period of historic review. Let young men as they review the nineteenth or the nineteen centuries, ask what sort of men the world in the long test of history delights to honor. The conqueror in the moment of victory is honored, regardless of motive and character, but as the years go by the Napoleons decrease and the Washingtons increase. The men of the past now most honored are not those who made others serve them, but those who served others and the world, especially those who some way served Christ in teaching, in art, in achievement. The most honored painters are such as Raphael, who pictured Christ. The most honored architects are such as Michael Angelo, who built grand churches for Christ. The most honored musicians are such as Handel, who sang of Christ. The great men of the nations are such as Luther and Lincoln, who served Christ in word and deed. Christian service—that is the path to honor for both worlds. Let every Christian stand against the renewed tendency to bestow highest honors on soldiering rather than service.

Forget the battle cry; instead
Sing joyous songs of peace and trust.
Let swords that once with blood were red
Grow redder still with rust.

And give your bayonet so bright—
If you would serve the greatest good—
To make a pen wherewith to write
A song of brotherhood.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

. . .

The Path to Glory *Father, glorify thy name.* Here we have again a reminder that those whose supreme purpose is to glorify God and who shrink not from shame and sorrow in order to do it are the very ones to whom comes highest glory even in this world. As Christ thought of the cross, the gallows of those times, even with the triumphs beyond it, his human nature shrank from the suffering, and his sinless soul shrinks from the shame of being counted a criminal, and so, in Gethsemane, he cried out in pain, "Father, save me from this hour." But his higher self replied, "For this cause came I unto this hour." This is the goal toward which I have ever walked. And so rising even above the resignation that could say, "Thy will be done," he exclaimed, "Father, glorify thy name." Even in his triumph over dread of the cross, Christ gives us an example to imitate.

Who murmurs that in these dark days
His lot is cast?
God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon his gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

When Christ had mentally taken up the dreaded cross, saying, "Father, glorify thy name," God answered from heaven, as at the baptism and on the mount of transfiguration. The unspiritual heard only a sound as of thunder. Nobler hearts said, "An angel spake." But John, the apostle of love, heard the very words: "I have both glorified it and I will glorify it again." God had glorified his name in Christ's unselfish life, and now he was about to glorify it again in his atoning death.

. . .

The Devil Displaced by the Cross *Now shall the Prince of this world be cast out.* The sign in which the devil is to be conquered in the heart and in the world is the cross. The cross is the turning point of history. There the world's trial was held. Its sin and selfishness were condemned, shown in all their awful guilt in the death of the Son of God, and sentenced to be banished. What an awful thing sin must be that God should give his only Son to save me, to save the world from it! The cross proclaims not alone salvation, but first of all the sinfulness of sin. The world still abounds in selfishness and sin, but there is less and less of it in each Christian century and in each Christian country. Nothing banishes wickedness like the cross. Many a criminal whom repeated punishment has only hardened has had the devil banished from his heart by seeing Jesus on the cross. As light casts out darkness, love's radiance from the cross banishes hatred and selfishness from the heart.

. . .

The Attractive Radiance of the Cross *And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.* Some in every land of the world have felt the attraction of the cross to such an extent that they would die rather than deny him, who there died for them. It is well known that the sun and moon draw the tides up and down upon the earth. So the cross, in whose shadow Jesus walked so long, has become a radiant sun, shining in the sky, the light of the world, drawing the tides of affection in human heart wherever its story of dying love is told. As flowers also turn toward the sun and are fed by its life-giving ray, so everything that is beautiful in character, is drawn out and up by the life and death of Christ. And as the moon, whose light is borrowed from the sun, also draws the tides; so the true Christian, who reflects the unselfishness of Christ, will be a magnet to draw sinful men Christward.

ON THE PLAY-GROUND

THE HOME FOR DISCORDANT GIRLS

A MUSICAL GROUP

REFORMING "DISCORDANT" GIRLS

A Unique and Successful Social and Educational State Experiment in California

"WHAT shall we do with children who prove incorrigible, when they get beyond our control and pay no heed to entreaties or orders?" This is a question that vexes many a parental heart. When, as is sometimes the case, the incorrigible one is a daughter, whose high temper, disobedience and general propensity to mischief are a menace to the peace of the household, the problem becomes still more discouraging. There are, it is true, a number of so-called reformatory schools throughout the country, but it goes very hard indeed with parents who are compelled to send children to such places—especially girls.

One of the most interesting experiments in the direction of the reformation of "discordant" girls, is that conducted at the Whittier State School, Los Angeles, Cal., under the direction of Mrs. Adina Mitchell. This lady has made a life study of reformatory methods for juvenile delinquents, and she brings to her work rare tact and judgment, quick perception and sound common sense. She is optimistic, and believes that every child possesses innate qualities which, if encouraged and developed, would be found pleasing to others. Mrs. Mitchell, who is recognized as an authority on correctional institutional work, is a Virginian by birth. She is a lady of high Christian character. The Governor of California, some four years ago, discovered her talent in the management of refractory girls, and immediately appointed her as a trustee of the Whittier School, and she was duly elected as President of the Board. Although she receives no salary, she spares neither time or labor in her work of love. She has surrounded herself with a corps of excellent workers. This institution of correction is for boys and girls, and both departments have felt the good influence of her work; but she has felt that the girls needed her support far more than the boys did.

MRS. ADINA MITCHELL

IN THE PARLORS OF THE WHITTIER SCHOOL FOR INCORRIGIBLES

It was the privilege of the writer to visit the famous Whittier School recently, as the guest of the principal. Everything around the buildings is scrupulously neat and clean. There are some forty-two girls in the institution, divided into two companies, and occupying two cottages. Mrs. Mitchell gives this outline of a girl's life at Whittier: On her arrival she is received by a kindly matron, who instructs her as to our rules. She is examined by the lady physicians, and assigned a grade in the school department and industrial employment, either in housekeeping, laundry, cooking or dress-making. Two or three girls from each cottage are detailed to help with breakfast, and others to serve at table. While one company is at school in the morning, the other is detailed for industrial work in kitchen, laundry, and general housework. School and work close at four o'clock, and until 5:30 the girls play tennis, basket-ball, or read. From morning until evening a strict watch is kept over each girl, yet not so as to offend. At 7:30 they assemble, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and after singing a good-night song, retire to their cots.

There are capable teachers in each department, each skilled in dealing with this peculiar class of pupils. Music and physical culture are fundamental factors in the training of these "discordant" natures. Looking at a delighted group of girls playing the violin, one can scarcely believe that these refined faces once belonged to incorrigibles. As Mrs. Mitchell says: "While music is an outlet for nervous energy, it at the same time leads up in an orderly way to results ahead, teaching the child to work for an end." So sight-reading, musical composition and ear-training have formed a prominent part of the reformatory course at Whittier. The girls are taught that they must live, speak and act the truth in all things; that virtue is more precious than rubies, and that life, to be worthy and successful, must be marked by fixed purpose and concentrated will along certain lines of effort. Every opportunity is seized to instil Christian principles, and the whole atmosphere of the institution is calculated to influence the inmates to purer and better lives.

Many interesting experiences with "incorrigibles" might be related. A girl of Russian parentage was committed. The father was a tailor, the mother a nervous, hysterical woman, who assisted him in his work. The parents claimed that the girl was so violent in temper that they could not control her. Upon returning from school, she would jerk the tablecloth from the table, throw the dishes about, and act in a most excitable manner, using abusive and profane language. To pacify her the mother would buy her anything in her power. Afflicted with a nervous trouble, the girl kept her face in a state of constant contortion. After three months' experience at the school, there was not a sign of her nervous fault. She had been almost transformed, and had become a rational, thinking creature.

Another instance: Marie, a little, incorrigible was sent to the Whittier school. Sly, cunning, quick, she would pull off her shoes and stockings, jump through the open window, and evade capture for hours. Now she is docile, kind, intelligent, conscientious, and affectionate. An expert in calisthenics, and proficient in housework—a transformation wrought by love, patience, and education.

Upon entering the school the child is given 150 merits, a gray dress to wear, and is placed in the second grade. Each day, if perfect in deportment, school and industrial work, she receives 10 merits. This makes a possible 300 in a month, to which is added 5 per cent. No percentage is given for less than 300 merits. It is possible to earn 10 extra merits for some extraordinary service. Three months of perfect deportment places a child in the first grade, and she is given white collar and cuffs. Beside this mark, she is qualified to be placed on the parole list, and is made sub-head of some department with a salary of $2.50 a month. If she loses enough merits to put her in the lowest grade she forfeits her salary. Five thousand merits earned entitle a child to honorable discharge from the school. Demerits are given for disobedience, untidiness, loud laughter, slang, falsehood and the breaking of any rules. They vary from 5 to 5,000, the latter being for running away. With 50 demerits in one month the child must wear a blue dress, is placed in third grade and loses all privileges. She may not receive or write letters, see those who are permitted to visit her, or leave the grounds except to go to church. While wearing the blue dress she receives but five merits a day and no percentage. If she is in the blue dress the second month, only three merits a day, and the third month nothing. For extraordinary misbehavior, the offender is locked in the "room of meditation." Here she is left to herself. She is given plenty of bread and milk, for starving does not help anybody. And it doesn't take many hours for a girl to "meditate" herself into a better mood.

After the girls have left the school the influence of their training still goes on, and they are aided in finding employment and friends, advised and encouraged, and in every way assisted to live good, pure, noble lives.

Los Angeles, Cal. C. S. MASON.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR
B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 a year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our own risk.

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The Christian Herald will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts forwarded to it with a view to publication.

Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter

Consecrated Gifts

ONE of the most gratifying features of the contributions to the fund for the support of the destitute orphans of India, is the number of contributors who have never before given anything to missionary work. It is surprising how many people have said, in sending their pledge for the support of an orphan, that, although they have heretofore turned a deaf ear to the appeals for money for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen, their compassion has been awakened by the thought of these fatherless and homeless children. We are glad to receive such contributions, not only on account of their direct value to the cause, but because of their indirect benefit to the givers. Like the quality of mercy, of which the poet wrote, every such gift is twice blessed: "It blesseth him that gives and him who takes." When a man has once learned by experience the joy there is in giving, he is apt to continue the good practice. Thus THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been engaged unconsciously in a campaign of education. It has introduced into some lives an element of happiness that was not there before. It is a law of our being that no one can do good to another without a feeling of love to that other, and love brings happiness. There are now thousands of people whose hearts are warmed by the thought of little waifs on the other side the world, who are being fed and clothed and educated through their bounty. Having once experienced that pleasure, they are likely to want more of it, and there is an abundance of opportunity. We believe that in the future the missionary societies and other beneficent enterprises, will have a host of new supporters who first learned, by maintaining an orphan in India, how true were Christ's words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

We trust that no Christian who has been in the habit of contributing to the Missionary Society of his church will curtail his usual subscription on account of this orphan work. The missionary societies need more money, not less, on account of these new duties they have assumed. The maintenance of an orphan should be regarded as a special privilege, that should be over and above the ordinary contributions. Like the alabaster box of very precious ointment that Mary broke in honor of her Lord, this pledge of support for an orphan is a tribute of love and consecration—something done for love of Christ. That in many cases it will involve economy and self-sacrifice, we are aware, but it would lose all its beauty and merit if other Christian work suffered for it. By sacrificing some luxury, or time, or labor in order to fulfil the obligation, the giver becomes a hero, and Christ smiles on him in approbation and accepts the sacrifice; but to take money ordinarily given to a Missionary Society and devoting it to this special work would be to throw the burden on Christ's cause. The blessing comes to those who, like David, say, "I will not offer to the Lord that which cost me nothing."

Another Ordination

THERE are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of pulpit that will reach them is a dry-goods box or a drayman's cart at the street corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath to be preaching the Gospel in our great city parks. "What!" you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer: If Conferences and Presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime within ten minutes' walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of degradation, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on the roads to death, should be by your instrumentality saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Ah! that would be an ordination as good as the laying on of hands by Conferences and Synods—an ordination that would be most bright in the day when,

"Shrivelled like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll."

"Damnation of Infants"

A SAD letter comes to this office from a lady who was once a Baptist, but is now a Presbyterian. Since joining the Presbyterian Church, she says she has discovered that that Church believes in the damnation of infants, and as her three children have died, she is distressed beyond measure by the aforesaid doctrine. My reply is, that there is not a good man in the Presbyterian Church or any other Church who believes in the damnation of infants. If any good man ever announced such a theory by voice or pen, he was, to say the least, a religious crank, however many talents he may have possessed. We hereby offer a liberal reward for the name of any man of sound mind and good character who will state that he believes in the damnation of infants.

In the census which the Bible gives of the inhabitants of heaven, the children are in so large majority that it is distinctly a children's heaven. What else can you make of the saying of Christ, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?" In that world the adults are in the minority. More children in the house of many mansions, and in the temple, and in the street, and in the towers, than souls of men and women. Let not our correspondent, or any reader of these lines, fear about the destiny of their little ones. I wish that all those of us who have come to manhood or womanhood were as certain of heaven as are the babies. No mother ever took a sick child out of a cradle so gently and lovingly as Christ lifts the dying infant out of the pain of croup or scarlet fever into the raptures before the throne. Indeed the better world is so full of children that if you do not like children you had better stay out of heaven. The Presbyterian Church will at the next meeting of its General Assembly send flying that passage in their creed which allows any uncertainty about the future happiness of any infant. My theory is that the offensive lines in that creed were either an interpolation by some one who wanted to make religion obnoxious, or that through inadvertence, or a hearty desire on the part of the members to get to their homes, that weak plank of the religious platform was allowed to stay. A swarm of flies and mosquitoes in Philadelphia on the 4th of July, 1776, hastened the adjournment of the convention that was making the Declaration of Independence, and those who were signing the document had to put down their pen to scratch the inflamed cuticle, and some disturbance not reported may have hastened the adjournment of the Holy Fathers who were preparing a creed for the Presbyterians of all centuries. Or it may be that some "'prentice hand" put in its work while the old Theologians were asleep in their chairs after their exhausting labors in explaining the Eternal Decrees.

The Christian Herald's Medal for Heroism

AS announced in previous issues, the proprietor of this journal purposes to award, once a week, a medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery occurring during each week in the year. The first medal awarded will be for the most deserving act of heroism taking place in the first week of January, 1901. Every reader is invited to forward to us earliest information of any deed of true heroism, occurring in his own locality. Send accounts only of thoroughly authentic cases, and tell the story from personal knowledge, not from hearsay. A committee in New York will meet once a week and, on investigating the facts presented, will decide which case is most deserving of recognition. This award is not for heroism in the line of paid professional duty, but for that which is absolutely voluntary and spontaneous, and without emolument. The medal is of bronze, of elegant design. On one side is the inscription: "For Christ and Humanity. CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y.," and on the other side, "This medal was struck in commemoration of the heroism of . . . . . in saving life on . . . . . 1901."

In addition to this award, honorable public mention will also be made, weekly, of others who have distinguished themselves in an heroic way in the same period, and whose names, together with the story of their heroism, have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The medal is intended as a recognition of such humble every-day heroes as the man who saves the life of a drowning child, the woman who flags an express train and averts a holocaust, the youth who seizes a mad, runaway team, or he who rescues human beings in peril of fire, flood, or danger in any of its manifold forms. Not a week passes without some such brilliant deed, that brings a thrill to all hearts. There are hundreds of just such heroes, men and women, whose acts deserve enduring reward and commemoration.

Remember, the first CHRISTIAN HERALD medal for heroism will be awarded for the most meritorious act of bravery occurring between January one and January seven. Every reader is invited to forward to us, at once, an account of any act of true heroism that took place last week, or that may take place this week, or any other week this year. Give the exact date, as only cases happening on or after January 1, 1901, will be considered. To give the committee time to satisfy all inquiries, to investigate all claims, and to allow time for stamping the medal, some weeks must elapse after the event before the medal can be awarded. Address all letters on this subject to Chairman, Medal Committee, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

Honor Your Denomination!

LIKE a great army, the Church of Christ has its corps and its battalions, its brigades and its regiments, its companies and its platoons. It is under many division commanders, and each separate regiment has its individual battle-flags; but whatever the device, the Cross is over all. Every soldier in this great army owes, as a first duty, loyal adherence to the particular command in which he serves. Failing this, he is worth little to the army or the cause. Unity of action and the success that comes from that unity, can only be secured by loyal and intelligent cooperation, each with his own immediate command. That soldier most honors the general who does his duty well and faithfully in the ranks to which he belongs.

* * * *

Honor your denomination! It matters not whether it be Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, Reformed, or any other of the great denominational bodies of Christian soldiers, serving in the field against sin, and under the leadership of our great Captain-General, Jesus. All, in their respective places, have equal responsibilities and equal recognition, for our General loves all his soldiers of the Cross. Looking upon the familiar flag of his own regiment, a true soldier feels his heart thrill within him. Mayhap it is torn and tattered, battle-shot and shredded, giving evidence of hard service, but its presence never fails to rouse the veteran to enthusiasm. So, to the soldier of the Cross, the emblem of the command in which he has served is endeared by many tender and stirring memories. It is the same command in which his father and mother and their ancestors served before him. Amid storm and struggle, and through all the assaults of the enemy, it has upheld the old standard of the Gospel and preserved the citadel of the Word. Well does it deserve the love and loyal adherence of its followers.

* * * *

Honor your denomination! Honor it by the broad liberality with which you regard the other branches of the great Christian army. Be generous enough to believe that all Christianity is not centred under your own denominational flag, and that other regiments in the service of our Captain-General, Jesus, may perform equally meritorious duty. In adopting this generous attitude, you reflect the greatest credit upon the cause which all espouse, and you honor its Leader. There are times and occasions also, when opportunities are afforded you to do special service on the picket line, or on a reconnaissance, far from your own command. These opportunities take you into new fields, they confer new experiences and bring new honors; but the duty performed, you return to your own ranks—go back again to the old fold. The follower of Christ is free to enlarge his sphere of service and to make it as wide as he may. He can assist a good cause by the way, but he does not neglect the duty he owes to his own church. He can reach out hands of help to Cuba, or to the famine orphans of India, or to the suffering and stricken in the remotest parts of the earth, but never at the expense of the duty he owes to his own church. If it be true that he who neglects to provide for his own household is worse than an infidel, it is equally certain that he who allows his denomination to suffer, while he bestows his energies and resources in other quarters, is guilty of serious neglect of duty.

* * * *

Honor your denomination then, by full and loyal service and support. Make your adherence real, your zeal substantial. Be as broad as you will, extend your charities to the furthest pole, and do all the good you can in your lifetime and with the means at your command. The Christian is free to live up to all his privileges, and to seize every opportunity to advance the cause. Such an example is contagious; it is a Gospel of itself. This is demonstrated by the fact that the thousands of denominational Christians who, in addition to their ordinary church calls have aided in the alleviation of famine in India and in the support of the famine orphans, have set an example which has been followed by a great army of consecrated men and women, who are now generously aiding the same noble work. There is ample evidence to show that a very large proportion of the latter class, allied to no church or denomination, were stimulated to participating in this world-wide benevolence solely by the example of those denominational Christians who voluntarily did double service, in act and gift, to save life and to rescue the perishing orphans of India.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Immigrants' Hotel

AFTER more than three years of cramped accommodations, the Immigration Bureau in New York has taken possession of its new home. Since the fire which in 1897 destroyed the former immigrant station, the business of the department has been conducted at the old Barge Office, which, with its grime and gloom, was better fitted for herding cattle than for the reception of human beings. But now the new building, of which a picture appears on this page, is finished and the bureau has been installed. It is of brick picked out with Indiana limestone and Maine granite. The interior arrangements show the result of long experience in handling crowds of strangers. The immigrant, on landing, passes through the medical department, where he is examined, to see that he does not bring any contagious disease into the country. Thence he passes up a flight of stone stairs into the general examination room. This is a lofty room, having a gallery running around its sides about half way between floor and ceiling, for the use of visitors. The floor is of concrete and the walls of white hard-surfaced plaster. Narrow passages divide the room, so as to allow the immigrants to pass in single file. One passage is for those intending to remain in New York, and the others for those going away by rail, according to their destinations. On their way through the passages, they confront the inspectors, who ask their age, their nationality, their condition, whether married or single, their occupation, the amount of money they bring, whether they have friends in the country, and various other inquiries. Uncle Sam's hospitality has been abused so often that he has become more particular as to the kind of guests he will receive. He objects to elopers, and not infrequently excludes wives who have deserted their husbands in Europe to come here. He also objects to people who have been in prison, people who are likely to drift to the poor-house, mechanics whose passage-money has been paid by employers on this side, and others who are regarded as undesirable. Their tickets are marked "S. I." as cases for Special Inquiry, and they are turned into a lane which takes them to a room where a Board will consider their condition, and will probably mark their tickets "Debarred," and return the immigrants to the ship that brought them here, to be taken back at the expense of the shipping company. The immigrants who pass the ordeal and are going West are taken to the proper railroad depot, their tickets bought and their baggage checked, so as to protect them from sharpers, who might take advantage of their ignorance. Their fellow voyagers, who are debarred, envy them their good fortune, and often shed bitter tears as they see them go away. Happily, some of the disqualifications which cause their exclusion from this country will not exclude them from heaven if they seek to enter. The poor and the blind and the lame and the repentant sinner are all welcome there, for the invitation is very wide.

Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out (John 6: 37).

THE NEW BUILDING ON ELLIS ISLAND, N. Y., FOR THE RECEPTION OF IMMIGRANTS

The Kidnapped Boy

The daring crime perpetrated recently at Omaha has astonished the whole country. The fifteen-year-old son of a wealthy resident of that city, while returning home in the early evening from an errand, was forced into a carriage, blindfolded and gagged, and was driven to a lonely house in the suburbs. His father was then informed by a letter, thrown into his garden, that the boy was held for ransom. His captors promised to release him if the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was promptly paid. Otherwise the boy would be blinded with acid and afterwards killed. After a vain effort to find the place where the boy was concealed, the father accepted the conditions. As directed in the letter, he filled a sack with gold eagles and double eagles and drove out alone, along a certain road, till he came to a place where a lantern was hanging from a stick. There he deposited the sack of gold and then drove back home. In a few hours his son was returned to him safe and sound. During the interval he had been chained in the empty house like a dog, and had been in constant fear of death. The father felt deeply the humiliation of paying the ransom, and he was conscious of the risk to his own life that he ran in driving out alone to the place appointed; but his boy's eyesight and probably his life were at stake, and he willingly risked his life and sacrificed his property to save him. That boy can never doubt his father's love and it may be hoped that his future life will show that he appreciates it. It would be very sad if he should act as some men do, whom God redeemed at infinitely greater cost.

Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ (1. Peter 1: 18, 19).

Pain Without Suffering

In an interview with a leading physician of New Orleans, published in the *Times Democrat*, the doctor averred his belief that certain patients, while under anæsthetics actually feel pain though they do not suffer from it. "Ether and some other anæsthetics," he said, "when administered to certain patients prevent suffering without destroying the consciousness of pain. That sounds like a paradox, and is somewhat difficult to explain without becoming more paradoxical still. The effect of the anæsthetic, in the cases to which I refer, is to render pain pleasant. While apparently insensible, the patient is fully conscious of everything that is going on, and the nerves respond as readily as ever, but instead of producing physical discomfort the effect is exactly the reverse. I have encountered several anomalies of that kind." The doctor could not explain the phenomenon, but when it occurs in the spiritual experience there is no difficulty in understanding it.

We glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts (Rom. 5: 3).

The Senate and the Treaty

Prolonged debate, both in the Senate and the press, has been caused by the amendments proposed in the treaty between this country and Great Britain, on the Nicaraguan Canal which is projected across the isthmus of Panama. Only three have been passed by the Senate, but those three are important. By the first, the existing treaty, known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, is superseded. By the second, the United States acquires an indefinite right to fortify the canal. By the third, it dispenses with the provision that European governments should be invited to agree to the treaty. It is difficult to understand the motives of the Senators in insisting on these amendments, unless, as their detractors assert, they were anxious to prevent the construction of the canal on any terms. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty which the present treaty now supersedes, contained clauses very valuable to us. Among them was a practical acceptance on the part of Great Britain of the Monroe doctrine. It contained also provisions of great value to us relating to the Central American Republics, and also bound Great Britain to assist in an emergency in the preservation of the canal. The privilege of fortifying the canal is of little value, inasmuch as the preservation of its integrity would naturally be secured by our fleet and not by guns on land. The third amendment involves the necessity of securing by force an end which might have been secured by diplomacy. That these changes were made and were advocated by some Republican Senators is the more remarkable, because the treaty was not the joint production of the two Governments but was prepared by Mr. Hay alone, and was accepted by Great Britain without alteration. The changes therefore are a snub to Mr. Hay, which must cause him no little chagrin. Whether Great Britain will accept the treaty in its amended form remains to be seen. The canal would be so useful to all maritime nations, especially to us, that we may hope all obstacles to its construction will eventually be removed. It will be a good day for our nation when the President is able to give such an order as, in another matter, was given by the ancient prophet:

Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of my people (Isa. 57: 14).

A Husband Under Bonds

A country justice in New Jersey was called upon a few days ago to register a bond for good behavior which a young married man desired to execute. He explained to the justice that he had, before his marriage, been accustomed to go to questionable places of amusement occasionally; but when he became engaged to be married he had given up the habit in deference to the scruples of the lady, who was a pious girl. Shortly after the marriage he was in New York on business, and the desire came upon him to visit some of his old haunts. He did not return to his home that night, and when he went home the following day he was horror-stricken to find that his wife had packed up her belongings and gone back to her father's house. He went there and begged her to return, but the only condition on which she would do so was that he should execute an agreement which she dictated. It ran: "To whom it may concern: In consideration of the fact that my wife allows me to return home to reside there and enjoy her companionship, love and care, I do hereby promise to begin anew, treat my wife properly, and return home before ten o'clock when not abroad on mutual engagements. I do promise further to attend prayer meeting, to abstain from intoxicating liquors, also from tobacco and cigars, and in future to conduct myself strictly in a decent, sober, orderly manner." He signed this document and the justice certified it. It may be supposed that this will satisfy the lady and that she will now return. Her husband now realizes the conditions on which alone he can expect to retain her companionship. It would be well if those who hope to enter heaven when they die, were to make a like discovery. They cannot hope for union with Christ, which is necessary to their desire, except by renouncing the world.

Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity (II. Tim. 2: 19).

BRIEF NOTES

$25,000 was sent by Dr. Klopsch to India last week, to pay the expense of supporting, for another four months, the 5,000 destitute orphans for whose maintenance THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made itself responsible.

Evangelist C. H. Yatman celebrated at Albany, N.Y., recently, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of his Christian life and work. At a congratulatory meeting he gave a review of his travels and labors.

Our readers will enjoy the perusal, on page 38 of this issue, of the article describing the Bowery Mission's Christmas celebration. Eight thousand poor families in New York were made happy by the receipt of parcels containing a good Christmas dinner.

Bishop Sbarretti, whom the Cuban Catholics are endeavoring to depose, because he is an Italian and not a Cuban, has issued an order threatening suspension of all priests who attend or participate in meetings held in opposition to him, whether that opposition be direct or indirect.

An experiment in church work which has succeeded in the Washington Square Methodist Church, New York, may be commended to other churches. This is a service specially for children, held on Friday afternoons. The pastor, Dr. J. J. Reed, takes pains to make the service varied and interesting. The children are delighted with it.

The first place to see the dawn of the twentieth century was Antipodes Island. The next was Bounty Island; then North Island, New Zealand, and then the Fiji Group. Six and a half hours later it reached Calcutta. London saw it in twelve and a half hours; In seventeen hours and twenty minutes it reached New York, and three hours afterwards the Golden Gate.

TOLSTOI'S GOSPEL OF LOVE AND SELF-DENIAL

CAST OUT BY THE RUSSIAN CHURCH, YET HIS ONLY DESIRE IS TO FOLLOW CHRIST

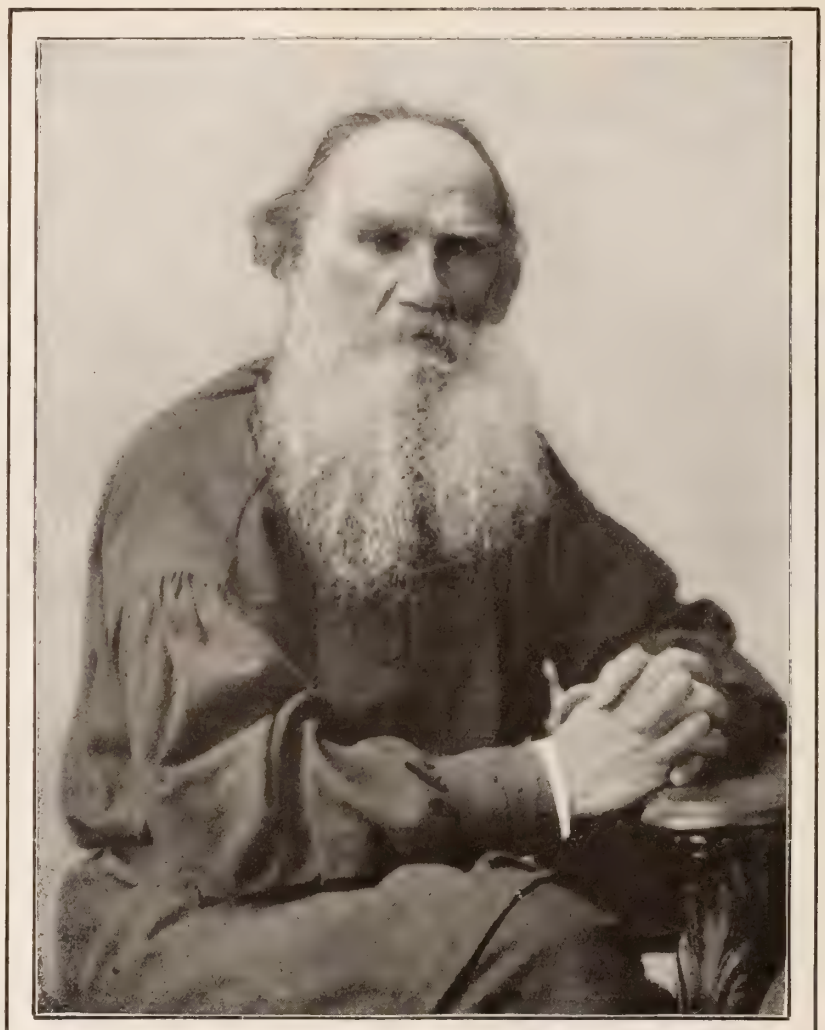
THERE is living at the present time in Central Russia, about six hours by rail south of Moscow, a venerable old man who has been trying with all his might for twenty years past to live the

ERNEST H. CROSBY

Christ-life, and now the news comes that he has been excommunicated by the Russian Church and that the Metropolitan of Kieff, the Archbishop Joannicus, has addressed a circular to all the archbishops and bishops of Russia warning them not to give him the privileges of the Church in life or in death. A strange thing, is it not, that a man whose whole desire is to follow Christ should be cast out by the Church that bears his name!

And who is this old man against whom poor, impotent Joannicus has now done his worst? Leo Nikolaevitch Tolstoi is a representative of one of the old and noble families of Russia. Born in 1828, he was brought up as a nobleman's son, and in due time became a student at the great University of Kazan. He gave up his studies there suddenly, and the story which they tell of him to account for his departure throws a light upon his whole life. One bitter winter night he went to a ball at a nobleman's house in the neighborhood of Kazan. When he entered the house he left the sleigh which had brought him, with its peasant coachman, outside to wait for him. He passed the night in feasting and dancing, thinking of nothing but his own pleasure. When in the early morning he was about to return to the city, he found that his coachman was nearly frozen to death. For several hours the man lay unconscious, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts, by continuous chafing of his arms and legs and the administering of every remedy at hand, that his life was saved. The mind of young Tolstoi was much struck by this dramatic incident. It seemed to present to him a picture of the society in which he lived. There was he, a young nobleman with all the money he could use, although he had never been of any use to anybody, going into the warm, gay and brilliant house to pass the night in costly amusement, while his driver, the representative of the great working-class, which builds the houses and prepares the food and drink, and does the hard manual work of the world, was shut out there in the cold, and not allowed to enter into the luxury which he and his fellows had produced by their toil. Tolstoi left the University, for he could no longer find it in his heart to devote himself selfishly to his own intellectual improvement, while the great mass of his countrymen were in poverty and want.

For some years he applied himself to the management of his estates, trying to ameliorate the condition of his serfs, but it was discouraging work, and he was finally induced to drop it, and go into the army. He served in the Crimean War, and took part as captain of artillery in the defence of Sebastopol, and while in active service he began to write short stories and novels. In this literary work he had instant success. His books were praised by the critics, and read eagerly by the novel-readers of St. Petersburg and Moscow. When the war came to a close, Tolstoi was already a famous author, and the career of a great writer was open before him. He made his home now at St. Petersburg, and was received with open arms by the literary and fashionable circles of the capital. He frequented the clubs and theatres, went to balls and dinner-parties, gambled, fought duels, drank, and led generally the dissipated life which is the rule among men of his class on the banks of the Neva. But still he found no peace for his soul in all these diversions. At bottom he was always a serious man, longing to lead a good life, and not knowing how to set to work about it. He had long since lost faith in the formal religion of the Russian Church, and he did not know where to look for a true religion. He traveled abroad, and sought to discover the secret of right living from the learned men whom he met in France and Germany and England, but he received little help from them. When the serfs were freed in 1861 he went back to the country to live, and for a year or two occupied himself in endeavoring to fit them for their new freedom, establishing a school for them in his own village of Yasnaia Poliana and acting as principal of it himself. It was shortly after this that he married, and for ten or fifteen years his domestic relations, the needs of a large family, the management of his estates, the composition of his great books, *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, so engrossed his attention that he was able to silence the demands of his soul for a truly religious conception of life.



COUNT LEO NIKOLAEVITCH TOLSTOI

Let us for a moment look at the man Tolstoi as he was at fifty. He is a rich man with large landed estates. He is an aristocrat, a member of a noble family. He is one of the most distinguished writers of the world and his books are translated into all the principal languages. He has a devoted wife and a fine family of children growing up around him. Would it be possible to find a man more happily situated? And yet he tells us that at fifty he could scarcely keep himself from committing suicide. He felt he had no religion, did not know what he was living for, saw nothing in the future but death.

But Tolstoi was no coward, and suicide is cowardice. He made up his mind to find the truth if truth was to be found. He began to read and study; he applied to his friends, to the professors in the colleges, and the priests in the churches. For several years he struggled with the great questions of life and death, of good and evil, but he obtained little satisfaction. He was a practical man, and he wanted a practical religion that would change the life of those that professed it, but as he looked around him he saw religious people living much like the irreligious. He was sure that they were deceiving themselves with their forms and ceremonies. He set to work then upon the study of the Gospels for himself and tried to permeate his mind with the spirit of the teachings of Jesus. He became particularly attracted by the Sermon on the Mount, and read it again and again, and gradually its meaning grew clearer and clearer to him. He became convinced that the kernel of the Gospel was love, love for God and love for men, love extending to our enemies and to those that hate and persecute us, a love so strong that it would prevent us under all circumstances from using violence against them, a love shining like the sun of heaven on the evil and on the good, on the just and on the unjust. This conviction grew stronger and stronger in Tolstoi's consciousness until it filled his whole life. All idea of suicide passed away. He was filled with a great joy, and he determined to dedicate the remainder of his days to such works of love as he could perform. He looked upon his past life in the light of his new love, and he felt profoundly disgusted with it. Was it possible to love his neighbor as himself and go on living in luxury while his neighbors were overwhelmed by poverty? Was it consistent with Christ's teaching for him to live as one of a small society of rich and aristocratic people, scorning nine-tenths of mankind as their inferiors, refusing to sit at table with them or to regard them as brothers, and these too the very people who provided them with the necessities and luxuries of life? No, it was not. He would have done with it all. He would cease to separate himself from the mass of his fellows by his dress, his manners and his occupations, and he would admit himself to be what God made him, a simple human being like all the rest. Accordingly he began to simplify his way of living, to wear a peasant's clothes, to work with his hands, to do without the luxuries to which he had been accustomed. His love extended beyond men to the animal world. He did not take up shooting again, for he would not find pleasure in causing pain, and there are so many pleasures which hurt no one! He stopped eating meat, for he did not like the idea of slaughtering animals, and he soon found, as many others have done, that he was just as well and strong on a vegetarian diet as he had been before on a flesh diet. He went on writing as a literary man, but no longer for fame or for money, but rather to make his new discovery known to the world, namely, that people would be happy if they obeyed the commandment of Jesus, to love each other.

I had the great pleasure of visiting him at his country home in 1894, when he had already been leading this life for a dozen years. In his peasant's blouse, with his patriarchal beard, his kindly searching eyes, his frank and sincere manner, his geniality, and his seriousness withal, he looked as the early Christians must have looked, and the love which had become the essence of his life was evident in every word and gesture. A little story of an event which occurred a day or two before my arrival will show how he exerts his influence in his own family. It was told me by the governess who was living with the Tolstoi family, and who saw it with her own eyes. His little daughter Sacha, ten years old, had been out in front of the house playing with one of the peasant boys from the village. They had quarreled and the boy had struck her with a stick on the arm, making it quite black and blue. She came running in to her father to complain of him, the tears coursing down her face.

"Oh, papa, whip this naughty boy."

The Count took her up on his lap and wiped her eyes and reasoned with her.

"Why, Sacha, what good would it do to whip him? He struck you because he was angry, hated you. If I whip him he will hate you more than ever and hate me too. Wouldn't it be better to make him love us? I tell you what I would do if I were you. I would go to the pantry and get some of that raspberry jam that we had for lunch and take it out to him."

And this she actually did, and if I know anything of human nature there was far more chance of that boy's turning out a good man than if he had received the whipping which he doubtless deserved.

It is true that Tolstoi has used stout language in criticising the Church; but tried by the standard of love, did it not deserve it? If he receives the same treatment from the Church that the apostles received, who were scourged and put out of the synagogues, is it not proof that he is really walking in the steps of Jesus?

ERNEST H. CROSBY,
Author of *Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable.*

THE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT IN 35 STATES

By REV. NORMAN PLASS, Superintendent of New York District

SEVEN years have elapsed since the Anti-Saloon League was organized, and it is now in active operation in thirty-five States. It has achieved great success in these seven years. Its leaders include nearly two hundred men, who resigned successful and influential pastorates to devote themselves exclusively to the work. At the outset of their campaign in New York State the League leaders said: "Give us two years in which to agitate and organize, and then for the fight!" The two years are not yet ended, but 2,500 rallies have been held in churches of twenty denominations, 500,000 people have been addressed, tens of thousands have formally identified themselves with the movement, the fighting forces of 300 committees have been organized, and many other places are marshaling their men for the campaign.

In the person of Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, D.D., the Anti-Saloon movement has an experienced leader. He has as his Board of Stratagem more than thirty of the most prominent clergymen and laymen in the State, chosen from all denominations, with Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., as their honorary head. Truman H. Baldwin, Esq., is President of the Board; Rev. Drs. R. S. McArthur, S. Parkes Cadman and I. K. Funk are its Vice-Presidents, while other clergymen and laymen equally prominent are members. The League presents a united front against a divided and scattered foe. It arouses the people to their danger. Enough temperance sentiment exists, if only it can be drafted and stationed in the ranks.

The League secures better legislation, introducing bills, using its influence for their enactment, influencing legislators through their constituents and helping to elect temperance men, regardless of party affiliations. In the Ohio Legislature there is an actual majority, on joint ballot, of eighteen, who owe their election to the Anti-Saloon League, and are pledged to support its measures.

The immediate legislative programme of the New York State League is to secure the extension of the local option system of the State to the election districts in cities and incorporated villages. As the law now stands, all who live in cities are disfranchised upon the temperance question. There is a growing demand all over the State for municipal local option, and the League is endeavoring to secure 500,000 signatures to a petition for such a measure.

LEADERS OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

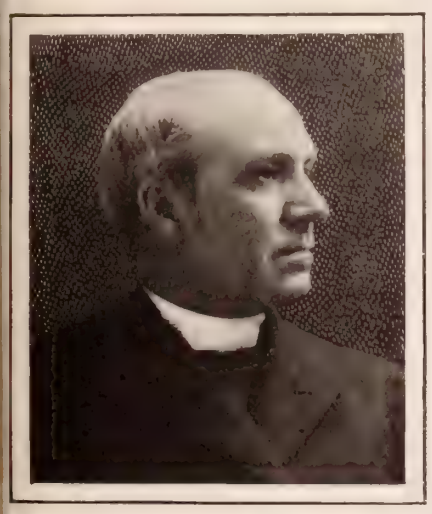
1. REV. JOHN F. BRANT. 2. REV. HOMER W. TOPE, D.D. 3. REV. T. EATON CLAPP, D.D. 4. REV. GEO. W. PECK. 5. REV. J. Q. A. HENRY, D.D. 6. REV. NORMAN PLASS. 7. REV. A. PARKE BURGESS, D.D.

Truth is, the League stands for the maintenance of law. All that it does in the line of enforcing the law is calculated to re-enforce the officers, and compel obedience on the part of the law-breakers. It has its own attorneys and secret service men, and is fully equipped for law enforcement work. At the present time, it has three hundred cases in the courts of the State, and has secured a number of criminal convictions besides revoking liquor tax certificates by civil process. It has secured convictions on gambling slot-machines found in saloons of Poughkeepsie and Glens Falls, and in Buffalo. It has been the means of abolishing iniquitous "dives." An amendment to the Buffalo city charter has been secured, which provides that with the first day of next May, when the Pan-American Exposition opens, fifty-three of those dens of vice shall go out of existence forever!

The League aims to be constructive in its methods as well as destructive. It has maintained a roof-garden in New York City during the past summer, which was patronized by tens of thousands of people in a densely-populated portion. While fighting to suppress, the League stands ready to accept the maxim of Napoleon that "to displace is to conquer." It believes in the open church to offset the open dramshop, and is heart and soul in the movement for that purpose.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN

TO a majority of the Americans who visit Germany, the American Church in Berlin is well known. It was founded forty years ago under the leadership of Governor Wright, of Indiana, who was United States Minister to the Court of Prussia. In all these years it has never had a building of its own; its congregation worships in a hired hall in a back court. It has no pew rents, no endowment fund, and receives help from no church board or society, its sole source of revenue being the voluntary offerings given by those who gather together for worship week by week.



REV. DR. J. F. DICKIE
Pastor of the American Church in Berlin

The American Church in Berlin is organized on a broad and liberal basis, wide enough for all American Christians to stand upon. Its doctrinal belief is the Word of God and the articles of the Apostles' Creed. It contains in its membership all denominations of Christians, from Quakers to High Church Episcopalians. In the early years of its history, President Tappan ministered to it; later, Joseph P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle. One whole winter, Phillips Brooks alternated with President McLean, of Nebraska. At a great crisis in its history, Henry Van Dyke did yeoman service and saved the Church from dissolution. Professor Stuckenberg served the Church from 1880 to 1894, when the present pastor succeeded.

The American Church ministers to a colony of about two thousand Americans, mostly students. They form a very earnest and intellectual body, but neither professors nor students are rich in this world's goods, and the Church can do no more than raise the modest salary of the pastor. Earnest efforts have been made to secure a building, the progress and prosperity of the Church depending upon it. The Church has given and labored and prayed and begged toward this end. What hopes and fears and sighs and heartaches and discouragements and hopes deferred, that make the heart sick, have entered into its experience!

A lot suitable for church building has been secured on Nottendorf Platz, in Berlin, costing $40,000, and this has been paid for. The Church believed that it had raised enough money to build at once, but on examining the bids, found that $15,000 would still be needed to complete the building without debt.

"So eager is the Church to see the building begun," said the Rev. J. F. Dickie, the pastor, "that we were ready to have the contract signed and ground broken at once, believing that 'for a web begun God sends the thread.' But we have no permanent community behind us. We preach to a procession, and a debt would be disastrous."

In these circumstances, it was decided to send the pastor with this message to the American people: "We have secured our lot. We have successfully overcome all the difficulties in the way of our building, and have complied with all the punctilios of the Prussian law (and they are legion), and we will sign the contract and begin at once if you aid us in raising the $15,000 still needed.

It has frequently been a matter of comment in Berlin, that whilst other foreign colonies have church buildings there, America, which has the largest and the most important colony, has no church home. Its morning service is held in a hall; its Sunday School in a private house, its Young People's meeting in a third-story room, and its evening service in the pastor's house. Surely a work like this needs and deserves equipment.

The church now proposed to be built will worthily represent America yet will not be too costly. It will have an audience room for six hundred; a church home containing reading-room and library, and a large hall for social gatherings. These young people, far away from home, in the narrow quarters of a foreign boarding-house, need just such a social centre as the American church house will be.

Those who know the needs best heartily commend the movement. Hon. A. D. White, Ambassador, says: "I commend the cause of our American Church in Berlin to all who are interested in the moral and religious interests of our American young people." Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who was the first treasurer of the building fund, says, "Every American should help a work so national and patriotic."

THE PROPOSED AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN

It is hoped that, with the aid of generous Christians at home, the American church in Berlin may become an established station of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, equipped for its peculiar mission, and that it may be a centre for the social and religious life of our own sons and daughters, far away from home, amid all the loneliness and temptations of a great European city.

Contributions in aid of the completion of the American church in Berlin, will be gratefully received from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and all others who are interested in this most deserving project. All contributions should be addressed to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and every gift will be acknowledged personally by Dr. Dickie.

Delayed India Famine Relief Acknowledgments

Contributions for Orphan Work will be Acknowledged in an Early Issue

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Friend, Cossayuna	10

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Cregan, Miss M	25
Cubberley, Miss M H	1 00
Dailey, Mrs Jno	1 50
Dakers, D	1 00
Decker, Mrs M C	5 00
De Hart, Miss M A & friends	10 00
Dunham, M J	3 00
Edgson, Eliz'th	50
Endicott, Nicholas	25
Encksen, P	25
Evans, Thos	10
Edmonds, Mrs S	5 00
Edmunds, Geo C	1 00
Fehr, Miss L & S Schroeder coll by	8 00
Fetz, John W	25
Fieldhouse, M	10
Finigan, Miss F	10
Fore, Martin M	90
Frech, Henry	10
French, Miss N	10
Fuerber, Henry	25
Fulse, Flora	10
Gallimore, Alice	1 00
Garlick, Miss J M	10
Gillmore, E J	25
Gumm, Mrs Eli	25
Hancock, A P	1 00
Hansen, Elsie	50

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.

Hansen, Jakob	1 00
Hasse, Helen	10
Heinds, Mrs C W	50
Henkel, Miss	10
Hess, Mrs Chas A	25
Hewitt, Jesse	10
Hoff, Mrs Jacob	10
Hoff, R S	50
Hoff, Mrs W S	10
Hughes, Eunice A	2 25
Hendrickson, S A	5 00
Jeffery, G M, Jr	1 00
Johnson, Mrs P S	50
Jones, Frank	50
Ketchledge, Mrs H	25
Kilamer, Miss M	10
Kirch, M D	2 00
Kridiansed, A	1 00
Leeds, S E	2 00
Lare, Miss E	10
Latsclear, Miss B	50
Lester, Geo B	10
Lunger, Wm, thro entertainment at Plainfield	5 00
McCarter, Mrs J A	30
McCarter, Mrs K	50
McCarter, Wm J	1 00
Mack, Mrs W A	5 00
Mackey, Miss L	10
McConaughy, Mrs	5 00
Maerlander, Mrs	2 00
Mason, Miss E	25
May, Mrs James	1 00
Metzer, Wm & Dr Emma P	1 00
Midleton, H	25
Moller, Edith	10
Moller, Eleanor	25
Moller, Eliz'th	25
Moller, Ernest	05
Moller, Sabina	25
Mount, Mrs W H	1 00
Niese, H E	25 00
Norum, Thos	2 00
Oberly, Mrs A	1 00
Oberly, Mr A	1 00
Olsen, Martha H, coll by	5 00
Olsen, Thos	1 00
Osmun, Mrs Jas	50
Ostrander, Miss N	10
Patterson, E L	1 00
Patterson, Thos	50
Pedersen, S	25
Powelson, F H	2 00
Powell, S J	1 00
Putan, Miss E	10
Rader, Mrs A S	25
Reeve, C L C	1 00
Reeves, Mrs J H	1 00
Rennie, Louise & Effie Zabriskie	50
Riley, Miss C E	10
Schisler, Chas	50
Schug, Mrs E T	25
Shallow's, Mrs K, S S Class	25
Shetler, Adam	35
Shetler, Master H	10
Smallwood, Jacob	50
Snyder, Mrs P	10
Spear, Miss B	10
Spear, Miss B	30
Spear, Miss E	10
Speir, M C & S Benham	2 00
Stilwell, J V, thro	1 00
Studdiford, J S, thro	13 75
Stults, Mrs W P	6 00
Tharp, Mrs J J	1 00
Teeple, Susie B	1 00
Van Atta, Bessie	10
Van Atta, Mrs G M	50
Van Nuys, Mrs J C	1 00
Waddington, Mrs	1 00
Winkelspecht, Mr & Mrs Jno V	1 00
Wood, Israel	1 00
Wood, Wm	50
Wooten, Hazel C	5 00
Wright, Cora	7 25
Yaeger, Mary	10
Young, Mrs E	10
Za, Mr	25
C E D P, New Brunswick	5 00
J B, Jersey City	50
J F L, Jersey City	50
M M H, Hightstown	1 00
—, Morristown	50
—, Woodbridge	1 00
Cash, Freehold	2 00
Cash, Pt Republic	10
3 friends, Asbury Park	2 00
Proceeds of Bunvale Festival	25 74
Citizens of Newark	46 42
Holland S Schools, Paterson	65 00
Prim Cl Pres S S, Summit	13 00
C E Soc of Pres Ch, Perrineville	5 50
Epw Soc, Aldine	4 25
D R K, Blairstown	1 00
K, Blairstown	1 00
W H S, Pensauken	5 00
Friend, Red Bank	5 00
A friend of the poor, Lakewood	1 00
I H N, Lambertville	10 00
India Relief Com, Camden	3 89
Dias Creek Bapt S Sch, Cape May	2 10
Friend, Junction	10
First Baptist Ch, Cape May C H	10 55
Dorchester E Lea	5 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd.

Prim Cl of First Bapt Ch of the Orange, S	5 30
Magnolia S School, Vineland	6 58
Mrs E C H and daughter, Pennington	5 00
F B, Madison	1 00
A friend of India, Washington	1 00
Friends, Vincentown	1 00
Memo Pres Ch, Jr C E Soc, Newark	25 00
Meth S Sch of Eatontown	2 00
Coll by Holland S Sc Bode, Paterson	23 16
Y P S C E of the Chris Asso, Red Bank	5 11

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Aldrich, L C & F	10 00
Baker, Eugene S	50
Belle, E L	2 00
Bradbury, I, thro	2 00
Brown, Mrs H J	1 00
Candia Cong C E Soc	2 00
Childs, Wm F	1 00
Colby, Prescott	2 00
Cummings, Mrs W & Children	2 08
DeMerritt, Jno L	2 00
Durgin, L W	1 00
Durgin, Mrs L W	1 00
Edward, E	1 00
Gleason, Chas L	1 00
Henneker W C T Union	2 00
Humphrey, Mrs J	1 00
Jewell, H Jane	1 00
Lee, Mrs Mabel J	2 00
Landis, Mr & Mrs W C Anus, Mr Edwin	10
Hodge, Mrs M A	1 65
Mason, W N	5 00
Osgood, G D	1 00
Page, A T	25
Roundy, Mrs H M	1 00
Rock, Miss Myra	3 00
Savage, Mrs J F	1 00
Sinclair, E M	1 00
Smart, C H	5 00
Spaulding, Mrs M	1 00
Towns, M R	1 00
Waterman, Mrs T	2 00
Webber, E E & M	4 00
Whittier, Mrs J S	1 00
Lena, Ella, Manchester	2 50
Mrs S G B, Lebanon	4 00
W, Butler	2 00
—, Delmont	1 00
—, Manchester	1 00
—, Salem Depot	3 00

RHODE ISLAND

Babcock, Mrs B S	4 00
Burnside, W M & Son	15 00
Congdon, Mrs N N	1 00
Geff, Miss E A	5 00
Hedberg, John	2 00
Littlefield, C E	50
Matteson, Mrs C H	1 00
Fourjee, J H	50
Pearce, Miss E A	25
Tanes, Mrs J F	50
Waddington, Elsie	25
Winsor, Lula B	1 00
B B S, Pawtucket	1 00
J M, Peacedale	1 00
—, Morrisville	10
—, Providence	1 00
—, Providence	5 00
—, Providence	1 00
A friend, Centreville	1 00
Do What We Can Circle of K Ds, Slatersville	5 00
Ch of Emmanuel, Providence	2 00
First Presby Ch, Providence	50
Little Mary, Providence	30

MISCELLANEOUS

Andrus, Mrs A	2 50
Bender, Margaret	20
Stoddard, M C	2 00
Juliette, —	1 00
Mrs K P M, —.	2 10
Sympathizer, —.	50
Children of Allport Prim Sch	1 02
—, —	1 00
—, —	1 00
—, Driftwood	10
—, Herrick	50
—, Towanda	1 00
—, Warren	25
Anon, —	1 00
Anon, —	1 00
A Friend, —	10
Friends at the Seaside	1 75
I H N, Washburn	1 00
A widow's mite, Bloomfield	1 00
A lover of missionary work	20
Nat'l W C T U	20 00

TOLD AROUND THE HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

DEPENDENT AND :: DELINQUENT CHILDREN

IN the complex relations of our modern life, few questions are more difficult to answer, few situations harder to adjust, than the complications which arise over orphaned children and juvenile culprits. The State honestly does its best, and philanthropic people endeavor to aid it, but it is not enough to feed and clothe children, to give them a trade, or a measure of book knowledge. Beyond these good things there must be a whole world of love, of ministration to the need of the individual, of praising, encouraging, petting, coaxing and praying, most of which the State finds out of its province. When the State finds for its wards a home in a family it does better for them and more for their future than when it brings them up in one of its institutions. Charitable organizations succeed better than others, because they do bring to bear personal affection and enthusiasm.

Undoubtedly the wing of the compassionate Saviour broods over many an orphanage. What would the waifs of Galveston do without the loving provision which has been made for them? For the famine orphans of India a beautiful outlook is made, because Christians are planning for their upbringing, and loving hearts and hands will toil for them, so that they shall enter on a period of blessed possibilities and development, through the fostering Americans care of the missionaries. The love of those who, so to speak, adopt them, will tell for good on the next generation of India.

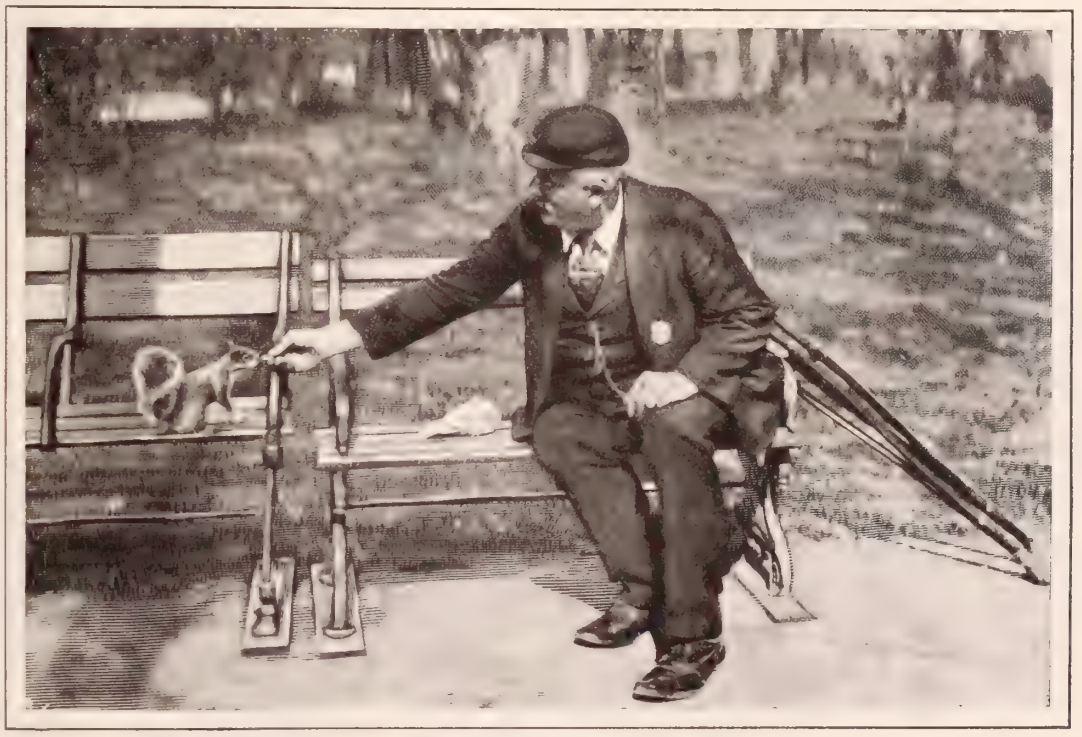
But, the world over, the treatment of its poor and orphaned children by the State leaves much to be desired. Australia, which in some respects sets a pattern in reformatory movements, is far in advance here of America, and can give us points worth study. A hundred years hence there may be radical improvements here.

When we reach delinquent children we are faced by almost insoluble problems. Our present method is to send a big policeman with a club after a diminutive offender, to clap the midget very safely behind bars, and to give him for company the worst older boys and most depraved men we can find. With childhood's natural habit of looking up to the next older person in sight, the unfortunate child looks up to the thief, the drunkard, the burglar, and determines to copy him, or copies him without effort.

A child of the streets, early motherless, was hit on the head with a brick at the age of five, and tossed thereafter from hand to hand, like a ball. Probably he was a little cigarette fiend, and familiar with all evil within his reach. He was sent to the House of Refuge. It apparently failed to develop his character in gentleness. Finally, in a moment of caprice, he killed his playmate with a knife thrust in the throat. There was no anger, or malice, nothing but an insane impulse, the impulse to homicide, but a commission of expert doctors declared the child sane and responsible. I think he had, if you choose, possession of the devil. There is a bare possibility that the murder may have been an accident, a slip of a sharp knife in a heedless hand. When arraigned, the child did not show penitence or seem impressed with his awful situation. Not knowing what else to do with him, as he was too young to be, according to our highly civilized system, electrocuted, the judge, heart-broken at his own predicament in the matter, sent the little criminal to Sing Sing for twenty years. What will Sing Sing do to reform this child? Everything which can destroy any feeble germ of self-respect, any possibility of awakening dormant good or of making the boy a worthy citizen, Sing Sing will certainly do. As a great crushing machine, prison life and discipline, prison contact and routine will efface the best in the boy, and inevitably foster the worst. His little victim was the more fortunate of the two lads by far.

Some intelligent scheme for the upbuilding of character in child criminals should engage the attention of philanthropists. The George Junior Republic, the Burnham Farm, and similar enterprises are flashlights on what may be done when brains, and love, and devotion attempt the task. But, as we mothers tuck our babies in at night, let us pray for the lost lambs outside the fold. And let no mother grieve too bitterly, not knowing what may happen in days to come to any child, if, of her darling, she must say,

Christ, the Good Shepherd, cares for mine to-night,
And that is best.



"MAKING FRIENDS" WITH THE SQUIRRELS IN CENTRAL PARK

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MILLICENT. The bride writes a note of thanks to each friend who sends her a gift.

—DOMESTIC. In New England, maids are engaged and paid weekly. In New York, by the month.

—POLLY D. Better pay as you go. The credit system is convenient, but proves too great a temptation for most people.

—MOTHER. I would not sit up for my boy every night, but if awake when he comes in, I would call to him and say something pleasant.

—IN THE SERE LEAF. An old lady cannot be too careful to dress daintily and becomingly, but she must avoid a too youthful style.

—LEWIS. On no account touch a lady's arm when you are walking with her, unless to save her from a runaway horse or an automobile.

—CHARLES. You are loving yourself better than your fiancee, when you insist on her giving up all her old friends and devoting her entire attention to you.

—MUSA. Every sensible girl avoids even the appearance of flirtation. She makes no advances toward a man's acquaintanceship. Like Sentimental Tommy, if he wishes to know her he will find a way. I fancy you are too young to care about admirers. Wait until you are out of school, my dear.

—A LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL. In using a tea or a soup spoon, dip with the side of the spoon away from, not towards you. And take either coffee or soup from the side of the spoon. Never tip the soup plate. Never leave your teaspoon in your cup. To dip bread in one's coffee is shocking; I cannot imagine anyone as doing it. Also to eat with open mouth or with noise shows an education neglected in childhood.

God Bless Us All!

As we enter another year, let us do so in conscious dependence on our Father in Heaven, in conscious resting on him for daily help. Day by day, night by night, let us commit to him our every care, knowing that He careth for us. And so, God bless us all in the new year.

The Newsboy

Preternaturally acute, the newsboy is a street type which repays interest. Ready with a retort, courteous or otherwise, fiercely fighting for his rights, with a certain *esprit de corps*, too, which makes him stand up for his class, quick to seize an advantage, sometimes very honorable always a bright little man of business, the newsboy of New York may become hereafter a person of distinction, a success in whatever line he enters. His rival in trade is another type. She is a funny old woman. Around the ferries and near the bridge one meets her, with a shawl over her shoulders, a face wrinkled as a mummy, a sharp tongue, a keen wit, and a hand quick to grasp pennies. People who go back and forth daily get to know this indomitable little woman, and exchange greetings with her, wondering what pots are kept boiling through her endeavors, in storm and sunshine.

Beside the Open Fire

A great stove, a range, a furnace in the cellar, a steam heater diffusing warmth, each is charming in its way, but for sociability and friendliness, and getting close together, give us a fire on the hearth. An open fireplace, broad and deep, so that there may be a good draft and no smouldering smoke, so that there may be room to pile on big logs and fill up interstices with bits of kindling, is a boon in any home. The flame is so alive, so frolicsome, so responsive, that it calls for constant attention. One longs to poke it, and to bring about new transformations. It provokes talk and discussion, and as we toast our feet we grow intimate and tell stories and learn one another's inmost hearts. Happy are the hours beside the open fire on winter nights.

LITTLE FRIENDS IN FUR

(See Picture.)

SQUIRRELS, when not frightened by rudeness or hostility, are exceedingly companionable, and make friends with visitors to their haunts or with people residing near them, just as kittens do, even learning to rest on a man's shoulder, or sleep in his coat pocket. Whoever would win a squirrel's confidence must have great patience, must let Bunny make the advances, and must win him by presents of nuts as well as by kind looks and quiet caresses.

No squirrel, however, should be caught by a boy and shut up in a cage. A squirrel's nature is opposed to captivity and he cannot enjoy himself unless he has a wide domain, trees to climb, places to hide his store of winter's food, for he is very thrifty, and his own share of earth, air and sky, without bars and fences. A squirrel on a revolving wheel is a very pitiful sight. If a boy wants to pet a squirrel, let him emulate Uncle Roderick, who stops in his daily ramble in the park to cultivate acquaintance with Nature's children in fur and feathers, and who always carries some toothsome surprise to please his little friends.

A Musical Fire-Alarm

Foreman James E. B. Powers, tired from a long day's work, was sound asleep in his cottage, corner of Quarry Road and One Hundred and Eighty-first street, New York. Upstairs his wife and baby were slumbering, too. People, not invalids, are usually in profound sleep at three o'clock in the morning, and there was absolute stillness in the cottage and around it. Suddenly the silence was broken in James Powers' room by floods of melody proceeding from two gilded cages. He heard it in his sleep, but did not stir. The canaries sang on as if their throats would burst! They called to mind every note they could think of. Why would not their master stir! Why did not the queer smell, the strange, red glare wake him! "Those birds are a nuisance!" he thought in his sleep; then, more fully conscious: "What's the matter with them?" He opened his eyes to look at the cage. Then he sprang to his feet—the house was in flames! He ran upstairs and hurried his wife and babies to a place of safety. The pretty golden singers, who had given the timely warning in the only language they knew, were rescued, too. Perhaps this is the first case on record where birds performed the part of a fire-alarm. Mr. Powers' songsters deserve a medal.

The Mother-Element

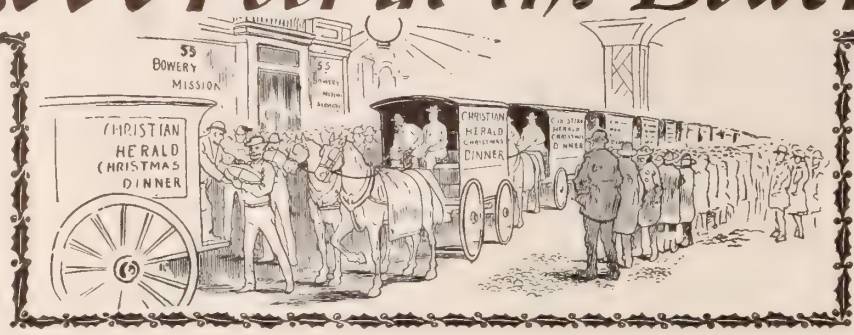
If, by some means, woman's intuition, tact, and strong common sense, could be added to the wisdom of man, when childish crimes and misdemeanors, and the offences of women are matters of judgment, there would be a gain. The mother-element is needed when baffling cases of juvenile wickedness are under review. The genius of Victor Hugo in the redemption of Jean Valjean, has shown us the practicabilities of restoration in the confirmed criminal. God forbid that we ever despair of childhood. A council of women, to be called when necessary, would be a step toward right jurisprudence.

THE PERFECT GIFT

My little daughter brought nine days ago,
A card pricked thus: "Mamma, I love you so."
"I had no money to buy gifts for you,"
She whispered, "Mamma, can you make this do?"
"Sweetheart," I said, "there is no need to sigh,
The best gifts are the things we cannot buy.
Our dear Lord had no money, yet he gave
That which the hungry world doth ever crave,
Ungrudging love and service. Without these
No gift is perfect. With them aught will please."

M. L. A.

Feeding 8,000 Poor at the Bowery Mission.



CROWDS AT THE MISSION DOOR BEFORE DAYLIGHT

THE last week of the nineteenth century, will be a red-letter one in the memory of many thousands of New York's deserving poor, whose Christian friends took extraordinary pains to make them happy on that blessed anniversary. The Salvation Army gave its great dinner in Madison Square Garden; Municipal Lodging Houses were hospitable to the needy; and every church and mission in the city strove to its utmost to seek out the desolate and make them glad.

The Bowery Mission exceeded its past record in rendering timely service to the destitute. The breakfast and dinner for homeless men, the Christmas tree, radiant with lights and burdened with pretty and useful gifts are traditions, and every reader of the paper is familiar with the story of these delights, which are annually repeated for the joy of old and young. Early Christmas morning, 1900, the Bowery was blocked to Chatham Square with hungry men, waiting for the doors to open and admit them to the morning meal; at night, another throng filled their places.

At two o'clock the merry company that filled the hall was composed of little people —"some in rags, some in tags"—and none in "velvet gowns," though many there were whose neatly patched and laundered garments showed a poor mother's thrifty care to enable her darlings to look as neat as might be for the happy festival. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, living in many States, helped to hang that beautiful tree with gifts. Of course "Mother Bird" was there, as happy as the little folks to whose lives she adds so much of joy and gladness. Twelve hundred small maids received gifts from her kindly hands, and with each gift a pleasant word and smile. Through distribution of dinners by wagon, good cheer was carried from one end of the town to the other, across to Brooklyn, and into hundreds of homes whose inmates would otherwise have gone hungry Christmas day. The Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had made most liberal provision that all cases of need reported should be met, and at the Mission wagons and workers were on duty from dawn to midnight. An avalanche of applications that came in later than the time appointed were filled as far as possible, and neither money, love nor labor spared in the effort that nobody might go to bed Christmas day without a reminder that some one had thought of them. Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Christmas Fund nearly ten thousand hungry people were fed in one day. All possible pains had been taken to select only the neediest, worthiest poor, and in this task THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was gladly assisted by pastors of churches and missions, by deaconesses and other workers among the destitute.

PUTTING UP DINNERS IN THE MISSION KITCHEN

The old Mission was a busy scene for some time before the holidays. On Christmas eve and for two nights before nobody seemed to sleep. Mrs. Aery, Mother Bird's right hand, was receiving presents for the Christmas tree. Mr. Eagleston, President of the Bowery Boys' Club, was devising pleasant things for his boys, and hinting delicately to everybody that "clothes, or money to buy clothes with, would be most acceptable gifts for them," adding persuasively, "I can get employment for a number of them if I can make them presentable." Carpenters were sawing and hammering away, setting up tables on which to dispose the bountiful feast. a corps of clerks were going over lists and transferring names to tags that were to be attached to bundles and baskets of good things. Mr. Cord, the chef presiding over the mighty range in the big kitchen, kept a large force of helpers occupied in basting hundreds of toothsome turkeys and chickens, peeling mountains of potatoes, and performing other offices of preparation. Christmas Eve everybody worked all night, putting up bundles and baskets and tagging them with names and addresses and a pretty card of greeting. Some bundles were small. Referring to the list from which recipients' names were taken, one read: "An aged man, very poor, living alone." "A poor old woman who has no friends." "A working-girl who has lost her position through illness." "A stranger in the city, out of work," or some such simple but eloquent line of description. Other bundles were so large the bearer staggered beneath their weight. The writer delivered one to a family of eleven. The recipient of one basket, an Italian, knowing no English, dropped on her knees and burst into tears. Several distributors reported similar cases where mothers in bare rooms, with hungry children around them, could only express their gratitude by weeping. One distributor had on his list eleven aged "widows all alone, and all Christian women," living on top floors of tall tenements, or in dark basements. Deserted wives trying to care for worse than fatherless little ones; a wife and mother, whose husband is in Sing Sing; "an old man and wife;" a laborer with a sick wife and little children crying around him; a home where a delicate girl of sixteen tries to support a family with her slender earnings; another where "the father has been dead some time, mother died a week ago, where there is a half-witted grandmother, several little children, and a lad of seventeen supplying their needs as best he can;" homes where the crippled, the halt, the deaf and dumb and blind are seeking to make a living in spite of handicaps; homes where the sick lie on lingering beds; basements where consumptives are coughing their lives away; were all on the route of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S messengers of mercy. The following cases are selected, typical of hundreds visited:

Mrs. B., No. — Second street. Surprised and delighted; exclaimed: "I am only Mrs. ——, and have no friends. This can't be for me."

H. Man with three tiny children. Little ones delighted; had feared they would have no Christmas dinner.

K. Three old ladies, ages ranging from seventy-five to fifty-five, and an aged man. Food had not passed their lips for three days, they said, and they looked as if it had not. They could hardly speak, and their gratitude was expressed in tears.

Mrs. M., Cannon street. Widow, with five little children; her room bare of comfort, no cheer, no food, no sprig of green.

Miss P., Goerick street. A lady of sixty, who is supporting her widowed and bedridden sister, aged seventy-seven, the latter being stone-deaf and blind in one eye.

Mrs. B., Twelfth street. Almost totally blind and deaf, supporting two young boys.

Mrs. L., Avenue A. Widow, very ill; six in family; looked after by daughter, aged sixteen.

Mrs. Z., Fifth street. Husband sick ever since April, 1899, when he swept snow through the great storm. Three little boys. Everything very clean, very bare. Mr. Z. looks as if in last stages of consumption.

Mrs. C., West Nineteenth street. Washerwoman. Husband bedridden; ill for long time. Mrs. C.'s strength almost exhausted.

Mrs. D., Minetta Place. A worthy and needy woman with three young children and an aged grandmother (ninety-two years old) to care for.

GOOD CHEER FOR THE WORTHY POOR

The twenty or thirty Bowery Mission men who, under their tireless, devoted leader, Superintendent Hallimond, performed all the work of preparation and assisted in distribution, were the Mission's own saved sons. It was to them a laborious but a beautiful week of service.

The very merriest function of the season was the boys' dinner, when 200 lads —boot-blacks, newsboys, errand boys and boys with no jobs at all—sat around two long tables in the Mission Hall and feasted royally on turkey, celery, potatoes and pie, and then rose up to receive presents from the Christmas tree. Four hundred red stockings were festooned over the platform, and every boy received a pair of stockings filled with good things and a CHRISTIAN HERALD premium calendar. The boys cheered every body and everything. Several members of the club stood on benches and delivered original literary productions, which were fearfully and wonderfully made; they were unstintingly applauded, some rather frank but good humored criticisms mingling with the cheers.

Whenever President Eagleston's head appeared around the corner of the Christmas tree they broke into raptures. Every time Mrs. Bird opened her mouth they went wild. When Mrs. Hallimond sang Professor Benke's Christmas carol for them they encored her to the echo. Whenever Mr. Hallimond stood up toothsome morsels were interrupted on their journey to hungry mouths, while two hundred voices yelled and four hundred hands clapped approval. When Dr. Klopsch, his wife and son appeared the boys almost took the roof off the house. They expressed a perfectly deafening appreciation of his address, after listening to it with an intelligent and earnest attention which seemed to take its lessons to heart, and which would have done credit to an older and more cultivated audience.

Poor little men! brave little men! many of them will date the inspiration of their lives from that beautiful night in the Bowery Mission, where they sat with evidences all around of the loving interest which Christian people feel in their life struggle. These boys need such inspiration. Some of them are helping to support little brothers and sisters; others to help a hard-working mother; others to get along as best they can in a wretched, rum-cursed home; some have no home at all. One lad at that table, a few weeks ago, had walked two and a half days without food, looking for work. He drifted into the Mission and work was found for him. The Bowery Mission will do its utmost to make the new year one of blessing to all these boys of the Bowery.

The Bowery Waifs

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird acknowledges through this journal receipt of these sums toward defraying expenses of the Thanksgiving dinner for homeless boys at the Bowery Mission:

J Maltull	$2 00	S S Coffin	2 00
E M Moules	1 00	Mrs Fullerton	1 00
Grace Bradley	50	L M Atwill	1 00
L W Galbrich	1 00	Helen B Wattles	1 00
Arthur Cunningham	50	Rye, New York	1 00
J R Kuhns	1 00	A C M	1 00
C Karr	1 00	F E McClellan	1 00
Eli Sawyer	1 00	F Denham	5 00
"Orphan Boy"	50	R W Orton	1 00
W S Brant	2 00	Ida Brush	1 00
G H Burnett	1 00	Mary T Williams	1 00
J P Hash	2 00	A Moore	25
"Patterson"	2 00	E Williamson	50

HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

How the Rev. Robt. McIntyre, Pastor and Platform Orator, Came to be a Christian

ROBERT McINTYRE was born in Scotland. His parents were strict believers in the tenets of the Presbyterian faith. His mother died when he was between seven and eight years of age. Dr. McIntyre later discovered in a letter written by his father to her relatives, her sublime trust and faith in God to guide and guard her children. From Philadelphia, where his mother died, they removed to a small village. When eighteen years old, the father died, making Robert the head of a little family of three children by a second wife, besides himself.

By this time the boy had grown to be very morose and bitter in his heart toward religion. He felt that it was wrong when his mother was taken away from him, and when his father died his heart was filled

REV. ROBERT MCINTYRE

with bitterness. He said to himself, "If there is a God, he is cruel." He began to read sceptical books and to frequent the presence of those who sneered and scoffed at Christianity.

One winter his brother attended revival meetings and was converted. He assumed an active part in the services, peculiarly so, for one so young. Some mischief-making people told Robert that his brother was becoming crazed with religion, and that it was his duty to save him from the madhouse and get him away from those fanatics. Full of anger, Robert marched to the church and demanded of the leaders of the meeting that they cease calling on his brother for prayers and song. His pleadings and threats were of no avail. His brother still went to the meetings, and one night Robert dragged him into a room by sheer force and locked him there. The next night, the young fellow eluded him by going straight to the meeting from his work. That night, when he came home, the elder brother told him he owed him the duty of a father to a rebellious son, and soundly thrashed him. He earnestly believed he was doing what was right. In the middle of the night, however, he heard his brother creep quietly out of bed and shut himself in a large closet and soon after learned he was praying for him. This broke Robert's heart. He made up his mind not to interfere with any one who would pray for him under circumstances like those. Still, he did not give his own heart to Christ.

Time passed on, and young McIntyre, now an unbeliever, and an active foe of the Church, and calling himself "a moral deist," promised a young man of his acquaintance to candidly listen to revival services for one week. So one evening in February, 1877, he entered First Church, M. E. South, St. Louis. It was a snowy night and only a mere handful of people were present. He had gone expecting to hear Dr. Finney, the pastor, but in his place Dr. Bushong, pastor of Central M. E. Church, St. Louis, preached. Almost from the beginning, the Holy Spirit made it a special message to Robert McIntyre. He was stricken through the conscience for the first time. The preacher literally shook his soul, and he saw his sinful nature so clearly that he longed for peace with God. He was stiff-necked, however, and refused to go to the altar, but tremblingly asked an interview with the preacher on the next day. They talked two hours to no purpose, save that the preacher's influence on him waned. Seeing this, Dr. Bushong asked the privilege of praying with him. They were alone in the church. They knelt together, but the Holy Ghost came into that quiet room. McIntyre was broken, and went home deeply moved by the prayer.

That night he went back to hear Dr. Bushong preach again. Again he felt that the sermon was for him. As the discourse proceeded, he was shaking like a leaf, and was afraid his friend would see his agitation. He thought: "Oh, if I could only get out into that cold and wintry street, I would never again attend such a meeting." He thought it was not for him—the infidel, the unbeliever—to be saved. When the invitation was given for those who would seek Christ to go to the altar, his friend said: "Go! go! go to the altar!" "No! never! never!" he replied. Dr. Bushong was greatly disappointed. He began the benediction. In the middle he stopped, and a great wave of feeling came over young McIntyre. He ran as fast as he could to the altar, and fell, not kneeling, but prone upon the floor. All his pride was gone. His one thought now, his one cry, was for salvation. Those fifty good Christian people in that cold, little basement, stood about him singing: "Come to Jesus, just now, just now!" The cry of the broken man's heart was "Oh, God, for Jesus' sake save me!" Not knowing in his spiritual ignorance the simplicity of the great renunciation, he struggled in agony for an hour; by the simple teaching of an aged lady, who bowed beside him, he saw the Cross at last and embraced it. A mountain of sin seemed to slip from his shoulders and he wept from exceeding joy. He said to himself: "Is this the joy Christians speak of?" The people who stood about him said: "Speak!" and he spoke for about three minutes.

In a few days, something seemed to whisper to him that God wanted him to be a minister. He could not go to sleep with the question unsettled. It was after midnight. He went out on the street, and it was in the dead of winter. He walked several squares. At the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, St. Louis, there stood the public library, with large buttresses extending into the sidewalk. He said to himself: "Here is your altar." And he turned into one of these recesses and knelt upon the cold, frosty pavement. He prayed: "Oh, Lord, if there be anything in me that is useful in thy service, it is thine. Take me and use me anywhere." He arose very happy. He felt that he was then a Christian minister and that heaven had ordained him.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER

(See Illustration on First Page)

HOW can we commence a new period of time more appropriately than by prayer? Our times are in the hand of God. With him rests all the future. We have need to thank him for the mercies and blessings of the past, and to beseech his help and loving care in the time to come. That fact is so fully recognized that the Evangelical Alliance, representing all denominations of Christians, suggested, many years ago, a period of prayer covering eight days, commencing with the first Sunday of the year. The Alliance also suggested topics for each day of the week, in order that in all Christian lands supplications for the same blessing might go up simultaneously to the Throne of Grace. Christ promised his disciples that if any two of them agreed on earth as touching anything that they should ask, it should be done for them (Matt. 18: 19). That promise gave direct encouragement for such a united movement as the Alliance suggested, and so the observance has become general throughout Christendom. The topics for this year were published in this journal last week, and they were seen to be so general that all Christians could unite in them, yet so definite that they touch every department of family, social and church life.

In all our cities there has been an increasing observance of this annual celebration. Many churches have held special prayer-meetings for their own members, besides the central meeting-place chosen for united prayer. In New York, this year, the Marble Collegiate Church was selected for this latter purpose, and our picture on the first page of this issue represents the scene at its doors during the week. It is a significant scene, indicating the universality of need and the consciousness that in God alone can that need be supplied. In spite of all that scoffers and sceptics have been able to do, there is a profound conviction in the human heart, practically visible this week throughout the world, that God does hear and answer prayer. There are some now, as there were in the days of the patriarch, who ask, "What profit should we have if we pray unto him?" But in every generation there have been many who out of their own experience could testify that "God is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him." Such men have no need of argument; they do not need to have the theory of prayer explained to them—they know. In many an hour of perplexity and distress, and sorrow and bereavement, they have bent the knee before God and have received answers of peace. Not that all their prayers have been answered, but they have learned that God has shown his love to them sometimes by not granting their petitions, and so they go to him in confidence, trusting both in his wisdom and in his love. Science has done much for the world; and education is increasing our knowedge and power, but there are needs in our nature that neither can satisfy; so with devout reverence and in full assurance of faith as we begin a new year and this year a new century, we place ourselves with all our manifold needs in the hands of our Father who is in heaven.

A Modern Mordecai

The story of Mordecai and Esther is recalled by the manner in which Nicholas II. will show his appreciation of the services of his physician, Dr. Hirsch, an orthodox Jew, who has been in the imperial household since the time of Alexander III., to whose skill and faithfulness the Czar's recovery from his recent illness is attributed. The Czarina, her heart full of gratitude and joy, asked the beloved physician what form the imperial recognition should take. Like Mordecai, Dr. Hirsch asked nothing for himself, but plead for repeal of certain oppressive measures against his co-religionists, adding that this would not only mean more to him than any personal honor or distinction that the crown could bestow, but that the world would recognize it as a worthy thank-offering to God on the part of their majesties. He urged, too, that such a measure would add to her husband's fame as an enlightened, humane and liberal-minded ruler, besides contributing in no small measure to the economic improvement of the empire. All these were reasons appealing to the sympathy and judgment of this modern Esther, who has stood so wisely and nobly by her husband in the many great reforms that he has undertaken. The result is that an imperial ukase putting the Jews of Russia, numbering some 5,000,000, on the same civic and political footing with their fellow-subjects, is soon to be issued by Nicholas II., who, with every year of his life, enlarges his right to the title of the "White Czar." The *Official Messenger* has formally announced that the Czar, moved by the sympathy and anxiety displayed among all classes of his subjects during his illness, commanded his heartfelt gratitude to be made known throughout the Empire.

A Gift to the Tombs Prisoners

Chaplain Munro, of the Tombs Prison, New York, was the recipient of a Christmas gift which afforded him the liveliest satisfaction. It was a package containing over three hundred Red Letter New Testaments, which the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had forwarded with his compliments, to be distributed among the prisoners—one for each inmate of the prison—as a Christmas gift.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

THE NEW PARSON*

YES, parson, you've studied in books, no doubt,
But when the heart is a-longin' to pray,
We don't consider what's best to say;
There's a feelin' behind just a-crowdin' it out.

Your preachin' has got us somehow unstrung;
An' just when our feelin's beginnin' to wake,
Some furrin lingo creeps in t' break
The spell; we feel in our mother tongue.

We ain't a-hungerin' for Latin and Greek,
What we want, parson, is reason an' truth,
The good old kind that we larned in youth;
An' a simple language we all can speak.

Your intentions is good, but your high-flown terms
An' logic—no doubt o' the very best—
Don't seem to lull us to peaceful rest,
We listen and feel we are ignorant worms.

The trout swims deep when the fishhawk calls;
The thrush is oftenest found in the thorn;
The scarecrow's better'n a rose in the corn;
An' the rainbow shines where the water falls.

A star is brighter seen through the trees,
An' God is nearer in storm than sun;
It tenders the heart an' it softens the tone
To feel that he with his own agrees;

That back of all trouble a glorious power
Still leaves an' blossoms the bleak, bare grove;
The vine climbs higher'n the tree for His love;
The same as we mortals in tryin' hour.

An' so believin' you can't think strange
If we plod along in our simple way
The little time that we have to stay,
An' don't go huntin' about for change.

Now, don't be angered at what I've said.
Go right on, parson, an' pray an' preach
In a natural way an' a natural speech,
An' let the dead languages rest with the dead.

*From *Sword and Cross, and Other Poems*, by Charles Eugene Banks. Includes such exquisite poetic bits as "Guard in Luzon," "Ring in the Nazarene," "The River of Love," "The Singer Whom Nobody Knows," more than a hundred in all. Pp. 269; cloth; gold top; rough edges; price $1. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, publishers.

The President's Cabinet†

WASHINGTON began his administration by observing the practice, apparently marked out in the Constitution, of calling upon the heads of departments for written opinions, but he not infrequently called them together for consultation. The same practice was observed under John Adams; but in Jefferson's time the cabinet assumed more the definite shape now given to it. There is no obligation resting upon the President under the laws of Congress, as we have seen there is none under the Constitution, to consult or be governed by the opinions of his department chiefs. For instance, the act creating the Department of Foreign Affairs (State) provides in express terms that the secretary "shall conduct the business of the department in such manner as the President of the United States shall from time to time order or instruct." It is stated, upon the authority of one of its members, that Mr. Jefferson did not ask the advice of his Cabinet in the most important event of his administration—the purchase of Louisiana; Mr. Lincoln made the final decision respecting his proclamation of emancipation without consulting his Cabinet; and Mr. McKinley is understood to have resolved upon the annexation of Hawaii contrary to the views of his Secretary of State.

Although the head of the State Department is in a certain sense the mere clerk of the President, it has been asserted that his position is of such importance that he is one of six men, who, through constitutional forms, constitute a nearly irresponsible despotism, the other five being the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Speaker of the House, and the chairmen of the two important committees of the two houses of Congress. This is an exaggerated figure of speech, but there is no doubt the Secretary of State occupies a position whereby, through his own hasty or intemperate action, or that of his agents abroad, he could involve the country in complications which might seriously jeopardize its interests or its honor, or even embroil it in war. Fortunately, the care with which the office has been filled has not exposed the country to any such peril. Washington called to the place as first secretary, Thomas Jefferson, who stood in the first rank of our revolutionary statesmen. For three successive terms the Secretary of State succeeded to the Presidency. John Quincy Adams and Lincoln appointed their party rivals to the post. The selection of his Secretary of State is the first duty of every newly elected President, and is made with more care than that of any other officer. Six Secretaries of State have been elected President, and in the list appear, besides, the illustrious names of John Marshall, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, William L. Marcy, Lewis Cass, William H. Seward and James G. Blaine.

†From *A Century of American Diplomacy*, by Ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster. Few men are better qualified to write a review of the foreign affairs of the United States during the last one hundred years than John W. Foster. It includes chapters on the Civil War, the Mexican War, the Monroe Doctrine, the Administration of Jefferson, and the Organizations of the Department of State. Also five rare maps. Pp. 497; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, publishers.

A Poetical Bouquet

Flowers of Thought, collected by Cecilia M. Tibbits. As the compiler suggests, on the title page, she has gathered a posy of other poets' flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them her own. She has certainly gathered here many beautiful thoughts from the poets. Skimming through the pages we find bits from Emerson, Holmes, Edwin Arnold, Adelaide Proctor, Tennyson, Whittier, Canon Wilberforce, Jean Inglelow and Browning. There are thoughts for all moods, all occasions—for cheerfulness, friendship, childhood, God's care, prayer, divine service, the new year. Margaret E. Sangster, in a foreword, says:

Many a busy woman, cumbered with the cares incidental to homemaking and housekeeping, finds that she has little time for reading books, but she can now and then, in a leisure moment, solace herself with some sweet flower of thought. Culled from fields far and near, by a loving and judicious hand, these blooms are from the trees and plants which never fade, being watered from that River of Life which evermore flows round about the throne. They will afford balm and heartsease to every reader, and in the between times they will be means of profit and pleasure. A gracious office is performed by compilations of this order. Their mission is one of encouragement, of help and of comfort.

Saving Chinese Babies*

A PAIR of English travelers persuaded Edward and his party to go with them to the Great Wall. Just outside a little town a man was overtaken, with two baskets hung by cords from a yoke over his shoulders. Thinking they might contain oranges, the merchant, Mr. Bright, hailed him. He did not seem disposed to attend, but sulkily went on his way, and suddenly a cry proceeded from one of the baskets. "Kittens to be drowned," said the merchant to his wife, evidently wishing to believe so; but, "No, no, it is a baby, a poor baby!" exclaimed Aline. "Stop him, Edward, stop him."

Edward was meantime parleying in Chinese with the bearer, who, as usual, was perfectly civil and impassive, and no doubt seeing the way to profit, made known that he was employed to carry four little girl infants to be disposed of in the streams that watered the paddy-field in the valley. The stranger Sing-Sang might have them if he liked for a certain sum. The baskets were opened in spite of the protestations of Mr. Bright, and two of the poor little white things proved to be quite dead. Another was feebly moving, evidently at the last gasp; but the one whose cries had been heard looked stronger, and as if her life might be saved. Each little creature might be had for the price of five pence. This Edward paid, while his two friends wondered at his thinking it worth while to purchase the dying child; but he kept it in his own arms, with his handkerchief over it, and gave the other to Mabel, who, happily, had a gourd of milk procured at the inn. They were not far from a mountain stream, which descended into the rice-field below, and there spread out into a marsh. Here Edward called a halt, and taking off his hat, knelt and baptized the infant he had carried, by the name of Mary. There was just enough quivering motion about her to show that she was still alive.

"That was worth the price," he said to his companions, as he mounted again, having laid the newly baptized Mary, now evidently dead, in his wife's lap. There was a small Christian station at the next halt for the night, where a tiny grave was hollowed out beneath a wide-spreading tree, and there the innocent one was left, while her sister in desertion and adoption rested all unconscious on Mabel's bosom.

*From *The Making of a Missionary*, a story of mission work in China, by Charlotte M. Yonge. This tale was written before the Boxer troubles began, and tells of the sudden raids of fanatics, such as the Vegetarians, who fell on the Steward family and their helpers at Kucheng. Pp. 228, illustrated. Price, $1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

About My Father's Business. By Austin Miles. The incidents and experiences herein mentioned are actual happenings which have been gathered by the author in extensive travels. Pp. 265. Mershon Co., New York

The Loom of Life and if Christ Were a Guest in Our Home. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D. This booklet will be a comfort and help to many. Pp. 45. 35 cents. Published by United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston.

The Darlingtons. By Elmore Elliott Peake. This first book of a new writer is a thoroughly American story. It is rich in incident, character and ideas, and full of thrilling railroad adventures. Pp. 416. $1.50. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Faith and Sight. By William Pierson Merrill. These essays on the relation of agnosticism to theology may be of help to those who are seeking to bring themselves out of doubts raised by science into faith that nothing can shake. Pp. 175. $1. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Rachel. By Jane H. Findlater. "Character is fate," thus the author prefaces her story; and its tragic and sorrowful narrative demonstrates the results of weakness almost as bitter and harmful as the results of crime. Pp. 297; price $1.25; publishers, Doubleday & McClure Co., New York City.

The Silent Prince, a story of the Netherlands, by Mrs. Hattie A. Clark. The hero is William of Orange, and the time the last half of the sixteenth century. It is a book full of the active, stirring scenes and religious fervor of the time. Pp. 279; illustrated; price $1; published by the American Tract Society, New York.

Just to Help. Some Poems for Every Day. By Amos R. Wells. Dr. Wells says: "I have kept out of this volume all my more ambitious poems, and included only those bits of verse that suit the title. There is not one of them but springs from life, and so there is hope that they may cheer the lives of others." Pp. 45. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston, Mass.

Good Cheer A monthly magazine for cheerful thinkers. Nixon, Waterman, Redactor. $1 a year; 10 cents a copy. "Poets Who Were Laughed At," by Hezekiah Butterworth; "Value of Mirth," by Opie Read, and "A Doctor's Story," by Sterling Elliott, are some of the contents of this little periodical which fully justifies its name. Published by Forbes & Co., Boston, Mass.

A Pair of Pickles. By Evelyn Everett-Green, author of *Clive's Conquest, Dorothy's Vocation*, etc. Two mischievous little lads, who give their "Granny" her hands full, and a clergyman's little daughter make the interesting trio whose pranks and fortunes furnish the theme of this narrative for young folks. Pp. 191, illustrated, price 75c. Publishers, A. J. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

The Riverton Minister. By Rev. Martin Post. This is a story of real life, beginning with the hour when a brave young herald of Christ, hailing from Vermont, begins his work of church-building "on the banks of the Pocanock River, in the wilderness of the new State of Indiana." There is tenderness, strength, beauty, and the excitement of adventure in the narrative. Pp. 354. 75 cents. American Pub. and Engraving Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Manual of Patriotism, for use in the public schools of the State of New York, compiled, arranged and edited under the direction of Charles S. Skinner, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. A comprehensive volume, especially useful to teachers. It contains patriotic songs, orations, and historical extracts appropriate to every important day in American history, and arranged in convenient form, for use in leading pupils in patriotic exercises. Pp. 470, cloth binding, published by authority of the New York Legislature, and printed by the Brandow Printing Company, Department Printers, Albany, N. Y.

An Old Indian Village. By John August Udden. Professor Udden, while instructor in Bethany College, at Lindsborg, Kansas, discovered near Lindsborg traces of an ancient Indian village. As the result of explorations on the part of himself and associates, an interesting collection of relics, now the property of Bethany College, was obtained. One of these relics is a piece of chain-mail of undoubted European origin, which is of peculiar interest as showing the early presence in the interior of European explorers. Professor Udden's description of the collection is accompanied by good cuts of articles mentioned. The pamphlet is an interesting addition to Americana dealing with aboriginal life. It is published by authority of the Directors of Augustana College and Theological Seminary, Rock Island, Ill.

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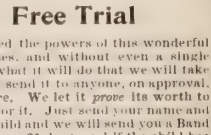

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HELP IN EMERGENCY

A Benevolence which Aids the Worthy People in Distress . . .

ONE of the most prominent difficulties in the work of charity is that of giving relief without pauperizing the recipient. There is always a danger that people who prefer to live on charity and avoid work, will

IN THE LOWER VAULTS

get the help that kind-hearted people are willing to give, while the self-respecting man who needs aid in an emergency, but wants to keep his independence and earn his own living, cannot get the assistance he needs. There are times of sickness, times when the bread-winner cannot get employment, times of accidental calamity, when a fire or some other misfortune strips a man of all he has. He needs temporary help to carry him over a few weeks until the tide turns and he is able to earn money again. In such cases he does not want a gift which would destroy his self-respect; he needs a loan which he can repay when he is able. It is such need that the Provident Loan Society has been organized to meet. Heretofore in an emergency of this kind the only resource is the pawnbroker, or one of the loan societies, which charge a high rate of interest. Even the pawnbroker charges at the rate of thirty per cent. a year. Thus the misfortune which has made borrowing a necessity is intensified by the penalty that borrowing involves.

Taking these facts into account, some well-known friends of the poor in New York, such as Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church, Hon. Seth Low, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. August Belmont and Miss Grace Dodge, united in an effort to provide a means of helping the honest families in an emergency on less onerous terms by organizing the Provident Loan Society. The Society adopts the principle of the pawnbroker in requiring the deposit of personal property as security for a loan, but instead of the pawnbroker's rate of three per cent. a month for the first half year, and two per cent. for the second half year, it charged one per cent. a month, and has recently reduced its charge to ten per cent. a year. This, as will be seen, is one-third the pawnbroker's rate, and is an important advantage in the time of difficulty, when every cent saved is worth considering. The effort has been heartily appreciated by the people whom it was designed to help. In addition to the headquarters at 279 Fourth avenue, a branch office has been opened in the University Settlement Society's building, and now another has been established in West Forty-second street, and still another in Harlem. All these are doing excellent work, and are growing in popular favor.

Last year no less than fifty-eight thousand persons availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society. The total amount advanced to them during that period was one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Such figures show not only the benefit conferred by the Society, but the appalling need there was for such an enterprise. Since the organization of the Society, the amount advanced has been four million dollars. It speaks well for the borrowers and sheds a light on their honesty and integrity, that the failures to repay loan and interest at the time agreed upon were not more than one and a third per cent.

There are few cities in our land where such an enterprise could not be established. Everywhere there are men of wealth who would be willing to furnish capital for the purpose. Their money would be safe, and would yield a good return on the investment. On the other hand, the beneficiaries would obtain just the kind of help they need without being degraded by the receipt of charity. The awful struggle some of them have to make when misfortune comes to them deserves our heartfelt sympathy. Such a system as this is a practical mode of showing that sympathy while it entails no burden on the benefactors. It is in the hope that such enterprises may be organized in other cities for the benefit of our brethren "who are ready to perish," that we tell this story of what has been done in New York.

THE CENTURY'S .. .. GREATEST TASK

"WHAT is the Most Important Task of the Twentieth Century?" The New York *Journal* sent this question to some of the foremost thinkers and doers of many nations, the answers being copyrighted by Mr. W. R. Hearst. South Africa is represented by Paul Kruger, who says: "I hope the century will witness the universal adoption of arbitration, for this is the only means of rightly settling quarrels between nations."

Sir Edmund Monson, the statistician, prays for the disappearance of class animosities and a recognition by the rich of their duties to the poor.

Art is represented by the noted painter, Carolus Duran. "I hope," he says, "to see humanity follow Christ's doctrine, 'Love one another'; to see wars end, and fraternity cease to be a vain word."

Other French names in the list are G. Clemenceau, the philosopher and journalist, who bids for the triumph of justice, the triumph of right over force and human imbecility. Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, writes: "The phonograph and telephone shall be surpassed by the conquests of the spectroscope, that will place us in communication with Mars, a race far superior to ours, whose teaching shall be our regeneration."

Spanish womanhood has a champion in the Infanta Eulalie, whose desire is that the twentieth century shall see the independence of woman more generally asserted, that the next one hundred years will bring all women healthy self-reliance.

Germany is represented by Max Nordau, the great economist and physicist. "I wish," he writes, "to see realized the utter stupidity, criminality and uselessness of war."

Japan's ablest statesman, the Marquis Ito, says: "I hope to witness more effective practical steps toward placing international relations upon a basis in unison with the peaceful fulfilment of human destiny."

That very astute diplomat, Wu Ting-Fang, the Chinese Minister in Washington, continues the cry for peace, thus: "If all the great powers on earth will carry out the peaceful principles recognized by the Hague convention and abide by the decision of an international tribunal, then there is hope for an era of 'Peace on earth and good-will toward men.'"

Among the Americans who contribute original ideas concerning mankind's work, is the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, chief of the Armour Institute in Chicago. "The law of love," he says, "as laid down by Christ is the law of life and progress. This fact should be realized in the new century. It can be done only by each one's choice of an unselfish life and devoted labor, to the end that the other man's worth shall be joyfully defended by each one."

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage says: "I would have no more gathering of alms for the poor, because the poor will all have been enriched; no hospital Sunday, because disjointed bones will have been set and the wounds all healed and the incurable diseases overcome by a materia medica and a pharmacy and a dentistry that have conquered everything."

Samantha's Little Namesake

Many of our readers will appreciate this letter from a little namesake of Josiah Allen's wife:

"Dear Editor: I have seen a number of letters in your paper referring to Aunt Samantha's story, which, like others, we think is her best. My brother Russell, older than I, has taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for three years and we think it a most excellent religious paper. But referring to the story now going on in your paper, written by the person for whom eleven years ago I was named, you may well think I am pleased to have had mother call me for Miss Holley or Josiah Allen's wife. My name is spelled with two R's instead of an R and an I." MARRETTA A. FEE.

Lisgar Station, Quebec, Canada

NAILED THE CHAP.

Her Father in the Same Mind.

"I never thought for one moment that coffee was the cause of my worn-out feeling and dull headaches and energy all gone, until I began to notice that my bad feelings came on every morning after drinking coffee for breakfast, no matter how well I felt when I got up.

"I began to think the subject over and finally decided to try Postum Food Coffee in place of common coffee and see if it was coffee that had been hurting me. After making the change, I discovered, to my delight, that the headache and worn-out feeling did not come on after breakfast.

"After a very thorough trial I am fully convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, and that leaving it off and using Postum Food Coffee has restored me to health.

"My father, who has had very poor health for several years, quit coffee some time ago and began using Postum in place of it. It would surprise anyone to see how much he has improved.

"When I boil Postum twenty minutes and serve it immediately while it is hot, with good rich cream, I think it far excels any coffee.

"Please do not print my name."

This lady lives in Prairie City, Iowa. Her name can be given by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich.

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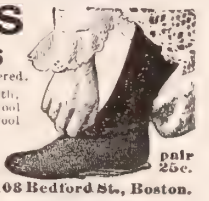

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A PASTOR WHO BUILT HIS OWN CHURCH

WITH his own hands, and at his own expense, the Rev. Henry M. Lengel, of Reading, Pa., has built a church, the pulpit of which he himself will occupy. The building stands on a lot owned by Mr. Lengel's son, who donated the land for the purpose. It is one story high, 20 x 35 feet in dimensions, has a brick and stone front, and is furnished with plain benches. The new church is for the use of an independent religious society organized by Mr. Lengel a few months ago, and known as "The Followers of Christ."

PASTOR H. M. LENGEL

THE CHURCH PASTOR LENGEL BUILT

"I built the church," Mr. Lengel explains, "because many people who are poor do not think they are welcome in the large and fashionable churches. They feel out of place. I have had that experience myself. In our church the lowest beggar will be welcome, and rags will not bar admission of any one. We worship God in a simple manner, using our best efforts to learn the truth. There will be no pew rents, and the poorest person, who is not able to contribute a penny to our collections, will be welcome."

"The Christian Herald" in the Navy

In a letter from a young American on board the United States cruiser *Chicago*, in Brazilian waters, after giving an interesting description of life on a naval vessel, the writer says: "I received THE CHRISTIAN HERALDS, and was surprised to find so much interesting reading matter in them. I find them so interesting that I wish you would send them whenever you can spare them . . . I read through one of the HERALDS, and gave it to a marine, thinking he would look at the pictures and then throw it aside, but instead, he sat down and commenced reading it, and when he was through he asked me for the others. This morning I saw a fellow reading one of them up on the forecastle. It was no longer in good condition, but its frayed edges showed that it had gone the rounds, and had been in a great many hands. It is a wonder that the societies that make a practice of sending out papers and magazines do not supply the enlisted men who are far out on a foreign station, where a foreign language is spoken, and where news and reading matter in general is as 'scarce as hens' teeth.' They could not find a more appreciative lot of men anywhere."

If any reader should feel inclined to adopt the suggestion of the writer of this letter he may address Mr. W. M. Haendiges, United States cruiser *Chicago*, care of Mr. B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square, London, England.

Galveston Relief

Acknowledgments of the following contributions to the Galveston relief work has necessarily been delayed until this issue:

Allen, Mrs E C	1 00	G D X, Deckerstown	3 00
Allen, Mrs A M	50	Mrs. H L, Dolliver	1 00
Anderson, Mrs M S	1 00	I B, East Freedom	50
Black, Mrs Mattie	25	J F, Clinton	5 00
Bond, Mrs Maria	1 00	K R F, Atk'son Mills	50
Bridgman, Mrs C J	5 00	M L, Phila	1 00
Broadhurst, Mrs A	25	Subscriber, Heislerv'e	1 00
Brown, Isom	25	A friend, Atlantic C	25
Bagwell, S M	1 00	A friend, Le Roy	25
Bailey, Miss, Fla	5 00	A friend, Portal	1 00
Bain, J C	1 00	Friend, Vanderbilt	2 00
Bain, Mrs, J C	1 00	A friend who loves to give, Niskayuna	1 00
Brown, Mrs R E	25	A friend in Canada	2 00
Buckwalter, Anna D	1 00	A Reader, Quaker St	1 00
Cobaugh, C H	1 00	A Friend, Andover	2 00
Cornman, W C	50	A Friend, Lancaster	1 00
Cutler, Mary L	1 00	Friends, Broad Brook	4 00
Davis, Geo A	4 00	Friends, Greenville	1 50
Dickson, D D	2 50	So. Pittsfield Friend in Him	25
Dennis, Susie	1 00	Salem Ladies' Liter'y Club and Friends	7 10
Desmarias, E	1 00	"Do What You Can" Cir, King's Daughters, Ypsilanti	1 00
Douglass, A J	50	Jun League, Griswold	5 00
De Forest, Mrs L	10 00	Y P S C E, Seventh-Day Bapt Ch, Milton	1 50
Erp, Margaret	5 00	Haaks S Sch, Luther	1 25
Farr, Mrs Eliza A	25	Adult Dept of Woodbridge S S	6 00
Farr, Jno	50	Prim Dept of Woodbridge S S	4 00
Gard, Miss Myrtle	50	Keelersb'g M E S S	2 00
Getchell, Mrs E W	1 00	Hurino School, Morris Co	16 00
Granger, C M	1 00	Ent by Ladies' Union, Prince Bay	48 00
Goodwin, T Y	50	E on H, ——	1 00
Grape, Mrs G S	1 00	Well-wisher, Roxton	2 00
Grimes, M J	5 00	Collord, Dr, in mem	5 00
Hinman, Mrs W V	1 00	In memory of Jennie, Waterloo	5 00
Hunter, T. F, and wife	1 00	Two Readers, N J	50
Hickman, Geo	90	A Leland reader	1 00
Hartman, D L & wife	5 00	Sympathizer, N Berne	1 00
Hayward, Alice F	1 00	Sympathiz's, Freedom	5 25
Hendershott, L W	2 00	Member I A H Circle, Ashland	50
Hoggan, Mary M	1 00	Elmira Home, Bell Island	3 00
Horton, E and D	1 00	Flint, Candia	25
Houghton, C P	1 00	Harvest Home ent, given by S S of Eman Baptist Ch, Dodge Township	6 30
Irwin, Mattie	2 00	Reformed Ch, East Williamson	29 56
James, S B	10 00	Presby Ch. of Lima Presbytery of Steubenville Synod	5 00
Kane, Elisha K	4 40	Middle Grove Free Bap Quar Meeting	5 00
Keeler, Geo	5 00	St Paul's M E Church, Ocean Grove	8 00
Kropf School, Dwight	4 90	Presby S S, Calistoga	5 00
Kuykendall, Miss M	25	Cannah Creek S S	1 05
Kuykendall, Miss M	25	Sunday Sch, Lawtey	5 00
Linton L	1 00	Sunday S, Oakland	7 00
Lankford, S T	1 00	Pt Pleasant Union S S	3 17
Leeper, Mrs Martha	1 00	Bethel Presb S S, Redlands	3 50
Lacey, Mrs J R	1 00	Cedar Spring Church, Glendale	1 00
Leinweber, B A	1 00	Big Spring Presb C E, Newville	3 00
Luchs, C E & family	2 50	Junior Union of Bapt Ch, Plainfield	1 00
McDonell, Mrs Isabel	2 00	Mizpah Circle of K D, Howard St M E Ch, San Francisco	13 50
Madison, M C	1 00	E C S, Maples Mill	12 00
Medler, Edith & Ira	50	F C, Conn	1 00
Morris, W R	2 00	J M P, Haydenville	2 00
Miller, Daniel	1 00	M L W, No Newport	1 00
Miller, H M	3 00	R, Lowell	20 00
Moffet, Seth	10 00	T E A, Philadelphia	1 00
Mosher, Mrs M A	50	—, Rantoul	1 00
Martin, Amanda A	2 00	Friend, Munnsville	1 00
Mead, A B	1 00	A Friend, Phila	50
Nye, Hiram	2 00	From Friend, Soudan	5 00
Nobbs, Wm	2 00	A Friend, So Bend	1 00
Norment, Miss E H	25	A Friend of Sufferers, McDowell	1 00
Oxenford, Mason C	10 00	A subscriber to the C H, Stonington	1 00
Owens, M J & E F	1 00	Auburn Ch, Auburn	3 12
Oliver, Mary	50	Church and Neighborhood of Consumne	8 02
Penticoff, S C	1 00	Presby Ch, Essex	17 25
Percival, F F	50	Presby Ch, Perry	8 00
Peterson, Laura	1 00	S S Class, Cincinnati	3 30
Packineau, Mrs F J	50	Central Ave Refd Ch S S, Jersey City	25
Perry Bros	2 00	Union S S, New Albany Township	8 00
Pinney, H G	2 00	S S, Scandia	1 70
Parrish, G E	2 50	C E Soc, New Durham	3 00
Powell, Mrs Thos	50	United Soc of C E, Ogdensburg	30 00
Richardson, Mrs F A	1 00	Y P S C E, Perry	2 00
Richardson, H & M A	1 25	Epworth Cir of K D, Pittsfield	2 00
Ruckman, Mrs T H	2 00	Woman's Miss'y Soc, Burr's Mills	3 00
Smith, Miss Bessie	25		
Smith, Rebecca C	3 00		
Sargent Family	80		
Schmadeker, Geo	2 50		
Seely, Miss Mary	50		
Seely, Mrs. Sarah A	50		
Short, Mary S L	3 00		
Simmons, Mary A B	30		
Smith, Mrs Rowena	1 00		
Snedeker, H O	1 00		
Strong, Mrs & Mrs, Tillotson	4 00		
Sanderson, Mrs M K W	1 00		
Shafer, Mrs Walter	2 00		
Stilwell, L W	1 00		
Sweet, Wm H	2 00		
Thornton, G L & fam	1 00		
Trask, Mrs W P	1 00		
Temple, F	1 00		
Van Derly, Mrs A R	2 02		
Van Tine, J W	1 50		
Williams, Daniel	2 00		
Williams, Mary E	50		
Willis, Miss Laura C	1 00		
Wyatt, W T	1 00		
Walker, Mrs Joseph	1 00		
Ware, Mrs Chas L	1 00		
Whittens', Dr T J, S S class	4 00		
Watkins, M P	5 00		
Weiler, Mrs Jno C	5 00		
Youngken, Mrs J C	2 00		
Juliette, ——	1 00		
H N S T, Lonsdale	3 00		
Mrs A R L, Jonesv'le	1 00		

Oorfa Orphans Help India

OORFA, TURKEY, Nov. 17, 1900.

Dear Christian Herald Friends: — Yours of Oct. 24, with draft for $250.00, as promised quarterly payment for orphans, I acknowledge with sincere thanks. By this post I arranged for $11.00 (£2 1-2 Turkish) to be sent you for India sufferers through our Constantinople treasurer. It is contributions from Y. P. S. C. E. increased by our orphans, who earned the sum given by going without meat one of the three times a week they ordinarily have it.

CORINNA SHATTUCK.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A LITTLE maid stood at her father's knee
And looked up steadily with tender grace,
And she forgot if e'er she had a plea,
So glad was she to see her father's face.

'Twas joy to say: "I love you, Father dear!"
To hear her father murmur back: "My child!"
In such communion she could know no fear,
Nor want, nor pain, no wonder that she smiled!

To talk with God is privilege so sweet
That saints forget oftimes for gifts to plead,
And lay themselves a gift at Jesus' feet—
Then Christ himself doth take up all their need.

Yet may we ask of God what gifts we will,
Sure of love's giving as his child may be.
Yet, O our Father, grant the best gift still,
Communion that finds happiness in thee!

—M. L. A.

Mrs. J. C. C., Marion, Ind., writes:

I desire to testify to several direct answers to prayer. All things are possible with God, and he will answer prayer when we keep the "inner life" in direct communication with him.

Mrs. S., Golansville, Va., writes:

The money, ($3.75) which I sent to help support a famine orphan came in answer to prayer, and I want to acknowledge God's goodness.

Mary A., Savannah, Tenn., writes:

I want to acknowledge how good my Heavenly Father has been to me. I was in trouble and asked him for a special blessing on myself and mother; he heard and granted my prayer.

Reader, Georgetown, Ky., writes:

In answer to prayer God has lifted a very dark cloud from my life; and eased my aching heart. I praise him night and day. His tender mercies know no bounds.

Mrs. J. J. W., Chicago, Ill., writes:

Being greatly helped by reading the answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I want to offer my testimony to the goodness of God. For three months I have been praying for a wayward daughter who left home. O how I longed for her! God has lovingly heard and answered my prayer. She came home night before last. We are all rejoiced.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received from the following: F. L. J., Point Pleasant, W. Va.; A. L. J., Maxton, N. C.; G. L. T., Cambridge, Ia.; R. E. H., Sicily I., La.; H. W. J., Pensacola, Fla.; A. J., Wilkesbarre, Pa.; A. G. W., Heffsville, Pa.; E. E., Blue Creek, O.; E. E. T., Milldale, Conn.; F. M. H., Sparta, Pa.; J. H. T., Lowemont, Kan.; A. F., Warrenburg, N. Y.; M. S., Sterling, Ill.; A. L., Stayner, Can.; M. R., Lexington, Ky.; N. E. B., Hinton, W. Va.; G. H. H., Newtown, Pa.; J. F. B., Yarmouth, Me.; T. P. H., Washington, D. C.; A. W. J., Barretts, Kan.; E. E., Shenandoah, Pa.; J. C. P., Ivoyton, Can.; M. A., Savannah, Tenn.; E. W. L., Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. F. S., Cedarhurst, L. I.; M. B. H., New York City; M. M. H., Canada; Mrs. A. T., Hillhurst, Can.; E. R. W., Romulus, N. Y.; O. A. F., Moretown, Vt.; B. S. W., Eunice, La.; S. L. B., Matteawan, N. Y.; C. P., Manchester, Cal.; Mrs. D., Newark, N. J.; F. W., Marietta, O.; E. J. S., Coaldale, W. Va.; S., Reading, Mass.; C. E. E., Michigan; A. O. M., St. Augustine, Ill.; B. M. H., Braintree, Mass.; C. R. T., Essex, N. Y.; B. S. B., Myra, Ga.; E. F., St. Louis, Mo.; O. R. E., Fulton, Ind.; A. M. W., Hooper, Col.; B., Bird Island, Minn.; J. L., Hill City, Kan.; E. R. S., Baltimore, Md.; J. McH., Almont, Mich.; M. A. T., Rockport, Mo.; T. P., Western, N. Y.; G. F., Washington, D. C. G. N. M., Leyden, N. Y.; H., Tillamook, Ore.; G. C. W., Tyler, Tex.; J. E. L., Kearney, Neb.; A. E. G., Ashland, Ore.; M. J. H., Brazilton, Kan.; E. B., Brady, Tex.; C. A. D., Austin, Tex.; L. A. R., Isle, Pa.; Mrs. L. M. M., Shaftesbury, Vt.; A. D., Fletcher, O.; F. M. D., Unionville, Ia.; M. B., Norwich, Conn.; M. J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; J. W. T., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. F., West Port, Cal.; E. M., Leroy, Ill.; S. H. B., Ajo., Ariz.; A. E. T., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. N., Suma, Wash.; W. H., Penn Yan, N. Y.; A. H. J., Baltimore, Md.; S. B. Y., Eldorado, Kan.; A. T., Abingdon, Ill.; M. H., Perry, N. Y.; J. W. S., Space, Va.; Widow, Holyoke, Mass.; M. E. F., Bushong, Kan.; E. J. C., Church Road, Va.; K. A. M., Orbisonia, Pa.; K. P., Salem, Ark.; Mrs. J. F. S., Rockville, Tenn.; H. H. S., Redlands, Cal.; M. C. M., Hurley, S. D.; I. L. T., Worcester, Mass.; C. F. C., Ontario, Canada; B. E. H., Ebenezer, La.

A Novel Way to Help India

Mrs. C. A. Auger, Toronto, Canada, writes of quite a novel and simple plan, which is being pursued north of the lakes, for the benefit of India orphans. She says:

A band of young ladies in Toronto are selling one cent book-marks, and the proceeds are to be applied to orphan work. It will take a long time to accomplish anything with one cent book-marks, you say. Listen: we propose to sell one million! That will give us thousands of dollars for the fatherless, motherless ones. A lady of Toronto, a warm friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has promised to give $500, the support of twenty-five orphans for one year, in honor of the boys and girls of the United States if they will sell or buy two million book-marks in six months. These book-marks are very pretty, having on them the star of India and a Scripture verse, in gilt letters. They are made in five colors. This $500 is over and above the proceeds from the book-marks, which of course are to go to India, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We think the children of the United States and Canada, working together in this way, can accomplish great things for the motherless, fatherless little ones.

Orders for book-marks from Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor Societies, Helping Hands, and other organizations, as well as from individuals, with the cash for them, should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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of impurities. Why ruin your stomach with injurious medicines when you can flush your system of the accumulated poisons easily and pleasantly by using the

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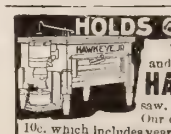

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ABIDING INFLUENCE*

Imperishable Principles Which May Transform the World . . .

WE often speak of this as a changing world. Its physical conditions are changing continually. Science scoffs at our phrase "the eternal hills"; for it has learned that the process of disintegration and accretion is going on unceasingly. And we expedite change for our own purposes, severing two continents at Suez that were joined; and connecting at Constantinople, two continents that were separated. Social conditions are changing, too. Great leaders who seemed essential to the world's progress pass away and new men occupy their places. Combinations for special purposes are made, achieve their purpose or fail, and disappear. New social forces are at work and new influences are operating everywhere, so that if a man, who was perfectly familiar with the world of society in his day, were to revisit the world fifty years after his death, he would be an utter stranger, at a loss to understand the situation. Even religion changes, so that the sermons of half a century ago are now antiquated and pointless. We have grown out of all that and have no interest now in the questions which, to the clergy of a former generation, seemed so essential. Everything changes: but through all the change, there are some things which in new forms do persist. The Apostle Paul, from his spiritual elevation saw at least three things that did abide: Faith, Hope and Love.

Looking back over history, we see the Apostle's words confirmed by facts. The men whose names the world cherishes were men with those characteristics. The great millionaires, the ruthless conquerors are forgotten, and we think most of the men whose great souls were inspired with a sublime faith, the leaders who struggled manfully in a great cause, hoping against hope for its triumph, and the men who loved their race well enough to live and die for it. They enjoy true immortality in the reverence and affection of the people. The torch of truth and right has been passed from hand to hand through the generations, but we cannot forget the pioneers who carried it through the initial stages. Their influence abides, and still has power in the world, inspiring others to follow in their steps. There is an immense consolation in that fact. The men die, but the cause survives and gains momentum by their lives and deaths. "Be of good courage, Master Ridley," said Latimer, as the flames coiled around him: "we shall this day light such a candle in England as by God's grace shall never be put out." Such men may be childless, but they have spiritual descendants who take up the standard as it drops from their lifeless hands, and carry it forward to victory. Who can measure the influence of the Pilgrim Fathers in the *Mayflower;* of the men who followed Washington through hardship and disaster; of John Brown perishing in contumely on the scaffold? These men, and hundreds of noble leaders in both hemispheres are immortal; their influence abides.

Very few have the opportunity of filling places so conspicuous, but every one can so do his work as to exert such influence in his smaller circle. Who can tell what emergencies the boys now in our schools may have to meet fifty years hence? The way they will act in them, whether they will meet them bravely and with self-sacrifice, or whether they will prove poltroons and traitors depends largely on the influences under which they are growing up. If they see their fathers and the men they are taught to reverence, making money their God; if they are encouraged to admire success, no matter how it is achieved; if their ideals are men with money and power but no principle—then God help this nation when the crisis comes! The father of a family, the mother among her daughters, the employer in his factory, the statesman in his cabinet, are all exerting an influence which will bear fruit in the next generation. The time will come when these boys and girls, grown to manhood and womanhood, will think of their young days and ask themselves how their parents would have acted in the emergency that confronts them. All will depend then on the kind of principles that have been instilled in their minds, the kind of influence that the past has had upon them. If the faith and hope and love that the Apostle saw abiding in a world where everything was changing, have been incorporated in their being, this world will be a brighter and happier and better world than we have ever known.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 20. Heb. 11: 1-4; Matt. 26: 13.

TENEMENT REFORM .. IN GREAT CITIES

THE Tenement House Commission has just issued the third special report, prepared by the secretary, Mr. Lawrence Veiller, upon the subject of Tenement House Conditions. This latest report deals with housing conditions in the twenty-seven largest American cities, taking up in detail the conditions in Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Detroit, Milwaukee, Washington, Jersey City, Louisville, Minneapolis, Providence, Kansas City, St. Paul, Rochester, Denver, Toledo, Columbus, Syracuse, Nashville and Hartford. Besides describing the conditions in each of these cities, the report contains the statement of the more important provisions of the tenement laws and building laws in each city, and also extracts from some of the more important laws, notably those of Philadelphia, Buffalo and Boston.

Appended to the report is a comparative table showing the leading provisions of the different tenement house laws in cities grouped side by side, so that one may see the comparison at a glance. It seems that none of the large American cities, excepting Boston, Cincinnati, Jersey City and Hartford, have a tenement-house problem, and in the greater majority of these cities the tenement-house, as known in New York, does not exist, the poor people and working people living generally in small one-story or two-story houses containing one, or at the most two families, while in many cities these houses are often owned by the workingmen themselves.

Chicago, with a population of 1,698,575, has practically no tenement-house problem, and the same thing is true of Philadelphia, with a population of over a million and a quarter. St. Louis, with a population of over half a million, Baltimore, with a population of over half a million, and Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Detroit, Milwaukee and Washington, each of which cities has a population of over a quarter of a million, have no tenement-house problem. There are, of course, in each of these cities certain bad housing conditions, which give some of them what might be termed a housing problem, but this is distinct from the tenement-house problem as known in New York and Boston.

THE BETTER WAY

TALK hope! The world is sad enough
Without your uttered doubts and fears,
A little word of hope let fall
Will scatter help for future years.

Talk faith, and let all unbelief
Before your faithfulness depart;
The shining radiance of your trust
May cheer a comrade's fainting heart.

Talk purity! We've heard enough
Of woman's shame and man's disgrace;
In every soul tho' thick sins crust,
Of love divine we find a trace.

Talk charity! For you and I
Have sins enough, and some to spare.
Tho' others err, we cannot know
How much they had to do and dare.

Talk love! For love it is, you know,
Which makes the universe revolve.
And many things that puzzle us
This simple rule of love would solve.

Talk Christ! And tell his wondrous love
For saint and sinner, friend and foe.
His life taught mercy for us all
In this dark vale of sin below.

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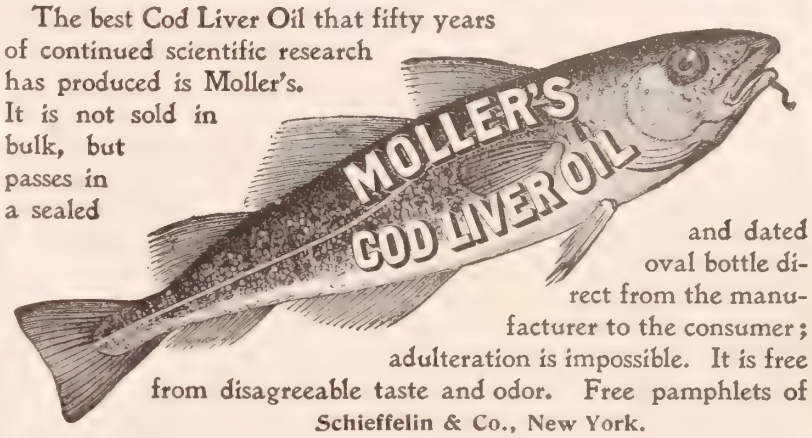

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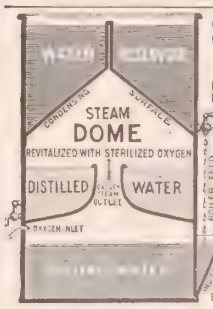

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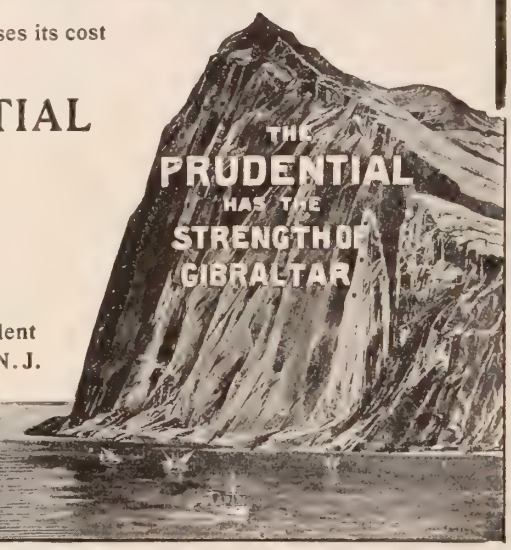

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This band was organized by the church choir and Organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for **Church** and **Missionary purposes.** It was a success from the start, and has even participated in Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient, and is now taking outside engagements. They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

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G. B. Richardson, Business Manager of the "Young People's Weekly," Elgin, Ill., writes: "The Zobo Instruments I purchased of you were first used at an entertainment given at my home to the 200 employees of the 'Young Peoples' Weekly.' Although the Quartetté had opportunity for but one rehearsal the effort met unbounded enthusiasm and was voted a great success. We are now considering the organization of a full orchestra for next winter's entertainment, and I write this to ask you to forward me a select list of 12 to 15 instruments."

Wm. J. Siemers, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the 'Zobo' Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo."

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Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it; will organize a band."

Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success."

Mae Blance Winfield, instructor in music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark, says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments."

Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

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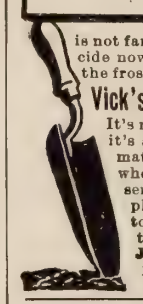

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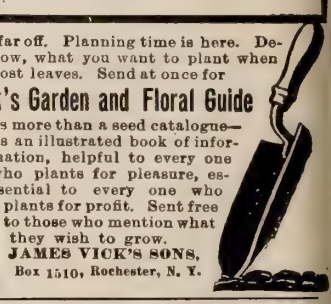

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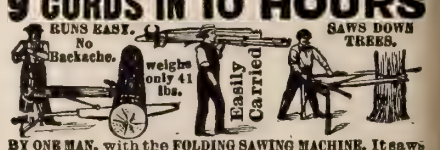

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., EDITOR

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1901

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 3

PRICE FIVE CENTS

EVANGELIST IRA D. SANKEY CONDUCTING A GOSPEL SERVICE AT THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK

SEE PAGE 47

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag,**

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 13

1. Is it a genuine test of a young man's patriotism to ask him to volunteer for military service at a time when the country is not menaced by any serious danger?

2. How is the distinction to be made between the "false shepherd and the true" in modern church life? What is the test to apply in such a case, where both men may be equally talented?

3. What are the chief races of the world, and why are we placed among the Aryans?

4. What are the Christian, Jewish, Roman and Mohammedan eras, and what events do they commemorate?

5. Are men by nature children of God, as Paul said (Acts 17: 28)? or do they have to experience a change to become such as John says (John 1: 12)?

Questions of the Week

1. Does the popular religion of the day tend to the development of the highest type of Christian character?

No. Genuine religion has always, and will always be with the mass of people, unpopular. It was after Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount that his Gospel became unpopular. It was when Luther proclaimed a heart-cleansing instead of a hand-washing Gospel, that storms lashed around him. There are men to-day who are snubbed because they preach and practice the doctrine and fact of Christian self-denial. The majority of human hearts rebel against religion, because in it there is a cross. Cover that cross with flowers, turn it into a huge bouquet, and the world will carry it on its shoulder proudly. Such a cross may become popular, but because it is so unlike the great Victim's cross, it will never produce the highest type of Christian character, which is the embodiment of self-sacrifice. R. T. EDWARDS.

. . .

The popular religion is too much diluted with self-interest, luxury, worldliness, to develop a stalwart type of Christian character. As pride and fashion invade the church, as a commercial spirit becomes dominant in the community, as respect of persons, on account of wealth, social position or political influence makes itself felt in society; so does religion degenerate into a mere form, having little and still less of the spirit of Christ. But a person who, by the grace of God, is able to withstand these influences, may not be popular, unless he be a Moody, but he can and will develop a noble type of Christian character, even in the most humble circumstances.

J. G. OSBORNE.

. . .

The popular religion may be, and, doubtless is, vitiated and adulterated with worldliness, but its tendency is always a protest against self-seeking and worldly pleasure. The popular religion, I believe, is still the religion of Jesus Christ, and, though development is retarded, the leaven is there which will leaven the whole lump. Some individuals are capable of a higher life than others, but the tendency of the popular religion undoubtedly is to develop the highest type of Christian character possible in a given temperament.

LOUIS A. WALKER.

2. What did Christ mean by saying (Luke 8: 10) that he taught in parables that the people seeing, might not see, and hearing, might not understand?

The truth veiled in the form of parable was withheld from the people because their minds had grown too gross to receive it. "Had the parable of the mustard seed, for instance," says Dr. Whedon, "been explained to the Pharisees as indicating that the Gospel would yet fill the earth, it would only have excited their additional hostility and hastened their purpose of accusing him as intending to subvert the existing government." They themselves, as we learn from Matt. 13: 15, had wilfully closed their eyes to the Gospel, and so its real principles must be withheld from them. To some this may have been a mercy, preventing them from using the truth to evil purposes. To others it may have been simply the penalty due them for having insulted the truth and become unworthy of it. While, however, the parable veiled the truth from cavillers, it unveiled it to the disciples (Matt. 13: 11). The unreceptive people, "seeing" the narrative, saw "not" the doctrine embodied; "hearing" the literal parable, they understood "not" the secret meaning. "The whole Gospel is a parable to him whose heart has not the key." This solemn teaching is found also in the law and the prophets. Deut. 29: 3, 4. Isaiah 6: 9, Jer. 5: 21, Ezek. 12: 2.

AMELIA HOYT.

3. In view of the need of money for carrying on the Lord's work, is it right to build ornate and expensive churches?

Not if the expense entailed cannot be afforded by the congregation, and so cumber-some debts be contracted. But, granted a reasonable amount of financial ability, the building of such churches is a significant and important way of carrying on the Lord's work. The fundamental idea is not the pride of the congregation, but the confession of such worth and dignity in God as to make it fitting that we serve him with our most and best.

It is just the idea of the sacrifices of the old dispensation, which forbade the bringing of "the lame and the broken," but demanded that each offering should be the best of its kind. A cheap church edifice, occupied by a wealthy or well-to-do congregation, speaks of a cheapened God, and a cheapened sense of obligation to him. The costly church preaches to the world of a God whose people recognize him as worthy the best that they can give him, and who are glad to make sacrifice for him. The costliest building ever erected was the Temple at Jerusalem, and never was there a building which was so significant a religious object lesson.

J. K. WILSON.

. . .

It is not, especially when, as is true in some cases, there is poverty and heathenism within the shadow of these churches. But suppose the surroundiug community be all that could be desired, the true Christian, like his Master, will consider the need of the whole world. And while there are so many without the Gospel, would it not be better for Christians to worship in less expensive buildings, and spend their surplus time, energy and money in trying to carry out that last command of our Lord, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is true the church should be made attractive, but it does not need to be very expensive. A plain church building, filled with genuine Christians, is more attractive than a more costly one filled with mere professors. Fifteen dollars will not add much to a church tower, or to any inside embellishments, but it will support for one year a heathen child in a Christian school, and may by the blessing of God be the means of his salvation, make him a tower of strength in spreading the Gospel in his own community, an ornament to the society in which he moves, and an everlasting monument to the one whose gift made these things possible. I therefore think it better to spend less on church buildings and more on practical Christian work. M. J. MILLER.

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Money paid to ornament and beautify a church would not ordinarily be used for any other benevolent object. Cheap, plain houses of worship would not stimulate men to give for other causes. Once inaugurate parsimony in church building and you will affect the other benevolent enterprises with the same spirit.

We are authorized by Old Testament example and precept to glorify God in the magnificence and splendor of our temples to his worship, and this is no short-sighted or extravagant policy, humanly speaking; for giving promotes giving, and it is natural for us to beautify and ornament that which we love. Moreover, human nature is such that some degree of outlay is necessary to show that we really honor our God as we profess.

LOUIS A. WALKER.

4. If a husband discovers after marriage that his wife was guilty of wrong-doing before her marriage, though she has been blameless since, is he justified in seeking a divorce?

Emphatically no. If she has repented of her past sin, and since her marriage has been good and true, then how merciless would be the husband who sought a divorce. Though God may have forgiven her former wandering, if she has a tender conscience very possibly she has not forgiven herself, and is in need of comfort and encouragement. From the hills of Galilee came one whose voice, tender and loving, but so strong that it has echoed through all the centuries its words of hope. "Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more." Since our divine Redeemer forgives the greatest of sinners, let not this husband raise his hand to cast such a stone as divorce proceedings at her who is his faithful wife. F. E. L.

5. Is a tradesman justified in making a servant a present to induce her to obtain for him the custom of her employers?

No. A nice sense of honor would keep him from any such underhanded method. Let a tradesman seek to win custom by honest weights and measures, courteous manners and neatness, and he will be almost certain to succeed. Bribery, even on a small scale, is not commendable. FRANCES E. LANE.

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He is, provided the gratuity is simply intended to further his business interests honorably and by no underhanded methods. It is a common custom among tradesmen to give gratuities at certain seasons to those whose "orders" come to them during the year, and such gifts are the compliment of good will. If, however, the present is designed as a bribe to induce the receiver to deceive an employer into accepting inferior goods, it is to be condemned as wrong. All other things being equal, and the merchant's wares being all that he claims for them, a trifling gift or *douceur* is not a thing to be regarded as a bribe. Indeed, it is a universal custom. Of course, the present of anything of considerable value and altogether out of proportion to the customary trifle should be viewed with suspicion, as pointing to an improper ulterior motive.

CHARLES H. WELLS.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION FOR OUR READERS . . . .

A young reader of this journal, (Ethel G.) has sent us the following letter:

I have an unconverted brother in the Navy. He went away to fight for you. Now I want you to fight for his soul. Send him something that will help to save him. He is bright and handsome. Mama would not mind his losing his life for his country if he did not lose his soul, too. She cries a great deal. He is all the brother I have. Oh, please pick out the book yourself and ask God to help you choose it. He has a Bible, a Testament and a Hymn-book.

The question is, **what book would be most likely to be the most serviceable to him?** We invite suggestions from our readers. A book has already been presented, but in order to induce our readers to give the matter careful and prayerful consideration, we will send, in reply to **the first answer received in which the choice coincides with the book already sent,** a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine smooth calf, and lined with moire silk, and **to the two next best answers,** not making the same selection, a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine seal, with calf lining. All answers must be received at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York, **before February 1st.** No notice will be taken of any answers received subsequent to that date. Answers must be sent by postal card only, upon which no reference should be made to any other subject.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Grassland, W. Va. What are the best brain foods for a student?

Fish, farinaceous foods, fruit, vegetables, moderate meat, no pastry.

Canon City, Colo. Where may burnt paper money be sent to be redeemed?

U. S. Treasury, Washington, D.C., or any national bank.

Americus, Kans. What is least amount of sleep a student can take without danger to health?

It depends upon individual habits and constitution. Seven hours are a fair general average; many can do with six.

J. A. S., Waylam, Ala. When and how did the practice of duelling originate?

Classical history abounds with instances in which individuals resorted to single combat to decide a dispute without the effusion of much blood. Perhaps the first duel on record in which names are given, was that between David and Goliath, as narrated in the Bible.

E. H. D., Reisterstown, Md. If a first-class passenger dies at sea, while on a long voyage, is he necessarily buried on the ocean?

It is customary, especially in tropical latitudes, to bury the dead at sea, except in the case of a distinguished person dying. In such an event, the remains would be preserved and transferred to shore as soon as a port was reached.

Reader, Port Atkinson, Wis. Does the United States own territory in the Samoan Islands in the same way that she owns her other islands, or is she only a joint protector of those islands?

By agreement between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain, concerning the Samoan group of islands, the island of Tutiula, fifty-four miles square, with 4,000 inhabitants, became an American possession. The other islands of the group at the same time became German territory, Britain withdrawing and receiving compensation from Germany elsewhere.

Reader. What is the history of the balloon?

The first balloon was invented in 1772 by the Montgolfier brothers, in France, they giving an exhibition of the first ascent in June, 1783. Their balloon was filled with an air rarefied by a fire in the car. In the same year another inventor substituted hydrogen gas for rarefied air. Since then, hundreds of balloons have been constructed, some aeronauts having ascended to altitudes over 40,000 feet. The balloon of to-day is made of long bands of silk sewed together and rendered air-tight. It is filled with hydrogen or coal gas.

C. H., Sheldon, Mo. Ought a young girl to correspond with a young man whom she has never seen, but who writes nice, manly letters, and who, she is sure, is benefited by her influence and cheered by her letters?

While the young woman may be, and doubtless is, acting from the best motives, such a course may prove to be very indiscreet. It is a marked departure from the recognized proprieties for a young lady to open correspondence with a man who is an entire stranger and concerning whose character and motives she can know little or nothing. Few parents or guardians would countenance such a proceeding.

A reader in Indiana, Miss S. K., of Greensburg, writes:

Call attention to the pitiable condition of our own Indians in the United States and Alaska. In some sections they are starving. Please urge Congress to take immediate steps to relieve their wants.

We commend this to the attention of our friends in Congress.

Mrs. D. K. S., Los Angeles, Cal. There is no specific.

F. F. The Chautauqua salute is a general waving of handkerchiefs.

Mrs. M. A. J Antlers, I. T. The letters "D. V.," stand for *Deo Volente*, which means "God Willing."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1901 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

E. O. EXCELL — MISS RUTH C. LONG — MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP — IRA D. SANKEY

SINGING · AROUND · THE · WORLD

Men and Women whose Consecrated Voices have been Heard in Many Lands---The Power of Gospel Song

ONE of the notable developments in spiritual work, during the latter half of the last century, has been the almost universal recognition of consecrated song as a soul-winning power. In every land where the Christian religion is preached, the story of the Cross is told in strains that touch the hearts of the multitudes. Nearly all the famous hymns have been translated into many languages and dialects, and many of the same tunes that are sung in churches, Sunday Schools and general evangelistic gatherings in our own land are becoming more and more familiar to the dusky peoples of Asia, Africa and the remote islands of the Pacific Ocean.

In our own favored land, consecrated song has long been accorded special recognition as an agent of the highest value in Christian work. In all the great revivals of recent years, it has held a prominent part. So great a desideratum has it become, that a training school or College of Gospel Song is now projected, at which, under the tutelage of the ablest living minstrels of the Cross, young Christian men and women with good voices may receive such a training as will fit them for effective evangelistic work. This idea of a College of Sacred Song originated with Mr. Ira D. Sankey, long known as America's leading singing evangelist, and whose many years of labor in the Gospel as the associate of the late D. L. Moody, made his name a household word throughout the Christian world. In several years past a "Service of Sacred Song" has appeared in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD under Mr. Sankey's direction, and hundreds of the most beautiful compositions have thus been brought into a multitude of Christian homes.

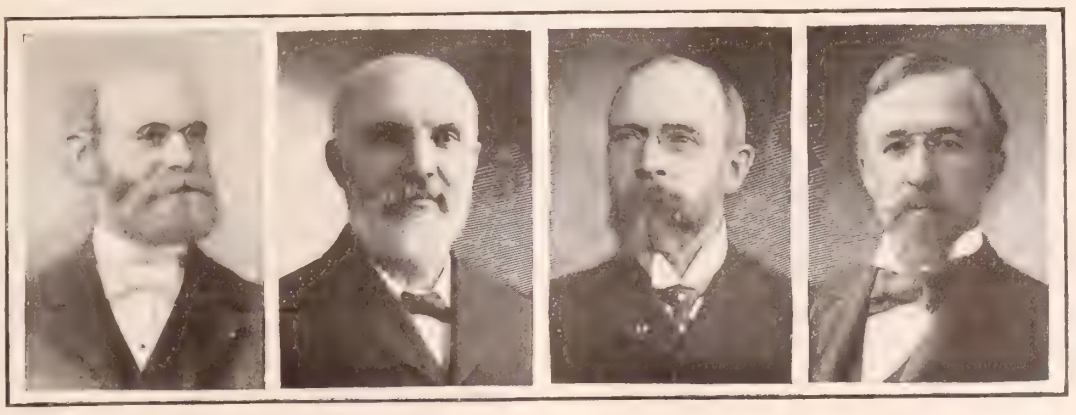
During his recent tour in Europe, Mr. Sankey sang and preached to vast audiences in the principal cities of the United Kingdom and in Ireland. At the suggestion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD he signalized his return by conducting a Gospel song service in the old Tombs prison in New York. Introduced by the prison chaplain, Rev. J. J. Munro, Mr. Sankey began the memorable service, singing, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," the "Ninety and Nine," and other hymns dear to the hearts of all sorts of men. Mr. Sankey stood on the bridge between the second row tiers. He could not see his audience, but as his sympathetic voice pealed out the lines of "Rock of Ages," he could hear half-subdued sighs along the rows of cells, and knew that many a sullen head was bowed upon a troubled breast. Even the hard-set faces of the keepers, steeled to all emotions, softened a little. Mr. Sankey ended the service by relating a pathetic story of his experiences in a Scotch prison, and singing a Scotch dialect hymn Later, when the great evangelist walked along the tiers, speaking a word of comfort through the bars to the occupant of each cell, he found many of the prisoners sitting on the edge of their beds, their heads bowed in their hands, and tears in their eyes.

In the ranks of America's famous Gospel singers, there are many who have been doing splendid service for Christ. Their voices, lifted in praise, in tuneful appeal and prayer, have moved great audiences to lead better lives, and have brought themselves to the cross. Their songs and hymns, their anthems and cantatas have been sung wherever churches, Sunday Schools and religious societies are found. Their compositions are familiar the world over. Among these may be mentioned Peter Philip Bilhorn, J. H. Burke, E. O. Excell, R. E. Hudson, W. J. Kirkpatrick, Hubert P. Main, H. N. Lincoln, James McGranahan, T. C. O'Kane, H. R. Palmer, George H. Stebbins, D. B. Tanner, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp and Miss Ruth Cordis Long.

Mr. Bilhorn was born at Mendota, Ill., of German parents. As a very young man he studied music, and became a popular concert singer. Under the preaching and singing of Dr. George F. Pentecost and Prof. George C. Stebbins, Mr. Bilhorn decided to give his life and talents to religious work. He at once began the study of harmony with the late Dr. George F. Root and voice culture with Prof. Frederick W. Root. He also received valuable instruction from Prof. Hans Palatka, of Chicago, Professor Powers, of New York, and Prof. Myron Whitney, of Boston. He is the author of many popular sacred songs in use to-day, among them being "Sweet Peace," "The Gift of the God's Love," "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story," "The Best Friend to Have is Jesus," and many others. His publications include "Crowning Glory," "Sunshine Songs," "Choice Songs," "Soul Winning Songs," "Bilhorn's" and "Male Chorus and Anthems." Two of his latest productions are "Sacred and Secular Selections," one for male, the other for female voices. Mr. Bilhorn is the inventor of the smallest telescope organ made. He has used it in some of the largest churches. It has been his companion in the homes of the poor and the sick, in hospitals, factories and prisons. Many of these instruments have been given to missionaries. He has drilled many large choruses. He sang last year at the World's Christian Endeavor Convention in London. He has labored in the evangelistic field with the late D. L. Moody, Major D. W. Whittle, B. Fay Mills, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and others.

J. H. Burke has sung the Gospel around the world as an evangelist. In January, 1888, Mr. D. L. Moody came to hold meetings in Chicago, where Mr. Burke was then teaching singing and leading choirs. The committee in charge engaged Mr. Burke to lead the singing during the first week, at the end of which time Mr. Moody asked Mr. Burke to continue with him through the coming campaign of four months. "That was the parting of the ways for me," says Mr. Burke, "and I decided to give myself entirely to Gospel singing. I joined Mr. Moody in Montreal, Canada, in October, 1888, and the following winter went with him to the Pacific coast, and worked with him, or under his direction, for about ten years, in the United States, Canada and Europe. In January, 1892, I joined Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in Scotland, and worked with them there, afterward working with Mr. Moody in England and Ireland. Returning to Scotland I joined Rev. John McNeill, of London, who had just begun evangelistic work, and worked with him until May, 1893, when we came to Chicago to take part in Mr. Moody's World's Fair campaign. In 1894 I made a trip around the world, singing the Gospel with Rev. John McNeill. We made a circuit of about three thousand miles in South Africa, holding meetings in all the principal towns in Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and Natal. We worked in Melbourne, Victoria, Sydney, New South Wales, Adelaide, and all the cities in Australia and Tasmania, and the same in New Zealand. I have also worked with Major D. W. Whittle, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Rev. L. W. Marshall, and others. I was with Mr. Moody in his last campaigns in New York and led the Carnegie Hall choir. I worked also with Rev. A. C. Dixon through Greater New York. Last summer I worked with French E. Olivar in Salt Lake City. Meetings were held every night for seven weeks in a tent seating about 2,500 people. There were about two hundred conversions."

W. J. KIRKPATRICK — R. E. HUDSON — J. H. BURKE — GEO. C. STEBBINS



Edwin Othello Excell is another popular evangelistic soloist and writer of Gospel songs. He was born in Stark county, Ohio, Dec. 13, 1851, his father, Rev. J. J. Excell, being a notable singer, and a minister in the German Reformed Church. The son studied voice culture under Frederick W. Root. Among the songs he has written are, "Since I Have Been Redeemed," "God Calling Yet," "We Shall Stand Before the King," "What Will You Do at the Judgment?" and "Let Him In." Equally well-known is his popular series of "Triumphant Songs" and Anthems.

R. E. Hudson began singing for churches, camp-meetings and conventions when he was sixteen. After returning from the Civil War, he taught music for eighteen years. In 1880 he began composing, and is now the author of about 130 songs. He has sung in all the large conventions in this country, and has had charge of the music at 180 camp-meetings. Among Mr. Hudson's most familiar songs are: "At the Cross," "Pearly Gates," "Beckoning Hands," "Angel Mother," "Fountain Flowing," "Wondrous Love," "Father's House," "His Yoke is Easy."

W. J. Kirkpatrick grew up in a musical atmosphere. His father taught music. His elder brothers played on various instruments. At nineteen, while studying harmony and piano, he supervised the publishing of a book of Gospel music, arranging and harmonizing many of the melodies. It was here his earliest compositions were published. It was not until after the great Moody and Sankey revival in Philadelphia

P. P. BILHORN H. R. PALMER T. C. O'KANE MISS GRACE HILDEBRAND D. B. TOWNER J. M'GRANAHAN

that he became personally interested in singing the Gospel outside of his own church, where he held the position of organist and choirmaster. He entered the field of camp-meeting and convention work, leading in sacred song large gatherings in many States, more particularly Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Florida. While Mr. Kirkpatrick has sung at many special revival services in his own city and elsewhere, he has never given up his regular work, to enter the field as singing evangelist. He is best known, perhaps, by his numerous compositions and books for Gospel meetings, Sunday Schools and choirs.

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H. N. Lincoln has been in Gospel song work for twenty years, mainly in the Southwest. In 1885 he brought out a book of Gospel carols. Shortly after this he made an engagement to travel with Major W. E. Penn, the evangelist. Together they issued *Harvest Bells*. A few years later Mr. Lincoln accepted a position in Howard Payne College as musical director. Here he brought out *Songland Messenger*, a song book that sold 300,000 copies. Next followed *Songland Melodies* and *Crowning Theme*. In 1891 he established a music journal called *Songland and Home*. He is also president of the Western Normal and College of Music, and author of many musical works.

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James McGranahan is among the most popular of our Gospel hymn writers. He was born at Adamsville, Pa., in 1840. At nineteen, he organized his first singing-class. In 1862, he became associated with the late J. G. Towner, and for some two years held conventions and concerts through Central Pennsylvania and Southern New York. His work in musical compositions began in 1865. His first melody was entitled "My Sewing Machine." Others followed, among them being "Nearer Home," "Say a Kind Word," and "That will be Heaven for Me." For many years he has been busy writing anthems, glee and hymn tunes, which have been sung everywhere. In 1877 he gave his voice entirely to the Gospel, and, together with Major Whittle, labored faithfully and successfully for about three years. In 1880 he went to England, where he met with great success. While there he published two books, *Songs of the Gospel* and *The Gospel Male Chorus Book*. He has also published a number of successful books of Gospel song in the United States.

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T. C. O'Kane, another well-known singer, resigned his position in 1864 as principal in the Cincinnati, O., Common Schools, and entered the music house of Philip Phillips & Co. Mr. Phillips was just then entering upon what proved to be a wonderful career as a singer of sacred song. Up to this time Mr. O'Kane had been for several years engaged in teaching music and in leading the singing in Sabbath Schools and churches. The soulful singing of Mr. Phillips attracted him and the two at once became firm friends. Mr. O'Kane's enthusiasm has not left him during the past thirty-six years.

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H. R. Palmer is not a Gospel singer, but one whose life-work is to make others sing, both by teaching and composing. He leads and instructs large bodies of Sunday School people, and has written many of the Gospel songs which are sung by Gospel singers, including, "Yield Not to Temptation," of which he wrote both words and music. "O Galilee. Blue Galilee," "Peace, Be Still, "By and By We Shall Meet Him," "Master, the Tempest is Raging," "Shall I Let Him In" (words and music), "Come Close to the Saviour." He has had charge of the music at Chautauqua, N. Y., during the last thirteen years. He was the musical father of the Church Choral Union here in New York, a few years ago, of which upwards of 20,000 young people from 200 Evangelical churches were taught.

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George C. Stebbins, for thirty years a singer, is a native of New York State. In 1874 he moved to Boston, and became the director of music in Dr. A. J. Gordon's church, and afterwards occupied the same position in Tremont Temple. During the summer of 1876 he went to Northfield to spend a few days with Mr. Moody. It was during this visit that his connection with Messrs. Moody and Sankey began, and from this time dates his entrance into evangelistic work. The year following he became one of the authors of the series of hymn books known as *Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs*, Mr. Sankey and Mr. James McGranahan being the other authors. Mr. Stebbins spent the winter of 1880 and 1881 in San Francisco in Moody and Sankey's great work there, and in the spring of the year following, 1882, went to assist them in the close of their work in Scotland. In the winter of 1888 and 1889 he assisted Mr. Moody in his work on the Pacific Coast. In 1890 he went with Dr. Pentecost to India. They visited Egypt and Palestine, singing in the principal cities.

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In 1892 he joined Mr. D. L. Moody during an evangelization visit to the English and Irish cities. They held a service of meetings in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London. He afterward assisted Mr. Moody in his World's Fair campaign in Chicago. Mr. Stebbins has been associated with Mr. Sankey in the conduct of the singing at the August Conference at Northfield ever since they began, twenty years ago. For twenty-five years and more he has conducted the singing at State and National Sunday School, Christian Endeavor and Y. M. C. A. conventions and other religious gatherings, camp-meetings and missionary meetings. Among the best known of his hymns are: "Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing," "There is a Green Hill Far Away," "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," "In the Secret of His Presence," "Come Unto Me," "Saved By Grace," "The Homeland," "There is Never a Day so Dreary," and "The Shepherd True."

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D. B. Towner, Superintendent of the Music Course, Bible Institute, Chicago, at the age of nineteen began teaching music and conducting musical conventions and choirs. When Mr. Moody came to Cincinnati, he gave Mr. Towner charge of his singing. He continued with Mr. Moody to the time of the evangelist's death, covering in all a period of seventeen years. "I was with him," says Mr. Towner, "on his last trip to the Pacific coast, which lasted six months. I have sung with him in all of the leading cities of America and Canada." Mr. Towner is the author of the Gospel songs: "Trust and Obey," "Anywhere with Jesus," "The Better Land," "Paul and Silas," and "Redeemed," all of which have been sung around the world.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, one of the foremost of women singers and composers of sacred song, is the author of a large number of hymns. During her recent travels in Europe, she was invited to Sheffield, the center of music in England, where she was given a reception such as had never been accorded a musician in that city. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Walter Palmer and Phoebe Palmer, of New York City. She gave early evidence of musical talent, and at the age of nine composed her first songs "Come and Rest ye Weary," and "Better Rub Than Rust." Since that time her compositions have been heard in many countries. Among the most popular are, perhaps, "Blessed Assurance," "Consecration," "Cleansing Wave," "The Dawn of Hope," "Open the Gates of the Temple," and "Bird Carol." She is also the author of "Jesus Christ is Passing By," "I Shall Be Satisfied," "Up For Jesus Stand," "O Lamb of God," "All For Jesus," "Keep Step With Jesus," "My Lord and I," "As Thy Days Thy Strength Shall Be," "Never Further Than the Cross," "Everlasting Love"; "Clinging to the Cross," "Nothing But Leaves," and many others.

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Miss Ruth Cordis Long, niece of Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, is one of the newest recruits in the phalanx of American Gospel singers. She has been singing in Boston churches for several years. Recently, Rev. Dr. James Boyd Brady began a series of revival meetings at the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Worcester, Mass., and asked Miss Long to assist in the musical part of the services. She consented, and the songs of Zion rendered by her fresh, rich, contralto voice had a marked effect upon the congregations. She decided then to consecrate her voice to Gospel song. Miss Long was born in Boston, but has spent most of her life with her widowed mother at Portland, Me. Her father, Zado Long, brother of the Secretary of the Navy, died when she was a mere child. At Santiago, on board one of our battleships, after she had sung, a sailor came up with repentant tears and said her singing had inspired him to a new life. This event revealed to her more than ever her possibilities in the use of her wonderful talent for the good of others. At a recent revival meeting she sang, "Where is My Wandering Boy?" and, as if in response, one of the young auditors left his comrades in the audience and came forward for prayer. The singer's face was radiant with the rapture of triumph.

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Miss Grace D. Hildebrand, another recent accession to the ranks of sacred song, has a voice of remarkable power and sweetness, which has earned for her the title of "The Gospel Nightingale." She has a mezzo-soprano voice of extraordinary compass and quality, to which she adds a power of expression in the rendering of Gospel hymns that penetrates the hearts of her auditors. During the past three years she has been the leading soloist at Rev. Dr. Cadman's Metropolitan Temple, and her voice has been heard during that time at many New York churches and missions. She has sung the songs of salvation to the wanderers in the Bowery Mission, and she has also sung in the little chapel at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, delighting the city waifs. She sang to great audiences last summer at the services conducted in the Gospel tent, "Glad Tidings," in New York City. Two years ago, Ira D. Sankey heard this young singer at the head of a chorus of sixty voices, and, at the close of the exercise obtained her promise to devote her voice and talent to the Lord. She has faithfully kept her pledge.

The Gospel in the Tombs

The following letter from Chaplain Munro, of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs prison in New York, will prove interesting to our readers:

Dr. Louis Klopsch, New York City—My Dear Brother: Three hundred copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Red Letter Testaments, beautifully printed, were received the other day and presented to the prisoners as your Christmas gift. I need hardly say that this act of generosity has been greatly appreciated by the prisoners, and doubtless will be long treasured by many of them. Let us earnestly pray that God may bless these little Testaments, in which his own Word shines so resplendently, to the salvation of many souls among those who are so unfortunate as to be behind the bars.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S many other acts of kindness toward the prisoners of the Tombs will not be soon forgotten. The weekly gift of one hundred copies of your paper is looked forward to with great interest and expectancy by the inmates of the city prison, and many a kind word do they say about it. And I have reason to believe that many a sad and discouraged soul has not only been cheered and strengthened by its perusal, but helped on in the Christian life, and eternity alone will be able to tell the influence for good wrought by this HERALD of kindness among the twenty thousand prisoners that yearly become involuntary inmates of the "Old Tombs"—the great prison barracks of America.

J. J. MUNRO, Chaplain.

Turkish Massacres in Albania

The terrible Turk continues to divert himself by torturing and slaughtering Christians. Late reports from Albania show that 1,100 men have been killed and 400 mutilated, beaten or sold into the slavery of harems. Men were crucified at Biluch, women violated, children were hacked to pieces before their parents' eyes. At Grumma, husbands, fathers and brothers, after beholding the maltreatment of their wives, daughters and sisters, and seeing them borne off to harems, were slowly tortured to death by various hellish devices. At Riboritz, flesh was sliced from living victims; at Genoritz, a priest of the Greek Church, was tied in a sack and tossed into the river. It is the Syrian consul at Mitrovitza, who places the estimate of the slain at 1,100, and of women carried to harems at 400. Gen. Osman Pasha, leader of the Kurd uprising of 1878, is said to be on his way to head another Kurdish revolt against Turkish rule, which he holds responsible for Kurdish assassinations of Christians.

A Memorial Church Gift

Mrs. Augustus J. Smith Weeks, of Patchogue, N. Y., recently made a notable gift to the Congregational church of that town. She presented it with the property known as the Ocean Avenue Chapel, valued at $10,000. The chapel was built by her sister, Charlotte G. Smith Keech, in 1876, in memory of her father and mother, Micah and Betsey Newey Smith. She died in 1887 and left it to Mrs. Weeks as a sacred trust, and the latter has now given it in the same way. It can never be sold or mortgaged, and is to be always used as a house of prayer, kept insured, and, in case of fire, to be rebuilt. Mrs. Weeks' great-grandfather was one of the charter members and helped to build the first Congregational church of Patchogue in 1793.

A · HEROIC · MISSIONARY · HONORED

Rev. Dr. R. A. Hume, Chairman of The Christian Herald India Famine Relief Committee, Decorated by Queen Victoria

SCENES DURING DR. KLOPSCH'S VISIT TO AHMEDNAGAR — 1. Visiting the Poorhouse with Dr. Hume 2. Under the Wellesley tree 3. Visiting the Ahmednagar Camp with Dr. Hume

[I]T is a time-honored custom in many of the older lands, to signalize the new year by some special mark of recognition to those who have done most distinguished service in the preceding twelve months. Among the recipients of Queen Victoria's New Year's honors, recently, was the Rev. Dr. Robert A. Hume, of ıe American Mission at Ahmednagar, India, upon hom was bestowed the famous *Kaisar-i-Hind* Empress of India) gold medal, in recognition of is distinguished services during the great famine ı India last summer. Dr. Hume is the chairman of HE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Interdenominational Iissionary Famine Relief Committee, and with the ctive cooperation of his associates on the committe, has rendered magnificent service in the great fe-saving work which the generosity of the readers f this journal made possible. It was in acknowldgment of his devoted labors for humanity, as the rincipal member of the band of missionaries who faithfully and wisely disbursed THE CHRISTIAN ERALD Fund among the famine-stricken multitudes, ıat this honor has come from royalty. It is an onor, therefore, in which every contributor to the ınd has a personal interest, and it is gratifying to now that the course of our Missionary Committee roughout the long famine has been such as to comand the confidence and esteem of the Christian orld and the admiration of India's Imperial ruler.

During his tour through the famine camps of India st summer, at the height of the cholera visitation, Dr. Klopsch included Ahmednagar in his itinerary. ı his letter to this journal, written after that visit, he id: "America may well be proud of her missionry representatives at Ahmednagar, who are doing liant service in the cause of Christ.the chief of whom Dr. R. A. Hume, one of the most sweet-spirited, ntiring and saintly Christians I have ever met."

In a subsequent letter, Dr. Klopsch again rerred to Dr. Hume's work in these terms of high ommendation:

Where in the missionary world can Dr. Hume's work t Ahmednagar be surpassed? Weeks could be spent here, and every day would develop new surprises of the ost delightful character. Every phase of missionary ork, spiritual, physical, mental and industrial, sympaetic and practical, is here developed into full fruition. rphans, widows, families, invalids and dependents, all ired for according to their needs, and success stamped early and unmistakably on every branch of the work.

REV. ROBERT A. HUME, OF AHMEDNAGAR

One afternoon, while on our way to the Government Relief Works at Kapurwadi, we came to what is known as the Wellesley Tree. On that spot the native fort of Ahmednagar capitulated, in 1803, to Lord Wellesley, Commander of the British forces, and as a memorial he planted the tree. Under its spreading branches Dr. Hume and I discussed the future of Christianity in India. Dark and discouraging as was the immediate condition of the land, we both agreed that for the cause of Christ the prospect never was brighter. It seemed to me that we were at last nearing the time when the Morning Light was about to break on this benighted land, and that, perhaps, in this very generation and at this very place, the fort of Hinduism will capitulate to the Captain of our Salvation, and yield its sword to the man who then stood at my side, the constant aim of whose life is, "To make my God appear great and good and near." With an intense devotion to the cause, an untiring activity, a surpassing talent for organization, the sagacity and wisdom of a trained diplomat, the generalship of a Napoleon, and withal the simplicity of a child, Dr. R. A. Hume is unmistakably a man chosen of God to bring things to pass that shall shake to the very foundations the strongholds of superstition and darkness which now enthrall the myriad population of the Indian Empire.

This eulogium of the missionary who has now been selected by royalty for a most distinguished honor, was well deserved. As chairman of the Missionary Famine Committee. Dr. Hume, during the long and arduous period of the famine was a slave to the duties of his responsible position. Back and forth between Ahmednagar and Bombay (the latter the gathering place of the Committee) he traveled ceaselessly, with plague and death on every side. He spared no effort, considered no sacrifice too great, to forward the life-saving work. And the same loyal, earnest spirit pervaded the entire committee.

Dr. Hume was born in India about fifty years ago, and comes of a missionary family, both his parents having served under the American Board. He was educated at Yale, and after graduation took up the missionary work, and has served continuously in the same field in which he has now won such high distinction. His brother, Rev. E. S. Hume, of Bombay, also a missionary of the American Board, was chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Famine Relief Committee during the famine of 1897. His health becoming impaired, he came to the United States on a long visit, and only recently returned to his field of missionary labor in India.

THE LATE BISHOP NINDE

AT the ripe age of sixty-eight, Bishop W. X. Ninde, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recently passed away at his home in Detroit. Dr. Ninde was a native of New York State, having been born at Cortlandville, N. Y., ı 1832. He had the advantage of a Christian home and early eligious training, his father being a minister of the Methodist hurch. Young Ninde was drawn early to the work of the inistry, and entered the Wesleyan University. He graduated om that institution in 1855. His first sphere of labor was hat of the Black River Conference, with which he was conected for six years. At the end of that time he joined the incinnati Conference, and spent the following nine years orking in that city. During that period he presided successively over four churches. From Cincinnati he removed to Detroit, Mich., where he labored so successfully and with much blessing that after serving his full term he was urged return at the earliest period permitted by the rules of the hurch, which invitation was accepted in 1873. In the interal he occupied the chair of Practical Theology at the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., of which institution he was elected President in 1879. He was elected Bishop in 1884. During his long life he was unceasingly active in religious ork. He traveled much, and was a careful and judicious observer. With a deep musical voice, a rich vocabulary and an eloquence in the presentation of Gospel themes, he was a most effective orator in pulpit or on platform. His life was a model of noble Christian character.

BISHOP W. X. NINDE

"He was a St. John," says an eminent leader of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who knew him well; "a man of sweet disposition, whose influence wherever he went was elevating, purifying and tranquilizing. Tall and well-proportioned, his coming into the home or into a public meeting seemed to bring an air of spirituality, as of one who lived near to God and was a messenger from him. During his service as a bishop, he was willing to take up any work that had in it a promise of usefulness, no matter how it might take him from home and the society of those he loved. He did efficient work in California and afterwards in Florida. When an authorized representative of the Church was needed to survey the ground in Porto Rico, he accepted that mission and did the work thoroughly. In 1899, he was in South America, holding conferences in many places. At a trying and difficult crisis in the history of the Epworth League he accepted the presidency, and to his tact and skilful guidance the happy issue of the Order out of its difficulty was largely due. In all his relations he was greatly beloved and his loss will be keenly felt.

AN · ABUNDANT · ENTRANCE

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

TEXT: II. Pet. 1: 11: "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly

DIFFERENT styles of welcome at the gate of heaven are here suggested. We all hope to enter that supernal capital through the grace that is ready to save even the chief of sinners. But not now. No man healthy of body and mind wants to go now. The man who hurls himself out of this life is either an agnostic, or is demented, or finds life insufferable and does not care where he lands. This is the best world we ever got into, and we want to stay here as long as God will let us stay. But when the last page of the volume of our earthly life is ended, we want enrollment in heavenly citizenship. We want to get in easily. We do not want to be challenged at the gate and asked to show our passports. We do not want the gatekeeper in doubt as to whether we ought to go in at all. We do not want to be kept in the portico of the temple until consultation is made as to where we came from, and who we are, and whether it is safe to admit us, lest we be a discord in the eternal harmonies or lower the spirit of heavenly worship. When the Apostle Peter in the text addresses the people: "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly," he implies that some will find admission into heaven easy, rapturous and acclamatory, while others will have to squeeze through the gate of heaven, if they get in at all. They will arrive anxious and excited and apprehensive, and wondering whether it will be "Come!" or "Go!" The Bible speaks of such persons as "scarcely saved," and in another place as "saved as by fire," and in another place as escaped "by the skin of the teeth."

Repentance at the Last Hour

Carrying out the suggestion of my text, I propose to show you what classes of Christians will get into heaven with a hard push, and those who will bound in amid salutations infinite. In the first class, I put that man who gets into the kingdom of God at the close of a life all given to worldliness and sin. Years ago he made the resolution that he would serve himself and serve the world, until body, mind and soul were exhausted, and then, just before going out of this life, would seek God and prepare to enter heaven. He carries out his resolution. He genuinely repents the last day, or the last hour, or the last minute of his life. He takes the last seat in the last car of the last train bound heavenward. His released and immortal spirit ascends. Not one wing bears down toward him with a welcome. No sign of gladness at his arrival. None there obligated to him for kindness done, or alms distributed, or spiritual help administered. He will find some place to stay, but I do not envy that man his heaven. He got in, but it was not an abundant entrance.

Sometimes in our pulpits we give a wrong turn to the story of the dying thief to whom Christ said, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." We ought to admire the mercy of the Christ that pardoned him in the last hour, but do not let us admire the dying thief. When he was arrested I think his pockets were full of stolen coin, and the coat he had on his back was not his own. He stole right on until he was arrested for his crimes. He repented, and through great mercy arose to Paradise, but he was no example to follow. What a gigantic meanness to devote the wondrous equipment of brain and nerve, and muscle and bone with which we are endowed, these miracles of sight and hearing and speech, to purposes unworthy or profane, and then, through hasty repentance at the last, enter heaven. Cheating God all one's lifetime and then taking advantage of a bankrupt law and made free of all liabilities. I should think that some men would be ashamed to enter heaven, or would prefer some medium place in the wide universe where the palaces are not so effulgent and the trees bear not more than six instead of twelve manner of fruits, and the social life is not so exalted.

Again, the bigot will not have what my text calls an abundant entrance. He has his bedwarfed opinion as to what all must believe and do in order to gain celestial residence. He has his creed in one pocket and his catechism in another pocket, and it may be a good creed and a good catechism, but he uses them as sharp swords against those who will not accept his theories. You must be baptized in his way, or come to him through apostolic succession, or be fore-ordained of eternity, or you are in an awful way. He shrivels up and shrivels up, and becomes more splenetic until the time of his departure is at hand. He has enough of the salt of grace to save him, but his entrance into heaven will be something worth watching. What do they want with him in heaven, where they have all gone into eternal catholicity, one grand commingling of Methodists, and Baptists, and Episcopalians, and Lutherans, and Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, and a score of other denominations just as good as any I have mentioned? They all join in the hallelujah chorus, accompanied by harpers on their harps and trumpeters on their trumpets, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power."

The bigot ascends with just enough grace to save him. As he comes up to the shining gate, he sees standing inside of it some whom he used to meet every Sunday morning on the street going to some other church of some other denomination, and he cries out, "Are you there. I never expected to see you in such a glorious place. You were all wrong in your religious theories on earth and in your form of church government. How did you get in?" "Saved by grace," is the heavenly reply. "Saved by grace." The bigot is embarrassed and feels for his creed and his catechism, and, lo! they were left on the banks of the river Jordan as he passed through, and he cries out, "I think I will have to enter on the same terms. Saved by grace. Saved by grace."

Denominations of Christians on earth were necessary in order to better work and to suit preferences—as an army must be divided into regiments, yet one army; as a neighborhood must be divided into families, though one neighborhood. But there is no need for such divisions in heaven, and therefore all belong to one denomination of sainthood. Christ said in one of his sermons that there would be laughter in heaven! "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." And what could cause more merriment among the glorified than a rehearsal of the earthly differences between Christians, differences once seeming of such vast importance, but differences unknown amid the heavenly worshipers? What will be the bigot's amazement when he sees seated side by side on the banks of the river of life Calvin and Arminius, Archbishop Cranmer and some dissenting preacher of the Gospel who never graduated, one who on earth was a robed and surpliced ecclesiastic, and a backwoods minister, who in the log-cabin meeting-house preached in a linen duster? Among the great surprises of heaven for the bigot will be the celestial friendliness of those who on earth opposed each other in wrathiest polemics. He will get through the gate, for he has a spark of divine grace in his heart, but there will not be an inch of room to spare on either side of him. It will not take long for heaven to educate him into a glorious big-heartedness.

Again, the penurious Christian will not have an abundant entrance. Perhaps he was not converted until all his habits of tight-fistedness were fixed beyond recovery. The people who are generous were taught to be generous in childhood. You can tell from the way that boy divides the apple what his characteristics for generosity or meanness will be for the next eighty years, if he lives so long. If he eat it all himself while others look wistfully on, he will be a Shylock. If he give half of it to someone who has no apple he will be an ordinarily generous man. If he give three-fourths of it to another, he will be a Baron Hirsch or a George Peabody.

The Penurious Christian

For thirty years this man has been practising an economy which prided itself on never passing a pin without picking it up, and if he responded at all in church, would put on the collection plate so insignificant a coin that he held his hand over it so that no one could discover the smallness of the denomination. Somewhere in the fifties or sixties of his life, during a revival of religion, he became a Christian. He is very much changed in most respects, but his all-absorbing acquisitiveness still influences him. To extract from him a gift for an orphanage or a church or a poor woman who has just been burnt out is an achievement. You and I know very good men, their Christian character beyond dispute, and yet they are pronounced by all as penurious, and they know it themselves and pray against it. We all have our bad habits, and yet expect to get to heaven, and this skinflint has his mighty temptation. The passion of avarice well illustrated its strength, when in one of the houses of exhumed Pompeii was found the skeleton of a man who was trying to escape with sixty coins and a silver saucepan. For those valuables he dared the ashes and scoria of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed him, and many a good man has been held mightily by avarice. But the day is coming for that penurious Christian's departure from the world. He has an awful struggle in giving up his government securities. The attorney who drew his last will and testament saw how hard it was for him to leave his farm, or his storehouse, or investments, especially those that in the markets are called gilt-edged. Those that yield only three per cent. he easily resigns to the care of his executors, but those that yield eight or nine or ten per cent. how can he give them up while the market is still rising? Bolstered up in bed, knowing he has got to sign it, he reads the document over and over again, and then, with a manner that seems to say, "Well, if I must, I must," he signs his name to that surrender of his last farthing of earthly possessions. He enters heaven, but he has not an abundant entrance. The fortune that won for him in this world much attention, makes no impression in that country where the gold is so common that they make streets out of it, and precious stones are so usual that they build them into walls, jasper at the bottom, amethyst at the top, emerald and rubies between. He will get in, for he has enough grace to save him, but his place in heaven will not be so high up or so brilliant as that of the woman whose generosity and self-sacrifice have been celebrated for thousands of years—the widow of the two mites. No room for his severe economies up there, where everything is so lavish and so radiant and so imperial and so infinite that the humblest man is a king, and the poorest woman a queen, and the stars of heaven which bespangle our midnights are only the dew-drops on the lawn of our Father's house. I am glad that the old man got in, but I wish that when his heart was converted his pocketbook had been converted, so that a thousand souls who might have preceded him into heaven through his Christian charities might have kept a special holiday on the occasion of his arrival.

But that brings me to the other thought of my text, that there are those who will, when they leave this life, bound into heaven amid salutations infinite. "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly." Such exultant admission will await those who enter heaven after on earth living a life for others, and without reference to conspicuity. On the banks of the Ohio, or the Tuscaloosa, or the Androscoggin, is a large family, all of whom have been carefully and religiously reared. In the earlier stages of that family there were many privations. The mother of the household never had any amusements. Perhaps once in a year a poor theatrical play was enacted in the neighboring schoolhouse or a squawking concert in the town hall, and that was all the diversion afforded for the winter season. I asked the manager of an insane asylum in Kentucky: "From what class of persons do you get most of your patients?" and he said: "From farmers' wives." I asked the same question of the manager of an insane asylum in Pennsylvania, and the same question of the manager of an insane asylum in Massachusetts, and got the same reply: "We have on our rolls for treatment more farmers' wives than persons coming from any other class." That answer will be a surprise to some; it was no surprise to me. The simple reason is, farmers' wives as a general thing have no diversion. It is breakfast, dinner, and supper, sewing, scouring, scrubbing, knitting, mending, year in and year out. That mother is the milliner, the mantuamaker, the nurse, the doctor, the accountant of the whole family. She plans the wardrobe of spring, of summer, of autumn, of winter, cutting, fitting, completing garments, out of which the children soon grow and must have something else. The newspaper does not come, or, if coming, there is no time to read it. No selection of good books. The neighbors calling in are full of the same grinding routine. No wonder so many of them go into dementia. Oh! the country is beautiful to look at and a recuperative place in which to spend summer, and if you have the means to bring yourself amusements, or go where they are, or you can surround yourself by inspiring social life, it is a good place to stay all the year round. But, alas for the thousands of good and noble women who are dying by inches in its solitudes!

The Mother's Heavenly Homecoming

Now the mother of whom I speak as living on the banks of that great river in Ohio, or Alabama, or Maine has gone through all the drudgery mentioned, and her children have turned out well, good and useful men and women, ornaments of society, pillars in the house of God, and that whole family, after the years have passed by and their work is done, will meet in the heavenly country. From such a family some will certainly have preceded her, and the time of her expected arrival will be announced to all the members of that family already glorified and to the old earthly neighbors who put down their toils a little sooner than she did, and she will have warmest kind of home-coming, and she will go through the gate as easily as ever she lifted the latch of her front door coming from the old country meeting-house where she used to worship. Go in, mother! Heaven has been waiting for you a good many years. Got rid of all your aches and pains and weariness, have you? Go anywhere in heaven and they will be glad to see you. On the highest throne you will find one who said: "Behold thy mother."

There is another kind of spirit who will have radiant admission in the upper dominion. There is a fact which ought to have most emphatic pronouncement. All over the world to-day there are men and women of consecrated wealth. They are multiplying by the day and hour. People who feel themselves the Lord's stewards, and from their opulence they are making a distribution which pleases the heavens. The checkbook in the office drawer of that man has on its stubs a story of beneficence clear up into the sublime. In all the round of the world's suffering and ignorance and woe you cannot mention one worthy object to which that prosperous and good man has not made contribution. He is not irritated, as many are, by solicitation for alms. In some poor woman, in thin shawl, holding in her arms a child with rheum in its eyes, this good man sees the Christ who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Well, this man of consecrated affluence is about to go out of this world. He feels in brain and nerve the strain of the early struggles by which he won his fortune, and at sixty or seventy years collapses under the exhaustions of the twenties and thirties of his lifetime. When the morning papers announce that he is gone there is excitement not only on the avenues where the mansions stand, but all through the hospitals and asylums and the homes of those who will henceforth have no helper. But the excitement of sadness on earth is a very tame affair compared with the excitement of gladness in heaven. The guardian angel of that good man's life swept by his dying pillow the night before, and on swift wing upward announced that in a few hours he would arrive, and there is a mighty stir in heaven. "He comes!" cries seraph to seraph. The King's heralds are at the gate to say, "Come, ye blessed," and souls who were saved through the churches that good man supported, and hundreds who went up after being by him helped in their earthly struggle will come down off their thrones and out of their palaces and through the streets to hail him into the land which they reached some time before through his Christian philanthropy. "Why, that is the man who, when I was a hungered, gave me bread!" "Why, that is the man," says another, "who encouraged me when I was in the hard struggle of business life!" "Why, that is the man," says another, "who paid my rent when I had nothing with which to pay!" "Why, that is the man through whose missionary spirit I heard the Gospel call in Bombay!" "Why, that is the man," says another, "who helped send the Gospel of Christ to the aborigines of America and caused me to exchange the war-whoop of the savage for the song of Christian deliverance!" "Stand back!" commands the gatekeeper of heaven, "all ye throngs redeemed through this man's instrumentalities. Make way for him to the feet of the King, where he will cast his crown, and then make way for him to the throne, where he shall reign forever and ever." Now, that is what I call an abundant entrance. You see it is not necessary to be a failure on earth in order to be a success in heaven.

But I promise that all those who have lived for others and been truly Christian, whether on a large scale or a small scale, will have illustrious introduction into the impearled gateway. Here and there in some large family you see an attractive daughter who declines marriage that she may take care of father and mother in old days. This is not an abstraction. I have known such. You have probably known such. There are in this world womanly souls as big as that. They cheerfully endure the whimsicalities and querulousness which sometimes characterize the aged, and watch nights when pneumonia is threatened, and are eyes to the blind, and sit in close rooms lest the septuagenarian be chilled, and count out the right number of drops at the right time. The mother of a little child has her hands full, but the daughter who stays home to take care of an aged father or mother has her hands just as full.

After years of filial fidelity on the part of this self-sacrificing daughter, the old folks go home. Now, the daughter is free from marital alliance, but the damask rose in her cheek is faded, and the crows' feet have left their mark on the forehead, and the gracefulness is gone out of the figure, and the world calls her by a mean and ungallant name. But, my Lord and my God, surely thou wilt make it up for that girl in heavenly reward! On all the banks of the river of life there is no castle of emerald and carbuncle richer than that which awaits her. Its windows look right out upon the King's park, and the white horses of the chariot are being harnessed to meet her at the gate, and if there are no others to meet her, father and mother will be there to thank her for all she did for them when their strength failed and the grasshopper became a burden; and they will say: "My daughter, how kind you were to us even until the last! How good it is to be together in heaven. That is the King's chariot come for you! Mount and ride to your everlasting home!" Now, that is what I call an abundant entrance.

Know right well that in whatever station of life you now move, and whether your intellectual faculty be brilliant or dull, and your worldly resources opulent or poor, you may have at the gate of heaven jubilant and triumphant reception. All soldiers cannot be Hannibals and Marlboroughs, all admirals cannot be Duponts and Farraguts, all authors cannot be Bacons and Southeys, neither can all Christians be Pauls and Richard Cecils. Do your best right where you are, asking God's help, and you will not only win glorious admission, but you will make all your life in heaven a grander and higher life. It is a good thing to have a healthy ambition in this world, and why not an ambition not to stand among the comparative failures of heaven "saved as by fire," but to be classified among those who did something worthy of immortals? The Bible distinctly tells that there will be grades in heaven, "As one star differeth from another star in glory." Will you be among the lower grades when you may be among the higher? Of course, cherubic and seraphic orders are fixed, and you cannot enter them, but in what low or high order of the sainthood you may live and reign forever you are now deciding by your present half-heartedness or enthusiastic ardor. Be the means of salvation of one man or one woman, and you stir all the heights celestial, for there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

But imagine one of these "scarcely saved" Christians entering the shining realm. He passes in a stranger. Saint says to saint, "Who comes there?" And angel to angel, "Who is that?" He moves up and down the streets and meets no one whom he helped to get there. He goes into the great temple and finds among the throngs of the white-robed not one soul whom he helped to join the doxologies. He goes into the "House of Many Mansions," and finds not one spirit whom he helped to start for that high residence. I am glad that he got in, but I am amazed that in the thirty or forty or seventy years of his life he did nothing for God and the betterment of the world which woke the heavenly echoes. O, child of God, if you had never thought of it before, I present the startling fact that you are now deciding not only the style of your heavenly reception, but the grade of your association and enjoyment of the world without end. Are you so satisfied with yourself that you can afford to throw away raptures, and ignore heavenly possibilities, and elect yourself to lower status, and classify yourself amid the less efficient when you may mount a higher heaven?

But I am to-day chiefly addressing those who are started for heaven, and would have them know that while we are apt to speak of a Lanphier, the founder of Fulton street prayer meeting, as having an abundant entrance; an Alfred Cookman, the flaming evangelist, as having an abundant entrance; and Thomas Welch and Fletcher, the glorious preachers of the Gospel, as having an abundant entrance; and John Rogers and Latimer, and Ridley, ascending, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire, as having an abundant entrance; you also, if you love and serve the Lord and fulfil your mission, whether it be applauded or unknown, will have, when your work on earth is ended and you are called to come up higher, an easy, a blissful, an enrapturing, an abundant entrance.

How One Woman Saved a Church

IN 1891, the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, Madison avenue, New York, celebrated its centennial. Three years ago, the building was about to be sold and the church to merge its identity in that of another. One quiet little woman, in attendance on the meeting at which this motion was put, raised her voice in opposition, pleading for the life of the old church. She had not merely an emotional petition—she had an idea and a plan. She asked that the experiment be made of keeping the church open during the summer then at hand. Her words were heeded—nobody wanted to see the venerable church pass out of existence. A young, earnest preacher, Rev. Howard L. Jones, who came during his vacation to fill the pulpit, threw himself heart and soul into pastoral work, and won the hearts of a multitude. In the hot summer days, when other big, uptown churches were closed, the Epiphany stood open. The session had only agreed to the use of the prayer-meeting room, but so many flocked to hear Mr. Jones, that after a few Sundays the church proper was thrown open. In the fall, when the session met again, the idea of selling the church was abandoned, and Mr. Jones was formally called to the pastorate. The Epiphany has been steadily growing since that summer when it was kept open for the people.

NEW YORK WORKING GIRLS' SUNDAY CLUB (IN EPIPHANY CHURCH PARLORS)

The lady who had opposed its absorption into another church has not been idle. Who would think that children would flock to a Bible School—a school where the Bible is the only text-book and the singing of hymns the only recreation? It is a truth that such a school as this on Seventy-third street has been immensely popular for three seasons past in the upper East Side. Says Mrs. W. A. Hawes, "the lady who saved the church," "We felt that the Bible is not taught in homes as it used to be, nor as it should be, and it is not taught in the public schools. So we opened three years ago a school in which we made the Bible our only text-book. Of course such a school is practicable only in vacation time. We began in a room that had been a beer-garden. So many children came that we had to take three rooms. Last summer the Alumni Association of the Normal College lent us their building. With the public school playgrounds open in the same block with us, and all sorts of games going on, we have been overcrowded with children who want to learn the Bible. Their mothers are glad to have them off the street, and the children are glad to come. We cannot receive all who apply.

Another interesting and novel feature of work at the Epiphany is the Working Girls' Sunday Afternoon Club. It was a problem with Mr. Jones how he should reach the working girls, particularly those in domestic service, in his charge, it being hardly practicable to call on these during their business hours. So he set Sister Bertha, the sweet-faced deaconess, to work gathering the girls into the church parlors, Sunday afternoons, where they could meet each other and have a happy little time over the tea-cups. A fine piano and the best and brightest religious journals (among which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a favorite) contribute to the pleasure of the hour. Sweet, wholesome stories are read, and the club has a tendency to develop into a mutual aid society. One member, stricken with pneumonia, has been tenderly looked after, and many lonely ones have been cheered. The Young People's meeting begins just as the club closes, and most of the girls remain to religious service.

CHRIST SILENCES THE PHARISEES

Christlike Answering and Questioning

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for Jan. 27: Matt. 22: 34-46 | GOLDEN TEXT, Matt. 22: 42: What think ye of Christ?

By... Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

HOW Christ answered and how he questioned the loveless Pharisees, that is what this lesson tells us, by way of teaching Christlike ways of answering and of questioning. Jesus teaches us also, as he taught the Pharisees, that the soul of law is love, and that the Lawgiver was at once Son of David and Son of Man, Lord of David and Lord of all.

The Parable that Aroused Enmity We sometimes wonder why the Pharisees and the Jewish rulers were so hostile to Christ, their hatred increasing from month to month until it culminated in his murder. At the time of the lesson it was approaching the culmination, and it received a direct impetus from the parable of the King's Wedding Feast, set down at the beginning of this chapter (Matt. 22: 1–14). In that parable they were clearly characterized in the people who maltreated the servants whom the king sent to invite them to the marriage. Christ represents them as being destroyed and their city burned—a prophetic warning fulfilled about forty years after his words were spoken. But Christ did not stop there. He had another word of warning for them. He represented a self-righteous Pharisee under the guise of a guest, who deliberately affronted the king by refusing the garment provided by the king and insisting on wearing his own ordinary garb. The Pharisees, who gloried in their own superficial righteousness, would have no difficulty in perceiving whom it was that this guest represented. When they heard the doom of the guest, "Bind him hand and foot and take him away and cast him into outer darkness," they knew that Christ was predicting the fate in store for them. The people around would also know, and would probably enjoy hearing the hypocritical Pharisees shown up in their true colors. The Pharisees could not answer the parable, but they were doubtless frenzied with hatred. Such a man as this young Teacher must be suppressed at all hazards, otherwise they would lose the respect of the public. The best course was to get Christ to commit himself to some statement which could be used as the basis for a legal accusation. "Then," says the Evangelist, "went the Pharisees and took counsel how they might entangle him in his talk."

"THEN SAID THE KING TO THE SERVANTS: BIND HIM HAND AND FOOT AND TAKE HIM AWAY"

Master, which is the great commandment in the law? The question looks innocent enough, but there was a trap in it, aye, there was murder in it. These loveless Pharisees had not only missed the "love" which Christ was about to disclose as the heart of the law, but they were even planning, in the defense of the law, as they thought, to violate, what many of them, no doubt, regarded as "the great commandment," "Thou shalt not kill." There could hardly be a more perfect illustration of the saying: "The letter killeth." It was a disputed point among Jewish rabbis whether the greatest commandment was the law of circumcision, or the law of sacrifice, or the law of the Sabbath. The Jews enumerated 613 ordinances, 365 prohibitions, according to the days of the year; 228 commandments, according to the parts of the body. The ten commandments, which God had made preeminent by writing them with his own finger on stone, were lost in a lot of petty rules they had tied, like meshes of red tape, all around themselves. "What is your name?" a small boy was asked, and he answered: "Willie Don't, that's what mother calls me." The Pharisees might have been called Abraham Don't and Isaac Don't and Jacob Don't, for it was: "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," every way one could turn. "What sect do you suppose I belong to!" exclaimed a bigoted sectarian in a debate about some petty trifles in his creed, in which he forgot the great law of love. The other answered, more truly than gently: "From your interest in petty trifles and your stinging words and spirit, I should say you belonged to the sect known as insect." Such was the sect of the Pharisees, which would not kill an insect in self-defense on the Sabbath, as that would be "hunting," they said.

The Pharisees and all sectarians might well ask the question: Which are the really important commandments in our long list of rules? But their question was only a mean trap to get Jesus to say something which they could use with the Romans or the Jewish rulers or the people to kill him.

Every age needs the warning, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." Saying prayers, going to meeting, giving generously to the church and to charity, that is not enough. A man may be all that and yet crucify the Lord afresh, breaking the very laws in spirit that he keeps in loveless acts. Interest has recently been revived in *The Book of Hearts*, a book that created a profound impression upon children in the early years of the century. Its picture of the heart dominated by Satan and filled with sins that are like beasts, is an accurate picture, not alone of the Pharisees, but of many others who have said their prayers and attended church as regularly, but have never had the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, the dove that drives out the beasts of sin and fills the heart with the light of love to God and man.

The Greatest of Answers to the Meanest of Questioners *Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord . . . This is the first and great commandment.* We are all prone to answer a knave according to his knavery, which is both wrong and foolish. A wise merchant never "talks back" when a customer is insolent. If no fuel is added to the flame it soon burns out, and anger gives place to apology. Meekness has been defined as "giving soft answers to rough questions," and remember, "the meek shall inherit the earth." "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It is the best answer, whether spoken or printed or written, the only kind worthy of a Christian or a gentleman. The foolish desire to "have the last word" has broken up not families only, but churches.

To a question full of hate Christ gave an answer full of love, "Thou shalt love." How that answer must have struck the Pharisees! A loving heart more important than wide phylacteries or circumcision or sacrifices, or even Sabbath observance! Loving was the one religious act they had omitted altogether. One would as soon look for love in a machine as in a Pharisee. For lack of love to God and man, which was the real heart of Sabbath observance, they made even that longest of the ten commandments more a burden than a blessing. What satisfaction does a father find in the service of a son, or a wife in that of her husband, if there is no love in it? God wants not only our obedience but our love. "This is the first and great commandment."

Not to love God, then, is the "capital crime," a greater crime than theft or murder. Such a doctrine is even now hardly less startling to church people than it was to the Pharisees. We are all under the spell of a public opinion which regards human life and property as more sacred than the rights of God—his right to our loving worship. For a man to count a "good moral life" sufficient, with religion left out, is as if a wife should boast, "I have been true to all my obligations except to love my father and my husband." On a cold winter evening Dr. T. L. Cuyler made his first call on a rich merchant in New York. As he left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, he said, "What an awful night for the poor!"

The merchant went back, and bringing a roll of bank bills, said, "Please do me a favor. Hand these bills to the poorest people that you know."

After a few days Dr. Cuyler wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added, "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse him his heart?"

This sentence touched him to the core. He sent for Dr. Cuyler to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since.

A dying Sunday School boy, whose father was not a Christian, said to that weeping father just before he died, "I'm going to God; father, what shall I tell him is the reason you won't love him?" The father found in the dark hours through which that question echoed in his ears no reason why he should not, but a multitude of reasons why he should love and serve God, who cries to every soul of man, "My son, give me thine heart." Fatherhood in heaven, as on earth, will be satisfied with nothing less than love.

But sensitive souls are troubled that they do not find in their hearts quite the same personal affection which they have for a mother or sister. This calls up once more what has been said before in these lessons about the THREE KINDS OF LOVE:

1. The love of esteem, that looks up with admiration and aspiration dominating affection.

2. The love of sympathy, that goes straight out to our associates in home and school and elsewhere, kindred in blood or in purposes.

3. The love of pity or compassion, that looks down to lift up the sinful and unfriendly.

This last is the love with which God loves us in our sins, and it is the distinctive Christian love required of us. There is no credit, as there is no effort, in loving what is lovely and what we like. For the Jew to love the Samaritan and others, those equally despised, that Jesus explained was the essence of the command to love our neighbor, which we are now to consider.

Self-Love and Love for Mankind, Both Commanded *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* Here is a double command:

1. Thou shalt love thyself.
2. Thou shalt equally love thy neighbor.

Selfishness is condemned, but self-love is commanded. It is what we mean when we say: "Be good to yourself." The old saying will bear frequent repetition: "Self-denial is self-love living for the future." But we are to love our neighbor equally with ourselves—not less or more. As we have said before, many a mother by loving her little neighbor better than herself, cultivates selfishness in her child. A greater difficulty, however, is in loving the degraded, and the greatest difficulty is in obeying the command: "Love your enemies." They are of the neighbors we are commanded to love.

Here we meet another difficulty. Is love a child of the will that can be commanded? Careful observation will show that love is less spontaneous, and more the result of thought and will than has been supposed. We shall find love for the sinful and the unfriendly growing as we turn our thoughts to them as sons and daughters of God, brothers and sisters of Christ, for whom he died, and so our own immortal brothers and sisters, to be loved and helped, not hated or harmed.

The Old Testament a Book of Love *On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.* The substance of the Old Testament, then, is love. Its great word "Law" is but the expression of love. Why does a father make rules for his children? Not to annoy and vex them by needless restraints. Every law is but the expression of love. It is a path marked out by which pain and trouble are to be avoided by his child. So in the Old Testament, in the words of Browning,

All love, yet all's law.

He who learns the lesson of to-day, that law is but two hemispheres of love, will be able to say as he looks up to God: "Oh, how I love thy law!" Many talk of the Old Testament as "stern," and intimate that God kept back his love, for the most part, till New Testament times. But it is in the Old Testament God is first called "Our Father," and there only he is compared to a mother: "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." It is there we first read the commands, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor" and "Love your enemies." Let us not miss the heart-throbs of the Saviour's Bible, the Law and Prophets, which Jesus said all hung, like grapes on a vine, on the double law of love.

In the churches we have given too exclusive attention to the first commandment, expressing the relation of each man to God. That is truly "first." A man must first be right with God, or he can not be right with man. He must know God as Father before he can feel that men are his brothers.

The Lord of Love *How then doth David in spirit call him Lord?* Jesus having shown us how to give loving answers to hateful questions, teaches also how to develop self-conviction in men by searching questions. Both in teaching and preaching we should use the Great Teacher's question method more than we do. Socrates used questions to make men feel they were not as wise as they had thought they were, and so prepare them to learn. Christ questioned men to make them feel they were not as good as they had thought themselves, and so incline them to repent and truly live. He asked the Pharisees, What think ye about the Messiah? Whose son is he? (Christ is Greek for Messiah). The Pharisees did not refer to Jesus in their reply, but to the expected Messiah. They said he would be the Son of David. Jesus replied: "Why then does David call him Lord?" The Pharisees could not answer. Instead of confounding him with their questions, they had been confounded by his questions. To us there is no difficulty, for we know Jesus was son of David and son of man, but also Lord of all.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Floods in Rome

MANY historic sites were submerged by the recent floods in the Italian capital. The river Tiber rose fifty-five feet above its normal level, overflowing both banks. On the right bank, a massive wall of masonry was built about fifteen years ago, after a great flood had menaced the city, and it was supposed that on that side, at least, no damage would be done. A company of soldiers, marching near the wall about midnight, felt a vibration beneath their feet, and on their reaching their barracks reported the fact. Civil engineers were immediately sent to the scene of danger, but found it was then too late to save the wall. Before dawn, the embankment with the wall and the promenade fell into the river, thereby making a dam which increased the trouble. It appears that the wall had not been built on caissons, but on wooden spiles, many of which had rotted through. The cost of the embankment now lying at the bottom of the Tiber is said to have been over fifteen million dollars. The low-lying districts above the scene of the disaster became lakes. The Pantheon loomed up amid the waters; the Forum was completely covered, and the Ripetta Road and other historic streets looked like the canals of Venice. Happily the loss of life appears to have been very small. When the civil engineers reported that the embankment was slipping, officers were sent at once to arouse the people in the adjacent houses and get them out. In most cases there was great reluctance shown; the people, awakened from their sleep, could not be convinced that they were in danger, and thought it was a ruse of the Government to make them vacate their houses. The officers, however, summarily drove them out, and so saved their lives. Doubtless, they are now thankful that their appeals to be let alone were not listened to. There are many people similarly thankful for appeals and warnings of spiritual danger, which, when they first heard them, they resented as officious and obtrusive interference.

Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let us alone that we may serve the Egyptians? (Ex. 14: 12).

THE FORUM INUNDATED

THE PANTHEON

THE ISLAND OF THE TIBER, SUBMERGED BY THE FLOOD

Injurious Dyes

A European chemical journal has issued a caution to people who are wearing garments of the bright colors now in vogue. It says that the effort to put such garments as these on the market at the lowest prices has led to the use of poisonous dyes, which are detrimental to the health. It instances the case of a man with an abrasion on his foot, who put on a pair of scarlet socks, and was so badly poisoned that his life was saved only by the amputation of the foot. In another case, a man wearing a new suit of bright-colored underclothing went for a fast walk, during which he perspired freely. He was taken ill soon afterward, and his physician, diagnosing poison, analyzed the underclothing, and found it reeking with poison, which had entered the man's system through the open pores. Another case was that of a lady who had a sore on her lip, and had bitten the end off the bright-colored silk with which she was sewing, and had sucked the end too to make it go more easily through the eye of the needle. She, too, had been poisoned, and came near losing her life. Poison once introduced into the system, spreads rapidly, and unless eliminated may cause death. It is so in the mental, moral and spiritual nature, and it is a significant fact that the causes of infection are most frequently the things that are fashionable and attractive. A bad play, a bad book, or a detrimental amusement is all the more dangerous on account of its fascination, and is liable to do deadly harm.

Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? (I Cor. 5: 6).

A Prisoner Vindicated

Two men have been sent to jail in New Jersey charged with stealing wire from an electric company. It is a curious fact that there is a man in the State prison at Trenton, N. J., serving a sentence of two years' imprisonment for stealing that identical wire. When he was tried for the offence he admitted having the wire in his possession, but said that he came by it honestly, having purchased it from a man unknown to him for five dollars. He was, however, unable to prove the fact, so he was convicted and sent to prison. But the public prosecutor was impressed by the apparent honesty of the prisoner, so he set an inquiry on foot, which has led to the arrest of the two prisoners. He has also found a man who was present when the purchase was made. No more welcome news could reach the prisoner than that the real culprits have been discovered. He will now expect his speedy release. He is little likely to treat the news as sinners too frequently treat the Gospel message. Though they are really guilty and deserve their punishment, many of them hear with indifference that Jesus, by suffering in their place, has opened for them a way of escape and they neglect to avail themselves of it.

The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it (Heb. 4: 2).

A Father's Long Search

A pathetic scene was witnessed in the morgue at St. Louis, Mo., recently. A man went there, and asked permission to look at the bodies of any women which might have been brought in. The officers complied with his request, for it was known that he was looking for his daughter, whom he had not seen in ten years. His daughter had resented some reproof he had felt it his duty to administer, and she went away declaring he should never see her again. Since she departed he has sought her vainly in many cities, and had not given up hope of finding her. Still, he had a presentiment that it would be in the morgue that he would see her, and at intervals he went there. On this occasion he scanned the poor dead faces with his usual penetration, and then beside one of them he fell on his knees, and his hands went to his head. It was the face of his daughter, cold in death. The father was heartbroken. Perhaps if she had known with what tender love he was seeking her, she would have gone home, where a joyful welcome awaited her. How many there are, like her, who die in their sins, never knowing how their heavenly Father yearns for them!

Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth (Luke 15: 10).

An Automatic Detective

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* sends to that journal an amusing story of the detection of a criminal. A farmer has been missing various articles from his house recently, and he had reason to believe that they were not taken by burglars, but by some inmate of his household or some neighbor who had access to his premises. Of late, valuable articles having been put under lock and key, the thief has turned his attention to the pantry, and the farmer found that his flour barrel had been the most frequently visited and the most to suffer. He tried in vain to detect the thief. Recently he fitted up a camera, and placed it in such a position that any one disturbing the flour would unconsciously cause the plate of the camera to be exposed and a snap-shot of the thief taken. The next day, he discovered that the plate had been exposed, and upon developing it a photograph of the thief, bending over the flour barrel, was produced. The photograph is an excellent one, the emotions, the craft and the guilt being plainly reproduced in the picture. The farmer knows the thief well. It would be easy to secure a conviction if he decided to bring the culprit to trial. Such evidence as the photograph furnishes precludes any doubt of guilt. Who can tell but that there may exist in the infinite resources of divine power some means of automatic registration similarly conclusive, which, at the last great day of final account, will prove beyond a doubt to what company every man belongs.

Who show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness (Rom. 2: 15).

BRIEF NOTES

The new report of the Salvation Army in America shows that the total value of the property of all kinds held by the Army is $821,674. The headquarters record of expenses for the year was $77,805.

A significant fact quoted by a scientific journal explains why war is so costly. The cartridges for the "pom-pom" guns cost one dollar and a half each. As the guns can fire three hundred a minute, this means an expenditure of $450 a minute while the gun is in use.

At a recent convention in North Carolina, it was stated that there are ten counties in that State in which there were hundreds of people who had never heard the name of Christ, and that in Edgecombe county there were 8,000 persons outside of any church organization.

REV. T. SPURGEON | BISHOP VINCENT | JOSEPH COOK | GEN. O. O. HOWARD | WILL R. MOODY

The Kind of Wife I Should Choose For My Son....

REV. JOSEPH PARKER

THE WIFE DESCRIBED IN THE BOOK OF PROVERBS

BY REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

THE subject of this article is capable of being stated from a totally different point of view, that is, for example, What daughter-in-law would I choose for myself? So limited is the mind of man, and so selfish is he even in his most exalted moments, that he cannot but treat every subject with special regard to his own emotions, preferences and interests. I have not only to choose a wife for my son, I have to choose another member for my own family, a consideration which cannot but affect my reasoning upon so delicate a topic. If my son were to be married to-morrow, and depart for the uttermost parts of the earth on the day following, I might not feel the pressure of the matter so sensitively; but when I reflect that my son and his wife are going to live within five minutes' walk of my own house, and they will probably come at least thrice a week for their supper at my table, it is impossible for me to bring my susceptibilities within the control of a stern or even Spartan discipline.

First of all, my son's wife must have a roomy and well-furnished head. For I like sense; downright solid human sense. I like, too, sense that is softened and varied by well-controlled and well-directed humor, not only the sense that can see a joke after it has been elaborately explained, but the broader, rarer sense, which can see the humorous aspect even of some serious things. It is pitiful to see how very seriously some people take their daily life. Life is serious enough in all conscience, therefore, do not let us fill it with a deeper sadness, so tragical as to be utterly without relief, and without openings into wider and healthier spaces. My daughter-in-law, therefore, must have sense relieved and softened by gracious humor; the humor that may make her keenly alive to the defects of other families, but obligingly blind to the infirmities of all in her own family.

My daughter-in-law must not be a mere face. I hope my meaning is clear. I have now and again seen a woman who had a face and nothing behind it. It has been a nice face in point of form, a shapely modeled face, representing, indeed, some degree of perfection in feature, yet it never lighted up, it never really laughed, it grinned but did not smile, it looked but saw nothing. If my son brought a face of that kind into my house I would banish him into disgrace and solitude. A full length portrait of the wife I would choose for my son is given in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs, beginning at the 10th verse. There is no comelier woman in all the galleries of literary art. To think that there may be a woman who will do my son good and not evil all the days of her life—what a fortune is that! What refined gold! What living light. Then how industrious is the wife of King Lemuel, "She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; she bringeth her food from afar; she riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." She is a woman, too, of large consideration and distinct business faculty—"She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard;" her candle burns all night, and the spindle moves nimbly to the touch of her deft hands. She is a downright clever woman of business. Any fool who has the money can buy a new hat, but Lemuel's wife can make an old hat look like a new one. That is genius! Lemuel's wife is no niggard; "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." If you would know what a wife she is look at her husband, for when he sitteth among the elders of the land he is known by the whiteness and the fineness of his linen. And what a talker this gentle creature is, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Her reputation stands out above the renown of her circle, every one says concerning her, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou without doubt excellest them all."

I have thus made a clean breast of the purposes which animate me in the choice of a daughter-in-law. My readers now know exactly my policy in reference to my son's welfare. He will never be half a man until he is mated with this sweet and holy woman of the Book of Proverbs. I speak with the greatest emphasis; I declare with the whole passion of my heart, that this is precisely the kind of wife which I should at once choose for my son—if I had one.

A QUEEN OF SILENCE AND QUEEN OF SPEECH

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT

IF I had a son who needed a wife, and my words had power to place in his hand in holy covenant the hand of a woman answering to my ideal, these are the words I should write:

A woman of intelligence, that he, at his wisest and best, might respect her; gaining in culture and power with the passing years, that he might not outgrow her; independent, that she might maintain her rights; self-controlled, that she might not be easily overruled; vivacious, that she might continue to interest and inspire him; gracious and agreeable in social manners, that she might help to make their home attractive to people of taste and refinement; having a specialty in art or literature, that she might continually augment her resources; expert as a cook and caterer, that she might be able to direct her kitchen; genuinely sympathetic, that towards "servant girls" she might stand in the attitude of a friend, accounting them as home helpers and not slaves, and therefore with a delicate sense of fitness objecting to the term "servants," unless she applies the same term to her minister, merchants, doctor and banker; honoring true and pure womanhood in every sphere of life where it seeks self-respect and cultivates great social aspiration.

A woman interested in all questions of social reform, that she might contribute directly and indirectly, by example and effort, to the development of society.

A woman fond of children, that she might be glad and proud to be a mother; with industry, tact and ingenuity, that she might both entertain and instruct her children. A woman fond of reading aloud, that she might enrich the early years (and thus all the year) of her children's lives with a taste for and a knowledge of the best literature; keen to detect native defects in her children, that she might be wise in devisings and equally wise in a permanent silence concerning them.

A woman steady in the observance of religious duties, that her teaching might never become perfunctory, and that all her well-chosen and carefully uttered words about religion might always have in them the force and fervor of profound conviction and of personal experience.

A business woman, that she might sympathize with her husband's responsibilities, and appreciate his obligations; economical and prudent; training her children to know the value of a penny in the service that earns it, the self-denial that saves it, and the wisdom that divides it in useful expenditure and philanthropic bestowment, training alike to discrimination, prudence and generosity.

A woman devoted to the Church, reverencing and making delightful (if in a different way from other days) the Holy Sabbath, recognizing the preeminence of the Holy Bible over all other books, and building up into our civilization as far as her home can do it, the noble Christian elements which are the glory of the age and the government in which we live.

A woman free from affectations of every sort, scorning to appear what she is not, accounting bluntness as rudeness, and yet preferring bluntness to pretence.

A woman who is a Queen of Silence and a Queen of Speech; holding the golden sceptre which lifted ensures the first, and dropping gives the blessing of the second; loving her home better than all other places on earth, making it a foretaste of the Home eternal, and sharing with other earthly homes the qualities of grace and peace which make her own so delightful.

A woman beautiful with the personal charms which reality in character bestows; charms which make irregular features and a plain face attractive, and which thought, love and unselfish devotion make radiant. Such is my ideal of the wife I should seek for my son, if my son were not already thoroughly satisfied, as is his father.

HEARTS AGREEING AND GOD HELPING THEM

BY GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

HAVING set a proper example for my son years before he was born, by making the choice of a wife of just the right kind. he has now in his mind a true model; he has had this model ever since he was old enough to play with the boys and observe the girls. He looks around and comes as near to the model as he can. But does he then and there make his choice? Unless he is unusually discreet, he will not succeed in capturing such a prize. Why not? Because the prize also had a good mother and a good father, and so she, too, has a model, an ideal of her own, for her future mate. You see how very difficult the adjustment. Think of a young man always quoting the sayings of his mother to his intended as a means of grace, or naming her doings as a bona fide example!

But this will not do. In my symplicity I would say: Trust the boy to find his own way through all the mazes of young society. He has a good thinking brain, a fairly susceptible heart, and in time will have experience enough to enable him to launch and sail his own ship. Oh how full the world is of charming women! Where can you find faith, virtue, honor, self-denial, intelligence, industry, frugality and abiding affection? These qualities are never more apparent and more pronounced than in the social sphere of our American girls. No where else do you discover more vigorous health, more real beauty, more charming manners.

But you ask, perhaps, should your son consult you, what would you advise? This is certain: I, for one, would manage in such a matter to meddle as little as possible. Just think what a mess of it fathers, and mothers for that matter, have made of it, by injudicious and indiscreet advisings? Advice is all right, if it be given with great care and long before any choice is dreamed of. As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Now, I think you see how a noble, dutiful son may find a true and womanly woman, who possesses all the needed graces, and how, hearts agreeing and God helping them, they can commence the married life, attended with a father's and mother's blessing.

A COMPANION IN SORROW AS IN JOY

BY WILL R. MOODY

THE phraseology in which we speak of a person "falling in love" is significant of the abruptness with which a young person discovers an attachment for another. For this very reason it usually happens that some seldom seek the counsel of a father in such matters before their choice has been already made. So it has been for generations, and the question you raise is therefore one that would, in actual experience, be almost unique.

And yet there is probably no decision in a man's life, next to his relations to God, that is so important as the choice of a wife. To make a wise choice is to find

(Continued on page 50)

COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN MARGARET E. SANGSTER MARIETTA HOLLEY MARION HARLAND HARRIET P. SPOFFORD

The Kind of Husband I Should Choose For My Daughter

MRS. FRANCIS E. CLARK

A CHRISTIAN EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

BY MRS. FRANCIS E. CLARK

IS it not a difficult question to ask of one who is spending the greater part of her time in training up future husbands for other people's daughters?

As a preliminary step I sent word to half a dozen college girls of my acquaintance, to know what kinds of husbands they would choose, and with one voice they assured me that they did not want any husbands. That put a summary stop to my investigations in that direction, and quite took my breath away. But I do not believe a word of it. I next appealed to my own mother to see what kind of a husband she would have chosen for me.

"My sister," she said, "was once asked, 'If you were required to choose between a Christian man with a quick, bad temper, and a man who made no pretensions to religion, but who was equal in intelligence, position and culture to the other, and whose disposition was known to be amiable, which would you choose?' Not a fair question, you say. So thought my sister; but when pressed for answer she replied: 'I would marry neither of them unless I loved him beyond everybody else in the world. In that case I think I should want to help the Christian to overcome his hot temper. If I were to choose the pleasant, winsome, irreligious man, I should, by violating my own religious convictions and training, show him so inconsistent a Christian character myself, that I could hardly hope to draw him to my Saviour, and I should very likely lose my own warmth and zeal in Christian duty.' Shall I decide then that, first of all, my daughter's choice should be, or mine for her, a truly Christian man, one whose life and talents and property, if he has any, are consecrated to his Master. He must not be morose or quick-tempered or selfish. He must be well educated, warm-hearted, sympathetic, and amiable. He should honor his Master by a cheerful face."

Certainly then the man I would choose for my daughter (if I were so fortunate as to have a daughter), must first of all be a Christian, and he must not be one of the kind of whom a little boy said, "Yes, he is a Christian, but he is not working at it much." Nor must he be like that woman to whom her little daughter said, "Mamma, I found your religion in your trunk," meaning her church letter. The man I would choose must be an earnest Christian, the kind of a man who would be "working at it," and the kind of a man who would not "keep his religion in his trunk." If he moved to another town he would be the kind of a man who would be likely to take a letter to that church, and for the time he lived there, would throw in his lot with that church, and help to carry its burdens. If he traveled, he would carry his religion with him.

Shall he be rich? No, I think I would rather not. I think I would choose to have him acquire the strength that comes from "enduring hardness," rather than meet the temptations that come with riches. Shall he then be poor? No, I do not think I choose that, for I want them to have at least one luxury, the luxury of giving, and it is so little that a very poor man can give, even if he gives a tenth. I think I would pray Agur's prayer for him: "Give him neither poverty nor riches."

Shall he be handsome? Why yes, if I can choose he shall be "of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to," and tall; but remember that does not come first. I have chosen first of all that he shall be an earnest Christian, and if he is that, the good looks will not hurt him, and he will certainly be more pleasing, and will have so much the more power to influence others.

What shall his business be? Well, if I were to choose it for him, I think I would rather he would be a missionary or a minister, that his whole life might be spent in helping other lives, like the parson in Jean Ingelow's poem, "so anxious not to go to heaven alone." But since he is to be an earnest Christian man, I think I would rather he would choose his own calling, feeling sure that he would help other lives whatever his daily work may be.

LET THERE BE SPIRITUAL SYMPATHY

BY THE COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN

"WHAT kind of a husband shall I choose for my daughter?" I would advise that both mother and daughter put this matter into the hands of God and let him choose for you; then and only then will your daughter's happiness be secured. If we carefully study our Bible, we will see that in the beginning of humanity God very positively and specially took the marriages into his own hand. I believe that it has assuredly been God's will all along, that no marriages should be formed except by such special orders from God. Our own choosing at the very best is short-sighted and limited and we cannot overcome two difficulties; the one is that a human being, and especially a man who goes out wooing, can disguise his character; and the second is, that characters actually do change under the influence of circumstances. You might, for example, choose a quiet, soft-minded husband for your daughter, and ten years later, after a wearying, troublesome life, find that he possesses an irritable nature; or in the character of an energetic, active young man good luck and the accumulation of wealth may destroy these qualities, and he turns out an apathic, lazy and wholly good-for-nothing fellow.

Now if a mother is perfectly sure that in the case of her daughter it is God's will that she should be married, she has not only the right, but it is her duty so far to care for the things of this world as to prevent her daughter from getting the wrong husband. The mother's duty should be rather limited to prevent wrong, than extended to choose for her daughter.

How are we then to behave? First: live near to God and bring your daughter near to him; be led by him very specially in this matter. If you feel that she should marry, do not think of any but a Christian husband. Yet not he that speaks best of Christianity, neither he who knows most of it, nor he that does most of it, will give you as good a guaranty of happiness for your daughter as the one whose character and daily life are witnesses of his Christianity.

A GENTLEMAN AT HEART AND AN ASSURED INCOME

BY MARION HARLAND

FIRST, he must be a gentleman in every sense that abused word implies. For it is abused as much as the justly-ridiculed term, "lady." The educated man who is faultlessly dressed and whose manners are in harmony with his attire, is in the *crême de la crême* of modern society, yclept "a gentleman," although his principles may be as faulty as his bearing is correct, and his secret life as reprehensible as his manners are admirable. Therefore, I say, I would have our girl's husband a gentleman in the inward and spiritual life as fully as in the outward and visible sign. She, as a refined woman, can never be happy with him under any other circumstances.

He must, also, have tastes that are, to a certain extent, congenial to those of her whom he would make his wife. There must be a harmony of interest that will create a true marriage of minds as well as of hearts. She, to whom books are an essential to happiness and to whom great literature is an ever-delightful field through which she has always wandered, and in which she hopes to roam at will all her days, will find herself sadly *ennuied* by a life-companion whose only literature is his daily newspaper, and who is conscious of no difference between the children of Thackeray's brain and the hysterical creations of the author of the latest and most lurid of dime novels. There are few more pitiable objects than an intellectual woman linked for life to a man who cannot appreciate her aspirations, and to whom the talk of books and matters literary is as an unknown tongue.

A very important requisite in the husband that our girl would marry is his ability to support her in comfort. Perhaps she may not have all the luxuries to which she was accustomed in her father's house, but no man has a moral right to take a tenderly-reared girl from a drawing-room and place her in his kitchen.

Last, but by no means least, our daughter's husband must have the same religious faith as herself. I do not mean by this that he and she must, of necessity, belong to the same religious denomination, but that they must both belong to the great Church Universal, that their hope for this world and for that which is to come must be the same. This is the great essential to the true happiness our daughter would gain. When the storms of life dash upon her and her beloved, she must feel that of a surety they are both upheld by the Everlasting Arms.

HEALTH, UNSELFISHNESS AND EDUCATION

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE only way in which with safety to all concerned a mother can help her daughter in the choice of a husband is when—having studied from birth the nature and needs of her daughter, and having confessed to herself that marriage is the best and happiest state—she looks about her for one whose qualities are those that shall ensure the welfare and happiness of her child; and then quietly and discreetly, and without putting her purpose in evidence, brings the two together, conscious that propinquity is as potent as any other factor. Every mother has not only a right but a duty in relation to a child's marriage. You often hear a man of very moderate desert say that he requires in a wife virtue, birth, breeding, beauty, good-nature, education, money, and other superlative gifts; so why shall a mother be less demanding in behalf of her daughter? It will then go without saying that this husband of a sweet and innocent and carefully reared girl shall be a satisfactory specimen of the race, manly, brave, and good to look upon. That means that he will have good health; and having good health he will have good nature, and good nature is very necessary to household happiness. If he loves his neighbor as himself, he meets the chief requirement for the happiness of wife and family; for then he is unselfish. The unselfish man is a natural Christian. Thus, on the whole, unselfishness is the first positive quality that I should require. For with unselfishness there will be that generosity which not only gives with an open hand, but which so regards the feelings and wishes of others as to make ill-temper and dark moods impossible. With unselfishness there will be self-restraint and sobriety and honesty and fidelity. With unselfishness, again, will be purity—the safeguard of home. In addition to this unselfishness, which is at the root of most if not all of the virtues, I should like intellect in this suppositious husband of a daughter. I would like, moreover, that he should have education. But there is an education of circumstances which surpasses that of books, that makes mere knowledge of disputable facts and technicalities seem small and trivial; and if he has that we will not miss the education of the university, desirable as that may be.

Now, dear reader, I must confess to you a secret—very probably an open secret if you have gone with me thus far. I must confess to you my dreadful poverty. I have no daughter for this matchless man.

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The · Kind · of · Wife · I Should Choose For My Son ....

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re-enforcement for all that needs strength; to make a mistake, in all but most exceptional cases, means disaster to the best possibilities of life's career. Many men have been made by a wise choice, and, alas! many others have been ruined.

There are, however, certain principles, easily discerned, which are essential to a happy marriage. The first of these is love. Not the sentimental caprice of the season, but that experience, that once known, can never be confused with any counterfeit. Such a love that grows day by day and is strengthened more in life's tragedies than its joys. Second, it is essential to an ideal companionship that there should be community of interests, not simply in the world's pleasures and knowledge, but in the joys and interests of the Kingdom of God.

Should a son of mine then ask my counsel on such a question, I would impress upon him these two essentials to a wise choice. I would urge him to seek for the companionship of one who would inspire him to his best achievements, sympathize with his highest aspirations, rejoice in the things he loved; and last, and most important of all, one who could enter into the fellowship of his sorrows, for in the school of affliction as nowhere else, souls are drawn most closely together in love and confidence.

MUCH DEPENDS UPON DISPOSITION AND OCCUPATION

BY REV. DR. THOMAS SPURGEON

WHAT can I say on such a theme? Why, bless his dear little heart, he is only eight years of age, and it seems at present almost impossible to contemplate matrimony for him.

Moreover, I have a notion that when the due time comes he will choose for himself. So he should. I remember having very mighty and strong convictions on that point myself.

My dear father used to say to me, and it was about all he did say on the matter, "Son Tom, when you see any one half as good as your mother, propose to her at once." This advice I propose to pass on to the generation following.

What will my dear boy's disposition ripen into? What will be his calling in life? These and other questions must be answered ere I can discuss this matter to any purpose whatsoever.

Should he become, in answer to many hopes, a minister of the Gospel, he will need such an one for partner as might not have been essential to him in another vocation. In any case, the matter is best in God's hands. "The wife I should choose for my son" is the one he selects. Such ought to be for the best, for "A prudent wife is from the Lord."

RESPECT AND SUPREME AFFECTION THE BASIS

BY JOSEPH COOK

WHAT sort of a woman would I advise my son to marry? Just such a woman as I married myself! It might be, however, that my son would not closely resemble myself, and in that case I should insist that his preferences ought to be different from his father's. But the supreme rule for marriage is to make the basis of it only a supreme affection. This should be tested not only by love at first sight, but perhaps by years of acquaintance, many-sided, thorough, and of cumulative effect in the growth of regard of the deathless kind. Will two souls grow apart from each other? This, with younger people, is a question that can be answered, it may be, by years of manifold experience. Let acquaintance be somewhat prolonged and engagement short between those who would not find a misleading reticence an ambush for surprises after marriage. But there are exceptions to even this rule, for Shakespeare says of two souls that were exquisitely matched:

At the first glance they have changed eyes.

If this exchange of eyes is unforced, spontaneous, permanent, it is the Divine summons to marriage, and nothing else is equally authoritative within the holy of holies of the heart, early or late. Such a summons usually comes to a man or woman but once in that brief gleam which we call life. Health, beauty, accomplishments are important, but respect and a supreme affection that will bear all tests are the indispensable and commanding prerequisites of a happy marriage. The base of the pillar of a right marriage must be confidence, respect, unshaken as to the foundations of the world, but the superstructure must reach beyond the stars.

Thoroughly happy marriages are only those of which the shrewd instinct of human affection and passion has caused it to be proverbial to say that they were certainly made in heaven.

But this is a holy mystery into which even the angels look and forever and always find it unfathomable.

The Kind of Husband I Should Choose For My Daughter

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SHOULD RESPECT HIS WIFE'S MOTHER

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY (AUNT SAMANTHA)

IT seems to me that the first quality a mother would desire in the man who was to marry her daughter is goodness; since wealth takes wings, and knowledge casts a rather cold light on the heartstone when shining there alone. But the man who will be good to his wife in sunshine and shade, in youth and age, is the one likeliest to make her happy.

She would demand good habits in the one who vowed to comfort and protect her daughter, lest the protector should change into a danger, the comforter into a disgrace. She would like to have him a man who would sometimes give a kindly thought to the woman who toiled early and late to make the sweet wife he loves and admires what she is. And who patiently stepped down and out of the heart and life where she had reigned supreme, leaving him first and dearest. And she would greatly prefer that he should refrain from making the mother-in-law joke. But if she be a sensible woman she will not insist upon this, but quietly efface herself as much as possible, remembering that this has been the mother's lot since first the sons of God looked upon the daughters of men and saw that they were exceedingly and wonderfully fair.

And if she can bring herself to love the intruder, as so many have, and receive a loyal affection in return, why so much the better, the inevitable then becomes endurable. He should have courage, for there will be many lions to pass on the wedded journey and he will be weighted down by the burden of love, the care of one dearer than himself, for this the mother imperatively demands that he must love her daughter, she must be to him the one woman in the world, for love's torch is the brightest light upon earth to light the wedded pair.

He must have patience in abundance, as he will marry a woman, and not a saint. And, above all, he should be a Christian, so he will know where to get help and comfort and joy, and discern through the deepest shadows the Great Light that gilds his road, and can help her onward and upward.

He should be industrious, and have enough of this world's goods to ensure his wife's comfort and prevent her hearing the baying of the wolf at her door, but not rich necessarily, as the woman who marries for riches alone confronts the dire possibility of the riches flying away and nothing but the man remaining when all that made him attractive and worthy of affection is gone.

He should be passably good looking since it would be pleasanter to look across the coffee urn three hundred mornings in a year and behold a comely visage. He must have good sense, but not be too brilliant, as a meteor would not give so good satisfaction for household needs as a more mellow and steadier light.

POLITE, PATIENT, CONSIDERATE AND LOVING

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IF I had a daughter in the sweet bloom of her years, when a husband might loom up on the horizon, far would it be from me to choose for her in a matter of such personal importance. Yet I might give advice, and I hope I would do it tactfully, for much pre-matrimonial counsel defeats its own ends, confirms hesitation, and absolutely sends girls and men the opposite way from which the counsellor warned them.

Only on a solid foundation of true love and real respect can she or can he hope to build an edifice which will last. They must choose for themselves.

I would like to see my daughter marry a man whose mother had early trained him in unselfishness at home. I would prefer a man who had as a boy lived with sisters, two older, and three younger perhaps, and waited on them all, and who had been their escort, companion and friend.

The most charming man in the whole world is the man who appreciates a woman's need of small courtesies, who never in any circumstances finds fault or interferes in what is beyond his province, who keeps to his own side of the line in home management, and does not prowl around where he is not wanted. A polite, considerate, patient gentleman makes an ideal everyday sort of a husband.

If my daughter is wise she will not pin her faith to a man who has no reverence for God, nor belief in the Heavenly Father. A man who has no definite religious principles, no convictions, who is disposed to ignore the claims of the church and of the Saviour, may be otherwise amiable, but he will not have ballast enough for the crises of life. A profane or intemperate man should be avoided by the girl who is asked to put herself in the keeping of another. A man should be of knightly purity and stainless honor when he seeks the hand of a pure maiden.

A NEW "DOOR OF HOPE" OPENED FOR THE ERRING

TEN years ago a woman, led of the spirit, opened at 102 East Sixty-first street, New York, a haven of refuge for the most hopeless, helpless and friendless class of offenders on God's broad earth—fallen women. She called it the "Door of Hope." For this woman, her heart yearning over her wretched, ruined, despairing sisters, believed in God's love for them and in his power to save them—even them—to the uttermost. The work was a work of faith in every way; she called on God and not man for its support, and God has not failed her.

Many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will recall when that first "Door of Hope" was opened. Year by year they have been advised of the progress of this work, and its founder, Mrs. Whittemore, has held no weak claim upon their sympathetic, prayerful interest. To-day over forty Doors of Hope, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, Indiana, Tennessee, Texas, Kansas, Florida, and other States, stand as Gospel beacons and homes of shelter, inviting wayward, wandering women out of the darkness into the light. Into these portals thousands have passed; of these thousands some turned back, alas! into the night; but a great number have gone forth again redeemed. With the forgiveness of their God and the kind clasp of pure womanly hands self-respect returned; and with ability and opportunity to work, hope for honorable independence was restored. Those who had never learned to labor received instruction; and when it was believed they could stand, they went out to make an honest living, to be a blessing and not a curse, their "Door of Hope" friends aiding them to find situations. In many cases the parental home opened to receive the daughter who had been lost and was found.

As the work extended, it took on new and interesting features, and there were novel developments, as when the owner of a house of sin became converted, and straightway changed her dwelling into a consecrated shelter and devoted her life to bringing lost souls to Christ. Doors of Hope have been opened, too, in New Zealand, Scotland and France.

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE

The new Door of Hope Gospel Mission, 805 Third Avenue, New York, differs from those which have preceded it. It is simply an attractive hall, where evening services are held. The mission was founded by Miss I. J. Freeman, a saintly woman, whose labors for years among boys and young men had met with much success. When, in 1899, she felt called of God to open this mission, she devoted her time, talents and means unreservedly to it, and no sacrifice was regarded as too great. In a year death laid his hand upon her; and then it looked as if her beautiful work would die with her. Her friends carried on the meetings, but no one seemed ready to assume responsibility, and the lease was ready to expire. Mrs. Whittemore made it a subject of special prayer that some one might see his way clear to this undertaking, so sorely needed in that neighborhood, the mission being the only one of its kind on the avenue between Twenty-ninth and One Hundred and Twelfth streets, where barrooms and other pitfalls abound. The question "Why not take it yourself?" crept into her heart; and at last, in a sudden and unexpected manner, means were provided for the initial steps, the first month's rent secured, and Mrs. Whittemore, feeling that God would be her helper, assumed the support of the work, letting the name "Gospel Mission," which Miss Freeman had given it, stand as it was, and prefacing it with the words, "Door of Hope." To many wanderers of both sexes of all ages on the great thoroughfare, it has been indeed a haven of hope and promise. Many striking conversions have occurred there. Gray-haired backsliders have found Christ anew, and girls and boys have been drawn into the Master's fold.

Gems from the World's Great Pulpits

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

CHRISTIANITY AS A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY

STOICISM, as a philosophy of life, had the start of the Gospel by some three hundred years, why did it not keep its advantage? At the very time when St. Paul was urging the doctrines of the Cross on the people of the empire, the best men of the empire were Stoics. Transplanted from Athens to Rome, the philosophy of the porch had taken, at just about that time a fresh start, and if it had had in it a power to live it ought to have vanquished its unpretending rival without difficulty. It was because the message that came to them from Jerusalem struck home. It was because the prophets and Apostles of the new faith had a fairer and fuller account to give of the soul's needs than had been given before, and ways of satisfying those needs for which they had looked to the philosophers in vain. There had been nothing in stoicism that had answered to the humiliation of the Son of God, nothing that had been so much as remotely suggestive of the manger, the wilderness, the garden, the cross. Nothing could have been imagined more at variance with a stoic conception of the perfect man than the figure of the thorn-crowned Christ. And yet when the two systems had once been fairly pitted against each other it was the religion of pride that went under, and the religion of humility that prevailed.

REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Even now, again, it is winter, and Jesus walks in the temple as of old. Listen to him, young men. There is no voice abroad upon the air one-half so well worth listening to as his. Listen to him, drink in his words. Weigh his promises, consider his commands. He asks your allegiance, he even condescends to seek your help. Does your life look to you confused, unintelligible, a miz-maze, with neither plan nor purpose? Take him for guide, and he will give you what neither Stoic nor Epicurean, Platonist nor Theosophist ever could give, an access to the perfect way.

THE DIVINE CHRIST THE BASIS OF RELIGION

A NATURAL Christ will not explain the historical genesis of human life. The records prove that men believed in Jesus because, being conscious of sin, they found in him a Saviour who had power to save unto the uttermost. All the stress is laid in the Epistles of the New Testament on his death and resurrection. His Gospel was declared to be the power of God unto salvation because in it righteousness from God was revealed to faith. Nor will a natural Christ explain the subsequent experiences of Christian life. These arise from the consciousness of union with God in Christ, based on the assurance that justice has been satisfied and the sinner reconciled with the Almighty. This is a wholly different experience from any that a merely moral influence, emanating from the example of a perfect man, could create. Nor will a natural Christ demonstrate the worth of the Christian's hope for the life beyond the grave. Christianity, in short, rests on a supernatural Christ. This is the mystery or secret of godliness. All Christian life implies the reality of a supernatural cause—compels us to see in the Babe of Bethlehem the incarnate Son of God.

DR. GEORGE T. PURVES, FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

THE BEST OF ALL THE CENTURIES

THE angelic music has not left the world, but is increasing, and rapidly approaching the Hallelujah chorus. There never was so much music in the world as at this present hour. The lives of individual men are better. Righteousness and spirituality are not so exceptional as in the centuries of the past. Homes are better, richer in material wealth and comforts, and in heart's love. Cities are better, notwithstanding some indications of death and decay. America is better than in the shackles of slavery, better than in the triumphs of polygamy, better than when savages were roaming through forests and our ancestors were fighting for life—when they were not robbing the savages. Better than when Roger Williams was persecuted, because there was no religious liberty, and when William Lloyd Garrison was stoned, because there was no civil liberty. Better than when we were divided, and the world saw brothers murdering brothers, in this home land. The light has banished the darkness, the walls have been battered down, and the era of a world life is here. Common interests, and common purpose and common destiny are coming to the front. This is the day pre-eminently of human brotherhood. There is war, but not so much of it, nor so barbarous. It is not the old time enmity. It is now the battle of principle, and controlled by the humane spirit. These give evidence of being the last struggles before the consummation of the harmonious and heavenly prayer: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Bethlehem's star is being seen by the world.

REV. EV. CORTLAND MYERS, BAPTIST TEMPLE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BLOSSOMING OF THE SORROWFUL TREE

"MANY Christians," says Mr. Spurgeon, "are like drums; they never give forth music till they are beaten."

The "sorrowful tree" of India never blossoms in the day time; but about half an hour after sunset it is filled with beautiful, fragrant blossoms. Some Christians in the sunshine of prosperity never think of praising God and blessing men; but when the night of affliction comes they "bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

REV. W. I. MOSIER, GRACE GOSPEL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Said a master musician after listening to a passionless cantatrice, "She lacks something, and in that something everything. If I were young I would court her, I would marry her, I would maltreat her, I would break her heart, and in six months she would be the sweetest singer in all Europe."

"Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials add new wings to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there."

These trials begin early in the Christian life. They are manifold, "divers." They last while life lasts, but their mission is to make the child of God "perfect and entire, lacking nothing." As we teach our children to master their studies and every difficulty that they may form the habit of succeeding all through life, so we ought to teach ourselves to master every trial that we may be prepared for other trials, and that thus we may become fitted to be Prime Ministers in the coming kingdom. When we realize that trial has this beneficent mission we will welcome it as our Father sees fit to send it, and we will "count it all joy when we fall into divers trials."

THE GOSPEL TO BE PREACHED TO ALL

WHAT I wish to show this morning, is that the same Gospel is good for every man, woman and child in the world, throughout all time, and that it is just as effective—nay, more effective to-day than ever. My application to the new century will merely be the logical conclusion therefrom. If it is for every man, woman and child, it must be preached to them. If it be more effective, it will be preached to them more powerfully. My text describes an angel flying through heaven, and what he carries is the Gospel for everybody. For the moment space dissolves itself into the boundaries of heaven, and time compresses itself into the present—the angel speaking to every one who is thus brought within the sound of his voice. The vision fades away, we find ourselves once more upon the ground, heaven is invisible, the world is full of evil, the nations are scattered, the centuries have resumed their stately procession; but the vision has helped us, in that it has revealed God's plan for man, and has left us a motto to encourage and energize us.

REV. G. E. TALMAGE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF CHRISTIANITY

CHRISTIANITY makes its appeal to life. Much of the talk from pulpit and platform has been pure theory—profound discourse about man, which betrayed no interest in men. We are so busy in plying the scalpel upon religion that we have come to feel that certain forms of structural anatomy are Christianity, while the truth is, that as the bones, the nerves, the arteries, are not themselves life, but only the avenues along which life runs, so the creeds and formulas of religion are of value only as spiritual life animates and uses them. Your creeds and dogmas are only the skin of truth. They are no more Christianity than the old helmet and dented breastplate in Warwick Castle of Oliver Cromwell. The armor hangs there amid the curios of a generation when giants walked the earth, but they are as useless as an empty crysalis. It is time we came to realize that it is not the creed of a church, settled fifteen hundred years ago by men who would have burned us all as heretics, that is the depository of religion. The worth of Christianity is to be measured only by its actual uplifting, cleansing, redeeming power in the lives of men. You are your Master's representatives; follow him in saving the lost. The need is great, the call urgent. Listen! Heed! Go!

REV. C. L. GOODELL, D. D., HANSON PLACE M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN

HELD TO ACCOUNT FOR EVERY GIFT

THE world says that if a man have much he has a right to expect much of his fellows. Jesus Christ says if a man have much others have a right to expect more of him. The world says physical force is to be used in dominating or oppressing the weak. Christ says it is to be used in supporting and defending them. With this interpretation the claw of the hawk, the paw of the lion, or the fist of a giant may become as delicate and beautiful as an angel's wing.

REV. FERD. C. IGLEHART, TRINITY M. E. CHURCH NEWBURGH, N. Y.

If a man have large mental endowment or social culture or position or wealth, the world says he is lifted to that elevation where people are to look up to and serve him. Christ says that much has been given to him intellectually, socially, financially, that he may the better serve and bless those who are less fortunate. If a man have stronger faith, intense love, and a keener sense of the divine favor, it is not that he may count himself above or separate himself from the depraved, but that he may bring faith and love and salvation to the wretched and lost about him.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE XIX. CENTURY

EVERYTHING in our life, our broad way of looking at religious truth, our busy life, our desire above all else to be practical, has led to emphasis on the essentials of Christianity and comparative silence concerning the rest. We feel that it is folly to spend time disputing about the doctrine of election, or the apostolic succession, or the proper method of baptism, when the great world lies before us crying for help. We feel that we ought to join hands and go to work with all our might in the name of Christ, and agree to differ about everything else. The result is the decay of sectarianism and the increase of Christian fellowship. The Presbyterian is not heard as often as before insisting on his system of doctrine, nor the Episcopalian on his church as the only true church, nor the Baptist on immersion. The motto of the day is: "In essentials unity, in non-essentials variety, in all things charity."

REV. J. D. BURRELL, CLASSON AVE., PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN

THE SURE WAY TO FIND CHRIST

"BACK to Christ" will be the watchword of the early years of the twentieth century. And how we would like to see God's great host marshaled beneath that banner. To see the isms of the church lost in a great host as Mason and Dixon's line was obliterated by our tilt with Spain, and one great impulse move this mighty mass "Back to Christ."

REV. F. B. STOCKDALE, FLEET STREET M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN

And are we destined never to find him? Will he always seem so far from where we stand? Is the sacrifice of the blood and the travail of the years for naught? Nay, nay. We look back to his cross, but forward to him. The whirling years are not taking us from him, but bringing us to him.

We have emphasized the subjective side of finding Christ till we have forgotten that he is to be found in life. Christ is found of them that diligently seek him. Not in hut, or cave, or happiness, but service. Jesus is not to be found in so-called "holy places" alone, but in the stress and strife of life. He who rushes into the battle to see how much he can make men do for him, will lose the Christ and even the power to realize him. But let him put his shoulder beneath the load of another to help, and, unseen, by his side will walk the Man of Nazareth, the Son of God. The mother who gives her life to her children will find her Master in so doing. Let a man go into business, not with the intention of making thousands of men contribute to his ease and comfort; but let him go to the same toil with the love of his fellows and the purpose of serving them, and Christ is to be found anywhere. The search of the Holy Grail ends in some service to one's fellow.

The difference between Napoleon and Washington is that one would do anything for a crown and the other would do anything for a country; and when men have come to despise Napoleon, the name of Washington, like a snow-crowned peak, will shine in the light of life that comes from the cross of Christ. Christ is found in service. And he who takes up any task of life in the intent to help his fellows will find his Lord in the performance of his toil.

THE NECESSARY ORDEAL OF DISCIPLINE

GOD does not change his word to suit the whims and fancies of his rebellious subjects. When he commands, and we refuse to obey, he does not garrulously repeat the command, but he begins to act. In the blue-back spelling book which we studied in the old field schools of the South, there was a picture of a boy in an apple tree, and the farmer who had requested him to come down. On the boy's refusing, the farmer had plucked some tufts of grass and threw them at him, but the urchin only laughed. Then the farmer said he would see what virtue there was in stones, and the youngster at once glided down the tree and surrendered. The story has in it the principle of God's dealings with his children. If they will not hear the message of his Word he will make them hear the message of his Providence. He speaks of God, and his dealings are apt to be more severe until his loving purposes are accomplished. Between the first message of God to Jonah and his second there was a tragedy of Providential dealings. What the word of God failed to do, the act of God in sending the storm, shutting the prophet in prison, and delivering him from it, brought about. And when we refuse to heed God's Word we may expect to hear from him in his judgment. Wind and wave will soon write his commands in italics. God is often testing us when we do not suspect it. He did not inform Job the devil was putting him on trial. God may be putting our characters to the test when we are not aware of it. Happy the man who stands the test and receives even on earth God's "well done." But unhappy the man who, like Jonah, breaks in the process and covers himself with confusion.

REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D., HANSON PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM

CHRIST introduced a new purpose in life. Take no anxious thought for life's common needs; but with due regard for thrift and industry leave these to God and seek ye first of all the kingdom! What is this work of the kingdom? It is to do good as we have opportunity unto all men and in everything to glorify God. It is to seek the common welfare and do one's utmost to make the world a better place to live in. It is to fall in with all true progress and hasten the coming of the Golden Age. The world is content to seek success, as Carlyle says, "by doing one thing and doing it well;" but the Christian must needs do two things and do both well. And the infinitely more important of these is the work of the kingdom; that is, to deliver the world from sin and bind it again "as with gold chains about the feet of God." And for this work of the kingdom a promise is given, of the enduement of power, in the bestowal of the influence of the Holy Ghost. Christ "breathed on his disciples, saying, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'"

REV. DAVID J. BURRELL, MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK

TOLD AROUND THE HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE OWL CLUB

WE call it the Owl Club for two reasons: one, that it meets after dark; the other, that the members are so wise. We are rather fond of discussion, and when we are in the mood we talk of everything under the sun from Plato to the Palisades. It was of domestic economy that we talked last night, and the question proposed was worded in this style: "Is man or woman the better economist?"

Said the Rev. Dr. Jenkinson: "It is hardly fair to use the word economy or economist without telling what is implied. If simply saving up pence is intended, that is one thing. If general good management and the taking a broad view is meant, that is another. Economy comes from the Greek and means management, not merely frugality."

"In either meaning," blandly stated Mrs. Betsey Collins, "woman is the better economist. She is the more saving—she can make a dollar go farther than a man can, and she can run a home far better than he."

"My dear lady," remonstrated Mr. Pless, who is our editor: "I am sure you are out of your reckoning. Look at the way a man manages a ship, or a hotel, or a railway train, or any big thing which requires brains and gumption and a grasp of details. You ladies have the monopoly of housekeeping, that's all, and, as it is, you are forever in hot water with your help. Men keep their hands much longer and with more comfort all round than women keep their maids."

"Stuff!" cried Mrs. Lucy Pease. "Who ever heard of a strike among servants? You gentlemen are always having strikes! That one fact speaks volumes."

"Just for example," said Madam Kitty Wayne, a dear old gentlewoman of gracious aspect, "compare a widow and a widower, left with a bunch of small children to educate and train up in the way they should go. The widower is obliged to marry again. He does not know how to get along. But the widow, even if she has to go out washing and scrubbing, keeps her home, clothes and feeds her children, brings them up respectably, and sometimes lives to ride in her son's carriage and wear purple and fine linen every day."

At this point, the hostess brought in chocolate and crullers, which created a diversion; but the men shook their heads, for they thought the Owls had been most unfair in the club talk.

This is the way the Owls usually conclude their proceedings, but there is one feature which is most creditable, and that is that husbands and wives, friends and acquaintances, meet informally once a week and have a social evening. The men do not go off in one coterie and the women in another, they mingle cheerfully together and have a good deal of fun. Sometimes a book is brought and there is reading aloud. Sometimes there is a programme, and they have violin, piano and singing. Recitations are a frequent form of entertainment, and, once in a while the minister reads an essay, or the doctor throws light on some point in medical science. Refreshments are never omitted, for there is great good humor and much fellowship of kindness over a cup and a spoon, a plate and a fork. One house is celebrated for its nut cake, another for its salted almonds, another for its floating island and good coffee. Once, on a very bitter night, when the Owls met at Aunt Mary Swarthouts, she gave them hot buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, and not an Owl had indigestion afterward.

Story-Reading

There was formerly a strong prejudice against works of fiction, and church members were enjoined against story-reading just as they were against vain conversation and undue display in dress. Novels were regarded as great time wasters, using precious time to no profit, and also they were thought to stir up emotion needlessly, and to give the reader false views of real life.

All these counts in the indictment hold good in the case of the poor book, or the bad and depraved one. A weak, hysterical, sentimental book is a waster of time. A sensational story which deals with illicit love gives very false and low-toned ideas of life. But a story need not be bad, nor stupid, nor weak. It carries its own moral inwrought in the fascinating literary form of a narrative. It paints a picture of current manners, of life as it really is, and it may have a background of historical verity which wins the reader to a severer course of history. A story of daily life, of pure thinking, of nobility, of the sincere purpose, and the brave deed will help any reader.

A Boy's Room

No better sign of a boy's refinement can be observed than his interest in his room. A boy who is a little rough, and careless, who keeps his room cluttered and untidy, will often turn around and make it as neat and pretty as his sister's, if the room itself be freshened up. Take off the dingy paper and replace it with new, and give the woodwork a coat of paint. Then see that the boy has a desk, and a hanging book-shelf. Neither is expensive. Let him put up his pictures; many of those in the illustrated papers are fine for a boy's room. His punching bag, his foot-ball, his boxing gloves, his various treasures, if he is a collector of coins, or beetles, or stones, will find a place in his room. If I could not give both my daughter and my son pleasant rooms of their own, I would let the latter have the finer choice, for the girl has nooks of her own all over the house, but the boy too often, like Noah's dove, finds no rest for the sole of his foot outside his own room.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—BASHFUL YOUTH. Conquer your diffidence. You will never succeed anywhere if you are so bashful as you describe yourself to be. In love-making, faint heart never yet won fair lady.

—MA. Engaged young people should not be bothered with a chaperone whenever they wish to take a stroll or have a chat. What can you be thinking of?

—MARTINET. The best way in the world to make a boy a liar is the way you are taking. You doubt his word, you punish him perhaps unjustly, and you are, pardon me, much too headstrong yourself.

—BLANCHE F. Poetry is never a dependence. Try anything else. Read answer to Anxious One. I may seem somewhat discouraging, but I know you should try some other line than this.

—ANXIOUS ONE. You have inherited a talent for writing, but you need practice. Read the best books you can get. School essays are not best, however. The only way in which you can ascertain whether your stories have a marketable value is by sending them to papers and magazines, always with an envelope stamped fully, and addressed, in case of their rejection. Write on one side of the paper and send your MSS. flat, not rolled. In three or four weeks you may expect an answer from the editor. The competition in this field is very great.

Pretty Things for a Writing Table

All sorts of pretty little things may be found for a writing table. Sealing wax and tapers, a seal, a letter opener, a little cylinder, with a handle to close a letter and fasten the flap securely, a mucilage bottle, a cut-glass inkstand, calendars, address-books, portfolios. The list of beautiful objects is quite long, but the only essentials are pens, ink, paper, and a blotting pad. Whoever has those will have a very well equipped writing table.

"LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE AIR"

Whether dove or robin or sparrow,
Or fowl of the barnyard's space,
The little folk in feathers
Are a dear and friendly race,
And they learn to trust the kindness
In a youthful and gentle face.
God's birds, and wherever we find them
They may claim our compassionate care;
Our wee small friends in feathers,
Little brothers of the air.

HALF-PAST THREE

From Grandma Tales

DEAR little maid of half-past three,
What worlds of beauty lie hid from view!
Tell me why do you keep
Such wise secrets, sweet,
Behind clear eyes of azure hue?
While we long to fathom the mystery
And read a page of child history.

Wise little maid of half-past three,
What knowledge fills your mind so pure?
Is it deep baby lore
Gleaned from heaven's store?
Brought from above our hearts to allure
To purer thoughts; more true to be
To that higher life as shown by thee?

Wee, sweet mother of half-past three,
Rocks and sings in the tiny arm-chair
Low, soft lullabies
To the doll that "cries"—
Tending your "children" with patient care,
May guardian angels watch over thee,
Dear little maid of half-past three.

ADELIA POPE BRANHAM.

Kidnapping an Atrocious Crime

The recent kidnapping of a millionaire's son in Omaha, a crime so boldly conceived and executed, recalls the almost forgotten affair, many years ago, of Charlie Ross. The father of little Charlie refused to pay the ransom demanded by the child-stealers, actuated thereto by a sense of his duty to the community, and, in consequence, the little fellow's fate was never known. He was never discovered, and whether he was killed, or brought up in bad associations, or spirited to another land, nobody ever knew. Mr. Cudahy took the risk of paying the ransom demanded, and he received his boy at home safe in a few hours. By the time this is published, the whole matter will have drifted into past history, and it is to be hoped that the wicked gang of ruffians may be, by that time, found and arrested. Kidnapping is a peculiarly atrocious and cruel crime. It strikes terror into every home, for while the children of the rich are in the greatest peril, yet there are degrees in villainy, and to some highway robbers a few dollars would prove a tempting bait, if they could carry off the beautiful child of some hard-working man.

The fact is that we need in this great country of ours, everywhere, a sterner sense of the right, a more determined stand against the wrong. As a nation, to which every clime in the world sends contributions, we need a strong revival of Christian sentiment, and it were well if our missionary efforts were even more pronounced and extended than they are. Kidnappers and highway robbers should be impossible in this century of the Christian era. While they exist and work their nefarious schemes, we are only half-civilized and half-Christianized. We should not be in peril from the submerged half, if we could reach that half, and it could be converted to God.

The Daily Path

Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall direct thy steps. The old word, spoken so long ago, is just as comforting and imperative now. Which of us can see around the bend of the road or forecast to-morrow, but our Lord sees the end and knows the steps, and will carry us, and lead us, and guide us, all our journey through.

For some of us the daily path is over a familiar landscape. We never go very far from home; we seldom visit; we are busy about our household cares. Others are called to wander far afield; we have business in distant places; perhaps we traverse the ocean, and meet strange peoples and behold ancient palaces and homes.

Wherever we are, whatever we do, we may still, with confidence, commit our way unto the Lord, sure that he will direct our steps. The prophet said of old, "Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee, saying this is the way; walk ye in it." Dear friends, let us listen for that voice.

FIGHTING VICE IN OUR GREAT CITIES

FOR the greater part of a lifetime, Anthony Comstock, the founder and head of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, has been engaged in an active crusade against those evils which are now being made the object of attack by a great municipal movement in New York City. His long experience entitles him to speak with some degree of authority on the question of the best plans and methods of dealing with immorality in large communities. Speaking with the writer, lately, Mr. Comstock, said:

"Every church stands, relatively speaking, as a regiment in the great army of the Lord. The churches should unite to destroy the works of the vicious. The work of moral purification should begin with the young, and the necessary safeguards for their protection should not be neglected.

"Women should take part in the battle against vice by preventing the emissaries of evil from entering the home circle; by the early cultivation of pure, sweet and wholesome tastes; by extolling virtue and moral courage; by shielding their children against the frivolities of fashionable life, and building up sturdy characters, so that, when their children go out into the world, they are not swayed by every folly, have no tastes that incline them to the haunts of vice, and, wherever they take their place in society, are honored and respected for their real worth.

"The vicious resorts of a great city are the harvests of the seed-sowing. It is more important to prevent the corruption of the thoughts and imagination of the child's heart than to seek out the harvest of these corrupt influences, which is readily found in the vicious resorts.

"Whatever awakens the public conscience and arouses a healthy public sentiment, is a practical help in the fight for purity. There are two essentials to success. There must be an organization to enforce the laws as they exist, as well as to prevent laws from being repealed; and secure amendments where the laws are ineffectual. Laws will not execute themselves. They are but public sentiment set in motion, and when there is no public sentiment to demand or support the execution of a law, the laws are not respected, and crimes are encouraged. We may perhaps never expect to entirely suppress vice in our great cities; even fashionable society imitates the gambling resort, and, in many cases, treads dangerously nigh the border-line between social entertainment and unlawful gambling. Besides, as long as we breed criminals, we must expect that they will have some place to colonize.

"As to the attitude of the churches in respect to the crusade against vice, it is one of apathy. There seems to be no united movement on the part of the members of any individual church to sustain efforts to enforce the laws for preventing the spread of vicious influence in a community. Gamblers or proprietors of evil resorts are constantly recruiting their patrons from the churches. If church members would keep out of such places, and those who move in fashionable society would withhold their patronage from the gambling dens and other questionable resorts, these places would not pay. If the persons who own property would not rent it for a saloon, or dive, or low resort, it would greatly reduce vice throughout the land."

Turkish Intolerance

A LAMENTABLE illustration of the intolerance of Turkish officials in Asia Minor is related in a recent letter from an American. He writes:

"Some orphans came to one of the Christian orphanages a short time ago, with the hope of being taken in. They were from the Palu district. That district belongs to the vilayet of Diarbekir. Palu was terribly devastated at the time of the massacres, and it is one of the most needy parts of the Turkish empire. The Americans and Germans opened orphan homes for nearly two hundred of the poorest children, but the Governor-General of Diarbekir is opposed to this kind of benevolence; so he ordered these homes to be closed and the children to be sent back to their wretched villages. The English ambassador and the American minister tried to get this order reversed, and they secured the promise of the authorities in Constantinople that the orphanages would be reopened, and were told that orders had gone to Diarbekir to that effect; but the vali was resolute, and

LITTLE ARMENIANS OF HARPOOT

the children still wander in their destitution. The missionaries have more than a thousand orphans under their care in different parts of this missionary field, so they were obliged to refuse them. There are still thousands of poor waifs, without home or shelter even. The larger boys and girls are sent out from the orphanages as fast as they are able to care for themselves."

THE WORD YOU DO NOT SAY

THE hasty word may be recalled,
The angry word repented,
And you may sometimes stand appalled
At some hot word resented.
But never need you be dismayed,
Nor blush in any day,
When you kept watch and ward above
The word you did not say.

For speech is silvern we have heard,
And silence 'tis that's golden;
And honor was of old conferred
Upon the word withholden.
And yet—and yet, I mind me that,
There must be brave words said;
And sometimes, it were cowardly;
To close the lips in dread.

WINNIE MARSDEN.

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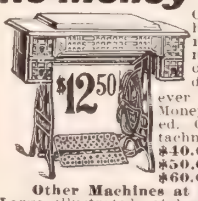

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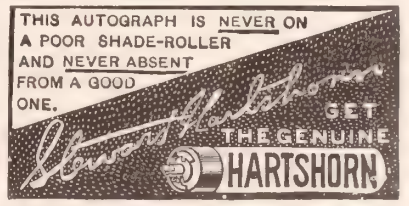

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HOW SHE FOUND CHRIST

The Story of the Conversion of Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the well-known Author

SARAH K. BOLTON had the privilege during her childhood, in Farmington, Connecticut, of attending the church where Dr. Noah Porter—father of the late Noah Porter, President of Yale College, and of the late Miss Sarah Porter, whose school has long been famous—was pastor. This good man was a father and guide to all

MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON

his flock. He had great ability in inspiring the hearts of old and young to the study of the Bible, and Sarah Bolton, as a child, loved to sit, hour by hour, on the hillside back of the house and read the Bible stories. She never tired of reading about Ruth and Esther, and the Psalms seemed to her very beautiful. So much impressed was she by the sorrows of David over his dead child, that when her only brother, Henry, died, she asked her mother to use David's comforting words on his tombstone in the Farmington cemetery, "We shall go to him, but he shall not return to us."

Mrs. Bolton thinks her love of poetry, and the beginning of her inspiration to write poems, came at thirteen years of age, when her aunt gave her, as a birthday present, a volume entitled *The Book of Poetry*. Longfellow's "Resignation" was in it; "An Alpine Hymn," by Coleridge, and some of the best poems of Milton, Bryant, Cooper and Hemans. To the imaginative, dreamy girl, this book was full of the noblest inspiration. When she was fifteen, her teacher in mathematics gave her a Bible, which is still treasured, and whose many marks, indicating the growth and experience of life, are full of sacred memories. Everybody ought to understand that a Bible has to be planted out to grow in our youth, gathering blossoms and fruit in memory, and tender associations, as the years go on, if we are to get the best results from it. This teacher wrote her a letter, asking her if she was a Christian, and urging her to give her heart to Christ. Although it did not immediately bear fruit, yet she has treasured that teacher in her heart all these years above all other teachers, because of that thoughtful, personal interest shown in her spiritual welfare.

Soon after this a lady came to the little town, from New York City, to pay a visit. She was not there a great while, and Mrs. Bolton does not now even remember her name; but the sweet face, the earnest manner, and the kindly, loving interest in young girls, seeking in every tactful way to win them to Christ, are carried in her heart of hearts. This lady, although only a visitor in the town, seems to have felt that it was her duty to win if possible some souls there for her Lord—to gather some jewels for his crown. To a number of girls in the little community she was the messenger of Christ. How many people make the mistake of feeling that they can afford to be careless or indifferent about Christian work when they are away from home. It is a great art to learn how to use the added interest and curiosity concerning a stranger to awaken interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. This good woman had with her some copies of Dr. Newman Hall's little book *Come to Jesus*, and she gave one of them to our young friend. It was while reading that book, prayerfully and carefully, that Sarah made up her mind to make a public confession of Jesus and join the Church. Within a week or so, the woman who had done this good work went back home, and Mrs. Bolton has never seen her since, but during all the years of her ever-growing and widening life of usefulness, she has never ceased to thank God for the faithful and loving way in which she made Christ seem to be to her "the One altogether lovely."

Many years afterward, on the day on which President Garfield was buried, General Clinton B. Fisk and Mr. Charles E. Bolton, the husband of Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, and some others spoke in Newman Hall's church, in London, to an audience of four thousand people. During Mr. Bolton's remarks he spoke of the little book *Come to Jesus*, and of it being one of the immediate causes of the conversion of his wife, and that up to that time over one million copies had been used and blest. Dr. Newman Hall was greatly moved with emotion by the reference and the incident, and seemed to be made very happy by it.

Speaking of the variety in Christian experience, Mrs. Bolton writes: "My experience was not at all like that of one of my best friends, who spent a whole night in anguish and agonizing prayer, and then seemed to almost step into the glory of the Celestial City. For five years, until his death, his life was a most happy and consecrated one.

"Those children are fortunate who are taught early by their mothers, hymns and Bible verses, as my mother taught me. I was glad that my only son Charles, before going to Harvard College, joined the church at about the same age as did his mother. I think many of us look for too pronounced a change in our feeling—the Lord coming as in a whirlwind. The wonder to me is that thousands more, who have been taught the way of righteousness from their childhood, do not place themselves on the side of God's people, by quietly uniting with the church."

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Right Idea of Life

THE twentieth century is ushering us into a radiant atmosphere of happiness which is based on the truer conception of the nature of life. It is coming to be widely realized that the purpose of this part of life is to cooperate with God in all that makes for the development and progress of humanity; and while one does not seek to hold the cheap ideal of an easy optimism, that ignores suffering and want and sin, in its self-felicitation, it is yet evident that the forces which make for righteousness are everywhere more vital and more abundant. The life of Jesus has become a present reality, and his nature and divine power have made themselves the standard by which to test our daily conduct.

There is the most practical counsel in the words of the Apostle, "As ye have therefore opportunity, do good unto all men." As ye have opportunity. The little chances that constantly occur of a kind and appreciative word, a seat in the car given up to one who needs it more, the paper, magazine or book sent to someone to whom it carries an appropriate message, the little service rendered as it falls in one's way—all this countless ministry to other lives as ye have opportunity—in this alone lies the deepest significance of the power for happiness.

Again, in just the corresponding degree to which man develops his spiritual powers, does he determine and control his own future, because he is learning how to cooperate with the power of God. The mingled mental and moral growth makes spiritual power, and the higher the degree and the finer the quality the greater is its potency. No one liveth to himself, it is true, and everyone is subject to a thousand events and circumstances outside his own choice; yet these are not necessarily influences, and it is only as that which is within responds to that which is without, that these events much affect one. "Our life is hid with Christ in God." That is, our real life is largely lived in this unseen world, and the more one is able to draw upon his spiritual power, the finer and more important are his achievements. The secret of success as well as of happiness is to establish this close, conscious relation of the soul to God, and thus faithfully and quietly accept the duties and fulfil the obligations of every day and hour, and strive, as opportunity offers, to give response, appreciation, service and love to each and all with whom the life comes in contact, and thus extend and multiply all those sweet relations of humanity that establish relations with the Divine Power.

LILIAN WHITING.

Our Overworked Postal Service

During the holidays the facilities of the U. S. Mail Service, extensive as they are, were totally inadequate to transact the tremendous business which flowed in from every quarter. In all the great centres, the volume of mail matter was so vast that the post-offices were gorged beyond all precedent. As a result, multitudes of people who sent Christmas presents to friends at distant points, were chagrined to find that they had not been received in time for the holiday, although arriving safely afterwards. In the New York post-office, the glut of mail matter of all descriptions was truly phenomenal, and the large proportion of Christmas presents inevitably delayed must have caused disappointment to thousands. It is not improbable that, among the number who thus suffered there may have been some of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers, whose papers and premiums, with many thousands of similar packages, were involved in the blockade. In such a contingency, patience is indeed a virtue. By working with an increased staff, day and night, the post-office authorities have at last succeeded in reducing the blockade, and it is expected that the mails will soon be working as smoothly and regularly as ever.

BELATED CHRISTMAS GIFTS, PILED UP IN THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

A PRIVILEGE

Thrown Away Entirely.

It is curious to observe how hard it is for some people to give up coffee drinking after they have become, at least half satisfied, that it is the cause of their ill health, but it becomes an easy task to give it up when one takes Postum Food Coffee in its place, providing, of course, that Postum is made according to directions, for then it has the rich, beautiful color, and a satisfying taste, while the rapid improvement in health clinches the argument.

A young lady at Cambridgeport, Mass., says: "When it was shown to me plainly that my ill health and excessive nervousness was largely due to the coffee habit, I realized that I must give it up, but it was next to impossible to do so. However, I made the trial, and took Postum Food Coffee, with the mental reservation of the 'privilege,' as I termed it, of drinking coffee once a week.

"Little did I dream what a true friend Postum was destined to become to me. The old stomach trouble left, the nervousness vanished, and good, natural, healthy sleep came to my relief. In less than six months I felt like another person, I was so well and happy.

The 'reserve privilege' in regard to using regular coffee was thrown to the winds. I have not the slightest desire for it; in fact, I very much prefer my Postum to any coffee."

ESKAY'S FOOD

The mother of this baby writes:
"I am an enthusiastic advocate of ESKAY'S FOOD, for it

Saved my Baby's Life

She was unusually small at birth, did not thrive at all on mother's milk, or modified milk, and was in a pitiable condition when I on the advice of a friend, commenced the use of ESKAY'S FOOD. Its wonderful nourishing qualities were instantly apparent, she has continued to improve, and now, at 14 months of age, she is the picture of health and happiness, which I ascribe solely to ESKAY'S FOOD. The four doctors who are familiar with this case are now all enthusiastic advocates of ESKAY'S FOOD."

MRS. MILTON HENOCH,
70 West 133d Street, New York.

WHY NOT TRY ESKAY'S?

Free samples (10 meals) upon application to

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Duplex Safety Pins

Fasten from either side but do not stip through. Effective guard. Imitated but not duplicated by any other maker.

Have
"Consolidated Safety Pin Co."
On Every Card
None Genuine without our Name on Card
If dealers cannot supply you, send three two-cent stamps for samples of twelve assorted sizes.
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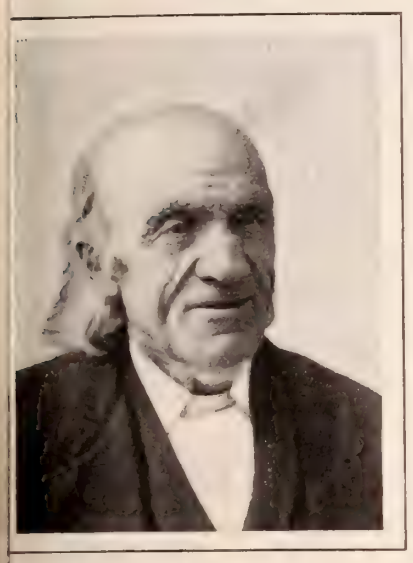
Box 129, Bloomfield, N. J.
Also Makers of Holdfast Hairpins

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Is He the Oldest Minister?

[N a secluded spot in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, far from railroad or city, and with but one or two neighbors in several miles; in a log ouse and living in true pioneer style, wells the soldier, mineralogist, poet and



REV. THOMAS H. VIPOND

eacher, "Father Vipond." Rev. Thomas arrison Vipond was born in Aberdeen- ire, Scotland, in the year 1806, and is erefore in his ninety-fifth year. When young man he emigrated to America, d for upwards of sixty years has eached the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the nd of his adoption. He still preaches d is ever the central figure at the con- rences of the Free Methodist Church.

THE NEW CENTURY ELECTRIC ILLUMINATION AT CITY HALL, NEW YORK

Father Vipond is also a successful min- nalogist. Several valuable mines have len located by him, and his collection of ecimens is the result of his extensive owledge and wide research. He still kes great pleasure in wandering over e hills alone, amid which he lives, exam- ing the rocks and praising the God who ade them. Inheriting a strong physical dy from his sturdy Highland ancestry, th an innate desire for adventure, and bued with the missionary spirit, Father pond has lived an arduous life. He ught under General Grant throughout Civil War, and is now on the pension t of "Uncle Sam."

With a Paul-like interest in God's osen people, the great study of Father pond for thirty years has been the Jew- h race, and students from far and near nsult him on this great subject. He s been a close student and his mind is east storehouse of knowledge. He has itten a great deal in prose and verse, d it is his delight to repeat his verses those who visit him. At the advanced age of ninety-four years he is still hale and hearty, and speaks with a steady voice. The last time I visited him he repeated to me the following, entitled, "My Ain Countrie," which shows his mind to be still strong and active:

I am gangin' to my hame, for this earth is no my rest,
But I'll tarry here awhile for my Father kens it's best.
He'll come and tak' me ower, when frae earth I'm fully free
For the pearly gates stan' open in my ain countrie.
I am waitin' by the burn till the Saviour bids me come,
There is room eneuch in glory an my ain palace hame.
So I'll wait jist a wee, for it canna much langer be
Till he tak's me awa' to my ain countrie.

The licht is gettin' lichter as I near my hame above,
An' my hert is rinnin' ower wi' a Saviour's meltin' love,
An' my wee anes they are waitin' to see me cross the flood,
For they ken my soul is washed in my ain Saviour's bluid.
My griefs will soon be ower, an' my een be wip'ed dry,
The glory flicks upon me, through the openin' in the sky;
An' my Saviour looks an' smiles, an' bids me a' be free
Till he tak's me awa' to my ain countrie.

So I'll bid my freens fareweel, till I meet them a' above,
An' there unite in singin' the Saviour's dyin' love.
For my locks are gettin' white, an' my een are gettin' dim;
But my faith is growin' stronger as I put my trust in Him.
An' my hame awa' up yon'er, is bonny, bricht an' fair;
An' the singin' o' the angels is so pure and sweet and rare,
That I lang to cross the burn, an' frae earthly ties be free,
An' sing amang the bluid-washed in my ain countrie.

J. R.

An Electric Welcome

New York's historic City Hall, as it appeared, midnight, 1900-1901, at the death of the old and birth of the new century, will linger long in the memories of a multitude, as a brilliant and beautiful spectacle. The century, which began in candlelight, went out in a blaze of electric glory; and the crowd, concentrated in and around the plaza, watching the transition, exceeded in numbers the population of the entire city in 1800. Chains of electric light, red, white and blue, swung from column to column and girdled the topmost heights of the building; and the legend: "Welcome, Twentieth Century!" flashed a greeting to the new monarch of time. After choral and instrumental music and the ringing of bells, the lights went out and the City Hall stood in darkness at midnight, while the old century passed away. Then from the roof a great bomb rose bright and glorious; lights came forth everywhere; gorgeous tongues of flame soared from the tops of surrounding skyscrapers, and the rosy heavens rained showers of gold and crimson. The new century was born.

Presbyterianism in New York

The recent census shows that while in the city of New York the population has increased from 1,529,301 in 1890 to 2,050,600 in 1900, there are now only 52 Presbyterian churches in the city, while in 1890 there were 56.

A Nibble at Night

Going to bed hungry is just as foolish as overeating—take the middle course—get a box of Bremner's Butter Wafers for the bite before bedtime—just enough to appease the hunger, too light and crisp and flaky to make you sorry you ate them.

BREMNER'S Butter Wafers

are baked by the bakers that make the famous **Uneeda** products. Seasoned with a slight sprinkling of salt, which gives a piquant flavor. Packed in the famous "In-er-seal Patent Package," which always insures freshness.

Sold at all grocers.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

van Houten's Cocoa

Known and Prized for its nutritive and refreshing qualities.
A drink for a Prince at less than a cent a cup.
Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

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International Correspondence Schools.
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Capital $1,500,000.
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CALIFORNIA LANDS

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LOCATED at Hemet near Los Angeles. Soil and climate suitable to the culture of the Orange, Lemon and Olive. Corn, wheat and potatoes yield splendid returns. Good market. Excellent prices. The town of Hemet is a thriving place, prosperous stores, bank, school and churches. We send free to any address a large illustrated pamphlet giving reliable conservative facts and figures about good California irrigable lands in tracts to suit, on easy payments. Title perfect. Address

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Notice Only 5 per cent. will be paid upon deposits received after March 1, 1901.

Assets, $1,300,000; Surplus, $150,000.

Subject to supervision and regular annual examination by the State Banking department.
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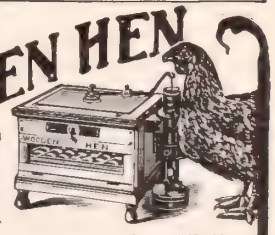
Industrial Savings & Loan Co.,
1131 Broadway, New York.

The WOODEN HEN



A high-class self-regulating incubator on a small scale. Fifty egg capacity. Heat, moisture and ventilation automatically and perfectly controlled. Price only $7.

Send for the **Wooden Hen Book**; mailed free, together with a book about the **EXCELSIOR INCUBATOR,** to those who name this paper.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Illinois.

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Many people want a small incubator but don't want a mere toy, a plaything that will only spoil good eggs. To meet the demand for a really good little incubator we have perfected the now famous **Reliable 50 EGG BANTLING SPECIAL.** It is the equal of any hatcher ever made, only smaller, and sells for only $5

Send 10c for our **20th Century Catalogue and Poultry Book.** Best ever published.

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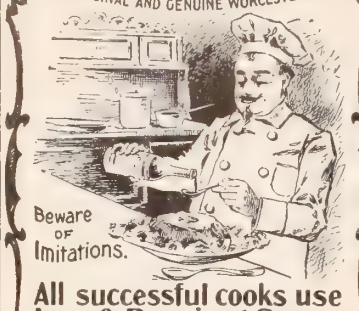
AGENTS you can make big money by taking orders for Battles' Seeds
New plan. Quick sales. Splendid outfit. Write today.
FRANK H. BATTLES, Seed Grower, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.



All successful cooks use Lea & Perrins' Sauce to get the most delicious flavor for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE
Lea & Perrins
John Duncan's Sons, AGENTS-NEW YORK.

Volumes might be written in praise of a popular remedy for the creating of rich new blood and the up-building of a worn out body, but it is doubtful if anything half so convincing could be demonstrated as is done by the interesting story related by Mr. Edward T. Dudley, a practicing attorney for twenty-five years in San Francisco, with offices at 83 City Hall Avenue. Twelve years ago, when thirty-nine years of age, Mr. Dudley lost his balance while standing upon the rear platform of a street car, causing him to fall, striking the ground with the back of his head, which brought on a feeling of numbness and eventually paralysis, loss of memory and strength which, however, has yielded to proper treatment as explained by him hereafter.

"After the fall from the car I passed it by as an accident that had left no apparent ill effects; yet a few weeks later, in endeavoring to get on a car, I found I could not raise my foot. From this time paralysis began in my feet and in time my lower limbs became numb. From being a strong, healthy man of 180 pounds, I was reduced to 145 pounds, and my doctor told my wife that it was only a question of time when I should have to take to my bed. Medicines prescribed by the doctors did no good, and at the time I started to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, if I fell down I could not get up again unassisted. I could scarcely walk a block. Now I can walk three or four miles without fatigue, and as you see, can lift my leg and am altogether a different man—and all from eight or nine boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"After trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I could see in a very short time my health and general system was much improved, and I can assert that as a blood maker and builder of the system, it is invaluable, as my increase in weight from 145 to 185 pounds I can lay to nothing else than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I have recommended them to hundreds, and shall continue to do so."

Signed, EDWARD T. DUDLEY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of July, 1900.

JUSTIN GATES,
Notary Public.

At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Price 50 cents per box; 6 boxes, $2.50.

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THE BIBLE ALONE
EXCEEDS THAT FOR GOSPEL HYMNS
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SACRED SONGS No. 2
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OTHER PEOPLE'S BRAINS
Can help you rise in the world. If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it by
Learning Proofreading?
We are the original instructors by mail
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RAMBLES IN COLONIAL BYWAYS*

AT a time when public interest is widely exercised in behalf of the movement for the preservation of the places that are landmarks in American history, the appearance of a book dealing very entertainingly and instructively with the general subject is most opportune. *Rambles in Colonial Byways*, by R. R. Wilson, will be found of unusual value to all students of history and biography, as well as interesting to the general reader. Comprehensive, yet simple in its scheme of treatment, it includes in the course of its pleasant descriptive chapters a great number of the places, buildings and incidents of the early colonial period, and contains, besides, a rich fund of anecdote and really valuable Americana. The "Rambles in Old New York," in the country of the Patroons, along the historic Hudson, and up and down the shores of Delaware, Maryland and Virginia; the pilgrimages to the birthplaces of many whose names adorn our nation's history; the quaint description of the old-time religious and social communities of Pennsylvania and other States, including the Dunkards, the Moravians, the mystical communities of Zoar, Amana and Economy; the story of the old Penn Manor and its surroundings, and, probably best of all, the extremely interesting chapter on "Washington's Country," with a budget of reminiscence and anecdote concerning "the Father of his Country," will all be read with more than ordinary enjoyment and profit.

In the chapter on "Washington's Country" there are many new incidents that do not appear in the usual biographies. One of these is given below:

After Adams had been chosen President, and the outcry against the Alien and Sedition laws became so loud as to arouse Washington's apprehension that the Republicans might carry the country to the other extreme and the work of disintegration be commenced, he sent a message to Richmond with a note to John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice, saying he wished him to come to Mount Vernon for a week's visit. Marshall, who was an ardent Federalist, got ready, and in a few days reached Mount Vernon, where he was received with great cordiality.

After dinner, when all the other company had retired to the sitting-room, Washington detained Marshall, and soon told him why he had sent for him. "I am uneasy, Major Marshall," said he, "at the rapid growth of these democratic societies and alarmed at the tendency towards the disintegration of our present system. The press is attacking all who wish to maintain the Federal government in its integrity and strength with great violence, and I fear the result of the approaching elections. We need our strongest and most patriotic men in Congress, and I want you to return to Richmond and announce yourself as a candidate."

Marshall made answer that it was impossible; that he was a poor man, dependent upon his practice at the bar, and that the pecuniary sacrifice would be more than he could bear in his present straitened circumstances. Washington argued with him, and soon got wrought into a violent passion. No patriot, he declared, would refuse to serve his country in such an emergency; he had been making personal sacrifices for the public all his life, and no one deserving the name of a man would refuse such a call.

Marshall, in describing the occurrence, said he had never received such a torrent of abuse in his life. He thought at one time Washington would jump on him from across the table. He retired that night, but could not sleep. The insults given him seemed to blister his brain. After rolling and tossing for a time, he concluded he would get up early in the morning, slip out, get his horse, and start home before breakfast. Morning at last came, and as soon as he could see well he dressed. Fearing to awake Washington, he took his boots in his hand and started down the stairway in his stocking feet; but to his horror he met Washington in the hall.

"Where are you going, Major Marshall?"

"I was going out, sir."

"It is too early for you to rise, sir. Return to your room, and I will have you called when breakfast is ready."

Marshall returned to his room, as he said, "to await further orders."

At breakfast Washington was very polite to him. Afterwards he informed Marshall that the horses were ready and that they would ride over the plantation. They rode, returning at three o'clock to dinner. No allusion was made to the row of the previous night. The result of it all was that Marshall stayed the week out, returned to Richmond, ran for Congress, was elected, and took every post that the general wanted him to take. Yet Washington's biographers merely tell us that Marshall was "persuaded by him to enter Congress!"

The story of the founding of Bethlehem, Pa., is thus related:

Time has wrought many changes, but the spirit of Zinzendorf still hovers over Bethlehem and Nazareth, and the Moravians of today remain faithful to the beautiful creed and the tender and gracious traditions of their fathers. Bethlehem nestles among the hills of Pennsylvania's beautiful Lehigh valley, and its ancient buildings, elbowed by snug modern houses, silently recount a peaceful history, dating back to the time when three score years more than a century ago, a small Moravian missionary band took shelter by Lehigh's stream, and founded there, amid forest hills and on land bought from William Penn, a wilderness home.

It was in the early winter of 1740, that the founders of Bethlehem cut down the first trees, and built the log hut which sheltered themselves and their animals until the return of spring. Previous to that time a handful of Moravians had settled in Georgia, but when England began war against Spain and demanded that the peace-loving Moravians should perform military service, they concluded to remove to Pennsylvania. Count Zinzendorf, their leader, arrived from Germany before the second house in the new settlement was completed, and celebrated the Christmas eve of 1741 with his followers. The latter had intended to call their new home Beth Leschem—house upon the Lehigh—but towards midnight of the Christmas Eve in question, Zinzendorf, deeply moved by the spirit of the occasion, seized a blazing torch, and marching around the room, began singing a German hymn:

"Not from Jerusalem, but from Bethlehem, comes that which benefits my soul."

And thus it was that the infant settlement came to be called Bethlehem.

Rambles in Colonial Byways is issued in two handsome volumes, illuminated cloth binding, top gilt, interestingly illustrated. Price $3. J. B. Lippincott Co., London and Philadelphia, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Story of Delight, by Evelyn Raymond. Pp. 324, illustrated, cloth cover, price $1.25. A. J. Bradley & Co., Boston, publishers.

Royal Manhood. By Rev. James I. Vance, D.D., author or *The Young Man, Four Square-Church Portals, College of Apostles*, etc. Some of the chapters are "The Greatness of Gentleness," "The Majesty of Strength," "The Religion of the Body," "The Ethics of a Smile." Pp. 251. $1.25. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York City.

The Holy Family. A Christmas Meditation. By Amony H. Bradford. This is a very dainty little volume, containing as prefaces to the "Meditation," poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Macdonald. There are two illustrations, reproductions of famous paintings. Pp. 56. Publishers, Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York City.

The D. L. Moody Year Book, selected by Emma Moody Fitt from the published works of Mr. Moody and adapted for daily readings:—Mr. Moody had the happy faculty of presenting great and important truths in short, trenchant paragraphs. This book will find many readers, for the friends of the late Evangelist are legion. 228 pp; price, $1.00. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, and Toronto, publishers.

My Book Record and Guide. This is a sort of literary diary, entries, notes and comments to be made by owner—so, in a sense, everybody is supplied here with a chance to compose a book of his own, which shall show whether or not he have clear library judgment. The volume is a novelty in its line, useful to the lover of books, helpful to him who would form some guide for, and keep records of, his readings and impressions therefrom. A "Classified List of Books Worth Reading" furnishes an appendix. Pp. 192. Published by Mutual Book Co., Boston.

The Story of My Life and Work, by Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. With an introduction by Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Illustrated by Frank Beard. The life and accomplishments of this man, born a slave, should be an inspiration to men of every race. Prof. Washington holds a warm place in the heart of the people of his section, white and black. His utterances and deeds have been those of a true patriot, and the story he tells in this volume will form one of those chapters in American history over which the reader of the future will bend with interest and reverence. Pp. 423. J. L. Nichols & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GOV'T LUNCHES.
Eminent Doctor Orders Grape-Nuts.

An old physician in Washington, D. C comments on the general practice govern ment employes have of taking with them fo luncheon, buttered rolls and a variety of nor nutritious articles of food which they bol down and go on with their work.

Ultimately dyspepsia and gastric trouble ensue, and in all such cases where he ha been called in for consultation, the order have been to abandon all sorts of food for th noonday lunch, except Grape-Nuts, which i a ready-cooked, predigested food and a cor centrated form of nourishment.

This is eaten with a little fresh milk o cream which can be secured from the vendor who pass through the buildings during th noon hour. The doctor says: "For man reasons I would prefer not to have my nam used publicly. Do not object to your furnish ing same to any honest inquirer. I have bee prescribing Grape-Nuts in numerous case for about a year and a half and am pleased t say my patients have reason to be thoroughl satisfied with the results. I am myself strong believer in Grape-Nuts and shall con tinue to be so long as the preparation give the results I have obtained thus far." Th doctor's name can be had of the Postun Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

Takes the Dirt and Leaves the Clothes
B.T.Babbitt's
1776
Soap Powder

Lost
Temper, Leisure and Energy by the housekeeper who neglected to use
GOLD DUST
Washing Powder

THE NEW DUST PAN.—Rapid Seller. Exclusive territory. Write for large catalogue, 50 other fast sellers and how to get **sample outfit free.**
Richardson Mfg. Co., 6th St., Bath, N. Y.

MISSIONS and RESOLUTIONS*

The Need of a Vigorous Effort to Send the Gospel to Unevangelized Lands...

VERY valid was the reason Paul assigned for his missionary activity. In the expressive diction of our day, he knew that he had a good thing. We know what that means in business; how the consciousness that the article in which a man is dealing, is genuine and will give satisfaction to the purchaser, imparts confidence to the vender. He goes ahead, making it known by talk and by advertisement, fully convinced that it will do the thing that he declares it will do. He wants everyone to know of it. so that all who are need of such an article may have it. There is, of course, an interested side to such enthusiasm, in the fact that he derives a profit from the sale. But there might be enthusiasm without profit. We can imagine a physician who had discovered a cure for snake-bite or some prevalent disease, being very anxious to get people to try his remedy, even though he personally gained nothing by their doing so. If he loved mankind very much and had a genuine sympathy for suffering humanity, he would be unable to bear the sight of suffering which his remedy would cure. A noble-minded man would go among the afflicted, administering his remedy and announcing everywhere the possibility of relief. That would be a grand way of spending life, and even if he wore himself out in the effort and died a pauper, he would enjoy a gratification that would be very pleasant to him.

Paul's confidence in the Gospel was fully justified. Not only had he tried it himself, and experienced in his own fiery nature, full of strong passions and superabundant energy, the virtue of this remedy, but he had administered it to all sorts and conditions of men, and had never known it fail. The hide-bound Jew, with his Pharisaism and elaborate ritual, had found in it a power he never obtained from his fasts and feasts and observances. The cultured Greek had proved it to be more efficacious than his philosophy. The lawless tribes of Galatia had tested it and had become new men. Even the sensual and vicious people of Corinth had become pure of life under its influence. It was good for sinners of all kinds. Paul had witnessed the transformations it had effected, so, with his burning love of souls, he declares himself ready to go anywhere to proclaim it. One must admire such devotion. There are some men who would not trouble themselves about other people. Being delivered themselves, they have all they want. Like Cain, they do not consider themselves their brother's keeper. But that is not this man's spirit. His heart goes out in sympathy to the man vainly striving to overcome his propensities; to the man so sunk in the mire of sin that he does not attempt to struggle. He is sorry for them, and he longs to impart the secret that will give them the victory. And think how widely he disseminated it! Nothing daunted him. He faced perils of shipwreck, perils of robbers, perils of traitors, that he might carry the good news to some other land, and even welcomed imprisonment that he might be taken to Rome, where he would preach it in the world's capital.

If he had left behind him many successors, with his love and confidence and energy, the world would have been speedily evangelized. But there came a period of lethargy, and all over the world men died without the knowledge of the secret that they needed so bitterly. And how is it now? Why is it that so comparatively few are found uttering Paul's declaration: "I am ready to preach"? Is it that we have lost confidence in the old Gospel? Strange would that be, when in every town and in every land there are living witnesses that the Gospel is still "the power of God unto salvation." Or is it that we care less what becomes of our brothers? That, too, is inconceivable, in a period when men of all lands and all races are being drawn into closer and more intimate association, and we are discovering how like we are to one another. The past century has witnessed the emancipation of the slave, the organization of many forms of relief for the poor, the maimed and the afflicted, surely the proclamation of this infallible remedy for the worst kind of ill must not be suffered to flag. Every man on earth ought to know of it. Every one who has experienced its power ought to be ready to testify (which is the best form of preaching) to what it has done for him. And to the heathen, the millions in India, China, Africa and South America, who have never heard of it, we ought to show our readiness to preach by providing the funds to support the men who are waiting to carry the good news to the uttermost parts of the earth. In that cause every dollar contributed is a preacher, for how can the men go except they be sent?

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 27. Romans 1: 14-16.

Colorado Colored Children's Home

A BRANCH of the Steele Home for Needy Children, Chattanooga, Tenn., will be opened in Colorado by March, according to the plans of Mrs. Steele, founder of the institution. The manner in which the Tennessee home has triumphed over difficulties augurs success for the new enterprise. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are familiar with the story of Mrs. Steele's sixteen years of labor and sacrifice for the orphan waifs and strays of Chattanooga's negro population. They know of the excellent results which have crowned her efforts, and of the high regard in which the Home's child-saving work is held by the best people of both races in the city which has experienced its benefits, and her present undertaking will command their hearty sympathy. Taking vagrant children off the streets and bringing them up as wage-earning citizens is a national as well as a municipal benefaction. In a letter to this journal, Mrs. Steele thus states her reason for establishing a branch of her work in Colorado.

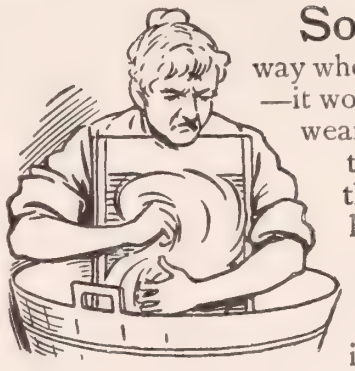
Many of our children have consumption; others show tendency to develop this scourge, to which the negro race seems peculiarly subject. The climate of Colorado is desirable because of its beneficial effect upon lung troubles. Besides, our orphans, as they grow up, can do better out there, financially and socially and intellectually, than here. We need a house and lot with accommodations for fifty children, and I wish some one in Colorado would give us the use of such a place for a term of years. The railroads have been generous to us heretofore; the late President Huntington, of the Southern Pacific, was particularly kind in giving us passes. If some one will help us secure the home, I think the roads can be counted upon to aid us in the matter of transportation.

A New Religious Assembly

Great gatherings for religious development like those at Ocean Grove, N. J., and Northfield, Mass., have exerted so widespread and beneficent an influence that their multiplication and extension are likely to be among the characteristics of the coming years. The latest example of the kind is the movement just inaugurated by the Church of the Disciples. A syndicate of capitalists belonging to that church has recently acquired a tract of land, comprising about a thousand acres, in Delaware, fronting on the Atlantic Ocean, between Dagsboro Bay and Indian River. It is proposed to build a large Auditorium there, and to encourage members of the Disciples' Church to purchase sites and build cottages for summer occupation. Arrangements have been made by the syndicate to construct a branch line of railroad from the main line to the Assembly's ground, and during the summer to run frequent trains. The new encampment is to be called Bethany Beach, and it is expected that it will be formally dedicated on July 4th of this year. The programme includes: Systematic Bible Study, Sunday School Conferences, Christian Endeavor Conventions, Temperance Entertainments, Women's Work, and Conferences on Social Reform and the betterment of social conditions.

Parsee Gratitude

The *Indian Spectator*, the leading Parsee organ in Calcutta, declares that the sympathy and intelligence with which missionaries entered into the work of famine relief has been a revelation to them all. The assistance from America is again and again gratefully referred to.



Something must give

way when you grind clothes on a washboard —it won't be the board. Friction is simply wear. No matter how much you soak them, if there's wear enough to get the dirt out there's wear enough to hurt. You want something better than a lubricant. You want Pearline—an automatic cleanser—starts the dirt all by itself—leaves nothing to be done but rinsing—no board needed—saves rubbing—saves wear. 604

Soap's a back breaker; temper wrecker

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The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
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Strong, Healthy Chicks

are hatched by our incubators, and more of them than hens can hatch. Why? Because our regulator never fails to keep the heat just right. Catalogue printed in 5 languages gives full descriptions, illustrations and prices, and much information for poultry raisers. Sent for 6 cents.
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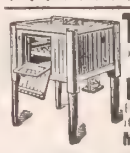
Box 71 Des Moines, Ia.



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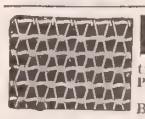

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Please send for our Book and special offer.

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$75 Month and Expenses; no experience needed; position permanent; self-seller, PEASE MFG. Co., Stat'n A, Cincinnati, O.

YOU can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it.

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You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

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THE NEW SCALE Fischer yields a wonderfully pure quality of Tone, combined with great power and durability; it stamps the Fischer Piano with an individuality that no other Piano possesses.

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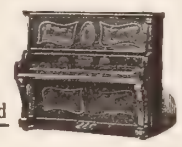

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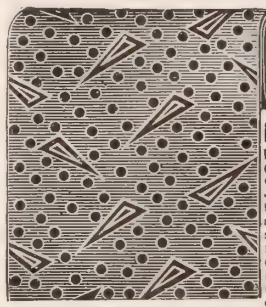

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SEND NO MONEY cut this ad. out and send to us, state whether you wish waist, skirt or dress pattern and we will send the goods to you by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine them at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such value as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than double the price, a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price, pronounced by everyone the greatest value ever shown in your section, then pay the express agent Our Special Offer Price and express charges. The express charges will average 25 to 50 cents.

55 CENTS PER YARD FOR REGULAR $1.00 VALUE. 4, 10 or 14-yard lengths, or any lengths desired, 55 cents per yard.

OUR SPECIAL 55-CENT PRICE is less than cost to manufacture. We took the entire stock from one of the largest recent sales at wholesale auction in this country. The goods were closed out to us on our own cash bid, and our 55-cent price is about one-half the regular price. These goods are 19 inches wide, heavy black Grosgrain Brocade Silk. Comes in a variety of choice patterns, guaranteed absolutely pure, will make a handsome and durable separate waist or skirt and in an entire costume it certainly would be superb. The silk is made in France by one of the largest French weavers. The brocade patterns are entirely new for 1901. They are a class of goods that will be found only in the best retail stores and there at $1.00 to $1.25 a yard.

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UNDERSTAND, YOU TAKE NO RISK IN ORDERING, you send no money. If the goods are not found perfectly satisfactory when received, don't pay a cent, and the express agent will return them to us at our expense.

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This illustration, engraved from a photograph, gives you an idea of the appearance of our $2.20 silk waist pattern when made up in a stylish silk waist. Of course, you can make it in any style.

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First Capital Prize,	$100.00 in Gold Coin.
Second Capital Prize,	75.00 in Gold Coin.
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40 Prizes $5.00 each,	200.00 in Gold Coin.

The gold coin will be **given in addition** to our regular premiums which we always give agents for selling BAKER'S TEAS, SPICES, ETC. The forty prizes of $5 each will be given to agents who fail to secure the larger prizes, but are among the first forty to earn a Bicycle, or other premiums given for a sale of 100 Pounds. The first seven prizes will be awarded on the 4th of July, 1901, to agents who have had largest sales, and the forty prizes of $5 each will be awarded as fast as agents complete orders of 100 pounds, at which time the Bicycle or Other Premiums will be forwarded by Freight and the $5 in Gold by registered mail. Write for catalogue describing Pathfinder Bicycle for sale of 100 lbs.; the Dorothy Bicycle for Ladies, 100 lbs.; Gold Watch and Chain, 50 lbs.; Ladies' Silver or Gold Chatelaine Watch and Chain, 25 lbs.; Steven's Crack-Shot Rifle, 18 lbs.; Boys' Suit of Clothes, 20 lbs.; Parlor Clock, 25 lbs.; Tea Set, 25 lbs.; Crescent Camera, 10 lbs., etc. We pay freight on cash orders, give credit to agents who furnish references.

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We will send 20 large packets of Flower Seeds, which will include, Primrose, Kudzu Vine, Pansies, Salvia, Stocks, Aster, Lavender, Sweet Pea, Petunia, Carnation, **and ten other choice kinds,** together with the following **15 BULBS:** Italian Lily, Begonia, Hyacinth, Freesia, Anemone, Spotted Calla, Gladiolus, Montbretia, Amaryllis, Madeira Vine, and **five other choice bulbs.**

20 Packets Seeds and **15** Bulbs, all for **25c.** with our new colored plate Catalogue.

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To get new customers to test my **Seeds,** I will mail my 1901 catalogue, filled with more **Bargains** than ever and a **10c Due Bill** good for **10c worth of Seeds** for trial **absolutely free.** All the **Best Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Roses, Farm Seeds, Potatoes** and many **Novelties** at lowest prices. **Ginseng,** the great money making plant, **Giant Prize Tomatoes,** 2 to the foot, **Pan American Oats,** sent out free to farmers, and two **Free Passes to Pan American Exposition,** Buffalo, N. Y. are offered. $2,635.00 in cash premiums. Don't give your order until you see this new catalogue. **You'll be Surprised** at my bargain offers. Send postal for catalogue to-day. **It is FREE to all.** Tell your friends to send too.

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Gluten Grits AND BARLEY CRYSTALS,

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VOL. 24—No. 4
T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1901

PRICE 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

A TYPICAL OLD-WORLD GROUP AT THE NEW IMMIGRATION DEPOT, ELLIS ISLAND, NEW YORK SEE PAGE 68

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department. **Editor The Mail-Bag,**

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 20

1. In what sense must Paul's reference to the church as the pillar and ground of the truth (I. Timothy 3: 15) be understood?
2. Can two nations, both claiming to be Christians, go to war, one with the other, and still continue in Christian fellowship?
3. In view of the prohibition of the Christian marrying an unbeliever, would it be the duty of a man who had been converted to break an engagement to marry a worldly girl which he had made prior to his conversion?
4. What is the origin of druggists' colored bottles for signs?
5. If a Christian discovers that a company in which he holds shares is insolvent and on the verge of failure, is he justified in selling his shares?

Questions of the Week

1. Can a man be a sincere Christian and belong to a trust or monopoly?

A trust or monopoly is usually a selfish, organized combination. It is in most instances a scheme to obtain and hold a monopoly of a certain article, in order to be able to sell that article above its legitimate price. Any man who takes part in such a scheme is acting a part that is contrary both to the letter and the spirit of Christianity. He may not know it; his conscience may be asleep; the greed of gain may have blinded him: but, none the less, he is acting contrary to the mind of Christ. This, however, is not pronouncing on the man's character as a whole. We can imagine it possible that he may be a Christian, notwithstanding It is God's province alone to judge. All we can say is, that the man is acting an inconsistent, unworthy, and dangerous part.

But now, to be quite fair, I believe there are a few monopolies that are justifiable and right. I know of two that were lately formed, in which the object was not to overcharge, but simply to make business run more smoothly, and to secure a legitimate profit. In the cases referred to there was such competition in prices and terms between rivals that profits were uncertain, unsteady, and often nil. It came to be seen at length that an honorable agreement among the competitors that would leave a legitimate profit, and nothing more, would operate in bringing about a better understanding, and also reduce expenses. Such a combine, I think, is wise and right. Only the parties in such a combine need to be on their guard lest the power they have acquired do not foster a desire for profits that are more than legitimate and fair. The Golden Rule should rule.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

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A trust is a combination formed for the purpose of destroying competition and increasing profits. The profits are increased either by advancing the price to the consumer without allowing the labor employed in production to participate in the advance, or by lessening the cost of production—which means a reduction of the wages of the employees, or a discharge of a portion of them—without reducing the selling price to the consumer. As the producer is often the consumer also, any increase in the difference between the labor cost and selling price of the article produced means a curtailment of the comforts, if not the necessaries of life, to the family of the laborer. Any increase in the selling price of a product without a corresponding increase in the wages of the producers certainly is dishonest; and no sincere Christian will be a party to the robbery of either the wage-earner or the general public.

On the other hand, a monopoly such as a gas company, which supplies the light for a city, may be conducted under such restrictions and by men of such character as to be entirely fair to the laborer, the capitalist, and the public. In such a monopoly the Christian can very properly invest his savings. If, however, the monopoly has been secured by unjust methods, and is run on the principle of the trust, the Christian should let it alone. Capital, labor, and the consumer are honestly entitled to equal chances; and the Christian should satisfy himself that this condition will be met before he embarks in any enterprise.

F. A. BROWN.

2. Can the argument that a Christian is a citizen of heaven, and therefore ought not to mingle in the politics of this world to any extent, be supported from the Bible?

The Bible teaches that this life is a warfare with sin; that man is not to withdraw from society and live a hermit life, but is to act and to make his actions effective for the betterment of his neighbor. He must not be a mere dreamer and theorist, but must "practice what he preaches" by taking an active part in any movement that may come in his way for the purification of society and government. If politics and the government are corrupt, it is because the Christian has allowed them to become so, and it is his duty to go to work and think and talk and vote as well as pray for purer politics. The Christian can show his religious faith by supporting for office Christian men, who are nominated by Christians on a Christian platform. The American citizen who evades this duty on any such pretext is too cowardly to be even a fair Christian.

F. A. BROWN.

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I do not think so. "Come out from among them and be ye separate" (II. Cor. 6: 17), might seem to support the idea; but Christ's manner of life in contrast with that of John the Baptist, has proven conclusively that the highest type of man does not shut himself off from the rest of the world; that man develops his highest nature by living for others. Then, too, "Our citizenship is in heaven" (Phil. 3: 20, R.V.), appears to carry the same idea. But one's view of life will be much more inspiring if he educate himself to see heaven a realization of this life; *i. e.*, heaven begins not in "The happy, happy land, far, far away," but in this old sin-cursed earth. A much more helpful view is "Only let your citizenship be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ" (Phil. 1: 27, R.V.). That society should be organized into the State, is as much God's plan for the salvation of the race as that the followers of Jesus should be formed into a Church. A man cannot serve God at church and the devil in the State, nor can he be silent at seeing such. All work is sacred, and a man may be just as true a Christian in his shirt sleeves, as when at church—when he casts his ballot, as when he sits at the Lord's table.

CLYO JACKSON.

3. Is the phrase "a broken heart" wholly figurative?

Yes. The heart is one of the most wonderful organs in the human being, possessing its own circulatory system, its power to do tremendous physical feats, but yet a most responsive and obedient member. Its movements are subject to and controlled by the nervous system, there being acceleratory and inhibitory nerves, each to serve as the name signifies, and in a most intimate relation we find, also, the sympathetic nervous system, through which each organ responds to the supreme power, the brain. Sudden joy affects, pre-eminently, the acceleratory nerves—the "flood gates" are opened and we have the flushed face. Sudden fear affects the inhibitory nerves—the circulation is checked and we have the blanched face. These serve to illustrate how the deep sorrow, pain and loss so affect the inhibitory or depressor nerves that the heart is robbed of its own life-giving force, and the man or woman is said to die of "a broken heart."

C. E. ENLOW.

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The phrase is usually figurative, because the strain of great emotion is felt sensibly in the region of the heart, and thereby the heart came to be identified with the emotions. But it has been found in some instances that under the strain of great grief or emotions of great intensity, that there has been an actual rupture, either of the heart or its immediate connections. It is a somewhat widely published theory that Christ on the cross actually suffered the breaking of the heart, and in that way his speedy death is explained. That seems a fanciful and profane suggestion. But there is what has been considered reliable testimony that there have been cases in which the breaking of the heart took place. It is also said (See *Fowler's Creative Science*) that a dove once dropped dead by the side of the cage of its imprisoned mate, and when examined its heart was found to be actually burst open. So, the phrase, though usually figurative, is not wholly so.

C. P. A.

4. Can a modern church succeed without music?

Not very well. Music is, we might say, the life of almost any church. Take a church having little music, or where the singing is poor, or where the singers are listless and indifferent, and you will find such a church about "dead" spiritually. Lively singing of hymns, with earnestness, by Christian people has an influence which cannot be estimated. Eternity only can reveal what has been accomplished by good music in our churches and missions. God only can reward those who have consecrated their voices to him in song. Hearts have been touched and melted, and many a wanderer has been led to Christ and to a better and purer life through the instrumentality of song. Sing and sing thoughtfully and prayerfully, and blessings will surely follow.

HOMER A. SEIP.

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It is not always so sure that it contributes to the real success of a church in its proper ends. The proper purpose of music is to aid the heart in worship and be the real expression of praise, prayer and adoration. But it often does none of these, but only attracts the crowd and gives a sensuous pleasure. In such a case it rather hinders than aids any real spiritual results. But whether church music is a success or not, may there not be used other features of a service which shall be sufficient to be the vehicle of the worship of the congregation? I think it quite possible. It can be so arranged by the minister and congregation that the praise of the Lord may be voiced otherwise than in music. Every act of every one in the service may be so direct and unartificial that even added power might be the result.

C. P. ATKINSON.

5. How should a person proceed who having no church affiliation desires to engage in humanitarian work?

Such a one through the officers of some of the existing charitable societies may distribute means for the first year. In the meantime, through investigation through persons who come in contact with the poor, he may become acquainted with the neediest. By diligent attention to the subject he may find a way to benefit the greatest number. He ought to be able at least in a year to direct his own charitable benevolence.

E. HIBBERD.

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There are many ways in which he can do this. Let him watch the newspapers and promptly relieve cases of genuine distress. Let him visit the police courts, the hospitals and similar places, and he will hear such stories of suffering and misfortune as will arouse his warmest sympathies. Let him inquire of any physician in a poor district, or of any grocer or milkman and he will not fail to be directed to homes of penury and sore need. Let him observe the grim procession at the door of the pawnshop, the wan-faced children who stare hungrily in at the windows of the baker or butcher. Let him note and follow up any one of the hundred infallible signs of distress that may be found in almost any neighborhood, city or rural, and he will be led to the place where he can serve his Master best by serving humanity. A blessing goes with such service. Besides, it has the distinct advantage of bringing the worker into personal contact with the work, which he sees with his own eyes and not through those of others.

MARIA AYLMER.

Reader, Auburn, N. Y. We cannot express an opinion in such a case, not knowing all the circumstances.

Reader, Mackey's Ferry, N. C. Consult a lawyer. It depends altogether on circumstances whether you have a claim or not.

Reader, Westminster, Can. All contributions to the various charitable and benevolent causes mentioned in these pages should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

Additional answers to the "flying eagle" question have been received from Cyrus C. Hubbard (188.6 days), J. G. Osborne (223 3-4 days), D. Priestley (189 days), Arthur Snow (190 days), C. P. Atkinson (190 days), also from Henry E. Cooke, R. J. Aiton, and others. In almost every instance a different answer is given.

A LITTLE HINDU PRAYER

ONE of our Christian missionaries in India has sent us this beautiful photograph of three little native famine orphans, belonging to the great army of helpless waifs who are now being cared for by the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These little brown-skinned maids have just finished their meal, and are returning thanks in the simple way they have been taught by the good missionaries. This is their "grace after meat," the translation of which has been made by the Rev. T. E. Inglis, of Yonkers, N. Y., who lived and worked for Christ in India many years:

KHURAK KA SHUKR — "RETURNING THANKS"

HINDU	TRANSLATION
Pyar o shukr, ai Khudawand,	Love and thanks, O Lord,
Ham Chote Larke Karte hain,	We little children give,
Ki Tu Hamari roz ki roti	That Thou our daily bread
Dur mulk se, hamen bhejte hain	From a far country to us art sending.
Pak fazl se sab dilon bhar,	With the Holy Spirit all hearts fill;
Baksh barkat denewalon par.	Grant a blessing upon all givers.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1901 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

RUINS AT THE CENTRAL GATE, PEKING

WHERE THE BRAVE DEFENDERS OF PEKING LIE BURIED

THE BULLET-RIDDLED FRENCH LEGATION

Ruin Wrought in the Ancient Chinese Capital

PEKING SINCE THE SIEGE

A Sad Spectacle of the Dreadful Horrors of War

WAR'S desolations are well illustrated in the city of Peking. One who had visited the city before the outbreak, but who has not been there since, would find it impossible to realize the widespread destruction that has taken place. Only the legations that were within the lines of defense during the siege, and the North Roman Catholic Cathedral, now remain to show that the "barbarians from over the sea" had ever polluted the sacred city with edifices of foreign pattern. Other legations, outside those lines, together with the mission homes, churches, foreign stores, and multitudes of Chinese buildings, furnished fuel for one of the greatest conflagrations the world has ever witnessed. Even the shops and homes of those who had been employed by foreigners, or had had business relations with them, were given to the flames.

Long before the outbreak the Boxers boasted that they could set fire to buildings by merely making passes with the hand. Their fanatical fury did not abate even when the flames repeatedly spread to buildings belonging to anti-foreign Chinese, and consumed millions upon millions' worth of property. Government buildings, and the most "sacred structures," such as the Imperial Library and the Chien gate in front of the palace, were consumed.

The largest group of buildings belonging to any single mission was that of the Methodists. They had the finest Protestant church edifice in North China, and in the same enclosure were six comfortable dwelling houses, a hospital, dispensary, and buildings connected with the University and the Industrial Department. In this place most of the missionaries in Peking and vicinity had gathered for safety, and here fortifications were prepared. Trenches were dug, barricades erected, barbed wire stretched in various places, and the church was converted into a fort for self-defense. Twenty marines, together with ten or twelve volunteers from among the missionaries, and some of the native Christians, the latter armed with spears and swords, could have held the place against the Boxers alone. But it would have been madness to have attempted to hold the mission compound with such feeble forces against the Boxers and the Chinese Imperial troops combined. On the day the position was abandoned, the buildings were looted and fired. Now all that remains is one lone tree and a piece of wall, both of which show the marks of fire. These stand sentinel over the barren waste where there was formerly so much activity on the lines of Christian education and industry.

Just across the street was the Ladies' Mission compound, a large dwelling house, a girls' boarding-school for over a hundred pupils, and a hospital and dispensary for women and children. This place was guarded and held until the abandonment of the Mission. In fortifying it the Chinese schoolgirls and women assisted the defenders by carrying bricks. One night a great mob assembled outside the wall which separates the northern city from the southern. The howling of the raging mob was distinctly heard, and the cry "kill! kill!" could be distinguished. No one knew whether the city gate would be opened to admit the crowd or not, so it was thought prudent to conduct the schoolgirls and the women from the Ladies' Mission to the church across the street, which was better fortified. With lurid flames all around, and a howling mob outside the city wall, the transfer was made in a quiet and orderly manner. One of the marines remarked admiringly: "When the Mission Boards appointed those ladies they knew what they were about." Only portions of walls belonging to outbuildings are now standing.

The central gate between the northern and southern cities, the chien or front gate, is the chief gate of Peking, being directly in front of the palace. It has three gateways. The common people are permitted to pass through the two side gates; the central one opens only for royalty. After the arrival of the relief forces, Mr. Squires, secretary of the American legation, led a party along the wall to this front gate, went down and unlocked it, and let the cannon of the allied forces in. Afterward the gate was blown down, and now the poorest coolie can freely tread where only monarchs trod before. It is said the key, about two feet long, is to be sent to the Smithsonian Institute. The inner tower was burned after the allied forces arrived. The fire took place in the night and formed one of the grandest sights conceivable.

Legation street runs nearly parallel with the wall between the northern and southern cities and not much more than a bowshot from it. Of the buildings along this street, those within the lines of defense were not utterly destroyed, although often struck by shot and shell; but outside the lines the fires left little but blackened walls. These ruins include the Netherlands legation.

The French legation is badly pitted by bullets and riddled by shot and shell. The heavy chains connecting the stone pillars in front of the gateway were offensive to the Chinese and have been carried off. This legation was partially destroyed by the double explosion of a Chinese mine. The Chinese succeeded in gaining nearly half of the Legation, but lost many men.

It is remarkable that only sixty-five of the defenders were killed during the siege. Of these some were buried in a little plot of ground in the south end of the Legation. Soldier and civilian, Catholic and Protestant, the strong man and the little child, were laid to rest here. Some lie two in one grave, as in the case of Captain Strouts of the British marines, and Mr. Warren, a student at the Legation, who were killed about the same time.

Once, when a lowly bed was being prepared, a passer-by said, "Let me take the spade," but the reply was "No, he is my brother; we fought together on the wall." They were from different lands, but their common interest made them kin.

A Chinese youth, with hands blistered and sore, refused aid in the work which was so new to him, saying, "No matter about my hands, it is my heart that hurts, to think that those who came here to save us should be so treated by my own people." Such incidents show the universal brotherhood of man.

MRS. T. J. U. GATRELL.

RUINS OF METHODIST MISSION, PEKING

WHAT CANNON AND FLAME LEFT OF LEGATION STREET

REMAINS OF THE LADIES' MISSION

PANORAMA OF ELLIS ISLAND, VIEWED FROM THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK, SHOWING THE NEW IMMIGRATION BUILDINGS

The · Gateway · to · the · New · World

Rejuvenated Ellis Island, New York, Now the Finest Immigrant Station on the Globe—The Human Influx Unabated

WITH the completion of new buildings costing $1,500,000 on Ellis Island, in the harbor of New York, future citizens of the United States, to the number of 7,000 a day, can now be cared for. Further improvements to cost another $1,500,000, are now under way, and when these are finished, Ellis Island will be the model Immigration Station of the world. When the United States Bureau of Immigration took formal possession of the new buildings, Hon. Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, addressing the commissioners, said:

"The immigration movement has tended steadily westward, and we may believe it will continue until it circles the globe, the West becomes the East again and migration returns upon itself in the ancient home of the nations. On its way it finds us a halfway station. We welcome the worthy emigrant who comes here with the hope of improving his condition and with the purpose of becoming a good American citizen. This station is his gateway to the new world, and it is of no little importance that his first impression of us is favorable. The spirit of patience, consideration and kindness toward him should be the inexorable rule of your conduct. A stranger to our language, he here crosses the threshold of a new and untried life. He is entitled to sympathy and goodwill. Through this humble door have come many who, under the spirit of our instruction and under the protection of our laws, have achieved prosperity and happiness, and they in turn have contributed to the protection, the honor and the greatness of our land."

During the last year of the century it is estimated that the immigration reached 450,000. Of this total less than 4,000, or below one per cent., hailed from the tropics. The number of immigrants from the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines was less than 250. Immigration statistics show a great variety of races landing at American ports. Vast numbers of Russian and Polish Hebrews cross the Atlantic to become citizens of Freedom's Land, while Danes, Swedes, Hungarians, French, Cubans, Spaniards, Arabs, Syrians and Armenians pour in every year. Many come to avoid political and religious persecution.

The buildings on Ellis Island still incomplete are the bath-house, restaurant, and electric lighting and steam-heating buildings, the hospital building, the residence of the government physicians, and the building for housing disinfecting plant. The care of the immigrants is intrusted to some 200 employees, consisting of physicians, interpreters, clerks, matrons and inspectors. One of the features of the new main building is the great refreshment room, where bread, meat, tea, coffee, pies and fruit can be purchased by the hungry. The bill of fare, together with the price of every article of food, is printed in different languages and posted conspicuously in the restaurant. Should any immigrant be unable to buy a meal, food is supplied gratuitously, the contractor getting his pay from the steamship company which brought the poverty-stricken wanderer over sea. The board bills of any immigrant debarred from entry must be paid by the steamship company on whose line he came to this country, at the rate of thirty-five cents a day.

IMMIGRANTS WHO HAVE BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE COUNTRY

On the upper floor of the immigration building there are many tiers of iron cots with woven wire springs, provided for immigrants that are detained for special inquiry, or because of failure to meet the requirements of the immigration laws. There are two cots in each tier, and sleeping accommodations are provided for about one thousand people.

There is a provision in the laws which provides that every immigrant must have at least thirty dollars in his possession upon his arrival, but immigrants who do not possess the requisite amount are leniently dealt with, and, in a majority of cases, are allowed to depart for their prospective homes. If a well-dressed, intelligent-looking man—say a civil engineer—comes to America in search of fortune, as an immigrant, he will be detained and sent back to his home country if it is found that he has not the required thirty dollars. On the other hand, if a laborer is found not to possess the needed sum, he may be permitted to land, the reason being that he is less likely to become a charge upon the public than his better educated fellow-worker.

From six to ten missionaries will be stationed on the island to attend to the spiritual wants of the immigrants. These spiritual workers represent many Christian denominations. They are provided with desks and cabinets for their correspondence and printed matter, and one of the largest and most commodious rooms in the building has been set apart for their exclusive use. Though the time in which the missionaries have to labor is short, the immigrants are greatly benefited by their counsels, as well as by the tracts and Bibles handed them. By the distribution of Bibles in the past, seed has been sown in good ground, and many are the grateful letters received acknowledging kindness that has been shown to total strangers.

All the immigrants are exceedingly appreciative of whatever is done in their behalf, and in many cases it is solely through the kindly interest the missionaries take in them, that strangers are assisted in finding their friends, and thus escaping the danger of being sent back to the country from which they came.

A NEW CENTURY CRUSADE

A MOVEMENT to remove the two chief obstacles to missionary progress, the traffics in opium and liquors among uncivilized races, initiated at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference last spring, has already won encouraging victories in Congress, and promises to be the most characteristic humane and Christian achievement of the opening years of the new century.

In 1890 seventeen nations (including Zanzibar, since swallowed up by Great Britain) made a treaty to suppress in the then newly opened Congo country the traffics in slaves, firearms and spirituous liquors. Our own country, we blush to say, was the last save Portugal to ratify, but finally adopted this new policy of civilization. In 1899 the chief nations of the world again met by delegates to supplement the former treaty as to the one matter of intoxicants only. It was an official temperance convention, and as such the most significant and encouraging temperance convention ever held, although it did not prohibit the sale of all intoxicants even to native races. It stopped short of what the United States delegates and some others urged and only raised the tax from ten to fifty-two cents a gallon, which was considered prohibitive for the natives in their great poverty. Whether adequate or not it is a step in the right direction and the treaty has been ratified, as the writer learned through a letter from the Department of Foreign Affairs of the Congo Free State, by every first-class nation except ours. It applies to all of Africa from 20 degrees north latitude (above which lie a tier of Mohammedan countries in which the natives are protected by their total abstinence religions) to 22 degrees south latitude, below which the natives are protected by Great Britain's new policy of prohibition for native races, adopted in the name of conscience and commerce.

On the opening day of Congress the President, in his message, recommended the ratification of the treaty and the universal application of the policy it contains to uncivilized races everywhere. This recommendation, due in part to the public discussion of the subject inaugurated at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference and promoted by the Reform Bureau in lectures and literature, was followed up by the same organization in four hearings before committees of Congress during the first week of its December session. After the first of these, the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs voted to report in favor of ratifying the treaty. Senator Lodge also introduced the following resolution, which is in effect an invitation to all nations to complete the work these treaties have begun:

Resolved, that in the opinion of this body the time has come when the principle twice affirmed in international treaties for Central Africa, that native races should be protected against the destructive traffics in intoxicants, should be extended to all uncivilized peoples, by the enactment of such laws and the making of such treaties as will effectually prohibit the sale to aboriginal tribes and uncivilized races of firearms, opium and intoxicating beverages.

For such a century opening, telegraphic petitions were sent by Bishop E. G. Andrews and Secretaries Carroll, Morgan, Moorehouse, Ellinwood, Speer, Cobb and Lloyd of the great missionary boards of the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Reformed (Dutch) and Episcopal Churches.

The following was sent by other petitioners as a memorial to the House.

Undersigned respectfully memorialize your honorable body to signalize the opening of the twentieth Christian century by making it the first act of the House of Representatives to pass the Gillett bill for the protection of uncivilized races against firearms, opium and intoxicants, in the New Hebrides and other Pacific islands which are not under civilized governments, as a step toward the world-wide application of this new policy of civilization which is recommended in the President's message.

On Jan. 4th, the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs ordered a favorable report on the Lodge resolution. It was passed by the Senate unanimously. This insures the passage in the Senate of the Gillett New Hebrides bill, if the people urge it by petitions, letters and telegrams.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

Progress at the Pan-American Exposition

THE PLAZA

THE directors promise one virtue for the Pan American Exposition that can be ascribed to no fair that has been—everything will be ready for the opening. They are also pledged that the fair shall transcend all former enterprises of this kind in a number of important features, among which are electrical, fountain, floral and color effects, original sculptural ornamentation, and court settings.

It is even predicted that the beautiful "White City" of 1893 shall be surpassed in point of artistic enchantment by the "Rainbow City," as the electrical wonderland which Buffalo has been bringing into existence in her northern suburbs since 1899 is well named. Ornate architecture, a gorgeous color scheme, in which red-tiled roofs and tinted walls play a part, extensive rose gardens, and thousands of gay plants, will contribute to a result which shall be as characteristic of tropical America as the section in which the Exposition is held. The Rainbow City will be encircled by a solid wall of green foliage. Its lagoons, Lakes, Court of Lilies and Court of Fountains will be like a chapter from fairyland, especially at night, when electric rainbows, flashes, and parti-colored sprays bloom over waterways and buildings. The electric tower, 375 feet high, crowned with a superb figure representing the Goddess of Light, is the centrepiece, dominating the entire Exposition.

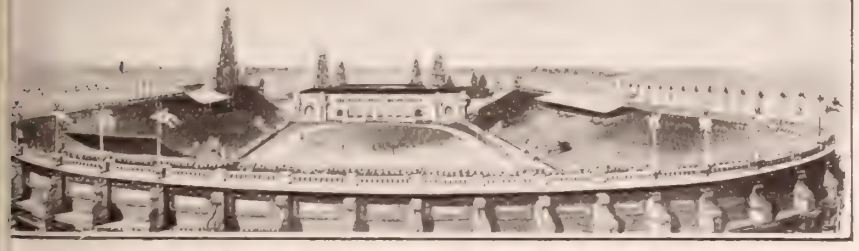
No Exposition has been so thoroughly representative of the two Americas as this will be. Nearly every Central and South American country has arranged for exhibits. Cuba, the Philippines, Hawaii, and Porto Rico will be brought before our observation as they have not been hitherto. Years of travel and study could not afford such an education in American history, such knowledge of American resources, vegetable and mineral, so thorough an acquaintance with the industries and such a comprehensive view of the various peoples of the western hemisphere, as will be afforded by a week's sojourn in Buffalo this summer. Coming directly after the International Exposition at Paris, the Pan-American Exposition has an unusual advantage over preceding fairs, in that so many exhibits were ready for installation, all that was necessary being transference from the one city to the other. As a natural result of geographical nearness to Buffalo, Canada is showing peculiar interest in the fair; and, of course, New York's sister States, from Maine to the Gulf and to California, are preparing to put their wares and products in competitive display.

In March, 1899, Congress appropriated $500,000 for a Government exhibit. The three large buildings, nearing completion, will house displays of unusual interest and significance; the machinery of all departments of our Government are illustrated as they could be in no other way. The Post-Office Department alone covers 5,000 square feet of space—larger territory than was ever before devoted to this department at an Exposition. The Department of State shows how we conduct diplomatic work and certain domestic affairs; the Treasury Department display will exceed in point of instructive interest anything ever presented before. The War and Navy Departments have never been able to make such an exhibit as at present. The Departments of Justice and of Labor will provide funds of information, so arranged that the sociologist can acquire at a glance what it would take a lifetime to learn by slower processes. An exhibit which will attract much attention is that of the Bureau of American Republics,

Mines and metallurgy, machinery and transportation, forestry, fisheries, horticulture, sanitation, manufactures, liberal and graphic arts, are all finding homes in noble and appropriate buildings, where the American, thirsty for knowledge, may come and drink his fill while he takes a summer vacation. The Temple of Music and the Midway, the boats on the lakes, and trips to Niagara will furnish amusement more than enough. The Stadium, covering ten acres of ground, has a larger arena than that of the great Roman Colosseum; work is going forward rapidly on it. Not only is this to be a field for athletic sports, but it will afford space for exhibits of automobiles, agricultural and road machinery, live stock, etc. Two buildings are to be permanent, one the Albright Art Gallery, gift of Mr. J. J. Albright; the other, the New York State Building. Both of these are in white marble. When it was found that the Art Gallery would not be completed by May 1—perhaps the only building projected of which this doubt was entertained—the directors straightway ordered the erection of a temporary structure as a repository for art treasures, whose display will not, therefore, be delayed. A number of buildings are practically ready now; and the electric lights have been turned on in some of the great and goodly halls just to give admiring companies of distinguished visitors a hint of what a very fine show in the way of illumination Buffalo holds in store for the thousands who will be her guests next summer. The grounds display the same marvelous progress in preparation as the buildings. Much effort is being made to perfect Ethnological departments, and the opportunity, in the Six Nations' Exhibit, to see the Red Man as he lived, hunted and celebrated his pagan festivals four hundred years ago, is alone worth a visit to the Fair. As much might be said for the Mexican exhibit, with its peep into ancient Aztec life and its panorama of modern progress.

Buffalo is profiting by the mistakes and successes of former fairs in planning this. In handling and housing crowds, exceptional facilities are being provided. The promoters and officers of this great enterprise are thorough business men, and nothing that can enhance the interest, value and attractiveness of the Exposition will be overlooked. The Director-General, Hon. Wm. J. Buchanan, was a National Commissioner, a Chief of Department at the World's Fair, and a recognized force and sagacious adviser in its general management. He resigned the office of Minister to the Argentine Republic to assume his present responsibilities. During the six months which the Exposition will last, more important conventions will be held in Buffalo than ever gathered in any other one place on this side of the Atlantic in the course of a decade. One will be the Pan-American Bible Study Congress, July 17–31.

THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING



THE GREAT STADIUM, MODELED AFTER THAT AT ATHENS

THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY

THE · DOOR · OPEN · TO · ALL

A Sermon by REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.,
Preached in the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK

TEXT: John 10: 16: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

THERE is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property, that we may fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the statuary and the deer and the royal conservatory. No; it is a Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country schoolhouse, there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying, and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, invaded that orchard; but they soon retreated, for the man came after them at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse, and cried out, "Boys, drop those apples, or I will set the dog on you."

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business there, though the Lord wants all to come and take the choicest and the ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, you therefore have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you, no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for we will place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to his people long ago, so he says to you and to me, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

Many Folds

McDonald, the Scotchman, has thousands of head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some are strolling over the mountains, some of them are in his yard. They are scattered all around in many places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says, "I see you have thirty-six sheep. I have just counted them." "No," says McDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than you found in this yard. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. I have four or five thousand in my flocks. 'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.'" So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians, and there a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold, the only difference between these last two being the way in which they wash the sheep, and so they are scattered all over. And we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousand of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds, "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth. 'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.'"

Of all the merciful institutions which bless this city, not one more thoroughly enters into the spirit of the text than does the Bowery Mission, whose twentieth anniversary we to-day celebrate. During the past year 3,000 souls have been saved through its instrumentality, and during its existence it has put its temporal and spiritual benediction upon hundreds of thousands of the poor and suffering and lost. With the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of eternal life in the other, it is doing a stupendous work, and to all of its patrons Christ is saying: "I was hungry, and ye fed me, naked, and ye clothed me, sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto me, one of the least of these, ye did it to me." It is through this Gospel that New York is to be taken for God, and America for God, and the world for God. There are two classes of hearers in this audience whom I especially address, the friends of this institution who have come out to show their interest in the work, and the other class is made up of those who are astray, but want to get back, have fallen, but want to rise.

A Wide Field

We need, as churches, to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hard beset that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian, "I do not like to be crowded in church. Do not put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven, when a great multitude that no man can number assembles? They will put fifty in your pew. What are the people assembled in Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside? Some churches are like a hospital, that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or run-rounds, but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, or fractured limbs. Bring there for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners, and sinners with a gloss on. It is as if a man had a farm of three thousand acres, and put all his work on one acre. He might raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, still he would remain poor. The Church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre, and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure. But the field is the world. That means Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea.

It is as though at a great battle there were left ten thousand wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to a half dozen patients in a barn hospital. The major-general comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the ten thousand dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors standing there fanning their patients, "we have a half dozen important cases here, and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow, where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes, "Go into the world," say practically, "No, I cannot go; I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies." We need, as churches, to stop bombarding the old iron-clad sinners that have been proof against thirty years of Christian assault, and take aim in other directions.

Chilling Exclusiveness

Years ago I visited a New England factory village. I went up to the door of a factory, and I saw on the outside the words "No admittance." Of course, I went in, and coming to the second door, I saw the words "No admittance." Getting clear on into the factory, I saw they were making pins, useful pins, and nothing but pins. So I think there is sometimes an exclusiveness among some of the churches. The outside world comes up and looks at the door, and there is something which seems to say "No admittance;" and the world comes up to the pew door, and sees written over it, "No admittance;" and looks at the pulpit, and there is something there which seems to say "No admittance," while we stand inside of the same churches hammering out our little niceties of religious belief, making pins. Oh! for deeper appreciation of the sentiment of my text: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

I have to remark that the heavenly Shepherd will find many sheep amid the non-church-goers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves, which by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week, and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts, and saying to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe side, and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and

Get Equipped

Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breastplate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit yourselves like men."

There may be some here who say, "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." Is it not strange that you are among the first that I address to-day? I know all your case. You have not been accustomed to going into the house of God, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you. You are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Oh!" you say, "it is impossible. You do not know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world, and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you. You are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one now.

When the steamer *Atlantic* struck Mars' Rock, and the people clambered up on the beach, why did not Mr. Ancient, that heroic minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, and seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah! he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck.

"Launch the Lifeboat"

The oar-blades bend under the strong pull, but before they reach the wreck a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing. "But," he says, "there is a man to save." And he cries out, "Five minutes longer, and I will save you. Steady! Steady! Give me your hand. Leap into the lifeboat. Thank God, he is saved!" So there are those who are safe on the shore of God's mercy. They are as safe as though they had been a thousand years in heaven, "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." But there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin, and surrounded by tempest. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas! one is washed off, and gone. There is one more to be saved. Let us push out there for that one. Clutch the rope, O dying man; clutch it as with a death-grip. Steady, now, on the slippery places! Steady! They are saved! saved! just as I thought, for Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

Christ says that ministers of the Gospel are to be fishers for men. Now, when I go fishing I do not want to fish in any body else's pond. I do not want to go along Hohokus Creek, where there are half a dozen men fishing, and drop my line just about where they drop their lines. The lines would get tangled. I should like to get in a Newfoundland fishing smack, and push out to sea fifty miles beyond the breakers. I do not think the Church of God gains a great deal when you take sheep from one fold and put them in another fold, and yet you and I have sometimes seen pastors fishing in other people's ponds. They throw a line into one pond, and they jerk out a Methodist; they throw a line into another pond and they jerk out a Presbyterian; or there is a religious row in some neighboring church, and a whole school of fish swims off from that pond, and

We Take Them All In

with one sweep of the net. What is gained? Absolutely nothing for the cause of Christ. It is the lost sheep on the mountains that you want to bring back—the lost sheep on the mountains. And they are coming now. You are this hour in the tide of Christian influences. Your voice will yet be heard in public prayer. You will die in peace, your bed surrounded by Christian sympathies, and you will be carried out by devout men to the burial, and over your grave will be chiseled the words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and on resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried, and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all that grand and glorious history begins to-day. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

I remark again the heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of his sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. Some of the mightiest advocates of the Gospel were once sceptics. Thomas Chalmers once a sceptic. Robert Hall a sceptic. Christmas Evans a sceptic. Charles G. Finney a sceptic. Paul the Apostle, once a sceptic. But when once with strong hand they laid hold of the Gospel chariot they rolled it on with what momentum! I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through the infidel talk of some young man in the store or shop or factory. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man, who disgusted you with religion.

Or you may have become sceptical from the fact that you grew up in a home where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. You had religion driven into you with a trip-hammer. You were surfeited with prayer-meetings. You were stuffed and choked with catechisms. You were often told that you were the worst boy your parents ever knew, because you liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Whenever your father and mother talked religion, they drew down the corners of their mouths and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy to ruin sooner than another, that is it.

A Practical Test

But I do not stop now to know how you came into rejection of Christianity. You frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a divine being, although you admit that he was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think there are some fine things in it. There are fifty things that I believe that you do not believe, and yet you are an accommodating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me, or if any one else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. If, when you are ill, I should come to you with a phial of medicine and

say: "This kind of medicine has cured fifty people who were just as badly off as you are; take it," and you replied, "I do not want to take it; I have no confidence in it," I would say, "Take it to oblige me," and you would say, "Well, if it will accommodate you, I will take it." Now, you have found that this world is insufficient, and you are sick of sin. I come to you with a Gospel medicine. It has cured hundreds and thousands and millions. Will you take it? "No," you say, "I have no confidence in it." Take it, then, to oblige me. I tell you of a Physician who has cured more blind eyes, and bound up more broken hearts, and healed more ghastly wounds than all the doctors since the time of Æsculapius. Be obliging, and just make the experiment. If you are not acquainted with the ordinary modes of prayer, say in substance: "O, Lord Jesus, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what thou canst do for me, I am ready to do whatever thou commandest me. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it." Will you not try that experiment?

Famous Believers

I do not now say there is anything in religion. Do not take my counsel, or the counsel of any clergyman, for you may dislike clergymen. Perhaps we may talk professionally. Perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter. Perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable layman, as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the emancipator; as Isaac Newton the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the telegrapher; as Washington, the statesman. They never preached, or pretended to preach, yet putting down one his telescope, and another his parliamentarian's scroll, and another his electrician's wire, came forth and commended the religion of Christ as the best thing for the cure of the world's woes. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the Gospel, take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen.

Oh, men, sceptical and struck through with unrest! I beg you come off that great Sahara Desert of doubt into the bright and luxuriant land of Gospel hope and peace. You do not want your children to come up in that scepticism. If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than all these together. The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and he looks into your eyes this moment, saying: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

Again, I remark that the heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of the sheep among those who have been full of evil habit. They were all cheated into sin. The spider does not say to the fly: "Come into the web where I kill insects." Oh, no. The spider says: "Dearest fly, come and take a morning walk with me on this suspension bridge of gossamer, glittering with diamonds of dew." Do not be hard on those gone astray. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and that when they had run out there was nothing left to touch a bad case. If they were hunting, and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they would look for that lost soul.

Desperate Cases

I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off, and when the club-room casts you off, and when society casts you off, and when business associates cast you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will bend the eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame. The Good Templars cannot save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance cannot save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge cannot save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it.

They talk about the catacombs of Naples and the catacombs of Rome and the catacombs of Egypt,

The Great Burial Places

under the city, where is the dust of many generations passed on, but I tell you New York has its catacombs, and Washington its catacombs, and all our cities their catacombs. They are underground liquor dives, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound round with serpents. There are families represented here to-day that are wrapped in the martyrdom of fang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror.

In the attempt at reformation do not put your trust in bromide of potassium or in anything that apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the eternal God. With some of these men it is a periodic temptation that comes every six weeks or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kindle around about your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well at such a time, as some of you do, to call on medical counsel, but your first and most importunate cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, may they do so on your knees. O God! now that the paroxysm of thirst is come again on that man, help him.

There will yet be in all our churches those whose hands so much tremble with dissipation that they can hardly hold a hymn book, and yet they will be so transformed that they will preach the Gospel, or on communion days carry around the consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The Church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

There is only one class of persons about whom I am disheartened, and they are the Gospel-hardened. They have been faithful in attendance at churches for twenty, thirty, and forty years, yet never have surrendered themselves to God. As Christ says, "Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before them." They have resisted all the importunity of divine mercy and have gone through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and they are further away from God than ever. After a while they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope!

The Dawn of Hope

But I turn to outsiders with an expectation that thrills through me, body and soul. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." You are not Gospel-hardened. You have not heard many sermons during the last few years. You feel the Holy Ghost this moment in your heart. You do not weep, but the tear is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas, for the future! Everything is so dark, so very dark! God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, that sets all heaven flying his way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and round about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of his pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Shepherd lets down the bars, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their fleece torn with brambles, some of them their feet lamed with the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

A PHILANTHROPIST'S BUSY LIFE ENDED

WHEN Philip Danforth Armour, philanthropist and educator, packer king, millionaire, captain of industry commanding 20,000 employees, lay dying, his last thoughts were not concerned with his great possessions, his marvelous achievements, nor even with his magnificent benefactions. He turned from them all for communion with "Our Father who art in heaven," and his last words—save feeble farewells to dear ones around his bed—were those of the Lord's Prayer, the simple petition which had voiced his wants in childhood, expressing the millionaire's needs in this supreme moment. He who runs may read the lesson.

Mr. Armour was born in 1832, in Stockbridge, N. Y. His father was a farmer; his mother had been a schoolteacher. The family library consisted chiefly of the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a history of the United States. At seventeen, young Armour, carrying his clothes in an old knapsack, started to walk across the continent to the gold fields. In California, he showed the sort of business capacity which led to his successes, when he abandoned digging, bought a ditch to carry water to diggers and washers, and made it profitable. How he bought the largest grain elevator in Milwaukee, how he became a member of a big pork-packing concern, and how, with his brothers, he built up the tremendous business of Armour & Co., are stirring chapters in the story of American industrial enterprise. The Armour establishment in Chicago is a city in itself, with its weather bureau receiving daily reports of the world's crops, cattle, sheep and swine; its post office, and its special telegraph wires and cables covering the globe. It feeds vast armies by contract, and its ships float on lake and ocean. Mr. Armour's pay-roll for five years has been $6,000,000 to $10,000,000 yearly. "Through the wages I disburse and the provisions I supply, I feed more people than any other man living," he once said. He was always kind to his employees.

The Armour Institute and the Armour Mission are his enduring monument. The latter, founded by his brother Joseph, has shared with the former in benefactions aggregating at least $2,500,000, and representing what Mr. P. D. Armour considered his "best investments." The Institute enrolls one thousand students yearly, and sends forth annually hundreds of poor young men and women equipped for self-support. Mr. Armour did not wish it regarded as a charity, hence, small fees

THE LATE PHILIP DANFORTH ARMOUR

are charged, but the tuition of many a deserving student has been quietly and privately paid by him. The Free Kindergarten Department has headquarters in the Mission, where one of the largest free kindergartens in the city is maintained; in addition, twenty-three free kindergartens are established in various parts of the town. The Mission Sunday School, which enrolls 1,000 children, was one of the joys of Mr. Armour's heart. It was his custom to be in regular attendance every Sunday. The Mission is unsectarian. It contains an elegant chapel and a free dispensary.

In 1892, Mr. Armour, after hearing an eloquent discourse on what right education could do for poor boys and girls, asked the speaker, the Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, "You don't believe these ideas are practical—that they can be carried out?"

"I do. Only the man and the money are needed to put them in operation," was the reply.

"Then," said Mr. Armour, "I will supply the necessary money."

"It will take a million and more," explained the preacher.

"Give me five years of your time to put these ideas in practice, and I will give the million or more," repeated Mr. Armour.

The result is the Armour Institute, of which Dr. Gunsaulus is President. Founded only ten years ago, it ranks with the best technical institutions.

Mr. Armour was fond of his home, and it suffered no neglect because of his varied interests. He was married in 1862 to Miss Ogden. They had two children, Philip—whose death a year ago was a sorrow from which Mr. Armour never fully recovered—and Ogden, who now succeeds his father as head of the latter's enterprises. Mr. Armour suffered from the heart trouble, which led to his death, for two years. The attack which precipitated the end was brought on, it is said, by a snowballing romp with his little grandchildren. He liked to see young people happy.

Mr. Armour was once asked what he considered the quality most valuable in the affairs of life. "Truth"; was the immediate reply. Other desirable qualities were industry, system and good measure. "Give a measure heaped full and running over," he said. "That is what it means to be the intelligent servants of a great public need." Temperance and close attention to business might be added to the virtues he had practiced. He was usually at his office by eight every morning.

His great educational and philanthropic work at the institute and the affairs of the mission have been the chief objects of his solicitude for years past, and he no doubt thought more of them than of all his business triumphs. His charities were abundant. There were days when even his business lieutenants could not see him, but not one when he could not give time to any worthy cause that needed help

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 a year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter

Genuine Womanhood

WHAT the world wants now is about fifty thousand old-fashioned mothers, women who should realize that the highest, grandest, mightiest institution on earth is the home. It is not necessary that they should have the same old-time manners of the country farmhouse, or wear the old-fashioned cap and spectacles and apron that her glorified ancestry wore; but I mean the old spirit which began with the Hannahs and the Abigails of Scripture days, and was demonstrated on the homestead where some of us were reared, though the old house long ago was pulled down and its occupants scattered, never to meet until in the higher home that awaits the families of the righteous. While there are more good and faithful wives and mothers now than there ever were, society has got a wrong twist on this subject, and there are influences abroad that would make women believe that their chief sphere is outside instead of inside the house. Compare the genuine practical woman of the past and the present with one of these attitudinizing, frivolous married coquettes of the modern drawing-room; her heaven an opera box on the night of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable;" the ten commandments an inconvenience; taking arsenic to improve the complexion; her appearance a confused result of belladonna, bleached hair, antimony and mineral acids, until one is compelled to discuss her character, and wonder whether the line between a decent and indecent life is, like the equator, an imaginary line.

Cheerful Exhortation

FRIDAY morning you go into a merchant's store and buy a bill of hosiery. How his face lights up! How cheerful he is! How fascinating he is while he is selling the bill of goods! You go away, saying: "That is one of the most agreeable men I ever met in my life." That very Friday evening you go into the prayer-meeting where that same Christian merchant worships, and you find him getting up and recommending the religion of Jesus Christ with a funeral countenance and a doleful phraseology, enough to make an undertaker burst into tears. How few people there are who talk cheerfully about the religion of Jesus! In other words, that man of whom I spoke, had more exhilaration when he was selling a bill of goods than in recommending the religion which makes all heaven ring with the anthems of the free. Now, ought that so to be? How many are driven from the doors of the churches by the simple reason that they do not want such a repulsive religion. They are afraid to shake hands with a Christian man, lest they shall be religiously assaulted. I remember very well how it was when I was a boy. I laid one hour and a half under the raspberry bushes in the garden, to escape from the minister and the elder who came to my father's house on a family visit; and my father came out on the back steps, and cried: "De Witt, where are you?" De Witt made no answer. Ought our religion to repel or attract?

Useless Longevity

THERE is a great deal of senseless praise of longevity, as though it were an achievement to live a good while. Ah! it is not how long we live, but how well we live, and how usefully we live. A man who lives to eighty years and accomplishes nothing for God or humanity might better have never lived at all. Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and what did it amount to? In all those more than nine centuries he did not accomplish anything which seemed worth record. Paul lived only a little more than sixty, but how many Methuselahs would it take to make one Paul? Who would not rather have Paul's sixty years than Methuselah's nine hundred and sixty-nine? Robert McCheyne died at thirty years of age, and John Summerfield at twenty-seven, but neither earth nor heaven will ever hear the end of their usefulness. Longevity! Why, an elephant can beat you at that, for it lives a hundred and fifty and two hundred years. Gray hairs are the blossoms of the tree of life if found in the way of righteousness, but the frosts of the second death if found in the way of sin.

Evil Prophecies

EVER and anon we have weather prophets who tell us we shall have a very hot summer, or a very late spring, or a very severe winter. I have cut out these prophecies and kept them, and generally found that they were proved untrue. Because some men have made good guesses we elect them apostles of guessdom. It is always safe to prophesy a storm in September, or a drought in summer, or a wet spell in April. The old almanacs issued on the first day of January, announcing that it would be clear, or cloudy, or wet on certain days in the following August or December, were just as trustworthy as the prophecy coming from Canada or the United States telling us of cyclones, or droughts, or deluges, or earthquakes six weeks ahead. Our weather bureau at Washington is providentially allowed to foretell atmospheric changes for two or three days, so that the storm signals may be hoisted, but there are no inspired Isaiahs of the weather to foretell the coming sunshine of many weeks, or inspired Jeremiahs of the weather to foretell the stormy lamentations of a whole season.

God will keep a realm of foreknowledge that no human guessing can ever invade. For the altar of these evil prophets we have no sacrifices. Thirteen are better at a table than twelve, because there is one more to be happy; and the only damage that comes from the upsetting of a salt-cellar is the trouble of sweeping up the salt; and after you have started on a journey it is better to go back and get what you have forgotten; and, excepting Sunday, Friday is the most fortunate day of the week. My friend was in a railroad accident, and amidst the excitement he heard a lady chiding her husband in this wise: "I told you if we started on Friday something would happen." "Why," said my friend, "many fortunate things have happened on Friday, madame. America was discovered on Friday." "Well," she replied, "it is a great pity it was ever discovered." The learned Dr. Johnson said he did not believe in ghosts; he had seen too many of them. And among all classes, learned and unlearned, there are superstitions still lingering.

Cordial Commendation

"The drop-leaf calendar is a perfect beauty and the best you ever issued. A fine ornament for any parlor."
Wilton, N. H. N. A. P.

"Allow me to express my gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for its quality and its valuable premiums." S. P. N.

"I have been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years, and consider it the best paper in the land."
Five Corners, N. Y. J. N. B.

"My children and grandchildren read and are delighted with, and I believe benefited by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD." ISAAC ALLEN.
Holley, N. Y.

"I can say for myself that I have been a subscriber and reader of religious newspapers for over thirty years, and it is my candid opinion that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has no equal either in America or abroad."
St. Louis, Mo. MATROM D. LEWIS.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has become so dear to us through its work, and giving us information of work being done by those who are seeing to bring the kingdom of God to earth, that I feel we cannot spare it from our home. It is the only good thing that has come from your house. The Red-Letter Testament is a treasure none would part with a copy once they possess it, unless they could get one like it.
MISS EMMA C. HERRICK
Washington, D. C.

"As I con the daily papers, containing details of crime and misery, my heart saddens, and, like Cowper, I can exclaim, 'My ear is pained and my soul is sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage.' On the other hand, I take up THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and see what is being done for the poor and others who are being rescued from sin and degradation. I take renewed faith and courage that the tares will not destroy the good seed sown by the many workers of the Master."
Painesville, O. MAC A

"Among the many good things in your excellent paper is your fair treatment of the leading questions of our day, and your evident desire to crush out the cruel and one-sided views of the past, even if yet popular; and to help inaugurate the fairer, the truer and more enlightened views that are coming. We thank you, especially in the name of Christian womanhood, and for the sake of the brighter days that are coming for all the world—for your fair treatment of Question No. 6, in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Dec. 9, in which you print the selfish one-sided view of marriage, which is, or rather, has been, so generally accepted among men, and then give the higher and God-created idea of marriage as outlined by Maria Aylmer."
Rochester, Pa. H. EMMA WOOD.

NEWSPAPER MISTAKES

DO not believe all you see in the newspapers. As an illustration of how an event may be misrepresented, I recall the following incident:

One day, when I was living in Philadelphia, a celebrated balloonist was ushered into my study. He had just arrived from New York with an invitation from one of my scientific friends who wished me to come on to Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the city of New York, and unite him in marriage with a most excellent lady of that city. The messenger said that after the marriage ceremony the wedding party proposed to go up in a balloon from Central Park, the scientific friend before mentioned having made a costly piece of philosophical apparatus by which he expected to experiment on air currents as he ascended to the clouds.

The evening before the wedding I arrived at Fifth Avenue Hotel, where effort was made to induce me to perform the ceremony in the balloon and up among the clouds. But I refused, saying that while I believed in the "higher law," I doubted the legality of a wedding performed so high up above the reach of municipal authority; besides that, my head is apt to get dizzy at a great height, and I might not be able to see straight enough to tie the knot; besides that, it is very risky for any church to have its pastor go so high up, lest, having got so finely started, he should not return, the memory of Elijah flashing across me; besides that, if I should slip and fall from a height of two or three miles, somebody standing underneath would be almost sure to get hurt. Of course, I remembered that "matches are made in heaven," but I do not believe it, for some of them are lucifer matches, and from the odor of brimstone I know they are made in another place. Besides all these objections to performing the ceremony in the clouds, the reporters would get hold of it; and, as it was a dull time among them, I knew that what was left of me after the balloon peril they would finish.

Persisting in this idea, at two o'clock P. M., in the parlor of Fifth Avenue Hotel, I united in wedlock as scientific a gentleman and as good a lady as the country holds. I was invited to go up to Central Park and see the wedding party start on the balloon excursion. Having several hours before the rail train started, I accepted the invitation. The newspapers had stated that I would perform the wedding as the balloon was being cut loose from the earth—the only time I ever knew the newspapers to be mistaken! The great natural amphitheatre in the park had been enclosed. At one dollar a head, a great assembly had been gathered on tip-toe of excitement. The house-tops in proximity were covered with people anxious to see the bride and groom and minister and balloon. It was four o'clock when I arrived on the ground, unaccompanied; and arousing no suspicion as to who I was, I had an opportunity of gazing on the most amusing and side-splitting scene I ever witnessed.

The great balloon fastened to the earth swung and struggled and flopped, as much as to say: "Time to go; bring on your wedding." There were ten or fifteen reporters present. Some of them had their pieces all written; others were busy. One clever fellow, reporting for *The New York Winding Sheet*, showed me his piece with full description of bride and groom and minister, saying he had never seen the minister and wanted to know if I had, and if I thought that his description was accurate. I told him I thought that it was beautiful, and that if the minister was not satisfied with that he never would be satisfied with anything. The balloon not being quite ready, the bride and groom took a long ride through the park and it was getting toward night, and the reporters became impatient and demanded that the balloon start and the wedding begin. I quietly told one of the reporters that the wedding had been performed two hours before at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He denied it, till I told him that I was the minister. "It can't be possible," he said, "that you went and did this in the hotel? Why that spoils all my piece. Here is a long description of the whole thing as occurring two miles high! What shall I do with this two columns of fine description? Sir, I demand that you do something to make this report appropriate." I asked: "What would you have me do?" "Oh," said he, "You must pronounce the benediction, or bless the people, or say a little, or do something religious; I don't care what it is." As I saw the excitement was spreading, I took the carriage and by ten o'clock P. M. was at my home in Philadelphia. But next morning didn't I catch it? One of the newspapers was headed "Wedding in the Clouds! Disgraceful Scene. Talmage Two Miles High! Ceremony Away Up!" followed by minute description of how the minister, standing somewhere near the man in the moon, kissed the bride, and then sat down on the edge of the balloon, and looked ten thousand feet down at the golden sun set and the great city beneath, with all its mighty populations of sentient people, and other things as fine as that. Some of the religious papers were shocked—that is, they lied; and when religious papers do lie, they beat *The New York Winding Sheet*, for they come to the work fresher. They said: "Here is a regularly ordained minister cutting up antics two miles above the clouds. We are feel humiliated. Let us pray!"

It was a great harvest for the pictorials. The news-rooms were filled with representations of "Talmage Getting into the Balloon," "Talmage with his Coat Tail Flying over the Side of the Balloon." "Talmage Performing the Ceremony," "Talmage Congratulating the Bride," "Talmage Begging to Come Down Because He Felt so Chilly," "Talmage Spilled Out at Midnight on the Other Side of Hoboken Asking which Way was Up and Down." We do not remember just the words, but it was as lively as that. The balloon professor got all the money that was made out of the affair, but my compensation was chiefly religious. We got so many good lessons from the secular and religious newspapers about that time that we grew rapidly better, although many did not notice the favorable change. It put me on my guard about weddings, and the next time I married a couple I told them plainly that I was not responsible for their style of wedding trip, and positively refused to go with them anywhere, whether in car, stage or balloon, and that I did not care, after I had married them, whether they went up or down.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

More Pompeian Relics

NEWS has come from Pompeii of the discovery of more relics of the people who were overwhelmed in the eruption in the year 79 A.D. The artist of the *Illustrated London News* has sent to that journal pictures of a variety of interesting objects which have been found at Bosco Reale, which lies at the foot of Vesuvius not far from Pompeii. One of the Deputies of the Italian Parliament owns a villa at Bosco Reale, and some months ago he commenced excavations in his grounds. By an arrangement with a neighbor they have been extended over a wide area, and have resulted in the discovery of a beautiful house below the surface of the soil. It was evidently buried in the flood of lava and ashes which submerged Pompeii and has remained covered for more than eighteen centuries. It is in an excellent state of preservation. On one of the walls is a beautiful fresco which is reproduced on this page. It is interesting not only because of the idea it gives of the architecture of those days, but because of the light it sheds on the art of the time. The perspective, though not perfect shows that the artist knew more about perspective than we had supposed. The house has not yet been completely uncovered. It is hoped that in the excavations yet to be made, many articles will be found which will shed further light on the life of the people. In the courtyard there are a number of terra-cotta jars, which were evidently used for holding supplies of food. An inscription on one of the pillars, intimates that the house was for sale at the time of the catastrophe. Little did the man who put it there, think that the people who would read it were separated from him by fifty generations. He considered it a desirable residence, but now its only value is as a relic of a bygone time. So times change and his description of his property reads like a mockery. It is well for us that we can look forward to one condition that endures:

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens (II. Cor 5:1).

Our Oldest City

For some years past a controversy has been carried on between Santa Fe, N. M., and St. Augustine, Fla., on the question of their respective priority of settlement. Santa Fe had pretty clearly established its claim to a history running back to 1605. St. Augustine, however, made discoveries of documents showing that in 1562 Admiral Coligni obtained from Charles IX. of France the right to found a French Protestant colony in America and chose the region in which St. Augustine is now situated. But a citizen of Arizona now publishes a statement which relegates St. Augustine to a second place. He claims the priority for Tucson, Ariz., and bases the claim on authentic documents, including a parchment discovered among the records of the old mission of San Xavier, dated 1552, when the settlement was ordered to be established, and attached to which is an account of the founding of Tucson, written in the hand of Marcos de Niza, who explored Arizona in 1539. The settlement of the question is a matter of mere sentimental interest. A better glory for a city to have than that of being the oldest city on the Continent would be that of being the city most like that which John saw in his vision, that was full of righteousness.

And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life (Rev. 21:27).

$50,000 for a Horse

An interesting story is told by the Kansas City *Journal*, which shows how rapidly the value of land appreciates. An Evangelical missionary named Johnson went to Kansas in 1845, from Richmond, Ind. He settled in Kansas City, then a mere village. After some years he removed to Olathe. He remained there until 1861, when, becoming anxious about the situation owing to the war, he determined to return to Indiana. He went to Kansas City and offered all his belonging for sale at any price they would fetch. Money was scarce so he lost heavily; but he managed to sell everything except a sorrel horse. No one would buy the horse. He heard after many inquiries of a man who wanted a horse, and he went out some distance to see him. He offered the horse for five dollars, but the man had not a five dollar bill in the world. Finally, as the man really wanted the horse, he offered the missionary a twenty-five foot lot of waste land for the animal, and his offer was accepted. A few years afterwards the missionary was surprised to receive an offer of five hundred dollars for the land and he sold it. Not long ago he visited Kansas City, and curiosity led him to look at the piece of land he had once owned but had never seen. It was the site of a fine building in a beautiful avenue and could be readily sold for fifty thousand dollars. This was the land that he had taken for a horse that he would rather have sold for a five dollar bill. Thus the lapse of years changes values. Even with such lessons we are slow to learn how death will change the value of all things. The property by which we set such store now will then be of less importance to us than the record of some kind act.

And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward. (Matt. 10:42).

A Cruel Joke

A press dispatch from Paterson, N. J., reports the serious results of a practical joke which was played on a mechanic in the Locomotive Works of that city. He went there some months ago asking for employment. It happened that on that morning the manager had been obliged to discharge one of the employees for drunkenness. The new applicant was at once installed in his place. A few days later the discharged man meeting his successor, accused him of displacing him by dishonorable means. A quarrel ensued, in which the new employee struck the former employee and knocked him senseless. The injured man soon recovered and left the town, but the other did not know of the fact, and when some of his fellow-workmen told him that the man he had struck had been killed by the blow, he became seriously alarmed. Dreading arrest he fled, and wandered about in constant fear of pursuit and detection. One night he hid in a stable, and awakening from sleep under the impulse of fear, he rushed out and fell into an open hatchway, hurting his spine. He was taken to a hospital where he has been lying ill of brain fever. His life was despaired of, but happily some one who knew the facts told him the truth, and at once he began to mend and is now on the way to recovery. The doctors say that the assurance that he was not a murderer did the patient more good than all their medicine. It relieved his mind of its burden of guilt and fear. There are many who have experienced similar relief when agonizing under conviction of sin against God; but in their case, relief does not come through learning that they are innocent, but through the assurance that God has pardoned them for Christ's sake.

Being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him (Rom. 5:9).

FRESCO ON A WALL OF THE VILLA

JARS FOR HOLDING GRAIN, UNEARTHED AT A VILLA NEAR POMPEII

BRIEF NOTES

Norway and Sweden are the only European countries in which the use of intoxicating liquors is steadily decreasing.

The total number of nominal Christians in 1800 was estimated at two hundred millions; the estimate in 1900 is nearly five hundred millions.

The centre of population in the United States, according to the last census, is now in Southern Indiana. At the previous census it was fourteen miles farther east and three miles farther north.

A statement issued by the leaders of the striking shirt-makers in New York shows that by working hard early and late a worker could manage to earn three dollars a week. They struck when the employers proposed to reduce the wages by one-fifth. They say, and with reason, that it is not possible to live in New York on $2.40 a week.

Five weeks of special meetings in New York have marked the beginning of the year. They are held in the Williamsbridge district in Lyric Hall. Major Geo. A. Hilton, Superintendent of the Madison Square Mission House; Dr. D. Asa Blackburn, Pastor of the Church of the Strangers; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman and Rev. J. L. Campbell have been taking part in the movement, which promises to bring in many souls

Robt. Arthington, the friend of missions, who died recently in England, has left the bulk of his property to missionary societies. One and a quarter million dollars go to the London Missionary Society. Large sums are left also to the Baptist and other societies.

Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, who is continuing the Pastor's College founded by his father, said at its recent anniversary, that every student was an active member of the Temperance Society.

A Japanese Christian on going away from home to his work in the morning, leaves his door unfastened, and puts upon it a notice that "the Christian good book" is lying on the table, and any one is welcome to go in and read it.

The number of immigrants who came to this country during the past year was 448,572. Of these about 100,000 came from Austria Hungary, about the same number from Italy, and nearly as many from Russia. The contribution of the British Isles, principally from Ireland, was 50,000.

The bill for the abolition of the canteen in the army passed its final stage on Jan. 9. The section relating to it now stands: "The sale of or dealing in beer, wine or any intoxicating liquors by any person in any post exchange, or canteen, or army transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States, is hereby prohibited. The Secretary of War is hereby directed to carry the provisions of this section into full force and effect." We may hope that the advocates of the measure will now bend their efforts to some means by which the soldier will be kept from falling a prey to the sutler.

PRES'T FRANCIS E. CLARK CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR'S BIRTHPLACE—GRANVILLE STAPLES AND TWO OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS SEC'Y JOHN WILLIS BAER

BACK TO THE BIRTHPLACE

The Twentieth Celebration of the Christian Endeavor Society at Portland, Me.

BY JOHN WILLIS BAER, SECRETARY OF THE WORLD'S CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR UNION

PORTLAND, Maine, is famous for the excellent quality of its building cement, but the approaching celebration of Christian Endeavor's twentieth birthday, in Williston Church, emphasizes the fact that in the

REV. J. H. BARROWS, D.D.

centuries to come Portland is to be famous for cement that binds men together instead of stones.

No one thing that I know of proves more certainly that God is in the Christian Endeavor movement than its remarkable numerical growth. In 1881, one society with fifty members, in 1901, over sixty thousand societies, with over three million members. Twenty years ago, one country, America, giving birth to the Christian Endeavor Society; to-day every nation and land throughout the wide world flies the Christian Endeavor banner. Quietly and steadily, and at the same time with wonderful rapidity and vitality, has this new force come into the church life of the world, and we are only beginning to appreciate how strongly the ties of international fellowship and brotherhood are being cemented by Christian Endeavor.

On the opening day of this new century we find in the land of its nativity, the United States of America, the largest number of Christian Endeavor societies. The enrolment is 43,746 societies. Great Britain comes next with 7,000 societies. Let me turn aside here to invite the politicians in Great Britain and those in the Senate of the United States, who in days past rejected the arbitration treaty between England and the United States, to consider the Christian Anglo-Saxon alliance already formed between young America and young Britain by the members of these more than 50,000 societies of Christian Endeavor. The great World's Christian Endeavor convention held last July in the metropolis of the world was the time and place where a treaty of united Christian service and united love was signed and sealed.

The various colonies of Australia just united under one central government were already bound together by the ties of Christian Endeavor, for there are 4,000 under the Southern Cross, and the Dominion of Canada, separated from our own land by an imaginary line, has nearly if not quite 4,000 societies. China, bleeding and storm-wrecked to-day, was the first foreign country to take from the United States the Christian Endeavor seed, and while the growth has been slow, comparatively, China to-day has not less than 148 societies. India has 459, and has just called the Rev. F. S. Hatch, ex-President of the Massachusetts Christian Endeavor Union, to become its general secretary, and within a few days Mr. Hatch sails from New York to take up his work in the far East.

AMOS R. WELLS

Germany has 168 societies, and, under the sympathetic championship of Count Bernstorff and others, the society is steadily conquering prejudice. Africa's 139 societies, with many of their members in arms, are passing through trying times. As it was in 1898 during the American-Spanish war, so it is to-day during the British-Boer hostilities—the Christian Endeavor pin adorns the uniform of opposing forces. France has 69 societies; Jamaica, 120; Mexico, 110; Madagascar, 93; Japan, 73; Turkey, 60; Spain, 36. But time would fail me to go through the long list comprising European countries, South American republics, missionary lands and the islands of the sea. The total enrolment makes an interdenominational, international and inter-racial brotherhood "for Christ and the church" of 60,704 local societies, with a total membership of 3,642,240.

There are a number of societies also in unexpected places—in schools and colleges, asylums, institutions for the blind and for the deaf; among car-drivers and motormen, policemen, traveling men, life-savers on the coast, lighthouse employees; among workhouses, almshouses, and schools of reform, and among employees in large factories, among the soldiers in barracks, marines and sailors on men-of-war and merchantmen. The first Floating Society of Christian Endeavor was organized eleven years ago on the United States revenue marine steamer, *Dexter*, and since that time 123 Floating Societies have been organized, and a most worthy and permanent missionary work has been established in Nagasaki, Japan. Among the victims blown up in Havana harbor on the *Maine*, were members of the Floating Christian Endeavor Society. There was an active Floating Christian Endeavorer Society upon Admiral Dewey's flagship *Olympia*, that took part in the fight at Manila Bay, and in Sampson's fleet at Santiago were many Endeavorers; and last, but not least, the Christian Endeavor badge was worn by more than one brawny Briton from H. M. S. *Powerful* in the defence of Ladysmith.

The most conspicuous example of the adaptability of Christian Endeavor, is the organization of Christian Endeavor Societies in prisons, and the evangelistic work of Christian Endeavorers in prisons and jails. A decade ago, the first Christian Endeavor society was started in Wisconsin, and to-day in the United States eleven States have about twenty-five Christian Endeavor societies within their prison walls. The largest Prison Christian Endeavor society, so far reported, is the one in the Kentucky State Prison. It numbers over 500, out of a prison population of 1,300. Christian Endeavor is giving to many a prisoner new meaning to the lines

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

But I am prevented by lack of space from mentioning all the many forms of work and activities in which Christian Endeavor has had its part. Think of the battles for Sabbath-observance and against the saloon; of the progress made for total abstinence, the seed sown for a higher standard of Christian citizenship

REV. D. J. BURRELL, D.D.

the Sunday evening and mid-week prayer services of churches which have been revived, the amount of money contributed to missions at home and abroad, the Sunday Schools recruited, and the large number of our associate members won to Christ and led into the church.

Ten years ago a host of Endeavorers gathered at Portland, Maine, and worthily celebrated their decennial anniversary. Next week, in the same place, Christian Endeavorers will rally for their twentieth celebration. A general committee of Portland Christian Endeavorers under the chairmanship of Rev. E. R. Purdy, having long been making attractive plans and preparations. Low railroad rates have been secured, and it is expected that Portland will become to hundreds the Mecca of Christian Endeavor.

REV. E. R. PURDY

REV. WM. PATTERSON

REV. B. W. ARNETT

REV. SMITH BAKER, D.D.

BISHOP ALEX. WALTERS, D.D.

REV. WAYLAND HOYT, D.D.

The welcome meeting Thursday night. nuary 31, will be held in the Second arish Church. Meetings will also be ld in the City Hall. Following is the ogramme for the four days:

Thursday Evening—Welcome Meetg. Words of welcome, in behalf of ortland pastors, churches and Christian ndeavorers, Rev. E. R. Purdy, Chairan Local Committee of Arrangements; r. L. D. Marshall, President Portland hristian Endeavor Union. Response to ords of welcome in behalf of Canada, ev. G. O. Gates, D.D., St. John, N. B.; behalf of the United States, Bishop lexander Walters, D. D., Jersey City, . J. Address, Christian Endeavor in e Twentieth Century, Rev. Francis E. ark, D. D.

Friday Morning, 8.30 to 9.30. Daily uiet Hour. 10.00. *What Has Been ained by Christian Endeavor in Twenty ears.* Addresses: (a) What the Young eople Have Gained, Mr. William Shaw, oston. (b) What the Church Has ained, Rev. L. Phelps, Leominster, lass. (c) What the World has Gained, ev. C. H. Daniels, D.D., Boston. Each dress to be followed by open meeting ten minutes. 11.05. *What is Essential Christian Endeavor, and Why?* Addesses: (a) The Element of Obligation, ev. J. M. Lowden, Providence, R. I. The Power of Testimony, Rev. Edwin Whittemore, Waterville, Me. (c) The y of Service, Rev. Samuel McNaugher, oston, Mass. (d) The Need of Consecran, Rev.C. E. Eberman, Lancaster, Pa.

Friday Afternoon—2.00. *A Campaign Education.* Address: What the Pub Needs to Know about Christian Enavor, Prof. Amos R. Wells, Boston. pen meeting. *Making the Most of Our rces.* Addresses: (a) Our Junior Mems, Miss Margaret Koch, Waterville, e. Open meeting. (b) Our Intermeate Members, Rev. W. B. Wallace, ica, N. Y. Open meeting. (c) Our stors. 1. What Christian Endeavor n do for Them, Rev. C. A. Freer, Colmbus, Ohio; 2. What They Can do for hristian Endeavor, Rev. W. L. Darby, rksville, Mo. Open meeting. Address: e Use and Abuse of Conventions, Rev. ayland Hoyt, D.D., Philadelphia.

Friday Evening.—Two Revivals that e on the Way. Addresses: (a) The Reval of Spiritual Interest, Rev. Wm. tterson, Philadelphia. (b) The Revival Civic Righteousness, Rev. Davis nes Burrell, D.D., New York.

Saturday Morning.—8:30 to 9:30. Daily uiet Hour. 10:00. *Advance Steps for e New Century.* Addresses: (a) Unification of Local Unions, Mr. H. N. Lathp, Boston. Open Meeting. (b) The norable Honorary List, Rev. J. F. wan, D.D., Boston, Mass. Open Meetg. Greetings from early officers and stees of the United Society of Christn Endeavor. Rev. John Henry Barrows, D., Oberlin, Ohio; Rev. James L. Hill, D., Salem, Mass.; Rev. H. B. Grose, ston, Mass.; Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., iladelphia, Pa.; Rev. S. W. Adriance, inchester, Mass. Address: The Vetans' Association of Christian Endeavor, . H. H. Spooner, Bull's Bridge, Conn.

Saturday Afternoon — At Williston urch, the birthplace of Christian Enavor, Rev. Smith Baker, D.D., pastor Williston Church, presiding. Unveiling the bronze memorial tablet on Willisn Church. This bronze tablet is to be ced above the main entrance of the urch, the birthplace of the Christian deavor Society. The design has been completed by Mr. H. B. Pennell, a prominent Boston artist, the son of the first signer of the Christian Endeavor constitution, and the ninth member to sign the list of members of the first society. Brief addresses by Rev. Charles Perry Mills, Newburyport; Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.; Mrs. F. E. Clark; Bishop B. W. Arnett, D.D., Wilberforce, O.; Rev. F. S. Hatch, the secretary-elect to India; Mr. John Willis Baer, Boston; Mr. Granville Staples, Philadelphia, president of the original society, and Mr. H. L. Garland, one of the early members.

THE CITY HALL, PORTLAND, ME., SCENE OF THE CELEBRATION

Saturday Evening—Informal reception in City Hall, given by the Portland Christian Endeavor Union to President Clark and the officers and trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

Sunday Morning—8.30 to 9.30, Daily Quiet Hour. 11.00, Preaching services in all the churches of Portland. Pulpits occupied by visiting delegates.

Sunday Afternoon—2.30, Praise Service. Address, Christian Endeavor and Young Men, Mr. John Willis Baer, Boston. Address, Christian Endeavor and Citizenship, Rev. W. F. Wilson, Hamilton, Ont. Address, Christian Endeavor and Missions, President John Henry Barrows, D.D., Oberlin, Ohio. Farewell words by President Francis E. Clark, D.D.

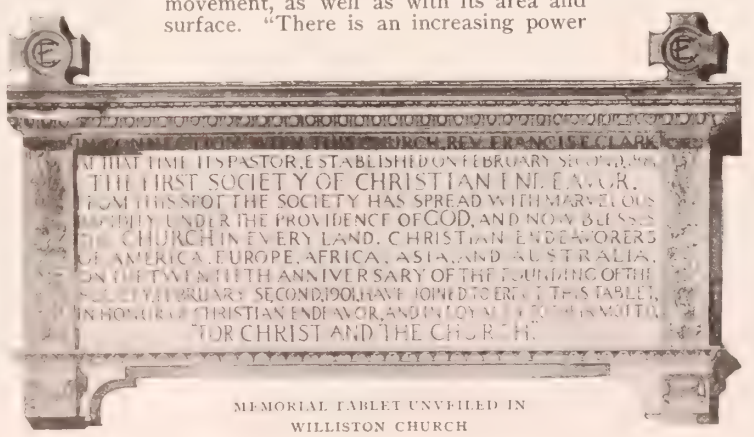
Sunday Evening. — 7.00: Preaching services in all the churches of Portland. Most of the Convention sessions will be held in Portland's beautiful city hall. Portland is crowded with Christian Endeavor memories. The Williston Parsonage, where the first society was organized, will be a point of interest; and at one corner will be found a grocery store and dwelling house, which was once the mission, out of which, in Dr. Clark's pastorate, grew Williston Church.

It will mean a great deal to any Endeavorer, in all his after life, to have borne some part in that historic celebration and to carry away with him an inspiration for subsequent service. Endeavorers are also looking forward to the fellowship which will be most exceptional and enjoyable, for it will be largely a convention of "veterans." It will be a reunion of leading officers and trustees of the United Society. Many State Christian Endeavor Unions will be represented by their presidents—Missouri, Kentucky, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and of Rhode Island.

The pioneers of Christian Endeavor will be there, the charter members of the first society, and of the other early societies, men and women who were "first" in all sorts of Endeavor that now have belted the globe.

Throughout the coming anniversary days the current of thought will very naturally be turned toward the breadth of the Christian Endeavor movement. It will be well to keep in mind that God's hand has caused its swift, continuous and irresistible progress. In the dawning light of its third decade, the extent of Christian Endeavor stands out with startling clearness. But bigness is not greatness; and the deeper currents of thought at this twentieth birthday season will be directed to the depth and volume of the movement, as well as with its area and surface. "There is an increasing power here" is the universal and oft-expressed conviction.

Such an anniversary as this is a natural opportunity for reflection and philosophizing, a time when one instinctively seeks explanation for things which have become commonplace, like the rapid growth of the societies. Under such circumstances and at such times as these, a self-conscious analysis becomes allowable. What is revealed? A strong grasp upon simple, evangelical, evangelistic Gospel truth; a desire to have more complete and practical knowledge of the Bible; an outlook upon work bounded only by the entire conquest of this world for Christ; a sense of comradeship in his army; an effort to improve our citizenship with a willingness to sacrifice party rather than principle, and a prayerful desire for a great spiritual awakening.



MEMORIAL TABLET UNVEILED IN WILLISTON CHURCH

Wonders of the Planet Mars

Astronomers Do Not Believe in Tesla's Theory of Interplanetary Communication...

IN view of the widespread discussion excited in scientific circles, here and abroad, by the published statement of Professor Tesla, the great electrical expert, that he believes the planet Mars has been signalling to the earth, this description of the planet by the famous European astronomer Flammarion will be read with unusual interest:

We know Mars better than the earth was known before the time of Columbus. We know the climatic conditions of Mars better than we know those of the earth to-day. We cannot tell what the weather will be to-morrow on the earth, but we all know what it will be on Mars, since it is always fair. Whereas no one has ever seen either the North or the South Pole of the earth, one pole of Mars is always observable. The conditions of observations are peculiarly favorable, on account of its proximity and because when Mars is in opposition it receives the full solar light.

On Mars circulation of water takes place not by rain and rivers as on the earth, but by melted snows from the poles distributed over the planet by a system of canals. The circulation of water is horizontal instead of vertical as on the earth. Clouds on Mars are almost unknown. The canals as seen by astronomers are certainly water courses, but their dimensions are greatly exaggerated by growths of vegetation on each side, just as from a balloon the valley of a river on the earth appears to be the river itself.

The melting of polar snows has a greater physical effect on Mars than on the earth. Here the polar seas are joined by oceans, and when there is a thaw at the Arctic Pole the rise of waters means a compensating depression at the Antarctic Pole. On Mars the great sea environing the South Pole has no connection with the seas about the North Pole, and the equilibrium of water in both hemispheres of Mars can be sustained only by canals. These canals run in straight lines for thousands of miles.

On Mars the seasons are twice as long as on the earth. On Mars the diurnal rotation is thirty-seven minutes, twenty-three seconds longer. The inclination of the axis of rotation is similar to that of the earth. The surface of Mars frequently undergoes extraordinary changes; seas, lakes and canals appear to double and treble and then return to a simple state; tracts of land as large as France increase and diminish, change shape from round to square, and vice versa, break in two and finally appear double. This may be an illusion caused by some phenomenon unknown on the earth.

The luminous projections reported from the Lowell Observatory are not a discovery, but are observed every two years. These projections are produced by the sun shining on the line of white cloud or high mountains visible on the northern border of the Jearian Sea.

It should be explained that conservative scientists on both continents do not believe in the practicability of interplanetary communication, and refuse to discuss Professor Tesla's so-called discoveries.

PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS

Lamps Useless Without Oil in the Vessels

By... Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for Feb. 3: Matt. 25: 1-13

GOLDEN TEXT, Matt. 25: 13: "Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh"

THIS lesson comes to us in the winter revivals, just when it is needed to teach us that church membership and its sacraments will not of themselves save us, as charms, but only as they are vessels through which we receive and manifest the spirit of Christ. He is the bridegroom in the story (John 3: 28, 29; Eph. 5. 25; II. Cor. 11: 2; Matt. 9: 15; Rev. 21: 9). The virgins represent the Church, so often symbolized by a woman, though once by "men," waiting as here, for the coming of the bridegroom (Luke 12: 36). Religion is everywhere too much left to women. The "manliness of Christ" should attract all who seek to be truly manly. The lamps stand for religious forms, of value only when filled with the oil of Christ's spirit, which manifests itself in the light of a noble life.

Jesus spoke this parable sitting upon Mt. Olivet with his apostles, a few days before his crucifixion.

. . .

Coming to Christ is Coming to Joy and Love

Went forth to meet the bridegroom. This is one of eight hundred times that the Bible pictures a Christian life as one of joy. In many passages, to come to Christ is like the thirsty coming to a spring of water. In many more, coming to Christ is coming to a feast—in this and other cases, a feast combined with wedding joys and songs and lights in the night. Young people still talk with dread of having to "give up so many things to be a Christian." God asks us to give up nothing but sin and the sorrow it brings; no pleasures but those that make headache and heartache, which we should give up for our own sakes if there were no other world but this. We cannot repeat too often that "self-denial is only self-love, living for the future." What do we give up in coming to the Bridegroom? We give up hunger to receive a feast. We give up silence for a song, and darkness, to walk in the light, and lonesomeness of soul for love and a home, for in other parables cited above the Church is not the virgins that only attend the bride, but the bride herself.

And this reminds us that the joys of a Christian life find their climax in the highest love the human heart can know. How we hunger for love! That is probably the chief reason why dogs, whose manners are about the worst among pets, are the most prized. Dogs are ardent lovers of their masters, and make no secret of their affection. The most elegant palace is an ice-house when family affection has been killed by distrust or disloyalty; but the lowliest cottage is Paradise Regained where that human trinity, the father, the mother, and the child, live in love together. Jesus honored and glorified such love when he so often compared himself to a bridegroom, and called the Church his pure and happy bride. One thing young people ought to learn from this, who talk or think of marriage as "midway between a joke and a crime," is that true marriage and pure parenthood are true nobility and perfected life, as they are also perfected joy. And this perfected joy is made the symbol of the spiritual joy to which we are invited in the familiar song, "Come to Jesus, just now." He invites us to the supreme joy of his personal affection. "We love him because he first loved." Faith is friendship, centering . . . in a person, not a creed, or even a book, or any "it." His challenge is, "Lovest thou me?"

. . .

Not Church Forms, but the Spirit of Christ Saves Us

Five of them were wise and five were foolish. Fully half of the Bible is devoted to warning church members that ceremonies will not save them—lamps that are not lights. The church field has rocky, thorny, and shallow soil, as well as good, one parable taught, and the good part of the field alone comes to the joy of harvest. The tares and wheat grow together in the church, looking very much alike, till the day when God separates them forever. It is church members in form, though not in fact, that in that parable are "burned." So the net that includes bad fish as well as good is the Church, from which God will at last cast out the "bad." Those whom the prophets and Jesus and the apostles called on to "repent" lest they should "perish," were church members. These warnings are as much needed as ever, and most of all at the entrance to church membership. Every pastor knows that many persons are relying on the empty "lamp" of church membership as a sort of fetish, to save them. The mistake of the virgins was in not taking "oil with their lamps" at the start. The little they had in them doubtless refers to that measure of the Spirit that "lighteth every man coming into the world" (John 1: 9), the good impulses that soon burn out when not reinforced by regeneration.

. . .

How Church Membership Helps

There are four ways in which church membership, while it does not of itself save us, does help us by making it harder to do wrong and easier to do right, namely, by the influence of

Promises,
Companionships,
Sacraments,
Teaching,
CHRIST IN US.

That last is what the parable means when it says, "The wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps." The result was the light of life. And this is what light means in a Christian life:

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.
Was that somebody you?

. . .

In the same spirit, Helen Hunt Jackson, who devoted her best years to defending the Indians against those who robbed and wronged them, sang:

If I can live
To make some pale face face brighter and to give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some way-worn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, "She did her best for one of thine."

. . .

In studying the biographies of great men we have noted that many of them were men of great sympathy, not too busy with their great tasks to comfort even a troubled child that might cross their path. Here is such a story told by an old lady who lived in childhood in Concord, Mass. She was on her tardy way to school, crying in anticipation of disgrace and possible punishment, when a deep voice by her side said: "What is troubling you, my child?" Between her sobs Annie explained. "I will write a note to your teacher asking her to excuse you," said the stranger, kindly. The little girl protested. He did not know her teacher. It would be of no use. But the big, black-haired man had written a few words on a page of his note-book, and, tearing out the leaf, handed it to the child. "If you give your teacher that, I think she will excuse you," he said smilingly. Still unbelieving, the little girl handed the scrap of paper to her teacher, who read its contents and promptly excused the child. The note read: "Will Miss ——, excuse Annie for being late, and oblige her most obedient servant, Daniel Webster."

. . .

Our lamps are gone out. Not everything in a parable has significance. It is doubtful if sleep in this case implies any neglect, as wise and foolish both slept, though it might imply that even the best part of the Church is not fully awake to its duty and opportunity. "Behold the bridegroom cometh" is the cry that awakens all. It refers to the second coming of Christ. The church members who lack a "Spirit-filled life" cry out in vain to more spiritual Christians, "Give us of your oil, our lamps are gone out."

. . .

Are You Ready for His Coming?

They that were ready went in with him to the marriage. When Jesus came from heaven to Bethlehem in his first coming even the great ones in his church, the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees, were not "ready" to welcome him. So when he comes again, as he has promised, and as he may at any time, many will not be "ready." Christ's second coming, or our own death, will bring every one of us face to face with him before this new century is over. That is the important thing. The New Testament speaks of many comings of Jesus. First, his coming from heaven to Bethlehem; second, some coming or comings that would occur while his apostles were still alive, which may refer to Pentecost, or to the fall of Jerusalem, or to both; third, his constant spiritual coming—"I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you." "Lo, I am with you all the days;" but, fourth, there is also clearly foretold some greater coming in some complete and final triumph. Some think this final coming is not near because the world is not "ripe" yet, and God's usual plan is to ripen his harvest before gathering it. But others think, for this very reason, that the end is near. That world-redemption on present spiritual lines, they believe is to be declared a failure, and we are to go back to a visible Christ in a restored Palestine. The prayer-book includes a prayer to be saved from "sudden death." It would be better to substitute, "From death unprepared, good Lord deliver us." It was John Wesley who, being asked what he would do if he knew he had but a day to live, replied he would do exactly what he had planned for the day—a sermon, a call on the sick, another on some inquiring soul, with home chores and duties, and the like. Not in white robes on house-tops, but in our work clothes of daily duty we can best meet our Lord. In the words of Charles Wesley:

Thou who has kept us to this hour
O keep us faithful to the end,
When robed in majesty and power,
Our Jesus shall from heaven descend,
His friends and witnesses to own,
And seat us on his glorious throne.

To meet him face to face, whether in death or in his second coming, should be not dread but our delight. In a certain Chris home two blackboards were kept in the sery, one for the Golden Text and cen thoughts of the Lord's Day lesson, the ot for week-day exercises. The children t turns in printing the texts and important sages—printing that the youngest might r readily. This was done on Sunday af noon, after which the board was hung aga the wall, where it remained before all e until the following Sunday when, after return from school, it was erased and ceeded by the new text. One day it was mie's turn—the little fingers traced it clea distinctly—that Golden Text—that last cious legacy—that "Light in the Window" was to shine out upon the utter desola that followed:

"For now we see through a glass, dar but then, face to face; now I know in p but then shall I know even as also I known."

A few days after, Mamie became dan ously sick.

It hung there before the anxious mot that blessed assurance, through the week suffering that followed. Sundays came went, but no other text supplanted it. end drew near and the mother bowed ab her child in an agony of woe. "Raise me mama," she said. One little fluttering h stole about her neck, the ot pointed to the Golden Text, then, with a hopeful, loving l in her eyes, she whispe "Face to face, mama; face face!"

. . .

The door was shut. Jesus infinite love, places beside picture of the joys of a Cl tian life here and hereafte a wedding feast, the despai the lost on the wrong side the shut door. They had b content with the little oil natural goodness, and had glected to enrich their lives receiving the abundant eternal life of Christ. An the testing hour this had fai It is not death or the judgm or the second coming alone t puts such lives to the t Many a one who relies on little oil of his own good pulses to carry him sa through all tests falls w some unusual temptation to honesty or impurity assails h He has neglected to rec Christ to rule his passions, in anger he strikes a dea blow; or in the grasp of a fo passion he inflicts on s woman a wound worse t death; or he betrays some g financial trust because he not crowned Christ in his h and life master of this form covetousness.

He who has long rejec Christ, and chosen sin instead for mas often reaches fixedness of character long fore death. As a poet has sadly sung,

Forever round the mercy seat
The blazing lights of love shall burn,
But what if, habit-bound, thy feet
Shall lack the power to turn?

. . .

Watch therefore. It is not an idle watch and waiting for Christ that is enjoined, a glad expectancy in the midst of daily fa fulness, like his own life on earth, as contrast with the conduct of those who said: " Lord delayeth his coming," and so began "eat and to drink and to be drunken." S people are all about us who put far away only the thought of Christ's coming in ju ment, but even the thought of death, and g themselves to a life of selfish greed and pl ure.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble pa gathered in a house in St. James' Squa London. The Prince Regent was present, a the occasion was made fascinating by mu and banqueting and by jewels. While quadrille was being formed, suddenly all people rushed to the windows. What is matter? Henry Percy had arrived with news that Waterloo had been fought, a that England had won the day. The da was abandoned; the party dispersed; lo ladies, and musicians rushed into the str and in fifteen minutes from the first announ ment of the good news the house was empt of all its guests.

And so the souls who believe that Chr the Conqueror, may come at any hour close the long warfare of right and wrong fighting and winning the Waterloo of fi and complete victory, are drawn out of self living by that mighty hope.

From low delights and mortal toys
I soar to reach eternal joys.

"THEY THAT WERE READY WENT IN WITH HIM TO THE MARRIAGE"

AROUND THE WINTER FIRE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Servant Problem

IT is safe to assert that no other situation which confronts American housekeepers is so full of difficulties as the question of the servant. The large majority of families in this country, in ordinary circumstances, get along with one maid. Two or three may be kept by ladies who have large means, large households, or delicate health, and, of course, in great houses there are establishments to match wealth and splendor. These are as yet in the minority with us. Where there are from six to ten servants or even more, a housekeeper is essential, and a separate table, with rigid account keeping belongs to the necessity of the case. In such homes it may easily be found possible to introduce a time limit for the work of servants, one set on duty for apportioned hours, eight, or nine, as may be, another relieving them at expiration of a given time. In the usual home this cannot be done. The one maid or the two may have many little breaks in the course of the day. Many five and fifteen minute rests, or perhaps two or three hours in the afternoon for their sewing or their sitting still, but, for maid as for mistress, the housework begins early in the day, when breakfast must be prepared, and ends at night, when the dishes are washed and the bread set for the next day.

. . .

Women complain of the inefficiency, ill-temper and general unfaithfulness of the servant class, though there are homes by the thousand where excellent service is the rule. The country housekeeper has no end of trouble in procuring help in the winter, for servants are gregarious, and loathe the solitude of the hamlet or the farm. In her extremity the lady takes anybody who will come to her—black, white, Protestant, Catholic, it is all the same in her eyes, and equally all are as broken reeds on which to lean. Few employers are fair enough to look at the case from the point of view of the maid. Mrs. St. Justin Beale, who has looked into the thing, has espoused the cause of the maid with energy and enthusiasm, and has suggested the founding of a training-school in New York, where servants may be duly taught their profession. The idea is novel only as emanating from the servants themselves, and indicates a desire on their part to know something beyond a mere elementary acquaintance by sight with pots and pans, before they undertake to cook for a family.

. . .

The best training-school, however, will for a long time continue to be a lady's own kitchen, and a thoroughly capable housekeeper, who is prompt in payment, fair in her demands, and not unfriendly or exacting will usually have good help. It would be very interesting to have the readers of this paper tell us their personal experience, and send us suggestions. The question concerns us all, and we ought to help one another in its elucidation.

. . .

In candor, I suppose that most of us will concede that there is fault on both sides, or a relation which ought to be friendly would not so often be complicated by suspicion, aversion and dislike of authority in one party, and intolerance and hostility in the other. Our servants are women, less experienced and less thoroughly educated than we, but of similar natures, and as likely to be impulsive and emotional as young girls in any other station of life. They have the social instincts strongly developed, and they long for company, often they are very lonely and homesick, their own people living far away. May we not often find a missionary ground in our own kitchens? Do we approve of the maid's having a lover, and where shall she entertain him? Does she save her wages, or spend them wastefully? Is the incursion of the Oriental, the Chinese and the Japanese manservant likely to prove a boon in American households? On these questions will our friends please write freely.

Take With You Words

On all sides leading educators affirm that the vocabulary of American youth is very scanty. This is shown in the prevalent use of slang and of needless expletives, and also is illustrated in examination papers and compositions. Boys and girls have not words to express themselves in clear and picturesque language. Probably there is too little talk at home. Children are often forbidden to take any part in conversation at the table, a great mistake, for the table is the place where most of the home talk goes on. They should not interrupt nor monopolize conversation, but neither should they sit like mutes through a family meal. The habit of eating in silence and haste is a too frequent American sin. We should talk and have something to talk about, something worth our attention.

We must also note that those who read good books insensibly acquire an enriched vocabulary, as do those who always go to church and listen to noble English, expressing noble thoughts, in the preacher's sermon.

Concerning Cats

A beautiful book has lately been published with the above title. It tells all about cats, and the cat pictures alone are most fascinating. Women in some portions of the country are successfully raising high-bred kittens for sale—to a cat lover the business would not be distasteful. Even a common cat when well kept, well fed, and sheltered at night in a soft bed of her own, is a beautiful creature, but a superb Angora, Maltese or Persian cat is an exquisite being, and is sometimes worth a great deal of money. Miss Helen Winslow, who writes the book, has done good service in her pages, not to cats only, but to all dumb animals and domestic pets wherever they are found, showing the claim they have to our care and deprecating any neglect or lack of sympathy toward these gentle beasts, who have so much intelligence although they cannot speak in human language.

American Women in Art

American women were very successful last summer in winning awards in the great Paris Exposition. A beautiful and benignant gentlewoman of New York, Mrs. Candace Wheeler, exhibited a splendid and unique embroidery, the work of many years. It is a tapestry, showing in needle-craft Raphael's world-renowned painting of the miraculous draught of fishes. It won a silver medal. The paintings of Cecilia Beaux received a gold medal, and the same honor was bestowed upon Mrs. Bellamy Storrs for bronze pottery. Two ladies of Washington, D.C.—the Misses Healy—exhibited a case of ceramics and received a silver medal. Bessie Potter Vonnah won a gold medal for her statuettes. So many Americans are studying art in its several branches, that it is very encouraging to find that they were not unrecognized in the person of their representatives abroad.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ESTELLE. I cannot give the address. Consult our advertising columns.

—RUBY. A flirt is contemptible. No nice girl flirts with strangers.

—F. C. S. Use a vegetable cold cream, or else cocoa butter every night, rubbing it gently into your skin.

—SOUTHERN WIFE. Your case is indeed very hard I can counsel only prayer and patience, and the hope that the skies may brighten. I see nothing that you can do, except as far as you can to shield your little child from violence

—SOFT-OF-HEART. A rejection cannot be other than disagreeable, but a tactful woman may usually save herself from receiving an unwelcome offer.

—E. G. Think no more about it. You were simply kind in extending an invitation. If the person prefers not to come you need have no regrets.

—SALLIE B. A preliminary course of tiny sandwiches with anchovy paste or caviare often begins a dinner, as an appetizer. Oysters on the half-shell, soup, and fish follow before the roast.

—QUERIST. Rub your face, after thoroughly drying it, with a piece of chamois skin or the inside of an old kid glove. Use soap sparingly, and only at night. Almond meal would be better for your skin than soap. The shining is due to an excess of oil.

A GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER

"I like to say 'Good-night' to God," our bonnie girlie said,
As reverently she folded her little dimpled hands,
And bent like some sweet lily her lovely golden head,
And then repeated soft and low her evening prayers and psalms.

Her mother listened thoughtfully, and watched with wistful eyes
The hushed and trusting look which came on little Mary's face:
"Good-night to God!" 'Twas wafted up beyond the starry skies,
And God sent down a blessing from his glorious dwelling-place.

READY FOR THE PARTY

READY for the party!
And, oh! So bright and gay
Every frill and ribbon right,
That is mother's way.
And at the merry party
The baby must be good,
Say "If you please" and "Thank you,"
As happy children should.

Ready for the party!
The darling curly head
Will have a lot to dream about
When Bess comes home to bed.
The mother feels quite certain
Whoever else is there,
Not one with her own rosebud
Can in the least compare.

The Home Group

MORE than ever happy and united the home group gathers around the fire in the long winter evenings. The darkness falls early, and there is a pleasant stretch of time between supper and ten o'clock, time when parents and children carry on their evening occupations, father reading, the boys studying lessons for the next day, the girls drawing maps and writing exercises, and the mother busy with her mending basket. If there are young people in the household, they may have music and games, often joined by their friends in the neighborhood, for youth attracts youth. Perhaps they will have a stunt party, which is a mirth-provoking affair, requiring several rehearsals and much planning before it can be given successfully.

When it comes off, the young people are paired—a young man and a young lady together. They take any characters they please from ancient history to the present new century, and dress to represent them, doing by preference some droll thing rather than any thing too dignified. They may perform sleight-of-hand tricks if they like, costume themselves as for a cake-walk, or sing a song. At the end of the performance all the characters assemble on the platform and make a final bow, and the spectators vote prizes to the best pair and the worst. The prizes may be a cup and saucer, a caddy bag, a calendar, or anything the givers like, but there should be one for the lad and one for the lass, and the booby prize should be multiplied by two. Refreshments may be served—lemonade, coffee, cake, candies and apples.

The long winter evenings are far more social than the summer nights, when doors and windows are wide open, and people go off on visits or drives, or are too warm and too weary to care for conversation. I advise in each family the reading of a good book before the season ends. Appoint some one to read aloud, and let no evening pass without a half hour with your favorite author. There are gray-headed men and women who look back to their childhood with peculiar pleasure because of the family habit of reading aloud for an hour before bedtime.

Our Mistakes

Looking back over twelve months, we are aware of many a blunder. At a certain period we acted without judgment, we took the wrong turning. If we did the best we could, asking God for help, we must not mourn over our errors, but try to go on with cheerful courage, hoping for some smiling good fortune just around the corner.

THE PROPOSED FARM FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Colorado's Ministry to the Sick

By W. M. DANNER, State Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association

A WORK WHICH REACHES OUT TO EVERY STATE

THERE are few more promising fields for Christian work than are to be found in the Western States. In Colorado, the Young Men's Christian Association has expanded until its widening scope now tallies the width

Y. M. C. A. HEADQUARTERS, DENVER

of the western plains, and its good influence begins to measure up to the level of the mountain heights. It has promoted a strong Christian fellowship among the young men of the four chief cities of the State, and has quickened spiritual life in the six leading colleges of Colorado. It is a question of only a little time when it shall be a vital force in the life of camp and canon. Indeed, matters are now all but ripe for the establishment of branch associations at Leadville, Cripple Creek and Victor, which take rank among the greatest mining camps in the world. In view of Colorado's large mining interests and military posts, and the thousands and tens of thousands of the sons of the nation who come thither from every quarter of the Union, seeking health and fortune, the Christian people should feel a warm personal sympathy and interest in the Colorado Young Men's Christian Association, since its mission is to minister physical and spiritual comfort to the young men of the North, South, East and West.

Denver has two branch associations, and there is one each in Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Canon City, beside the six college associations previously mentioned. The work undertaken has been along the general association lines. Denver's branches have been very successful in practical results, the work progressing under an excellent system. It has now become necessary for the Central Department of the Denver association to seek more commodious quarters, and these will be ready for occupancy some time this month. The railway department of the Denver association was represented at the recent Philadelphia Conference by eight delegates, which demonstrates the quick life of that department. The Colorado Springs association anticipates with pleasure an early consummation of their hopes for a new building. During the past year the Pueblo association has been comfortably installed in new and larger quarters. The association in Colorado is fortunate in having in its rank many men of talent and spirit, who are consecrated to the work. Mr. C. M. Hobbs, President of the Denver association and a member of the State Committee, is possessed of a notable faculty for doing things, and is in large demand for anniversary and convention addresses. The Hon. Alva Adams, ex-Governor of Colorado, has made an eloquent appeal in behalf of association work, and his pen and voice are always generously ready for consecrated association service.

The work in Colorado has one crying need. At Colorado's door has been laid a great and increasing burden, which it is no longer able to bear. The burden comes of the constant influx of tuberculous patients. Colorado, and expecially Denver, has proved a better health restorer to these consumptives than Italy with its sunny skies, Southern France with its balmy breezes, or Peterhof with its eternal snows. They come by the thousands for health, but they cannot subsist on ozone alone. The question of maintenance becomes a serious and difficult one. Feeling that the Young Men's Christian Association might be able to suggest a means of caring for that portion of this burden which especially appeals to it—namely, the care of the hundreds of young men who come to Colorado, and especially to Denver, seeking aid—the committee on resolutions at the Glen Park State Conference, August, 1899, devised and suggested the plan of a health farm, whereon young men who are able to do a little work might be employed. This plan is thoroughly practicable and has received the cordial endorsement of all who have given its details any consideration. Funds are needed to set the health farm on a self-sustaining basis. A truck-and-garden farm near Denver would afford needed out-door labor and would find an available market for its surplus product. Its establishment would assure young men who came to the West in search of health, wholesome and comfortable care in return for what labor they would be able to perform. It would not be a charity that would demoralize with pity, or encourage dependence.

This is a problem that must be met soon, one way or another. Hospitals are inadequate for the very sick, and those partially restored are a menace to native and vigorous labor. The strong clerk is sometimes superseded by an equally efficient but sickly rival, who will work for half the wage. This is a burden that does not belong to Colorado or to Denver alone. Every day young men come with appeals for help. No matter what their capacity or endorsement, there is not work for all. There must be a remedy.

The carrying of this proposed philanthropy to a successful issue was one of the last desires and plans of the late and lamented D. L. Moody. Shortly before his death Mr. Moody became deeply interested in this work, and proposed a personal canvass on its behalf by the Colorado State Secretary and himself. With his sympathetic nature, he was quick to comprehend the urgent need of Colorado in this matter, and he was melted to tears on hearing some of the pleas from young men whose lives depend on some such a as is proposed. Speaking to a friend, he said: "I could not stay in Denver and

HON. ALVA ADAMS CHAIRMAN L. M'LEAN PREST. C. M. HOBBS

hear these appeals. It would break my heart to do it. We must find some way of helping to bear Colorado's burden. We must help these young men."

Mr. Moody's interest sprang from a thorough personal knowledge of existing conditions in Colorado. He gave the State a much longer visitation than was customary for him. He was in Denver three weeks, and spent an equal period in other portions of the State. He studied this question closely, and was eager to assist in finding immediate and practical relief.

The present need is sufficient funds for a beginning. This ought to be $100,000 as a minimum, but the Farm for Consumptives could be started at once, if $35,000 were assured by spring. Colorado should have the farm under way by spring. To fail to do so would be the loss of an entire year. The coming harvest-tide ought to mean bread and hope and one sure step toward health to scores of young men. The ground ought to be ready for the seed early in the spring. The young men ought to be at work in March, if not before. All this winter the burden will increase. The plan cannot proceed without help. The State Executive Committee have in hand the generous gift of Dr. Edward P. George, of Hanover, Germany, which will net $3,000 or more. It is hoped that other contributions will flow in from sympathetic Christian people all over the Union to help this worthy cause. All communications and contributions should be addressed to Frank S. Spalding, Treasurer, Kittredge Building, Eighteenth and Glenarm streets, Denver, Colo.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF DENVER, COLO.

SAD HEARTS MADE GLAD

ECHOES of joy and gratitude from homes made happy through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S distribution of Christmas dinners continue to reach this office. All who contributed to our Christmas Fund are entitled to a share in these expressions of appreciation, and they will no doubt feel a warm personal interest in reading the following letters typical of many received:

Mrs. C., No. — West Nineteenth street.—We were so thankful for the dinner. It was a godsend. We made it last us two days. Six years ago my husband fell down an elevator and got a hurt he'll never get over. He was a good man to me while he could work, giving me all I needed. I've been trying to do my part by him since he's helpless. With taking in washing, and nursing him, and paying rent, and paying for coal and medicines and the doctor, I've had hard times. But the Lord's been good in letting me keep my husband so long. I didn't think he'd be with me this Christmas. I thank God somebody thought of us.

Mrs. S., No. — Cherry street, rear building, second floor.—You could not have sent your Christmas package to a place where it was more needed. Mr. S. has been sick for four months, and so we were in very bad circumstances, and having a hard time. We thank God for putting it in the hearts of the givers to remember us. I would have wrote sooner, but I had no money to buy a stamp.

Mrs. E. K., No. — West Fifty-fourth street.—It sent a thrill of joy to think someone was trying to make us happy. When one has no work it is very hard to make both ends meet. Now I have work, and things are going smoothly.

Mrs. J. M., No. — East Seventieth street (basement).—I write to thank the kind people of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Christmas Fund for sending us a nice Christmas dinner. We enjoyed it so much. My husband met with an accident over a year ago, and has not been able to do much since. I am in poor health. We have a pretty hard time to pay rent and to get a bite to eat, and we have suffered from insufficient clothing.

C. L., No. — Seventeenth street, rear house, ground floor.—I am very thankfully to your for your kinds of the Christmas dinners. (Writer, a German, who found great difficulty in expressing her thanks).

Mrs. K. G., No. — Christopher street.—I was very thankful for the kindness in sending a Christmas dinner to me and my children; I will never forget it. It was all we had that day. I am a widow with six little children. My husband has been dead eight months. I have been striving along, trying my best to do all I can for them. It was hard to think I couldn't give them anything to eat Christmas Day. I am sick with cold, and we need fire, food and clothing. I will never forget the Christmas dinner. God is good. God bless the givers.

Mrs. A. R., No.—West Fifty-third street.—I write to let you know we got your Splendid Christmas Offering, which we all return our sincere thanks, as it was a blessing in the true sense, as we did not have anything, as my husband has been out of work two months, but I go out washing, scrubbing or cleaning; so if you could put anything our way, it would help us greatly. I have four small children.

Hebrew Work for Orphans

The newly published report of the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society contains some very interesting facts concerning the work of the organization, since its creation twenty-one years ago, for the purpose of providing a Jewish home for neglected, orphaned and destitute Jewish children. The first home had room for fifty children; the present shelters about 1,000, who are fed, clothed and educated by the society, which is raising them up as good American citizens, and thus performing a most important public service for a destitute child left on the streets becomes a criminal. The Orphan Asylum, occupying a block on the Boulevard, between 150th and 151st Streets, is a beautiful building and the largest institution of its kind in the Western hemisphere. Yet it is not large enough to properly accommodate 1,000. Numbers in excess of this are being turned away and the officers of the society, of whom Samuel D. Levy is President, are making an eloquent appeal for means to make the necessary enlargements.

Building a Great Cathedral

In the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now in course of erection in New York, makes a close approach to the wonders of Baalbec. Thirty-two great monoliths are now being cut for it from the granite quarries of Maine, which, when finished, will each weigh a hundred and sixty tons. They will be fifty-four feet high and six feet in diameter.

Jonathan Long's Ordeal

REV. JONATHAN LONG was trying to write his sermon. It was a hard task. He laid his head on the table and moaned:

"O, Lord, if it were a prayer instead of a sermon, I could write fast enough — and yet, would it be a prayer that a minister of God — a man of faith — should write? Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!"

Yes, it was hard. The wolf was at the door. For the past week Beth's life had hung in the balance, and the minister was worn with much watching and nursing. Even now, when the scale had turned definitely — "prayer-tipped," he said — in Beth's favor, incessant care and vigil were required to hold the advantage for her. And the things she needed! And he had no money!

"Water, papa!"

The Rev. Jonathan had dropped asleep. It was an effort to wake, to pull himself together. He was so weak and so tired!

"Water, papa!"

"Yes, dear."

In the coolest corner of the room was a dark-gray bundle. Rev. Jonathan Long knelt over it, and from many unfoldings of blanket and newspaper, withdrew a stone jar. This contained, embedded in ice a number of tiny, large-mouthed jars—such as come from the apothecary's or grocer's, holding concentrated food for invalids. Mr. Long removed one, unwrapped the big jar; and from the little one filled a feeding-cup with cream, which he held to his daughter's lips, coaxing her to take the last drop.

The Rev. Jonathan was a graduate of Yale. He was a graduate, too, in the school of small economies, taking equal honors with Mary, his wife. This refrigerator arrangement and division of milk into minute quantities prevented waste.

In the next room, Mary was sleeping—poor Mary! It was a tidy apartment, doing duty as study in day-time and bed-chamber at night. There the Rev. Jonathan had kept his regular office hours during the past week. He always had callers during office hours. He was not an eloquent preacher but he was a popular pastor. People came to him with their troubles. Yes, Mary had sat there listening to the mother, who asked him to pray with her that her child might be converted; to a man whose wife had a bad temper or whose business was going to ruin; or who wanted to conquer a thirst for strong drink; to a wife whose husband neglected her; to a girl unhappy at home; to a great, strong, slothful fellow who couldn't get work; to a woman who showed black bruises on her face and who asked him to pray that she might be able to forgive the husband who had struck her—pray that God would help her to be more patient and long-suffering. He had talked with them all, prayed with them, and tried to establish their faith. On his knees he would plead:

"O, Father, we know that thou lovest and watchest over us and our dear ones and art able to keep and save to the uttermost ——"

And all the while he would hardly know what he was saying, his unstrung senses faintly informing him that he heard Beth's cry for water to a tired mother who, worn with much watching, had fallen asleep. Then he would recover himself, and with passionate fervor beseech the Almighty to give these people the thing they desired; with more passionate fervor still—almost with agony—that he would give the best gift of all—belief in his love and wisdom—whether their desire were granted or not.

"Papa!"

Beth was asleep again, the sermon yet unwritten. He got out another jar of cream, gave it to the child, and readdressed himself to his task.

The Rev. Jonathan, as a rule, prepared his sermons with great care. He would shut out interruptions, give himself up to his subject, compare texts and authorities, and, keeping the color of his own sorrows, struggles and trials out of it, constuct for his people a carefully thought-out discourse—a good academic sermon that would not cause any poor, doubting soul to tremble in these times of agnostic questionings and unbelief. He did not have large congregations, and he could not understand why, when he tried so hard and gave such good sound doctrine.

"John, dear," his wife's gentle hand lay on his head, "I hate to wake you, but it's nearly time for church. Here's your breakfast." It was only coffee and rolls, no butter. "I wish I had had an egg for you, poor dear."

He looked at her with wistful yearning and with something of the old lover-look that she always saw in his eyes. She was very young; she had been little more than a child when they had married. Had she realized the cross she was assuming in sharing his lot? When, later, he was offered a choice between a comfortable country parish and this struggling city mission and had accepted the latter, feeling that he followed his Master's guidance in working among the poor and the outcast, she had sustained his decision. But again, had she realized what it would bring upon her?

"I'M GOING TO QUIT THE MINISTRY. I'M A FAILURE IN IT"

"Mary," he said, with sudden heat, "I'm not going to let you struggle as you have. I'm not going to let Beth suffer for necessaries. I'm a man, able to make a living for my family. I'm going to quit the ministry, I'm a failure in it."

"O, John, darling, hush! you're tired and overwrought. Finish your breakfast, now, there's a dear! so you can hurry off to the mission."

"I have no sermon ready," he said, "I don't know what to say to my people."

"Just tell them the truth, then, John. Say Beth's been sick and God's making her well, and how good God is. God will teach you what to say. Depend on God for your sermon, to-day, John."

"God bless you, Mary."

A few minutes later, as looking his best in his worn, black suit, he kissed her good-by, he felt a quiver run through her form; she gave a sob and caught herself, saying:

"God is so good. Beth's better. We'll take courage and be more faithful than ever."

But he went out with his brain in a whirl. He had no sermon. He could think of nothing to say to his people—nothing to say.

* * *

The mission was full—an unusual thing Sunday morning.

"A rare opportunity to help many souls," he said, "and I'm not ready. I have nothing to say."

The hymns, the prayers, the lessons were finished; and Jonathan stood up and looked in the faces of his people. Everybody who had called on him during the past two weeks—and there had been many, for it had early gone abroad that the minister was unusually "full of the Holy Ghost" and prayed "powerful strong" with troubled folks—were there.

All regarded him with peculiarly kind eyes. The story of Beth's sickness and —as carefully as he had sought to hide them —of severe economies practiced in his home was known now.

"Beloved," he said, "I have no sermon ready. My child has been ill—at the point of death, as you all know. So, I stand before you unprepared to-day. I am depending on God to give me some message that will help you. And I feel called to chose as my text, 'Have faith in God.' I feel that in answer to prayer God has saved my child just as surely as he healed the centurion's little daughter years ago; and so I can say with a full heart 'Have faith in God.' But if he had taken my child—" the minister's voice fell almost to a whisper; for an instant his eyes were blurred with the agony of the trial that had so lately shaken him—"could I still bid you 'Have faith in God?'" He paused long, as questioning himself. Then in a voice low but distinct: "Yes, I could. It does not matter what the trouble may be, there is but one armor in which we may meet it safely—faith in God. If it be death, faith that what seems to be death is but entrance into a larger life. If it be poverty—if the wolf be at the door — if one have not food enough for his dear ones—faith in God is the one resource, the one cordial to keep hope alive, to inspire endeavor, to give strength to the fainting and famished flesh. If friends be faithless—if your dearest has turned against you—then faith in God is your city of refuge, your one security against madness. What is faith in God good for, you question, if it does not bring what we ask for? It is enough in itself!" His voice rang out, clear, sweet, triumphant. "O, my friends, if we had faith in God, there would be no black moments and no haltings for us. There would be no weakness; there would be no failures. Our strength would always be equal to our task—"

Even as he spoke, they saw him waver and sink to the platform.

The doctor who attended Beth—a worldly man whom the people didn't like—bent over him and said:

"He has only fainted," and muttered, "he hasn't had enough to eat for a month."

* * *

St. Matthew's Mission was the offspring of a rich but indifferent parent. St. Matthew's up town had a fine organ and a

Concluded on next page

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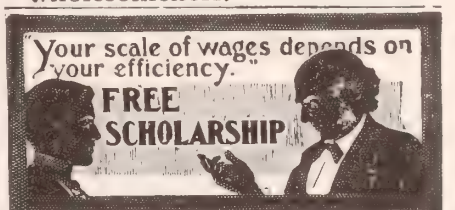

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CHRISTIAN : : : ENDEAVOR DAY*

What we Have a Right to Hope for from the Enlistment of the Young People in Christ's Service

YOUNG people's societies of all names have a common interest in the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the beginning of the Christian Endeavor movement. The Epworth League and the Baptist Young People's Union, are practically branches of the great tree planted a score of years ago. Differing from the original society and from one another in minor details, chiefly of management, each has the same cardinal object of uniting young people in bonds of Christian love, for mutual development and for aggressive Christian work. The idea, developed along the three lines with such magnificent success, has had so mighty an influence in the churches, that the twentieth anniversary of its inception must be an occasion for profound thankfulness in each organization. The story of the growth and extension of the oldest society is told on another page of this journal by the secretary, Mr. John Willis Baer. The story shows, that in spite of the frivolity charged against our young people there is sufficient of seriousness and earnestness in their nature to make them appreciate the objects that Christian Endeavor seeks to attain.

What may we hope for in the future, from this mighty force that has developed from that humble beginning twenty years ago? What will be the results to the world of having the millions of Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers and members of the Baptist Young People's Union openly and avowedly pledged to Christ's service? It is worth while to consider these questions at the beginning of the new period. Mere accumulation of numbers, mere organized force, will count for little unless wisely directed. What ought it to accomplish? In what way cannot it operate for the betterment of the world and the extension of Christ's kingdom?

We may hope that, for one thing, there will be in every community a number of citizens known among their neighbors as men and women of Christian principle, who hold their Christian character dearer than gain, or ease, or social advancement. Twenty years of Christian Endeavor work should have developed such citizens—men who in office or in business, seeking the prizes of life by legitimate methods, would rather fail of attaining those prizes, than succeed by the sacrifice of principle. That attitude requires the courage of a martyr in some circles, but the Christian religion has had its martyrs in every age and it still has the power of producing them. What a magnificent result it would be to come from these years, if the world could see such representatives of Christ in all our cities! How it would prove to a cynical and sceptical society that Christ's teachings are practical, and can be incorporated in twentieth century life. The charge that "every man has his price" would then be disproved by notable exceptions known of all.

Then, too, what a blessing it would be to the world, if in every community there were men and women whose years of Christian Endeavor association had developed in them the spirit and disposition of Christ. The love, and compassion, and helpfulness, and sweet amiability that characterized him living again in his representatives would be a testimony to his transforming power, that would be known and read of all men. No longer would the poor laborers, struggling to improve their miserable conditions, curse the Church, while applauding the Head of the Church, as did the London strikers in Trafalgar Square. The poor and the oppressed everywhere would know that there was at least one class of people on whose sympathy they could count, and they would have intelligent assistance in solving the problems that perplex them. There would at least be some members of the community who would not be so eager to get bargains as to forget the wrongs that made the bargains possible. The wrongdoer coming out of prison, the social outcast desiring to quit sin and turn to righteousness, would know where to find a helping hand, and people would be convinced that Christ rose from the dead by seeing him in his people. The study of his life and the multitude of prayers for his Spirit during these years, should have produced such men and women, and should go on in the future adding to their number.

Another object that we should hope and strive for is the increase of Christ's followers. If in the three organizations there are more than five million persons, why may we not hope for an addition of five millions more to the muster rolls of the kingdom? Can it be that any Christian is content without bringing at least one soul into the light? The branch that bears no fruit is cut off, and knowing this, may we not hope that one soul at least may be gained by the efforts of each member of a young people's society?

Lastly, how much we may expect from the lesson of co-operation that the young people's societies have taught! No attempt has been made to break down the denominational lines of separation, but these years have so lowered them that men can look over them and see the good work being done in other folds. The men and women who have trained in the young people's societies have learned how many objects the sects have in common, how much stronger are the bonds that unite them, than the differences that separate them. Now, more than at any other previous time in modern history, are the denominations prepared to march shoulder to shoulder as divisions of the same army, under the banner of Christ. This much we owe to Christian Endeavor, and it is a fact full of bright augury of victory. To develop the character of Christ in the life of the individual Christian; to send him out equipped for aggressive service, ready to welcome allies of other names; to make him loyal and courageous and devoted—that would be the grandest, noblest work of the societies.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for February 3: Josh. 1: 1-11.

JONATHAN LONG'S ORDEAL

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

choir of glorious voices; it had cushioned pews; wonderful stained glass windows by La Farge, and a reredos by St. Gaudens. St. Matthew's was run by one man, people said: Mr. Richmond, who had paid off a debt that hung over the church, who gave the reredos and who always made up deficits out of his own pocket. He had taken a dislike to Jonathan Long.

"The fellow's got no go in him," he said, "and he'll never make a success of the Mission."

Meanwhile, Mr. Richmond and the other members of the up-town church came as rarely as possible to the Mission. It happened, however, that Mr. Richmond was in the Mission on the morning that Jonathan fainted; he was there as a critic; he was to report to the vestry next day, and they were to consider whether they should not ask Mr. Long to resign. Somebody repeated to him what the doctor said. The doctor, too, repeated his own words to Mr. Richmond.

"Ministers are notoriously improvident and bad managers," said Mr. Richmond. "They are never practical."

Then the doctor described the refrigerator arrangement, and a few other devices "for making nothing go a long way" which he had seen in the Long home.

. . .

The next afternoon, Jonathan called on Mr. Richmond at his office in the bank of which he was president. The banker had made up his mind to save the Long family from starvation, but before he could announce his intention, Jonathan said:

"Mr. Richmond, I want you to give me some employment."

"Do you mean to retire from the ministry?"

"Unless I am more successful, yes. But I did not purpose resigning just yet. I want to give myself another trial. But I haven't a right to expose Mary and Beth to privations when I'm able to work. I'm a good bookkeeper. Can you let me have a set of books to keep at night? I thought as you have various branches of business under your direction, you might be able to give me a job?"

Mr. Richmond was silent, and Jonathan went on: "I think—since Beth's sickness—I know my people better, somehow, I think I can help them, now. I know the Mission has not flourished: and I have not felt that I could look for the advance in my salary promised ——"

"I think that sermon when you fainted was the best I ever heard. It wasn't much of a sermon, but it went to people's hearts. Don't ever try to preach an 'able' discourse again. Talk to people's hearts. Your people have been telling me about you. You've been doing better pastoral work than I realized. It would take another man a long time to acquire as strong a hold as you have down there. I don't believe that we up here have done our part by you. I don't want you to keep books. You have enough to do without it. Your salary shall be advanced. I don't know just how much, but the vestry meets tomorrow; I'll lay the matter before them and we'll make you comfortable. Don't waste your time trying to do housework and to save pennies. Give yourself to your people."

. . .

It was dusk. Mary was sitting by Beth in the far end of the room. They were so quiet he thought they were asleep. He went softly forward, put his arm about Mary and kissed her. Her cheeks were wet. She slipped her arms around his neck.

"John," she whispered, "have you given up the ministry?"

"No, my darling."

"Thank God!"

"Dear, I'm bewildered. I'm overcome with joy; I can't believe it's true; I'm afraid to tell you—almost afraid I'm dreaming."

"John, darling, what is it?"

"Mr. Richmond says I'm a help to my people—they've been talking to him—they told him so. He says I'm to stay here; to give myself to them more than ever; that the uptown church will stand by me."

"Thank God! Thank God!"

"And they're going to pay me enough to live on—enough to make you and Beth comfortable and happy."

She had slipped to her knees, sobbing for joy.

"Mama!" Beth stirred.

"Yes, my darling."

"Mama, God is good," murmured the child, saying in her sleep the words that, waking or sleeping, she had heard so often above her couch. "Mama—papa—have faith in God."

M. L. A.

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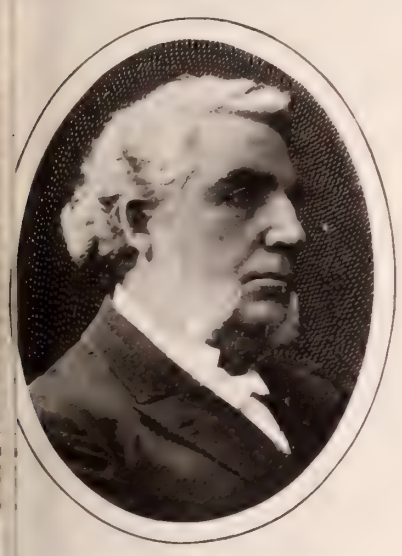
A PROSPEROUS CHURCH

Phenomenal Growth of the Tompkins Avenue, Brooklyn, Congregational Church During a Quarter of a Century

A NOTABLE example of church development is found in a Brooklyn Church which recently celebrated i twenty-fifth anniversary. It is the Congegational Church in Tompkins Avenue, cwhich Dr. Robert R. Meredith is now



DR. ROBERT R. MEREDITH

th pastor. The story of its origin and gwth is worth the telling, because of the pof it furnishes that Gospel preaching is afficient without sensational methods, pulpit eccentricities of doctrine to build an church.

wenty-five years ago, a band of twenty pons, some of them descendants of the

TOPKINS AVE. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pilgrim Fathers, met together to consider nd advisability of organizing a Congrega- oil Church in a district of the city hre such an effort appeared to be eed. It was a small number to form ucleus of a church; but they united hristian fellowship, and held their first h service in a school-room on Tomp- n avenue and McDonough street. Of ne seventy members at that first service, lein witnessed the celebration of the wety-fifth anniversary. These were: Mr Charles Hopkins and his wife; Mr. Peter Palmer and his wife; Mr. Henry M. Heath and two members of his family; the widow of Gen. H. Heath, Mrs. James A. Shoudy, Mrs. Lemuel F. Dinsmore, and Mrs. Alonzo E. Bingham.

Every Lord's Day services were held in the old school-room, and preachers of the denomination famous for their adherence to the old Gospel doctrines, rather than for their eloquence, preached by invitation of the little church. A thriving Sunday School was organized, which, as usual, brought other families into connection. In a short time the new church was strong enough to have a pastor. It found him in Rev. Charles D. Helmer, of Chicago, to whom it extended an invitation. He accepted the call, and assumed charge early in 1876. The congregation increased so rapidly that more commodious quarters were needed, and they were secured by leasing an old Presbyterian church in the immediate neighborhood.

The church, however, was called in the providence of God to pass through bereavement. Dr. Helmer's health broke down, and in a few months he was called to his reward. His successor was Rev. Samuel M. Freeland, of Newton, Mass., but he, too, found it necessary to resign after a brief pastorate. During the following year the church heard many preachers, but it was not until December, 1880, that it had again a pastor of its own. This was Dr. George F. Pentecost, the famous evangelist, now pastor of a church at Yonkers, N. Y. Under his leading the church made substantial progress. It also began aggressive work by establishing a Sunday School at Park and Marcy avenues, in addition to the one in the home building. So successful was this extraneous effort that it soon became possible to establish a church there, and a building was erected, which the Tompkins avenue church has maintained ever since as a branch church. Meantime, the original church had continued to grow, and when, in 1887, Dr. Pentecost was induced to leave his church to undertake an important work in London, he left a well-organized membership of 959 souls.

After a brief interval a call was extended to the present pastor, Dr. Robert R. Meredith, then of Boston, Mass. A new era of prosperity was immediately inaugurated. An eligible lot on the opposite side of the street was purchased, and new buildings for the accommodation of the church and Sunday School were erected. They covered an area of 205 feet in length by 135 in width, and cost, with their site, $251,479. The auditorium provided seating capacity for over 2,000 persons. The methods of church work adopted at the organization were continued under Dr. Meredith's pastorate and God's blessing has rested on them. During the entire career of the church 4,134 persons have been received into membership, 2,687 of them during Dr. Meredith's pastorate. The present membership is 2,291, and that of the Sunday Schools 3,512.

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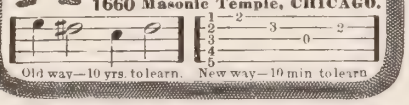

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HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

The Conversion of Dr. C. L. Thompson, Sec'y Presbyterian Board Home Missions

CHARLES L. THOMPSON was born near Allentown, Pa., of good old Pennsylvania Dutch stock. When he was about ten years of age the family moved to Portage, Wisconsin, a very new region, then regarded as wild frontier. They did not immigrate in a fast train as nowadays, but in a wagon. On their way from Milwaukee to Portage, Charley lost his cloak out of the wagon. A careless thing to do, you may say, but that lost cloak was a providential affair that had much to do with all his after career. On what slender threads great interests often hang! A young missionary, on the way to his appointment at Fort Winnebago, found the

DR. CHARLES L. THOMPSON

boy's cloak, swung it on his saddle-bow, and, overtaking the wagon with the moving family, returned the garment to the happy boy, and so made the acquaintance of the new settlers.

This young missionary, the Rev. W. W. McNair, soon opened services at Portage, then a village of a few hundred people. Having the true pastor's instinct, he cultivated acquaintance with the bright-eyed boy whose friendship he had won through restoring the lost cloak. Like any good mother, Charley Thompson's mother was pleased at the special interest the young preacher took in her boy, for he was her only child, and the very apple of her eye. This Christian mother, from Charley's infancy, had dedicated him to God, and, if it should please Him, to the ministry. In this new acquaintance and friendship with the missionary, she recognized the answer to her prayers. Henceforth the mother and the young pastor worked and planned together for the education of the boy. There were no good schools. The pastor became the boy's teacher, and in his own study started him in Latin. He saw the need of a school for the boys and girls of his charge, and induced a young minister from New York—the Rev. John Brittain—to come to Portage and to open an academy.

This was about 1854. The school flourished from the start, and was named the "Classical Institute." The Faculty was small, but any school with John Brittain at the head was entitled to be called "Classical." In addition to scholarly tastes and acquirements, he possessed that rarest of all powers, the power to awaken interest and enthusiasm in young minds, which makes them willing to deny themselves, and struggle for the attainment of knowledge. Though then in the grip of the disease which in a few years carried him off, this devoted young scholar addressed himself with cheerfulness and courage to his work. He died young, but a great group of men who have attained large usefulness in various professions, and whose lives have been an ever-increasing benediction to the world, look back to John Brittain as the supreme human inspiration of their lives.

Very early in his school course, Charles Thompson was led to confess Christ as his Saviour. As he looks back now from the high vantage ground of half a century, he is not able to separate the strands of that precious threefold cord that led him on—mother, pastor, teacher—these three, at one in their purpose and drawing, led him to the Saviour and the ministry. He recalls, with a deep and precious joy, one evening in his pastor's study—it was the evening when he made the great decision. There, in the quiet of his study, the young missionary, who, from the day he handed the boy his cloak from his saddle-bow, had never let go of him for an hour, felt that the time had come when Charley should definitely settle the great question of his soul's salvation. As he pressed home the claims of Christ to his service and love, he found the way already opened by the teachings of that mother whose prayers and devoted Christian life, as well as her teaching, had kept her boy close to God.

And many a time in the years that have gone, Dr. Thompson has lived over again the moment when he made the pledge to the pastor, whom he loved, that he would give his life to the service of Christ. He can never forget the happy walk afterwards through the tingling winter night, when the stars seemed nearer and brighter, and more beautiful than they had ever appeared before. All nature seemed to share the joy of this new consecration and purpose. Once a Christian, he started for the ministry almost as a matter of course.

The Rev. W. W. McNair, the noble Wisconsin pioneer preacher, organized two churches in that State, both of which are now strong and flourishing. He continued in the active pastorate until within a few years. His home is now in Philadelphia. That church at Portage recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, and that first pastor was present to recall the early days and to rejoice in the harvest of his sowing.

When Dr. Charles L. Thompson was elected Moderator of the General Assembly in Philadelphia, in 1888, the hand of that young missionary, now the venerable Rev. W. W. McNair, was the first to grasp his, and as he recalled the time, nearly forty years before, when he had picked up the lost cloak of a little boy in the wilds of Wisconsin, he exclaimed: "Charley, can this be true?"

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Famine in Shansi, China

Rev. F.C. H. Dreyer, the only American missionary who escaped from Central or South Shansi during the recent terrible Boxer riots, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in behalf of the distressed native Christian population of Shansi, where the horrors of famine have followed the desolation of war. Mr. Dryer was one of a party of fourteen missionaries who left P'ing-yang-fu, Shansi on July 15 last, and after a perilous journey of forty-five days, reached Hankow, two children of the party having meanwhile succumbed to hardships on the way. Nearly fifty foreigners and a large number of native Christians were massacred in Shansi.

Two successive crops have failed in the province, and a population estimated at 4,000,000 is now suffering in consequence. Chih-li, Shantung, Northern Honan and Shansi are also affected. Mr. Dreyer states that $50.000 are needed to keep the native Christians of Shansi alive until the next wheat harvest. All the missionaries are using their efforts to obtain help from abroad to assist them in tiding over the crisis.

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RELIGIOUS PROGRESS IN CUBA

Complete Freedom of Worship Now Enjoyed Under American Control

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

HAVANA, CUBA, January 3, 1901.—Cuba is a changing country. I think that it is changing for the better. Certainly many of the changes that have taken place during the last two years have been for the better. Moreover, they have been of a kind to encourage those Americans who may be thinking of coming to the island and settling.

In reviewing a few of the things that have happened since the American flag went up on January 1, 1899, and the Spanish flag went down forever, one of the most important to me seems the complete freedom of religious worship. Of course, under the American flag there could be no union of Church and State, as had been the case with the Spaniards. Up to that time a single Protestant congregation existed in Havana. This was the Baptist Church, of which Dr. Diaz is the pastor, and which had managed to secure the concession of a cemetery for the burial of those outside the Catholic faith. Now there are several English-speaking Protestant congregations, and chapels or missions are maintained by the Episcopalians, the Congregationalists, the Methodists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Disciples. The Quakers also are established in a modest way.

All these Protestant churches do not content themselves simply with the holding of religious services on Sunday. They do a great deal of practical missionary work, and most of them hold services in Spanish as well as in English. They are not limited to Havana, because the other day in Matanzas I was told that the Methodist Episcopal Church there owned its own house of worship, one of the first instances of the kind in the island.

* * *

Some political changes are going on, of which it is not necessary to treat now, except to express the belief that, while Cuba will have its own constitution and its own independent government, the moral support and the protection of the United States will never be entirely withdrawn from the new commonwealth, which may be known as the Republic of Cuba. The process of establishing this new commonwealth will be gradual, and its various steps can be followed as they are taken. There is no probability of a sudden and complete withdrawal of the American authority, and whatever may be the uncertainties of the future government, the protection of the United States always will be assured to its citizens in Cuba.

I write of this, because some letters which have reached me renew inquiries about the prospect for Americans securing homes in Cuba, the nature of the land titles, and other matters. Some of these questions have been answered in the past, but the answers may be repeated in the light of the experience of those Americans who have established themselves in the island during the last three years. Scattered throughout the provinces there are a surprising number of those who have bought land and settled down as farmers. Some of these came with the soldiers, or as civil employees of the American officials, and had the best chance to pick out places for settling. Others got together some means, came down to look over the ground, and when they saw what suited them, they bought land. Some who were drawn into ill advised projects of colonies and who suffered loss in consequence, yet had pluck enough to stay and make a home for themselves.

* * *

I want to emphasize the point about all, that those who are succeeding are the ones who have gone out into the country, and have not tried to make their fortunes in Havana, Santiago, or the other cities. They have recognized the great truth that, since Cuba is one vast farm, the best chance for the newcomer is in farming. So they have got land, and gone to raising fruits, vegetables, coffee, and in some cases sugar-cane. I have noticed that the Chinese truck gardeners, who are so numerous around Havana, are no longer monopolizing the trade. Some Americans who went a little further out into the country and engaged in truck-farming, are doing very well. Down at Guines, which is the real market-garden of the island, and which raises great quantities of onions and Irish potatoes for the New York market, Americans are beginning to make headway. In quite a number of cases where they have gone to raising oranges, they are doing very well, though, of course, it will be two or three years yet before they can raise and market a crop. Americans also are doing well in pineapples; and in traveling around I have noticed some progress in dairy-farming, and even an effort to raise hay and bale it for the market, after the American way.

* * *

These observations apply to the settled portions of the island, which, notwithstanding that they are settled, have much good land still uncultivated. The era also has begun of opening up the undeveloped portions of Cuba. The most important of these enterprises is the building of what is known as the Central, or Backbone Railway, which will connect Havana with Santiago, at the southeastern end of the island, and which will have branches running to the ports on the north and south coasts. This has been undertaken by Sir William Van Horne, who carried out the project of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He is supported by American, English and Canadian capitalists. An enterprise of this kind could be promoted only by men of large means, but in time the men of smaller means will be benefited, for they too will have the chance to acquire lands, and will be assured of the means of getting their products to market. Railroad building is only an incidental feature of the Van Horne project. Sir William told me that the immediate purpose is to open up the undeveloped resources by establishing sugar plantations, fruit farms and the like. The scene of operations will be in the eastern part of Santa Clara province, and in Puerto Principe and Santiago.

While, as I stated, this railway project will be of great benefit to Cuba, and while later it will be a means of encouraging American immigration, for the immediate future I should not advise those who are thinking of making homes in Cuba to depend upon it. They will do well to keep closer to the cities and ports which already are within reach. Naturally this means that they will have to pay more for their lands than by going further into the interior, where the country is yet entirely undeveloped; but I think that they will succeed better. I believe a man with five thousand dollars capital will be able to turn it over quicker in a part of the island where land may cost from fifteen to twenty-five dollars an acre, than by going to the undeveloped section, where he can buy it at from three to five dollars an acre. That is to say, two hundred acres in the more settled sections will yield him better for the first few years than a thousand acres in the undeveloped regions.

* * *

About the climate it is now possible to speak with more certainty than a year or two ago, for there are many Americans who have passed their third summer in the island. Their general verdict is that the climate of Cuba need not bar persons from Northern countries from settling in the island. After a few years, they will not work with the same fierce energy that usually characterizes them when they arrive from the temperate zone, but they will know how to adapt themselves to the climate and to the tropical modes of living and working. There is everything in that knowledge. It is harvest season all the year round in Cuba, and work can be done in the fields in the early morning almost every day in the year. On the sugar plantations the workers are astir at four or five in the morning, and they are able to put in half a day's work before the sun becomes too hot for comfort. That is the real secret of working in the tropics, to do it at the right hours of the morning and evening and to work quietly and steadily, but not at a driving pace, which destroys the energies without increasing the output of a man's labor.

CHARLES M. PEPPER.

Modern Athens

Few people, save Greeks, writes George Horton in *Scribner's Magazine* for January, know that modern Athens is in reality two cities, each differing from the other in climate, in traditions, and, to a great extent, in character of population. Winter Athens, roughly speaking, is the resort of tourists, diplomats and climate-seekers. It is a European city where one eats course dinners at the Angleterre Hotel, attends service at the English church, dances the barn dance at Madame Schliemann's, and plays charades in the library of the American school. In winter Athens, one talks English or bad French. Even your Greek friends persist in greeting you with a *bon zoor, moshiou*, when you meet them in the street, and you go to the Opera House to hear the "Chimes of Normandy" sung by a company from Paris. The climate of the European period is delightfully cool, with frequent rains. The genuine Greeks, who have no fires in their houses, and no heating apparatus other than portable braziers, will tell you that it is bitter cold, although the thermometer may deny that the freezing-point has been reached. This state of affairs lasts from about the 1st of October till the 1st of May. Then all is changed. The diplomats and the climate-seekers hie them away, and the tourists cease to come. And now the Greeks swarm in from Egypt, from Turkey, and from Roumania, and fill the hotels. They drink resin wine and masticha at a penny the glass; they eat pilaff, stuffed courges, and fish with garlic-sauce, by candlelight in the squares: they attend the open air theatres to hear the divine Paraskevopoulou in the "Medea," or the wonderful Pantopoulos in some island comedy, and everybody talks Greek. Your Greek friends, when they meet you in the streets, salute you with "Good-day, sir."

So, you see, if you have not lingered on into the summer you know little of the real modern Athens. This, too, is the Athens of classic dust and of purple sunsets. And how suddenly the transformation from winter to summer takes place! You are walking about jauntily with no overcoat, despite the fact that the Greeks are bundled up and that they tell you shiveringly, "It's very cold." You wait and wait for the advent of winter, and then, all at once, the natives are abroad in light clothing and they cry out, gayly, "Spring has come!" And lo! the almond trees have shaken out their scented 'kerchiefs and the anemones are blooming by the roadside.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. Mary M., Phila., Pa., writes:

In reading "Answered Prayer" I was renewed in faith; and now I must tell you of the conversion of my son, for whom I have been praying twenty-five years.

N. W. H., Birmingham, Ala., writes:

For a young friend, who had become overpowered with the temptation of drink, I had prayed for some time, but I seemed to be praying in vain. One Sunday I picked up THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. After reading the column of "Prayers Answered," I made up my mind to pray more earnestly, and with more faith.

Mrs. I. W. L., Luther Springs, N. Y., writes:

I prayed God to bring my boys to him. He has done it.

C. F. G., Troy, N. Y., writes:

I want to thank God for an answered prayer; after praying for nearly a year for a certain blessing, the answer came so direct, that it seemed almost as if the Lord had spoken to me.

Thankful One, Royal Oak, Mich., writes:

Some time ago a deep sorrow seemed about to enter our home. I prayed God for our loved one. God has answered that prayer.

C. R., New York City, writes:

My heart was full to overflowing for the spiritual welfare of a loved one. I felt something must be done at once, and I went to my Saviour in earnest petition; in less than an hour, I unconsciously spoke the words that turned the tide of my loved one's thought in the right direction. I know this was an answer to my prayer.

M. T. R., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

I acknowledge an answer to special prayer. "It shall come to pass before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." O, what a promise, and all may claim it!

P. I. G., Hanford, Va., writes:

I have gone to God many times with a sad heart, and he has made me glad. He has given me many things I prayed for, everything for the best.

V. A. E., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

Several times have I had immediate answers to prayer. At other times answers were more delayed for reasons unknown to me, but known to God; and so I am content.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received from B., Pueblo, Col.; B. L. E., Tillamook, Ore.; J. L. S., Murphysboro, Ill.; J. E. W., Los Angeles, Cal.; J. M. C., Chicago, Ill.; M. M. T., Ontario, Canada; C. E. D., Tacoma, Wash.; R. L. G., Prairie View, Ills.; F. R. C., Utica, N.Y.; Mrs. C. F. F., Winchester, Mass.; M. M. W., Enfield, N. H.; M. A. N., Peru, Ind.; M. R. Z., Christianburg, Va.; M. D., Hickman, O.; Mrs. J. M. M., Miamisburg, O.; E. J. C., Lisbon Falls, Me.; S. C., Andover, Mass.; C. E. N., Union, Mich.; A. R., Wilmington, Del.; M. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Weak wives should profit by the story of Mrs. Grace Campbell, of No. 391 Logan St., Grand Rapids, Mich., now 28 years of age, who was afflicted with a complication of diseases. Her story, as told in her own words, follows:

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Signed

MRS. GRACE CAMPBELL.

State of Michigan } ss.
County of Kent. }

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of July, 1900.

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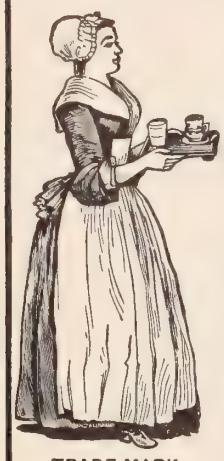

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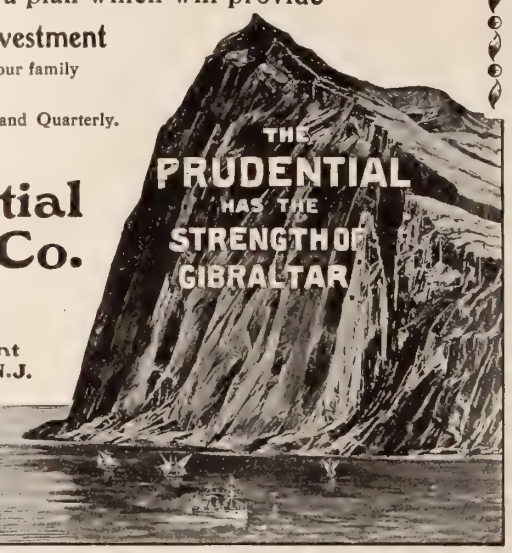

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VOLUME 24—NUMBER 5

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1901

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ORIENTAL WOMANHOOD—MOORISH LADIES AT THE SACRED FOUNTAIN OF ABD-EL-RHAMAN, ALGIERS SEE PAGE 92

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department,

Editor The Mail-Bag,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Feb. 27

1. Is it wiser for a pastor desiring a revival in his church to undertake the preaching of special sermons, or obtain the services of an evangelist?

2. How can reverence best be taught at the present day?

3. What is the meaning and origin of "True Blue," and when did the color come into use for uniforms?

4. Should a pastor encourage the people of his flock to confide in him as to the sins and faults of their daily lives, that he may advise them? If so, in what does it differ from the Romanist practice of auricular confession?

5. A is a young worker, very ordinary education, somewhat contracted views of life, but sympathetic from acquaintance with hardship and from personal knowledge of the needs of fellow-workers. B, also young, finely educated, well trained, traveled and with broad views of life, but little knowledge of its struggling multitudes. Both are animated with a sincere purpose to serve Christ and their fellow-men. A inherits wealth unexpectedly; B is already rich. Which of the two is more likely to render the better service?

Questions of the Week

1. Can one be an out-and-out Christian, and yet be engaged in a business which caters largely to the vanity of mankind?

No. A person catering largely to the vanity of mankind, seeks not to help others to strive for higher things than of this world. We are commanded to let nothing worldly claim the uppermost part of our thoughts. As is said in Psalms 39: 5, "Man at his best state is altogether vanity." Man has enough to keep himself from vain things, without having someone catering to the thought. It is the duty of every true Christian to help his brother to lead a better life, and look always to Him for help and guidance among all things. He cannot do this if he also caters to his brother's worldly instincts, and does not help him to centre all his thoughts upon Christ. Therefore, helping, as he does, to divide man's thoughts between God and the world, a person cannot in any sense be a true out-and-out Christian, and cater to the vanity of mankind. L. W. BROOKE.

* * *

Perhaps there is no business which caters more largely to the vanity of womankind than the manufacture of headgear in the prevailing style and extreme of fashion, yet there is an "out-and-out" Christian woman in one of our New England cities who has engaged in millinery work for well nigh sixty years and secured a competence by her labor. Even in her busiest days the means of grace were remembered. The prayer meetings and individual Christian work were given their due place. At one time she subscribed for several religious weeklies, to be used as wrapping paper, tucking in a prayer that some one might be reached by a thought from the outside of the bundle. She collected reading matter here, to send into outlying districts, and encouraged her customers there to distribute the same and to establish mission schools. In all her dealings, whether with her patrons, her shop girls, or the poor and destitute about her, she proved her stewardship. And she is, doubtless, but one of many who, through their business relations, have reached out and impressed upon thousands the beauty and desirableness of a consistent Christian character. OBSERVER.

* * *

Yes, if the business in itself be not immoral. In the last analysis there is, perhaps, nothing produced by human art which may not be made to cater to human vanity. But, on the other hand, there is a right use for everything, and he who manufactures or deals in those articles which the more readily lend themselves to the indulgence of vanity is not necessarily bound to know or inquire into the motives which prompt their purchase or use. For example—to put it concretely—would it not be the height of folly for a Christian dealer in, or manufacturer of, mirrors, to discontinue his business because, forsooth, some foolish girl has her head turned by the charm of her beauty displayed in one of his glasses? Certainly. Neither the insensate glass nor the moral agent, the dealer, should be held responsible for the action, but the silly maid herself. This illustrates a principle of very wide application. The acts of another do not necessarily determine the moral quality of a Christian's acts. CHARLES H. HARRISON.

2. In the case of a husband and wife, childless, deciding to adopt a child, and having no special preference as to sex or social condition, what considerations should regulate their choice in the matter?

Two things must be considered in answering this question—God's will and our own. The natural tendency of any one in choosing a child to take to heart and home, would be to find one as morally, mentally and physically healthy and beautiful as possible. And for what reasons? They will require less shaping in order to develop into companions and ornaments to home and society, and will require less trouble and responsibility on the part of adopted parent or guardian. On the other hand, God has wrapped up grand possibilities in these little immoral, degraded, half-starved bundles of humanity, which, as they are, seem so repulsive. Shall the true man or woman let them go, or shall he pick them up, straighten them out, where the weakness is—strengthen, and where the true gold is found, keep it bright. Christ was not particular, where opportunity offered he adopted a blind beggar into his family as quickly as he did a Saul. Hence one must be guided by God's will as well as his own, for it may decide the child's eternal as well as earthly destiny. MARY F. EMMETT.

* * *

1. Consider the parents, inquire about their health, habits and disposition; for we find that children inherit certain inclinations from their parents. 2. In adopting a baby of say two to six months old, this second point will not hold good; otherwise, if the child should be about three to six years of age, inquire whether he is easily provoked, whether he is inclined to disobedience. 3. Observing a child closely, you can easily tell whether or not you can win the child's love and confidence. 4. Should you wish to adopt a child that has been in an institution, inquire of the superintendent as to the child's habits, traits of character, and whether it has a kind disposition. C. H. SCHNEPEL.

3. Name an occasion when the Bible was displaced by gloves?

Philip and Mary were married and came to London 1554. The public places were decorated, and the conduit in Gracechurch street was nicely painted. These paintings represented nine worthies, also Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Henry VIII. was represented with a Bible, on which was written the words *Verbum Dei, i. e.*, "the Word of God." The Bishop of Winchester noticed the Book in Henry's hand. Upon summoning the painter, he called him a traitor, because he had painted Henry with the Book in his hand, and threatened to send him to prison. The painter apologized. Shortly after this he painted Henry again, but instead of the Bible, he painted him holding a pair of gloves in his hand. C. H. S.

4. Why did Job wish that his adversary had written a book (Job 31: 35)?

The rendering of the Revised Version seems to remove the obscurity of the passage. The "words of Job" are about to end with a sweeping denial of the guilt laid to his charge. So sure is he of his innocence, and of a judicial vindication by Jehovah, that he wishes that his adversary had written a book (indictment R. V.) that he might specifically answer it over his own signature (mark or seal). He declares that if he had such an indictment with his sealed answer he would bind it upon his shoulder that it might be seen of all men, and that he would wear it as a crown of dignity and a vindication of his righteousness before Jehovah and "present it to him," (margin R. V.) CHARLES H. HARRISON.

* * *

The purpose of the book of Job is to break down the cruel doctrine, which persists to this day, that trial and suffering are punishment for sin. Job's friends, accepting the doctrine, as it is easy for the outsider to do, contend that he must have been a very great sinner, otherwise he would not have been so great a sufferer. "Remember, I pray thee," says Elipaz, "who ever perished, being innocent." His life was so blameless and beneficent, that sin in his case implied hypocrisy. In the language of our day, they charged him with leading a double life. But they could not specify the form of his wickedness. They merely assumed it from the fact of his suffering. They intimated, as so many people still do, that they knew God's ways and they were sure that the innocent were always favored and protected by God. The reader has been let into the secret in the first and second chapters, but neither Job nor his friends knew anything about that strange assembly when Satan presented himself among "the Sons of God." The possibility of the suffering being a test, to prove to Satan that Job was disinterested in serving God, never occurred to his friends; so in order to vindicate God from the charge of being unjust, they contend that in some way known to God, but not known to the world, Job had committed heinous sin. No man can answer so vague a charge; so Job says he wishes he had the specifications of the crimes. If his friends are right in their assumption, that none suffer as he does but the guilty, he would like to know what were the charges that had been brought against him. "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" ROBERT WYNN.

5. What characteristics render leprosy an appropriate type of sin?

As leprosy is the worst form of disease, it was fixed upon by God to be the especial type of sin, and the injunctions regarding it had reference to its typical character. It was (1) hereditary; (2) contagious; (3) ever tending to increase; (4) incurable except by the power of God; (5) a shame and disgrace; (6) unclean. As a leper was compelled to separate himself from the company of others, so sin separates the soul from God, producing spiritual death; unfitting it forever for heaven and the company of the holy, and insuring its eternal banishment as polluted and abominable. Some, as they look on infancy, reject with horror the thought that sin exists within. But so might anyone say who looked upon the beautiful babe in the arms of a leprous mother. But time brings forth the fearful malady. New-born babes of leprous parents are often as pretty and as healthy in appearance as any; but by and by its presence and workings become visible in some of the signs described in the thirteenth chapter of Leviticus. J. A. V. PIETERS.

* * *

Leprosy has five striking characteristics which renders it an appropriate type of sin. 1. Its pollution. As the body of one afflicted with leprosy is a mass of unclean, corrupt, decaying flesh, so the soul afflicted by sin is defiled, infected and polluted. 2. Its transmission. Leprosy is often due to inherited taint, so sin "visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation" (Ex. 20: 5). 3. Its propagation. The disease, as it manifested itself among the Jews, was regarded as very contagious. This gave rise to the sad separation of the lepers from their fellow-men. Sin with its harmful influences is communicable also, and leads eventually to the separation of the sinner from the saint. 4. Its development. Leprosy begins with little pain, goes on its slow but sure course until it mutilates the body, disfigures the features, deforms the limbs and organs and makes its prey a helpless wreck. Sin, in a small and apparently insignificant way at first, commences its work in man, but its progress is sure and it leaves its despairing victim an eternal ruin. 5. Its incurability. When the disease has once become deep-seated, no human skill can produce a remedy, and the last faint hope of the unfortunate is that God will perform a miracle, as he has done in the past, and cure him. Sin in the heart cannot be eradicated by human efforts, but God, by his greatest miracle, can purify and make whole the sin-polluted soul. FREDERICK H. BATES

The Best Book for the Young Sailor

The letter of Ethel G. (published in our issue of January 16) has already begun to awaken interest among the members of the widely-distributed CHRISTIAN HERALD family, and many answers are now coming in. It will be remembered that Ethel G. in her letter said:

> I have an unconverted brother in the Navy. Send him something that will help to save him. He is bright and handsome. Mama would not mind his losing his life for his country so much if he did not lose his soul, too. Pick out the book yourself and ask God to help you choose it. He has a Bible, a Testament and a Hymn-book.

The question is, **what book would be most likely to be the most serviceable to him?** We invited free suggestions. A book has already been presented, but in order to induce our readers to give the matter careful and prayerful consideration, we agreed to send, for **the first answer received in which the choice coincided with the book already sent,** a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine smooth calf, and lined with moire silk, and **to the two next best answers,** not making the same selection, a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine seal, with calf lining. No answers to be received after February 1.

Of the large number of answers received we have only been able to classify those that came by the first mail after the paper reached our readers' hands. They are given below:

Pilgrim's Progress	45	In His Steps	14
Red Letter Testament	6	Life of D. L. Moody	4
Imitation of Christ	4	The Way to God	4
Golden Treasury	2	Prince of House of David	2

The following received one vote each: "St. Elmo," "Barriers Burned Away," "Come to Jesus," "Heaven" (by Moody), Bible Dictionary, "As It Is To Be," "Call to the Unconverted," "Doddridge's Rise and Progress," "Way of Life" (Talmage), "Titus," "Christian Secret of a Happy Life," "Daily Light," "Faithful Promises" (Macduff), "Basket of Barley Loaves," "Christian's Daily Text-Book," "How to Become a Christian," "Ben Hur," "With Christ at Sea," "All of Grace" (Spurgeon), "The Anxious Inquirer," "With Christ in the School of Prayer" (Murray), "Grace and Truth," "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century," D. L. Moody's "Year Book," "Life and Letters of General Thomas J. Jackson," "Absolute Surrender" (Murray), "The Secret of Guidance" (Meyer), "Intra Muros," (A Dream of Heaven.)

The further list of preferences will be classified and published later in THE MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. J. H. S., Cincinnati. I received card giving me the name and address of my little orphan in India on Dec. 20, and wrote immediately to the missionary in charge, but have received no reply. Should I not have heard from my letter by this time?

Your letter has scarcely reached India. It takes five weeks, at least, for a letter to reach the interior, and five for a reply to return. This, with a small allowance for delays, will make the time between letter and answer about three months.

Reader, E. Cranby, Conn. If his conscience accuses him, he should take up some other business.

Reader, Henleyville, Calif. There would seem to be no need for it.

L. M. J. We have not.

Inquirer, Government House, Ottawa. 1. Religious freedom prevails in Canada, and you have the right of worshipping where you please. 2. You must decide whether it is a genuine call; and if convinced that it is, you should follow it.

A. Ricketson. The objection to the union of first cousins is a physiological one. The offspring of such unions is frequently marked by physical and mental degeneracy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor | NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1901 | PRICE FIVE CENTS

OUR GRAIN AND BLANKETS IN INDIA

CAMELS BEARING AMERICAN CORN AND BLANKETS TO THE VILLAGES OF INDIA

FROM Dr. J. H. McNeill, of Dohad, India, two photographs have come by the last mail, which will interest our readers. They were taken soon after the *Quito* reached Bombay, laden with the grain sent by the compassionate friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to feed the starving people of India. One of them, reproduced in the centre of this page, shows the people of that famine-stricken town receiving their share of the corn. The other, at the head of the page, shows the procession of camels bearing the life-giving food and blankets to the villages far inland. It is gratifying to learn that after Dr. Klopsch's visit to Dohad, and his report to the Government of India of the conditions he found there, a decided improvement took place. Dr. Klopsch's protests against the management were found to be well-founded, and reforms were immediately instituted. Dr. Klopsch's arrangements for the protection of the poor sufferers from the inclemency of the weather, were also justified by the results. Mr. Robert Ward writes, that the people who thronged his compound were allowed to take their choice either of a blanket or of its equivalent in food or money. Without an exception, they all chose the blanket, thus showing that the provision for their comfort was wisely made and heartily appreciated. Each blanket bore the inscription: "Sent by the Christians of America, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to save the lives of India's suffering people." Mr. Ward says: "Accustomed as I am to emergency work in India, I never witnessed such heartfelt gratitude as those people displayed, when they wrapped over their poor threadbare rags one of these blankets." Besides this, the weaving of the blankets had benefited the poor weavers, who suffered equally with the agricultural class from the famine. The beneficence was thus doubly blessed, providing the weavers with the money for food, while the product of their looms covered the naked, shivering people who were sleeping on the bare ground, and thus saved them from perishing of chills and fever. The contributors to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund have thus the satisfaction of knowing that their gifts were twice blessed. Our readers will be glad to know that our appeals on behalf of the poor little orphan children of India are meeting with a hearty response from the great heart of the American people. Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies and individual Christians are sending by every mail pledges of adoption. There is now no doubt that the whole five thousand children for whose support we pleaded will be adopted, and will be sheltered and educated through the generosity of our readers, and the readers of other journals which have cheerfully printed our appeal. This is intensely gratifying—a matter for most devout thankfulness to the God of the fatherless. Our reports to the missionaries announcing that this and that boy or girl in their care have been adopted as the patrons indicated their preference according to denomination, age and sex, have gladdened the hearts of these devoted men and women who, having accepted the charge of these children in faith, were concerned about their ability to provide for them, but now find that God has honored their faith, and they too give to him joyful thanksgiving. They are now going cheerfully to work preparing to train the children, not only to be Christian men and women preaching by their lives the glorious power of the Christian religion, but teaching them practical ways of earning a livelihood, so that they may grow up to be self-supporting men and women, who will be honored in their several communities as skilled, capable, useful citizens.

DISTRIBUTING THE "QUITO'S" CARGO OF AMERICAN CORN AT DOHAD

Dr. Harpster, the eminent missionary at Guntur, writes us that he has taken special care that the stigma of charity shall never attach to any of the famine orphans in his charge, and that other missionaries are doing likewise. They are being treated on precisely the same footing as are the children of wealthy natives now in the schools, who are being educated at the expense of their parents. The orphans have the same food and the same attention as the other pupils. Miss Lillian Dietrich, who is in charge of the orphanage at Cawnpore, writes us that the two hundred girls under her care are being trained to habits of industry and economy, and are being prepared with discrimination as to their character for positions of usefulness, while, above all, they are taught to know and love Christ. Their ages vary from three years old to sixteen, and the older ones are glad to aid in taking charge of the younger. A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized in the institution, and Miss Dietrich and her colleagues have been surprised and delighted by the intelligence and enthusiasm the children have manifested in the work. Miss A. A. Brown, of the Kholapur Mission, writes: "It would do you good to see the bright, happy faces of the waifs who have been saved from starvation by the contributions of your readers. We have now over five hundred of these children under our care. Some of them are child-widows, whose lot would have been especially sad if we had not sheltered them. The girls are learning sewing and domestic work, and the boys are being taught better methods of farming, mason and carpenter work. They are all wonderfully bright and willing to learn." Other missionaries send most encouraging reports of the children under their care, and all unite in thanks to the friends in America, whose compassion for the orphans have placed the opportunity of training them for Christ within their reach.

ORPHANS IN THE ORPHANAGE AT CAWNPORE PREPARING A MEAL

ABLUTIONS FOR NEW ARRIVALS IN THE ORPHANAGE AT CAWNPORE

SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN WORK

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

Matt. 4: 21: "James the Son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets.

"GO a-fishing," cried Simon Peter to his comrades, and the most of the Apostles had hands hard from fishing tackle. The fisheries of the world have always attracted attention. In the third century the Queen of Egypt had for pin-money four hundred and seventy thousand dollars received from the fisheries of Lake Moeris. And if the time should ever come when the immensity of the world's population could not be fed by the vegetables and meats of the land, the sea has an amount of animal life that would feed all the populations of the earth, and fatten them with a food that by its phosphorus would make a generation brainy and intellectual beyond anything that the world has ever imagined. My text takes us among the Galilean fishermen. One day Walter Scott, while hunting in an old drawer, found among some old fishing tackle the manuscript of his immortal book, *Waverley*, which he had put away there as of no worth, and who knows but that to-day we may find some unknown wealth of thought while looking at the fishing tackle in the text.

It is not a good day for fishing, and three men are in the boat repairing the broken fishing nets. If you are fishing with a hook and line, and the fish will not bite, it is a good time to put the angler's apparatus into better condition. Perhaps the last fish you hauled in was so large that something snapped. Or, if you were fishing with a net, there was a mighty floundering of the scales or an exposed nail on the side of the boat which broke some of the threads, and let part or all of the captives of the deep escape into their natural element. And hardly anything is more provoking than to nearly land a score or a hundred of trophies from the deep, and when you are in the full glee of hauling in the spotted treasures, through some

Imperfection of the Net

they splash into the wave. That is too much of a trial of patience for most fishermen to endure, and many a man ordinarily correct of speech, in such circumstances comes to an intensity of utterance unjustifiable. Therefore, no good fisherman considers the time wasted that is spent in mending his net. Now, the Bible again and again represents Christian workers as fishers of men, and we are all sweeping through the sea of humanity some kind of a net. Indeed, there have been enough nets out and enough fishermen busy to have landed the whole human race in the kingdom of God long before this. What is the matter? The Gospel is all right, and it has been a good time for catching souls for thousands of years. Why, then, the failures? The trouble is with the nets, and most of them need to be mended. I propose to show you what is the matter with most of the nets, and how to mend them. In the text, old Zebedee and his two boys, James and John, were doing a good thing when they sat in the boat mending their nets.

The trouble with many of our nets is that the meshes are too large. If a fish can get his gills and half his body through the network, he tears and rends and works his way out, and leaves the place through which he squirmed a tangle of broken threads. In our desire to make everything so easy we relax, we loosen, we widen. We let men after they are once in the Gospel net escape into the world, and go into indulgences and swim all around Galilee, from north side to south side, and from east side to west side, expecting that they will come back again. We ought to make it easy for them to get into the kingdom of God, and, as far as we can, make it impossible for them to get out. The poor advice nowadays to many is: "Go and do just as you did before you were captured for God and heaven. The net was not intended to be any restraint or any hindrance. What you did before you were a Christian do now. Go to all styles of amusement, read all the styles of books, engage in all the styles of behavior as before you were converted." And so, through these meshes of permission and laxity they wriggle out, through this opening and that opening, tearing the net as they go, and soon all the souls that we expected to land in heaven, before we know it are back in the deep sea of the world. Oh, when we go a-Gospel-fishing, let us make it as easy as possible for souls to get in, and as hard as possible to get out.

Plenty of Sea-room

Is the Bible language an unmeaning verbiage when it talks about self-denial, and keeping the body under, and about walking the narrow way, and entering the strait gate, and about carrying the cross? Is there to be no way of telling whether a man is a Christian except by his taking the communion chalice on sacramental day? May a man be as reckless about his thoughts, about his words, about his temper, about his amusements, after conversion as before. Alas, the words of Christ are so little heeded when he said: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." The Church is fast becoming as bad as the world, and when it gets as bad as the world, it will be worse than the world by so much, as it will add hypocrisy of a most appalling kind to its other defects.

Furthermore, many of our nets are torn to pieces by being entangled with other nets. It is a sad sight to see fishermen fighting about sea-room, and pulling in opposite directions each to get his net, both nets damaged by the struggle and losing all the fish. In this land, where there are more than seventy million people, there are at least thirty million not in the Sunday Schools and churches. In such an Atlantic Ocean of opportunity, there is room for all the nets and all the boats and all the fishermen and for millions more. There should be no rivalry between churches. Each one does a work peculiar to itself. But there are cities in this country where there is now going on an awful ripping and rending and tearing of fishing-nets. Indeed, all over Christendom at this time there is a great war going on between fishermen, ministers against ministers.

Distracting Quarrels

Now I have noticed a man cannot fish and fight at the same time. He either neglects his net or his musket. It is amazing how much time some of the fishermen have to look after other fishermen. It is more than I can do to take care of my own net. You see the wind is just right, and it is such a good time for fishing, and the fish are coming in so rapidly that I have to keep my eye and hand busy. There are about two hundred million souls wanting to get into the kingdom of God, and it will require all the nets and all the fishermen of Christendom to safely land them. Oh, brethren of the ministry! Let us spend our time in fishing instead of fighting. But if I angrily jerk my net across your net, and you jerk your net angrily across mine, we will soon have two broken nets and no fish. The French Revolution nearly destroyed the French fisheries, and ecclesiastical war is the worst thing possible while hauling souls into the kingdom. My friends, I notice in the text that James the son of Zebedee and John his brother were busy not mending somebody else's nets, but mending their own nets, and I rather think that we who are engaged in Christian work in this opening century will require all our spare time to mend our own nets. God help us in the duty!

In this work of repair we need to put into the nets more threads of common sense. When we can present religion as a great practicality we will catch a hundred souls where now we catch one. Present religion as an intellectuality and we will fail. Out in the fisheries there are set across the waters what are called gill nets, and the fish put their heads through the meshes and then cannot withdraw them, because they are caught by the gills. But gill nets cannot be of any service in religious work. Men are never caught for the truth by their heads; it is by the heart or not at all. No argument ever saved a man and no keen analysis ever brought a man into the kingdom of God. Heart work, not head work. Away with your gill nets! Sympathy, helpfulness, consolation, love, are the names of some of the threads that we need to weave in our gospel nets when we are mending them.

Do you know that the world's heart is bursting with trouble, and if you could make that world believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is

A Soothing Omnipotence

the whole world would surrender to-morrow, yea, would surrender this hour. The day before James A. Garfield was inaugurated as President, I was in the cars going from Richmond to Washington. A gentleman seated near to me in the cars knew me, and we were soon in familiar conversation. It was just after a bereavement, and I was speaking to him from an over-burdened heart about the sorrow I was suffering. Looking at his cheerful face, I said: "I guess you have escaped all trouble. I should judge from your countenance that you have come through free from all misfortune." Then he looked at me with a look I shall never forget, and whispered in my ear: "Sir, you know nothing about trouble. My wife has been in an insane asylum for fifteen years." And then he turned and looked out of the window and into the night with a silence I was too overpowered to break. That was another illustration of the fact that no one escapes trouble. Why, that man seated next to you in church has on his soul a weight compared with which a mountain is a feather. That woman seated next to you in church has a grief the recital of which would make your body, mind and soul shudder.

When you are mending your net for this wide, deep sea of humanity, take out that wire thread of criticism and that horse-hair thread of harshness and put in a soft silken thread of Christian sympathy. Yea, when you are mending your nets tear out those old threads of gruffness and weave in a few

Threads of Politeness

and geniality. In the house of God let all Christian faces beam with a look that means welcome. Say "Good morning" to the stranger as he enters your pew, and at the close shake hands with him and say, "How did you like the music?" Why, you would be to that man a panel of the door of heaven; you would be to him a note of the doxology that seraphs sing when a new soul enters heaven. I have in other days entered a pew in church and the woman at the other end of the pew looked at me as much as to say: "How dare you? This is my pew and I pay the rent for it!" Well, I crouched in the other corner and made myself as small as possible and felt as though I had been stealing something. So there are people who have a sharp edge to their religion, and they act as though they thought most people had been elected to be damned and they were glad of it. Oh, let us brighten up our manner and appear in gentlemanliness or ladyhood.

The object in fly-fishing is to throw the fly far out, and then let it drop gently down and keep it gently rising and falling with the waters, and not plunge it like a man-of-war's anchor; and abruptness and harshness of manner must be avoided in our attempt at usefulness. I know a man in New York who is more sunshiny and genial when he has dyspepsia than when he is not suffering from that depressing trouble. I have found out his secret. When he starts out in the morning with such depression, he asks for special grace to keep from snapping up anybody that day, and puts forth additional determination to be kindly and genial, and by the help of God he accomplishes it. Many of our nets need to be mended in these respects, the black threads and the rough threads taken out, and the bright threads and the golden threads of Christian geniality woven in.

In addition to this, we need to mend our nets with more

Threads of Patience

It is no rare thing for a fisherman to spend one whole day before he can take a St. Lawrence pike, or an Ohio salmon, or a Long Island pickerel, or a Cayuga black bass, or a Delaware cat-fish, and he does that day after day without particular discouragement. But what a lack of patience if we do not immediately succeed in soul-catching. We are apt to give it up and say: "I will never try again." Into all our nets we need to weave all along the edge, and all through the centre, great, long, stout threads of Christian patience. How patient God has been with us! Can we not be patient with our fellows?

Again, in mending our nets we need also to put in the threads of faith and tear out all the tangled meshes of unbelief. Our work is successful according to our faith. The man who believes in only half a Bible, or the Bible in spots; the man who thinks he cannot persuade others; the man who halts, doubting about this and doubting about that, will be a failure in Christian work. Show me the man who rather thinks that the Garden of Eden may have been an allegory, and is not quite certain but that there may be another chance after death, and does not know whether or not the Bible is inspired, and I tell you that man for soul-saving is a poor stick. Faith in God and in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the absolute necessity of a regenerated heart, in order to see God in peace, is one thread you must have in your mended net, or you will never be a successful fisher for men. Why, how can you doubt? The rottenest thread to tear out of your net is unbelief, and the most important thread that you are to put in it is faith. Faith in God, triumphant faith, everlasting faith.

Oh, this important work of mending our nets! If we could get our nets right we would accomplish more in soul-saving in the next year than we have in the last twenty years. But

Where Shall We Get Them Mended?

Just where the old fisherman, Zebedee and his two boys mended their nets—where you are. James and John had no time to go ashore. They were not fishing for fun, as you and I do in summer time. It was their livelihood and that of their families. They mended their nets where they were—in the ship. "Oh," says some one, "I mean to get my net mended, and I will go down to the public library, and I will see what the scientists say about evolution and about the 'survival of the fittest,' and I will read up what the theologians say about 'advanced thought.' I will leave the ship awhile, and I will go ashore and stay there till my net is mended." Do that, my brother, and you will have no net left. Instead of their helping you mend your net, they will steal the pieces that remain. Better stay in the Gospel boat, where you have all the means for mending your net. What are they, do you ask? I

nswer all you need you have where you e; namely, a Bible and a place to pray. he more you study evolution and adopt hat is called advanced thought, the more eless you will be. Stay in the ship and end your net. That is where James, the n of Zebedee, and John, his brother, ayed. That is where all who get their ets mended stay.

Deserting the Ship

I notice that all who leave the Gospel oat and go ashore to mend their nets ay there. Or if they try again to fish, ey do not catch anything. Get out of e Gospel boat and go up into the world get your net mended, and you will live to e the day when you will feel like the man no, having forsaken Christianity, sighed would give a thousand pounds to feel I did in 1820." The time will come nen you would be willing to give a thou- nd pounds to feel as you did in 1901. nese men who have given up their reli- on cannot help you a bit.

These dear brethren of all denomina- ons, afflicted with theological fidgets, had tter go to mending nets instead of eaking them. Before they break up the d religion and try to foist on us a new igion, let them go through some great crifice for God that will prove them rthy for such a work, taking the advice Talleyrand to a man who wanted to set the religion of Jesus Christ and art a new one, when he said: "Go and be crucified and then raise yourself from the grave the third day!" Those who propose to mend their nets by secular and sceptical books are like a man who has just one week for fishing, and six of the days he spends in reading Isaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, and Wheatley's *Rod and Line*, and Scott's *Fishing in Northern Waters*, and Pullman's *Vade Mecum of Fly-Fishing for Trout*, and then on Saturday morning, his last day out, goes to the river to ply his art; but that day the fish will not bite, and late on Saturday night he goes to his home with empty basket. Alas! alas! If when the Saturday night of our life drops on us, it shall be found that we have spent our time in the libraries of worldly philosophy, trying to mend our nets, and we have only a few souls to report as brought to God through our instrumentality, while some humble Gospel fisherman, his library made up of a Bible and an almanac, shall come home laden with the results, his trophies all the souls within fifteen miles of his log cabin meeting-house.

A Famous Fisherman

In the time of great disturbance in Naples in 1649, Massaniello, a bare-footed fishing-boy, dropped his fishing-rod, and by strange magnetism took command of that city of six hundred thousand souls. He took off his fishing-jacket and put on a robe of gold in the presence of howling mobs. He put his hand on his lip as a signal and they were silent. He waved his hand away from him and they retired to their homes. Armies passed in review before him. He became the nation's idol. The rapid rise and complete supremacy of that young fisherman, Massaniello, has no parallel in all history. But something equal to that and better than that is an every-day occurrence in heaven. God takes some of those, who in this world were fishers of men, and who toiled very humbly, but because of the way they mended their nets and employed their nets after they were mended, he suddenly hoists them and robes them and sceptres them and crowns them, and makes them rulers over many cities, and he marches armies of saved ones before them in review, Massaniellos unhonored on earth but radiated in heaven. The fisher-boy of Naples soon lost his power, but those people of God who have kept their nets mended and rightly swung them shall never lose their exalted place, but shall reign forever and ever and ever. Keep that reward in sight.

But do not spend your time fishing with hook and line. Why did not James the son of Zebedee sit on the wharf at Cana, his feet hanging over the lake, and with a long pole and a worm on the hook dipped into the wave wait for some mullet to swim up and be caught. Why did not Zebedee spend his afternoon trying to catch one eel? No, that work was too slow. These men were not mending a hook and line, they were mending their nets. So let the church of God not be content with having here one soul and next month another soul brought into the kingdom.

Sweep all the Seas with Nets,

scoop nets, seine nets, drag nets, all-encompassing nets, and take the treasures in by hundreds and thousands and millions, and nations will be born in a day, and the hemispheres quake with the tread of a ransoming God. Do you know what will be the two most tremendous hours in our heavenly existence? Among the quadrillions of ages which shall roll on, what two occasions will be to us the greatest? The day of our arrival there will be to us one of the two greatest. The second greatest, I think, will be the day when we shall have put in parallel lines before us what Christ did for us, and what we did for Christ, the one so great, the other so little. That will be the only embarrassment in heaven. My Lord and my God! What will we do and what will we say when, on one side are placed the Saviour's great sacrifices for us, and our small sacrifices for him; his exile, his humiliation, his agonies on one hand, and our poor, weak, insufficient sacrifices on the other. To make the contrast less overwhelming let us quickly mend our nets, and, like the Galilean fishermen, may we be divinely helped to cast them on the right side of the ship.

TRAINING ARMENIA'S ORPHANS TO SELF-SUPPORT

As the great majority of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are aware, this journal has, for several years past, supported a large number of Armenian children, who, through famine and massacre, became orphaned, homeless and destitute. These orphans are now under the care of our good missionaries, Mr. Barnum, at Harpoot; Miss Corinna Shattuck, at Oorfa; Mr. Dewey, at Marash; and Dr. Reynolds, Van. The acknowledgment of the regular remittances forwarded by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the support, educational and industrial training of the children, these missionaries invariably send letters giving encouraging news of the progress of their little charges. The orphans are doing well in their classes; some equipped for making a living are already out in the big world at work; others are rapidly developing along lines which promise great usefulness. A few years hence, some who entered the orphanage at the various places named as helpless, friendless waifs, will go forth in turn as messengers of God's love and mercy.

In his latest letter, Rev. Mr. Dewey, writing from the Mission at Mardin, after expressing his pleasure at the receipt of a check for the support of the orphans, says:

"I send you two pictures, showing several of our children at work, as your readers may be pleased to see how some of their little beneficiaries are occupied. The chance visit of a photographer with a camera larger than that of Mrs. Thorn, our Mission artist, enabled us to get a few pictures of satisfactory size. We have just received two new boys, and are expecting two new girls in a few days. Although, of course, the time for taking in famine orphans and orphans by massacre is past, there are applicants yet whom we cannot in conscience refuse."

WEAVING RUGS

AN ARMENIAN GIRL SPINNING

In one picture, as will be observed, two orphan girls are weaving rugs. Their instructor stands behind the rude wooden loom, with a bunch of the colored yarn they use in his left hand. A completed portion of the work shows under the extended hands of the girls. In another picture, where an orphan girl sits spinning, the clumsy native wheel shows at her left.

Miss Corinna Shattuck, while in this country, succeeded in making arrangements for beginning an extensive industrial work at the Oorfa Mission, her object being to teach our boys and girls useful trades. The progress of her experiment will be described in letters from herself. A large business firm in Belfast, Ireland, has already contracted for enough work on handkerchiefs to keep 500 embroiderers occupied. Mrs. George M. Adams, 93 Hancock Street, Auburndale, Mass., will give information to any American friends concerning the portieres, cushions, bags, etc., made by the widows and orphans at the Mission, and will forward any orders that may be given to Miss Shattuck. Our readers will watch the progress of these industrial experiments with the deepest interest.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

R. E. M., Tenn., writes:

had trouble that seemed greater than I could b , but I went to Jesus and prayed and laid my b len at his feet. I praise his holy name for his g iness, for he has answered the petition of his s ant.

C. S., College Bird, Port au Prince, Hayti, writes:

our "Answered Prayers" came under my notice f he first time, just when a burden of prayer was o my heart for one of our girls who seemed really p essed of an evil spirit. I pleaded with God to c ge her heart, and now I thankfully acknowledge G 's mercy to her, for my prayer is answered.

Mrs. D. W. H., Albuquerque, New Mexico, writes:

any times have I to thank my Heavenly Father f direct answer to prayer; many times has he b ght light out of darkness.

Reader, Grandview, Tex., writes:

ith hope of helping some who may be slow to b ve, I write. I have passed through so many tr s and had so many answers to prayer, that it w ld take a large volume to record them all. "C at thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sus- ta thee."

Mrs. J. F. S., Bunceton, Mo., writes:

I want to add my testimony. I know God answers prayer. So many of my prayers have been answered that I know he is a loving Father and will always give us what is for our eternal good.

Mother and daughter, Caithersburg, Md., write:

We had a severe trial and God heard our petition and part of that trouble has passed away. But another has come. We have so many trials, but God has turned them away or given us strength to bear them. May the loving God who sees our case do so again. We have so much sorrow—at times almost despair. Sometimes we pray nearly all night. We can say God is good; he doeth all things well.

K. S., U. S. Marine Hospital, San Francisco, Cal., writes:

Noticing your column of answered prayers in one of THE CHRISTIAN HERALDS left in the Marine Hospital, where I am, I wish to give you my experience. Three months ago I fell nearly one hundred feet from the yard of a vessel, crushing my left leg from the knee to the ankle. Through my mother's prayers, my own prayers, and the prayers of friends, I feel that my life has been preserved. Please send me a copy of your paper containing this that I may send it to my mother. She will be so glad to see it.

A Mother, Titusville, writes:

I have been troubled in regard to an absent son. I have been praying for him and praying that I might hear from him. I have heard and I know my prayer has been answered.

L. A. S., Vermont, writes:

I give thanks and praise to God for his answer to my prayer in marvelously blessing two households. I was greatly burdened and made my request urgent. Meanwhile, God gave me grace to cling to his promise: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

M. P., Crow Wing, Minn., writes:

Having read so many answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I felt encouraged and besought God to lead me safely through a great trial that was before me. He heard my prayer.

J. W. R., Littleton, N. H., writes:

Having read the answers to prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I was encouraged to more faithful prayer for help in my trouble. God heard and answered my prayer, and I praise him from a grateful heart.

Reader, Birmingham, N. Y., writes.

I besought God to carry my dear one safely through a great danger. He heard and answered my prayer. I prayed him to help me. He heard and answered.

E., Fitchburg, Mass., writes:

For long years I have known, having proved it over and over again, that God hears and answers prayer. But lately, just lately, I have had another assurance of it. I prayed for the salvation of a dear one gone astray, and a letter came assuring me that God is answering that petition. Faint hearts take courage: God hears, God answers, his believing children.

F. W. H., Creagerstown, Md., writes:

I had very dark clouds overshadowing me and it seemed that my whole life was to be blasted; but I went to God in earnest prayer and my petitions have been answered, the clouds have scattered and I give God thanks.

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from Mrs. J. S., Magnolia, Ia.; M. E. B., Eureka Springs, Ark.; Mrs. T., Providence R. I.; A. L., New York; L. M., New York; M. S., Fort Wayne, Ind.; H. R., Indiana; Mrs. J. N., Onawa, Ia.; J. J. W., Donaldsville, Ga.; W. S. P., Eugene, Ore.; K. A. P., St. Louis, Mo.

REV. DUNCAN BROWN, D.D. REV. F. B. ELMORE REV. JOHN PEARSON REV. G. L. HAIGHT, D.D. REV. T. A. THOMPSON, D.D. REV. R. B. A. MC BRIDE

The Great Revival in the Town of TARKIO, MO.....

· A · TOWN · TAKEN · FOR · CHRIST ·

...An Authentic Account by the Leading Pastors

FEW revivals in recent years have attracted more attention than that which took place recently at Tarkio, Mo. As many conflicting reports have appeared concerning it, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has obtained from the ministers of Tarkio themselves, through an authorized committee, an account of the actual facts connected with this extraordinary manifestation of Divine power, working in the hearts of an entire community, and leading many hundreds to seek salvation and peace at the Cross. The statement of the Ministers' Association is given below:

Tarkio is a town of some two thousand souls, situated in the extreme northwest corner of the State of Missouri. It is in the heart of what is perhaps the greatest corn-raising and stock-feeding belt in the world, and is surrounded by large ranches. Tarkio has always had a strong moral and religious sentiment. Its leading business men have been earnest Christians. It has five churches—the Baptist, Christian, Methodist, Presbyterian, and United Presbyterian, and it also has a college under the control of the United Presbyterian Church, maintained largely by the liberality of Mr. David Rankin, one of the cattle kings of the world. The five churches bore on their rolls some twelve hundred names.

It was in the month of June that these five pastors extended an invitation to Evangelist M. B. Williams and his singer and helper, Mr. Charles Alexander, to lead a series of Gospel meetings, from which it was earnestly hoped that genuine revival might result. About the first of October twelve hundred covenant prayer-cards were given out to the members of the churches, and about six hundred of these were signed and returned. This meant that about six hundred people had solemnly covenanted to pray daily for the blessing of God to come with power upon the town and community. During September, an evangelist conducted special meetings in the Christian Church. In October, Evangelist Mrs. Edith L. Peake led special meetings in the United Presbyterian Church. After this, Mr. S. D. Gordon, Chairman of the Ohio Evangelization Movement, gave a number of addresses to students and others who came to hear him on "Spiritual Power." None of these efforts were successful in bringing large numbers to an open confession of the Christ, but they aroused the Christian people of the community. Every night for two weeks preceding the coming of Evangelist Williams, prayer-meetings were held in a dozen different homes.

On the first Sabbath morning of November, 1900, union meetings were begun under the leadership of the evangelists and their helpers, Miss Fox, Mr. Peck, Mr. Boatman, and Mr. Hamilton. The meetings were held in the Auditorium, located in the business part of Tarkio, having a seating capacity of from one thousand to twelve hundred. Back of the speakers' stand, there was an improvised choir-loft with one hundred and sixty chairs. Here Mr. Alexander arranged his chorus, to which no small part of the success of the meetings was due. For twenty-four days Mr. Williams continued preaching the Gospel every evening, three times on Sabbaths, and about four afternoons of each week. Then he was compelled to leave because of another engagement, but Mr. Alexander continued through the fourth week, conducting testimony meetings and strengthening the converts.

THE TARKIO AUDITORIUM, WHERE THE REVIVAL GATHERINGS WERE HELD

The preaching of the evangelist was of a style peculiar to himself. His sermons were seldom less than an hour and a half long. His mingled pathos and humor made people laugh, and then, while they laughed, he poured in the most scathing rebukes to besetting sins. Strong men would weep with some pathetic tale, and then, while hearts were tender, he exhorted them to "Quit sin and serve God," taking Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour and surrendering all to him. His preaching was always Scriptural and clustered about the great heart-truths of Christianity. Even on the human side, however, the results were not due alone to the preaching. The evangelist fairly drove the Christian people into personal work, and hundreds are thanking him for it to-day. It brought to them a taste of the joys of soul-winning, which can never be forgotten. It compelled many to make confessions and to clean up their lives, in order that they might be able to speak to the unconverted concerning a Saviour. Mr. Alexander excelled, not only as a musical conductor but also as a director of the after-meetings, and the personal workers, Mr. Peck and Miss Fox, were among the most energetic and successful in this personal work with souls.

The meeting seemed to lag during the first week, and then, at the beginning of the second week, the evangelist called f a day of fasting and prayer. Friday the second week was appointed. On t morning of that day, at 8.45 o'clock, twe ty-five prayer-meetings were held in t homes of the people. From these me ings the people went at 9.30 o'clock to t Auditorium, which was filled, and t evangelist preached. In the afterno the building was filled again, and again night. That day was almost as solemn a Sabbath. But little business was do and the streets were quiet. After th the meetings never lagged. There w no more trouble in getting Christian pe ple to speak to their fellows concernin Jesus. Society clubs organized thei selves into prayer bands, meeting eve afternoon, and the Christian membe climbed to spiritual heights before u known and prayed their unconverted f lows into the kingdom of God. Religi was almost the only topic of conversatio and rough men, who had at best been b carnal Christians, with tears and praye upon the streets and in the busine places, pleaded with their unconverte friends to accept salvation. Never for moment was there in the meetin anything that even savored of boi terous excitement. There was, howeve a tremendous earnestness born of intel gent gratitude to God for blessings r ceived, and an intelligent anxiety for t unsaved. The evangelist never attempte to secure decision by unfair advantag He asked those who would surrender to Jesus, and accept him as their person Saviour, to come to the front, take him l the hand, speak a word for Jesus, a give their names to the secretaries a pointed for that purpose, also to nan their church preference, if any. The was no room for misunderstanding. N claptrap methods were used. Men we asked to do the manly thing for Chris sake and they did it. Of the five hu dred and sixty-three who professed co version, three hundred and fifty were m and boys over fifteen years of age.

Some of the visible results of the revival so far, are as follows—*First*, the mone given:

Expenses of various kinds	$6
Paid Evangelists and helpers	1,9
Raised for Bible Class expenses	2
Raised for helping the needy	2
Raised for Reading and Prayer-room, down t'n	1
Total	$3,2

All this was freely ar gladly given, with the fe ing that we had receive many times its worth benefits to the communit

Second, the peopl reached. Five hundre and sixty-three perso professed conversion, ar many others have bee stirred to earnest thoug concerning their own sa vation. Some of the were very young childre who will be under our car and others were alreac on some church roll, b were practically "dea

MR. EUGENE PECK EVANGELIST M. B. WILLIAMS MR. CHARLES ALEXANDER

mber," until revived by the Holy Spirit
the meetings. Nearly four hundred of
he rest have now gone into active mem-
ership in some church.

Third, the effect on church work.
hurch membership has increased a little
ver thirty per cent. in numbers; but its
piritual force has been more than doub-
d. Attendance at and interest in all
hurch services has increased in a far
reater ratio than ever before known in
arkio. Several churches can hardly
rovide places for their Sunday School
asses, and the Wednesday night prayer
eetings look like Sabbath congregations.
Tarkio, the Baptist Church has re-
eived forty-two new members; the Chris-
an, seventy-seven; the Presbyterian,
venty-six; the United Presbyterian,
xty-two; the Methodist, one hundred
nd ten, and others are still coming in
early every Sabbath.

Fourth, the effect on the community.
Ve have no saloons, and our doctors and
ruggists have now signed an agreement not to prescribe or sell intoxicating liquor to any one, unless absolutely needed as a medicine. Gambling instruments have been burned, and more than a dozen former drinking men and gamblers are now living sober, straightforward Christian lives, to the great joy of their wives and children. Profanity is rarely heard now, even in the stock-yards, and dancing and card-playing are practically abandoned in respectable society.

But the results are not all negative. The number of homes having family prayer is more than doubled, and eight hundred people have promised to read their Bibles through this year. More than four hundred Bibles have been sold here since the meeting closed. Miss Grace Saxe, who is leading Bible studies in Tarkio, has nearly seven hundred members enrolled in her adult, high school and children's classes, nearly all of whom read over the lesson, frequently containing ten or more chapters, three or more times before each class. Nearly all the stores now have cards in their windows announcing that they will close at 7.30 on Wednesday night, and inviting all to go to prayer-meeting. A men's noonday meeting was started down town before Mr. Alexander left, and still keeps right on every day, with from twenty to forty present at each meeting. Almost a dozen cottage prayer-meetings are also held somewhere in the community every week. A list has been made out of over two hundred people yet unconverted, and every effort is being made by prayer and personal effort to win them to Jesus Christ.

Many old quarrels have been settled, and men who were at variance for years have become friends in Christ. A down-town reading and prayer meeting room, for men especially, is being fitted up, and will be maintained. Then there is a spirit of charity and helpfulness, rather than of criticism, everywhere, with a readiness to help the weak, and to lift up the fallen; and with it all a glow of sunshine and joy, unknown heretofore, on hundreds of faces. Our people are not troubling themselves about the "Judgment Day," but, on the contrary, they have far less fear of it, and far more joy in real living for Christ and their fellow-men, than they ever dreamed of before. Even the unconverted men in the community all acknowledge that great good has been done, and they are glad Mr. Williams was here.

Our pastors and people unitedly and most cordially commend Brothers Williams and Alexander to any people, as evangelists led and blessed of the spirit of God. The 126th Psalm exactly expresses our feelings here. With great thankfulness for what the Lord has done for us, we earnestly hope and pray that many other places may receive a like rich blessing from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

DUNCAN BROWN, *Pastor First Pres. Church,*
R. B. A. MCBRIDE, *Pastor United Pres. Church,*
} Committee

TARKIO, MO., January, 1901.

STRANGE RITES OF THE WICHITA INDIANS

THE SOLEMN ORDEAL OF THE GHOST DANCE---A DRAWBACK TO INDIAN CIVILIZATION

CHIEF JIM

INDIAN life is many-sided. Optimist and pessimist can find ample proof with which to verify his extreme views of what he believes the Indian to be, the story of one tribe being equally applicable to all, varied only by place. A fair example is cited in the Wichitas, who live on the Wichita Reservation in the eastern part of Oklahoma. Their earliest recorded history dates to 1540, when they were discovered by the Spanish under Coronado. An Indian, who had been hired by the soldiers to guide them on a buffalo hunt, betrayed them, by leading the army on by his stories to a supposed El Dorado, which proved to be an Indian village of grass houses, the homes of the Wichita Indians. These are the only Indians who make and live in grass houses. They are an agricultural tribe. They prepare the dry corn for food by grinding it between
ones. They also raise great corps of squashes,
hich they cut into strips and dry for winter
od. In every garden there is a melon-patch.
hey are a peace-loving people. Among them
e some Indians who have tried to keep up
th the march of civilization, and others who
ng tenaciously to the superstitions and
bits of the past.

Indian dances are serious drawbacks to
e civilization of Indians. One very warm

WHERE THE INDIANS DANCE IN WINTER

WICHITA GRASS-HOUSE

The dancers kept it up till it seemed they must drop dead from sunstroke or sheer exhaustion. The medicine men went in and about the dancers, blowing upon this or that one to keep off the evil spirits, stamping upon the ground and waving the hands before the eyes or behind the head of some dancer. The person thus noticed would become greatly excited, shaking and swaying till a final stamp upon the ground by the foot of the medicine man could not be resisted, and then the dancer would fall over in a trance, lying upon his back, with the broiling sun shining full upon his face.

One dancer after another, mostly women, dropped upon the earth amidst the noise, crying in an apparent tumult, though doubtless to the devotees of this religious performance every sign and motion was full of meaning. Those lying in trances were unnoticed and undisturbed. Suddenly the unconscious one would sit up, fully awake, and tell of wonderful messages from the spirits of departed friends. Others got up from the ground unconcernedly and danced again. Tewaconi Jim, the chief, did not dance, but stood in a wagon talking continually in a very loud tone, evidently preaching. Nearby some women were busy prepar-

WICHITA WOMAN

THE CHURCH OF THE WICHITAS

y during the past summer when the thermometer registered 94° in the shade, it
as rumored that the Wichitas were going to give a dance, that was to be both a war-
nce and a ghost-dance. As the camps were approached, a voice called attention
ward one of the grass houses, and from the enclosure came forth a company of at
ast fifty Indians, painted and dressed most gorgeously, with feathers and other
ose Indian finery waving on the breeze as they came galloping on their ponies,
o by two, hooting and yelling. The women and those about the camps began
ying and mourning, while at the foot of the hill was a group of Indians, painted and
essed in a similar barbaric fashion, and singing, while six men, who sat on the
ound around a big drum, beat it most vigorously. Those on horseback rode 'round
d 'round in gradually decreasing circles, till they came to a stop in front of the
oup awaiting their arrival. Jumping from their ponies they stood facing the sun,
d all joined in the singing. After this first song, it was repeated with greater
lume, the drum was beaten with increased force and the dancing began. This wild
nfusion was increased by the wailing and mourning of those who had gathered
out, forming a circle. It was a bewildering spectacle of color, noise and con-
sion, and the quiet, lonely prairie seemed transformed to a veritable pandemonium.
he attitude of prayer was frequently assumed, either while dancing or standing
ll, by looking directly at the sun and extending the hands in supplication.

ing coffee for the feast of beef, bread and melons. There have been missionaries among these Indians as early as 1873, when the Friends worked among them. Through their influence, the Indians built for themselves a little church, where they still worship. They choose one of their own number as pastor. At the present time he is John Wolf, a full blood, who is clerk in a trader's store. The preaching and whole management of the church is conducted by the Wichitas.

There are Indians who try to take a middle course in religion, and who, at the same time, want to be Christians and ghost-dancers. The young Indians believe implicitly what the older ones tell them, and when an Indian declares he has been to "the world beyond," and has seen departed friends, they are convinced. Their prophet, Wovoka, who caused the greatest revival of Indian religion that ever occurred, and who instituted the ghost-dance, says: "I went up to heaven, and saw God and all the people who had died a long time ago. God told me to come back and tell my people they must be good and love one another, and not fight or steal or lie. He gave me this dance to give my people."

Sympathy would seem to be merited by men and women who are being drawn onward by Christian, civilizing influences, and at the same time are held back by all the forces of venerable traditions peculiar to their people.

ANADARKO, OKLA. IDA A. ROFF.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 a year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our own risk.

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The Christian Herald will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts forwarded to it with a view to publication.

Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter

Waken the Pulpits

WHAT is the use of hiding the fact that there is more sleeping done in the churches than in most places. Many of our churches are great Sunday dormitories. Men who are troubled at home with insomnia, and cannot sleep on the pillow at night, find in churches sometimes the needed anodyne. What morphine and chloral and pillow of hops cannot do, sometimes the sermon and the long prayer accomplish. Said the old Puritan clergyman, "And now, to be brief, eighteenthly!" Oh, how many arts to appear awake in church! You have seen men put their heads down on the pew in front, pretending they are overcome with emotion, when they are really overcome with drowsiness. I tell you, if we do not keep our audiences awake it is the fault of us, the clergy, and not the fault of the people. An old Scotch minister, preaching, saw one of his hearers sound asleep, and he said: "Donald, wake up; if you can't keep awake in any other way, take a pinch of snuff." "Ah!" said Donald, "Doctor, put the pinch of snuff in the sermon!" With all the artillery of eternity at hand, if a man cannot keep his audience awake, it is because he has missed his calling. What would you think of a man at a banquet taking out his watch every few moments to see how soon he could stop eating a cream meringue? The Gospel is a banquet, and our populations are starving for it, and their souls must have something to eat, and they have no patience with an entertainment which is all made up of napkin-ring, finger-bowl, and red tape. I put the complaint that the people do not like to come to church where it belongs. I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, if you want an audience do as Paul did when it was said of his preaching, "There arose no small stir about that way." Men want help—give them help, and they will come again. What do they care about the conventionalities of religion? How much of your Latin do they understand? What do they know about those long words that crawl through your sermons like thousand-legged worms? What do they care about your Arian controversy, when the controversy with them is how they can pay a note of $500 with $200, and how they can get comfort for the child they buried yesterday in Greenwood?

As long as we stick to the mere technicalities of religion in our churches, a few people may come, because it has been eternally decreed that they should come; but the great masses of the people will not come any more than they would come and sit down in an ice-house, or accept an invitation to spend an evening in the vault of a cemetery. The great battle in this country is to be fought, not between Christianity and infidelity, but it is to be fought between honest Christian enthusiasm and putrid stagnation. Let the churches of God wake up, hoist their banners, blow the trumpet, give the battle-shout, and in twenty years the earth will be the Lord's. It is high time we brought up the cavalry. The big guns are stuck in the mud.

Sour Christians

THERE is a class of persons in the community whose usefulness we have found out. We never realized until now what they were made for. They are struck through with acidity. Their disposition is celebrated for its crabbedness. You find them in every circle. They are especially known in churches as fault-finders. Their teeth are always on edge. They are critical of minister, eldership and choir. Whatever is done, they act as though they could have done it better. You sometimes feel like suggesting to them the propriety of going to some other church, or retiring into less conspicuous position. You look upon them as a nuisance and hindrance. Stop! You are wrong. They have their practical uses. Church life, if happily conducted, is a banquet at which the sweet predominates. There is the sugar of helpful words and the saccharine of genial association. The banquet is in danger of becoming flat and insipid. There ought to be at least one vinegar cruet in the castor. You need to give variety to the feast. You do not more need spices than pickles. Now you know the use to which some people can be put. Do not cast them out. Do not let them be the means of exasperation. Employ them at the church banquet. Tarts are good in their place. Brethren, pass around the pickles.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S MEDAL FOR HEROISM

AS announced in previous issues, the proprietor of this journal purposes to award, once a week, a medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery occurring during each week in the year. The first medal awarded will be for the most deserving act of heroism taking place in the first week of January, 1901. Every reader is invited to forward to us earliest information of any deed of true heroism, occurring in his own locality. Send accounts only of thoroughly authentic cases, and tell the story from personal knowledge, not from hearsay. A committee in New York will meet once a week and, on investigating the facts presented, will decide which case is most deserving of recognition. This award is not for heroism in the line of paid professional duty, but for that which is absolutely voluntary and spontaneous, and without emolument. The medal is of bronze, of elegant design. On one side is the inscription: "For Christ and Humanity. CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y.," and on the other side, "This medal was struck in commemoration of the heroism of . . . . . in saving life on . . . . . 1901."

Give the exact date, as only cases happening on or after January 1, 1901, will be considered. To give the committee time to satisfy all inquiries, to investigate all claims, and to allow time for stamping the medal, some weeks must elapse after the event before the medal can be awarded. In addition to this award, honorable public mention will also be made, weekly, of others who have distinguished themselves in an heroic way in the same period, and whose names, together with the story of their heroism, have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Address all letters on this subject to Chairman, Medal Committe, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

A STEPPING-STONE TO HAPPINESS . . . .

HEALTH is the good fortune of the Soul. Health is the salt of life. Health is that state in which mere living is felt to be enjoyment; in which all simple and natural pleasures are appreciated, and our little everyday anxieties of business sit lightly on us. All men and women will agree to this; and yet few try to attain this blessed state as if they did believe in it. We all pray for health as the best of God's earthly gifts, and then, if the matter is left in our hands, there are a score of objects we prefer to pursue. It is startling to think how many people we all know who habitually sacrifice health for some object they confess to be less worth having.

Now, as good health is undoubtedly one of the most positive sources of human happiness and human availability, attention to it is a moral duty; and to be reckless of it is equally unrighteous as to be careless of our intellect, or our money, or any other thing which is conducive to the best use of life. For bad and good health have a strong influence on character, and nervous and physical fatigue do breed in many cases a decided moral indifference, just as moral indifference breeds nervous and physical fatigue.

. . .

For the last two thousand years no generation has made such a noise about the acquirement of good health as our own. It would seem as if some of our colleges had no other object than the attainment of bodily perfection, and the one prevalent idea of the average man and woman turns around and around their wheels on the subject of "taking exercise." But exercise is not the only condition—nor is it in all respects the most important condition—of health. The way in which people eat and drink has, perhaps more than anything else, to do with the freedom and elasticity of their faculties.

For instance, men of business dine at one hour to-day and at a very different hour to-morrow, and they never imagine that this is one of the sins against the body for which they will be brought to account. They go home from a hard day's work, and immediately on arriving there eat a hearty meal. They are careless as to the quality of their food; they eat anything set before them.

. . .

Women err equally in eccentricity as to their times of eating. They go shopping, and let their regular meals slip, drink tea and eat ices and sweetmeats. They come home weary and fretful, and drink more tea to stimulate or soothe; and not only their bodies, but their intellect and their temper suffers. And yet, no moral duty we perform brings so sure and so speedy a reward as that of observing what we eat and the proper time to eat. Thus, if we know that eating a certain dish, or eating at a certain time, will make us feel heavy and unfit for doing our best work, and so have the moral courage to abstain, we get our *quid pro quo* immediately, in the most prompt and undeniable shape.

Excessive brain work is the American besetting bodily sin. Exercise and regular diet up to a certain point may repair the mischief, but even these adjuncts do not supply the brain fuel as rapidly and as certainly as the consumption demands. No man or woman can do mental work eight or ten hours daily all the year round without impairing health, yet thousands are constantly attempting the impossible feat. Vacations and holidays are certainly more frequent than they used to be, but what is needed is a vacation so long that it allows the system time for entire recovery. A number of short changes cannot compensate for this absolute necessity. But the desire to be rich, to be famous, to get to the top of their profession, the love of a sedentary life, all these things make men as careless about their bodily health as if they believed the old theology, that it was wicked to concern themselves about the body.

. . .

Fortunately the enlightenment concerning bodily exercise has touched women also. I can remember when the idea of a woman in a gymnasium or a boat was one at which fools grinned. Yet three-fourths of the weariness and lethargy that were so commonly complained of in women, and of which women themselves were bitterly sensible, was due to their want of exercise—the circumstances of their sex and the prejudices of society being nearly insurmountable. Twenty-five years ago, a famous writer said that "wh women got their rights, they would er gymnasiums for themselves." It is a mat of rejoicing that they have erected gym siums without waiting for their rights.

. . .

The ideal and the spiritual in humanity in spite of all our Athletic Gospel—will not subjected to blood and muscle; or else t finer race will be worn away by the strong and the "fittest" will not survive. Is this be so? No! The experience of the prese generation denies it. The fleet-footed dian, with his perfect muscular system, driven before the far less sinewy white m and the animal vitality of the negro race d not enable it to subject the intellectual wh race, even when the latter has climatic a other serious difficulties to also contend wi Physical strength, unless crowned with gent ness, thoughtfulness for others, patience w the weak and suffering, is a much lower ty of excellence than at first sight appears. is a kind of excellence in which the sava and primitive man will always excel. But t earth is not given to this type. The gr race of humanity will not be to the swift foot, and the strong of arm, but to the f reaching intellect, and to the heart filled wi the love of God and the love of man. The fore, the weak need not despair, and the stro need not boast, for each there is work to for each an example to set. The weak m show forth strength, and the strong sh forth gentleness, for

Sad it is to be weak,
Sadder to be wrong.
But if the Strong God's statutes break
'Tis saddest to be strong.

Amelia E. Barr

Oriental Womanhood

(See Illustration on First Page)

THE Algerian woman of the upp classes has been not inaptly co pared to the bird in the gild cage. In the harems of wealth Mohammedans, in city or suburbs, wiv and daughters lead lives of luxurious b sad seclusion. In miserable hovels, wom of the poorest class eat, sleep, and eke o a wretched existence when not seeki alms under some pretext, or peddli bread, leeks, onions, needlework, curic or other articles on the streets. Betwe these two extremes are the women of t medium classes, who share more or le the caged life of the rich noble's or me chant's wives and daughters, and more less in the freedom of the women w labor and beg. The Jewish or Christi woman alone goes free and unveiled, irr spective of position. The Kabyle woma is free, also, but she is rarely seen in t cities.

Three successive days are considere Sabbaths in Algiers—the Christian's Su day; Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbat and Saturday, the Sabbath of the Jew On Saturday the Jewish women appe gorgeously clad in black velvet gown jackets bright with trimmings of gold an silver, and kerchiefs of brilliant hue The Moor and the Arab lady is alway veiled. Her enveloping "haik," of thi wool, silk, or cotton, may be eightee yards long; it is usually of gleamin white. Her anklets tinkle as she walk her sandals are embroidered; her arm her wrists, her neck, her ears are loade with jewels.

At the public bath, the cemetery, an the mosque, women meet each other s cially. At the first they gather and refres themselves during certain hours on ce tain days; they gossip; they talk abou their sons and daughters, and they mak matches for young people who have neve seen each other. To the cemetery Abd-el-Rhaman they make pilgrimage on Fridays, and it is said gossip an match-making go on amid the gleamin white gravestones where the white-veile figures move like ghosts. At the sacre fountain in the court of Abd-el-Rhaman shown in the picture on the first page perhaps such interchanges are not un known.

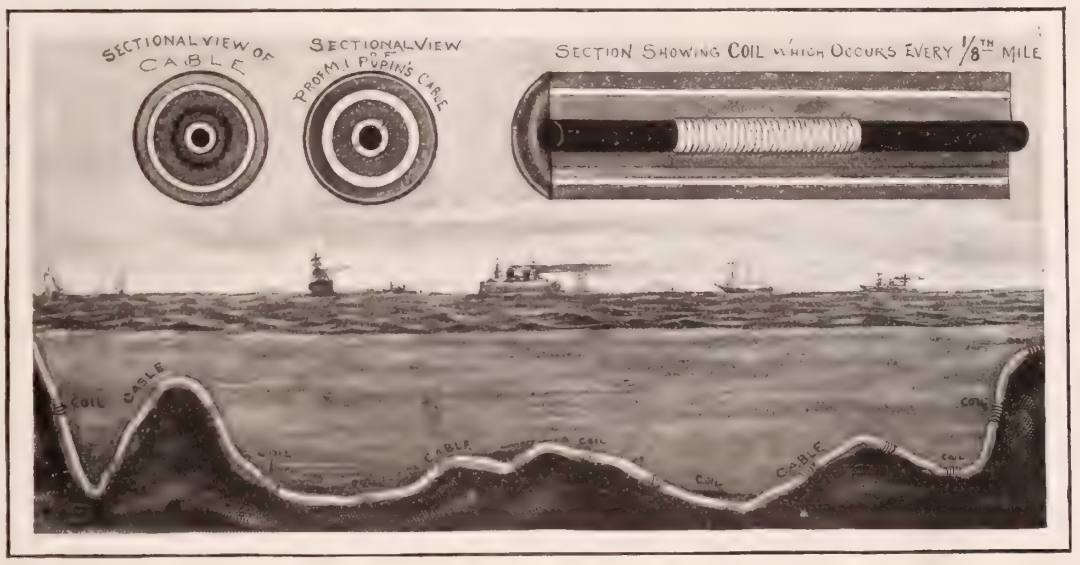
From time immemorial, the bath an fountain have constituted their places o rendezvous for Oriental women — thei women's club and mothers' meeting, s to speak. At the Fountain of the Virgin the women of Jerusalem gather and con verse to-day with as much zest as d the women of Algiers, around their ow sacred fountain.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

To Telephone Under the Sea

ANOTHER vast stride in electrical progress appears to have been made through the experiments of Prof. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University. This is nothing less than a telephone cable by which there can be verbal communication across the Atlantic. That it is a genuine discovery is apparently proved by the fact that after testing it for six months, the Bell Company is reported to have agreed to pay half a million dollars for the right to use it, besides an annual royalty of $15,000 for a term of years. Prof. Pupin in describing his discovery, said that it could not be fully explained without technicalities which would not be easily understood, but the essential principle was simple. The chief difficulty had been to overcome resistance. In the present ocean cables the current has so many obstacles to battle with that it is comparatively slow in traveling and becomes very weak before it reaches its destination, three thousand miles away. Prof. Pupin, after long experiments, finally discovered that the insertion of eight induction coils to every mile of wire would overcome this resistance, and messages could be sent over the cable at a much faster rate. By this means every time the current begins to slacken its strength it will meet one of the coils, which will give it renewed impetus till it reaches the next coil, and so on. It is practically a relay method of supplying strength. The new system will require new cables, which will involve an enormous outlay. It is this feature only that is retarding the work at present. The cables will require no greater strength in electricity and no different transmitters from those used now. The same principle, when applied to land wires, will enable people to converse at great distances more easily than at present, and will make conversation between New York and San Francisco practicable. The system appears reasonable, when it is once known that the current gains new power from a coil. As the Professor says, it is a relay method of supplying strength. It is a principle that applies to Christian life and work. Mighty as is the power imparted at conversion, it needs renewal by frequent communion with God.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength (Isa. 40: 31).



THE TELEPHONE CABLE ON ITS OCEAN BED

A Clue to a Treasure

A remarkable story of the discovery of buried treasure is told by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. It appears that an officer in an engineer corps recently purchased an old manor house in Northern Georgia, which had stood empty for many years. While examining the house with a view to repairs he noticed a brass nail protruding from an angle in the wall; and near it, roughly scratched on the stone, the figures, 140. The fact made little impression on him until he came upon another nail farther along in the same wall with the same figures. His curiosity was excited, and he dwelt a good deal on the matter. Finally he decided to explore. He took two lengths of cord, each measuring 140 feet, and attached one to each nail. Carrying these outwards and bringing them together, he had a triangle, of which the wall of his house was the base. The apex of the triangle was among some bushes in a shrubbery, and there he dug a hole. At a depth of three feet he found a tin box. It contained a number of deeds and securities now worthless, but underneath the papers, a quantity of watches, rings, and jewels of considerable value. Memoranda in the box showed that it had been buried nearly forty years. The owner had evidently died, carrying the secret of his buried treasure to the grave. He was probably a man of mathematical training. The clue he left to the hiding-place was a slight one, but it was sufficient for a man of similar training, though it might have been meaningless to others. It is so with the treasures that are to be found in God's Word; the worldly-minded do not perceive them, but the spiritual man makes them his own.

The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned (I. Cor. 2: 14).

Counterfeiters Arrested

A successful raid was made a few days ago on a factory in New York, which has been turning out counterfeit quarter dollars by wholesale. For a long time past the Sub-Treasury has been finding among the silver sent to it by the banks large numbers of counterfeit quarters. Latterly, over fifty dollars a week of these coins have been sent in in New York alone, besides quantities from out-of-town banks. They are made of sterling silver and are fully equal in value to the genuine coins. This made it very difficult for any one except the Treasury experts to detect. Secret Service officers were detailed on the case, and they found that sheet silver was being purchased in large quantities by Italians in New York. Tracing these men, they discovered that a factory existed in an old house in the lower district of the city. They broke into it and found there a five-ton press with dies for making the coins and a quantity of silver disks ready for stamping. Seven men and one woman were at work and were arrested. They had been able to buy for $64 silver with which they could make coins worth $125, which were circulated without difficulty. This was due to the fact that the coins were made of good material. The mischief was done through its being put to base uses. It is so in the spiritual world. It is not the men who are openly bad that impose on others; but the men who prostitute their good qualities to evil courses.

The men that were at peace with thee have deceived thee and prevailed against thee (Obad. 7).

A Suit for a Corpse

A curious suit was tried recently in Indianapolis, Ind. It was brought by a woman under replevin proceedings to recover the dead body of her husband, who had died in the home of his stepfather. She had sent an undertaker for the body, but the stepfather refused to surrender it, on the ground that money was owing to him for services rendered to the dead man in his last illness. The widow refused to pay the debt and claimed the body as her personal property, stating its value as one dollar. On her stating her case in court, a writ was issued authorizing her to take possession of the body. A policeman served it, and was allowed to remove it to the hearse which the widow had sent to receive it. The stepfather continued to press his claim, but the courts prohibited his holding the body as security. The law of Indiana, it appears, declares that a corpse is the property of relatives in the order of inheritance, and therefore clearly belonged to the widow. Under this law she has obtained possession of it, and has had it decently interred. Doubtless the widow placed a much higher estimate of value on the body of her husband than that mentioned in her plea, otherwise she would not have striven so hard to obtain possession of it. But it is significant that in a formal legal document the value of a body should be set so low. What must the soul be worth, if all that remains, when it is withdrawn, is worth only one dollar? Yet how few bestow on the soul a hundredth part of the attention they give to the body!

Therefore, I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on (Matt. 6: 25).

Waited Forty Years

A romantic wedding was solemnized in Boston, Mass., on January 7. Forty years ago, a lad who was studying law at Dexter, Me., fell in love with the daughter of one of the leading lawyers of the Maine bar. He had no money and no influence, so that his prospects of maintaining a wife were very dubious. The girl, however, had abundant faith in his ultimate success and she promised to wait for him to make his way. He went West as soon as he was called to the bar, and settled at Stillwater, Minn., but there was no chance there for a young and unknown lawyer, so he tried other towns with like results. Finally he became discouraged, and giving up the law became a teacher, but having no training for the profession, he made no progress. Then he tried farming, and that, too, yielded no profit to the unskilled worker. Then he entered the service of a railroad company and at last found that he was in his proper sphere. His previous failures had so discouraged him that he had failed to keep up his correspondence with the girl of his choice, so he waited until his success was assured before going to seek her out. Recently he was appointed President of the railroad and then he came East to see if the girl was still unmarried. He found her living quietly at home with her parents, and still expecting his return to fulfil the engagement made forty years ago. It was a rare example of constancy. Few girls would have held their faith in a man unshaken through all those years, believing that he would come back, as he had promised, to marry her. If such faith were more prevalent among Christians, there would be more watchfulness for the fulfilment of Christ's promise.

There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts and saying Where is the promise of his coming? (II. Peter 3: 4).

BRIEF NOTES

The venerable Dr. J. G. Paton, in a thrilling account of his work in the New Hebrides, at a recent meeting, said that although his life had been attempted many times he had never received a blow or scratch.

Rev. Joel J. Janvier, a native preacher of Northern India, who died recently after forty-three years hard work, was at the beginning of that period the only Christian in that region, where there are now 78,000 Christians and 92,000 children in Sunday Schools.

The second annual conference to promote the federation of Churches and Christian Workers throughout the United States will be held in Philadelphia, February 5 and 6.

A prisoner at Southampton, England, probably holds the record for drunkenness, He has been convicted 153 times, and last year spent 336 out of the 365 days in prison.

Rev. Albert G. Lawson, of the North Baptist Church, Camden, N. J., announces that on Inauguration Day, March 4 next, his church will devote the hour from 12 to 1 noon, to prayer, for the President and nation. He suggests that similar services be held all over the land on that day.

Rev. Arthur Crane, evangelist and pastor of the First Baptist Church, Charleston, S. C., has been conducting a series of Gospel meetings in the Free Baptist Church, Marcy avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Emma Moffatt, of Los Angeles, Calif., assisting him as Gospel soloist.

Gen. Kelly-Kenny, one of the British commanders in South Africa, is quoted as saying that the war in the Transvaal had clearly proved that it was possible to endure great hardships and do the hardest kind of fighting while practising absolute total abstinence from intoxicating liquor.

The Pope has ordered about 150,000 old swords, halberds, pikes, battle-axes and other venerable weapons stored in the Vatican to be melted and sold for old iron, and a furnace for doing the work has already been erected in the palace grounds. This attempt to convert the sword into the plowshare is, it seems, not so much the verification of prophecy as a measure of economy. The cost of keeping them clean and free from rust has been large.

An inquiry at one of the department stores in NewYork, elicited the fact that of the enormous number of books sold during the holidays more than one-half were Bibles. Other stores also reported large sales. One store had sold over thirty thousand copies during the year.

The old-time Day of Prayer for Colleges occurs this year on January 31. As there happen to be five Thursdays in the month, some confusion arose as to whether the observance would take place on the fourth or the fifth Thursday. But while some institutions observed the earlier date, the majority will observe the later.

In ecclesiastical circles in Italy the proposition has been made that the Catholic world should unite in inaugurating the new century by placing a colossal statue of Our Lord on that highest crest of the Sabine Mountains near Rome, known as "the Mentorella." The proposed site is about 4,000 feet above the sea level, and can be clearly seen from Rome and from the Mediterranean.

Statistics gathered by the *Advance* show that of 70,000 young men in American colleges 38,000 are church members, and over 5,000 are candidates for the Christian ministry. During the past century the increase of church membership to that of general population is as twenty-seven to nine. There are in the United States over 100,000 Christian ministers, and over 145,000 church edifices.

Rev. Graham Lee writes: In our station in Corea this year we have baptized 781 people, and received 1,944 as catechumens. There are many more waiting and anxious to be baptized who would have been had it been possible for us to cover our field properly. These people gather in 179 outstations. We have now fourteen helpers, eight of whom are supported by the Coreans, and two more will be supported just as soon as the missionaries in charge have the men to recommend.

TEMPERANCE LESSONS ON THE TALENTS

How Talents are Buried To-day

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for Feb. 10: Matt. 25: 14-30

GOLDEN TEXT, Rom. 14: 12: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

By... Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

LET us get at the heart of this lesson at once, namely, that the boys and girls just starting out in life are the persons to whom Jesus has given the "talents" which shall be increased or buried as they shall choose. And because so many bury their talents in the ocean of drink—sadder than any burial at sea—the International Lesson Committee have selected this parable as one of the four temperance lessons of the year.

. . .

The Kingdom of Heaven. Every one who ponders this parable and its companion in last Sunday's lesson must see that the "kingdom of heaven" is not heaven above, but "heaven begun below," in fulfilment of the prayer which Jesus could not have taught in vain, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done as in heaven so on earth." The parable of the ten virgins represents the inward spiritual repose, the parable of the talents, the outward practical activities of the citizens of this kingdom while waiting and watching for the final triumphant appearing of their Lord. Some of us need more repose of spirit, others more Christian activity. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, discussing these two classes of people in one of its thoughtful Saturday editorials, says: "If those who are naturally energetic will foster the power of repose, and those who are naturally tranquil will cultivate the power of action, the health and happiness of both will be greatly increased, and their value to the community will be redoubled."

Doing God's Will on Earth as in Heaven

This lesson suggests many great truths:

1. All we have comes from God and belongs to God.

2. It is our duty to grow, making the most of our capacities and opportunities.

3. Christ will come to judge our work.

4. Christ's judgments fall not alone upon those who do wrong, but especially upon those who fail to do good.

. . .

A man traveling into a far country, who called his own servants and delivered unto them his goods. Jesus, who was then about to leave the earth to return to heaven, is the Master who calls "his own servants"—that is what we all are by right, whether we acknowledge it or not. "Ye are not your own," he said to us all. Proud men call themselves "self-made men" and "worship their creator." They boast, "I am my own master." But the Bible points us to God and says, "It is he that hath made us and we are his." "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." All we have also he gave us. They are "his goods," loaned to us for life in trust to do good with in his name. "We brought nothing into the world and it is certain we can carry nothing out." Therefore we should be thankful rather than proud if there be anything excellent in what we are or have.

Nothing We Have is "Our Very Own" but Sin

How early the selfish sense of private ownership develops! The child of three years old wants things for "its very own." He is not willing to own things in common with brothers and sisters. Even so young should a child be taught that everything belongs to God, and that he lets us use his "goods" to do good with.

. . .

Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one. "Talents" in Bible times meant money, just as "goods" then and now mean property. But "talents" now means what is more precious than money—skill of hand and mind. In our selfishness we name as "goods" only what has money value. But other gifts of God are yet more truly "goods." He is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and all his gifts are such. Even when he gives affliction he is giving us "his goods."

Talents that God Gives to Boys and Girls

The "talents" and "goods" that God gives to boys and girls to start them in life include, first, a wonderful body. Unless deformed, you have "five talents" in the fingers of each hand, which you can make more and more skilful and useful by training: skilful in music, in mechanics, in gesture. Even your handshake may be a power for good if the unselfish heart of Christ throbs in it. Learn to swim, not for amusement and health only, but because it may become a talent with which you can do good to others. Again and again last summer the papers told of young girls who had become expert swimmers, one as young as eleven, who rescued drowning men at seaside resorts. Make yourself strong, not to foster pride, but that you may do better work now and in trying days to come. Washington's gymnastic training and clean habits laid up strength to bear the strain of Valley Forge. Lincoln strengthened his body when a young man by long walks, by wrestling and lifting. "He could lift over half a ton," says Wm. O. Stoddard, who was one of his secretaries. That and proper habits prepared him to endure the labor of studying law at night after splitting rails all day, and for the awful strain of leading his country through a great war. If either of these men had buried their talent of bodily strength in dissipation instead of increasing it by exercise, the whole history of our country and the world might have been changed for the worse. It is as much our Christian duty to improve our bodies as our souls. "Glorify God in your body" is one of the New Testament commandments, corresponding to the Old Testament law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy strength." There was a partial truth in the answer made by an American boy when asked the catechism question, "Who made you?" He answered in his own words, "God made me so long (measuring a baby's length) and I growed the rest." Physically, and mentally and spiritually we can at least help our own growth or God would not command us to "grow." The same idea is in the requirement of the parable we are studying, to increase our capital, our talents, by right use, whether many or few.

Every boy and girl, and especially every father and mother, should recognize that God has not made us all alike. "Some must follow and some must lead." He has made only a few five-talent people, for he has only a few five-talent places to fill. Nothing is sadder than to see an ambitious one-talent man rattling around in a five-talent place he cannot fill. Even those of equal talent are not alike. The rank of a statesman may be equal to, or greater than that of a poet, but to put either in the other's place might be a misfit.

Two questions should be studied by and for every child: Who made you?

What for?

It may not be possible to tell just what God wants you to do for life, but you can generally see just what he wants you to do next. If you daily follow the old motto, "Do the next thing," you will at last have done God's will for life.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

—HENRY BURTON.

. . .

Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Note that the same rewards, "praise, promotion, joy," are given to him who faithfully used and so doubled his two talents, as to him who doubled his five. It is not so much success as faithfulness that God honors. His command is, "Be thou faithful," which may often mean the very opposite of the American motto, "Get there." To be faithful, many a martyr, many a hero has dared to fail. But God puts in his list of victors in Hebrews 11, such men of faith who were "slain with the sword." Here is a watchword for inspiration to daily faithfulness: "I shall pass through this world but once! Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it, now, in his name, and for his sake! Let me not defer or neglect it."

Not Success, but Faithfulness Required

. . .

I was afraid and went and hid thy talent in the earth—"Buried alive!" that has ever been counted the supreme crime of the periods of persecution. The man who buried his talent buried himself. Say rather he was of that numerous class who are dead, but not buried. Idle, hopeless, useless, they only exist when they might gloriously live, doubling their one talent by diligent and earnest use of it, till they outstripped many of the five talent men by greater activity. "A nimble nickel is better than a slow dollar." Many of the most successful people have little genius or talent except the talent for hard work. "What is that in thine hand?" God asked Moses. It was only a shepherd's hickory stick, but he made it, with God's help, mightier than Pharaoh's golden sceptre. A broom in the hands of Booker Washington, when he entered Hampton Institute, used with faithfulness in sweeping a school room, opened his way to the leadership of his race. Having shown himself faithful in the least he won like those of this parable, praise, promotion and the joy of ever-widening usefulness. "What is that in thine hand?" Only a pen. You cannot speak for temperance like Gough or Bain or Wooley. You cannot write books or even newspaper articles. But you can write a letter or telegram, the like of which sent by all the one talent men would carry temperance laws in Congress and State legislatures. "What is that in thine hand?" Only a vote. But one vote has decided in more than a score of "no license" elections in Massachusetts whether the boys should for a year be protected against the saloons. You are the man who buried his talent and was condemned by Christ if you have neglected to vote.

To Bury One's Talent a Wrong to God and Man

Nothing buries so many talents as drink and the vices that commonly precede and follow it. Gen. O. O. Howard tells us that battles were lost in our Civil War with all the blood and broken hearts, because generals, in some cases, and private soldiers, in others, were drunk. Thomas Jefferson had seen so much harm done to our country's interests in its civil service by fuddled brains that he said if he were to be President again he would make total abstinence a condition of government employment. A recent report of the United States Bureau of Labor (which any American citizen can get by applying to that Bureau in Washington, D. C.) shows that more than half the employers in the United States in some or all branches of their work, either insist upon total abstinence altogether or while men are on duty, or at least favor abstainers, other things being equal, in selecting employees. Boys who desire even earthly success should take note that liquor on the breath is nowhere a recommendation, and in many places insures rejection. Gen. Miles recently reaffirmed what he said as a young man twenty-five years ago: "One of the principal evils undermining the character of the youth of the country and destroying the intelligence of men, not only in the army but in nearly every business and profession, is the use of tobacco and alcohol. . . . I am fully convinced the world would be better without either."

Note that General Miles puts together "tobacco and alcohol." Tobacco, is not like alcohol, in "making a man crazy on purpose." It is extravagant to say one is as bad as the other. But both are alike: (1) Harmful to body and mind; (2) wasteful of money and strength; (3) incentives to evil passions; (4) enslaving. Think of a vegetable as the master of a man! And for Sunday School boys tobacco is the greater peril, just because it is rated as a lesser evil.

The Weather Bureau gave its best storm signal, when it published to the country that it would have no employees who clouded their faculties with cigarettes. Railroad after railroad has adopted the same plan. They will not take men who are burning up the brains they should use in their work.

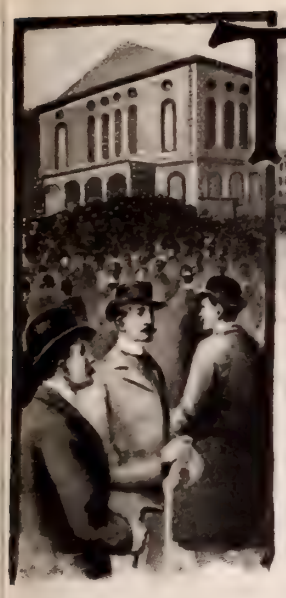
Burying our talents by any vice or by idle neglect leads to "darkness" here and hereafter, in the disapproval of Christ and of conscience.

Children are all one-talent folks when they are little, whatever they may be when they grow up, but how much good they can do if they will live the sweet motto, "Little things are little things, but to do little things faithfully is a great thing." A whole book could be written on the great things that have come out of little things. Doing little things rightly when a child is the best preparation for doing great things nobly when we have grown up.

Let every boy and girl then multiply their talents of body and mind and soul by bringing them to Christ with this beautiful hymn of consecration, written for them by Marianne Farningham:

Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and thee
Lord of my life, I come.
I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve thee with all my might,
Therefore to thee I come.

SERVANTS GIVING ACCOUNT OF THEIR STEWARDSHIP—BORDER OF ANCIENT COINS



THE BOWERY MISSION'S 20th ANNIVERSARY

THAT the old Bowery Mission holds a place very near to the hearts of Christ's followers in New York, was made more than ever apparent by the vast audience which assembled in the Academy of Music, on the afternoon of Sunday, Jan. 13, to celebrate the Mission's twentieth anniversary. It was a day long to be remembered. At a time when the God-fearing element in the metropolis is actively engaged in a movement for the moral purification of the city, the presence of an audience at once so brilliant and representative was a striking manifestation of the popular confidence in the grand old Mission, and of the universal sympathy with its soul-winning work, which has not influenced the Bowery alone, but the whole city, and thousands of homes throughout the nation. Long before the opening hour, the doors of the Academy were besieged by a multitude of men and women, clamoring for admittance; by 3.30 P.M. the great auditorium, the galleries and boxes were packed, and other thousands on Fourteenth street and Irving Place, who could not be accommodated, were regretfully turned away. On the platform were several hundred clergymen, laymen and Christian workers. In the audience were many prominent business men, who have been in active sympathy with the Mission and its work for more than a decade. There was a goodly proportion of ladies in the audience. In one of the galleries was a band of men, young and old, who had been led to Christ in the Mission, and who dated their reformation from the day they first entered its ever open, hospitable doors.

The anniversary services opened with the hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," led by Prof. Alix on the cornet, and Prof. Victor Denke at the piano, and with Rev. F. H. Jacobs, the soloist, as conductor, the whole audience joining in the singing. The vast gathering sang as with a single voice, and, as the great swell of harmony rose, many of those on the thronged sidewalks caught up and prolonged the notes of praise. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman offered the opening prayer, and earnestly pleaded for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all present. Mr. Jacobs sang with touching pathos the sacred solo, "Will There be Any Stars," after which Mr. J. G. Hallimond, Superintendent of the Mission, made a brief address. Reviewing the work of the Mission, he said, in substance:

Among the rescue missions of the world, the Bowery Mission occupies a thoroughly unique position. Many religious enterprises have been carried on upon a much more extensive scale, and have been of a much more pretentious character; but for a protracted and sustained soul-saving work, few institutions in the history of the Christian Church can furnish a record like that of the Bowery Mission. For twenty years it has stood in the darkest section of the city, holding out a helping hand to those who were about to disappear in the black depths of eternal despair. Wonderful as the results have been in the past, the opportunity is now presented for immensely enlarging and strengthening its activities. For twenty years the work has been carried on unostentatiously. It was inaugurated by humble but consecrated people; and all along it has been supported by Christian workers of limited means from all the denominations. For the last five years especially, during which time it has been under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the funds, with two notable exceptions (Dr. Klopsch and Mrs. Bird) have come from a multitude of small contributors all over the United States and Canada—from poor men, themselves redeemed in the Mission; from fathers in the far-away Antipodes, sending thank-offerings for the reclamation of their sons. Many a time a tear-stained letter arrives from a sorrowing mother, enclosing twenty-five or fifty cents, and asking us to pray for her wandering boy, who, she hopes, may some day turn within our doors, and come under our influence. This is the kind of support the Mission has received during the past twenty years, and there is not, thank God, any sign of its withdrawal or weakening. But a new field—a new continent and a new world of Christian effort—lies before us. The whole community is aroused at the present moment on behalf of moral purification, and just now, when the forces that make for righteousness are gathering themselves together to make one supreme effort to lift the city into a higher and purer moral atmosphere, the Bowery Mission is just where it ought to be—on the front firing-line. Every dollar, therefore, given to-day will go in the most direct and tangible way towards the making and maintaining of a clean and pure city.

The audience responded liberally to Mr. Hallimond's appeal and gave a generous offering. Another hymn was sung, after which the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached a most effective sermon from the text John 10: 16. The great audience listened intently as the preacher eloquently pictured the tidal wave of moral reformation which was now sweeping over our cities. He declared that the crusade would result in the redemption of New York, which would be taken for God. The century opened with the brightest prospects. It would assuredly witness a great revival of religion. Many cities were to be redeemed. Official authority can do much, but nothing can take the place of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The most popular book on earth to-day is the Bible; the most popular name is Jesus. Thousands would die for him, where one would die for another man. "Put your face to the sunrise," he said. "Christ is coming to save New York."

The sermon created a profound impression. At its close, the Bowery Mission Male Quartette sang, and this was followed by the testimonies of redeemed men, converted in the Mission. These were listened to with intense interest. These men were only types of many who had been brought to Christ in the old Bowery Mission.

The testimonies were followed by another beautiful solo by Rev. F. H. Jacobs, "The Wonderful Story," then the well-known Gospel hymn, "Saved by Grace," in the chorus of which the whole audience joined heartily. Dr. Talmage then pronounced the benediction, and the great audience slowly dispersed.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, WHERE THE ANNIVERSARY SERVICES WERE HELD

We commend to our readers the work of the Bowery Mission, and invite their active support and prayerful cooperation. Every contribution for the Mission's work sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be duly acknowledged in its columns. At this time, when a great wave of moral reform is sweeping over the land, and when every human agency is enlisted in the work of uprooting the dives, the gambling-houses, and other dens of sin, it becomes the duty of all who love righteousness to take an active part in the warfare. In no better or more direct way can they contribute to this end than by giving a helping hand to the Bowery Mission.

It has stood all of these twenty years for consecrated work, and its converts are found all over the globe. Many a time it has been almost alone in the fight against vice in the "world's wickedest thoroughfare" and amid the hosts of sin in lower New York. Thousands, year by year, have found it a haven of peace, and the entrance to a better life. At the opening of a new century, there could be no more appropriate personal tribute to the Master's work than a gift which may be the means, under Divine blessing, of bringing some poor wayfarer, sick of sin, into the Mission fold, and up to its altar, where he may lay his burden of sin at the foot of the Cross, and enter upon the new and better life.

"CHRIST IS COMING TO SAVE NEW YORK," SAID DR. TALMAGE

MR. JACOBS, SINGING "WILL THERE BE ANY STARS" — DR. CHAPMAN OFFERS THE OPENING PRAYER

SUPERINTENDENT HALLIMOND PLEADS FOR THE OLD MISSION

AROUND THE WINTER FIRE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A PARENTAL MISTAKE

TWO ladies were conversing in my presence the other day, and their theme was very naturally their children. One of them, a devoted mother, and in her heart an appreciative mother as well, made statements about her son Joe, aged twelve, which was startling. "Joe is as slow as an old coach, it agitates the household to get him dressed in the morning and started for school. Joe has no idea of the value of money; if he sees a thing he must have it, no matter what it costs. Joe is a most inveterate tease. Joe is as vain as a peacock." Thus she ran over the catalogue of Joe's imperfections, while her listener, a very literal and matter-of-fact person, laid the exaggerated complaints away in her memory for future use. The facts about Joe were that he was an ordinary, bright-witted, irresponsible little fellow, growing so fast that he was rather sluggish in his motions, but on the whole a charming child. The droll thing was that his mother thought so, too, and was amazed when I said to her, "Two years from now, you may be sending Joe to Mr. ——'s office to secure a business position; and you are dropping into the mind of Mr. ——'s wife, some convictions about your son which will perhaps affect him adversely in days to come. The ——'s take everything at the foot of the letter, and you have impressed it on Mrs. —— that your boy is vain, heedless, slow, and a torment." The mother opened her eyes widely. "My!" she exclaimed. "How stupid she must be if she thinks I meant that. Joe is a clever, obedient, conscientious boy, the pride of my life, and has no more faults than any healthy lad of his age ought to have." "So I imagined," I replied; "but I want Joe's mother to turn over a new leaf in her conversation about him; for a thousand and one reasons, no parent should ever malign a child. In all our comments on our homes we should put the best foot forward. It is to the last degree a mistake to do anything else."

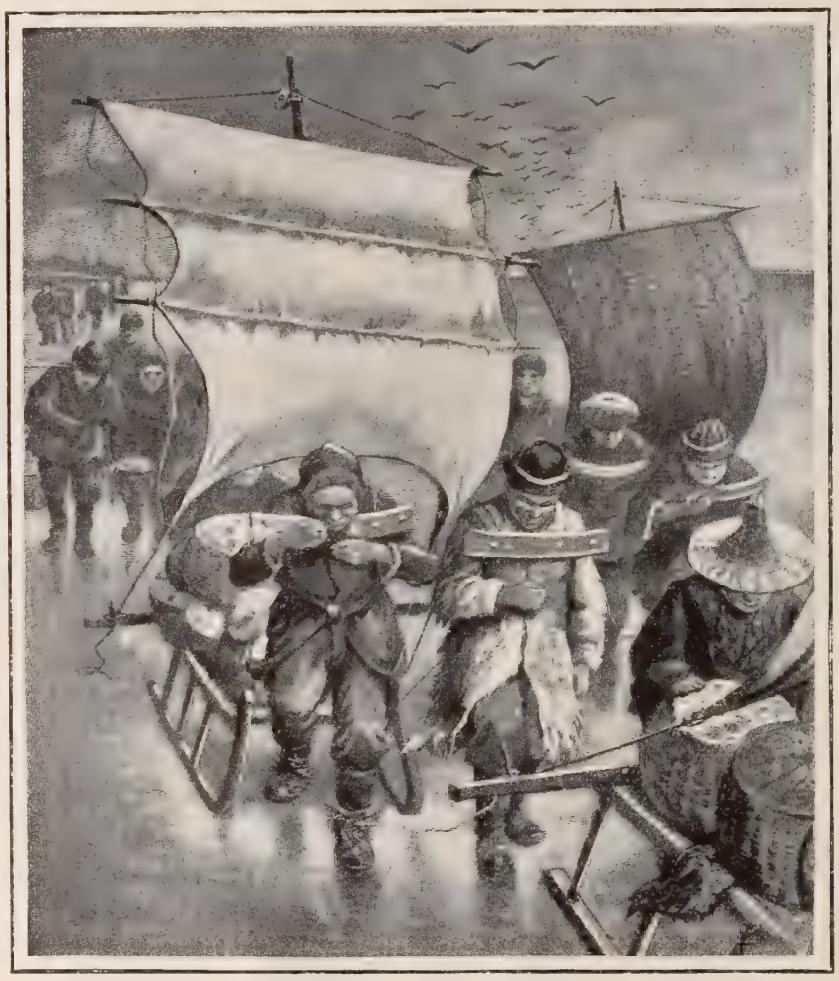
Not long since I was telling a friend about a youth in our neighborhood, a manly, fine fellow, who was taking a noble stand in the community, and showing himself a true Christian. "His mother says," the friend replied, "that Sammy is no better since he joined the church than he was before." I do not know what the mother expected, for Sammy had been an exemplary child, and there were no airs of saintship for him to assume, but I fancy that she simply desired to be contradicted, and that her remarks were made for that purpose. If mothers wish to correct the defects of their children and young people, by all means let them do so, but let it be done, as reproof should always be done, entirely in private, while to the public and to friends and acquaintances only kind words and comments should be made about one's household, from the greatest to the least.

About Old People

We are all on the road which leads to old age, and if we live long enough we shall one day arrive at gray hairs and feebleness. The former badge of venerable years comes to some women in their youth, and is vastly becoming, but infirmities, such as decrepitude, loss of sight, loss of memory, loss of hearing, loss of one's grip on affairs, creep on with advancing life, until the grasshopper is a burden. Would it not be a good plan to lay up stores of pleasant memories as the bee makes honey, that the old days may be glad days? And, while we are about it, are we as careful and thoughtful as we might be to be attentive to the old? They prize little acts of courtesy, and are grateful, and even when they seem crusty and crabbed, their hearts are touched by the loving kindness shown them by their friends. Their little ways should be respected, and their comfort sought, nor should the newer fashions be thrust upon them against their will. Let old people alone to a certain extent. They prefer it.

Housekeepers and the Sabbath

City housekeepers can do much toward preserving the rest of the Sabbath by a little care beforehand. The delivery of meats and groceries, of ice cream and similar provisions on Sunday morning is not necessary, and may be wholly done away with, if the housekeeper will but take adequate measures on Saturday to buy and keep what she requires. A whole host of people who lose Sunday morning in doing secular work may be relieved, and the excuse to take the Lord's day for business purposes be eliminated, if their customers and patrons will but exercise a conscience in the matter. The grocer's clerk, weary with Sunday morning's toil and too late for church, spends the rest of the day either in sleep or in some outing which he does not really need. To keep holy the day of rest is an obligation which rests on us all, and the rich are robbing the poor of their one day of repose for soul and body.



SAILING-SLEDGES ON THE GRAND CANAL, CHINA

The Reverse of a Familiar Shield

We remember the old story of the shield with its two sides, one white, one black, about which the knights fought, each seeing only his own side. There is a parallel to this in every home, and the plain truth, to drop metaphor, is that the white shield of unselfish goodness is very apt to have a dark wrong side. For instance, if in a family there is one excessively unselfish person, always ready to give up, always ready to make sacrifices, to stay at home that others may go out, to wear the old frock that her sister may have a new one, to forego her rights and privileges without a protest, that person may just go on. She will not be particularly appreciated, and her sacrifices will all be taken for granted. Her relations will accept whatever she does, and will not attempt to persuade her to do otherwise. She may not be aware of it, but her very unselfishness will end in making those around her more than ever selfish, and more than ever ungrateful.

There are some of my readers who will say this has a pessimistic sound, but you have only to look about you to see that it is perfectly true. For in this world there is one thing which is better than unselfishhess, and that thing is justice. Home life and human relations must be built upon justice, if they are to have any permanency or any enduring value.

A Household Friend

This dear dog named Prince does all the churning every week for a farmer's family. He has the sagacity and patience of a human being and possesses much better manners than the average domestic assistant; is never cross, never impolite, and never reluctant to undertake his duty. I know another dear dog whose name is Gyp, and on a beautiful farm in the Catskills I have seen him, week after week, tread back and forth in the churn, alw showing much satisfaction when the b ter came. As Gyp was growing old younger dog was occasionally press into the service to relieve him, but t hurt his feelings very much. I wonde Prince varies his occupations in the hou by hunting for woodchucks in the mea ows, thus helping both the farmer a the farmer's wife.

IS THE BUTTER COMING?

"Prince," of East Branch, N. Y., at his weekly employ, churning for the family

A Child's Party

The lady lives in a beautiful house a has a retinue of people to wait on her great many pets and one lovely child, h only son. Not long ago she gave h little laddie a birthday feast, and to were asked every child in the village: t children of the laborers on the railroa and of the washerwoman at the Cent just as impartially as those of the ri neighbors. And all the children play together in the democratic freedom their years, and they had a beautiful tim and not one of them misbehaved. Wh they went home, the little host gave eve child a present, for coming to help hi keep his birthday fete.

Sailing-Sledges in China

It is well for the Chinese that they ha amazing physical endurance and no nerv to speak of, for their lives are of the har est. Resenting as they do the intrusi of modern motor powers into their a cient realm, nothing is more certain th that the descendants of these very boa men, whose difficult task our pictu shows, will look back with incredulity t the primitive ways which now obtain. W ourselves, could we lift the curtain whi hides remote ages, and see the primiti conditions of our own remote ancestor might be more than astonished by co trast.

Early Candle-Light

In these wintry days the darkne comes early. If we can take the gloar ing for a spell of rest, then we may sit the dark; but if we feel that we must g on with our work, do not let anyone be foolish as to tax her eyes in the wanir light. Transition lights are very tryin Light the candles, or the lamps, or t gas, or turn on the electricity, the ver instant you are aware that you need ill mination.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MRS. H. S. The word fake is inelegan and its use shows a meagre vocabulary.

—AMY ANNE. It is usually safe to pr nounce an English word as it is spelled.

—JACK. Gill seems to be a flirt. Don take her caprices too much to heart. Try little wholesome neglect.

—BESSIE. You are very young, and you lover is a boy at college. Wait at least tw years before you become engaged.

—MAIDEN AUNT. Never use a hair dy Hair is injured by too much fussing. shampoo once a month is quite enough.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST HOURS

TWO continents were startled when the cable brought the news that the aged Queen Victoria was believed to be dying at Osborne House, Isle of Wight. An illness, which began only a few days before, suddenly developed alarming symptoms. Fainting spells were followed by great physical prostration and partial paralysis. The Queen's physicians, Sir Richard Douglas Powell and Sir James Reid, in their bulletins from the royal sick-chamber, held out little hope of the patient rallying. She lay in an inert condition, unable to move without assistance, almost sightless, and so weak that death was apparently only the matter of a few hours. The long and brilliant reign of Great Britain's most popular sovereign was near its close.

As soon as her condition was fully realized, the royal family were summoned to the aged Queen's bedside. When the Prince of Wales arrived at Osborne House, Princess Beatrice took him to his mother, who was conscious, but very weak. The Princess of Wales, Princesses Louise and Christian, and other members of the family were soon beside the sufferer. The Dukes of York and Connaught were also in attendance. Emperor William, of Germany, was summoned to Osborne and traveled in all haste from Berlin.

At the Queen's bedside there was no attempt at concealment of grief. The Prince of Wales and the other princes were overcome with emotion. The heir-apparent to the throne showed signs of illness, and there are rumors that an attack of heart trouble has been precipitated by his grief and worry over the aged Queen's condition.

Many nobilities crowded the anterooms anxious for news of the patient, having hurried to Osborne House from all parts of England. The whole nation was stricken with grief over the condition of its beloved sovereign.

Every successive bulletin from the sick-room, when telegraphed to London, was the signal for a fresh outburst of sorrow as the bulletins afforded no substantial hope. Her condition was one of general collapse, so complete that all the bodily functions ceased, save as they were maintained by artificial means. Even ordinary respiration had to be kept up by the use of oxygen. Her heart trouble had been aggravated by the great weakness of old age, and by her extreme anxiety over recent public affairs. The physicians feared the formation of a blood clot on the brain, of which they found symptoms, even when other conditions had seemed to afford encouragement. On Sunday, in all the churches in Great Britain, prayers were offered for the royal sufferer. In our own country, too, there were few churches in cities in which the news of her seizure had been received, where the subject was not mentioned in prayer.

The Queen passed away without a struggle, "like one falling asleep," about 6:30 p.m., on January 22. All the royal family, including the German Emperor, were at her bedside when the end came. The Prince of Wales now assumes the throne as Emperor-King.

OSBORNE HOUSE, WHERE

THE QUEEN LAY DYING

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER AT OSBORNE HOUSE

THE AUDIENCE-CHAMBER AT OSBORNE HOUSE

..MOTHERS OF FAMOUS SONS

Women Whose Influence has Helped to Mould Great Minds and Make Noble Careers Possible

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON

A LOVELY picture, dear to all our hearts, is that of the mother keeping the cradle ajog with her foot, while her hands are busy with the tiny socks or the bigger socks, whose mending is sometimes the mother's only touch upon the household understanding. But the mother

LETITIA BONAPARTE
(Mother of Napoleon)

who would keep her hand upon the growing life must learn to deal with other points than those at the end of a needle, to weave stronger bonds than can be made of darning-cotton, and to sing the music to which the young new life keeps step, after the cradle is deserted and lullabies have ceased to charm.

That mothers have been doing these greater things all down the centuries is proved by the record of the noblest men of every nationality. The list is so long that the few names which it is possible to choose should be considered suggestive of the riches of the field rather than as illustrative of the great, amply proven fact that the dominant factor in most great lives has been the influence of the mother.

Washington's Mother

Notwithstanding everybody's familiarity with her history and characteristics, the name of the mother of Washington has rightful precedence in our list. She was a beautiful girl, called the "Rose of Epping Forest." She married Augustine Washington, a widower and a gentleman of high standing and noble character, of large property and considerable personal attractions. She was brought to the large old-fashioned colonial house on the banks of the Potomac, where we can fancy the bride covertly exploring her new home and scanning the footprints of her predecessor. In this voyage of discovery she was arrested by a small, but rare treasury of books. The fly-leaf of one revealed the name of the owner, the first wife, "Jane Washington." Finding the inkhorn she wrote firmly beneath, "And Mary Washington," probably the first time she had written her new name. We all know how she read this book—it was Sir Matthew Hale's *Contemplations*—to her stepsons and her own sons; how it was reverenced by George Washington, and how it is treasured to-day at our national Mecca, Mount Vernon, where, both as mother and mistress, Mary Washington led and guided her boy into the manhood that made him his country's leader and guide. Here, also, as the Revolutionary War went on, and her neighbors thronged her with plaudits and praises of her noble son—their idol and hers—she restrained their extravagant words, saying simply, "George seems to have deserved well of his country, but we must not praise too much; George has not forgotten his duty."

When she heard of the surrender at Yorktown she raised her hands and fervently thanked heaven that all was over. She had not seen her son for seven years. Now he was coming home. No word of "glory" or "honors" fell from his lips or hers. Yet this king among men had his reward. His mother had lived to welcome him back!

One has only to recall the familiar story of this noble mother's life to recognize its moulding power upon the patriot, the soldier and the statesman. His high temper and his habit of self-control were like her, as were his principles of equity and justice, his power of dealing with great and grave issues, and his habit of practical business detail. It was like her and like him, when she knew the world was regarding him as head of the nation, leader of victorious hosts, to say, "He has been a good son. I believe he has done his duty as a man."

The Mother of Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln's mother, says Mrs. Bolton, to whose sketches we wish to acknowledge our debt, possessed but one book in the world, the Bible; and from this she taught her children daily. Of quick mind and retentive memory, Abraham soon came to know it by heart, and to look upon his gentle teacher as the embodiment of all the good precepts in the book. Afterward, when he governed thirty million people, he said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother. Blessings on her memory!" When he was ten years old, this saintly mother died of consumption, and was buried in a plain box under the trees near the cabin. For her boy the loss was irreparable. Day after day he sat on the grave and wept. A sad far-away look crept into his eyes, which those who saw him in the perils of his later life well remember.

Phillips Brooks' Mother

In the career of Phillips Brooks we have the tribute of a noble life to the influence of a noble mother. "The son Phillips," says the Rev. Julius H. Ward, in the *New England Magazine*, "seems to have inherited from his mother the deep and earnest piety and intellectual

MARY BALL WASHINGTON
(Mother of Our First President)

strength which have always been his characteristics." Mrs. Bolton says: "Mother-love was always a strong force in the heart of Phillips Brooks. It is related that when some one asked him if he was not afraid when he first preached before Queen Victoria, he replied, 'Oh, no; I have preached before my mother.'"

George Peabody's Mother

George Peabody was a poor little grocer-boy in a New England country store, who yet came to the place where he was able to leave nine millions to the needy and the homeless. When he went out into the world at eleven years of age to earn his living, he had already, through his beautiful devotion to his noble mother, earned the name of a mother-boy.

Of Bayard Taylor it is said that his mother, a refined and intelligent woman, who taught him to read at four, and who early discovered her child's love for books, shielded him as far as possible from picking up stones and weeding corn, and kept him from the hard work of farm life by claiming his help in rocking the baby, that thus she might be free for other household tasks.

William Lloyd Garrison's Mother

William Lloyd Garrison's mother, too, was a noble woman, deeply religious, willing to bear all and brave all for conscience sake. Very poor, there was no chance for William, either in school or college. When he was seven, his mother, having found work for herself as a nurse for the sick, placed the child with a deacon of the town. At sixteen he wrote an article for the Newburyport *Herald*,

Concluded on next page

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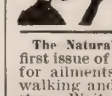

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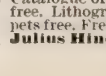

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MOTHERS OF FAMOUS SONS, Continued from Preceding Page

signing it "An Old Bachelor." It was his mother who, six hundred miles away, engaged at the sick bed of a patient, shared his delight and surprise when he saw it really in print. It was she who, through her long and loving letters, kept him in courage and gave him the inspiration to battle, that lasted long after the hand that penned them had ceased its work.

The Mother of Edison

The mother of the distinguished scientist, says a recent biography, was a woman of sweet and strong individuality, equipped with a solid, if unpretentious education, and endowed with rare abilities as a teacher. She was eminently qualified to deal with the plastic mind of her son, and

NANCY ELLIOT EDISON
(Mother of the Famous Electrician)

it was to her judicious efforts, rather than to those of his father, that Edison owed that early impetus which gave such admirable scope and direction to his dawning powers. Under her guidance, at the age of twelve, a period when most boys are inflaming their imagination and perverting their moral sense with trashy and sensational fiction, Edison, partly from inclination, partly from over-consciousness, was wading through such ponderous tomes as Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Hume's *History of England* and *History of the Reformation*. We are justified in the inference that through such books as these, no boy, however remarkable, waded without the encouragement and companionship of the woman who could bestow not only the instructor's gift, but the mother's sympathy and love.

Henry Ward Beecher's Mother

Henry Ward Beecher says of his mother: "I have only such a remembrance of her as you have of the clouds of ten years ago, yet no devout Catholic ever saw so much in the Virgin Mary as I have seen in my mother, who has been a presence to me ever since I can remember. Do you know why so often I speak what must seem to some of you rhapsody of woman? It is because I had a mother, and if I were to live a thousand years I could not express what seems to me to be the least that I owe to her. From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament; from her also I received simplicity and childlike faith in God." She studied literature and history while she spun flax, tying her books to the distaff. No wonder then that her great son was an omnivorous reader. She wrote and spoke the French language fluently, painted on ivory, sang and played on the guitar, and was an expert with her needle. So meagre was the salary for the increasing household, only $400 a year, that she started a select school in which she taught French, drawing, painting, and embroidery, beside the higher English branches. With all this work she found time to make herself the idol of her children.

Of Wendell Phillips, it is said that his love for his mother was a passion. "Her earliest gift to him," says Carlos Marty, "was a Bible. Her one counsel for him was, 'be good, do good.'" That Bible was his prized treasure for seventy years, and, says Mrs. Bolton, "Years after, when he stood like a great oak in the forest, beat upon by wind and storm, he never forgot to keep his trust where his mother first taught him to place it. From her knowledge and common sense in political and mercantile affairs, he judged that other women must be able to take part in the world's work, and therefore through life he asked for them an equal place in home and state."

"A Model for Mothers"

It was Garibaldi who says of his mother, a woman of humble station: "She was a model for mothers. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but I owe to her love, to her angel-like character, all the little good that belongs to mine? Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hailstorms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploring for the life of her son, and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers." "Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys," was one of his favorite maxims.

In all the touching examples of the influence of motherhood, there is no story more tender than that of the devotion and the prayers that were rewarded finally by the conversion of St. Augustine. The heart-communion of son and mother was indeed "a fellowship of kindred minds."

The Mother of Napoleon

The mother of Napoleon Bonaparte was the mother also of twelve other children, eight of whom were living when she was left a widow, at the age of thirty-five. Napoleon said of her: "She managed everything, provided for everything, with a prudence which could neither have been expected from her sex nor from her age. She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhored falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman." Such was Napoleon's love for her that he confessed to his friend, when in exile at St. Helena, that in all his vicissitudes, once only had he been tempted to suicide, from which he was saved by the loan of a sum of money from a friend, which sum he sent at once to relieve the distress of his mother.

It was Samuel Johnson's mother to whom he said in his last letter: "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well." It was to defray her funeral expenses that in the evenings of one week he wrote *Rasselas*, for which he received five hundred dollars.

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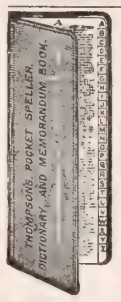

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(Signed)

MRS. ELLEN ERLENBECK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Our Master's Church*

JAMES had carefully prepared his sermon and had it on his tongue's end, and if the people had not seemed to give him such a cold reception, he would doubtless have delivered it as he intended. Only one thought was in his mind. These people must know that their life's business is to take the world as they find it and try to make it better. Continuing the historical thought in a quiet, conversational tone, he conducted their minds gradually into the present. He told them the world needed their aid as Christians; that they would fail to impress it at once that it needed them, but a few discouragements should not withhold them from a good work.

He became most deeply in earnest, but still in a quiet tone, as though he were suppressing some power which was anxious to burst forth and have free course, when he narrated instance after instance of people who had endured, had suffered in obscurity, to make the world better, had, in fact, crucified themselves for the sake of others.

He talked to them as brother to brother, as he told them he had not come to be their leader that he might do it all. That the Master's church did not consist merely of the preachers or the officers, or some who had banded together for self-culture or education in the latest scientific investigation, or philosophical abstractions, or oratorical entertainment, or church theatricals; but living members of the Master's body, each of whom was to do his part.

He said, neither learning, nor social distinction, nor pride of prestige in the community, nor wealth, nor ritual, nor church membership, were the only requisites of the original church, and if they cherished these, they were far from the ideal. They must be unselfish and seek the world's reformation and conversion. Were they doing so with earnestness? Did they really believe in the Master? Would they then not get out of the groove of indifference? Would they not now make up their minds for a struggling future for the world's betterment and a Christlike condition? Would they not try to be such members of the Master's Church as the Master would have them?

All was tempered by his saying that other churches were in unfortunate conditions, and they must not become discouraged with the church because it was not the ideal. And there was only one way out of the present into a better, and toward the Christ condition, to hold to their church until, with much prayer and many struggles, they had placed it into a better working position. They must today consecrate their church to the ideal and themselves to constant, steady effort in the name of Christ and by his power, to conduct it gradually toward him.

They could not reform the community or the church in a few months, and if there seemed dark clouds overhanging, to unflinchingly keep on their way, and the sunshine would come by and bye. They must never give up until the victory had been won, or death had taken them from the work. It was the Master's Church, and the Master would not condemn it so long as there were so many willing souls, so many valiant workers for the sinful world in it.

*From *Our Master's Church*, a Parable, by Elmer Allen Bess. A story of a young minister's experience in attempting to get the members of his congregation to make the church of practical help to the community. Pp. 202, price $1. Published by the Neely Co., New York.

The Homes of the Bible

BIBLE Homes and Families is the title of an interesting and instructive volume, prepared from the sacred story, by Jennie Anderson Pierson. It is copiously illustrated. In a brief preface, the author says: "The purpose of the book is to group Bible characters and scenes before its readers, and to open up to them the book of beginnings, the Key to the whole Bible. The home and the family, with all that emanates from them—marriage, life, death, sin, sacrifice, worship, nations and races, are here portrayed." Robert J. Burdette, the well-known writer and lecturer, has written an introduction to the work, in which he says:

"Small wonder that the home-love glows like a celestial fire in the human hearts when it dates back to Eden, when the stars frescoed the blue dome that canopied the bower which the first man and woman called home. Small wonder that the best-known song in the world should be a song of home, that first sang itself in the longing heart of a homeless man. So often it is, that out of the by-ways of sorrow, in the loneliness of troubled and grief-burdened lives, break forth the songs with souls, the stories that are eternal. So Milton sang the glories of light, when the glowing splendor of midday and the rayless mystery of midnight were alike to his sightless eyes. So, John Bunyan, looking from his den in the prison of old Bedford town, saw the busy city of Destruction, with its crowded marts and its careless men; he saw the flying Christian, crying "Life—Life—Eternal Life!" He saw the dismal Slough and the distant shining wicket gate; he saw the hill of Difficulty and the House Beautiful, with its wonders of revelation; he saw the valley of Humiliation and watched the terrible battle with Apollyon; he saw the silent, darkly-flowing river, and caught glimpses of the gleams of glory that streamed from the opening gates beyond that Jordan. And all that his free soul saw, his chained hand penned on pages that can never fade. And so, too, when the world asked for a song of home, it waited through the ages, and the centuries, and the years, until there came to sing it for all home-loving hearts, a man without a home. The pathetic numbers that welled up like sobs of homesickness in the longing heart of Payne, closing his eyes upon the twilight of his pilgrimage among strangers, and in a foreign land, will awaken tender and sympathetic responses in the souls of men and women so long as they build homes for themselves. Only in the life of a homeless man, in the soul of a wanderer could such a love-song find birth and voice. He longed for home until his very life breathed itself into the passionate yearning. He dreamed, and his dreaming painted for him a picture of all that was fair, and pure, loving and beautiful, and this oasis in the wilderness of his life he called a home. And always, in every time and every land, when the singer sings of home, men will listen, with tender eyes and loving hearts."

The book is bound in cloth; pp. 185. John W. Iliff & Co., Chicago, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Two Boys and a Fire. By E. A. Rand. A very interesting and helpful story for boys. Pp. 112. Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Crittenden. A thrilling narrative of life in the Blue Grass region; the song of meadow-larks and wood-thrush; the crooning of tender "black mammies;" the buckling on of swords for the Spanish-American war; the return of a son and a lover, contribute to the charm of this Kentucky story. Pp. 256; $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Dying Boy, and Other Verses, by Mrs. S. D. Bridges. These simple poems are of a reflective and spiritual order, and are apparently descriptive of the life experiences of the author. They deal in an attractive way with familiar home topics. Pp. 36, paper covers, price 30c. Printed for the author, Mrs. Bridges. New Albany, Minn.

Self-Supporting Churches, and How to Plant Them. Illustrated by the life and teachings of Rev. C. H. Wheeler, D.D., for forty years missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. at Harpoot, Turkey. This book, valuable to Christian workers at home and abroad, is the work of Dr. Wheeler's son, W. H. Wheeler. Pp. 398; $1. To missionaries at home and abroad, 75 cents. Better Way Publishing Co., Grinnell, Ohio.

Trusts or Competitions. Edited by A. B. Nettleton, A.M., former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Both sides of this great question are here presented, in business, law and politics. It is a book for popular enlightenment, one that can be understood by every class, and not merely by students and experts. It is the first single publication that has presented tersely and logically all aspects of the many-sided trust question. Pp. 304. Price, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents. Leon Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

HARD LINES

To Make a Man Toe the Mark.

To take both tobacco and coffee away from man seems pretty tough, but the doctor ordere me to quit both as my health was very poo and I had got where I could do but little wor

About a month after quitting I commence on tobacco again because I could hardi stand it. I got along without the coffee f the reason that I had taken up Postum Foo Coffee, which I found very relishing to th appetite, and wonderfully beneficial.

I have gained twenty-five pounds by its us and to-day I am a well man. I discovered in th way that it was the old-fashioned coffee th hurt me and not the tobacco. When I first trie Postum I did not relish it, but found that it wa not made right, that is, they did not boil it lon enough. Next time it came on the table was fine and I have been using it ever since.

Mr. Fletcher, an old soldier of this plac was troubled with dyspepsia. I told him my experience and advised him to quit coffe and use Postum Food Coffee. This was som time ago. I saw him yesterday and he tol me he had not felt better in twenty years, an nothing would induce him to go back fro Postum to the use of common coffee. H had the same trouble in getting it made righ to start with.

John Ashford of Dillon was also trouble with dyspepsia. I told him of my relief b the use of Postum Food Coffee, and warne him to be careful in having the Postum cooke long enough when he did try it. To-day he perfectly well and his appetite never better.

I could give you the names of a number o others who have been benefited by usin Postum Food Coffee. I believe you are true friend of suffering humanity.—Thoma Spring, Deavertown, Ohio.

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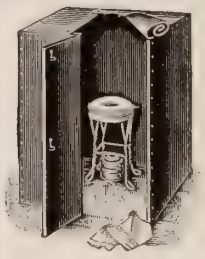

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HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

.. The Turning-Point in the Life of C. H. Yatman, the Evangelist ..

N his youth, Mr. Yatman had a very unfortunate experience. He made three efforts to become a Christian and was overcome and defeated ch time. If there is anything in this rld that the church needs, or that Chris- n workers need, it is patience and for- arance, and long-suffering kindness, nder as the very heart of God to bear th the erratic and sinful follies of youth, d never to give up because a man has iled once, or twice, or even thrice. One of e noblest men I ever knew in my life ld me that if the church had not been finitely patient with him when he fell to sin three times during the first year which he tried to be a Christian, he uld have been lost forever. But they re with him and buoyed him up and at st he stood; and when he told me about he had stood for a third of a century, a ry Gibraltar of righteousness in the city ere he lived.

Well, Yatman had tried three times, d failed. The last time was the very rst of all, for the coolness of the church emed to freeze him out, and for long

REV. C. H. YATMAN

yrs afterward he would not go to the rch, or have anything to do with achers or preaching, or allow himself listen to awakening and converting th. But he had had a most devout and us mother, and no prodigal boy can er get entirely away from the memory o such a mother's love and teaching. d so, under the blessing of heaven, in awful storm of doubt and sin that t upon his defenceless head, his moth- prayers still held him back from be- ing utterly godless.

n 1875, young Yatman was working in Nwark, N. J. His employer, Matthias Hm, was a good and true man, a Chris- of character and standing in the Bap- church. His friendship, and life and wd, were more than gold to the young m who worked for him. How much gd such a business man can do! After a it is the life that counts in influencing o ers. I know a Christian family where, blause of an invalid in the house, they rire a very strong and vigorous woman f a nurse. The work is hard and wear- in and it is not usually well for one per- s to continue at it for more than a year. Three consecutive years the three wo- n employed for this service in that h sehold have been one after another c verted to Christ, and have united with th church. When the second conversion ocurred, I seized the first opportunity I h to ask the young woman how it hap- ed.

Well," she said, "I was prejudiced against church members, and I had gotten to believe that there were really no genu- in Christians. But I said to myself: 'If ev I find a family where they are really Cristian to each other in the home, I will bome a Christian.' And I soon found, when I came into this family, that I had to go entirely back on myself, and live condemned, or give my heart to Christ. For in all the round of their daily life, they were simply, quietly, but always Christians. I could not stand out against that."

I was not astonished when the third woman followed, a few months after she came into the family, in espousing the Christian life.

Matthias Plum was one of this sort. Yatman knew he was a Christian, and when, one morning in December, without a thought about conversion, or without the least idea of making any change in his moral or religious life, Mr. Plum approached him in a gentle, tactful way, and asked him the tremendous question: "Will you be a Christian?" all the latent forces of desire, all the hunger for peace and pardon, sprang into life, and, astonished at himself though he was, he found himself answering from the depths of his heart, "I will."

That settled it, and settled it forever, for though it had come suddenly like a shock, he meant business. He gave up not only his sins, but he gave his very self as a sacrifice unto God. It was one final make-over of his whole life and being to the Lord that in his hand he might find light and peace and heaven, and he found them all and more. Telling me about it the other day, Yatman said:

"I went at once, that same evening, to the church where meetings were being held, and made a poor, broken confession of my decision; and, blessed be God! in and by his Spirit's power, I have witnessed for him up and down the earth for one quarter of a century. I would like just fifty years of it to the full, and then go and see him face to face. Twice he has sent me on a missionary journey round the world, and now I am planning for a third. Paul had three, why should I not have as many?"

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

ZACCHAEUS

A RECREANT Jew of long ago,
Grown hard and cold
Through love of gold,
Was publican in Jericho.

He robbed the rich with crafty skill.
None dared deny
His sordid eye,
But paid him tribute at his will.

And though he lived in luxury,
He knew the gibe
Of all his tribe,
The scorn of scribe and Pharisee.

But One, ignoring social ban—
A Nazarene
Of quiet mien—
Became the guest of publican.

Why marvel that the host was stirred?
His heart of stone
At once was gone—
All melted by the Master's word.

"The half my goods to worthy poor
Henceforth shall go;
And what I owe
Fourfold the debt will I restore."

A glory filled that rich man's home;
For God's own Son
Pronounced him one—
"To thee this day salvation's come!"

(REV.) WM. BREWSTER OLESON.

Warren, Mass.

Christ the Way

A minister was going up the aisle of his church during a revival, when a young man earnestly cried to him: "Sir, can you tell me the way to Christ?" "No," was the answer, deliberately given; "I cannot tell you the way to Christ." "I beg your pardon," said the young man, "I thought you were a minister of the Gospel?" "So I am," was the reply. "How is it that you cannot tell me the way to Christ?" "My friend," said the minister, "there is no way to Christ! He is himself the way. All who believe in him are justified from all things. There is no way to Christ; Christ is here."

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This is Josiah Allen's wife's best book. Contains 272 pages and nearly 100 illustrations, many of the latter by Opper of Puck. Is handsomely bound in stiff paper covers. Is without a doubt the funniest book of the century. Our edition has all the reading matter and illustrations contained in the $2.50 edition.

Comprehensive Webster Dictionary

Contains nearly every word in common usage, and fully answers the purpose of at least three out of every four people. A new device shows the plural forms of all the nouns. Another points out about 5000 especially difficult words; but the greatest of all achievements in modern dictionary making is the addition of 25,300 words to this dictionary by means of a single page, called the "Columbian Word-Builder." It has 12 departments, including a Gazetteer of the World, Letter Writer, Social Etiquette, Punctuation, Postal Guide, etc. It contains 192 pages 3x6 inches, bound in imitation leather covers, and is especially designed for pocket use.

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50 cents for 15 cents. We will send Farm and Home six months with either the Atlas or the Dictionary as above described for 15 cents, the books being sent postpaid.

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The Monumental Bronze Co., 70-90 Howard Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

WHEN THE : : LORD COMES*

Readiness to Meet Christ at His Second Coming a Christian Duty

MODERN Christians have no such definite expectation of the Lord's Coming as the early Christians had. It is obvious from the Epistles that the Church lived in constant preparation for that event. These Thessalonians, for example, grieved over their dead all the more, because they feared that in quitting this life they would not participate in the glory of Christ's re-appearance. The effect of this hope on their lives was potent in every way. It led to consistency, for they dreaded sinful conduct lest the Lord might come and find them in transgression. It led to unworldliness, for why should they accumulate a fortune when at any moment the value of their possessions would be lost in the general triumph? It led to greater zeal, for they believed that the opportunity for service was short. But as one generation after another passed and Christ did not come, the great expectation began to lose its power. Even when the Epistle that we know as the second of Peter was written, there were indications of the approach of a time when scoffers would ask in mockery: "Where is the promise of his coming?" So, gradually, the Church began to reverse the error that had existed at Christ's first coming. As the Jews had expected a temporal king and were unprepared to recognize a spiritual king, the Church began to spiritualize the doctrine of the second advent, and cease to expect a king who would reign in person over the whole world.

Yet the promises of the second coming are so clear and definite, that only by a forced interpretation can they be made to appear to predict anything other than a glorious reign of Christ on the earth. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the prophecies can be fulfilled without such a consummation. Not even a general prevalence of Christianity over the world—not even the conversion of all the inhabitants of the earth would fulfil some of them. The personal element would be lacking if Christ were not here in person, and this personal element is the thing on which they lay the most stress. We are, therefore, forced to the conviction, in spite of the delay that seems so long to us, that he will come again, as he said, in the clouds with great glory; and this old, sin-stained, weary world will witness a period of happiness and blessedness inconceivable to us.

In what condition, then, will Christ find the world when he comes? That he was not sanguine we may infer from his own words: "When the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" Certainly if he came now, the conditions would not satisfy him. A large section of the world professes to hold him in highest reverence, and calls itself Christian. About one-third of the estimated inhabitants of the globe are nominally Christian; but of these how small a proportion make his principles the rule of their lives! There would still be only too valid ground for the reproach he uttered when he was here: "Ye call me Lord, Lord, but do not the things that I say." The governments that profess to be Christian still engage in war, and are still eager to possess ever more destructive weapons. Even in the Church, how few there are who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, making worldly advantage a secondary consideration. How small, comparatively, is the effort to publish his Gospel among the heathen! How slight is the sympathy manifested among his people for the poor, in whom he took so keen an interest! What would be his indignation, if he came now, to find men calling themselves by his name in possession of wealth which they could never spend, while some of their brethren in him lack the commonest necessaries of life? Certainly the Church in its corporate capacity would need a radical reform before it could meet him with joy and not with shame.

Nineteen hundred years has this Gospel of his been preached, and we rejoice in the progress that has been made, but how many are there to whom the news of his coming would bring unalloyed joy? If it were positively known that in one year Christ would come, what a change it would make in our lives! How much there is that we would like to do before we stand in his presence and give an account to him of our stewardship! What a cleansing there would be in our lives! How the things that now absorb our thoughts and engross our efforts would shrink into nothingness in his nearness! Yet it is not certain that even a year will elapse before he comes. All that he said indicates that it will be at a time when he is least expected. "As a thief comes in the night, so will his coming be." As the apostle reminded the Thessalonians, no man who calls himself by Christ's name should be unprepared. The warning has been given in the most solemn manner for the very purpose of producing constant readiness; and to us, as to them, is the word given, "What I say unto one I say unto all, watch."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for February 10: I. Thess. 5: 1, 2, 4-8.

THE AGE OF NIAGARA

IN an article in the current number of *The American Antiquarian*, Prof. C. H. Hitchcock, LL.D., gives some very instructive estimates of the age of the famous Niagara Falls. He says:

Assume the present rate of recession to be four feet annually. This is less than what has been observed, but some think that the time for the wearing action must have been greater and the omission of the half foot may be nearer the true figure. There is a greater thickness of limestone at the Johnson ridge than elsewhere, in the first section of the gorge, from the falls to near the railroad bridges, and possibly more time would be required for its erosion. But it seems as if this excess of thickness was removed in preglacial times, because the flat produced by the ancient bed of the river, before the erosion of the rock had been effected, slopes uniformly, without regard to the presence of the ridge. Hence this excess of rock has not materially affected the rate of erosion here. The total length of this first section of the gorge is 11,750 feet. This measurement was made in 1875, and the gorge must now be over one hundred feet longer, making the entire length 11,850 feet. Divide this by four, the number of feet the cataract recedes annually, and the quotient is 2,962; *i.e.*, the beginning of the great cataract dates back to 1062 B.C., three hundred years before the time of Romulus, or to the reign of King David at Jerusalem.

The next section is that of the Whirlpool Rapids, 3,900 feet. If the water of Niagara came from Lake Erie alone, under existing conditions, its volume would have been three-fourteenths of the present flow. This is less than the volume of the water pouring over the American Fall, which recedes 0.64 of a foot annually. This stream may be conceived to wear away the rock at the rate of six inches annually. If so, it would have required 7,800 years for the formation of the gorge of the Whirlpool Rapids.

Professor Spencer has calculated the age of the lower section of the gorge from Lewiston to Foster's Island to be 17,200 years, upon the assumption that the conditions would be those of the American Falls. But measurements of the breadth below the Cove section give an average of width of the top of the gorge fully equal to that of the upper gorge as far as to the Catholic College, 5,754 feet, while the other part, 8,448 feet, may for convenience be comparable to the American Falls. Calculations upon these bases give 1,438 years for the upper part, and 5,406 years for the lower, a total of 6,844 years.

Professor Spencer's estimate of the age, including the Whirlpool, but not the St. David's Channel, sums up 31,000 years, to which he adds a thousand years for the duration of the river before the advent of the Falls. Sir Charles Lyell gave the figure of 36,000; Professor Warren Upham, 10,000, and F. B. Taylor would estimate it to lie between 36,000 and 50,000.

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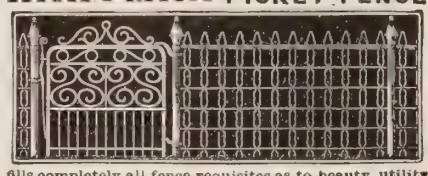
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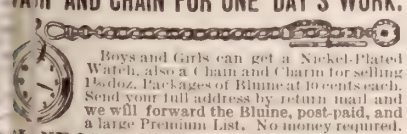

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From Mission Fields Afar

Missionary Frease Better

IN a letter from Mrs. Frease, wife of the Rev. Mr. Frease, Secretary of our Inter-denominational Missionary Committee in India, dated at Bombay, Dec. 15, the writer gives an encouraging account of her husband's health, he having but lately recovered from a severe attack of fever. Though convalescent, he is still very weak. He will be taken to the Convalescent Home at Khandalla for recuperation.

Though confined to his invalid chair, Mr. Frease does not forget the friends in America whose generous offerings, distributed by his committee, were the means of saving countless human lives. At his request, a copy of the following letter has been forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The original was addressed by the Private Secretary of the Viceroy to Hon. W. T. Fee, United States Consul in Bombay.

Dear Sir,—The Viceroy has the greatest pleasure in adding his testimony to those which he understands that you are sending to the American people, as to the immense value of the contributions that have been made by the American public to the relief of the recent Indian famine. Whether these contributions have taken the form of money, or clothing, or grain, they have sprung from the two noblest of human sentiments, viz., the feeling for suffering manhood, and the recognition of a common aid between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, and they have exercised a positive and material influence in the mitigation of the greatest calamity with which India has been afflicted for many years. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER LAWRENCE,
Private Secretary to the Viceroy.

Her Children to be Missionaries

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will remember the sad news of the death of the Rev. Mr. Hudson, a faithful missionary worker in the India famine field, several months ago. Mrs. Hudson and the children left India shortly afterward for England, where they now are. In a letter to the proprietor of this journal, dated from Ilfracombe, Devonshire, England, Mrs. Hudson writes:

Your kind letter reached me here, with check enclosed, for which I thank you very much, also for your words and feelings of sympathy toward us. I must also thank you for sending the organ to our little church in India. That country will always be dear to me. I would never have left it, had it not been for my delicate children; but now I trust to bring them up to follow in their dead father's footsteps, as missionaries in that dark land. The missionaries write to me that the future still looks dark for the poor dear people of India.

Missionaries Amid War

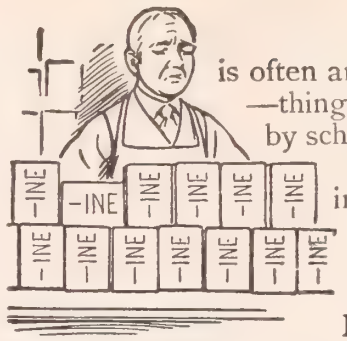
Mrs. A. P. Norwood, a devoted mission ary worker in Colombia, S. A., whose letters have appeared at different times in these pages, writes from Bucaramanga, telling of the dangers and privations endured by the missionaries during the war now going on in that country. She says:

For weary months, now a full year, we have been cut off from mail privileges by this cruel war. We have been in the very hotbed of the revolution. From our present residence we can look upon two battlefields. Pestilence has followed on the heels of war, and our home has not escaped. Some of our poor friends lost every one of their children, more from starvation than from the prevalent disease. We have been almost crazed at times by the numerous appeals for help, far beyond our means. Our own home has been a small hospital, house of refuge and orphanage, and we are hoping to receive aid to establish a larger home for the many children, whom the sword, pestilence and famine are depriving of home and protection.

Influence of a Pious Example

Hon. R. Holmes, a member of the Canadian Parliament, relates this incident of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's leading statesman:

Some one asked Sir Wilfrid Laurier how it came that he was so broad in his views and tendencies towards others. His answer, in effect, was as follows: "Up to the age of eighteen I could speak nothing but French, and I hired out with a Scotch farmer in order to learn English. Every morning this good man held family worship, and the different members of the household read in turn a verse of the Bible. In the course of time I was invited to remain with the family while morning service was held, and I had every opportunity of judging of the sterling and consistent character of that good farmer and his family, and I must admit that the impressions I there received have remained with me through life, and have undoubtedly influenced me more than I know." One of the members of that particular family is now the wife of Rev. T. G. Williams, of St. James' Methodist Church, Montreal.



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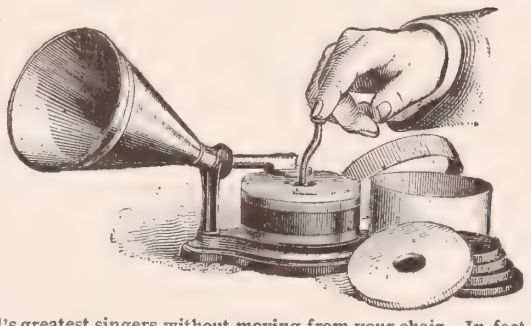

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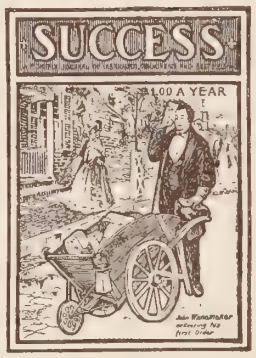

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De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG - not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag,**

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Mar. 6

1. To what extent, if any, may a church with propriety be used for secular purposes?
2. Which are the more useful in the world, the one-talented people or the five talented people, assuming both to be equally faithful?
3. What is the best way for a young man or woman to overcome that excessive timidity or self-consciousness, which makes one ill at ease in company and gives others an unfavorable impression?
4. What is the best way of explaining the paradox in Matt. 10:39, that he who loses his life finds it and he who finds it loses it?
5. When an undoubted Christian falls into extreme poverty, should he go to the poor-house, or is he justified in appealing to other Christians for support?

Questions of the Week

1. Is a country under good laws and a bad ruler better or worse off than a country under a good ruler and bad laws?

History repeats itself over and over again when it tells us that a country is in its worst plight when it has a bad ruler yet good laws. In the will of every bad man, there are good laws which seek to govern his life, such as intuition, conscience and common sense, but because he is bad, he will disobey their commands and cancel their authority, and the heart will become a throne on which wickedness will reign. So in a country. Even if it has good laws, they will be of no use and effect, because its bad ruler will either cease to put those laws into action or substitute bad ones in their place. A nation imitates its ruler. France was warlike, because Napoleon was warlike; and England was vicious, because Charles II. set it the fashion; on the other hand, even if a country is groaning under injustice and bad laws, if it is governed by a good ruler, he will remove the national burdens to relieve his people. A good ruler will not long tolerate bad laws, but will write on the statute book the law of God which is written in his own heart. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne of Britain, there were many bad laws on the scrolls of Parliament, which, through her influence, have been removed. R. T. E.

. . .

A good ruler, handicapped by bad laws, cannot make his influence felt, and compelled as he is to enforce them, he cannot be but a bad governor, so far as the happiness of his people is concerned. His personal goodness can reach only a few—the evil laws affect all. But a country ruled by just laws will have laws which will restrain a bad executive to the extent of making him practically harmless. While the dignity of the State and many who come into contact with him may suffer under his administration because of his personal character, the people at large cannot be particularly disaffected by his misdoing—they may, indeed, assuming just laws, remove him from office for due reason. A man at the head of a nation is of less importance than the power vested in him. It is better that this power be wisely directed, and the man be bad, than that the man be good and his power wrongfully administered.

JAMES BELL MAJOR.

. . .

It is a trite saying that the best way to kill a bad law is to enforce it. A good ruler (that is, a real ruler, and not, as in the case of a republic, merely an executive), having the welfare of his people at heart, would speedily discover the imperfections in the country's laws and would set about to remedy them through the proper legislative channels. Thus the condition of the laws would be gradually improved, with the ultimate result that the laws themselves, like the ruler, would become good and the whole nation would be benefited. On the other hand, a bad ruler with good laws would make a nation drift in the opposite direction. He would surround himself with venal and corrupt advisers. Laws would be neutralized, overridden or neglected, and, if not mangled or repealed, would at last become null and void through continual abuse of the executive power. The ultimate result would be a bad ruler, bad laws, and national degradation and decay. MARIA ALYMER.

2. In the event of a child being kidnapped and held for ransom, is a parent right in yielding to the demands of the kidnappers, or should he put his duty to society before personal feelings, by refusing to condone the crime, and making every effort to bring the kidnappers to justice?

The above involves the assumption that "yielding to the demands of the kidnappers" is the only human means in sight to recover the child, the alternative being an empty chair, more terrible to contemplate, by far, than a covered grave! The most notable illustration to the point is the Charlie Ross case, in which, "refusing to condone the crime," wrecked a family, killed the mother, lost the boy and the kidnappers went free. Per contra, the most notable case is that of Cudahy. The writer is practically on the ground and in contact with the detectives and others. Suppose that the father had "put his duty to society before personal feelings," and refused to yield, "making every effort to bring the kidnappers to justice," what would have resulted?" 1st. I doubt not the mother would to-day be in an asylum for the insane or in her grave; the father and little girls in a pitiable condition and the poor boy killed outright, or, in the rage and chagrin of the defeated wretches, turned loose, horribly mutilated for life! 2d. Aside from the above, there would have been no clue for tracing the scoundrels. As it is, notwithstanding the blunders made so far, Pat Crowe and his helper will surely be brought to justice, and state legislatures will speedily correct the surprising error of the past, and make ample provision for punishment by death or life imprisonment for the perpetrators of such fiendish crimes.

J. H. SCHENCK.

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It is not right for a parent to yield to the demands of a kidnapper, for by so doing he encourages and tempts others to engage in the practice of one of the worst of evils. In one sense, some other man's child is worth just as much as the child who has been kidnapped. The good of one's country and the world should be before the good of one's child. God let his Son die for the good of the world.

LUCAS B. LATHROP.

. . .

[Answers, favoring the payment of the ransom, have also been received from A. F. Lane, F. A. Brown, Mrs. C. Sears, L. T. Rightsell, Ruth O. Gray, Carrie Lounsbury, Homer A. Seif, R. W. Thompson, Jean S. Krauth, R. T. Edwards, C. P. Atkinson, L. A. Walker and Eugene W. Parsons.]

3. What should be the course of a Christian wife toward an irreligious and scoffing husband whom she greatly desires to bring to Christ?

1. Avoid controversy. Nothing hardens prejudice and excites pride of intellect more than ill-timed disputes concerning religion. 2. Exercise tact in approaching the subject, and endeavor to win by conciliation and affection. Love will conquer; opposition will insure defeat. 3. The genuineness of the wife's Christianity must be above suspicion, her conduct above reproach. She must constantly exhibit the Spirit of Christ, that the husband may be constrained in his innermost consciousness to say: "She has been with Jesus and learned of him." Above all, specifically and continuously bring the case before God in prayer, both personally and unitedly with friends. Ask for guidance in the use of means, and that the Holy Spirit will "convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come." One who thus lives and agonizes will doubtless "see of the travail of her soul and be satisfied." CHARLES H. HARRISON.

. . .

1. She should pray much for him believing that the prayers on her lips will fall in answers on his heart. 2. She should study him. If he is irreligious and sceptical through early training, environment or heredity, as well as the natural depravity of his nature, remember that he is most unfortunate, and give him more pity than lectures, and more sympathy than rebuke. Know his doubts and meet them, not in the spirit of debate, but of love and enlightenment. If she plays the coward, he will increase the volume of his laughter. 3. She should not tease him. Why don't you read the Bible? Why don't you come to church? Why don't you go down on your knees in prayer? These words oft repeated will make him worse. 4. If she would bring him to Christ she must make the Christ the most real and attractive person in her home. She must so live that the husband will say, "My wife is more devoted to Christ than to me. She must love him or else she would not go so regularly to church, through dust and mud and snow. She must love him or else she would not read daily about him. She must love him or she would not speak so often to him, nor serve him so faithfully, and since this Christ makes my wife such a good, true-hearted housekeeper and friend, I, too, will serve him." R. T. EDWARDS.

4. Can a man be a Christian and be prominent in the formation of trusts and also speculate in Wall Street?

It seems impossible that an enlightened man could be prominent in forming trusts or speculate in Wall street without necessarily making a compromise with his conscience. For if the particular trust which might at one time be the outgrowth of his efforts should have nothing contrary to right in it, the general system is altogether beyond the control of one man. In active effort to form them he would be fostering and abetting evil in the body politic. To speculate in Wall street also puts a man into helpless fellowship with chance speculators. A Christian should let both alone. C. P. A.

. . .

If trusts and Wall street speculations are what they are popularly supposed to be, he cannot. But the popular notion may not be altogether right, or there may be exceptions to the general rule. I can imagine the possibility of a Christian operating in Wall street and maintaining his integrity. He may be only a close observer of the state of markets, buying and selling judiciously, and avoiding all tricks and questionable transactions, by which markets are illegitimately tampered with. As to the formation of trusts, there is a difference of opinion as to the morality of it. Some believe all trusts are bad. But this may not be the case. It may be that the development of certain industries is absolutely dependent on the formation of trusts, impossible of attainment by individual effort. If there are such trusts as these, a Christian may participate in their formation, and perhaps be a better Christian for so doing.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

5. When furnishing a "reference" to some employer concerning some person he wishes to engage, am I morally bound to disclose facts derogatory to the person under consideration, or am I justified in keeping silence and simply answering the questions asked?

You should either answer the questions fully and truthfully, and give any other essentially important facts as far as your personal knowledge goes, or else be silent altogether. The appeal to you by another employer, for a reference, is a purely private matter, and as the prospective employer is bound in honor to keep the information you furnish strictly private, so you are equally bound to be truthful with him, and to keep back no vital fact since he places his interest wholly in your hands, trusting you implicitly. If you, by a too generous recommendation, impose upon him a worthless employee, you will very likely have reason to regret it afterward. I have suffered more than once from engaging domestic help on the strength of fulsome and even enthusiastic recommendations from mistresses, who apparently made it a rule to give to every servant whom they dismissed for incompetency or other cause, a certificate of the highest character, and who said nothing of faults which were certain to prove very objectionable. A single qualifying word would have been sufficient, in such cases, to avert the trouble that followed. No doubt, many other readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have suffered the same way. MRS. R. M. B.

. . .

You must bear in mind that business men who ask questions about persons they intend to employ ask the important questions they want answered. They better than many others know man's weakness and do not expect to find perfection. Then by all means refrain from tearing down what might be the opportunity of a lifetime, remembering that wealth throws a protection around the business man, and the poor who works for him must stand or fall on the character his friends give him, before trial. If you do anything, go to the party you are recommending; if he has a fault, tell him of it, and warn him that it might cost him a position sometime. T. J. HOWARD.

. . .

Unless the person under consideration had committed some grave wrong and was entirely unworthy of the position offered, your answering the questions asked would be sufficient. But if you believe he can and will perform the work required, even though he has not always done the right thing, it would be wrong indeed to say anything that would debar such a one from the expected position. The tendency of the world in general "to kick a man when he's down" is unchristian. When a man is trying to be somebody, lend a helping hand and treat him as a true Christian should—it matters not how low such a person had fallen previously. God help us to lift our fallen brothers! HOMER A. SEIP.

The Best Book for an Unconverted Sailor

The letter of Ethel G. (published in our issue of January 16) has called forth hundreds of suggestions from our readers. In her letter, Ethel G. said:

> I have an unconverted brother in the Navy. Send him something to read that will help to save him. Pick out the book yourself, and ask God to help you choose it. He has a Bible, a Testament, and a Hymn-book.

The question was, **what book would be most serviceable to him?** We invited free suggestions. A book had already been presented, but in order to induce our readers to give the matter careful and prayerful consideration, we agreed to send, for **the first answer received in which the choice coincided with the book already sent,** a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine smooth calf, and lined with moire silk, and **to the two next best answers,** not making the same selection, a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine seal, with calf lining. No answers to be received after February 1. The names of the three persons entitled to the Red Letter Testaments will be printed next week. On January 24 the suggestions stand as follows:

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS	147	THE WAY TO GOD	25
IN HIS STEPS	65	FROM MANGER TO THRONE	11
RED LETTER TESTAMENT	36	THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD	10
COME TO JESUS	27	IMITATION OF CHRIST	10
LIFE OF D. L. MOODY	26		

Many have voted for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and many also for Dr. Talmage's sermons. Over a hundred miscellaneous books received from one to nine votes each.

Mrs. G. S. The name of the dancer was Salome. See "Josephus' Antiquities," book 18, ch. 5.

Perplexed Reader. It is a matter for the individual conscience. Whichever way duty points, that is the way to take.

Mrs. J. F. T., Plantersville, Va. Yes. They have a perfect right to assert their confidence in Christ and to claim the promises.

Harry C. D., Flemington, Pa. Console yourself with the reflection that a large majority of the men who have made the greatest mark in history were men of comparatively small stature.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1901 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

D. L. MOODY — GOING TO CHAPEL AT NORTHFIELD IN WINTER — W. R. MOODY

On the second Sunday in February, thousands of churches, Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies throughout the United States will take up collections for an Endowment Fund for the Moody schools at Northfield and Chicago. On the sad day of Mr. Moody's funeral, a number of men of wealth and influence, all Mr. Moody's friends, met in the parlors of the Northfield Hotel, and suggested that the good work begun by Mr. Moody should be perpetuated. After careful consideration and planning, the trustees have now taken steps to raise an endowment adequate to insure the continuance of the life-work of the great evangelist.

Mr. Moody was a man of the people, and his work was for them. This was marked in his evangelistic efforts, as well as in his educational work. The object of his schools was to minister to those who, like himself, had limited means, and in their earlier days knew advantages. Thousands of young women at the Northfield Seminary, and of young men at Mount Hermon, have been fitted for useful Christian lives; while the Bible Institute in Chicago has sent out an army of trained lay workers to assist the regularly ordained ministry. Through these means, through the summer conferences, and through Mr. Moody's evangelistic work and his publications, he touched and influenced the religious life of perhaps nearly every Christian in this country.

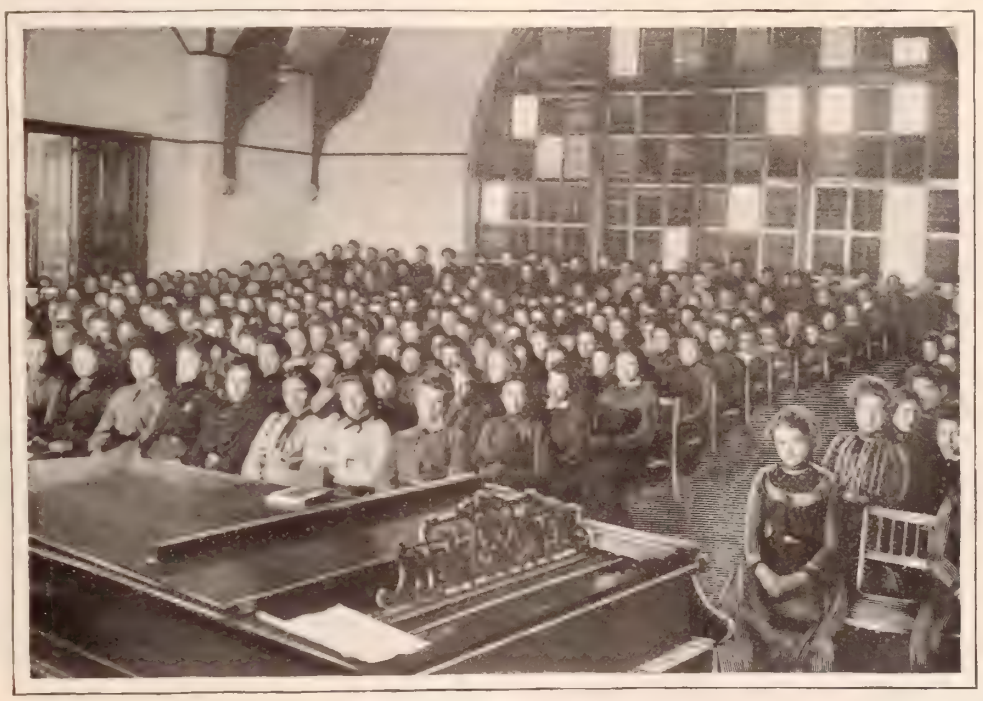
Developing Christian Character

The object of the Northfield schools has always been rather to develop character than to educate in the limited meaning of the word. "Character is what a man is in the dark," was a definition which Mr. Moody loved to emphasize to his students. "We want at Northfield young men and women whom you have to weigh. Some people need only be counted as individuals; but we want young men of character, who will have some weight." This was as the object of the work as Mr. Moody himself described it.

It is proposed to ask the great body of Christians of all denominations to take part in this movement to make Mr. Moody's work enduring. It should be largely done in small and moderate contributions from a large number, rather than with large contributions from a few. The sum publicly named by the trustees as an adequate endowment fund is $3,000,000, which would furnish at 5 per cent. an available annual income of $150,000, for the conduct of the work. The three institutions established by Mr. Moody, and now to be endowed, are: The Seminary at Northfield; the Boys' School at Mount Hermon, near Northfield, and the Bible Institute at Chicago. In order that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD might give its readers a faithful account of the work at these schools, and especially at Northfield, the writer visited that typical and beautiful New England village on the border line between Massachusetts and Vermont, where I passed a delightful and instructive time inspecting the schools, and meeting the students, the teachers, and Mr. Will R. Moody, who is his father's successor in the work.

On the day when I made a pilgrimage to Mr. Moody's grave, on Round Top, where he used so often to address the Conferences in summer time, the hills and the grave itself were covered with snow. It was very early in the morning, and the wind was bitter cold. The villager who escorted me to the spot lifted his hat reverently as he approached the plain granite slab that rose out of the snow, and I, unconsciously, followed his example. The man was a native of Northfield, and loved the great worker for souls whose mortal frame lay there beneath God's white blanket. Together we stood a moment, bareheaded and silent, beside the resting-place of him who was born, worked and died amid those snow-clad hills, but whose strong spiritual nature had made itself felt throughout the world.

When D. L. Moody founded the Northfield Schools, long ago, he defined his purpose to be to "help young men and women of very limited means to get an education such as would have done me good when I was their age. I want to help them into lives that will count the most for the cause of Christ," he said. "We want painstaking boys and girls, and the poorer the better." And this object and this wish are being carried out today in every department of the great work at Northfield, as my visit convinced me. These schools are more especially to equip young men and women to solve the problems of their own career by developing whatever talents they possess. Mr. Moody recognized that all studies have their value, and that their importance increased, if pursued in right relation to the great central truths. Hence, the Bible is used at Northfield in such a way as to make it fundamental. It is included in every course, and its truths form the basis of all the studies, which are made very thorough, interesting and practical. There are no denominational lines or interpretations. The end sought is that all shall learn to love the Word, and live by it, and make its truths known wherever their lives may lead them.



DIVINE SERVICE IN THE GIRL STUDENTS' CHAPEL AT NORTHFIELD

A Spiritual Atmosphere

The total cost of tuition, board, quarters, etc., for each student is $200 per year, or $100 for each term. Of this, the student pays one-half, the school the other. A few students "work their way" through, but of course this is not possible for all. In addition to the cash payment made at the beginning of the term, each boy is obliged to do from two to three hours' work a day, and each girl an hour's work; hence only a few paid employees are necessary. The students are made to feel that work is not beneath the dignity of any one. At Mount Hermon they do a part of the work on a farm of 1,015 acres; they also do the blacksmithing, laundry and domestic work; and at the Seminary nearly all the general housework is performed by the girl students. This is valuable training for the practical duties of life, and fosters independence of character, which is advantageous in their future careers.

The entire atmosphere of Northfield is spiritual, and the visitor is impressed with this fact at every point. When I entered Recitation Hall at the Seminary at 9:15 a. m., I found more than 400 girls there, engaged in a service of song. This was followed by the reading of the Scriptures, after which Paul Moody made a short but fervent prayer. We also visited the English Literature class, and the Domestic Science Department, and watched with interest the sewing and cooking classes. The present quarters are overcrowded, especially Recitation Hall. All the work is characterized by a quick intelligence and intense earnestness. On leaving there, I took a

THE "HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE" CLASS

GIRLS' SEWING CLASS AT NORTHFIELD

four-mile sleigh ride through the beautiful and diversified country lying between the Berkshires and the Green Mountains, and arrived at Mount Hermon in due time for

STUDENT BLACKSMITHS

chapel at noon. In this new and beautiful edifice, the last building erected before Mr. Moody's death, the service of the morning was repeated, with the difference that here were all boys, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-one. Health and the promise of splendid manhood was in every face. Down in the front seats I noticed one or two young Chinamen, a Japanese, an American Indian, a negro, and other foreign-looking faces. But Northfield's mission is not limited to the New England States, nor even to the Eastern States. Last year about 14 per cent. of the students came from States south of the Mason-Dixon line, and 20 per cent. from west of the Alleghenies. Every State in the Union was represented by the students enrolled and

inary next term, a graduate trained nurse, who wishes more education in order to study medicine, writes:

I am so sorry not to have known before of such a place where women with limited means could go to study. I could work and save money to enter your school with the object of preparing as quickly as possible for a Regents' examination.

I do hope that I may be accepted, because that is what I have prayed and waited for five years,

says another in her letter; and still another writes:

I have graduated from a Normal School and have accepted a position for the winter, but feel such a longing to be where Christ is taught that I cannot be quite happy with my present condition. I desire a knowledge of Christ.

Such girls as these are not likely to waste their opportunities. Most of the girls who go out from Northfield have some share in the world's work. They are teaching in all grades, from the high school to the kindergarten. They are teaching in the South among the negroes and poor whites, and on the plains among the Indians. They are trained nurses, physicians, librarians, secretaries of Young Women's Christian Associations, and matrons in Homes. They are doing city mission work and rescue work, and thirty-four have gone to the foreign mission field. One was martyred in China last summer and two others were shut up in Peking during the siege. Whether at home or abroad, the Northfield girls are trying to live useful, helpful Christian lives.

Many letters from former students speak most gratefully of all that Mr. Moody and Northfield have done for the writers. There is space to quote from but one:

I felt when I read of Mr. Moody's death that I must do something more than I was doing, to take up a little of the work that he had left, so I have taken charge of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society, and am praying God to help me make the way clear to these little ones and that He will make my life an influence for good. No one can realize what a blessing Northfield was and is to me. Life has seemed different to me ever since my first year in the school, and its influence has been a potent factor for good right along.

The total present endowment of the Seminary is $166,729, but of this the income of only $62,051 is at present available for current expenses. Since its

THE MOUNT HERMON BIBLE CLASS

sixty of the students were of twenty-one different nationalities. The influence of this work is being felt to-day the length and breadth of the country, while scores of earnest men and women have returned to their native lands, there to help their countrymen by the Christian influences received by their Northfield training

The Northfield Seminary affords a precious and much-needed opportunity for young women of limited means to equip themselves for the Lord's service. Hundreds who are now blessing the world in various spheres of Christian activity, owe their efficiency and a very large portion of their success to Northfield. It makes of them good workers and cheerful Christians. Forty-seven of the girl-students now in the Seminary are paying their way wholly or partly with money they have earned, and fifty others are helped from various sources. One hundred and thirteen worked at Northfield during the summer to help pay their way, and thirty-two others are now doing laundry work in the institution several hours each week for the same purpose. Among the students are many who are orphans, or either fatherless or motherless. Many are farmers' daughters, daughters of clerks and mechanics, of missionaries and of ministers with small salaries. Still others have had the advantage of homes of wealth, but reverses have come which have brought changed conditions.

One young woman who is to enter the Sem-

foundation in 1879, when D. L. Moody began with twenty-five young women, whom he had quartered in his own house, 2,830 students have been enrolled. The Mount Hermon school has a total endowment of $339,751, of which only $272,954 is at present available for current expenses. Since its foundation in 1881, when Mr. Moody started it in a farm-house with twenty-five boys, 3,169 students have been enrolled. Although the first emphasis has always been upon character-training, the scholarship of the Northfield schools has not suffered in consequence. With ambitious students such as the young men and women at Northfield, this is as it would be expected. Testimonies have been received from many leading colleges to this effect. The president of a prominent Eastern college recently told a member of the faculty at Mount Hermon that the men who came to his college from Northfield "had come to expect as a natural thing that they would be honor men in scholarship, and they could always count on their standing for righteousness."

Besides the Northfield schools, the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, where thousands have been trained for Christian work, will also be helped by the proposed Endowment Fund. This branch of the great evangelist's work has been a mighty power for Christianity. He was impressed by the evident need of men and women who should understand the Word of God and know how to use it in

bringing souls to Christ. Wherever he went, he met those who might, with a little well-directed study and training, became efficient lay workers in the Gospel cause; and many who would prove valuable assistants to their pastors in building up and establishing the kingdom of God on earth. "I believe we have got to have 'gap-men,'" he said; "men who are trained to fill the gap between the common people and the ministers. The time has come to call out the volunteers.... The church ought to take these men in hand and give them the chance to do that for which they are fitted. Then there are some kinds of Christian work that men are not fitted for, and which only consecrated and trained women can accomplish." He held several preliminary meetings in Chicago, and the attendance was so large and the results so encouraging that he determined to organize the work on a permanent basis. The Chicago Bible Institute is the result. It was opened on Sept. 26, 1889, "To educate, direct, encourage, maintain and send forth Christian workers, Bible readers, gospel singers, teachers and evangelists, competent effectually to teach and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Its central purpose is the developing and deepening of the spiritual life, and the awakening of a "passion for the salvation of the lost."

Among the students are graduates of colleges and high schools, ministers, evangelists, returned missionaries, and other Christian workers desirous of special study of the English Bible and methods; college students on vacation; men and women who have been called of God into Christian work too late in life to take regular college and seminary courses; others called to special lines of Christian service, and who need a different training from that given to candidates for the regular ministry; men and women who desire a larger acquaintance with the Bible and the approved methods of Christian work, so that, while pursuing their secular callings, they may also labor intelligently and successfully in winning others to Christ. During the last ten years, no less than 1,985 students have been enrolled in the Men's Department; 956 in the Women's Department; 202 are now actively engaged in home and city and rescue missions; 108 are engaged in evangelistic work as preachers and singers.

Students and teachers together in all three of the Moody institutions are working to raise money for the Memorial Endowment. They have, up to the present time, raised a little more than $7,000, and are hoping to make the sum much larger this year. Already the Memorial Fund has received generous contributions from people all over the country, amounting to perhaps $100,000. As February 5, is the anniversary of Mr. Moody's birth, the Sunday following has been chosen as a fitting day for concerted action in the matter of collections in the churches and Sunday Schools throughout the Union.

Many readers of this journal in past years have been warm supporters of Mr. Moody's evangelistic work, which has been a means of grace to a countless multitude of souls. The opportunity is now afforded to all to aid in perpetuating the work he founded, and to which he devoted a great part of his life. These schools for the training of Christian men and women for effective service in spiritual fields should be generously sustained by God's people everywhere. Let all who desire an active part in the spreading of the Gospel

STUDENTS AT RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT MOUNT HERMON

message and the inbringing of souls to the kingdom, respond to the call for aid from these schools, and give gladly and liberally for their endowment. If every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who has been thrilled by the great evangelist's presentation of the Gospel in its pages, will give an offering, however small, they will have a share in building a worthy and enduring memorial to one of the grandest and most consecrated servants of the Master our age has known. The work must go on; for it is a divine work, and to aid it now should be regarded as a high privilege precious to every Christian. Let all unite to send out to the waiting world an army of trained spiritual workers from the schools founded by Dwight L. Moody. Send your contributions to D. W. McWilliams, treasurer, 287 Fourth avenue, New York City, who will acknowledge every gift personally by mail.

Countess Schimmelmann's Work

THE Countess Schimmelmann sends tidings of "more blessing than ever" on her tour in Germany. She writes: "I see in my meetings the aristocracy, even royalty, mingling with the working classes. The meetings draw great crowds, and we see the most striking conversions." The work is much hindered by the opposition of those who disapprove of women preaching. She, however, braved the situation at Karlsruhe, by hiring the hall and paying all expenses herself. "The result was overwhelming, reaching to the most important persons in Germany." In March she purposes going to England for a period extending over three weeks. Friends desiring to be visited are invited to communicate with the Countess Schimmelmann, at Villa Helleback, Helleback, Denmark. It is not yet announced when she proposes to revisit the United States. Readers of this journal and many others interested in evangelistic work, remember with pleasure the work done by the Countess in her Gospel yacht the *Duen*, on the American lakes, as well as her wonderfully effective spiritual addresses in a number of our larger cities.

Our Medal for Heroism

AS announced in previous issues, the proprietor of this journal purposes to award, once a week, a medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery occurring during each week in the year. The first medal awarded will be for the most deserving act of heroism taking place in the first week of January, 1901; the second medal, for a similar act in the second week of January, and so on through the year. Every reader is invited to forward to us earliest information of any deed of true heroism that has occurred in his locality since January 1st. Send accounts only of thoroughly authentic cases, and tell the story from personal knowledge, not from hearsay. A committee in New York will meet once a week and, on investigating the facts presented, will decide which case is most deserving of recognition. The reward is not for heroism in the line of paid professional duty, but for that which is absolutely voluntary and spontaneous, and without emolument. Give the exact date, as only cases happening on or after January 1, 1901, will be considered. To give the committee time to satisfy all inquiries, to investigate all claims, and to allow time for stamping the medal, some weeks must elapse after the event before the medal can be awarded. Address all letters on this subject to Chairman Medal Committee, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

REV. MILES SAUNDERS | MISS ERASTES BALES | THE BRIDGE OVER LONG CREEK | MRS. MILES SAUNDERS | REV. E. O. GUERRANT

· A · WESTERN · LEAGUE · OF · SOUL-WINNERS ·

IN these days of intense and far-reaching Christian activities, those who take delight in doing the Master's work are finding scope for their energies in many new and unexpected ways. A most novel and picturesque phase of spiritual work has recently been brought to the attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Prof. C. A. Leonard, Cynthiana, Ky., and the account published below demonstrates how richly blessed such a work may be, even though begun in a most humble way, and under many disadvantages.

In December, 1897, a little company of Christian men and women in eastern Kentucky, organized "The Society of Soul Winners," for the purpose of conducting evangelical work among the mountain-dwellers of the Appalachian range. They chose as their motto: Prov. 11:30: "He that winneth souls is wise." Beginning with a single evangelist, they have now fifty on their roll of workers, and the society itself has a membership of over 500 who contribute toward its support. Every member aims to win at least one soul a year for Christ. They represent almost every Christian denomination and are scattered throughout the entire Union. No salaries are paid to officers of the society, and the only expenditures are those necessitated by actual evangelistic service in the field. The area of operations covers 86,000 square miles of mountains—the broad and beautiful expanse of our country stretching east of the Mississippi, from Pennsylvania to Alabama. This region is inhabited by over two and a half millions of people, most of them white and descendants of Scotch-Irish and Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Want of means has deprived them of the blessings of education and religion. Thousands have neither, and no opportunity to get them; many have never seen a church and never heard a Gospel they could understand.

The Society of Soul Winners is evangelical and interdenominational. It ordains no ministers, organizes no churches. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The churches which grow out of its labors are organized by the various denominations to which converts wish to attach themselves. Only the most consecrated and efficient evangelists are employed, and these are paid only a living salary, monthly. Not one has ever received over $30 per month; some work faithfully on half that amount. Four generous contributors are each supporting an evangelist at a cost of thirty dollars a month; but most of the society's offerings represent the self-denial and loving sacrifice of poor and humble Christians.

THE TABERNACLE ON THE QUICKSAND

The following letter from Rev. Dr. Miles Saunders, one of the society's evangelists in Breathitt County, Kentucky, will give an idea of its effective methods of work: "I went to Crockettsville (Breathitt County), in April, 1899, taking Mrs. Saunders and Mrs. Gordon, of Woodford County, along. Our first intention was to get a class of girls to sewing on clothes for the poor. We found there were many who would come to us for this, but they had no suitable wearing apparel for themselves; so we put dresses we had made on them. Soon we adopted the plan of uniforming all our scholars. We found that the caps we gave our boys attracted others to school. The people are honest and truthful in larger degree than any I have known before, and there are no more kindly and hospitable people on the globe than these. No foreign element has entered here since their ancestors came in through gaps out of the valleys of Virginia and the Carolinas. They are a very finely developed people physically. The men are quiet, cool, brave, and generous to improvidence. The children are as bright and teachable as any we have known. We respect them and love them. They are without an adequate knowledge of the Gospel."

It was slow work at first, but the teachers persevered at Crockettsville. Many have been converted. Six godly and accomplished women have given their time, their energy and their prayers to this work among the children, without further material recompense than their board, which is provided by the "Soul Winners' Society." "We think this is the way to evangelize the mountains," says Dr. Saunders.

The following officers control the affairs of the society: President, Rev. Edward O. Guerrant, D.D., Wilmore, Ky.; Vice-President, Rev. Wm. C. Clark, D.D., Augusta, Ky.; Secretary, Leonard H. Willis, Sr., Nicholasville, Ky.; Treasurer, Major Robert S. Bullock, cashier Fayette National Bank, Lexington, Ky.

Our portraits on this page show some of the leaders in the work of the Society of Soul Winners. One illustration gives an excellent idea of Rev. Dr. Guerrant's tent, known as the "Tabernacle on the Quicksand"—the latter being the name of a tortuous stream in eastern Kentucky. The Presbyterian Church at Crockettsville, organized in 1899, was an outcome of the League's work. The Society exerts an influence which is constantly extending. It is a remarkable example of the power of consecrated Christian effort in a little-known corner of the great Gospel harvest-field.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT CROCKETTSVILLE, KY.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

S. B. A., Pennsylvania, writes:

Several weeks ago I took a great trouble to God in prayer. Answer was not immediate, but I was persistent; I had faith, and felt that the reply would come. The answer came and now prayer to me is a different service from before. I consider it as a confidential talk with God; and if I am perplexed or worried now, I tell him of it and always feel the better for so doing.

Mrs. E. F. S. writes:

For three months I mourned for my only and dearly loved son, not knowing whether he was dead or alive, but prayed that God would show us where he was, or influence him to write to us if alive, for all human efforts to find him were unavailing. And after saying and feeling, "Thy will be done," I received a letter from him. I firmly believe God influenced him to write.

"Thankful," Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

I was in deep trouble, friends disowned me, every one's hand seemed raised against me, and there appeared to be no help for me anywhere. I went to God and he heard me; all came to my aid, and I was saved from prison. I promised that I would acknowledge his divine mercy, and hope you will publish this, so that some other poor soul tortured with sin will pray and ask to be delivered.

A Subscriber, Halifax, N. S., writes:

I prayed and worked earnestly for a dear one's conversion, and at times almost felt like giving up; but reading of answered prayers in your paper I took courage. Thank God that loved one decided the beginning of the new year to follow Christ.

C. P. S., Cassopolis, Mich., writes:

God has many times answered my poor petitions. Once, "while I was yet speaking," the answer came. Now what I am daily asking for he is daily answering.

Mrs. G., Port Huron, Mich., writes:

Some months ago a burden came upon us. I prayed earnestly, read my Bible, and asked to be taught to pray aright; then came the answered prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I read each week; they strengthened me not to give up. I trusted faithfully, and Christ has opened up the avenue whereby our trouble will pass away.

M. A. M., South Amboy, N. J., writes:

I wish to express my deep gratitude to God for many prayers answered. When my way was dark and no way out, the dear Father opened the door and relief came. Believing prayer brings blessings. Encouraged by the answers to prayer in your paper, I wish to add my testimony to encourage some poor, troubled soul.

Letters acknowledging answers to prayer have also been received from Mrs. W. I., Sturgeon Bay, Wis.; J. B., Homestead, Pa.; E. L. S., Ingalls, N. C.; Mrs. J. H. C., Ruthven, Ont.; I. A. Poyner, Tenn.; Mrs. E. O. D., Squaretop, Pa.; E. F. C., Rockdale, Tex.; Mrs. E. A. W., Dowagiac, Mich.; Mrs. F. C., Tintern, Conn.; A. L. S., Hartleton, Pa.; E. Q., Mo.; M. J. P., Binghamton, N.Y.; J. A. McD., Stewiacke, N. S.; Mrs. J. S. J., Holyoke, Mass.; Mrs. J. A. B., Ukiah, Ore.; W. F. Richard's Landing, Ont.; Mrs. F. Deming, Winnebago City, Minn.; D.U.C., Portland, Me.; Mrs. H.C., Wilkesbarre, Pa.; E. F. L. and N. D. W., Thetford, Vt.; D. E. B., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL IS WELL

TEXT, Isaiah 3: 10:
Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him . . .

A SERMON BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

HERE is a promise for people who are all right, but who will come and get it? How many, or rather, how few people do you know who are all right? If it were asked of any assembly that those who were sinless should rise up, none would rise except imbeciles and religious cranks. An accident happened near sixty centuries ago that started the human race in the wrong way, and we have not got over it. We know a great many splendid men and splendid women, but they will tell you that they have not always done the right thing, or thought the right thought. If it were any of your business, they could give you an inventory of frailties and mistakes and infelicities that would be astonishing. Here, then, you say, is a Bible promise that goes a begging: "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."

It is my delightful work to-day to show you that all the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve may appropriate the benediction of my text if they will first do the right thing. Over here in the next street was a man who in great misfortunes lost all he had and was positively beggared, but a letter comes from some European city, where the land records are kept, announcing to him that a great fortune is his. Now he is as opulent as he was pauperized. He doffs his rags and puts on respectable attire and moves into a home appropriate for a man of vast estate. His worldly circumstances were all wrong last year; they are all right this year. On the next street is a man who was from perfect health prostrated, and he seemed to be sick unto death, but a skillful physician took correct diagnosis of his disease, and by prompt and vigorous treatment restored him to his former vigor. As to his health he was all wrong before; now he is all right. In these two ways I illustrate my theme.

A Comforting Promise

By sin we have all been morally bankrupted. Christ, the Lord, from his infinite riches pays our debts and emparadises us in his mercy. From his richest wardrobe he puts on us the clean robe of his righteousness and gives us a palace in the heavens when we are ready to go up and take it. Now, as to our spiritual estate we are all right. We were morally diseased, but Christ the physician, by a bath in the fountain of his grace, cures us. Now, as to our spiritual health we are all right. That is the way we come to the righteousness spoken of in the text. It is a contributed righteousness, a made-over righteousness, an imputed righteousness. The moment you get into right relations with Christ the Lord, that moment you can appreciate the magnificent comfort of the text, and I defy you, in all this great Book, from the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis to the last verse of the last chapter of Revelations, to find me a passage with higher and deeper and broader and longer comfort than that of the text, which is as deep as the Atlantic ocean half way between the continents, and high as the sun when the clock is striking twelve at noon. But I shall be swamped with the oceanic tides of this subject unless the Lord help me to keep a foothold. "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him."

Bear in mind that but few people can stand worldly success. Water is a good thing, but too much of it will drown. Fire is a good thing, but too much of it will destroy. Light is a good thing, but too much of it dazzles and blinds. Success is a good thing, but too much of it has overwhelmed many for this world and the next. If it were best for us, we would all be millionaires, live in palaces like the Alhambra, and be as personally attractive as Cleopatra appeared to Antony. But the most of folks could not endure such superabundance, and it is absolutely necessary, in order to keep them right, that nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand should find life a struggle. It keeps them out of mischief. After Adam was ejected from the premises where by ten minutes of employment a day he could keep the garden and dress it, the best thing that could happen to him was compulsion to work and fight. The ground that bloomed with spontaneous flowers and rustled with harvests that owed nothing to plow or hoe, became hostile, and bramble was substituted for rose, and the panther growled where before he fawned, and horn and fang and hoof became belligerent. That Edenic ejectment shows us, as nothing else ever could, that idleness or only a few minutes of employment a day are doom and overthrow. Put it down among your blessings instead of your misfortunes that you have to work hard with brain or hand or foot, or all three of them.

Non-Essentials

How many men do you know worth $250,000 who are devout and consecrated and humble and generous and employing their means for the world's redemption? You could count them up on the fingers of your two hands, even if by accident or war you had lost one or two of the fingers. As to the realm of personal attractiveness, how many women radiant of countenance and graceful of form do you know who are unaffected, and natural of manner, and deeply pious before God, using their beauty for the betterment of the world and not for selfish purposes? I only take the risk of asking the question, and leave to you the risk of answering it. These things I say to show you that in order to have the promise of the text fulfilled in your case it is not necessary you have phenomenal worldly success.

Notice, also, that God gives the righteous the power to extract good out of evil, and by a divine chemistry to change the bitter into the sweet, and the harmful into the beneficial. The promise that it shall be well with you does not imply that you are to be free from trouble. There is no escape from that. We all have family relations, and some of them will be making exit from this world, so that bereavement is the universal inheritance. So, also, is financial loss. The difference between the prospered and those not prospered, is the difference in the amount they can afford to lose. The more wealth a man has, the more he can lose; but one man can afford to lose a million dollars, where another man cannot afford to lose one dollar. On larger or smaller scale, all suffer financial loss. Amid the rapidity of the revolutions of the wheel of national and international finance, monetary perplexity is as common as day or night.

Trouble Alleviated

So, also, misinterpretation and slander come to all who live active lives. Our actions, thoroughly honest and above board, may come under suspicion. Every court room at every term of court hears illustrations of the delusion of what is called circumstantial evidence. Innocent men are fined, or imprisoned, or electrocuted, because of an unfortunate conjunction of events. What is true in court rooms, is true in all circles of domestic, or social, or political, or official life. You have been misunderstood and misrepresented, or will be misunderstood or misrepresented. Then, how can my text be true? My explanation is this: The man without any divine grace in his heart finds in these troubles irritation and unbelief and melancholia and despair. A Christian man finds in them submission and enlarged views and divine support and reconsecration. Bereavement to the worldling brings hard thoughts of God, and a resistance so violent it dares not fully express itself. Bereavement brings to the Christian the thought of heavenly reunion and a more complete laying hold of God, and a more tender appreciation of the divine presence, and deeper gratitude that we were permitted to have the departed one so long, and a more lively sympathy for the sorrows of others, and another evidence of God's love, for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

The Golden Mean

Financial loss, which I just now said is sure to come, never breaks up a man who has strong faith in God. In most cases it is a loss of surplus or it is the banishment of luxuries. Most of the wants of the prosperous classes are artificial wants. The late Mr. Armour, of the sixty-million dollar estate, pointed to one of his clerks on ordinary salary and said: "That man has better appetite than I, sleeps better nights, and enjoys life more than I do." O, the gigantic miseries of those who have too much! A man in Solomon's time expressed as philosophic and reasonable a wish as any man of those times or of our times. His name was Agur, and he offered a prayer that he might never have a superabundance or a deficit, crying out, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." On the one side he had seen the awful struggle of the poor to get food and clothes and shelter and to educate their children, and on the other side he had seen the gouty foot, and the indigestion, and the insomnia, and the anxiety about large investments, and the threatened paresis often characteristic of those who are loaded up and loaded down with too many successes. Those people who are generally called the masses—that is, the most of folks—have the things absolutely necessary for their well-being. They have no Murillos on their wall, nor a Belshazzar's Feast in their dining room, nor a pair of three-thousand dollar sorrels at their doorway. But they have something which those superabundantly supplied seldom have. They have better health, because being compelled to walk they get the necessary exercise, and their diet being limited to plain food, they do not suffer from midnight salads, and are not victimized by rare caterers. They retire for wholesome sleep at the very hour in which others are leaving their homes for the dance or the card party. They will sleep the last sleep just as well in the plain graveyard as those who have over them an arch of sculptured granite in costliest necropolis or most historical abbey.

Things are more equally divided than is generally supposed. That splendid home is apt to have a taking off of some kind. It may be an invalid wife, or a deformed child, or an inherited tending toward insanity, or a dissolute son, or a despoiled reputation, or a weakened heart that may halt under the least excitement. Envy no man. Envy no woman. Be content with such things as ye have. Do not think that in order to have it well with you according to my text, that therefore you must have more than somebody else, or even as much as somebody else. The Lord treats us all better than we treat Him, and if we would

Study Our Blessings

as much as we study our disasters we would be more reasonable and thankful. In Isaiah God says that bread and water shall be sure, and none of us have been put on so low a diet; but we often act as though God had not kept his promise because we want more luxuries, forgetful of the fact that he promised bread, not cake; water, not sparkling cordials.

The reason so many people are miserable is because they do not let well enough alone. They are in one occupation and see its annoyances, and so change to another occupation, and find as many annoyances, if not more. They live one place and know its uncomfortal environments, and move into anotl place which has just as many limitatio Their investments yield them four p cent., and they sell out to make inve ments that will yield ten per cent. and l all. Better settle down and stop fretti about yourself and the world.

An officer in Cromwell's time was worried about public affairs that he co not sleep. His servant, a Christian m said he would like the privilege of aski the officer a question. Leave being gra ed, the servant said: "Do you not thi that God governed the world very w before you came into it?" "No doubt it," was the reply. "And do you not thi he will govern it quite as well when y are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Ther pray, sir, excuse me—but do you not thi you may trust him to govern it as long you live in it?" The remark was sensible that sleeplessness departed a tranquillity came.

The Father's Provision

A particular Providence is as certain a general Providence. It did not j happen so that Brunel noticed a ship-wo boring into the wood, so suggesting the engineer the tunneling of the Tham It did not just happen so that a spide web strung from tree to tree suggest the suspension bridge to its first origi tor. Nothing just happened so in yo life or mine. It is not an autocrat at t head of the universe, but a Father.

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting s

Do any of us fully realize the fact t God gives us three things in unlimit supply, although no formula of pra that I ever heard recognizes them—wat air, and sunlight? Water by the river Water by the lakeful. Water by the oce ful. Some for ablution, some for slaki of thirst, some for baptistry, some fountains and aquariums. I never app ciated what a wonderful thing water until last summer I stood by the founta before and around the Emperor's pal at Peterhof, Russia. I had been famil with this wonderful element of nat from childhood, having been born on t banks of the beautiful Raritan, and a barefooted boy dabbled in the brook n my father's house. But I never realiz until last summer what water could do play, or in strange caprice, or beautifi tion, or when climbing the ladder of t light, or when skillful workmen took h of it to toss it, or whirl it, or shape it i crowns, or hoist it into columns, or spri it into arches, or lift it into stars, or t it into crescents, or build it into templ You forget you ever saw the less gloric waters at Chatsworth, England, or V sailles, France, as you stand in the b cony of the palace, overlooking the F land gulf, bewildered and transported you look at the one display called

The "Golden Stairway Fountain"

The water rolls down over steps, o foot high and twenty feet long. All these twenty-four steps are covered wi sheets of burnished gold. Silver step the water on stairs of gold! What a gl of liquids! Rolling, dashing, foami enrapturing splendors! Chorus of floo Poetry of waters! Doxology of torren But that which most impressed me th and elsewhere is the abundance of wat the fact that there are so many wat that the continents can afford to thr them away into the sea, Hudsons a Ohios, Oregons and Amazons, Rhin and Danubes and Volgas; and so abu dant that the earth can afford to have oceans evaporate into the heavens, Me terraneans, and Atlantics, and Pacific How rich the earth is with waters! B

beverage of all the nations, for after the richest banquet with the richest beverages, every one wants at least a sip of it—water, cool water, God-descended water!

With still more abundance is the air distributed. An earth full of it. A sky full of it. Swiftest and strongest eagle cannot fly so high as not to have it in the nostril or under the wing. And what affluence of sunlight! No one but the infinite God could dispense so much of it. The golden candlestick set on the blue mantel of the heavens! So great that the Almighty is compared to it, the Psalmist crying out: "The Lord God is a sun." It is high time that we recognize in our liturgies and in our formulas of prayer the three most abundant blessings of the universe which come to all.

Well For the Next World

Now, is it not time that we all began more thoroughly to trust the Lord? We trust him with our souls, why not trust him with our bodies? We trust him with our spiritual interests, why not trust him with our temporal interests? We believe what is said to us by an ordinarily honest man. I could not anger you so much or make your cheeks so burn with indignation as to doubt your truthfulness, and how do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth feels when you doubt him, as he declares in the text: "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him." Such a promise as that ought to calm your pulses and irradiate your countenance and halo all the future with rapture; for, after all, it makes but little difference what becomes of us here if we come out at the right place, amid the right surroundings, and in the right companionship.

We learn here only the A B C of a higher literature, or the simple addition and subtraction of an infinite mathematics, and are practicing the eight notes of an eternal harmony. The most important question any man ever asks is, "What will be my destiny?" "Whither am I bound?" "Where shall I land?" "What is the terminus of this short journey?" Now, child of God, do not worry about that. It shall be well with you in your next state of existence. We know but little about heaven. There is but little concerning it in the Bible, and that is on the last few pages, and is mostly figurative. I can make only a rough draft of your celestial residence, but I can authoritatively state that the world to which you are destined is a big world, a brilliant world, a sinless world, a joyful world, an endless world, and a world in touch with other worlds. I rejoice to know that heaven is in touch with other worlds for their improvement, and a depot for glorious arrivals. It is a thoroughfare between this world and that world, and a coming and going perpetual. Going out of this world is as natural as coming into it, but the one is with pang and the other is with rapture, if we are fitted for the uplifting process. It shall be well with you. Now, do not get so frightened about that asthma, or that cough, or that influenza, or that threatened pneumonia. The worst thing that fatal disease can do is to usher you into coronation and enthronement. It shall be well with you. Take as good care of your health as you can, have the best doctors you can employ, observe all sanitary laws, keep in this world as long as you are permitted to stay, and then when the heavenly call comes be glad to go. I do not care much about what your "last words" are going to be. People put too much emphasis on "last words." I would rather know what your words are now, in days of health and with mental faculties in full play—your words of kindness, your words of sympathy, your

Words of Helpfulness,

your words of prayer. So live that if you say not a word during the last day of your life there will be no doubt here about the place of your destination. You will go right into saintly, prophetic, evangelistic, apostolic, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, deific presence. It shall be well with you. Mother, you will go right up into the possession of the babe that the scarlet fever took out of your arms, a sorrow that still stings. You will go into the presence of the old folks, for I hope you are of Christian ancestry, and you will find that they have no dimness of sight or halting gait that requires a staff, for they have taken a draught from the fountain of perpetual youth that springs from under the throne of God. O, the blissful companionship of heaven in which you shall enter! It shall be well with you. I ring this bell of emancipation and triumph. I like the way the sexton rings the bell of the old country meeting-house. I used to stand and admire him pulling the rope of that bell. He rings it a good while, so that every farm-house within five miles hears it. He may halt a moment to take breath and give the sweet sounds time to stir up all the echoes of the distant hills. So my text seems a bell of invitation and victory. I began to ring it in the opening of this discourse. I hope to ring it as long as I live, and may those who come after us keep on ringing it till those farthest off from God shall come into the great temple of Gospel comfort, and all the weary put down their burdens at its altar, and find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Three times more I ring it: It shall be well! It shall be well! It shall be well!

THE FIRST GOSPEL BOAT ON THE ORINOCO RIVER

FIRST MISSION HOUSE AT CIUDAD BOLIVAR

THE MISSION BOAT "VERDAD" ON THE ORINOCO

A BUSINESS CORNER IN AN ORINOCO VILLAGE

THE photograph of the little Gospel boat, here presented, is of peculiar interest in connection with missionary work for the "Neglected Continent"—South America, and especially that part of it which lies nearest to the United States—Venezuela. That country has received but little attention from our great missionary organizations. It is the most accessible from New York of all the South American states, and although it was the first part of the southern continent to be discovered by Columbus, it has been almost the last to receive any notice from the church in North America. Yet the liberty-loving spirit of its people has prepared the way in no little degree for the entrance of the Gospel among them, while its great waterways give accessibility not only to its own interior, but also to Colombia and Brazil.

This little craft was especially designed and built for the Venezuela Mission, a work that was begun in 1897 by Rev. R. W. Crichton, who had previously been in Venezuela as a missionary. Going to that country in January, 1896, Mr. Crichton, after spending some time in Caracas, the capital, traveled overland from the coast to the central interior, and thence to the coast again by water, part of the journey in a native "bungo" and part in river steamers. The work was deeply interesting and the results encouraging. An eager desire was manifested by many to secure a copy of the Bible, which they had never before seen, and an earnest attention was given to the Gospel message.

The great water-courses impressed Mr. Crichton with the need of having a small steam launch for the special purpose of evangelizing the great interior country, most of which was, and still is, destitute of the "Light of the World." Not a single mission station or missionary was met with between the capital city, which is located on the northern coast, and the custom port of the Orinoco River, Ciudad Bolivar, nor is there one to this day. In all Venezuela there are not more than five places, and perhaps even less, where missionaries are stationed, and of those but one is connected with a church board.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Crichton spent much time seeking to interest the Lord's people in the spiritual needs of his field, and in the spring of 1897, organized the Venezuela Mission as a work of faith. Since then, he has spent two different periods working along the Orinoco River, sometimes with companions and at other times alone, meeting many difficulties, but ever seeing the mighty hand of a faithful God leading and providing, and seeing also some fruit as the reward of his long and earnest labor. In January, 1899, he went up the river from Ciudad Bolivar, two or three hundred miles, in a small sail-boat, visiting the villages and lonely dwellings along its banks, finding many hungry hearts, leaving them copies of the Scriptures and freely distributing Gospel tracts among them. Their deep need and the parting question, "When are you coming back again?" caused his heart to go out anew in earnest desire to God for the steam launch, so much needed to carry on the work in this neglected region. There were months of waiting, with many trials of faith and patience, but in due time, without either public appeal or private solicitation, the money was voluntarily given for constructing, furnishing and shipping the boat to the field, and on January 29th it left New York City on the deck of a steamer.

R. W. CRICHTON AND WIFE, FOUNDERS OF THE MISSION

This little steamboat has been named *La Verdad* ("The Truth"), in witness to its mission and the message it carries. "Thy word is truth," said the Lord Jesus, and his "Word of Life" will be the message given. Much care and time were taken to secure proper plans for its construction, and it has been designed and built to enable it run up the small streams and also to afford the necessary facilities for living on board. It is forty feet long, ten feet wide, with fifteen inch draft, and is fitted out according to the inspection rules of the United States Government, carrying a life raft, life preservers and a small rowboat, with a stout windlass at the bow and a folding anchor attached to a strong galvanized iron chain. The power is steam, from a water-pipe boiler, driving twin engines and propellers, with the necessary pumps and repairing tools.

The value and utility of this launch will be the more readily seen when we consider that the Orinoco River is reported to have over four hundred navigable tributaries, and upon many of these streams live tribes of people, to whom the glad message has never been told.

There is an urgent call for more workers to enter this great field, and the earnest prayers of all Christian people are desired on behalf of this mission. It is supported entirely by voluntary offerings; it is undenominational, and its aim is to give the plain, simple Gospel of the Word of God, to the people of Venezuela. The secretary and treasurer of the mission is Mr. John Muntz, Box 20, Buffalo, N. Y., and any contributions sent in will be promptly acknowledged by him. Mr. and Mrs. Crichton can be addressed to Mr. Muntz's care, or, if preferred, to Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela, South America, to the care of the American Consul.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

Celebrations of Deliverance

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for Feb. 17: Matt. 26: 17-30

GOLDEN TEXT, Luke 22: 19: "This do in remembrance of me"

By... Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

ARE you sure the blood is on the door?" said Joseph, the first-born son, a full-grown young man, in one of the Hebrew slave-cabins of Egypt, as evening approached, that first Passover night. With that he threw himself in sudden illness on the rude bench that served for a bed. His indolent father replied, as he ate his leeks greedily on the mat in the corner: "God knows we are Israelites, and not Egyptians. What is the use of putting up such a sign? Surely he is too good to let his angels hurt anybody for not obeying a little command like that. I'm tired with a hard day's work, and hungry, and there'll be time enough anyway when I'm through eating." "But, father, God also knows what Israelites should do to be saved, and has told us. Surely it is not a little wrong to disobey any command of the great God. And one of his commands is that those who worship him shall confess their sins and their faith at once by the sign of the blood. That means, perhaps, that we deserve to die for our sins, but he accepts the death of the lamb in our stead. Isn't it the best use of our human reason to say to ourselves that God must have the best of reasons for whatever he commands, and that the most reasonable thing for us is to believe that and obey without asking any questions? Besides, father, I'm deathly sick, and getting worse every moment." At that the father, more afraid of his son's death than of the greater perils of a young man's life amid temptations, rises and swiftly kills the lamb that lies tied at the threshold, and sprinkles the blood on the door as the shadow falls of the angel who is carrying death to the first born in every home of the Egyptian capital, which is not marked with the blood sign of faith and obedience. Returning into his hut he finds his son rising from his bench in full vigor and girding himself for the Passover meal they are soon to eat standing, ready for the order of Moses to march out of Egypt toward the Land of Promise, of reaching which they have assurance in the already-fulfilled promise, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." (Read Eber's story of "Joshua," for a more complete picture of the original Passover). That first Passover was a prophecy in action of the emancipation of all souls that should hide at last behind the blood-sprinkled cross of Calvary in the final Passover to which our lesson brings us. It is Tuesday at Bethany, and preparations are to be made for Thursday's Passover supper in Jerusalem, in the shadow of Friday's Cross.

Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover? Why did the Apostles ask such a question, when Christ needed no prompting and knew everything and could plan everything without their aid? Because he needs, and we also need, the verbal expression that shows and increases our desires, as appetite is needed to make food most beneficial. All through his earthly life, when others did not furnish the questions, Christ called out the expression of need by saying, "What wilt thou?" "What shall be done unto thee?" Conversation, of which prayer is its highest form, is not chiefly valuable as a means of getting and giving information and assistance. Its highest use is to help communion of souls by putting thought and especially feeling into words. It serves the heart even more than the brain. Desires, as well as thoughts, grow clearer as we try to tell them out. Adoration and thanksgiving, and even heart-questionings are as helpful as supplication. Emerson's profoundest utterance on education was, that it matters not so much what you study as with whom you study. The best part of prayer is being with God.

"Take a Message to Garcia"

Go into the city to such a man. Peter and John, who were commissioned to do this work (Luke 22: 8 ff), wasted no time in questionings and reasonings. They might have argued that it was very unlikely they should find a man bearing a water-pitcher—did he not mean a woman? Or they might have asked the man's name, and on what street they should find him. They simply obeyed without questioning and accomplished their purpose. Such obedience anywhere is a rare treasure, as has been shown in the story, sold by the hundred thousand, of a Lieutenant who was told by the War Department during the Spanish war in Cuba, to "take a message to Garcia." That was all he was told, save the message, and he asked no more. He raised no objections on account of danger or difficulty, asked no questions as to why or wherefore, but used all his wisdom and courage to carry out the command, and succeeded. Which prompted a comparison with thousands less wise and less brave, who in such a case would have either declined to go through fear, or at least would have delayed to ask a hundred questions. What a rare treasure anywhere is soldierly obedience!

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

God sends you who are reading or hearing this lesson to some man or boy on the street, whose pitcher, perhaps, is not for water, to tell him God needs his heart and his home. There he desires to have a Lord's Supper at every meal in place of a devil's supper, cursed with drink and discord. In a recent lesson Christ sent a messenger to say to the owner of a young ass, "The Lord hath need of him." This time it is a house which he asks for the use of. Humble or palatial, God needs your home, not alone a place at your table for himself, but for his lowly disciples also, perhaps for young men away from home, living in dreary boarding-houses, with no other open door save that of the saloon. You have read the beautiful story of David who took to his royal home and table the cripple Mephibosheth, son of Jonathan, who had befriended him as the king's son. If David could so befriend a cripple "for Jonathan's sake," what may we not do in our homes and at our tables for the unfortunate for Jesus' sake! And even for our own folks can we not do more, if not for the body, at least for the soul? Can we not make our suppers point to the Creator and the cross and the coming again?

Your fine horse that has not exercise enough to make him safe for you to drive, "the Lord hath need of him" to bring back to health his sick ones in homes of poverty that are too weak to walk and too poor to ride. Christ needs our prayers, even though they be but questionings, our homes, our property. Beautifully has Dr. Horatius Bonar expressed this great truth that Christ needs us and ours:

Jesus, thou needest me,
Even me, thou light Divine:
O Son of God, thou needest me,
Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy strength, my weakness needs,
Thy grace, my worthlessness;
Thy greatness needs a worm like me
To cherish and to bless.

This evil, froward soul
Needeth a love like thine;
A love like thine, O Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.

It was thy need of me
That brought thee from above:
It is my need of thee, O Lord,
That draws me to thy love.

From the painting of E. Von Gebhardt

"THEY WERE EXCEEDING SORROWFUL AND BEGAN TO SAY UNTO HIM: LORD, IS IT I?"

Modern Betrayals of Christ

One of you shall betray me. . . . Lord, is it I? The house asked for having been prepared on Thursday evening, the Passover was eaten there as in all other homes in Jerusalem. It is to be distinguished from the new Lord's Supper of bread and wine later in the evening, after Judas had left. In the earlier evening, we read of the "sop" "dipped in the dish." There was, no doubt, "roast lamb and bitter herbs," as usual, and a common soup dish out of which all dipped by means of spoons made out of thin, tough bread, resembling brown paper. The soup was swallowed spoon and all each time. It was a special mark of friendship to dip this "sop" and give it to another. Seated at this Passover meal, Jesus said solemnly: "One of you shall betray me." It is rather surprising that all did not say in the usual excess of self-confidence, as Peter did later in the evening, when Christ intimated they would all forsake him in the hour of extreme trial: "Though all should forsake thee, yet will not I." More wisely, each recognized the hidden depths of possible sin in his own heart, and said anxiously: "Lord, is it I?"

Jesus replied, probably in an undertone to John or Peter, that it was one who would receive at his hand the supreme pledge of mutual friendship and fidelity, the sop he would dip and give to declare his love even for his worst enemy. If we could see as Christ sees, we should pity the man who wrongs us, because he wrongs himself more. Judas had become so brazen in the crime into which he had been led gradually by such a love of money as many are cherishing, that he not only received the pledge of friendship, a pledge on his own part also, but said with the others, "Lord, is it I?" "Thou hast said," whispered Christ, and the traitor, knowing his plot was fully discovered, went out, "and it was night." What a "night" his gradual yielding to covetousness had brought upon him, as it has upon so many in our day. A night so black that Jesus said: "It were better for him if he had never been born." Surely that cancels the "eternal hope" of final "restoration." It could not be better for any man not to have lived if he were at last, even after purgatorial punishment, to be ushered into eternal joy and felicity. Even in this world what a "night" of sorrow and disgrace the Judas sin of covetousness has brought on thousands of homes! The saddest women are not those whose husbands or sons are in honored graves, but those whose loved ones are in cells of dishonor. And many a man who has been guilty of "legal thieving," and has escaped prison by some trick or influence, lives in a "night" of self-loathing and popular scorn for which no wealth can atone.

When we look over life and see how many who professed to be, and really seemed to be disciples of Christ, and who, no doubt, in some cases sincerely tried to be, though not with whole-hearted earnestness, have fallen on the field of politics or business or amid the temptations of selfish pleasure, we may well come to Christ with the question, "Lord, is it I?" "Would I, too, fail if supremely tested?" If in business I should face a condition where to do right would mean serious loss, or where to do a little wrong would mean a great gain, would I trust in God and do the right? If I were high up in politics, and duty and defeat stood before me hand in hand, dare to fail for Christ? If I should become rich would I permit myself and my family, as so many other church people have done in like case, the questionable if not dangerous amusements and indulgences I now condemn and avoid? If I should move from country to city, would I change my moral standards as much as the once staunch country boys of my early acquaintance have done, that are now merchant princes of our cities?

Surely we all need to fortify our hearts with grace in view of the great number of professed Christians who bear common temptations, but fail in the supreme tests of character. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" said an Old Testament politician when told he should kill his master. He very soon proved himself the "dog" he blindly thought himself incapable of becoming. "Lord, is it I?"

Here, then, is the very pivot of our lesson: We must fortify ourselves in our best moments against our worst! We must make it hard to do wrong and easy to do right. The vows, and companionships, and sacraments of the church serve that purpose. We shall be less likely to become betrayers of Christ if every month or so or oftener we renew our vows and recall Christ's life and death in the sacramental supper.

Manifold Meanings of the Lord's Supper

This is my body . . . this is my blood. The broken loaf reminds us how Christ's body was broken with nails and spear and thorns on the day following this prophetic supper; but more especially it represents the fact that we may and should receive as "living bread" for the soul, the unselfish, brotherly spirit of Christ, appropriating it so that it becomes a part of our very selves, as food becomes our own blood and bone and marrow. And the wine represents the same more intensely, like a repeated Hebrew parallelism, for the wine stands for the blood which is the life, the life imputed, that was sacrificed for us, and the life imparted, the life of Christ in us.

Commonly we treat the Lord's Supper too much like a funeral, during which we think chiefly of Christ as crucified and buried, and of our own unfaithfulness. Let us recall the many meanings of this symbolic service.

First, the Lord's Supper is a service of remembrance and anticipation.

Second, the Lord's Supper is a "covenant" and a "sacrament." The covenant a reminder of God's promise; the sacrament, of our part.

Third, the Lord's Supper is a communion. It stands not alone for the fellowship of the soul with a living Christ as of one that sups with the King as a friend, but also for the brotherhood of all men as commoners.

Fourth, the Lord's Supper is a Eucharist, a thanksgiving. Jesus gave thanks not alone for the food as was his wont, but even for the cross he gave thanks, though he sometimes shrank from it, and the early church made the service that recalled it, as the Jews did the Passover, a glad celebration of deliverance.

TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE LAST SUPPER

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Desecrating the Throne

ONE of the most painful parts of the punishment inflicted on China for the horrible crimes committed by its statesmen and citizens is the presence of the foreigner in the royal city. That part of Peking in which the royal family lived had never been entered by a foreigner. It was known as "the Forbidden City," and stringent measures were adopted to justify the title. But with the capture of the capital and the flight of the Empress all such measures were futile. The ambassadors, guarded by the international forces, crossed the boundary of the Forbidden City and wandered at will among its palaces and temples. M. Pichon, who represents the French nation at Peking, outdid all the other diplomats by seating himself in the throne heretofore held sacred to the Emperor. This would be an outrage in the eyes of the Chinese, which, under other circumstances, would have been punished with death, no matter how high the rank of the offender. Now, however, the Chinese have to submit to any treatment the allies choose to inflict. The government has striven hard to save the highest wrongdoers from adequate punishment. Prince Tuan, especially, who was chief responsible for the massacres, is being shielded by the Empress, who refuses point blank to have him executed. It is gratifying to learn that our Government has used its influence on the side of mercy, though Mr. Conger, our ambassador in China, apparently believes that severity alone is the wise policy. Meanwhile the policy of looting is continued. Even the famous astronomical instruments have been carried off and divided between France and Germany. The Empress and her court have not yet returned to Peking, and it is thought they will not do so until the foreigners leave the city. They consider that their city has been desecrated, and their sacred places polluted, and they mourn, as only a people so conservative can mourn, over such calamities. It may be hoped that their humiliation will be a lesson to them, and that they will yet perceive that it was a grievous wickedness to take vengeance on innocent missionaries for the wrongs committed by foreign governments. The real pollution of their land is the Christian blood that stains it.

The land was polluted with blood (Ps. 106: 38).

Quitted the Ship

An interesting scene was witnessed at the Hamburg-American steamship pier at Hoboken, N. J., a few days ago. The *Columbus* was nearly ready to sail for Europe and a crowd of people were on deck bidding their friends farewell. Among the passengers were a lady and her husband. With them was a girl of about ten years old, carrying her doll and accompanied by a nursery-governess. The child was weeping, and the couple, who were her father and stepmother, were trying to comfort her. Presently she ran through the crowd toward the gang-plank. She had some difficulty in making her way as she was embarrassed by carrying her big doll. She threw the doll down and pushed her way forward to the pier. There she addressed a stalwart policeman with: "Please, Mr. Policeman, don't let them take me with them. I don't want to go to Europe." It appeared that a ruse had been tried with the child, and when she came to the ship, she supposed that she had come to wish the travelers goodby. But once there, she learned that she was to accompany them. Then she resisted, and, though her father followed her to the pier, and begged her to return to the ship, she would not go. He could have carried her on board, but did not wish to use force, so she and her governess were left behind when the vessel sailed. We may hope that she will show similar firmness and readiness to sacrifice her treasures, if, when she grows up, temptations assail her and she is urged to do wrong.

Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away (Prov. 4: 14).

Is Mars Signalling?

A startling suggestion is made by Mr. Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician. He has been in Colorado, making experiments at high altitudes with the object of perfecting a system for the development of the wireless transmission of energy. The favorable situation led Mr. Tesla to test other theories which he had thought out in his laboratory in New York, and among them the possibility of causing electrical discharges measuring one hundred feet from end to end. He succeeded in producing these discharges. Another test was a plan to detect feeble electric action, and in this, too, he was successful. A lightning discharge ordinarily visible at three hundred miles was noted by his receiver at a distance of eleven hundred miles. This latter experiment led to the suggestion Mr. Tesla now makes. While conducting it, his receiver noted several feeble movements which were fully defined though weak. From their character he was convinced they did not proceed from our earth nor from the sun, and he thinks it possible that they came from the planet Mars. His own studies have led him to believe that it would be possible to construct an instrument which would produce electrical movements on that planet, so distinct that they could be recognized, if there are people there with receivers sufficiently sensitive, and if so, they may have learned how to send similar discharges. At any rate, until a better explanation of the phenomena that he observed in Colorado is given, Mr. Tesla clings to the belief that there are people on Mars trying to communicate with us. The idea is sufficiently thrilling to arouse general interest and will doubtless stimulate further efforts to ascertain the truth. Pity it is that there is not a like anxiety to hear and understand the communication that undoubtedly did proceed from the heavens.

Much more shall not we escape if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven (Heb. 12: 25).

A Gallant Rescue

A large number of persons were gathered on the beach at Atlantic City, N. J., on January 20th, watching with breathless interest the efforts of the life-saving crew to reach a ship that had struck on the bar and was going down. The ship was the *Coleman*, from New Berne, N. C., bound for Atlantic City. She had met a heavy gale off Port May, and had sprung a leak. Eventually she became unmanageable, and drifted on the bar. The sea was very rough, and the attempt to reach the vessel was a hazardous undertaking. But the brave life-saving crew did not hesitate. They went out in their boat, battling with almost superhuman strength against wind and waves. It was evident that the vessel was sinking fast, and the men on board could be seen rushing hither and thither, trying to keep the vessel afloat till the lifeboat could come alongside. The people on the shore cheered the heroes in the boat, and admired their courage and perseverance. A great shout went up when they were seen to be nearing the vessel. At last they were alongside, and the crew of the vessel were dropping one by one into the boat. The return was still more perilous, for the boat was overcrowded, but by desperate efforts all the crew were brought safe to land. It was only just in time, for, looking out to sea, the ship was nowhere to be seen; she had sunk beneath the waves. What a good thing it would be if such anxiety was felt for the rescue of imperilled souls, and if they were as eager for their own salvation!

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him . . . he will hear their cry and will save them (Ps. 145: 18, 19).

Six Prisoners for One

A series of efforts to liberate a prisoner in the jail of Queens County, N. Y., has involved six persons in trouble. The original prisoner was arrested for burglary. As he had already served one term for the crime, he was certain to get a heavy sentence; and as he was popular among his acquaintances, they made several plans to effect his escape. Shortly before his trial two men went to see him in jail. They were caught passing him a set of saws and a bit, and were immediately arrested. The very next day a registered letter was received at the jail for the prisoner. He was brought down to receive it, but it was taken from him and opened. It was in cipher, but the detectives knew the key to the cipher and read the letter, which detailed a plan whereby four of his friends were to get him out of prison. The plan was allowed to mature, and all four were caught and imprisoned, so that the authorities have now in keeping six persons who have sacrificed their liberty in trying to save their friend. He goes to Sing Sing in spite of their efforts. Doubtless the original prisoner appreciates their devotion, although it did him no good. We may hope that during his term he will give ear to the preaching of the chaplain, who can tell him of a self-sacrifice infinitely greater that was made for him, by which he may be saved from eternal punishment.

He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed (Isa. 53: 5).

M. PICHON, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR SEATED ON THE THRONE OF THE CHINESE EMPEROR

BRIEF NOTES

Honolulu is about to have a vigorous temperance crusade, led by the W.C.T.U. and the Ministers' Union. Two representatives of the W.C.T.U., Miss Jessie Askernam and Miss Ada Murcutt, will lead the crusade.

The Archdeacon of Gibraltar, in a recent address, quotes the testimonies of such distinguished soldiers as Lords Napier, Roberts, Wolseley, and Kitchener, that "90 per cent. of the courts-martial and crime of the English army may be attributed to alcohol."

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been conducting successful evangelistic services at Elmwood Temple, Providence, R. I. A large number of young people were among the converts. It is expected that all the churches of the city will benefit through his visit.

A veteran missionary has been called to his reward. A cable dispatch from Constantinople announces the death of Dr. Elias Riggs, who has been in the service of the American Board for sixty-nine years. During that time he made a translation of the Bible into Turkish and Armenian. He was ninety years of age.

Forty years ago the first contribution was given by a Hawaiian church in Hilo ($1,000) for the building of the first Protestant church in Japan, and now missionary work is done in Hawaii by Japanese for Japanese!

The Methodists of Manila, in conference assembled, passed a resolution asking that ten young men be sent to the Philippines from America, to be appointed "two and two" to five different provinces, with the understanding they remain unmarried for four years, on a salary of $350 each.

Two new denominational representatives were recently added to the trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor: Rev. E. Humphries, New Bedford, Mass, of the Primitive Methodist Church, and Rev. Alfred Gandier, Halifax, of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Dr. Russell H. Conwell, held a unique anniversary with which the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, closed the year. At the baptismal service on December 31, he baptized his four thousandth candidate during his eighteen years' pastorate of that church.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons completed his benefactions for the Nineteenth Century, amounting to more than $2,500,000, by sending a check to Carleton College, Northfield, Minn. The last gift makes $50,000 which Dr. Pearsons has given to the Minnesota institution. Dr. Pearsons also gave $25,000 to Lake Forest University.

Four large landowners in London do not permit any building on their properties to be used as a saloon. These are the Shaftesbury Park, Queen's Park, Noel Park and Leigham Court Estates. Their aggregate area is more than three hundred acres, and they contain the residences of over fifty thousand persons.

A new Settlement work has been commenced in New York under Methodist auspices. The old Eleventh Street Church is now an Institutional Church, and a tenement house adjoining it is being used for the Settlement. It includes a gymnasium, a library and reading room, trade school and club rooms, ideal Sunday School and kindergarten quarters, and lodging rooms to be used in connection with the neighborhood work, besides quarters for the pastor.

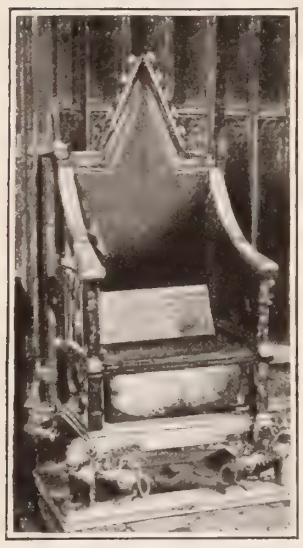
VICTORIA AT HER ACCESSION

VICTORIA'S FIRST MEETING WITH HER PRIVY COUNCIL

PRINCE ALBERT, THE QUEEN'S HUSBAN

· QUEEN · VICTORIA'S · BEAUTIFUL · LIFE · ENDED ·

GENUINE sorrow, in which the whole world shared, was produced on January 22d by the news of the death of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain. From all parts of her vast empire there was one unmixed expression of grief. Foreign nations, too, joined in the common sorrow, and testified to the reverence in which the Queen had been held. President McKinley was prompt in cabling a message of condolence to the bereaved family. The flags on the government buildings in Washington were lowered to half-mast, an example followed by all the intelligent Mayors of our chief cities. In New York the great bell of Trinity Church was tolled, and many of the leading business houses were decorated with draped flags and mourning emblems. It is doubtful whether there was any human being on the whole earth whose death would have caused sadness so world-wide. It is one of the most remarkable testimonies ever rendered to the value of character. It was not her power, nor her talents, nor her achievements that the world honored, but her sweet womanliness, her quick sympathy with suffering, and the high moral principles of her blameless life.



THE BRITISH THRONE

The end of her life was in keeping with the affectionate domesticity that had prevailed all through it. On January 18, the first definite report of her illness was made. Immediately, her family hurried to the homely mansion in the Isle of Wight where she was staying. Her youngest daughter, Beatrice, Princess of Battenberg, was already with her, as she had been, with few intervals, from earliest childhood. The Prince of Wales and the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, came down from London by special train. The Princess Christian followed. The Queen's other son, the Duke of Connaught, was in Germany, but he hurried to Osborne, and the Emperor William, who is the Queen's grandson, abruptly left the festivities then in progress in his capital, to accompany him. The only one of the Queen's surviving children absent was her eldest and best beloved daughter, the dowager Empress of Germany, who is, it is feared, herself in the valley of the shadow. As the princes and the princesses stepped ashore from the royal yacht the bystanders noted the traces of tears on their faces, and the worst inferences were drawn from the sorrow of those who were naturally most likely to know the exact truth. The physicians practically admitted that there was no hope. Her Majesty was suffering from "senile decay." The paralysis which had developed was secondary to the general weakness due to old age. The brief bulletins which were issued only too plainly told the people that the days of their beloved Queen were drawing to a close.

In all the churches on Sunday, earnest prayers were offered for her recovery, but there was never any real hope. The sorrow of all her people was genuine and intense as they read the ominous bulletins issued by the physicians. The information given out was meagre, but it was sufficient to arouse the worst fears. "How is Her Majesty?" a man asked of one of the Queen's Scotch attendants, and he answered: "Oh, mon, she is just a dear old woman deein'. All majesty has gone out of her." It was evident that all the resources of medical science could not long delay the inevitable end. But her wonderful constitution resisted the collapse. On Tuesday morning, January 22, about nine o'clock, she seemed to be sinking, and her children and grandchildren, assembled in the adjoining room, were summoned. When Emperor William arrived he rushed without taking off his overcoat to her bedside, and the first words he said were words of regret that his mother was unable to come. "Yes," murmured the Queen, "I wish 'Vicky' could be here," using a pet name of her eldest daughter. Once mor the venerable Queen revived, but abou four in the afternoon the Prince of Wale was again summoned, and half an hou later he was joined by the other member of the family. At five o'clock the Duches of York arrived, and the Queen kissed he saying, "I am glad you have come." Bish op Davidson, the Queen's intimate frienc began to pray. The Queen slowly san into unconsciousness. At a quarter pas six the end was thought to have come The Prince of Wales and several other walked out of the room. But the vitalit of the Queen once more asserted itself For another fifteen mi utes, with only the Prin cess of Wales and a fe others present, the feebl spark was maintained. A half past six, with th Emperor William, th Prince of Wales an others absent, death actu ally came. The long life in which splendor an sorrow, sunshine an shadow had so marve ously mingled, had closed

VICTORIA IN CHILDHOOD

Out of doors, a half-mil away from the house some forty newspape correspondents were wai ing for tidings. The heard the tinkle of a tele phone bell, and in a fe moments Inspector Fra zer, one of the Queen' veteran attendants, step ped out between th lights, and said: "Gentlemen, the Quee died at 6:30." Having said this, the ol

SCENE AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1887

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECEPTION OF THE LADIES OF HER COURT

THE DUKE OF YORK, NOW HEIR-APPARENT

officer quickly turned into the dark avenue, hat none might see the emotion which hook his stalwart frame. Soon messengers were hurrying in all directions. One of them bore an affecting message to the Lord Mayor of London, who read it to the crowd assembled around his official residence, and then gave orders that the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral should be tolled. This is done only at the death of some member of the royal family, or of the Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, or the Dean of St. Paul's. Soon the deep notes of the great bell were reverberating all over London, carrying the sad news to every home.

How numerous and varied are the events of those four score years in which the Queen was a prominent figure! To describe them adequately would require a volume. The utmost that is possible here is to mention briefly those incidents which show her character and the traits which have won for her the love of her own people and the reverence of the nations of the world.

It was a critical period in the history of the British monarchy when the future Queen was born. The Hanoverian dynasty had never succeeded in winning the cordial liking of the British people. Her grandfather, George III., had been less offensive than his predecessors, but he had alienated the people by his obstinacy and his arrogance. His eldest son, George IV., was a libertine and a drunkard, and his second son, William IV., was coarse in manner and in speech. Neither of them had legitimate heirs, and the decent people of the land were disgusted by the scandals of the court and apprehensive of the influence of the example set by the royal family. It seemed possible that the family, and with it the monarchy, would eventually become extinct, when, in 1818, Edward, the third son of George III., at the age of fifty-one, married the widowed daughter of the Duke of Saxe Coburg. To his great delight, a daughter was born to him. "Take care of her," he said, "for she will be queen of England." Eight months later, he was seized with pneumonia and died, leaving his child to be brought up by her mother. Happily, that lady had wise advisers who understood the importance of youthful training, and she had the good sense to be guided by them.

EDWARD VII., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND AND EMPEROR OF INDIA

The child was carefully educated and was kept secluded from the debasing and corrupt influences of her uncle's court. The knowledge that she was heiress to the crown was prudently kept from her until she attained her twelfth year. When it was imparted, it seemed to impress her rather with the responsibilities it involved than with the splendor it promised. "I will be good," was her characteristic remark; and she kept her word. Now, that at the age of eighty-two, she has passed away, it is her goodness that her people chiefly remember. Her grace and dignity and tact are all praised, but it is her goodness, her kindness and purity of life that endeared her to her subjects. Her girlhood was a busy one. In addition to the ordinary accomplishments, she learned to speak fluently German, French and Italian, and had some acquaintance with Latin and Greek. She continued her studies until the time of her accession to the throne. It is a pretty scene that has been often described when the news of that momentous event was imparted to her. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the great officers of state went in the gray dawn of a summer morning, in 1837, to tell her that her uncle was dead and that she was queen of three kingdoms. She was asleep, but her mother, knowing the importance of the visitors, aroused her. She came to meet them, a slight, blushing girl of eighteen, clad in a plain white robe, her hair flowing over her shoulders and her feet in slippers. She received their homage with simple, unaffected grace, and begged the Archbishop to pray for the blessing of God on her reign.

Then followed, in quick succession, her first Council, her Coronation and her marriage. Several overtures for her hand were made by European royalties, but her girl love was given to her cousin, Prince Albert, the son of her mother's brother. It was from the beginning a union of the most tender affection. The prince at first was not popular with the British people and it was several years before he learned that his ideas of government, gained in a little German court, could not be imposed

THE LATE QUEEN AND HER GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

THE LATE QUEEN RECEIVING A DISPATCH

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, HER DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER

on the country of his adoption. There was friction between the Queen and her ministers when she attempted to follow her husband's advice: but the counsellors who had guided the Queen's mother, interposed with sage advice, and the Prince realized that the prerogatives of the crown for which he contended on his wife's behalf must be subject to the will of the people.

From that time forward the relations of the Queen with her ministers, no matter to which party they belonged, were harmonious. That she had her preferences there can be no doubt, but when, in obedience to the will of the people, the leaders of one party quitted office and the leaders of the opposing party were inducted, they found in Her Majesty the loyal support that had been given to their predecessors. Though she had the power to veto any measure that was passed by her Parliament, there was no single instance during her long reign in which she exercised that power. Yet she took an intelligent interest in all public affairs and exercised a potent influence on the policy of the country. This was notably seen in 1861, when in the trouble with this country over the seizure of the Confederate commissioners from the *Trent* the two nations drifted toward war. The letter to President Lincoln demanding the surrender of the commissioners, which Lord Palmerston had written, was submitted to the Queen, as all important dispatches were, and she refused to allow it to go until certain words that might be regarded as offensive were expunged and more courteous expressions substituted. There is little doubt that in that critical hour the Queen's wise courtesy did much to prevent a rupture between the two nations. A discreet silence as to the Queen's action in such matters was preserved, but current rumors credited her with other instances in which she restrained the arrogance of the minister of the day.

While the Queen carefully abstained from partisanship in politics, she took a decided stand in social life. The vigor with which she cleansed her court of moral lepers struck a large part of the highest ranks with dismay. She took care that the officers of her household were men of clean lives and that the ladies of the court had an unblemished record. The results of this higher standard of morality were felt from the beginning of her reign; new faces were seen at court, in no degree lower in the social scale than their predecessors, and many who had been favored for a score of years were frozen out by the simple, quiet iciness of virtuous dislike. The people rejoiced in the change, applauded her course, and gave their Queen such love and personal reverence as no monarch had received in Great Britain for a century.

The public events of that period are familiar to every reader of history. The Afghan war, the Irish famine, the first great Exhibition, the Crimean war, and the Indian mutiny made it an exciting epoch. Through it all the Queen identified herself with her people, sharing in their joy and sorrowing with them in time of affliction. They felt that she was one with them, and every public utterance from her tongue or pen served to show the tenderness of her heart and the sweet womanliness of her disposition. Thus it was that when the heavy affliction which cast a shadow over the remainder of her life fell upon her, the sympathy of the whole nation went out to her spontaneously with a fullness rarely witnessed.

Death of Prince Albert

It was a blow which a true woman must feel keenly. We know from her diary, published many years later, how passionately she loved her husband, how ardently she admired him. Nine children had blessed their union, and the youngest was little more than four years old when Prince Albert was stricken with gastric fever and died. The Queen was inconsolable. She withdrew from public notice and gave herself up to grief. After a year or two she resumed her attention to the business of the crown, but her people saw her no more except on rare occasions for more than twenty years. At the opening of Parliament or at the marriage of one of her children, she would appear, clad in the deepest mourning and with an aspect of settled melancholy; but the ceremony over, she hurried again into seclusion.

During that long period the Prince of Wales, who had married Princess Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark, endeavored as far as possible to fill his mother's place in the social functions of the court. Happily the Princess won the affections of the people from the time when she first came among them, and she loyally aided her husband in keeping alive the traditions of royalty. But the heart of the nation yearned for a sight of the Queen herself and at last she gradually emerged from her seclusion. The great pageant which, in 1887, showed her the deep abiding love and reverence in which she was held made a marked impression on her. It was the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the crown, and all her realm united to make it memorable. Representatives of foreign royalties came to take part in the festivities, and such a demonstration took place as London had not seen since the coronation, nearly fifty years before. She was deeply touched by the enthusiastic devotion of the people, and in a graceful letter of thanks she expressed her emotion. In 1897 another celebration, scarcely less magnificent, marked the sixtieth year of her reign. Those who saw her then, describe her as a hale old lady, with few traces of the girlish beauty of the young queen who rode through the same streets three score years before, to receive her crown, but still having the same charming smile, and sweet lovable manner and queenly dignity that had won the hearts of the earlier generation.

The remaining years of her life were saddened by the bereavements which must come to one who has passed the three-score years and ten. The friends of her youth passed away one after another. The ladies who had been her attendants, and whom she sincerely loved, were gone to the grave. Three of her own children—Princess Alice, the Duke of Albany, and the Duke of Edinburgh—were dead. Several of her grandchildren, including the elder son of the Prince of Wales, who, she expected, would eventually succeed her, had also been called away. The war in South Africa had been a grievous sorrow to her, bringing with it the disasters to British arms, and the loss of so many officers whom she knew and valued, and the death of so many brave soldiers. Those about her say how keenly she suffered before the tide of success turned in favor of her army, and how, even in the hour of victory, she mourned over the brave men who had fallen in winning it. She suffered much, but she suffered bravely, and to the last was keenly alive to all that affected her people for weal or woe. No wonder that they loved her and gave her the homage of their hearts! She was the personality in which their patriotism centred, and they felt that she was worthy of their reverence. Administrations came and went, changes took place in government and in society, but she remained high above all, dignified, sympathetic, graceful; every inch a queen. No wonder that they loved her, and that they mourn her death as a personal bereavement.

The New King Edward VII

THE theory of the British Constitution is that the throne is never vacant. By the death of the occupant the next heir becomes king. In this instance the next heir is the Queen's eldest son and second child, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who takes the title of Edward VII. He was born on November 9, 1841, and is consequently in his sixtieth year. On the day following his mother's death he traveled from Osborne to London to take possession of his right. The Privy Council, a large body comprising the chief nobles and gentlemen of the realm of all political parties, was summoned to meet him at St. James' Palace.

The ceremony was interesting and according to precedent. The King was first in a separate apartment from the Privy Councillors. To the latter the Duke of Devonshire (Lord President of the Council) formally communicated the death of Queen Victoria and the succession to the throne of her son, the Prince of Wales. The royal dukes, with certain lords of the council, were then directed to repair to the King's presence to acquaint him with the terms of the Lord President's statement. The King returned with them and after taking the oath to maintain the constitution and govern according to the laws and customs of the country, said:

> Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen: This is the most painful occasion on which I shall ever be called upon to address you. My first and melancholy duty is to announce to you the death of my beloved mother, the Queen, and I know how deeply you and the whole nation, and I think I may say the whole world, sympathize with me in the irreparable loss we have all sustained.
>
> I need hardly say that my constant endeavor will be to always walk in her footsteps in undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me. I am fully determined to be a Constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people.
>
> I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors. In doing so I do not undervalue the name of Albert, which I inherit from my ever-to-be-lamented great and wise father, who, by universal consent is I think, deservedly known by the name of Albert the Good, and I desire that his name should stand alone.
>
> In conclusion, I trust to Parliament and the nation to support me in the arduous duties which now devolve upon me by inheritance and to which I am determined to devote my whole strength during the remainder of my life.

The King spoke without notes and evidently under deep emotion. Those who were near him say that he was looking very pale, and his usually cheerful, happy countenance wore a look of deep sadness. At the beginning of his address his voice broke more than once, but by a strong effort he controlled himself and finished his speech in a clear, strong voice. He was, however, unequal to meeting his Parliament, which had been called together to take the oath of allegiance to him which was accordingly taken in his absence. On the following morning, January 24, the heralds, clad in the quaint suits of olden time, proclaimed him King at St. James' Palace, with ancient forms. They then proceeded to the city, halting at the site of Temple Bar, which is the city boundary. There they were met by the city marshal, who demanded, according to ancient custom, "Who goes there?" The heralds stated their business and asked permission to enter the city. They then proceeded to the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's official residence, where the proclamation was read again. It concluded with the words: "Beseeching God, by whom all kings and queens do reign, to bless the royal prince, Edward VII. with long and happy years to reign over us."

THE GLORIES OF VICTORIA'S REIGN

EDITORIAL BY
T. DEWITT TALMAGE

AN empire on which the sun never sets mourns its beloved and revered sovereign, Victoria. All the nations of the earth rise up and call her memory blessed. No constitutional ruler in history ever held the affections of her own subjects, and admiration of other great empires, as the late Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. No other single reign in the history of the British monarchy has been so long, so pure, so illustrious, or marked by such marvelous progress. The empire over which she ruled has, without interruption, progressed steadily in wealth and power, while its political and moral development, continuing through two full generations of her reign, marks her as the greatest of all the sovereigns of Europe. The glorious achievements of her long rule, and solidifying the government of the British empire are due to the pure personal character, exalted piety, and deep devotion to the interests of all her subjects.

No other sovereign ever held the loyalty and affection of all their peoples like Victoria. Future historians will portray the vast measurement of her influence, and the lasting obligations which the world owes to this departed monarch. Ten Prime Ministers, some of them the most brilliant intellects the world has ever known, served her, and by wise counsels, great caution, and firm adherence to the spirit and letter of the Constitution, she gained such an exact knowledge of all transpiring under her sceptre as to make her a tower of strength to the nation. Besides, her far-reaching influence by ties of consanguinity with the ruling families of Germany and Russia cannot be estimated fully, an influence always benign, and more than once contributing to the maintenance of European peace. It was due to the Queen's view of her constitutional position, and her able executive tact, that the monarchical theory became fitted to the fact of republicanism without detracting dignity on one side, or self-government on the other, and the harmonious relations have been such that the creation of parties hostile to the throne were never dreamed of in the empire.

The coronation oath which Victoria took on her ascending the throne on June 28, 1838, which reads as follows: "Will you maintain to the utmost of your power the laws of God and the Protestant Reformed religion?" to which she gave answer by laying her hand on the holy Gospels, "These I will perform and keep, so help me God," was never once violated, but preserved most sacredly. This ideal of womanly purity, and virtue, and sincere devotion to him who is "King of Kings," so steadily upheld before all the world, has left an impression upon the whole social economy that ages never will obliterate. Her royal court, and every one of her courtiers, were also held to the same lofty ideal, in marked contrast to the stained and polluted character of some other sovereigns and their servants.

The reign of Victoria will ever be remembered for its unequalled enrichment of literature and art, and its most signal triumphs of science and industry.

The spread of education, the extension of civil and religious liberty, and general amelioration of social conditions by which it has been distinguished, all unite to mark off "the Victorian Era" as one of the most memorable epochs in the history of the world. There is no more clear and unimpeachable testimony to God's word, that "righteousness exalteth a nation," than this, that a sovereign can rule a world-wide empire, yet maintain so pure a life, and personal consecration, and devotion to high ideals, and by her influence wield a potent power for the moral development of her realm. What can be said of no other potentate of earth may be truly said of Victoria. None ever suffered from her indiscretions, nor did she ever need to shield herself from severe censures by "the divinity that doth hedge" a monarch, by reason of intrigues, ambitions, and unworthy aims.

Let us hope and pray that King Edward VII. may continue to exercise the same conspicuous virtues and excellent graces as his departed mother, and to receive and hold for long years to come the loving acclaims of all his loyal subjects.

But we rejoice that there is one throne at which all sovereigns must pay homage that never will be vacated—a throne of eternal duration—and whose sovereign is the King of Kings, and at whose feet we humbly plead for the bereaved and stricken members of the royal family who mourn the departed Queen. May heavenly consolations rest upon them all, and the same illustrious virtues, devotion to truth and righteousness, and fidelity to God's law and Christ's Kingdom, mark their future which so gloriously characterized the reign of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India.

AROUND THE WINTER FIRE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

IN sheen of silken splendor,
With glinting threads of gold,
I've seen the priceless marvels,
Once hung in halls of old,
Where fair hands wrought the lily,
And brave hands held the lance,
And stately lords and ladies
Stepped through the courtly dance.

I've looked on rarer fabrics,
The wonders of the loom,
That caught the flowers of summer,
And captive held their bloom;
But not their wreathing beauty,
Though fit for queens to wear,
Can with one household treasure,
That's all my own, compare.

It has no golden value,
The simple patchwork spread—
Its squares in homely fashion
Set in with green and red:
But in those faded pieces
For me are shining bright,
Ah! many a summer morning,
And many a winter night.

The dewy breath of clover,
The leaping light of flame,
Like spells my heart come over,
As one by one I name
These bits of old-time dresses—
Chintz, cambric, calico—
That looked so fresh and dainty
On my darlings long ago.

This violet was mother's;
I seem to see her face,
That ever like a sunrise
Lit up the shadiest place.
This buff belonged to Susan;
That scarlet spot was mine;
And Fannie wore this pearly white,
Where purple pansies shine.

I turn my patchwork over,
A book with pictured leaves,
And I feel the lilac fragrance,
And the snowfall on the eaves.
Of all my heart's possessions
I think it least could spare
The quilt we children pieced at home,
When mother, dear, was there.

DOLLARS AND CENTS

WHEN Strephon puts on his Sunday best, and goes to court Doris, so everyday a matter as money never enters either head. She receives him, a gallant figure, courteous and debonair, his port as brave in her eyes as that of some knight of the Middle Ages. Doris herself, in her pretty daintiness of attire, her silk waist, her shining eyes, her mass of golden hair, is as captivating as a princess in a fairy tale, and she carries herself as regally. Whatever her station, she has been born in the purple, if an American girl. Farmer's daughter, merchant's, mechanic's, or scholar's child, she is well educated, well mannered, and independent. If her people are rich, she has had money in plenty; if poor, she has earned it. As a typewriter, a teacher, an artist, as singer in the church choir, as saleswoman, she has been her own mistress, and, if wealthy, she has had her allowance or her fortune, and thus independent, so. Sometimes, unfortunately, marriage changes all this.

Once married, and settled in a home, however unostentatious, the question of the exchequer soon rears its formidable head, and is neither to be evaded nor ignored. To carry on the simplest household, money is an absolutely necessary factor in the machinery. Though lovers, could they be brought from the clouds to plain *terra firma*, would scout the notion that money might one day be a persistent wedge to ruin their happiness, the little rift within the lute, fatal to the music; yet thousands of husbands and wives, in candid moments, would confess that they owed to that one cause all the heart-burnings they have ever had. A man says, frankly and sincerely, Whatever I earn belongs to my wife. She has only to ask. But she dislikes to ask, and if her asking precede reluctant or hesitating or surprised granting, she is covered with humiliation as with a cloak. Men seldom understand the multiform personal requirements of women. The purse-bearer holds too heavy a balance of authority. No wife should be forced into the position of a licensed mendicant in the marriage relation. No wife can enjoy this, though she may seem to acquiesce.

If the home is to be a type of heaven in its sweetness and rest, the two who are responsible for it, and who carry it on, should arrive at an intelligent agreement about its financial management very early in the day. If they have been building on an unsubstantial foundation they will do well to start anew at any period in their common career.

With an eye to the style of living preferred, husband and wife may easily estimate the cost of various items in the annual bill of expense. Shelter, fuel, clothing, food, are the primitive wants. The education of children, the social ramifications of the family, a margin for charity and for travel, come later. The wife, if she defray any portion of the regular and acknowledged expenses of the household, servants' wages, schoolbills, etc., and the accounts of the grocer and the butcher, should have her allowance, paid to her at stated intervals, for the purpose. Beyond this, and in accordance with the family means, she should have something for her individual expenses, her private purse. If possible, her separate bank account, even if very small, should be part of the domestic scheme.

Men constantly complain of or assert the business incompetence of women. Yet a woman may be treated like a child all her life, and if by her husband's illness or death, without previous training or preparation, she will meet the occasion, and prove herself mistress of its exigencies. The wife who never had any money in her control, who perhaps bought what she chose and sent the bills to her husband, or did without desired conveniences rather than face his criticism, will, when thrown upon her own resources, show a wonderful adaptability. She will not launch out as a spendthrift, nor be foolishly wasteful, neither will she be miserly.

Women are born administrators and economists, and given the opportunity, they manifest good judgment and common sense. Obliged by an unwise custom to accept the role of juvenility in their married lives, to explain their purchases and justify them, and to ask for what should be theirs by right, they have no chance to reveal their hidden ability.

I once knew a wife who saved bit by bit, in silver coins and coppers, out of her household expenses, enough money to buy a gold chain for her good man's birthday present. Perhaps she might have made a better choice, but she paid for it in the rain of small pieces which it had taken her a year to accumulate, and —her husband refused the gift, and compelled her to take it back and have the money refunded. An extreme instance this of Mr. Scrooge in married life.

Thrift is a virtue which should be cultivated, if not indigenous. A French woman stands aghast at the lack of it in an American, but the French woman has had the advantage of being always a recognized partner in the domestic firm. Looking forward to old age, or to the dowry of her daughters, and the establishment in life of her sons, she has been in the confidence of her husband and has assisted him to build up their united fortune. American wives are often pitiably ignorant of their husband's affairs. The husband, honestly anxious to shield the wife from every care, keeps his problems in his office, and has not the courage in periods of stress and wild weather to let her know the imperative need of retrenchment. No home can ever be perfect where on either hand there are reserves. Entire confidence is an essential of success in home making. Doris and Strephon, should life be granted them to reach their golden wedding, will be lovers still if they have proceeded on this rule. And surely, if a man trust his wife with his most intimate and sacred secrets, with his good name, with his children's care and upbringing, he may well afford to be open, and to bestow upon her regularly a requisite portion of the home income.

The Saloon

No evil that menaces society compares to the deadly saloon. On every street corner in the city we find it, warmed, lighted, and alluring to men whose homes are close, crowded and ill-kept. In rural neighborhoods it stands at the cross-ways, a temptation to boys and young men. Women do well to fight it, but they should do so by opening coffee-rooms, by sustaining settlements, and by educating childhood to hate strong drink, not by breaking into it illegally and destroying its property, as was lately done by a well-meaning but mistakenly zealous reformer in the West. The Christian Settlement and the Christian Mission are the most potential foes of the saloon, except indeed the Christian church and the Christian periodical.

Learn to Say No

One of the important things for us to learn in childhood, and never to forget in later life, is the power of saying No to ourselves on occasion. In the hour of the weakened faith, in the hour of the tempting lure, in the hour of anger, of doubt, of irritability, let us, in God's strength, say No to ourselves, to the low mood, to the unworthy thought.

"CHLOE CAME IN WITH CAKES AND TEA"

Again to Discuss the Maid

I SAID Grandmother Penelope, "remember Southern cooking before the war—the fried chicken, the waffles and honey, the muffins and light bread, the beaten biscuits, the ham and greens, never did food have so fine a flavor. A Southern table was loaded with a great variety, and plenty ruled, and outdoors in the kitchen, Aunt Hannah, or Aunt Meliss ruled a brood of little darkeys, and concocted such dishes as we dream of now. The Southern mistress was a notable cook, too. She knew to a fraction how many eggs, how much sugar, how much butter, and how much of everything went into every loaf of cake, and of bread. She was no idler, this capable Southern housewife, and she has shown since the war how to turn her administrative talent into other excellent channels."

And grandmother rounded the heel of her stocking.

"Well," sighed pretty little Mrs. Mattie Lincoln, "I wish I had been young when you were. I've forgotten how good cooking tastes. We have sour bread, soggy cakes, overdone meat and leathery puddings at our house, and Mark and I have dyspepsia. Such maids as our Katies, and Maries, and Biddies, and Carries are, would drive a philosopher to despair. I can cook on a chafing-dish, but Mark does not appreciate my messes as he calls them, so now I've given up in despair."

"Chloe to the rescue!" gaily cried Mrs. Sophia Praxom. "I import my maids from the Sunny South; they do have a natural knack at cooking. The one trouble I have with my successive Chloes is this: they are birds of passage, light-hearted, cheery, laughing at everything; they only stay awhile and then, with their wages in their pocket, go back to the mother, the husband, or the child they left behind. But other Chloes come, and the colored servant, when good, is a real treasure. And, when she is indifferent, she is easily dropped."

"I observe," remarked the minister's wife, "that there are a great many more colored people in Northern neighborhoods than there used to be. They are thronging in, as the Irish and Germans slip into other occupations, into trades and factories, to take the vacant places. I, for one, like the easy-going black folks. They are not very thorough, but they are like children, and can be trained; they need a firm and gentle hand over them, and a mistress who knows her own business."

"For my part," answered Lulu Hart, as though she had received a challenge, "I shall not marry until I am competent to take proper care of my home. Isn't that the wise plan, grandmother?"

And grandmother nodded approval—as Chloe came in with tea and cakes.

"That a young woman should boast of her incapacity for housekeeping and home-making amazes me," said Miss Rebekah Crabtree, gazing severely in the direction of Mrs. Lincoln. "If I were a wife, I would not neglect a thing which could make my husband contented."

Mrs. Lincoln laughed in an unruffled way. "Oh! Miss Crabtree, it all depends on the point of view. Mark and I jog along somehow, and we don't quite starve. But I mean to find out whether Chloe's sister wouldn't like to come and live with me. Have you a sister, Chloe?" she inquired, sweetly. "Yas'm," said Chloe.

Scandal

Scandal is the repetition of evil. It may or may not be bearing false witness. It is always the setting free upon the air of miasmatic germs to poison society. Stop the tale of scandal by the deaf ear and the sealed lips.

Gems from the World's Great Pulpits

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

THE KIND OF PREACHING THAT IS NEEDED

DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, NEW YORK

IT is a good thing for the preacher before he addresses his audience to put his sermon before God, and go through it on his knees. If this plan is followed, there will be some points which may have appeared to him to be the best, which will be left out, and there will be other thoughts given to him which never entered his mind, far more searching than anything he could have worked out for himself. It is a good plan to preach to your people only that truth which grips your own soul, and this, as a rule, is made plain to the preacher when on his knees before God he presents his sermon for His approval or disapproval. There is a demand to-day for the sermon that can reach the hearts of men, awaken them to their responsibility in the world, and convince them of the fact that they need Christ both for earth and for heaven. Unless the great army which is moving slowly but surely away from the Church is soon arrested, there will be a crisis upon us which it may not be easy to meet.

OBSTACLES TO THE CHURCH'S PROGRESS

REV. CORTLAND MYERS, D.D., BROOKLYN

THE church is blessed with an abundance of machinery and the power of the Divine Spirit is still in the earth; but there are obstructions on the tracks—landslides and wrecks which must be removed. They effectually prevent all progress, notwithstanding the marvelous possibilities in the engine. We are on the eve of a great revival, and a tide of evangelization such as the world has never seen is waiting to sweep over America and the world. But there must first be a revival of righteousness and fidelity on the part of professed followers of the Man of Calvary. Morality has too often been divorced from religion, but it has ever been an unauthorized and unholy proceeding. A revival of the Ten Commandments and Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule will be introductory to the salvation of thousands and hundreds of thousands in these coming days. This is also true of the onward march of evangelization around the world. It is the insurmountable hindrance to the saving of the heathen nations when they witness such a representation of Christianity in the nations which carry the banner into their territory only to loot and steal and deceive and murder. All this seems like mockery. God speed the day when the Christian world shall live the divine principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. First things first. Men of God, how tremendous your responsibility.

HOW CHRIST COMES TO MEN

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, LONDON

HAVE you read the method of God in the Bible, that he hardly ever comes in the same form to any two men? The chariots of God are twenty thousand, and who shall say in what chariot he shall ride forth to-morrow or to-night? We ought to be little children; we should say to one another, Who can tell how the dear Lord will come to this soul or to that soul? And we should often say to one another that a book of remembrance might be written, How did the Lord come to you? How did Jesus come? Why, variously: (Mark 16: 12) "After that he appeared in another form to two of them."

But, my soul, see that in some way thou dost behold thy Lord; thy way, thine own way. Thou art peculiar, eccentric, individual, speculative, rational, logical, ecclesiastical, all in thine own way. See Christ, and do not upbraid me because I have not seen him quite in the same way; and I ought not to upbraid you because you have not seen him just when I did. I saw him in the garden, the East, a living glory, a living pearl; and you saw him in the West, with the sun dying on his couch of gold. So the evening and the morning are one day. But do not chide one another, and bicker with one another, and publish comments and remarks upon one another, sometimes doubting whether the Congregationalists, or the Anglicans, or the Presbyterians, or the Methodists can be quite right. Certainly, they are all right, and for want of knowing that to what have we come? The fact is that the first disciples, if they had been as clever as we are, would have had seven different denominations founded upon the seven different ways of appearing, with four missionary societies, or seven missionary societies, and all manner of hedges, and ditches, and lines of demarcation. There is a cleverness that approaches blasphemy. He was seen of James, then of all the Apostles. He goes on from the individual to the social number, to the hundred, and to the all. The same Lord; an infinite variety of forms.

FORTITUDE IN CHRISTIAN LIFE AND SERVICE

PASTOR W. J. MOSIER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TO "walk and not faint" is more difficult and more blessed than to run. It means walking by faith and not by sight. It means, "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." It means, knowing and doing God's will without visions or dreams or wonderful supernatural manifestations. It does not, however, mean uncertainty, but assurance as to God's will. "My sheep hear my voice," says the Good Shepherd. Spiritual guidance may be as certain as the fixed science of mathematics. It means faithfulness in duty when there are no great works visible as the result. The stable and God-ordained plodder works on year after year "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that his labor is not in vain in the Lord." High Christian life is perseverance in walk and work without miraculous manifestations. It is a mistake to suppose that the Gospel must be accompanied by miracles in order to win its way in the world. All the miracles on record do not convince the majority of men, nor would they be convinced if they could witness them all in a day.

To "walk and not faint" is Godlike. In the same context we read, "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" It is a great comfort to know that the same word which designates God's endurance and perseverance and strength is used to describe the blessing that comes to his people who wait on him: "They shall walk and not faint."

OBEDIENCE TO LAW THE BASIS OF LIBERTY

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D.D., BROOKLYN.

BECOMING a Christian is simply to obey the laws of Christ and God. Liberty is obedience to law. Slavery is disobedience to existing laws. Disobey the law of fire, and the hand is burned until it is helpless. Disobey the law of light, and the optic nerve is ruined, and the man is a slave of blindness. Disobey the law of digestion and sleep, and the brain goes down in ruins, and the man becomes a helpless invalid, or perishes. Obey the law of speech and the lips are touched with eloquence; obey the law of color, and the brush is touched with beauty; obey the law of steel, and the hand hath skill over tools. The measure of greatness in any animal is the number of laws it has mastered and obeyed. And the pathway of obedience to these laws of Christ and God is the pathway of happiness and newness of life. It is sin that narrows the life. It is disobedience that cabins men and confines them; it is loyalty to God's laws that breaks down the walls, pushes back the horizon, and makes the soul a citizen of the universe.

IS CHRISTIANITY DETERIORATING?

DR. D. J. BURRELL, NEW YORK

AROUND the whole horizon of the century the record of progress has been uninterrupted save at a single point: it is alleged that the quality of Christianity has been steadily deteriorating. Here is the fly in the ointment. Here is the only interruption in the exultant pæan. At this point the joyous chronicler strikes the minor note. Is it true? I venture the opinion that there never was a time when the level of Christian character was higher than to-day. We listen to all that is said about the imperfections of church members, and then dare to assert that there never was a time when the individual Christian approximated more nearly to the definition of Alex. Pope: "A Christian is the highest style of man." . . . Let every follower of Christ refrain from criticizing the Church and see that he himself is a faithful follower of Christ. The need of all needs is for individual reform; for less of criticism and more of personal consecration. Let everyone sweep his own door-step clean. And let us be of good courage. God will take care of his Church. He has founded it upon a rock, and has declared that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Things are, indeed, not as they should be. The ideal will never be reached until the heavens part asunder and Christ comes to reign upon the earth. But things are vastly better than they used to be. Our world, at every revolution, comes further into the light. The King's chariot wheels cannot be hindered. He cometh to reign! The hands on his dial never turn back.

CHRIST THE GREAT NEED OF THE TIMES

DR. H. P. DEWEY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MEN are now placing a higher valuation upon manhood. Do we need cleaner streets, better municipal facilities? Perhaps so, but far more better men. Do we need better equipments in the churches? It may be so, but far more do we need better Christians. The novice upon the violin returns from the concert, having heard the skillful playing of the master, and feels as if he himself had discoursed the sweet strains, because they are a realization to him of the music he has tried to bring forth, but could only do so in feeble and broken notes. And shall we not believe that he who is the fulfilment of all that is highest in the aspirations and ambitions of human life, the perfect man who is in very truth the realization of ourselves at their best, will ever fascinate and allure men, and call to himself a constantly enlarging number of royal followers. To himself, I say. For we cannot devote ourselves to Christian sentiment, we cannot carol and anthem Christian principles. We cannot grow jubilant over the resurrection theme, or praise the idea of mortality, we must do homage to the definite person who, laying his life down took it again, and in the shadows of the tomb on that first Sunday morning, spoke the familiar word in the accents of the old love, "Mary!" and got the response, "Rabboni, Master." And surely, as we find ourselves following and honoring the personal Christ, and as we try to imitate his spirit and obey his commands, we shall take on his mind and be filled with his feelings and have his consciousness transferred to ourselves, and in that appropriation of him we must of necessity gain his sense of God, feel the influence on us of the divine, which so encompassed and thrilled him.

TAKING NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW

DR. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, OXFORD

THOUGHTFULNESS is a virtue, thoughtlessness is a vice. A careless man has no merit in the eye of men, and deserves none in the eye of God. A careful man is a man who faces life as one who knows his duty and his responsibility in relation to it. And Jesus cannot mean to insist upon the vice of thoughtlessness. The man who does not take thought as to what he ought to do is heartless. He who goes through life thinking never of others, thinking only of himself, expecting duty to be done to him, never feeling he ought to do the duty, is the very man that Jesus meant to censure. "Take no thought" means "Be not distracted, divided, drawn in two ways at once." And he says nothing about the attitude of to-day, it is "to-morrow." Now man's cares, so far as they are evil, spring from to-morrow rather than from to-day. The number of battles men fight in imagination is infinite: the number of battles they fight in reality is comparatively small. Distracting anxiety, devouring care, exercised about what may be, but is not, is the misery of life, the weakening of courage. The true care is taking thought for to-day, not for to-morrow, so obeying God that he gives you what you need, and you leave to him the function and grace of life rather than take all to yourself.

ANXIETY FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS

DR. F. M. GOODCHILD, NEW YORK

A YOUNG man came to me some time ago concerned for the salvation of a brother who had died. He was in great distress of mind. He said: "Oh, I would give up my own hope of heaven, if that would save him." So Paul said here on behalf of his people. So Moses once said as he pleaded with God for Israel. So a greater than Moses or Paul, or any one else, not only said but did, when he endured the woes of sin in our place, "and redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a cur for us." And just here is the serious lack the Church to-day. We do not feel for sou as we should. We do not weep over the lost our fathers did. We do not understand Pau passionate frenzy and the Saviour's bloo sweat as they contemplated the frightful ra ages sin was making in the souls of those who they loved. We have forgotten how Mart Luther was bent almost double as he pleade with men to turn to God and live. We ha forgotten how Thomas Chalmers foamed the mouth as he urged men to flee from t wrath to come. We have forgotten how Jol Summerfield and Robert McCheyne a Edward Payson were so eaten up of zeal f God and men that they worked themselv into early graves. May God give us a ne sense of the soul's value. May God flash up us anew the awfulness of sin. May God bri us to what the Bible calls "travail for souls Then people will be born unto God. For t Lord says through Isaiah: "As soon as Zi travailed she brought forth children."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SOUL-WINNIN

REV. S. M'BRIDE, D.D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"HE that is wise winneth souls." Winni souls is a divine art. How to do it not learned in the schools. Our colleges a theological seminaries may turn out gre scholars and eloquent preachers and emine theologians, but they cannot impart the hea enly accomplishment of winning men Christ. The man who does that must taught of God.

To win souls we must go where they a We cannot catch fish without going to t lake or stream where they are. Jesus sai Go. We build fine churches, and say to si ners, Come, but they do not.

Again, if we would win them we must le holy lives. The carnally-minded Christian an almost inseparable barrier in the way sinners coming to God. Actions are lou voiced. "Your life is so bad I cannot he what you say." Then we must be kind, te der, and above all spirit-filled and prayerful.

THE DIVINE PERSONALITY IN CHRISTIANIT

DR. CHARLES E. GOODELL, BROOKLYN

IT is the glory of Christianity that it was n founded upon a theory or a creed, b upon a personality. Christianity is not code, it is a life; it is not a duty, it is a lov Love is the measure of life, therefore h supreme test of discipleship is "Lovest th me?" Love fulfils the law and the prophet and infinitely more. It makes the Christi life a holy and absorbing passion.

What a splendid love the men who kne Christ in the flesh gave to him, and they wh took up their work were not a whit behir them in devotion. No sacrifice was too grea no martyrdom too terrible. They wore the shirts of flame in triumph, and looked lio out of countenance. The same spirit is see to-day. Scholarly men and noble women d in China with their converts, "not acceptir deliverance." Do you ask why this marve Love begets love. We shall never be ab in our deepest devotion to approximate h love to us.

INDISPENSABLE CONDITION OF SUCCESS IN PRAYER

REV. G. E. TALMAGE, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

YOUR prayer must be sincere. I hav known men to pray, and I have praye myself, when I was at the same time hopin that the prayer would not be granted. Suc prayers are not answered. If you are prayin for instance, to be delivered from the powe of drink, and are holding the glass nearer an nearer to your lips while you pray, I can te you, without looking, that you will drain i when you are through the prayer. If, howeve you are dashing it to the ground while you pra there is hope that you will not fill anothe glass. Brethren, there are some of you wh do not dare to pray for salvation, because yo are afraid that you will find it. And so lon as you are afraid, you will not find it. Whe I hear a man say that he is not able to joi the church, because he is afraid that he wil not be able to live up to the rules, I know just what he means. He means that he doe not wish to live up to the rules, and he doe not wish salvation for fear that he will liv up to them. Aye, there is the rub! And men remain silent, and the prayer is unuttered, an salvation slips by.

FINEST Y. M. C. A. Building in the World

THE NAVAL BRANCH IN BROOKLYN ERECTED BY HELEN MILLER GOULD

SECRETARY FRANK L. SMITH IN HIS OFFICE

WHAT will undoubtedly be the finest Young Men's Christian Association building in the world, is now being erected in Brooklyn by Miss Helen Gould as a memorial to her parents. The structure will cost $300,000, and will be a Naval branch of the Y. M. C. A. It is within three blocks of the Navy Yard. The present membership of this Naval Y. M. C. A. numbers over five hundred. It was organized less than two years ago at 167 Lands street, with forty-five members. Work among the men of the naval service was at once begun. Clean beds, a good cuisine and well furnished parlors, supplied with everything for the comfort of the men, were the attractions offered. The result was a steadily increasing patronage, until at last the old quarters had to be torn down to make way for the new and more commodious building. The basement of this new building will contain bowling alleys, plunge baths, a well equipped gymnasium, and nearly five hundred lockers. On the ground floor will be the secretary's offices, a reading room and parlor, and a large restaurant. The upper floors will have two hundred bedrooms. These rooms will all be fully furnished by the Woman's Auxiliary, and anyone, on payment of fifty dollars, which sum will be expended for the furnishing of a bedroom, can have the privilege of naming any one of them as the donor may desire. The top floor will have an auditorium where entertainments will be held at frequent intervals. A special feature of this magnificent new building will be the roof-garden. The entire roof will be made into an open-air theatre, where the sailor and his friends may enjoy the cool sea breezes while listening to splendid programmes of amusement.

The branch has been accomplishing wonders in leading a great many sailors and marines to acknowledge God's love and power. It acts as a central pivot, where "Jack" may turn for advice and help of whatever character he should desire. An average of $600 is received monthly by Secretary Frank L. Smith, which members forward to him from all parts of the world, to be applied as they direct; sometimes he is to send the money to their mothers, wives or relatives; again, he is to deposit it in a savings institution.

The Naval Branch does not stay at home, so to speak. It makes itself felt in the Navy Yard, at the Hospital, in the Marine Barracks, and on board visiting ships. The latter carry away packages of magazines and similar literature, to beguile hours at sea or on remote stations. While lying at the Yard, sick boys are visited, and commissions executed for those who are disabled.

The success of the Brooklyn Naval Branch has been so pronounced that the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations have recently organized other branches at Naval stations at Guam, Ladrone Islands; Cavite Arsenal, Philippine Islands; San Juan, Porto Rico; and at Havana, Cuba. The privileges are open to all members at these stations, as well as at some other twenty associations in our seaport cities. Branches have been formed, too, on board a number of Uncle Sam's ships.

Temperance branches have also been organized on many ships, and each member signs a pledge to wholly abstain from all intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, during the period of his service in the navy. No fee is charged for membership in this league, and each member is given a neat silver-oxidized pin, which is worn by him constantly. For each year of faithful membership, and upholding of the pledge, handsome insignia will be conferred. The Navy Department at Washington will further recognize this movement by adding to the present enlistment blank a column headed "Total Abstinence," to be marked "Yes" or "No" each quarter, by the commanding officer of the ship, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," writes a member of the Naval Branch, "is to be found at all the Naval Branches, and on most of the ships of the Navy, and is one of the papers most sought after, by the officers and the men. It is their newspaper, magazine and religious book, all in one."

THE NEW GOULD MEMORIAL Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, BROOKLYN

The Tower of Babel

The manuscript of the account of the condition of the Tower of Babel, as written by the Greek traveler Harpocration, has been recently discovered; and M. De Mily gave an interesting account of its contents at a session of the Paris Academy of Inscriptions. The following summary is from *The Independent*: "The tower was renovated in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, in the sixth century B.C., and this king reports in the inscription he caused to be made, that the town had been erected forty-two generations before his time. Thanks to the report of Harpocration we now know that as late as the fourth Christian century this temple was still a place of worship, although it ceased to be such some time before 380. The tower was ninety-four kilometers from Ctesiphon, south of Babylon. It consisted of a very wide substructure, seventy-five feet high, the sides being one hundred and eighty-four metres. In the middle stood a four-cornered tower, built of six sections, one upon the other, each twenty-eight feet high, and upon the top section was a small tower, only fifteen feet high. These seven stories together made the structure sixty-seven metres high. The ascent to this temple was by three hundred and sixty-five steps, of which three hundred were of silver and sixty-five of gold, the number to equal the days of the year. The division into seven sections corresponded to the days of the week. These details confirm to the letter the conclusions which Oppert had reached through his measurements on the ground."

. . . THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A NEW AND CHARMING SERIAL STORY, ENTITLED . . . . . .

"By Love's Sweet Rule"

Will Appear in "The Christian Herald" on February 20.

THIS TALE, BY GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON, WILL BE A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT FOR OLD AND YOUNG

GOOD CAUSES HELPED

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home

Prev ack	$260 75
Lillie Smith	1 00
The Widow's Mite, Sunbury	2 00
——, Albion	1 00
—, Brookfield	1 00
A L Moore	25
——, Franklindale	1 00
A Friend, Shields	5 00
F W Bickley and wife	2 00
Geo Nisonger	1 00
Northboro	50
Mrs C Sherer	50
——, Newport	50
Thos Darsley	3 00
Warren Judd	1 01
V W Olds	1 00
One who is interested in missions, Ford	2 50
M C Woodbury	1 00
Lydia B Pfund	5 00
Mr M V Moore & wife	2 00
The Lord's Tenth, Maples Mill	10 00
Mrs David Pitt	50
L P Overbaugh	1 00
In Christ's Name, Merrimack	2 00
Mattie C Lange	2 50
Mrs H M Alden	1 00
C E Myrick	1 00
M C Hess	1 00
Mrs D C Bowers	1 00
Philana A Foster	1 00
Mrs Emma Carpenter	1 00
C S Putney	50
Roy J Henderson	50
Total	$315 01

Bella Cooke

Prev ack	$3 00
Mrs M J Covell	25
Total	$3 25

Foreign Missions

Prev ack	$106 65
A F Richmond	1 00
Little girl, Waynesbo'	10
Total	$107 15

Good Cause

Prev ack	$390 71
Mrs M S Milan	50
Otto Rau	1 00
H W Meier	1 00
J H Rosebough	10
Mrs C M Edmunds	1 00
Mrs M F Crawford	1 00
Mary Ingerman	08
Mrs Henry Seal	50
Mrs Andrew Steele	1 00
Mrs Z Norman	3 00
A R Morell	1 00
——, Pierson	1 00
Peter Johnson	1 00
——, Oakland	2 00
Mrs Jno A Baker	50
Friend, Sioux Rapids	3 00
Mrs L S, ——, Kan	1 00
Thos Pillow	25
C A Simpson	1 00
W S Wilkinson	5 00
T W Baldwin	2 00
Mrs H M Durbin	1 00
D D Doane	1 00
A V Gulick	50
Mrs E F Saunders	50
Bettie S Broaddus	50
F H Preston	2 00
Emily J Coombs	1 00
Mrs S C Hughes	25
J C Hoffman	50
Cash, San Francisco	50
Virginia Butler	50
N O Greene	50
Mrs C J Craven	50
Mrs E B Ward	50
In His Name, Leominster	1 00
Mary S Macomber	25
John Cowdrey	50
W S Palmer	75
Mrs Jno Menaul	50
Anonymous	1 00
Emma I Bauer	4 00
A Friend	10
Total	$435 49

Jerry M'Auley Mission

Prev ack	$26 75
Eliz and Wm Hunter	2 00
Leon G Young	1 00
Total	$29 75

Clinton St Settlement

Prev ack	$58 51
A Reader of the C H, Seymour	1 00
Friend, Soudan	10 25
Mrs M Russell	2 00
Total	$71 76

Mayesville Institute

Prev ack	$109 00
I H N Beverly	2 00
Total	$111 00

Miss E Nason's Work

Prev ack	$58 00
I H N, Beverly	2 00
H Rosa Towne	10 00
Susan M Sturges	1 00
Total	$71 00

Porto Rico

Prev ack	$347 44
Jas & Josie Bonney	1 00
Total	$348 44

Emilio Olsen's South Amer Mission Work

Prev ack	$177 95
H Farnsworth	1 00
Total	$178 95

Armenian Fund

Jas D McGregor	$2 00
Newel Graves	4 00
Total	$6 00

Rev W H Lee, Farmville, Va

— — —, Va	$5 00

Salvation Army Christmas Dinner

Mrs E F Ervin	$5 00
G A Connolly	5 00
Total	$10 00

Japanese Mission (Jno W Wadman)

L H Armstrong	$1 00

Ragged Church in Bowery

APhilana Foster	$1 00

Cremorne Mission

Prev ack	$6 50
James D McGregor	1 00
A S Pect	1 00
Total	$8 50

American Bible Society

Prev ack	$2 00
Avalon Church	2 00
Johnson & Kay	1 25
Wood Chapel, Avalon	1 00
Total	$6 25

School for Syrian Girls, Mrs Jamal

Prev ack	$13 00
I H N, Beverly	2 00
J E Baird	10 00
Total	$25 00

Cuban Fund

Prev ack	$104 98
Miss Mary Ashby	1 00
Jas and Josie Bonney	1 00
Total	$106 98

Waifs' Thanksgiving

H Wood	$ 50
Mrs Jack	5 00
Mrs Parker	25
Mrs Johnson	50
L A Bruce	3 00
E L Alond	2 00
W J Alford	1 00
E C Waterford	1 00
John	1 00
W J Roof	1 00
J E Chadwick	1 00
Thomas Adams	1 00
A Bradley	2 00
E R Sang	1 00
"Columbia"	1 00
A Mother	1 00
E Shearman	1 00
M R Schenck	2 00
Zenia	1 00
Mrs L S Brown	2 00
Mr and Mrs J M	3 00
—— ——	25
"Ben Hur"	1 00
"Sheppack"	1 00
Mrs L S Foster	1 00
Total	$34 50

A CORNER OF THE READING-ROOM

SUNSHINE 'ROUND THE GLOBE

THE International Sunshine Society, incorporated last February, now has over fifty thousand members, and is daily receiving letters from every State and Territory in the Union and from many foreign countries where branches exist. The mail received at 96 Fifth avenue has averaged nearly a thousand letters a week for the past three months, to say nothing of almost innumerable parcels. Many thousand holiday remembrances have been sent out by mail and freight and express. All the work outside of that performed by stenographers has been done by volunteer workers. It is a standing matter of complaint with the President-General that she has not yet been able to persuade the stenographers to work for nothing and find themselves.

Yet what is done at headquarters is only the surplus, the overflow from the real work. The Society only encourages people to send to the office things which they cannot place in a way to carry sunshine to some one whom the sender knows. And it much prefers to give one member the address of another in some distant part of the country who could use what is to be "passed on"; because that takes only single postage or freight, or expressage. The same article sent to the office costs double in transportation charges. It has been said that for every letter received at 96 Fifth avenue, New York, at least ten go directly from member to member, and the same is true of packages. One invalid in a little Massachusetts village reported that he had received fifty-six cheerful letters on his birthday from all parts of the United States. The Society might be called "An Institution for the Stimulation of Human Fellowship." It brings together persons whose environments are most dissimilar, and helps one-half of the world to understand how the other half lives.

There are no fees or dues save kind acts, which may be done at home. Nobody is so poor as to be burdened by membership, nobody so rich as to be out of the Society's scope. Everybody is on an equal footing with everybody else. No charity is contemplated, save the charity without which one may bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and yet be as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." To one who is hungry, food may bring most sunshine; to one who is cold, warm clothing may furnish the most cheerful rays. But the idea is to send nothing except to those who have paid their dues; so that each one who has,, may feel entirely free to take, without sensitiveness, whatever will bring the most "good cheer." And, behind it all. is the feeling that those who in the midst of luxury suffer from heart-chill, those who rise from abundant tables hungry for human sympathy are most in need of what the Society can do.

The question is often asked, and it is a natural and proper one, "If no dues are paid in money how does Headquarters pay postage, freight, expressage, rent, and stenographers' wages?" There is an endowment fund, to which any member can offer to contribute a fixed sum each year. Many are doing so. More will do so. But those who contribute are persons who find money easier to give than something else, and not one of them thinks of herself as a member of a Sunshine Aristocracy, if such a thing were conceivable. Besides this, the branches have, many of them, arranged "International Days," holding little entertainments and sending what they may, $5 or $10, sometimes more, to Headquarters. If every one of the five hundred branches would have such a day once a year there would never be any lack of money. But they are never constrained to do anything of the sort, nor are members constrained to subscribe to the endowment fund. All moneys must be strictly voluntary offerings, under the system of the Sunshine Society.

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN
President International Sunshine Club

Of course, the history of the Society reaches far back of its date of incorporation. It began in a newspaper column called "Chat," of which Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden was editor, the column being devoted to telling what one person wanted, and what another person had to give away. This column was afterwards c ed the "Shut-In" department, since many invalids were interested in it, a still later the "Sunshine" departme Afterward, Mrs. Alden took charge of Woman's Page of the *Tribune*, and k up her sunshine work. An informal s ety was soon organized. Such women Mrs. Charles H. Denison, President Sorosis; Mrs. Esther Herrman, M Hans S. Beattie, Mrs. Edwin L. Scofie of Stamford, and Mrs. William Tod H muth, President of the State Federat of Women's Clubs; such men as Pr Theodore F. Seward, President Thon Hunter, of the Normal College, and Rev. Robert Collyer became interest The organization began to have branch in Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippin India, Palestine, and also in the Brit Islands.

Of all the workers none had been so ergetic as Mrs. Joseph Fairchild Knap whose name is familiar to everyone wh hymn-books are used as the author hundreds of hymns. She is State Pre dent for New York, and Mrs. Nellie E. Furman is Vice-President.

The work possesses a peculiar cha for church workers, and often a bran Sunshine meeting is the only place wh pastors of different denominations m one another in a social way. Often whole Sunday School forms itself into Sunshine circle. The nature of the ganization is such that no jealousy aroused. No money is diverted from c tributions made to churches or to reg lar charities. On the other hand, t payment of dues in the form of kind a is a perpetual stimulus to all that is be in human nature.

Mrs. Alden is still President-General the organization she founded. She giv her time to the work, and is able to gi something more; and she has full fai that two years will swell the fifty tho sand to five hundred thousand, and i crease far more than tenfold the bene cent work of the Sunshine Society.

OUR INDIA ORPHAN WORK

The Following Contributions in Aid of Our India Orpha Work Have Been Received Since Our Last Report . . . . .

CANADA

Andrews, M A... 1 00
Bromley, E S..... 2 00
Brooks, Wm 1 00
Brownlee, Miss A A 1 00
Brownlee, Jane .. 1 00
Bruce, Mrs L A.. 1 00
Burt, Mrs Thos.. 25
Calland's, Mrs M E, S S Class... 1 10
Cameron, Mrs A.. 25
Carruthers, Miss Maggie 1 00
Dalziel, John ... 1 00
Falby, Mrs Fred. 10
Fraser, Mary ... 3 00
Frazer, Jean 2 00
Godfrey, Mrs F.. 10
Grant, Mrs Geo.. 5 00
Halliday, Mr J... 50
Halliday, Miss M. 50
Haseltine, Mrs M 50
Hilman, Mr F.... 25
Huish, Mrs W & family 1 00
Kerns, Mrs Jas... 50
Krupp, S 2 00
Lamb, Howard .. 10
Larock, Mrs M... 50
Lyons, Annie 5 00
McAddam, David . 10
McDonald, Mrs .. 25
McDonald, M ... 2 00
McFeetors, M A.. 1 00
McLaren, Mrs A.. 25
Machleen, C 38 00
Machleen, C 26 95
Machleen, C 20 85
Machleen, Miss C20 00
Machleen, C 4 00
Martin, R 25
Middlemiss, J W. 42
Mitchell, Mrs S.. 1 00
Mitton, Archie .. 5 00
Moore, Mrs Jno.. 1 00
Palmer's, Charles, grandchildren .. 3 25
Peck, Mrs Fred.. 25
Peck, Geo 10
Pilgrim, Annie & Class 2 00
Pillow, Mr Edgar. 1 00
Pillow, Master E. 25
Pillow, Mrs H.... 2 00
Prout, Gertde C.. 50
Rose, Mrs Jas.... 25
Sadler, Mrs M S 1 00
Sweezey, Mrs ... 25
Thompson, Mrs A. 05
Thompson, Mr G. 1 00
Walls, Gladys ... 25
Walls, Gracie ... 25
H & L, Vancouver 5 00
W S, Ulverton... 5 00
In memy of Josie Walls, Tottenham 25
A Friend, Granville Ferry 1 00
A Friend to the Cause, Jerseyville 25
A Friend, Nesbitt 2 00
A Friend, Newmarket 1 00
2 Friends, Jordan 1 00
I H N, Hillcrest 50
Sun Sch, Admiral Rock 2 00

CONNECTICUT

Avery, Mr & Mrs H S 2 00
Barnes, Benj 1 22
Bishop, Mrs J N. 3 00
Denslow, Mrs F H 2 00
Dodge, Mrs M M 5 00
Gaylord, Mrs W.. 3 00
Geronimo Friend . 1 00
Hamlin, Mrs A.. 5 00
Hansell, Caroline, thro 1 69
Leinweber, B A.. 1 00
Myers, F J..... 1 00
Peck, Abram 5 00
Stone, H A C.... 1 00
C E W, Hartford 4 00
A freind, Bridgeport 2 00
A Friend, Southport 1 00
A Friend, Westb'k 1 00
Subr, Middletown. 1 00

MASSACHUSETTS

Allen, Mrs W H 2 50
Bowden, Mrs E H 1 00
Bryan, Helen L, thro 1 00
Davis, Mrs A F. 1 00
Deeg's, R S, dau. 1 00
Dimond, Gladys.. 1 01
Elliott, Mrs & Mrs Chas A Stanley 8 00
Hammond, D & R 1 00
Hatch, Miss Ada. 25
Hatch, Miss G... 25
Hatch, Mrs J T.. 1 25
Hatch, Mrs W... 1 00
Hayward, Mrs S L & Mrs J O Hinghton 2 00
Hirst, Herbt W..15 00
Holm, Carl W... 25
McLean, R L.... 2 00
Morse, Arthur M 25
Morse, E & R.... 50
Morse, May 25
Pierce, Mrs C A 1 00
Sanford, Grace .. 3 00
Taylor, E A..... 5 00
Ware, Mrs C L. 1 00
Winsor, Eva .... McClellan, Marian Stevens, M .... Scott, Susie ... Cunningham, M. 2 00
Worcester, Mrs A E 50
J M P, Mass..... 2 00
L A P, S Egremont 1 00
M N, Williamsburg 5 00
M & H C, Greenbush 3 00
—, Boston 1 00
—, Holyoke 50
—, Lowell 2 00
—, Springfield .. 1 00
A Friend, Annisquam 1 00
A friend, Conway 1 00
A Friend, Hatchville 25
A friend to the Orphans, Methuen 15 00
A Friend, Worcester 1 00
3 Christian frds, Southboro 1 50
Subr, Mass 5 00
Widowed One, Brockton 10
Ladies of Congl Ch, N Dighton.10 00
Inter Dept of B S S, Braintree. 2 00
S S Class of Pil S S, Plymouth ... 1 00
Whitinsville Cong Jr End Soc..... 3 35

MAINE

Clark, Jno W.... 25
Davis, Miss May. 1 00
Glass, S L..... 1 00
Gould, Mrs L A.. 1 00
Gould, Sarah F.. 1 00
Hall, L C..... 1 00
Hall, W F..... 1 00
Haskell, Mrs E F 25
Holland, H M.... 1 00
Judkins, A C.... 1 00
Lee, Mrs Joseph. 1 00
Olds, R L..... 1 00
Paine, James W. 1 00
Peterson, Laura.. 1 00
Phillips, Mrs M C10 00
Pope, Mrs W E.. 2 00
Stewart, Chas A. 1 00
Titcomb, C W.... 1 00
Welder, C P 15 00
—, Danforth ... 1 00
—, Hampden ... 10
—, Portland 55
—, —— 25
"My Tenth," Denmark 70
A Poor man, Augusta 25
A S S Class of Boys, Hampden Corner 40
A S S Class, Lewiston 1 00
Soc of Chr End, Liberty 1 40
Jr C E Soc, Cong Ch, Sandy P't. 4 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Griffin, Mrs M E. 1 00
Haley, True J.... 10
Jones, Mrs L W. 62
Munroe, Mrs M S 1 00
Putney, Carrie S. 1 00
Smith, C H..... 5 00
Tasker, Elmer H. 5 00
Worrall, Mrs O P 3 00
Friends, Warren . 1 00

NEW JERSEY

Carter, Miss J...10 00
Davis, Miss Lilian, Thro 50
Fletcher, Mrs M J 2 00
Force, Mrs W L. 1 00
Lockett, Ilga 13 00
Nickerson, Mrs P W 50
Phillip, H L..... 1 00
Powers, Miss L.. 1 00
Runyan, E 5 00
Sutton, E E..... 30
Walton, J J..... 25
—, Hoboken ... 1 00
—, W Englew'd 25
A Friend, East Orange 1 50
A Friend, Falls Village 50
A Friend, Haledon 5 00
Sympathizer, Jersey City 1 00
A Class of Children, New Durham 2 00
Te Holland S S's, Paterson 24 35

NEW YORK

Allen, Mr & Mrs D S 3 00
Alheim, Jacob ... 3 00
Balzer, Bertha .. 1 00
Boos, Minnie 38
Briggs, Mrs E.... 1 00
Brown, A L.....10 00
Brown, Mrs L H.. 5 00
Brower, W S..... 1 00
Case, Julia T..... 1 00
Chace, John H... 1 00
Churchill, Mrs E 1 50
Coon, Miss Alice. 1 00
Cooper, Charlotte. 1 00
Craven, Miss Anna 2 00
Davis, L J..... 2 00
Enselein, Bessie.. 1 75
Ensign, F V, thro 5 00
Ensign, F V..... 1 25
Feary, Mary 1 25
Gillespie, H L... 70
Griffin, M & C.. 1 25
Gundlach's, G, Children 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 3 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 2 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 02
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Hagaman, C A... 2 00
Hagaman, C A... 1 00
Harper, Ruth ... 25
Hendrick, Mrs W 3 25
Hinkley, Mrs H.. 1 00
Holman, L 1 00
Howland, C W... 2 00
Huntting, Mrs E J 10 00
Knight, E P..... 3 50
Lamphere, Mrs L 1 00
Lee, Mrs C S.... 50
Lee, F W..... 2 00
Lee, Wallace 1 00
Main, Mr 50
McGrew, Mrs M. 3 50
Moore, M H..... 1 00
Nord, Arthur M. 5 00
Olds, Mrs H D. 5 00
Parker, Miss M M 50
Putnam, Mrs C S 5 00
Roohr, Cath'ne .. 22
Roberts, Mary D. 5 00
Robertson, M ... 1 25
Rohda, Miss M A 5 00
Rowe, Mrs E J. 2 29
Sauk, Mrs Ida M. 1 00
Sawyer, Mrs G F 5 00
Scherer, Anna .. 65
Shaw, A M..... 3 00
Shepherd, Emma. 50
Skedmore, Hattie. 2 25
Starkweather, Miss A M 1 00
Stewart, Fern, Florence, Blanche, Olive & Irma, Sadie & Fannie Underwood 1 00
Strong, H L.....12 00
Tuxford, Mrs C T 2 00
Wells, Ida M & Mildred E 2 00
Wheelock, Cora E 2 00
Wilder, Helen E 2 00
Williams, C S..... 5 00
Woodman, Mrs E B 5 00
F Augusta——, Morrisville 6 00
A M G, Brooklyn 1 00
E A S, Slateville 25
Mrs E F C, N Y C 5 00
H H, N Y City. 2 00
Mrs E M F, Morris 1 00
L C S, Slateville 14
M G T, Peekskill 1 00
Mrs M H A, Countryman 30
S K, Northpert.. 1 00
—, Dunkirk 1 00
—, Glen Spey... 1 00
—, Laotto 10 00
—, Middle Falls. 1 00
—, Middletown.. 5 00
— ——, N Y City 2 00
—, Prattsburg ... 2 00
Friend, Bklyn ... 2 00
Friend, Melrose . 2 00
A Friend, Poland 2 00
Friend, Shortsville 2 00
Reader, Minoa .. 1 00
An Orphan, Catskill 1 50
Thro 1st Nat'l Bk, Edmeston 7 00
A few Mill Girls, Little Falls ... 1 00
Sister, Port Jervis 5 00
In memy of a little Child, Bklyn 1 00
Ref Ch of Clymerhil 9 00
The Ogden Bapt Church 2 65
Prim Cl of Mem Pres S S, Bklyn 2 50
M E A & S S Cl, Gates 1 00
Wayne Ctr District School 75
Epw Lea, Wurtsboro 8 40
Jr Ep Lea, Wurtsboro 5
Detroit Comm of the India Relief Fund, per Alex McPherson 68 5
Miss Soc & S S, Wesleyan M Ch, Hers Road, Appleton 6 0

RHODE ISLAND

Coit, Mrs H..... 2 0
Hall, Hannah .. 1 0
Richardson, Mrs C 5 0
——, Central Falls.10 0
A disciple of Jesus, Pascoag 2 0

VERMONT

Bailey, Warren .. 1 0
Field, Edward C. 1 0
Gleason, H L.... 5
Hayward, A F... 1 0
Huntley, I M.... 1 0
Newton, Nellie .. 1 0
Seeley, J O..... 2 0
Tucker, M E.....16 5
Watson, Mrs O L 7
West, N D..... 1 0
Wright, Will 5 0
Young, A E..... 1 0
Young, Mrs G E. 2 0
Young, Leo P.... 1 0
Young, Ralph E. 5
——, Rutland 0
Friends, Burlington 2 0
Cup Bearer Soc of Kings Daughters, Montpelier 1 2

FOREIGN

Rice, Mrs M S.. Isenberg, Rev & Mrs ..... Cooke, Mr & Mrs C M 50 00

MISCELLANEOUS

Strance, Mrs 5
Anon, —— 2 1
A Friend, Bay View 4
A Friend, ——.... 1
A Friend of Missions, —— 5 0
For a Hindoo Orphan, —— 3
J S C E, Litchfield 1 2

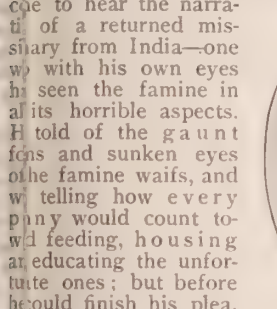
MADE SACRIFICES FOR INDIA

Stories of Generous Help Cheerfully Rendered for the Famine Waifs . . .

THE stories that reach us from week to week, telling of the self-sacrifice displayed by various members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family, in their desire to help the famine orphans of India, are interesting as well as gratifying. The story of little three-year old Helen Peck, of Corona, N. Y., for instance, is pathetic when considered as an incident, and inspiring as an example to her elders. One evening, recently, the Union Church in Corona was crowded to the doors by villagers who had come to hear the narrative of a returned missionary from India—one who with his own eyes had seen the famine in all its horrible aspects. He told of the gaunt forms and sunken eyes of the famine waifs, and of telling how every penny would count toward feeding, housing and educating the unfortunate ones; but before he could finish his plea, little Helen Peck slipped over mother out into the aisle, ran to the communion table, which was above her head, tossed her little envelope up into the collection plate, and then toddled back to her pew with a happy smile. At home, after the service, her father found her seated on the floor counting out bright pennies, one by one, from her iron bank and putting them with great care into the little barrel for foreign money, whispering as she did so, "Feed 'em, feed 'em, feed 'em." As she put in the last of her fifty-two pennies she heaved a sigh and said, "Now I dess dey'se all fed." Helen has now an adopted brother among the India famine boys, whose name is Sahila Bunaji Peck, and who is being educated under the direction of Mr. Hume, at Ahmednagar.

MISS HELEN PECK

While the famine is over, there is still enough suffering in India to need the help of many such young and enthusiastic workers as Miss Jennie Wease, a student at the Normal University at Ada, Ohio. As a student missionary volunteer, she devoted her holiday weeks to collecting money for India's orphans. At the sacrifice of the social pleasures she might have enjoyed, she went among church people of all denominations, and non-church-goers as well, and collected $200, which she sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for orphan work.



MISS JENNIE WEASE

Another worker who has proven the rule of "the will and the way," is Mrs. J. E. McLean, of Friend, Neb. She desired to send money for the orphans, but had not a dollar of her own to spare for the purpose. The household burden of a family of six devolved upon her. She mastered the situation by putting up flower seeds in packages and selling them—ten packages for ten cents. With the proceeds of her little business she is now supporting twelve famine orphans. Among these is a special protege of Mrs. McLean's daughter, named Kerria, but known in the missionary school as George Washington, so named because of his unfailing truthfulness.

Finally, there is Mrs. E. S. Ormsby, chairman of the Ladies' Missionary Society in Emmettsburg, Ia., who, through her unwearying efforts, induced Iowans to contribute corn for the starving of India, and sent a carload, containing 36,000 bushels of the precious food, to New York. The corn was carried to India on the relief steamship *Quito*, and its distribution undoubtedly preserved many sufferers who otherwise would have perished.

MRS. ORMSBY

COL. J. S. ORMSBY

An Aged Servant of God

Appointment to preach his semi-centennial sermon is an honor rarely conferred on a minister. Yet, upon invitation of the Newark Conference of the M. E. Church, Rev. R. Bowen Lockwood, of Thiells, Rockland Co., is to address that body at its next session in the spring of the present year. Mr. Lockwood is seventy-six years old, and he has had an unbroken service of fifty years as preacher and pastor. In the quiet little parsonage at Thiells, he and his wife, rich in good works, if poor in this world's goods, watch the shadows lengthen as their years decline, with hearts of trust and cheer, for the Master whom they have served is faithful and forgetteth not his own.

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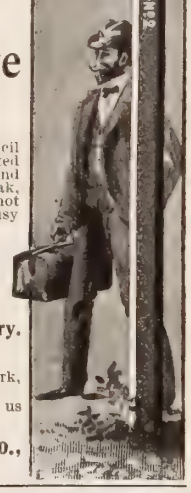

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HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

The Story of the Late Bishop William Xavier Ninde's Change of Heart

IT may be doubted if in all the millions of the great Methodist communion throughout the world, there was any man more universally and tenderly loved than William Xavier Ninde. If he had an enemy in the world it surely was not known. He was, by common consent, very generally known as "The St. John," among Methodist Bishops. Surely now that the great sunrise has come to him, and God has taken him to himself, after a life so beautiful and useful, Christians everywhere will be comforted and strengthened to know, in the words from his own lips, the causes which led to his giving himself in his youth to Christ.

On November 7th, 1900, less than two months before his translation, Bishop Ninde wrote me a letter from the Hotel St. George, in Brooklyn, in response to a letter from me, from which I quote:

"Dear Dr. Banks: I have been much run down in health since receiving your letter in September, a part of the time confined to my bed. Am now very much better though still below my usual grade in strength. This will explain my tardy reply, which may be too late to be of service to you. My childhood and early

WILLIAM XAVIER NINDE

youth were spent amid surroundings very favorable to the development of true piety, but unfortunately, when sixteen years of age I removed, in the pursuit of a livelihood, to a place where I formed associations which were chilling to my religious nature. I became for the time wayward, indifferent to religious services, and decidedly unbelieving. It was a merciful Providence which restored me, after some months, to my former home among cherished kindred, where I conformed to the habits of the family without hesitation, and yet with a degree of reluctance in resuming attendance upon the services of the church. Although a lost sinner I was happily lost in the house.

"My residence at this time was in the village Lowville, in Northern New York. The pastor of the Methodist Church was the Rev. Lorenzo B. Stebbins, a recent graduate of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. He was a man of scholarly tastes and habits, whom I learned to respect and esteem. I do not remember that he spoke to me personally upon the state of my soul, but he preached a short series of sermons upon the evidences of Christianity which greatly impressed me. My mind was forced into a channel of inquiry. Day after day, while employed in my work as a printer, the rational proofs of the Christian faith engaged my absorbed attention, until at length every doubt was removed, and I confessed myself a full and firm believer in the Bible as a trustworthy revelation from God.

"Up to this time I had kept my change of views a close secret. No one, so far as I knew, suspected my mental agitation with its happy result. I found it now impossible to rest in right thinking. The Holy Spirit pressed me to act up to the light I had received. There was no escape from the conviction that I must embrace Christ as my personal Saviour and confess him before men.

"Two difficulties now confronted me. In the first place, I must yield my own will to that of a new Master. This involved the surrender of all cherished and ambitious plans of life, and the consent to become a humble preacher of the Gospel. After many inward struggles, involving the sharpest contention with my predilections, I yielded the point at once and forever. Then came the contest with my pride, in making a public committal. As I look back over the long period of half a century, I find it very difficult to understand the extreme hesitation I felt in making a public confession of my change of views and new attitude toward Christ. There were moments when my reluctance seemed insurmountable. But happily the constraint became irresistible, and I was led at length to a full and earnest decision. It was in April of 1850 that I made this firm resolve which proved the turning point of my life. My sins did not burden me, though I acknowledged myself a grievous sinner. I never doubted the willingness of God in Christ to forgive me. My burden was lifted when my will was brought into harmony with God's.

"It was early in the week when I made this final determination. There was great religious apathy at the time even in the churches, but I resolved that on the next Sabbath I would make a public confession of my faith. An inner voice at once suggested: 'Why not seize the first opportunity?' I was now in a mood to obey this sacred voice. Now, the first time in years, I found my place in the Thursday night prayer-meeting. There were three or four men including the pastor and myself, and perhaps seven or eight women. But those who were present were truly saints whose hearts were deeply imbued with a sincere and profound spirituality. I had prayed most earnestly for days that I might have strength to keep my pledge, yet, to my dismay, I saw the pastor rise with the evident purpose of closing the meeting. I felt it the fateful moment for me. I caught hold of the back of the seat in front of me, rose to my feet, and, with a trembling but assured voice, said: 'I want to be a Christian, and I ask you to pray for me.' With my clearer views of the Christian life, I do not doubt that I already was a Christian; that from the moment when I surrendered my will and accepted the crucified Christ as my Master and Lord, I was brought into saving fellowship with him, but the simple confession severed the last tie that bound me to the past, and brought me into new and active relationship with the church of the living God, which has made my whole life a Psalm of grateful rejoicing.

"I have extended this sketch much more than I intended. Perhaps you can cut out of it what will answer your purpose."

But as all this was written in Bishop Ninde's own handwriting, so soon before his going away, I have felt that I could not do a more generous thing than share the letter with you in his own words. I doubt not there are thousands of young men in the land who stand just where young Ninde stood, before he went to that Thursday night prayer meeting and confessed Christ. I pray God that his testimony may lead many of them to follow his blessed example!

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Libraries in the South

Mr. J. M. Good, of Thaxton, Va., writes concerning a new and interesting work which is being inaugurated in his section, he says:

I am starting a religious and literary association, with branches in various country neighborhoods. The organization to be new, on somewhat similar lines to those of the Young Men's Christian Association as it exists in cities—our plan includes men and women, however. We will have a library, or rather, book and magazine exchange, in which members will contribute as much as possible to each other's profit and pleasure. In our large Southern towns there are few public libraries; in the country there are none. Taking this into consideration, with the fact that we have preaching but once or twice a month, it will be seen that our spiritual and intellectual opportunities are not what they might be. Our wealthy men do not seem to take the interest in building up libraries that such citizens in the North display, and establishing enterprise will be uphill work for a time. But I believe it the best thing possible for our rural neighborhoods. Religious services, and such entertainment as we can secure in the way of lectures, is a part of our plan.

PUFFED UP.

But She Got Over It

It sometimes takes nerve to quit a h even after it is plain that the habit is ru the health.

A little woman who was sick from c poisoning (and there are thousands like writes: "I had become almost a coffee drinking it at each meal, then afterward so nervous and weak that I would drink coffee. I was a great sufferer with sto and heart trouble.

"Everything I ate distressed me. T would be great puffs beneath my eyes an hands and feet were terribly swollen. reduced to 108 pounds and was really sl dying.

"A gentleman talked seriously to hus and myself about my giving up coffee using Postum Food Coffee. He convi me, from his own and other experiences, probably coffee was the cause of my tro so we tried Postum, but at first it seem flat and tasteless that I was almost dis aged. However, I looked at the direc on the package and found I had not boiling it long enough, so I followed th rections exactly and had a clear, rich b age, with a strong ring of good coffee very delicious taste.

"I began to sleep better and was not so nervous, my stomach and heart tr slowly disappeared, and, of course, as getting well I stuck to Postum, and that easy, because it tasted so good. Now a year's using I can truly say I never felt b in my life, have no trouble whatever wit stomach, sleep well, eat well, and weigh pounds. My nervous headaches have a appeared. I feel like telling everybody is ill to try leaving off coffee and use Po Food Coffee, for it will surely work a c Mrs. Ella Kitching, Salinas, Cal.

To raise

—your self honorably . is your ambition
—your family nobly . . is your duty
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charge. This proves quality.

HONORABLE THOMAS B. REED

Has a most interesting article in this week's (Feb. 9) number of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
OF PHILADELPHIA

In which he treats of the declining influence of certain forms of public speaking, and its greater influence in other directions. Political, pulpit and after-dinner speaking are ably discussed.

The Saturday Evening Post is a splendid weekly magazine, handsomely printed and illustrated. Founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728 and continuously published for 173 years; now has a circulation of 300,000 copies weekly, and ought to have a million.

Send 25c to try the POST for three months (13 weeks), and we will send you two valuable little books: "The Making of a Merchant" and "The Young Man and the World." The POST every week for three months and the two books—ALL for Only 25c.

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Fits Every Spot. Soft as a Pillow.

Good Samaritan — Trade Mark

	Face Size,	
5 inch diameter		$1.00
8 inch diameter		1.25
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MADE hollow disk in shape, it adjusts itself to all parts of the body, and lays on it without holding or strapping. Being only about half the thickness of the ordinary water-bottle, when filled, it is easy to place under the patient and comfortable to lie on.

For pain in the ear, teeth or face, the hollow disk gives to the affected parts hot air or steaming by placing in it a sponge wet with spirits or water.

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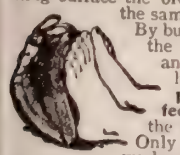

By buttoning the two ends of the bottle together, it gives an upright position to one-half of it, and makes **a perfect heater for the feet** or to stand next to the body.

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Newsboy, Schoolboy and Preacher

SOME portion of the fund for the famine sufferers in India, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was instrumental in raising, came from what might be called a church in a stable, in St. Louis. This impromptu church was organized by a boy named Earl Jameson, eleven years old. He was converted two years ago, when his sister was baptized at Maplewood Church. The idea of holding week-day services occurred to Earl, and he asked permission of a neighbor to allow him to use his barn evenings. The neighbor consented, and the services have been continued month after month, and not only his playmates, but a number of grown people have been among his hearers. Earl conducts all the exercises, reading a lesson from the Scriptures, offering prayer and addressing his audience. He is old for his years, and conducts the meetings with seriousness and dignity. Collections have generally been taken up for the poor in his neighborhood, but he became interested in the India famine some time ago, and suggested that the pennies and nickels gathered at a series of meetings should be appropriated for the relief of the sufferers. As many as fifty women and children have gathered in the barn, and Earl now devotes most of his weekly evenings to them. He does not feel that he ought to conduct services on Sunday, as he is not an ordained clergyman. He attends one of the St. Louis public schools; but, in addition to this, earns money by selling newspapers.

EARL JAMESON

The American Church in Berlin

ON behalf of the American Church, I desire to thank all those who have thus generously responded to the appeal. I am sure that there are many among your readers who will follow their example and further so worthy a cause. The good words and wishes that have accompanied the gifts have been most cheering. I wish you could print them all, but I must content myself with a selection. Rev. Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler writes: "In my opinion, that new American Church in Berlin is one of the most important lighthouses to be kept burning on the continent of Europe. Its influence will be felt over Germany as a standing and splendid witness for evangelical religion. Our 2,000 American students need it also."

A young lady writes: "Will you kindly accept the enclosed one dollar to help a little. I do not wish to deny myself the pleasure of a share in the work because my contribution must be small. Among the pleasantest memories, I count the services at the American Church, Berlin."

Another writes: "The unattractive hall where the services of the American Church were held filled me with rage and grief, and I send the enclosed to help build a church worthy of such services." Yet another: "I shall never forget the service in that dingy, gloomy place, for, in spite of the outside dreariness, there was power there to lift up and cheer the innermost recesses of my soul, and I do hope with all my heart, that your efforts will soon be crowned with success."

All gifts should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and will be acknowledged by myself by mail.

REV. DR. J. F. DICKIE, Pastor.

The following contributions have been received by Dr. Dickie for the American church in Berlin until January 26:

Mrs A Woerishoffer	$100 00	J H Field	$10 00
Alice A Rowland	1 00	Pebe W Ross	2 00
Friend	5 00	Mrs F R Marvin	75 00
Everett Stewart	2 00	W H Keen, M.D.	20 00
Mrs R Morris	5 00	Box 61, Dedham	10 00
A F Weber	5 00	Ambrose S Wight	1 00
H P Place	5 00	Mary H Wright	50 00
D F Haynes	10 00	Miss A Waldorf	10 00
Miss J Livingstone	25 00	Miss M K Foohe & Dr Ella S Webb	10 00
Mrs W H Prescott	10 00	J B Dunning	5 00
James Martin	10 00	Miss S A Hyde	1 00
W H Richmond	50 00	Miss C B Rouk	2 00
B Thaw	50 00	Mrs G D Clark	5 00
Louise M Kelso	5 00	W B Dean	10 00
Miss A Otis	5 00	Opportunity Cir K D, 1st Reformed Church Albany	5 00
Mrs T DeW Talmage	100 00		
Dr T L Cuyler	25 00		
Roland Wooton	1 00		

A Treasure to Bible Students

Rev. Stephen A. Northrop, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Kansas City, writes:

Publisher The Christian Herald:—Enclosed find a dollar bill for a Red Letter New Testament which you mailed me some time ago. It is a gem, and no Bible student, either in pulpit or pew, ought to be without it. You are up-to-date in all you undertake, and the blessing of God cannot fail to smile on all your efforts. Your CHRISTIAN HERALD has been my weekly human inspiration. No preacher will ever pass the dead line if he keeps in touch with such current literature as you produce, and especially in the illustrated and general information features of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Success to you and it.

The New Century

will count among its great institutions none more successful, popular and enduring than

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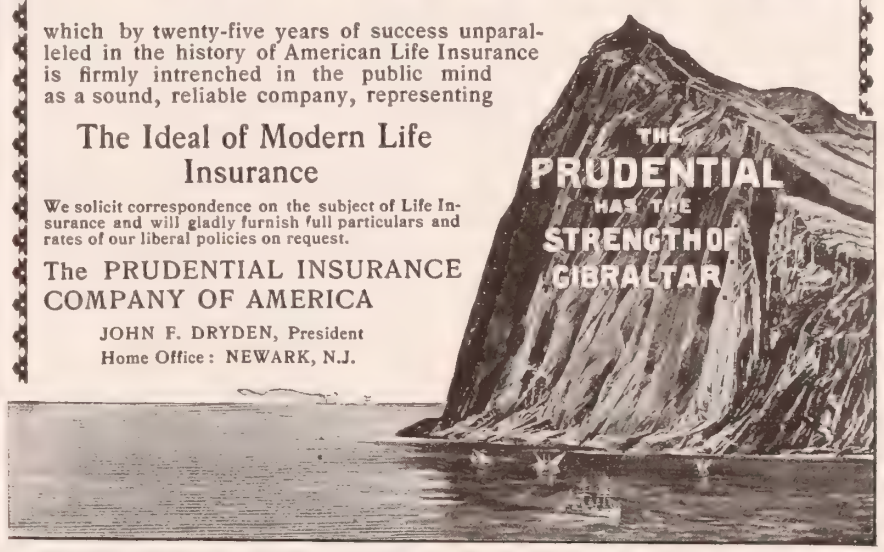

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We are now booking names for the Spring Edition, which will be ready about April 1st. Send us your name and address and we will send you a copy when they are ready. When you write mention this paper.

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saves the eyes and nerves and does the work more perfectly and in one-fourth the time. It is a simple little device, which makes every stitch correct; works in any fabric using Embroidery Silk or Cotton. It was invented in 1900. The only instrument which does successfully all and more than claimed for it.

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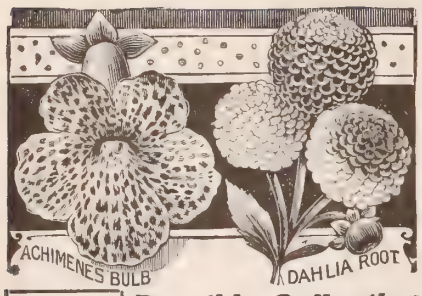

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1 Pkt new Dolochos "Daylight," white; 1 Pkt Giant Centaurea Imperialis, great novelty, 5 colors, fragrant; 1 Pkt Allegheny Hollyhocks, 7 colors; 1 Pkt Clematis Paniculata Seed; 1 Pkt Blue Salvia-silver Sage.

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Last year we started out for 200,000 new customers. We received 270,000. We now have on our books 1,110,000 names. We wish 390,000 more in 1901, making 1,500,000 full, hence this great offer.

20 kinds of rarest radishes
12 magnificent early melons
16 sorts glorious tomatoes
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150 KINDS 16 cts.

In all 150 kinds, sure to please and captivate your hearts, together with our great illustrated Plant and Seed Catalogue, postpaid.

All for 16 cts. and this notice.

Catalogue, telling all about Billion Dollar Grass, Peanut, Teosinte, Bromus, Spelts, Onion Seed at 60c a lb. and up, Potatoes at $1.20 a barrel, etc., positively worth $100 to any pleasure of garden and farm seeds.

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WE OFFER TRUE TO NAME.
375,000 Apple, Standard and Dwarf Pear, Cherry and Plum Trees, Japan Plums a Specialty.

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Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, Fruit and Ornamental Trees. The best by 47 years test. 1000 acres, 40 in Hardy Roses, 44 Greenhouses of Plants and Everblooming Roses. Mail size postpaid, safe arrival guaranteed. Try us, our goods will please you and direct deal will save you money. Write for valuable catalogue, free,

The Storrs & Harrison Co.,
Box 263, Painesville, Ohio.

ANECDOTES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Incidents that Showed her Goodness of Heart and her Great Love of her People

ONE of the Queen's first acts after accession was to show herself generous and above prejudice in recognition of merit. It was Lord Mayor's Day, and the girl-queen, in brilliant array of satin and ermine, had come to dine with the Chief Magistrate of London, at Guildhall, where there was a grave and goodly company to do her honor, and a dainty new chair of state, in which she would sit before a table that Aladdin himself might have called into existence. After addresses of city magnates were read and replied to, she laid across the shoulders of Sheriff Moses Montefiori a Christian sword, and bade him rise up—the first of his race to be knighted by an English sovereign.

* * *

"Risk No Life But My Own"

After the memorable drive in 1842, when the second attempt was made on the Queen's life, a crowd of troubled officials and friends, among whom was Sir Robert Peel, gathered about the Queen, discussing the event. Turning to Lady Bloomfield, she said: "You were surprised, Georgy, at not driving with me today. But the fact is, that as Albert and I were returning from church yesterday, a man presented a pistol at the carriage window. It flashed in the pan, and we were so taken by surprise that he had time to escape. I knew what was hanging over me to-day, and was determined not to risk any life but my own."

* * *

Her Plea for a Soldier's Life

Soon after her accession to the throne, the Duke of Wellington brought for her signature a court-martial death sentence. Weeping, she asked: "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing." "O, Your Grace, think again!" "He is a bad soldier—has deserted three times," responded the Iron Duke, "but I have heard he was a good fellow in civil life." "O, thank you!" cried the girl-queen, and wrote: "Pardoned" on the terrible parchment. When she had exercised this prerogative several times in a similar way, Parliament, ostensibly "to relieve Her Majesty of a painful duty," arranged that a royal commission should sign death warrants.

* * *

The Princess Royal—The Kaiser's Childhood

"Only a girl," said the people, when the Princess Royal was born; but "Vicky," as her mother familiarly called her, who was to be Empress of Prussia, was heartily welcomed by her parents. "I wish Vicky could be here," murmured the dying Queen to her grandson, Kaiser William. There is a letter, written by Victoria, then a young grandmother, on a visit to her daughter in Germany, which says: "Dear little William (the present German Emperor) came to me, as he does every morning. He is such a little love, with beautiful, soft white skin, Fritz's eyes, Vicky's mouth." On "Vicky's" wedding day her mother wrote: "Dear Vicky gave me a brooch, containing her hair, and clasping me in her arms, said, 'I hope to be worthy to be your child.'"

* * *

Birth of the Prince of Wales

The guns and bells of England thundered and rang themselves hoarse when the Prince of Wales was born. His mother wrote her uncle Leopold: "I wonder very much whom our little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers to see him resemble his father in every respect." The Prussian king was one of the baby's godfathers, when he was christened in St. George's Chapel, where, says the chronicler of the day, "His Royal Highness behaved with princely decorum." The letter which his mother wrote him, when he reached his majority, in its tenderness and wisdom, belongs to the classics of mother-love.

* * *

Religious Instruction of the Queen's Children

These words, contained in a letter of instructions to the Princess Royal's governess, deserve a place of honor in every nursery and school-room: "I am quite clear that she should be taught to have great reverence for God and for religion, but that she should have the feeling of devotion and love which our Heavenly Father encourages his earthly children to have for him, and not one of fear and trembling; and that thoughts of death should not be presented in an alarming and forbidding view; and that she should be made to know as yet no difference in creeds."

* * *

Personal Ministries to the Poor

At Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral (the latest-named especially) the Queen went about among the peasants like any "laird's wife," in an unpretending, neighborly way. Her journal describing one of those rounds of visits to cottages, says: "Before we went into any, we met a woman who was very poor and eighty-eight years old. I gave her a warm petticoat and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hand and prayed God to bless me. I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kears, who is eighty-six years old, quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat. She said: 'May the Lord ever attend you and yours.'"

* * *

Little Princess, "Victoria, the Good"

Victoria, the Good, might be said to have laid claim on that title when a very little girl. When the Regency Bill was before Parliament Baroness Lehzen, her dear old governess, laid a genealogical table before the princess. "I see I am nearer the throne than I supposed," said the child solemnly. "There is much splendor, but much responsibility." Holding up her right hand, she said: "I will be good. I understand now why you have made me learn so many tiresome things. I will be good."

FOOD IN MEXICO.

American Food, Grape-Nuts, Replac Native Food.

A gentleman from the City of Mexico, Pa T. Gadsden, writes that himself and so other members of his family could not li comfortably on the ordinary food in Mexi and after using the native food for so months, finally got into a run down and e hausted condition.

He says: "An American feels most acute the need in mind and body of some of t invigorating food he has been raised on in t States. Several months ago when I was pa ticularly feeling the need of some change food, I noticed Grape-Nuts in the window one of the large grocery stores here, and r membering how, in the States, some litt nieces and nephews had grown fat and healt on it, almost exclusively, I bought two pac ages, to see if it succeeded as well with grow up people.

"From that day to this it has never bee absent from our table. With us, the exhau tion and enervation caused by this clima and the miserable diet, has entirely disa peared, and we are all in most excelle health, vigor, and spirits."

"Your Grandmother's Garden," we are sure, contained many rare flowers and delicious vegetables, which doubtless came from our house, as we have supplied the most discriminating people for over half a century. **Our 1901 Catalogue of**

"EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN"

is the grandest yet—really a book of 190 pages—700 engravings and 8 superb colored plates of Vegetables and Flowers. A perfect mine of information on garden topics.

To give our Catalogue the largest possible distribution, we make the following liberal offer:

EVERY EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS AS CASH.

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen, and who incloses **10 Cents** (in stamps), we will mail the Catalogue, and also send **free of charge** our famous **50-cent "Garden" Collection** of seeds, containing one packet each of *Jubilee Phlox, Giant Victoria Aster, Giant Fancy Pansy, Pink Plume Celery, Mignonette Lettuce,* and *Lorillard Tomato,* in a **red envelope,** which when emptied and returned will be **accepted as a 25-cent cash payment** on any order of goods selected from Catalogue to the amount of $1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.,
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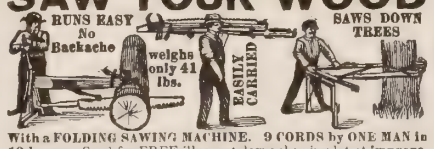

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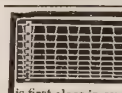

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CHEERING WORDS FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

Missionary Hume Again at the Helm

BOMBAY, Dec. 29, 1900.

My dear Dr. Klopsch:—The last mail brought ıe your kind letter, without date, enclosing wo checks—one for $75 for the orphans of 7, and one for $10 in Mrs. Hume's name. lease accept our hearty thanks for them. I ıall soon write you fully in regard to the rphans.

I have only been back here a few days, and ı not yet in position to speak of matters as ıey stand. The Interdenominational Comittee is to have a meeting next month. I ıall then resume my place on your committe, as my brother has resigned in my favor.

It is a great pleasure to think that I have een you, and have come to know you and our associates in your office.

Yours very sincerely,
E. S. HUME.

How the Famine Waifs of '97 Progress

RALMRI, Dec. 24, 1900.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I beg to acknowledge ith thanks the receipt of your favor containg check for $75 for the famine orphans of '97. beg to thank you heartily on their behalf for e same, and to state that they are all doing ell and are improving rapidly every way. One nnot but remark a great contrast between em and the famine waifs we have taken on the recent famine. They act much more vilized every way. Many of them have arned to show their gratitude in various ays. At the recent Government Examina-on (that is, at the annual examination held a Government Educational Inspector, who es around visiting all the aided schools, d examining them to see the progress made om year to year by the scholars), he exessed himself as well pleased at the progss most of these pupils had made in their ndies. Yours very sincerely,
W. O. BALLANTINE.

Pandita Ramabai's Deep Gratitude

MUKTI-KEDEOON, POONA DISTRICT, INDIA, Dec. 28, 1900.

Dear Friend:—Just a few lines to thank u for your generous gift toward the Lord's ork here. God bless and reward you. I am id to tell you that the Lord has given me oo girls by this time. Please pray for me d for the work.

May this new year bring heavenly joy to u. I am very glad and thankful that the dia Famine Fund has reached such an ex-t. Thank you very much for the most in-esting papers you sent me. The Lord bless d make you very happy. Sincerely yours the Lord's service, RAMABAI.

Armenian Children Help India's Orphans

OORFA, TURKEY, Dec. 26, 1900.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I am sending you, through our Constantinople treasurer, another contribution from the Oorfa people for the India Famine Orphans, making, together with the amount sent about four weeks ago, £27 90-100 Turkish or $122.76. One of the touching gifts during the early days of our distress was £2 sent by some native Christians of India! We all remember how promptly and generously THE CHRISTIAN HERALD telegraphed relief to us, and that the first offer from America for help in orphan support was again from the same source. So we are very happy in using you as our channel for conveying our little gift to poor India's orphans. The head-teacher of our girls' high school, who was with me in Oorfa before the disturbance, and is now joyfully again working with us here, entirely in her own language and at her own suggestion, gives you the story of how the money has been obtained.

Very sincerely yours,
CORINNA SHATTUCK.

[Miss Hosanna H. Sirkissian, Secretary of the Y.W.C.E., of Oorfa (to whose letter Miss Shattuck refers), writes telling of the generous self-denial of the people there, who though poor, gave liberally to the cause of India. The Y. W. C. E., the Y. M. Society, the Sunday School, and the children in the orphanages, all denied themselves in order to send money to India for the support of famine waifs. Five hundred orphanage children gave one cent each, denying themselves meat for one day for that purpose. Even the Gregorians subscribed enough to support two India orphans. One widow gave 84 cents a thank-offering; an old ragged woman, after hearing the story of India, gave twenty-five cents; a Turkish woman, too, gave a small gift out of pity. Enough was collected to support five orphans at least.]

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

LIGHT ON : : : : BIBLE TOPICS*

Help for Christian Students in the New Instalment of a Great Work

OUR readers have learned from previous articles the general character and style of the valuable Dictionary of the Bible now in course of publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons of New York. The third volume, just issued, fully sustains the high character of its predecessors. It covers subjects from Kir to Pleiades, and thus contains matter of intense interest to all Bible students, especially to busy ministers. Dr. Hastings, the editor-in-chief, has evidently kept the need of this latter class continually in mind and, as in the former volumes, has taken care in dealing with difficult subjects to make his explanations clear to men of small erudition. The articles are designed to give in concise form the latest information attained by Biblical scholars, and to present every fact which may serve to shed light on the sacred text. In matters of dispute, especially those relating to the authorship and date of the various books, the arguments on both sides are frankly stated, and the opinions of the writers are given with modesty and an absence of dogmatism very refreshing in a theological work. The general character of this volume is conservative, while taking account of the results of the Higher Criticism, many of which are necessarily adopted by intelligent students. Extreme views find no favor with the writers, and though probably such a work as this would have shocked our grandfathers, there are few educated ministers of our day who will find in it anything they are unable to endorse.

The article which marks the attitude of the editors toward the Higher Critics more clearly than any other is that on "The Language of the Old Testament." Every student knows what elaborate arguments have been built on the appearance of one or two words in some one of the Scripture books. An effort has been made to show that a book containing such words could not have been written before a certain date. The effect of the arguments has been generally to bring the dates of the books much nearer to our own time than we formerly believed. Professor Margoliouth, who writes this article, shows how it is possible that the words which are supposed to fix the date of the books in which they occur, may have been picked up from travelers even before they came into common use, or may have been inserted in an early work by editors of a much later date when they sought to make the work more intelligible to their contemporaries. In short, that the presence of a modern word in a book does not necessarily prove that the book belongs to the period when that particular word came into use. He is, however, of opinion that the books, as they have come down to us, contain no verse of an earlier period than 1100 B. C., or of a later period than 100 B. C. Probably the opinion expressed by Professor Margoliouth that will excite the fiercest opposition is the one that Deuteronomy belongs to the same period as Jeremiah and Ezekiel. He holds also that traces of the Aramaic, the language in use during the eighth century before Christ, and earlier as well as later, are to be found in all the Old Testament books. Even this, however, may have been the work of copyists, who seem to have felt themselves at liberty to substitute modern words in cases where the more ancient word was not in common use.

Many other important topics fall within the scope of this third volume. The article on miracles, by D. J. H. Bernard, contains an exhaustive examination of the objections of the sceptics. Dr. Bernard's defence would perhaps not be accepted by a sceptic, but it would certainly supply the advocates of the orthodox view with arguments that would be satisfactory to the average thinker. Another valuable article is that on marriage, by Prof. Paterson. We are glad to see that he shows clearly and emphatically that the Bible does not forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister, a question which has involved gross injustice in other countries through misunderstanding one passage of the Mosaic law. His remarks on Paul's attitude toward marriage clear away much of the difficulty which has disturbed many minds. A deeply interesting article is that on Paul, by Prof. G. G. Findlay. It contains a fine analysis of character, and shows how the apostle's experience before his conversion as revealed by incidental allusions in the Epistles prepared him for the acceptance of the revelation on the road to Damascus. But probably the articles that will be found most useful to the student are those on the books of the Bible which are within the scope of this volume. Those on Leviticus and the Gospel of Mark are especially valuable.

Only one volume remains to complete this work, which ought to find its way into the library of every minister and every advanced Bible student. It is a library in itself, and by giving a list of authorities on all important subjects, is a guide to students who wish to prosecute their studies of any particular topic.

**The Dictionary of the Bible*, Vol. III Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. Pp. 896; price per volume, $6. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Rose of Joy. By Josephine L. Roberts. A poem of much grace and tenderness. Pp. 44. Neely Co., New York.

A Series of Meditations on the Ethical and Psychical Relation of Spirit to the Human Organism. By Erastus C. Caffield. Edited by J. C. F. Grumbine. Rockwell & Churchill Press, Boston.

Uncle Sam's Bible, or Bible Teachings About Politics. By James B. Converse. This book looks at political questions from the standpoint of conformity to God's will. Pp. 230. Schulte Publishing Co., Chicago.

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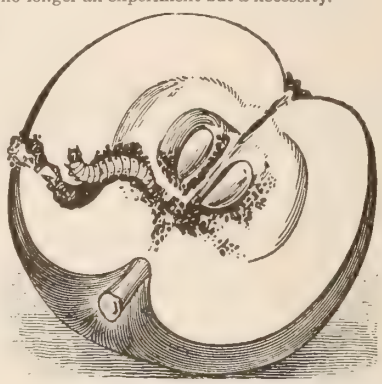

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Mr. C. M. Scott, of 1849 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., who is a railroad freight clerk, is a well known and prominent Republican, and a representative of his ward on the Republican City Committee.

Mr. Scott has been a sufferer from a severe form of general debility and nervousness. He is now in robust health, and attributes this change to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In reply to questions asked in a recent interview, Mr. Scott said:

"*About two years ago I suffered from general debility. I doubt if there was anybody more utterly miserable than I was. I had no life or energy, and was as depressed mentally as I was worn out physically. It was not at all unusual for me to go to sleep over my work. My blood was thin and watery, but the worst of it all was the dreadful, wearying nervousness at night. When I retired at 10 o'clock instead of going to sleep I would toss and turn till well on into the morning, and when I awoke it was without any feeling of being refreshed or rested. I lost so much flesh that I got down to 122 pounds in weight, and I had no desire for food.*

"*Last January a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had previously tried many different kinds of remedies and had consulted three physicians but the little relief they gave was very brief, so I was completely discouraged. My friend, however, insisted and I tried the medicine.*

"*By the time the second box was begun there was such evident improvement that I continued taking them till the ninth box, when I felt that I was entirely cured. I now weigh 158 pounds. There is no sign of nervousness; I rest well and feel strong, and am able to enjoy life once more. Mrs. Scott was feeling a little run down a few weeks ago, but she immediately began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and she is experiencing the same beneficial results that I did.*"

Signed *C. M. SCOTT.*

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"Forbid a fool a thing and that he will do." Don't use SAPOLIO

CONFESSING CHRIST*

...The Terms of Discipleship and What Duties They Involve

CONTRASTS more striking than were seen in the career of any man in history are furnished by the character of Jesus of Nazareth. One of them is seen in the passage associated with the topic. While he was so meek and humble as to astonish the religious leaders of the time, he here puts forward claims more strident than any monarch ever laid upon his subjects. None, he said, were worthy to be his followers, who did not make loyalty to him the ruling principle of their lives; and this not a nominal, theoretical loyalty, but an allegiance paramount over all relations, superior to the love of a child for its parent, a husband for his wife. A man could not be an accepted follower of him unless he was ready to leave his father and his mother at Christ's bidding, and to turn a deaf ear to even his wife's pleading, if she wanted him to do something inconsistent with his duty as a follower of Christ. Those who came around the Master in those days must have wondered at this lowly Carpenter making such demands, and wondered still more when he told them that their loyalty to him would be tested in the very way he described. His appearance, he said, would produce a dividing line that would compel recognition. A man's foes would be they of his own household. So it proved. In those days, as in later times, the alternative was forced upon many, either to abjure Christ, or to leave home and all that was dear, and become a social outcast. Practically, he told them that they had better consider that ordeal before attaching themselves to him, and to hold proof if they realized that they were unable to bear it.

There was also to be an intrepidity in his followers of a very decided kind. Secret discipleship would not be accepted. If his followers were not prepared to publicly avow themselves, they were not fit for his service. The penalty of avowal might be so terrible that people would shrink from it and prefer to be regarded as orthodox Jews while loving him in their hearts; but such homage was rejected. The consequence of such shrinking would be a denial of them; he would acknowledge only such to be his as identified themselves openly with him, and bore the penalty whatsoever it might be. There must have been a majesty about him which it is difficult for us to understand, otherwise none would have become his followers on those terms. To us, accustomed as we are to think of him as the Son of God, the terms are perfectly reasonable, but those poor peasants must have had strong faith to accept them. And how nobly true to their allegiance they were! History records how men and women gave up home and family and friends, and even life itself, rather than give up their allegiance to Christ. The men of that time were amazed to see humble men and gentle women choose death rather than desertion of Christ. When a word would have saved them from torture and death, they would not speak it; but went heroically to the headsman or the stake declaring their fidelity to their Lord. How is it now with us? How many there are now when no such penalties attach to an avowal of Christ, who are kept from making it by fear of ridicule or of the loss of social position!

Yet the conditions of discipleship have not been changed. There are still the same demands and the same consequences of evading them. Those who acknowledge Christ as their Lord before men, he will acknowledge before his Father in heaven; those who deny him before men, who wish to pass for worldlings and to crowl into heaven as secret disciples, he will deny before his Father. Nor is it a mere verbal confession, only, that is required, though that cannot be omitted—it is a confession of the life. As he goes on to say, those who desire to be counted among his followers must take up their cross. They must not only bear the trials that discipleship brings upon them, but they must voluntarily assume the burdens that discipleship involves. There must be a renunciation of pleasures and indulgences inconsistent with Christian principle, and there must be a sympathy and helpfulness of others that is often a heavy burden. Who has not wondered as he has seen a city clergyman going from one tenement house to another, helping and comforting the poor, sitting in stifling rear rooms ministering to the sick, when he might have been in a grand mansion or drinking in new life in the air of a park! Who does not wonder at seeing a promising young man go out to Africa or China, where he may die a cruel death from violence or fever, and can hope for no reward, even if he escape death! The secret is that which sustained the early Christians. These modern martyrs are losing their lives, losing all that the world regards as making life worth living; they do it voluntarily because it is a glory to bear the cross. To them, though they seek no reward, the promise is given: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for February 17: Matt. 10: 32-39.

Anniversary of a Pastorate

The seventh anniversary of the installation of Rev. Dr. Easton as pastor of the Easton Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., was held on Jan. 24th. At the close of an interesting service of praise, addresses were delivered by several members on the marked success attending the pastor's ministrations. Mrs. R. E. Harvey presented, on behalf of the Ladies' Aid, a magnificent bouquet of roses and carnations, and Mrs. Mary E. Ireland (an authoress well known), read an original poem, in which she emphasized the love and esteem in which Dr. Easton is held by his people.

ARE WE READY

II. TIM. 4: 6, 7

"I AM ready to be offered,
My departure is at hand;
I have kept the faith of Jesus,
I have finished his command."
Thus he spake—that grand apostle—
Holy martyr, prince of men—
He, the Lord's own "chosen vessel,"
Mighty still with tongue or pen.

CHORUS: Are we "ready to be offered"
Should the time be near at hand?
Can we say that we are "ready,"
"Ready" for our Lord's command?

"An eternal weight of glory
And a crown of righteousness,
Wait for me, and not me only,
Wait for all the Judge shall bless.'
Can we say that we are "ready,"
That we always "watch and pray"
That we "love our Lord's appearing,"
And are "waiting" for that day.

We may never win our thousands
Like that grand old hero, Paul,
Have the care of all the churches,
And be first among them all;
But we can be true disciples,
Filling well some lowly place.
We can fight the "good fight" bravely,
And "with patience, run the race."

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

Pittsfield, Maine.

Party Luncheons

Novel, tempting and dainty little items for the luncheon menu are suggested by the variety of delicate sandwiches that can be made with Bremner's Butter Wafers—with cheese, peanut butter, caviar or potted meats they are most delicious and appetizing.

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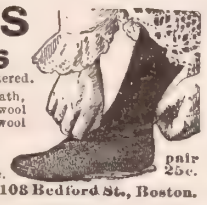

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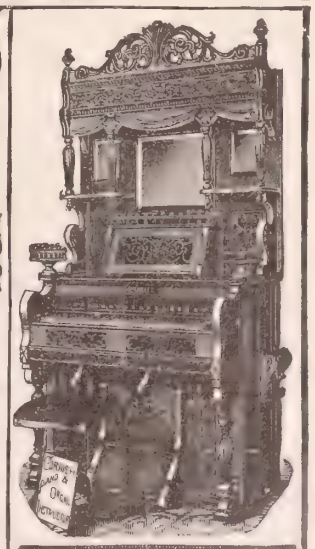

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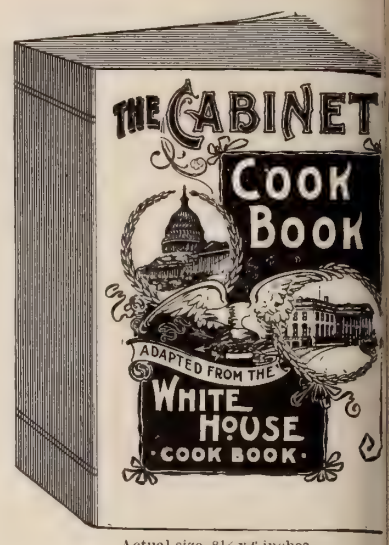

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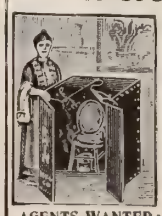

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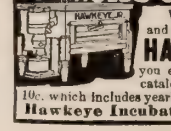

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHAPEL AND CONGREGATION IN THE PHILIPPINES

SEE PAGE 138

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag,**

The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Mar. 13

1. What is the duty of a church towards some of its members who habitually, constantly, and for a long time neglect their church duties, but who do not live in open sin?
2. What is the cause or explanation of an "open winter," scientifically stated?
3. What is the difference between "piety" and "religion?"
4. Does Eph. 5:4 mean that humor, wit and innocent mirth are incompatible with a Christian life, or does the passage refer exclusively to humor of a degraded or reprehensible sort?
5. Should Christians who have lost relatives or friends, who were undoubtedly saved, clothe themselves in black, seeing that the color is emblematic of gloom and despair, or should purple or some other color be adopted?

Questions of the Week

1. Is it a genuine test of a young man's patriotism to ask him to volunteer for military service at a time when the country is not menaced by any serious danger?

No. In all times and in all lands, the call to arms has been invested with a glamour as unreal as it is misleading; and led on by this imaginary glory, young men often enlist for military service, thinking that in no other way can they so well show their love for their country. In times of actual war, many men undoubtedly enlist from motives of pure patriotism; while many others volunteer without thinking or knowing why, led on solely by a desire for change and excitement. *Modern warfare is simply a business*, and to enlist for military service in time of peace is only another way of earning a livelihood. The truly patriotic man is he who has an abiding love for his country, and who, while deploring war as one of the greatest of existing curses, is yet ready and willing to battle for his country's defense, when resort shall at last have been made to war. But he will fight without malice toward his foes, and will endure the hardships of war willingly and without complaint, because he believes his cause to be just. In time of peace, he is ever ready to assist in all things that make for the welfare and advancement of his country; he watches with zealous care over her schools and charitable institutions, and never fails to use his influence for the furtherance of any cause which tends toward the keeping of his nation in the foremost ranks of human progress. This, and this only, is the sure and safe means of showing true patriotism.

A. L. VERMILYA.

. . .

Not unless the regulation number in the army has been diminished, and difficulty is experienced to secure volunteers for military service; because we have been made plainly to believe the standing army life an exceedingly dangerous one to the morals. Neither the young man nor his parents could choose life in the regular army as being helpful financially, mentally or morally. The influences are bad in every way. It takes a man of strong character and a Christian to endure the temptations there entered, so many idle hours being the principal cause of danger toward drunkenness, gambling, etc. Consequently, unless the need is real, true patriotism would keep a young man out of military service. MRS. S. S. MCBRIDE.

Answers have also been received from the following: L. B. Russell, W. Whitworth, F. A. Brown, C. P. Lounsbury, R. T. Edwards, William G. Dixon, J. B. McGregor, Charles H. Harrison, M. H. Lufburrow, S. H. Baldwin, J. G. Osborne, J. L. McGhee, J. T. Sharrard.

2. How is the distinction to be made between the "false shepherd and the true" in modern church life? What is the test to apply in such a case, where both men may be equally talented?

The test that Christ gave whereby we may know the false prophets, and the true as well, is practical for every age. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The Scriptures specify the characteristics of the "false shepherd" in part as follows: They serve only themselves, mind earthly things, feign piety and sanctity, fear persecution, respecters of persons, deceitful workers, prophesy false peace, wrest the Scriptures, deny the Lord that bought them, preferring questions of vain philosophy to truths of Scripture, etc. The "true shepherd" preaches the Word that is able to save and build up; he watches for souls, seeks the wandering, reclaims in love those repelled by uncharitableness, is willing to make personal sacrifice, sympathetic, faithful in warning and reproving, tender in treatment of young and burdened Christians, persevering if by any means he may save souls. Thus it is grace, producing character, and not talents, that distinguishes the true from the false. R. W. THOMPSON.

The Best Book for the Unconverted Sailor

More than eight hundred suggestions have been received in response to the letter of Ethel G., published in our issue of January 16th. The letter read:

I have an unconverted brother in the Navy. Send him something to read that will help to save him. Pick out the book yourself, and ask God to help you choose it. He has a Bible, a Testament, and a Hymn-book.

The question was, **what book would be most serviceable to him?** We invited free suggestions. A book had already been presented, but in order to induce our readers to give the matter careful and prayerful consideration, we agreed to send, for **the first answer received in which the choice coincided with the book already sent,** a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine smooth calf, and lined with moire silk, and **to the two next best answers,** not making the same selection, a copy of the Red Letter New Testament, bound in genuine seal, with calf lining.

Answers received on or after February 1st were not counted. The total vote was as follows:

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS	267	THE WAY TO GOD	38
IN HIS STEPS	128	IMITATION OF CHRIST	21
RED LETTER TESTAMENT	65	FROM MANGER TO THRONE	19
LIFE OF D. L. MOODY	50	THE PATHWAY OF LIFE	13
COME TO JESUS	43	GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD	12

Many have voted for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and many also for Dr. Talmage's sermons. Over two hundred miscellaneous books received from one to nine votes each.

The book which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent the young sailor, before suggestions were invited, was **"Sowing and Reaping,"** by D. L. Moody.

The first answer received coinciding with this choice was from **Frank C. Witten,** of Buffalo, N. Y., to whom we have forwarded a Red Letter Testament, bound in genuine smooth calf, lined with moire silk.

The two next best answers, voting for "Pilgrim's Progress" and "In His Steps," were received first from **Miss E. J. G. Miller,** of Charleston, S. C., and **Grace Perveil,** of Baltimore, Md., to whom we have forwarded a Red Letter Testament, bound in genuine seal, with calf lining.

3. What are the chief races of the world, and why are we placed among the Aryans?

The most convenient classification of the people of the world gives three groups or "families": (1) the Semitic, (2) the Hamitic, (3) the Aryan or Japhetic. The original seat of the Aryans is conjectured to have been somewhere in Asia, although some authors claim that it was in Europe. Those authors who claim that the original seat was in Asia hold that about 3000 B. C. Aryan migrations began. Some went no farther than Asia, and these to-day are the Hindus, Medes and Persians. Some crossed the Hellespont into Southern Europe and became the progenitors of the Romans and Greeks. Then bodies crossed over in Central Europe, and these were the Celts. Following the Celts were the Teutons, who pushed the Celts westward until the latter held only the extreme western part of Europe, and are represented to-day by the Irish, and Welsh, and Scots. Following the Teutons were the Slavs, who also settled in Europe. The whole of Europe then, with the exception of the Turks, Hungarians, Finns and Lapps, belongs to the Aryan family. As the settlers of America practically all came from Europe, America is also Aryan.

CHAS. E. WORKMAN.

4. What are the Christian, Jewish, Roman and Mohammedan eras, and what events do they commemorate?

The Christian era commemorates the birth of Christ and begins with January 1, A. D. 1. Some chronologists, however, hold that Christ was born about four years before our era began. It would be hard to correct the error now, especially as it is more widely used than any other system. The Jewish era is supposed to begin with the creation of the world, which is fixed at about 3,760 1-4 years B. C. This system of chronology has been in use by the Jews since the fifteenth century. The Roman era begins with April 24, B. C. 753, and commemorates the founding of the city of Rome. The Mohammedans count their years from the flight of Mohammed to Medina (the Hegira). Their era dates from July 16, A. D. 622. It is quite probable that the beginning of their era coincides more nearly with the event it is to commemorate than the Christian, Jewish or Roman does, while the Jewish is certainly farthest out of the way. JOHN D. MEESE.

. . .

(Condensed). The Christian era, which is the one in which we have the greatest interest, commemorates the birth of our Lord. It is, however, obviously an error, inasmuch as Herod, who was alive at the birth of Christ and some months afterwards, died four years before the beginning of the Christian era. All that we can learn of the enrollment which took Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem, or taxation, as the Evangelists call it, tends to show an earlier date than our era. Other data of calculation also indicate the same conclusion. Taking all the ascertained facts into account, it seems probable that the year known in our chronology as the year B. C. 5 was the date of Christ's birth, and therefore if we were accurately to date our years from that event this would be the year 1906. ROBERT WYNN.

Correct answers have been received also from G. E. Krauth, M. K. Railey, Amelia Hoyt, M. G. Brownell, F. C. Sherry, S. L. Sawyer, E. C. Robinson, Bessie Sidman, Caroline Schneider, L. T. Rightsell, L. B. Russell, H. S. Williamson, S. T. G., and E. G. Brackensick.

5. Are men by nature children of God, as Paul said (Acts 17:28) or do they have to experience a change to become such, as John says (John 1:12)?

There is a large and true sense in which all mankind are children of God. Paul could say to the idolaters at Athens, "We are also his offspring." But there is a higher, closer, nearer sense in which regenerated men only are God's children. John says: "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God." Speaking pointedly to believers, he says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." So there is no discrepancy between Paul and John. The one is speaking of God's children in the large human sense, while the other speaks of them in the restricted, adopted sense. We have, in fact, to recognize four grades of sonship. In the lowest grade there is the whole human family. In the next higher grade we have the regenerated children, who are really children in the spirit. Then in the next grade, we have the angels, who in the Book of Job are specially designated the "Sons of God" (38:7.) Then, highest of all, in a sense absolute, unapproachable, divine, we have Jesus Christ, pre-eminently God's own Son. There is no need, therefore, to stumble at the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God; only we need to distinguish between what is implied in the more outward and the more inward relationship.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

. . .

Acorns may become oaks, but many of them don't. They have the oak within, potentially. If you read John about as follows, "God has established his sonship that it may be made sure in man by receiving the Christ life," it would neither strain the sense nor conflict in any way with Paul's idea. It is thus an eternal law awaiting individual application. Paul's position seems to be that divine sonship is an inherent and innate potentiality in humanity, ready to become dynamic through the man's initiative, induced by a knowledge of the truth and perfected through its acceptance. See also Christ in John 8, where he calls attention to the rejection by some natural sons of Abraham of spiritual and ethical likeness, thereby rejecting the real heredity. G. F. GOODENOUGH.

Miscellaneous Questions

B. B., Baltimore, Md. Are you still receiving contributions for the support of the orphans of India, or have they been provided for?

Our American missionaries have gathered up 22,000 Hindu orphans, and far less than half of this number are provided for; and, of course, humanity demands that we still continue our India work. Fifteen dollars sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Orphan Work, Bible House, New York, at one time or in quarterly payments will support one orphan one year, the orphan to be under the care of any religious denomination the giver may name.

Mr. Mark Lanahan, Lawrence, Mass., writes:

Question No. 6, in your issue of November 7, answered by Charles Lansdoun and several others, is not correct. The answer given assumes that the distance around the world in a due easterly course on the parallel of New York city is the same as the circumference of the earth at the equator. This is not true. As the degrees of longitude approach each other from the equator to the poles, where they intersect, the length of one degree at latitude 40 deg. 50 sec., or the latitude of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, is a little more than fifty miles, or about three-fourths of the length of a degree at the equator. Therefore the eagle would arrive at its starting point in about one hundred and eighty-eight days. The eagle flying eastward would see one less sunrise and sunset than the resident of New York city.

Additional answers to the question have been received from F. A. Fargrave, C. H. Thorpe, New Haven, Conn., and others.

Louise C. Tower, Cohasset, Mass., writes, relative to a question which was answered in "The Mail-Bag" lately, viz., Was Christmas ever a fast-day?

In 1644 the Long Parliament ordered that December 25th should be observed as a fast. This was not pleasing to the people, who were requested to spend it bemoaning their sins and the sins of their fathers, which they have been accustomed to commit at Christmas.

Workingwoman, Elmira, N. Y. 1. How many labor organizations are there in the State of New York? 2. Is the number increasing? 3. How many women unionists are there as compared with men? 4. What are their earnings as compared with those of men?

1. September 30, 1899, there were 1,320 labor organizations in this State, with a membership of 209,020. 2. In 1897, the number of unions was 927, with a membership of 142,570. 3. The rate is four per cent. Women are engaged in but few trades—principally in textile, clothing and tobacco. 4. Report of Bureau of Labor Statistics for 1899 shows decided difference. While the majority of men were earning at least $150 each quarter, women earned between $50 and $125.

Mrs. Frank S. A true Christian will not slight a person because of poor appearance or social standing. He will regard all men as brothers. Such a course as you have indicated would be the policy of a Pharisee.

R. V. M., Brownville, Neb. "No man can serve two masters." No one can be a Christian and make the wrecking of bodies and souls his daily business.

F. L. S., Brantford, Ont. It has been wisely said that "the worst use to which you can put a man is to kill him." In the case of a minor, however, who has not yet reached the full age of discretion and responsibility, capital punishment is a violation of civilized usage. Life imprisonment is generally recognized to be the proper punishment

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1901 PRICE FIVE CENTS

TYPES OF HIGH-CASTE CHINESE LADIES BELONGING TO WEALTHY AND EDUCATED FAMILIES

LIFTING UP THE CROSS IN CHINA

O receive letters from our missionaries in China and read first-hand reports of the Lord's work in that land, is a blessing which Christians the world over learned last summer to appreciate at highest value, and the time has not yet passed when hands do not tremble with unwonted eagerness when opening an envelope addressed in familiar writing and bearing a Chinese postmark. Many friends in this country will read with warm interest the following extracts from a letter dated "Hinghua, China, via Foochow, Dec. 11, 1900," and signed by Mrs. W. N. Brewster, missionary at that station. Mrs. Brewster says:

"China needs help more than ever. New responsibilities and duties are placed upon us because of the new opportunities and demands, purchased at great and terrible cost the past summer. Suffering and martyrdom for Christ will not have been in vain. Our educational work receives many calls for teachers. The Christian Church should be able to meet this call fully if she would educate, as she should, the leaders and teachers of the new China.

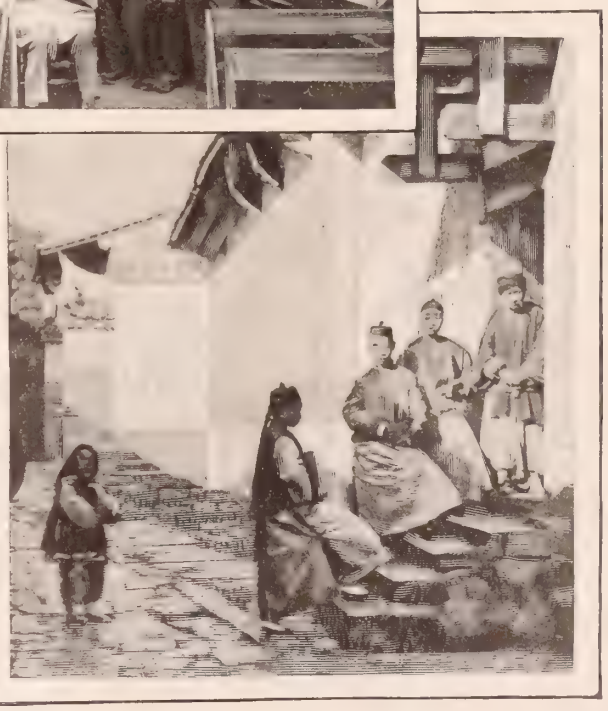
"We have a school doing good work here but under great disadvantages. We occupy a rented hovel built about the time the Pilgrim Fathers landed from the *Mayflower*. It has earth floors (mud when it rains), walls of clay, small windows opening on courts, and it is dark, damp and unwholesome. We want to build.

"Last year I asked our friends in America for 'Valentine offerings'—that is, any one who would might send us the price of a valentine, to be applied toward building a school-house here; generous responses are coming in, and when the trouble with China broke out, we had received $1,500, only needing $1,000 additional to put up our building. Our boys have made steady progress; the conduct of most of them has been exemplary, and is occasion for our deep thankfulness; steadfastness under such tests as have tried active Christians in China is indeed evidence of a faith laid on sure foundations. We have forty students in the high school, where we each English, the sciences, and always the Bible. Advance made in some studies surprise us. Our lower school children are doing good work; from this department they pass into the high school as rapidly as we can prepare them. Were we better housed, we could have hundreds where we have dozens. Our young men are most earnest and active in Christian work; and we hope to send forth each year many native missionaries to labor among their brethren in China. If any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD care to hear more of our school, they can direct inquiries to me here (Hinghua, China, via Foochow)." On the question of the future personal safety of missionaries in her section Mrs. Brewster speaks cheerfully.

It is sad to think of mission buildings in ruins throughout China—China which stands in such terrible need of the Gospel of the Son of God. We base our best hopes for that land upon the work to be done by native missionaries sent forth from schools like that at Hinghua, and from schools in America, where young Chinese are being educated to see where their own duty lies in Christianizing their brethren here and in China. The school at San Francisco, which is pictured on this page, is doing much excellent work in this direction, as are similar institutions in other American cities.

IN A CHINESE SCHOOL IN SAN FRANCISCO

YOUNG MISSIONARY STUDENTS AT HINGHUA



ENTRANCE TO THE RUINED SCHOOL AT HINGHUA

Could the high-caste women of China but be reached by the Gospel, China would quickly find honorable place in the rank and file of progressive nations, for the sons of these women will be the men who influence China. Unfortunately, these women are most difficult of access; the oriental idea of seclusion hedges them round with almost impassable barriers; and so one cannot look to the mothers of the Celestial Empire for the regenerative influence which mothers of Christian lands exercise over their country's fortunes. Still, they are beginning to appreciate our medical missionaries, whose skill, under God's providence, has been able so often to save them and their loved ones from pain and death. In various instances, too, these poor, crippled dames of the Orient, have evinced a desire to acquire knowledge at the hands of Christian instructors; and it is not too much to hope that in an increasing number of wealthy and noble homes in China, native wives and mothers are teaching little ones to pray to "Our Father, who art in heaven."

This story is told of the wife of a wealthy Chinese merchant in this country. She was ill unto death; over her bed hung her husband's Joss, to which he made continual prayers for her recovery, burning incense, and neglecting no act of pagan piety to influence the idol to save her. His child had died three months before, although the Joss hung overhead. The wife, almost persuaded to become a Christian by the missionary who visited her, plead: "Take the Joss down and pray to Jesus." At last, the despairing husband, removing it with trembling hands, tried to join the missionary and his wife in Christian prayer. He surrendered, superstitions hindering her recovery, and admitted an American physician. After her restoration to health, this lady won many of her friends to accept the faith which had done so much for her. Other Chinese ladies, influenced by some similar experience, are bringing their sisters to Christ. Would there were a multitude of such advocates!

WICKED SILENCE

TEXT, Mark 9: 25: Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him

A SERMON BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

THERE was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit, which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient, he could not say a word—articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so called by Christ—a spirit abroad to-day, and as lively and potent as in New Testament times. Yet, in all the realms of sermonology, I cannot find a discourse concerning this dumb devil which Christ charged upon in my text, saying: "Come out of him."

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world concerning possession by evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft, this delusion swept the continents. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit, which made them able to destroy others. In the sixteenth century, in Geneva, 1,500 persons were burned to death as witches. Under one judge, in Lorraine, 900 persons were burned to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1,000 persons were burned. In two centuries 200,000 persons were slain as witches. So mighty was

The Delusion

that it included among its victims some of the greatest intellects of all time, such as Chief Justice Matthew Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, one of whose books, Benjamin Franklin said, shaped his life—and Richard Baxter, and Archbishop Cranmer, and Martin Luther; and, among writers and philosophers, Lord Bacon. That belief, which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people, counted its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. But while we reject witchcraft, any man who believes the Bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are ministering spirits to bless, there are infernal spirits to hinder, to poison, and to destroy. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence, when, standing before the afflicted one of the text, he said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text, I put you on your guard. Do not think that this agent of evil has put his blight on those who, by omission of the vocal organs, have had the golden gates of speech bolted and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the most gracious and lovely and talented souls that were ever incarnated. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you enchanting stories of those, who never called the name of father or mother or child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never, in this world, speak the name of God or Christ. Many a deaf-mute have I seen with the angel of intelligence seated at the window of the eye, who never came forth from the door of the mouth. What a miracle of loveliness and knowledge was Laura Bridgman, of New Hampshire, not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without sight, all these faculties removed by sickness when two years of age, yet, becoming a wonder at needlework, at the piano, at the sewing machine, and an intelligent student of the Scriptures, and confounding philosophers, who came from all parts of the world to study the phenomenon. Thanks to Christianity for what it has done for the amelioration of the condition of the deaf and the dumb. Back in the ages, they were put to death as having no right, with such paucity of equipment, to live, and for centuries they were classed among the idiotic and unsafe. But in the sixteenth century came Pedro Ponce, the Spanish monk, and in the seventeenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylology, or the finger alphabet; and in our own century, we have had John Braidwood and Drs. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallaudet, who have given to uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent, the power to spell out on the air by a manual alphabet their thoughts about this world, and their hopes for the next. We rejoice in the brilliant inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb. One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far West, an audience of about six hundred persons, who had

Never Heard a Sound

or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had over the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and, on the other fact, that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward. Yet, after all the alleviations, a shackled tongue is an appalling limitation. But, we are not this morning speaking of congenital mutes. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization, and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text—the dumb devil to whom Christ called, when he said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

There has been apotheosization of silence. Some one has said silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group; or it was in the factory at the noon spell; or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting; or it was in the club-room; or it was in a social circle; or it was in the street on the way home from business; or it was on some occasion which you remember without my describing it. Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter.

What Kept You Silent?

Was it modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father, or mother, or wife, or husband, or child, you would flush up quick, and either with an indignant word, or doubled up fist, make response. And yet here is our Christian religion, which has done so much for you, and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet, when it was attacked, you did not so much as say: "I differ. I object. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this." You Christian people ought in such times as these to go armed, not with earthly weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks Christianity. A man ninety years old was telling me how he put to flight a scoffer. My aged friend said to the sceptic: "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read." "Well, now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining." "Well now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half, things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogation points. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your Father's house. You allow a slur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions, so that next time you will be ready. Say to the scoffer: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the Mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant death-beds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that, among the

Out and Out Believers

in Christianity were such men as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three, started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the next world?" Go at him with a few such questions, and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apoplexy, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement, and must go. You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a rout compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments, but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you surrender to one of the meanest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exorcised when he said: "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the wholesale. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book and they have a voice and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent while the great

Raptures of Music

pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a street car one block away, all they can afford in the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough bassos to make a small heaven between the four walls they let the opportunity go by unimproved. The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand-fold. But the minister rises and gives out the hym the organ begins; the choir or precent leads; the audience are standing so th the lungs may have full expansion, and mighty harmony is about to ascend, wh the evil spirit spoken of in my text—t dumb devil—spreads his two wings, o over the lips of one-half the audience a the other wing over the lips of the oth half of the audience, and the voices r back into the throats from which th started, and only here and there anythi is heard, and nine-tenths of the

Holy Power

is destroyed; and the dumb devil, as flies away, says: "I could not keep Isa Watts from writing that hymn, and could not keep Lowell Mason from co posing the tune to which it is set, but smote into silence or half silence the li from which it would have spread abro to bless neighborhoods and cities, a then mount the wide-open heavens." Gi the long-metre doxology the full suppo of Christendom, and those four lines wou take the whole earth for God.

During the cotton famine in Lancashi England, when the suffering was son thing terrific, as the first wagon-load cotton rolled in, the starving people u hooked the horses and drew the lo themselves, singing, until all Lancashi joined in with triumphant voices, th cheeks sopping with tears: "Praise G from whom all blessings flow." Wh Commodore Perry, with his war-ship, t *Mississippi*, lay off the coast of Japan, bombarded the shores with "Old Hu dred" played by the marine band. G rious "Old Hundred," composed by W liam Franc of Germany. In a war prisc at ten o'clock at night, the poor fello far from home, and wounded and sick a dying, one prisoner started the "Old Hu dred Doxology," and then a score voices joined, then all the prisoners on the floors took up the acclaim until t building, from foundation to top-sto fairly quaked with the melodious ascri tion. A British man-of-war, lying off foreign coast, heard a voice singing th doxology, and immediately guessed, a guessed aright, that there was an Englis man in captivity to the Mohammedans; a in the small boats the sailors rowed to sh and burst into a guard-house and set t captive free. I do not know what tu the trumpets of resurrection shall pla but it may be the doxology which is no sounding across Christendom. How mu more hearty we would be in our song and how easily we could drive back t dumb devil from all our worshipping a semblages, if we could realize that near all our hymns have a stirring histor

Famous Hymns

That glorious hymn "Stand up for Jesus was suggested by the last words of Du ley Tyng, who was dying from having h right arm torn off by a threshing machin That hymn, "What a Friend we have Jesus," heard through a telephone, co verted an obdurate soul. "Shall we gat er at the River?" was a hymn first sun in Brooklyn Prospect Park, at the ch dren's May anniversary, and then starte to encircle the world. "Where is my wa dering boy to-night?" is a song that h saved hundreds of dissipated young me Tom, the drummer-boy in the army, w found crying, and an officer asked hi what was the matter! "Oh," he said, " had a dream last night. My sister die ten years ago, and my mother never w herself again, and she died soon afte Last night I dreamt I was killed in battl and that mother and sister came down meet me." After the next battle was ove some one, crossing the field, heard a voic that he recognized as the voice of To the drummer boy, singing, "Jesus, lov of my soul." But at the end of the fir verse, the voice became very feeble, an

the end of the second verse it stopped, they went up and found Tom, the drummer boy, leaning against a stump, dead.

That hymn "O for a thousand tongues to sing," was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said: "I had better keep silent about it." "No," said Wesley, "if you have ten thousand tongues you had better use them for Christ." And then that antiphon of hymnology penned the words:

O for a thousand tongues to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

While much of the modern music is a religious doggerel, a consecrated nonsense, a sacred imbecility, I would like to see some great musician of our time lift the Old Hundred, Hamburg, Dundee, Ariel, Brattle-street, Uxbridge, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, with a few regiments of mighty tunes that made in our own time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the Kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out of the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.

Wasted Opportunities

Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of saying a Christian word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life. That opportunity was fairly put before us. That word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gate of the mouth, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jaws together so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech, and our lungs were filled with air which, by the command of our will, could have made the laryngeal muscles move and the vocal organs vibrate, we were wickedly and fatally silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance. Or it was a prayer-meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remarks, and there was a dead halt—everything silent as a grave-yard at midnight. Indeed it was a grave-yard and midnight. An embarrassing pause took place that put a wet blanket on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business exchange or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping somebody else would do his duty. The women flushed under

The Awful Pause

and made their fans more rapidly flutter. Some brother, with no cold, coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and the meeting was slain. But what killed it?—the dumb devil. This is the way I account for the fact that the stupidest places on earth are some prayer meetings. I do not see how a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept on ice. How many of us have lost occasions of usefulness. In a sculptor's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered: "The face of the statue is thus covered up because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes, and the wings to the feet show that Opportunity is swiftly gone."

But do not let the world deride the Church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The great political parties assemble at the proper time to build platforms for the candidates to stand on. A committee of each party is appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation, the committees come in with a ringing report: "Whereas," and "Whereas," and "Whereas." Pronunciamentos all shaped with the one idea of getting the most votes. All expression in regard to the great moral evils of the country ignored. No expression in behalf of temperate living, for that would lose the vote of the liquor traffic. No expression in regard to the universal attempt at the demolition of the Lord's Day. No recognition of God in the history of nations, for that would lose the vote of atheists. But "Whereas," and "Whereas," and "Whereas." Nine cheers will be given for the platform. The dumb devil of the text puts one wing over the one platform, and the other wing over the other platform. Those great conventions are opened with prayer by their chaplains. If they avoided platitudes, and told the honest truth in their prayers, they would say: "O, Lord, we want to be Postmasters and Consuls and Foreign Ministers and United States District Attorneys. For that we are here, and for that we will strive till the election next November. Give us office, or we die. Forever and ever, Amen." The world, to say the least, is no better than the church on this subject of

Silence at the Wrong Time

In other words, is it not quite time for Christianity to become pronounced and aggressive as never before? Take sides for God and sobriety and righteousness. "If the Lord be God, follow him; if Baal, then follow him." Have you opportunity of rebuking a sin? Rebuke it. Have you a chance to cheer a disheartened soul? Cheer it. Have you a useful word to speak? Speak it.

Be out and out, up and down for righteousness. If your ship is afloat on the Pacific Ocean of God's mercy, hang out your colors from mast-head. Show your passport if you have one. Do not smuggle your soul into the harbor of heaven.

Speak Out for God!

Close the list of lost opportunities, and open a new chapter. Before you get to the door on your way out, shake hands with someone, and ask him to join you on the road to heaven. Do not drive up to heaven in a two-wheeled "sulky" with room only for one, and that yourself, but get the biggest Gospel wagon you can find, and pile it full of friends and neighbors, and shout till they hear you all up and down the skies, "Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath promised good concerning Israel." The opportunity for good which you may consider insignificant may be tremendous for results, as when on the sea, Captain Haldane swore at the ship's crew with an oath that wished them all in perdition, and a Scotch sailor touched his cap, and said, "Captain! God hears prayer, and we would be badly off if your wish were answered." Captain Haldane was convicted by the sailor's remark and converted, and became the means of the salvation of his brother Robert, who had been an infidel, and then Robert became a minister of the Gospel, and under his ministry the godless Felix Neff became the world-renowned missionary of the Cross, and the worldly Merle D'Aubigne became the author of *The History of the Reformation*, and will be the glory of the Church for all ages. Perhaps you may do as much as the Scotch sailor who just tipped his cap, and used one broken sentence by which the earth and the heavens are still resounding with potent influences. Do something for God, and do it right away, or you will never do it at all.

Time flies away fast,
The while we never remember;
How soon our life here
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December.

Mrs. Nation and the Saloon

PUBLIC attention has recently been drawn to the remarkable crusade against the Kansas saloons, conducted by Mrs. Carrie Nation. As many different accounts of the matter have appeared in the daily prints, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has requested Mr. David Nation, the husband, to furnish the facts, which he has now done in the letter which gives the history of the crusade up to January 23. On December 26 or 27, Mrs. Nation entered the saloon of the Cary Hotel, Wichita; broke bottles, spilled liquor, demolished a mirror and a large picture of Cleopatra. For this act she was arrested and confined in the county jail at Wichita. The members of the State W. C. T. U. employed lawyers and met at the jail almost daily and held prayer meetings in her cell. This exasperated the saloon element. A pretext was found for quarantining the prisoner, and no one was allowed to see her. Her lawyers were not even permitted to see or talk to her. Her trial was set for January 5, when her lawyers appeared and announced ready for trial, provided Mrs. Nation would be brought out—which was refused. A bond worth $250,000 was tendered, but was refused, because "the jail was quarantined." The lawyers then presented a petition to the District Court, then in session, for a writ of Habeas Corpus, but the judge even refused to permit it to be read in his court. Her lawyers then went to the Supreme Court at Topeka with a similar petition, and the 12th of January was set for the hearing. The quarantine was again set up as an excuse for not producing the body of Mrs. Nation. Her lawyers, however, proved to the satisfaction of the Court that there was no record of a quarantine. On the 15th, the Court ordered the quarantine raised and Mrs. Nation brought out, although the order to raise the quarantine did not expire until the 21st. In the meantime they offered to let Mrs. Nation out of jail and discharge her, provided she would sign a contract releasing all parties from civil suit for damages. This she refused to do. They then offered to release her, pay her fare to Kansas City, Mo., and the jailer and his wife to accompany her, provided she would leave after night, and no one to know it. This was reported to her lawyers, who refused, because they believed it was an attempt to kidnap her.

MRS. CARRIE NATION AND HER HUSBAND, DAVID NATION

As soon as she was released on bail, she went to Newton, Hutchison, Nickerson and Sterling, where she addressed large audiences. Mrs. Nation returned to Wichita, where her trial was set for Monday, the 21st, but before her arrival the authorities dismissed the case. The contention of Mrs. Nation's lawyers is as follows:

Every man who goes into the courts asking for a remedy for a supposed wrong must go with clean hands. This the saloon man can not do, as he is compelled to admit that he is in open violation of the law, by which he claims redress, every hour in the day.

All places in Kansas where intoxicating liquors are sold or given away and where people assemble to drink such liquors, are declared common nuisances, and all liquors, bottles, jugs, chairs, tables, shelves, counters, screens, and other property used in maintaining such nuisance are to be publicly destroyed. Hence, such property when so used is of no value.

3. The destruction of this class of property, when so used, was simply to prevent crime. If a person sees two men in combat, one with a revolver in hand, shooting at the other, and a man rushes in and wrenches the revolver from his hand, dashes it against a stone, and breaks it to pieces, he is guiltless. But in Wichita, the sworn officers of the law would arrest the man for maliciously destroying a pistol, but would let the man go free who was doing the shooting. The Kansas saloonkeeper is violating the law every day. The means he uses is destroyed, but the woman who destroyed the means used to violate the law is arrested, and cast into jail.

Mrs. Nation has visited other Kansas towns besides Wichita, and in some places has successfully repeated the saloon raids. Up to the present time every charge made against her in court has been dismissed. She has announced her intention, at the conclusion of her Kansas crusade, of coming to New York to enlist an army of women for the purpose of anti-saloon agitation in that city.

Mrs. Nation's example has not been without its influence in other parts of Kansas. At Anthony, fourteen members of the W. C. T. U. wrecked a drug store and two saloons, their leader being Mrs. Mary Sheriff, of Danville. In the party were Mrs. M. J. Teavis, Mrs. William Scott, Mrs. F. H. Brubacker, Mrs. Louise Tracey, Mrs. T. J. Hoopes, Mrs. Charles Robinson, Mrs. John Kendall, Mrs. Pickens, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. J. H. Shelton, Miss Sophia McKay, Miss Lucy Page, Miss Ethel Massey, Miss Bertha Robinson and Miss Jennie Hixon. They used hatchets, pickaxes and hammers, and while they attacked, some of their male relatives stood outside, prepared to prevent undue interference. All the women were heavily veiled during the active crusade. After the raid they knelt down on the sidewalk and prayed. No attempt was made by the authorities to interfere with them. All the saloons in Anthony closed temporarily, hoping that the violence of the crusade would soon die out. Except in the case of Mrs. Nation, who has been repeatedly attacked, and whose life even has been threatened, no actual violence has been offered to the crusaders. At one place a saloon employee stood behind barricaded doors, with a pistol, ready to shoot, but was prevented, and what might have been a tragedy was averted. The women of Anthony, Danville, and other towns are aroused over the crusade, and the excitement is extending rapidly. Another crusade on similar lines is being conducted by Mrs. Lucy Wilhoise in Wichita, where eight saloons have been raided, and $6,000 worth of property wrecked.

All the indications point to a widespread crusade throughout the State of Kansas, in opposition to the saloons, and exciting developments may be expected.

"MY · WILL · IS · THE · WILL · OF · MY · GOD"

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE

International Sunday School Lesson for February 24th. Matt. 26: 36-46.

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT — Luke 22: 42: "Not my will but thine be done."

"NOT MY WILL BUT THINE BE DONE"

GETHSEMANE'S conflict includes: 1. Temptation. 2. Loneliness. 3. Sorrow. 4. Prayer. 5. Resignation.

Pray that ye enter not into temptation. Jesus had just said to his apostles, "All ye shall be offended in me this night" (v. 31), replying to the proud boast, "I will lay down my life for thee," which Peter had spoken, and all the apostles had adopted (John 13: 37). They would have been better equipped with less pride and more prayer. When Jesus left them in one part of Gethsemane's garden to pray by himself for strength to bear his temptation, he bade them pray also for strength to bear theirs, the temptations to cowardice and unfaithfulness which he saw just ahead; but they chose sleep instead of prayer, and so failed in the trying hour, while he triumphed, through prayer, in his greater temptation to avoid the death and shame that were confronting him in the path of duty. The word translated "agony" means conflict. No doubt the wilderness temptations were repeated, the temptation to use the power of miracle to save himself and startle his foes, and the temptation to set up a temporal kingdom of deliverance for his country at once, rather than a slowly-developed world-kingdom of spiritual deliverance through the cross.

Battling with Temptation

"The agony in Gethsemane then denoted not so much keen suffering as a tremendous conflict. It was the culmination of the Tempter's plot. If he failed then, he was vanquished forever." And he did fail.

* * *

Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray. Jesus knew there were depths in his agony into which his apostles could not enter, and so he went away alone to pray. The desire for human sympathy, which is strongest in hearts that are richest in affection, drove him back to his three most spiritual apostles again and again and yet again; but they were sleeping. They were weary with sorrows of their own and could not enter into his deepest griefs. So in our own lives, "every heart knows its own bitterness." Some lighter griefs we can share with others, but every wife carries some anxiety that she cannot share with her husband; and the husband lies awake struggling over problems of his own while his wife sleeps. But as Christ, lacking human sympathy, found help in his loneliness in God, so may we in our lonely agonies find help in him whose sympathies were enriched in his own Gethsemane. In securing herders for our Alaska reindeer, it was found that the Esquimaux, afraid of the night so much darker than their long Polar night, would not watch alone, and so two herders had to be provided where one would have sufficed. So in our nights of trial, we do not watch alone, but with the unsleeping Shepherd always at our side.

Treading the Wine Press Alone

Dr. Cullis tells, in one of his reports, of an aged Christian, who, lying on his death-bed in the Consumptives' Home, was asked the cause of his perfect peace, in a state of such extreme weakness that he was often entirely unconscious of all around him. He replied: "When I am able to think, I think of Jesus; and when I am unable to think of him, I know he is thinking of me." And to how many of the Lord's suffering children have the words of the Psalmist come with sweet consolation: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

* * *

My soul is exceeding sorrowful. Gethsemane also pictures the mission of sorrow and pain. Those who go with Christ to the Mount of Transfiguration are also called to go with him to the Gethsemane of sorrow, in which Peter might well have said again: "It is good to be here." How nature has been beautified by the great earth agonies! The beauty of hill and valley, of lake and river, is mostly due to earthquakes and volcanoes; and the splendor of marble and diamond is the work of internal fires. So what is sweetest in poetry, what is noblest in character, is the work of sorrow and pain, working on a submissive spirit, which receives pain as an angel of God. Sorrow without Christ often works despair, as in the case of one who became heartbroken by the tragic death of a brother and sister, and shut himself up in a lonely farmhouse, and there died a wretched hermit, after a life of unbroken gloom.

The Mission of Pain

Paul was long in the Gethsemane of trial praying for the removal of some "thorn in the flesh," which he regarded as a "messenger of Satan to buffet him." Some have thought it was weak eyes; others that it was a wife; others a wilful child. These, at least, are the "thorns" that other Christians have had to bear. He prayed thrice for the removal of his "thorn," as Christ of his "cup." But in both cases, instead of removing the trial, grace to bear it was given.

A story is told of a woman whose thorns were two maiden aunts, helpless as babes and ceaseless faultfinders, giving back for the loving attendance of ten years only snarls and taunts. Urged to remove them to some old ladies' home, she replied, "It is my cross, and Christ is giving me grace to bear it."

* * *

And he went forward about a stone's cast and fell on the ground on his face and prayed. Here was no formal prayer, but wholesouled supplication. Christ's struggle beside the brook Kedron was anticipated in Jacob's wrestling by the brook Jabbok with a divine being he could see and touch, who must therefore have been the Son of God in his Old Testament manifestation. Out of that struggle he came with a blessing and his new title of true nobility, "Israel," meaning one who has power with God and man. Such spiritual power comes only through earnest prayer, that pleads and persists and struggles until victorious. The blessings brought to Scotland by John Knox were not more due to his preaching than to his wrestling prayer, "Give me Scotland, or I die." But the climax of prayer, both at Jabbok and in Gethsemane, was when the agony of supplication gave place to the quiet acceptance of God's will.

The Gethsemane of Prayer

* * *

O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass away from me. There is no adequate explanation of Gethsemane's mystic agony that leaves out of it the burden of sin. Charles IX. of France, in youth had tender feelings. When his fiend of a mother, Catharine de Medicis, proposed to him the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew, he shrank from it. "No, no," he answered, "they are my loving subjects." Then was the critical hour of his life. But as she urged he yielded. And in the awful anguish of his last hours he said to his physician: "Asleep or awake, I see the mangled forms of the Huguenots. They drip with blood. They make hideous fa at me. They point to their open wounds a mock me. Oh, that I had spared at least t little infants at the breast!" And upon th "bloody sweat" burst from his body. So was the burden of sin, the sins of others, the world lying in wickedness which the s less but sympathetic Christ felt as his own. a mother feels the guilt of a son as if it w her's—it was such a burden of sin that dr from Christ's veins the red tears of unspe able agony. Of this supreme physical si of mental agony the *Popular Science Mont* says:

Bearing the World's Sin

"This rare affection, which has always cited in a high degree the interest and att tion of medical observers, consists essentia of a hemorrhage from the unbroken surfa of the skin. But, inasmuch as it takes pla from the network of small vessels which s round the sweat-glands, and makes its appe ance through the opening of the sweat-duc it is not inappropriately, after all, nam 'bloody sweat.' The discharge is genera intermittent, or at least remittent, and parox mal in its nature, the intervals varying fron few hours to months. Sometimes it is pu blood which coagulates in crusts or gouts on the surface, sometimes it is so intermix with serum or the perspiratory fluid as to merely a more or less deeply colored bloo liquid. Its extent varies extremely; it m make its appearance over the whole or nea the whole of the surface of the body, b more commonly it is confined to some sele ed regions, generally those in which the sk is thin and delicate. It most frequently pears as a more or less copious and continu oozing from the surface, which, when wip away, rapidly or slowly reappears from num rous minute or indistinguished points, but has been seen to spring up in a distinct from the surface. Every age and both sex have furnished examples of it. Bloody swe may be produced by overwhelming men emotions, and marks the acme of such p turbing passions as terror, anguish, despai

In Christ, the impersonation of coura innocence and hope, this weeping of t whole body bespeaks his sympathetic ident cation with the fearful, guilty, despairing so of men, and whatever else of unspeakal meaning is in those words, "He was made for us who knew no sin, that we might made the righteousness of God in hir Gethsemane is a mental crucifixion, the hidd foundations of the cross. Its cup was fill with "our transgressions."

In Palestine the fields are dotted with little red flower called "The Saviour's blo drops." It fitly symbolizes the joy and beau that has been put into human life by t agony of Christ, whose bloody sweat h been a blessed dew that has made every nob impulse to grow.

We blame the apostles because they wou not even sacrifice their sleep to watch w the agonizing Christ. But what are we sac ficing? Do we give him hours taken fr sleep for his service? Or even a fair share our waking hours?

Nevertheless not as I will, but thou wilt. George MacDonald h beautifully sai "If God's will our law, then a we but a kind noble slaves; but when God's w is our will, then are we his free ch dren." Richter said: "I yield m heart to the Purifier; my will to t Will that governs the universe Since that Will is also perfect w dom, it is amazing how we stru gle against it, seeking to have "o own way," a way that has made no end of trouble by its unwisdo Better, like Jacob, cease this wre ling and let God have his way.

Triumphant Resignation

* * *

Arise, let us be going. Our orb like Christ's, should be "fro prayer to work, and from work prayer." He had put on the whc armor of God for a week of gre battles, the betrayal, the trials, t cross. He who said at the begi ning, "Sit ye here," says to us als "Rise, let us be going." To-day is sitting to watch and pray; t morrow it is rising and going for to work. "It is good to be here we say; good to be with thee Gethsemane, good to be with th on the Transfiguration Mou good to be with thee going abo doing good—but best to be wi thee yonder.

"COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME ONE HOUR?"

LINCOLN'S ANNIVERSARY

In Remembrance of Abraham Lincoln

EDITORIAL BY
T. DE WITT TALMAGE

THE first time we saw him, we followed into his room a committee who had come to Washington to tell the President how to conduct the war. We do not know who the committee was. The President was the saddest looking man I ever saw. He had a far-away look. He evidently, while standing under the fire of an address which was being made to him, saw the battle-fields and hospitals and conflagrations and national bereavement. One of his great trials was that of being subjected to advice by people of all sorts who had no qualification for giving advice. When one of our party asked for his autograph, he cheerfully gave it, asking "Is this all I can do for you?" At that time he was the most abused man in America. To-day he is the most admired man in all our country's history, with the exception of Washington. My friend, the late Henry W. Grady, then the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, and a typical Southerner, startled the North with his appreciation of Abraham Lincoln. It was at a New England dinner at Delmonico's, New York, ten or fifteen years ago. He said in my remarks spoken of the typical American, and that he would appear fifty or seventy-five years from then, and that he would be a compound of many nationalities, that he would have all the best of their characteristics. Mr. Grady following, said, "Mr. Talmage has spoken of the great American as coming fifty or seventy-five years from now. Gentlemen, I have to tell you that the typical American has come. He was Abraham Lincoln!" The effect was electric. That sentiment uttered by a Northern man would not have had such an effect, but it was uttered by a Southern man, whose father fought and died on the Southern side. The whole world now loves the memory of Abraham Lincoln. He was the impersonation of kindness. On my desk as I make this paragraph is a letter in his own handwriting. It was yesterday presented to us by a friend. It was written before the days of typewriting, and is in Mr. Lincoln's own penmanship. The Methodist Conference assembled in Baltimore had passed a resolution of encouragement and sent it to Mr. Lincoln, and this is his reply:

"Gentlemen—In response to your address allow me to attest the accuracy of its historical statements: indorse the sentiment it expresses; and thank you in the nation's name for the sure promise it gives.

"Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet without this it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the rest, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church—**bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches.**

A. LINCOLN."

May 18, 1864

There is in the chirography of this letter a calmness, a confidence, and a clearness which give no suggestion of the horrors through which the country was then passing. Every comma, semi-colon, and period is in the right place. Abraham Lincoln was a Presbyterian, yet in this letter he especially compliments another denomination, and asks for the divine blessing on all the denominations. There will probably never be another Abraham Lincoln, for the reason there will probably never again be a need for such a man. He was a great sufferer through his sympathies. General W. T. Sherman showed me, many years ago, in his home at St. Louis, a picture of a steamboat cabin in which President Lincoln, General Grant, and himself sat during the darkest time of the Civil War. The picture was nothing as a work of art, but General Sherman kept it to bring to mind what was said in that interview. He told me that President Lincoln exclaimed in a great outburst of grief: "I cannot stand it any longer, this bloodshed; how can we stop this war?" What a suggestive picture it was when one had explained to him what occurred in that steamboat cabin. Assassination always kills the wrong man, and a worse deed than the taking off of such a President cannot be imagined. Well may the nation celebrate the anniversary of the birthday of the most renowned man of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, who once said of himself, "Of course, when I came of age I did not know much; still, somehow I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity." Henry W. Grady was right when he corrected me at the Delmonico dinner, and said: "The typical American has come, and he was Abraham Lincoln!"

The Night on Which Lincoln Died

...BY...
REV. WILLIAM JAMES

I WAS permitted to witness some of the sad scenes at the time the hand of the assassin brought Mr. Lincoln's wonderful life to a close, and I have been requested to chronicle what I remember of that eventful night. While pursuing my studies as theological student near the close of the war, some desperate battles were fought, and many thousands of our men were wounded. The officials of the Christian Commission at once issued a very earnest appeal, calling for volunteers to care for these wounded and dying men. The call was so urgent that I felt it to be my duty to respond immediately, and, laying aside my studies, in a few hours I reported for duty at the headquarters of the Christian Commission at Washington.

I did not know but that I would be assigned for duty some miles distant in Virginia, near the outposts of the enemy, but it was finally decided to station me in one of the hospitals on the outskirts of the city. For about one month it was my privilege to minister in different ways, temporally and spiritually, to those sick and wounded men. The Christian workers were not required to spend the night at the hospital, but to devote only the daytime to their work, for a few well-trained and efficient nurses were on duty during the hours of the night.

A temporary frame structure, known as the Barracks, had been erected as a lodging-place for the members of the Christian Commission, and this building was located only a few blocks from Ford's Theatre. We were in the city when the tidings of Lee's surrender was received. The announcement called forth many and varied expressions of delight, which were exhibited in manifold ways, by the raising of innumerable flags on all private and public buildings, the marching of joyful processions, the discharge of cannons, and grand illuminations. The massive buildings of the Patent Office, the War, Navy, and other departments, with light reflected from innumerable tallow candles placed in each small pane of glass, produced an effect which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed the sight.

REV. WILLIAM JAMES

It was during that eventful week that President Lincoln gave his grand speech, his last speech, from the portico of the White House, in the presence of assembled thousands. As he gratefully referred to the close of the war, and spoke of the future bright prospects of our country, each utterance that fell from his lips was long and heartily applauded, and so frequent, at times, were these expressions of approval on the part of our overjoyed people, that it was difficult for him to continue and complete his address.

The people all over the city were boiling over with joyful and patriotic enthusiasm. But who, at that time, in the midst of their exuberant demonstration of joy, thought that in a very few hours their joy would give place to sadness and sorrow, and that clouds of midnight darkness would hang as a pall over the city and the nation. The night following, I was sitting in the barracks of the Christian Commission, writing a letter to the dear ones at home, when suddenly the door flew open and a man rushed in and cried out, "President Lincoln has been assassinated at Ford's Theatre." I seized my hat and ran, and in about five minutes I stood at one of the doors of the theatre, just as several men were bearing out the form of the dying President. The sad news had not yet spread through the city, and the crowd outside for awhile was not very large, but it soon increased in number as the people made their exit from the theatre. For a short distance we accompanied those who were bearing the body, and perceiving that his head was hanging too low, I placed my hand beneath, endeavoring to raise it a little. And as I walked across the street, and with my hand endeavoring to render a little service, I witnessed a scene that is forever indelibly impressed on my mind. I can see now before me the dying form of the President, as if it were but yesterday. The upper portion of his clothing had been pulled down by the physician or surgeon while in the theatre, for at first they did not know what part of his body had received the fatal shot. He was gasping for breath, but not a sound came from his lips, while the blood trickled from the wound to the pavement. The question

THE NIGHT ON WHICH LINCOLN DIED

Continued from Preceding Page

was asked, "where shall we take him?" but there was very quickly a door thrown open opposite the theatre, and when I reached the steps leading to the upper room, perceiving that the passage way was narrow, and that my services were not needed, and not wishing to intrude, I stepped back.

By this time an immense crowd had assembled, and strong men stood in the street and cried like children. Word then came that Secretary Seward had been assassinated, and that the foe had rallied and was marching into the city. The excitement and confusion were intense.

And the next morning when shortly after seven o'clock, all the bells in the city began tolling, each stroke plainly saying "he is dead," it seemed as if each person in the city had lost a dear relative or friend.

A few days later the funeral service was held, and the large procession in which were General Grant and other famous generals and distinguished civilians wended its way to the Capitol, slowly along the broad and beautiful Pennsylvania avenue, keeping step to the funeral dirges of several bands, while the avenue on either side was lined by many thousands of people. As I looked at the sad expressions of the people with tearful eyes, and at the private and public buildings heavily draped in black, I thought what a striking contrast between what I now heard and saw, and what I witnessed only a few days before, when the people were rejoicing so tumultuously in different ways over the victories that had so lately been achieved. How true the words, "we know not what a day may bring forth," and "in the midst of life we are in death."

I might append just here an appropriate incident in connection with what I have related, and show how a friend of mine at that time on account of mistaken identity, came near losing his life.

The day after the assassination, while diligent search was being made in all directions for the murderer, a well-known friend, at that time engaged in business at Washington, had purchased a railroad ticket, and taken his seat in the car on his way to New York.

Descriptions of Booth had been printed and extensively circulated. Unfortunately, there was some resemblance between my friend and the assassin, and, strange to say, my friend was in the theatre when the fatal shot was fired. He had not been long seated in the car, when he perceived

THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED

a man standing near, gazing at him, while at the same t he cast occasional glances at a printed piece of paper t he held in his hand. He soon learned that he was be suspected and shadowed by a detective, and a few ments later he was informed that he had been placed un arrest. In the meantime, a telegram had been forwar to Baltimore, stating that the real assassin had been rested, and was then on the train *en route* to the city.

The news spread like wild-fire, and by the time he reac the station, a fierce and angry mob numbering sev thousand had assembled. All of my friend's protestati to the officers who had him in charge, with the declarat of the fact that they had arrested an innocent man, that he could prove his identity by friends living at B more, were of no avail.

A regiment of colored soldiers had to be employed take him in safety from the train, and he had to walk tween them from the depot to the hotel, the soldiers tecting him with pointed bayonets from the attemp assaults of the mob, who cried: "Hang him! shoot h kill him!" and our friend said he realized that had t succeeded in placing their hands upon him, his earthly would soon have terminated.

And even after his identity had been established, and innocence had been publicly proclaimed, the crowd tinued to remain in front of the hotel, And so intense the excitement, that the officers did not dare escort friend through the front vestibule of the hotel, but had smuggle him through the rear door and into a carriage hasten with him to the railroad depot.

A few years after this narrow escape, I had the privil of uniting this friend in marriage to the lady of his cho with whom he enjoyed many years of married life. T friend also subsequently became a very successful busin man, and for a number of years he was an esteen resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. I think I am not intrud into the privacy of the family circle, or betraying any c fidence, if I here give his name—the late Frank Audemars, who had a host of friends in Brooklyn. De recently claimed him as a victim—after a lingering illn —and only a few months ago I was called upon to offici at the funeral service.

REV. WM. JAME

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A GREAT SOUTHERN INTER-STATE EXHIBITION

THE South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition, which is to open in Charleston Dec. 1, 1901, closing June 1, 1902, will follow so close and hard upon the Pan-American Exposition as to furnish the sort of winter sequel to that which the California Midwinter Fair supplied to Chicago's Columbian Exposition. From the summer exhibition in beautiful Buffalo by cool Lake Erie, to the winter fair in the balmy southern city on the South Atlantic, will be a pleasing and instructive transition to people who want to see our country just as it is, North and South, while they are taking timely holidays. Americans are charged with the bad habit of going abroad for summer and winter recreations; this custom might well be reversed during the next twelve months by having our European friends come to us; it would be to their profit, as well as to ours, for they could acquire in a short time, and without much travel, a vast amount of knowledge about America and things American.

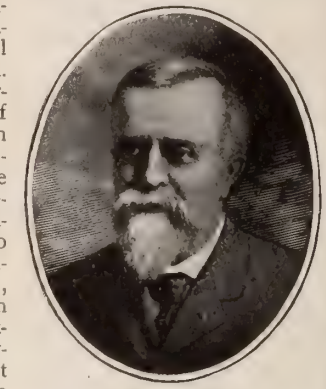
F. W. WAGENER
President of the Exposition.

The famous resorts of Italy and France have no more delightful winter climate than Charleston. While snows are falling elsewhere next winter, Charleston's guests will be walking in gardens of rose and myrtle and jasmine, or under sago palms or pink and white oleander trees; they will be in a land where the fig and the orange and nectarine can be had for the plucking.

The plans for the Fair are that it shall be typically Southern in architectural and other details. Where the Palace of Electricity is the masterpiece of the Pan-American Exposition, the Cotton Palace, covering 50,000 square feet and rising 160 feet high, will be the dominating feature of the Charleston Fair. The latter is to have, however, its own exquisite temple of wizard lights and rainbow fountains on Electrical Island in the Bayou. Along the shore of the Bayou, it is proposed to erect, too, a Chime Tower of imposing height and appropriate design, containing a chime of bells which will ring out over the placid waters of the lake at varying intervals well known hymns and tunes, adding an air of romance and music to the whole scene. This Bayou is the central jewel of a natural park of almost incomparable beauty, whose magnificent trees are the product of centuries. Airy bridges, tropical plants, vines and flowers and noble groups of statuary will contribute to the charm of this section of the grounds, which comprise altogether over 250 acres. "A typical Southern motif has been given primary importance throughout," says Chief Architect Bradford L. Gilbert, "something never attempted before on so large a scale, and for this very reason no comparison can be made, nor is desired, with any other Exposition, and we expect to hold our own in an original and untried field."

The principal Exposition building, of which, of course, the Cotton Palace, or Textile Building, is chief, will be grouped around a plaza 1,200 x 900 feet, whose centre will be a sunken garden with sloping terraces of verdant green, with continuous arbors along its paths covered by jasmine, honeysuckle, trumpet vines, myrtle and Cherokee roses, with tropical vines arranged so as to show continuous bloom and give forth sweet fragrance. Commerce, and Liberal Arts, Agriculture, Machinery and Transportation exhibits will all be nobly and appropriately housed. The lower half of the Minerals and Forestry Building is to be constructed of minerals; the superstructure of Southern woods. The Arts and Fisheries Buildings will be in the park section, where already stands a lovely, mellow old "homestead," to be used as the Woman's Building. The Negro Building is expected to carry out the style of some famous Southern home surrounded by negro quarters, the whole to show the negro's progress in the last twenty-five years. This department is in charge of Booker T. Washington. Mr. Gilbert wishes the Government Building to be a replica of the White House; the various buildings along the Avenue of States and Cities to each reproduce some beautiful, historic or characteristic edifice of the State or city erecting it, as, for instance, Mount Vernon for Virginia; Sunnyside (Washington Irving's home), for New York, and so on.

South Carolina leads all the States, save Massachusetts, in cotton manufacture. As a cotton and cereal producer s occupies a notable position; her undev oped resources are extensive; the o successful experiments in the State's culture have been made there; Charles is the la est ban ing cen of the So Atlantic, largest m ufacturi centre commerc fertilizers the worl port of cellent si ation f traffic w the West dies, Cu and Po Rico particul Hence need not be imagined for an instant t the utilitarian side of this Fair is to be l sight of in æsthetic and antiquarian fe ures; tempting as the city's extraordin advantages are in this respect, they but be made to minister to practi values which will attract multitudes business men to her beautiful, h pitable shores when her Expo tion gates shall swing open n winter.



J. H. AVERILL
Exposition Director-General.

Concessions for space are bei rapidly applied for, Mexican well as West Indian exhibit wishing opportunity to place th wares and products in competit display. The Manager of E hibits and Concessions is Mr. E. Tessier, Jr; the President of t Exposition Company is Capt. W. Wagener, the Director-Gener Col. John H. Averill. The groun are situated on the eastern ba of the Ashley River, within a m and a half of the business cen of Charleston and easily accessil by electric and steam railways a by boat, the river affording anch age for the largest vessels. T Exposition Company was only ganized last spring, the corn stone only laid December 11; t work is being pushed forward wi an enthusiasm which promises produce splendid results.

"THE COTTON PALACE" AT THE COMING INTER-STATE EXPOSITION

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

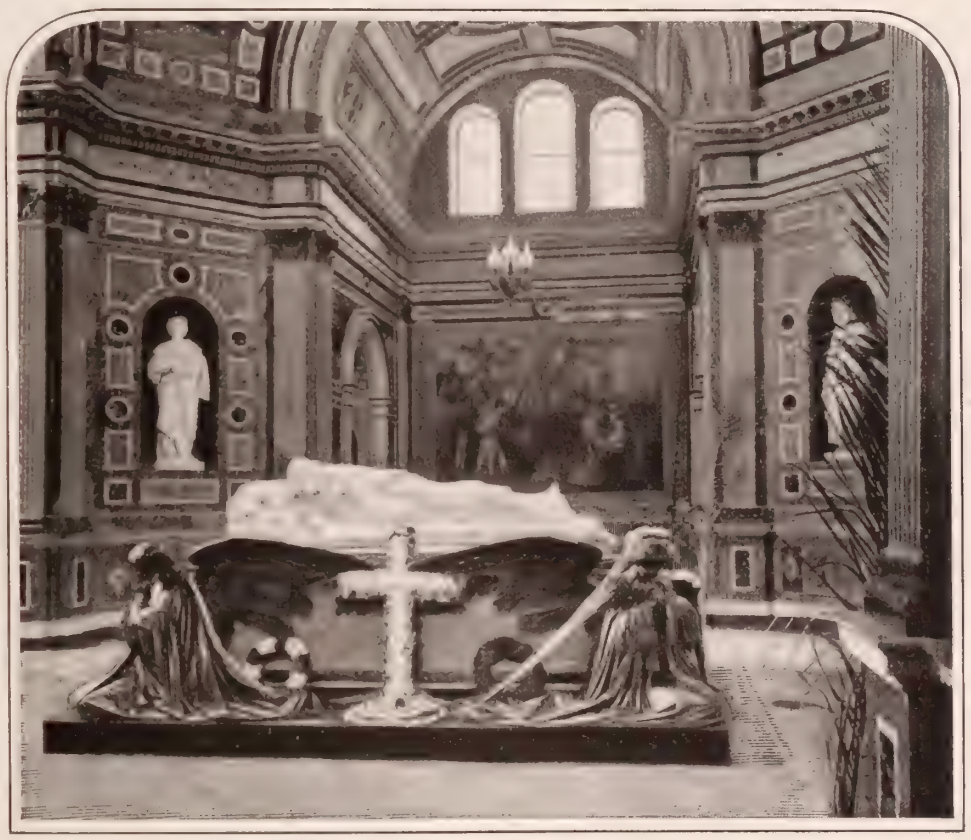
Queen Victoria's Obsequies

ONE who witnessed the marvelous pageantry with which the body of Queen Victoria, the well-beloved, was carried to its last resting-place, will ever forget the impressive scene. The journey had six stages: first from the castle in which the Queen died, the shore of the Isle of Wright; sec-d, by water to Portsmouth; thence by in to London; fourth, through the eets of London to Paddington railroad tion; fifth, by train to Windsor; and th, from the railroad station at Wind-s to the castle. Each stage had a sol-nity and grandeur peculiarly its own. the arrangements, a manifest effort had n made to make the melancholy cere-ny truly representative of the grief of royal family, of the army and navy, d of every class of the people.

The imposing obsequies commenced on day, Feb. 1. There was a brief service nducted by the Bishop of Winchester the room in which the coffin had been ced. A company of Highlanders n bore it to a gun-carriage wait-; at the doors, and it was placed reon. It was covered with a pall ivory satin, on which a cross had n embroidered in gold in the tre and the royal arms in gold d crimson in the corners. Upon it, ting on purple velvet cushions, re the royal crown, the gold eled sceptre and the orb, the ignia of royalty. Eight cream-ored horses drew the carriage at alk. Following it came the King, eheaded, accompanied by Em-or William of Germany and the een's youngest surviving son, the ke of Connaught, all on foot. her royal personages followed, d then came the most pathetic ne of all, the present Queen with r daughters, daughter-in-law and r sisters-in-law, the late Queen's ughters. They were clad in ordi-ry black dresses, with black veils ching to their feet. They were eping bitterly, and it seemed ubtful to the spectators whether y would be able to complete the l journey. But they walked on, sad, sorrowful company of ten rful women, trudging over the ddy road to the shore where the e Queen's yacht was anchored. e sailors of the yacht carried body on board and placed it on lais, which had been erected near favorite place where the Queen s wont to sit on her sea voy-es. The King and his relatives d guests went on board another cht, and the second stage of the rney commenced. This was a val pageant. England's greatest iron-ds were moored in a double line, and ough this avenue of monsters of na-l warfare steamed the procession of le yachts bearing the body of the late een and the mourners. As the yacht aring the body came abreast of each n-of-war in its turn, a salute was fired. e yachts dropped their anchors on ching Portsmouth harbor, and were uted by the foreign vessels which had en sent by almost every European pow-except Russia to do honor to the occa-on. There they remained all night.

On Saturday morning the body of the een was removed from the yacht to a lroad car, and the King and his rela-es and attendants entered the train. l along the eighty miles of its journey London the train passed through owds of people clad in deep mourning, o stood on each side the track, thou-nds of them sobbing audibly as they tnessed the passing of their beloved narch. On reaching London, the spec-le was most impressive. The Kings Greece, Portugal and Belgium, and presentatives of other sovereigns met train. Everywhere tokens of mourning were visible; but the decorations, by the King's wish, were not of black, but of purple. Even the lamp-posts bore wreaths of flowers, the mute testimony of loving sorrow. The coffin was again placed on a gun carriage, the King and male relatives and royal guests following on horseback and the Queen and princesses in carriages. Dense, silent crowds, with tear-stained faces, lined the streets, and even in streets from which no view of the procession could be had, there were throngs of people clad in deep mourning. The crush was so dense that some were killed and others injured. So the body of the dead Monarch was carried to Paddington Station, where it was put on the train, and, followed by her weeping descendants, was taken to Windsor. The last stage of the journey, that from Windsor station to the castle, was marked by an incident that must have gratified many a sailor's heart. The horses drawing the gun-carriage on which the coffin had been placed, became restive. The King ordered them to be detached, and a company of sailors, proud of the privilege, drew the carriage to the castle. The body was taken into St. George's Chapel, where the funeral service of the Church of England was read, prior to the last removal to the mausoleum at Frogmore, where the late Queen's dearly loved husband lies. Over the door of that beautiful edifice are the touching words that she caused to be placed there in the early days of her widowhood: "Farewell, beloved. Here at last I will rest with thee. With thee in Christ will I rise again." There, as she wished, her body will lie until her faith comes to realization. So ends the career of one whose devotion and purity of life all the world honors, a career worthy of the eulogium passed on the monarch whose death was mourned near three thousand years ago:

David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep (Acts. 13: 36).



THE MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE, QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST RESTING-PLACE

A Pauper Once a Millionaire

A press dispatch from Evanston, Ill., says that a remarkable inmate was received into the almshouse of that city on January 24. Tottering with age, almost blind, his clothes thin and ragged, he begged for food and shelter. He was admitted, as he is well known in the neighborhood, and his poverty is obvious. He is seventy-three years of age, and has no relatives in the world that he knows. The man's life has been a strange one. He was born in Ireland in 1827, and came to this country when he was twenty years old. He soon afterwards sailed for California as a common seaman. There he obtained employment, and saved enough money to buy a claim. Scarcely had he begun working it when gold was discovered on the adjoining claim, and he had many offers for his land. As the excitement spread, the offers rose in amount, and at last he sold out for an enormous price. He continued speculating until he had made over a million. Then he retired to enjoy his wealth. He soon became recklessly extravagant and dissipated. His friends succeeded, in spite of him, in getting the remnant of his fortune invested where he could not squander it for a term of years. Eventually he obtained control of it, and spent every cent. Now, too old to work, and utterly worn out, he is an inmate of the Evanston poor-house, having fully realized the truth of the warning:

There is a sore which I have seen under the sun namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt, but those riches perish by evil travail (Eccles. 5: 13).

Postponed too Long

A press dispatch from Richmond, Va., reports the death in that city of a millionaire of New York, who went there in the vain hope of recovering his health. His early years were full of hardships, but through the death of several relatives, who made him their heir, he became rich, and by judicious investments he increased his wealth until he possessed several million dollars. Some months ago his health began to fail, and though he was only fifty-two years of age it became evident that his life was nearing its close. The physicians advised him to spend the winter in the South, and he went to Richmond to try the effect of the change. He improved somewhat after his arrival, but had a relapse, from which he did not recover. He had made no will, though he had intimated his intention of doing so. It is said that he did not wish his property to go to the heirs at law, for certain family reasons, but he postponed the making of a will which would dispose of it according to his wishes. For a full week before his death his lawyers were in attendance near his chamber, day and night, to take his instructions, but his physicians would not permit him to attend to any business. They said that in his feeble state the effort to make a will would prove fatal. He consequently died intestate. It may be hoped that he had not been similarly negligent about his spiritual interests. There are many who postpone making their peace with God until the last, forgetting, like this millionaire, that the last days may be days of such weakness that they can do nothing.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not (Eccles. 12: 1).

Fences for Matrimony

The Legislature of Wisconsin is wrestling with the marriage problem in a truly heroic manner. Already it has adopted stringent precautions against ill-advised marriages, and now a bill has been introduced in the Senate which provides that no persons can marry who are suffering from true or hereditary insanity, insanity caused by vicious habits or the use of drugs, consumption, and various other diseases which are named in the bill. Every person who wishes to marry is required to go before an examining board of three surgeons, to be appointed in each county of the State by the county Judge, and must pass an examination before a marriage license can be issued to them. In addition, all male candidates for matrimony who are under twenty-five years of age, and all female candidates under eighteen years must produce a written consent of their parents before they can secure a license. Any clergyman, Justice of the Peace, or other person who can perform marriages, and who marries any couples who do not produce a certificate from the examining physicians of his county is to be fined not more than $500 or confined in prison not more than one year. If this bill becomes a law, it may prevent evils which exist in all the States and in foreign lands. Perhaps, if it succeeds, these pioneers in the sphere of social reform may proceed to a still higher stage and reach the Apostolic standard, which in these days is strangely ignored:

Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? (II.Cor.6: 14).

BRIEF NOTES

The new hymnal used by the Stundists of Russia contains translations of many hymns from the Moody and Sankey hymnal.

A large building at the Hague, formerly used as a palace, has been acquired for the use of the International Court of Arbitration organized by the Czar's Peace Conference. Already fourteen cases await the decision of the Court.

Dr. Griffith John, the veteran missionary in China, writes: "I do not take a desponding view of the future—quite the reverse. There are glorious days before us. Our prospects to-day are vastly brighter than they were six years ago."

Prof. A. H. Sayce reports that one fact mentioned in the Bible and vigorously contradicted by the sceptics, has been proved beyond the possibility of dispute by the inscriptions discovered at Susa and just deciphered. This is, that Elam was really as stated in Genesis 10, descended from Shem.

The Women's Missionary Society recently celebrated its fortieth anniversary in New York. Miss Deyo, one of the Society's missionaries in Japan, gave an account of the work in that land. Mrs. J. T. Gracey, formerly a missionary in India, described the beneficent work for the women of India done by the Society's missionaries there.

The Jesuit priest Don Jose Montana, who has been adviser and confessor to the Spanish royal family for twenty years past, has been dismissed from his office because of his bitter attacks on republicans and his hatred of popular government. The Cortes believed that his influence over the young king would be dangerous to constitutional liberty.

The Gospel in the Philippines.

THE CARABAO, OR NATIVE BUFFALO, AND HIS MASTER

PLOUGHING WITH CARABAO IN THE PHILIPPINES

CHEERING news comes from our Gospel workers in the far-off Philippines. Mr. E. W. Hearne, of the Army and Navy Department International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Manila, giving interesting information as to the progress of the work generally. There are now about four thousand Filipinos attending the Protestant services held weekly in Manila and the adjacent villages. Over seven hundred natives have become members of the church at Manila, and at Iloilo, on the island of Panay, a spiritual work almost equal in extent and surpassing in results, has been developed. Many other points in the archipelago are ready for missionaries, and the people are clamoring for the Gospel. It is a field of great and marvelous possibilities, and the little handful of workers now there are greatly in need of spiritual reinforcements.

Some of the photographs forwarded by Mr. Hearne are exceedingly interesting. The large colored picture on the first page of this issue shows the pioneer Protestant Chapel and congregation in the Banio of Pandacan, a suburb of Manila. It was dedicated not long ago, and has already a good-sized membership. Some of the group standing in front of the chapel, which bears the legend, *Capilla Metodista Episcopal de Pandacan* (Methodist Episcopal Chapel of Pandacan), are members of the first Protestant Sunday School ever established in the Philippines. A unique photograph is that of a Protestant church which was erected by a native congregation at a cost of $25. It is a roomy structure of stout bamboo poles, with thatched roof and wooden flooring, and just big enough to comfortably accommodate the little audience which gathers there once a week to listen to the Gospel message.

Our other illustrations relate chiefly to the social and domestic side of native life in the archipelago. There the carabao, a type of buffalo, is the valued assistant of all who work outdoors, and especially on the plantations. There are a thousand and one duties which the carabao performs, besides the ploughing of soil and the hauling of wood and water. Two scenes of native life in San Mateo are full of picturesque interest, and the group of native women of the same town shows many faces of unusual intelligence, the admixture of races being strongly marked, however. Primitive indeed is the method of operating the native saw-mill, as seen in another photograph, yet not more so probably than is the case with the same industry in interior China or South America.

Wages in the Philippines have no fixed standard. Skilled white labor is paid, at the different trades, from $1 to $2.50 per day, while native and Chinese labor is much cheaper. Up to the present time, the islands do not hold out any very decided attraction for skilled labor from the United States, and not until material development begins in earnest—as in Cuba—will the rewards of white labor be adequate for all the trouble and climatic inconveniences involved in coming to the new field.

In his excellent work on the Philippines, Ramon Reyes Lala, himself a native of Manila, gives this descriptive sketch of the social life of his own people:

A STREET SCENE IN SAN MATEO

"Each house has its own tiny garden, fenced in with reeds, and forms a miniature paradise, where are flowers of splendid hue, creepers with purple blossoms, red-coral blooms, and trees of palm, mango, orange, lanzon, santol, and giant bananas, whose rich fruits, in giant clusters, tempt the eye of the beholder. Here the native is a petty king: for his own little domain, for nine months of the year, yields sufficient for his wants. Nature, indeed, gives him a golden harvest for only the reaping.

"We have been invited to spend the day with a well-to-do native planter, who, at the conclusion of the service, has sou us out. He lives on the outskirts of village, and we are soon with him in carromata, speeding leisurely over highway. We approach his home typical native dwelling; the body of house is raised about six feet from ground, and is mounted on thick pie of stone. This allows the air to circu freely beneath, and prevents the entra of snakes and insects, is in every way conduc to health and comfort. mount the wide stairv that connects the ho with the ground, and er upon a broad open pia facing the street, cal a cahida. The sides this are formed of slid windows, composed small square panes mother-of-pearl, opaque the heat, but admitting rays of light. Here we introduced to the vari members of the fam who receive us kindly a offer sugared dainties a a cigarette.

"Beyond is a large roc with walls of window a with sliding doors. H are some chairs and table, covered with a ha somely embroidered clo Upon the walls, which covered with cloth inste of plaster, are various b a-brac, artistically arrang upon scrolls; while seve engravings of religious s jects and one or two fam portraits hang betwe From the centre of the c ing hangs a crystal chan lier with globes of colored glass. T broad floor-planks, daily scrubbed a polished with plantain leaves, are smooth and clean as a mirror. Openi from this main room are several smal rooms, used as bedrooms. A narr passage-way leads to the bath-room a to the kitchen—in a separate buildi The design of the whole domicile see to aim at cleanliness and coolness—bo essentials of comfort in this hot, mo climate. The roof is patched with ni palm, and the outside walls of bamboo painted white and striped with green a blue—are covered with grotesque carvin

ON THE MARSAQUINA RIVER, NEAR WHERE GEN. LAWTON WAS KILLED

THE PLAZA OF SAN MATEO

his, with the broad eaves and the wide balconies, give the house a most picturesque pearance. We note with gratification the many signs of family affection around us. he father, kind and considerate; the mother, sweet and sympathetic; the children, iet, obedient, and well-behaved—a picture of domestic happiness that is repre-ntative rather than exceptional.

"After tiffin, each retires to his own room to enjoy the siesta; and thus we sleep undly through the heavy afternoon hours."

Elsewhere, the writer pictures the archipelago as a botanist's paradise. He says:

"The earth possesses no scenes more beautiful than those to be found in this rdant and blooming archipelago—from its northern to its southern verge, this agnificent rosary of glowing islands, that nature has hung above the heaving som of the warm Pacific. Of them all, none is more beautiful than Luzon, the gest and the richest of the whole, with its vast variety of attractive enery, mountain and plain, lake and stream, everywhere h with glossy leafage, clustered growths of bamboo d palm, fields of yellow cane, and verdant ffee-groves. Everywhere is wealth of es, clothing the mountains to their mmits, and bordering the long green iles of ocean-shore. On a smaller ale, but not less beautiful than rdly Luzon, are the many inor islands, such as Panay, egros, Cebu, Samar, and hers of names that would strange to foreign ears. ere there are no retches of barren lands, drought-stricken ores, as in some of the es of the West, no flat d chalky fields like ose of Barbadoes; and en the loveliest of the ntilles must yield the

NATIVE LADIES OF SAN MATEO VILLAGE

A PRIMITIVE FILIPINO SAW-MILL

lm of beauty to these charming isles of the eastern ocean. Here an abundant infall, an equitable climate, a rich soil, and the warm influences of the equatorial ters combine to yield a luxuriant beauty and variety of scenery that must be served to be appreciated.

"Tropical scenery cannot be pictured in words. It must be seen to be compre-nded. One need not, too, go beyond the environs of Manila—that Venice of the st, with its labyrinth of canals and estuaries—through which the tides of the broad y daily ebb and flow—and with its wealth of brilliant flowers and tropic verdure—imagine oneself in a new world. Its surroundings are a dream of beauty.

"The bamboo never grows monotonous. It presents forms and colors of nderful attractiveness and variety, and fully dealt with has it been by the brush the painter and the pen of the poet, that might well be given a fine-art gallery d a library of its own. In the depths the forest, and along the streams, beau-ful orchids abound; here clustered on ately trees so dense of growth that the n's rays scarcely penetrate their foliage; ere giving life and color to the ground, d of such odd and amazing forms, that e often seems looking rather upon wering birds and insects than upon ants. Here and there one finds oneself nid the spreading roots of the balete ee (*Ficus Indica*), from whose broad but-esses rises the mighty trunk, of such girth d even rotundity, that the natives make rt-wheels from sections of it. Down m the boughs, sixty feet in air, hang e rope-like lianes, descending, like na-re's cordage, to the ground, while to the nbs cling orchids and other foreign owths, until the entire great tree seems botanical world in itself."

This is the promise of the future which is native author outlines for his country:

"Under new control I expect to see, the twentieth century, a new destiny for is noble group of islands. Whether the ople be given their freedom under the otection and influence of the United tates, or the islands become a direct ap-panage of that or of some other enterprising nation of the West, a turn in the tide of Philippine affairs can hardly fail to set in, and the possibilities of the land be developed to an extent undreamed of under the effete rule of Spain. I expect to see an invasion of this island-realm by three classes of modern enterprise. The scientist is sure to find his way there, and tell the world of the new and the strange in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. With him will come the engineer, opening up roads right and left, laying a network of iron rails, where now only the buffalo-cart drags along, introducing the latest machinery for mining and farming industries, and starting a hum of activity in every quarter of the long-slumbering land. With these also will enter the practical economist, in search, not of the new, but of the useful, prospecting the forests for plants of economic value, seeking for new mines of coal and iron, tracing the gold placer-beds up to their mother-veins, seeking everywhere for what the Philippines have to add to the useful productions of the world. These will be the twentieth century pioneers of this promising archipelago, the results of their labors being exploited by the merchant and the manufacturer. The seas shall teem with ships carrying the products of the islands to foreign shores, and bringing back full cargoes to supply the demands of the islanders, commerce steadily growing in amount as civilization awakens the natives to the perception of new wants. Examples of a similar rejuvenation could easily be pointed out, and there is no conceivable reason why the Philippines should not be added to the list. These islands have been lavishly dealt with by nature; they have an industrious population; yet they have been allowed to remain for centuries in a semi-savage industrial condition: they still await the touch of the magic hand of modern enterprise to arouse them from their state of decadence, and swing them into the tide of human progress. Under this influence prosperity and activity must come to them, as it has come to other lands, and those long-neglected and abused islands be made to 'bud and blossom like the rose.'

"Certainty of conviction and opinion, too, leads me to affirm that, with sanitary arrangements in all the cities, with hygienic living, and American enterprise, philanthropy, and valor in the islands, and free educational facilities eventually,—all will manifestly increase the *morale* of the islanders and develop a just appreciation of the natural beauties of their bounteous realm. All this will come with personal education, personal elevation; and without lessening the labor-producing quality of the native, or the outward physical radiation that constitutes his health and vigor. Health, like knowledge, will come to him in ever-widening circles, and nature, in full festival—as she is during the greater part of the Philippine year—will also appeal to him as she has never appealed before."

A TWENTY-FIVE-DOLLAR MANILA CHURCH AND ITS CONGREGATION

A late despatch from Manila fully confirms Mr. Hearne's statement of the remarkable success of the Protestant missionary work among the natives. Fully five thousand Filipinos in Manila and its suburbs have joined the Protestant churches. Mr. McLaughlin, a Methodist missionary, assisted by native preachers and volunteers from the soldiers, has held thirty meetings in one week. The new converts come from Malibay and Galalanguin villages as well as from the capital, and some congregations, formerly Catholic, have come over practically *en masse*. The *presidente* of Malibay has turned over the former Catholic church for the use of the Methodists. Nicolas Zamorra, a Filipino convert, is being greatly used in this wonderful revival, and his efforts have been the means of bringing multitudes of natives into the new faith. In Cavite province and in central Luzon, Panay and Negros, the Presbyterians are making many converts.

AROUND THE WINTER FIRE

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

VICTORIA'S NOBLE LIFE

THE thought uppermost in the minds of most people just now is that of the long life spent in the blaze of publicity by England's noble Queen. The new King has been proclaimed in London according to mediæval custom, and loyal England has united in singing "God Save the King." All the same, England is very sorrowful, and there are tears in many hearts and eyes for the woman who shed so many tears herself over the cruel war in South Africa. For Queen Victoria more and more hated war and yearned for peace, and she was too old and too frail to endure the suspense, the tragedy, the bitterness and the bereavements of the fiercely waged conflict between Briton and Boer. The Queen's own personality from her youth up was gracious and kindly. She was a reverent Christian woman, who was actuated by high principle, who feared God and kept his commandments. History will keep her memory green.

From her babyhood to her old age, her life has been an open book, to be read of all, and, like her august consort, it may be said of her that she has shown "the white flower of a blameless life." Her court has been austere in its morality, her own strict integrity has never condoned vice, and her private life has been simple, womanly and gracious. A Queen with armies all over the world, and with wars continually waged in some portion of her territory, she has been an advocate of peace. Her personal friendships have been many, and she has never failed in saying the fit word of condolence to those who needed sympathy when they were in sorrow.

The loss of Queen Victoria affects the civilized world. In every land, in a thousand quiet homes, by cabin hearths as in castle halls, there are those who grieve that an illustrious reign has ended, and that a great and good woman, full of days and of honors, has been gathered to her fathers. It is her proud distinction to have given the name to an era; and the Victorian age in art, in science, in literature, and in the missionary impulse of the last half century, will always be remembered as splendid and glory-crowned. The reign of Victoria has been long and magnificent, and filled with great events and shining names. It has carried over into the new century, but it fitly belongs to the old, and its laurels will forever garland the nineteenth century.

Early Rising

Early rising is a virtuous performance, but the person who practices it must not look down on the neighbor who for any reason rises late. Old people and invalids and little children should sleep as long as they can in the morning.

Women and Municipal Affairs

An increasingly vital and intelligent interest in municipal affairs is characteristic of the modern woman. She brings to bear upon town housekeeping the capacity for arrangement and the nice attention to details which have become hers through generations of home management. In many of our cities, the women take upon themselves the burden of keeping the streets free from rubbish, of seeing that garbage is promptly removed, and of looking after the fringing ash-barrels which householders set against the kerbs. They go farther and lay out pretty triangles for grass and flowers, miniature parks for the city's adornment, and playgrounds for the city's children. Not often, fortunately, are the ladies called upon, as they did this autumn in a Pennsylvania town, *en masse*, with brooms pails and scrubbing-brushes, to give an object lesson in the way a street should be cleansed, but they do in various places so insist on decent purity, that even those who call them "pernickety," are grateful that women take a hand in making the town attractive and charming, Residential property rises in value wherever the women are interested as they should be in the town-housekeeping.

The Twilight and the Dawn

It is still so early in the new century that we can appropriately read this beautiful reverie of a much-prized contributor:

We stand at the funeral of years—in the twilight of a dying century. Invisible, intangible, inaudible, yet we know it is a something that is silently slipping out into the silent past. Nothing—but a space in the pyramid of the ages. Nothing—but a period in the cycle of time. Nothing—but a link in the circle of revolving years. Yet, something we are inclined to impersonate as a former friend. Ah! more than this—the kind father of us all.

Scarred veteran he was! Buffeted by storm; mangled by war; made gaunt by famine and fat by plenty; weeping over calamity and rejoicing at prosperity; looking into the graves of old generations and welcoming the birth of new ones, meting out with impartial hand, to rich and poor alike.

Sometimes in his old age he seemed impetuous and rash—let us call it his second childhood and say nothing but good of the dead.

But his work is done—the flame has flickered out, and we are sorry he is gone. He has drifted into the crowded past, and the tramp of marching millions beats his death-march, while we put him tenderly away to sleep with his fathers. He is already shrouded in mists, his bier is the sombre shadow of night's midhour, and we lay him, with a sense of regret, in the grave whence there is no resurrection.

But while we still stand looking out into the gloom, we feel the rosy blush of a new existence; we hear the joyous harbinger of a new birth-hour; and thus, crowned with the wee sma' hours of a new century, we stand in the amber dawn of a new age.

A hundred years of unmarred beauty! An Eden in all its purity! We fancy we see the unsullied snows of a hundred future winters; and we perceive the untainted fragrance of a hundred summers yet to be. No sin, no war, no sorrow, no broken hearts, no death!

But that foul monster, Sin, creeps apace with the march of Time. Each day finds it at his heels, and each night finds them camping together. A day at a time—a moment at a time—yet the history of a century is just what we make it. INEZ EDNA CRAWFORD.

Waynesville, N. C.

The President's Flower

Some weeks ago, a little lad of seven went to the White House with his parents to pay a visit to our good President. Mr. McKinley lifted the little man on his lap and pinned in his button-hole a lovely pink carnation, which is Mr. McKinley's favorite flower. In years to come, that lad will remember with pride that one of America's greatest statesmen thus honored him, and that a great man was gracious to a little child.

Harsh Judgments

Judge not that ye be not judged. We seldom know every circumstance of an event, and we are therefore not able to judge fairly of our brother's temptations and trials. But we are human and imperfect ourselves, and liable to err, and we should therefore hesitate to express ourselves too strongly in condemnation of a friend. We may always condemn a sin. For the sinner we may often have pity and a waiting pardon.

"YOU ARE A LITTLE QUEEN," CRIED THE BEGGAR

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—CONSTANTIA. Your will is at fault. You can never be a Christian in earnest until you yield your will wholly to the Lord.

—JENNY. How sorry I am that you lost your temper in a letter. Pray never do that again. What one writes should be polite, no matter how great the provocation to anger.

—NOVICE. There is no royal road to authorship. You need great patience and much study, as well as original talent. Success rewards indomitable perseverance in this world.

—TO THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS. Will someone send Aunt Prudence her method of stiffening black wash goods, sateens, lawns, etc. Ordinary starch has not been found satisfactory.

—JOHN AND ARTHUR. You must cultivate tact and consideration when visiting young women whom you admire. There is no arbitrary age at which a boy should be sent to school. After his seventh year certainly.

—CURIOSITY. I cannot tell you when a woman is really old. It depends on health, disposition and good looks. I knew a lady of ninety who was vexed because a friend sent her some plain caps. "She must think me in my second childhood!" she exclaimed.

HALF-MAST THE FLAGS

Half-mast the flags on fort and fleet,
The mourners go about the street.

Oh, winds of winter, rough and sharp,
Play dirges on each vibrant harp.

And everywhere in home and heart,
Let sorrow have its place apart.

In grief for mother of her land,
Of Queen serene, in wise command.

The laurel on her tomb will rest,
As close to him her life loved best.

In death united they shall lie,
Beneath the steadfast, watching sky.

Half-mast the flags on tower and steep,
The world mourns with the good Queen people.

And white as drifted snow her name,
And long and lasting her great fame.

An Incident of Victoria's Childhoo

QUEEN VICTORIA was the daug ter of the Duke and Duchess Kent, and the successor of Kir William IV., her father's brother. It not uncommon for heart-burnings ar jealousies to exist in royal families, ar the next heir is not always lovingly r garded by the one on the throne. Whe the small Princess Victoria was a litt girl playing with dolls, she lived with h parents in a comparatively simple hon in Kensington, and the Kents were quite limited circumstances, because Kir William had cut off his brother's allo ances. So, the little girl had very litt pocket-money, and she early began to lea the lessons of thrift which had never le her, making her when she died one of th world's richest women.

In a shop window, little Victoria sa and coveted a most beautiful doll. Sh often walked past the window to gaze it. She told her governess what she woul name the doll, and how it should dressed when it became her propert But the day of possession loomed f away before the little royal maiden, f the doll's price was six shillings, and th six shillings had to be saved up a little a time. Debt was not to be thought o though the shop people would gladly hav trusted the daughter of the good Duches of Kent.

At last a day came when the small purs held the six silver shillings, and a ver happy child it was who went off to mak her purchase. The doll was hers at las Wrapped in silver paper, and tied wit silver cord, tissue paper over that, and th box to hold it all ready, she hesitate thought, and decided that she would l the wrappings go, and, like any othe mother, carry her baby home in her ow arms. It was an ecstatic moment.

As she was leaving the store, she suc denly saw a man, very poor and feebl and old, begging. Her tender heart wa touched by his distress. How could sh relieve it? She had now no money, an this man was ill-clad and hungry.

Running back into the shop, she aske the woman if she might leave the doll little longer. The woman did not kno her, but said, kindly, "Certainly, Miss, and returned the six shillings into th dimpled hand. Out ran the little girl an dropped her whole wealth into the beg gar's palm. He was amazed, and crie "God bless you, my dear. You are a litt queen." As indeed she was, in ever sense. The generosity which was impul sive in childhood was restrained and tem pered by discretion in maturity, but Vic toria, to the very end of her long life an splendid reign, was kind to the poor an suffering, and loved to relieve distress.

Victoria's Deep Piety

The Queen was a devout member of th Church of England, but she was neithe narrow nor bigoted. For the Non-Con formist churches she had large toleratio and great respect, treating their ministers on public occasions when they approache her with distinguished courtesy. Whe one of her servants died, the Queen sen for the woman's pastor—a Congregationa clergyman—and asked him to conduct funeral service in a porch of Windso Palace, and Her Majesty was present there among the mourners. In her book published many years ago, in which very intimate accounts of her daily life are given to her people, she speaks of being inexpressibly touched, when, in Scotland at Balmoral, Dr. Norman Macleod praye for her and her children.

A BIBLE-CLASS TWELVE HUNDRED STRONG

ROM time to time, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has called attention to the widespread growth of Bible study and the earnest cooperation of Christian business men in religious work. It is an encouraging nd hopeful sign of the tendency of the mes toward the things that make for ghteousness, when men who have been diligent in business," and who ccupy honored places in the ommunity, turn from the affairs of the world to God's Word, as the only source of eal happiness in this life and hat which is to come.

One of the largest classes or the study of the Bible is onducted in New York City y Mr. Charles H. Knox, a ell-known lawyer and business man. For several years Ir. Knox has been President f the Municipal Civil Service ommission. Few busier men an be found anywhere, yet he evotes a large part of his time o spiritual work, and regards as his highest pleasure and rivilege to labor for the Master. It is now nearly twenty-our years since a class was rganized for the study of the nternational Sunday School esson in the Knox Memorial hurch, Forty-first street, est of Ninth avenue, New ork. This church, which as only recently been erected, is under the fostering care f the Fifth Avenue Reformed hurch, of which the Rev. onald Sage Mackay, D.D., the pastor. This class has rown during the past few ears to such an extent that he old edifice had to be enarged six times to accommoate all the members.

Mr. Knox does not stop with mply teaching the Bible Les-on on the Lord's day. He ets his scholars to work in arious religious and humanitarian fields. n this way he has been able, after many ears, to train his class to great usefulness in the church, Sunday School, rayer meeting and different kinds of rescue work. He wants no drones around im. Those who attend the Bible class ust work out its problems in helping thers, and thus extending the Kingdom f God. Such a leader possesses a far-eaching influence for good over the lives of those with whom he comes in contact from Sunday to Sunday. In the early history of the class its growth was slow. Many discouragements arose, but little obstacles were not allowed to stand in the way. The class has gradually grown from a couple of dozen to twelve hundred, the number of names at present on the roll. Both sexes are welcomed every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

MR. KNOX'S BIBLE CLASS OF TWELVE HUNDRED STUDENTS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

The class organization and the management will repay the closest study and the earnest consideration of all Christian workers who aspire to usefulness in the Sunday School. It is hardly necessary to say that the leader is personally acquainted with every member of his class, and can call each one by name. One hour before the opening, Mr. and Mrs. Knox are on hand to greet strangers and to welcome the members of the class as they take their seats. This greeting has been one of the features of the work which has greatly contributed to its success. When persons come to the leader with their troubles, he gives kindly advice from a Christian standpoint, and the inquirers rely implicitly on what he says, and usually follow his counsel.

Another attractive feature of the class is the excellent music. From twenty to thirty minutes are spent in singing, the voices being often supplemented by cornet, violin, bass violin and other instruments. This is greatly appreciated by old and young.

It has been a serious problem with many pastors of churches and leaders of Sunday Schools how they might hold the young men and women, from fifteen to twenty years of age, who think they have outgrown the Sunday School. Mr. Knox has long since solved this knotty problem. He holds his young people, from year to year, with unabated interest; indeed, he has some scholars at present in the class who have been there from twelve to eighteen years. He holds them because they love him, and no sooner are they enrolled than they go out and bring in other new members. Thus their numbers increase continually. Being a lifelong student of the Scriptures, their leader can teach them in the most effective manner. He comes from a long line of Bible students, his paternal grandfather, Rev. John Knox, D.D., a famous Bible scholar, having been for many years pastor of the Collegiate Church, New York.

Not the least among the various agencies that have made this Bible class one of the largest and most important in the city is the bright, cheery and earnest co-operation of Mrs. Knox. She welcomes the women, takes them cordially by the hand, sympathizes with those in trouble, and encourages the downcast. Her self-denying, loving service has been highly appreciated by her own church and the entire neighborhood.

Mr. Knox, while discussing the lesson, holds the attention of each person in the class. He uses every opportunity to press home upon them the truth of the Gospel, and especially the transcendent sacrifice of Christ for lost sinners. With such an ending in the teaching of a Sunday School lesson only the best results can come. His teaching has been richly blessed, and under it many souls have been led into the peace of salvation.

It is said that one-fourth of the members of the class belong to the Reformed Church. The rest includes Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and others, even Catholics and Hebrews. They come from all parts of Greater New York, and from Jersey City, Newark, Hoboken and Guttenberg. Among them is a large band of young men, earnest, wide-awake and devoted to the cause of Christ, who are now being trained for Christian work in the churches and missions of the metropolis.

J. J. MUNRO, *Chaplain, Tombs Prison.*

ordial ommendations

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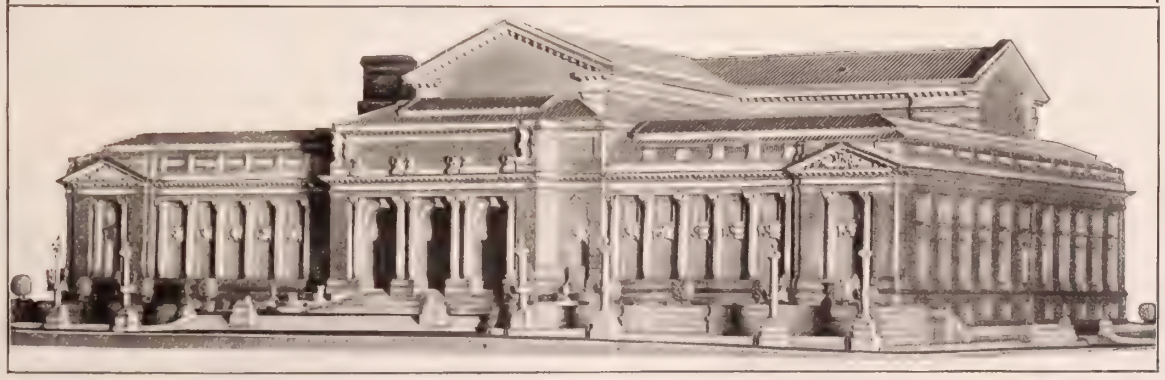
NEW YORK'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY



THE NEW METROPOLITAN LIBRARY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED

Plans have at last been accepted for the great New York Public Library building, in which three of the largest present libraries of the city will be consolidated. These libraries are the Astor, Lenox, and the New York Free Circulating Library. In these will also be merged the Tilden Library fund, thus making practically four libraries in one. The plans are by Messrs. Carrere & Hastings, New York, architects. The building itself will surpass the beauty revealed in the drawing; indeed, in point of beauty it will equal the Congressional Library at Washington, The structure will be three hundred and ninety feet, or nearly two blocks long, and two hundred and sixty-nine feet wide, with shelving capacity for one million five hundred thousand volumes, and desk room for eight hundred readers in the main reading room. The new library will stand on the site of the old reservoir at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, but it will be at least three years before the building will be completed and open to the public. Although for some years the actual number of volumes will not exceed one million, yet the circulating capacity during a given year will amount to twenty-five million. The building alone will cost two million dollars. The ground on which it is to stand is worth three million dollars. The books and furnishings will amount to three million dollars more.

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"How glad we, old folks, are for the weekly visits of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: Our children are all grown up, and when we visit them and see that they are taking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we feel that they are on the line for prosperity. When we can induce neighbors to take it, we realize that they are better neighbors."
J. C. F., Austin, Tex.

"I received THE CHRISTIAN HERALD premium book, entitled "Masterpieces of American Eloquence,' and am delighted with it. The half-tone of Lincoln on the first page is the best I have ever seen. It would be well for the this generation if they possessed more of the sterling qualities of 'Honest Old Abe.'"
C. A. B., Woodstock, Ont., Can.

"The Masterpieces of American Eloquence" I deem a masterly production. Would that it could be placed in the hands of all the youth of our land, or of the civilized world. Every young mind, like virgin soil, contains seeds, or germs of thought, which, by proper culture, may produce grand results.

You cannot tell how grand a tree
Shall slowly grow, from that small seed,
That you have placed with hands so free;
Nor tell what hopes your words will breed,
Within the budding youths you see.

Delmar, Ia. E. B. P.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A COUNTRY BOY.

A Helpful Symposium on a Subject which has Peculiar Interest for a Great many Readers of "The Christian Herald"

HAS the boy who is country born and country bred any advantages over the city boy? Are there any real compensations for the loss of those opportunities of culture and development which are supposed to be peculiar to city life? Has the boy raised on the farm no substantial consolations? Does he enjoy no special and exclusive opportunities which do not fall to the lot of the city boy? This is the subject which has held the attention of the group of distinguished contributors whose views, prepared especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are given below:

He Faces Real Life

DAVID STARR JORDAN, PRESIDENT OF LELAND STANFORD, JR., UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO, CAL.

THE first advantage of a country boy is that he has grown up face to face with realities, and knows that there are such things and how to master them. I value no part of my own education more than what I learned on a farm. Not that I want to do any of those things now, but that the habit of meeting things squarely and doing them was a vital part of my education. The horizon of the farm is narrow, but that is good for a boy. It leads him to see clearly. To get face to face with nature and action, is the purpose of the "nature study" and "manual training" which in the city schools imperfectly take the place of farm life and farm work.

Minor advantages of the farm are its health and freedom, the absence of wasteful leisure, and the certainty of mastery over the horse; a thing without which no man should be turned loose in the world as educated. But, first of all, I place the contact with realities and the need of the country boy to meet and master them for himself.

A Life Homeric

BY CHARLES F. THWING, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF ADELBERT COLLEGE AND WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY, CLEVELAND, O.

AMONG the chief advantages of being a country boy are the advantages of simplicity of life and of freedom of conduct. In a simple life the boy eats plain food, wears plain clothes, sits on plain chairs, sleeps in a plain bed-room, and associates with plain people. He is free from luxuriant living and elaborate conditions. He knows nothing of the splendor which man makes. The necessities are brought to his home every day and the natural means of filling them are present. His life is quite Homeric. He waits on himself. If he wants anything done, he does it himself. He earns the little spending money which he has, and often transmutes that little spending money into money saved. He comes close to nature in his moods of rest and reflection and he works hand in hand with nature in his every endeavor. He is content with little, or rather his little he converts into much. Such a life and condition help to make a man who emphasizes the realities of character and who is able to put proper values on all the elements which go to the constituting of the great world of humanity.

A second advantage is the advantage of freedom of conduct. How free is the country boy! The fields and the forest are his playgrounds, the ponds his race-course; the trout brooks his private preserve. The steers and the colts are his co-workers, and all the children of the neighborhood are his playmates. His nursery is the mows and the bays of the barn, and the wood-shed, which unites the house and the barn, is his trotting park. He is not "cribbed, cabined or confined." His horizon is not a sky-line made by rows of brick blocks. He sees the sun rising above the great valleys and he sees it set behind the everlasting hills. His world is a big world and in it he is free to come and to go.

THE COUNTRY COMING TO TOWN—A SCENE IN ALABAMA

Face to Face With God

RT.-REV. BOYD VINCENT, P. E. BISHOP; SO. OHIO

THE dweller in the country is brought more constantly face to face with God in nature than the dweller in town can ever be. "In the cities," said Sydney Smith, "all is man's work apparently—we see only Cæsar and his power. In the country God's hand is seen oftener and closer too." The townsman's business leads him to deal chiefly with secondary causes. His own human shrewdness and skill are the things he constantly depends on for success; so that he comes finally to feel as if all his own comfort and happiness depended on himself. In the markets and in his office, he handles by the wholesale all the great natural food products, clothing, and the materials of wood and stone out of which houses are builded. They all mean to him only so many thousands of dollars. In his business mind and processes God is left out of the account altogether. Of course, if he were to stop and think back a little, he would see that he could not put even a bite of bread into his own mouth unless God had first caused the seed to spring and the wheat and corn to grow. He couldn't put a coat on his back or that of his children if God had not first created the sheep with the wool on its back. He couldn't put shoes on his feet except for the hide of the cattle; nor build his house unless God had first provided the forests and the stone quarries. So with all the philosophies and sciences with which the city dweller is so much occupied.

The dweller in the country, if he is a thoughtful and earnest man at all, is a devoutly religious man. He lives face to face with God in God's direct work in nature. He sees God as the primary cause of all those things which sustain human and animal life and which make the world beautiful. All these facts appeal directly to his own primary instincts of truth; they go to his heart as well as his head; and he does not have to go through a long, roundabout process of reasoning to get to the right conclusion.

The farmer's Sunday, if he is a religious man at all, is a better Sunday than the city man's. It is more completely the Lord's day. In the city even on Sunday the business houses, if they are not open, are still forever before your eyes, suggesting man's business and not "the Father's business.' Streets are crowded with people; street cars and railroad trains are running; saloons and theatres and dance halls and billiard halls are wide open, base-ball or foot-ball games, horse races and prize fights go on; men must have their Sunday business letters. No wonder the city man has to fight hard to keep his religion, and, above all, the Lord's day as he ought to. But the farmer, even the most worldly, seldom thinks of working on Sunday, after the necessary chores are done. Other things will let him alone if he will let them alone. He can go to church if he wants to. And when he gets there, he hears a simple sermon which he can understand, takes part in a simple worship which he can follow, meets only familiar friends and neighbors instead of a lot of utter strangers, gets some good out of this way out of the service; and if he has to talk a bit outside, after church, it is still about weather and crops and stock with which God has still something to do.

Thank God, then, if you are a Christian at all, that you are also a farmer, and have about you all the time these constant appeals to your religious sensibility. That makes it all the easier for you to be a Christian and to stay one.

Strong Willed and Reliant

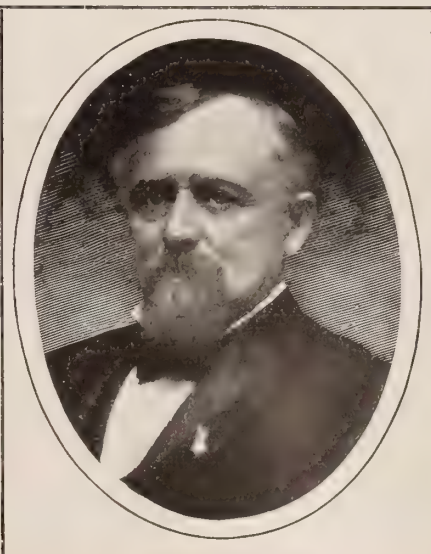
BY THE LATE JAMES S. MOUNT, GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

THERE are prerequisites essential to a useful and successful life. Prominent among these is early training to habits of industry, frugality, economy and temperance. Coupled with these and of no less importance, are the environments that develop individuality, independence of thought and action, self-reliance, courage, originality, will-power and a strong body. It has been well said "The man without self-confidence and an iron will, is the plaything of chance, the puppet of his environments, the slave of circumstances. With these he is king, ever master of the situation." The country preeminently offers the best opportunities for this needful training. Remote from associations of evil and from surroundings that are conducive to dissipation and prodigality, the country boy is less liable to be enticed into sin.

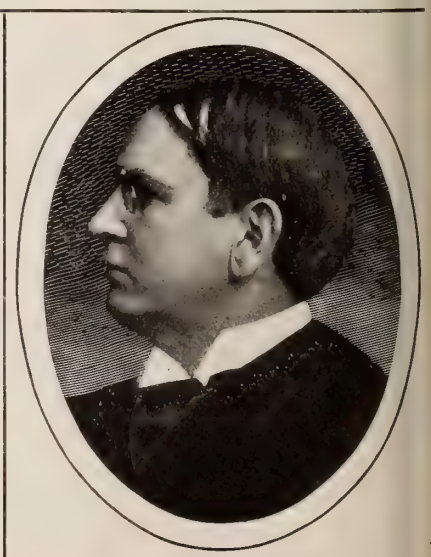
While General Grant, a poor country lad, was breaking wild colts, and when below his teens, he was sent to the wood

DAVID STARR JORDAN

BISHOP BOYD VINCENT



JAMES A. MOUNT



CHARLES F. THWING

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A COUNTRY BOY

Continued from Preceding Page

th wagon and team and chain to load avy timbers, a task requiring all the ct and genius of a man, he was forced rely upon himself. Necessity was the other of the resourcefulness developed young Grant that enabled him to ac- mplish this marvelous feat. It was by ch conditions in country life, and not at est Point, that forces were put in mo- n that made General Grant the hero of onaldson and Vicksburg, culminating the crowning honor of Appomattox.

While Abraham Lincoln, the ill-clad, promising boy of poverty, in the ob- urity of the log-cabin, where he mbed to his bed of leaves in the loft means of wooden pins in the logs, who uld have been jeered by the boy of fluence, he was there learning the great sson of sympathy for the plain people, d the self-reliance that fitted him in bsequent years to become the trusted ader who piloted the nation through the rk night of peril, and to break the ackles that bound a race in thraldom.

While returning recently with a com- ny of gentlemen from the grave of the other of Abraham Lincoln, and discuss- g the advantages of country life to the y, a prominent business man of Indian- olis said he pitied the boy who did not joy the advantages of country life. I uld that the country boy could know d appreciate his advantages. Personal perience intensifies my interest in the untry boy. Having experienced myself e privations and hard work of the coun- boy, never having a penny to spend at I did not earn, and but few hours it I could appropriate for that purpose, at I deemed a hardship then, in the ht of experience I now view as a bless- g, for in this school of economy and tient drudgery I was obtaining the ded education to success. These en- onments did not abate my enthusiasm, t only tended to increase energy. I s learning self-reliance and will-power, I knew unaided I must fight the battle life. Under such tutorage, obstacles came stepping-stones to higher levels.

In conclusion, a word to country boys. on't grow weary of your lot: a change the gaiety of the city will be worse for u. Patient toil is the road to true suc- ss. Be industrious, be economical, be peful: aim high; don't chew or smoke, drink intoxicants; stand for nobility of aracter, and you will win honor and ccess. A student of nature working in mony with the God of nature.

The farmer's life is the sweetest, the thest removed from the turmoils of strife, and the nearest to God of any vocation. I rejoice in the anticipation of the restful quiet of my country home when I shall be permitted to lay aside public duties, cares and responsibilities, and return to the home which represents long years of toil and hopeful struggle.

Sound Mind in Sound Body

BY HON. JOHN WANAMAKER

IT is an undeniable fact that the boy in the country possesses advantages not open to the youth growing up in our great cities. The lad whose introduction to the busy world about him occurs amid rural surroundings, finds his horizon not limited by the countless structures of God's goodness to man as exemplified in

JOHN WANAMAKER

his works through bounteous nature. The country boy has abundant evidence that among the honored men of the nation, many have had the advantage of a youth spent amid the green fields and pleasant surroundings of a country life.

The many benefits of a health-giving atmosphere and wholesome food are advantages the country boy possesses in excess of the boy in the city. Combined with these, regular hours of sleep and rest serve to perpetuate the "sound mind in a sound body," so necessary for those who would attain the highest measure of usefulness in this busy world.

Free from the temptations which beset the city youth on every side, luring him on to dissipation and ruin, the country boy finds his joy and recreation in rational amusements, which leave no aftermath of vain regret. Thus he prepares the foundation of a vigorous constitution and good health on which to build his life.

Natural Life Means Health

BY JESSIE A. FOWLER, SCIENTIST, NEW YORK

THE country boy has a much better chance to make his way in the world if he is brought up surrounded by the country fields, the woody glens and the river side. He has a chance, and a better chance, than the city boy to develop his lung powers, and his circulation is increased, his sleep is sounder, his opportunities to live a natural life are greater, and he is not surrounded by the same temptations that multiply about the city lad.

He is brought up largely upon eggs, milk, grains, fruit and vegetables, and consequently has a much better physique and a more enduring constitution and more robust health to start the battle of life than the city lad. The latter is surrounded by evening excitement, late hours, social enticements, evening studies and irregular and unsound sleep. The atmosphere is often too hot or too cold for health, and generally less pure than that enjoyed by the country lad. The diet of the city boy is largely made up of highly seasoned and rich food, of meats that are stimulating, of sweets that are clogging to the system, and often stimulants in the form of tea, coffee, and unfortunately beer and wines are added to the list, while in a social way the city lad is allowed to smoke, and sees the example set him by hundreds of other lads who contract the same habit. Thus, taking him all in all, the country lad has a better start in life than the city lad, although on first examination of the subject one would think that the city lad had more opportunities to develop his intellect. Even if this is the case, he has not such a fine preparation from a physical standpoint as his brother in the country. By using the brain too early in life we simply unfit it for its grand performance of mental duties in after life. There must, therefore, be a proper preparation for the years of intense mental labor that are to follow, hence the physical constitution calls for and demands healthy surroundings to start with.

CELEBRATING ITS 175th ANNIVERSARY

A Memorable Event in the History of the Venerable Congregational Church of Ridgebury, Conn.

EW churches in the United States can claim to be as old as the venerable Congregational Church at Ridgebury, Conn., which recently celebrated its one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary. This parish was established in 1715, the first church built in 1725, and incorporated in 1761; the second church was built in 1768, and it became Congregational in 1769; the manse was bought in 1832; a parsonage built in 1844, and the present church built in 1851. It has the distinction of being located nearer to the New York State line than any other church in Connecticut, the original parish lands including a strip—known as the Gore—one and three-quarter miles in width, "across the border."

Plain, austere, and almost Puritanical in its external simplicity, but cosy and cordial within, and in summer almost hidden by the foliage of surrounding trees, stands the church—a long-time river of strength for righteousness—and the parsonage—an ample and substantial residence—in which the old Dissenting (now Congregational) rural parish of Ridgebury lately honored its great age with a banquet and a series of sermons. Guests were present from New York, Boston, Hartford and other cities.

The pastor of the church is the Rev. William E. Todd, archæologist and orateur, a native of Connecticut. He is a prolific writer of biography, and on educational, archæological, art and other topics, and has preached and lectured from 175 platforms and leading pulpits in the United States and Canada. His library contains, besides other rare works, over 25,000 biographies, and it is said that the scope of his work embraces forty-three nations. Dr. Todd has designed five churches, improved four, built three, and brought about the erection of two others. He has edited four periodicals, issued sixty publications, and many leading journals have published his works. He has traveled extensively, and has spoken frequently at national and international gatherings. He has been most successful as a pastor; and whenever he has left a church, it was after increasing its membership, and strengthening its finances as well. His archæological researches have been exhaustive, and have given him a wide and enviable reputation. He has also been connected with three colleges, and is now making a careful collection of fine art from the work of the great masters.

The congregation of this historic church numbers among its supporters, educators, members of the town board, business men, members of the legislature, and retired metropolitan officers—all men of influence in the affairs of Western Connecticut. Throughout its long history, the church has received many tokens of the divine favor, and its work has been rich with spiritual blessing, and marked by many conversions. Under Mr. Todd's ministry, the church is taking a still deeper interest in spiritual work, and its activities have been greatly multiplied.

In an anniversary address, on "The Call of the Twentieth Century," given before the Men's Club by the pastor, Dr. Todd said in part: "Each century of the life of man has been accompanied by its own peculiar call to that portion of the race concerned as to the intent of existence in life and thought of our ever-increasing species. A Christian prince, Wilhelm, is cordially greeted by a Mohammedan sultan, and where mercy and peace have kissed each other he dedicated a church. China is pulling down her great wall—not an easy task. Japan is bending all her energies for everything modern; all American home governments are republics: the nations meet in Peace Conference at The Hague (a preliminary to a better day); and all the world powers are restraining injustice and reaching out protecting and welcoming hands to every land under the sun; enhancing, without much hesitancy, increasing responsibilities.

The twentieth century call will not be a call to ease, for nothing can be gained by inactivity. It will be a call to greater exercise of power for the general weal at home, locally and abroad. It is a call of futures—the kingdom of heaven is ever at hand, and we must cease contraction and expand every way and by all legitimate means.

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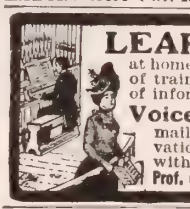

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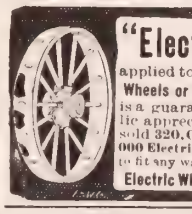

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GRANDMA BAXTER'S CABIN....

...How a Humble Log Hut on the Lonely Plains of Wyoming Became a Centre of Christian Influences...

BY W. H. SCHUREMAN, S. S. Missionary

WYOMING is named after the great Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania and means "Large plains." In general appearance, it is a vast stretch of arid pasture or grazing land, covered in most part with a short, grayish-colored grass, very nutritious, upon which stock feeds the year round and fattens for market. The surface of the country is broken in some parts by low ranges of foothills, and traversed in every direction by deep ravines, often causing the traveler to take a very circuitous route to reach his destination. With the exception of a half-dozen cities, this sparse population is scattered far and wide in small villages, and up and down the water-courses, in ranch homes. Wyoming, by reason of its vast area of arid grazing lands, is now, and will continue for years to come, the home of the herdsman or ranchman.

W. H. SCHUREMAN

Traversing the State in every conceivable direction are well-defined public roads or "trails," as they are commonly called, the only obstruction being the ever-present barb wire fence. The writer has frequently been obliged to open twenty of these wire gates in a day's travel. Settlements are often far apart. You may not be aware of the fact that you are within a hundred miles of a habitation, when the turn of the road at the top of a hill brings you in full view of a substantial ranch home, nestled close in against a high bank of a stream, sheltered from the severe northwest winds by a friendly clump of cottonwoods. The hospitable ranchman receives you with a generous welcome, and when you announce yourself as a Sunday School missionary everything is at your disposal. The children are soon your fast friends, and an opportunity is given for imparting some practical, helpful truths. In two days the neighborhood is visited, a meeting announced for the organization of a Sabbath School, and for the first time in the history of the community, the people come together to study the Bible. These communities are limited in number and size by the water supply. Millions of acres of land will continue as a public domain for the reason that the homesteader has control of the water supply, and by this means is in possession of the pasturage for miles in every direction.

GRANDMA BAXTER'S CABIN

Education receives due attention everywhere, and the single isolated family is entitled to receive instruction at public expense. The writer knows of several instances where a public teacher is employed to instruct two children. Sometimes the equipment is very primitive. A little log house, or a box-car standing on a switch, answers for a school-house. These log school-houses soon become centres of social and intellectual influence for the community. To reach these isolated people with the Gospel is the problem the Sabbath School missionary is commissioned to solve.

Many of the children in these homes have grown up without having heard a sermon, unless, perchance, a minister has happened to spend a Sabbath in the Settlement. Sabbath School is, in some communities, an unheard of institution, and the question is sometimes asked by a boy or girl of fifteen years: "What do they do there?" The violent storms of wind and snow that prevail during several months in the year cause a timidity about leaving home, that renders it impossible to continue a Sabbath School more than five months out of the twelve. The rest of the year, these ranch children have little or no religious instruction. At one point, where the people are very widely scattered, a Home Department was organized, that meets at the end of each quarter to review the lessons, recite the Golden Text and make their offerings. This community has had no previous Christian training, and already excellent results are manifest.

In December, 1899, the writer started with horse and buggy to find the home of Grandma Baxter, in Southern Wyoming. It was a bitter cold afternoon, the wind whirling the snow along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It was coming near night when the Twin Mountain Schoolhouse was passed on the trail, the children having already hurried across the open plains to their homes. The trail was soon covered with snow, and a wire-fence brought the missionary's faithful old horse to a standstill. It was now almost dark and no human habitation was anywhere in sight. But one thing remained to be done: find the way back to the school-house and camp there for the night. This was done as speedily as possible; but there was no supper for either the missionary or his horse. A shed furnished protection for the horse, and plenty of wood soon made a bright warm fire within. By the flickering firelight some comforting passages of assurance were read from the old Book, and then the robes, cushions and coats were spread out on the floor for the night's repose.

Morning came at last, and a drive of four miles against a piercing north wind brought the missionary to the home of a hospitable ranchman who received him kindly. A few weeks afterward a second successful attempt was made to find the Baxter cabin, where a royal welcome was given by grandma, Max Rider, a grandson of twelve, and the school teacher. It had been snowing for several days, and grandma was out of wood and chicken-feed. Max had heard grandma asking the Lord for these things, and while he believed in grandma's faith, he wondered how the answer was to come. The missionary's appearance turned all thought away from the pressing need, and temporarily it was forgotten. The cabin consisted of two rooms, built of logs, with an old-fashioned fireplace in the end. When supper was over, the group gathered about the bright fire that was consuming the last of the logs grandma had managed to gather on the mountain side. There they sat, and listened as incident after incident of frontier life was related by grandma, showing her wonderful faith in God and his preserving care. Then came family prayer, in which all joined, and when Max had slipped away to bed, grandma told the others one more story.

"Max and his sister Nellie were left to my care when quite young. Nellie was naturally religious, and always said her prayers on retiring. Max was quite the opposite, and after listening to Nellie asking for 'daily bread' for several nights, he broke in with, 'Nellie, why do you ask for bread all the time? We've got lots of bread and two sacks of flour in the pantry. What we need, Nellie, is butter. Ask the Lord for butter, Nellie.' Nellie finally did so, and Max was satisfied and went to sleep."

It happened that a neighbor had learned somehow that Grandma was out of butter, and he came in that night with ten pounds. The next morning Max ran to Grandma as soon as he was up, and said:

"Has it come, Grandma?"

"What, Max?"

"Why, that butter Nellie prayed for last night."

"Yes, it came."

"Who did He send it by?"

"Our neighbor, James ——."

"Well, Grandma, I'll always trust the Lord after this."

Before the missionary left, wood and chicken feed were supplied. A Testament and other good books were placed in Max's hands, and a promise was given to return.

The following summer, the missionary dropped in to see the inmates of the cabin home again, and found a new room added to the cabin that Grandma called "the prophet's room," into which the visitor was ushered and made to feel at home. Plans had already been made for a Sunday School to be organized in the cabin, with Grandma as superintendent. Thus, in that isolated community the good seed of the kingdom was sown in the hearts of those children of the plains, the harvest of which may be a hundredfold to the Master's honor and the joy of his servants.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A NEW AND CHARMING SERIAL STORY, ENTITLED....

"By Love's Sweet Rule"

Will Appear in "The Christian Herald" on February 20.

THIS TALE, BY GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON, WILL BE A DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Work of the Moody Bible Institute

At the recent annual meeting of the trustees of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, W. R. Moody, elder son and successor of D. L. Moody, was elected a trustee. The officers for the present year are: Vice-President, Fleming H. Revell; Treasurer, E. G. Keith, President of the Metropolitan National Bank of Chicago; Secretary, A. P. Fitt. The Secretary reported that the year that has just elapsed, the eleventh in the life of the Institute, has been the best in every respect that the Institute has known. The number of students enrolled during 1900 was four hundred and seventy-one. They represented thirty-eight States and Territories, eighteen foreign countries and forty-one religious denominations. Fifty-one old students were missionaries in China at the outbreak of the recent troubles. Of these, two were martyred, and five were in Pekin during the siege. The report of the Bible Institute Extension work showed that four teachers were engaged during 1900, who held one hundred and twelve conferences, in sixty-eight towns in eighteen States. The Colportage Association also reported a successful year. A new number was added to the Moody Colportage Library each month. The work pushed out beyond the shores of America, and large shipments were made for sale and distribution in India, Tasmania, South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and China. The circulation of the Colportage Library is now 3,815,148 copies.

Why Millionaires Can't Stop Making Money

Several articles by well-known millionaires, showing the responsibilities carried by capitalists; the difficulties of keeping investments on a sound basis, and the impossibility of retiring without sacrifice. **In this week's (February 16) number of**

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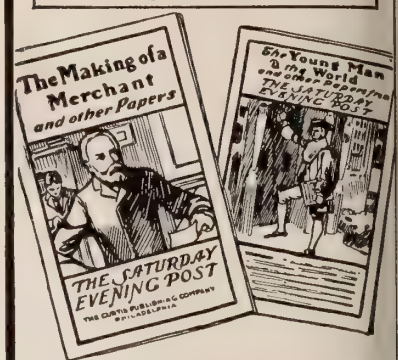

☞We will also send, without charge, a copy of each of the two books: "The Young Man and the World" and "The Making of a Merchant." These books are reprints of the best of the famous series of articles for young men which appeared in the POST, written by such well-known men as **ex-President Cleveland; Senator Beveridge; former Senator John J. Ingalls; Harlow N. Higinbotham**, of Marshall Field & Co.; **Robert C. Ogden**, of Wanamaker's, and others.

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A chimney ought not to eak any more than a tum-ler. A tumbler breaks hen it tumbles.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and pearl glass"—they don't eak from heat, not one in a lndred; a chimney lasts for ars sometimes.

ur "Index" describes *all* lamps and their *per* chimneys. With it you can always order right size and shape of chimney for any lamp. mail it FREE to any one who writes for it.

ddress MACBETH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The past two years have been eventful ones for Binghamton, N. Y., but no incident of the many that have been brought to public attention is of greater human interest than that which centers about Ellen Parce, the wife of Mr. David F. Parce, of No. 4 Spruce St., of that city. So far as is known the story is now published for the first time.

The reporter found Mrs. Parce seated in an easy chair under the trees in the garden of her home. In reply to his questions Mrs. Parce said:

"It was two years ago this summer that I was in a miserable condition as the result of hard work. I was completely run down, pale and losing flesh, and so nervous that I could not sleep or even get rest. It was dreadful to go to bed at night all worn out and lie awake for hours with nervousness. If I did fall asleep it was to wake up in the morning as tired as when I went to bed.

"My head troubled me a great deal, too, both with pain and dizziness. If I stooped over at any time I would be so dizzy I could hardly see or keep from falling down. I was troubled somewhat with indigestion at this time, but the nervousness was the greater trouble. If I became a little excited my hands would shake so I could hardly hold anything in them. I felt that something must be done so I employed our best physicians. They did all they could for me and although I obtained some benefit from their treatment, not one of them did me any permanent good.

"I had, of course, read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People but had never taken any of them till Mr. Robert Van Kuren, of Jordan, recommended them to me so strongly, from his own experience with them, that I got some and before the first box was used up I began to feel that they were doing me good. I kept on taking them according to directions and got from them the only real, permanent benefit I have had from any remedy. It did seem so good to get a night's sleep and to be refreshed by it. I am a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I have, and shall, recommend them to my friends. I generally keep a box in the house to take in case I feel a little run down. Signed, ELLEN PARCE.

June 26, 1900.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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OUR INDIA ORPHANS OF 1897

NOT ONE OF THOSE AT AHMEDNAGAR HAS DIED, AND ALL ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS

IT will be welcome news, to all who assisted in our India Relief Work in 1897, to learn from the following letter, how greatly that work has been blessed in the hands of our good missionaries:

"AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA, 3d, Jan. 1901.

"*Dear Dr. Klopsch:*—Please accept another expression of very hearty thanks for all you and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are doing for famine children. I acknowledge with thanks the tenth quarterly remittance of $75 toward the maintenance of orphans of the famine of 1897. With this money I have part of the expenses of a good many children who are not wholly dependent on me, some of whom live in the villages. But in Ahmednagar city I have had under my care twenty boys and fifteen girls, who were practically brought in at the time of the former famine.

"I have just looked over their record. *Not one has died.* Every one of the thirty-five is living and in good health. One boy has only one eye, and that is not strong, but he has been and is under medical care for the eye. All thirty-five have good characters. Of the twenty boys, five have rug-weaving for their occupation; six are studying to become teachers; two to become farmers; one to be a carpenter; one is acting as a messenger boy for me; four are keeping on with study; and one is working in his village. Eleven out of the twenty, entirely support themselves by work. Five more partly earn their living. Probably before we receive your twelfth remittance, not one boy out of the twenty will be supported by me, except the four who are studying in school.

"Out of the fifteen girls, five are working at rug-making. Most of these more than earn their living. The other girls are going to school. All are being trained in house-work. Three of the boys have been admitted into church as full members, and two of the girls. One boy is a dull, heavy boy. All the rest are bright, hopeful, good children.

"Allow me to quote from the last report of the mission what is a fair statement about the way in which famine children in our mission have been treated and how they are turning out: 'From the outset, these children have never been treated as orphans; they have been fed, clothed and cared for with as much consideration as if they had parents who were paying full fees for them. In consequence, self-respect and other sterling qualities are being developed in them. For children, they are unusually grateful, loyal and industrious. Brought as they were from wretched surroundings into helpful Christian influences, their minds and hearts have been peculiarly open to the reception of Christian truth. Many of them have given ample evidence of a change of heart, and the more mature among them have already confessed Christ.'

"Is not this a thoroughly satisfactory report as to how, by God's blessing, the famine children of the former famine have developed, who are under the Christian nurture of the American Marathi Mission of Western India?

"Again, please accept for yourself and for all friends our most grateful thanks. You know the Lord's words: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.'

"To-day I added up the list of famine children and women of the famine of 1900 who are in the charge of the American Marathi Mission. The number is 2,853!

"To-day I received your kind cablegram of congratulation upon the government of India conferring upon me the Kaiser-i Hind gold medal. Without doubt, this was meant as an expression of appreciation of American missionaries and Americans as a whole, for the very generous part which they have taken in famine relief. Everybody could not be named, and so they naturally pitched on one who has had official standing as Chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund, and secretary of the Americo-Indian Relief Fund, and as a senior missionary who stood as a representative. But I have not done any more than many others to merit special mention, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, more than any other organization, really is entitled to the gold medal. I say this because it is a fact, and not out of courtesy to you. But neither you nor any of us have done anything except from the Christian desire to help our fellow-men physically and spiritually. Yours sincerely,

"R. A. HUME."

No More Aid Needed in Texas

IN response to an inquiry by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whether further relief was needed in behalf of the Texas storm sufferers, Governor Sayers has forwarded this letter, to which we gladly give space:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, STATE OF TEXAS,
AUSTIN, Jan. 28, 1901.

LOUIS KLOPSCH, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir: Yours of the 23rd instant has just been received and contents noted. The Legislature of Texas is now in session, and will undoubtedly do all that may be necessary to extend what relief may be required for the storm sufferers on the Texas coast.

I thank you very much indeed for the evidence, as shown in your letter, of a desire to assist our people. Believe me, it is fully appreciated and will be gratefully remembered. Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH D. SAYERS, Governor.

Floral Tributes to Victoria

ABOUT the bier of England's dead Queen history, heraldry and philanthropy were writ in flowers. Never before for any monarch was there such wealth of floral tribute, nor had flowers such wondrous tales to tell of a whole world's love and reverence for the dead. From all nations they came, from Occident and Orient, from all classes of society—emperors, kings, queens, presidents of republics, authors, artists and laboring people. At the head of his mother's coffin, as she lay in state in the purple-draped Chapelle Ardente at Osborne, was King Edward's wreath, resting on a white satin cushion five feet six inches square, of orchids and lilies of the valley, with "Good and Beloved" in lettering of Parma violets. Beside it was an exquisite companion piece from Queen Alexandra; at the foot a beautiful floral crown from Princess Beatrice; on either side the magnificent wreaths of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. Other tributes from those of her blood found place with these close to the sacred clay of this royal mother and grandmother. But the Chapelle Ardente could not have held one-half of the world's "service of flowers" which set towards Osborne upon the announcement of Victoria's death. Offerings came in thousands, and St. George's Chapel overflowed with bloom and beauty. The King of Portugal sent a great crown of lilies on a cushion of violets; the King and Queen of Greece a replica of the royal arms made of Parma violets, white stock and mimosa from Crete, and a St. George's cross eight feet high of white lilacs; the Governor and officers of London Tower a shield outlining the tower in white stocks on violets; Queen Wilhelmina, a garland of lilies, violets and orchids. With these was Egypt's scarlet wreath, with crescent and star wrought in white; Brazil's laurel wreath, the number of the years of the Queen's wifehood woven into it in pink roses, of her widowhood, in purple orchids, all linked with a chain of spotless white camelias. China, through its embassy, sent a mighty wreath and a violet crown. Our President's offering, a wreath eight feet across, was of white camelias, lilies, lilacs, and roses, with mauve orchids in the centre. Ambassador Choate's cross of lilies of the valley was seven feet high. Mrs. Garfield, to whom in her bereavement the Queen had been most sympathetic and sisterly, sent a floral tribute bearing the inscription: "In grateful acknowledgment of the Queen's kindness to her." "In behalf of half a million temperance women," read the card on Lady Somerset's offering. The Institute of Journalists sent a seven-foot scroll of white flowers bearing a quill of scarlet bloom. A great wreath of lilies and camelias was Canada's token. With giant wreaths, and crowns and crosses and shields, were displayed humble posies from children, and tributes from many lowly ones. There was a harp made of shamrocks and violets, with broken strings, the card attached bearing the words: "From four poor Irish fishwives;" and a little wreath from a woman in a workhouse found honorable place.

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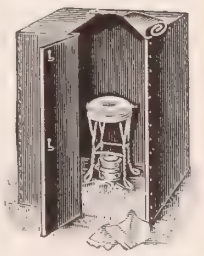

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"A number of our neighbors use Postum altogether to the exclusion of ordinary coffee. Once in a while I find a person who has tried Postum and does not like it, but always find, upon inquiry, that they tried to make it by boiling it 5 or 10 minutes, which absolutely will not do. It must be boiled 15 or 20 minutes after the boiling begins. Put in a little piece of butter to prevent it from boiling over, and you will have a delicious, palatable, and nourishing beverage." Ada Hood, Geneva, Mich.

Giant Pansies, Sweet Peas, Mayflower.

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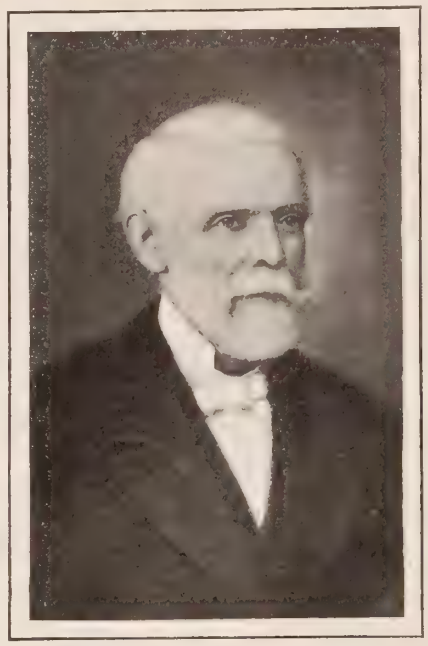
A VETERAN AT REST

BRIEF mention was made in this journal last week of the death of Dr. Elias Riggs, the nonagenarian missionary of the American Board; we are now enabled to publish his portrait and some further facts about his life work.

Dr. Riggs was born at New Providence, N. J., Nov. 19, 1810. After acquiring the rudiments of education in public schools, he went to Amherst College. There his



THE LATE DR. ELIAS RIGGS

talents and extraordinary capacity for mastering foreign tongues attracted marked attention. A brilliant career in the classical and philological field was predicted for him, but the young student, who was only nineteen when he graduated, had chosen another sphere of labor. He had consecrated his talents and attainments to Christ, and after considering prayerfully the best way of using them most effectively, had decided on becoming a missionary. He therefore entered at Andover for three years of theological study. He then offered his services to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and was accepted. They sent him to Southeastern Europe, a field which is probably the most difficult in their list, inasmuch as it demands the highest culture, the greatest courage and the most intense devotion.

He settled first at Athens, to familiarize himself with the language of modern Greece and the dialects of Asia Minor and the Balkans. Thence he went to Smyrna, where he labored as a missionary for fifteen years. The works that came from his pen during that period, while he was actively engaged in preaching and teaching, proved that he was just the kind of worker most needed by a missionary society in this era of reading. He was accordingly removed to Constantinople, where printing facilities were better and where he was in touch with the publishing work. Three years later, having earned the right to a rest, he returned to this country to recuperate. But his was the kind of nature that takes rest only in change of occupation. At the invitation of Union Theological Seminary, he delivered a course of lectures on Oriental languages, which proved so useful that he was urged to abandon missionary work for the more comfortable and better paid labor of a professor's chair. Dr. Riggs, however, had other motives than ease and gain, and in 1858 he was again in his former field in the Turkish capital. After fifteen years of active missionary life, in which he labored unceasingly with tongue and pen, his services were demanded for a most congenial work. This was the translation of the Bible into Turkish, which was to be done at the joint cost of the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society. Dr. Riggs had the assistance of eminent scholars, and in 1886 the great task was completed and revised. Besides this great work, Dr. Riggs prepared a grammar of Chaldee and several valuable text-books of Armenian and Bulgarian literature

He also translated a large collection of Gospel hymns into Greek, Armenian and Bulgarian, and finally translated the whole Bible into Bulgarian. It is difficult to understand how one man could have done so much, but his heart was in his work, and he has made both the people who live in that section and all future missionaries who may labor among them his debtors. Perhaps no one man has ever done more to prepare the way for the evangelizing of the Balkans than he did by these labors. He was busy to the last, and when he finally laid down his pen at the age of ninety years, he was even then planning other works. An earnest, plodding, indefatigable servant of Christ, he must have received from the Master he had served so long and so faithfully a loving "Well done."

Educating the Natives in Samoa

PRESIDENT Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, addressed the Secretary of the Navy in October last, stating that he had received a letter from an American in Samoa, to the effect that we were not taking pains to educate the natives. Assistant-secretary Hackett sent the correspondence to Commander Tilley, at the Naval Station, Tutuila, with direction to report upon the facts. The report from Commander Tilley, just received, is as follows:

"At the time that the United States assumed control of Tutuila, the only school then existing in the island was a school for native boys at Leone, conducted by the Rev. E. V. Cooper. Since that time a school for boys has been established at Manua and is now in full operation, having about one hundred boys. This school is under the control of a most able young native teacher, a graduate of Malua College. During the past six months, he, with the aid of his pupils and some other natives, has constructed his school buildings (six beautiful native houses), laid out his grounds, including a parade ground, and his school is now in full operation. There has also been established at Afao (near Leone), in Tutuila, within the past three months, a school for native girls, and this school, also, is now in full operation and has about a hundred pupils. It occupies temporary quarters at present, but the large new building, costing about ten thousand dollars, all subscribed by the natives, will soon be completed and they will move into it.

"The system of education here is to have in each village, a native teacher who has been educated in Malua. Through long years of experience with the natives, the missionaries have learned how to deal with them and they understand their natures much better than the casual visitor can. The natives, old and young, are like children, and must be taught by example rather than by too much precept. This is the plan of the missionary teaching: Simple truths are told to the children and then reiterated until they are ground in and bear fruit. The children live with the teachers in the schools, and by constant good example, many of them are taught to lead clean, good lives. I can conceive of no better system. Book knowledge will not be of much value to the present generation of native children in Samoa. The London Missionary Society is spending considerable money in educating the native children in the islands belonging to the United States."

A Feminine Anti-Vice Movement

A woman's anti-vice movement has been inaugurated in New York. The first meeting, January 31, was at the call of the Society for the Study of Life, and was opened by its President, Mrs Almon Hensley, and then Mrs. Ella A. Boole, State President of the W. C. T. U., was made chairman. The meeting was a large and representative one, nearly every woman's organization in New York being present in the person of one or more delegates. Women doctors, nurses, students, Salvation Army officers, officers of the Jewish Women's Council, members of the Prison Reform Committee of the Society of Friends were there; in fact, almost every feminine phase of reform or philanthropy had place on the floor. A committee of nine was appointed to consider plans of work, and other meetings were arranged for.

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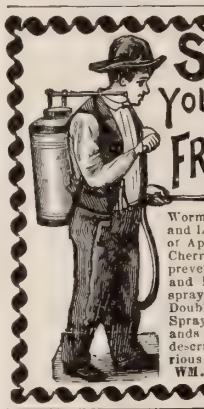

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Babylon the Beautiful*

THE royal palaces were of gigantic size, surrounded by three walls, one within the other, and both were hly adorned with works of art. In the e called the new palace were the won- rful "hanging gardens," constructed by ebuchadnezzar to please Amytis, the ueen, who pined for the woods and ountains of Media, her native land. ese "hanging gardens," forming squares 400 feet on every side, consisted of ge terraces, one above another, of suf- ient space between to admit the growth trees, until they reached the top of the ill. The ascent was by steps. These nderful structures were really parks sed in the air.

Many of the structures of Babylon were arvels of architectural skill. The Birs mroud, or "Temple of Seven Spheres," nsisted of "seven spheres," or stories, different colors. The lower one was ack, the second orange, the third red, e fourth gold, the fifth yellow, the sixth ue, the seventh or upper one of silver. he Temple of Belus, with its tower, was o feet high, and was surrounded by veral other edifices with their chapels, e whole group being encircled by a ong wall, secured by gates of solid ass. In the temple was a gold statue rty feet in height, while the treasures of e temple, comprising statues, tables, nsers, cups and other sacred vessels, ve been estimated at $100,000,000.

The city was divided into 676 squares four and one-half furlongs each, or 180 ds, about three-fifths of a mile; along se squares the buildings were con- ucted at a considerable distance from e another, thus affording space for rdens, pleasure-grounds and other at- ctions. The towers and other works ndered Babylon a city of almost incon- ivable magnificence.

Biographical Sketches of Some Ancient People. S. M. Burnham, M.A., author of *The Romans* ry and other works. Pp. 572. Illustrated. Price. Publishers, A. I. Bradley & Co., Boston, Mass.

Destruction of Animal Life

In his recent book describing the habits of animals, birds, insects, etc., of the great ntral African forest, published by Scrib rs, New York, Paul B. Du Chaillu, the entist, traveler and explorer, says: "The struction of life, the battles that take place ong the creatures of that great African rest, the millions that are killed and eaten every day are beyond computation. Life, sustain life, must destroy life: If it were t for constant destruction, the animal world uld increase so fast that there would be om and food left for none."

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Devil Unmasked. By the Little Deacon. word picture of modern pilgrimage experienced. 368. Cooksey Pub. Co., Olney, Ills.

The Great Physician and His Power to Heal. E. E. Byrun, author of *Secret of Salvation*, *ys' Companion*, etc. Pp. 97. Price, cloth, 50 ts; paper, 20 cents. Published by Gospel Trum- Publishing Co., Moundsville, W. Va.

Our Names. Their Origin and Signification. S. M. Burnham, M.A. This little book is full curious and valuable information concerning a tter of interest to everybody—how folks come by ir names. Pp. 98. Price, 75 cents. A. I. Brad- Boston.

Bible Characters. By S. M. Burnham, M.A. is collection of sketches of people of the Bible ll interest many readers. The homes and cus- ms of ancient times are graphically described. 302; illustrated; $1.25. Publishers, A. I. Brad- & Co., Boston, Mass.

Philip Desmond. By Cora S. Day. Philip and wife are actors who give up the stage, public or and pecuniary profits, to become servants in Master's vineyard. The story is interestingly l tenderly told. Pp. 68. Price, 25 cents. Ameri- Tract Society, New York.

Beyond the Marshes. By Ralph Connor, author *Black Rock* and *The Sky Pilot*. This little ry of missionary life is simply exquisite; and pretty gray booklet, printed in purple ink, is ntiness itself. Pp. 36. Price, 25 cents. Fleming Revell Co., New York City.

Luther and the German Reformation. By J. Lindsay, D.D., Professor of Church History, C. College, Glasgow. This is the third number series of "The World's Epoch-Makers," edited Oliphant Smeaton. This account of the great former's life, showing him in the environment of time, is as interesting as a novel. Pp. 300. ce, $1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Principles of Religious Education. A course of lectures delivered under the auspices of the Sunday School Commission of the Diocese of New York, with an introduction by Bishop Potter. The preface says: "The Church has not advanced with the Day-school along lines of educational reform. The basic principle underlying these lectures is that the Sunday School is a school, and its problems educational." Pp. 292. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, publishers.

Anneke; a Little Dame of the Netherlands, by Elizabeth W. Champney. The charm which attaches to the historical story is in a peculiar degree the property of this delightful volume. A visit to Rembrandt's house, a chat with Saskia, the great painter's pretty wife; a visit to Governor Petrus Stuyvesant's "Bowerie" in the New Netherlands, are among the delights of the volume. Pp. 313; illustrated; $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Collected Poems. By Arthur Peterson, U. S. N. The poems are grouped in four divisions, viz: 1. The Divan. 2. Songs of New Sweden. 3. Penrhyn's Pilgrimage. 4. The Log-Book. Of these, New Sweden's Songs have an historic interest, in addition to their fire and grace. The first permanent settlement on the Delaware was made by the Swedes, and from Trenton to the Capes was originally New Sweden. Pp. 359. Publishers, Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

The Minister Himself, or the Preacher's Beacon-Light; with hints, incidents and admonitions. By Rev. Charles Sheard, author of *Civil Law in the Ecclesiastical World*, etc. Much valuable suggestion and advice to the minister, as pastor, evangelist, citizen, voter, workman, etc., is comprised in this handbook, in which Mr. Sheard says: "I have endeavored to give what would have been invaluable to me in the earlier years of my ministry." Pp. 260. Published by F. M. Barton, Temple Court, New York.

Elsie's Young Folks. By Martha Finley, author of many "Elsie" books. This tale is devoted chiefly to a narrative of the Spanish-American War, told in a simple way, and making interesting and instructive reading for boys and girls. The frontispiece shows Santiago harbor. All the heroes of the war of '98 are introduced in an informal way. Pp. 285. Price, cloth, $1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

One Hundred Most Helpful Promises and Sayings of Christ. A compilation by Rev. E. F. Blanchard, pastor Congregational Church, East Poultney, Vt. This is a brief selection of Scriptural texts of the most helpful utterances of Christ, specially adapted for private use and as topics for Bible study and social meetings. 10 cents per copy; 12 copies, $1.00. For sale by the compiler.

The Apostolic Church. By Rev. A. B. Simpson, D.D. With the first Epistle to the Corinthians for his text, the head of the Christian Alliance movement has given in this book discourses concerning what he feels to be Christ's ideal for his church in its interior conditions and activities and in its relations to the world. Pp. 238. Christian Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

The Inventor of the Numeral-Type for China, by C. F. Gordon-Cumming. A sighted Chinaman in reading his native tongue must be able to recognize at sight at least 4,000 complicated characters, although there are only about 408 sounds in Mandarin-Chinese, which is spoken by four-fifths of the Empire. Rev. W. H. Murray, in evolving a set of raised characters, 408 in number, for the blind, found that he had created a system of great advantage to sighted Chinamen as well. The system must be most helpful in missionary work. It is described in this volume. Pp. 161. Published by Downey & Co., 12 York street, Covent Garden, London.

Sea Island Negro Schools

ON the island of St. Helena, off the coast of South Carolina, is maintained a school unequalled in this county for economical and practical results. It is conducted by Miss Laura M. Towne, with six young white women as assistants. During the crop-growing season, one-half the time of teachers and pupils alike is devoted to field work, the other half to class-rooms. The rest of the year, the school is run on full time.

Six thousand negroes live on St. Helena Island, with a sprinkling of forty whites. There are no police, one constable and one justice of the peace being the only government representatives, yet crimes are unknown and there is little lawlessness. Thirty-eight years ago Miss Towne went to the Sea Islands, and settled down, with the uplifting of the negroes as her life-work. Her school is a miniature Tuskegee, a modest Hampton Institute. The normal class is taught how to make a blackboard out of the sides of a dry-goods box, and blacken it with paint, or even with soot. The students learn how to make writing-books out of parcel wrappers, how to teach geography from a map drawn on a blackboard, in default of a globe or printed map, and how to teach history from memory. Several graduates are now teachers. The negroes of the island have soft, flute-like voices, and the native hymns sung by the school on visitors' days and at services, are strangely sweet.

A temperance society numbering 1,300, also a society "for reconciling offending friends" are outgrowths of the school. A law and order association likewise thrives, and to these home protective influences is due the well-being of the black people on this island.

You Can Play Them Without Learning

THE CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND OF PATERSON, N. J. *Photo from Life.*

This band was organized by the church choir and Organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for **Church** and **Missionary purposes.** It was a success from the start, and has even participated in Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient, and is now taking outside engagements. They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

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G. B. Richardson, Business Manager of the "Young People's Weekly," Elgin, Ill., writes: "The Zobo Instruments I purchased of you were first used at an entertainment given at my home to the 200 employees of the 'Young Peoples' Weekly.' Although the Quartette had opportunity for but one rehearsal the effort met unbounded enthusiasm and was voted a great success. We are now considering the organization of a full orchestra for next winter's entertainment, and I write this to ask you to forward me a select list of 12 to 15 instruments."

Wm. J. Siemers, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the 'Zobo' Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo."

Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo Instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it; will organize a band."

Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success."

Mae Blance Winfield, instructor in music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark, says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments."

Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

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A FRIEND OF THE BOWERY MISSION

ON a recent evening, a large crowd of men gathered in the Bowery Mission, for the purpose of listening to an evangelist hitherto unknown in metropolitan circles, but who appears destined in the future to occupy a prominent position in gospel work. Mr. W. H. Siglar, of Germantown, N. Y., for many years a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, naturally became interested in the work of the Bowery Mission, and, although busily engaged in commercial life,

MR. W. H. SIGLAR

felt he would like to pay the famous old place a visit. He came and delivered a lecture on a subject often referred to there—the Prodigal Son. For upwards of an hour he held the attention of his great audience, and witnessed what he himself declared to be the most wonderful meeting he had ever addressed.

Mr. Siglar intends devoting a considerable portion of his time to this kind of work. He is a man just in the prime of life, thirty-nine years of age. He was educated in the public school of his native town, Gallatin, N. Y., and at the Claverack College, N. Y. For twelve years he was a school teacher, and all along has been an active worker in the Methodist Episcopal Church. In recent years, he has settled with his family on a beautiful fruit farm overlooking the Hudson at Germantown. It is from this rural home, after years of careful study and preparation, that, responding to the call of the Master, he is found ready to go out and minister to lost souls in the great cities. With an active body, an eloquent tongue, a loving heart, and with a glorious evangel on his lips, there seems to be a worthy future in store for this devoted servant of the Cross.

CANDIDATES FOR .... OUR HEROISM MEDAL

CORRESPONDENTS in many different parts of the country are now sending in the names of candidates for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Medal for Heroism. Every effort is being made to announce in our first issue in March the name of the hero who will receive the medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery in the first week in January.

As announced in previous issues, the proprietor of this journal purposes to award, once a week, a medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery occurring during each week in the year. The first medal awarded will be for the most deserving act of heroism taking place in the first week of January, 1901. Every reader is invited to forward to us earliest information of any deed of true heroism occurring in his own locality. Send accounts only of thoroughly authentic cases, and tell the story from personal knowledge not from hearsay. A committee in New York meets once a week, and, on investigating the facts presented, decides which case is most deserving of recognition. This award is not for heroism in the line of paid professional duty, but for that which is absolutely voluntary and spontaneous, and without emolument. The medal is one of bronze, of elegant design. On one side is the inscription: "For Christ and Humanity. CHRISTIAN HERALD, N. Y.," and on the other side, "This medal was struck in commemoration of the heroism of . . . . . in saving life on . . . . . 1901."

In addition to this award, honorable public mention will also be made, weekly, of others who have distinguished themselves in an heroic way in the same period, and whose names, together with the story of their heroism, have been received.

Address all letters on this subject to Chairman, Medal Committee, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York.

An Afro-American Movement

A LARGE and enthusiastic Missionary Mass Meeting was held January 18th in Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church. Bethel Church is one of the most flourishing Afro-American churches in New York City. Rev. Dr. Cook is pastor. The occasion of the great gathering of people was a farewell to Bishop L. J. Coppin, who was to sail next day for Cape Town, South Africa, to take charge of the work of the Afro-American Church, which was begun there by Senior Bishop Turner, the first American bishop of his race to visit and organize a church in the Dark Continent. Bishop Grant, who began his education at Cookman Institute, Jacksonville, Florida, followed Bishop Turner, establishing missions and schools in different sections. There is a good Mission House and a flourishing school at Queenstown, Cape Colony, and native youths are being educated and trained up as missionaries of the Gospel.

Bishop Turner, who presided at the mass meeting, advises African emigration, and thinks this is what is needed for the great work of Christianizing and civilizing Africa. Bishop Gaines spoke commending Bishop Coffin's missionary zeal and his wife's self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Christ, which impels her to encourage her husband to go to Africa while she remains here, discharging her duty to the industrial school, established in Philadelphia through her efforts. Bishop Salters, of Missouri, was followed by Rev. Dr. Johnson, of Washington, who said, among other things, "The keynote of the twentieth century is emancipation, freedom that comes from believing the truth."

Then Bishop Turner introduced Bishop L. J. Coppin, who, filled with the spirit of Christ, leaving home, wife and friends, to obey the Gospel call. Bishop Coffin, like Bishop Turner, advocates African emigration. Africa, he says, is the negroes own country, and proposed colored men and women in great numbers should be sent out from America to evangelize the Dark Continent. He prophesies that many students of the schools established by the Freedmen's Aid Society will hear and heed the divine call to go to Africa and preach the Gospel to the many tribes there who have never heard of Jesus. "We know," he said to the gathering at Bethel, "that white men cannot live long in that climate, but Afro-Americans can. Realizing the great possibilities opening to them in this far away land, many will go out and colonize, carrying with them all the benefits received in such manual schools as Booker T. Washington has organized at Tuskegee, Ala. Students, too, in our church schools in the South will hear the cry of Ethiopia, and will respond to the call, saying, 'Here am I; send me.' Give the Africans of this country the spelling book and the means of higher education, with the full benefits of Christian instruction, leading them to consecrate their hearts and lives to God, and then encourage them to be bearers of their own blessings to that great country beyond the sea, where the people are waiting to receive Divine truth. Loyalty and devotion to God must be the inspiration of this great movement."

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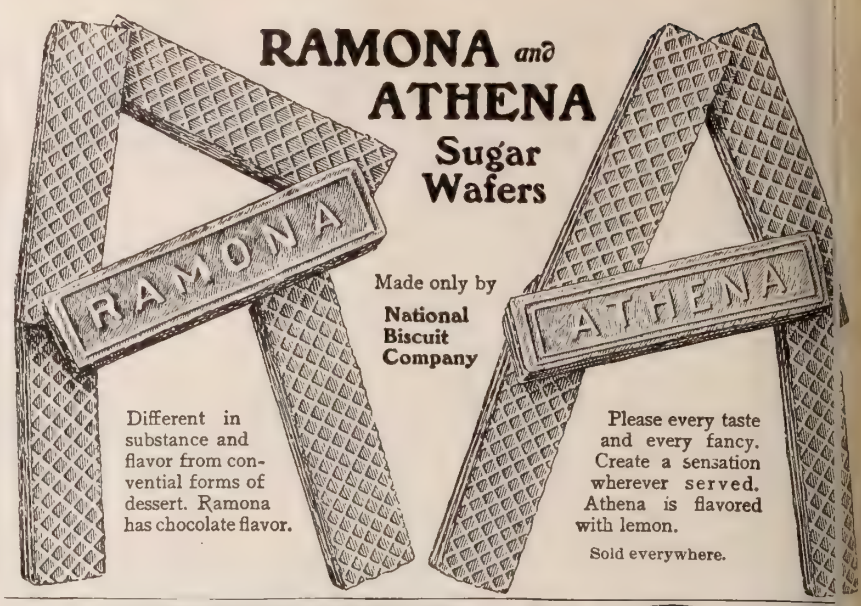

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The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in t first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remed for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes wal ing and work easy; gives good figure and light ste Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salin Kan., for free illustrated book.

HOW SHE FOUND CHRIST

Bessie Laythe Scovell, Pres. of Minnesota W. C. T. U., Tells of her Conversion

BESSIE SCOVELL was left an orphan when very young, and had almost no religious influence or training during her childhood. Yet her father had taught her, before she was three years of age, that little prayer which has been on all our lips, "Now I lay me down to sleep;" and though he then went away to heaven, and left to the little three-year-old girl only that single memory of him, it was not without its gracious influence on her young life. In a dumb, blind way, as girlhood advanced, she asked God to teach her how to pray something more than the little lines that the Christian mother had taught her in her babyhood.

At thirteen years of age, she came under the influence of a Baptist revival, held in a little log school-house, far out

BESSIE LAYTHE SCOVELL

on the frontier. The preacher was an earnest backwoods minister, and used to get so "warmed up" that he would take off his coat and preach in his shirt-sleeves. It was good, honest preaching, however, that Brother Berry, or, as the young people called him, "Elder Berry," gave them in that little school-house. Bessie was brought under conviction of sin, and became convinced that it was her duty to become a Christian. A number of her young friends were praying for her, and their sympathy and love touched her heart and led her, one day, after one of the earnest exhortations of the preacher, to stand up and ask for the prayers of Christian people.

She did not hear much preaching after that for some time, and had a pretty hard time to keep her face Zionward. She had, as she expressed it during those girlish years, "ups and downs—more downs than ups." It was not until ten years later, although she had been for several years a member of the church, that she was really and consciously converted to Christ. Those were years of spiritual discomfort. It must be true that one of the weakest points in the modern Christian church is this sad fact, that in nearly every congregation of Christians throughout the country there are a great many people who want to be Christians, and whose desire for a Christian life has been so interred up that they have joined the church, and are named among its members, but they have nothing of the joy of salvation, which is the real nerve and strength of the Christian. This it is that makes the church weak. It is like a great room where half the lights are dark because they have no oil. If you fill them all up, and light every one, the room glows with the illumination. So it would be in our churches, if all the unlighted natures could suddenly be brought to a complete surrender to God, and begin to burn and shine as candles of the Lord. The glory of that light would speedily win the world to Christ.

Bessie Scovell had been living for years in the church, and yet had no comfort or joy as a Christian, because she had no assurance that she was an accepted and loved child of God. But, in 1885, there came a brighter day for her Christian life. As is often the case, the great joy came with a stormy front. She was in bitter sorrow through the loss of two friends. She was teaching a little country school, and there was preaching in the schoolhouse by a man so dry that the bones of "the skeleton of the sermon" rattled. In March, she went up to Minneapolis for a few weeks' vacation, at a time when Rev. A. C. Williams, Pastor of the First M. E. Church, was earnestly leading his young people into a deeper Christian experience. A sermon that aroused many was from the text, "Woe unto you that are at ease in Zion." This text had been greatly blessed to the heart of one of Mrs. Scovell's friends, who came at once to call upon her. Glowing with the new joy that had come to her, she almost immediately asked Bessie if she was satisfied with her Christian experience.

"No," was the reply.

"Let's kneel right down and tell God about it, that you may have satisfaction in your Christian life," urged the friend.

She got up and closed the door, and they prayed. She received no light for several weeks, though she continued earnestly seeking. About this time, another of her young friends, who has since became an earnest Baptist minister, was converted, and became a very joyous Christian. With great earnestness, Mrs. Scovell sought of him to tell her just the steps he had gone through. At the close of the conversation, they having been talking about that promise, that where two or three are agreed as touching anything, it shall be granted, they agreed that at six o'clock each evening they would join in prayer, though in different parts of the city, that she might know that her sins were forgiven. The first evening there was no change, but the second evening, as she went up to a little attic room that she had used, day after day, in her agony, where she might be alone with God, there came a sweet peace to her soul. Light seemed to break in, and she went to the prayer-meeting that evening to tell the glad news. Her countenance showed it, too, and her friends greatly rejoiced with her in the glorious result of her seeking.

From that day on, Bessie Laythe Scovell has lived a life of shining Christianity. Her influence and work have been greatly blessed of God in temperance and Christian effort. And those who have looked on and have beheld her shining life, have had their thoughts lifted up to God, and have glorified him for the beauty of the Christian graces that have shone forth in her career.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Mission Boat on the Orinoco

Missionary R. W. Crichton, the story of whose pioneer Gospel work in Venezuela appeared in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sends this note for publication:

"On account of an unlooked-for delay in the arrival of our mission boat, *La Verdad*, in New York, we were not able to ship it to-day as we informed you was our expectation and purpose. Though it has been a trying disappointment to us, we do not doubt the Lord has meant it for good. The delay may mean a couple of weeks or so longer for us here, but this will enable those newly interested in this work to pray for us in our going out, and so be partners with us. We trust many of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will have a growing interest and be glad to hear from us from time to time through your columns of our progress and experiences.

"R. W. CRICHTON."

Prisoners' Hearts Gladdened

Rev. George Sanderson, chaplain of Sing Sing Prison, writes: "The 1,200 copies of the beautiful CHRISTIAN HERALD Drop Calendars, which you so kindly sent me for the use of the inmates of this prison, were duly received and have been distributed. If you could have listened to the expressions of pleasure and gratitude from the recipients of your kindness which it has been my privilege to hear, I am sure you would feel well repaid for your generous and timely gift."

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We are now booking names for the Spring Edition, which will be ready about April 1st. Send us your name and address and we will send you a copy when they are ready. When you write mention this paper.

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Jno. Blakely, of W. Lebanon, Pa., reports that he got more value from $1.00 worth of Grape-Nuts food than from $600 spent in noted hospitals, trying to get well from stomach trouble. He says: "After all my experience, I had to come home thinking there was no cure for me. I was so weak and nervous I could hardly walk, and for three years I hadn't a good night's sleep. I was run down until I only weighed 120 pounds.

"I commenced using Grape-Nuts about a year ago, and now I weigh 163 pounds and can do as good a day's work as any one. When I go to bed I sleep all night peacefully and am refreshed in the morning. I use Grape-Nuts food every day and know it is the greatest blessing that was ever sent to suffering humanity. I believe if it had not been for this food I would have been under the sod before this." There is a reason. No food in existence contains, in a concentrated form, the elements that will rebuild the nerve centers and the brain as Grape-Nuts, and the beauty of the food is that it is perfectly cooked at the factory and by the process of manufacture is predigested in a natural way therefore requires but trifling power of the stomach to digest it.

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Mlle. Riva, 149 Avenue des Champs Elysees, Paris, famous French Contralto, says: "Foso Soap has stopped my hair from falling out and I am no longer obliged to wear switches. It is certainly the best soap I ever used and of untold value to those in my profession."

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giving the hair a luxuriant appearance, removing all dandruff and giving the roots strength and tone.

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it is unequalled; leaves the skin smooth, softens the beard, allays all smarting or irritation and is antiseptic.

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for a free cake of this famous soap. Try it and you will find it just the soap you have sought for. It

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OVERTAKEN BY JUSTICE

The Slaughterers of the Missionaries in China are Terribly Punished : : :

LETTERS from Peking give details of the operations of the punitive expedition sent by the allies to Pao-ting-fu, the scene of the missionary massacres last summer. Swift and terrible was the justice that overtook the leaders in the massacres. The American troops declined to have a part in the work of vengeance, and the expedition set out without a single American participant. It consisted of 1,000 Germans, 1,300 British, 1,200 French and 300 Italians.

As on the march of the allies from Tientsin to Peking, a small village was encountered almost every mile. Some were entirely deserted, the people having fled in terror to the fields to hide, and some were still inhabited, the people standing in awe-stricken swarms in the streets or keeping to their houses.

Shortly after the arrival of the allies at Pao-ting-fu, a train from the south brought in Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Brown, the survivors of the missionary band of that region who had been kept some time at Chengting-fu. Miss Gregg and Mr. and Mrs. Green, of the China Inland Mission, were in the yamen of an official of Pao-ting-fu, receiving good care. The party had suffered terribly at the hands of the Chinese and were nearly exhausted. Mr. Green was almost dying from dysentery, caused by exposure and improper food. A Mandarin at Chengting-fu promised to send them to Tientsin, but after they had been taken a little way were set free. The forlorn little party pushed into the grain fields to hide and remained there for a day and a night, enduring discomforts during a rainstorm and living on grain. They finally managed to make their way down the river to a settlement. Here they fell again into the hands of Boxers, who dragged them to a place called Sin An, where they subjected them to tortures and compelled them to lie bound in a pool of stagnant water and mud. They were next taken to the yamen of the chief official, where Miss Gregg's head was placed on a stone, and apparent preparations were made to behead her. The Boxers went through the movements of a mock decapitation several times. Finally the party were brought back to Pao-ting-fu. From this time their troubles were practically ended.

The fact that the outrages committed at Pao-ting-fu took place four months before the arrival of the allies made it difficult to obtain a true account of the affair. Capt. Grote Hutchinson, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, after interviewing many persons at Pao-ting-fu, submitted a report on the fate of the missionaries, which is believed to be substantially correct, and which corroborates what has already been published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The temple where the missionaries were kept was blown up with dynamite by the allies. The gate towers of the city were destroyed, and that portion of the wall near the ground where the missionaries were executed was blown up. Various villages, where the Boxers had been conspicuous, were visited, and in some instances destroyed. Col. Thayer, with a detachment of Royal Bengal Lancers, went to Ku Sang, cut to pieces some twenty Chinese who fired on him, and burned down the village. British cavalry at I Cho and the Ching tombs gathered up, perhaps, a dozen Boxers and shot them after establishing their identity and guilt. The Germans, Italians and French also went out in various directions.

Gen. Richardson's column visited the village of Tung Wah Ying, where the Boxers had destroyed a Catholic chapel and driven out the converts. About ten Boxers were denounced by a Chinese Catholic. Gen. Richardson had them examined by two European interpreters and established the guilt of three, one of whom was a Boxer chief. These were shot. The others were liberated. The Boxer houses were destroyed.

A long march on October 31 brought the column to the town of Yung Tsing, where Messrs. Robinson and Norman, the Church of England missionaries, met their fate. Gen. Richardson demanded of the village 40,000 taels for the families of the murdered men, and a certain number of mules for the army transport. The next morning the Magistrate paid 4,000 taels down and gave acceptable security for the rest of the sum; forty mules were produced for the use of the army. In addition, Richardson caused to be blown up the city temple, the chief Boxer temple and the north gate of the city. He also sent out detachments to destroy the villages where Norman was tortured and killed. The three villages whose inhabitants led or egged on the attack against Admiral Seymour's expedition were burned, and two temples blown up with dynamite.

Chaplain Milburn's Blighted Hope

When Dr. W. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the United States Senate, was in London, he consulted the leading oculists as to the possibility of regaining his sight. He was told that there was but one oculist, however, and that man Dr. Graef, of Berlin, who might effect a cure. He went to Paris to consult the French oculists. They concurred in the opinion that the only man who could treat him successfully was Dr. Graef, of Berlin, and congratulated him on the fact that Dr. Graef happened then to be in Paris, and so Dr. Milburn consulted him. The great German specialist said to the blind chaplain, "You must come to my hospital and remain there six weeks, before you receive the first part of the treatment." Dr. Milburn consented. He went to Berlin, and entered Dr. Graef's hospital. The oculist told him that he probably would find his sojourn very tiresome and tedious, and he would do well to advertise for somebody to read to him. Dr. Milburn advertised for an educated German woman who, for reasonable compensation and for the sake of Christ, would read to a blind chaplain. In response to this advertisement, Frl. von Forstner applied for the position. She happened to be peculiarly adapted to the requirements, being a niece of the famous theologian and preacher Schleiermacher. The day she was installed, Dr. Milburn asked her to take down Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," Vol. V., to turn to page 119, and begin to read to him. He was such a quiet listener that Frl. Forstner several times thought he was asleep, and finally she stopped, thinking that he was no longer listening. He roared, "Why do you stop? Why do you not proceed?" In response, she asked him the question, "Why did you get a German and not an English or an American lady to read from the English historian's works to you?" He replied, "What do English women know about Frederick the Great? I wanted to know all about him, and I knew that an educated German woman could tell me more on this subject than any English woman I know."

After six weeks, Dr. Graef made the initial operation, and was delighted with its success. He told the chaplain he would have to wait seven months before the next operation could take place, and in the meantime it would be just as well for him to return to America, where he would no doubt enjoy life more than in a strange country. Two months and a week after his return to this country, Chaplain Milburn was informed of the death of Dr. Graef. He could find no oculist who would undertake the delicate operation which Dr. Graef was willing to perform, and so, with the life of Dr. Graef, the chaplain's hopes of recovering his sight vanished.

THE VALLEY OF THE PAST

FROM this life-height we turn and linger
Upon the vale of the past year,
And see below us in the pathway
Spots stained by evil and our fear.

But as we look a glow of sunlight
Breaks on the shadow of the past,
And in the pure and golden sunshine
From heaven a soft rain falleth fast.

It washes all the spots sin-stained
And from the heavenly purity
Of upper sky a voice seems calling
With words of cheer and sympathy,

"My child, go forward, still abiding
In faith and hope and holy love,
For lo, the Christ is with you alway,
With peace and comfort from above."

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

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HOW unbounded was the confidence Paul had in the power of Christ! When all the circumstances are taken into account, it is astonishing that he should have had this confidence. It does not appear from the record that he ever met him, save in that mysterious way that changed the whole course of his life. "Last of all," he says, "he appeared to me also." As Paul was about twenty-four years old when Jesus first preached in Jerusalem, it is possible that he may have seen him in the flesh, though as he never refers to it, we may infer that it is not probable. But he had learned to reverence and love and trust him with the whole force of his strong nature. Perhaps no man who ever lived was more fiercely tested. To renounce all the most tender associations, all the glory and honor of the career opening before him, all his old friends, to brave persecution, poverty and hardship for Christ's sake, surely this was allegiance, wholesouled and intense. There must have been something in the revelation of Jesus to him that answered a deep need in his soul. He must have found in the Lord some element for which his nature had been craving. What if the chief thing was strength? It seems possible that it may have been. As we read the closing verses of the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, we behold the picture of a man deploring his weakness, and striving and hungering for power. Paul must have passed through that experience before he could describe it so vividly. The note of triumph with which the chapter closes indicates that he had found the source of strength.

The epistle to the Philippians was one of the latest epistles written near the close of Paul's life, and, in this, more explicitly, we have the same triumphant note. "I can do all things," he says, "through Christ who strengtheneth me." That is a very different report from the wail in the former passage, which describes his condition before he knew Christ. Now, as he says, he knows how to be abased and how to abound, a very difficult matter, as many who have tried one or other of the conditions can testify. And he has learned in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content. This also is a very rare attainment, which, if it were more common, would save the world much strife and heartburning. So we have the man who formerly did what he did not want to do, and unable to do the things that he did want to do, now able to do all things, even the most difficult. And the reason of the change? It has found that Christ strengthens him. How it is done he does not explain, but is content with stating the fact. It agrees, however, with the definite promises that Christ made during his ministry. He was, he said, the Bread of Life, which would satisfy the soul of man, he was the water of life, which if any man drank, he would never thirst more, and at the very last, when every thing else failed, he was the resurrection and the life, by which a man, though he were dead, should come to life. Paul had tested this power and had found it a fact. The divine life was really so imparted as to give strength to weak human nature, enabling it to live a life higher and better than its own. It was this experience, combined with his love of men, that sent him around the world proclaiming the secret of the remedy for human frailty. He wanted every man to know it so that the blessing might come to all.

And how has it been since Paul's day? Multitudes have tested this power and have received it in proportion to their faith. It is this which differentiates Christianity from all other religions. Its central element is not philosophy, nor a creed, but a Divine Person imparting power. "I am come," Christ said, "that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." This is the supreme need of the world. When a man's lower animal nature clamors for indulgence; when temptation assails him; when his sordid environment depresses him, and the spirit sinks and becomes weak—then, instead of yielding, let him betake himself to the Strong for strength, and it will be given him. Christ does not promise to remove our enemies from us; he does not promise to make our way easy, nor our hardships light, but he promises that his grace shall be sufficient for us. The man who sits down at the foot of the mountain and prays that he may be lifted to its summit, receives no answer; but if he will pray that strength may be given him to climb, and show his faith by beginning to climb, he will receive his answer in power renewed at every step. So, when we long for a different situation where the trials will not be so bitter nor the temptations so strong, it is probable that we will be disappointed. But if we set ourselves to the task imposed upon us of living as Christians should in the uncongenial air, we receive help, and in due time, having learned the lesson Christ desires to teach, the discipline is ended, and he that has overcome receives the promised reward.

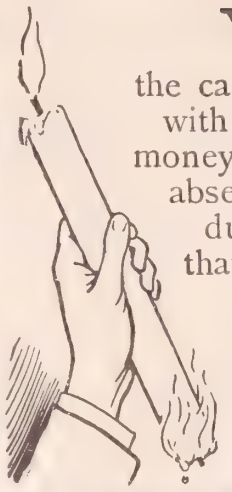
Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for February 24. Phil. 4: 4-13.

The Highest River in the World

THE Tsangpo, flowing in cloudland, at an elevation of 11,000 to 14,000 feet, for nearly 1,000 miles, is entitled to this distinction. It is not only the world's highest but the world's most remarkable river, says James Mascarene Hubbard in a recent issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*. It is a river of mystery, too, for part of its course is through the "Sealed Land" of Tibet, in the southwest corner of which it rises some 15,000 feet above sea-level, and receiving the drainage of the Himalayas and a parallel Tibetan range, soon becomes a navigable stream, accommodating considerable boat traffic at an elevation little below the summit of Mont Blanc. Passing close by Shassa, the "Forbidden City," it is later lost in Himalayan fastnesses, its course known only to savages. Mr. Hubbard says:

When last seen by an explorer, it is at a height of from 8,000 to 11,000 feet, but when it emerges in Assam, it is only 400 feet above sea-level. The imagination fails to grasp the reality, as there is no other instance on earth of a large river dropping 8,000 feet in 150 miles. Native testimony is conclusive to at least one awe-inspiring fall before Tibetan territory is left. Local lamas (priests) relate to awe-struck pilgrims that amid the thundering water stands a king-devil placed there under a spell. The ascent of the river from the plains of Assam has been absolutely prohibited hitherto by the Indian Government, on the ground that there is almost a certainty that the explorer would be killed. The Tsangpo has been explored, however, with the exception of this 150 miles, though not by white men.

The explorer of the Tsangpo, Nain Singh, a Hindu schoolmaster in a Himalayan village, dared untold perils and endured terrible hardships—a seven years' slavery in Tibet for one thing—in seeking to solve the mysteries of the Tsangpo, of which he made a route survey of 1,319 miles, 1,200 of which were through country never explored before. He entered the "Sealed Land" disguised as a Buddhist pilgrim, with tea-bowl and prayer-barrel suspended at his girdle and counting his rosary as he walked. The prayer-barrel contained instead of prayer-script, sextant, compass and other apparatus. He dropped a bead from his rosary for every hundred steps taken and so counted distance. He entered Shassa and had an interview with the Grand Lama, whom he described as a fair and handsome boy about thirteen years old, seated on a throne six feet high, two high priests holding peacock plumes above him. Few foreigners have looked upon the face of the Grand Lama, and returned to tell of it. Readers of this journal are familiar with the tortures Landor endured in his explorations of Tibet, and they are aware of the fact that Christian missionaries entering the "Sealed Land," are, as a rule, heard from no more. There are indications of a change of feeling on the part of Tibetan rulers toward the Indian Government, which may result in opening the door of the "Sealed Land" to foreigners; should this occur, the messengers of Christ may be able to carry light to many that sit in darkness.



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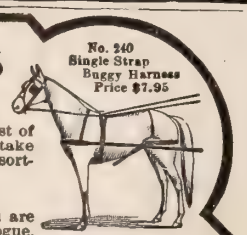

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 8

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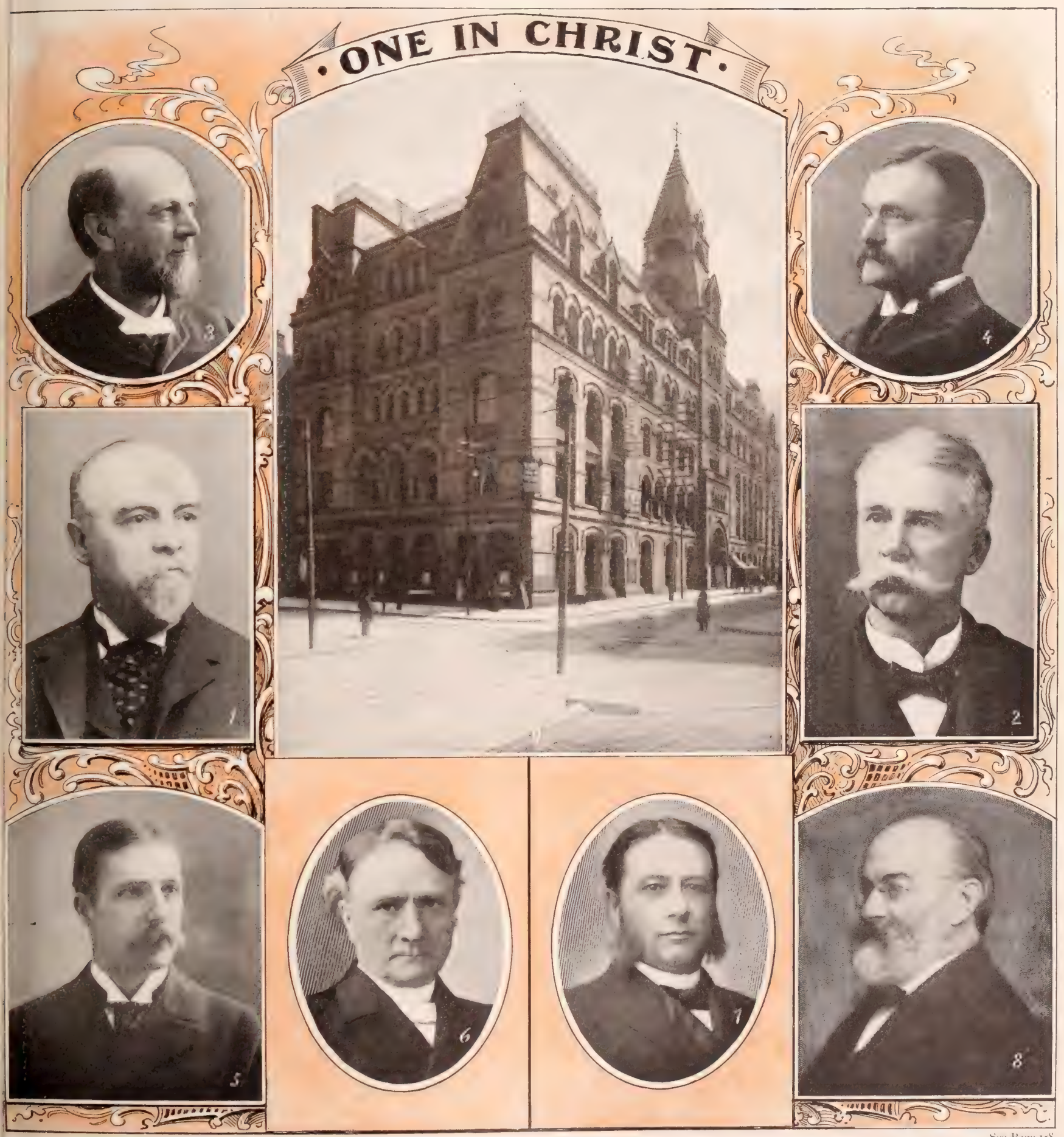

See Page 158

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8. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Mar. 20

1. In what respect can it be truthfully said that Americans "live too fast?"

2. Are there not times when a church may act selfishly in accepting "the widow's mite?"

3. What altar is that referred to in Hebrews 13: 10, of which it is said that those who serve have no right to eat?

4. Is a man who has purchased or built a house in an unhealthy situation, say where his own family has suffered from malaria, justified in offering the house for sale, saying nothing about such drawback?

5. What is the origin of the phrase "by hook or by crook?"

Questions of the Week

1. In what sense must Paul's reference to the church as the pillar and ground of the truth (I. Timothy 3: 15) be understood?

The clause, to which reference is made in the question, has been, by some, applied to Timothy; but the Greek verb, *anastrephesthai*, to conduct oneself, is not suited by such metaphors as "pillar" and "ground;" and the absence of the Greek pronoun necessary to make the clause descriptive of Timothy, indicates that the writer of the question rightly understood the clause as descriptive of the church. The word rendered "pillar" is *stulos*, and signifies a column, a pillar, a support. The church is the support of the truth, as a pillar is of a building. It supports it; it holds it together. To the church is intrusted the maintenance and defense of the truth, and the transmission of it to future times. It is by the church that the truth is upheld to the world. The Scriptures do not derive their authority from the church, as Romanists contend, for, in another sense, the truth is the pillar and ground of the church; but, referring to an ancient custom of erecting pillars to which proclamations of various sorts might be affixed, the church holds forth the truth as the pillar does the proclamation.

The word rendered "ground" is *hedraioma*, and means a stay, a support, a foundation. The adjective forms signify settled, fixed, steady, constant. The verb forms signify to place or set upon a foundation, to fix firmly, to establish. Hence the clause is to be understood as teaching that it is by the church the truth is made fast, firm, fixed; and placed upon a sure and abiding foundation before the world. The stability and permanence of the truth in the world is dependent upon the church. The church is such a pillar and ground because it is itself founded upon a rock, so that the gates of hell cannot prevail against it; and, again, it is because of this great and blessed fact that God's saving truth is preserved from age to age. B. F. WHITTEMORE.

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The church is frequently compared to a house or temple (I. Cor. 3: 16; I. Pet. 2: 5), and persons whose eminence and influence give stability and authority to the church are called pillars. Paul says that James, Peter and John were in repute as pillars, and Clemens Romanus speaks of Peter and Paul as "the greatest and most righteous pillars" of the church. In this passage the metaphor is changed. Truth is the temple, and the church is a pillar, strong and well grounded, in this temple. The church is the pillar and stay of the truth, because it is the body of Christ, the visible manifestation of his love to the world: because it is the organized witness to the truth, going into all the world to bear its testimony; and because it defends and sustains the truth by "preaching it, preserving it unmutilated and pure, and transmitting it to posterity."

B. A. HODGES.

2. Can two nations, both claiming to be Christians, go to war, one with the other, and still continue in Christian fellowship?

There is no such thing as Christian fellowship between nations. When we speak of Christian nations, we simply mean that the influences of Christianity are predominant among the people as compared with other forms of religious belief. When Christian men or women are mentioned as individuals the term is used to indicate that such persons have fully accepted the doctrines of Christian faith and made a practical application of its principles to their daily conduct. Between such individuals there is Christian fellowship regardless of nationality, but it cannot exist in any other relation, for the reason that religion and fellowship are strictly personal in their nature. Answering the spirit rather than the letter of the question, it may be said that civilized diplomacy permits no sentiments of love or hatred as between nations in their sovereign capacity, either in peace or in war, and as love lies at the base of fellowship we cannot properly speak of any kind of fellowship as between nations. Intercourse between enlightened nations is governed by international law, itself a development largely ethical, in the perfection of which Christianity has exerted no small influence. This law is entirely devoid of sentiment and is merely definitive of right and wrong. Its rules are imperative, and independent of whether the relations between nations are, as properly expressed, either friendly or unfriendly.

L. B. RUSSELL.

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They cannot. All war is of the devil, and has nothing in common with Christianity; least of all, the war between two professedly Christian nations. As the world's spiritual enlightenment progresses, men will understand this better. War settles nothing, proves no principle, satisfies no sense of justice or right. It is simply the resort to the ancient, savage method of brute force. Sometimes it takes the whimsical form of a religious war—"slaying people for the love of God." Not once in a hundred battles have the poor soldiers on the opposing sides any personal quarrel with each other. They are merely pawns for the players, or national leaders, who are making the war to satisfy their own selfish ends, and who ruthlessly sacrifice men as they would pieces on a chess-board, to gain a personal advantage. The great mass of any nation rarely seeks war, but is nearly always driven, bullied, forced, thrust into it by the few. The government, or Cabinet, or nation whose leaders profess Christianity, can and should settle all disputes with other nations by arbitration. R. M. BURDEN.

3. In view of the prohibition of the Christian marrying an unbeliever, would it be the duty of a man who had been converted to break an engagement to marry a worldly girl which he had made prior to his conversion?

After fully considering all that is said in the New Testament on the subject, I think there is much room for doubt about the prohibition referred to, presumably in II. Cor. 6; 14. From this verse to chapter 7: 1, inclusive, the apostle seems to forbid too much social intercourse generally with idolatrous and heathenish people, rather than to have in view the marriage relation especially. In I. Cor. 7: 12-16, separation from the unbelieving husband or wife is discountenanced, because the believing spouse may be able to sanctify—that is, make holy—the unregenerate mate, and may effect conversion to salvation. In the same chapter and other passages of the apostolic writings marriage is encouraged without any restrictions. In Gal. 5: 1, and Acts 15: 10, the word "yoke" is used in a somewhat similar connection to that supposed to contain the implied prohibition. In Phil. 4: 3, Paul addresses some unknown individual as "yokefellow," and it is quite certain he does not mean his wife. But if it is admitted that the text cited prohibits intermarriage between Christians and unbelievers, it must be construed with reference to the conditions of sensual idolatry universally prevailing at that period in the city of Corinth. Paul was addressing a small community of Christians in a very large heathen city, and it is as if we should advise Christians in China and India not to intermarry with Buddhists and Mohammedans, only more agggravated. My judgment is that in the case supposed in the question, the young man would not be justified by Christian principle in revoking his engagement with the young woman for the sole reason that she has not professed a faith in Christ. In a large majority of such cases marriage is followed by the conversion of the unbeliever. L. B. RUSSELL.

. . .

In my opinion that would be his ultimate duty, but it should not be done lightly or hastily. An engagement is a serious matter, which no conscientious man, least of all a Christian, would break save under dire necessity. The rupture might entail on the girl great injury to her health and happiness, and almost certainly would produce in her mind a prejudice against religion which might never be removed. The young man ought by all means to strive to win her for Christ. He should pray earnestly for her, should plead with her and should enlist the efforts of Christian women (these for obvious reasons should not be unmarried women) in seeking her conversion. If she loves and respects him, his influence will be very potent in leading her to the Saviour. But if she is obdurate, and especially if she ridicules his faith as some "worldly girls" do, he ought for his own soul's sake to break the engagement. It should be done reluctantly, and the young man should wait a long time before marrying any one else; but break it he ought, otherwise he tra gresses the apostolic command. And th command is no unreasonable, capricious p hibition, but one based on sound sense, many a dreary, uncongenial home can atte To a real follower of Christ, his religion the supreme thing in his being, and if he h married a woman who does not sympath with him in this matter, there will be a dr ting apart and a separation of heart det mental to married happiness. If he is alrea married when his conversion takes place, is not justified in separating from his wife the ground of her not being a Christian, h he would be foolish and disobedient to Chr tian principle in marrying a worldly girl.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

4. What is the origin of druggists' colored bo tles for signs?

Like the symbolical figures often seen up the bottles, it originated among those ancie chemists, the Moors of Arabia and Spa The manufacturers of their own chemica they used both in this and in their expe ments, retorts and vessels similar in shapes bottles, and these vessels, with their vario colored fluids, became associated in the pu lic mind with the men who used them, a hence became signs. EMMA NASH

5. If a Christian discovers that a company which he holds shares is insolvent and the verge of failure, is he justified in selli his shares?

A stockholder is justified in going in open market and selling his holdings at a time, provided the stock has an actual m ket value at the moment of offering. T rule is that the purchaser buys at his ov risk, and he is supposed to inform hims fully regarding the value of stock and con tion of the concern before buying. Of cou if a seller disposed of stock after the ins vency had become an actual fact, he wou be doing a criminal thing. If, on the oth hand, he has a "pointer," he may buy or s to advantage as his judgment directs. know this may not be good morals, but it the rule of the street. E. J. WILSON.

. . .

Certainly not. Though the shares m have a market value so long as it is not ge erally known that the company is insolve to sell such stock to an innocent purchas would be, looked at from a moral standpoi as wrong as to sell anything which has value at the time sale is made. Although sell such stock under the conditions outlin might not be illegal, no Christian nor world man of business could engage in such tra action, and still lay any valid claims to bei honest. Many things which are not illeg are, notwitstanding, as wrong morally as an thing can well be. Would a man who is real upright sell as a sound animal a horse—pr viding he could know that it would go perm nently blind within a few days—even thou the purchaser should ask no questions wha ever about the horse? It would seem th there can be no question as to justification such transactions, and the Golden Rule a plies here with particular force.

A. L. VERMILYA.

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Miscellaneous Questions

H. W. G., Madison, Wis., writes:

In answer to Inquirer of Milbury, Mass., I find inquiry at the Washburn Observatory, this cit that the proper motions of the stars visible to t naked eye, have been measured for the last 150 yea quite closely and that the greatest observed moti is 8 seconds per annum, equal to about 1 minute 7½ years, or 1 degree in 450 years. A displaceme of ¼ degree is about as close as one would dete with the eye in a 2 degree sky space=112 years. Po sibly Inquirer had vague first impressions and means of measuring celestial angles. I once ha the same notion about the supposed displaceme of two stars in the "Big Dipper Handle."

Several Readers. Copies of this journal other good Christian literature, may be se to our soldiers, prepaid, at Fort Assiniboin Mont; Fort Bliss, Tex.; Fort Harrison, Mont Fort Yates, N. Dak., or Fort Bayard, Ne Mexico. Address to the care of the chaplai

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1901 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE NELSON FARM, RECENTLY PURCHASED FOR THE SUPPORT OF ASSISTED STUDENTS OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE, TENN.

A PIONEER MOUNTAIN COLLEGE

How Washington College, Tennessee, is Endeavoring to Meet the Need of its Mountain Field...

BY REV. JAMES T. COOTER

REPORTS just received from Washington College, Tennessee, indicate that the historic institution, now about one hundred and tnty years old, is putting forth new pvers and is surpassing its own brilliant rord. Since the former notice of its wk which appeared in this journal two yrs ago, it has acquired another farm of ri acres and has added a printing office tts educational appliances. The farm isn interesting acquisition on account of it associations. It was the boyhood hne of Dr. David Nelson, author of seral famous theological works and the wter of many hymns, including the wl-known hymn beginning, "The days al gliding swiftly by, and I, a pilgrim sinner." Dr. Nelson in his youth attded the college and graduated under i first president. Washington College igratified at securing the farm, and at t additional opportunities for industrial tining which it affords. The printing ofit operates in the same direction, and aa fair proportion of job work is done tre, it promises eventually to be not dy an opportunity for teaching the stuchts the printer's trade, but to be a sirce of profit to the institution. The aangement with students who cannot ord to pay the whole of their expenses tough college and who yet are anxious thave a college education, is that they sill give eighteen hours a week to labor isome industrial department for the bene of the college.

The enrollment this session is about e hundred and fifty, of whom about sixty a girls. The ages of the students vary from sixteen to twenty-eight years. An indefinite number, which increases from year to year, belong to the class who have to give manual labor for part of their expenses. If it were possible to receive all who apply on this basis, the list would increase more than tenfold, for there is throughout the region an intense eagerness for an education which would surprise people who think the new generation in the mountains are indifferent to the acquisition of knowledge. The college, however, has not an endowment sufficient for more than a limited number. It is worthy of notice that these assisted students uniformly turn out well. The qualities which lead a boy or girl to toil for the opportunity of learning, are those which aid them in the struggle of life. Many of them become ministers, others Sunday School missionaries, many become teachers in the schools, while others enter the professions or industrial pursuits. One of the class of 1889 became president of Henry Kendall College. Another graduate became Superintendent of Instruction in his home county in North Carolina and now represents it in the Legislature. Some old records, recently discovered, show that of the graduates of the college prior to the date, seventy-one had become ministers, twenty-seven physicians, and twenty lawyers, and one, James A. Lyon, became a professor at Oxford University.

A NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAIN HOME

The college is favorably situated for its work in the heart of the mountain district, and, being free from taxation, is able to offer its advantages on low terms, which are still further reduced in the cases above mentioned, by accepting manual labor in lieu of money. It would gladly extend these facilities to a larger number were it possible, and for this reason it invites benevolent people to aid them in the work. A boy or a girl who is willing to work eighteen hours weekly on the farm, or in the industrial departments, has to pay only fifty dollars a year to enjoy all the advantages of a college course. It would gratify the managers and would fill the hearts of some poor boy or girl with joy, if some kindly person would undertake to pay the fifty dollars a year needed for the purpose. The college also appeals for help in its general resources. About $4,400 remains to be paid on the purchase of the Nelson Farm, an amount comparatively small, but of serious concern to an institution whose work is so largely philanthropic. Contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be duly acknowledged, or may be sent to the President, Rev. James T. Cooter, Washington College, Limestone, Tenn.

STUDENTS AT WORK ON THE FARM — BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIZED BY A GRADUATE — A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN FAMILY

REJUVENATION

TEXT, Psalms 103: 5: So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's

A SERMON BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

THERE flies out from my text the most majestic of all the feathered creation—an eagle. Other birds have more beauty of plume and more sweetness of voice, but none of them has such power of beak, such clutch of claw, such expansion of wing, such height of soaring, such wideness of dominion. Its appetite rejects the carrion that invites the vulture, and in most cases its food is fresh and clean. Leveling its neck for flight, in spiral curve it swings itself toward the noonday sun. It has been known to live a hundred years. What concentration of all that is sublime in the golden eagle, the crested eagle, the imperial eagle, the martial eagle, the booted eagle, the Jean le Blanc eagle! But after a while in its life comes the molting process, and it looks ragged and worn and unattractive, and feels like moping in its nest on the high crags. But weeks go by, and the old feathers are gone, and new ornithological attire is put on, and its beak, which was overgrown, has the surplus of bone beaten off against the rocks, and it gets back its old capacity for food, and again it mounts the heavens in unchallenged and boundless kingdoms of air and light. David, the author of the text, had watched these monarchs of the sky, and knew their habits, and one day, exulting in his own physical and spiritual rejuvenescence, he says to his own soul: "You are getting younger all the time. You make me think of an eagle which I saw yesterday, just after its molting season, swinging through the valley of Jehoshaphat, and then circling around the head of Mount Olivet. O, my soul, 'thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.'"

The fact is that people get old too fast. They allow the years to run away with them. The almanac and the family record discourage them. Some of you are older than you have any business to be. You ought to realize that as the body gets older the soul ought to get younger. Coming on toward old age, you are only in the molting season, and after that you will have better wings, take higher flight and reign in clearer atmosphere. Our religion bids us to look after the welfare of the body as well as of the soul, and the first part as well as the latter part of my subject is appropriate for the pulpit.

Famous Centenarians

Many might turn the years backward and get younger by changing their physical habits. The simpler life one leads, the longer he lives. Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, England, was a plain man and worked on a farm for a livelihood. At one hundred and twenty years of age he was at his daily toil. He had lived under nine kings of England. When one hundred and fifty-two years of age he was heard of in London. The king desired to see him and ordered him to the palace, where he was so richly and royally treated that it destroyed his health, and he died at one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months of age. When Doctor Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of blood, made post-mortem examination of Thomas Parr, he declared there were no signs of senile decay in the body. That man must have renewed his youth, like the eagle, again and again.

All occupations and professions have afforded illustrations of rejuvenescence. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, lived one hundred and nine years, and among those eminent in the medical profession who became septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians were Darwin, Gall, Boerhaave, Jenner and Ruysch, observing themselves the laws of health that they taught their patients. In art and literature and science, among those who lived into the eighties were Plato, and Franklin, and Carlyle, and Goethe, and Buffon, and Halley. Sophocles reached the nineties. You cannot tell how old a man is from the number of years he has lived. I have known people actually boyish in their disposition at eighty years of age, while Louis II., King of Hungary, died of old age at twenty. Haydn's oratorio, "The Creation," was composed at seventy years of age. Humboldt wrote his immortal work, "The Cosmos," at seventy-five. William Cullen Bryant, at eighty-two years of age, in my house, read without spectacles "Thanatopsis," which he had composed when eighteen years of age. Isocrates did illustrious work at ninety-four. Liontinus Gorgias was busy when death came to him at one hundred and seven years of age. Herschel at eighty years of age was hard at work in stellar exploration. Masinissa, King of Numidia, at ninety years of age led a victorious cavalry charge against the Carthagenians. Titian was engaged on his greatest painting when he died, in his one hundredth year. How often they must have renewed their youth!

Lengthened Lives

But the average longevity of those in private life, and with less mental strain and no conspicuous success, is much larger than the average longevity of the renowned. There are hundreds of thousands of men and women now renewing their youth like the eagle's, so that the possibility of such a turning back of the years is all around us being demonstrated.

Bismarck, the greatest of German statesmen, a long while before his decease passed his eightieth milestone. When Gladstone was eighty-three years of age I ran with him up and down the hills of Hawarden. We started for a walk, but it got to be a run. All those men again and again renewed their youth.

Some one writes me, "Is not three score and ten the bound of human life, according to the Bible?" My reply is that Moses (not David), who wrote that psalm, was giving a statistic of his own day. Through better understanding of the laws of health and advancement of medical science, the statistics of longevity have mightily changed since the time of Moses, and the day is coming when a nonagenarian will no longer be a wonder. Phlebotomy shortened the life of whole generations, and the lancet that bled for everything is now rarely taken from the doctor's pocket. Dentistry has given power of healthy mastication to the human race, and thus added greatly to the prolongation of life. Electric lights have improved human sight, which used to be strained by the dim tallow candle. The dire diseases which under other names did their fatal work, and were considered almost incurable, now in majority of cases are conquered. Vaccination, which has saved millions of lives and balked the greatest scourge of nations, and surgery, which has advanced more than any other science, have done more than can be told for the prolongation of human life. The X-ray has turned the human body, which was opaque, into a lighted castle. It is

Easier in this Age

to renew youth than in any other age. When Paul stopped the jailer from suicide by commanding, "Do thyself no harm," he showed himself interested in the physical as well as moral life of man. Among the blessings which God promised, was that in which he said, "With long life will I satisfy thee," and David, in my text, illustrates the possibility of palingenesis or rejuvenescence.

But the body is the smallest and least important part of you. It is your soul that most needs rejuvenation, but that will also help bodily vivification. In order to do this, I advise you to banish as far as possible all fretfulness out of your life. The doing of that will make you ten years younger. I know many good, Christian people who are worrying themselves out in managing the affairs of the universe. They have undertaken too big a job. They are trying to drive too long and fiery a team. They have all the affairs of church and state on hand, and they fret about this, and fret about that, and fret about the other thing. They fear that China will be divided up among the nations, and there will be an entanglement causing wars such as we have never heard of. They fear that Edward VII. will not be as wise a king as his mother was a queen.

Fatal Fretting

They are appalled at the accumulated national debt. They fear society is going to pieces by reason of immoralities. They apprehend that America will be overcrowded with foreigners. They say the newspapers are getting so bad that this country is going to be utterly demoralized. They are all the time apprehensive of social and religious and political calamities, and it is telling on their mental health, depressing their physical health, and, instead of renewing their youth like the eagle's, they are imitating the eagle who would sit in his nest of sticks lined with grass on the rock, mourning about the woes of the ornithological world, the loneliness of the pelican, the filthiness of the vulture, the croak of the raven, the recklessness of the albatross. Would that improve things? No. It would be a molting process for that eagle which would never close, and it would only get thinner and more gloomy, and less able to gain food for its young, and less able to enjoy a landscape as it appears under a twenty-mile flight on a summer morning under the blue heavens.

I do not advise you to be indifferent to these great questions that pertain to church and state and nations, but not to fret about them. Realize that it is not an anarchy that has charge of affairs in this world, but a divine government. At the head of this universe is a King whose eye is omniscience, and whose arm is omnipotence, and whose heart is infinite love. His government is not going to be a failure. He cannot be defeated. Better trust him in the management of this world and of all worlds.

All You and I Have to Do

is to accomplish the work that Providence has put in our hands. That is all we have to be responsible for. In a well-managed orchestra the players upon stringed and wind instruments do not watch each other. The cornetist does not look to see how the violinist is drawing the bow over the strings, nor does the flute scrutinize the drum. They all watch the baton of the leader. And we are all carrying our part, however insignificant it may be, in the great harmony of this world and of the universe which our Lord is leading, and we all have to watch his command and do our best and not bother ourselves about the success or failure of other performers. If you want to renew your youth, better stop managing the affairs of the universe.

Mythology tells us that Jason begged Medea, the goddess, to take some of the years of his life and give them to his father. She promised that without abbreviating the son's life she would prolong his father's life. She filled the caldron with herbs and the blood of beasts and birds, and then stirred the caldron and put some of the juices in the mouth of the aged father, and it is said that his hair turned from white to black, the shriveled limbs rounded into robust health, and the rejuvenated man felt as he did at forty years of age. All that is a poetic myth. But a brightened religious hope and a strengthened faith in God's providence have rejuvenated many a man in disposition and usefulness and renewed his youth like the eagle's. On the contrary, it is thought that worriment is becoming in this country a national dis and it has been called "Americanitis."

Another mode of rejuvenescenc much of the time associating with t younger than yourself rather than those who are as old or older. If have no children of your own, better a a child. There are in this country an all countries orphans by the tens of t sands. Go to one of the asylums o stitutions where friendless children cared for and select some little one an honest eye and good disposition take him to your home. Put around all the elevating and happy influences can provide. In two years he will bec part of your life, and his company to will be indispensable. It will make twenty years younger. He will be illumination to the evening of your and he will speak your praise long you have departed from this world, an heavenly places you will have been warded by the great friend of childr the Lord Jesus.

Youthful Associations

It will take all time and all eternit fully appreciate the work of Van M on this side of the sea, and of Barnard the other side, in putting poor orphan dren in good homes in America and land. Through that process waifs of streets have passed up from pov and wretchedness into bright homes, churches and pulpits, and legislative and senates, and many have already crowned in a better world, the work be in asylums on earth completed in the aces of heaven.

Whether by such adoption of chil or in some other way, call around you young. Become their associates, t confidants, their encouragement. W you do them good, they will do you g The old eagle while companioning in nest with young eagles will feel strength coming into its wing, new l into its eye, new ambition to cut a ci nearer the sun, and for the time will fo hurricanes that have ruffled its plu and the storms of many years that h swept over its mountain eyrie. The ing years of life ought to be the best of it, as an arrival in port ought to be pier than embarkation. It is bette have the cyclones behind you than be you. Some one will say: "David mi renew his youth, but I have been thro so much there is no such thing for m revivification." You are wrong. You h not gone through as much as David through. He had all the experiences shepherd-boy, armor-bearer, king's b guard, hunter of wild beasts, warrior monarch. He was forty years on a r ing throne. He was the Oriental her many a battle; made moral mista enough to destroy him; prostrated a g with one stroke; was the father of Heb poetry and wrote poems which all the s sequent centuries have been chanti dramatized dementia to escape assassi tion; ran against Ahithophel's betra and Saul's jealousy, and Absalom's in rection, and made Jerusalem the religi capital of the world. If after all that could renew his youth, you ought to able to do the same.

Dying into New Life

Again, I remark: Going out of this to the Christian is rejuvenescence. W a holy glee it must be for those who this world had the aches and pains limitations of old age. The halting of the rheumatic or infirm foot, exchan for wing of celestial velocity. The dimn vision of worn-out optic nerve, exchan for a sight that takes all heaven at a glan The mental depression that comes fr sense of decay, exchanged for the exh tion of faculties lustrous and ever-streng ening. Sad reminiscence exchanged glowing anticipation. How cheery

thaged who love and trust the Lord to thk that their last years of taking off ar decrepitude are the molting season referred to in the text. Shedding of all wcknesses. Shedding of all unholy ambions. Shedding of all dislikes. Shedding of ll hindrances. If the eagle knew that al that annual pulling down and taking of and shriveling were preparation for ne wings, it would not sit moping in its ne. But you, O son and daughter of G, ought to be wise enough to know th all this process you are going through is prepare you for wings. Substitution of eavenly speed and power for earthly leurgy and faltering. David felt the ne of wings when he cried out: "O th I had the wings of a dove, that I mht fly away and be at rest!"

y text suggests that heaven is

An Eternal Youth

A cycle of celestial years will not leave a mark upon the immortal nature. Eterni will not work upon the soul in heaven an change, unless it be more radiance an more wisdom and more rapture. A rohg on from glory to glory! In anticipaon of that some of the happiest people onarth are aged Christians. The mightiestestimonies have been given by the verans in the Gospel army. While some of he aged have allowed themselves to beme morose and cynical and impatient wi youth and pessimistic about the wod, and have become possessed with thspirit of scold and fault-finding, and ar earful of being crowded out of their spre, many of the aged have been glad to tep aside that others may have a ch ce, and are hopeful about the world, ex cting its redemption instead of its de olition, and they are inspiration and comfort and helpfulness to the household and to the neighborhood and to the church. The children hail the good old man as he comes down the road. His smile, his words, his manner, his whole life make the world think better of religion.

Noah Webster, the greatest of lexicographers, departing this life at eighty-five years of age, exclaimed: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." The venerable Daniel Webster, the greatest of American lawyers and statesmen, in his last hours said: "I had intended to prepare a work for the press to bear my testimony to Christianity, but it is now too late. Still, I would like to bear witness to the Gospel before I die." Being too weak to hold a pen, he dictated to a scribe his words of triumphant faith.

I congratulate all aged Christians that the molting season will soon be over, and you will mount higher than eagle ever ascended. What a good thing that you are soon to get rid of winter's cold and summer's heat, and drenching rain and hovering clouds, and live in superbest climate of the universe, whether it be this world made over as to atmosphere and contour, or in some star which mighty telescope hails from the observatory, or in some centre around which all worlds wheel! It is all ready, and has been ready, as near as I can calculate, since eighteen hundred and seventy-one years ago, when Christ went up after saying: "I go to prepare a place for you." What a good thing to get rid of this world's vicissitudes and enter upon glorious certainties, and to have no surprises except those that are exhilarant, as when Milton may ring a new canto, or Chrysostom may speak with a new eloquence, or Handel may render a new symphony, for I do not suppose that those who were mighty on earth are going to be idlers in heaven.

What a good thing it is, all ye aged Christians, that you can soon get rid of dulled ear, and sight that requires strong eyeglasses, and infirmities which make you hold on to the banister, leaving you panting at the head of the stairs, and enter a land of eternal health, where the most rubicund cheek of robust life on earth would be emaciation compared with the vigor of the immortals. What a good thing to get beyond being misunderstood, and blamed for what you could not help, and picked at by a hard world, and then pass into a heavenly society where all think well of each other, and friendships are eternal, depreciation and slander and backbiting unknown, for the gate of heaven was shut against them in the statement, "Without are dogs." What a good thing to have satisfying and glorious explanation of things that puzzled you twenty, or forty, or eighty years; to have the interrogation point abolished, and all mystery solved, and God's government vindicated, and you will see why he allowed sin and sorrow to come into the world, and why the bad were permitted to live so long and the good were cut off in the time of their greatest usefulness, and why so many of the consecrated find life a struggle, while many of the infamous ride prosperously, princes a-foot and beggars a-horseback, and the last honest question shall have been answered.

I congratulate all Christians who are in the eventide. Good cheer to all of you. Your best days are yet to come. You are yet to hear the best songs, see the grandest sights, take the most delightful journeys, form the most elevating friendships, and after ten thousand

Years of Transport

you will be no nearer the last rapture than when you were thrilled with the first.

You will have in heaven just what you want. Are you tired? Then heaven will be rest. Are you passionately fond of sweet sounds? Then it will be music. Are you stirred by pictures? There will be all the colors on the new heavens and on the jasper sea. Are you fond of great architecture? There you will find the temple of God, and the Lamb, and the uplifted thrones. Are you longing to get back to your loved ones who have ascended? Then it will be reunion. Are you a home body? Then it will be home. Here and there in this world you will find some one who now lives where he was born, and three or four generations may have dwelt in the same house, but most people have had several homes — the home of childhood, the home they built or rented for their early manhood, the home of riper and more prosperous years. But all homes put together, precious as they are in remembrance or from present occupancy, cannot equal the heavenly home in the House of Many Mansions. No sickness will ever come there, for it is promised "there shall be no more pain." No parting at the front door; no last look at faces never to be seen again, but home with God, home with each other, home forever. And that right after the molting season, when "thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Wings to hover free
O'er dawn-empurpled sea,
Wings 'bove life to soar,
And beyond death forever more.

OUR INDIA FAMINE WAIFS

Cordial and Grateful Missionary Letters—Urgent Needs Providentially Supplied Through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Orphan Fund

BY the latest mails, we have received several important letters from missionaries in India, containing interesting news of the progress of the orphan work. Two of these letters, which are given below, have a special interest for all readers of this journal, who have had an active share in the great work of saving the famine waifs. The first is as follows:

Providential Generosity

TENT OF ESPLANADE, 7
BOMBAY, Jan. 11, 1901.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Your letter of Dec. 10, 1900, containing draft for twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000) came to hand by the last mail. It seems very wonderful, does the magnificent response you are getting to your appeal for our orphans.

I have never known anything like it, and it seems to be growing. You and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are being used to do a great and very necessary work. *Nothing but a great movement of this kind would have helped us out.* Without this arrangement, providing for the orphans for a number of years, we would have been left with a big family on our hands, and a decreasing income. Now, we feel that it is all right, and though there may be no present famine to stir the people up to give, a system of this kind will keep the much-needed support flowing in.

On the 24th of this month, we are to have a full meeting of the committee in Bombay, and your letters will be brought before it, and I am sure something will be done to put our side of the work in running order with the American part. Nothing short of a perfect system will make it go and keep it going. I will write you a full report of what we do in the committee.

I am glad to say that Bro. Frease (our Treasurer lately sick of fever) is doing well, and only needs a few months of rest to make him as strong as ever. I enclose receipt for the $25,000 with more thankfulness than I can express.

I will live in tents till the monsoon, but letters will reach me all the same, whether addressed to Methodist Mission, Grant Road, or to Tent No. 7, Esplanade.

I am, yours very truly,
W. H. STEPHENS.

A GROUP OF FAMINE ORPHANS AT BAREILLY, INDIA

$25,000 MORE FOR INDIA ORPHANS

RECEIVED from Dr. Louis Klopsch, Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York, TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS ($25,000), realizing rupees 75,750 for the second four months' support of the FIVE THOUSAND ORPHANS adopted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, making a total of $50,000 remitted to date on account of that branch of the India Relief Work.

($25,000) W. H. STEPHENS
Secretary & Treasurer
Christian Herald Famine Relief Fund.

Bombay, Jan. 5, 1901.

Systematizing the Work

The second letter is from the Rev. R. A. Hume, of the Ahmednagar Mission, and is given below:

AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—Yesterday I received copy of your letter to the Rev. W. H. Stephens, Secretary CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Fund Committee. As usual, you have put the matter about the support of famine children in a clear, business-like way. I have no doubt that all the members of our committee will understand it. Again I thank you for your enterprise and your Christian enthusiasm in this important Christian undertaking.

A meeting of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Committee has been called for Thursday, Jan. 24, in Bombay. I will then do my best to lead the committee to try to appoint a special agent to manage the correspondence of the famine children work with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and with the patrons of the children. Your proposal is in the interests of both economy and efficiency, and I certainly hope a suitable person can be found. Without some such agent, almost certainly some missionaries will sometimes fail to send quarterly reports according to agreement, and then the donors might be disappointed. Unfortunately, most missionaries are burdened with work, and correspondence is one of those things which can easily be deferred.

Now that my brother is returned to India, I propose to resign the chairmanship of the committee in his favor. The chairman and secretary should, if possible, live in Bombay City, where they can easily confer with one another, and have executive committee meetings without delay and without expense whenever necessary. I cannot, from Ahmednagar, properly act as chairman, except when no one else is available. My brother is experienced and reliable, and so I trust you will not feel disappointed at my withdrawing in his favor, I am,

Gratefully yours,
R. A. HUME.

.. FOR A NATIONAL CHURCH FEDERATION ..

An Effort to Combine the Aggressive Agencies of the American Churches in a United Organization

FOR many years past, intelligent men within and without the churches, have noticed with astonishment that the leaders of the various denominations have failed to learn the lesson of co-operation, which, in manufacturing industries. has been so potent a feature of our times. The forces on the side of evil are so strong that it would appear that the forces on the side of Christ and righteousness should unite in opposition to them. Yet, hitherto they have preferred to act independently, each denomination maintaining Boards and machinery for separate work. In this way there has been a duplication of effort, and a waste, both of energy and money. The churches, while standing for separate religious principles, are in accord on the duty of aggressive work. Why, then, having the same objects in common, should they not agree to work as comrades, not as rivals and competitors? Tentative attempts have already been made to effect such united action, and they have succeeded so well that the time has come for national organization. A convention has been held in Philadelphia to arrange the terms of such a combination. The following article, by a prominent leader in the effort, has been prepared to inform our readers of the results:

. . .

Combination, co-operation, "getting together," are the sign-marks of the age in almost every department of human endeavor. Considerations of economy, self-interest, and plain common sense demand that it shall be so. The wisdom of Æsop's fable as to the bundle of fagots, that could only be broken when each fagot was taken separately, has always been evident, even to the minds of children. The marvel of it all is that a principle of action with so many and such obvious advantages, making so clearly for enlarged power and success, so simple in its operations, tried and proved by ages of experience in other lines, should not have been adopted long ago in a large and positive form by the numerous sects or religious bodies working under the common name of the Christian Church. Doubtless the chief reason may be found in the fact, lamentable as it is, that nowhere has the divisive spirit among men, the spirit of separatism, of aloofness, cut such sharp and deep lines, opened such wide and seemingly impassable chasms as in matters of religious faith, forms and practice. Thus have the churches failed often to take advantage of such legitimate means as lay within their reach to push their work ahead, to enlarge their boundaries, and promote the great ends common to them all.

Happily we may begin to speak of these things now in past tenses. A brighter and a better day has dawned for the Christian Church. Christian fellowship, the truth as to the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, always a fundamental tenet of Christian faith, but widely belied in professed Christian practice, has come down more and more from the region of abstraction and worked itself into the real everyday life of the church memberships. The clasping of hands across sectarian lines for worship and for service has been one of the happiest and most hopeful signs of the times during the past twenty-five or thirty years. There has been much "getting together" among the churches both in the Old World and the New, some under the specific name of federations and others with different designations, but all with the same spirit and purpose. The world has never seen a more striking and magnificent manifestation of Christian unity and fellowship than the Ecumenical Mission Conference in New York City last year.

That federation may help in a large, direct and positive way in solving the peculiar, difficult and serious problems confronting the churches in our great and growing cities, has been proved beyond a peradventure by the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City during the five years of its existence. Within this period it has made a thorough and exhaustive religious and sociological canvass of ten assembly districts within the bounds of Greater New York, chiefly in the tenement regions, and, as a result, placed at the service of all interested in the evangelization of the city and the general uplift of the masses a vast amount of reliable data, arranged and presented with scientific clearness and accuracy, concerning the religious preferences of the people, their social and moral environment, their home and family conditions, their individual status, and many other things, an understanding of which is absolutely essential to intelligent and successful church work in these districts. The Federation has planned to extend this canvass to every part of the metropolis. This is a special kind of service which church federations are designed to render every community where they are established. This and the prevention of the over-churching of some communities and the under-churching of others, the more economic and effective administration of all mission agencies, and the massing of religious forces for the promotion of various common ends, this is the kind of work which all church federations are constituted and intended to do.

The movement for National Church Federation in America opened the first chapter of its history at a meeting held in the city of New York, on Feb. 1 and 2, 1900. This meeting was called by a number of men acquainted with the workings of federation in various localities in America, who had become convinced that the time was ripe for a work of national scope. The outcome of this conference was the appointment of a National Committee empowered to canvass the whole subject of national federation, to arouse the interest of churches in this direction, to formulate a plan of permanent organization, and report at a meeting to be called a year from that time.

Thus constituted, the committee opened its headquarters at 83 Bible House early in 1900, with Dr. Sanford in charge, and active work began at once along the lines indicated in the appointment. A year has passed since then, a year which the national committee can look back upon with the utmost satisfaction. The results achieved were all and even more than had been expected. Secretary Sanford traveled extensively East and West in the interests of the movement, addressing ministerial bodies, church conferences and other religious gatherings, advising and conferring with pastors and laymen seeking light and guidance on the subject, and conducting besides a large correspondence directed to the same ends. He found, generally, a quick and hearty responsiveness to his efforts among churches and pastors, especially among those whom he was able to reach personally Much seed was sown where no visible growth has yet appeared, but the practical results achieved were large and gratifying.

Local church federations owing their existence chiefly to the National Committee's work are now to be found in Chicago, Jersey City, Newark, Syracuse, Schenectady, and Portland and Auburn, Me., while the first steps have been taken for the formation of similar societies in several other cities. But the largest and most gratifying outcome of the committee's propaganda thus far has been the organization of the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in the State of New York. This act was consummated in a meeting held in Syracuse, November 13 and 14, 1900.

The second chapter in national federation history was opened at a conference held in Philadelphia on Feb. 5, 1901, pursuant to the instructions given at the formation of the National Committee. This meeting lasted two days, and brought together the representatives of nearly all the local and State federations in existence in America and other eminent and representative religious leaders in many denominations. The action taken, as hoped and expected, was that of putting the National Federation solidly on its feet, a permanent and duly organized body.

The officers elected were as follows

PRESIDENT.
J. Cleveland Cady, New York.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.
Hon. Benj. Odell,
Mr. William E. Dodge,
Col. Jacob L. Greene,
Mr. Horace Benton,
Mr. E. W. Blatchford,
Hon. Chas. A. Schieren,
Mr. Wm N. Hartshorn,
Mr. Samuel Young,
Capt. Alfred T. Mahan.
Judge Grosscup.
Mr. John H. Converse.

RECORDING SECRETARY.
Wm. A. Rice, D D., Newark, N. J.

EXECUTIVE BOARD.
W. H. P. Faunce, D.D.,
Wm. Hayes Ward, LL.D.,
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Hon. Burton Mansfie
Mr. Lucien C. Warn
Mr. Wm. H. Wanam
Mr. Fred'k Frelinghu
Mr George Griffiths.
Mr. Colgate Hoyt,
Prof. Jno. B. Clark,

Eleven denominations are represe in this official list, namely, Metho Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Disci of Christ, Protestant Episcopal, Con gational, Reformed, United Breth Evangelical Association and Chris Convention. The conditions of mem ship in the National Federations are m as broad and comprehensive as possi with a view of obtaining a full and representation of the Christian churc It is provided by the constitution of national body that membership in it be obtained by any organization do federative church work, by local churc on the payment of an annual subscrip of ten or more dollars, and by individ in sympathy with the organization on payment of an annual subscription of or more dollars. The headquarters the National Federation remain the sa

Thus established and equipped, National Federation of Churches en upon its course as a new and promis factor in the thought, the life and activities of the Christian churches America. Considering how well it is fi by its constitution and avowed aims meet certain positive and ever-increas needs of the churches, one may to hope for great and enduring ben from this national federation, and predict that in the near future, st city and town federations will be for in every part of the United States, lin together by the national society. may be pardoned for a large degree of timism, when he thinks what a power s a national federation may exert whe comes to voice the thought for the un churches of America in behalf of p laws, of better citizenship, and o righteous causes.

LA SALLE A. MAYNARD

How a Frontier Log-House Sunday School Grew

SEVERAL years ago, a volunteer missionary of the American Sunday School Union organized a little Union school in a log schoolhouse in Michigan. It was one of many he had planted in the spiritually destitute frontier. On his way home from the school that night, and when just as he sighted the light in the window of his own home—a light placed there by a loving wife—his horse stepped off a bridge into the ravine, and he was so severely injured that he lived but a few days. God watched over that school which his servant had founded and blessed it. Perhaps the sudden death of the missionary aroused the school into unusual spiritual life.

Among the happy children brought into this school were four who one day came with their parents in an ox-team. Those four children were then all untaught of Christ's love for them, but they soon learned the Sunday School songs, committed the Golden Text to memory from Sunday to Sunday, and listened intently, as the teacher told of Jesus and his love. One after the other gave their hearts to Christ, till all were brought in. As time passed on, one of the older boys, then grown to young manhood, desired to enter the work of the American Sunday School Union as a missionary, and he was accepted. In the first year of his service he established 26 Sunday Schools, containing 720 scholars and teachers; he visited and aided 45 other schools needing help and encouragement; he sold and gave away literature to the value of $203.6 places where good books and papers w scarce; he visited 1,124 families, man them in sickness; he distributed Bibles and Testaments among those had none and were unable to buy, he gave 93 Sunday Schools talks sermons.

A FRONTIER SUNDAY SCHOOL IN MICHIGAN

A letter from one connected, wh still with the original school, says: " log house Sunday School is better than it ever was." Surely the possi ties for this school still widen out.

One of the missionaries of the soci in Iowa came from a Union fron school. A pastor of a church in west Nebraska, who was converted in on its schools, served for a time as a vol teer missionary of the society. T church itself was the outgrowth of a Un Sunday School. These are not the o instances, but they serve to illustrate phase of the American Sunday Sch Union's work, and to encourage alike supporters as well as the workers in field. Over 1,800 schools were establis in destitute places during the past y by the 100 missionaries of the Uni Any reader of this journal desiring information concerning this work n address Rev. E. P. Bancroft, secret 158 Fifth avenue, New York.

MINISTER WU TELLS OF CHINA'S GREAT FAMINE

The Chinese Minister at Washington Appeals to America to Help his Suffering Countrymen in Shansi and Shensi Provinces

"YES, it is true, only too sadly true, I fear, that portions of my unhappy country are in the throes of a terrible famine," said His Excellency, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington.

He was seated in the handsome parlors of the Legation, and made this reply to a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who had called upon him to inquire as to the authenticity of an account of the famine in China, which had recently appeared in a New York paper. He read the clipping carefully, and added:

"I trust that this report is exaggerated. I sincerely hope that in some of its details at least, it is, but I received advices from the Governor of Shensi yesterday which fill me to fear that the conditions are appalling, heartrending in the extreme.

"What has caused the famine? Primarily, of course, that which always causes famine in any part of the world—drought and consequent failure of crops. But there are other things in this case which have aggravated the trouble, and augmented the usual horrors of famine. I refer to the Boxer uprising, and the state of affairs which has existed in certain provinces of the country since that occurred."

"Will you please tell me, Your Excellency, in what provinces the famine is prevailing and how large a territory they cover?"

24,000,000 Sufferers

"The Provinces of Shensi and Shansi. They are in the northern part of the empire, and together occupy an area of more than 100,000 square miles. The population of Shensi is estimated at 10,000,000, and that of Shansi at 14,000,000. Shensi, which was, as you know, the ancient capital province of China for three or four thousand years, is where the Emperor, and the Empress Dowager, and the Court fled when they left Pekin, and are there still, pending the final action of the combined Powers.

"That the famine condition of Shensi is aggravated by this fact cannot be doubted. At the least calculation, the Emperor's household and following must be five thousand persons, and while I have no way of knowing positively, yet I think it is a conservative estimate to place the number of soldiers who would be with them at twenty thousand. This makes twenty-five thousand more to feed daily than the usual residents of the province, and when you consider that for more than three years there has been a drought in that part of China, and that in consequence the crops have been completely cut off, you can understand in a measure what the famine must mean. And yet, unless you realize certain other things you will not be able to understand it fully.

Farmers the Victims

"First," the minister continued, "you must remember how inaccessible these provinces are. They are a thousand miles inland; there is practically no trade relations to speak of between them and the rest of the country or the outside world. The people are almost altogether farmers; they raise barely enough to supply their immediate wants year by year; but in time of famine this supply is cut off, and there is no way to supplement it. No railway communication; scarcely any steam-boat traffic, even on the river courses, and a coolie system that is utterly inadequate to meet the demands. When the crops fail, starvation always stares them in the face. Famine is not new in that part of China—unfortunately no; it is of frequent occurrence there, though perhaps never as bad before as it is now. This comes from its isolated position, and from the ignorance of the people more than anything else. When the crops fail in the southern part of China, rice, the main article of food, can be shipped in and the deficiency supplied; but in the interior of northern China it is very different, and the suffering is almost beyond belief.

WU TING FANG
Chinese Minister at Washington

"There is no reason for the famines which occur so frequently in this part of China—no reason which might not be prevented, and which, were it in this country, would be prevented. The great Hwang-ho, or "Yellow River," which flows between the two provinces, is a fabulously long river. I would not venture to tell you how long it is in all its course, lest you might think I was using my Oriental imagination. While, with proper irrigation, it might make that territory through which it flows the garden spot of the world for productiveness, yet its mighty volume of water rushes down from the mountains of Siberia, and almost every year causes desolating destruction to both life and property. So much is this true, that in the native tongue it is called 'The River of Sorrow.' Sometime, when my country has awakened to its own grand possibilities, this river will become one of the highways of commerce: but now it but adds to her troubles.

"In Shansi, the famine is fully as appalling as in Shensi, and yet, at but a little distance under the surface of the ground, there is as fine a mineral deposit as can be found in any country of the globe. When Baron von Richthofen made his examination of the minerals there, he gave it as his opinion that there was a deposit of coal beneath the surface sufficient to supply the markets of the world for a thousand years. It is one of the dogmas of the religion of China that it brings evil to any person who tunnels into the earth, and on account of that superstition this supply of coal, even at this time, is practically untouched. Doubtless, this seems absurd to you; but so deep-seated is this belief, that while for hundreds of years it has been known that the coal was there, it has never been mined.

"It is this same ignorance which has caused the feeling against foreigners. You can form but little conception of the conservatism of my people. For ages—long, long before this young republic was dreamed of—my people, in the ancient empire of China, were living along the same line of action which governs them to-day. The son was taught to reverence his father during his life-time and to continue his occupation after his death. He brought his wife to his father's home, generation after generation; there he lived, there he died; his highest ambition was that he might be buried in the tomb of his ancestors. That is as true now as it was a thousand years ago, and one thing that my countrymen have never been able to understand is why any man should care to leave his native place, much more his country, unless some imperative want makes it necessary.

China's Calamities

"I think that you can see how this state of affairs has wrought to bring about the trouble which has overtaken China in recent years. Oh! if we could but become modernized! If our rulers would but open our doors to progress! We have resources that would soon make famine and want a thing of the past, and our commerce would govern all eastern markets.

"And yet think of it," added Minister Wu, with a gesture of pain, "they are dying by hundreds this very morning for want of the barest necessaries of life. I had a communication yesterday from the Governor of Shensi, telling me that the horrors of the famine could scarcely be overestimated, and begging me to appeal to the Chinese in America to send them help. The famine is in the northern provinces, and the winter is on, and to the pangs of hunger are now added the sufferings of cold. Upon the poor natives of Shensi the army of soldiers, the Court, and its attendants are quartered for an indefinite time.

"As things are now, the Court cannot return to Pekin, and it must remain at the old capital. There is no food in the country around there, the long failure of the crops has swept it clean and dry of all products. Everything must be brought in on mule and coolie-back, and thousands must starve—even were the Government in a condition to give public help—before supplies can reach them.

An Appeal to America

"I have read of the wonderful generosity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to India during the famine in that country, and while I sincerely trust that the one in China may never be so great as that one, yet I feel very sure that should its kind patrons care to do a little for those who are now suffering so terribly in the Middle Kingdom, it would be appreciated far more than I can express. There is a sad misunderstanding amongst my countrymen at this time toward all foreigners, but they are seeing that the Americans intend to be fair and honorable. This was evidenced when General Chaffee was presented with a memorial the other day by certain Chinese officials. And were the people of the United States to send a gift, even a slight one, to the famine-stricken provinces, it would surely go a long way toward helping the Chinees to realize that the foreigners are not their enemies. I should be more than happy to transmit to the Governor of Shensi any communication, or send any assistance that might be raised for the famine sufferers."

ABBY G. BAKER.
Washington, D. C.

. . .

As requested by the Chinese Minister, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will accept and forward any contributions our readers may send to us for the sufferers in the famine, whose condition is so ably and feelingly described in Minister Wu's interview.

CHINESE RICE CULTIVATORS AT WORK IN THE FLOODED MEADOWS

Horses Carry a Heathen Bible

When Peking fell, a Buddhist priest named Kawakami, who had been to the temple before the recent troubles, following the rebellion of the Boxers and the massacres, at once repaired to it to inspect its treasures which he had not been allowed to look at previously.

The search revealed to him several valuable objects, of which the most remarkable was a complete set of Buddhist texts done into the Thibetan language. The volumes were of prodigious size; so prodigious, indeed, says the *Japan Mail*, that a pack-horse could only carry two or three volumes at a time, and as there were some 300 copies, their transportation all at once would require the services of at least a hundred horses.

BY LOVE'S SWEET RULE.

A New Serial Story by GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

Chapter I.—Blue Monday

I WONDER if anything really lovely ever could happen to me?" asked a half-querulous, half-sad voice, as its owner cast herself despondently into the depths of a huge arm-chair which stood in the great bay-window, and flung her bag of school-books upon a table nearby.

"I don't believe there could, and I don't care much, anyhow. Ugh! what a horrid day!" she continued, resting her elbows upon the cushioned arms of the chair and propping her chin upon her hands, as she looked out upon the cheerless prospect of leafless, dripping branches, a deserted, muddy street, and a steady November downpour. It would have been depressing, even if it could have been viewed from a cheerful room, by a bright, contented person; and it seemed doubly dreary when seen from a great barn-like one devoid of any attempt at ornamentation, or the touch of hominess which would have been its redeeming feature.

"Now, what am I to do all this afternoon, I'd like to know? Study my lessons for to-morrow? That will take about one hour, and there are at least four; and then two more after dinner. Read? I'm so tired of reading that I almost wish I didn't have any books. I wonder if Aunt Matilda would let me sing some of mamma's old songs; they are so sweet that I don't believe they could disturb her. I'll ask her anyhow; she can only say 'No,' and I'm so used to that;" and the young girl turned her face toward the room and rose listlessly from the chair.

As she did so, the door at the further end opened to admit a tall, rather handsome woman, with dark, glossy coils of hair upon her stately head, an almost colorless face, and great brown eyes; strange eyes, which stared straight before her, and yet made one look at them a second time before realizing that they were perfectly sightless.

Quite unaware that the room held any other occupant, she advanced with the peculiar halting step we so often see in the totally blind, and yet she seemed perfectly familiar with her surroundings and made her way to the table which stood at the window, opposite the one which still ensconced the young girl in its capacious depths, without coming in contact with any of the few articles of furniture which stood about. Laying upon it the letters she carried, she turned, with the evident intention of retracing her steps, but when about half way across the room, paused and stood in a listening attitude. The young girl had kept perfectly still, and yet the acute hearing of the blind woman must have detected some slight sound, for she turned the sightless eyes directly toward the chair, and said: "Marjorie, are you there?"

"Yes, Aunt Matilda," said the girl, as she ran across to where her aunt stood, and placed a hand on each shoulder, as she looked appealingly into the sightless eyes, which, could they have seen the look, must certainly have been touched by its longing.

"And, Aunt Matilda, I was just coming to ask you something when you opened the door. May I ask you now? and won't you please try to say 'Yes?'"

"I shall, of course, say 'Yes' if it is wise to, my dear, but you so often ask impossibilities that I do not care to commit myself."

"But this isn't an impossibility, Aunt Matilda, but something I should so love to do this miserable, rainy day."

"Is it raining? I was not aware of it," was the somewhat disinterested reply.

"Yes, it's just pouring, and I can't go out to see the girls, and I'm afraid you would not care to have me ask them here. Would you?" wistfully.

"Oh, no; I could not have any one here; it would disturb me terribly. But what is it you wish to do?"

"Please, auntie, may I open the piano in the music room and play and sing some of mamma's old songs? I'll do it very softly, and close the door, so that I need not disturb you."

"Oh, Marjorie! How can you ask such a thing? Don't you know it would break my heart to hear those ballads now? Remember, when I last heard them Madeline sang them and I accompanied her."

"No, Aunt Matilda, I don't remember, for I hardly remember mamma at all, you know; but I won't do it if you had rather I shouldn't," and the hands fell from their resting-place, as their owner turned sadly away and the beautiful brown eyes, which had looked so appealingly into the blind ones, filled with unshed tears.

DR. PRIOR AND MARJORIE

"Why don't you read, my dear? I'm sure you have an endless number of books, and I cannot imagine a more delightful occupation," and a deep sigh told how intense was her own longing to read.

"I am tired of reading, auntie, but,"—and the tone changed to one of eagerness—"may I read aloud to you? I'd love to, and I'm sure you would enjoy the new book of Mrs. Stewart's stories that Uncle Lloyd sent me. I've read only one, but it was lovely."

"I think your father has read them all to me, and as I am rather tired, I will ask you to excuse me, my dear, for I wish to lie down," and she passed from the room, leaving behind her a beautiful young face, but such a sad one that it was perhaps as well that her misfortune prevented her from seeing it.

As the young girl stands there in the middle of the room with her hands clasped idly before her and her sad eyes following the tall, stately figure, in the trailing black dress, it will perhaps be an opportune time in which to give a necessary word of explanation regarding her.

Marjorie Prior had just passed her fourteenth birthday, and was rapidly developing into a very lovely girl, for inheritance and nature were combining to give her all that was most desirable. From her mother, whom she scarcely remembered, came the sunny hair, beautiful brown eyes, lithe, graceful figure, and delicate hands and feet; while the firm mouth and chin, and fine teeth which her winning smile disclosed, spoke of the genial, handsome father. When Marjorie was but six years of age the lovely mother had gone from the dear home never to return, and had left behind her an almost heart-broken husband and very desolate little daughter, whom she had nearly idolized, and who thought "mamma" absolutely perfect.

Up to that time the child's life had been all that a child's life should be: joyful, happy, and perfectly free from any depressing influence. In her father's and mother's love for each other and for herself, she saw all that was best and sweetest in this world; and in their wise control of herself learned, young as she was, that something is due to others, and a great deal to those we love and who love us.

But her sunshine was soon dimmed by clouds which almost seemed to grow heavier each year, for when her father recovered from the first shock of his wife's death he seemed to have parted with all that was happiest in his disp tion, and the old light-hearted, genial m ner gave place to a settled quiet wh nothing could dispel. He was devotec his little daughter, and his manner tow her was invariably tender and affecti ate; but she never regained the jolly pl fellow she had known before, and i the little girl's life crept a shadow wh threatened to change her whole charac There seemed but one person to fill mother's place and this was Mrs. Pric only sister, Matilda, who was a few ye her senior, but not in the least like h Matilda Carver and her sister had of been called "sunshine and shade," for c seemed to see only the bright side of istence, while the other sought its shado

Perhaps it was a premonition of th futures, which also proved unlike; Mrs. Prior's was filled with joy and p fect happiness, while her sister's hel great sorrow, which her extreme sensiti ness and intense pride rendered it all harder for her to bear. So Miss Car came to fill the place in Dr. Prior's hou hold now left vacant, and was soon est lished as mistress.

Undoubtedly she loved Marjorie de ly, but her intense aversion of show any feeling made her swing to the op site extreme, and the little girl sor missed the tender caresses the swe beautiful mother had so lavished up her, and could not understand the chan

Marjorie clung all the closer to father, who tried to fill the mother's pla and who suffered doubly in realizing t he never could. It was fortunate t Marjorie's disposition was naturally sunny one, or she never could have reacl her fifteenth year and retained any of girlish nature.

When she was ten, her aunt met wit serious accident which cost her her e sight, and it seemed the last straw complete her misery. She at once s herself up in the home and would see solutely no one. In vain friends call only to be told by the old butler that "M Carver begged to be excused."

As time went on the house lost home-like appearance; for in her helpl ness Miss Carver dreaded to have ab her anything she might accidentally str and destroy, and gradually one arti after another was relegated to the st room or safe, and all unnecessary artic of furniture were carried to the unu rooms on the third story. Even the c tains must be removed from the windo lest by some mysterious means they ca fire. Indeed, poor Miss Carver beca absolutely morbid, and did not realize t in her affliction she was growing self and making her niece's life wretched.

Marjorie was never allowed to br any of her school friends home, nor entertain them in any way if it must done in the house. True, she had a gr deal of liberty and could visit them wh she chose. But that was a one-si pleasure at best, and she longed with most intense longing to have a home l the other girls and bring into it friends she loved.

Dr. Prior was so occupied with practice that he gave little thought that side of the question, and his o special sanctum and study was left ex ly as his idolized wife had arranged it him nine years before.

But I must no longer leave poor M jorie standing in the middle of the ch less sitting room, with that forlorn, ho less look upon her pretty face.

With a sigh which ought certainly have reached the stoniest heart, turned back to her chair, and taking her bag of school-books began her al bra lesson for the following day.

Before the hour was ended the fr door opened, and her father came into room where she sat working.

(To be Continued)

Jesus Betrayed

Spoiling · a · Good · Name

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for March 3: John 18: 1-14

GOLDEN TEXT. Matt. 26: 45: "The Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners"

By... Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

LONG ago and far away, a baby boy came to the home of a man named Simon, in a village called Kerioth. His parents were so glad and so grateful to God, and so hopeful he would be great and good, that they gave him a name meaning "the praise of God." Perhaps you have heard the Oratorio of Creation, and remember how the chorus repeats, in loudest strains, "the praise of God, *the praise of God*, THE PRAISE OF GOD." That was the way his parents felt. His mother probably sang as did Hannah, when God gave her little Samuel (1. Sam. 2: 1-5); such a song as Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist, sang at his birth (Luke 1: 67). How fondly his parents watched his growth; his first word, his first step! With what joy his mother taught him his bed-time prayer, and took him to church and to school! How her day-dreams, as she watched her boy at his play, she pictured him grown to stalwart manhood, beloved and honored for his godliness. And she whispered the words, suggested by his name, that had been said of his great grandfather and namesake, "Thou art one whom thy brethren shall praise." "We shall be so proud of him," she would say aloud to her husband, as if her loving dream were a divine prophecy that could not fail of fulfilment.

What he was to be! Let us each recall our own parents' hope and prayer for us, as expressed in the names we bear. What were the excellences of the man or woman after whom you were named? Those, your parents looking with hope into your innocent baby face, prayed that you might have. Perhaps your mother named you Luther, or John Knox, praying you might be as fearless as they in doing and saying the right, whoever might threaten or oppose. No one names his child after one famed for cowardice or covetousness or hypocrisy. Look over the newspaper roll of criminal names for the last week and see how many, whose names proclaim their parents' high hopes, have dishonored some noble name. And you, and you, living up to your name—helping God answer your mother's prayer?

What name which once meant praise now stands for perfidy—Judas. Of him whose mother was filled with praise at his birth, Jesus said, "It were better for that man if he had never been born." What he was to be! What he was! How sad the contrast in many a life! You may not be a Judas, but are you what your parents prayed and hoped you might be? Remember, too, that Judas did not become the wickedest man in the world all at once. The "root" of the treason on which he at last committed eternal suicide was covetousness. No one ever pleads guilty to that. The drunkard often confesses that he is sunk; but the miser, never. Perhaps you will admit that you are somewhat selfish, less devoted to the good of others, to bettering and brightening this greed-cursed world, than your mother's ideal or your own in generous youth. Let us revive those ideals before the blight of Judas has become too strong to escape. If there were no hereafter, which life is the happier, the nobler the worthier, that of Judas, dominated by selfishness, or that of John, the embodiment of love to God and man?

"Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Hamlin says his mother writes books. Is it very hard to write a book?" "I don't know," said the busy mother. "I am going to write a book," said Charlie. Just then the mother went to the door to see a caller, and when she came back in a few moments Charlie said: "I've done my book." "No," said his mother, "you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a long one, full of beautiful stories. The name of it is 'Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be careful not to spoil the pages by doing ugly, naughty, selfish things. When you help mother and do right, that makes a page with a beautiful picture and a sweet story. By and by an angel will shut the book, and God will open it on a great day when all the books are opened.'"

Long before Judas wrote those blood-red pages of murder and suicide, he had been penning in lesser stains, of selfishness and meanness. "Every man for himself" was written long before his crimes, and prepared the way for them.

We shall miss the most important teaching in the tragedy of Judas, whose last pages, stained with murder and suicide, we are now about to turn, if we do not clearly recognize that his great crimes were not reached at a bound, but by a slow descent, as of a ladder round by round. "We pity him all along, for he is not represented as wholly and irredeemably bad, but only as a man who has no faith and no enthusiasm. It is the case described by Shakespeare: "The man that hath no music in himself," who, for lack of imaginative qualities, is "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." All the apostles had followed Christ, partly because they thought he was the Messiah, who would not only deliver the nation from the Romans, but also provide his chief followers with lucrative offices. Peter said to Christ: "We have left all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefor?" But selfishness in the other apostles was not allowed to become a ruling passion, as it became in Judas. Other apostles might be thought love-blind. This heartless witness could not be accused of being carried away by "sentiment." Judas worked his plans to get the office of treasurer, probably not admitting yet, even to himself, that he would misappropriate the funds for the poor. Having the money in hand, he stole (John 12: 6), but so prudently that none but Christ knew it, or he would have been dismissed. When Mary of Bethany poured upon the feet of Christ spikenard of value equal to a year's wages, it was to the covetous soul of Judas as if someone had snatched so much gold out of his own hand. And when his criticism of the "waste" was also condemned by Christ it was like a second stab to the heart. His dishonesty and insincerity made him the more sensitive. A man does not "get mad" at a rebuke when there is no truth in it. Still, for three days Judas does not consummate the betrayal, which at first he only dares to think. There was, no doubt, many a battle with conscience. He probably said to himself that he had been deceived in thinking Christ would have earthly rewards to give, and was justified in making what he could while taking revenge also for the rebuke. He perhaps argued that Christ would use his miraculous powers to save himself, so that no real harm would be done, and he would have the money. And so hesitating, yet dragged on by his love of money, he went on Wednesday to the plotting priests. Why did they give so little—only the price of a slave—thirty fifty-cent dollars? Was it not because Judas could give them nothing but Christ's body—no proof of fraud or sin by which they could kill his claims to be the Messiah with the multitudes that believed in him. No doubt Judas remembered the treachery of his ancestor in selling Joseph into slavery as the slave price was offered him, but the clink of the coin was the sound of his chain, the chain of covetousness in which he had become entrapped, and which would soon drag him to his death, like the magnificent eagle, born to soar above the mountain, dragged within range of a hunter's rifle by a steel trap in which his foot had become entangled.

This lesson presents—

1. The fruit of covetousness in Judas.
2. The unselfishness of Christ.
3. The folly and fear of the apostles.

* * *

He went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron.—Julius Cæsar, the military commander of a province only, marching toward Rome, paused at the Rubicon, the boundary of his command. To cross it would mean revolt and a change in the Government of Rome, or his own execution. He made his choice and crossed, and became ruler of the world. Christ knew in crossing the Cedron that he was going both to the cross and the conquest of the world. For the joy set before him in the world's redemption he accepted the cross, despising the shame.

* * *

Judas also knew the place.—What masterpieces of hyprocisy we see in this whole proceeding! The chief priests of a most punctilious religion plot a murder, in which the ringleader is to be an apostle, who, with crime in his heart, piously eats the Passover, and then leads the "temple police," with Roman soldiers also, to Christ's well known place of secret prayer. Nor is it probable that the priests were conscious of any hyprocisy or inconsistency. Even Judas, we may be sure, had some excuse which he then thought sufficient, Therefore, let no one to-day suppose he may not be committing some treachery because he is not conscious of it.

"SO THE OFFICERS SEIZED HIM AND BOUND HIM"

* * *

Jesus "Saved Others"

Let these go their way. What a sublime picture of the true nobility of unselfishness this is in contrast with the supreme covetousness of Judas! As the great company of Roman soldiers and temple officers march into Gethsemane with Judas at their head, Jesus, strengthened by prayer and angel ministries, steps forth and says: "Whom seek ye?" They answer: "Jesus, the Nazarene." To which he replied fearlessly: "I am he." And then, as if to show them he could yet save himself if he would, he causes those who seek his life to fall back and fall down. But he did not wish to save his life or destroy the life of others, and so yielded to arrest after making this display of miraculous power. But in sacrificing himself he sought to save his apostles, saying: "If ye seek me, let these go their way." This spirit of Christ, forgetting ourselves while we seek to help others, was beautifully illustrated in the story of the newsboy who supported a lame brother that "couldn't earn much himself," as the newsboy explained to a kind old gentleman who asked about his home. "Ah! that makes it hard," said the gentleman. "You could do better alone." "No, I couldn't. Jim's somebody to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of having luck, if nobody was glad? Or of getting things, if there was nobody to divide with."

Put up thy sword. Peter, in undue self-confidence, had boasted, when told he would deny Christ, "I will go with thee to prison and to death." And he did show just a little flash of courage. As he saw the Judas crowd coming again upon Christ, he seized a sword, and with one badly-aimed blow cut off the ear of Malchus, a servant of the High Priest. Again Christ showed his miraculous power in healing this wound, an act of spontaneous kindness to his foes that would even then have proved to them his claims, but that hatred and envy had put out the eyes of their souls. Then he turned in rebuke to Peter, and said—and the words have wide application to all who seek to hasten Christ's kingdom by war—"Put up thy sword." Gethsemane and Calvary both prove that love is mightier than soldiers for real conquest of the world.

"WHAT ARE YE WILLING TO GIVE ME AND I WILL DELIVER HIM UNTO YOU?"

But Peter's courage was but a blaze and not a fire. He and all the other apostles a moment later forsook Christ and fled. In discussing the larger sin of covetousness let us not overlook this yet more common and hardly less harmful sin of cowardice, found so often even among sincere disciples, whenever to follow Christ seems to involve loss or peril. We are getting many a story of courage in the face of death on the part of the native converts in China during the recent massacres by the Boxers. Here is one, told by J. Fred Hayner: The Boxers had caught two native Christian boys and dragged them to the temple, determined to make them "kotow," that is, bow to the idols on penalty of death. "Kotow, or I'll kill you," said a fierce Boxer, and the larger boy of fourteen, frightened at the big knives, took the censer and waved it before the idol. As he bent to kneel the younger boy of eleven said aloud, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" "You, too," blurted another Boxer. "Not I. The foreign preacher taught us better. 'Twould be an insult to the God who made us, to worship that clay idol." The Boxer, enraged, made a lunge at the little fellow but missed his mark, and another Boxer shouted, "Hold on a minute. Let us keep the big one for our coolie work and let the little fellow go." The boy was then released, and later, in joining the fugitives fleeing to Tientsin, said with a modesty to match his courage, "I wasn't big enough to do their coolie work and so they let me go." But the other part of the story was told by another, who had been in the crowd at the temple. The story should rebuke us who are silent from cowardice when we ought to speak for Christ.

* * *

Repentance Too Late

Although the last acts in the tragedy of Judas are not in this lesson, we may well complete the story. When he saw Christ finally delivered over to death, he repented with keen remorse, and came to the chief priests and declared he had "betrayed innocent blood," throwing down the awful bribe of betrayal at their feet when they refused to take it in their hands. These very religious murderers were too conscientious to put "this price of blood" into the church treasury, and so bought a potter's field with it. Meantime Judas had hanged himself by his girdle to a tree, and, falling headlong, had burst asunder, his bowels gushing out, a horrible and fitting picture of his inner life.

WORKERS IN THE COOKING CLASS

THE SEWING CLASS AT ITS DUTIES

SPIRITUAL UPLIFT AND MATERIAL AID FOR AN ARMY OF WORKERS

THIRTY YEARS OF EFFORT . . . . . AMONG WORKING-WOMEN

...SPLENDID REC ORD OF THE NEW YORK Y. W. C. A

BY ADELIA M. McNAME

JUST thirty years ago, in 1870, the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City came into existence. It owed its birth to the conviction in the minds of a few Christian ladies that some better provision should be made for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the working-women of New York, even then numbering nearly 200,000. As its first headquarters, the association occupied a few rooms in a house on a quiet street. It had a small Bible Class, a library consisting of a few hundred volumes, an Employment Bureau, a Board Directory, and one Sewing Class. The contrast between that beginning and the Association as it is to-day is very striking and yet most natural. It occupies a large and commodious building at No. 7 East Fifteenth street, and is splendidly equipped for its work in every department. Its officers are: President, Mrs. Clarence E. Beebe; First Vice-President, Miss M. A. Stimson; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard; Third Vice-President, Mrs. R. A. Dorman; Treasurer, Mrs. G. L. Elliott; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. G. F. Butterworth; Corresponding Secretary, Miss J. F. Bangs, and Recording Secretary, Mrs. Robert Jaffray, Jr.

Perhaps the work of the Society may be best described by devoting a paragraph to each separate branch, so that the reader may form a correct idea of the size and scope of the Young Women's Christian Association, and what it stands for in New York City. The Bible Class, meeting Sunday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, has an average attendance of 500. Its members, who need help and advice, enjoy the personal ministration of Miss Doheny, chaplain of the association. She has also under her charge the relief work for the sick and needy, the Traveler's Aid Work, which means the care of unprotected girls passing through the maelstrom of this city; the Fresh Air Fund, which gives to many a taste of country life during the heated term, and the Summer School, which offers a safe and agreeable place of resort and instruction to women and girls on the hot summer evenings. In the association parlors they find classes for Bible study, physical culture, millinery, embroidery, and singing, and they are made welcome to numerous entertainments and festivals. Among the visitors last summer were 1,432 girls under twenty-one who had never crossed the threshold of the association before.

The Committee on Education and Entertainment has under its supervision 133 classes during the winter term of eight months. For these classes there is a corps of twenty-one teachers, and the pupils number over 2,000. Instruction is given in bookkeeping, business training, choir music, commercial arithmetic, cooking, cooking for invalids, drawing (mechanical and freehand), photo-color, and re-touching, photo-negatives, water-color, modeling, instrumental drawing, color and special branches, general literature, elementary dressmaking, repairing and altering, embroidery, cutting and fitting, finishing, machine and hand-sewing, millinery, feather-curling, penmanship, physical culture, stenography, typewriting and nursing. A nominal fee is charged in every class, except in those for general literature, choir music, and physical culture. Instruction in all the classes is of a practical nature, and insures the obtaining of good business positions. This committee provides monthly entertainments of a high order, which are free to all associate members. Any self-supporting woman may become an associate member on payment of one dollar per year. The Free Circulating Library for self-supporting women has 28,920 volumes on its shelves, 5,652 women enrolled as readers, and an annual circulation of 92,801.

The Employment Bureau is open to any woman resident in New York City who can furnish good references for character and ability. Associate members have free use of the Bureau. Other applicants pay a fee of fifty cents for six months' registration. Last year the Bureau found positions for 2,500 applicants. The Needle-Work Committee maintains an order department for children's clothing and general family sewing. There is also a salesroom, where all varieties of women's work are sold for the benefit of the consigners. The Board Directory finds suitable homes for women seeking board and lodging in New York City. To applicants for rooms no fee is charged. During 1900, 8,147 applicants were provided for. This directory has also charge of the seaside summer home of the association at Asbury Park, N. J. At this home, Protestant self-supporting women (except those in household service) are received at the rate of $10 for two weeks, or $6 for one week, cost of transportation included. During the summer of 1900, 226 visitors were entertained.

For many years, it was through the Board Directory alone that the association could provide for the women who came to its doors seeking city accommodation; but in 1891 the beautiful Margaret Louise Home, at Nos. 14 and 16 East Sixteenth street, the gift to the Young Women's Christian Association of Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard and named for its founder, was opened for guests. The Home is thoroughly equipped in modern style, and here a woman who seeks temporary board and lodging may obtain both. From eighty-five to one hundred guests can be accommodated daily. Since the opening of the Home, 54,000 have been admitted. Of these 18,000 have been teachers, and professionals and business women of every variety make up the total. In connection with the Home, a restaurant serves, upon an average, 314,000 meals a year. These meals are wholesome and inexpensive, and so meet the needs of thousands of women who must practise the strictest economy.

This is but a brief statement of the growth and achievement of the association since it began its career so quietly thirty-one years ago. Every year has given to the Young Women's Christian Association wider opportunities, greater responsibilities and larger vitality. It feels in every part of its great organization, the spirit of the times, with which it keeps abreast, and its aim may be as simply expressed as in those early days. It still seeks to uplift spiritually and to aid materially the working women of New York.

The West Side Settlement is an offshoot of the association, which, although flourishing in quite a different neighborhood, is still an integral part of the work which has its headquarters in Fifteenth street. The Settlement was started in 1891, in a house at 453 West Forty-seventh street. The need of Association work among the children of that densely popula-

A CORNER OF THE MILLINERY CLASS

THE LIBRARY

THE CLASS IN DESIGN

IN THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

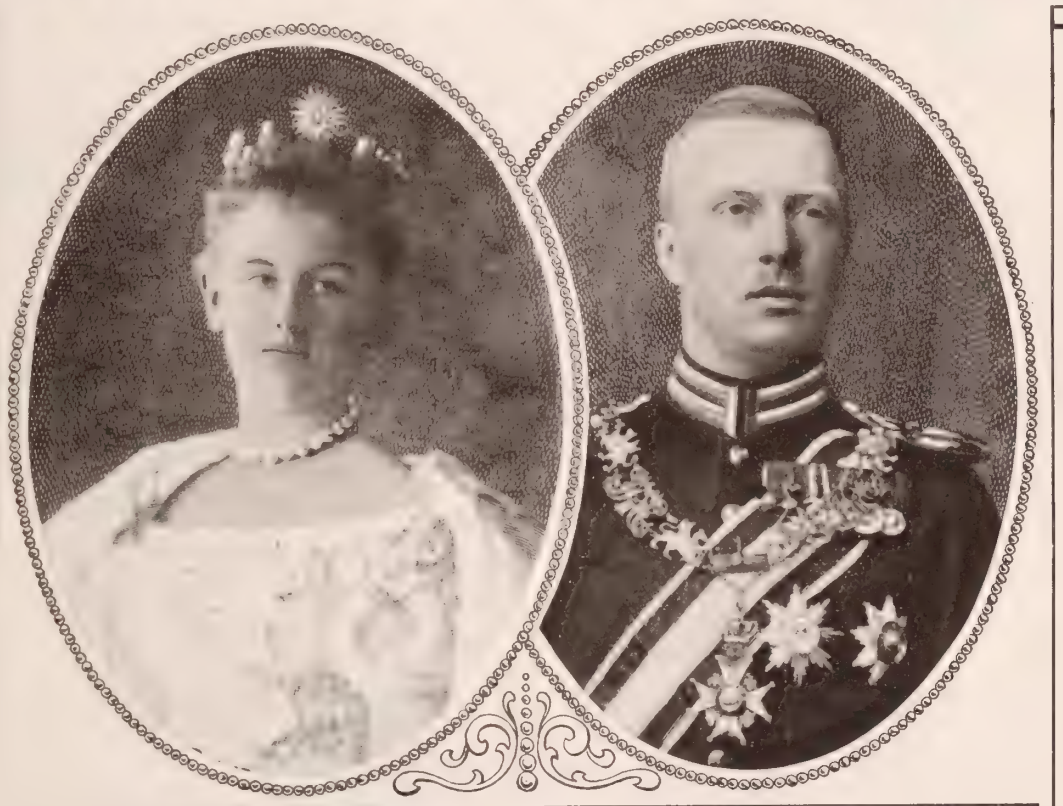
THE ART CLASS AT WORK

IN THE TYPEWRITING CLASS

session could not be ignored, and so an enterprise was begun, which, in the seq[uel], has been greatly blessed. The house in Forty-seventh street has proved too small for the needs of the Settlement, which is to be immediately transferred to a larger and more convenient building at Nos. 458 and 460 West Forty-fourth street. As the association has no endowment, and depends for its revenue upon donations and subscriptions, the purchase of this house entails a heavy burden. It is hoped that at this juncture, the friends of the association may be moved to give some much needed aid.

At the new house will reside the Settlement workers, who, under the direction of a committee of association members, carry on a work of very varied description. A home is provided at low rates for girls earning from $3 to $4 per week. There are millinery, feather-curling and dressmaker's training classes at moderate charges. Additional classes for kindergarten, city history singing, gymnastics, sewing, cooking and wood-carving are maintained, and mothers' receptions are held once a month. The Settlement has a Penny Provident Fund, with 3,448 depositors, and a free circulating library, with 2,257 readers. During the summer, an active fresh air work is carried on. Best of all, it has been clearly demonstrated that the leaven of the Settlement's influence is working for good through the whole neighborhood; that old, as well as young, are being reached, and that a light has been set to burn, where it illumines darkness caused more by ignorance and incapacity than by actual poverty.

THE WEDDING OF QUEEN WILHELMINA



QUEEN WILHELMINA HENRY, PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS

THESE are merry times in Holland, for the echoes of Wilhelmina's wedding bells have hardly died away. Was the sedate Hague ever before so gay with bravery of silken banners, pennants of silver and gold, streamers and festoons of red, and orange and white and blue, as during that joyous first week of February, when the Dutch folk tried to see how happy they could make their little queen and how happy they could be themselves at her marriage fete? Thousands of green arches and green wreaths powdered with snow added to the quaint capital charm. Among green leaves gleamed golden oranges; everybody wore ribbons or rosettes of orange; even honest dogs dragging milk-carts were loyally tricked out in the royal color. Merry-makers kept holiday under flags and arches; choirs of sweet-voiced street singers made melody; where brass bands came along playing the national air, the populace caught it up in chorus. Orange-clad harlequins with tinkling bells, made mirth alike for lowly folk and stately dukes and princes.

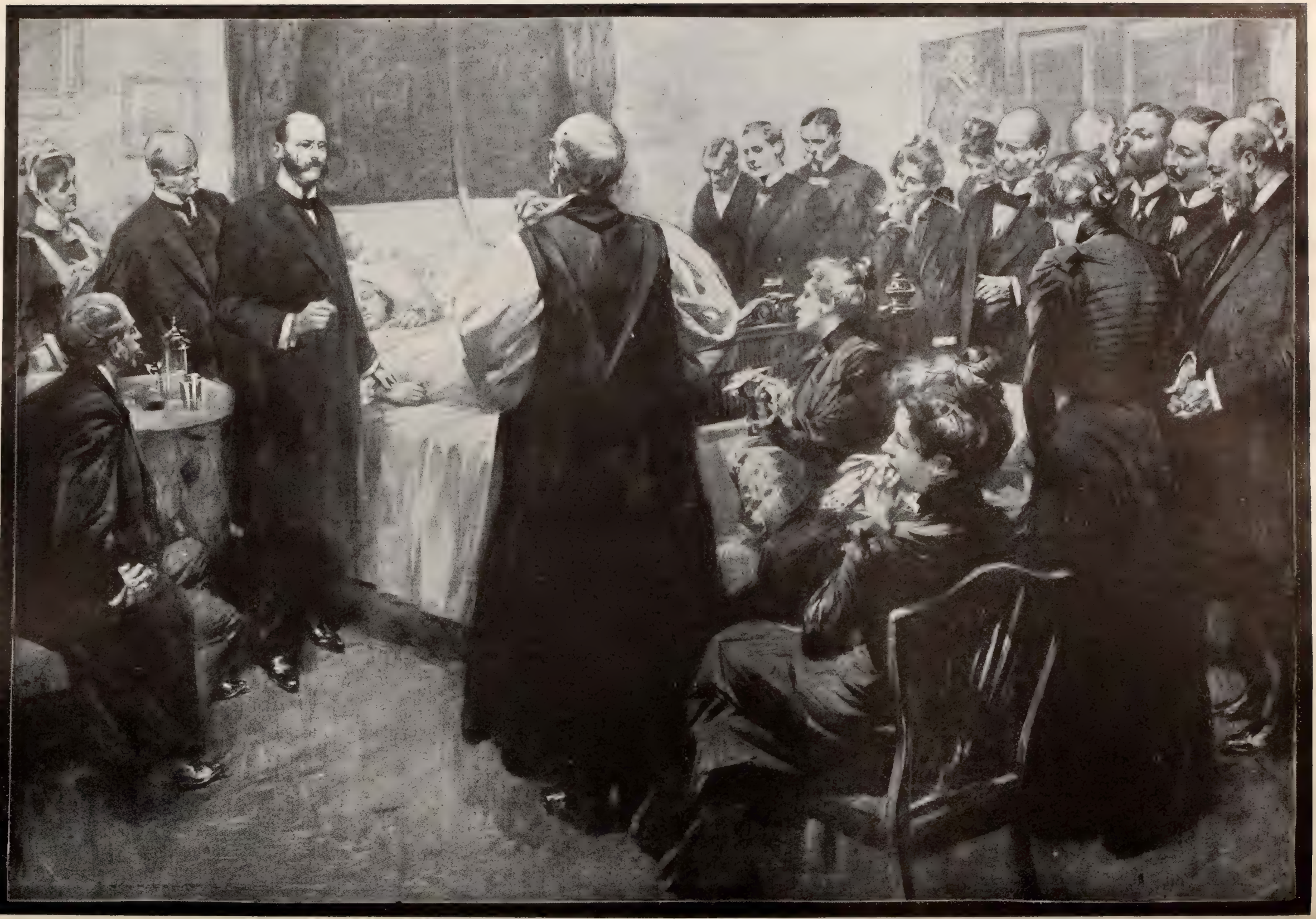
"Occasionally," wrote a visitor at the Hague the day before the marriage, "Queen Wilhelmina and Duke Henry drive past in an open sleighcarriage. Their approach is heralded by mounted officers. Then follows a scene of tumult, men, women and children, most of them in wooden shoes, rushing pell-mell for the line of march. Their clothing gets torn, their hats are lost, and amid a mighty shouting the Queen sweeps by, bowing and laughing." The Queen would not have her good country-folk, who had come from far and near to her wedding, interfered with or kept too strenuously away from her, and the police had little to do.

With her betrothed beside her, Her Majesty reviewed, from the balcony of her old historic palace, a procession of workmen, 4,000 strong. Unbonneted, she stood in the stinging air, a pretty, girlish vision, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, smiling down upon paraders, and the joyous crowd which came trooping after them, holding hands, shouting and laughing like children. Later, the pair drove to Scheveningen, where the fisherfolk, to whom she has shown great generosity and affection, had erected triumphal arches of nets, oars, barrels and other paraphernalia of their calling. Princely representatives of great Powers were at the Hague to do her honor; and rich gifts from emperors, kings and nobles were showered upon the young pair. But the feature of this wedding which one loves most to dwell upon, was the tribute of lowly folk. Neat presents from the people of Holland, gifts showing the handiwork of humble housewives throughout the kingdom, were pouring in for weeks. The civil marriage on the morning of February 7, was followed by the religious ceremony in the old church which the Queen has attended since she was a little girl, and in spite of the splendid company assembled to witness it, it was as simple as that which unites any Dutch maiden to her lover.

It was a beautiful picture when the blue curtains parted, and, preceded by a brilliant procession, the Queen came forth in trailing robes of silver tissue threaded with pearls, her fair head crowned with jewels and orange blossoms, her hands full of flowers. Beside her was her stalwart lover in a Dutch admiral's uniform. A choir of many voices greeted them with, "Blest be your earthly and eternal portion."

When Pastor Van der Vlier joined their hands, he said: "According to the command of God these two shall be one. Only love can form and preserve this tie. If you wish this bond not to be loosened your hearts must be filled with the prayer, 'Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.'" After the service, the pastor, according to custom, presented a Bible to the groom. Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin becomes by the Queen's decree Prince of the Netherlands, holding a seat in the Council of State. He belongs to one of the oldest reigning families of Europe, and at the time of the courtship last summer (a pretty love story of which all the world has heard) he was an attache of the German Court, and an officer of the Life Guards Cavalry, in whose uniform our picture shows him. To marry the Queen, he had to become a naturalized Hollander. At the civil marriage the Justice said to him: "For the love of your bride you have left your land and your people. The loyalty of all our people will be assured to you." To the Queen, he said: "You have seen how all the people, from the youngest child, have given you their homage at your coronation, and you see how they rejoice with you today, praying God that all possible happiness may be your portion. Your happiness will reach further than your household." After the young pair themselves, the two figures of greatest interest at this marriage were the Queen-Mother and Prince Henry's mother, who stood watching with smiles and tears, while their children entered into life's most solemn compact. Wilhelmina's relations with her mother recall those between Victoria and hers, as this marriage recalls Victoria's marriage. May Holland's Prince Consort be as England's was.

Wilhelmina is the "Peace Queen"—the first monarch in whose realm a great Peace Conference was held—and all the nations have reason to wish her joy and peace!



"LEAVE WE NOW THY SERVANT SLEEPING"

[illegible] AND GRANDCHILDREN

Reproduced from "Black and White," London

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Exploring the Bed of the Sea

INTENSE interest has been aroused by the reports of the recent German expedition to the Southern Pacific. Many problems deeply interesting to scientists have been solved and many theories once held and taught have been proved erroneous by actual test. One of these was that animal life ceased at a comparatively small depth, while it is now known that even as far down as four thousand feet the ocean is teeming with life. The *Valdivia*, the German vessel used by the expedition, was equipped with the latest and most approved machinery—a wonderful advance on the instruments used in the *Challenger* expedition, which in its turn was vastly superior to the old dredges. The result has been the discovery of new specimens, both animal and vegetable, that have been the wonder and delight of naturalists everywhere. It was also found that the temperature of the ocean depths is very variable. Sometimes it is warmer down there than in the air above, but more frequently colder. There is also a great difference in the temperature of different seas. The contrivance used for registering the temperature so that the thermometer should not be affected by its passage from the ocean bed to the surface, is very ingenious. The Southern Pacific has now added materially to our knowledge of life on the globe. The discoveries of M. Borchgrevinck, who spent a whole winter in the Antarctic, and of Dr. Gerloche, who was frozen in for several months, which were spent in scientific observation, have rendered the last year of the nineteenth century a memorable one in scientific research. Probably never before has there been so conspicuous a fulfilment of the Psalmist's declaration:

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep (Ps. 107: 23).

A Plague of Spiders

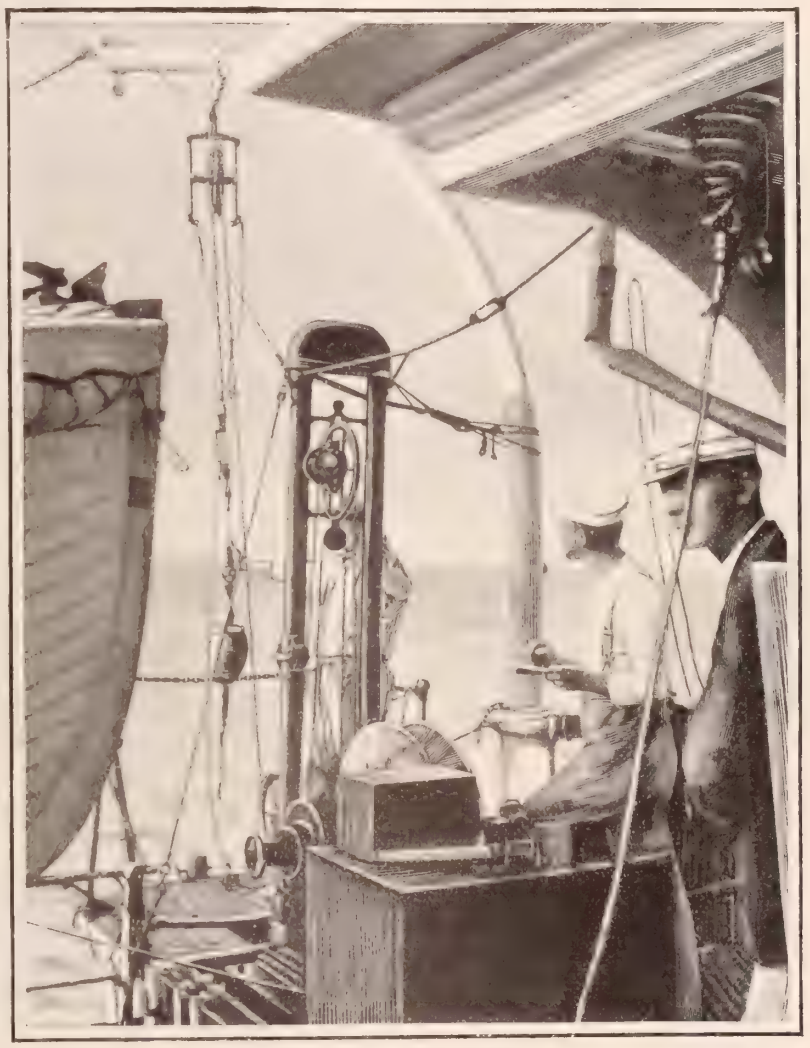
A scientific journal reports that telegraphic communication in the Argentine Republic has been seriously impeded, and at times almost entirely interrupted, by the work of spiders. The spiders spin their webs across the telegraph lines, and as soon as dew falls or a shower comes up, every microscopic thread with which the wires abound becomes wet, and establishes a minute leak. The effect of millions of these leaks is practically to stop the operation of the lines. The government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to much inconvenience. A number of experients have been tried, but to no purpose. On the important line between Buenos Ayres and Rosario the effect of the webs is to cut down the speed of working from three or four hundred messages an hour to thirty. It is believed that the only effectual remedy is to put all the wires underground, which, of course, will involve a heavy expense. It is significant that so small and despised a creature should be able to cause such an interruption to public communication, but small causes often lead to disastrous results. Many a Christian has learned by sad experience that some sin that he regards as trivial, interrupts both his communion with God and his usefulness among men.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth (James 3: 5).

Coffin and Tombstone Ready

A man who died in a village in New York State a few days ago had made unusual preparations for the end of his life. He had never married, and had always lived in a cottage by himself. Twenty years ago, he being then fifty-eight years of age, and in good health, surprised an undertaker by the request that he be measured for his coffin. He was very particular as to the kind of wood to be used, the material for the lining, etc. Eventually it was completed to his satisfaction, and it was set up in his living room and covered with oilcloth. Two years afterwards he made further preparation for the end by ordering a gravestone, a stone coping and a slab for the foot of the grave. His name, the date of his birth, and the inscription in Latin: "He rests in peace," were inscribed on the headstone, with a vacant place for the date of his death. He pledged his friends to use the coffin and gravestone, and they will see that his wish is carried out. The articles have been in his house ever since they were supplied, and must have been a constant reminder to the solitary man of the approaching end of his long life. We may hope that a man who had made such careful provision for his body, had not forgotten the need of preparation for the welfare of his soul. There are only too many who remember the one, which is of little importance, and neglect the latter, which is of infinite moment:

If the spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies (Rom. 8: 11).



DEEP-SEA DREDGING

A Race with Fire

A steamer from Tahiti reached San Francisco on February 6, with a crew on board, who had passed through a thrilling experience. They sailed from Tacoma for Leith, Scotland, with a cargo of wheat on board. They had been out at sea nearly a month, when it was found that the cargo was on fire. The crew worked hard to get it under control, but it had gained too much headway before it was discovered. Then the hatches were battened down, and the captain took an observation to find out the nearest land. To his consternation, he found that there was nothing nearer than Pictairn Island, and that was 2,600 miles away. The vessel was immediately headed for the island, though few on board had any hope of reaching it. Happily, however, the vessel was of steel, and the sailors were set to work stopping every crevice by which the air could reach the fire. The deck became so hot that it was necessary to keep it flooded with water, so that the men could walk on it. Soon the food ran short, for no one could go below to get supplies, because of the intense heat. The crew were put on half rations, and all bent their efforts to increasing the speed of the ship. Toward the end of this awful voyage, which lasted seventeen days, the roar of the flames could be distinctly heard on deck. As the men listened they looked at one another with blanched faces. Never had they been so glad to see the land as they were on the seventeenth morning after the discovery of the fire, when the lookout announced the welcome sight. The vessel was run on the beach, and the crew remained there until the San Francisco steamer arrived and took them on board. Many a man's life resembles that voyage. The forces of evil in his nature keep him in constant danger, and he has to struggle and exercise perpetual vigilance to keep himself from being overcome. Happily, in all such cases, help is assured to him if he will avail himself of it, and he is promised a haven of safety at the end of his course.

He that endureth to the end shall be saved (Matt. 10: 22).

A Village Destroyed

A terrible mining disaster is reported from Mexico. It was in the San Andres silver mine in the Sierra Madres. This is one of the richest silver mines in the country. Though ore worth millions of dollars has already been taken out of it, its value is estimated at more than twenty millions. In one of the subterranean chambers of the mine several hundred cases of dynamite were stored. Through the room ran the electric wires communicating with the hoisting apparatus and the remote parts of the mine. It is supposed that the wires must in some way have crossed, producing sparks which fired the dynamite. Suddenly, without warning, there was an explosion in the dynamite chamber which shook the surrounding country. The village in which many of the miners lived was on the mountain plateau, directly over the mine. It was utterly devastated. Many of the houses were shaken down, while others were crushed by boulders which the shock brought down from the top of the mountain. About one hundred persons lost their lives, many of them being mangled beyond the possibility of recognition. The keeping of the dynamite in a room through which electric wires passed was surely imprudent. An agent so destructive ought always to be kept where no spark can reach it. Moral and spiritual disasters often come from a disregard of such precautions. It is not possible to wholly avoid the temptations which appeal to the evil within the heart, but every one who is conscious of the existence of the evil, should be careful to avoid unnecessary exposure.

Enter not into the path of the wicked and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away (Prov. 4: 14).

An Immigrant's Gratitude

A policeman in New York was surprised last week by his wife informing him that she was an heiress. His post lies near the Battery, and he has been patrolling in that neighborhood for nearly thirty years. Twenty-seven years ago an immigrant bricklayer landed at Castle Garden. He had no friends, and when he left the shelter he asked the policeman to direct him to a boarding-house. He did so, and the next day had further talk with him. He took an interest in the man and obtained employment for him from a builder who was a friend of his own. But the Bricklayers' Union objected to him because he was not a member, so he was discharged. But the policeman secured his election to the Union, paying the fees out of his own pocket. His protegee speedily reimbursed him and seemed grateful. After a time he prospered and went West, and the policeman heard no more of him. Not until last week did he know whether he was alive or dead. Then news came that he had died and had made the policeman's wife his sole heiress. It is not thought that he left a large sum, but he bequeathed her all he had. Evidently the policeman's kindness to him in his need had made a deep impression on his mind. It is not often that such kindness is rewarded in this world, but Christ assured us that when it is done to one of his followers in his name the reward in heaven is sure.

Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward (Mark 9: 41).

BRIEF NOTES

A remarkable work of grace is in progress at Bay City, Mich., following the labors of Dr. L. W. Munhall. At one of the services more than two hundred persons, the majority of them young people, pledged themselves to Christ.

It is reported that Dr. A. C. Dixon who has so long ministered to the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has accepted the pastorate of the Ruggles Street Church, Boston, Mass. His departure will be deeply lamented by the Brooklyn church.

Dr. Teunis Hamilton, of Washington, D.C., has at last had the gratification of dedicating the beautiful Church of the Covenant. The Church has been used for thirteen years, but its dedication was postponed until the debt of $75,000 upon it was removed. The last dollar has now been paid and the church is dedicated.

IN THE LONG WINTER NIGHTS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Boy's Evenings

THE boy whose days are spent in a business office and who comes home tired at night, does not always want to go to an evening school. Yet there is probably no better thing, in view of his promotion and his future, for any lad, than to learn all he can, to improve in his handwriting and arithmetic, and to add to his stock of information. If a boy wishes advancement he will study even if he is tired at the day's end. He may take up French, or German, or Spanish, any one of which languages is very valuable in business in these days, when all countries are held together by commercial intercourse. If the boy does not care for study he may be interested in games, in the reading of stories of adventure and heroism, and in music. A zither, a mandolin, or a banjo, is a very good possession for a boy, even though he does little beyond strumming upon them. The boy who spends his evenings in idling on the street, in hanging around theatre doors, or near saloons, or in low company of any kind, is in great danger of forming associations which will injure his whole life. His familiarity with vice on its edges may easily draw him deeper into the whirlpool. The terrible catastrophes which shock society from time to time, the wreckage of young men who were born to better things, and not handicapped by criminal heredity, are startling flashlights on the amazing and frightful peril of ill-spent evenings.

The country boy and the city boy are equally threatened by the temptations of the tavern and the saloon. Once initiated into the evils which lurk behind the bar, into the profanity and vulgarity there, and into the superficial atmosphere of good fellowship which Satan throws around his victims, the boy's descent is swift and easy.

Fathers and mothers cannot be held guiltless if they do not keep a vigilant eye on their sons after nightfall. The period between fifteen and twenty-one is a trying time for youth, and they do not need so much a tight rein as a nice hand on the bridle. Suggestion is better than command. A dull, dark, gloomy home is so full of lurking seeds of ill, that it is responsible for the downfall of many a boy.

There is another matter, too, on which parents are strangely silent, sheering off from it as though its mere mention were gross and shocking, while yet their boys cannot take up a daily paper, nor walk a city street without having it thrust upon their attention. The relations of the sexes, reverence for the body and for its every function, and the regard for purity which is as incumbent on man as on woman, are seldom spoken of in the home, though parents owe it to their children to give them right training here, just as they do in regard to other matters of morality. The eighth commandment is not more imperiously binding than the seventh, and any infraction of the latter is as sure of immediate penalty and reprisal as of the former. In very early days mothers should explain to their children the laws of the physical life, and fathers owe an obligation to their sons to watch over them carefully, and to give them right principles, and the protection of knowledge before they go out into a world bristling with Apollyon's darts and crowded with his emissaries.

Society, for its own advantage, needs a high standard of ethics among the young. Back of society stands the home. Guardians of the home are the parents. Whatever else they overlook, whatever they bequeath, whatever they endow their children with, let them not fail to bring them up in the fear of God, and in respect for his law.

A boy is educated not by schools and teachers only. And as in many of our schools there is no direct religious training, a boy is often, in this Christian land, allowed to grow up as a pagan. Few sons of Christian homes read the Bible daily as a duty—they read, if at all, the Sunday School lesson; and the Sunday School, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the several brotherhoods, guilds, and leagues do what they can to save the boys. But direct religious training is needed in the home, and some portion of the home evening, if only ten minutes before bedtime, should be devoted to Bible reading and to prayer. It is very hard for a boy to get away from the influence of his mother's prayers. The mother, kneeling at the bedside, the low murmured petition to the present, loving, living Saviour, how much good this does only heaven can tell.

A FAMILY SCHOOL

The children are brothers, sisters and cousins, and they meet every day in Miss Caroline's room, and have school from nine until twelve. Eva and Marguerite are learning to knit, Gerald has a picture book, Teddy is drawing on his slate, and Dorothy has a lesson to learn. Sweet little Angie is doing a sum. All the children are happy and busy, and Miss Caroline tells them stories, and often, after recess, gives them pretty marching exercises, or lets them sing. This is a very lovely family school, and a type of many others in humble homes.

The Lives of the Working People

We cannot shut our eyes to the hardships of many of the working people, nor be blind to the fact that in the immensity of present day competition, women are crowding men out of places the latter once filled. But there will always be plenty of work which women cannot undertake. They will never be soldiers or sailors, nor can they do the roughest and hardest work. They are not yet found working on the railroads in any capacity beyond that of waiting and scrub women. A note of depression is indeed found in the words of some of our prominent leaders, but instead there should be a note of hope, for a better day is coming, and already its dawn brightens the Eastern sky. As we learn to make Christlikeness our desire, and to ask "What would Jesus do?" every day, we shall help to bring in that better time.

Sleeping With the Old

Do not, if you can possibly help yourself, put little Lottie in her grandmother's bed. Old people have lessened vitality. They draw from that of the young. A child who sleeps with an old or feeble person will be pallid and languid. It is best for people to sleep alone, that is, for every young individual to have a bed by him or herself. Two beds or three may be in a nursery if the room be large and well ventilated.

The Birthday Month

February enjoys the rare distinction of having two holidays, each celebrating the birth of a very great man. Lincoln and Washington, two whose names are forever starred with glory, both saw the light first in this hero month.

Our schoolboys cannot do better for themselves than to make a point during February of reading Abraham Lincoln's sublime address at Gettysburg, and George Washington's immortal Farewell Address. American scholars should learn all they can of the sayings and the doings of our magnificent patriots and statesmen.

A Forgiving Spirit

In dealing with the little ones show a forgiving spirit, and aim to keep in the childish minds no smouldering angers. Teach the little ones that to forgive is noble, to revenge an injury most unworthy and mean.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—To My Friends. Please use black ink when you write to Aunt Prudence. Not pale ink, and not a pencil.

—Dot. Mother knows best, dear. Unless she is willing, her little girl must not be escorted by schoolmates to and fro.

—Con Amore. If the customs of the community do not make chaperonage necessary, pray take your own way. But I do not think that in any community, two young unmarried people should go for a twenty mile drive alone in the evening.

SNOWFLAKES

FLYING through the chilly air, whitest fla
and feather,
Building up a stately wall, little flakes
gether,
Never fairyland like this, of the win
weather.

Fields and fences covered up, roofs and w
dows whitened;
All the wood-folk hide away, very cold a
frightened;
When the sun comes out again won't t
world be brightened?

THE ROYAL CORTEGE ON ITS LAST JOURNE

WONDERFUL is the picture of tl
last voyage of the great Quee
lying in state on the deck of t
Alberta, while ten miles of warships, wi
flags draped and solemnly booming gu
form the setting of the pageant. Wond
ful to those who heard it, those funer
marches of the mighty masters, Chop
and Beethoven. And she, who lov
pomp and splendor only as an adjunct
her royalty, and who lay there asleep, u
heeding, like Elaine in her barge, h
strange her silent share in t
great procession. Would for
hour of Tennyson, that a fitti
idyl might have celebrated th
event. He wrote in fitting prop
ecy of the widowed Queen:

The love of all thy sons encompa
thee,
The love of all thy daughters cheri
thee,
The love of all thy people comfo
thee,
Till God's love set thee at his si
again.

At last, the long widowhoo
over, the Queen lies beside th
man whom she loved, whose lo
was boundless and discretion pr
verbial, the Prince Consort, who
all men honored, Albert the Goo

The homes of England ha
ever been celebrated. And n
the least of the great Queen
charms for her English subjec
was the fact that she was a sin
ple matron and mother, a goo
housekeeper, and a home-lovin
woman. It was said that she kne
all the silver and china in the se
eral palaces, so that on certa
occasions, to do honor to certa
visitors, she would personal
order the plate and the porcela
service to be used on her dinn
table. A Queen in the larg
things, she was also a Queen i
the lesser ones.

Why Not?

A Settlement worker asked
young girl why she sat up s
late every night. "Why don
you go to bed early, my dear?
she inquired. "You are worn ou
for lack of sleep."

This was the answer: "Ther
are eleven of us in three rooms
The mattresses are all piled up durin
the day, and I am not strong enough t
pull mine down. I must wait for m
father and mother to do it. Then, ti
we all go to bed, there is so much nois
that nobody can sleep."

Eleven souls and bodies in three tin
tenement rooms! Only one bedstead, an
mattresses on the floor for most of th
family. No wonder the poor girl coul
get no beauty sleep.

The Queen's Gracious Tact

Frequent mention has been made re
cently of Victoria's wonderful tact. Thi
is a talent not to be underrated, either i
royal personages or in common people
Tact means touch. Now, we may touc
our friends gently and caressingly, w
may bring out their good points, an
make them appear at their very best, o
we may brusquely wound their sensibili
ties, hurt their self-love, and send them
from our presence angry and estranged
The Queen's tact was proverbial, and wa
no doubt cultivated, for a modern sover
eign must be affable and amiable to b
popular. Yet she was always every inch
queen, abating no jot of her claims to dig
nity on every suitable occasion.

WASHINGTON'S 169TH BIRTHDAY

How the Nation will Celebrate the Patriotic Holiday

THIS year the people of the United States will celebrate the one hundred and sixty-ninth birthday of George Washington. We begin the twentieth century with an admiration for the Father of Our Country, as deep and as demonstrative as that which ed the national mind at the beginning the last century. Our affection for our ro of heroes is as ardent, our tribute to memory on his birthday as spontaneous as it was in 1876, for instance, when e nation celebrated the centenary of its dependence, and honored the part ashington played in securing that indendence, with a gala function in Philadelphia, of several months' duration.

PRESIDENT WASHINGTON, FROM THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT BY STUART

This year, business will be suspended usual, all over the country; all institutions will enjoy a holiday; countless flags ll be displayed, and all the schools, public and private, will hold patriotic exercises before closing for a holiday lasting m Thursday afternoon, the 21st, till onday the 25th. In the *Manual of atriotism*, compiled by Charles R. Skinr, State Superintendent of Public Inuction, New York, for the use of the blic schools, is a programme to be obved throughout the Empire State. It a most inspiring programme, and is inded to infuse as much of the historic d patriotic as possible, and it is put in ch a form as to appeal to the imagination of the children. Washington and the evolution are made the theme of talks, addesses, composition, recitation and song. ter a short address by the teacher or incipal, patriotic pieces are spoken, otations are repeated in chorus by the hool, and short sketches of Washing-n's life and career are read. Oliver endell Holmes' "Ode for Washington's rthday" is sung by the school, after hich compositions on the Revolutionary period are read. Similar exercises will doubtless be held in the public schools in other States.

Military organizations in every State will parade, with bands playing and "Old Glory" held aloft, followed by speech-making at many an armory in the evening, and at West Point and other military Schools, where the cadets or pupils are not allowed to go home for the holiday. Young and promising orators, inspired by the great career of Washington, are given an opportunity to show their talent, addressing their fellow-students on the subject of The First and Foremost American Citizen. Patriotic societies will hold annual meetings and dinners, paying a thousand tributes with tongue and pen to Washington. Martha Washington Societies will give teas and parties, at which all the guests will appear in colonial costume. New York patriotic societies which will celebrate the day with special meetings are notably these: The Colonial Dames of America; Daughters of the American Revolution; Dames of the Revolution; Sons of the American Revolution; Mount Vernon Ladies' Association (for the care of the Washington estate at Mount Vernon, Va.); Order of Founders and Patriots of America; and the Society of Colonial Wars.

The year 1899 was a Washington Memorium Year, when all kinds of services were held as a solemn and sorrowful tribute to Washington, who died just a century before. This was followed by a year noted for its revival of interest in the places, persons and events of colonial times. The year 1900, indeed, will be remembered as a sort of Washington year. Washington Headquarters in the Eastern States received many unexpected contributions of Washington relics, colonial architecture became the fashion, and Washington's name is the first in the Hall of Fame. He was also brought into many of the successful books of the year as a leading character.

In the planning of the National Capitol by the authority of Congress, President Washington made seventeen reservations of ground of the Capitol, for public uses, the fourth of which was "for a National University." The tract of some twenty acres fronting on the Potomac River, and including a hill ten feet higher than Capitol Hill, and commanding a beautiful prospect, is still available. Washington gave to the United States, in his last will, his shares in the Potomac Company, for which there had been paid $25,000 cash, which amount, had it been properly cared for and compounded as he wished, would have reached to-day over four millions of dollars, but unfortunately from neglect, or bad financial management, this was lost.

Washington was among the first to champion the cause of higher education. Quite recently public attention has been directed to the following clause in his last will and testament:

It has always been a source of serious regret with me to see the youth of the United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own. My mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to affect the measure than the establishment of a university in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talent from all parts thereof may be sent for the completion of education, and where they may be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies, which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country.

Then follows the bequest in question.

Ever since the death of Washington there has been a desire among the most eminent Americans, including nine Presidents of the United States, that the first President's wishes should be carried out. The United States Senate has a permanent standing committee on the subject, which has three times reported favorably, and a National Committee of four hundred eminent citizens, under the chairmanship of Ex-Governor John W. Hoyt, and with Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, at the head of its Executive Council, has determined that the thing shall be accomplished.

HE CAN SAVE THEE

BY MRS. HUDSON MAXIM

(To be Sung to the Hymn Tune "Hold the Fort")

CRYSTAL waters of the Jordan
Bathed the sinless One,
And the voice of God proclaimed Him
His beloved son.

CHORUS.

He can save thee, He can save thee,
O, rebellious soul.
Still the waters of salvation,
Blessed waters roll.

Crystal waters of that fountain,
Banish sin and strife.
They are giving, still are giving,
Everlasting life.

Blessed waters of salvation,
Free as ambient air,
They can cleanse, exalt and save thee,
Banish thy despair.

By that crystal flood perfected,
Freed of every sin,
Then the pearly gates will open
Wide to let thee in.

When last scenes of earth are fading
On the dying eye,
Through the mist will break the vista
To the throne on high.

When the tears of love baptize thee,
For the long good-by,
He alone can save and tell thee
Thou shalt never die.

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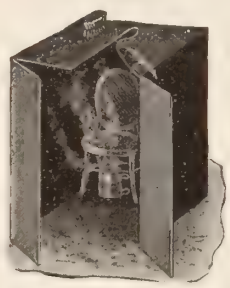

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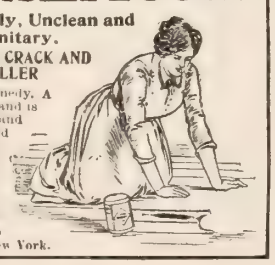

A CLASS OF STUDENTS AT ELKHART INSTITUTE

AMONG THE QUAINT MENNONITES

Missionary and Educational Movements of an Interesting People

FEW religious sects have appeared so little in public print as the Mennonites, although they have been a unique, distinctive force in the world's spiritual life since the days of Luther, of whom Menno Simon, leader of the sect, was a contemporary. They have been in this country since 1683, and there are now some 60,000 of them here, and over 10,000 in Canada. The fact that they are branching out in foreign missionary work (a field in which they have been comparatively inoperative, and their recent activity in India relief—they sent many carloads of corn and much money last summer to India through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD—has awakened interest in many people who seem to have heard little or nothing of them. Through the courtesy of Dr. Dewitt R. Good, of Dale Enterprise, Va., THE CHRISTIAN HERALD presents the following facts, compiled for this paper by Bishop L. J. Heatwole, of the Middle District Virginia Conference.

"Mennonites, previous to the year 1890, had never made public any statement of their work, at which time, reports as to their numbers, doctrines and tenets of faith, were rendered for use by the U. S. Census officials. The custom, from time immemorial, has prevailed among them to go about things in a quiet way, and they have never followed the custom of publishing an account of their work or the number of their communicants. With them the evangelical life is reduced to a principle that requires not only separation but also distinction from the world. With respect to this outward distinctive form—such as the "prayer head-covering" for women and the peculiar regulation dress for men, these people have maintained throughout all their generations the attitude of sober singularity before the world.

The first authentic account of any settlement of Mennonites in America is that of a body of some twenty-five members, who located at Germantown, Pa., October 6, 1683, coming thither from Holstein on the invitation of William Penn. The colony increased rapidly through subsequent immigration, and its members came under the notice of the neighbors as being very simple in their habits and mode of life; as adhering, like the Quakers themselves, to plain, modest apparel; as being slow to abandon the customs of their forefathers, and not readily adopting innovations of any kind. With the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, there were forty-two meeting-houses in Pennsylvania. Congregations are now located in at least twenty-five States, and in the Canadian Provinces.

All Mennonites recognize The Confession of Faith, consisting of eighteen articles, which was framed and adopted April 21, 1632, at the City of Dort, in Holland. In addition to the principles set forth in Baptism and the sacrament of bread and wine, this confession also enjoins the ordinance of Foot-Washing, enjoins marriage only between members of the same faith, prohibits membership in secret organizations, forbids the taking of oaths, and impresses upon Mennonites the doctrine of non-resistance.

The communion is observed twice a year. Every intending participant is carefully examined separately concerning his spiritual standing, before the day appointed for taking the sacrament. Immediately after the communion of bread and wine, comes the ceremony of Foot-Washing. The members of the sexes perform the office among themselves, each in turn washing and wiping the feet of his brother or her sister, and giving at the same time the hand of fellowship and the kiss of peace. Those who perform the duties of the ministry are chosen from the congregation to be served. Should more than one person be placed in nomination by the congregation, a day is appointed to choose by lot one from among the persons nominated. Deacons are chosen in the same manner, and are ordained to care for the poor and the sick, to adjust matters of difference among members, and in the absence of the minister to conduct the service with exhortation and prayer. Bishops are chosen from among the ministers, and are ordained to administer the right of baptism and the communion, to celebrate the rite of matrimony, and to have the pastoral charge of a district in which there are a number of places of worship, and a number of ministers and deacons, all under his direction."

The ministry, except for traveling evangelists, is unsalaried, preachers, deacons and bishops, supporting themselves, as a rule, at their ordinary occupations.

Their first college in this country—Elkhart Institute, Elkhart, Ind.—and the only one in existence among the class of which Bishop Heatwole writes, was incorporated in 1895. Among the growing institutions in the Mennonite Church, probably there is none which has such possibilities for usefulness. The school owns its own buildings and grounds, and has a well-equipped laboratory, a library, and modern facilities and methods of instruction. The Principal, Prof. N. E. Byers, is a graduate of Northwestern University. It is the earnest desire of the management to raise the endowment fund of $4,000 to $50,000 as soon as possible. Eleven States and Canada are represented in the enrollment. The religious influences surrounding the students are very good, and the sisters of the church who are attending the school wear the "prayer head-covering," as shown by the accompanying illustration, at the chapel exercises and at all devotional meetings. The group consists of a number of students, some of whom will graduate at the next commencement.

The recent Doukhobor emigration from Russia to America, will recall our Mennonite influx from that country, which attracted much attention, in 1871-6, when almost an entire remnant of a great company which had fled thither a hundred years before from Austria rather than submit to military impressment, came over to us, driven by the same goad, and settled in Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. It is their doctrine of non-resistance which has brought upon them their most persistent troubles. During the days that followed the Reformation they came under condemnation of Protestant and Roman Catholic rulers alike, for take up arms they would not at any command. No sect, it is said, according to numbers, has suffered so much from persecution or given so many martyrs for its faith. It was this fierce persecution and wholesale slaughter that quenched the missionary spirit which early history shows they exhibited in exceptional degree. Dr. Good has been prominently identified, both here and in Canada, with its modern revival.

Masters of Men

By Morgan Robertson

The story of a man who ran away from a fortune. Contrasting stories of life on a battleship, and the torments of existence on a cargo-boat with a brutal captain. Begins in this week's (February 23) number of

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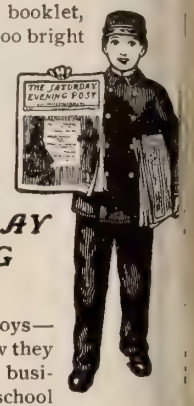

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours. Interesting stories of real business tact.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

From the Minneapolis Journal.

Have you ever stopped to think that the position of a saleswoman in a large dry goods store is a particularly trying one Not to speak of the many unreasonable demands that are made upon her by the public, the physical requirements are considerable. Working long hours, being compelled to stand most of the time, and being expected to look pleasant regardless of suffering which she may be enduring, is it any wonder that the weak, nervous women find it impossible to follow this occupation? Everyone will be interested in the experience of Miss Nellie M. Tomlinson, of 3118 Minnehaha avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., who is a clerk in one of the large dry goods stores of that city. In a recent interview Miss Tomlinson said:

"When I was eight years of age I had the scarlet fever and it left me with weak kidneys and a complication of diseases. I was so nervous that I could not sit quietly in school and would have to go home early every day. Finally I became so bad that I left school and did not go for an entire term. I had headache all the time and was too irritable to talk with any one. The least excitement seemed to make my heart flutter and a fainting spell would follow. At times I became so dizzy that I would have to sit down until the feeling passed away. My blood seemed to have turned to water and I had no color whatever in my face. I was a mere skeleton and had to lie down several times during the day. We called our family doctor and he left medicine, but no better health followed. I then had one of the best physicians in the city, but he did not help me.

"My parents read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in one of our city papers and thought it would be wise for me to give them a trial. I began to get better when I had taken the first box and by the time I had used two and a half boxes I was well. Before I took the pills I could do no work of any kind, but now I can perform with ease my duties as clerk in a dry goods store. I think I was never before so well as I am to-day and it is all due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I have recommended the pills to many of my friends and they are getting the same good results. I will be glad to have what I have said published if it will induce others who are suffering to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and be restored to health as I was."

Signed, NELLIE M. TOMLINSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of December, 1900.

[Seal] *R. M. THOMPSON, Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

NO NIBBLER.

And Fish Knows Good Bait From Poor.

A good old family doctor down in Eden-bur, Miss., says he is not afraid to tell the tru about coffee and its effect on him and the remarkable change produced by leaving off nd taking Postum Food Coffee in its pla.

I used coffee for many years, and says, "Of late years I have been so nervous that I dreled to perform an operation, and my eyesight had bothered me a considerable. I thi about two years ago I first heard of Postum Food Coffee, and gave it a trial. I am ot quick to bite at humbugs, but the chage in my physical condition brought abo by leaving off coffee and taking Postum Fo Coffee was a complete surprise. I began to eat well, sleep well, and in just three mohs my eyesight was restored, my nerves strg, headaches disappeared, and my chronic catrh of thirteen years' standing was entirely overcome with little or no treatment except the ange in coffee.

"I am to-day stout, erect, and weigh 20 pords more than I did before giving up coffe. I have an extensive practice, and have had very satisfactory results among my patints where I have induced them to leave off offee and take Postum in its place.

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"I may interest you to know that we had much the same experience as many others when we first began to prepare Postum. We boiled it in a desultory sort of way for a few minutes and the product was not satisfactory. Turning to the directions we discovered the fault and from that time we have followed those directions, which are simple enough, with the most satisfactory results in point of flavor and food value.

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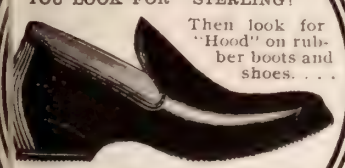

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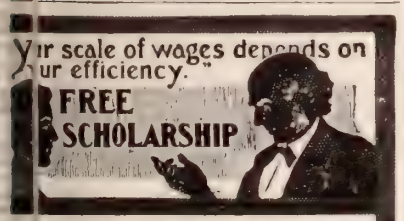

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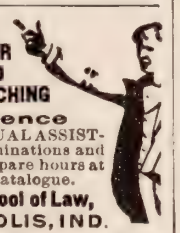

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"Before They Call, I Will Answer"

PASSAGES FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF A CHAPLAIN IN THE PHILIPPINES

WHILE on one of the small islands of the Philippine group, it became necessary for me to go one day, with a guard of eight men, up the coast from our garrison, to learn something regarding the course of a certain river. We had gone across the country in order to reach the mouth of the river, and thus save quite a long tramp. I found, however, it would be necessary to follow the beach back to the post. We were among a people exceedingly warlike, and as the afternoon was quickly passing, it was very necessary that we should lose no time in getting back to the post before the gates of the city were closed and locked. When we had arrived at a point about a mile from our quarters we had to leave the sandy beach and climb over a lot of huge boulders. These continued for quite a distance. Then we found a stretch of mud and mire. Being soldiers who had learned to stop for nothing in our pursuit of Filipino insurgents, a little mud—though nearly to our knees—was not going to stop us. So we pressed on in the direction in which we knew our quarters to be. We soon found, however, that our progress was becoming slow. Then we became aware of the fact that we were really lost—nothing but a long stretch of mud and mire, getting deeper and stickier before us, a long stretch of mud and mire behind us—and evening and darkness coming on.

Some of the men were beginning to murmur a little, not knowing what the end might be. We were lost. What could I do? The answer came clearly: "Pray;" and I prayed. And immediately I knew I had been heard and that a way would be pointed out to me to lead my men. Suddenly a voice seemed to say: "Go right forward." I led in that direction, but the way seemed to grow worse. After ten minutes or so I again seemed to hear a voice, this time saying: "Now to the right." I looked and lo! a cocoa-nut grove a short distance away, telling me of the mainland—and more, the roof of a nipa hut! We were all right. In a very few minutes I had led my men on to the solid ground, and we were making our way through the cocoa-nuts and garden patches to the road.

We reached the city just as the gates were about to be closed. Surely God had heard and answered prayer.

One day, while busy with the duties of the post, word was brought to us that some of us were to be permitted to return, at least for a visit, to the home-land. The reader can imagine, perhaps, what such news meant to the men who had been long separated from loved ones, and who were even then nearly ten thousand miles away. Men who had seen hard service in post, trench, hospital, and on battlefield.

I found that my name was on the list. Karl Dent found his name there. Soon after he made the discovery he sought my quarters. He was a happy young man. We were happy to know that we were to go home at the same time. In the course of his rejoicing, Karl said to me:

"Chaplain, don't you want a permanent orderly for the trip?"

"Yes, Karl, I do," I replied.

"Then I apply for the position, chaplain," said he with a smile that had a wink in it.

"You're just the man I want, Karl," was my prompt answer. I was delighted at the boy's proposal, and began at once to make the arrangements necessary to secure his services.

After we left the small island on which we had been stationed, our transport touched at several ports to gather up men who, like us, had received word of their home-going. We stopped at Cebu Island. While there I found it necessary to go to a city down the coast from Cebu City. I of course took Karl with me.

We went in a small launch. The trip down was pleasant, but on the return we encountered a heavy sea and a very stiff gale. We rolled about considerably. By the time we were off Talisay Point we were having a wild time of it, and when within sight of the city of Cebu, at a point where the storm seemed to rage the very hardest, our engines broke down. We had no sails. The anchor was dropped, and fortunately held. What were we to do? The launch was rolling around so wildly it seemed certain our anchor chain would break or the anchor drag. The whistle was vigorously blown. The flag was run up reversed. The schooner we had been towing was cut loose. Some of our men were becoming frightened. Clothes were being hurriedly pulled off. It did look as though we were to be lost.

During all the excitement and distress, Karl stood at my side. He was calm and fearless. I was praying. I think Karl knew it. As I prayed a deep sense of relief came over me. I knew I had been heard, and that we would be rescued from our perilous condition. I turned to Karl. "It's all right, Karl," said I, "relief will come." The words had hardly been spoken when, as the bow of our launch dipped, there was brought to our view another launch from one of our cruisers, headed directly for us. Relief had come. Karl looked me full in the face. The very look told me that he knew it was an answer to prayer. Surely before I had called He had answered.

We were going through the Inland Sea in Japan. The weather had been threatening for a day or two. It looked dark ahead. The pilot whom we had taken on board was of the opinion that a typhoon was raging outside, and that we would run into a storm. Shortly before noon we did so, and were compelled to anchor. It was wild for a time. How long we would have to remain at anchor we could not tell. I knew how uneasy every delay made the men feel, and this, added to my anxiety to reach home as soon as possible, and knowing we had a long journey even if the weather were fair, led me to pray that we might soon be permitted to resume our journey. The answer that came to my prayer seemed to indicate the middle of the afternoon as the time for a clear-away of the storm.

Karl came to me.

"How soon are we going, chaplain?" he asked, in a quiet way.

"About three o'clock, Karl," was my answer, and he saw that I felt convinced of it.

By three o'clock the storm had passed, all was clear before us and the orders were given to hoist anchor and go. As Karl and I stood at the rail watching the crew at work and enjoying the scenery that had been hidden before because of the storm, he turned to me and said:

"Chaplain, did you have something to do with bringing this bright weather?"

I knew that this was but another way of asking me if I had been praying.

"May be, Karl," I answered. He knew from the look I gave him that I had prayed.

"I thought so," he replied, and the moments of quiet that followed as we stood side by side at the rail, made me know that God was speaking to the boy.

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The Astors and our wealthiest families have made their money from the increase in value of real estate. You can prove this point if you will take the pains to look it up. New York City property has increased in value more than that of any other place because of its enormous growth in population, and this growth of values and population is still going on. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bridge, trolley and elevated, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklynward. The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that section that New York can grow—please note that point as it is the keynote to the situation. The influx of people into Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost 20 to 40 times the money—note that point carefully, it is absolutely true.

Listen to Our Story. It is our business to study conditions existing or possible in the various cities of the United States, and we have aided in the development of 25 different cities. After 12 years' careful study in New York without purchasing, in 1898 we saw the trend of affairs, and before the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn we bought over 1,100 acres of the choicest land in Brooklyn, and which is now in the heart of that Borough. This land is only 3 1-2 miles from Brooklyn Bridge and is only 35 minutes from New York City Hall. We have over $2,000,000 invested in this land and are making it one of the most beautiful spots of New York. The growth of the city, together with our improvements, have increased the value of the property over 25 per cent. since a year ago, and we feel so sure that the increase will be at least the same, that we think there is no risk in guaranteeing it.

Listen to Our Proposition. Our property is improved in exact accordance with City Specifications. Streets 60, 80 and 100 feet wide, built to City grade, bordered on each side by 5 feet granolithic cementine sidewalks, flower beds and shrubbery, city water, gas, etc., all at our expense. For $10 down and $1.50 per week or $6.00 per month we sell you a regular New York City lot, subject to the following guarantees from us.

If at the expiration of the year 1901 this lot is not worth $500.00 we will refund all of the money you have paid us with 6 per cent. interest additional.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost.

If you should get out of employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. of New York.

Note Our References. The Commercial Agencies, 20 National Banks and 30,000 customers all over the United States.

You will note three distinct points of advantage in this proposition. First—it is a Life Insurance for your family. Second—it enables you to pay in small sums as you would in your savings bank and cannot cramp you, and Third—it enables you to participate in the great growth of values in New York real estate which are due to natural conditions, and furthermore the three advantages are absolutely without risk.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK. As a further guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation, or ***in case you buy*** to credit cost of the trip to you as a credit on your purchase. We would advise you if you are satisfied to send first payment $10 in cash at our risk immediately, and we will select the very best lot for you. Or if you desire further particulars to write immediately for maps, details and information. It will cost you nothing to find out and thoroughly satisfy yourself—we solicit closest investigation. References by hundreds—our reputation is national.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Reason and Faith*

THIS is a book for an Age of Reason in the true sense. Its purpose is a very serious and practical one. It deals with difficulties that stumble faith and fling multitudes either into infidelity or Universalism. It is evidently the work of a man who has been tossed hard on deadly reefs and, having escaped, would help others in like case. It is a book for the man who has not found standing ground for a rational faith for himself or who has to deal with others in like straits. We do not know a book that would be more helpful to a young minister going out to his work in a world that was never fuller of perils to faith than at this moment.

It states in startling fashion at the outset the atheistic argument from the ravages of evil in the universe. So powerful is this chapter that we would advise no one to read it unless he is determined to read the whole book. Then follows the Theistic solution of the problem of evil, clear and convincing. Redemption from experienced evil establishes the soul in the highest conceivable estate of finite moral and spiritual grandeur. Then follows an exceedingly satisfactory outline of the rational grounds of the Christian faith. The chapter on Miracles leaves the reader with no doubt that any conviction of a wise and able God who cares for human race needing certainty of him, will authenticate his revelation by Miracle. The Miracle is reasonable. A masterly discussion of the relation of Repentance to Justification shows how real repentance breaks the guilty identity and makes impossible to ideal justice the infliction of the penalty of yesterday's sin upon the soul which by repentance has become no more of the realm of yesterday's moral estate. The contrast is strongly drawn between human and divine or ideal justice. The former must act by record because it has not insight, the latter by insight and not by record at all. No record of a repented past represents at all present actual character and desert, which are the only things that can come into judgment before the tribunal of the final Judge. "Repentance is at once quittal and acquittal."

Chapters follow on how we do actually come to believe in God and what must reasonably result from such belief, which are full of practical cogency. That the Bible is a book for all ages and stages of intellectual and moral development is admirably insisted on as proof of its more than human origin, in one chapter. In another the absolute unity of all bodies of evangelical Christians in the common faith of all the essentials of revelation gives corroboration to the soundness of the reason for faith in those essentials. Another chapter on the practical test of actual experiment by individuals and races is a triumphal march from first to last, while the final chapter, on the rights and function of reason establishing faith in command of the life, is a complete refutation of all charges that our Christian faith is either blind or unreasoning. We regret that the author did not insert a chapter on the reasonableness of belief in immortality, and that he did not sum up his book and clinch his argument by setting forth the array of Christian forces with which all the civilized races of men are entering the twentieth century. We rise from the perusal of this book with the conviction which the New York *Evangelist* expresses: "Every Christian will want to read it." We heartily agree with what we saw from the pen of a cultivated business man of Chicago: "I do not remember that I have ever read an equal number of sermons with so much interest and profit. They have given me keenest intellectual enjoyment. I shall re-read them. The themes are too broad and high to be compassed at a single reading. All the topics are discussed with convincing force, indeed so satisfactorily that scarce a half dozen sentences challenge my questioning. The style is *sui generis*, terse and withy. While the general level of thought is lofty and commanding, there are passages of almost unequalled grandeur and splendor, of such tremendous power and infinite sweep that the thought even of the trained Christian can scarcely follow. The themes are great, and it is enough to say that the thought and its dress are worthy of the themes. It is a grand book, and it will be strange if it does not make for itself a place in the thoughtful world—and keep it." THE CHRISTIAN HERALD agrees with that business man.

**Reason and Faith*, by A. S. Fiske, D.D. Price $1. Published by the Neale Company, 431 Eleventh street, Washington, D. C.

"Dr. Dale"

THE scene of this remarkable story, by Marion Harland, and Albert Payson Terhune, is laid in the oil lands of western Pennsylvania, a region until now strangely overlooked by American novelists. The public a-weary of novels which enfold problems as sugarplums encase pills, will enjoy a powerful, vivid, realistic story that deals with no abstruse enigma beyond the old, sad puzzle of love, labor, sin and suffering. The movement, quietly sustained in the earlier chapters, rises artistically to a thrilling climax as the tale goes on. It is not only strongly, but closely and most deftly woven throughout. Not an incident is without bearing upon the plot; there are no loose threads or floating ends.

Marion Harland has never done a better piece of work, and the strong hand and lively imagination of her collaborator infuse virile power into certain passages and chapters. As the first instance in the history of literature in which mother and son have written a book in partnership, *Dr. Dale* is worthy of note. It is more extraordinary that the result should be so masterly a production. Although for the first time mother and son appear as collaborators, this is not the first collaboration of Marion Harland and her son, Albert Payson Terhune, as readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will remember. When Marion Harland, in 1893, journeyed through the Holy Land (whence she wrote exclusively for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the fascinating series of articles afterward published in book form under the title of "The Home of the Bible"), her son was her fellow traveler, and helped largely in collecting and preparing the material for the articles. As the first coauthorship of this mother and son was thus formed, our readers will be especially interested in their second venture in the literary field.

Dr. Dale is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is absorbingly interesting and teaches a strong, unmistakable lesson in temperance and in practical religion. The book, although very recently published, has already exhausted its fourth edition. Here is a spirited bit of description drawn from life, of the opening of an oil-well, supposed to be exhausted:

Then, a second column shot through the floor of the derrick, half-way to the top, black as tar-mud, sand, stones, the fragments of dynamite cans, and through the pitchy column, a lurid, greenish stream that reached the apex of the tower, and before the spectators could exclaim, like seven thunders uttering their voices, a tremendous volume of gas, imprisoned from the foundation of the world, tore its way upward, enveloping derrick and tank, and hiding the light of day from the awe-stricken beholders below the hill.

Another minute, and it had cleared away, revealing a perpendicular shaft that glowed like burnished gold in the sun. Eighty feet high it mounted, curling, as it struck the crown-pulley at the top of the derrick, and shivering into amber spray, raining down upon the slopes on every side of the well. With the shout of a mountain torrent it rushed up, a solid pillar of rock-oil, to break and flow—Pactolus swollen into Amazon—into the prepared moat.

The commotion that ensued is not to be described in written language. The air was darkened by hats, caps, handkerchiefs, canes and shawls tossed high above the heads of

(Continued on page 171)

"SWEET" EATERS.
Way to Correct Children's Taste.

Sometimes children become willful at refuse nourishing food, demanding sw candy, ice cream, etc., much to their ment. It is a great help in such cases to a food that is naturally sweet and attrac A case in Phila. will illustrate.

The daughter of Mrs. M. E. Searles, l at 1330 Mifflin St., was a delicate child infancy and had been indulged in r things. She gradually got thinner and fretful daily, refusing food other than sw etc., finally contracting whooping cough w undermined her health to such an extent her attending physicians agreed that cough had developed into bronchial cat and that only a short time would ensue fore consumption would relieve her suffe

In despair, the child's aunt was sent and knowing the wonderful nutritive val Grape-Nuts food, she prepared some an duced the little one to eat it. At the taste she said: "Oh auntie, this is so ni want some more." From that time the acquired an appetite and began to imp She was fed on Grape-Nuts steadily now she is a perfectly healthy, strong c attends the Girls' Grammar School, and bright and apt pupil.

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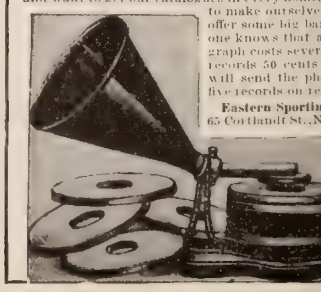

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Continued from Preceding Page

n and women in the intoxication of delight. Te bellow from human throats arose above th shout of the geyser. Men cast themselves u on one another's necks, weeping and laughi; the piercing hurrahs of women's and boys' voes cut the body of sound like knives; terified babies screamed; a cordon of police wged itself between the base of the hill a the excited masses that tried to get nearer the moat. Beyond all, the graded eminence ase like a gilded dome, so continuous and lrous was the rush of oil into the vast trch prepared to receive it.

. . .

he reopening of "The Ruth" turned a new a garish page in the history of the oil indtry. As the winds from all quarters of the hvens rush into the vacuum made by flame, th wild-fire of excitement of that memorable d brought a flight of adventurers from ery point of the compass into the valley wre oil flowed as a river. Town lots were sd at gilt-edged prices; architects and contrtors labored, day and night, upon specifitions; new gin-mills flew the devil's flag a dozen corners; blacklegs and chemical bdes drove their accursed trades with the guble and the vicious, whose left hands spdily squandered the money made by the rt. The money-making fever rioted in the vs of the tramp population until all sense of onesty and decency went to the dogs, and nally the victims of the craze followed it.

ohn Bell, the "live" young minister, o of the heroes of the book, finds his wk increased a hundredfold by the "oom."

The plait between his level brows was oner and longer there than Myrtle or Rh liked to see. He was away from hhe a great deal nowadays, and frqntly out late at night. Sometimes Sdy McAlpin or Carl Nolting accomplied him. Sometimes, but more rarely, L Dale or Ralph Folger shared his beat origil. Generally, he walked alone, fearlely, although known by his height and fire to every rough who had been two ds in town. He had been seen to enter th Oilman's Rest at one o'clock in the mning and to come out, half carrying, hf leading a man who could not walk. Hbeat up recruits for the baseball nine; fo the newly organized Choral Union; fo the Bachelors' Club; for Sunday Sool and the Men's Bible Class taught bhimself. He visited drunken husbands, a talked with wives driven desperate bthe cruelty of husbands; he and his coworkers gathered homeless children a vagrant women from the streets, and gve them shelter and food and a chance tdet back to safety and friends.

andy McAlpin told Ruth Folger, in o of the conferences over the "Inasmuch Lrary," to which she summoned him n oftener than of yore, that "one line o a hymn was aye singing itself in his hd whenever he spied the Dominie nking his rounds:

"Seeking to save! seeking to save!"

"Ruth"*

THIS book is a delightful study of one of the most exquisite bits of literature in the world. Its author has gotten into the very atmosphere of this beautiful idyl of the olden time. H sees Bethlehem and the mountains a ancient cities of Moab; sees Elimelea and Naomi, Mahlon and Chilion, Oah and Ruth; Boaz, the bluff and hrty, the true and godly; the workmen a the fields in the sunlight of their tes, as they basked in it and wrought a suffered and rejoiced. And he gives h readers the vision. No more sympathtic and chivalric interpreter and champ of the sweet "Rose of Moab" has e appeared, or of the chastened but slewd nobleness of Naomi, or of the admable Boaz. With the strokes of a nster he sets out the perilous venture of dparture from the sacred land and the fobidden heathen marriages, the pathos othe death-stricken family beside their gves in Moab, the heart-rending picture oNaomi's departure and dismissal of her dghters-in-law; the weeping figure of Oah as she passes alone out of sight a out of history to her mother and her gls, and that marvelous scene of Ruth's incible devotion: "Entreat me not to leve thee!" The lofty and bitter pathos of Naomi's reply to the questions of the women of Bethlehem; the pastoral pictures of the gleaner and the owner, and the men and the mid-day meal; the threshing-floor and the night of the winnowing; the marriage, the motherhood, Naomi with the babe in her arms receiving the congratulations of the women—it is a perfect story, in its swift, pure and lofty action.

Its treatment in this book is nigh the ideal for the manner in which these wonderful stories and characters of the Old Testament should be handled. Seductive excursions all along lead off in delicious bye-paths, as when he discusses second marriages, or the jibes at mothers-in-law, or draws lessons of the grace of adversity and the glory of sorrow; or from the delightful relations between Boaz and his men, defines the everlasting equities of labor and capital; or draws the contrast between impulse and steadfastness from Orpah's impulsive kiss and Ruth's invincible adhesion; or from the whole story evolves a mighty sermon on the "Redeeming Power of Human Affection." This *Ruth* of Dr. Fiske is an altogether admirable and fascinating masterpiece in its line. It will quicken interest in and enthusiasm for not only this particular piece of Old Testament Oriental literature, but for many another gem which glows serene in either Testament.

*Ruth, by A. S. Fiske, D.D.; pp. 172; price $1. Nile & Co., Eleventh street, Washington, D. C., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Merry Little Visit With Auntie. By Mary D. Brine, author of *Sunny Hours.* Illustrated. This is a charming story for little girls; and little boys might like it very well, too. Pp. 94. American Tract Society, New York.

Environment. By James G. K. McClure, President of Lake Forest University, author of *Possibilities, The Great Appeal,* etc. This is a most practical and helpful essay upon a subject of vital interest to every one. Pp. 39; price 25c. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York City.

For Hearts That Hope. By James G. K. McClure, author of *Encouragement,* etc. The author says that in this message he "attempts such a statement of the nature of Heaven as is clearly warranted by the teachings of the Bible." Pp. 51. Price, 25 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Bulwarks of the Faith. By James M. Gray, D.D. A brief and popular treatise on the evidences of Christianity, or the authenticity, truth and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, arranged with questions for use in Bible Institutes and Training Schools. Pp. 163. Price, $1. Christian Alliance Publishing Company, New York.

Chicago, Satan's Sanctum. By L. O. Curon. A book like this would be heart-breaking to the Christian reader if it were not for the reflection that there is a side, a bright side, to the great city's life which has not been given by the author. If knowledge of evil leads to its correction, then this volume should be read. Pp. 232; published by C. D. Phillips & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Old Lanterns for Present Paths. By Francis E. Clark, D.D., President United Society Christian Endeavor. The "messages for young lives" contained in this booklet, must be of great help to modest, timid, shrinking youth, which yearns to become bold, uncompromising and fearless in the Master's service. Pp. 45. Published by United Society Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago.

Unto Him. By John H. Vincent. Bishop Vincent's name as author is strong enough recommendation of any book. The present dainty volume, belonging to Revell's "Ideal Series" of booklets, is prefaced with a brief description of the nature and uses of Chautauqua's new building, the "Aula Christi," or "Hall of Christ," which is to be "a memorial unto Him." Pp. 31. Price, 25 cents. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Class and Desk. A manual for Sunday School teachers. By Rev. James Comper Gray and Charles Stokes Carey. Although this volume is intended primarily for the use of Sunday School teachers, it may be of service to heads of families who will find it a pleasant exercise to use the lessons among their children. Its suggestions may be helpful, also, as material for addresses and sermons. Pp. 293. Price, 50 cents American Tract Society, New York.

The Silent Prince. A story of the Netherlands. By Hattie Arnold Clark. William of Orange; the Huguenot preacher Francis Junius, otherwise Prince of Aremburg; Margaret of Parma, the cruel and bigoted regent, are among the historic characters who figure in this thrilling story of times when the reformed religion, driven from Spain, was struggling for existence in the Netherlands. Pp. 279. Illustrated. American Tract Society, New York.

Would Christ Belong to a Labor Union, or Henry Fielding's Dream. By Cortland Myers, D.D., author of *Midnight in a Great City,* etc. The story for this book is a story, which the author says is not all fiction—opens with a brave, stirring, but conservative sermon, of which the question forming the title of the book forms the theme. If there were nothing else of interest in the book, that sermon would make it worth a reading. Pp. 216. Publishers, Street & Smith, New York.

Moosiva and Others of the Boundaries. By W. A. Fraser. Illustrated by Arthur Heming. These stories of the "furred folk" of our Northern forests—the moose, bear, fox, wolf, otter, hare, beaver and all their four-footed company—will be the delight of many a boy and girl. What Rudyard Kipling and his illustrator did in *Jungle Tales* to bring the inhabitants of Eastern forests in entertaining guise before readers, young and old, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Heming have done in this most fascinating volume. Pp. 261. Price, $2. Publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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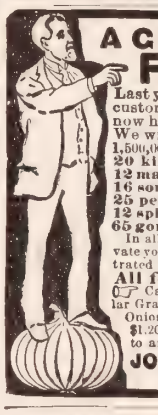

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HOW HE FOUND CHRIST

Professor Amos R. Wells Tells the Story of his Spiritual Experience

THE pen is not only mightier than the sword, it is mightier than eloquence, and more enduring than the tones of the human voice. Job knew long ago that the man who was to make his mark in the world must write things down. When he longed for an iron pen, and a chance to scratch his testimony on the rocks for a manuscript, it is because he felt that what he said could not endure in comparison with the written word.

PROF. AMOS R. WELLS

In that remarkable group of vigorous young spirits that have been the guiding brains and hearts of the world-wide Christian Endeavor movement, none perhaps have written themselves down more permanently in the life of the time, and have done more to mold and fashion the religious spirit of that mighty movement than Professor Amos R. Wells, who sits with his hand on the managing helm of the journal that speaks not only officially, but inspirationally to the vast hosts of Christian Endeavor. Amos Wells was brought up under influences which turned him early into theoretical Christianity. Looking back over it, he is now of the opinion that for a number of years before he made a public confession of Christ, and united with the church, he was, nevertheless, a Christian, though in a formal and unenthusiastic sort of way. For some years he took part in the prayer-meeting of the Presbyterian Church where he attended, and taught in its Sunday School, also conducting religious exercises in the college where he was a Professor, but had not yet united with the church.

Professor Wells' college associations had had the effect of inspiring in him a strong inclination toward the Unitarian belief, and made it necessary for him to fight every inch of his way back to the orthodox position. He was especially helped, first, by Mark Hopkins's *Evidences of Christianity*, a book that has fought the battle for more than one scholarly young man, who has found himself befogged by the sophistries of purely intellectual reasoners. Later, young Wells got great help from Professor Fisher's *Short Manual of Christian Evidences*. None of these things, however, brought him into the church, and he did not unite with the church until he was forced to do so by the logic of circumstances, through his work in the Christian Endeavor Society. He joined the Endeavor Society in the Presbyterian Church which he was attending, and soon after was invited to speak at the State Christian Endeavor Convention.

In that convention a great deal was said about church membership. It was very strongly emphasized that a man who loved Christ, and relied upon him for salvation, was under obligations to Christ to make his friendship open and public, so that Christ's kingdom might have the benefit of it. It was also urged that every follower of Christ owed it to other Christians who were members of the church, and were carrying Christ's colors to the front, daring all opposition, to come out openly on the Lord's side, and stand bravely with the other soldiers of Jesus. It was still further insisted upon, that every Christian man owed the unconverted man, who knew not Christ, the influence and example of a public testimony for Jesus.

All this had a very strong influence on Professor Wells, and he clearly saw the inconsistencies of his position. When the next year's State Convention came around he was asked to speak again, and made up his mind that he could not go to another Christian Endeavor Convention as a non-church member. It was an embarrassing thing to join the church now, after going on so long, taking part in the meetings, and acting in the same way as he would have done if he had been a member of the church. But he saw that when you have once put yourself in a wrong position there is only one way to cut yourself out, that is to do the right thing that stands before you. And so that Presbyterian Church, which had become accustomed to Professor Wells as one of its most active Christian Endeavor workers, was greatly astonished when he joined the church. Professor Wells says: "I have never failed since then to confess my error in not taking this step earlier, and to urge upon young Christians the impossibility of a real Christian life apart from church membership."

God's promise is that if we are planted in the gardens of the Lord we shall flourish there. We ought to put ourselves in such a relation to God, to other Christians, and to the unconverted world, that we shall have the very best possible opportunity, not only to grow in grace ourselves, but to make our lives influential with others, to attract them to the Christian Church.

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

Florida Needs Evangelists

Mr. W. B. L., of Orlando, Fla., writes:

Dear Editor—I have just finished reading in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD "A Town Taken for Christ." The thought came to me immediately, "Why cannot our spiritually dead town be revived by similar means?" The answer as quick came, "It requires money to employ the evangelist and his singing helper, and we cannot raise the money." Since the destructive freeze of 1894, we have been barely able to live, and are just now beginning to see a brighter future in financial matters, and there is evidence of greater spiritual interest in our churches. Then the question suggested itself, "Will not our more fortunate brothers of the North be glad to lend to the Lord, by sending help to us and other towns in Florida in the shape of a tried evangelist and a singing helper, who would be benefited in health by a few months in Florida, and with God's blessing turn many from death to life, who, perhaps, are just waiting for such an occasion as such a visit would bring?" Our towns are now flush with Northern visitors, who are resting and recruiting for a few weeks, and have, and will take, more time to listen to the Heavenly Message perhaps than they are likely to do when they return to their places of business at home.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY

LORD, I have often asked
Strength for a year;
I wanted all the mists
To disappear,
That I might see my way
And walk therein;
And gird myself with strength
The fight to win,
The summer and the winter
Spread before,
Nor be afraid to climb
The mountains o'er.

But now I am
A little child again,
Fearing the darkness,
And afraid of pain.
A year is long;
I am content with days;
I want the Lord to govern
All my ways.
What he shall give me
Is enough for me;
I know that as my day
My strength shall be.

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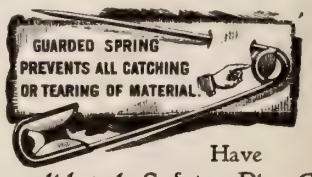

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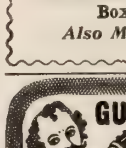
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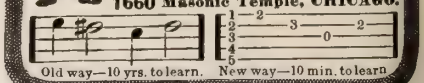

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No Name	1 00
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roposed Y. M. C. A. "Health Farm"

X-GOVERNOR ALVA ADAMS, of Colorado, sends the following with reference to the philanthropic roject of the Denver Y. M. C. A.:

PUEBLO, COLO., Feb. 1, 1901.

ditor The Christian Herald:

MY DEAR SIR:—I note with pleasure the ige you give in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Jan. 23, 1901, to "Colorado's Ministry to e Sick." The suggestion of Mr. Danner, e Colorado Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at a Health Farm be established in Colorab, is an inspiration. It means health and nployment to the many who have been uched by the great American scourge, conmption. Colorado's climate is an absolute nacea for incipient lung disease, and promes many years of usefulness to those upon hom disease has so encroached as to leave it a few months of life if they remain in the ast. When a young man finds himself ricken, he turns toward the high, dry aludes of the mid-continent, there only is hope r him. He will take desperate chances—azard comfort and livelihood—to reach this nd of health. We cannot blame him—"for hat will a man not give for his health." The sult is that our streets are filled with delicate oung men and women seeking employment any rate of wages that will pay their minium expenses. It takes independence, and read and butter and shelter as well as climate restore health.

Colorado is and will continue to be the lecca of these unfortunate invalids, but unss they can have a home of reasonable comort, some method by which they can sustain emselves, their cases will be as hopeless here s in their Eastern homes. Mr. Danner's scheme will provide this work, this independence, this needed home. I know of no philanthropy that will aid so many worthy people. It will ransom thousands of broken, hopeless lives and give them the benefit of the sunshine, pure air and ozone which the Almighty pours over the mountains and plains of Colorado for the healing of the nations. How I envy the millionaire, who, without depriving himself, can take advantage of this opportunity of doing good. It is the best investment I know.

ALVA ADAMS.

Found Christ in the Bowery Mission

The converts of the Bowery Mission are found in almost all lands. A letter from London, just received, gives this interesting experience, which will be read with pleasure by all who are engaged in spiritual work:

LONDON, ENGLAND, Jan. 21, 1901.

Dear Dr. Klopsch:—I wish to thank you (I should have done so long ago) for the Bowery Mission. I know it has been kept open through your kindness. It was through the support of the Mission and its workers, I today am found on the Solid Rock—chiefly in answer to your superintendent's prayer. I know few return to thank the Saviour for his wondrous power, and consequently drift back into the world through their own ingratitude. Being afraid to confess his power unto their fellow-men, they go unconfessed and die in their own self-righteousness.

I am a member of St. Paul's, Hawley Road, and this is my fourth year in the office of the London & N. W. Railway as clerk, and I am sure my home to-day is a home. Before I knew the Mission, I was a wanderer in a foreign land, a drunkard, undeserving the name of man. You may use this letter, either to be read in the Mission, or for the benefit of the cause in any way, and I pray God may bless the message unto some poor hungering soul. The brother of our Master tells us: "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins." God bless you unto the extension of His Kingdom. C. H. E.

UNFORGOTTEN

THE name has dropped from the household life,
The ribbons and jewels are put away,
We are out again in the world's hot strife,
And have left behind us her sweet bright day.
Her picture is shut in the album's clasp,
That beautiful picture that looks so young,
And she has slipped from our loving grasp,
Like a flower that's blossomed, a song that's sung.

Green is the grass on the trodden walk,
Once beaten hard by our constant feet;
No more of that lowly grave we talk,
Nor dwell on that time so strangely fleet
When she was here, and alive and warm,
Ere yet her wonderful grace was hid,
Poor lily, crushed in the winter storm,
And shut in the dark by the coffin-lid.

But you are wrong if you think that we
Ever forget our darling's day,
If you fancy that all eternity
Could snatch the child from our love away.
There are times when we feel her very near,
When we dream that she sits in her vacant chair;
There are Springs and Falls in each flitting year,
When she seems the wealth of the world to share.

It may be a waft from the lilac bush
Blooming and blushing beside the door,
It may be a sudden, tender hush
When the robins trill in the eaves once more,
Or just the floating, loosened leaf,
When the maple flames in gold and red;
Ah! hers was beauty so bright, so brief,
And we know her living, though she is dead.

In the wooing and plighting of lass and lad,
In the innocent round of the household mirth,
In the happy hours serene and glad
The days of hoping, the day of birth,
Again, our child of the long ago
Is with us, just as she used to be,
And she's not forgotten in weal or woe,
The one we love, whom we do not see.

Some stir must always be in heaven,
And some press closest to the gate,
When home return the sin-forgiven,
For whom so long the ransomed wait.
And one day in that better land
The desolate parting hours past,
Our darling one will take my hand,
And lead me to our Lord at last.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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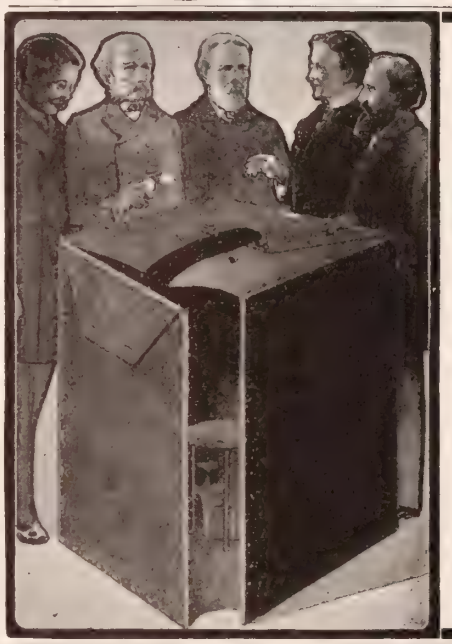

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THE BETRAYAL OF JESUS

How Sinful Ambition Cherished in the Heart Made Judas a Traitor

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

JUDAS was one of the chosen twelve; chosen to be with Jesus; in body, in spirit, in purpose, of life, with him (Mark 3: 14). He, with the remainder of the twelve, was also ordained "to preach," "and to have power to heal sicknesses and to cast out devils." How came it, then, that a man gifted with power to cast out devils should become the slave of the devil? He believed in Jesus, but at the same time he sought his own ends, and when self-interest dominates a man, there Satan has an open door. The small earthly possessions of Jesus and his disciples were put into a common bag, and this Judas got possession of, and yielded to his passion for gain by pilfering from it. "He was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein (John 12: 6). This sin must have commenced in the early days of his discipleship. More than a year before his crucifixion, Jesus had said to his disciples: "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" (John 6: 70). He spake of Judas.

It is a dangerous thing to trifle with sin; and sin has a ready entrance wherever we yield to self—self-love, self-consideration, self-interest, or self-glory. We are not our own, we "are bought with a price" (I. Cor. 4: 19); and our only "reasonable service" is to yield our bodies, with all their members, and with our will, which is the citadel of our being, "a living sacrifice" to him who has bought us (Rom. 12: 1). Then the Holy Spirit takes possession, and Christ dwells in our hearts by faith (Eph. 3: 17.) He can only enter and dwell within us when self is denied at every point. No limited monarchy for the King of kings. And where he is not in possession, there is room for Satan to enter, and to make use of us as he did of Judas to deny our Lord. There is no neutral ground for God's children; we are every day and hour either confessing or denying our Lord. All our words and actions reflect either honor or dishonor upon our Lord. The spirit in which we live and speak is either the spirit of Christ, or our own spirit, which is more or less contaminated by the arch-enemy.

It seems almost inconceivable that one who had been a chosen disciple, associated with Jesus for over three years,—one who had heard his teachings, watched his holy, disinterested life, and seen his miracles—could have had the heart to betray him. Luke, seeing as he does the human side of Jesus, notes what the other evangelists had failed to record: "But Jesus said unto him, Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss!" He spoke as man to man, but this appeal met with no answer from him who had yielded his will and his members to Satan.

Matthew, seeing the kingly side of Jesus, records that He addressed this treacherous disciple as "Friend." "Friend," he said, "do that for which thou art come" (Matt. 26: 50, R.V.) Then they came and laid hands on Jesus; they, the hired mercenaries; but Jesus counted it the work of Judas, who betrayed Him; he was the responsible doer, they were the irresponsible instruments. It was at this moment that the disciples, says St. Luke, "seeing what would follow, said, Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" Poor human nature, which would take upon itself to defend Jesus! The impetuous Peter (John 18: 10, 11), without waiting for his master's answer, "having a sword, drew it, and smote a servant of the high priest, and struck off his right ear" (Luke 22: 49, 50).

Jesus needed none to defend him against what the Scripture led him to expect. His betrayal had been foretold. "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me" (John 13: 18; Ps. 41: 9). He knew, and had five times told the disciples, of his coming sufferings. He knew all things that were coming upon Him (John 18: 4, R.V.). He had learned in Isaiah 50: 6, that his back should be smitten, the hair plucked off his cheeks, his face spit upon. He knew his face should be marred more than any man, and his form than the sons of men (Isa. 52: 13, 14); he knew, and had entered deeply into, all that Isaiah 53 would be to him. Psalms 22, 38, 69 had taught him much of the detail of what he was to go through, and he never drew back from the position he took up when he came into the world—"Lo I am come (in the roll of the book it is written of Me) to do Thy will, O God" (Heb. 10: 5-7).

One word more must be spoken: it was Christ's last word to the multitude: "In that hour said Jesus to the multitude, are ye come out as against a robber, with swords and staves to seize me? I sat daily in the temple teaching, and ye took me not. But all this is come to pass that the Scriptures of the prophets must be fulfilled." Then, when the last glimmer of hope in the hearts of the disciples that Jesus would even now restore the kingdom to Israel, died out, they, too, forsook him and fled. In awful but accepted loneliness, he must go forward to the cross, his mission apparently an absolute failure. And he went—a conqueror in all his submission, a king in all his humiliation, the Author of Life, more than ever before, in his death. Betrayed by man, he would not betray the trust his father had committed to him, to redeem man, and he would not, and did not, betray man, whose cause he had so fully made his own. Oh, shall we not fall at his pierced feet and adore him?

Saving a Great City's Waifs

To those of our readers who have been actively interested in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S work in past years among the poor children of the New York tenements, the following extract from a recent address by Hon. Randolph Guggenheimer, President of the New York City Council, will be found full of significant meaning:

"A large majority of the wealthy people of this city, although in their home relations they are full of love, sympathy and friendship, live in criminal ignorance of the hideous truth that, in this city at the present moment, there are above three thousand homeless boys. These children represent the social problem of the future. Some are vagrants, and will, unless a wise system of remedial legislature be adopted for their regeneration, continue to be vagrants. The larger number of these three thousand homeless boys are homeless because they have lost their natural protectors. They cannot be touched by charitable organizations and by the churches. They are simply the flotsam and jetsam of the municipal sea. They earn a precarious living by 'panhandling' and by stealing. Many of them are truants, not only from school but from their homes. A great number live by selling newspapers; and many of them, even in that calling, lay a sound foundation for future prosperity in business and the professions. The newspaper boy at ten years of age has acquired more keenness of judgment and decision of character than the average college student at twenty-three. Though a child, he is a man of the world.

"I believe that society should help all homeless boys. I am glad that there are cheap lodging-houses for men, and I think it is our duty to establish, as we have done, some kind of lodging-houses for homeless boys.

"I have spoken first of homeless boys, simply because their necessities are obvious and insistent. They force themselves upon the attention of all thinking men and women. But of course I recognize the fact that their lot is not as pathetic as that of little girls who have lost their natural protectors, or, indeed, as that of the daughters of the tenement, who are forced by their parents' narrowness of means to earn their own livelihood. For the former, during their immature years, there is only one refuge, and that is to be found under the auspices of a loveless and cheerless institution. Sooner or later, however, they are obliged to enter the arena in which is enacted through all the generations the pitiless struggle for existence."

The American Church in Berlin

The Rev. J. F. Dickie, pastor of the American Church in Berlin, Germany, has sent the following for publication:

Editor The Christian Herald: With many thanks I desire to acknowledge liberal gifts for the American Church sent by rich and poor. As only $5,000 more is needed to secure Mr. John D. Rockefeller's generous gift, may I ask your readers—especially those who have been in Berlin, or have had friends who have studied in Berlin and enjoyed the church's hospitality—to remember us? All contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be acknowledged by me by mail.

J. F. DICKIE.

These contributions have been received:

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Mrs. E. Y. Swift	100 00
Mrs. Charles H. Rutan	50 00
Eleanor M. Rutan	25 00
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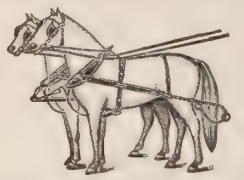

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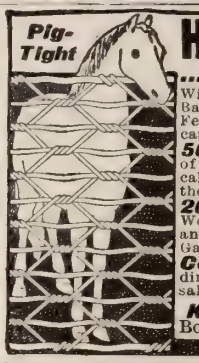

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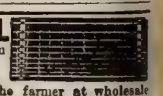

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RELIGIOUS BARRENNESS*

Solemn Lessons Conveyed by the Parable of the Barren Fig Tree

WHAT is the object of conversion? Is it simply the salvation of one particular soul from punishment after death? That would be a very crude idea of it. It means that, but it means much more. In the parable of the vine (John 15: 8) and in that of the barren fig tree there e explicit intimations that other results e expected from conversion. There are ees that are merely ornamental, but ither the vine nor the fig tree belong that class. They must bear fruit, otherse they are failures. In the case of the tree in the parable, both the Lord of e vineyard and the dresser recognized e fact. The tree up to that time had en a failure; it had not fulfilled the pur se for which it was planted, which was bear figs. Even the dresser, in spite his desire to spare the tree, agreed that after a year's reprieve it did not proce fruit, it should be cut down. It was solemn lesson, coming, as it did, from rist's lips. With all his tenderness and e, he represents the dresser as saying: "f not, then thou shalt cut it down." How lg has he said this about some of his pfessed followers? How many of them ve failed to produce the fruits of the Spirit of which Paul gives a catalogue in Galatians 5: 22, 23! How many whose les show no evidence of the Spirit's indelling! Eager in the pursuits of the vrld, getting pleasure in the world's usements, quick to resent injuries, domiering and arrogant to their employees, ilifferent to the moral and spiritual welfe of their associates—no wonder that t Lord of the vineyard is disappointed. There is another reason, too, for desuction—the barren tree cumbers the gund. It occupies the place which, if ivas not there, might be filled by a tree t it would bear fruit. If the position of wlth and influence were occupied by a nn who was in earnest and was sincere, hw much gain might come to Christ's kgdom! Opportunities for usefulness ps unimproved and are wasted; what if Gd, losing patience with supineness, sould remove the offender and put in his pce a man who would be alert in his sevice? It might be better not only for Crist's kingdom, but for family and servits and society. But Christ pleads for mre time and opportunity, and the barr soul's life is prolonged. But not indnitely. Its continued existence depds on fruit-bearing. The time will coe when the prospect of the fruits of th Spirit ever coming from that stem is sodark that even Christ will plead no loger. Having done everything for the m that can be done, and there are still n fruits in his life, the opportunity for sdvice is taken away, or the man gives pce to his successor. What other course cn be pursued? There may be many w have entered on the last year of grce. If they only knew it, there might bn change in the character. But they ar not notified, and there is no need. Tir business being to bear fruit in their ow souls and in the field of the world, th cannot expect warning. Their normi condition is fruit-bearing, and if that cdition has been checked by ambition, orvarice, or wicked pleasures, the life is bren, and the man knows it and is avre of the consequences.

What is the process which is indicated bthe dresser's remedy for barrenness? Tre is digging about the roots. Sorros and bereavements and losses and dippointments disturb the environment ofhe unfruitful soul. The world is no loer the place it was to him. His circustances change. But these of themsees cannot change his nature. All that th can do is to remove obstacles, to opn a way for the fertilizer to reach him, an very often that is effectual. He percees the defects in his former conduct, anhe gains fresh spiritual life and energ from the promises and incitements toeffort which have entered his soul thugh the painful discipline. He says, "It was good for me that I was afflicted." He learns his need of God's comfort and finds that the only way to obtain it is to arouse himself from his lethargy. So the dresser's methods succeed and he begins to bear fruit. But if instead, he rebels; if he repines under his affliction, then there is no hope. All has been done that can be done, and he must cumber the ground no longer. In these days, we are dwelling more than formerly on the love and fatherhood of God, but we must not lose sight of the other elements in his character. It is a serious thing to take upon us the name of Christ, for it involves duties that it is dangerous to ignore. God expects more from us, and he will not be satisfied unless there are results. The Spirit is ready to help, God has placed almighty power at our disposal and there is no excuse for barrenness. The opportunity for service is a privilege, the value of which will not be fully realized until we see those who have turned many to righteousness shining as the stars for ever and ever.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 3. Luke 13 6-9.

A Voice from Behind the Bars

THERE is something peculiarly touching about a letter from a prisoner, even though one realizes that the situation which arouses pity is the result of his own act. A prisoner's correspondence is hedged about with difficulties; a whole paragraph of conditions is given in the letterhead of the sheet upon which any communication from him appears, and with his name he signs a number. Well may one urge upon the young and the tempted: "Prize your liberty and do naught to bring yourself within prison walls." Sometimes, however, in imprisonment, one has found true freedom, through being brought to a realization of his shortcomings and to acceptance of his better self as found in the service of Christ Jesus. The following letter is an illustration of how the message that was not sought outside a prison was heard within:

I saw in a back number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD something about its distribution among prisoners. My cell-mate and I are studying the Bible and find that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a great help to us, and we appreciate it very much when we are fortunate enough to obtain it. We are very much interested in the sermon and Sunday School lesson; many of us would not have been here if we had taken up this interest early in life. If there is any fund for sending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to prisoners, we would be glad if you would send it to us, for we are not able to subscribe for it. If you will send the paper, we will pass it to others who are studying the Bible, that all may be benefited by it.

The letter is signed H. G. P., No. 374, Wyoming State Prison, Laramie, Wyo.

TRUST

Dear Father, let us ever trust
Thy love to guide our souls aright,
Then need we have no cause to fear,
If we but follow in thy light.

Thou wilt protect us all the way,
And thy sweet consolation lend.
And when we place our trust in thee,
We shall find blessings without end.

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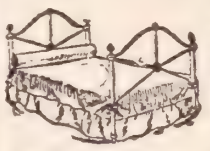

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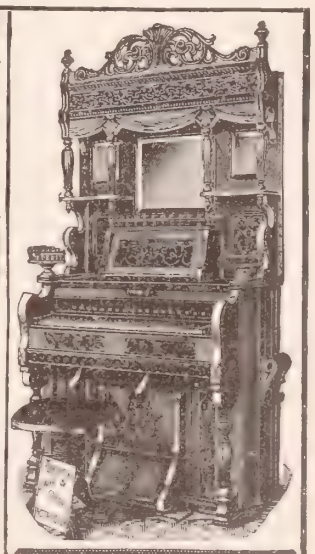

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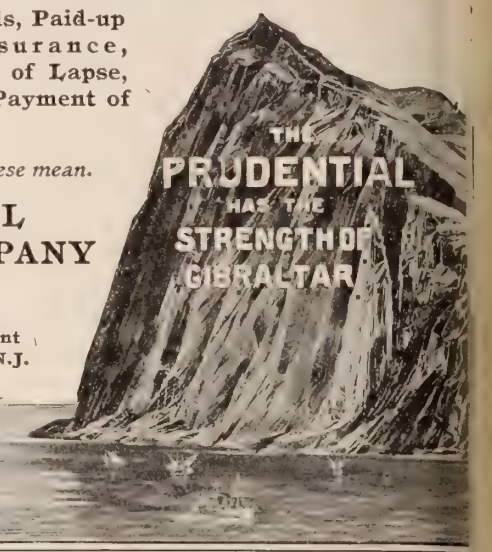

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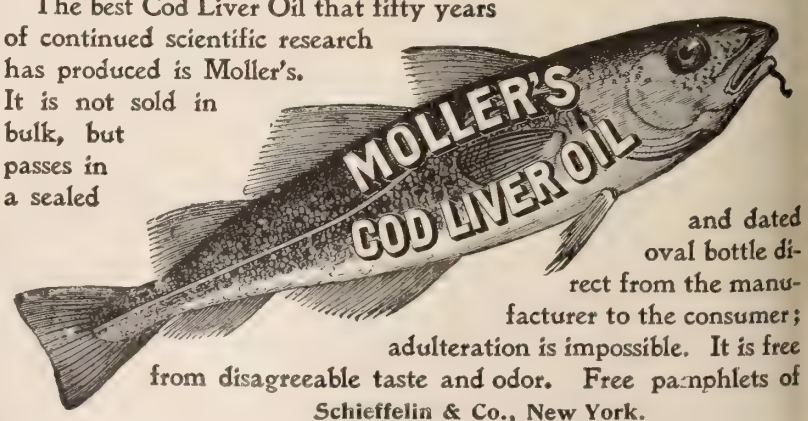

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 9

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1901

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LIGHT AT EVEN-TIDE

As when the sun in going down
Pours splendor on the golden west,
So, age that wears life's silver crown,
Hath foretaste of the heavenly rest.

The roughness of the way forgot;
Calm trusting in the Father's love,
These two are happy in their lot,
And hopeful of the Home above.—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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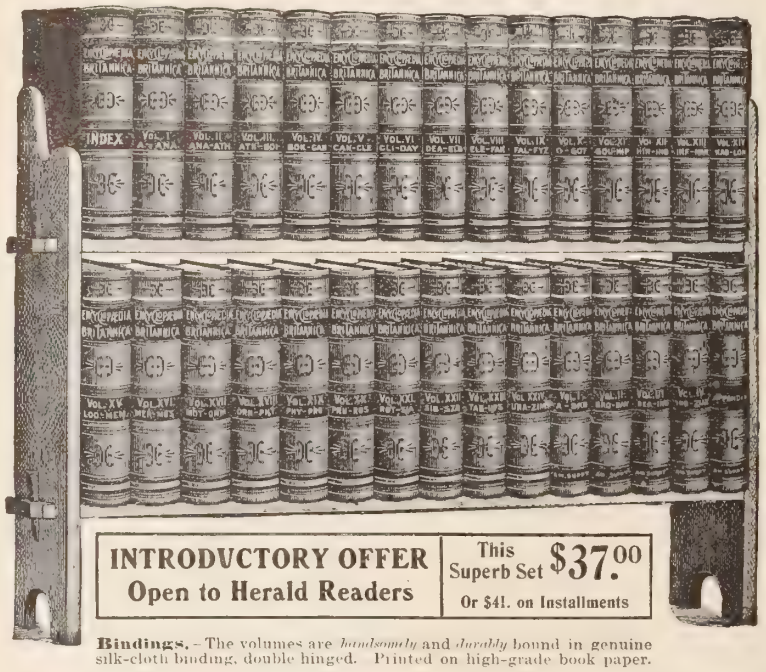

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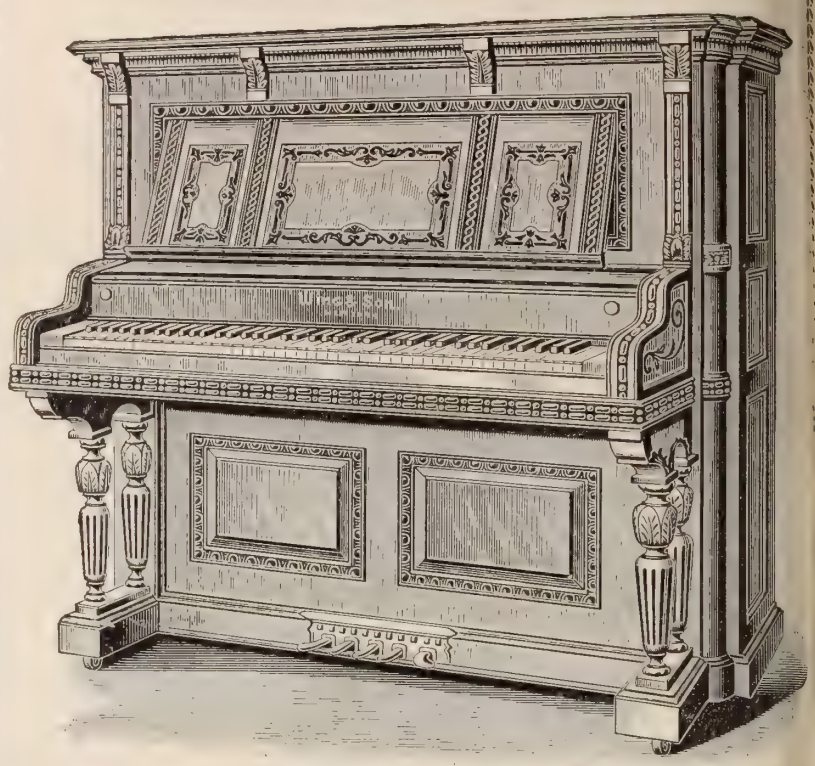

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

EV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1901 PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE JUVENILE COURT IN SESSION, HIS HONOR, JUDGE HORTON, PRESIDING

AMERICA'S PIONEER CHILD-TRIBUNAL

THE Juvenile Court of Chicago, the first child-tribunal of America, is attracting world-wide attention. Not only Illinois' sister States, but feign countries have sent representatives t study its workings; and copies of the l through which it came into existence, d under which it operates, have been t upon request to the four quarters of t globe. This law, under the title: "An t to regulate the Treatment and Cont of Dependent, Neglected and Delindent Children," went into force July 1, 99. Men and women of all creeds and litical affiliations had been instrumental planning it. The Bar Association of Chicago, assisted by societies interested children, prepared the bill, and lent its verful influence to its enactment. The Chairman of the Special Committee which med it, was Hon. Harvey B. Hurd, o has been called "Father of the Jvenile Court Law"; the Secretary was L. Hastings R. Hart, Superintendent of t Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, and one of the world's best own specialists in work for children. e purpose of the law is to prevent ldren under sixteen years of age from ng classed as criminals, from being tated as such, from being arrested and ot in confinement in police stations, m being in any way associated with o and hardened offenders; it seeks to se the child from carrying through life a ineffaceable stigma because of the ndeeds of irresponsible years and evil vironment, or because of a condition of vagrancy or dependency, which is its misfortune and not its fault, but for which, under the old law, it could be tried along in the same crowd with thieves and cutthroats, and sent to jail in company with them. While thus giving the "dependent," "neglected" or "delinquent child" a chance for its life, the responsibility is assumed of helping the child to take advantage of opportunities provided. In the last section of the Act this occurs: "The care, custody and discipline of a child shall approximate as nearly as may be that which should be given by its parents." The State seeks to raise up out of children of the streets good citizens to serve her, not leaving them to become criminals who shall do her hurt.

WM. O. LAMONT
Clerk of Juvenile Court

JUDGE TUTHILL

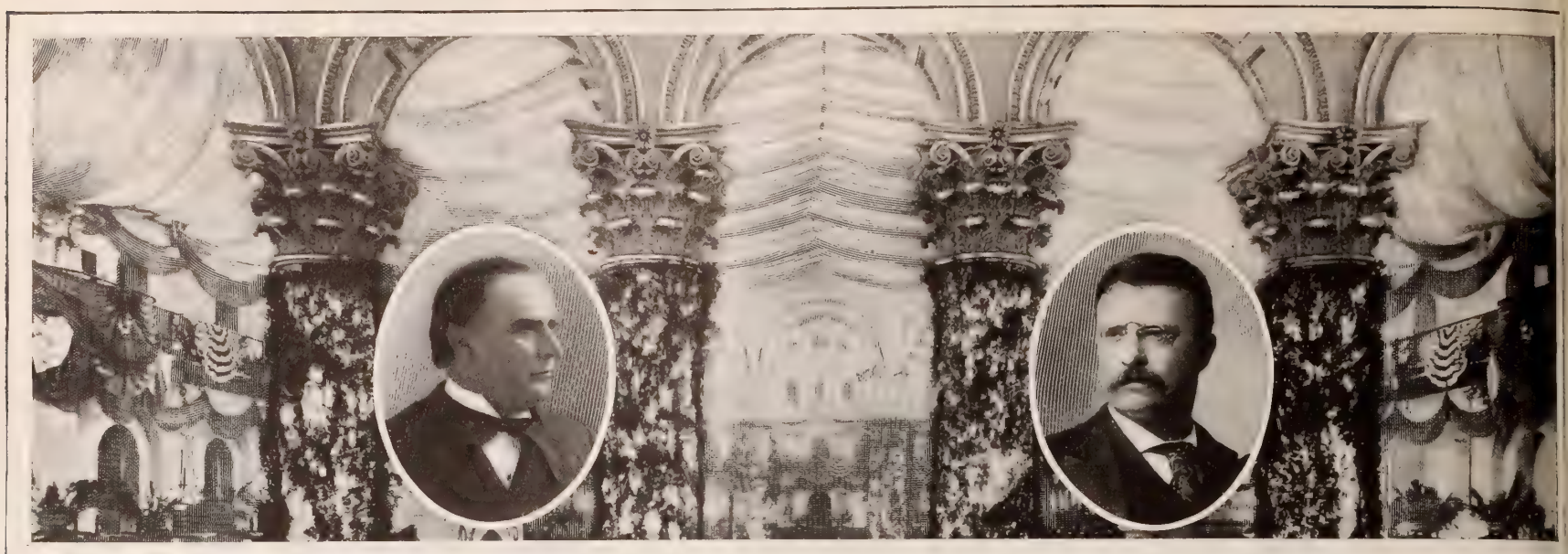
T. D. HURLEY
Chief Probation Officer

The work of inaugurating the Juvenile Court devolved upon Judge Richard S. Tuthill, by virtue of the choice of his brother judges of the Circuit Court of Cook county, and he has been the presiding officer ever since, although our photograph shows Judge Horton serving in his absence, through illness. There are six general probation officers appointed by the court, one of whom is a colored woman, into whose care all the colored children are given. The law made no provision for their salaries, and the Women's Club of Chicago, other feminine organizations, churches and charitable persons have, by their generosity, remedied this shortcoming. The city of Chicago also came to the rescue, when Mayor Harrison detailed as probation officers a number of fatherly and humane men from the police force.

The duty of the probation officers is to investigate cases; to appear with children in court; to be their monitors, friends and guardians. In the case of a delinquent child, the court may continue the hearing from time to time, permitting the child to remain at home subject to the visitation of the probation officer; or he may authorize the officer to board it out, subject to similar oversight. These officers spend whole days visiting their boys, getting reports from their teachers and employers, encouraging and helping their parents. Parents, careless and unworthy, are reasoned with, put on notice and given opportunity to do better by their little ones; if they do not heed the warning, for the sake of society and the child, the latter is placed in more conscientious hands. The first year's record of the court shows the advantage of its system. Of 1,096 boys paroled from the court (that is, allowed to return to their homes under the guardianship of

DEPENDENTS IN CHARGE OF PROBATION OFFICERS

DELINQUENTS IN CHARGE OF PROBATION OFFICER



The Pension Building draped and decorated for the Inauguration Reception

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★ THE ★ COMING ★ INAUGURATION ★

Washington Preparing for the Brilliant Event, which Promises to Eclipse all Previous Ceremonials

IF nature wears a smiling face this 4th of March, the inaugural ceremonies at Washington will surpass anything of the kind that this country has ever seen. A very large sum of money has been expended by the Inauguration Committee in order to make it so, and neither time nor labor has been spared in its preparation. The merchants of Washington have advanced between $50,000 and $60,000 to defray the expenses, and Congress and the District of Columbia have been correspondingly generous. The electrical display inauguration night will magnificently illustrate the achievements which electricity has attained during the past century.

When a new President is to assume the reins of government, many and rigid are the formalities attending the event. He and his party come to Washington a day or two before the inauguration, and put up at one of the fashionable hotels. On the third of March, the outgoing President comes to call upon him, and although his visit does not consume more than two minutes by the clock, it is a very ceremonious affair, and is returned, with equal brevity, by the President-elect within an hour after it is made. Another formality is the dinner which the President gives to his successor on the evening of that day, and another one still is the luncheon which the outgoing President's wife orders served to the incoming party upon their return from the ceremonies at the Capitol.

Upon the morning of the inauguration, the President-elect, the Vice-President-elect, and the members of the new Cabinet drive from their hotels to the White House, where the outgoing President joins them and takes his place in the carriage, with his successor at his right. They proceed to the Capitol and go to the Senate Chamber, where the Vice-President is to be sworn in. On this occasion the entire executive and legislative branches of the Government are gathered under one roof. There will be the President, the Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet; and if there is a change in the administration, there will be the President-elect and his official family. Besides these, there will be the members of the Senate and House, the heads of the Diplomatic Corps, the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Governors of many of the States, the Lieutenant-General of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, and a number of other distinguished officers. At no other time is the Government so fully represented at one gathering. When these dignitaries are all seated, and the blind Chaplain has offered the prayer, the Vice-President is sworn in and takes the chair. His first duty is to swear in the new members of the Senate; and when that is done the body adjourns, and every one goes out on the platform in front of the Capitol, and listens to the President take the oath and deliver his inaugural address.

And then begins the triumphal ride back to the White House. The ex-President now sits at the left of the new Executive and appears to neither see nor hear the wild and enthusiastic cheering of the spectators. All along Pennsylvania avenue from Seventeenth street to the Capitol is a sea of waving flags and bunting; every building is decorated, from every window the stars and stripes are flying. As quickly as possible the drive is made. Upon reaching the Executive Mansion, after taking the oath next Monday, and after a hasty luncheon, President McKinley will take his place upon the reviewing stand in front of the mansion, and during the whole afternoon will review the parade. It will be a most brilliant pageant. General Francis V. Greene of New York is to be chief marshal, and he has arranged for a remarkable procession. Hundreds of troops, cavalry and infantry, both of the regular and volunteer forces are to be in line. The navy will be fully as largely represented, and Admiral Dewey will be in charge of this part of the parade. Almost every Territory and State in the Union is to send political, military, or civic clubs to march, and more than five thousand students are expected to be in line bearing their college colors. The president will have as personal escort his old regiment, the 23d Ohio, and a Cleveland cavalry organization will act as its escort of honor. Numberless bands will be interspersed along the line of march, and they will be so placed that there will not be a lull in the music at any time while the procession is moving.

As gorgeous as the decorations are sure to be and as magnificent as the inaugural parade with its glittering ranks of cavalry, flying banners, escutcheons and flags, the greatest glory of the coming celebration will undoubtedly be at night, when the wonderful electrical displays will flame out against the background of darkness. All of the great government buildings along Pennsylvania avenue will be ablaze with light. Their exteriors are to be outlined with electric bulbs, and every gas jet and electric light within their interiors will be turned on in full force. The Post Office building, midway between the Capitol and White House is to be especially attractive. Its tower will be outlined and festooned with hanging bulbs. Just below it will swing the letters, in red globes, "P. O. D.," and below them Washington, Lincoln and McKinley's pictures will be suspended, surrounded with electric lights. The other buildings will not be far behind the Post Office in splendor. The clas outlines of the Treasury will be visi the full length of the avenue to the Ca tol; a huge American shield will or ment the State Department fascade; a a sixty foot garrison flag will be afla from the highest point of the War bui ing. Over on the high hills to the no of the city, immense searchlights v throw their penetrating rays upon t Capitol, the Monument, and other poi of interest. In the evening, an elabor display of fireworks will be given in t White Lot near the Monument.

While these things are occurring on t streets, the inauguration ball will opened. It is to take place in the P sion building in Judiciary square. Tl building, which has been used for t ball at every inauguration since Pre dent Cleveland's second one, contains t largest room in the city. The walls w be covered with cloth-of-gold, and over will be draped smilax and asparag vines. Around each of the monolitl granite pillars platforms will be erecte and upon these tall palms will be group in graduating effects. The rarest of c flowers will be banked in profusion the gallery railings, window ledges, a mantel-pieces. In the centre of the co is a large fountain, which plays in t midst of a miniature lakelet. Its banks w be fern and flower-covered, while its s face will be dotted with floating pond lili

At the east of the Pension building temporary banqueting hall has been p up, which will accommodate three thc sand guests, and where a buffet supp will be served. On the two afternoo and evenings following inauguration d promenade concerts will be given, order to allow those who did not care attend the ball to see the decorations.

Washington, D. C. ABBY G. BAKER.

AMERICA'S PIONEER CHILD-TRIBUNAL

Continued from Preceding Page

a probation officer), only 203 were again brought up for offending; out of 256 released from John Worthey School, only 33 were returned. What court, where children are committed to jails with adult prisoners, could show such statistics of reform? The most frequent causes of delinquency are petty thefts, truancy, peddling and begging. The probation officers are on the alert now for the junk man who purchases from children articles he knows they should not have in possession, and also for parents or guardians who send children into saloons to beg. Among dependent children, drunkenness of parents was by far the most prolific cause.

Court is held Monday, Wednesday and Friday, in a room of the Court House set aside for the purpose. Monday morning the dependent cases are heard. The visitor sees a motley group of men, women and babies seated near the door, many nationalities being represented. In front of the desk sit six men on the jury. At their right is a raised platform with two tiers of chairs, occupied by poor, neglected children. At ten, Judge Tuthill takes the bench. Witnesses are called, cases are heard, sorrowful little stories come out. Some of the children have been found with only a single garment on their backs, hungry, friendless, deserted. Sitting side by side with these will be a child, pretty, refined, well dressed, homeless through the bickerings and quarreling of parents as to who shall take care of it. Children used to make money in evil ways are there. Parents are present.

If the judge decides that a child should be declared dependent, it is adopted by some family, or it is sent directly to some suitable institution, or is given into the custody of the Children's Home and Aid Society, if Protestant, or the Visitation and Aid Society, if Catholic. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons delinquents are tried.

When cases are called, the little fellows, sometimes two or three at a time, go to the judge's desk, and he talks to them in a kind, fatherly way, that ought to win the confidence of any child. Some of the boys are but nine years old, and only the tops of their heads can be seen above the desk. When Judge Tuthill calls a frightened boy up beside him, pats him on the head, and asks: "Why did you do this, son?" the child usually melts into tears and the truth comes forth. If it is the first offence, the lad may be sent back home on parole and under the supervision of a probation officer. If the judge thinks this disposition not best, he will be sent to John Worthey School. Very serious cas are committed to the State Reformator The judge always talks to the parents guardians, advising and admonishi them. Very few girl delinquents appe They are usually sent directly to son good institution for the care of fema offenders, the charges being, as a rul such as are best not disposed of in publi

Movements looking to the establis ment of similar courts to this are und way in several other cities.

The pictures for this article were take especially for THE CHRISTIAN HERAL by courtesy of Judge Tuthill, and und direction of Clerk La Monte. For furth aid in presenting this work to its reader THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indebted Mr. La Monte, and also to kindly offic of Dr. Graham Taylor, of the Chicag Commons, and to Miss Edith Clark.

JESUS AND CAIAPHAS

A Prisoner who will be a Judge

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for March 10: Matt. 26: 57-68

GOLDEN TEXT, Matt. 16: 16: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God"

By... Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

MARCH weather is a severe ordeal for body and soul, for health and holiness, for the individual and the church. Even if March "comes in like a lamb," the "lion" is sure to follow close after, and it is "a lion in the way" of Christian enjoyment and Christian work for disciples who are not weatherproof. Dr. Alexander, being asked if he enjoyed full assurance of faith, replied that "he thought he did, except when the wind was from the East." Many churches and Sunday Schools close in winter because the cold, and more close in summer because of the heat. The former freeze up; the latter dry up. In Baedeker's *Italy*, the rivers that flow the year round are marked blue; those that dry up in summer are brown. If Christian life was mapped on that plan many of us would have a tinge of rust. Our lesson starts with the story of a disciple who was more concerned about the cold that about Christ, and whose religion had spells of freezing up and drying up though afterward he developed the unbroken perseverance and peace that "flow-eth like a river" deep and wide.

The three chief topics of the lesson are

Peter's rash venture.
Jesus the prisoner.
Christ the judge.

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...ter followed him afar off to the high priest's palace. Peter means "a rock," but at this time he hadn't even "sand." He was a garden of tropical impulses, that grew and faded in a night, like Jonah's gourd.

Warming Himself at an Enemy's Fire

At supper, he sat at the Lord's table, when Christ foretold the weakness of his apostles. "Though all should forsake thee, yet will not I." "I will lay down my life for thy sake." "Though I should die with thee yet will I not deny thee." But he had run at the first sight of foes, and now he was venturing to follow Christ again, in the hope that he could pass for one of his foes while near enough to "see the end." That April midnight was bitter cold. If he had been a truer disciple he would have had no thought of that while his Lord suffered at hand. But he drew near the open fire where the high priest's attendants and others of the mob were standing, and "warmed himself." He is presently to illustrate, 1st, the danger of evil associations that "corrupt good manners;" 2d, the cowardice of hiding one's faith in Christ, and 3d, especially the sin of weakness or self-confidence. He had forgotten the Psalm: Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful (Ps. 1). Bitterness came to him by neglecting this warning which he had been taught from childhood, for he first tried to hide his relation to Christ by silence, then by lying, then by swearing. Thrice in words he denied his Lord in swift succession, but before these, and leading to them, was the deal of silence, when he stood by with no protest while his Lord was maligned and abused, as many a man does to-day. It is so impossible to be at once a coward and a Christian that Christ requires open confession of faith even when it means danger and death. Martyr means confessor. How mean then to hide our faith when there is nothing worse to fear than a sneer!

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star.
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon.

Victorinus, a teacher of rhetoric at Rome won in his old age converted to Christianity, and came to Simplicianus, one eminent at the time for his piety, whispering in his ear solely these words: "I am a Christian;" but the holy man answered: "I will not believe it, nor count thee so, till I see thee among the Christians in the church;" at which he laughed, and sang: "Do then those walls make a Christian? Cannot I be such except I openly profess it, and let the world know the same?" This he said for fear, being yet a young convert, though an old man; but some time after, when he was more confirmed in the faith, and had seriously considered that if he should continue thus ashamed of Christ, he would be ashamed of him at last, he changed his purpose, and came to Simplicianus, saying: "Let us go to the church, I will now in earnest be a Christian."

But the chief sin of Peter was his self-confident egotism, that led him into temptations he was not strong enough to resist. What is the difference between the self-reliance we praise and the self-confidence we condemn? Self-confidence is an over-estimate of one's powers, such as led Peter beyond his depth. Better to run away and stay away as the other apostles did, than to come back to Christ only to deny him. Jesus had told the apostles: "Ye cannot follow me now." It was a cannot of character. He knew they were not yet strong enough for such an ordeal. They would be after Pentecost. But Peter, as often before, thought he knew better than his Lord, and so rushed into battle without counting the cost. He had prayed: "Lead us not into temptation;" but in this case he led himself in. So many a young man or young woman ventures into moral perils when no duty requires it, in spite of the warnings of parents, or pastor, or teacher, saying: "I'll take the risk;" only to fall, perhaps never to rise. In one case it may be going from a Christian country home to a wicked city; in another going into a business where one's associations will be mostly with the wicked, or the business itself may be of a questionable or harmful character. A leading lawyer of Cleveland recently made a strong public protest against having wines furnished for a coming banquet of the Bar Association, citing the fact that many promising young lawyers became intoxicated at banquets where wines are placed at each plate, who do not when wines are furnished only to those who order for themselves. Life is full of incidents like that of this lesson, when all the apostles except Peter escaped by keeping away from temptation, while he fell by a rash self-confidence that was not strength but folly. *Better Not* is the significant title of Bishop Vincent's book on dangerous amusements.

Lying, swearing Peter is not so wholly lost as he seems. A glance of Christ breaks his heart in penitence, and prepares the way for confidence in Christ to take the place of self-confidence. We will hear great things of him yet.

"THE COCK CREW: AND THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED UPON PETER"—LUKE 22: 61

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The chief priests and elders and all the council sought false witnesses. The Sanhedrim, the supreme court of the Jews, had gathered at night for judicial murder, which they sought to justify by false witnesses. Think of it, a false high priest trying the great High Priest of which he was but a type! On the white cap of Annas were the golden letters: "Holiness to the Lord;" but under it Christ could see "Murder" as his true label.

Unjust Judgments

A college student visited a Philadelphia photographer the other day, and sat for his picture. When the plate was developed, the astonished photographer saw plainly on the young man's forehead a clearly defined death's head with crossbones beneath it. Thinking it was some imperfection in the plate, the photographer arranged another sitting. Again the skull and crossbones appeared in the picture, and the mystified photographer was fairly struck dumb with amazement. Then he noticed the smiling sitter, and finally induced him to tell the joke. The trick simply consisted of painting on the forehead the grim design with a solution of bisulphate of quinine. This is invisible to the eye, but shows pure white to the camera.

History clothes Annas not in white, but in black, with the skull and crossbones of a midnight assassin upon his forehead. Not rank but character determines the judgment of history, the supreme court of this world.

We need not linger upon the trial of Christ with its half truths that were ever the worst falsehoods. Enough that the world has reversed the verdict.

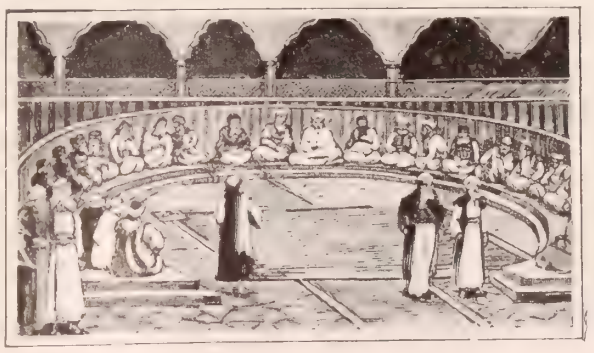
The story is valuable to show how Christ bore every woe of mankind, of which one of the greatest in history has been unjust judgments in and out of courts. How many of the innocent have suffered in such courts as these, of the bloody Jeffreys, and of bloody Mary! And how many of the guilty have escaped through equal injustice and non-enforcement of law! The courts of the United States are the cleanest part of its politics, but how much the poor and weak suffer even in them from the tricks of lawyers and the delays of judges! But the courts of private judgment are yet more frequently unjust, and inflict no less suffering. Therefore, Jesus said, not to magistrates, but to private citizens, "Judge not," a command that few of his disciples did not disobey. It does not mean that we are not to condemn unrighteousness, for in other passages we are called to "judge righteous judgment," but it certainly does forbid much of the hasty judging of our fellows that is so common. We need to judge ourselves more sharply, and others more charitably, reversing our usual opposite course. Many a man that could run a carpenter shop with the beams in his own eyes, chooses rather to be an eye-doctor for the motes in the eyes of others. It is remarkable how many of the stones are thrown from glass houses. We need to judge others with charity, even to judge them with justice, for the tendency of almost everyone, because of his own sinfulness, is to believe every charge of sin against others, and especially when it seems to make some one an equal or greater sinner than himself. Putting another down seems to put us up.

I have said we should judge ourselves more severely, while we judge others more gently. There is force in the prayer of Burns:

O wad some power the giftie gie' us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.

But, in reality, others always see us better or worse than we are. No one can judge us rightly with balanced justice and mercy, save God. When Christ, in a later scene, said to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" the repentant apostle replied, "Thou knowest all things, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." In this world and the next he is our just and merciful judge.

THE HIGH PRIEST'S COURT IN SESSION



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Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power. Christ heard the false and frivolous accusations against himself for a while in silence, usually the best answer of the innocent to envious and malicious attacks. But at last the prisoner spoke, not with his head bowed in the shame of guilt, but with the mien of a judge, though bound and bruised and spit upon. He declared that he would sit on the bench of the Supreme Court of the Universe to reverse such unjust judgments as Caiaphas was then contemplating. "He shall come again to be our judge." That word may bring terror to unpardoned evildoers, but it should bring joy to all who have previously accepted Christ as Saviour and Advocate. There was an under-witted, but faith-filled Scotch lad in this country at the time of the great meteoric shower of November, 1833. When, on every side, men and women were that night in terror at the thought that the hour of final doom had come, this lad's mother aroused him from his sleep with a cry: "Sandy, Sandy, get up, will you? The Day of Judgment has come." Instantly the boy was alive to that call, and was on his feet shouting, "Glory to God! I'm ready." In that court no superficial professions will pass muster, but character shall be searched to its depths. In a North Sea island, named Keldive there is a strange lake which has fresh water at the top, in which live fresh water fish, while the depths of the lake are salt and filled with the life of the sea. Nansen found a similar condition in some parts of the Polar Sea. Caiaphas and those about him were godly only in surface forms, with envy and hatred and covetousness and hypocrisy hiding in their deeper nature. Even Peter was at this time only superficially Christianized, the Holy Spirit not having yet displaced the pride and vain-glory of his natural disposition. But he repented and became Christian to the core, faithful unto death. Caiaphas and all of the Sanhedrim, save Joseph and Nicodemus, seem to have carried their sin to the end, and have since stood as guilty prisoners at the court where Christ sits in perfect justice.

Christ the Prisoner Declares He is to be a Judge

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Gleanings. This is a good time to view Peter's life as a whole from its mountain top of rock-firm God trust, as described in Acts 12, when this formerly impulsive, timid apostle, on the same night when he was to be brought forth to die, was "sleeping (like Argyle of a later time) between two soldiers, bound with two chains." If we are like the Peter of an earlier time, rash, cowardly, let us seek in a new Pentecost the steadiness and fearlessness to which he attained.

"Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat," Jesus had said to the self-confident Peter before his fall, "but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." On the night of this trial Satan had Peter in his sieve, and seemed to have sifted out all the Peter and left only the Simon, but Christ's prayer expressed in his silent look rescued Peter from the sieve, and started in the tears of penitence the work of recovery. Those tears were like the streams that wash away the sands to leave only the gold, for they washed him of his vain-glory and self-esteem, and made room for the spirit of power.

Counting the Scars

TEXT, Gal. 6: 17: I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus

A SERMON BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

WE hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet story of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted, and to their dying day they will have a scarification of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt; but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they once were than rubescence is emaciation, than balm is vitriol, than noonday is midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation, they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory that is deplorable. In some twinge of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist, they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars, ignoble scars.

But Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study, and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and maltreatment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares: "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Notice that it is not wounds but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed, and right circulation must have been restored, and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh—a cicatrix. Paul did well to show those scars. They were positive and indisputable proofs that with all his body, mind, and soul he believed what he said. They were his diploma, showing that he had graduated from the school of hardship for Christ. They were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Honorable Scars

Men are not ashamed of scars gotten in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him, "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer, "That was from a sabre cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian, "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer, "I suffered that in the last battle under our glorious General Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not gotten in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country years ago an eminent advocate who was called into the Presidential Cabinet as Attorney General. In mid-life he was in a Philadelphia court-room engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry, and in most brutal manner referred to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, a face more deeply scarred than any face I ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking, in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded; but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned, and as black as the heart of the scoundrelly counsel, who on the other side of the case has referred to my misfortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue. Albert Barnes, the most distinguished of all commentators, unless it be Matthew Henry, for years at four o'clock in the morning, might have been seen going from his house in Philadelphia to his study in the church, and in those early hours and before breakfast, wrote all those wonderful commentaries, a theological library in themselves. He said that as he was pastor he felt bound to give all the rest of each day to work connected with his pastorate; but at what a ruinous draught upon his eyesight he did that early morning work, first by candlelight and then by gaslight! When he got through those wonderful volumes of Scriptural exposition Albert Barnes was a blind man. Scars, illustrious scars, on his extinguished eyesight!

Literary Martyrdom

A young college student in England found all the artistic world in derisive pursuit of William Turner, the painter. The young graduate took up his pen—in some respects the most brilliant pen that was ever put to paper—and wrote those five great volumes on modern painting, the chief thought of which was his defense of the abused painter. The heroic author by some was supposed in his old days to be cynical and fault-finding, and when I saw him a little while before his death he was in decadence; but I know that all his face and all over his manner were the scars of heroic defense. In the seventies of his lifetime he was suffering from the wounds and fatigues of the twenties. Long after he had quit the battle with author's pen and painter's pencil he bore the scars of literary martyrdom.

But why do we go so far for illustration, when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear aright for God and heaven a large family of children in that country home was a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the garret must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that family went. They missed nothing in the way of childish disorders. Busy all day was that mother in every form of housework, and twenty times a night, called up by the children, all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow. Her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping. Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need re-enforcement. Here and there is a short grave in her pathway, this headstone bearing the name of this child, and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one. After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the path turns toward the setting sun. She cannot walk so far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through

Maternal Fidelity,

and others in this world doing honor to their ancestry. When her life closes and the neighbors gather for her obsequies the officiating clergyman may find appropriate words in the last chapter of Proverbs: "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders in the land. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Then after the Scripture lesson is read let all come up, and before the casket is closed look for the last time at the scars of her earthly endurance. She never heard the roll of a gun-carriage or saw a banner hoisted upon a parapet, but she has in all the features of that dear old face the marks of many a conflict—scars of toil, scars of maternity, scars of self-sacrifice, scars of bereavement. She is a heroine whose name has never been heard of ten miles from the old homestead, but her name is inscribed high up among the enthroned immortals.

People think they must look for martyrs on battle-fields, or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service. In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In almost every village of the country you find some broken-down state or national official. After exhausting himself in the public service,

Rough American Politics

kicks him out of congress, or cabinet, or legislative hall, and he goes into comparative obscurity and comparative want, for he has been long enough away from home to lose his professional opportunities. No man that was ever put to death by sword or instrument of torture was more of a martyr than that man who has been wrung to death by the demands of official position. The scars may not be visible, for there are scars on the brain, and scars on the nerve, and scars on the heart, but nevertheless are they scars, and God counts them and their reward will be abundant.

It is easy for some Washington correspondents, writing home to their city or village newspapers, to misrepresent our public men, and represent them as living in idleness and luxury; but I tell you from my own observation that many of the Representatives in Congress, and Senators of the United States, and Justices of the Supreme Court, and Secretaries in Presidential Cabinets work as hard, if not harder, than any day laborer breaking cobble-stones on a New Jersey turnpike, or a driver of mules on a towpath for a Pennsylvania canal boat. What with the solicitations for appointments by constituents who swarm around State and national capital, and the social exhaustions, and the irritating interruptions, and the unreasonable demands of all kinds, high official position is not a sinecure. Their indigestions and neuralgias and premature old age are scars that God will honor, though the world may never appreciate.

The heroes and the heroines of any war are not always at the front, are not always epauleted, are not always acquainted with military tactics, and some of them would not know how to present arms or ground arms or stack arms. Some of them rendered their

Service in Hospitals,

some by doing harder work on the farm while the bread-winner was at Gettysburg. We all know the names of the distinguished Northern and Southern women who bound up the wounds of the battlefields, but there were ten thousand women just as brave who never left the farmhouse or cotton plantation, and who were so worn out in taking care of their bereft homes that when the soldier came home they had only strength left to die. And the places where they sleep the last sleep are not marked with so much as a plain slab, while those who suffered not half so much are in sculptured mausoleum.

In all lands there are veterans of who may not have had their face scra with one bullet, or their foot lamed by bursting shell, and who could not roll their sleeve and show you one mark s gestive of battle, yet carry with th weaknesses gotten in exposures to dise along malarial swamps, or from m miles of marching, and ever and a they feel a twinge of pain, each recurre of which is sharper or more lasting, u after a while, they will be captured for tomb by disorders which started twe or thirty, or forty years before. And t scars are all unseen by human eyes; those people are as certainly

The Victims

of war as though they had been blc up in an undermined fortress or thr through with a cavalryman's lance. W I want to make out is that there are sc which are never counted except as G counts them, and I want to enlarge y sympathies.

There is a woman who has suffe domestic injustice of which there is cognizance. She says nothing about An inquisitor's machine of torture co not wring from her the story of dome woe. Ever since the day of orange b soms and long white veil, she has d her full duty, and received for it ha ness and blame and neglect. The n riage ring, that was supposed to be a s of unending affection, has turned out be one link of a chain of horrible se tude. A wreath of nettle and nightsh of brightest form would have been a m accurate prophecy. There are those v find it hard to believe that there is suc place as hell, but you could go right in any community and find more than hell of domestic torment. There is escape for that woman but the grave, that, compared with the life she now li will be an arbor of jasmine and of humming bird's song poured into the of the honeysuckle. Scars! If there none on the brow showing where he str her arriving home from midnight carou nevertheless there are scars all up down her injured and immortal soul wh will be remembered on the day when th shall leap forth for her avengement live thunderbolts of an incensed G When we see a veteran in any land w has lost a limb in battle, our sympath are stirred; but, oh, how many have in domestic realm lost their life, and yet denied a pillow of dust on which to slu ber! Better enlarge your roll of mart Better adopt a new mode of count human scarifications. A broken bone not half as bad as a broken heart.

Apostolic Scars

There are many who can, in the sa sense that Paul uttered it, say: "I b in my body the marks of the Lord Jesu That is, for the sake of Christ and cause they carry scars which keep th indenture through all time and all eterni Do you think that Paul was accur when he said that? If you have stud his career you have no doubt of it. In youth he learned how to fashion the h of the Cilician goat into canvas, a qu trade, and then went to college, the pre dent of which was Gamaliel, an insti tion which scholars say could not ha been very thorough, because of what th call Paul's imperfect command of Gre syntax. But his history became exciti on the road to Damascus, where he w unhorsed and blinded. His conversi was a convulsion. Whether that fall fr the horse may have left a mark upon hi I know not, but the mob soon took af him and flogged and imprisoned and m treated him, until he had scars more th enough to assure the truthfulness of utterance: "I bear in my body the mar of the Lord Jesus."

All of Paul's suffering was for Chris

sce. He had intellectual powers which uld have achieved for him all worldly ccesses. You see what he could do in court-room, when, with extemporaneous eech, he made the judicial bench trem- ; when on Mars' Hill he confounded t Athenian critics; when he preached id the excitement of a tumbling peni- tiary; when in a storm at sea he took mmand of the ship, the only one on ard cool-headed. With his inspired ic, and his

Courage of Utterance,

l power of illustration, and his capacity t move audiences, and his spirit of de- nce, there was no height of worldly wer he might not have gained. What nnibal was to an army, what Draco s in making laws, what Homer was to etry, what Demosthenes was in power persuasion, what Socrates was to phil- ophy, what Aeschylus was to the drama, t Paul might have been to all centu- s. God never before and never since de another human being like him. But th all this capacity and opportunity of hieving worldly renown, he turns his k on home and becomes an exile; on banteous tables, and eats his hard crust the roadside; on the pleasure yachts t sailed the Mediterranean, and em- ked on a freight boat from Alexan- a; on scholars in Athens, and talks to fishermen. Instead of plaudits of aroused al enthusiastic assemblages, he address- audiences that talked back, and asked olent questions, and broke up in a riot. Instead of garlands flung at his feet, they led stones upon his head. Five times was scourged, at each whipping thirty- ne strokes, the fortieth stroke spared from mercy, but because forty strokes re the severest punishment the law owed, and they feared, through count- ng wrong, they might make it forty-one, d so themselves be punished. Why, Paul must have been scarred all over, and only tells the plain truth without any mmentary when he declares, "I bear in body the marks of the Lord Jesus." It was as much as to say, "See those ng scars? There is where they whipped e. See you that ugly indenture? There is where they stoned me. See you that circling scar on my wrist? There is ere they handcuffed me. See those y curves around my ankles? There is ere they made my feet fast in the cks."

There are many who, like that apostolic martyr, have on them the mark of the Lord Jesus. There is the great army of foreign missionaries, sometimes maligned by dissolute American, English, and Scotch merchants, who at Hongkong and Calcutta and Constantinople have had their wickedness reproved by the pure home life of those missionaries. There is the great army of the ministers of the Gospel, now in heaven, who, on small salaries, and amid fatigues that slew them, served their day and generation. There is another great army of private Christians who, in Sabbath schools, and in tract distribution, and in humanitarian and evangelistics efforts, have put their life in sacrifice on the altars of God. There is another army of Christian invalids who lost their life in overwork for the church and the world's redemption. People call their illness neuralgia, or nervous prostration, or insomnia, or paresis, or premature old age. I call their ailments scars, as my text calls them scars. There may be scars on the memory, scars on the spirits, scars on the courage, scars on the soul, as well as scars on the body, and those invisible to the human eye are as honorable as those visible.

How the Scars Came

"All ye who bear in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus! have you thought what use those marks will be in the heavenly world? What source of glorious reminiscence! In that world you will sit together and talk over earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" saint will say to saint, and there will come back a story of hardship and struggle and persecution and wounds and victory through the grace of the Gospel. Another spirit will say to listening spirit: "Where did you get that hurt so plainly marked?" And the answer will be: "O that was one of the worst hurts I ever had. That was a broken friendship. We were in sweetest accord for years, together in joy and sorrow. What one thought the other thought. We were David and Jonathan. But our personal interests parted, and our friendships broke never to be renewed on earth. But we have made it all up here, and misunderstandings are gone, and we are in the same heaven, on neighboring thrones, in neighboring castles, on the banks of the same river." "Where did you get that mark?" says another spirit to listening spirit, and the answer comes: "That is a reminder of a great bereavement, of a desolated household, of a deep grave, of all the heart strings at one stroke snapped altogether. But you see it is no longer a laceration, for the wound has been healed, and my once bereft spirit is now in companionship with the one from whom for a while I was separated." "Where did you get that long, deep scar?" says another immortal to listening immortal, and the answer comes: "That was the awful fatigue of a life-time struggle in attempting, amid adverse circumstances, to achieve a livelihood. For thirty years I was tired, O, so tired. But you see it is a healed wound, for I have found rest at last for body and soul, the complete rest, the everlasting rest that I heard of before I came here as the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Some one in heaven will say to martyr John Rogers: "Where did you get that scar on your foot?" and the answer will come: "O, that was a burn I suffered when the flames of martyrdom were kindled beneath me." "Ignatius, what is that mark on your cheek?" "O, that was made by the paw of the lion to which I was thrown by the order of Trajan." Some one will say to Paul: "Great Apostle, that must have been a deep cut once, the mark which I see on your neck." And Paul says: "That was made by the sword which struck me at my beheadment on the road to Ostia." But we all have scars of some kind, and those are some of the things we will talk over in the heavenly world while we celebrate the grace that made us triumphant over all antagonism.

Need of Courage

Now what is the practical use of this subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave Satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteousness. And if we happen to get hit, what an ado we make about it. We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. Be right and do right, and all earth and hell combined cannot put you down.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled-up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battle-axes on splitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us; for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Badges of Service

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work, and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh, cry out louder than many a one torn in *auto-da-fé*. Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon, and swept by musketry, and yet came home without having been once hit, and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weaponry. How embarrassed and eccentric such an one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused awhile from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend to earth, crying, "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal. Show me some post of danger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae; like Miltiades at Marathon; like Marlborough at Blenheim; like Godfrey at Jerusalem; like Winkelried at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others; show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I cannot go back to heaven until somewhere I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles, and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars!

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die:
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

POOR JACK'S QUIET PORT

...THE GOOD WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE SCANDINAVIAN SAILORS' HOME IN BROOKLYN

AMONG those who go "down to the sea in ships," the Scandinavian sailor stands out in strong relief. He is hardy and skillful, a clever navigator, and noted for sobriety, honesty and loyalty. His is a simple nature, however, and liable to be imposed upon by the various schemers who are the sailors' worst enemies ashore. Twelve years ago, the Scandinavian Sailors' Home was started in Brooklyn. In that time, many hundreds of sailors have been housed, clothed, fed, and lifted out of debauched and immoral surroundings into a clean and elevating home atmosphere. They have gone from its doors sober, industrious, self-reliant, with their lives brightened and helped.

H. OSMUNDSEN, SUPT.

The sailor's worst enemy, when he gets ashore, is the saloon and cheap lodging-houses, where his hard-earned wages are soon spent in dissipation and debauchery. All sorts of pitfalls are laid for him by the proprietors of these low places, to cheat him out of his money, and then turn him out. In the course of a year, hundreds of sailors drift into the Bowery and other New York streets of the same kind, and when they have spent all, they frequently terminate their "shore leave" in the police station or on Blackwell's Island.

SCANDINAVIAN SAILORS AT THE DOOR OF THE HOME IN BROOKLYN

It was to reach men of this class that the Scandinavian Sailors' Home was started. A large double house was purchased on Carroll street, Brooklyn, in a good residential section of the city. On the first floor are the offices, where the sailormen can find all conveniences for exchanging money, sending telegrams, telephone messages, buying steamship tickets, and other matters which would ordinarily take them outside among strangers and sharpers. The men are shown the advantages of laying away a part of their earnings. A safe is kept in the office, where they may leave money or valuables for safe-keeping. The other rooms on this floor are a large dining-room, a kitchen and pantry. On the second floor is a large reading and meeting-room, where well-attended religious services are held every Sunday, and during the week a family prayer service evenings, most of the men being away during the day. Religious papers and magazines are to be found in the reading-room, as well as the daily papers. At present the supply of books is very small, but the management is making an effort to have it increased. Across the hall from the library is the superintendent's office, a neat comfortable little room.

During the past year 1,055 seamen have been guests at the Home, and $11,301.04 have been forwarded through its office to the relatives and friends of seamen abroad. If a man be idle and cannot pay he is not turned out, but kept until he is able to secure work, when he is expected to pay. Seamen are given credit every year, for board and other necessities, to the amount of many hundreds of dollars.

The Home is incorporated, and among its officers and directors are some of the leading Scandinavian merchants and sea captains in the United States. It is supported largely by voluntary contributions from various sources. Every year shows an increase in the spiritual work as well as in the material advantages it brings to the many friendless Scandinavian sailors who visit the port of New York in seagoing craft from all parts of the world.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR
T. DeWitt Talmage
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B. J. FERNIE AND G. H. SANDISON
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 a year, payable in advance.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Post-office and Express Money Orders are always safe and may be sent at our own risk.

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The Christian Herald will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts forwarded to it with a view to publication.

Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter

How Long Should Ministers Stay?

CLERGYMEN and laymen and editors are ever and anon discussing the subject—a most practical question and easy to answer. Let a minister stay in a place till he gets done—that is, when he has nothing more to say or do. Some ministers are such ardent students of the Bible and of men, they are after a twenty-five years' residence in a parish so full of things that ought to be said, that their resignation would be a calamity. Others get through in three months and ought to go; but it takes an earthquake to get them away. They must be moved on by committees, and pelted with resolutions, stuck through with the needles of the ladies' sewing society, and advised by neighboring ministers, and hauled up before presbyteries and consociations; and after they have killed the church and killed themselves, the pastoral relation is dissolved. We knew of a man who got a unanimous call. He wore the finest pair of gaiters that ever went into that pulpit; and when he took up the Psalm-book to give out the song, it was the perfection of gracefulness. His tongue was dipped in "balm of a thousand flowers," and it was like the roll of one of Beethoven's symphonies to hear him read the hardest Bible names, Jeconiah, Zerubbabel and Tiglath-pileser. It was worth all the salary paid him to see the way he lifted his pocket-handkerchief to his eyelids.

But that brother, without knowing it, got through in six weeks. He had sold out his entire stock of goods, and ought to have shut up shop. Congregations enjoy flowers and well-folded pocket-handkerchiefs for occasional desserts, but do not like them for a regular meal. The most urbane elder was sent to the minister to intimate that the Lord was probably calling him to some other field, but the elder was baffled by the graciousness of his pastor, and unable to discharge his mission, and after he had for an hour hemmed and hawed, backed out. Next, a woman with very sharp tongue was sent to talk to the minister's wife. The war-cloud thickened, the pickets were driven in, and then a skirmish, and after a while all the batteries were opened, and each side said that the other side lied, and the minister dropped his pocket-handkerchief and showed claws as long as those of Nebuchadnezzar after he had been three years eating grass like an ox.

We admire long pastorates when it is agreeable to both parties, but we know ministers who boast they have been thirty years in one place, though all the world knows they have been there twenty-nine years too long. Their congregations are patiently waiting their removal to a higher latitude. Meanwhile, those churches are like a man with chronic rheumatism, very quiet—not because they admire rheumatism, but because there is no use kicking with a swollen foot, since it would hurt them more than the object assaulted. If a pastorate can be maintained only through conflict or ecclesiastical tyranny, it might better be abandoned.

Peace in Zion

THE cheerfulness and good humor which now characterize our church courts is remarkable and in strong contrast with the old-time ecclesiastical fights, which shook synods and conferences. Religious controversies have always been the most bitter of all controversies; and when ministers do fight, they fight like vengeance. Once a church court visiting a place would not only spend much of their own time in sharp contention, but would leave the religious community to continue the quarrel after adjournment. Now they have a time of good cheer while in convention, and leave only one dispute behind them among the families, and that arising from the fact that each one claims it had the best ministers and elders at their house. Contention is a child of the darkness, Peace the daughter of the light. The only help for a cow's hollow horn is a gimlet-hole bored through it, and the best way to cure religious combatants is to let more Gospel light through their antlers.

Prepare for a Rainy Day

NEXT to the evil of living beyond one's means, is that of spending all one's income. There are multitudes who are sailing so near shore, that a slight wind in the wrong direction founders them. They get on well while the times are usual and the wages prompt paid; but a panic or a short period of sickness and they drop helpless. Many a father has gone with his family in a fine carriage drawn by a spanking team till he came up to his grave; then he lay down on his pillow of dust, and his children have got out of the carriage, and not only been compelled to walk, but to go barefoot. Against parsimony and niggardliness I proclaim war, but with the same sentence I condemn those who make a grand splash while they live, leaving their families in destitution when they die.

Attend Prayer-Meetings

A WEEK-NIGHT meeting widens the pulpit till all the people can stand on it. Such a service tests one's piety. No credit for going to church on Sabbath. Places of amusement are all closed, and there is no money to be made. But week-nights every kind of temptation and opportunity spreads before a man, and if he goes to the praying circle he must give up these things. The man who goes to the weekly service regularly, through moonlight and pitch darkness, through good walking and slush ankle-deep, will, in the book of judgment, find it set down to his credit. He will have a better seat in heaven than the man who went only when the walking was good, and the weather comfortable, and the service attractive, and his health perfect. That service which costs nothing God accounts as worth nothing. The week-night service gives additional opportunity for religious culture, and we find it so difficult to do right and be right that we cannot afford to miss any opportunity. Such a service is a lunch between the Sabbath meals, and if we do not take it we get weak and faint. A truth coming to us then ought to be especially effective. If you are on a railroad train and stop at the depot, and a boy comes in with a telegram, all the passengers lean forward and wonder if it is for them. It may be news from home. It must be urgent, or it would not be brought there. Now, if while we rushing on in the whirl of every-day exc ment, a message of God meets us, it n be an urgent and important message. God speaks to us in a meeting mid-w it is because there is something that ne to be said before next Sunday.

... A FLIGHT IN THE DESERT ...

The Thrilling Story of the Christian Missionaries' Escape from China Across the Sands of Gobi.

WHEN the complete story of the perils and privations endured by our faithful missionaries in China, during the Boxer rebellion, has been told, it will disclose to the world many instances of heroic self-sacrifice and splendid courage. Not even the fate of their brothers and sisters who had been martyred by the fanatical mobs, deterred the survivors from doing their duty, and it was not until slaughter and conflagration surrounded them on all sides that any of the missionaries could be induced to leave their posts and seek a refuge beyond the reach of the infuriated multitudes.

Few experiences are more exciting than those that fell to the lot of the party of missionaries who escaped from Kalgan and fled across the great Gobi desert, through Mongolia to Siberia. The story of their flight is told by the Rev. Mark Williams. After leaving the Mission compound at Kalgan, where the mobs had full sway, the fugitives learned that not only their station, but a large part of the town, had been burned and pillaged. Their lives, had they remained a day longer, would have been sacrificed unquestionably. Mr. Williams, in a later date, June 11, 1900, thus describes the flight:

"We made hurried preparations. The school girls and Christian women were sent away to Gardener Jen's, on the other side of the river, whence they could escape unnoticed to their homes. The servants all bade us good-by, and a guard of soldiers stood ready to watch the place. None of us slept, between packing and planning. We put a few necessary articles in trunks, collected bedding and clothing, and at 3 A.M. stole out, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Dr. Murdock, Miss Engh, Mr. Roberts and I. We found our way across the fields, and reached the Yamen before light. After some time, the gates were opened for us. . . . The mandarin told us that he could not protect us, and we must leave that night for Mongolia. We had a prayer-meeting together, and prayed as those who knew not but their end had come. We repeated verses, and I the Traveler's Psalm, which we have so often used together:

> "'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
> From whence cometh my help,
> My help cometh from the Lord,
> Which made heaven and earth.'

"After midnight the soldiers came, and our boxes and provisions were placed on three carts. It was a mild, moonlight night. We had twelve mounted soldiers as escorts. As we were near the Great Gate, we saw about fifty armed men. We thought of Boxers, but found that they were an extra guard of soldiers to see us safely out of China. The city gate of Kalgan is a northern gate of the Great Wall, and opens out into Mongolia.

"We traveled rapidly. The ladies rode horseback part of the time. At seven o'clock, on the morning of June 12, we reached a village, and dropped on the kang at an inn to sleep, as we had been under excitement, and had no sleep for two nights.

"We went on to the Mongol plains, and halted at the encampment of the Lama Brothers. They entertained us, but seemed unfriendly, and wanted us to leave the next day. We began to fear that we would not be allowed to stay even in Mongolia, as they told us that the Boxers were all around.

On being informed by the Lama brothers that they would have to move on, they joined a Swedish party who were on their way to Urga. Some difficulty was found in getting a caravan, but finally one was engaged which had been intended for a member of the British Legation. The caravan presented a very picturesque appearance, with its five awkward camels leading the procession, followed by twelve horses and ten baggage camels, and trailing behind was a baby carriage. Two of the men folks followed behind on foot, driving two unruly sheep before them, and missionary Larsen rode on his bicycle. This was the appearance of the party as they began the most trying part of their extraordinary journey. It numbered thirty, including seven Mongols.

On Saturday night following the start, the caravan stopped at a Mongol encampment. The Mongols were very hospitable and offered their snuff-bottles to be smelled and returned, which is a custom with them just as hand-shaking is with us. An old Mongol teacher brought milk for the children and treated the older ones to Mongol tea, a mixture of fat, salt, flour and roasted millet, with a flavor of poor tea. The Mongol women dress like men, wear heavy hide boots, and go galloping over the plains on horseback, the long ribbons of their hats streaming behind them.

Leaving the Mongol camp, the party pressed on to the famous "Sea of Sand, the Chinese call it, on account of its stantly moving dunes. The name appea be a very good one, for from a distance Gobi desert does look very much like a Although the route chosen was one that been used by caravans for ages, scarcely vegetation was to be found. They were the telegraph poles along the way were n bered. It takes twenty-four poles for a r so they could reckon how far they traveling. The moon went down and baggage camels got ahead and the part one time lost the way, but quickly foun again.

By day the sun beating down upon sands, made the heat almost unbearable the traveling was done at night, and du the day they rested and ate. Cooking attended to by a committee of two men one woman, who prepared all the meals the entire caravan. The desert journey a most trying one, but as God's provide brought them there, they knew it was his of saving their lives, and thought it ungr ful to repine at having to endure troul Sunday was always welcome as a day of

One can scarcely appreciate the valu water in such a place. The party made all-night journey to reach a well and on a ing there found that mongols had follo them to see that they put no poison in water. Crowds of men and animals rounded the well and a long train of ox-c laden with hides and wool was passed on road to it.

After tedious traveling, the caravan reac the telegraph station at Oude, one-half of way to Urga. The station is a frail l building at the base of a mountain. W the caravan stopped near there, a storm c up and filled the air with dust and s There the operators informed the party the majority of the missionaries were saf Shanghai. Despite torrents of rain w were falling, the travelers returned to t camp, which had been blown flat and ne covered with sand, and sung joyful songs an hour after eating their supper.

After long marches the fugitives found the camels' feet wore out, and had to patched by sewing on pieces of leather, tened to a thong which is drawn under thick skin of the sole.

After thirty-eight days of travel, Urga reached at last. All were invited to the R sian consulate; so, with nineteen hor twenty camels, twenty-three foreigners seven Mongols, the party took possessio fourteen rooms assigned them, and w treated with great hospitality. In a le dated July 30, Mr. Williams describes town of Urga:

"Urga is inhabited by 10,000 Lamas. I pas the meat and horse markets. Small sh were to be seen everywhere, under which w large prayer wheels, each revolving on axis. People pass through these sheds succession, each giving the wheel a wh Prayers are written on slips of paper wrap around the wheel, so each revolution cou as a prayer. On almost every hill by the ro side, we saw piles of stone thrown up by Mongols as prayers to the god of the mo tain. On the piles are little flags of silk, tering. Each flutter signifies a prayer."

A great Mongol festival was to be held Urga in a few days, when several hund thousand Mongols would be gathered th and the Chinese official declared that he co not be responsible for the safety of the m sionaries. They reluctantly started for achta, two hundred and fifty miles further a journey of two weeks. Before setting they cabled to Boston for funds to return America.

Instead of Chinese money, bricks of tea used at Urga, four bricks being equivalen a Russian rouble, or fifty cents. Half bri and small pieces of silk constitute the sma currency.

On August 13, 1900, the travelers cros over from the Chinese into the Russian E pire at Kiachta. "For two months," wr Mr. Williams, "we had slept on the grou and dwelt in tabernacles, like the patriarch old. It has been forty-nine days since commenced journeying from Hara C through the wide and terrible wilderness, the pillar of cloud has preceded us, and have come safely to our Canaan."

At Kiachta a telegram awaited them, giv orders for £300 to take them home. A fi days' journey brought them to Lake Bail where they got a steamer to Irkoutsk. Fr there they went by the Trans-Siberian R way to St. Petersburg. They reached N York October 8th.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Grand Pageant

THE opening of the British Parliament by the new King on February 14, was made the occasion of a brilliant spectacle. King Edward went in magnificent state from his palace to the House of Lords, through crowds of admiring citizens. The huge rriage of glass and gold, drawn by eight eam-colored Hanoverian horses, in which ty years ago Queen Victoria went to en Parliament in state for the last time, ts used for the occasion. On entering e building, the King went to the robing- om, where he put on the royal ermine be. Thence preceded by the Duke of evonshire, carrying the crown on a shion, the King went to the splendid ded chamber in which the Lords hold eir sessions. Having conducted Queen exandra to her throne, he took his seat his own throne. The chamber was owded with all the rank and fashion of e kingdom. A large space usually oc- pied by the legislators was reserved for lies, whose sombre mourning garments ere in vivid contrast to the red robes of e peers and the white surplices of the shops. A message was sent to the ouse of Commons requiring the esence of the Speaker and mem- rs to hear the address from the rone. On their arrival, the Lord hancellor administered the cus- mary oath to the King, in which declared himself a Protestant, d announced his disbelief in the aracteristic doctrines of the Ro- an Catholic Church. He then gned the roll pledging himself to otect the rights and liberties of e Parliament and the people. hese formalities finished, the King ad the brief document describing e national situation and the pro- bsed legislation, in a clear voice. e spoke throughout of her late ajesty as his "beloved mother," expression of touching homeli- ss on an occasion of so much andeur. The paragraph relating the South African war was, of ourse, the chief point of interest, nd the friends of the Boers every- here would note that the King ferred hopefully to the time when would be possible to establish in e two colonies "the institutions hich will secure the equal rights f all the white inhabitants and otection and justice for the na- ve population." The only other atter which excited interest was the an- ouncement that the King placed at the sposal of Parliament the revenues be- nging by hereditary right to the Sover- gn, and an intimation that the Houses ould be expected to provide him an in- ome sufficient for his expenses. This was one by the late Queen, and proved to be onvenient for her and a source of profit to e nation. The short speech ended with e words: "I pray that Almighty God ay continue to guide you in the conduct f your deliberations, and that he may less them with success." His Majesty hen led the Queen back to the robing- om, where they divested themselves of heir magnificent robes, and, entering the oyal coach, returned to their palace. oth going and returning the King was eartily cheered by the thousands of pectators. Among them, doubtless, were any Christian people who, remember- ng how much moral danger and tempta- on surround a monarch, are praying at the Scriptural ideal of a royal life may e fulfilled in the reign of the new King:

Take away the wicked from before the King, nd his throne shall be established in righte- usness (Prov. 25: 5).

A Mother's Daring

A deed of heroism was performed a ew days ago in the upper part of New ork City by a small, weak woman, which would have been more than many a strong man would have undertaken. She was having a dress made by a dress-maker, who lived on the opposite side of the street and she went to have it tried on. She left two children, a boy aged five and a girl aged three, in her flat, promising to return soon. While she was attending to the business, she heard the fire engines pass and looked out. She saw them stop near the house in which she lived and immediately hurried home. To her consternation, she learned that it was her home that was on fire. She broke through the firemen, who tried to prevent her entering, and ran up the stairs. The hallways were already blazing, but the heroic woman gathered up her skirts and ran through the flames. Seizing her two children, she ran back. She felt her clothing burning; but, holding the children so as to protect them, she kept on her way down to the street. There her burning garments were extinguished, but she was so badly burned that it was necessary to send her to a hospital. Even then, all her concern was for the safety of her children. She made little of what she had done, though she had imperilled her own life for her babes. It is by such acts that we realize not only the depth of a mother's love but of the love of God, which we are assured surpasses it.

Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea they may forget, yet will not I forget thee (Isa. 49: 15).

THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WHERE KING EDWARD OPENED PARLIAMENT

A Tenant's Mistake

A lady who hired a flat recently in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods in New York, made an amusing blunder at the beginning of her occupation. She ordered various changes made in the apartments and gave directions about the arrangement of her furniture. While the work was being done, she went to the flat to superintend the operations. Three men were hard at work in rough clothes and in their shirt sleeves. To each of these she gave a quarter as a recognition of their services. One of them was the janitor, whom she had met before. To him she said that she would like to have a handsome chandelier that was in one of the rooms removed, as she proposed to have a different system of lighting. The janitor consulted with his helpers, and one of them observed that it was a pity to remove the chandelier, as the room would not look so well without it. The lady, describing the incident to a reporter of the *Times*, said she answered the man somewhat snappily: "I don't see what business it is of yours, anyway, as I hire these apartments and pay the rent, and can do as I please about the gas fixtures, I suppose.' 'Very true,' he said blandly. 'I only happen to be the owner of the house, and I should prefer not to have the fixtures removed, as doing so might injure the walls. I will have it done if you wish, and will have a gas-fitter come here at once.' Then he very politely bowed himself out of the door, and I was left considerably abashed. Then it dawned on me that I had given him a quarter for his work about the house. Now I feel as if I never wanted to face him again, for he is a man worth very close to a million dollars. It was only another incident tending to show how little one can judge of people by outward appearances." Even yet the lady does not appear to have learned her lesson fully. She easily realized that a millionaire was entitled to respect, but there are other and better claims that she ought to recognize if she would follow the Divine example:

Man looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart (I. Samuel 16: 7).

Shipwrecked Crew Saved

The Atlas steamer *Alleghany* brought to New York last week the captain and crew of a vessel which had foundered on her way from Norfolk, Va., to Boston, Mass. They were in an open boat and had become almost desperate with hunger and cold. The captain of the wrecked ship reported that he ran into a heavy northwest gale soon after leaving Norfolk. The wind blew with great fury, raising a very heavy sea, in which the vessel labored and strained badly, causing her to spring a leak. The crew worked steadily at the pumps, but owing to the continuance of the storm the leak gained, and the vessel was full of water. The crew, however, made every effort to keep afloat, but at length the schooner was settling fast. Preparations were then made to abandon her. The only boat, which had been smashed by the storm, was hastily patched and the crew abandoned their vessel, which was then fast breaking up. The boat was scantily provisioned, and oars were made from lumber taken from the cargo, the oars belonging to the boat having been lost during the storm. All that night and the next day and the following night a lookout was kept for passing vessels, but none was seen until the dawn of the second morning, when the *Alleghany* was seen on the horizon. Then there were anxious hours before it was seen that the boat had been sighted, but finally they were taken on board and brought to land. If men were as anxious for spiritual salvation as those sailors were to be taken out of their leaky boat, how our churches would be crowded to hear the tidings of salvation!

He is able to save them to the uttermost that come to God by him (Heb. 7: 25).

A Nameless Prisoner

An embarrassing prisoner was taken into a station-house in New York, recently. He was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and his appearance bore out the charge. But the man showed some traces of humor. He declared he had no name, when the sergeant wanted to enter his case on the blotter. He said a name was of no use to him and he did not have one. In reply to a question as to his home, he gave an address in Harlem. "What do the people there call you?" was the next question. "Well, sometimes they call me a thorough rascal; other times they says I'm of questionable ancestry, and then again when they are mad they kick me out without calling me anything." He was locked up, charged with being intoxicated. On the police blotter his name was given as "John Doe." Before going to his cell he said that he would go to court and prove that he never had a name. "And I don't want one," he added. "Am just as well off without any." He said he had no business, little money, no troubles and no kin. Doubtless he was anxious that his real name should not appear in the newspapers and so disgrace him among his friends, and he did not mind telling a lie to conceal it. One might wish that such a man might, in the mercy of God, be brought to repentance, and with a new life inherit the name that God will give to those who turn to him:

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written (Rev. 2: 17).

BRIEF NOTES

About eight hundred and forty congregations in Scotland now use unfermented wine at the Lord's table.

North Dakota has adopted a constitutional amendment restricting the franchise to men who have had some education.

Of the 2,879 children admitted into Dr. Barnardo's Homes during 1900, two hundred and fifty-seven were babies in arms, and sixty-eight were deaf, dumb, blind, incurable, or crippled.

An old regulation has been reinforced by the Turkish authorities, that Jews may only enter Palestine as tourists, limiting their stay to a maximum of three months. This is said to be through fear of Zionism.

Dr. Francis H. Marling, a well known member of New York Presbytery, died suddenly on Feb. 3, while on his way to hold service in a church at Port Chester, N. Y. He was seventy years of age, and had held important charges both in this country and Canada.

Recent alterations in the Italian capital have disclosed the ruins of a church which, as an inscription on its walls proves, is twelve hundred years old. Some of the frescoes are as fresh as on the day they were painted. It is thought that the church must have been destroyed by an earthquake which filled it with rubbish.

A cordial invitation to all residents and visitors to New York is extended to the Business Men's Prayer Meeting, which is held from noon till one o'clock, at 281 Greenwich street, on every business day of the year. It has been held for twenty-five years without missing a day, and its records are full of testimonies of answered prayer.

The new president of the British Sunday School Union is Mr. George Cadbury, the cocoa manufacturer. He has been a teacher at the Friends' Adult Schools of Birmingham for forty years, and his Bible class numbers upwards of 1,000 members. Five minutes for "family prayer" are spent every morning by 2,300 girls in his employ, and a service for the men and boys is conducted by Mr. Cadbury once a week.

Several American universities have received a number of ancient papyri from the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Among those given to Harvard is a fragment of a very old copy of Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Of the total 118 papyri, twenty-nine are presented to the University of Pennsylvania. The larger part of the papyri are from Oxyrhynthus, and the rest from various sites. The former is where the "New Sayings of Jesus" were found by the society, and also parts of St. Matthew, Mark and John, far antedating any other known text.

THE OBSEQUIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA

THE QUEEN'S BODY LYING IN THE CHAPELLE ARDENTE, OSBORNE HOUSE

The Royal Crown of England, the Sceptre, and Other Insignia, Rest on a Purple Velvet Cushion Upon the Queen's Coffin

ALTHOUGH the cable has already brought us the story of the obsequies of Britain's beloved Queen, that event. as now retold in the series of remarkable photographs on these two pages, will be invested with a new and deeply sympathetic interest. These photographs were taken by special permission, and give an accurate representation of occurrences that have now passed into history.

The funeral from Osborne House, Isle of Wight, was a quiet ceremonial. In the Chapelle Ardente, the Queen's body had lain wrapped in her bridal veil, and covered with the coronation robe she had worn when, while a young girl, she became Queen. Upon it had been placed the royal regalia—crown, sceptre and wand—all now laid aside forever.

Around the purple-draped bier, in the chapel dimly lighted by tall candles, lay great masses of beautiful, odorous flowers in a hundred different devices—crosses, pillows, shafts, stars, wreaths and garlands. From all classes and climes. came those voluntary tributes of love and esteem. It seemed as though the whole world strove to honor the dead Empress-Queen. Beside the rich floral offerings of great potentates lay the poor, simple gift of a wreath, or perhaps a bunch of roses, from some humble cottager. Hardly a monarch or prince in Europe was unrepresented, and Asia and Canada, too, sent their fragrant gifts to be laid beside the good Queen's coffin. Not the least touching was a harp of shamrocks and violets "from four poor Irish fishwives," and a meagre wreath from an old woman, the inmate of a workhouse, who had loved the aged Queen for her kindness to all the poor and the infirm.

When the funeral cortege took its way from Osborne to Cowes, a scene was presented which has scarcely a parallel in modern history. With the corps of kilted pipers in the lead, playing a mournful dirge, or "coronach," there was borne out of the castle to the open air, upon the shoulders of sturdy sailors, the last mortal remains of Victoria the Good. For the last time, the Grenadier Guards, who were drawn up in open order, presented arms in honor of their dead queen. I mediately behind the coffin came Ki Edward, Emperor William and a grc of royal princes, all in glittering uniforn a brilliant array, pressing close upon t sailors, who moved slowly with swingi steps, timed to the shrill music of t pipes.

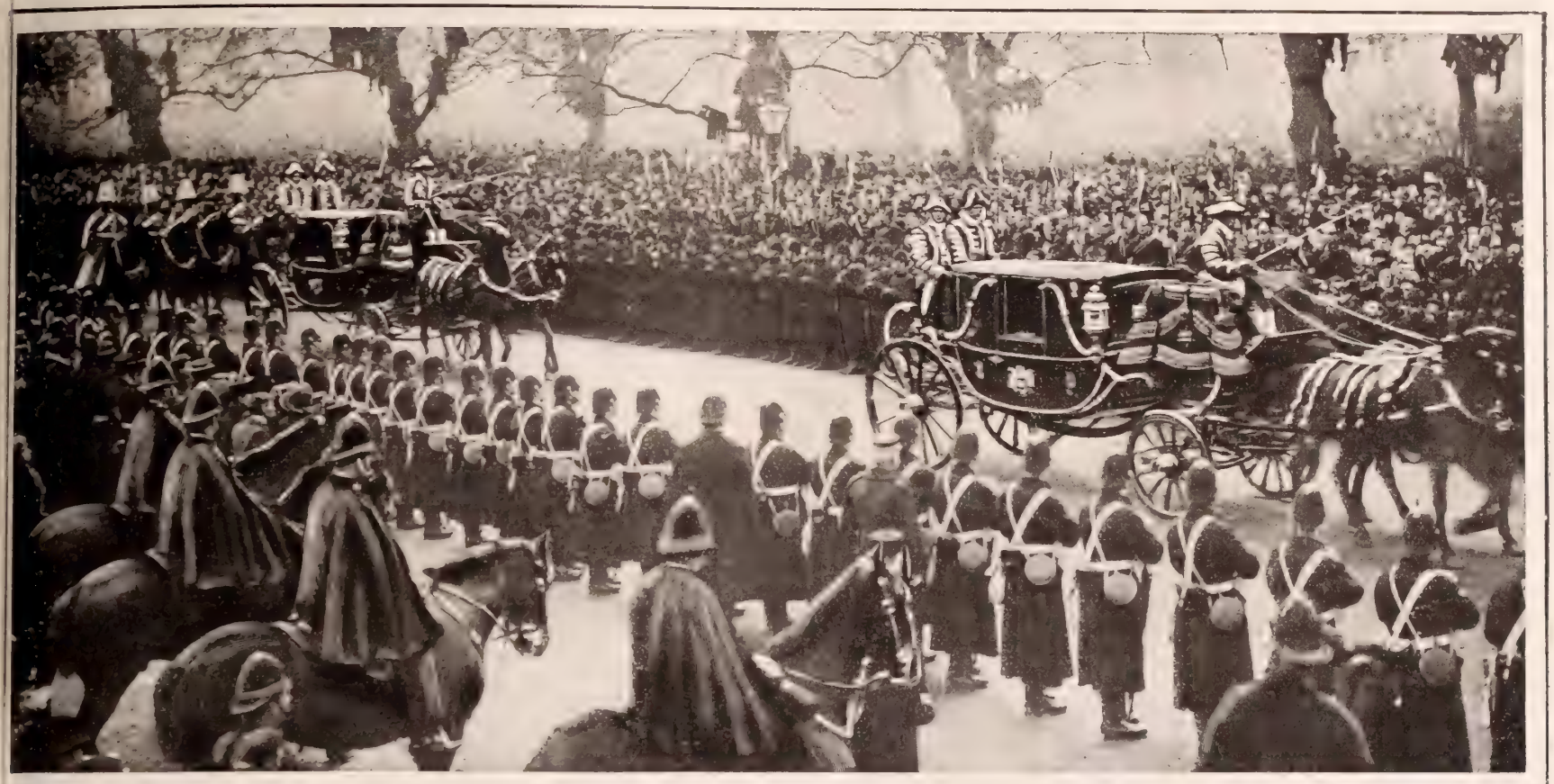
After the king's and emperor's par and with a little space between, came t strangest and most touching part of t gloomy pageant—the Queen and the roy princesses. All robed in soberest bla and with veils nearly touching the grour they walked in a little group huddled gether and with heads bowed as thou sobbing with grief. There were no car ages; all were afoot. Not a single jev

THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION LEAVING OSBORNE HOUSE

The King, German Emperor, and Other Royalties are Next to the Catafalque—The Queen and Princesses in Deep Mourning, Follow on Foot

THE OBSEQUIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA *Continued*



THE CORTEGE PASSING THROUGH HYDE PARK, LONDON. QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE LEADING CARRIAGE

The Royal Life Guards Line Both Sides of the Route, which is Thronged with a Great Multitude of Mourning Spectators

ornament gleamed in that sad gather-
ik. All worldly decorations and adorn-
nts had been discarded in the presence
death; and the simple habiliments of
ief, the bowed heads, and slow, meas-
ed steps of the weeping women, as they
lked past, touched the hearts of the
ultitude, and soon many were sobbing
sympathy.

When the procession reached the pier,
d amid the beating of muffled drums,
e body was reverently transferred to the
yal yacht, *Alberta*, the second stage of
e Queen's last journey had begun. Be-
een two lines of great warships the
cht passed, being saluted with "minute
ns" by each vessel in turn. Every bat-
ship, from Cowes to Spithead, was
anned, the yards covered with sailors
d the bands playing funeral marches.

Accompanying the *Alberta* were several other steam yachts bearing the attendants of the funeral party. Emperor William's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, was a prominent figure in the marine pageant. At Portsmouth the funeral party took train for London, where they arrived early the next morning.

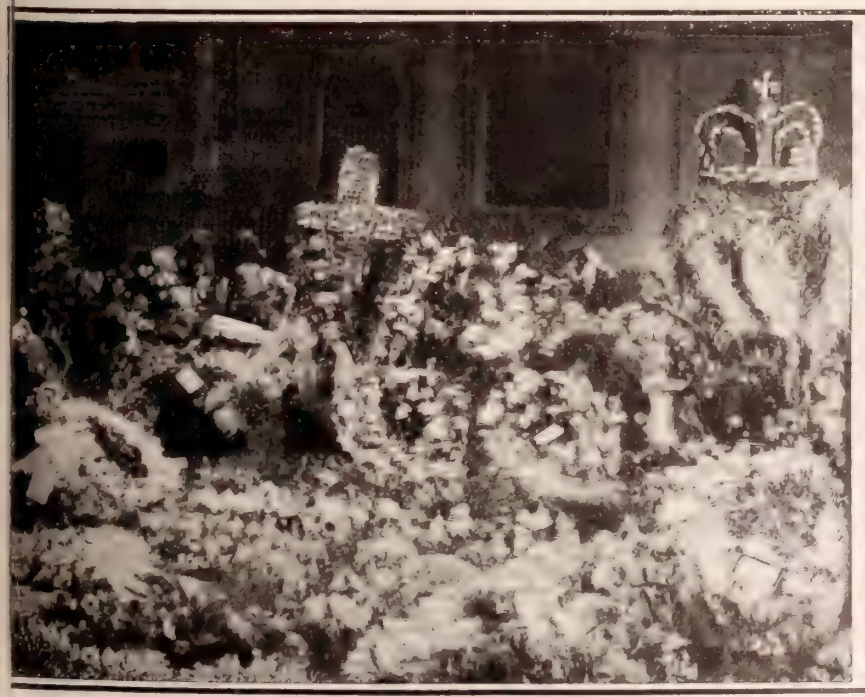
Our other illustrations deal with the obsequies in London on the following day, when the dead Empress-Queen was borne through the streets of her ancient capital past the palace of the English sovereigns, with a pomp and splendor that were in striking contrast with the simple and almost severely plain ceremonial at Osborne. Cream-colored horses drew the catafalque; the pall was white; the trappings of the cavalry horses and the uniforms of the troopers and the soldiers generally were dazzling in their brilliancy.

Princes, dukes, marshals, generals, admirals, nobility and officers of all grades, blazing with decorations and gold lace, made the picture a resplendent one. The King himself wore the uniform of a field marshal. With the King and Queen were Emperor William, the kings of Greece, Portugal and Belgium, and other royalties and high personages. Thirty-five thousand troops took part in the funeral pageant, and the spectators could only be estimated by millions.

The main features of the obsequies in London have already been very fully described in the published cablegrams. The solemn pageant is shown passing through Hyde Park, with the royal carriage containing Queen Alexandra in front. All the way down to Paddington Station, where the cortege took train for Windsor, the streets were lined with silent and weeping crowds.

The next stage of the journey was from Windsor Station to the Castle. One of our illustrations shows the procession nearing the gates of Windsor, on entering which the remains were placed in St. George's Chapel, where the impressive funeral service of the Church of England was read.

Then, while the church bells of Windsor were tolling solemnly, the minute guns were booming and the castle bands playing funeral marches, the procession took up its burden for the last stage—to Frogmore—where the Queen's body was laid to rest in the beautiful mausoleum, beside that of her beloved husband and royal consort, Prince Albert.



FLORAL TRIBUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

PROCESSION ENTERING THE GATES OF WINDSOR CASTLE

Gems from the World's Great Pulpits

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

PERSONAL PREACHING

DR. A. C. DIXON, HANSON PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHRIST preached his greatest sermons to individuals—to Nicodemus at midnight, to the woman of Samaria at midday. The personal worker must put himself under God's spirit for either the crowd or for the individual man. And it takes more grace to speak of Christ to the "one" man than to the throng. The true personal worker must put himself on a level with the one he seeks to reach. God employs different methods. To Peter, the fisherman, he appears with the sheet full of creeping things; to Cornelius, the man of power and authority, he sends an angel. He taught spiritual truths through the natural channels which most appealed to the one visited. And then when you have thus put yourself on this level, preach Jesus, not about Jesus. Philip might have preached about the authorship of Isaiah, about the style of the Old Testament writings—the eunuch might have asked such questions. But no, Philip preached Jesus.

THE DEAD QUEEN

DR. CORTLAND MYERS, AT THE BAPTIST TEMPLE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S death is a world's sorrow. The heart of America is and should be most deeply affected of all the nations of the earth. She has ever been a true friend of America and her memory should be revered. It is not a question of democracy or monarchy. It is the question of a great personality and the friendship of progress and humanity. She was the world's greatest queen because she stands in the front line of the world's greatest women. Emphasis has been placed justly upon the glories of the Victorian age; upon the advance in art and science and literature; upon her share in all these stupendous movements in the history of the last half of the old century; upon the union and triumphs of the British Empire under her rule. But all this is not the supreme fact nor the secret of the world's sorrow at this hour. The chief distinction of her reign and the brightest crown upon her brow was and is her own personal character, which ever inspired confidence and affection and devotion. She was pre-eminently a true and noble-hearted sovereign. Character—that is the word. It sweeps all other qualities within its mighty circle. She, being dead, yet speaketh, because character knows not death. This accounts for the admiration and devotion of her people and the strength of sentiment about the throne. It is this personal regard and affection which has been the strongest force in the union of the empire and the stability of the throne. It has not been any legal guarantee but a heart assurance. The throne of England has been one of the mightiest elements in the Kingdom of God since the Christian faith and character of the queen have been upon it. She has illustrated the finest and divinest qualities of womanhood at the loftiest height in the modern world. She will be remembered for her affection, her ideals, her morality, her Christianity. In this will be found her deepest and most permanent influence. The Stars and Stripes can afford to float above that grave and respect such loyalty.

CHRIST IN THE HOME

DR. J. A. B. SCHERER, ST. ANDREW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, CHARLESTON, S. C.

AT the beginning of the Old Testament stands the ordinance of matrimony, the founding of the family. At the beginning of the New Testament the first miracle is that of the marriage of Cana; Jesus was present with his blessing. He introduced new ideals of family life. The fact that he was born of woman has done more to uplift womankind than all other influences together. His teaching as to children lifted the child from a plane of bare toleration to be our pattern and exemplar—"of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." To Christ we owe the Christian home. He has sanctified it. You have only to compare the present with the past, or this land with that, to see how true this is.

The cause of every home trouble to-day is in the fact that Christ is not the Lord of that home. If we are to be saved from the death of trespasses and sins and from all the other woes of the home we must seek the presence of Christ in our home. And then, too, his aid must be invoked. Do we come to him, invoking his aid as families, for our daily need? Otherwise we cannot expect his aid. Then, finally, his word must be obeyed. "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." You seek the purity of your household; it is dearer to you than anything else. You ask Christ to rule in your home and you invoke his aid for your need. But you cannot expect his sanctifying presence and his need-supplying power so long as you permit influences totally at variance with his word to enter that home. Yet are you doing anything to guard your young from the flood of impure literature which daily pours from the press? Do you see that they are led to think only on the things that are pure and lovely and of good report? Seek his presence, ask his aid, obey his word, and he will sanctify your joys with his presence, while he supplies your needs by his power.

WHAT SINNERS NEED

DR. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK

A MAN high in the councils of the Christian church said to me recently, "I fear that, amid the controversies of the last half century the ministry has lost the art of soul saving." God forbid! Let us, my brethren, turn from our devotion to science and philosophy, from apologetics and critical dogmatics, and go out after prisoners of hope. Let us emphasize the destroying power of sin, and more and more the saving power of the blood of Jesus Christ. Knowing the terror of the Lord, let us persuade men.

A man came to see me last Monday, who said, "I attended church last night and heard you say, 'A sea of oblivion has been opened up in the Saviour's blood, in which a man may drown forever the mislived past.' Did you mean that?" I told him I meant that, and more; namely, that Christ, in forgiving a man's sins, joins himself to the forgiven sinner as a perpetual friend who can never be shaken off. He said, "That's what I want. It's the only gleam of hope I have had for years." We knelt down and, having offered a brief prayer, I said, "Tell God for yourself." And then he made a most singular prayer: "God, I am at the end of my rope! I have wasted my life and tried in vain to retrieve it! God, I have a great thing to do, a great burden to bear; I must roll it off on you. God, you must take it! Amen." And God took it.

Here is a word of hope for every penitent. He comes to meet the prodigal while he is yet a great way off. He is ready to blot out the past and glorify the future. His word is, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." And he is able to save unto the uttermost all who will come unto him.

THE FOUR "COMES"

DR. G T. DOWLING, AT CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE aim of Zaccheus was simply to satisfy an idle curiosity. Suddenly, before all the people, Christ stopped and said: "Zaccheus, come down," and he made haste, and came down and received him joyfully. The world is full of people who care only to look upon Jesus from the tree top. They are not willing to fling themselves at his feet and cry with Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He is to them an interesting speculation. To all such his first request is: "Come down." In other words, the first requirement in coming to Jesus Christ is humiliation.

What is the second step? In II. Cor. 6: 17, occur these words: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." This is the second step in coming to Jesus Christ. First, "come down," and next, "come out." What the apostle meant was that we were neither to be ashamed of the Gospel nor a shame to it. A young man came to Jesus, saying, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He was earnest, for he came running; he was reverent, for he knelt; inquiring, for he asked, and yet he went away sorrowful, for the Lord singled out his besetting sin, and said to him, come out from the midst of such temptations, and be ye separate. With him it was covetousness; with you it may be gossip, lust, any one of a thousand temptations, but you can never successfully come to Jesus Christ unless you come out from that which you know Jesus Christ would condemn.

What is the third step? Come in. In confirmation, the church says to every such one what Laban said to the servant of Abraham: "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord." First, humiliation; then separation; then identification. He who comes to Jesus Christ will be willing to put on the regimentals of Jesus Christ, to take the oath of allegiance, and to march with his people.

And, last of all, if we obey these three calls, there shall come to us the message contained in the book of Revelation, "Come up!" Four steps in coming to Jesus Christ. And you will notice that these balance one another. We cannot come in until we come out; we cannot come up until we come down—humiliation, separation, identification, glory.

THE GROWING KINGDOM

DR. FERDINAND C. IGLEHART, TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

THE greatest fact of the past century is the influence which Christ has had upon the bodies and souls of men through the instrumentality of his followers. One of the greatest scientists of Germany has recently said that the greatest wonder of the nineteenth century was the application of the system of Christianity to the practical wants of mankind. The Germans have a word which they use in referring to Christ the Almighty, which is translated "Healer." In the institutions of beneficence, the munificence and beauty of which were never known in any previous age, Christ is the healer of the bodies, as well as souls, of men. We do not forget that the century had its weaknesses and sins, its intemperance and its inordinate greed for gold, its unholy ambition, its social uncleanness, its brutal malice; but these have been small as compared with the moral and spiritual victories of the century, only a blemish here and there on the lovely face of one of the most beautiful centuries the world has ever known.

SOCIAL PAGANISM

DR. J. H. BARROWS, IN WESTMINSTER CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH, KANSAS CITY, MO.

OH, what a rebuke the Lord's Prayer becomes to the social paganism which tries to preserve its respectability by avoiding those to whom Christ gave his whole life. Let kid-gloved and lavender-scented delicacy gather its white skirts away from the pollution of the ordinary crowd; let women decline to speak to those who have sinned against society and shrink from association even with those who help the fallen outcasts. Let all such gather themselves together for God's worship in some temple of beauty, deeming themselves safe from vulgar intrusion, and they will find that in the highest and noblest exercise of life, that of prayer, they must associate with these to whom they have denied the meanest fellowship. People often imagine that they are growing more and more respectable as they contract the circle of their sympathies. We come from God's hand, children of the universe, akin to all things human and divine. But society takes us and teaches us that we are Americans and not Englishmen, and so we step into a narrower ring; that we are Presbyterians or Congregationalists, and not Catholics or Jews, and so we retreat into a smaller circle; and then that we belong to the leisurely class who work with pen and not with plane, and we enter a still smaller circle; until gradually the circumference of the universe contracts to a pivot, and that pivot is self, and the whirling around on that we call the operation of "moving in good society." The first word of this model prayer is the vestibule to the second and Christ is the link between the two. Human brotherhood and divine Fatherhood find in Him their proof and explanation.

THE CHRISTIAN IN SOCIETY

REV. DAVID D. MARSH, WETHERSFIELD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HARTFORD, CONN.

IT is practical that the world should ask and know what position Christ held in social life. And since no man can live apart from society, Christians must ask what their demeanor shall be. The New Testament gives us two striking examples on the point in question. First, John the Baptist, who remained in the desert, curiously dressed, giving his great and burning question only to those who sought him out. Second, Christ, who spent his life in cities and often dined with the rich as well as with the poor. The difference in these two examples comes from their different outlook upon life. John felt that the temptations of society were too strong for him to contend with, and he withdrew himself. But Christ, the type of happy religious life, would not lose his influence thus, and feeling that he could safely live in the world and not be of the world, began his great work of bri ing his associates up to his own ideals. went in any place that he might teach give tone to social life. Does this kind of c duct weaken our life? Does it secularize Does it cool our Christian spirit? Does it fit us for prayer? If so, let us do what J the Baptist did and refrain; but if not, fol Christ, knowing that if he actuates our the greatest call that we can answer is t which bids us mold society. It must be will of him who associated so much with n that we should go anywhere that we feel can take him with us. Thus we may go any place if actuated by the right mot And thus the motive becomes the lead thing, and if our desire for the world is t which Christ had, our greatest work will b move in all circles of society, not being inju by that society, but lifting it up toward own ideals.

DIVINE IDEALS

DR. PLEASANT HUNTER, SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHICAGO.

IN the sermon on the Mount are set up maintained throughout the New Te ment, the highest ideals. They require t we should now and here live the kind of that is lived in heaven, the type of life t God demands, and whose principles are he enly, the divine model thus became our mo of action towards him and towards oth Character is everywhere the interpreter character, and only the man who has in h self what appeared in the character of G can appreciate what was in the Lord. T calls for the largest life of unselfishness a love, not externally as tested by the standa of the time, but according to those of Chr He tests men in their relation to his kingd by the higher standards of their relation their fellow-men. When we see the ide prevailing in the world whereby evil triumj over good, we wonder if God does have a v concerning all, including the evil. It is dent that he is laying his hand on the life the world, to make his principles regna since the divine life of the Son of God ca down to sweeten and transform it. The R elation gives a picture of the universal com time when all will own Christ as King, a will put into practice the principles of his cro

THE GARMENT OF HABIT

REV. F. B. MEYER, OF LONDON, PREACHEI AT NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND.

WHEN Paul talks about garments, means divesting the life of certain habits which have too long clung to it. T word "habit" is used for an article of ladi dress, and the habit is the dress of the s that clings to it, and there must come a n ment in a man's life when certain habits whi he once permitted are shown to be altogetl unworthy of his Christian character, and puts off the works of the flesh. When t light is shining only upon the top of t mountain line, and the dark valley holds y you will permit things in your character a life which other men permit, and you will r see that they are specially wrong; but climbing up the mountain, you get out of t shadows, getting nearer the perfect day, day creeps down the mountain slope, y come where there is sunshine, and standing that glow of light you see things in a differe light. When the love of God fills our he as we come more and more into the perf day, we feel we cannot keep on the garmer which once were agreeable to us—just as m and women, when spring comes, put off t shadowed clothes worn in the twilight, a don some attire which will stand the searc ing light of the sun.

I feel that the man who does not drop hal after habit, indulgence after indulgence, is n growing; just as a tree may tell us its age the rings of wood, so we can mark the grow of a man by what he has dropped. I am n here to tell you what to give up, it is not n purpose to add commandments to the dec logue, but to say that a man's growth is d termined by what he is prepared to renounc He does not think it hard to renounce the because he is receiving so much more; drops the less to take the better. Just when we come to the moment of death, I not suppose we shall think about dying, cause the radiant light of that world beyo will attract us, and reaching out our two han towards it, before we know we have died shall have passed into heaven. So now are attracted always by the heavenly visio and as we reach our arms out toward it, pass things that once held us as in a vice.

IN THE LONG WINTER NIGHTS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

he Exclusiveness of Marriage

HEN two persons pledge each other at the altar to dwell together all their lives, they solemnly assert that they will leave everyone else, and cleave, husband to wife, and wife to husband, until separated by death. "Till death us part" rings its solemn note as a minor undertone in every joyous wedding peal. t has been observed that there is a growing danger in the social life of many communities, namely, in the common and, s far as intention is concerned, ite innocent, custom of married men to accept and married men offer marked courtesies from and others than their own partners in life. In a multitude of instances is sort of thing is simply the appropriate result of mingling in society, but it may be carried too far. Should a husband evidently prefer e company of someone else than wife, or a wife pointedly neglect her husband, and lavish her greeable looks and conversation another man, reason would arise comment and censure, that thing be dreaded above most things in arage life, talk and insinuation uld follow, and domestic rupture ght easily ensue.

As a rule, Christian principle, e morality and common sense gulate these matters. Good women do not stoop to seek admiration m other than their own husbds. Pure men prefer their wives other ladies, in company and at me. On the way to and from rch, in paying visits, and in the ual tenor of daily life, married ople are seen together, and they not bored by each other, nor they desire to be courted and ttered by foolish people. Possibly in the corrupt circles of ultra-fhionable life there is a license ich produces disastrous effects, d we may find in the facility of vorces and the changing domestic rations of some wealthy and conscuous persons, a regretful departure from the old self-respecting ys. Marriage is exclusive. It ould not be entered upon lightly r in haste, for it partakes of the ture of a sacrament. When there e children, for their sakes, even ch that is uncongenial should be tiently borne. Many a shattered usehold, shattered because of idelity, ill temper, or inebriety, is the dest wreck of all in the ruin wrought on the prospects and lives of innocent ildren. ISABEL WARNER BLAKE.

PRAY

Pray, though no answer seems to come,
For God is always swift to hear;
And from the music of his home,
Will send some sweet note to your ear.

he Dear Old Folks

When granddaughter Bertha comes to sit the dear old folks, one of her pleases is to read to them. They live quite r themselves. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. enson wish to share the home of any ild, and they manage to live very pleastly in their old age. They are lovers ll, just as they were nearly sixty years go, when John Benson and Jean Redond were married. There are a number grandchildren, but of them all the vorite is Bertha Deane, and she often ends a week at a time under the roof of e old homestead. She has a sweet oughtfulness in her ministrations to the d folks which they enjoy and never resent, and the kitten on the floor is not a bit happier than our pretty maid, Bertha. It is Bertha's unselfishness which makes her so very attractive.

A GRANDDAUGHTER'S VISIT TO THE OLD FOLKS

Sabbath, Sunday or Lord's Day?

An esteemed friend writes, urging that the title Sabbath be more generally used, and Sunday, which is the common name of the first day of the week, be dropped. The names of the seven days as we now use them are derived from the Norse mythology, and are interesting on that account. Sunday is the sun's day; Monday, the moon's; Wednesday is Woden's; Friday, Freya's day, etc. Sabbath is a term greatly endeared to those of us who come of old Presbyterian ancestry. In Scotland, the Sabbath is the term most in vogue, even now. Sabbath conveys the idea of rest, of cessation from labor, of complete tranquillity. The Lord's Day is particularly suitable in its descriptiveness, but has not a colloquial sound. It seems most appropriate for the pulpit and for the printed page. Whichever title we choose, let us see to it that we hold fast to the real sacredness of the day, and that we do not profane it by putting it to secular uses. Among the days of the week, the Lord's Day is the queen, to wear white robes and be consecrated to all beautiful and restful ends, while the week days are for labor and drudgery, as well as for amusement and pleasure. Recreation, the making over of soul and body, religion, the binding of the soul anew to God, are the purposes of the Sabbath. I like that dear name, for I heard it on every occasion in my childhood from the lips of my father and mother. It is old-fashioned now, but fragrant as a whiff of lavender or mignonette. There are those who prefer Sunday, which seems to them cheery and precious; but to all who love our Redeemer, the first day of the week will always be pre-eminently "The Lord's Day." M. E. S.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS

Lift up your hearts, the Lord Almighty reigns,
Above this world his sway the Lord maintains.
In all our mountains, valleys, plains and coasts,
Lift up a song and praise the Lord of hosts.

Relief to a Long-Suffering Friend

With joy and thankfulness every lover of the horse must see the great improvements which are being made in automobiles. Those of us who love horses have been very glad that trolley and cable cars have in most cases superseded horse cars. The machinery that can draw a heavy load without suffering or strain is far to be preferred to the living organism which shrinks and suffers and knows pain and weariness. In icy weather our horses are not shod properly for the slippery asphalt pavements, and therefore as they slide and cringe and feel acute nervous agonies, often at the mercy, too, of brutal drivers, they are objects of real compassion. When the automobile reaches a point of greater cheapness, as well as of entire safety, men will choose it for use, rather than a sensitive horse, and we shall all be grateful.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—ZADA. I advise that you take a Chautauqua course.

—RUTH. Hot chocolate poured over ice-cream is delicious. Any cold pudding is nice in winter if served with a hot sauce.

—BABY'S MAMMA. I would rather take care of the baby myself if I were you, and hire help for the other work. Baby evidently needs his mother's care.

—T. C. G. Among excellent little manuals of devotion are *Closet and Altar*, published by the Congregational House, Boston, Mass. *Daily Light on the Daily Path*, and *Prayers of the Ages*. For family prayer to be used daily, the form in the Episcopal prayer-book is unsurpassed.

—LASSE. I do not think God answers prayers in dreams in this age of the world, nor do I imagine you have more than a passing fancy for the young lady you mention, nor do I think she really cares for you. My advice to both is to wait, not seeing each other for a year or more.

The Servant Problem

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE FARMER'S WIFE

FARM life is often very solitary, and the mistress of the farm is thrown, as her city cousin never is, upon her hired help for daily companionship. "Personally," writes a correspondent, "my experience has been limited, though I have usually been fortunate in securing in my kitchen persons of refinement, well read and agreeable as companions. In fact, I would go without help, or let the work go undone, rather than employ those who would make me unhappy in my own home. A good domestic coming into the farmhouse is like a nice visitor, and the time passes very pleasantly.

Some farmer's wives are compelled to keep help all the time, and they have, of course, now and then had in their employ very unsatisfactory women.

I would rather have a lady to do my work, because she would be trustworthy, not careless and a slattern. She would take a pride in doing her work well.

The real gist of the question so far as the farmer's wife is concerned, has not often been touched in the printed discussions of the matter. While husbands and wives are not business partners, but stand in the relation of masters and slaves, there will be heartburnings over this problem. When a woman who never has a penny of her own, sees her husband hand a ten dollar bill to the hired girl, who puts it in her pocket, when the same wife asks for two dollars and is curtly refused, the situation is exasperating. Yet this is the case where the husband keeps the purse, and the wife who does half the work and has all the responsibility, never has a single dollar. Intelligent young women do not like to live in families where this unjust system causes constant misery. Bachelors and men who are courting do not believe that they will ever behave in the heartless way of many married men, so that financially, the wife will be in the place of a slave till her death, but too many of them do. The wife does not live who likes this way of things.

Let the wife have her share, pay her own help, and have some independence and the problem will be nearer solution."

A FARMER'S WIFE.

A Few Requisites

Every house should have a few requisites such as pens, ink, paper, envelopes and postage stamps, in some place where everybody can find them without trouble. A pencil and pad should be at hand, so that visitors who wish to leave written messages may do so. A hammer and nails, a gimlet, a screw-driver, a ball of twine, a pair of scissors, and a supply of wrapping paper should be in a convenient place. Thrifty women save the strings with which parcels are tied and the paper in which they are wrapped. A package of old linen, a surgical bandage which comes in a tight roll and may be procured at the druggist's, salve, linseed oil and lime water for burns, camphor, paregoric and quinine should be part of every mother's outfit.

Work in the kitchen is simplified if the supply of pots and pans is sufficient, and if egg-beaters, apple-corers, chopping knives, and other must-haves, are at the housewife's hand.

Prayer and Pains

Nothing is too insignificant to carry to the heavenly Father. Nor need we use circumlocutory phrases when we pray. If we ask God to help us in the crisis of a difficult day, let us tell him plainly what we dread, and beg him to remove the dread; let us also ask him for what we need. If he does not give us what we think we need, he will send us something better.

Prayer must be accompanied by pains. As we pray we must work, with all our might, doing the thing which God has put before us a present duty.

VICTORY

IT is not in the fleet of foot
To gain the race;
It is not in the strength of steeds
To win the chase;
In conquest every battle waged
Is watched above,
And every victory is marked
By ruling Love.

The might of battleships may be
In girded steel;
But though they be a boast and pride
From deck to keel,
A little craft, a touch of storm
May lay them low
Beneath where placid seas asleep
Now ebb and flow.

The right must triumph; though the fight
Be fierce and long,
When battle ends, the righteous cause
In joyous song
Will praise the overshadowing love
Which rules all strife,
To give the armies of the right
The power of life.

Mechanicsburg, Pa. B. F. M. SOURS.

Mrs. Whittemore's Explanation

Owing to the reproduction of an old photograph of Mrs. E. M. Whittemore (taken when obliged to wear glasses before the restoration of her sight), which appeared in connection with the new work she has undertaken, known as "The Door of Hope Gospel Mission," communications have been received from various directions showing that a most erroneous impression has been made upon the minds of some of the readers. She makes the following statement:

That for over two years and more, since God so miraculously answered prayer in connection with her eyes, they have been in constant service early and late, and she has never been obliged to resort to the aid of glasses, even to the surprise of those who had examined them, especially the last doctor, who considered it one of the most miraculous answers to prayer that has ever come within his observation.

MRS. E. M. WHITTEMORE.

THE DAYS OF LONG AGO

I. BY MRS. J. H. PHIPPS

DELAYING dawn, and early night,
The leaden sky, and hearth-fire bright,
The leaves that crisp and rustling lie,
Swept by the feet that pass them by:
The wind that moans and whistles shrill
O'er valley, hillside, rock and rill,
O'er leafless woodland, and o'er moor,
To try its strength 'gainst sash and door;
These tell us that the time is here
Of nature's rest and winter's cheer;
And memory, with added glow,
Brings back the days of long ago.

II.

Within the room the hearth-fire bright
Leaves half in shadow, half in light:
And in the light the children play,
As restful evening follows day;
Or hide them in the shadows dim,
With tales of ghosts and goblins grim,
Or "Hide-the-Thimble," or, may be,
It's "Hide-and-Seek," with quiet glee,
And merry shrieks of noisy fun,
As they are captured one by one;
Till supper work is put away,
And finished are the tasks of day
Till cows are milked and horses fed,
And time has come to go to bed.

III.

Then sister, in the lamp-light's glow,
Plays grand old hymn-tunes, sweet and low,
While each joins in, with happy heart,
And in the singing takes a part.
The great old Bible finds a place
Upon the table's crowded space,
And words of cheer are from it read—
How God his wandering children led;
And He is praised that good has crowned
The seasons, as they rolled around.
Low bows each head as father's words
Commends them to the "Lord of Lords."
With tangled locks, in night-dress white,
The children run to say Good Night;
The lights go out, the shadows fall,
And hush of night is over all.
Though many years may come and go,
These scenes come back with added glow;
And though the dust of time be laid
On all things else, these ne'er shall fade
From out the mem'ry of the heart,
That in these home scenes had a part.

"GONE HOME"

OH words of restful meaning!
Beyond the billows foam
The loved for me are waiting
Not lost but "just gone home."
Gone where no feet are weary
Climbing the hills of pain,
Gone where no shadows gather
Like mist o'er heart and brain.

Gone where their hopes will brighten
To joys more bright than they,
Gone where the stars of morning
In sunlight melt away,
Gone where their eager spirits
Drink deep from wells of truth,
Gone where immortal beauty
Blends with eternal youth.

"Gone home" to higher service.
Earth's richest gain is loss,
Compared to such an honor
Its finest gold is dross.
"Gone home" to bliss eternal.
Then why should I repine?
A little more of service,—
Their joy will then be mine.

E. Corinth, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

A Delighted Reader

"Thanks for the pretty calendar. I a highly delighted with my Bible. I don't s how you can afford it. I like THE CHRI TIAN HERALD so much; it espouses so mar good causes to further the Master's work ar to relieve the suffering. May God bless yo in all your good works." MRS. L. C. V.

Fullerton Calif.

A Valuable Premium

Dear Editor.—The premium entitled *Eve Day Life in Washington* was duly receive and I am more than pleased with it. shall be very happy to show it to my frien and gain as many subscribers as I can to th most excellent of papers, THE CHRISTIA HERALD. D. I. ASPINWALL.

OUR INDIA ORPHAN WORK

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BY LOVE'S SWEET RULE.

~ A New Serial Story by ~ GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON.

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

Chapter II.—Confidences

H. Papa Checa!" she cried, calling him by the pet name she had given him in childhood, as springing from her chair, and letting books, papers and pencils fall to the floor in her eagerness, she ran to put her arms about his neck and snuggle her fac in his brown beard; a very different gir from the one who had sat looking desp dently out of the window an hour bere.

Vell, my Heart's-ease," said Dr. Prior, ga ering her up in his arms and taking th hair she had just vacated: "How has th time sped with you to-day, and what h my little daughter to tell me now that I ve come home an hour earlier than us l?"

though rather a tall girl for her age, Mjorie curled herself up like a kitten, an replied: "First, that an hour isn't ha long enough to have you all to my ov self; I want two, at least. Second, th I have just said a dreadful thing bec e I was so lonesome."

arjorie did not see the shadow which cae over the handsome face resting agnst her soft hair, but the voice which sa: "Well?" interrogatively had a sad ri to it, and she glanced up quickly.

Yes, I said, I wondered if anything pl sant could happen to me? Wasn't th horrid? for you see that the very pl santest thing in the world that could ha just happened; you have come early fo he first time in months, and, I've got yo all to my very own self; dear, dear Pa Checa, and I love you so hard!" an she clasped her arms tightly about hi neck.

My own dear little daughter," said Dr. Pr. a wonderful tenderness in voice ar face, "the old 'Papa Checa' would ha a dull enough time without you, I fel," and he held her close in his strong ar s.

Now, let's talk," said Marjorie, "and w won't be dull one bit," and she plunged in a detailed account of the thousand ar one happenings of the school life.

r. Prior leaned back in the great ch r and stroked the pretty head as he lis ned with flattering attention; occasional dropping a word or asking a question wse answer conveyed more than Marjo guessed; for Dr. Prior had recently bun to realize his daughter's peculiarly isated position, and while deeply regretti it, and the dull monotony of the home li had until now, seen no help for it.

e was a very handsome man of forty-tv, but looked somewhat older; for gray hrs had appeared among the brown ones sce his wife's death, and lines had come in the face which had not been there bore. But Chester Prior was a man at wom men, women and children would lok a second time, and find satisfaction in he second glance.

And, papa, what do you think? The gs are going to give a 'Forefathers' Da' the day before Thanksgiving, and thy want me to help serve; may I? Do sa 'Yes,' for I want to dreadfully, and thre can't be much to prepare."

You had better ask Aunt Matilda, Hart's-ease; she knows more about such matters than I do, and will be better able to decide."

Marjorie's face fell: "Oh, papa, won't yo please decide right now? I know beforehand just what Aunt Matilda will say. Yu know she does not approve of my going out in the evening, and I just believe she thinks I'm a baby yet," and a pulant tone came into the voice.

Why Majorie!" exclaimed her father reproachfully, "surely Aunt Matilda does gain her power for your happiness, and yo must remember that she is sorely afflicted, and very unhappy."

I know it, papa, and I'm just as sorry for her as I can be; but I can't help wanting to be like the other girls, and do as they do; and Papa Checa, don't you think she could let me sometimes?"

Dr. Prior brushed his hand across his forehead as though to brush aside some unpleasant thoughts, and replied:

"Little girl, that is a question which has caused me considerable thought of late, and one I hardly know how to answer and yet be perfectly just. Aunt Matilda has looked upon our home as her's for nearly nine years, and has, I am sure, striven to fill your mother's place, and yet no one realizes, as I do, that she never can do so. She is a thoroughly good woman, but her disposition is so unlike mamma's that I have often wondered how they could have been the children of the same parents."

"I wish I remembered mamma better," said Marjorie sadly; "all I can recall is someone who petted me lots, and read and sang sweet songs to me, and was always smiling when I looked at her."

"Yes, 'always smiling;' that expresses it exactly. She was sunshine itself, and I wish she could have been spared to shed it in this home," and he looked out of the window to gaze with unseeing eyes upon the dreary landscape.

Marjorie dreaded to see that expression come into her father's eyes, so, in order to divert him, she said quickly:

"But, papa, you haven't said yes or no about the tea yet," and she put her soft hand up to his cheek, and stroked it coaxingly.

"What are you expected to do, dear?" asked the doctor, coming back to the present with a start.

"Oh, not much; only wear a Puritan girl's dress, with a cap and kerchief, and a muslin apron, and have my hair twisted up, and give people cake to drink and tea to eat, and make believe I'm a young lady," said Marjorie, jumbling up her duties in her eagerness.

"Can you find guests who can drink cake and eat tea, and aren't you a young lady already? I had hoped so," said her father, smiling.

"Well, you know just what I mean, so please say 'Yes' quickly."

"Where the tea is to be given."

"I thought I had told that; it is to be at Mrs. Ayers'. Alice will have a birthday in a few days, but she is willing to have her fun beforehand."

Dr. Prior looked at Marjorie a few moments with an odd expression curving the corners of his mouth, and then said:

"If I say 'Yes' will you promise to listen quietly to a plan I have to propose, and which was the chief cause of my early return to-day? It may not wholly please you, but I believe it to be the only thing to do under the circumstances, and have almost decided to do it."

GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON, AUTHOR OF "BY LOVE'S SWEET RULE"

"Of course, I'll listen," answered Marjorie, "and I'm pretty sure to like it if it is your plan. Is it?"

"Not wholly, for Uncle Lloyd suggested it first while out here in September; but he has written many times since to urge it, and I rarely have a letter from him which does not allude to the subject."

"Why, what can it be?" and Marjorie looked very serious.

"It means a radical change in our home, dear, and I have grown to dread a change; but I believe it would be better for you, so have decided to try it. Not long ago Aunt Matilda told me that she feared she must relinquish her duties here, and follow the advice of a specialist, whom she consulted in regard to her eyes some time since. He tells her that there is just one chance in a hundred that her sight may be restored by a certain operation, and she feels that she would do wrong not to try it. She will go to New York and remain there several months, but, very naturally, wishes to feel entirely released from any responsibility to us. She spoke to Uncle Lloyd about it during his visit here in the fall and he urged her to make the attempt by all means, but she demurred on your account, fearing to leave you alone. But uncle suggested a companion for you, and said that he felt sure that a desirable one could easily be secured. He then spoke to me about the matter, and advised me to come over to New York, where, together, we could look about, and no doubt find some one perfectly suited to fill the position. But I so dread a change that I have put off the evil hour as long as possible. But it has come at last, for Aunt Matilda has decided to go early in January, and wishes me to attend to the matter without further delay. So on Wednesday I shall go to New York to meet uncle, and together we will see what can be done for our forlorn little chicken," and with a very questioning look in his own eyes, Dr. Prior paused to look into the others, now regarding him so seriously. But he could draw no deductions from what he saw in their brown depths.

"What do you think of it all, Hearts-ease?"

"I wish I knew," was the half irritable reply. "Papa, I don't believe I know what I want, and that is the truth. Sometimes I'm so cross and fidgety that I just don't want to see any one; and then again, I'd give—I don't know what I wouldn't give," clasping her hands hard together and looking straight at her father, "to be just like the other girls and do the things they do. Dear Papa Checa, forgive me. I don't want to grieve you, but I am so unhappy sometimes," and the pretty head went down upon the broad shoulder, while the tears, which had welled up to the eyes an hour ago, now overflowed.

"My poor little girl," was all Dr. Prior said, but Marjorie felt his arms clasp her more tightly, as though he would, indeed, put her safely away in the "round tower" of his heart, where neither "fidgets" nor loneliness could again assail her.

But the sunny nature beneath the sadness soon prevailed, and in a moment more she was smiling through her tears.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I'm all right now, and I won't get weepy again if I can help it, but sometimes I think a good cry does me good."

"I call it a bad cry; and as I want to do away with it I shall try my best to remove the cause. And now for my answer."

"I think I shall like it; for I do want to see the house bright and pretty, and be able to invite my friends to visit me as I am invited to visit them. And I know it could be just sweet, for there are loads and loads of pretty things put away. Why, papa, the only room in the whole house that looks the least little bit like home is your study, and that is only because it is just as mamma left it."

"And I would not have it changed for untold worlds," was the reply.

"When will you want the companion to come, papa?"

"Just after the first of January, probably."

"We will miss Aunt Matilda," said Marjorie, unconsciously showing that, even though it had received small fostering, her affection had laid hold of the only object there was to support it, and all the sweet girlish nature was hungering for more.

Just then the door bell rang. "There!" exclaimed Marjorie. "I do believe that is some one to see you. Oh, dear, why need people get sick when I want to talk to you? and I don't get you all to myself once in a blue moon, either."

"People do not get ill from choice, little daughter," said the doctor as he rose to leave the room in answer to the maid's announcement that a patient awaited him in his office.

(To be continued.)

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department,

Editor The Mail-Bag,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Mar. 27

1. Does instrumental music, as now practiced in the churches, promote or retard spiritual worship by the congregation?

2. To what extent can a person control his or her own beliefs, or are they ordinarily the outgrowth of circumstances beyond one's power to change?

3. Is there any substantial foundation for the charge, that the average young woman does not strive as earnestly as does the average man to become thoroughly proficient in her calling, because she ultimately expects to marry?

4. In view of the fact that many Christian church-going people have servants engaged during church hours in necessary household duties, would it not be wise for the churches to set apart an hour, say between four and five o'clock P.M. for worship, for the convenience of those debarred from attending the regular services?

5. I live in a village where there is only one church—Catholic. Ten miles off, however, there is a Methodist Church, which I have been in the habit of attending, taking the steam cars to get there. Recently, the pastor preached a sermon on the sin of Sabbath breaking, and among other evils denounced Sunday traveling as wholly un-Christian. Ought I to attend the Catholic Church, or stop at home, since I cannot walk such a distance? What shall I do?

Questions of the Week

1. Is it wiser for a pastor desiring a revival in his church to undertake the preaching of special sermons, or obtain the services of an evangelist?

[As a large number of answers to this important question have been sent in, far exceeding the space limits of THE MAIL-BAG, their publication has been deferred till next week, when they will appear as a symposium, on a separate page.]

2. How can reverence best be taught at the present day?

Reverence, fear mingled with love, can best be taught by example and precept. If the parents are not reverential themselves it is not likely that their children will be reverent, for actions speak louder than words. 1. If the parents will manifest reverence for the Sabbath Day in the home, at family prayers, and in the church, their children will be apt to follow their example in these particulars. 2. Parents are to teach their children that God always sees and hears them, and will judge them according to the deeds done in the body. If the parents will thus teach their children to reverence old age, God, his word, his day, his church, his people, and everything holy, then when the children have arrived at manhood and womanhood they will reverently fear God and work righteousness.

G. H. ROGERS.

* * *

Chiefly by example. Children and young people are easily impressed by the words and acts of their parents and teachers. If the latter are carping and critical, and especially if they are given to ridiculing others, their children acquire the same habit. There is scarcely any man in public life, whether political, social or religious, no matter how great and generally estimable he may be, who has not some failing or defect. It would be a wise and kindly thing to ignore that in conversation, and to dwell on the good points of his character. The effect of many a sermon on a son or daughter has been spoiled by a father or mother ridiculing the preacher's manner or pronunciation. Young people should be trained to admire honesty, humility, industry, piety, kindness, magnanimity, etc., and to hold them in high esteem. They should be taught to respect the aged, and to show them deference. They should never hear from their parents a joke on the Bible or sacred subjects, nor any slang phrases about death or disaster. They should be made to realize that there are things of a nature too hallowed to be spoken of familiarly.

CHARLES WARD.

3. What is the meaning and origin of "True Blue," and when did the color come into use for uniforms?

The color was a party distinction in the Roman Empire. In the factions of the circus of the lower empire Anastasius secretly favored the greens, the Emperor Justinian openly protected the blues; the latter therefore became, and has ever since remained, the emblem of loyalty, the former of disaffection. In this way the blues were looked upon as the party of the established and orthodox church. These early badges, scarfs, etc., were really uniforms, but it was not until feudal times that kings and princes demanded or supplied their followers with uniforms. The genuine blue uniform dates back to 1490, when the French adopted blue coats with yellow facings, from the azure field and golden lilies of the Bourbon princes, according to the custom of choosing the uniforms of the soldiers from the predominant color of the ruler's armorial bearings.

CAROLINE SCHNEIDER.

* * *

Several explanations of the origin of the phrase are given: 1. A blue cloth and thread, noted for its fast color, was made in Coventry, from which fact "true blue," or "true as Coventry blue," was said of a person whose fidelity was unswerving, or reputation spotless. 2. It refers to untainted aristocratic descent, from the Spanish notion that your true nobleman has bluer blood than the plebeian—whence, also, the French phrases, *Sang bleu* (aristocratic blood) and *Sang noir* (plebeian blood), literally "blue blood" and "black blood." 3. It originated from the blue badge of the ever-steadfast Scottish Covenanters. Ezekiel (23:6) alludes to blue as the distinguishing color of the Assyrian uniforms. But it was not until Louis XIV. of France that uniforms became the rule. Blue and white was the first uniform in the English navy (established 1748), and the American uniform was from the first a blue coat.

G. E. KRAUTH.

4. Should a pastor encourage the people of his flock to confide in him as to the sins and faults of their daily lives, that he may advise them? If so, in what does it differ from the Romanist practice of auricular confession?

A man's inner life as a finality is between himself and God alone. Except in cases of difficult casuistry, where inexperience and lack of knowledge interfere with clear judgment, or, where some habit, like intemperance, grips the life, rendering a sympathetic human heart and voice helpful, one would better confess his sins unto God without the intervention of his pastor. As a rule, a pastor would be unwise to encourage and burden himself with such confidences as are invited by the Romanist priest in auricular confession, from whom his position would differ only in the fact that he could not afford the penitent the consolation of a supposed absolution. One would better go first where his pastor would at last be compelled to send him—to God, through our "great High Priest," Jesus Christ.

CHARLES H. HARRISON.

No. Such self-assumed responsibilities are beneath the vocation of all divinely-called preachers of the Gospel of Christ. Let every pastor be ready and willing to give advice when voluntarily sought, but let it be humbly, conscientiously given; living, himself, so near to the Cross, that his personality shall be hid within its shadow, while he points to the Great Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep, who knoweth his own, and calleth them all by name. Since there is but one Mediator for sin, one source from whence all grace, strength, wisdom and power must come, the true shepherd will encourage and urge upon his flock the necessity of each one seeking for himself, in the Revealed Word and by a closer walk with God, the counsel and strength adapted to his particular needs. Every adult Christian knows, or can know, what God expects, not what man thinks, of him, and before the Judgment Throne he stands or falls alone. To confess one's sins and faults to a pastor would seem also to necessitate repetition of facts that would rob the home and social life of its privacy, which should be held sacred. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."—Jas. 1:5.

EDITH F. BARNES.

* * *

A pastor should not encourage his flock to confide in him in anything. 1. There is no scriptural ground for the practice. 2. He could render no alleviation. 3. He would fill himself with unsavory thoughts, which would tend to crowd out holy ones. 4. It would cause an increasing warfare against divulging. 5. It would hinder his pastoral work, and soon he would have a flock to whom he dare not "cry aloud and spare not." If he preached on sins and faults his people would accuse him of divulging their secrets.

C. P. LOUNSBURY.

5. A is a young worker, very ordinary education, somewhat contracted views of life, but sympathetic from acquaintance with hardship and from personal knowledge of the needs of fellow-workers. B, also young, finely educated, well-trained, traveled and with broad views of life, but little knowledge of its struggling multitudes. Both are animated with a sincere purpose to serve Christ and their fellow-men. A inherits wealth unexpectedly; B is already rich. Which of the two is more likely to render the better service?

Undoubtedly "A" will do the greater good, on account of his knowledge of life. It is through personal intercourse with the people we wish to help that the work can be best accomplished, and no matter how great a desire there is to do good, if there is an ignorance of the needs of the people there cannot be given the same beneficial assistance that one could give who had experienced the same hardships as those whom one wished to help. A young minister whom the magazines have been writing about lately, realized this when he gave up his ministerial career to work as a laborer, in order to learn their wants, and thus be able to better their condition. Not only this minister, but many others have done likewise, and our Saviour left his high abode and dwelt amongst us to help us and save us from our sins.

J. CAMPBELL.

* * *

A. Because it will be easier for him to acquire sufficient world-knowledge and mind-training than for B to get an understanding of the motives and needs of those who need help, which, indeed, he can never fully stand unless he becomes one with which is unlikely. Yet this knowledg dispensable. Though educated and tr in reality B's views of life are more ficial regarding social conditions than t tracted views of A. It follows tha enabled to spend his money with mo tion than B, knowing its value; wit wisdom, knowing conditions. Besi never having known hardships, canno haps, have A's realization of the mise others. The latter's closeness to the will be to his advantage also. He will have more influence with the working who can be more appealed to by a o comrade than by one strange to their ences. It argues well for the greater ness of A over B that most of our philanthropists have at one time beer yet have done more for the world thar born wealthy.

JAMES BELL MA[illegible].

* * *

It is difficult to tell. Assuming th unexpected acquisition of wealth do turn his head, it is probable that the inf of A in reaching the masses will count d in greater numbers than that of B. B environment is handicapped with incor education and contracted views of life sympathy, therefore, not being in co with the cosmopolitan classes with wh is intimate and at ease, will generally touch a responsive chord. The numl people brought under Christian influen B will perhaps be relatively less, but th rect results of his labor among polite, arly, and frequently wealthy people m as great or greater. The world is led directly and immediately by scholars an mopolitans than in any previous generat history. One person of broad views an education brought to sincere faith in C has a better chance for extended infl than many whose talents and capacit more circumscribed, and that is the within the reach of B's efforts. Both men, however, should look to God for and wisdom, and neither should trouble self about the comparative extent and of his service, as this is exclusively i hands of the Lord.

L. B. RUSSI[illegible].

A TIME OF GREAT REVIVAL

THERE are many gratifying indications of a great Revival Movement among God's people. Prayers are ascending for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, a deepening work of grace, and for a time of great awakening among those outside the fold. Already Revivals are in actual progress in different sections of our land, and many souls are being born into the Kingdom daily.

Perhaps **in your own neighborhood,** or even **in your own church,** a gracious Revival may have begun, for the fullness and blessing of which you may desire the prayers of God's people elsewhere. There is a great army of Christ's followers throughout this land who are **eager to welcome and to aid** by their prayers and otherwise, these manifestations of divine power and pardoning grace. If your community has already shown signs of the Spirit's presence and power in the awakening of souls, **write to us immediately.**

Editor THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York.

Miscellaneous Questio[illegible]s

J W. D., Fort Wayne, Ind. If the Sultan o should visit this country with a portion his harem and slave establishment, would he under the provisions of the United State constitution?

No! Under the Constitution, the U ed States would forbid the landing of th ltan's slaves, and diplomatic requiren its would make it impossible for him to bri his harem here.

Reader, Ashland, Me. 1. If the body of Jac embalmed, as recorded in Gen. 50: 2, if now would it be in the same state as the tian mummies? 2. Has anything ever found to prove that there was such a s that referred to in Gen. 6: 14? 3. Wh Mount Ararat?

1. Conjecture is useless in this case, a tombs of the patriarchs have been for centuries in the hands of the Turks. said that an application is to be made t Sultan for permission to open the grave No. 3. The Ararat of Genesis is believe leading Biblical scholars to be identical the mountain range of that name in Arm

This, from a missionary in the South will be read with interest:

Dear Editor: —It would do your heart go read the responses, and see the good reading I have received in answer to my recent in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Your re are certainly the best people in the world. still use the new papers that are being sent reading, but have all the back numbers I ca This is a grand missionary field, but the peopl quite poor. I have slept in houses so open, a would not burn because of the wind, and o where I had to sleep with my clothing on and coat above me. My pony and buggy are too to carry all the Bibles and papers I should each time. I have lately organized three Sun Schools, and they are all growing every Sun even in winter. May God bless you.

J. W. MCKEAN, *S. S. Missiona*

Mrs. A. R. S., Jonesville, Ind. Simply send to the care of the Y. M. C. A., Manila, P. I.

Reader, Andover, O. The pseudonyms mention are applied as follows: "Old Relia General Thomas; "Old Rough and Rea Zachary Taylor; "Sage of Monticello," Th Jefferson; "Sunset Cox," S. S. Cox; "Sweet Si of Israel," David, the King; "Eli Perkins," ville D. Landon; "Fabius," a Duke de Mont ency, of France; "George Eliot," pen-nam Mrs. Lewes, afterwards Mrs. Cross. Bret Ha not a pseudonym but the author's real name.

GIVING AWAY HIS MILLIONS

Dr. D. K. Pearson, a Western Millionaire, Acting as His Own Executor, Distributes His Wealth . . for the Benefit of Mankind . .

In this age of philanthropy and public-spirited benevolence, when the Christian view of wealth as a trusteeship is steadily gaining ground, it is a pleasure to note instances in which this principle is carried into practical fact in a manner that all may understand. Dr. D. K. Pearson is one of the most widely known and respected of American philanthropists. During a long life of professional industry, he amassed a large fortune by honorable means, and now, in his ripe old age, and with a heart full of kindness and sympathy for his fellowmen, he has emulated the example of Peter Cooper in disposing of his fortune to the best advantage for the welfare of humanity.

Mr. Pearson's life story is one that will interest every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He was born in the mountains of Vermont, a poor boy, with little chances of thorough schooling and none of college education. In 18— with his wife, he started out for Janesville, Wis. A stop was made at Beloit, then a small hamlet. While there they noticed a brick building going up.

"What are they doing here?" Dr. Pearson asked of a fellow-traveler. "Why, they are some Yankee cranks building a college," was the answer. On the way to Janesville that man cursed everything that was good, and the doctor stood up for Christian education. When they got to Janesville Dr. Pearson said to him: "I am going West, and in a few years I am going to get rich, and when I do I am going to help lift up these colleges that the 'Yankee cranks' are building up."

Time went on until, nine years ago, Dr. Pearson made his first proposition to Beloit College. "I will give you $100,000 if you will raise $100,000. In six weeks," he explains, "they raised the $100.000, and I had to draw my check. I was so well pleased, and it was such a grand character-building institution, that I built them a science hall the finest in the West. It cost $60,000. Next year I built them a dormitory, costing $25,000. Now the boys can live on $1.50 a week. I said, 'You want more endowment and better professors. Now raise $1[illegible],000 and I will give you another $50,000.' Last commencement, President Eaton said, 'Here is $1[illegible],000—not Kansas mortgages, no sand dunes, no swamp lands, but cash.' So I gave him my check for $50,000."

Whitman College, built in memory of the pioneer missionary, Marcus Whitman, was a very ordinary building, costing only $[illegible],000. After struggling along for a few years, the college was completely stranded, and mortgaged for $15,000. Dr. Pearson wrote President Penrose an offer of $50,000 if he would raise $150,000. The college is now on a sound basis, and has an endowment of $200,000.

"I went down to the commencement at Berea College, Berea, Ky., four years ago," says Dr. Pearson, "and was never so much interested in all my life. There were three thousand horses hitched on the campus, and five thousand people there from the mountains. They are mountain whites—I am a mountain white, and I was once as poor as they are, and as ignorant. I am from the mountains away up in Vermont, where they have to shovel snow about five months in the year. When I announced that I would give them $50,000 if they would raise $150,000, I never saw anything like it. Those old mountaineers wept, they were so happy."

Mount Holyoke was the first female college founded in this country, and one that has done more good and has a wider influence than any other like institution under the sun. "I knew Mary Lyon the founder," said Dr. Pearson; "I saw her at work laying the first foundation of her magnificent institution. I once asked an old man why he did not help Mary Lyon. 'Why,' said the old man, 'it is of no use sending girls to college, it will spoil them for servants; they won't be worth a cent for servants if they go to school.' I was practicing medicine within five miles of her, and I used to meet her in her travels around, and sometimes she was disheartened, and although I was poor as Job's turkey then, I said to myself: 'If I ever get anything ahead in the world, the first thing I take up will be such work as Mary Lyon is doing.' She was very kind to me. There were a good many Vermont girls at that school."

DR. D. K. PEARSON

Millionaire philanthropist, who has given away $4,000,000 to endow schools and colleges

Four years ago Dr. Pearson agreed to give $50,000 toward an endowment if Holyoke would raise $150,000. The offer was accepted. When the large dormitory which Mary Lyon built was burned down, the college seemed to be sunk in despair. Before the burning embers had cooled off, Dr. Pearson telegraphed to Williston: "Fifty thousand dollars to build up Mount Holyoke." Now, Holyoke has five of the finest dormitories in the country, and a handsome administration building as a memorial of Mary Lyon.

Here is still another incident illustrating Dr. Pearson's method of distributing his wealth:

"About thirty years ago," he says, "I camped one summer with the Ute Indians in Colorado, where there was nothing but a little hamlet. A missionary started an academy and college there, and he worked and dug and toiled, but didn't get along well. By and by there came along the right fellow, a bright, smart young fellow by the name of Slocum, and I had confidence in that young man. I believed that he could make that college worth something. I said to him, 'Slocum, you raise $150.000, and I will pay you $50.000 down.' He thought a while, and finally said he couldn't do it. There were rich men all around there—twelve millionaires on one street in Colorado Springs! What are they saving their money for?—Saving it to ruin their boys and girls, and carry them to destruction. I said to him, 'Work three years if necessary to raise $150,000.' They sent me a bound book, and in that book there were 1,000 names—the names of all the individuals who had contributed toward that $150,000. I have it now.

I always require such a list. And then I required from the three best business men of Colorado Springs evidence that they had raised the $150,000, and had the money in hand. Now what have they? They have a crowd of students. They come three hundred miles with their packs on their backs from the mountains and the plains, and they crowd in there, eager for an education—and they get it."

There are other institutions which have benefited by the princely generosity of Dr. Pearson, who thus illustrates in the most practical way his idea of the right uses of wealth. He has abounding faith in his own simple method, and believes that in every case, under God's blessing which he seeks for all his philanthropies, the best results must follow.

On French Rivers

One of the workers on the boat built by the McAll Mission in the French capital for carrying the Gospel to the villages of the interior, has written the following account of the work:

Near the town of Dameri, about half-way between Chateau-Thierri and Epernay, on the river Marne, direct east from Paris, now floats the *Bon Messager*, the mission boat of the McAll Mission.

Its external appearance reminds one a little of the children's Noah's arks in show windows. Inside it is surprisingly comfortable. At either end there is a little deck; from the front one enters into the evangelist's room; from aft, passing the cosy kitchen on the left, and the servant's room on the right, one enters into the spacious hall, on the modest platform of which stands a reading desk and a harmonium. At the back the words, "We preach Christ crucified" (I. Cor. 1: 23).

Standing on the bridge close by, three villages and a town can be seen in various directions, at distances of two or three miles. Every evening except Saturdays, an interested audience from these places fills the floating Gospel hall.

A portion of Scripture is read to them, with a prefatory explanation of what the Bible is. Another hymn is sung, and then comes the preaching. Those country people appear delighted to listen. The interest is great, the attention so solemn, that at times one might imagine that the speaker was alone in that floating chapel, and yet the 160 seats are all occupied. What glorious opportunities those are for evangelizing France!

After the address, another hymn is sung and prayer is offered. A boisterous dispersion then takes place. Expressions of gratitude are heard as tracts are given away, Testaments and Bibles purchased. "We'll come again," say some. "We'll come every night," say others.

Most of the attendants are evidently laborers in vineyards. The men have on earth-colored garments, many without jackets or coats. The clamping of the wooden clogs makes a rough sort of music as the people walk in. Hymn books are lent, and soon everybody tries to sing the Gospel hymns, which they pick up most readily.

Our Children's Home

LITTLE folks from the tenements, almost as soon as Christmas is over, begin to make inquiries as to the opening of Mont-Lawn, pleading with wistful earnestness that their names be entered at once as prospective guests, so that they will be sure of their annual visit to our "Children's Paradise on the Hudson," as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh-Air Home has come to be known among many philanthropists who have visited it. Inquiries are coming from other sources, too. Friends of the work all over the Union begin, from another point of view, to show solicitude about Mont-Lawn quite as early as the poor little waifs, who are hoping and praying that they may be numbered among its beneficiaries next summer.

These friends are eager, too, that Mont-Lawn shall be opened as soon as hot weather comes, and they send offerings in Christ's name for the children of the poor, and tell us that they have been remembering in their prayers all winter Mont-Lawn, and its blessed work for the souls and bodies of the tenement waifs and strays.

The sums given below have been received since our last report:

Anderson, Mrs W	50	M B S, Boonville	1 50
Andrews, J	25	M F S, Cabot	25
Bateson, Mrs J, Jr, and F K	5 00	M V L, Middletown	5 00
Brookman, W	1 50	—, Haywards	3 00
Bailie, H M	3 00	A Subscriber, Curran	20 00
Baker, Mrs C W	50	A Friend, ——	50
Bates, Mrs X T	1 00	A Friend, Jessamine	1 00
Boyle, Mrs M A	3 00	A Friend Rolling Prarie	2 00
Calhoun, J O	10	A Friend, Orange	1 00
Christiansen, Chris	10 00	A Friend, Orange	25
Coatsworth, Mrs C	3 00	A Friend, Orange	50
Conner, Mrs I B	50	A Friend, Penn Yan	1 00
Cooley, Mrs D	50	A Friend in Ponce	6 00
Calerdine, Thos	1 00	A Friend, Westport	2 00
Campbell, Robert	10 00	A Friend, ——	4 00
Cartmell, Sarah	75	A Friend from Cornwallis	5 00
Cox, Miss C J	3 00	A Friend of the little ones, Newport	3 00
Crawford, Mrs A T C	1 00	A Friend of the children, North Scituate	3 00
Davies, Mrs F	1 00	A Friend, Carlisle	50
Dikeman, Miss C L	20 00	A Friend, Kenmare	1 00
Dunscomb, S E	2 50	A Friend, Amsterdam	1 00
Falkenrich, Miss S	10	A Friend, Barlow	25
French, Miss J	5 00	A Friend, Hamilton	1 00
Gray, Mrs G C	06	A Friend, Kosciusko	10
Gardner, E V	3 00	A Friend, Le Roy	25
Grimes, M J	5 00	A Friend, Nevada	3 00
Hamilton, Mrs J B	60	A Friend, No Orwell	1 00
Hancock, Mrs G M & Bernice C Dickinson	1 65	Friend, Ontario	1 00
Hathaway, Jennie E	60	A Friend on the "Chrystenah"	5 00
Hay, Mrs M D	1 00	A Friend to the Needy, Curwensville	6 00
Holton, Miss M E	50	Children's Friend, Whately	25
Hussey, S S	50	A Friend to Children, White Elm	25
Hawes, V E	3 00	A Reader	1 00
Henderson, R J	1 00	"Nemo," Saulsbury	3 00
Hogan, M	50	A small class of boys, New Wilmington	1 00
Jones, Mrs W A	1 00	Little Girl, Waynesb'o	10
Keish, Adam W	3 00	The Bridges Girls	50
Kieffer, Mrs Stephen E	3 00	For the sake of little Mabel gone home, Montpelier	2 50
Klock, Bert & family	3 00	Mother, Mt Holly	10 00
Koch, Violet E	3 00	Miss ——, Kansas	10
Kimball, Mrs L	50	C M L & D A W, Kiel	6 00
Kinzer, Florence L	3 00	My Tenth, Denmark	70
Langworthy, Ruth	20	Sympathetic Children, Morristown	1 20
Lentz, Mrs F M	25	Friend to the children, Sanbornville	6 00
Lowe, J T	1 00	I H N, De Land	6 00
Linville, Mrs E A	50	I H N, Dunlap	3 00
Lamb, Mrs R	1 00	I H N, Norwich	1 00
Meiner, F G, Jr	10 00	I H N, Plainfield	1 00
Mugiurs, Mrs J	10	I H N, Rio Grande	3 00
Marsh, Mrs Sarah	50	I H N, Westphalia	6 00
McDanolds, Miss F	1 50	I H N, York	2 00
McEwen, Mrs J	1 00	I H N, Ithaca	3 00
Merrill, Mrs Myna	1 00	I H N, Merrimack	2 00
Miller, Fred	5 00	In Jesus' Name, Dufur	1 00
Miller, Mrs Ida M	2 50	In memory of darling Maria, Shelter Island	3 00
Neeb, Mr & Mrs H	3 00	Subscriber, Baltimore	1 00
Olsen, C	50	Subscriber, Limerick	50
Piatt, Rowena	4 00	A Reader, Paola	3 00
Paddock, Emma C	1 00	In Sister's Name	3 00
Payne, Thomas H	3 00	A Mother, Ft Plain	1 00
Perry, Mrs R	1 00	Red Cross Knight, Lunenburg	6 00
Park, Mrs M	50	Humble, Jersey City	10 00
Parker, Mrs R T	10	Friend Ella, Columbus	3 00
Pearson, M	50	Box 32, Lake Hopotcong	100 00
Pitt, Mrs D	1 00	A fan given by E Grandin, Hamden	9 00
Preston Mrs Mary	06	A Well-Wisher, Wolseley	5 00
Rankin, Mrs Ben	1 00	Edgewood Prayer Meeting, Bridgeton	3 00
Richardson, L	1 00	The Tenth Boy, Knowlton	3 00
Robertson, David	2 00	A Thank Offering, New Haven	2 50
Rundquist, Nellie	50	In Memory, Mountaindale	2 00
Shaler, Miss Marcy	3 00	Two Disciples, Hartford	3 00
Stoughton, Mrs Edwin	50	Three little children, Winnebago	2 00
Stuart, Mrs I B	1 00		
Sweetser, L W	50		
Smock, Mrs Chas F	08		
Sorge, N H	50		
Sterling, Mary	50		
Swisher, Mrs J W	50		
Taylor, Mathew	2 00		
Turtchell, Mrs P F	50		
Thomas, Mrs C W	3 00		
Wright, Mrs A	50		
Wright, Mrs L	50		
Whitesell, Bessie S, collected by	3 00		
Wigle, Miss Cora	8 00		
Wilson, Mrs T D	3 00		
Wright, Mrs John H	50		
Young, A S	1 00		
A H F, Belfast	1 00		
H W W, Esmond	2 00		
H, Ithaca	1 00		
Mrs L A B, Washington	10 00		
L A H, Moore	25		

HOW SHE FOUND CHRIST

The Experience of Mrs. L. F. McWhirter, President of State W.C.T.U. of Indiana

THE influence of the mother, in moulding the character and life of children, is proverbial, and we have line upon line and precept upon precept, urging upon Christian mothers their great privilege as well as their responsibility. I think the pendulum often swings to this extreme, in public discussion—more frequently than is well; not because a mother can overestimate her sacred privileges in fashioning the minds and hearts of her children, but because we do not have a well-balanced discussion of the subject, which would lay far more frequent emphasis on the influence of the character and personality of the father, on the future career of his boys and girls.

MRS. LUELLA F. MC WHIRTER

I have been led to this thought, just now, by the opening sentences of Mrs. McWhirter's testimony, in which she declares that it was her father's cheerful, consistent Christian life that made the first deep and lasting impressions upon her childish heart, and which finally led her to Christ.

Luella was an impulsive and quick-tempered child, and was often led to say and do things which required reprimand and discipline. At such times from her earliest recollection, she found a refuge in her father's arms. He never for an instant condoned her faults, or made her feel that he in any way differed in opinion from her mother, or censured her; but he would take the time, with great patience and cheerfulness, to express his faith in his little girl's ability to eventually overcome these evil tendencies, and obtain a self-control that would save her from much trouble and unhappiness. He always told her to strive to be able, like the Apostle Paul, to say, "None of these things move me." By his own example of even temper, his counsel and faith expressed in her, this noble father inspired in his daughter the resolve some day to try to be what he believed she could be. To do this, however, she was convinced she would have to be a Christian.

While a student in college, during a revival, she was deeply convicted of sin and sought salvation. Because of her quick temper, she thought it would require more of an effort for her to be saved than for people who are more cool-headed. For days she was miserable, because she waited for some great emotional feeling that did not come. But when at last she surrendered herself and her all to Christ, and waited, the sweet peace that came into her soul was beyond her power to express.

Looking backward, Mrs. McWhirter feels that under God she owes all to this beautiful Christian life which was lived before her by her father. She says: "My girlish heart early yearned for that sweet peace which I knew my father enjoyed. In the years that have passed, my faith in God has never wavered, nor have I ever known a person whose humility, sincerity, and faith were greater than that of my father. In public, at home alone, traveling, in danger among strangers, wherever we were, my father's deep piety, humility and faith in God were always the same. The heritage he left me of abiding faith and godliness, is priceless to a human soul.

"There was never anything sufficiently urgent to prevent my father from taking leisure for reading the Scriptures and holding family prayers. He prayed always about all financial transactions, and in every venture seemed to recognize the advice of a silent partner. My father's abiding faith in God, and his glorious death, in which he was permitted to see the light of heaven and was able to exclaim 'How beautiful!' before his eyes were forever closed to this world, made such an impression upon my young life, that to this day I have never doubted the reality of the power of God."

I am sure that there are a great many Christian fathers whose Christianity is genuine and sincere, but who have felt that they were too busy to look after the religious instruction or Christian character of their little girls. Such fathers might be greatly blessed by reflecting on these closing words of this noble woman's letter. Here is a woman who has been a blessing to the world, whose father went home to heaven when she was twenty years of age, and yet through all these years of benediction to humanity, that father has been dropping blessings on her head and heart out of the skies, because during those childish years he was to her indeed and in truth a Christian father. Mrs. McWhirter says:

"In this age of Mothers' Congresses, Mothers' Meetings, etc.—and I believe in them—we find ourselves putting large responsibility upon mothers, and justly so, but often forget to emphasize the great influence of fathers. The Christian father who fails to let the little daughter creep into his innermost soul and remain there, loses much of the joy of life."

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

The Gospel in the Canaries

Mrs. T. Macknight, who, with her husband, is conducting an excellent missionary work at Tafora, Las Palmas, Canary Islands, West Coast of Africa, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

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MRS. T. MACKNIGHT.

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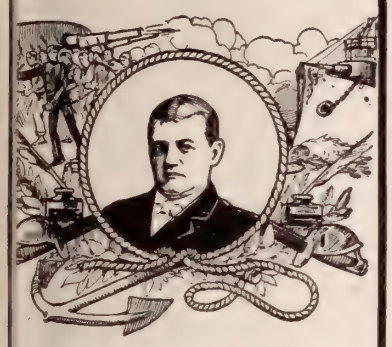

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A CASTAWAY*

A Thrilling Call to Effort and Vigilance in the Heavenly Race

READERS of the daily journals unhappily find in their pages all too many proofs that it was a real danger that Paul dreaded. Even in our day, after nineteen centuries of Christian work, there are many who after preaching to others become castaways. It is a grievous thing, because the mischief is so far-reaching. It does not end with the man himself, deplorable as his fate is. The young Christian is disturbed by it, and he wonders if there is really so much power in Christianity as he believed, and the worldling, who might have been influenced by the example of a pure life, turns again to his sins with the boast that he is not worse than other men. And it is not only his contemporaries whom the wrongdoer injures. The fall of King David is quoted to this day, nearly thirty centuries after it occurred, by the libertine who has not David's piety, nor his penitence. So the fall of the godly man does harm far and wide and in generation after generation. What must be the remorse of such a man as he contemplates the irretrievable consequences of his sin! He is generally ridiculed, often scorned, but how seldom does he get the sympathy he deserves! We know his sin and his shame; we know not his temptation or his sorrow. Perhaps he may have struggled long, have fought valiantly, but in a moment of weakness when his vigilance was relaxed, the tempter came in like a flood and carried him away. May God have mercy on all such for scant is the pity they get from the church or the world!

How to avoid such a calamity? Paul tells us the methods that he adopted. In this passage he says nothing of Christ's keeping power, but we may be sure he had not forgotten it. But he regards himself as working together with God, and so he tells us the means he adopted. He is temperate in all things. There is great wisdom in that course. Excess in any form is dangerous. That is one virtue of the many that come from abstinence from intoxicating liquor. It produces a fire in the body that quickens and energizes all evil. How many quarrels it has fomented! How many murders are due to its influence! Crime and wickedness of all kinds result from imbibing it. Ever so little of it so stirs the passions that those who indulge cannot be temperate if they would. There is no safety to the best or the wisest man if he becomes addicted to its use. Sooner or later there comes a time when, not being master of himself, he is liable to yield to temptation. Then, Paul has a single eye to the goal. He does not go meandering in the paths of pleasure. He is in dead earnest. There is no uncertainty about his course. When he struggles there is no lassitude, or feebleness. He is not a man whose blows fall on the empty air. There is no sham in his fight, but every stroke is aimed at the enemy with all the force of his being. And, lastly, he keeps under his "body, bringing it into subjection." Knowing well that the lower nature would drag him down if it had its way, he takes care that the spirit shall rule and the body be subservient. That is an ideal condition, but one very difficult of attainment. The brute nature struggles continually for the mastery, and, as in Paul's past experience, prevents the man doing the things that he would. It must be subdued, compelled to obey, must not usurp the authority, otherwise when the inevitable struggle with temptation comes, it joins hands with the enemy and the citadel is betrayed by the traitor. So even the Apostle maintained constant vigilance. To miss a prize so glorious by yielding to self-indulgence was, in his view, a disaster which filled him with horror.

The games, from which the imagery is taken, were familiar spectacles to the people for whom he wrote. They had seen the ambitious young men entering themselves for the athletic contests, going through careful training, denying themselves luxuries, and devoting themselves absolutely to the one object of winning the prize. There were many indulgences which young men might enjoy without losing caste, or disgracing themselves, but when the youth had entered himself for the games, these were resolutely avoided. There was no harm in them for others, but he wanted to be in the best condition, so he put them away. They did this, Paul said, to win a prize that would fade in a day. They knew that the crown of bay or laurel, for which they contended, would have wilted by the night of the day on which they received it, but they were willing to deny themselves to attain such a prize. How then should it be with those who struggled for an immortal crown! There were many who did not seek it, but those who did, might well practice self-denial and go through discipline that they might win it. It was worth all the training and all the effort they could put forth. What were the amusements and indulgences that they gave up compared with the grandeur of that crown? It is to Christians that he is writing and he urges them to higher effort. He would not have them satisfied with a meagre salvation, he would have them seek diligently the highest attainments. As the competitor having entered his name for the contests directed all his effort to the development of his powers, avoiding everything that could weaken him, or lower his physical strength so he would have the Christian prepare himself for the struggle, avoiding evil, casting aside anything that would hinder or impede him, lest at the last he should be rejected or become a castaway.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 10. I. Cor. 9: 24–27.

A Prohibition King

HOW an African king made a prohibition law and enforced it in his dominions is described by Dr. A. T. Pierson in the *Missionary Review*. It appears that Sekhome, the chief of the Bamangwato, the father of Khama, had no faith in Christianity, and when Khama became a Christian, Sekhome tried to prevent him succeeding him. After some trouble, however, Khama did succeed and set about governing according to his Christian principles.

He began to fight red rum systematically. He called the white men together and told them his mind. They pleaded to be allowed to bring in small cases of brandy as medicine. He gave consent, but he must see no drunkenness. Of course the drunkenness came. Then there was a new summons for the white men, and this time they were forbidden even to bring in drink for their private table use. "Bring none! I will allow none! There's an end of it!" He had to resort to fines, threats, and even to banishment from the country; but he stood firm. When, after many provocations, the crisis came, and notwithstanding oft-repeated warnings, there was drunken violence and uproar, the good Khama wore a stern face, which always meant fixed purpose. He went and saw with his own eyes how his laws were trampled on, and then he said:

"You despise my laws because I am a black man. Well, if I am black, I am chief of my own country, and I rule here and shall maintain my laws. Go back to your own country. Take all that is yours, and go. If there is any other white man who does not like my laws, let him go, too. I am trying to lead my people to act according to the Word of God, which we have received from you white people, and you, white people, show them an example of wickedness such as we never knew. You know that some of my own brothers have learned to like the drink, and that I do not want them even to see it that they may forget the habit; and yet you not only bring it and offer it to them, but try to tempt me with it. I make an end of it to-day. Go, leave my town, and never come back."

The effect of such talk from an African chief was like a thunderclap—everybody was stunned. One man at last ventured to plead for exemption from the stern law of banishment on the ground that he had grown up in the country, and he and Khama were old friends. "Surely, for old friendship's sake you will pity me!"

"Friendship!" said the indignant Khama, "you call yourself my friend, do you? You are the ringleader among those who insult and despise my laws." Then, with withering words of rebuke, he answered his plea for pity, by reminding him that there was a "pity" which he owed to his own people. His answer was worthy of Chief Justice Hale, who had used similar words, of the "mercy" due to his own country and which he would endanger if he was unduly merciful to criminals. Khama flamed with righteous anger, but he cleaned his town that day of the white man's drink curse; and then he also forbade the use, and sale, and manufacture of native beer. At one time death seemed to threaten him if he carried on his holy crusade; but he only answered, "You may kill, but you cannot conquer me."

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Assets, Jan. 1, 1901,	$56,092,086.01
Legal Reserve, 4 per cent. Standard, and all claims,	49,092,876.61
Special Reserve, in addition to 4 per cent. Reserve,	1,934,000.00
Guarantee Fund in excess of Requirements by Company's Standard,	5,065,209.40
Guarantee Fund in excess of Requirements by Stanard of Conn. and other States,	6,999,209.40
Payments to Policy Holders in 1900,	5,369,738.27
Premium receipts in 1900	8,257,624.59
Interest receipts in 1900	2,353,420.57
Total receipts in 1900	10,611,045.16
Life, Endowment, and Term Policies issued and revived in 1900, **20,317,** insuring,	39,044,847.00
Life, Endowment, and Term Insurance in force Jan. 1, 1901,	192,592,816.00
Accident Insurance in force Jan. 1, 1901	160,114,620.00

Paid Policy holders since organization,

$119,963,152.99

Gains in 1900.

	Increase in
New Premium Income,	$512,655.62
Total Premium Income,	1,133,973.05
Assets,	3,241,786.11
Life, Term, and Endowment Insurance—Issued and revived,	14,550,302.00
Life, Term, and Endowment Insurance in force,	24,143,026.00
Accident and Health Insurance in force,	24,307,150.00
Number of Policy holders,	25,148

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SHE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD....

OF Mrs. Annis Miner, who, crowned with many honorable and useful years, lately passed to her reward above, a friend writes:

"It pained her to hear of any one being in want; and many a time has she taken some conveyance, and gone from house to house, pleading the cause of this or that poor family, and gathering in such supplies as would save destitute ones from hunger and cold during the black winter months. All that she gave and all that she did was given and done in the name of the Lord. Mrs. Miner was born in 1816 in New York, married Judah L. Miner in 1837; and went soon afterwards, with her husband, to Ohio. Six children were born to them, and she lived to see them men and women and to follow all of them to their grave, save one daughter, Mrs. Bush, with whom she has passed her widowed years since Mr. Miner's death in 1891. She united with the Methodist Church when very young, and has always led a true, noble, Christian life. She was very industrious and a great scholar for her day, teaching school and discharging all her household duties at the same time. She was a constant reader, always studying her Bible, and much given to reading religious literature. She looked forward eagerly each week for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

MRS. ANNIS MINER

Schools Instead of Fetiches

From Dr. Currie, the famous missionary of West Central Africa, comes an encouraging report of Christian progress. He says: "My wife and I have been to visit Matenda, the priest of Kandundu. He had brought us his fetiches [charms] and after showing them to our people he gave them up to be publicly burned. We had a long conference with him at which he offered us a room for school purposes, and agreed to provide a house and food for two young men if we would send them to teach in his district. We also laid out two adobe houses which are now being built at the ombala of Ciyuka, by the young men there, under the direction of the chief and one of the young men from this place. One of the houses is to serve us as a dwelling when in that district. Thus far the chief has placed his own house at our service when there; but we think it will be better to have one of our own and let the chief enjoy his.

"At present two of our young men are directing the building of a school-house near to the ombala of Chisamba. It is not large; but the people have made the brick and collected the material without any help from us, and when all was ready Mr. Bell went and laid out a room as large as the material would allow. The chief, Katakola, says: 'We will begin in this, and next year we can enlarge it, as they did at Ciyuka, when the people find it is too small and want a larger one.' I presume we shall have to help them get a door and two windows, although no promises have yet been made to that effect."

An Emperor's Present

The old mythological fable of the wagoner who, when his wagon was fast in the mud, prayed to Jove to deliver him and was sternly bade put his shoulder to the wheel, has had its counterpart in Germany.

A European journal says that when the Emperor William informed Herr von Bulow that he was Imperial Chancellor, the statesman naturally expressed his delight, and perhaps he really was delighted. But all at once he seemed to be considering about something, and the Emperor, perceiving this, asked what was the matter.

The new Chancellor answered that he had just chanced to think of his wife. She had nothing against the Chancellorship, but a great deal against the Chancellor's Palace, for while her present home was a regular jewel-box, the great cleaning-down that the Chancellor's Palace would need before her fastidious taste would consider it fit to live in could not be completed in twelve months.

"Give my greetings to the Countess," his Majesty replied jocularly, "and tell her I will contribute my part towards the cleaning-down."

Herr von Bulow and his wife inferred from the Emperor's words that he would see that the palace was thoroughly renovated, but they were mistaken.

A few days later, a very bulky parcel was left at the Countess von Bulow's by the Emperor's orders. It contained a hundred-weight of soap, the promised contribution towards the great cleaning-down.

THE STARLESS CROWN

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." -Dan. 12:3.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's silent gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was rapt in silent ecstacy:
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His alone."

But fairer far than all besides, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; the earth at length was past

And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is thine:
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?"

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now.
And such THY bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead."

"Thou wert not called that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break;
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me."
And graven on my inmost soul I'll wear this truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

SURPRISED.

Flavor of Food Won Her.

"When the landlady told me that th dish at my plate was the much talked o Grape-Nuts, I tasted it languidly, exp the usual tasteless, insipid compound under some one of the various nam 'breakfast foods.'

"I am a school teacher and board. usually been in robust health, but last I had the much dreaded symptoms of fever set in with great severity. I hardly keep at my work and headache almost constant. Food had become na ing and I only partook of any sort o from a sense of duty.

"My nights were spent in distress. first taste of Grape-Nuts yielded a that was new and attracted me at or arose from the table satisfied, having er my meal as I had not done for weeks. had Grape-Nuts food for breakfast ever and soon found other reasons beside taste for continuing the food.

"All of the spring fever symptoms peared, the headaches left, my comp cleared up, and after a supper of Grape I found myself able to sleep like a ba spite of a hard day and hard evening's The food has never palled on my appet failed in furnishing a perfect meal, f strength and vigor. I know from m experience, of the value of this food f one who feels strength lagging unde strain of work, and it is evident that the made by the makers that it is a brain f well taken. Please omit my name if yo lish this." The lady lives in Hanover Name supplied by Postum Cereal Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

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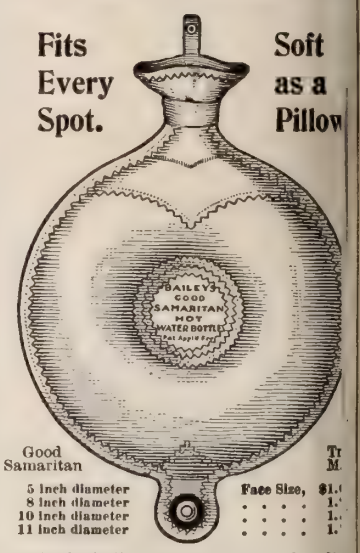

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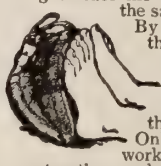

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AN EMINENT TEACHER AND WORKER

Mrs. M. Baxter's Labors in the Cause of Christ in Many Lands

REQUESTS have been made repeatedly by readers in every section of our land and in Canada, for the publication of the portrait which appears in this column. Christians of all denominations have expressed their gratitude for the help Mrs. Baxter has rendered them in their efforts to consecrate their lives wholly and completely to Christ. By her articles in this journal and by her books, she has won the esteem of a multitude in many lands who have never met her personally, but have learned to love her for her work's sake. Mrs. Baxter is the wife of the Rev. M. Baxter, the well-known prophetic scholar, and the editor and proprietor of the London *Christian Herald*. She has twice visited this country and has held meetings in many

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MRS. M. BAXTER

of our large cities. She has also on two occasions visited India, where a society, of which she is president, is conducting a mission among the Kurkus. In England she has maintained a training school for missionaries, from which many devoted men and women have gone to do service for Christ among the heathen. Her work at Bishan has been frequently described in this journal. In a life of active service in many fields, she has found time to write a large number of volumes and tracts, which have had an enormous circulation, and under God's blessing have been the means of many conversions and of leading Christian people to seek greater holiness of life.

* * *

The Just for the Unjust

Christ's Trial a Mockery of Justice and a Blasphemy

MRS. M. BAXTER

OH, what power, what dignity, there is in silence when this is the will of God! How much more eloquent silence is than words, when the words come from our own warped, perverted, short-seeing minds! "As a lamb dumb before her shearers, so he opened not his mouth" (Isa. 53: 7). To justify himself before man was no object to the Lord Jesus, who always did those things that pleased God. They who really live in the presence of God can afford to be misunderstood and misrepresented here, in this quick-passing world! So long as we have the witness in his Word, and through the testimony of the Spirit in our hearts, which answers to the Word, that we are pleasing him, we do not live before men. It costs nothing to be silent when we know, "He is near that justifieth me" (Isa. 50: 8). Caiaphas had met with a man whom he could not conquer; the kingly dignity of the holy Prisoner in his words or in his silence, must have made his unrighteous judge feel small, even if he knew no shame. No doubt he had counted on Jesus, being stung by injustice and making an indignant defense; but Jesus answered not a word. It was a puzzle to him. Therefore he came out with the main point at issue, and said unto him: "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Now the lips of Jesus were opened; now he could speak: "Thou hast said. Nevertheless, I say unto you, Henceforth ye shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." He knew that it was written of him: "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool" (Psalm 110: 1). And again: "The Lord my God shall come, and all the holy ones with him" (Zech. 14: 5), and he knew that that word of God would be fulfilled.

But he knew also that this was the touchstone, and that his accusers would now do their worst. It was not the first time he had said this. He had previously told his disciples: "The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and then shall he render to every man according to his deeds" (Matt. 16: 27). It was the true and only answer to the question put to him, but it was the distinct assertion that he was the Christ. This is what they wanted. But instead of searching in the Scriptures, the evidence for such a claim on his part, they would not for an instant admit it. This was not the Christ they had pictured to themselves, and the same people who in Samuel's time rejected God the Father as King of Israel, were now eager to reject the claims of God the Son; they wanted, in government and worship, that which would exalt and satisfy them; they would not live to serve God.

"Then the high priest rent his garments," in token of holy indignation, "saying, he hath spoken blasphemy: what further need have we of witnesses?" Poor unhappy man! There was a witness, a silent and yet most eloquent witness, against the unrighteousness, the illegality, of this proceeding. The Lord himself had warned them, and his word abides which he spoke: "If any man hear my sayings, and keep them not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world. He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my sayings, hath One that judgeth him: the word that I spake, the same shall judge him in the last day." Christ is the Word; the Old and New Testaments are the written Word, but Christ has fulfilled and is fulfilling the Old Testament and the New, and both the Word written and the living Word of God, shall judge those who will not accept the testimony of the Scriptures about the Son of God.

In every age there has been conflict between the priesthood and the Word. Men who commune with God through his Word need no other mediator than the One Mediator, Jesus Christ, and while they are the most receptive of any truth of God which faithful teachers will show them in the Scriptures, they will not put themselves under man so as to have no conscience of their own. Wherever men interpose themselves between God and man, and by their personality or by their office obscure him, there comes in sacerdotalism, and with it the essence of idolatry. "Then the high priest rent his garments, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy: what further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard the blasphemy. What think ye? They answered, He is worthy of death." It was what Caiaphas was waiting for. Adding insult to injury: "Then did they spit in his face, and buffet him; and some smote him with the palms of their hands, saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ: who is he that struck thee?" Thus was the sinless One "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53: 5).

"Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled"

(For "The Christian Herald")

THE Saviour once gathered around him
The friends whom his heart held so dear.
In tones that were loving and tender,
He told them the parting was near.
He gave them a message of comfort
To cheer them while he was away.
To us comes the same loving message,
As tender and precious to-day.

CHORUS.—"Let not your heart be troubled,"
My grace is full and free;
"Ye believe in God," the Father.
"Believe also in me."

How blest were those early disciples,
So tender and true was their friend,
He taught them with words of such wisdom,
And loving, he loved to the end.
He loves with a love just as tender
This moment as when he was here.
To us comes the same loving message,
To us comes the same words of cheer.

Then why are we grieving in sorrow,
Oh why are we shrinking in fear,
Why dreading the swift-coming morrow
And weeping when parting is near.
Oh words of the tenderest comfort,
Tho' spoken so long, long ago,
To us comes the same loving message
To cheer us as onward we go.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

E. Corinth, Me.

You Can Play Them Without Learning

THE CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND OF PATERSON, N. J. *Photo from Life*

This band was organized by the church choir and Organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for **Church** and **Missionary purposes.** It was a success from the start, and has even participated in Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient, and is now taking outside engagements. They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

READ WHAT PASTORS AND ORGANISTS SAY ABOUT OUR INSTRUMENTS

G. B. Richardson, Business Manager of the "Young People's Weekly," Elgin, Ill., writes: "The Zobo Instruments I purchased of you were first used at an entertainment given at my home to the 200 employees of the 'Young People's Weekly.' Although the Quartette had opportunity for but one rehearsal the effort met unbounded enthusiasm and was voted a great success. We are now considering the organization of a full orchestra for next winter's entertainment, and I write this to ask you to forward me a select list of 12 to 15 instruments."

Wm. J. Siemers, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the 'Zobo' Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo."

Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo Instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it; will organize a band."

Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a fourteen piece Zobo band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success."

Mae Blance Winfield, instructor in music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark, says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments."

Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

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ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Little Child, Newark, N. J., writes:

I want to acknowledge through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the loving kindness of my Heavenly Father. To-day he has answered my prayer for my brother.

L. M., Whiteport, N. Y., writes:

When I was on the river one night, a hard wind came up. I was much frightened for myself and those with me. And I remembered how "as they sailed, he fell asleep, and there came a storm of wind and they were in jeopardy. Then he arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water; and they ceased, and there was a calm." And I prayed to my Heavenly Father to save our lives. And we were saved. I have reason to have great faith in prayer, as God has answered me many times.

Veteran Soldier, Military Home, Hampton, Va., writes:

I laid two causes before God in prayer. One petition has, by the grace of our Heavenly Father, been granted; I am so sure the other will be, that I am thanking the Lord daily and I wish to give him the glory.

An Unfaithful One, Gonzales, Tex., writes:

I wish to acknowledge through your paper an answer given by God to my prayer.

A. R. C., Sheldon, Ia., writes:

Being greatly blessed in reading the answers to prayer, I wish to offer my testimony to God's goodness and tender love to me in answer to prayer during the past year.

M. E. Z., Danville, Ky., writes:

I want to add my testimony, and say I know that God not only hears, but answers prayer, if we go to him aright. For nearly a year I was in deep trouble, but I took it all to the Lord, and he has been stronger than all my fears and sorrows.

Mrs. C. T., Nevada, Mo., writes:

Lately I have had two such marked answers to prayer that I feel constrained to acknowledge it in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, hoping others may be induced to ask in faith, nothing doubting. We have God's word that the prayer of faith shall be answered.

L. A. K., Schnecksville, Pa., writes:

Being greatly helped by reading the answers to prayer in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I want to offer my testimony to the goodness of God, that it may in turn strengthen others. For three years I have been praying for my husband, praying that he would seek the Lord. The Lord has answered my prayer in saving him. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Mrs. E. B. N., Varna, Ill., writes:

This past year was one of sore trial to me in many ways, and there has been no place where I could go and find the consolation I found in trusting God and praying to him. My Father has guided me safely through my trials. "The mountains and hills have been laid low and the crooked places have been made straight."

E. M., Reyburn, Pa., writes:

I have been praying for a dear friend far away. God has answered my prayer in just the way I asked, and how thankful I am!

C. W. W., Corona, N. Y., writes:

I desire to add my testimony to those appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as to God answering prayer. During the past fifteen years I have held many offices in our village, and in all the many undertakings I assumed while filling these offices, I have first asked our Lord to show me what to do and how to do it and each and every time I have been assured by the knowledge of God's guidance and direction. In my private life he has wonderfully answered my prayers. God does and will answer our prayers if we in faith ask and follow his guidance as our heart receives it. I write this that it may encourage those who are doubtful of God's willingness to help us.

A Wife, Newark, Ohio, writes:

It is with a heart full of gratitude that I testify to the power of prayer. For six years I have been pleading with God for the conversion of a loved one, sometimes buoyed up by hope and faith, again despairing, because there were no visible signs of any change of heart. Still I prayed on, and this week he came out boldly for Christ. Truly "God is love." I ask the prayers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers that we both may be shining lights for Jesus.

M. E. R., Allendale, N. J., writes:

For three years I have worked hard in my own strength to accomplish a much desired end, without succeeding. Reading the answers to prayer in your paper, I thought I would try that now all other effort had failed, and I made a special week of prayer. It was answered before the week ended, and now I am praying out of very gratitude.

Reader, Rockdale, Tex., writes:

I prayed to God when in distress, and he answered my cry

A Believer, Springfield, Mo., writes:

I have read the answers to prayer and have been strengthened. Last month we were in deep distress; we called on the Lord and he heard us.

M. N., 40 Berkeley street, Boston, writes:

I read in your paper of the many wonderful answers to prayers, and I laid my own heart's desire before the Father. I know that I did not pray in great faith, but he heard and answered.

Mrs. H. E. H., Mansfield, O., writes:

I know that God hears and answers prayers, he has answered so many for me; one so directly this winter that I cannot doubt. I prayed for the conversion of a friend, and, thank God! that has been answered.

Miss E. E., of Phlox, Ind., writes:

I have been a pupil and am now a teacher, and know the difficulties which we must meet in this line of work. I have found that God can help one in all these troubles and cares. It seems to me that nothing has helped me more than earnest prayer to God. I know by experience that he enlightens our minds and makes a way where there seems to be no way. I thank and praise Him for answering my many prayers.

A Child of Christ, New York, writes:

I have asked Jesus to help me, and he has. I have read your answers to prayers, and thought that this might bring some other person to cast his burden upon Christ and accept Him as his Saviour.

Happy Mother, Port Pleasant, writes:

My dear child was gone for months. I knew not where. But he has now returned home in answer to my prayers. I give my dear Father all the praise. He surely hears us when we ask.

W. T. D., Nashville, Tenn., writes:

Some weeks ago, while in deep trouble, I noticed in your columns acknowledgment of answered prayer, and I called upon God to answer my prayer for relief from my trouble, which seemed unbearable. That prayer has been abundantly answered, and I trust others will likewise carry their troubles to Him in prayer.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have been received from L. M., Cullom, Ill.; F. V. R., Chicago, Ill.; F. H. U., Carrollton, Wash.; E. V. F., Liverpool, O.; Mary, Auburn, Okla.; J. W. W., Dunkirk, Ind.; J. E. P., Tobias, Neb.; H. A. L., Newark, N. Y.; M. L. H., Adams, N. Y.; R. G. E., Rural Grove, N. Y.; J. W., Bethany, Mo.; R. E. C., Northampton, Mass.; N. N. Y., Navarino, N. Y.; G. W. F., Midway, Ala.; G. S., Kansas, O.; B. E. M., Cincinnati, O.; S. B. C., La Grange, Ill.; L. C. B., Saville, Pa.; G. H. N., Fenley, Calif.; S. S. H., Wilmington, N. C.; S. S., Visalia, Calif.; M. A. E., Syracuse, N. Y.; J. D. B., Sterling, Ill.; R. N., Trail, Can.; D. F. G., York, Pa.; J. G., Walnut, Ia.; C. T. S., Cresco, Ia.; J. P. S., Chicago, Ill.; W. A. E., Clark's Fork, Ia.; M. A., Los Angeles, Calif.; C. S., West Auburn, Mass.; M. E. B., Lexington, Fla.; F. B. H., Wytherville, Va.; H. W. K., Allentown, Pa.; B. E. H., Brunswick, O.; P. W. L., Oxford, Wis.; H. O. F., Himrod, Ill.; J. E. K., F. A. G., Bolivar, Mo.; G. F. W., Columbus, Ind.; E. C., Isle St. George, O.; A. H., Bellevue, Pa.; M. E. B., Ellerslie, Md.; D. A. G., Mt. Carmel, Ky.; J. E. P., Island Pond, Vt.

* * *

The prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are asked by a sister for a young man, who, although a church member, has been led by evil companions into wild dissipation. Advice, warning and entreaty have fallen alike on deaf ears. His aged father and mother, his wife and young daughter are suffering and faltering under their load of sorrow. Prayers are asked that he be led safely back into the fold, and that he may be given divine help and strength to resist further temptation.

A Fifty-Years' Pastorate

THE Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr has for fifty years been pastor of the First Congregational Church of Lyme, Conn. The rounded half-century anniversary of his spiritual charge was recently celebrated by a great gathering in the Congregational Church at Hamburgh, Conn., in which many pastors and a large number of prominent laymen took part. Rev. A. W. Hazen, D.D., of Middletown, Conn., preached a sermon on the occasion, and many interdenominational greetings were read and addresses delivered. Dr. Burr, in replying to all these kindly greetings, reviewed his half-century's experience. He said:

"I cannot say that I have made no mistakes; cannot say that I have nothing to regret in my pastorate. I do not expect to go to heaven on the splendor of my shining as a man or a minister. I have not accomplished all I wished. I would have been glad to thoroughly revolutionize this whole community in the interest of Christ. I have not succeeded. There are impenitent sinners here still. There are unevangelized families. I can conceive of a considerably better church, as well as a considerably better pastor, than we can show you to-day. Nevertheless, we have managed to stick together, largely owing to the fact that our best men are the women. They have been the valiant and victorious part of us. God bless them! On the whole, the First Congregational Church of Lyme and myself, have gotten along very comfortably together in all these years. They have been merciful to my shortcomings and eccentricities. God has been more merciful to me than the people have been. It is always better to fall into the hands of the Lord than into the hands of men. I have small excuse, indeed, for complaint of the dealings of Providence with me. I have not lacked for daily bread. I have had helpful and affectionate companionship in my home. For aught I now see, I am completing my half century with as much physical vigor as I began it. I must content myself with gratefully acknowledging, in behalf of my people and myself, your kindness, and with assuring you that I shall not only survive this visit, but enter on my second half-century of service with more comfort and inspiration on account of it."

MAKE THE CHANGE
Before Coffee Wrecks You.

"The right man came along one day and he told me that coffee drinking was the cause of my gastritis, nervousness, torpid liver, trembling hands that interfered with my success, that of mechanical drawing, but coffee was my only habit and I loved it so I could not see how I could give it up.

If he had not been so enthusiastic in telling the relief in his case by leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee I could have mustered up will power enough to abandon my favorite beverage.

I left off coffee that day at lunch and had a cup of Postum. It was made good and boiled rich, dark color, with a delicious flavor. I could not tell from regular coffee. It pleased the eye, smell and palate, so I had it each day at the restaurant for the noonday lunch and discovered a decided improvement in my condition, but it was not until I left off coffee for breakfast and used Postum in its place that real relief set in. Now I am free from gastritis, headaches, and fully appreciate the value of the 'nerve ease.' No more trembling hands and no more nervous prostration. I am well, and feel that I should say to those who are being poisoned by a beverage that they do not suspect 'coffee,' 'Make the change before the poison works destruction in you.'"

This letter is from a New York mechanical draughtsman. Name can be furnished by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich.

A Great Book About a Great Machine.

The new Cyphers Incubator Catalogue without exception the handsomest and most complete book ever issued in the interest of the poultry industry. It contains 224 pages (8x11 inches), more than 200 new illustrations representing the highest art of the engraver; the cover is a symphony of delicate gray tints with just a touch of red, and the text is devoted to sensible, practical poultry talk which every poultry raiser should read. It is an extremely beautiful book—as useful and practical as it's handsome.

The Cyphers Incubator, during the four years that it has been on the market, has created a popularity and achieved a success which is nothing less than phenomenal. And this success is not hard to explain. The American poultry raisers recognized from the first in Cyphers the first incubator really built on a scientific plan—a plan which follows nature's method in the diffusion of heat and the retention of the moisture of the egg—and they have found by experience that it is the only incubator which has successfully solved "the moisture question," and "ventilation question"—being absolutely self-regulating in regard to heat, moisture and ventilation. Without question these two great features: self-supplied moisture and self-ventilation, were the original discoveries of Mr. Cyphers, and were brought to a practical working success by him.

The Cyphers Company puts out with every machine they sell one of the strongest guarantees we have ever seen on any machine of any kind. And the beauty of it is every poultry raiser in America can rest assured that it means exactly *what it says.*

We know that every one of the readers will be interested in this magnificent catalogue. Send 10 cents to pay postage, and ask for Book B. Address Cyphers Incubator Company, Buffalo, N. Y., Boston, Mass., New York City, Chicago, Illinois.

WE PAY FREIGHT

A catalogue which tells its story at a glance has been issued by us. This (free) lithographed book, which is superior to anything yet published, shows in 16 colors "Famous Maryland" Carpets, Rugs, Art Squares, Wall Paper, Blankets, Comforts, Framed Pictures, Sewing Machines and specialties in Upholstered Furniture.

We Sew Carpets Free, Furnish Wadded Lining Without Charge, and Prepay Freight on all the above.

Quality considered, the "Famous Maryland" goods are priced lower than inferior grades can be purchased for elsewhere; for 2c we mail a quality sample of any grade of carpet or mail a collection of 30 large samples of wall paper; 6c for sample of our comfort, showing the pure white cotton; charge for samples may be deducted from your first purchase.

WE QUOTE A FEW SAMPLE BARGAINS

J. H. & Son Special Woolen Ingrain Carpet, 47c per yd.

London Brand Brussels Carpet, 75c per yd.

The Best American Axminster Carpet, $1.00 per yd.

Lace Curtains, per pair, from 75c to $20

Wall Paper, per roll, from 3c

Pure White Cotton Comforters, filled and quilted, from $40

Comforts, from $2.75 to $40

"Famous Maryland" Rugs, from $1.00 to $100

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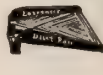
Our dress goods catalogue has samples attached, a perfect range from 15c. to $1.50 per yard. The book is free. We pay transportation. We sell everything to Eat, Wear and Use. Our mammoth 480-page catalogue tells you about everything you buy at every season of the year. With this book in your possession you can save from 25 to 75 per cent. on every purchase.

This book costs $1.25 per copy to print and mail. Send 10c. to help pay postage, and you can deduct this 10c. from your first order of $1.00. Which book do you want? Address exactly as below.

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md., Dept. 21



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CANNIBALS HEAR THE GOSPEL

CHURCH AND CONVERTS AT SI ANTAR, LAHITOBA, SUMATRA

TOBA LAKE, the largest lake in the world lying within an island, is nine hundred feet above sea-level, and is surrounded by villages of strange people, the Bataks, who, probably before the Hindu immigration of which there are accredited records, settled the island of Sumatra.

BATAK CHIEF

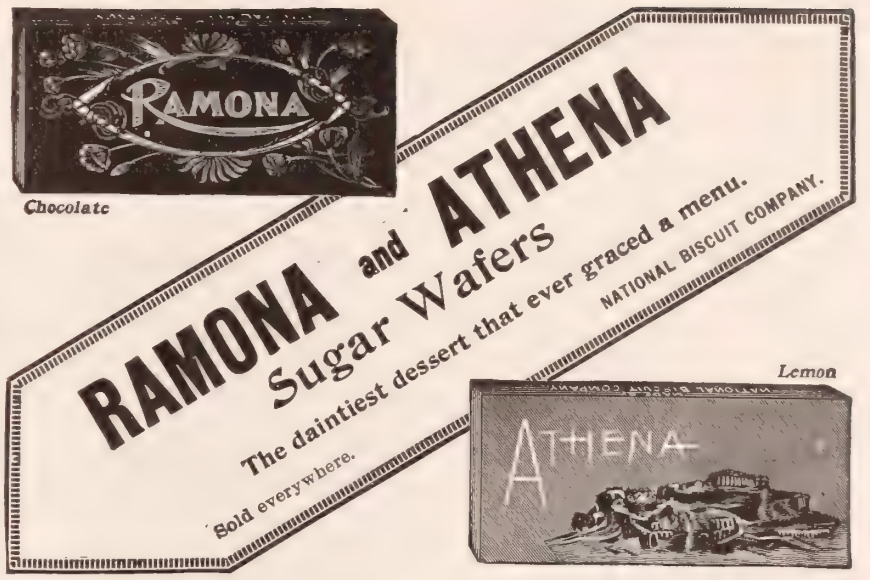
Their language contains words of Sanskrit origin; their sacred tree is the sacred tree of the Hindus, and in various ways they giv grounds for the belief that they ve Sumatra's first pilgrims from India. Th are altogether the most interesting ede in the island, differing in many val from the predominant Malay type. Th Batak is brown; his hair is black and vo long; he lives chiefly on rice. His ndustries are very primitive, consisting hily of a little iron-work, earthenware ncloth. His hut is roofed with palm-eaibs; his village is defended by earthen ra and bamboo palisades. Naturally eaceful, he can fight if he thinks occasion lemands. He is not cleanly. He clings o d customs, and he is, in some degree, et cannibal.

Thirty years ago Europeans were not alowd to approach the lake, for the "can-ib Bataks" had sworn an oath to eat ipvery stranger who "drank its waters." Th large lake is most charming, and isabout 200,000 living on its shores. Th great population were all heathen illbout twenty years ago, when mission-ri were sent hither by the Rhenish Missionary Society of Barmen, Germany, nor the direction of Dr. A. Schreiber. Dr Schreiber, it will be remembered, was ecently in America, speaking for this ro at the Ecumenical Council.

At first, the Rhenish missionaries encountered all sorts of indignities, some of the stations were burned down, and their ve were often in danger from the cannibals. Yet their work has been blessed; it has gone on and expanded until it now numbers thirteen chief stations at Lake Toba and sixty outlying stations; with fifteen missionaries, their seventy assistants and three European lady teachers. These workers have won out of the heathen 4,500 converts who are active church members, and 10,000 who are friends and adherents. The oldest missionary, Rev. C. Nommensen, who secured the land for the present station at Si Gumpar in a strange way. The cannibal heathen of that place had captured a girl from their enemies and were making ready to kill and eat her, when Mr. Nommensen hastened to the spot and set the girl free, paying a very large ransom, and she was sent back to her people. This deed won the Parsanbilans for the Gospel. At once, the people of Si Gumpar asked Mr. Nommensen to act as judge in an old quarrel they had amongst themselves concerning a piece of ground which lay between their villages. He consented, and heard their many reasons on both sides for claiming the land. After they had finished, he said: "I am at a loss how to decide. If I were to decide the question in favor of one party I would make the other party my enemy. Therefore, I propose that you give the piece of ground to me for a place upon which to build my Mission Station. Then I will come and live in your midst and teach you the word of the living God." All of the heathen joyfully agreed. They wanted it written down that no one was to be allowed to make any claim against the ground, but that it was forever to belong to Mr. Nommensen's God. Soon, too, they had built him a house to live in, and he came among them and commenced to preach to them of Christ. Winning more and more their confidence and high regard, he has been able to accomplish a precious work for the Bataks, wields great influence in their government, and expects, with his helpers, to bring the whole region to Christ.

REV. W. JAY PECK.

STREET IN BATAK A VILLAGE, SUMATRA



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We are now booking names for the Spring Edition, which will be ready about April 1st. Send us your name and address and we will send you a copy when they are ready. When you write mention this paper.

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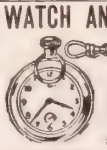

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1½ doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

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GOOD CAUSES HELPED

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

Bethesda Home

Mary A Sherman	$ 50
A Reader of The C H, Selma	1 00
Subscriber, Prinect'n	1 00
M W, Benton Harbor	2 00
I H N, Evansville	2 00
Lulu C Boggan	2 00
Miss A L Schaffer	50
Geo W Culbertson	50
A Friend, Riverside	1 00
H D Van Schaack	5 00
W, Butler	2 00
J M P, Mass	1 00
From a friend, Edisto Island	5 00
Mrs Sherm'n Sanford	1 00
"Christmas," Athens	23 45
C O D, Mechanicsb'g	2 00
C Burnham	2 00
—, Wis	1 00
Mrs M J Miles	12 50
Mrs Sherm'n Sanford	1 00
Total	$66 45

Door of Hope

Mrs Wm Hutton	$ 50
C O D, Mechanicsb'g	2 00
Total	$2 50

Foreign Missions

Mrs W J McCurkey	$1 00
One of the least, —	1 00
B P, Waupaca	1 00
X Y Z, Bridgeport	2 00
L E (Hayti) Chicago	1 00
Total	$6 00

Any Good Cause

Jas Sproul	$ 25
S Tym, Sr	50
Mrs L R Lippold	50
L B Croskey	50
M W Paxson	25
A Friend, Anna	25
Clara E Lane	50
H S Seavey	50
Ellen B Eby	50
Jas Rodger	50
E B Baker	3 00
Mary A Dill	50
E A Hershner	08
Mrs Julia F Ranous	50
Lillie Haislip	1 00
A Friend, —	4 00
S E Scott	50
Mrs L P Reifseck	25
S E Speck	75
Eleanor G Fairfield	50
George M Morse	25
Miriam Jenkins	25
Walter Mann	75
D R Rockey, Jr	25
C Jacobson	1 00
Miss L McClure	25
J B Rose	50
Thos B Sapp	50
C J Hubbard	1 00
Jesse C Petty	22
B F Counselman	50
B V Clayton	26
Etta Spaid	50
Robt Dunlap	50
Mary A Webster	50
J J Dimon	2 00
W A Hartley	25
J G Bowman	1 00
From a friend, Edisto Island	5 00
Mrs J A Harsha	1 00
Mrs Maggie Gordley	25
Mrs Wm Lamb	25
J Wm Noyes	25
J W Bowers	25
Mrs T C Spraggins	25
A Friend, Flandreau	25
In His Name, Paxton	50
M B L, Salina	3 00
Mrs Clarissa Brewster	50
Mrs H M Atwood	50
Chester Zimmerman	25
Isabelle Wilson	15
Mrs O J Stanley	1 00
J M Stewart	50
Mrs J D Rogers	1 00
Samuel H Bowers	50
Fred Penn	50
From a friend, —	1 00
Nancy Van Pelt	2 00
Jas S Reager	50
Laura Henness	50

Any Good Cause, Cont'd

D Frank Eutsler	25
—, Hillcrest	30
Miss W Grunow	50
—, Stamford	50
Mrs J R King	50
Wm Shaw	1 00
Mary Jane Patten	25
Jonathan Simmons	50
Mrs Charlotte Traylor	50
Mrs L U Osborn	25
—, Castine	50
R Parker	50
W S Wilkinson	5 00
W H Berry	25
Mrs R J Parsons	25
J B Stanger	50
H B Hale	1 00
Mrs R Plenderleith	50
Birdie Barksdale	1 00
T O G, Harwinton	1 00
Mrs A H, Freeport	2 00
Miss J W Schade	50
Total	$63 26

Home Missions

A Friend, Barton	$5 00
—, Friendship	1 00
Total	$6 00

Mrs Rose H Lathrop

H C T, Charleston	$1 00

Jerry McAuley Mission

Mrs L E Spencer	$ 25
Alice I Nichols	1 00
Total	$1 25

Clinton St Settlement

Mrs Betsy F Jones	$1 06

Mayesville Institute
(For additional land)

Mrs Maria H Hotchkiss	$100 00

Miss Emma Nason's Work

Mrs I M	$1 00

Mrs Bird's Christmas Tree

"Christmas," Sandy Hill	$ 25
O T Graham	75
W A Goehringer	1 00
E Canard	1 00
F B Spencer	3 00
A Friend of the Little Ones, Fairbury	1 00
Lucy Shuler	60
Louisa Jaeger	2 50
Mrs John Wood	1 00
Emma Anderson	2 00
I H N, Evansville	1 00
Little Charite, Bklyn	2 00
Gertrude Shutt	10
Mrs Geo H Connors	1 00
Total	$17 20

Armenian Fund

H C T, Charleston	$ 1 00
J A W, Tidionte	5 00
Maggie Riddle	50
Total	$6 50

Corinna Shattuck's Orphan Work in Oorfa

Mrs E L C Morse	$ 7 50
Fred P Stevens, treasurer Muggerdich Tasjian Fund	16 00
Warren Morse	7 50
Mary A Blood	30 00
Total	$61 00

American Ch, Berlin. (Rev Dr J F Dickie)

C O D, Mechanicsb'g	$10 00
Mrs S N Wells	5 00
Total	$15 00

Dr Raynolds, of Van Armenia

Mrs E R Wolcott	$2 00

Bishop Thoburn's Special Fund

Miss E A Graham	$60 00

Elmer E Hubbard, Matanzas, Cuba

John P Jube	$10 00

The Old and the New

A Kansas reader sends this letter:

I am led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" For more than a week I have been confined to my room with la grippe, and, wishing to improve my time as best I could, I had been looking over old newspapers that have accumulated on my hands for years, and clipping out such articles as seem too good to be destroyed, when, all at once, my attention was arrested by a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and Signs of Our Times, published at 63 Bible House, New York City, and 2 Ivy Lane, London, and dated "Thursday, November 7, 1878."

This I have compared with some late numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. See what a splendid change for the better has come about, and at the same price—and all of this in twenty-two years! Then, sixteen pages, unstitched and uncut; now, twenty-four pages, and one-fourth larger, with vastly superior paper, steel-bound, cut and trimmed. Then, one picture, that of the Earl of Shaftesbury, the English philanthropist; now, fully seventy-five in one number, most of which charm with their beauty and naturalness. Then, not a single advertisement; now, the HERALD is made a thing of beauty by the artistic way in which the advertisements are displayed. We are glad to see them, and from them find out how enterprising people would bless the world by having it buy their productions. We learn what many are doing to make a living. It is a portion of the news and we are willing to pay to get it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD answers for many of us as a picture gallery, as well as a storehouse of news and instruction in righteousness. The old was good and rich in its day; but we pride in the new, for through its benevolence we are kept in touch with the suffering tribes of flesh and blood in all lands and on all seas. Its push and enterprise have no equal. May it live until newspapers are no longer needed. JOHN D. KNOX.

Topeka, Kan.

To Protect the Savage Races

In response to inquiries, we give below the text of the bill recently introduced in the U. S. Senate by Mr. Lodge to prevent the sale of firearms, opium and intoxicating liquors in the Pacific Islands. The bill was read twice and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person subject to the authority of the United States who shall give, sell, or otherwise supply any arms, ammunition, explosive substance, intoxicating liquor, or opium to any aboriginal native of the Pacific Islands lying within the twentieth parallel of north latitude and the fortieth parallel of south latitude and the one hundred and twentieth meridian of longitude west, and one hundred and twentieth meridian of longitude east of Greenwich, not being in the possession or under the protection of any civilized power, shall be punishable by imprisonment not exceeding three months, with or without hard labor, or a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or both. And in addition to such punishment all articles of a similar nature to those in respect to which an offense has been committed found in the possession of the offender may be declared forfeited.

SEC. 2. That if it shall appear to the court that such opium, wine, or spirits have been given bona fide for medical purposes it shall be lawful for the court to dismiss the charge.

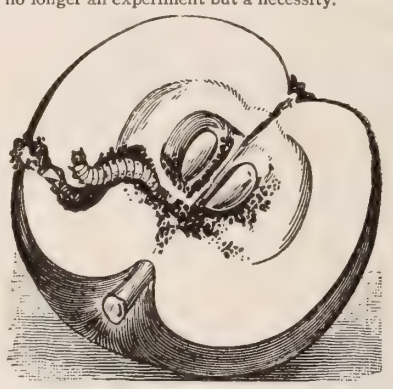
SEC. 3. That all offenses against this Act committed on any of said islands, or on the waters, rocks, or keys adjacent thereto shall be deemed committed on the high seas on board a merchant ship or vessel belonging to the United States, and the courts of the United States shall have jurisdiction accordingly.

A Missionary Praises the Red Letter Testament

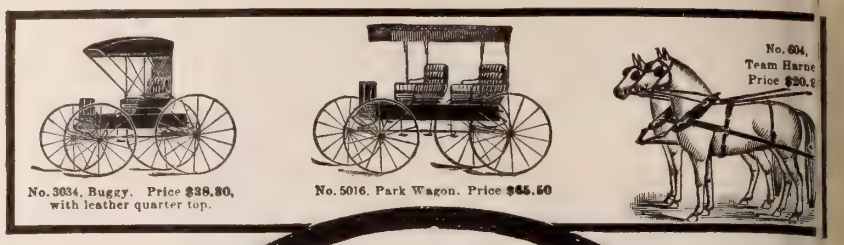
Rev. E. V. Cooper, missionary of the London Missionary Society for Tutuila and Manua, and for many years a spiritual worker at Samoa, writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "I am just delighted with the Red Letter New Testament. It is an old idea of mine realized. Many years ago, whilst a missionary in the Tutuila group of islands, I underscored in red ink my revised New Testament, showing all the words of our Lord and Saviour. So, you see, what you have done in such an excellent way I tried to do for myself, somewhat clumsily, a long time ago. It is not only striking, but helpful, to see at a glance the words of our Saviour, and the red letter is a continual reminder that one is reading His actual words. It may be of interest to know that Christ's recorded utterances in Matthew take up little more than half of the book, whilst in John they form about two-fifths of the book."

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

The question of spraying fruit trees to prevent the depredations of insect pests and fungus diseases is no longer an experiment but a necessity.



The readers will do well to write Wm. Stahl, Quincy, Ill., and get his catalogue describing twenty-one styles of Spraying Outfits and full treatise on spraying the different fruit and vegetable crops, which contain much valuable information, and may be had for the asking.



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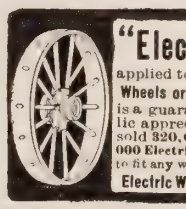
but sell all goods direct from our factory to the purchaser at wholesale prices. We are the largest manufacturers of vehicles and harness in the world selling to the consumer exclusively. We have pursued this plan successfully for 28 years. You assume no risk as we ship our goods anywhere for examination and guarantee safe arrival. Largest selection in the country as we make 178 styles of vehicles and 65 styles of harness. Catalogue free.

No 707—Extension Top Surrey, with double fenders. Complete with side curtains, aprons, lamps and pole or shafts. Price, $80. As good as sells for $40 more.

No. 180—Double Buggy Harness, with nickel trimmings. Price complete with collars and hitch straps, $22. As good as sells for $3

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MANUFACTURING. CO., ELKHART, INDIANA.



"Electric"

applied to either Wheels or Wagons is a guarantee of excellence. The public appreciates this fact. In 4 years we sold 320,000 Electric Steel Wheels and 30,000 Electric Handy Wagons. We make wheels to fit any wagon. Illustrated Catalog FREE.

Electric Wheel Co. Box 136, Quincy, Ills.

There's MONEY IN I

The poultry business pays w conducted under the rules down in our NEW POULT BOOK & CATALOG F 1901. Handsomely printed in col giving cuts and description of leading breeds of fowls. Plans for p try houses, tested remedies and p of poultry and eggs. Worth many dol Sent for 10c. stamps or silver, postpaid.

THE J. W. MILLER CO, Box 179, Freeport, Illin

GOOD LITTLE INCUBATORS

Many people want a small incubator but don't want a mere toy, a plaything that will only spoil good eggs. To meet the demand for a really good little incubator we have perfected the now famous Reliable 50 EGG BANTLING SPECIAL. It is the equal of any hatcher ever made, only smaller, and sells for only $5

Send 10c for our 20th Century Catalogue and Poultry Book. Best ever published.

RELIABLE INCB. & BROODER CO., Box B-16, Quincy, Ill

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTR and Almanac for 1901. 160 pages, 100 illustrations of Fowls, Incubators, Brood Poultry Houses, etc. How to raise chickens succ fully, their care, diseases and remedies. Diagr with full descriptions of Poultry houses about Incubators, Brooders and thoroughl Fowls, with lowest prices. Price only 15 ce

C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 182, Freeport,

Strong, Healthy Chicks

are hatched by our incubators, and more of them than hens can hatch. Why? Because our regulator never fails to keep the heat just right. Catalogue printed in 5 languages gives full descriptions, illustrations and prices, and much information for poultry raisers. Sent for 6 cents.

DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., Box 71 Des Moines, Ia.

WHY BUY a catalog? W don't ask you t pay for ours. Send your addres for our 1901 Incubator Catalog, full o poultry information, and describin

THE SURE HATCH INCUBATORS Simplest in operation, surest in hatch

SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO., Clay Center, Neb

326 FIRST PREMIUMS

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.

Prairie State Incubator Co., Homer City, Pa.

HEN MONEY is easily and quickly doubled by feeding Green Cut Bone. Makes hens lay winter and summer. The best and cheapest way to prepare it is with MANN'S NEW BONE CUTTERS. Cut hard, soft bones, meat, gristle and turn easy. Swinging Feed Trays, Granite Crystal Grit, &c. Send for free Catalogue. F. W. MANN CO. Box 29, Milford, Mass.

DON'T SET HENS the same way when new plan b it 3 to 1. 100 Egg Hatcher Costs Only $2. 67,000 in 1000ds of testimonials. 5000 agents wanted, either sex. catalogue and 25c Lice Formula FREE if you write to Natural Hen Incubator Co., B84, Columbus, N

10 DAYS TRIAL

Buggy Announcement Extraordinary.

The Kalamazoo Carriage and Harness Co. of Kalamazoo, Michigan, have adopted the plan of sending their vehicles anywhere, on 10 days free trial. They sell direct to consumers at wholesale prices and allow you to take the vehicle from the depot, hitch up to it, try the springs, running qualities, see the trimmings, finish and style before you decide to keep it. No more buying "a cat in the bag, sight unseen." They know the quality of their goods and are willing to let them sell on their merits. Write for free catalogue.

KALAMAZOO CARRIAGE AND HARNESS CO.,
Box 48, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

A GREAT SUNDAY SCHOOL TOUR

Practical Workers of the International Sunday School Union Set Out on a Thirteen Thousand Mile Journey

THE Trans-Continental Sunday School Tour, now being conducted under the auspices of the Executive Committee of the International Sunday School Convention, may be expected to fulfil in extraordinary degree its purpose of advancing and improving the Sunday School work in the States and Territories visited. The line of

E. O. EXCELL

H. M. HAMILL

itinerary includes Virginia, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Southern and Northern California, Utah, Colorado and Kansas; beginning in Richmond, Va., February 17, it concludes in Topeka, Thursday, May 16, covering 13,000 miles, and occupying thirteen weeks. Fifty-one cities will be visited; twelve State and two Territorial conventions will be attended; with many special and important meetings besides.

The party consists of five practical Sunday School workers, under the leadership of the International Secretaries, Mr. Marion Lawrence and Prof. H. M. Hamill. Mr. Lawrence, who is by no means unknown to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been General Secretary of the International Convention since July, 1889, serving for ten years prior to that time as General Secretary of the Ohio Sunday School Association. He has, too, been Superintendent of the Washington Street Sunday School, Toledo, O., for the past twenty-four years. The reputation of Prof. Hamill, the International Field Secretary, as educator, speaker and writer, is world-wide. He has been connected with the International work for several years, and, prior to that connection, was Normal Superintendent of the Illinois Association. His voice is always heard in the International Conventions, and his addresses at the World's Convention in 1898, attracted universal attention. Prof. E. O. Excell is the "sweet singer" of the quintette. His ability in conducting the music in large religious gatherings is exceptional—he is much in request at State and national meetings of all kinds. Mrs. Hamill, wife of the Field Secretary, is, as the woman in the party would naturally be, its expert in primary work. She has been helpfully active in many conventions, and is at present Normal Secretary in the Illinois Sunday School Association. Rev. B. W. Spilman, Field Secretary of the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina, completes the company. The high position held by the Baptist Sunday School work in North Carolina is largely due to Mr. Spilman's extraordinary gifts and faithful labors, and the Sunday School tourists are fortunate in having him for one of their number. None of the party receive any pay for these special services; their traveling expenses, which it is estimated will be about $1,500, being derived from funds especially contributed for the purpose and from offerings at conventions and special meetings. At various cities along the route, Rev. L. B. Maxwell, the colored Field Worker of the International Sunday School movement, is arranging for mass meetings of the colored people, who will be addressed by the International party.

There will be many interesting events and profitable experiences in this "Ocean to Ocean Tour" of the Sunday School evangelists; the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will doubtless be informed of these, as they have been of the progress of previous tours under the same auspices as the present.

Pastors and Sunday School workers in any of the States mentioned can greatly help the Sunday School cause in their own State, by seeing that their own school and locality are represented by delegates at their State Convention; also, by announcing this tour of meetings frequently in their churches and Sunday Schools. The General Secretary, Sunday School Convention, Toledo, Ohio, will gladly answer all inquiries.

MRS. H. M. HAMILL

REV. B. W. SPILMAN

BURPEE'S NEW FARM ANNUAL

"QUARTER-CENTURY EDITION"

A Grand New Book of two hundred and twenty pages. Entirely rewritten at our famous FORDHAM FARMS — the largest Trial Grounds in America. New directions for culture, New Leaflets, New Novelties of unusual merit in both Vegetables and Flowers, Elegant New Colored Plates. The Quarter-Century's Record of Progress, New Cash Prizes, and other New Features.

The most complete

BEST SEED CATALOGUE

ever published. Mailed for ten cents, which is less than cost per copy. Name this paper, send ten cents (silver or stamps) and with this great catalogue we shall send a **15-cent packet of either** Burbank's *Unique Floral Novelty* **or** Burpee's wonderful, new, dwarf, meaty, bright-red, earliest Tomato,—"*Quarter-Century.*"

☞ Should you object to paying ten cents for a seed catalogue (even though it is worth a dollar), then **write a postal card** for **Burpee's "SEED-SENSE" for 1901,**—a "strictly business" catalogue of ninety pages.

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ITALIAN LILY BEGONIA

20 PACKETS SEEDS. FLOWERS 15 Bulbs

For 25c. we will send the following choice collection **for 25c.** postpaid.

1 Pkt Kudzu Vine (great Novelty) hardy climber
1 Pkt Primrose. Greatly used for cut flowers
1 Pkt Perilla. Prettier than Coleus, grows very easy
1 Pkt Aster, hardy, perennial, blooms very late
4 Pkt Pansies, striped, black, brown, red, sep. colors
1 Pkt Wallflower
1 Pkt Sweet Pea, Navy blue
1 Pkt Chrysanthemum
1 Pkt Sweet Lavender
1 Pkt Jap. Morning Glory
1 Pkt Verbena Creeping
1 Pkt Smilax Vine
1 Pkt Petunia Giant
1 Pkt Carnation Pink
1 Pkt Salvia Scarlet
1 Pkt Stocks, double
1 Pkt Ranunculus Poppy

15 Bulbs Italian Lily flowers a foot long, Begonia, Spotted Calla, Hyacinth, Scarlet Freesia, Anemone, Gladiolus, Madeira Vine, Amaryllis, Montbretia, **and 5 other choice bulbs. 20 Packets Seeds and 15 Bulbs, and our new Colored plate Catalog, all for 25c.**

J. ROSCOE FULLER & CO., Floral Park, N. Y.

43 Flowers 30 Cts.

Worth $1.25, delivered free

SPECIAL OFFER— made to introduce our goods.

20 Pkts. SEEDS— all SURE TO GROW, will BLOOM this year

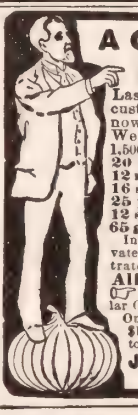
1 Pkt. Pansy—10 colors mixed.
" Beautiful Hybrid Begonias.
" Washington Weeping Palm.
" Mary Semple Asters, 4 cols.
" Alyssum, Little Gem, mixed.
" Bouquet Chrysanthemum.
" Forget-me-not—Victoria.
" California Golden Bells.
" Lovely Butterfly Flower.
1 Pkt. Phlox Drummondii.
" Rambler Roses.
1 Pkt. Double Chinese Pink.
" Carnation Marguerite.
" Heliotrope, mixed.
" Poppy—New Shirley.
" Umbrella Plant.
" Giant Verbena, mixed.
" Japan Morning Glory.
" Petunia Hybrid Mixed.
" California Sweet Peas.

23 BULBS—2 Grand Peacock Iris, 1 Dbl. Pearl Tuberose. 2 Butterfly Gladiolus. 2 Hybrid Gladiolus. 9 Fine Mixed Oxalis. 2 Rainbow Lilies. 1 Elegant Spotted Calla. 2 Climbing Sweet Mignonette Vines. 2 Splendid New Canna Lilies, 1 Crimson, 1 Variegated.

Return Check good for 25 Cents on next order; also our **NEW FLORAL GUIDE, 136 pages,** free with above 30c. collection.

THE CONARD & JONES CO.
Rose Growers,
Box O, West Grove, Pa.

A GREAT GARDEN For 16 Cents



Last year we started out for 200,000 new customers. We received 270,000. We now have on our books 1,110,000 names. We wish 390,000 more in 1901, making 1,500,000 full, hence this great offer.

20 kinds of rarest radishes
12 magnificent early melons
16 sorts glorious tomatoes
25 peerless lettuce varieties
12 splendid beet sorts
65 gorgeously beautiful flower seeds

150 KINDS 16 cts.

In all 150 kinds, sure to please and captivate your hearts, together with our great illustrated Plant and Seed Catalogue, postpaid **All for 16 cts. and this notice.**

☞ Catalogue, telling all about Billion Dollar Grass, Peanut, Teosinte, Bromus, Spelts, Onion Seed at 60c a lb. and up, Potatoes at $1.20 a barrel, etc., positively worth $100 to any planter of garden and farm seeds.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO.
606 La Crosse, Wis.

FERRY'S SEEDS

You **know** what you're planting when you plant Ferry's Seeds. If you buy cheap seeds you can't be sure. Take no chances — get Ferry's. Dealers everywhere sell them. Write for 1901 Seed Annual—mailed free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS"

That unsightly sign will not be needed if you have the **HARTMAN STEEL ROD LAWN FENCE.** Keeps off everything but sunshine and rain. Best for Lawns, Schools, Churches, Cemeteries, etc. Steel Posts and Gates. Catalogue free.
HARTMAN MFG. CO., Box 51, Ellwood City, Pa.
Or Room 11 809 Broadway, New York City.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

Get and read a copy of "Profitable Poultry Keeping," then you will know why it will pay best to buy a **CYPHERS INCUBATOR.** Book has 224 pages 8x11 in., 250 illustrations, mailed for 10c. Ask for book 57 Circulars free. Address nearest office.

CYPHERS INCUBATOR CO.,
Boston, Mass. Wayland, N. Y. Chicago, Ills

SEED DUE BILL FREE

To get new customers to test my **Seeds,** I will mail my 1901 catalogue, filled with more **Bargains** than ever and a **10c Due Bill** good for **10c worth of Seeds** for trial **absolutely free.** All the **Best Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Roses, Farm Seeds, Potatoes** and many **Novelties** at lowest prices. **Ginseng,** the great money making plant. **Giant Prize Tomatoes.** 2 to the foot, **Pan American Oats,** sent out free to farmers, and two **Free Passes to Pan American Exposition,** Buffalo, N. Y. are offered. $2,635.00 in cash premiums. Don't give your order until you see this new catalogue. **You'll be Surprised** at my bargain offers. Send postal for catalogue to-day. **It is FREE to all.** Tell your friends to send too.
F. B. MILLS, Box 81, Rosehill, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

ISN'T THIS FAIR?

You get this **Rantam Hatcher,** fill it with eggs and test it thoroughly. If satisfied you pay us $5 for it. It often hatches 60 chicks from 60 eggs. Send 4 cents for Catalogue No. 60

Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, Ohio.

SELF-REGULATING

We have a perfect system of regulating temperature and moisture.

MARILLA INCUBATORS and BROODERS are guaranteed. Your money back if you want it. Send 2c stamp for catalog

MARILLA INCUBATOR CO., Box 34, Rose Hill, N. Y.

RUNS ITSELF! As simple in operation as a gentle summer shower. You strike a light and the **PETALUMA INCUBATOR** does the rest. No worry. No loss. Hatches every fertile egg. 4 sizes. We pay the freight. Catalogue free.
Petaluma Incubator Co., Box 64, Petaluma, Cal.

FENCE! STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong. Chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free.
COILED SPRING FENCE CO.
Box 47. Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

A GOSPEL LIGHTHOUSE

The Work of the Bowery Mission Among the Wrecks of the Great City

IF the friends of the outcast, the hopeless and desolate, could see and realize, as do the workers at the Bowery Mission, the desperate strait and sharp need of those to whom their gifts minister, they would, indeed, feel that in reaching out the hand of help to such as these, they had fulfilled the desire of him who was the Friend of the friendless and the Friend of sinners.

It is not an uncommon thing for a man who has not where to lay his head, and who has not eaten for forty-six hours, to come to a Bowery Mission meeting; perhaps he has been walking the streets until he is ready to drop; the warmth, the light, the privilege of rest, and the hope of food draw him in. Drink may have brought him to his sorry pass but it is not always so. He may simply have lost his job and be looking for another. Or, he may be—as is often the case—the wandering boy of some good mother who at the very moment he enters the Mission, may be on her knees, asking our Heavenly Father to guide the son, who left her to fight life's battle in the great city, into a haven of spiritual safety. Food and raiment are provided and employment found for hundreds of worthy but unfortunate men and boys through the agency of the old Mission—God's Lighthouse for the lost men of the Bowery.

The following amounts have been received since last report:

Allen, Mrs A M	50	Hearn, Jas A & Son	25 00	Swarthout, Mrs A E.	1 00
Allen, Mrs V L	1 00	Hodil, Jacob	5 00	Thompson, Mrs M E.	50
Ashwatts, Alice	1 00	Holleman, Mrs L A	50	Titlow, D J	1 00
Armstrong, L H	5 00	Holman, Mrs Ann	1 00	Tunison, Mrs	2 00
Atkinson, Mrs W H	2 50	Holman, Mary E	1 00	Taylor, M	2 00
Aycock, Mrs W E W	1 00	Hunn, Alice	1 00	Tillson, M B	1 00
Briggs, Wm	50	Hunn, Fred	5 00	Trowbridge, J A	10 00
Brockway, C E	1 00	Hunter, Eliz	2 00	Turner, W	5 00
Brucker, Chas	1 00	Hutchinson, Priscilla	1 00	Valleau, F E	1 00
Burbank, A N	10 00	Jackson, Miss Mary	1 00	Vance, Mrs L G	1 00
Baker, Emma L	1 00	Jensen, Sam P	1 75	Van Schaack, W D	5 00
Bauer, Emma I	2 50	Jube, Mrs Wm U	1 00	Washburn, Harriet C	2 00
Buckbee, Sela	5 00	Jones, B M & Co	10 00	Webb, Mrs Sarah	50
Burnham, S C	2 00	Jones, E R	25 00	Whitmarsh, Mrs N W	2 00
Burrell, Mrs Wm	1 00	Jones, M L	10 00	Wiser, Mrs J M	3 00
Butler, Mrs M V	1 00	Joslin, Mr and Mrs	1 00	Woodside, W and F	5 00
Butz, Mrs F A	1 00	Kempton, Mrs A M	1 00	Waldron, Mr & Mrs G and Annie	1 45
Baird, J E	10 00	Kerr, I	1 00	Waterman, F B	1 00
Baker, J G	50	Kirk, J	50	Waterman, H L	35 00
Barbour, Mrs M E D	25	Knight, Mrs M A	1 00	Williams, Mrs T	1 00
Barksdale, B	1 00	Knox, Mrs L R	1 00	Winter, E	2 00
Barrow, P M	1 00	Kurs, Miss P S	10	Woodard, L A	1 00
Benedict, H H	25 00	Kempton, Sarah	1 00	Woods, A F	2 00
Benjamin, Mrs S A M	1 00	Knox, L R	1 00	Young, W C	50
Bickley, F W, & wife	3 00	Kollu, Mrs	50	Youngblood, Rev G S	1 00
Brane, Mrs H C	5 00	Kros, C	50	Mrs Sarah, Titusville	2 50
The Broadstreet Co, New York	5 00	Lewis, J M	50	Marshall, Brooklyn	2 00
Buck, A C	1 00	Lowny, Mrs A L	1 00	A, Buckland	8 00
Buckbee, S	2 00	Lamb, Mrs R	1 00	A, Circleville	2 00
Bunness, W	1 50	Lambert, Mrs W	10 00	A R C, Manchester Center	1 00
Burdick, M J	1 00	La Munian, Mrs E	1 00	B H S A, Savannah	5 00
Covell, Miss M J	2 00	Lange, M C	2 50	C L F, Roslindale	1 00
Calvelli, Dr G	3 00	Lester, E W	3 00	D R, Millville	10
Christiansen, Chris	5 00	Lord, B	10 00	D B C, Warren	2 00
Christiansen, Chris	10 00	McGregor, J D	1 00	E J C, Brunswick	1 00
Cleveland, John L	3 00	McKee, Miss M	1 00	G E R, Maytown	2 00
Coastworth, Mrs C	2 00	McNab, J	1 00	H E J, New York	5 00
Cook, Mrs	50	Mattson, R	5 00	J O R, Melville	05
Coudery, Mrs M B	25	Meiner, F G Jr	15 00	M F F, Barlow	1 00
Campbell, E	1 00	Miller, J A	50	Mrs R, New York	1 00
Carleton, Miss E	50	Milton, I	50	Mr and Mrs W F S, Freewater	2 00
Carpenter, Mrs E	1 00	Moline, O E	1 00	W O, Philadelphia	10 00
Cavins, Mrs J	2 00	Moore, Mr & Mrs M V	2 00	W R, Millville	85
Chambers, Mrs M D	1 00	Myers, L M	1 00	Mrs A R L, Jonesville	1 00
Childs, H A	2 00	McAuley, Mrs J	2 00	C O D, Mechanicsb'g.	2 00
Cooley, Mrs E	5 00	McPhail, Alex	1 00	D A P, Okarche	1 00
Coriell, R	50	McQuarters, Mary	1 00	F G S, New Jersey	1 00
Craig, W J	3 00	Marchant, Mrs Roxa.	50	Mrs H B, Gansevoort	10
Cruttenden, Mrs H	10 00	Martin, Celina	50	I H S, Stewartstown.	30
Despland, Mrs Leon	1 00	Martin, Horace	2 00	M C R, Painesville	1 00
Dikeman, Miss C L	100 00	Mead, Mrs W D	1 00	M E M	50
De Groot, O	25	Meiner, Jr, F G & wife	5 00	—, N Y City	3 00
Dietrick, Miss L	1 00	Milhone, Mary	50	—, Sharion	1 50
Dilling, Wm	1 00	Miller, C T and wife	2 00	—, Tremley	7 00
Dodge, Mrs W E, Sr	25 00	Minott, M Alice	1 00	—, Carlisle	5 00
Duvall, Mrs M B	50	Nye, J P	2 00	—, Herrick	1 00
Davis, E	35	Newton, E	1 00	—, Lowell	1 00
Dean, Mrs M S	50	Nisonger, G	1 00	—, Tremley	7 00
Dellett, Miss L M	1 00	Nolder, S A	1 50	—, Boston	1 00
Desh, W K	5 00	Osborne, Isabella G	50	—, Fernandina	1 00
Doidge, A	25	Osterloo, L V	25	—, Fresno	50
Dunscomb, S E	2 50	Parmelee, E J & wife	1 00	—, Oakdale	60
Eastman, Mrs E B	75	Pausch, Lizzie	5 00	—, Winnsboro,	35
Erven, Mrs E F	5 00	Pea, Thos W	50	A Friend, Northfield.	50
Ewen, F	1 00	Peck, W N & mother.	50	A Friend, Burlington	25
Evans, Miss E A	1 00	Phillips, Mrs Geo	50	A Friend, Kenmare	1 00
Farrington, Mrs W G	1 00	Platt, Everett S	3 00	A Friend, N Y City	2 00
Finley, H	1 00	Potts, Mrs C E	5 00	A Friend, Winthrop Center	2 00
Frothingham, H P	10 00	Puckett, Mrs C	1 50	"A Friend of Boys," Williamsport	1 00
Fortnum, John	50	Parland, J	1 00	From a friend of the good cause, Ca'rolt'n	1 00
Flagg, P S	1 00	Patton, C	1 00	A Friend, Le Roy	25
Fultz, Mrs M E H	1 00	Pelgram, Mrs E M	10 00	A Friend, Gr'd Rapids	2 50
Getchins, Alfred C	50	Pier, E M	2 00	Friend E, Brooklyn	10 00
Grandy, Mrs L J	50	Quarterman, Mrs	1 50	A Friend, Shields	5 00
Gress, R L	50	Reed, O	1 00	A Friend, Gualala	50
Gross, Mrs Wm	50	Reints, M	25	Friends, Burlington	1 00
Grove, Mrs D C	1 00	Reemstma, R	25	In His Name, New Hampshire	5 00
Gerber, R	2 50	Rich, Mrs Sarah and Miss Jane	5 00	I H N, Lambertville	2 00
Godfrey, C A	1 00	Richardson, Mrs B	1 00	I H S, Iowa City	1 00
Goldthril, A	1 00	Roberts, Ella L	25	I H N, Evansville	1 00
Gordon, A H	1 00	Rowley, Mrs J	50	I H N, Morristown	2 00
Griswold, C L	2 00	Robertson, W B	1 00	I H N, Plainfield	1 00
Gunderson, Mrs M	1 00	Sealey, Mrs A	8 00	I H N, Shrewsbury	1 00
Hall, B J & Sons	1 00	Sherman, Geo E	50	In memory of Jennie, Waterloo	5 00
Hall, G P & Sons	1 00	Smith, Mrs Jos	2 00	Constant Reader, M Providence	2 00
Hapgood, M W	5 00	Smith, Mrs Louise	75	A Leland Reader	1 00
Harnier, H	2 00	Stafford, Mrs M A	5 00	Anonymous	2 00
Hartman, W E	5 00	Stuart, Charlotte V	5 00	Anonymous	1 00
Harvey, Mrs C M	1 00	Schuyler, W S	2 00	For Christ's Sake, New York City	1 00
Hawks, Mrs J Q	1 00	Seligman, I N	25 00	For Christ's Sake, Cambridge	50
Helfrich, J H	5 00	Spaulding, Mrs E E	1 00	For Jesus' Sake, Chicago Heights	50
Henderson, R J	50	Spragging, Mrs T C	1 00	A Reader, Streator	1 00
Hill, Mrs M E	1 00	Steele, Miss F	1 00	A "C H" Reader, Winterport	1 00
Hutchinson, J	50	Stewart, Mrs A O	1 00	A Sympathizer, Norwood	1 00
Hammond, Mrs Marg	5 00	Stonewall, Mr	2 00	The Lord's Tenth, Maple's Mill	10 00
				A Follower of Christ, Medina	5 00
				So Richland S S, Republic	1 00
				For Christ's Sake, N Y City	1 00
				For Christ's Sake, N Y City	1 00
				Reader, Sweetsburg	1 00
				A Reader, Chatsw'th,	5 00
				From a Reeder, Fort Plain	1 00
				Subscriber, Walhalla	20 00
				A Subscriber, Chittenango	1 00
				Two of God's Children	9 00
				"Charite," Brooklyn	5 00
				In Memory of Dear Departed Ones, N Y City	5 00
				From a King's Daughter, Montclair	1 00

Two Curious Advertisements

Testimonies given at the Bowery Mission and other places where efforts are made to rescue the fallen, show that Christ is willing to take the very worst cases and is able to make good men and women out of them. Some Christian people, who strive to walk in his steps, are willing to undertake such work, but they are few in number. Apparently there are people who believe that there are some to be found, for the *Sunday Companion* quotes two advertisements which appeared recently in a daily journal, offering that kind of occupation. The first was:

A country clergyman would feel most thankful to any benevolent lady who would kindly take into her service a strong, motherless girl of sixteen, whom he is anxious to get from home, but whom he cannot recommend for honesty and truthfulness.

And still more robust in its candor was the other:

Requires a kind master for an excellent black retriever dog. Owner parts with him on no other account than his savage tendencies.

Who got that dog one wonders vainly, and who secured the services of the strong young thief?

WANTED

A case of dirt that

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

will not remove

A NEW REMARKABLE INVENTIO

Time and again in these colums attention has been called to the dangers of drinking unpurified water.

Statistics show that 250,000 deaths, over 500,000 cases of dyspepsia, stomach, heart and blood diseases, all kinds of fevers, typhoid, yellow, scarlet—malaria and kindred diseases are caused annually by unpurified drinking-water.

Is it any wonder we have sickness, affliction and premature death on every hand when our wells, cisterns, hydrants and streams are polluted with sewage, drains, surface water, decayed animal and vegetable matter, lime and other health-wrecking minerals, alkali, fever and disease germs, etc?

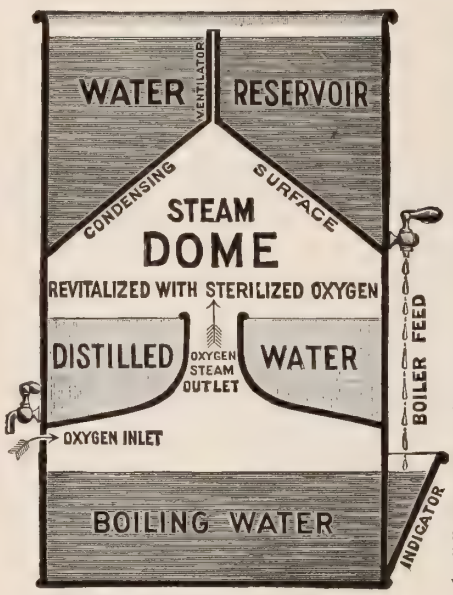
A genious of Ohio has invented a new device known as the Puritan Water-still, that is proving a blessing to thousands of users. It is a plain, simple, heavy sheet-metal device, which, placed over the kitchen stove, purifies the foulest water by a new process of distillation, removing all impurities, mud, lime, alkali, health-wrecking minerals, fever and disease germs, etc., and furnishes plenty of pure, distilled water for family use—clear soft, sparkling, delicious to the taste, absolutely pure and safe.

That millions will be sold is the foregone conclusion. No man or woman can in this day and age but realize the abolute necessity of purifying all drinking water before using.

THOUSANDS A WEEK

Upon inquiry at the factory, we found that this invention has caused a remarkable excitement all over the United States; that their capacity has been tested to the utmost, the demand being so enormous—orders aggregating hundreds daily.

From the thousands of letters received from users, it is plain to be seen that the world is hungry for pure distilled water, that may be drunk without



fear or reproach. Some of these letters give a vivid picture of water as we get it, and below are printed a few extracts that show the wonderful benefit derived from distilled water.

Rev. Park O. Herbert, a man above reproach, pastor Christian Church at Burlington, Kan., writes: "I consider the Puritan a blessing to humanity, a necessity in every family, and hope to live to see it in use in every home in the land. It certainly is a most important invention, as it produces absolutely pure, delicious drinking-water for my family of four persons from water which before distillation was unfit for drinking purposes."

Frank W. Johnson says: "For five years past I suffered from kidney and bladder troubles, little thinking it was caused by our drinking water. I spent about $100 doctoring, receiving but little benefit. Since I received the Puritan and drink only distilled water I have felt like a new man. My kidney and bladder troubles are no more and I have not had a pain or ache for nine weeks."

Mrs. J. R. Stacy says: "Our hydrant water is muddy. The children and my husband were sick so much I thought it must be the water. I got one of your Stills and now we all drink distilled water. It is delicious. Have had no sickness, and the children are doing fine on it."

A prominent physician, Dr. Lilly says: "Thank God, every family can now have pure water, purified by distillation. It is truly 'the elixir of life.' Will prolong life, prevent old age, almost every disease, and save doctor bills."

Miss Lulu Wilson says: "Our well and cistern water, when distilled, is perfectly lovely. Relieved father's rheumatism and kidney troubles."

James Pilcher says: "Out here in the alkali country your Puritan Still is just what everybody needs. This water seems to dry up our insides, harden our bones and causes almost every disease. Even the horses die of kidney disease, and we are all thin. Distillation removes all the alkali and impurities, turns this water into a pure, delicious drink, palatable and satisfying. I would not take $50 for my Puritan."

Fred D. Hale, D. D., pastor Third Baptist Church, Owensboro, Ky., writes: "Have received the Puritan Still. Perfectly delighted with water we get from it. Seldom have I ever inv $5, the profits on which have been greater or re more satisfactory. It furnishes not only sparkling, but absolutely pure drinking wate my family of nine, and I consider its use a preventive of disease, and I believe it should every home in the land."

Dr. R. W. Thomas: "Filtering is like perfu sewer gas. Distilled water is the only wat drink with perfect safety."

Dr. L. M. Walley: "The death rate in this n borhood from typhoid, heart, kidney, bowel tro and other diseases is alarmingly large. Our in water supply is the cause. I advised every o my families to obtain a Puritan, not only protection from disease, but because I believe tilled water is the only water that young o should touch."

Other remarkable cases are those of Emma monds, who was relieved of dyspepsia and sto troubles of six years' standing; Ralph Curr old war veteran of '61, who was relieved of d tery and bowel troubles contracted during the Also Mrs. Margaret A. Thompson, who suf for years with liver and heart troubles, and wa tirely relieved by drinking large quantities of tilled water."

Austin Flint, M.D., New York City, highl commends distilled water, as also does Mrs. R. Melendy, M.D., who says: "To insure a pe nently smooth and brilliant complexion, use distilled water. The skin and hair of babies children are as delicate as silk, and should nev touched with hard water. It keeps the blood the bowels regular, prevents colic, cramps, etc."

The Ralston Health Club says: "Well wat at its best, a hastener of the ills that flesh is to. We can prove that all typhoids, nearl malarial, contagious and organic diseases, are to the water we drink There is no doubt that tilled water is the best medicine that can enter system."

Dr. R. N. Tooker, Chicago; For flushing kidneys, stimulating the sluggish liver, elimina waste matter from the system, pure distilled w furnishes the long-sought desideratum."

C. P. Cathcart, M.D., Kansas City, Mo., s "Distilled water is a powerful solvent, and at same time a delightful drink; prevents dise relieves rheumatism by dissolving the acid cryst

James H. Jackson, M.D., physician in chie the Sanitarium, Dansville, N. Y., says: " purest water in New York State is inferior to tilled water."

The Syracuse *Clinic*, Sept. 1, 1899. says: "T sands are using distilled water free from bacteri earthly salts, with delight and profit. Prop distilled and aerated it is delicious."

Dr. David H. Reeder, of Chicago, says: "I as we have learned that pure distilled water is of the most powerful solvents, is not man when he decides to follow the example of Creator and distill for himself a supply of w that cannot be contaminated with soil or dis germs, and provide himself with a safe guard aga both disease and old age?

More evidence is certainly unnecessary to conv all that a device that produces distilled water sh be in every home. Investigation proves that "Puritan Water Still" is well, durably and h somely made of the best material throughout, with proper care should last a lifetime. It i simple to operate that even a child could easily safely. It is amply large enough for family May be easily carried in a trunk when traveli weighs about four pounds.

ALL READERS

Should have one of these remarkable St Drinking unpurified water is certainly a for the preservation of health is a solemn d you owe your Creator.

Don't fail to write to-day to the Harri Mfg. Co., 272 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, who are the only makers, for full informati valuable book, etc. Sent free. Or, bet order a Still. The price is wonderfully l Only $5 for family size No. 7, complete, or for style No. 9, complete, including pl directions, and it is indeed difficult to imag where one could invest that amount of mor in anything else that guarantees such secur and good health. You can't be disappoint for this company is responsible and relia Capital, $100,000. Will ship immediately up receipt of your remittance, by money ord draft, check or registered letter, and guaran every Still and will refund your money af ten days' use if not just as represented.

In any event, don't fail to send for book as it is full of interesting matter. This Stil proving

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Peerless Among Books*

ALTHOUGH the Hebrew prophets may have been, and doubtless were, greatly inferior to the Assyrian, Egyptian, and Greek sages in scientific knowledge, yet their expressions betray none of the grotesque absurdity which disfigures the astronomy or geology of their contemporaries as found in the sacred books of the East, or even in the more artistic mythology of the Greeks. Compare the confused and trivial cosmogony of the Chaldean tablets with the lucid and stately method of Genesis. Compare the gross Egyptian picture of the earth as a chaotic egg conceived by the sable-winged bird of Night, with the simple statement of the Divine Spirit's agency in creation. Compare the fanciful feats of Hellenic gods and goddesses in producing plants, animals, and men, with the sublime fiats of the one Creator of heaven and earth. Compare the trivial fables of Prometheus and Pandora with the profound teaching of the story of Adam and Eve. Why is it that the Books of Moses have outlived scientific discovery and criticism, while those of Orpheus, Hesiod, and Thales have long since lost all scientific interest and value? How comes it that these "semi-barbarous Hebrews," as they have been contemptuously styled, have so exceeded the science of their own time, and even their own personal knowledge, that they have written what is still true for our time, and is likely to be true for all time to come? It is simply because they were under divine guidance even when moving in the realm of natural science, and spake as the Spirit gave them utterance.

In thus accepting the sacred writers as organs of the Holy Spirit we do not need to palliate any of their faults and vices as committed outside of the divine communications. Why should we doubt the inspiration of sinning David or erring Peter, when we behold a Bacon or a Shakespeare, notwithstanding their personal failings, made the Providential instrument of conveying immortal truth and benefit to mankind? Their personal agency is quite apart from their official teaching, and, instead of tingeing Holy Scripture with errors, sometimes only enhances its truthfulness by contrast, as when a royal psalmist so freely confesses his own sins and the shameful lapse of an apostle is so fully portrayed by an evangelist. Even if the author of Genesis shared the geological errors of his age, as he must have done, yet there is no trace of them imparted in the revealed history of creation as we can now read and interpret it by the light of modern science.

Nor need we imagine any loss of the individuality and freedom of the inspired writers as exercised within the divine communications. Was Isaiah less fervid or Paul less logical because filled with the Holy Ghost? Do we not sometimes see ordinary minds inspired and governed by some superior mind, yet acting as freely and characteristically as if their own master? We could not, if we would, conceive of prophets and apostles as mere machines or automatons without thought and volition; and never, even while receiving their direst messages, do we lose sight of the human peculiarities, whether it be the austere reformer who is proclaiming the vengeance of Jehovah, or a well-bred scholar who is reasoning out the mysteries of godliness. Though we accept Genesis as a work of the Holy Spirit, we are not blind to the dramatic form of the divine story of creation or to the allegorical drapery in the inspired picture of primeval man.

Still less may we find any difficulty in the varied idiosyncrasies of the inspired writers, their diversities of idiom, style, diction, purpose, temperament, and environment; in short, the manifold human element which appears on the face of Holy Scripture. As a collection of writings by different authors, in different ages, under different circumstances, the Bible has been called "a library." But it is a library selected by divine wisdom, preserved by divine Providence, animated by divine intelligence, organized and unified by divine purpose, and unfolding one divine scheme of individual and social regeneration from the primeval promise of redemption to the fulness of millennial glory; from the genesis of the heaven and earth in the ages past to the apocalypse of the new heaven and the new earth through the ages to come.

*From *The Scientific Evidences of Revealed Religion*. By Rev. Charles W. Shields, D.D., LL.D., a work dealing in reverent spirit with the latest attacks on the Word of God, vindicating the claim of the Bible of its truth and harmony with the discoveries of science. It contains chapters on The Logical Nature of Scientific Evidence; The Evidence from Astronomy; The Evidence from Geology; The Evidence from Anthropology; The Alleged Scientific Errors of the Bible, etc. Pp. 325. Price, $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth avenue, New York.

The Baptism of Clovis*

THE Teutonic tribe which gave name and nationality to the French had for a ruler Hlodwig, whose name was softened into Clovis and later into Louis. On the death of his father, Clovis, though only a youth, was held aloft on a buckler by the rude Frank warriors in acknowledgment of his chieftainship. He remained a pagan till he was thirty years of age. Meantime he saw much of Roman-Celtic Christianity, and allowed it liberty and protection. He married Clotilda, a princess of the Burgundians, who had already accepted Christianity, as we have seen. Clotilda was earnest in her Christian convictions. She insisted that their first-born son should be christened. The babe soon died, and the superstition of Clovis attributed the death to the withdrawal of the protection of the heathen gods. He consented, however, though with extreme reluctance, to the christening of a second son. But he himself held firmly to paganism, until one day he found himself confronted by an overwhelming force of enemies on a battlefield near Zulpich, Germany. Then he prayed to Clotilda's God to give him the victory, promising to be baptized into the name of Jesus. The leader of his foes died that night, leaving him a complete and easy victory. Clovis did not forget his pledge. He appears to have sent at once for Vedastus, a Christian minister, to come and give him religious instruction. On reaching Rheims, the capital of his dominions, he put himself under the tuition of Remigius, the Christian pastor there.

At an early day (December 25, 496,) he acknowledged Christ in baptism. The conversion of Clovis is counted the supreme crisis in the Christianization of Western Europe.

Clovis was ever a rough and ruthless warrior. Moved by the story of Christ's crucifixion, he exclaimed: "Had I been there with my brave Franks I would have avenged his wrongs." This is the noblest word that has reached us from his lips. But from his time on France was Christian in name, though not completely evangelized until many years later. There had been a long line of zealous missionary workers from Irenæus to Clotilda, whose names have faded from authentic history, but whose work has endured.

*From *Two Thousand Years of Missions Before Carey*, based upon and embodying many of the earliest extant accounts by Rev. Samuel Call Barnes, Pittsburg, Pa., with maps and illustrations; pp. 504. Price $1.50. The Christian Culture Press, Chicago, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Carmina Subscciva, or Songs From Far and Near. By O. A. Hills, D.D. Pp. 63. Price, 50 cents. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

The Chronic Loafer. By Nelson Lloyd. This book, the work of a new humorist, is full of genial philosophy, keen wit and tender pathos. Pp. 254. Price, $1.25. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York.

Father Jerome. A story of the Spanish Inquisition. By Mrs. Hattie Arnold Clark. This narrative deals with the reformation of Spain in the sixteenth century, and the author gives the assurance that she has taken facts for the basis of her story. Pp. 293; illustrated. Price, $1. Publishers, American Tract Society, New York City.

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From the Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn.

Anyone who has suffered from either Rheumatism or indigestion can appreciate the condition of a frail woman whose body was racked by the agonies caused by a complication of these diseases. Such was the experience of Mrs. J. T. Sloggy, of 107 East Jassamine street, St. Paul, Minn. Happily she found relief by taking the advice of a friend and now, moved by gratitude for her delivery, she tells others how she was restored to health. To a reporter she said:

"During the winter of 1898 I suffered very much with rheumatism, being confined to my bed some of the time, was under a physician's care and was unable to do any work. I was also troubled with indigestion. When spring came I was thin and nervous, had a poor appetite and was broken down in health generally. That summer I made a visit to Wisconsin and while there met an old friend, Mrs. Ira Wilbur, of Big Springs. She said she had been a great sufferer from indigestion and had been completely restored to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I knew her word could be relied on so I got a box of the pills and commenced taking them. I felt benefited in a few days but continued to take them for about five months.

"That winter I had no return of the rheumatism, my appetite improved and I gained in flesh and strength. My recovery was permanent and I have not taken any of the pills since.

"I have told others how the pills helped me and I sincerely hope that others suffering in the same way may be induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Signed, MRS. J. T. SLOGGY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of December, 1900.

G. E. SAMPSON, *Notary Public.*

[*Seal*]

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY if you live within 500 miles of Chicago (if farther send $1.00), cut this ad. out and send to us and we will send you this End Gate Broadcast Seeder by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, and the equal of seeders that others sell at double the price, then pay the freight agent our SPECIAL OFFER PRICE - $5.75 and freight charges (or less $1.00 if sent with order). The seeder weighs about 100 pounds and the freight will average 65c for each 500 miles. OUR SPECIAL $5.75 PRICE is based on the actual cost to manufacture, is less than dealers can buy in carload lots. This is the HIGHEST GRADE END GATE BROADCAST SEEDER made. Made for us under contract by the best seeder maker in America. Made from the very best material that money can buy. Will sow more evenly and more satisfactorily than any other seeder made. Will sow 100 acres of wheat per day, other seeds at proportionate rates. VERY LATEST MODEL FOR 1901. Embodies every improvement every good point of every other broadcast seeder made with the defects of none. Write for Free Agricultura Implement Catalogue. Address,

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By Miss Frances E. Willard

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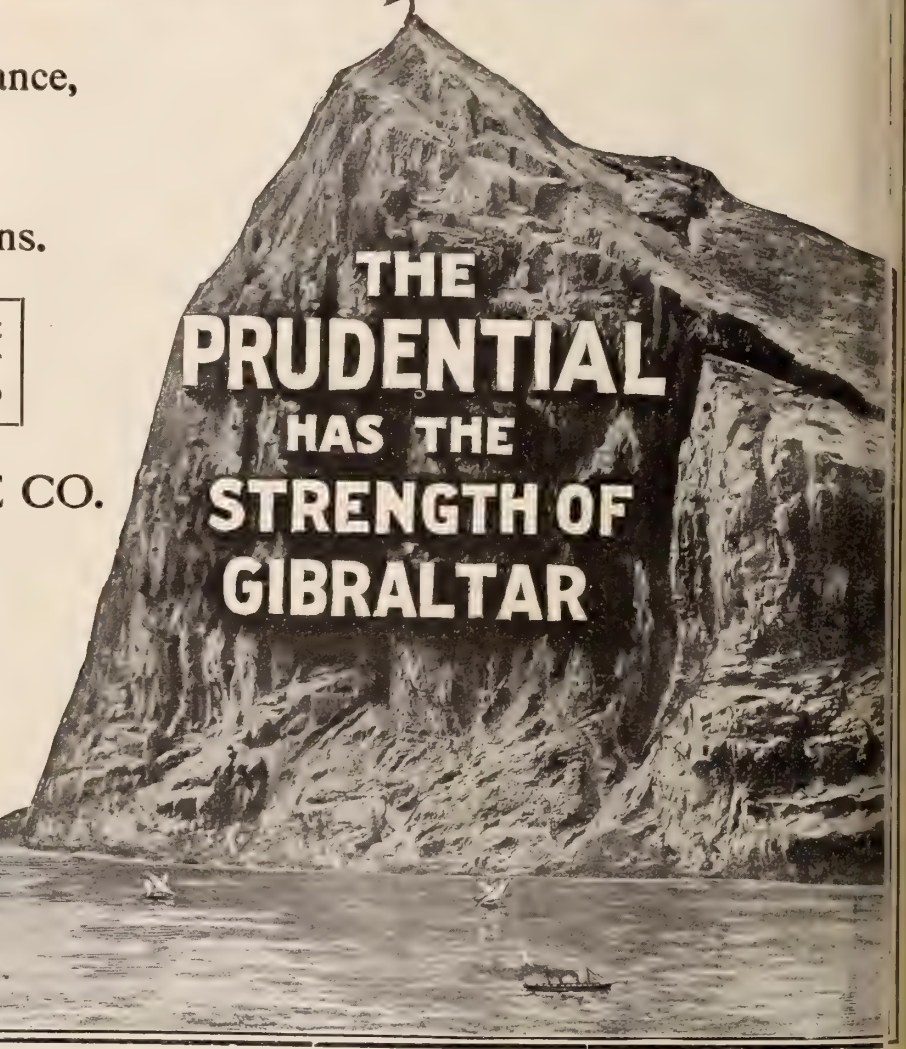

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 10

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1901

PRICE FIVE CENTS

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL HALL," RECENTLY DEDICATED AT BAPATLA, INDIA

SEE PAGE 208

1. General View of "The Christian Herald Gospel Hall." 2. A Wayside Shrine in India. 3. Primitive Irrigation Works. 4. A Village Well and Reservoir. 5. A Bazaar or Marke place.

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail Bag,**
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered
April 3

1. What can a little handful of Christians, without means or talent, do to further the cause of Christ in a farming community where there are no Gospel privileges?
2. What twelve books would you suggest as being the most suitable to place in the library of the Boys' Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, for boys from twelve to fifteen years of age?
3. What Bible character (other than Christ) furnishes most instruction and help for practical life?
4. Would legislation regarding the eligibility of candidates for matrimony improve present moral, social and physical conditions, or otherwise?
5. What should be the attitude of the Christian toward the custom of holding socials, fairs, bazaars, suppers and entertainments in the churches to raise money for spiritual work?

Questions of the Week

1. To what extent, if any, may a church with propriety be used for secular purposes?

Secularism is sapping the life-blood of too many churches to-day. Only that which ennobles character has any place in the church. The case may be settled by asking: Is it morally elevating? If so, whether sermon, song, lecture, social entertainment, temperance rally, missionary meeting, or other exercise, the church may with propriety be used. Invite the best into the church — music, flowers, eloquence, sunshine, religion! These belong to God. The religion of Jesus Christ allows us all the good cheer we need, without any compromise with the world. Secularity means worldliness, and cannot be thought of with propriety in the house of God. CHARLES LYNCH.

. . .

More and more is it coming to be understood that man was not made for the church but the church for man, and that although the edifice consecrated to God's service is to be used primarily for religious worship, yet that it may, with propriety, be also used for any purpose that tends to the bettering of man's intellectual, social or physical well being. In time of war or flood or pestilence, it may serve as a hospital or refuge; in teaching people to be self-supporting, it may be occupied as a work-shop. Entertainments, concerts, lectures, schools—anything that uplifts those whom God desires to be "temples of the Holy Ghost" is not too secular, in case of need, to be introduced into the church. Draw the line, however, at entertainments for mere profit or amusement, or that have any objectionable features. Have no curtains hung, stages built, or improvised dressing rooms—nothing that will take away from the customary appearance, which in so many minds is intimately associated with the reverent worship of the Sabbath. JANET LEE.

2. Which are the more useful in the world, the one-talented people or the five-talented people, assuming both to be equally faithful?

The one-talented men have been the makers of history, and have served the world. One talent, *i. e.*, one idea, one purpose, one object, to achieve which the aspirant is peculiarly fitted, commands success, because it involves concentration of all the powers the individual may possess for that particular purpose. Edison, Stephenson, Tesla, Howe, in science and mechanics; Cook, Frobisher, Humboldt, Parry, in exploration; Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, in war; Luther, Knox, Huss, and a host of others in religious reforms, might all be called men of one talent, in the sense that their great ability was not diffused over a variety of schemes, but rather concentrated for a single purpose, that purpose being the chief aim of their individual lives. If an author could be equally able as scientist, explorer, historian, geographer, novelist, he would be a wonder, indeed; but a wise author recognizes his peculiar fitness for a single line of activity in which he may excel. One must be a specialist in order to develop his powers to the highest possible extent. Probably no one can be equally great in five different branches of any one of the professions; he must concentrate, or he will fail through scattering his forces. So, also, in church work, one who labors earnestly on the lines for which his one talent may fit him, will achieve more of value to humanity than one who, even with a larger equipment, seeks to excel in many different avenues of activity. The continual dropping will wear away the stone. The one talent, always in energetic use, will accomplish more in the end than the five, employed intermittently. There are, no doubt, exceptions, but they are so rare that they cannot be regarded as affecting the general principle.
MARIA AYLMER.

. . .

To show the superiority of the man of five talents, let us take the case of the great American traveler, Bayard Taylor. He was a traveler, a scientist, a botanist, a poet, a geographer, a historian, a novelist, a diplomat, a journalist, etc., and almost equally eminent in all these callings. He was thoroughly ambitious as regarded culture, desiring to put to use and profit every talent he possessed. In his life of fifty-three years he achieved almost incredible triumphs through the earnestness and conscientious character of his efforts. Few are capable of doing what he did, and consequently incapable of rendering the world the service he rendered it. It seems that the Creator has some instruments from whom he expects vast returns as compared with others, and who can do what others could not do with all their efforts. Lincoln was a man of many talents. Whatever his hand found to do he did with his might, and his name is immortal. The same may be said of others. Gifted in a special manner, and using their gifts, the quotation applies to them:

> One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die.

Others may strive, but win no fame.
L. T. RIGHTSELL.

TUNNELING THROUGH SNOWDRIFTS IN COLORADO

At this season, railroad travel, in many of the Eastern, Middle and Northwestern States, is frequently blocked by heavy snow. Our photograph shows an engine, with snow-plow attached, forcing its way through heavy drifts to clear the line for passenger traffic. In some cases trains are stalled for many hours.

3. What is the best way for a young man or woman to overcome that excessive timidity or self-consciousness, which makes one ill at ease in company and gives others an unfavorable impression?

Forget self. When conversing, listen with such attention that your mind will become so absorbed that nothing will be thought of but the subject under consideration. Gain all the information possible, and in listening to others and being able to advance opinions of your own, self will be forgotten. Connect yourself with some small society where subjects will be discussed; join in the discussion, if at first you can say only a few words. By degrees your timidity will be overcome. A lady joined a small society with which I was connected, and when she first attempted to speak her voice was so tremulous one could scarcely understand a word she said. However, she persevered, and after a time, she could express herself in a calm, forcible way, and to-day can address a large audience in a delightful manner. P. E. CARY.

. . .

The best way, in fact the only way, for any young person to overcome excessive timidity and self-consciousness is by resolutely mixing in society; always trying to appear perfectly natural; attempting to do as many good and kind things as possible for those around him; thinking of himself as little as possible. Follow the above firmly and steadfastly, and he desired end will surely be attained. S. MCLEAN.

4. What is the best way of explaining the paradox in Matt. 10: 39, that he who loses his life finds it and he who finds it loses it?

There are in this passage two distinct words translated life; the first, *pneuma*, meaning the worldly life; the second, *psuche*, representing the spiritual life. A contrast is thus established between the two modes of life. The former stands for the carnal life, which perishes with the using; the latter, for the life of the soul, which is to endure forever. Jesus' statement declares that he who ministers to the former, by seeking as the chief end its pleasures and profits, by unfaithfulness or otherwise, will find or gain all that this sort of life has to give to his ultimate eternal loss. On the other hand, he who will lose or sacrifice this lower life by yielding all it has to give to the claims of his spiritual nature, for Jesus' sake, shall indeed find or gain the higher life to the eternal salvation of his soul. CHARLES H. HARRISON.

5. When an undoubted Christian falls into extreme poverty, should he go to the poor-house, or is he justified in appealing to other Christians for support?

When an undoubted Christian falls into extreme poverty he should not go to the poorhouse, but is justified in appealing to other Christians for help. Since by many persons it is considered a disgrace to be obliged to become an inmate of the poor-house, the needy Christian, to avoid this disgrace, is justified in asking aid from his brethren. Besides, it is the duty of the rich and strong Christians to help their weak and needy brethren. Furthermore, the needy Christian is justified in asking aid, since it gives the brethren a chance to show to the world a proof of their love for Christ and for each other. G. H. ROGERS.

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The poor-house is the outcome of the Christian charity of these days, and is a wise provision for those who have failed in life's struggle. Every person who is incapable of earning a living for himself has a claim upon the public charity of the district in which he resides, and he does not have to appeal to Christians for help. These homes for the poor are a Christian provision for such cases of need, and cannot be so humiliating as appealing, personally and individually, to Christians for help. No one has a claim upon the individual Christian for support in face of the provision already made by the State.
W. PHELPS.

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We believe every Christian's privilege is to join himself to some company of Christians to have a church home. Then it is the right of the church to care for her poor. The promise, Ps. 37: 25, is for the Christian. If the Christian people of to-day did their duty in this respect there would be fewer sceptics. "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need," etc., "how dwelleth the love of God in him?" It is a disgrace to the name of our Christianity to allow our brother or sister in Christ to go to the poor-house.
MRS. E. RISDON.

Miscellaneous Questions

Country Reader, Oakel, Del. 1. Is there any sin in answering matrimonial advertisements? 2. Could an honest, truthful country boy, with moderate education, make his living in the city? 3. If people live in the country, four miles from a church, and desire to attend night services during revival, is there any harm in women, unattended by men, walking there? If so, why do they have them at night?

1. One who answers such advertisements is tolerably sure to fall into the hands of adventurerers and to regret his act. 2. If he is willing to work hard and not too proud to take any work that offers at the outset, he will get along. 3. Women should not go long distances unattended. Revivals are usually held week-day evenings, because few can attend in the day time.

A J. E., Cimarron, Kans. Please give an account of the origin and adoption of the U. S. flag.

According to best accounts, the first flag of our country was made by Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, after a sketch drawn by General Washington, in which, at her suggestion, the star was changed from a six-pointed to a five-pointed one. This flag had thirteen stripes representing the thirteen States, a blue union and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. June 14, 1777, the design was changed by Congress to thirteen stars on a blue ground. May 1, 1795, fifteen stars and fifteen stripes represented the thirteen original and two new States. In 1818, the plan was adopted of adding a new star for every new State, and keeping the stripes at thirteen, one for each of the original States.

M. G. B. Yes, both are subject to Rome.

C. G. J., Birmingham, Mich. No; it is not consistent.

Several inquirers. Miss Helen Gould's address is Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

X. Y. Z., Champaign, Ill. The contribution was received and duly applied, as directed.

Anxious Mother, Greenland, Minn. Yes; if they earnestly ask forgiveness they will receive it.

Fay, New Haven, Ct. Very improper and altogether inconsistent for a minister's daughter to attend dances.

Reader, Manhattan, Kan. A law-breaker is not entitled to the same protection, nor has he the same standing in court as a law-abiding citizen.

L. W. B., Northfield, Mass. For the sake of others, and in order that they may not be led into temptation, if for no other reason, he should refrain.

J. L. McG., Valdosta, Ga. Yes, it is possible; but the sooner he gets out of such employment, and into another which will not rob him of his Sunday, the better.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1901 — PRICE FIVE CENTS

BARTOLOME MASO — MENDEZ CAPOTE — TOMAS ESTRADA PALMA — SALVADOR CISNEROS — GEN. MAXIMO GOMEZ

★ CUBA'S NEW CONSTITUTION ★

It is Framed on the Model of Our Own

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

And Makes the Suffrage Universal

CUBA has a Constitution which has been drafted by its own people. The making of this Constitution has been different from that of e other countries on the American con- ent which revolted from Spain. It has en made under the direction of the ited States, as the intervening military thority which compelled Spain to re- quish sovereignty over Cuba. That s not the way with Mexico and the ntral and South American countries, hich freed themselves from Spain with- t the aid or interven- n of the big American public.

The Convention which amed this organic law Cuba was composed thirty-one members or legates. These were osen from the differ- t provinces, but it was t required that the legate should be a sident of the province om which he was elect- : so it happened that sidents of Havana ve represented the ovinces of Santiago, atanzas and Pinar del io in the Convention.

The election was held September 15, under gulations prescribed the American mili- ry authorities. The sis of suffrage was bstantially that of the unicipal elections hich were held last ne. The qualification quired was ability to ad or write, the pos- ssion of real estate or rsonal property to the lue of $250, or a certi- cate of service in the surgent army.

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The first meeting of e Convention was held November 5. It was pened by Governor- eneral Wood, who, as e representative of resident McKinley, ated to the delegates that their duty ould be to form and adopt a Constitution r Cuba, and when that was done to for- ulate their opinion of what should be the lations with the United States. It is r this reason that the Constitution itself oes not contain any reference to the nited States.

The majority of the delegates were iden- fied with what is known as the revolu- onary element of the island. Some of em had been insurgent military chiefs, while others had worked for the cause of Cuba in different capacities. The Convention took some days to pass upon the qualification of its members and to adopt rules for its guidance. Then in December it began a series of secret sessions, in which were discussed various drafts or projects which were submitted by individual members. The real work of drafting this organic law, or Constitution, was placed in the hands of a central committee composed of five members. They were Dr. Leopoldo Berriel, Gonzales Llorente, Antonio Bravo Correoso, Gonzalo Quesada and Rius Rivera. The latter was chairman. This committee would report from time to time upon the progress it was making, and its work would be reviewed in these secret sessions.

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Late in January the public sessions were begun, because the whole project of a Constitution, section by section and article by article, was ready for discussion. In private, a two-thirds majority of the delegates had agreed that they would support the draft with a few changes. This did not prevent some interesting debates and determined efforts to amend or change some of the main provisions. One of the most notable debates was held at the outset, when a proposition was made to eliminate the part of the preamble which invoked the blessing of Almighty God. This effort was defeated by an overwhelming vote. There was also a long discussion over the separation of church and state. Some members, while professing to believe in the widest religious toleration, sought to leave it open to the future Cuban congress whether the State should recognize the church or not. As the great majority of the Latin people are Roman Catholics, this meant the Catholic Church. The sentiment of the Convention was strongly against leaving open even a possibility of a future State church, and so the Constitution makes absolute the prohibition.

THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION IN PUBLIC SESSION

Among the members who took a leading part in the debates, were Manuel Sanguilly, Judge Llorente, who is seventy-six years old; Juan Gualberto Gomez, the colored orator and writer; Dr. Berriel, Eliseo Giberga, Bravo Coreoso, General Aleman and Alfredo Zayas. Other notable figures in the Convention were General Nunez, civil governor of Havana province; Dr. Miguel Gener and Diego Tamayo, both members of General Wood's cabinet; General Lacret Morlot, Salvador Cisneros, General Betancourt, civil governor of Matanzas; General Alejandro Rodriguez, mayor of Havana; and Marua Delgado, a colored man who has made many translations from English into Spanish. The youngest member of the Convention was Enrique Villuendas, who was one of the secretaries.

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The parliamentary management of the Constitution was chiefly in the hands of Ruis Rivera and Gonzalo Quesada, representing the central committee which drafted it. They proposed or accepted some amendments and fought the adoption of others. The most important change made by the convention was in establishing universal suffrage. The original draft of the Constitution had left that subject to be determined by a general law to be passed later by the Cuban congress. But the sentiment in favor of making universal suffrage a part of the Constitution was so strong that it had to be respected, and this clause was inserted. As completed, the Constitution follows closely the Constitution of the United States. There are some provisions from the constitution of Spain in guaranteeing personal rights, and these are meant to secure under the Spanish system of laws the same guarantee that obtained under the American Constitution through the common law and the bill of rights.

The Cuban Constitution establishes three co-ordinate branches of government: the executive, legislative and judicial, on the same lines as in the United States.

(Continued on page 214)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD GOSPEL HALL

See Picture on First Page

...A Permanent Memorial at Bapatla, India, of the Generosity of Our Readers to the Famine Sufferers

FROM Rev. G. N. Thomssen, the missionary of the Baptist Missionary Union, at Bapatla, India, comes intelligence which will be deeply gratifying to every reader of this journal. It is that a new building, in which Christian teaching is daily given to children, and a religious service is held every day of the week, has been named "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Gospel Hall," in recognition of the beneficence of its readers to India in her time of affliction. "No journal in the world," says Mr. Thomssen, "is so popular in India to-day as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we thank the Proprietor, the editors, but especially the readers of that paper, for the gifts which have enabled the missionaries to prove to the people among whom we labor, the compassionate sympathy that Christ implants in the hearts of the people who love him." The missionaries felt when the question of naming their new hall was considered, that it would be a graceful tribute of gratitude, which would be appreciated by thousands of people in America, if they gave to the new edifice the name of the paper which had been the medium of their benefactions. Accordingly the hall received its name, and Mr. Thomssen sends a photograph of it and of some of the devoted men and women who took part in its dedication, all of which we reproduce in this issue.

It appears that when the recent famine first began to press on the people of that section of the country in which these Baptist brethren are laboring, there came to the mission daily, crowds of hungry men and women, begging pitifully for a mouthful of food. Happily, through the liberality of our readers, the missionaries were not obliged to turn them away, with the sorrowful and truthful answer that they were too poor themselves to afford them any relief. The applicants were promptly and cheerfully fed; but they stayed on, having no means of providing for themselves in their villages. Long and painful experience had convinced the missionaries that the Asiatic easily adapts himself to a life of dependence on charity, and that if he is freely supplied with food he is liable to contract a liking for an easy life, in which his daily needs are met without any effort of his own. After consultation, it was decided that for their own sakes, it would be wise to have all who were able to work, earn the food that they needed. There were, of course, the women and children who were unable to work, and they were fed gratuitously, but some employment must be found for the able bodied. At Bapatla it was difficult to find such employment, but finally, without any definite purpose, the starving men were set to making bricks. The news that any destitute person might find work there, speedily spread, and soon there were more applicants than the missionaries ever expected. All were taken on until more than half a million bricks were on hand as the result of their labors.

It was impossible to dispose of such an accumulation, for during that time of depression, the building trade, like all others, was stagnant. But the missionaries learned that among the vast crowd of men they were thus supporting, there were many capable of doing better work than this unskilled service. Masons, carpenters, sawyers, blacksmiths, etc., were toiling in the brickyards, glad of the opportunity to earn a pittance by an occupation which, in better days, they would have despised. A careful examination convinced the missionaries that there was a sufficient number of skilled artisans in the crowd to erect a building with the aid of their unskilled brethren. A hall for Christian worship and teaching was badly needed in Bapatla, and it was now possible to erect it, and at the same time support a large number of artisans. Plans were made and work begun at once. The plain but commodious edifice, a picture of which appears on the first page, was the result of this wise benevolence. It contains accommodations for a children's school, for an institution for the training of teachers, both under the management of missionaries, and an auditorium for services of preaching and prayer. The influence of such a building in a town like Bapatla, will be most beneficent. It will be a centre of Christian work and teaching from which old and young will derive blessing. It is most gratifying that such a building should bear a name which makes it the monument and memorial of the generosity of Christian America.

The ceremony of dedication will long be remembered in the district. A large conference of Baptist missionaries was in session at Bapatla, and many of them attended the exercises. The native mind could not but be impressed by the cosmopolitan character of Christianity, as shown by the nationalities of the men who took part in the service. Besides the Americans, there were Germans, a Russian, a Hollander, a Canadian, a Welshman, a missionary who was born in Burma, and another born in Madras. Dr. J. E. Clough, the eminent Baptist missionary of Ongole presided. Speeches congratulating the missionaries of Bapatla on the new building, and expressing gratitude to the Christian people of America for their help in the time of famine, which had made it possible to erect it while relieving the starving people, were made by Rev. W. Elmore, Rev. E. Bullard, of Kavali, and Miss Day, of Madras, daughter of the noble founder of the Telugu Mission. Rev. J. Dussman, of Gurzalla, in the Kistna district, in speaking for Germany, referred to the interest Dr. Klopsch had shown in coming personally to India, that he might see for himself the suffering of the people and report it to his readers, as an eye-witness. He added that the American missionaries, while dwelling on this visit, and the service Dr. Klopsch had rendered in making THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the vehicle of relief, had omitted to take notice of the fact, which he as a German remembered with pride, that Dr. Klopsch was of German ancestry, and, therefore, Mr. Dussman considered that he and the other German missionaries present had a double ground for rejoicing in the beneficence of the paper whose name the building bore.

Rev. J. Curtis, of Kanigiri, who introduced himself as "an Eastern Yankee," called attention to the recent unprecedented benevolence of a foreign people to another people in time of national calamity, as a thing that made an American proud of his country. It showed that the people who had responded to Dr. Klopsch's appeals were a noble, sympathetic, generous race, which could feel compassion for sorrow and misery in so distant a land. It was an evidence of their greatness and of their pre-eminence in works of love and philanthropy. It also proved the power of the Christian spirit, which had never in all history been exhibited on a scale so conspicuous and so impressive. Rev. E. Chute, of Palmur, also spoke on the wonderful work of benevolence. He, as a Canadian, was sure that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with its wide circulation in Canada, must have received many responses to its appeals from his countrymen. The country was joined to the United States by rivers and lakes, but more by that fellowship in Christ which would yet make all the world akin.

A remarkable speech was made by a high Hindu judge, Mr. V. Cooppoôswamy Iyer, M. A. He referred to the work done by the Christian missionaries in distributing the alms of the Christian people of other lands. "We all belong to one brotherhood," he said, "but what we of India have neglected to do in feeding the hungry around us, the Christian people of distant lands have done through the Christian missionaries. I confess this to our shame. I welcome the opening of this CHRISTIAN HERALD HALL as a memorial of that wonderful charity, and rejoice that in it our children will receive a moral education."

Another surprise was an address from a Mohammedan gentleman, who was present, Mr. Said ud Deen. He, too, spoke of the great work for India that had been wrought by Christian hearts and hands. This, he said, was not all that Christ had done for India. The poor women jealously shut up in the zenanas of India had reason to bless the day when the Christian missionaries came to India. The Christian ladies of the Lutheran Mission had penetrated those zenanas and had carried with them not only enlightenment for the mind but healing for the body. "This new building," he said, "with all it signifies in its name and spirit, has for its foundation not so much the sands of Bapatla as the better, broader, more enduring foundation in the heart of the people of India."

Thus, from the representatives of the religions and from the workers from many lands, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD HALL at Bapatla received hearty congratulations and good wishes for its future usefulness. Rev. Geo. N. Thomssen, to whom we are indebted for this interesting report, a

MISSIONARIES WHO PARTICIPATED IN THE DEDICATION

A GROUP OF HELPERS AND OTHERS AT THE SERVICES

Our Medal for Heroism

WITH our next issue we hope to a nounce the name of the man, wo an or child to whom will be award THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Medal for H roism for the noblest, truest, bravest de reported to us as occurring in the fi week of January.

Many dauntless, beautiful deeds bravery and devotion, counting life little worth, weighed in the balance wi love and duty, make decision extreme difficult. If a doubter in humanity's d vine heritage of nature akin to that our Great Elder Brother, Jesus Chris should know, as members of the Co mittee of Award know, the details this competition, it would reassure h faith in God and humanity. Dee of peril and self-sacrifice, fall "thick leaves in Vallombrosa," and reading t many letters which give information these, one is tempted to cry aloud wit gladness: "Man is truly made in th image of God. He loves to dare and t die for his fellow!"

The award is not to be for her ism in the line of paid professional dut but for that which is absolutely volu tary, spontaneous, and without emolumen Address Chairman, Medal Committe THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bibl House, New York.

REV. A. J. HAGGETT REV. E. J. TROYER. REV. D. H. STEWART, D.D. REV. R. I. WHITSON REV. L. L. HASSENPFLUG

ANOTHER TOWN YIELDS TO CHRIST

A Remarkable Revival at Hiawatha, Kansas, Sweeps Many Hundreds Into the Kingdom

ONE of the most gracious revivals the West has experienced in recent years, closed lately at Hiawatha, Kan., the principal workers being the same evangelists who were lately made instrumental in awakening the people of the town of Tarkio, Mo., to a realization of their wicked condition and need of a Saviour. Messrs. R. M. Williams and C. M. Alexander, the evangelists in question, had the fullest and most cordial cooperation from the pastors of Hiawatha and, under Divine blessing were the means of bringing many sinners to the Cross. At the height of the revival excitement, the Hiawatha schools were closed, and the shopmen in nearly every store in town locked their doors and went to the services. Even the weighty official affairs of the little municipality were set aside temporarily, and Mayor Hunter could not find enough councilmen to form a quorum for the transaction of public business, nearly all having gone to the meetings.

Rev. C. H. Savidge, one of the leading pastors, has sent this brief account of the revival to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

The Beginning of the Revival

"It was one of the most blessed revivals of old-time religion I have ever witnessed. Evangelist Williams and his co-laborers, Mr. Alexander (the singer) and Mr. Eugene Peck (secretary), were with us twenty-three days. Most of the time three services were held daily. Mr. Williams was prevented from coming for one week by the illness and death of his intended bride at St. Joseph, Mo., and in his grief he had almost decided to cancel his engagement at Hiawatha; but, at the earnest entreaty of the ministers here, he consented to come. He now rejoices that, through this, one of the great trials of his life, God has prepared him for still greater usefulness.

"Hiawatha is a beautiful town, of about four thousand people, the county seat of Brown County, Kansas. We have ten churches, eight of which united in this service—the Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Reformed Lutheran, Baptist, Evangelical, Albright and Christian, or Campbelite. The first week of the meetings the evangelist scarcely appealed to sinners at all; but, with sledge-hammer blows, he attacked the cold and indifferent church members. On one occasion he was preaching on the duty of family worship, and appealing to the audience, he said:

"'I wonder how many of this large congregation have family prayer daily? Please hold up your hands.'

"A distressingly small number responded, and turning to the ministers present, he said:

"'Haven't you preachers preached to your people on this subject? I guess if you have it must have been on a rainy Sunday, when but few were out to hear you.'

Rousing the Indifferent

"Mr. Williams is a Southerner. His home is in Atlanta, Ga., and he likes to hear good hearty responses. At one time, when he had made a number of good points, and there was no 'Amens,' he turned to the ministers:

"'What's the matter with you preachers? You remind me of an old colored preacher down in Georgia. On one occasion he was preaching very vigorously, and thought there ought to be some response from the ministers behind him, and turning to them, he said: 'What de matter wid you, bredren? Hasent you got any interest in dis yer meetin'?'

"Friday of the first week of the meetings was kept as a day of fasting and prayer. Thirty-two cottage prayer meetings were held in different parts of the city, from 8.45 o'clock to 9.15. Then all hastened to the Armory to report and attend the public service. Business houses were closed and the large hall was packed, probably fifteen hundred being present. Service was held in the afternoon and also at night.

"By this time church members were thoroughly aroused, and penitent sinners were flocking to the front in great numbers. At first, many of them were children, but later came the young people, and still later the business men and heads of families. There now began to be great joy in our little city. People were standing in groups on the streets, discussing the great meetings, and their blessed results.

Hundreds Brought into the Kingdom

"Our last meeting was the best of all! In the early part of the evening the audience contributed about sixteen hundred dollars to compensate the evangelists, for their labors. Mr. Williams preached a grand sermon which was followed by an after-meeting, when about fifty persons made profession of saving belief and went to their homes rejoicing.

"Six hundred in all have confessed Christ and are already bringing forth the fruits of repentance and changed heart and life. Several of the 'joints' have quit their nefarious business. One dealer handed his stock of liquors over to Mr. Williams, and it was destroyed and poured out in the street. Two refused to quit, and will be prosecuted at once, as the committee have abundant evidence to convict them, and public sentiment will not tolerate them now.

"A noon-day prayer meeting is now being held, which promises good results, and is largely attended. All the drug stores have quit selling liquor.

"We do not for a moment regard our revival as over. On the contrary, it was resolved at the noon-prayer meeting to continue our efforts, and by personal work to bring all we can and help them to find Jesus. It is so easy to talk to men now about salvation; the people expect it and it is perfectly in order.

"Praise the Lord!" C. H. SAVIDGE

. . .

Besetting Sins

Evangelist Williams' style is earnest and straightforward. At one of the meetings be said:

"I don't believe in a church that tries to sit still and bring in converts. I believe it must go out after them. The churches need waking: from Wesley down, we've found it so. You've got to startle them. I am. My first object is to make the churches able to go out for sinners; you can't get converts unless you are worthy of them. I begin my revivals in the church itself. Sometimes they begin weeks before, with parlor meetings in the home. Gradually, every church member in town is revived. I believe in that word; a 'revival' is meant as a reviving of the church itself first.

"I don't believe in Christians who don't pay their debts. I don't believe in Christians who play cards and dance. I don't believe in Christians who drink. What I believe in is a Christian who is good and who says he is. There's no use in being good if you don't bear witness to it before men. Pay your bills; you can't be a Christian if you owe for the coat you wear."

It would be difficult to overestimate the good the revival has accomplished in Hiawatha. Not only have drinking, gambling, dancing and the open vices ceased, but there is a marked improvement in the tone of public morals. This applies to every branch of business. It is the same, too, in private affairs, if one may judge by the happy, smiling faces of the people, who, since taking Christ into their daily lives, are experiencing more of brotherly love and kindness among each other than ever before. In hundreds of homes, grateful hearts are now lifted to God daily in thanks for the awakening of the citizens of Hiawatha.

REV. G. L. SCHUMACHER REV. D. L. HOUSTED AND WIFE REV. C. H. SAVIDGE

FIGHTING THE MORMON EVIL

IN a recent address by Rev. T. D. Nutting, delivered in Cleveland, O., the speaker described the work of the Utah Gospel Mission, which is now carrying on an active crusade against the Mormon propagandists in Utah and elsewhere. He said: "The mission is composed of about fifty men of nine denominations. It expects to secure volunteer workers for the most part, and to reach practically every family in Mormon regions, from Canada to Mexico, at least twice a year. It is believed that ten years of the full operation of these methods will fatally honeycomb the whole Mormon system." Concerning the insidious work of Mormon agents, in what is known as the "Southern States Mission," the following significant statistics were given:

In the week ending October 6, 378 "elders" traveled 10,804 miles, of which 8,131 were on foot; made 3,103 family calls; used 7,047 tracts and dodgers; sold or gave away 648 Mormon books; held 550 meetings; had 5,514 so-called Gospel conversations, or arguments on Mormonism, and baptized 26 converts. In thirty-seven weeks of this year, in this Southern States Mission alone, they have baptized 790 converts—at the rate of 1,112 for the full year; 1,118 were reported for 1899, and 1,228 for 1898—3,558 in three years. Footing such reports previously, there must be about 8,000 Mormons now living in the Southern States. In the Northern Ohio Mission (a branch of the former, having its centre and headquarters in Cleveland) from ten to sixteen "elders" have worked since May last. In less than four months these traveled about 10,000 miles, nearly half on foot; scattered about 14,000 leaflets and dodgers; made 2,608 family calls held 2,584 "Gospel conversations" or Mormon arguments, and had 258 meetings.

Mr. Nutting, who is secretary of the Utah Gospel Mission, can be addressed at 739 Republic street, Cleveland, O.

Union of Pulpit and Press

.. A SERMON BY ..

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

TEXT, LUKE 16 : 8

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light

SACRED stupidity, and solemn incompetency, and sanctified laziness are here rebuked by Christ. He says worldlings are wider awake for opportunities than are Christians. Men of the world grab occasions, while Christian people let the most valuable occasions drift by unimproved. That is the meaning of our Lord when he says: "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

A marked illustration of the truth of that maxim is in the slowness of the Christian religion to take possession of the secular printing press. The opportunity is open, and has been for some time open, but the ecclesiastical courts, and the churches, and the ministers of religion are, for the most part, allowing the golden opportunity to pass unimproved. That the opportunity is open, I declare, from the fact that all the secular newspapers are glad of any religious facts or statistics that you present them. Any animated and stirring article relating to religious themes they would gladly print. They thank you for any information in regard to churches. If a wrong has been done to any Christian church, or Christian institution, you could go into any newspaper of the land and have the real truth stated. Dedication services, ministerial ordinations and pastoral installations, cornerstone laying of a church, anniversary of a charitable society, will have reasonable space in any secular journal, if it have previous notice given. If I had some great injustice done me, there is not an editorial or a reportorial room in the United States into which I could not go and get myself set right: and that is true of any well known Christian man. Why, then, does not our glorious Christianity embrace these magnificent opportunities? I have before me a subject of first and last importance: How shall we secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement to religion and the pulpit?

Foolish Denunciation

The first thing toward this result is cessation of indiscriminate hostility against newspaperdom. You might as well denounce the legal profession because of the shysters, or the medical profession because of the quacks, or merchandise because of the swindling bargain-makers, as to slam-bang newspapers because there are recreant editors, and unfair reporters, and unclean columns. Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, was about to destroy his types and extinguish the art, because it was suggested to him that printing might be suborned into the service of the devil; but afterward he bethought himself that the right use of the art might more than overcome the evil use of it; and so he spared the type, and the intelligence of all following ages. But there are many to-day in the depressed mood of Gutenberg, with uplifted hammer, wanting to pound to pieces the type, who have not reached his better mood, in which he saw the art of printing to be the rising sun of the world's illumination.

If, instead of fighting newspapers, we spend the same length of time, and the same vehemence, in marshalling their help in religious directions, we would be as much wiser as the man who gets consent of the railroad superintendent to fasten a car to the end of a rail-train, shows better sense than he who runs his wheelbarrow up the track to meet and drive back the Chicago limited express. The silliest thing that a man ever does is to fight a newspaper, for you may have the floor for utterance perhaps for one day in the week, while the newspaper has the floor every day in the week. Napoleon, though a mighty man, had many weaknesses, and one of the weakest things he ever did was to threaten that if the English newspapers did not stop their adverse criticism of himself, he would, with four hundred thousand bayonets, cross the channel for their chastisement. Don't fight newspapers. Attack provokes attack. Better wait until the excitement blows over and then go in and get justice, for get it you will if you have patience, and common sense, and equipoise of disposition. It ought to be a mighty sedative that there is an enormous amount of common sense in the world, and you will eventually be taken for what you are really worth, and you cannot be puffed up, and you cannot be written down, and if you are the enemy of good society, that fact will come out, and if you are the friend of good society, that fact will be established.

Foes Become Friends

I know what I am talking about, for I can draw on my own experience. All the respectable newspapers, as far as I know, are my friends now. But many of you remember the time when I was the most continuously and meanly attacked man in this country. God gave me grace not to answer back, and I kept silence for ten years, and much grace was required. What I said was perverted and twisted into just the opposite of what I did say. There were millions of people who believed that there was a large sofa in my pulpit, although we never had anything but a chair, and that during the singing by the congregation I was accustomed to lie down on that sofa and dangle my feet over the end. Lying New York correspondents for ten years misrepresented our church services; but we waited, and people from every neighborhood of Christendom came there to find the magnitude of the falsehoods concerning the church and concerning myself. A reaction set in, and soon we had justice, full justice, more than justice, and as much over-praise as once we had under-appreciation; and no man that ever lived was so much indebted to the newspaper press for opportunity to preach the Gospel as I am. Young men in the ministry, young men in all professions and occupations, wait. You can afford to wait. Take rough misrepresentation as a Turkish towel to start up your languid circulation, or a system of massage or Swedish movement, whose pokes and pulls and twists and thrusts are salutary treatment. There is only one person you need to manage, and that is yourself. Keep your dispositions sweet by communion with Christ, who answered not again, get society of genial people, and walk out in the sunshine with your hat off, and you will come out all right. And don't join the crowd of people in our day who spend much of their time damning newspapers.

Courtesy of Newspapers

Again: in this effort to secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement of religion, let us make it the avenue of religious information. My advice, often given to friends who propose to start a new paper is: "Dont! Don't! Employ the papers already started." The biggest financial hole ever dug in this American continent is the hole in which good people throw their money when they start a newspaper. It is almost as good and as quick a way of getting rid of money as buying stock in a gold mine. Not more printing-presses, but the right use of those already established. All their cylinders, all their steam power, all their pens, all their types, all their editorial chairs and reportorial rooms, are available, if you would engage them in behalf of civilization and Christianity.

Again: if you would secure the secular press as a mightier reinforcement of religion and the pulpit, extend widest and highest Christian courtesies to the representatives of journalism. Give them easy chairs and plenty of room when they come to report occasions. For the most part they are gentlemen of education and refinement, graduates of colleges, with families to support by their literary craft, many of them weary with the push of a business that is precarious and fluctuating, each one of them the avenue of information to thousands of readers, their impression of the services to be the impression adopted by multitudes. They are connecting links between a sermon, or a song, or a prayer, and this great population that tramp up and down the streets day by day and year by year with their sorrows uncomforted and their sins unpardoned. Oh! the hundreds of thousands of people in our cities who never attend churches. Our cities are not so much preached to by ministers of religion as by reporters. Put all journalists into our prayers and sermons. Of all the hundred thousand sermons preached to-day, there will not be three preached to journalists and probably not one. Of all the prayers offered for classes of men innumerable, the prayers offered for

The Most Potential Class

in the community will be so few and rare that they will be thought a preacher's idiosyncrasy. There are many journalists in our church memberships, but this world will never be brought to God until some revival of religion sweeps over the land and takes into the kingdom of God all editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen and newsboys. And if you have not faith enough to pray for that and toil for that, you had better get out of our ranks and join the other side, for you are the unbelievers who make the wheels of the Lord's chariot drag heavily. The great final battle between truth and error, the Armageddon, I think, will not be fought with swords and shells and guns, but with pens—quill pens, steel pens, gold pens, fountain pens, and, before that, the pens must be converted. The most divinely honored weapon of the past has been the pen, and the most divinely honored weapon of the future will be the pen; prophet's pen and evangelist's pen and apostle's pen, followed by editor's pen and author's pen and reporter's pen. God save the pen! The wing of the Apocalyptic angel will be the printed page. The printing-press will roll ahead of Christ's chariot to clear the way.

"But," some one might ask, "would you make Sunday newspapers also a reinforcement?" I have learned to take things as they are. I would like to see the much-scoffed-at old Puritan Sabbaths come back again. I do not think the modern Sunday will turn out any better men and women than were your grandfathers and grandmothers under the old-fashioned Sunday. To say nothing of other results, Sunday newspapers are killing editors, reporters, compositors and pressmen. Every man, woman and child is entitled to twenty-four hours of nothing to do. If the newspapers put on another set of hands, that does not relieve the editorial and reportorial room of its cares and responsibilities. Our literary men die fast enough without killing them with Sunday work.

A Prophecy of Victory

All things are possible with God, and my faith is up until nothing in the way of religious victory would surprise me. All the newspaper printing-presses of the earth are going to be the Lord's, and telegraph and telephone and type will yet announce nations born in a day. The first book ever printed was the Bible, by Faust and his son-in-law Schoeffer, in 1460, and that consecration of type to the Holy Scriptures was a prophecy of the great mission of printing for the evangelization of all the nations. The father of the American printing-press was a clergyman, Rev. Jesse Glover, and that was a prophecy of the religious use that the Gospel ministry in this country were to make of the types.

Again: we shall secure the secular pre as a mightier reinforcement of religio and the pulpit, by making our religiou utterances more interesting and spirite and then the press will reproduce ther On the way to church some thirty yea ago, a journalist said a thing that ha kept me ever since thinking: "Are yo going to give us any

Points

to-day?" "What do you mean?" I aske "I mean by that, anything that will b striking enough to be remembered." The I said to myself: "What right have we i our pulpits and Sunday Schools to tak the time of people if we have nothing t say that is memorable!" David did no have any difficulty in remembering Na than's thrust: "Thou art the man;" no Felix in remembering Paul's point-blan utterance on righteousness, temperanc and judgment to come; nor the Englis king any difficulty in remembering wha the court preacher said, when, during th sermon against sin, the preacher threw hi handkerchief into the king's pew to ind cate whom he meant.

The tendency of criticism in the theo logical seminaries is to file off from ou young men all the sharp points and mak them too smooth for any kind of execu tion. What we want, all of us, is mor point, less humdrum. If we say the righ thing in the right way, the press will b glad to echo and re-echo it. Sunda School teachers, reformers, young me and old men in the ministry, what we al want if we are to make the printing-pres an ally in Christian work is that whic the reporter spoken of suggested—points sharp points, memorable points. But i the thing be dead when uttered by livin voice, it will be a hundred-fold more dea when it is laid out in cold type.

Now, as you all have something to d with the newspaper press, either in issuin a paper or in reading it, either as producer or patrons, either as sellers or purchaser of the printed sheet, I propose on thi Lord's day a treaty to be signed betwee the church and the printing-press, a treat to be ratified by millions of good peopl if we rightly fashion it, a treaty promis ing that we will help each other in ou work of trying to illumine and felicitat the world, we by voice, you by pen, we by speaking only that which is worth print ing, you by printing only that which i fit to speak. You help us, and we wil help you. Side by side be these

Two Potent Agencies

until the great and final Judgment Day when we must both be scrutinized for ou work, healthful or blasting. The two worst off men in that day will be the min ister of religion and the editor, if they wasted their opportunity. Both of us are the engineers of long express trains of influence, and we will run them into a depot of light or tumble them off the embank ments.

What a useful life and what a glorious departure was that of the most famous of all American printers, Benjamin Franklin, whom infidels in the penury of their resources have often fraudulently claimed as their own; but the printer who moved that the Philadelphia convention be opened with prayer, the resolution lost because a majority thought prayer unnecessary, and who wrote at the time he was viciously attacked: "My rule is to go straight forward in doing what appears to me to be right, leaving the consequences to Providence," and who wrote this quaint epitaph showing his hope of resurrection, an epitaph that I hundreds of times read while living in Philadelphia:

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here food for worms. Yet the work itself shall not be

ld, for it will (as he believed), appear
o'e more in a new and more beautiful
etion, corrected and amended by the
Athor."

That Providence intends the profession
o reporters to have a mighty share in the
wld's redemption is suggested by the
f:t that Paul and Christ took a reporter
ang with them, and he reported their
a'resses and their acts. Luke was a
reporter, and he wrote not only the book
o Luke, but the Acts of the Apostles, and
whout that reporter's work we would
h'e known nothing of the Pentecost, and
nthing of the jailing and unjailing of
Pul and Silas, and nothing of the ship-
wck at Melita. Strike out the reporter's
wk from the Bible and you kill a large
part of the New Testament. It makes me think that in the future of the Kingdom of God, the reporters are to bear a mighty part.

Men of the pencil and pen, in all departments, you need the help of the Christian religion. In the day when people want to get their newspapers at two cents, and are hoping for the time when they can get any of them at one cent, and, as a consequence, the attaches of the printing press are, by the thousand, ground under the cylinders, you want God to take care of you and your families. Some of your best work is as much unappreciated as was Milton's *Paradise Lost*, for which the author received twenty-five dollars.

O, men of the pencil and pen, amid your unappreciated work you need encouragement, and you can have it. Printers of all Christendom, editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, publishers, and readers of that which is printed, resolve that you will not write, set up, edit, issue, or read anything that debases body, mind, or soul. All with influence that will help in the right direction, let us put our hands to the work, imploring God to hasten the consummation. In a ship with hundreds of passengers approaching the South American coast, the man on the lookout neglected his work, and in a few minutes the ship would have been dashed to ruin on the rocks. But a cricket on board the vessel set up a shrill call at the smell of land, and the captain, knowing that habit of the insect, the vessel was stopped in time to avoid an awful wreck. And so, insignificant means now may do wonders, and the scratch of a pen may save the shipwreck of a soul.

Are you all ready for the signing of the contract, the league, the solemn treaty proposed between journalism and Evangelism? Let it be a Christian marriage of the pulpit and the printing-press.

Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land and stream and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.

O, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

THE PENNSYLVANIA HALL OF ADMINISTRATION AT THE NEW AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON

THE American University, a great national representative Christian University of the noblest type, is being established at the Nation's Capital. It is designed to represent the highest and boldest form of education; to be an expulent of the best forces of Christian thought a activity, and to conserve and promote, at the centre of our political and civil influence, the interests of our country and our common Cistianity. There has been long in America urnt need of a great institution for the tining and equipment of students in special a original research, who are to be the leadel of thought in the Western world. The Merican University is founded in harmony wi the demands of the century. It had its pphecy in the educational idea advanced b George Washington in 1795. With chararistic foresightedness, he selected the Natnal Capital as the best location for a uiversity, and statesmen and educators have er since emphasized his choice.

As early as 1857, Bishop Simpson, of the ME. Church, suggested the feasibility of estblishing a great university at Washington, a for many years it was a theme of conversion among educators and public men. Fally, in 1890, a site was selected and purcsed. The organization of the Corgation under a charter from the District of Columbia took place on May 28, 1891, when Bishop John F. Hurst was elected Chancellor, Rev. Charles W. Baldwin, Secretary, and Rev. Albert Osborn, Registrar. A new and enlarged charter was obtained from Congress in the winter of 1892–3, and approved by President Harrison February 24, 1893. Under this more liberal charter the Board of Trustees was reorganized on December 13th, of the same year, and now its powers and privileges are limited only by the necessity for the development of a post-graduate University of the most advanced type. Two years ago Bishop C. C. McCabe became the Vice-Chancellor, and Rev. Wilbur L. Davidson, D.D., Secretary. The trustees include, among other notable men, President William McKinley and Vice-President-elect Theodore Roosevelt. The University is under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the charter providing that two-thirds of the Board of Trustees shall be members of this denomination; yet it is to be in no sense an exclusive denominational institution. There are on its Board of Trustees the representatives of six different churches, all of which most cordially cooperate for the achievement of its mission. In the management of its affairs, the fundamental convictions of evangelical churches will be respected.

The ground selected for the site include ninety-three acres of high, rolling land, beautifully situated. The land was bought in 1890 and cost $100,000, but it is now estimated to be worth over a million dollars.

The College of History, the first building erected on the grounds, is a beautiful and imposing structure of white Rutland marble. The architecture is Grecian, a combination of the Ionic and Doric. The building, which contains forty-two rooms, is one hundred and seventy-six feet long, the centre sixty feet broad and the ends seventy feet. The cost of the building, which was completed February 18, 1898, was about $170,000.

The Pennsylvania Hall of Administration, to be erected by the patriotic citizens of the Keystone State, is promised an early completion. It will cost $450,000. The contour of the university grounds resemble a keystone. The Illinois College of Languages, for which the citizens of that State have already contributed nearly $140,000, is designed to be a classical edifice in the purest white marble.

The Epworth League will build the College of Literature. A new movement, which promises much for the University, is the plan for the thorough organization of earnest women in all parts of the country to raise a fund to build the College of Comparative Religions.

In scope, the American University will be broad and complete. The buildings already designed will have the following departments: The College of Comparative Religion will include three departments: Pagan, Christian and Comparative; College of History: American, European, Mediterranean and Oriental; College of Government: Constitutional Law, Science of Government, Diplomatics and Civics; College of Science: Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology; College of Languages: Oriental, Semitic, Classical and Modern; College of Physiology: Metaphysics, History of Philosophy, Psychology and Logic; College of Literature: Vedic and Oriental, Grecian and Roman, Mediæval and Modern.

In addition to these eight edifices, the University group of buildings will include the Administration Hall, the College of Law, Medicine, Technology, Art, and the Museum. These are to be erected in the near future, and other such structures as the needs of the University shall demand. Twenty-three buildings of marble and granite are contemplated. The scope of the institution is restricted to post-graduate, special and professional work and original research. Men and women will be admitted on an equal footing. Applications have already been received from fifteen hundred persons from various parts of the world who desire to enterthe University.

IDA HINMAN.

CUBA'S NEW CONSTITUTION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 207

ere is to be a congress, composed of
o branches, the senate and the camara
chouse; a supreme court, with subordi-
te judicial tribunals, and a president
d vice-president. There are also to be
parate governments for the six different
pvinces, each of which shall elect its
n civil governor. But these provinces
d not fully correspond to States in the
nerican Union, because their powers
d functions are almost wholly executive.

A general power of suspension is given
the executive officers, from the al-
ddes or mayors, up to the president, in
ddition to the regular veto power. This
spensive power relates to the acts of
ecutive officials as well as to the ordi-
nces of the municipal councils, the regu-
lions of the provincial assemblies and
e acts of the congress. It is unlike any-
ng in the American Constitution, and is
bject to review by the supreme court.

Cuban citizenship is not made difficult.
turalization can be had after five years'
sidence, the same as in the United
ates; but the Spaniards in the island, who, up to April, 1900, had not registered as Spanish subjects, may become Cuban citizens on declaration, and without having to wait the five years' period for naturalization. However, only native-born Cubans will be eligible to the presidency, to the senate and to positions on the supreme court.

There is one exception to the eligibility to the presidency. Any one not a native-born Cuban, who fought ten years in the Cuban revolutionary army, is eligible. This is for the benefit of Maximo Gomez, who was born in Santo Domingo. There was a long struggle in the convention and a bitter one, because some of the members wanted to exclude General Gomez, but they finally were compelled to yield. The old general is now living quietly in Havana. He has often said that he would be satisfied to see Cuba free and independent, and wanted no office in the republic; but it is not believed he will refuse to become a candidate for the presidency, when the popular movement in his behalf has become strong enough. General Gomez is opposed by those who do not want a military chief to fill the executive office, and also by some on grounds of personal enmity.

* * *

Estrada Palma, who was for a time president of the Cuban revolutionary republic during the ten years' war, is another prospective candidate. He was the president of the Cuban Junta in New York, and its leading spirit in securing American intervention during the last insurrection. He is now living in the United States and has not visited Cuba since Spanish sovereignty was destroyed, but his friends have been waiting an opportune moment to bring him to the island.

There is a possibility of the conservative Cubans uniting on Bartolome Maso as their candidate. He lives at Manzanillo in the province of Santiago, and is a sugar planter. He took part in the ten-years' war, and was for a time vice-president of the Cuban revolutionary government in the last insurrection. He has the respect of the Spaniards, and in the United States would be called the "business men's candidate." Salvadore Cisneros Betancourt, the Marquis of Santa Lucia, who served as president of the revolutionary government in the ten years' war and in the last insurrection, is also a possible candidate. He is noted for his extreme ideas regarding independence. Mendez Capote, the presiding officer of the convention, is considered a possibility, in case the young men should gain control. He was identified with the insurgent government in the last insurrection and is a lawyer.

Should a colored man be selected, Juan Gualberto Gomez would probably be the man. He was educated in Spain and in France, and is noted as an author, newspaper writer, and orator. He was exiled to the penal settlement of Ceuta by Spain during the last insurrection, having been made a prisoner when the revolt broke out. However, though the race of color constitutes one-third of the population of Cuba, and has to be considered in the affairs of the Island, it is not likely to press a candidate of its own for president.

CHARLES M. PEPPER.

Havana, Feb. 15, 1901.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE INAUGURATION

AGAIN the ceremony, grand in its simplicity, with which we install the executive head of this mighty nation for a four years' term, has been performed. Every American has a right to be proud of the event. Every inauguration is a proof to the civilized world that a great people has the power and the capacity to govern itself. We make a great fuss about the election; but that once decided, the minority, often almost as numerous as the majority, accepts defeat with dignity, and loyally submits to the new administration. The monarchical world did not believe that such loyalty could continue. It has not only continued, but we have received from other lands additions to our population, which have not always been the best types of those nations, and we have accepted them and assimilated them, and, in spite of the admixture of doubtful elements, the Republic has survived and prospered. No longer is constitutional government on its trial; it has been tried and proved practicable, and every inauguration sets a fresh seal to the diploma of its graduation. We have a right to be proud of this example that we have set to the world. It proves that an intelligent people with decided views of policy, differing in principle and opinion, can live in peace, maintaining order, and united in ardent love of our country and our flag.

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"The Hatchet Swinger"

HATCHETS are useful implements when properly employed. They are capable, however, of doing great mischief, even to destroy a cherry tree when in the hands of a boy. So we have been taught from childhood how the "Father of his Country" once swung his little hatchet to the great dismay of his loving parent. Nations have heard about that affair, and the moral it teaches to be truthful and scorn a lie. The hatchet is once more at work in the hands, not of a child, but a determined woman, not to hack and hew a cherry tree, but a great wide-spreading deadly Upas—the saloon. Mrs. Nation has aroused the whole nation by the sturdy blows of her hatchet. She is resolved to smash saloons in Kansas, for the State has a prohibitory law, and as the saloon is a nuisance, and is the fountain-head of all crime, a destroyer of homes, ought therefore to be exterminated. The saloon anywhere in our land, but especially in our great cities, is an unmitigated evil, and fountain-head of all iniquity. It peoples our jails, almshouses, and manufactures our murderers, burglars, thieves and prostitutes. Destroy the saloon and you will depopulate our penitentiaries.

What is the lesson of the hour and Mrs. Nation's hatchet?

First—Laws enacted ought never to exist unless they can be enforced. If Kansas authorities had seen to their prohibitory statutes being enforced, then the brave heroine with her battle-axe would never have crossed the stage.

Second—Politicians who cater to the saloon element ought not to hold office. The unwillingness to punish the saloon element, lest votes are lost at a coming election, is a disgrace to American manhood. Place no man into power who is in league with this foe to all righteousness. Enforce the law and Mrs. Nation's hatchet will not be needed.

Third—Spasmodic reforms, as a rule, are failures. We don't shed a tear over all the brandy bottles smashed, wines and liquors poured out, but rejoice in it, and would not vent a sigh to see every brewery and distillery in ashes to-night; but this hatchet business is not permanent as a reform. Even the great prayer movement failed. So this spasm of virtuous indignation, and righteous wrath seen in Mrs. Nation's gleaming axe will also fail. The imperative need of the hour is to have the republic wash its hands of the whole crime of manufacturing criminals by granting license to men for a price, and see that the last saloon is abolished. God grant that the twentieth century will soon see its utter extermination by constitutional enactment.

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Life Companions

A WOMAN ought to be especially careful in her choice of life-companionship. She cannot afford to make a mistake. If a man err in his selection he can spend his evenings at the club, and dull his sensibilities by tobacco smoke; but woman has few places of refuge, and would find it difficult to habituate herself to cigars. If a woman make a bad job of marital selection, the probability is that nothing but a funeral can relieve it. Divorce cases in court may interest the public, but the love-letters of a married couple are poor reading, except for those who write them.

Avoid affiance with a despiser of the Christian religion, whatever else he may have or may not have. I do not say he must needs be a religious man, for Paul says the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife; but marriage with a man who hates the Christian religion will insure you a life of wretchedness. He will caricature your habit of kneeling in prayer. He will speak deprecatingly of Christ. He will wound all the most sacred feelings of your soul. He will put your home under the anathema of the Lord God Almighty. In addition to the anguish with which he will fill your life, there is great danger that he will despoil your hope of heaven, and make your marriage relation an infinite, an eternal disaster. If you have made such engagement, your first duty is to break it.

Further, do not unite in marriage with a man of bad habits in the idea of reforming him. If now, under the restraint of present acquaintance, he will not give up his bad habits, after he has won the prize you cannot expect him to do so. You might as well plant a violet in the face of a northeast storm with the idea of appeasing it. You might as well run a schooner alongside of a burning ship with the idea of saving the ship. The consequence will be, schooner and ship will be destroyed together.

Avoid union with one supremely selfish, or so wound up in his occupation that he has no room for another. You occasionally find a man who spreads himself so widely over the path of life that there is no room for any one to walk beside him. He is not the one blade of a scissors incomplete without the other blade, but he is a chisel made to cut his way through life alone, or a file full of roughness, made to be drawn across society without any affinity for other files.

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A Word About Amusements

MANY people write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD inquiring whether indulgence in certain amusements is consistent with a Christian life. There are certain rules by which every person may decide for himself what is right and what is wrong in the way of amusements and recreations. Exhilarant and rebounding spirits are in most peril of going into dangerous amusements. The gayer the horse, the more important to have a stout driver; the swifter the ship, the more important to have a strong helmsman; and all these people who have rebounding and exuberant spirits ought to be very cautious, and discipline themselves into the right style of recreation and amusement. If you come from a place of amusement or recreation so nervous you cannot sleep, and you arise in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your pillow, you have been where you ought not. There are amusements that send one to the practical work of life bloodshot and yawning and stupid and nauseated. They are all bad—all that style of amusement. There are amusements that disgust one with the drudgery of everyday life—with tools of trade because they are not swords; with work-aprons because they are not robes; with the cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena.

If any style of amusement gives you a longing for a life of romance and hair-breadth escapes, and love that takes poison and shoots itself, and makes you unpractical for the great duties of life—those amusements ought to be obnoxious to you as they are obnoxious to God. Our recreations were intended to build us up, and if they pull us down in our moral or physical health, they are bad amusements.

Money spent for recreation is well spent. They that go into amusements they cannot afford, first borrow what they cannot earn, and then steal what they cannot borrow. First into embarrassment, then into lying, then into theft; and when a man gets as far as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There are thousands of men who have enough salary to support them and support their families, but have not enough salary to support their expensive amusements; and in that direction they perish.

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His Last Leap

LOVE of sensationalism led Brodie to make his famous leap from the Brooklyn bridge. Thousands never believed that he did that foolhardy act. But his second leap was never disputed, and thus he thrust himself upon the attention of the people. His low saloon at once became popular. Then he traveled over the country with a troupe of actors of the cheap vaudeville type. He became what, in parlance of the purlieus, is called "giddy." Some one said, "It's the pace that kills." So poor Steve Brodie set a pace that has brought him to an early grave,—and he has made his last leap! Said Hobbes, the infidel, on his deathbed, "I am taking a leap in the dark." We shall charitably hope that in the slow disease of consumption that carried off this bridge jumper, ex-saloon-keeper and vaudeville showman, he did not make his last leap into darkness. God is gracious and saves to the uttermost. The vilest may be cleansed in a Saviour's blood. But we hear nothing of his repentance. When we remember the many young men's souls ruined in his vile den of a saloon, and the thousands of minds corrupted by the indecencies of his troupe on the stage, and all the evil influences set in motion only to augment Satan's forces, we are reminded of what was said over Achan of old, "This man perished not alone in his iniquity." Talk about the solemnity of death, it is infinitely more solemn a thing to live. The influences we start to operate that must decide the destiny of others will work on and on long after we are dead and gone. Arrest them is impossible! If young men are determined to leap into fame that will end and sway an influence that may s thousands of others, then let them l into God's arms, and into the ocean o deeming love, and in dying find it is a leap into darkness but the light beauty of their Father's many mansio home in heaven!

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WE hail with hearty congratula to the Christian churches of land the new movement, now on a tional basis, for the co-operation of denominations in aggressive work. the movement continue to grow until time comes when, as comrades in a gi army, Christians of every name go f under the banner of the Cross, to win tory for Christ! The recent Confere in Philadelphia, at which the national ganization was perfected, is an augur a better time than this country has seen. It is a step toward the fulfilm of Christ's great prayer, "That they may be one, that the world may beli that thou hast sent me." There is n ing that would be so effective in conv ing the world of the power and beaut Christianity as such a union. And th is hope of it. Not of union in worshi doctrine—that would be uniformity— of union in working for objects of c mon interest. Too long has this m ment been delayed. Too long have denominations been rivals and comp tors, and too often, alas, enemies. Now may hope in the not distant future to them friends and comrades in promot righteousness and extending the domin of Christ.

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NEW YORK'S moral reform spa seems to be subsiding. What great metropolis needs is a thorough s itual shake-up—a great awakening w such a leader as Moody was in his vig ous days, when he was wont to thunde denunciation against sins, public and vate. But the occasion will bring fo the man; God, at the opportune time, furnish the messenger who will not afraid to "cry aloud" against the wick ness of the city, its gamblers, brib maladministrators, peculators big little, schemers, and dishonest mon makers, no less than against the vice crime to be found in its purlieus. Let earnestly pray that the work of munici purification, under competent and resol leadership, may quickly be pushed t successful issue.

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MORE than usually interesting and of suggestion are the letters fr our readers, in reply to popular questio which we publish in the present issue. is exhilarating to note the frankness w which some of the writers discuss pr lems, a solution of which is even n exercising the ablest minds in the pul and in the press. Especially timely, in vi of the revivals now in progress in differ sections of the country, is the burni question whether a pastor should act his own evangelist, or seek the aid of experienced worker in rousing the in ferent, and awakening a careless co munity to a spiritual life and activi

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MUCH has been said and written lat on the subject of "looting" in Chi and an endeavor has been made to mali the missionaries, by making it appe that they were willing participators in t plundering of the Chinese capital, t palaces, warehouses and private re dences. Now that the real facts ha come to hand, the charge is shown to utterly absurd and altogether unfounde

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

he Presidential Inauguration

BEFORE this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in the hands of its readers, the choice of the people will have been inaugurated for another term in the White House. The programme of the ceremony is dignified and magnificent as fits the installation of the chief executive of a nation of seventy-six millions of population. The arrangements, as described in this journal last week, included the usual procession, reviewed by the President, the inaugural address, the triumphal return to the White House, and the inauguration banquet and the ball in the Pension Building in the evening. The decoration and illumination of the city will probably never be forgotten by any of the millions of residents and visitors from distant States. Every State furnished a contingent of citizens who desired to witness the gorgeous spectacle. The Army, the navy, the Diplomatic Corps, the Justices of the Supreme Court and the Governors of many States make a gathering on these occasions of the most distinguished people in the land, all assembled to do honor to the chief to the Government. Some of our former inaugurations have been clouded by sombre shadows, either of past gloom or of apprehension of coming evil, but this one was free from both, and there is good reason for hoping that the term will be a happy and prosperous period for both the President and the nation. Christians of all political parties can patriotically pray that the words of the ancient prophet may apply to the whole of the administration:

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God, and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds (II. Samuel 23:3).

reasure in an Ash-Heap

A fortunate discovery last week added the treasures in the Peabody Museum connected with Yale University. Some men were set to work cleaning up the cellar underneath the museum, where old crates and boxes were kept with the ashes from the furnaces. The work was in progress, when one of the professors, seeking a strip of wood of a certain shape, passed through the cellar. As the men lifted one of the boxes, the professor saw some glittering object fall from the box into the ashes. It looked like a piece of worthless brass, but on examining it, he found that it was curiously wrought, so he saved it, and looked in the box to see if there were any more of the articles in it. There were nearly a hundred pieces, caked with dirt, and discolored. He took them to his laboratory, and applied testing acids to one of them. He immediately discovered that the article, weighing some ounces, was pure gold. It was then found that the remainder of the ornaments were also pure gold. The value intrinsically is nearly ten thousand dollars, and the value as Aztec relics cannot be estimated. The articles, it is thought, were part of an extensive collection presented to the university. How glad that professor must be that he saved those treasures for the university. But how much more delighted will those be who out of the refuse of humanity are the means of saving souls to become gems in the diadem of Christ.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever (Daniel 12: 5.)

The Wreck at the Golden Gate.

A thrill of horror went through the whole country when the news was published on Feb. 22 that the Pacific Mail Steamer *Rio Janeiro* had been wrecked and over a hundred persons drowned. The vessel came from Hong Kong via Honolulu, and when she came in sight of San Francisco was two days overdue. A dense fog had settled on the water, and the vessel was stopped to wait for it to lift. About half-past four in the morning it began to clear, and then the vessel proceeded. An hour later there was a terrific shock as she struck on Fort Point. There were in all about two hundred persons on the steamer, including 107 officers and crew. Most of the passengers were in their berths at the time, but the shock must have awakened all. Some hurried on deck half dressed. They found that there was no hope of saving the vessel, and the captain and officers were working to get out the boats and life rafts. While these were being lowered the bow of the steamer made a sudden plunge, and in a few minutes she went to the bottom. Some were carried down by the suction and were lost; others who could swim managed to reach the rafts or pieces of wreckage that were floating around. Providentially there were a few fishing vessels near, which picked up some of the swimmers and took them to the city. No one appears to know what became of the captain, but it is thought that he either went down with the ship or committed suicide under the distress he was suffering. Among the passengers were Ex-United States Consul-General Wildman and his wife and two children from Hong Kong. It is feared that the whole family were lost. Only 79 persons are believed to have been saved. That more did not get away was due to the fact that only fifteen minutes elapsed between the striking of the steamer and her sinking. We may hope that none among the lost had put off, as many do, their reconciliation with God to their deathbed, for in those awful moments of darkness and agonizing distress, they would have had little opportunity for that supreme duty.

Terrors take hold on him as waters, a tempest stealeth him away in the night (Job 27: 20).

Afloat on the Ice

Three small boys, about ten years old, had an experience, a few days ago, that they are not likely soon to forget. They were playing on a float in the river, north of New York City, on Saturday morning, when a great cake of ice, about fifteen feet square, floated by. An eddy of the stream carried it close to the raft, on which they were playing, and it held there. With boyish thoughtlessness, they jumped on the ice and ran hither and thither upon it. Their movements loosened the ice, and it went swiftly down the river. The rapid motion pleased them at first, but after a time the ice cracked and they became alarmed. They shouted for help, and their cries were heard by two men in a boat club-house, who, seeing the perilous predicament of the boys, quickly launched a boat for their rescue. They speedily overtook the ice-floe, on which the boys were cowering as near the centre as possible, and called to them to come into the boat. The floe, however, had worn thin at the edges, and when the boys tried to reach the boat the ice broke under their weight. The men fished them out of the water and carried them, wet and cold, to their homes. One may hope that the boys have learned a lesson from their peril. When they grow up, they will see many who are similarly heedless in trusting themselves to unsafe places where they drift with the current toward destruction.

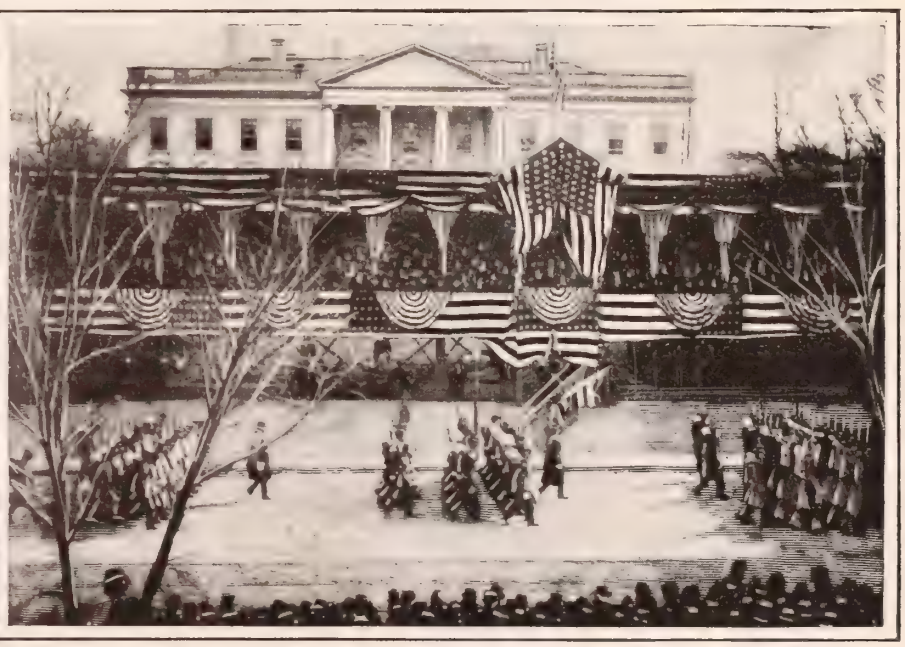
Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat (Matt. 7:13).

Remarkable Skin-grafting

For nearly a month past, a young lady in Brooklyn has been lying at the point of death from burns received in a hotel fire. When the physicians began to treat her they had little hope of saving her life, as nearly the whole of her body had suffered. The patient, however, has survived and has passed the stage when the dreaded septic poisoning usually occurs. The difficulty then arose of grafting the skin. At least fifty pieces the size of a dime would be needed, and they must be taken from the body of a healthy person. The patient's parents proposed offering a reward for any person who would submit to the operation. But when the young man to whom she was engaged to be married heard of it, he insisted that no skin but his own should be used. The physicians and friends urged that as the suffering would be acute and would involve the person remaining in bed for several weeks, if all the skin needed were taken from one body, that at least a portion should be taken from some one else. But the young man will not hear of it, and he has already placed himself in the hands of the surgeons for the removal of the skin with which the grafts will be made. The patient is so weak that it is only at brief intervals that she is conscious, so it has been thought well to keep her in ignorance of the sacrifice her lover is making for her. When she does hear of it, she will realize how true his love must be. He has proved it by suffering, which is more convincing than by giving many gifts. It was such proof that was rendered by the Apostle and many of Christ's followers to the present day.

Henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus (Gal. 6: 17).

THE INAUGURAL PARADE ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE



TROOPS REVIEWED IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

BRIEF NOTES

Miss Mary Devo, who recently made an address before the Woman's Missionary Union, is a missionary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and has done excellent service on the Japan field.

A touching tribute was paid to the memory of Queen Victoria by the Boer prisoners at Greenpoint, South Africa, who decided as a mark of sympathy to suspend all their amusements until after her Majesty's funeral.

At a recent service in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, nine races were represented on the platform. Bishop Potter called attention to the fact, as showing how extensive was the work the Christian people of America had to undertake.

The anniversary of Wesley's death, March 2, was celebrated at his old chapel by two great gatherings of young people. Revs. G. Campbell Morgan, F. B. Meyer, J. E. Wakerley, W. Barber, Messrs. Osborn, of Sheffield, and Mewburn, of Witney, took part.

Miss de Broen, founder of the Belleville Mission, Paris, has been seriously ill. The French Government invited Miss de Broen to exhibit photographs of her work in the Exhibition under their patronage, and awarded her a gold medal. Miss de Broen used this opportunity of displaying verses of Scripture with the photographs.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY TO GOD

Jesus and Pilate

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for March 17: Luke 23: 13-26

GOLDEN TEXT, Luke 23: 4: "I find no fault in this man"

...BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

WHILE the eulogies of a Christian queen are still echoing around the world, it is fitting we should study, by way of contrast, the most infamous of rulers. And his story will be all the more instructive because his training and impulses were all in favor of justice, and he lacked only the courage of his convictions, making his case a perpetual warning for everyone who by so much as a vote shares the responsibility of any form of rulership—a warning, indeed, for everyone to whose will there has come in politics, in pleasure, or in business, the challenge to choose between popular wrong and unpopular righteousness.

. . .

Let us set side by side a brief outline of the whole story of Pilate, consolidated from the Gospels, and the teaching points it suggests.

From the Star Chamber night trials of Christ before the Sanhedrim, that had no power to punish, except by exclusion from the synagogue, Jesus was led into the morning twilight of Friday, April 7, A.D. 30, to the Roman judgment hall of Pilate, the governor. These lynchers of Christ, clamoring for murder, were, nevertheless, so religious that they would not violate their petty Passover rules by entering even a court of justice on that holy day.

That would "defile" them, but to hound Pilate into official assassination—they saw no defiling blood stains on their hands from that. Pilate called for their accusation, and they replied, "If he were not an evil doer we would not have brought him." The governor, sworn to promote justice, was eager to escape from an unpopular duty, and so he said, "Take him and judge him by your law." They replied that Jews could not kill him by a church trial, and so must come to the Romans. And then they accused him of forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, which was false, and of claiming to be a king, which was true, but not in the sense they meant it. The governor called Jesus into his private office. We can see them looking at each other in the dim light of a Roman lamp. The governor gazing into the face of this enthusiast, who has no soldiers, not even a sword, says curiously, almost pitifully, "Art thou a king?" "Thou sayest," the Oriental affirmative, was Christ's reply, but he also declared that his kingdom did not begin after the fashion of "this world," in force. It was to begin rather in witnessing for the truth. "What is truth?" said Pilate, half sneeringly, half seriously, but waiting no answer, assuming there could be none, he went out, and said to the people, "I find no crime in him." That verdict of innocence should have been followed by acquittal and protection, whatever the mob might threaten. But five times Pilate went through the cowardly farce of hearing false accusations, and repeating his verdict of innocence, pleading that the people would allow him to do his duty by the discharge of his prisoner. "I find no fault in him," said Pilate. But the people, blindly following the envious Pharisees, still cried for his blood. Pilate, catching at the suggestion that Jesus was a Galilean, sent him to Herod, Governor of Galilee, who mocked and abused Christ, and sent him back to Pilate, whose next effort was to get the people, to whom he must release some prisoner on the holiday, to accept Jesus. But the envious Pharisees bade the mob say, "Not Jesus, but Barabbas." Just then came from Pilate's wife the warning, "Have thou nothing to do with that righteous man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." The cowardly governor, thereupon, made a prolonged argument in favor of Jesus that would have been very creditable if he had been only an advocate, and not a judge. Failing to persuade the people, he dramatically washed his hands of responsibility for Christ's blood, and having delivered Barabbas, ordered Jesus to be scourged and crucified and delivered over to the brutal sport of the soldiery. In mockery a purple robe of royalty was put on Christ, and a crown of thorns, whose gems were rubies of blood. Kneeling, the soldiers cried in derision, "Hail, King of the Jews," and seizing his reed sceptre they smote him from behind. But Pilate's conscience would not yet allow him to give up the effort to save Christ. Bringing him forth where the multitude could see his face of gentleness and majesty bathed in blood, he uttered these words, of deeper significance than he knew, "Ecce homo"—behold the man. Again the people cried, "Crucify him. He ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God." The chief priests then, as a last resort, threatened to complain of him to the emperor and secure his removal from office for not executing one who called himself a "king." (These hypocrites had just secured the release of a real rebel against Rome.) This argument put all Pilate's good impulses to rout. He would rather be a ruler than to be right. If he could not be good and keep his office he would do wrong, not, however, without one parting shot. As he brought Christ out for crucifixion he said, "Ecce Rex vester"—"Behold your king." "We have no king but Cæsar," answered these hypocrites, who hated Cæsar. Thereupon Pilate delivered Jesus to their will, refusing to use his own will and authority for his deliverance from injustice. The death of Christ that day, which had a glorious side, was not so sad as the moral suicide of Pilate, who killed his soul to save his office and his life. He did not even save those. He lost all and honor. Ten years after his official murder of Christ he was deposed from office and died by suicide, perhaps on Mount Pilatus, named from that tragedy. He who tried so hard to be neutral is, every week, named all over the world as responsible for the death of Christ, as we say in the creed of all Christendom that he "suffered under Pontius Pilate." So Christ suffers in every age at the hand of every moral coward.

Envy leads to hatred, which is murder in fact, and often leads to murder in act.

Illustrative Anecdotes.

Joseph's brethren envied their little brother's superior goodness and the favor that went with it, and so threw him into the pit they intended to be his grave. So King Saul envied the purer and more popular David, and hunted him as if he had been a wild beast. In the Scribes and Pharisees it was envy that stained their hands with the guilt of Christ's death. Beware of envy, the seed that grows to murder. Back of envy in the case of the Pharisees was hypocrisy, a formal religion that left character corrupt, and so made them envy Christ, partly because he was purer and so more popular. The formalist is always in need of Browning's warning:

> Subsists no law of life outside of life;
> No perfect manners without Christian souls;
> The Christ himself had been no Lawgiver,
> Unless he had given the life, too, with the law.

To which let us add the song of Horatius Bonar:

> Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
> Hold up to earth the torch divine;
> Be what thou prayest to be made;
> Let the great Master's step be thine.

Daniel Webster, the greatest of American statesmen, being asked: "What was the greatest thought that ever passed through your mind?" replied, with solemn awe: "The thought of my individual responsibility to God." Pilate had the ability, and so the responsibility to acquit and release and defend Christ. Like some public officers of to-day he sought to lay the blame on others, but he and all who participated in the trial of Christ were each and all responsible for the murder. So in business the clerk and workman cannot throw the responsibility for fraud and misrepresentation on the employer who orders it. "Every one shall give account of himself to God."

Responsibility to God

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Pilate's fatal lack was decision of character, the secret of failure for both worlds in many a life. In those who succeed, decision is sure to be a leading quality. At Harper's Ferry on one occasion the flood in the Potomac was so great that it threatened the destruction of the costly railroad bridge, which was seen to shake in its unsteadiness. When everybody present was looking each moment to see the bridge go down, the president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad arrived upon the scene. Appreciating the necessity of instant action, he gave an abrupt order for a loaded train of freight cars standing on a side track to be run with a locomotive on the bridge and kept there. "But, Mr. Garrett, that is a train load of silk," said the local superintendent. "I don't care, run out the cars! It would be easier to pay for the silks than build a new bridge." The silk train was run on to the bridge and the structure was saved.

Decision of Character

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A more serious defect in Pilate was a lack of that faith in the might of right, as distinguished from expediency, that marks the difference between the statesman and the politician. When a Cabinet Minister urged upon Queen Victoria the "expediency" of a certain questionable measure, she replied nobly, "I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong; but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand." That accords with Washington's appeal from policy to principle: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God."

Expediency Condemned

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Pilate, with all his noble impulses, that did not prevent fatal and final choice of wrong, illustrates the great truth that when a man has given only one-half his heart to the right, wrong is in controlling possession not of the other half only, but of the whole.

Pilate's Double-mindedness

> It is as if two mortal foes contended
> Within my bosom in a deadly strife;
> One for the loftier aims for souls intended,
> One for the earthly life.

One of the best stories told of Queen Victoria tells of the honor she put upon moral courage and of her devotion to the Lord's day. On one day, guests more than ordinarily distinguished, were expected to dine at Windsor Castle; and as the music on such an occasion was by no means a minor matter, the band required in this instance to partially rehearse the pieces selected. Because the music was difficult and Sunday intervened in the brief space of time at his disposal, the conductor innocently decided to appropriate that day for practice. The men were ordered to attend. Two Methodman Wesleyans objected to this Sunday work. They were threatened with dismissal if they refused to attend. They were firm and stayed away. When they appeared on Monday morning they were greeted with violent language and told to go about their business. They walked away somewhat downcast at losing their situations, but soon after leaving the castle they happened to meet the Bishop of London, who stopped his carriage, and after hearing all about the affair, promised not to mention it to the Queen herself. Soon afterwards the leader was summoned into the royal presence, and the Queen at once gave command that the discharged players should be restored to their places, adding with emphasis: "I will have no more persecution in my service for conscience sake, and I will have no more rehearsals on Sunday."

Stories of Moral Courage

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When St. Chrysostom was threatened with banishment he sent to his queen this message, "Go and tell her I fear nothing but sin."

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When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burned, they placed on his head the triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ for my sake wore a crown of thorns; why should I then for his sake wear a light crown, be it ever so ignominious?" When it was set upon his head the bishop said, "Now we commit your soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit unto thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed."

. . .

When Coley Patteson was a boy at Eton, the captain of the cricket eleven, was present one evening at a cricketing supper, when one of the boys told a nasty, low story. Coley stood up before all his school-fellows, and said: "If any more such stories are told in my presence, I will resign my captaincy and leave the school." His words took effect, and thus by the influence of one boy the tone of the great public school was purified and raised. The brave schoolboy became the brave martyr bishop who laid down his life on an island in the Pacific.

. . .

The proverb, "You must crawl before you walk" is not true in Christianity. We are to stop our serpentine crawling at the first touch of Christianity and obey the call of Christ, "Stand upright on thy feet." Alas, that there are so many moral cowards who are fairly represented in the symbolic picture of the sorts of people given to Peter on the housetop by "creeping things."

The lamp had just been put out, and the timid little girl was afraid of the dark; but presently she saw the bright moon out of her window and asked, "Is the moon God's light?" "Yes, Ethel," the mother replied, "the moon and the stars are God's lights." "Will God blow out his lights and go to sleep too?" "No, my child," replied the mother, "his lights are always burning." Then the little girl said something that thrilled the mother's heart and led her to more complete trust in God: "Well, mother, while God's awake I'm not afraid." In the words of George MacDonald, "Why should we fear anything with him looking at us?"

Faith Casts Out Fear

In the case of Pilate, it was fear that the emperor might depose him on the people's complaint that finally kept him from doing right. He forgot the greater King who saw his every act.

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"PILATE SAID UNTO HIM, ART THOU A KING THEN? JESUS ANSWERED, THOU SAYEST"

AROUND THE WINTER HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WET BLANKETS

I HAVE arrived at the conclusion that some people cannot help being wet blankets. Whatever is proposed they at once veto. Their natural tendency is to object to a change, and the more enthusiasm they meet others, the stronger is their inclination to throw cold water upon it. To those of us who are sanguine and fond of taking new initiative, the wet blanket sort of person is excessively trying, and we have to summon a good deal of patience to get on with him or her in comfort. As a rule, men are more disposed to be wet blankets than women. A man is always less eager to take chances than a woman is, and besides, by their experience in the world, men have larger knowledge than is usual with women of the perils that lie in wait for the precipitate, and the reverses that may come to the unwary. A man enjoys an argument, too, and the tactful wife knows this, and understands that many objections are raised by her husband in domestic discussions, simply that the thing may be talked over and duly considered, and that he may yield in the end. It is by no means uncommon for a husband to suppose that a plan which he originally disliked, is the very best plan possible, and by degrees he reaches the conviction that it was his own conception from the first. The wife wants new paper and paint in her parlor, a sink and pump in her kitchen, a lean-to added or a wing to the house, or she is tired of the old laborious way of bringing water from the well, and desires pipes laid, laundry tubs and a bathroom, with water everywhere at the turning of a faucet. Unless John is an old curmudgeon, if he has the money, though he may hesitate in the beginning and play the role of a conservative, he will end by doing all and more than Mary asks. Some Johns go much further than the prudent Marys think wise, and they put telephones and gas and electric lights into the house, when the wife's feeling is that the money would better be saved. These Johns are exceptional, and do not belong to the wet blanket order of men. They are rather Knights of the Golden Fleece, and soldiers of the Sunbeam, and very happy they make their womankind, and right pleasant are they to live with in the house.

But friends, we are sometimes wet blankets because we give way to depression, because we needlessly take gloomy views, and because our hearts are not firmly anchored in the safe harbor of trust in God. They who are helpless victims of a brooding melancholy, if it be not dispelled, are worse than wet blankets; they are cruising dangerously nigh the reefs of insanity. To be in their neighborhood in the family is always a taxing and wearing experience. Often the caretaker of such a person, wife, daughter or friend, breaks down through sheer physical and mental ability to endure the great strain. Medical aid should be invoked by the person who suffers from chronic sadness, however it may be induced. And so far as the thing is in our own power, we should fight against giant despair, and vanquish him by persistent cheerfulness. Apollyon in this form should not put his head within the door. Let us be bright in God's bright world, and, intentionally, let none of us ever be wet blankets.

"Scrapping"

In the slang of the day, a scrap is a quarrel. A scrappy person is a quarrelsome person. "Those children are always scrapping," says their mother, wearily.

Well, why not give them something interesting to do? Half the nursery and household quarrels come from lack of occupation.

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

The children who have a share in the housework are to be envied. Little girls who can help mother, little boys who have their regular "chores" are growing up to be useful women and men

A Child's Idea of Death

There was a funeral next door, and little Jean, who had never heard of death, saw the coffin carried out. "Where are they taking Lulu's father?" she asked. "To the cemetery," said Jean's sister. "But it is only his body they are taking to lie there, till the Last Day. His soul, the part that lives and thinks ,and asks questions, has gone to God and is in heaven." "I see," said Jean, with blue eyes gazing toward the sky. "The soul is the bird, the body the cage. The soul has grown too big to stay in the cage. I wouldn't be afraid to die, if that is all it means."

The Spring Sewing

It is time to begin it now. The children's frocks that are to be altered, the new aprons, and petticoats, and the little shirtwaists for Tom and Ned; if you possibly can, get them off your hands before hot weather comes bye and bye.

Little Margaret

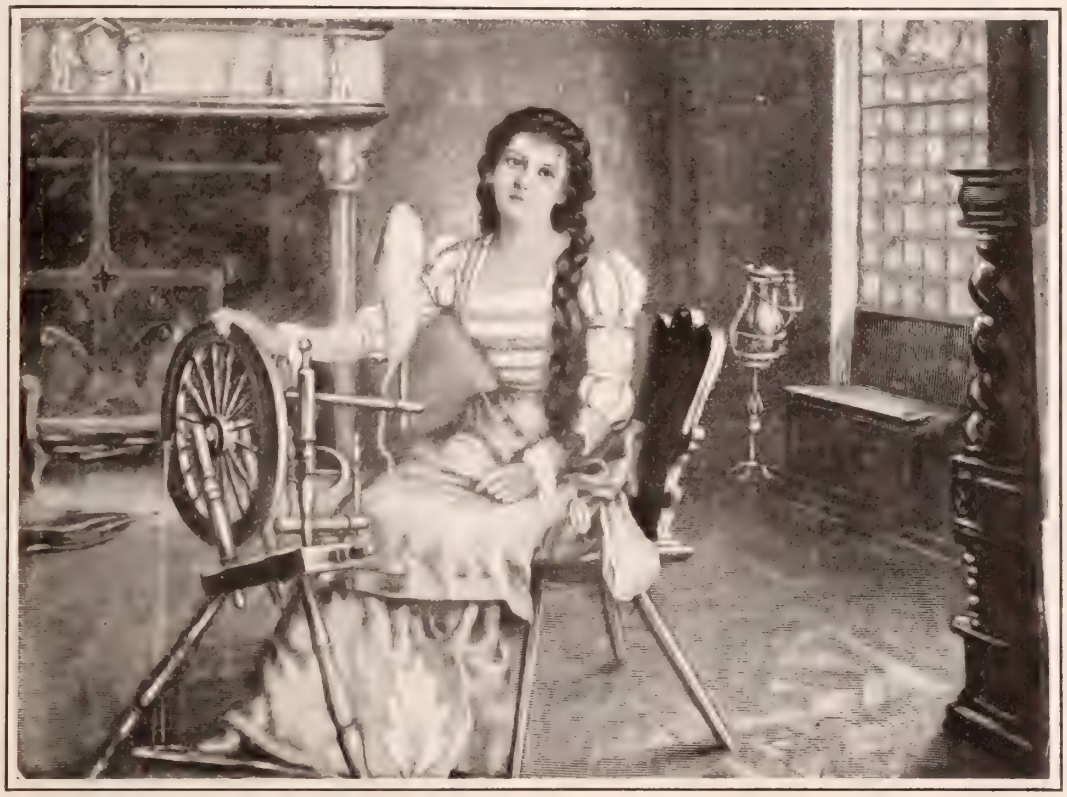
Little Margaret was spending some days at her grandmamma's, where they made much of her. "Would you not like to stay here always?" she was asked. "Oh! no. It is nice here," she said, "but 'Home, sweet home!'"

Texts by Heart

At a Gospel meeting one Sunday afternoon lately, the leader called for messages and texts. One young woman after another responded quickly and heartily, repeating beautiful verses from the Scriptures. The thought came to a visitor, What gems of worth these girls are laying up in store in their memories. How much of God's sweet word do we know by heart.

Hints on Etiquette

—IGNORANT. If possible, return first calls during the next week. When ladies call on your mother you may remain in the parlor if it is your mother's wish, or if you can pour tea for the callers. Return calls with your mother if she desires it. You are the less important person, however, and what you do is not material. It is not usual to urge people to call again, and your manner conveys your own gratification at their coming. Plates should never be piled up before a host. Let them be set in the places and passed.



THE SPINNING WHEEL

Spinning the flaxen thread,
And spinning the fair white dreams
That come and go in her head.
Like mingling of shade and gleams,
The maid of the long ago,
In the years of the misty past,
Wove in her own trousseau
Fancies, and held them fast.

She had given her plighted troth,
To the one her heart loved best;
So God but bless them both.
True love will do the rest.
She thinks of a coming day,
When she at his side shall stand,
And they two begin the way
That leads to the promised land.

Spinning her fancies sweet
Into the linen thread:
And the moving hands and feet
Keep time to the tune in her head.
Oh, wistful, flower-face,
Oh, maid of the long ago;
Your beautiful lines we trace
In a little maid we know.

A lassie of to-day,
Who wears in eyes and hair,
And in a winsome way,
Her grandmother's lively air.
A maid who does not spin,
But proudly the wheel displays,
As something that came in
With the treasures of olden days.

A PEEP INTO AUNT PRUDENCE'S LETTER BOX

THIS week Aunt Prudence thinks she will do more than merely answer the letters in her overflowing Catch-All. She is going to share some of her letters with you, her readers, and give you a glimpse at some lives which may interest you. First, comes a letter from the far Southwest, a letter which is rather unusual, to say the least.

"DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:—Will you kindly give a young fellow some advice upon a subject that has grown desperately serious to him, and which he is unable to decide. It is no less a subject than deciding which of several girls he shall choose for a wife. The first is a teacher, a young lady of splendid mind, very amiable disposition and of a rather combative disposition. Very bright at books, but rather taciturn. I admire her smartness, and feel that I need the qualities of pluck and determination that she possesses; although she does not seem to care very much for me — or at least hides it well — I think I can bring her round. The second is a student, and society girl; well read, sensible, ambitious, aspiring, elegant, refined, bright and vivacious, but has many admirers. She is a better conversationalist and correspondent than the first, and while not so wonderfully smart in books as the first, yet has a good record for scholarship. I will have trouble in courting her, but believe by dint of perseverance I can succeed. The third is a rather plain young lady, uneducated, unread, yet has been able to get on tolerably well with nice folks. She is a poor correspondent, but fair in conversation. She has, however, some qualities that I (and every one) must admire. She is very frank, outspoken, honest, and one of the most reliably "straight-up" girls I ever met, void of deceit and hypocrisy. She hasn't hardly any admirers, and in fact would tolerate but few, as she can see young men's faults plainly, and has not much toleration for them, especially those resulting from intemperance. Yet withal, I believe that she is a good, affectionate girl, who will see that things about home go straight. The fourth seems to have more faith in me and more hope for me than any of the other three. She is cultured, refined, well read, artistic, elegant and aristocratic. She is from humble stock, but has taken a good position in society. She is pretty and handsome, dignified and gracious. She seems to be confiding and affectionate—if her love can be enlisted—surprisingly so for one so formal in appearance. As to these, I admire the first the most for her mental and physical excellencies, but seem inclined to fall more in love with the second and the fourth, but believe that the third is really the best girl of all. All the girls are religious — and I would not consider them if they were not. I feel that I need some one who will guide me along the pathway of life, but as between these I am utterly unable to make a choice. I have thought and prayed over this matter no little, but as yet am unable to come to a decision, and feel that I will have to do so soon. Can you help me with your counsel? Answer in your 'Catch-all' in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD soon, please."

Aunt Prudence is impressed with the conceit of this young gentleman, who apparently thinks that he has only to propose to any of these girls, to be accepted with thanks. The young women from his own description are charming and attractive, also sensible and well educated. But "B" is not in love with any of the four. When love comes, his presence is manifest, and the suitor has no difficulty in making a choice. Aunt Prudence likes to see more diffidence in a man than is here shown.

Aunt Prudence presents another quandary. "There is," writes a correspondent, "an injunction against the marriage of a Christian and an unbeliever. Prior to his conversion, a man became engaged to a worldly girl. Shall he now break the engagement?"

Aunt Prudence would say, "Most certainly not." He has not ceased to be a man of honor in becoming a Christian, and he should carry out his contract, doing all he can to win his financee to the better life he has found in the Saviour.

(Aunt Prudence cannot answer letters which are written with a cambric needle dipped in skim milk. Please take notice that your auntie insists on black ink and plain writing. Now mind. People who send letters in invisible ink won't be answered by Aunt Prudence.)

NATIVE SERVANT

A HOTEL CORRIDOR IN MEXICO

A CREOLE GIRL

OUR SISTER REPUBLICS

Social Life in Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, and Other South American States

WITH the Pan-American Exposition soon to open its gates in Buffalo; with revolutions and threats of revolutions occurring so frequently in the South American States, our sister republics in the South are just now of particular interest. Of all the republics—nineteen in number, including seven in Central America and twelve in South America—the one now most prominently before the national eye is Venezuela. Rivals in the asphalt industry in Venezuela threaten to bring about mild international complications. But, aside from the trouble over the ownership of a certain asphalt lake, Venezuela is groaning under political difficulties of a serious nature. The former President, Andrade, deposed in December, 1899, is now in Cuba, and it is reported that he is fitting out a filibustering expedition to supply arms to his party in Venezuela, and thus regain his power and former position. His successor in the Presidential chair was Senor Castro; but he has not yet been officially recognized by any foreign Power. He took office during a revolution. In March, however, the Venezuelan Congress will meet, and then Castro, or some other leader, will be regularly elected.

Meantime, the United States of Colombia are in the same position politically. The Conservative party is in power, through a revolution, and the Liberals are determined to get back. The Liberal leader of Colombia, General Uribe, is now in New York.

The Conservatives in all the South American States—Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentine, Chili, and Ecuador, as in Venezuela and Colombia—comprise, in every instance, the remnant of the Spanish dominant party. Between them and the Liberals there are such great differences of opinion and interest that frequent revolutions result. In Central America, however, political troubles are now less frequent than they were some years ago. The example set by Mexico has been a salutary one. During the rule of President Diaz, Mexico has made more progress than at any previous time in her history. A long period of peace has given her time to develop her resources and show the world what she can do.

A MEXICAN STREET MARKET SCENE

At the Pan-American Exposition, Central America will show what our sister republics have done, and what they can do in the way of contributing to the world's commerce. The States of Central America want the Nicaragua Canal, and at the Exposition in Buffalo they will bring forward evidence and testimony to show that the sooner the canal is built the better for the whole world. The South American States will be equally well represented at Buffalo. Brazil, especially, will make a particularly strong effort to show that she is of supreme importance in owning vast natural resources that have not yet been developed. Brazil, indeed, is not only the largest of our sister republics, but in many respects the one most important in a commercial and scientific sense. There is a great tract in Central Brazil, as large as our own Mississippi Valley States, that is almost unknown. Explorers will here find a fertile and maiden field, and missionaries an abundant opportunity for God's work. All inland Brazil may be said to be unenlightened spiritually and otherwise—a country as wholly unknown as the interior of Africa was some years ago.

The next largest South American State is Argentina; Brazil's area being over 3,000,000 square miles, and Argentina's over 1,000,000. The chief city is Buenos Ayres, the mecca of many criminals and shady characters of all kinds on account of the laxity of the extradition laws. A criminal in Buenos Ayres is practically safe from molestation or arrest by foreign powers. Argentina, like Brazil, is a field for the explorer, and possesses vast untouched resources.

Missionaries have not made as much headway in South America as the home boards would have wished, on account of

MEXICAN FARMERS ON WAY TO MARKET

PACK MULES IN CENTRAL MEXICO

DELIVERING DRINKING WATER, DOOR TO DOOR

A MEXICAN FAMILY GROUP

FISHER FOLK, LAKE OF MARACAIBO, VENEZUELA

A COOK AND HER OVEN

t superstitions and fears of the people. Accustomed for years to the Spanish yoke, they are slow in giving ear to new teachings and new methods. Missionary effort to-day, however, is more encouraged than ever in its history; for it has gained a firm foothold in Brazil, and the same success is bound to follow in the other States.

In 1838 the South American Missionary Society of London began work in what was then an unknown field. The Foreign Mission was founded in that year. Other missions established later were the Southern Mission, which included the Falkland Islands and Terra del Fuego, the East Coast Mission, embracing Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Brazil, and the West Coast Mission, with stations at Lota and Coronel, Chanaral and Araucania. Much good spiritual work has been accomplished by the Methodist Missions, especially those in Mexico and Brazil, since the early seventies. The Central Mexican Mission and Mexican Border Mission are now widely-extended organizations with a large corps of spiritual workers and many well-equipped stations. The Presbyterians have also an effective missionary organization in Mexico and Brazil, with many flourishing stations, and the Baptists, Lutherans, and a few other denominations are also represented in the South American field. There are also a number of missionaries in different parts of the field conducting undenominational religious work among the people, and doing a great deal of good. The scenes and types shown in the accompanying pictures, describe more graphically than words the life and appearance of the people in our sister republics. How natural that scene of the wives of the fishermen of Lake Maracaibo, in Venezuela. It is evidently Monday, for the good wives are pictured in the act of performing their wash-day duties. The central picture at the top of the opposite page is typical of hotel life in Mexico. In the shade of the corridor, or balcony, the guests breakfast.

SHAW COTTAGES AT SALAMANCA, MEXICO

The two domestic scenes at the upper corners of this page, give our readers a suggestion of a peasant household in Mexico. Notice the handsome features of the Mexican girl in the left-hand picture, and the crude stone stove used in the kitchen, in the right-hand picture. The large central picture at the bottom of the page shows what a country inn is like in Paraguay, the Rhode Island of South America. The vender next shown cries her wares to a Mexican tune.

In the South American republics, social customs and habits must, of course, conform to the climate. Work begins soon after daylight and lasts till eleven o'clock, when breakfast is served. No work is done in the heat of the day. After three o'clock business is resumed and continues till sundown. Women are seldom on the streets during the daytime, except in the early mornings on their way to church. People are more or less easy-going, never in a hurry, always willing to postpone a task.

There are many very wealthy planters in the republics. Indeed, the wealth of the country is divided among the few. In Chili, there lives a woman, herself a planter, who is said to own the largest ranch in the world. It is said that she is the world's richest woman. The very rich invest most of their money outside of South America, on account of the uncertainty of government and the frequency of revolutions. Wealthy Brazilian coffee planters, for instance, make a special point of sending their earnings out of the country.

A missionary on the Orinoco, Rev. Mr. Crichton, says of Venezuela: "In going through the country my experiences with the people were, as a rule, very pleasant. They are naturally very hospitable, and give the stranger a welcome. Being near the equator, there is no need of protection from the cold, except in the higher altitudes, so that in the country it very frequently happens that provision is made simply to protect from the direct rays of the sun and the pouring rain, by a roof of palm thatch without a walled enclosure; while in the cities, the thick walls of the houses are a protection from the heat of the day. The architecture being Oriental, the better houses are built about a court. The flowers and adornments are usually not within sight of the passer-by, their beauty being reserved for those on the inside of the house."

TYPE OF MEXICAN VENDER

A COUNTRY INN IN PARAGUAY

MEXICAN WOMAN OF MIDDLE CLASS

THE PASTOR OR THE EVANGELIST?

Is it Wiser for a Pastor Desiring a Revival in his Church to Undertake the Preaching of Special Sermons, or to Obtain the Services of an Evangelist?

FOR THE PASTOR

Better For the Pastor to Do the Work

Every pastor should be an evangelist in the scriptural sense—a messenger of glad tidings to sinners. Not every preacher, however, is a revivalist. He may be talented, scholarly, a church-builder, a manager of ecclesiastical affairs. He has an important work to perform in the church. Such pastors may with profit obtain the services of an evangelist. But for the great majority of pastors this would be neither wise nor practicable. The sensational evangelist is not wanted, and the worthy evangelist is too busy to reach every pastoral charge. It is, therefore, decidedly better for the pastor to have and control the revival in his church. Besides, God will honor the faithful preaching of the Gospel by any good man, in the conversion of sinners, and the quickening of believers.

The earnest and devoted pastor who considers the worth of immortal souls, and the woful lack of spirituality in the average church, without feeling the burden of souls, should ask God for a baptism of power on himself. The great soul-winners have been moved by a burning desire to save men, and could, with Paul, exclaim: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." Such preaching will bring results. God has said so (Isa. 55: 11). Let every pastor on earth possess this passion for winning souls to Christ, and the Gospel will be shortly preached to every creature. Preaching then will be a joy, and every pastor a true evangelist. CHAS. LYNCH.

* * *

No Evangelist Needed

It is not necessary to engage the services of an evangelist to bring about a revival. No matter how eloquent, how learned the preacher, to bring new life into a congregation does not depend upon him. "O, Lord, revive thy work" (Hab. 3: 2). God can revive; man can not. The Lord revives through his Holy Word. Christ preached the Gospel, pure and simple; thus St. Paul preached nothing but Christ crucified, and his success was astounding. Martin Luther preached the Gospel, and thousands were led to Christ. The Word is the only revivifying, penetrating power that can change man's heart. Therefore, to bring about a revival, preach nothing but Christ and his Gospel, God will bless such faithful work. Convince, do not arouse the feelings only.

C. H. SCHNEPEL.

* * *

Prefers the Pastor

It is usually better and wiser for a pastor to preach the special sermons, and be the instrument in winning his own people to the light of a new life. He will be able to do more effective work in the run of the years among his people if he conducts his own revival meetings, and keeps his own heart and theirs warm with the holy fire of the appeal that comes from his own heart. It will even be better if not so much seems immediately to result.

The revival power in too many instances departs with the evangelist. There is not a more endearing and precious service that a pastor can render his people than the appeal to them to become Christians. He has more hold on the whole community because of the fusing of all their hearts in the same fires which were kindled from his own.

It is difficult for the evangelist to take hold of the community without both discounting and supplanting the pastor with his people. The pastor's usefulness is forever afterward curtailed unless both he and the evangelist are unusually wise and discreet men. The calling of an evangelist is, in a sense, a surrender on the part of the pastor, and the people feel it so. It is a surrender of that promised power upon which ministers must depend to give their ministry saving efficacy. It confesses helpless inability to do the one supreme work of any man's ministry. It is a surrender of faith, because the minister calls upon a man to be the instrument of that power which he ought to look for from God. He depends upon a human agency rather than divine power. The pastor and people are in great danger of relaxing their hold on God because they have the evangelist to depend upon.

It is liable to shift conviction and responsibility, when the real thing to be desired is that pastor and people may become more burdened with conviction and the sense of personal responsibility. These tendencies and dangers are not so great in the case of an exchange of services between two neighboring pastors, as in the case of a special evangelist. But in every case it is better that the pastor do the whole work if he is able to bear the physical tax. C. P. ATKINSON.

FOR THE EVANGELIST

The Evangelist's Special Qualification

As it is evidently the desire of the pastor to create a new interest among his own church members, and to bring the Gospel to those who do not attend church, and who seem to care nothing for the ordinance of divine worship; if he can consistently do so, I think the pastor is adopting the wisest course in securing the services of an evangelist. As a rule, a good evangelist, having made a specialty of this line of work, has a more thorough understanding of the proper manner of conducting revival services. Generally, from personal experience, he has learned the most forcible methods of appealing to the people, has acquired quite a knowledge of human nature, and has stored up a collection of stories, anecdotes and interesting information, and thus enabled himself to thoroughly command the attention of his audience. In nine cases out of ten, he will draw people to the church who would never think of going to hear the regular pastor. The services of a good evangelist, in connection with good music, a little advertising, and perhaps a series of pictures illustrating the sermons, will generally attract the non-church goers, and, by God's grace, bring about the desired result.

JOSEPH C. HEIDMEYER.

* * *

An Evangelist Necessary

The first necessity is to secure the attendance of non-Christians. Many of these will attend for the purpose of hearing an evangelist, while they would not for a resident pastor, who can be heard at any time. The presence of the stranger in the pulpit gives the special services an influence which they would otherwise not have. To those who attend church more or less regularly, although not Christians, the evangelist brings fresh ideas, new thought and a difference in personality, which frequently wields no small influence. Moreover, it is a considerable strain on the physical economy of the resident pastor to be obliged to prepare special sermons for every day in the week, and attend to his pastoral duties as well: and if the latter happen to be heavy, one must give way to the other. The evangelist makes a specialty of winning souls, and his services cannot be otherwise than highly advantageous to both pastor and people in every way. JOHN D. THOMPSON.

* * *

Scriptural Precedents for an Evangelist

Decidedly wiser to have help. This is my conviction after long experience as a pastor. Because, in the first place, "two are better than one." What consummate wisdom is seen in the Master's sending forth two and two, not only the twelve, but also the seventy. Paul followed Jesus' example. Second, "there are some evangelists," says Paul. Some men are, by gifts and graces, fitted for evangelistic work, while others succeed best as pastors. And the great Shepherd sets the seal of his blessing equally upon both. Let the pastor select an evangelist who is prudent and filled with the Spirit, and then, in answer to prayer, offered before and during the special service, expect a blessing.

JOHN H. SHERRARD.

* * *

Power in Novelty

Generally speaking, better results may be obtained by engaging a special revivalist. An exceptional case rarely occurs of a great upheaval in a church through preaching from day to day for a season by the pastor alone, but the rarity of such cases does not justify reliance upon their recurrence. If the pastor is more than ordinarily gifted with the qualities of an evangelist he may need no assistance, but the majority of excellent pastors are not possessed of such gifts. It is not that they lack spirituality, zeal, intelligence, or judgment. The main difficulty lies in two phases of human nature and mentality. First, a resident pastor's preaching soon becomes familiar to the community, and when the novelty wears off, no matter how great his power, many church members as well as unconverted people lose interest and cease to attend regularly. This is sad, but true. Secondly, even those who continue to maintain regular attendance receive impressions from the point of the pastor's individuality alone until their minds fail to fully respond. In other words, it becomes monotonous and the attention flags. A law of psychology then requires that they be impressed from a different point of view. These two facts render it expedient as a rule to secure the services of an evangelist, and it is usually better to get one whose acquaintance in the community does not reach the point of familiarity

L. B. RUSSELL.

FOR COMBINED EFFORT

The Pastor to Prepare the Way

A pastor who really desires a revival could hardly help preaching some special sermons, such as would be in the line of his desires. He must needs have the revival spirit, and this will appear in his preaching. Sometimes an evangelist might be called before there is any special religious interest in the church, or with the pastor, to "get up" a revival. But this is questionable. Call him to help on the work already begun of the Lord and the church and the pastor. Conditions must be considered. I knew a revival of wide and permanent results, carried on all winter by prayer and conference meetings, with no outside help. But two years later, when there was felt a need of special work, no one thought of using the same methods as before. A successful evangelist was called in due time. F. B. DOE.

* * *

When an Evangelist Should be Employed

Some pastors can do the work of an evangelist efficiently, others cannot. If a pastor has the evangelistic gift, and sees the need of a revival, the first thing he will do will be to pray for it. If he is much exercised about it, he will use every legitimate means to bring the members of his church into the same state of mind. He will speak to them from the pulpit, and from house to house, in such a way as to bring them into sympathy with him in his desire for a revival. He will preach with a view to bringing sinners to the Saviour, and if indications show that additional services are required to press his appeals, he will gladly conduct them. But there are cases where the best thing a pastor can do is to enlist the services of an accredited evangelist. If the pastor knows that he is not specially gifted for the work; or if he believes that, through familiarity with his method of presenting truth, the people would be more impressed by the methods of one comparatively new to them, the wisest thing for him would be to seek the aid of an evangelist, or some fellow pastor in whom he has confidence.

* * *

Committees to Assist in Any Case

That depends on the special talents of the pastor—some are revivalists in themselves, some are teachers, some are those who aid in the spiritual growth of people already in the spiritual life. When on the eve of revival services inquire to which class the pastor belongs. If to all three, or to the revival class, no help is needed; if to the teacher class or aid to growth class, an evangelist may be of much help. But whether there is an evangelist or the regular minister to conduct the meetings, there should be a band of earnest helpers from the church membership. A music committee, too, for there must be devout, soul-stirring singing. To the writer it seems more urgent to have a special, Godly chorister than an evangelist; also an individual work committee, who will go out to find lost sheep and wandering lambs and bring them within the sound of the Gospel. They should also do individual pleading and advising as opportunity offers. Have your own minister, or secure the services of an evangelist, but do not let the leader stand alone.

LEE.

* * *

Personal Qualifications

Apart from the direct operation of the Holy Spirit, the success of a revival depends largely upon the "personal equation." In such work, the Holy Spirit usually blesses the leadership of men of strong emotional and sympathetic natures. There are men specially called of God to bring men to Jesus. On the other hand, there are unemotional and coldly intellectual men whose work for God seems to be to guide and instruct Christians. Where a man of the latter type is in the pastorate, it would probably be wiser to obtain the services of an evangelist. But where a pastor is qualified by temperament and experience, it is always wiser to take the leadership himself. He knows the field, the qualifications of the workers and the spiritual condition of the people, and will be more likely to enter upon a lasting work of grace. The Holy Spirit, however, blesses all sorts of means; and a genuine "revival" is not a religious spasm, but a work of God through consecrated human instrumentality.

CHARLES H. HARRISON.

* * *

Answers have been received also from Otto L. Nichols, J. Lee, Cora S. Lott, A. R. Crowell, Fred L. Hislop, W. J. Hubbard, M. R. D. D., E. E. Scotes, Ida Rhodes, C. E. Enlow, M. E. Burns, F. M. Meeks, C. P. Lounsbury, G. H. Rogers, M. T. Ellis, S. K. Kinney, R. T. Edwards, L. T. Rightsell

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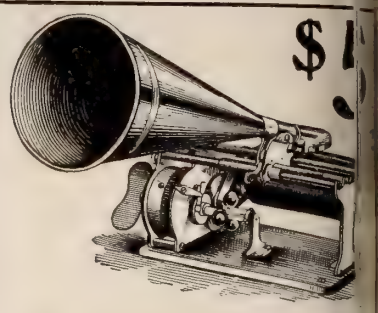

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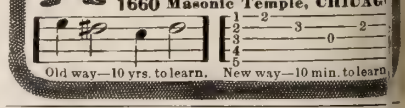

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Prayer Saved the Blazing Ship

With His Vessel on Fire, Capt. Pennington Prayed and Worked and the Peril Passed

CAPT. L. W. PENNINGTON, of the Clyde Line of steamers, sailing from New York for southern ports, is one of the best known commanders of the coast-wise fleet. He is an out-and-out Christian, an earnest evangelist afloat and ashore, and a stanch believer in the prevailing power of prayer. His religion is not a thing to be brought out once-a-week; it is with him and in active service at all times, and the veteran navigator has been the means, under divine blessing, of steering many a wandering and derelict soul, storm-tossed of sin, into the harbor of repentance and up to the foot of the Cross, where it has found pardon and peace. He is honored and respected in his profession, and greatly beloved by many whose business calls them to travel southward by sea.

CAPT. L. W. PENNINGTON

Capt. Pennington, during his long experience at sea, has many times been exposed to great peril, but he probably never faced a more appalling danger than that which confronted him during a recent voyage from New York to Charleston. This is the story, as he modestly related it for the benefit of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"We left Pier 45, North River, at 3.15 P.M. of the 12th of February. All went well until 3.25 A.M. of the 13th, when a report came from the engine-room that the ship was on fire. I was in bed at the time. I was summoned. The crew immediately was called to quarters and four streams of water were turned upon the fire. At the same time the passengers were notified to get up and were told that the ship was on fire, but that they need not be alarmed. The decks being covered with ice at the time, and the wind blowing a gale of about fifty miles an hour from the northwest, the passengers were assisted to the forward cabins, where they would be out of the reach of the fire. Meanwhile the ship's course was changed, so as to cause the sparks from the fire to be blown directly over the side of the ship, thus lessening the danger of setting fire to other parts of the cabins. At 4.20 A.M. the fire was under control, and at five o'clock it was entirely extinguished. Everything was done for the comfort of the passengers, and those who had rooms that had not been damaged by the fire went back to them. The vessel was again put on her course to Charleston, her port of destination.

"At the very commencement of the fire," added Captain Pennington, "I felt the presence of God with me, giving me knowledge of what to do. This had a quieting influence over me and took away all fear, enabling me to give my orders in a quiet and effective way. I have no doubt in my mind that, save for the help of God, we would never have been able to have subdued the fire or to escape the peril.

"In the morning, when I came to the breakfast table, Bishop Foss, who was sitting at my right, congratulated me upon our escape from the perils of the night. My heart was so full of gratitude for the Divine mercy and aid, that I replied: 'There is a higher Power ruling over us. We owe our preservation to God alone.' This testimony came from me involuntarily. It was a simple acknowledgment of the Divine love and care that had kept us once again from peril on the sea."

Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of the M. E. Church, who was among the *Comanche's* passengers, tells the story of the fire and the providential rescue with greater detail than the captain. He states that when the fire broke out in the night several of the passengers had to be hurried and almost dragged out of their room in their night clothes. The Bishop says:

"There was no confusion, no panic, no general outcry, but a silence more terrible by far. The great hose pipes at first would not work, because the water froze in the nozzles; but the nozzles were instantly chopped off, and the utmost power of steam pumps applied to four great pipes, while swift flying axes chopped through the woodwork here and there to find the vivid flames amid the dense and stifling smoke.

"Capt. Pennington is a positively religious man, converted in Dr. Talmage's church when he was forty-eight years of age, almost as startlingly as Saul of Tarsus was. He talks about personal religion with great intelligence, as freely and familiarly as most men talk about the weather, and holds on his ship every Sunday evangelistic meetings, in which many persons have been converted. When he came to the table the first time after the fire, I congratulated him on the great peril we had escaped; he instantly said: 'There is a higher power; we owe our preservation to God.'

"In the evening of the day of our great peril and deliverance," adds Bishop Foss, "we held a special thanksgiving service, at which, it seemed to me, every passenger must have been present. It fell to my lot to preside. It was wonderful to find how those words written 3,000 years ago fitted the needs of that hour. Four brief addresses were made, the most touching and impressive of them all being that of the Godly captain. I think all present would agree that it was the most impressive religious service they had ever attended. God had spoken by his mighty providence; and we were trying simply to listen again to his voice as he spoke again out of his most holy Word.

"No words could overstate the grateful sense expressed by the resolutions adopted in the passengers' meeting the next morning, of the admirable discipline, the perfect courtesy, and the omnipresent helpfulness of the officers and attendants; and I feel sure that for many a day many a prayer will ascend for Captain Pennington and his officers and crew. The feeling of all hearts found expression in the preamble to the resolutions adopted: 'We are profoundly conscious that the power and mercy of God have preserved our lives from the imminent perils of fire and flood which for two hours threatened our destruction.'"

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Modern Vatican*

THE Vatican Palace as we see it today was not built according to any complete architectural plan. Its various portions, palaces, galleries, chapels, courtyards, were built at various epochs and in various styles, and were gradually merged and joined together to form the present enormous, rambling pile. Neither can the Vatican boast of any architectural beauty taken as a whole, although portions are both picturesque and beautiful. Within, are some 7,000 rooms and over 200 staircases. There seems considerable uncertainty as to when a palace first existed upon this site. Tradition points to the time of Constantine, and Pope Symmachus (498) seems to have restored or enlarged some Vatican buildings. It is said that Charlemagne spent the winter before his coronation, 800–801, in a palace near St. Peter's, and here also later emperors stayed on their visits to Rome.

In the twelfth century the Vatican was a mere fortress. The church itself was an entrenched citadel, and catapults were fired from the tower in Turin which stood against the *basilica atrium*. This church indeed was burnt, and the portico and atrium of St. Peter's were destroyed during the fighting against the Emperor Frederick in 1167. Very little is known about the history of the Vatican Palace, and very few records exist for its compilation, a task which has never yet been undertaken. Eugenius III. (1145) and Celestine III. (1191) are often regarded as the founders of the modern Vatican; Innocent III. (1198) and Nicholas III. (1277) also restored or enlarged it, the latter laying out the gardens and employing the Florentine architects, Sisto and Ristori. The Popes, however, lived in the Lateran, and the Vatican did not become a papal residence until after Gregory XI.'s (1370–1378) return from Avignon. The people lived in it for safety on account of its nearness to the fortress of St. Angelo, the latter, (1410–1417) the covered way which runs along the Leonine wall, uniting the palace to the fortress, was built as a means of communication, and, if necessary, of escape.

The usual entrance to the Vatican Palace is through the bronze gates (103) at the extremity of the colonade to the right as one faces the church. And here one leaves the kingdom of Italy behind, and enters all that remains of the papal dominions. Sentinels in the uniform of the Pope's Swiss Guard are on duty at all the outer gates, while within watch is kept by carabineers and firemen in dark blue and orange, who are posted all over the palace. And the visitor, whatever his views, who penetrates at all beyond the circumscribed track of the museums and galleries, cannot fail to be struck by much that he sees; by the scrupulous cleanliness and order of this huge building, and by a certain sober dignity about those employed within it, combined with the total absence of offensive officialism.

*From *Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome*, by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson, 562 pages, bound in cloth and illustrated. The Macmillan Co, New York, publishers.

NEW SEED CATALOGUES

THIS is the season when florists and seed and plant growers send out their annual catalogues. Spring is coming, and everybody wants latest information as to the making of gardens, both floral and vegetable. All the catalogues this year are beautiful as well as useful. Among these are:

Burpee's Farm Annual, quarter-century edition, explaining how everything for the farm should be cared for. Here is information, all in detail and classified, telling what kind of seed to buy, how and when to plant and transplant every possible beautiful thing that grows. Beginners and veterans in garden work, alike, will find the book full of useful advice, suggestion and warning. It is a ready reference book for everybody who loves flowers, whether keeping a few house flowers in pots, or an entire acre for market purposes. Entirely rewritten this year. For lessons in farming, this book is one of the best. Published by W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Burpee's Seed Sense is another very practical book, giving facts about all the seeds in the market, from crab-apple to watermelon. This book tells you when all kinds of fruit trees, vines or bushes may be safely transplanted. It explains the theory and practice of grafting, and advises as to the best seeds to buy to get the best results. The book fully carries out the idea conveyed in the title—that is, it is full of good common-sense as to seeds. Published by W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Henderson's Everything for the Garden. A complete index and price list of flower seeds, bulbs and plants. Planters and amateur gardeners will find this book invaluable this spring. Published by Peter Henderson & Co., 35 Cortlandt street, New York.

Childs' Rare Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits, is a handy hand-book, worth having. Anyone who wishes to get things unique out of the ground will find this illustrated volume of solid use. Published by John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, N. Y.

Fuller's Garden Annual, is full of useful knowledge about flowers and vegetables. Every planter should have a copy. Published by J. Roscoe Fuller & Co., Floral Park, N. Y.

Maule's Seed Catalogue consists of 130 pages, crowded with pointers for fruit, flower and vegetable growers, every page illustrated. There are also a number of full-page illustrations in color. Published by Wm. Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa.

Flowers For Springtime, is a timely little book, sent free to all who ask. The author's picture is on the illustrated cover, in colors, together with a photograph in colors of a very beautiful new flower called the ever-blooming pansy geranium. Published by Miss Mary E. Martin, Floral Park, N. Y.

The Storrs & Harrison Catalogue, telling how to plant and grow all sorts of flowers, will prove a practical guide for the novice in flower-gardening. Vegetable growing is also treated in this book, in extended form. Published by The Storrs & Harrison Co., Painesville, Ohio.

Vicks' Garden and Floral Guide, is also among the very tasteful books on the subject, just issued. One may read this and gain confidence in the healthfulness of engaging in a pursuit that is close to nature. Facts on every branch of the subject are here set down in convenient form. Published by James Vicks' Sons, Rochester, N. Y.

Ferry's Seed Annual, sets forth in graphic words and beautifully colored pictures, the fact that gardening is the purest of human pleasures. It is published by D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

Buckbee's Seed and Plant Guide, is a handsome book, illustrating with practical classified facts, the old truth that a garden is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man. Published by H. W. Buckbee, Rockford, Ill.

Harrison's Fruit, Tree and Plant Catalogue tells the beginner, and the expert as well, the relative value of various seeds, and gives all sorts of excellent advice as to the growing of fruit. Published by J. Y. Harrison & Sons, Berlin, Md.

In the New Guide to Rose Culture we find this year mention of a new rose called the Helen Gould. It is a large, full, rich American beauty, and takes its name probably from the fact that Miss Gould grows many such roses in her superb hot-houses at Irvington, N. Y. Published by the Dingee & Conard Co., West Grove, Pa.

Park's Floral Guide contains all the latest news about seeds, and tells you how to buy these, how to select them, in what quantities, when and how to plant, and how to care for the products of the seeds in winter. Published by Geo. W. Park, Libonia, Pa.

Other very interesting and useful seed and plant guides are issued by the Calla Greenhouse, Calla, Ohio, and by James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass. It would be well for every householder to send for one of these. They are mailed free, and will give ideas and suggestions as to your garden.

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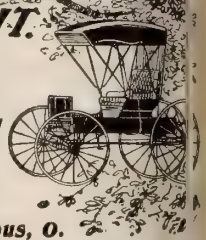

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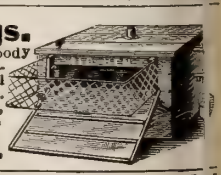

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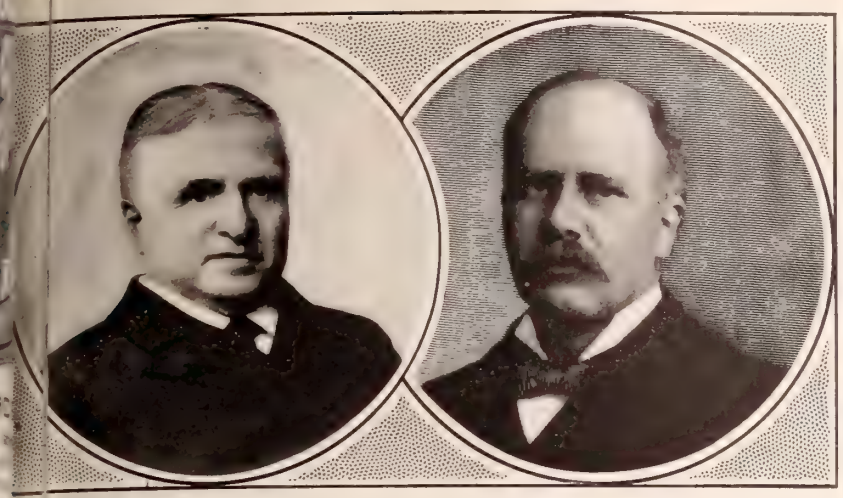

Two Fruitful Christian Lives

Revs. Charles M. Sheldon and Wayland Hoyt Tell the Story of their Spiritual Awakening

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE more I study into the causes which have led influential Christian men and women to become Christians, the more I am impressed with the importance of family religion, and the early training of children to love and worship God. The strong men, the mighty men of faith in our day, are those men whose religious convictions can look into the innocent and sacred soil of boyhood. I have here two distinguished witnesses to bear me out in this statement by their own experience.

The book which, aside from the Bible, had the largest circulation in the nineteenth century was *In His Steps*, by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon. Mr. Sheldon's other books have also been very widely circulated. Throughout the civilized world he has attracted the attention, and aroused the discussion of Christian men and women by the emphasis which he has laid upon the adaptation of Christ's rules to everyday life. Some have blamed, and some have praised, but all have been provoked to think, and multitudes of lives have been quickened into a more earnest and intense Christianity.

. . . .

This intensely practical Christianity of Sheldon began with his first awakening to consciousness. I have before me a letter in which he says:

"I do not think I can give you any remarkable history of the causes or circumstances connected with my decision to live a Christian life. My father and mother, and theirs, and for many generations back, were all devout Christian people. I think I probably grew up into the Christian life as sensibly, as unconsciously, and as naturally as ought to be expected of one who came from such Christian ancestry. I never expected to be anything but a Christian.

"When I was sixteen years of age I joined the church, under the direct influence of my uncle, Joseph Ward, who was then pastor of the little Congregational church in Yankton, South Dakota.

. . . .

"I do not remember any time in my boyhood when I did not believe in the Christian life, or when I was not probably what might truly be called a Christian. In one sense, it might truly be said—I feel it to be true, myself—that I was born a Christian, and I cannot name any particular time or experience which stands out in marked contrast with any other, as showing a change or departure from previous habits of thought or conduct.

"All my life has been a deepening and strengthening of the faith of early years, and I like to think that where the Christian life becomes a natural, healthy, spontaneous growth, it is, perhaps, the best witness to the power of the same thing in the family life for generations back."

How natural the work of Charles M. Sheldon seems after you read that letter, and know the story of his spiritual inheritance.

. . . .

I have to set alongside of this as a companion witness, one of the most eminent and helpful writers among American Christians, the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia. Dr. Hoyt's helpful Sunday School lessons, prayer meeting talks, sermons, and other writings, are a benediction to Christian students everywhere. No one can read the rich and fruitful work of his pen without being conscious that there is back of the stream at which he refreshes himself, not only a great reservoir of knowledge and learning, but a great warm heart, and a devout Christian character. All he does is vitalized by this consecrated personality. I am sure it cannot help but be interesting to many who have often felt this fact, to know that Dr. Hoyt's whole life has been a preparation for the helpful and splendid work which he is now doing.

. . . .

In answer to my inquiry concerning the causes which led to his earnest Christian career, I have this beautiful note:

"My Dear Brother: In a kind of gradual and unconscious way, as the result of the steady nurture of a Christian home, I came to the personal feeling when I was a little boy that Christ was my Saviour. I cannot remember the time when I did not think I would be a minister. On the human side, my mother did it."

Surely, these are great testimonies to the power of a Christian home, and ought to be a great comfort to every Christian father or mother. God's word is true when it says, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

SOUL-FLOWERS

WE meet upon the road of life,
Sweet soul-flowers every day,
But little do we know their worth,
Until they pass away.

Some few of us, however, catch
A glimpse of their soul life,
All full of sweetness and of light,
Peace—'mid earth's toil and strife.

And later, when they pass away,
On vessel heaven-bound,
Beyond our loving sight and touch,
To unseen, hallowed ground,

We feel that what we still call death,
Is but a change of home—
An opening to the place prepared,
The Lord, himself, has come.

The perfume of their precious lives
Will still be wafted through
The days to come, to make our lives
Better, more sweet and true.

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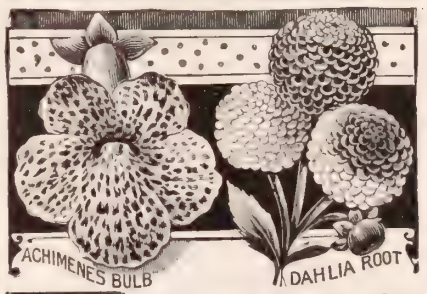

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1 Bulb Aztec Bridal Flower. 1 Hy. Candicans Bulb
1 Gladiolus Bulb.
1 Tuberose Double Excelsior Pearl. 1 Spotted Calla.
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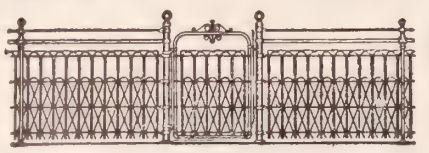

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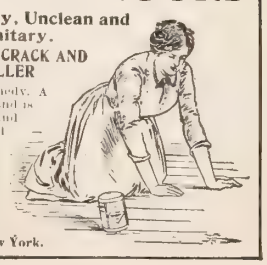

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By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY

GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

CHAPTER II—Continued

MARJORIE did not resume her seat in the window, but went up to her own room to have a "good think," as she put it.

It was a large room on the southeast corner of the house, and had formerly been Mrs. Prior's sitting room. A door communicated with Dr. Prior's bedroom, which was in the front, and the two rooms could have been made very attractive and cozy. But they had a cheerless look, for no curtains were at the many windows, and the light was harsh and trying. The furniture in Marjorie's room had been selected from other rooms, as she had grown into the need of it; for when Miss Carver was first installed, Marjorie was too small to have a room of her own, and had slept in a crib in her aunt's. But after her accident, Miss Carver did not wish Marjorie to be with her, and this room had been given her. The fittings were handsome and costly, but utterly lacking in any of the dainty appointments with which one instinctively wishes that will do everything precisely as she wishes to, and will make you and me do it, too?" and she regarded the young lady in the glass with rather a challenging glance.

CHAPTER III

Fate Plays Strange Pranks

"WHAT time will you start for New York, papa?" asked Marjorie, as they sat at breakfast the following Wednesday morning.

"I had hoped to go over by the 11 A.M. train, but am called to a consultation at three, and, consequently, cannot start before the evening train; that means a sleeper, and I am getting too old to relish that sort of thing," and Dr. Prior looked rather bored.

"And how soon will you get back?"

"Probably by Saturday. Uncle Lloyd has made one or two appointments for me, and in that way saves me a great deal of time and trouble. So I dare say, I shall find some one almost immediately. I only wish Dame Fate would save me the unpleasant feature of the undertaking

"THE DAWN FOUND THEM STILL ENGAGED IN THE WORK OF RELIEF"

to surround a young girl, and their gloominess appeared to have affected the occupant; for no matter how happy and light-hearted she may have been before she entered the room, directly she left her companions and came into her home, and especially her own particular corner of it, the old weary look would return, and a sort of depression take possession of her.

The girl did not intend to be disagreeable, but she was just at the age to be largely influenced by environment, and her whole character was hanging in the balance; to round into a sweet and beautiful one, if only permitted to do so, and fostered by love and judicious guidance, or turned into a petulant, restless, unsatisfied one if incessantly thwarted and rubbed the wrong way.

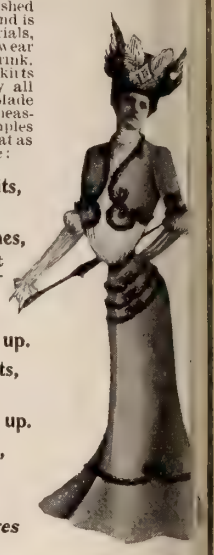
And it was a perplexed face which the mirror of the big bureau reflected, as, with elbows resting upon its heavy marble slab, and chin sunk in her hands, she said to the image reflected therein: "Now you have got to think, and think hard, too. Just tell me what do you suppose it will be like to have some one here all the time by settling the whole thing herself."

"Perhaps she will; stranger things have happened," replied Miss Carver.

At eight o'clock the doctor boarded the train for New York. He found that his fellow traveler who would occupy the lower berth was a sweet-faced girl of about twenty-four or five; but, aside from noting that she had a pair of very remarkable gray eyes, and possessing the air of a gentlewoman, he gave her no further thought; and a few hours later was as fast asleep as one ever can be in a sleeping-car, unless one is a lineal descendant of the sleeping seven.

It was two o'clock in the morning when, with a crash and jangle of broken glass and a jar that seemed to bring heaven and earth together, Dr. Prior was thrown violently from his berth and found himself in the midst of a perfect pandemonium. The car still swayed from side to side, and threatened each moment to capsize. But in what seemed hours to the terrified occupants, while in reality only seconds, it became stationary, and those not completely stunned were able to regain their footing. *(Continued on page 223)*

The New Suits and Skirts for Easter.



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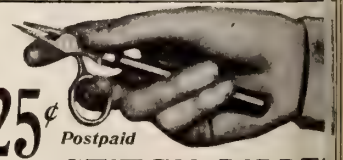

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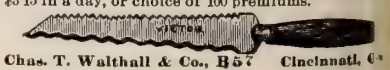

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BY LOVE'S SWEET RULE Cont'd from Preceding Page

"What is it?" "What has happened?" and wild cries for help came from every side, for the shock had extinguished all the lights and darkness added to the horror of the situation.

In a moment Dr. Prior had regained his presence of mind and was hastening to give what assistance he could to those whose wits were not under such control as his own. His first thought was for light, and finding that the gas tank could still supply it, he very promptly had the car lighted, and thus restored a degree of confidence to his companions.

What it was by no means an encouraging scene which the light revealed. Men, women and children were rushing about, or lying helpless upon the floor of the car. Only one among them all appeared to be in possession of her senses, and this was the young woman who had slept in the low berth of the doctor's section. Dressed in a warm wool robe, in which she had evidently enveloped herself upon retiring, she now stood in the middle of the car holding a little child in her arms and striving to calm its fears; apparently unconscious that she was the only one of the sex present who was not in dire need of reassuring voice. The little one clung to her and sobbed most piteously, but the girl never for one instant gave way herself and presently succeeded in soothing her charge and restoring it to its terrified mother. She then went to the assistance of the older victims.

Not was Dr. Prior idle, even while marveling at the girl's courage. Hastily putting on his great coat, he was soon helping the other passengers gather up their scattered apparel, and doing his utmost to calm them.

In the midst of the turmoil a man rushed in to ask if there was a physician or nurse among the passengers.

"I am Dr. Prior, of Mountvale," answered the doctor, and his co-worker quickly added: "I am not a nurse, but I have had a good deal of experience, and will gladly do anything in my power."

"Come up front, then; we need all we can get, for it's a bad accident."

"Will you come with me?" asked Dr. Prior.

"Willingly," was the brief reply.

The sleeper they had occupied was next to the last of a train of nine cars, and by some miracle, that and the last one had escaped derailing when the engine and other cars had plunged down the embankment. Of course, no one knew how it had happened: an open switch and a wrong signal, and then—what?—death and untold suffering.

It was an appalling sight which met the eyes of the doctor and his companion, and needed strong nerves. But the girl never flinched, and worked for hours under his direction; bringing relief and comfort to many, and displaying strong nerve and sound sense at every turn.

The dawn found them still engaged in the work of relief, and at last, when all had been done that could be done, Dr. Prior took time to think of his assistant. "All now it is quite time that I looked to your needs, my dear young lady: you have done heroic work this wretched night, and I must beg you to let me take you to the inn and insist that you try to rest a little. I do not say sleep, for that you have been able to retain your mental poise at all under such conditions, is a source of wonder to me; but you must have rest, and must let me give you something to quiet the shocked nerves."

"You are more than good; but I feel sure that you need the rest quite as much as I do, for your share of the work this awful night has been far harder than mine. I could only follow your directions, and fear most awkwardly, at best."

"I have met many a professional who might have profited by your example. Common sense and a strong nerve are excellent substitutes for a nurse's diploma. But tell me what I can do now for your comfort?"

"The greatest favor you can do me will be to send a telegram to my mother; she may hear of the accident and suffer torture of anxiety, which a word from me will spare her."

"I will not lose a moment; pray give me the name and address at once, and I will send it with my own to my little daughter, for she, too, will be anxiously awaiting a word."

By this time they had reached the small country hotel and the messages were sent. Dr. Prior then secured a room for his tired helper, and after giving her a soothing powder, bade her go to it and lie down until he should call for her a few hours later, when a train would be in readiness to take the passengers to New York.

"Thank you so much for your kindness," she said, as she left him, "my mother will be deeply grateful: good-night, or rather, good-morning, for day is almost upon us," and she departed, to realize within the quiet of the room just how tired and exhausted she was. The doctor's powder proved a blessing; for, although unable to sleep, she was quieted by it, and could lie upon the old sofa, and give the overtaxed nerves a chance to regain their normal condition. At eight o'clock the doctor tapped upon her door, to tell her that the train would be ready in half an hour, and that he had ordered their breakfast to be served at once.

"I will join you in ten minutes," replied his companion, whose name, as he had learned from the telegram sent to her mother, was Miss Drake.

Half an hour later they took their seats in the train, and were soon speeding toward the city.

"I little thought when I left Boston last evening what frightful scenes I should witness before I reached New York," said Miss Drake, "and I have cause to be profoundly thankful for my own providential escape from death."

"It has, indeed, been a frightful experience for you, and I shall not feel that I have fully discharged my duty to my brave assistant until I have introduced myself to her mother, and placed her daughter safely in her care."

"And she will be very glad to meet one who has been so thoughtful for my welfare; but I cannot allow you to make the journey to Irvington; that would be entirely too great a tax upon your kindness. Once upon the train, I shall feel that I am almost home, and can go the remaining distance very comfortably. But should you find it convenient to call later, I need hardly add that both my mother and myself will be sincerely gratified to welcome you in our home. This is my mother's card."

"Thank you; then as soon as I have transacted my business in the city I shall give myself the pleasure of calling to inquire after your health."

The short run to the city was soon made, and when the Grand Central Station was reached, Dr. Prior placed his charge in the Hudson River train, and, bidding her adieu, went his way to keep his appointment with his brother. After hearing of the doctor's night's experience, Lloyd Prior said in his hearty way:

"Thank the good Lord you were not taken from Marjorie, too; the poor child is forlorn enough now. So you have at last decided to follow my advice, have you? Good! I'm sure it's a wise move; for that little girl up in Mountvale needs something brighter than her present surroundings, and will never have it while Matilda is in your home. How the little lass has come out as happily as she has, is a mystery to me."

"Well, we will see what can be done to improve matters. What appointments have you made for me, and where?"

"Two right here in New York, and one a short way out of town. I advertised first, and the number of replies I received fairly made my hair stand on end. By Jove! I believe half the young women; yes, and old ones, too, are in quest of just such a position. I give you my word, I began to think I could find exactly what I needed at the very first venture, until I began to interview some of the applicants, and then it became an animal of another color, and I found that it was not going to be so easy to get what I wanted for my little girl. But I at last got my list well weeded down, and now have made appointments with three, and will leave you to make your choice. But first come up to the Holland and have a decent breakfast, and then we can discuss things quietly."

(To be Continued)

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ALWAYS a difficult task is that of convincing people who have lost some outward and visible sign, that the essence, the thing signified, may yet remain. It was this task that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, whether Paul or Apollos, or some other, undertook. The Jews naturally felt, when urged to become Christians, that they would lose all the grandeur and time-honored glory of their ancient faith. In Christianity there was no magnificent temple, no divinely-appointed ritual, no sacrifices, no priesthood. It was necessary to show them that all these things were externals, and that Christianity gave them the essence of which these externals were only types. It is in the course of this argument that the noble passage occurs in which Christ is pictured as the High Priest. The most solemn moment of the whole year to the Jew was that when the High Priest, divested of his splendid robes of office, clad in simple, white linen, with blood in his hand, went into the holy of holies, into which no other man was permitted to enter, and there sprinkled with blood the mercy seat. It was felt that he was in the very presence of God, pleading for the salvation of the nation. In becoming a Christian, the Jew outlawed himself, and all the benefit supposed to be gained by this divinely-appointed ceremony would be lost to him. No, says the writer, you have something far better. You have a perpetual High Priest, who, as a Son, is consecrated for evermore.

We are not troubled by the considerations that affected the Jew; but we have the same need and the same craving as he had, which were met by the High Priest's services. It is impossible for any devout mind to gain even a feeble conception of God, without being oppressed by the greatness of his power, the majesty of his being, and the sublime holiness of his character. Even the lowest conception, that of the Maker and Upholder of the material universe places him at an infinite distance from us. All that science has discovered increases our awe for a Being of such infinite wisdom. How then can we enter his presence and obtrude ourselves on his notice? True, we are assured that he is our Father and that he loves us, but there is nothing in nature to confirm the assurance. We want some one whom he knows and loves to conduct us to his presence and, as Job said, "lay his hand upon us both." For the distance is not only between the infinite and the finite; it is vastly increased by the appalling moral disparity. How can the sinful and the polluted enter the presence of the holy? Yes, we need a mediator, one who has the right to enter, to present us to God. So, we, as much as the Jew, desire the service that the High Priest rendered. The next step in the argument shows that this office is filled and that Jesus is infinitely better qualified for it than any High Priest who ever lived. The Jew had no further need of a man of Levi's tribe, the Christian has no need of a representative of the Pope, whether Roman or Anglican, to gain for him access to God. Through Christ we approach with boldness, assured of the reception of sons.

There were many points in which Christ was a better High Priest than the Jews ever had. His office was permanent. Other High Priests died, and who could tell whether the successor might be acceptable to God? But Christ remained always, and his standing in that supreme court never changed. Then, too, perpetual life included the assurance of his being always accessible. Other High Priests might be absent, or too proud to hear the pleas of those who sought them, but he remaineth, ever living to make intercession. Then, also, he had a qualification possessed by no other: he did not have to make atonement for sins of his own. He triumphed where all other men have failed. Having the same weaknesses or infirmities, by which we are drawn aside and lured into sin, he remained immaculate. No wonder that God loves him as indeed One after his own heart. If the adopted children in a family have transgressed, gone astray and disgraced the family name, where could they look for an advocate so likely to obtain forgiveness for them as one son who had never fallen? There is no need for Christ to plead for himself; all his pleas are for his fallen brethren, who, through him, find access to their Heavenly Father. Nor does he need to offer sacrifices. In all religious systems devised by human ingenuity, the need of sacrifice is recognized. Even barbarians and savages perceive that fact. But Christ has already offered the supreme sacrifice of himself. It is his own blood that sanctifies his plea. Truly an ideal High Priest, who, on the one hand, sympathizes from his own experience with humanity, and, on the other hand, is innocent and undefiled.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 17. Heb. 7: 24-28.

STATESMEN AND THE BIBLE

An Apt Misquotation that Caused a Flurry in the Spanish Cortes

IT has been related of Franklin, that he once excited a stir in diplomatic and literary circles in France by quoting from the Bible. This incident has a later parallel in the following story, which Mrs. Ph. Vollmer relates in a recent contribution to the *Reformed Church Messenger*:

"Several years ago, when excitement at the prospective Spanish-American war ran high, a lively political debate was going on in the Spanish Parliament at Madrid. On the one side the Catholic party; on the other the Carlists offered bitter opposition to the liberal policy of the reigning queen. At one time Mella, a prominent Carlist, concluded a scathing tirade against the government as follows: 'Wo to thee, O land, when thy king is a child and thy rulers are women.'

"Naturally, these words produced great indignation. The Spanish king is but fourteen years old, and the reins of government are in the hands of his mother. The President of the Chamber said excitedly: 'I insist that you withdraw that remark immediately. I shall not permit an adjournment until those words are recalled.' To which Mella calmly replied, 'It was the prophet Isaiah who said that. You will have to persuade the prophet Isaiah to recall his words.' As the President did not see his way clear to reach the prophet Isaiah, he was obliged to close the session, without any attempt to vindicate the honor of the government.

"It so happened that Sigismundo Moret, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was selected, being an able speaker, to answer this attack upon the reigning sovereign. Having seen an account of the whole occurrence in the papers, I was vexed at the misuse to which the words of Scripture had been put, and sent a note up to Minister Moret during the session of Parliament, stating that he would probably be interested to know that the prophet Isaiah had never said those words. On the contrary, he had said in praise of reigning women: 'Queens shall be thy nursing mothers.' To be sure, he would also find the quotation, 'Wo to thee, O land, when thy king is a child," but not in Isaiah, rather in Ecclesiastes 10:16; but he had better ask the Carlists to read this chapter through, for the last verse of the same commands us to 'curse not the king, no not in thy thought . . .' Senor Moret immediately sent me a note of thanks for the information. I had nearly forgotten the whole matter, when a messenger from the minister arrived with a letter and insisted that I be called to answer it. Much astonished I opened the letter. It stated that the Bible had been brought into the session of parliament—undoubtedly the first time it had ever been in evidence there—and the passage in Isaiah duly looked up. But the second Scripture quotation they had been unable to find. Almost afraid that I had made a mistake I looked again, but then in Ecclesiastes 10 were the quoted words, all right. Suddenly it occurred to me that the Catholic Bible has an apocryphal book called Sirach Ecclesiastica. In this book the searchers had sought the verse, of course in vain. Promptly securing a Catholic version of the Bible, I placed a large book-mark with the Spanish inscription 'Search the Scriptures' at the 10th chapter of Ecclesiastes, at the same time adding the suggestion that Senor Moret might use verse 14, 'A fool also is full of words,' to characterise Mella's long speech.

On the following day Moreth accused his opponent in no measured terms of misquoting the Bible to further his schemes. The prophet Isaiah had praised queens, and as to the other quotation, Mella could not have known anything about that chapter which ends with the words, 'Curse not the king.' The applause was loud and long, the whole chamber being well-nigh paralyzed with astonishment at the knowledge of Scripture which their Prime Minister possessed."

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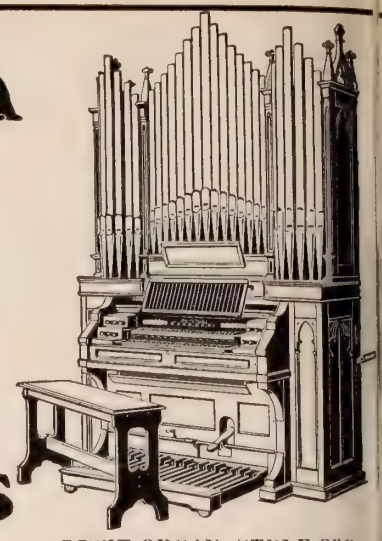

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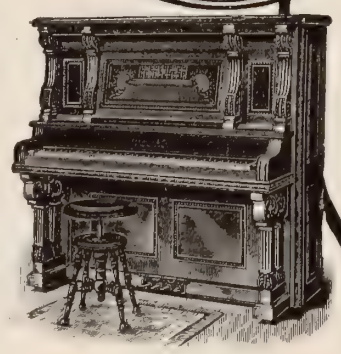

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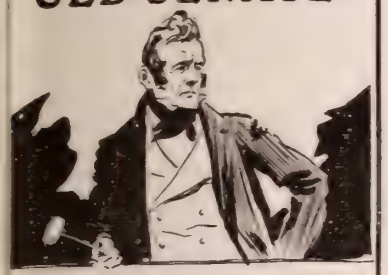

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From the News, Waverly, Ohio.

Mr. Eli Potts is a well-known citizen of Waverly, Ohio, having been in business there for fourteen years. He is a veteran of the Mexican war, in which he served with Company H, of the Fourteenth Tennessee regiment. At the age of 76 he bears the respect of all who know him, and the following experience, related by him, is raised beyond all doubt by the high character of the narrator. He says:

"*About seven years ago a disease fastened upon me which, as it developed, proved to be locomotor ataxia. I became very nervous, could not walk without having dizzy spells, and did not sleep well. As the disease advanced I lost control of my muscles and could only walk a short distance. I could not control the direction of my steps and was always afraid of falling.*

"*This continued until the fall of 1897 when there was a breaking down of my entire system. My stomach was in bad condition and I suffered greatly with kidney trouble caused by being thrown out of a buggy.*

"*About two years ago I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People advertised in a Cincinnati paper. The case in question was similar to mine and I gave the pills a trial. Very soon after I began taking them I experienced relief, and, as the improvement continued, I took the pills regularly. Gradually the control of the muscles was restored and my general health improved. The dizzy feeling left me and has never returned. From my own experience I know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great remedy and I am pleased to recommend them to any one who suffers as I did.*"

(*Signed*) ELI POTTS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of November, 1900.

[*Seal*] W. R. A. HAYS, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SABBATH

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a Methodist pastor of Pennsylvania, sends this timely incident:

Among all the good traits of "The Good Queen of England," I think the decided stand she took at the very beginning of her reign for the strict observance of the Sabbath reflects great credit on her, especially when we remember what was the low state of morals in court circles at the time of her accession. Early in her reign, one Saturday night, the Prime Minister (I believe it was Lord Melbourne) arrived at Windsor, and sent an urgent request to her Majesty for an audience as early as possible on Sunday morning on "important state business." The Queen sent her regrets that she could not see him that night, as she had already retired, but said she hoped to see him at the eleven o'clock service in St. George's Chapel, and would like the pleasure of his company to luncheon afterward. Early Sunday morning she sent a message to the preacher of the morning, requesting him to preach a "good, strong sermon on the necessity for Sabbath observance." The cabinet minister went to church. Her Majesty was there, and at the close of the service they met. During the lunch she asked his opinion of the sermon. He had not much to say about it. Later, his lordship was invited to dine with the Queen. Nothing whatever was said of the "very urgent business." When bidding him good night, her Majesty said: "I can give your lordship an audience as early tomorrow morning as you please. What hour shall it be? Five or six o'clock?" "Oh, thank your Majesty, but I would not think of disturbing you at such an unseemly hour. Nine o'clock will do." That was the last time that Queen Victoria was requested to attend to "important state affairs" on Sunday. This was told to my father and mother and heard by myself, then about eight years old. It was told us by one of the sons of our vicar, who was also his father's chief curate, and a very frequent caller on my father. The vicar himself was a dignitary of St. Paul's Cathedral. Yours very cordially,

(Rev.) RICHARD HIORNS.

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A NORTH DAKOTA BLIZZARD

[A blinding blizzard is something dreadful; but when the storm has spent itself, and the new day dawns clear and bright, and the elements are at rest. Then the contrast of peace that reigns around may remind one of that calm that fell over the turbulent Sea of Galilee, when our Lord said: "Peace, be still."]

DARKENING, advancing, on the window-panes dancing,
Smiling, beguiling the traveler 'tis true;
Covering and hovering and filling and chilling
And biting and smiting the long hours through.

Now hitting and splitting and wetting and fretting,
Confusing, abusing, and using us ill;
Now hurrying and scurrying and blistering and flurrying
And filling the air with a rheumatic chill.

Confounding and wounding, 'round gables resounding,
And stuffing our garments with death-dealing snow,
And whisking and frisking, carousing, arousing,
The home-seeking wand'rer to effort, though slow.

Now scowling and howling, around the house prowling,
And grieving and leaving no mark on the trail;
Now frighting and blighting all cause for delighting,
If so be our loved ones are out in the gale.

Confining, repining, belating, berating,—
We've safely arrived with our clothes full of snow.—
Now curling and whirling and blustering and twirling;
We work for the Master where fierce blizzards blow.

Cooperstown, N. Dak. HENRY A. BEMIS.

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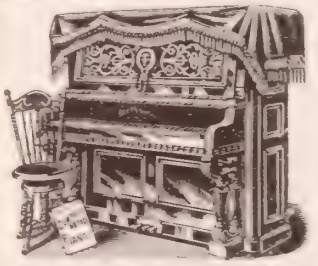

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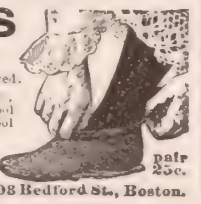

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A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

A Judge Who Condemned the Prisoner Whom He Declared Innocent

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

As a Jew, Jesus was under law to the high priest, and must stand before a priestly tribunal; but no sin against the law of God could be proved against him. "Though they found no cause of death in him, yet asked they of Pilate that he should be slain" (Acts 13: 28, R. V.) Did he not, by his very silence under unjust condemnation, stop the mouths of the condemning priests, and bring them under the judgment of God?

But not only the priesthood, the world-rulers also must have their mouths stopped. "The whole company"—"the chief priests, with the elders and scribes and the whole council, held a consultation, and bound Jesus and carried him away (Mark 15: 1), and brought him before Pilate" (Luke 23: 1).

Oh, the subtilty, the crookedness, of human nature! Before the priestly tribunal, Christ was accused of blasphemy; before the secular tribunal, of high treason, by the same parties, who shifted their accusation to suit the ears of the hearers. Pilate, heathen though he was, was more straightforward than these men who made their boast in the law (Rom. 2: 23) while they were flagrantly breaking the ninth commandment: he asked of Jesus, "Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee? And he gave him no answer, not even to one word, insomuch that the governor marveled greatly" (Matt. 27: 12–14, R. V.) The tide of accusation rose. Pilate said, "I find no fault in this man. But they were the more urgent, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Judea, beginning from Galilee even unto this place" (Luke 23: 4, 5). How ready is one whose conscience is not at ease, and who finds himself in an embarrassing position, to catch at any straw by which he may shift his responsibility to another! Pilate, finding his perplexing prisoner belonged to Herod's jurisdiction, and that Herod was then in Jerusalem, "sent him unto Herod" (Luke 23: 7).

Herod was not likely to do justice to Jesus. His own conscience was guilty, and yet he hoped to gratify his carnal curiosity by seeing some miracle done by Jesus. And "he questioned him in many words." But the man who had shut the mouth of John the Baptist had forfeited the right to hear Jesus.

Thus Jesus, unresisting but unconquered, still with no cause of death established against him, having, by his silence, silenced the high priest and Herod, was sent back to Pilate arrayed in a gorgeous robe. Are we learning our lesson, as we trace this history of the sufferings and shame of our Lord for our sakes? Do we see ourselves in his person receiving what is due to us? And do we, under insults and injustice, learn "for conscience toward God" to endure griefs, "suffering wrongfully," because that is "grace" in the sight of God? (1. Peter 2: 19, R. V., marg.) Do we acknowledge that the injustice which he endured is our just due, and do we therefore welcome injustice as no strange thing, but as a simple partakership of his sufferings (1. Peter 4: 12)? If not, we are taking advantage of his wondrous grace in identifying himself with us to bear our sin, without identifying ourselves with him to share his life and spirit. Only if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him (II. Tim. 2: 12).

Three times Pilate declared that Jesus was innocent (Luke 23: 4, 14, 22), but when he spoke of releasing him his accusers "were instant with loud voices asking that he might be crucified. And their voices prevailed" (ver. 23). A generation which was capable of casting out from among them one whose life was spotless, whose words and deeds were a perfect fulfilment of their own inspired Scriptures, and who answered to the Messiah of the Scriptures, were also capable of demoralizing the heathen governors who had power over them. Pilate, instead of being helped and raised by contact with men who knew the truth of the Old Testament, but who held it down in unrighteousness (Rom. 1: 18), became a worse man instead of a better, by his intercourse with them.

The demoralization of both Pilate and the priests reached a climax when the former, who had been wont to relax justice in releasing some prisoner at the Passover, now, to curry favor with the people, offered them the choice whether Barabbas, a thief and murderer, or whether Jesus, who went about doing good and healing, should be released unto them. To help him in his decision, God had so ordered it that his wife should send to him saying she had had a dream, and that he should have nothing to do with that just Man (Matt. 27: 19). But fear for his popularity overruled every other consideration. He might wash his hands and say, "I am innocent;" but his deeds gave the lie to his words. He was guilty of the blood of the Son of God, who "suffered under Pontius Pilate" The people took the responsibility. "His blood be on us and on our children." An awful admission! And God judged both them and Pilate guilty. Thus Jesus our Lord was condemned.

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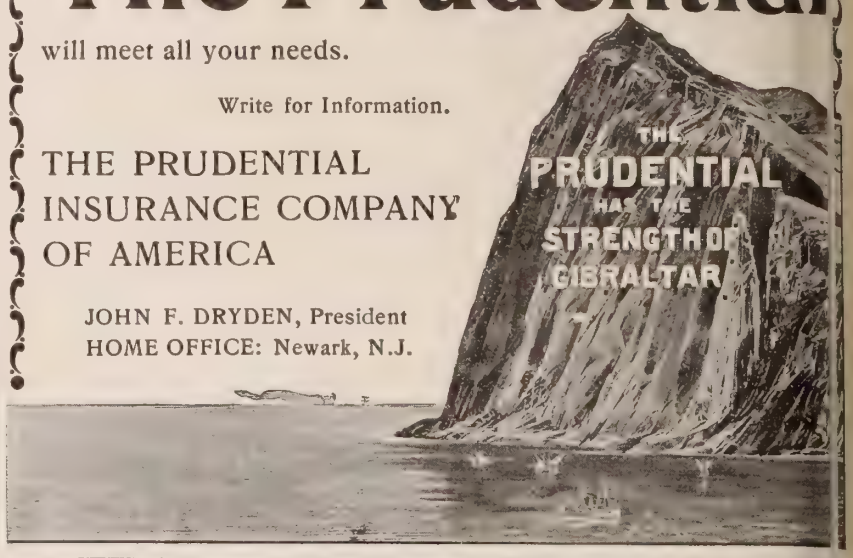

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LIGHTING THE WILDERNESS...

Iges from the Journal of a Veteran ssionary Founder of Over Four ndred Sunday Schools

It has occurred to me that your readers might feel an interest in a leaf or two from my journal, illustrative of our pioneer Sunday School work. With a prer for God's guidance, I started forth one mcing. Calling from house to house, I lea ed, when about three miles from town, tha none of the people of that section attered Sunday School or any religious ser- vic "Why don't you go to the village?" sai I. "We are too poor," was the reply. "W are just beginning on our farms and ha n't clothes sufficient." A mother said, "Ty are too tony in town for us. You sta a Sunday School here and we will all at- ten If we haven't hats we can pull a shawl ev our heads, and the children will go bare- foo' So a meeting was called, and with son misgiving on my part a Sunday School org ized. A man offered to clear out his bla smith shop so we might hold school.

Abut two years afterward, a storm drove me or shelter into a shop by the wayside. So a man stepped toward me saying, "Did you ever hear what came of that Sunday Scbol you started over in our neighborhod?" "Nothing special, only that it was kept alive," I replied. "Well, I wanted to see you and tell you about it. It made a great nare in our community and in my own hot. In the autumn our little daughter was tak with diphtheria, and from the first she sai she knew she would die, and she was rea to go. She said, 'I have learned about Jes in the Sunday School, and to love him, and know he will take me where he is. I mu write to my grandpa and grandma and tell hem about it.' Propped up in bed, she wro telling them of the Saviour she had fou , and urging them, as only a loving little girl an plead, to get ready to meet her in hean. A few weeks ago an uncle came fro that home in New York, and told us of the reat change little Mary's letter made in the home. 'Before the letter came,' said he, I d never heard a prayer in that home No we have all learned to pray.'"

Of the over four hundred Sunday Schools Go has used me in organizing, I know of nor where the light has died out. It may hav become dimmed for a time, or the locali may have changed; but with increasing brightness it still shines on. I have organzed Sunday Schools in church buildings, in sch l houses, in private houses, in dance hal in depot buildings, in blacksmith shops, in l cabins, in lumber camps, in the "men's shay," in big saw-mills, in the grand old woos, in sod-houses, in "dugouts," and in orae groves. When canvassing west Michgan hunting for destitute districts, I was told of a settlement where, if I ventured, I wou surely be abused and perhaps killed.

As I started on the road, I met a man who again warned me that I would have trouble. Said he, "The first house you come to you better shun, the occupant is dangerous."

So I trudged on eight miles through the tall mber, when I came to a "clearing" and saw two men with a yoke of oxen making "log heaps." As I approached them I saw a spa lever, and taking it, began lifting with the en, and rolling up the logs.

"Don't do this," said one. "You will spoil your clothes." "Never mind," said I, "you are getting a fine field here." "But you will get ll blacked up." "Well," said I, "you can laugh at me. You will be as black as I." So he said, "Come, now; sit down here on this log, and tell me your errand."

"Well," said I, "I didn't know but that if I cou give you a good lift on these logs this afternoon you would give me a lift to-morrow afternoon, in organizing a Sunday School."

"Ah!" said he, slowly, "somebody has told you of me. You have managed well! They think I am opposed to Sunday Schools; but I am not. I have sense enough to know we coun't have anything better come to our settlement. A hot-headed man came over here and tried to run things, and we gave him to understand we had no use for him. You go ahead, and I will give more toward the Sunday School than any other man."

I passing his house, I noticed a beautiful little girl playing in the yard, and calling her, I sd: "I want you to tell all your little friends that we are going to have a Sunday Scbol meeting at your school house to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock." "Oh, my!" she cried, "I'm so glad. I was out to my grandma's last summer, and went to Sunday Scbol. I feared we would never have one here. I will go and tell Cora McNitt and all the girls. Ma will let me; I know she will." And in she ran. Soon she came calling after me, saying, "Ma said I might go." And so she went bounding on, like a young deer over the hills six miles to tell the people.

The American Sunday School Union is stretching those wires which come from the Great Throne, by the way of Calvary's Cross, to every village and hamlet in America.

Clear Springs, Mich. C. C. BICKNELL.

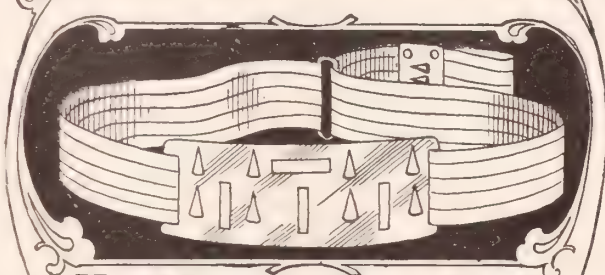
TAILOR-MADE SUITS-WRAPPERS-CHAIRS-TEA SETS

AND 100 OTHER VALUABLE PREMIUMS ALL FREE

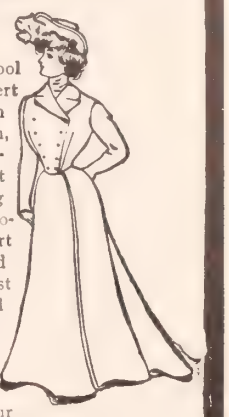
Oak Chair

This chair is of solid oak (not stained) with a highly polished antique finish, handsomely carved and turned, and an embossed leather (cobbler's) seat. It is large and very strong, will last a lifetime, and is well worth $5.00 of anybody's money. Order one quick and let us prove our statement.

FREE for Selling 1 Dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters



LADIES' TAILOR MADE SUIT



of fine all-wool Venitian or Covert Cloth. Comes in black, blue, brown, tan, mode and oxford colors. Jacket all lined, including sleeves, with romaine silk. Skirt lined with good Percaline, latest style cut, and up-to-date in every particular. Samples of goods furnished, and our circular, showing other suits, jackets etc., on application.

We make these suits to order, and offer them as a premium, for selling only four dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters at 35 cents each. It is easy to earn, and worth as much at retail as we get for the supporters.

No Money Required

These handsome and useful premiums given ABSOLUTELY FREE to you for introducing to your friends our great **"HOLD FAST"** Waist and Skirt Supporter which is the only *automatic* supporter yet invented. *Requires no sewing on* of hooks, buttons or anything else. All that is necessary is to put the Supporter on and it "does the rest."

It is what everybody is looking for. Every lady and girl in the land needs one. Every Supporter sold brings two more customers. They only cost **35 cents,** so are within the reach of everybody.

We do not ask you to invest one cent of your money. If you would like to get one or more of our handsome premiums for using a few moments of your time in our interest, all that is necessary to do is to write, saying you would like to earn a premium. We will then send you, charges paid, the Supporters. When you have sold them you send us the money and obtain your premium *which we send to you freight charges prepaid anywhere in the United States. So, from first to last, you do not invest a penny of your own money.*

You take no risk. We trust you with our goods and take back what you can't sell. We have premiums for selling one-half dozen up to one gross. We send a large premium list with first lot, containing 100 offers, all useful as well as ornamental; and we wish you especially to note that when you have earned the premium it is sent to you *prepaid*, if you live in the U. S., so you are actually out only your time. Such an offer has never been made before.

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Note—If you would like to see our Supporter before ordering a quantity, we will send you one, postage paid, on receipt of 35 cents in stamps.

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Made of fine French Percale in all shades. The yoke, Bishop sleeves and skirt trimmed with fine Percale, edged with two rows of white Soutache braid—a handsome and dressy garment—and you get it free, if you use a few minutes of your time in selling for us only one dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters at 35c. each

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THE HOLD FAST SKIRT SUPPORTER IS THE SUCCESS OF THE CENTURY

32 - Piece Tea Set

Consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, Tea Pot and Lid, Sugar and Lid, 2 Bread Plates, 6 Sauce Dishes, Cream Pitcher, Slop Bowl; total, 32 pieces.

Handsomely decorated as shown above. The value of this offer is apparent to all well posted merchants and makes it unnecessary for us to say anything further, except that:

FREE for Selling 2 Dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters

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An Illinois farmer said that after harvest he had fully 200 bushels of loose oats on the ground that he could not secure any benefit from, because the fence around the field would not turn hogs. Figure the loss for yourself. He also said, all this would have been saved if he had used the Kitselman Woven Wire **Coiled Spring Fence,** and the value would have gone a long ways towards paying cost of the fence.

With the **Duplex Machine** any farmer can make it himself at the actual cost of the wire. Catalogue free for the asking.

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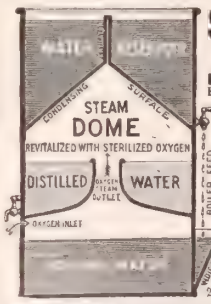
Box D54. **Muncie, Ind.**



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Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

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BUYING SEEDS

is a more important matter than many people realize, because if they do not turn out as represented, the purchasers have lost an entire year before they can remedy the fault. It is therefore absolutely necessary that seeds should be purchased of a thoroughly reliable house, and best of all, of one where the seeds have been tested.

We celebrate this season our Twenty-fifth Year in Business. In that period we have introduced many of the most popular novelties in the Seed Trade, our trial grounds at Fordhook Farms, enabling us to thoroughly test all seeds, so that when they leave our warehouse they are guaranteed, earning for us the reputation that

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW

A CORNER IN THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT OF W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA

For 25 Cent

"EIGHT ELEGANT" NEW SWEET PEAS

This extra "QUARTER CE TURY" Collection contains o full-size packet each of t **Eckford's Blanche Burpee, Duke of Westminster, Hon. F. Bouverie,—La Mary Currie,—Burpee's Ne Countess,—Prince of Wale Prince Edward of York,** and a large packet of the char ing new **Fordhook Fanc Flaked Sweet Peas.** Wi each collection we enclose o NEW LEAFLET on the cultu of Sweet Peas,—so rightly styl **America's Favorite, Fragra and Fashionable Flower.**

Special Quarter-Century Offer

FOR ONE DOLLAR

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32 PACKETS---YOUR OWN CHOICE

which you may select from the list printed below *(15 packets for 50 Cents):*

VEGETABLE SEEDS.

Asparagus Barr's Mammoth.
Beet—Edmand's Early.
Burpee's Blood Turnip.
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Danish Ballhead.
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Carrot Oxheart.
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Celery Giant Pascal.
White Plume.
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Cucumber—Fordhook Pickling.
Extra Early Green Prolific.
Fordhook White Spine.
Egg Plant—Fordhook Spineless.
Lettuce Big Boston.
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California Cream-Butter.
The Deacon.
Dwarf White Heart Cos.
Musk Melon Burpee's Famous Netted Gem, or Rocky Ford.
Champion Market (Burpee's).
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Paul Rose.
Watermelon—Fordhook Early.
Kleckley Sweets (Burpee's).
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Parsley—Extra Curled Dwarf.
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Pepper Burpee's Ruby King.
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Best Yellow Globe Danvers.
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New Earliest White (Burpee's).
White Chinese Winter (Celestial).
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Long White Vienna.
New Long Cardinal.
Large White Globe.
Salsify Sandwich I. Mammoth.
Spinach—Victoria (Burpee's).
Squash—Mammoth White Bush.
Golden Summer Crookneck.
Fordhook (Burpee's).
Chicago Warted Hubbard.
Tomato—Fordhook First.
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Trucker's Favorite.
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Matchless (Burpee's).
Turnip—Purple-Top Milan.
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Purple-Top Strap-Leaf.
Ruta Baga Burpee's Improved.
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Sweet Alyssum—Little Gem.
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Finest Mixed Comet Asters.
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Balsam Burpee's Defiance, Mixed
Bedding Begonias—Special Mixture.
Calendula—Double, Mixed.
Calliopsis—Mixed.
Canary-Bird Flower.
Candytuft—Giant Hyacinth-flowered.
Celosia—Feathered Varieties.
Carnation—Dwarf Marguerite.
Centaurea—New Double, Mixed.
Chrysanthemum—Annual, Mixed
Cockscomb—Dwarf, Mixed.
Coleus—Choice Mixed.
Cosmos—Burpee's Mammoth Fancy.
New Early Blooming, Mixed.
Cypress Vine—Mixed.
Dianthus Laciniatus, New Hybrids
Chinensis, fl. pl., Re-selected.
New Dwarf Double Hybrids.
Eschscholtzia Golden West.
Gaillardia—Fine Mixed Single.
Picta Lorenziana.
Heliotrope—Choice Mixed.
Ipomœa—Fordhook Fine Mixed.
Marigold—Legion of Honor.
French Double Dwarf, Mixed.
African, Double Mixed.
Marvel of Peru—Tom Thumb, Mixed.
Mignonette—Pure Machet.
Fordhook Finest Mixed.
Moonflower—New Crossbred.
Morning Glories Tall, Mixed.
Imperial Japanese.
Dwarf, Mixed
Dwarf Nasturtiums—Liliput.
New French Chameleon.
Tom Thumb, Mixed.
Tom Thumb, Burpee's New Mixed.
Tall Nasturtiums—Sunlight.
Hybrids of Madame Gunter.
French Tall Chameleon.
Tall or Climbing, Mixed.
Lobb's Nasturtiums, Finest Mixed.
Fordhook Favorites, Mixed.
Pansy Imperial German.
Royal Prize, Mixed.
Burpee's Defiance, Giant-flowered.
President McKinley (Burpee's).
Petunia—Hybrida, Mixed.
Grandiflora, Mixed.
Phlox—Starred and Fringed.
Fordhook Strain of Grandiflora.
Poppy—Fairy Blush.
Golden Gate (Burpee's).
Portulaca—Single, Mixed.
Double Rose-flowered, Mixed.
Ricinus Zanzibarensis.
Salvia—Splendens.
Stock—Globe Pyramidal, Mixed.
Sunflower—New Stella.
Chrysanthemum-flowered.
Sweet Peas—Any one of the finest forty.
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Mark the number of Packets of each variety you select, cut out this offer send it to us with **One Dollar,** and we will send you promptly **32** varieties of the best seeds that grow.

FOR FIFTY CENTS

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EIGHT EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

This collection is not made up of **"Cheap Roses,"** grown cheaply and sold cheaply, embraces **EIGHT NEW AND CHOICE Ever-Blooming Roses,** all good, strong pla and separately the varieties are sold at the prices quoted.

These choice varieties were carefully chosen and *grown in large quantities especially for this o*

95 CENTS' WORTH *for* ONLY 50 CENT

This collection offers an opportunity to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to secure a numbe the very finest Roses at very small expense. We will mail one good strong plant of each variety of **EIGHT ELEGANT ROSES** described below for 50 cents.

BURBANK. This grand rose, introduced by us, is the hardiest and r free-flowering rose for outdoor culture ever offered. It originated MR. LUTHER BURBANK, to whom we paid $500.00 for the entire st The plant is of strong vigorous growth, with rich dark-g foliage, branching freely, of compact rounded bush h and wonderfully free flowering. A bed of this variet FORDHOOK is in constant bloom from early in the sum until the flowers are cut off by severe freezing, witl any protection whatever. Flowers are three inche diameter, very double, and of a deep glowing rose-p shading to silvery rose in center. *See illustration.* cts. each.

PAPA GONTIER. Strong vigorous growth, and ducing large, finely pointed buds of bright cheery-r one of the best for pot-culture or for cut-flowers, an the finest tea fragrance. 15 cts. each.

MOSELLA. This is similar in growth and flowe *Clotilde Soupert*, but differs in color, as the cente the flower is richly shaded with apricot-yellow. flowers are not so double as those of Soupert, make finer buds and more profuse bloom. 10 cts. e

QUEEN'S SCARLET. Strong vigorous growth, dark-green foliage. Flowers bright scarlet, shading ligh in the center. 10 cts. each.

KAISERIN AUGUSTA VICTORIA. The finest w rose for summer flowering; large pointed buds of pu snow whiteness, strongly y fragrant. 15 cts. each.

MAMAN COCHET. The best pink tea rose for summer bedd The flowers are silvery rose, shaded with mauve and yellow. 10

CLOTILDE SOUPERT. Dwarf compact bush growth and prol bloomer. Large and finely double flowers, pearly white, with rose-pink cen

BRIDESMAID. Grand, large finely formed buds of a deep, rose-pink, duced freely on long stems. A popular favorite. 10 cts. each; 3 for 25 cts.

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 11

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1901

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS

See page 232

A "SLUM SOCIAL" IN AN EAST-SIDE TENEMENT IN LOWER NEW YORK

THIS IS A NOVEL PHASE OF SOCIAL WORK LATELY INAUGURATED BY CHRISTIAN WOMEN FOR CHEERING THE HOMES OF POVERTY

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department,

Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, N. Y.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered April 10

1. What is the best method of rousing indifferent church members, whom preaching does not seem to reach?
2. To what extent must we regard the description of the heavenly city, with golden streets and foundations of jewels, which John gives in Revelation, as figurative?
3. Can a Christian realize the preciousness of his relation to Christ or receive the full measure of blessing, if he does not openly confess his Master before men?
4. Is practical politics, as a profession, inconsistent with a sincere Christian life; and, if so, why?
5. Does conscience ever approve anything that is wrong? If so, how can it be the "Voice of God in the soul?"

Questions of the Week

1. What is the duty of a church towards some of its members who habitually, constantly, and for a long time neglect their church duties, but who do not live in open sin?

Away back in the Galilean days, a little church was founded, and although there was one member so unworthy that the world looks to-day upon his character with appalling amazement that such a member could find existence within its holy influence, still he was permitted to be of that little company to the last. What unspeakable patience, what tender compassion and forgiveness permitted him to stay! Still there must have been some redeeming spot in that heart, some softening of that hard nature, or remorse could not have been so great as to lead to his tragical end. With this example of forbearance and long-suffering before us, must mortal man, who is striving to follow in the footsteps of the Master, become a harsher judge, and expel from the Church of Christ a member who has grown careless and is constantly neglecting his duties? Rather let a few members decide upon a certain hour each day, to carry his case to the throne of grace, and let a member who is congenial to him—none other—talk with him about his carelessness, as brother to brother, and the rest may be safely left in the hands of an all-wise Heavenly Father. MRS. FRANCES A. GRAY.

. . .

Such members need not be treated as energetically and sternly as those who bring sudden and awful shame on the church. Even if they are not spiritual, their morality should be respected. They do the church less harm than those who attend all the meetings, but who are no better on Monday, after the devotions of Sunday. Yet, people as described in your question, are a drag on any church. These members should not be dealt with quickly nor harshly. Be gentle with them for a time. Let the pastor see them, and invite and warn them. Show them their privileges and perils. In the General Rules of Methodism John Wesley writes thus: "It is expected of all who desire to continue in these societies (the class-meetings of the church) that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation by attending upon all the ordinances of God; such are: The public worship of God; the ministry of the Word, either read or expounded, etc. If there be any among us who observes them not, who habitually breaks any of them, let it be known unto them who watch over that soul as they who must give an account. We will admonish him of the error of his ways. We will bear with him for a season. But if then he repent not he hath no more place among us. We have delivered our own souls."

R. T. EDWARDS.

2. What is the cause or explanation of an "open winter," scientifically stated?

Bacon says: "An open and warm winter portendeth a hot and dry summer." An open winter means a mild winter, a winter in which the rivers and harbors are not locked up with ice, but open to navigation. Since the intense cold in the northern hemisphere contracts certain materials and covers the rivers with ice, thus closing them to navigation, in the absence of this intense cold we have what may well be called an "open winter." Open means unclosed, uncovered, hence the expressions open harbor, open door, "open winter."

G. H. ROGERS.

3. What is the difference between "piety" and "religion?"

Religion may be defined as the recognition of, and allegiance, in manner of life to a superhuman power, or superhuman powers, to whom allegiance and service are justly regarded as due. It is the knowledge of God, of his will, and our duty towards him. It is the communion between a worshipped object and a worshipping subject—the communion of man with what he believes a God. It is the recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience, that belief binding the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being on whom he is conscious that he is dependent. Piety is religion under the aspect of filial feeling and conduct, the former being the primary idea. It first expressed the feelings of a child toward a parent, and was hence used for that filial sentiment of veneration and love which we owe the Father of all. It is a filial duty as of children to parents, and hence, in its purest sense, a loving obedience and service to God as our Heavenly Father. People may adore and worship what they consider a Divine being, that is religion, but piety only asserts itself when they regard him as their Father.

CHARLES E. WORKMAN.

4. Does Eph. 5: 4 mean that humor, wit and innocent mirth are incompatible with a Christian life, or does the passage refer exclusively to humor of a degraded or reprehensible sort?

From the significance of the term and its relation to the terms used in the context, it is clear that the passage refers to humor of a low and debasing sort. It is associated in the text itself with *aischrotes*, rendered "filthiness," to which the ideas of baseness, dishonor, shame, may be properly add and *morologia*, rendered "foolish talking," to which we n appropriately add the ideas of silliness, stupidity, absurd wickedness and impiety. *More*, "fool" (Matt. 5: 22), signi a wicked, impious man, a despiser of God. The word its *eutrapelia*, "jesting," carries with it also the idea of low ba ness, scurrility, buffoonery, impertinence, ribaldry. Such v the jesting which drew the reproof of the apostle—the that is allied to lewdness, and tending to develop basen of mind, heart and life. Certainly he did not intend to c demn that innocent pleasantry which lends such grace and to conversation, nor that proper play of humor, which i divine gift, and finds a place and use in the refreshment a invigoration of the spirit. There would have been no n understanding of the passage in the sensual and frivolo Ephesus of the apostle's day. B. F. WHITTEMORE

5. Should Christians who have lost relatives or friends, w were undoubtedly saved, clothe themselves in black, see that the color is emblematic of gloom and despair, or sho purple or some other color be adopted?

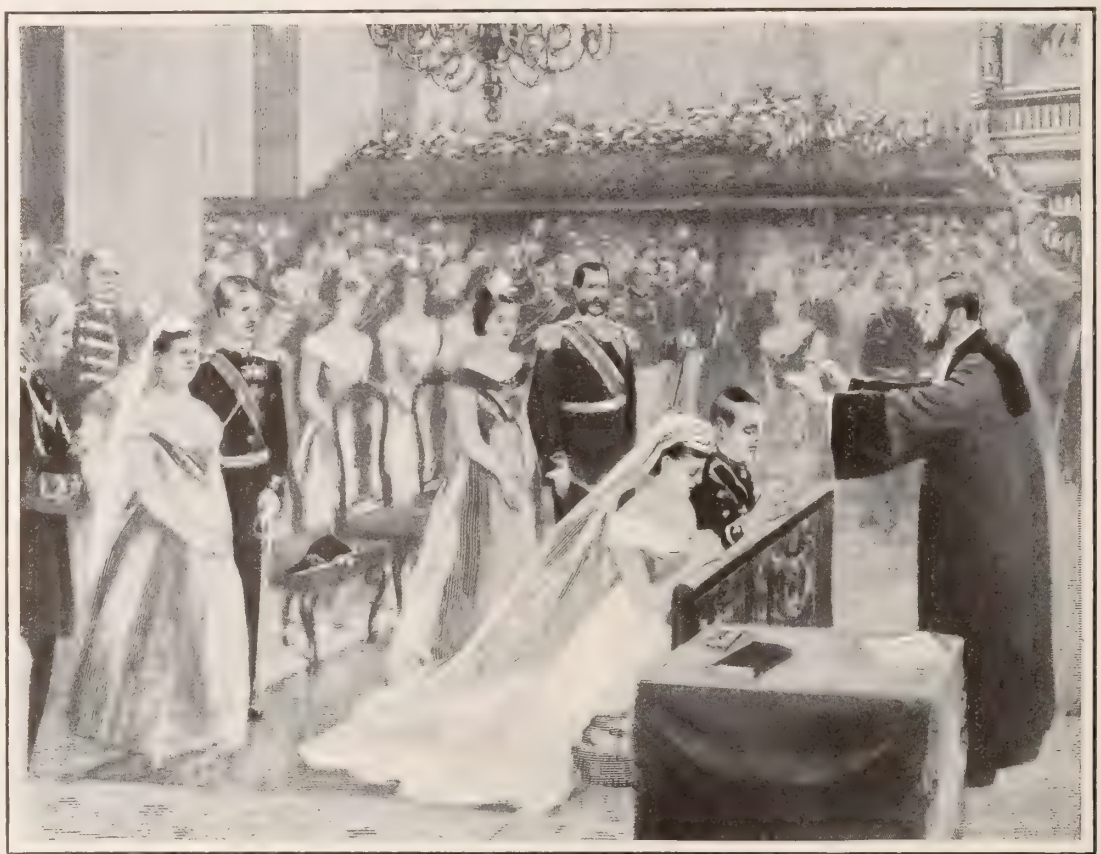
The wearing of black, or any other color, as a "badge mourning," should be discountenanced by Christians. use is purely conventional. Fashion decrees even the kin and grades that may be worn. There is nothing in t genius of Christianity which will warrant its use. The ho of the Christian is not earthly; "he has set his affection things above." Dying (so-called) is the fruition of his ho and faith. He sorrows "n as the rest, who have hope." Why should he, the clothe himself with the g ments of sorrow, and shad himself in the gloom of t grave? The departure of saint should rather be acco panied by a note of triump and the natural sorrow the temporary separation sweetly alleviated by t certainty of reunion bye a bye. Let the Christian foll in his brighter day Davi example (II. Sam. 12: 20).

CHARLES H. HARRISON.

. . .

Black is merely the visibl outward symbol of huma sorrow. It is the natural e pression of a grief, which n heart can repress, at the lo of some dear one. We ma feel assured of the eternal we fare of the departed, and i our own souls may take con fort for this reason; yet whe we glance at the vacant chai when we recall the lovin looks and the tender voice that one who will come to u no more in this world, we fee for a time at least, that th light has gone out of our ow lives, and that we are shrou ed in the darkness of wo Religion in the heart does no extinguish natural feeling. I is easy for those who hav never suffered a great bereave ment to advocate the aboli tion of black as a token o mourning. When the iro enters their own souls (le them pray it may not!) they will then feel their loss so in expressibly great that the whole world will seem one vast dark shroud. A sugges tion of white or color of any kind here, at such a time, they would feel to be a pro fanation. Presently, after the natural sorrow has spent it self, the sad heart is consoled with the assurance that "all is well" with the one who is gone. And this sweetly-sad assurance is one of the greatest comforts in after-life, whenever we think of our dead.

MARIA AYLMER.



THE MARRIAGE OF "THE PEACE QUEEN" WILHELMINA AND DUKE HENRY, IN AMSTERDAM

After the civil ceremony (which was performed in the "White Saloon" by the Minister of Justice) and the signing of the contract, the religious ceremony took place in the *Grote Kerke* (Dutch Reformed), in the presence of a most distinguished assemblage. Having taken the vows, the young couple knelt while Rev. Dr. Van der Flier, the pastor, pronounced a blessing. After the wedding, the young Queen and her husband left for the Castle of Loo, her favorite country home.

W. H. T., Thurso. 1. No. 2. Yes, if it is an errand of necessity or mercy.

Mrs. P. H., Amsterdam, N. Y. We think a more profitable gift might easily be selected.

Reader, Riveredge, N. J. 1. and 2. There is no mention of either in sacred or secular history. 3. We find no trace of it.

Subscriber, Ishpeming, Mich. 1. The average height of mankind (males only) is about 5 1-2 feet. 2. Write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., for the information.

J. P. F., Groton, Mass. The better way would be to explain your objection kindly and respectfully, and then, if that did not avail, seek other employment at the earliest opportunity.

Mrs. Mary W., New Haven, O. 1. The question as to the identity of Cain's wife is a very old one. There is no clue to a solution further than is afforded in the Scripture record. 2. It means simply that disobedience to God's laws brings destruction to both soul and body.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1901 — ADDRESS: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

CHILDREN AT PLAY — THE ARMENIAN OPERATOR IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT NAZARETH — YOUNG NAZARENES

THE NAZARETH OF TO-DAY

Modern Progress Invades the Little Galilean Town "Where Jesus was Brought up"

UNTOUCHED throughout the long centuries by the irreverent hand of modern progress, the East is at last yielding up its ancient forms and usages before the march of Western improvement. Already railroads and telegraphs thread the valleys and plains of Palestine, and modern hotels have sprung up in some of the oldest and most venerated places mentioned in sacred history. Across the ancient battlefields, where once the hosts of Israel, with "their chariots and their horsemen," contended with their enemies, the iron steed of civilization now goes puffing and snorting, with its car-loads of passengers, to the dismay of those natives who are not yet quite accustomed to the new order of things. From Damascus to Jerusalem is no longer a tedious caravan journey, for one can go comfortably by rail in a few hours. So rapidly is the network of shining rails extending, that soon the Holy Land will be a comparatively simple problem for the tourist in comparison with the days when the awkward camel-back was the popular style of travel.

Even Nazareth, the beautiful little village in the hill country, "where Jesus was brought up," has not escaped the modern invasion. As our photograph shows, Nazareth has now its telegraph office, where an Armenian operator, in ordinary European dress, keeps the village community in touch with the great world. In 1890, when the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD visited Nazareth, during his tour of the Holy Land, he handed to the operator the first cable message ever filed there for transmission to the United States. The operator hesitated, and declined to receive it. After telegraphing to Beyrout, however, to ascertain the rate, he sent the message, which speeding from the little curtained office in Nazareth, clicked its way to its destination in New York.

Dr. N. K. Jamal, a native of Palestine, now in this country, but who has lately revisited his own land, has furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this interesting description of Nazareth as it is to-day:

"We hear nothing of our Lord's earthly career after that wonderful display of divine wisdom and knowledge in the temple at Jerusalem at the age of twelve, where he was found by his anxious and distressed parents, after three days' diligent search amongst the company, sitting with the doctors and counsellors, both asking and answering them questions, until the time when he began his public ministry, at the age of thirty, but it is safe to presume that he lived in Nazareth with his parents during all that period, even ever since their return from Egypt.

"It is not unlikely that he went up to Jerusalem with his parents once every year for the Passover. Nazareth, therefore, is the only town in the Holy Land that can lay claim to the honor of having been the earthly home of our Lord. Here it was where the 'child waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him.' Thither he returned with his parents, and was 'obedient unto them' in everything.

"As the town is approached from the south, it presents a very pretty sight, nestled along the brow and slope of a hill, facing directly east, and the spotless white buildings looking refreshingly picturesque. The quaint, odd-looking dwellings with their flat roofs are here and there interspersed with red-tiled slanting-roofed buildings—the tiles fresh from the factories of Marseilles, France. As Oriental cities go, Nazareth is remarkably clean and healthy; in fact all who visit the town are loud in their praises on that score.

"During harvest time, between June and August, the first sight that meets the eyes of whoever enters the town from the south is a great threshing-floor. This is a perfectly level twenty-acre piece of ground, where the newly-reaped crops of wheat, barley and lentils are gathered in sheaves and piled in separate heaps, each being of larger or smaller proportions according as it represents an individual farmer's harvest returns for the season. As the heaps stand thus, they are ready for threshing, which process is performed by leveling off the borders of the pile to a depth of one foot and a width of five to six feet. Then horses, asses or mules are driven or ridden, singly or in pairs, round and round the heap, grinding and trampling underfoot the grain out of the ears and the stalks into chaff until the heap is thoroughly threshed. It is then gathered up and removed separately, and another part of the heap is leveled off for the threshing process. This is kept up until all the heap is done, when the newly-threshed pile is fit for winnowing. This work is very tedious, as in fact are all the various departments of field labor in Palestine, for the farmers are destitute of every vestige of machinery or labor-saving apparatus that are used by more fortunate peoples. In spring, the threshing-floors afford unsurpassed facilities for camping, on account of their being securely sheltered from all winds by the surrounding hills and elevations. Anybody who has experienced the hardships of camp-life during wind and storm will appreciate a sheltered spot.

ORPHANAGE HILL, NAZARETH, PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL

A very conspicuous building in Nazareth is the English Orphanage, which was erected under the auspices of the Female Educational Society in England in 1875, and conducted by that society until 1899, when it was turned over to the management of the Church Missionary Society. This school provides for the spiritual and temporal education of poor orphan girls from Nazareth and its vicinity, and affords a home for them. These eighty to one hundred girls are taught English and Arabic, grammar, reading and writing, arithmetic, geography, history, housekeeping, sewing and fine needle-work. Pains are taken to give them a thorough Biblical education and to bring them up on strictly Christian lines. The staff of teachers includes five English ladies and six native assistants.

"Perhaps the common belief, among most of your American readers, is that snow never falls in the Holy Land. This, however, is not the case, as one of these photographs proves. The winters are occasionally quite severe in Palestine, and heavy snow-storms are nothing unusual in the elevated parts of the country. The brow of the hill on which stands the Nazareth Orphanage is nearly 1,700 feet above sea-level.

"A number of columns, tablets, inscriptions, etc., supposed to be of Saracenic origin, have been excavated recently from an old ruin on the top of Mt. Tabor, six or seven miles due east of Nazareth. The ruin is believed to be the remains of what was once a Crusader church, of the twelfth century. It may have been built over the site of a Saracenic Mosque, which would account for the presence of these antiquities.

"Ten miles north of Nazareth are the time-honored 'Horns of Hattin,' noted in Bible history and otherwise known as the Mount of Beatitudes; there it was where our Lord delivered his famous 'Sermon on the Mount.' The plain at the foot of the ridge is marked out in history as having been the scene of one of the bloodiest conflicts ever fought between the devotees of the Cross on one side and those of the Crescent on the other. Here the gallant Richard, 'the Lion-hearted,' at the head of the Crusaders, met and received a crushing and final defeat at the hands of Saladin. In the foreground, serenely and peacefully ensconsed among its groves of fig-trees, olive-trees and pomegranates, lies the old village of Cana of Galilee, the scene of the first of our Lord's miracles on record, while in the distant background can be faintly outlined and defined the Sea of Galilee."

Such are some of the more interesting points in and around Nazareth.

On Sabbath evenings, the bells of Christian churches ring out, clear and sweet upon the air. Next to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, no spot in Palestine holds more attractions for the tourist. Its streets are clean and inviting, more than four-fifths of its people are Christians. Its women are among the fairest in the East.

When the Rev. Dr. Talmage and Dr. Klopsch visited Nazareth in the spring of 1890, one of the first sights they witnessed was a carpenter shop in full operation. It was in just such a place, and amid similar surroundings, that the boy Jesus must have passed many hours in the intervals of school, watching his father, Joseph, as the latter drove the plane or the saw at the long wooden bench. As a child, he probably roamed the hillsides, listening to the strains of the native birds—the hoopoe, the sun-bird, and the lark—or gleefully running after the richly-colored butterflies that abound there. In white tunic, and with head and feet bared to the soft sunshine, he may have roved, with other little mountaineers of the village, where the flowers and berries grow in the verduous spots along the hillsides, or down by the brook in the valley, when women and maidens went to fetch water in tall jars for use in the home. Then, as now, flocks of sheep dotted the plains below, and these, doubtless, produced an impression upon the mind of the Divine Child that made itself felt in after years, as did all else that he saw and k during those youthful days at Nazareth.

As Jesus grew older, he doubtless went with other children to the village scl and listened heedfull the admonitions of *hazan* or teacher. agination pictures going with his parent the synagogue, where Mondays, Thursdays the Sabbath, when Law was expounded, can see him listeni with fixed and serious tention, to the recita the wonderful stories David and Solomon, Isaac and Samuel. A we see him wander thoughtfully among rocky eminences, blo ing in summer. and g and bleak in the wi season, with a vast magnificent panora spread out below. his youth was not sp in idleness or dependen for while he was a d student of the Word of the works of his Fat above, as seen in natu he was also industric While he learned, as may well believe, the H brew, the Greek and Aramaic tongues at schools, he was also quiring the trade of a c penter in Joseph's wo shop. We can see h as a young man following this humble occupat and going, as occasion demanded, into the hon of the village, whenever such labor was need In all parts of Syria to-day there are to be se carpenter-shops such as that of Joseph mig have been and probably was. There are s eral in Nazareth, and it was in just such place that the Divine Workman—the Lord Life and Glory—forever sealed the dignity labor by toiling with his own hands.

At the time of Christ's earthly sojourn, Na reth was a small village, and its people rude a uncultured. The village has grown into a co siderable city of some 8,000 inhabitants, one-h Moslem, the remainder about equally divid among various sects of Christians. Many tra tions connected with the boyhood of Jesus a related to travelers who visit the place.

THE VICTORIA ORPHANAGE

ANCIENT SARACENIC MONUMENTS AT NAZARETH

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE SOCIAL

A New Departure in Slum Wor

SEE PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE

A NOVEL feature in slum work was recently inaugurated in New York City, when Mrs. Conolly, scrub-woman, living in a room on the top floor of one of the most wretched tenements on Gouverneur street, was hostess to a company composed of ladies in silks and satins, who passed neighborly compliments with washerwomen, seamstresses, and other humble toilers of the East Side. For people of the tenements to be entertained at teas and musicales in church or settlement parlors, or in the homes of wealthly philanthropists, is no new thing, but for the rich and the cultured to be the guests of the tenement dwellers at similar functions is, as far as the knowledge of the writer goes, a decided innovation. Mrs. Conolly's tea—the first of its kind—was held under the auspices of the Gospel Settlement, and at the suggestion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The object of the slum social is: 1. To bring the rich and poor, cultured and uncultured together in the homes of the poor, not limiting such reunions as heretofore to the habitats of the prosperous and refined. 2. To train the tenement dweller in hospitable offices, demonstrating at the same time that their exercise need not be attended by much cost. 3. To afford the poor an opportunity of returning in kind courtesies extended by prosperous friends. Some worthy tenement mothers have failed to avail themselves of Settlement privileges because pride withheld them from accepting so much where they could give nothing. The new movement promises to be one of the most successful experiments in social work. Wealthy visitors learn, as they could in no other way, the limitations and hardships of the poor, and tenement reforms must follow the extension of the custom. "How in the world do children and old people go up and down these steps without breaking their necks?" ask women in soft raiment, as they climb steep, rickety stairs and thread hallways, black as night and close as charnel-houses, to some fifth, sixth or seventh floor tenement room. On the other hand, tenement life will receive an impulse to better itself from forces within. The writer has visited the tenement on Gouverneur street, where the first slum social was held, many times, but never had she chanced to find entrance, stairs and hallways clean as on that occasion. All the tenement folk, knowing that Mrs. Conolly was going to have some "fine company," had turned in and helped, and from top to bottom the house had got o good scrubbing. The place was at its best, yet up-tow guests asked: "How can people live here?"

Mrs. Conolly made and poured the tea herself, a her neighbors and friends from the settlement help her to serve it and to hand around t cakes and crackers. Accommodatio were limited, so the uptown ladies h agreed among themselves that th would come and go as at a receptio and according as circumstances inc cated, not crowding out any of the po people. Halls and stairways of Stygia darkness were full of the rustle of sil and the murmur of cultivated voic mingled with the shuffle of heavy fe and sound of untutored speech. Goo Mrs. Conolly, on hospitable thoughi intent, was hurrying forward all th time, holding out her hard honest han to clasp another as roughened as h own, or to receive a soft gloved paln saying in her true hearty tones, an with a grace of which none need b ashamed:

"Welcome!"

Mrs. Bird was of course the guest be loved, and second only to her was Mrs Aery, famous in that vicinity for min istrations to poor folks.

"I wish," observed Mrs. Jacobs th sweatshop worker, "that the poor ol woman in 32 was up here."

"Why not send for her? Can go?" asked a lady who lives in a Fift avenue palace.

"It's no use. I've been. Her son' gone out and locked her inside. H has to. She's old and childish. Whe he goes out she gets lonesome, an strays out and can't find her way back."

A committee composed of the janitress and the Fifth avenue lady was detailed to go down, unlock that door somehow, and bring that woman up. They did it, and

(Continued on next page)

A TENEMENT SOCIAL IN A BALTIMORE SETTLEMENT

"LIBIN' IN DE ASHES" HOW THEY COME TO THE CONFERENCE OLD-TIME NEGRO QUARTERS

Tuskegee's Great Gathering

THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE NEW CENTURY FULL OF PROMISE FOR THE NEGRO

THE tenth annual Tuskegee Negro Conference assembled in the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute Chapel on February 20th. This conference was established by Principal Booker T. Washington ten years ago sending out an invitation to the colored farmers, professional men, and business men living near Tuskegee, to come to the school on an appointed day, for the purpose of "talking over" matters which concerned them. Somewhat to Mr. Washington's surprise, four hundred men and women of all classes responded, and the number has increased since. The greater part of the men and women who come to the first day's session of the conference are farmers and their wives, plain, hard-working people, many of whom were born in slavery. Those who live within twenty or forty miles of Tuskegee drive or ride to the meetings, and all through the day strings of mules and steers may be seen hitched to the fences, while wagons of almost every description are disposed about the school grounds.

There is no red tape about the conference; there are no officers, and no rules. The only formal action which the organization ever takes is to adopt a set of declarations which embody its purposes. Mr. Washington always presides at all of the sessions, and at the first day's meeting the speakers are the farmers themselves and their wives. Perhaps the greatest evil which the small farmers in the South, who do not own land, have to contend with, is the crop-mortgage system, which practically takes a farmer's crop away from him before it is planted, and the enormous rate of interest which the farmers have to pay (usually from fifteen to forty per cent. annually. From the very first, the conference has urged upon the farmers the need of getting to own land for themselves, so that they may be relieved of the expense of rent and interest, and free to plant other crops than cotton, and thus be able to raise their own food, instead of buying it at exorbitant prices from the country stores.

The other subjects which the conference takes up are equally practical. The declarations which this year's conference adopted set forth as purposes to be these: In all of these matters, the conference declared, material progress has been made. The colored people should not be discouraged but the struggle while passing from a political basis to an economic one. The declarations urge increased efficiency in the country schools as of the highest importance. Crime is usually committed by the illiterate. Rigid observance of the laws is urged. Colored men should strive to become home owners and to learn trades and domestic employments.

The improvement which has taken place in the people who come to the conference is most noticeable. Mr. Washington, in some remarks which he made at the opening of the first session this year, spoke of this. He told the delegates that they look better fed, more hopeful, less "mortgage-ridden." He said that in his opinion the greatest good which the conference had accomplished had been in the creation of a feeling of hopefulness in the men and women themselves, "a spirit of faith in the race."

The conference holds its sessions in the Tuskegee Institute chapel, a handsome brick building, capable of seating two thousand persons; and on this occasion it was so crowded that many had to stand. This was the building in which President McKinley spoke when he visited Tuskegee two years ago. The chapel, like all the large buildings here, was designed by one of the school's instructors, and built by the students themselves as a part of their industrial education. They even made the 1,200,000 bricks of which the walls are constructed. The class in masonry laid the walls, the classes in carpentry did the woodwork, and the tinsmith classes put on the roof. The pews were made in the school's joiner shop, after a model designed by a student, and the electric lighting and steam-heating apparatus was put in by students learning those two trades.

Through the influence of this conference, about two hundred and fifty local conferences have been organized in the State of Alabama alone. These meet at more or less frequent intervals, and report to this central organization. Similar gatherings are held in all the Southern States, and many delegates from a distance are present here each year now.

One of the most interesting features of this year's meeting was arranged by Mr. T. J. Jackson, Conference Agent. He has secured photographs of a number of the wretched one-room cabins in which some of the negro farmers used to live, and also photographs of the comfortable homes and fine live stock which some of these same men own now. A stereopticon exhibition was given of pictures made from these photographs.

On the day following the farmers' meeting is held what is known as the "Workers' Conference," at which educational conditions and other problems are discussed. Among those who attended this year were Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, Bishop Turner, Bishop Grant, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Bishop Tyree, and Dr. I. B. Scott of the New Orleans *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, all strong and influential men of the negro race.

One of the most valuable results of this year's meeting was a study made by Prof. DuBois of the conditions of the delegates to the conference. Prof. DuBois prepared a set of questions which he asked of two hundred men taken at random from those who had come to the farmers' meeting. The results showed that two hundred farmers, taken at a venture whom he questioned represented 1,117 persons. This would make the whole conference represent about 6,000 persons. Of the two hundred, fifty-eight own their own land and one hundred and forty-two were renters. Of the same two hundred only eighteen lived in one-room cabins, one hundred and thirteen in two-room houses, and the balance, or sixty-nine, in houses of more than two rooms, up to six, and in several cases eight or nine. To understand how great an improvement this study represents, one had only to see the early sessions of the conference, or to know the present conditions of the farmers in parts of the country which have not felt its influence.

EMMETT J. SCOTT.

Tuskegee, Ala.

A TUSKEGEE COTTAGE
The Successor of the Negro Cabin

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
The Founder of Tuskegee

A NINE-ROOM HOUSE
Its Owner Owns 600 Acres of Land

THE TENEMENT-HOUSE SOCIAL

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The poor old body was the happiest person at the feast. She was hungry, and crackers and cakes were welcome; she was cold, and the tea warmed her; lonely, and the kindly interest of those around her was better than meat and drink. Another aged guest, very thrifty, very shady-looking, said with tears shining in her dim eyes:

"It's good to be here, it is. I ain't got kith or kin."

The establishment of religious or social settlements at such close intervals throughout slums and "red-light" districts that their influences "meet and cross," has been suggested as the one practical plan for purifying great cities and keeping them pure. The Lawrence House, as marking the beginning of the Settlement movement in Baltimore, is an institution of special interest, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indebted to Dr. D. Allen Willey for this account of it:

Several years ago, believing that one must live and labor among the poor in order to help them, Rev. F. L. Lawrence began a mission work in southwest Baltimore, resigning his pastorate of one of the largest churches, to give his whole time to this work. His devotion cost him his life, for he died as the result of his labors and hardships. The "Lawrence House," where his plans are being carried on with much success, very appropriately bears his name. It is situated in a neighborhood where hundreds of families are living, many of whom have seldom seen the inside of a church; numbers can neither read nor write, and temptation in its most degrading form is ever present with them. The house owned by the Lawrence Society is one of the poorer class of dwellings. The Superintendent, Miss Emma Grant Salisbury, and her assistant, Miss Amanda Douglas Salisbury, occupy small rooms on the upper floor, while the lower floors are reserved for those among whom they labor. At this house are held "mothers' meetings," where tea and light refreshments are served, after which short talks are given by Miss Salisbury and some of the women present, with the idea of exchanging views for mutual benefit. While they talk they sew on garments, which may be needed for some family more destitute than others. A kindergarten is attended by the younger children of the neighborhood who cannot go the public schools. Older boys and girls are not neglected, as night schools are conducted under the supervision of Miss Salisbury and her sister, aided by volunteers from churches. To make the routine more attractive, little entertainments, which include music, are furnished quite frequently for the benefit of the pupils.

THE MINISTRY OF TEARS

A Sermon by REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Preached in the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK

TEXT, REV. 7: 17
And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

WHAT a spectacle a few weeks ago, when the nations were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last sixty-four years had been answered, and God did save the Queen. All round the world the bells were tolling and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the Queen's jubilee, so in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the Queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood, or the Welsh blood, or the Irish blood, or the Scotch blood, and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. They are over there bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Walter Scott, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Connell, our Havelock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great and glorious Victoria.

The language in which we offered the English nation our condolence is the same language in which John Bunyan dreamed, and Milton sang, and Shakespeare dramatized, and Richard Baxter prayed, and George Whitefield thundered. The Prince of Wales, now King, paid reverential visit to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, and Longfellow's statue adorns Westminster Abbey, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capital. It was natural that these two nations be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of

Individual Tears

Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought. What a beautiful spectacle is this! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight.

You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas! me! they are falling all the time. In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

It is easy to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation, but come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime, and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears, or the

Practical Uses of Sorrow

First. It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for us. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth, cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered at such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!"

To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to efface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof does not leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he

Changed Genesis for Revelation?

Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptical leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That Book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate; the country in which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and mansions built.

Yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. And when the time comes for you to go, you will be as calm as you are this moment. Perhaps not so calm, for I think you will be triumphant.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said, "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team, and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray, whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. After a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a real taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have

Heard Earnest Prayers

on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, in the Cincinnati express train, going at fifty miles the hour, the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who a few minutes before had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out: "Oh, God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split like kindling wood. They prayed then. Oh! I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us that only when there is nothing else to take hold of we catch hold of God. Why, do you know who the Lord is! He is not an autocrat, seated far up in a palace, from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. He is a father, willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotelkeeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you do not pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. Saturday night comes and he is moved to the hospital. Getting here, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits do and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am s unto death. Come." She rushes into the hospi She says, "My son, what does all this mean? Why you not send for me? You sent to everybody but Y You knew I would and could help you. Is this reward I get for my kindness to you always?" S bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him v very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young m treated his mother. When you get into a financial p plexity you call on the banker, you call on the brok you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when y cannot get any help, then you go to God. You s "O Lord, I come to thee. Help me now out of my p plexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon G that we have this ministry of tears.

I like what Martin Luther said to Philip Melan thon, when Melanchthon has gone to bed discourag and saying to Luther, "Our cause is lost. We ha had all our work for nothing. I am in a state of despai Then Luther said: "Come, Philip! we have had enou of such talk. Let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm David, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very pres help in trouble, therefore will not we fear though t earth be removed and the mountains cast into the mi of the sea. Though the waters thereof roar and troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelli thereof. Selah!'"

Gives Sympathetic Power

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for t office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispe sation, were set apart by having water sprinkled up their hands, feet, and head, and by the sprinkling tears people are now set apart to the office of sympath When we are in prosperity we like to have a great ma young people around us, and we laugh when they laug and we romp when they romp, and we sing when th sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of c folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Ta an aged mother, seventy-five years of age, and she almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has be through it all. At seven o'clock in the morning s goes over to comfort a young mother who has just l her babe. Grandmother knows all about that troub Fifty years ago she felt it. At twelve o'clock of th day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. S knows all about that. She has been walking in th dark valley twenty years. At four o'clock in the aft noon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. Sl knows all about that. Two or three times in her li she came to her last loaf. At ten o'clock that night sl goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. Sl knows all about it. Do we not remember her abo the room when we were sick in our boyhood? W there anyone who could ever so touch a sore witho hurting it? And when she lifted her spectacles again her wrinkled forehead so she could look closer at tl wound, it was three-fourths healed.

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write h comforting epistles? Where did David get the ink write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get tl ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got out of their own tears. When a man has gone throug the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons a imprisonments, he is qualified for the work of sympath

What Trouble Teaches

Your troubles are educational. I go into the offic of a lapidary, an artificer in precious stones, and I se him at work on one precious stone for a few minute and he puts it aside finished. I see him take up anothe precious stone, and he works on that all the afternoo and I come in the next day and still find him workin on it, and he is at work on it all the week. I say to hin "Why did you put only twenty minutes' work on tha one precious stone, and put a whole week on this other? "Oh," he says, "that one upon which I put only twent minutes' work is of but little worth, and I soon g through with it. But this precious stone upon which have put such prolonged and careful work is of vas value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet." So God let one man go through life with only a little cutting o misfortune, for he does not amount to much, he is small soul and of comparatively little value, but this othe soul is of great worth, and it is cut of pain, and cut o bereavement, and cut of persecution, and cut of a kinds of trouble, and through many years, and I ask "Dear Lord, why all this prolonged and severe process? and God says, "This soul is of infinite value and it is t

fish in a king's coronet. He shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels." "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer: "Have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next, and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face?" And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee and wiped off those delayed tears. So I think after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while these tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How will He can do that!

Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of his either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that Great Weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief. Gentle! Why his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant, bidding you hush your crying. It will be a father who will take you on his left arm, his face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

You have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they always come to you, the father, for comfort and sympathy; but you have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is at home, they go right past you and to her, and you are of no account. So when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul or Moses or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?"

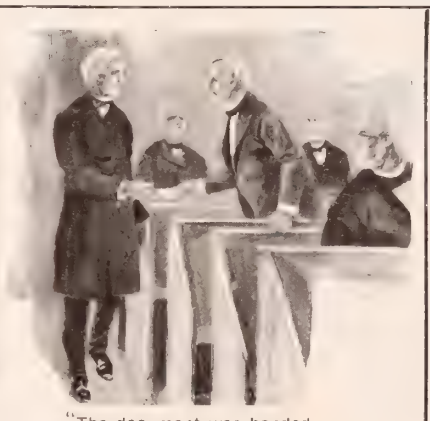
Take this good cheer home with you. These tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

"REQUESTED TO RESIGN"

..WRITTEN BY...
CHARLES NEWTON HOOD

"He had been so very busy with the sick and the distressed"

"The elder Mrs. Skittles and the younger Mrs. Dye"



"The document was handed to the pastor when he came"

"And touched the silent figure of the pastor sitting there"

I.

THERE'S seldom been a day more sad experienced than when
That grandest and most lovable, and sanctified of men,
The Rev. Aaron Lambly, of the church at County Line,
After forty years of labor, was requested to resign.
The feeling had been growing in the church since early Fall,
But dear old Dr. Lambly hadn't noticed it at all;
He had been so very busy with the sick and the distressed,
And in starting a revival in the district over west,
And in getting up some Friday evening lectures on the theme
Of the inspirations which we ought to get from Jacob's dream;
And in planning how to interest the ones inclined to shirk
The quarterly collection for the Foreign Mission Work;
In praying for the dying and for those already dead,
And officiating cheerfully for those inclined to wed;
In cudgeling his intellect for something which would bring
The younger people out to service Sunday evening;
In trying to assist his wife and daughter to restore,
The harmony existing in the Dorcas League, before
The elder Mrs. Skittles and the younger Mrs. Dye,
Had the tiff about the proper way to make an apple pie;
And in visiting the people who had lately come to town,
And were living in the tenant house of farmer William Brown,
And in doing every single thing he really ought to do,
In which he much resembled, I presume, the most of you,
Made up the list of reasons why the pastor didn't see
The trouble which was brewing in the little church, till he,
The old and faithful leader of the flock at County Line,
After forty years of service, was requested to resign.

II.

There were half-a-dozen meetings held before the thing was done,
And the resolutions, put in shape by Lawyer Anderson,
Were adopted at a meeting which was held prayer-meeting night,
In secret, in the offices of George Augustus Wright.
The resolutions opened with about a half a sheet
Of taffy for the pastor—almost good enough to eat—
Of his long and faithful services, together with a few
Quotations from the Scriptures, and a Latin phrase or two;
With a "Whereas" and a "Therefore" and a "Be it now Resolved"—
All included in a sentence which was more or less involved—
But intimating plainly that the church at County Line
Would be obliged to ask its aged pastor to resign.
The resolutions mentioned, as the reasons for the act—
"Firstly"—what was simply a re-stating of a fact—
That there'd been no change of pastors for a double score of years,
And progressive members of the church were forced to voice their fears
That the pastor and his sermons were not strictly up-to-date;
That his excellent discourses were a trifle over-weight,
And that possibly a younger man could satisfy the need
For a more delightful Gospel and a more progressive Creed:
And, in short, that while the flock could scarcely seek a pasture new—
It was stated in a sentence most indubitably true—
That 'twas different with the pastor of the pasture aforesaid,
Who could easily go out and seek another field instead;
And that—simmering the document to just about a line
The Reverend Doctor Lambly was requested to resign.

III.

Not intending to be cruel, but succeeding just the same,
The document was handed to the pastor when he came
To the church on Sunday morning, and he carried it along
With the usual bunch of "notices" (the most of them too long)
To the quaint, old-fashioned pulpit, where he laid them down beside
The Bible and the hymn book, while he sedulously tried
To get an understanding of the Temperance Legion's plea
For a liberal attendance at its Rainbow Colored Tea,
And to read the wavy writing, which announced that Thursday night
The Women's Sewing Band would meet, to gain a little light
Respecting contributions toward the filling of a box
For the Chinese missionaries, who were much in need of socks,
And the usual other notices of meetings through the week—
For the workers, and the prayers, and the lowly, and the meek:
And as the old man read them there was peace within his heart,
As he breathed a prayer of thankfulness that it had been his part
To keep this flock together and to lead them toward the right,
And to do his humble best to keep them ever in the light.
His spectacles grew misty, till he polished them with care,
Readjusted them, and saw the "Resolutions" lying there.

IV.

There was tense and awful silence in the congregation then; [men;
There were some who felt triumphant, there were smirking, conscious
There was here and there a Christian, there were some who softly wept;
There was Uncle Reuben Medderland, who usually slept,
But was wide-awake this morning, with a look upon his face
As of one who felt most keenly a defeat without disgrace,
For good old Uncle Reuben was of those who voted "No!"
But then "he always was," they said, "old fogyish and slow."
The pastor sat in silence as he read the paper through;
His face was calm and placid, and the people never knew
What he thought or felt or suffered as he came to understand,
Laid the paper by the Bible, bowed his head upon his hand
And sat in meditation, or perhaps in silent prayer.
He did not move, he did not speak, and all the people there
Wondered while they waited, and the time grew strangely long
That the pastor sat in silence there before the little throng.

V.

Three times the village doctor had half started from his pew
And dropped back again as though he seemed uncertain what to do;
But at length he hurried forward till he reached the pulpit stair
And touched the silent figure of the pastor sitting there;
And then he faced the people, but they knew before he said
In language which was technical, but simply meant that, DEAD,
The old and faithful pastor of the church at County Line
Was sitting there before them when they'd asked him to resign!

VI.

The Latin words the doctor used related to the heart
And its fatal lack of action as revealed to him by Art;
But it rather strikes the writer that the pastor had a call
To another field of labor, from the Ruler Over All,
Where the congregation's different from the one at County Line,
And it's seldom that an angel is requested to resign.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published every Wednesday. The subscription price is $1.50 a year, payable in advance.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second-class Matter.

Awaiting the Blessing

FROM many cities come reports indicating the approach of a widespread revival of religion. They differ in some respects from our past experience, but the Holy Spirit is not restricted in his methods, and it may be that we are about to witness a movement both extensive and unique. There is certainly a philosophic reason for entertaining great expectations based on the signs now occurring. The most impressive of these signs is the "toning up" of spiritual life among the members of the churches. Pastors are preaching the duty of a closer walk with God and of personal effort to win souls. The response has been most encouraging. At Ottawa, recently, Evangelist W. Phillips Hall urged every Christian in his audience to make a prayerful attempt to bring at least one soul into the kingdom. About eight hundred Christians pledged themselves to do this, and, in a few days, no less than six hundred persons were earnestly seeking Christ. In Washington, D. C., in Rochester, N. Y., at Bridgeport, Conn., and many other cities, the movement promises to attain great proportions. It does not appear in the majority of cases to be due so much to the preaching of able evangelists, as to increased earnestness in the ordinary pulpit, leading to deeper consecration on the part of individual Christians. The lay worker may be a man of only one talent, but there are thousands of him to every evangelist with five talents. What may we not hope for if every church-member should seriously and earnestly set himself to the task of bringing at least one soul to Christ! The effort would do him good in his own soul, even if he failed in his purpose. But it is very rarely that such efforts do fail, for the Spirit waits to bless the earnest prayerful worker. It would be well if every pastor pressed this work on his people. It would be well also if, showing his faith in God, he should prepare himself and his church for the coming of a mighty awakening. The reports received by the national committee in New York of the Twentieth Century Gospel Campaign, show that ministers and churches throughout the land are praying for an outpouring of the Spirit, with a unanimity and fraternity of marked significance. It is true, still, that the Spirit is like the wind blowing "where it listeth," but as the mariner who has his sail up is the one that benefits by the wind when it does come, so the pastor and the church that have been seeking a blessing may reasonably hope to share in it, when God sends it. The old motto, "To labor and to pray," should be the motto of every church in these days of hope.

Unsafe Pilots

FROM the land of fruits and flowers, the land of corn, and wine, and gold, there comes a wail of bitter anguish. Near to the Golden Gate a dread catastrophe took place several days ago. The noble Pacific mail steamer, *Rio de Janeiro*, sank, bearing down to a watery grave over one hundred souls! Among them her gallant captain, who stood on the bridge and waved his arms as a farewell, and was seen no more. In sight of the cliff house on the shore, she was wrecked by sheer carelessness in ploughing ahead in a dense fog. The noble steamer sank only a thousand yards from the rocky shore. It was dangerous piloting such a vessel in such a place, even in clear weather. But a dense fog had settled down, and instead of waititing until the weather cleared, orders were given, "Let her go—We can go ahead." In less than five minutes after that the vessel struck near Point Bonita, and sank. Pilot Jordan in command, fancied he could steer to port despite the fog, and at Meig's wharf anchor safely the vessel, so that all on board could celebrate with friends in the city the anniversary of the birth of Washington. Pilot Jordan knew the channel to be narrow, and hidden rocks all about him; it was desperate foolhardiness not to wait till the fog lifted. A pilot's calling is one of exact sciences. He must know what he is about, and not run risks when hundreds of precious lives are in his charge. He cannot stop with merely thinking a thing is so, he must know it. Scorn and contempt can only be given to a man who with such tremendous responsibilities would venture to deal in that feeble phrase, "I think I'm right," instead of "I know I'm right."

In these perilous times, when so many are drifting away from the old moorings of an evangelical faith, "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine," sailing in a fog, this is our advice. Let no one shake your confidence in what you know. If you have come into deep, dense fogs, trust not any earthly pilot who says, "Go ahead." Wait on God in prayer until the mist dissolves, and your coast lies clear. Thousands are steering, as they dream, to a safe harbor, amid the fogs of false science, theosophy, spiritualism, and sceptical philosophy, and their chart is an agnostic creed, "I know nothing about certainties." These are dangerous pilots, and unsafe guides! It was a scene of anguish and horror on board when the *Rio de Janeiro* struck the fatal rock, and her pilot merely thought he was safe. Wrecked in sight of shore! So near to land, yet perished as certainly as if she had sunk in mid-ocean. Who is your spiritual pilot to guide you over life's tempestuous sea? Is Christ, the sinners' Saviour and friend, on board? No soul was ever yet wrecked who received him and obeyed his commands. O that you may be able to say, "I know whom I have believed, and he knows how to pilot me safe home."

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, when leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
Fear not, I will pilot thee!

With sails set, clear sky, joyous heart, storms overpast, your pilot will land you safe on the heavenly shore, where redeemed and blood-ransomed friends will wave their welcomes. and shout, "Home at last! Home at last!"

The Cuban Situation

IT was scarcely to be expected that the future relations of the United States with Cuba would be adjusted without some difficulty. Many persons have the gratification now of saying, "I told you so." The safeguards which President McKinley and Congress deem essential to the security of the island, have been rejected in no very conciliatory fashion by the Cuban convention. They were embodied in eight articles, which, in American opinion, and we venture to say, in the opinion of European statesmen, appear reasonable and just. The third is the crucial one, and the one that has most deeply stirred the antagonism of the Cuban leaders. It gives the United States the right to "intervene to preserve the independence of Cuba, to insure the safety of life and property, and the discharge of the obligations assumed by the United States in the Treaty of Paris." In effect, the convention intimates that Cuba is perfectly able to protect itself and to maintain order in the island. That contention may or may not be true, but it has yet to be proved. If it is justified by experience, there will be no occasion for the United States to intervene; but if it should, unhappily, prove a larger contract than the Cuban Government can manage, it would seem advantageous to Cuba to have its powerful neighbor pledged to come to its rescue from either foreign or domestic foes.

The second article is also important. It prohibits Cuba contracting debts beyond the line at which the revenue would not be adequate to cover interest and sinking fund, besides paying current expenses. The example of Egypt, which has lost, temporarily or permanently, her independence precisely in this way, shows the wisdom of such a stipulation. Cuba is quite ready to pledge herself to refrain from excessive borrowing, but she wishes us to accept her promise, without conceding us the right to inspect its performance. Other provisions refer to the acquisition of coaling stations on the island by the United States, and prohibit Cuba granting the same privilege to other nations. To this Cuba also objects, but probably might eventually agree.

It is difficult to see how in view of all the circumstances our Government, in justice to itself, could h demanded less. By expelling Spanish rule from island, we incurred the obligation to see that the state of the country shall not be worse than the first. would be a poor result of our expenditure of life money, if Cuba fell a prey to anarchy, or if some eign power, in the guise of a creditor, foreclosed mortgages and assumed control. The United State sponsor for Cuba to the world and it cannot honor ignore the duties of that office. There is no desire the part of our Government to meddle in Cuban affa but in view of its responsibilities, it should have power to interfere, if the nation, new to self-governm should adopt a suicidal policy, or one prejudicial to United States. Considering the fact that the c cause which would provoke the interference of United States would be one also detrimental to C herself, it is somewhat ungracious on the part of convention to refuse us the right to interfere. We t better counsels will yet prevail, and Cuban statesm will refuse to cherish suspicions of a friend whose interestedness has been abundantly proved.

The Delights of Outing

ALTHOUGH winter has not yet relaxed its hold u the earth, there are already premonitions, in warmer sunshine, of the approach of spring. Alrea too, that unfailing harbinger of the budding season, spring poet, is deluging us with verses that foreshad the awakening of all things green and fragrant. Alre the outing clubs are furbishing their wheels and p jecting extensive and delightful bicycle tours during coming months, when every country road and highw every mountain path and river bank, will be explored the "mounted pilgrims of the flying wheel." To its votees, the bicycle is the poetry of motion. It inve them with a speed that almost rivals the wind; it gi a new sense of power and control; it brings them from the narrow, smoky streets to the fresh fields a sweet-smelling pastures of "God's own country," w breezes of invigoration blowing all the way. We h little sympathy with those who condemn the bicyc Used in moderation, it ministers to our health, mu plies our intellectual and social pleasures, enlarges knowledge of nature and men. Useful alike in busin and in recreation, it is now utilized in a thousa different ways. Some of our missionaries in Afri find it a welcome boon in their work. Not very lo ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published the story an Eastern preacher who rode his wheel across t Rockies, and now there is talk of a projected evang istic bicycle tour. Many of those who formerly w disposed to regard the bicycle as a menace, in some m terious and unknown way, are now among its warm champions.

. . .

ELSEWHERE in this issue we publish a most intere ing and instructive series of letters from leading past of different denominations on the absorbing subje "How to make a model church." If these letters shou disclose to any anxious minister or troubled congre tion the secret they so much desire to know, they w have served a high and worthy purpose. To prea sound, practical Gospel sermons, free from all distra ing and immaterial side-issues, and holding up t crucified One as the Friend of Sinners; to reach t hearts of the people by earnest, sincere, person spiritual effort; to strike valiantly at sin, open a secret, sparing none; to make the church itself a re live, active hive of Christian activities, with eve member busily employed; to welcome poor and ri alike without distinction; and to invoke the Divi blessing at every step and upon every service—the are in substance the principal suggestions of the pa tors who have contributed to this remarkable symp sium. We commend the letters to the thoughtf consideration of the occupants of both pulpit and pe since all will find in them some excellent materi which they can transfer to their own experience, ar which may help to solve difficulties with which the may have been struggling in the past.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Birth of a Nation

UTURE centuries will regard the scene depicted on this page as one of historic importance. It represents the beginning of national life for the great communities of Australia. No one can fely predict the extent to which that magnificent mmonwealth will develop. In a well-known passage, acaulay humorously suggests a period when a New alander would go to London, and, sitting on a broken h of London Bridge, sketch the ruins of St. Paul's thedral. Before the beginning of this year the six lonies of which Australia and New Zealand are mposed had each a government of its own, enjoying t large measure of liberty which Britain grants to me of her dependencies. But with the opening of the w century the six commonwealths became a federa- n, with a central government, and possessing an ac- ssion of privileges which practically make it inde- ndent. The people of Australia had a free hand in ming their constitution and they made it so separate m the empire, that now, the only tie that binds it to eat Britain is fealty to the monarch, and the accept- ce of the Chief Executive, who is not elected, but pointed by the British Government. The legislative wer is entirely in the hands of the new federation, d now, for the first time in her history, a law passed in stralia does not need the sigature of the monarch to ke it operative. The constitution is modeled on our n with some differences, some of which we might opt with advantage. One of these is that the Federal ongress has control of the laws of marriage and divorce d also of labor legislation. Another is that senators e not elected by the legislatures, but by the direct vote the people. The enormous public domain still un- cupied, does not belong to the Federal Government, t the legislature of each State controls that portion hich lies within its own borders. The legislatures also ntrol and manage the lines of railroads within their veral provinces, but the post office, the telegraph and ephone service is under the control of the Federal overnment. Each State sends t members to the Senate, and e members of the House of epresentatives are elected on basis of population. Cabinet inisters are chosen from mem- rs of the Federal Congress, d must possess the confidence the Congress, otherwise they ay be driven from their offices a hostile vote. The proclama- n of the Constitution was made e occasion of general rejoicing. t Sydney, the capital city, the overnor was sworn in, and the ople gave themselves up to a eek of festivity. In other large ties there was a general holiday. e buildings were decorated for e day, and illuminated at night. he colonies had become a great ation, and everyone rejoiced in e inauguration of the new gime. Australia deserves the ngratulation of the whole civil- ed world on thus attaining her ational majority. That God will ess her with peace and pros- erity is the prayer of lovers of eedom the world over.

When he giveth quietness, who then n make trouble (Psalm 34 : 29).

eath of Wm. M. Evarts

The veteran statesman, whose rsonality has been familiar to vo generations of our people, as passed from among us. Mr. Evarts was eighty-three years of ge, but until three years ago had een vigorous and active. An attack of pneumonia rostrated him on February 23d, and five days later it ad done its fatal work. He came of Puritan ancestry, nd was the son of a distinguished lawyer. After study- ng at Yale and in the Harvard Law School, he settled own to the practice of law in New York City. His ound knowledge and eloquence soon brought him into otice, and when, early in the fifties, he fought the fa- ous Lemmon case successfully, contending that the argo of slaves which Lemmon, on the way to Texas, ad brought to New York, were entitled to their free- om, Mr. Evarts' reputation became national. After ppearing in several other famous cases, he entered he field of national polities, and presented the name of eward to the National Convention which nominated Lincoln. He served as Attorney-General in Johnson's Cabinet and as Secretary of State in that of Hayes. The service, however, which won him most fame was that of advocating the American claims before the Alabama Court of Arbitration, in which he was successful probably beyond his own expectations. In 1885 he served a term in the United States Senate, and continued until 1894 to take a deep interest both in politics and law. Then he retired from active work and lived quietly at home with his family. He apparently knew that his illness would end in death, but he was calm and collected to the end. Almost at the last, he noticed through the window of his chamber the first ray of dawn, and murmured, "Morning is coming." Perhaps the dying statesman, who had seen much of the world's glory as well as its gloom, may have caught a glimpse of that morning which many a Christian has seen in his closing hours:

As the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds (II. Samuel 23 : 4).

An Astronomical Wonder

News came from Scotland two weeks ago that thrilled all the observatories in the world. It was that a new star of an extraordinary kind had appeared. All the telescopes were directed to the constellation Perseus, where the stranger was to be seen. It was easily found, for so carefully have astronomers mapped the heavens, that a new arrival is quickly detected. It was watched with intense interest, and soon its remarkable character increased the wonder. It suddenly burst into extraordinary brilliancy, increasing from a star of the tenth magnitude, as it was when first seen, to a star of the first magnitude in the brief space of two days. This means that its light increased nine thousand times. It then began to decrease very slowly in brilliance. On each day the star has been photographed so that the record of its changes will be permanent. A significant fact was also revealed by its spectrum, which showed from day to day changes corresponding to the changes in its light. They appeared to indicate that the metals in the star were passing through a process of fusion under an intensity of heat inconceivable to us. Mr. Garrett P. Serviss expresses the opinion that the light is due to a blaze of hydrogen gas, and that the star is forty thousand times as far from us as is our sun, or, in other words, about 368,000,000,000 miles. As every star is a sun with its own family of planets, the changes in this one are full of startling suggestions. Though we cannot even guess the cause of this sudden accession of heat and light, we can imagine the effect on the planets around it. If our own sun were to become in two days nine thousand times hotter, what would happen to this world? Scoffers at the Bible have told us that the world was destined to freeze up, rather than to burn up, but this new phenomenon appears to indicate that there is a possibility of the end coming in the way described in the Bible:

The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up (II. Peter 3 : 10).

THE LATE HON. W. M. EVARTS

LORD HOPETOUN PROCLAIMING THE NEW CONSTITUTION AT SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

BRIEF NOTES

Contributions have been received at this office for the relief of the famine sufferers in China to the amount of $52.81. Also $18 for the special benefit of Rev. F. C. H. Dreyer, Shansi, China.

The wreath sent by the Salvation Army to Osborne, at Queen Victoria's funeral, was composed of 10,000 ivy leaves, each leaf having been plucked by a Salvation Army lass—10,000 lasses in all.

The young Queen of Holland is said, on good authority, to be a total abstainer. So decided is her attitude on this matter that she has organized the ladies of her court into a society for the encouragement of total abstinence among their friends. Her example, though not popular at present, will be likely to exert a powerful influence.

Dr. Welldon, Bishop of Calcutta, in a recent address on Dr. Carey, said: "I would urge that Christians whose faith in the Divine mission of Jesus Christ is simple and sincere, should enter upon the new century with the spirit that they will subordinate whatever disputes conscientiously exist amongst them to the grand and imperious duty of propagating the Gospel of Christ."

The death of Dr. E. P. Goodwin, pastor of the First Congregationa. Church of Chicago, is announced. It occurred February 15. Dr. Goodwin had been pastor of the church for about thirty-three years.

The tallest man in the world is Lewis Wilkins, a young farmer, who lives near St. Paul, Minn. His height is eight feet two inches.

A society of deaf and dumb Endeavorers has been formed at the Kinghan Mission, Belfast, Ireland. The meetings are conducted in finger-spelling and sign-language.

Mrs. Bishop, the well-known lady traveler in the Far East, has just offered her services to Bishop Welldon, of India, to take up work under his direction in that country.

A contemporary has been collecting the verdicts of head-masters of public schools in England with regard to cigarette smoking by boys. The headmasters of Perse Grammar School, Cambridge, King Edward VI. School, Chelmsford, and Portsmouth Grammar School, concur in detestation of it, and at Marlborough College it is absolutely prohibited.

The German Emperor's young daughter, now eight years old, being the only girl in the family, has been so petted from infancy, that she has become somewhat haughty. Her father is often amused at her arrogance. He says that in talking to him she often forgets that he is Emperor, but never that she is the Emperor's daughter.

We have received letters from a number of preachers in the South and elsewhere, expressing a wish to be supplied with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, yet who are too poor to subscribe for it themselves. We have reduced the price in such cases to $1 a year. Any reader who desires to give some poor white or colored preacher of the Gospel the pleasure of receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a whole year can do so by sending us $1 for that purpose. Those who do this will earn the gratitude of a very deserving class.

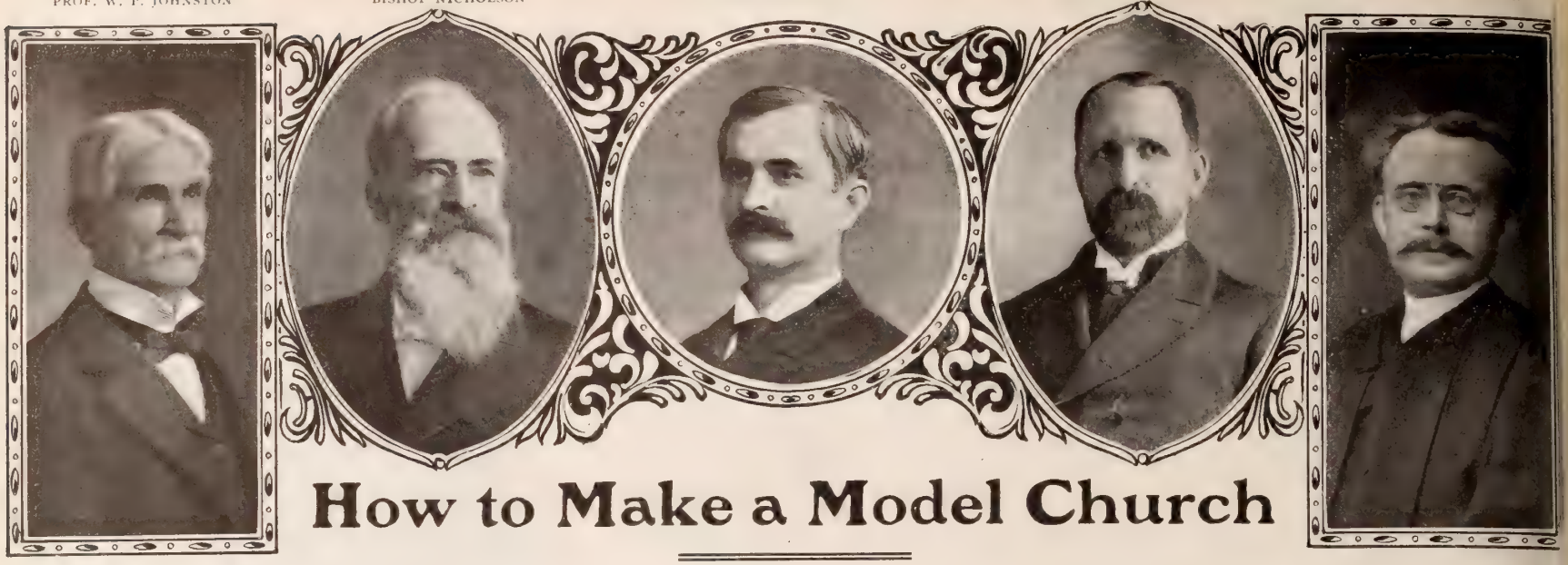
The American Church in Berlin

Rev. J. E. Dickie, Pastor of the American Church in Berlin, has sent the following for publication:

Dear Editor: The movement for providing funds to build the American Church in Berlin, is making steady progress, and only $3,000 more is needed to secure Mr. Rockefeller's generous gift. The American Church in Berlin is really a foreign mission, but those to whom it ministers are our own sons and daughters. Will not generous friends thus help to provide for those of our own house, who are studying abroad? Contributions should be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and will be acknowledged by me personally.

J. E. DICKIE.

PROF. W. P. JOHNSTON BISHOP NICHOLSON REV. A. C. DIXON REV. ALEX. J. KERR REV. CHAS. H. EATON



How to Make a Model Church

Leading Pastors of Many Denominations Discuss a Subject which Affects All Christian

Attention to Immediate Needs

BY REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN, METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, NEW YORK

MY conception of an ideal church is an organization entirely devoted to Christ's teaching and service and in full correspondence with its own particular environment. The preaching should be markedly intellectual, in touch with the historic spirit, loyal to the persuasive ideas of the New Testament, and filled with the ministry of the higher powers; not afraid to enter "within the cloud," subordinated to the direction, through constant prayer, of the Holy Spirit. The musical rendering should subserve the worship: the purely artistic element is only valuable as it contributes to devotional feeling. An exhibition of the soloist at the expense of the service is all too frequent. Choral music and antiphonal renderings are to be preferred before any quartette. The greatest theologian of English congregationalism applied his teachings to immediate and widely-felt needs. No man can be a great preacher who is not a theologian, but his statue need not bear marks of the chisel when he appears in the pulpit. The church should be always open in crowded centres, for prayer, meditation and daily service.

Can't Compete With Worldly Methods

BY W. B. JOHNSTON, PRES. GENEVA COLLEGE, PA.

TO make a model church: Sermons should present the pure Gospel of the New Testament. The preacher should be cultured, eloquent, literary, and he must present Christ to sinful men. Far less attention to music than is now given—the sermon should be the attraction, for "it is by the foolishness of preaching that God saves them that believe." I would reach people—men, women and children, by inviting them to the church, to the weekly prayer meetings, to the young people's meeting, and showing interest in their spiritual welfare. I have little faith in this new style of winning by having billiard parlors, etc. The church is Christ's house and cannot compete with the world in its methods. Let church people quit the Sunday paper and show interest in saving men.

REV. DR. S. PARKES CADMAN

A Congregation Working for Christ

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, HANSON PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN

THE ideal church is an organized company of obedient believers, whose sole purpose is to live Christ, and win the world to trust and love him. The minister should preach the Word of God, and apply it to every department of human life. The people should speak to each other in psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, and never delegate to a choir the service of praise. I would preach all the theology there is in the Bible without modifying it by comparing it with other books. The church should be open every day in the week, and several times a day. The building, of course, can be made attractive by having it well heated, well seated, well ventilated, and always filled with a social atmosphere. But no attraction can take the place of Him who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men." If Christ be lifted up in the pulpit and the pew the people will be drawn.

Give Every Member Something to Do

BY BISHOP WILLIAM R. NICHOLSON, OF PENNSYLVANIA

A MODEL church is one which discharges its obligations to the Gospel of Christ. The commissioned business of the church is to present, reiterate and enforce the salvation that is in the blood and righteousness of the Divine-human Saviour. Mankind is in need of it, and there is no salvation but this. The leading purpose of the Son of God, in his incarnation, was to effect this salvation by means of his own substitution in the stead of the sinner, and by his resurrection from the dead to demonstrate it, and proffer it as accomplished and perfect for every one's use who will. How then can a church adequately present itself, if it either ignores or in any way subordinates the great truths of the salvation of Jesus?

Should every sermon then contain the Gospel? As all roads lead to Rome, so all subjects of thought lead to Christ. Himself is the centre of a circumference of all things; from him, in various relations, radiates saving truth to every point in that circumference. Wherefore, evermore let the radiation proceed; hinder it not in any instance. Men are in need of it every moment; meanwhile they are only too apt to forget it, or shut it out of their minds by a welcome monopoly of very inferior subjects of thought. As a rule, then, with exceeding few, if any, exceptions, there should be no sermon which does not expressly honor Christ as the Saviour of sinners. This need not be done in a scholastic way, or with the formalities of systematic theology. Let it be done with the heart interest of the Scriptures, with the simplicity and tenderness and glow of a real personal enjoyment of Christ, as St. Paul does it.

Enthusiasm and Allegiance to Christ

BY DR. CHARLES H. EATON, CHURCH OF THE DIVINE PATERNITY, NEW YORK

AMONG the sources of church power are: First, a definite and comprehensive idea of church work. The work of the church is to teach spiritual truths positively and in the terms of the people; to supply means of consolation; to spiritualize and give power to character; to inspire and direct the work of philanthropy.

Second, the source of church power is enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is earnestness at white heat. If earnestness has no means, it creates them. It spans seas. It levels mountains. It overcomes obstacles of every kind, and turns defeat into victory.

Third, allegiance to Christ. A church to command the respect of the public should be bold in its search for truth, devout in worship, consecrated to the higher social ideal. It should have the advantage of doctrine, liturgy, music and art. It should be open every day of the year for worship and work. Some one of the clergy should be in charge summer and winter for consultation, comfort and personal service.

A Church That Meets Local Needs

BY REV. ALEXANDER J. KERR, BROOME STREET TABERNACLE, NEW YORK

THE ideal church cannot be described off hand. Churches cannot be run into cast-iron moulds. It was never intended that they should be. Time, location, constituency must be considered.

The church that is perfectly adapted to one age, or city, or village, might be quite unsuited to another. Our church building is open from half past seven in the morning until ten at night, seven days in the week. The Gospel of salvation is brought to bear with all the force and interest we can command in both Italian and English, on Sunday, and several evenings during the week. A corps of six trained women missionaries and two graduate nurses give all their time to the church. There is also a regularly organized Italian church, with native pastor and assistant and two Italian missionaries. A first-class director of music and two organists are engaged to make the music as attractive as possible. Three volunteer choirs are trained for Sabbath and week-night service, and often distinguished soloists add strength to the musical work. Special effort is given to the two Sunday Schools—one Italian, the other English—and teachers for them are trained in a normal class. Three street services are held on Sunday afternoon for the multitudes who throng the sidewalks. Mothers' meetings, sewing schools, wood-carving classes, temperance bands, cooking classes, socials, history clubs, and other clubs and circles for boys and girls, young men and young women, are held on almost every afternoon and evening, while a well-equipped gymnasium enforces discipline among and provides physical training for young people of both sexes. A free public reading room with circulating library, open every week-day, and all day, is a welcome resting-place for persons out of work, as well as for those who wish to read the papers and magazines. It is also often used as an employment agency, and is a real antidote to the saloons. A Penny Provident bank teaches thrift and self-respect.

REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN

Church Doors Always Open

BY REV. E. WALPOLE WARREN, RECTOR OF ST. JAMES AND THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK CITY

THE ideal church would be one absolutely fulfilling the object and purpose for which it is founded, viz: the creation and education of members, aptly conjoining to the will and teachings of God.

The preacher should be one who most truly believes and most fully exemplifies in his life the teaching of the

J. W. HOWERTH, PH.D. PROF. A. E. GOBBLE REV. DAVID H. GREER SYDNEY HERBERT COX REV. E. A. JOHNSON

How to Make a Model Church

(Continued)

ble. His sermons should be mainly evangelistic and defying, in its strictest sense. Modern philosophy, science and politics should but be touched upon as illustrating Gospel subjects, or needing Gospel light.

Music should be the handmaid, and not, as now, the mistress of divine service, simple but dignified, congregational, not over-refined. Day by day the church should be open for divine service, and as a quiet resting-place for the wayfarer to lay down for a few moments the burdens of life, and quietly commune with the Father in Heaven. The church naturally should be beautiful in architecture, apt in decoration, but free from the showy ornamentation of the private home, or the millionaire's mansion. It should be enriched with everything that contributes to impressiveness, without ostentation of wealth or excess of display.

Elastic Methods, Less Theology

DR. J. W. HOWERTH, DEAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

BY the ideal church I understand an organization perfectly adapted in methods and personal and material equipment for the development of the spiritual life of the community in which it is located. By spiritual life I mean all the higher faculties of man's nature and not the religious element alone. As conditions vary, there is no ideal type capable of general adoption. The church should always maintain, with fixity of purpose, highly elastic methods.

The ideal church will be open every day in the week, and will welcome all in whom a love for their fellow men has developed the desire for service. It will be made attractive by careful scientific study of the conditions, needs and interests of the people it desires to influence, and will provide such attractions as will supplement these conditions, supply these needs, and appeal to these interests. That is, the ideal church will apply in its entire work the principles of scientific pedagogy.

COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER

An Everybody, Everyday Church

BY COMMANDER DE L. BOOTH-TUCKER.

TAKING a church to mean a congregation worshiping in one particular building, I should suggest the following points for making it an ideal organization:

An everybody's church. It should be an everybody's church, that is, one in which all classes can feel equally at home.

An everyday church. To restrict its usefulness to three or four services a week can hardly be consistent with a high ideal of its mission.

A spiritual church. The vitalizing energies of prayer, of faith and of the indwelling presence of the Holy Ghost cannot fail to be essential to its success.

A practical church. The temporal, as well as the spiritual needs of the people should be brought within the range of its energies.

An attractive church. All lawful methods for attracting the masses and bringing them within reach of the Gospel should be employed.

A musical church. Music, when it is not allowed to become the master, may undoubtedly be the most useful servant of the model church.

A sinner's church. The unconverted should be made to feel at home, and yet their real condition should be made perfectly clear to them, and the dividing line between saint and sinner should be sustained. The unconverted element should not be allowed to gain the control.

A saint's church. The saint should be provided with the spiritual food suited to his case, and his energies utilized.

The working church. Every converted member of the congregation should be assigned some definite activity. Each saint should be trained to be a soldier.

Adhering to a Spiritual Object

BY REV. SYDNEY HERBERT COX, PASTOR LEE AVENUE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN

THE ideal church is the one that has a clear spiritual object before it, the saving of men by the love of Jesus Christ. If this be only its nominal object, and its actual primary object is the extension or perpetuation of its own peculiar propaganda, it may be a good church, but not an "ideal" church. It can be loyal to its own denominational history, and at the same time fully admit that no church is fully in error, nor is its own faith more correct than some other churches. The ideal church must have harmony, for this alone means true spiritual communion of souls with each other and with God. It must have adaptability, so that the moment its environment no longer responds fully to its influence, it can more closely fit itself into that changing environment. It must have liberty to govern itself without hindrance from other churches, who do not face or understand the same problems. It must have democracy, that all its individual supporting members may have power to decide the matters that they are to be responsible for, instead of having a well-intentioned and perhaps prejudiced syndicate do their business for them. It must have fellowship, remembering that it is but one member of Christ's body, and that it must be in harmony on fundamentals with all other true churches.

A church should be open as often as it can actually supply a real need, whether for two or two hundred persons. Certainly all day on Sunday.

REV. JAMES BOYD BRADY

Sowing the Seed in Many Ways

BY A. E. GOBBLE, PRESIDENT CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE

WHAT kind of sermons should the minister preach? Sermons not too long, but full of useful information for saint and sinner, and delivered with unction. Sermons carefully prepared by study and much prayer. They should come to the hearer saturated with the Holy Spirit and glowing with divine fire, so as to lay hold of the hearts of the hearers. Plain, practical sermons, pertaining to the soul's deepest need and avoiding the discussion of the popular transient or trivial subjects of the day. The greatest of all questions for the preacher ever to keep in mind and ever to present, is the great need of salvation, and its possibility alone by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

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A Workshop—Not a Saint's Rest

BY REV. EUGENE A. JOHNSON, A MONTAUK INDIAN, PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, HARRISBURG

THE ideal church is not a social club, but a home—the household of faith, containing all ages, all sexes, all conditions and all classes, that become one when fairly comprehending the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. The modern church is consistently coming to be regarded as a workshop, not a saint's rest; and hence it attracts souls whose nature is active, earnest and restless.

In any instance where the spiritual, social, intellectual and practical elements of our nature can be found, I should regard it as an ideal church. The kind of sermons a minister should preach, I think, should be mostly spoken, or extemporaneous with infrequent written discourses. The sermons of the present day should be largely on the subject of "Christ crucified," varied by the Doctrine of Repentance.

Minister a Practical Worker

BY REV. JAMES BOYD BRADY, WORCESTER, MASS.

THE model church has a mighty minister. A minister who stands besides Sinai and Hattin and lets them thunder through him. Who takes his place beside the prophets and sends their predictions reverberating in the convicted minds of multitudes. Who, spurning personal perquisites, position, fame, influence and safety, takes his stand by him who had "not where to lay his head," for the sake of personally possessing that power which can say once more to the spiritually "blind," "receive thy sight;" to the "lame," "take up thy bed and walk;" and to the "dead," "come forth." Who, being isolated from self and pelf, waits for the Holy Ghost, till charged with that power that burns the sophistries in which sinners hide. Who, when sinners have been drawn from their hidings, preaches the Gospel with such touching tenderness, clear intelligence and an ample love, as applies not a part of Christianity to a part of them, but all Christianity to all of them. Who out of experience paints lustrously and large the affecting picture of the Christ; not only in history and in heaven, but in human souls, saving them from sin and sorrow here, to holiness and joy hereafter.

Individuality and Personality in Systems

BY REV. DAVID H. GREER, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH NEW YORK

IT is almost impossible to answer your questions. I am not trying to make an ideal church, I am simply trying to reach as many people as possible, with a view to their moral and spiritual development. In doing this, it seems to me that every clergyman would have to work in accordance with his own ideas. In this, as in everything else, it is not so much the system that counts but the personality that is in the system.

"HE SAVED OTHERS"

1--FATHER FORGIVE THEM FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.
2--VERILY, I SAY UNTO THEE, TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE.
3--WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON! BEHOLD THY MOTHER! 4--MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME? . . . . . .
5--I THIRST.
6--IT IS FINISHED.
7--FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT.

THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON for March 24: Luke 23: 35-53. GOLDEN TEXT, I. Cor. 15: 3: "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures"

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFT

IMAGINE yourself transported to some distant planet for fifty years, and then returning, to find in the most educated, refined, humane countries of this world a gilded gallows on many a public building, and a gallows of gold on the watch chain of many an educated gentleman, and on the necklace of many a gentlewoman, and the figure of the gallows in red and blue and white in many a badge and banner! You would eagerly inquire what had happened to make what had been the supreme sign of shame a symbol of highest honor. Such a transformation, and more, the death of Christ has wrought in the cross, which was a gallows indeed, but was not used for Romans—they were beheaded, as in the case of Paul, by the sword—but only for slaves and captives, and the most degraded criminals. It was supreme unselfishness that gilded the cross, a love for man stronger than death. Our truly "golden text" does not say "Christ

"Christ Died"

was killed," but rather, "Christ died." Science, as well as Scripture, teaches us that death came to him, not from without, but from within. Crucifixion seldom caused the death of its victims before the third day. Origin tells of two martyrs that lived until the tenth day, reminding us that it was not because Christ was the supreme sufferer among martyrs that he is so loved and the cross so honored, for many a martyr suffered physically greater agonies. In that day, when torture was a fine art, crucifixion was chosen as the supreme punishment, because it was the most prolonged as well as the most painful among methods of execution. Each foot was commonly nailed separately, often from the side, to increase the pain by the twist of the legs. "The festering wounds, the dragging weight of the body on the nailed hands, the awful and unquenchable thirst, the attacks of birds of prey, and the stings and bites of noxious insects, the fierce heat of the sun upon the naked body, the head racked with pain, and the body writhing with convulsions, and the long desire for death, which seemingly never comes," Such is a doctor's description of the sufferings of crucifixion. It is through the influence of the Crucified that all civilized countries to-day study to find the speediest rather than the slowest mode of execution. Many eminent physicians find in the water and blood that flowed from Christ's side when pierced by the Roman spear the explanation of his death in six hours, when crucifixion alone would not have brought it in less than three days. That clotted blood tells of a broken heart. Christian deaths are usually joyous, even martyrs often going up in a chariot of song. Why was Christ's death so sad? Not surely because he was unwilling to go back to that other world which to him had no mystery but only certain glory. His death was saddened by the burden of our guilt, by feeling our sins as if they were his own. A minister, telling of the intense interest he took in winning a criminal back to an honest life, said: "His sin was not mine, yet such was my sympathy for him that I seemed to feel his sin as if it touched my conscience. I could not shake off a sense of shame as I thought of his guilt. My experience gave me a helpful idea of Christ's bearing the sins of humanity on his heart as well as an outward penalty on the cross. If my moral nature could feel so much as the shadow of that horrible load which was upon the poor fellow's soul, what may not He, whose sympathy with every man is infinitely close, have felt for the sins of all the world? I longed to do more than save this young man from the outward consequence of his crime, and from future crimes. I wanted to put my heart beneath his, and bear for him some of his deeper trouble. I put my arm about him, and, calling him by name, said: 'Shall we pray God to forgive *us*?' I could not help saying *us*."

"For Our Sins"

Jesus was nailed to the cross at nine o'clock, the usual hour for sacrificing the Passover Lamb. In his dying sorrow we "behold the Lamb of God, that beareth away (as our scapegoat) the sin of the world." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Queen Helena sought "the true cross," meaning the cross of wood, on which Christ died, and claimed to have found it. We, too, seek the true cross, and find it not in the wood, nor even in the physical agony of which so much is made in Roman Catholic churches, with their fourteen "stations of the cross," nor even in the mental agony of Gethsemane and Calvary. The whole of Christ's life was a crucifixion. Let us imagine a perfect musician living for years in a constant Babel of discords, and it will give us but a slight hint of what His perfect purity must have suffered from thirty-three years of contact with human selfishness and sin. "Surely, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." But even when we have extended the *Via Dolorosa* from Calvary back to Bethlehem we have not found its beginning. Its milestones are the blood-stained altars of the temple, the tabernacle, which lead us back to Abel's altar, where, in purpose and prophecy, Christ was "slain from the foundation of the world." Calvary was no sudden catastrophe, where one of noble purpose met unexpected defeat. It was "the decease he was to accomplish," the atonement he was to "finish," the hour for which he came into the world? He saw the cross as his goal and might have avoided it, but would not because he saw that in some mysterious way by his dying, millions were to be enabled to truly live.

"According to the Scriptures"

We cannot in this one page, nor in a half hour, can any teacher give illustration and application to everything and about the said and done on cross. Let us turn in our Red Letter Testament to the seven utterances of Christ as he hung upon the cross.

Father, forgive them. As the cruel soldiers drove the nails through his hands, and amid the jeers of yet more cruel scribes and Pharisees, Jesus prays for both, feeling their wrongs to them- selves more than his pain, "Father, forgive them." Would you really be Christlike? Do you sincerely wish to bear your cross? Then cherish a forgiving spirit toward your enemies, even when they do not desire forgiveness, telling your vengefulness in their behalf, as Christ did, "they know not what they do."

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"STANDING BY THE CROSS, HIS MOTHER, HIS MOTHER'S SISTER, MARY, THE WIFE OF CLEOPHAS, AND MARY MAGDALENE"

To-day thou shalt be with me. No wonder the thief grew bold when he saw how Christ could forgive his murderers! At the first both thieves railed on Christ, but something in his manner soon led one of the thieves that were being crucified with him to intensify the shame of his execution, to take his part and proclaim his innocence, and even to pray to him as the king of that world to which they were both hastening. "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." When even the apostles had been expecting a "kingdom of this world" only, he saw that Christ's kingdom was, in part at least, a heavenly kingdom. Jesus answered, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." To be "absent from the body," then, as Paul taught, is to be "present with the Lord," and to be with him is heaven. "Where I am there shall my servant be." The penitent thief proves that nothing is essential to salvation but faith in Christ, for he had no baptism or Lord's Supper, nor priest, nor purgatory, but instant salvation without either works or religious forms. Helpful some church forms surely are, but in the only case of salvation at the cross we see they are not essential. There has been much ado at Rome about the opening and closing of the "holy door" in St. Peter's, which is opened only on in fifty years, and was kept open during the closing year the century, symbol of the Roman Church opening heaven those who come in the way it appoints. At the cross we how Christ opens the "holy door" without pomp or machery at the call of a dying thief. In one of the great r galleries of Gibraltar two soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end. One was a Christian, the other was wishing he might be. As these sentries paced their rounds, an officer suddenly challenged the first with a call for the countersi Speaking the word uppermost in his thought, he answer "The precious blood of Christ." It echoed through t tunnel and answered the thought in the other sentinel's a ious heart. The first sentinel, of course, gave the appoint countersign on recovering from his reverie, but he had me time given his fellow the only countersign that will open t "holy door."

A Gospel Countersi

Woman, behold thy son. One of the most beautiful scen at the cross is this expression of thoughtfulness for mother. He bade her adopt his beloved disciple as her s and he was called to adopt her as his mother. No wond John wrote a gospel that is called "the heart of Christ," w that mother to help him with her memorabilia.

A dying soldier said to a chaplain, "I want you to cu lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want y to kneel down and return thanks to God for me." "F what?" "For giving me such a mother. Her teachings my comfort now."

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? We cann fathom the depths of this cry. At that mome Christ seems to have felt to the uttermost t burden of the world's sin in an eclipse of G He was perhaps enabled to feel how sin sh out the sense of God's presence, which had never lost before. He also gave us example of faith, without feeling that we too might hold on to God when the sense of his presence is lost. Dr. D. N. Beach tells of a parishioner, sick with an curable disease, but buoyant in faith and fe ing, who at length was called to follow Chr through such an hour of darkness. Remem bering this example of Christ, she cried, "M God," when she could not feel him near, a that exercise of pure faith brought back t light she had lost.

An Eclip of God

I thirst. Here is the human touch. He h come back from the darkness of the complet sacrifice to a sense of his own pain. In eve other utterance he is speaking for others, f getting his own sufferings. This cry remin us of his real humanity. When narcotiz wine was offered compassionately that h nerves might be dulled to the sense of pai he refused it, for he would not even th "drown his sorrow" in an intoxicant. H would bear his sorrow with unobscured fac ties (Luke 22: 33). Rev. C. H. Polhemus fin in the Mountain of the Holy Cross, in t Rocky Mountains, which shows a cross snow, a picture of the blessings that flow fro the crosses we have to bear.

It is finished. This death is no thwartin of Christ's plan, but its crowning touch. Fro the Mount of Transfiguration he had looke forward to "the decease which he should a complish." Others are mostly remembere by their birth-days, but we remember often Christ's death-day, which he himself chose as his remembrancer in establishing the Lord's Supper. Those who object to "making so much of the blood an the cross" should note that Christ when h chose an act of his to be often repeated "i remembrance" of him, chose not some scen that would recall his work as a teacher but hi atoning death, which is the beginning of righ living.

Culmination Not Failure

A newspaper recently quoted as its gospel "That's all there is of wisdom—do your wor as well as you can and be kind." If we can b saved without the aid of Christ by 'doing th best we can,' then Christ died for nothing a all, and what the greatest character of his tory regarded as the crowning act of his lif was a waste of agony. In some way tha death removes from us, if we will, the guil and power and love of sin, and it is in pon dering the death, even more than in consider ing the life of Christ, that his unselfishnes is developed in us. Roman Catholics tall much of the "sacred heart of Jesus," and a pilgrimage was recently made from Englan to a place in France, where a girl had a visio that Jesus took her heart out of her breas and put it in his own. It is the reverse of that he does fo us as we behold his atoning love upon the cross—his heart o love for God and man is put within us that we may lov somewhat as he loves the souls of sinful men and seek t save them.

Father, into thy hand I commend my spirit. Not less wher we stand at the portals of life than when we stand at the portals of death should we utter this prayer. A dying saint passing into heaven is in no peril. But the youth who is passing every day through scenes of moral peril how much he needs to enter upon each day with this prayer. If daily living be right we need give little thought to dying.

When John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with devils painted on it. On seeing it, he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ wore a crown of thorns for my sake. Why should I not then wear this crown, though it be shameful, for his sake?" When it was set on his head, the bishops said, "Now, we commit thy soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, "commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ!"

AROUND THE WINTER HEARTH

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Farm Life or City Life for Women, Which is the Easier?

AMONG the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there are hundreds of women with very decided views on the question, whether farm life or city life is the easier for the mistress of the house. Until recently, the writer supposed that there was only one answer, that town life, with the modern conveniences, the greater feasibility of procuring hired help, and the greater variety of interests, was much the more desirable. Women in cities take more outdoor exercise than their sisters in the country. They have multiplied opportunities for entertainment, lectures, concerts, panoramas, and the like. Meeting many people, they have the advantage of intellectual friction and mental stimulus, as those have not whose horizon is bounded by the same interests, and whose routine from day to day is unvaried.

But my country friend dissents. She says that at certain periods in the year farm work may be pressing and domestic help hard to obtain, but that the daughters willingly aid the mother then, and learn valuable practical lessons, surpassing those of any cooking-school or laundry-school in town.

In the autumn, winter and early spring the farmer's wife has time for reading, and her mind is alert and eagerly receptive. The farmhouse library has a dictionary and an encyclopedia, and periodicals arrive regularly by mail. The backbone of our woman's missionary societies is in the country farmhouse, where women take time to read missionary intelligence and to store their minds with the facts which precede self-denial and systematic giving.

But this is a question with two sides. Which of them do you take? Why does the woman in the country grow old sooner than her city cousin? Which has the finer health? Which better brings up her children? Our readers may freely express themselves, and perhaps they can help one another. They may consider, as bearing on the theme, which has the more sympathetic and helpful husband, she of the city, or she of the town? M. E. S

The Right Way to Make a Bed

There is a right and a wrong way of doing everything. To make a bed is a simple thing enough, yet a careless person can so mismanage the operation that the result will be unsatisfactory. The under sheet should be very smooth, but not so tightly drawn that it squeezes the mattress out of shape. The sheet should be tucked in at the top, bottom and sides. The upper sheet must be well tucked in at the foot of the bed. A sheet insufficiently adjusted at the foot is uncomfortable. The double blanket must always be put on with the folded part at the bottom, leaving the open part at the top, so that the sleeper may throw off one fold if too warm. Small pillows are best for sleeping purposes; large ones are for show. Every bed should have its counterpane removed at night, and this should be folded and laid aside. An extra comfortable must lie, in most seasons of the year, at the foot of the bed.

A Market Day at Guadalupe, Mexico

Not the least enjoyable experience of the traveler in a foreign land is the coming close to the people, and making acquaintance with their manners and customs. Mexico is one of our near neighbors, yet her atmosphere is foreign, and her soft-voiced, patient women seem of another race and age than our brisk, efficient, bustling Americans. The Mexican woman will sit for hours on the ground, with her baskets and trays before her, waiting for patrons. The fruits and crisp cakes which she sells cost but a trifle, and she smiles pleasantly as she sells them, fortunate if the purchaser is a gentlewoman from the States, to whom money is apparently as plentiful as sunshine, and who scatters it liberally.

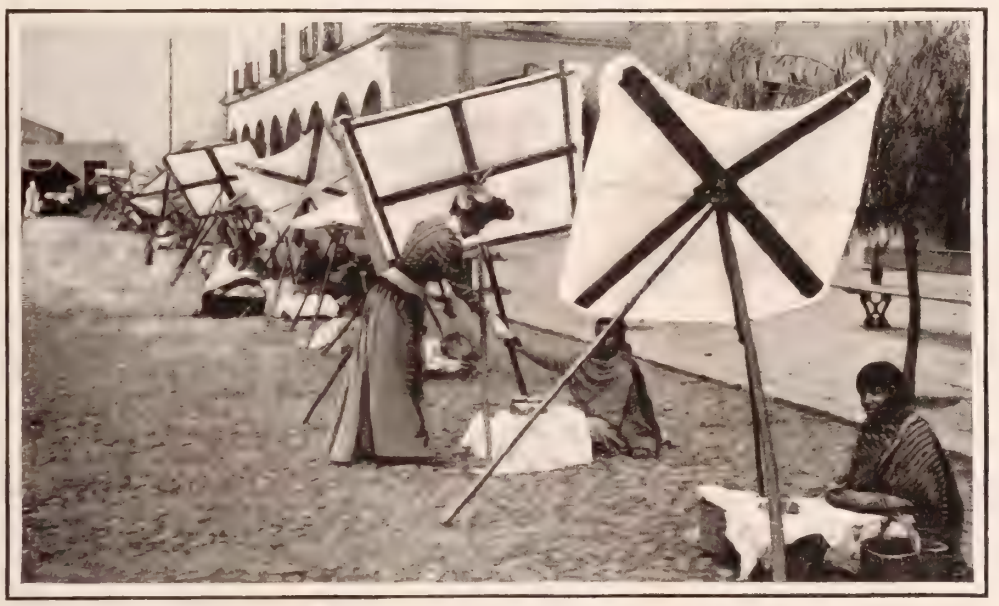
The young Mexican girl is very pretty and graceful, but she grows heavy and stolid as years advance, and ages early. The women of Oriental races, the Indian and the Mexican, have in common the habit of early losing bloom and fineness, showing that it is education and mental culture which defy time, and keep women beautiful in person until their latest day. When the range of thought is limited, the daily round a drudgery, and the temperament lethargic, beauty is a quickly fading flower.

The Mexicans are usually devout Romanists with an unquestioning devotion to their priests. Protestant missions among them are as necessary as missions to the farthest East.

A Monster Evil

Polygamy, that blot on the escutcheon of this fair republic, is far from being suppressed, though in the East, secure in their pleasant homes, men and women do not realize its enormity. A recent leaflet sent out by the League for Social Service contains an appeal from the women of Utah to the patriotic women of America. In this, we find some startling statements. Plural wifehood is said to be a fact, the President of the Mormon Church living openly with several wives, and his people brazenly following his example. "Two thousand Mormon elder priests are now in every State in the Union, propagating their system." "The Mormon Church sentiment controls and directs all political action in Utah; it holds the balance of power in Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada; it is fast gaining power in Montana, Oregon, Colorado, New Mexico and California, and it is using every secret manipulation of its thoroughly organized priesthood to secure the balance of power, politically, throughout the great West."

Legislation to meet the evil and an aroused public sentiment to enforce it are imperatively the needs of the hour. There are breaking hearts in Utah, there are dishonored hearthstones, and, as in the human body, the disease of one organ means the decay of all, so, in the wide domains of the Western land, if there be a corroding malady, the poison will inevitably eat into the core of our civilization, and undermine our liberties.



MEXICAN MARKET WOMEN IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT GUADALUPE.

THE WONDERFUL BLOOD

DEAR child of God, now straying
In darkness and bitter cold,
Jesus is tenderly calling,
There is room for thee in the fold.
He sees each sin and failure,
The tempter's wiles doth know.
Yet, though thy sins be as scarlet
He'll wash thee white as snow.

CHORUS:

Wonderful, wonderful blood,
From Calvary, streaming for thee.
'Tis cleansing, cleansing, cleansing
Thy soul for eternity.

Oh, hear the Saviour pleading,
Longing thy soul to bless;
Return to his arms so loving,
To the beauty of holiness.
Death is of sin the wages,
Oh! haste thee, precious soul,
Wash in the blood of Jesus,
And thou shalt be made whole.

LILY ROSE LITTLEJOHN.

Runaway Matches

ONLY very exceptional circumstances can justify the runaway match. In England, Gretna Green was for centuries famous as the Mecca of eloping couples, forced to fly from the restraining hands of angry fathers that they might be wedded just across the border. A good deal of romantic literature is based on the troubles of young people in love, their union opposed by their parents and guardians for prudential or mercenary reasons. "Lord Ullin's Daughter" and "Young Lochinvar" are memorable among spirited ballads with this motive. In "The Little Minister," one of the prettiest episodes in the beautiful story is the marriage of Gavin Dishart, over the tongs, in the gypsy camp, to the lovely Bab, escaping from the clutches of her elderly admirer, Lord Rintoul. We find no fault with romance when it depicts such scenes, and enjoy them much more than we do realistic descriptions of situations in which nothing happens the very least removed from the commonplace. But, believe me, dear young folk, that in most cases, in plain everyday living, the runaway match is the greatest of foolish mistakes. It is usually for both parties to the contract, marrying in haste to repent at leisure. If a bride is worth wooing, she is worth waiting for, until her father's consent to her marriage can be gained. If a man is worth a woman's faith and love, she may well be patient until she can be married to him, from her own home, with the approval of her own people, thus setting out on her new life under the fairest auspices.

Love is the staple from which happy matrimony is woven. But people cannot live on love alone. There must be an income. Therefore, before a man marries, he should have a trade, a profession, an art or a clerkship, something that will give him assured wages or salary, unless he has large means, and is independent of the necessity to work. Fortunately this latter state belongs to few men in our country. The rich idler is with us in the minority. Even men of great wealth, if they amount to much, educate their sons to work, and work themselves. Millionaires are discovered at their desks in railroad offices, faithfully performing their tasks, and they set a good example in this, to poorer men. A man should not do the girl he loves the injustice of making her wait for him too long. Begin with a little. Do not fancy that wealth makes competence. Any certain income which people can live upon, without exceeding it, and running into debt, means peace of mind and comfort. Be contented with a very modest home at first. Few young women complain of this necessity. Those who have had elegant homes are often the readiest to accept poverty, if it implies no humiliation.

Once in a great while, there comes to pass a condition of things in which an elopement is justifiable, as with Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Miss Barrett's father was resentful at the thought of any of his children leaving the home roof for marriage, sons or daughters equally. His gifted daughter, Elizabeth, was the pride of his life, and being an invalid, in need of constant care, it had not seemed to him possible that any suitor would offer for her hand. A poet, she was won by a poet, and few wedded lives were more ideally happy than her's and Robert Browning's. Yet they had to steal away, softly and silently, from the Barrett home, they were married in the church of Marylebone, and then the bride returned and remained at home for a week, before she left with her husband for Italy. During this week they did not meet. The father's wrath was never appeased, and he died unreconciled to his daughter. His was an implacable nature.

The Brownings were of mature age. Elizabeth, seven years her husband's senior, and past thirty when her marriage took place. As a rule, runaway matches are made by boys and girls, who can well afford to wait, having the bright years lying all before them.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—FLO. You are so young that you should defer to your grandmother in the matter of which you speak. Invite your class to tea on a Saturday afternoon, and give them simply the ordinary company meal. If they prefer to come in the evening, have cake and lemonade.

—YOUNG MOTHER. I advise you to cover your beds in the day-time with a pretty chintz spread, and have a round roll made, instead of pillows. The spread covers roll and all. At night remove spread and bolster, and have small pillows of the shape most comfortable. Swiss muslin, either plain or dotted, will make pretty curtains, and ruffles finish them nicely. Nothing is daintier for little tables, dresser, etc., than scarfs and squares of plain white linen, either hemstitched or embroidered across the ends. Table linen is inexpensive at this season. Centre-pieces are nice in either embroidery or drawn-work, but embroidery launders better, and is the more durable. Do not have head-rests on your sitting-room chairs. Let your house express yourself. A home is always beautiful which reflects a woman's taste.

REVIVAL CAME THROUGH PRAYER

God's People in Oshtemo, Pleaded for an Awakening, and were Richly Answered

REV. EDWARD T. BRADNER MRS. HATTIE R. BRADNER

THERE is a little church in Southern Michigan in the village of Oshtemo, which has had a great revival, more than doubled its membership, and paid off a mortgage, all in the past four months. The record of its experience is interesting and quite unique in revival work.

Oshtemo is on the main line of the Michigan Central Railroad, about half way between Detroit and Chicago, and five miles west of Kalamazoo, the famous "Celery city." In the village there are probably thirty-five homes, and possibly a population of one hundred souls. The place is located in the midst of a good farming district. The village is old and staid, the people conservative and worship in the one church.

The story of the revival properly begins with the mortgage. This had been previously provided for by subscriptions made two years ago. Some subscribers had paid, but crop failures made these last payments a sacrifice indeed to some. The mortgage was paid when due, the document publicly burned, while they sang the long-metre Doxology, and all were dismissed with a benediction. Learning that many who were in attendance at the regular Sunday morning service made no profession of religion, the minister prepared his sermons with a view of reaching and saving that class. The sermons on Sunday evenings were devoted to the church. The general topic was the need of a revival, the signs by which the approach of one could be determined, and the part the church must take in that work. This was reversing the usual order. At the first prayer-meeting in October only six were present. An effort was made to increase the attendance. A prayerless church is an irreligious church. The prayer-meeting topic was again the revival, and the people caught the spirit of the occasion.

Tuesday evening, December 4th, when the special services began, was dark and stormy. About a score of people, some of them non-professors, were present. There seemed to be nothing remarkable about this meeting, but later it developed that some spent a sleepless night on account of it. At the second meeting a mother stood up for the first time as a seeker. The third night some were in tears, and the spiritual tide was rising. On the fourth night two of the faithful Sunday School teachers led eight members of their classes forward for prayer, and at the invitation of the pastor two more asked for the prayers of the church —ten in all. There was no disorder or excitement. All were in earnest. The workers—self-appointed volunteers—moved quietly about up and down the aisles, in and out of the pews, tactfully and earnestly inviting their friends and neighbors to Christ. Strong men clasped glad hands, unable to speak for emotion, and the women were even more overjoyed. The prayers were answered—the revival came.

The second week, the ladies of the church asked for an afternoon prayer meeting for ladies only. They received remarkable answers to prayer from these meetings.

Nearly every night saw progress. At the close of the second week nearly every one of the Sunday School scholars had confessed Christ. A marked increase of attendance at the services was noted. Christmas was duly celebrated, but there was no material break in the revival gatherings. On New Year's eve a remarkable watch night service was held, at which several closed the century by inquiring the way of salvation. When the invitation was given, thirty came forward, making a double file at the altar, of new soldiers for Christ's army.

In this revival there was no choir. The pastor's wife presided at the organ, the pastor acted as conductor. The people were the choir and they were urged to sing. The preaching was done almost exclusively by the pastor, Rev. E. T. Bradner. All the sermons were brief, plain, practical and kind. Rev. J. C. Floyd, D.D., of Kalamazoo, was with the pastor three nights, and J. J. Ludwick, also of Kalamazoo, four nights; and both made earnest addresses and gave valuable assistance in the work. A vast amount of personal work reinforced the efforts of the pastor and his coadjutors. In a hundred different ways, the importance of the private church member in contributing to the success of a revival was demonstrated. Many of the members, filled with zeal for souls, voluntarily came to the assistance of the pastor. People were urged not simply to come to church, but to accept Christ then and there! Many surrendered immediately and afterward made public profession. The work was thorough as it could be.

Sixty-six in all were reached by this revival, most of whom had never before sought Christ. This church began with fifty-four members in good standing, it closed with fifty-seven accessions. The Sunday School has doubled in average attendance. A large class of young converts meets once a week, led by the pastor's wife. The prayer meetings often crowd sixty into the room. A normal class for Bible study has been organized. These are some of the spiritual benefits of this revival. The financial problem, often so vexing to the weak country churches, was so completely solved that it was forgotten in the general exaltation.

ROYAL C. BALCH, S. S. SUP'T ANSLEY SMITH, M.D.

A Revival in Plainfield, N. J.

Revival services were begun in Plainfield, N. J., Sunday evening, Feb. 24, Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Brooklyn, in charge. Nearly all of the churches are now closing their own doors and joining in union services. Some will hold no Sunday evening services of their own until March 17. The union meetings, which are largely attended, are held in the First Baptist Church. Mr. W. Phillips Hall, the "Business Man Evangelist," leads the meetings from March 3 to March 15. Mr. Jacobs, the well-known Gospel singer, assisted by a large choir, has charge of the music. Short union services were held on five afternoons last week, beginning at 5.30 o'clock, chiefly for the ministers and Christian workers who are aiding in the larger gatherings. The movement is full of the promise of spiritual blessing.

Prayed for a Revival, and It Came

Laurel (Md.) Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had a glorious outpouring of God's Holy Spirit in December last, about ninety souls hearing and answering God's call, "Son, give me thine heart," and the church membership was added to by about seventy, besides a wonderful uplifting and uniting of its old members. The pastor said it was largely through his praying flock and their earnest desire and zealous efforts that such results were attained. Some weeks before, a band of the members had been praying for a revival and outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and called into the homes, especially where any were sick, and with Gospel hymn-book and Bible in hand they had precious evidences of immediate answers to prayer. When the special meetings commenced, sinners were inquiring, and a great interest was manifested the first evening, and not many meetings thereafter the church was unable to hold the crowds that gathered, filling every seat and standing room, and some evenings people were turned away.

H. D. GORDON.

REVIVAL NOTES

Evangelist E. R. Liddell and wife are conducting a successful revival work at Alton, N. Y.

Evangelist E. S. Dunham is laboring in Kansas, D. L. Clark in Ohio, and Rev. Joseph Smith in Arizona.

Evangelist C. L. Evarts has just closed a series of very remarkable meetings at Jacksonville, Fla., and now goes to Atlanta, Ga.

In order that communications may be forwarded promptly, evangelists actively at work in the field should send their addresses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, notifying us immediately of any change.

Mrs. Nellie Hall Dow, a trained evangelist and successful Christian worker, will undertake the conduct of special evangelistic meetings in any part of the country. She offers her services free. Her husband, a Gospel singer, assists in her work.

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LIGHT CAME AT THE ALTAR

How Helen M. Stoddard, President of the Texas Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Found Christ

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

HELEN M. STODDARD, the heroic temperance leader in Texas, was reared on the frontier of Wisconsin, and her early religious opportunities were few. She recalls that, as a very young child, she

MRS. HELEN M. STODDARD

attended, by the merest chance, a meeting for children in the village church, four miles away. She sat on the front bench with the other little folks, and the minister, in his discourse, addressed a few words to them, expressing the hope that every child would give his or her heart to the Lord. What he said lodged in at least one tiny heart, and through all the years was an influence for good in Helen Stoddard's life.

From educational purposes, Helen parents removed to Lima, New York, and sent her to the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary. Here she was brought under strong Christian influences, and was especially attracted by the graces and Christian life she saw manifested by her teachers. She was filled with a desire to become a follower of Christ, but she shrank from confessing him before the world. She was possessed by the idea common among many young people—that it is not necessary to belong to a church, and publicly profess Christ by taking part in religious services, in order to be a Christian. To carry out this idea, she began quite a regular reading of the Bible, and every day tried to pray, though still holding her determination to make no public profession of Christ. She found this process just as unsatisfactory as many another has found it, and it was a dismal failure. And for three years she went on with her solid work, miserable at heart because she would not do her duty.

During the winter of 1870, the Rev. A. B. Earle, the evangelist, came to Lima to hold revival meetings, and a great revival broke out in the town and swept through the college and seminary as well. After Mr. Earle went away, special meetings were held for the students in the college chapel. There were conversions every night, for the whole air was throbbing with the blessed Spirit. Dr. Daniel Steele was president, and he preached powerfully, and the bright faces of new converts among the students were on every side. The teachers were wise and tactful, never overurging the scholars to attend the special meetings; but their longing looks, as they tenderly invited her, went to Helen Stoddard's heart like a pain.

On March 6, 1870, Helen was in her room, preparing her Latin for the next day. She and her room-mate were silently studying. The bell rang out on the frosty air, inviting the students to the daily evening meeting. Each heart felt the invitation to be a personal one, for with one impulse the two girls closed their books, took down their wraps, and hastily walked the mile to the seminary and entered the chapel. On the way they said they would only stay an hour, and that they could bring up their lessons after their return.

Helen Stoddard will never forget that meeting. The chapel was filled with students. Dr. Steele announced the hymns and conducted the meeting. The other teachers and a local minister were seated on the platform. The whole atmosphere was charged with the theme, "Come to the Saviour now!" The songs sang it, the Scripture reading urged it, the speakers talked it, and all prayed it in their straightforward prayers. Helen Stoddard soon found her head bent and knew that she was weeping. She did not know how to get to that altar. Soon a dear classmate, Mary Stewart, whispered to her, "Come, Helen; come forward to the altar: and I will go with you." She rose and went with her. One of the teachers came and knelt by her and talked to her, and as she did so the blessed light came. As she stood up to tell the others about it, she was rejoiced to see her room-mate among the number, for she did not know that she had gone forward, too.

A MOUNTAINEER FAMILY, AS THEY JOINED THE CHURCH

At the handshaking at the close, Professor Stone gave her this practical advice: "If you have anything against any person in the whole world, straighten up matters between you. Be brave enough to do this. You will not advance until you do."

Writing more than thirty years afterward, Mrs. Stoddard says, "I have had a changed heart and a changed life since that eventful day. Advanced spiritual light has come during these years. I have no idea how long I might have continued in the fallacious way of trying to live for Christ without confessing him before men, if my class-mate had not whispered, choking with emotion, 'I'll go with you, Helen; come forward to the altar.'"

How many other young girls and young boys all over the land are waiting to-day for some such encouraging word and kindly invitation!

Came to Christ Barefooted

HOW true that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives," even though that other half be their neighbors! The picture below illustrates the fact. This is a family of Americans, of Anglo-Saxon blood, unmixed for many generations; a true, honest, industrious, brave people. That they are poor is the fault of their environment. They are the inhabitants of the rugged Cumberland Mountains, where the land is scarce and unproductive, and money scarcer.

On a preaching tour through that country, I pitched my tent on a bench of a mountain, for want of a church or a better place. There was no church for miles around, and there never had been one. The people came for miles, walking or riding on horses and mules, over mountains and along the rivers. They came early, as soon as they got their breakfast, and stayed until late in the afternoon. They sat upon rough boards, rocks and rails, and listened to the Gospel, which was a new story to them. Most of them went without dinner. For days together they listened eagerly to the Gospel for four and five hours a day.

One day, when I visited their big tent, a tall, muscular-looking son-of-the-mountains took me aside and asked earnestly:

"Mister, can I join the church?"

I told him I knew of no objection.

"But I haven't got any shoes. Can I join without shoes?" He was barefooted, as were some of the others.

"Yes," said I. "You can join without shoes. God cares nothing for shoes. You can go to heaven without shoes, though you maybe couldn't go to Congress."

He was delighted. His lack of shoes was not due to laziness. He was the father of a large family, in a poor country, and it was all he could do to keep the wolf of hunger from the door, by hard work. He wanted to be a Christian, but if he had to wait until he was able to buy shoes, the opportunity to join the church might be gone; so he had come to request this privilege just as he was, barefooted.

After the sermon, that day, I gave an opportunity to any who were ready to accept Christ as their Saviour to make public confession of their faith, and my barefooted friend was the first one to come forward. There was a large congregation of his neighbors present, many of them as poor as he was. His own wife came, with a babe in her arms, to accept the same Saviour with her husband.

There was rejoicing that day, not only under the shadows of the tall Cumberlands, but in the sunlight of heaven, on the mount of God.

Seventy-seven persons, almost all grown, publicly confessed their Saviour, and seventy of them received baptism.

God has greatly blessed this work, which is undenominational, and supported by the voluntary gifts of his generous children of every branch of the Church all over the United States. We ask your prayers and help.

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President American Inland Mission.
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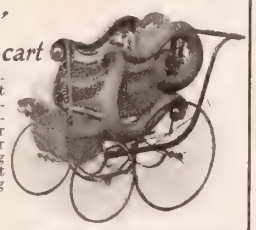

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"Many meals were made of delicious Grape-Nuts alone. I experienced a peculiar clearness of intellect, and a bodily endurance never known before on the old time diet of meat, biscuits, butter, etc.

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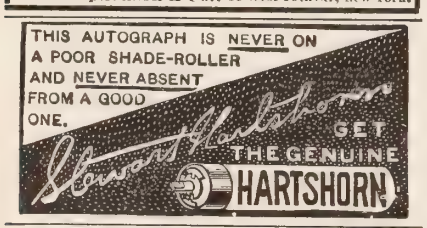

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OUR OBLIGATIONS TO CHRIST*

The Question, "How Much Owest Thou Unto my Lord?" a Pertinent One for Every Christian

ONE of the surest methods of overcoming the depression which comes at times even to the happiest Christians, is to take an account of our blessings. So much remains to us after the world has done its worst with our lot, that we find we have reason to thank God and take courage. In such an account, we find how many of our blessings we owe to Christ. The Old Testament saints blessed God for their manifold mercies, as they had reason to do, but how much better are the times on which our lot has fallen! Christ brought a revelation of the Father which has transformed our very lives. We are indebted to him for our knowledge of God's love and character, and for the confidence with which we can approach the Maker of heaven and earth. We are indebted to him for our clear hope of the life after death, so inexpressibly cheering on our own account and so consoling in those bitter hours when we lay the forms of our beloved ones in the grave. He it was who brought life and immortality to light. We are indebted to him also for that best of all blessings, the power to live a spiritual life, to gain the victory over self and temptation and sin. He came that we might have life and might have it more abundantly. All these and other blessings innumerable connected with them, flow in a living stream from him, who gave his life that we might become the sons of God.

At what a cost to himself were these blessings conferred! Grateful as we might feel to a millionaire for a few dollars given to ourselves or to some worthy cause in which we are interested, we cannot forget that he gives out of his abundance, and is not inconvenienced by parting with his money. But the gifts that cost the giver much, become doubly precious to the recipient. To a sick man there is a great difference in the value of a present of money, or flowers, or fruit from a wealthy friend, compared with the kindness of a poor friend who sends him his favorite easy chair, or some other comfort which entails privation on the giver. He feels that his friend must love him very much to deny himself comforts that another may enjoy them. This enhances the value of the gift, and it enters largely into the obligations we are under to Christ. He became poor that we might be rich; he humiliated himself that we might be raised to the dignity of sons of God; he died that we might live. How he must have loved us to have won blessings for us at such cost to himself! When we take account of what we owe to him, we must not forget the life of humility, of uncongenial surroundings, of the scorn and contempt of enemies, of the agony and bloody sweat, of the cross, the passion and the tomb.

In another sense we must ask ourselves what we owe to him. What are his claims on us? We owe him our gratitude and love. Lowest of all creatures on earth, do we reckon that man who has no word of thanks to his benefactor, no sense of his obligation for favors conferred. We owe it to him that his sufferings and death shall not have been in vain. We must avail ourselves of the blessings he won for us, and thereby show our appreciation of them. Shall we continue in sin, after he died to redeem us? Shall we yield to temptation after he gained for us the power to overcome? Shall we live as self-indulgent brutes, after he set us the example of living for God? Shall we be negligent of our brother's welfare, when he has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto me." We owe him a public expression of our devotion, for he was not ashamed of us when we were degraded and besotted. We owe him more than all, our allegiance. He ought to be our King, whose word is law over all our being and over all our life. Let our position be what it may, our obligations to others what they may, we owe him the throne of our hearts, and whatsoever he saith unto us, we should do it. Indeed, it is on no other terms that we can have any relations with him. Although he was so gentle and so meek, he was strenuous on the admission of the supremacy of his claims. They were to rank above those of father and mother, wife and child. No one was worthy, he said, to be his disciple who did not accord him this highest place. It is that, that we owe him if we would bear his name and be owned of him.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 24. II. Cor. 8: 9; I. Peter 2: 21-25.

LESSONS OF THE CROSS

The Long Line of Prophecies Fulfilled in Christ's Death

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

JESUS came not to destroy the law and the prophets, but to fulfil, and he could not die until all that was written of him was fulfilled. Can the waiting Church be taken away until all that is written of her in the Scriptures is fulfilled? Is it our Lord's indifference, or is it our unreadiness, which delays him? Are we right to sing hymns of self-pity, which reproach our Lord for his long delay? Should we not rather lie in the dust with shame, that he must needs tarry because he comes for a people who are "without spot, and blameless in his sight"? (II. Pet. 3: 14), and his Church has not made herself ready?

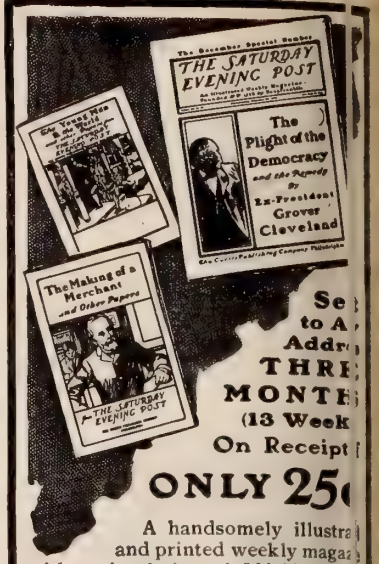
While our Lord was carrying out in every detail all that was written of him in the Scriptures, another fulfilment of the Scriptures was also in progress. The apostle Paul, when preaching to the Jewish colonists in the synagogue at Antioch, said to them about Jesus, "They that dwell at Jerusalem and their rulers, because they knew him not, nor the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath, fulfilled them by condemning him, and though they found no cause of death in him, yet asked they of Pilate that he should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all things that were written of him, they took him down from the tree and laid him in a tomb" (Acts 13: 27-29, R. V).

Once having obtained their hearts' desire in Pilate's unwilling condemnation of Jesus to be crucified, the chief priests and rulers lost no time in carrying out the sentence. Did they fear that he who had wrought miracles among them would deliver himself out of their hands if they gave him a breathing time? How little they knew the true position of things! They led him away, and found a man coming out of the country whom they compelled to bear his cross. Jesus had a heavier weight to bear: the Lord had laid on him the iniquity of us all (Isa. 53: 6). But he was not self-occupied. "A great multitude followed him," and among them were "many women, who bewailed and lamented him." For them he had a word; for his persecutors none. "Daughters of Jerusalem," he said, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children," and he foretold the coming destruction of Jerusalem, perhaps also the future "time of Jacob's trouble" (Jer. 30: 7). May not this be the "dry tree?" (Compare Ezekiel 20: 47; 17: 24.) This is mentioned only in the Gospel of Luke; it was the heart of the Son of man going out in sympathy, and at such a moment.

Calvary was reached. And there those holy hands which had never touched another human being but in blessing, were nailed to the cross to atone for the evil deeds which our hands have wrought; those feet which "went about doing good," and bringing healing to "all that were oppressed of the devil" (Acts 10: 38), were fastened in the same cruel way; and he in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily hung there as an executed criminal. Yet by his very shame, humiliation, and agony, he conquered sin, and death, and shame, and redeemed the world.

The same Jesus who, before his unjust judges answered not a word, met this treatment from his executioners with a prayer for their pardon. No retaliation; he died to conquer retaliation. No self-pity; self-pity dies at the cross of Jesus. They parted his garments; he knew they would, for he had understood that Ps. 22: 18 referred to him; and, as it was written they cast lots upon his vesture (John 19 23 24) There was an importance in every detail; not one word, not one thing happened by chance; all had been foretold, and he himself knew the significance of all.

Meanwhile, "they that passed by railed on him, saying, Thou that destroyest the temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself. If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross." But such a challenge could not be taken up by the kingly victim, who, in his sufferings and death, offered himself without spot to God. The moment was passed when he proved himself to be the Son of God. By the witness of John, by his own works, by the testimony of the Father, by the Scriptures, by his own assertion, he had proved his identity to those who were willing to receive him (John 5: 31-40). Now he had completed his testimony to man, he had only to do with God. "Save thyself!" It was contrary to his whole vocation.



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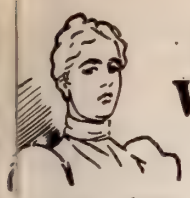

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From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Annie Patterson, of 12 Grant Court, Detroit, Mich., is a bright, intelligent woman who tells an interesting story of a time when she stared death in the face, when doctors could offer but little hope, a time which she now shudders to recall. Her story follows as told in her own words, the facts being sworn to before a notary public in order to convince those who might regard the interview as overdrawn. Miss Patterson says:

"About four years ago I became afflicted with heart trouble and general debility. Occasionally I felt a pain in my back and then it would seem to thrill through every nerve of my body. My strength gradually diminished until I was unable to do any work, however light. The doctors I consulted gave me only slight temporary relief and I had about despaired of ever regaining my former health when I happened to read some of the statements of people who had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I began taking the pills and, I am happy to state, in a short time I noticed a less frequent return of the pain and my general health seemed better. My appetite returned, the trouble in the region of my heart left me and I am again able to do a good day's work.

"I have great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I shudder when I think what my condition might now be had I not used them. I am pleased to recommend the pills, hoping that this statement may be the means of bringing benefit to others who are suffering as I did."

(Signed) ANNIE PATTERSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of December, 1900.

[Seal] JEANETTE SETTLEMEYER, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

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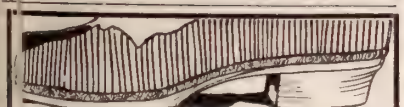

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A Mother of Missionaries

MRS HUME, THE WIDOW OF A MISSIONARY IN INDIA, THE MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER OF MISSIONARIES

ALL our readers are aware of the valuable services rendered in the recent famine by the two brothers, Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, and Rev. E. S. Hume, of Bombay. Both in the 1897 famine and that of 1900, the devotion of these two servants of Christ has been conspicuous. Burdened as they were with the direction of large missionary activities, they gave themselves, heart and soul, to the work of the relief of suffering, and to the arduous undertaking of sending to remote districts the supplies generously contributed by the Christian people of America. Labor such as this is usually obtained only at large cost, but these two consecrated men performed it cheerfully without fee or

MRS. HUME.

reward. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gladly acknowledges its obligation to them for the wise counsel and the hearty co-operation they rendered in the work, which did much to prevent the waste of funds, and insured the money being sent to the districts where it was most needed. To the promptitude with which they gathered together a committee of men energetic and devoted as themselves and organized a system of relief, in which the missionaries of the various denominations worked harmoniously, was due in no small degree the success of this magnificent beneficence.

The story of their early relations with India and the circumstances which led to their going there to labor are almost like a chapter of romance. Rather, they would say, like a chapter out of God's providential dealings, by which the devotion of a consecrated mother received its reward in seeing her sons grow up to take up the work to which she and her noble husband gave their lives. As in the ideal woman that King Lemuel sketched, "Her children arise up and call her blessed."

It is nearly sixty-two years since Mrs. Hume, then a frail, young bride, sailed for India. On April 1, 1839, she went with her youthful husband on board a little brig at Salem, Mass., bound for India. Five other missionaries, two men and their wives and one single lady, accompanied them. As the farewells were being spoken, the Secretary of the American Board said to one present: "That is a healthy company of missionaries, except poor Mrs. Hume, who looks as if she could not last long." More than sixty-one years have passed, and of that company all have gone to their reward, except Mrs. Hume and one other lady. From 1839 to 1854, Mr. and Mrs. Hume worked most devotedly in Bombay. But the fifteen years had told on the strength of Mr. Hume. His health failed, and furlough ought to have been taken. But there was no one to look after their work if they left it. So these missionaries would not go. Finally dysentery laid Mr. Hume on his bed, and the doctor said that delay was certain death. Sorrowfully, passage was engaged in a sailing vessel to the Cape of Good Hope. In Oriental fashion, farewells were arranged for the missionaries at church and schools. The sick man could not leave his bed; but, by his wife, sent a message to the mourning Christians and school pupils: "I am most sorry to go. But God helping me, I shall return or send some one to do this work." The wife delivered the message, and made it also her own.

The sick man was carried prostrate on to the ship. He never left it. His body was placed in the waters of the Indian Ocean. The lady, with six children, returned to her native land, and most devotedly cared for the education of her children. She never told any one but her God that it was her deepest desire that her children might be the ones to fulfill the promise which her sick husband and herself had made for the work in India. But the God who fulfilled Hannah's vow, fulfilled also this unspoken dedication. Twenty years passed, and when her eldest son, on whom she had come to lean, sailed as a missionary to India, she said: "Half of my life goes to-day, but it is just what I have desired and hoped for." A year later her remaining son followed, to live in the very house where his parents had lived, and to take up their work. Later the eldest daughter followed, but after a while returned to care for the aging mother.

When, in 1889, the fiftieth anniversary of her sailing for India came, friends gathered to express their congratulations, and one said, "If only your two sons could be here!" To this she replied, "I should be sorry to have them here. They are where they are most needed, where God has called them to labor, and where I want them to be."

And now her grandchildren are preparing themselves also to join the same mission work. One has already gone, and others are to follow. Such is one of the inner chapters of the story of American missions to India.

An Anti-Treating Society

Philadelphia has an organization known as the National Anti-Treating Society, with Senior and Junior branches. Its object is to pledge members against the pernicious custom of treating to intoxicating drinks, and to aid and encourage total abstinence. It has a large and growing list of active, associate and life members. The President of the society is Mr. H. G. Haring, and the Secretary, H. M. Moyer. Many saloon-keepers have frankly admitted that three-quarters of the money taken over their bars is "treat-money." They, of course, encourage the treating custom. Investigation shows that the great majority of drunkards had no material appetite at the beginning of their downward career, but created one through the social use of intoxicants. The society has drawn up this pledge, which the members are required to sign:

PLEDGE—God helping me, I do solemnly pledge myself not to give or treat anyone to intoxicating liquors, or accept the same from others (cases of actual need in sickness excepted), and I will use my influence with others to uphold these principles.

Any communications should be directed to Mr. Charles H. Nagel, Corresponding Secretary, 1826 N. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

True Wealth

There is a wealth that cannot be measured by dollars and cents. An untarnished character—a soul filled with pure motives—a heart that goes forth in kindly sympathy to alleviate distress, and carry God's holy sunshine to broken homes and hearts that bleed, is possessed of a wealth that many millionaires never knew. Gold and stocks and bonds may produce a feeling of independence, but they pale to mere insignificance when compared with the gems of a contrite heart and a spirit that lives for truth and humanity—that lives to make mankind better, to sweep away the dross and refuse, and bring forth the pure, the true, and good. Happiness cannot be bought nor sold. It comes from God, and is a result of walking in full accord with his holy will. This inward peace may be beyond the reach of a Crœsus, and yet enjoyed by a beggar. There is more to this life than drudgery and paltry gold. The soul of love and fidelity can look above. Share together, counsel together; love, and toil, and struggle on, with hopeful hearts and smiling faces, ever truthful, ever faithful, ever pure, ever holy. Angels minister in such a home, and the blessings of God rest upon it.

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By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY

GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

CHAPTER III—Continued

"I HAVE asked two of the applicants to meet us there at twelve," continued Lloyd Prior, addressing the doctor, "but the third, whom I have reserved until the last, because I am strongly inclined in her favor, we will see in her own home. She is a charming young lady, and would, I believe, be exactly the one for Majorie, were she a little older; she is only twenty-four, but Mrs. Larnard, from whom I learned of her, tells me that she has a remarkably strong character, and five words with her prove her to be a gentle woman. Her father died about two years ago, and since then the family has had rather a hard time of it, I fear, compared to their former financial standing; at least, each member is bravely doing his or her share toward keeping the home. They have a mighty pretty one, too, and I don't blame them for wishing to stick to it."

At twelve o'clock poor Dr. Prior was forced to catechize and question until he was well nigh distracted, and when all was over felt as much at sea as ever. Each applicant had innumerable reasons to put forth as to why she would prove exactly the one to fill the position; but when Dr. Prior tried to picture either as an inmate of his home, conducting the affairs of his household and presiding daily at his table, his heart failed him. After the second interview, he politely bowed the young lady out, and then going back to the room where his brother awaited him, stopped stock still in the middle of it and looked at him in despair.

"Well, you look as though you had an encounter and got the worst of it," said Mr. Prior, and he threw back his head and laughed heartily at his brother's discomfiture.

Dr. Prior ran his fingers through his curly hair till every curl stood on end, and casting himself into a near-by chair, exclaimed, "I think I have. Mercy on us, if I find two too many for me, what must your experience have been? But let me see number three as quickly as possible; she may prove my salvation and save my wits; for, I give you my word, I'd rather lecture ten hours, than talk ten minutes to these young women."

"That is because no one dare talk back when you lecture, you see; and in this case it is nearly all 'talk back.' Well, come along with me, the train for Irvington leaves at three, and we can reach the station very comfortably."

"Irvington, did you say?" asked the doctor, as they took their seats in the cab.

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Only because of a singular coincidence; I'll tell you on the way up."

But on the way up they were joined by a mutual friend and the matter was forgotten, and Mr. Prior did not learn until an hour later wherein the coincidence lay.

CHAPTER IV.

"Fate Has Taken Me at My Word"

ON reaching Irvington, a hack soon carried them to their destination, a pretty villa, surrounded by attractive grounds and overlooking the river. Outside, although the sun shone brightly upon the lawn, the bare trees and leafless shrubberies told that winter was upon them; and the river looked cold and wild. But within all was warmth and sunshine. The room into which the neat maid ushered them was as cozy and cheerful as one could wish. In the large bay-window stood an inviting divan, piled high with pretty cushions. On a table beside it lay books, embroidery, papers and magazines; soft sash curtains were looped back to let in a flood of sunshine over all; handsome rugs lay upon the floor, and the entire room gave evidence of cultivated taste and comfort. In a glass bowl, in another sunny window, gold fish splashed about in their tiny sea; and, above them, a canary bird peeped out from behind the bars of his shiny cage. Evidently he thought the visitors were his, for he called and chirped to them as he hopped from perch to perch. But failing to attract their attention by so doing, he flew to a perch at the top of his cage, from which he could reach a tiny silver bell, which was suspended by a narrow white ribbon just within his reach. Taking the little bell in his beak, he shook it with all his might, and then flinging it from him, again hopped to the bars of his cage.

"Well, young man, you mean to have your share of attention, I see," said Mr. Prior, going up to the cage and shaking his finger at the atom of yellow feathers.

Out spread the pretty wings and the funny little fellow commenced to scold as hard as he could. Going still closer, Mr. Prior put his finger between the bars, whereupon the pugnacious midget flew upon it and began to peck with all his tiny might.

"Here! look at this, Chester," he cried, too absorbed to notice that two ladies were just entering the room; but when he turned, what was his amazement to see his brother cordially shaking hands with the younger one, as she exclaimed in an eager voice:

"Why, Dr. Prior, how kind of you to call so soon. Let me make you acquainted with my mother."

"I am very happy indeed to meet you, Dr. Prior," said Mrs. Drake, shaking hands with the doctor, "and have no words with which to make you understand how deeply grateful I am for all you did for my daughter during her dreadful experience. We were greatly shocked to learn of it from her, but, thanks to the telegram so timely sent, we were spared any anxiety for her safety."

By this time Mr. Prior had recovered his power of speech, which from sheer astonishment had completely deserted him, and, turning to Miss Drake, he said:

"I brought my brother here to meet one to whom I supposed he was an entire stranger, and behold, I am the stranger myself, while he seems to be an old friend. How does it happen? Pray set me straight, for I am all in the dark. The only friend I dare claim here is this little feathered pugilist, and he and I are very chummy. He is great fun. How did you train him so well?"

"We think he deserves all the credit himself, for he rang the bell quite from his own fancy. It was left by chance upon his cage one day, and slipped inside, when he began to ring it, and we thought it so clever of him that we let it remain there, and ever since he has rung it whenever he wishes to be noticed. But let me explain how your brother and I became acquainted," and while Dr. Prior talked to Mrs. Drake, Miss Drake told his brother of their night's experience.

"Well, that transcends any bit of fiction I ever heard of, and who dares say that it is not discounted now? But the wind is taken completely out of my sails, and just when I thought I should be the most important person present, by having the honor of presenting my brother to the young lady destined to reconstruct his domestic economy. But it is just my luck—and his. He always manages to come off with flying colors, and leave me stranded high and dry. But, mind, I shall get even with him, for I shall come up to Mountvale and find fault with everything I see there; so that he need not think that he succeeded all alone, and in the midst of an inky-black November night, in finding something superior to anything I could find after hunting three weeks in broad daylight."

"Ah, but I am not yet established at Mountvale, and may never be, although I confess that all I have thus far seen representing it inclines me very strongly in its favor," and Miss Drake laughed as she turned to join her mother and Dr. Prior.

The conversation then turned wholly upon the question at issue, and after an

(Continued on page 247)

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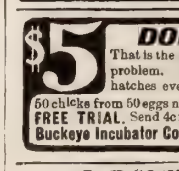

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BY LOVE'S SWEET RULE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 246

ho had slipped away Dr. Prior was more th ever convinced that a special Provide e had guided him during the past twnty-four hours. Mrs. Drake's sweet dignity appealed very strongly to him, and in Margaret he saw a very lovable compa on for Marjorie. Her frank, unaffected manner won his confidence at on, and at parting with her he said:

"o far as I am concerned, Miss Drake, the matter can be settled at once, for it on requires your 'Yes' to consummate it."

"ou are very kind to say so, Dr. Prior, an to take me for my 'face value,'" she an ered, smiling, "and I am sure from wh you have told me that I should find the uties very agreeable, and the home a ver happy one."

"hat would, I believe, depend largely upo your ministrations, for I fear the wo will hardly apply to it now; it is a lon time since true happiness has found a pce in my home, I regret to say," and a sl tone came into the doctor's voice.

rs. Drake was quick to guess the cau, and said:

"Vell, we must see what Margaret can do or the little lassie: a cheery voice and a ung face about will do wonders for heil am sure, and I will add my voice in urg her to give you the desired reply at one because I believe it to be a position she's quite qualified to fill. We cannot, of urse, feel sure, for it is all very new to y dear girl; but a mother's instinct is a song guide, and I believe that she will be ery happy so occupied, and make you daughter happy as well."

"hen would you wish me to begin my du s?" asked Margaret.

"mmediately after New Year's day," wa the reply.

Margaret thought a moment, and then sai "Very well, I will; and I hope that I ma prove all you desire."

"feel assured you will; and remember Mrs. Drake," turning to Margaret's mo er, "you are only lending your daughter nd she will be restored whenever you de nd it; but, while with us, will, I hop be truly one of us, and bring sunshi into our home as I have no doubt she as brought it into yours."

Brewells were then said and Dr. Prior and his brother took their departure, the lat saying as he took his seat in the hac "And after all my fuss and feathers, her you have settled the matter in an hou's time. But I congratulate you, old ma for that girl is worth a dozen ordinar ones and will make Marjorie all over a new."

"don't feel as though I deserved any cre it for it; it was fate from start to fin , and fate has taken me at my wo ."

Margaret and her mother returned to the sitting room, and seating herself in a low chair before the open fire, Mrs. Drake stretched out her hand to Margaret who dropped upon her knees beside her and putting her arms about her mother's neck, pressed her velvety cheek against the older one and for a few moments neither spoke.

"Mother, dear, tell me just what you thi of it all," she said at length. "To tell he truth, now that I have said 'yes,' my ourage almost fails me. It seems so fearful to think of leaving you all. And yet know that I must be occupied in som way, and I doubt if I could ever find a more desirable opportunity."

"am convinced that you never could, lea for from all we have learned of him, and seen ourselves, Dr. Prior is a man who one must admire and respect very sincerely, and I know that I am doing rig to let you go, for you can do a truly cha table work in his home. Poor little as it must be a dull enough place for her and while I gladly send my own sweet chi to brighten her home, I shall miss her sorely in this one."

"t us look at the girl as she kneels beside her mother, for up to the present moment there has been little time to think of her personal appearance. She had passed her twenty-fourth birthday, but owing to her rather short stature, looked somewhat younger. Her pretty, big brown hair was brushed up from her forehead and coiled in soft loops at the top of her well-poised head, but soft little locks would defy side and back combs, and come tumbling about face and neck in the most rebellious way.

A broad, intellectual forehead, with wonderful gray eyes beneath, and a very straight, clearly cut nose, only needed the firm, shapely mouth, and rather square chin to give a perfect index of the girl's character.

But to know her better we must see her with her family, and perhaps the best opportunity for doing so will be while they are assembled at the breakfast table upon the following morning; for this is the only meal at which they are always together, outside duties often calling them away from the others. The breakfast room was a cheerful one overlooking the broad expanse of the Hudson, and within it all was as fresh and dainty as good taste could make it. A neat maid, in a carefully laundered blue and white gingham, with snowy cap and apron, was placing a great glass bowl of oranges upon the table, which was laid for six. As she gave the final touches to its already scrupulous neatness, a light step was heard in the hall, and Miss Drake entered.

"Good-morning, Elizabeth," she said brightly; "see, I have brought this pretty bunch of chrysanthemums for your table: they will brighten it up wonderfully this dull morning, and they are just the color of your oranges."

"Good-morning, Miss Margaret; indeed they will that, and I'll put them just here where the dear mistress will be seeing them the first thing," and she took the great bunch of yellow blossoms, and soon had them placed near Mrs. Drake's seat at the head of the table. A moment later voices announced the approach of the other members of the family.

"Good-morning, mother, dear; did you rest well?" said Margaret, going up to receive her mother's tender caress.

"Very, thank you, dear," said the sweet-faced mother, and then took her place at the head of her table as her children took theirs. Mrs. Drake was not a handsome woman, but few people would pass her by without giving a second glance, for she possessed something better than mere beauty. Her snowy hair was drawn softly back under the daintiest of white tulle caps, which Margaret's deft fingers had fashioned, and the deep blue eyes looked upon her children as only the eyes of a true mother can look; they shed love and tenderness upon them all.

She was a tall, stately woman, and conducted her household with a quiet dignity beautiful to witness, and yet held in her heart of hearts a world of love and charity for her fellow-beings.

Wherever assistance was needed; wherever a kind thought or tender word could help; wherever sorrow or affliction found their way, there Mrs. Drake could also be found; and no sacrifice of time or strength was too great if she could feel that some good had come of it. Not a family for miles around which did not know her, and few which she had not benefited. Before her husband's death, nearly two years before this story opens, she had carried help to many, but reverse of fortune now made it almost impossible for her to follow her generous impulses, and her charities were confined to deeds which required but small monetary outlay. Margaret was her eldest child and very like her, inheriting her mother's beautiful character to a marked degree, although, in personal appearance, more like her father.

Next to Margaret came Rodman, a handsome fellow just past his twenty-third birthday, and glorying in being engaged "to the prettiest girl in the land."

Then Alice, the artistic member of the family, whose work in the "Art Students' League" was already beginning to win her recognition in the art world.

Then Helen, who found a world of happiness in her kindergarten work, and daily made twenty little children think that this world had two suns.

And last, but by no means least, Maud, or, as she was called, "Muggins." She was still in school and filled with a laudable desire to come out "No. 1," but possessed of an unfortunate faculty for getting into scrapes, and so never succeeded in quite living up to her ideals.

(To be Continued)

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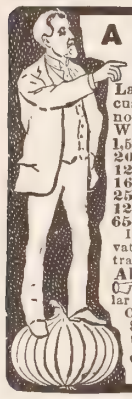

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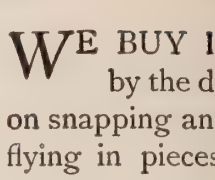

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24 Pages

CHRISTIAN HERALD

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 12

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1901

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SEE PAGE 262

LEADERS IN THE GREAT TWENTIETH CENTURY NATIONAL GOSPEL CAMPAIGN

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OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag,**
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered April 17

1. The Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, has said: "Christians are becoming invalids and the church is a hospital. Nurses are wanted. Manliness is dead." Is the charge that modern Christianity enervates and unmans its disciples justifiable, and if so, to what sense and degree?

2. If a person repents of his sins as fully as he knows how; confesses and makes restitution as far as he can; believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, and gladly accepts him as his saviour; should he not have an inward experience of a pardon of his sins, and of the Spirit bearing witness to his consciousness that he is born from above?

3. Applied to present-day conditions, what are the "best gifts" which Paul exhorts Christian people to "covet earnestly" 1. Cor. 12: 31?

4. Can a Christian who makes a trans-Atlantic voyage, in which engineers, stokers, etc., work on Sundays, consistently object to ride on the surface or elevated cars on Sunday?

5. If an actor or actress applies for membership in a church, should the application be rejected solely on the ground of the profession of the applicant, when there are reasons for believing that conversion has taken place?

Questions of the Week

1. In what respect can it truthfully be said that Americans "live too fast?"

Americans try to accomplish too much in a given time. Naturally nervous, energetic and progressive, we in effect exemplify the saying, "a short life and a merry one." In many cases it is a busy life, with no room left for the "merry" part. This haste does not conduce to the best interests of the individual, though it may to the arts and sciences; since the interval between the inception of an idea to its final and perfect elaboration is so brief that the world is quickly enabled to make use of the new and improved processes. That we rush about, always in a hurry, is due, perhaps, to the climate or to environment; or it may be an inherent attribute of the American. But we live too little with nature, and too, much in an atmosphere of artificiality and excitement, both in social and in business life. We rush to our offices, to the church, and to the various social functions; striving to be leaders in all, and living a life of feverish unrest. We, modern Americans, desire to be in youth—in respect to social, financial, and all other-to-be-desired conditions—where our forefathers were, and where the people of most other nations are well content to find themselves when advanced in years. "Fast," as here used, is not to be construed as indicating any departure from the code of good morals, but as simply meaning the mind and body-wrecking manner of living constantly at high tension. A. L. VERMILYA.

. . .

Americans live too fast in the matter of nervous overstrain. This overstrain extends to every part of American life, and all occupations. The American works too long and sleeps too little. He rises two or three hours earlier than his European or South American brother, and works considerably later. He takes barely time to swallow his food, while a meal with other nations is a deliberate or social event. His holidays are too few. His recreations are usually hours snatched from necessary sleep, and strung to a higher tension than those of labor. Besides physical overstrain, he is mentally stretched by the possibility of amassing enormous wealth, and by the nervous progress that has stamped Americanism upon every great enterprise of the age. The proof that Americans live too fast is furnished by the results of the last decade, i. e., fabulous fortunes gained, cities built, miracles invented, a new journalism founded for the world; and the darker side, sudden death prevalent, heart disease and nervous prostration, known distinctively as American diseases, and alarming collapses in the young, both college trained and the mercantile classes. KNOXVILLE, TENN.

2. Are there not times when a church may act selfishly in accepting "the widow's mite?"

The church would act selfishly, to urge and over-persuade the widow to give her mite, knowing how sorely she needed it the church should not ask it of her. But there would be nothing selfish on the part of a church to accept it, provided she offered it of her own free will. In such a case, it would be selfish not to accept it, as it would deprive her of the pleasure of giving and doing the little she could, and make her feel that, because she could not give as largely as others, she must forego the pleasure altogether. The instance recorded in Luke 21, commends the poor widow, who cast all her living into the treasury, and gives no hint of any selfishness on the part of those who received it.

H. C. VAN NOTE.

. . .

Yes, while the church is a divine institution, yet, like the individual Christian, it is in no case exempt from a liability to err. It is composed of selfish men and women, and for this very reason it may—it does—act selfishly at times "in accepting the widow's mite." For example, when it is the ambition of any one church to have the most eloquent minister, the strongest choir, and the most elegant and elaborate church building in the community, only for the sake of being "ahead," and accept the widow's mite to obtain or support these things, surely acts selfishly.

R. E. HOUGH.

3. What altar is that referred to in Heb. 13: 10, of which it is said that those who serve have no right to eat?

They "which serve the tabernacle," i. e. the priests occupied with the legal ritual (8: 5), "have no right to eat" of our, the Christian altar, or altar offering, Jesus Christ. The priests subsisted largely from the offerings (Lev. 4: 26, 31, 35), but of the sin offering, the blood of which was taken into the sanctuary for atonement, they were allowed no part whatever, the whole body being consumed. Christ is the sin offering. Christians are admitted to a privilege unknown under the old covenant. The "altar," as in I. Cor. 9: 13, includes both the sacrifice and the food from the sacrifice. From the comparison in v. 12, the Christian's altar may be regarded as the Cross, on which the lamb of God expiated our sins—the condition of all grace and acceptance, I. Peter 2: 24; Heb. 7: 27; 9: 14, 26, 28.

G. E. KRAUTH.

. . .

That is amply pointed out by the distinction through the whole epistle between the Jewish altar and the Christian's altar. While the Jewish priest lived off the altar where he served, we, as Christians, have an altar upon which the offerings are spiritual, and not carnal, eternal, but not material, for the soul's nurture, but not real to the senses. Consequently, the service at our altar is not gratification and satisfaction of desire. It is not a thing to be coveted; it is an inner delight, realizable by love, but not profitable to selfishness. C. P. ATKINSON.

4. Is a man who has purchased or built a house in an unhealthy situation, say where his own family has suffered from malaria, justified in offering the house for sale, saying nothing about such drawback?

A simple application of the Golden Rule will settle this and all questions of a similar nature. A question of this kind is not to be determined by considerations of business or expediency. The principle involved is one of right and wrong. No man has a moral right to dispose of any property in which there is a defect, or which might prove injurious, without giving information concerning the same. The purchaser of such property might suffer from sickness, incur heavy expense, and even death itself might result. Let a man ask himself, "How would I like to be treated by others in such a case?" M. T. ELLIS.

. . .

He is at perfect liberty to offer his property for sale. Any intending purchaser will examine the property and its locality. All questions asked of the owner, or his agent, about title, surroundings, conveniences, inconveniences, general healthfulness of the locality, and particular health of occupant's family while resident, should be truthfully answered. The fact of "malaria" in one family need not deter another from occupying the same property; for some persons, with more physical vigor and more hygienic precaution, will live in comparative immunity where others have sickened and died. But, first, last, and above all, it is right to do the right and speak the truth.

J. T. CRABTREE.

5. What is the origin of the phrase "by hook or by crook?"

When Strongbow, in the reign of Henry II. (1172) was about to make a descent upon Ireland, he noticed, on entering Waterford Harbor, a tower on one side of the bay and a castle on the other. He asked what buildings they might be, and received for answer, the castle of Hook and the tower of Crook. "Then," said the dauntless adventurer, "we must take the town by hook or by crook." In such easy fashion are proverbs made. It is not always, however, that we are able to trace them to their authors, especially in the case of one that has reached the respectable age of seven hundred years.

MARGARET S. TERRELL.

. . .

This phrase derives its origin from the custom of certain manors, where tenants were authorized to take fire-bote "by hook or by crook;" that is, so much of the underwood as may be cut with a hook, and so much of the loose timber as may be collected from the boughs by means of a crook. One of the earliest citations of this proverb occurs in John Wycliffe's *Controversial Tracts*, (1370), see Skelton, page 8. Rabelais: book 5, chap. 13, canto 1, st. 17. Beaumont & Fletcher, and Spenser also give it in their writings.

WM. ADEE.

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Miscellaneous Question

Mrs. Jemine F., Selbysport, Md. Who was Co cius, and what was the character of his relig

A teacher of morals, but not the foun of a religion; born about 551 B. C., in the lage of Tsen-se. Arnauld and other wri have asserted that he did not recognize existence of a God. His object was to establish the ancient cultus of China, anc mold the manners of her people by min regulations, embodying the usages of the p He held that the aim of the living should the attainment of perfect virtue by the servance of the five fundamental laws gov ing the relations between ruler and subj parents and children, husbands and wi friends and brothers, and the practice of cardinal virtues—humanity, justice, order, titude and sincerity, or good faith. He d B.C., 479.

Norman D., Paterson, N. J. Is the ideal marr often, or ever, realized?

Statistics have never been gathered to sh the proportion of ideal marriages, but lear heads have estimated that ninety per cent married people might confess that they h not realized all the ideals with which t began married life. The ideal marriage, h ever, may be quite distinct from the ha marriage. Millions of married couples very happy, though they have never reac the ideal condition they had hoped for. T find that many of their preconceived noti were impractical, and unsuited to the work of life. As they relinquish some of dreams of youth, or they discover the dee broader, less selfish meanings which respo bility and work give to life, which are a all most excellent and wholesome substitu for their ideals. Moreover, the definitio ideal marriage depends upon individual ta education, or temperament. But for ev unrealized ideal, as for every lost illusi there is some compensating reality.

Girl Reader, Minn. 1. What is the origin of "k ing under the mistletoe"? 2. What is the or of holly as a Christmas decoration?

1. According to Scandinavian mytholo Baldur the Beautiful, was slain by an arrow mistletoe in the hand of Hader, the blind g directed by Loki, the spirit of evil. Loki discovered from Trigg, Baldur's mother, t she had taken oath of all things, animal, ve table and mineral, that they would not ha her son, save a little tree, the mistletoe, wh was too young to take the oath, and Loki treacherously used this knowledge when B dur, slain, went to the Scandinavian had he was so beautiful and sweet-souled that made hell happy. The gods and goddess bewailing his death, plead that the mistle might be rendered harmless, and it was gi into the hands of the goddess of love keeping, and to everyone passing beneath she gave the kiss of peace. 2. Like the Chr mas tree itself, it is of Teutonic origin. ancient folklore we find that holly was hu over fireplaces at festival times that wo nymphs might have a warm place to pe and watch the peasants at their merry pla

Inquirer. Tampa, Fla. Can you tell me someth about the Jackson Indian medal, which I been on exhibit at many national exposition that at Philadelphia in 1876, for one? Wh is it now?

Mr. Wm. McEndree, Kingfisher, Ok writes us concerning a medal which seems answer your description and which he has his possession: "I have been owner of t medal—the only Jackson Indian medal th I know of—since 1871–72, when, during t severest winter known to the States, Spott Horse left it with me as security for suppl for his family. He failed to redeem it for year, then sold it to me, valuing it at ma ponies, and reserving the right to call and s it at pleasure. His death left me a clear tit Spotted Horse, his father, a great Pawn warrior, received this medal at a peace cou cil near Council Bluffs, and lived up to motto, 'Peace and friendship.' He becar scout and guide to our Government forc acting in that capacity till 1862, when he f in battle against the Sioux, with the med on his neck, where he had worn it for thirt three years."

Mrs. Anna V. K., Montclair. N. J., writes: I se this little seed, which should be sown broadcast. know of no better sower than your paper, whi goes all over the world:

Kind hearts are the gardens, kind thoughts are the roo
Kind words are the blossoms, kind deeds are the fruit

Ovette T. B., Delphos, Kan. THE CHRISTI HERALD published an article in a recent issue, e plaining the crusade of Mrs. Carrie Nation agair the Kansas saloons. You have probably misu derstood it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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WHERE THE BUILDING STONE COMES FROM

The Noblest Monument to Lincoln

MANY monuments of stone and bronze have been erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, but what promises to be the grandest and most enduring memorial of the martyr-President is now being erected in the mountains of Tennessee. It was a most practical, as well as sentimental idea, that of General Oliver O. Howard and his co-workers, to erect a group of schools near where Abraham Lincoln was born, for the education of such as he. Providentially, the Cumberland Park Co's property, costing over a million of dollars, was bought for a fraction of the cost, and from the

PROF. JOHN HALE LARRY

hte blocks of masonry in the debris of the great hotel, stle is now being taken to erect ng buildings.

cademic, normal, commerci mechanical and industrial dartments have been opened. Tlee hundred or more students ar now enrolled yearly. There ar sixteen instructors, under the lelership of Prof. John Hale Lry, who was lately called to acas President, and as the repre ntative of General Howard as Maaging Director, and especially toorganize and develop the indurial and practical features of th university.

he School of Practice opened at the Grant-Lee Hall about or year since, has filled the large bding to overflowing. The co se of study is about the sae as that of an English High Sool, with manual and moral trning added. The campus inudes the finest farm in the coty, which not only gives trainin in agriculture, horticulture, et but its great fields of corn ar wheat, all cultivated by studets, help support many a mountal youth. A professional printer ha charge of a class of young men, who publish the *Mountain Herald*, an illustrated monthly, and also turn ou considerable job work. A skilled draughtsman and paern-maker has a class in mechanical drawing and wdworking, and these hope to take a hand on the new bdings. A squad of young men who study forenoons ar labor afternoons, are felling trees, the tops for wood ar the trunks for lumber with which to build.

he master mechanic who superintended the fine stle work of the large hotel which formerly stood there, gis instruction in masonry and general building, a thg very much needed. A real University Settlement —not a large building in a crowded city, but many homes in this sparsely-settled valley—will yet furnish labor for scores of the young men.

Two reasons for the marked success of this institution are evident: 1. The fine discipline, every student being pledged to abstain from intoxicants, tobacco, and the carrying of firearms; 2. The cheapness of such privileges.

Many more would gladly come if there was room. General Howard and his associates in this great educational philanthropy are now devoting their energies to raising an endowment fund to make this success permanent. President Larry is in the field interesting generous and patriotic Americans in erecting the needed additional buildings. His first effort will be a girls' dormitory, as both sexes are now domiciled at Grant-Lee Hall, under proper restrictions. He believes that a $25,000 building, accommodating 100 girls, can be erected if $6,000 can be secured for this purpose. All the building stone necessary is available in the ruins of the great hotel which formerly stood there. They can burn their own lime and brick and prepare the woodwork. Student labor, under the direction of competent instructors, will accomplish all the work. There is no project more worthy of the support and encouragement of the American people than this, which aims to give a Christian training and practical education to the neglected youth of the Tennessee mountain districts.

STUDENTS AT GRANT-LEE HALL, LINCOLN MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY

Gen. Howard has already declared that the Lincoln Memorial University has a double claim upon the sympathies of the American people. In his last interview with President Lincoln, Gen. Howard received special charge of the freedmen and refugees of these mountains, a charge which was afterwards emphasized by Edwin M. Stanton, at Lincoln's request. The people in that district had suffered much during the war, and many of them were descendants of men who had done valiant service and borne much suffering in the war of the revolution. No wonder that the great heart of Lincoln was concerned for their welfare, and recommended them to the kindness and tenderness of a General whose soul, like his own, could be moved by the spectacle of a great people suffering patiently and silently. To this day Gen. Howard feels the force of that commission. The pupose of the directors is to make the University a real blessing to the regions round about—a Christian, literary industrial training institution and college of the most practical kind. In no part of our country will such educational advantages be better appreciated; nowhere will they bear better fruit. Again and again have our mountaineers shown eagerness to improve such opportunities. From our mountains have come many men who helped to make our country great.

Gen. Howard believes, with good reason, that there are multitudes in this broad land to whom the possibility of rearing a monument to Lincoln (which shall, at the same time, in educating these people, fulfil a desire dear to Lincoln's heart), will come as a welcome opportunity of patriotic and Christian service. It will please some of these people to know that their gifts will have prominent and permanent recognition. In the Grant-Lee Hall, there is a large room, on the walls of which the name of every contributor will be inscribed. Such a memorial will be deeply interesting. Students of generations yet unborn will enter that room and will see there the names of persons whose gifts aided in placing a Christian, literary and industrial education within their reach.

General Howard adds: "This effort goes far beyond the ordinary educational institution. It is founded with the distinctive object to afford thousands in the mountains the opportunities to become godly men and women by increasing not only their theoretic, but their practical knowledge of affairs, and by developing not only the physical and the mental, but the spiritual being."

The new dormitory, when finished, will enable at least twenty more young men to enter school. The grounds are already laid out and prepared at a cost of thousands of dollars. There are miles of macadamized roads and walks and avenues of maples. Fifty dollars will pay for a room in the new dormitory. The donor's name will be engraved in the top of the door, to remain as long as the building stands.

The New York office of the Lincoln Memorial University is at 150 Nassau street, room 1303–4, where General Howard can be seen or addressed in regard to the work, and where President Larry can be engaged to speak to churches or societies on "The American Highlanders." Any contributions sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the Lincoln Memorial University will be duly acknowledged and forwarded.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

THE WRITER'S INKHORN

TEXT, Ezekiel 9: 2:
And one man among them was clothed with linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side

THE poem from which my text is taken is epic, lyric, dramatic, weird and overpowering. It is more than Homeric or Dantesque. No one ever had such Divine dreams as Ezekiel. In a vision this prophet had seen wrathful angels, destroying angels, each with a sword, but in my text he sees a merciful angel with an ink horn. The receptacle for the ink in olden time was made out of the horn of a cow, or a ram, or a roebuck, as now it is made out of metal or glass, and, therefore, was called the inkhorn, as now we say inkstand. We have all spoken of the power of the sword, of the power of wealth, of the power of office, of the power of social influence, but to-day I speak of the power for good or evil in the inkstand. It is upon your tables, holding a black or blue or red liquid. It is a fortress, an armory, a gateway, a ransom, or a demolition. "You mistake," says someone, "it is the pen that has the power." No, my friend; what is the influence of a dry pen? Pass it up and down a sheet of paper, and it leaves no mark. It expresses no opinion. It gives no warning. It spreads no intelligence. It is the liquid which the pen dips out of the inkstand that does the work. Here and there a celebrated pen, with which a Declaration of Independence or a Magna Charta, or a treaty was signed, has been kept in literary museum or national archives, but for the most part, the pens, whether, as of old, made out of reed, or later of wing of bird, or still later of metallic substance, have disappeared, while the liquid which the pens took from the inkstand remains in scrolls which, if put together, would be large enough to enwrap the round world. For practical, for moral, for religious, for eternal purposes, I speak of the mission of "the writer's inkhorn."

The Household Inkstand

First, I mention that which is purely domestic. The inkstand is in every household. It awaits the opportunity to express affection or condolence or advice. Father uses it; mother uses it; the sons and daughters use it. It tells the home news; it announces the marriage, the birth, the departure, the accident, the last sickness, the death. That home inkstand, what a mission it has already executed, and what other missions will it yet fulfill! May it stand off from all insincerity and all querulousness. Let it tell only that which it would be well to read after the hand that wrote it and the hand that received it can write no more. Dip out of that inkstand only that which is paternal, maternal, filial, sisterly, brotherly. Sacred let it be, not to what are sometimes called the "household gods," but to the one and the only God who "setteth the solitary in families." Dip out of it solace for parents on the descending grade of years, and encouragement for those who are climbing the steeps.

The carvers and glassblowers are ever busy making more ornate and skillful bowls for the ink, but not one of them will be so sacred as the old-fashioned inkstand out of which was dipped the liquid for the making of the family record on the blank leaves in the Bible between the Old and the New Testament, not so many leaves now blank as before recent years made birthday or mortuary insertions. From that home inkstand the child dips out material for those large and awkward letters that one always makes when learning to write, and from it are taken the trembling letters that show the wrinkled hand is gradually forgetting its cunning.

O, ye who have with recent years set up homes of your own! out of the new home inkstand write often to the old folks, if they be still living. A letter means more to them than to us, who are amid the activities of life and to whom postal correspondence is more than we can manage. They await the coming of the letter. Undertake no great thing in life without their advice. Old people for counsel; young people for action. Even though through decadence they may be incompetent to give valuable opinions on important affairs, compliment them by asking their counsel. It will do them good. It will make their last days exhilarant. Make that home inkstand a source of rejuvenescence to those who are near the terminus of the earthly journey. Domestic correspondence is not attended to as once. The newspaper, joining with the telegraph, bears the tidings of all the neighborhood, but swiftest revolving wheel of modern printing-press and quickest flash along the electric wires can never do the sympathetic work of the home inkstand. As the merciful angel of my text appeared before the brazen altar with the inkhorn at his side in Ezekiel's vision, so let the angel of filial kindness appear at the altars of the old homestead.

Many know of what is called sympathetic ink. It makes letters which are not perceptible until heat is applied, and then they come out clear and plain. They are invisible characters in chloride or cobalt, which are warmed into visibility—letters in solution of nitrate appearing under the touch of the light. Appropriately are all such solutions termed sympathetic ink, and it is suggestive of consolatory letters written to the unfortunate and the weary and the heartbroken. Under the fires of trouble the beauty and force of such letters of sympathy come out. Thank God that all up and down the earth there are so many bottles of sympathetic ink.

The Office Inkstand

Furthermore, the inkstand of the business man has its mission. Between now and the hour of your demise, O commercial man, O professional man, there will not be a day when you cannot dip from the inkhorn a message that will influence temporal and eternal destiny. There is a rash young man running into wild speculation, and with as much ink as you can put on the pen at one time you may save him from the Niagara rapids of a ruined life. On the next street there is a young man started in business who, through lack of patronage, or mistake in purchase of goods, or want of adaptation, is on the brink of collapse. One line of ink from your pen will save him from being an undertaker all his life and start him on a career that will win him a fortune which will enable him to become an endower of libraries, an opener of art galleries, and builder of churches.

What tremendous commercial letters were written by those great New York merchants in the middle of the last century! The direction in which the liquid rolled in the inkstand decided the commercial history of nations. What opportunities for bettering the world's condition are now open before the great business men of America, in Calcutta, and Hongkong, and Marseilles, and Constantinople, and all the great European and Asiatic harbors! What is needed on all the counting-room and bank counters of America, so far as they have not already been supplied, is the educated and consecrated inkstand.

Furthermore, great are the responsibilities of the author's inkhorn. All the people, or nearly all the people, read, and that which they read decides their morals or immorals, their prosperity or failure, their faith or their unbelief, their purity or corruption, their heaven or hell. Show me any man's library, great or small, and after examining the books, finding those with leaves uncut, but displayed for sake of the binding, and those worn with frequent perusal, and without ever seeing the man or knowing his name, I will tell you his likes and his dislikes, his morals good or bad, or indifferent, his qualification for business or artistic or professional or mechanical life. The best index to any man's character is the book he prefers above all others. O, the power of a book for good or evil!

The Author's Inkstand

While passing, as in parenthesis, I advise: Read books of poetry, that the bells in your soul may be set a-chiming. Read history, that you may know how wrong-doing in time comes to defeat and righteousness to victory. Read books of law, that you may see that anarchy has no right in a world so precisely governed. Read books of wit and humor, that you may experience the healthfulness of laughter. Read books of religion, that you may appreciate how small is the vestibule of time compared with the palaces of eternity.

Through books we sit down and talk with the mightiest spirits of all the ages. We accompany Tennyson on his springtime walk, as he falls upon his knees in the meadows, crying to his companion: "Violets, man, violets! Smell them." Or we ride with Trajan in his triumphal march, or stand with Godfrey at the taking of Jerusalem, or with Arctic explorer hear the crash of the icebergs, or are received with Herman Cortes in the halls of Montezuma, or watch in the observatory as Herschel with his telescope captures another star. Or the ink in the inkhorn turns red as blood, and we are at Marengo, and Arbela, and Eylau, and Borodino, and Leipsic. Or we see Galileo fighting for the solar system; and around us gather for conversation Aristotle, and Plato, and Robert South, and Sidney Smith, and Locke, and Samuel Rogers, and Chaucer, and Paul Richter, and Swift, and Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, and Talleyrand, and Burke, and Edward Irving, while to make music for us Handel, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn come in. And we watch Columbus landing, and see John Harvard's legacy of nine hundred pounds paid over for the founding of Harvard University, and Joshua Reynolds, and David Wilkie, and Rembrandt tell us of their pictures. O, the books! Thank God for the books, and thanks be to all the authors! May the inkhorn ever be under Divine inspiration!

When a bad book is printed you do well to blame th publisher, but most of all blame the author. The m laria rose from his inkstand. The poison that cause the moral or spiritual death dropped in the fluid fro the tip of his pen. The manufacturer of that ink cou tell you that it is made of tannin, and salt of iron, ar nut galls, and green vitrol, but many an author h dipped from his inkstand hypercriticism and malev lence and slander and salaciousness, as from a founta of death. But blessed be God for the author's inkstar in ten thousand studies which are dedicated to pure i telligence, highest inspiration, and grandest purpos They are the inkstands out of which will be dipped th redemption of the world. The destroying angels wi their swords seen in Ezekiel's vision will be finally ove come by the merciful angel with the writer's inkhorn.

Editorial Inkstands

Among the most important are the editorial an reportorial inkstands. The thick ink on the printer ink-roller is different from the ink into which the writ dips his pen, and is compounded of linseed oil an lamp-black, and made thick by boiling or burning. B the editorial and reportorial pens are responsible f that which the printer's inkroller impresses upon th flying sheets. Where one man reads a book, five tho sand men read a newspaper. What change of opinio in regard to the printing-press since the day when th great Addison wrote concerning it, "One cannot but l sorry that such a pernicious machine is erected amon them," and when, under the reign of Charles II., on one newspaper, the London *Gazette*, was allowed to printed, and that only on Mondays and Thursday Not until the Judgment Day, when the forces whi have influenced the world shall be compared and a nounced, will be known the power of the modern new paper. With its telephonic and telegraphic annexes, the world twice a day passes in review. The mann in which continental and international events are p before us make deep impression. We gaze on all th conflagrations, and watch the pursuit of all the de peradoes, and hear the crash of all the collisions, an rejoice in all the discoveries, and thank God for all t noble achievements. After the editor has corrected t last proof of his editorial, and the reporter has put in form his last stenographic report of swift utterance, announced in best form some great munificence, sketched in most forceful style some brave rescue firemen or lifeboat, he has a right to go home feeli that he has done something worth doing, somethi that his conscience will approve and God will bless.

A wrong theory is abroad that the newspaper i pression is ephemeral. Because we read and cast aside in an hour and never see it again, we are not judge that we are parted from its influence. No volur of five hundred pages makes such impression upon t people as the daily newspaper. It is not what we p away carefully upon the shelf and once in a while ref to that has as close relation to our welfare as the sto of what the world is now doing or has recently don Yesterday has more to do with to-day than somethi occurring a century previous. The engineers who no guide the rail trains, the sea captains who now co mand the ships, the architects who now design t buildings, the batons that now control the orchestra the legislators who now make the laws, the gener who now march the hosts, the rulers who now gove the nations, the inkhorns that now flood the world wi intelligence—these are what we have most to do with

You have all seen what is called

Indelible Ink

which is a solution of silver nitrate, and that ink y cannot rub out or wash out. Put it there, and it stay Well, the liquid of the editorial and reportorial ir stands is an indelible ink. It puts upon the sou of the passing generations characters of light or dar ness that time cannot wash out and eternity can efface. Forever indelible. Be careful how you use The impression made with it will be resplendent repulsive on the day for which all other days were mad

But how shall I speak of the inkhorn of the world evangelization? O, how many loving, and brillia and glorious pens have been dipped into it! Thom a Kempis dipped into it and brought up his "Imi tion of Christ." Horace Bushnell dipped into it a brought up "Every Man's Life a Plan of God Thomas Binney dipped into it and brought up "Weigh House Chapel Discourses." Conybeare dipp into it and brought up the "Life and Epistles of Pau Archbishop Trench dipped into it and brought up t "Epistles to the Seven Churches." Stuart Robins dipped into it and brought up "Discourses of Reden tion." Austin Phelps dipped into it and brought

The Still Hour." Mark Hopkins dipped into it and ought up "Evidences of Christianity." Thomas uthrie dipped into it and brought up "The Gospel in zekiel." John Cumming dipped into it and brought "The Apocalypse." O, the opulence of Christian erature! O, the mighty streams of evangelistic power at have poured from the writer's inkhorn that ap- ared in Ezekiel's vision!

While you recognize the distinguished ones who have pped into the inkstand of the world's evangelization, not forget that there are hundreds of thousands of known men and women who are engaged in incon- icuous ways doing the same thing! How many anx- us mothers writing to the boys in town! How many sters writing encouragement to brothers far away! ow many invalids bolstered up in bed, the inkhorn the stand at their side, writing

Letters of Condolence

those worse off than themselves! They are flying the time kind words, Gospel words, helpful words, ving words. Call the evangelistic inkhorn into ser- e in the early morning, when you feel well, and you grateful for the protection during your sleeping urs, and write before you retire at close of day to se who all night long will be saying: "Would to od it were morning!" How many bruised and dis- pointed and wronged souls of earth would be glad to a letter from you! Stir up that consolatory inkhorn.

All Christendom has been waiting for great revivals religion to start from the pulpits and prayer-meetings. ow suggest that the greatest revival of all time may rt from a concerted and organized movement through inkhorns of all Christendom, each writer dipping m the inkhorn nearest him a letter of Gospel invita- n, Gospel hope, Gospel warning, Gospel instruction. e ink is all ready on a hundred thousand tables, and side it are the implements with which to dip it out. hy not, through such process, have millions of souls ought to God before next summer? By letter, you uld make the invitation more effective than by word of mouth. The invitation from your lips may be argued back, may evoke querulous reply, may be answered by a joke, but a good, warm, Gospel letter, written in prayer, and started with prayer, and followed by prayer, will be read over and over again, and cannot be answered in a frivolous way. It will speak from the table by day and night, or, if pettishly torn up, will, in its scattered fragments, speak louder than when it remained whole. Within arm's reach of where you sit there may be a fluid that you may put on wing with mes- sage of light and love. O, for the swift-flying angel of mercy which Ezekiel saw in vision "with a writer's ink- horn by his side!"

The Pen Better than the Sword

The other angels spoken of in my text were destroy- ing angels, and each had what the Bible calls a "slaugh- ter weapon" in his hand. It was a lance, or a battle-ax, or a sword. God hasten the time when the last lance shall be shivered, and the last battle-ax dulled, and the last sword sheathed, never again to leave the scabbard, and the angel of the text, who Matthew Henry says was the Lord Jesus Christ, shall, from the full inkhorn of his mercy, give a saving call to all nations. That day may be far off, but it is helpful to think of its coming. As Doctor Raleigh declared, that when fifty miles at sea off the coast of New England, the cattle on board the ship, as well as himself, scented the clover on the New England hills, so we, amid all the tossing waves of the world's controversies, inhale the redolence of the white lilies of universal peace. Is it not time that the boasted invention of new and more explosive and more widely- devastating weapons of death be stopped forever, and the Gospel have a chance, and the question be not asked, How many shots can be fired in a minute? but How many souls may be ransomed in a day? The world needs less powder and more grace, fewer for- tresses and more churches, less power to destroy, and more power to save. O, I am sick of the war cries, and the extinguished eyesight, and the splintered bones, and the grave-trenches, and the widowhood and orphanage and childlessness which sob and groan and die in the wake of the armies on both sides of the sea! O, for less of the slaughter weapon and more of

The Evangelizing Inkhorn!

Oh, for the stopping of the horrible science of as- sassination, that crime of crimes, that woe of woes, that horror of horrors, that hell of hells—war, which this moment stands reeking with blood, and pushing off the edge of this life men who have as much right to live as you and I have, and blasting homes in which there dwells as much loveliness as in our own! Would that the merciful angel of my text might take the last weapon of war, and fling it off and fling it down with such force that it shall clang on the lowest round of the perdition where the first edge of strife was sharpened!

If our Bible is true—and no other book that was ever printed is as true—then the time will come when all weapons of cruelty will stop, and the inkhorns of evan- gelization will have their way. In the museums of the world the carbine and the cannon and the bomb will be kept as curiosities, and children will be incredulous, as parents tell them that civilized nations once employed such instruments of death, and more incredulous when told by their parents that the army that killed the most men was considered the most glorious army. The red horse of carnage that St. John saw in his vision, will be stabled, and the white horse of prosperity and peace, mounted by the King of Kings, will lead the great army with banners. Through the convicting, converting, sanctifying power of the Eternal Spirit, may we all march in that procession. Hail, thou Mighty Rider of the white horse in the final triumph! Sweep down and sweep by, thou Angel of the New Covenant, with the inkhorn of the world's evangelization! "The mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

SS INEZ E. CRAWFORD

IN THE "LAND OF THE SKY"

Social Progress in the Southern Appalachians—Education and the Gospel Among the Carolina Mountaineers

AMONG the blue peaks of the Southern Ap- palachians lies an en- chanting expanse of country known as the "Land of the Sky," or, as in the beautiful language of the Indian—the "Over-hills of Ottolay." Land of misty heights and dreamy valleys, of laughing water- falls and limpid rivers, of hoary crags and purple gorges, of matchless sunlight and no less matchless shadow of the everlasting moun- tains—a land about which there is little accurate infor- mation. It is the extreme western portion of North Carolina, and comprises some 6,600 square miles of varying landscape. There are about forty peaks whose altitudes exceed 6,000 feet, and eighty that exceed 5,000, yet there are extensive valleys and gently sloping hills. Much of the territory is under cultiva- tion, but the greater part is still the primeval forest, where the immense timber and tan- gled undergrowth often give a semi-tropical appearance, and where wild game live in unhin- dered freedom. It is here that the proposed Appalachian Park, now talked of by the na- tion, is to be located.

In the sixteen most westerly counties there is a population of 225,000, including 1,700 Cherokees and about 25,000 negroes. We have with us many people from the North, who have built homes, identi- fied themselves with the coun- try and are engaged in the various industries. The Indians live on a reservation, and most of them still speak their native dialect. Such names as Cannanoa, Tahkeeostee and Jonaluska, as well as the mounds, are suggestive of the race that preceded us.

The farm and garden, with their varied products; the "cattle of a thousand hills," grazing through the pastures or loitering around the well-filled barns; the clear, cold spring under the broad- spreading trees; the orchard of luscious apples, whose fame has already gone about; the cheerful, friendly fire of logs in the wide-mouthed fireplace—such are typical of life in the Carolina mountains. The average dwell- ing is a two-story wood or brick, yet we have great di- versity of architecture, running all the way from the chinked cabin to Vanderbilt's palace at Biltmore.

The typical mountain girl is plump, rosy, modest and reserved. The typical wife and mother is gentle, frugal, refined, and her purity of character is above reproach. There is universal regard for the marriage ceremony, and the average home in western North Carolina is one of happiness and plenty, where the highest ambition of the parent is to instil into the child a spirit of self-reli- ance, nobility of character, and reverence for Christi- anity.

The representative mountaineer is endowed with good common sense and ready repartee. We have many brilliant, cultivated intellects. The mountains cradled the Vances, the Merrimons and many other famous families. No more patriotic men live than these men of the mountains. At the call of the President for volunteers in the late Spanish-American war, these six- teen counties of North Carolina furnished seven compa- nies, five of the companies being white and two colored.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C., THE HIGHEST RAILROAD TOWN EAST OF THE ROCKIES

All classes are fond of music, many hundreds of homes have pianos or organs, and but few are found without pictures and books. None are rich, the majori- ity are well-to-do, and the poorest are rarely so poor that they cannot support themselves. The Bible has found its way to the remotest corners; yet, doubtless there are homes without it, but I dare say that there is no one, however poor and illiterate, who has never had an opportunity to hear the Gospel.

Before the Civil War the old-fashioned loom and spinning-wheel were used in the manufacture of cloth, and in some homes this novel method is still employed to a limited extent. We have a number of cotton and woolen mills. The largest cotton mill in the State, and one of the largest in the South, is located in this section. There are also a number of other manufacturing enter- prises. Mining promises to become one of the leading industries. Corundum, kaolin, talc, graphite, iron, mica and gold are already being mined. Railroads pass through, or along the borders of, every county except one. In these counties there are twenty-seven newspa- pers, there being only one county without its own paper. We have 1,032 schools, among them being several col- leges, graded schools, and high schools. Asheville, the capital of this mountain country, of course, takes the lead, and is admirably equipped. The Indians have a large Government Training School. The negroes have at least one hundred public schools, supported by taxa- tion. Education in North Carolina has recently been given a new stimulus by amendment to the Constitu- tion. No man who attains his majority after 1908 will have the right of the elec- tive franchise who cannot read and write the Constitu- tion of the State.

The religious side of our life is brighter than many would have the world believe. The Missionary Baptists have 353 churches, 70 preach- ing-stations, and 40,000 mem- bers; the M. E. Church, South, 198 churches, 74 sta- tions, and 17,542 members; the M. E. Church, 54 church- es, 34 stations, and 3,229 mem- bers; the Presbyterians, 39 churches, 50 stations, and 2,061 members; the Episco- palians, 37 churches, 5 sta- tions, and 1,215 members. There are a few other de- nominations with a small number of churches. In ad- dition to these, the Indians have four, and the negroes as many as a hundred houses of worship. Most of the churches have Sunday Schools, and are quite uniformly distributed throughout, and accessible to all.

I would emphasize the fact that we have the spirit of progress, along industrial, educational and religious lines; and, though elevated as we are, we feel the strong pulsations of the great world that lies below us; and remembering from whence come all these benefits, we look yet higher up, and acknowledge him who made and overruleth all.

INEZ EDNA CRAWFORD.

Waynesville, N. C.

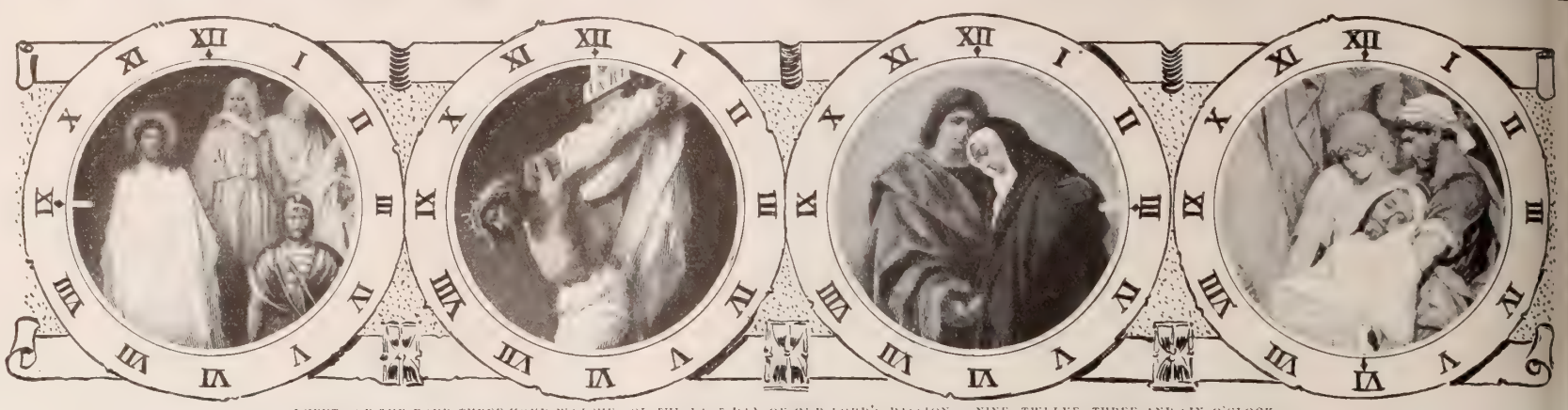
The Greatest Week in History

Quarterly Review

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR MARCH 31

GOLDEN TEXT: "HE IS DESPISED AND REJECTED OF MEN." ISAIAH 53: 3

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS



EVENTS OF THE FOUR THREE-HOUR WATCHES OF THE LAST DAY OF OUR LORD'S PASSION—NINE, TWELVE, THREE AND SIX O'CLOCK

WE brought from Oberammergau, famous for its "Passion Play," a carved cross, only three inches high, to which the skillful wood-carvers of that region had added smaller carvings, representing almost every event of the "Holy Week," which was all in reality a part of the crucifixion—the week which is exactly covered from Saturday to Saturday by the lessons of the past quarter. This suggests a most interesting and impressive method of review for the home or Sunday School, by means of a picture, on blackboard or paper, such as we now describe. Regard should be had to the instinct of construction, so strong in childhood, and never wholly lost, that makes us all more interested and impressed to see a thing developing than to see only the finished product. Therefore, if the teacher of the review is used to drawing rough sketches rapidly (a child's imagination will complete the drawing), let a faintly-dotted outline of the cross only be drawn in advance, which will not be seen by any but the teacher, and with that as a guide, let the other objects be put on, lesson by lesson, leaving the cross to be made visible for the first time when the last lesson is reached. Or let the whole picture be fully drawn on manila paper, and everything covered but the large cross by small pieces of paper of the same color, attached by pins, so that at a little distance the picture will seem to contain nothing but the cross. Then let the objects be uncovered quickly, one by one, at the appropriate points, as the review proceeds. The mental query, "What next?" will secure unbroken attention, and each new object will make a new impression on mind and soul.

I. The heart-shaped jar helps us to recall the spikenard, "very precious," with which Mary of Bethany, on the Saturday evening before the crucifixion week, showed her great love for Christ, pouring it on his head, by way of anointing him, as in those days they anointed prophets, priests and kings, not knowing, probably, till he said it, that she was also anointing him "for burial." Not Judas only criticized this act, but the other apostles also, because, like most of us, they overestimated money values and alms-giving as compared to love, which is the original meaning of charity, and should ever be its soul. Our commercial age is apt to forget that nothing is so precious as noble sentiments. The golden text of this lesson, "She hath done what she could," is the best definition of success, which is not equalling or excelling someone else, but doing what God made me to do, the best I can with my capacities and opportunities. The watchword of this lesson is, If you have a friend, love him; if you love him, tell him.

II. The palm and "RI" for King of the Jews, and second golden text, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," recall Jesus as the King, who marched amid hosannas, the ancient hurrahs, that meant "Long live the King," into Jerusalem on "Palm Sunday." They bring before us also the march of Christ down the centuries. "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek," seemed an almost absurd cry in those days, when all conquests were by force. But the King who conquered his kingdom, not with force, but love; not beginning with outward compulsion, but with inward conviction; not with conquest, but with character, has set up a kingdom greater in length and breadth and depth than Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon.

III. The shadow of the cross upon the ground recalls the day when Greeks, who had come as Jewish proselytes—worshipers of Jehovah—to the Passover, said in the temple, "Court of the Gentiles," looking into the inner courts, "We would see Jesus." The message, when brought to Jesus, sent his thoughts forward to the cross as the great magnet that by "love divine all love excelling" would draw men of every nation to love him in return. The watchword for this lesson is: Those who would see Jesus will find him at the cross.

IV. The tables of law, summarized in love to God and man, remind us that law and love are like beams that together make the cross. Jesus died in our stead that our breaking of God's law might not seem a trifle, but an awful crime, and also to display God's unspeakable love. Many Christians fall short of the ancient unknown writer of the 119th Psalm, who poured out that longest song of the Bible in praise of God's moral law, as a naturalist rejoices in the lesser wonders of natural law. He cried out, "O, how I love thy law!" Much more should we when we have learned at the cross that law is love, and love is law. The watchword of this lesson, suggested by George Macdonald, is: The perfect of live is love, as the perfect of strive is strove.

V. The lamp, with its light, recalls the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, which teaches that even a church member may be lost if his lamp is not a light, but only an empty religious form with no spiritual life in it. The lamp also reminds us, as it did Christ, of "the joy set before him," beyond the cross, in his final coming. The watchword of this lesson is: Be prepared to die by being prepared to live.

VI. One talent neglected is betokened by the "IN," and the wine glass suggests the place where more talents are buried than anywhere else, by one-talent men and five-talent men alike. The lesson of the talents goes with that of the virgins, to teach us who look for Christ's appearing that the best watching is working at whatever God gives us to do. "Every one of us shall give account of himself." The watchword of this lesson is: Ability, availability, reliability—the greatest of these is reliability.

"TAKING HIM DOWN THEY WOUND HIM IN THE LINEN CLOTH"

VII. The cup stands in our picture "in remembrance" of the Lord's Supper, of which Jesus said, "This do in remembrance of me," and yet more does it speak of the blood shed upon the cross, by which we are brought into fellowship with the Lord, like those who are welcomed to the table of a king. The watchword is: "Lest we forget."

VIII. The sword of Peter and the same "cup" recall Gethsemane, where Jesus began to taste the pain of Calvary, and cried, "If it be possible let this cup [the agony of which the blood-red cup at the Last Supper had been but a picture] pass from me"—and then in triumphant submission he uttered our Golden Text, "Not my will but thine be done." The watchword of this lesson is that word of George Macdonald, "When God's will is our will, then are we his free children."

IX. The bag and lantern recall the betrayal of Christ by Judas. The watchword suggested is, "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil." "The Son of man is betrayed" for silver every day and almost everywhere. "Lord, is it I?"

X. The high priest's cap of white, that should have b kened righteousness, and the cock, whose voice arou Peter from the cowardice of his threefold denial of Ch during the trial before Caiaphas, recalls also the greater si Caiaphas, whose conscience seemed to the end unconscious of his supreme sin, and suggests as a watchword, "The most honorable position in life is not above temptation." But even in that night of betrayal and false trials Jesus had three times expressed the great truth of the Golden text, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," in deeds that speak louder t words. First, in causing the mob to fall back and fall do second, in healing Malchus' ear instantaneously; third forgetting his own peril while seeking to save his apostles by his word, "Let these go their way," and later in the look by which he broke the heart of Peter and so restored him to fidelity.

XI. The crown of thorns and the bowl recall the tragedy of Pilate's soul suicide, yielding to popular clamor in disobedience to conscience, allowing Christ, of whom he said, "I no fault in this man," to be crowned with thorns, an tearing the crown of true kingliness, which is just from his own head. Vainly does any soul seek to wash away the guilt of any sin by laying the blame upon his accomplices. The warning watchword is, "Indecision is surrender."

XII. This larger cross and lesser crosses, with the nails, recall the crucifixion where "Christ died for our sins," beside whom were cruci two thieves to intensify the shame of the cross. As t drove the nails he prayed, "Father, forgive them." C his head they placed the inscription, of which I N R I is the monogram. "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." The wine-glass now serves us again to recall the fact that when drugged wine was offered him to "drown his sorrow," "he would not drink." The sponge speaks of a later scene when his lips were moistened. The spear revealed the ca of Christ's speedy death, a broken heart, evidenced coagulated blood, or blood and water. The ladder calls his burial. The watchword is:

As he died to make men holy,
Let us live to make them free.

That the cross is the Gospel's goal is shown by the fact that twenty-five out of fifty-nine chapters of the Gospels belong to crucifixion week, which we to-day review. Let no one then think to imitate the life of Christ, except as that life is imparted through his a ing death.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

If e'er an alabaster box
Of tenderness and love you own,
I pray you keep not it sealed up
Until your friends are dead and gone.

O fill their lives with sweetness now,
And speak approving, cheering words
While you may thrill the beating heart,
And wake sweet music from its chords.

THE KING OF KINGS. From one of Washingt written prayers: "Most gracious Lord God, f whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift, I o to thy Divine Majesty my unfeigned praise and than

JESUS TO BE SEEN IN US. A young lady was visiting friends in a home in another city. She had been in the house several weeks, falling in with all the gay life of the family. One Sunday, the Lord's Supper was celebrated in the church where the family attended. This friend received the communion. As they left the church, one of the others said her: "Why, are you a Christian? I didn't dream it."

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR. Said a little girl: "It is e enough to remember that the old woman who lives down in the Row is my neighbor, for she is very poor, and lives in a poor house, and when I carry her things mamma sends, she says: 'Bless you, my little lady.' But it isn't so easy to remember that my own grandma is my neighbor, when she wants me to run upstairs after her spectacles, or hold some yarn on my hands for her to wind just when I am playing

ONE-TALENT FOLKS. A little girl, making her rec in a "Visitors' Book," in one of the institutions of Oma put under the two heads of "Name" and "Occupation," "M Jones," "I help mamma." She appreciated her one talen

TEACHING THE YOUNG CHILDREN

A TEACHER OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH AND HIS PUPILS

MOTHER OF RUSSIA'S PEASANT SCHOOLS

Brave Mme. Altchevsky who Established Circulating Libraries in Russia

WHILE the world applauds Tolstoi, the theorist, my admiration goes out rather to a certain determined Russian woman, who, although unknown in America, is in a most practical manner bringing about the intellectual and moral regeneration of an entire nation. The wonderful lever used by this woman to start and move the masses of Russia is the peasant school. It is now nearly fifty years ago that she conceived the idea of using the Lord's Day on which to instil knowledge into the minds of the freed serfs and educate them. She has lived to see multitudes of Russians enlightened by her efforts and example. Think of one lone woman establishing such a school in her own home, when every other Sunday School throughout the empire had been abolished by law until the government could take the matter up! This is what Mme. Christine Altchevsky did, and to-day, from her office in the great central Sunday School establishment in Harkoff, she can count its branches throughout Russia by the thousand, each existing to-day because she was brave and persevering when bitter trials came. Not only is Mme. Altchevsky the mother of the Sunday School in Russia, but of the circulating library, and also of the system of carrying popular education into the homes of the people.

No one should visit Russia without calling at one of the Sunday Schools. There, he will find a comparatively small portion of the Lord's day given over to religious instruction, but then every Russian knows the history of the Orthodox Church before he can walk. Everywhere in the class rooms the visitor will see the best methods of instruction being applied. In some class rooms are boys; in some, girls; but the vast majority he will find filled with men and women. The desire for knowledge in Russia seems to be insatiable once it is aroused. The pupils in some schools have organized night classes during the week, and when they can secure a teacher she is escorted to the school and home again with every evidence of respect and love. Of late years, so great has been the renewed growth of the Sunday School movement that all who apply cannot be accommodated, but the fact that a million people who work day and night during the week-time give up their entire Sundays seeking knowledge, religious and secular, and that perhaps 100,000 educated and refined men and women gladly volunteer their services to aid in the uplifting movement, indicates, in spite of all that is said, that Russia contains within herself abundant means of self-regeneration. No one need despair of her moral and educational future.

I have never listened to a more fascinating narrative of Russia's brave struggle for enlightenment than that which fell from the lips of one of Mme. Altchevsky's co-laborers during the course of a casual conversation. As the story goes, away back in the middle of the century a great wave of religious and ethical enthusiasm swept over Russia. Serfdom was abolished, schools and colleges were established, while the upper classes, carried on the crest of the movement, thought of nothing but elevating the newly emancipated masses. No self-sacrifice was too great. Society leaders, wives of generals and governors, daughters of rich merchants, and in fact all who had money and health, spent freely, establishing night schools and teaching the illiterate men and women. This mania for making

A PEASANT SUNDAY SCHOOL IN RUSSIA

almost any sacrifice for the uplifting of humanity was typically Russian.

Few could attend the day schools, fewer still those for night work. At Harkoff, Mme. Altchevsky organized a Sunday School for the purpose of giving an education to those who could not receive it at any other time. Like wild-fire the idea spread. Hundreds of such schools sprang up in the cities and thousands in the country, where nearly a million ignorant peasants eager to learn were enrolled in the classes, many of them demonstrating by their actions that they, too, were willing to make any sacrifice to be uplifted. It seemed as though Russia was to become enlightened at last. It was the mania of the day—Russia to be uplifted and redeemed, not at the cost of the State, but by the love of the wealthy for their lowly brothers and sisters. But during the troubled times when nihilism raised its head, it was feared that conspirators against the peace of society would make use of these schools to spread their pernicious doctrines among the irresponsible, so it was decided to withdraw the official patronage until the government could place the proper safeguards about those most interested. Deprived of legal status, Sunday Schools in Russia, with one exception, ceased to exist. The single Sunday School left was that conducted by Mme. Altchevsky in her home, where all who wished to come were welcome. For more than ten years she fought to obtain legal recognition for her school. At last government officials were sent to investigate and reported favorably, approving the work, and her efforts were thus crowned with partial success. In Harkoff, teachers again came forward. In time the number grew to a hundred, and the hundred pupils to a thousand. Never for a day did the courageous leader relax her efforts, using all her powerful social influence with the authorities. In the seventies she secured additional concessions, placing the Sunday Schools of Russia on the same footing as the primary schools.

The University city of Harkoff at once offered the use of its school building on Sundays. Once more self-sacrificing men and women could come forward to offer time and service for the cause of humanity. The schoolhouse grew too small, and out of her private fortune, Mme. Altchevsky erected the first Sunday School building in Russia. Enthusiasts from every part of the empire came to see and learn, that they, too, might assist in carrying on the good work. Once more branch schools began to spring up in the cities and even in country districts. The government, convinced at last, did all in its power to aid the movement. Priests of the church came forward, college professors volunteered, and wives of great state dignitaries once more cheerfully gave up their Sundays to assist in the work of education. The regeneration of Russia now set in in earnest, the movement was no longer spasmodic, but one which had passed through much tribulation, during which it had educated the people up to the knowledge that learning makes better citizens, so that to-day the Sunday School teachers and the ministers of education work hand in hand.

The education they bestow is considered superior to that acquired in the government day schools, and the libraries established in connection with the Sunday Schools are the only circulating libraries in Russia. Every year over a million volumes are loaned to pupils of the Sunday Schools in the larger cities alone. For years the government and educators of Russia were puzzled by the question: "What shall we give the people to read?" All kinds of simple, childish books were published for use by the peasants and met with no sale. The Sunday School library demonstrated the unsuspected fact that the Russian peasant enjoys all that is true literature.

While there are in the great cities fully 6,000 teachers in the Sunday Schools, the country districts boast of a much larger army, for half a million peasants who have never before had an opportunity to learn to read and write now attend the village Sunday Schools, and he who first learns gathers about him on the long winter evenings groups of eager listeners, so that in the home of the peasant tales of travel and modern literature are taking the place of the oft-told Skazkas, or Russian folk-lore tales. Since the uplifting influence of the Sunday School has been at work, book publishers rejoice and cheap editions are numerous. Village boards become less and less inclined to economize by allowing the Mir to be without a school.

I spent one fete day, the day of Pushkin's centenary, in the Siberian town of Vladivostok. Even here the wives of the officials were free with their time and money, and there are many children of ex-convicts to be taught. I had witnessed the celebration of the Tzar's birthday in Russia, but if spontaneous enthusiasm of officials and populace alike is the thermometer to read, in Siberia at least, Pushkin, the apostle of education, is the most dearly cherished memory in the minds of the people, and Pushkin's birthday has become a national holiday.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD.

RELEASED PRISONERS AT WORK, HOPE FARM

VOLUNTEER DINNER FOR HOMELESS MEN

WITH POULTRY PETS AT HOPE FARM

REACHING HANDS OF HELP TO THE FALLEN

What has been Accomplished by the Volunteers of America—A Christian Army's Growth

THE history of the organization known as the Volunteers of America, its aims, objects, and methods of work, makes interesting reading. In March, 1896, in the Bible House, in a small, scantily furnished room, immediately above the home of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there knelt upon the bare floor two individuals, with a single purpose in view—the salvation of men and women. They stood alone, but quickly there gathered about them a band of workers forming a nucleus of the organization which was to follow. They traveled up and down the country, north, south, east and west, with every encouraging call to extend the work. Posts, battalions, and regiments were quickly enrolled. A certificate of incorporation was granted the Volunteers of America on Nov. 6, 1896. Eleven directors composed the responsible body. At their first annual meeting in New York, one month later, they framed a constitution and by-laws, elected officers and determined their regulations.

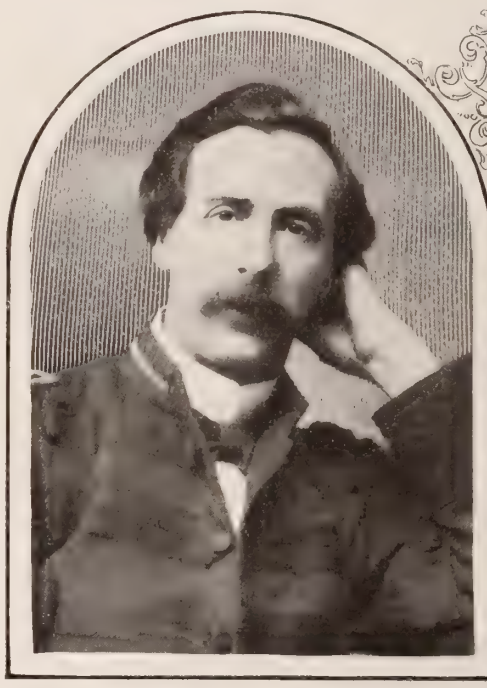
Mission halls, called armories, were opened in over one hundred cities and towns in the United States, and the posts or societies formed therein have told their own eloquent story to the world. Many years of public work have brought the Volunteer leaders many friends as well as many trials. Every step of the way meant downright hard work—such work as has been the portion of the Volunteer president, Gen. Ballington Booth, and of his devoted, talented wife, Maud Ballington Booth.

The chief leader of the Volunteers is not appointed to the office, neither can he appoint his successor. He is elected by the Volunteer soldiers as provided for in the Constitution. The members of the Grand Field Council, the governing body, are also elected. The philanthropic branches of the Volunteers of America are worthy of note. The poor men's holiday dinners are an established institution in the Volunteer halls in many cities and towns throughout the country. In the summer season, destitute children are cared for and taken on outings by the Volunteer workers. The annual picnic on "Poor Children's Day" in Chicago is a happy event. Brigadier-General Fielding, Volunteer Vice-President, is annually appointed Director-General by the Mayor of that city. The newspapers estimate that from 20,000 to 25,000 children are carried to the parks.

Workingmen's Homes are conducted under the very best management, and on the most home-like plan. A number of industrial homes with free reading rooms are established, where men may earn their own meals. Shortly after the first organization, Mrs. Booth, seeking and obtaining admittance to the New York State Prison at Sing Sing, carried the message of Divine mercy to the prisoners. The convicts gathered about her, and listened eagerly. Out of this meeting, on May 24, 1896, there grew the Volunteer Prisoners' League. In August, 1896, the first Volunteer home for discharged prisoners was opened in Manhattan; Mrs. Booth named it "Hope Hall." It has been since tra ferred to the Garden Farm, Flushing, L. I., wh has accommodations for over one hundred men, who kept employed until outside work can be found them. At Chicago, a similar home is maintained. I well equipped, and is doing a remarkable work. T Prison Gate Work at Auburn, N. Y., is an establisl institution and a blessing to many a discharged p oner. Here he is met by th who will take a friendly inter in him, who will try to prov him with work, and who will s to keep him in remembrance his relationship to his Heave Father. Thousands hel through this branch of work now living sober, upright li and in many instances filling sitions of trust and responsibil

Evangelistic services nightly held in some two h dred posts and outposts. Th meetings are usually prece by an open-air service where, song and testimony, men are minded of God's love for sinn and that to follow Christ is "better part." The record remarkable conversions is m encouraging.

There are no high salar officers in this institution. T cost of supervision is very sn compared with the amount work accomplished. The ho or Central Office, No. 1 Fou avenue, New York, is conduc on economical lines. Volunt Traveling Bands work with churches in revival effort. T Northwestern Church Bure with headquarters in Chica did splendid work among churches last year, and are m ing a vigorous revival campaign at this time. They v the churches, work up an interest, and conduct, in unis with the pastor and trustees, an old-fashioned m winter revival with results more than encouragi The summer camp meetings are also successful. Re alists are selected from among workers, who, by gi and graces, are peculiarly fitted for such service. C portraits show leading officers of the Volunteers on Atlantic and Pacific Coasts and in the interior.



PRESIDENT BALLINGTON BOOTH

MRS. MAUD BOOTH—"LITTLE MOTHER"

BRIG.-GEN. FIELDING

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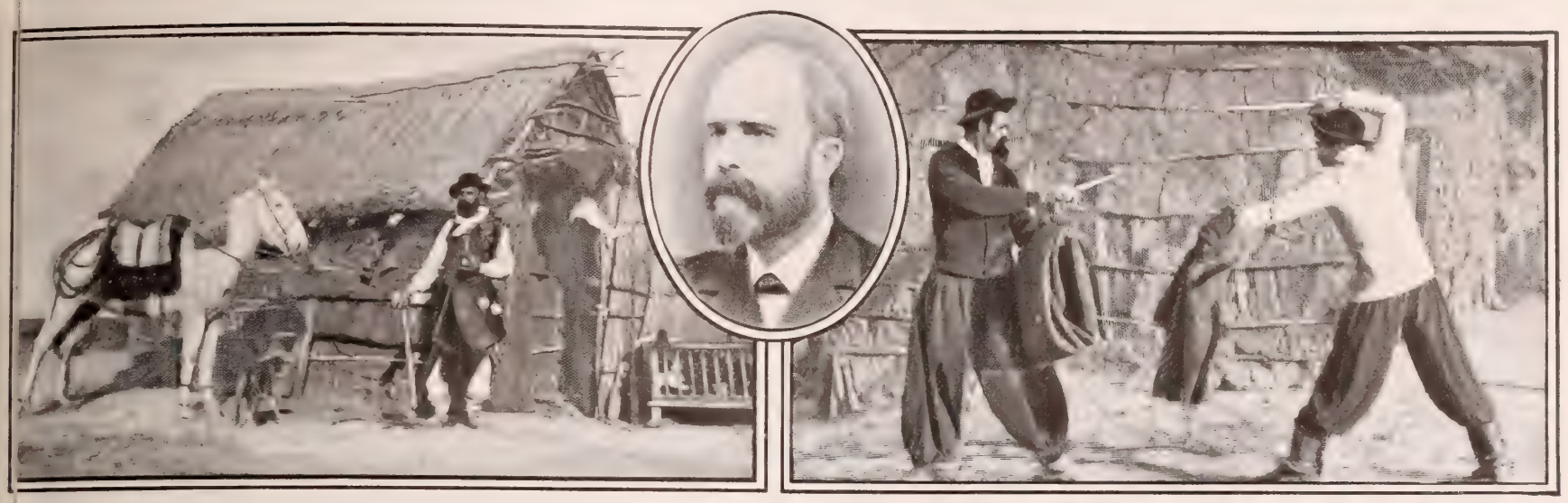

A GAUCHOS' HOME ON THE PAMPAS — EMILIO OLSSON — GAUCHOS AND THEIR WEAPONS

A BIBLE TOUR IN ARGENTINA

Missionary Emilio Olsson Writes of his Experiences During a Remarkable Journey

HAVE now reached Bahia Blanca, on my overland journey South in the Argentine. Bahia Blanca is about 680 kilometres (about 420 miles) distant from Buenos Ayres. During this Bible tour I have visited the following places, with blessed results: Cerannelas, Lobos, Saladillo, 25 de Mayo, Bolivar, Fin, Savedra, Coronel, Suares, Las Flores, Tandil, Aacucho, Mapin, Mar del Plata and Bahia Blanca, wch will some day be the Liverpool of South America.

his trip has been a remarkable o, as I have been able to dis- tute four boxes of Holy Scrip- tes, most of them in Spanish, a printed in the Bible House. Nw York, by the American Bible Siety. To-day I sold fourteen Bles in this place. At times the ht is almost unbearable, and th afternoon it rained heavily.

ime and space do not permit m to say much as regards my e erience, but everywhere I find p ple who are glad to listen to th story of the Cross. Many do I nd who manifest delight to hear th Gospel proclaimed for the first ti e. There are thousands yet in his dark land who have never s n a copy of the Bible. At Lo- b , one man, over fifty years of a , and who said he could read, h heard by reports that there e sted a book called the Bible, b he had never seen one in all h years until I brought him a c y. He received it with glad- n s of heart, and manifested his j in possessing "El Libro de Es." At Saladillo, another man c e to my room at night, wishing to know whether I b ieved "in the Pope of Rome." He made searching i uiries about our religion; and before he left the room w had prayers together. I trust he may yet be brought o of darkness into the glorious light and freedom of th Gospel. He bought a copy of the Bible.

A poor Englishwoman, eighty-three years of age, has b n living alone in 25 de Mayo for the last thirty-five y rs. I happened to meet her one day in my visiting wh Bibles. What a sight, as I entered her lonely dwelling-place! She received me with intense joy. She h been there many long years without seeing any missionary, and I found that she was indeed a dear old saint of God, whose thrilling story of experience touched my heart. Her language was sublime when she spoke of the faithfulness of her precious Saviour. It was a wonderful testimony in such an out-of-the-way place. It sometimes seems that the brightest jewels for the Redeemer's crown are hidden out of sight, and known only to him who is called "The Wonderful."

My visit to Bolivar was full of interest. There I sold all my Bibles, and was obliged to send for more. There the village priest had left his church, and started a public-house for the sale of liquor. The very "local" (hall) I used for preaching the Gospel for the first time in Bolivar was formerly occupied by the anarchists to celebrate their meetings, in fact, at one of my meetings there were no less than twelve anarchists present. One of them got up to wrangle, but I told him kindly to sit down, and he left the meeting shortly afterward. The rest stayed quietly all through. I sent for the police to keep order, as I had heard that people had come to make disturbance that night. The Lord kept me from all harm. It is no easy task to preach the Gospel alone, in a dark place, to a set of fanatics like these anarchists, but the love of God drives away all fear. At times I have been treated badly, but far more frequently like a prince. When the people get to know us better their attitude improves. It has been an inconceivable joy to me these many years past, to have been permitted to carry God's Word into the far interior.

I earnestly ask for prayers, sympathy and help from Christian America in behalf of the millions of unevangelized peoples on the South American Continent.

EMILIO OLSSON.

Bahia Blanca, S. A.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS WHO ARE WAITING FOR THE GOSPEL

Accompanying missionary Olsson's letter are several photographs of unusual interest, a few of which appear on this page. One of these shows a group of South American Indians, who are types of millions hitherto neglected, but now eager for the Gospel. Gospel workers who must shortly come where workers are so sorely needed. Another photograph shows a peon caravan traveling across the open *pampas*, with goods for shipping. When Mr. Olsson visited this region he traveled several days and nights in a bullock-cart, carrying with him his precious pack of Bibles.

In one illustration an odd-looking rock, known as the "Rolling-Stone of Tandil," is shown. It is one of the wonders of Argentine. This stone weighs hundreds of tons, and it is poised and balanced upon a rocky protuberance, where it sways, trembles and vibrates. Yet there it has stood for generations, and the people seem to have perfect confidence that there it will remain while the world lasts.

[Contributions for Mr. Olsson's mission will be received and acknowledged by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]

PEONS TRAVELING IN THE GREAT PAMPAS — SEMI-CIVILIZED ARGENTINE INDIANS — THE ROLLING STONE OF TANDIL, ARGENTINE

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Bloodthirsty Christianity

ALL things have a centre. The central thought of Christianity is love. God is love. What the mainspring is to the watch, or the keystone to the arch, or the soul to the body, so is love in the Christian system. Remove the mainspring and the watch stops; take out the keystone and your arch is in ruins; and the body without the soul is dead! If our religion has aught of aggression and conquest over the hearts of men it is due solely to this fact it originated in, and is inspired by love. It is to conquer by love. God so loved the world that he gave his Son. God makes the strong assertion, "Fury is not in me."

But we have come to a strange condition of affairs in our relation to the ancient empire of China. Since the close of the Boxer massacres there has prevailed a strong desire to see vengeance poured out upon the Celestials without measure. It is right and just that proper punishment should follow such awful deeds of bloodshed and destruction of property. That such penal awards have been, and will be, dealt out every fair-minded and candid person will admit. But when it comes to Christian nations demanding three deaths of Chinamen to one of foreign birth, then they stain the sacred name of Christianity and misrepresent its genius and mission. Thank God America is the first to call a halt to this bloodthirsty spirit, and to insist upon better measures than the old law of retaliation, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," or, like Shylock, demanding the last ounce of the pound of flesh.

Is the spirit of the cross vengeance or love? How shall we ever hope to win these heathen souls to Christ if we prove ourselves to be no better than themselves, bloodthirsty pagans? The mainspring of missions will be removed, and the cause will become motionless! The keystone will have dropped out, and the whole fabric of Christian civilization in heathen empires lie in ruins. The soul will have passed out from the body, and spiritual death will seize all our churches! If we do not desire to see the world's evangelization put back for a quarter century then Christian nations must cease immediately this clamor for blood! Hate will engender hate. Love is the pulse-beat of the Gospel, and a Gospel of bloodthirsty vengeance is pulseless and powerless, because DEAD!

We shall have forfeited also the claim that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," if we seek to drench the soil of China with the blood of other innocents in the name of Christianity for the ostensible purpose of converting heathendom! God's loudest call to Germany, Russia, England and America to-day is "PUT UP THY SWORD!"

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The Revival Spirit

A CHRISTIAN commercial traveler (and there are many) speaking the other day about the spiritual condition of our churches, said: "I find a great deal of religious depression throughout the country." When asked if he could assign any special reason, answered: "Yes, it is an age of commercialism. Worldly things absorb men's minds. Prosperity is not so favorable to revivals as seasons of financial trouble." Then when asked "if there were any signs at all of an improved condition," said, "Yes, and the most promising was the confessed need everywhere of an awakening." Here we have a statement and a philosophic reason for the same. It is true that we have not had a great national awakening in some years past, and that such a religious revival is needed greatly. This is abundantly proved by the avalanche of responses that have come to the appeal of the National Gospel Campaign Committee, many of which appear in our present issue.

Some of our great cities, and especially New York, are at present enjoying visitations of the Holy Spirit power in turning men from sin to righteousness, and it is to be devoutly prayed that it may become a national blessing. The Young Men's Christian Associations are also entering upon a national campaign to save the men, opening large theatres on Sunday afternoons, and by a corps of evangelists reaching after the non-churchgoing class. The results so far are most gratifying. At the nation's capital during the past three Sundays great congregations have thronged the Columbia and New National theatres, and men have risen for prayers, and committed themselves to lead a Christian life. The churches throughout the length and breadth of the Union are supplicating for a fresh anointing of power from on high. When a church or a community realize the desperate need of a revival it is a hopeful sign, for that conviction itself is the work of the Holy Spirit, and indicates his willingness to do "exceeding and abundant above all we ask" at his hands.

Prosperity ought never to hinder His operations, for the goodness of God should be a most powerful motive to renewed consecration. Panics and crises may come as retributive demerits of punitive justice, but God always desires that His loving kindnesses should lead to holiness. When it becomes "a needs be," then it is that, in mercy to his children, God smites them with tribulations. Bank vaults are crushed like eggs, and millionaires sit down on the ash heaps of bankruptcy, and bewail their practical atheism, and plead for salvation! Is not the nation then to see a great and gracious outpouring of the Holy Ghost as a result of our prosperity and enlarged commerce? Yes! Our expansion as a nation needs this spiritual quickening, to send out the needed forces on missionary fields and hasten their evangelization! O, Church of God, awake to the imperative and immediate need of the hour, and by prayer and effort be determined to take no rest "until his salvation goes forth as brightness, and his righteousness as a lamp that burneth."

Churches must unite in the work. The forces of evil are allied, and not divided. Link all your minor questions for the hour, and move forward as a solid phalanx to warfare and victory, and Zion's converts will throng her altars, asking "What must we do to be saved?" There are pivotal points of destiny for men's souls when God evidently moves upon them more powerfully than at other times, and the same is true of churches, and to fail of meeting God's expectations in such a crisis by apathy or indifference, may leave them to hardness, barrenness and a total withdrawal of the Holy Ghost! To day is the promised time of salvation.

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Sin of Small Type

EVERY few years there goes through China the ophthalmy, a disease of the eye, which leaves thousands of people in partial or total blindness. Small print is doing the same work in this country. There are type-founders blasting the eyesight of the people. There are publishers who pride themselves on the number of words they can get within a square inch, and under the progress we are suffering a great national ophthalmy. Better not read at all, than kill your eyes with small print. God gives us only two organs of sight, and the penalty of trifling with them is life-long twilight or midnight of vision. There is, consequently, a great rush upon opticians for spectacles. Girls and boys of fifteen at school, must have their eye-glass astride the nose.

There is a fearful sarcasm in the action of the man who comes on the railway train at Albany with spectacles for sale, as much as to say: "With those fine print books and newspapers you have been slaying your eyes all the way from Buffalo, I come in as an optical undertaker, just to try on you this coffin of spectacles." Young men and maidens, nothing you can hang on the bridge of your nose in the way of eye-glasses can give you such dignity or grace as a clear eye, blue or black or hazel, unharmed by dissipation, or unextinguished by the type-setters.

Authors and publishers are often chagrined at the blunders of the printing-press. A Frenchman having counted three hundred typographical errors in his favorite book, gave up the ghost and got out of the world as soon as he could. We wonder that a similar departure was not witnessed when one of our popular magazines was, by mistake of the printer-boy, called "The Epileptic Review." But the worst of all typographical errors is that of small type.

Careless Marriages

NO conscientious clergyman will perform the m riage ceremony without first having a reasona knowledge of the principals. Untold misery has sulted from careless marriages, which might have b averted had greater care been taken by the officiat pastor. It is gratifying to note that there are m clergymen who have the courage to decline to perf the ceremony, where there is even the suspicion of a rious moral or legal obstacle. In a Western State all pastors in one of the cities are reported to have solved jointly that they will not officiate at the ren riage of divorced persons. In New Jersey, more cently, a much-respected pastor startled the commu by declining to speak the word that would have mac worthy young woman the wife of a man who admit that he was a "moderate drinker," and who had e been "indulging" before coming to church with bride. Of course, it was probably an easy matter the young pair to find another and more complais clergyman to tie the knot; but the protest of the c scientious pastor will not pass unheeded. It will duce its effect on society. Let us hope that the t may soon come when the tippler and the roue may no tolerance in decent communities, and when preachers and public officials who solemnize marria will endeavor, by every means in their power, to th around the home life of the people the shield of mora and sobriety.

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BEFORE the great India famine passes into hist it is well that people on this side of the globe sho become familiar with the essential facts concerning origin, extent and consequences. Mr. Gilson Will who accompanied the Proprietor of this Journal on relief tour through the famine districts of India l year, made a comprehensive presentation of the subj before the National Geographical Society in Washi ton a few days ago. Speaking as an eye-witness close observer, he described the various methods relief applied, including the Government system and American relief sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERA He asserted the utter inadequacy of any human f sight to cope with such a vast calamity. Concludi he said: "Let the British Parliament vote twenty thirty millions, to be administered by trustworthy ficials, in agricultural improvements, developing ma factures, filling reserve granaries, multiplying railw and irrigation works, in utilizing the material resour of the country, and not only will there be no more f ines, but India will in time be able to repay the outla These suggestions are in line with the views repeate expressed in this journal as to the measures necess for the prevention or mitigation of future famines India.

How to Read the Two-Century Calendar

WE have received numerous requests for a little additio light on the interpretation of the directions as prin on our Two-Century Calendar. Through an oversight of proof-readers, an error has crept in which tends to confusi Will the possessors of the calendar, therefore, kindly n that in the directions printed in the right-hand column of last panel, the second word of the second paragraph sho read *year* instead of *day*, which will make that first sente read: "Each year and each month have a number." T change is indispensable.

Starting out with that in mind, no one need go astr Having found the two numbers, the year number and month number, add them together, and whenever the ad tion corresponds with the date of any Saturday during present year, the calendar for that month corresponds w the calendar for the month you are inquiring for. For stance: To find on what day of the week Christmas, 19 fell, we find under the year numbers in the right hand colu that the year 1900 is represented by 6, and we find among month numbers in the same column that December is rep sented by 2, now 6 and 2 are 8. We now look among monthly calendars printed on the other three panels to fi any month in which the 8th falls on Saturday. We fi such a month to be June. The calendar of that month, th is identical with the calendar for December, 1900. We fi that the 25th fell on Tuesday, and all our readers can reme ber that last Christmas did fall on Tuesday. In whate month the *combined year and month number falls on Sat day*, that month is identical with the calendar for the mon which you are seeking.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Pilgrims at the Jordan

VERY year a strange sight is witnessed on the banks of the River Jordan. It is the gathering of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom who, going to the Holy Land, are attracted by the river hallowed by so many sacred associations. The Jews reverence it because of the eventful time when their ancestors crossed it dry-shod under Joshua he led them to the conquest of the promised land. here, too, Elijah and Elisha worked their miracles. hristians also have their reasons for reverencing it, for it Christ was baptized. So many people came to see e river and bathe in it, that the Knights of St. John ilt a monastery at the supposed site of Bethabara, to commodate members of their Order whose duty it was conduct pilgrims to the bathing-place. The Turkish vernor of Jerusalem annually recognizes the custom sending, on the Monday following Palm Sunday, a ard to escort the grims and superend the bathing. he most picturque company. wever, are the ussian peasants, ho time their jourly so as to reach e Jordan in the st week of the ar. Their quaint ire, their heavy rments and their ıcut beards atıct general noe. They are conıcted by one or ore of their iests, and are ry devotional. ey spend a day two in holding rvices, sleeping night in tents or the bare ground. ı Epiphany day e traditional anversary of the sit of the Magi the Divine Babe, ıich is celebrated Jan. 6 (or Jan. 18, w style), they ther for service the river bank. hen the priest ncludes the rit-l, the water is ecially sanctified ld then the whole owd descends into Having dipped emselves, they mb out and reme their journey. This year the caravan numbered ore than a thousand. The weather was cold and wet ıd the pilgrims suffered severely. A large number of ɔmen collapsed by the way and lay half dead by the adside. The Russian consul at Jerusalem, hearing of eir plight, sent fifteen carriages to bring them in. The ɔrst sufferers were sent to the hospital, but four of em died and seven had a severe illness. It is a pity at in spite of Christ's direct teaching, such pilgrimes should survive. It is natural that Christians ould be interested in the scenes hallowed by our rd's presence, but the ceremonies show that the pilims have not yet accepted the Scriptural rule:

Which stood only in meats and drinks and divers washings and rnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation leb. 9: 10).

RUSSIAN PILGRIMS HOLDING A SERVICE ON THE BANKS OF THE JORDAN BEFORE BATHING IN THE RIVER

aking a Boy from a Tiger.

A few days ago there was a thrilling struggle in a ological museum at Indianapolis, Ind. A boy about ghteen years of age, employed at the museum, was eaning out the cages. He had finished cleaning out e cage in which were some baby lions, which played ith him like dogs, and he stepped out into the hallay at the back of the cages. It is supposed that in e darkness he mistook the door of the next cage, for stead of opening it he opened the door of the one in hich a ferocious tiger was kept. He was inside beıre he discovered his mistake. Instantly the tiger brang upon him. The boy shouted for help, and did s utmost to fight the tiger from him. The brute's rength, however, was too great. When three men ran his assistance, they found him prostrate under the tiger's paws and the huge beast was biting him. The men tried to force the tiger to open his jaws, but the taste of blood had excited him, and he would not let his prey go. Not until a red hot iron was forced between his teeth would he relax his grip, and the boy was then drawn from the cage. He was, however, so mangled by the tiger's huge teeth that he died on the way to the hospital. It was a terrible death, and the sad part of it was that it was due to a mistake. The boy had no business in the tiger's cage and did not know he was entering it. So much cannot be said for many who perish in the grip of the liquor evil or of other merciless vices. They fall in spite of warning.

He that, being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy (Prov. 29: 1).

A Handwriting Test

The principal of a public school in New Orleans in conversing with a reporter of the *Times-Democrat* of that city, gave an interesting description of his method of testing the mental capacity of his pupils. "A great many systems have been proposed for mental grading," he said, "and some ingenious instruments for measuring brain activity have been tried in the North; but I know of nothing better than the handwriting test for all-around capacity. People who have difficulty in reading unfamiliar penmanship are nearly always slow and lazy in every other respect. They may not be lacking in a certain solid intelligence, but their mental machinery runs heavily and ponderously. The power to read poor writing quickly and accurately involves the exercise of a number of faculties. One must have a retentive memory to seize and retain little peculiarities of form, and if the mind is bright and active a great many clues are picked up from the context, the general style and the subject matter. Then, again, it requires concentration, which is sadly lacking in the majority of people. All in all, it is a capital gauge of mentality, and I use it frequently, without letting the scholar suspect what I am after." Yet it is remarkable that the wise and prudent are sometimes more backward in recognizing the signs of God's work written in nature than are the less cultivated.

The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament showeth his handiwork (Ps. 19: 1).

The Brains of Physicians

An interesting lecture was given recently before the New York Academy of Sciences, by Dr. E. A. Spitzka. Two eminent physicians, father and son, had bequeathed their brains to him, and having made a comparative analysis of them, he described the results to his hearers. He said that the brains differed from the normal in that they have the left island of Reil, the great mental association centre, remarkably developed. Many peculiarities of the right side of the father's brain appear, strangely enough, on the opposite side of the son's brain. The father was an alienist, who devised the scheme of educating idiots by means of their senses. His son was a neurologist. The father's brain weighed forty-four ounces. His son's, fifty-two. The convolutions of both showed, said Dr. Spitzka, that the chief characteristics of the father had been transmitted to the son, in whom they became more highly developed. For instance, although the father's power of association and ability to learn languages were remarkable, his son was even more able along the same lines. The father had often expressed his regret that his own experiments had been made on the brains of paupers and criminals, and he had never had the opportunity to compare them with the brains of intelligent, law-abiding men. He, therefore, promised that when he died his brain should be given to Dr. Spitzka, quoting at the time the saying of an eminent historian, that "science was as welcome to his brain when he was done with it, as to his old hat." The quotation was quaint, but sensible. Indispensable as the brain is to us in this life, the Christian looks forward with confidence to a time when, like cast-off garments, the whole body is laid aside for a better one which God will give to all who are in Christ.

As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly (1. Cor. 15: 49).

BRIEF NOTES

The German Missionary Societies report an aggregate of 16,212 baptisms in twelve months.

The Bible used by John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*, was sold recently for $1,125. It bears the poet's signature on the fly-leaf.

The printing-presses of Japan produced last year twenty-five thousand different books, two thousand of which were fiction. This shows remarkable literary activity.

The recent additions to the Vatican, the palace of the Pope in Rome, bring the number of rooms under its roof up to twelve thousand.

The Church Missionary Society now has on its staff sixty missionary physicians, nine of whom are women, and twenty-eight trained missionary nurses. In its various fields it has thirty-two hospitals.

The forty-seven members of the Board of Education for London hold a prayer meeting every week before the regular meeting to beseech special guidance in their labors. Lord Reay, the chairman of the Board, presides at the prayer-meeting.

During the last ten years there were 3,508 suicides in New York City, or nearly one a day. During the previous decade the number was 2,063. In Chicago, the number increased from 1,066 between 1880 and 1890 to 3,132 between 1890 and 1900.

The owner of a factory at Washington, Ind., has engaged the pastor of the Presbyterian church of the town to visit his factory each morning and give a fifteen minutes' sermon to the operatives, the preacher being on the pay-roll of the factory, and the men receiving pay for the time taken to listen to the sermonette.

There are two Indian Christian Endeavor Societies in Oklahoma: One of forty-eight Arapahoe boys and girls, and the other of Cheyennes. The Arapahoes received twenty-one members on Decision Day and the Cheyennes have to divide their list of members, and have only a part at each meeting, otherwise the meetings would be too long.

Our esteemed contemporary, *The Christian Work*, has our hearty congratulations on having added the distinguished minister, Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, to its editorial staff. In the present condition of municipal affairs in New York City, Dr. Parkhurst's experience and trenchant pen will, we are sure, be of inestimable value in the work of turning the city to righteousness.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has organized work in Cuba, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands. In Cuba, Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, R. I., has charge; in Hawaii, Miss Jessie Ackermann and Miss Ada L. Murcutt, and in the Philippines Mrs. Cornelia C. Moots. In Mexico, Mrs. Addie N. Fields has already organized a movement which has promise of success.

GEMS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT PULPITS

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

PRESENT-DAY PROPHETS

DR. CHARLES E. GOODELL, HANSON PLACE M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN

ANY man who speaks as the inspired representative of God is a prophet. He need not foretell, he must forth tell. He is a man with a message. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." The message and the man are God's. Two things are necessary for the prophet—to hear clearly, to deliver faithfully. Preachers are not the only prophets. Francis of Assisi said one day to a young brother in the monastery, "My son, let us go down into the town and preach." So they go down, the old man and the youth, together. They walk from street to street, through market and park, and turn at last toward the monastery. "Father, when shall we begin to preach?" the young man asks, and Francis answers, "Son, we have been preaching all the time." The prophet is he whose life speaks forth God's message to men and the times. Will you be such? The need is great. There are wrongs to be righted and justice needs a friend. But God will send his messages only through clean lips and pure lives. God has only a few for whom the ages wait, but he has untold millions whose noble lives make up the glorious battalions which move behind the chosen leader, and in the red line where courage stands, sweep on to everlasting victory. Would you be a prophet of God? The power and opportunity are at hand. Nothing is wanting but the will, and that you must supply.

HOW TO CONQUER DOUBT

BY REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D., MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK

HE that would be blest must put himself in the way of blessing; as did blind Bartimeus, when he heard the footsteps of the multitude and learned that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. We have ourselves to blame for barrenness of soul. A student in Princeton Seminary came to Dr. Charles Hodge, saying, "I am greatly troubled with doubts as to the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel. Will you go over with me the arguments for the Being of God, and Immortality, and the Atonement and the Personality of the Spirit?" His instructor answered, "It is not argument that you want, my young friend, but to come closer to Christ. Get into the fellowship of service; thrust your sickle into the harvest; learn the joy of growing weary in duty; and your doubts will vanish." It was wise counsel. The way of duty is the way of blessing. Now it comes to us in the closet and again at the Tabernacle of Meeting. Neglect not the hour of secret prayer; neither forsake the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is (Heb. 10:25). Life is too short for people made in God's likeness and journeying to eternity to lose any opportunity of receiving a blessing. My friend, keep close to Christ; and wherever Christ may be, be there to meet him.

DEATH BRINGS US HOME

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE soul is a soldier fighting on a far off frontier, and death brings him home. Oft we long for the return, desiring to be unclothed. We are big with heart hunger. Infinite hopes and aspirations stir within us. The heart glows and throbs with expectancy. What recovery there for our defeats here! Upon what arts and sciences and tools and industries and songs and friendships will we toil there! We want room to breathe in. This earth is a little garret. There are days when the intellect towers and the forehead strikes against the stars. We want all the room between today and an eternity. We want all the atmosphere between the east and the west. And we will come home. In God's world house there are many rooms. We shall find the banqueting house of the King. Sitting down in that great gallery of love, we shall breathe the atmosphere where joy and righteousness are native and be forever satisfied.

LOVING THE LOST

PASTOR W. J. MOSIER, GRACE GOSPEL CHURCH, BROOKLYN

TRUE Christian love finds a broad field for exercise among sinners. Sometimes the Christian says, "I have no gift for reaching sinners. My sphere seems to lie in teaching Christians." This may seem to be a very advanced stage of Christian living, but in reality it is an abnormal state for any Christian. Jesus Christ came "to seek and to save that which was lost," and if we have his spirit we will always long for and work for the salvation of sinners.

A young lady attended a missionary meeting where there was much enthusiasm manifested. At the close of the service she said to the missionary who had spoken with much spiritual power, "I feel that I am called to go and labor in your field." He said, "I suppose you are a Sunday School teacher, and successful in leading your scholars to Christ." "No," was the reply, "I have never felt called to teach in a Sunday School." "Then I suppose you have done Christian work in connection with other societies in your church, and in dealing with individuals." "No," said the volunteer, "I do not think I am called to work at home, but to be a foreign missionary." The faithful speaker then said, "We do not feel led to accept for the foreign mission field those who have not proved their efficiency in winning souls in the home field."

REV. CHARLES E. GOODELL, D.D.

ONE of the most important charges in the Methodist Episcopal communion is the church in Hanson Place, Brooklyn. It is entitled to congratulation on the choice which has brought Dr. Goodell to its pulpit. He has held charges in Boston, Mass., and Providence, R. I., where his ministry was greatly blessed. He humbly and gratefully acknowledges the goodness of God in blessing his labors. Throughout his pulpit experience there has never been a year when the number of persons brought into the Kingdom under his preaching has been less than one hundred, and in some years it has been more than two hundred. His present church numbers 2,440 members and probationers.

If the Christian has not a love for sinners in one part of the world there is but little hope that he will be moved with this passion in any other part. "We love because he first loved us" implies that we love in the same manner as we are loved. we love in deeds not words; we love when our love is rejected, when we are maligned and persecuted; we love until love produces love; we love with a love which "never faileth."

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, LONDON, ENGLAND

COVETOUSNESS lies at the root of all the evils that blight the world, especially its so-called civilized portion? The oppression of feeble races, the inability to cope with the outbreak of savagery, the indifference to the righteousness that alone exalts a nation, the toleration of giant evils that sap the virtue of the people—these all may be traced to the restless and unsatisfied heart of man in his covetousness for that which, possessed, does but breed new desire. Some great words are being dragged through the mire, because they are chained to the car of the unsatisfied god, covetousness.

Not only in the national outlook do we discover coveteousness, but at the base of all social problems lies the same worm of discontent. The greed of the capitalist and the madness of the anarchist, the brutality of great corporations, and the superb cruelty of un-Christianised democracy, all arise from lust of possession. All the individual vices that are robbing the nations of their young men and maidens—drink, impurity, gambling—grow out of unsatisfied craving of the heart—coveteousness. Humanity away from God, covets, and no amount of getting proves to be gain.

THE HOPE OF THE CENTURY

FRANK BALLARD, M. A., HULL, ENGLAND

THE plain truth is that, whether the men of to-day smile or frown at the suggestion, nothing short of Christian holiness will suffice, either in the nearer or farther future, to ward off the evils that so seriously threaten, and bring about the universal good for which our poor world sighs. There is no way on earth like "the way of holiness" for leading every man, woman and child who follows it, to the richest happiness day by day, here and now, whilst affording the most worthy and valid and glorious hope for that great hereafter which will so soon envelop us all, when the fitful present, with its multiplied engrossments, will have vanished as utterly as a tiny rivulet that has trickled down into the boundless ocean.

From whatever standpoint we view the new century, whether from that of the merchant or the student, statesman or the philanthropist, there is no watchw whatever for the decades before us so full of the pron and potency of a veritable golden age, as the impassio appeal of the converted Rabbi, who wrote to anc Corinth: "Having therefore these promises, beloved, t us cleanse ourselves from all defilement of flesh and sp perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

THE PREACHING THAT MOVES M

REV. CHARLES E. JEFFERSON, D.D., BROADWAY TABERNA NEW YORK CITY

THE preaching of the next fifty years will, in all pr bility, be far more doctrinal than that of the last century has been. So-called practical preaching is no practical in the long run as is the preaching that d with the fundamental doctrines of the Christian fa Preaching to be practical must accomplish the purpose which the preacher preaches. The preacher who un stands his business preaches in order to reconcile me God. No preaching has in it redeeming power that not unfold and force upon the conscience one of great truths of the Christian revelation. When Christ say, as they sometimes do say, that they do not like trinal preaching, they simply express their dislike preaching expressed in the language of former centu and filled with analogies and conceptions which h been outgrown. No preaching is so interesting, so th ing and so powerful as is doctrinal preaching expresse the language in which men are born. The vast awful fact which broke the apostles' hearts and them out into the world to baptize the nations into Je name, and the one fact which will set the church to- on fire and give it power over the hearts of men, is fact announced by the apostle to the Gentiles: "He for our sins."

CHRISTIANITY'S AIM

REV. DAVID N. BEACH, FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHU DENVER, COLO.

IT is a distinction of the Christian religion, that it se to put in people a mind. It does not impose a c like the Mosaic legislation. It does not offer a syste thought, like Buddhism. It does not enjoin a discipl like Stoicism. It does a deeper, subtler thing. It g to the centre. It builds from within, out. It propos mind, out of which all truest, noblest, divinest things s grow. It is also a distinction of the Christian relig that it presents to the world such a mind, the min Christ. It is yet a third distinction of the Christian gion, that it puts the attainment of such a mind—Chr mind—within the reach of everybody, even the humb

WHY WE PRAY

DR. W. W. LANDRUM, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, ATLANTA, G

WE pray because we believe that all prayers offered u loving submission to the Father will be answered; they have been answered in the past and will be answere the future, till we see eye to eye and know as we are kno If man is free, why not God? If human power can coo ate with natural laws for human benefit without disturb the unity and harmony of the world, why cannot di power, more wise and more free than any or all hur power, do the same? So long as God is a person, so lon God is free, so long as he is not an eternal spirit, impriso in the universe, but rather the indwelling and controlling sp of the universe, just so long can his will do what man's does every day, namely, control his own laws without br ing them. Pray on. It is not only righteous, but reasona to pray. It is not only un-Christian, but inhuman not to p

THE LARGER LIFE

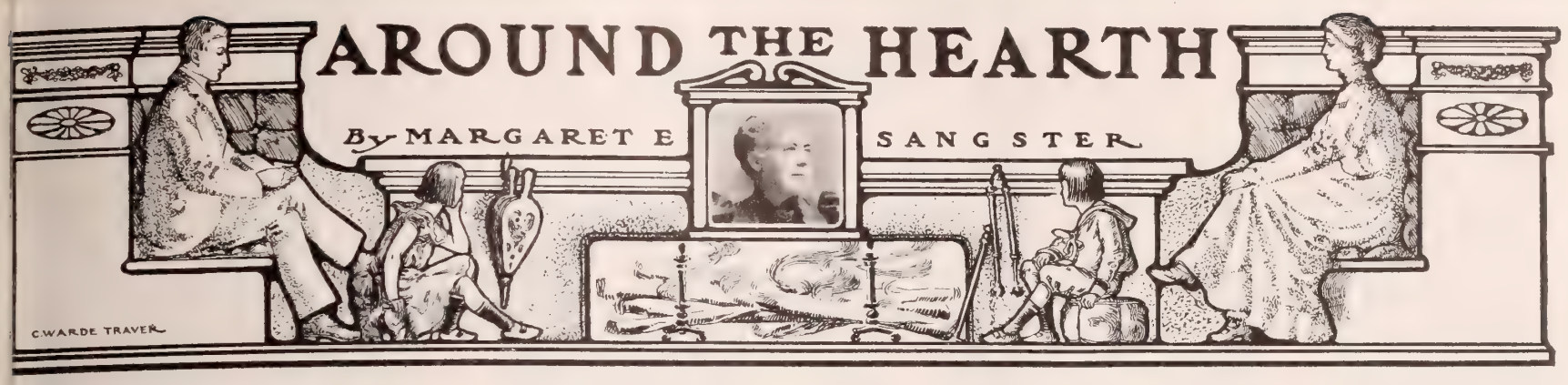
REV. G. EDWIN TALMAGE, SECOND REFORMED CHURCH, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

BECAUSE he was obedient to the vision on the roa Damascus, Saul of Tarsus was changed from the narr unprogressive life of a talented man without a mission, i the glorious Apostle Paul, whose influence widens with centuries. If your life is to be similarly transformed, it m be through taking advantage of such visions as may c to you. The world is wider than your bench, or table machine. As you touch other lives, life will seem less ha to you. Take advantage of the lull in the storm, and n ping out your course by the stars, cease to drift hither yon in Adria. Is toil servile? Ply that tent-maker's nee to raise money for the spread of the Kingdom. Work see less slavish with such an end in view.

TWO KINDS OF OLD AGE

DR. J. D. JORDAN, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, SAVANNAH, G

SOME people think that we can afford to forget God, cause whether we forget him or not he will always rem ber us. But this is the same as it would be if one i human friendship were to refuse your friendship so long able to take care of himself, but come to you when too w to do so. There is nothing sadder than to see an old go down to the grave without the hope of a future life; there is no sweeter sight than to see an old person enjoy God and slowly ripening for the tomb. If we remember in our youth he will not forsake us in our old age.



To the Grumbling Wife

SOLOMON is responsible for the statement that a man would be more comfortable alone on the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. I remember once in my girlhood have met a woman who was an inveterate and persistent grumbler. Nothing suited her. She had a big nt of a husband, and she was a little thing; but the n quailed before her fiery temper, and fled the house escape the hailstorm of her scolding. I was reminded this virago, by reading a letter the other day, sent a husband who has grown desperate. His wife is a od housekeeper and an affectionate mother, but her y is being ruined by her everlasting fault-finding; d the bread, eaten by husband and son, is bitter with sauce of an unrelenting crossness. The woman mplains that her husband does not talk. When he es talk, she complains of what he says. He meets ulance and peevishness the moment he crosses his n door; and, if not scolding, his wife is sulking, hich is quite as disagreeable.

Whatever occasion there may be for the wife's unmly display of temper, on every account she should to restrain it. Such a temper home literally drives a man to d companions, and gives him excuse to go to the liquor oler's, where he will meet Sa- in pleasanter guise than in shape of an ill-spoken and ewish wife.

The husband of the chronic mbler may be too amiable. If were to assert himself, it might a good thing. Perhaps the e's health is to blame. She y be run down and nervous and need of a change. Perhaps e is in peril of a mental collse, and is not altogether reponsible. In any event, the scolding, grumbling and furious-tempred woman is wrecking her rried peace.

To be querulous is not the sole ible of dames. Men are faultfinders and naggers, too, and are t as unbearable in the role as women. A sunshiny husband as blessed a factor in home life a sunshiny wife. When anydy, man or woman, married or gle, old or young, discovers in dly life a disposition to be irritle, fractious, and generally moe and hateful, it is time for that dividual to ask pardon of God prayer, to set a watch over his her behavior, and to ask the mily doctor for advice and a tic.

These are steps within the ch of all. Grumbling is sin; deplorable as any other sin. e individual who kills joy in e family may not be tried for rder in an earthly court; but, the presence of God and the gels, the guilt of the grumbler is not reckoned less an that of one who merely kills a human body.

Temptation

The busy man, who reaches Saturday night exhausted body and mind, is assailed at certain seasons by a mptation which masquerades in the garb of an angel of ht. "The office will be very quiet to-day. The shop disturbed; my thoughts are on my business anyway; y should I not go there on Sunday morning, write letters, look over my ledger, and put things in good ape for a new beginning on Monday?"

This temptation wears an air of virtue. The man ould not be in his pew, it is true, but he would not be his wheel, nor taking any pleasure, and he would be t of sight of his neighbors. So that, he fancies, he ould not offend their sentiments of right in the matter Sabbath-keeping. Nevertheless, this is a temptation be strenuously resisted.

No law of the Decalogue is more gracious on the human side than the never repealed fourth commandment. All through the Mosaic economy, like a silver thread, runs the fine and kind meaning and thought of God, in provision for a seventh day resting from toil. When we set out to be wiser than the Lord, and insist on working the entire seven days without a break, we seriously impair our vitality and run the risk of shortening our lives. They who wish to live long and retain vigor of mind and body, should keep holy the Sabbath day and enjoy its blessed rest from care and from ordinary avocations.

The Servant's Sunday

Old-fashioned Christians used to so manage the arrangements for the Lord's Day, that the kitchen, as well as the parlor, found it a day of little labor. Much of the preparation for the more elaborate meals, which are fitting on the one day when the whole family are together, can be made on Saturday. The soup, if that course is usual, can be made on Saturday. The dessert, of pie, pudding, custard, or blanc-mange, or of fruit and nuts, can be entirely prepared then, and a simple roast and accompanying vegetables are easily cooked. The cake, preserves and cheese, which follow the cold meats and bread and butter of a Sunday night supper, are all readily provided on Saturday. For everybody in the house, the Sabbath should be a period of repose so far as is consistent with health and comfort.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERING SAILOR

A Suggestion from California

A correspondent writes that a small plot of sorghum planted near fruit trees, so as to be in seed at the time fruit ripens, will save the crop and prevent resentment from following our little friends, the birds. The birds prefer the sorghum seeds to the fruit. In localities favorable to sorghum culture this may be a valuable hint. But, though the feathered songsters take toll of the orchard, they do so good a thing in keeping down the insect foes of the farmer, that he ought not to grudge them their pay of cherries, pears and apples. Even the crows, which are supposed to pillage the corn, are, in reality, great allies of the farmer.

The Seafaring Man

AS we sit cosily around the fire at night and listen to the wind as it roars outside, shakes the casements, and wails through the trees, a thought often comes to us of pity for the unsheltered, for those who have no home, warm, shining, and comfortable like ours, and moved by the contrast, a greater tenderness creeps into the mother's good-night kiss, and a deeper thankfulness fills the father's heart in his evening prayer. Do we sometimes spare a little thought for those who are tossing about on the great ocean, for the mariners to whom the winds are contrary, who buffet the fierce gales, when the sleet drives across the frozen decks, and who endure great hardships without complaint, as they navigate the deep?

Perhaps there is no more rapturous happiness than on the day when, after long absence, the sailor returns safe. He has brought something for each child, for the old mother, and for the dear wife, but the very best thing is himself. How merry the first meal; how pleasant is the loud, cheery voice; what joy to hear the step on the stair, to have father back again! There are many such home scenes along the coasts, when the fishermen come home from their short, rough voyages; when those who shipped for a long trip, get back without accident or misadventure to their own firesides.

When they go to church the next Sunday after the good man's return, let us hope that the preacher will specially make thanksgiving and the choir sing a hymn of the sea.

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest,
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward, still be mine endeavor,
The rest that remaineth endureth forever.

Spring Flowers

Before long the jonquils will brighten the door yards, as even now they scatter sunshine in the shop windows of city florists. They have so much gold in their petals that they forecast the splendors of the coming summer. Hyacinths, crocuses, snowdrops, lilacs, in the garden, and in the woods, violets, anemones, arbutus and dog-wood; what a glory of bloom and fragrance we may soon anticipate. "Father, thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing," even the desire for flowers.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—FLORENCE. Try washing your hands with almond meal.

—JEALOUSY. Overcome your disposition. It is a fatal fault.

—LADY JANE. Your daughter's headaches may be caused by her eyes. Consult an oculist.

—CLAIR M. The blue vein you mention is inherited. It signifies nothing, and the child is in no danger.

—ANXIOUS. The young man's moral character being good, and his qualities amiable, the fact that he is not a professing Christian as yet should not cause his rejection.

—M. C. J. The only presents a girl may receive from a man to whom she is not engaged are flowers, candy, and books. A girl of sixteen is too young to accept any presents. Try a good orris tooth-powder for your teeth.

—SUBSCRIBER Either a wedding or a funeral in a church may be practically private. Uninterested people do not attend funerals, and admission to a wedding can easily be limited to those who present a card at the door.

—C. D. An intimate friendship between a man of eighty and a woman of seventy should not be criticized, even if they do spend an hour or two daily in each other's company. It seems to me that nothing could be less objectionable.

—HENRY'S MOTHER. You are needlessly worried. I have never yet known a boy of Henry's age who was very fastidious about clean hands and clothes. An over-clean lad of twelve would be a Miss Nancy. Henry will be quite particular a few years hence.

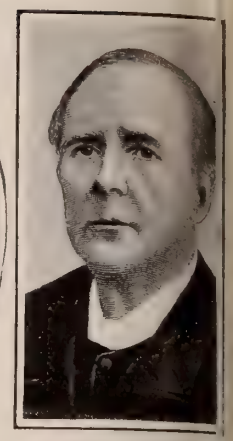
REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES

REV. D. ASA BLACKBURN

REV. F. E. CLARK

J. WILLIS BAER

MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME


REV. F. B. MEYER

The National Gospel Campaign Opened

Revivals Spreading in Many States

Multitudes Coming to Christ . . .

THE National Gospel Campaign of the New Century has fairly begun. In thirty thousand American pulpits, the call has been sounded for earnest, united prayer and work against the forces of sin. From a multitude of congregations, large and small, and from assemblages of Christ's followers in many States, petitions are ascending to the Throne for a general spiritual awakening throughout the nation. Special evangelistic services are being held in a large number of churches, and the hosts of righteousness are arraying themselves, under consecrated leaders, awaiting the order to "go forward!"

The National Central Committee of the Twentieth Century Gospel Campaign inaugurated the movement with a Week of Prayer and Preparation, in which the churches generally joined by invitation. This was followed by an address to the clergy and Christian congregations, which was published throughout all the States, and which elicited numerous calls from all parts of the country and Canada for evangelistic workers. Meanwhile, churches began to hold special services in many places, and reports were received showing that in more than fifty centres a hopeful spiritual movement had actually begun. During the past week these reports have greatly multiplied, and there are strong indications that the prayers of God's people for a general revival may have found acceptance.

The National Committee

Mr. William Phillips Hall is Chairman, both of the National Central and Executive Committees, and Mr. John Lewis Clark is Secretary. They report that surprising results have already followed the meetings in many large cities, and that already many souls are being won to Christ. Pastors and churches are everywhere cooperating, in the broad and generous spirit of Christian brotherhood, and in many cities and towns, groups of churches of different denominations are holding union prayer meetings. Every day brings intelligence of localities newly aroused and wheeling into line for the campaign.

All denominations are represented in this far-reaching evangelistic movement. At the head of the work, in New York, is a National Committee, composed of these well-known pastors and laymen:

Rev. GEORGE T. PURVES, D.D.,	Rev. H. A. JOHNSTON, D.D.,
Rev. DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D.	Hon. R. FULTON CUTTING,
Mr. JAMES TALCOTT,	Rev. WM. T. SABINE, D.D.,
Mr. ROBERT E. SPEER,	Rev. A. LONGACRE, D.D.,
Mr. W. E. LOUGEE,	Mr. THERON G. ARMSTRONG,
Rev. E. W. WARREN, D.D.,	Rev. C. W. MILLARD, D.D.,
Dr. WILLIAM J. SCHIEFFELIN,	Mr. JOHN M. CORNELL,
Rev. DAVID H. GREER, D.D.,	Mr. JOHN SEELY WARD, Jr.,
Mr. CHARLES M. JESUP,	Rev. JOHN B. SHAW, D.D.,
Mr. ROBERT C. OGDEN,	Rev. D. S. GREGORY, D.D.,
Rev. J. W. CHAPMAN, D.D.,	Gen. O. O. HOWARD,
Rev. HOWARD DUFFIELD, D.D.,	Mr. GEORGE A. WARBURTON,
Rev. A. F. KITTREDGE, D.D.,	Rev. GEO. P. ECKMAN, D.D.,
Rev. DONALD S. MACKAY, D.D.,	Rev. D. ASA BLACKBURN,
Rev. J. FREDERICK TALCOTT,	Rev. R. S. MACARTHUR, D.D.,
Rev. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D.D.,	Rev. CHARLES C. HALL, D.D.,
Mr. S. W. BOWNE,	Rev. J. O. WILSON, D.D.,
Mr. EDMUND W. BOOTH,	Rev. HENRY MOTTET, D.D.,
Mr. EDWIN J. GILLIES,	Rev. B. Q. DENHAM,
Rev. M. D. BABCOCK, D.D.,	Mr. GEORGE A. SANFORD.

Founded in Prayer

Prayer has been the foundation of the movement—earnest, importunate supplication for a great shower of spiritual refreshing, such as the nation sorely needs. "All the great Christian revivals," declare the members of the National Committee, "were begun in prayer." Every day the leaders of the present movement assemble to implore Divine guidance in the work. Every day their own petitions for a national revival are supplemented by the petitions of thousands of others.

Twenty-two churches in Philadelphia alone announce 916 conversions. At a mass meeting in Ottawa, Can., where Mr. Hall preached, hundreds pledged themselves to do personal work for Christ. Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, who followed Mr. Hall the next Sunday, had the remarkable experience of witnessing over 600 standing up for Christ in one day.

The Y. M. C. A. secretaries are doing excellent work in advancing the campaign in all the States. Hundreds of letters come from pastors in village and country churches, telling of revivals begun.

The Movement Abroad

Simultaneously with the American Gospel Campaign, a remarkable evangelistic effort is reported from England. It began on January 28, with simultaneous meetings in several parts of London. The Council of the Free Churches organized the movement, with Rev. Thomas Law as Secretary. Churches of many different denominations co-operated. Mission preachers were sent to the various sections of the metropolis with the object of aiding in the services. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan was one of the leaders, and his Bible readings were found extremely helpful. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Rev. F. B. Meyer also took an active part. From some of the centres very remarkable results were reported. At Fulham, over four hundred persons declared their acceptance of Christ as their Saviour. At Dartford and at Wimbledon, three hundred testified in each place. At all centres there were large meetings, chiefly of non-churchgoers, and there were many professed conversions. The movement is now spreading to other large cities. At Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Huddersfield, Gainsborough and Ripon, the meetings began on February 23, and were preceded by a week of prayer. It is proposed to make all these meetings preliminary to a great concerted effort in October, which shall occupy the largest public buildings in every city.

A TRUMPET-CALL TO THE CHURCHES OF AMERICA...

THE definite efforts of the National Central Committee for the promotion, under God, of a National Revival of evangelical Christianity have already borne much fruit. The movement has been inaugurated in scores of cities and villages throughout the United States and Canada, and many indications seem to prove that the work has only begun. The campaign has assumed not only a national, but an international character, and now promises to reach most if not all of the centres of population in North America.

The fact of the wonderful and widespread awakening of the evangelistic spirit can no longer be doubted, and now that the tides of Apostolic evangelism are on the rise, it behooves every minister and every member of the church of our Lord Jesus Christ to rise with them in what may yet prove the mightiest evangelistic movement of the age.

While the National Central Committee lays special emphasis upon the imperative need of both ministerial and lay evangelistic effort, it in no way attempts to discourage the engagement of regular evangelists of high character and ability. The numerous calls received by the Committee from ministers for evangelistic assistance, indicate the need for such work, and, so far as it may be practicable and possible, the Chairman of the Central Committee will gladly recommend men of the best standing for such service. The National Central Committee will be pleased to send full information how to organize and carry on a campaign, to all ministers and Christian workers who may request the same.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL,

Chairman, National Committee, Twentieth Century Gospel Campaign.

If your Church or Community is praying for a Revival, or if one is now in progress, send full information immediately to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is cooperating with the National Gospel Campaign Committee.

Revivals Throughout the Union

In response to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD's invitat a great many letters have been received announcing beginnings and progress of revival work in a majorit the States:

At Afton, Ia., Evangelist W. A. Sunday, Mrs. Sunday Frederick Fisher have conducted a most successful revi During the series of meetings in College Chapel, sev hundred persons came forward in presence of large a ences, and selected the good part, "which cannot be ta away." The large number of conversions has caused g joy in the churches.

The Y. M. C. A. at San Antonio, Tex., has begun a weeks' noon prayer-meeting for men, and a 4 P. M. mee for women. Simultaneous meetings are being held in all churches.

Rev. Jas. H. Rogers (M. E.) Fultonham, O., writes:

We are having glorious revivals. About fifty persons have fessed Christ. In one community three persons, whose ages ag gate over 240 years, and eight boys were converted last night at tonham Church, between the ages of twelve seventeen.

Mrs. L. Courtright, Paulding, O., wri

A great revival work is going on here. number of conversions up to date is 120. desire the prayers of Christian people that town may be taken for Christ.

Otterdale, Va., reports a notable spiri work in progress there, with great pror as to results.

Laddsburg, Pa., has a revival, in whi number have been converted.

Newark, O., is enjoying an outpou of the Spirit in a growing revival.

A reader of Swan Creek, O., writes, ing the prayers of God's people for a vival there. "The tokens have come," says. "We have such terrible evils to c bat—drunkenness, gambling, irrevere lack of modesty, etc."

Praying, All Write for a Revive

A little band of Christians at Sc Starksboro, Vt., has been praying all wi for a revival.

At Robinson, Ill., the M. E. Church held a series of meetings for two we with excellent results.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church, lumbia, Tenn., desires prayers for a rev

A sojourner at Candor, N. Dak., se the need of an awakening of the Cl tians, called a meeting. The people ganized, elected a chairman, and upw of a dozen young men have volunteere assist in carrying the meetings right al every Sunday.

A work of grace is in progress in McPhail Memorial Baptist Church, Ott Can. In one night thirteen young pe were baptized. Prayers are desired.

The Christian Church at Davenport, Ia., is in the mid a revival. The pastor, Rev. C. C. Davis, is assisted by E gelist J. A. L. Romig. A number have confessed Ch The church asks for earnest prayers.

W. G. Ashley, Superintendent Union Mission, Norf Va., writes:

Many men and women are coming to our mission and asking t shown Jesus. We are trying, by God's help, to guide them to Cross.

Kenesaw, Neb., has experienced the first pulsations revival, and hopes for spiritual fruit. The people ask pray

Many Coming to Christ

Lightburn, W. Va., has had a gracious revival at the M Church, conducted by Rev. D. F. Carder. Forty-one versions are reported.

A friend in Ortonville, Mich., writes:

There is a revival in progress here, and conversions have t place. We need your prayers.

The Middletown Presbyterian Church, Middle Island Y., is without a pastor.

Revival meetings began in the First M. E. Church, Burl ton, Ia., March 3. Prayers are requested.

Lincoln, Neb., has the premonitions of a coming revi

Rev. J. F. Long (Baptist), Utica, N. Y., writes:

There are many under deep conviction here in East Utica. S seventeen or eighteen have professed Christ, and five or six back ers have been reclaimed. There is every possibility of one of

(Continued on next page)

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Revivals Spreading in Many States

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 262

greatest revivals ever known in this part of the city. Will you make a special season of prayer among these dear anxious ones who are so ready to pray for the work?

Among the Indiana Farmers

Lynn Church, near Kokomo, Ind., is in the midst of an active revival. The community is largely agricultural. A young woman evangelist began the holding of meetings in the church and the farmers, who were attracted at first through curiosity, were soon attending in considerable numbers. Many conversions are reported, and the moral and social tone of the little community has been greatly improved.

Jackson Street Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa., has just had a season of special revival. Last month twenty-three young men and women were baptized.

Trinity M. E. Church, Norfolk, Va., is holding revival services, and desires the prayers of God's people.

The churches of Luneberg, Vt., are earnestly praying for a revival.

The churches at Newton, N. J., are offering special prayers for a spiritual awakening in that neighborhood.

Gardner, North Dakota, has had a very gracious revival since the new year began. A goodly number have confessed Christ.

Meetings are being held at North Newport, N. H., and earnest prayers are being offered for a revival.

The Spruce Street Baptist Church, Philadelphia, asks prayers for a revival. Some souls have already been awakened.

A month of revival meetings closed lately in South Middleboro, Mass. All were well attended and a number of conversions resulted.

REV. A. W. MILLS, ARCOLA, ILL.

Marion, Ill., has had a continuous revival in the different churches since December 1, with nearly one hundred conversions.

The "Prayer Bell" at Arcola, Ill.

Under the leadership of its pastor, Rev. A. W. Mills, the Methodist Episcopal Church of Arcola, Ill., has just experienced one of the most notable revivals held in that part of the State. As a result, fifty-eight persons have confessed Christ and united with the church, and about twenty others have come by recommendation or letter. Mr. Mills has borne the greater part of the work, although he received help from Rev. Mr. Horney, of Mattoon; Rev. Mr. Kemp, of Jacksonville; Rev. Mr. Caseley, of Mattoon, and Elder Whitlock His strong, earnest preaching has, in several instances, turned whole families to God, father, mother and children. More stress was laid on conversion than upon the joining of the church. All the professions of conversion were made at the altar. Even when others preached, Mr. Mills conducted the altar service.

During the revival, the "Prayer Bell" has been rung in the M. E. Church for five minutes at 11 A. M., on every day when special services were held. The new church building where the revival services were held, is handsome and well-appointed, with a large auditorium, seating about four hundred, a lecture room, class rooms, and pastor's study, and in the basement a kitchen, dining room and reception room. The building was dedicated on the 3d of September last, Bishop McCabe conducting the service, assisted by Rev. J. W. Eckman and M. A. Hewes.

Prospectville, Pa., is earnestly praying for a revival.

Unionville, O., has signs of revival and its people ask for prayers.

A gracious revival has been experienced in the old Presbyterian Church at Middle Spring, Pa.

Under Conviction

At Charlton, Mass., special religious services have resulted in a number being brought under conviction. Prayers are requested.

In Garner, Ia., a week of revival services in the U. P. Church brought a number under conviction of sin. Some were converted and others were strengthened and renewed their covenant.

At St. George, Me,, the Second Baptist Church has held special evangelistic meetings and several conversions are reported, while a number of others are deeply interested. Prayers are requested.

Three churches at Bartlett, Centre Bartlett and Lower Bartlett, N. H., are undergoing a spiritual awakening. Two lady evangelists are actively engaged in the work. Prayers are needed.

Morristown, Tenn., is offering up earnest prayers for a revival.

At Farnham, Ohio, the Free Will Baptist Church evangelistic meetings have been well attended and a number have come out on the Lord's side. Prayers are requested.

The M. E. Church, of Collierville, Tenn., has begun a series of evangelistic services, and desires prayers for a revival.

An awakening is in progress at Rising Sun, Mich.

At Philmont, N. Y., the Reformed and Methodist Churches and the Y. M. C. A. have united forces for an aggressive evangelistic campaign. Cottage prayer meetings are being held every evening, and excellent results are reported.

The pastors of New Bedford, Mass., are preparing to hold a series of evangelistic meetings, in which all the pastors, in turn, will take part.

The seventeen evangelical churches of Salem, Oregon, have perfected their plans for an aggressive campaign, which has already begun. Prayers are requested.

Union prayer meetings are taking place in Memphis, Tenn., all the churches participating. Regular evangelistic services began March 4. The outlook is bright with spiritual promise.

At Manchester, N. H., a great Union revival movement is under way. All the churches are actively at work, and the services are largely attended.

The Work in Canada

In Toronto, Can., a Gospel Campaign Committee of fifteen pastors and fifteen laymen has been appointed. Union prayer meetings are being held and a regular evangelistic programme will be arranged. The movement is deep and widespread, and rich spiritual results are hoped for.

At Ottawa, Ont., the various churches belonging to the Protestant Ministerial Association are uniting for Gospel work.

Mrs. Anna A. Smith, Hampton, Can., writes: There are signs of a revival in St. John. Some of God's children are holding cottage prayer meetings and pleading for an outpouring of the Spirit and a general awakening of his children. Pray for us.

Many Souls Saved at Plainfield, N. J.

For several weeks a great and fruitful evangelistic work has been going on in the manufacturing town of Plainfield, N. J. Special services have been held in the First Baptist Church and Hook Chapel (Presbyterian) and all have been largely attended and marked by great spiritual power. William Phillips Hall and Rev. Theodore S. Henderson, D.D., have conducted many of the meetings, assisted by Mr. F. H. Jacobs and Mr. W. S. Weeden, who had charge of the song service. Up to the end of the first week in March, over two hundred persons had confessed Christ, and the work was daily growing deeper, and the revival spirit spreading. It was proposed by the townspeople, who thronged the meetings, that a week-day should be set apart upon which all stores and offices and public departments should be closed, and the entire day devoted to an evangelistic rally, in which all might unite in supplication for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

A Rhode Island Revival

We have had an evangelist with us for a time, and on "Decision Day" sixty-eight signed cards, expressing a desire to live a Christian life, with God's help, in the Sunday School; and eighteen stood up for prayers and expressed a desire in the prayer meetings. We feel quite encouraged, as our church is small, and there is much need of Christian work and God's blessing in this place. Being a shore resort, much of the lower element is brought here during the summer months to lead our young people off to dissipations, etc. Pray that God's blessing may rest upon our labors for him in this place, and that souls may be saved. Yours in Christ,

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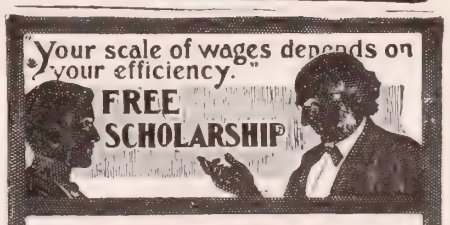

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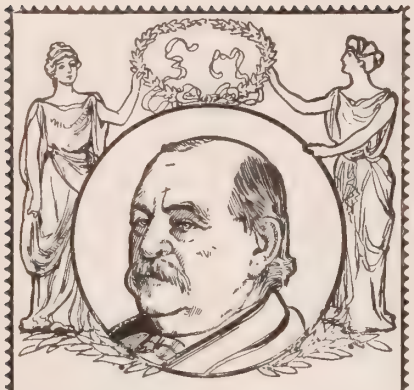

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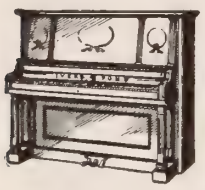

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CHAPTER V

Margaret Starts Upon Her "Mission"

"DON'T expect me to dinner, mother," said Rodman, as he excused himself when breakfast was finished, and came to bid his mother good-bye, "I shall dine in town to-night."

"Why don't you say you will dine with Mabel, when you know that's just where you're going," piped up Miss Muggins.

"Because I was waiting for your brilliant intuitions to announce the fact to the family, saucebox," replied her brother.

"You know you were just dying to have us ask you," answered her ladyship.

"Just as anxious as you were to have me ask who won the essay contest; but I know already. Ta-ta; don't roll down the bank while you are playing basket-ball to-day."

"Our team doesn't do anything so clumsy," she called after him, scornfully.

"Mother, dear, shall I leave the order at the market as I go by?" asked Helen.

"Have you time to spare for it?"

"Oh, yes, quantities; I'll do it with pleasure," said sunny Helen, who made one feel that one was conferring a favor upon her by allowing her to serve them in any way.

"I'm off now, mamma," said Alice as she left the table. "Can I do anything for you in town?"

"Nothing, I think, dear, but to bring yourself back as early as possible. Good-morning!"

A moment later the dining-room held only Margaret and her mother, for Maud had gone to the library to gather up her school-books.

"Now, mother, please do not trouble about anything down here; I will look to it all, and leave you free to get on with Maud's sewing."

"But I must write the grocer's order and look to the larder, Margaret."

"No, indeed, you must not at all; Elizabeth and I will put things in order here, and then I will see Eliza and set all straight in the kitchen for the day. Please let me."

"Very well, but do not tire yourself," and Mrs. Drake left the room. By her quiet, skillful management the domestic machinery was soon set running smoothly for another day, and Mrs. Drake was saved a vast deal of thought and care.

An hour later she entered her mother's room, and, taking her seat in the low chair beside the work-table, picked up the half finished waist which lay upon it and began to work.

"Now, mother, I've come for an admonitory lecture," said Margaret, smiling, "and while she works, you can give some sound advice to the 'Elms'' future housekeeper, governess and general factotum. I dare say that she will promptly forget about half you tell her, but once having given the wise counsel your conscience will be at rest, and you will have no cause to reproach yourself for her shortcomings."

"I doubt if there is much for me to give," replied Mrs. Drake; "but, putting all joking aside, I certainly feel a deep interest in the work you are about to undertake. It seems to me that a Higher Power than our own has directed it all from the very beginning, and I cannot but feel that you are destined to bring about a very happy change in Dr. Prior's household. It will, no doubt, be rather a serious undertaking at the outset, but I am sure you are equal to it. But in my opinion, all rests upon one point; you must win the girl's love, and then the way will be smooth for you. From all I can gather, her life has been a most unnatural one, and her training—if, indeed, it can be called training at all—most erratic. She is now nearly fifteen years old, and has never known either wise restraint or wise indulgence, and it rests with you to introduce both. Moreover, although I have never seen her, I infer from what the doctor has said that she is a sensitive child and will sway to one extreme or the other. Make her home sweet and happy, dear, and let her find there all that you have ever found in your own, so far as it lies in your power to compass it."

"I will, mother, I will. Although I have spoken lightly, I feel very deeply how great is the responsibility I am assuming; yet I do not shrink. I cannot explain why, but I feel that I shall succeed, and if I get into a quagmire of doubt I shall write to you for a comforting little sermon, and then go on again with your letter tucked safely away in my pocket as a talisman."

And so, with useful occupation and a mingling of mirth and jest, the morning slipped away as many another had done in this happy home, where mother and children shared every thought and every joy or sorrow; finding in each other's pleasure or sympathy strength to bear the one, and a double delight in the other.

One morning, six weeks later, found them all assembled in the breakfast room again, for Margaret was to start that day upon her "missionary career," as Maud termed it, and the first break in the home circle was regarded as a very serious upheaval in this united family. Margaret was to take the nine o'clock train from the Grand Central Depot, and the entire family had risen for an early breakfast.

"Take another cup of this hot coffee, dear," said her mother, with even more solicitude in voice and manner than usual, "it will be a long time before you can get anything warm."

"Shall I put in some of Eliza's sweet cakes, Margaret?" asked Helen, who was preparing a dainty luncheon, and tucking many a loving thought in with her sandwiches.

"Here is an awfully bright little story which you must take with you to read on the train," said Alice. "I found it in the depot last evening, and felt sure you would enjoy it."

"Oh, Margaret, I nearly forgot my contribution," cried Maud, as she produced a box of licorice tablets. "Put them in your satchel, and if you take cold you'll find them invaluable. All the girls carry them, and you can't think what a protection they are. Really, I am never without them, and that accounts for my freedom from hoarseness."

"And ready cash," cut in Rodman. "Do all the girls find their voices in need of lubricating?"

"Your choice of adverbs is, to say the least, peculiar," retorted Miss Muggins; "but Margaret appreciates my offer, don't you, dear?" coming up behind her to rest her face upon the soft coils of hair.

"I shall find them a wonderful comfort, I feel sure, and shall keep them in my satchel during the entire journey," was the satisfactory reply.

"There, do you hear that?" was Maud's triumphant retort.

"I'm converted. Next time you are in the neighborhood of the emporium for licorice tablets, just get half a dozen boxes, will you? Bring me one and stow away the rest for yourself. It would be a pity to let your voice lapse to its former rasping harshness," and he tossed three dimes across the table to her.

Maud gathered them up and replied in her most dignified manner, "It is delightful to find you so commendable to reason."

"Oh, Mrs. Malaprop, how I glory in your parts o' speech," shouted Rodman.

"And now I really must start," cried Margaret. "Come, Rodman, leave your passage at tongues to be completed at another time, and land me safely in my train. Good-bye, mother; don't let me wait too many hours for my letter. Good-bye, Helen; take extra good care of mother and don't let her shoulder the cares of the entire community. And Alice, try to keep Maud and Rodman

(Continued on page 265)

LADIES IN MEXICO

Undone By Coffee Poisoning.

Down in the City of Mexico, in the country that raises its own coffee, they have of stomach trouble and nervous headbrought on by coffee drinking.

A lady writing from there says, "used coffee for a long time and was nately fond of it. At any time I would fully have given up all the balance meal if necessary, in order that I might the coffee, but I acquired a wretched, blotchy complexion, had prolonged of excruciating nervous headaches, troubled with insomnia, and finally collapsed nervous prostration, that horror of horrors.

I was compelled to give up coffee for the poison that worked my undoing, concluded to take on Postum Food Coffee. did not believe in it and knew I would like it, for I could not bear to think anything that was to take the place of loved coffee.

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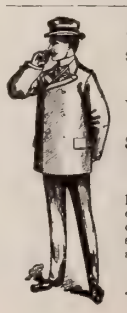

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 264

from ruining the English language," and so, midst jest and earnest, Margaret went out from the home in which she had been one of its sweetest elements, to carry into another the lovely personality it need'd to save it from becoming desolate.

November and December, with their holidays, had slipped away, and Marjorie had found them very like many which had gone before.

Christmas day had been spent quietly at home, and although it should have been the happiest day of all the year, was probably the saddest for all three. Dr. Prior always gave Marjorie some pretty gift, but since his wife's death there had not been the least attempt at any merry-making. So, instead of anticipating it with pleasure, Marjorie was rather glad when it had passed.

And now, upon New Year's night she sat with her father and aunt before the open fire in the former's office, for the door rarely sat in any other part of the house, and in the evening Marjorie and Miss Carver usually joined him there, or else went to their own rooms; the one to read and the other to indulge in her own pleasurable thoughts.

"I hope all will go well when Miss Drake is installed," said Miss Carver, continuing a conversation. "From what you have told me I am encouraged to believe it will, and I am convinced that it is much wiser arrangement for Marjorie and that she will be far happier. I have tried to do my duty by Madeline's child, but fear I have failed sadly; for now that I am about to lay it aside, I begin to realize my shortcomings."

"Dear Aunt Matilda, please don't say that," said warm-hearted Marjorie, springing to put her arms about her aunt's neck, "you know I love you dearly, don't you, and I dare say I've often given you a good deal of trouble."

Miss Carver laid her hand upon the one resting on her shoulder, and, drawing it to her cheek, said:

"No, you have never been troublesome, my dear; only impulsive at times. But I hope Miss Drake will be able to meet it more wisely than I have, for she is young and happy, and is such a companion as you need."

A little later she bade them good night and went to her room. Marjorie lingered a short time with her father, for their talk before she retired was the dearest one of the day to her, and she looked forward to it during all the others; and after their confidential little talk with him, which served to smoothe out the kinks of the day, he went to her room.

It was a beautiful night, clear and cold, with the moonlight falling upon the snow and turning everything to silver. Just before retiring, she raised her shade, and, sitting upon the window ledge, turned her sweet face up to the mysterious orb shining so calmly in space, and looked at it long and earnestly. At last she said: "I wonder what you are, anyway, or if anybody truly knows? You are so big and beautiful that sometimes I think you must be heaven, and that all who love us are there looking down at us. If that were so, dear mamma would be there, and could see me now," and her voice sank in a sort of hushed whisper. "I wish," she continued, "that it really could be; of course, I know it's not, but I would like to think of her as watching me all the time. Dear mamma, she was so sweet and pretty and loved me so dearly. I wonder if she is glad Miss Drake is coming. I think she must be, for I know she would be glad to have some one love Marjorie and make the home sweet and pretty as she would have done. I'm sorry Aunt Matilda is going, and I shall miss her, I know, but somehow she doesn't seem to feel what I want. I wonder what ails me now. I don't believe I'm like other girls, they don't seem to get the fidgets so. I do, but go along all right and happy as can be. I am afraid I worry papa almost to pieces, for sometimes he gives a sigh, just as I gave then; only his isn't from being cold, I know; but mine is, and I must stand here any longer I'll freeze," and she tossed the room and crawled into the immense bed, in which she seemed literally to wallowed up.

Miss Carver left early the following morning, and Marjorie was left alone the greater part of the day; for her school would not resume its work for the mid-winter term until the third, and so she was free for a day longer. It seemed an almost endless day to her, but like all others it drew to its close, and at four o'clock she stood looking out of the big bay-window for the arrival of her "fate," as she called Miss Drake.

CHAPTER VI
Will You Be My Friend?

A FEW moments later the jingle of sleigh bells announced the arrival of the sleigh, and ere another had passed Dr. Prior was saying:

"Marjorie, dear, I have brought your friend, and I hope both you and she will find this change in your lives a happy one."

Marjorie hesitated a moment, as though to make sure of herself, and then walked up to Miss Drake, and with her own big brown eyes looking straight into these wonderful gray ones, held out both hands, and said:

"Will you be my friend? I want one so much."

"With all my heart, dear," replied Miss Drake, deeply touched by the sweet simplicity of Marjorie's manner; for although fourteen, Marjorie was still a child; and instantly the contrast between this child and the jolly little grig she had left at home, and who was just Marjorie's age, flashed upon her, and drawing the girl into her arms she added: "And let me put a seal to my words right up here under all these soft little love-locks just where it can find a 'beautiful shrine,'" and she kissed Marjorie's forehead.

How little it takes to influence us for or against certain persons in this big world. Sometimes a look, a glance, a word is enough, and they have found a place in our affections or prejudices forever. And so it was with Marjorie. By that one little act of affection Miss Drake had won her forever, and from that moment on everything that Miss Drake said or did was perfect in Marjorie's eyes.

Dr. Prior had looked upon this little scene with a very relieved expression, for, to tell the truth, he rather dreaded the first meeting and had entertained some misgivings of its outcome; for Marjorie was somewhat peculiar, and a little given to strange freaks and sudden prejudices, and he knew that much depended upon it. And now that all had passed off so much better than he had dared to hope, he felt as though a great burden had been lifted from him, and experienced a sense of lightness such as he had not known in many a long day.

"Now, little daughter, take Miss Drake to her room, and try to make her feel that she is now one of us and mistress of this household."

"And you will be, won't you?" asked Marjorie, as she led the way up the broad old stairway, "and will make it sweet and homey."

"Indeed, I shall try to make it all that you have hoped to see it; but we must have grand consultations about it all, and ask Dr. Prior's consent to our plans."

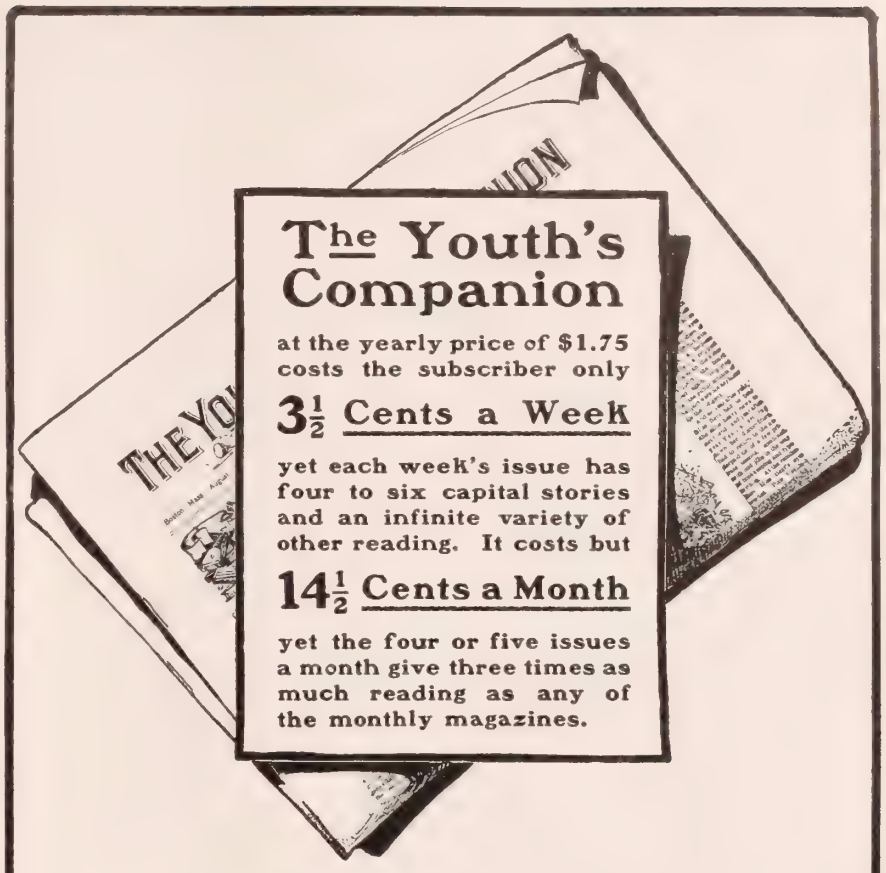
"Oh, he will say yes to anything I ask him, and he is just as anxious as I am to have it so. This is to be your room, and mine is just across the hall; so if you feel lonely you can call to me; do you think you will?" anxiously.

"I hardly think so, dear, for I have found such a sweet welcome that I feel quite at home already," said Miss Drake.

"You'll not be very long, will you?" asked Marjorie, as she started to go down stairs.

"No, only a very little time; just long enough to shake off the cinders and tidy up a bit," and she nodded reassuringly. "Dear child," she added to herself, as Marjorie disappeared, "she is hungry for just what I have enjoyed all my life and have never half appreciated, I fear; a sweet home and a world of affection; and, please God, I will prove my gratitude for my own rich blessings by bringing into this desolate child's life some of the rich affection I fear I have always accepted as a matter of course, and I'll begin by making myself look 'homey,' as she calls it."

(To be Continued)



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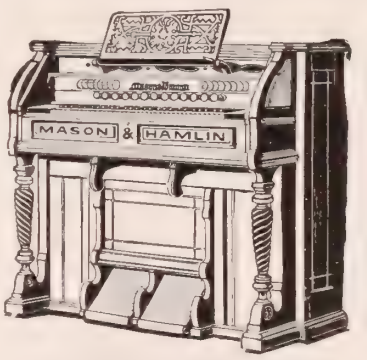

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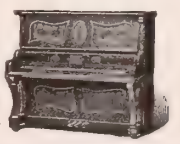

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DESPISED AND REJECTED

Our Lord's Voluntary Submission to Contumely

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IN the deepest sense, beyond what words can convey, Jesus loved his enemies even unto death. And beyond death, in resurrection and ascension, that love which loved sinners lives on. He ascended that he might receive gifts for men, even for the rebellious; he still ever liveth to make intercession for us, who, as well as the Jews, have despised him (Ps. 68: 18; Heb. 7: 25). Human nature cannot tolerate contempt. Many have committed suicide rather than live on despised; but he who bore our sins, bore contempt as well for our sakes.

Have we understood that as our Lord, in very deed, identified himself with us, with our sin and shame, and our moral degradation, so it becomes us to identify ourselves with him, and not shrink from contempt and shame for his sake, who did not shrink from it for ours. "I do not deserve that I should be treated thus," says the natural man. The Lord Jesus might justly have said so; but he did not say it, for he represented us, who, because of our sins, do deserve it from God, if not from man. Jesus, God's Messiah, counted that man did deserve shame and suffering and death, and so he bowed his head, and for our sakes accepted all that his Father permitted to come upon him. But only one human being, Mary of Bethany, understood; she who anointed him for his burial; and she did not think it strange when the disciples misunderstood and murmured (John 12: 1-8).

By a wisdom which was not of earth, he silenced the Pharisees and Sadducees, who sought to catch him in his words. His silence, and the few weighty words given by his Father which he did say, shut the mouths of his opponents, so that no man was able to answer him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions (Matthew 22: 46). And yet these opponents were not won. They still despised him whom they could not gainsay, because to the world he was "without form or comeliness," and there was in him none of the beauty which the world esteems, "that we should desire him."

We all have times in our lives, if we are really following our Lord, when we, too, have something of Gethsemane, when heart and flesh seem to fail us. The terrible fight of faith is now to know absolutely the will of our God, when the only path which lies before us seems as though it could not be his will. No human being can help us here; even Jesus must be strengthened by an angel from heaven.

Our Lord, before he suffered, told of his coming again, and what that coming should be, how the day should declare every man's work "of what sort it is"(I. Cor. 3: 13). The virgins (Matt. 25: 1-13) were only proved to be wise or foolish by their readiness or unreadiness when the Bridegroom came. We only are what we are found to be under a test. Oh, what a test will the coming of the Master be! "They that were ready went in with him to the marriage feast, and the door was shut. . . . Watch, therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour" (Matt. 25: 10, 12). Oh, shall the moment of our Lord's coming find us with no oil in our vessels? and shall we start up suddenly out of our sleep, to find we have irremediably miscalculated? We might have entered, but the door is shut. Are we found now in many moments and under many circumstances like lamps which can give no light for want of oil? Do we give light only in the meeting or the visits to the poor, and have not oil enough to shine in our own homes? Then, probably, the Lord will come when we are at home, and the oil and the light are lacking.

But the Lord speaks also of the servants to whom talents were intrusted, to trade with until their Lord should come at a time not specified. Confidence had been placed in them; they were trusted with capital for a given purpose, and they must seek their master's interest in the fullest and highest degree. Two were faithful according to their measure, but one was unfaithful. The return of the master was the test of their service. What had they to show for the capital which had been entrusted to them? What was the result of their life? What is the result of ours? How far has the cause of God gained through our life? How far has our own land, how far have heathen lands, been benefited by the life and opportunities with which God has trusted us? How far have we benefited the neighborhood where we have lived, our family and friends? How much have we gained by trading with the resources of our God? What will be the verdict at his coming?

Men hate Jesus because the clear light of his holy life and the intense righteousness of his salvation leave them nothing to stand on in justifying themselves. His death is life to us, if we will indeed take our own place as lost and condemned. His life is life to us when we will no longer live unto ourselves, but unto him. All is possible to us through him. Those who have learned to despise and reject themselves no longer despise and reject Jesus. When we realize something of what he is, our hearts are just overwhelmed with the love we have so little understood; and we can say with Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes" (Job. 42: 4). The holy purity and divine love of our Lord shows up all the impurity and selfishness of our lives; and we can heartily despise ourselves, while we trust him by his Spirit to conform us to his image. We can reject ourselves to give him all the place, and more, which self usurped before we knew and were conquered by our rightful Lord.

India Brahmins and Relief

IN a statement attributed by some of the daily newspapers to the Rev. A. W. Rudisill, the well-known Methodist missionary in India, and for many years head of the Methodist Publishing House in Calcutta, that gentleman was credited with the extraordinary assertion that Brahmins were among the principal beneficiaries of the famine relief movement. Dr. Rudisill has sent the following letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which makes it quite clear that he was misinterpreted by the newspapers when they printed the paragraph in question:

BALTIMORE, Md., March 8.

Dear Dr. Klopsch: Bishop Thoburn enclosed in a letter to me a newspaper clipping which purports to be a report of an address made by me in Washington. You are aware how very often such reports are grossly distorted, and this is one of those cases. What I did say was that the Brahmins say that it is their "fate" to have famines in India, when, in fact, it is not their "fate," because God has given them one hundred cubic miles of water, which are annually swept down to the ocean, and which, if properly used for irrigation purposes, might free India from famines. I said that the English Government is not responsible for this waste of water; that if the untold millions of money buried in the earth by wealthy Hindus were used to construct canals and irrigation works, it would yield a rich return to the investors, and ultimately India would be free from famines. I have said again and again, both in public and private, that if collections raised in this country were sent to non-Christian Committees in India, although they often may represent municipalities, it may be so invested that it does not yield the returns for Christianity that we have a right to expect, and eventually the Brahmins profit by it.

Further, I have strongly urged that all who contribute toward alleviating the awful suffering of the famine-stricken, which it is impossible to exaggerate, should do so through such agencies as THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and through the missionaries, and they would then feel and know that their gifts were wisely expended. Both in India, and here at home, I have done what I could to send contributions to the sufferers, as my heart has been stirred to the depths by what I have seen and heard. It is my conviction that the people of India are greatly indebted to you for the untiring zeal you have manifested for them, and, as an American, I feel proud of what you have done for India. In saying this, I believe I am voicing the sentiment of every missionary in India. I am sure, that you, with me, positively object to sending money indiscriminately to India for distribution.

Yours sincerely, A. W. RUDISILL.

FAT TRAVELERS.

Live On Grape-Nuts.

When one looks at commercial travelers, round, smooth, and well kept, it is hard to believe that any of them have to be particular about the selection of food, but many of them do nevertheless, and their care in this respect is one cause of their healthy appearance.

Frank W. Clarke, who travels for Arbuckle Bros., says that he began using Grape-Nuts Food when he found it on a Hotel menu, and ever since that time has eaten Grape-Nuts from one to three times a day, carrying a package in his grip, so he could have it whenever the hotels did not serve it.

He says: "About eight years ago dyspepsia got a hold of me, and gradually weakened my stomach so that it would not take all kinds of food. I had to drop a number of articles, which is a hard thing for a traveling man to do. Then the question was 'what could I get to eat that would not distress me?' When I found Grape-Nuts Food it solved the problem, and since taking on this food my stomach has gradually gotten well so that I feel in fine shape."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Grape-Nuts is pre-digested in its manufacture, and can be easily assimilated by the weakest kind of a stomach, while at the same time it contains the most powerful elements of nourishment, strong in the elements of phosphate of potash, which, united with albumen, go to make the gray matter in the nerve cells and brain. People that are not properly nourished can solve the problem by using Grape-Nuts Food.

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THE largest, most reliable, most successful Real Estate Company in the world, Wood, Harmon & Co., of New York City, are so positive that the values of their lots will increase 25 per cent. during the year 1901 that they will guarantee this increase to any investor—in case they do not show it, they will agree to return all money paid them with 6 per cent. interest. We have one of the grandest opportunities of a lifetime for the small investor to make money—we give as good security as the strongest savings bank and instead of the 4 per cent. on deposits we can guarantee over 25 per cent. We thoroughly believe the lot which we now sell for $400 will in 10 years be worth $4,000, in 20 years from $20,000 upwards. If you will carefully study this communication you will see our reasons.

The Astors and our wealthiest families have made their money from the increase in value of real estate. You can prove this point if you will take the pains to look it up. New York City property has increased in value more than that of any other place because of its enormous growth in population, and this growth of values and population is still going on. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bridge, trolley, and elevated, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklynward. The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that section that New York can grow—please note that point, as it is the keynote to the situation. The influx of people to Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax the Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Brooklyn only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost 20 to 40 times the money—note this point carefully, it is absolutely true.

Listen to Our Story. It is our business to study conditions existing or possible in the various cities of the United States and we have aided in the development of 25 different cities. After years' careful study in New York without purchasing, in 1898 we saw the trend of affairs, and before the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn we bought over 1,100 acres of the choicest in Brooklyn, and which is now in the heart of that Borough. This land is only 3 1-2 miles from Brooklyn Bridge and is only 35 minutes from New York City Hall. We have over $2,000,000 invested in this land and are making it one of the most beautiful spots of New York. The growth of the city, together with our improvements, have increased the value of the property over 100 per cent. since a year ago, and we feel so sure that the increase will be at least the same, that we say it is no risk in guaranteeing it.

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If you should die at any time before payments have been completed we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost.

If you should get out of employment or be sick you will not forfeit the land.

Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co., of New York.

Note Our References. The Commercial Agencies, 20 National Banks, and 30,000 customers all over the United States, and especially the one below; this is only one of a thousand.

You will note three distinct points of advantage in this proposition. First—it is a Life Insurance for your family. Second—it enables you to pay in small sums as you would in your savings bank, and cannot cramp you; and, Third—it enables you to participate in the great growth of values in New York real estate which are due to natural conditions; and, furthermore, the advantages are absolutely without risk.

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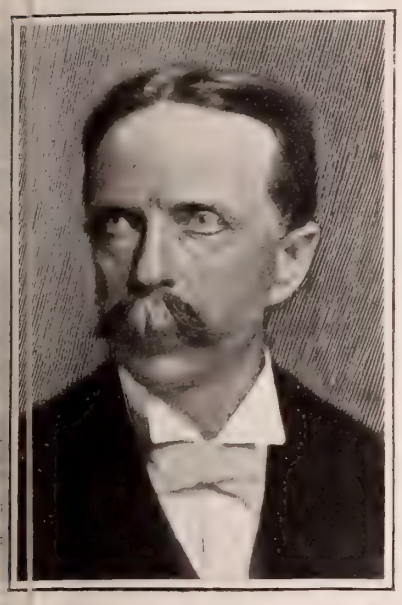
SAPOLIO

GOD REACHED DOWN TO SAVE

How John G. Woolley, Once a Hopeless Drunkard, was Redeemed and Made a Leader of Men

MILTON says that it is a long way from hell up to the light. It is a long way, from the hell of drunkenness and despair, into which the habit of taking strong drink had dragged John G. Woolley, up to the light where he stands to-day as a most magnetic and earnest personality, voicing the message of Christ in behalf of others who are still oppressed, as he once was, by the drink slavery. To hundreds of thousands of people in the United States, John G. Woolley is the most interesting



JOHN G. WOOLLEY

Christian personality in the nation. He has proved his right to exist as a reformer; he has made good his standing, and his standing-place, and has gained the confidence and good will of earnest Christians in every church and denomination. Few men have won such widespread faith in the purity of their motives, and the unselfish devotion of their lives.

John G. Woolley was a brilliant lawyer in Minneapolis. His eloquence and devotion to business brought him, while yet a very young man, a law practice worth $20,000 a year. It is a vivid illustration of what whiskey will do for a man, to note that in five years strong drink bridged the gulf between the brilliant lawyer earning $20,000 a year, to the poor, trembling, despairing wreck of a man, who was glad to get a position in a newspaper office in New York City, where he could earn fifteen cents a hundred addressing envelopes. In New York, when Woolley had nearly touched the bottom, God sent him to Stephen Merritt, a big-hearted, true-souled man of God, who never touched a man but to help him, and his was the first helping hand that led the wanderer out of the darkness into the light.

On the night of the 30th of January, 1888 Woolley went to bed perfectly conscious that he was a slave of alcohol, and thoughly believing that he was ruined beyond all possibility of recall. He had had many chances, and had forfeited them all. He had suffered beyond any power of description, but had never before admitted to his inner self that he was baffled, beaten, utterly defeated. But now he recognized that he was defeated, and felt that his overthrow was utter, remediless, hopeless.

Shame and sorrow beyond description, submerged him like a tidal wave. Instinctively he prayed, despair made him do nothing else. He had no creed, no faith. He suffered, that was all. The cry brought help. Oh, when did ever a man in the depths of his sorrow cry out to God and God not answer!

While this was going on his wife was lying asleep in the room. He woke her up and told her that he had turned to God and that he believed Jesus Christ would do for him, what neither he, nor she nor his friends had been able to do. Her faith was instantaneous and as full of hope as Mr. Woolley's own. They got up and hunted in his trunk for a little Bible that Woolley's mother had given him on his fourteenth birthday, and which, by some good providence, had clung to him through all the years. He opened it at random, and read the forty-third chapter of Isaiah. The opening verses were very precious to their sore hearts: "But now saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee O Israel: fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine." And Woolley says, "When the sun rose we two were bending over the Book, weeping together."

But those were blessed tears; they were tears of hope, and joy, and redemption; they were prophetic tears, that have freshened life, and come "like rain on the mown grass," to bless humanity. God bless John G. Woolley! God grant that he may live to see the day when the curse of the legalized liquor saloon is lifted from every land over which waves "The Star Spangled Banner!"

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

* * *

This is the incident referred to in Dr. Banks' article, as related by Rev. Stephen Merritt personally to the writer:

"One day a man came into my office, an entire stranger to me. He was terribly dilapidated, and looked ready to drop. His clothes apparently had belonged to someone else, for they did not fit him. He came in, he said, to get a letter from me, stating that if he died and his body was found in the streets, or the river, as he expected it would be, it should not be cut up by the doctors, and that it should be sent on to Minneapolis. He had no money, but his sons would pay when he got there. I wrote him a letter, but suddenly changed my mind, took back the letter, tore it up, and threw it in the waste-basket.

"'You're better than a thousand dead men, yet,' I said. 'You're not going to die.'

"I handed him a five-dollar bill, and told him to get a bath, a hair cut, and a good breakfast. I also gave him before he left some underclothes, also a suit of my son's clothes. Then he went out, looking scared, surprised, dazed.

"During the afternoon, while I was very busy, a man came into the office. 'I am back again,' said he quietly. 'Yes, do you want to see me?' I asked. He repeated: 'I am back again.' I looked up, and thinking him a customer, said: 'Well, can I do anything for you?' 'I am back again,' he repeated. 'Don't you know me?' 'I do not, sir,' I said sharply. 'I'm the man to whom you gave a five-dollar bill this morning.' 'Why,' said I, 'you're a regular dude! Did you get a drink?' 'No, I did not,' was the answer.

"Then we talked a few moments. 'What shall I do now?' he asked. 'Have you any money?' I inquired. 'No, I have no money, but I am happy, I am clothed, I am clean, I am fed. What shall I do now? 'Get out of this town as soon as you can,' I replied, 'and get right up to the Sing Sing camp meeting.' I gave him some change and a letter to Mrs. Woods, telling her to take care of him until I came up. He stayed the whole ten days, sleeping each night in the preacher's tent.

"I said to him when he came down to the city: 'What is your business?' 'I am a lawyer.' 'If it was anything else, I could give you work,' said I, 'but I cannot do anything with a lawyer.' Then I asked him to speak for me in Jane street M. E. Church at a temperance meeting. On the Sunday preceding that meeting, I made the prophecy that he would shake the continent. When he had been with me four or five days, I wrote the candidate for the presidency on the Prohibition ticket, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, about him and suggested that he be employed, saying that I would personally pay his expenses. This I did for one week, when General Fisk wrote me that I need not pay any longer. Such, briefly, is the story of my experience with John G. Woolley."

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100 Bars "Sweet Home" Soap. Gold Medal Winner. For laundry and household purposes it has no superior. Large bars.	$5.00
10 Bars White Woollen Soap. A perfect soap for flannels.	.70
12 Pkgs. Boraxine Soap Powder. Full pounds. An unequalled laundry luxury.	1.20
5 Bars Honor Bright Scouring Soap	.25
1-4 Doz. Modjeska Complexion Soap. Perfume exquisite. A matchless beautifier.	.60
1-4 Doz. Old English Castile Soap	.30
1-4 Doz. Creme Oatmeal Toilet Soap	.25
1-4 Doz. Elite Glycerine Toilet Soap	.25
1-4 Doz. Borated Tar Soap. Unequalled for washing the hair.	.25
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1 Bottle, 1 oz., Modjeska Perfume. Delicate, refined, popular, lasting.	.35
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Enough to last an average family a full year; worth at retail	**$10.00**
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MANY people obtain Larkin Premiums in two ways, without laying in a $10.00 stock of Soaps (though it is best economy). First, by dividing contents among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the $10.00 needful to pay our bill, and gives the Premium as a middleman's profit. Second, by the interesting Club-of-Ten plan, explained by a special circular.

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We are now booking names for the Spring Edition, which will be ready about April 1st. Send us your name and address and we will send you a copy when they are ready. When you write mention this paper.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN*

A FEW have followed the Master so closely, taken in his spirit, exercised his faith, that they can look upon the form of a departed one as they can look upon one in a sweet sleep; for the faith goes beyond the casket, and beyond the shroud, and traces the shining path of the ascended spirit to the realm of light, and hears the voice coming from the skies, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." It will be a long time, my friends, before you will reach this. Death is something horrible to you. Death is the king of terrors; something to be dreaded to the last degree, whether in childhood or youth or old age; something for tears and lamentation and mourning. But when the fuller life of Christianity shall come to us, then shall come the realization of the words of the apostle, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ." There is something of intense sublimity in the expression, "I go to prepare a place for you." In this beautiful thought of the perpetuity of friendship Christ brought out the great thought of the indestructibility of individuality. If it could be proved that the old Hindu doctrine is true, that at death all souls are absorbed into the Divinity, as drops of water into the ocean, then certainly it were not worth our while to discourse on heaven or to consider the perpetuity of human and Christian friendships. But you as an individual must always be an individual, always a unit in the units of the universe, always a person with your personal characteristics, always yourself, never more or less than yourself, never other than yourself. God must always be God; Gabriel must always be Gabriel; Abraham always Abraham; Paul always Paul; Luther always Luther; Wesley always Wesley; Calvin always Calvin; Washington always Washington; and there is no power in the universe to destroy the individuality, unless the power is tantamount to annihilation. But if God retains his individuality, and the angels theirs, why not we? We are but pilgrims and strangers here, traveling to another and better world. So with this indestructibility of our mental powers. Memory must be immortal, and there is a great truth in that utterance of Abraham to the rich man, "Son, remember;" and if memory is immortal, then certainly the evidences of earth and time are carried into the future. So with the other mental powers, imagination and judgment and reason, and also with what we call the sensibilities, the freedom of the will, the office of the conscience, and the tendency of the affections, for there must never come a time in your eternity when you will cease to be a free agent; in other words, when you will cease to exercise the high prerogative of a volitional being. It is a fallacy, and worse than a fallacy, for you to suppose that, whether in heaven or in hell, there can come a time when your will shall be destroyed. So there is no such thing as the destruction of conscience, either to approve or to disapprove, or the destruction of the human affections touching those we love. This indestructibility of individuality therefore rises up before us as one of the grandest of truths. No matter how small you may be in your personality, limited in your intellectual capacity, it must be an infinite thought, an infinite joy to you that you must always be yourself. No matter whether there is immortality or not, that does not satisfy the soul or meet the argument if there is no recognition beyond the grave. Then the grave, or death, is an eternal separation; for what will it avail me if perchance in some of the happy groves of paradise I wander with my mother and know her not; if I sweep a harp of joy beside my father and know him not, a stranger to me? I may take him for an angel, I may take her for a seraph, but O when wandering through those groves, or sweeping those harps of delight, if I know that I stand by my father, or wander with my mother, what a new rapture comes to my soul! The simple question is, is heaven to be a land of strangers—total, absolute strangers—or is it to be a place of exalted society, the reunion of long parted ones and the beautiful recognition of personal identity? If you and I are not to know each other, then how are we to know Christ? For the law of personal identity and of recognition touches him as well as it does my parents or any of my friends. What right have I to suppose that I will know him as the Saviour of the world and my personal Redeemer if I cannot know my precious mother and my honored father? Those who assert the opposite of this blessed recognition make an assertion that proves too much, that sweeps too far. To me and to you it is a great fact that were we deprived of this knowledge of our friends, we would be bereft of nine-tenths of all the knowledge that we possess.

*From *Conversations with Christ*, by the late Bishop John Philip Newman, D.D., LL.D. 268 pages, bound in cloth. P. B. Bromfield & Co., publishers, Bible House, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Sword and Cross. And Other Poems. By Charles Eugene Banks. In way of fire, grace and lyrical beauty, there is much in these poems to commend. Pp. 269. Rand, McNally & Co., New York.

The Successful Man of Business. By Benjamin Wood. Full of inspiration, encouragement and wise counsel are the pages of this book; and, although man's sister, woman, is not included in the title, she will nevertheless find food for thought and much valuable advice here. Pp. 208; publisher, Brentano, New York City.

Consumption and Chronic Diseases. Hygienic Cure, at Patients' Home of Incipient and Advanced Cases; a popular exposition of the "Open-Air Treatment," with latest developments and improvements. By Emmet Densmore, M.D., author of *How Nature Cures*, *The Natural Food of Man*, etc. The Society for the Prevention of the Spread of Consumption and Other Forms of Tuberculosis, formed in London, 1896, with the Prince of Wales for chairman, is making special efforts for the establishment of sanatoria in England for the treatment of consumptives of the poorer classes by those hygienic means known as the "open-air treatment." Considerable progress on similar lines has been made in the United States, and there are several sanatoria, established by public money, already built or building, where the poor are treated. Compared with the need of such places, the supply is insignificant. The object of Dr. Densmore's little book is to make known the methods of the treatment so that it can be followed, in some measure and with some hope of success, by the afflicted at their own homes. Pp. 198; price $1.25. Published by the Stillman Publishing Co., 15 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Good Advice

A. R. P., Wilton, N. H., sends some excellent verses, entitled, "Write a Letter," in which he gives this among other good suggestions:

Write the loving ones at home,
If afar from them you roam.
Let them know you love them still,
Journey wheresoe'er you will.

Loving words will oft impart
Comfort to the weary heart.
Envelopes will sometimes hold
Letters worth their weight in gold.

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The Dead Soldier Evangelist

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE, THE VALIANT SOLDIER OF CHRIST, CALLED FROM LABOR TO REWARD

BY PAUL D. MOODY

MANY hearts in this and other lands will be saddened by the news that Major D. W. Whittle will be heard no more in the pulpit, the platform, or through the press. His long and painful illness, borne throughout with characteristic fortitude, ended on March 4, in the call to the upper realm, which must have been to him a welcome summons.

Major Whittle was a man who excelled in many spheres. As a business man he was universally respected for his industry and integrity, and was as a young man called to a position of importance. As a soldier, tradition says, he was a fearless and valiant officer. As a preacher of the Gospel, blessed and widely used. In addition, he was the author of many popular hymns, such as, "Moment by Moment," "Not I, but Christ," "Christ Knoweth," etc. Although not now widely known in this line owing to his use of the pseudonym—generally calling himself Nathan—it is here he will be best known to posterity.

"The Major," as his friends always called him, was born November 22, 1840, in Chicopee Falls, Mass. In 1857 he moved to Chicago and entered business, and three years later was converted. The manner of his conversion was typical. At a time of business one day, calmly and without external stimulus he walked into the vault of his company's office, knelt, and gave his heart to the Lord. He says from that moment to have experienced a growth in spiritual things, without any losses or setbacks.

Soon after this the war broke out, and he enlisted as second lieutenant in an Illinois regiment. In the discharge of his duties he was wounded, and, on his return to the army, was placed on the staff of General O. O. Howard, with whom he became a dear and trusted friend. He served till the close of the war, when he returned with the rank of Brevet Major. Throughout his whole army life he maintained his allegiance to his Divine Master, and was instrumental in founding many prayer meetings.

At the close of the war he accepted a responsible position in the Elgin Watch Company, and here he remained for seven years. He was generally loved, and more and more into Christian work, in connection with Sunday Schools and other organizations, till he was finally convinced that God had better things for him than business, and he gave up his whole time to evangelistic work. He labored in most of the large cities of this country and the United Kingdom with great success. His logical turn of mind, together with his great knowledge of the Scripture and his fearlessness of utterance, were greatly used of God. He was a close friend of Mr. P. P. Bliss, whose biographer he was, and the two traveled together until Mr. Bliss' tragic death. This work he carried on until within a few years of his death, when sickness laid him aside.

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE

His last public work was done among the soldiers in the American camps, and worked untiringly with marked results. It really proved the sacrifice of his life, for here he contracted the malarial fever which was to be fatal. He undoubtedly might have been spared had he gone to a warmer climate and withdrawn from his work, but he counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

Then came one long illness, in which he was taken from place to place in the vain hopes of staying the ravages of the disease.

The last legacy which he had so faithfully given to his Saviour to the business office, the military camp, or the pulpit was not lacking now. For more than two years he was never free from [illegible] and unvarying cheerfulness. Too weak to walk, or even sit up, and finally even to talk, he had no complaints, but made his life one psalm of thanksgiving. Laid aside, in fearful pain, he found an "effectual door" open to him, and he began a ministry of intercession. He prayed for his friends and for those he had never met, for missionaries and missionaries, for his neighbors, and for all whom he could call to memory. So thin did the veil of mystery become to him, that he seemed to see clearly what was on the other side, and when finally, early in the morning of March 4, God released him from the pain-racked tenement of clay, we must feel his spirit dwelt with his Saviour and loved ones always, that Heaven must have seemed familiar to the man who for so many years had drawn thence the supplies of his life. The loss is the loss of Christ's Church on earth, the gain is our brother's dear Heavenly Home.

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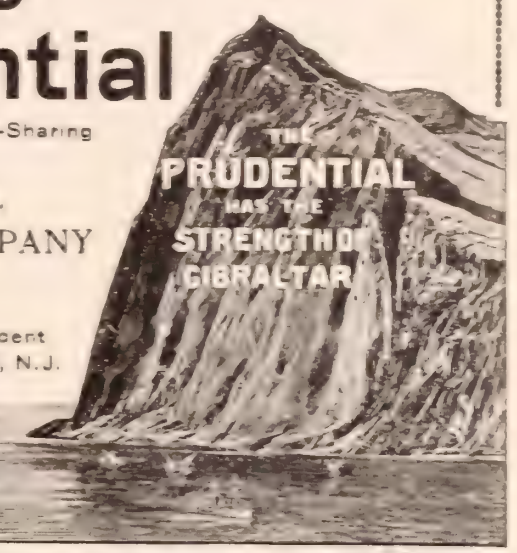

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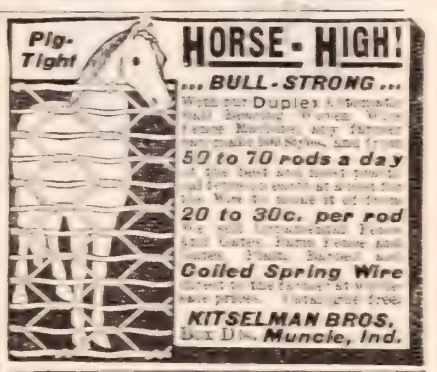

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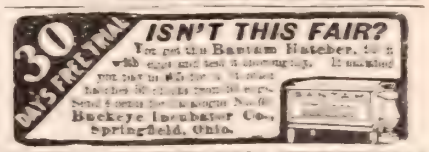

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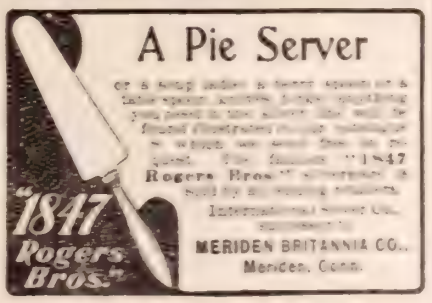

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Chaplain Munro and the Tombs Mission—Hands Through the Bars Asking for Prayers

FROM fifteen to twenty thousand prisoners of every condition in life, socially, mentally and morally, of every nationality and religion in the world (and many without any religion whatever), pass through the Tombs Prison every year. Rev. J. J. Munro, Chaplain of the Gospel Mission to the Tombs, devotes his entire time to the work. This mission is undenominational

CHAPLAIN J. J. MUNRO

and unsectarian, and has been in operation about a quarter of a century, during which time, under Divine blessing, thousands of men and women have turned from darkness to light. Since this mission was organized, many hardened characters, who have spent from one to twenty years in prison, have been transformed by the power of Christ, and have been restored to society, and are now living Christian lives.

During the week, the chaplain visits the prisoners in their cells, seeks to win their confidence, holds conversations with them, gives counsel, encouragement and good cheer; but, above all, preaches to them Jesus Christ as a present Saviour from sin. Very few persons have any adequate conception of the vast importance of the work, its far-reaching influence, and its bearing upon society. The main part of the work, like that of all pastoral labors, is seed sowing; yet many personal testimonials come to the chaplain from men and women who have been redeemed from the bondage of sin. Letters also come to him from prisoners in Sing Sing, Auburn, Elmira Reformatory and New York Penitentary, giving God thanks for the power of saving grace and the change that has taken place in their lives. Hardly a week passes without some one giving evidence of the power of God over a sin-cursed life.

Chaplain Munro holds four services in the prison every Sunday morning, among the boys, women, "drunk and disorderlies," and in the old prison, where are kept the homicides and felonies. In this last prison the pulpit is on the bridge of the second tier. There is no chapel, but all around him are between two and three hundred prisoners, in their cells. They can hear all that is said, but are concealed from the preacher, and he from them. At the close of this service, he calls for a show of hands from those who wish to live Christian lives, and who desire to be prayed for. As a result, from seventy-five to one hundred hands show themselves through the iron bars. They are the hands of persons dyed in sin and charged with every crime on the calendar. These criminals are coming and going continually, and may never be met again in this world by the preacher, but he has this opportunity of presenting Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

In the afternoon the chaplain follows up this work by going from cell to cell, and holding religious conversations with these men, giving them reading matter in the form of Bibles, gospels and tracts. Thus the work of seeking to save lost men and women behind prison bars goes on from day to day, and month to month, all the year round. No missionary labor anywhere shows more marvellous results in the reclamation and salvation of souls than does this work. To carry on this Christian agency about $2,500 a year is required. At the commencement of the year the mission appeals to Christians and churches of all denominations, and asks them "in His Name" to come and help in the work. Contributions may be sent to George E. Sterry, Esq., 79 Pine street, New York.

The new report of the Tombs Mission for the past year is now in the press, and will be ready in a few days. It contains much valuable information along prison lines. Copies or other information desired will be sent to any one interested in the work, by Chaplain Munro, Tombs Prison, New York City.

COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN'S GOSPEL WORK

MR. E. THEOPHILUS LIEFELD, United States Consul at Freiburg, Baden, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a most interesting letter regarding the Gospel work of Countess Schimmelmann in Germany. He writes as follows:

The Countess had addressed audiences in this city last November, but at that time I was away on leave of absence, and so had not the pleasure of hearing her until her second visit this month, when two meetings were held in the hall of the Evangelical Society, but that not being large enough to accommodate the many who desired to hear her, the remaining two meetings were held in the "Festhalle," the largest hall in the city, originally built for a special exhibition, and now used on all great occasions. Countess Schimmelmann kept her audience spellbound and intensely interested for an hour, making reference to her work in Chicago and in New York, and reciting some of the eventful and strange experiences of her life. The audience heard the words of Christ in the German language, so clear and distinct that the address could be heard anywhere in the building. There was no collection or other call for money, but people so inclined had a chance given them at the door to encourage the good work of the Countess.

It is no easy work for a woman to achieve success here, as it would be the proper work for man to lecture and address audiences, and I know on the very best of authority that the Countess is quite frequently in receipt of letters advising her to leave these duties, or to address women only, and not men, and even abusing her in very unparliamentary language. But Countess Schimmelmann does not get discouraged, as she has had more terrible blows in life, and besides understands only too well the great trials and difficulties a self-respecting, independent woman has to contend against in Europe, and that to gain proper and just recognition for her sex, some woman will necessarily have to make great sacrifices.

The Countess has been unconsciously helped in her labors for Christ in Germany through recognition by royalty. At Stuttgart, not only was she received by the royal family, but the Queen arranged a banquet in her honor, and yet on the very same evening a large meeting was conducted for the socialistic workmen, and on the platform were members of the Russian Embassy, ladies of rank, officers in the German army, etc., and at the close of the service all joined most heartily in the grand old sacred song "Come to the Saviour."

There is need of evangelistic work in Germany on the plan of the Moody and Sankey methods in America; there is also need of raising the dignity, the respect and the self-reliance of woman here. Countess Schimmelmann is doing a great deal of good in the interests of true Christianity and of woman in general.

Florida's Evangelists

Mr. W. M. C., Orlando, Fla., writes:

We take and read your paper, consequently we saw the letter of Mr. W. B. L. about Florida's need of evangelists. Orlando can patronize every circus and minstrel show that comes along; and even a few days ago a little band of Christian people raised over $1,100 for missions alone, besides paying four evangelists who held the meeting. Northern brothers, don't send us any evangelists at your own charges, while we can ride more bicycles, go to all the worldly shows, have more "charity balls," etc., than any town in South Florida. When Jesus gets into our heart and pocket, we can pay our evangelists something, as well as regular church claims. No trouble about that.

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STOVE POLISH
A labor saver—quick and easy shiner—polishes brightest, without odor, dust or muss—up-to-date—it's a sunshine!
MADE BY PROPRIETORS OF "RISING SUN STOVE POLISH."

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Physicians declare that no water is pure or safe to drink u distilled. Filtering Simply Clears—Does Not Purify. B water is full of dead germs, etc.—more poisonous than before. Water from cisterns, hydrants and streams kills 250,000 people annually, Causes 500,000 of Dyspepsia, Stomach and Bowel troubles, Kidney and Bladder diseases, Gr Constipation, all kinds of fevers—Typhoid, Yellow, Lung and Malaria; Rheumatism, Women's ills, Blood diseases, etc. Investigate, and you'll **SAFETY LIES ONLY IN DISTILLATION** of all drinking w before using. Boiling or filtering are merely subterfuges of no v **EVERY FAMILY** can now, without extra expense or trouble, d their drinking water (the **only known method** for making it a **lutely safe, pure, delicious,** and removing all impurities) by usin

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"To begin with, I had gastritis, which brought on sinking spells for about an hour every morning. I was very weak and nervous and finally was compelled to take to my bed. My illness began in the spring of 1897 and continued for about four months. For about half this time I was confined to my bed. I suffered greatly from the stomach trouble and nervousness, but what alarmed me most was the sinking feeling at the heart.

"I had read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and when some of my friends recommended the pills very highly, I decided to give them a trial. I bought one box and by the time this was used up the sinking spells had ceased. I felt better but continued taking the pills until I had used twelve boxes. I still keep the pills in the house, for I believe that they are a splendid medicine. I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to my friends who are ailing, for I know that they will do all that is claimed for them."

Signed, MRS. W. T. CLARK.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of April, 1900.

[*Seal*] *BENJ. S. BROWN, Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S LOVE OF SOULS*

THE CHRIST SPIRIT THAT PROMPTS EFFORT FOR THE WORLD'S SALVATION

ONE notable characteristic of the converted man is his concern for the welfare of others. Indeed, there is reason to doubt the genuineness of any conversion that is not accompanied with an increase of love for other people. It may take many forms of pression, but the chief is sure to be, the esire that the loved ones shall enjoy the lessing that has come into the converd soul. In Paul, this desire became a p sion, filling his heart and becoming the urden of his prayers. There was one spe al reason for this, arising out of his knd ledge of the character of his people. He aw in them much that was commendabl They had a zeal for God, they were pur ilious in their religious observances, and they were seeking to establish their rig eousness. This was a great deal better an the indifference which characterizedo many people then, as it does now. Bu they were mistaken in their methods and Paul longed to enlighten them. He had nce been like them, so that he could eelor them. He knew that they could nev attain the peace of conscience and he oliness of life at which they aimed by e course they were pursuing, and he new too, that he had the remedy for h failure. He longed to impart it, but he would not listen. So his spirit was le pssed, and grieving over their condi- ion he betakes himself to prayer that they nig be saved. This longing remained with him and grew stronger and stronger, until o ardently did he yearn over them, that e declared he would willingly give up s own hope of salvation if there er no other way of their being saved.

The same intense desire may be exi toward people who are not themsel concerned about their spiritual c lle. Every one knows people who re ling a low, sensual life, who would e uch happier and far more useful in he orld if they were living on a higher pla They have no desire for anything bett than money-making and the pleasres f the body. Like the man Bunyan saw his dream, who was so carefully maki together the straws and sticks, that e did not see the angel hovering abo him and offering him a golden crow, they know nothing of the opportunity ey are missing. The work in their beh must begin farther back than in the case f the men of whom Paul wrote, but ver then it can be done. There are many sincere followers of Christ who can look back to a time when they had no conception of the joys and delights that they now experience. How grateful they are now to the Christian who was the means of opening their eyes! What a good work such an one has done for them! And the opportunities for doing such work are open to every one. In the room in the store, in society one comes in contact with such people, whom a few words tactfully spoken, may stir to spiritual ambition. Christ expects so much as that all who belong to him. Especially with young people may such words be made useful. A boy or a girl may have the whole trend of life changed, by the assurance from some Christian friend that there is no joy in life equal to that of entering Christ's service.

Then, there is the whole heathen world waiting for such enlightenment. Paul found he saw a man of Macedonia pleading with him to come and help him and his fellows; but there was no such man. When Paul went there he never met him, but he found plenty of men who needed his message. Not men conscious of their need, but men capable of appreciating it and applying it to themselves. So the missionaries have found it wherever they have gone. There are men indifferent, men who wish to be let alone, and only a few ready to accept the message at the outset. But after a time the sufferers are seen; the indifferent are wrought, and the besotted rejoice that they were made dissatisfied with their condition. It is a grand work, bringing a blessing on the subject and on the worker. It contains the elements of universal evangelism. Men are not converted in the mass; they are converted individually. And the principle of the endless chain should operate in every instance. The converted man, enthused with love of souls, should immediately seek out others, who, in their turn, impelled by the same love should go on spreading the good tidings to those who will tell them again. And we can help in the same work for those who are beyond our reach, in distant lands. Consecrated men are ready to go there to tell the Gospel message, and it is our privilege to send them and support them while they are doing it. As Jesus looks down on his people thus toiling and co-operating in the effort to win the world that he died to save, he enters into "the joy that was set before him."

*Text of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for March 31. Romans 10 : 1.

A "Child-Widow" Orphan

LITTLE DOORGA

Little Doorga, a child-widow eight years old, is one of the twelve India orphans being supported by the sale of Mrs. McLean's missionary flower seeds, mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Feb. 6. Many others are still waiting and wanting help. Readers can aid Mrs. McLean in her efforts in behalf of these waifs by sending for packages of her flower seeds for themselves or friends. She may be addressed to Box 109, Friend, Nebraska. Mrs. McLean has over one hundred varieties of flower seeds imported fresh from Germany, which she makes up into packages, and asks aid in selling for the benefit of the little children left alone and uncared for by the famine.

Willing to Die for His Friend

A missionary relates a very touching story of a Chinese convert which shows up the character of John in its best light. The head of the mission was ill, and great anxiety felt on his account, when, one day, an old native presented himself to the junior pastor, and asked for a private interview. "I expect," he said, "to die shortly, and I feel you ought to know about it. My life is of no importance. I am an ignorant man, but we cannot do without Mr. ———," naming the senior clergyman. "I have, therefore, reverently entered into an arrangement with the Lord. I have asked him to take the remainder of my life, and add the years on to Mr. ———'s life. So, sir, if I die suddenly you will not be surprised."

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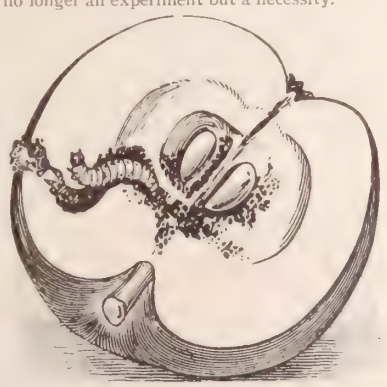
The question of spraying fruit trees to prevent the depredations of insect pests and fungus diseases is no longer an experiment but a necessity.



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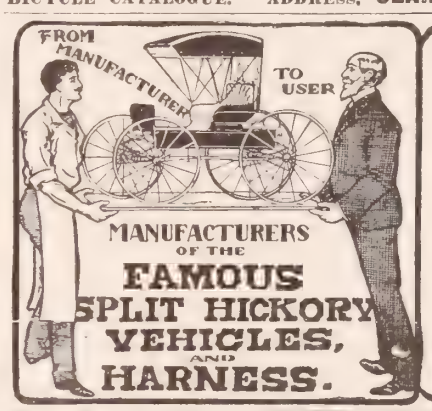

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 13

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TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1901

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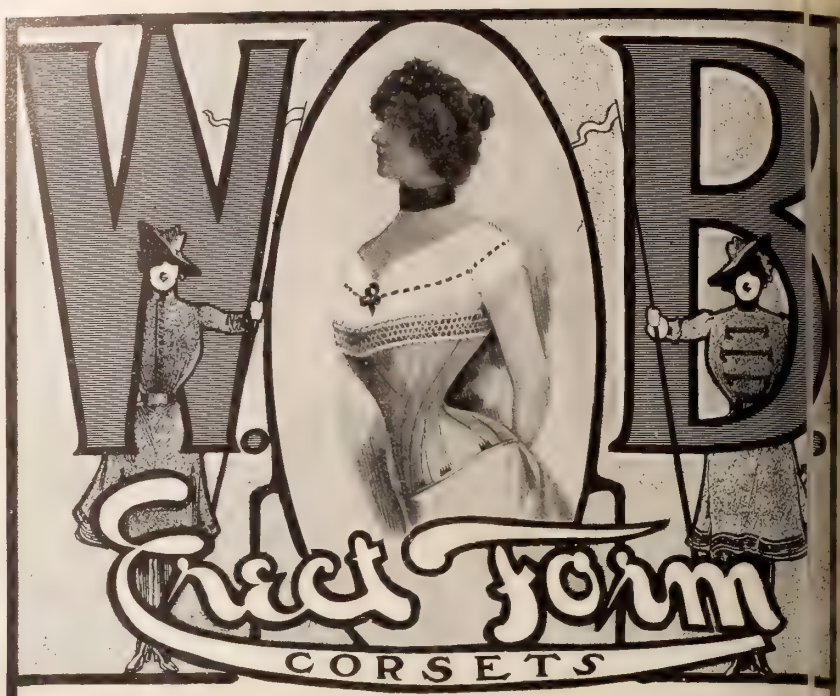

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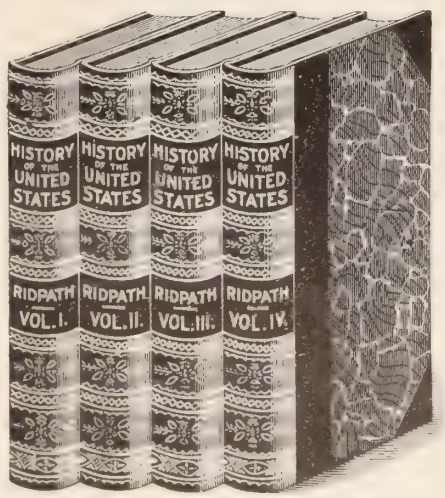

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DR. C. H. PARKHURST — MISS HAINES — MISS PARKER — MAJOR GEO. A. HILTON

To Reach New York's Unsaved Millions

EW people, even among those whose whole life has been spent in the city of New York, have any conception of the numbers and varied character of the teeming multitudes who herd on the east side of the city. Like that audience which Peter addressed on the day of Pentecost, they come from every che, and their nationality is representative of the wole world. Many of them are very poor when they a ve and for a year or two afterwards, but the genius o American institutions quickens their ambition and th soon acquire the power of getting on. In our p lic schools, their children show a marvelous aptitude f mastering the language, so that the second generati becomes assimilated, and is able to go to the polls wh an intelligent idea of the issues s mitted to the popular vote. In te or fifteen years after their youthf feet are set on American soil, th can scarcely be distinguished fr citizens of American birth. B neither our public schools nor th environment of our society can d or them all that they need. It rs with the Christian people of th city to decide whether their liv and influence shall be on the si of righteousness or on that of p tical infidelity and moral ob li ity.

In that great thoroughfare which st tches from the Post Office on th south to Harlem on the north, th e are signs that the Christians of e city realize their responsibiliti in this matter. From the south- er end of the Bowery where the B very Mission, supported by our re ers, stands as a lighthouse, wh ing and beckoning the fre- q aters of that historic highway ar holding forth the lamp of life— to e northern extremity of Third a ue, there are, here and there, pl es consecrated to the great Ch tlike work of saving souls. So e of them are humble efforts. so e more ambitious, some belong to e denomination, others to dif- er t creeds, but all intent on the su ime work of opening blind eyes an proclaiming to dull ears the in imable glory of the Saviour of si ers. Numerous as these mis- si s are, they are too few for the st enduous task. It is therefore with joy and thankf ss that we hail another agency in soul-saving effort. It not altogether new, for it has, in an unostentatious w been doing valuable work for nearly fifteen years pa, but it is now to have a building worthy of its great m ion, with new facilities and enlarged accommoda- ti s. We know that the grandeur of an edifice and the co pleteness of machinery are not a necessary element of access, but in these days of combination and gigantic en rprise they count for much in any department of life.

or several months past, the denizens of the tenements in e vicinity of Third avenue and Thirtieth street ha seen a substantial building rising on the corner of th e two thoroughfares. Severely plain and un- ad ned, the stone walls are, but they enclose an area of large proportions, and every floor has been arranged with a view to practical work. A large airy room on the street level, forms an auditorium capable of accommodating a great congregation, while on the upper floors there are smaller rooms suitable for class and club rooms. Everything about the edifice indicates a wise and careful provision for comfort and health. All the latest improvements are used regardless of cost. An army of workmen is busy putting the finishing touches to the interior decorations, so as to be ready for the dedication exercises, which are expected to be held early next month. This building is the Madison Square Church House, and has been erected at a cost of about a quarter of a million dollars, by the church and congregation of the Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. C. H. Parkhurst is pastor. Mr. F. L. Slade, Mr. Henry N. Tifft, and other well-known New York citizens, who are members of this church, have generously provided the funds for the building and have taken a deep interest in the plans for making it a model centre of Christian effort.

THE NEW MADISON SQUARE CHURCH HOUSE IN NEW YORK

The object of the work to be conducted in this imposing edifice, as stated by the superintendent, Major George A. Hilton, is "to lead the unsaved to Christ, to upbuild Christian character, to encourage the disheartened, to minister to the afflicted, to stimulate missionary activity, to mould the minds of childhood and to teach the art of Christian home-making." Truly a comprehensive programme, which needs such a building as this as a home for the agencies that are undertaking it. It is intended to hold a Gospel service in the auditorium every night in the year, at which special efforts will be made to bring the people who attend, to decision for Christ. Besides this, there will be Bible classes for adults, for men only, for women only, for youths, for boys, for girls, and for young women. During the week, there will be a kindergarten, a mothers' meeting, and other agencies for helping women, men and children, and young people of both sexes. There will also be an employment bureau, and such other organizations as in the development of the work may suggest themselves as likely to benefit the people. The committees in charge of the work are thoroughly in earnest in their desire to make the mission a helping-hand to people who need such assistance in their physical, mental or spiritual natures.

Already a vast amount of good has been done along these lines, so that the managers bring to the work considerable experience which will be helpful to them in the larger sphere. The Madison Square Church has had a mission at several places consecutively in the neighborhood. Its present location is at 384 Third avenue, on the next block to the new building. During the past year no less than 37,529 persons have attended the Gospel meetings. There has also been a young people's meeting, which has developed a remarkable missionary spirit. It has not only contributed freely to home mission work, but supports a missionary in Nyassaland, Africa, and raised $34.50 for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in India, and $15 for the support of Ramabai's work at Khedgaon, India. There is also a work for mothers under the management of the ladies of Madison Square Church. A weekly meeting is held at which about ninety mothers are usually present. Arrangements are made at an adjoining creche for the care of their infants during the meeting. The mothers are taught the art of cutting and making children's garments, and other household arts conducive to economy and the brightening of the home. Miss Alletta Lent and a corps of teachers have charge of this work, and many an East-side home shows the beneficent results of their instruction.

Special efforts are made for the benefit of children and young people. Miss Anna Parker has charge of a class, very popular in the neighhood, which meets every Tuesday evening. The subjects vary from week to week, but the one that attracts the largest attendance is the one devoted to singing. Miss Parker has organized a very creditable choir from this class, whose performances are most enjoyable. Temperance is a prominent subject also in these children's meetings for, unhappily, temptations in the neighborhood are numerous, and the managers rightly believe that the earlier the children are armed against them the better.

For the older girls still more elaborate preparation is made. There is a Senior Girls' Club, under the direction of Miss Caroline Delano, and a Junior Girls' Club,

of which Miss Mabel Slade is President. Connected with these are classes for instruction in stenography, typewriting, music, millinery, embroidery, and physical culture, all of which are highly appreciated by the rising feminine generation. Such efforts cannot be too highly commended. The girl who about six o'clock leaves the office or store where she is employed during the day, has the evening before her, which she is not likely to spend in the stifling rooms of a tenement house. There are numberless places open to her where harm may come to her, and where at least the finer feelings of her nature are blunted. But when such provision is made for her, as is done in these classes, there is the hope that she may make the wiser choice, and will thus add to her accomplishments while pleasantly occupying her time. The association, too, has in many cases proved indirectly helpful, by bringing a girl to her teacher for advice when she is in perplexity, or is surrounded by temptation. Her confidence once won, she seeks help at a time when a Christian friend will utter words that may save her from ruin.

Our readers need no introduction to the superintendent in charge of this extensive work. Major George A. Hilton has been known for many years past as one of our most prominent lay evangelists and temperance workers. He is a native of New York City, and brings to his labors a cordial affection for the home of his boyhood. His military title was won on many a hard-fought field during the war. After peace was proclaimed, he entered the civil service, and for about ten years was employed in Washington, D. C. There he took a deep interest in the Central Union Mission, of which he was one of the original organizers. He also became President of the National Good Citizens' League, and Field Superintendent of the American Ra[illegible] Literary Union, and worked in other beneficent or[illegible]zations. About fifteen years ago, Major Hilton[illegible] led to devote his life altogether to the Lord's [illegible] It needed strong faith to resign his government [illegible] but having once arrived at the conclusion that his[illegible] to Christ required it, he did not hesitate. Since[illegible] time his engagements as an evangelist have inv[illegible] his traveling over twenty thousand miles a year, [illegible] have been the means of reviving spiritual wo[illegible] many cities. The opportunity of being actively[illegible] continuously employed in this important sphere o[illegible] Madison Square Church work attracted him str[illegible] and about a year ago he accepted the charge [illegible] work. He has the able co-operation of Miss [illegible] Haines, of the Chicago Bible Institute, and Miss [illegible] Parker, of the Northfield Seminary.

· The · Howard · of · Japan ·

EVANGELIST HARA AND HIS WORK IN THE PRISONS OF THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE

THERE is now visiting this country, a bright, young Japanese preacher and evangelist, Rev. Takayuki Namae, who is here in the interest of the unique Christian work founded by Taneaki Hara, several years ago. Mr. Hara, who has been called "the Howard of Japan," was formerly a chaplain for the prisons of the Hokkaido, where about 7,000 convicts were kept. Ever since his conversion in 1874, he had been impressed with the necessity of carrying the message of salvation to others. He opened a book store in Tokyo, for the sale of Bibles and other religious literature, and was the first Christian bookseller and publisher in Japan. For his zeal in the propagation of the Gospel, as well as for his freely expressed political opinions, he was cast into prison in 1883, and, while there, through the kindness of an official, held religious meetings and Bible classes among the prisoners every night. On his release, he resolved to devote his life to the welfare of Japanese prisoners in general. These words were borne in upon his soul: "Remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them." After long thinking and prayer, this also came to him, over and over again: "Thou shalt be a witness for him, unto all men, of what thou hast seen and heard." From that time on his life was devoted to caring for the prisoners. He wrote the officials, suggesting improvements which would benefit the prisoners, and, to his surprise, instead of being arrested again, his letter awakened a deep interest, and he was appointed prison inspector to report upon the conditions. He then secured the position of moral instructor in the prison at Kobe. The 7,000 men of the five prisons of the North, who were kept busy at outdoor work, attracted Mr. Hara. He believed that even the roughest of them could be transformed into good citizens. To prove this, he used to take released robbers and murderers into his own house. This he did for ten years, until he was able to secure a large house in Tokyo, where he boarded from eighty to a hundred ex-convicts, whom he welcomed and treated kindly. In 1898, upon the death of the Empress-Dowager, many hundreds of convicts were released by imperial decree. About 600 returned to Tokyo, joyous at first, because of freedom; but this soon changed to sadness, when they found themselves despised, forsaken, or altogether forgotten. Mr. Hara, taking pity upon them, brought as many as could be accommodated into his house, where they were treated with marked kindness, and made to feel welcome.

His wife cooked and waited on the table and his eight children ate at the same board. Work was procured for the liberated prisoners—a very difficult task at first, since no one seemed to want to employ such despised outcasts. Every morning before work, they all gathered with the family of their host for worship, and special services were held on Sunday. Many of the ex-criminals signed the temperance pledge. A few were then baptized, the others followed, and very soon a marked change took place in their lives. Many were able to find work and earn their own living.

This was the beginning of the Tokyo Home for ex-convicts, an institution which, in a few short years has done an incalculable amount of good in the populous Japanese city. In the last three years, over 400 ex-convicts have passed through the Home. Two hundred and forty-seven of these are now self-supporting and living honorable Christian lives. Out of this whole number only forty have committed crime again. The Home, which is situated at 8 Jimbocho, Kanda, Tokyo, was purchased by contributions from Prince Konoye, President of the Japanese House of Peers; Count Hijikata, ex-Minister of the Imperial Household Department; Viscount M. Tanaka, Chamberlain to the Empress; Marquis Shijo, and others. It has three stories, and can accommodate about sixty persons.

EVANGELIST HARA AND HIS FAMILY

In the conduct of the Home and its work, the Rev. Takayuki Namae is associated with Mr. Hara, as a trusted coadjutor. Since coming here he has visited a number of American prisons, for the purpose of observing the conditions and surroundings of the inmates, in which he has been deeply interested. It is proposed, as far as practicable, to make the Tokyo Home benefit by Mr. Namae's visit, and also to urge prison reforms in Japan, where this can be done advantageously.

REV. TAKAYUKI NAMAE

Some of the former prisoners, who have been brought in the light of the Gospel under the teachings of the Tokyo Home, have remarkable histories. Mr. Hara writes:

Chikanosuke Kimura was a cruel robber, notorious for his skill in escaping. When released, every prison officer thought that his freedom was cause for alarm. I met him at the prison gate and led him to my own home, where he remained several months. During that time he became the subject of true repentance and saving faith. He is now earning his living as a match manufacturer, has a happy home, and is leading an upright life.

Masakichi Okayama was a robber and a murderer, but escaped capital punishment because he was not the leader. While absent more than a hundred days inspecting prisons I left him in my wife's care. It may have been very hazardous to give such liberty to one whose life had been so depraved, but during that time he was convicted of sin and, through Mrs. Hara's instructions, his faith increased. At last he was counted worthy to receive holy baptism and is faithful to this day. How wonderful the power of God is!

Shintaro Ikeda was also a robber. After his arrest, the details of his long list of crimes were given in the daily papers, published in a book, and played in a theatre. But while in prison he became deeply penitent and received a new heart. Since then he has been making an honest living as a hair-dresser.

Jungoro Kambara, while young, lost his father, and growing up in bad company, when ten years old ran away from home. As his life was a success in crimes, he was hardly out of prison before he was in again. He was one of those liberated at the time of the Empress Dowager's death. On his conversion, he grew anxious to see aged mother but did not know where to find her. For three days he fasted and prayed for help from God. Then he began his search, but could remember even in what part "of the green city of Tokyo" he had lived as a boy. One day, when in a thickly settled section of the city, he saw an old woman whose hair was gray and whose tattered clothing told of her poverty. He ran and spoke to her, but she was hard of hearing and her sight was poor. "My mother," he shouted in her ear. "Who are you?" she asked. "I am Ju." The scene can better be imagined than described.

These will suffice—although many other cases might be cited—to show the peculiar class among whom consecrated workers labor for the Master. Evangelist Hara is happy and serene in his work and so is his associate. Mr. Hara is surrounded by his family, generations of which are shown in the photograph.

THE OTHER SHORE

BY JUSTUS BUTLER

SOME changes, there will surely be,
With some that cross this silent sea.
The beggar, there, may have a home,
The rich without a shelter roam.

A monarch, there, may kinship crave,
Amid the vassal and the slave.
The cruel, there, will shelter seek;
The proud change places with the meek.

The master, there, the slave may be,
The slave without a chain go free.
The foolish here, be there, the wise,
Their folly, there, the shrewd, surprise.

The poor have gathered for the skies,
The riches that the angels prize.
The rich, eternal mansions sold,
For dust of diamonds, and of gold.

The judge may be the culprit there,
The culprit render judgment fair.
The lowly ones be placed on high,
The haughty ones unnoticed lie.

The tired ones of earth that die
Shall live, and rest, with God on high.
These changes, ay, and many more,
Shall come upon the other shore.

Townwood, Oh

Our Five Thousand Famine Orphans in India

GRINDING CORN IN THE BARODA ORPHANAGE

CAUGHT EATING RAW GRAIN—FORBIDDEN FRUIT

PREPARING THE EVENING MEAL AT BARODA

OUR readers will be glad to learn that the suggestion of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the support of the children orphaned in the India famine, is now taking definite shape. There are nearly twenty thousand of these little waifs in the missionary homes of India, and the missionaries are anxious to keep them and train them up for Christ, if the Christian people of America will supply the necessary funds. Our suggestion was that Churches, Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies, and private persons should make themselves responsible for the support of one or more orphans for one or more years. The response has been so generous, that the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has ventured to send a guarantee to the missionaries for the support of five thousand orphans, and has promised to send a remittance of $25,000 regularly at intervals of four months, making in all nine payment, saggregating $125,000, during the three years. Such a guarantee was necessary, otherwise the missionaries would not have felt justified in keeping under their roofs children for whose maintenance no one was responsible. The work is so truly Christ-like, and is so promising in good results, that Mr. Klopsch felt sure he could rely on the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD making up the whole number, and filling up deficiencies that might arise through the death or inability of donors to fulfil their pledges.

In the selection, the denominational preferences of the foster-parents of the children have been respected. The selection has been made by the Interdenominational Missionary Committee in India. Already 3,742 children have been assigned, and we expect in a few days to receive the names of the other 1,258, making 5,000 in all. On this page is a map of India, showing the location of the orphanages, and below it a list classified according to denominations of the group each. The number in each case has, of course, been determined by the wishes of the persons who have pledged themselves to the support of the children. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has made it a condition in every case that missionaries giving children in their charge, supported by our readers, shall communicate directly with the foster-parents of such children, and shall report to them at regular intervals the progress of the children.

An encouraging fact in connection with the work for the orphan children is incidentally mentioned in a letter from Rev. J. S. Hume, who, after his recent severe illness, is now again in India engaged in his beloved work. He writes that on the second Sunday after his return thirty-five young persons were received into the church on profession of their faith in Christ. The majority of them had been orphans of the famine of 1897, who have been supported by the funds contributed by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Their testimony showed very clear proof of their apprehension of the Gospel truth, and their conduct while in the orphanage has given evidence of its power over their hearts. It is the universal testimony of all the missionaries that no converts are so genuine and consistent as the children who are trained under missionary care. What then may we not hope from the influence of the five thousand children who, through the generous liberality of our readers, will now be supported in the mission stations throughout India? Who can tell in how many village communities some man or woman will in years to come be a centre of Christian influence through God's blessing on the lessons learned in childhood under a missionary in an orphanage!

Rev. R. Winsor makes a similarly encouraging report. More applications come to him at his station at Sirur for admission to his school, than can be entertained. Orphan children are continually coming to him in the hope that they may receive an education. The fact that he helps them to get a knowledge of industrial pursuits, makes his institution particularly attractive. Three boys of the Brahmin caste came on the day when he wrote the letter just received, pleading with tears for admission. Their father and mother, they said, were both dead, and they had no means of subsistence. Mr. Winsor relieved their immediate need but could not receive them, as he has already more orphans under his roof than he sees his way to support. On the previous day three boys and a girl, all of one family, both parents dead, applied for admission. They had walked fourteen miles to reach the Sirur orphanage and were bitterly disappointed at not gaining their object. The orphans of the year 1897, under Mr. Winsor's care, are developing in a most satisfactory way. They show remarkable intelligence, both in the school where they gain an ordinary education, and in the shops where they are taught the use of tools. Many of them are also showing an interest in spiritual matters of a most hopeful character. Mr. Winsor believes that there is no missionary work that produces better results than this work of educating the children.

The photographs on this page are of scenes at Baroda, where there is a model orphanage under the charge of Miss Katherine A. Spears, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In this orphanage there are forty-five girls orphaned in the famine of 1897, and one hundred and seventy-five of the recent famine. Miss Spears writes, that fully two hundred more might easily be gathered if there were funds for their support. The girls of the earlier famine have proved tractable and are learning readily and earnestly, and are already making good progress. They willingly help in the domestic work of the institution, and thus acquire habits of cleanliness and tidiness, as well as learn economical methods of household management. The children of the recent famine are not yet accustomed to the ways of the orphanage, but they seem exceedingly bright and intelligent, and the best hopes are entertained of their future progress.

As an evidence of the efficiency of the school, Miss Spears mentions the fact that, of the children taught there, two are now on its staff of teachers, five others are teaching village schools, two are ready to enter the higher grade, one for the study of medicine. The chief difficulty in teaching these girls is the custom of child marriages. It often happens that after a girl has been only one year in the school her husband claims her, and she is obliged to leave. Many of them, however, return after a short interval to complete their education. The orphan girls, of course, have no such claims upon them. They will remain in the orphanages until their education is completed, when they will either marry or be in a position to earn their own livelihood independently.

MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF THE THIRTY-EIGHT CHRISTIAN HERALD FAMINE ORPHAN STATIONS

TABLE BELOW SHOWS THE DENOMINATIONAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE ORPHANS ADOPTED BY OUR READERS

			Orphans
Baptist			
21.	Cumbum,	Rev. John Newcomb,	13
20.	Nursaravapetta,	Rev. Wm. Powell,	18
24.	Ramapatnam,	Rev. J. Heinrichs,	15
23.	Gurzalla,	Rev. J. Dussman,	8
22.	Vinukonda,	Rev. E. Kurtz,	4
19.	Bapatla,	G. N. Thomssen,	91
25.	Ongole,	Dr. J. E. Clough,	553
Christian Alliance			
6.	Sanard,	Mr. and Mrs. King,	14
32.	Akola,	Wm. Moyser,	49
34	Kaira Camp,	Miss Eunice Wells,	47
Disciples			
35.	Damoh,	W. E. Rambo,	39
38.	Deogarh,	Miss O. G. Baldwin,	1
36.	Bilaspur,	W. E. Gordon,	7
36.	Bilaspur,	Miss Mary Kingsbury,	20
37.	Mungeli,	Rev. F. M. Gordon,	35
Lutheran			
29.	Guntur,	Jessie Brewer,	52
29.	Guntur,	Rev. S. C. Burger,	60
Congregational			
1.	Vadala,	Rev. E. Fairbank,	32
4.	Ahmednagar,	S. R. Modak,	27
4.	Ahmednagar,	Rev. H. Fairbanks,	51
3.	Rahuri,	Rev. W. O. Ballantine,	93
2.	Sholapur,	Misses Fowler & Harding,	65
2.	Sholapur,	Dr. P. B. Keskar,	116
2.	Sholapur,	L. S. Gates,	74
4.	Ahmednagar,	Rev. & Mrs. R. A. Hume,	105
5.	Sirur,	Rev. and Mrs. R. Winsor,	200
Protestant Episcopal			
4.	Ahmednagar,	Miss Kendrick,	24
30	Nasik,	Rev. A. Manwaring,	37
31	Aurangabad,	Rev. W. C. Whiteside,	49
4.	Ahmednagar,	Rev. N. V. Athavala,	20
Wesleyan Methodist			
13.	Jubbulpur,	Rev. Jos. Reed,	2
Methodist Episcopal			
7.	Baroda,	Rev. F. F. Frease,	168
17	Godhra,	Rev. Robert Ward,	181
11.	Phulera,	W. W. Ashe,	52
10.	Khandwa,	Anna R. Elicker,	89
10.	Khandwa,	Rev. F. R. Felt,	86
9.	Ajmere,	Rev. C. H. Plomer,	67
33.	Nadiad,	Geo. W. Park	230
7.	Baroda,	Miss K. A. Spears,	92
12	Narsinghpur,	Rev. J. O Denning,	36
16	Raypur,	Rev. G. K. Gilder,	22
14.	Yellandu,	Rev. C. B. Ward,	7
15.	Rancnur,	Rev. D. O. Ernsberger,	10
8.	Aligarh,	Rev. E. B. Lavalette,	52
13.	Jubbulpur,	Nettie M. Hyde,	86
18.	Burhapur,	Rev. Sam'l Benjamin,	26
Presbyterian			
26	Kolhapur,	Miss A. A. Brown,	514
27	Vingorla,	Mrs. W. H. Hannum,	25
28	Sangli,	Mrs. J. Jolly,	17
26.	Kolhapur,	Miss M. J. Thompson,	14
26	Kolhapur,	Mrs. Goheen,	47

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

THE
REVIVALS COMING

TEXT, Luke 5: 6:
They inclosed a great multitude of fishes and their net brake

SIMON and his comrades had experienced the night before, what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing-smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach, and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fishes was taken, that the hardy men begin to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success when snap goes a thread of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts, or how much water is splashed on deck, the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the waves, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing-smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah!" says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore, and fished with a hook and line, and taken one at a time, instead of having this great excitement, and the boat almost upset, and the net broken, and having to call for help, and getting sopping wet with the sea!"

The Church is the boat, the Gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel, and adjusts the bait, and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon, and here catches one and there one; but I like also a big boat and a large crew, and a net a mile long, and swift oars, and stout sails, and a stiff breeze, and a great multitude of souls brought—so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, I believe in revivals. The great work of saving men began with three thousand people joining the Church in one day, and it will close with forty or a hundred million people saved in twenty-four hours when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and the net brake."

Unfounded Criticism of Revivals

It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the Church at such times do not hold out; as long as there is a gale of blessing they have their sails up; but as soon as strong winds stop blowing then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, and they hold out. Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer-meetings, in Sabbath Schools? For the most part they are the product of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the Kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who come in under a low state of religion. People born in an icehouse may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the icehouse! A cannon-ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go and how swiftly; and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started, the more far-reaching and far-resounding will be the execution.

But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion. We admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, if a man can go out of a state of condemnation into a state of acceptance with God; or see others go, without any agitation of soul, he is in an unhealthy, morbid state, and is as repulsive and absurd as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire and felt no acceleration of the pulses.

Salvation from sin and death and hell into life and peace and heaven forever, is such a tremendous thing that if a man tells me he can look on it without any agitation, I doubt his Christianity. The fact is, that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing, the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the Church to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it make us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement; but if it make us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it make us pray, if it make us attend upon Christian service, if it make us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the Church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the kingdom of God the more useful they are. Robert Hall, the prince of preachers, was converted at twelve years of age. It is likely he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian Church, was converted at ten years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age; and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age, "You are too young to be a Christian," or, "You are too young to connect yourself with the Church." That is

A Mistake as Long as Eternity

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the Church, and the one is ten years of age and the other is forty years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one ten years of age than the one forty years of age. Why? The one who professes at forty years of age has forty years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are forty. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God, and into the Church at ten years of age than the man at forty.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who fostered them. People who in this day do not like revivals, nevertheless have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were revivalists—Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Fletcher, Griffin, Davies, Osborne, Knapp, Nettleton, Moody, and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have had anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh! it is easy to talk against revivals.

A man said to Mr. Dawson: "I like your sermons very much, but the after-meetings I despise. When the prayer-meeting begins I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and of course you get only smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in the door and sit down and warm?"

Oh! I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion, or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be

A Sin Against the Holy Ghost

and you know the Bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter, and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect, and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be the work of the Holy Ghost, and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost? And whoso speaketh against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Many of you know the history of Aaron Burr. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day. I suppose this country never produced a stronger intellect. He was capable of doing anything good and great for his country, or for the Church of God, had he been rightly disposed; but his name is associated with treason against the United States Government, which he tried to overthrow, and with libertinism and immorality. Do you know where Aaron Burr started on the downward road? It was when he was in college, and he became anxious about his soul, and was about to put himself under the influences of a revival, and a minister of religion said: "Don't go there, Aaron, don't go there: that's a place of wild-fire and great excitement; no religion about that; don't go there." He tarried away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin for this world, and his everlasting ruin in the world t come? Was it the minister who warned him agains that revival? When I speak of excitement in rev vals, I do not mean temporary derangement of th nerves; I do not mean the absurd things of which w have read as transpiring sometimes in the Church c Christ; but I mean an intelligent, intense, all-absorbin agitation of body, mind and soul in the work of spiritu escape and spiritual rescue.

Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objectio to revivals. That is, the coldness of the objector. It the secret and hidden but unmistakable cause in ever case—a low state of religion in the heart. Wide-awak consecrated, useful Christians are

Never Afraid of Revivals

It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of havir their sepulchre molested. The chief agents of th devil during a great awakening are always unconverte professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begin they begin to gossip against it, and take a pail of wat and try to put out this spark of religious influence, a they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed As well when Chicago was on fire might some one ha gone out with a garden water-pot trying to extingui it. The difficulty is that when a revival begins in Church it begins at so many points, that while you ha doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water, the are five hundred other anxious souls on fire. Oh! ho much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot Christ's Gospel and help pull it on rather than to fli ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block th progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselv will be ground to powder.

Did you ever hear that there was a convention on held among the icebergs in the Arctic? It seems th the summer was coming on and the sun was getti hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the wh ice-field would break up and flow away; so the tall and the coldest and the broadest of all the icebergs, t very king of the Arctics, stood at the head of the c vention, and with a gavel of ice smote on a table of i calling the convention to order. But the sun kept gr ing in intensity of heat, and the south wind bl stronger and stronger, and soon all the ice-field beg to grind up, iceberg against iceberg, and to flow aw The first resolution passed by the ice convention w "Resolved that we abolish the sun" But the sun wo not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew grea and greater until after a while the very king of the i bergs began to perspire under the glow, and the smal icebergs fell over, and the cry was:

"Too Much Excitement!

Order! order!" Then the whole convention, the wh field of ice, began to flow out, and a thousand voi began to ask, "Where are we going to now? Where we floating to? We will all break to pieces." By this ti the icebergs had reached the Gulf Stream, and th were melted into the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. T warm sun is the Eternal Spirit. The icebergs are fri Christians. The warm Gulf Stream is a great revi The ocean into which everything melted is the gr wide heart of the pardoning and sympathizing God.

But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revi throughout Christendom is an unconverted minis We must believe that the vast majority of those v officiate at sacred altars are regenerated; but I supp there may float into the ministry of all the denominati of Christians, men whose hearts have never b changed by grace. They are all antagonistic to reviv How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps sc of them chose it as a respectable profession. Perh some chose it as a means of livelihood. Perhaps sc of them were sincere, but were mistaken. As Thor Chalmers said, he had been many years preaching Gospel before his heart had been changed, and as m ministers of the Gospel declare they were preach and had been ordained to sacred orders years and ye before their hearts were regenerated. Gracious G what a solemn thought for those of us who minister the altar! With the present ministry in the pres temperature of piety, this land will never be envelo with revivals. While the pews on one side the altar y for mercy, the pulpits on the other side the altar n cry for mercy. Ministers quarrelling. Ministers y ing to pull each other down. Ministers struggling ir ecclesiastical place. Ministers lethargic, with wh congregations dying on their hands. What a specta

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pul aflame will make pews aflame. Everybody believe in a revival in trade, everybody likes a revival in literat everybody likes a revival in art; yet a great multi cannot understand a revival in matters of religion.

nd upon it, where you find a man antagonistic to revi-ls, whether he be in pulpit or pew, he needs to be generated by the grace of God.

I could prove to a demonstration that without revi-ls this world will never be converted: and that in a ndred or two hundred years without revivals Christi-ity will be practically extinct. It is a matter of as-unding arithmetic. In each of our modern genera-ns there are at least thirty-two million children. Now d thirty-two million to the world's population, and en have only one or two hundred thousand converted ery year, and how long before the world will be saved? ever—absolutely never!

Enlistment by Wholesale

During our Civil War the President of the United tates made proclamation for seventy-five thousand ops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the ng of the universe to-day asks for twelve hundred illion more troops than are enlisted, and we want it ne softly, imperceptibly, no excitement—one by one! u are a dry-goods merchant on a large scale, and I a merchant on a small scale, and I come to you and nt to buy a thousand yards of cloth. Do you say: hank you; I'll sell you a thousand yards of cloth, t I'll sell you twenty yards to-day and twenty to-mor-w and twenty the next day, and if it takes me six nths I'll sell you the whole thousand yards; you will nt as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll nt as long as that to examine the credit; and besides t, a thousand yards of cloth are too much to sell all once?" No, you do not say that. You take me into counting-room, and in ten minutes the whole trans-ion is consummated. The fact is, we cannot afford be fools in anything but religion!

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke, the next bbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder ether it would not be better for a thousand souls to ne straggling along for ten years instead of bolting at one service.

We talk a good deal about the good times that are ming and about the world's redemption. How long fore they will come? There is a man who says five ndred years. Here is a man who says two hundred rs. Here is some one more confident who says in y years. What, fifty years? Do you propose to let generations pass off the stage before the world is verted? Suppose by prolongation of human life the end of the next fifty years you should walk the gth of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or the gth of Broadway, New York—in all those walks you would not find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead or so changed you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for fifty years, you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblessed and unsaved. I tell you, the Church of Jesus Christ cannot consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life part.

"O!" you say, "it is too vast an enterprise to be conducted in so short a time." Do you know how long it would take to save the whole world if each man would bring another? It would take ten years. By a calculation in compound interest, each man bringing another, and that one another, and that one another, in ten years the whole earth would be saved—1911. Before the organs in our churches are worn out, they ought to sound the grand march of the whole earth saved. If the world is not saved in the next ten years, it will be the fault of the Church of Christ. But it will all depend upon the revival spirit. The hook and line fishing will not do it.

The Consecrated Telegraph

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that the telegraph is in the possession of Christianity.

It is a significant fact that the man who invented the telegraph was an old-fashioned Christian—Professor Morse; and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old-fashioned Christian—Cyrus W. Field; and that the President of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old-fashioned Christian—William Orton, going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down, or which horse won the race at the Derby, or which marksman beat at the latest contest. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in his love and in his kindness. But until of late, foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God, desiring to make the race like himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

Programme of the Consummation

I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotisms. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christ-like dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the dry-docks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service. Or, fit it up like a Constellation to carry bread of relief to some other suffering planet. Or, let it be demolished. Farewell, dear old world, that began with Paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Last summer, I stood on the Isle of Wight, and I had pointed out to me the place where the *Eurydice* sank, with two or three hundred young men who were in training for the British navy. You remember when that training-ship went down there was a thrill of horror all over the world. Since then, there was another training-ship missing—the *Atalanta*—gone down with all on board. By order of Her Majesty's government, vessels went cruising up and down the Atlantic trying to find that lost training-ship, in which there were so many young men preparing for the British navy. Alas, for the lost *Atalanta!* O, my friends, this world is only a training-ship. On it we are training for heaven. The old ship sails up and down the ocean of immensity, now through the dark waves of midnight, now through the golden-crested wave of the morn, but sails on and sails on. After awhile her work will be done, and the inhabitants of heaven will look out and find a world missing. The cry will be: "Where is that earth where Christ died and the human race were emancipated? Send out fleets of angels to find the missing craft." Let them sail up and down, cruise up and down the ocean of eternity, and they will catch not one glimpse of her mountain masts, or her top-gallants of floating cloud. Gone down! The training-ship of a world perished in the last tornado. Oh! let it not be that she goes down with all on board, but rather may it be said of her passengers, as it was said of the drenched passengers of the Alexandrian corn-ship that crashed into the breakers of Melita: "They all escaped safe to land."

A Congregation of Children

The Story of a Remarkable Church in which There are Only Eighteen Adult Members

HAVE recently read accounts of the Ruggles Street Church of Boston, and Pastor Conwell's Temple Church in Philadelphia. In contrast with these, I will give your readers an account of a urch no less remarkable than the others, though in-nificant in size and wealth. I refer to the Orphan-e Baptist Church, near Thomasville, N. C., still in its ldhood as to age, yet, according to ality, it is behind none in service.

This little church is remarkable for i membership. There are about one ndred and ten members, only eigh-n of whom are adults. All of the mainder are children, or young peo-, between ten and sixteen years of e. There are only six adult male mbers, three of whom are preachers d one is an editor. The preacher, o presides over the Orphanage as nager, and the editor of the Orphan-e paper, are true and noble helpers every good work. We have preach-g on the second and fourth Sundays each month, and it is an inspiring casion to see one hundred and nine-children, with eager faces, listening the Gospel message.

The church is also remarkable for its cture. Every adult member is well formed on general matters, and pecially on denominational affairs. e young members are well trained d advanced in their studies. I have ently examined about twenty-five of ose who have professed faith in rist, and found as clear a statement conversion as I have ever heard m grown people. Our six school achers are highly cultured and every respect thoroughly efficient.

e attendance is remarkable. At almost every ser-e all the members are present. This is true of rmy as well as pleasant weather. Prayer meeting vices are attended by the whole resident member-ip. The same thing may be said of missionary meet-gs, communion, conference, Sunday School and re-al services. Everybody in the church seems glad to up to worship the Lord. One would think that, in a gathering of one hundred and ninety children, between the ages of five and sixteen years, at some service the preacher would have occasion to reprove for inattention or misbehavior. For a whole year there has not been a single break in behavior, and not one instance of reproof in the worship. Sometimes some little eyes grow heavy; but this is excusable, when we consider that they rise before the stars fade in the morning light.

THE ORPHANAGE BAPTIST CHURCH, THOMASVILLE, N. C.—REV. C. A. G. THOMAS

The total membership of the church is not worth $5,000 in actual property. The majority are supported by others, yet they give liberally to all conventional and charitable calls. The Sunday School sent $13 to the India sufferers; $19 to the Galveston sufferers, and on the last Thanksgiving Day $120 as a thank offering for Mill's Memorial. They give to missions and benevolences nearly twice as much as to pastoral support. All done voluntarily, without pressure or special appeals.

This church earnestly endeavors to keep "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," and succeeds beautifully in so doing. There is never a jar in service, no friction in plans or efforts, no unkind criticism of one another, no censures of pastor, but everybody "with one accord," as well as "in one place," serves the Lord. There are no stained windows and cushioned pews, no magnificent organ nor expensive choir; yet the singing is soul-lifting and the songs seem to re-echo the melody of souls leaning on the Saviour and looking up to "Our Father" to supply all their needs.

The second week in the century a series of meetings were conducted by the pastor. Instead of pleading and persuading the unsaved to accept Christ, they would come at a simple invitation. This continued night after night, until almost every child above ten years of age had professed faith in Christ. In our meetings we have to put on brakes rather than open wide the throttle. God seems to be in an especial manner hovering over these little ones. It is a joy to serve such a church, and on Sundays, when the pastor steps into the presence of his flock, he feels as though he were in the vestibule of heaven.

Sometimes the pastor is asked: "Is it not difficult to make sermons for such a church?" No harder than elsewhere. The Gospel of Christ is as precious to children as to adults. The pastor preaches to them as he does to children of a larger growth. Doctrine and duty fill the morning hour and prayer services; an object sermon or chalk-talk the afternoon service. The children listen well and are helped by the former; and the grown folks are as deeply interested in the latter as the children.

Thomasville, N. C. CHAS. A. G. THOMAS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Full Post-Office Address should always follow your own name when writing to this office.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Post-Office and Express Money Orders may be sent at our own risk.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Carnegie Idea of Philanthropy

ACROSS the Atlantic to Andrew Carnegie in Scotland, reaches the gratitude of millions of people in the United States. This man, who began life as a messenger boy at $2.50 a week, is to-day remarkable not only for the extent to which he has given of his substance, but for the wisdom with which he administers his wealth. Up to the day when he embarked for Europe, the total of his philanthropies in cash amounted to $30,000,000. Ten millions of this amount he gave in the single week prior to his departure—four millions as the principal of a pension fund for his employees in Pittsburg, one million for libraries in St. Louis, and five millions for libraries in New York.

The last of these gifts was not made known until he was three days out from New York, in mid-Atlantic. The news took the public by surprise. His absence on the ocean made it even more spectacular than if he had been present. The exact sum was $5,200,000, an amount that staggered even capitalists. This money was given to establish sixty five public libraries in greater New York, with the combination of the Astor, Tilden and Lenox Libraries as central base, the only condition imposed by Mr. Carnegie being that the city should provide the sites for the buildings, and guarantee their maintenance.

It is by such deeds as these that a nation is uplifted. Such magnificent generosity marks an epoch in philanthropy. In this way Mr. Carnegie is showing how to solve that most difficult problem: "How can the rich give money without pauperizing the recipient?" His philanthropies are not charities. The keynote of his benefactions is summed up in his own words: "The day is not far distant when the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was free for him to administer during life, will pass away 'unwept, unhonored and unsung,' no matter to what use he leaves the dross, which he cannot take with him. Of such as these, the verdict will be: 'The man who dies thus rich, dies disgraced.'"

What a noble example for the rich men of this country to follow! The rich are realizing that large opportunities involve equally large responsibilities. There are many who, like Andrew Carnegie and Helen Gould, are the practical exponents of the Christian philosophy that wealth is solely a stewardship, and as such they are deserving of all honor.

Our Sunday School System

AS to whether or not Sunday Schools teachers should be paid, as is the case with ministers, choristers and organists, is a matter which each individual church society must decide for itself; but that there should be a more modern and efficient Sunday School system than the antiquated one which now obtains admits of no question. There must be reform all along the line. We do not attach by far sufficient importance to the proper religious education of our youth.

This is made manifest in the absolutely inexcusable manner of selecting Sunday School teachers. No sane parents would adopt the same method for selecting teachers for the secular education of their children, and yet how much more careful should they be in matters of eternal importance! Would the principal of a public school urge upon young girls and boys, as immature in mental development as they are unformed in character, to undertake the training of the pupils? Would we consent to send our children to a school where such teachers were employed, regardless whether paid or volunteer? Why then should not the Church see to it that in the more important training for eternity, only they are accepted as teachers who can pass an examination on lines agreed upon as standard? Volunteer or paid, let us have only the best, for the best is hardly good enough.

The entire present system should be changed. The superintendent should be regarded as of equal importance to the pastor. He should be the best man obtainable for the position. Every teacher should be examined as to proper qualifications, mental and spiritual. Every teacher should obligate himself to be present at the weekly teachers' meeting and at every Sunday School session. Let the pastor, the officiary, and as many of the parents as may be possible, meet with the teachers and the school. Let Sunday School attendance on the part of the children be made compulsory on the parents by the discipline of the Church. Let there be public examinations and the awarding of certificates. Let the course of study be progressive, tending to eventual graduation with proper diploma at the end, and, if possible, let there be a post graduate course for the special training of teachers.

While many schools at the present day have attained a high grade of efficiency, there is no denying the fact that in too many of our Sunday Schools there is a maudlin, sentimental aimlessness that would not be tolerated in a fourth-rate country day school, and it is high time that Christian parents undertook a personal investigation to learn whether the lambs of the flock are being properly fed, and if not to institute a reform that shall produce satisfactory results. By all means let us reintroduce the Catechism, and get our children rooted and grounded in the knowledge of God's blessed work.

Christ in the Bethany Home

WITH deep thankfulness, the Christian reads the brief references to the Bethany home that are given in the Gospels. It is a relief to know that our Lord and Saviour did find at least one home in which he was a welcome and honored guest. So much of sadness and contumely and scorn filled his life on earth, that we are glad to know that there was one place to which he could retire, out of the reach of the carping Pharisees and the sceptical Sadducees. This haven of peace was situated in the little village of Bethany, about three-quarters of an hour's walk from Jerusalem. The way to it, starting from the Golden Gate of the Temple, led over a bridge spanning the Kedron, past the Garden of Gethsemane, over the brow of Olivet, down the eastern side of the hill, and through a beautiful dell, rich in fig, almond and olive trees. The village, hidden from the view of the great city by the summit of Olivet, was an ideal place for rest and quiet. Doubtless, our Lord paid it many visits of which there is no record.

Only three times do we hear of his being there. Once (Luke 10: 38-42) soon after the commission to the seventy; a second time (John 11: 20-40) when he went to raise Lazarus from the tomb; and a third time (John 12: 1-8) in the last week of his life, when Mary broke the alabaster box of ointment over him, thereby unconsciously preparing his body for the tragedy awaiting him.

The picture on the first page relates to the first of these three visits. It is of that incident which brings the character of the sisters into contrast. Both loved the Lord, but Martha showed her love by ministering to his physical comfort, while Mary showed it by sitting listening to his words. Martha, feeling that it was unfair that the household work should be left to her, appeals, not to her sister, but to Christ, as if she thought an appeal to Mary herself would be useless. Christ's tender affection for both sisters showed itself in his reply. He appreciated Martha's motive, knew that love for him prompted her desire for help, but he would not accede to her request. So little did he need of this world's comforts that, as he intimated, her concern was unnecessary. It was the spiritual nourishment of the attentive ear that he craved, which, as with the woman of Samaria at the well, he was receiving from the rapt attention of Mary. That was the good part which should not be taken from her.

That Chicago Wager

SALVATION is the gift of God, through his Holy Spirit, working upon the heart of the sinner and transforming his entire nature. It is a priceless gift, free and unpurchasable. When Simon of Samaria importuned Peter and John to reveal the secret of their power, as the instruments of Divine grace to men, and offered the apostles money if they would confer upo him this wonderful power, he was sternly and f tingly rebuked in words that will ring out forever as warning to blasphemers: "Thy money perish with th because thou hast thought the gift of God may be pu chased with money. . . Thy heart is not right in t sight of God." (Acts 8: 20, 21)

It is reported from Chicago that a so-called evangel has offered to forfeit $1,000 if, by the adoption of l methods in some particular church, that church does n experience a revival and have at least fifteen conversio in one week! Such a proposition sounds dangerous like blasphemy. It is making the salvation of souls t subject of a wager. It is "backing" the Omnipote against Satan for a consideration. It is inconceivab that such means can find approval in any Christi community.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will note with inter the result of this strange Chicago proceeding, and v report the same to its readers.

A Mail-Bag Discussion

IT frequently happens that, in the wide latitude allow to discussions in our MAIL-BAG, our readers w are active participants in the discussion, find their v into deep water, where it is not always easy to foll them. In the present issue, one of the questions p pounded for discussion is, "How far can a person c trol his or her beliefs, or are they the result of circu stances beyond control?" Many letters have b received expressing opinions on this topic, some them unusually able, and all of them interesting. majority of the writers hold, without substantial qua cation, that the influences of heredity and environm cannot be overcome, save in rare instances, where person possesses extraordinary will power, or wh singularly favorable circumstances arise to aid the in producing the change. But even these are regar as extremely rare and doubtful. Humanly speak early impressions, in a gr at majority of cases, indelible. Habits and beliefs cannot be put on and as a garment, and man is not a chameleon, to take color of every new surrounding. He cannot volunta believe contrary to his experience and his intellige try as he may. His mind is master even of his will

If this condition were absolute, the conclusion w be inevitable, that man, being incapable of control his beliefs, was, therefore, irresponsible. But it is absolute by any means. There are two kinds of be that of the heart and of the head, the first having in the sentiments and the emotions, the last being i lectual, and the result of reason and observation. regard to beliefs of the latter class, we see rad changes constantly taking place in individual mind education widens the intellectual horizon, libera opinions and gives the proper perspective by w wrong conclusions may be avoided. But heart-be are not susceptible of being treated by any ordinary cative processes. All human reason and logic see fail when we enter this domain, where conscience This is the sole faculty—conscience "sitting as a vic of heaven and a representative of earth within breast," and showing him his clear path of duty— makes him an accountable being, accountable for h beliefs, his acts, his very thoughts and aspirations. And responsibility, which exists in every human being. exact proportion as conscience is cultivated or negle

Man cannot transform himself; God must giv power. But the heart must seek for the Divine re lation which can guide it to a right belief. The awak conscience reaches out after truth, and prayer brin nearer to the Source of all truth. But it is not un take Christ wholly into the heart and life, and subm his will, that we enter the true relationship, and the right comprehension of that relationship. Th is that the wondrous revelation comes to us which forms us, kindles in us the new spiritual life, and d old errors of belief, as mists are scattered by the ing sun. Only divine light can give us this full aw ing and enable us to shake off wrong beliefs, otherwise would have been beyond our control to ch

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The New White House

RECENT events at home and abroad have directed public attention anew to the inadequacy of the White House as the official residence of the Chief Executive of the nation. It is not so much that a grander mansion is required—though the chosen head of a nation of seventy-six million people certainly ought to have a more imposing home—as that it really is now too small for its purpose. When provision is made for the secretaries, stenographers, and the books and documents connected with official business, there remains but small accommodation in the White House for the domestic use of the President's family, and for such hospitality as a man in so high and honorable a station ought to dispense. The building, however, has so many historical associations that few would be willing to have it torn down to make room for a better edifice. It has, therefore, been suggested that more room should be made by the addition of two wings to the structure. During her occupancy of the White House, the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison made a study of the subject, and her suggestions were afterwards embodied in plans prepared under the superintendence of Colonel Bingham, the Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds. These plans are now on exhibition and are generally approved. They provide for the erection of two wings at right angles to the present structure, thus enclosing on three sides, a quadrangle at the rear of the old building. The wings are almost exact reproductions of the original building and are connected with it by colonnades. By enclosing the southern end of the quadrangle with a conservatory, connecting the new wings, there would be a central courtyard, which would be in keeping with the general design. Thus ample accommodation would be afforded, the sentimental reverence for the historic structure would not be violated, and the nation would be saved the reproach of lodging its Chief Magistrate more meanly than any other ruler in the world. When the proposal comes definitely before Congress, it will doubtless receive the support of Democrats as well as Republicans, for our rulers, for the time being, to whichever political party they may belong, are entitled to the privilege that the apostle claimed for his colleagues:

To esteem them very highly for their work's sake (I. Thess. 5 : 13).

The Dead Statesman

The country has suffered a loss more severe than is generally realized in the death of ex-President Benjamin Harrison. A man of clear insight, logical power, splendid courage, moral as well as physical, and of vigorous patriotism, he was a statesman of whom any nation might be proud. There have been few men in our national history who have so completely won the confidence and respect of both political parties, or have received from their opponents such sincere tributes of esteem. During his Presidental term, Democratic journals of strong party type commended his appointments and acknowledged his ability and integrity as freely as did the journals of his own party. He was a statesman with a conscience, a man who never permitted personal regard, or family ties, or old friendships to weigh with him when the question involved was one of duty to his country and his office. The men who were nearest to him have told since his death, how earnestly he strove to find the best man for a vacant position, and how resolutely he nominated him when found, though he might be a stranger, while an old friend was seeking the nomination. The grandson of a President, great-grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the descendant of an Englishman who signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles I., he inherited the sterling quality of courageous patriotism which shrinks from no personal risk when right and duty are concerned. The events of his career are well known. Born in 1833, he early gave promise of future greatness. He studied at Miami University, and was beginning to make his way in the legal profession when the war broke out. He entered the army, won distinction as a Colonel, and at the close of the war received the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. In 1881 he was elected to the United States Senate and in 1888 was elected to the Presidency. He was renominated, but was defeated at the polls. Since that time he distinguished himself as counsel for Venezuela in the arbitration of the dispute between that country and England, and was honored by the appointment to represent the United States on the International Court of Arbitration, constituted at the Peace Congress at the Hague. One of his latest public appearances was as Chairman of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York. Through his whole public life he fulfilled the Scriptural ideal of a statesman.

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God (II. Samuel 23 : 3.)

A Tramp's Gratitude

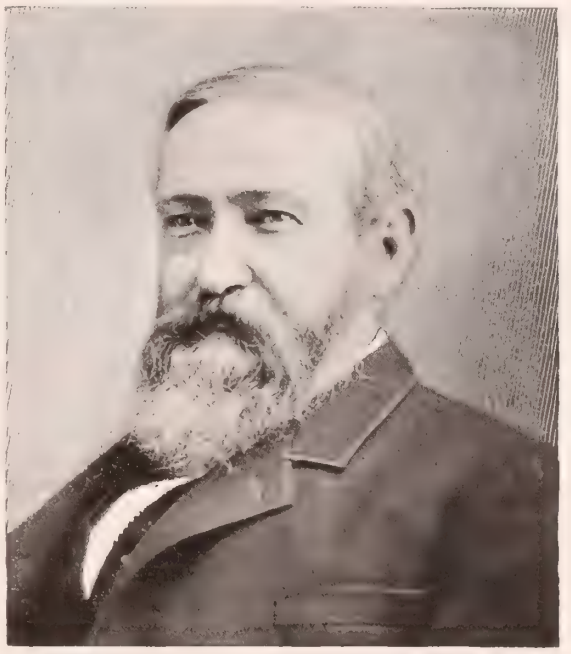
A lady of Omaha, Neb., has the right to congratulate herself on the results of an act of hospitality. One day last month a man, ragged and weather-beaten, came to her door, begging shelter for the night. He had applied at the hotels of the city, but none of them would receive so miserable-looking a creature as a guest. Her heart went out to him in pity, for he was homeless in a heavy snow-storm, and he looked tired and cold and sick. Eventually, at some inconvenience, room was found for him for the night. The next day he was too ill to rise, so a doctor was sent for, and his hostess nursed him. As the case grew more serious the man became fearful that he was going to die. One day while his hostess was alone with him he asked for his old coat, and when it was handed to him he took from beneath the lining a greasy package, wrapped in a newspaper. This he gave to his kind friend, with the remark that if he recovered he would like to have it again, but if he died he wished her to keep it. His fears were justified, for in a week afterwards he was dead. Then the package was opened, and in it was a thousand dollars, apparently the savings of his life. It is not often that benevolence is so highly rewarded in this life, but we are assured that it never misses its reward in the next life.

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward (Matt. 10 : 42).

A Waiter's Speculation

A story from Wall street, New York, of an amusing character has been in circulation lately. Its truth is not absolutely proved, but there are many reasons for giving it some degree of credit. It is said that three or four successful stock brokers are accustomed to dine together occasionally at a famous hotel in upper New York. Recently, at one of these dinners, they discussed plans for dealing with a certain line of stocks. The result of their operations would be to depress the price of these stocks, which would afterwards, when the operation was complete, rise with great rapidity. They were surprised to find that some stranger was buying all he could get of these stocks, when they reached their lowest figure. The identity of this buyer, who had in a measure forestalled them, was a mystery. He evidently had some knowledge of the combination, and yet it had been kept a profound secret. One of the brokers was so chagrined that he pressed inquiries as to the mysterious buyer's identity, and finally discovered that he was a head waiter in the hotel where the brokers' dinner was held and had served the diners at their table. In some way he had obtained money with which to speculate, and had availed himself of the conversation he had overheard to make a fortune. The information was not intended for his ears; but, being eager for riches, he availed himself of it. What a blessing it would be if the people to whom spiritual riches are offered, showed similar eagerness to profit by their opportunities!

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light (Luke 16 : 8).



THE LATE HON. BENJAMIN HARRISON

THE WHITE HOUSE WITH THE PROPOSED EXTENSIONS

BRIEF NOTES

Tolstoi has been formally excommunicated by the Holy Synod of the Greek Orthodox Church. It is still as Christ said, the people stone their prophets.

The cost of the funeral of Queen Victoria was $175,000.

The American Bible Society has appropriated $5,000 for colporteur work among the negroes of the South.

The Governor of Utah has had the good sense to veto the bill passed by the legislature for the toleration of plural marriages solemnized before Utah became a State. An attempt to pass the bill over his veto failed.

A branch of the Y. M. C. A., specially for colored men, has been organized in New York, at 132 West Fifty-third street. The secretary of the branch is Walter C. Coles, a graduate of Biddle University, N. C.

Favorable arrangements are being made with the railroads for the conveyance of Epworth Leaguers from all points in the United States and Canada to San Francisco for the next National Convention which, according to present arrangements, will be held July 18-21.

The sum of $300,000 has been given by four philanthropists of New York to the Y.M.C.A., of the city, to relieve the branches of the debts on their buildings. Three of the four donors are J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and Wm. E. Dodge. The fourth wishes his gift to be anonymous.

Germany, according to the census of Dec. 1 of last year, has 56,345,014 inhabitants, of whom 27,731,676 are males and 28,613,947 are females. The population of Prussia is 34,500,000, of Bavaria 6,200,000, of Saxony 4,200,000 and of Wurtemberg 2,300,000. In five years the population of the empire has increased by 4,065,113. Since the first census in 1871 it has increased by 13,300,000 or nearly thirty-three per cent.

It is estimated by *The Missionary Review*, that there are now in the world 355 mission hospitals and 753 dispensaries. In the course of the year there were 93,000 in-patients, 2,579,651 individual patients were attended to, and 6,647,840 visits were paid.

The many friends of Rev. F. B. Meyer in this country will be glad to learn that he is now again on this side the Atlantic. He has been holding services at Birmingham, Ala., Atlanta, Ga., and Richmond, Va. Thence he goes to Chattanooga, Tenn. He purposes to be at Louisville, Ky., March 29-31; Cincinnati, O., April 1-4; Indianapolis, Ind., April 5-7; Omaha, Neb., April 9-11, and Allegheny, Pa., April 13-16.

The Gospel Campaign Goes On

A SEASON OF GLORIOUS REVIVAL IN MANY PLACES -- SOULS WON AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

REV. W. R. RICHARDS, D.D. CORNELIUS SCHENCK REV. MR. HENDERSON REV. D. J. YERKES, D.D. REV. G. K. NEWELL

THE past week has been filled with the brightest hopes and encouragement for the army of Christian workers who are enlisted for a great national evangelistic movement under the leadership of the Twentieth Century Gospel Campaign Committee. From many parts of the United States, word has been received of evangelistic work newly begun, and of souls being won to Christ. From many churches and communities, there have arisen fervent prayers in behalf of a widespread spiritual awakening.

The aim of the National Central Committee of the Gospel Campaign is to emphasize in its whole work the need of a deepening of the spiritual life of believers and the salvation of the lost through Jesus Christ. It is believed by this committee that the ministers of the church should be the leaders in evangelizing the communities where they are located, and, whenever they may deem it expedient, to call to their aid such trusted evangelistic workers as they may choose.

One of the greatest manifestations of spiritual power and blessing which has yet been experienced occurred at Plainfield, N. J. The Ministers' Association of that town, representing all of the Evangelical churches there, invited Mr. William Phillips Hall, chairman of the National Central Gospel Campaign Committee, and his coworkers to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings covering two weeks. Mr. Hall selected as his assistants Rev. Theodore S. Henderson, pastor of the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, and Mr. F. H. Jacobs, of Brooklyn, the well-known Gospel singer, who for many years was associated with the late Mr. Moody in his evangelistic work. As the services grew in power and it was found necessary to enlarge the work, Mr. W. S. Weeden and his son, Mr. William C. Weeden, both Gospel singers, were called in to aid in the meetings. A Plainfield Executive Committee, consisting of all the evangelical ministers and one layman from each church, was appointed, with Rev. W. C. Snodgrass, D.D., of the First M. E. Church, as chairman, and Rev. Y. W. Gardner, Grace M. E. Church, Secretary.

The campaign opened on Sunday evening, February 24, in the First Baptist Church. Rev. D. J. Yerkes, D. D., pastor, with Messrs. Henderson and Jacobs in charge. From the first meeting there was evidence of deep spiritual interest and a prayerful expectancy on the part of the people. The daily prayer-meetings held for a week preceding had created a yearning in the hearts of earnest Christians for a deep, abiding work of grace; but before the campaign closed, the hopes of the most sanguine had been surpassed.

Services were held during the first week every evening, except Saturday, under the leadership of Mr. Henderson. Nightly the vast church was thronged to hear the message of the Gospel. Two services were held at the noon hour in two of the largest shops in Plainfield—the Potter Press Works and the Walter Scott Works. To see these workmen take a hurried lunch and then gather in groups of a hundred or more to hear about Jesus, the master-workman and the workingman's friend, was an inspiration. Before the services closed, a meeting was held in the Aluminum Press Works, with similar gratifying results.

On Sunday, March 3, Mr. Hall assumed the leadership of the services. By this time, the whole community was astir with a steadily deepening spiritual interest. Two committees of Personal Workers, one of a hundred women and another of a hundred men, were formed under the direction of Mr. Jacobs during the first days of the services. Each member of the committee signed a card which read as follows:

> The Objects of This Committee Are:
>
> FIRST. If Possible, to Bring at Least One Hundred People to Christ At Once.
>
> SECOND: To Pray Three Times a Day for God's Blessing on the Services Now Being Held. Membership on this Committee Means That You Will Be Responsible for At Least One Person.

This personal work, relative seeking out relative, and friend inviting friend, was a marked feature of the meetings and contributed much toward their spiritual success. The *Plainfield Courier-News* in its first issue after Evangelist Hall's arrival said: "It is plain that there has come such an awakening to the people in general as Plainfield has rarely seen before. As the second week opened, the services were so overcrowded that Mr. Henderson, with Mr. W. S. Weeden and his son began work in the West End of Plainfield, and there, too, people crowded to hear the Gospel. From March 5 to 8 inclusive, afternoon services were held by Messrs. Henderson and Weeden in the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church. Rev. W. R. Richards, D.D., pastor, preceded by a half-hour prayer service led by a local pastor. Children's Meetings were led by Mr. Jacobs, and at the third children's service 600 little people gathered to hear the evangelist's illustrated sermons.

Sunday, March 10, was a Pentecostal day for Plainfield. The committee's reports claim that 500 people made decisions for Christ during the services that day. Mr. Hall conducted three great services, at which the preaching of the Word was greatly blessed. The Sunday School rallies held in the afternoon, witnessed a remarkable turning to God of the young people of Plainfield. At the men's meeting at night, about 1,000 heard the plea of the evangelist to seek first the kingdom and in that hour many decided for Christ. The last day of the campaign, Tuesday, March 12, was recognized throughout the community as a Day of Prayer. Many of the stores closed for at least part of the day, to give the employees an opportunity to attend the services. Almost all of the saloons shut their doors. The Day of Prayer was a day of power. Services were held morning, afternoon and evening.

It required three meetings to accommodate the people that came on the last night. Two overflow gatherings were held in the church and chapel of the First M. E. Church, in addition to the mammoth meeting in the First Baptist Church, led by Mr. Hall.

It is difficult to estimate with exactness how many people made decisions for Christ during the entire campaign in Plainfield, but a conservative estimate by the Gospel Committee places the number at 800, while one of the local papers estimates it at 1,000. Concerning the general influence of the campaign on the community the *Plainfield Daily Press* says: "It can be truthfully said that these services have been the most far-reaching in their influence of any ever held in this city."

Revival Notes from Many States

At South Fairlee, Vt., meetings and a Sabbath School have been held since last Fall by some young men from the Moody School at Mount Hermon. Prayers are desired.

Elmira, Mo., is arranging for evangelistic meetings in the Methodist Church, and is hopeful of a blessing on the work.

Revival services have been in progress at Mendham, N. J., the Rev. G. Mooney, pastor, for nine weeks. On Sunday, March 3, twenty persons were received on probation and four into full connection, and two were baptized.

Revival services were held for four weeks at Winsted, Conn., the Rev. B. F. Kidder, pastor, with gratifying results. About thirty persons professed conversion, and twenty-six have been received on probation. The church has been quickened in all its religious activities, class meetings have been restored, the Sunday morning prayer-meeting for men has been instituted and has proved most helpful.

(Continued on page 290)

CHARLES L. GODDARD JOSEPH ORR M'KELVEY REV. F. M. RODMAN WINFIELD C. SNODGRASS REV. J. W. RICHARDSON MR. W. S. WEEDEN

Among Strange Peoples in the Land of the Shah

THE WORLD'S MOST ANCIENT BOATS

TRANSPORTATION OF GOODS MAN-BACK

SHOULD Persia, as have other sleepy Oriental lands of late, spring into sudden and surprising prominence, rich, indeed, would be the field offered for the newspaper correspondent's pen, the poet's song and the kodak's snap. Though Persia has only thirty-four miles of railroad, she is by no means a sealed land to the tourist; her history, her ruins, her beauties, her strange peoples, attract the traveler, and her literature holds the student spellbound, saying: "Persia of to-day is the Persia of a hundred years ago—of many hundred years ago—but what would she be should she awake, this land that has been so great?" Moslem fanaticism and tribal fueds holds back the land of the Shah.

A LORDLY BEGGAR

Sailing in a modern vessel up the Tigris, one sees boats the most ancient in the world. Gophers or kufas they are called; they are nothing more than round, deep baskets, covered with bitumen. One man with a paddle operates them, and they are used not only for the transportation of passengers, but of goods and beasts. These little boats are very common on Persian streams, which are not for the most part navigable for vessels of large size. Of the pastoral appearance of the plains in certain sections, Isabella Bishop says: "Tents and flocks are their chief features, which have changed little since the great Sheik Abraham left his kindred in the not distant Ur of the Chaldees, to journey along these ways toward Canaan." Caravans as they travel, encounter companies of fierce-looking, turbaned horsemen, nomads of desert or mountains, and, possibly robbers, carrying long guns and lances and mounted on fiery steeds. Herds of cattle and strings of camels are seen: and here and there villages of mat-and-mud huts, with fields near by in which small buffaloes are dragging the most primitive of plows. Should it be in season, one sees the threshing-floor of ancient times, the muzzled oxen treading out the corn. Entering one of the mud-and-mat huts, the visitor might find the women making bread by rolling out dough into great thin cakes, and clapping it into a clay-lined hole in the middle of the floor which does duty as an oven; or, perhaps, the women might be engaged in weaving mats and rugs; or ornamenting leather for the fine trappings of a father, son, or husband's horse. It is wonderful how much a nomad, who may show little tenderness to anything else, will think of his fleet-footed Arab. "My horse's life is worth the life of ten men!" cried a khan impatiently to a European physician, who would not apply all his store of ointment to the beast's wound, urging that some of it might be needed for men.

"Women have no religion, for women won't live again," is said in Persia: all classes do not hold to this literally, but the status of woman there is not an enviable one. A Persian gentleman of prominence, introducing a distinguished English lady into his harem, asked her if she did not think his favorite wife was pretty, much as an American might ask regarding a pet animal; he called attention at the same time to the poor lady's timidity and the evident awe in which she held himself, and remarked with pride that if she should sit at a meal with him, she would fairly tremble! Miss Sykes, in *Through Persia on a Side-Saddle*, describes an entertainment given by one of the Shah's chief wives, and attended by all the feminine aristocracy, native and foreign, at Teheran. When the monarch entered, dull faces lighted up, "his wives pressed forward, smirking and smiling only to be waved aside by their royal master, an English lady doing the honors of his Court, and presenting us in turn to him." In a mother-in-law's presence, a wife keeps her mouth covered, and she may not speak to her husband, save in a furtive, unobserved manner. A European lady visiting a khan's camp at his invitation remarks of the manners there: "The khan's mother slapped the wives if they attempted to speak, and conducted herself like a ruling virago." Some tribes have national dances where women appear in public, but ladies of degree never go on the street unveiled. Strict seclusion is the rule. However, as Sir Thomas Gordon wrote: "Persia is advancing, though slowly." Monogamy is coming into favor, and some Persian fathers are giving their daughters the benefits of European education. The mollah and the dervish are the national curse. The latter—the privileged religious beggar—is in evidence everywhere, with his quaint turban and his alms-bowl. Particularly is he noticeable during the time of the Persian Passion Play in wailing, self-torturing processions.

A TYPICAL DERVISH

A PERSIAN SHEPHERD

A PROCESSION OF FANATICAL MOSLEMS

PERSIA'S PECULIAR NATIONAL DANCE

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered April 24

1. I wish to give a book (other than the Bible) to one of my pupils, a boy of thirteen, that will influence him on the side of Christianity. What is the best book for this purpose?

2. If a church's membership is so wedded to the saloon that, if the pastor preaches on temperance or prohibition, he is sure to lose a large part of his audience, should the pastor refrain from touching upon these subjects and hold his audience, or should he preach upon them and lose it?

3. In view of Paul's recommendation of celibacy to the teachers of his time (1. Cor. 7:32, 33), should a Church, in considering the relative merits of candidates for its vacant pulpit, where one is married and the other single, prefer the single pastor, other qualifications being equal?

4. Would not the unity of the churches accomplish much greater results both at home and in the foreign field with the same financial outlay as at present?

5. When the children of Christian parents are invited by worldly people to a party, where cards and dancing will be the chief occupations of the evening, should the invitation be declined, if doing so involves social ostracism, or should it be accepted, at the risk of bringing the children into worldly temptations?

Questions of the Week

1. Does instrumental music, as now practised in the churches, promote or retard spiritual worship by the congregation?

Yes and no: 1. In some churches the evident aim of the musical director, or "artist," is the entertainment of the congregation by the display of his own superior skill. In such a case the audience may be entertained, but not edified; there may be æsthetic enjoyment, but it will be, very generally, at the expense of the deeper spiritual life. 2. As practiced in many churches, if not most churches, the instrumental music is uplifting and soul-inspiring. The music does not show forth the musician so much as the sweet strains of the "Songs of Zion." It praises and glorifies God, the Maker, instead of magnifying man, the creature. J. T. CRABTREE.

2. To what extent can a person control his or her own beliefs, or are they ordinarily the outgrowth of circumstances beyond one's power to change?

Lord Brougham once said, "Man is no longer accountable to man for his belief, over which he himself has no control." Much controversy has arisen over this question and much has been written pro and con. The real question is, how far are we responsible for our beliefs, for it is no longer seriously controverted that the will does to some extent influence them. We open our eyes by a voluntary act; but what we shall see lies not in our power to determine. So, in regard to the beliefs we hold. It lies in our power whether we will search for the light or not, whether we are willing to weigh the arguments for and against a statement, whether we will hear both sides or only one; but having done this, we are forced to believe or disbelieve. Men too often believe or disbelieve on insufficient grounds. For this they are responsible, for this lies within their own control. For a man to say, "I disbelieve the Bible," when he has read much against it and has not been equally careful to search for the favorable evidence, is a terrible sin, for which he must assuredly give account to God. There is to-day too much reliance upon the statement that belief is merely the outgrowth of circumstances, and the superficiality of our age, in which so many seem unwilling to examine deeply and to think, has much to do with it.

G. E. KRAUTH.

That no one can control the origin, character and intensity of his beliefs is a tremendous fact, philosophically and in reality true. Absolutely the entire physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual make-up of every individual is the result of the two potent factors, heredity and environment. Of course no one has any choice in selecting the various traits and predispositions which are his inevitable heritage. These individual characteristics—not his own, but the product of his ancestry—decide the trend and tenor of his life, thought and action. Environment exerts an unceasing and powerful influence upon these innate tendencies and inherited capacities, and truly every choice, determination and volition of man are traceable back to the action and inter-action of his inherited character and environing circumstances. That the processes of intellectual activity and determinations of the will are subject to the majesty of the law immutable is a stupendous fact, so apparently fraught with dangerous fatalistic suggestion that many timid minds and conservative theologians consider it too hazardous to entertain.

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

3. Is there any substantial foundation for the charge, that the average young woman does not strive as earnestly as does the average man to become thoroughly proficient in her calling, because she ultimately expects to marry?

No. The true woman, as well as the true man, strives for the best in everything. No matter what her calling, she will put forth her best with every effort, and "because she ultimately expects to marry" is the very reason, if for no other, that she seeks the highest. If any class of people should strive for the mastery of every good gift, it is the people who expect to marry. Future generations depend upon them for moral, physical and religious training. What folly it is to even think that a girl should not be given advantages! And again, what folly to think that she does not accept them and make the most of them, since history has proven that "the hand which rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." MRS. H. C. ANDERSON.

* * *

Undoubtedly. And it is more creditable to the young woman than otherwise, as it indicates that she is the possessor of right instincts in wishing a home of her own. What could be more laudable? Every true man and woman has this wish; and, though perhaps in a dim way, it is expected to be realized. As marriage usually takes a woman from the ranks of hired workers, why, from her view point, should she prepare fully for what she believes to be at the longest only a temporary occupation. Few men would do so. Not expecting to always follow the particular calling in which they are enlisted, most young women work more to supply present needs than their future necessities. To prove that young women, as a rule, do not regard their labor as permanent, it is only necessary to ask them if they expect to remain at it during the remainder of their lives. Ninety-five per cent. will have other plans, and, while they may not admit it, there will be few who do not expect to be mistress of a home.

JAMES BELL MAJOR.

4. In view of the fact that many Christian church-going people have servants engaged during church hours in necessary household duties, would it not be wise for the churches to set apart an hour—say between four and five o'clock p.m.—for worship, for the convenience of those debarred from attending the regular services?

Such services might be very useful and the time would probably be appropriate, or might be changed according to the need of the respective localities. The need, however, is not so much for the servants working in Christian families as for servants in non-Christian families. Christian employers generally so arrange their household matters as to give their help the opportunity of attending church once a day at least; but the help in non-Christian families are, as you say, often debarred from attending church at all on the Lord's day. The extra service need not be held in every church, because if it was, it would entail arduous work on pastor, choir, etc. It might be held in the churches in turn, as a union service, or a special service might be held in some public building. The plan, I understand, is adopted in some watering places during the summer, and there is a large attendance of waiters in the hotels and servants in the boarding houses, and other persons who for various reasons find the hour more convenient for them than that of the morning or evening service. It should not be called a "servants' service," as that would be invidious. It is only necessary to make it known that a service is held at that hour in a certain place, and to take care that the information reaches all persons who might be supposed to find it difficult from any cause to attend the regular service. EDWARD WRIGHT.

* * *

The holding of a service specially for servants would create caste, and make a wide, deep gulf between masters and servants. It would make a division in the Church, separating rich from poor in the very place where poor and rich should meet together, for the Lord is maker of them all. In the old Southern days, the slaves sat in the gallery by themselves; and servants, excluded from the regular church services, would feel that they were driven to only their own society. The difficulty could be solved if Sabbath household duties were lessened as much as possible. A Christian family should sacrifice even some Sunday necessities, so as to give their servants a chance to attend church with them. Why so much cooking on Sundays? Why so much dressing? Why so much company, which give their servants extra toil? Let Christian people catch the spirit of the Cross and sacrifice for the sake of others, and lighten the burdens which crush their fellows. If every one in the house would, once a week at least, help their help, by doing some household duty, servants would have time for worship, without the necessity of driving them by themselves where they would feel like outcasts in deserted places.

R. T. EDWARDS.

5. I live in a village where there is only one church—Catholic. Ten miles off, however, there is a Methodist Church, which I have been in the habit of attending, taking the steam cars to get there. Recently the pastor preached a sermon on the sin of Sabbath breaking, and among other evils denounced Sunday traveling as wholly un-Christian. Ought I to attend the Catholic Church, or stop at home, since I cannot walk such a distance? What shall I do?

It might be well to consult the minister who preached the sermon in question. If he is unable to solve your problem, he may at least learn the wholesome lesson that denunciation is not always wise. There is no doubt that Sunday traveling on the cars is mischievous, because people on the same car with you may be going on a pleasure excursion and may set up the excuse that they saw a professing Christian also traveling on the Lord's Day. On the other hand, you are commanded "not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together." So you are on the horns of a dilemma. Is there another alternative besides that of attending a Catholic church? Perhaps there may be other Protestants in the village similarly perplexed; if so, a meeting might be arranged, at which you could plead the promise that where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name he will be there to bless them. It would be easy to read a passage from the Bible, offer a prayer, and perhaps sing a hymn. It would also be easy to get a sermon out of a book, or from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or some other journal that would prove at least as profitable as the sermons of the denouncing preacher who has stirred your conscience. Who knows but that out of such a little meeting a church might grow? Many churches have had a similar beginning. JULIUS CONSTANT.

* * *

Christ said in Matt. 12:11: "What man shall there be among you who shall have one sheep and it shall fall into a pit on the Sabbath day will not lay hold on it and lift it out?" In the case of the church-going of this inquirer, it is another instance of the sheep in the pit on the Sabbath day. The person need not attend the Catholic Church; and, as it is done for a good purpose, it need be considered no evil. If steam cars are used as a conveyance. We are told "that it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." If it could be arranged we would very probably be wiser to use a private conveyance. The pastor in his sermon evidently meant to denounce traveling for pleasure, such as Sunday excursions, which take the people away from the church, and not necessary traveling (as of this inquirer), which take people to the church. L. W. BROOKE

CHRIST AT THE HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA IN BETHANY

The beautiful picture on the front page of this paper, enlarged to 14 x 18 inches and lithographed in 10 colors and gold, printed on plate paper 17 x 21 inches, and especially adapted for framing purposes, without any advertising matter whatever, may be had securely packed, delivery in undamaged condition guaranteed and postpaid at 25 cents each, provided your order is received before the supply is exhausted. Address

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEPARTMENT
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

Miscellaneous Questions

J. Wharton, Baltimore, Md. 1. What is the total population of Germany? 2. Of Berlin?

1. According to the latest census, 56,367,000, an increase of 4,000,000 in half a decade. 2. About 2,300,000, including suburbs.

Querist, Manayunk, Pa. Who first wrote the saying, "God made the country, man made the town?"

Varro, the Roman writer, was probably the originator. He said: "The gods gave the fields, men gave the cities." Cowper, the poet, in his *Task*, put the phrase into its present form.

A Friend, Boston, Mass., sends this helpful verse, which is good advice, as well as grammatic:

> The inner side of every cloud
> Is bright and shining;
> I therefore turn my clouds about,
> And always wear them inside out,
> To see the lining.

Inquirer. The price of the volume entitled "Conversations with Christ," by Bishop Newman, is $1. The book may be obtained of B. Bromfield & Co., Bible House, New York.

E. R., Boston. Certainly not.

D. S. H., Paulding, Miss. Such a course would certainly be inconsistent.

Mrs. J. W. S., Preston, N. C. If the publication is a moral one we see no objection.

Subscriber, New York. Your contribution for the India orphans can be applied at any time when received.

Reader, Marietta. It is better to settle your matters out of court; but if that cannot be done, consult a good lawyer.

J. D. C., Effna, Va. Hazing is brutal and unjustifiable, and has been severely condemned by the military authorities.

Mrs. A. J. S., Sawyer, Wis. Such methods of raising money for the Lord's work are undignified and unworthy. We should give Him the best, without blemish or spot.

Peter S., West Deer Park, N. Y. A person who sold stock in a concern, knowing at the time of the sale that the concern was insolvent, would be a swindler. If the fact could be proved, he could be held answerable legally.

Mrs. J. L. C., Union City, Pa. The heart is the life-centre which animates the whole body, the mind is the intellect, and the soul is that mysterious, divinity-bestowed, part of man, which enables us to apprehend spiritual things, and connects us by invisible chains with God and heaven.

C. T. W., Dillsboro, Indiana, writes: "In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Jan. 9, an inquirer, Hilbury, Mass., speaks of three stars in the constellation Aquila. The early impression that the three stars were in a straight line, and the two outer stars equally distant from Altair, was a mistake. Sixty years ago I learned these stars, by noticing that they were not in a line, and that the southern one was farther from Altair than the northern one. Such mistakes have been common. Certain triangles of stars at once we supposed had an exact right angle, on more careful observation we find are not right angled.

In Vernal Days

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Kansas Point of View

AN esteemed reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, writing from her home in Kansas, says:

We do not like to be generalized as "in the West." We are proud of our fair Sunflower State and her achievements, and do you rlly know that we are in the centre of the United States, al made up of the push and energy that could not be con ned east of the Mississippi River?

rohibition has been on our statute books for some years, al the saloon declared "an outlaw and a common nuisance." e law has been enforced to some degree, still "joints" e been open in most of our towns and cities, while the cers sworn to execute the law are bribed into silence by t liquor power.

We are literally steeped in temperance sentiment. Scien- temperance is taught in our common schools, and tem- ance is preached from our pulpits, filled by our best ora- ts. As to the propriety of Mrs. Nation's action, it is an open estion here, though it is surprising t she is upheld by the very best ele- nts of society.

Public sentiment has been outraged long, that the majority of the peo- are ready to take definite action in ne line. Our last legislature passed earch and seizure bill, so now Mrs. tion's action cannot be looked upon illegal. (The people in public meet- s, as shown by the widely published wspaper reports, have felt much mpathy with her, and have endorsed movement.) I am not a public tem- ance worker, but only an obscure lle woman in a country home with ree stalwart boys of my own, who not even drink coffee, one of them, college student, was among the sa- on raiders in this town.

I can hardly express my pleasure receiving such letters as these, t only for the intelligent and ap- ciative interest they show in this ge of the paper, the woman's own ge, but for the glimpse they give the life in some of our homes. om such households as this little other presides over, are coming future men and women of our untry. The hope of the land is these homes, where children are ined in temperance, integrity and ety, and where men and women ve convictions and live up to em. Mrs. Nation's campaign has town that there are people in this untry to whom virtue is a more portant thing than money, and at the plain, primitive qualities of urage, endurance and sincerity e still recognized as fine and lendid. Here, we are disposed to think her way of oceeding a mistake, and her methods not entirely stifiable, though no one impugns her motives. I hope her readers will emulate this excellent correspondent d write freely of what pleases or displeases them in r weekly talks. M. E. S.

mong the Poorest

A lady in one of our comfortable homes found herself need of a day's help not long ago, and went to the arest charity organization for a charwoman. A veet-faced woman, very pallid and thin, came to scrub nd clean, wash and iron, and do whatever she could. he worked so faithfully and so thoroughly that her nployer gave her more than the day's wages, a basket food and a warm shawl, for she was poorly clad and e night was raw.

"May I come to see you?" said the lady. "Oh, adam, if you only would!" was the reply.

When the call was made, the two little top-floor rooms ere discovered to be almost bare of furniture, the few ings the family had being in the pawnshop. The ther was ill, a gaunt skeleton of a man. The four ttle boys were clothed in rags. They were always ungry. Yet everything was clean. Nothing stood etween them and houselessnes; dispossession, that pectre which menaces the poor, and starvation, but e brave mother's occasional work. Should not such overty shame those of us who complain when we have few privations and cannot do just what our richer eighbors do?

Among the poorest there is a great deal of kindness and true charity shown by one family to another. They share the quarter-loaf. They make light of privations and stand steadfastly by their kith and kin, and by those who are not bound to them by ties of blood.

The Marseillaise

Among the national airs of the different countries, none is more significant of the turbulence and wild enthusiasm and stormy temper of a people than the Marseillaise, the battle hymn of France. The young composer, Rouget de l'Isle, who first set its stirring strains to martial music, builded better than he knew, for that air, born of passion and loyalty and fierce love of country, was to kindle Frenchmen to the most intense flame whenever they should meet and sing it. To arms, to arms, citizens! When that undaunted re-

From the Painting in the Louvre, Paris

ROUGET DE L'ISLE, SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE

frain rings out over Paris, the gay city trembles to its centre. The picture is a reproduction of a very celebrated painting in the Louvre, and is of historic interest and immense value.

SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME

IN the dark and cloudy day
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay,
Saviour, comfort me!

Thou, who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified,
Bid me in Thy love confide
Saviour, comfort me!

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MOLLY D. Second mourning is gray, lavender or lilac, or even black and white.

—MARIE. The bride's people usually send out announcement cards. They should be sent immediately after the wedding.

—ELLA T. The Cat-book, by Helen Winslow, is published in Boston, by D. Lothrop & Co. I have already said that Miss Winslow may be addressed in their care.

—HUSBAND. Your wife is no doubt suffering from physical causes, and needs the advice of a wise doctor. But when she is restless and the desire for escape comes overpoweringly upon her, try taking her away for a little change, a visit to friends or a drive. Women suffer more than men know from the grind of life, the treadmill of monotony. You seem to be loving and patient, and doing your best.

A Plea for Fair Treatment

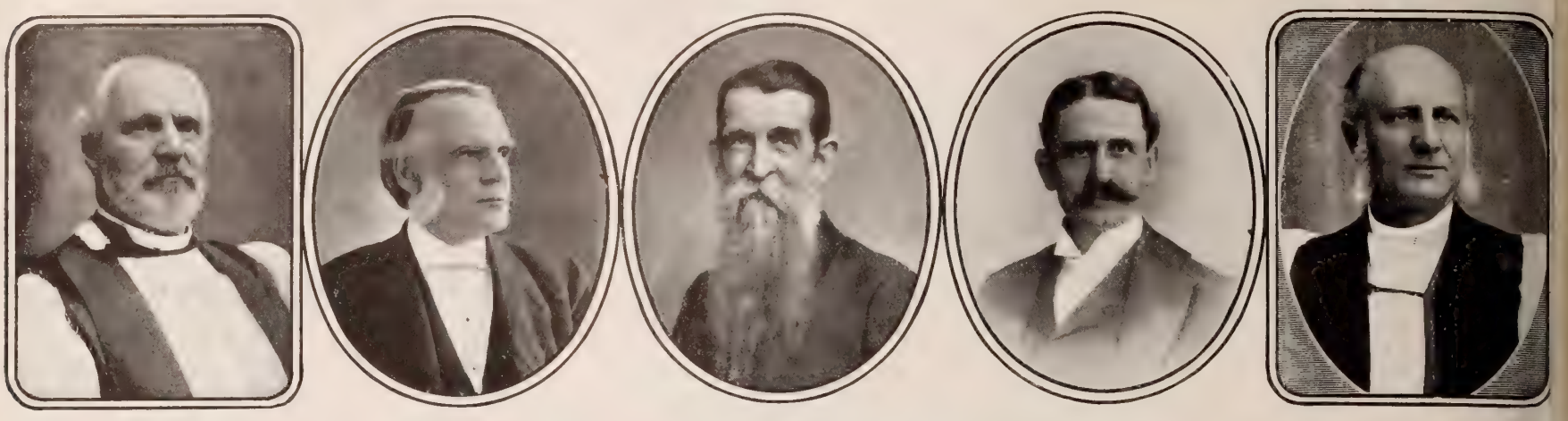
I AM glad the servant problem has come up in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for discussion; for, in my opinion, it is the source of more uncalled-for trouble in household economies than all other problems combined. Wherever you find a gathering of women, you hear the ever-vexed question ventilated, and I have rarely heard the servants' side of the question defended. The old adage: "A good mistress makes a good servant," might well be laid to heart. In twenty-five years experience with hired help, I have found very few who were ungrateful or unresponsive to kind treatment. Is it not too often the case that we expect servants to have our interest at heart, while we take no interest in anything that pertains to their well-being? Let the mistress of the house show by voice and manner that she respects the rights of her servants, and thus teach the children to treat them with respect, and she will gain a great advantage point. We recognize the importance of reciprocity in all other relations of life, but apparently think when our servants' wages are promptly paid, and the accustomed afternoon out granted, then our duty is done. Not so. There are many ways in which we may gain their confidence and esteem, by little acts of kindness that in themselves cost nothing. For instance, have an eye to their health, and show that consideration in regard to any exposure which might result seriously, that you would for any other member of the family. Then, do not look upon these young women as mere machines, but seek to stimulate in them, if they have not already acquired it, a love for reading, by giving them something suitable to read after the day's work is over, for we can hardly conceive it necessary, except in rare instances, to keep them busy until the hour for retiring. From my own experience, I would suggest that after a few months of faithful service, you give them a "kid to make merry with their friends," or, in other words, let them invite a few friends to spend the evening, and permit them to have light refreshments, such as sandwiches, cake and coffee. This costs but little, and pays large dividends in conscientious service. When they are invited out, let them see that you are interested in their making a good appearance, even though it involve the family seamstress putting a few finishing stitches upon an evening dress. Do you not know that servants treated in this way will bless you in their hearts, and take pains to render you the very best service of which they are capable? Never speak ill of a servant, if their service at any time is not acceptable, tell her whenever she fails, and nine times out of ten she will try to profit by your correction. Be mistress of the situation at all times and you will receive their affection and esteem. Never use language that you would not be willing to have your choicest friend hear. Always respect your servants' religious proclivities, and see that they have an opportunity once every Sabbath day of attending the church of their choice. A. H. P.

We would like to hear very much from our readers what they think of one suggestion in this thoughtful letter of our friend. What about letting your maid give a party? How many of you have tried the plan? How many ladies among us permit their maids to receive masculine friends in their kitchens? Is the privilege appreciated or abused?

Most young women in service are at the age when social pleasures are much prized, and many of them hope to be married and have homes of their own.

In a city near New York, it is quite common for women still in service, but past their early youth, to have a hired room in a friend's house, which they regard as home, going to it on their afternoons out, and in the intervals between places. All domestics have not friends to whom they can resort when out of an engagement.

BISHOP C. WHITEHEAD | BISHOP C. C. M'CABE | REV. H. C. TRUMBULL | REV. D. H. GREER, D.D. | BISHOP ELLISON CAPERS



SHOULD SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS BE PAID?

Leading Opinions on Both Sides of a Question of Universal Interest and Importance

TEACHERS, LIKE MINISTERS AND CHOIR, SHOULD BE PAID

BISHOP J. S. JOHNSTON OF TEXAS.

IN regard to paid Sunday School teachers, I will say that the subject opens up a very large and important question. We have to deal with "not a theory, but a condition." The theory of volunteer teachers is a very beautiful one; and certainly is ideal, if it could be carried out ideally. It contemplates that the most zealous and pious members of a congregation shall, for the love of the Lord, and the souls of the little ones whom he loved, give one hour on Sunday to feeding those lambs of the fold with spiritual food suited to their needs, and so "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," trusting that when they are old they will not depart from this good way in which they have been taught to walk. But what are the facts? The first and most lamentable is, that parents have, almost universally, delegated the sacred duty of the religious instruction of their children to other persons, who are often unknown to them, and quite unfitted for the self-assumed task. If it could be clearly shown that the Sunday School, which was originally intended for the children of the spiritually neglected, who were incapacitated to teach them religion, had resulted in weakening the sense of parental responsibility for the proper rearing of their children; and if it could be hoped that the abandonment of the Sunday School would restore this sense of responsibility, and would result in parents teaching their own children, both by precept and example, the great truths of the Christian religion, I would say, by all means give up the Sunday School. But as it is not at all probable that such a result would follow, but that on the contrary, numbers of children would grow up in absolute spiritual ignorance, who are now instructed to a greater or lesser degree in the principles of the Gospel of Christ, it is safe to assume that the Sunday School is with us to stay, and we must make the best of it.

Another fact is, that under our public school system of the present day, God and Christ have been expelled. Of Jesus, the King of Kings, who is the very source and centre of all history, without whom history has no meaning, of him nothing can be said, save that he was born and died. As a result of this senseless system, caused by our unhappy divisions, the children of this country, with the exception of those whose parents, all too few, fearing the fatal consequences of such defective teaching, have sent them to Christian schools, are relegated to such religious instruction as they can receive in a twenty minutes' lesson, taught often by some sweet, good-natured girl, who herself does not know the very first principles of the Christian religion.

Now then, for these reasons, and others which limited space does not permit me to mention, I believe that churches which can afford it would do well to secure, by reasonable remuneration, the services of properly qualified teachers, who would feel it just as much their business to attend Sunday School teachers' meetings, and the Sunday School services, as they would attend to any other employment for which they are paid. I see no practical difference at all between the paying of these workers, and the paying of the minister and the choir and the sexton.

I agree that it does not sound so well at first, but I again say, it is "a condition and not a theory which confronts us," and the question is, how best to deal with it in order to secure the most satisfactory results.

Other advantages occur to me. One is, that the minister could select his teachers and not be forced into accepting just such as could be cajoled into "taking a class." I think, too, it would eventually help on the great cause of Christian unity; as it would necessitate the almost universal adoption of a single system of Sunday School lessons, which would have the effect of educating an order of trained teachers who would be prepared for work in any place where needed. Schools for the training of such teachers would be organized, requiring large sums of money to carry them on. Christians of different organizations would learn that their differences were not fundamental, but with few exceptions only external; and that therefore it was the part of wisdom to unite upon the few fundamental principles on which they agreed, that they might have, by a wise economy, sufficient funds for the more effective organization of the churches at home, and for sending an intelligible Gospel to the heathen abroad. For these reasons, I would favor the trying of the experiment of properly educated teachers for the Sunday School work, who should be paid a reasonable compensation for their services, and an adequate amount of pay for their time.

INTRODUCE PAID TEACHERS GRADUALLY

LEWIS W. BURTON, BISHOP OF LEXINGTON, KY.

I HAVE known for twenty-five years of Sunday Schools in which salaries are paid to teachers. It is an advantage so far, as it affords means to teachers to buy books and secure instruction, and so far as it commands for our schools the services of those apt to teach because of learning and skill in imparting it. I do not imagine the salaries will ever be large enough to form a mercenary temptation, but the Sunday Schools can be guarded, as are the ranks of the paid ministry. The poverty of many churches would reduce them to the necessity of having, perhaps, only one salaried teacher for the whole school, as is the case with secular schools in some country districts; but this would not be a disadvantage, if the one instructor were decidedly above the present average Sunday School teacher in ability.

CONSECRATED VOLUNTEERS the BEST

BISHOP ELLISON CAPERS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

IN reference to paying teachers in Sunday Schools, permit me to say that it does not in any way meet my approval. The work of the Sunday School, under the direction of the spiritual guide and pastor of the flock, must be done by competent persons, of course. In my judgment, those who voluntarily and for the love of Christ and his Church, engage in this work, are best suited for it.

PAID TEACHERS AND A DEFINITE SYSTEM NEEDED

BISHOP WHITEHEAD, OF PITTSBURG

I AM a firm believer in few teachers, and they paid (if need be) for their services; strict discipline, longer sessions, a definite system of instruction, obligatory attendance at divine service, constant supervision and catechising by the clergy; in short, the Sunday School as an institution established and maintained authoritatively by the Church as a well-ordered and responsible helper in the Church's own work.

The theoretically model Sunday School will have few teachers, the school will be a graded one, taught by one, or, at the most, two teachers in each grade. One would think that the present system of having a teacher for every five or six or ten pupils, had sufficiently condemned itself by the very appearance of the Sunday School where that system is in vogue. Grade your school; have a room for each grade, and a half-dozen teachers will be ample for an ordinary Sunday Schoo in a city parish. We all do this in the infant class, an the infant classes are the most successful portions i numerous Sunday Schools. Why not take the hint an try the same plan for the higher grades and classes?

Find persons competent to feed each group; requir an examination as to their ability; appoint them thei specific duties, ensure their punctuality, regularity an ability, by paying them a salary. You thereby protec yourself and the children. You are able to mak changes when necessary without ill-feeling, heart-burr ings, sulkiness, or an open break in friendly relation You can have a school carried on with system and di patch. You can have order, punctuality, discipline. I a word, by this system you use the Sunday School as power for good, whereas now, in innumerable parishe it is a mild influence on the side of good, but with s many attendant evils that thoughtful and intellige people can scarcely discover which influence really pr dominates.

A system which is so utilitarian, which is in use o every side in our public schools with abundant succes which has so much in its favor, and really so litt against it (when sentiment and prejudice are set aside is worthy of being tried.

It would be an advantge in a parish Sunday Schoo as in a parish day school; as in the mission schoo at Yankton or Lower Brule; in Africa or China, whe all the teachers are paid.

The rich city churches could well afford it by cu tailing some other expenses for things not so importan the country parishes could often find competent perso to serve willingly without pay, as we so often fi invaluable teachers now.

Just as we carry on our public schools, so would order every Sunday School. I would mark every tar ness, every carelessness, every instance of bad behavi and bad lesson. I would have reviews and examin tions, and even expel a pupil who was unworthy. W make a great mistake in not showing in every possib way that we hold the Sunday School to be, at best, important and respectable an institution as the d school. Alas, that it should be in so many cases only place for the exhibition of lawlessness!

COMPETENT VOLUNTEERS ARE PLENTIFUL

BISHOP GEORGE D. GILLESPIE, OF MICHIGAN

I DO not believe our Sunday Schools should have pa teachers. If the churches cannot now secure co petent men and women, properly trained as teachers am ashamed of them.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS SPIRITUAL, NOT INTELLECTUA

BISHOP TUTTLE, OF ST. LOUIS

NO, I would not have paid teachers. The benefit Sunday Schools is more the moral and spiritu influences imbibed than the intellectual progr achieved. By all means secure, in all reasonable wa competent teachers, but do not pay them salaries.

FINANCIAL CONSIDERATION MIGHT WORK HAR

BISHOP EARL CRANSTON, OF OREGON

I BELIEVE that the spirit and usefulness of the S day School, as an institution of the Church, wo be lost, under any modification of the system involv financial consideration to officer or teacher.

SHOULD SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS BE PAID?

Leading Opinions on Both Sides of a Question of Universal Interest and Importance

CONTINUED

OULD NEED A NEW KIND OF TRAINING SCHOOL

OR. H. CLAY TRUMBULL, EDITOR "SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES"

HE desirability and the advantages of having trained and paid teachers in the Sunday School depends gely upon who are the teachers, and what is their ining. The spiritual influence of the teacher in the nday School has much to do with shaping and guid- character in the pupils. How are proper teachers to secured and trained, conformably to the right stand- d thus considered? The Bible is different from any er book. The at- mpt to teach it as er books are taught, necessarily a failure m the start. If teach- training for the Sun- y School be for the rpose of fitting chers to teach the ble, and of spiritually luencing the pupils, ch training must be y different from any the normal, or train- g, schools now exist- g. Before it can be d that there would a gain in having, d paying for, trained chers in the Sunday hool, there must be ne agreement as to sort of teachers re- red to.

BISHOP EARL CRANSTON

There are hundreds graduates of normal hools now teaching our Sunday Schools d in our kindergartens who are not the equals of chers in the training school, who have had no paration for their work in such training schools. here would certainly be no advantage in paying a liv- g salary for teachers who, when trained, were worth s than the average teacher now found in our Sunday hools. Before I can say whether the proposed change desirable, I must know what standard of character is be recognized as essential in the teacher, and what is method of teacher-training understood as essential.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE

BISHOP CHARLES C. M'CABE, OF TEXAS

ET the work continue to be voluntary. Under the present plan we have entertained an army of 12,- 0,000 children. "Let well enough alone!"

VOLUNTEERS WOULD DROP OUT

DR. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, NEW YORK CITY MISSION

HE question of paying Sunday School teachers is one which has very serious bearings. While it y be well to pay certain teachers who have classes of ceptional importance, which call for an unusual ex- nditure of time and force, as a rule it would be dis- rous to Sunday School work to have teachers paid. this plan were adopted universally, a multitude of lunteer workers would instantly fold their hands and nothing. This would be unfortunate for them, for e Church, and for the community at large.

The question of paying Sunday School teachers has financial as well as its spiritual aspect. Most urches find it difficult now to raise money for current penses, and if teachers were to demand salaries as ll, nearly every church in the land would be bankrupt fore the close of 1901. No, I am utterly opposed to e principle of paying Sunday School teachers for the rk that they do.

WILL DO NO GOOD AND MUCH HARM

BISHOP W. A. CANDLER, OF GEORGIA

AID Sunday School teachers? Emphatically no. I can see no good, but much harm in such a plan.

WOULD CLOSE THE DOOR TO VOLUNTEERS

BISHOP C. C. PENICK, OF WEST VIRGINIA

AM not in favor of paying Sunday School teachers. It is true, you might get more learned teachers, and t them more regularly, but it is equally true you would ose a vast door for free-will offerings of self, shut off a ge and most powerful element in your church from ose touch with the sorrows, needs and opportunities at contact with the children brings. It would rob any of the opportunity of winning the Lord's "Well done, good and faithful servant." Money of any amount, invested in any way, can never take the place, do the work of, or bring the characters that God will bless, like consecrated, self-denying, loving, personal service.

To me, the paid Sunday School teacher appears as another wall erected, shutting off the poor and rich from each other's needs and sympathies, and thereby robbing both of a nobler and more Christlike humanity, which is of far greater value than anything your paid teacher will ever give or get for wages.

PAID TEACHERS ONLY WHEN NECESSARY

REV. DAVID H. GREER, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, NEW YORK

I THINK our Sunday Schools should have good teachers, and if they can't get them without paying for them, then they ought to pay for them. As I said not long ago in public, there are three conditions of successful Sunday School work: The first is a good teacher, the second is a good teacher, and the third is a good teacher.

In the case of the Sunday Schools connected with this parish, some of the teachers are paid and some are not; and some of those who are not paid are just as good as some of those who are.

A BISHOP IN THE AFFIRMATIVE

WILLIAM H. MORELAND, BISHOP OF SACRAMENTO

I THINK it advisable to have trained and paid teachers of Sunday School teachers, and the latter also paid, but should not wish to prevent the exercise of this holy office by earnest men and women who seek no remuneration, and who are willing to be trained and taught.

WORK FOR THE MASTER FREE

BISHOP P. F. STEVENS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA

AS a general rule, I would not advocate paid Sunday School superintendents and teachers. Christian men and women should be willing to do work for the Master without pecuniary remuneration, when in their power so to do. The minister of the Gospel must give all his time to his work, and therefore should "live of the Gospel"—not so Sunday School teachers, as a rule. I can well understand, however, that under certain circumstances, Sunday School teachers may be paid, to ensure better and more regular and efficient work; but the teacher who works only for pay will never be an effective or desirable spiritual teacher.

LOVE, NOT PAY, THE MOTIVE

H. B. WHIPPLE, BISHOP OF MINNESOTA

I BELIEVE that love must be the motive which controls those who obey the Saviour's command, "Feed My Lambs." Anything which savors of hire will end in failure.

MIGHT LOWER THE SPIRITUAL TONE OF SCHOOLS

BISHOP F. K. BROOKS, OF OKLAHOMA

IN my judgment some Sunday Schools would be greatly helped by trained, paid teachers, if those teachers were devoted Christian men or women. The average Sunday School would not be hurt by having such teachers, but if good men and women would volunteer to consent to wholesome training for their work they would be better teachers; and it would always be better for the parish or congregation to have volunteer teachers, because to take away this opportunity for giving themselves to the Lord's work from our people would greatly lower the moral and spiritual tone of any parish. Sunday School work has two sides—its good to the children, its good to the teachers. Parents, many of them, are poor trainers of their children. The State could easily provide better. But, on the whole, we all believe that parents had better train them, for the most part, for their own as well as the children's sakes. Overmuch use of paid Sunday School teachers would greatly diminish the sense of responsibility of parents and Church members.

CLERGY SHOULD TEACH VOLUNTEERS

W. A. LEONARD, BISHOP OF OHIO

NO, I do not think paid teachers for Sunday School work should be had. The work has been done, with blessings manifold, by volunteer workers for several generations. The clergy should oversee the teachers, and should teach them, theologically and Biblically. They should catechize their children each Sunday. Only carefully trained and consecrated teachers should be allowed.

PAID TEACHERS WOULD BE ACCOUNTABLE

WM. L. FELTER, SUPERINTENDENT NOSTRAND AVENUE SUNDAY SCHOOL, BROOKLYN

ONE benefit that would result from paying teachers, is that definite work and definite results might be expected. Paid teachers could be held to an accountability. They would then be required to come to their lessons prepared, and to show evidence of skillful instruction.

Should all the teachers in a Sunday School be paid? Let us examine the question from a financial point of view. We must remember in paying teachers, that we must recompense them not only for the actual time employed in their teaching, but also for the time spent in preparing for the work and in the performance of their necessary duties connected with that work. The paid teacher should be held to an accountability for the attendance of her pupils, and this will necessitate the hunting up of absentees, and calling upon parents and the like. Two dollars per Sunday, is not then an unreasonable figure to name as the value of the teacher's labor. In a school of one thousand pupils there will be perhaps sixty, or at least fifty, teachers. This means an expenditure of one hundred dollars per Sunday, and figuring on forty Sundays in the Sunday School year, there will be an expenditure of four thousand dollars per year. How many of our churches are in a condition financially sound to warrant any such expenditure of money? This amount would support in any church four assistant pastors, at a salary of one thousand dollars each, or it would pay the interest on a church debt of eighty thousand dollars. In view of the difficulties now experienced by church officers in raising the amount necessary for ordinary expenditures, it seems extremely doubtful that churches will undertake this method of Sunday School administration. The financial aspect is the gravest.

REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER

PAID TEACHERS, WHEN THEY CAN BE HAD

BISHOP BOYD VINCENT, OF OHIO

I AM heartily in favor of trained and paid teachers for Sunday School work, where they can be had. I heartily wish that the Christian people of this country would demand a relaxation of the monopoly which the public school system exercises now over our children, in body and mind, five days out of the seven, in order that our church schools might, during certain hours of certain days, prepare our children for the things of eternity, as thoroughly as they are now prepared by the secular schools for the things of earth.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF PAID TEACHERS

REV. JAMES K. EWER, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE work of teaching in our Sunday Schools is not as thorough as it might be. Many reasons may be assigned for this superficiality. Some who now teach, are busy about other things; hence we have irregularity in attendance, with a lesson hastily prepared. I know a church where many of its best members are teachers in the public schools. These members could do good work, if they could be persuaded to come into the Sunday School. A little money, well placed, would secure them as good, reliable, permanent teachers. We pay for the best talent we can get to lead our choirs; to fill our pulpits; to play our church organs; why should we not pay for the best to teach our young people the principles of the Christian religion. Money is plenty in America; a revival of benevolence would make it plenty in the Christian Churches. We could accomplish no better thing than to reinforce our Sunday Schools with the very best methods, the very best teachers.

I know of some teachers who have done very good work as paid laborers. Let us multiply our offerings and enlarge our efficiency, by multiplying the force of paid workers in the Christian Church.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for April 7. Luke 24: 1-12

A TOMB IN A GARDEN

...BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: "Now is Christ risen from the dead." I. Cor. 15: 20

"JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

PAUL pictures a life of Christ in the soul, in which his birth and death and resurrection are repeated spiritually. No other "life of Christ" can help a teacher so much as that. "Crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live"—that is Easter in full flower. Let us consider:

1. The springtime resurrection of nature. 2. The resurrection of Christ. 3. Our own resurrection. 4. The resurrection of character.

Christ's tomb was in a garden, where nature's cycle, from life to death, and from death to life, was constantly proclaiming that death does not end all. The supernatural is only the natural intensified. Unlike the fabulous miracles of impostors, Bible miracles move along the usual lines of nature, only faster and more grandly. Christ, buried in a garden, rose amid hundreds of lesser, but similar resurrections. No wonder the lily is the favorite resurrection flower, rising as it does in purity and beauty out of the ugly buried bulb! No wonder the butterfly is the animal world's delegate at the resurrection celebration, for out of the tomb of a worm comes this winged beauty! And the Easter egg, used frivolously by those incapable of reverence, is a quaint medieval picture of the tomb, out of which life breaks its way into the day. These natural resurrections whispered no prophecy to the women who came "very early" on that first Easter morn into Joseph's garden, where Jesus had been laid in a new tomb. Nature is "Volume Two" in God's revelation, and has little meaning to those who have not previously read "Volume One," the Bible. But when we have heard immortality proclaimed out of the sure Word, we see that nature's analogies confirm the promise of renewed life after death. To the Bible's word, "The Lord is risen," the flowers of spring, like a responsive chorus, answer, "The Lord is risen indeed."

. . .

The Resurrection of Christ

Earlier than the rising of the women, described in the opening verse of our lesson, Christ had risen from the tomb, in spite of the seal and guard with which the Romans, at the prompting of the chief priests, had sought to prevent the fulfillment of his promise, that he would rise the third day.

"Uriel, thou art honest, during this night of gloom
Watch the sepulchre closely, lest some one rifle the tomb.
Watch, lest this Man's disciples steal His body away,
Falsely proclaiming His godship and that He has risen to-day."

"Trust me," Uriel answered. "I closed not an eye last night.
Faithfully, with my comrades, I watch till the dawn of light."
Happily then they left him, secure of his power and deeds,
Hater of Roman and Christian, bred in the Jewish creeds.

Guarding the sepulchre holy throughout that awesome night.
Faintly along the horizon he saw the dawning light;
Mockingly then he halted before the seal and stone,
"Morning is here, O Master, come forth and solace Thine own."

"Hasten, O Son of Mary; 'tis Thy resurrection day;
Shatter death's icy fetters and roll the stone away!
Surely, the Christ doth loiter, appear, for I long to see
Prophet, Messiah and Teacher, revealed to the world in Thee."

Laughing in scornful derision, he turned from the tomb away;
Lo! A splendor refulgent, bright as the fullness of day,
Dazzled, startled, bewildered, he stared at the flaming skies:
Prophet, Messiah and Teacher gazed in his wondering eyes.

Gazed with a love immortal, reproachful, tender and true;
Gazed with those eyes all-seeing that read men through and through.
Prone on his face fell the keeper, perceiving the truth divine;
Blinded, yet feeling the glory that flooded his being like wine.

. . . . . .

Harshly the priests contemned him. "A falsehood base ye tell!
Came His disciples and stole Him? Confess! for ye know it well."
Uriel answered slowly, "I tell you, by Aaron's rod,
He, whom ye cruelly murdered, I know is the Son of God!

"Neither slept I nor wandered; what I have seen I know:
That was the God of heaven come down unto men below.
Crucified by your orders, reviled in your every breath,
Christ this morning hath risen, and love hath conquered death!"

Harrisburg, Pa. MRS. MABEL C. JONES.

The plans of the Roman Government, which was supposed to rule the world, were thwarted by a mightier will. And so it has been in many a crucifixion of truth.

To war the armored nations march,
With echoing tread and thud of drums;
But under heaven's triumphal arch
A king unseen in conquest comes.
And righteous law at last shall prove
To him was every battle won;
Creation's battle brought forth love,
One will is destined to be done.

They came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices. They came to embalm a dead Christ, but found a living one. Why did they not remember, as did the angels, and even his enemies, that he had said he would rise the third day? But do we not also easily forget and only half comprehend spiritual things? And do not some of us seek the dead "historic Christ" rather than the living Christ of to-day? When we think of Christ, do we not think of him as buried in Palestine, or at best as far off in heaven, as Mary thought of his body that Easter morning as in the tomb, and his soul in heaven. But presently she discovered he was at her side, a living, loving friend.

Christ Living at Our Side

By the ravages of fever a little girl was suddenly deprived of both parents and her only brother. "Poor Mamie is left all alone," sadly sighed the old nurse as the child lay sobbing on her lap on the day of the funeral. "There's no one to be sorry when Mamie cries now." The little girl raised her head. "Yes, there is," she said very earnestly, "Jesus is sorry. I'm not all alone; he isn't dead, and I know he's sorry for me!" And so this Easter we come not with spices for embalming a dead Christ, but with spices for joyous feasting with a living Saviour.

. . .

Their words seemed to them as idle tales. The apostles naively confess their "bad memories," not one of them having remembered he had often said he would rise the third day, and even when they were told he had risen, his words were not recalled, but they counted the story as idle tales, like those who later laughed the apostles to scorn when they talked of the resurrection. But in all this providentially an answer was prepared to those who say the apostles believed Christ rose because they expected he would. The apostles' rejection of the stories of the resurrection at first as "idle tales" calls to mind the experience of Rev. Dr. S. H. Virgin, of Harlem, in his first telling of the story to his Chinese Sunday School. Its pupils had been for a year under instruction, interested mainly in learning English. When Easter came it was thought to be a good time to tell them of Christ's resurrection, but first of their own sin, to show their need of a Saviour. Sin was explained as well as possible, and the preacher said, "I sin." They nodded assent, "You sin." They vigorously dissented. After some effort at conviction he told of the life and death of Christ, and then how on the third day he rose from the dead, at which they burst into loud laughter, as if they had heard some jest. To us who first heard the story in childhood's age of faith amid the resurrections of springtime, it seems the most natural thing in the world that one who had lived such a life as Christ's should live again on earth as well as in heaven. That he should not do so would be the stranger thing.

The spiritual body, as interpreted by Ulrici and Dr. Joseph Cook, is a non-atomic ether that enswathes the soul in which memories are preserved and which makes nothing of passing through ordinary matter. Such a spiritual body is in harmony with the latest researches of science, and also with the inspired doctrine of the resurrection. This gives new force to the old poem:

There shine through all our earthly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

. . .

Then arose Peter and ran unto the sepulchre. John's Gospel tells us John and Peter ran together, and that John "outran Peter," but that Peter was first to enter the tomb, showing penitence more zealous than unfallen love. To the weak and erring and fallen, as to Peter, the resurrection story of a living Christ is great news. In his empty tomb the penitent find hope, and in the living Christ help for a new start. It is not alone or chiefly the dying to whom the resurrection brings cheer. It is harder to live right than to die well. The living Christ is the hope of the child entering into life, as well as of the aged passing out of it.

Racing to Christ

He guards the gates. We need not dread
The path these little feet must tread,
Nor fear for him who from our sight
Passed through them to the realms of light.
Both in his loving care we rest—
God knoweth best.

MARY WHEATON LYON.

. . .

In the 15th chapter of I. Corinthians, Christ's resurrection is made the pledge of ours, and both the ground of exultant triumph over the fear of death. "O death, where is thy victory?" The Doukhobors or "Spirit-wrestlers" learn from that chapter to say, not that one has "died," but, instead, "Our brother has changed." The Moravians set that chapter to music on Easter morning, when the whole community, men, women and children, gather before sunrise in the graveyard, "God's acre," and, standing, each beside some friend's grave, when the first beam of the sun touches the earth, break forth in triumphant hymns to the risen Christ.

Our Own Resurrection

One sweet, sad voice ennobles death,
And still for nineteen centuries saith,
Softly, "ye meet again."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

God said to Israel, "I will give her the Valley of Achor for a door of hope, and through that valley where Israel had met defeat through Achan's sin, that valley, whose story lives in the word ache, they entered the Land of Promise. So, through death we enter the real "land of the living," this being the land of the dying. Even for the bereaved who remain, the valley of the shadow of death often leads to truer life in this world, as well as beyond.

Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead he died to gain;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise;
Yes, even now they ripen
In sunny paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields forever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light!

When Daniel Webster had made his great speech in reply to Hayne, and a Senator had said, "Mr. Webster, I think you had better die now and rest your fame on that speech," Hayne replied, "A man that can make such speeches ought never to die." God's plan is that even the lowliest of us shall never die. Victor Hugo wrote: "When I go down to the grave I can say, 'I have finished my day's work,' but not, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight, to open with the dawn."

. . .

Resurrections in Character

The Bible doctrine of the resurrection culminates, not in heavenly body, glorified like Christ's, but in a heavenly character developed here and now by spiritual resurrection. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." A life of selfishness is a living death. Out of such a tomb Christ raises us into a life like his, that loves what he loves and hates what he hates.

To change life's cloth, not trim it for display,
Christ gave his charter.
All men can be religious when they pray,
But few at barter;
Better be self-denying every day
Than once a martyr.

As the nautilus makes his shell larger and more beautiful year after year, so will our life be evermore enlarged and ennobled if the spirit of Christ dwell in us.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

. . .

An Easter Story

A woman in deepest mourning entered a cemetery on Easter afternoon, saying as she sat down by a grave, "There are no angels—no one to roll away the stone." At length, going from the grave, she passed a child, who had never known a mother and whose father had recently died. As she drew near, the boy looked up and said, "Is your name Mary? Are you the lady that talked with the angels when the stone was rolled away? I am looking for Jesus." "He is not here, he is risen," said the lady. "I know," said the boy, "but I've been waiting here all day for him to come and rise my papa up. He's sure to come for this 'cause it's the Rising Day. "How will you know him, dear child?" "By his smile and the Transfiguration picture papa showed me in his study. But I'll know him bestest in here (placing his hand on his heart) by the love." "Will you know your papa? Are you sure?" "My papa! My own papa! I shall know him by the love." "Philip, the angel sent me to tell you that Jesus had gone into heaven, and to take you to your papa. Come." She brought the child to her own childless home from which the child that had been its light had been taken to the grave, where she had wept that afternoon. While the boy waited and watched, the mother hastened to her husband in another room and told him the beautiful story, bade him rise to the glorious test, "I shall know him by the love," and be to this child God had sent them to fill the vacant chair like a risen father. "Come, Philip, we will go to him." The door opened upon a winning noble-faced man, smiling with outstretched arms upon the boy. The child hesitated, then leaped into his open arms. "You don't look like my papa quite, 'cause you are changed, but I know you by the love."

. . .

The Children's Crusade.—The famous crusades were efforts to recapture the tomb of Christ from the Mohammedans. One of these great armies was made up of children. They did not recapture the tomb of Christ, but the children of to-day can, if they will, do something greater than that.

The gifts and prayers of the children
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus
And make it a Holy Land.

MRS. M. E. PRESTON.

China's Famine Spreads

Our American consuls in China report, that the suffering in many of the provinces where last season's crops failed has been greatly intensified by the events of the Boxer rebellion. Since the suppression of the rebels a great part of the country has been practically deserted, and the people, neglecting their farms, have become destitute in large numbers. The fund opened for the relief of the distressed native Christians has already been the means of doing much good. The following contributions to the fund have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

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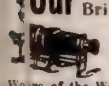

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Lessons of the Resurrection

In Rising Again, Christ Proved His Mission and His Power

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IN his birth, his life, his death and burial, and, equally, in his resurrection, Jesus fulfilled the Scripture, and so glorified and justified his Father. In his resurrection and ascension he also completed his work for man. "He was raised for our justification" (Romans 4: 25). What Scripture did he fulfil by his resurrection? The evangelist Luke, in Acts 2: 24, tells us that God raised him up, "having loosed the pangs of death; because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." Only where sin is can death hold sway. By death—the death of the Innocent—he destroyed him that hath the power of death, even the devil (Heb. 2: 14). And the evangelist goes on to say: "What saith David concerning him?" If there were no other Scripture fulfilled in Christ's resurrection this one is conclusive, quoted in Acts 2: 24, R. V., from Ps. 16: 8-10. Christ also fulfilled his own words, so often spoken, and never understood by his disciples.

On the first day of the week—two days after his crucifixion—"at early dawn [the women] came unto the tomb, bringing the spices which they had prepared. And they found the stone rolled away from the tomb. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus (Luke 24: 1). They came expecting to find what had been—a dead, pierced body. They were all in past experiences, and not living in the light of what he had foretold. How many partially converted people are like this, groping in the dark to recover past experiences, instead of following the teaching of the Word of God; "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before" (Phil. 3: 13). It needed light from heaven to show them their mistake, and surely the two glorified men who stood by them in dazzling apparel were God-sent messengers. "Why seek ye him that liveth among the dead?" they said. "He is not here, but is risen." How patient is our God! How dull are we and "slow of heart to believe!" (Luke 24: 25). How often a scripture which we have learned by rote has lain dormant in our minds and never spoken to us in living power! And yet how God waits, until, through humbling experiences, we are prepared to receive the Word, and then only it becomes spirit and life to us (John 6: 63).

Now these visitants to the tomb remained no more among the dead; they took their joyous message of resurrection "to the eleven, and to all the rest." They were but women; but it was a woman who anointed the great Sin-offering, and women were the first to understand the resurrection.

It was the awful suffering of the burden of our sins which cost the agony in Gethsemane and the temporary fear that he might die without accomplishing his ministry. Oh, how his sufferings are belittled when only a sentimental sympathy for his poverty, his hunger in the desert, etc., etc., is stirred up in hearts which do not mourn for, and renounce the sins for which he died, and who by their impenitence and unbelief grieve him while they think they love him!

The resurrection of Christ is not only the guarantee of our resurrection, if we are not first taken away without dying to be with him; it is also the proof of our salvation, and the power to live a new life. "If Christ hath not been raised your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." But Christ is risen, and we are risen with him, "by faith of the operation of God, who raised him from the dead." As our faith, our hope, the springs of our life are all in a risen Saviour, we learn to live as those whose citizenship is in heaven, from whence we look for a Saviour who, while now he is making us heavenly in heart and mind, will come again to fashion anew our bodies that they, too, may take their place with our risen Lord in heaven.

When the women returned to Jerusalem and told the apostles of the empty tomb, and the message of the two men in shining garments, "these words appeared in their sight as idle talk; and they disbelieved them." How ready is human nature to put aside, and pooh-pooh everything which is beyond the range of its limited experience! There is, of course, a great difference between superstitious credulity and living faith; but an honest mind searches into a matter, and does not lightly set aside what it cannot at once understand. Was their story consistent with the Scriptures? Was it consistent with what the Christ had led them to expect? It was both. And these are infallible tests to an unprejudiced and teachable mind. But let us not be surprised if in our study of the Scriptures, we may find some old theological ideas are not true to Scripture, and if, when we venture to compare scripture with scripture, some very true men of God may not see the connection which is quite clear to us. Let us wait in humility and patience, not disputing with man, who may misunderstand us, but trusting God.

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THE GOSPEL CAMPAIGN GOES ON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282

A. E. MAIN REV. JOHN MC MURRAY REV. C. E. HERRING

A letter from Rock Island, Ill., says: "We ask the prayers of God's people everywhere for a general outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this vicinity. Revival meetings are being conducted in the Central M. E. Church here. The meetings commenced February 24. If ever God's people prayed in earnest, I hope that they will do it now for the services that are at present being conducted here."

At McCracken, Kan., the United Brethren have begun evangelistic meetings, and a good deal of interest is manifested. Prayers are asked.

Rome, Ind., has also been visited by a great manifestation of the Holy Spirit's power in convicting and converting souls.

At Unionville, Mich., special meetings have been held by pastors and evangelists, and there are indications that some are very near the kingdom. Prayers are desired.

Olpe, Kan., has just closed a series of revival meetings in the Friends' Church which lasted two and a half weeks. Four persons professed conversion, three were renewed and many are under deep conviction. Prayers are requested.

A reader in Marion, Ill., writes: "The time of great revival has come to our church, the Methodist Episcopal. The pastor, Rev. J. H. Ford, and Rev. Mr. Sabine, of Murfreesboro, Ill., have, together with the church, gathered in seventy souls to the Lord's kingdom. We ask the dear HERALD readers to pray for us.

A letter from Fox Lake, Ill., says: "Thank God you are praying the revival down. Won't you pray for a revival where there seems no chance for one? Our meetings, began last August, have stopped. Let those who are eager to help by their prayers (for financial help is not needed), pray for us, that the Holy Spirit may descend on this community and cleanse us from evil, especially the liquor curse, and plant his kingdom here."

Turton, S. D., is praying for a revival.

The evangelistic movement has crossed the Pacific Ocean, and is now under way in the Japanese Empire. In a letter received by W. D. Murray, Esq., of Plainfield, N. J., from Mr. Galen Fisher, the writer tells of the formation of students' evangelistic bands to conduct work for students.

In the Kirkwood Avenue Christian Church, Bloomington, Ind., a revival has begun with Brother Cobb as preacher. Prayers are requested.

At Guy, Tex., good true-hearted Christians greatly desire a revival, and are praying for it, hoping for it, and looking for it. They ask Christ's followers to pray for this coast country, and especially for the members of the church at Guy.

Corwin, Mich., is holding meetings and praying for a revival.

Elgin, Neb., is pleading for an awakening.

The citizens of Thompson's Falls, Mont., are earnestly praying for a revival.

Brooklyn, Ct., is pleading for a revival.

The First English Moravian Church of West Salem, Ill., is experiencing a revival and souls have been born into the Kingdom.

Prayers are ascending for revivals at Greenfield, N. H., Waxahachie, Tex., Frankton, Ind., Pageville, Pa., Ivarea, Pa.

A series of evangelistic services has just closed in the Christian (Disciples of Christ) Church at Dayton, O. Over five hundred entered upon actual membership since Jan. 1. The evangelist, Allen Wilson, has received many hundreds into the church.

A widespread and fruitful revival is in progress in the Methodist churches of Chicago. Many conversions and a large number of accessions are reported.

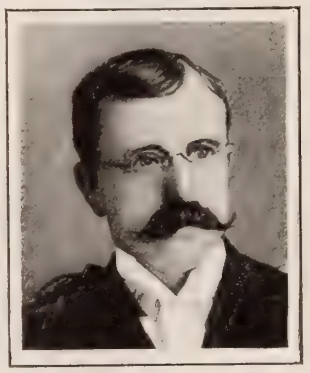
During two weeks' revival meetings at the Nebraska Wesleyan University, nearly 200 seekers came forward to the altar and many conversions are reported.

Evangelistic work, resulting in souls saved, is reported from Greenville Circuit, Tenn., Muscatine, Ia., Stilson, Ia., Moravia, Ia., Russell, Kan., Oakland, Okla., Pleasant City, O., Manorville, Pa. and also in a number of other places.

The Y. M. C. A., McKinney, Tex., is about to begin a Union Protracted Meeting here, several pastors uniting. Prayers are requested that a time of great spiritual awakening in that city may follow.

Souls Saved in a Michigan Revival

A series of revival meetings have been concluded at Honor, Mich. This is a lumbering town of some six or seven hundred souls. The meetings were begun Sunday, February 17th, and the attendance from that evening began to increase, until every seat in the church was crowded, even the chairs in the aisles, and numbers could not obtain standing room. The Rev. John Erskine, the evangelist, made strong appeals to the careless, indifferent church members, who soon caught the spirit of the meetings and began to urge their fellows to follow and surrender everything to Jesus Christ. Hardly a night passed without some one taking a decided stand for the Master. The evangelist preached a special sermon on "Dancing." Some of the congregation who were accustomed to attend them were angry, and said they would never come again, but the conviction was so strong that they came, and kept coming until they decided to give up anything and everything and follow Jesus Christ.



REV G. W GARDNER

The town has two churches, an M. E. Church and a Congregational. The pastors, Rev. J. Maltman and Rev. E. J. Burgess, assisted in the meetings, and gave great aid in the after meetings. Stores and saloons promised to close every evening at eight o'clock, thus allowing their assistants to come to the meetings. Some persons came fourteen miles, and went home rejoicing in salvation. Mr. Hugh Ewart, of the Moody School, Chicago, had charge of the music, and rendered some very effective and touching solos. Every afternoon, except Monday and Saturday, a Bible reading was given from four till five o'clock, which was well attended. Many testified to having received definite blessing at these meetings. When the revival closed thirty-six had confessed Jesus Christ. The evangelist had a meeting specially for the young converts, and gave them advice how to maintain a Christian life. Similar meetings were held at Hudsonville, Mich., Elburn, Ill., and one is now in progress at Lake Ann, Mich.

* * *

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IN DEATH UNDIVIDED

ALMOST striking and beautiful, if sad event occurred in New York City, on the evening of March 12th, when, in venerable Bedford Street Church—one of the oldest Methodist churches in New York—the double funeral was held of two of its oldest members—William Gibson, aged eighty-one, and George E. Coddington, aged eighty-two.

MR. GEO. E. CODDINGTON MR. WILLIAM GIBSON

They had been intimate friends for perhaps half a century. Both had been identified with Bedford Street Church for more than fifty years. Side by side they had gone in and out of this time-honored sanctuary, contributing their money, influence and personal service to its support. Mr. Coddington was President of the Board of Trustees, and William Gibson was Secretary, both having held these positions for a long period. As class leaders both had led many souls to the Cross; neither ever allowed any engagement to interfere with this weekly meeting, and the Tuesday night before his death found William Gibson at his class. In the Wednesday night prayer-meeting (the day before he was seized with his own fatal illness), he prayed for his friend's recovery.

On the Communion Sunday, before the departure for the better world, both were at the table of the Lord. Only four hours divided them in death. Mr. Gibson passing away shortly before midnight Saturday, Mr. Coddington before daylight Sunday. Covered with flowers, the caskets of these two aged servants of Christ were placed side by side in the old church they had loved so well, and in the presence of an audience that crowded the building to its utmost capacity, the last words were said above them both. Former pastors assisted Rev. Dr. Jones, the present pastor, in conducting the funeral services, the outline of the lives of the two friends being given by one who had known them long and intimately, Rev. Dr. John Reed, of Washington Square M. E. Church.

The friendship of these two men—like that of David and Jonathan—and their loyalty to their old church were beautiful. During the half century which the record of their lives covers, New York has undergone many changes. Churches and homes have been moving up-town out of the way of business bustle and turmoil; and the tendency has been to transfer membership to sanctuaries in less crowded sections; but all these years, these men have remained faithful to their early Sabbath home. They were accustomed to walk to the House of God in company; and regularly, at all Sabbath and week-day services they were in their places unless illness prevented. Both were strict observers of the Sabbath. Neither would use any un-Christian methods in business, however great the gain that might be offered. God prospered both, and both were glad to render back to the Lord abundantly of the means with which he had blessed them. They were exceedingly liberal to their church, and in any financial need she could always depend upon them.

Some fifty years ago each raised a family altar in his home and never abandoned the sweet old custom of morning and evening prayers. Mr. Coddington leaves a wife and children. Mr. Gibson never married, but he made a home for his sisters. He was born in Ireland, and had a godly father and mother, who early taught him the way of salvation.

After coming to America, he was employed in a drug store, and remained there about a week, when he was summarily dismissed because he refused to do something which he considered a desecration of the Sabbath. He became a clerk in a lumber yard, mastered the business, and on the death of his employer purchased it, the necessary funds being lent him without security by those to whom the integrity and courage of the young man had strongly appealed. In two years he had lifted the entire obligation, and up to the time of his death was profitably conducting this industry. Every dollar he made he considered the Lord's money, and, after supplying the needs of his family, he gave without stint to the cause of Christ.

His hospitable home was particularly open to ministers of Christ. Printed messengers of the Gospel found favor there, too, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been its weekly guest, warmly welcomed, for many years. He loved little children, loved the Scotch and the Irish brogue, was fond of music, and as he went about his work would sing and hum and whistle the old melody, "My Ain Countrie." He died in great peace, whispering: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

A lady watching by Mr. Coddington in his last hours asked: "Will you have a glass of water?" He answered: "Yes—living water." These were his last words.

In testimony, at his last prayer meeting, Mr. Coddington said: "Fifty-one years ago this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles." Every one was ready to trust him. He was once an officer of the city—Alderman of the Ninth Ward. His occupation was that of a builder, and some of the most notable structures in New York were erected under his supervision. Like his friend, whose business was also related to the construction of houses, he was familiar with St. Paul's dictum: "Every house is builded by some man, but he that built all things is God;" and each had great confidence in the Divine assurance: "If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

For the information in this article, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indebted to old and intimate friends of both of these gentlemen, and chiefly to Dr. Reed, Mr. Nicholas Onderdonk, Mr. R. W. Courtney, and Mrs. Mary B. Cookman, a part of this memorial being written by her.

* * *

They'd walked together paths of righteousness,
And whom they passed their hands outstretched to bless—
These aged pilgrims for the Land of Light
It was life's even when the sky grew bright.

With all the glory of the open door
Through which Heaven's perfect radiance did outpour,
And side by side to pass within seemed meet,
For they had ever found God's worship sweet.

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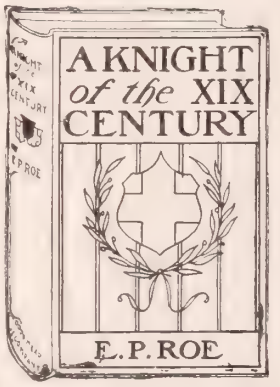

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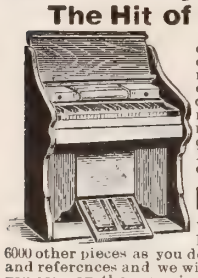

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A LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST

BY JOSEPHINE TREAT VAN VORST

A PEASANT in the Black Forest, coming from his day's toil, bore upon his shoulders a bundle of faggots. The bundle was heavy, the way long, the limbs weary. Over the rough path, the toil-bent father often stumbled. Thoughts of the little ones at home kept him onward, but every false step shook his bundle, losing him a faggot or two. The shadows lengthened, darkness increased, there was no time to retrace his steps to recover his treasures. At last his shoulders held only the cross-sticks. Falling upon his knees he cried, "Jesu, Jesu! My burden! My burden!"

Now, the good Jesu, who is ever nearer the peasant than the lord, heard him. The troubled heaving of the peasant's breast burst asunder the strong fastenings so the hold-sticks fell to the ground; in despair the peasant looked down upon them and he saw that they formed a perfect cross on the deepening snow. As he gazed a drowsiness seized him; his knees gave way, and he sank with extended arms upon the skeleton of his burden, as languor swept his senses. Now came the Jesu into his dreams, saying: "I have released thee of thy cross that thou mightest rest on mine; I have taken thy burden that thou mightest take mine; thou shalt find it light." And the peasant awoke, wondering at the strange answer to his prayer.

Star after star had come out in the cold, blue sky, and shot their light through the crisp air like arrows. To the peasant they seemed like golden faggots thrown down by the good Jesu. He rubbed his eyes, and wept like a disappointed child.

Suddenly through the forest echoed the cry of a wounded creature. As it came nearer, he stepped aside, feeling that he was in its path. A fawn bounded over the snow toward him, and fell at his feet. The peasant hastened to its side—what a treasure was here! The skin alone would buy the winter covering for his family, the meat supply their store for many days, and it was his! Without doubt it was the burden meant by Jesu in his dream. He tied the slender legs together with the thongs he no longer needed for his faggots, and slipping the cross sticks through the loops he swung the treasure lightly upon his shoulders. An involuntary "Hello, ho!" the huntsman's home yodel, burst from his happy heart; but the shout awoke his reason and cruelly dispelled his joy. Who had given him the game of the forest? Was not the penalty of the poacher death? Who should make the keeper, whose lodge he must pass, believe the fawn to be a miraculous exchange for a bundle of faggots? If he but had his faggots now he might conceal the game beneath them! Cruel seemed the consciousness that defrauded him; cruel the wind that tweaked his ears and whistled in them, "Poacher, poacher!"; cruel the straight-pointing fingers of light from the windows of the castle on the edge of the forest. The smoke from the chimney of the keeper's lodge was now in sight. There, a hearth-stone laid in red warmth, not ash strewn and gray, and about it the merry children, their rounded cheeks lit up with crimson glow; not pale pinched faces peering into the frosty air, impatient for tardy father and needed faggots.

The peasant was about to run past the keeper's lodge with his forbidden treasure, to secure it in his home, then return to give himself up to the law. His foot slipped; as he fell, for the first time he realized the weight of the dead creature upon his shoulders. Then he cried out bitterly: "O Jesu, do'st thou too mock me? Did'st not thou tell me thy burden was light?" The jar of his sudden fall sent a shower of snow like wreaths of lilies about him. A startled bird gave one wild note of surprise, then twittered a low sweet lullaby and folded her wing over her drowsy head. The lullaby sunk deep down into the poor crushed heart of the peasant. The eyes of the dead fawn looked steadily into his own, and he read their message. With startled conviction, he flung the creature from him. All his covetousness and distrust fled. He lifted the beast, and lo! it was again a light burden. Going quickly to the door of the lodge, he knocked loudly and cried, "I have a gift from Jesu for the master." The keeper heard the words, and opening to the peasant, exclaimed. "Hast thou news of my young lord? The hunters have returned but he is missing, the young lord, my master's son?"

"Nay, Nay," said the peasant, "but I bear the proof of his sure aim. If this fawn be his, we may find the master by following the blood stains."

The gamekeeper was examining the shot-wounds in the animal. Rising from his knees, he said: "It is his game. Can you lead me over the path you have come by, peasant? A great reward awaits the finder of the heir." No thought of his own wee things at home entered the peasant's mind; he would save the master's son from death in the snow-bound forest! In company with the muffled and hooded keeper, the brave peasant went out, his brawny arms bared to the shoulder, and his great beard enwrapping neck and face. The struggles of the wounded fawn had made a wide furrow in the snow easy to trace, but there came a break in the trail, and at last it was buried altogether. After fruitless hours the men separated, the keeper to his savory pottage, the peasant to his fireless, supperless home. But his weariness had fled, and a new life possessed him. He could now have bent down the staunchest branches, and carried home a brave bundle of faggots, had not this too been forbidden.

. . .

Perchance he might find on his homeward way the master's son. He now only thought of the miracle of strength that had been given him, and he felt that it was that he might bear the burden of Jesu—that presently it would be to carry the master's son to the castle's threshold. A wail of "Father! father!" for a moment smote his ear; then came a great silence. Falling upon his knees he cried, "Jesu, now I know; thou hast my burden and I have thine. Lead where thou wilt, with thy strength I can follow."

The morning star shone brightly, and he knew the night was gone. He had spent it in making a circuit not sixty rods beyond his own home. A dim light streamed through the windows, the unlatched door swung easily inward, where all was hushed in slumber. On a long bench a slender form was stretched, and beside it knelt the peasant's wife. Upon her bosom lay a head crowned with the golden glory of fair hair; the master's son slept there! The closed lids and slightly parted lips told of the sleep of safety, the answer to the prayer and the labor of the patient woman skilled by suffering in the art of winning life back from death by cold and want, "Oh, Jesu has been here! I knew it well!" exclaimed the father, thrilled with wild joy, "Our burdens are indeed exchanged. Mine, the sin of the poacher, he took, and gave me his, the salvation of the master! Can it be my master's son safe in my humble cottage? Mother, tell me all."

A low cry came from the wife, who through the night had mourned her husband as lost through some wild beast or by the tempest. "Come near," she said. "I cannot leave him until this sleep is passed." And then she told him how, weary of waiting for his return, she had gone into the forest to gather faggots for the fire for the evening meal; how the snow had swirled and blinded her and covered every stick; how she had sent the children supperless to bed, and then remained to watch and pray, often going out to look for the coming feet she could not hear. Once she saw an object stand upright a little away from where the cross-roads met; then it wavered like a wraith and fell. "It likes be the soul of my Max," she said, and running towards it, she found this youth. She rubbed his face and hands with snow; lifted him on her strong arm, made firm by toil, and heavily leaning he gained the cottage. When life came back and he could stand alone, the good wife said, "The porridge I had kept for thee, dear Max, I heated o'er the lamp; thou'll surely say no blame. It saved thy master's son. Now he sleeps; when he wakes he'll sicken and then I know not. But where be the faggots, man? We must have fire now, before it would have been death, but now 'tis all we can of life for him." "I have no faggots, wife," said the peasant. Taking up the youth from the bench he laid him in her arms, and breaking the bench, kindled it into flame. This done, exhausted, he fell before the fire and slept an hour. When he awoke refreshed, the sun was looking over the hill, brimful of promise to all within that humble home.

The breezes shook a myriad of silver disks upon Max as if decorating a hero, while, with the heir upon his shoulders, he issued forth. He carried him to his father's house and laid him on his mother's knee. And all the years that came and went after that glad day found at the castle gate a porter who would say: "Take off thy shoes from thy feet for here hath Jesu trod, and brought back the heir from death to life."

From that day, the castle was devoted by its lord to holy service, and became the home for every wanderer who had lost his way or had nowhere to lay his head. The only recompense Max would take, was that his place through life should be at the castle gate, and that after him a son should hold the post while one remained, but now for many years the seat is vacant. On the gate of stone, and underneath the lilies carved upon its edge, there reads:

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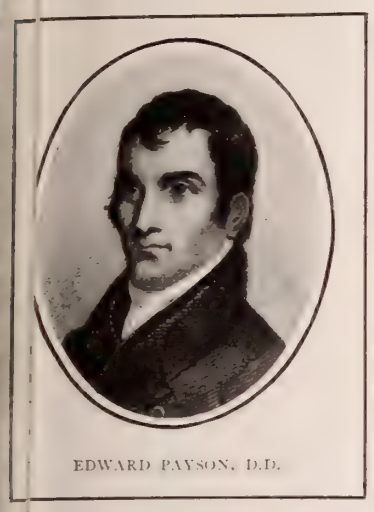
Payson's Praying Closet

The Historic Chamber in which the Great Pastor Poured Out His Soul in Spiritual Struggle

BY REV. A. L. GOLDER

THE old parsonage where Rev. Edward Payson, D.D., passed much of his boyhood, and where he fasted and prayed in preparation for his ministry, is still standing in the little hill town of Rindge, New Hampshire. The house was built about 1790 (the exact date being uncertain), by Rev. Seth Payson, D.D., the father of Edward. It was located on his "farm,"



EDWARD PAYSON, D.D.

which constituted a part of his support, and is still a fine old two-story mansion. Being situated on the top of Rindge Hill, at the edge of the village, it commands an extensive view of Monadnock on the north and the whole range of low mountain across the entire valley, with here and there a pond sparkling in its woodland setting. Dr. Payson's pastorate at Rindge extended from 1781 to 1820, and at his death he left his house to the town for a parsonage.

Edward Payson was born July 25, 1783, and so was about seven years of age when this parsonage was built. He was a most precious child, weeping under the influence of preaching, and frequently calling his mother to his bedside to converse on religion when only three years old, and beg a "good reader" at the age of four. He had early read all of the books which were accessible, and having a most remarkable memory, had mastered their contents. The chief desire of his devoted parents was his conversion, and for this his college education was delayed until he was seventeen. At that age, although not united according to orthodox views, he was permitted to enter the sophomore class at Harvard.

After leaving college he began earnestly to cultivate a holy life. His choice had been the law, but in 1804 the affliction of losing a brother led him to confine himself in his room for three days, and to change his life purpose. He had already begun that life of fasting and prayer which distinguished him later above all other saints in America, and he became clearly convinced that God had accepted him.

At the close of his work as teacher he returned, in August, 1806, to his home in Rindge, where for a whole year he repeated Paul's experience in Arabia and Christ's in the wilderness, in a profound spiritual preparation for the sacred work of the ministry. Such study of every verse of the Bible upon his knees, such lashing of himself for real or imaginary sins, such days of fasting and long waitings on God for his blessing, the world has seldom witnessed in any of its saints. What wonder that these incessant devotions broke down his feeble health, and oftentimes plunged him into the depth of melancholy, where he imagined himself the vilest of sinners without hope in the world! What wonder also that they gave him such exalted visions of God, and led to an utter surrender of will. His diary and letters are filled with the light and shadow of an impulsive nature, strenuously seeking God.

The chamber used by Edward Payson during his seasons of fasting and prayer was the large, square room with two windows facing the south and two the west. Looking toward the south as he sat at his desk he could see the village spread out at his feet, and the church spire continually reminding him of his chosen work. It would be interesting to have a view of this room as it looked in 1806, and the accompanying photograph has restored it as much as possible. We can imagine the high-posted canopy bed, antique stand with writing materials, Bible, and a few other books on theology, and a chair or two of the straight-backed order. Into this room Mr. Payson used to lock himself for a day or two at a time, and his mother or sister would stand without, vainly imploring him to partake of food.

Another room of interest in this parsonage is the east entry, a small passageway opening into dining-room on one side and parlor on the other. This was used by Edward Payson's mother for her devotions, and here she spent some time in prayer before each meal. At the close of the year's preparation, which was more or less the habit of his whole life, Edward Payson was licensed to preach, and gave his first four sermons at Marlboro, N. H. Following this came the twenty years of his ministry in Portland, ending with his death October 21, 1827. So remarkable was his career as pulpit orator, writer and saint, that his name has become a household word in this country.

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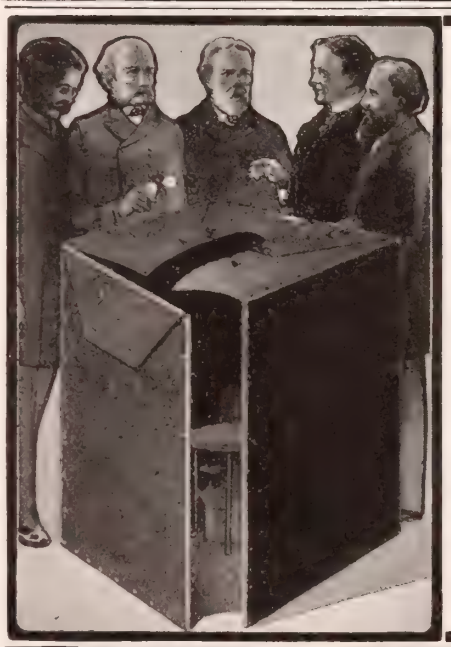

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She says, "In the morning I would be so weak I could hardly move. I was kept on the simplest foods, principally liquids. After some months I seemed to get a little better, then I got worse, so that I finally was brought to the point of death from non-assimilation of food."

At this time a lady recommended Grape-Nuts Food. She says "Little did I think what a help it was to become to me. I became greatly interested when I read the description on the box, that the food was predigested and in the shape of grape-sugar.

I had been uuable to digest anything starchy at all, but I began on Grape-Nuts and it was so grateful to the taste, and soothed my stomach so well that I have been using it ever since, and have never grown tired of it.

My stomach trouble is entirely gone. I am much stronger now and can ride a bicycle and take long walks, and have gained very considerably in weight, all of which I owe to Grape-Nuts Food."

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By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY — WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" — ...BY... **GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON**

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"I DO not wonder," Margaret mused, "that the child feels depressed in this house; had I not received that sweet welcome from her I believe that I should have turned and fled down the front steps, for a more cheerless abode, I am sure, I have never stepped foot in. How glad I shall be to bring about a wholesome change." And letting her thoughts ramble on in this way, she had soon changed the dusty traveling suit for a pretty black silk skirt, with dainty quillings, and a waist of pale gray corded silk, with a creamy lace collar, and fastening a big, black satin bow just above the heavy coils of hair, gave a hasty glance in the mirror, and said: "For her sake I could wish for a little more color in my toilet, but for dear papa's I cannot just yet," and stepping lightly into the hall, started down stairs. At the landing, she caught sight of an eager pair of eyes watching for her.

"Ah! there you are, waiting for me; how good of you," and, joining Marjorie, she slipped her arm about her waist, and walked with her into the sitting room, where the doctor awaited them.

Marjorie was singularly quiet during the half hour which preceded dinner, and also at that meal, but her eyes were seldom off Miss Drake, and had the girl not instinctively felt that she was being kindly criticized, and possessed sufficient tact to appear entirely unconscious of it, it would have been an awkward period for them all. But Margaret's natural sweetness of manner and quiet self-possession rendered the meal the pleasantest one Dr. Prior had sat down to in his own house in a long, long time, and he arose from the table with the feeling that something very pleasant had occurred, and yet it would have been difficult for him to have told what: so much do trifles affect us poor mortals and serve to irritate or soothe us, according to our mood for the time being. Before Miss Drake's arrival, Dr. Prior had called the servants into his office, and told them of the pending change in his household, and that Miss Drake would take Miss Carver's place as its head. He half suspected that it would be regarded as an innovation, but was relieved to find that they seemed to welcome the change, inasmuch as their own duties and responsibilities would be lessened; for since her blindness, Miss Carver had left matters more and more to their management, but was not the less ready to criticise if all did not go as it should.

And so Margaret's path had been somewhat smoothed for her, and before the first meal was ended her gracious manner had altogether won the heart of the old butler who, directly it was finished, announced to the assembly below stairs that "'Twas just naught but a hangel they'd brought into the 'ouse," and he "'adn't served so pleasant a dinner since the dear mistress went the long way."

And this verdict of Johnson's was the last grain to turn the balance in Margaret's favor; for Johnson's word was law, and he was the autocrat of the lower regions.

The evening was passed in discussing various matters pertaining to the household, and Margaret possessed herself of many an important fact which would guide her future movements.

As they were about to say good-night, Dr. Prior said: "Miss Drake, I fully realize that you are venturing into an unexplored sea, and that the voyage before you may not be a perfectly smooth one, but I beg that you will not let it cause you unnecessary anxiety, and if you feel the need of advice come to me at once, and I will do all in my power to aid you. I, myself, know very little of domestic matters: I can appreciate the result of judicious management, but know absolutely nothing of the methods which should be employed to achieve such a result. So I place the 'domestic economy' in your hands unconditionally, and if you find yourself swamped, come to me, and I'll see what I can do to pull you out."

"I hope I shall not have to trouble you, Dr. Prior, but should I meet with disaster I shall be only too glad to feel that I have an anchor to windward," and Margaret looked up at the tall man with the frankest smile curving her sweet mouth.

"If you will come to my office to-morrow morning I will give you the keys, and then we can discuss the financial side of the question. Mrs. Prior and Miss Carver always preferred to have a certain sum set aside for household expenses, and I shall be very glad to place a sum at your disposal, to be drawn upon as you think proper. This, you understand, would be solely for the household expenses. Should you require anything for Marjorie call upon me at once, for I wish my girl to have all she needs, and am sure that you will prove a wise judge of those needs. Moreover, I want the house made more attractive, and from what I saw of your own, I imagine you will know what to do for this one. Follow your own fancies, and I do not think that I shall have cause to criticise very severely."

Margaret went to Marjorie's room with her, and could not but wonder that the child longed to "have things like the other girls." Bidding her an affectionate good-night she stepped across the hall to her own room, but just as she was about to fasten her door, Marjorie said:

"Are you going to lock your door, Miss Drake?"

"Why yes, dear; I think so. Had you rather I should not? It really is of no special importance to me."

"I don't know," said Marjorie, doubtfully, "you'd seem nearer, somehow, if it wasn't."

"Then it shall not be; and good-night once more, and sweet dreams."

It was about three o'clock in the morning when Miss Drake wakened suddenly with the sense of someone being near her, and starting up, what was her amazement to see a small white figure perched upon the foot of her bed, and shivering in the moonlight.

"Why my blessed child!" she cried, "what in this world are you doing up there?"

"I only came to see if you were really here. I dreamed that you had gone back home, and I felt just dreadful."

"Well you will feel 'just dreadful' in reality if you sit shivering there much longer, and catch your death of cold into the bargain. Come, cuddle down in my bed, and let's be 'snug as bugs in a rug.'"

"May I, truly? Oh, how good of you!" and Marjorie snuggled down beside Margaret, who drew her close to her side, and was soon fast asleep and happy even in her dreams.

The following morning was devoted to getting installed as mistress of this strange home. Immediately after breakfast Marjorie started for school, and after seeing her off and waving a good-bye from the window as she walked down the street. Margaret went to the doctor's office, there to receive from him the keys and the bank and check books which would enable her to handle an ample allowance for the household.

It was very gratifying to her to meet with so great a proof of Dr. Prior's confidence in her ability and prudence; but it was by no means misplaced, for she was a frugal housewife and had been a boundless source of comfort to her mother in such matters. Her first move was to select a small room near her own and have placed in it a desk, a large chest of drawers from one of the unused rooms, and two or three chairs. This she called her office, and here she proposed to transact all business relating to the management of the house. It was a wise plan, and removed from Dr. Prior's sight and

(Continued on page 295)

GET Macbeth's "pear" and "pearl glass" chimneys; they are ma[de] of tough glass, tough a[gainst] heat; they do not bre[ak] in use; they do from acc[ident].

They are clear, transp[arent], not misty. Look at [your] chimney. How much [of the] light is lost in the fog?

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your silverware should be as dainty as possible; for general use, as serviceable as possible.

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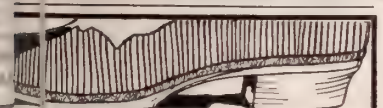

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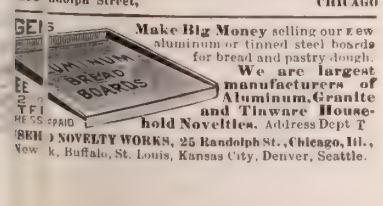

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NOVELTY WORKS, 25 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., New York, Buffalo, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle.

By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 294

his office, the tiresome evidences of domestic detail which had become a burden to him since Miss Carver's affliction.

Just as all was completed, and Johnson, who had watched the arrangement with no little interest, was about to take his departure, he paused upon the threshold to say:

"May I 'ave a word with you ma'am?"

"Certainly, Johnson, now or at any time; I shall always be glad to consult with you," and a pleasant smile lighted up her sweet face.

"It's about the safe and the silver, ma'am, I would 'ave a word with you: I've kept the keys since the madam went the long way, but belike you'd prefer 'avin' the care of them now?" and good old Johnson could not keep from betraying his anxiety.

"No, Johnson," said Margaret firmly, "I shall certainly not take the keys from you; you have served here, Dr. Prior tells me, ever since he brought his bride home as mistress, sixteen years ago, and your service has been most faithful. Were I now to deprive you of your keys I should feel as though I were questioning your integrity, and taking from your insignia of office given by the dear mistress whom you loved and served so faithfully."

"And may the good Lord bless you for your kindness of 'eart in stopping to consider the feelin's of them as is beneath ye," said Johnson, with tears springing to his eyes.

"Indeed, Johnson, I am only just; and while I shall be very glad to relieve you of part of your responsibilities in this large house, I shall also be very grateful to be told anything you would consider it to my advantage to learn regarding Dr. Prior's wishes and habits, and with which your long service here has made you familiar."

"And I'll do so with a glad and a willin' 'eart! Don't think it will ever be too much trouble for Johnson to do any thin' 'e can for ye; it will be an 'onor and a pleasure to serve ye."

"Thank you very much, Johnson; I shall feel my duties much lighter with such efficient co-operation. And now I should like you to take me to the different parts of the house, and let me learn something of its arrangement and ways, and have a word with the maids."

"That I will, ma'am, right willin'," and several hours were passed in going through the big house, and in learning many things regarding its management.

CHAPTER VII

Making It "Homey"

WITH Johnson as pilot, Margaret descended into the cook's quarters where, thanks to him, she met a gracious welcome, and the ruler of the "culinary department" took pride in conducting her through the store-rooms, etc., and was won over completely by her unstinted praise of everything she saw, and the exquisite neatness of the kitchen.

"It's twelve year I've been in it, ma'am, an' it's like me own home it's got to be. I'd be sore disthressed to lave it, that I would; for it's me pride an' deloight it's become."

"And I am sure that we would find it very difficult to find some one to fill the situation as well, and I trust it will be a long, long time before you will be forced to stop working."

"Indade, an' it will that, ma'am; so far as mesilf is concerned; for I'm fit for a long while yet."

"I am very glad to hear it, Nora, and I see very plainly that I shall have little to do down here; except, perhaps, to keep you from spoiling our digestion with too many good things."

And so it went, from butler and cook to chambermaid and coachman; a pleasant greeting and a tactful word for each, which won them one and all, and made the old cook give her opinion in the following concise words:

"It's quality she is; jist nothin' more nor less; I knows 'em the minit I claps me two eyes on 'em."

Yes, cook, "quality," which says "do unto others as you would be done by."

A few days later, upon her return from school at half-past one, Marjorie flew up the stairs to find Miss Drake.

"Are you in your room, Miss Drake, and may I come in?"

"Yes, to both questions, dear; and waiting most anxiously for your return, for after luncheon I shall need your advice."

"My advice!" exclaimed Marjorie, in amazement that she should be consulted regarding anything. "Why, what in the world can I tell you? and oh!" pausing in the middle of her speech to look eagerly about the room, "how sweet you look; how did you do it so quickly?"

"Now must I take that as a compliment for myself or my room, I wonder?" said Margaret, laughing.

"Oh, both, of course," replied Marjorie, catching her merry spirit, "you look sweet because you can't help it, and your room does because you love pretty things, and know how to fix them up," and she went eagerly from one object to another.

There was little to see, for Margaret could not bring much with her in two trunks. A few pieces of daintily embroidered linen for the bare tables, two or three pretty sofa pillows, a pet couch cover, some handsome pieces of Oriental drapery, which her artistic fingers had arranged gracefully upon the cold-looking marble mantel, a few bits of exquisitely-painted china, her sister Alice's work; a tea service, an etching or two, a small water color, and an endless number of photographs made up the collection, yet the bare-looking room was transformed.

Marjorie skipped from one object to another, admiring this, touching that and pouring forth a steady stream of questions.

"Oh, what a lovely pillow! Did you make it? and what a sweet tea service and dear little caddy. Do you make the tea yourself, and heat the water in this cute kettle? May I have tea with you some afternoon?"

"Nearly every afternoon. I'm somewhat of a tea-toper, I fear, and like my 'dish o' tea' about four o'clock. Are you fond of it, too? We will have gay times over our sippings if you are."

"Yes, indeed I am; oh, what fun! I'd just love to; it would be just like playing going visiting right here in my own home. And who are these?" taking up a case of photographs which stood upon the table.

"My sweethearts; haven't I a lot? This is mamma, she is my chief sweetheart; and this one is Alice, it was she who painted the little water-color just over your head. She paints beautifully, and we are very proud of our artist. Next her is Helen. You would love Helen, I am sure; she has such a lovely character that she wins every one's love."

"Why, she must be just like you."

"That is a very sweet compliment, dear; but I'm afraid I do not deserve it, for I do not possess Helen's peculiar charm."

"And who is this who is laughing at me?" asked Marjorie, smiling in sympathy, for the laughing, merry face which looked at her under its mass of curls had a most infectious smile.

"That is the baby of the family; her name is Maud, but we call her 'Muggins,' because Rodman does; this is my brother Rodman," and she took up a larger picture in a frame of its own.

"I don't see how you could leave them all and come way off here to stay with me. I'm so afraid you will get homesick and want to run away: are n't you?" wistfully.

Margaret arose from her chair, and walking across the room to where Marjorie stood looking at the pictures, drew her down upon the couch beside her, and putting her arm about her waist, said: "Marjorie, dear, if some one had asked me that question just before I met you in the hall a few nights since, I fear that I should have had to answer that I was already beginning to be homesick; but when I received such a sweet welcome from you, and then in the middle of the night found a small white ghost perched upon the foot of my bed, I made up my mind that you wanted just what my own dear little sister Maud has always had: a sweet, attractive home, and some one in it to love you very dearly and show you that they did."

(To be Continued)

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Each packet makes at least a pint more jelly than any other packet of equal size.

It is a *pure* calves'-stock gelatine—that's the whole secret. Any one in America can make it, but **I am the only one who does.** It is time for the *truth* to be known about gelatine.

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My 32-p. book of 70 recipes, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," to every applicant. Send to-day.

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Each large package contains pink color for fancy desserts. A package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts of jelly.

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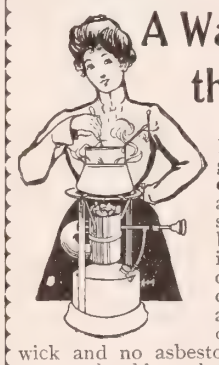

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(From The Tribune, Webster City, Ia.)

Physicians are often puzzled by an ailment that does not yield to the usual remedies, patients are caused much suffering and expense while experiments are being tried upon them, when in many cases the seat of the disorder is in the blood. If this vital fluid is impoverished disease is sure to follow. Build up the blood, the diseased part is nourished and strengthened, and health results. This is the simple history of what often appears to be a complicated case. Mr. Ezra Edwards, the well-known merchant of Webster City, Iowa, passed through such an experience. He says:

"I have always believed that my trouble was due to the impoverished condition of my blood. About four years ago my ankles began to swell and cause me great pain. I am quite heavy and as I was on my feet constantly I suffered intensely. Finally the swelling became so bad that I could not walk and for a week I was confined to my chair or bed. Three doctors treated me but without effect.

"I first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through an advertisement in a religious paper. About six months ago I began taking the pills and I felt good results from the first box. I continued taking them as directed for nearly five months. I am now 42 years old and am the picture of health. I am willing to tell the world that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills relieved me, and I know they will relieve others if they are given a thorough trial. The past summer is the first in ten years that I have escaped hay fever, and I give Pink Pills the credit for that also.

"Hardly a day passes that I do not tell some one of the benefits I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for I think that any man or woman suffering from any disorder of the blood or nerves should give them a thorough trial. It is better to spend five dollars for Pink Pills than to spend $500 on doctors' bills."

Signed, EZRA EDWARDS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of November, 1900.

[*Seal*] *WILLIS. G. BONNER, Notary Public.*

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Preparing for the Revival*

A REVIVAL means not only life for those dead in trespasses and sins, but, furthermore, new life, life more abundant, for those who already have some life. It means complete surrender to God, a setting apart for God, a filling with God, for Christians; and all this is the Holy Spirit's work. How are we to secure the Holy Spirit's work with power? Some might think that all we have to do is to sit down and wait for the Holy Spirit to work, but this is not so. The Holy Spirit is always willing and anxious to do his work if the proper conditions are supplied. It is true that the Holy Spirit, like the wind, bloweth where he willeth, but he always willeth to blow where he can consistently, that is, where certain conditions are supplied. What are these conditions, or, in other words, what must we do to secure the Holy Spirit's work with power?

First of all, we must recognize our need of him. The Holy Spirit only works with power when men deeply realize their need of him. In many a so-called revival men feel that they are themselves quite sufficient for the work in hand. They think that if they can only have the right plans, and the right machinery, and the right advertising, and the right sort of singing and preaching, the desired results will follow. For some years in our country, we have been trying these machine-made revivals, and the result is a sorry and sickening failure. We must feel our utter helplessness and dependence upon the Holy Ghost.

In the next place, we must take our eyes off from men. If we get our eyes on any man, or any company of men, the Holy Ghost cannot work. God tells us that he has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and the base things of the world, and things which are despised, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are. Then God tells us why he has chosen the foolish things; in order that no flesh should glory in his presence (I. Cor. 1: 27-29). God will not give his glory to another, and if we get our eyes fixed on any man, God will withhold his power and blessing.

We must surrender absolutely to the Holy Spirit's control. We have already said that he must control everything, but we on our part must gladly recognize his right to control, and submit whole heartedly to It. God gives the Holy Spirit to them that obey him. If we would see a mighty work of God's grace, the deepest longing of our hearts should be that in all our meetings everything about them should be surrendered absolutely to the control of the Holy Spirit. Then shall we see great things.

We must pray. If there is anything absolutely clear in the Word of God, in Christian history and in individual experience, it is that the Holy Spirit is given in his fullness in answer to definite prayer.

When any church can be brought to the place where they will recognize their need of the Holy Spirit, and take their eyes off from all men, and surrender absolutely to the Holy Spirit's control, and give themselves to much prayer for his outpouring, and present themselves as his agents, having stored the Word of God in their heads and hearts, and then look to the Holy Spirit to give it power as it falls from their lips, a mighty revival in the power of the Holy Ghost is inevitable.

*From *How to Promote and Conduct a Successful Revival.* Edited by R. A. Torrey. An invaluable book for ministers and church leaders. Besides the chapters on The Holy Spirit in a Revival, The Place of Prayer in a Revival, The Preaching Needed in a Revival, Personal Work, Drawing the Net, etc., etc., the volume contains a series of suggestive outlines of revival addresses, which should be very useful in churches where no evangelist is engaged. Pp. 336 Price, $1.50. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, and Toronto.

New Seed Catalogues

THE seed catalogues which are sent out in the spring, are such things of beauty as to be fit precursors of the blossoms, plants, fruits and vegetables which they so happily picture. A great amount of really valuable advice is also given; the woman who keeps a little window-garden or tends a tiny flower-bed in a cramped city yard, being equally considered with the wealthy mistress of expansive grounds, with the farmer's wife, who has space and to spare, and with market-gardener or farmer himself, whose thrifty acres will later bear pleasing testimony to the excellence of the seed he sows and the plants he sets out.

The poultry and incubator people are also out with their catalogues for spring trade. The Sure-Hatch Incubator Co. issue a book that may be called a real literary and artistic success. Here is set forth in readable form and in picture every detail useful in the raising of chickens by the incubating process.

The Prairie State Incubator Company also send a catalogue with nearly all the illustrations in color. It is a volume superb as well as practical. Poultry raising by the incubating process is here explained in full, and many suggestions made for saving time and trouble in this home industry.

Profitable Poultry Keeping in All its Branches, is the title of a 224-page volume, splendidly illustrated, and fully covering the ground suggested by the cover page. Facts about chickens, geese, ducks, and the eggs of the same, are given here by the thousand. Issued by the Cypress Incubator Co., 8 Park place, New York.

Flower Seeds is a dainty booklet. The introduction says: "It is pleasant to know that flowers from my seeds blossom in the Sunny South, Cuba, Mexico, South America, Canada, Alaska, the Philippines, Japan, China, Africa, Europe. It is also pleasant to know that flowers from my seeds have decorated pulpits in every direction and gladdened the hearts of little ones in orphan asylums, of the sick in hospitals, and of old veterans in soldiers' homes. Published by Miss C. H. Lippincott, Minneapolis, Minn.

Millen & Co's Catalogue presents some very attractive features to club raisers. They are owners of the well-known Innisfallen greenhouses, which have been established for nearly a quarter of a century. The information their catalogue gives is valuable and authoritative, and their seeds have been tested by hundreds who know their worth. Published by George H. Millen & Co., Springfield, Ohio.

Stark Fruit Book. This account of delicious berries, peaches, pears, grapes, apricots and apples should stimulate anybody who has the ground to set forth patches and plant orchards. Published by Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

The New Floral Guide, while telling of a number of new roses, does not leave out of its list the older ones folks have learned to like. Pinks, nasturtiums, other blossoms, and even the berries and fruits that grace our gardens figure in its pages. Published by Conrad & Jones Co., West Grove, Pa.

John A. Salzer Seed Co.'s Catalogue. The vegetable garden, the berry and melon patch, and the farm, with acres and to spare for wheat and corn, take precedence of flower beds in this annual, which is full of good pictures and excellent advice. Published by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis.

Flower Seeds. What a story this annual tells of fragrant sweet peas, exquisite pansies, and wonderful dahlias, asters, cannas, chrysanthemums, and other delightful things. Published by S. Y. Haines & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Catalogue Iowa Seed Co. It might stimulate a jaded appetite just to look at the delicious vegetables, fruits and melons pictured in this pamphlet. The text gives directions for successful raising of these, of farm products and of flowers. Published by Iowa Seed Co., Des Moines, Ia.

Rare Florida Flowers is a picturesque, delightful disquisition of beautiful, luxuriant tropical plants and flowers, with instructions for their production. Published by the Jessamine Gardens, Jessamine, Fla.

Green's Nursery Co.'s Catalogue. A feast of plums, peaches, grapes, pears and other fruits should wait upon him who follows the advice given herein. Published by Green's Nursery Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Spraying Fruits: How, When and Why to Do It. The information and advice given in this pamphlet is always timely, always valuable to the fruit-grower. Neither does it come amiss to the florist and farmer. Everyone who needs to fight the pests that destroy plant life will welcome this messenger of relief. Published by William Stahl, Quincy, Ill.

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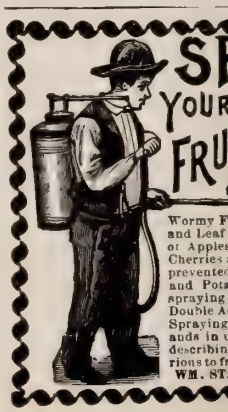

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"PAPA, WHY DON'T 'OO PRAY?"

The Simple Question of his Little Daughter Led General Clinton B. Fisk to Christ—Mrs. Fisk's Early Conversion

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

"THERE are no more unselfish and devoted workers for Christ's kingdom, than are to be found among the heroic women who are giving, without money and without price, their days and years of burden-bearing to carry on the great Woman's Home Missionary Societies in this country. For America is a great mission field. We are a great international exchange. Many people who think they are pretty well informed about the United States, could learn a vast deal that is new to them about the problems of civilizing and Christianizing this country if they were to attend a national meeting of the Home Missionary Society of any one of the leading denominations.

"Here is the problem of the Indian in the West, North and South; there is the problem of the negro, multiplied by millions, to the great Southern half of the country; the Woman's Home Missionary Society, with its schools and model homes, is doing there among the colored people a work which is in its own peculiar domain. Again, in our great cities, standing between emigrant girls and foul beasts of prey that seek their ruin, and on the frontier seeking to supplement the meagre support of the Home Missionary, the Woman's Home Missionary Society is in the highest and noblest sense, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

. . .

"Among the leaders in this kind of work in this country, one of the bravest and truest spirits is Mrs. Clinton B. Fisk, who is she honored President of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mrs. Fisk was drawn into this work largely as a sort of sacred trust inherited from her noble husband, to whom she was devoted with all the love of an intense nature, and who some years since was suddenly taken home to heaven.

"General Fisk had given very largely of his money and time after the war in efforts for the upbuilding of the colored race, and in seeking to bring to them a better chance for an education. When he was called to lay down his work by death, his brave wife took it up, and with all the fitness of her woman's heart she has carried it on as a labor of love.

"Mrs. Fisk is a strong woman, a woman with a great force of character, and when she believes she is right is not easily turned from her purpose. But this strong will is in submission to the divine will of her Lord and Master, and her strength of character is only matched by her tenderness of heart and her gentleness of soul. It is always interesting to know the source of such a Christian character. In response to my inquiry, Mrs. Fisk writes me this note: "It will take few words in which to tell you of the influences which led me to the decision as to an effort on my part to lead the Christian life. The godly example of my own parents, and of my grandparents, convinced me, at an early day, that there was a reality in the religion which they professed and lived, and that if I would lead a happy life, as did they, I must give my heart to the God whom they served so faithfully.

"They have long since gone to their reward, but to them am I indebted for my early impressions regarding the life that now is and that which is to come. God be thanked that I had Christian parents."

In the same letter, Mrs. Fisk writes me a very beautiful incident connected with the conversion of her noble husband, General Clinton B. Fisk. It has always been hard for me to think of General Fisk as dead. He was a vital and joyous man, and his great heart and brain were so constantly alive to give blessing to the world, that though years have passed away since his death, he still seems to speak, and does speak to those who remember his noble and gracious personality. Not only those who knew him while he was alive, but everyone, will be glad to know the beautiful story of his conversion. Mrs. Fisk writes:

"It may interest you to know of the influence which led my honored husband to give his heart to God. We were blessed in our home with a son and a daughter. It was our joy each to take a child and prepare him or her for retiring. Always, of course, hearing these dear little people say their evening prayers as they knelt before us. One evening, the general had got our 'wee girlie' nearly ready for bed. She knelt at his knee, asked God to bless papa and mamma and brother, and then, looking up sweetly into her papa's face, said: 'Papa, why don't 'oo pray?'

"These words, spoken by the child, who was dearer to him than his own life, led the general to give his heart to him who died for us all. God bless the children in all of our homes!"

What a beautiful illustration of the Scripture! "And a little child shall lead them."

GEN. CLINTON B. FISK

MRS. CLINTON B. FISK

The Bookmark Orphans

The final five of our first five thousand India famine orphans provided for through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are cared for by the proceeds of the one-cent bookmark being sold by Mrs. Auger. Returns have been received from many States indicating an interest in these bookmarks. Should a little more energy be shown by those who are kindly disposed toward the work, the two million bookmarks would be sold and the five hundred dollar gift offered by a lady in Toronto, a warm friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in honor of the boys and girls of the United States, should they sell this number, be secured for the orphans. Those who wish to order bookmarks and aid in increasing the number of "Bookmark" orphans, should write to Mrs. C. A. Auger, 262 Dovercourt Road, Rosedale, Toronto, Canada.

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F. B. MILLS, Box 81, Rosehill, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

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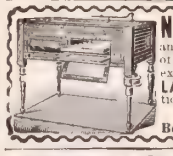

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DEATH AND LIFE*

How a Man Who is Dead to One Influence May be Alive to Another

DEATH and life, in the sense in which Paul uses the words, take on a new meaning, yet when that meaning is examined it is found to be perfectly rational and familiar. There is a certain kind of life in trees and flowers, and another kind of life differing from it in animals, and another kind in human beings, and again there are variations in the lives of human beings, so that one man may be said to be dead or alive toward some sphere of existence. If we do not use the words death and life in speaking of others, we use words having the same sense. In some remote village, for example, we find a strong, active, vigorous man, capable of doing a great deal of hard work. He can dig and plow and lift heavy weights, and undergo toil beyond the capacity of the majority of city people. We would not call such a man dead, because he is full of vigorous life. But suppose that man has never been to school, and cannot read or write, and has no world outside the mere animal world of working and eating and sleeping. He is dead to that intellectual and mental life, which is so large a part of the world of the cultivated, scholarly man. Even when there is a parity of education between two men, taste and habit make a great difference. It is related of two men both famous in their day, one as a judge and the other as an astronomer, that, dining together, each voted the other a man of stupendous ignorance. The judge, who took a deep interest in horse-racing, was amazed that the astronomer did not know where a certain training-stable was located, and the astronomer was equally amazed that the judge did not know in what part of the heavens to look for a particular star. Each, though intellectually alive, was dead to the pursuit to which the other was so keenly alive. In the world of morals there is the same difference. In his youth, St. Augustine lived a dissolute life, rioting with immoral companions. After his conversion, as he passed through a city where he had enjoyed many an orgy, he met a dissolute companion of former days. He passed her with averted eyes. "August," she said in an aggrieved tone, "it is I." The changed man looked her in the face and answered, "But it is not I; August is dead;" and he passed on. He was indeed dead to the world which she represented. In one of his well-known poems, Tennyson vividly describes death, and pictures the dead man lying on his bier indifferent to praise or blame, unmoved by events which in life would have filled his heart with joy, or have moved him to a frenzy of indignation. He is dead to the things of this life, though, as Moody said of himself, he may be more alive than he has ever been.

This figurative condition of death and life may be affected by circumstances. A man in the heyday of health, hears with but slight interest that a cure has been discovered for cancer, or some other fatal disease; but let that man be convinced that he has cancer and see how alert he becomes to such intelligence. It is a matter of personal concern to him then. So, when the conviction of sin has once taken possession of a soul, the proclamation of cleansing through Christ thrills him with joy. He is alive to such a message. In another sense, too, the soul may be dead to sin, while alive to Christ. The temptation to sin does not move the converted man as it did before his conversion, His very nature is changed. As a magnet will draw a piece of steel, but is powerless when applied to wood, so the allurement to evil no longer moves the man who has been born again. As Christ said of himself, the Prince of this world came but found nothing in him. There was nothing in his nature that responded to temptation, Still further: the converted man is alive to his allegiance. A notice is published in some foreign journal ordering reserve men to join their regiments. The ordinary reader looks down the page, reads the notice and goes on to the next page; but if he happens to be a reserve man, that is the most important paragraph in the paper for him. Or, it is the President who appeals to patriotic men to volunteer for service. The foreign resident pays little attention to it, but the man who loves his country and sympathizes with the cause involved feels his blood tingle, and he offers himself for service, He is alive to such an appeal. This is the kind of life the Apostle means. He would have his readers dead to the appeals of sin in all its forms, but alive, sensitive, responsive to every word of Christ.

This is Paul's resurrection teaching. In Christ's death on the cross, the Christian sees himself dying not an actual death, but a death to sin. In the resurrection, Paul sees him rising again to a holy life.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 7. Eph. 2: 1-10.

Chicago Churches Shocked

A Sacrilegious Wager, and the Men who Made and Accepted it

THE religious world was startled the other day with the newspaper headlines announcing that Mr. Duke Farson, the banker, evangelist and organizer of the Holiness Convention now assembled in Chicago, had made a wager with a Rev. Mr. Morley of the Sheffield Methodist Church, Chicago, that if there were not at least fifteen souls converted in a two weeks' series of meetings, which was soon to take place in Mr. Morley's church, he, Mr. Farson, would forfeit to the Sheffield Methodist Church one thousand dollars. The newspapers further stated that the one thousand dollars had been placed in the hands of a third party, and that the evangelists were marshaling their forces to carry out their part of the contract, so that Mr. Duke Farson would be able to keep his money.

Ministers and laymen alike were shocked. Indignation was expressed on every side. The Presiding Elder of this Methodist District forbade the officers of the Sheffield Methodist Church to open the building for the proposed series of meetings. Editorials were written about the sacrilegious proposal. The evangelist's contract was the theme discussed upon every street.

That announcement was most unfortunate. It has done a great damage to one of the noblest Christian workers of the West. Rev. Richard A. Morley, D.D., is not a sensationalist in any sense of the word. He was for years the president of one of our Western colleges. He is a man who is respected by all who know him.

. . .

I have attended a number of the meetings of this Holiness Convention, and have personally met nearly all of the leaders. I have talked with Rev. Doctor Morley, and know of what I write. The leaders of the Holiness Convention are extremists. They spend at least one-half of the time attacking the Christian churches. During the meetings, Mr. Farson again and again practically said this: "The Christian congregations are spiritually dead. The ministers themselves are also spiritually dead. They do not want a revival, if they could have one. I will guarantee to any church of this city $500 if one of these evangelists cannot go into that church, and in two weeks not only have a revival, but have at least fifteen converts within fourteen days." This $500 challenge was afterward raised to $1,000. Dr. Morley heard that challenge made. He felt it an insult against the church and the ministry. One day, sitting in the Methodist Book Rooms, after this challenge had been uttered, a reporter of a large daily newspaper entered and said:

"Dr. Morley, what are you ministers going to do about this? Are you afraid to accept the challenge?"

With that, Dr. Morley, as ninety-nine hundredths of the ministers placed in a similar position would have done, impulsively said:

"I want a revival in my church, God knows. Let them come to my pulpit."

The next day, a column of sensational reports was printed in each newspaper, and, as a result, Dr. Morley is everywhere, though most unjustly, stigmatized as the Methodist minister who wants to swell his church income with a thousand-dollar bet.

REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE.

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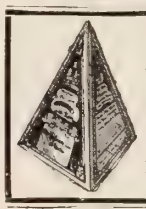

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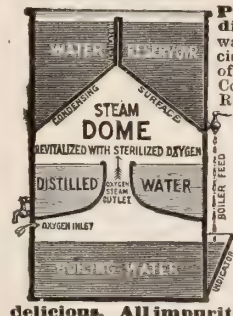

Physicians declare that no water is pure or safe to drink u distilled. Filtering Simply Clears—Does Not Purify. water is full of dead germs, etc.—more poisonous than before. Water from cisterns, hydrants and streams kills 250,000 people annually. Causes 500,0 of Dyspepsia, Stomach and Bowel troubles, Kidney and Bladder diseases, Constipation, all kinds of fevers—Typhoid, Yellow, Lung and Malari Rheumatism, Women's ills, Blood diseases, etc. Investigate, and you SAFETY LIES ONLY IN DISTILLATION of all drinking before using. Boiling or filtering are merely subterfuges of no EVERY FAMILY can now, without extra expense or trouble, their drinking water (the only known method for making it lutely safe, pure, delicious, and removing all impurities) by us
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A new remarkable device. So simple a child can operate. 22,000 alread Customers delighted. Entirely different and far superior to any Simply set it over your cook stove, gasoline or gas stove, fill w kind of water and let it boil. Clouds of steam are drawn into dome, with oxygen, and condensed, furnishing plenty of pure dis drinking water for family use, clear as crystal, soft, sparkli delicious. All impurities, soil, fever and disease germs, alkali, lime and other health-wreckin erals left in the boiling water at bottom of still. Use distilled water 10 days and you'll be astonished improvement in your health, feelings and mplexion. Prolongs life, prevents disease and we guar it to relieve or benefit every ailment. DISTILLED is the only safe water for families, infants, ch invalids, athletes—Endorsed by best physicians and the famous Ralston Health Club (11, members)—used exclusively in the U. S. Navy. Invaluable r Tourists, Surgeons and all R ites. ALL READERS should have one of these Remarkable Stills. They are well and durably last for years. Ready for use when received. Style No. 7, Price, $5.00; Style No. 9. $8.00 anywhere with Plain Directions, so anyone can operate, upon receipt of Money Order, Draft, Check istered Letter. Order by Mail today. You can't be disappointed, for we are reliable old firm. $100,000.00. Ship promptly and will refund your money after 10 days use if not just as repre
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Anderson, Mrs. Ole	1 00	Nielsen, Lars	50
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Babcock, H F	5 00	Nuttleman, Mrs F & children	1 25
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Batt, D C	30	Parsons, D L	50
Battt, Mrs M C	5 00	Patterson, Mrs	30
Battt, T H	1 00	Penn, A S	1 00
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Bee, S R	25	Porter, P	25
Beike, Mr	25	Porth, Mr	50
Bern, Alice	05	Powell, J E	25
Bern, Susie	05	Powers, Mr	25
Borman, Mrs O P	25 00	Pratha, R B	5 00
Both, Mr	25	Price, Hy	25
Bosorth, F J, thro	24	Prosser, M E	50
Breing, A D	80	Qualn, A E	1 00
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Bry, Mrs W H	50	Rasmuson, B	25
Bulin, Mr	25	Redington, Mrs R M	2 00
Byrs, Mrs, coll by	10 00	Rice, F P	50
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Byrs, Mrs, coll by	10 00	Robb, Edith	10
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Carbell, Mrs W D	25	Robinson, Camilla	17 28
Carright, Mr	25	Roco, R H	3 00
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Chipion, Mrs O M	75	Rosecran s, Mrs O U, little boy	1 00
Christansen, N	50	Roth, Fred	50
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Cole, C L	2 00	Scheller, J R	10
Cole, T	50	Schultz, Mrs L A	1 00
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Cook, Miss E	1 00	Seymour, Mr	25
Croi, Mr	25	Shackedl, W W	2 00
Dahl, M S	30	Shaw, Miss E L	1 25
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Dolitt, Miss E	75	Smith, Mrs G U G	1 00
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Dufacher, Otto	25	Stambach, C F	500 00
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Edgrton, Mrs C W	25 0	Stenson, Sten	5 00
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Fell, J	5 00	Stoddard, Mrs R M C	1 00
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Fisk, Walter	5 00	Swanson, G A, coll by	3 66
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Freud, Mrs O J	50	Thompson, Mrs A	50
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Fuhr, E J	01	Thompson, Miss S E	1 00
Fuhr, Charles	25	Thomson, M	10
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Gott, W E	5 00	Torkelson, Frank	10
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Hanss, Mr C Montgomery, Anur & M P		Wheeler, W	25
Montgomery, Misses Brothers, Miss		Whitney, C	15
Mee, Mrs		Whitney, Miss E	10
Hiker, Mrs		Wilson, S U	50
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Fmond, Miss J	4 33	Winn, Miss A G	60
Henan, Chas	25	Wiseman, Mrs J	3 00
Held, Moser, coll by	5 00	Wuest, Christian	10
Hiller, J G	5 00	Yorgason, J S	1 00
Hinin, Mr, coll by	75	Yorgason, W	50
Hoge, Miss E C	13	Youch, Conrad	10
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Hon, D T	1 00	Mrs L, Fairfax	26
Hones, J	50	M B, Valatie	1 00
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Jacbson, Gerald	2 50	W——, Butler	3 00
Jacbson, Mrs M L	50	——, Cleveland	25
Jacbson, Mrs T	50	——, Fenton	25
Jacbson, Tillie	05	——, Grand Jc	70
Jacbsen, Anton	25	——, Greenwich	1 00
Kas, Mrs Phillip	1 00	——, Hopkinton	1 00
Kerr, W E	10	——, Lafayette	1 00
Keredy, Addie	2 60	——, Lovilia	10
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Kirl, Harold	50	——, Philadelphia	1 00
Koel, Chas	25	A Friend,	10
Koel, E G	25	A Friend, Britle	25
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Laman, Mr	25	A Friend, Northwood	1 00
Lahn, Chris	50	A Friend, N Salem	5 00
Lahn, Ole	05	Friends, Morganton	9 88
Lea, Mrs	75	A Friend of Humanity, Brooklyn	50
Lea, A	50	Waukan Friends	2 66
Lea, F	50	Reader, Mrs C Phillips	1 60
Lea, Mr	25	Coll at Un Thanksgiving mtg at M E & Presby Chs, Wall Lake	3 97
Lea, O W	1 00	Oorfa Y P & Orphans, Constantinople	11 00
Lew, H L	2 00	Ch of Good Shepherd, Columbus	14 96
Ley, T J, coll by	12 55	Westminster Presbyterian Ch, Topeka	6 00
Lee, C M	25	Kendaia Baptist Ch, Kendaia	50
Lee, John	10	Golden Lake S S, Blaine	2 00
Leiter, Wm	1 00	Edwards Baptist S S	1 60
Lyh, P	25	Edwards Baptist S S, "White"	2 00
Malpine, J	5 00	W Baltimore S S, Prichardville	3 11
Mall, A M, coll by	4 25	Lake Gibson S S, Lakeland	2 00
Marry, Mr	25	S S Cl, Lutheran Ch	1 35
Monald, L J	3 21	S S Cl, Bloomington	60
Moregor, John	10 00	Union Sunday School Morton	27 50
Maury, Mrs E	1 10	Ch of God S Sch, Linglestown	1 16
Mott, John	25	Seaview Baptist S S Coll, Linwood	2 50
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Mahall, Charlotte & fends	5 76		
Mahall, C A	25		
Mahall, W H	25		
Main, Mr	25		
Manson, Mrs J	1 00		
Mah, P G	1 00		
Milesworth, L	1 00		
Mor, L	1 25		
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Answered Prayers

Agent C. & O. Ry, Station, Va., writes:
I am a witness, too, that God graciously answers prayer. I can not be thankful enough for the hearing he has given me many times.

Reader, Orlando, Fla., writes:
Some time ago I was in deep gloom. I prayed to God that the way might be made clear to me. My prayer was answered quickly. I want to encourage others to pray.

J. A., Virgil, So. Dak., writes:
I have read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of many answers to prayer, and wish to say that I, too, can give testimony. I have often been in great trouble. I have prayed for years for one blessing, and though the answer did not come at once, it came gradually; and my faith in God's goodness is confirmed.

D. S. B., the Gold Fields of British Guiana, S. A., writes:
Some months back I had heavy trials so that I almost despaired, but I prayed to my heavenly Father, and he heard me and sent me assistance from a most unlooked for source. I wish to acknowledge God's goodness and mercy to me, in your columns, as, although so far away from you, your paper finds its way even into this disputed territory of Guiana, and is read with grateful hearts by myself and fellow gold diggers.

M. S. N., Conway, Mass., writes:
I have found that our God is a loving, heavenly Father, willing to fulfil the desires of them who believe in him. He has answered my prayers many, many times in wonderfully direct ways. Whenever there is a need in my body, heart or soul, I go to him and I have found that his word of promise is sure. That if we reach out our arms of faith, he delights to lay the good thing within them.

Officer, Md., writes:
I want to acknowledge the Lord's goodness to me that it may encourage others to trust him more. I hold a position of public trust. Some money sent to my care, which was also to pass through the hands of two other persons, was reported lost. I took the matter to the Lord in prayer, and asked two other Christians to help me pray. In less than ten days, one wrote that he had the money, after having told us that he had never received it, thus exonerating us all from blame.

A constant reader, Stayner, Can., writes:
My boy was sick even unto death; as I gazed helplessly at my child I thought, "With God all things are possible, even my child's restoration to health. I will ask Him." I went to my room, and in the fullness of my agonized mother's heart, besought our kind Heavenly Father to spare his life, if it were consistent with his will, and if not, to strengthen the spirit of resignation already in my heart, and enable me to say sincerely, "Thy will be done." Ere I rose from my knees, my soul was filled with the overwhelming peace of God, a voice sounded in my heart, "You have brought your burden to the Lord, leave it there." As I descended to the sick room I could but say, again and again, "Glory be to God." My faith was tested ere the boy passed the crisis of his disease, but it never wavered. Oh! I wish that God might be glorified and some poor soul helped by this history of my weakness and God's strength.

Mrs. O. G. S., Fort Valley, Ga., writes:
From early childhood I have believed in a prayer-hearing and aaswering God. So surely as a loving earthly parent listens to a child and grants a request, I feel and know that God, the Father of Heaven and earth, hears and answers prayer. Sometimes so plainly and promptly does he answer my prayer, I feel that I have only to look up to perceive his loving presence. This column in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD interests me very much. The paper, which, like a winged messenger of love and goodwill, visits all parts of God's beautiful earth, seems a suitable place in which to acknowledge our faith in him who gave his son to die for us. Some persons fear to ask the Maker of the World for temporal blessings, but so often has he answered me I must believe that he does not disapprove of a petition of this character from his child. I have received direct answers to prayer in several instances recently.

Acknowledgments of answers to prayer have also been received from E. B. H., Panca, Okla.; M. P., Lexington, Ky.; D. B., Colville, Wash.; M. J. H., Ramson, Ill.; E. A. S., Walworth, Wis.; F. G. H., Pottsdown, Pa.; W. A. C., Trenton, N. J.; E. G. B., Wheeling, W. Va.; M. N. B., Sumner, Kan.; H. G., Albany, N. Y.; F. S., Cedarhurst, L. I.; Reader, Quaker Street, N. Y.; A. M. K., Matteawan, N. Y.; H. N., Crowley, La.; H. H., Louisville, Ky.; D. M. C., Burlington, Ind.; E. E. and J. E., New Whatcomb, Wash.; A. B. S., Chambersburg, Pa.; E. L., Tennessee; M. E. G., Vinton, Ia.; E. J. W., Quebec, Can.; H. K., Philadelphia, Pa.; L. J. H., Bevier, Mo.; J. B. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. G. W., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. D. C. W., Goshen, N. Y.; O. R. D., Daniels, N. Dak.; G. V. G., Hilkview, S. Dak.; E. L., Detroit, Mich.; B. V. C., Atlantic City, N. J.; W. J. G., Manistee, Mich.; M. B. B., Santa Barbara, Cal.; S. E. L., Correctionville, Ia.; A. R. B., Salem, Mass.; F. S., Marshall's Creek, Pa.; P. M. W., Madison, S. Dak.; M. W., Weiner, Ark.; R. C., Gardiner, Me.; Mrs. S. J. F., Potsdam, N. Y.; A. B., Wellsburgh, N. Y.; A. B. D., Quincy, Ill.; C. B., New Whatcom, Wash.; M. M. S., Dresden, N. Y.; L. T., Yowell, Tex.; J. B. T., Nottaway C. H., Va.; Mother S. B., Jacksonville, Fla.; P. G. H., Mt. Lake, Minn.; Mrs. N. W. B., Greene, N. Y.; M. E. L., Philadelphia; J. S., Barada, Neb.; J. D., Jeddo, Wis.; J. L. L., Hopkinsville, Ky.; A. A. H., Mills Milis, N. Y.; R. M. L., Johnstown, N. Y.; S. B. H., Sapulpa, Ind. Ter.; L. A. S., Berry, Ill.; M. A., Lyons, Kan.; L. A., Hall's Mills, N. C.; M. V. J., State Mills, Va.; G. A. M., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. P., Sicily Island, La.; J. E. K., Union, W. Va.; S. E. L., Chatham, Pa.; F. C., Monmouth, Ill.; M., Medford, Okla.; V. A. S., Coila, N. Y.; N. T., Hillsboro, Tex.; E. M. H., Gas City, Ind.

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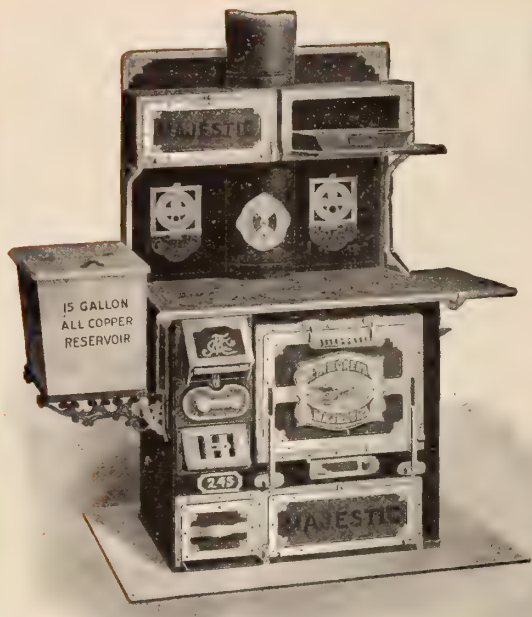
This illustration forms the frontispiece of the "Featherbone Magazinette," a publica in miniature, sample copy of which will be mailed without charge to Christian H readers who write for the same to **The Warren Featherbone Co., Three Oaks, M**



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

MRS. ANNA E. MOORE, NEB.

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK CITY

MRS. NELLIE E. C. FURMAN, NEW YORK

HOW THE SUNSHINE SOCIETY GREW

Nearly 1,000 Branches and a World-wide Membership—A Moral and Social Force to be Reckoned With

"DEAR, oh dear, you have broken the back of your little messenger!" exclaimed a young lady to a friend as she leaned over her shoulder, and read the words shead just written on the fly-leaf of an Easter booklet.

"hy, what makes you say that? What in the world do you mean?" The writer dropped the pen, took up the gift, and read aloud the inscription:

For my dear friend Mabel, I wish all the blessings of Easter. JOSIE.
New York, April, 1901.

"Surely no one needs the blessings of life more than Mabel. She is way out on the desert plains of Arizona. I doubt that another Easter greeting will reach the camp. You know she had to go because of consumption. That old library where she worked nearly killed her. Her mother is with her. The only people they ever see outside of the camp are Pima Indians."

"Well, you see I belong to the Sunshine Society," said the other, "and I could not conscientiously scribble all over that book as you have done. When once you become a 'Sunshiner,' you catch yourself getting the keenest sort of pleasure out of following the journeyings of your little 'love messengers.' But, as I have said, you have broken the back of yours. He can't go any further than you personally send him. With all that 'Mabel and Josie' written on him he'll find himself tucked away in some box of cards in Mabel's trunk, and there he will stay dead forever to the world. Now, just let me tell you the history of that little fellow if sent out on his Easter journey by a 'Sunshine' member. I'll suppose that I send him."

"Oh, yes do. I often wondered what 'Sunshine' really meant. What a pretty name for a society."

"All right. We must play that this is a fresh booklet without a mark on it. Now I will take one of my calling cards and write on the back of it the same that you have spread all over this first page. Then I will pin the card on the fly-leaf. Note that I say pin—"

"es, yes; I'm 'catching on,'" laughed her companion, who was listening eagerly.

"ut for fear Mabel might not 'catch on,' too, I am going to ite on one corner of the card the motto of our society."

In plain letters she printed, "Pass it on."

"You don't want her to give it away, do you?" exclaimed the pupil.

"Wait! Wait just a minute. You are too impatient! Now we will suppose he is mailed—he arrives safely, and Mabel is delighted. 'How sweet to remember me!' she says, and perhaps her eyes will fill with tears of joy. 'I wish I could buy something like this for mamma. Mamma's life here is like that of a prisoner, but she won't go away and leave me.' All at once she spies the words 'Pass it on.' Now I can't

MRS. CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN
Founder and President of the Society

even describe to you the expression that comes over her face. You will have to imagine it. She does the booklet all up in the tissue paper and again ties the pretty pink ribbon about it, slips under the ribbon a loving message, all her own, and places the package on mamma's plate at lunch time. Now once more you must make your own picture, and this time of the mother's pleasure. The booklet is read, and the little verses copied into a scrapbook to be used at the Easter services already planned for camp. Then we hear mamma say:

"'Mabel, dear, don't you think Mrs. Alexander, who is too sick to come to the meeting, would enjoy this?' 'Oh, let me run over with it,' cried Mabel 'I was going to give her this rose, anyway.'

"Mrs. Alexander enjoys the gift for an hour or so. She sees the motto, and with the true Sunshine spirit, sends the messenger into the next tent to a young man who is homesick.

"'Well!' he says. 'Isn't this luck! The only Easter card in camp. I'll send it over to Miss Mabel, she—'"

A peal of laughter here interrupted the teacher. "Why," exclaimed her pupil in Sunshine, "Mabel's got it again. Really, for a minute you made me think everything was true."

"Well, I'd like to impress upon you that the truth goes way ahead of any imagination. Mabel would have a good laugh and start the messenger out on another round of duty. There is no limit to the sunshine that one wee card or booklet can scatter if it's 'back isn't broken' by someone in the very start. Here endeth the first lesson," said the teacher, and her eyes twinkled right merrily.

Her pupil reached for the booklet and tore out the fly-leaf, saying: "There, sir! I've mended your back, my little man and may you do even more than has been prophesied for you."

. . .

It was just so that the Sunshine Society started. Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, when editor of a department in a busy, daily paper, objected to the staff giving her cards written upon, and a lecture something like the above was delivered one Christmas time. Eighteen cards were passed on as a result, and the story, was the first report issued by the society. It started the sun-a-shining, and now there are hundreds of well-organized branches. There are so many readers of this publication members-at-large of the society that some have formed themselves into a branch, calling it THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch of the I. S. S. The President-General has appointed Miss Susan Parsons president. All communications should be directed to her, Room 99, Bible House, New York City. Individual work done should be reported to her, and she will report monthly to the President-General.

. . .

The striking growth of the International Sunshine Society, especially in churches and Sunday Schools of various denominations, has aroused much interest in many quarters. Mrs. Alden, founder and President-General, explained to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the organization was calculated to be helpful to all denominations.

"If Methodists come in," she said, "the work makes them better Methodists.

"If Episcopalians join, they will find their church dearer than ever. If Baptists become Sunshiners, they find themselves more enthusiastic Baptists than ever. If Presbyterians fall into line, their Church will be all the stronger.

(Continued on page 310)

MR. THEO. F. SEWARD

MS. P. CARPENTER

MS. E. A. TUTTLE

RS. J. F. KNAPP

MRS. A. W. SCOFIELD

MRS. CHAS. E. YUNG

MRS. E. HERRMAN

MRS. M. M. PAINTER

MRS. H. B. PRATT

MRS. WM. T. HELMUTH

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered May 1

1. What changes or improvements, in the line of progress and efficiency, are necessary in our present Sunday School methods, in order to produce the best results?

2. Which is the better for the welfare of a church a good preacher who is a poor pastor, or a good pastor who is merely an average preacher?

3. If a woman is ill, and a competent physician declares that stimulants would be conducive to her recovery, and she refuses on principle to take them, ought her husband or father to insist on her taking them?

4. Is the confident and self-satisfied demeanor of young people, beginning their careers at the present day, which has taken the place of the diffidence and modesty formerly inculcated, a change for the better or worse?

5. What would be the effect of an organized movement by the Christian churches to send mission workers among the rich who are indifferent to religion, as we now do among the poor?

Questions of the Week

1. What can a little handful of Christians, without means or talent, do to further the cause of Christ in a farming community where there are no Gospel privileges?

Trusting in the Divine promise, they can do much to further the cause of Christ. 1. They can make themselves conspicuous for integrity and just dealing; and by observing the Lord's day, and illustrating in their daily walk the spirit and teachings of Jesus, influence others. The "Living Epistle" is always read. 2. This handful of Christians should organize for work. Assuming their number to be inadequate to constitute a church, a Sunday School could be established. The children and youth might thus be won, and, indirectly, older persons. The meetings doubtless, could be held in some home central to the community; and, if "means" were insufficient, "supplies" could be obtained gratuitously from the Sunday School Union or one of the denominational publishing houses. A band of consecrated workers could hardly fail in such an enterprise. 3. In connection with a Sunday School, religious meetings could be held, weekly, if possible, and the community urged to attend. If the former could not be sustained, the latter would seem to be essential; as in the absence of public worship there can be but little vital religion. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with its informing illustrations and suggestive incidents, with its weekly sermon and teaching articles, would prove helpful in conducting such services. Individual development would inevitably follow, and the apparent lack of "talent" be supplied. CHARLES H. HARRISON.

. . .

I will answer this question by relating how, in a certain rural district in Michigan, a worldly, pleasure-seeking, Sabbath-breaking community was changed by regeneration into a God-fearing, church-going people. There were scarcely half a dozen Christians in the town—at least of that class whose light is always kept shining. But they prayed unceasingly at home and in little neighborhood meetings for the outpouring of God's spirit; nor did they neglect to speak a kindly word of invitation or warning at suitable opportunities. Whenever it was practicable, a minister was invited to preach in the schoolhouse. A Sunday School was organized and kept alive by a faithful few. In the absence of more alluring pastimes, it was fairly well attended. At length the pastor of a neighboring village church sought out the place and appointed regular weekly services. Near the close of the first year he began revival meetings, bringing with him each evening the choir and other helpers from his village church. After a week of faithful labor the people began in earnest to inquire what they should do to be saved. The inspiriting music drew the crowds, the preaching of the Word convinced of sin, and personal effort, friend with friend, accomplished the rest. A sweeping revival was the result. The Spirit of God was abroad in the land, penetrating to distant homes whose members had not attended the meetings. A church embracing the greater part of the rural population was organized, and in little more than a year a fine church edifice was built.

MRS. M. A. HOYT.

2. What twelve books would you suggest as being the most suitable to place in the library of the Boys' Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, for boys from twelve to fifteen years of age?

1. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress;* 2. Thayer's *The Pioneer Boy* (Lincoln); 3. Montgomery's *Leading Facts in American History;* 4. *Bird Neighbors,* by Miss Blanchan; 5. Hale's *Man Without a Country;* 6. Holland's *Arthur Bonnicastle;* 7. Mulock's *John Halifax;* 8. Arthur's *Ten Nights in a Bar-room;* 9. Bellamy's *Looking Backward;* 10. Scott's *Ivanhoe;* 11. Sheldon's *In His Steps;* 12. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Of course, he has his own Bible, and does not need it in the library. M. H. DEAN.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S REMAINS LYING IN STATE AT INDIANAPOLIS

THE funeral of ex-President Harrison is said to have been without a parallel in the history of Indianapolis. People came from all parts of the Commonwealth to do him honor. Fifty thousand people filed through the capitol to view the remains lying there in state March 16, under a canopy of black, above which hung the battleflag of the warship *Indiana.* In the great military escort which bore him to the capitol, the aged survivors of his old regiment had the place of honor. Many of the old, bent soldiers were moved to tears. From the funeral at the First Presbyterian Church on Monday, thousands followed him to Crown Hill Cemetery, where he was laid to rest. Rev. Dr. Haines, who had been Mr. Harrison's pastor for many years, conducted the services. President McKinley was among those present.

3. What Bible character (other than Christ) furnishes most instruction and help for practical life?

Paul. In the words of Dr. Chambers, "We must confess him (Paul) to have been the foremost person in the history of Christianity, and the greatest mere man that ever lived." The lessons of Paul's life begin with the need of true repentance and sincere turning from sin. He shows us how firmness, courtesy and fidelity to faith and truth may be united with the utmost charity; how a man may be in word and act a living representative of Christ—"I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Though a man of varied gifts and attainments, he was humble. With all his zeal and enthusiasm for Christ, he was meek, lowly, self-sacrificing. "Himself was nothing, the cause everything." When necessary, he was not ashamed to labor with his own hands for his support. The scars of the many sufferings gladly endured for Christ's sake were his badges of honor. The love of Christ constrained him and for him he was willing to count "all things but loss." When rivals proclaimed Christ, Paul showed no jealousy of them, but rejoiced in the fact. And finally, he shows us how a Christian should regard death, and teaches us that life-work, done for Christ, is never lost. "Without money, without family, without friends, lonely by land and lonely by sea, he faced a hostile world and converted it to Christ, and by his example and his writings he still rules the theology and feeds the devotion of believers in all parts of Christendom." We may not do the great things he did, but we can perform our little deeds with the same spirit and receive the same reward for faithfulness.

G. E. KRAUTH.

4. Would legislation regarding the eligibility of candidates for matrimony improve present moral, social and physical conditions, or otherwise?

Legislation extending restrictions upon marriage beyond those usually accepted would be of exceedingly doubtful policy and probably dangerous to the morals of society. Theoretically, it would be better for the health and general development of the race if the responsibility of bearing and rearing children could be confined to the strong in body and mind. But legislation along that line would be destructive of what are now recognized as inalienable rights, promotive of immorality and utterly wanting in the power of reasonable enforcement. The most practical preventive of indiscreet marriages is to be found in the growth of intellectual, moral and spiritual education. L. B. RUSSELL.

It would be practically impossible to enforce such laws if they were too stringent, and the result would be wholesale evasions, a tremendous increase in illegitimacy, and a far worse condition of society socially, morally and physically than at present. Illegal unions, now fortunately rare, would then be multiplied in a startling degree. A uniform law in all the States prohibiting the marriage of consumptives, epileptics, drunkards, and those having the taint of insanity, however, would be reasonable and is greatly needed. Every child has the right to be well born, and the State should secure to it that right by proper means. CHARLOTTE BINGHAM.

5. What should be the attitude of the Christian toward the custom of holding socials, fairs, bazaars, suppers and entertainments in the churches to raise money for spiritual work?

The church is a leveler. It is one of the forces which may be used to destroy caste. Its object is to reach the social life of the community, and this calls for a mixing of the people. As far as church socials, suppers and entertainments can be used without introducing the questionable features of chance, such affairs may be made conducive to s bility, and at the same time give recre for those who might look for pleasu questionable ways, and yet increase the in the church treasury. Especially is true in country districts and villages. I to the pastorate of a village church v dances and card parties were of regular c rence, even among the church membe succeeded in keeping the committees s terested and active in church entertainn and other work, that dances and card pa became the exception instead of the rule. church was revived spiritually and financ During the two years I spent there, th dies' bi-weekly "afternoon coffees" we great source of revenue, and not one sc was perpetrated in the neighborhood, good fellowship prevailed. I believe i open church. The church and her should be the antidote for the saloon ar influence. If the church cannot furnish version for our young people, they wi found elsewhere and lose interest in ch work. The church is a means to an enc not the end itself. Whatever good use i be put to only increases its value to the munity. A. N. LEFFINGWE

. . .

The attitude of the Christian should be of disapproval, for the following reas 1. Churches, solemnly dedicated to the ship and service of God, cannot appropri be used for such purposes. These th abound in worldliness of sentiment method, and so have no proper place in house of God. 2. As a means of rai money, they are unscriptural. Abraham "t tithes of all" (Gen. 14:20). Moses taugh the Holy Spirit that "all the tithe of the is the Lord's" (Lev. 27:30). In the buil of the Tabernacle, "the children of I brought a willing offering unto the Lord, e man and woman, whose heart made t willing to give" (Ex. 35:29). In the erec of Solomon's temple, "the chief of the fat and princes of the tribes of Israel, and captains of thousands and of hundreds, the rulers of the king's work, offered willi and gave, for the service of God's house;" "the people rejoiced for that they off willingly, because with a perfect heart t offered willingly to the Lord" (1. Chr. 2 7, 9). Malachi (3:10) gives us the comm of God, obedience to which brings the di blessing. In this text, substitute for the w "tithes" the things that are usually brou in to the fairs and bazaars, and the bea force and truth of the passage is entirely stroyed. The Saviour commended and proved the payment of the tithe, and the f will offering of the poor widow who gave mites. Paul's plan for raising money (1. C 16:1, 2) precludes the idea of the custom ferred to. In fact, the motive in follow this custom is often to obviate the neces of bringing in the tithes and free-will offeri The custom is at best but a device of m and, being a subversion and transgressior the Lord's will, it cannot bring his bless upon the church which follows it. The Chu is a social body, and should have its so gatherings of various sorts, but not for purpose of money-getting.

B. F. WHITTEMORI

. . .

Observation and experience both show manifold loss, resulting to the Church of C by the almost universal usage of social fa etc., to supply means for the advance of Kingdom. While hearts, heads and hands hundreds of its membership are engrossed "serving tables," it is utterly impossible to vote themselves to the higher, spiritual a best interests of the Church. The religio atmosphere becomes chilled, few have heart to urge sinners to come to Christ, a the young people, absorbed in constant soc preparation, have little opportunity, thoug or desire for salvation. The financial res is generally painfully disproportioned to t numbers, labor, anxiety and time involve and we are led to consider the effort a loss whatever way we may view it. Equal soc advantages may be secured in many oth directions; and, for the money, we have or to look at the exceptional churches, whe such means are never employed. They enj a deeper religious life; their finances are ma tained without difficulty or embarrassmen because in answer to their earnest praye obedience, faithfully paid tithes, and th glad free-will thank-offerings, the Lord pou out upon them the promised overflow, and himself keeps their treasury full.

MRS. E. D. C. MAIR.

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS FAMILY—AFTER THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY SPANGENBERG

....A STATUE TO THE FOUNDER OF PROTESTANTISM

AMERICA TO HONOR LUTHER

TO GRACE THE CATHEDRAL AT SPEYER

IN the quaint old German city of Speyer-on-the-Rhine, the great Gothic Cathedral, which is designed as a memorial to Protestantism, and which has been in process of construction for several years, is now approaching completion. This noble edifice, which is the gift of Protestants throughout the world, will be a splendid and enduring monument of the historic crisis of 1529, when one of the greatest triumphs the human race has ever known was won for religious liberty. In that year, the Diet of the German Empire assembled at Speyer, on the call of Emperor Charles V., and by an overwhelming majority, voted for the issuance of an edict directed against the Reformation begun by Luther and his illustrious associates in the great battle against the domination of the Church of Rome. Protestantism was under condemnation, and the life-work of the grand Reformer was in imminent danger of being crushed out. At this critical juncture, and when all seemed lost, six German princes and fourteen deputies of the Diet, all of whom had become warm adherents of the Reformer in the earlier stages of the controversy, came out boldly for religious liberty and defied the Diet, its royal allies and the Papacy, by entering a vigorous and determined protest against the edict. Their action saved the Reformation, and crowned the city of Speyer with glory as the scene of a never-to-be-forgotten triumph for religious liberty. Their protest was proclaimed to the world, and from that act and the events which followed, the name of "Protestant" was given to all who opposed the proscriptive edict. That appellation, which was flung at the followers of Martin Luther in derision and as a term of opprobrium, is to-day reverenced and loved by the non-Catholic Christian churches and denominations in all quarters of the globe.

When the great Memorial Cathedral at Speyer is finished, it will be one of the most beautiful and imposing temples of worship in Europe. It is pure Gothic in architectural style, and is surmounted by a hexagonal tower 300 feet high. The material is yellow-gray sandstone from Alsace. The church will seat fourteen hundred people. On the ground floor is a Memorial Hall, thirty-five feet in diameter and sixty feet in height. On entering this noble hall, between beautifully carved portals, the visitor finds a space reserved for a bronze statue of Martin Luther, which will be surrounded by the figures of the six princes who signed the protest before the Diet of Speyer. Those six statues have been presented to the church by the living descendants of the princes. In the corners, over the portals, will be the coats-of-arms of the free cities represented by the fourteen protesting deputies. To the Protestants of America has been reserved a signal honor and privilege—indeed, the most pronounced honor of all—that of donating the statue of the great Reformer, to be placed in the centre of the Hall, as the gift of the Protestants of the New World to the Old. Under the authority of the Protestant Memorial Committee of Speyer, a Luther Statue Association has been organized in this country, with Mr. A. J. D. Wedemeyer as President, Hon. G. A. Dobler, Secretary, and Hon. Charles A. Schieren, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, Treasurer. Associated with these gentlemen are others, also prominent and well known, as members of the committee on which no less than fourteen American cities are represented. This Association has authorized THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to lay before its readers and the churches and Christian people of the United States generally, the facts concerning the official action of the Memorial Committee at Speyer, in extending to Protestant America the distinguished honor of erecting the statue. In height, the bronze statue of Martin Luther, as designed by the sculptor, will tower nine feet above its base. It represents the Reformer clasping the Bible in his left hand, while with his right he points to the sacred volume, in the attitude of solemn protest or declaration. The noble face is slightly raised, as though calling heaven to witness the protest. The entire figure, that of one who relies wholly upon God, might well recall the lines that are carved around the stone bust of Luther, over the doorway of his birthplace at Eisleben:

PROPOSED LUTHER STATUE

Christi Wort ist Luther's Lehr;
Drum vergeht sie nimmermehr.
(Christ's own Word is Luther's lore;
So it lives forevermore).

HON. CHARLES A. SCHIEREN

Many notable donations have been made to the Memorial Cathedral by Protestant communities and individuals, eager to be represented in this superb monument to the memory of the great Reformer and his work. Professor Gussmann, of Dresden, a distinguished leader of Protestantism in Germany, has contributed a colossal painting, valued at $10,000, representing the delivery of the "Great Protest," by Prince John of Saxony; another donor has given a pulpit, valued at $5,000, and others have presented windows, organ-frame, turrets, gables, banisters, seats, building blocks, etc. Nearly all the Protestant princes of Europe have given decorated windows, the Emperor and Empress of Germany having presented five of them. The organ is the gift of a large number of church choirs. It is estimated that the entire cost of the cathedral will be $375,000.

On this page is an illustration showing the proposed statue. Not the Lutherans alone, but every Protestant denomination in the United States, owes a debt of eternal gratitude to Luther. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD invites its readers everywhere to join in this tribute to the memory of the Founder of Protestantism. And in order that all may have an equal share and interest in the memorial statue to be erected, we suggest that contributors to the Statue Fund should each **send one dollar, and no more.** This, however, will not prevent individual members of the same household from each becoming dollar contributors. To every contributor of one dollar to the Fund there will be sent by the Association a large and finely executed engraving of "Martin Luther and His Family," after the famous painting by Spangenberg. This engraving measures 12½ x 16½ inches, and will be sent, carefully rolled and postage prepaid. It is identical with the picture on this page, but far larger and very much finer. Accompanying the souvenir will be a personal letter of thanks from ex-Mayor Schieren, acknowledging the gift on behalf of the Memorial Committee. All contributions toward the erection of the statue should be addressed

LUTHER STATUE FUND THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Price Paid

TEXT, I. Cor. 6: 20: Ye are bought with a price

YOUR friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass-plots, the fish-ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud: "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing-room, or you see a high-mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to the Tower of London to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once, at least, and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their brilliance, and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people, many thousand people were crowded; and amid hostlers and muleteers and camel-drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden, the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie—hath the whelp in the lions' lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Cæsar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary! no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—Monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that Babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of heaven, that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of heaven lay hold the rope and ring out the news: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife, or gun, or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrific, than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself, met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentullus, in his letter to the Roman Senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its petals. Abstinence from food had thrown him into emaciation. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history is

"NEVERTHELESS, NOT MY WILL BUT THINE BE DONE"

that of the crew of the ship *Juno;* for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fibre of the body, and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said: "Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me, under those circumstances, we would have cried: "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication; but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. O, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made; but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail: "Put it on now, yourself, and let us try it; and with shot after shot from his own pistol, the emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

I bless God that the same coat of mail that turned back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me, and wear it for yourselves. I shall see you through all trials and I shall see you through all temptation."

"But," says Satan still further to Jesus, "Come, and I will show you something worth looking at; and after a half-day's journey they came to Jerusalem, and stood on top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the steeple of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the Temple. Some people of great height feel dizzy, and a strange disposition to jump; so Satan comes to Christ in that very place. Standing there at the top of the Temple they look off upon A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, flocks on the hills, and in the valley, villages and cities and realms. "Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. You jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the Temple to the valley, but if you are divine, you can fly. Jump off. It won't hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation it must have been!

Go to-morrow morning and get into an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest slums of your city. "No," you say, "I will not bemean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the Lord of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought the great battle with the powers of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the Temple. But I bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are tempted. In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled in the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order and then rose hand over hand and went to work; and as she swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done he came down in safety; and a Christian man said to him, "Why did you go down in the forecastle before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy, "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me, before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" "Oh, that is the New Testament," he said; "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was protected! I care not how great the height or how great the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us, nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the tempest will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the agonizing prayer in Gethsemane. As I sat in the garden, at the foot of an old gnarled and twisted olive tree, the historic scene came upon me overwhelmingly. These old olive trees are the lineal descendants of those under which Christ stood, and wept, and knelt. How the leaves of whole botanical generations told the story of our Lord's agony to their successors? Next to Calvary, the solemnest place in Palestine is Gethsemane. While sitting there it seemed as if I could hear the Lord's prayer, laden with sobs and groans. Can this be the Jesus who gathered fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and from the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and from the box of alabaster that broke at his feet? Is this Jesus

comforter of Bethany, the resurrector at Nain, the doctor at Bethsaida? Is this the Christ whose frown is the storm, whose smile is the sunlight, the spring moving his breath, the thunder his voice, heaven on the bosom of his love, the universe the dust of his chariot wheel? Is this the Christ who is able to heal a heart-break, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory? Behold him in prayer, the globules of blood by sorrow pressed through the skin of his forehead! What an installment in part payment of the greatest price that was ever paid!

A Mockery of Justice

The fourth installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the court room at two o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpœnaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight, of course they saw the arrest and went into the court room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, two o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the court room with the ruffians.

Oh, look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court room comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh! it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence. Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence; but what cares the judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let him die," says the judge; and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want. Pass him out here to us. Away with him. Away with him."

Oh! I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a Divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands today in every court room, in every house, in every store, and says, "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life.

Further I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be sombre that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King. A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What, pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tears. Do you want to drink his blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments.

Women Stand There and Weep

but they can do no good. It is no place for the tender-hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roman officer called out for a light, his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of spears and the wailing of womanhood, and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying son of God! Look! what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh! when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand, that bought both your hands with all their power to work, and lift, and write; when the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love, and repent, and pray.

Grappling for Souls

When the Atlantic cable was lost in '65, do you remember that the *Great Eastern* and the *Medway* and the *Albany* went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in water. After a while they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling-hooks, and at last they found the cable and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then with great excitement they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted, and the rockets flew, and the guns sounded, until all the vessels on the expedition knew, and the continents were lashed together. Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath, Gospel messengers have come searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling-hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again, we have thought that you were at the surface, and we began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness, you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. To-day we come with the Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the Cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness; and, oh! if now we could see only one spark of love, and hope, and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin, has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel.

THE "BLIND ROOM" IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

IN the Congressional Library at Washington, the large room is set aside for the exclusive use of the blind. This is the best equipped single gathering place for the sightless in this country. This boon to the blind, provided by a thoughtful, paternal government, is called by those who use it "the national headquarters of the unseeing."

The room in question is situated on the first floor of the huge building, and as near the entrance as possible. It was opened about two years ago, and was instantly popular. All the blind folks of Washington caused themselves to be led there, and from that day to this very few of the local "unseeing," who are able to get about, have missed their daily hour in quarters of which they will never know the real beauties. They have been told over and over again, how the walls and ceiling are covered with decorations, by famous American artists; of how the color scheme is the outcome of good taste and of artistic eyes; of how even the color of the furniture and the hangings are in perfect harmony with the decorations. But these beauties they can never enjoy though the sense of sight. The imagination only can furnish them pleasure in the art-beauties of the room, for many of them know not even what red, or blue, or color of any sort is like. Said one of them to me: "I know a black night and a white light, that is all, for I know when I am in the glare of the sunlight and when I am in a darkened room. But as for the rainbow and its colors, what like may that be?"

BLIND PEOPLE GATHERING FOR DAILY INSTRUCTION HOUR

In addition to the local blind, the steady patrons of the blind room, there come yearly a thousand or more visitors from all over the United States. Here they know they will meet others afflicted like themselves, and the natural sympathy of misery draws them here where affections can be understood by experience.

During inauguration week 125,000 persons visited the Congressional Library, but not more than a score of these visitors were blind. Of course, Washington at that busy time was no place for the unseeing. The inauguration ceremony is a spectacle, and of what interest is a spectacle to the unseeing, save in an intellectual sense?

Three days after inauguration I visited the Blind Room. Instead of finding the sightless, I found an assemblage of people, half of whom had two good, seeing eyes. It seems that every Thursday afternoon a musical is given in this room for the pleasure of those who cannot see their entertainers, but who can hear. On the afternoon of my visit, a lady possessing a deep, rich contralto voice, sang for a most appreciative audience. They said that she was the wife of a Representative, that her brother had lost his sight in a railway accident while on his way to Washington, and that since then this lady had gladly devoted several hours each week to helping the blind enjoy their dreary days. She was followed by a young violinist. Then came a pianist, the organist of one of Washington's largest churches. Then all three, the singer, the violinist, and the pianist, co-operated, the lady's singing being accompanied by the other two on their instruments.

All the rear seats were occupied by the seeing, all the front seats by the unseeing. Of the latter, about twenty were present. The sightless ones listened, with wrapt attention, and applauded spontaneously.

On all other days in the week, except Sunday, the hour between 2.30 and 3.30 is the entertainment hour for the blind. In other words, every working day, except Thursday, the day of the musical, there is given here a reading, or a talk, on some subject of interest to the blind. Authors, scientists, physicians, lecturers, missionaries, ministers, and army and navy chaplains are in turn asked to address the meetings.

In charge of the Blind Room is Miss Giffen, a gentlewoman of remarkable patience, and endowed by nature with an abundance of sympathy. To her kindly offices and assistance, the popularity of the Blind Room is largely due. The room over which she presides is equipped with everything helpful in the intellectual development of the blind. Here are special typewriters, telegraph instruments, a printing press, a typesetting case, besides the usual books and pictures in relief. After the musical, on the day of my visit, a blind lady kindly gave an exhibition of proficiency in the use of the typewriter. A young man, unseeing, displayed wonderful talent in the use of the telegraph key. Another set up type, and still another used the printing press.

It is these things and this room, put at their disposal in this way, that helps to bring happiness to the blind of Washington. All State Governments should try to provide similar rooms for unfortunate ones, and all librarians could bring happiness to the afflicted in their respective cities, by writing to the Librarian of Congress for information concerning the establishment and conduct of a room for the blind.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Christian Fellowship

THERE is no tie so binding, uplifting and beautiful as that of comradeship in good works and communion in holy things. Men who are friends, "good fellows" in the world's way, have been known to break each other's hearts, ruin each other's homes, blight each other's lives—nay, they have been known to die by each other's hands.

Such tragic sequence to friendship cannot occur when good fellowship is based on noble interests in common, when each friend upbuilds the other in character, and uplifts the other spiritually. Only in such interchange is the real ends of friendship or of love served. Husband and wife, if you would keep the tie between you ever bright and shining as the gold of the new wedding-ring, be, as far as in you lies, comrades in good works, companions in spiritual life—make each other better. Such interest and endeavor does not wane with years, with trials of adversity or with temptations of prosperity. Between brothers and sisters it is the home's benison. Between young men it is a beacon of promise.

In a recent issue, we published an account of the lives and the double funeral of Mr. Coddington and Mr. Gibson, which furnished a remarkable illustration of what such a friendship as has been described meant to two prominent business men of New York City, who, for some fifty years, "walked to the House of God in company."

Parents are wise if they impress upon their growing boys the fact that good times and good fellowship are not limited to the ways of worldlings, but are found more surely in paths of righteousness, and that the friendship which ennobles is the only friendship for manly men.

Paid Sunday School Teachers

WHAT is a live Sunday School? What are its functions? What ought we to expect from it in this new century? These are important questions and need to be fully canvassed. But equally as important is the one to be discussed, whether our Sunday School superintendents ought to be paid a salary for services rendered? It was a popular opinion at one time that the Sunday School was only for children and youth, and that older people, if at all identified with the institution, were to be either teachers or in some advanced Bible Class, taught by some venerable member.

The modern idea is widely different. A live, up-to-date Sunday School means the whole Church at a study of the divine Word. There will also be a proper grading, as seen in our public schools, viz.: primary, intermediate, seniors and adult classes. There will also be a home department and a nursery. These two last are of vast value to the Church. Invalids, or those whose duties demand their presence in their homes, can study the lessons and keep in close touch with the school if members of the home department, and mothers with babes can find in the nursery department the same privileges. If, then, a man is called to preside over such an institution, and be held responsible for its growth, prosperity and spiritual fruitage, it will demand incessant labor, deep, earnest study, much visitation and an unreserved consecration! He must have a large corps of assistants, as well as teachers, and to give all needed supervision to their work, as well as mapping out their range of duties, calls for time that few men can give unless specially set apart for this ministry. If so set apart, then he must receive compensation for such a service. Small schools in rural districts, or mission schools in small towns, may not see their way clear to pay a man, and it may not be necessary. But in our large cities, where visitation is just as imperatively demanded from our Sunday School superintendents as from our pastor by the Churches, then there must be some financial renumeration! There are some of our largest Sunday Schools who do pay salaries, and it pays large returns both in numerical strength and in steady accessions to membership of the Church. Shepherding a Sunday School calls for a paid shepherd to do the work. If he sees his flock only on Sunday, and no other time, there will be a scattering, unless teachers will systematically visit all their scholars and relieve the superintendent from all visitations. But when it is understood that he must preside over teachers' meetings, and executive sessions with his officers, and map out the work for the whole school, and practically do the work of a pastor and a city missionary in gathering new material, visiting sick and distressed pupils, then he richly deserves all the compensation that the Church can pay to him as a stated salary!

The evolution of the Sunday School of the twentieth century as an ideal centre of religious culture, training, and education, will attain far more rapid growth in numerical strength and spiritual power in the coming decade than it has in the past quarter century. To have the work systematically and efficiently done, its superior and presiding officer must consecrate not only his best powers, but all his time to its accomplishment, and in the Master's own words, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." If it is argued that it will secularize the position, and create a class whose love for office and money will affect a school unfavorably, it can be instantly answered: Why any more so than a paid preacher and pastor in the pulpit? Only spiritually-minded men will crave such onerous work. It demands self-sacrifice, prayer, and communion with Jesus Christ. It will be no sinecure. Churches ought to try the experiment.

May Laymen Preach?

MERCHANTS, mechanics, attorneys, and people of all occupations, have begun to evangelize. Wherever they go they have large concourses of people, and powerful revivals of religion follow. Had we not better appoint a meeting of conference or presbytery to overhaul these men, who are saving souls without license? No! What we want is ten thousand men just like them, coming up from among the people, with no professional garb, and hearts hot with religious fervor, and bound by no conventionalities or stereotyped notions about the way things ought to be done.

We have a sly suspicion that the layman who has for seven years given the most of his spare time to the study of the truth, is better prepared to preach the Gospel than a man who has given that length of time in theological seminaries to the study of what other people say about the Bible. In other words, we like water just dipped from the spring, though handed in a gourd, rather than water that has been standing a week in a silver pitcher. Some cry out, "It is dangerous to have laymen take such prominent positions in the Church." Dangerous to what? Our dignity, our prerogatives, our clerical rights? It is the same old story—if we have a mill on the stream, we do not want some one else to build a mill on the same stream. It will take the water off our wheel. But, blessed be God! the river of salvation is deep and strong enough to grind corn for all nations.

If a pulpit is so weak that the wave of religious zeal on the part of the laity submerges it, then let it go under. We cannot expect all other shipping to forsake the sea lest they run down our craft. We want more watchmen on the wall, more sentinels at the gate, more recruits for the field. Forward the whole Christian laity! Throw up no barrier to their advancement. Do not hang the Church by the neck with "red tape" until dead.

Necessary Annoyances

WE have all discussed the question, What was the thorn in the flesh that Paul refers to? but every one has a thorn sticking him. The housekeepers find it in unfaithful domestics; or an inmate who keeps things disordered; or a house too small for convenience, or too large to be kept cleanly. The professional man finds it in perpetual interruptions, or calls for "more copy." The Sabbath School teacher finds it in inattentive scholars, or neighboring teachers that talk loud and make a great noise in giving a little instruction. One man has a rheumatic joint which, when the wind is northeast, lifts the storm signal. Another a business partner, who takes full half the profits but does not help earn them. These trials are the more nettlesome because, like Paul's thorn, they are not to be mentioned. Men get sympathy for broken bones and mashed fingers, but not for the end of sharp thorns that have been broken off in the fingers.

Let us start out with the idea that we must have annoyances. It seems to take a certain number of them to keep us humble, wakeful and prayerful. To Paul the thorn was as disciplinary as the shipwreck. It is not one thing, it is another. If the stove does not smoke, the boiler must leak. If the pen is good the ink must be poor. If the editorial column be level, there must be a typographical blunder. If the rock does not pierce the knee, it must take you in the back. Life must have sharp things in it. We cannot make up our robe of Christian character without pins and needles.

Half-and-Half Christians

IN the book of Revelation we have Christ's opinion of Christians neither cold nor hot. Christ says of such servants that he will spew them out of his mouth. We had better warm up or freeze over. Better set the whole outside in the atmosphere at zero, or put it on the altar of God and stir up the coals into a blaze. If we do not, God will remove us.

Christian men are not always taken to heaven as a reward, but sometimes to get them out of the way on earth. They go to join the tenth-rate saints in glory; for if such persons think they will stand with Paul and Harlan Page, and Charlotte Elizabeth, they are much mistaken. When God takes them up, the Church here is better off. We mourn slightly to have them go because we have got used to having them around, and at the funeral the minister says all the good things about the man that can well be thought of, because we want to make the funeral as respectable as possible. I never feel so much tempted to lie as when an inconsistent and useless Christian has died, and I want in my final remarks to make a good case out for the poor fellow. Still, it is an advantage to have such a man get out of the way. He is opposed to all new enterprises. He puts back everything he tries to help. His digestion of religious things is impaired, and his circulation is so poor that no amount of friction can arouse him.

* * *

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON, who passed away recently, after a life full of years and honors, was long and actively interested in many different forms of Christian effort. He was never a man to make public parade of his religion, yet that it was deep and earnest few who have ever heard him speak at a religious gathering could doubt. At the farewell meeting of the great Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York in 1900, in addressing the departing missionaries, Mr. Harrison used these words:

> Every one who has had any part in these meetings is under pledge to go out into life with renewed resolve to do more and to do better for foreign missions than he has ever done before. The Conference has failed of its purpose if it has not touched your heart, as it has touched mine, with a deeper sense of obligation to our Lord to help in the work of evangelizing the world. The impression we want to make, that we must make, upon Christians at home and in the mission fields is this, that we have one Prophet, one Lord, one Book. We part with you in sorrow, and yet bitter as they are, the Christian partings always are cheered by the promise of the great gathering, where all who love the Lord shall see each other again.

These words showed forth the strong Christian faith of the man whose earthly career so lately closed.

* * *

"SHALL there or shall there not be a religious census? is a question now occupying the attention of the Census Bureau in Washington. It is not really of prime importance, although it is hardly in human nature to resist the temptation to "count noses" on every possible occasion. Far better than taking statistics is it to press on, shoulder to shoulder, in the warfare against sin. We believe that the Christian army is growing in numbers and influence every year, and it is right that this should be so, since, with Divine help, it must take the whole world for Christ.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

To Admonish Morocco

N object lesson for a young African potentate is being furnished by our Government. We have had a long-standing dispute with Morocco, which the State Department has vainly endeavored to settle. As it includes a demand for indemnity for wrongs done to American citizens, as well as an apology for insulting threats to our Government, the dficulty is embarrassing to the impecunious Sultan of th kingdom. Time and again have the demands been pssed by our State Department, only to be met by evsions and cavalier answers. Some months ago, the fcign office of Morocco was notified that a special rpresentative of the American Government would be se to Morocco to collect the indemnity and receive the alogy. The cunning of the Oriental diplomat was dlayed in the Grand Vizier's reply. He said that the cital of Morocco could be easily changed from place toplace, and that by taking that course the Sultan cld prevent our representative presenting the Americ claims to his government. Mr. Gummere, who has bn sent from Washington on this mission, has sent advance note informing the Grand Vizier of Morocco th if the capital is removed before his arrival, the Aerican Government will regard the act as one of dourtesy, and will require a special apology for it. Inorder to impress the Sultan with the importance of coming to terms, the cruiser *New York* was dispatched toTangier, and has probably reached that port by this tie. The sight of an American warship off his coast sluld convince him that further delay may be dangerol. It may be hoped for his own sake, as well as ours, tht the Sultan will yield, and that hostile measures will nhave to be taken. As he is only twenty-two years oage, the Sultan has not had much experience in grernment, and it would be well for him if he studied tl warning uttered by the wisest of kings:

[e that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly bestroyed, and that without remedy (Prov. 29:1).

A Prisoner's Toilsome Escape

A press dispatch from Pottsville, Pa., describes the lorious escape of a convict from the prison at that tn. He had been convicted of an attempt to poison h wife, and had been sentenced to seven and a half yrs in the penitentiary. When he had served about s months, he managed to get possession of an iron b, which was used to open the grates of the prison fnace. With this implement he dug a tunnel under t eighteen-inch stone wall of the prison. He crawled tough the tunnel, crossed the yard of the prison, and hd climbed the wall before his escape was discovered. A he sat astride the outer wall, he was seen by a sentry, vo fired at him. He was not hit, and quietly proceeded vh his device for lowering himself to the ground. In aew moments he had a rope, which he had constructed fm his bedding, fastened by a hook on the top of the vll, and with this he descended to the open country cside. There a friend was in waiting, with a suit of cthing for him to put on instead of his convict's spes. In a few minutes he was ready to travel, and eding the searching party that was sent to pursue him, he got clear away. The officers on examining his cell were amazed at the labor he had performed in making the tunnel with so poor an implement. If those who are held in bondage by the enemy of souls were only as earnest and determined in seeking emancipation as this convict was in getting out of the prison, how many of them might be delivered!

That they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil who are taken captive by him at his will. (II. Timothy 2:26).

Discovered by a Dog

A story of the discovery of gold is published by the New York *Journal*, purporting to have been sent from Cass Lake, Minn. It is to the effect that a miner in a camp near that place has been in severe straits. He was holding on to a claim that, he was convinced, contained gold, but he had not found any of the precious metal. Still he toiled on, his only companion a mongrel dog, to which he was much attached. Early in the winter he was prostrated by illness. His slender resources were soon exhausted and it was only through the kindness of neighbors, who brought him food, that he managed to exist. One day a charitable friend, who came with supplies, saw him feed his dog, and made some harsh remark about being willing to bring food for the man, but not for a dog. After that very little provender found its way to the miner's hut, and he concluded that to conciliate public opinion, his canine friend must be abandoned. So he drove the dog away. But in a short time the animal returned with a bone that he had dug up from the grave where, in more plentiful times, he had buried it. The miner watched him as he gnawed it, and noticed that there were bright gleams in the frozen earth still adhering to it. His heart leaped with joy. He went out to see where the dog had found the bone. Collecting some of the earth from the hole he examined it, and finally took some of the dirt to an assayer, who declared it to be genuine gold. The soil is rich in gold and leads back sixty feet to a ledge of rocks. He has already taken out gold worth three thousand dollars and has the prospect of getting out an enormous fortune. Possibly the story may be apocryphal, but there are many people to whom fortune has come in unexpected ways, and sometimes through the affectionate fidelity of some dependant. There are some who could testify that they have been led to spiritual riches in that way. The words of a beloved child, or of a faithful servant, have served to lead men to Christ, who by the light of reason and their own learning might never have found him.

God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen (I. Cor. 1:27, 28).

Colored Rains in Europe

A remarkable phenomenon is reported from southern Italy. This is a rain of a muddy consistence and of a pale red color. A few days later, muddy rain fell in various parts of Germany. A scientist, writing in the New York *Sun*, advances the theory in explanation that the rain in Italy was impregnated with dust from the Desert of Sahara, while the muddy rain in Germany was the result of a volcanic eruption in Iceland, in which a large quantity of volcanic dust was thrown up to a great height. In both cases the wind was the agent of transit. He expresses the belief that the carrying power of the wind has been vastly underrated. He mentions an instance of barley having fallen a few years ago during a rain storm in southern Spain, which was afterwards proved to have been carried by the wind from threshing-floors in Morocco. Another instance is that of volcanic dust from Cotopaxi, which was carried to Quito, a distance of thirty-four miles, and another instance in which dust from the same volcano fell on the slopes of Chimborazo, sixty-four miles off. He believes that whenever the upper atmosphere holds in suspense a sufficiently large quantity of feathery dust it may have the effect of tinging the rainfall that passes through it. We have been accustomed to think of the rain descending from the skies as pure, but it appears that it may contain elements of the earth. It is so with our theology. Though the truth comes from heaven, it reaches us through human channels, which tinge it with their characteristics. As the apostle said:

We have this treasure in earthen vesseis (II. Cor. 4:7).

A Bullet in His Heart

A surprising condition was revealed recently in a hospital at Denver, Col. A man who had been wounded four years ago by a pistol shot, called at the hospital to be placed under the Roentgen rays. The doctors who had treated him at the time he was wounded had never been able to find the bullet, and the wound had healed, leaving it somewhere in his body. He was curious to know where it was lodged, and having heard of the wonders of the new light, he desired to submit himself to their searching power. His request was granted, and to the amazement of the surgeons, the bullet was seen resting in the muscles of the heart. The man was strong and apparently in good health, yet he had this leaden missile in the most vital organ of his body, rising and falling with every beat. It is extraordinary that he should have survived such an injury, and the surgeons say the case is unprecedented. The burden in his heart does not seem to have had the injurious effect upon him that we see in men who have suffered moral evil to enter their heart.

These men have set up their idols in their heart, and put the stumbling block of their iniquity before their face: should I be inquired of at all by them? (Ezek. 14:3).

TANGIER, THE CHIEF SEAPORT OF MOROCCO

THE GATEWAY OF A CONSULATE IN TANGIER

BRIEF NOTES

The largest Bible in the world is said to be one in the possession of a German lady. It is two feet six inches long and twenty inches wide. It is over two hundred years old.

It is expected that the Christian Endeavor Society will decide at its approaching Convention at Cincinnati, to hold National Conventions only in alternate years.

The Madison Square Church House in New York, described in this journal last week, has been finished earlier than was anticipated. The dedicatory services were held on Sunday, March 31, and the workers are now installed in their commodious home.

An example to other cities has been set at Pittsfield, Mass., by ministers of all denominations. They have agreed to refuse to perform a marriage ceremony when one or both parties to the marriage have been divorced, excepting the case of the innocent party to the divorce suit who has obtained a divorce on Scriptural grounds.

"Wound it in linen clothes with the spices."—John 19: 40. "A young man sitting . . . clothed in a white garment."—Mark 16: 5.

The Joys of the Easter-Tide

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

EASTER BLOOM

STUDENTS of the poetical mythologies of the world, of Greek and Norse and Aryan lore, know under what picturesque symbolism the ancients were accustomed to describe the annual return of spring. Rosy-fingered graces and goddesses, at whose coming the sun broke forth, the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, made the earth and sky beautiful when winter was over. In the mystical Song of Solomon, there is an apostrophe to spring, which always brings with it, as we read, an atmosphere of rare ecstasy:

> For lo! the winter is past,
> The rain is over and gone,
> The flowers appear on the earth,
> The time of the singing of birds has come!

As one of our Western writers, Ella Higginson, tenderly writes in lyric phrase:

> Oh, every year hath its winter,
> And every year hath its rain,
> But a time is always coming
> When the birds go North again!

That is our consolation in the wintry days of the soul, in the loss and loneliness caused by death, in the silence and the chill, a time is always coming when the birds will return! Beauty for ashes, joy for heaviness, and garments of praise when we put by the sackcloth. That is the rule, God be thanked. The anticipation of Easter gilds the steepest Via Dolorosa of any human life.

. . .

Among my readers there are some who have lately stood beside a newly-hollowed grave. Father is dead, or mother, or little Harry, or the baby. No matter which of the dear ones has gone, the heart, in its dull anguish and yearning, feels that no other could have left a loss so large, could have been so deeply missed. And this is true. Each has his or her own place, and that place vacant, the whole world is dark.

At Christmas, in a home I know, there was an unbroken household group. At Easter there is a vacant chair, and the family are in mourning. It used to be a very joyous house, but the piano has not been opened since Mildred died; there is no more singing in the evening, and the mother's face is never brightened by a smile.

The younger children are beginning to creep away from mother, and stay in a room by themselves. They are made to feel that they are somehow to blame for being alive when sister, who was so sweet and merry and beautiful, is gone. Nobody ever associated death with Mildred. She was an incarnate sunbeam. Her college friends, the neighbors, the cousins, the church people, everybody loved Mildred, yet a few days' illness, and she faded like a wi red flower. To her father and mother the whole wo d is just now a blank.

. . .

But, Easter comes to them with a special messag and a warning. Most of us are apt in the first tumu and shock of grief to forget that the living have clai as well as the dead. A lady told me th she never remembered a single caressing ord or a look of approval bestowed upo her, after the sudden death of a brothe "I grew from my childhood into matur , in the firm belief that my mother di not love me. She was asleep under the d ies and I was a mother, before I unde od her," was the daughter's admission.

If Easter means anything it mean his, dear friends, that the separations o his life are only temporary. Our loved hes are not dead, they are asleep. They all waken, and we shall find them i the morning. When the glad day of h en breaks we shall meet all who have ne before, and shall see

> Those angel faces smile
> Which we have loved long since
> And lost awhile.

. . .

As surely as the sap was stirring w ks ago in the leafless trees which will so be waving with new verdure, as sure as spring returns after winter, so surel ill we see again our loved ones, in the ry of heaven. Living, loving, waiting f s. and glad to welcome us home, for he Lord is Risen!"

Our Lord's resurrection is the pi al point of the whole Bible. The Old T ta- ment led up to it, and at the en sepulchre in Joseph's garden the w Testament reached its coronation. he angels who said, "Why seek ye the li g among the dead?" brought a word o m- mortal cheer to the mourning in all s. Our Lord's own word, "Handle me d see a spirit hath not flesh and bone as ye see me have," is a ringing assertio of victory over the last enemy. His ben c- tion of peace is sweeter because he s e it after having broken the chains of d h, and emerged a victor from its prison.

. . .

Sorrowing friends, accept the E er hope. Take heart to go on, wayfare to the land of immortality. Beyond he smiling and the weeping, the shore f heaven beckon, and there the E er radiance never fades.

"HE IS RISEN . . . HE IS NOT HERE" MARK 16: 6

THE LORD IS RISEN

NO tomb for him where man had lain before,
No other form was borne that threshold o'er,
In grandeur such as never earth had seen
He slept, and kingly was his silent mien;
Though rent and marred on the accursed tree
Was he who came, our sacrifice to be.
And they who loved him, in that garden dim
Were reft of faith and courage, lacking him.
They wrapped him tenderly in spice and myrrh;
Their tears fell slowly. Mary thought of her
Dark past, forgiven of Christ; his mother knew
That every nail had pierced her own heart through.
Peter and John were silent. He was gone,
The night of agony could have no dawn!
The Roman watch was set, they rolled the stone
To the great cave, where Jesus slept alone.

. . .

They told of how he broke the bread and spake
Strange words of comfort; yet the poignant ache
Grew but the duller, he who erst had called
The dead to life, was dead. They shrank appalled;
He whose least word had been a bugle's breath.
Frozen and silent in the clasp of death!
And they believed not, that the dead could rise,
No Christ to summon him, before their eyes.
Therefore, what marvel, when that rock-bound prison
Is burst asunder, when "The Lord is Risen!"
Angels affirm, in that forsaken tomb,
Around it, see, how white the lilies bloom!
Their Lord arisen, to walk amid their praise
And meet them o'er and o'er, for forty days!
Their Lord and ours! And death forever slain,
Lo! Christ our Life, forevermore shall reign!—M. E. S.

Give me the ear, my God, to hear
The songs the angels sing me.

Give me the eye that shall descry
With joy the joys they bring me.

To my poor heart, the power impart
To know that Thou art near me.

And let Love listen to the Christ
Who longs with love to cheer me.

Prudy's Easter Gloves

NOBODY ever dreamed that Prudy Sutton in her secret soul longed for a pair of white kid gloves. There were other things for which she might better have wished: new shoes, a nice frock, and a supply of serviceable aprons and petticoats. But though Prudy was sixteen years old, she had never yet had anything better than cotton gloves in summer and worsted gloves in winter, and Cousin Hannah, who gave her a home—her mother being dead—would have thought it wild extravagance had she guessed Prudy's ambition. Cousin Hannah had to work very hard and to deny herself many luxuries that she might clothe Prudy neatly and plainly, and it never occurred to her that the young girl was so silly as to want things she couldn't get.

But Prudy sat in the Sunday School with Emily Hillman, the baker's daughter, and Louise Hinson, the only child of a judge, and Milly Carew, the niece of the minister. These girls were always very daintily dressed, and at the turn of each season they appeared clad in something new and dazzling, and Prudy more and more felt shy, and shabby, and forlorn by comparison with them.

Miss Brown, their teacher, surprised a look of wistful admiration and hopeless desire in Prudy's blue eyes one Sunday in Lent. The girls had been talking of Easter. Theirs was the banner class, and they were to sit in the front seat and lead the Easter chorals. No member of the group had been late or absent for a year, and this was to be their reward.

"I want you all to take tea with me next Saturday," she said, "then we will practice the songs and make last arrangements."

Cousin Hannah took quite an interest. She let down Prudy's old white frock, lengthened it with tucks and insertion, and retrimmed her old leghorn hat with a pink ribbon. Prudy did not know it, but she needed nothing more than a simple white dress to make her very pretty, for she was round and plump, with wavy hair and blue eyes, and to be young is, in itself, a very great beauty.

When the class went to Miss Brown's to tea, they all by her particular request, came in their ordinary everyday dresses. It was to be a candy pull partly, and she wanted them to wear what they would not spoil. At the close of the evening she handed every girl a little parcel, tied with pale rose-colored baby ribbon.

"My Easter gift," she said, "and I want you each to wear it on Easter Sunday for the first time."

When opened, every girl found a dainty pink sash-ribbon and a pair of white kid gloves. Prudy's heart overflowed with joy, and she felt that the Lord had put the sweet thought in Miss Brown's mind. I think so myself.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A LITTLE PAPOOSE LILY

EGG ROLLING ON THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS, WASHINGTON

QUEEN of days in the children's calendar, and one looked forward to with delightful expectation, is Easter Monday. Nowhere do the children feel so keen a pleasure in this day, as in Washington City, for there the most enchanted spot, in their eyes, in the whole District, is their very own, until the long shadows of the westering sun warn them that they must turn their steps homeward.

The White Lot, as it is called, is an ideal spot for the children's sport. They gather in squads, and then the play begins with the setting in motion of the brightly-colored eggs, which are rolled about until an unlucky one strikes one harder than itself, and then the owner of the unbroken one claims the other as a trophy. As soon as the eggs begin to break, the children seek their lunch baskets and the feast is on. On this day there are no grades of society, but all, rich and poor, black and white, meet upon common ground. Usually the colored section is found on the west side, where there is a particularly inviting knoll, under giant oak trees. There are no disturbances, and the blue-coated policemen are only needed to restore an occasional lost child. As the shadows lengthen, the Marine Band comes upon the scene, and with their scarlet coats add much brilliancy to the picture. They play familiar and patriotic airs, and the children leave their play and crowd around, to listen. The President, his wife, and visitors have looked on the happy sight from the upper windows of the Mansion, but the children viewed them, as those afar off. When, however, the band strikes up "Hail to the Chief," which every child there recognizes, there is tumultuous applause and a hurrying to get nearer the portico, for all know that the President and his party have come out to see the children at closer range. They remain until "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played, when all turn their feet homeward, and the fifteen thousand or more tired but happy children, know the day is about to close.

M. M. NORTH.

In the Catacombs

Visitors to the catacombs have testified to the difference which the Resurrection brought to the hearts of the disciples of Christ, then a few people only, as compared with the vast throngs of those who bowed to idols. Pagan inscriptions were full of a dreary fatalism. They gave no hint of anticipated reunion beyond the tomb. But the Christians, if sent to the lions or the stake, went joyfully, in the full belief of another life; and their graves, of young men and maidens, of old men and children, of wives and mothers, taken hence, bear inscriptions which speak of death as a sleep, and look forward to a long life after it with the Saviour, who has made plain the way.

Easter Gifts

Though there is a less general distribution and exchange of gifts between friends at Easter than at Christmas, yet there is a special appropriateness in sending flowers, Easter eggs and cards, to those we love, at this time. The Easter anthems are full of joy, and the measure of our living should match them. Gifts add to the gladness of the home. They should be simple and uncostly. An inexpensive gift may convey a wealth of pleasure. Among those who ought not to be overlooked at this season are the suffering, children in hospitals, prisoners with little to cheer their lot behind the bars, and the poor, to whom a flower may bring a message of trust and hope.

A MANILA "EASTER BUD"

REV. A. A. OSTRICH M. J. FITT REV. F. H. WYRIK AND MRS. WYRIK REV. J. P. HEWES EVANGELIST G. A. DE FLO

An Iowa Town Yields to Christ

NOT in many years has northeastern Iowa witnessed a revival of such unusual power and influence as that which recently closed at the town of Lamont, in that State. Lamont is a small but growing community of some seven hundred inhabitants, situated in Buchannan County, in the heart of a good farming district. Its religious atmosphere had fallen rather low. It has five churches, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Free Baptist, Lutheran, and Catholic. Few of its leading business men were Christians, or even interested in religious work. Early last fall, an invitation was extended by the pastors of the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist and Free Baptist Churches to Messrs. G. A. de Flone and A. J. Fitt, evangelists and Gospel singers, to hold a series of union revival meetings, from which it was hoped good results would come. The evangelists had the fullest and most cordial co-operation from the pastors and Christian people of Lamont, and, under the Divine blessing, were the means of bringing many to the Cross. On January 27, preliminary meetings were held for two weeks by the three pastors, aided by Mr. Fitt, and on Saturday, February 9, evangelist De Flone began his work. The meetings were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest and most commodious building in the town, which was taxed to its utmost by the number of people who attended from time to time. The music and solo singing were among the most effective features of the revival.

The meetings lasted for six weeks. Evangelist de Flone spoke twice daily, afternoon and evening, and three times on Sundays, and at childrens' meeting on Saturday afternoon. His preaching was earnest and always direct to the point, and sin was r with scathing earnestness. One hundred and s five persons accepted Christ, and practically all the people of the town made public profession of belief. Dance halls and the opera house were de Tuesday, February 12, was kept as a day of and prayer.

On Saturday, March 2, a street "jubilee" was he many of the converts marched downtown fr church. A meeting was held on the main street a o'clock. All the Churches have been much revive it would be difficult to estimate the good the mov has accomplished in Lamont. There is a mark provement in the spiritual atmosphere.

Much stress was laid on personal work, which a great and successful factor in the meetings services were void of undue excitement or unfair of securing decisions for Christ. The unity of Churches was very marked and helpful through revival. No clap-trap methods were used, but all with earnest prayer and effort, for the spiritual bl

A "masquerade" ball was held in the opera hou evening, but the church was full, and that night one confessed Christ, including some of the your ple who had planned to attend the dance. The lodges were unable to secure a quorum during t revival. The meetings closed on Sunday, Mar Lamont has much to praise God for.

(Signed F. H. WYRIK, Pastor M. E. Church.
A A. OSTRICH, Pastor of Baptist Church
J. P. HEWES, B. D., Pastor Free Baptist C

THE M. E. CHURCH AT LAMONT, IOWA

The Atlanta Bible Conference

THE Bible Conference in Atlanta, Ga., March 15 to 25, under the leadership of Rev. Len G. Broughton, was a notable event. There was a wonderful interest among the people of Atlanta, as well as among those who came from a distance. The main auditorium of the Baptist Tabernacle was taxed to its utmost every night, while the two day services were largely attended. This year, more than in any previous year, the Conference had a hold upon the influential people of the city. Rev. George C. Needham was one of the speakers from the beginning. On Sunday, March 17, three services were held in the Tabernacle and one in the Y. M. C. A. building. Mr. William Phillips Hall, Chairman of the Gospel Campaign Twentieth Century Committee, spoke in the North Avenue Presbyterian Church in the morning. Then, at 3.30 P.M., there was a meeting in the Tabernacle, presided over by members of the Ministerial Association of Atlanta, at which Mr. Hall eloquently presented the work of the committee. At its close, many of the pastors urged immediate action looking to the organization of the movement in Atlanta. There is no doubt that a mighty movement can be inaugurated here in the near future.

MR. F. H. JACOBS

At 5 o'clock on the same day, Mr. Hall spoke to a large audience of men in the Y. M. C. A. building, and there were many who accepted Christ. On Saturday afternoon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, began his work and he spoke twice a day thereafter during the Conference. The writer has heard him speak at Northfield, summer after summer, but never with so much power as at this Conference. Surely, these men who are emphasizing the living up to our highest privileges, are doing much good among the people whom they reach with their teachings.

Prof. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, arrived on Tuesday, and spoke twice a day in a series of addresses on the Holy Spirit. S. H. Hadley, of the McAuley Mission, New York, spent several days in aiding the Conference work.

A looker-on is much impressed with the interest and attention of the audiences. So diversified is the make-up that one can trace in the faces many different phases of character—the experienced Christian worker, the Bible student, the well-trained pastor, the beginner in all lines of Christian work, the missionary, the young woman of no practical aim, and the adept in all the rounds of society and fashion, are mingled in the assemblages. One of the most faithful attendants is an ex-Governor of the State, and many prominent business men are attendants at the night services.

As is always the case where a new work is undertaken, it is looked upon as extraordinary, and by many as not essential, so that Dr. Broughton has had to forge his way in the face of prejudice and opposition. The presence of such able speakers as Drs. Meyer and Torrey and Mr. Hall, has convinced Atlanta men that there is in their midst a movement that is worthy of their attention.

One of the results is the winning over of the proprietors of the two most influential papers in the city. They have thrown open their columns for the publication of all the details of the evangelistic work.

We feel sure that the work now being done here will result in great good to the surrounding sections of the country, and will eventuate in a grand union evangelistic movement for the city of Atlanta at no distant date. The Spirit is working in mighty power in the present meetings. F. H. JACOBS.

Bible Classes at Northfield

The work at the Moody schools at Northfield goes on with undiminished vigor. Mount Hermon, the institution for young men which the great evangelist established across the river from his home at Northfield, announces a spring and summer session to be held May 1 to August 20. This school is meant to give a good Christian education to boy and young men of earnest purpose, but small means. A ubjects that are required to train young men are taug but Bible study is made the central feature. During thi ummer term, there will be unusual opportunities for Bible dy Such teachers as President Weston, of Crozer Sem ry; Dr. A. F. Schauffler, Prof. Wilbert W. White, Rev . I. Scofield and Rev. R. A. Torrey will spend from one two weeks each at the school, and give the students daily ble courses. Full information can be obtained from the ncipal at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts.

A Grand Island Revival

Rev. J. W. Weddell, of the Calvary Baptist Church, I enport, Ia., has just closed a series of evangelistic meeti at Grand Island, Neb., where he was associated with R Dr. Jordan. Every college man and woman was approache and all but four or five took a stand for Christ. At one t in college chapel, a score of young men and women stood to confess Christ. Nearly every student in the room gave ben testimony for Jesus. Rev. O. B. Reed and Mrs. Ca , a Grand Island missionary, gave valuable help in the wo A large number of conversions is reported.

REVIVAL NOTES

There has been a great awakening in Grace Met list Church, Conn.

The churches at Big Bottom, near Malden, W. Va., a for prayers for a revival.

The church at Petrel, Man., is holding a series of ev gel- istic services with good results.

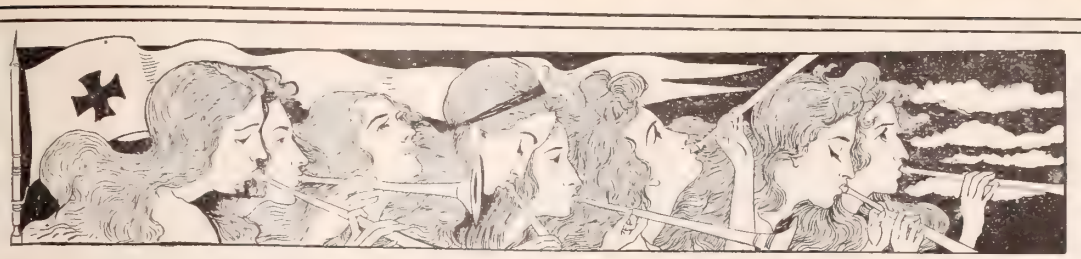
Revival meetings have been held in the First U. B. C ch of Grand Rapids, Mich. Ten conversions are reported

The Sixth Presbyterian Church of Savannah, Ga., ev. Davis W. Lusk pastor, has experienced a notable re al. On a recent Sunday 150 declared for Christ. Rev. Art J. Smith has been in charge of the evangelistic services.

Evangelist Robert L. Layfield and wife, of Kansas ty, have just closed a successful four weeks' union meeti in the Opera House at Pleasant Hill, Mo. The Churches re united and revived. Over 200 professed to receive Chri

A Convert Was the Messenger

The news that gladdened the hearts of the mission ies and diplomats in Peking during the siege, was received throug the courage of a missionary convert. When their hearts were si ng through hope deferred, a boy of sixteen, a pupil in the Am an Methodist Episcopal Mission School in Peking, volunteered go to Tien Tsin for news. He returned safely with the news th the relief column had started When he set out, no one ever ex ed to see him alive again.



LOWERS IN CHURCH

E carry our beautiful lilies,
Our roses and hyacinths sweet,
T strew in the path of our Saviour
nd carpet the way of his feet.
T y stand at the side of the altar,
ke candles to light up a room;
F the Lord of the flowers is coming
nd he will be pleased with their
bloom.
H nce said, "Consider the lilies,"
nd bade us be fearless as they
O he stealthy, fierce step of the
stranger,
the peril that prowled in the way.
A he lily waves perfume before her,
sweet be our hearts at his touch,
L s give him our all for his service,
'll bless it, or little, or much.

S tainless the flowers of Easter,
l woven in looms of the light
S adiant the thoughts we would
bring him,
pure would we stand in his sight!
O lift a long chorus to praise him,
r King who is mighty to save,
W has ransomed from death and
destruction,
d broken the power of the grave.
T he church with our snowy sweet
blossoms,
the bed of the sick and the sad;
T he last resting-place of our dar-
lings,
ese flowers that always are glad,
F they lift in their silence and sweet-
ness,
song without jar in its chord,
A every rich note of their music,
praise, Easter Morn, to the Lord.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

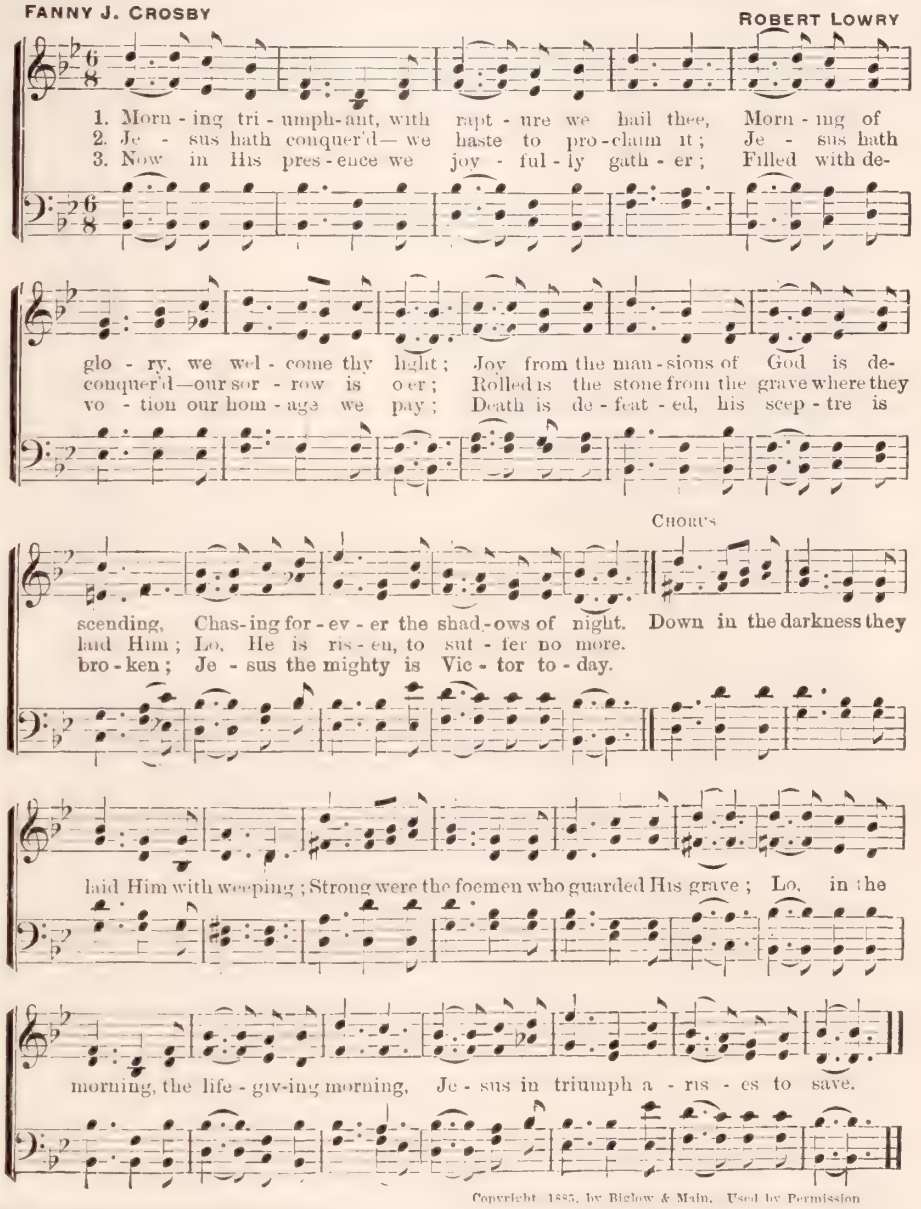
The Comfort Easter Brings

(BEAUTIFUL, blessed, glori-
ous Easter! What wondrous
heights of sorrow it rolls
fr believing hearts! What an
ev lasting refuge and fortress it
fu ishes for our oft-fainting faith!
Th loving angels it stations around
ou death-beds and in our graves!
M ing the tomb a heaven-illumin-
ed assageway to undying blessed-
ne ! How shall we set forth all
its preciousness? How shall we
ta in its fulness of joy?—SEISS.

"Morning Triumphant"

A Song for the Morning of Easter Sunday

FANNY J. CROSBY — ROBERT LOWRY



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AT THE TOMB

THE women crept at break of day,
Agrope along the shadowy way,
Where Joseph's tomb and garden lay.

Each on her throbbing bosom bore
A burden of such fragrant store
As never there had lain before.

Spices the purest, richest, best,
That e'er the musky East possessed,
From Ind to Araby the blest.

Had they, with sorrow-riven hearts,
Searched all Jerusalem's costliest marts
In quest of nards, whose pungent arts

Would the dead sepulchre imbue
With vital odors through and through?
'Twas all their love had leave to do.

Myrrh-bearers still, at home, abroad,
What paths have holy women trod,
Burdened with votive gifts for God.

Rare gifts, whose chiefest worth was
priced
By this one thought, that all sufficed,
Their spices had been bruised for Christ.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

The Footworn Way

NOT merely is there a future beyond the grave, but it is inhabited by One who speaks to us, who went there by the way that we must go, who sees us and can help us as we make our way along and will receive us when we come there—a Living Christ! The old, ever new, ever blessed Easter truth! He liveth: he was dead; he is alive forevermore. Oh that everything dead and formal might go out of our creed, out of our life, out of our heart to-day. He is alive! Do you believe it? What are you dreary for, O mourner? What are you hesitating for, O worker? What are you fearing death for, O man? Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with him; live new lives, high lives, lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE WAITING SOUL GRATIFIED

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE first witness of the resurrection of Jesus was Mary Magdalene (Mark 16: 9), and it is the beloved disciple who gives us the account in full. Mary "came while it was yet dark unto the sepulchre," not waiting, like the other women, for the early dawn (Luke 24: 1). "Mary seeth the stone rolled away from the tomb." If she is the woman who anointed his head with ointment, then it is ea to understand what her thoughts would be when she ha ened to tell Simon Peter and the other disciple whom Je s loved. One who understood his death, as the disciples ha not yet, and anointed him for his burial, would unders d also, through his own repeated words, his resurrection. ter and John were roused, and went toward the tomb in ha e, for they ran, and John outran Peter. Peter had an un sy conscience; his denial of his Lord was an uncleansed st upon his soul. John was the first to arrive at the sepu re, and he stooped and looked in, and saw the linen cl es lying. John did not enter in at first; something had st k him. Peter went into the tomb, and he saw how the cl es were lying; and then John went in, and what he saw w a revelation to him. John "saw and believed, for as yet th knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the ·d." "Knew not!" They had heard it often enough; and ye they knew not! We never know a Scripture which we ha not believed for ourselves, and made our own; a truth re aled to us from on high. Before the disciples could un- de tand the Scriptures, Jesus opened their understanding (Luke 24: 45). And it was this opened understanding which My had first, and John later, and which for the present was w held from Peter. Do we understand that a sin which is not cleansed hinders our understanding of the Scripture? We may have a keen, intellectual grasp of truth, but all the time seeing it quite from the outside; thus the heart and conscience remain untouched, and the Word does not become Spirit and life to us. The object of the Word is to bring us into vital contact with our God.

The disciples were satisfied of the fact; they went away again to their own home. Mary could not be so easily satisfied. Jesus was risen, but where was he to be found? How could she get at him and speak with him once more? It was himself, and not a fact about him which her spiritual instincts claimed. She stood without at the tomb weeping. So, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb; and she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain (John 20: 11, 12). Mary could wait, and it was not in vain. Already she saw what the disciples did not see: there was light and there was life in the tomb; something of heaven had come down to earth. She did not see the angels enter, but something of heaven was there for her in the tomb where her Lord had lain. It answers to wait upon the Lord when all is dark.

She turned herself back, and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. She had believed the Scripture, his own words; she looked for life and not for death; and now she saw him, and yet at first she knew him not. Let us not be surprised when we are seeking into the truth of God, if we see first as in a glass darkly, and know at first only in part. Our faith's vision needs to be focussed to behold heavenly things. Only the Holy Spirit can teach us spiritual things. "Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." She did not name him, the pronoun was enough. In all the universe there was to her at that moment but one Being who filled her heart and her life: it was her Lord. Jesus saith unto her, "Mary!" Now she knew the voice; she turned herself, and saith unto him, "Rabboni." There was no fear in her as in the other women who came later to the sepulchre. "Touch me not," he said to her, "but go unto my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and your God." What a message! And to those who had so signally failed him at the critical moment! He had died to atone for all their sins, their unfaithfulness to him included, and now he who is not ashamed to call us "brethren" (Heb. 2: 11) delights to send this wonderful message of brotherhood to them who were ashamed of themselves. And Mary was the first chosen messenger of the Resurrection to them who were the foundation of the Church of Christ (Eph. 2: 20). Mary sought no prominence; she only knew how to wait when the Word of God led her to expect, and great things came out of it.

Do we see our part in the Living One? Can we say to him, do we say to ourselves, in reverent faith, what our Lord could say of himself, "I was dead," for I died in Christ when he hung upon the Cross; "and behold [in Christ] I am alive forevermore," alive in his life who is the Living One? He says: "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John 14: 19). Why do we grope among the tombs for what we cannot find there? Why do we seek the Living among the dead? Why do we try to get back to former experiences, instead of taking our place adoringly in heavenly places in Christ?

Sorrowful Womanhood Uplifted by Christ

JESUS APPEARS TO MARY

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for April 14. John 20: 11–18

...BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: "Behold, I am alive forevermore." Rev. 1: 18

"SHE TURNED HERSELF AND SAITH UNTO HIM, RABBONI"

MILLIONS of women in heathen lands are in the same plight as Mary in the first part of our lesson story, weeping and questioning because they do not know of the risen Christ, who is not far from any one of them. Mary had forgotten altogether that Jesus had often said he should be crucified and rise again the third day. The angels remembered the words, showing they hover near to hear what is said on earth (Luke 24: 6, 7). Christ's enemies, too, had remembered, and caused his tomb to be sealed and guarded, lest his friends should steal his body and say he had risen. But the apostles and even the Marys were so preoccupied with the expectation that Jesus was to be a Messiah that should conquer rather than convert the world, that when he spoke of crucifixion and resurrection, they thought it only a simile of battle and victory. And so when Jesus arose on that Easter morn, not one of his friends, not even his mother, kept tryst with him; and when the women came a little later, it was not to welcome a risen Christ, but to embalm a dead Christ. In that first visit, they saw only an empty tomb and its angel guardians. A little later, Peter and John ran to the sepulchre, having heard from the women the strange story that the body of Christ had disappeared. When these apostles had gone away again, Mary Magdalene returned alone to the tomb to weep, when she would have rejoiced had she comprehended and remembered the fulfilled promise of Christ—not the only case when sorrow has taken the place belonging to joy, and questioning the place that belonged to faith, because an unspiritual heart has failed to receive some great word of Christ. Indeed, how could we ever sorrow or doubt, if we constantly and fully believed the truly golden words of Christ: "Behold, I am alive forevermore." This Mary loved much, not because she had been delivered from the great sin usually but falsely associated with her name, but because she had been rescued from a form of insanity—the possession of seven devils. Thinking in her desperate grief she must have been mistaken in thinking the tomb empty, she stooped down and looked in once more. So absorbing was her grief, that she was not startled even by the significant sight of angels in the tomb, and their question: "Woman, why weepest thou?" A question that the angel of memory and the angel of hope, at the head and foot of every Christian grave, have been asking ever since. Hearing footsteps behind her, she turns and sees a man's form, and, without looking in his face, or else looking dimly through blinding tears, she takes him to be the gardener, and says: "If ye have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him?" In all this weeping and questioning, due to not knowing the evangel of resurrection and not recognizing the Christ who was at hand, she represents sorrowful womanhood wherever the resurrection tidings has not been proclaimed and comprehended.

. . .

Woman in Heathen Lands

"How do you treat woman" is one of the tests of a country's progress. If that question had been asked in the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, when priests of Oriental religions, not one of them accompanied by his mother or wife or sister or daughter, were parading a few pretty sayings plucked out of much mire to prove their creeds as good as Christianity, like a flashlight, the question, suggesting its own familiar answer, would have shown the failure of Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and the like, to produce those two essentials of social welfare, good morals and human rights. Here is the brief, sad biography of almost every Oriental woman: Unwelcome at birth; drowned, like a superfluous kitten, by father or mother; or, if allowed to live, uneducated in girlhood; sold at the portals of youth to an evil life, or to an early marriage that is only a form of slavery; in widowhood treated not with sympathy but severity, as if guilty of her husband's death. An Oriental home is a hell on earth, to its women especially. Some are losing interest in missions, because some have suggested that the heathen may have another probation in the next world, for which they certainly have no Bible warrant. But any one who knows the terrors and sorrows, by night and day, of the heathen world, should find every humanitarian instinct aroused to save the heathen from the hell they are already in, especially the women. We have too much overlooked the present tense in that word of Christ, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." A heathen mother, remonstrated with for drowning her girl babies at birth, exclaimed bitterly, "Girls are better dead than alive; I wish I had been drowned." But the climax of woman's grief is when she sits by the grave of a loved one with no resurrection hope for the dead or for herself. Let a Christian try to imagine how much darker the tomb would look if we had no promise of resurrection or reunion. We should be cruel indeed if we should withhold such a comfort from our sisters in other lands. We can brighten the lot of the heathen in this world for mind and body by sending the Gospel, and the healing and help that goes with it. And one can hardly question, with the Bible in his hand, that we shall thus bring more of them to the brighter land beyond. What though some heathen may be saved by following the light they have, "the light that lighteth every man?" Surely more will keep to the road in sunlight than in starlight.

. . .

Woman Worshiping and Witnessing

We must therefore tell those heathen women who are living the first sad part of Mary's story of the risen Christ, who turns woman's tears and questioning into worshiping and witnessing. He whom Mary had mistaken for the gardener spoke but her name to undeceive her, "Mary." Thus does the shepherd ever call his sheep and lambs by name. "Abraham, Abraham," said the voice out of the sky. And again, "Samuel, Samuel." Mary needed no further proof. In joyous faith she exclaimed, "Rabboni, O my Master." And since woman has been freely taking Christ for master, she has been more and more escaping her oldtime slavery, until in the foremost lands she is crowned in law and love as man's equal. In Christian lands girl babies have the same right to life as others. Girls are coming to have as much education—enough, more of them in high schools to offset the preponderance of men in colleges. Women in most cases cannot vote, but the exclusion of a polygamist from Congress was due largely to mail-box ballots of the women. They are seldom ordained to formal office in the churches, but they constitute two-thirds of its membership, and do more than two-thirds of its work. They seldom preach sermons as such, but woman, "last at the cross, first at the tomb," commissioned by Christ himself to be the first witness of the resurrection, has been testifying of the death and life of Christ ever since. The two most brilliant periods of Europe's most illustrious country were periods when Christian queens were on the throne—the Elizabethan and Victorian eras. Compared to the condition of women in pagan lands, all women in Christian lands may be queens if, in the strength of Christ, they will but say, as did the young Victoria on taking the throne, "I will be good."

Whatever Christ meant when he said to Mary, "Touch me not (or hold me not), for I have not yet ascended," he has now ascended, and we may now lay hold of him and abide ever at his side.

. . .

Woman as Mother

Edward loved his mother, but thought she was "too particular," "too old-fashioned." He saw "no harm," he said, in many things she gently warned him not to do. He was about to go away to school. He had wanted a watch. His mother could not well afford that, and, besides, she had a better plan. She gave him her own gold hunter, on condition that he would send it back whenever he concluded to do any of the things he knew she did not approve. He w lighted with this great gift, and for a did as his mother wished. But at leng concluded that he would no longer g what other boys were doing. He would a free hand, with liberty to smoke anc ble and the like. In honor he took c watch, and put it in the box to send Now he would be free. Ah, no! It se as if he had put his mother aside and l her. He could not be happy till he had put on the watch and the life his moth love and wisdom, had planned for him.

. . .

Woman as Student

A society woman greatly admired f beauty of her person and the loveline her character, relates an experience which proved a ing-point in her life. While at school, she found hers a class of bright and pretty girls, whil herself was exceptionally homely, and ward, and dull. This preyed upon her s until she became sullen and morose. On her French teacher, an old woman, said t

"What ails you, my child?"

"I am so ugly and stupid," she re "that it puts me in perfect despair."

Upon this the teacher put in her han bulb of a plant. It was coarse, and scaly stained with earth.

"That is you," said the teacher. "Pla and take care of it."

She took the bulb and put it in the e and faithfully watered it, until at last emerged from its unsightly shell an exq Japanese lily—bright omen, as it prove the unfolding of her own character.

. . .

Women as Martyr Witness

Speaking of women as witnessing, ren us that martyr means witness, and that a "poor, weak woman borne unspeakable tures in testifying Christ. One of these a delicate slave girl named Blandina, desc in authentic anti-Nicene writings from reign of Marcus Aurelius. In an effo make her abjure her faith every conceiv torture was applied to her body, until it mass of deformity. Still she held fast to Ch saying, "I am a Christian, and there is evil done among us." She was allow short respite, and then was exposed in e amphitheatre amid wild animals, raised cross, but, miraculously as it seemed, fo more pity in the beasts than in her persecu and was taken back again to her dark noisome dungeon. Day after day she was taken forth to others tortured, in the hope she would yet recant, but she not. Finally, on the last day of the gladiatorial shows, she was brought to the amphitheatre, scourged, roasted in a hot iron chair, enclosed in a net, and tossed by a bull, finally stabbed to the death, witnessing by fidelity to the t her faith in her ever-loving Lord.

. . .

PERSONATIONS OF BIBLE WOMEN

I am a woman on whom God bestowed the gifts of po and song. My famous brother, whom I helped to save f death when I was but a girl and he a babe, led a great liverance, and I was chief singer in the march of vict Foolishly and wickedly I became jealous of my brother, God smote me with sickness, which was healed in answer to forgiving brother's prayer. What is my name? Ex. 15: 20

I am a woman lawgiver and judge, with a palm tree my judgment hall. God has given me wisdom to make r decisions and the gift of poetry and song and prayer. prayers on the mountain top brought victory in a great f in the plain below, led by a man whose name meant lightning. The victory came by this threefold alliance man, woman and God. Who am I? Judges 4 ff.

I am a mother who has helped God by giving him noble boy whom he first gave me in answer to prayer. A three sweet years in my house I gave that child to serve live in God's Church. He grew up to be a great teacher judge. Who am I and what is my son's name? II. Sam

I am a mother who delighted to teach the Bible to daughter, and she equally delighted to teach it to her son, was even in childhood made by it "wise unto salvation," grew up to preach with Paul. Who are we three? II. Tim.

. . .

CHANGED RELATIONS

Why was it that Jesus would not allow Mary to touch hi The question is sure to be asked, especially by those who member how he afterwards invited Thomas to touch print of the nails and thrust his hand in the wound in side. The Evangelist does not give the reason, but we m surmise what it was. This ardent, loving woman was probal about to embrace him with the old familiarity, and he shra from the merely human affection. Death had worked change in him. His physical presence would soon be wi drawn and his people must learn to love him in a differe way. He would be near them still, and nearer than ever, in a spiritual sense. The mere corporeal love was a thing of t past. He would submit to the touch of Thomas, to convin the doubter, but not to the touch of familiar affection whi must now give place to reverence.

AN EASTER STORY WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

GERTRUDE rushed home from Sunday School the week before Easter.

"Oh, mamma," she began, as she pulled off her wraps, "next Sunday every child is to bring either flowers or a plant to the carol service in the church. And all our school will sit on one side and the Mission school children on the other side. We'll carry our flowers up in front, and then they'll be given to the children from the Mission; and all that are left over will be sent to the Children's Home"—and she finally had to stop for breath.

resently she began to plan what sl should take. "I think I'll give cut flo ers," she said, "because I really ca't spare any of my plants. I'll have to uy them, of course," she added. "oses would be nicest, wouldn't they, m her—a big bunch?"

How much of this month's allowa e have you?" asked mother, gently.

ertrude's face fell a little, but she wa t for her purse.

Eighteen cents," she reported faintly. "That wouldn't buy many, I supp e," she said in dejection.

Not at Easter," was the answer. "oses are usually three dollars a doz en then."

Then I couldn't get more than one c nation," remarked Gertrude, dis ly.

I suppose," she faltered, "you c dn't let me have any of next m th's allowance beforehand."

You wouldn't want to give what y had borrowed, would you, dear?" a ed her mother in reply. "Of course," sh continued, "I could give you money to uy flowers, but then they would be m gift, and I know you would want th m to be yours." And here the talk e ed.

t was Thursday, before Gertrude l herself think again of her Easter o ring.

I'll have to give one of my plants," sh decided, and went to look at them.

here were two or three geraniums, b they weren't in blossom. There was a tea-rose, b its one bloom was drooping. There was a pretty c us, but half of its leaves had already fallen. That w all, except the Easter lily; but of course she couldn't g e that! It would be rude to Uncle Charles, who had b ught it all the way from Bermuda on purpose for h . And, anyway, it was too nice for those Mission c dren. Why, it had five buds, and—yes, one was b inning to open now. Probably they'd all be out b Sunday. No, decidedly, she must keep that. The Mission children might have her best geranium. No doubt it would bloom sometime. "Now it is settled," she declared.

Good Friday morning she read the verse on her pretty calendar: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." "His only son," she said to herself. "That must have been hard to give. That was the best he had;" and she tried not to think of the lily.

She was not happy all day, however. A little girl eight years old usually finds plenty to do, but to-day she was restless and nothing interested her. There was no school, and the hours dragged wearily.

Saturday was worse. Her mother guessed the trouble, but was too wise to offer help. She was trying to teach Gertrude to govern herself, and she believed that the child would conquer her selfishness. Sunday morning found the question, settled so long ago, still troubling Gertrude. Sunday afternoon came, and she went deliberately to wrap up the geranium. "His best, his best," she kept hearing, and suddenly she caught up the pot of lilies, tied the paper on, kissed her mother goodbye and started. "It's my best anyway," she said to herself.

"A PALE LITTLE CRIPPLE WAS CARRIED UP TO TAKE THE LILY"

Her lily was almost the last plant to be given out, and she craned her neck to see who received it. A pale, little cripple was carried up to take it. She stretched out her wasted arms to grasp the pot, and fairly hugged it. Then she stroked the leaves and kissed the flowers lovingly.

Gertrude felt a queer lump in her throat. "How stingy I was going to be," she thought, with hot cheeks. Nobody seemed to begrudge the little lame girl her lilies, but there were smiles and murmurs of pleasure from the other children, for the poor have great opportunities to learn unselfishness.

"I'd have been so ashamed if I had taken only that poor geranium," Gertrude said to herself on the way home.

Two or three weeks afterward a shabby man came to the door, asking if he might see the little girl.

Much surprised, Mrs. Barton took Gertrude down. The visitor would not come in, and stood ill at ease, trying to tell his story. Then he blurted out: "I ain't got the words to tell it right, but I found out as you are the little girl that give my Lucy"—and his voice grew husky—"that lily. She's allers set a great store by flowers, and we ust to get 'em for her; but she never had nothin' like them lilies. She's been a failin' for weeks, and Easter is the last time she was out. She suffered awful, but she'd look at them lilies, standing by her bed, and say, 'They help me bear the pain,' and I guess they did. The doctor said they hep' keep her alive longer. There's two of 'em left yet, but she's gone where they say the flowers don't never fade." And the poor father broke down utterly and sobbed.

Seeing that Gertrude was crying too, he checked himself and said, "There, I ain't come to make you unhappy; I just wanted to tell you how you helped my Lucy. She tol' me I must come and thank you."

With a visible effort, he went on: "I ain't never thought much o' churches, but if they can make children good like you and my little Lucy, maybe they can help a rough feller like me, and I'm a-goin' to try it." And before Mrs. Barton could stop him, he turned abruptly away. She took her little daughter into her arms and let her have her cry out.

"Oh, mamma," she sobbed, "I don't deserve to be praised. I didn't want to give them."

"Oh," said Mrs. Barton, with a smile, "giving is no sacrifice if it isn't hard; and you are glad now that you gave them, aren't you?" she added.

"Oh, so glad," murmured the child.

"You know, dear," her mother continued, "the verse for to-day. What was it?"

Gertrude repeated softly: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And despite the tears, both mother and little daughter were very happy.

INFINITE CARE

LEAD to Thyself, whatever befall;
Through victories or crosses,
All gains or all losses,
Unto Thyself, Lord of all, Lord of all.

Lead to Thyself by whatever way;
By comfort or sorrow,
Or ills that we borrow,
Unto Thyself, day by day, day by day.

Unto Thyself, and take now the past,
Its giving and keeping,
Its sowing and reaping,
Unto Thyself, at the last, at the last.

Lead to Thyself, O Infinite care!
Through calm or through tossing,
All wreckage in crossing,
Unto Thyself, this my prayer, this my prayer.

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How the Sunshine Society Grew

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 303

"Thoughtfulness for others is an idea far out of the realm of controversialism. I am not aware that its importance is questioned by any sect in existence. It is true that Christ himself laid greater stress upon it than any merely human religious leader did. The Sunshine Society energizes and universalizes this principle. More of the spirit of human fellowship is needed in human hearts, and so are more opportunities for that spirit, where it exists, to manifest itself. Whatever makes clear to me the necessities, the hopes, the ambitions and the environments of other lives stirs me to a positive form of goodness. It was not the disposition I lacked, but the opportunity. And that is true of nearly all of us.

. . .

"The Sunshine Society uses the mails as well as the various papers that print its news to accomplish just this service. A woman in a little Mississippi village writes that the delight of her life is to make patchwork out of little silk pieces. Perhaps in the same mail I get a letter from another woman in the very next town, telling of a lot of silk pieces that she can't use and would like to put where they would carry sunshine. I give her the first woman's address, and perhaps the giver is able to drive over with the pieces and have a talk with the receiver. At any rate, she can mail her gift, a note of gratitude will be returned, and maybe a helpful correspondence will spring up.

"A member in the Fiji Islands writes a charming message of good cheer, enclosing photographs of the sort of life she has around her, and telling how pretty things are appreciated there. A member in New Jersey gets the note from us and sends some water-color sketches to the Fiji Islands. School books go from a member in Minnesota to a struggling student in a small Alabama town. The half-worn clothes of a New York broker are a veritable Godsend to some poor but independent farmer out in Oregon. A Maine invalid simply dotes on a pretty handkerchief she got from another member in Southern California. A girl of wide reading, who lives in central New York, and has never been out of the State, finds one of the treasures of her life in some pressed Alpine flowers and photographs forwarded through the society from a wealthy member who spent the summer in Switzerland. Flower seeds from the city of Mexico go straight to the heart of a member in Savannah, who loves to experiment in floriculture. Toys and picture-books from Boston put new life into a poor child on a Colorado farm.

. . .

"The branch work supplements this phase of what we are doing. In New York, or Brooklyn, or Buffalo a branch often has from two hundred to five hundred members. They meet as often as once a month. They plan to call on people of cheerless lives, to visit hospitals, to send flowers to members who are sick, to relieve cases of distress that are reported to them. This is a charity, you say? I hope not in the sense that the word charity usually bears. It is human fellowship, and in almost all cases the beneficiary of such acts becomes a Sunshiner, because the poorest person can pay dues by doing one kind act.

"These branches also hold little entertainments, handkerchief sales, rummage sales, fairs, etc., to help out with the expenses at headquarters, realizing that a large part of the society's usefulness depends on the proper handling of the mail, and the prompt sending out of everything committed to our distribution. But the smaller branches, in villages of from two hundred to two thousand population, interest me just as much. Only ten members are needed to form a branch. Often only ten are secured at first. They are sometimes nearly all young scholars in a Sunday School. They meet, and each writes out on a piece of paper some act, no matter how small, that she or he has done to bring sunshine into somebody's life. The names are generally not attached to these slips, but the slips are read aloud by the president, and each is a fresh suggestion to everybody except the one who wrote it. These smaller branches also have their 'International Day,' and it is wonderful how much they are contributing to our work in $2.00 or $3.00 or $5.00 amounts. You see, even $2.00 from each of a thousand branches would go a long way toward meeting our expenses, since we have no salaries except those of stenographers to pay.

"Of course I am proud of what has been done already, but I regard it as only a beginning. No village large enough to have a district school or church should be without a Sunshine branch. As for the isolated members, to whom sunshiny letters come as a sort of benediction, they should number a hundred, where they number one now."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arranged to print regularly the news of the work of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch, and to incorporate as much of the news of the society's doings as possible. There will be an annual reception and business meeting of the International Society in the Hotel Savoy on May 2, at which over two thousand delegates are expected to be present. Especial attention will be given to this event in these columns. All members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Branch who are not provided with badges should communicate as soon as possible with the president, Miss Parsons, Room 99, Bible House. Every communication that cannot be replied to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD columns will, if a stamp is enclosed, be answered by mail. If you have not yet been enrolled, send in your name immediately. You surely have something to "pass on" for Sunshine. There is no one in this wide world who cannot make somebody happy by passing on some of the special sunshine about him. If you don't know where to send it write to your president, and she, with the help of the President-General, will generally be able to tell you where that person is who is longing for just that particular "ray."

You want to be happy, but send in your name to Sunshine, and with one kind deed pay your dues for the year. Badges and Constitutions are five cents each, and will be sent on application.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

Sumatra Cannibals

SAD it is that cannibalism has not died out in Sumatra. Hereditary instincts linger, and there are occasional outbreaks of savage cruelty. Only a year ago Missionary Steinsick, returning home from a village where he had been teaching, saw in the distance a crowd around a smoking hut. Hurrying towards the fire, he found that a poor leperous woman was being burned alive in her miserable dwelling by her heathen neighbors. The poor victim, who was well known to the missionary, having been under his instruction for some time, was already past help. But she did not perish in vain, for her death had its own place in stimulating measures of relief for other unfortunates. Learning that wretched deeds like this were common among the people, the Mission Board at Barmen resolved at once to put a stop to such abominable practices by building an asylum for all the lepers in the country, where these unhappy ones could find protection, care and nursing. A noble Dutch gentleman provided the money for the purpose, and now many lepers, brought together where they can have medical oversight and kindly treatment, are listening to the Gospel and seeking comfort in its precious promises. Lepers are peculiarly susceptible to Christian teaching, and a number of them have been baptized.

At the station Si Antar, near Si Gumpar, an industrial school has been opened this year for Christian Batak boys and girls. Over a hundred are enrolled as pupils. Two of the missionaries, who have acquired skill in many manual arts, give the students lessons in these, and the young Bataks are quick to learn the things they think will be useful to them.

Dr. Schreiber of Barmen, who is guiding the work at Lake Toba, appeals to Christian people everywhere for their prayers and help in carrying on the home for lepers, the industrial school, and the great work of proclaiming to the Batak men and women the glorious Gospel, which can alone drive out the cruel cannibal spirit which it has already done so much to exorcise.

An Octogenarian Reader's View

Dear Editor: The most remarkable paper in the world, in the mind of the writer, is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A woman eighty-four years old says this of this bright, cheering, inspiring, educating paper, coming to our homes every week; a paper giving information from all parts of the habitable globe, of the state of Christianity and of the advance of missions and the reforms of the day; in short, everything that goes to make life's ills more endurable, life's sorrows to be met with more Christian fortitude. May the Editor and efficient Manager live long to bless the world with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is the prayer and wish of MRS. E. R. STERLING.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Polly's Venture*

BEFORE Polly had time to realize what she was about, she found herself pressing the electric button at Mrs. Granger's front door. It was promptly opened by an imposing footman, who regarded the small visitor with some surprise, for Mrs. Granger was an elderly lady, and most of her visitors belonged to the grown-up world. But Polly was not easily disconcerted, although her innate refinement precluded the possibility of her ever appearing bold or unladylike; so, looking up at the tall man before her, she said:

"Is Mrs. Granger at home?"

"She is, miss. Will you step inside? What name shall I give, miss?"

"Just say little Polly," said Polly, simply.

And, with a funny smile curving the corner of his mouth, the dignified footman showed her into the reception-room, and marched off on his errand. A moment later he returned to say:

"Mrs. Granger is in her sitting-room, miss, and asks will you please step up there."

Up bounced Polly, and followed her guide up the broad staircase to Mrs. Granger's sitting-room, where he announced, as solemnly as though she were a duchess, "Little Miss Polly, madam!"

A sweet-faced, white-haired old lady, dressed in the softest of dove-colored satin gowns, made in Quaker simplicity, with filmy lace folded across the shoulders and held at the belt, and a tiny lace cap upon her snowy-hair, sat reading before the pretty fireplace; and removing her glasses as Polly entered, she held out her hand to her, saying in her gentle voice:

"I am very pleased to see thee, little maid, and very surprised, too, for I rarely have young people for visitors."

"I'm glad you are pleased, for I wanted so much to see you, and yet I didn't know whether to come or not; and I guess if I'd taken too long to think about it I shouldn't have come at all."

"And why not, heart's-ease? Did not friend Mabel give thee her permission—I mean Mrs. Temple?—but thee does not understand our way of speaking, perhaps."

"I never heard it until I came to Mrs. Temple's, and you visited her," said Polly. "But I love it, and please don't talk any other way, 'cause I understand you. No; Mrs. Temple doesn't know I have come here. I've got something to tell you, and won't you please keep it all a secret?—for I don't want anybody to know a single thing about it." And Polly began to tell all about the conversation she had unwittingly overheard, her anxiety to earn some money all by herself, and what Miss Drew had said about her work. While she talked Mrs. Granger had removed Polly's hat and coat, and drawn her upon a low stool at her side. "And so you see," said Polly, eagerly, "I had an idea you wanted something painted, and that maybe I could do it, and so I brought all this work to show you what I could do." And she began to take her little sketches from the small portfolio which she held.

"Thee guessed quite correctly. I do wish to have some work done, and will be most happy to help thee, if thee can fill the order for me"; and she placed the sketches before her, one by one, upon her lap. "And did thee do this work all by thyself, heart's-ease? It is strangely well done for thy small hands!"

"I did it with Miss Drew, but I think I could do almost as well alone now. I could try, anyway."

"And so thee shall."

Polly's eyes began to sparkle, and seeing her eagerness, Mrs. Granger continued:

"Thee will earn it honestly, if thy work is done as well as this thee has shown me."

* *Pretty Polly Perkins.* By Gabrielle E. Jackson. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea. This book—a true, sweet, wholesome story for children—makes excellent reading for their elders also. Polly is a most charming little woman; and her parents, friends and pets are an interesting company. Parents, and big sisters and brothers, who want to make a nice, helpful present to a little lad or lass, can not do better than buy this. The pictures are exquisite, as is all of Relyea's work. Pp. 293. The Century Co., New York City.

The Love of Souls*

EFFECTIVENESS in Christian work finds its most powerful qualification in love for souls. In Christian work love outranks every other endowment or requirement, however intellectual or holy. Tradition declares that God appointed Moses the leader of his people because he saw the compassionate love Moses showed to a lamb caught in a thicket when he was tending flocks in Midian. The Bible represents the purity of the soul of Moses as so great that the sight of Israel worshiping the golden calf palsied his hands and the tables of the law fell from them. But it puts the supreme climax of the life of Moses in that hour when compassionate love for Israel burst into expression, as in the agony of solicitude he besought God to forgive the wrongdoers, crying out in his intense yearning for them, "If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of the book of thy remembrance."

Such love made him fit for leadership; and the lack of such love made him unfit for it. When he turned upon Israel and, with an impatience that revealed greater thought of self than love for them, rang out the cold, bitter words, "Ye rebels," that instant God began to take away his leadership, that instant it was decreed that he should not conduct Israel over the Jordan.

The controlling sentiment of Paul's life, too, is similarly set forth in Scripture. He had written chapter after chapter to the Roman church on the wondrous salvation for all mankind in Gospel offer, Thinking of his brethren in Israel, who would not avail themselves of that offer, his heart broke loose from the prolonged logical argument and poured itself out in one vehement exclamation of love, "I could wish myself accursed for my brethren's sake," "accursed," given over to hopeless, eternal death, accursed "from Christ," the joy, the delight of his soul, "accursed," he the loyal one, from his all in all, if only the Israel of his love could be saved!

The power of these, the two greatest religious leaders of all time, lay deeper than their mighty intellects, lay in their love for souls. When John Knox, in the enclosure behind his house, pierced the stillness of the night air with the thrice repeated, intense appeal, "Give me Scotland, or I die," that eager, yearning, well-nigh broken heart got its Scotland. When Brainerd went to sleep thinking of souls and dreaming dreams of them and waking still thought and prayed for them, souls became his. "Tell me," says Maclaren, "the depth of a Christian man's compassion, and I will tell you the measure of his fruitfulness. The wealth of Egypt's harvest is proportioned to the depth of the Nile's overflow." The model Christian worker is portrayed as "moved" with compassion, as though a great surging tide flowed over his heart when he saw the multitudes standing before him in their want. The more selfish and worldly-minded and careless they were, the more his soul went out to them. Their dullness of perception, their thoughtlessness of life's meaning, their waywardness of self-will caused their lack to appeal all the stronger to that soul, for these very characteristics revealed the exceeding greatness of their spiritual need.

Intellect counts with the intellectual, it counts with all. Let it be as great in the Christian worker's life as man can make it. But unless loving earnestness shows itself superior to intellect, using intellect simply as vantage ground on which to plant itself as it besieges the soul with love, the Saviour's spirit is not exemplified, and the soul will not be won.

* From *Effectiveness in Christian Work.* By Rev. James G. K. McClure. A notable address. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, publishers.

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"THE COMING RELIGIOUS CENSUS"

BY WALDON FAWCETT

THE great number of letters on the subject, which have lately reached the Director of the Census at Washington, offer conclusive evidence that there is not in the country at large a very clear idea of the prospective religious census, which it has been proposed to compile in connection with the general enumeration of the people of the United States, now being made under governmental auspices. As a matter of fact, it has not yet been definitely determined to make a presentation of the relative strength of the various religious bodies in the country, and even in the event of a favorable decision upon the proposition, it will be impracticable to undertake active work prior to July 1, 1902.

In the regular house-to-house census enumeration made in the summer of 1900, the officials did not concern themselves directly or indirecdy with the religious opinions of the people. Not only was the stand taken, that any inquiry as to hereditary or personal convictions regarding matters of faith or ecclesiastical relations would be vigorously resented by many of those to whom such questions might be propounded, but it was held that figures thus obtained would in all probability be so incomplete and inaccurate as to be possessed of but slight value.

The prevalent impression that the Census Office was gathering information relative to the strength of the various religious denominations, may doubtless be attributed to the publication in connection with the Census of 1890, of a volume of statistics of churches. These statistics were secured from schedules placed in the hands of competent persons in each of the minor ecclesiastical subdivisions of the various churches.

The schedules which were sent out at that time, and which it is possible will be duplicated a year hence, contained a line for each organization reported, including churches without pastors, missions or stations, chapels, meetings and societies. There were also propounded questions relative to the character of the edifices occupied, their seating capacity, their value, and the number of communicants or church members. In the instructions sent out to guide persons in filling out schedules, it was stated that the word "communicant" was to be interpreted as embracing "all, without distinction of sex, who are privileged to participate in the ordinance of communion in denominations which observe it, and all members of other denominations." Some of the faults of such a system were obvious at the time it was adopted, but no better plan presented itself.

Census Director Merriam states frankly that he has not yet been able to determine whether or not to undertake a religious investigation, or, if he does, how extensive the research shall be. Some strong objections have been made to any consideration of the question whatever. For one thing, it is claimed that the conditions of membership in the various bodies calling themselves Christian, vary so indefinitely that comparisons of denominational strength based upon nominal membership in the several churches are almost certain to be misleading.

For instance, there are religious denominations in which children born of parents connected with those organizations are birthright members, without baptism, confirmation or any personal profession of religious faith. Then again, admission to other churches may be by baptism and confirmation; by baptism without confirmation; by confirmation after baptism, or by profession of personal belief in the doctrines contained in a particular creed and a promise of obedience to the authority vested in the ecclesiastical organization. All these make comparisons of computations on a common basis practically impossible.

Dr. Frederick H. Wines, the assistant director of the census, is confident that if the religious statistics are gathered they will show that there has been no diminution of religious interest in the United States during the past ten years, and that they will demonstrate that there has been a heavy increase in the number of churches, membership, aggregate wealth and average attendance. He declared, in the course of a recent conversation, that the people of the United States are, contrary to certain contentions, going to church more regularly and supporting the Gospel more liberally, than they did a decade or two ago.

A Young Disciple

TO write of the young and gifted "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord . . . their works do follow them," is a precious, if sad privilege. It means so much: they that die in the Lord with

MISS ROMANIA WHELCHEL

"works to follow them," have lived in the Lord; and it is a peculiarly beautiful thought, that of youth laying its blossoms and fragrance as fit offering at the Master's feet. Rev. J. T. Wise, a friend of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in Ellijay, Ga., writes of the recent departure for the "better land" of one of the paper's earnest, sweet-souled young readers there, who from early childhood, when she gave herself to God, until the day of her death in the full flower of her womanhood, went forth, like Florence Nightingale, Mary Stanley and Sarah Judson, upon errands of mercy and benevolence, the handmaid of the Lord ministering to the poor and suffering. "She was ever distributing love treasures and scattering affections," writes her biographer of Romania Whelchel, "among the weak and needy. She was a devoted friend and wise counsellor to those who knew her best; many poured forth their sorrows in her sympathizing ear, and received from her loving words of comfort and cheer." She was highly educated, a college graduate, an able and conscientious teacher; using her talents and acquirements to wise and pious ends, and giving regularly the tenth of her earnings as a teacher to charitable purposes.

Sympathy from Chili

A reader in distant Chili, touched by our pleading for the India orphans, sends this letter:

Sirs: Having read "A Plea for India's Homeless Orphans," we have much pleasure in sending the amount required to keep three children for one year. We would like these children to be one girl and two boys, and that they may be placed in a Presbyterian orphanage.

Santiago, Chili. ANITA D. LUMSDEN.

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HE sainthoods of the fireside,
And of the market-place,
ey wear no shining halo,
No glory-lighted face.

ch day they do the duty
The passing hour doth bring,
ll looking unto Jesus,
Their chosen Lord and King.

eir martyrdom is given
Often in hidden pain,
ey win the palm of victory,
The everlasting gain.

eir praises are not sounded,
No calendars record
e names of many lowly,
Who love and serve the Lord.

t patient, faithful ever,
To every trust God-given,
ey leave a benediction,
When they go up to heaven.

Bel n, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

The First Steamboat

Apos of the almost universally recognized cl m which accords to Fulton the honor of b g the constructor of the first steamboat reader sends us this letter:

KITCHENER, B. C., Canada, Feb. 23.

Edr Christian Herald: In a copy of your paper of December 5, 1900, I read the statement that e first steamboat, the *Clermont*, made a voyag from New York to Albany in 1807. Is it not undeniable fact that the first steamboat made er first voyage from Greenock to Glasgow, on the Clyde, in Scotland, in 1801; that her name was t *Clermont*, but *Margarette Dunlap*, and that s was the production of a man of the name of Sy ington? H. McP.

ASWERS A QUESTION.

M Rorer's Reply in Ladies' Home Journal

"I nsider coffee as it is usually made in the merican family—strong and from the pure ean—an injurious drink, especially for nervous people.

"Ndoubt the student to whom you refer can dy better after taking a cup of coffee, but t new energy is caused by a stimulant, the effects of which will soon wear off, leaving him ver in nervous force.

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THE OLDEST LUTHERAN MINISTER

REV. DANIEL J. HAUER, D.D., said to be the oldest living Lutheran clergyman in America, celebrated, March 3, his ninety-fifth anniversary, at his home on Baltimore street, Hanover, Pa. Seventy-six years of the doctor's life have been given as a messenger of the Gospel to the service of his Master. He was only twenty when licensed to preach by the Synod of Maryland and Virginia, and continued preaching until about two years ago. He was born in Frederick, Md., in 1806, the son of George and Catherine Hauer, and is of German descent. His ancestors came from Lorraine.

Dr. Hauer is known over a large part of the United States. He spent some of his early years in North Carolina; then was called to Virginia, and later accepted charges at Jefferson and at Manchester,

REV. DANIEL J. HAUER, D.D.

Md., and at Abbotsford, Pa. He has been residing for some years at Hanover. His good wife, Harriet Warner Hauer, died about eight years ago. He has three children living; eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren—nineteen descendants in all.

It must be pleasing to look back upon seventy-six years spent as a minister of Christ. How many blessed and beautiful memories such a life as Dr. Hauer's must hold. How many little ones he must have consecrated to the Lord; how many hands joined in marriage; how many eyes closed in the long, last sleep that knows no waking! Best of all, how many souls has he not led to the Master's feet!

In his declining years Dr. Hauer is tenderly cared for by his daughter, Miss Maria, and his granddaughters, Lottie and Nannie Hauer. Good it is to think that love and reverence thus gild the evening sky of the child of God, whose journey has been so long and whose labors hath been so faithful.

The Klondike's Deadly Cold

A letter from Dawson, in the Klondike region, to the Toronto *Globe*, gives a chilling description of the famous gold-fields in the winter season. In December, the weather was fine, with the mercury about 30 degrees below zero. In January, however, it dropped rapidly to 50 degrees and steadily declined until 70 degrees were recorded. The average minimum temperature for nine days was 60 degrees below. A white mist filled the Yukon Valley, and nothing could be distinguished fifty yards away. People were greatly depressed; pneumonia and typho-pneumonia claimed victim after victim, and the whole valley seemed to be in the embrace of some life-killing monster. Whenever a person had occasion to be outdoors for a moment, he presented the appearance of a ball of fur covered with frost. Breathing was painful; the atmosphere seemed solid. Dogs and horses were kept in good shelter and under cover, but many died. Altogether the experience of a Klondike winter was one to try the strength and to appal the boldest.

You Can Play Them Without Learning

THE CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND OF PATERSON, N. J. *Photo from Life*

This band was organized by the church choir and Organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for **Church** and **Missionary purposes.** It was a success from the start, and has even participated in Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient, and is now taking outside engagements. They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work. Many **Church Choirs** have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. **Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.**

READ WHAT PASTORS AND ORGANISTS SAY ABOUT OUR INSTRUMENTS

G. B. Richardson, Business Manager of the "Young People's Weekly," Elgin, Ill., writes: "The Zobo Instruments I purchased of you were first used at an entertainment given at my home to the 200 employees of the 'Young People's Weekly.' Although the Quartette had opportunity for but one rehearsal the effort met unbounded enthusiasm and was voted a great success. We are now considering the organization of a full orchestra for next winter's entertainment, and I write this to ask you to forward me a select list of 12 to 15 instruments."

Wm. J. Siemers, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the 'Zobo' Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo."

Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo Instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it; will organize a band."

Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed. We have a fourteen piece Zobo band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success."

Mae Blance Winfield, instructor in music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark, says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments."

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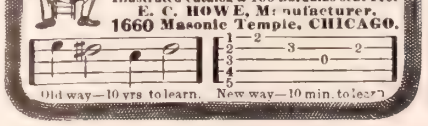
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By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

...BY... GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

CHAPTER VII.
Continued

"I HAVE always had so much affection shown me that I am afraid I have never realized what it means to be hungry for it, and our home has always been so cozy and snug that it has been a sort of safe nest for us all, and I have not understood that other homes might lack that happy element. But now I find some one who needs both the affection and the cheerful home, and I am sure that it lies largely within my power to give the one and make the other. So I feel that even though I shall miss the dear ones, and often long to see them, that I shall be truly happy in trying to thank the dear Father for the rich blessings which have always been mine, by sharing them with one who has not so many. Do you understand me, dear?" Margaret asked in her low, tender voice.

"How could I help it?" said Marjorie, "And, Miss Drake, I'll do anything in the world you want me to, to show you how grateful I am."

"Just learn to love me, if you can, dear. That is all I ask; for if you do that, all the rest will follow."

"Indeed, indeed I do that already; for no one has ever talked with me as you have, and although you have only been here a few days, you seem to understand just what I want," and Marjorie placed her arms about Miss Drake's neck and nestled close to her side.

"I am happy we have made so pleasant a beginning, for it is the first steps which are usually the most difficult, and I predict that we shall get on famously."

Luncheon was just then announced, and the two friends started for the dining-room. At the door they were met by Dr. Prior, who asked: "What sort of tonic have you been giving my girl, Miss Drake? She looks wonderfully bright."

"The elixir of life," laughed Margaret.

"Is it purchasable? I should like to have the prescription for some of my patients."

"No, indeed; money cannot buy it; it can only be earned," and she shook her head very solemnly.

"How am I to earn it, then?"

"You must ask Marjorie that; she has just procured some."

"Why you have loads and loads already, for you have me," said Marjorie, laughing merrily, "and if you don't know now what it is I can't tell you any more. And, Papa Checa, what do you think? After luncheon Miss Drake and I are going all over the house to see what we can find to make it pretty. She has only been waiting for me to get back from school because she thought I'd like to rummage with her. You ought to see her room; it's just sweet, and she says that mine is to be so too."

"Good! Rummage away to your heart's content. It will do you good, and I dare say it's just what the old house needs."

Luncheon was soon over, and after a word with Johnson, Margaret said: "Now I'm ready to explore, so let us go at once."

And what an afternoon it proved? To Marjorie it seemed that she had entered a new world, for she did not know that the intense pleasure she experienced was largely due to the fact that the treasures now being brought to light were to beautify her own home, and that from the highest to the lowest of God's living creatures the desire to make its habitation attractive prevails. From the tiny ants, which work with the wildest energy to construct their marvelous abode, building galleries, and tunneling halls and removing everything offensive; straight up to the educated, cultured human being, the desire to beautify its dwelling place prevails to a marked degree.

"SO, THIS SUITS MY GIRL, DOES IT?"

Margaret and Marjorie spent a very delightful hour, and when it was over, and such treasures as Margaret thought suitable had been sent down stairs later to be placed where they could be enjoyed by all, the former said:

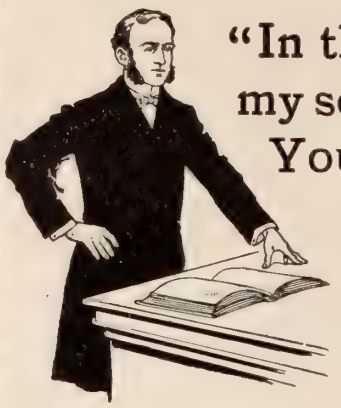
"Now let us go to your room and decide what we will do with that, for it must be the prettiest of all."

CHAPTER VIII
Plans and Problems

"NOW let me put on my thinking cap," cried Margaret, catching up a red silk handkerchief which lay upon the bureau, and twisting it about her head till it looked like the Liberty Cap, and sticking a hat pin through it to keep it from taking a sudden leap from her head should she become over eloquent. "There! That will do, and you've no idea how many ideas it will supply for my dear."

Marjorie's eyes began to twinkle, and the fun which until now had always been repressed, began to show itself.

"Now stand 'ferninst' me, as Nora



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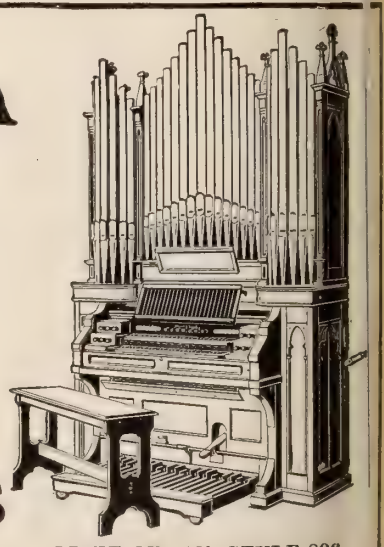

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By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 320

wo I say, and let me decide what color will be prettiest for you. Yes, you could have either pale green or the delft colors; whi do you like the better?"

"Oh, the green, please; it is so soft and love."

"Very good: then green it shall be," and nother hour was spent in planning the oom, and when all was completed, eve to details which made Margaret smi she asked:

"Do you like my plan?"

"Like it! If it ever really comes true I do't believe I shall know what to do; I sha be so happy. Oh, Miss Drake, what eve made you think of it all?"

"You, to be sure. At home we each hava room fitted up exactly as we like it bes and I thought it might please you to hav the same, and Dr. Prior said I could do anything I wished to for you; does it plea you?"

"Indeed, indeed it does. I've always wand it, but Aunt Matilda never felt able o attend to it." After all had been plared, Margaret said:

"Now, dear, it is half past four, and I'm are you must have some lessons to prepre for to-morrow, and perhaps I can help ou a little."

"Oh, bother the lessons! I don't feel a bi like doing them. It is a great deal nice o talk about these pretty things."

"True enough; but it is only a carefully polished jewel that is worthy of a lovely cask, so I must help to polish the one whic is to fill this. And then a clear conscence is a great comfort."

"I suppose it is; but algebra and Latin verb are stupid things, and I don't think they're worth the trouble they give."

"Oh, but I've a fine way of making them interesting. Come to my room, whe you say it looks cheery, and I'll try to make the study hour as jolly a one for you as it has always been for Maud."

Wh rather a doubtful look Marjorie follo ed her, and drawing a small table up to the open fire, Margaret placed upon it tw writing pads and some pencils, and said

"Now let us each take a problem and see which can get the correct answer the quic r. How many have you to do?"

"Four," answered Marjorie; "and it won seem half so stupid when we can run a ra I'm all ready; are you?"

"Yes; here we go!"

Fo a time nothing was heard but the scra ing of the pencils, and then Marjorie exclaimed:

"Oh, bother! The horrid old thing, to catc me just as I was so near the end."

"Five minutes' grace while one of the com titors fishes the other out of a muddle," cried Margaret, and taking Marjorie's paper she soon had all made plain, and rning to an imaginary judge upon the ouch, she added: "Please, your Hon. the kink is unkinked and we are read to proceed."

The study hour soon slipped away and at it end Marjorie cried: "There, I never thought that any fun could be gotten out of algebra and Latin verbs; but we've had ts, and I know more about my lessons for to-morrow than I ever learned befo in three hours' work, and you are just dear to make it all so easy."

"I did not do it; it was the fairies," laug d Margaret. "They are all about us, ou know, but have to be carefully hand d, for they are very touchy little sprit, and unless we please them, are apt take their revenge very promptly by making us fidgety, and muddling our brai so that we can't think properly. But w come with me; there is still half an hur before dinner, and I've a little surpse for you."

"Oh, how lovely! What is it? Just wait a second while I fly to my room and tidy up a bit for dinner, and then I'll be ready."

She soon came back, and saying: "Now tell e, please."

Margaret shook her head, laughing.

"Would you have me spoil the effect by reve ng the cause first?"

They went down the stairs, and turning at it foot, followed the broad hall to its end, t which was a tightly-closed door.

"Oh, you are going the wrong way!" cried Marjorie. "I knew you would get lost this strange house. **This is the** music room; the library is at the other side."

"Dear me! So it is. How stupid of me!" exclaimed Margaret. "But now that we are here, suppose we take a peep within; I'm curious to see what it is like."

"It's just like a barn! That's what it is like," cried Marjorie, giving the door a push; but as it swung open she gave a little cry of amazement, and well she might, for since her last peep into it the room had undergone a decided change.

After Marjorie's departure for school that morning, Margaret had gone to Dr. Prior's office to talk over various matters, and one of her first remarks had been: "Dr. Prior, I very much want to settle upon one room which shall be a sort of rendezvous for the family: one in which we may gather when the duties of the day are ended, and find there rest and recreation, and, together, talk over the day's happenings. I am a firm believer in 'family reunions,' whether the family be as large a one as is our own, or limited to three, as this one is. Mother's sitting-room at home has always been a sort of haven for us all, and when the evening draws on we all unconsciously drift toward it. There may be little either said or done in it, but there we each find our favorite books, our fancy work, our evening mail, and an endless number of trifles which serve to give us topics of common interest. Now, with your permission, I should like to open a 'public assembly room' here, and thus give to Marjorie a sense of being one of us in every thought and action, and providing a pleasant reception room in which she may feel at liberty to entertain her friends in the evening, or to read and talk with us."

"And I cannot tell you how strongly I approve of your plan, Miss Drake. We have all drifted apart in this house. I have kept to my study, and Miss Carver to her room, while poor Marjorie has, I fear, been the odd toad, with never a harbor in view."

And now Marjorie stood staring at the result of Margaret's magic touch, for Johnson and Mary, the chamber maid, had entered very heartily into the work, and the room had been transformed. Upon the beautifully polished floor lay handsome rugs, and at the windows heavy crimson curtains had been hung. On big andirons blazed monstrous hickory logs, and before them lay a huge white bear-skin rug. The grand piano had been drawn out into the room, and on its rack stood a sheet of music, while upon a pretty table beside it lay many more sheets, and a tall lamp cast a soft light over both. A little way off was another table, and on it stood a reading lamp, with Margaret's fancy work near by, several magazines, the evening papers and one or two interesting books. Beside the table sat Dr. Prior in his favorite arm-chair with a magazine in his hand. Marjorie's low rocker stood comfortably at his elbow, and on the opposite side of the table was a chair for Margaret. A huge cut-glass bowl filled with pink roses had a little stand all to itself, and the fragrance filled the room. Handsome bronzes and exquisite bits of rare china stood about, and many other treasures of which even Marjorie had never known, but the faithful Johnson had remembered and brought to light. For a moment Marjorie said not one word, and then, turning to Miss Drake, asked, with an odd look upon her face:

"And what do you suppose I should have thought of myself if I had not done as you wished about the lessons this afternoon, and then found out what you had been doing for me?"

"Does it please you, dear?" asked Margaret, with a happy smile, but without making any direct reply to Marjorie's question. "I'm so glad. Suppose we call it Harmony Corner, and then it is bound to be a success," and she took her seat by the table, while Marjorie went up to her father's side. Laying aside his magazine, he drew her upon the arm of his big chair, saying:

"So this suits my girl, does it? Good! Well, I hope we will pass many a cozy evening here together—and Miss Drake has promised to sing for us after dinner."

(To be continued.)

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A HEROINE'S MEMORIAL

She Died to Save the Little Ones

RECENTLY a Salvation Army slum lassie came into THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office to tell about the new enterprise under way at the Slum Nursery, 88 Cherry street, New York.

"We are making a great effort" said she, "to get a building of our own. The old house we occupy is very rickety, and not large enough to accommodate half the needy babies we ought to take in. Ever so many tenement mothers want us

STAFF-CAPTAIN SELMA ERICKSON

to take care of their little ones while they work out during the day. If is five cents a day for those who can pay, and nothing for those who cannot. The building is to be a memorial of one whom many loved. Why, even very poor people are putting pennies into this monument to Staff-Captain Selma Erickson." Then the cadet talked about how, for four years, Captain Erickson had labored in Cherry street, of her call to Cincinnati, where she had charge of a Slum Nursery there. One night the building took fire, the flames spreading rapidly, and devouring everything before them. She carried one child after another to a skylight, delivering them to hands outstretched from above.

"Staff-Captain," they insisted, "reach your hands up and let us save you." "No," she said, "not while there is one child left. I will go for another." When the smoke cleared away, they found her unconscious on the floor, a child clasped in her charred arms. In twenty-four hours she was dead. She suffered agonies, but no murmur escaped her lips. "Tell my mother," she said, "it is well with my soul."

That mother was in far-away Sweden, whence Selma had come to try her fortunes in the New World, and through wandering one night into a Salvation Army meeting, to devote herself to the Master's work.

When the funeral service came, Cincinnati showed all the honor and reverence a great city, profoundly moved, could display to the martyred heroine, but from Cherry street and its environs rose a demand peremptory in its grief, and the body was brought to New York. Hundreds of slum mothers, with babies in their arms, weeping, came to look upon it. Cherry street boys—"Jerry Sheen's gang," as they style themselves, most of them unsaved lads, and rough and uncouth in appearance—could not do enough to show their devotion to her whose interest in their temporal and eternal welfare had been so intense. They insisted on their right to carry the body to the grave, and so the remains of the "Cherry street Mother" went to their last resting-place borne on their shoulders.

"We will build our Erickson Memorial," repeated Cadet Chadwick. "This week we slum lassies expect to raise $1,000. It's our self-denial week. People would not think that there is much room for a slum lassie to practice self-denial, when they know that our officer in charge receives an allowance of only fifty cents a week for her personal expenses, clothes, stamps, everything. But a slum lassie is an expert in self-denial. Where there are several of us together, headquarters allows us $1 each a week for food. We are religiously begging our food and giving that to the Memorial Fund. At the markets people give us more than we ask, and we are able to feed those poorer than ourselves. Besides ourselves, we see there only the Catholic Sisters a-begging."

Christianity in the Colleges

Colleges at one time were termed "nests of heretics," but in recent years a great transformation has been wrought in college life. A late report of the Public Relations Committee of Hartford Theological Seminary shows the religious conditions in our American colleges and universities. Only five colleges, out of the sixty-five that reported, show signs that are not encouraging. One-third of the number have made very substantial progress and the senior classes of eight of these is reported to be entirely Christian. Fifty-two colleges, with a total of 1,839 senior men, show 1,156 Christians, or 63 per cent. The percentage of senior Christians averages about 10 per cent. higher in the denominational colleges, but this is offset by the smaller attendance. In Yale University, 66 per cent. of the seniors are Christians and 275 men are enrolled in the Bible study class. Forty-five per cent. of the senior class at Brown University are Christians, and twelve of them will enter the ministry. The Christian seniors at Williams' average 50 per cent. At Amherst, 60 per cent. of the undergraduates belong to the Y. M. C. A.

Has a Library of Premiums

Dear Editor:—Many thanks for the beautiful Calendar. My subscription began in 1893, and has been renewed every November without interruption, as it would be impossible for me to get along without THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Besides it, I have bought, I believe, every premium book you have published, including *Bible Encyclopedia*, *Wild Flowers of Palestine*, and also THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Libraries. I own thirty-two of your books, beginning with *From Manger to Throne*. I think I can call myself one of your most faithful readers. After reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD I send it to some invalids, or wherever I think it will do the greatest amount of good. Both paper and premiums are perfect in very detail.

E. LeC.

AMERICAN BRAINS.

Brain Workers Require Special Food.

American brain workers have for some years past been largely using an especially prepared food for rebuilding the gray matter of brain and nerve centers. Any man or woman who cares to make a test by using this food, Grape-Nuts, for a portion of one or two meals each day, will find a distinct increase in vigor, and particularly in brain power.

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These two elements unite together in the human body to make and rebuild the gray matter of which the brain, solar plexus and nerve centers are filled.

These are scientific facts which can be ascertained by any careful investigator. The food, Grape-Nuts, is not only the most scientifically made food in the world, but almost any user will agree with us that the flavor is unique and most winning.

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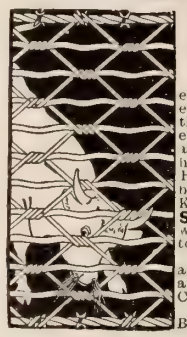

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STORY OF A TIMID CONVERT

How a Shrinking Girl, After Conversion, was made Courageous through Prayer, and Became a Great Christian Worker . . .

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE growth of civilization in Oklahoma, which has been a miracle to the rest of the world, has not been alone in the transforming of wild prairies into rich and fertile fields of corn and wheat, or in the building of towns and cities and railroads, but it has also been remarkable in the building up of schools and churches, and in the institutions of civilization which cause Oklahoma to stand in the front rank of the great law abiding Western commonwealths.

One of the forces which has had a large degree of influence in helping to build up a true and noble public sentiment in this

MRS. CATHERINE E. FERGUSON

new candidate for the honors of Statehood, as ten, and is, the Woman's Christian emperance Union. Conspicuous among the leaders of that noble organization in Oklahoma Territory, is the President of the Territorial Society, Mrs. Catherine E. Ferguson.

Like many another noble career, pious parents and the family altar were the foundation stones on which Mrs. Ferguson's Christian character was built. At the early age of eight years, Catherine was under deep conviction, and felt that she ought to publicly acknowledge her Saviour. But those about her thought she was too young to understand: and she was not encouraged to go forward, and in the course of time her convictions wore away.

When she was seventeen years of age, she was again brought to feel her need of a Saviour while listening to a sermon by the Rev. Jonathan Stump. One Sunday evening Brother Stump preached on the text, "Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" It was in a time of revival meeting, and Catherine was tremendously anxious and stirred by the sermon. But still she was timid, and had not the courage to go forward to the altar, as many were doing, and make a public confession of Christ. While she was waiting, wishing she dared go, another minister who was present, the Rev. Freeland Harper, came to her with a special invitation to go then, that very night, to Christ. Her heart was tender, and she was just waiting for that special invitation and responded at once. She had scarcely reached the altar before she was able to commend herself surrender her will to the Lord Jesus Christ, and receive the witness of the Spirit, that her sins were forgiven.

If Catherine had been led on to work for the Lord, her Christian life would have developed from that very hour; but she was not required to do any public work, and her natural timidity prevented her from volunteering. It was before the day of Christian Endeavor Societies and Epworth Leagues. After some years of this quiet life, while teaching a country school of grown up scholars, she was called on by the minister in their presence to pray in the public congregation. She felt the responsibility resting upon her too keenly to refuse, and made the effort, but she was so badly frightened that her mind was a vacuum, and she arose from her knees with the resolve, never to make another effort in public, reasoning that if the Lord wanted her to pray in public he would help her when she tried, and she never made another public effort for twelve years. In the meantime, she had married a minister of the Gospel; and had found herself working successfully around the altar and in the public congregation, persuading and instructing others, and yet, instead of enjoying religion she simply suffered it, because she was in constant dread of being called upon in public to pray. Her husband labored with her and urged her to make the effort for his sake, as ladies often asked him why he did not call on his own wife to pray, and he felt it a drawback in the work; but she stubbornly refused, in her desperation telling him that if he called on her she should publicly tell him to do his own praying. After thought and prayer over the matter, the husband called to his aid a good old class-leader, putting the after meeting in his hands, and telling him to call on Mrs. Ferguson to pray, which he did. Again, as in the earlier case, her sense of responsibility was such that she dared not refuse. She bowed before the Lord and he helped her wonderfully. From that date Catherine Ferguson was set at liberty from the man-fearing spirit which had spoiled her joy for so many years. Since then she has enjoyed religion in its fulness, and her motto has been through all these later years, "Where he leads I will follow."

The Lord has given Mrs. Ferguson a remarkably useful career. She was one of the original Temperance Crusaders at Bellefontaine and Sidney, Ohio, in 1873 and 1874, and wherever her lot has been cast, she has led in the great work of building up a righteous public sentiment on behalf of temperance and sobriety. When the battle was to be opened in Oklahoma, she was already trained, and disciplined, and ripened in her career for just such a place, and her name will go down in the history of the good things of that coming State, as one of the true and noble forces that made for Christianity and civilization in the early days of the territory.

GLORY LAND

I.

A PILGRIM in a weary land,
I seek the realms of day;
My Saviour leads me by the hand,
And keeps me all the way.

REFRAIN.—And keeps me all the way,
And keeps me all the way,
My Saviour leads me by the hand,
And keeps me all the way.

II.

I'll follow him through sun and rain,
And praise him till I die;
For with his help I'll surely gain
The Glory Land on high.—*Refrain.*

III.

O Glory Land, bright Glory Land.
When I thy King behold,
Oh may I grasp his pierced hand,
And walk the streets of gold.—*Refrain.*

IV.

And when the ransomed ones I see,
I'll join their happy band;
And sing through all eternity
The songs of Glory Land.—*Refrain.*

MARVIN L. PIPER.

A Valuable Gift

Dear Editor: Permit me to express my warm appreciation of the Bible Dictionary, received as premium with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I hardly know which is the greater gift, that or the HERALD itself—each seems so much more in value than the money sent you. FRANCES N. WOOD.

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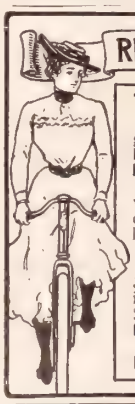

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THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

A Wheel-Chair His Pulpit

A WESTERN gentleman, who has been recently attracting large audiences in the East, furnishes a striking illustration of how a terrible affliction may be subordinated by a cheerful spirit to a noble end in life. As blind Fanny Crosby "singing in the dark," and guiding souls to the light, is an inspiration to another who might falter with the thought: "Because, alas, I cannot see, I can do no good to my fellows." So Rev. Dr. Daniel Shepardson, is an inspiration to any who may feel: "Because I am a cripple, I cannot be God's messenger."

REV. DR. DANIEL SHEPARDSON

Dr. Shepardson's affliction befell him after he had entered the ministry. He had prepared himself by long and careful study, training and travel, for his chosen life-work. His father was a distinguished minister, Rev. Daniel Shepardson, DD., for eighteen years President of the Young Ladies' Institute at Granville, O., now called "Shepardson College" in his honor; it is the only school for young women, endowed and supported by the Baptists of Ohio. The subject of this sketch was born in 1868; in 1888 he completed the full classical course in Denison University, following it with three years' post-graduate work at Yale, during which special studies in Biblical literature were pursued and philosophy and the degree of Ph.D. was won. Some months of travel abroad and two years of theological study at Morgan Park and at the University of Chicago succeeded. Meantime, in 1890, Mr. Shepardson was instructor in Hebrew, English Bible and Arabic in the American Institute of Sacred Literature; was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1891 by Calvary Baptist Church, New Haven: was assistant pastor at Memorial Baptist Church, Chicago, in 1891-92; was assistant pastor and superintendent of the Sunday School of First Baptist Church in Chicago during 1892-93, and lecturer on Old Testament Prophecy at the Baptist Missionary Training School. In the month of February, 1893, he was paralyzed while in the midst of a large and blessed work. In July, 1895, he began to preach in a wheel-chair. During the past four years he has been devoting himself entirely to special evangelistic services and to Bible studies. He is ably assisted by his wife, who is an accomplished musician. Their address is 84 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

"A Shut In," Indianapolis, Ind., writes:
I asked Jesus to help a beloved nephew. My prayer is answered. Only trust him, dear ones.

James M. M., Araby, Md., writes:
I am sixteen years of age, and though I am quite young, I am happy to say that I am a Christian, and have great faith in the Lord, and well I might have, for he has answered many prayers for me. I am a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Reader, Ipava, Ills., writes:
Last fall I undertook a work that seemed beyond my power to accomplish. I prayed to God for strength. Now, as he has given me the victory, I cheerfully fulfil my promise, in hopes that it may do some one some good. God will answer our prayers if we fully trust in him.

Mrs. M. T. C., Fairport, N. Y., writes:
I know that our Heavenly Father hears and answers prayers. I have two loved children that had wandered far from their Saviour. I prayed to God to forgive them, and I trust he has, for they write me they are trying to live Christian lives. Oh, I thank him and praise his holy name.

L. J. B., Penn Yan, N. Y., writes:
I have received much comfort and strength from reading the column of "Answered Prayers." While I have been passing through dark days—so dark that faith at times was almost dead within me, I would read over the testimonies there given, and new hope would arise within me and new courage to continue in prayer be given me. Now with deep reverence I wish to tell discouraging souls that God has answered my prayer and given me that which I have for so long entreated him. I wish I could magnify his name and encourage other troubled souls to trust him, even as I have been encouraged.

Student, Cambridge, Mass., writes:
I thank God for the many ways in which he has blessed me. Recently, a very dear friend, for whom I have been praying, accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and has publicly acknowledged his desire and intention to lead a Christian life. This, I believe, is a direct answer to prayer. Many times in my studies God has helped me wonderfully through prayer. I never enter an examination room without asking the Lord for help, and in all my college work and life he has heard my prayers and answered them.

M., a reader in Ohio, writes:
I have been in great trouble, and for five years have prayed that God would help me. He has heard and answered my prayer in an almost miraculous way.

C. S., Springhill, Va., writes:
Truly our God is a prayer-answering God, and I acknowledge with thankfulness many proofs of same, only a few of which I mention. Anxiously longing to hear of a loved one, whose affections, I feared, had been alienated, I prayed, and soon received a loving answer. In straits another time, help came from an unexpected quarter, causing joy in place of sorrow. In troubles great and small he has been my helper. Nothing too great or small for him.

Happy Woman, Sellersville, Pa., writes:
A great sorrow hung over my life, and with a dear friend I kneeled and asked God to take it away from me. The prayer was not answered in the time I thought it should be, and I almost lost faith; but I prayed again, pleading for greater faith, and now the prayer has been answered, and with it comes a great happiness that could not have come had the answer come in my own time. God's ways are best for us, and he truly answers our prayers.

E. H. N., Lumberton, N. C., writes:
A beautiful thought is this: Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will bear it for thee. I was in danger, yes, very great danger, and knew not what to do. I felt perfectly helpless, when all of a sudden I thought "I'll tell Jesus about it, and he can bring me through safe." I took my Bible and read a few verses, and then prayed for protection, and that protection came. I tell this to the many readers of the grand old CHRISTIAN HERALD, hoping it may help some one.

Mrs. E. K. W., Lowell, Vt., writes:
Your lists of answered prayers have comforted me and strengthened my faith, and now I wish to "pay my vows" by sending to you this testimony. In answer to prayer, God has lifted the burden that was crushing all joy out of my life, and opened my eyes to see how wonderfully he has been preparing the way. I want to say to all his troubled ones to trust him, trust him; carry your burden to him and leave it there, and learn what a wonderful Saviour we have.

Do Your Part AND **We'll Do Ou**

Which is SEND US YOUR NAME — Which is SEND YOU OUR BOO

We have spent thousands of dollars in perfecting our handsome book, "The Test of Time," which w free. It is educational rather than commercial. It tells about a product and a process of manufact which every intelligent man and woman should be posted whether they want a mattress or not. W you to have this book simply send your name on a postal. We don't ask you to buy, although we **some day** you will.

TRADE MARK.

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15

Is the best mattress ever made at any price, and is not an imitation of anything else. Don't believe an who says it is "just like this" or "just like that." It is just like nothing but itself. It is not for sale b store or agent an Ostermoor mattress can only be bought of OSTERMOOR & Co. direct. Don't be cheat unscrupulous dealers. **Don't forget—Send for our FREE book, "The Test of Time."**

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Geo. H. Daniels, Gen. Pass. Agent,
MESSRS. OSTERMOOR & Co. April 8, 1897.
GENTLEMEN:—The Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses that I bought of you in 1893 have proven perfectly satisfactory in every regard and we think them excellent.
Very truly yours, GEORGE H. DANIELS.

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.,	$ 8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.,	11.70
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If made in two parts, 50c. extra.
Express Charges Prepaid Anywhere

SLEEP ON IT THIRTY NIGHTS
And if it is not even all you have **hoped for,** if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back by return mail "no questions asked."

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Send for our book, "Church Cushions." We have cushioned 25,000 churches.

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A MARVELOUS DISCOVERY has just been made in our Laboratory in the art of making rec The results are so startling and the improvements so great that we have decided to give e owner of a Gram-o-phone one of these **new records free.** Send us the number of your Gra phone and we will send you by return mail a record that will surp and please you. Above offer for month of April only. *at once for New Catalogue.*

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New Gram-o-phone Pri
$3. $6. $10. $18. $
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50c each; $5.00 per d
Our factory has made all the gen Gram-o-phones sold in the worl
ELDRIDGE R. JOHNS
Stephen Girard Bldg., Philadelphia,

This Seasons Greatest Value.

For $47.50 The Regular Direct Factory P
A GRADE — We furnish this $75 two-year guara
"AMERICUS" the most popular "LEADER" in all our line: Genuine leather—quarter top, wool lined. Upholstery—all wool cloth or genuine leather; thousand mile axles; oper springs; Bailey body loops; quick shifting shaft coupler; pan plain black or fancy; guaranteed hickory wheels; complet shafts and all features of a first-class buggy.
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NOTE THESE PRICES:

Top Buggy	$29.75	Surrey	$47.50
Spring Wagon	$32.50	Road Cart	$ 9.00
Double Farm Harness	$16.50	Single Buggy Harness	$ 4.25

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All grades of vehicles and farm, double, buggy and surrey harness—over 200 styles to select from. **We have never been undersold and never will be.**
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When you buy a carriage, buggy or harness. Choose from the biggest stock and fullest assortment, and pay only the cost of making, with but one moderate profit added. Our plan of selling direct from the factory insures satisfaction—your money back if you're dissatisfied with your purchase—and enables you to **save the dealer's profit.**

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FACTORY TO FAMILY. and **PREMIUM**

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Order at once and get the HANDSOME No. 5 CHIFFONIER FREE. You make you selection of Soaps, if the regular Combination Box is not what you want. Value $20. Y all for $10, on thirty days' trial. Circulars for asking.

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FOUNDATIONS *

Contact the True and only Reliable Evidence of the Sincerity of Saving Faith

MEN of the type referred to by our Lord as building on a sandy foundation are familiar to all our ministers and Christian workers, and they are most disappointing characters. They often make a great show at the beginning, are very enthusiastic, and are loud in their professions, but only too often the whole office of Christian character disappears. A little ridicule, a little persuasion by a worldly acquaintance, the danger of loss, the opportunity of social advantage, or some strong affection suffices to make them abandon religion altogether. The reason of the failure, Christ says, is that they did not build on the rock; they heard the truth, but did not embody it in their lives. The same character appears in the parable of the Sower, as the stony ground hearer, who "hath not root in himself, but dureth for a while." Christ was on his guard against this kind of man. One who declared that he was ready to follow him, was told that Christ was more homeless than the birds and foxes. Another who wanted to go and bury his father, was bidden let the dead bury their dead. Above all, Christ made no concealment of the fact that following him would involve hardship, persecution and possibly martyrdom. The impulsive, shallow, superficial man was not welcome, being liable to be driven away by any kind of hostile influence. Those who had counted the cost, all understanding all that they might have to lose and to suffer, still loved the love of Christ worth all the world beside, were the men he wanted as followers.

These men of the sandy foundation are found in other walks of life besides that of religion. There are people who will go to a temperance meeting to hear some humorous orator, who will applaud the hits he makes, will laugh or even weep when the orator tells a good story or relates a pathetic incident; they may contribute to the funds, but never think of signing the pledge themselves. Such men deceive themselves if they think the sympathy they show, entitles them to rank as members of the Temperance party. In every political campaign there are men who are ready to parade, to hurrah for the candidate of their party and to work on committees, who never take the trouble to thoroughly understand the question at issue. If such men meet an intelligent member of the opposite party, and an argument ensues, they are swept from their moorings and do discredit to their party.

If a man who kept a drug store where a specific was sold for consumption, or alleviator for cancer, and who earnestly recommended it to sufferers from those maladies became himself a sufferer, yet did not take the specifics he had recommended to others, we should with good reason doubt his faith and sincerity. Any future commendation of his medicines might make, would have little weight with anyone who knew how he had acted in his own case. There are numbers of people who go to church, who have a genuine admiration for Christianity, who contribute to Domestic and Foreign Missions, and who have great respect for ministers of religion but never identify themselves with the people of God. If some persecution were to arise, these men would not be martyrs. The whole fabric of their religious connection would be swept away. But let persecution come upon a man who has been redeemed from a vicious life by the power of Christ, whose life has been transformed and sweetened through his faith, and he never wavers. Like the blind man in the Gospels, he would answer: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." He has experienced the blessing, and he cannot be moved, for he is "founded upon a rock."

So, Christ's metaphor is sound philosophy. The man who has applied Christ's principles to his own heart and life is proof against obloquy, against criticism and against persuasion, having heard these sayings of Christ and done them, he cannot be moved, for he is founded on a rock. There is no other test of the genuineness of faith. Is the man himself acting on the faith he professes to have? If not, if his life is conducted on worldly principles, if in his trouble he does not have recourse to prayer, if his pleasure is found in vicious resorts, if he overreaches his neighbor in a bargain, if he is oppressive in his dealings with the poor, and if he is censorious and uncharitable in his words about others—that man's profession is vain. He is a hanger-on of the church, not a true member of it. He is one who has built a house on the sand. The true rock is Christ, and to build on him is to trust implicitly to him, to be ever seeking to live according to his precepts, to have his spirit, to live his life on earth. He that heareth—yes, that is good as a beginning: he that believeth—yes, that is still better: but he who is on the rock is he that doeth. He has the living faith, the living connection with Christ, and into his soul flows the Divine life that no storm nor stress, nor death itself, can extinguish.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 7. Matt. 7: 24-27.

Anecdotes of Royalty

Two anecdotes are related of the childhood of King Edward and his Queen. When a boy, the prince received daily instruction in the English Constitution. He gradually wearied of the subject, and one day told the royal tutor that he hated that study and was thoroughly tired of it. The tutor explained the importance of the subject for the country over which he was to rule some day, when the boy replied that he realized the importance of the Constitution to the country, "but," he added, "what about my constitution?"

As a child, Princess Alexandra disliked very much the study of the Latin language. Her education was a strict one, and her likes and dislikes were not taken much into consideration. One day she ventured to remonstrate against the lesson, and said to her tutor: "I think you told me that Latin is a dead language, and I think it perfectly cruel not to let the dead rest in peace, but I remember also," she continued, "that you taught me *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and I therefore forbear."

A Valuable Premium

Dear Editor The premium Bible which I ordered from you has come promptly to hand in good order. I have examined it carefully, and wish to say that I find it of much better quality than your advertisement had led me to expect. The paper, print, binding and helps are excellent, and I would have no hesitation in recommending it, and shall do so on every occasion. It is a thoroughly high-class and serviceable book in every respect.

Winnipeg, Man. J. H. MORROW.

Fits Every Spot.

YOU will be SORRY when SICKNESS comes if you don't have **BAILEY'S**

"Good Samaritan"

Trade **Hot Water Bottle.** *Mark.*

THE only Hot Water Bottle which fits every part of the body, stays without holding, and soothes instead of irritating. Its **HOLLOW DISK SHAPE** and thin model make it pillow-like and comfortable to lie upon.

For Neuralgia, Toothache or Earache the hollow permits a heating or steaming of the parts by placing in the disk a sponge or cloth wet with spirits.

By buttoning the two ends together **see** what a **perfect heater** it makes for the **feet**, what a perfect form for **throat troubles** or stand next to the body. It is the most comforting and practical Hot Water Bottle ever made. No household should be without them.

SIZES.
5 in. diam. $1.00
8 in. diam. 1.25
10 in. diam. 1.50
11 in. diam. 1.75

Rubber Catalogue Sent Free.

Indorsed by Physicians and Hospitals. Every bottle guaranteed.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM. Mailed on receipt of price and 10 cts. for postage.

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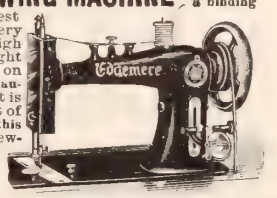
This illustration shows the machine closed to be used as a center table, stand or desk.

SEND NO MONEY Cut this advertisement out and send to us and we will send you this. **OUR HIGH GRADE DROP HEAD CABINET EDGEMERE SEWING MACHINE** by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to the highest grade sewing machines advertised by other houses at $20.00 to $30.00, and as good a machine as you could buy from your dealer at home at $30.00 to $40.00, the greatest bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay your railroad agent our **SPECIAL OFFER PRICE $11.95** and freight charges. Give the machine three months' trial in your own home, and we will return your $11.95 any day you are not satisfied.

OUR $11.95 EDGEMERE SEWING MACHINE is covered by a binding 20-year guarantee, is made by one of the best sewing machine makers in America, has every new and up-to-date improvement, very high arm, positive four-motion feed, is very light running, does any work that can be done on any sewing machine made. It comes in a beautiful solid sawed antique oak, drop head cabinet, as illustrated. Cabinet is beautifully finished, highly polished and decorated with a complete set of the finest colored floral marquetry designs. **AT $11.95** we furnish this sewing machine complete with the following accessories: 1 quilter, 2 screwdrivers, 6 bobbins, 1 package of needles, 1 oil can filled with oil and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that a child can operate the machine. **For 75 cents extra (or $12.70)** we furnish in addition to these regular accessories a complete set of highest grade foot attachments in metal box including: 1 foot hemmer, 1 ruffler, 1 shirring plate, 1 tucker, 1 underbraider, 1 binder, 1 short foot and set of hemmers, different widths up to ⅝ of an inch. In ordering say if you want these extra foot attachments at 75 cents additional. ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY. Such a beautiful sewing machine was never offered before at anything like the price. Write for Free Sewing Machine Catalogue or send 15 cents for our 1100-page Catalogue of Everything.



This illustration gives you an idea of the appearance of the High Grade, High Arm Edgemere Sewing Machine, which we furnish at $11.95 in the handsome 5-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

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WE WILL SHIP A CORNISH PIANO OR ORGAN ANYWHERE upon the distinct understanding that if it is not entirely as represented **after 12 months' use we will take it back** and refund the purchase money and freight charges both ways, together with interest at the rate of six per cent. This unique method of selling Pianos and Organs has attracted world wide attention; it has brought us sales from every part of the world; **over a quarter of a million satisfied purchasers** prove that the public appreciate the Cornish plan of business. **We sell exclusively to the general public at first cost;** all agents', middlemen's and dealers' profits are saved to the purchaser of the Cornish Piano or Organ; this means from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

THE CORNISH PIANOS AND ORGANS ARE UNEQUALED in tone and appearance; in fact there are no more beautiful instruments manufactured in this country; purchasers have the benefit of **fifty years of practical experience in Piano and Organ building.** Every Piano is fitted with the new **Cornish Musical Attachment;** this can be had with the **Cornish Piano only;** it is our exclusive patent; every Cornish Organ is fitted with our **Orchestral Action,** pronounced to be the finest combination reed action in the world.

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HEALTHY BABIES
ARE THOSE RAISED ON
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EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED MILK
SEND "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS.
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we have successfully treated all forms of
Cancer, Tumors and other new growths except in the stomach, and the Thoracic Cavity
Without the use of the knife.
As a logical result of our success
The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium
has, from a humble beginning, become the largest and most elegantly appointed private institution in the world for the treatment of a special class of diseases, and has no rivals. It is conducted by a graduate of standing in the regular School of Medicine, and upon a strictly ethical and professional basis. Any physician who desires to investigate our method of treatment will be entertained as our guest.
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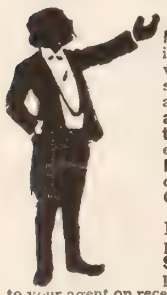

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SPECIAL—Men's all wool Tricot Long Suits, round cut sack, satin piped facing, worth $10.00, for $4.75. Send $1.00 with order, and pay balance, plus express charges, to your agent on receipt of the suit. A lifetime's opportunity. Address this way:
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$9.00 Buys a High Arm Sewing Machine.
Send your name and address and we will mail you our catalogue. Select any style Oxford Sewing Machine, and we will send it by prepaid freight on 30 days' Free trial, with all attachments and 20 years' guarantee. Easy running. Does light or heavy work as good as a $60.00 machine. Buy from factory. We ship goods same day order is received.
OXFORD SEWING MACHINE CO., Dept. 17, Chicago.

Patented Jan. 23, 1900.

The Ideal Steam Cooker
Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.
Reduces Fuel Bills One-half
Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches, and other Valuable Premiums given with order for Cookers. Send for illus. catalogue. We pay express. Agents Wanted.
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30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
ISN'T THIS FAIR?
You get this Bantam Hatcher, fill it with eggs and test it thoroughly. If satisfied you pay us $5 for it. It often hatches 50 chicks from 50 eggs. Send 4 cents for Catalogue No. 60
Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, Ohio.
BANTAM

EASTER IN ALL LANDS

IN what country the celebration of Easter is made most beautiful it would be hard to say. Man and nature do their best to render the holy festival fair and blessed, and our whole round earth seems girdled then with blossom and song.

In no land is the gloom of the Lenten season more profound, nor the gladness which breaks it on Easter Sunday more pronounced, than in Russia. Seven weeks Lent lasts, instead of six as here. Tolling of bells, chanting of priests, murmuring of prayers, seem to make almost incessant dirge, lapsing on Saturday into intense stillness. Near midnight, with no priest present, people prostrate themselves in silent, darkened churches. Suddenly, the "Iconostosis" (Holy of Holies) is thrown open, a gorgeous procession of priests proclaim: "Christ is risen from the dead!" There is a burst of light and song. Friends kiss each other on the cheek, it being the custom for superiors, from the Emperor down, to thus salute their subordinates. People carrying lighted tapers hurry home, and—if too poor to have a priest come to them—bring back to church their breakfast dishes of food to be blessed. The whole day is given over to rejoicing and feasting; in the latter, eggs take prominent part.

Easter attracts hundreds of tourists to Rome, and people from every quarter of the globe join with the resident population in attendance on the long mass in St. Peter's Cathedral, where the gorgeous robing of prelates and acolytes, the jewels, incense and flowers, produce an effect of almost barbaric magnificence, oppressive to one who feels keenly its contrast with the life of him whose resurrection it celebrates. Next to Rome, Paris claims the European traveler's attention at Easter. Yet multitudes of pilgrims pass these by, journeying to far Jerusalem, and to "little Bethlehem," perhaps there to witness in Greek or Catholic church, a pageant kindred to those described; perhaps, after attending a simple service in some Protestant chapel, to wander about quiet places which Jesus loved.

In the Tyrol, at midnight Saturday, hills answer to hills with peasants calling and singing, "Christ is risen!" In Silesia, youths and maidens, dressed in white, climb a hill called Calvary, and in a spot which looks like a graveyard with white stones, keep vigil till dawn, when people, looking up from the village below to see their moving figures, call "'Tis Easter!"

England is rich in curious and beautiful Easter customs. Singing from Magdalen Tower, Oxford, at sunrise, by the boys' choir, dates back four hundred years. Was there ever such ringing of bells anywhere as in London on Easter morning! What changes they play! And out in a quiet country, what wondrous melody it makes.

From Germany comes the tradition which makes the hare an animal of importance at this season. White hares, the story goes, bring good children many colored eggs then. Great is the search for them, and chubby Hans and Gretchen question their consciences anxiously. The hare's connection with Easter really dates back to the ancient Orient, where it was both a lunar symbol and an emblem of life's renewal. The egg seems to have carried the latter significance through all time and among all peoples. Many Easter customs are of pagan origin, the word itself is from Ostara, Saxon goddess of Spring. Heathen peoples were feeling blindly for centuries after the "Unknown God" who brought nature out of winter's sleep, and who at last gave in Jesus, the God Incarnate, promise that man himself should live again. In our own country Easter is becoming more and more a season for showing forth our Lord's spirit in us, by doing kind and beautiful things to each other and helping the needy. It is customary for churches and missions to give potted plants to children, and blossom-burdened processions are in gay evidence on streets. In New York, Easter is celebrated after the manner of many lands by different colonies from over the sea. It is interesting to walk through the quarter known as "Little Syria" and hear swarthy dark-eyed people talking of Easter in Palestine, and to see the merry children play "Going to Jerusalem."

RISING SUN
STOVE
POLISH
Shine comes quick—looks best and lasts longest—always w
and is the best polish—never cakes on the stove.
ALSO IN PASTE FORM—"SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH."

van Houten's Cocoa
Nutritive, Refreshing, Economical in use. A breakfast-cupful of this delicious Cocoa costs less than one cent.
Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

(From the Indianapolis News)

Mrs. Mary K. Burns, of 505 Hiawatha street, Indianapolis, Ind., is living evidence of the wonderful powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the remedy that relieves where all others fail. For years she endured all the tortures of indigestion, nervousness and female weakness, a complication of troubles that five physicians confessed their inability to remedy. Her story is well worth the attention of every woman. She says:

"My illness commenced after my last child was born. I was so weak and nervous that it seemed I would never get strong. For twelve years I doctored for female trouble, complicated with nervousness and indigestion. My stomach was so weak that for days at a time I could eat nothing but bread and milk. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart and was often so miserable that I could not lie down. Five doctors prescribed for me and I took many kinds of medicine without being benefited. One day I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the papers and I decided to give them a trial. I did so and had not finished taking the first box when I knew that I was getting better.

"You can imagine the relief I felt when I found that after years of suffering I was recovering. I continued taking the pills and the female trouble entirely disappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did more for me than it was claimed they would do. Since I first took the pills I have not needed a doctor nor any other medicine; they have restored my health, strength and happiness.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to my friends, and many of them have used them with good results. I gave them to my daughter for female weakness and they did her lots of good. My sister used them for nervous trouble and they benefited her at once."

(Signed)
MRS. MARY K. BURNS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of October, 1900.
(Seal) *GEORGE H. SWAN, Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Moller's Oil is different
from other cod liver oils, as it is never sold in bulk. It is bottled when manufactured, thus passing direct to the consumer without the possibility of adulteration. Each bottle of
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bears on the label, in perforated letters, the date of manufacture, so that the purchaser may always insist on having oil of the latest season's production, and know that he is getting it.
Moller's Cod Liver Oil is put up only in flat, oval bottles, and bears our name as sole agents.
Schieffelin & Co., New York.

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Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums
The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, effective. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their efficiency.
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REMOVES AILMENTS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
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Thousands of letters like this prove our assertions:
"Curtis, Miss., Sept. 1899. The brace I bought of you two years ago did all you claimed for it. It freed me from worst forms of illness peculiar to my sex. Before using the brace I suffered with prolapsus, menstrual cramps, inflammation, constipation, headache, and other things of 20 years' standing. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicines and doctors before trying the Brace.
"Mrs. Susie Woodard."
Send for full information with booklet, mailed free in plain, sealed envelope. Address
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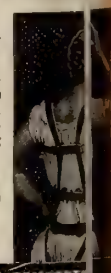

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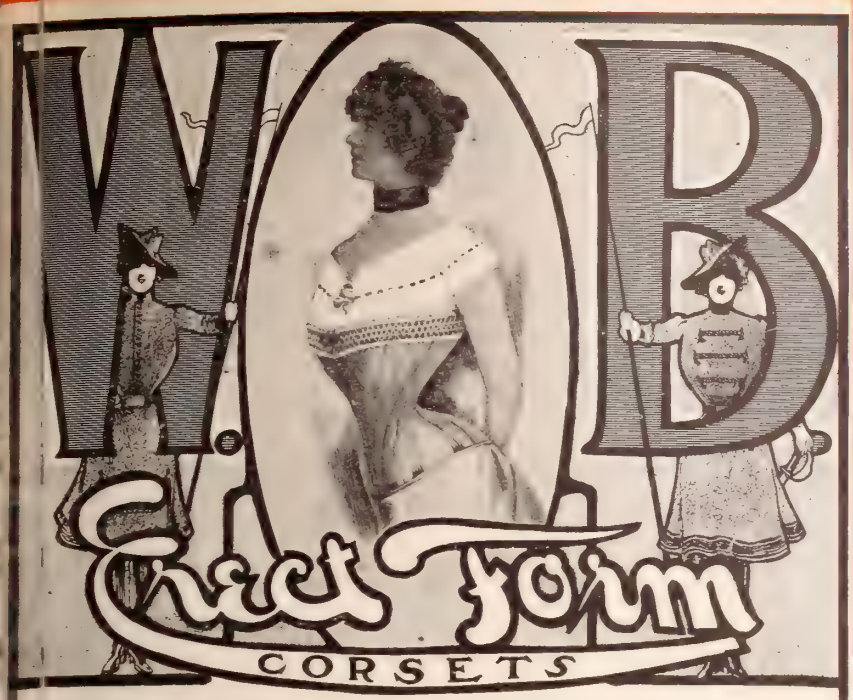

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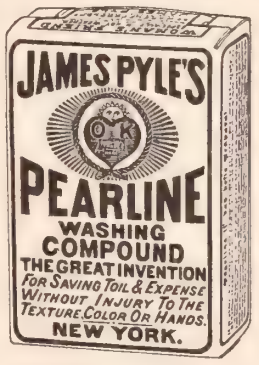

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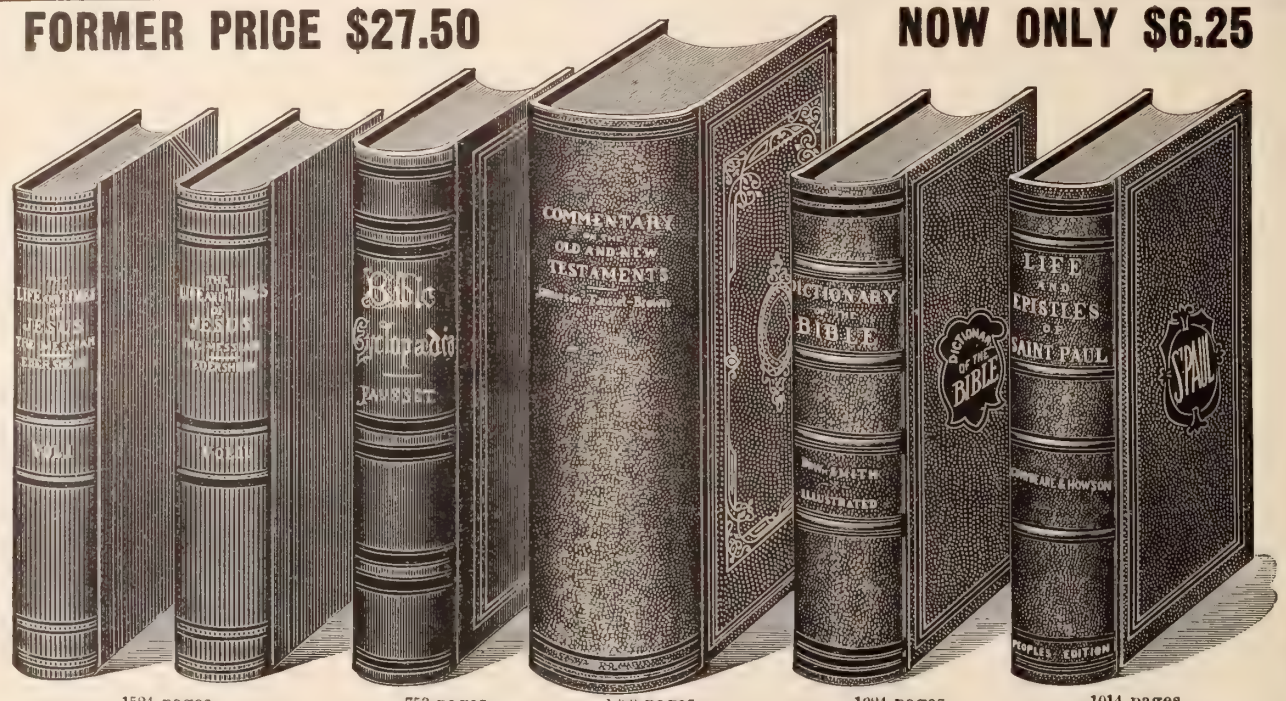

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 15

RE. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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See page 311

THE OLD WORLD'S WAR CLOUD—A CLASH THREATENED BETWEEN RUSSIA AND JAPAN

The Czar of Russia. 2. Grand Duke Michael, President Imperial Council. 3. The Mikado of Japan. 4. General Kouropatkine, Russian Minister of War. 5. Field Marshal Katsura, Japanese Minister of War. 6. Grand Ducal Palace, St. Petersburg. 7. St. Nicholas Square, St. Petersburg. 8. New Bridge, St. Petersburg. 9. Map of Manchuria, Showing Disputed Territory.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered May 15

1. Is it true Christian philosophy to say that "whatever happens is for the best"?

2. Is it reasonable to suppose that an educated person is better fitted to enjoy heaven than one who is uneducated, assuming that both are equally advanced in the Christian life?

3. Is it right for a lady to accept the attentions of a man as escort, simply and solely because she wants to attend church, concert, lecture, or literary society?

4. Are secret societies a hurt and hindrance to our churches?

5. Name something to which Christ, believers, Satan and wicked men are all compared.

Questions of the Week

1. What is the best method of rousing indifferent church members, whom preaching does not seem to reach?

The Church is a Christian family, and to treat any member as a stranger (as we too often treat our church brothers and sisters), is the surest way to make them indifferent. Let us take them to our hearts and our homes, show them what Christian brotherhood really means, invite them to share with us equally the burdens and the privileges of our religious work, get them to join in all the various activities of the church, making them feel that they are cordially welcome and appreciated. Once you melt the outer icicle, the melting of the heart will soon follow. Many persons build up around themselves a citadel of reserve, which must be stormed and captured before you touch the heart. Storm it with kindness, with love, with gentle, unconstrained invitation, making the person feel that you have a genuine interest in seeking his co-operation. Pray for him, set him to work, and give liberally of your appreciation, and you will win him so that the service of the Lord, in the company of his saints, shall be sweet to him, and his indifference a thing of the past. Our churches are too cold, as a rule. Fire alone can communicate fire, and a single warm-hearted Christian man or woman, with the divine "passion for souls," will often do more to kindle the zeal of the indifferent than eloquent sermons and doctrinal teaching.

EDWARD R. GRACE.

* * *

Gain their friendship, then talk to them in a gentle manner. Write them a courteous letter occasionally. Give them something to do; not some disagreeable duty or trifling performance that carries little responsibility, but something fitted to their ability and that will be a deed of real value. Then duly appreciate the work. Elect them delegates to conventions, instead of always sending the same persons. Give them a stirring example of Christian activity. SARAH M. THOMPSON.

2. To what extent must we regard the description of the heavenly city, with golden streets and foundations of jewels, which John gives in Revelation, as figurative?

Probably most, if not all these representations in the Apocalypse are figurative. I say so, because we are assured that there has not entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him. Now, if we cannot conceive of those heavenly realities, it follows that John's description can be no more than figures or suggestions of them. Besides, the conditions of life in the spiritual world are so different from the conditions of our life here, that we could not possibly be made to understand them until we really enter that other world. As an unborn babe could not be made to understand the conditions of the life it is soon to enter, and as a caterpillar could not possibly be made to understand the butterfly life until it becomes a butterfly, so probably just as little could we in this life be made to understand the conditions of the next life until we enter it.

At the same time, we ought not to depreciate the glorious symbolism of Revelation. Far better to keep the child-like mind that accepts those representations as real facts. For they are facts in the best sense, because they are the truest suggestions we can have in this life of heaven's glorious realities. The symbolism then, may safely be taken as reality for the present, as it is the best means we have of nourishing our faith in the unseen "until the day break and the shadows flee away." JOSEPH HAMILTON.

* * *

Probably wholly figurative. We cannot imagine a city whose streets are paved with actual gold being a pleasant place for people like ourselves to live in. Nor would it be likely that precious stones would make good foundations. Nor can we conceive of a city fifteen hundred miles high. The length and the breadth of it might have been so enormous, but the height is inconceivable. We are, it is true, explicitly told that it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glory God has prepared for his people, so it would be rash for us to say such a city is impossible, but we may say it passes our powers of conception. The most probable explanation is that the seer had a vision of glory which he felt himself inadequate to describe, something so dazzling and lustrous that no language could depict it. With true Jewish spirit, he uses the symbols that people of his race most reverence, to picture the surpassing splendor. Gold so common that it is used to pave the streets, and jewels so enormous that they can serve as foundations, would, to the Jewish mind, represent the most delightful conditions of habitation. He, therefore, adapts himself to the minds of his readers in trying to give an idea of sublimity and magnificence really indescribable. ALFRED REMUR.

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3. Does a Christian realize the preciousness of his relation to Christ or receive the full measure of blessing, if he does not openly confess his Master before men?

No (except he should be saved at the eleventh hour); for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. That it is the duty of those who believe in Christ to confess him, is evident from several passages of Scripture. "Ye are my witnesses," saith God to his people. Christ told the ten lepers, who had been cured of their leprosy, to go and show themselves to the priest, and also he said to one of them, who returned to give thanks: "Were there not ten cleansed; but where are the nine?" Again Christ says: "Him that confesseth me before men, will I also confess before my Father in heaven." By testifying to the saving and keeping power of Christ we benefit ourselves, those who hear us, and also help the cause of Christ. Those who confess Christ publicly, Christ gives joy without alloy, *i.e.*, joy in the Holy Ghost.

G. H. ROGERS.

4. Is practical politics, as a profession, inconsistent with a sincere Christian life; and, if so, why?

What is regarded generally as "practical politics," is entirely inconsistent with a sincere Christian life. An eminent politician and brilliant scholar, if not a statesman of high order, said a few years ago that "the Decalogue is unknown in politics." Some feeble protests were made against the assertion, but they arose rather out of the shock of a naked truth bluntly told than from an abiding sense of its falsity. It may not be quite correct to say that it is impossible for a Christian to be an active politician. But the spirit of partisanship, without which any aspirant for public honors will be repudiated by political organizations, tends to ways and means which are dark, immoral and unchristian. This spirit requires a double supply of God's grace to resist, in its temptations to sin.

L. B. RUSSELL.

* * *

I do not believe it inconsistent with a sincere Christian life. In every political question there is a moral issue. Christians should cleanse the heart of the political world, because out of it come forth the issues of life or death, which will affect forever, not the destiny of an individual, but of the nation, and perhaps many nations. The evil of it is that so many good men desert political life, thereby giving greater room to bad men. Many a man, by despising his vote, refuses to use the keenest weapon for the annihilation of social evils. A Christian, sincere and devout, may become a professional politician, and, by precept and example, may lift political questions into the purer realm of moral issues, and pass judgment on them in the light of the great White Throne. R. T. EDWARDS.

5. Does conscience ever approve anything that is wrong? If so, how can it be the "Voice of God in the soul?"

Certainly conscience may, and often does, approve things that are wrong. A conspicuous instance is that of the Apostle Paul, who verily thought that in persecuting the Christians he was doing God service. Many since his time, Calvin, for instance, have erred in the same way, while sincerely believing at the time that they were doing right. Conscience can never be correctly described as the voice of God in the soul. If it were the voice of God no man sincerely desirous of doing right need ever blunder, nor ever be in that strait in which good men often find themselves, of not knowing which of two courses is the right one. It is simply the faculty of the mind which discerns the moral quality of a course of conduct, and passes judgment upon it, according to the standard of right and wrong which it has. If the standard be wrong, the decisions of conscience will be wrong. "There is a way," says Solomon, "that seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death." Conscience needs to be educated; it must rely on the knowledge and reason for its data; it has to guard against being warped by self-interest and education, and blunted by its environment. Paul says (I. Cor. 8:7) of a weak conscience, that it is one that sees wrong where there is no wrong. God, as a judge, it represents God in the soul, but it never exercises infallible judgment. It needs divine enlightenment and the development which comes from Bible-reading and prayer.

ARTHUR G. BURNHAM.

* * *

In considering this question, we have to recognize the fact that an act may be wrong in itself, and yet for one who honestly believes it right, it may in a sense be right, as the moral character of an action inheres in the intention. Conscience has led the heathen to throw themselves before Juggernaut, and led St. Paul to persecute Christians. So far as ignorance, which leads to such acts unavoidable, it is an excuse, but no further. Doubtless St. Paul had not candidly sought all possible light, hence he blames himself (1. Cor. 15:9). Conscience is no infallible guide, but needs to be enlightened by the Word and the Spirit of God. It is, however, the "voice of God" within us in this respect, that it bids us do the right, so far as we can discern it, at any cost; and as we obey or disobey, it rewards or punishes with the sweet approval or stern condemnation.

AMELIA E. T.

Miscellaneous Questions

The following letter explains itself:

Editor The Mail-Bag: My attention has been directed to a serious misstatement of fact in my answer to question four, issue of March 6, in "Questions and Answers." There are not two different words translated "life" in Matt. 10:39, as I stated, but only one *psuche*. Writing from memory, my answer was based upon the parallel passage, John 12:25, where both *psuche* and *zoe* are alike translated "life," in the A.V. and R.V., with the latter's marginal rendering in the R. V., "soul." Later I came to use *pneuma* instead of *zoe*, and to suppose *pneuma* and *psuche* as to give each the meaning of the other, is a slip which I am at loss to explain. The substance, however, of my answer I believe to be correct. I make this statement lest my carelessness should mislead.

Cynwyd, Pa. CHARLES H. HARRIS.

As already stated in a previous issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Governor Sayers, of Texas, has written to the Proprietors of this Journal, stating that no more outside donations are needed by Texas, in behalf of the sufferers of the great storm which ravaged the Gulf coast several months ago. The Governor's letter says:

The Legislature of Texas will undoubtedly appropriate all that may be necessary to extend what relief may be required for the storm sufferers on the Texas coast. I thank you very much indeed for the evidence, as shown in your letter, of a desire to assist the people. Believe me, it is fully appreciated, and will be gratefully remembered.

This is a sufficient answer to those who have written to us, inquiring whether Texas needs further aid.

A reader in Los Angeles, Calif., (Mr. D.D.) writes: "At a recent Wednesday evening prayer meeting, when the words 'Don't worry' were the topic of the evening, one of the speakers quoted from memory the following lines, learned in his school days:

Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow
Let things of the future alone;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?
Life's troubles come ever too soon.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred.
And how often have hearts been in terror
For things that have never occurred.

"I thought them so apropos," he added, that I wrote them down, but the speaker could not remember the name of the author. So I ask of your readers may know the verses."

Subscriber, Theodore, N. D. 1. Such engagements in a church are undignified, and in a certain sense, a desecration. 2. No.

Reader, Clarence, Ia. We think he should set it right by a plain, straightforward statement. If he does not, it is almost certain to come up after and to his sorrow.

A. W. A., Cementon, Pa. It is a business to be avoided. Better engage in some other.

C. C. H., Webster Grove, Pa. "Carnegie" has the accent on the first syllable—"Kar-nay-gi."

Gertrude M., Minneapolis, Kan. It is no reasonable objection. Such a difference in ages is sometimes a decided advantage.

Mrs. T. J., Tremont, Pa. Unions between persons of radically different faiths can hardly be productive of trouble and deep regret.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

OUISKLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

A FILIPINO CHURCH, THE PADRE'S HOUSE ON LEFT SIDE, A LITTLE BEYOND

The Filipino Revolt From Rome

Y the latest mail from Manila, letters have been received giving important details of the great Filipino secession from Romanism to Evangelical Christianity. It is estimated that not less than 5,000 natives in Manila and the surrounding towns and villages have voluntarily abandoned the Roman Church

EMILIO AGUINALDO,
The captured Insurgent leader

GEN. FUNSTON,
Who effected the capture

ESCOLTA STREET, ONE OF MANILA'S LEADING THOROUGHFARES

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hed below, some
ceeingly interest-
g dails are fur-
shed which throw
ht o the situation
d sh v that America's mis-
on in he Archipelago is far
o m concluded, although
ere e abundant indica-
ns t t the long war, which
ems o have been largely
mend by the friars, is for-
nate nearing an end.

The riter of the first letter
Dr. Alice B. Condict, an
meri n medical mission-
y no in Manila. She says:

MA LA, P.I., Feb. 8, 1901.

We r e having stirring
nes Manila now. Before
is l er can reach you, I
s su you will have read
ws t telegram of the for-
atio of a political party by
e F i p i n o s themselves,
lled he "Federal Party."
ose ole aim is to circulate
mong heir countrymen rea-
ns f giving up the rebel-
n, a coming at once to
amable agreement with
e U. Government, laying
wn ms, and accepting the
rms ur Government shall
ve.

Las week the Federals had meetings in Manila,
ade peeches, and discussed matters relating to the
ese insurrection. Full reports were printed of these
eeti s in Spanish and Tagalog papers, which go
oad st all over these islands, and no doubt will reach
surg t camps and have a cooling effect on their
rder hen they find the most intelligent and best of
eir n countrymen are urging measures for peace.

On Sunday last a mass meeting was held in a Filipino theatre. There was a goodly number present, about 700 I judge. The much-talked-of "Revolt from Romanism" took definite shape. The audience awoke to loud enthusiasm when Senor Felipe Buen Camion asked if they intended longer to submit to the Pope, Mgr. Capel and the friars. Each question was answered by thunders of "No! no!" The leader went on to speak of the horrors of the Spanish Revolution of 1868, in which thousands of their countrymen lost their lives fighting for their rights. "That Government," he said, "was entirely ruled by priests. Altar and throne were combined. King and priests formed a brotherhood. The will of the people was not consulted." The Senor argued for the substitution of Filipino clericals for the friars. When he asked if that was not right, the audience arose and shouts of approval went up. "What is wanted," said he, "is not separation, but reform within the church." As in the days of Luther, these people are loath to leave the church of their fathers; but, like Luther, they are bound to discover, later on, that no reform is possible if they still remain Romanists.

Following Senor Buencamino, an American Presbyterian missionary, Rev. James B. Rogers, arose to speak. He read a passage from *La Santa Biblia* (the Spanish Bible), then offered a short prayer for Divine guidance in the meeting. He then gave this text: "Give me, my son, thine heart." "What need has God of us that he begs of us our hearts! If you do not want the Pope and the friars, you still want God. You want evangelical religion, and that is a personal religion. It is entirely individual. It is not a question of families nor of a nation. It is each person, each individual, being directly responsible to God. The mediation of saints separates one from God, and that is the greatest possible wrong to us. Evangelical Christianity requires no change in your politics or theology. It is a movement for a knowledge of Christ. This is a positive movement of people who are tired of human mediation, and seek a personal knowledge of God. This is essentially Christian, not intellectual, but spiritual, and a movement for true liberty. Religious liberty is the most precious liberty we can have." The attention of the entire mass meeting was intense and rapt throughout the whole address.

The American Army and Commission are not altogether the most ideal spiritual influences we would crave for the Filipinos, who want a Christianity that is consistent and that l e a d s Godward. Christians in the home land need to pray much for us here.

To-day's papers announce that "the end has come in Marinduque. Five thousand accept the Federal platform. Three thousand Bolo men surrender." So events move on rapidly. Senor Juan Niena, sent by this same Federal party to the island of Marinduque, h a s returned, flushed by s u c c e s s. His twenty days' visit to the beautiful island has resulted in the termination of all insurrection there, and the enrollment of five thousand men in the Federal party.

But the latest and best news of all I have to give you is that the Filipino women have formed a Peace League. I have an invitation to its first meeting, to be held on Saturday next. The translation of this Spanish invitation card is as follows:

The Woman's Peace League—Honored Lady:—A sad war

is clouding our beloved country and causing sorrow and desolating anxiety to hearts in these islands and in your own loved land. Soon will be completed the two years during which many of our loved ones have forever been lost to their earthly homes. Others have seen their homes destroyed and their fortunes lost. We deplore the continuation of this war. We believe that the hour for ending these sorrows has come. In this belief we appeal to your interest, your feelings of sympathy and help, your compassion for your fellow men. We crave, with our hearts stirred with love for our country, your presence and help at this Woman's League. The first meeting of this league will be held with the object of electing directors, composed of Americans and Filipinos. With assured hope we look forward to a great and lasting liberty beneath the protection of the American flag. Believe me faithfully yours,

CONSTANCIA POBLATE-ARRIETA.

It is most interesting to note that this is the first woman's club in the Archipelago, and the young woman who stands as its leader is a widow, daughter of the editor of one of the most popular Tagalog papers. The League is born from the earnest desire to serve their country, and influence their husbands and sons for the highest good. It is already hinted that their first duty will be to wait on Mrs. Aguinaldo, who lives now at Cavite. This movement will doubtless spread to other cities in the islands, and great results may be expected.

ALICE BYRAM CONDICT, M.D.

. . .

The Padres Opposing Education

From Another Correspondent

MANILLA, P. I., Feb. 10, 1901.—The Philippine Islands—now on our hands, permanently, it seems—must be evangelized. The condition of things under the ministration of the Roman Church throughout the Archipelago would remind one of older times, when the Pope could make and unmake kings, or, by excommunication, deprive the monarch of all the power and influence vested in him. The central figures in the towns of the islands are the *padres* (fathers of the Church) the ones to whom the people bow, and pay tribute. Nominally the *padre*, during the last insurrection, was a non combatant, but by all thinking people he is suspected of having been the main instigator of the rebellion. By the ignorant and superstitious populace, these *padres* are held in great reverence, but by the more intelligent class they are regarded quite differently.

The employment of the priests is not confined to spiritual ministrations. Not long since, I called at the house of one of this class to buy oil for my lamp. Instead of oil, he handed me a whisky flask, and offered it for sale. He sells whisky as well as oil, and many other things, useful and otherwise, to the soldiers. Think of an army canteen, promoted by the Church!

ARMY AND NAVY Y. M. C. A. HEADQUARTERS AT MANILA

Although the great masses of the people of the Philippines suffer the galling pains of abject poverty, these *padres* revel in luxury, almost invariably occupying the finest residences in the town, and enjoying every advantage which their large income can secure. In the accompanying sketch (see previous page), showing a characteristic Filipino church, the *padre's* house appears on the left side, a little beyond the church.

The American people have assumed no little responsibility in taking possession of these islands, for, to educate and Christianize a people who have for three hundred years been under the cruelest oppress small task, and the most effectual step in this would be to first suppress the monks and the orders of the Catholic Church, a thing much d the better and more intelligent part of the Isla

FRANK L. H
Late of the 30th Regt, U.S.V.

. . .

The Capture of Aguinaldo by General Fu

On March 14, General with a small force, set perilous expedition to C northeast coast of the Luzon, having heard th aldo, the insurgent le his headquarters there Funston were four Am ficers, four ex-insurgent officers, friendly to the cause, and seventy-eig trustworthy Maccabeb upon whose loyalty he solutely rely. The A posed as prisoners, a they reached Aguinald after a tedious march, apparently captives in the armed Maccabe s. March 23, the entire in front of Aguinaldo's Casiguran, and the c absolutely without sus the ruse. Suddenly, t was given, General Funston assumed com the Maccabebes; the ropes, which had a been tied around the prisoners' wrists, dropp ground, and the entire force of Americans an bebes flung themselves upon Aguinaldo and guard. Three of the latter were shot dow number of others were wounded, but the attack escaped unhurt. Aguinaldo was secured, wit his state officers, and a quantity of import papers also fell into the Americans' hands. gent leader was taken by steamer to Manila, will be held as a military prisoner until our Go decides whether he shall be deported to Guar veyed to the United States. It is the genera that the capture of Aguinaldo will have the hastening the end of the insurrection.

DR. A. F. W. INGRAM RAISED TO THE BENCH

A Settlement Worker Becomes Bishop

THE BISHOP A AN OPEN-AIR PREA IER

ONE of the highest ecclesiastical appointments in the Church of England is the Bishopric of London. So difficult are its duties, so exhausting are the labors it involves for any conscientious man who holds it, that the highest place in the Church—that of Archbishop of Canterbury—is usually given, when it becomes vacant, to the Bishop of London. The office carries with it no little dignity, besides the handsome emolument of $50,000 a year. The Bishop of London is ex-officio a member of the House of Lords, with precedence above barons, and has a fine official residence. Dr. Creighton, who was appointed in 1897, died recently, and, to the astonishment of the clergy and the politicians, Dr. A. F. Winnington Ingram, an assistant Bishop, has been appointed to succeed him. The choice is practically in the hands of the Prime Minister, so that Lord Salisbury deserves the credit of the appointment. That it is a credit is generally conceded, even by persons who are surprised at it. Dr. Ingram is known not so much for his aristocratic connections, nor for his scholarship, nor for his partisanship, but for the interest he has taken in the workingmen of the city and the efforts he has made to mitigate the hardships of their lot.

The new Bishop is one of the youngest on the bench. He is only forty-three years of age, and is full of vigor and energy. Educated at Marlborough School and Oxford University, he served in various city churches until 1888, when he was appointed "Head-worker" in the University Settlement, which Oxford supports at Bethnal Green, one of the very poorest districts in all London. No better man could have been chosen for the work. Dr. Ingram loves the people of the slums, and, like his Master, the common people hear him gladly. He studied their lives, was a welcome visitor in their homes, and a cheerful and hospitable entertainer at the Settlement. He organized clubs of various kinds, paying special attention to athletic exercises, which he regards as the best antidote to dissipation. One of the clubs, commonly called the "Blackguards' Club," was organized for a special class of whom, unhappily, there are many eligible members in that district. The necessary qualification for entrance is that the candidate must have served a term in prison. The elevating and refining work in this club, to which Dr. Ingram gave special attention, is so effective, that the members soon qualify for promotion to the other clubs.

By every means that he could devise he sought to purify the lives of the people and to lighten their burdens. He championed their cause in the press, insisted on the enforcement of the laws protecting them from the rapacity of cruel houseowners, and fought their battle against conscienceless corporations which tried to oppress them. The people soon came to recognize him as their friend, to seek his advice in their difficulties, and to give him their unbounded devotion and confidence. One incident, which Dr. Ingram himself related in an attack on the Company that supplies the

DR. A. F. W. INGRAM, BISHOP OF LONDON

East End with water, sheds a light on his own character. He described a visit he was paying to a fever-stricken girl in a stifling garret on one of the hottest days in August. The poor girl craved a little water to moisten her parched lips. Dr. Ingram found that the water Company had shut off the supply. There was no one in the house who could be sent, so I half a mile to his own home to get the wate A man who would do a thing like that is a tru of Christ, and has in him the right metal for But with all this concern for their temporal we people were never suffered to forget that the Dr. Ingram's chief concern was the salvation souls. On Sunday afternoon he might be see ing to the Park, which is the favorite loafing the denizens of the Eastern district. The ists, atheists and political demagogues are w rangue the people. Dr. Ingram, mounted o would begin a discourse defending Christia the attacks of the other speakers. His reac anecdotes, and his earnest speech soon drew As he was always willing to answer question serted speakers would often join the crowd ar and try to disconcert him; but his franknes form courtesy and his telling replies alway the opinion that "the parson had the best of ment." Every summer he has kept up this has won a host of the non-churchgoing peop faith, and not a few of his rival orators in The value of his temperance principles was edly demonstrated on one of these occasion you a teetotaler?" asked one of the men in ence at the beginning of an argument. "I Dr. Ingram. "All right, go on then," said "if you wasn't I wouldn't listen to you."

In 1895 Dr. Ingram was made rector of a the neighborhood, but he refused to accept it could continue his work at the Settlement. T tion was granted, and he continued to resi humble quarters, while turning the commodio over to the occupation of the workers of th Two years later he was appointed an assistan but he continued his superintendence of his mission in addition to the work of the bishopri higher office he is now called to fill, his thou still with his poor people. He wanted to rent nificent palace which is at his disposal, and proceeds over to the maintenance of the work he has been so long engaged, but that project, h would not be in accord with the law. He sai taking his leave of his old friends, that now ride in a carriage; but if any of them saw hi alone he hoped that they would do him the entering the carriage and bearing him compa a remarkable fact that, although he is identi the high church clergy, there are many of the icals among his intimate friends, and they cord his appointment to his high office.

REV. J. M. McELHINNEY
Assistant Pastor

REV. H. H. STEBBINS, D.D.
Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester

MR. ROBERT TAIT
Originator of the Movement

...e Story of a ...eal Work of ...ving Grace..

HOW A CHURCH WON SOULS TO CHRIST

BY JOHN WILLIS BAER

A Church with Girded Loins and Burning Lamp...

THE pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., has always been a true and consistent friend and leader of his own church, and also of Christian Endeavor. At one time he was president of the Empire State Christian Endeavor Union, and, by his blended personality, inspired enthusiastic service in the heart of hundreds of young people.

I want the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, especially the young people, to know of a work of grace that God has wrought in Dr. Stebbins' church during the past six months. One Sunday in October, just before partaking of the Lord's Supper, Dr. Stebbins suggested to his people, as an appropriate close to the nineteenth century, that at least one hundred people be brought into the church, one for each year of the century. One of the elders of the church, hearing the suggestion, soon after proposed to the St. Paul's Brotherhood, a band of seventy-one young men in Central Church, organized for Christian work, the formation of a committee of one hundred. These produced one hundred cards printed and numbered, and received unanimous and enthusiastic endorsement from the young men. The cards were distributed throughout the Brotherhood, with the understanding that each member should sign a card for himself, and pass the other cards along to persons who were sympathetic and willing to do personal work.

The card on one side read as follows:

COMMITTEE OF ONE HUNDRED

By signing my signature to this card, I desire membership in above Committee, and agree to fulfil to the best of my ability the object of the Committee. (See other side.)

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE.—Return this card to any member of St. Paul's Brotherhood of this Church.

The other side of the card read as follows:

The object of this Committee is, if possible, to bring into the membership of this Church at least one hundred at the next Communion, which occurs the first Sunday morning in December, and will be the last reception to new members in the present century. This is putting into effect the suggestion and desire of Dr. Stebbins, as stated by him Sunday morning, October 7, which was as follows: "As a fitting way to close the present century, why not have a new member to represent each year of it?" Membership in this Committee means that you will be responsible for at least one.

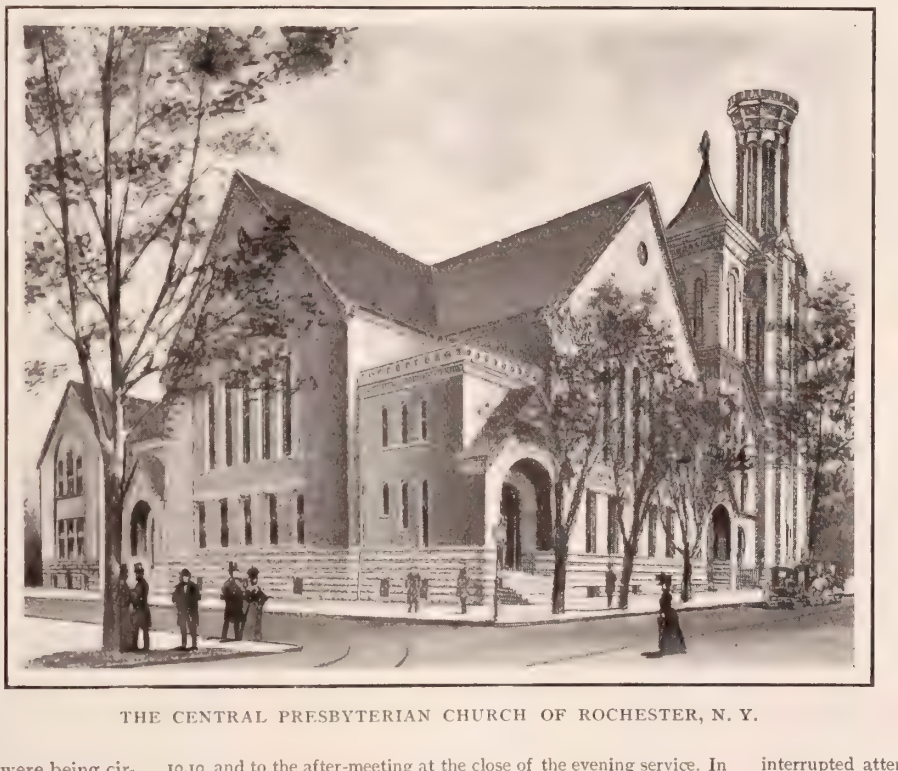
Dr. Stebbins was greatly pleased to see the Brotherhood put his suggestion into action so promptly. While these cards were being circulated for signatures, letters were sent to teachers of the Bible school and members of the Christian Endeavor Society, which I want you to read for their worth's sake, and because they will commend themselves as splendid models for other churches and pastors. In the first he wrote:

I am still possessed with the suggestion I threw out at the Communion table last Sunday morning, that we, as a church, and in our several departments of work, should aim to make the most of the week that remain before the end of the century. So I naturally turn to you for the willing and generous co-operation which I know will be manifest. The field I associate with you is the class which you have privilege to instruct. I presume there is not a class in the room in which there are not members who either are not Christians, or if Christians, are not members of the church. I heard one teacher say the other day, that after a careful canvass it was found that fifty per cent of his class were not church members.

Now what I propose is a short, sharp and decisive campaign. I would urge, with that end in view, that you secure as large an attendance as possible of your class; that absentees be looked up; that the work of the class be followed up by the call or the letter, or both as shall seem desirable and possible. I would especially urge that more than ever you steep the lesson in prayer, and focus it upon the apparently unconverted members of the class, and upon those not connected with the church. Do not discount the child of it. You remember Jesus' words: "Suffer the little children to come to me." Let us not limit God in the work proposed. Remember that things impossible for man are entirely possible for God.

The next letter Dr. Stebbins addressed to the members of his Christian Endeavor Society. You will want to see it, and the spirit in which it is written. In this letter, after briefly stating the plan, he said:

I feel sure that those who attend the Endeavor meetings, who are not Christians, or if Christians, are not church members, will be unusually approachable. Of course the field I associate with you is the Endeavor Society, although I would not confine what you do to that field. Will you not try to be instrumental in securing at least one person for the next Communion? I hope you will make it convenient to be at the regular Endeavor meetings during the days in question, and at as many of the other services of the church as possible. I would call special attention to the fifteen-minute prayer-meeting in the church parlor every Sunday morning, beginning at 10.10, and to the after-meeting at the close of the evening service. In one way and another you can do a great deal to help crown these days with a golden harvest of consecrated life.



THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dr. Stebbins soon reached out to lists of names of individuals who might be led to Christ by personal touch. One list contained names of men who had been in attendance upon large classes in the Bible school; another list contained names of women in adult classes in Bible school; another, names of persons who were reported to be members of churches outside of Rochester; another, names of persons who at some time signed cards expressing thereby a desire to lead a Christian life; another, names of persons who seemed interested in spiritual things; and still another, names of those who had attended young men's receptions. These names, with an earnest word from the pastor, were distributed among the Committee of One Hundred. At the same time a letter was addressed by Dr. Stebbins to each person on the list, inviting each to stop after service next Sunday evening and take a cup of coffee with the pastor in the church parlor, as he desired to meet them socially, in order to become better acquainted. "The fact that you come to church, or to Bible class, or to a Sunday night reception," the letter added, "is an indication of a degree of interest. You may be a member of a church outside of Rochester. If so, we would like to have you join the Central by letter. Or, if you are not a church member, you may be a Christian. If so, we would be glad to have you join our church on a confession of your faith in Christ." The work was so faithfully undertaken that the pastor's heart was warmed and he sent a most encouraging personal letter to the members of the Committee, urging them to

. . . Be not weary in well-doing. Live very near to God. Rely upon the Holy Spirit to guide you, to teach you what you ought to say, or write, or do, and to incline to Christ those whom you are trying to win to him. Avail yourself of the conference room (Mr. McElhinney's study), where, before and after every service, some one will be in attendance to furnish you with the names of those positively available for church membership, and to facilitate your work. You can also meet there one and another for whom you are making special effort. . . . I suggest that you arrange to accompany to one or another of the meetings of the session, only the earlier the better, the person or persons whom you are so fortunate as to influence. I shall be glad to have you introduce them to the elders.

Personal letters were sent to members of four adult Bible classes, and to others. "No stone was left unturned," so to speak. What was worth doing was worth doing well. The superintendent of the Sunday School, upon November 27, sent out to each of his teachers an invitation to attend a half-hour devotional service after the prayer meeting next Wednesday evening (November 28). The teachers throughout the school were requested to make special effort the following Sunday (December 2), to secure from the available non-church members of their classes an expression of faith in Jesus Christ, and to make an appeal to them to unite with the church on the last Sunday of the century.

The fire spread. The trustees felt their responsibility, and this letter was sent out to the men of the church. Can another such letter by trustees be produced? Usually their privilege of service is confined to the business of the church. These trustees, moved by the Spirit of God, became identified with the plans for harvesting. Here is their letter:

To the Men of Central Church:

The pastor and elders of Central Church are doing their utmost to revive the spiritual life of the members of the church and congregation. Cannot we assist in the effort? Will you not join us in enlarging the attendance and increasing the interest in the regular services by attending the Wednesday evening meeting? We can do that much without great sacrifice of time or comfort, and it seems certain that we will feel paid for the effort involved, without reference to its possible influence on others. Let us surprise Dr. Stebbins and the faithful few who have held the mid-week meeting together by their almost uninterrupted attendance, by being present in a body on Wednesday evening, the 5th inst., and on every Wednesday night thereafter, if possible. Shall we see you next Wednesday night?

H. A. Brewster, P. V. Crittenden, J. A. Seel, I. H. Dewey, H. H. Pryor, M. D. Knowlton, C. S. Hastings, R. A. Hamilton, L. L. Williams, Trustees of Central Church.

There is a choir in Central Church of about fifty members, and the flame of evangelistic zeal caught there as it should in every choir, large and small. The choirmaster wrote to the individual members of his choir a warm letter, saying:

I am glad to know that so many of us are already in the church. You, I believe, however, are not connected with this church, although you may have belonged to a church somewhere else. If so, I know this church will be glad to have you bring your letter, unless you are connected with a church in Rochester, in which case we would not disturb your relation. Or, if you are not a church member, you are very likely a Christian, and if so, it is your privilege to belong to the Christian Church.

One more letter the pastor sent to his entire membership of over two thousand people, expressing the ardent hope that his church

as she passes from the century in which she was born into the century during which we trust she is to grow up into Christ in all

(Continued on page 341)

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Easter Gladness

TEXT, I. Cor. 15: 20: Now is Christ risen from the dead an become the first fruits of them that slep

ON this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation. This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg, hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen, indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland, to this very day, there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens; and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail! Easter morning. Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I hear it say: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the Rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "Glory be to the Father, and to the son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. The women came to the Saviour's tomb and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Saviour's tomb and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

The Grand Reunion

I care not how labyrinthine the mausoleum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our darling children—they must come out. The eyes that we closed with such trembling fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be retuned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting for the resurrection. And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers.

This morning I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has risen so his people will rise. He, the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He, "the first-fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the cemeteries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your loved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the Gospel—a rose of hope, a lily of joy on every tomb—the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mother's grave; and, while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ, we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ, the first fruits of them that slept."

If I should come to you and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alexander, Cæsar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these—a cruel, a ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Chalons and Atlanta, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death. He carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship plowing through immensity. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulchre; his fountains the falling tears of a world: Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning, I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus, "the first-fruits of them that slept."

Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me and say, If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this, and how is that? and you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer; but there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say: "I won't believe anything I can't understand." Why, putting down one kind of flower-seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower-seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike—are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain the difference—why the oak leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of his omnipotence on a rose-leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about every-day life you cannot answer.

Faith's Triumph Over Difficulties

I find my strength in this passage: "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in this city; when he was in China his foot was amputated; he lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated; he is buried to-day in yonder cemetery; in the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies; in the resurrection which will come up?" You say, "A man will die and his body crumble into the dust, and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable; an animal may eat the vegetable; men eat the animal; in the resurrection, that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on, and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's Word: "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection, that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum, where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep, that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry: "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption; surrender them now in incorruption." Hundreds of spirits hovering about the fields of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

A Thrilling Spectacle

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the *City of Boston* perished. Found at last. There is where the *President* perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the *Central America* went down. Spirits hovering—hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and the orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash! go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grinding of a wheel, or the clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing across the mountain and sea, the earth will give one terrific shudder and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend, and Sebastopol, and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billow, and all the land, and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all ages, all conditions gazing in one direction, and upon one throne, the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurr true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, can us something about the resurrected body?" There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell or four things in regard to the resurrected b are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

The Resurrection Body

In the first place, I remark in regard to yo rected body, it will be a glorious body. The have now is a mere skeleton of what it would h if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take exquisite statue that was ever made by an a chip it here and chip it there with a chisel, a and bruise it here and there, and then stand the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty gone. Well, the human body has been chip battered and bruised and damaged with the s thousands of years—the physical defects of ot erations coming down from generation to ge we inheriting the infelicities of past generations the morning of the resurrection the body will be and beautified according to the original mod there is no such difference between a gymnas emaciated wretch in a lazaretto, as there will b ference between our bodies as they are now resurrected forms. There you will see the per after the waters of death have washed out the tears and study. There you will see the perfe after the knots of toil have been untied f knuckles. There you will see the form erect an after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—t life of God in the body. In this world, the r pressive thing, the most expressive thing, is th face; but that face is veiled with the griefs of sand years; but in the resurrection morn, that be taken away from the face, and the noonda dull, and dim, and stupid compared with the ou glories of the countenances of the saved. Wh faces of the righteous, those resurrected fac toward the gate, or look up toward the throne, like the dawning of a new morning on the b everlasting day! O glorious, resurrected body

But I remark, also, in regard to that body wh are to get in the resurrection, it will be

An Immortal Body

These bodies are slowly wasting away. Someb said, that as soon as we begin to live, we begi Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furn furnace dies out. The blood-vessels are canals the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sick death are all the time trying to get their pry u tenement, or to push us off the embankmen grave; but, blessed be God, in the resurrection, get a body immortal. No malaria in the air, no no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fl of the heart, no shortness of breath, no ambul dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no sp to improve the dim vision; but health, immortal O ye who have aches and pains indescribal morning—ye who are never well—ye who are la with physical distresses, let me tell you of th rected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Im

I go further, and say in regard to that body wh are to get in the resurrection, it will be a vigorou We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are fa we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exh unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run, or climb, or dodge; because we are incompetent it; we toil eight or ten hours energetically, and are weary; but in the resurrection we are to have that never gets tired. Is it not a glorious thoug

Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose way, New York, in the busiest season of the y noonday, is not so busy as heaven is all th Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Vict be celebrated. The downfall of despotism on e be announced. Great songs to be learned an Great expeditions on which God shall send fo children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If y seated under the trees of life, it will not be to r to talk over with some old comrade old tim battles where you fought shoulder to shoulder.

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like such a body as that. There is so much work to for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped there are so many burdens to lift, there is so muc achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that fr first of January to the last of December we could without stopping to sleep, or to take any recreat to rest, or even to take food—that we could toil r without stopping a moment in our work of comm

A Kindergarten in a Mining Town

INTERIOR OF THE SPACIOUS HEARST KINDERGARTEN IN LEAD, S. DAK., AS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

LEAD, the centre of that Golconda of the Black Hills, to which in 1874 men rushed with the same sort of madness that is now taking them to Alaska, is a typical mining town. It is nestled in a narrow gulch with the houses rising on the hillsides on either hand, six thousand feet above sea-level, and connected with the world below by two narrow gauge railroads, along whose track one may see some of the most remarkable engineering feats in the world. The largest gold mine in the world, the largest cyanide plant in the world, and many, many mills occupy thousands of men as diggers with the pick, as operators mechanics and machinists. Miss Helen Gregory, the head of the institution whose development is the subject of this article, says of the place:

"While Lead is a mining camp in a sense, its whole life centering about the work of the great mines and many mills, it is one of the cleanest and best conducted mining towns of the West. There, as never been a strike at Lead. The miners are well paid, well treated, and there are few really poor people. There are many good and comfortable homes, and the business blocks and churches and the four school buildings are unusually fine for a town of its size. While Lead has a very excellent school system, the State law prevents us from having kindergartens in connection with the public schools, as the age of admission is fixed at six years. This throws the little children in the street, as very few dwellings have yards in which the little ones can play, the house being well enough [crowded] in the city." Before the writer lies a picture of this town—a gulch—a little hollow crowded with buildings, the mighty hills rising all around. In the centre is a church, with some vacant, unimproved ground around it. On one floor of this church is the Hearst Free Kindergarten. The ground, Mrs. Hearst is converting into a park for the children of the miners and other people living at Lead. It is to be terraced, and with its fountains and flowers will be, according to this generous lady's purpose, a "centre of beauty for the whole town." The kindergarten, under her fostering care, promises to become an institution which shall add the heart of everybody to whom the kindergarten cause is dear, and who realizes what an argument in its favor it is that its need was felt in this very fast-

1. MRS. PHOEBE A. HEARST
2. PLAY-TIME AROUND CHURCH DOORS
3. A RING-A-ROSY IN LEAD
4. MISS GREGORY AND HER TOTS

ness of the Black Hills, and that it has found secure establishment there. To the Woman's Club of Lead, as Mrs. Hearst wishes it distinctly understood, is due, in the first place, the existence of the kindergarten; and all that shall follow is but the development of work instituted by that organization. Last summer, the ladies of Lead threw themselves, heart and soul, into the task of securing some advantages for these children of the hills, who had never a playground. They succeeded in raising enough money to partly sustain a kindergarten for ten weeks. At the end of that time, Mrs. Hearst, who is noted all over our country for her wise and unbounded generosity, undertook the support of the school, and since that time it has blossomed as the rose. It was made free to all children of Lead, and although it has its home in Christ P. E. Church, its teachings are absolutely unsectarian and its benefits intended for Protestant, Catholic and Hebrew. During the winter, the great sunny room, with its pretty pictures, games and toys, was a centre of delights to which happy little folk came trooping from by-ways and highways. The picture at the head of this page, shows the room as it was before the extensive alterations now under way, and which will be completed at an early date, were begun. The warm interest of the Woman's Club has by no means abated in their enterprise, which is faring so well. Ladies of Lead are rejoicing greatly over the kindergarten's good fortune, and contributing to its success in ways as indispensable as those of raising money.

Miss Gregory recently passed through New York, returning to Lead, from a conference with Mrs. Hearst in Washington, radiant over the prospects of the kindergarten. "Mrs. Hearst does not just give money," she said. "She helps through her intelligent interest in an institution and her practical suggestions. In the present instance, she orders improvements and enlargements, which we had not thought of, and our mining-town kindergarten will indeed be Lead's centre of beauty. The entrance to the kindergarten is on the opposite side of the church, which you see in this picture (the picture is given on this page); a long, broad veranda, overlooking the terraced garden, is to be built on that side. We are to have three rooms where we had one; these will have tinted walls, and will be furnished with the latest and most perfect equipments for kindergarten work. Instead of one teacher, we are to have three. The first assistant, Miss Harriet Root, is a graduate of the Kindergarten College, Chicago; the second has not yet been chosen, but she will be of equal ability. Miss Gregory is a graduate of Nebraska University, and of the Teachers College of Columbia University, New York. In the new scheme there are special accommodations for the Mothers' Union. Work among mothers is considered as important as that among children, and mothers' meetings have been going on all winter." The beautiful Free Library at Lead, is another monument to Mrs. Hearst's generosity. The whisper is abroad that other forms of sociologic work in which she will take active interest will be instituted later.

EASTER GLADNESS

SERMON BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

Continued from preceding page

Christ and heaven to all the people. But we all get tired. It is a characteristic of the human body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that we are going to have a body that will never grow weary? O glorious resurrection day! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling into the tomb, if at thy bidding I shall have a body that never wearies. That is a splendid resurrection hymn that we have all sung:

So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning breaks to pierce the shade.

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers. While you tell of a risen Christ, tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I heard of a father and son who, among others, were shipwrecked at sea. The father and the son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after a while lost his hold on the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore from the rigging in an exhausted state, and laid on a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness, and saw lying beside him on the same bed his boy. Oh my friends! what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us, coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light—the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, nevermore to weep, nevermore to part, nevermore to die.

May the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do his will; and let the associations of this morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. The one hundred and forty and four thousand, and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we, after a while to join the multitude. Glorious anticipation.

Blest are the saints beloved of God,
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood,
Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,
Their wonders splendid and sublime.

My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS

International S. S. Lesson for April 21. Luke 24: 13-35

Christian Conversation

BY THE WAYSIDE AND AT THE TABLE

GOLDEN TEXT—"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way?" Luke 24: 32

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

IF we can Christianize conversation we shall speedily Christianize Christendom, and then the world. Walking on a business street in Pittsburg, passing two business men in conversation at an office door, the writer overheard the words: "They forget God." Evidently these men were not forgetting God, even in business hours. Perhaps the best way to show we have not forgotten God in business is to deal justly and generously. But surely when we walk at leisure and sit with friends at table it ought to be the most natural thing to speak of the things dearest to our hearts. We need to be reminded again and again that Christ's greatest discourses were conversations, such as that with Nicodemus on regeneration, and one equally sublime on worship, with the lowly and unnamed Samaritan woman. If we should set on one side the words Christ spoke to twelve, or fewer, more like the work of a Sunday School teacher than that of a preacher, and, on the other side, should place what Christ said to audiences of hundreds, it would at once appear that to have lost his conversations would have been to lose more than three-fourths of all his recorded sayings. And any Church which will supplement its preaching with the habit of winsome Christian conversation with the unsaved people near, it will also multiply its efficiency fourfold in winning the hearts of men.

. . .

Jesus himself drew near and went with them. The two to whom Jesus gave his companionship and conversation for that longest interview of resurrection day, in that seven and a-half miles' walk, were, not apostles, but plain people, disciples of whom we know the name of only one, Cleophas, elsewhere mentioned only in naming his wife, one of the women who was much with Jesus. It is generally believed that the unnamed disciple was Luke, who gives us the story, for it was the habit of the Gospel writers, one that may be profitably pondered in studies of conversation, not to talk about themselves. In many cases in the Acts, the only way we know Luke was present in some trial or triumph of Paul is by the unconscious "we," though Paul proclaims Luke's fidelity in trying hours when he says, in an epistle, "Only Luke is with me."

Prayer a Talk with Jesus

This wayside talk with Jesus suggests what prayer should be, not some stilted form, but what we are of late learning to use, returning to Bible examples, "sentence prayers," in which each heart brings its one uppermost utterance of adoration, or confession, or praise, or petition, or submission, with no tedious monopolizing of all these by some one leader. There is no better definition of prayer than the words spoken of Moses beside the pillar of fire, which served as God's chariot; "Moses talked with God as a man talketh with his friend." In formulas of prayer we should include, with supplication and submission, revelation. We should not make our conversation with God a monologue—a fault in conversations of great or small—but pause between our "sentence prayers" to let God speak from the Bible's open leaves as from his open lips, or out of the chambers of our quickened memories, for it is profoundly important we should not overlook the first part of that promise, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you."

. . .

What manner of communications are these? That question would startle many a pair of men—many a pair of women, too—even many a pair of "disciples," who have forgotten that "for every idle [much more for every evil] word God will bring us into judgment." It is not an idle word to say "Good morning" if our hearts are bent to make it one, and wish the like to those we greet. But how strange that to any "disciple" gossip should be more interesting than Gospel! In the Emmaus case, the trouble with the conversation before Christ came into it was that, while it was religious, it was a debate of doubters, which is what religious talk is very apt to run into; and such debates usually do more harm than good, because debaters are usually more anxious for victory than for truth. We should ever try to do in such cases what Christ did in this case, namely, lead the conversation from doubt to faith, turning it from secondary difficulties to the person of Christ. This is the very thing doubters try to avoid, presenting dilatory questions, "Who was Cain's wife?" and the like. Let us always move the main question, "What think ye of Christ?"

What do You Talk About in Hours of Leisure?

. . .

He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself. These two disciples made just the opposite mistake to that which is commonly made to-day in reading the Old Testament. They saw in it little save the promise of Christian government for the world. They made little of its promises of world-conquering love, and much of its promise of nobler laws for oppressed men. We have gone to the other extreme, and see the promise of love but not that of law—the Saviour but not the King. These two disciples stated their belief, that Christ was the expected Messiah, in the past tense—"We trusted it had been he that should have redeemed Israel." Because he had not conquered the Romans quickly by force, they could not understand that he would conquer Rome and the world slowly, but surely, by love—they called him now only "a prophet, mighty in deed and in word." This with the same prophecies in their hands that we have, and his own oft-repeated prophecies of crucifixion and resurrection and final world conquest in their ears! But neither Old nor New Testament prophecies had taken root in their understandings. In this they were "slow of heart," as Christ saw, but even to such—let us take courage—he will open the hidden truths of the Bible if we will walk and talk with him.

The Old Testament, Rightly Studied, of Thrilling Interest

A tourist, in his Palestine trip, on reaching Emmaus, *en route* to Jerusalem, dismounted and asked another Christian friend to do the same, feeling that this road was too sacred to ride in a noisy caravan. Edersheim thus describes the scene, whose fruits and beauties suggest the Bible truths opened to the soul in that walk with Christ: "What an oasis this in a region of hills! Along the course of the stream, which bubbles down, and low in the valley, where it is crossed by a bridge, are scented orange-and-lemon gardens, olive groves, luscious fruit trees, pleasant enclosures, shady nooks,

"JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR AND WENT WITH THEM"

bright dwellings, and on the height lovely Emmaus. A sweet spot in which to wander that spring afternoon!" And equally delightful is the Bible to eyes that have the "open vision!" With open Bible, the two, in that winding road, that constantly turns in and out, up and down, recalled how Jesus opened the Old Testament chapters concerning himself—and there are few others—to these plain, dull disciples, beginning at Moses, and ending with Malachi's promise of the Sun of righteousness.

Like four colors for one picture on lithographic stones, each Old Testament period pictures the Saviour and King to come, not alone by spoken promises, such as that saying of Moses, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you like unto me; unto him shall ye hearken," but there was also added to the picture in that same period other colors in acted prophecies, such as the uplifted serpent, and yet other colors were put in in symbol prophecies, such as those of the Tabernacle, whose frozen, bloody altar at the gate proclaimed our entrance to the church and to heaven to be by the Cross. And yet a fourth element of color was given to the picture by the theophanies, in which a visible, divine person, the Jehovah-Jesus, gave the law of Sinai, as he was afterwards to give added laws and interpretations on the Mount of Beatitudes. Even to-day a majority of disciples know so little of the Old Testament that those who uncover these hidden pictures of Christ make loving hearts "burn" with enthusiasm about these newly-discovered pictures of Christ, drawn by the ancient poets and prophets. It is as if some new Raphael had been found.

Now that the old, false method of prophetic study is discredited, the picking out of single texts—sometimes half texts—and making them into a Mosaic, there is a strong tendency in those who rightly view every text in its historic context to say that certainly Old Testament prop have no reference to Christ, because they have a toric application. But surely if we accept Chri apostles as guides we must accept the Messianic they positively tell us is in these passages, thus sh of double meaning, just as the sacrifice of Isaac festly acted prophecy, as well as history. Both words were freighted with double significance.

. . .

He was known of them in the breaking of bread. two disciples drew near their home they said—if aged it gave the words a doul cance—"Abide with us for it evening." And he was "ma unto them in the breaking perhaps by the divine reali "blessing"—so often a mumbled sham!

Christ Revealed in the Breaking of Bread

O see how Jesus trusts himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by his free ways with us,
Our earnestness to prove.

The Christ at a lowly table! Christ risen, like his earthly ministry, is our familiar friend—not King who keeps himself in a majesty that neither nor the lowly can approach. Every home that to his knock in all the earth becomes a Betha the women may serve him and feet, and the men bear the title," thou lovest."

To bring Christ really into life surely the preacher and refor no other work so great, for homes are poisoned blood-drops and State. How many homes th which professing Christians do nize God by so much as a siler giving for the food he so wond stows! "Back of the loaf is t flour; and back of the flour the back of the mill is the wheat, shower, and the sun, and the Fath Multitudes in this age of citie boarding-houses and hotels, at wh the boarders gather irregularly. cases it is easy to make the ex even a silent blessing is like prayi house tops. But surely such a r a modern meal ought always to be edged as God's gift. Family w this age of broken families is yet keep—usually after the evening m best time—but it should be kept cially where there are children should be made, as it can be, a delight by wise plans of Bible rea will make the heart burn with The Bible, rightly read, will be re the choicest part of the meal with is associated, as food for heart The British custom of repeating fast motto" every morning is w universal adoption. A child thu learn a new verse every morni have stored all the mottoes of the the memory by middle life.

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RELISH FOR THE BIBLE. Luthe Bible the orchard of God, full of f that filled the lap shaken. A poor London had boug ond-hand family was turning over its leaves, when two stuck together. His wife them with hot water, and found crisp five pound bank-notes, tw dollars each. He was questioning to keep them, when he found the written on one of them: "I hav work very hard for these, and, h natural heirs, I leave thee, whoever shall buy this h my lawful heir, June 17, 1840, South End, Essex."

Additional Illustrations

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find:
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

. . .

From time to time, in the course of history, astr note with great interest the sudden blazing into view is called a "temporary star." son's recent discovery of suc in the constellation Perseus, case. At first it blazed int liance exceeding every other object in the sky at nig already this star is slowly fading, and in a few mont probably be only a historic memory—in this a fitting all books save the Bible, that have ever attracted t tion of the world.

The Bible Not a "Temporary Star"

WAYSIDE WITNESSING FOR CHRIST. An evange on himself the story of being on a railway car reac *Spirit-filled Life.* "Seat taken?" "No sir!" shar continued reading, but the book lost interest. He ought to speak to his seat mate, but excused himsel by saying to himself: "He looks like a Catholic fix belief." He tried to read again, but devotion loses i when duty calls us to active service. And so he ope versation. The stranger's eyes soon filled with te said: "I am a backslidden Methodist." "I thou looked like an Irish Catholic." "Well, I didn't th looked much like a Christian when I sat down." Bu balance of the journey these two walked with Chris lowship, their hearts burning with his forgiving love.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Venezuela's Harassed Ruler

WHILE a great part of the world is discussing Russia and her troubles, many of which are popularly said to be the result of absolutism, we have almost at our own doors a little absolute dictatorship, which is worth studying. Gen. Castro, the President of the republic of Venezuela, is said to be practically a monarch. On March 1, 1901, he appointed s ne Cabinet, the members of which are shown in e ph ograph. On the President's right sits Senor alid Minister of War; on his left, the Minister of ate Standing, are the Ministers of Mines, Public struion, Industry and Finance. Behind Castro, on s rig is his Private Secretary. The President has vise he Constitution, extending the term of office for e Ch f Executive from four to six years. His arbi- ary titude towards American interests is regarded Wa ington as unfriendly. United States Minister om stationed at Caracas, has been recalled, pend g an xplanation from Venezuela. Castro is said to be rib afraid, not of Nihilists nor of Anarchists, who e th error of other rulers, but of earthquakes. He eps nd eats in an earthquake-proof room, built of el. He came reasonably enough, however, by his ror such upheavals. In the earthquake of 1897, nor Castro lost her entire family, and Castro nse stood on a hill outside the town looking on, the me of the disaster. the earthquake of last tob the President was own out of bed by an rthq ke. In his fright he ped ut of a window and ke i s leg. President stro experience proves t o er rulers than kings d e erors may lead unppy ves, and make their ople happy also. Such erro as his must make his a arden to him. The t medy is not to be ind earthquake rooms, t into living and ruling t, li the ancient king of ael e will have no fear deal in whatever form it y c e.

here e will not we fear though ear be removed and though mou ins be carried into the st one sea; though the waters reof r and be troubled though mou ins shake with the swell- ther f (Ps. 46: 2, 3).

anc Germ Found

An i portant discovery is no ced from Buffalo, Y. t a special meeting the culty of the Univer- of uffalo recently, Prof. R. aylord, of that insti- ion, nounced his discov- tha cancer is caused by ani l parasite which has en ic tified and isolated. Lately Dr. Funcke, a Ger- n ob erver, traced the origin of small-pox to a living m, nd this discovery suggested to Dr. Gaylord, t p aps certain bodies which he had seen con- ntly cancer and which were like Dr. Funcke's organ- is, w e the cause of cancer. He demonstrated that s is s It was the general sentiment of the physicians sen hat all that remains now is to discover an anti- in vich will kill the parasite. This should not be ficul now that the germ is known. Persons who are icte with the dread disease are not likely to act as se vo are under the power of sin often do, though dre consequences and the antidote in their case als both known.

ome w and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your s be scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red crim n, they shall be as wool (Isaiah 1: 18).

pli for Restraint

The rgeant on duty at a police station in New York s as nished last Saturday evening by a novel appli- ion. A decently dressed man presented himself at de and asked to be locked up. The sergeant ed h what charge. "You are not drunk?" he re- urke with the positiveness of an officer who knew sig of that common failing. The applicant con- red and in reply to the sergeant's questions said t he had not killed any one, nor robbed any one. "Then what on earth do you want to be locked up for?" inquired the puzzled officer. Then the man explained that he was an inveterate gambler. Whenever he had money in his pocket, the attraction of the tables was irresistible. He had just received his wages, and he was afraid that he would gamble till they were all gone. He thought that if he could be kept away from the tables for twenty-four hours, he might gain strength to resist. The sergeant declined to lock him up without a charge against him, and the applicant for restraint went away disappointed. What a pity it was that such a man had not heard of the discovery that the apostle Paul made of a power which is able to keep from sin men who do the things that they hate.

This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh (Gal. 5: 16).

A Rough Rider in Trouble

A sad case was tried a few days ago in a court in Kansas City, Mo. It was that of a man charged with stealing a cash-register and its contents from a store in that city. The defendant tried to establish his innocence, but the evidence was too clear. He was convicted, and as he stood up to receive his sentence he was evidently suffering intense shame and humiliation. A long cicatrice disfigured his face, which seemed to pulsate as he struggled to keep back the tears. The judge noticed it and asked him how he got the wound, apparently expecting to hear that he had been a desperate offender and a fighting man. The prisoner said the wound was a sabre cut that he received in Cuba. "You were hurt at San Juan, of course?" the judge asked, satirically. The prisoner replied that it was in that battle he was wounded, and, smarting under the incredulity of the Court, he drew from his pocket a document signed "Theodore Roosevelt," in which the prisoner was designated a brave man who distinguished himself in the campaign, and had been severely wounded at San Juan hill. The judge was astonished, but he could not allow the prisoner's military record to influence him, so he passed sentence of sixteen years in the Penitentiary. It was sad to think that a brave soldier should have become a thief, but his good conduct in the war could not atone for his dishonesty in peace. This fact is generally recognized, but people often forget it in their relations with God. Nothing is more common than to find a man hoping by good works to win forgiveness for his sins.

The righteousness of the righteous shall not deliver him in the day of his transgression (Ezek. 33: 12).

PRESIDENT CASTRO, OF VENEZUELA, AND HIS NEWLY-APPOINTED CABINET

Tornado in Alabama

Sincere sympathy has been awakened throughout the country with the people of Birmingham, Ala., in the loss of life and property that has befallen them. The tornado which passed over the city on March 25 was the most severe and destructive of any that have visited the neighborhood in recent times. It came without any warning. The sky was dark in the early morning as if the day was likely to prove rainy. People whose business did not require them to be out-of-doors remained under cover. It was nearly ten o'clock, rain was falling heavily, and an occasional flash of lightning was illuminating the gloom, when suddenly a sharp crackling, roaring noise as of a fast freight train was heard. Persons who were out-of-doors saw the dreaded funnel-shaped cloud whirling rapidly toward the city. It was hugging the earth, and was cutting a swath about a hundred yards wide. As it struck the city, it destroyed everything in its way. Houses, trees, telegraph-poles were leveled, and a heavy freight train traveling at fifteen miles an hour was blown off the tracks. After it had passed, groans and cries were heard from the ruins, while in the larger heaps there was an ominous silence. The Fire Department promptly turned out and the work of rescue began. Nearly fifty persons, all more or less injured were extricated, some of them, it is feared, are hurt too badly to recover. Thirteen dead bodies were found. One of them was that of a physician, who had been killed by a falling telegraph pole. Another, that of a lady, under the ruins of a house. The loss of property is estimated at $150,000. In the villages in the neighborhood seven persons were killed and much property destroyed, a school-house was unroofed and several churches demolished. All who witnessed the phenomenon describe the spectacle as appalling, impressing everyone with the utter helplessness of humanity in its presence. The descriptions show how full of meaning is the Scripture metaphor:

When your fear cometh as desolation and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind (Prov. 1: 27).

BRIEF NOTES

A Scotch lawyer, who died recently, left to the Free Church of Scotland about $150,000, "provided it should never depart from the Westminster Confession of Faith or adopt the false principle of abstinence."

Mrs. Ida A. Hull, a Methodist missionory to the Chinese in San Francisco, has changed her name to Chan Hon Tan. According to competent testimony, it is the name of a worthy minister and a scholar.

Recent statistics collected by the British Board of Trade, show that peace has its dangers as well as war. The number of working men who were the victims of accident in the course of their employment last year, was 4,823, or more than fifteen for every working day.

The work of the American Sunday School Union, in the Northwestern district, has been remarkably successful during the past year. Since March, 1900, the missionaries organized 614 new Sunday Schools, having 2,277 teachers and 19,796 scholars. They also aided 2,750 other schools, where 15,626 teachers are giving Bible instructions to 173,443 scholars. Already 3,270 conversions are reported.

Dr. Harry Guinness, of the London Missionary Training Institute, who is well known to the churches on this side the Atlantic, has been suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. Recent reports indicate that he has safely passed the crisis of the disease, but will be confined to his room for some time, owing to his extreme weakness.

The greatest dam in the world is that of the Nile at Assouan, which, it is expected, will insure the fertilization of the barren lands of Egypt. It is now so far advanced that locomotives pass from one bank of the river to the other. The width of the Nile at Assouan is a mile and a quarter. Fifteen thousand men are employed on the work.

Dr. A. J. Lyman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been so successful in solving the problem of the downtown church, has realized a project on which he has long labored. This is the collection of an endowment fund of $28,000, the interest of which will pay the current expenses of the church in perpetuity. The church celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on March 24.

The recent famine in India was a costly disaster for the British Government. It paid out $28,235,000, of which $21,135,000 was spent in direct relief. It also advanced to the rulers of the native states $13,700,000 to enable them to relieve their starving subjects. The population of India is officially stated as $294,000,000.

The summer course in Bible study, music and practical Christian work, which has been a feature of the Moody Bible Institute during the past four years, will be held again this coming season. Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., of Boston, will be superintendent; and associated with him will be N. Fay Smith, Professor of English Bible at Mt. Hermon School, Mt. Hermon, Mass.; Rev. Wm. Evans, of Rogers Park, Ill., and other Bible teachers, in addition to the regular staff of the Institute. In past years, the advantages thus offered have been seized by many pastors, students on vacations, etc. They who are desirous of hearing further about the coming season, address R. A. Torrey, 80 Institute Place, Chicago.

WILLIAM E. OAKLEY

A MEETING AT WELCOME MISSION

MRS. W. E. OAKLEY

WORCESTER'S MISSION FOR POOR MEN

Preaching Christ to the Homeless

BY E. W. PHILLIPS

GOD'S WORK IN A BUSY MILL TOWN

WORCESTER, Massachusett's second city in size, is aptly called the "Heart of the Commonwealth." Five main lines of railroad radiate from it and it is the centre of a vast system of trolley cars. Here are located the largest wire mills in the world, also many large envelope shops, carpet mills, factories and machine shops of every description; 125 different industries sustain its people. Its prosperity and growth have been unchecked for half a century. It is a city of schools and colleges, and is unrivalled in its high moral tone. Mayors and Chiefs of Police have invariably been men of integrity and conscientious in the fulfilment of their duties. There are no large boarding houses, most people living in their own homes—unique characteristic for a city of 120,000 people. While there are sections where the saloons are more numerous, and poverty and wretchedness abound, still there are no sections that can properly be called slums. And yet this dignified, conservative old New England city, has its East side and West side problems. Fifty-five per cent. of the population is of foreign birth or parentage, and the majority of them live on the East side. Here are few churches, here are all the saloons, and here is most of the squalor and disorder. On the West side are most of the churches and the homes of culture and comfort. Numerous efforts have been made for the regeneration of Worcester's East side. Usually, they have consisted in opening a mission hall and holding Gospel services. Occasionally, the provision of lunches and lodging accommodations have been adjuncts, but industrial features were never introduced until the Welcome Mission was established, November, 1893. This has been the largest and most successful of all missionary endeavors in Worcester.

The man who started this Mission, and who has been manager ever since, is as fitted to his work by nature and experience as was Jerry McAuley to Water Street Mission, or as S. H. Hadley is to St. Bartholomew's. Like these men, by God's grace he came up out of the depths himself, and he knew how to reach down and draw men up after him. William E. Oakley, born in London, of pious parents, received good religious instruction, and acquired excellent industrial training in foundry work. At twenty-one he married a sweet Christian girl; and theirs was a happy home until the drink curse fell upon it. "For five years," he says, "I did not see a sober day. In 1892 I left my family without bidding wife or child good-bye, and landed at Montreal, with fifty cents in my pocket and the clothes I stood up in." The third day he succeeded in getting the position of foreman of the Eagle Foundry. Through drink he lost this, and also several other positions with first-class firms, meanwhile wandering all the way from Montreal to Worcester, until in 1893, with the hard times which cast so many adrift, he found himself, hopeless, despairing, out of work, out of money, with no prospect of work, "all broke up with rum—for a man can get drink when he cannot get bread," and ready to take his own life, but without the nerve to do it. By invitation he went into a little mission, meaning to escape when the meeting got under way. From a human view point that meeting was a failure. "I was the only attendant," says Mr. Oakley, "besides three or four women workers and the manager. Presently he took me by the shoulder and said, 'Brother, no one has come for the meeting in the big room, so we are going to have a prayer-meeting in the little room.'" After it was over, and he was debating whether or no he should go to a saloon, one of the workers, passing him, asked if he were going home. The room a friend shared with him was near her dwelling. He walked beside her, surprised and touched by her kindness. At her door she said, "Won't you come into my parlor and have a little word of prayer?" "I asked her for a Bible," he says, "and in my room tried to read it, but was too unstrung. I walked the floor half frantic. Just before morning I fell on my knees and cried, 'O God, if there be a God, will you help a poor fellow like me?' And O, what peace filled my soul!"

That night in the Green Street Mission he gave his first testimony, and his evangelistic labors began at once, for, during the next few weeks, while making a living by picking up odd jobs, he helped the Mission workers, and assisted in holding Gospel services on the Common Sunday afternoons, leading the singing. Next this man was saying of a house where there had been a notorious saloon: "That is just the place for a rescue mission," and November 20, 1893, Welcome Mission, on the corner of Madison street, where five streets centre, was opened, to help the man who was willing to work and would help himself. "A man and his wife, who had become interested in me," says Mr. Oakley, "gave me $50, with which to buy cots and blankets. The cellar was converted into a wood yard, to furnish work. A lunch room was opened, Gospel meetings were held every night. No one willing to work and behave himself has ever been turned away. Fo[r] cents a man gets a night's lodging or a meal, cons[ist] of a big plate of soup, a rousing cup of coffee, a[nd] the bread he wants; if he has no money, he can s[aw] split a certain number of sticks of wood in payme[nt].

The years 1893-4 were hard times for working p[eo]ple, and the Mission was crowded to its utmost limi[t]. It soon became evident that the Mission could not su[p]port itself, and Mr. Oakley appealed to the local uni[on] Christian Endeavorers to help him. Response was cordial, and from that time to the present the Chr[istian] Endeavor forces have been loyal supporters of We[lcome] Mission, contributing hundreds of dollars annuall[y], assisting in the meetings, and serving each year the [an]tiful Thanksgiving dinner. Still the work grew, [and] it has been a difficult problem to provide for the [many]. One of our illustrations shows the crowded, uncom[for]table dormitory as it was before the recent imp[ro]vements which Mr. Oakley has made, by which [he] enabled to care for a larger number in more com[fort]able fashion. Still, much more room is needed. A [la]rge proportion of beneficiaries are mechanics; some [are] skilled workmen, who have fallen upon hard times [or] lived recklessly. Through the Employment Bu[reau,] work is secured for many. Of how characters are [trans]formed, many illustrations might be given. "There [was] old John Kelly — the worst-looking piece of humanity I had ever seen—and we interview about 8,000 hon[eless] men a year," says Mr. Oakley—"who, when asked to pray, said: 'Me pray! Why I never prayed in my life!' He remembered neither father or mother, and had grown up on the streets. He became one of our best workers. How he would plead with the la[d] to come to Christ before they were old! and his pr[ayers] in meeting would move a heart of stone!" Many prosperous men in Worcester and elsewhere owe their reclamation to Welcome Mission.

The first eighteen months 17,000 lodgings and [5]000 meals were furnished, two-thirds of which were paid for in labor. During this time, 650 men professed conversion, and a Christian Endeavor Society was organized among them. The entire building has been rented, the Mission incorporated, and the public asked to aid. The Mission's Board of Directors consists of leading business and professional men of Worcester, with Hon. Stephen Salisbury, the wealthiest philanthropist, for president. By its wise and practical work, the institution has made its way into the confidence and sympathy of multitudes of citizens irrespective of creed or denomination.

Mrs. Oakley and her children were sent for as soon as the husband and father to his true home. They make their home in the mission, and her sweet motherliness is a wonderful power in reclaiming the

BED-TIME IN THE OLD DORMITORY

BUSY HOURS IN THE WOOD-SHED

"THE STANDARD-BEARER," BY KARL BITTER TRANSPORTATION BUILDING—THE MALL—ELECTRICITY BUILDING "QUADRAGA," BY RUCKSTUHL

Wonders of the Pan-American Fair

As the finishing touches are being given to the buildings and general arrangements for the coming Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the Fair, as a whole, begins to assume a most interesting aspect. Many and wonderful are the attractions that will charm the visitor. As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already described the more important and representative features of the approaching Exposition, to-day it presents some of the unique and entertaining aspects of the Fair for the information of its readers.

What the Ferris Wheel was to the Chicago Exposition, the Aerio-Cycle will be to the Pan-American Exposition. At each end of a structural iron beam, which in operation is remindful of the "Teeter" of boyhood, is a revolving wheel, in which four cars are hung, after the manner of the Ferris Wheel. When one wheel is down taking on and discharging passengers, the other is revolving 375 feet in the air. The Aerio-Cycle will be illuminated with 5,000 incandescent electric lights, and be operated by power from Niagara Falls.

In the "Beautiful Orient," everything is characteristic of the East, the streets and buildings being faithful reproductions of those of the Orient. They will be inhabited by hundreds of Orientals. There will also be a Bedouin arch encampment and nomads from the Desert of Sahara. In the "Streets of Mexico," life will be seen exactly as it is in that interesting country. This is one the largest concessions, covering 95,000 square feet of ground. There will be an army headquarters for the convenience of the company of 100 mounted men, who will attend the Exposition by order of President Diaz of Mexico. "The House Upside Down" will be an improvement upon the "Topsy-Turvy House" at the Paris Exposition. The Hawaiian Volcano will portray with graphic realism the appearance of the world's great volcano, Kilcana, in full eruption. The Filipino Village will illustrate real life in one of Uncle Sam's new possessions.

A glass factory will be in operation. There will be a "Japanese Village," an "Esquimaux Village," and an "African Village." In "Old Nuremberg," a street of that quaint old German town will be reproduced. A balloon, the Luna (a sort of trolley airship,) will make a wonderful aerial journey at a great altitude, carrying passengers, of course. Startling will be the building called "Darkness and Dawn," which will illustrate the descriptions of heaven and hell in Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Dante's *Inferno*.

In lighter vein will be the representation of life as it existed in the South, "befo' de wah," which is pictured in the "Old Plantation." The dominant feature is an old-time Southern homestead; near it negro cabins, and not far away a quaint old Southern chapel. Broad acres of cotton and cane are seen, with Southern darkies at work.

The Women's Building occupies the centre of the great Rose Gardens, and will be known as the Women's Administration Building. In addition to the necessary offices, the building contains a number of beautiful tea-rooms, all opening into a large hall, which serves as a reading or lecture-room when not in use for entertainments. It is expected that many conventions of women will meet here next summer.

The Temple of Music auditorium has a seating capacity of 1,200 on the main floor alone, which will also be used for conventions of various organizations of women.

THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING FULLY ILLUMINATED TO TEST THE CURRENT

The electrical illuminations of the Exposition will be achieved in connection with the Electric Tower, the fountains and other hydraulic displays, and in the outlining of the different buildings by rows of incandescent lamps. There will be combined water and electrical effects, and the central feature of the whole setting will, of course, be the Electric Tower, with its most wonderful and beautiful electrical display. The Electricity Building itself has most appropriately been located, adjoining the Electric Tower. From its eastern end, an excellent opportunity will be afforded for viewing the splendid illuminations of the tower during the night displays. The location of the building is also fortunate, in view of the fact that just across the mall, the broad avenue upon the southern side of the Electricity Building, stands the Machinery and Transportation Building, so that visitors can easily pass from one to the other and make comparisons between the closely allied apparatus in the two buildings.

The era of wild Indian life on the plains is fast passing, and soon it will be impossible to give such a reproduction of it as is to be a feature of the Pan-American. There will be represented in the Indian Congress forty-two different tribes, and the 500 or 600 Indians will live as they do in the West, the Sioux in their tepees, the Winebagos in their wigwams, the Pimas in their wickiups, the cliff dwellers in their cliff caves, and each tribe in their peculiar abodes. The Navajoes will be seen wearing their blankets, the Moquis making pottery, the Sioux bows, arrows and stone pipes. There will be Indian war dances, sun dances, etc.

There will be many mimic battles between the different tribes, which at times will border more on the realistic than the sham. Before the hours of the battles, bands of mounted Indians, in all the glory of war-paint and feathers, will be seen passing and repassing the spectators' seats, chanting their war songs, and those who see them will never doubt the truthfulness of Mr. Frederic Remington's Indian pictures. They will carry long spears with gleaming points and many streaming tails, the Indian's tatoo, a faithful idea of the Indian warfare.

During the six months which will comprise the Exposition season, more important conventions will be held in Buffalo than ever previously assembled in any city on this side of the Atlantic in a decade. In some instances several of these conventions will be in concurrent session, thus adding a new feature of interest to the thousands of visitors.

THE "MONSTER GUN" AT THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION

ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF "TRUTH"

THE ENTRANCE TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE

In Vernal Days

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Occupations for Women

I.—The Visiting Housekeeper

TO some of our overburdened housemothers, the visiting housekeeper comes, in our city homes, as a very welcome assistant. This lady, who must be a woman of unusual gifts for administration, may herself have been the manager of her mother's household in some village home, or in her widowhood, she turns her practical knowledge to account, for the aid of rich people who can afford what they choose in the way of help from the outside. A visiting housekeeper may have three or four clients; ladies, perhaps, who have beautiful and spacious mansions, and who employ a half dozen servants. Armed with pencil, pad and shopping bag, the young woman appears in the lady's morning-room, takes her orders for the day, makes suggestions, and ascertains whether there are to be guests, whether a dinner, or a fete of any kind is on the carpet. She then interviews the cook and butler, talks with the waitress and parlor maid, and gives a look of inspection in every part of the house, from the bedrooms to the pantries and refrigerator. In some cases, one house is all that she can manage, but a capable and energetic woman may undertake as many as three. She must know how to cater, and how to market, for part of her business is to buy the groceries and meats and other provisions. She must guard vigilantly against waste. Her most difficult role is to please the servants, who are jealous of interference and who must be kept in good humor. And, she utterly fails if she does not relieve the lady of the house from all care of her home. Only rich women employ a visiting housekeeper, and few of those who attempt the work succeed perfectly, for two reasons. One is, lack of acquaintance with the management of a retinue. To have kept house simply with one maid, or with two, does not give the experience necessary for a home where the family table is altogether distinct from that of the servants, and where there are from six to ten of the latter to be cared for and guided through their various duties. Another is the prevalent temptation of women to be irresponsible. The visiting housekeeper who loses a day now and then, because the weather is stormy, or she has a headache, may as well retire from the field. The salaries paid for this work are anywhere from fifty to sixty dollars a month, and sometimes are in excess of these sums. Any young girl at home, who is looking forward to a useful career, might well prepare herself, by a thorough knowledge of housewifery, for this sphere of profitable employment.

The Duty of Cheerfulness.

Some persons are born with a cheerful disposition. Their outlook is always sunny. Others are morbid by inheritance. Their fathers and mothers were melancholy, and in their early homes there was too much repression, so that they have a habit of gloom. If these people would recognize that it is a sin to be sad, and to make the family so, and that it is a duty to be cheerful, they would find their spirits rising under the brave effort. Only great sorrow can excuse a countenance always grave; and even sorrow need not be morose and grim. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Off for a Drive

It does not matter so much where one lives, or where one roves, if one's heart is light, and there is a chance to move about under the open sky. In Palermo the sky is very blue, and the sunshine very clear, and sometimes the little donkeys trot gaily along, and again they are stubborn and plant their feet firmly down, and put back their ears in a most irritating fashion. The donkey in our picture is in an amiable mood, and though the little cart is heavily loaded, he drags it cheerily on. Even from the small animal may we not learn wisdom? There is no use in quarreling with our duty. If we have a burden to bear, let us pick it up and go on, one step at a time, as best we may. The merry heart goes all the day. The sad one and the rebellious one soon tire.

A MERRY DRIVING GROUP IN A SICILIAN DONKEY-CART

A Poem for Mothers

This lovely poem was sent to Mrs. Wolfe after the death of her little Elsie, a little friend of the India orphans. The mother sends it to comfort others who are bereft of their children:

What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.
John 13:7.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER

"WHO has my baby now?
Whose kiss is on her brow?
Whose arms enfold her precious form,
And keep my tender nursling warm?
Whose gentle smile dispels her fears,
Who wipes away her dewy tears?"
Thus mused a sorrowing mother from whose arms
The grave had snatched her infant's budding charms.

Oh, charms most rich and rare,
Oh, baby face so fair,
Oh, eyes that shone like stars of night,
Oh, winsome ways of deep delight!
That mother would have died to save
Such precious treasure from the grave.
'Twas hard to bid each murmuring thought be still,
And yield her darling to the Father's will.

Fond mother, weep you may
Over your infant's clay,
I would not chide your tearful eye,
Or bid the fount of tears be dry;
But, oh, let faith with tender healing,
The Saviour's wondrous love revealing,
Bear you above, on calm unfaltering wing,
And answer thus your fond heart's questioning:

Christ has your baby now.
His kiss is on her brow.
Tenderly folded to his breast,
Nought can disturb her peaceful rest;
Nor mortal ills awake her fears,
Since Christ's own hands shall wipe her tears,
While sweet and full his welcoming shall be—
"Suffer the little ones to come to me."

ELSIE.

The Long Illness and What it Means

WHEN for a long season illness does not visit a family, and they enjoy immunity from its labor and anxiety, they should be very grateful. Not alone to the sufferer languishing on his bed, is sickness distressing, it bears also most heavily on the caretakers, who must watch incessantly, carry out the doctor's orders, and observe every symptom with the most vigilant minuteness. Where a trained nurse may relieve the wife and mother to some extent, the responsibility is lessened, but many families cannot afford this assistant, who is so ready for any emergency, and they must plod on as best they can alone.

After illness has spent itself, and when the patient is on the high road to recovery, he or she is so weak that the convalescence is tedious; mind and body are both shaken; little things annoy. Meals are the events of the patient's day, and they must be very carefully prepared and also most daintily served. No one should ask a convalescent what he would like to eat. Every meal should be a surprise, and so planned as to tempt a delicate appetite.

The invalid calls out the love and tenderness of all the family. Even the children, hushing their play and moving softly to and fro, are better for the discipline of gentleness which their sympathy prompts. Sometimes, when the peril is over, the fever broken, and new life again pulses in the veins, the sick one is stronger for the enforced rest of the days when he was laid aside. To some of his ailing and suffering children the dear Lord comes very near, soothing their anguish and making their couch a place of rest in the desert.

Little Feet on the Floor

Not only baby feet that patter about the floor have a sweet message for us, as we hear them a message to be loving, to be tender, to refrain from putting stumbling-blocks in the way; but other small feet appeal to us. Who that has a dumb animal to pet—a dog, a cat, dependent on love for its food and drink, its shelter by day and its bed by night, but knows the sound of the tiny feet, rushing to and fro. A very small dog is capable of a very great affection, as every dog lover knows. Those of us, who are opposed to inflicting needless suffering on any living thing, cannot help the thought that vivisection has been carried too far, and that thousands of hapless little creatures have perished in laboratories and medical schools, to no purpose. Any suffering to any sentient organism which can be averted, is sinful and cruel.

Jesus the Saviour

A friend writes to those who are depressed and troubled by doubts and fears, and urges them to trust wholly in Jesus, whose mercy is boundless, and whose atonement satisfies for our sin.

And while we linger at his feet
The blessings from above come down,
Like manna from beneath the throne,
And fall around us, oh! so sweet.

Without Ostentation

The Master's words, to let not the right hand know what the left hand doeth, should influence our benevolence. When we send a gift to a needy friend, or invite a neglected acquaintance to dinner, we need not sound a trumpet before us. The self-denial which asks to be praised in the market-place is a spurious virtue. Our good deeds should be done without ostentation.

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Will Russia and Japan Go to War?

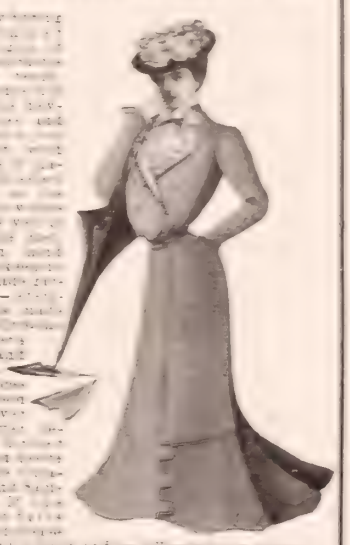
SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE OF THIS ISSUE

LATEST

How a Church Won Souls to Christ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 339

New Suits for Summer Wear



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AGENTS

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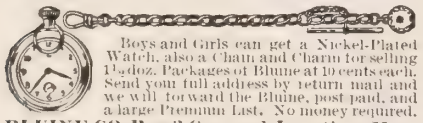

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By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

...BY... GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

Chapter VIII.—Continued

IRECTLY dinner was over they returned to the cheerful room, and as soon as she had "gathered her voice," as Margaret put it, she sang for them until they were ashamed to let her sing any longer. Nine o'clock came all too soon, and Margaret arose from the music stool to say:

"I am sorry I cannot sing longer for you to-night, but I am a firm believer in the early bird adage, and so must see my nestling tucked safely away before I, myself, seek a nest. Good-night, Dr. Prior; and thank you so much for helping me to give Marjorie a surprise, which I think she has enjoyed."

"Please add that I, too, have enjoyed it, and feel very grateful for the privilege of membership. Good-night. Good-night my Heart's-ease," he said to Marjorie, as he tenderly kissed her forehead, "and happy dreams," and he watched them walk arm in arm from the room. Reseating himself before the bright fire, he said: "Yes, Lloyd was right; this is what the child needs, and should have had long ago; but I believe I've been too great a coward to make the venture. But, on the other hand, had I begun sooner, I doubt if I should have found a Margaret Drake. Really, I feel as though the girl had lifted tons of responsibility from my shoulders, and she has won Marjorie as I never supposed it would be possible for any one to win her in as many months, let alone days."

CHAPTER IX

A Journey

SPRING, with all its lovely promise, had come, and the bleak days of the New England winter had departed for at least six months. It was May, and birds and blossoms were making the air sweet in scent and sound. Dr. Prior's garden was filled with fragrance and song; for robins whistled and called from the blossoming apple trees at the back, and great clusters of purple and white lilacs nodded their approval from the front.

It hardly seemed to be the same house to which we were introduced six months ago, for evidences of a woman's deft management were everywhere. The trim lawns were dotted with handsome flower beds, the broad piazza held wicker chairs, a wicker couch and table, a gay rug, and above it a gayer hammock piled high with pillows covered with bright linen covers, and looking so inviting that they almost spoke aloud their invitation to come and indulge in a luxurious snooze.

Palms and rubber plants stood about in pretty jardinieres, and soft curtains swayed in and out from the open windows behind them. Within all looked cool and delightful, for flowers filled the bowls and vases, and at every turn one found evidences of refined taste and affectionate care for the happiness of others.

Marjorie no longer had cause to complain of a lack of hominess; the house had become "homey" in every sense of the word.

In one of the upper rooms overlooking the garden sat Margaret, busily engaged in covering a sofa pillow with a pretty green and white China silk. She had just taken the last stitches, and after plumping it up, held it at arm's length to inspect it. With a satisfied little nod she laid it upon a chair beside her just as a merry voice was heard singing in the hall below: "I don't want to play in your yard." "I don't like you any more," sang Margaret, catching up the song, and the duet was finished with great spirit, if not with consummate art, as Marjorie came bounding into her room.

"Oh, Miss Drake, did you ever see such a perfectly lovely day? I feel just like shouting at the top of my voice, don't you?"

"It is ideal, and I've spent a good part of it out in the flower-beds, but thought I had better come in and put the finishing touches to number nineteen. What do you think of it?" And she handed Marjorie the pillow.

"Not really?"

"Yes, really! Since I came here in January I have made nineteen sofa pillows, and if that is not doing my duty to old Somnus I'd like to know it."

"And this is another for my couch, isn't it? How pretty it is; and now I have five, and all such beauties! I'm going straight in to put this beside the others. Do come and see the effect."

They crossed the hall together and entered Marjorie's room, which no one would have recognized. All that Margaret had prophesied had come to pass and a great deal more beside. A pretty cartridge paper of the most delicate green tint covered the walls, while above, as a sort of frieze, were garlands of the palest pink roses, and over the faint green of the ceiling were scattered single blossoms as though they had been tossed there, and, by some mysterious means, stuck fast. The pretty brass bedstead was daintily canopied with the palest of pale green muslin, upon which were sprigs of roses, and the same material draped the windows. White dotted muslin covers with green silk sachets beneath them, lay upon the dresser, the toilet table and the chiffonier, and on the toilet table lay the thousand and one silver trifles that so delight the feminine heart.

The beautiful little desk of bird's-eye maple lacked nothing to make it perfect, and from the handsome rugs upon the floor, to the dainty water colors on the walls, the room was as sweet and fresh as a young girl ever stepped foot within.

Marjorie walked over to her couch and placed number nineteen where it could best display its plump charms, and then giving a bounce landed among its mates. Curling her feet beneath her like a small Persian princess, she said:

"Miss Drake, how do you suppose I ever managed to get on before I had such a lovely room? Sometimes it seems as though I had always had it, and I can hardly remember how it looked before. It is so sweet that I like to hop up here and just look all around, and sometimes I wonder if I deserve it. Do you think I do?" solemnly.

"It is often hard to decide what one does or does not deserve, I find, for Bryant has said: 'Give every man his just desserts, who should 'scape whipping?' and I have half an idea that the quotation will apply to our own sex as well. But I do not think that your misdeeds have been so flagrant that you need feel consumed with remorse," replied Margaret, smiling at Marjorie's serious face.

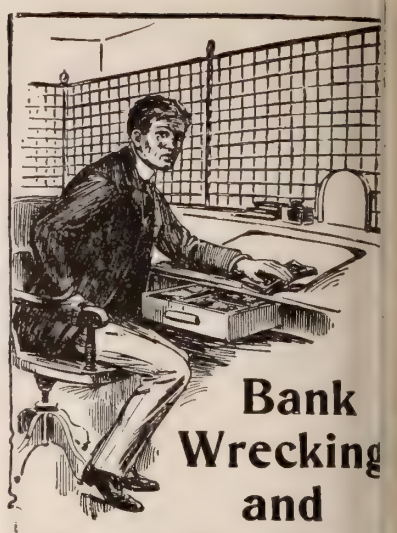
"I'm glad of that," with a serious wag of her head, "for I can't help thinking some very serious thoughts sometimes. You see, since you have been here everything has been so different; I used to get so fidgety and cross, and fret and fume over every little thing that came up; it seemed as though nothing went just right. And I couldn't talk to papa about them, for it only fretted him, too, and then we were both in a mess. But lately I haven't felt that way, and although things don't always go straight, and I get into a snarl sometimes I don't stay snarled. Why, Miss Drake, I used not to want to see people. Wasn't that horrid?"

"I think you were rather dull and nervous, dear, and perhaps needed brighter surroundings. I am so glad that you no longer feel fidgety, as you put it."

"Yes," with another solemn shake of the pretty head, "I guess that was the trouble, and now I'm unkinked for good and all. But if I get into even a little snarl may I come to you to try to get it out? It is so hard to find the right end all by myself."

"Certainly, dear, come whenever you wish to, and if I am able I will gladly help you 'find the right end,'" and Miss

(Continued on page 343)



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By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 342

ake smoothed back the sunny curls m Marjorie's forehead.

'And now listen to something I have to l you." Marjorie looked up quickly, something in Miss Drake's voice made r fancy that the news would not be easant; but she said nothing, and Miss ake continued:

'It is now the middle of May, and in o weeks I shall have been here five nths, and in all that time I've not had e peep at mamma or my sweethearts. n't you think that is a long while? e never been away from them so long fore, and just how much I want to see m I don't believe you can guess," and voice quivered slightly. "And so, I nk I shall have to run home next nth."

And what in the world shall I do with- you?" demanded Marjorie in dismay.

Don't you think you can find some one om you will like a lot better?" asked rgaret, with a twinkle in her eyes.

Like better! Won't you come back, ss Drake?" and a tragic expression ne into Marjorie's face. "Why, we ldn't any of us get on without you w. Who would look after the house as y do? And I'd be so lonely that I'd j go dead. Besides, we are all to go to seashore in July; papa said so; and I h made such jolly plans; and you were every one, of course. Oh, Miss Drake, y will come back, won't you?" begged rjorie, almost in tears.

To be sure I shall. I shall be absent b two weeks, and you have no idea how qckly they will pass."

I don't believe it," was the sceptical r y.

he first of June came all too soon for rjorie, and she was a truly miserable g at the prospect of two weeks without h beloved Miss Drake. But she strove conceal it, lest she sadden Margaret's t for her, and the latter was deeply ched by the girl's efforts to be unselfish.

Margaret was to start on Monday morn- and on Friday Dr. Prior came in a le earlier than usual, and wearing a very trbled expression.

Miss Drake," he said, "will you step to m office one moment? I wish to consult w you."

Margaret went at once, and taking her s opposite the doctor, said: "Has anyth g serious occurred, Dr. Prior? Pray, l ne be of service if I may."

Yes, something very serious," he ans red, "for I am obliged to leave home a nce, and for an indefinite period. I a much distressed on your account as w as my own, for I am sure that your p spective visit holds the greatest pleas u in store for you, and yet I cannot de my departure. As you are aware, my b ther was called to Mexico during the w ter to take charge of a railway which is eing constructed there, to run from Tmpico, inland. During the cold weath- I felt no anxiety regarding him, but sie the warm weather began I have felt c siderable concern, and not without re on, as it proves, for to-day I have re ceed a telegram telling me of his serious illss, and advising me to come at once. I nnot tell you how thoroughly distrsed I am; for it is a long journey, and ca me from home at the shortest notice, an at a time when I am very much nded here, to find I know not what w n I reach Lloyd."

Oh, I am so sorry, so very sorry; but w will hope for the best," cried Margaret, sincerely distressed, "and let me assure yo that I will willingly give up my visit ar remain with Marjorie."

You are most kind, Miss Drake, but I dlike to leave two such young girls as yo and Marjorie so entirely alone, and fo such an indefinite period as this must nessarily be. I cannot feel that it is rig t for me to do so, and yet I have bondless faith in your capability," and po Dr. Prior looked sorely perplexed.

Margaret rested her chin upon her hand an leaned forward to think. "I have it!" she exclaimed. "Let Marjorie come home wi me. It would delight my mother to ha her, and we can remain there until yo return. Meanwhile, you will not have to give us a thought, for we will be safe un r mother's wing, and Marjorie and Maud will have right royal times, while I enjoy a most luxurious rest."

"But, Miss Drake, what an imposition upon your mother!"

"Not the least," replied Margaret firmly. "There is always some one visiting us, for we have kept a sort of 'hotel' ever since I can remember, and I can hardly recall the time when one or the other of us did not have some friend with us."

"Such an arrangement would remove a great weight from me, but I hesitate to take advantage of it."

"Please prove your friendship by doing so, and can you not see that it is very selfish of me, after all? I still have my visit," and Margaret smiled.

"Yes, quite as selfish as many another act of yours; but I have not sufficient strength of character to overrule it, I fear. But I must start at once. Can you attend to the closing of the house and other affairs? I fear that I must leave it all to you, much as I regret doing so."

"Do not let it cause you the least concern. I am only too glad to be of some service to you in this great trial."

"Very well, I will, because I must."

The next few days seemed like a nightmare to Marjorie, for her father left on Saturday night, and as she had never before been separated from him for more than a day or two, she felt that chaos had indeed come. The tie between them was an unusually tender one, and both fully realized how serious was the undertaking. To go into that strange land and Southern climate at that season of the year, to care for one so near and dear as his only brother, and to stand in imminent danger of contracting the dreaded fever, was no light matter, and Marjorie's heart nearly failed her when she bade him good-bye. But she bore up bravely until the door closed upon him, and then threw herself into Miss Drake's arms, and sobbed as through her heart would break.

"There, there, my darling, do not sob so bitterly. I know it is very hard to bear, but we must hope for the best. Surely the dear Heavenly Father will guard the earthly one, and bring him safely home to his daughter," and she stroked the bent head, and tried to soothe the quivering form.

"Oh, Miss Drake, he is all I have—all I have. Dear, dear Papa Checa!" Margaret's eyes filled, but she strove to conceal her own grief for Marjorie's sake, and after she had succeeded in quieting her somewhat, she said:

"Now let us try mamma's remedy for sadness. She tells me to keep busy and to try to do something to make others happy. Suppose you step across the street and ask Isabel and Dora to come over for the evening. It will be a long time before you will see them again, and at nine o'clock we will have Johnson serve an ice for us. It will be smashing my cast iron rules all to little bits and snips; but we are going a journey, and when people do one rash thing they are apt to do others."

CHAPTER X

At Sunny Lawn

By Wednesday all arrangements had been made, and the house closed for several weeks. Dr. Prior did not expect to return before the first of July at the earliest; but could make no definite plans, since all depended upon what he found at the end of his journey. His telegram called him to a small town on the Mexican coast, not far from Tampico, where his brother had been engaged in his duties as civil engineer for the new railroad.

It was an out-of-the-way place and the mails were very irregular. Therefore, his last injunctions had been for them not to feel any alarm should they not hear from him as promptly as they wished to. Johnson took them to the train, and at parting said:

"Don't give yourself a thought for the 'ouse, Miss Drake; I'll see that all goes right. So don't give yourself no concern what so. But if ye want aught, send straight away for Jornson, and 'e'll come if ye be at the ends o' the earth."

"I'm sure you will, Johnson, and my mind is perfectly at rest," she said.

(To be continued.)

IN APRIL

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION ANNOUNCES THE FOLLOWING AMONG THE DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS TO ITS FOUR APRIL ISSUES:

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John D. Long,
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William R. Merriam,
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John Hyde,
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Vice-President Roosevelt will write upon "The Essence of Heroism;" Secretary Long will describe "The Naval War College;" Mr. Merriam will discuss "Our Future as Shown by the Census;" and Mr. Hyde will forecast "The Agriculture of the Future." In addition to these a group of twenty of the most delightful writers of fiction will brighten the pages of the April issues of

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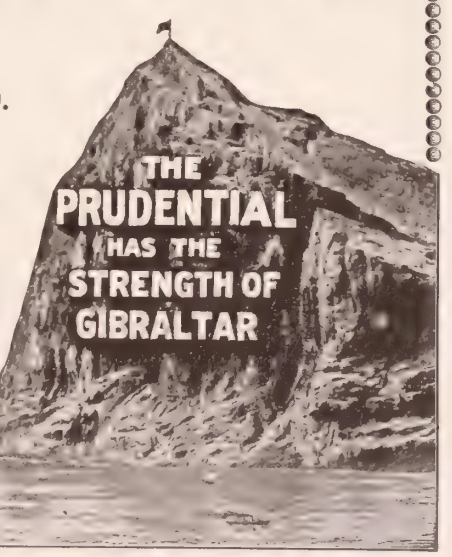

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Mr. Carnegie acquired his first love of books in Allegheny, Pa., when he was a hard-working lad. Colonel Anderson, a resident of that city, extended to him the privilege to taking one book a week from his private library, or of coming to his house and reading the books as many evenings in the week as he choose. It was while enjoying this privilege that he resolved that if he ever had the means, he would build libraries, that all who wished might know the pleasure and profit of good books. When he ultimately became rich, he decided that a free library was the best gift that could be made to a city, providing the city agreed to maintain it properly as a public institution. It is Mr. Carnegie's invariable custom to help only those who are ready to help themselves.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Mr. Carnegie does not like the name "philanthropist." He is not a charity-giver, but simply aims to help in the moral and intellectual elevation of the people through the medium of books. "I will not give a cent of my money," he wrote in reply to one appeal, "to any church that cannot meet its business obligations. I conduct my charitable affairs in a business way. A Church which obligates itself to carry out enterprises and then fails, can get no assistance from me, or sympathy either. In fact, I think such practices in church institutions should be publicly denounced. I cannot, therefore, give you a cent of my money."

Mr. Carnegie's philanthropies, amounting to $55,000,000, and unparalleled in the history of public benefactions, are as follows:

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Alameda, Cal., library	10,000
Allegheny, Pa., Carnegie Institute	300,000
Allegheny, Pa., observatory	20,000
Allegheny, Pa., library	25,000
Ashtabula, Ohio, library	15,000
Atlanta, Ga., library	145,000
Ayr, Scotland, library	50,000
Banff, Scotland, library	5,000
Beaver, Pa., library	50,000
Beaver Falls, Pa., library	50,000
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Birmingham, England, University	250,000
Blairsville, Pa., library	15,000
Blue Rapids, Kan., library	500
Braddock, Pa., institute	300,000
Braddock, Pa., library	200,000
Bucyrus, Ohio, library	500
Canton, Ohio, library	50,000
Carnegie, Pa., library	210,000
Chattanooga, Tenn., library	50,000
Cheyenne, Wyo., library	50,000
Clarion, Pa., library	50,000
Cohoes, N. Y., library	25,000
Conneaut, Pa., library	15,000
Connellsville, Pa., library	50,000
Creich, Scotland, library	7,500
Dallas, Tex., library	51,000
Denison, Tex., XXI. Club	17,000
Davenport, Iowa, library	75,000
Decatur, Ill., library	60,000
Duluth, Minn., library	50,000
Dumfries, Scotland, library	50,000
Dumfermline, Scotland, technical school	190,000
Dumfermline, Scotland, library	50,000
Duquesne, Pa., library	200,000
Duquesne, Pa., Carnegie Institute	300,000
East Liverpool, Ohio, library	50,000
Eastport, Me., library	600
Edinburg, Scotland, library	250,000
Edinburg, Scotland, technical school	50,000
Emporia, Kan., library	50,000
Fairfield, Iowa, library	40,000
Fayette, Iowa, upper university	225,000
Fort Worth Tex., library	50,000
Galesburg, Ill., library	50,000
Gloversville, N. Y., library	25,000
Grangemouth Scotland, library	5,500
Greenville, Ohio, library	15,000
Greensburg, Pa., library	60,000
Guthrie, Okla., library	25,000
Hazelwood, Pa., library	4,000
Hempstead, L. I., library	25,000
Hoboken, N. J., Stevens Institute	50,000
Homestead, Pa., library	200,000
Homestead, Pa., Carnegie Institute	300,000
Houston, Texas, library	50,000
Inverness, Scotland, library	8,500
Jedburgh, Scotland, library	10,000
Johnstown, Pa., library	360,000
Keighley, Scotland, library	50,000
Lewiston, Me., library	50,000
Lincoln, Ill., library	25,000
Lincoln, Neb., library	75,000
Louisville, Ky., Polytechnic Institute	125,000
Matanzas, Cuba, library	2,000
McKeesport, Pa., library	50,000
Montclair, N. J., library	30,000
Montgomery, Ala., library	50,000
Mount Vernon, library	35,000
New Castle, Pa., library	40,000
Newport, Ky., library	20,000
New Rochelle, N. Y., library	25,000
New York City, Bellevue Medical College	76,000
New York City, Carnegie Laboratory	50,000
New York City, Caledonian Club	2,752
New York City, Cooper Union	300,000
New York City, Montefiore Home	1,000
New York City, Zoological Society	5,000
Norwalk, Conn., library	50,000
Oakland, Cal., library	175,000
Oakmount, Pa., library	25,000
Oil City, Pa., library	50,000
Oklahoma City, Okla., library	25,000
Ottawa, Ont., library	100,000
Pennsylvania State College, library	100,000
Perth Amboy, N. J., library	20,000
Peterhead, Scotland, library	5,000
Philadelphia, Pa., University of Pennsylvania	100,000
Pittsburg, Pa., Carnegie Institute	2,000,000
Pittsburg, Pa., Carnegie Institute	1,000,000
Pittsburg, Pa., observatory	20,000
Pittsburg, Pa., Carnegie Institute	1,750,000
Pittsburg, Pa., relief in 1893	300,000
Pittsburg, Pa., Carnegie Institute	1,500,000
Pittsburg, Pa., pension fund	4,000,000
Port Jervis, N. Y., library	20,000
Portmahomack, Scotland, library	3,000
Prescott, Ariz., library	4,000
Richmond, Va., library	100,000
San Diego, Cal., library	50,000
Sandusky, Ohio, library	50,000
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Virginia Mechanics' Institute	1,000
Washington, D. C., library	350,000
Wick, Scotland, library	15,000
Yonkers, N. Y., library	50,000
Endowment Fund, Paddock, Pa.; Duquesne, Pa.; Homestead, Pa., libraries	1,000,000
Miscellaneous Gifts, United States	4,428,200
Miscellaneous, Great Britain	250,500
Total	$25,251,552
New York City, libraries (offered)	5,200,000
Carnegie Institute (in contemplation)	25,000,000
GRAND TOTAL	**$55,451,552**

HARD PLACES

THERE are many hard, hard places
All along life's changeful way;
There are harsh, forbidding faces
To dishearten if they may;
But the soul is bravest, truest,
If it sink not in despair,
But shall climb o'er difficulties,
As upon some golden stair.

Yielding not to pain or weakness,
Scorning thought of all complaint,
Bearing all with Christian meekness,
He forgets to shrink or faint;
Finding joy in self-denial,
And the thorniest pathway trod,
Gathering power and peace in trial,
Holding to the arm of God.

There is wealth that is not counted
By the sordid dollar scale,
And he finds it who has mounted,
With a faith that would not fail,
Over hardest, roughest places,
Up the crucial ways of life,
Wresting from them, saintly graces,
Worthiest trophies of the strife.

If the hard, hard testing places
Shall be passed in days of youth,
With a strong, unflinching courage,
On the granite rock of truth,
They will lend a strength immortal,
And the soul with wealth endow,
Leading till, beyond heaven's portal,
Crowns shall grace the victor's brow.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

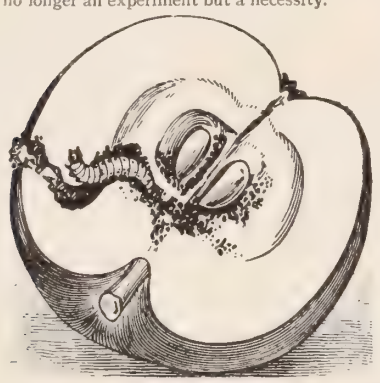
A Household Companion

Dear Editor:—I write to acknowledge my gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the many useful and helpful articles of Christian discipline received therein. I have been a constant reader of the same for eight years, have found it to be a household companion, and would not to be without it.

Sheridan, Mont. FRANCES I. MCCREA.

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

The question of spraying fruit trees to prevent the depredations of insect pests and fungus diseases is no longer an experiment but a necessity.



The readers will do well to write Wm. Stahl, Quincy, Ill., and get his catalogue describing twenty-one styles of Spraying Outfits and full treatise on spraying the different fruit and vegetable crops, which contain much valuable information, and may be had for the asking.

5% GUARANTEED

With Profit-Sharing Conditions

It is possible for this company to pay a little more than bank interest while furnishing its depositors ample and absolute security.

Company incorporated in 1893.

Capital paid in . . . $ 800,000.00
Assets now over . . . 1,450,000.00
Contingent fund and undivided profits . . . 150,000.00

Subject to banking supervision. Depositors are guaranteed 5 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly, and deposits participate in all further earnings of the company when not withdrawn for a certain fixed period.

We refer, by special permission, to many clergymen and other prominent professional and business men.

Write for full and exact information concerning the Company's stability, reputation and record.

Industrial Savings & Loan Co.,
1131 Broadway, New York.

SECURITIES THAT PAY

5%, 5½%, 6%, 6½% Net.

The preferred stock of Southern cotton mills are paying these rates and are particularly desirable. Investments in the South obtain the best interest returns consistent with safety.

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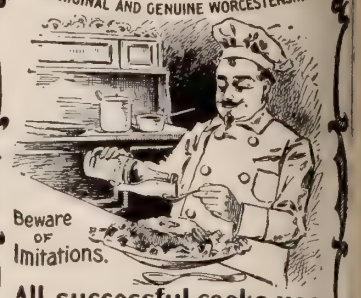
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.



All successful cooks use Lea & Perrins' Sauce to get the most delicious flavor for soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads etc.

SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE

Lea & Perrins

John Duncan's Sons, AGENTS-NEW YORK.

From the Beacon, Leonardstown, Md.

Many veterans of the Rebellion can recall incidents as thrilling as the cavalry charge in which the narrator of the following incident nearly lost his life and, unfortunately, many of the old soldiers have disabilities that are unpleasant reminders of their days in the army. To all such this story will have peculiar interest and may show the way to restore health and strength and energy. Mr. William H. Whiting, now a respected resident of Mt. Holly, Va., says:

"When the Civil war began I was living in Buffalo and there I joined Co. F, of the Tenth New York Cavalry. In 1863, while serving with my company, I received a sabre cut across my back that caused paralysis. For eight months I was obliged to lie in the hospital at Washington, D.C. I afterward tried many doctors, but with little change for the better. The paralysis remained as bad as ever. I suffered from chills and my general health was not good.

"This continued until about eight years ago, when I read in a newspaper of the wonders performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I began taking the pills and soon found they were doing me good. In six months' time I had completely recovered my health. The paralysis has not returned and I never have the chills now. My general health is also better than when I began taking Pink Pills for Pale People. I always keep them with me, and in the eight years that have passed since I first took them, I have never had occasion to call on a doctor.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many people. One of them, Miss Mary Cortney, sent me word a few weeks ago that they had saved her life. She was near death when she began taking them, but they have so strengthened her that she has been able to go to visit her daughters, who live in Washington, D. C."

(Signed)

WILLIAM H. WHITING.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of January, 1901.

[Seal] *JOHN L. BEALE*
Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Dr. Lyon's

PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

CORNS PERMANENTLY RELIEVED FREE

ALLEN'S ANTISEPTIC CORN PLASTER *relieves corns permanently.* To prove it I will mail *free plaster* to any one. Send name and address—no money.

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A Pie Knife or a spoon, a fork or a sugar shell, no matter what you need in silverware, you find much of value in the booklet S sent free, describing the famous "1847" silverware.

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Gluten Grits AND BARLEY CRYSTALS,
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are hatched by our incubators and more of them than hens can raise. Why? Because our regulator never fails to keep the heat just right. Catalogue printed in 5 languages gives full descriptions, illustrations and prices, and much information for poultry raisers. Sent for 6 cents.
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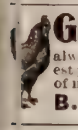
YOU OWE it to..... yourself to investigate the claims of the Sure Hatch Incubator. The simplest to run—the surest in the hatch. Send for our new Free Catalog.
SURE HATCH INCUBATOR CO., Clay Center, Neb.



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SPECIAL PRICES 30 Days' Trial. Guaranteed. Double and Combination Beam.
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Catalog Free. Write now. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

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WEALTH FOR YOU hatching chickens with incubators 6 months Free Trial ONE INCUBATOR FREE to good agents. Half price to introduce them in your neighborhood. Catalog free National Incubator Co., Dept. DY, Chicago

A long face is often caused by a sore corn. A-CORN SALVE is *the* salve. 15 cents. From druggists, or by mail.
Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia.

This beautiful Turquoise or Lovers' Knot Bangle Ring, warranted three years, with initial engraved and a *premium* absolutely FREE. Send 10 cents to help pay postage. Catalogue *free*. The Shell Novelty Co. Dept. 39 194 Broadway, N.Y.

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have 25 kinds of instruments to assist hearing
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A. O. LEONARD, 1141 South 11th Street, Philadelphia.

William McKinley's Turning-Point

The Eventful Moment when he publicly Declared for Christ

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

I WAS making a long trip by train recently, when I fell into a conversation with a fellow-passenger, whose name would be known everywhere if I would mention it, and who was of a different political faith from that of the President of the United States. He related to me a conversation which he in turn had had with another man, who had been very bitterly opposed to the President in politics, and had entertained for him politically very harsh feelings, because

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

of differences from him in matters of public importance. But this man had never seen the President until recently, and going to the East on business, had stopped over for a first visit to the city of Washington.

On Sunday morning, drawn by curiosity, and retaining his severe critical feeling concerning the President, he visited the church where Mr. McKinley is accustomed to worship. It was Communion Sunday morning, and, said this man to his friend, "I watched the President. I watched his face while he sang. I gave close attention to his countenance and attitude during all the opening service, and his interest in the earnest words which were spoken before the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. And after awhile, when William McKinley got up from his place, and went and knelt down at the altar, humbly, with the rest, and reverently took the Communion, and when he arose I saw him quietly wipe away the traces of emotion from his eyes, his whole countenance and attitude showing the deepest religious emotion, I confess to you that I felt a great change coming over myself, and I said to myself, 'A country which has a man like that at the head of affairs is not so badly off after all.'"

President McKinley has been so openly and avowedly a Christian, during all the years of his public life, that it is interesting to note the beginning of his public profession of his faith in Christ.

In 1856, the Rev. A. D. Morton, a Methodist itinerant, was appointed to Poland, Ohio. It was a lovely little country town. It had that pleasant, intelligent, thoroughly moral and religious atmosphere, which often pervades the country college town. Small as the town was, there were three churches, a college, and a law school. The pastor in such a town finds not only his most delightful, but his most important, work in seeking to know and help the students of the college. Among the first young men Morton got acquainted with was William McKinley. He was a genial, kind-spirited young man, and that quality of unselfish gentleness in dealing with everyone who comes in contact with him to-day as President, has been only a natural growth and development of the obliging and chivalric soul of the youth whom Morton met in college in Poland. McKinley had a good name in college. He was one of the young men who could always be counted upon to take the right side of things; but as yet he had taken no public stand for Christ, and had not definitely set himself with the people of God.

During the winter Mr. Morton decided on holding a series of revival meetings, and earnestly prosecuted the work, preaching night after night, and especially interesting himself in winning the young students who were at such a critical period in their lives, to make earnest decision for Christ. Mr. McKinley attended the meetings, but had made no move whatever toward personal acceptance of the invitations offered, until one evening, without any excitement or previous intimation, he quietly arose and announced his intention of beginning then and there a Christian life.

Mr. Morton remembers very distinctly some of the sentences he uttered. Among them were these: "God is the Being above all to be loved and served;" "Religion seems to me to be the best thing in all the world;" "Here I take my stand for life." What splendid sentences they are! Many young men who are "almost persuaded," but have not yet made the great decision, might well ponder the words of this man who has been so signally honored by his fellow-citizens.

Forever after that day, during the rest of Mr. Morton's year, William McKinley was regularly in his place. Mr. Morton baptized him, and received him into the church as a probationer. He was moved to another appointment before the probation was ended, but the future President was received into full membership by the Rev. Mr. Day, who followed him in the pastorate of the Poland church.

How much a quiet decision made and expressed may mean in all the years afterwards, and how important that the Church should hold seasons of special meetings and consecrated attention to the great question of personally confessing Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord, are at least two of the suggestions that come to us concerning the story of William McKinley's conversion. If he had not made that decision then, who can tell how widely his course might have veered from the path which led to greatness? And if that faithful minister of the Gospel had not, at the cost of hard work and self-denial, held that special series of meetings, who can tell whether the proper influences would ever have been brought to bear that led this young man to a decision?

Poetess Fanny Crosby's Birthday

The eighty-first birthday of Fanny J. Crosby, the blind hymn-writer, occurred Sunday, March 24th. Though, by reason of strength of body, she has passed more than four-score years, yet the strength of her faith that all things are ordered in tenderest love has kept the brightness of her sunny disposition, and her years are lightly borne. Her health is good, her mind clear, and her life is serene in the happy consciousness of long and faithful labor. She lives now with her sister in Bridgeport, Conn., but, in accordance with her custom for many years, she celebrated her birthday on the Monday following in the New York offices of her publishers, The Biglow Main Co., with whom she has been associated since 1864. A luncheon was served there, in which many friends of the poet participated, and remembrances of flowers, books and luxuries were sent from other friends. Among the gifts was a beautifully bound copy of the Red Letter New Testament, which was sent to the blind hymn-writer by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Working for Jesus

A friend in California sends us some helpful verses by Albert Lacey, the moral of which is found in this stanza:

Come, help us lift the fallen ones,
Come, help a space to fill,
There's so much sin to fight against,
And work for all who will.
But oh the few that labor there,
While others sit at ease,
They might give Christ one leisure hour,
And help this curse to cease.

"JUST LIKE PAPA."

Children Glad to Have Their Coffee Like The Parents.

More than any of the old folks realize, the little folks at the table like to have food and drink the same as Father and Mother.

Perhaps you can remember the time when a fork full of the meat or potato or a sip from the cup that your Father or Mother was using seemed to possess some remarkable merit and flavor.

If children can be given a strong, nourishing food drink such as Postum Food Coffee it more than satisfies their desire to have things like the older folks, and at the same time gives them a drink they love and fatten on.

A lady up in Oakes, N. D., says that since their family have been drinking Postum the children are stronger and better than ever before, and are so glad to think they can have coffee to drink "just like Papa."

The husband and father was taken sick with a very severe attack of stomach trouble and had to give up work, being confined to the house for some weeks, suffering greatly. For some time he had been in the habit of drinking coffee for breakfast, and tea for dinner and supper. The wife writes, "After reading some of your advertisements we wondered if coffee and tea had not been the cause of his sickness.

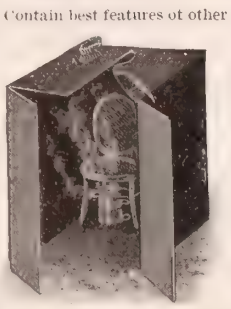
We finally decided to have him quit tea and coffee and try Postum Food Coffee. He dates his recovery from the day he commenced to drink Postum, and has not had to stop work from sickness since then.

Some years ago I tried a package of Postum and did not like it, but I know now that it was because I did not make it right. It is easy to make good Postum if the simple directions are followed. The only failure is when people do not boil it long enough.

Please do not publish my name. I am always ready to tell, however, of the merits of Postum." Name given by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich.

IRWIN TURKISH, THERMAL OR VAPOR | $3.50 up
Folding BATH CABINETS

Contain best features of other cabinets with several improvements, and several essential exclusive features, without which a satisfactory cabinet cannot be made. Wood or steel frame, folds into 4-inch space. They enable one to enjoy Turkish Baths at Home for 3c. each, easily and safely.
Will cure Rheumatism, all Kidney, Nerve, Blood and Skin Diseases, La Grippe, Catarrh, etc. Price, with formulæ, vaporizer and heater, $3.50 to $12.



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Buy an Irwin and you won't have to buy two or three to get satisfaction.
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Keep feet dry. Keep warmth in—cold out. Cushion for feet. Make walking a pleasure. A godsend to tender, callous or perspiring feet. Take up no room. Indispensable for school children and outdoor people. Comfortable summer or winter.
10c. a pair, 3 pairs 25c. Better quality, crocheted edges, 15c. a pair, 2 pairs for 25c. If not at your druggist's or shoe dealer's, send us size.
The Wm. H. Wiley & Son Co., Box D. Hartford, Conn.

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are unsightly, unclean and unsanitary. GRIPPIN'S WOOD CRACK AND CREVICE FILLER is the only perfect remedy. A Paste, easily applied, elastic, adhesive, and non-shrinkable. Dirt and moth proof. Cost about ½c. per sq. ft. 5 lbs. will treat an average room. Price 20 cts. per lb. State the kind and condition of wood when ordering, and full instructions will be given. Is also the best filler for open-grained woods.

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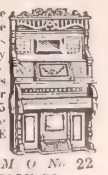

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A Church of Real Soul-Winners

IN co-operation with the twenty-two Baptist Churches in Richmond and Manchester, Va., a series of evangelistic meetings were commenced in Broadus Memorial Church, Richmond, in which it is claimed there have been sixty-five conversions to the present date, and hundreds of others throughout the city. Every day the pastors, people and workers met in the Second Baptist Church, centrally located in the city, for a noon service, and for hearing reports from the various churches. The movement has been one of the most blessed and helpful in the religious experience of the city. Rev. C. P. Stealey, formerly of Martinsburg, West Virginia, is the efficient pastor of Broadus Memorial. Dr. Weston Bruner, of

REV. C. P. STEALEY REV. WESTON BRUNER

Lee Street Baptist Church, Baltimore, has been doing most of the preaching, and by his earnest, forceful Gospel sermons, has won many hearts in the city, where he was before a stranger.

Broadus Memorial Church seems to have a large proportion of members, men and women, who are filled with the Holy Spirit, and who are constantly co-operating with the pastor and the officers and teachers in the Bible School, in bringing the lost to Christ. B. F. Johnson has been superintendent of the Bible School since its organization. Besides the study of the International Lessons, from week to week there are placed in the hands of the members of the school practical questions for them to answer on purity, love, temperance, etc. The church is endeavoring to build up men and women in Christ Jesus, to make them more useful than they have ever been before.

Broadus Memorial Baptist Church was established at the corner of Thirty-second and Marshall streets, Richmond, Va., about five years ago, and is the outgrowth of tent meetings held under the auspices of the Baptist City Missionary Society. It was organized with forty members, and has steadily grown in numbers and influence. A number of the members, not altogether satisfied with the plans pursued by many of the older churches, determined in the start to make some changes, which have proved a great advantage in establishing the work on a substantial basis. First, they determined that no money should be raised by fairs, feasts, or entertainments of any kind, but that every dollar should be contributed in accordance with the teachings of the Bible, and should be a free-will offering. All the members are comparatively poor in this world's goods, but many are rich in spiritual things, and they have never had any difficulty in meeting all their financial obligations.

This is true of the Bible School, as well as the church treasury (the church long since determined to dispense with the name Sunday School and conduct a regular Bible School). Every teacher and pupil is expected to carry his Bible, and to use it in his work. They, therefore, have real Bible study. A flourishing Home Department is in operation, through which the Bible School officers are endeavoring to enlist every member of the church who is unable is attend the Bible School. Conversions have been frequent, both in the Bible School and in the church. The old frame building is crowded to the utmost capacity, and rooms have been secured in the neighborhood for part of the Bible School classes, the Bible School attendance having always been much larger than the regular membership of the church itself.

THE STORY OF THE FLOWERS

FOR many a year the Spring had told
The tale of Resurrection,
As, from stern Winter's icy hold,
Sweet flowers did their bloom unfold
In Nature's sweet perfection.

Ne'er dreamed the world what prophets they,
Nor guessed their wondrous story,
Foretelling year by year the day
When Christ should break from death away
And rise the King of Glory.

And still a wondrous tale they tell,
To us glad tidings bearing,
Since Christ hath conquered death and hell
We, too, shall rise, with him to dwell,
His home in glory sharing.

Oh, flowers fair! speak out again
And win us by your beauty,
Until from out death's dark domain
Our souls, that long have dormant lain,
Shall spring to life and duty.

ROBERT M. OFFORD.

A Revival at Mt. Pleasant, Ia.

A friend in Mt. Pleasant, Ia., writes: "We have just closed one of the greatest meetings our church (First M. E.) has ever enjoyed The meetings lasted three weeks. At every service there were from five to nineteen at the altar seeking Christ or returning to their first love. One hundred and seventy-five have professed conversion. Eighty-three have thus far united with the church, making one hundred and nine since conference. The meeting was one of old-time power. The most encouraging feature of the meeting was the large number of young men who took a stand for Christ. Rev. Hugh E. Smith and Frank E. Robinson, of California, assisted the pastor, Dr. W. H. Heppe, in these meetings."

Revival Notes

Sutherland, P. O., S. Dak., is praying for a revival.

North Chester, Mich., is praying and hoping for a revival.

Nashville, Mich., is holding special services, and praying for a revival.

The people of Greencastle, Pa., desire prayers for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Farmington, Minn., has a genuine awakening. Meetings are being largely attended, week-day nights as well as Sundays.

van Houten's Cocoa

combines Strength, Purity and Solubility. A breakfast-cupful of this delicious Cocoa costs less than one cent.
Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

$11.75 SEND NO MONEY cut this ad. out send to us, whether you Gents' or Ladies' cycle. (LADIES' WHEEL 50 Cents EXTRA), and gear wanted and we will send you HIGHEST GRADE 1901 MODEL EDGEMERE BICYCLE by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, the equal of bicycles that sell everywhere at $20.00 to $40.00 the greatest WONDERFUL BARGAIN you ever saw or heard of, then pay the express agent Our Special Price $11.75 (or $1 less if you buy the lamp and express charges, express charges will be only 50 to 75 cents for 500 miles. THE NEW 1901 MODEL EDGEMERE is covered by our written binding guarantee. Built on the very latest lines, made from genuine 1⅛-inch best Shelby seamless steel tubing, 22, 24 or 26-inch frame, fine two-piece hanger, finest full ball bearings, handsome arch crown. Enameled in black, green or maroon, new striped, highly nickeled, beautifully finished throughout. Highest grade equipment, saddle, tool bag and tools, pedals, up or down turned handle bars, highest grade genuine Clipper pneumatic tires, with quick repair kit of everything. Order today. $11.75 is the lowest price ever known for a strictly High Grade Bicycle, a saving of $10.00 to $20.00. ORDER TWO EDGEMERES AT ONCE, you can sell the extra one at profit enough to get yours free. Write for free BICYCLE CATALOGUE. ADDRESS, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Pat. Jan. 11, 1898.

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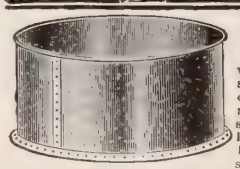
is highly recommended by Doctors, Mothers and Foundling Asylums for all babies, and especially for those with weak limbs, and backward learning to walk. Mothers interested in the care of their babies can get descriptive booklet, recommendations and special price by sending at once their address on a postal card to A. Clyde Fritz, Uhrichsville, Ohio.



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Electric Wheel Co., Box 323, Quincy, Ills.

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Largest Nursery. Fruit Book free. Result of 76 years' experience
STARK BROS, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.; Etc

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complete $5.00. Face Attch $1 00 extra. Order now. $2.00 Book to Patrons FREE. WRITE AGENTS WANTED—$100.00 MONTHLY & EXPENSES. World Mfg. Co., 15 World B'ld'g, Cincinnati, O.

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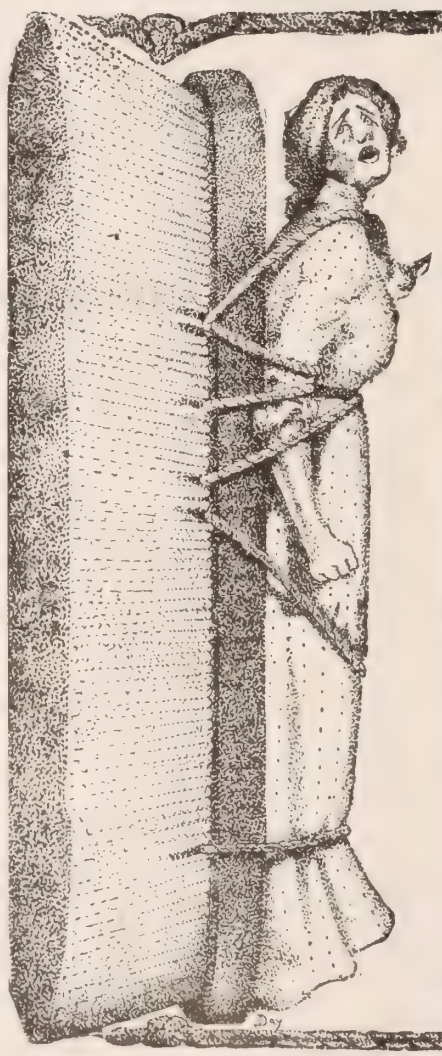

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GOLD DUST Washing Powder

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WALKING WITH JESUS*

How it is Possible to Have Communion with the Lord by Doing His Will

HOW much is comprehended in the phrase, "Walking with Christ!" It means agreement, for "how can two walk together except they be agreed?" It means a common purpose, it means companionship, it implies friendly intercourse and it suggests a mmon destination. Who has not envied ose two disciples whose hearts burned thin them as they walked with the risen rd to Emmaus? Why did they not tell something of what he said to them, as e opened to them the Scriptures"? Is it ssible that in some way, the modern ristian may have some semblance of ch an experience? When Christ said at it was expedient that he should go ay, it may be that the expediency con- ted in making the provision for com- nionship universal. If he were now on rth and in Palestine, the people who uld be near him would have a monopoly his society, that would discourage ristians in every other land. But with- awn from human sight, he offers loving companionship to every one o has his spirit and who is humbly try- to live his kind of life. To the soli- y missionary lonely among heathen rroundings, to the weary traveler by d or sea, to the persecuted Christian in family, or the store, or factory, with kindred spirit near him, the sense of t Divine presence is very precious.

Who has not seen the effects of high mpanionship? There is a clergyman New York who has saved several men m the power of the drink-habit solely that power. When the irresistible ving for liquor comes upon them, they to him by his invitation, and he lays de whatever he is doing and devotes time to them. He does not preach ab- nence to them at such times, but know- their favorite pursuit, he applies that. th one, he will go fishing; with another will walk through the picture-galleries the Museum; with another he will go to brary and turn over the pages of rare oks; with another he will walk in the ntry talking of botany, or history, or losophy. Companionship, conversa- n, and friendly intercourse turn the ughts of the demon-possessed man o higher channels, and the crisis is dged over for that time. One of our dern novelists has a similar story of a s red, exasperated man, whose disposi- n was positively murderous, who was eemed from his fell purpose simply association with a companion whose rit was gentle and magnanimous. How ny a young man beginning a life of e, has been saved by the love and mpanionship of some pure-minded girl, ose whole world of thought comprises ne of the evil with which he is only too miliar! That is the principle the apostle mmends to those poor semi-barba- ns Galatians, "Walk in the spirit and y shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh."

This principle runs all through the New Testament. It is astonishing, when we me to think of it, how few prohibitions re are in the book. The main reliance ots influence is in connection with Christ a the impartation of good, rather than the suppression of evil. That is why many eminent Christians are unable to te the date of their conversion. They b an by admiring the life and character o the Saviour. They tried to be like h, gentle, kindly, helpful. Gradually, th evil in them became repulsive to th; one bad thing after another dropped o of their lives, and as they learned to lo Christ, they became like him, until th delighted to do his will. Beholding h as in a mirror, their natures were c nged into his image, and so insensibly, w out violent struggles and rending e otions, they passed from death to life. "ay I go to theatres and balls if I become a hristian?" a worldly girl asked of Mr. Moody. "Certainly, if you wish to do so," h replied, and he had no fear of the result. The companionship of Christ overcame all longings of that kind. The incongruity of the two kinds of life jarred the harmony of her nature; and having learned to love the better, the desire for the worse lost its power. And the influence of the daily walk grows, until, at the last, death comes so sweetly and so gently that dying becomes only a nearer companionship, and the end is almost like that of Enoch, who walked so long with God, that "he was not, for God took him." The walk that began on earth is continued beyond the grave. Thither we must walk by faith and not by sight, but there we shall see him as he is, and in his presence there will be fulness of joy.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 21. Col. 2: 6, 7; Gal. 5: 16-26.

THE LIVING WORD EXPLAINING THE WRITTEN WORD

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE crucifixion of the Lord Jesus was a rude shock to the twelve apostles, and to the rest of the disciples, because "they knew not the Scripture that he must rise again from the dead" (John 20: 9). What a lesson to us that we should not lightly read or lightly study the Scriptures. Unless in our searching the Scripture we learn to yield up our own ideas, and accept the Word, however little we may have understood all it means, we are not in a position to be taught of God. Let us ever come to the Word of God as to that to which we have to submit ourselves; never as we come to another book, the contents of which we expect to master. When two disciples were walking together towards the village of Emmaus, "they communed with each other of all these things which had happened." They looked on Jesus as being dead; they could no more ask him a question; they could only grope in the dark; and yet they could think of nothing else than what had happened to their Lord during the past days. If they had understood, how full they would have been of joy and adoration!

And yet they were not indifferent; they wanted to know the truth. And Jesus knew they wanted to know it. Therefore, while they talked, and did not know how to draw near to him, "Jesus himself drew near" to them. It is ever so. He is faithful. Wherever there is one who really wants to know more about him, and whose reading and conversation are directed to that end, Jesus will soon draw near. The disciples did not know him, "their eyes were holden."

The two disciples could not conceive of anybody living or sojourneying in Jerusalem, who had not heard of that which alone occupied their thoughts. All they were, and all they possessed, was staked upon the hopes which they had in Jesus of Nazareth: nothing was of moment to them besides. They were in a prepared state to learn more of him. They answered the apparent Stranger in a tone of disappointment. "We hoped that it was he that should redeem Israel." We hoped! And now our hopes are blasted. He is dead; he has not redeemed Israel; we have believed in vain. How many there are who have nothing better to say than "We hoped!" Had they realized the great truth that "the Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected by the elders, and the chief priests, and scribes, and be killed, and after three days rise again" (Mark 8: 31), they would now have been filled with joyful understanding of the things which had happened. Instead of "looking sad," their hearts would have shone out their joy, through beaming faces.

How was it they did not understand? They were full of preconception. They had formed a picture in their own minds as to how things were to be; things did not come to pass that way, and they were altogether thrown out in their ideas. God keep us, from our own conceptions and those of others, close to the written Word of God!

"O foolish men," said the Lord, "and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behoved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory? And beginning from Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself" (R. V.). Oh, what wondrous light was shed on the Psalms, Isaiah 53, and many prophecies, which had come to pass, and had so occupied them! Hitherto they had seen the Scriptures all pointing forward; now, oh, how much there was which they saw fulfilled! The Bible, in a few hours, had wonderfully grown; they had the Key; it was Christ. The Psalmist prayed: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law" (Ps 119: 18). This had taken place with them. The living Word had given life to the written Word. "And they said one to another, Was not our heart burning within us while he spake to us in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?" (R. V.) Yes, it does make a disciple's heart burn when the Word of God speaks, and its wondrous treasures are disclosed to him. There is nothing on earth like it.

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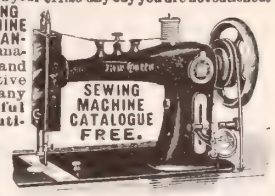

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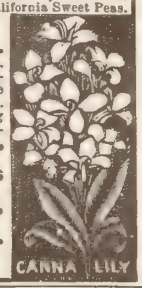

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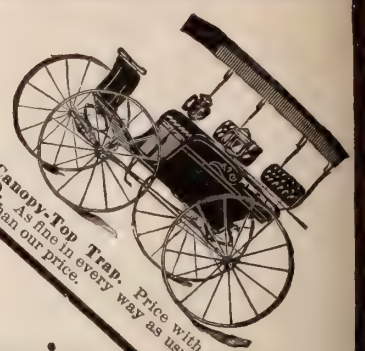

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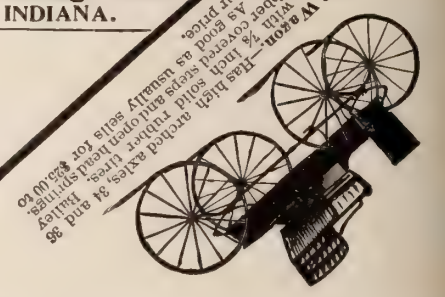

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed four weeks in advance so as to afford to our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should, if possible, be limited to one hundred words.

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IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department. **Editor The Mail Bag,**
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered May 22

1. When one is weak in expressing his wants, is it right to come to God in prayer, night and morning, and say the same things over and over day after day? If not, what should be done under the circumstances?

2. Do any of the clews to that caused the decay of Rome and Greece exist in our own republic to-day?

3. Is the increase of the Christian Church in wealth and worldly resources to be regarded, on the whole, as a healthy spiritual sign or the reverse?

4. What is the best disposition the United States Government could make of Aguinaldo?

5. To what occupation are the duties of both kings and pastors compared in the Bible?

Questions of the Week

1. The Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, has said: "Christians are becoming invalids and the church is a hospital. Nurses are wanted. Manliness is dead." Is the charge that modern Christianity enervates and unmans its disciples justifiable, and if so, to what sense and degree?

There is room for disagreement. One purpose of the Church is to serve as a hospital for spiritual invalids, and spiritual nurses are not to be despised. (Rom. 14: 1–8, 15: 1–3, II. Cor. 3: 1–3). It is not true that modern Christianity enervates and unmans its disciples. The hardness and rigidity of the fathers has indeed passed with their intolerance and persecution, but the era of fellowship, charity and world-wide missions has come. Manliness is not dead. The Christianity of to-day is as robust as at any former period. Witness its virility under persecution as exhibited in the recent attitude of its confessors in China. It parallels the heroism of primitive times. There is, it must be admitted, a large admixture of worldliness in the Church; but has it not always been so? and basing judgment upon some of the epistles, does not the modern Church compare favorably with that of the first century? Beyond question, Christianity was never more pronounced in the fruitage of noble character, consecrated enterprise, and good works.
CHARLES H. HARRISON.

. . .

I do not understand Dr. Parker's words as implying that "modern Christianity enervates and unmans its disciples." His remark appears to me to be a charge against the men who bear the name of Christians, rather than against modern Christianity. He sees men in the Churches who are subjected to two influences—those of the world and of the Gospel, one of which draws them toward the world and the other toward Christ. If the men are yielding to the former, rather than to the latter, they become invalid Christians. It is just as if a business man should join the militia, and permit his military drills and military associations to absorb so much of his time and thoughts that he neglects his business. He is not so good a business man as he was, or, to use Dr. Parker's words, an invalid business man. The fault is in him, not in business principles. True Christianity, modern or ancient, does not enervate. If a man gets it into his heart it will make him more virile; but if he puts it on as a coat, to make himself more respectable, it has little influence on his conduct. Modern Christianity is simply Christ's principles applied to modern life, and they are just as capable of producing martyrs as ever they were, if men will only be guided by them.
EDWARD S. WRIGHT.

2. If a person repents of his sins as fully as he knows how; confesses and makes restitution as far as he can; believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, and gladly accepts him as his Saviour; should he not have an inward experience of a pardon of his sins, and of the Spirit bearing witness to his consciousness that he is born from above?

He should have such an inward experience; but if he does not have it, he should not infer from the fact, that he has not been pardoned. There are persons so constituted that they take gloomy views of themselves and of their own concerns. If an invitation to some enjoyment came to them, they would say there was some mistake, it was not intended for them, or they were unworthy of it, or in some other way raise doubts. Such people cannot believe that God would forgive a person who has sinned as deeply as they. So a long interval may elapse between their pardon and their consciousness of pardon. If their conversion is genuine, they will get the consciousness of it some time; but they may have to wait, like Bunyan's Pilgrim in Doubting Castle till they use the promise. There is another kind of person who sometimes does not have it. This is the man whose conversion is gradual. Young people brought up in Christian families frequently do not go through an experience of anxiety, distress and misery, which with some other people precedes conversion. They slowly grow into the light, and cannot remember the day when they passed from death to life. Such persons frequently do not get the witness of the Spirit until something occurs which shows them that a change has taken place. There are others who do not have full assurance of salvation, who are undoubtedly saved. Happily, salvation does not depend on assurance, but on the finished work of Christ applied to the soul.
ROBERT A. KEN.

. . .

Certainly, there will be a direct witness of the Spirit. This is necessary at least as a preventive of doubt. The seeker will be given a "perfect peace" of mind, and will sweetly rest in the consciousness of his forgiveness, and adoption into God's holy family. The Holy Spirit testifies to every one who complies with the conditions governing repentance and saving faith, that they are forgiven, regenerated and adopted. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God" (Rom. 8: 16), and again: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself" (I. John 5: 10). The image of God will be stamped on the heart, and that of itself will be such a change from the former condition as to remove any misgivings that may otherwise exist. When the seal of God's approval is placed on any one, the assurance is given in such an unmistakable manner as to to leave no room for uncertainty.
GEO. HOFFMAN.

3. Applied to present-day conditions, what are the "best gifts" which Paul exhorts Christian people to "covet earnestly" I.Cor.12:31?

It would be difficult to specify all these gifts. The gift of eloquence, of logical and convincing argument, of exposition, of authorship, of Gospel melody, of organization, of benevolence—are specimen gifts which might be counted among the best. The Church has need of them all, and of others in this time, as well as in Paul's time. The principle by which he estimated their value was their usefulness. He had no respect for gifts which did nothing more than make the gifted man famous. Gifts used only for display he did not desire. Perhaps, if he had listened to some of our eloquent preachers, whose sermons, though much admired, do not edify Christians nor bring sinners to Christ, he would have held the gift of such preachers in contempt. He then proceeds to show that there is no gift so much to be desired as graces of character. To have the Christ-like disposition is something to be desired more than gifts. That, in his opinion, is a more excellent way. Faith, hope and love are best, and the best of these is love, for God is love.
HERBERT T. JORDAN.

. . .

A "gift" is that which enables us to do something. It is something put into our hands, to be used by us in accordance with the will of God in true Christian service. The "best gifts," therefore, were, in the time of the Apostle, and are now, those gifts or endowments which would enable the particular individual to accomplish most for Christ. Then they meant ability to serve as an apostle, a prophet, a teacher, a worker of miracles, a healer of the sick, a helper, a governor of the affairs of the Church, a user of divers tongues. Applied to present-day conditions, they may mean much the same things, with slight modification of the significance of terms. Among the "best gifts" of to-day are: Ability to be effective as a preacher or teacher, to plan and do things—great things—for the Church, and to manage its affairs; to be a helper with money and skill, and through education to appropriate the learning of the ancients and use it for the instruction and help of the moderns. But Paul is not magnifying these gifts. He shows in the chapter following, that in comparison with excellences of character they are worth nothing. Hence he points the Corinthians, and all of us, to "a more excellent way"—a more surpassing way—of doing things, in the sense of accomplishing results in the service of Christ. That way is love, as he shows in chapter thirteen. So this Scripture is to remind us how much more important for us are the graces of Christian character than the gifts of ability; that it is not so much by what we have as by what we are that we are enabled to achieve in the name of Christ and for his honor.
B. F. WHITTEMORE.

4. Can a Christian who makes a trans-Atlantic voyage, in which engineers, stokers, etc., work on Sundays, consistently object to ride on the surface or elevated cars on Sunday?

A decision of this question is based on avoidance. In the first case, the traveler could not avoid Sunday travel. St. Paul and a host of other missionaries traveled on Sunday because they could not avoid it. In the second case, the Christian is consistent in objecting to Sunday travel, because he can avoid it easily.
C. P. LOUNSBURY.

. . .

He can. Circumstances are different. At sea, the fires must not die out, lest casualties occur. Storms are imminent—the ship cannot be controlled. It is an instance of pulling the ox out of the mire. On land, the Christian may reach any destination by methods less objectionable. Again, on the sea, religious service must be had, if at all, on board ship, which can be had when moving. On land, the laborers on the railroads have religious opportunities. On the sea there is no choice; on land there may be.
MRS. S. J. ORGAIN.

5. If an actor or actress applies for membership in a church, should the application be rejected solely on the ground of the profession of the applicant, when there are reasons for believing that conversion has taken place?

Acting, *per se*, may serve a pure and noble purpose; owing largely to the low standard of popular taste, this worthy aim is rarely consummated. Whenever an actor makes the pure, the wholesome, the noble so attractive and the impure and ignoble so repulsive, that he raises the standard of public taste, he serves a noble purpose. Whenever, amid the manifold temptations of his calling, by the purity of his own life, he raises the moral standard of his co-workers, he serves a noble purpose. Few actors are able to bear the two tests. If the applicant, in the case in question, is truly converted, he will not choose to follow a profession, the temptations of which are too strong for him, or one that requires of him that which is morally and spiritually lowering. But setting aside the right or wrong of acting as a profession, so long as church members, by their presence in the theatre, encourage acting, they cannot consistently refuse church membership to the actor or an actress solely on the ground of his or her profession.
ELIZABETH E. STOV

. . .

It would depend entirely upon the community and the Church. Churches that have rules against theatre-going, or where the majority are opposed to it, could not receive such a person into church fellowship, and if they did, it would cause untold trouble and discord, but in Churches where the theatre and opera are recognized as harmless amusements, and the majority of whose members attend these places, such an applicant could not be consistently refused. Personally I cannot conceive of an actor or an actress being converted and continuing in that profession. On the contrary, we have many opera singers and actors who, on becoming converted, have left the stage and are now singing and preaching the Gospel.
A. A. FORSTE

. . .

Such a rejection would stamp the Church as un-Christian and pharisaical. There is really no good reason why an actor should not be a Christian and a gentleman. Every profession has its good and its bad side. There are good and bad aspects to the vocation of the merchant and the banker; the broker may be a mere gambler; the modiste, a caterer to silly vanity; the dry-goods dealer, an incentive to extravagance; but these things do not debar them from church privileges. Then, nobody ever thinks of accusing the soldier of being a professional slayer of men, the distiller or brewer of debauching men, and the money-lender of absorbing men's substance. But the Thespian—he has been the butt and the by-word of the Church for ages. "Holding the mirror up to nature," and portraying virtue and vice in their true forms, he has been treated as a pariah; yet, there are thousands who, if they speak truthfully, will admit that they have received many of the noblest lessons and grandest aspirations from witnessing good plays. The sooner the Church takes in the player, the sooner will the needed reformation of the stage be accomplished. If it is ever to be purified and ennobled, it must be through the influence of players who have become Christians, and who, as such, can discern the real mission of the stage.
ANNA HOBAR

IMPORTANT & SPECIAL NOTICE

AFTER APRIL 25th

We shall not be able to fill any orders for the Red Letter New Testament—slightly damaged—**at the reduced price of fifty cents, postage prepaid.** In this lot we have included, since our last announcement, hundreds of Testaments, only slightly shelf-worn, but otherwise absolutely perfect.

THIS IS OUR FINAL NOTICE

ADDRESS

The Christian Herald Book Dept., Bible House, New York

C. H. B., Spencerville, O. We believe not.

Subscriber, Eldorado, Kan. No relation whatever.

Flora L. H., Pine Bluff, N. C. We have already discussed the Kansas saloon-smashing crusade in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Reader, New London, Wis. To push yourself to the front at any social gathering, in the manner indicated, would be vulgar and immodest. It would be the sign of bad breeding.

Mrs. S. S., Madison, O. Church members should attend card parties need hardly be expected to contribute to the spiritual advancement of the church, however much they may give to it financially.

S. A. B., Winsted, Conn. 1. "Scotch-Irish" simply means that the person referred to is descended from both of these nationalities. 2. The North of Ireland is so called because its people are of both Scotch and Irish descent. 3. Protestant, chiefly.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

UIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

A GROUP OF STUDENTS IN A PERSIAN COLLEGE

Traffic in Girls at the Famous Kurda Bazaar...

IN A KURDISH WHITE SLAVE MART

By HANNAH YOSEPH, OUR CORRESPONDENT AT MARAGHA, PERSIA

Gospel Opportunities in Persia and Kurdistan...

NNAH YOSEPH, M.D.

Dear "Christian Herald" Friends: For a long time I have intended to write to you about a visit I made to the city of Miandab, about twenty-four miles from Maragha, in November last. On the day of starting, I engaged two horses for sixteen *krans*. The *chawadar* [muleteer] promised to be at my house with the horses before sunrise. Everything was packed and made ready, and I got up two hours before sunrise, but there was no *chawadar*. Some one else had offered him a few coins more than I did, and he hil left me. So we were obliged to enge three donkeys at twelve *krans* to cry us and our baggage in one day to Miandab. Next day, two hours before s rise, Calba Najaf waked us up noisil A friend offered me his horse to re, as he said "it would never do for yu to ride on a donkey, especially in t city." (In some places, to ride a dkey is not considered nice at all.)

t was fearfully cold. I had dressed awarmly as possible, still in an hour were so chilled that we got down and r afoot to keep warm. I envied my Mslem sister, who had so covered up h eyes, nose and ears against the sharp wd, until she looked more like a bund of clothes than a woman.

At noon we reached our midway point –Kalajokh. Calba Najaf, at the top of h voice, vowed in the name of Hasan al Hoosan, and by the mutilated arms ofHasraty Abas [martyrs of Carbella], "will not go a step further, as I and n beasts are cold and hungry. I will n kill ourselves for the sake of a few *krans*. To-morrow will do. There is te enough to reach Miandab."

o we bent double to enter the inn. Iwas so cold in our quarters there that wbought some mucilage of the village sp, and, with some paper, closed the le windows that admitted the frosty a and we bought wood to burn in the fi-place. I was quite glad, after a sleepl night, when the shrill voice of Calba Njaf called us next morning to prepare f our journey.

A few miles from Kalajokh are the rns of San Nabat Kala. Not many yrs ago this place was a flourishing vage of Kurds, but fleas so annoyed th inhabitants that they were obliged to abandon it al go elsewhere. Fields lay idle and untilled. These pple are not industrious. They sow and reap enough tkeep them from starvation. Enough wheat could be rsed here to feed the millions of Russia. Transportath is very expensive, however.

Ve crossed the Jagatar River. During the winter al spring seasons, a rude ferry-boat is used. Many lis of men and beasts are lost in the river annually. V reached Miandab, between the two rivers, at about two P.M., having traveled twenty-four miles in thirty-six hours. I engaged a room in the Moslem quarter. The Armenians and Jews have their own quarters here. Miss May Jewett, an American missionary, was my next door neighbor. This heroic woman has been living in the heart of the Moslem quarter. Her Christ-like work among the people has so influenced them, that even the rough Mohammedan boys seemed to me to be tamed. They greeted me in a friendly way.

I visited Miss Jewett's sewing school in her own room. How lovingly and devotedly she was teaching, talking to the girls like a mother! They were such nice girls. One was very beautiful, with eyes as blue as the sky, and "as large," as the Persians say, "as a bowl and as sweet as a rose." No one who has not lived here, can know how hard it is for an American or European lady to live alone as this heroic woman has been doing, denying herself even ordinary comfort, in order to show these loveless people Christ's love and beauty. No human being can live on such a plan, unless inspired by a love for the Master. As soon as Miss Jewett heard of my arrival, she came and offered to share her room with me. She was delighted to have some one to talk to in the English language.

A HIGH-BORN KURDISH CHIEF OF THE PERSIAN BORDER

The woman in whose house my servant stayed was a converted Moslem. That poor woman suffered for Christ's sake. Her friends and relatives have ostracized her; she is thought to be defiled, unfit and unworthy even to be greeted on the street with the usual "*salam aleikum*."

One day in Miandab, I was watching a patient, and as he was putting away his medicine, I noticed that he took out of his side pocket the four Gospels in the Turkish language.

"Agha Sayid Abas, where did you get that book?" I asked.

"Sayid . . . . gave it to me," he said. "And as soon as my eyes permit me, I will read it. My home is in Sain Kala, in the mountains. My father was the head of Ally-Allahs, and after his death, I, as his eldest son, took his place. Once a year we visit our people, instruct them, and gather whatever is due to us."

This young man is twenty-eight years old, and his people number many thousands and are scattered over many miles. Winter and summer he visits, instructs, and comforts them. What an evangelist he would make! We went to the village of the converted Sayid, who had given the Gospels to Abas.

Before sunrise next morning the yard was filled with sick people from round about villages. Poor things! Many of them may never get another chance of seeing a doctor in their life-time During the next forty hours I saw three hundred and fifty patients, mostly sufferers from eye diseases. Among them were Sayid Abas and his brother. He gave me, as fee, a beautiful pair of handmade socks. Sometimes patients bring me hens, domestic birds, nuts, grapes, eggs, handkerchiefs, and even lambs. These brothers—who are something like bishops and priests for the Ally-Allahs—were saying good-by before going to their mountain home. All the people went out and each kissed the hands of the departing ones, and they in turn were saying something which I suppose was a blessing. It seems that the Ally-Allahs, many centuries ago were Christians. After many of them being slaughtered, the rest externally adopted the Moslem faith, but did not mix in marriage with Mohammedans. They generally live in villages by themselves. It is said they walk upon live coals and do other wonderful things to increase their "sanctity." For many years they kept their Christianity, but at last ignorance crept in and moral darkness surrounded them. They were even afraid to invoke the name of Jesus, and they substituted the name of Ally-Allah instead of Issa Allah. Little by little they lost the mother-tongue in which their religious books were written. The Ally-Allahs like the Christians. A converted Sayid is teaching the boys of the village. A year ago, a woman patient from this village came to Maragha, where I live, and said to me: "There is a Sayid in our village who has become one of you" [a Christian]. "Has he been a worse man for it?" I asked. "No," she said, "he has become a very good man. He does not beat his wife, nor revile, nor swear, nor quarrel, nor fight as he used to do formerly, and he teaches our boys."

A KURDISH CHIEF, HIS CHILDREN AND RETAINERS

A YOUNG KURD, HIS WIFE, CHILD AND ATTENDANTS

IN A KURDISH WHITE SLAVE MART --- Continued

This converted Sayid's wife said to me rather sadly: "*Hakim, hanim* [lady, doctor], you are blessed that you are not married. My husband used to beat me until I became unconscious and my body was black and blue. He used to give me such black days [hard times]. But since he has become a *masihy* [Christian] he never beats me nor abuses me. I used to work in the fields from the time the snow left the earth to the time when the ground was covered with snow, my child tied up on my back, my loads tied on my neck. I used to work as hard as an ass, and in all this I could not please my owner [husband]. Since he has become a Christian, I never take any loads, neither go to work in the fields." Is not this a grand testimony for Christianity? This pair have a little son, whom the father calls *Iman Issa* [faith of Jesus].

My next visit was to Kurda Bazaar. After a great Kurdish raid, twenty-one years ago, the Kurds did not dare to come and trade in the Persian markets, so they agreed to go outside of Miandab, about two miles from the city, to this bazaar and do their trading there. Many nationalities gather there. I had been told that Kurds brought their girls here to be admired and to be sold, so I wanted to see it for myself. As we came near the multitude looked like a hill of ants. Kurdish horsemen cantered upon their silver caparisoned horses; and swords and arms glittered and sparkled in the sun!

Whenever I see a Jew, I feel at home. Of course there he was, with long, flowing clothes and black beard, sitting contentedly among his many-colored goods under his temporary shade. There were Kurdish men and women, who had brought sheep, cows, wool carpets, and, shall I say, girls, too? Yes, there were girls brought to be sold, or exchanged for almost anything, from a hat to a horse or a camel. The Kurdish and Armenian women were unveiled, and looked graceful and happy, and camped with the Mohammedan women. Kurds only sell their girls to Mohammedans. A few years ago, during one of the desperate famine times, a Kurd sold a little girl to an Armenian merchant, to be a servant to his wife. As soon as the Mohammedans heard about it, they sent word to the government, that "if the girl was not sent back immediately, they would attack and exterminate the Armenians," and asked, "Shall a seed of Mohammed be brought up and taught in the religion of Armany?" [Christian]. The mob dispersed when they were told that the girl was already with her parents.

Christians in Kurdistan sometimes barter their girls in marriage, but, unlike the Moslems, they never sell or exchange them. The girl is sold to a man for a wife, and he has no right to divorce, sell or exchange her, as is the Kurdish custom. In Persia, boys are more favored than girls, but it is just the opposite in Kurdistan. Once a Kurdish chief said to me, "I will pay you well if you cure my daughter's eye; you see, after a w years, I will get one thousand *tomans* for her." y male relative may sell or exchange a girl, or give he is a gift to any Mohammedan, and one who buys o e- ceives her as a gift may, if he pleases, marry her o x- change her for a horse, a cow, an ass, sheep, or a ca t, sword, gun, or a dagger; or he may even kill her, d no one has a right to say a word. Later on I will ll you of some of my conversations with the girls th n- selves. The price is according to a girl's station ir fe and her personal appearance. Among the rich, a n may exact as much as two or three thousand *tomans* for his daughter, sister, or any female relative.

During my stay in the Kurda Bazaar I begged y friends not to tell any one that I was a physi n. Unfortunately, some recognized me and told others d in five minutes almost everybody knew me. Soon t re were a few hundreds of extended arms, and man of those near me opened their mouths to have me lo at their tongues. Each was trying to push nearer. I as on horseback. I told them I had no instrumen or medicines with me, and they looked greatly d p- pointed.

Poor, Shepherdless people! The sound of ir swearing, reviling and fighting with each other and th the poor dumb beasts, were still in my ears long er I had left the camp.

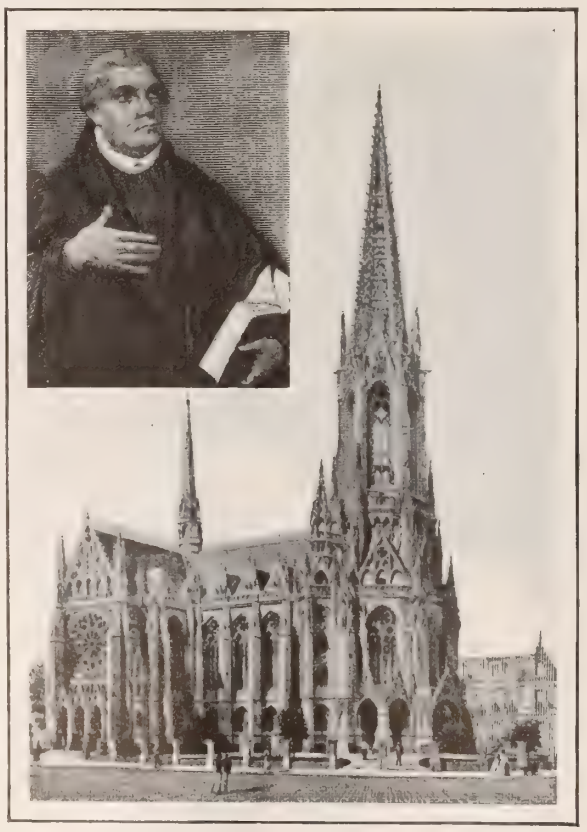
The Luther Memorial

MANY letters have been received expressing warm interest in the tribute America is privileged to pay Luther in giving the statue of the great Reformer, which will occupy the place of honor between the portals of the noble Memorial Hall of the magnificent Cathedral nearing completion at Speyer-on-the-Rhine. As was explained in our Easter issue, the Cathedral is the monument which the Protestant world is building to the founder of Protestantism. What Luther did was for the whole world, and meet indeed it is that the whole world have part in the beautiful temple, soon to lift its graceful spires upon the spot where, nearly four hundred years ago, the Diet convened by the Emperor Charles V. to crush the Reform failed of its purpose, while the truth stood fast.

The German Emperor and Empress have given five windows to the Cathedral; nearly every Protestant prince of Europe has donated some rich and handsome offering; humble workers have claimed the right to add their mites to the Memorial Fund; and so the rich and the poor, the high and the lowly have vied with one another in making the beautiful temple a fitting expression of the world's regard for the great soul who stood forth the fearless pleader for man's right to his Bible and his conscience, when such a course meant throwing down the gauntlet to popes and kings.

Our picture shows the church as it will appear when finished. It was begun five years ago. The body of the building is complete, and the roof is now going on. Speyer is ten miles west of Heidelberg, on the left bank of the Rhine; the population is 20,000, and it is the seat of government of the Province of Rhenish-Bavaria, and has many institutions of learning. Once it was called the Free Imperial City, and numbered 50,000 inhabitants. In 1689, it was entirely destroyed by order of Louis XIV.

The Luther Statue Association of this country, acting under authority of the Protestant Memorial Committee of Speyer, is making good progress in its work of raising funds for the statue. Not only the



MARTIN LUTHER - THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT SPEYER

Lutherans, but every Protestant denomination in country seeks representation in our national monial. In order that all who wish may share this paper suggests that contributors should each **one dollar, and no more.** To every contribut one dollar there will be sent by the Associat handsome engraving, 12½ x 16½ inches, after S enberg's famous painting. Accompanying the venir will be a personal letter of thanks from Charles A. Schieren, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn Treasurer of the Luther Statue Association. Association consists of a number of prominent A cans, with Mr. A. J. D. Wedemeyer as Presi Gifts should be sent to the Luther Statue Fund, CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

The following extracts from a few of the man ters regarding the Memorial Statue, show the fe that breathes for the Reformer in this great free hardly more than discovered when Luther mad glorious, successful fight for religious liberty.

K. J., Morris Plains, N. J. Thank God that he ga a Luther!—C. M. B., Brooklyn. I have just this m looked over your beautiful Easter issue, and I gladl cheerfully enclose $1 for the Luther Statue Fund. thankful for the privilege of taking part in this trib G. E. H., Peekskill, N. Y., $1. I hope you will get contributions for this. Every Protestant owes som to Luther. None is more worthy to be honored by cans than he. I often praise God for the work and Martin Luther.

These contributions have been received:

C. M. Brower	1 00	N. C. Emerson	1 00
Katie Bitzel	1 00	J. V. Groendyke	1 00
Miss Bessie A. Fife	1 00	Mrs. Sanford Groendyk	1 00
Miss J. W. Schade	1 00	John Little	1 00
B. H. Stinemetz	1 00	Miss P. De Waele	1 00
Mrs. J. A. Brown	1 00	Hannah Schlicher	1 00
J. H. Mock	1 00	Sarah M. Yost	1 00
G. E. Holmberg	1 00	Julia R. Sherry	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Dudley	1 00	J. B. Myers	1 00
Melissa P. Benedict	1 00	H. Geissler	1 00
J. Palmer	1 00	Mrs. C. Bell	1 00
R. Palmer	1 00	Mrs. F. K. Arnold	1 00
Miss A. M. Dikeman	1 00	Miss Julia Ann Alvord	1 00

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL CAMPAIGN

HUNDREDS CONFESS CHRIST AT DAYTON, OHIO.

DAYTON, Ohio, was the scene, recently, of a remarkable revival. Many of the Churches had planned for an aggressive evangelistic campaign to open the new year and the new century, one being the Central Church of Christ. This is a church of about 600 members, that has kept up the evangelistic spirit continuously, and had received about a hundred additions during the previous year, all at regluar services.

REV. I. J. CAHILL

For months, the preparation had been going on for the expected campaign. Evangelist Allen Wilson, of Cincinnati, was called to lead in the campaign. People were stirred to a deep interest in Bible study, and came nightly, with open Bibles, to learn more of the Way. Christian people of all denominations came from all over the city to these meetings. The total number added to the Church was 493. The Sunday School was doubled, and the attendance at the mid-week prayer meeting nearly quadrupled. Mr. Wilson's methods differ from those of most evangelists, yet there was no attempt at sensationalism. He calls on the people for an open and verbal confession of Christ. A remarkable feature of this meeting was that almost every one of his converts came into full fellowship with the Church and entered into its work. He did not omit to urge upon them the duty of immediate baptism, of regular observance of the Communion, and of giving of money. Associated with him in his work was Prof. Frank C. Huston, of Indianapolis, Ind., who had charge of the music, and made it contribute to the power of the meeting.

PROF. F. C. HUSTON

The pastor of the church is Rev. I. J. Cahill, who was educated in Hiram College and the University of Chicago. Mr. Cahill has been with the Church four years, and has brought them from a feeble band, struggling under a crushing burden of debt, into a condition of spiritual unity and vigor that has made possible the magnificent results attained in these meetings. The Church now becomes one of the largest congregations in Dayton, and a strong power for righteousness. In the four weeks since the revival, there have been fourteen additions. It seems the revival was a real awakening.

EVANGELIST ALLEN WILSON

That Chicago "Wager" Explained

BY REV. SETH C. REES

IN a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD commented upon the reported offer of $1,000, made by Rev. D. M. Farson, the Chicago banker-preacher, in connection with the revival work in that city. It will be remembered that the press of the Western city at the time took occasion to characterize Mr. Farson's offer as a wager, and it certainly bore that appearance. To-day, in accordance with our usual custom of hearing both sides in a controversy, we give space to a communication from the Rev. Seth C. Rees, who has been in charge of the Convention before which Mr. Farson's offer was made. Mr. Rees refers to the article in this journal on "That Chicago Wager," and says:

REV. DUKE M. FARSON

"My acquaintance with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD dates back to 1882, and most of that time I have been a reader of its pages. My appreciation of it as a family religious newspaper has been such that I have ten bound volumes in my library. I have never known of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD taking sides against any great religious awakening. It is said by the citizens of Chicago, that this city has not witnessed such an awakening since the great Moody revival many years ago, as has come to it as a result of the so-called "wager." About sixteen hundred souls have knelt at our altars and cried to God for pardon, or for a clean heart, since the Convention opened on March 1. This is the twenty-ninth day of the meeting (March 29), and the multitudes are still coming.

"Rev. D. M. Farson, the banker-preacher, is pastor of the Metropolitan Church. The large and most thrifty congregation was gathered by his own labors, and the beautiful church, accommodating twelve hundred people, was built at his own expense. Mr. Farson said, in a public meeting, in the presence of a large number of ministers, that any Church in Chicago could have a revival and have souls saved, if its people would turn away from their worldliness and receive the Holy Ghost. He further stated that any Spirit-filled minister could have a revival in his church. Then said the banker: "I challenge the ministers and Churches of this city, if you want a revival, you can have it. God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. If any church will throw open its doors and allow the evangelist, whom I will send, right of way for two weeks, if there is not a revival, I will pay five hundred dollars towards the pastor's salary." When asked by a reporter if he meant it, he said, "Yes, I will double it and make it one thousand dollars." The Sheffield Avenue M. E. Church accepted the offer. Sensational newspapers took it up and published it to the world as a "wager," but nothing of the kind was intended. It was only a conditional subscription to the pastor's salary. Having been in charge of the Convention from its opening, I am prepared to speak intelligently. If the conditional subscription had savored of a "wager," certainly God would not have poured out his Spirit upon the work as he has, and is still doing.

Since you say that "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will note with interest the result of this strange Chicago proceeding, and will report the same to its readers," and believing that you would rather publish truth than error, I gladly give you a few facts concerning the matter. Among those who have been saved are representative men and women from all classes and stations in life, under the searchlight of the Holy Spirit. A number of preachers made the discovery that they had never been regenerated, and others that they had backslidden in heart. Among the sixteen hundred who have sought God, there have been preachers and saloon-keepers, missionaries and thieves, church members and tramps, Sunday School superintendents and gamblers, policemen and Salvation Army officers, business men and thugs, and bums and soaks, women from high life and from the haunts of vice. A number of thieves made restitution. Now, we submit that a revival which will make good men out of bad ones, cause men to pay debts which are outlawed, make crooked things straight and wrong things right, and make people live upright, downright, outright, all-right lives ought to cause great joy among God's people, and should have the sympathy and sanction of all men of God, regardless of denominational lines. To God be all the glory!

For a Summer Gospel Campaign

BY REV. JAMES B. ELY
Sec'y Evangelistic Committee, Phila.

A FEW years ago, the summer season was thought to be the most unfavorable time in the year for special efforts to reach the unsaved with the Gospel. Of recent years, however, the summer work conducted in some of our cities has proven conclusively that it is possible to do good and effective work. That work is not so dependent upon the season as upon the earnestness and wisdom of those who undertake it. In some places preparatory organizations are already being formed for conducting summer campaigns. In places where no such work has yet been attempted, it is the purpose of this article to call attention to the character of the work, and to ask that the ministers and Christian leaders should consider some of the reasons why it should be undertaken.

REV. JAMES B. ELY

First—Is it right for any Church or body of Christian people organized for the advancement of our Master's kingdom, to lay down their weapons of warfare at any season of the year? Apparently, the Devil never thinks of taking a vacation, and we cannot know how much harm he does the cause of Christ during the summer months. It is possible that the reason our winter work is not more largely blessed than it is along every line, is because so much of our time is spent in recovering our lost ground during the vacation months. We do not mean by this that Christian workers should not take a vacation, but rather, that the work should be so planned and organized, and that provision should be made that during the vacation period work could be continued. Merely to keep the churches open and continue the regular services will not, in most cases, meet the need. The summer season provides an opportunity to do something outside of the ordinary lines that will supplement the regular church work in reaching the unsaved.

Second—Many whom the Church desires to reach are more accessible during the summer season than at any other period of the year. While it may be difficult to get them to attend church services, nevertheless it is not difficult to take the Gospel to them. With a little music to attract, in five minutes a crowd as large as the human voice can address may be collected.

Third—There are fewer obstacles in the way of aggressive evangelistic work in the summer than at any other season.

Fourth—It is practically the only season with conditions that are so favorable for the workers of our church. Formality and stiffness can easily be abandoned. There is a great blessing for the Christian people who will engage in the refreshing experience of summer evangelistic work. To leave for a time the cushioned pew, and to go out and labor with souls, either in a tent, or in the open air, or on a Gospel wagon, provides an experience to Christian workers which is stimulating to their own lives, and enables them to bring the Gospel to the hearts and minds of the unchurched. Judging from personal experience and observation, I believe it is possible for a man seeking to preach the Gospel to the largest number of people in a given time, to address ten unchurched and non-Christian people, either in a tent, open air, or on a Gospel wagon during the summer, where the sound of his voice in the winter season would probably reach only the ears of one.

Lastly—If this country is ever to be evangelized, we must not suspend our operations during the summer, but rather organize and plan for even more aggressive work than is done in winter. If we do not take advantage of these favorable conditions to preach the Gospel to the unsaved when they are so accessible, we have reason to doubt if we will ever better their condition or even begin to fulfil our Lord's commission to his Church. The example and lives of such men as George Whitefield, John Welsh, John Livingstone, John Huss, the Wesleys, Wyckliffe, Ezra, Paul, and our Lord Jesus Christ—all of whom were open-air Gospel preachers and teachers—should inspire us to every effort.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Sunshine of Religion

TEXT, Prov. 3: 17:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness

YOU have all heard of God's only begotten son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But what is religion?

An aged Christian minister said: "When I was a young man, I knew everything; when I got to be thirty-five years of age in my creed, I had only a hundred doctrines of religion; when I got to be forty years of age, I had only fifty doctrines of religion; when I got to be sixty years of age, I had only ten doctrines of religion; and now I am dying at seventy-five years of age, and there is only one thing I know, and that is that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And so I have noticed in the study of God's Word, and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world, that it is necessary for me to drop this part of my belief and that part of my belief as being non-essential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that man is a sinner, and Christ is his Almighty and Divine Saviour.

Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that in the first place, and dominant above all others, is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion, and to close the shutters, and to pull down the blinds, that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell, I mean to ring it.

Gives Supernatural Vivacity

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before the fairest and the brightest and the most radiant being of all the universe comes in. God's Son has left our world, but God's daughter is here. Give her room! Hail! Princess of Heaven! Hail! daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Come in and make this house thy throne-room.

In setting forth this idea, the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my soul. A mother saw her little child seated on the floor in the sunshine, and with a spoon in her hand. She said: "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I am getting a spoonful of this sunshine." Would God that to-day I might present you with a gleaming chalice of this glorious, everlasting Gospel sunshine!

First of all, I find a great deal of sunshine in Christian society. I do not know of anything more doleful than the companionship of the mere fun-makers of the world—the Thomas Hoods, the Charles Lambs, the Charles Mathews of the world—the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography, or biography, you will find that down in their soul there was a terrific disquietude. Laughter is no sign of happiness. The maniac laughs. The hyena laughs. The loon among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard, dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are cross the next day. They snap at you on Exchange, or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society, for the reason it was so dull, so inane, and so stupid. My nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their mode of repartee better, I like their style of amusement better. They live longer. Christian people, I sometimes notice, live on, when by all natural law, they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have been dead ten years. Every day of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology; but they had this supernatural vivacity of the Gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive.

O young man! come from the country to spend your days in city life, where are you going to spend your evenings? Let me tell you, while there are many places of innocent worldly amusement, it is most wise for you to throw your body, mind, and soul into Christian society. Come to me at the close of five years and tell me what has been the result of this advice. Bring with you the young man who refused to take the advice, and who went into sinful amusement. He will come dissipated, shabby in apparel, indisposed to look anyone in the eyes, moral character eighty-five per cent. off. You will come with principle settled, countenance frank, habits good, soul saved, and all the inhabitants of heaven, from the lowest angel up to the archangel and clear past him to the Lord God Almighty, your coadjutors.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self-denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self-denial the man of the world has a thousand self-denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping. But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ. He denies himself pardon for sin; he denies himself peace of conscience; he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost; he denies himself a comfortable death pillow; he denies himself the glories of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self-denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Solves Life's Problems

Again: I find a great deal of religious sunshine in Christian and divine explanation. To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. There is an industrious and consecrated woman a complete invalid. Explain that. There is a bad man with thirty thousand dollars of income. There is a good man with eight hundred dollars of income. Why is that? There is a foe of society who lives on, doing all the damage he can, to seventy-five years of age; and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at thirty-five years of age taken away by death, his family left helpless. Explain that. Oh! there is no sentence that oftener drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it. I cannot understand it."

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a business man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he lost his fortune there were twenty carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger. Now, while the world goes away from a man while he is in financial distress, the religion of Christ comes to him and says, "You are sick, and your sickness is to be moral purification; you are bereaved: God wanted in some way to take your family to heaven, and he must begin somewhere, and so he took the one that was most beautiful and was most ready to go." I do not say that religion explains everything in this life, but I do say it lays down certain principles which are grandly consolatory. You know business men often telegraph in cipher. The merchant in San Francisco telegraphs to the merchant in New York certain information in cipher which no other man in that line of business can understand; but the merchant in San Francisco has the key to the cipher, and the merchant in New York has the key to the cipher, and on that information transmitted there are enterprises involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. Now the providences of life sometimes seem to be a senseless rigmarole, a mysterious cipher; but

God has a Key to that Cipher

and the Christian a key to that cipher, and though he may hardly be able to spell out the meaning, he gets enough of the meaning to understand that it is for the best. Now is there not sunshine in that? Is there not pleasure in that? Far beyond laughter, it is nearer the fountain of tears than boisterous demonstration. Have you never cried for joy? There are tears which are eternal rapture in distillation.

There are hundreds of people who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their soul. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What! is that child gone forever? Are you never to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a maniac? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul, it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand.

Oh! the sunshine! the sunshine of Christian explanation. Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh, no! The services read at the grave? Oh, no! The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God. Sunshine, glorious sunshine. Resurrection sunshine.

Again: I find a great deal of the sunshine of this Bible and of our religion in the climacteric joys that are to come. A man who gets up and goes out fro a concert right after the opening voluntary has n played, and before the prima donna sings, or be re the orchestra begins, has a better idea of that co rt than that man has who supposes that the chief joy of religion are in this world. We here have only the st note of the eternal orchestra.

The Joys of Eternity

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour o e whole earth, going around as others have gone; bu u have not the time, you have not the means. You ill make the tour yet, during one musical pause in e eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfo of those people who are abridged in their opportuniti — those people to whom life is humdrum, who toil id work, and toil and work, and aspire after knowle e. but have no time to get it, and say, "If I had the op r- tunities which other people have, how I would fil ny mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not dis ur- aged, my friends. You are going to the university t. Death will only matriculate you into the royal co ge of the universe.

What a sublime thing it was that Dr. Thornwe of South Carolina, uttered in his last dying moments! As he looked up he said, "It opens; it expands, it expa ." Or as Mr. Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages in his last moment, or during his last hours, looked up id said, as though he saw something supernatural, "Lig " and then as he came on nearer the dying moment is countenance more luminous, he cried, "Light!" ar at the very moment of his departure lifted both ha ls, something supernatural in his countenance as he c d. "Light!" Only another name for sunshine.

Besides that, we shall have all the pleasures of o- ciation. We will go right up in the front of God h- out any fright. All our sins gone, there will be not g to be frightened about. There our old Christian fri ds will troop around us. Just as now one of your k friends goes away to Florida, the land of flowers, to the South of France, and you do not see him for a g while, and after awhile you meet him, and the hol ws under the eyes are all filled, and the appetite has ne back, and the crutch has been thrown away, and he so changed you hardly know him; you say, "Why, I r er saw you look so well." He says, "I couldn't help ut be well. I have been sailing these rivers and clim g these mountains, and that's how I got this elasticit I never was so well." O my friends!

Your Departed Loved Ones

are only away for their health in a better climate nd when you meet them, they will be so changed pu will hardly know them; they will be so very ch changed, and after a while, when you are assured that ey are your friends, your departed friends, you will y: "Why, where is that cough? Where is that paral s? Where is that pneumonia? Where is that consumpti ?" And he will say: "Oh! I am entirely well; there a no sick ones in this country; I have been ranging se hills, and hence this elasticity. I have been here ow twenty years, and not one sick one have I seen—w re all well in this climate."

And then I stand at the gate of the celestial ci to see the processions come out, and I see a long proce on of little children with their arms full of flowers, and en I see a procession of kings and priests moving in c es- tial pageantry—a long procession, but no black-tas ed vehicle; no mourning group; and I say: "How str ge it is!" Where is your Greenwood? Where is ur Laurel Hill? Where is your Westminster Abb ?" And they shall cry: "There are no graves here." nd then listen for the tolling of the old belfries of hea n, the old belfries of eternity. I listen to hear them ll for the dead, but they toll not for the dead; they ly strike up a silvery chime, tower to tower, east ga to west gate, as they ring out: "They shall hunger no r re, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun ligh on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the r st of the throne shall lead them to living fountain of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their e s."

O my friends! It would take a sermon as lo as eternity to tell the joys that are coming to us. I ju set open the sunshiny door. Come in, all ye disciple of the world who have found the world a mockery. Co ne in, all ye disciples of the dance, and see the bour ng feet of this heavenly gladness. Come in, ye disci es of worldly amusement, and see the stage where lig gs are the actors, and burning words the footlights nd thrones the spectacular. Arise, ye dead in sin, for his is the morning of resurrection. The joys of he en submerge our soul. I pull out the trumpet stop. In hy presence there is a fullness of joy; at thy right h d. there are pleasures forevermore.

Jesus Appears to the Apostles

International S. S. Lesson for April 28. John 20: 19-29

SEEN AND UNSEEN PROOFS OF CHRISTIANITY

GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed" John 20: 29

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

WHICH is the noblest of the national salutations? Our "How do you do?" and "Good-morning" and "Farewell" suggest that health and weather and creature comforts are supreme concerns of life. Our "Good-by," meaning God be with you, tells of a deeper sentiment in Anglo-Saxon life. The German's "Lebe wohl," live well, is our farewell over again; but "Gruess Gott," God greet you, sounds the higher note of the Reformation's Fatherland. The Greek salutes you with the word *Chaire*, rejoice, a better greeting surely than one that wishes health, or weather, or eating to the front. But the noblest, the most Christian of all national greetings is that of the Hebrew's "Salaam," Peace be unto you. Christ used it, not as a form, but a prayer, when he met his apostles for the first time on Easter evening. But doubts in all his apostles who were present—the absent Thomas was not the only doubter—shut out the "peace" for which he prayed. "They were terrified and affrighted" (Luke 24: 37), thinking what they saw and heard was the ghost of their crucified Master. "And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and wherefore do questionings arise in your heart? See my hands and my feet." But even seeing was not believing, and they "still disbelieved for joy," thinking it too good to be true. They were not fully persuaded until he had expounded to them, as to those on the road to Emmaus, in all the Old Testament Scriptures, the prophecies he was fulfilling. It was not alone because of what they saw with their eyes, but yet more because he "opened their mind that they might understand the Scriptures," that their doubts were cured.

Thomas Not the Only Doubter

Wherefore do questionings arise in your heart?" said Jesus, and although the word "heart," as used in the New Testament, stands not for the sensibilities alone, but for the whole intelligible man, mind and heart, it is profoundly true that the heart, as we use the word, has far more to do with doubt than the brain. Faith dies sooner of heart-failure "than of brain fever." "He that loveth not knoweth not God." Cromwell gave every soldier in his army a Bible, to be carried in a pocket made especially for it in the waistcoat, over the heart. It was his shield against physical and moral perils alike. The man who hides God's Word in his heart, not in his memory only, but in his affections, is not only kept from sin, but usually from doubt, as well. And if he loves both God and man intensely he is likely to be too busy in serving both to be sceptical.

. . .

Then the disciples, therefore, were glad. Sorrow is born of doubt. And in the case of these apostles, our troubles are mostly due to groundless fears. Faith casts out fear and lets in joy. If we really believe Christ lives and loves and reigns, how can we sorrow about anything except our own sin against his law of love! "Be not afraid; only believe."

Sorrows are Really Doubts

. . .

Receive ye the Holy Spirit; whosesoever sins ye forgive they are forgiven. In the light of other Scriptures this cannot mean that the apostles had power to absolve men from sin. It does mean at least that whether those about us are to be saved or lost, depends very much on whether our lives are Spirit-filled. This Easter gift of the Spirit was but an earnest, or foretaste of the fuller gift that was to be bestowed at Pentecost. Who can doubt that it would have made a difference in the population of heaven if Peter had followed Judas in doting his heart to money instead of opening it to the Holy Spirit? "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Hell or heaven for others, as well as for ourselves, hangs on our acceptance or rejection of the Holy Spirit. That gives profound emphasis to the statement of Daniel Webster, quoted before in these lessons, that the greatest thought that ever passed through his mind was of his individual responsibility to God. Inconsistency makes more infidels than the advocates of atheism. That other lives sink or fall with ours is not an arbitrary ruling for the spiritual realm alone, but a law of the universe. It applies to the bodies of others as well as their souls. Whether a trainload of people are carried safely to the journey's end, or crushed in a wreck instead, depends on the fidelity of a switchman or engineer. The sins of fathers in heredity afflict their children to the third generation. A converted infidel in Ohio burned his books, but he could not cancel the influence that had previously gone from these books and from his own words, like winged seeds of evil, to blight other lives with doubts, and the sins they prompt and promote.

Humanity's Fate Depends on Spirit-filled Men

. . .

But Thomas Didymus was not with them when Jesus came. Thomas, the Twin! What of his brother? Why was this not another brace of brothers in the apostolate, like Peter and Andrew, James and John? We cannot tell whether death or rejection of Christ explains the absence of the twin brother. But we ought to search our own hearts to know why our own brothers are not following Christ with us. Thomas' absence from that Easter vesper service, was very probably due to doubts that had deepened to despair at the Cross. The very time when we ought not to miss a meeting, is when we are in doubt or despondency. Fellowship with Christ and Christians is the best cure. When Thomas was told by his fellows that had seen the Lord, though he had learned to trust their words, he was as sceptical as the materialist of to-day. He would "believe nothing he could not see." It was not willful disbelief, but honest unbelief. It was of the brain, not of the heart or will. Hear him when Christ insisted on going to Jerusalem at the peril of his life: "Let us also go that we may die with him" (John 11: 16). No doubt, Christ chose Thomas as an apostle because he was so critical of evidence, that his cause might be the stronger for such a witness. No one could say Thomas would be easily deceived. Christ gave only tender consideration—never condemnation—to honest doubt. Pity and help are more fitting. Matthew Arnold was very critical of religion, but one Sunday he heard a sacramental address from Rev. John Watson, better known as Ian Maclaren, which was followed by the hymn:

What Thomas Lost by Missing a Meeting

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died.

In the morning, as he came from his bedroom to lunch, the servant heard him softly repeat the first lines of the hymn, and at the table he said to those about him that it was the finest hymn in the English language. Ten minutes afterwards, the great critic was dead. But that remark had shown the doubter to be a "doubting Thomas," with his face toward the Cross.

. . .

See my hands. It was again Lord's Day evening, and Thomas did not miss the meeting this time. Christ came with the message of "Peace" to all, and especially to the doubter. "Reach hither thy finger." He did not wait for touch. The word of Christ that answered the innermost need of his heart was enough. God who made the reason is willing to give it fullest evidence, visible and invisible. All Christ had of visible proof then was himself. But to-day how numberless are the visible proofs that Christ was no impostor, no mere man, but the Almighty Saviour and King of the world. In the most advanced countries, one may see "the print of the nails" to-day in churches, hospitals, colleges, pictures, books, music—the grandest sights of the world. Last year Christianity gave a billion dollars for the love of God and man. Every week doubt has visible proof of the real power of Christianity when the coming of the Lord's Day halts the machinery and merchandising and amusements in the foremost countries of the civilized world. Thomas had but two Easters for proof. We have centuries of celebrations of the Resurrection by a weekly pause in the selfish pursuits of men. And back of that is the natural world itself, a great machinery hall, that proves the Creator's mind like ours. Science declares mind in nature; the Bible declares that mind to be the mind of Christ, who made the world as well as redeemed it (John 1: 3; Heb. 1: 2; Col. 1: 16). Henry Ward Beecher and Col. Robert Ingersoll were always great friends. Mr. Beecher had a celestial globe in his study, a present from some manufacturer. On it was an excellent representation of the constellations and stars which compose them. Ingersoll was delighted with the globe. He examined it closely, and turned it round and round. "It's just what I wanted," he said; "who made it?" "Who made it?" repeated Beecher; "who made this globe? Oh, nobody, Colonel; it just happened!" That he can redeem men is proved to-day in bodies scarred with sin that have been made new by "the power of his resurrection," which changes the character and so the very flesh, until the lecherous, bloated face shines with solar light of unselfish spirituality. "Christianity has changed every cell in my body in a year," said a reformed man in one of our churches. And he looked it, out of his clear eyes and spiritual face. In a Pennsylvania city, the manager of a theatre so low that only men and boys attended it, roused by his own conscience and his Christian wife's reproaches, broke down utterly in penitence when an evangelist came to town and added another faithful blow. A year later the reformer returned, and the brightest face in his audience was that of this quondam "cancer-planter," who had become a spiritual evangelist, his whole body transfigured by the new life. Such are the scars that prove a risen, living Christ to-day.

"THEN SAITH HE TO THOMAS, REACH HITHER THY HAND AND THRUST IT INTO MY SIDE"

. . .

My Lord and my God. "The life of Christianity," said Luther, "is in its possessive pronouns." This exclamation of Thomas is the strongest confession of faith in all the Gospels. The doubt that insists on reasonable proof is the rock foundation of strongest faith. Thomas alone says to Christ, "My God." We have stronger grounds for full assurance, for Christ and the Bible have stood the test of centuries.

How Reason Leads to Faith

"How many anvils have you had?" said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

There is scarcely a conceivable issue of doubt that has not been fought out. Dr. L. T. Townsend, in an article on this subject, entitled significantly, "Cannonading the Alps," speaks of one of the revived forms of scepticism as "an extinct volcano in which some men are now trying to build a fire." Before our eyes is a threefold present miracle: the matchless words and life and influence of Christ—enough if there were no other proofs to make us exclaim, without a doubt, "My Lord and my God!"

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest form. Personal checks on banks outside of the U. S. Canada, and Mexico should be avoided. Register cash letters.

Foreign Postage. For each copy to countries outside of the U. S. Canada, and Mexico, add the following amounts:

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

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American Diplomacy Triumphant

OUR diplomatic action in China becomes almost daily an increasing reason for national gratification. Throughout the complicated negotiations, the Washington Government has set an example to all the other Powers, of magnanimity and fair dealing toward the prostrate nation. While the other Powers have been jealously watching one another, mainly concerned, not for the welfare of China, but to see that no Power obtains an advantage over the others, the United States alone have manifested a disinterested desire for the rehabilitation of the distracted empire. We have reason to be thankful, that in taking part in the disputes of the Old World, the great nation of the New World has taken an attitude in accord with the principles of Christianity. We believe that America has risen immeasurably in the esteem of God-fearing men the world over, by its dignified and courageous championship of right and justice.

A conspicuous triumph of this course, is seen in the frank explanation Russia has now issued of its presence in Manchuria. That huge territory, lying on the borders of the Russian provinces, was a prize that evidently excited Russia's cupidity. She took forcible possession of it, and tried to force China to give her legal possession. Our Government, however, protested and encouraged China to refuse. Other Powers followed the American example, and finally China, thus supported took courage, and boldly declared she would not sign the treaty alienating so large a part of her empire. Russia threatened and coaxed, but China, relying on the support of her friends, stood firm. Even with Russia, the public opinion of the world counts for something, and now a dispatch has been sent to the Washington Government, in which Russia solemnly pledges herself to withdraw from Manchuria as soon as law and order are established in that province. That is all that this country demands, and it is evidently disposed to accept the pledge in good faith. Our Government is therefore entitled, whatever the issue may be, to congratulation in having taken the lead in resisting an act of spoliation and compelling the offender to disclaim any evil intent.

Caught with Guile

AGUINALDO has been caught at last. Reported as dead, and all interest in the insurgent leader lessened, his capture came finally as a great surprise to the country. Few, if any, had the slightest hopes of his arrest, unless he fell into the hands of the United States troops in regular combat. He was believed, by many, to be dead, but far more regarded him as alive and the backbone of the rebellion. He was undoubtedly the brain power and skilled executive of the insurgent forces. From his mountain retreat he had directed the forces of the rebels and perpetuated the hopeless struggle against the troops of the regular army. It was his last resistance.

Beyond a doubt, Gen. Fred Funston's love of adventure and desire to serve his country led him to undertake the enterprise to the north of Luzon to capture Aguinaldo. Never lacking in courage, and built for a rough and strenuous life, ever forceful and enthusiastic, this last effort was crowned with success by elaborate fabrication, mendacity, forged papers, and disguised as a compatriot of Aguinaldo. The Filipino general and President was "caught with guile" and sublime art of duplicity, and is now in Manila a prisoner of war. What will be done with the strong-nerved, aggressive, and brainy Aguinaldo by General MacArthur is yet to be seen, but meantime the leader of the insurgents is impressed by the courteous and generous treatment he has received at the hands of his captors! Now it is supposed the backbone of the rebellion is broken, and over the entire island of Luzon will float the stars and stripes! He was caught with guile and brought in a captive by subtle intrigue and cunning! But there is a guile commended in the great Book. In it are no mendacity or fabrication. Paul said to the Corinthians, "Being crafty, I caught you with guile." He repudiates anything like acting out a falsehood, or using his apostolic position to make any personal gains. Archdeacon Farrar says: "Being a man confessedly who strove for peace and unity, he endeavored to meet all men half way, and was ready to be all things to all men if by any means he might win some; he had more than once been compelled to vindicate his character from those charges of insincerity, dishonesty, craftiness, man pleasing and flattery; summed up in these charges that his motives were low, unspiritual and selfish." Paul was a thoroughly genuine straightforward man. It is inadmissible that he did evil so that good might come. He did not qualify the truth, claims, and duties of the Gospel. He practiced none of the guileful principles so mercilessly exposed by Pascal.

But quick-wittedness and skillful seizing of opportunities were regarded by Paul as guile in a good sense, and utilized by him. Adaptation is the most genuine guile in all Christian work. Thousands of souls are uncaught for Christ from sheer lack of adaptation on the part of men set to win them, and Churches whose avowed aim is to draw men to the Saviour. The various devices of modern revivalism employed to capture the masses, while not morally wrong, are not likely to prove in the end the wisest adaptation. The Gospel needs no such advertising. The guile needed is to study men, their proper times of being approached, their temperaments, their seasons of trouble, when they seem most impressed with the truth, and when they are most accessible! The guile is in laying the net properly, so as to ensnare the bird. Our "yea" had better be simple "yea," and we had better come in with the guile of love, and tell men of the life there is in Jesus Christ our loving Saviour, and our only guile be wise adaptation.

Seated the other day in a great revival meeting. I heard this closing appeal made: "Now, when all heads are bowed and no one looking upon you, who will lift his hand for prayers?" It was an appeal to cowardice, and not to manly action. It was meant to win by guile, but it failed, for nearly all could see how and why such a net was spread in sight of the bird. It was regarded as an unmanly action, and more than one young man was heard to criticize the weakness of the leader's scheme. If God's spirit be in the appeal made, and properly presented, the only guile needed is a wise adaptation to win men to stand up for Christ!

Children Joining Church

WHEN the little ones come before you and apply for church membership, do not puzzle them with big words and expect large "experiences." It is now in the Church as when the disciples of old told the mothers not to bother Christ with their babes. As in some households, the grown people eat first, and the children have to wait till the second table, so there are persons who talk as though God would have grown people first sit down at his banquet, and if there is anything over, the little ones may come in for a share.

No, no! If the supply at the Lord's table were limited, he would let the children come in first and the older ones go without, as a punishment for not having come in while they themselves were children. If the wind is from the northeast, and the air is full of frost and snow, and part of the flock must be left out on the mountains, let it be the old sheep, for they can stand it better than the lambs.

O! Shepherd of Israel, crowd them all in before the coming of the tempest!

Hurried Devotions

FAMILY prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with "Amen" for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time, and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read, for the morning lesson, a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire, or prophecy about the horses, black and red and spec unless you explain why they were speckled. For all good your children get from such reading you migh well have read a Chinese almanac. Rather give story of Jesus, and the children climbing into his or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the se of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby.

Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so esting that little Johnny will stop playing with his strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fu wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed, and made small words, and no wise information to the Lord things he knows without your telling him. Let children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn, i of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appr iate and gladly solemn.

The Heathen at Home

ALL the heathen are not abroad. In our own favored land," in the populous cities, and ev our own doors, there are multitudes who, th they have doubtless had an abundance of oppo ties for hearing the Gospel, take no more th of religion or of the life to come than do the religious masses of any foreign country. It is timated that, in a total population of over 3,000,0 New York and Brooklyn, 1,370,000 are non-religio the sense that they are attached to no church or de ination, attend no services, and are totally indiff as far, at least, as can be judged from all out indications, to the things of eternity. It is doul equally and proportionately true of Chicago, St. L and many other large cities, that a very conside part of the population have no creed, churc religious classification.

How are these multitudes to be reached and influe by the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Can the Chu uniting with the various evangelical agencies, city sions, etc., hope to make the effort successfully? should the work be organized and how condu That it is a work not to be ignored or slighted w generally conceded; but the methods to be adopt a campaign of such dimensions certainly constit serious problem. In another part of this numb THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a most timely and su ive contribution from the pen of Rev. James B. Ely has been prominently identified with summer angelistic campaigns in Philadelphia for several years He invites the widest co-operation in a programm reaching the churchless masses in our cities durir coming summer. As he writes from personal exper we strongly commend his suggestions to pastors, tian workers and readers generally, and we w pleased to hear from those who are sufficiently inte in the plan to write us on the subject, hoping that a discussion may have profitable spiritual results.

Are Revivals Good?

WHEN a candidate for admission comes b Session in revival times, we ask him only or eight questions, but when he comes during a state of religion, we ask him twenty questions, an the elders to ask him as many more. In other w we have more faith in conversions under speci religious influence than under ordinary.

The best luck we ever had in fishing was wh dropped the net in the bay, and brought up at on twenty bluefish, with only three or four moss-bu and the poorest luck we ever had was when, after sta two hours in the soggy meadow, with one hook on th we felt we had a bite, and began to pull, more and persuaded of the great size of the captive, until we to the shore a snapping-turtle. As a Gospel fishe we would rather run the risk of a large haul tha solitary angling—we can soon sort out and throw board the few moss-bunkers.

Oh, for great awakenings all over Christendom have had a drought so long we can stand a fr Let the Hudson and the Thames and the Susque rise and overflow the lowlands, and the earth be the knowledge of God as the waters fill the seas. time is hastening.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Filipino Prisoners

ITIZENS of all political parties will rejoice in the prospect, that the recent news from the Philippines holds out, of the speedy close of the war in that far-away land. The fact that Aguinaldo has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and has solemnly promised give no further aid or counsel to the insurgents, is e of the most cheering signs of the collapse of resist- ce. It appears that he did not take the oath hastily without full consideration. He held a long confer- ce with Chief Justice Arellano, who was formerly a ember of his Cabinet, and learned many things that d not reached his ears while he was in hiding. The sult of the information and advice given to him by rellano was that he became convinced of the hopeless- ss of the Filipino cause, and voluntarily took the oath. eneral MacArthur hopes to induce him to issue an dress to his people advising them to lay down their ms and accept the amnesty offered by our Govern- nt. Already a large number have done so, and if guinaldo issues an appeal the number will be gely increased. Meanwhile there has been no relax- on in the efforts to arrest the agitators who are in- ing the people to continued resistance. Several portant captures have been made and the prisoners o had all seen active service, have been tried before military courts. When it has been found that they ve actually committed deliberate murder, they have en hanged. Others, guilty of less heinous crimes, ve been sentenced to terms of imprisonment. The jority of these latter are being sent to the Island of am to serve their sentences. It is noticed that, hough they received their sentences stolidly, nearly of them broke down when the hour of deportation me, and they had to take leave of their families and ends. The spectacle of the leave-taking had in every stance a marked effect, for after it occurred there re large accessions to the ranks of Filipinos offering ir allegiance. All such offers are gladly welcomed, t the representatives of our Government in the islands ve no vindictive feelings toward the insurgents, but mply desire their submis- n. How often is a similar tement made from our pul- ts to those who are in re- llion against God; but ny who would urge a Fili- o to surrender in his own erest, themselves reject the nesty that God commis- ns his servants to offer:

ay unto them, As I live, saith Lord God, I have no pleasure the death of the wicked; but that wicked turn from his way and ve: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ys; for why will ye die? (Ezek. 11).

gging in Babylon

News comes from Berlin of wonderful discovery by Dr. edrich Delitzsch, on the e of ancient Babylon. He s been excavating three eat mounds, which bore the mes respectively of Babil -he Gate of God; Kasr - t Palace; Amran-ibn-Ali - t Hill of Amran, son of . Beneath the first, it is lieved, and almost ascer- ned, lie covered the hang- gardens of Semiramis; neath the second lie the ns of Nebuchadnezzar's face and the very wall were the handwriting came th; beneath the third, al now partially excavated from it, is the once famous ple consecrated to the worship of Merodach, the eat god of the Babylonians, type of the sun and sym- of spring. Inscriptions found on stones in the de- s set all doubts of the genuineness of these identifica- ns at rest. On a stone of the pavement of the street ch bore the name of the Street of Processions, are words: "Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, son of bopolassar, King of Babylon, am I. This street of bylon was built with art by me for the processions honor of God Marduk, the Great Lord, with stone cried from the mountains. O, Lord Marduk, live ever!" The excavations, temporarily interrupted, be soon resumed and it is possible that the walls the great king's palace may be laid bare. When we member how fiercely the attack of the sceptics on the ok of Daniel has been waged, the importance of this discovery is realized. It seems as if God were graciously pointing the way to the evidence needed by his servants in their conflict with scepticism.

The stone shall cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber shall answer it (Hab. 2:11).

Thirty-two Years on an Errand

A strange reunion took place in St Louis, Mo., recently. A young mother lived in that city in 1869 with her husband and children and her brother, who boarded with her. One day, wanting some delicacies for her baby, she gave her brother some money and asked him to go to a certain store to get them. He sauntered off, but at nightfall he had not returned. Nor did he come back the next day. His sister was deeply concerned about him, but all her inquiries failed to gain any trace of him. Weeks, months, and years passed and no tidings came. One day recently a white-bearded man called at the woman's house and asked for her. She did not recognize him until, holding out a coin he said, "Lizzie, I did not get the things, but here is the money you gave me." Then she remembered the circumstance and recognized the brother whom she had sent on the errand thirty-two years ago. He said that he had long been restless, and had an intense desire to travel, which became irresistible that day that he was sent on the errand. He strolled down to the river, and went out on one of the boats. He went from place to place working and speculating. He gained wealth, and realizing, after the lapse of the years, that he was getting an old man, decided to return, and make a search for his sister. She was still in St. Louis, not far from her former residence, and a few inquiries elicited her address. Happily, the errand he had neglected so long was not an important one, and his sister was too glad to see him again to reproach him. It is a more serious matter with some whom God commissions to do his service, but who wander away, intent on their own pleasure and profit, until, in old age, they realize that their opportunity for usefulness is gone.

If a man live many years, and his soul be not filled with good, I say that an untimely birth is better than he (Eccles. 6:3)

MALOLOS, AGUINALDO'S HEADQUARTERS ON RIGHT

A GROUP OF FILIPINO PRISONERS AWAITING DEPORTATION TO GUAM

An Incompetent Testator

An effort is being made to upset the will of a merchant, who died recently at Camden, N. J. He had left all his property to his young wife, whom he had married shortly before his death. His children by a former wife were left without any provision. They opposed the probate of the will, on the ground that when the will was made he was suffering from paresis. Specialists examined him by order of the Court, and reported that through the disease he was made reckless, and was unduly influenced by his matrimonial association, and was liable to forget his obligations. Both sons and daughters have protested against the will, and have brought eminent specialists in the medical profession to show that a man afflicted with this type of disease could have no clear conception of the meaning of the document he was signing. It seems probable that, if it can be proved that the testator was afflicted with paresis, his will may be upset. If would, however, be unjust to infer the existence of the disease in all men who are easily induced by interested persons to forget their obligations. There are only too many who are oblivious of their obligations to God and to the people around them, in spite of their being mentally and physically in sound health.

These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved forever (II. Peter 2:17).

Simulated Leprosy for Love

The devotion of a Hawaiian wife is described in a dispatch to the New York *Sun*. It says that a beautiful native girl, some years ago married a young native, who recently became a leper. He did not tell his wife, but made all preparations to go to Molokai Island, where lepers are required to live, and left a letter for his wife, bidding her an eternal farewell. The young woman was inconsolable; and, after vainly trying to be allowed to go to Molokai, she enlisted the service of a kahuna, or witch doctor. He gave her a preparation that, when rubbed on the skin for several weeks, made it silvery white, as though she were in the early stage of leprosy. Then she applied to the health board to be sent to Molokai. The doctors suspected her, as her face showed no traces of the disease, and, when pressed, she admitted her deceit. The doctors were so much impressed with her devotion that they set aside the rule and permitted her to join her husband. She joyfully took steamer for Molokai, from which island prison she can never return. We all admire such devotion, even those who listen unmoved when they are told of One who, for love of them, died in ignominy.

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of my people was he stricken (Isa. 53:8).

BRIEF NOTES

Oberlin College, Ohio, has raised $150,000, of the $300,000 needed to secure John D. Rockefeller's gift of $200,000. The balance of $150,000 has to be raised in a year.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has been conducting successful revival services at Springfield, Ill. Old residents of the city say that in many years they have not witnessed so deep and widespread a religious interest. About four hundred persons have knelt at the altar. A similar blessing was experienced fifteen years ago, when Mr. Harrison went there for a brief series of meetings, and remained seventeen weeks. Many of his best helpers in the present movement are men and women who were converted in that earlier revival.

A WORKER IN THE FIBRE FIELDS

WORSHIP OF THE IDOL PULNEY KAVADI

WOMEN WORKERS IN THE FARM DISTRIC

How the Work Among Our Famine Orphans Goes On

GOOD news continues to come from the missionaries in charge of the orphans in India whose support has been undertaken by our readers. The children prove docile and are trying to show, by their industry and attention, their gratitude for the kindness they receive. Many of them display unusual intelligence, and there are reasons to hope that they will grow up into men and women, whose influence in the native communities will be potent in the cause of civilization and Christianity. The missionaries are very thankful to have so many of their orphans provided for, though they are naturally concerned about the future of those still in their institutions, for whom no provision has been made.

We are glad to learn that arrangements are being made by the missionaries for a regular correspondence with our readers, who have adopted the children. They acknowledge that they have been remiss in a large number of cases, in not having already sent reports of their little waifs. It has, however, been impossible. The large addition to their labors that the charge of so many children involved, has kept them busy early and late. Many of the children have been sick, owing to the long period of hardship that they passed through during the famine, and have required special attention; and in all cases there has been the need of bringing the children into habits of order and system, which are entirely new to them. Now, however, organization is being gradually effected and very soon the patrons, whose little protegees are being cared for and taught at their expense, will begin to receive reports of their progress.

Meanwhile there is distinct ground for encouragement in the reports of the children rescued in the previous famine. When they were received into the mission stations, they were just such children as are these that have been saved in the famine of 1900, in no respect brighter or more intelligent. Now, however, after three years training they are well equipped for the battle of life, and the great majority of them have given evidence of their Christian character. Mr. and Mrs. Lee of Calcutta report that their best helpers at the recent festival at Sauger, where fifty thousand Hindus from all parts of India were gathered, were two young men who were rescued from the famine of 1897. The two missionaries preached Christ crucified to the assembled multitudes, while their helpers mingled in the crowd selling Gospel portions and talking with the people about Christianity. These two young men have been supported and educated with funds contributed by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Thus the money expended has been the source of blessing not alone to their own souls, but is still bearing fruit in their labors for Christ. Mrs. Lee says that there are in the orphanages conducted by herself and her husband about twenty young people, young men and young women, similarly capable of doing Christian work, who are glad to go out among their own people bearing testimony to the power of Christianity. Whenever they have been so employed they have worked ably and earnestly, and the fruit of their labors has been remarkable.

A CROWD OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AWAITING DISTRIBUTION OF "CHRISTIAN HERALD" BLANKETS

Rev. E. M. Gordon, of Mungeli, bears similar testimony. The two pictures of nurses on this page are photographs of girls who were brought into his station in the 1897 famine. They were then living skeletons, dirty and wild. Now they are respectable Christian girls, earning their own livelihood as nurses. Other girls brought in during the same famine, and also supported by readers of this journal, have married, and, with their Christian husbands, are leading an exemplary life in village communities. The young tailor, whose portrait also appears on this page, came with his aged father, who was of the weaver caste. The father had suffered so long from starvation that it was impossible to save his life. He died at the mission, leaving his son, then nine years old, a charge on Dr. Gordon's hands. Dr. Gordon had funds sent to him by this journal, so he accepted the charge, and the lad has grown up under Christian training. He now finds occupation as a tailor for the Christian people of Mungeli. He is a devoted Christian and an earnest student. "It is difficult," Dr. Gordon says, "even for those who know the actual facts, to recognize in the bright tailor singing over his work, the poor forlorn child who, early in 1897, came staggering and almost naked with his father into the mission bungalow."

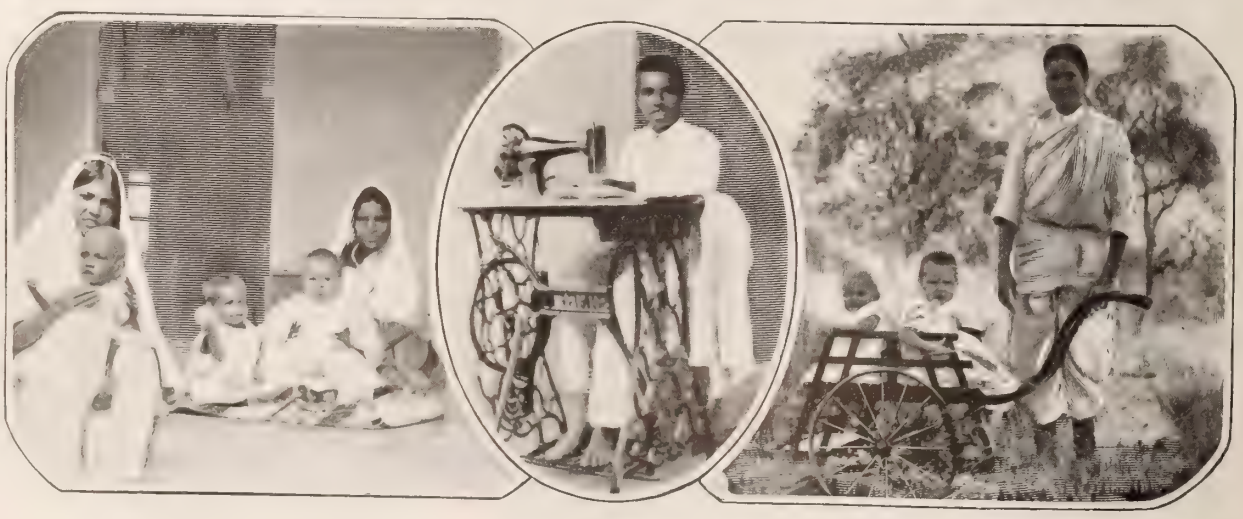
Similar reports come from Dr. Clough's district at Ongole. The orphans of the famine in that district have proved worthy of the care bestowed upon them. Many of them have been baptized on profession of faith, and are entering on life's duties trusting to Christ for strength to lead a Christian life among their heathen fellow countrymen. Rev. G. L. Thomssen, who writes of the work he witnessed at Ongole, sends us the sad news that Dr. Clough is prostrated on a bed of sickness, consequent on a severe accident he sustained recently. He asks us to bespeak the patience of friends to whom Dr. Clough would otherwise have written, until the veteran missionary recovers. He is one of the most devoted, as well as one of the ablest, missionaries in India, respected by his fellow-workers of all denominations. Many are the prayers now being offered for his recovery.

The value of the reports at the present time, consists in the hope they afford, that the famine orphans recently rescued will prove similarly worthy of the efforts made for their welfare.

FAMINE GIRLS NOW NURSES

ONCE FAMINE WAIF, NOW TAILOR

A FAMINE ORPHAN TURNED NURSE



REV. S. G. NEIL OFFICIATING AT A BAPTISM IN THE RIVER NEAR EUREKA, KAN.

A 30,000 Mile Ride in a Chapel Car

REV. S. G. NEIL

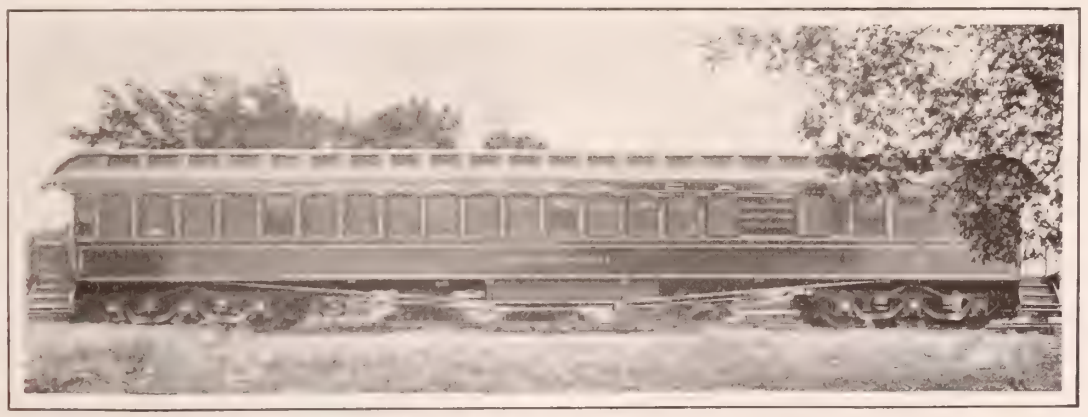
FEW experiments in the introduction of novel adjuncts in Gospel work have proved more successful or satisfactory than the chapel car. Some time ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD told its readers of the remarkable work accomplished by Bishop Walker and his associates, in one of these cars in the West and Northwest. To-day, we present the interesting story of the experiences of the Rev. S. G. Neil and wife in their chapel-car work, under the auspices of the American Baptist Publication Society.

Mr. Neil's car, the "Messenger of Peace," from May, 1898 to April, 1900, had traveled over 2 00 miles, and it has added many thousand more since that time, so that its total will far exceed 30,000 miles, or considerably more than round the circle of the earth. He has preached many hundreds of sermons, distributed vast quantities of religious literature, performed hundreds of baptisms, and organized a number of churches and Sunday Schools. His individual experience is but one of many others who have been engaged in the Baptist chapel-car work during the last nine years, and through whom over a hundred churches have been organized, and as many more meeting-houses, and nearly two hundred Bible Schools. It is estimated that the chapel-car work has been the means, under Divine blessing of leading fully 9,000 persons into the light of the Christian faith. "I was riding one day in our chapel car," says Mr. Neil, "from St. Louis to Kansas City, over the Wabash Railroad, when we were side-tracked at Carrollton, Mo., to let another train pass by. The chapel car is always an object of great curiosity wherever it goes. A crowd began to gather, and many favorable remarks were heard. A tall, strapping fellow, with broad-brimmed hat, long whiskers, and short trousers, stepped up and read the name, 'Chapel Car Messenger of Peace.' He then slowly read the Scripture text on the outside of the car, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' The length and size of the car fairly took his breath away, and he asked, 'What sort of a car is that?' 'Why,' said one of the bystanders, 'that is a church car; it's a regular church and parsonage combined. There is a preacher and his wife on board. There's a pulpit, organ, and everything needful for church work on board. I read about that car the other day in the St. Louis papers, and that's the very same car, the 'Messenger of Peace.' He looked for a moment or two at the car in blank amazement, and then broke forth: 'Well, I've seen a cattle car, a hog car, a coal car, a lumber car, a furniture car, a smoking car, a baggage car, a passenger car, and a sleeping car, but I'll be blest if I ever saw a car like that!'

"During April, 1898," continued Mr. Neil, "my wife and myself were conducting a series of revival meetings in the Fifth Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa., of which the Rev. W. T. Chase was pastor, when one morning, just after family prayer, I received a telegram from Mr. Boston W. Smith, the manager of the chapel-car work of the American Baptist Publication Society, offering me the management of the new chapel car (the women's car) 'Messenger of Peace.' I wired back at once, asking what part of the country I would be expected to labor in, and the answer came back, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado. For a while a tumult of emotion swept our hearts, and then all became strangely calm, as if strength had been given by an unseen hand, and this passage of Scripture was given, 'Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price.' That settled the matter. The call must be heard and obeyed. We took charge of the car at its dedication at Rochester, N. Y., on May 21, 1898." The first Baptist Church in Kansas was built as the result of chapel-car work. It was at Eureka, Kan. Mr. Neil says: "When ground was broken for the new church, Mrs. Neil handled the spade. The whole will cost about three thousand dollars. Never was I so much impressed with the importance of chapel-car work. It is home mission work, foreign mission work, colporteur work, Sunday School work, young people's work, pastoral work, and evangelistic work, all rolled into one. During our six weeks in Eureka much has been done that eternity alone will reveal. A church was organized with forty members, a Sunday School organized with an attendance of eighty-five, a Ladies' Aid Society formed, which pledged two hundred dollars for the new church, and a building costing three thousand dollars, to be dedicated free of debt. It was the ladies who built the Chapel Car Messenger of Peace, and it is the ladies of the Baptist Church of Eureka who are paying for the foundation walls of the first Baptist Church in Kansas. God bless them!"

The church at Eureka is now completed and dedicated, free of debt, a noble triumph of the chapel-car work.

MRS. NEIL



THE MISSIONARY CHAPEL CAR "MESSENGER OF PEACE"

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL CAR

AFTER A "CHILDREN'S MEETING" IN THE CAR

A KANSAS CHURCH BUILT BY CHAPEL-CAR WORK

A Great Preacher's Reminiscences

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who Comes to Help Carry on Mr. Moody's Work, Tells of His Early Life

THERE is more reason than is as yet fully realized for congratulating the churches of America on the transfer from England to America of the labors of the servant of Christ whose portrait appears on the first page. In a former issue (Dec. 12, 1900), THE CHRISTIAN HERALD told the story of the invitation which Mr. Will Moody sent to Rev. G. Campbell Morgan and the reasons which led the famous English preacher to accept it. Something was said also of the plans which Mr. Morgan has made for accomplishing his purpose in coming to America. As he will become well-known, if God prolongs his life, to the Christian public, the following sketch of his life will be welcome. It is taken mainly from his own narrative, which he gave recently to his church in London, when he took leave of it to come to America. It shows how gradually he was led to God, through deep experiences, to preach the Gospel, and then, when honor and fame came to him as a preacher, to abandon his methods which were making him popular, and consecrate himself wholly to Christ as a messenger, disregarding his own interests, to declare the truth, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear. A man of that kind is needed in these times, when so many temptations to make popularity the chief end in preaching are offered to the ministers of the Word.

"From my birth," Mr. Morgan said, "my father and my mother gave me to God for service. They did not give me to God in order that I might be saved; I pray you draw the line of distinction. They did not take me to some dedication service and dedicate me to God in order that he might have me as his own, but very definitely and very positively from the earliest moment of my life they gave me to him in order that if it should be his will he would take me in the years that lay ahead and make me his servant, to preach his Word, and to do his work and his will in the world whatever it might be. I was told (it is among the things that I remember most clearly of my early life), that I belonged to God, that I had been given to God, that I must always live and walk, remembering that even if I did wrong, I belonged to him. I am not going to discuss theology with you to-night. I thank God I was trained that way, and that I was never told once in all my life that I belonged to the Devil."

A very pathetic story of bereavement follows the above statement. It was in 1872, when he was nine years old, that he lost his beloved sister Lizzie, and he felt the pang of a child's heart-break which, after twenty-nine years, is still keen, though it has been sanctified. Passing that over we come to a matter in which many of God's people, similarly situated will be interested. Mr. Morgan says:

"You will ask, 'When and where was your conversion?' I do not know. I have never been able to date it. I cannot tell you where it was. I am perfectly sure that at some time in those years to what my parents told me of my relation to God I said, 'Amen': that at some moment my heart and will responded without knowing it to the claim set upon me by my loved ones, and I know at that moment the will of the child said 'Yes' to the will of the King, and the King took the child into his kingdom and the child was born again. I say that without hesitation. I say it for the encouragement of others who may not be able to find a date when they were converted; but I say this to you also, 'Be very, very careful that you are converted.' If you put the question back on me to-night, 'How do you know you are born again?' I do not know how I am born again by any experience of thirty years ago, but by the present throbbing of God in my life and soul, his Spirit bearing witness with my spirit here and now. I am his, and none can deny me the witness of his Spirit. And I think there is nothing more dangerous than that people should build upon an experience thirty years old, and think they are Christians now because something happened to them then."

Mr. Morgan's first attempt to speak for the Master was made in a room in his father's house, where a few people were gathered together for service, he being then a boy thirteen years old. His father encouraged him to speak, though there were advisers who told him that it was unwise, and that the boy's precocity would make him a trouble all his life. "That may be true," Mr. Morgan says, with frank humility, "but I thank God that my father did believe in me." The text he preached from on that occasion was an appropriate one: "There is a lad here that hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." Afterwards he spoke several times in mission services in a school-room. He was not, however, educated for the ministry. He chose the profession of a teacher, and bent all his efforts to the acquisition of the necessary knowledge. During that period of study occurred a sad experience. It was a time of backsliding to which young people who are under severe mental strain are liable, especially if they are surrounded with worldly companions of their own age. "I know," Mr. Morgan says, "that my Lord has blotted those two years of wandering out of his record, but I cannot forget them. I would give anything to blot them out, but as a worker I have tried to make them useful. I have been able to say to the backslider, 'When you go back he will welcome you. He welcomed me and took me back to his heart.'" His restoration is very significant. His friends heard of his lapse and two men were appointed to see him about it.

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN'S NEW COURT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, LONDON

"One of them came," Mr. Morgan says. "He took me back to Sinai, back to its laws, and tried to frighten me, and I turned my back upon him and all the church in my will rebellious. And the other man who was appointed came to see me—a man with a great heart. I shall never forget his first question to me after he had said that he knew things were wrong in my life. He looked at me and, with eyes that brimmed with tears, he said, 'Does your mother know?' He had done it. And when he saw that he had reached the citadel of my heart, 'Well,' he said, 'you know your mother loves you.' 'Yes.' 'Nothing like your Lord loves you.' And there and then my heart throbbed out, 'Nay, but I yield; I can hold out no more.' I came back to my Lord. What did he do? Received me with the kiss of pardon, put on me the robes and the rings and sandals, and said to me—not in human words, but in Divine speech, 'My child I never wanted you to go away; it is all your own fault; come home.' I shall never forget how he took me back, how he fulfilled his promise. He healed all my backslidings, and he loved me freely."

It is a strange assortment of teachers that help a n who is willing to learn. Two of those who helped l Mr. Morgan mentions with thankfulness. One of th was a little Salvation Army girl, who was addressin meeting into which he wandered. He was at that ti tormented by the doubts that sooner or later assail scientific mind. The girl was speaking of cleansi and she showed how sin in the believer's heart leads sorrow and doubt, and how it might be put out by Spirit. This idea set the troubled young man to s examination and a more complete self-surrender. other of his teachers was a humble hearer who wall home with him after a service at which Mr. Morgan l spoken. "You did not prepare that address to h anybody," said his faithful mentor; "you wanted show that you could speak." In his heart the yo worker had to plead guilty, and again there was s examination and a resolution of amendment. The n Sunday there was another service in the same pl and Mr. Morgan broke down in the middle of address; but there were six souls in the audience for Christ that night. All this time he was earning livelihood as a teacher, but in August, 1886, he resig his position and gave all his time preaching the Gospel. He was succ ful. In the important charges he there were many conversions and was wonderfully blessed. But st there were other lessons to learn, o attainments to be painfully gained. of these he thus describes:

"The last and greatest of all the cr came when I was a pastor at Rugely, before I went to Birmingham. It came a Sunday night after a service at whi had preached. We had had an after-m ing, and men and women had been deci for Christ. I went home to my own st and sitting there, as my habit is, in lo ness, no one with me in the last mom of the day, as clearly as though a voice sounded from the heavens—there was voice, of course, but it was an impres upon my spirit as definite and clea though I had heard a voice—there c this strange question, 'What are you g to be, a preacher or My messenger?' I not know what it meant at the mom Here was an issue. That question co to me distinctly, clearly, borne in upo spirit by the Spirit of God, created a c There was a parting of the ways, and I began to look over my ministry, over very night's sermon, and I discovered subtly as you like—most awful in its tlety—there was creeping into my m try and into my life the desire to preacher, to be known as a preacher, and said to me that night, 'What are you going to be—a prea or My messenger?' How long do you think it took m decide? Hours, hours. There was no decision until ligh morning broke through my study window. It was a conflict between God and man; it was my River Jabbo was the place where God met with me. As the ligh morning broke, I said to God, alone, 'Master, I will be messenger.' And do you know how the victory was It was won when, in the ashes still lingering, a flame w in my grate, and a bundle of sermons burned. But wh stroy the sermons? say some. Why not save them? W you step out with God, follow him at all costs; it is no keeping something in the background. I saw that night those sermons had been moulded and made with somet in them of self, with some desire to shine, and in my Mas presence I put them in the fire, and said, 'If thou wilt me thy words, from this day forward I will utter them know them.' But blessed be his name; I did not win fight; he won it."

A man who has passed through such crises, who the courage to frankly acknowledge how he reache present standing, and how he was led to see his fa is one fitted to be the helper of sincere souls. Sai not rightly that the churches of America have reas congratulate themselves—to thank God—that su teacher is coming among them?

RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF SIN AND SHAME

THERE was recently tried in a New York Police Court a case which moved to tears the Magistrate on the bench, the various officers of the law, the policemen, the reporters—in fact everybody present. In the long line of hardened women posing before the Judge appeared a slight, childish creature, quiet, modest in dress and manner, and looking entirely out of place in such company. Her answers, timidly given to His Honor's searching questions, wrung the hearts of all who heard.

Sold almost in her childhood into an evil house, she had been virtually a prisoner, until a man, entering the place to sell goods for his employer, rescued her. He married her, and they were happy in their humble little home, until he fell sick, when one thing and then another was pawned until hardly anything was left.

"We had no place," she said to the Magistrate, "to turn for something to eat. I could not even get him medicines. There was but one way I could keep him alive. Why, Judge, he had done everything for me! I would die for him!"

"Do you want to leave such a life?" asked the Magistrate in a husky voice, and with tears in his eyes.

"Gladly and willingly."

"If I send a kind lady to you, will you take her help and be a good woman?"

"Indeed I will, Your Honor."

"Discharged," said the Magistrate.

Mrs. E. E. Taylor, a prison missionary worker, went to see Norah at Magistrate Cornell's wish, and found her story true. In order to keep her promise to the Magistrate, the girl, on her return from Court, had sent her only coat and dress to the pawn-shop, at the cost of being unable to leave the house and thus provided food. She was even without sufficient underwear to keep warm. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD br of the Sunshine Society sent her an outfit of nice new nels; and many kind people hurried to Mrs. Taylor pledges of help until the husband should be able to v The girl has all along tried to get honest employment has failed, her fragile appearance counting against her.

If ever a story proved that the only safeguard from Christ's love in the heart, Norah's does. Those befrien her now are trying to lead her to him who alone can sa the uttermost. This terrible moral tragedy carries throughout all its gloom a clear, sweet note of hope, shows that the Master's words, "Neither do I condemn Go and sin no more," are finding strong, true echoes in twentieth century, when good men and women crowd such haste to the rescue of any truly repentant fallen who cries: "I want to be better!"

In Vernal Days

BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Occupations for Young Women

II.—Concerning the Trained Nurse

THIRTY years ago, when severe or critical illness entered a household, and the resources of the family admitted it, in a deprecating manner, the physician in charge would advise the employment of a nurse. Except in maternity cases, however, it was not usual to send for a nurse, and when there was a long siege of fever, or several children were down at once with some epidemic, the neighbors took turns in lending a hand, sitting up at night, and doing what they could in the emergency. Old-fashioned doctors shook their heads when training schools for nurses were first established. In extraordinary times, such as follow in the wake of war, and in hospitals filled with wounded soldiers, they could conceive the idea that nurses might be very useful, but for ordinary household sicknesses they thought them superfluous. Any handy woman who can drop medicine into a spoon, and turn a hot pillow, is a good enough nurse to suit me, I once heard a doctor say, yet the son of this same man, eminent in his profession, absolutely refuses to undertake a serious case unless a trained nurse be in attendance.

To the many new avenues now open to the self-supporting woman, a royal road to useful service was added when nursing was taught with intelligence and scrupulous care in its every detail. A peculiarly womanly avocation, it requires good health, refined manners, a cheerful disposition, tireless energy, and a willingness to obey orders with the precision of a machine. The right of private judgment must be sparingly exercised by a nurse on duty. She is to watch and record symptoms, to tell the patient's temperature, and carry out the wishes of the doctor to the very minutest detail. Also, she takes charge of her patient's diet, of food, of the patient's bed, of everything that has a bearing on the sick one's recovery, including her own health and strength, which may be factors worth preserving.

A girl who contemplates adopting nursing as her profession must be twenty years old before, in most hospital schools, she will be received as a candidate. A good common school education is indispensable. Her family physician must certify as to her health, and her freedom from any tendency to illness which might cause a breakdown midway in her course of study. From her pastor she must bring a letter of testimony as to her character, and she should also be prepared to refer to one or more persons of responsibility who can vouch for her as a young woman whose antecedents and associations are all of the best.

In some hospitals her course will be of two years, in others, of three years' duration. Before her final acceptance by the faculty of any hospital training school, the novice must undergo a probation of a few weeks, to demonstrate her fitness for the work, and her ability to undergo its labors, which are severe, especially at first.

She will receive board and lodging, and a monthly payment of from eight to ten dollars from the beginning of her tuition. Her uniform, consisting of print gowns, caps and aprons, she must herself provide, and she pays her personal laundry bills.

When a nurse has received her diploma she may take up her work in a hospital at a rate of payment which may range from twenty or twenty-five dollars to forty dollars a month, with all living expenses paid in addition to this honorarium. Or, she may undertake private nursing, in which there is at present a very wide field and a great demand for skilled and trustworthy graduates. Here she will receive wages varying from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week, according to the work she undertakes and the liberality of the family employing her.

A nurse is admitted into the most intimate relations of the home which sends for her. It is important that she be an honorable and high-minded woman, who will neither violate the confidence of her employers, nor make trouble with the servants, a thing of which nurses are sometimes accused. It is difficult to imagine a service more inviting to a Christian woman, nor one in which she may do more good and earn more gratitude. Should any reader resolve to prepare herself for this arduous and exacting and most responsible profession, she must ask her Heavenly Father for guidance and strength. She will need strength from above every day and every night. If she have a physical revulsion from the disagreeable things which accompany the helplessness of the sick; if she is apt to faint at the sight of blood, or of a burn; if she cannot altogether control her nerves in ordinary emergencies; if she has a habit of screaming at mice and shrieking at bats and beetles, she may as well give up the idea at once. Such a woman will not succeed as a nurse, trained or otherwise.

When a decision is reached and parental consent has been gained, write to the hospital selected for application blanks, which will be duly sent. Fill these and return them. Await your call. Choose a hospital school in a large city, or in the next large town. When you begin the work, persevere in spite of every difficulty.

No Partiality

In some families there are favorites, and one child or another is preferred above the rest. The pretty little daughter with her dimples and her curls gets whatever she wants from her father, while her brother, a growing lad, not so graceful as the sister, and not so handsome, is often snubbed and scolded. Even-handed justice should be the rule in every home.

A Japanese Baby

Homes in Japan are much less elaborate than with us, and far easier cared for. But to the little mother in the Sunrise Land, as to the mother in England, or America, or anywhere else, her babe is her chief treasure, and she is as wild with joy over its first footstep, its first tooth, its first conscious recognition of her as its dearest one, as ever a mother in our own country can be. The Japanese little folk have a reputation for good behavior, and are said not to be cross or fretful, and certainly their older sisters and brothers do what they can to please them. Here we see mother and servant equally devoted to the amusement of a small personage, who probably rules the house, and gets his own way, as our babies do, bless their little hearts!

A JAPANESE MOTHER TEACHING BABY TO WALK

What is Fortitude?

In an upper room in our great city of New York, in a side street, where little passes, a woman has spent thirty-five years in bed. A spinal malady, which sometimes causes her excruciating agony, has rendered it impossible for her to stand or walk, or even to turn herself in bed. Her family minister to her constantly, for she is a captive, bound hand and foot.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

SOME mothers let their children's clothes
Get torn for want of stitches,
And so their babies trot about
And look like little witches.
Such conduct, Jessie boldly says,
She thinks is perfect folly,
And, therefore, every one must praise
The way she keeps her dolly.

When you go to see her, the wan face smiles and the smile is like a morning sunbeam. Her voice is not querulous. There is no complaining note in her conversation. The burden of her talk is the goodness of her Lord and Saviour. Friends, this is fortitude, an example of bearing the cross without repining. One day this dear one will go home, and be well, and meet her Lord in the land where none are ever sick or weary, or in the grasp of pain and anguish.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—OLD SUBSCRIBER. Twenty-nine and nineteen may very properly marry, especially if the husband be the older.

A SUBSCRIBER. Pray for your husband, set him a good example and make his home happy. Do not worry about him. Trust in God for his salvation.

—INQUIRER. A married woman signs her name thus: Dorothy Robinson. In brackets she puts [Mrs. John Robinson]. This rule is imperative in all cases.

—IGNORANT GIRL. Attend an evening class or join the classes at the Young Women's Christian Associations. Read the Bible and the newspaper, and your ignorance will soon vanish.

—EVENING GAMES. Try a peanut-spearing party. You must have a number of little tables, at each of which you seat four persons, two men and two girls, who are partners on either side. Every person is provided with a hat-pin, a pencil and a blank card. In the middle of the table is a large platter with a heap of peanuts. The game is to see who can spear the largest number of peanuts in a minute. A leader rings a bell; everybody frantically pierces the peanuts (they are in the shell). At the end of the minute the bell again rings and the players count the number they have pierced. They then move on to other tables. At the end of the evening whoever has the largest sum to his or her credit receives a prize for excellence. Whoever has the smallest, receives a booby prize. Incidentally there is a great deal of fun.

A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION

BUFFALO'S RELIGIOUS CANVASS

SOME SURPRISING RESULTS

IT is easy to find a manufacturer who believes in village-to-village and store-to-store visitation. His travelers are instructed to cover their territory quarterly. The item of expense does not deter him from his plan of reaching the last hamlet, for he is sure his goods are the best, and everybody must hear about them. "That's business," we say. Here is the Church of Christ, the greatest enterprise in the universe; yet how slow to follow this plan which the manufacturers have found profitable! To apply this idea to the church work of a large city and make it practicable by canvassing each home is a bold undertaking; and yet one so big and striking secures the public interest, and its very daring compels attention and respect. Of course the real and primary object of a modern city House Visitation is to win souls into the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

MR. H. J. HEINZ

MR. A. H. WHITFORD

MR. HUGH CORK

The outlook in the city of Buffalo last September was not encouraging for a successful Visitation. Buffalo has a population of 352,000, and the city holds large foreign population, the Polish section, for instance, being 30,000 strong. Could a Visitation be accomplished here? Could the money to pay for it be raised? These were questions that kept coming up at the outset. The Buffalo Sunday School Association proposed the plan of canvassing the entire city in five hours, and made arrangements for Mr. Hugh Cork, of Pennsylvania, to come to the city and explain the work in detail. Mr. Cork, having been connected with Visitations in over one hundred cities, is a veritable apostle of House Visitation work, and his common sense plans met approval. As soon as the movement was fairly launched, the Sunday School Association requested that this Visitation be under the auspices of the Churches of Buffalo. The machinery consisted of a General Chairman, an Advisory Committee, an Executive Committee, the District Superintendents and the Visitors. The city was divided into thirty-four districts, and nearly two thousand visitors were enlisted for the afternoon of special service. Some of the staid denominations which held aloof at the beginning joined in the movement as Visitation Day drew near.

The General Chairman, Mr. A. H. Whitford, being Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., the most cordial support of this organization, numbering over 4,400 members in Buffalo, was given the movement. Of the thirty-four District Superintendents—the key-men of the movement—twenty-six were prominently identified with the work of the Y. M. C. A. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 26, was selected as the time for the Visitation. At one o'clock of this day hundreds of Christian people wended their way to the thirty-four different headquarters, from which they were directed to the blocks they were to canvass. Each of the thirty-four District Superintendents made at least three reports,—the first at two o'clock, another at three and the third at four o'clock. These came by 'phone and messenger. Five o'clock saw most of the territory covered. Most of the District Superintendents made up their report that evening, and at eleven o'clock the chairman was able to state that ninety per cent. of the houses had been visited. It was revealed that one hundred and ten Churches furnished workers.

During the week which followed, many more blocks were covered, so that Buffalo's Visitation has been most thorough. It has been found that the records will average four persons, so that the 72,000 records secured practically represent 300,000 people. When the 72,000 cards reached headquarters, they were sorted into denominations and later into churches and parishes. It took two weeks to accomplish this work. The pastors were requested to call at headquarters for their cards, and in nearly every instance these good men were surprised at the number of cards handed them. A Methodist minister, not favorable to the Visitation at first, received some 750 cards. A Lutheran pastor, who could not see where the canvass would yield any practical results, was astonished and pleased when he was handed 1,029 records, representing over 4,000 people. No report was awaited with greater interest than the one from No. 24, known as the Polish section. Some were in favor of passing this whole district by, since the obstacles in the way of canvassing it seemed insurmountable. When the cards from the Polish section finally reached headquarters, it was discovered that the pile of Protestant cards was scarcely seventy-five short of the pile of Catholic cards. The superintendent reported a crying need for Protestant English-speaking churches in his district. Another revelation was the fact that only five per cent. of the people were without a church preference. Still another was that only fourteen men cared to go on record as infidel.

The visitors, almost without exception, were treated with kindness. Less than one per cent. refused to give information. A study of the cards from the Canal Street District—the slums of the city—reveals that out of 2,000 cards, only four were marked "refused information." In the aristocratic section, seventeen refused information.

The six leading Protestant denominations stand as follows:

Lutheran	6,686
Methodist	6,338
Episcopal	5,821
German Evangelical	5,106
Baptist	3,782
Presbyterian	3,590

Forty-three different sects are represented in this city. The Christian Science sect is represented by about 320.

The total cost of the Visitation is under $700, and this amount was apportioned to the different denominations. The success of the movement is due to adhering to the masterly plan formulated by Mr. Cork. The Visitation has certainly quickened the religious life of Buffalo. We pray that a great wave of revival may sweep over the city in which many shall be brought into the Kingdom.

Buffalo, N. Y. A. H. CROSS.

Awakening in Two Cities

Evangelists Hart and Magann, of St. Louis, have just closed a notable revival, with pastor W. D. Gardner, First M. E. Church, Keokuk, Ia. During this meeting of three weeks, multitudes of hungry souls crowded the church, day and night, eager to hear the Gospel, and many nights hundreds were turned away, the large church being unable to accommodate the masses. Members from all denominations joined heartily in this meeting. There were over three hundred and twenty-five professions. The meeting reached its highest the closing Sunday, when Evangelist Hart delivered an address to "men only" in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, the largest edifice in the city. The great auditorium was filled with men. At the close of the address the inquiry room was filled, the Sunday School room being used, with earnest seekers and workers. Many sought with tears.

There has been a gracious revival in Allen, Neb. About forty-five young people confessed. Rev. Mr. Young was assisted by Rev. Mr. Drulines of Emerson.

At Moosouim Assa, Canada, special revival services have been conducted in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. Great interest has been shown, and good results are hoped for. Prayers are requested.

The revival wave has reached Coleman, Neb. Evangelist Wolfe is conducting a series of meetings in Coleman, which are stirring the community. He is a faithful preacher of the Gospel. Miss Eva Wolfe, his daughter, conducts the song service, and is quite a factor in helping along the work. Prayers are requested.

REVIVAL NOTES

Revival meetings are being held in the Baptist Church at Springfield, Ore., with encouraging spiritual prospects.

Evangelist Major James E. Cole is conducting meetings at Phoenix, Ariz. The Churches are all united in the work and souls are being saved.

At Tilsonbury, Ont., Can., a revival has been held, and over forty new church members have been taken in. There is a great quickening in the Church.

The Churches of Mt. Blanchard, O., are holding evangelistic services. Spirituality among the members has been almost dead and a quickening is greatly needed.

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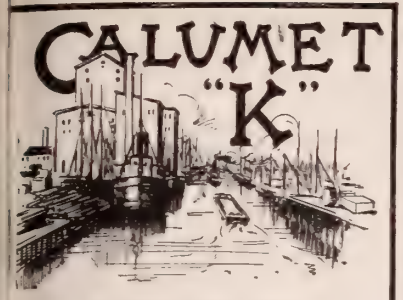

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The Salutation of Peace

A Blood-Bought Power to Give Peace to the Believing Soul

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHAT a significant salutation was that with which Jesus greeted his disciples when he appeared to them after his resurrection! "Peace be unto you" He had "made peace by the blood of his Cross." (Col. 1: 20), and he had a right to proclaim that peace to his own. He had made himself responsible for the sin of man; and he, the Prince of Peace, exercised his blood-bought prerogative of declaring peace to the guilty. But this only threw the little group of disciples into confusion and perplexity. The last thing they had to do with Jesus was to forsake him and flee. They who forsake him in the hour of his humiliation have no eyes to see him risen and ascended. Only "if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him." How were things to be put right with the eleven? How are things to be put right between you and the Lord when you have failed him? The first move was on his side, in his misunderstood message of peace. And now he enters into their trouble, and says: "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts [or wherefore do reasonings, R. V.] arise in your hearts?" It is in looking unto him that we find deliverance; not in reasoning about our failure.

By the pierced hands and pierced feet they knew who it was; their Lord was with them once again. But they did not know all that was meant by what he had suffered. The disciples were "glad when they saw the Lord" (John 20: 21). But he would give them the secret of a joy which would not fade away when he should vanish out of their sight. He would leave them the precious gift of which he had spoken with his Father in his great high priestly prayer: "I have given them thy word" (John 17: 14).

"And he said unto them, These are my words which I spake while I was yet with you"—my presence alive among you is the proof of what I said, "how that all things must needs be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and the prophets, and the Psalms, concerning me." How many there are who read all the Old Testament, and see nothing of Christ in what they read; they have not the clue! "Then opened he their mind, or understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." As Jews, they had committed to heart many of the Scriptures of the Old Testament, but they lacked a Divine understanding which should enable them to understand the Scriptures, and to see in them Christ, who is the Light of the world. The hearts of the two disciples had burned within them as he had "unfolded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself" (verse 32), and now the hearts of the eleven began to burn, as Scripture after Scripture with which they were familiar, shone with a new light, as their Lord opened it to them. Oh, how he—as a child at Nazareth, and in the temple when he was twelve years old, at Capernaum, and wherever he could get the rolls of the Scripture—had pored over the sacred Word and learned, by light from heaven, the things concerning himself! And he would not leave his disciples until they, too, should know those things of God which none knoweth but the Spirit of God, and "which the Spirit teacheth" (I. Cor. 2: 11-13).

It is so utterly impossible to understand spiritual things by natural intellect. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (I. Cor. 2: 14). All the logic in the world cannot make a spiritual idea clear to the most intelligent unrenewed man: he lacks the new sense, the life from above born of the Spirit, which discerns spiritual things. As soon might a blind man try to reason himself into seeing, as an unspiritual man into understanding spiritual things. Nothing in a blind man can respond to that which he cannot hear, or touch, or taste; and just so, nothing in the Word of God which appeals to the eternal life of God within those who are born again, can find response in those in whom that life is lacking.

What must it have been for the ten disciples, for the two who had come in from that memorable walk to Emmaus, for "them that were with them," probably the whole company of the hundred and twenty on whom, shortly after, the Spirit of God came (Acts 1: 15; 2: 1-4), when Jesus breathed on them and led them into the precious truths of his Word! What a new revelation was the Word of God to them from that time! The Word of God is that means of communication by which God generally speaks to his children, making it spirit and life to us, as the light of his Spirit illuminates it. Jesus was going to leave his disciples, and ascend into heaven; but he left them the Word which had been to him all that is expressed in Ps. 119, with his Spirit as his Interpreter.

But his Spirit was not only breathed on them as Interpreter: he was also to be the life-power of their service, dwelling in them and using them as his instruments; they yielding to him their members "as instruments of right eousness unto God" (Rom. 6: 13). Their Lord had already prayed: "As thou didst send me into the world, even so send I them into the world" (John 17: 18). And now what he had settled with his Father he makes a charge to his disciples: "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." I came as the Father sent Me: go ye as my sent ones. "He that sent me is with me. He hath not left me alone; for I do always the things which are pleasing in his sight" (John 8: 29, R.V.). And I will not leave you alone. "Lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the age" (Matt. 28: 20, R. V.). He sent them with the message of pardon, repentance and forgiveness of sins.

Feasting Amid Famine

A woman sold for a pound of bread! Human beings, in throes of starvation, eating roots and barks of trees, eating each other! And in the midst of all this a heathen court, feasting, merrymaking and boasting of its safety! This is the story that comes from Singan-fu, in the famine-stricken province of Shensi, upon which the Imperial Household of China and the immense retinue of officials, servants, soldiers, which attend it are quartered. A Chinese officer who came recently from Singan-fu to Peking made the above report. The famine in Shensi, he says, is terrible. Words can not picture it, and under its stress natives are returning to cannibalism.

An "Old Sinner" Helped

Dear Editor: A few weeks ago a friend sent me by mail a few back numbers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It has made such an impression upon my better nature that I am compelled to say that I think man's lower nature is completely overcome, and his better and spiritual elevated by the reading of such a paper. I am sixty-three years of age, and have never been interested to any great amount with reading matter printed in many so-called religious papers. I dearly love a good sermon, and for this reason I am compelled to frankly say that I think THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the most interesting, instructive paper of the kind I have ever read.

If this reading can make such a lasting impression on such an old sinner as myself, what must be the effect generally?

Watertown, N. Y. J. R. S.

Sundry Charities for February

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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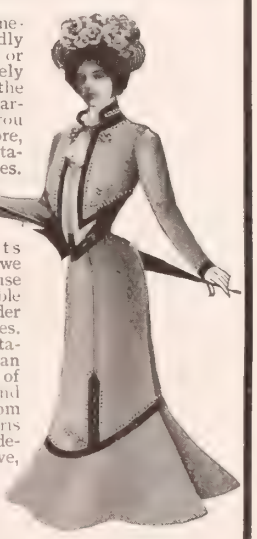

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By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

...BY... GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

Chapter X.—Continued

AT four o'clock they drove into the gateway of "Sunny Lawn," as Margaret's home was called, and were rapturously welcomed by Maud and Mrs. Drake.

"Oh, how perfectly splendid that you've come!" cried the former, "and what glorious times we will have!" You are to share my room with me and I've got it all fixed so that we will go halves in every thing; won't it be fun? Do come quick and see it," and Maud caught up Marjorie's satchel and rushed for the stairway. Marjorie looked at Miss Drake as though to ask her consent, and Margaret, instantly divining her look, nodded her head and said: "Yes, go along. I turn you over to Maud's care now, and shall only reserve enough authority to keep the lessons going for a few hours each day. Aside from that you may run wild."

Away went the girls, and soon were chattering as only girls of fourteen can.

Such days as followed had never been known to Marjorie! The girl was introduced to a new world, for until now she had never known what it was to be associated day after day with a jolly, happy-go-lucky playmate who was so brimful of health and fun that it was utterly impossible to be dull for even one moment while with her.

Maud had a new suggestion for each day, and they never lacked variety. There were long drives in the phæton, with Roly, the pet horse,—which had been kept when all the others had to be sold after Mr. Drake's death,—to supply propelling power, and Lance, the spaniel, as body-guard. Most delightful sport of all was the moonlight rowing on the river with Rodman and the girls. Then there were visits from many friends, who vied with each other in welcoming Margaret and her charge, and who gave luncheons and lawn parties for them.

Every day or two brought a letter from Dr. Prior, and Marjorie's first sharp pang at being separated from her father began to wear away. Not that she thought less often of him, but her life was so carefree, and so filled with novelty, that she did not have time to brood over the separation, and this was exactly what Margaret wished.

Maud and Marjorie became the warmest friends and shared all pleasures. With the big city so near at hand, and ample opportunity to enjoy all it had to show them, it was no wonder that a month slipped away before Marjorie realized it.

"What shall we do on the Fourth, mamma?" asked Maud, as they sat at the breakfast table a few days before that day of glorious celebration and damaged anatomy.

"What most other patriotic Americans do, I fancy; make a frightful noise, burn our fingers and waste a quantity of money," replied Mrs. Drake.

"No; but truly, mamma, what are we to do?"

"Suppose we all sit on the dock and watch the excursionists as they sail up the river; that will be exciting," said Rodman.

"Oh, go along with your nonsense! Tell us something nice if you know of something," said Maud.

"Why didn't you give me time to finish my sentence? Now I'm indignant, and shall keep my superb idea all to myself."

"Did you truly have a plan?" asked Marjorie. "Tell it to me, and I'll promise to keep it a secret."

"Well, I'll consider it, but I must tell it my own way, and if any one interrupts me, I'm not likely to finish," answered Rodman.

"Don't you believe one word he says, Marjorie. He hasn't half an idea, I know, and is only teasing us," said Maud.

"I've been thinking of several things," said Margaret, "but I want you each to give your views upon the subject before I give mine; so, mamma first."

"Dear me, what a responsibility I'm assuming! I shall have to take a day to think it over, and meanwhile I'll learn your plans, which will be valuable hints for my own. What is yours, Helen?"

"As we are all invited to the Field Club festivities, why not accept and see the fun?" asked Helen.

"Or have a picnic on the lawn and invite our friends to shoot off their firecrackers with us," laughed Alice. "But we have not heard from Marjorie; what is your suggestion, lassie?"

"I'm having such a good time every day, and doing such loads and loads of delightful things all the time, that I don't believe I could think of a single thing more if I tried. Now that Uncle Lloyd is getting better, and papa will start for home so soon, I'm as happy as a cricket, and just feel like frisking all the time."

"Now it's my turn," cried Maud, who had nearly died with impatience, "and I've a perfectly splendid plan; listen—" but, as though Maud had announced it, the door bell rang just then, and all stopped to wonder who the early caller could be.

Their suspense was quickly ended when Elizabeth came in with a note for Mrs. Drake. Just as she was about to read it, she paused and felt for her glasses.

"Maud, dear, step up-stairs, and get my eyeglasses, will you?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Maud, with a mischievous look appearing in her eyes, "right up to the top story, where they are roosting, this very minute," and bubbling over with laughter, she went behind her mother's chair, and tipped the glasses down from the top of the snowy cap, where they had been pushed out of her way.

Mrs. Drake reached up to pat Maud with the letter, but she bounded away to her seat, and her mother could only wag an admonishing finger at her as she began to read:

CEDAR HURST, July 1, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. DRAKE:—As Fourth of July plans are now in order, and your young people are, no doubt, about to make theirs, may I hope to have a finger in the Independence Day pie?

Mrs. King and the girls are starting today for Richfield, where I shall join them on the third, and since the Springs do not afford extensive yachting facilities, I am forced to leave the *Kingston* behind, and am going to beg that you and the young ladies will look to the care of her.

I shall tell Gordon that she is to be placed entirely at your disposal until our return, and would like to suggest a trip up to West Point for the Fourth.

You will find all arrangements for a patriotic celebration, and trusting that you will have a very pleasant day, I remain, with a neighborly greeting for all,

Very cordially yours,
ROBERT S. KING.

"Three cheers for the Kings and the *Kingston!*" shouted Maud, bouncing out of her chair and sending her glass of water splashing into Rodman's lap, as she waved her napkin enthusiastically over her head.

"Oh, Maud, see what you have done," cried Margaret, rushing to Rodman's rescue.

"By Jove! I believe I'll take you out and dip you in the river to cool your transports," exclaimed her victim, sopping the water from his immaculate white vest and duck trousers.

"Children, children," said Mrs. Drake, "have you gone quite mad?"

"No, only one lunatic thus far," answered Rodman, "and I'll see to her when I've removed my bathing suit."

"Oh, Rod, I'm awfully sorry. But, truly, I couldn't help it, and didn't see the glass. Come, I'll get you all mopped up and set straight, and then I'll run up to your room and get out a fresh pair of trousers and vest for you. But such news as this doesn't come every day. Only think, Marjorie, we are to have that elegant steam yacht we were looking at only yesterday, and wishing with all our might that we could go aboard of."

"Do you mean the big white one anchored just off the point?"

"That very one, and to go to West Point. Why, Rod, you ought to be thankful that I didn't upset the whole table," and away she flew to repair her mischief by getting Rodman's fresh attire.

But after laying vest and trousers upon the bed, a smile began to play around the corners of her mouth.

"I can't resist it: they are entirely too spandy," and after this rather ambiguous remark, she whisked into her room to return, a second later, with a needle and white thread. Seating herself on the edge of the bed, she carefully sewed up each leg a few inches from the bottom, and then laid the trousers back upon the bed.

"Have you made due reparation?" asked Rodman, as he passed her on her way down-stairs, and stopped to give her ear a tweak.

"Yes, and now you can do the riparation," and she bounded away down the stairs.

"What are you up to now?" he demanded, but Maud had vanished.

Rushing into the library, where all had now gathered while Mrs. Drake replied to the important note, Maud caught hold of Marjorie's hand and whispered:

"Come quick."

"What is it? What are you going to do?" asked the bewildered Marjorie.

"Hush; don't say one word, but listen," and she dragged her up-stairs and into their room, which was next to Rodman's, and communicated with it. The door was closed, and going close to it she listened for sounds from the other side, motioning to Marjorie to do likewise. Rodman was moving about, evidently removing his drenched attire, and preparing to don fresh.

"What is it?" demanded Marjorie.

"Hush!" replied Maud, shaking with suppressed laughter. "There, hear that!"

"What in thunder is the matter with these confounded trousers? If they don't stop gumming them all up with that beastly starch I'll send them to another laundry. Do they think my feet are battering rams, I wonder?" and then came sounds of a struggle and violent ripping.

"What did you do?"

"Sewed 'em," was the brief reply.

"Well, if I don't fix Muggins for this!" came from the next room.

"You'd better look out and steer an opposite course when you see me, young lady," was shouted out into the hall.

(Continued on page 365)

IT SLUGS HARD.

Coffee a Sure and Powerful Bruiser

"Let your coffee slave be denied his grog at its appointed time! Headache—sick stomach—fatigue like unto death, I know it all in myself, and have seen it in others. Strange that thinking, reasoning beings will persist in its use," says Charles Worrall, of Topeka, Kansas.

He says further that he did not begin drinking coffee until after he was twenty years old, and that slowly it began to poison him, and affect his hearing through his nervous system. He would quit coffee and the conditions would slowly disappear, but "one cold morning the smell of my wife's coffee was too much for me and I took a cup. Soon I was drinking my regular allowance, tearing down brain and nerves by the daily dose of the nefarious concoction.

"Later I found my breath coming hard and frequent fits of nausea, and then I was taken down with bilious fever.

"Common sense came to me and I quit coffee and went back to Postum. I at once began to gain and have had no returns of my bilious symptoms, headache, dizziness, or vertigo.

"I now have health, bright thoughts, and added weight, where before there was invalidism, the blues, and a skeleton like condition of the body.

"It would be hard to tell how highly I value Postum.

"My brother, Prof. Harvey Worrall, quit coffee because of its effect on his health, and uses Postum Food Coffee. He could not stand the nervous strain while using coffee, but keeps well on Postum.

"Miss Fantz, I know personally, has been incapable of doing a day's work while she was using coffee. She quit it and took up Postum and is now well and has perfectly steady nerves."

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By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 364

CHAPTER XI.

West Point

The Fourth proved a beautiful day, and by nine o'clock all were on board the handsome yacht, and ready to weigh anchor. Nothing had been left undone which could add to their comfort, and Mr. King's generosity had found full play. The yacht was a large one, and most luxurious in its appointments. Gordon, the steward, with all that could be desired, and did the honors right royally in his master's absence. Rodman's fiancee, Miss Whitman, and two or three of his college chums had been invited to join the party, so there were eleven in all, and a right merry party it was. One or two were musical, and a banjo, guitar and mandolin were on board. A big cannon at the bow saluted every craft worthy of the distinction, and smaller ones were honored by having their firecrackers set off for their benefit. They sailed up to Newburgh, and then turned back to West Point, where some friends came aboard for luncheon; after which they all went ashore to visit the Academy. Mrs. Drake had a friend, who was an officer's wife, and while she visited at the colonel's cottage, the young people were free to follow their fancies.

"Now, Maud, dear, don't do anything rash, I beg of you," she said, as Maud and Marjorie started off with the others.

"Not a single thing, mother, dear," replied Maud. "I'm going to be a model; see if I'm not," and she gave an assuring nod.

"If you did not look so wicked I might feel more reassured," answered her mother. "Look after her, Marjorie, and do not let her get into trouble, I beg of you."

"I'll try," answered Marjorie, who was beginning to learn Maud's ways, and did not have boundless faith in her own ability to check that young person when a wild freak took her.

"Now, let's go off by ourselves, and have a good time, and not go noodling after the grown-ups. They'll go poking down Flirtation Walk, and are bound to turn sentimental; they can't help it; it's in the air, and they're sure to catch it; and I hate sentiment."

"Do you think Mrs. Drake would like to have us go off by ourselves?"

"She didn't say we must not, and, besides, we couldn't get lost, or hurt, if we wanted to; there are too many people going about all the time," answered Maud.

They had visited all the places of interest with the other members of the party, who were now preparing for a stroll about the grounds, but that sort of amusement was too commonplace for Maud's lively ideas, and she had no notion "of being led about like a ba-a lamb," as she put it.

"May we go for a walk by ourselves, Mrs. Drake?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes, dear; but do not go very far."

"We won't; only down this path a little way," answered Maud.

"Let's go this way; it looks so cool," she continued, and turned down a pretty path which led down the hill toward the river. Presently they came to a low building, before which paced a sentry.

"I wonder what that little house is for," said Miss Inquisitive. "I'm going to ask him," and she walked up to the man to demand: "What is that little cubby house for, and why do you have to walk up and down in front of it?"

The sentry saluted, but didn't reply, and Marjorie hastened to say:

"Perhaps they won't let him talk when he is on duty."

"May be they won't, so let's go in and see for ourselves," and away my lady sailed toward the door. But more discreet Marjorie held back.

Miss Muggins had not advanced six steps when she found her progress arrested by the sentry's gun, which he held straight across her pathway; but, nothing daunted, she gave it an impatient spat with her hand, and, stamping her foot, demanded:

"If you don't want us to go in there, why under the sun don't you say so, and not stand staring at us as though you were dumb?"

A smile began to play around the corners of the man's mouth; but before any harm could be done, or cast-iron discipline smashed to bits, an old man came along with his garden cart and rake; and taking in the situation at once, cried out:

"Hi! Phat the divil do yez mane by tarkin' wid the cintry on juty, ye young thraitors? Don't yez know they'll have the head 'av him, agin he disobeys ordhers?"

"Well, why didn't he tell us he was a sentry on duty, I'd like to know, instead of acting as if he were deaf and dumb?"

"Go 'long wid yez! It's clane daft yez are not to know that it's spakin' he must be ter tell yez he can't spake; and that wud fetch the corporal buzzin' like forty hornets onto him."

"Oh, do come away," begged Marjorie, much distressed, "let us go back."

"No, I'm going down that way. Where does it lead to?" she demanded of the Irishman. "You won't be dropped into the river if you speak, will you?"

"Faix no, I'll not," laughed the man. "I'll take ye sthraight down to the river, and a fur purtier view ye'll be gettin' there, than ye'll find at the Guard House."

"Thank you; I think we will try it," and away she marched, with Marjorie following meekly behind. They were soon at the water's edge, just where a sharp turn in the river formed a little cove, and the water was as smooth and glassy as a mill-pond. Here some small boys were busy constructing a raft of logs and planks, which had floated into this quiet little harbor, and were just completing their work as the girls appeared upon the scene. They seated themselves upon the rocks to watch the boys' next move.

The lads rolled up their trousers, and, wading out into the shallow water, pushed their raft afloat, and then clambered aboard. A long pole served to guide it about, and a tattered old flag at the bow glorified it.

"I'd give a big apple to be on it with them," said Maud, ready for adventure.

"Suppose it upset; what would you do then?" asked Marjorie.

"Get wet, I suppose," and Maud laughed as though she would have rather enjoyed the fun.

"But the water may be very deep."

"No, it isn't; don't you see how little of their pole goes down?"

Meantime the boys had set off a pack of firecrackers and were dancing about them like Indians at a snake dance.

Glancing up, one of them caught sight of the girls, and shouted:

"Come on, ladies, and take a sail. I'm the cap'n of this craft and will take you in great shape," and he executed a sort of hornpipe to emphasize his invitation.

"Why don't you come over and get us, if you wan't us?" called Maud.

"Will you come, honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun! Come and see."

"Heave ho! Fetch her about," and the captain shoved for dear life, and soon had his stanch craft close ashore.

"Can you come out on those rocks? We can't get her any closer."

"Yes, but what do you expect us to sit on? Ladies can't stand up all the time."

"Right you are! Hold on a minute. I'll fix it," and the resourceful captain hopped off his craft and skipped ashore.

A couple of empty boxes lay upon the beach, and catching them up he scrambled back to his raft. Turning them upside down, he said with a flourish:

"There you are, ladies; as fine as a fiddle."

Maud stepped aboard first, and finding all solid, turned to help Marjorie, who followed very gingerly.

"Are you sure it will hold us?" she asked timidly.

"Of course it will! Just see how strong it is," and she wobbled it about.

"You better believe it's strong. Why we've been working at it most a week—haven't we fellers? And the corporal up yonder lent a hand to bind the logs. All we had to do to-day was to finish nailing on the planks; and she's a daisy, you bet."

Ker-swish, ker-swash, sounded the water beneath them; and once in a while a tiny wave would wash up through the floor of the raft; but altogether it seemed reasonably stanch, and, as Maud said:

"If we do go down we can wade ashore, and a ducking on such a hot day won't hurt us."

(To be continued)

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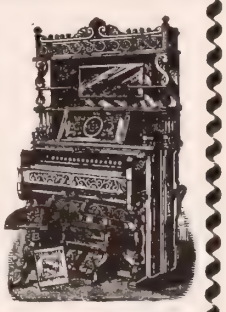

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Fidelity to the Pledge*

The Value of the Pledge in the Development of Christian Character

MAN is a creature subject to changes of mood. There are times when, owing to a different condition of health, a change in his circumstances or in his environment, he is almost like a different individual from what he is at other times. And the period is not always an extended one. His mood on rising from his bed in the morning is often very different from that he was in when he retired, or from that he will be in on the night of the same day. The resolution he makes in the morning, he may find hard to keep when the night comes. A famous novelist describes one of her characters as a man of such weak consistency that "he will run into any mould, but he will not keep shape." There are different degrees of this weakness, but all are more or less conscious of a tendency to yield to temptations, which we have resolved to resist, to resume a habit we have determined to overcome. The vows made at the beginning of a new year, or on a bed of sickness, are often broken as the months pass, or when health returns. All this is very humiliating, and many, after repeated failures, lose hope, and, rather than incur the loss of self-respect which they involve, drop back into self-indulgence and make no more pledges to reform. On all accounts this is a deplorable condition, because it is a surrender of ideals as well as a surrender of faith.

There is often a reluctance manifested in dealing with God to make a vow, a promise, or a pledge. People who pride themselves on their personal liberty shrink from placing any restriction on their actions. But is such reluctance reasonable? In ordinary daily life there is no such reluctance. The office-holder binds himself to perform the duties of his office; the juryman pledges himself to well and truly try the cases submitted to him; the bride and bridegroom made a life-long vow of fidelity to one another. These promises are not regarded as a restraint. They simply pledge the maker to do the thing he would do if he were released from his vow. Then of what use is the vow? It brings the support of a solemn engagement to the help of a nature that is liable to be negligent. It is the act of a man who, knowing his weakness, desires to gain all the aids to rectitude that he can obtain, in a course which he knows to be right. He knows that being left free he may fail at some time, but in his weak moments, the recollection of the definite promise he has made, will help him to keep his resolution. Thus, in the temperance work, it has been found that it is not enough to convince the victims that drinking intoxicants is bad for him, and that it is safer for him to abstain from them altogether. We try to get him to give a definite promise that he will abstain, so that when temptation assails him, he cannot yield without a sense of dishonor, which he is reluctant to incur. It is a barrier to keep him from straying, self-erected for his own protection in the hour of his weakness. If he were sure of always remaining in the same mind, there would be no need of a pledge, but, conscious of his frailty, he makes a promise that may hold him faithful when his resolution wavers.

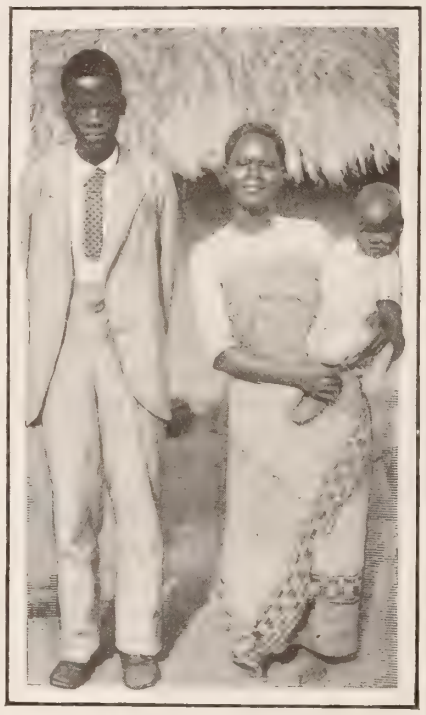
Of course, the vow in this aspect is a confession of weakness. The ideal condition is that in which a man will always do the right thing, the thing which in his calm, deliberate judgment he has decided to do. But how few are there who attain that condition! Phillips Brooks, in one of his sermons, compares our present life to a hospital in which we find men with their legs bandaged and their arms in splints. "The only object," he says, "of thus putting a constraint on the limbs is that they may get a free straightness, which will make them keep their true shape when they are set free from bandages; a law of liberty instead of a law of constraint." If the vow will bring this about, it is useful, and we know that there are characters in which it has that effect. In this world of manifold temptations and constitutional weakness, we wisely make use of any aid to right living. Knowing by painful experience the power of habit, we are prudent in using it for our good, as the civil engineer turns the natural forces, which opposed, would defeat his purpose, into his service to aid him in effecting his purpose. So such a pledge as our young people's societies require of their members, leads to habits of Bible reading and prayer which become so helpful and so elevating that they would be continued even if the members were released from their pledge. The time will come when right thinking and right living will be the true expression of inward character; as a son, who in his childhood was under constraint, grows into a man who may be trusted with the liberty which he has no disposition to abuse.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for April 28. Ps. 65: 1-4; 61: 1-8; 116: 12-14; Eccles. 5: 4, 5.

Preaching Christ in Africa

OUR readers are already familiar with the work of missionary Erwin H. Richards among the heathen tribes of east Africa. In a letter to the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from Inhambane, E. A., Jan. 31, Mr. Richards writes:

"For two years past, you have donated ten dollars yearly to our work on Pakuli Station, in connection with Mrs. A. J. Bonnell, of Brooklyn, and you have made a success of Pakuli. I now write entreating you to send the same amount this year. Pakuli has done well. They have now turned over their first flock of children to our 'high school' here at Gikuki, and they are now raising up another lot. These six children are all excellent Christians, can repeat all the Commandments, six separate Psalms, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, several hymns, and all read the New Testament in their own language. Not one of the six, nor their parents, nor any in the region round about, would naturally have heard of the God of heaven, the future life, or the wrath to come, if those gifts had not been presented. We are deeply indebted to you also for $62.40 for the redemption of Pabanyana (the little heathen girl). She is the brightest and best girl we ever had in this mission. She is now engaged to Muzondo, who is in Natal studying."



A NATIVE AFRICAN PREACHER AND FAMILY

Mr. Richards is the one Protestant missionary in a heathen population of 3,000,000. His work is a most worthy one and deserving of support.

A Great Influence for Good

Dear Editor: I have for ten years been a subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I think it the finest journal of the present age, or of any age. It is accomplishing more good, and is more inspiring and uplifting in its influence than any publication in existence. My children look forward to its weekly coming as they would watch for a cherished personal visitor. May God long spare the editor and his staff of co-workers to a prolonged life of usefulness. MRS. L. P. J.

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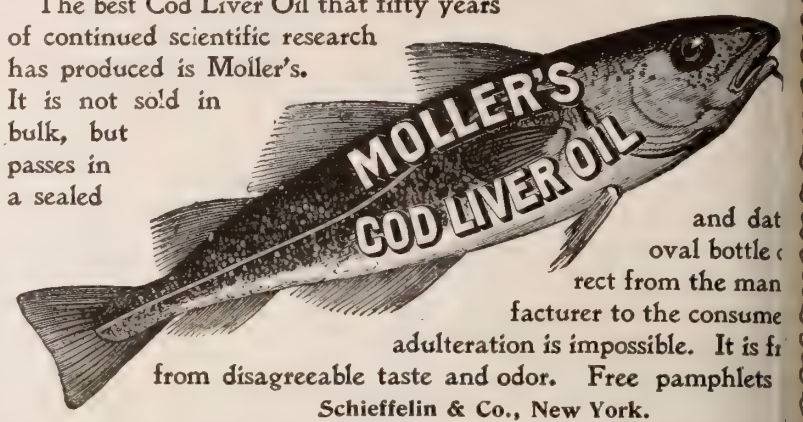

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From the Journal, Kansas City, Mo.

All over the country grip has left its mark upon thousands of victims. After every epidemic of this disease there remains behind a trail of after-effects which are often worse than the trouble itself and which seem to baffle all efforts of physicians. Health is shattered—the blood becomes poor, the flesh falls away, the sufferer grows nervous and irritable and even slight exertion causes shortness of breath. These are dangerous symptoms and indicate that the system is in a state that invites pneumonia, bronchitis or even consumption. A specific, however, has been found which not only will quickly restore the health after an attack of grip and expel the lingering germs but, working through the blood, will render the system proof against the disease. In hundreds of cases it has been shown that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have accomplished this result. One of the many recent cases is that of Mrs. J. B. Shaw, 2101 Bellefontain av., Kansas City, Mo., who says:

"When the grip was epidemic here I was one of its victims and the disease left me in a bad state. I formerly had an excellent memory, but after the attack I could scarcely remember anything. I had severe pains in the top and back of my head and was dizzy by spells. I would lie awake until nearly morning and then fall into a sleep that was not restful. My heart action was weak and I was a victim of nervousness. In fact my health was shattered by the attack of the grip and recovery seemed hopeless.

"After being afflicted in this manner for several weeks, I happened to read an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Thinking they might do me good, I began taking them at once. In three days I was much better and could sleep like a child at night. After using a box of the pills my memory was restored and I felt greatly encouraged. I continued taking them until I had used three boxes and was in better health than I had enjoyed for several years.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to many of my friends and urge all who are suffering from the effects of the grip to use them and drive away the lingering disease from their systems. If a stamped envelope is sent for reply, I will gladly answer all inquiries relating to my case."

Signed, MRS. J. B. SHAW.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of February, 1901.

[Seal] LIONEL MOISE, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the hundred), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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CAME TO CHRIST IN CHILDHOOD

The Story of the Youthful Conversions of Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, and Miss Anna Gordon

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE largest organization formed by women since the world began, is the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It has long since outgrown the United States. It has sprung up in all lands, and eks to bless the entire world. The pres- t President of the National Society, rs. L. M. N. Stevens, has been an earnest orker in it for a great many years, in- ed, since the very beginning. As she ce said: "When I heard about the hio crusade, I thought, 'that means me, o!' I joined the army then and there, d have marched right along ever since." has she had been in training for twenty ars and more, and on the death of Miss illard, she was promoted, very much ainst her own will, to be the National esident of the Society. She is a woman statesmanlike brain, and of noble ristian character; and wherever she es, her personality is a power for good. ere is the simple story of how she came know the Lord Jesus Christ as her viour.

. . .

'My only brother was my playmate—a ght, winsome boy, two years my senior. was never known to do an unkind act. the age of fourteen, he suddenly be- ne ill. Before the doctor or any other rson had spoken, or even thought dis- aragingly of his case, he told the family t he was sure he would not recover. said he was going to heaven; that he s willing to go, and was very happy. repeated in angelic tones the words the old hymn:

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

The radiance of his heavenly smile ted up the room while he thus antic- ted his reception into heaven. A few ars later I was with him alone, and he ked to me of heaven as one would talk any place with which he was thor- ghly acquainted. Then came the les- n of forgiveness, which, young as I was, ve me the key to the Christian life. ere was one whom we called our en- y—a man who had killed our pet rab- . We had said we never would speak him again, although he was our neigh- r. I cannot reproduce all that this ntly child said, for we were but chil- en, and it is now more than forty years o; but I promised to forgive, and to ry his message of forgiveness to the n. And then this child-brother talked the love of Christ as only a philosopher d Christian could talk. From that r Christ, immortality, eternal life, aven, have been realities to me.

Over and over again, in our great ggle to protect and save the young manhood of this nation, I think of my glorified brother, and I reverently thank God for the manifold ways in which he reveals to us the love, the power, the goodness of Christ, and my prayer for the world is, that the heart of humanity may become more receptive, more steadfast to the right, more obedient to the heavenly vision."

. . .

Miss Frances Willard was once in Boston, in the earlier stages of her work, when a bright young girl came to her, and, taking up a handful of letters that were waiting to be answered, asked if she could not help her with her correspondence. The friendship thus begun grew into one of the most beautiful friendships of the latter part of the nineteenth century. That young girl was Anna Gordon, and all the world knows how she became Miss Willard's right arm, her inseparable companion, her dearest friend, and finally her loving biographer. The beginning of Anna Gordon's life work suggests to us how the great opportunities of life always come to us with "the little end to," and the person who is waiting for some great and heroic opportunity for service, before he begins a life of helpfulness, is thus constantly disappointed. It was the generous desire of her heart to do something that would really help Miss Willard, whom she so greatly admired and loved, that led her through the open door into a career that has been full of honor and blessing.

. . .

Concerning the preparation which had fitted her heart for this life of service, Anna Gordon writes:

"My 'coming into the Kingdom' was without any marked characteristics, for I had the great happiness to be born in a Christian home, of parents whose sunny, singing faith made it as natural for me to want to lead a Christian life as to breathe. At the age of twelve, kneeling alone in my room, I asked in childlike faith for a new heart, and a few weeks later united with the Church. When, grown to young womanhood, I was urged to publicly testify to my love for Christ and to respond to the text, 'Whatsoever he saith unto thee, do it,' I found it the heaviest cross I had ever been asked to bear; but out of it there came to me the richest blessing of my life, namely, the comradeship of that great soul, Frances E. Willard, and the blessed work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

. . .

God bless the White Ribbon women, and their leaders, and hasten the time when their fondest desires shall be realized for a sober humanity!

MRS. L. M. N. STEVENS

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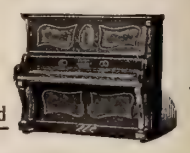

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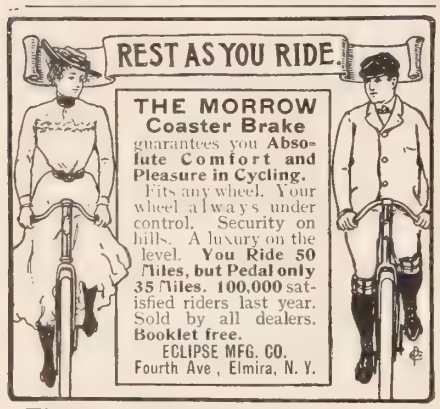

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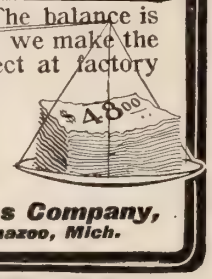

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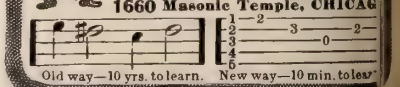

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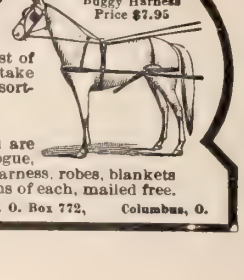

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1901

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 17
REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
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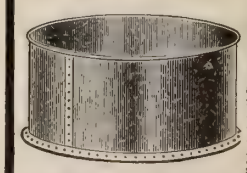

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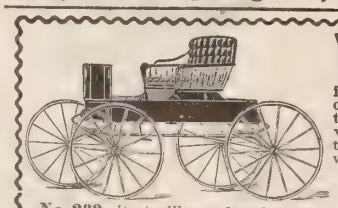

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

New Light on Bible Lands.

"ABRAHAM'S OAK" AT HEBRON

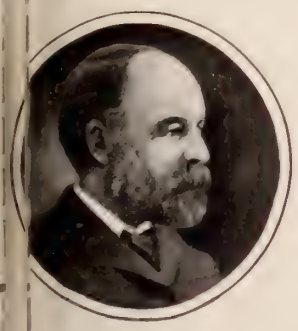
HEBRON, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

THE CAVE IN THE ROCK

I. THE TOMB OF THE PATRIARCHS

BY REV. THEODORE F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

THE earliest inhabitants of Palestine lived in caves. Just as we find the earliest remains of human life in Europe in the gravel which covers the bottom of caves, so in Palestine the first people were troglodytes, or cave-dwellers. The art of house-building, especially of making strong walls of stone, came afterwards, with hostilities between clans. And while this is true of all mountainous countries, it is notably true of Palestine, because all its hills are of limestone, and therefore full of caves. There are caves all over the land, and we see their openings in the sides of every valley and underneath Jerusalem and Hebron. The Horites of Mount Seir were all cave-dwellers, and the wonderful city of Petra is really a group of cave-dwellings, which the wealth of the caravan trade enabled their owners to enlarge inwardly and adorn outwardly, The "strongholds" of the Bible seem to have been caves. A famous series of caves near the Sea of Galilee had been the inaccessible home of a great band of robbers, who alone knew how to enter, until Herod lowered his soldiers over the face of the cliff, and so successfully laid siege to them. David gathered his band in the cave of Adullam. The prophets in Ahab's time were hid by fifty in a cave.



REV. THEODORE F. WRIGHT

To-day thousands live in caves: and these are often enlarged by cutting the soft rock, so that a family will have a small stone house standing in front of the cave and covering its entrance. Within, there may be the original cave, and then a room cut out at the end of it.

I have said that the people of the hills first lived in caves, but the people of the open ground, who had their flocks to look after, must have come very early into the use of shelters of branches, like the huts of the Feast of Tabernacles, or tents of skins and goat's hair. With such tents, as more durable and movable than leafy huts, they could move from place to place, as considerations of pasturage dictated, and could live in the midst of their camels, cattle and flocks.

Abraham came from Haran with tents and always lived outside of the towns, and the same was true of Isaac and Jacob. They were careful to dig wells for themselves and not to trespass on the permanent residents. As their flocks increased and demanded larger range, they encamped further away from the towns. Thus Isaac lived wholly at Beersheba, a day's journey from the nearest Philistine town and still more remote from Hebron. Jacob had land and a well near Shechem, but he was living in the vale of Hebron, when he sent Joseph to visit the northern flock and bring him back a report of its condition.

In Abraham's case, it is interesting to observe that his aged wife, Sarah, seems to have continued to live at Hebron and to have died there, for we read that "Abraham dwelt at Beersheba," Gen. 22: 19; and that "Sarah died in Kirjath-Arba, the same is Hebron; and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her," Gen. 23: 2. Now the unbroken tradition locates Abraham's residence at Hebron, about a mile west of the town, where the venerable tree called "Abraham's Oak" stands, and there is no doubt that he lived somewhere near the town, but not in it. There is a ruin called "Abraham's House," a few miles north of Hebron, showing very large stones and old masonry. We think of Abraham as living in a tent, rather than in a house, but both the tree and the ruin confirm the idea of his living outside the town.

When he learned that Sarah was dead, Abraham came to Hebron and asked the people at the gate to sell him the cave of Machpelah, which name probably means a "double" cave. The people were Hittites, the noblest of the older races of Palestine, and well represented by Uriah, the husband of Bathsheba, and they treated Abraham very respectfully, and Ephron sold his field in which was the cave.

THE TOMB OF JOSEPH, NEAR NABLOUS

RACHEL'S TOMB

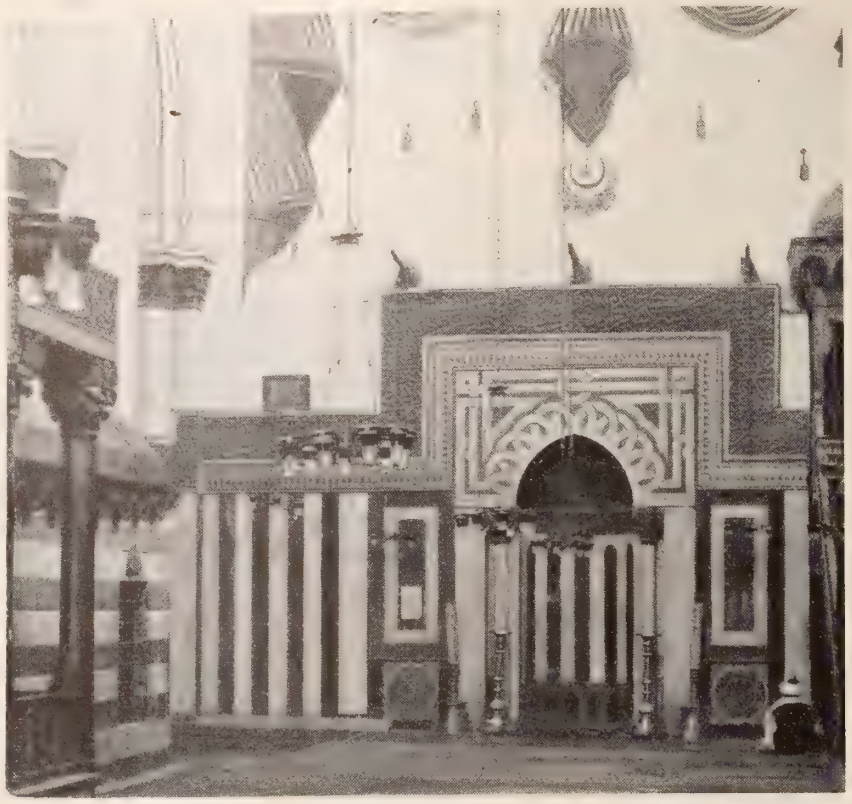
NEW LIGHT ON BIBLE LANDS — Continued

The cave was in the town, where it would be secure from depredation, and it is in the town to-day, and so secure that it is virtually inaccessible. It is covered by a mosque of very heavy masonry of the apparent age of the temple walls of Jerusalem, and it is held by the Moslems, who zealously guard it against all intruders.

When the Prince of Wales visited Palestine in 1862, accompanied by Dean Stanley, he sought to visit this place. He was at first refused, but persisted in his request, and even started away from Jerusalem indignant at being denied, when the Pasha relented, and sent a heavy force to guard the Prince and his companion from the fanaticism of the people.

Thus the visit was accomplished, and Dean Stanley gave an account of it in his "Lectures on the history of the Jewish Church." Several others have since that time been allowed, as favored friends of the Sultan, to visit the place, and have added their description to Stanley's

The cave is beneath the floor of the mosque and is entered through-an aperture. Some say that the original entrance to the cave is in the area and can be seen from a certain house-top. There are seven monuments shown, placed symmetrically and in pairs, representing the graves of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, and Jacob and Leah. Rachel was buried near Bethlehem (Genesis 35 : 19). Joseph was buried near Shechem (Joshua 24 : 2). The seventh grave at Machpelah is at one side, and is said to be that of Joseph, whose bones (according to Mohammedan claim) were brought here by the Moslems, that they might be more secure than in the field outside of Shechem.

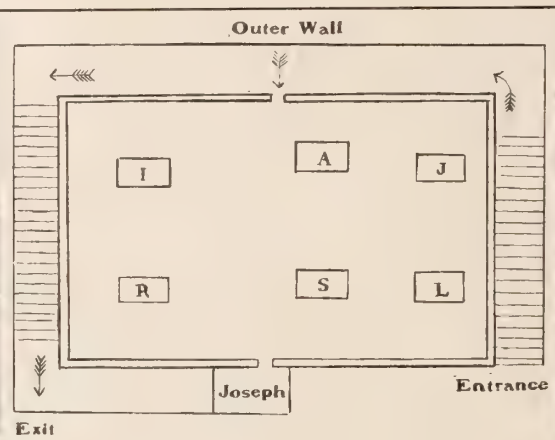


ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF THE PATRIARCHS AT MACHPELAH

If this be true, there are two embalmed bodies, Jacob's and Joseph's, and we have every reason to believe that the Egyptian process would include the laying in the hollow of the left arm of a papyrus roll, giving the biography of the deceased person. If this was done, as is wholly likely, and if the grave has not been robbed, which is quite possible, considering the reverence in which it has always been held, the sacred document which in the most conclusive manner will confirm Genesis, lies now, or with a single companion, behind this mosque. The Divine Providence takes care of these things, and we can only be truthful and patient, using no violence, but hoping that the slowly developing historical interest of the Moslems will some time lead them to make a full investigation.

Cambridge, Mass. T. F. WRIGHT.

"ABRAHAM'S HOUSE" NEAR HEBRON



PLAN OF THE INTERIOR—TOMB OF THE PATRIARCHS

MOUNT NEBO, SCENE OF THE DEATH OF MOSES

The initials in the diagram stand for Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah

EVANGELIST THOS. HARRISON

CONVERTS CROWD TO THE ALTARS

The Revival Work Goes on Uninterruptedly in Many States

EVANGELIST L. W. MUNHALL

Hundreds Won at Springfield, Ill.

FOR several weeks past, Thomas Harrison, the well-known evangelist, has been conducting a notable series of spiritual meetings at Springfield, Ill. Mr. Harrison writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this letter on the result of these meetings, which cannot fail to be read with kindling enthusiasm by all who have been watching the progress of the present evangelistic movement throughout the country:

DEAR EDITOR: I send you an account of the remarkable revival here. Next Monday night will be our farewell service, and we expect then to praise God for 400 seekers after salvation! This has been a most glorious work. 350 have knelt at the altar in four weeks. A large number are young men, and some are business men. I am conducting reunion revival services here.

Fifteen years ago I conducted revival services for seventeen weeks in this city, and at that time, during the seventeen weeks, 2,240 knelt at the altar. This time, in four weeks, about 400 have knelt at the altar. The old times of fifteen years ago have returned. I have not witnessed anything like this revival excitement for some years. The conviction has been so deep, that at some services the vast congregation would be in tears. It is said that never in the history of the Kumler Methodist Church have they passed through such a revival. THOMAS HARRISON.

Concerning the revival, one of the Springfield local papers says: "With the addition of so many converts, the congregations cannot agree to allow the meetings to close. The presence of over 1,400 persons in the congregation Sunday night speaks eloquently of the interest manifest. The singing, conducted by Mr. Anthony, never sounded better. From the first hymn a strange power seemed to take hold, a wave of revival excitement swept over the congregation and Evangelist Harrison found it was not not necessary even to preach a sermon, but at once gave the invitation, and in a few minutes, from all parts of the house, men, women and children hastened to the altar, and there were shouts of praise and great rejoicing as conversions were announced. The congregation was dismissed, but would not go home, and hundreds lingered to talk over the victory. The converts who have united thus far with the Kumler church number 110, and many more will join."

Bay City, Mich., Awakened

Evangelist L. W. Munhall has just closed three campaigns in the West (1) in Bay City, Mich., where twelve Churches united in the work; (2) in Urbana, Ohio, five Churches uniting; and (3) in Watseka, Ill., four Churches uniting. In all of these places there were signal tokens of the Divine favor in the reviving of the Churches to higher spiritual life, and the salvation of hundreds, and the impressing of the communities with the fact that Christianity is the most vital force in the world to-day. In all three localities hundreds of parlor meetings were held. The stores and places of business were closed during the time of the meeting on one business day, and the business and working men came out by the hundreds. Mr. Munhall is now conducting evangelistic meetings in Camden, N. J.

REVIVAL NOTES

Austin, Nev., and the surrounding region is hoping for the visit of some evangelist.

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis, evangelist, will hold evangelistic services for one week at Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn.

Found Christ When 106 Years Old

After Over a Century of Darkness, Granny Goodwin Was Led Into the Light by a Child

JOHN WILLIS BAER

SHE has lived in three centuries, and yet has been a professed Christian but two years. It's of "Old Granny" thi I am writing. Now read carefully a story the equal of hich I believe cannot be found in the history of the wid. Mrs. Charlotte Goodwin (Old Granny) ha lived in Hamilton, Ontario, for many yes, and is 108 years of age. She was born in Norfolk, England, in 1793. She has been thloyal subject of five British sovereigns. Tnty-one Presidents of the United States, inuding George Washington, have died in th time. "Granny still lives, frail but very hpy," writes her pastor, the Rev. W. F. Wson, of the Wesley Methodist Church of Hnilton, Ontario, "and considering her gnt age and the hardships that she has enured, her mind is very clear, and her sit and hearing fairly good; but as she expressed herself to me the other day, she is getting tired and at times feels lonely, and says, if it is God's will, she would like soon to go to Jesus and her heavenly home, where the sorrows and separations of this world shall be unknown."

REV. W. F. WILSON

n't it remarkable? Do you grasp the fa that this old lady lives to-day at the age of 8 and has only been a child of God two yes? Think of living 106 years out of Cst! Remarkable, you admit, but the w she was won to Christ is interesting and he t-stirring. I have told then arrative from my a platform, and also through the cmns of the *Christian Endeavor World*. N let me have the further privilege of teng it to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HALD.

he Rev. Mr. Wilson, prompted out of cusity, soon after his moving to Hamilto Ontario, visited the little house of "Old Granny." H reached her door on a hot August afternoon. Her or companions at the time were a clay pipe, which she w smoking, and a dog. Her "boy Abe," as she cad him, seventy years old, was not at home. The roh where she was sitting was parlor, bedroom, kihen, and was in miserable condition. All she had to eat was a pint of sour milk every other day, which was upon the table, and in which Mr. Wilson told me "numerous flies had found a watery or milky grave." At once her visitor decided that something must be done to assist the poor old woman. His King's Daughters were enlisted, as were a number of his Junior Christian Endeavorers, and Granny was supplied daily with fresh milk. By mending and washing of clothes, combing of Granny's hair and in other ways, Granny's heart went out to the "nice little gals," as she called them, and on the occasion of a visit from the pastor, she was told that the little girls were going to look out for her as long as she lived. Tears started from her eyes and furrowed their way down her wrinkled old face, as she asked with tremulous voice, "And why will they do this for me?" Mr. Wilson replied, "Because they love Jesus, and for his sake they have learned to love you." With deep emotion she said, "I never belonged to any church, and know very little about 'em." "O, never mind that. Granny, you have a precious soul to save, and Jesus loves you and wants you to be his child." "Does he want me?" "Yes, Granny, he wants you; don't you think you could trust him and take him as your Saviour?" She waited a moment, and then Mr. Wilson says, "As the morning flower opens to the warm breath of the summer sun, so Granny's heart opened to the tender influence of Christ's saving power, and with rapture she exclaimed, "Yes, my Lord, I will, I will."

MRS. CHARLOTTE GOODWIN
Born in England, 1793—Converted in America, 1899

Granny's steps toward the throne of Grace were not the ordinary ones, to be sure. First, the minister's call; the Juniors' visits with the fresh milk: the personal attention and kindly little things done: then the minister's call and the invitation, and the last step was taken by God's grace. "And a little child shall lead them."

THE LITTLE JUNIOR

I should have been glad to have been with the number who were present in Wesley Church, Hamilton, the first Sunday of last May, when Mrs. Charlotte Goodwin, at the great age of one hundred and eight, with a number of others, publicly united with the church.

At one end of the line of converts that stood before the altar waiting for the pastor's right hand of fellowship, was one of the little Juniors who had visited old Granny—a child of eight—and at the other end of the line, a child of one hundred and eight—a whole century between them.

I praise God for both conversions; the one early, the other late in life. Who would close the door against the eight-year-old, especially when she comes leading by the hand the one-hundred-and-eight-year-old?

The Master is always right—"And a little child shall lead them."

CITY OR COUNTRY LIFE—WHICH IS THE HAPPIER?

THE question propounded in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several weeks ago, has awakened a great deal of interest and many letters on the subject ha been received. Among them we make a few selectis which readers may ponder. Perhaps other women w have their mite to contribute to the point at issue.

"A portion of my married life," says a New England hosekeeper, "has been spent in the city, and the balan on the farm. The woman who is the wife of a famer, all of whose capital is invested in his land, stk and tools, and who has to give a mortgage on the prperty, as many farmers do, is far from having much ea of mind or body. The city woman of the same cl, with her good man earning regular wages, or on a lary, has the easier time, and less actual work an care. When the city cousin in the summer se s the country for rest, the farmer's wife is in the midst of her greatest whirl of work and extra care; very likely with a house full of boarders to look after. The berries are to be picked, the jelly to make, the fruit to can. Our daughters help, but much of the time they are in school. We do have papers, magazines, books and dictionaries and encyclopedias; libraries in the village, but time to enjoy them is lacking. If the woman in the country grows old too soon, who can wonder? Is it not because she cannot take time to attend to her personal appearance, and has not new and pretty things to wear.. Her health is broken much earlier than the city woman's is. The country is the better place for the children. Of that I am sure; but is hard on their mother. Which woman is happiest, depends very largely on the sort of man she has for a husband." Another woman in a middle State has this view:

"If a man marry a country girl and take her to town, she will stay there. A city girl who knows nothing about the life will go to the country and be happy; but a country girl likes the change and variety of the streets, and even loves the street sounds."

The daughter of a Methodist minister, who has had experience in both city and country parishes, thinks that in either locality women can be happy if they are unselfish and ready to accept what God has to bestow. She makes the remark that regularity simplifies work.

A Southern wife advises women to expect and exact attention from their husbands.

From the coast of the Pacific, a friend writes, urging the wife, in town or country, to be considerate of her tired good man, to give him a lift by her frugal management, and to see that his meals are well prepared.

More comments may come, and they will be welcome, for the subject is of the widest interest.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Pre-Eminent

TEXT, John 3: 31:

He that cometh from above is above all

THE most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the *vox humana* in all music, the gracefullest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out with those two letters, and all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "Above all."

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly, Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

Pre-eminent in Preaching

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday School teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stones? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for

The Illumination of the Universe?

Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sunday School class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than five hundred, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal; but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the Cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

The Greatest of all Themes

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas are these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wannest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

The Supreme Need

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is, that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake, and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us, great and awful sinners, saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we who have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first-rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking-glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and, under that grace, St. John from desolate Patmos, heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock, the Christian, from cups of granite, lily-rimmed and vine-covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark, that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation, the stonemason should come and consult him about his tombstone, that after a while he would need. And are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it, the less prepared are they to go. This is an unmeetness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, dying, ordered the tunic he had on him to be carried after his death on a spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier ever and anon, should stop and cry, "Behold, all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror, of all the States he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior or such a demonstration, or with much that we hear utter in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a common-sensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

Pre-eminent in Consolation

A thousand feet underground, by light of torch in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, from the slippery ratlines, and broken on the hatches, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure; the death of the righteous and of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no! poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and far from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ would say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, to think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn-maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depth of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live here after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

Support in Death

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed, I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe blessing and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither, broke away from the guardsmen, and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward!" But grander than that was the testimony of the without-out first missionary, when, in the Mamartine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give

in at day, and not to me only, but to all them that lov his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is abe all in dying alleviations?

ward the last hour of our earthly residence we are spe ling. When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another Sabbath de rted." When I bury a friend, I say, "Another eau ly attraction gone." What nimble feet the years ha ! From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or t, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the me are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us our resting-place. Brighter than a banqueting hall wil be the sepulchre through whose rifts the holy light of aven streameth. God will send his angels to guard yo slumbering ground, until, at Christ's behest, they sh roll away the stone.

also, Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celtial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the alms waved before his face, all the crowns down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs will say: "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and in Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say: "This is the Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and he brought us home. We were guilty, and he made us white as snow. Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land, that when he was about to expire he bequeathed $160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken and deposited in the Holy Land, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

AMONG HOSPITABLE HIGHLANDERS OF THE SOUTH

In the mountains of east Tennessee and western North Carolina, where it is frequently impossible to secure a suitable building for the Sabbath Scl ol, it is sometimes held in a blacksm h shop, a saw mill, or a tobacco barn. Mi J. H. Little, one of the missionaries of e American Sunday School Union, wri s as follows: "I have organized such sch ls in the woods, which have accomplished much good. It is a great disadvange that they are compelled to close du g the winter; but in many communit that do have churches and school hos, these buildings are so poorly corructed, or are so badly out of repair, tha Sabbath Schools held in them, are cpelled to suspend during the cold, stoy weather, which prevails in the mtains in winter.

bout two years ago, I organized a scl ol in a dilapidated, little log house, wh had, at some time in the past, been use for a dwelling, but had been abandold, and was now badly out of repair. It ntained only one room, twelve feet wi and eighteen in length, and it was rat r small for a school of forty members. We crowded the rough, backless board seches, however, and on fair sunny days, one or two classes would go outside, under the shade of some beech trees near by; but all gathered in the little room for the opning and closing exercises, which were usually conducted with spirit.

nder such conditions, and with unlearned and inexperienced officers and teachers, it would seem that little if any good could be accomplied; and I must confess that my faith in the ultimate success of this particular school was not strong. I succeeded, however, in sta ng a weekly prayer-meeting in this place, this being my custom, wh ever possible. The Sabbath School and prayer-meeting co nued to meet for nearly eighteen months in the old log hut. an the place had to be tor down to make way for neat, comfortable fre e building. Twenty-e of the scholars na made a public profesn of their faith in Chst. The school is no occupying its new bu ing, which, though no quite completed, is all aid for. There is pr hing regularly once or ice a month.

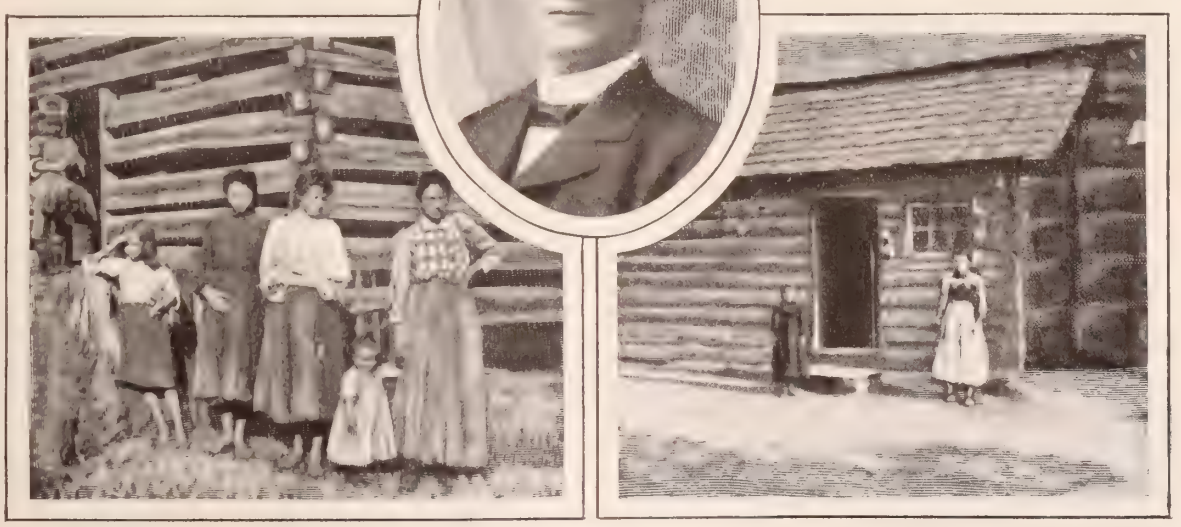
ast spring I organized a Sabbath School in he woods, where the is a large settlemc of very poor mountaiers, destitute of any scl ol or church privileg. This has also be successful, but, of co se, had to suspend du g the winter. We ho to be able to help th people to put up a ilding before next winter. They are willing to do all they can, but cannot give much toward it. I have already received several contributions to aid them.

A MOUNTAIN SUNDAY SCHOOL BUILDING IN PROCESS OF ERECTION

"Many other instances, similar to these given, might be cited where the Sabbath School in isolated and neglected communities has been the means of uplifting and bringing many to Christ. Within the past six months, over one hundred and fifty conversions have been reported to me by schools I have organized.

"It is impossible to reach the hidden coves and recesses of the mountains where thousands of these neglected people live, except on horseback or on foot. I have a sure-footed, intelligent mountain pony, which I ride; but often the rocky trails are so steep that she cannot climb them and carry my weight. Many of the paths wind their narrow way so near the edge of precipices, as they round the crags and peaks, that a slip or stumble might precipitate both horse and rider down the mountain side to the rocks hundreds of feet below. I frequently have to dismount and lead my horse over such places. I am equipped with large saddle-bags in which to carry Bibles, Testaments and other religious literature, besides a change of clothing. With these laid across the saddle, my lower limbs encased in long leggings, and with a large rain-coat to protect me from storms, I have traveled thousands of miles, penetrating the mountains to localities seldom or never reached by 'furriners,' as all travelers from the outside world are here designated.

"The mountaineers are very kindly disposed toward all Christian workers, and I have little difficulty in obtaining entertainment for man and beast at the humble cabin homes. 'We uns may be pore, but we air clever (hospitable), an' if you all kin put up 'ith our fare, ye're welcome,' is the usual reply, when an application for lodging or dinner is made by the stranger."



TYPICAL MOUNTAIN S.S. SCHOLARS MISSIONARY J. H. LITTLE A MOUNTAIN HOME

Many thriving frontier churches have grown out of these little schools, started in very unpromising localities by missionaries of the American Sunday School Union during the past seventy-seven years. The Lord has added his blessing and the work has prospered. There are still two and a half or three millions of people in the mountain ranges, either unreached or reached very imperfectly, owing to the scarcity of missionaries.

Any one desiring further information or wishing to aid in this important work can address Rev. E. P. Bancroft, Secretary, 158 Fifth avenue, New York City.

THE OPEN WAY

I SOMETIMES like, when all my way seems barred,
To mind me of the story told of one,
Whose faith the dawn of Britain's freedom starred,
Ere yet had beamed the rising of the sun.

Brave Cuthbert, who from tending of the sheep
On wind-swept hillsides bleak, near Lammermoor,
Went forth the Master's scattered flock to keep,
And preach his love, who says, "I am the door."

Once, tossed upon an angry, boiling sea,
His boat was dashed against a dreary shore;
Heart-sick and like to die, his comrades three
Cried, "Cuthbert, let us perish—hope is o'er,

"The furious tempest shuts the water-path,
The snow-storm blinds us on the bitter land."
"Now, wherefore, friends, have ye so little faith,"
God's servant said, and stretching forth his hand,

He lifted up his reverent eyes, and spake,
"I thank thee, Lord, the way is open there,
No storm above our heads in wrath shall break,
And shut the heavenward path of love and prayer."

Sweet to me comes old Cuthbert's word to-day;
Sweet is the thought that Christ is ever near;
I seek him by the ever-open way,
Nor yield my courage to a shuddering fear.

The storm may darken over land and sea,
But step by step with Christ I fare along;
Dear Christ, the storm and calm are both from thee,
And thou thyself art aye my strength and song.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

JESUS AND PETER

International S. S. Lesson for May 5. John 21: 15-22

LOVE AND SERVE

GOLDEN TEXT: "Lovest thou Me?" John 21: 17

BY DR. AND MRS WILBUR F. CRAFTS

I HAVE here three cards, with a place on each for any one who is not a Christian to sign his name if he will.

I CAN NOT LOVE AND SERVE JESUS CHRIST.
[Signed] _____

I WILL NEVER LOVE AND SERVE JESUS CHRIST.
[Signed] _____

I WILL NOW AND FOREVER LOVE AND SERVE JESUS CHRIST.
[Signed] _____

I am sure no one would dare to sign that, and so declare he cannot do what God requires every one to do. "All God's biddings are enablings."

We have never found any one ready to sign that.

The soul is usually no more ready to say "Never" than to say "Now." This is the admittance card to love and light and life. Jesus in this lesson puts the beginning and end of Christian living in four words: "Love me; serve men." Service is slavery if it does not begin in love, and love is a fruitless blossom if it does not grow into the service of humanity. This is a time when many are beginning the Christian life, and many more, like backslidden Peter, are beginning over again, claiming the promise, "I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely." You wish to join the Church. The two vital questions are: Do you really love Jesus Christ? What definite service are you ready to perform in his name for his lambs or sheep?

I go a fishing (v. 3). Some have suggested that Peter had relapsed again from his apostolic duties, because while waiting with six other apostles in Galilee for the risen Christ, who had promised to meet them there, he had proposed that they should "go a fishing." It reminds us of the modern Pharisee that thought a boy who had shortly before joined the Church was backsliding because he was sliding down hill. Fishing, whether as amusement at proper times or as honest toil, is more Christian than idleness. In this fishing Christ himself took a hand. Blessed is every amusement or toil in which we have the companionship and help of Christ.

"Do you want a boy, sir?" The merchant addressed looked up from his desk and said, "What can you do?" "I will do anything that will give me an honest living." "Well, take these boots down stairs and black them." The boy was a minister's son, whose father, now dead, had entertained many of his fellow preachers, and he had taught this boy that blacking ministers' boots was washing the disciples' feet. The boots were soon brought back handsomely polished. The merchant said, „Well, my lad, you have done that job very well indeed." "Yes, sir," said the boy modestly, "mother always told me to do well whatever I did." "Come here to-morrow," said the merchant, "and I will give you a trial." The boy kept to his rule to "do faithfully, as unto the Lord," whatever he did, and rose to be the president of a great banking institution. To serve masters or customers faithfully is one way to serve Christ.

. . .

All night the apostles fished and caught nothing, as they told an unknown stranger at daybreak, who questioned them from the shore. "Cast the net on the right side," said the stranger. They did so, and found their nets suddenly filled.

Work Fruitful when Dependence is on Christ

"It is the Lord!" exclaimed the apostle of love, for love has eagle eyes to behold him and to recognize his work. Then repentant love, embodied in Peter, leaped overboard to be first at his side, as when these two apostles looked into the empty tomb, which Peter was first to enter. Then came the dragging to land of the net full of fish. The fishing incident was a fitting prelude to Peter's call to Christian work, reminding him in the empty nets, after a night of toil, of what he had so much needed to learn: "Without me, ye can do nothing." When we have learned that, and are willing to be but the obedient helpers of Christ, he fills our nets. Jesus fed the apostles, apparently not from their great catch, but from bread and fish he had provided, perhaps miraculously as in earlier cases. The breakfast over, he walks away with Peter to commission him to feed the children, the young people, and the old folks, with spiritual bread. He must first store his own heart with love, and, out of that inner supply, "feed the flock of God." God forbid that any teacher should be forced to answer to Jesus' question: "Have ye any meat?" "No." Rather may we come to feed our classes with nets full to overflowing.

We come now to the wonderful dialogue of Christ and Peter. Scarcely another passage in the Bible has so many delicate shades of meaning in the Greek that the English cannot fully express. There are two names of Peter, and two different words for love, and three questions to call up the three denials.

"Simon, esteemest thou me more than these?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my lambs."

"Simon, esteemest thou me?" "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Tend my young sheep."

"Simon, lovest thou me?" "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my sheep."

Note that Christ, with all his tenderness, uses the lance of love in quickening Peter's conviction of sin. He calls him "Simon," his old fisher name, for he has not yet proved himself Peter, the man of rock. He cuts deep again, as he says: "More than these," reminding Peter of his vain boast that though all others should forsake Christ, his love should never fail. Deeper yet went the faithful lance when by repeating the question: "Lovest thou me?" three times, Christ recalled Peter's threefold denial. Let us not deal with repentant ones with such overgentleness that their conviction of sin shall be only half developed, and their repentance, therefore, only half in earnest. Note also that love, not learning, is the first condition of successful Christian work, and that genuine love must prove itself in active service.

The Teacher's Self-Examination

1. Have I a deep sense of the sinfulness of sin, and its awful consequences?
2. Do I love Christ as my personal Saviour?
3. Am I constrained in teaching by that love and by love like his for men?
4. Is my teaching a loving service?
5. Do I by faithful preparation really "feed the flock of God?"
6. Do I walk so that I can say, "Follow me, as I follow Christ?"

THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S CONCERN FOR THE WELFARE OF HIS SHEEP

Lovest thou me? Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was brought to this country to be educated. At a social gathering in the home where Hopu boarded, an infidel lawyer amused himself by asking Hopu puzzling questions. He was confused at first, but at last he turned to the lawyer and said: "I am a poor heathen boy, sir, and I cannot help it if you are amused at my blunders and mistakes. But there will, bye and bye, be a big meeting, much bigger than this. We shall all be there and we shall all be asked one question, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I can say 'Yes,' what will you say?" The whole company was silent and the lawyer was quite upset, but pretending to keep up his banter he asked Hopu to pray, which he did with impressive earnestness. The lawyer left the house soon after, but could not get away from the questions: "Do you love Christ? What will you say," until he had answered them as Peter did.

Feed my lambs. If Jesus can call children "my lambs," they can surely be Christians. It is absurd to assume that they have no right in the church fold till they are grown to a strength where they scarcely need it; to suppose they must first be tested by exposure outside to winds and wolves, and welcomed to the fold only when they have been driven to it torn and wounded with sin. Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull writes of the child: "As soon as he is capable of learning that his voice is heard by his loving father in another room, he is capable of learning that his voice can be heard by a loving Father whom he has never seen, who is always within hearing, but never within sight; who is the loving Father of his father and mother, as well as of himself and of everybody else; who is able to do all things, and is sure to do all things well."

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and always shall [and she kissed her mother]; but you have not told yet how old I shall have to be."

"How old must you be before you can trust you wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mo again; "but tell me what I want to know." And she clim up into her lap.

The mother asked again, "How old will you have t before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child, half guessing what her mother m whispered, "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said, "You can be a Christian now darling. Love and try to please the One who says, 'Le little ones come unto me.'"

Paterson Dubois lost his boy of six, whom he had heard speak of God. The father had been troubled a this silence, but was comforted after the boy's death to on a crumpled paper in letters printed by baby fingers a the sheet, "God is love. He loves lambs."

Feeding the lambs means more than church work children. It means children's aid societies, orphan anti-cruelty societies, charity kindergartens, everything safeguards the children.

Tend my young sheep. This is God's command to pas teachers and parents, to safeguard the young people. this command of Christ needs to be reiterated is manife especially in behalf of boys, when we recall that while i primary departments of Sunday Schools the proportio boys to girls is as five to six, in the main school it is t six. The "young sheep" are spending their Sundays o bicycle path and in suburban parks, and some even i loons. It is twice as hard to save boys as girls, no d but let us learn from the fact to work twice as hard ther

As the sheep brought into the fo night, so by parents ing to secure the cu as well as by parenta let all the young foll safely folded in the at night. Let boys re ber that all their rest and training are to their lives happier more useful in the en visiting uncle heard a versation between young nephew Karl his mother. The boy plained that he was allowed to do as he ed. He thought it be time enough to down and be steady he was older. Afte mother had left Karl out and put a harne the colt, and for th ond time tried to him in. When he p to rest the uncle ca and said, "Karl, w you try to break th of yours?" "I want h be good for somet "But he likes to ha own way; why sho he have it?" Karl in astonishment and "I'd like to know the of a horse that has h way." The uncle on, "And as for wo why not wait till h old horse?" Karl re "Why, don't you s he doesn't learn whe a colt"— Then th began to see the poi paused and blushe looked at his uncle ir

appeal for mercy. Nothing more was said, but he had le something of a mother's duty to "colts."

. . .

Feed my sheep. We are not to forget the older peop even the oldest, in our zeal for the past his helpers must be awake to the interest of all. E March, a train was wrecked at Slateford, Pa. The trai rushed to ruin, right in the face of signals of danger, sh that the engineer, who was crushed in the wreck, mus been asleep or dead as he sat in his cab with the r sibility of the train upon him. Whether he was at fa not can never be known, but there is no doubt that ma whose fidelity the eternal destiny of others hangs ar guilty sleep when they should be heeding, and bidding heed the danger signals of a sinful life.

. . .

Follow thou me. As Peter walked away at the s Christ in John's accustomed place, while John fo behind, something of the old rivalry revived in Peter's And so when Christ told him in shadowy terms of his martyrdom, he asked, pointing back: "And what sh man be?" Christ answered that and all such questi envy and curiosity: "What is that to thee? follow tho Life is not to be wasted on curious questions, but devo Christlike service. Such were the lives of Peter and despite some faults. Of them—of us also, let us h might be said, in the words of Kipling, written abo grave of his best friend:

Beyond the loom of the last lone star,
Through open darkness hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared,
Or hiving star swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God.
For that they served his world.

TINSMITHING BRICKLAYING PLASTERING A NEW ARRIVAL THE SAME, A YEAR LATER BAKING COOKING

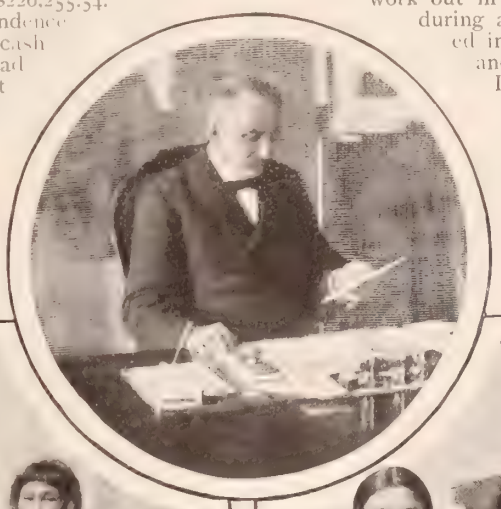
UNCLE SAM'S FAMOUS INDIAN SCHOOL

CIVILIZING THE SAVAGE --- TRAINING THE RED BOYS AND GIRLS

THERE is probably no institution on this continent which more strikingly illustrates the advance of civilization and the influence of education than the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., whh recently celebrated its twenty-sec-on anniversary, and at the same time ne its thirteenth graduating exercises. Fr this school there went forth a band of ative American Indians, boys and gir to become useful citizens and to tea the advantages of education to the yo of the various tribes. The Carlisle Sc ol is not an ordinary educational in-sti ion. It is a great school because it do a great work—represents the very be in its management, its teaching force, an above all in its high aims for the pu s in its care. It lifts up and inspires h oupils, and the determination to do "m very best" is in the atmosphere. W n one knows the general indifference of e average Indian elsewhere, he only he realizes what the Carlisle School, un-le Colonel Pratt, has done and is doing. e number of students on roll during h past year was 1,218, representing 76 ri s. In the neighborhood of 700 are placed during the summer, and about 300 stay ou ll winter attending public schools. The students are allowed to keep their co try earnings. In the past year they earned $27,255.52, and saved $15,518.39. Th r aggregate earnings in the past eleven years has been $226,255.54. Th training of the Indian in the past has been toward dependence. H has learned to look to the Government for his rations, his cash an ity, or his lease money. The Carlisle School aims to lead h ndians into the national life, by associating them with that if and by giving them a primary education and a knowledge of ome common and practical industry which will be a m s of self-support. There are shops at Carlisle where h orincipal trades are taught to boys and there are two ar s for their instruction in agriculture, and suitable rooms an appliances where the girls are taught cooking, sewing, a dry and house-work. But the crowning influence in the ac mplishment of the school's purposes is the extensive outing system. Information from agencies, where the students have made their homes since leaving Carlisle, indicate that by far the greater number are leading useful lives.

INDIAN GIRLS AT RECITATION, CARLISLE

Colonel Pratt, superintendent at Carlisle, served eight years in the U.S. cavalry against the Indians. From that experience grew the idea of the Carlisle Indian School. During the Indian war of 1874-75 he had charge of hundreds of red-skinned prisoners at Fort Sill. Seventy-four of those men were selected and sent in his care to the old Spanish fort in St. Augustine, Fla., in April, 1875. They remained there three years under kindly influences. When they were released, twenty-two of the younger men promptly offered to remain East three years longer, if they could go to school. The Government would not provide the means. Their wants were made known to a few friends of the Indian, and one by one their expenses were provided. Seventeen were sent to Hampton Institute, Virginia. When they arrived at Hampton and Gen. Armstrong discovered their adaptability, he at once asked the Interior Department for forty more Indian boys and girls. Colonel Pratt went to Dakota and brought to Hampton forty-nine young Indians of the Sioux tribe. Dissatisfied with the scope of the effort at Hampton, Colonel Pratt applied to the Government for the Carlisle Barracks and 250 or 300 young Indians, that he might work out in his own way plans which had been growing in his mind during all the years of his Indian contact. His request was granted in 1879. He went to Dakota and brought from the Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies to Carlisle 82 boys and girls. From Indian Territory he brought 57 Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne and Arapahoe children. The school opened November 1, 1879, and has steadily increased in numbers and reached out to the various tribes, until now it has nearly 1,000 students, coming from over 70 different tribes. As a civilizing and refining influence Carlisle certainly must be accorded an important place. It has done much toward solving the Indian problem, by making good, law-abiding, industrious Christian men and women of a people born amid savagery.



INDIANS AS THEY ARRIVED AT THE SCHOOL

COL. PRATT, SUPERINTENDENT

THE SAME INDIANS AFTER TRAINING

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Receipts sent on request.

Foreign Postage.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

A National Evil

DRUNKENNESS is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. Drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly it is not at a standstill, but it is on an onward march, and it is a double quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves.

If we could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards, and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if we could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour, and day after day. Great hosts, in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice enough stentorian to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. Whichever way you look in the community to-day, the evil is increasing.

Sermons setting forth the perils that threaten the destruction of our American institutions would be very poorly planned sermons if they did not speak of drunkenness. Is it a State evil? or is it a national evil? Does it belong to the North? or does it belong to the South? Does it belong to the East? or does it belong to the West? Ah! there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen and into which its suicides have not plunged. What ruined that Southern plantation? Every field a fortune, the proprietor and his family once the most affluent supporters of summer watering-places. What threw that New England farm into decay and turned the roseate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of despair? What has smitten every street of every village, town, and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong drink. O how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord, how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?" And how many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift!

Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuses to do so God will wipe out the nation as he did Phœnicia, Rome, Thebes, Babylon. Ay, he is waiting to see what the Church of God will do. If the Church does not do its work, then he will wipe it out as he did the churches of Ephesus, of Thyatira, of Sardis.

To-day the Church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would unite, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of all the Churches and Sunday Schools in Christendom shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the Churches of God—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—were united on this subject! "Venom of the worm that never dies."

Whether you live in Brooklyn or New York, or Chicago or Cincinnati, or Savannah or Boston, or Topeka, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on your own street, and see they are far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic, will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The rum fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink!

The dram-shop is a great caldron of iniquity in our time. Anacharsis said that the vine bore three grapes: the first was pleasure, the next was drunkenness, and the next misery. Every saloon above ground or under ground is a fountain of iniquity. It may have a license and it may go along quite respectably for a while, but after a while the cover will fall off and the color of the iniquity will be displayed.

We might in this country—this traffic perished—have less revenue, but we would have more happy homes, and we would have more peace, and we would have fewer people in the penitentiary, and there would be tens of thousands of men who are now on the road to hell who would start on the road for heaven.

• • •

Thou shalt speak my words unto them, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear—Ezek. 2: 7.

• • •

Appropriate Epitaphs

THERE needs to be a reformation in epitaphiology. People ask me for appropriate inscriptions for the graves of their dead. They tell the virtues of the father, or wife, or child, and want me to put in compressed shape all that catalogue of excellencies. Of course I fail in the attempt. The story of a lifetime cannot be chiseled by the stone-cutter on the side of a marble slab. But it is not a rare thing to go a few months after by the same spot and find that the bereft friends, unable to get from others an epitaph sufficiently eulogistic, have put their own brain and heart to work and composed a rhyme. Now, the most unfit sphere on earth for an inexperienced mind to exercise the poetic faculty is on a grave-stone. It does very well in copy-books, but it is most unfair to blot the resting-place of the dead with unskilled poetic scribble. It seems to me that the owners of cemeteries and graveyards should keep in their own hand the right to refuse inappropriate and ludicrous epitaphs. Nine-tenths of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken. I do not say that poesy has passed from the earth, but it does seem as if the fountain Hippocrene had been drained off to run a saw-mill. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of cemeteries is an offence to God and man.

My uniform advice to all those who want acceptable and suggestive epitaphs is, Take a passage of Scripture. That will never wear out. From generation to generation it will bring down upon all visitors a holy hush; and if before that stone has crumbled, the day comes for waking up of all the graveyard sleepers, the very words chiseled on the marble may be the ones that shall ring from the trumpet of the archangel.

• • •

The Lord God is a sun and shield: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly—Ps. 84: 11.

• • •

More Leniency

WE often sit with amazement and hear people tear to pieces reputations that have been a quarter of a century forming. Men, and women, too, seize with avidity evil reports, and like maggots run in and out of the carcasses of fallen character. Society becomes a great slaughter-house in which honorable names are strangulated and butchered. When a man begins to totter a little in his integrity or Christian principle, instead of gathering around to steady him, and keep him from complete prostration, we come out from our homes and our associations to push him flat down.

Tale-bearers almost always deal in superlatives. If a man shows a little impatience, they say he was livid with rage. If he were seen taking a glass, they call him a besotted inebriate. They put the blow-pipe of their exaggeration into the slightest inconsistency and blow till the cheeks are distended, and the bubble swells, and the story is rounded into a great orb in which swim all the rainbows of conceit, and you can see almost anything you want to see. They are hounds, good for nothing but a chase.

When you hear evil of any one, suspend judgment. Do not decide till you have heard the man's defe Do not run out to meet every heated whelp of ma that runs with its head down and its tongue out. probability is that it is mad, and will only bite th who attempt to entertain it.

In our criticisms of others, let us remember that have faults which our friends have to excuse. H much would be left of us if all those who see incor tencies in us should clip away from our character reputation? It is an invariable rule that those make the roughest work with the names of others those who have themselves the most imperfecti The larger the beam in your own eye, the more anx are you about the mote in somebody else's eye. Inst of going about town slashing this man's bad ten and the other man's falsity, and this woman's hypoc and that one's indiscretion, go home with the ten c mandments as a monitor, and make out a list of your derelictions. The best way to keep a whole city c is for every housekeeper to scrub her own doorsteps

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Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee—Isa. 26:

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Chirography

WE have recently had very interesting things to us concerning penmanship as an inde character. There may be something in it, but the as yet is very crude. After we read an interesting we want to see the author's face and his autogr But there is almost always a surprise or a disapp ment felt when for the first time we come upon handwriting of persons of whom we have heard or much. We often find that the bold, dashing n sometimes wields a trembling pen, and that some eminent for weakness has a defiant penmanship looks as if he wrote with a splinter of a thunderbol

I admit that there are instances in which the ch ter of the man decides the style of his penman Lord Byron's autograph was as reckless as its au George Washington's signature was a reflection o dignity. The handwriting of Samuel Rogers w smooth as his own nature. Robespierre's fierce ing autograph seems to have been written wit dagger of a French revolution. On the contrary, handwriting is often the antipodes of his character unreasonable schoolmaster has often, by false ins tion, cramped or ruined the pupil's chirography ever. If people only knew how a brutal pedag in the academy used to pull my ears while learni write, I should not be so often censured for my miserable scribble. I defy any boy to learn suc fully to make "hooks and trammels" in his copy or ever after learn to trace a graceful calligraphy, had my schoolmaster, "old Taylor," bawling over I hope never to meet that man this side of heaven my memory of the long-ago past be too much fo sense of the ministerial propriety.

There are great varieties of circumstances that ence and decide the autograph. I have not very faith in the science of chirography. I could from a of letters in one pigeon-hole, put to rout the whole t I have come to the conclusion that he who jud man's character by his penmanship is only guessin

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Every one of us shall give account of himself to God—Rom. 14: 12.

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FROM the latest annual report of the United States Bureau of Statistics, it appears that the nation's drink bill for 1900 stands as follows: Alcoholic drinks, $1,563,787.00; Non-alcoholic (coffee, tea and cocoa) 111,138.00. The year showed an increase in the consumption of drinks both alcoholic and non-alcoho $81,777,103.00. A total of 1,334,176,033 gallons gives per capita consumption of something over seventeen one-half gallons of alcoholic drinks for every woman and child in the nation. These figures their own comment. Is it to be wondered at t so many homes are ruined, business careers wrecked blighted and bodies and souls destroyed by s deadly deluge inundating every nook and corner Union?

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Antarctic Exploration

THREE expeditions for the exploration of the Antarctic seas are now in preparation. One is from Germany, another from Sweden, and a third from England. Of the three, the German d the English will have new vessels, specially built f the purpose. The Swedish expedition will use the amer *Antarctic*, in which Dr. Nathorst sailed around eenland two years ago. It will be commanded by . Otto Nordenskjold. a nephew of the eminent ex-rer. He will sail for Terra del Fuego, and will main there, making observations and studying the ditions of the climate for several months, making oc-ional excursions in the direction of the South Pole, il the winter sets in, when he will retreat northward, l, after passing the winter in the Antarctic, will return the following spring. The *Gauss*, the German ves-which was launched last month, will go to Kerguelin land, which will be the base of operations. In the sing it will sail westward to South Georgia, and return 1903. The English vessel, the *Discovery*, the sixth of name, is one of the finest vessels ever built for ar exploration. She is to be equipped for three rs, and the entire cost of the expedition will be half million dollars, of which the Government contributes 5,000, and t Royal Geo-phical Soci ey furnishes te balance. e captain be Robert Scott, and t chief scient-Prof. J. W. gory, who traveled ex-tsively in the ky Moun-tns, in Africa al in Spitz-lgen. This edition will rk in con-jction with te Germans, ginning its svice in Vic-ia Land. h the Ger-n and Engl vessels are rdeled on the les of the *Fram*, the ves-s in which nsen made famous voy-, but they stronger, in der to resist te rougher vither of the uthern seas. nsen proved that the rounded sides of the *Fram* en-ed her to resist the ice pressure, and that when it came severe she lifted easily, so that the ice could er get a crushing grip upon her. That was a fact vich was remembered when these two new vessels e being built. Explorers are wiser in such matters n Christians often are in the affairs of life. They te lessons from the experience of others and adopt measures which have been found to insure safety.

ow all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they written for our admonition (I. Cor. 10: 11).

THE "ANTARCTIC" AND DR. NORDENSKJOLD

THE "DISCOVERY," SOON TO SAIL FOR THE ANTARCTIC—PROF. J. W. GREGORY

Cured by X-Rays

A remarkable discovery appears to have been made most simultaneously by several eminent physicians. llowing closely on the identification of the germ vich causes cancer, mentioned in these columns two veks ago, comes the announcement of the means vich it is hoped may prove destructive of the germ. It pears that several physicians, who had patients suf-ng from cancer, thought it prudent, before operating, employ the Roentgen rays, so as to find out how far es of the cancerous growth extended. In some tances there was a difficulty in observing, and the ients were kept under the rays for a long time, and in ers the experiment was several times repeated. To astonishment of the physicians, a marked improve-nt in the patients followed the application of the s, and that improvement has continued so long as to courage the hope that the disease has been eradi-ed. Dr. F. H. Williams, of Boston, after describing ne of the cases, says: "We have found in the rays a therapeutic agent, which is of value in the treatment of at least superficial cancer, in its early stages." To many a poor sufferer this must be welcome news. It is significant that the discovery should have been made by accident. The physicians were expecting only to learn conditions when they found that the light was also a curative agent. So it has proved in spiritual matters. The heavenly light not only reveals but cures.

The commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life (Prov. 6: 23).

Waited Forty Years

An interesting marriage took place in New York a few days ago. The attachment of which it was the outcome began more than forty years ago in Kilgowan County, Ireland. The parties to the marriage were then boy and girl of ten years old. The boy soon realized that there was no prospect before him in his native land, so he availed himself of the first opportunity to come to America. He had the girl's childish promise to wait for him, and she bade him good-bye, with the full expectation that when he grew up and could afford to marry he would send for her. He was not used to letter-writing, and he knew that the girl could not read, so there was no communication between them for some years. When, at last, fortune smiled on him and he was able to pay the passage money he sent for the girl. In reply, he received a letter from one of her acquaintances informing him that the girl had availed herself of an opportunity to follow him to this country, and with a very vague idea of its size, supposed she would have no difficulty in finding him. He was living in Cleveland, O., at that time, and he knew not how to find her, so he gave up hope and married some one else. A few years ago his wife died and he, then, having more money to spare, made another effort to trace his first love. He found her earning her own living in New York, and still patiently waiting for him to claim her. It must have been a joyful wedding that rewarded all those years of expectation. Few would have remained true so long to an absent lover. Yet how long has Christ waited for the coming to him of some who in their youth pledged themselves to him and have since given themselves to the world.

They were filled, and their heart was exalted; therefore have they forgotten me (Hosea 13: 6).

Reason for a Change of Name

Application was made last week to Judge Moore, of Queen's County Court, N. Y., by a young man for permission to change his name. In his petition, the applicant stated that when he was five years old his mother died, and his father abandoned him and enlisted in the army. For some time the boy was in very poor circumstances, and passed from one hand to another, until his mother's brother heard of his destitute condition, and sent for him. In his uncle's home he was well cared for, educated and trained. The uncle became fond of him and had him taught a trade, at which he is making satisfactory progress. In all these years the boy has never seen his father but once, though during the war he noticed in the papers that he had distinguished himself in battle, and had been promoted. No help whatsoever had he given to the son whom he had unnaturally deserted in his childhood, nor had he manifested any interest in his welfare. The young man now asked the Court to sanction his changing his name to that of his uncle, as the latter, who is becoming an old man, had promised to make him his heir if he would do so. The Court granted the petition, and in future the young man will be legally known by his uncle's name, and will inherit a considerable fortune. The change is a symbol of mutual affection. It is so that the believer regards it when he takes upon him the name of Christ, rejoicing in the love that has redeemed him and pledging his own love in return.

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine (Isa. 43: 1).

BRIEF NOTES

The Protestant Bible Society of Paris is publishing an edition of the Old Testament, in which the books follow the order of the Hebrew canon.

The Rev. W. H. Murray reports the resumption of his Bible work in Peking, the first day's sales amounting to a value of seven thousand cash. Almost all his blind pupils were murdered by the Boxers, who destroyed all his possessions save his family Bible, which a Chinaman had brought in.

A Bible student calls attention to the fact that one of Isaiah's prophesies has been fulfilled in our time. He predicted a time when men should cross the Nile dryshod (Isa. 11: 15). Sir John Aird, the contractor of the dam at Assouan, was the first man to fulfill this prophesy by walking across the river bed.

During his recent visit to Atlanta, Ga., Dr. F. B. Meyer was much interested in the colored people. He made addresses at three of their colleges there, and expressed himself as highly pleased with the educational facilities afforded the negro. He also spoke at two of the colored churches, the First Congregational being the first colored church he had ever entered. Large audiences greeted him.

The death of Charlotte May Yonge, the famous author, is announced. She was seventy-eight years of age. Some of her works had an enormous circulation. One of them, entitled *The Daisy Chain*, brought her ten thousand dollars, which she gave to build a missionary college at Auckland, New Zealand. She continued to write almost to the end of her life and to give liberally to religious causes.

A remarkable collection was taken up at Grace Church, New York, on Easter Sunday. Dr. Huntington, the rector, had asked his people for money to erect some buildings to extend the church's work. The response was prompt and liberal. When the contents of the collection boxes were counted, they were found to amount to $107,000.

Dr. F. B. Myer's services at Louisville, Ky., were very largely attended. The closing service was a memorable one. A large auditorium, accommodating over four thousand people, was secured, and even then many had to be turned away. Mr. Meyer spoke impressively to the unconverted.

At the annual meeting of the American Tract Society, recently held in Washington, D. C., it was stated that the society had issued between thirteen and fourteen million distinct publications at home and in the foreign field. During the past year between four and five million pages of Christian literature in the Spanish language have been distributed in this country's island possessions, and one million pages of selected reading have been distributed to the army and navy.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has found several remarkable examples of church fraternization during his recent tour in the West. At Bay City, Mich., twelve churches co-operated; at Urbana, O., five churches, and at Watseka, Ill., four churches united in the services he held. In all three places there were a large number of conversions. Parlor meetings for prayer were held in many private houses, and on one business day the stores and offices were closed to enable employees to attend the meetings.

The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip will celebrate on May 5, the thirteenth anniversary of its organization. A suggestive programme of the celebration has been issued. It has now six hundred chapters, with an aggregate of fifteen thousand members, and has spread into Japan and India. Twenty-three denominations are represented in its ranks, and it is steadily growing in favor. Rev. C. E. Wyckoff, of Irvington, N. J., the Secretary, will be pleased to send a free sample package of Brotherhood Literature to any Church desiring to organize a chapter.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL — A LADY OF RANK — A MANDARIN AND HIS FAMILY — WEALTHY CHINESE LADIES OF SAN FRANCISCO

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHINESE IN AMERICA

CHINATOWN, as a word, was coined by the newspapers in San Francisco, at the time the Chinese quarter in that city first became a resort for curious visitors. Now almost every large city has its Chinatown, or sections where the Mongolians live their own life, eat their own peculiar foods, wear their native clothes, and follow all the customs of their own country. In these sections they have their tea-houses, their theatres, their Joss-houses, gambling and opium dens, and their shops. Crime is not common in these quarters, but vice is rampant. Next to San Francisco, New York has the largest Chinese population in America. Many of the city churches have established missions in the quarters for the Chinese, and from these missions Chinamen are sent to uptown churches and Sunday Schools.

The popular interest in New York's Chinese quarter, and the curiosity to peep into the Oriental life, have led many enterprising Chinamen to establish restaurants in the upper portions of the city, where visitors can have a look at the Chinese manner of living and eat Chinese food without having to travel down to the Bowery.

In the last ten years the Chinese population of the United States was increased by only 7,000, and the total Chinese population to-day is only 110,000. The Chinese Exclusion Act is, of course, largely responsible. Of all the foreign elements in the United States, the only one with a smaller representation than China is Holland.

Mr. D. Wood sends THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this interesting sketch of life in Chinatown in St. Louis—and the life that is there portrayed is about the same in New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or any other city possessing a Chinese quarter:

"To the heterogeneous class of humanity which goes to make up the custom of his modest Chinese restaurant on South Eighth street, he is known only as 'Ole Man.' The Sunday School Chinese call him 'Ole Man,' and the unregenerate heathen bestow upon him its equivalent in Canton-ese. For days 'Ole Man' had been busying himself with preparations for the Chinese holiday. Wednesday morning he arose early to purchase choice white ducks, for none but white ducks would be served during the holiday season, which, among the Chinese, extended over ten days.

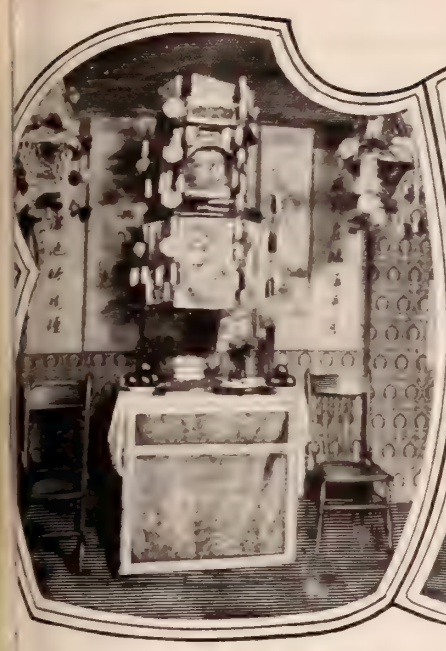
THE CHINESE WAY OF FASTING—PRACTICING SELF-DENIAL WITH FOOD AT HAND

"Sentiment urged 'Ole Man' to decorate one humble corner of his modest place of business, and religion dictated the manner in which it should be done. First of all, the 'sacred picture,' which he had brought with him to America more than thirty years ago, had to be secured from his packet of precious paper belongings in the iron safe of his friend, old apothecary. Two simple peacock feather ornam sufficed to go above the sacred picture when it was aff to the wall, over a portion of which had been stretched cloth. At the sides of the picture were paper prayers, an the little altar shelf beneath it, Man' set out before its three salt and spices, fruit and wine, tiny cup, and into a bowl of he thrust five lighted tapers of wax, 'for good luck.' In the m of the tapers he placed a s punk, and as this and the ta burned low new ones were ad On the worn oilcloth-topped t under which were shoved the sa kegs from New York, and al which his diminutive shrine s forth in its meagre splendor posed a row of shallow chop- dishes, heaped with Chinese fections. When it was all do wasn't much. But he comfo himself with the thought that it all he could afford, and then, ering his aged eyelids, he fo his toil-worn hands and mum a Chinese invocation before pictured deities, slowly and m tically measuring three profo bows as he did so. Then he to kill the white ducks.

"In the Kin Lum Hin club r above Haw Jun's, in the alley process of decorating was goi in a much more elaborate f There they were hanging the t paper baskets and the gorg complicated, moving-figure la which had taken Jen Moon months or more to construct.

"Sunday there was feas throughout Chinatown. Mo there was fasting. Small grou unemployed Chinese hung ar all day and nibbled at water-m seed. With plenty staring the the face they practiced self-co They struggled against their appetites, according to custom and their religion. Even the Sunday School Ch refrained to a large extent from eating. Following this week of self-abnegation, of receiving and returning cer nious calls, when red slips of paper twice folded and be undecipherable Chinese characters, are given and taken

A RESTAURANT IN CHINATOWN, NEW YORK — TENEMENT DWELLERS, SAN FRANCISCO — A TYPICAL CHINESE SHOP, NEW YORK



DECORATIONS IN A CLUB ROOM

TOM LEE, ONE OF THE LEADING CHINAMEN OF NEW YORK

A CHINESE HOLIDAY OFFERING

Over 200,000,000 Domestic Slaves

HOW CHINESE WOMEN LIVE AT HOME

The Coming of the Chinese Factory Girl....

By REV. T. WRIGHT, SEAMAN'S MISSION, HONG KONG

A WOMEN'S Conference, somewhat unique in character, has recently been held at Shanghai, China. Its object was to discuss the home life of Chinese women, and over 250 ladies from all parts of China were present and took part in the proceedings. It was the first conference that has ever been held on the subject of the social position, customs, and daily life of one-sixth of the human race, namely the two hundred millions of women in China. The promoters were fortunate in securing the services of Lady Blake, wife of the Governor of Hong Kong, as President. Papers were contributed by European and American lady missionaries, and by Christian Chinese ladies. They embraced a wide range of subjects, such as "Slave Girls," "Foot-binding," "Daughters-in-Law," "Early Betrothals," "Marriage," and "Funeral and Social Customs." A large amount of valuable information was thus elicited and some remedies suggested, though anything like a crusade against existing customs was studiously avoided, with the exception of foot-binding, which was condemned with one voice as a cruel, senseless custom, holding in bondage millions of our sisters in this wonderful and little-known empire.

A TYPICAL DEITY

We have not room for the whole of the scholarly speech of Lady Blake, but what follows may give some idea of its tenor. She said: "In every clime and in all countries, the position and influence of women in social matters must be of as great importance as that of the masculine element. To understand a country, we ought to know something of its women as well as its men. The absence, or ill-regulated force, of female influence must have a deleterious effect on any society. It is true in modern days, to much more than a century ago, that women began to receive their share in the general work of progress in Western lands.

"As we claim that the countries have advanced since women have done so, may we not also claim that part of such progress is due to the women of Europe and America? Undoubtedly in our own countries the position of women has been largely owing to the spread of the ideas and customs of the Teutonic and Celtic races, in whose ranks, from the dawn of their history, women occupied an exceptionally honorable and important position. Tacitus writes that "the Germans suppose some divine and prophetic quality resident in their women, and are careful neither to disregard their admonitions nor to neglect their answers." The Cymbri are described by another contemporary writer as accompanied on their expeditions by venerable prophetesses in long linen robes, "most splendidly white." All Celtic histories and traditions also bear testimony to the consideration in which their women were held.

"That the ladies of China are respected and appreciated by their countrymen, I have no doubt, though their way of living is almost a closed book to us; but if the women who, in Scandinavia, worshipped Odin and Thor; who, in Britain, with golden sickles cut the sacred mistletoe from the boughs of the oak; who guarded the holy fires in the ancient shrines of Ireland, were treated with honor and consideration, and took leading parts in the affairs of their peoples long before those people had learned the higher truths of Christianity, why should it not be the same with their sisters who live where the noble teachings of Confucius and the great lessons of the *Light of Asia* are the professed guides of the nation? From the days of the beautiful and not over scrupulous Empress, who for sixty-seven years, exercised despotic sway over the Empire, Chinese history makes mention of many distinguished and remarkable women, and, as far as we can judge, the position of women in China is superior to that which they occupy in most Oriental lands; but in no Asiatic country is the status of women on a par with what it is where Teutonic and Celtic ideas preponderate; therefore we are justified in thinking that in many ways the lot of Chinese women might be ameliorated, and more interest and greater happiness might be introduced into their lives, while it is not a necessary corollary that Chinese women should adopt manners and customs peculiar to foreign races and to which, by heredity and surroundings, Oriental women must be unfitted.

"Echoes from the homes of China reach us, from time to time, of young girls committing suicide to escape a distasteful marriage; of brides putting an end to an existence rendered intolerable by the tyranny of their mother-in-law; which lead us to suppose that there are aspects of the life of Chinese women that are capable of improvement. To enable us to understand something more of the mode of life and thought of the women of China; to enable them to obtain glimmers of light on the—to them—strange and weird ways and minds of their European sisters, is the object of this conference, which may be the beginning of larger efforts, and I hope and trust will ultimately lead to greater mutual good-will and friendship."

One of the most interesting papers was by a Chinese lady (Dr. Ida Khan), on the subject of "Slave Girls." Her beautifully pathetic appeal was interpreted in a manner equally beautiful, by her classmate and friend, Dr. Mary Stone, also a Chinese lady. Little girls are either bought or stolen at a very early age, in the interior, and transported to the coast for nefarious purposes before they have been very long in their teens. Tears flowed freely as these ladies related incidents from their personal experience. Being Chinese themselves, they spoke with feeling and authority, and few hearts could resist their earnest pleading for the abolition of a practice which has brought sorrow and shame to so many girls in China.

LADY BLAKE
Wife of Governor of Hong Kong

The relations of daughters-in-law to their mother-in-law were fully discussed. These are very exacting and obligatory, according to Chinese ideas: the system is patriarchal, sons and their wives having to live under the same roof as the son's parents. The mother-in-law's power is almost absolute: Her daughter-in-law is her slave, and she can inflict severe corporal chastisement at pleasure. The husband cannot interfere to protect his wife, who has to rest content with the consolation that in time her turn will come, and she will have the privilege of "lording" it over someone else. Early betrothals are the fashion, and the little prospective daughter-in-law grows up in the home of her future husband.

A new development of Chinese life was adverted to at the closing meeting. The familiar "factory girls" of the West is an innovation in this great conservative empire. Such, however, is the case: The Chinese factory girl has come, and, it may be safely assumed, that she has come to stay. It will be interesting to watch her evolution; but, meanwhile, one effect of her entrance upon the industrial life of China is the improved estimate in which "mere girls" are held. As is generally known, the birth of a girl is an unwelcome event in the family, but the good wages many of them receive as factory workers in the treaty ports and elsewhere, has added considerably to their importance as members of the family. They have consequently become more self-reliant and independent, instead of being merely subdued drudges, and a change for the better is also manifest in their dress and manners generally. This is no small achievement, and argues well for the future of Chinese womanhood.

CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILD

VISITING IN CHINATOWN, ST. LOUIS

THE OLD CHINESE DOCTOR

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered May 29

1. In what sense, other than spiritual, may poverty be regarded as a blessing, and riches as a handicap?

2. A friend asserts that an evangelist is not justified in counting his converts, and announcing confidently that "so many have been converted;" another friend, with equal emphasis, claims that such a course is thoroughly Scriptural, and that the spiritual laborer does right to claim for Christ every soul which accepts openly the offer of salvation. Which of the two is right?

3. Is a man who has a house for sale, justified in selling it, asking no questions, to a bidder, when he has reason to suspect that the proposed purchaser may use it for a gambling house, or for some other wicked purpose?

4. If a Christian sees a burglar fleeing with his property and cannot overtake him, is he justified in shooting at the man?

5. When a drunkard or some other person gives himself to Christ, should he be urged to join a church at once or should he be put on a period of probation first?

Questions of the Week

1. I wish to give a book (other than the Bible) to one of my pupils, a boy of thirteen, that will influence him on the side of Christianity. What is the best book for this purpose?

[Many answers have been received to this question, and many books named, including Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Life of D. L. Moody*, *Titus*, Livingston's Travels, Luther's Catechism, with *Christ at Sea*, Egerton Young's Travels and a host of biographies. Following are two of the answers]:

It depends upon his taste, character and development, and somewhat upon his environment at home. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, or the *Life of Moody*, would give enjoyment and suggestion. In fact, a biography of any good man is an object lesson that appeals forcibly to the youthful mind. Walker's *Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation*, Bushnell's *Character of Jesus*, or *The Bible in the Nineteenth Century*, are all excellent books and cannot fail to leave a lasting impression.

M. R. D. DINGWALL.

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The best book for this purpose is *Touching Incidents and Remarkable Answers to Prayer*. These incidents and remarkable answers to prayer have been related by John B. Gough, Bishop Bowman, John Wesley, Dr. Talmage, George Muller, Bishop Simpson, D. L. Moody, C. H. Spurgeon, H. L. Hastings, and many others. This book teaches the young as well as the old how to pray so as to find God. It also strengthens the faith of all Christians who read it. G. H. ROGERS.

2. If a church's membership is so wedded to the saloon that, if the pastor preaches on temperance or prohibition, he is sure to lose a large part of his audience, should the pastor refrain from touching upon these subjects and hold his audience, or should he preach upon them and lose it?

As the object of all our Churches is to bring the Gospel into the lives of every one that it is possible for it to reach, would it be wise to drive out from its doors those who so sorely need its influence as do saloon-keepers? The writer knows of a minister who felt it was his duty to come out openly against saloon-keepers, and, in consequence, was relieved of his charge at once, without doing any good to his hearers. His family were the only sufferers, unless it was his reputation for wisdom and Christian forbearance. Paul said to the Corinthians, "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient." If our missionaries should go to heathen lands and proceed to tell these nations and individuals all their sins, and set them in order before them, their opportunities for presenting the truth to them would be very limited. With the love of Christ in our hearts, we can work for saloon-keepers in other ways than condemning them from the pulpit. Paul says that "the tongue of an angel, gifts of prophecy, faith to remove mountains availeth nothing, without love." He adds, "Love never faileth, but hopeth all things, and believeth all things." Nathan had a hard task before him when he went to rebuke David, but his wisdom in presenting the sin led David to condemn himself. Saloon-keepers will condemn themselves when their consciences are aroused by the consecrated wisdom of man, blessed by the power of God. Reformed saloon-keepers have done much for the Lord's work. The Master needs those saloon-keepers in your church, brother.

L. B. CHAMBERLAIN.

. . .

The stronger the ties that wed a Church to such an iniquitous institution as that of the rum-shop, the greater the necessity for the preacher to cry aloud and spare not. The more blinded by self-interest or ignorance they are on the great monstrous sin of drunkard-making, the more urgent is the demand that their minds be enlightened and their consciences aroused. The greater the personal guilt or criminal complicity of any people with any evil, the greater responsibility of the preacher to put forth every effort to reclaim and redeem from such sin and guilt. Undoubtedly to preach against any sin deeply ingrained in the hearts and lives of a people is calculated to stir up strife and division; but this is precisely the mission of the preacher. Christ did exactly this thing himself, and would have all his disciples and servants do likewise. "I am not come to send peace on earth, but a sword"; "I am not come to send peace on earth, nay rather division," and "A man's foes shall be they of his own household." If the preacher's all-absorbing ambition is to secure a comfortable place, a large salary and an easy life, and nothing more, then possibly his selfish interests could best be subserved by a resort to vigorous denunciation of sins his Church and congregation are not guilty of. But if he have the spirit of Christ in his heart, any sense of his responsibility for his position, and any desire to meet the tremendous obligations resting upon him, he will do as Christ did, and convince, convict, convert and cleanse guilty souls by the effective use of weapons of heavenly warfare. A sermon with no "Thou art the man" in it is merely a display of fireworks in place of shot and shell—simply a discharge of blank cartridges instead of genuine ammunition during a serious engagement.

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

A Twenty-Day Campaign

For the More General Introduction of Pure Literature

THE time for our Annual Home Missionary Effort is at hand, and we once again appeal to our many loyal friends to put forth an earnest and determined effort to largely increase our subscription list. We sincerely believe that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is being especially and signally blessed of God, and that it is one of the mightiest agencies for good of our times. We know that there are tens of thousands who share with us this belief, and it is to them, more particularly, that we appeal to co-operate with us in extending the sphere of our usefulness.

The following Special Proposition is submitted as a special inducement to special activity on the line indicated above, and this proposition will hold good for orders posted **on or before May 10, 1901,** when it must positively be withdrawn, owing to the great financial sacrifice which it entails. We may say right here that **this offer cannot be renewed** after it is once closed, as our special arrangement with most of the Magazines mentioned below expires with the date mentioned.

THIS IS OUR PROPOSITION:

The Subscription Price to The Christian Herald From May 1, 1901, to Jan. 1, 1902—Eight Months } is $1.00

Now, any one sending us one new name for an eight-months' subscription for $1.00, as above, may select, without any further payment, one yearly subscription to either of the following Monthly Magazines:

The Cosmopolitan $1.00 PER YEAR	**The Quiver** $1.50 PER YEAR	**Current History** $1.50 PER YEAR
Pearsons $1.00 PER YEAR	**Success** $1.00 PER YEAR	**Cassell's Magazine** $1.50 PER YEAR
Cassell's Young Folks $1.50 PER YEAR	**The Designer** $1.00 PER YEAR	**Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly** $1.00 PER YEAR

OR, IF YOU PREFER, WE WILL SEND, **Rand & McNally's New Atlas** ALL CHARGES PREPAID. PRICE $1.00

OR, WE WILL SEND YOU A COPY OF THE **Red Letter New Testament** BOUND IN DIVINITY CIRCUIT, WITH ALL THE WORDS SPOKEN BY OUR LORD PRINTED IN RED—PRICE $1.50

PLEASE BEAR THE DATE IN MIND

You are, of course, entitled to **one** selection from the above list for **every** subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which you may send in. Hence, do not stop with one, but keep right on until May 10, the date of the withdrawal of this offer.

Remember, that to every one sending us one New Subscription, together with One Dollar, for "The Christian Herald" from May 1 to Jan. 1, 1902 (eight months), we will send FREE FOR ONE YEAR either of the above magazines.

Also, remember that this offer closes positively on **May 10, 1901.**

Send your subscriptions in as soon as secured. Don't let them accumulate. Each Magazine may be sent to a different address. Address your letters

The Christian Herald, 200 Bible House, New York City

3. In view of Paul's recommendation of celiba to the teachers of his time (I. Cor. 7: 32, 3 should a Church, in considering the relat merits of candidates for its vacant pulp where one is married and the other sing prefer the single pastor, other qualificati being equal?

No. The context shows that Paul was n formulating a command concerning the m ital relation in general (God Almighty h determined that in the constitution of ma but merely expressing an opinion that, in conditions then obtaining, which he descri as the "present distress," celibacy was bet Various views are held concerning the me ing of this phrase; but it seems certain th is nothing analogous thereto in modern tin The experience of centuries demonstrates superiority of a married ministry alike moral and utilitarian grounds. The unm ried minister to-day finds himself hindere all the functions of his office; and a celib when "called," soon discovers, both as a n and minister, that "it is not good for man be alone." CHARLES H. HARRISON

4. Would not the unity of the churches acc plish much greater results both at home in the foreign field with the same finan outlay as at present?

Most assuredly. In this combination co-operation are evidenced the most pot features of our times. The wisdom of Æso fable about the bundle of fagots, that co only be broken when each fagot was ta separately, has never been so evident a the present time. Such a unity only wo save the vast amount of wasteful expe tures, such as having two or three pastors two or three organists, where one would fice, which the Churches in their several gle capacities make necessary. Hitherto, various denominations have preferred to independently, each maintaining its own chinery for separate work, but it is mani that this method is a duplication of effort, a waste of both energy and money. W real reason is there why Churches should adopt such a plan? There is none.

EDWIN A. SWINGL

5. When the children of Christian parents invited by worldly people to a party, w cards and dancing will be the chief occ tions of the evening, should the invitatio declined, if doing so involves social ostrac or should it be accepted, at the risk of br ing the children into worldly temptation?

It should be declined, as should all o invitations to do wrong, no matter what y follow. We are surely responsible to Go the training of our children, and the we of their souls is far beyond all other cons rations. We, as Christian parents, shoul kind and courteous to those around us such kindness does not call for the sacri of our children's morals. We should sh them at any cost from all the evils and t tations the world is waiting to offer them, let no false notions of social duty s between them and heaven.

MARY ABBO

. . .

If the children are inclined to such an ements, or are liable to fall into such t forbid their going. Better insult society God. What matter if society ostracizes Did not even the Church slam its door in face of him "who was despised and reje of men?" But if your children are stron grace and stout in character, and can g the party without yielding to the seduc of the card and the dance, let them go. T presence there, standing aloof from what think is evil, will have a wonderful effec others. People will say, "These young pe are Christians indeed, for they are in world, yet not of it." R. T. EDWARI

M. D., Douglass, Neb. It cannot be jus upon any grounds that we know of.

Ella B., Waterford, Ind. Already stated times in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

IN reply to many inquiries, we beg state that the enlarged picture entitl "CHRIST AT THE HOME OF MA AND MARTHA IN BETHANY," which offer to deliver in undamaged condition 25 CENTS, is lithographed in ten colors a gold on plate paper, 17x21 inches, the s of the engraving being 14x18 inches. T beautiful ornament, which will be an traction to any home, may be secured sending 25 CENTS to THE CHRISTI HERALD BOOK DEPARTMENT, BIB HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

When Spring Flowers Bloom

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BURNEY

"MY LADY"

"I HAVE been talking with My Lady," said Katharine, "and she has shown me an open door."

Katharine is a cripple. Summer and winter she is fast bound to her chair, never takes a step unided, and often suffers a great deal of pain. Her yth is passing in this bondage, and she has no hope obeing cured, until the coming of that kind angel wse touch heals every mortal ache.

wo days ago I called on Katharine and found her vy much depressed. Usually very bright and cheery, the had come over her a wave o melancholy. She was weary o constant torture, of the dull ught of misery, and the sharp pgs, and the enforced inactiv- it And, for the moment, she cld not see the Father's face, fthe thickness of the cloud. I le her, with a prayer that the dkness might soon pass, and th sunshine again break forth.

When I met her this morning, sh greeted me with so much clery gladness in her face that I new the Lord had sent his nsenger to help her. The mesger was the friend she called "y Lady."

And," said I, "what was the dr My Lady opened?"

Well," Katharine answered, "was this. I was away, 'way dn, and she came in bringing ma great bunch of yellow flowe There they are in that pret- trown pitcher. She brought th too; she said the color went wi the flowers. Then she took mhand and looked at me, and sh said, 'Katharine, the dear Ld has given you a golden gift.' Ccourse I was puzzled. I am iind poor and shut-in. How cld I have a golden gift, I, w felt just then that I was a cple and a pauper indeed. But I aited till My Lady went on to e lain.

'Here am I, Katharine,' she sd, ' so busy that I cannot be g to get through the day's work, th I seldom have time to read oto think as I would like to, a here you are, with time on yr hands, to use for your frnds. You, dear, are alone a quiet for hours, every day, wle I must live in a crowd. You can be surrounded with silence, I am oppressed by the clamor about m Now, Katharine, you can pray for me, by name, evy hour, every day; or, at any rate, once a day. Al there are other people: Mr. Bainbridge, whose bsiness troubles him; Jimmy Folsom, who has no pition; Ellen Marr, who wants to go to college; Lise Vaughan, who is in danger of making a great mtake in her life, these are your neighbors and you kw them. You can pray for them. It can be a secret, scar as they are concerned, between your Lord and yo If added joy and blessings reach them, by the w of the skies, they will not need to know that they hi a friend who asked for them, that their lives should beuplifted. I call this your golden gift, Katharine—tie to pray, people to pray for, and a heart to pray.'"

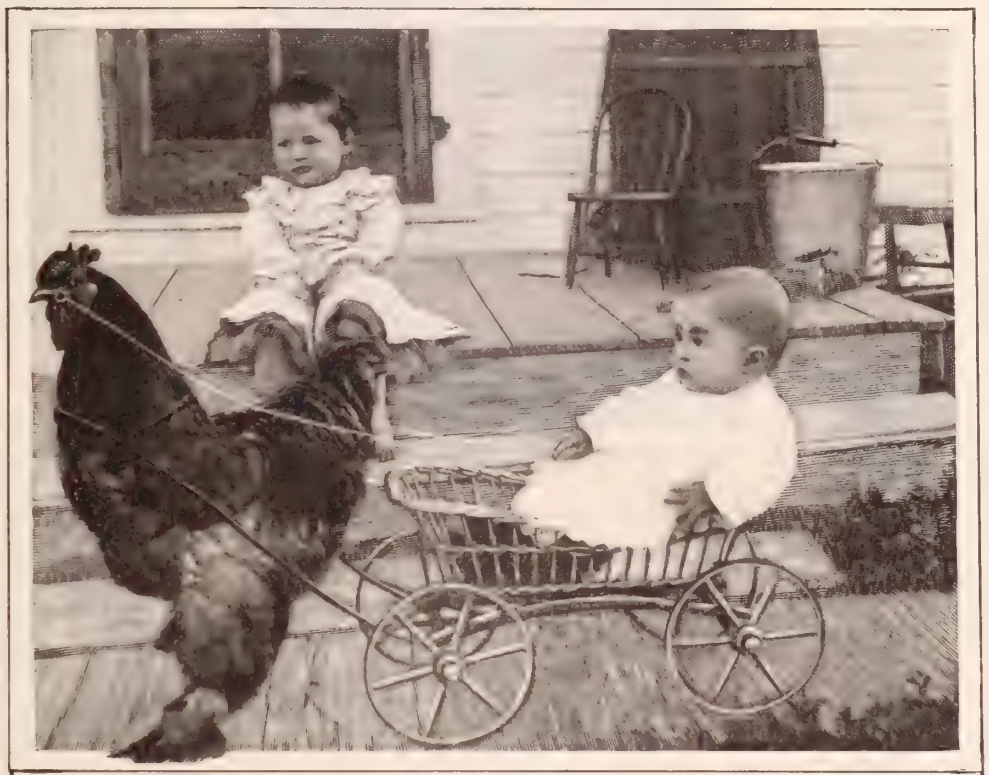
ly Lady had left a seed-thought in this suggestion of th open door for Katharine.

ly Lady is the mother of a half dozen boys and girls. S has a large house to care for, and as her husband is minister, she looks after the needs of a widely scatted parish, in such ways as minister's wives know. May a loaf of cake and jar of preserves and glass of je from the manse, carries pleasure to the beds of invids, and the brown vase with the yellow flowers taken tKatharine was just what we might expect from My Ly. Katharine always gave her that name, and never thught of her as Mrs. ——, and the name suited her, for "lady" means "loaf-giver," and she who does kind things daily breaks the bread of life for hungry souls.

You, dear friends, who, with Katharine, belong to the company of Shut-Ins, will you not notice the open door, and pray for us who bear the heat and burden of the day?

How to Make the Bible Interesting

The trouble with many people is not that the Bible is not interesting, but they are not interested in it. To such I would say, read the Bible as you would read any other book. Take it as you would a history, or a story, or a poem, and read it, not skipping anything except now and then a long chapter of genealogy, and you will soon yield to the fascination of the wonderful Book. The great difficulty with most of us who do not love God's Book is that we go to it as to a duty, not taking it as a pleasure.



A LITTLE CHARIOTEER

"Your turn now; mine next."
"I'm half afraid and a little bit vext,"
And the feathered steed is half perplext
At the baby boy behind him.
"Gee up!" And never mind him!
"Chanticleer!" Dear young Charioteer!

DAFFODILS AND SNOWDROPS

THE snowdrop and the daffodil,
The greening grass on dell and hill,
The little ripples on the lake,
The myriad sounds of spring that wake,
Oh, God be praised that every year,
The winter goes, and flowers appear.

This do we bless Thee for to-day,
That ice and frost have passed away,
And daffodils and snowdrops light
The garden, valley, plain and height.
So, let our hearts, that late were cold,
New thoughts of God and love enfold.

For never yet the spring was lost
From any calendar, though tost
With tempest were the billowy seas,
The halcyon days returned, and these,
The common happenings, but tell
That God still keeps his children well.

Sunday at the Pan-American

A VERY resolute attempt is being made to open the Exposition at Buffalo on the Sabbath. We recall that a similar effort was pressed, against the convictions of the American people, at the great World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. As a nation, our traditions are all on the side of the preservation of the Lord's Day, as a sacred day of rest. In Paris, at the recent Exposition, American athletes made themselves honorable by their refusal to engage in contests on the Sabbath, and their action was applauded by those at home, as they represented the dominant feeling of their countrymen. Many specious arguments are advanced to excuse or justify the Sunday opening of these great industrial and artistic exhibits, the one most eagerly and loudly pleaded being that working-people are excluded from Expositions, and that they will be deprived of the pleasure and profit of this one, because Sunday is their only day of leisure. The underlying reason, however, is the desire of the management to make more money through entrance fees, and the degeneration evident in the moral character of the nation, which is less careful to obey God than of old. Once let any people forget God, their doom is sounded, their decadence begun. Notwithstanding the weakened feeling of obligation about Sabbath keeping, evinced by the general Sunday pleasuring, by Sunday bicycling and Sunday golf, a feeling which has come to us with other importations from Europe, our people still are law-abiding and religious, and, outside the great cities, are church-going. Visit any town of Pennsylvania, Ohio, or central New York, and you will observe that everyone attends church on Sunday. Only in the great cosmopolitan cities, where are the wide extremes of the ultra fashionable and the desperately poor, is there conspicuous lack of interest in religious worship. But we cannot afford to let the Buffalo Exposition be opened on the Lord's Day, unless it is over the indignant protest of the Christian conscience through all our borders. There will be holidays for the working people, and multiplied excursions, and the Saturday half-holiday, and the evenings. To Sunday opening at Buffalo, the voices of all who reverence the Sabbath will say "No."

Birthday Gifts

Keep up all the family anniversaries and make a festival of every birthday. A cake with frosting, and candles, one for each year, and another for the lifetime, is the crowning feature of a birthday feast. Each child, when the birthday comes, should receive some little distinctive or pretty gift, and should have the opportunity to give a penny for every birthday to some dear charity.

Prayer-Meetings

"I never went to a prayer-meeting in my life that I was not helped," said Mrs. Media, her friend Miss Halcyon being just then her listener.

"Even to stupid ones?" said the young lady.

"Yes, even to very slow and halting ones. I will not say stupid ones, dear. For, always there has been there the presence of those who were seeking the gift of the Holy Spirit, and the Saviour's promise has been: 'Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'"

GEMS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT PULPITS

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

UNUSED POWER

BY DR. DAVID JAMES BURRELL
MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK

IT has pleased God to make the humblest of men a reservoir of moral energy, and with it, of necessity, comes the responsibility of its proper use. There is no searching of a man's power. We are able to apprehend truth, to reason about the eternal verities, to influence our fellow men and to glorify God.

It is impossible to measure the energy thus reposed in us. No man has ever yet been morally exhausted. We can measure our physical strength—the striking power of our biceps muscle, the lifting power of back and limbs; but we cannot estimate the possibiilities of our souls. And herein there is a vast difference between moral and material energy. The unit of measurement in mechanics is horse-power, and the potency of an engine can be determined to the fraction of an ounce. But no dynamometer has ever been invented to measure the moral energy of a man.

The question arises: What becomes of this vast deposit of moral energy? And this brings us to the practical point. It is obvious that the human race, made up of units, each endowed with immeasurable power, is capable of magnificent achievements. Let us suppose for a moment that all the moral power of the sixteen hundred millions of people on earth, made in God's likeness and thus splendidly endowed, were developed and exerted to the utmost, what a world ours would be! Yet, in fact, how inadequate the results! How little there is to show for all this endowment! . . . .

The Church professes to be in sympathy with the great purpose of Christ, to bring the sinful world back to God. It has entered into covenant with him to this end. Awake, awake, O Zion; put on thy strength! There is a voice from heaven ever calling, "Advance to the conquest of the world!" When will the Church know her power and her responsibility? The day of her awakening will give the signal of universal conquest.

But the important lesson is personal, after all. The Church is only what its individual members make it. Be thou strong, therefore, my friend, in the power of the Lord! Keep in close touch with him. Spend and be spent like him in the behalf of men. This is the life of faith, for faith is contact with God.

HOPE

REV. J. F. CARSON, D.D., CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

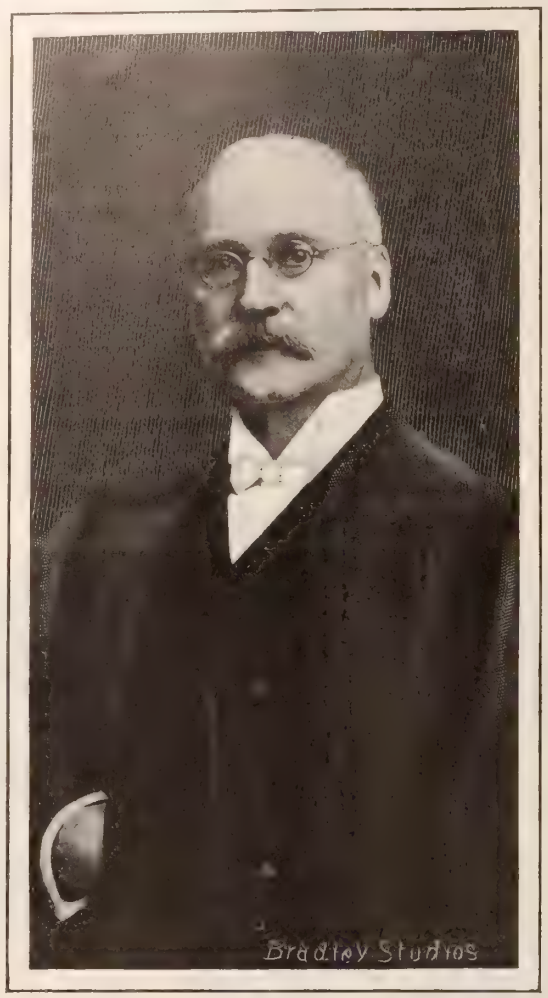
HOPE is the characteristic thing in Christianity. Its human condition is faith in God; its Divine condition is the energy of the Holy Spirit in the life of the man who believes. Hope is not something that is within the scope of our wisdom or culture or toil. It is not in our health or toil or treasure. It is born in us, not created by us. When the Spirit of God has right of way in any life, the darkness is scattered, the plane of thought and feeling is raised and hope abounds. It brightens youth with prospect. It sweetens manhood with promise. It brightens old age with an abiding outlook. The hope which is begotten in us by the Spirit of God points man forward. Limited, imperfect, sinful now, yet out of these he is to grow through the power of the Holy Spirit, into completeness, perfection and holiness. Christianity gives man an outlook. When Daniel prayed he opened his window toward Jerusalem and the outlook gave him strength and courage. Stephen looked up steadfastly into heaven and the outlook made him strong for martyrdom. Hope, begotten in us by the Holy Spirit, opens windows heavenward and the outlook soothes, sustains, satisfies—a beauty not of earth, a calm and deep peace pass into the soul.

OVERCOMING FORCE

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, TOLLINGTON PARK CHURCH, LONDON

WHEN I came into the world I not only inherited evil tendencies from my ancestors. but I inherited also all that Christ has accomplished for me. I am not only heir to the sin of the past, but I have at my disposal that new force to overcome the old, the force of the life of Jesus Christ. Remember that. Moreover, it is not point for point in the economy of grace. Here is the great truth: "Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." There is more power in the healing work that Jesus comes to do in my life than in all the disposition to evil which I inherited from my forefathers. "Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." My brother, if you are saying, "I am naturally hot-tempered," I am glad you know it. Some people call it "righteous indignation," when that is not the right name for it; it is an unholy temper. But if you have a naturally hot temper, Jesus Christ has a naturally meek and gentle spirit; and if you can get his spirit into you, what chance will your hot temper have to show itself? None at all, because "where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound."

Your relationship to Christ is a higher, a more powerful thing, than your relationship to your ancestors; and if you are blaming them for your sin you are dishonoring God. Here is a man living in a swamp, down in the midst of pestilence and malaria. He says: "I cannot help it. My father left me this house, and I must stay here." Then someone comes along and says: "Why, what are you living here for? There is a house for you up on the hill yonder which has been left you, rent free." The man says: "No, I can't help it. I want to be healthy, but I am bound to stay here in the swamp because my father left this home." You would say: "Someone who has a deeper interest in you than your father has left you that house on the hill. Move up there." Is not that man responsible for continuing to live in the swamp?



REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.
Pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, New York

God help you, my brother, if you are living in a broken-down tenement. Your Heavenly Father says to you: "Move up on the heights. You can live in the pure atmosphere, in the breath of the divine Spirit of God, in the power of the new life of Jesus Christ, and all the things that have mastered you heretofore shall be overcome and cast out by the power of the life of Jesus Christ."

LIFE A PREPARATION

DR. JOHN RHEY THOMPSON, SUMMERFIELD M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN

THE varied experiences and disciplines of this life are not in vain. They are all, every one of them, either of divine appointment or permission, or at least of divine knowledge. Nor can a house be built without a plan or materials, or tools, or scaffolding? No more can we be built up into temples of the living God without the schooling of this present world. There is no better or effective preparation for the glories and privileges of the immortal life, than cheerful fidelity and loyalty to the duties of this present life. This, then, is my message: Live in the open brightness, the glad sunshine of our great immortality. We confess that we, like our fathers, are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and that we seek a better country, that is a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be our God; for he has prepared for us a city. Not always in a calm and quiet sea do we sail, but still we strive to keep the prow of our vessel headed for the heavenly port, and scarcely will its keel touch the shining golden sands at last, when all the air above us shall be bright with waving palms, and thick with the dear faces and vanished smiles of long ago; and we shall hear once more the old familiar household voices saying: "Welcome, welcome, welcome, home."

WASTED STRENGTH

DR. EMORY W. HUNT, CLARENDON ST. BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

THE economic problem of the day is the problem of waste. The successful manufacturer saves his profits from what used to be waste. Many lives which are not vicious lie under the condemnation of allowing their energies to go to waste. They are not intelligently directed to useful ends. They lack point and purpose. Therefore they waste power. Power is wasted when it is applied, not only in harmful and useless, but even in less useful ways than it might. As we are "not our own, but are bought," we are to make our lives tell to the utmost for him "whose we are and whom we serve." We are under obligations, as soldiers, to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We need to answer for our own lives the qu tion: What is worth while? What is most worth while? can waste power by using it for good purposes, but not in best and most efficient ways. So much of it is poured out other channels and not upon a wheel of service. If we cli the bank above a mill and look into the channel by wh the water reaches it, we see that the channel is grown with weeds and choked with floatsam and jetsam. The po of God is similarly hindered by our disobedience. The H Spirit is "given to them that obey him." The greatest ob cles in the ways of God's entrance to our lives are not in heads, but in our hearts. For one who fails to experience power because of trouble with the thinking, there are m who shut him out by their living. "If any man is willing do his will, he shall know" the essential things. It may be a great duty which we have neglected; it may be w we regard as a small section of our hearts which we cl against him; but it is enough to prevent the working of power.

THE CHURCH'S ARSENAL

DR. CRISSMAN, BROADWAY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DENVER, COLO.

MODERN warfare with all its improvement in ca weapons could suggest nothing better for the Ch tian's furnishing than the Lord has furnished for comp victory against the stronghold of the enemy. To the wo the reasons may seem as inadequate as in the case of the lapse of Jericho's tumbling walls. Prayers, sincere and ful faith, the flashing sword of Divine truth, the helmet of sa tion, united and persistent Christian effort, implicit trus God with the Cromwell idea of keeping the powder dry, m through God, prevail to the pulling down of the strongh of infidelity, religious indifference, intemperance, stror intrenched social evil, demoralizing worldliness and the tire long list, that confront the religious world at the oper of the twentieth century. These are giants, jeering laughing from their tall strongholds. They are bra browed in their disregard of God's laws and the sacred ri of the human race. The right use of weapons that supplies will surely cause victory to perch on the banne righteousness and truth.

RESURRECTION LIFE

DR. CORTLAND MYERS, THE BAPTIST TEMPLE, BROOKLY

EASTER morning is the dawn of the world's hope. T is the unique and distinctive feature of the Gospe Christ. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the pivotal p around which the Bible and history and the heart's hop volve. This central truth differentiates Christianity f every dead and dying religion in the earth. This ta Christianity out of the possibility of comparative religi The living, risen Saviour of men is the supreme fact of Hist and Revelation. It is established by its power in the wo life. All progress and civilization here find their imp Falsehood is greater than truth if Christ did not rise f the dead. But falsehood is disintegrating and dying. T has deathless life and unconquered power. There greater proof of the Resurrection than all in its relatio humanity and meeting the supreme desires and need mankind. The stone of unbelief has been rolled back, reason clasped hands with faith. There is no rati method of accounting for all the facts and conseq effects apart from the supreme cause. "As it begar dawn" is the poetry of the story. This is also the poetr life. "He lives"—that is the only answer to the g enigma.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SOUL

REV. D. C. KELLEY, D.D., METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURC NASHVILLE, TENN.

GOD knows his children as individuals, not in the ag gate. He wants to know them as free, with no mar slavery on their souls; docile children, ready to receive light; humble children, eager to follow light, let it c from any source, the meanest; patient children, ready bear all things; brave children, ready to suffer anything pursuit of truth may cost; manly children, who will not tray their individual sense of duty, at the call of all powers of State or Church alike; children who would a t sand times rather die with Christ than live with He Pilate, Judas, or the High Priest.

STRENGTHENED BY CONFLICT

REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D., ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURC NEW YORK

THE forces working in modern business life and mo social life appeared to the prophet (Ezek. 1: 15-20) wheels with the ravenous forces in them. Do we see, as prophet did in these forces the vision of a man comin out of the ravenous forces, as the ultimate product of th the product which they are intended to produce? The vi of a Man, whose moral muscles and fibres have been n strong by conflict, by struggle, by resistance, by endura sometimes by defeat? The vision of a Man, taught, trai developed, lifted up into a purer and more human manh by pressures and reverses, by achievements and succe whom discipline has fortified, whom temptation has puri whom prosperity has not corrupted, whom adversity has spoiled? The vision of a Man, coming up out of the con the struggle, and the strife, with the marks of the conflic him, the scars, the wounds, the hurts, the physical distre the physical ravages and enfeeblements perhaps, with Cross, yet a Man, a Man like Jesus Christ?

A STRANGE MAY-DAY WALK

How it Led to Philanthropy and an Attic

By CHARLOTTE B. FROST

JOHN WINTHROP was a very fortunate man and he knew it, as he walked briskly up the avenue that autiful May evening. It made his heart leap to think at within a few short weeks Grace Latimer would be s wife. His life spread itself out before his vision, d he was more than content at the prospect. He ised his head and looked up at the glorious stars, and his heart there was a prayer of thankfulness.

A few moments later he walked up the steps of a bstantial, handsome old residence, the house which d been the home of the Latimers for three generations. s he rang the bell, it occurred to John to ask Grace to for a walk, it was too glorious an evening to stay in- ors. The old butler, who had known him from his ildhood, smiled the usual welcome, as he informed n, "Miss Grace was in the library."

There he saw her a moment later, and it was not range his eyes found her very fair to look upon. Grace timer was as sweet and lovable as she was beautiful. though the idol and only child of rich and indulgent rents, she had always received the most careful Chris- n training, and she had grown to womanhood all un- oiled, and had repaid a thousand-fold the anxious re given her.

She was delighted with John's idea of an evening lk and was soon ready to go. On their way out they pped in the dining-room to say good-night to Mr. d Mrs. Latimer. When they had left the room the other and father looked at each other, and the mother's es filled with tears. They were both thinking how tribly alone they would be, when, in a few weeks, Grace uld leave her old home for her new one. But they re proud for her to be the wife of such a man as John inthrop, and that was a great comfort to them. Some e of his fellow bankers and brokers had once dubbed hn Winthrop "Good John," and he had come to be own "on the street" as "Good John." Good he was, d successful also, and he had the respect of all who ew him.

As he walked down the avenue with Grace by his e, he took occasion to remark that next month, when y started out for a walk, it would be from their own me, and Grace's cheeks had borrowed a little extra or by way of reply. Just then they came to a mag- icent window of a noted florist, and John suggested at they go in and decorate themselves. After fasten- g a great bunch of violets on her coat, Grace, at nn's instance, was selecting some choice red roses to sent home, when she heard a clear, boyish voice ask: "If you please, how much are the red roses?"

"Twelve dollars a dozen," replied a man behind the wer-laden counter.

Grace turned, and saw dismay plainly written on the e of a little fellow not fourteen years old. His thes were very shabby, and he carried a few evening pers under his arm — "left-overs" from his day's siness. But Grace noticed that his face and hands re clean, his hair neatly brushed, and she caught the ar gleam of a pair of honest blue eyes.

The boy turned to leave the store and Grace followed. hn, with an armful of roses, was already at the door, e lad, with instinctive politeness, stood back to let ace pass out first. Once on the sidewalk, she turned the boy and said, "Red roses are very expensive at s season of the year, aren't they? Did you want me, my dear?"

The boy's face flushed at being spoken to so kindly so beautiful a lady, and he replied, "Yes, ma'am, I did nt one; I had a whole quarter I could spare for one. y little sister is so sick, and she's been wanting some l roses. Grace was thinking to herself, "this boy has t always sold newspapers. I wonder what his history ?" Aloud she said: "John, perhaps our little friend, s boy, will take us to see his sister and let us share r roses with her."

John gave the little hand on his arm a quick pressure and turned back into the store. "Let us have those roses. We will take them ourselves," he said to the salesman, and then turned to the boy. The child's eyes were alight with joy, but he was saying rather shyly that it would surely tire the lady to climb the many stairs to his poor room. Soon the three were making their way toward the East side, where the poor of New York City make their homes. On the way, by sympathetic questioning, they brought Paul to tell them his sad story, and more than once Grace wiped her eyes and tightened her clasp on John's coat sleeve. John had taken Paul's cold little hand into his as they walked along, and that seemed to make it much easier for Paul to talk.

Briefly, his story was this: He and his sister Edith, who was ten years old, were orphans and without relatives, as far as they knew. Their mother had died at Edith's birth and their father had brought them from a New Jersey town to New York City. He had been a journalist, and they had had a pleasant home and every comfort. Two winters ago, their father had died very suddenly of pneumonia and they had found themselves fatherless and almost penniless. They had sold all their household effects, except furniture enough for one room. Paul had found a bit of an attic room at the top of a building near the river, and there they had been living. Paul had, of course, been obliged to leave school and he had sold papers, run errands, and done such odd jobs as he could find, and so managed to provide enough for them to eat and to pay their room rent. They had really been quite content, he bravely said, but the last few months little Edith had been so sick, and now she could not leave her bed. He could hardly coax her to eat at all. He was afraid every time he left her to sell his papers, that he would come back to find her much worse—and here his voice broke—and what would he do if he had to live without her?

John asked him why he had not asked help of some church or hospital, and Paul replied that he had often spoken of it, but Edith had insisted that if he did so, she would be taken to some institution where she could not have him with her, and the very thought of parting from him made her so much worse, he did not dare discuss it further.

The story was scarcely finished, when they reached the tall, dark tenement-house, and felt their way up the dimly-lighted, bad-smelling halls. At the very top, Paul opened a door and led them into a cramped room, with sloping ceiling, and one small window. The few pieces of furniture in the room, plainly showed they had once been in a home of refinement and comfort. Paul had everything spotlessly clean. A bright light came from their lamp, and the little stove upon which it was the custom to do their cooking, shone with much polishing.

John felt a big lump in his throat when he realized how bravely this child had worked to provide so well for his little sister and himself.

Little Edith lay on her bed, her face as white as her pillow, and her large, dark eyes gazing wonderingly at the strangers. Then her eyes fell upon a huge cluster of big red roses, which the beautiful lady was bringing toward her. The stems were so long, that some of the leaves trailed on the floor, and she could smell them already. The very roses she had been longing for. Paul explained that Miss Latimer and Mr. Winthrop wished to come and see her—but already Grace had her loving arms about the poor sick child. And Edith had buried her face in the longed-for roses. Very soon her shyness was gone, and she was talking happily to Grace.

In the meantime, John had sent for a well known doctor. When he arrived, and had examined his little patient, he had a long conference in the hall outside with John and Grace; the result was that John went out and telephoned first to Mrs. Latimer and then to the nearest livery stable, while Grace returned and unfolded a beautiful plan to the two children.

She told them she had set her heart upon taking them home with her for a visit, that it would do Edith good, and that they really must not refuse. Their shabby clothing would make no difference at all, she reassured them, and Edith should see the great doctor every day and grow well and strong again. At last the pair, after some soft murmurings together, decided to accept this delightful invitation, and then Paul and Grace set about wrapping up the sick child.

John came tearing up the rickety stairs to say the carriage was waiting, and very tenderly he lifted the little girl on the bed into his big strong arms. Paul gave the shawl around her a twist to have it closer about her throat, and then he said:

"I think I'd better pin it, Edith. I'll fix it with Father's pin," and Edith smiled at him weakly and happily while it was being done.

John glanced at "father's pin," and then to every one's surprise, he sat down and stared first at Paul and then back at the pin.

"Whose pin was it?" he demanded of the boy.

"My father's, sir."

"Look here! Grace," cried John, "it is my own fraternity pin!"

"It was father's fraternity, too," said Paul, "when he was at Yale."

"Yale!" exclaimed both John and Grace. "Look here, my boy," said John. "Is it possible your father's name was Henry Curtis, and that he went to Yale about fifteen years ago?"

"His name was Henry, and he graduated at Yale. I don't know just when, but a few years before I was born —about sixteen years ago, I think, sir," replied Paul.

"Come down to the carriage," said John, rising abruptly, and holding Edith closely with arms that trembled with intense feeling.

In the carriage John turned to Paul. "Did your father ever speak to you of his college friends?"

"Oh, yes, sir; his best friend's last name was like yours. He was Jerome, Winthrop and he came often to see us."

"Paul," said John, "God sent you to us to-night. Jerome Winthrop was my brother, and I have often seen and spoken to your dear father in my own home." And then, in a husky voice he told Paul how his father's college chum, Jerome Winthrop, had given his life to his country, when, as a member of the Seventy-first he died on San Juan Hill.

And Paul sobbed in sympathy, and told how much his father had loved the dead soldier.

They did not feel at all like strangers when they reached Grace's home. Mrs. Latimer led the way to a beautiful room where a trained nurse was already moving quietly about, and poor little Edith was soon put to bed.

The rest of that evening was spent by the Latimers in council with John, and when they separated for the night their hearts were full of tenderness and a new joy.

A month later, when John carried his bride to his own home, Mr. and Mrs. Latimer were not alone, for they had fully taken Edith and Paul into their hearts and the children were to have a permanent home with them. Little Edith soon found her way back to strength and health, and Paul was happy all day long, watching Edith grow well and taking advantage of his opportunities at the splendid school to which his friends were sending him.

On every birthday, among her other gifts, Edith always finds a bunch of red roses, and I have often seen her bury her rosy face in the red petals to hide the tears which come at thought of the attic room and her first cluster of red roses. In memory of that night, this loving little girl takes flowers and dainty food to poor, sick little children wherever she finds them. The children's wards in the city hospitals and waifs at the Orphan Asylum and at the Fresh-Air Home have come to know her sweet face well, and the prayers and blessings of many little ones follow her.

A MOTHER'S PLEA FOR HER BOYS

Dear "Christian Herald":—I have read your dear pages ver missing but one year in nine, and have never missed opy in the whole eight years. You are the greatest asure I have and I count you my best earthly friend, for now that you always stand up for the right and I have so much good from you. I live in rather an out-of-the- y place, so I look forward with the greatest pleasure to ur weekly visits, and I gather so much knowledge of the rld from you.

But what I am writing chiefly now is to know what you nk of what Mrs. Nation is doing to the saloons. I had en reading for several weeks of her wrecking saloons. I not help thinking that this movement will do good. Of course, as Christians, we do not believe in violence; but something must be done. Our Government won't do it; the men won't do it, because they want the whiskey; but we mothers don't. Oh! how our hearts ache, not only for our own dear ones, but for our neighbors, too—our splendid boys!

We are, I think, about eighteen miles from a saloon; but it makes no difference. They send the whiskey in jugs, by the gallon. Oh, I wish it was as hard to get as strychnine! They rob our men and boys and destroy them body and soul. This little mill town was so bad at Christmas, so many men and boys drunk and bruised up. Drink is the curse of this place and of many others. We have a little Sunday School here; about six of us mothers go every Sunday and take our little ones, and we have a good time, because you know it doesn't always take a large crowd to bring the blessing and so we get it, though so few. One Sunday on coming home, one of the ladies said: "We are always widows when we go to Sunday School." Oh! I would to God it was not so; but only one man, our leader, would be there, and perhaps one boy, except the little ones. Our woman's hearts ache when we think and talk of these things.

Dear CHRISTIAN HERALD, this letter is only the echo of other hearts besides mine. If Mrs. Nation is right in the sight of God, I hope millions of mothers will go and help her. I cannot but think something will be done soon to stop the murderous work of the saloons in this our great and glorious country.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

THE DIET AT SPEYER, BEFORE WHICH THE GREAT PROTEST WAS MADE, A. D. 1529 — From the Famous Historical Fi

MARTIN LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS

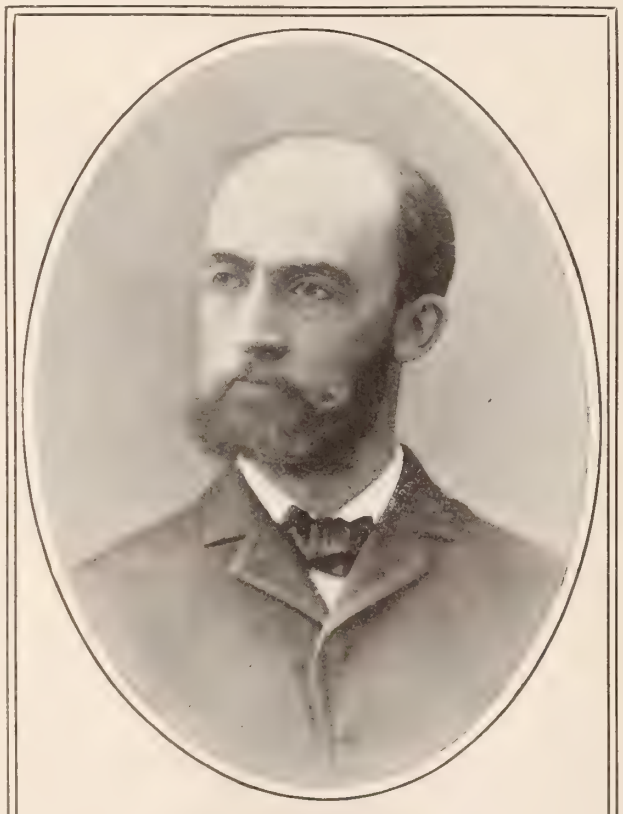
BY A. J. D. WEDEMEYER

THE thirty-first day of October is called the birthday of the Reformation, because it was on this date, in 1517, when Martin Luther nailed on the doors of the Castle Church, in Wittenberg, his ninety-five theses, protesting against the infamous sale of indulgences and other questionable and wicked practices in the church. These theses stirred all Christendom, and finally led to the excommunication of Luther by the Pope in 1520. Luther, in turn, publicly burned the Pope's bull at Wittenberg, on December 12, 1520. The Papists, not being able to get Luther into their power, because the Elector Frederick of Saxony—then the most influential and powerful among the German princes—protected him from his enemies; and it being evident that the Pope's power and influence was waning, and indeed in danger of being lost entirely in Germany, the Pope, by a brief, demanded of the Emperor Charles V. the enforcement of his bull against Luther.

The Imperial Diet was in session in Worms, where it had been opened on January 28, 1521. The Emperor so far acceded to the urgent demand of the Pope as to issue a citation to Luther, summoning him to Worms, to give information concerning his doctrines and books. An imperial herald was sent to conduct him thither. The Emperor's citation was delivered on March 26. Within twenty-one days after its receipt, Luther had to appear at Worms, where he was therefore due, at latest, on April 16. Luther at once made ready to go, and his mind was fully made up not to retract a single point, unless convinced by Scriptural proof that he had erred in his teachings. The Papists had their plans well laid, and felt sure that, if once in their hands, the arch-heretic would not escape out of their power; and, after he was disposed of, they would make short work with his followers.

Luther was persistently urged by his friends not to risk going to Worms, knowing the great danger awaiting him there; but he answered that if there were as many devils in Worms "as there were tiles on the roofs of the houses, he would go." To his friend, Prince John Frederick, nephew of the Elector Frederick, he wrote before starting for Worms: "I know, and am certain, that our Lord Jesus Christ still lives and rules. Upon this knowledge and assurance I rely, therefore I will not fear ten thousand Popes."

On Tuesday after Easter, April 2, he set out on his way to Worms, accompanied by a number of trusted friends. The herald rode on before, and on April 16, at ten o'clock in the morning, Luther entered Worms, riding in an open carriage and clothed in his monk's habit. His journey all the way from Wittenberg had been remarkable for the interest both his friends and foes had taken in him; and when he arrived at Worms, thousands streamed to see him, and the watchman in the tower blew his horn. The gentlemen of the Court escorted him into the house of the Knights of St. John, where lodging had been prepared for h... On the following evening he was to appear before the Diet, which was assembled in ... Bishop's palace. Eck, the official of the Bishop of Treves, acted as the prosecutor, and ... the name of the Emperor, simply asked him two questions (pointing to a stack of bo... on a bench near by): (1) whether he acknowledged th... books as his own, and (2) if he would retract then ... persist in them. Luther seemed nervous; possibly ... first sight of the august assembly frightened him. ... titles of the books were asked for, and he acknowled... them as his own; but he divided them into three clas... each of which, he said, had to be treated separat... He was evidently not prepared for this, and said ... the contents concerned the highest of all things, ... Word of God and the salvation of souls, and he n... beware of giving rash answers. He humbly entre... further time for consideration, which the Emp... directed Eck to grant till the following day.



A. J. D. WEDEMEYER

The next day, April 18 (Thursday) Luther had to ... pear again. After waiting two hours, standing in ... dense crowd, he was called in. Eck reproached ... for having wanted time for consideration, and then ... to him the question, in conformity with the wishe... the members of the Diet: "Wilt thou defend all ... books acknowledged by thee to be thine, or recant s... part?" With firmness and modesty, in a well-consid... speech, Luther answered at length, explaining ... books, and also his position, which he defended ... quently. Both Eck and Luther spoke in Latin, ... then, by desire, Luther repeated his speech with e... firmness in German.

Eck, commissioned by the Emperor, ridiculed ... demand of Luther to be convinced by proofs f... Scripture, since the Council of Constance had alr... declared him a heretic, and that was all-sufficient. ... demanded a short answer "without horns." To ... Luther replied that he would give an answer with nei... "horns nor teeth," and that unless he were refute... proofs from Scripture, or by evident reason, his ... science bound him to adhere to the Word of God. ... could not, therefore, and he would not retract ... thing, for it was neither safe nor honest to act ag... one's conscience, and finally, still more veheme..., with a clear, ringing voice, he exclaimed;

"Here I stand! I cannot do otherwise—God ... me! Amen!"

This answer fell like a thunderbolt upon the ... assembly. Luther's enemies were in consternation ... in rage, but his friends rejoiced and congratulated ... in unmeasured terms of delight. Luther himself ... happy notwithstanding his imminent danger.

For the time being, this point-blank refusal to re... destroyed all hopes of mediation or reconcili...

(Continued on page 389)

Spring-Days at Mont-Lawn

MAKING READY FOR THE CHILDREN—MANY FRIENDS HELP

THE MAIN BUILDING

NOW that spring has come, with its budding flowers and singing birds, preparations begin for the opening of our Children's Home, d these are busy days at Mont-Lawn. ardeners are hoeing and raking away th a will that there may be fresh vege- bles in abundance for the hundreds of ngry little mouths that must be fed xt summer. Carpenters are at work aking such repairs as may be needed. Great and loving care has been taken improving Mont-Lawn, and our Children's Home will be, if possible, more beautiful than ever, when the summer days come. The lovely spot is ideal in itself, away from all the turmoil, strife and bustle of city life—verdure-clad hills rising behind it on one side and dropping away from it on the other down to the water's edge. To the writer, who has witnessed year after year the consecrated uses of the place, these words of the Psalmist ever recur in connection with the thought of Mont-Lawn: "As the hills are round about Jerusalem, so e Lord is round about his people hence- rth even forever." The work has in- ed been blessed.

SPRING GARDENING

Thousands of little tenement waifs (to any of whom the dear word "home" had d till then no meaning) have been enter- ined at this lovely retreat. Thousands childish voices (many till then used only ballads of the street) have learned to g the songs of Zion in the pretty chapel ross the road. Thousands of tiny sup- icants (many of whom had not so much known that they had a "Father in eaven") have murmured soft petitions Jesus in the big, quiet dormitories at e sacred bedtime hour. Thousands of lf-naked, half-starved children of the reet have here found food, shelter, iment, and—what is just as important these—childhood's right caressing, and at privilege which the Master empha- ed as most peculiarly childhood's own hen he said: "Suffer the little ones to me unto me, for of such is the kingdom heaven." Religion is not dinned into ildish ears at Mont-Lawn; but in all veet, wholesome, beautiful ways children e taught that life's dearest happiness d surest safeguard are found in obedi- ce to our Heavenly Father.

Simple enough is the structure in itself, d there are no costly decorations or fur- shings; everything is as it should be for e purpose—inexpensive, clean, dainty, mfortable. In the big china-closet ere will be by and by rows and rows of hite mugs and bowls, and stacks and stacks of plates; in the pantry barrels of cookies, and crackers, and potatoes, and great bins of flour and oatmeal; in the big closet up-stairs, shelves and shelves of dresses, and blouses, and trousers, and aprons, and hats, and shoes, and stockings; in the dormitories, rows and rows of little white beds, spotless and downy. Of course all these things are not in place just yet. A lot of work has to be done before they can be. When the children went away with the summer, things were packed up; before the children come back with the summer, they must be all out, fresh and sweet-smelling, and just ready for the guests. A spring house-cleaning is a formidable matter for a small family; think what it must be to get ready for a family of two thousand children, who are "hurried on the field," as it were, in battalions of two to three hundred at a time.

In all this work for children of the poor the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD take generous part. Already, Sunday School Classes, Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, King's Daughters' Circles, Helping Hands, Busy Bees and many other bands of mercy, are sending in funds saved and made during the winter to give outings to poor little waifs this summer; others write that they are making such provision. Some tell us that they are sewing away on garments for our little lads and lassies, or collecting the outgrown wardrobes of small people who live in prosperous homes, for the small people who have next to no homes and next to nothing to wear. Three dollars gives one child an outing of ten days, covering all cost of transportation back and forth, caretakers, and, if necessary, physician's attention, shelter, food and clothes: $6 provides this for two, $9 for three, $12 for four, $15 sends five, and $30 sends ten—quite a little army. In what other way could so little accomplish so much? All contributions will be promptly acknowledged.

The following have been received:

Abbott, Miss J F	50
Bargiebaugh, C E	1 00
Barker, Mrs G L	1 00
Bch Mrs E A	1 00
Bch, Mrs Osca M	5 00
Bradley, Miss H J	1 00
Braxton, Alvina	1 00
Caldwell, M D	50
Carmichael, Mrs J	50
Carey, Mrs Noah	50
Crossen, Mrs M	3 00
Eldred, Mrs E	3 00
Fletcher, Mrs John	2 00
Grimes, Mrs D	1 00
Hall, Mrs Dr	1 00
Hannis, Mrs E B	50
Hettenbach, C	5 00
Hooker, Mrs J M	1 00
Houghton, Ernest B	3 00
Hunter, Euphenia	10 00
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Kennedy, Mrs L H	2 50
Lansing, H S	2 00
Little Mary A and Mother	12 00
Lutz, Mrs S A	2 00
Lyman, Mrs Ruth M	1 50
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McCarthy, Mrs W M	50
McCready, Miss Kate	50
McDonald, E V	1 50
McEwen, Mrs J J	3 00
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Miller, Mrs C T	3 00
Minon, Mrs J A	5 00
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Pierce, F	1 00
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Smith, Henry H	15 25
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Sykes, Mrs Caleb	50
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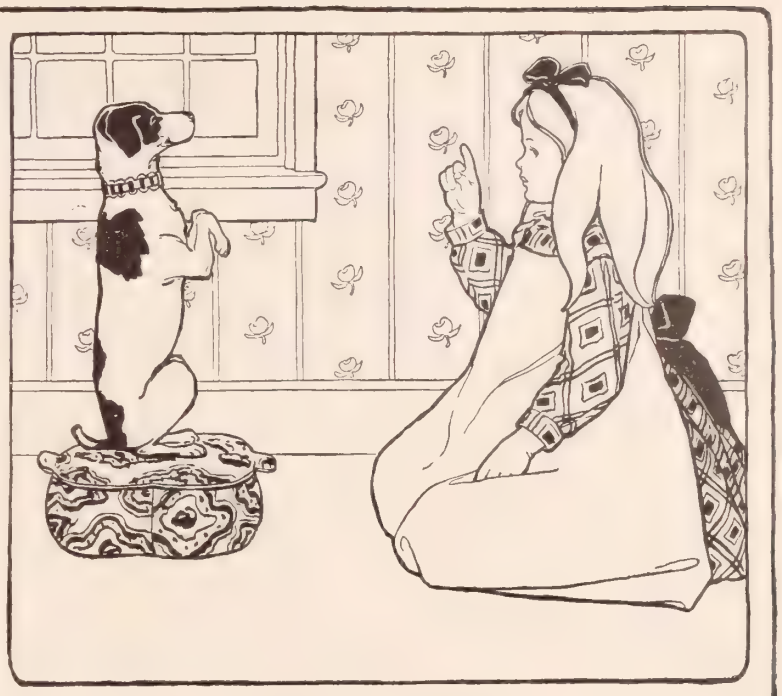
Wyman, Lavinia A	50
H C T, Charleston	1 00
H S H, Georgia	2 50
J A P, Florence	6 00
Mrs ——, Crayslake	1 00
Trist, Para Dowagiac	3 00
A Friend, Edisto Is	2 00
A Friend, Ransom	5 00
A Friend, Rome	9 00
Granite State Friend (New Hampshire)	2 00
A Friend to the Work Pittsfield	5 00
I H N ——	1 00
In His Name, Wompaco	90
In Mem of D L Roberts, Mansfield	1 00
For Christ's Sake, Alexander	1 00
From One who Loves the Little Ones, Fostoria	3 00
Two Little Girls, Caspama	6 00
A King's Daughter, Lancaster	15 00
Bap Jun'r Endeavor, Deep River	6 00
Jr & Intermediate C E Soc of Congl Ch, Westhaseltine	35 00
Thanksgiving Off of Metric Sch, Millcreek	2 00
Edna, Florida, box of clothing, books, toys, etc.	



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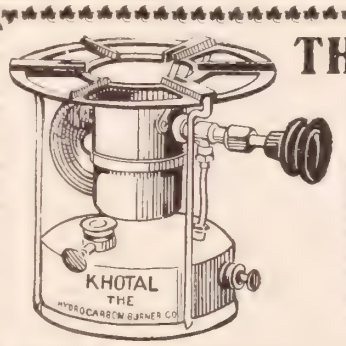

Write for Free Illustrated Book F.

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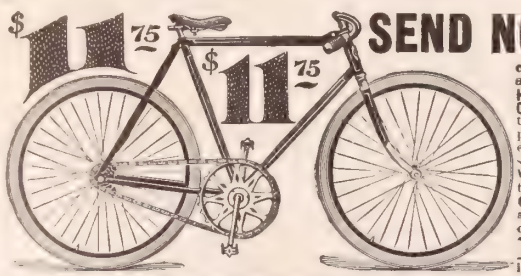

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Hindrances to Revivals*

THE pastor may hinder the revival, and he may do this without in the least intending it. The trouble is not with our living as pastors, for that, in the main, is right, but with our preaching.

It is not always aimed at conversion. I do not mean that one should always stand in his pulpit and, after the manner of an evangelist, cry out, "Come to Jesus!" for that sweet expression would lose its sweetness if too many times repeated; but I do mean that every minister should so preach that the surprise would be, not that people were converted under the influence of the sermon, but that they were not, and every sermon preached, upon whatever theme, should have enough of the plan of salvation in it so that if one should hear the preacher just once, he would know from that one message what he ought to do to be saved.

The people may hinder a revival. It is unquestionably true that there is to-day in many places a dearth of conversions; and whatever the explanation may be as to the cause of this, it must certainly be true that in many cases it is due to the fact that the Church is too closely in touch with the world and not enough in fellowship with her risen Head. Some one has said that the reason why the world does not join the Church is found in the fact that the Church has joined the world.

It is not necessary that we should be grossly inconsistent to lose our power both with God and with man. Paul wrote, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." The emphatic word in the text is "touch."

I remember, when a boy studying philosophy, I was told that you could not fill a man with electricity so long as he stood on the ground, for the electrical current would pass through him into the ground and be lost; but if you would allow him to take his position upon a stool with glass legs, glass being a non-conductor of electricity, as soon as he would touch the electrical current, instantly he would be filled with it to overflowing; but if, when he were in this position, he should reach out and touch a tree, or bend over and touch the ground with one finger of his hand, the electrical power would immediately leave him.

Alas, it is because we are in some slight way in touch with the world that we have been shorn of our power, and God's work has been hindered.

I had preached for five days in a Western city with no apparent indication of victory, and I made the request that I should be allowed to leave the city and turn my face towards another field which was white already with a harvest. One of the pastors asked me to tarry for a few days, for he felt that he knew the cause of the failure. He sought out in his office one of the prominent workers in the meetings, an old man who was a judge of one of the highest courts in the city, whose name was on the church books, but whose life was in many ways inconsistent, and he said to him, "Judge, I have heard these rumors concerning you. If they are untrue, I have come to support you; but if they are true, I have also come to give you a brother's sympathy and help." The old judge bowed his head in his hands upon his desk, sobbing so that he could not speak for a moment, and then said, "It is all true, and more, and I am the most miserable man in the city." They bowed on their knees, and asked forgiveness of him who never turns away from any seeking soul. They came directly to the afternoon meeting. Just as I was on the point of pronouncing the benediction, the old judge rose to say: "My friends, I have for a long time been a professed follower of Jesus Christ, but I have been an inconsistent Christian. I have hindered the work of God, and stood in the way of this revival; and I rise to ask your forgiveness, as I have sought it from God." There was no benediction pronounced. The people, with one accord, passed by the judge to take his hand and speak a word of sympathy, and when the evening service came the power of God came upon the audience, and no less than fifty people accepted Christ as a Saviour. It was the beginning of a work which meant five hundred souls at least for Christ.

The infidelity of the world cannot hinder a revival. The sinning of the unregenerate cannot stay the wheels of the chariot of Salvation. But the infidelity of the Church and the sins of God's children—these mightily hinder it. These are an almost insurmountable barrier.

*From *Revivals and Missions*, by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., containing practical directions for seeking, conducting, and following a revival, with a concise history of the great revivals of past times. Pp. 220. Price 60 cents. Published by Lentilhon & Co., 150 Fifth avenue, New York.

"Little" Man in Sunday School*

"ISN'T he too small?" This was the quietly circulated inquiry when my name was suggested for the above-named position. "Oh, no, we think he has the ability to discharge the duties of the office." "Yes, but how about his size?" Well, I was elected, and a general smile passed over the school when I assumed the duties. "Is that little fellow the superintendent?" was an every-day question.

I had learned one lesson well. It was this: Under such circumstances the proper thing to do was to just go ahead and perform the duties assigned as if I had been six feet high.

I did so, and yielded not a particle of my authority, but drove with a tight rein. Some smiled, others looked surprised, and all looked anxious, apparently believing failure was in store for me.

Soon the regular attendants accepted the situation, and went about their duties as willing to be led by a man four feet eight as if he were a veritable Goliath.

Amusing incidents would happen, however. After an absence of three or four weeks at one period, on my return I was introduced to a young man who was a newcomer during my absence. One of my assistants said to him, "This is our superintendent."

The young man stared, looked at both of us, and said, "What did you say?" "This is the superintendent of the school." "Superintendent, did you say?" "Yes; superintendent of this school." "Oh, yes;" and with a look that said, "There is a mistake here somewhere, but I cannot fathom it," went his way, but soon learned by actual observation that it was true.

An earnest determination to do your task soon enables you to lose sight of your personality, and I tried to forget myself in the effort to demonstrate that physical stature is not essential in the higher spheres of life.

*From *The Experiences of a Little Man.* By Daniel Y. McMullen. If you know a person who is carrying a physical burden, hand such an one this book. It will prove a comfort to all suffering bodily afflictions. It gives interesting incidents in the life of a man who never grew up. Pp. 138. Illustrated with half-tones and frontispiece portrait of author. Cloth, $1. Published by the author, 303 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Grandmother's Happy Old Age†

ONE afternoon while Dr. Craigie was engaged in planting out trees on the sanitarium grounds, a young lady about twenty-five years of age came up over the hill towards him.

"Grandma has been in rather poor health for a number of years," she said, "and becoming interested in the reports she heard of your lectures, and thinking you might be able to suggest something that would be helpful to her, she wished me to come up here and request you to call and have a talk with her sometime at your leisure."

"I contemplate a trip to the country to-morrow, and as my way passes right by your house, I can stop there for a little while in the morning, if that will be agreeable to you," was the doctor's brief reply.

With a "Thank you, that will suit grandma," the young woman turned and went back down the hill with light, elastic step.

It was early the next day when Dr. Craigie called at the cottage where dwelt Mrs. Queen and her granddaughter. The air was chill, and a bright fire glowed in the open grate, before which sat the old lady, comfortably ensconced in her big arm chair. An open Bible lay in her lap, and on a small stand beside her was her knitting, ready to be taken up in the odd moments.

When the doctor came in she had an easy chair drawn up to the fire for him by her side. She closed her Bible, and as she welcomed him, said:

"It has always been my custom to spend a little time every morning and evening meditating over the teachings of the Holy Book. The Bible is a letter from heaven and a guidebook to heaven, and it is a daily help to keep me in the strait and narrow way, which I have found to be a very pleasant way. For me to be strong for life's battles the quiet hour alone with the Father is an absolute necessity."

Dr. Craigie sat down, and the old lady was soon talking to him as to one she had always known, for he had a way of making speedy friendships with old people and little children, and they soon knew they had a place in his affections. He was helpful to them, and often from the aged one's experience he drew wise conclusions, and the guileless little ones, like fresh air and sunshine, made life more gladsome to him.

Old Mrs. Queen wanted to consult him about a heart difficulty that had troubled her to some extent for many years, but as she grew older it had become worse. At times she had strange feelings, and her heart-beats became so faint that she feared they might stop altogether.

"As all people grow old they should be careful not to overwork or overfatigue themselves in any way; the resulting waste may be so great that they cannot recover from it entirely and it may leave them in a state that will cause fatal disease to seize upon the system. Nor should they get overheated, as the blood cannot cool off without injury, as it could in younger years. They should sleep a good deal; take a noonday nap; sleep whenever there is the least inclination that way. Nor should they feel that they can no longer do anything in the world because they cannot do as much. They should maintain an interest in what is going on around them."

"Grandma does that; she interests herself and is interesting because she is always learning so much," said Julia Queen, who had come in and sat down with them. "She is not like some old folks, who become garrulous, cross and disagreeable to live with, but she is just a pleasing, comfortable companion all the while."

Grandma smiled as she said:

"Perhaps I keep in a happier frame of mind than some do, as I have such a sweet hope in looking forward to the eternal happy home prepared for those who love God. God is love, and love is what makes the happiness of heaven, and I think, too, that nothing makes this life on earth tolerable but love."

†From *The Nose Doctor*, or *Health and Happiness*. A story by S. M. Biddle. From the richest fields of modern sanitary science, the author has here incorporated in popular form the findings of many of the most advanced explorers—or, in plainer words, many things of practical use to those who would understand the laws of health, which are rules for happiness. Pp. 255; cloth. Price, $1. Publishers, F. E. Ormsby & Co., Monmouth, Ills.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Caledonian is the name of a new monthly family magazine, edited by Rev. Donald MacDougall, and published in New York City. Its contents appeal specially to the Scottish-American citizens, and to the members of Gaelic and Celtic societies. Specially interesting are the characteristic contributions of Mabel Munro, James Kennedy and the description by Dr MacDougall of the opening of the New Zealand Parliament. Caledonian Publishing Co., 30 Greenwich ave., N. Y., publishers. Subscription, $1.00 a year.

Denise and Ned Toodles. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. This is a perfectly delightful book for children, especially for those fond of animals, and what child is not? Denise is a dear little girl, and Ned is her wonderful pony, who is, as the children say, "too cute for anything." Denise has the most interesting play-house imaginable, in which not only Ned Toodles makes free, but Jan, a goat of unusual accomplishments, and some very entertaining dogs. The pictures, by Mr. Relyea, are charming; they fascinate readers of any age, and little readers will think that the next best thing to having Ned Toodles himself is to have his picture by Mr. Relyea. Pp. 224. Published by the Century Co., Union Square, New York.

OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND AND WASHINGTON.

Last Tour of the Season via Pennsylvania Railroad.

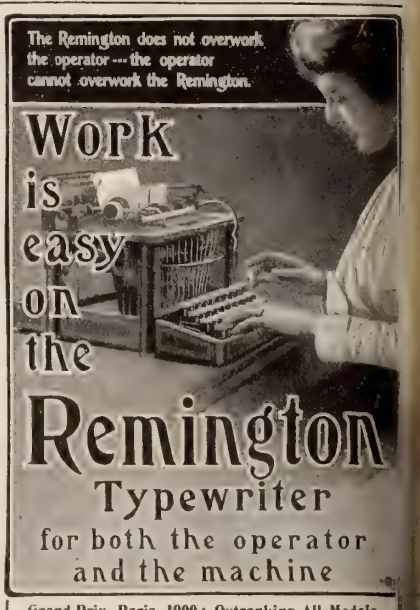
The last six-day personally-conducted tour of the season to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington via the Pennsylvania Railroad, will leave New York and Philadelphia on Saturday, April 27.

Tickets, including transportation, meals *en route* in both directions, transfers of passengers and baggage, hotel accommodations at Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington, and carriage ride about Richmond will be sold at rate of $34.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark; $32.50 from Trenton; $31.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

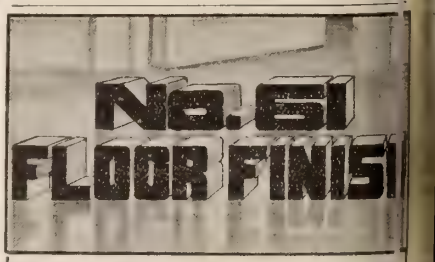
OLD POINT COMFORT ONLY.

Tickets to Old Point Comfort only, including luncheon on going trip, one and three-fourths days board at that place, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold in connection with this tour at rate of $15.00 from New York; $13.50 from Trenton; $12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



Grand Prix, Paris, 1900; Outranking All Medals.
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York



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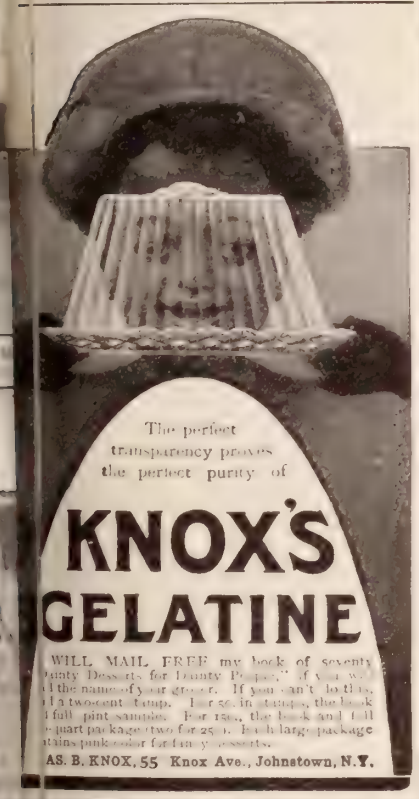

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Drab or white, long, short or medium length.

NOW A SINGER FOR SOULS

How John P. Hillis was Won from the Minstrel Stage to Christian Service....

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

OF the ever-growing host—which is to be greatly increased in numbers in the near future—of those who give themselves, with supreme consecration, to sing the Gospel of Jesus Christ, so that it shall be a message from God to the hearts of unconverted men, few if any have a happier spirit or a more wholesome and engaging personality than John P. Hillis. He was the Rev. B. Fay Mills' comrade for four years during the great days of his evangelistic labor, was associated for two years with Dr. S. A. Keen, and now, for five years, has had a most happy evangelistic fellowship with the Rev. Henry Ostrom. The personal Christian character of Hillis is so sweet and transparent, that it makes a background of marvellous power for the sweet songs he sings.

JOHN P. HILLIS

John Hillis was born on a farm in Putnam County, Indiana. His father and mother were active Christians, and members of the Presbyterian Church near their home. They trained their boy in the fear of God, and in his early life he was very prayerful and devout. He says, "I have always prayed. When a young boy, in the woods and fields alone, while driving the cows home from the pasture, I would often seek a quiet, secluded place to pray."

As John grew older, he was led away by evil associations among the irreligious boys of the neighborhood, and he began to neglect the religious instruction he had received in the home. When about fourteen years of age, he was aroused in his conscience and very much desired to make a public confession of Christ, but was afraid to come out definitely before his companions. At the age of fifteen, his parents moved from the farm to the little city of Greencastle, Ind., the seat of Depauw University. He thought that here would be his chance to begin the Christian life, and form new associations among those who were Christians; but being of a diffident disposition, he kept putting it off, and no one offered him the proper encouragement to make such a start. How often it is that there are young people waiting, just ready for somebody to speak the word of encouragement, and they will yield to the call of duty. Every church service ought to have in some way an opportunity for these "waiting souls" to have a chance to respond to the call of the spirit.

About this time, the Rev. Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, now superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in Chicago, came to be pastor of the church where John attended Sabbath School. The first Sunday night that he preached, he announced that he would hold an "After meeting," in the lecture room at the close of the preaching service, and invited all those interested as Christian workers and seekers for Christ to come. John was greatly impressed by the appeal, and was sure that every word was meant for him. He went into that "inquiry room" hungry to know God. He arose for prayer when the opportunity was offered, but took no farther step that night. The next afternoon Dr. Parkhurst came to see him at the store, having secured his name, and learned where he was employed, and spoke to him so kindly, and showed such an interest in him, that he was more than ever determined to become a Christian.

Unfortunately, although he joined the Church on probation, and went through many of the forms of public worship, he was not converted, and did not become conscious of the presence of Christ in his life. After a short time, in spite of many encouragements, he was back among the old evil associations. Soon after he had an opportunity for a good-paying engagement to join a minstrel troupe, and did so. In this way he was on the road all the time, and among associations that constantly led him into sin. The old convictions, however, did not leave him. For weeks he fought against his conscience, and every night went to bed with thetender but rebuking memory that his father and mother were praying for him. Then it was that Dr. Parkhurst, his pastor, was moved to write him a letter, tenderly but earnestly urging him to forsake the associations he had formed, and come back home and enter with new purpose upon a Christian life. That faithful letter came at just the right time, and went straight to young Hillis' heart. He yielded to it, came home, and in October, 1888, he definitely turned away from all his sins, surrendered himself to Christ, and entered into a joyous personal fellowship with Jesus, that has continued through all the years since until the present time.

As soon as his own heart was filled with the joys of salvation, it was the most natural thing in the world for him to sing of them to others. He had such a strong, beautiful voice, and such a happy, hearty Christian experience, that he was immediately in demand.

When Hillis goes home to heaven, he will find many happy singers before the throne, who caught their first note of gladness from his Gospel songs.

MARTIN LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET AT WORMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 386

between the Roman and Evangelical parties. The break was complete, and the dawn of liberty and freedom of conscience was in sight, which, since that eventful day, has grown brighter and is still growing brighter in all parts of the world.

To commemorate this crucial, but glorious episode in the history of the Reformation, the German people, in the year 1868, erected in the city of Worms that colossal monument, which is, without question, the grandest of its kind in the world. The immense bronze figure of Luther in the centre is surrounded by a number of statues representing the famous forerunners of the Reformation, and also Luther's illustrious contemporaries. There are, likewise, three female figures in the group, which eloquently represent three cities that were the scenes of the most stirring and trying conflicts for religious liberty. These are, the protesting Speyer, the faith-declaring Augsburg, and the sorrowing Magdeburg. To Speyer the attention of the Protestant world is just now directed, for it was here, where, five years after the scene of Worms, and again three years later, the fight for religious freedom had to be taken up once more; and to commemorate these events, the beautiful Protestation Cathedral is being built. While Wittenberg is fittingly called the birthplace of Protestantism, Speyer is the baptismal font, for it was here where, in the memorable year 1529, the Evangelicals were first called "Protestants."

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THE styles for Spring and Summer are decidedly pretty and distinctly new—entirely different from anything shown heretofore. Is it not worth your while to write for our new Catalogue and a selected line of samples of the materials from which we make our suits and skirts? Many readers of this paper are our regular patrons, but perhaps you have never had a garment from us. May we not mail you our Catalogue and Samples?

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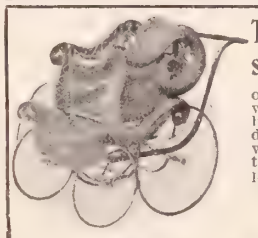

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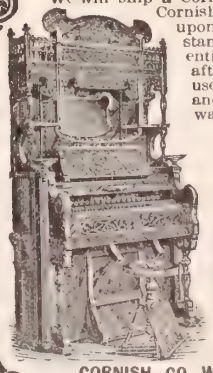

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Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 15 doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

BLUINE CO, Box 3 Concord Junction, Mass

A CONSECRATED WOMAN'S WORK

BY MARY BARTON COOKMAN

AMONG the most successful Gospel workers of our day, is Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis, wife of Judge Davis, of Jersey City, N. J. Let me give a leaf from her history, the record of what one consecrated Christian woman has done to bring lost souls to Jesus. She has been an evangelist for sixteen years. Thirty-four thousand souls have obeyed the Gospel call through her ministry. One hundred and eighty-seven ministers of the Gospel are numbered among the results of her labors for Christ. In Africa, one devoted missionary, converted under her preaching, is proclaiming the Gospel of Peace to those who had never heard of Jesus. She has been greatly blessed in her work among the young and in bringing little children to the Master.

She has carried a message, too, to many professing Christians, confirming fainting faith, or reviving love grown cold in those who, after once following the Master, had turned away.

Mrs. Davis first entered upon her evangelistic work at Annapolis, Md. The saloons had just been closed, and the revival

MRS. GRACE WEISER DAVIS

meetings were thronged with men, hundreds of whom were converted, pledging themselves to temperance. The rest of the year she spent in Baltimore, and during six months there were five hundred conversions under her ministry. The next season she visited Washington, D. C., and here God gave her the joy of seeing fifteen hundred souls brought from darkness into light. Since then she has been called to hold special meetings by many of the churches in New England. At the People's Temple, Boston, there was a gracious outpouring of the Spirit, when one thousand people rose for prayer; many seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The union services conducted by Mrs. Davis have been marvelously blessed, and much unity in Christian love has been the result. At Akron, O., over three hundred persons came forward to the altar at one service. In Auburn, N. Y., about five hundred. For fifteen years Mrs. Davis has held meetings at Ocean Grove, and while Rev. Dr. Stokes lived and was President of the Association he always engaged her to help him in his arduous duties.

Mrs. Davis has just completed a series of meetings extending through three weeks at Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. D. P. Henderson, the pastor, who is in full sympathy with her great work, aiding her in every possible way. In the musical features, she was assisted by her widowed sister, Mrs. Emily Wessel Heaps, who finds in the "ministry of song" that comforts others, comfort for her own sorrows.

Fourteen years previously, during the ministry of Rev. Henry Baker, D.D., then pastor, two boys sought Christ at the altar of Simpson Church, kneeling side by side. Both were converted, and they joined the church at the same time. Those two boys, close friends then, have continued in that relation all these years; they have been true to Christ, and they are now side by side in Christian work. One is the Superintendent of Simpson Sunday School, which numbers eight hundred scholars, and the other is Assistant-Superintendent. Another lad who sought Christ fourteen years ago is now the leader of the Junior Boys' Epworth League, composed of one hundred members, and pronounced by one of the Methodist Bishops to be the most effective Boys' Junior Epworth League in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Such living witnesses as these to the value of revival work, added powerfully to the interest of the recent meetings. The first Sabbath of the series the Superintendent of a Breakfast Association of Brooklyn brought a large number of men to the service. They were all converted.

At the men's meeting on the second Sabbath, the confession broke forth from one man that he had come there with the purpose of taking his life. During the pastor's kindly talk with him, he gave up the letter he had written to his poor old mother, enclosing the key to his trunk; also one to his daughter, telling her to forgive him for what he was about to do, and saying, "take care of your mother's grave"; and put into the minister's hand the bottle containing the poison he had intended to take.

Mrs. Davis has the happy gift of singing the Gospel, as well as preaching it. Many of the hymns used at the meetings are written by her. One of the most recent ones, entitled "Papa, Be a Christian for Your Little Girl's Sake," and set to music by Professor Kirkpatrick, has a touching history. When, at the close, one evening, of services she was conducting in Altoona, Penn., she was pleading with a man for whose conversion she was very anxious, his little girl ran up, exclaiming, "Papa!" Mrs. Davis said, "Why, you ought to be a Christian for your little girl's sake." The next night, as the father was starting to the church, he took the little one in his arms to kiss her good night, when suddenly she surprised him by putting her arms around his neck, and saying, "Papa, you ought to be a Christian for your little girl's sake." That night the father said he did not need any more persuasion after such a sermon as that at home, and he yielded his heart to God.

"I think Mrs. Davis comes nearer Dwight L. Moody in her evangelistic work than any person I ever saw," writes Mr. Freeborn G. Smith, a prominent business man and an earnest Christian worker, of Brooklyn, who has, with others like himself, lent practical aid and influence to making her meetings successful. All denominations have shared in the blessed results of her labors, and ministers and laymen of all churches have expressed appreciation of her extraordinary gifts and great faithfulness.

Answers to Prayers

"I know a little land-locked bay,
For souls upon a stormy sea;
What light on all the hills around,
What song of birds in every tree!

"No billows roll, no rocks do rend,
No wildly wrecking winds are there,
But tiny ripples whisper 'Peace!'
That little land-locked bay is Prayer."

The above, on a pretty printed card, has been received from two readers, "Ada and Nell," who say: "We send out this little leaflet in loving memory of our dear mother, who passed into the 'Haven of Rest,' March 15, 1900, trusting that it may prove as great a blessing to many others as it was to her."

Mrs. J. G. G., Varney, Canada, writes: I wish to express my deep gratitude for many prayers answered when the way seemed as if every hand was against us, and troubles crowded in upon us from every side. I went to God, and he heard my prayers and answered them.

J. L. F., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I have been praying for nine years for relief from a great trouble. God has blessed me and granted my wish.

Reader, Elmira, N. Y., writes: Surely "man's extremity is God's opportunity." After wrestling in prayer for months for deliverance from sore trials, the Lord has met me in a most unlooked for way, just at a time when my resources were entirely exhausted.

Reader, Chanute, Kan., writes: I had a great trouble, a trouble which it seemed would break my heart. My husband and I prayed to God to help us, and he has helped. Now we feel we can never praise God enough for his loving kindness to us. May every one who reads this be renewed in faith.

Mrs. M. A. S., Muncie, Ind., writes: In answer to prayer, my loved ones were saved, for which I am very thankful. Reading of the many answers to prayer, my faith has been strengthened.

Mrs. J. E. Conner, Marshalltown, Ia., writes: I was sick. I had not heard from a dear grandchild for a long time. It seemed to me he must be sick or dead. One evening I just asked God, before I went to sleep, that if he was well and all right to let me dream of him, and he answered me. I dreamed of my grandchild and woke up peaceful and happy; and soon I received a letter from him. You can use my full name if you wish.

SAVED TO SERVE

BY ALFRED S. DYER, FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE "BOMBAY GUARDIAN"

ON Calvary's Cross he bought me,
With an undying love;
A sinking soul he sought me,
As heir with him above;
How thrills my heart at mercy,
So undeserved and free,
That placed my feet in safety,
Beyond the raging sea.

Shall grace be unrequited,
To which I owe my all?
Shall peerless love be slighted,
And conscience vainly call?
Ah no, O gracious Saviour!
Naught that I have be mine;
The life which thou hast purchased,
Be ever, only thine.

Secure from passion's billows,
Secure from sin's control,
Upon the Rock of Ages
A saved and serving soul!
To sister and to brother
To stretch the aiding hand,
That safe from death's overwhelming
They by the Cross shall stand.

To souls in heathen darkness,
How longs my heart to tell,
The precious, priceless message
I've learnt to love so well;
Of One who to the sinking,
The tempest-tossed, gives rest,
Whom saddened lives by trusting
Are now and ever blest.

Addington, Kent, England.

A well-known picture represents a shipwrecked woman clinging to a wave-lashed Cross upon a rock in an angry ocean. From above, a stream of light falls upon the Cross and the face of the refugee. She is saved! A companion picture shows the same rock, the same Cross, and the same saved woman, but she is now engaged in helping up from the raging sea a well-nigh engulfed sister. Here is portrayed the ideal Christian life—saved to serve.

There is a peculiar appropriateness in the reproduction of these artistic creations as a frontispiece (at the expense of a friend) in the recently issued report of Soonderbai H. Powar's Zenana Training Home and Orphanage at Poona, India. Among the inmates of this Home in training for Christian work, are girls rescued from death by starvation. The second picture is described as "a Scriptural ideal for Indian Christian womanhood;" for it is written: "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves."

These pictures have suggested the foregoing verses, in consequence of a request from my adopted daughter, formerly a famine orphan, for an original hymn. Two of the girls in training were fellow-sufferers with her in the famine of 1897, which the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD nobly did so much to relieve. Of these two girls, Soonderbai Powar lately wrote, in reference to their care of children rescued from the famine of 1900: "I do not know what I should have done without them. The Lord knew it; and so wonderfully he sent them here." These cases are not singular. I am personally acquainted with valued workers in several missions in India, who were famine waifs of years ago.

A. D.

An Active Christian Worker Gone

Elder William Bartley, of Bartley, N. J., died at his home, on Wednesday afternoon, March 13, after a brief illness, in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. Bartley served as elder of the First Presbyterian Church, at Flanders, N. J., from its organization Feb. 18, 1852; and superintendent of the Bartley Sunday School from its organization. He was a life member of the American Bible Society, an honored member of the Board of Freeholders, a conscientious and upright business man, and an exemplary Christian. He was greatly beloved, especially by his church and the Sunday School at Bartley.

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HELPING THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES ...

Baltimore's Home for Working-Girls

—BY—

REV. PETER AINSLIE

N the Fall of 1895, God gave me the idea of establishing in Baltimore, a non-sectarian Home for those working girls who receive small wages. the pastor of the Calhoun Street urch of the Disciples, and at that time tor of a weekly paper, I already had hands full: yet I could not abandon thoughts of this Home, and it became me the subject of daily prayer.

The first donation was from a poor girl Strasburg, Va. In November, 1895, I d just concluded an address there on

REV. PETER AINSLIE

occasion of the annual convention of Disciples of Christ, in which I merely de mention of my hope for the establment of a Home for working girls. Imdiately on adjournment, a poorly-clad l pressed her way to the front, and laid my hands eleven cents, saying, with rs, "Please, sir, take this for the Work- Girls' Home, it is all I have," and with- w so quickly that I failed to get her me. In a few weeks I had made the st deposit in a savings bank for this se, and several months thereafter, I in- ed a number of ladies, only a part of om were members of my church, to m a board of managers and meet with every month, which they did in the rlors of the West Branch Y. M. C. A. ir capital was gradually enlarged by ntributions of kind-hearted people, this rease coming chiefly in nickels, dimes, arters, half-dollars, dollars, with occanally gifts of five dollars and twenty- e dollars. A few friends gave several ndred dollars each, and thus by June 1899, we had enough to purchase a bstantial three-story brick building at 5 W. Fayette street, with an annual ound rent of seventy-five dollars, the operty being deeded to our trustees. On t. 12, 1899, the Home was formally open- , and since then about seventy-five girls ve registered; two or three times that mber have applied for admittance, but e capacity of the institution is limited twenty-three. Any working girl, whose rents are not living in Baltimore, and ose wages are not over five dollars a ek, may be admitted into this Home on e presentation of two letters of recomendation. Some of the girls deposit ty cents and others a dollar or more casionally, and take pride in having a owing bank account; by this system hope to encourage habits of thrift and e value of small economies.

Every girl is required to attend some urch, Protestant or Roman Catholic, rtainly once on Sunday. Almost every nomination is represented among the sidents. Guests are expected to read eir Bibles every day. Some of the girls, though coming from Christian homes, d never formed the habit of daily Bible ading until they came to the institution. They are also required to be prompt at meals and to be in the Home every evening by 10:30. The position is taken that in order to perform the day's duty satisfactorily and retain good health, the working-girl requires a full night's sleep. Hence the keeping of late hours is discouraged; but at the discretion of the matron, privilege may be extended beyond the regular limit. Efforts are made to make the girls feel that they are not simply in a boarding-house, but in a real home, and that they are free to approach the matron, any of the lady managers, or the president, with any matters that concern them.

There are fifteen ladies on the board of managers. Each of these ladies visits the Home once a month, a special day being given to each, and so every other day one of the lady managers is present when the girls get in from their work; and she remains until after supper. In this way the ladies are brought into direct touch with the residents, and frequently the ladies invite the girls into their own homes. Once or twice a week I visit the Home and overlook its affairs generally, occasionally taking supper there. On the first Monday in each month there is a general board meeting in the parlor, when we are all present. Thus the matron, who has full charge, is reinforced by all the help and encouragement we can give, and the Home profits by our united efforts.

Most of our girls get $2.50, $3.00, and $3.50 a week, and if after being in our Home for some time, any of the girls should lose their positions, several large firms in the city have offered to employ them at $3.00 a week, and occasionally we avail ourselves of this opportunity.

The girls are allowed to entertain their friends in the parlor, as they would in their own private homes, remembering however, that the hour of retiring is 10:30 P.M. They use the piano, play games, read, receive callers, or make calls. When they are sick, a prominent physician gives his services to them free. We are somewhat crowded now, but in course of time,

WORKING GIRLS' HOME, BALTIMORE

we hope to enlarge our building. Many have expressed great surprise that we are able to run the Home on an income which in the aggregate represents receipts of only $1.90 a week from each girl, and that we have been able to meet all bills and keep out of debt. The girls' board money goes to pay the matron, servants, groceries, fuel, and lights. The furnishings and cost of repairs have to be supplied from contributions. At our annual donation day (October 30), we usually receive groceries; and at Easter, money for the general work of the Home is given. The Lord has supplied all our needs.

The America that Our Children will Govern

The figures of the Census of 1900 not only present many interesting facts as to the state of the country now, but indicate very accurately what lines its development will follow during the next fifty years. How the Census gives us a glimpse into the future is cleverly brought out in an article which Ex-Gov. Merriam contributes to the April 25th issue of :: ::

The Youth's Companion

The same issue will contain a group of good stories: "The College Course of Hiram Allen," by Margaret Sherwood; "A Lesson From Brother Tom," by Agnes Louise Provost; "The Talents of Althea," by Emma A. Opper; "The Submarine Susan" (Chap. III.), by Charles Adams — all in addition to the valuable article on Domestic Hygiene, the comments on Current Topics, notes on Nature and Science, and a great variety of Anecdotes, new, apt and amusing. :: :: :: :: ::

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The Youth's Companion, Boston

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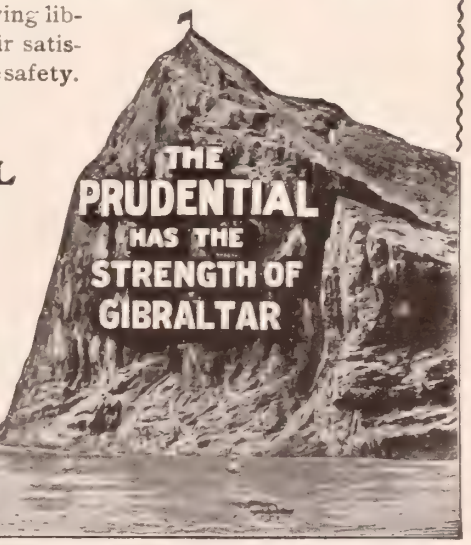

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By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

...BY... GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

Chapter XI.—Continued

THEY poled about and made believe they were on a voyage of discovery; all the boys talking at once and a pandemonium reigning. But after a half hour had passed they began to grow somewhat weary of voyaging, and Maud said:

"This makes me think of Jules Verne's story."

"Which one?" asked one of the boys. "I've read a lot of them, but don't know which one you mean."

"The one called *In Search of the Castaways*. Do you know that one?"

"No, but it sounds good. What is it about, anyway?"

"O about a man who got lost on an island, and some people went to hunt him up."

"Did they find him?"

"Yes, but not for a long while. Sit down on the raft, and I'll tell you all I can remember about it, if you want me to," said Maud, who dearly loved to spin a yarn, and could do it remarkably well when she had an appreciative audience.

The boys poled the raft close to the shore, and squatting around her like a flock of interested penguins, they prepared to listen to the adventures of the "Castaways," little dreaming how graphically the story was to be illustrated. Maud soon had her listeners so absorbed that they utterly forgot the raft and all connected with it. Not so with the wind and the tide, which had just begun to ebb. On went the story teller, growing more and more eloquent, until Marjorie, too, lost all thought of her surroundings, and the boys' eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

The raft swayed about and helped to make the story more real, and at last, just when Maud was bringing her story to a thrilling climax, and the unfortunate exile was about to be rescued, Marjorie looked up and gave a scream which brought them all to their feet. The raft, with the cove left far behind, was dancing merrily on the waves, and making straight for the Point which would take them out into the open river beyond.

The "cap'n" made a dive for his pole, only to find that the water was many times deeper than its length, and growing deeper every instant.

"Oh! oh! What shall we do? What shall we do?" cried Marjorie, in terror.

"Hush," commanded Maud, almost as white as Marjorie, but in full possession of her wits. "Sit perfectly still, every one of you. I got you all into this scrape, and now I'm going to get you all out, or my name isn't Maud Adelaide Drake."

CHAPTER XII

The Rescue of the Castaways

ON floated the raft, each moment gaining greater headway from wind and tide. As it came to the Point it was caught in the current and fairly whirled around. Some of the boys were almost in tears from fright, but the sturdy little "cap'n" never flinched, and stood beside Maud like a small admiral.

Marjorie sat perfectly still upon her rather unstable seat, and they certainly presented a striking picture as they came sailing around the Point, and into full view of a party of ladies and gentlemen who were seated upon some of the shady benches of the romantic "Flirtation Walk."

"Oh, I say; look yonder!" shouted one young man. "Those youngsters are in trouble."

"Where? What?" asked the others, springing to their feet in time to see the tallest girl on the raft wave a long pole, upon which she had fastened her handkerchief as a signal of distress. "There; just off the Point. Come, fellows; come with me as quick as you can," shouted Rodman, "or those children will be drowned as sure as the world!" and they all rushed for the boat landing.

No one had noticed Margaret, but at that instant she shrieked, "Oh, Rodman, Rodman! It is Maud and Marjorie!"

"So it is! Lord help us!" he cried, as he tore away around the Point.

But it would have been a hopeless chase had it not been for Gordon. Standing upon the forward deck of the *Kingston*, he was one of the first to sight the castaways, and a second later had the gig manned, and was rowing to the rescue. Imagine his surprise, when he recognized them as some of the yacht's party. Standing close to the river's edge, Margaret and the others witnessed the rescue, just as the other boat—in which Rodman and his friends were pulling at a rate which would have won them everlasting fame in their college crew—came in view, and a wild cheer rang out, waking the echoes on peaks, a mile or more below.

Gordon rowed straight up to where Margaret, white as her white serge yachting suit, stood with outstretched arms, and Marjorie, nearly dead with fright, threw herself into them, while Helen went to Maud.

"My darling, don't tremble so, you are safe now," said Margaret, "and we will soon have you on board the yacht. Gordon, we will go right back with you; and Alice, I would like you to come with us, please, while Helen goes up to speak to mamma. Rodman, will you kindly look to the care of the others, and see that these small men are returned to their homes."

Margaret soon had her charges on board the yacht, and leaving Maud to Alice's care, went below with Marjorie. Placing her upon a couch, she gave her a cup of hot coffee, which the thoughtful Gordon had instantly provided, and then desired him to take some to Maud. "I don't want it," said that young lady, "I'm over my scare, but I'm not over being sorry. If anything had happened to Marjorie, I'd never have forgiven myself."

"How in this world did you come there, anyway?" demanded Alice, who, finding that neither nursing nor consolation were required, was determined to satisfy her curiosity.

"Why, the boys invited us to ride on their raft, and I said all right, and off we went. And then I got to telling them a story about some castaways, and the next thing we knew we were castaways ourselves; and, oh, dear, I'm always getting into scrapes and nearly scaring people to death," and poor Maud looked miserably penitent.

"How could you do such a dangerous thing? Why, Maud, you will never be nearer drowning, I believe!"

"I know it, and knew it every minute; but it was no use to howl, was it?"

A little later Mrs. Drake and the rest of the party came aboard, and were not a little startled to learn of the children's escapade.

At five o'clock they started down the river, for Mrs. Drake had a plan with which to bring the day to a pleasant ending, and at the same time give happiness to a large number of little souls who had not found as much sunshine in this world as should have fallen to their share. For a year or more, Mrs. Drake had been deeply interested in the "Children's Home," near the pretty town of Nyack, a mile or more above Irvington, on the opposite side of the Hudson—an excellent institution maintained by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose proprietor had given many hours of time and thought out of his busy life that God's little ones might enjoy some of the lovely things which he had put on this beautiful world. Mrs. Drake had visited Mont-Lawn, as the "Home" is called, many times, but had never yet done so upon the Fourth of July, the children's day. The day of all others in the year which was enjoyed as only those to whom pleasure is the rare exception—indeed, to whom the common necessaries of life are almost unknown—can enjoy, and of which the children lived for six months of the year in rapturous anticipation, and for another six in joyous remembrance.

During the summer Maud and Marjorie had helped Mrs. Drake to make many small garments to send to the little people who, as often as not, came to Mont-Lawn for their ten days' outing, with only just enough clothing to give one an excuse for calling it such; but for whom such a condition was speedily remedied by the House Mother and teachers in charge.

Gordon had been made aware of Mrs. Drake's desire, and had so planned their start from West Point as to enable them to reach Nyack in good time. The beautiful yacht glided through the water so gracefully that it was difficult to realize the speed at which she overtook and passed other craft. Margaret sat in a low wicker chair, with Marjorie curled up on a rug at her feet; for she had not entirely recovered from her fright, which had been greater than any but Margaret realized. With her head resting against the knee of the friend whom she was rapidly learning to love better than any one in the world, excepting her father, she let her thoughts turn to that father and to the Father ever present, whom she silently thanked for sparing her to the one so far away.

A very subdued Maud sat beside her mother, and had but little to say; for some very serious thoughts were passing through that young lady's brain.

Mrs. Drake was somewhat removed from the others, and presently, when all were waving their handkerchiefs to a passing steamer laden with pleasure seekers, she took Maud's face in her hands and, turning it toward her—without saying one word—just looked in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, I know it; I know just exactly what you are thinking. Suppose anything had happened to Marjorie! How should I have felt now?"

Mrs. Drake nodded.

"I don't know what makes me do such heedless things. I don't mean to; and then the first thing I know I fly off and do some dreadful thing like I did this afternoon, and make everybody miserable, if I don't kill them outright. I wish you would knock me on the head, mamma; I believe it would do me good," Maud ended desperately.

"No, dear, knocking on the head will not help matters; it must be a knock on the conscience, and I hope you will learn to heed it, for I am afraid I shall not always be just at hand when help is needed," and Mrs. Drake stooped forward to kiss both the eyes, looking into them earnestly. And who shall say whether it was the mother's kiss just at that moment when the young heart was touched and troubled, or the spoken words which proved the greater help to madcap Maud?

At half-past five dinner was served, and just as it was finished the yacht drew up to the Nyack landing and a merry company stepped ashore. With her usual forethought Mrs. Drake had planned all beforehand, and an omnibus was in waiting to take the entire party to the Home, nestled in a cleft of the Rockland Hills and looking out upon the peaceful expanse of the noble Hudson. Ordinarily, this would have been the hour when tired little bodies would have been seeking rest in the many snowy cots; but was this not Independence Day?

By this time all had learned their destination and were enthusiastic at the prospect. Supper had just ended as the stage drove into the beautiful grounds, and the children were gathering upon the lawn in eager anticipation of the splendid fireworks which Dr. Klopsch had provided for them. As Mrs. Drake's party stepped from the omnibus they were greeted with the Home call:

Here we are! Here we are!
C. H., C. H.—ha, ha, ha!

And not less than two hundred youngsters, ranging in age from five to twelve years, crowded about them, all eager to make the new-comers welcome and to extend to them the hospitality of their beloved "Home," for on the Fourth of July all who visit Mont-Lawn are considered the children's especial guests. The important air with which the tots filled their roles of hosts and hostesses was at once amusing and pathetic.

Poor little souls! until this beautiful charity had opened to them a new world, blessed with fresh air, sunshine, birds and blossoms, and where all was done "by

(Continued on page 393)

TIME WAS UP.

It was Quit Coffee or Die

When a woman is brought to the edge the grave by poisoning from the drinking ordinary coffee day by day, and is then ma a well woman by leaving it off, her experien is worth something to others that are poison in various ways from the same habit.

Mrs. Jeannette B. Brown, 100 Minor stre New Haven, Conn., says: "Four years a my life hung on a very slender thread wi liver, kidney and heart trouble, and a very vere form of rheumatism. I was confined bed with hands, wrists, feet and ankles badly swollen that they bore no resemblar to parts of the human body. I had freque sinking spells from heart weakness wher was thought to be dying and sometim thought to be dead. My doctor, one of t directors of the State Hospital, a very s cessful man in his profession, told me to s drinking coffee and use Postum Food Coff as he said coffee was the primary cause of trouble.

"I took his advice at once and discontin medicines. Slowly the swelling disappear and the rheumatism left me, the sinking sp became less frequent, and I got out of and around the house. I was complet cured, but it required some time.

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The DINGEE & CONARD CO.
West Grove, Pa.

By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 392

ove's sweet rule," for the sake of the lit-e child born in Bethlehem so many years go, theirs had been a starved existence. Maud and Marjorie were captured at once nd carried off bodily; the children danc-ng and singing about them like a lot of erry butterflies; for all were dressed in retty slips,—pink and blue predominat-ng—provided by the "Home" and they ere as clean and neat as soap and water nd incessant care could keep them.

"See my new apron!" cried one tot, roudly displaying an atom of pink and hite gingham.

"Where did you get such a beautiful pron?" asked Marjorie.

"Off teacher," with a satisfied nod of er head, as though one had only to sug-est a need in this fairy world in order to ave "teacher" shed the desired article, as he marvelous creatures in the Christmas antomime shed their shining garments, nly to stand arrayed in something still ore beautiful.

"And what have you been doing all this vely afternoon?" asked Maud of the ttle hunchbacked lad who had come up eside her, and confidingly slipping his nd in hers, had looked at her with g blue eyes which were too guileless to onceal his admiration for bonny Maud.

"Oh, we's been doin' heaps er things. 'e all got in line 'bout de Liberty Pole ' s'luted our big flag up dere. Ain't dat fine flag—see! An' we singed 'America,' ' 'Columbia, de Gem o' de Ocean,' an'—"

"An' we went in de chapel an' said po-ry an' singed 'Gospel Bells' "—chimed another tot, who, in turn was interrupted an eager little maid, exclaiming: "An' e all played games an' made the biggest ng-a-rosy—O, just the biggest one! An' e all had pretty little flags an' marched ' marched an' marched, an' sung an' ng. An' we had ice cream—pink and hite—an' I had two plates!"

"And now we are going to see the fire-orks as soon as it is dark," said a tall, veet-faced girl. "But wouldn't you like see everything about the place? I n take you everywhere if you want me , for I've been here ever so long; almost er since the Home opened, and I'm go-g to stay too, for I have nobody in the orld, and I can do lots of things to help ere. So, I'll show you the Home."

They explored every hole and cranny the big, airy building, visited the great tchen where, daily, hundreds of quarts of ilk were poured into brimming mugs, nd hundreds of loaves of bread were cut r hungry mouths, to say nothing of the eparation of meat, potatoes, vegetables, nd cookies and cakes galore They lin-ered in the airy dormitories with picture-ng walls, and rows and rows of such owy little cots as most of the children nd never even dreamed of before com-g here. Then they rambled through the eautiful grounds and the charming wood-nd paths about the Home. And then it as time to witness the fireworks, the owning glory of the day of wonders and elights.

Never were fireworks more thoroughly ppreciated, as glad choruses of "Ohs!" nd "Ahs!" testified. It was truly a gor-eous display, and visitors from miles ound had come to witness it and the ildren's delight. Nor could there have en a more exquisite setting. High on e hillside as the Home was situated, its hts could be seen for miles around. outh Mountain stood as it had stood for es, keeping guard over the peaceful lley and casting its protecting shadow on the placid expanse of water beyond. cross the river sparkled Tarrytown like jewel of the night. On the mountains eamed forth the lights of many a stately velling. Opposition fireworks made the eavens glorious for everybody. Every lla along the Hudson seemed to be elebrating the Fourth. But at last the orious day had to come to an end—and was time, as many a nodding little head stified.

Just before leaving, Mrs. Drake gave to veet Housemother Collins the articles clothing which she had brought for the rpose. Marjorie was standing near her, nd turning to Margaret she said: "Miss rake, may I do something that I very uch want to?"

"Certainly, dear, if I may first know what it is."

"May I give Miss Collins the ten dollars papa left with me to use for myself when he went away? It would give three little children each ten days out here in this lovely place, and I've never realized before how much it meant to them."

Margaret reached for Marjorie's hand in the darkness which hid them, and raising it to her lips, kissed it softly. It was her only reply, but Marjorie needed no other, and the ten-dollar bill was speedily transferred from her purse to Miss Collins' hands. Farewells were now said, and amid a babel of "Good-byes" and "Come agains" the omnibus rolled away. Once again on the yacht, they sailed slowly across the river that they might enjoy Mr. King's fireworks on board. It was an ideal night, and the spectacle from the river, as rocket answered rocket from opposite shores, and the red or green fire illuminated the lordly mountains, was magnificent. It was so calm that voices on shore could be distinctly heard. At intervals a fish would spring out of the water and leave a silvery shower of drops in the moonlight as he fell back. At ten o'clock they landed at their own landing stage, and made their way to the peaceful home among the trees.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Dear Papa Checa, Come Back!"

IT only needed the letter which Marjorie found upon her return to make the day one of the most delightful she had ever known. From it she learned that ere two weeks had passed her father would again be with her, and the girl was nearly beside herself with joy.

"Only think, Miss Drake," she cried, "only two weeks to wait, and how shall we make them pass quickly?"

"Suppose we go with mamma and Maud to the sea-side for one of them. That will do us all good, and the girls can keep house." So to the sea they went, and splashed and swam to their heart's content

And how had it fared with Dr. Prior all this time? When he reached his brother, the crisis of the illness had been passed safely; but it was a forlorn shadow of Lloyd Prior which lay stretched in the miserable Mexican inn, which went by the high-sounding name of "Hotel Bustanante," but had little claim to elegance in anything save name. As soon as it was possible to move him, the doctor had his patient taken to a resort not far from Monterey, where he felt sure the high altitude would do much toward his speedy recovery, and everything necessary for his comfort was procurable. Here, after providing him with everything that could add to his comfort, he left him in the care of the trained nurse and the friend who had remained with him all through his illness, and then started on his homeward way, for he was filled with a most intense longing to see Marjorie. As he had journeyed South, he had thought again and again of the change which the past months had brought about in his home, and was filled with a very genuine gratitude to the one who had wrought it. And yet, when Dr. Prior tried to analyze just wherein the change lay, and how it had been brought to pass, it was hard for him to find the starting point.

Miss Drake had made no radical changes in his household, nor had she established any cast-iron rules which Marjorie was compelled to follow. There seemed little outward change in the girl's life, and yet he could not fail to see that the restless, nervous, and often petulant Marjorie, had given place to a sunny, happy girl who filled the house with song and laughter, and was always ready to do her share toward the happiness of others.

And so his letter was sent, and as he lived in the anticipation of his return to home and to Marjorie, she too lived in her anticipation of his coming. The letter stated the date of his sailing, and the name of the ship, but Marjorie hoped that it would be followed by another on the day he sailed. But none came, and although a little disappointed, she was in no wise concerned.

(To be continued.)

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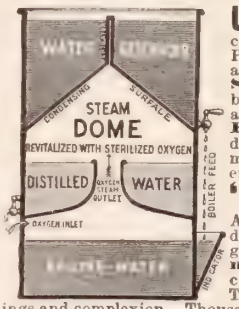

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SOUL-WINNING HIS LIFE-WORK

WHEN the passion for soul-saving fills the heart, it changes the plans and purposes of a lifetime. All else seems of little value, compared with the precious souls that may be won from sin and brought to the Cross. There are multitudes of Christ's followers to-day who, for the sake of being made instrumental in reclaiming even one sinner, would consider no sacrifice too great. These are the master-workmen in the Lord's vineyard, and they are an inspiration to all around them.

A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. S. W. Corwin, of Middletown, N. Y., has sent us a brief sketch of one worker who belongs to this category:

"David L. Conklin was born in Middletown, Orange County, New York, fifty-three years ago. He was converted when twenty-three years old, and united with the First Congregational Church. Very soon afterward he was elected Assistant-Superintendent of the Sunday School, and soon began to lead meetings and do earnest work for his Master. He held frequent meetings with the basket-makers in the woods, and conducted revival services in school houses in Orange and Sullivan counties. He was ordained to the ministry in 1891, having previously, in 1882, been licensed to preach. His heart was specially drawn toward the poor and suffering, and the oppressed, and he has worked much among the occupants of jails and prisons and almshouses, and spoke cheering words concerning him who was 'oppressed and afflicted, and who had not where to lay his head.' The Faith Mission in Middletown, over which he now presides, was incorporated in March, 1889. Its special work is to provide a place of worship for the poor and the churchless. The mission has about 130 members. Besides his mission work, Mr. Conklin leads a Bible class in the Sunday School, and he also conducts two services every Sunday, from one to two week-day (evening) prayer meetings, and frequently supplies pulpits elsewhere, solemnizes marriages, and conducts funerals. He has never accepted any salary for his work, and but few donations. Through his efforts, aided by those of Rev. R. H. McCready, Pastor of the Chester Presbyterian Church, he succeeded in getting the Board of Supervisors of Orange County to appropriate $300 for jail work in Goshen and Newburgh, so that regular preaching can be held every Sabbath in these jails. For over twenty years Mr. Conklin has been employed as bookkeeper and teller for the First National Bank of Middletown, where he is busy from early till late. He has never failed to find time for his spiritual work, however, and the highest joy of his life is the knowledge, that under Divine blessing, he has been the means of leading many souls into the Kingdom."

ELDER DAVID L. CONKLIN

The Slaughter of the Birds

To all who are interested in the preservation of our American song-birds, these facts will be full of significance: A dealer in London received last year from the East Indies 400,000 humming birds, 6,000 birds of paradise, and some 400,000 miscellaneous birds. In one auction-room in London, within four months, over 800,000 East and West India and Brazilian bird skins and thousands of pheasants and birds of paradise were offered for sale. It is said that in England alone between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 birds are imported yearly, and that for Europe the number reaches 150,000,000. Hence the fashionable desire for birds leads to the annual demand of between 200,000,000 and 300,000,000 birds.

A Notable Religious Congress

THE third annual Congress of the Disciples of Christ, in session at the Central Christian Church, Lexington, Ky., March 26-28, was a kind of intellectual and theological safety valve for that division of Christians. The Disciples, being congregational in polity, and withal an intensely missionary people, the annual missionary conventions of the church do not afford the opportunity of discussing many of the great problems confronting the thinking Christian man. The national Congress was planned simply as a voluntary coming together of free men in Christ, for the purpose of discussing and exchanging views on some of the great issues of the church; in other words, it was strictly educational along intellectual and spiritual lines. In scope and method it was distinctly democratic. For instance, there were nine sessions in all, each of which had its separate chairman, its specific theme, and its own set of speakers. At each session a strong paper was presented on the topic of the hour, which was afterward freely discussed. One session was devoted to the question, "Is the Doctrine of Evolution Compatible with Christian Faith?" Others dealt with "The Evolution of Religion," "The Psychology of Religious Experience," "City Evangelization," "Individualism and Christian Union," "Woman's Place in the Church, in Education, and in the Club," and the necessity and methods of readjusting the Church to new industrial and social conditions.

The programme included many phases of practical Christian work. Among those taking prominent part from outside the Disciples of Christ were Dr. Josiah Strong, Social Service League; Mr. John R. Mott, Students' Volunteer Movement; and Prof. W. D. Mackinsie, Chicago Theological Seminary.

Especially is this Congress serviceable in bringing under its influence the many students in the University of Kentucky, the Bible College, and the Hamilton Female College. REV. S. T. WILLIS.

BROKEN PETER: THE UNBROKEN NET

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

A LITTLE band of disciples, of whom Peter was one, had traveled up to the old familiar haunts in Galilee, with the sure expectation of meeting there the risen Lord. To Peter, the most difficult thing always was to wait. Taking the initiative, he said, "I go a-fishing." They say unto him, "We also come with thee. They went forth . . . and that night they took nothing"; all their energy was wasted. When the day was breaking, after this unsatisfactory night, "Jesus stood on the beach" (R. V.); they saw him, and yet they knew him not. And "he saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat?"—just what he had asked them on the evening of the resurrection day; and yet their eyes and ears did not serve them to recognize him. "They answered him, No. And he said unto them, Cast the net on the right side of the boat, and ye shall find. They cast therefore," still unaware of who it was that gave them this direction. "And now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes." Their instincts were one; they had come all the journey at his command to meet him, and the first indication of his presence brought them at once in contact with him, and they brought with them the provision which they had obtained in obedience to his command, even when they did not know who spoke to them.

With the risen Lord they found also the provision which they had so needed. Waiting for them there was a fire ready kindled, and fish and bread cooking. Oh, how often have our best efforts to help ourselves in spiritual and in earthly matters proved futile, when a look up to our risen Lord has brought us immediate help! "Bring of the fish which ye have now taken," said the Lord, and Simon Peter went aboard, and drew the whole net of fishes to land, a hundred and fifty-three great fishes, but the net was not broken. Since that time, when their net had broken (Luke 5:7), the disciples themselves had all become broken and ashamed. God aims at the inward through the outward. When outward things are fully yielded up to him, and the whole being of his children is broken, yielded, and at his disposal, he can leave them their nets with which to serve him. He came down to their human needs as their brother-Man, while he had in store much more to give them, as they were able to receive. He knew from experience how much more easy it is to receive spiritual help when the body is not weary and exhausted.

When they had eaten, "he said to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Did the remembrance rise up in the heart of Peter how he had boastfully said, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee" (Matt. 26:35); "Although all should be offended, yet will not I" (Mark 14:29). He suggested that others might be offended, but not he; and now he had to acknowledge that it was he, and no other, who had denied his Lord! What proof was there now that he had loved him more than they? Peter was broken. The spirit which led him to draw comparisons was conquered. He could assert nothing on his own testimony; Jesus himself should be his witness. "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." And now it is no more a question of fishing, but of shepherding: "Feed my lambs." Thou who hast learned thy powerlessness, thou who knowest how to be ashamed and confounded, be thou a shepherd. The question was repeated, Jesus still using an ordinary term for love—not the word Peter used, which implied the full choice of a heart which is won. Peter's answer was but a repetition, and the Lord's word was similar: "Tend [or, feed] my sheep." But a third time the Master asks the question; only now using the same word which Peter had used, and yet questioning: "Lovest thou me?"

Three times Peter had denied his Lord. Three times his love must be questioned. There is ever an analogy between our walk as disciples and the Lord's dealings with us. He must teach us the exceeding sinfulness of sin in his holy eyes. It is not retaliation—that is impossible with God; but a holy jealousy that we shall take his side against sin, and against ourselves, as far as we yield to sin; and that we may understand what our sin has cost him. "Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love thee." To the last, this formerly self-confident Peter could not be stirred to his former and natural self-assertion. It was no more "I," but "Thou." Oh! how God must needs humble us, by test after test, by failure after failure, until all our self-reliance and self-assertion gives way, and the "I" of our nature changes into the "Thou" of grateful faith. We never cease comparing ourselves with others until we have learned in bitter shame the utter collapse of all we had reckoned on in ourselves, and we count only on our Lord.

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DECISION of CHARACTER

The Power of a Life Consecrated to God in Attracting Others to Christ

MODERN life, with its strenuous effort and its fierce competition, makes demands upon men so exhausting that there is a tendency postpone to some future period of leisure he consideration of any question that oes not appear to be immediately pressg. There is also in many men a conitutional shrinking from decision on a bject which involves difficulties of ought and action. They "do not quite ow what to do with it"; they will "think over." Or it may be that they will oceed experimentally in one course, and ding it difficult, or monotonous, or palatable, will change off to the opposite urse. Or they have not quite made up eir minds and proceed in a half-hearted, sincere way, like a man treading a pasge in the dark, with uncertain, halting eps which can never lead to any definite al. Whatsoever the subject that is ated in this way, it will be a painful d disagreeable subject in proportion to importance. Especially is it so, if the bject is religion. To postpone conleration of it, to experiment with it, or pursue it with a lack of energy and deion, is to treat it unfairly and with no ospect of gaining from it either happiss or usefulness. Such a person might ll be addressed in the words of Elijah: How long halt ye between two opinions? the Lord be God, follow him; but if al, then follow him."

James tells us that "a double-minded an is unstable in all his ways," and so find it in all walks of life. The man o tries first one occupation and then other, who hesitates and changes his ns, seldom comes to any success. The ident who is uncertain; who gives him- f to the study of mathematics, and then andons it for the study of history, or the dy of astronomy, is very likely to end th a smattering of knowledge useless to mself and the world. In politics, the an who votes one year with the Demots and another year with the Republis is not liked by either party, and he is en told to be either one thing or the er. So in religion there are people o, like vagabonds, wander from one urch to another, "all things by turns and thing long." True it is that if a man ds himself in a wrong course, or is conced that he has been mistaken, can do thing better than get as quickly as posle into the right path, and he is very olish if he allows his pride or his love of sistency to prevent his making the ange; but the change ought to be made h good reason and to be well consided. It is the man who is frequently anging or who changes lightly and stily who is to be despised. Quite as fal is the habit of hesitation. Emergcies arise in every man's life which mand that he commit himself to one urse or the opposite. The strong man siders the situation in all its bearings d decides. The weak man ponders and sitates, leans first to one side and then the other until the time for useful cision is past.

Most familiar of all illustrations of incision is that of the man who is urged become a follower of Christ. He adits the force of the arguments advanced, rognizes that it is his duty to become a Christian, but shrinks from the decisive ep. Some day he will yield to Christ, not now. So he goes on attending urch on Sunday and the haunts of rldly pleasure in the week. Neither a trough worldling nor a good Christian; gone time almost persuaded to cast in lot with the people of God, at another e revelling in the delights of sin. Every e is familiar with such characters, and worst feature of the trouble is that ne of them in times of religious fervor ep into the church and become the st mischievous of all people—inconsist Christians. God has no use for such ple. Christ's message to the Church Laodicea shows how he regards them. e true man is he who, having pledged himself to Christ, makes his Lord's will supreme in his life. That course involves sacrifices, self-denial, occasionally ridicule and obloquy; but he who has counted the cost accepts the consequences. To him temptation involves no struggle, for he was prepared at the outset to take up his cross and follow Christ. The allurements of the world never draw him aside, for his gaze is set on Christ and all the forces of his nature are engaged in the pursuit of holiness. He is known as "a Christ's man," a man whose influence is constantly exerted on the side of right living and honesty and purity. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epth League and Baptist Young People's Union f May 5. Rev. 3: 14-16; Prov. 4: 23-27.

A Christian Pioneer Gone

Mrs. Rhoda R. Bozorth, one of the pioneers of the State of Washington, passed away at her home in Woodland on Sunday evening, January 13, while reading. Mrs. Bozorth was born February 22, 1839, near Danville, Ill. She crossed the plains with her father, Jacob John, and his family, in 1852, with an ox-team. Six

MRS. RHODA R. BOZORTH

months were consumed in this trip. She married Mr. Bozorth in 1863. Since 1881 Mr. and Mrs. Bozorth have resided in Woodland. Mrs. Bozorth gained the confidence of all who met her. She was a Christian from her early years and her daily life exemplified her faith. She was an efficient wife, a kind mother and a warm friend. Her husband and four children survive her. She had been a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for many years.

A Year's Work at Northfield Schools

The closing exercises of the eleventh year of the Northfield Bible Training School, founded by D. L. Moody, were held on March 28th. Rev. Dr. Scofield, President of the School, welcomed the guests. The report of the principal, Miss L. S. Halsey, showed the number of students enrolled to be sixty-six. Preaching and Sunday School services were held every Sunday in the different districts, extending out as far as five miles. Thirteen different pulpits have been supplied, one hundred and twenty Sunday School classes taught, fifty-six children's and young people's meetings held, one hundred and sixty-eight cottage meetings conducted and assisted, two hundred and twenty-five personal visits made. Letters were read from former students who are actively engaged in Christian work, some in China and other foreign countries, and some in the home fields. One hundred and thirty-five are on the fields, doing rescue mission work, hospital, prison, and institution work in the South among the colored people, and pastoral work. They all bear testimony to the fact that all that is learned in the school can be put into practical use, especially in city mission work. One of the students adopted a homeless colored boy in the South and is bringing him up for the Lord's work. Dr. Scofield delivered an address on the Relation of Preparation to Power.

"A Marvel of Excellence"

Editor THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:— Your Testament in red is a marvel of excellence, especially in the accuracy of alignment in your work. As an old journalist and publisher, I have long reveled in the luxury of the typographical perfection attained by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is the model publication of its time. The Lord's work ought to have the best in every direction, and in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD it has, for which I am devoutly thankful.

Lincoln, Neb. J. H. SCHENCK.

LAUGHLIN

FOUNTAIN PEN

The Best at Any Price

Sent on Approval to Responsible People

A Pocket Companion of never ending usefulness. A source of constant pleasure and comfort.

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TRY IT A WEEK.

If not suited we buy it back and offer you $1.10 for it (the additional ten cents is to pay for your trouble in returning the pen). We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell; we know pen values; so will you when you own one of these.

Finest quality hard Para rubber reservoir holder. 14-K. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the **only perfect ink feed** known to the science of fountain pen making.

Sent postpaid on receipt of One Dollar (registration 8c. extra).

This great Special Offer is good for just 30 days. One of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders **free of charge** with each pen.

Remember—There is No "just as good" as the **Laughlin**: insist on it; take no chances.

State whether Ladies' or Gentlemen's style is desired. Illustrations are full size of complete article. Address

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.
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FOSO SOAP FREE

Mrs. W. H. Eitelman, Trove, Mich., says that her hair had fallen out and she was rapidly becoming bald. Foso soap quickly stopped the falling and she gladly recommends Foso as doing all that is claimed for it.

Thomas Buston, 32 Manchester St., Lowell, Mass., says: "Foso Soap is good. Has no equal. Can recommend it to anyone troubled with dandruff, falling hair or baldness.

A sample cake of the celebrated Foso Soap will be mailed to you free. It is the purest and best soap ever produced for

THE TOILET It is splendid for all purposes for which soap is a requisite, particularly as

A HAIR DRESSING giving the hair a luxuriant appearance removing all dandruff and giving the roots strength and tone.

FOR SHAVING it is unequaled; leaves the skin smooth, softens the beard, allays all smarting or irritation and is antiseptic

FOR THE BATH Foso Soap is rich and creamy, does not dry on the skin and is as pure as soap can possibly be made.

WRITE TO-DAY for a free cake of this famous soap. Try it and you will find it just the soap you have sought for. It

COSTS NOTHING to try. Merely send name and address and 2 cent stamp to cover postage. Address

FOSO SOAP COMPANY
3411 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

$25 to $40 Earned Weekly by Men and Women at home or traveling. **Let us start you.** Our agents made over $30,000 last two months supplying the enormous demand for the Famous **Robinson Bath Cabinet. 75,000** sold this year by agents. **$100.00 Reward** for any case of Rheumatism that can't be relieved.

Write for large descriptive book. Exclusive rights. $500.00 in gold will be given to our best agents during this year. Write for particulars

Robinson Thermal Bath Co., 901-917 Jefferson St., Toledo, O.

Spray your Fruit Trees and Vines

Wormy Fruit and Leaf Blight of Apples, Pears, Cherries and Plums prevented; also Grape and Potato Rot—by spraying with **Stahl's** Double Acting Excelsior Spraying Outfits. Best in the market. Thousands in use. Catalogue, describing all insects injurious to fruit, mailed Free. Address

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The Morley Ear-drum

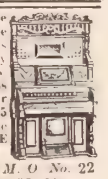
makes up for all deficiencies of the impaired natural ear. Entirely different from any other. No wire, rubber, metal nor glass. **Invisible, comfortable.** Adjusted by any one. **Write for book, describing and illustrating the Morley Ear-drum, free.**

THE MORLEY CO., Department E
N. E. cor. 16th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia

We Pay Freight

$9.00 Buys a High Grade VICTOR Sewing Machine with full set of attachments adapted for light or heavy work. **Guaranteed for 10 yrs.**

$22.00 Buys a First Class VICTOR Church or Parlor Organ. **Guaranteed for 25 years.** We will ship you the above on **30 DAYS FREE TRIAL at your home.**



CATALOGUE FREE Address Department M. O No. 22
NEW VICTOR MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY CO.
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Known and Prized for its nutritive and refreshing qualities.
A drink for a Prince at less than a cent a cup.
Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

YOURS WITHOUT MONEY

Any article here mentioned or any from our handsome **free Catalogue** given away.

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN OR WOMEN, do you want them? Anyone has at least 5 friends and a great many count them by the hundreds. A little time after school or a pleasant evening calling on your neighbors will sell **without effort** our High Grade **Laundry, Toilet and Medicated Soap GOULD PAYS THE FREIGHT,** enabling you to secure **any** or **all** of our **free presents. WE TRUST YOU FOR THE SOAP.** Write for **FREE** Catalog & particulars.

Air Rifles, Stevens Rifles, Shotguns, Revolvers, Fishing Rods, Striking Bag, Football, Boxing Gloves, Clocks, Watches, Gold Rings, Silver Tea Sets, Cameras, Whitley Exerciser, Writing Desk, Kitchen Cabinet, Typewriter, Mackintoshes, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Carpet Sweeper, Parlor Lamps, Couches, Morris Chair, Rattan Rocker, Baby Go-Carts, BICYCLES

GOULD SOAP CO.,
H. 28 to 34 Church St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE NEW W. B. Erect Form

SUMMER MODEL

AND

Shirt Waist Corsets

The new summer model of the **"W. B. Erect Form"** is now in the stores. It's a gem! Made of the strongest and coolest and lightest of materials. Has a clock-spring front steel. Each pair is hip gored, bias cut and in accord with the new waists, which show a lower effect than heretofore. **The Erect Form** is hygienic. It throws all the pressure of lacing on the hips and back muscles, and eases the strain on the sensitive parts of the body.

"Erect Form 703" is made of lisle net, trimmed at top with lace and baby ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Price **$1.00**

"Erect Form 961" is the same shape as our famous "959 Improved." Made of the lightest French batiste. In white only. Daintily trimmed with lace and baby ribbon. Price **$2.00**

"Erect Form 705" is the same shape as 703, but is made of fine, light-weight batiste. Similar trimming. Price **$1.00**

"Erect Form 965" is for the petite woman. Fits close at the waist and accentuates the figure. Of imported white batiste. Trimmed at top with lace and baby ribbon. Price **$1.75**

"Erect Form 903" is a summer model for fully developed figures. It is very short from waist up and reaches down long over the hips. Made of white batiste. Price . . . **$2.50**

The Shirt-Waist corset never had a peer in popularity. It fits any figure. "The Shirt-Waist" absolutely does away with all ungainly ridges at bust and shoulder blades, and rounds off the figure in lines of exquisite symmetry.

"Shirt-Waist 115" is made of the lightest and toughest French batiste. Trimmed top and bottom with lace and baby ribbon. White only. Price . . . **$1.00**

"Shirt-Waist 116" is the same shape, but the material is of strong French lisle net, as light as gossamer and of unusual sturdiness. Price **$1.00**

"W. B. Empire Model 127" is a beautiful little girdle corset made of the lightest and strongest batiste. Defines the waist line sharply, and gives perfect freedom to the hips and bust. For small women and growing girls. In white, pink and blue. Sizes 18 to 24. Price **$1.00**

Your dealer has all these corsets on sale. If you cannot get the W. B. Corset where you live, mention your dealer's name and forward money direct to us, and we will see that you are supplied. For safety sake send registered letter or money order.

CAUTION.—All genuine "W. B. Erect Form" and "Shirt-Waist" Corsets are so stamped. All others are substitutes

A little book on "The Proper Lacing and Wearing of Corsets" is yours for the request

WEINGARTEN BROS., Dept. 10, 377-379 Broadway, New York, Largest Manufacturers of Corsets in the World

INDIA FAMINE FUND STATEMENT ON NEXT PAGE

De Witt Talmage D.D. Editor NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1901 Vol. 24—No. 18 $1.50 a Year Five Cents

CHRISTIAN HERALD

1. PRESIDENT J. G. MILBURN

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY [illegible] KLEINSCH

2. DIRECTOR-GENERAL BUCHANAN

THE PRINCIPAL GATEWAY AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION WHICH OPENS MAY 1ST

SEE PAGE 403

OUR 1900 INDIA FAMINE RELIEF FUND

Audited Statement, Showing the Total Receipts from all Sources, the Cash Remittances to American Missionaries, and the Inte Denominational Committee, Bishop J. M. Thoburn, Rev. R. A. Hume, D.D., and Rev. E. S. Hume, Chairmen; the cost of sending t Steamship *Quito* with a full cargo (5,000 Tons) of food, which, as acknowledged by Missionaries in India, saved many thousands lives, and the Special Orphan Fund Appropriation for support and education of 5,000 Orphans, whose parents perished in the Famine.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS

Contributions during 1898, through The Christian Herald

January	$488 45	May	$59 10	September	$ 1 05	
February	258 60	June	53 50	October	107 24	
March	218 12	July	4 70	November	8 60	
April	60 63	August	24 07	December	148 00	**$1,439 46**

Contributions during 1899, through The Christian Herald

January	$81 00	May	$24 00	September	$11 25	
February	22 75	June	38 00	October	69 50	
March	37 00	July	50	November	422 10	
April	13 00	August	1 00	December	3330 20	**4,049 80**

Contributions during 1900, through The Christian Herald

January	**$6,231 76**	**May**	**$78,862 80**	**September**	**$7,500 95**
February	**6,031 47**	**June**	**66,292 98**	**October**	**3,362 83**
March	**20,031 65**	**July**	**39,076 17**	**November**	**949 51**
April	**78,848 11**	**August**	**24,176 83**	**December**	**2,224 98**

GROSS CONTRIBUTIONS FOR 1900 $333,590 04

Less expenses for inserts, acknowledgments, etc., as follows:

Duplicate Photographs for propaganda	$473 40
C. H. Lehman and others, for Photographs	83 03
The Lovejoy Co., for Electrotypes	1599 83
Wanaque River Paper Co., for paper	4820 75
Composition, including setting of 258,508 names	3200 40
Press Work	1810 50
Binding, wrapping and mailing	1072 84
Postage	1133 57
Cartage	35 40

Total Expenses (including public acknowledgment of **258,508** remittances) $14229 72

Net Receipts through The Christian Herald for 1900 **319,360 32**

Gross Receipts through **NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS** $96991 21

Less expenses as follows:

Advance	$33 33	Pittsburg Christian Advocate	$63 35
Baptist Outlook	32 35	Sunday School Times	1536 76
Baptist Union	70 83	Ram's Horn	383 04
Bible Reader	33 33	Silver Cross	50 00
Christian Endeavor World	356 28	Topeka Capital (2 Sheldon issues)	1158 95
Christian Intelligencer	41 44	Union Gospel News	166 83
Christian Evangelist	50 00	Union Signal	101 84
Christian Work	20 05	World Wide Missions	214 00
Christian Union Herald	53 34	Wellspring	88 88
Church Standard	27 77	Western Recorder	55 55
Churchman	166 66	Word and Work	141 86
Congregationalist	94 44	Central Christian Advocate	902 11
Evangelist	27 77	Northwest Christian Advocate	
Examiner	55 55	Epworth Herald	
Farm and Fireside	1620 00	Western Christian Advocate	
Farm and Home	666 66	Religious Press Association	211 22
Independent	124 44	Ohio Farmer	357 47
Inland	213 28	Michigan Farmer	
Lookout	40 06	Composition and Electrotyping	222 55
Morning Star	33 77		
Michigan Christian Advocate	115 80	Deduct commissions donated by	$9240 15
New York Observer	89 53	Mr. P. B. Bromfield	919 55
Omaha Christian Advocate	26 06		
Outlook	190 00	Net Advertising Expense	$8320 60

Net Receipts through Advertising over all Expenses **88,670 61**

Gross Receipts through **CIRCULARIZING** $185,462 55

Less expenses as follows:

Vernon Bros. for 98½ reams paper	$589 91
Wanaque River Co. for 434 64-480 reams paper	1829 36
Atterbury Bros. for 30 reams paper	159 50
H. Lindenmeyer, for 162½ reams paper	423 86
Seymour Paper Co., for 3 reams paper	7 92
Job Paper	77 00
Conn. Valley Paper Co. and others for 3,273,875 envelopes	3149 09
Envelope Addressing	1510 58
Postage on 1,680,114 Circulars	16801 14
Printing 2,838,000 Pamphlets	1932 70
Wm. Knoepke, Binding 1,528,950 Pamphlets	726 25
R. Shaljain, Binding 379,900 Pamphlets	180 12
Mailing 313,190 Pamphlets	298 75
Addressing Circulars	433 90
Bahrenberg & Co. and others for Cards	771 62
Printing on 1,665,000 Cards	222 06
Printing 2,236,650 Circulars	704 77
Mailing, etc., 1,431,250 Circulars	1947 30
U. S. Mailing Tube Co., 10 M tubes	57 30
Postage on Mailing tubes	200 00
Return Stamped Envelopes	434 52
Miscellaneous Printing	154 65
Total	32700 30

Net Receipts through Circularizing over all Expenses **152,762 25**

Gross contributions received from **MITE BOXES** 6,247 00

Less expenses as follows:

Brown, Bailey & Co., for 15,432 Mite Boxes	154 32
Sundry Expressage and Postage on same	52 95
Total Expenses	207 27

Net Contributions through Mite Boxes over all Expenses **6,039 73**

1900 RECEIPTS FROM SALES OF CORN AND FLOUR, &c.

May	15	J. P. Truesdell & McCord Co. for Corn			$598 66
"	17	" " " "			1460 89
"	29	" " " "			2392 79
June	7	" " " "	Flour		589 77
"	27	" " " "			15 24
"	29	" " " "	Corn		9156 23
July	10	" " " "			303 49
"	19	" " " "			7754 85
Aug.	17	" " " "			2609 63
Sept.	15	Sundries			6 00
					24,887 55

FREIGHT REFUNDS FROM RAILROAD COMPANIES

Milwaukee Mich. R. R.	$45 60
Midland Line	304 81
West Shore R. R.	69 60
Red Line	923 71
N. Y. Central R. R.	1804 25
White Line	62 41
Lehigh Valley	78 27
Baltimore & Ohio	573 60
	3,862 25

GRANT OF U. S. GOVERNMENT FOR CHARTER OF "QUITO" **40,000 00**

Grand Total Net Income from all Sources $641,071 97

STATEMENT OF DISBURSEMENTS

Cash Remittances and Appropriations to January 1, 1901, $475,449.95, as foll

TO THE INTERDENOMINATIONAL COMMITTEE, BOMBAY, INDIA

January	**16, 1900**		**$5,000 00**
February	**6,**	"	**10,000 00**
March	**22,**	"	**5,000 00**
April	**9,**	"	**25,000 00**
May	**19,**	"	**100,000 00**
June	**1,**	"	**30,000 00**
June	**27,**	"	**15,000 00**
July	**29,**	"	**100,000 00**
			$290,000 00

SUNDRY CASH REMITTANCES

Pundita Ramabai, Khedgoan and Poona	$2556 61
Shorat Chuckerbutty, Allahabad	1012 30
Rev. E. S. Hume, Byculla, Bombay	125 00
Salvation Army, Bombay	26 00
Miss Lillian E. Marks, Ajmere, N. W.	33 00
Rev. Robt. Ward, Godhra, for Hand Plows	744 55
Rev. E. M. Wilson, Sangli, Bombay Pres.	79 00
Rev. M. D. Adams, Bilaspur, C. P.	676 44
Rev. G. M. Thomssen, Bapatla, Telugus	42 87
Miss E. Plomer, Ajmere, Rajputana	131 00
Rev. J. H. Harpster, Gunter, Madras Pres.	23 20
Rev. C. H. Gill, Allahabad, N. W.	1082 48
Rev. M. B. Fuller, Girgaon, Bombay	233 50
Rev. R. A. Hume, Ahmednagar	69 66
Miss Lucy J. Holmes, Okolak Berar	67 50
Dr. P. B. Kesgar, Sholapur	12 00
Rev. R. Winsor, Sirur, Poona	2 00
Dr. Mary M. Longdon	50 00
Bishop Thoburn, Bombay	25 00
F. C. Aldrich, Wasind	103 00
Miss Jessie Dunlap, Saharampore	100 00
Christian Guardian Famine Fund, Bombay	5000 00
India Witness Famine Fund, Calcutta	5000 00
Bombay Presidency Famine Relief Fund 10,000 Rupees	3292 80
Rev. W. E. Hopkins, Sattinapaller, Kistra	118 00
Rev. Ben. N. Mitchell, Bina, C. P.	224 00
Rev. Howard Andrews	8 00
Rev. J. N. Forman, Fatehgarh	21 25
Dr. F. R. Felt, Khandwa, C. P.	30 00
Mrs. Ada Lee, Calcutta	2 00
Rev. C. B. Newton, Jullundur City	5 00
Rev. J. Hemmens, Ramapatan	10 00
Rev. Thos. M. Hudson, Baroda	2 25
Miss Emma A. Herr, Amraoti, Berar	3 00
Dr. O. Baldwin, Deogarh, Bengal	4 00
Miss L. La Barr	5 00
L. J. Scovill, Khamgaon, Berar	5 00
Godhra Poorhouse per Rev. Robt. Ward	1000 00
Rev. Dr. G. P. Taylor, Irish Presbyterian Missionary, Ahmedabad	1000 00
Salvation Army, Ahmedabad	2000 00
Kurku Mission, Ellichpur, Berar	2000 00
Miss Mary Hamilton	60 26
Chas. W. Sherman	4 00
For Relief of Baroda Poorhouse, Rev. E. F. Frease	115 56
Rev. J. E. Clough, Ongole, Madras Pres	20 00
Mrs. Thos. M. Hudson, Baroda	100 00
Rev. J. C. Lawson, Aligarh, N. W.	49 00
Mrs. Grace Stephens, Madras Pres	35 00
	27,319 83

FOR SUPPORT OF ORPHANS OF 1897 FAMINE **3,130 82**

FOR INCIDENTAL EXPENSES OF ORPHAN FUND **5,000 00**

CASH REMITTANCE FOR SUPPORT OF 5,000 ORPHANS 1st Year **75,000 00**

APPROPRIATION FOR SUPPORT OF 5,000 ORPHANS 2d Year **75,000 00**

EXPENSE IN CONNECTION WITH RELIEF SHIP "QUITO"

J. P. Truesdell & McCord Co., 97730 sacks of Corn, including freight charges	$89775 89	
Services of C. M. Pepper and others	197 26	
Marine Insurance N. Y. to Bombay (Commission donated by Johnson & Higgins)	826 87	
Tin-lined Cases for 600 lbs. beet, carrot, onion and other seeds	4 25	
Extra labor and overtime	157 15	
Religious Services on board Ship	5 00	
Erie R. R. Freight on Corn	68 90	
Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Lighterage on Corn	123 15	
Towing Ship	33 00	
Sundry Printing and Postage	62 67	
Miscellaneous Express and Carting	11 27	
		91,265 12

Charter Fee of "Quito," Grant from U. S. Government **40,000 00**

MAIL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS OF 258,508 CONTRIBUTIONS

Postage	$2155 68	
Stenography and Typewriting	585 41	
Stationery	502 04	
Entry Clerks	1280 00	
Correspondents	1109 00	
Postal Cards	135 65	
Miscellaneous Items	253 83	
Or a little over **2 cents** for each acknowledgment.		**6,021 16**

MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES

Wooden Cases lined with tin for shipment of Seeds contributed and shipped on Steamer "Mashona," July 15. (Transportation donated by Norton Line)	$32 00
Storage on Seed	2 13
Press Notices and Correspondence	391 72
Custom Duties on Exhibits	63 68
Stereopticon Services	32 50
Cablegrams, Telegrams, Telephone Service	1204 33
Bank Exchange on Checks	71 65
Expressage	70 47
Expenses of Western Agents of India Relief Fund	1132 15
Correspondence from London	42 20
Gilson Willets, including his expenses to and through India and return	2247 35
Traveling Expenses of Rev. Dr. Richard Grant Hebbs	488 97
	5,779 43

ADMINISTRATION EXPENSES

Manager India Famine Fund	$940 00
Assistant Manager India Famine Fund	700 00
Help for Packing Circulars and Supplies	145 00
Stenographers and Rent of Machines	526 00
Clerks	2898 62
Auditor's Fees	160 00
	5,369 62

$623,885 20

By Balance in hand January 1, 1901, Transferred to Orphan Fund **17,186 77**

Grand Total of All Expenditures $641,071 97

SWORN TO before me this 25th day of April, A.D., 1901.

Wm. S. Guernsey

Notary Public

Public Accountant's Certification

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of expense in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Famine Relief Fund, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and verified all the additions, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular.

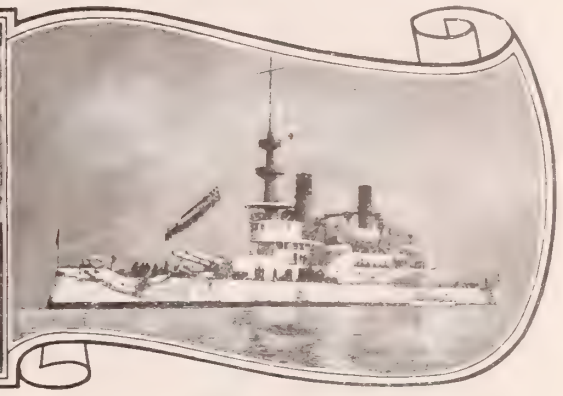
Public Accountant,
718 Park Row Building, New Y

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

BRITISH WARSHIP "ALACRITY"

CHRISTIAN WORKERS AMONG THE MEN OF THE FLEETS



U. S. BATTLESHIP "OREGON"

A GREAT REVIVAL IN THE FLEETS

Our Fugitive Missionaries in China Divinely Used in the Conversion of Many Sailors on American and British Warships

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN SHANGHAI

SIX years ago, God sent us to China, to work among the English-speaking students of the various Government colleges, in our Beulah Chapel, Tientsin. A year ago, in addition to the Chinese student work, we were given the care of the Tientsin Guard, a company of twenty-five British marines, and we moved into the spacious new Temperance Hall. This combination work led to a new field of opportunities and far-reaching results. Our tea-gatherings, meetings and receptions soon won the hearts of the Guard, and they permitted us to begin a weekly sing-service in their barracks. One by one they accepted the Saviour, until one-third of the Guard had registered their names in my little book, in which only Christians are requested to write.

The barracks song-service was our delight. Seated at the small organ, with Mr. and Mrs. Mills, of the China Inland Mission, in the midst of loots and weapons, and surrounded by the soldiers, who would not have exchanged places with the rulers of the Chinese empire! They had a social grudge, we found, against missionaries, and looked upon us as their natural enemies, so we resolved on a plan of scattering smiles and sunshine. Mr. Woodberry and Dr. Wong were meanwhile making a tour of the great cities in the south of China, selling 50,000 Gospels. I could not sell Gospels, but the men attended our Gospel services, for it was a Gospel of love. We sang the Gospel hymn book through and through.

As the time drew near when we must leave Tientsin, it was a question where we should go to spend the hot season. The Guard said, "Go to Wei-Hai-Wei," and do them as much good as you have done us." The prospect was inviting. I had become greatly interested in their life-stories and struggles. Tientsin abounded in places of vice, and many a trap was laid for unwary feet. How we set every home joy against a Christian device to snare at issue with temptations, and the Lord gave us the victory! The spirit-sown seed was then sown that will bear fruit in eternity. One Christian lady, who loves the work among sailors and soldiers, gave me a check "for ice cream and cake," and I taught English to a Japanese lady, who had already graduated from a Japanese college, and I also taught two gentlemen from the Japanese Consulate, and the bills were paid. As the gentlemen chose *Pilgrim's Progress* for a reader, it was missionary work beside, so I was more than repaid. The Guard invited us to a good-bye banquet at the barracks. The table was bright with snowy linen, silver and china. The sergeant was especially profuse in his kindness, and made a little speech of thanks after dinner. Tender messages of farewell were spoken, and we went home rejoicing. They, with our Chinese students, accompanied us to the depot, and amid waving of handkerchiefs and exclamations of "We'll all soon meet again in Wei-Hai-Wei," we pulled out of Tientsin, and were soon on the "rolling blue sea." How did any of us think what would happen before we met again.

Beautiful Wei-Hai-Wei! How we reveled in the fresh beauty and sparkling sea all around us! We did not yet realize the wonderful love of God that had guided us to this charming retreat before the gathering storm was to burst on Tientsin. Our first letter was from the sergeant of the Tientsin Guard, welcoming us to Wei-Hai-Wei, and this was soon followed by a letter and gift of $25 from the whole Guard. Soon a telegram came stating that the Guard had been turned back on the point of starting. Then came letters thrilling in interest, of the allied troops being hurried to Peking. Chapter after chapter followed quickly. We learned that our old home in the Temperance Hall was occupied by United States troops, turned into a barracks, guarded by field-pieces, and a target for shot and shell. We were told of mounted patrols and barricades on the streets of Tientsin, and batteries planted on the mud wall, the favorite promenade; of the crowding of women and children in the basement of Gordon Hall, the cutting of railroads, burning of stations and bridges, the isolation of Peking and Paotingfu, and the disastrous march of the column under Admiral Seymour to the relief of the capital. My chief cause for thankfulness was that every man of the old Tientsin Guard had a New Testament in his box, and that my husband had left 20,000 portions of the Gospel in the native homes and stores of Peking.

AN OUTING OF MISSIONARY WORKERS AND BLUEJACKETS NEAR LAO-LAI SHENG'S COLLEGE, SHANGHAI

In the meantime, streets of little Chinese houses in Wei-Hai-Wei were repaired, and fitted up for the temporary accommodation of the refugees. But for the distressing news from the north and the arrival of boatloads of wounded, we would have felt it an earthly paradise! Our cottage was ever open to the sailors and soldiers off duty, and the Gospel story again found willing listeners. One of the brightest conversions of our six years' work in China was a royal marine at Wei-Hai-Wei. The Seamen's Institute, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Mudditt, is one of the moral lighthouses of Wei-Hai-Wei. There we saw bluejackets and marines, missionaries and refugees from many places, and heard narratives of thrilling adventure and providential escapes that were more like fiction than fact, yet, told with calmness, and touching thankfulness, and trust in God. From these daily prayer services, we often went to the beach to witness the landing of the wounded, in every imaginable condition. Boys, who left Wei-Hai-Wei, were dismembered and beheaded by Boxers on the way to Peking, and others were cruelly wounded in the taking of the Tientsin, "native city." Mother's boy, half way round the world from home, endured discomforts and bravely faced death for us all, that China might be civilized and brought within the pale of nations.

Life at Wei-Hai-Wei was too pleasant to last long, and we were not surprised when a telegram came ordering us to Japan. We asked Captain Gaunt's permission to give the men a good-bye. It was a happy evening. The dining-room and verandas were filled, and the Gospel songs rang out with a hearty good will. A deep impression was made by the marine (mentioned above), advancing to the centre of the audience and singing to autoharp and accompaniment:

> Take my life, and let it be
> Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

He had hosts of friends, and followed with a hearty song of invitation.

Then news came that all our things stored in Tientsin — piano, library, pictures and treasures of the home land, brought to China five years before—were destroyed by the Russians. Letters and remittances were hopelessly astray in those days, and we depended on Elijah's God. We were taken to Shanghai on the British store ship *Humber*, receiving every attention. We were glad to leave Shanghai. It was simply congested. A thousand missionaries, representing sixty missionary boards; business men and their families, and hundreds of Chinamen from the north, taxing every available place, and amid all the discomforts of August heat. We applied for passage to Japan on the *Nagato Maru*, and were told every ticket was sold; but Captain Young gave us the "Social room," until we were welcomed by Mr. Makins and Mr. Mosely, in the Christian Endeavor Seaman's Home, in Nagasaki. Here were also friends from Tientsin. The United States Consul, Mr. Harris, was being constantly interviewed as to free passages home for the refugees. He was indefatigable in his efforts, and I went to him and asked to be sent home with three little children. Almost immediately after this I found a letter at the post-office, telling me to remain in Japan, and by no means come home.

I had seen comparatively few Americans during nearly six years in China. Now it was a pleasant sight—our own boys in blue. The first night at the song service, two United States sergeants confessed Christ, and many others back here from Manila now began a Christian life. Happy days followed. The meetings on the United States transports were especially inspiring to me, and they were a revelation of the lives our boys live on the sea. It is not a bright picture. I will not dwell upon it; but, by God's help, my life shall be given to the work of brightening and uplifting sailors and soldiers lives in the Far East. One meeting in Nagasaki will serve as a sample of all. The *Hancock*, glittering with lights, is a thing of beauty, in the harbor; the whole harbor is ablaze with lights. The canal is lined with drinking-places, and streams of American seamen "going in thereat," or riding

WORKERS AT SHAFTESBURY HOUSE AND BRITISH BLUEJACKETS — MR. POWELL IN HIS 'RICKSHAW — MRS. WOODBERRY, HER CHILDREN AND STUDENTS

A GREAT REVIVAL IN THE FLEETS ---- Continued

and singing in 'rickshaw processions. Money is spent like water, because here one dollar suddenly becomes two in value. Wicked men and women entice on every hand. A little band of Christian workers comes to the Seaman's Home, and with Gospel hymns and baby organ and attractive literature, headed by Mr. Makins, are rowed over in his private sampan. We find a hundred men in swimming by moonlight, and we are escorted up the gangway to find the decks crowded with hundreds more. The men are soon singing Gospel hymns under the swinging lights.

One by one, heartfelt testimonies are given. Mr. M—— extends an invitation to turn away from all this "Vanity Fair," and "enter in at the strait gate." I hear a "Praise the Lord!" and know that some "wandering boy" has accepted the invitation. Then I am called upon as "Mrs. Woodberry, the sailors' and soldiers' friend, from Tientsin." I find the whole deck covered with earnest-faced men, waiting for a message from God. Everything is forgotten in the enthusiasm of the work. A second lad rises at my invitation, and stands by the first, and as I tell the simple story of God's work among the boys in Tientsin and Wei-Hai-Wei, another comes and says, "I want the angel to write my name down to-night, and I'll sit down and write and tell mother." The hour passes all too soon, and amid a shower of hand-shakings and thanks, we return to the city.

September found us in Shanghai again, homeless and uncertain what to do, but with boundless trust in God. I began looking for a home and chapel combined. I found and rented a house, and gathered a little company of Chinese students for meetings and receptions each week. To my joy, I found I was in the same block with the Seaman's Home, called Shaftesbury House, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Fellgate, of the C. I. M., and Mr. Stuckenbrok, a converted sailor of the U. S. S. *Monocacy*. The day after I arrived I led the meeting for sailors at Shaftesbury House. That night God gave us a soul from H. M. S. *Bonaventure*. I learned that the harbor and Yangtse Valley were the anchorage for many American and British men-of-war. Some of the converted sailors on the British warship *Alacrity* (Admiral Seymour's ship), whom I had met at Wei-Hai-Wei, told many interesting stories of the war. The whole city was stirred by constant rumors of the sufferings of the missionaries and others in far-off provinces. Prayers arose like daily incense, and each sought and found his or her place of service in this great heathen metropolis. A devoted missionary from Honan, Robert Powell, began visiting the ships and inaugurated a series of song services on board that attracted all interested in sailor work; and in this little company of choice musicians from half a dozen provinces, I have been permitted to work and "see the salvation of God." I send a photo of the workers, taken by Mr. Powell, whom I call the Count Von Waldersee of the allied Missionary forces, during the campaign in Shanghai harbor. He has also taken photos of H. M. S. *Alacrity*, *Whiting*, *Hermione*, and *Waterwitch*, and the group of missionaries and bluejackets in the picnic parties. The photo of the U. S. S. *Oregon* was taken by Dr. Lee, of Tennesee, one of the ladies in the group. God has signally blessed the work on ship and shore. The other workers in the group are Messrs. Quirmbach, Miller, and Williams, of the C. I. M.; Dr. Lee and Miss Matthews of the Southern Presbyterian Mission; Mr. and Mrs. Chapin, Miss Davidson, and Mrs. Woodberry, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and the Misses Kellar and Kelly, of the Christian Mission. Many others, not in the photo, have also ably assisted. Splendid meetings have been held not only on the ships of which we send photos, but also on the *Wallaro*, *Aurora*, *Rosario*, *Pigue*, *Plover*, and *Astraea*; 125 men have been converted, and forty-five baptized. The friends from Shaftesbury House have been nobly assisted by Mr. N. Viloudaki, of Shanghai, and Rev. Mr. Sweet, of Hangchow, and Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, on the U. S. S. *Princeton*, *Nashville*, and *Helena*. They expect to get on the *Monadnock* next week. The fleet has commenced going south to Hongkong, and the southern fleet will be coming north, when we hope to have a new field of service.

God is working marvels on these ships. Many of them are too far away to visit, but the *Oregon's* steam launch has met us at Woosung all winter, and carried us out Sundays. An average attendance of 125 men has greeted us, and the one Christian on board has now become the centre of a group of about thirty. We have taken our own lunch, but tables have been set for us with beautiful linen and china, tea, cream and sugar furnished, and servants show every attention. Words fail to express our appreciation of the kindness extended by the captain and officers of U. S. S. *Oregon* for the last three months, and last Sunday Captain Dickens completed the long list of favors by permitting a young man to accompany us home for baptism, although the ship was under sailing orders. For several weeks, the launch conveyed us to H. M. S. *Aurora*, and an afternoon service was held on board.

One of the most satisfactory features of the work has been to see the Christian lads work for their shipmates. Coming home one afternoon, I found a lad from the *Alacrity* kneeling in the dining-room praying with a lad from the *Centurion*, a fine athletic fellow on the admiral's staff. He has since become a splendid worker. Often I have come home, and the same lad who brought Mr. B——, has come to me and whispered, "Mrs. Woodberry, I've brought Mr. ——— to-night, just say a word and he will come to the Lord," and they have "Come." We talk a good deal about "starless crowns," and these lads are working for stars. They have won many, and the circles of influence which they set in motion are ever increasing in number and size. After one meeting on the *Rosario*, eight accepted Christ, and the whole ship was discussing the all-important theme of salvation. On most of the ships the Christians increased in numbers from two or three to from twelve to thirty, twenty-five and fifty. God has wonderfully brought ships and missionaries together in Shanghai this winter, and many an English and American boy has sent the glad word of his conversion home to father and mother from China.

Shaftesbury House is a model seaman's home. There are bright, full Gospel meetings there every night, except Thursday and Saturday, which have been granted me for sea receptions each week at Beulah Chapel. These are popular, and God has signally blessed us with many co sions. After an evening of "Songs and Solos" and re ments, we always "Throw out the Life Line," anc evenings have been few when someone or more hav gone away richer than they came.

The Christmas season ended with a large gatheri Union Church, where our Reception and Lookout mittees were provided with buttonhole bouquets fo entering, and little envelopes and texts for all departin fine programme and choice supper was given by ladie gentlemen of Shanghai. On two beautiful autumn noons, the bluejackets gave the workers an outing. came up to Shaftesbury House in a long line of carr and we were whirled down Bubbling Well Road, s miles, to a charming locality, opposite Sheng Taoti's Co where we had a picnic supper, songs and prayer. The gratifying work has been done on the *Hermione* and *Al* On the former, since leaving for Nanking, the ward officers, who became much interested during our recepti Shanghai, have opened their rooms for evening meetin the men, and are working indefatigably for their conve The *Hermione's* have sent me nearly a hundred dollars to help me keep the receptions up and save the lads fro temptations of Shanghai. And now we are going to te homeland friends, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALI desire for a circulating library, magazines, etc., for this inspiring work among the "Boys in Blue" from the U States and England. Attractive story tracts, illustrate flower Scripture texts can be used by the hundred. W also receiving many little gifts for our Building Fun hope, bye and bye, to have much more suitable accom dation for both our sailor and Chinese friends, if God will

A few weeks ago, H. M. S. *Astraea* arrived in harb wrote to the captain, telling the story of the "Lord's Jackets" in the "Far East." A reply was received at and the captain volunteered to put up our notic Wednesday evenings. It looks now as if the *Astraea* become the Banner Gospel Ship.

Sometime later we were invited to H. M. S. *Hermio* spend Sunday, and participate with two hundred an men in communion service, held by the chaplain an tain. In the afternoon, I was permitted to receive the t five Christian lads, one by one, for a word of encourag and counsel. Later, our visit to the sick bay was rew by the conversion of a sailmaker, who lay helpless hammock from rheumatism. A mother's prayers ha lowed him twenty-five years. Two others also foun light. Returning to Shanghai, in time for the *Astraea* ing, we were again greeted by a large company o jackets, and three more accepted Jesus, and two more the same ship at Shaftesbury House, in the evening. the work of the Lord, among British, American and C goes triumphantly forward into the twentieth century God be all the glory! Yours for Christ and China a boys in blue,

MRS. W. J. WOODBER

THE FESTIVAL OF MAY

THE loiterer in Central Park, on a bright Saturday of early May, often happens upon a sylvan scene of great beauty. A company of happy children, with banners and flowers and long streamers of gay ribbon, and in their midst one who has been chosen as the queen, the most popular, or the prettiest, or the wisest of their group. When the oldest of us were children, we played at this same picturesque game, and the mimicry of royalty, delighting our little ones to-day, dates back by many centuries, and is of great antiquity. Among Alfred Tennyson's best-known lyrics is one of strangely haunting music and tender pathos, which we understand when we remember that it is all about a lovely child, whose sweet soul is not long for this world.

Will you wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear,
To morrow 'll be the happiest day of all the glad new year.
Of all the glad new year, Mother, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be queen o' the May.

THE CEREMONY OF CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN, CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.

In the merrie England of ou fathers, the May-pole always sto on the village green, and was the of laughing crowds, who sang a it and performed feats of st and dexterity, and the celeb of May is still a feature of life in England. With u May-baskets are hung in th light by the children, and the s take this time for a gala sion. For the Queen of M usually the favorite pupil, anc all sing around her, as she tak place on the throne, attended by of honor, fairies, elves, and ambassadors from the court of Flora summer's self. The ceremoni often quite elaborate, and it is a compliment and an honor chosen Queen of May. Rob dainty white and bearing flower gilded wands, and a crown of carried proudly in the van, th processions wind in and out the trees in Central Park, and unique feature to the charming days. The winter siege is at last for May is here once more.

"YIELDING THE HEART TO GOD"

AN ADDRESS BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL, THE BUSINESS MAN'S EVANGELIST

AT a recent Young Men's Christian Association Convention at Trenton, N.J., the principal address was delivered by William Phillips Hall, the "Business Man Evangelist" and Chairman of the Twentieth Century National Campaign. Taking for his text Prov. 28 : 13, the speaker directed his remarks toward those who have not yet taken a decisive step toward eternal life. He said:

A year ago last April, while conducting a special series of evangelistic meetings, on a Sunday afternoon, while speaking upon the same text that I have used to-day, at the close of the meeting a number of men announced their intention of accepting Christ, and I went down to the audience and General E. said to me, "There is a young man I would like you to speak to, if you will come with me." And I went down and saw the man, and he was deeply moved and was weeping. I said, "Do you want to yield to Christ?" and he said "I do." There were two boys sitting by him, one of whom wanted to take the same step. I prayed with them. The General knelt down, and I said, "General, you pray with him." Then, with Mr. W. R. Moody and several other friends, I went to the hotel, and a few minutes afterwards General E. came to me and said, "I have such good news for you; the most wonderful conversion that ever took place in B—— has come to pass; the man that you were talking to just now was the wickedest man in B——. He has just come from prison, and the man who sat by whom he had threatened to shoot on sight, as it was through his evidence that he had been convicted: but God stayed his hand." He had heard the message, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy," and he yielded to Christ, and I believe he was converted through and through.

At the Christian Workers' Conference in Northfield, a man came to me, a fine, princely looking fellow, and he said "I am so glad to see you." And who do you suppose it was? He was that man who had once been the wickedest man in B——, he whose name was spoken with disgust and loathing by all respectable citizens in that place; now become a Christian gentleman, a son of God, a prince of Heaven, and blessed be God, what Jesus Christ did for that man he can do for us. We are all in the same class, spiritually, in his sight; we are all sinners in his view. God is calling upon us in mercy and love.

If I could only impress on you the thought that God has been trying to win you to Heaven. There are some here to-day who have lost their loved ones; their hearts have been almost broken, and they have wondered why it was. It was because God loved you that he visited you with the rod of affliction. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." He loved you. He is striving and yearning to win you to himself. God speaks first in love and kindness, and then in affliction and judgment.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS HALL,
Leader of the National Gospel Campaign

When I was a boy I united with the Christian Church, but a few years later I got where many get. I mention this for your benefit. I got off the track. My father was an earnest Christian man, and he would say to me "My boy, I long to have you come back to the Master's house, to live for Heaven." And I would listen, but say nothing. And I remember one day I came home and found father very ill, and I remember how the family went down to dinner, and I sat by father's side, and he placed his arm about me, and he said "My boy, my heart aches for you; I want you to come back to God, to give your life to his service; I want you to promise me to take this step." I sat dumb, not a word did I say. After having exhausted all the spirit of persuasion with me, my father began to pray to God, and he prayed in the same spirit as Moses prayed; he said, "My God, if it be necessary that thou shouldst take my life in order that my boy may be won over to Thee, then I pray Thee to take my life."

I went straight to my place of business in Boston, and the following Wednesday, the first day in December, 1880, a telegraph operator came in with a telegram, which I opened, and read, "Come home at once, your father is dying—Mother." It seemed as if a dagger was thrust through my heart. I went home through the darkness of that stormy December night. It all seems like a dream now, and finally I reached home, and I went through the door, and my mother met me there, and she threw her arms about my neck, and laid her head on my shoulder, saying "You are all that I have left now to look to, your father died this morning." Do you wonder, dear friends, that I staggered like a drunken man?

After a time I tried to go to sleep, but could not sleep, and I said to myself, "If I had only reached here in time!" About midnight I could stand it no longer, and I went to the chamber wherein that silent form was laid, and I went up and uncovered the face upon which the hand of death had been laid; and looking upon it, dropped on my knees and placed my hand on that hand cold in death, but I felt that my father heard me, and I said, "Father, I have come home to give my heart to God," and I then and there yielded myself to God, and God graciously forgave me.

Let this inspiring thought remain with you, that

> He always wins who sides with God. To him no chance is lost.
> God's will is sweetest to him, when it triumphs at his cost.
> All that he blesses is our good, and unblest good our ill,
> And all is right that seems most wrong, if it be his sweet will.

I am going to appeal to your manhood, to your intelligence; I am going to appeal to your sound reason and good judgment and common sense, and I say, you who have not yet yielded to Christ, who have not yet forsaken your sins, God's call comes to you with a double force—behold now is the accepted time—behold now is the day of salvation; and the time has come for you to yield yourselves to Jesus Christ; and by so doing, show yourselves to be far grander, nobler men than you have ever shown yourselves to be before. There is nothing that any man can do that so exhibits the grandeur of his manhood and innate nobility than standing up for his Lord and Master, and saying, "I accept him for my Lord and Saviour. I trust him as my Lord."

I am going to ask two questions: First, I am going to ask every man in this assemblage who can say the word that has been given to-day is God's word, to say: "It is true; it is worthy of the acceptance of every true man, and I join my testimony with the testimony of Mr. Hall, and I join my exhortations with his, that every one of my fellow townsmen will yield to Christ." Second, I ask every man here who is not standing, if he will say: "Not in my own strength, but with God's help, I will forsake sin and take Christ as my Saviour."

"THE LITTLE GIANT OF TREMONT TEMPLE"

ONE of the busiest pastors in all New England is the Rev. George C. Lorimer, of Boston, Mass. What with morning, afternoon and evening services on Sundays, special meetings, prayer-meetings and "Talks to Young Men" during the week, not to mention lectures, literary work, the daily "office hours," during which he is always to be found at Tremont Temple, and the multitudinous demands upon his time by societies and religious bodies for addresses, etc., it surprises his acquaintances to know that he has even a moment's leisure.

Dr. Lorimer, whom his contemporaries have dubbed "the little giant of Tremont Temple," is a teacher rather than a preacher. There is a prevalent impression that his sermons are short, whereas, in fact, they are rather more lengthy than is the fashion nowadays; yet how fascinating is his style and so full is the interest sustained that the discourse seems unusually brief. The visitor to Tremont Temple, Sunday or weekday, is impressed with the large percentage of men, especially young men, in attendance at the services. The Temple is probably the most unique church edifice in America—a sort of mammoth beehive, honeycombed with business offices, board-rooms, meeting-rooms, lecture-rooms, "Chopinan Hall," "Lorimer Hall" and the superb main Auditorium. Most of the halls in the Temple are rented months ahead for almost every day and evening in the year. Dr. Lorimer never has time to talk about himself for publication, but is always ready to tell of the glorious history and traditions of Tremont Temple.

REV. DR. LORIMER IN HIS STUDY

Like the old London 'bus driver, who would never consent to take a holiday unless he was permitted to spend the day driving some other fellow's stage, Dr. Lorimer for many years has taken his summer "rest" by preaching in some other pastor's church. It is in his own home in Brookline, Mass., that the doctor does his hardest literary labor.

His library is his workshop. Here were written his *Messages of To-day to the Men of To-morrow*, *The Argument for Christianity*, *Christianity and the Social State*, and other books that have become well known.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

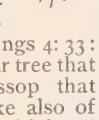
INSECTILE LESSONS...

TEXT, Prov. 6: 6-8:

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.

THE most of Solomon's writings have perished. They have gone out of existence as thoroughly as the twenty books of Pliny, and most of the books of Æschylus, and Euripides, and Varro, and Quintilian. Solomon's Song and Ecclesiastes and Proverbs, preserved by inspiration, are a small part of his voluminous productions.

He was a great scientist. One verse in the Bible suggests that he was a botanist, a zoologist, an ornithologist, an ichthyologist, and knew all about reptilia. I. Kings 4: 33: "He spake of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." Besides all these scientific works, he composed three thousand proverbs and a thousand and five songs.



An Example of Divine Wisdom

Although Solomon lived long before the microscope was constructed, he was also an insectologist, and watched and describes the spider build its suspension bridge of silk from tree to tree, calling it the spider's web; and he notices its skillful foothold in climbing the smooth wall of the throne-room in Jerusalem, saying: "The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces." But he is especially interested in the ant, and recommends its habits as worthy of study and imitation, saying: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

But it was not until about three hundred years ago, when Jan Swammerdam, the son of an apothecary at Amsterdam, Holland, began the study of the ant under powerful lens, that the full force of Solomon's injunction was understood. The great Dutch scientist, in his examination of the insect in my text, discovered as great display of the wisdom of God in its anatomy, as astronomers discover in the heavens, and was so absorbed and wrought upon by the wonders he discovered in the ant and other insects, that body and mind gave way, and he expired at forty-three years of age, a martyr of the great science of insectology.

No one but God could have fashioned the insect spoken of in the text, or given it such genius of instinct. Its wisdom for harvesting at the right time; its wonders of antennæ, by which it gathers food; and of mandibles, which, instead of the motion of the human jaw up and down in mastication, move from side to side; its nervous system; its enlarging doors in hot weather for more sweep of breeze; its mode of attack and defense, closing the gate at night against bandit invaders; its purification of the earth for human residence; its social life; its republican government with the consent of the governed; its maternal fidelities; the habit of these creatures of gathering now and then under the dome of the ant hillock, seemingly in consultation, and then departing to execute their different missions.

THE HOMES AND INDUSTRIES OF VARIOUS KINDS OF ANTS

Insectile Vices and Virtues

But Solomon would not commend all the habits of the ant, for some of them are as bad as some of the habits of the human race. Some of these small creatures are desperadoes and murderers. Now and then they marshal themselves into hosts and march in straight line and come upon an encampment of their own race, and destroy its occupants, except the young, whom they carry into captivity; and if the army come back without any such captives they are not permitted to enter, but are sent forth to make more successful conquest. Solomon gives no commendation to such sanguinary behavior among insects, any more than he would have commended sanguinary behavior among men. These little creatures have sometimes wrought fearful damage, and they have undermined a town in New Granada, which in time may drop into the abyss they have dug for it.

But what are the habits which Solomon would enjoin when he says, "consider her ways, and be wise?" First of all, providence, forethought, anticipation of coming necessities. I am sorry to say these qualities are not characteristic of all the ants. These creatures of God are divided into granivorous and carnivorous. The latter are not frugal, but the former are frugal. While the air is warm, and moving about is not hindered by ice or snowbank, they import their cargoes of food. They bring in their caravan of provision; they haul in their long train of wheat or corn or oats. The farmers are not more busy in July and August in reaping their harvest than are the ants busy in July and August reaping their harvest. They stack them away, they pile them up. They question when they have enough. They aggregate a sufficient amount to last them until the next warm season. When winter opens, they are ready. Blow, ye wintry blasts! Hang your icicles from the tree branches! Imbed all the upper highways under snowdrifts! Enough for all the denizens of the hills. Hunger shut out and plenty sits within. God, who feedeth every living thing, has blessed the ant-hill. In contrast with that insectile behavior, what do you think of that large number of prosperous men and women who live up to every dollar that they make, raising their families in luxurious habits, and at death expecting some kind friend to give their daughters employment as music teachers or typewriters or government employees? Such parents have no right to children. Every neighborhood has specimens of such improvidence. The two words that most strike me in the text are "summer" and "winter." Some people have no summer in their lives. From the rocking cradle to the still grave it is relentless January. Invalid infancy followed by some crippling accident, or dimness of eyesight, or dullness of hearing, or privation, or disaster, or unfortunate environment make life a perpetual winter. But in most lives there is a period of summer, although it may be a short summer, and that is the time to provide for the future.

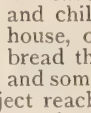
A Lesson for the Improvident

One of the best ways of insuring the future is to put aside all you can for charitable provision. You put a crumbling stone in the foundation of your fortune if you do not in your plans regard the sufferings that you may alleviate. You will have the pledge of the high heavens for your temporal welfare when you help the helpless, for the promise is "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Then there is another way of providing for the future. If you have a thousand dollars a year income, save one hundred dollars; or two thousand a year, save five hundred; or three thousand, save one thousand. Do you say such economy is meanness? I say it is a vaster meanness for you to make no provision for the future and compel your friends or the world to take care of you or yours in case of bereavement or calamity.

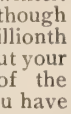
There are women who, at the first increase of their husband's resources, wreck all on an extravagant wardrobe. There are men who, at the prospect of larger prosperity, build houses they will never be able to pay for. There are people with four thousand dollars a year income, who have not one dollar laid up for a rainy day. It is a ghastly dishonesty practised on the next generation. Such men deserve bankruptcy and impoverishment. In almost every man's life there comes a winter of cold misfortune. Prepare for it while you may. Whose thermometer has not sometimes stood below zero? What ship has never been caught in a storm? What regiment at the front never got into a battle? Have at least as much foresight as the insect world. Examine the pantries of the ant-hills in the April weather, and you will find that last summer's supply is not yet exhausted. Examine them next July, and you will find them being replenished. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Wise Forethought

This is no argument for miserliness. Avarice and penuriousness destroy a man about as soon as any of the other vices. We have heard of those who entombed their iron money-vault for business purposes, and the door accidentally shut, and they were suffocated, their corpse not discovered until the next day. But every day, and all up and down the streets of our cities there are men, body, mind, and soul, forever fastened in their own money-vaults. Accumulation of bonds, mortgages, and government securities, and town lots, and big farms, just for the pleasure of accumulation, is despicable, but a putting aside of a surplus for your self-defense when your brain has halted, or your right hand has forgotten its cunning, or your old age needs a man-servant, or for the support of others when you can no more be a breadwinner for your household—that is right, that is beautiful, that is Christ-like, that is divinely approved. That shows that you have taken Solomon's ant-hill for an object lesson. Going out of this world without leaving a dollar for those who remain behind, if you have done your best, you have a right to lay your head in calm confidence on the pillow which Jeremiah shook up in the forty-ninth chapter of his prophecy: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." But if having means, through mortgages, or honest or good life insurance, for providing for helpless widowhood and orphanage you make no provision for post-mortem needs, how dare you go up and take a place in heaven and let your wife and children go to the poor-house, or into a struggle for bread that makes life a horror and sometimes ends in suicide?



But my subject reaches higher than temporalities—foresight for the soul, provision for eternal experiences, preparation for the far beyond. Ant-hills, speak out and teach us a larger and mightier lesson of preparing food for the more important part of us! Do you realize that a man may be a millionaire or a multi-millionaire for time and a bankrupt for eternity; a prince for a few years and a pauper forever? The ant would not be satisfied with gathering enough food for half a winter or quarter of a winter. But how many of us seem content, though not having prepared for the ten-millionth part of what will be our existence! Put yourself in right relations to the Christ of the Ages, through him seek pardon for all you have ever done wrong, and



Strength for All

you will be called to endure, and there will be no force in life or death or eternity to discomfit you! I declare it! There is enough of transforming and strengthening power in Christ for both hemispheres!

Furthermore, go to the ant, and consider that it does not decline work because it is insignificant. The ant, with a single grain of seed it hauls into its habitation may be so small that the unaided eye cannot see it; but the insectile work goes on—the carpenter ant at work above ground, the mason ant at work under ground. Some of these creatures mix the leaves of the fir and the catkins of the pine for the roof or wall of their tiny abode, and others go out as hunters looking for food, while others at domestic duties stay at home. Twenty specks of the food they are moving toward their granary, put upon a balance, would hardly make the scales quiver. A

rk on a small scale. There is no use in our refusing mission because it is insignificant. Anything that d in his providence puts before us to do is important. e needle has its office as certainly as the telescope, d the spade as a parliamentarian scroll. You know at became of the man in the parable of the talents, o buried the one talent instead of putting it to actical and accumulative use. His apology was of avail.

There is no need of our wasting time and energy in iging for some other sphere. There are plenty of ople to do the big and resounding work of the church d the world. No lack of brigadier-generals or master-ilders or engineers for bridging Niagaras or tunneling cky Mountains. For every big enterprise of the rld a dozen candidates. What we want is private diers in the common ranks—masons not ashamed to eld a trowel; candidates for ordinary work to be done ordinary ways in ordinary places. Right where we there is something that God would have us do. Let do it, though it may seem to be as unimportant as rolling of a grain of corn into an ant-hill.

Furthermore, go to the ant and consider its indefati-bleness. If by the accidental stroke of your foot or removal of a timber

The Cities of the Insectile World

destroyed, instantly they go to rebuilding. They not sit around moping. At it again in a second. eir fright immediately gives way to their industry. d if our schemes of usefulness and our plans of work fl, why sit down in discouragement? As large ant-ls as have ever been constructed will be constructed ain. Put your trust in God and do your duty, and ur best days are yet to come. You have never heard sh songs as you will yet hear, nor have you ever lived such grand abode as you will yet occupy, and all the rldly treasures you have lost are nothing compared th the opulence that you will yet own. If you love d trust the Lord, Paul looks you in the face, and then ves his hand towards a heaven full of palaces and tones, crying, "All are yours!" So that what you to get in this present life, you will get in the coming l. Go to work right away and rebuild as well as you , knowing that what the trowels of earthly industry to rear, the sceptres of heavenly reward will more n make up. Persistence is the lesson of every ant-H. Waste not a moment in useless regrets or un-lthy repining. Men fret themselves down, but no n ever yet fretted himself up. Make the obstacles ur way your coadjutors, as all those have who have complished anything worth accomplishment.

John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, at first attempt in court stammered and sat down in fusion, and for that stammering was derisively ed "Stuttering Jack Curran," and because of his ure in speech, was sneered at as "Orator Mum." t he went to work and conquered himself, and then quered court-rooms and great assemblages whom he lled with his eloquence. So, instead of running ainst obstacles as against a stone wall, he placed m aslant like steps on which to mount. Put your st in God, and nothing can stand before you. Rit-house, the astronomer, at the start was so poor that figured out eclipses on a plow handle.

Furthermore, go to the ant, and consider that if God nors an insect by making it our instructor in import-t lessons, we ought not to abuse the lower orders of cation. It has been found by scientists that insects nsfixed in the case of a museum have been alive and torture for years. How much the insect, and the fl, and the brute may be rightly called to suffer for t advancement of human knowledge and the better-rnt of the condition of the human race I do not now sp to discuss, but he who uselessly harms any of God's ng creation insults the Creator. Alas, for

The Horrors of Vivisection

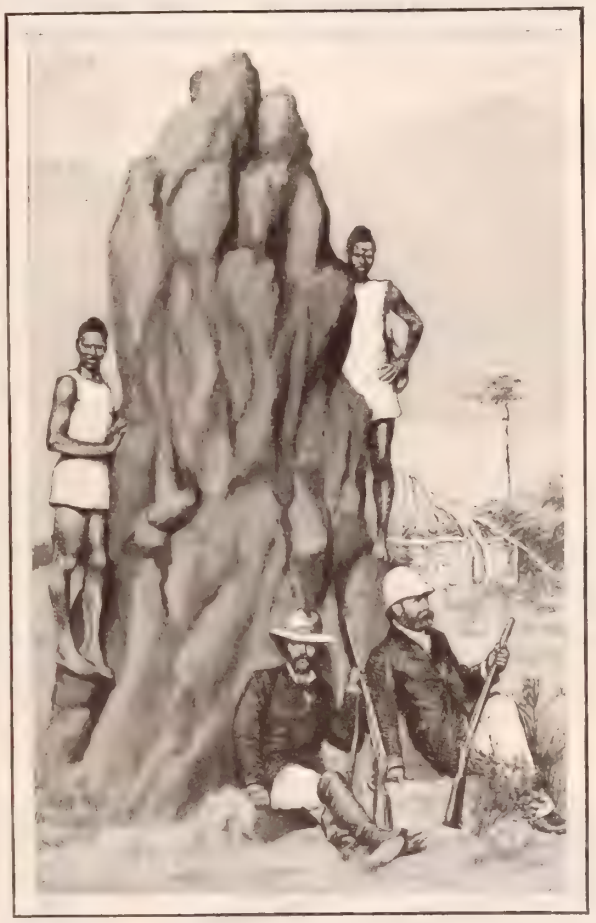
have not a scintilla of confidence in the morality a man or a woman who would harm a horse, or a g, or a cat, or a pigeon. Such men and women, un-d affront, if they dared, would take the life of a human ng. You cannot make me believe that God looks wn indifferently upon the galled neck of the ox, or e cruelly curbed bit of the horse, or the unsheltered tle in the snow-storm, or the cock-pit, or the bear ting, or the pigeon shooting, or the laceration of fish t are not used. Go to the ant, thou miscreant, and show God honors it. In the great college of the uni-rse it has been appointed your professor. All over t land, and all over the world there are over-driven rses that ought to be unharnessed, caged birds that ght to be put on their wings in the free air of heaven, ves of cattle agonized of thirst on the freight trains ere they ought to be watered, and crustacea being iled alive that ought to be lifted out of the fire. Christ chose twelve apostles for the human race in the st century, and you know their names, but in the neteenth century he chose his thirteenth apostle, who ought for the relief of the brute creation, and his me was Henry Bergh. In my text the ant is not im-ed, is not dead, but alive, and in the warm fields oviding her meat in the summer, and gathering her d in the harvest.

Furthermore, go to the ant and learn the lesson of d-appointed order. The Being who taught the insect w to build was geometer as well as architect. The ls inside that little home radiate from the door with a complete arrangement as ever the boulevards of a y radiated from a triumphal arch or a flowered circle. And when they march they keep perfect order, moving in straight lines, turning out for nothing. If a timber lie in the way they climb over it. If there be house or barn in the way they march through it. Order in architectural structure, order in government, order of movement, order of expedition. So, let us all observe this God-appointed rule, and take satisfaction in the fact that things are not at loose ends in this world. If there is a divine regulation in a colony or republic of insects, is there not a divine regulation in the lives of immortal men and women? If

God Cares for the Least

of his creatures, and shows them how to provide meat in the summer and gather their food in the harvest will he not be interested in matters of human livelihood and in the guidance of human affairs? I preach the doctrine of a particular providence. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and yet not one of them is forgotten before God. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" Let there be order in our individual lives, order in the family, order in the church, order in the State. In all the world there is no room for anarchy.

After what Linnæus and Pierre Huber have told us concerning these living mites of the natural world, are we not ready to believe that the God who turns the wheel of the solar system and the vaster wheel of the universe regulates the beehive and the ant-hill, and that all the affairs of our mortal lives are under divine management? When some one asked a hermit on the top of a mountain in Italy if he did not feel it dangerous to live so many miles from human habitation, he replied: "No: Providence is my very next-door neighbor."



A HILL CONSTRUCTED BY AFRICAN WHITE ANTS

He who became Sir Thomas Gresham and built the Royal Exchange in London, when an infant, was abandoned by his mother in the fields. Did it just happen so that the chirping of a grasshopper brought a boy to the spot where the babe lay, and his life was saved? Not so, thought Sir Thomas Gresham, who, having arrived at great wealth and power, chose a grasshopper for his crest, and had the figure of a grasshopper impressed on the wall of the Royal Exchange, and had at the top a weather vane in the figure of a grasshopper. The Waldensian Christians, in the seventeenth century, were expelled from the valleys, and on their way eight hundred of them were starving to death. Did it just happen so that one night the deep snow suddenly thawed and showed a large amount of wheat, which had been covered by the untimely snow, and was suddenly uncovered, so that the hunger was satisfied and the eight hundred lives were saved?

Did It Just Happen So?

Near Port Royal, Jamaica, is a tomb with this inscription: "Here lieth the body of Louis Caldy, Esq., a native of Montpelier, in France, which country he left on account of the revocations. He was swallowed up by the earthquake which occurred at this place in 1692, but, by the great providence of God, was, by a second shock, flung into the sea, where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat, and lived forty years afterward." Was the release of that man from the jaws of the earthquake a "just happen so?" When during the plague in London, at the risk of his life and under the protest of his friends, Rev. Thomas Vincent spent his time preaching the Gospel to the sufferers, and 68,596 people perished, seven fatalities in the house where he lived, did it just happen so that he came through unhurt? In Fulton Street prayer meeting, New York, a young man rose and said: "I have been an infidel fourteen years; I had the prayers of a pious mother, but I spurned them. I have not seen her for fifteen years; I suppose she has given me up as lost. I don't know where to find her; but I would like to tell her what the Lord has done for me in answer to her earnest prayers." Did it just happen so that his mother was present and cried out: "Oh, my son—my son!" You know of the glorious Christian work in Japan, but do you know how it began? A New Testament was dropped from an English ship in the harbor of Tokio. The little book came into the hands of a prominent Japanese, who read it and was brought to God, and immediately began to commend Christ to the people. Did all that merely happen so? Tell that to those who do not believe there is a God, but do not tell it to at least a hundred of us who have had in our own lives providential rescues as easily proved as that we have ever lived at all.

But we live in times when there are so many clashings. There seems almost universal unrest. Large fortunes swallow up small fortunes. Civilized nations trying to gobble up barbaric nations. Upheaval of creeds, and people who once believed everything now believing nothing. The old Book that Moses began and St. John ended, bombarded from scientific observatories and college class rooms. Amid all this disturbance and uncertainty, that which many good people need is not a stimulus, but a sedative, and in my text I find it —divine observation and

Guidance of Minutest Affairs

And nothing is to God large or small—planet or ant-hill—the God who easily made the worlds employing his infinity in the wondrous construction of a spider's foot.

And now I bethink myself of the fact that we are close to a season of the year which will allow us to be more out of doors, and to confront the lessons of the natural world, and there are voices that seem to say, "Go to the ant; go to the bird; go to the flowers; go to the fields; go to the waters." Listen to the cantatas that drop from the gallery of the tree-tops. Notice in the path where you walk the lessons of industry and divine guidance. Make natural religion a commentary on revealed religion. Put the glow of sunrise and sunset into your spiritnal experiences. Let every star speak of the morning star of the Redeemer, and every aromatic bloom make you think of him who is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley; and every overhanging cliff remind you of the Rock of Ages, and every morning suggest the "day-spring from on high, which giveth light to those who are in darkness," and even the little hillock built by the roadside or in the fields remind you of the wisdom of imitating in temporal and spiritual things the insectile forethought, "which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer. and gathereth her food in the harvest."

A Great Sermonic Library

Over 8,500 Pages of Sermons by Dr. Talmage

WE are pleased to announce to our readers that, after nearly three years of infinite labor on the part of Dr. Talmage and a large number of CHRISTIAN HERALD assistants, and at an enormous outlay of money, the entire set of **Twenty Volumes,** comprising over Five Hundred of Dr. Talmage's Sermons, was recently completed, and have since taken an honored and well-deserved place in many a home. The publication of twenty volumes of sermonic literature is truly an event extraordinary, unique and unprecedented. In this remarkable work every volume contains more than 400, and the complete set, 8,571 pages. Each volume has an illuminated title page, is handsomely bound in maroon silk-finished cloth, with gold stamping and gilt-top, and the paper is deckle-edged. Volume I contains a fine full-page portrait of Dr. Talmage. We are confident that the host of readers of his sermons will hail with unbounded enthusiasm this opportunity to secure for themselves a set of these priceless volumes, containing over 500 sermons, sermons abounding in spiritual helpfulness, matchless eloquence, valuable anecdote and pathos. Within their pages there is consolation for the sorrowing, an uplift for the fallen, hope for the despairing, an arousing for the indifferent and a glorious course indicated for the zealous and devoted Christian.

One cannot read the sermons contained in these volumes without gaining a vast amount of knowledge, increased vocabulary and improved diction.

The large and legible type used (long primer) is a feature seldom found in any publication of this magnitude. Too much emphasis cannot be put upon the value of the index, which consists briefly, as follows: The 500 texts of sermons; twenty pages of Titles and Texts; forty-four pages of Anecdotal and Historical Illustrations, and 235 pages of Index to Subjects. The index is in compact and convenient form and the type used is nonpareil.

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Bible House, New York.

AN AMERICAN'S VISIT TO MODERN EPHESUS

Where the Apostles John and Paul Labored

BY REV. W. H. LAYSON, D.D.

LEGENDARY TOMB OF LUKE

RUINS OF THE THEATRE MENTIONED IN ACTS 19

PLACE WHERE ST. JOHN IS SAID TO HAVE BAPTI D

WORDS addressed by Christ to the Church at Ephesus, might now appropriately be addressed to the city. "Remember," he said, "from whence thou art fallen." A greater contrast between former magnificence and present desolation, it would be difficult to find anywhere in the world. I visited it recently, and found it an utter waste, for even the ruins have been despoiled, and such objects of interest as there had been, were sent to the British Museum by the explorer who uncovered the buried buildings. The accompanying photographs, which we took on the site of the city famous for its grandeur, show how completely its splendor has passed away. Overturned columns tell us where the wonderful temple of Diana once stood, and heaps of broken blocks of marble mark the site of the stately theatre, where once nobles and their wives and daughters applauded the dramatic spectacles and the gladiatorial combats which were the marvel of the world. "Ichabod," the glory has departed, might be written on the ruins, on the marshy ground and on the harbor filled with silt, where once the navies of Greece and Rome rode at anchor, and the merchant ships of all nations brought their cargoes to minister to the luxurious tastes of the citizens of Ephesus.

The site was an ideal one for a wealthy city. On the eastern coast of the Ægean, it was on the highway of a traffic which was the source of supply to all the markets of the known world. From it, a well-made road led through a pass in the mountains at its back, to the great plateau of Asia Minor, then densely populated. Its rival, Miletus, was farther away, its connection was more difficult and its harbor inferior. In population, wealth and culture, Ephesus surpassed all other cities in Asia Minor, of which it was the capital. It is difficult now to find traces of the residential portion, but the three buildings, which were the glory of the ancient capital, can still be identified. The Temple of Artemis, or Diana, as the Ephesians called her, was one of the most magnificent buildings in the world. It stood near the harbor, a conspicuous object to the view of the visitor approaching the city. Over four hundred feet long and more than two hundred wide, with columns of Parian marble sixty feet high, it reflected the rays of the sun with dazzling effect. In front and in rear it had a portico of four rows of pillars, eight in a row, all sculptured by the most skilful workmen of the day. A double row of pillars, 127 in number, surrounded the temple, each one the gift of a king. Within, the gorgeous edifice was adorned by statuary, the work of the most eminent sculptors in the world. Paintings covered the walls for which vast sums had been paid. One, alone, cost a sum equivalent to $200,000 of our money. The shrine in the centre had a roof of cedar, supported by eight columns of green jasper, which are now in the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. Behind it hung a purple curtain, which concealed the image of Artemis. It was made of ebony, cunningly bored and the apertures filled with choice perfumes. Around it were the gifts of potentates and wealthy men of all nations, the value of which was fabulous.

No visitors left the city without carrying with them models of the shrine and images of the goddess, which were made of clay, or wood, or silver to suit purchasers of various ranks. It was the makers of these shrines who, led by Demetrius, incited the riot described (Acts 19 : 29–41). They had apparently taken little notice of Paul at first, but when his preaching produced such a result as the burning of the books of magic (Acts 19 : 19), Demetrius became alarmed about his business, for if Paul continued preaching against idolatry, people might cease buying shrines. All this was probably explained at one of the guild houses, and then the smiths went out to arouse the city. The most natural place for a great mass-meeting would be the theatre, a huge semicircular area capable of holding fifty thousand persons. It stood at one end of the stadium or circus, a wide road 685 feet long, on which the foot-races were held. It is easy to trace the plan of the theatre still. The seats on the south were cut out of the solid ro of Mount Coressus, while those on the north res on arches. At one end an arched doorway still st is, through which the gladiators and wild beasts en ed the arena. In the unbroken silence of the scen we could imagine that turbulent crowd pouring in: "' ne crying one thing, and some another, and the more art knowing not wherefore they were come together. It must, on the whole, have been a law-abiding popu ce. otherwise the words of the town-clerk would n so speedily have dispersed the assemblage.

Various other points, identified more or less l en- darily with apostolic times, are shown to the vi or. One of these is the grave of the Evangelist Luk for which there is absolutely no evidence. The id of Luke being buried there probably arose from the oss tal stone, which is slight evidence for identification i he face of other traditions. After Paul's visit, Tin hy took charge of the church there, and still late the Apostle John resided at Ephesus, as Eusebius re es. It is also asserted that the Virgin Mary accomp ied him. The tomb of John and the baptismal font is said to have used, are still shown. Other intere ng scenes are the foundations of the school of Tyra us, where Paul, following the example of the philoso ers of the city, gave daily lectures on the truths of (ris- tianity (Acts 19 : 9) after the synagogue was clos to him. Another building is shown as Paul's p on. There is no record of Paul having been imprisor in Ephesus, though a passing allusion (I. Cor. 15 : 3 ap- pears to imply that he incurred dangers there, not en- tioned by the historian of the Acts. The bu ing shown does not appear to have been well adapte for use as a prison. Forty-seven miles away at Sn na, where another of the churches mentioned in ev lation once existed, I saw the building which om- memorates the martyrdom of Polycarp, the f ous disciple of the Apostle John. Polycarp was bur d a Smyrna, after making a noble confession of rist which he knew would be the signal for his exec ion. I left the scenes hallowed by associations with ese illustrious men deeply impressed by the though that while earthly magnificence passes away the mem of the righteous will never perish.

TRADITIONAL TOMB OF THE APOSTLE JOHN

SCENE OF THE MARTYRDOM OF POLYCARP

WHERE EPHESUS ONCE STOOD

The · Pan-American · Fair · Ready · to · Open

TRANSPORTATION BUILDING HORTICULTURAL HALL, AND CONSERVATORY IN BACKGROUND ENTRANCE, MACHINERY BUILDING

As the Weather Bureau drops its gilded ball at the exact second of twelve o'clock noon, on the first day of May, the President of the United States will press an electric button, which will put in motion all the machinery of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and formally open the big fair. At the moment Mr. McKinley presses the button it will be one o'clock in New York, eleven o'clock in Denver, and two o'clock in San Francisco. But in Buffalo it will be high noon. By the President's watch it may be about twelve-thirty, for he will be somewhere about five hundred miles east and south of Buffalo, as he started on his grand tour of the South and West on April 28.

At one o'clock on the same day, all Buffalo and a possible 50,000 visitors will assemble in the Temple of Music on the grounds of the fair, there to listen to an elaborate program of ceremonies incidental to the important purpose of the day. There will first be a overture by the united military and civic bands which are to make the days festive throughout the period of the fair. Next the vast assemblage will be led in prayer. The Hon. John G. Milburn, President of the Exposition, will then make the address of the day. Then the Orpheus Society, all men, will sing an appropriate selection, after which a poem written for the occasion by Frederick Any, will be read.

The second address of the day will then be delivered by the Mayor of the Exposition city, Hon. Conrad Diehl. He will be followed by the Director-General of the enterprise, who will read messages from President McKinley, the Governors of various States, and the Presidents of South American Republics. This will end the formal ceremonies of opening the Exposition.

On the afternoon and evening of the opening day, all the visiting Governors will be given receptions by Buffalo's officials and leading citizens; and distinguished representatives from the South and Central American Republics will be entertained at dinners.

The Bureau of Publicity is being flooded with questions from anxious exhibitors all over the country, asking whether their exhibits will be in place on the opening day. The officials of the fair have promised that everything will be in place, all the machinery in operation, and every detail in every department complete on the day upon which the Exposition opens.

Every State will have its own headquarters, where natives of any particular section can go and feel at home. Facilities for writing letters will be liberally provided at these headquarters.

The charge for admission on the opening day is twenty-five cents, the regular charge fixed for the entire six months of the Exposition.

A unique bureau is that which provides chaperones at a reasonable price—the fee for a day being about two dollars—to look after young girls who come to the fair unaccompanied. The entire fair grounds will be illumined on the evening of the opening day. Hundreds of thousands of electric lights will turn the place into a blaze of glory. Every building will have its beautiful outlines defined in electrics. The electric tower, especially, will be a mass of brilliant lights. In the Plaza the bands will play, and here the distinguished visitors will be given choice seats in which to enjoy the display of light and the feast of sound. Half of the power necessary for the electric exhibit will be furnished by Niagara's mighty plunge, miles away. The Midway, also, will be opened in the evening, in all the splendor of its many attractions and surprises.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION FROM THE ESPLANADE

ELECTRICITY BUILDING

EASTERN END OF ELECTRICITY BUILDING THE MINES BUILDING

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered June 5

1. In what sense may education be regarded as an obstacle to the spiritual life of an individual or a community?

2. What is the best rule for a business man to follow to prevent the love of gain from absorbing his attention to such an extent that it prevents spiritual growth?

3. Can a normal man or woman, in a civilized and enlightened community, live a Christian life without reading the Bible?

4. When a legislator and his constituents differ in opinion about some proposed enactment, which was not under consideration when he was elected, ought he to vote according to his judgment, or according to the wishes of the people who elected him?

5. Which is the more desirable—the ceaseless change in dress now imposed upon both sexes by fashion, or a fixed national style, graceful and hygienic, and suited to the climate and the people?

Questions of the Week

1. What changes or improvements, in the line of progress and efficiency, are necessary in our present Sunday School methods, in order to produce the best results?

Some preliminary observations must be made by way of precaution: 1. Sunday School work is a growth, and not a full-fledged creation. 2. Hence, changes and improvements must come through evolution instead of revolution, or good results will be diminished. 3. Methods necessary vary with individual, congregational and ecclesiastical environments. Those which succeed in some places and conditions fail in others. Bearing these principles in mind, the future Sunday School will be more systematic, scientific and intellectual, and less dogmatic than at present, without any diminution of spirituality. The International Committee will continue its work, but will ultimately develop a topical and inductive rather than a textual series of lessons. The Bible will be popularly, as it is now scholastically, known as a library of divinely variegated hue and tone, and not as a single, continuous volume. Each book will be studied with reference to the individuality and specific purpose of its author. The substance of the collection will be more generally appreciated, not alone from a religious, but from a literary and educational point of view. Its substantial truths will be magnified, while its apparent imperfections will be eclipsed and minimized by its inexpressible depth and sublimity. All details of attaining the end through Sunday School work must be left to the judgment of its earnest, progressive, yet conservative workers.

L. B. RUSSELL.

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There is a growing conviction that the Sunday School should be on an equality with secular educational institutions, and radical changes in method and personnel are proposed: 1. This scheme contemplates careful grading into kindergarten, primary, intermediate and advanced departments; aims to enlist the entire church; proposes home-study, with promotion for proficiency; and a specially adapted edifice. 2. The superintendents and teachers, selected for fitness, will be fewer in number with larger classes, and use scientific methods of instruction. Specialists will in some cases command salaries. 3. The curriculum will be Bible study, Biblical archæology, such books as George Adam Smith's *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, and cognate subjects, Christian Evidences, and Ecclesiastical History, for advanced classes. For the other departments, International Lessons, with the aid of the best helps, History of the Bible, and original work by teachers.

CHARLES HARRISON.

2. Which is the better for the welfare of a church—a good preacher who is a poor pastor, or a good pastor who is merely an average preacher?

The former. A brilliant preacher will draw outsiders to the church, and in this way be very likely to increase the membership. The work of a good pastor is, as a rule, confined to his own congregation, while a good preacher has work outside of this. People will only go where they hear a good sermon. A poor preacher would not only keep outsiders away from the church, but might, in time, cause his own membership to decrease, and when this happens, a church is truly in a bad state.

L. M. CARKHUFF.

. . .

Each fills an important sphere; but usually the qualities of mind and heart characteristic of the good pastor, enable him to do a larger and more abiding work. It is especially true of the preacher that his success depends on the attitude of his hearer. The great preacher sways, indeed, by his eloquence and moulds by the force of intellect But it is certain that the good pastor, having won the reciprocal affection of his hearer by genuine sympathy and personal interest, is heard through an avenue often closed to the most fervid eloquence. A church thus led is stronger, in all the elements of real strength, than that over which the mere preacher presides.

C. H. H.

3. If a woman is ill, and a competent physician declares that stimulants would be conducive to her recovery, and she refuses on principle to take them, ought her husband or father to insist on her taking them?

Physicians are, as a rule, too careless in ordering alcoholic stimulants to their patients, being more concerned about effecting a cure than about subsequent results. It would be the duty of a father or husband, in the case described, to inform the physician of the patient's conscientious objection to the use of the stimulant, and to ask him if he has not at command a medicine which would produce the same results without the risk involved by the use of ardent spirits. If the physician still asserts that nothing else can be substituted, then the patient should be urged to comply. The example of Paul (1 Timothy, 5: 23), who advised the use of wine as medicine, would justify the father or husband in giving the same advice.

ERNEST W. EDWARDS.

. . .

I honor the person who, impressed with the unutterable woe and misery produced by the greatest curse of Christendom—strong drink,—refuses to partake of intoxicants, even upon the assurance of a reputable medical adviser that doing so would improve her physical condition and increase her chances of recovery. This case, I presume, is one of moral principle on the part of the patient, and not of mere whimsical caprice. The latter deserves no notice whatever, but conscientious scruples deserve every consideration. I firmly believe that fully nine-tenths of the use of ardent spirits in medicine could be safely abandoned, and, looking at it from a moral standpoint, there are grave dangers that should make both doctor and patient think twice before agreeing to its use. After all is said, however, as to the patient's convictions, the care and responsibility for the recovery of the sick is in the hands of others, whose duty it is to be guided by the highest wisdom and governed by best possible intelligence to make the sick well, and as speedily as possible, notwithstanding the objections of the patient. Who shall say that those in charge of the sick are not justified in insisting, and even using physical coercion, in administering any treatment deemed necessary to save life?

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

4. Is the confident and self-satisfied demeanor of young people, beginning their careers at the present day, which has taken the place of the diffidence and modesty formerly inculcated, a change for the better or worse?

A young man should be taught that manliness and independence are distinct from impudence and irreverence. The same idea should be imparted to a girl—that modesty and self-confidence are not inconsistent, and that one's natural instincts of right behavior form the best guide. The world will never come to respect and prize unnatural forwardness, however much it is impressed by true worth and independence. I believe the change is in most cases for the worse.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

If it be true that young people are r confident and self-satisfied when beginni career, than formerly, it is a change fo better. Self-assurance usually springs fr knowledge of personal qualification, and, i present-day beginner be more self-confi than his ancestor, it implies he is better q fied for his chosen calling. It is fair t sume he is, owing to the better educati advantages now provided and accepted. argue otherwise is to contend that our pr educational system, technical and gener at fault. While too much egotism is unc able, its extreme is more easily cured that of diffidence, so that one who poss overmuch self-reliance is more fortunate one who underrates himself. Self-confid is aggressive. Confidence is a virtue w shapes ambition and begets as well as d ops strength. Many young people of natural ability are ordinary mortals to solely because they lack the iron of self-a ance—they fear to give their natural gi trial. An overconfident person may fail he has, at least, made an effort to How much quicker the progress of the if all had confidence in equal measure ability!

JAMES BELL MAJ

5. What would be the effect of an orga movement by the Christian churches to mission workers among the rich who ar different to religion, as we now do amon poor?

It would arouse them from their ind ence, and the result undoubtedly would large ingathering of hearers into the chur The salvation of souls would follow, an consecration of the wealth of many t service of the Master. Of course, ma them might consider the approach an u ranted intrusion; but that is no reason should not be attempted. We are our b ers' keepers, be they rich or poor, and n should have the occasion to say, "no p sing Christian careth for my soul." We known missionaries who have given s attention to the indifferent wealthy, and work has been blessed, and the churches had reason to thank God for accessio rich men and women, who proved to b most humble of Christians.

JAMES JOHNS

. . .

It would be a waste of energy in the compensatory of all religious undertal "They that are whole need not a phys but they that are sick," and where the n greatest, as among the poor and unfortu It is rather more true that the rich te keep the poor out of the churches, tha *vice versa* and men of wealth are sought an sired by all churches, as their riches ar veted; but of all classes of men the ri probably the least susceptible to the influ of a self-denying, cross-bearing Gosp Christianity. The poor have the G preached unto them, and this implies it is who receive it gladly. Let us work wh pays best in spiritual results.

WALTER W. HUBBA

Miscellaneous Questio

Ezra Z. W., Elmira, N. Y. What city or officers in New York State can legally pe the marriage ceremony?

Clergymen, Justices of the Peace, J of all courts, Mayors of all cities, Alde Police Magistrates, Recorders, and Justi District Courts in New York and Broo Notaries Public have no authority to pe the marriage ceremony.

B. F. 1. From a Christian standpoint, wha harm is there in accepting a bracelet voted to the most popular young lady private musical entertainment? 2. Is the harm in having socials, fairs, or entertain in churches and for the benefit of the chur

1. There are, doubtless, some who consider it in rather doubtful taste to a such marks of appreciation. It depen together on the point of view. There is no absolutely wrong in it, either way. 2. entertainments are better held elsewhere in the church building.

J. H. B. On what portion of the "Hall of F are the names of illustrious Americans placed?

The plan of the Hall of Fame is in the of a semicircle, 500 feet long, 15 wide an high, connecting the Hall of Languag New York University with the Hall of losophy. Within the colonnade, 150 p each 2 by 8 feet, are to be placed, to bea names of great Americans as selected b judges.

A Home Missionary Campaign

FOR THE MORE GENERAL INTRODUCTION OF PURE LITERATURE

The time for our Annual Home Missionary Effort is at hand, and we once again appeal to our many loyal friends to put forth an earnest and determined effort to largely increase our subscription list. We sincerely believe that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is being especially and signally blessed of God, and that it is one of the mightiest agencies for good of our times. We know that there are tens of thousands who share with us this belief, and it is to them, more particularly, that we appeal to co-operate with us in extending the sphere of our usefulness.

The following Special Proposition is submitted as a special inducement to special activity on the line indicated above, and this proposition will hold good for orders posted **on or before May 10, 1901**, when it must positively be withdrawn, owing to the great financial sacrifice which it entails. We may say right here that **this offer cannot be renewed** after it is once closed, as our special arrangement with most of the Magazines mentioned below expires with the date mentioned.

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THE GREAT COMMISSION

International S. S. Lesson for May 12. Matthew 28: 16–20

"HERE AM I; SEND ME!"

GOLDEN TEXT: Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Matthew 28: 20

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

IN PALESTINE

IN GREECE

IN POLYNESIA

IN ARABIA

IN INDIA

IN SIBERIA

"CALL off the missionaries in China; the people do not want Christianity." Such is the strange utterance we hear from many lips, at the opening of the twentieth Christian century in this Christian nation, where the very names of the days should make it impossible to forget on any day that we are ourselves missionary converts, whose fathers worshipped the sun on Sunday, and the moon on Monday, following which came Tuiske's day, and Woden's day, and Thor's day, and Freat's day, and Saturn's day. In every Christian home and school the week should be made a missionary rosary by lessons on these ancient idolatries that will make it impossible for any one who knows the story of the days to declare he has "no interest in foreign missions." Why, the chief missionary symbol is the "man of Macedonia," a heathen European who cried to Christians in Asia, "Come over and help us." (Now the situation is reversed, and Asia's need appeals to European Christians for help.) What if Paul had turned back when, in his first European mission at Philippi, his Christian work having interfered with the use of a sorceress for gain, the outcry was made, "They that have turned the world upside down, have come hither also." Those who read the story of Paul's missionary journeys will see on every page that "Europeans did not want Christianity." It is what a people need rather that we must give them if we are truly Christian.

There are other common things besides the week and the map of Europe that may be made into missionary remembrancers.

I know a lady in this land
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese sister who carefully wrought
The dainty, delicate, silken toy,
For her to admire and enjoy?

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed,
The fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it came,
Will she make an offering in his name
To send them the perfect, heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness?

HELEN A. WALKER.

* * *

Into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. The closing words of the lesson tell us Jesus is with us everywhere and every when, but the opening words remind us that he meets his gathered disciples for more abundant revelations at times and places especially appointed for fellowship with him and with each other. Let "meeting" ever mean to us the appointed time and place to meet him. Many will go for a few hours, and some for days and weeks to the mountains or to the seaside resorts on our coasts in the coming summer. Shall it be to meet him who is Lord of nature that he may impart to us "the strength of the hills" for Christian service? Otherwise our holidays, whether few or many, are likely to dissipate rather than re-create our powers. There are no more joyous mountain days than the Christian summer schools at Mount Hermon and Monteagle and kindred outlooks of blended intellectuality and spirituality. Wesley did not believe in giving up all the good times to the Devil, nor will we turn over to him all the good times. Ours, because shared with him, shall be the "good times that don't go off with the having," "true pleasures that are pleasant to remember."

The meeting of our story was a missionary convention, the first of a series of which the Ecumenical, a year ago in New York, was the latest. What a long triumphal march lies between the two! In contrast to the Bible story in five verses of the convention of the eleven and Christ, all of them from one country, read the two great volumes that report the sequel at the close of the nineteenth century. A glimpse of progress flashes out of the fact that men now gather to hear the Bible in four hundred languages and dialects.

* * *

All power is given unto me. The water-mark of the Gospel is "all." It has proved itself to contain all truth and to be all-powerful to transform all creatures in all ages and countries. The ancient Greek mysteries and the Brahmins' privileges were only for the favored few, not for the common people. Even Jewish doctors said the common people could not understand the law and were therefore "accursed." The Gospel is for "every creature." It is both plain and powerful, and so adapted to transform any and all. All religions are much alike in the recognition of human sinfulness. Because of this and many resemblances of words the Buddhists of Japan have recently said, in an address to the world, that the fundamental principles of the different religions "are in all cases essentially analogous." But in power imparted for deliverance from sin Christianity differs radically from all other religions. They leave man as helpless as the botanist who awoke one morning in his tent to find, to his horror, a great rattlesnake coiled on his bosom ready to strike if he should make the least movement. He realized his awful danger and yet was so fascinated, by the eyes of the snake and by his peril that he made no effort to escape. Instead he swooned in a faint. His companion soon discovered the serpent and destroyed it. The sinner in heathen lands beholds the sin in his breast like a deadly serpent, but is helpless and hopeless before its accusing gaze. Christianity sees the peril and provides deliverance through him who said, "All power is given unto me," and who also said, "To as many as received him, gave he power to become sons of God." "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength." "Not by the imitation of Christ, but by the impartation of Christ we are saved."

Individuals and nations alike the Gospel has power to change. In *Pearson's Magazine* for January there is a wonderful record of "some work with grasses, which bind the sands and preserve the shore lines." Vast stretches of seashore have been not only worthless, but a source of peril because of their "shifting sands." Holland, after long experiments, has found tough grasses to bind its sands and preserve its dikes. And France has even been able to transform such wastes into fertile fields and forest lands. The New England States protect shore grasses by law, and the United States Department of Agriculture is making a study of "seaside oats" and other grasses that may be used for the protection and development of shore lands. All of which is but a suggestion of the lands transformed from heathen wastes of idolatry and war and slavery and polygamy into Christian nations, such as Hawaii, Fiji and Madagascar. When the Rev. James Calvert was asked to give in one sentence a proof of the success of missions, he said: "When I arrived at the Fiji group, my first duty was to bury the hands, arms, feet and heads of eighty victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see those very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman feast gathered about the Lord's table."

Rev. C. B. Antisdel, missionary of Mukimvika, Congo Free State, Africa, has sent the following story of a similar transformation wrought in his field: At Palabala, even as recently as five years ago, the natives were given to all manner of heathen practices — polygamy, slavery, witchcraft, immorality and cruelty beyond description. They cut off the ears and nose of a man, then further mutilated him in an unmentionable manner, and finally told the victim if he would roast and eat certain parts of his body his life would be spared. The poor fellow seized the last chance for his life only to be brutally killed after complying, a savage crowd hooting and jeering during the whole hideous spectacle. If a person died, some witch was the cause, and whomsoever the witch doctor accused was compelled to drink a poison—"nkasa." If her stomach rejected it she was acquitted; but if the poison killed her it was deemed conclusive proof that she was the witch. Now all is changed. Mr. Harvey has baptized one hundred and fifty converts, and their lives bear witness to the genuineness of their conversion. Fifty to a hundred assemble daily at the chapel for worship. Nor does their Christianity end with song and prayer; they have become honest. Cruelty has given place to kindliness, vengeance to forgiveness, hatred and malice to love and forbearance. Benevolence has driven out greed.

As miasmatic marshes have been prepared by drainage to be the sites of healthful cities, so "Christian villages" all over the heathen world have taken the place of savage camps of degradation and cruelty.

* * *

Go ye and teach all nations. This does not mean foreign missions only. It is really harder to go to all nationalities in our kitchens and workshops and streets, and make them disciples than to say, "Here's my check; send somebody else to do this work at home and abroad." O! for such a vision as Isaiah had of the Lord of Glory who gives this command "sitting on a throne high and lifted up"—the throne of the world—that we might listen with awe when he cries, in lack of messengers, "Whom shall I send?" and might not dare to answer with excuses, but rather say, "Here am I, send me." Every true Christian must "go and disciple," and must go where Christ wants him to go, whether near or far.

The great commission was expounded by Erskine nearly a hundred years ago when the churches were so blind to its meaning that there were neither missionary societies nor missionary collections; but this commission comes only once in seven years into the international lessons, and as often as that the Erskine story needs to be told for newcomers who have never heard it, as a great historic classic whose moral is yet needed by many who depreciate missions.

Near the opening of the nineteenth century the first famous debate on missions took place in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. An "overture" came from two presbyteries, imploring the assembly to send the Gospel to the heathen. That proposal was denounced as visionary, fanatical, revolutionary, presumptuous, dangerous, democratic and absurd. Revolutionary and democratic; why these terms? It was just the period of the Reign of Terror in France, and the enemies of missions saw in the proposal something like the revolution which was then brooding over France. The Rev. Dr. Carlyle, of Inverness, rose up and said: "I have sat for fifty years in this assembly; and a more absurd proposal than sending the Gospel to the heathen has never in that period fallen upon my ears." On the table before the moderator lay a Bible, unopened; and, in all the speeches that were made, not one appeal had been made to the Bible. The venerable Dr. John Erskine, a man whose sympathies for the abolition of slavery and revival of true religion throughout the world were fifty years ahead of his time, could remain silent no longer. He rose, with kindling eye and heart of fire, and uttered these memorable words, "Moderator, ratch me the Bible, will ye?" And then, laying hold of the Bible with his trembling hands (for he was upwards of seventy-five years of age), but with strong faith in his heart, he turned to our Saviour's great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" then to the promises regarding the inbringing of all nations and the universal spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. The words fell like a thunder-clap on the assembly. The effect was thrilling. The words mark an important era in the history of missions; for the great commission did not much longer lie unheeded.

The great foreign missionary problem at this hour is rolling away the stone that prevents the resurrection of the heathen world, that is, the liquor and opium, which are the chief hindrance to missions. We are now called to "go" to the rulers of Christian lands and do missionary work with them in securing further laws and treaties that will prevent the undoing of the work of the missions by the greedy traffickers who sow the vices of civilization before and after the missionary. In this world lesson, we rejoice to report that the crusade for the protection of native races against intoxicants and opium has recently marched several victorious stages. The great nations of the world have twice made treaties for the protection of Africa. Great Britain is adopting the new policy of prohibition wherever these evils are not developed in her dependencies in the name of conscience and commerce alike. The President and Senate of the United States have declared for universal protection of uncivilized races. Petitions addressed "To All Civilized Nations," asking such protection, should be voted in all Christian churches and societies all over the world, and forwarded promptly to the Reform Bureau, 210 Delaware Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.

IN LAPLAND

IN MOROCCO

IN JAPAN

IN TUNIS

IN BAGHDAD

IN CHINA

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available in the locality. Registered letters are at our risk.

Foreign Postage. For countries outside the U. S., Canada, the Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our India Famine Fund

ON another page of this issue will be found the audited statement of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD India Famine Relief Fund. It is the exposition of a work of benevolence which stands absolutely without a parallel—a work which has proved pre-eminently precious both to Christian America and heathen India. From the dark visitation of famine and death, far beyond all mere human efforts at mitigation, God has brought a rich blessing to India and its people.

Our readers are already familiar with the story of the inception of the Famine Fund, how, late in the Fall of 1899, yielding to the entreaty of kind-hearted Bishop Thoburn, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reopened its columns on behalf of stricken India, although it had but lately closed its compaign of benevolence for the famine sufferers of 1897. The response to its appeal was immediate and spontaneous. From all quarters of the Union, and even from other lands, letters poured in, vibrating with sympathy for the afflicted ones. Gifts, sanctified with prayers, came in a shower. With an efficient organization already in the field, the actual work of relief was promptly begun. The rest is history—for the relief stations were opened, the starving multitudes fed and sheltered, the naked clad, the sick tended and succored, and the dying consoled. It is proved by statistics that, as a result of this great Christ-like work of mercy, hundreds of thousands of perishing men, women and children were snatched from the brink of the grave.

As to the material resources employed in this greatest of benevolent campaigns, the official statement is most instructive. The net grand total of the Relief Fund, from all sources, was **$641,071.97.** This sum represented **258,508** separate remittances, and these in turn represented a much larger number of individuals, as sometimes twenty or even thirty contributors were included in one letter. Receipts were sent to all contributors, involving a vast correspondence, and the necessary stationery and postage, each acknowledgment costing a little over two cents. Many of the letters called for the most careful consideration. On the whole, it is probable that no such immense volume of correspondence was ever before conducted so economically. The average single contribution—exclusive of the $40,000 granted by the United States Government for the charter of the S. S. *Quito*—was about **$2.35.** Our own CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are to be congratulated on the fact that they contributed fully **one-half** of the entire Fund, even including the Government's gift.

Another matter exceedingly gratifying to every one who helped the Fund, is that the value of the *Quito's* cargo of American corn, on reaching India, was at least double its value here; therefore, the corn transaction, in its purely commercial aspect, was a fortunate one, since India reaped the benefit by receiving in value nearly $100,000 more than can be indicated in the official report.

There are many other points in the Famine Relief Statement in which our readers will find a special interest. One remarkable feature is that an investment of $8,320 for advertising resulted in inducing contributions to the Fund to the extent of **$96,991,** or **eleven times** the original outlay. Similarly, an expenditure of $32,700 for circularizing netted the enormous return of **$185,462.55** or $152,762.25, of actual profit—equal to nearly six times the amount of the original outlay. Even the little mite boxes, sent out at an expense of $207.27, brought in $6,039.73 or thirty times what they cost. These astonishing results, from the application of new and practical methods in benevolent work, added very largely to the resources of the Fund, and contributed greatly to the splendid success of the relief work as a whole. Of the $32,700 expended for circularizing, fully one-half was for postage alone. It is quite evident that, without the adoption of these plans for reaching the widest public, no equivalent benefit to the Fund could have been secured, and the work would have suffered proportionately in scope and efficiency.

There can be but one sentiment common to all who have shared in this far-reaching campaign of benevolence. With the Missionaries in the field, and the great army of God's people at home who have given of their substance to save dying India, and with all others who have assisted in this gracious work, the Proprietor and editors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its great family of readers (who are ever at the forefront in deeds of self-sacrifice), unite most heartily in grateful acknowledgment to the Divine Father for the blessing which has been bestowed upon their joint efforts. They are thankful to have been the chosen instruments not only of saving a multitude of lives in India, but of giving to the people of that unhappy and afflicted land such a glorious illustration of practical Christianity as will not be forgotten in many generations.

• • •

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day—Isaiah 58: 10.

• • •

China's New Calamity

SHANGHAI, April 20.—The famine in Shansi Province is dreadful. Wheat is selling for $10 gold per 150 pounds.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 22.

Famine exists in China in most dreadful form. The centres of suffering are Shensi and Shansi, and starvation spreads over a large territory adjacent to them in the region southwest of Peking and bordering on Mongolia. Months ago the probability of famine was rumored, and weeks later details of the actual starvation of the inhabitants were reported to the allied military authorities at Peking; but in the disturbed condition of China, and amid the international diplomatic complications, little of this news reached the outside world. Official confirmation of the suffering in Shansi and Shensi was given by the Chinese Minister, Wu Ting Fang, to-day, when the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage called on him to make inquiries on behalf of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

"There is a dreadful famine," Minister Wu told Dr. Talmage, "and it spreads all over a great area. A vast multitude are suffering for food—so many thousands that we cannot number them. The population is very dense."

"Are immediate measures of relief practicable?" Dr. Talmage inquired.

"Yes," the minister replied, "there is much food stuff in nearby districts which could be purchased and sent to the famine district, if the means were available. These regions are accessible through Shanghai and other ports. Rice is the principal food of the inhabitants, and probably it could be secured in large quantities for distribution. Flour and other provisions also could be bought and distributed."

Minister Wu gave Dr. Talmage further information regarding the famine of which the civilized world knows so little. It appears that some slight measures of relief were taken sometime ago by Chinese officials in various countries, who know of the suffering of their people; but naturally these measures were circumscribed and inadequate. If anything is to be done to meet the real necessities, it will have to be on a scale commensurate with the famine, something such as has been done in India. C. M. PEPPER.

These despatches give to the world a glimpse of the new horror that has fallen upon prostrate China. The great contiguous provinces of Shansi, with its 14,004,210 and Shensi with over 10,000,000, are apparently the centres of suffering. Letters from missionaries for months past have contained ominous forebodings of the famine, which has now doubtless seized in its grasp in these and adjoining provinces a population equal to from one-third to one-half of that of the United States.

During all of the recent troubles in China, our own nation has occupied a peculiar attitude toward that unhappy people. We alone have stood squarely upon the principle of international helpfulness, insisting that China should be succored and not despoiled. We wanted no territory. We entered upon no campaign of conquest. We believed that the true way to impress upon China the advantages of a new and enlightened civilization was to heal her wounds, restore her self-respect, and set her securely in her own seat of judgment, from which she could administer her own affairs. No nation, save ours, credited China's professions of a sincere purpose to put down the rebellion and to punish the offenders. The result has shown her absolute sincerity. China trusts the United States because we first trusted China. She regards us as her truest, if not her only friend, among the nations. It is not surprising then, that in the presence of the awful visitation of famine, China should turn to America for aid. Our benevolence in India and elsewhere has been an object lesson to the Asiatic races.

There is another reason why China's appeal should not be allowed to pass unheeded, should further investigation show that she needs our help. At this time, when our devoted missionaries are being so unjustly maligned and misrepresented, it is well for Christian people to stand by them and give them the most cordial support and encouragement in their self-sacrificing labors. Deeds, not words, are the best answers to maligners. Our missionaries in India, as every one knows, rendered, in the late famine, noble humanitarian service, which won them the applause of the whole world. Our missionaries in China, should the situation call for similar action, would doubtless demonstrate equally to friends and foes alike that they, too, are the self-denying followers of Him who "went about doing good."

China needs our prayers. If she should need our help also, she should have it—and quickly.

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• • •

A Strange Law

IN the Arkansas State Senate, a bill has been passed making it unlawful for any person to drink intoxicating liquors as a beverage, unless such person shall first have obtained a license as a dram-drinker. For a license to drink intoxicants, a fee of five dollars a year is charged by the State.

Such a law is certainly a novelty, and its operation—assuming that it will pass in both legislative branches, and escape the gubernatorial veto—will be watched with unusual interest. It seems incomprehensible that any sane and reasonable man, knowing anything of the inglorious history of the whiskey traffic, and its frightful record of moral and physical destruction, could be proud of the possession of such a badge of ignony. Most men would be ashamed to own the holding a license to use poison or to carry a pistol; yet the undrinker's license would be a worse menace to society than either. Possibly it is the object of the Arkansas legislators to make tippling and guzzling odious by compelling the drinkers to be the publishers of their own shame. Will they be "tagged," like the dogs that wear their license number on their collars; or will the permit take the form of a button to be worn on the lapel, where all the sober, cynical world may see? Of course, the holder of such a distinction will be a privileged person up to a certain point, but where will the privilege end?

It is not to be supposed that the purpose is to grant immunity from arrest and punishment to drunkards and disturbers of the peace; yet if there is no such immunity wherein lies the licensee's advantage? And how can the State of Arkansas logically square its attitude with justice, if it grants men permission to buy and consume alcoholic drink and then punishes them for becoming intoxicated? Is it wise or humane to bind the poor slave with the badge of his own shame, and even to make his degradation a source of revenue to the State? There are those who will see in such a measure a bad precedent—a beginning of a system of licensing social vice which, once fairly started, would condone almost any sin against society, provided the offender wore a tag and paid a license fee to the State.

• • •

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him—Isa. 40; 10.

• • •

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OWING to the unusual demands upon our space in the present issue, we have been compelled to omit the usual weekly instalment of our Serial Story: "By Love's Sweet Rule." It will appear next week.

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The publication of this great work is a response to the universal silent prayer of young men for some means of educating themselves. Such an opportunity has never before been offered, and the eagerness with which it is being seized shows both the great need and the great appreciation.

A Home Business College

Without commerce, agriculture and manufacturing would be like a body without arms and legs. Commerce is the connecting-link between nations and between men. It is the instinct of barter and sale that has built the roads, railways and ships which make communication possible between all parts of the world. The man who enters trade must not be content to study price-lists, but must widen his grasp of affairs by a comprehensive study of all the machinery of business. He cannot gain a personal experience of it all—life would be too short for that—but he can study its principles in books; and nowhere but in the World-Wide Encyclopedia will he find them all brought together, convenient to his hand.

In any branch of business the man who, by persistent self-culture, has gained a general knowledge, perseverance, resolution, and an accurate realization of his own powers and his own limitations, will be able to far outstrip his competitor who has neglected self-culture. Let the merchant or the young man just starting in a business career study the World-Wide Encyclopedia's article on "Commerce," and follow it up by a study on the other subjects in the following list:

General Commercial Studies

Acceptance,
Account,
Address, Forms of,
Adjustment,
Advertising,
Arithmetic,
Assets,
Average,
Banking,
Bankruptcy,
Banks,
Bills,
Bookkeeping,
Broker,
Building and Loan Associations,
Bullion,
Business Colleges,
Calendar,
Carriers,
Chambers of Commerce,
Check,
Clearing-house,
Coinage,
Coinage Laws,
Coins of the U. S.,
Commerce,
Company,
Contract,
Cooperation,
Copyright,
Corporation,
Credit,
Debt,
Decimal Coinage,
Dollar,
Exchange,
Exchequer,
Excise,
Fairs,
Federal Government,
Finance,
Free Trade,
Gold,
Government,
Insurance,
Interest,
International Law,
Interstate Commerce Laws,
Labor,
Labor Laws,
Law,
Mensuration,
Mercantile Agency,
Mining,
Mint,
Money,
Monopoly,
Mortgages,
Numismatics,
Panics,
Partnership,
Patents,
Political Economy,
Post Office,
Protection,
Railways,
Real Estate,
Safe Deposit Companies,
Sales,
Salvage,
Savings Banks,
Shipping,
Silver,
Single Tax,
Stock Exchange,
Tariff,
Taxation,
Telegraph,
Telephone,
Textiles,
Tonnage,
Trade,
Trade, Balance of,
Trade, Boards of,
Trades Unions,
Trusts,
Value,
Wages,
Warehousing,
Wealth,
Weights and Measures.

Healthful Recreations

THERE are scores of healthy amusements which, when indulged in to a rational extent, are of actual benefit to the worker by relaxing his mind and strengthening his body. When one's occupation is sedentary, as that of a student, a professional man, or many artisans, active exercise is needed daily to keep the body in trim for its work. The World-Wide Encyclopedia is as complete in this direction as in all others, and gives descriptions of many sports which can be indulged in to advantage by the student. Following is a partial list:

Games, Sports and Pastimes

Angling,
Archery,
Athletics,
Athletic Training,
Backgammon,
Baseball,
Bicycling,
Bowls,
Calisthenics,
Canoe,
Chess,
Cricket,
Croquet,
Draughts,
Football,
Games,
Golf,
Gymnastics,
Legerdemain,
Lacrosse,
Magic, White,
Quoits,
Rowing,
Shooting,
Skating,
Swimming,
Tennis,
Wrestling,
Yachting.

Self-made Men

Some of the most successful leaders in every profession and every industry have been what are called "self-made men," because they had no advantages of early training and no one to give them a start in life. Henry Wilson, who became vice-president of the United States, was a poor boy whose parents apprenticed him to a farmer when he was ten years old. And yet, in spite of the hard work of the farm, Henry Wilson found time before he was twenty-one to read a thousand books and lay the foundation of the ripe learning that gave him power and prominence in public affairs.

The young man who decides to purchase the World-Wide Encyclopedia need not fear that after years of study he must shun comparison with the graduates of schools and universities, with those whose means and leisure may have enabled them to employ expensive tutors. He who possesses a copy of that great work, and utilizes it for careful and intelligent study, need fear no comparison with the product of expensive university training. He will have levied tribute on the brightest minds of the age and of all ages. The concentrated **learning of the centuries** will be placed at his disposal—the ripest thoughts of all philosophers, the tenets of all theologies, the principles of every science, the rules of every profession, and the practical details of every industry. The world will be his curriculum, and its brightest and best thinkers will be his instructors. The rise and fall of nations, the triumphs of statecraft and diplomacy, the influence on action and thought of great discoveries in science, will all be laid bare to his delighted view. The growth of the arts, the latest improvements in handicrafts, the principles of law, of medicine, of commerce, and of agriculture will be unfolded in their due and proper order before him. The wealth of the world will be his, from which to pluck the jewels he admires the most to set in his own crown of knowledge.

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This Home University

is open, and all are welcome. There is no bar of age, sex or condition. Man is never too young nor too old to learn. Dr. Priestly was 40 years old when his attention was directed to the peculiar action of gases escaping from a beer vat, and he began the studies which resulted in his important discoveries in chemistry. Socrates learned to play musical instruments in his old age, and Cato was eighty when he studied the Greek language. Izaak Walton was ninety when he wrote his immortal work, The Complete Angler, and thousands of other men have done their best work late in life. Genius sometimes blossoms late in life, and no man should let his years discourage him from learning.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

Longfellow's familiar stanza may well recur to the student who peruses the life histories of renowned persons contained in the World-Wide Encyclopedia or any considerable number of them. Very few of them had any exceptional advantages to start with. What marked them as men set apart from their fellows, the millions who have gone to their graves leaving no monuments of great achievements behind them, was chiefly their fixedness of purpose and the untiring energy with which they carried it out; in other words, their willingness and capacity for work. "Genius is infinite capacity for taking pains," according to one definition; and if the reader can learn from these biographies the lesson of perseverance and also of patience, he will be well on the high road to success. He, too, may leave behind him footprints in the sands of time.

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Readers of the gentler sex need not be told that some of the most noted names in history have been those of women, who, as artists, authors or rulers, have by force of genius attracted and held the world's attention. In the World-Wide Encyclopedia will be found the biographies of a galaxy of noted women who have won renown by their intellect, or reverence and love by softer, diviner qualities.

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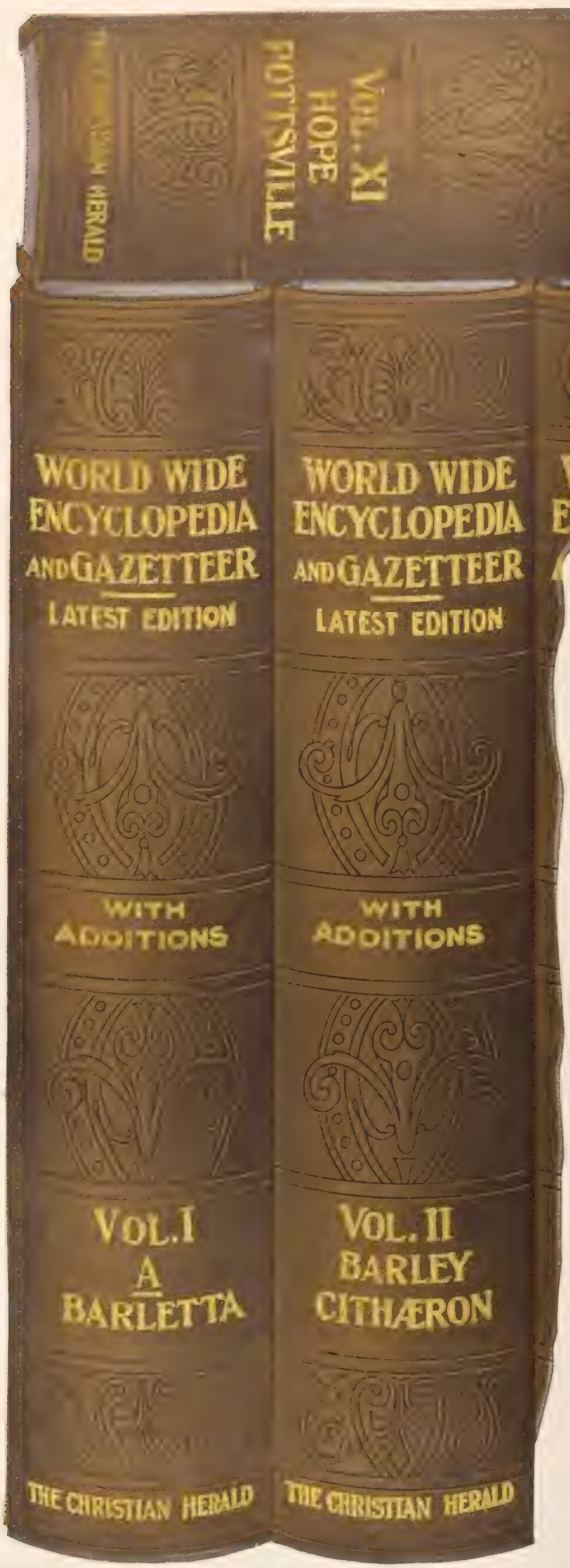

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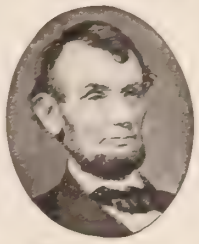

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln at twenty-two simply knew how to read, wr an **Andrew Johnson,** President of the United States, NEVER T SCHOOL. His wife was his only teacher. She taught him l **Hiram Sibley,** formerly President of the Western Union Tele ap his **father's farm at fifteen** to learn a trade. After having give wa of dollars during his life time he died worth many millions more a **Peter Cooper,** whose name will ever be cherished in the heart of young men and young women who graduated, free of expense, m school of Cooper Institute, **himself never had more than one yea** sch Now if these men, under such unfavorable circumstances, cce achieving fame and fortune by dint of industrious application to study and work, by of the tens of thousands of young people, who have in them the making of great n women, despair of their ambition with such an opportunity as this, placing within th ea everything necessary for a liberal education?

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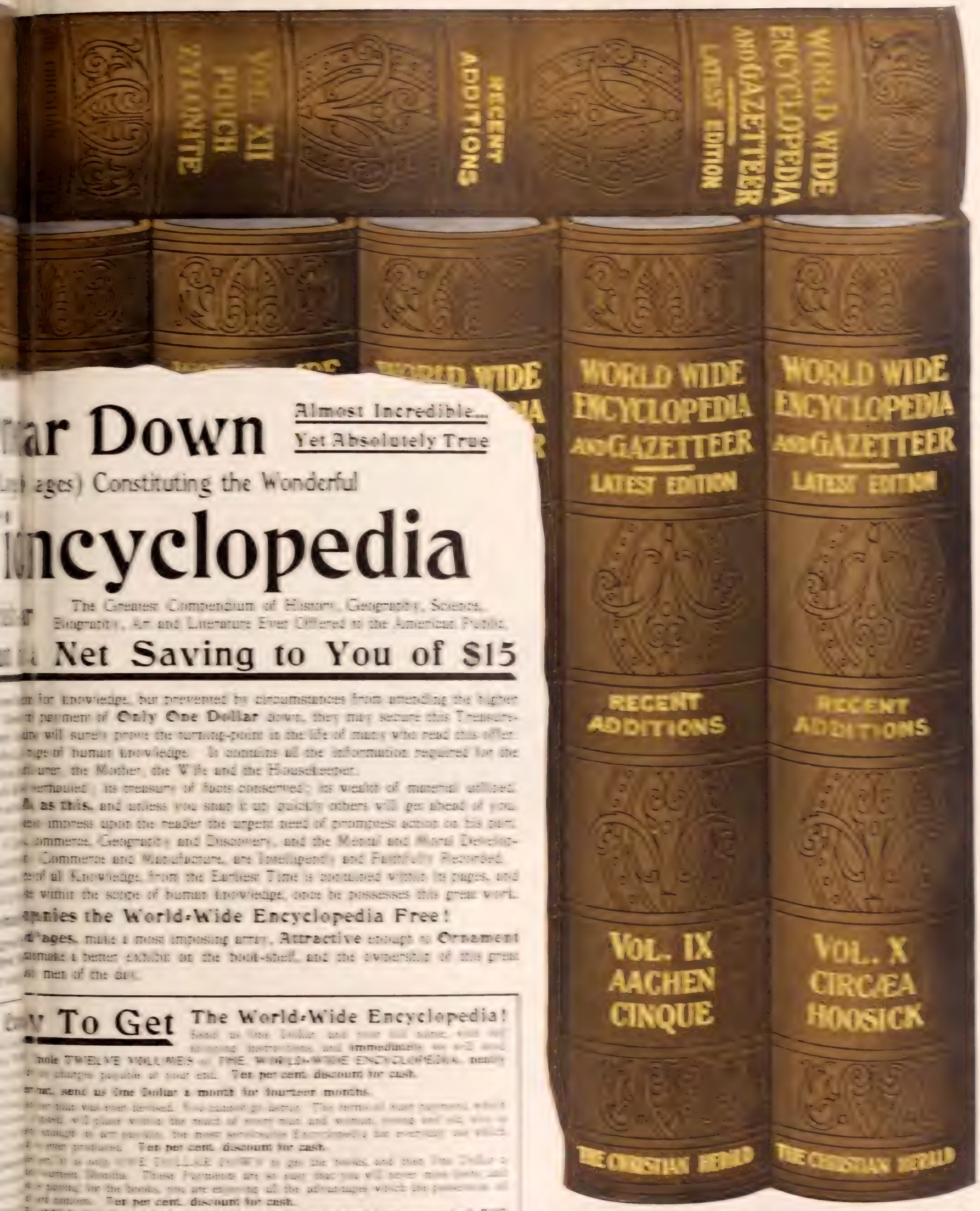

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Sound Advice to Artisans

FARMING is the keystone of civilization and manufacturing is the corner-stone. Without the artisan there would be no comforts in life, no luxuries, and not even what we have grown to look upon as necessities. Mankind would still be wearing skins of animals and sleeping in caves. The artisan, the man who works with his hands to fashion or help fashion the endless products of the inventive skill of the ages, occupies a position of importance and dignity. He is a producer in the literal sense of the word. He can take to his heart the words of Daniel Webster: "Labor is one of the great elements of society, the great substantial interest on which we all stand."

A good artisan, a skilled mechanic, has something to be proud of; and the more skill he has, the greater success he will achieve, the greater advancement. What the artisan should carefully avoid is the danger of plodding in a single groove, of becoming a mere machine. Study of the principles on which his work is based and of the tools and forces with which he is operating and the materials he is using will enable the mechanic to become more than a mere machine. Intelligent study and self-culture, joined to the practical knowledge which comes from his actual labor, will increase his earning capacity as well as his satisfaction in his work. Such study will enable him to develop into the foreman, the inventor, the contractor, the employer, the manufacturer. He may emulate or surpass the Whitneys, the Stephensons, the Franklins, Wattses, McCormicks, Edisons, Bessemers, and their like, who were not satisfied with the repetition of a daily task, but were constantly striving to improve old machines or invent new methods.

The artisan will also find that a study of the lives of inventors and mechanicians will stimulate his ambition, and that his knowledge cannot be too wide or too minute to aid his ambition. Self-culture will be to him a stepping-stone to success.

In aiding the artisan, ambitious of self-culture, there is nothing to approach the World-Wide Encyclopedia which will furnish him with information on every conceivable subject connected with his trade. The dyer, cooper, foundryman, printer, miner, carpenter, mason, can all find plentiful stores of knowledge in its magic pages. We have room here only for the lists of studies that have been arranged for workers in wood and workers in metals.

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Arch,
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Atmosphere,
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Bricks,
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Building,
Canoe,
Carpentry,
Carriage,
Carving,
Cooperage,
Cork,
Dockyard,
Drawing,
Dyeing,
Enamel,
Encaustic Tiles,
Fire,
Forests,
Fuel,
Furniture,
Glass,
Hammer,
Hand Tools,
Heat,
India-rubber,
Ivory,
Lamp,
Lathe,
Lifts (Elevators),
Lighting,
Machine Tools,
Mahogany,
Measurement,
Mensuration,
Nail,
Oak,
Partition,
Patents,
Pine,
Railways,
Roof,
Saws,
Screw,
Shipbuilding,
Teak,
Tile,
Veneering,
Wood-carving,
Yacht-building.

For Workers in Metals

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Agate,
Air Compressors,
Alloys,
Aluminum,
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Arithmetic,
Arms and Armor,
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Barometer,
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Bronze,
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Can Manufacture,
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Gravitation,
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Leather,
Locks.
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Mensuration,
Metallurgy,
Metal Work,
Mineralogy,
Mines,
Nails,
Perpetual Motion,
Pipe-making,
Pipe Tools,
Plate,
Plated Ware,
Platinum,
Pneumatics,
Pontoons,
Potassium,
Presses,
Printing-press,
Projection,
Pump,
Safes,
Sawing Machines,
Screws,
Sewing Machines,
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Many of the hundreds of biographies contained in the World-Wide Encyclopedia are character studies of the strongest kind which no young man can read without being deeply impressed by their lessons. A good character is as valuable a possession as great learning.

Valuable Suggestions

The World-Wide Encyclopedia is an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the earnest student, into which he may delve at will for the bright nuggets of the gold of wisdom. It is an endless orchard in which he may wander, plucking from every variety of the tree of knowledge the ripe fruit nourished by the work and thought of all the sages of the world.

A continued course of reading in the World-Wide Encyclopedia will strengthen the student, be he young or old, for the battle of life which is yearly growing more difficult because of the increase of competition in every field of endeavor. He will realize to the full the truth of the saying that "Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged."

The great advantage of the World-Wide Encyclopedia is the prodigality and thoroughness of its resources. The student of law or medicine, the embryo architect, artist, botanist, farmer, mechanic or merchant, can not only find here the principles that will fit him for the prosecution of his chosen line of endeavor, but can acquire the broad culture given by general knowledge that will sharpen his faculties and increase his strength in his special field.

Are you discouraged because you have not yet achieved success? Take courage and read in the World-Wide Encyclopedia the life of Robert Bruce, who, after years of failure to free Scotland from English rule, being hunted for his life, lay in hiding in a cave, where he saw a spider trying to clamber up the bare wall. Six times the spider renewed the task, each time falling back to the ground, but the seventh time it succeeded. Bruce, who had in despair determined to flee from his country, took the lesson to heart, made one more effort, and won.

Formed on the best examples, ripened on the best learning, the possessor of the World-Wide Encyclopedia will have a magnificent outfit for his life-work. Facility will come with labor, and the principles he has learned will become more thoroughly his own when he is putting them in practice. Let him not forget, either, that the Encyclopedia never graduates its students. Its curriculum is as long as life itself, for there is always more to learn; and the home will always remain the ideal place for learning.

Self-culture is not a meaningless phrase, but a living, breathing reality. It enlarges the ideals, elevates the thoughts and ennobles the labor of its possessor, no matter how commonplace or humble that labor may be. It gives a zest to life, a joy to the daily round of labor, which nothing can give so well as the constant intercourse with the great minds of the past and the great thoughts and intellectual movements of the present. Be he poor in all else, the possessor of self-culture can count himself rich in the best of all riches.

The **Key** to the **Study** of t World-Wide Encyclopedia which accompanies every set **Free,** will he you to pursue any particular course reading.

A Word to Farmers

All wealth comes originally from t soil. The farmer bears the weight of t world upon his shoulders. He is t keystone of civilization. To be succe ful he must be something of a natural and something of a chemist; he m know what soils are suited to the prod tion of different crops, and what fer izers are best adapted to aid in the cu vation of each crop. When the farmer intelligent and knows how to produce t best results without exhaustive lab farm life is the healthiest and most vigorating in the world. The time h passed when farming can be successfu conducted without keen intelligence a a thorough scientific knowledge, and t World-Wide Encyclopedia is rich in formation which will enable a man become a scientific farmer. Brains a ability are fully as necessary in farmi as in any other pursuit.

The following list of subjects are considered exhaustively in the Wor Wide Encyclopedia and should be d gently studied:

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Agricultural Colleges,
Agricultural Experiment Stations,
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Animals,
Ants,
Arboriculture,
Atmosphere,
Banking,
Barometer,
Bean,
Bee,
Beet-sugar,
Birds,
Botany,
Bread,
Breeds,
Building,
Butter,
Canning,
Cattle,
Cheese,
Clover,
Coal,
Commerce,
Cuckoo,
Dairy,
Distillation,
Dog,
Education,
Emigration,
Ensilage
Farmers' Institutes,
Fish Culture,
Flax,
Floriculture,
Forests,
Free Trade,
Fruit,
Fungicides,
Gooseberry,
Grasses,
Granges,
Guano,
Harvesting Machinery,
Heating,
Honey,
Hops,
Horse,
Hunting,
Hybridism,
Inheritance,
Insects,
Insurance,
Irrigation,
Jute,
Labor Laws,
Land,
Land Laws,
Landlord,
Landscape Gardenin
Law,
Lease,
Maize,
Manure,
Mensuration,
Murrain,
Oats,
Oils,
Parasites,
Pleuro-pneumonia,
Potatoes,
Poultry,
Pumpkin,
Preserved Food,
Rent,
Salts,
Seed Farms,
Sequoia,
Sewage,
Sheep,
Silo,
Sugar,
Swan,
Swine,
Threshing Machine
Tobacco,
Transplanting,
Veterinary Science,
Vegetable Kingdom,
Vine,
Wages,
Walnut,
Warping,
Wheat,
Wool,
Zoology.

From the hour when a boy can read s mother-tongue he has it absolutely in s power, without classes, teachers or sch buildings, to master all the learning the world.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Decay in a Famous Edifice

SOME surprise was caused last week by the news that the most famous religious edifice in London —Westminster Abbey—has fallen into decay, so seriously that one of the pillars has fallen, and another one has been prevented falling only by shoring it up. The Abbey is in the shape of a cross, 511 feet long. The centre shaft, called the nave, is 79 feet wide, and across the arms is 203 feet. The part in which the pillar has fallen is a chapel on the northeast of the chancel, which contains the monuments, and, in most instances, the tombs of many famous men. One of them is that of Lord Norris, a distinguished soldier who flourished about two hundred and fifty years ago. His monument was near the pillar that has fallen, and it was shattered to pieces. The monuments to Sir John Franklin and Sir Humphry Davy are near, but they were untouched. The Abbey is composed of buildings of various dates, the oldest, probably being the one known as the Pyx House, which was built 836 years ago. The chief parts of the Abbey were built in the reign of Henry III., 680 years ago. The remainder of the interior was finished in the reign of Henry VII., and is over four hundred years old. It has been the burial place of the English kings for over three hundred years. It has also been the edifice in which they were crowned, and preparations are now being made in it for the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra. The coronation chairs always stand there, the seat of the King's chair containing the famous stone brought from Scone by King Edward I., which tradition, without any valid reason, says is the stone which Jacob used as a pillow (Gen. 28: 18). The most eminent of English statesmen and warriors are buried within the building, and in Poet's Corner lie the remains of the most illustrious of the English authors of the past four centuries. The fall of the pillar last week is an unpleasant reminder of the consequences of neglecting the repair of an ancient edifice which is the pride of the nation. It will doubtless lead to a thorough examination, and an extensive work of renovation. It is well for us that in that great temple composed of living stones, which Christ is building, no such catastrophe can ever take place, for his promise is sure:

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out (Rev. 3: 12).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT ACCIDENT

A Dangerous Toy

Some stupid person in New York, who deserves severe punishment, recently gave a large, unexploded cartridge, from the military tournament, to some boys. They took it into the back yard of the house in which one of them lived, to experiment with it. After playing with it for some time, the idea of smashing it was hatched. One of them held it upright between his feet while another pounded it with a big stone. There was no effect for a few minutes, so they tried the other end of the cartridge. Afterwards, the first blow told. There was an explosion which prostrated the children and shook the house. Several persons ran to the scene, and seeing the condition of the children, called an ambulance, in which they were sent to the hospital. They were all hurt more or less seriously, but it is hoped that all will recover. The imprudence of giving children so dangerous a thing to play with is generally recognized, even by people who, by example and influence, impart moral evil to children which may produce disaster much more deplorable.

Whoso shall cause one of these little ones to stumble it were better for him that a great millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea (Mark 9: 42).

Manicuring an Elephant

A difficult and dangerous operation was performed last week in the elephant house in Central Park, New York. The keeper of the two large elephants, Julie and Tom, has noticed for some weeks past that his charges have been lame. Examining their feet, he found that their nails were five inches long, and there were thick horny growths on their feet, which were clearly painful. He decided that an operation must be performed. He had a rasp made, and with this worked on the nails till they were of normal length. Then, with a sharp knife, he cut about two inches of skin away. Great care was necessary, for the elephants were restless and nervous, and could not understand what was being done to them. In their wild life, they wear down their nails, but in captivity they do not have sufficient exercise for the purpose. The keeper said that if he had accidentally cut too deep the elephants would have killed him. After the operation, warm water and oil were applied, and the elephants then were evidently relieved and walked easily. It would be interesting to learn if animals so intelligent, connect their increased ease with the operation that was so disagreeable to them. Perhaps not, for even human beings, though they may be Christians, are often restive under trials that are designed for their welfare.

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby (Heb. 12: 11).

An Unexpected Fortune

A press dispatch from Omaha, Neb., tells the story of a sudden and unexpected acquisition of a fortune. A merchant of that city learned about a year ago that a man who owed him six hundred dollars for goods was living in a distant part of the State. The account had been standing so long that it was outlawed, but the merchant believed that his debtor would not repudiate the claim. He therefore went to see him. The debtor said that he had always intended to pay, but had never been able. He had no money then, but he offered his creditor a number of shares in a mine. "They are not worth a cent on the dollar," he frankly explained, "but some day they may become valuable. In any case I will give them to you, as I have nothing else." The merchant accepted them and laid them aside and forgot them, until one day recently he noticed in a newspaper the name of the mine, and the statement that gold had been found there. The price of the shares had mounted by leaps and bounds. He examined the shares in his possession and found that they were worth $75,000 in the market. His astonishment may be imagined, for he had regarded them as worthless. The day is coming when such surprises will be universal. Some who are accounted rich will find themselves poor in heavenly riches, and some who were despised for their poverty will find themselves heirs of a kingdom.

I know thy works, and tribulations, and poverty (but thou art rich) (Rev. 2: 9).

End of a Saddened Life

A romantic story is told of a lady who died a few days ago in New York. She was the daughter of a distinguished lawyer well-known in the city fifty years ago. In her childhood she was the playmate of the children in New York's most famous families. As she grew to womanhood her personal charms attracted many suitors, and one of them won her heart. Her father, however, disapproved of the match, and in order to break up the acquaintance, her mother took the young lady on a trip to Europe. During her absence her lover died, and soon afterward she lost her father, grandfather and her brother, who was then a student at Yale. On her return to this country she lived with her mother in California, where the mother died, and the girl was left alone in the world. She came to New York and hired a room in a quiet neighborhood, where she spent the remainder of her life. She had no visitors and paid no visits, but would occasionally take a walk accompanied only by her little dog. She grew utterly indifferent to the world, neglecting her dress and social conventionalities. No one knew who the gloomy, sad-visaged, shabbily-dressed woman was, or had any idea that she belonged to one of New York's historic families. A few weeks ago she was taken ill. The owner of the house where she lived, waited upon her, but no relative or friend came near. She died in utter loneliness. The bulk of her wealth was left to nephews and nieces who were strangers to her. One curious bequest was contained in her will. It was that of ten thousand dollars to an old servant, on condition that she took care of her little dog. What a pity it was that the shadow that darkened her life was not illuminated by the faith that would have filled her years with content and with active service among other burdened souls.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God (II. Cor. 1: 4).

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Barnardo's Homes for the waifs of the London streets, received 2,879 children during 1900, of whom 68 were crippled, and 257 babies in arms.

In twenty-seven years 17,910 in-patients have been treated at the London Temperance Hospital, and in only forty-three cases was alcohol used in any form.

Bishop Bond, of Montreal, has been elected Metropolitan of Canada, in succession to Archbishop Lewis, who resigned recently on account of ill-health.

A carriage-way is in process of construction between Jerusalem and Nazareth. Hitherto a stony path for horses and camels has connected these two places.

The new Lord Mayor of Dublin, James P. Pile, is not only a Protestant, but also a pronounced temperance advocate, the first man of that kind to hold the civic chair in Dublin for many years.

Dr. Ingram, the new Bishop of London, says that from the time he left home for school to the present time, a period of thirty-two years, there has never been a week in which he did not receive a letter from his mother, and every one was promptly answered.

The church bell cast by Paul Revere in Boston, 1792, which formerly hung in the belfry of the Second Congregational Church, Boston, corner of Hanover and Richmond streets, has become the property of St. James Episcopal Church, Cambridge, of which Rev. Edward Abbott, D.D., is now rector.

Christianity is making rapid progress in the kingdom of Toro, west of Uganda. Only four and a-half years ago the first baptism took place in Toro. Last year 292 persons were baptized, and 356 men and women confirmed. There are already 126 native teachers, who receive no salary from foreign sources; 1,000 people meet daily for instruction.

The Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, of which Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is pastor, has recently acquired the services of Rev. William W. Coe, as an assistant pastor to help in the aggressive work in which the church is now engaged. Mr. Coe has an excellent record as a pastor and will be a most valuable accession to the working force of the church.

The Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Pa., the pastor of which is Rev. S. Edward Young, had a notable service on April 14, when ninety new members were received. Of these, eighty-five were on profession of faith. Although the church is a down-town church, it has recently cleared its debt and doubled its income besides largely increasing its membership.

The death of Dr. Justin D. Fulton, the well-known opponent of Roman Catholicism, took place at Somerville, Mass., on April 16. Dr. Fulton was seventy-three years of age, and had been forty-eight years in the Baptist ministry. His assaults on the doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church had frequently placed his life in peril, and had caused him some severe injuries.

The Jacob A. Riis House of the King's Daughters' Settlement, in New York, needs second-hand clothing, plain articles of underwear, shoes, hats, stockings and bedding, as the stock of these things has been exhausted during the winter, and a large supply is desired for the summer work. All packages should be sent with express charges prepaid. Friends desiring to assist this philanthropy may address Miss Charlotte A. Waterbury at 48–50 Henry Street, New York.

At a recent meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury gave a notable testimony of his own experience of total abstinence. He said that although he was nearly eighty years of age, he could do as much work as ever, and he doubted if there were many men of his age who worked harder. He was over fifty when he became a total abstainer, but he had not experienced any of the ill-effects popularly supposed to attend a change of a habit that had been continued for many years.

An American Visits Menelik

Abyssinia's Ruler and his Unique Court Interestingly Described

IN a most instructive article in the March number of the *National Geographic Magazine*, Mr. Oscar T. Crosby gives an account of a visit to the Abyssinian Capital and a meeting with the renowned Negus, Menelek. He writes:

Of the Abyssinians, Menelek is the greatest, not because he is the king, but he is the king because he is the greatest. He is emperor of the Abyssinians by virtue of having conquered a great many difficulties, most of which yielded only to the sword or rifle. He is not of that pure Semitic stock which some thousands of years ago seems to have come over first and to have later received reinforcements, from time to time, across the Red Sea from Arabia, and even from Judea. His father was of a kingly family that professes to trace its ancestry to a union between Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. His mother was a woman of low origin, and it may be that this cross-ancestry, while depriving him of the pure, finely chiseled facial type which many of his nobles have, and giving him the negroid face instead, may have added something of vigor, since we know that to be too pure-blooded means sometimes to be thin-blooded. One may fairly say that, while having the advantage of noble paternity, Menelek has fairly fought his way to power. He is eagerly curious to see all new things that Europeans have painfully brought up to his court, five hundred miles by caravan; yet, of course, he cannot make use understandingly of more than a few. I remember when first presented to him, as he sat in a doorway of the largest room in his residence, a rather confused mass of presents; Sevres vases from the French Government, photograph boxes, sextants, and such objects were piled up behind him. I had with me a few gifts to present to His Majesty, who had sent me goats, bread, and tej. Two large volumes, with illustrations of scenes of our own country, of its cities, mountains, waterfalls, etc., I offered in the hope of making known the land of the free. Through the very excellent interpretation of a young Abyssinian attached to the British agency, I endeavored to explain the geographical relations of the United States to the rest of the world, but am sure that I did not make a brilliant success. The difference in time between New York, which I mentioned as being our largest city, and Addis Abeba seemed to interest His Majesty very much, but not understandingly.

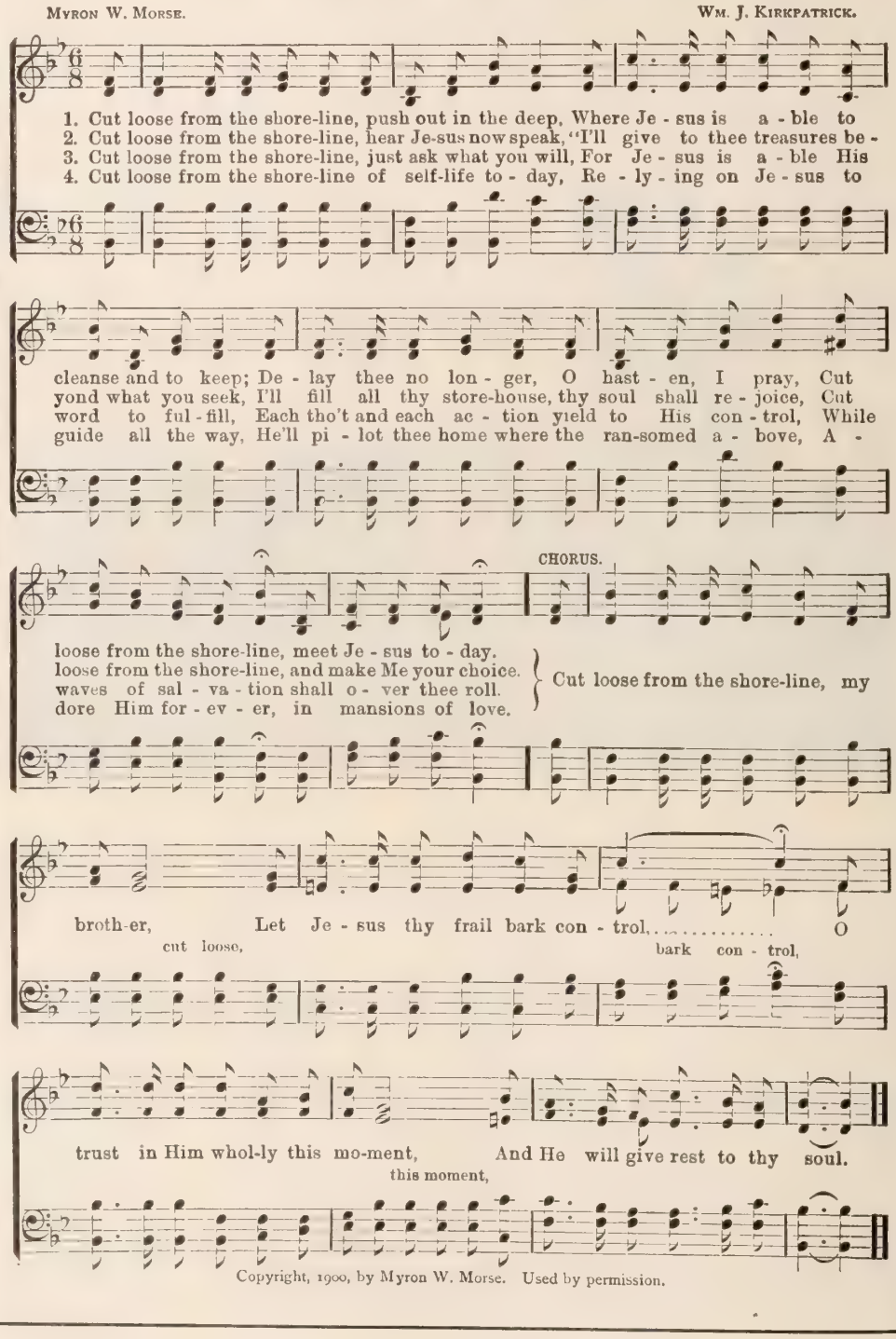
Menelek is a hard-working ruler, rising at three or four o'clock in the morning to receive reports that have come in by mule courier from various sections of his empire and to dictate responses. He is said to be unable to write. Till nine o'clock in the morning he is busy with his dispatches, and conducts business with Harar, his most important town, about 200 miles away, by a telephone. After nine o'clock Menelek is ready to receive those of his subjects, great or small, who claim access to him, and also the occasional European who travels to this strange mud-hut capital.

Except when dealing with the black tribes whom he has subjected, Menelek carries on the business of his government by written orders in the Amharic language, the common spoken medium. It is of Semitic derivation, as is also the language of their holy books, now extinct save in some remote parts of the province of Tigre. This ancient language is known as Geez, and in it those books of the Bible with which they are most familiar are preserved. It is to be remembered that these people were Christians when our forefathers were painted blue and worshipped Thor and Wodin. A shipwrecked priest from Alexandria made a convert of the reigning king about the year 330 A. D. The country is dotted with big round mud huts, which are churches. The priestly order, although vastly ignorant, is not without power. They inculcate, doubtless in good faith, many superstitions, but with it all are firm believers in the principal tenets of the Christian doctrine. I found by inquiring of a priest in a small far-away village that he was unable to read the sacred books which he sold to me. He said that was the business of the high priest.

Menelek is indeed at the parting of the ways, and all the while is earnestly seeking the betterment of his people as well as his own glory. I believe he is leading them to the brink of destruction. Such are the ways of the Omnipotent in bringing about the spread of what we call civilization, to drink of whose cup is to the barbarian to drink of poison. What will happen when Menelek dies, nobody knows. If some strong man of the "Abyssinia-for-the Abyssinians" variety can grasp the reins, the autonomy of the country may yet be maintained for a long while, and together with it the ignorance of the people.

Cut Loose from the Shore-Line.

MYRON W. MORSE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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Germany's Great Theologian

Prof. Adolph Harnack and his Methods—A Profound Thinker's Views

ONE of the most interesting and important personages in the learned world Adolph Harnack, Professor of Church History, and at present the Rec of the University of Berlin. Prof. Harnack is about five feet eight inc in height, has the pallor and leanness of a scholar, and possesses an ene that seems as tireless as that of the Emperor. He has eyes that flash and expi appreciation of wit and humor, as they twinkle behind his glasses, and his wl appearance betokens high intellectual and spiritual fervor. He looks like an asce and is perhaps the most abstemious man in Germany.

In his class-room, instead sitting to read his lectures is the custom of the Gerr professor, he stands, mo about, sometimes puts one upon his chair, and at ti becomes so active that on afraid of his falling off the row platform. When pierc the very heart of an oppone position, he is prone to lay finger upon the point of nose, and it is then that eyes behind the glasses ind in their merriest twinkles.

In his regular class in Chu History, Prof. Harnack an average attendance of In his special lectures g last year on "The Essenc Christianity," he had an tendance of 1,000. Some y ago, he told the writer that fore he would permit a wo to come to his lectures would resign his chair; tha did not believe in emancip women. But it has com pass, that the movement the higher education of wo has even affected the pro sor so much, that for the four years he has had a ladies in his Church His Class.

He has distinguished him by the multitude and var of his labors in the domai church history. His "His of Christian Dogma" is a of vast learning, and his " tory of New Testament Li ture" an epoch-making b Some years ago, Dr. Harn published his pamphlet on Apostles' Creed, which m a great sensation, and w work of destructive critic For this he was put, for time being, under the ba the Church; but in later y he has grown more servative, and his book on Literature of the New Te ment is conservative enc to satisfy even a Presbyte Assembly. He appeased authorities of his church, its pulpits have been ope to him again. He is an and eloquent preacher, an especially eloquent on the ject of foreign missions, an advocating better days work-people. He is often ent at those conferences, wh aim is the improvement of relations existing between tal and labor, and to p them upon a Christian b When he has time to ac an invitation to a social ga ing, he is one of the genial of men; but he is enjoyable when one has alone in a two-handed cor sation. The writer has sc times enjoyed that privileg

Dr. Harnack expresses gret that German students so indifferent and listles regard to the subject of for missions, while the Amer and Scottish students are ways ready to volunteer the foreign field. One their students, a case was an audience where there standing room only, and now entering his class-room, not more than thirty are p ent. Harnack said, "Yes, one has only his day, his day of opportunity, his da getting a hearing, and the night cometh, the night of infirmity, the night of old the night of weakness, the night of unpopularity!" Taken all in all, Prof. Harn is a mighty power for good throughout the German Empire. He has outlived days of his youthful radicalism in theology, and is working, with heart and s for the uplifting of the German Church and the German people.

conversation turning on the hold professors had on stanced where, twenty years before, a professor had

When Spring Flowers Bloom

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BURNLY

Occupations for Women

III.—The Teacher of Sewing

MONG the professions where there is not only room at the top, but also freedom from overmuch crowding as yet on the lower rounds of the ladder, may be mentioned the avocation of the sewing teacher. With the general use of the sewing machine, some forty years ago, or ssibly a little less, the beautiful and womanly accomishment of sewing by hand suffered temporary eclipse. many other things were thought requisite, if not inspensable, that little girls no longer worked samplers, r did a daily stint in overhanding and hemming, nor arned the delicate art of hemstitching, and fine plain wing became a reminiscence of the past. When rently we began to see that dainty sewing was the peliar gift of a lady, and that in learning to sew, children arned to pay attention to orrs, to be neat, to be painsking, and to utilize time and aterial, it was found well to roduce sewing as a part of anual training in our public hools. Thirty young women e now employed in this teachg in Manhattan and the onx, and the course they give, ich is extremely thorough d scientific, occupies three ars of a pupil's school time. e teacher commences at the ndation, shows a child how thread and hold her needle, w to wear her thimble, how take care of her work. Hemng, overhanding, backstitchg, felling—every sort and vaty of needlecraft is taught th the utmost fidelity, and en the course is completed, e pupil can cut and make a irt waist.

. . .

The knowledge gained by ese little learners in the pubschools will be of incalculae benefit to them in days to me, when they are wagerners, to whom money spent clothing will be a matter of cessary forethought, or when ey have the charge of their n households.

Many of the lessons are illusated by the teachers with awings and charts. There room for the display of real talent and much versaity in the teaching. The young woman who attempts is role must herself be a fine sewer, and must underand how to cut and make her own garments. Besides is, she must have pleasant manners, the ability to imrt what she knows, the most wonderful perseverance id patience, and a sincere respect for and genuine ide in her department.

One teacher will have at least four schools in her arge, and may attend to sixty or seventy classes a eek, going from class to class, starting the work, and aving it in the hands of the regular teacher of the om; inspecting and criticising it on her return, and suming its responsibility. She is probably herself a aduate of the Normal College, and also of the Teachs College or of Pratt Institute, if her field of labor in New York or Brooklyn. Her emolument is equal that of the ordinary grammar-school teacher.

. . .

A few years ago, a woman found herself widowed, th the care of a little group of children. She was nniless. She was not learned. She had no influenl friends and no well to-do relations. The single ing she could do perfectly, so perfectly that she felt it ight be a bread-winning weapon, was sewing. Acaintances shook their heads pityingly when she said, This little needle of mine shall feed and clothe my ildren, educate them, and be our means of livelihood r the next ten years, please God."

Never have I seen such beautiful work, stitches so fairy like, articles so dainty, as have come from that wee cottage on Long Island. The very poetry of needlework! To-day, the brave mother has orders beyond her own ability to fill, and has been compelled to engage several assistants. She is building up a very remunerative business. Trousseaux and layettes, guimpes, filmy neckwear, handkerchiefs, are ordered by women of wealth, who prize elegant lingerie, and in the homes of millionaires, the little lady's work is shown with complacency and worn with satisfaction. Only hand sewing, but it has built a barricade between the family and the prowling wolf. It has made a demonstration of what a plain woman, with energy, common sense, and grit, and real ability in a special direction may do, unaided and alone.

To return to our teacher of sewing, She has, with all other working women, a distinct advantage, if she may live at home with her parents. Though she may pay her board, or otherwise help to increase the family income, home is home and her happiest background. If she must board, she will do well to seek a place near her work. In a future paper some suggestions will be given as to agreeable substitutes for boarding.

The profession of the seamstress is as honorable as that of the artist, or the journalist, or the doctor, or the lawyer. I repeat, it is not overcrowded. You can find in any city a dozen stenographers to every seamstress, and as many representatives of almost every other art. The woman who can do fine darning and renovating and remaking of old gowns, can earn a generous livelihood in any city or town of our great country.

OLD AGE AND SIMPLE LIVING

Hut and Family of Indian Squaw, 118 Years Old, near Mission San Luis Rey, California

LOVE ME, THY CHILD

LOVE me, thy little child, my Father,
And keep me very near to-day;
Though dark temptations round me gather,
Thyself shall be my strength and stay;
I ask not wealth or ease, but rather
That I may love thee all the way,
And thy dear love may with me bide;
So that I cling from day to day,
As child to parent, to thy side.

Mothers and Daughters

STRANGE to say, no relation is more intimate and none should be more sympathetic and more confidential than that of mothers and daughters, yet they often misunderstand one another. The daughter is jealous at the amiability her mother displays to the young girl across the street, to whom she is always polite and whom she never reproves. Why should she? There can be no conflict of wills where there is neither authority nor responsibility, and where each woman shows the other her very best side. Mothers complain of the lack of yielding on the part of daughters. They overlook the fact that the little girl of yesterday is now a woman grown, with her own ideas, her own outlook, and her own problems.

Where there is deep, true, and enduring affection, the passing difficulties will smooth themselves away. To daughters who complain that their mothers are trying, I commend the remembrance of all their mothers have borne for them in the early years, and I advise them to reflect on the possibility that the mothers in their experience of life may know better than the girls possibly can. Sometimes the most tenderly loving people misunderstand one another. The similarity of temperament may be to blame, or one may be self-willed and the other imperious. But affection and right principle will bring peace in the end. When a mother has young people around her, almost-grown up, and at the same time has little ones in the nursery, her interests are somewhat divided. She must brood over her babies. There are women so constituted that they lavish caresses and tenderness on infants in the cradle, but are undemonstrative to their older children. Yet this is not from lack of love; it is only that they are shy of bestowing the petting and the fondness on any but the wee ones. In such a home the older sister should share the mother's gentleness and vigilance; should help all she can, and bestow so much attention on the little ones that the mother's burden will be lightened. Good manners are a wonderful barrier against hard feelings, a marvelous preventive of quarrels. Whatever we may feel, we should always speak with politeness. We may keep our tones even, and our looks kind. Often the effort to do this will bring about the gentleness which is desirable, being first pure, then peaceable.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—EMILY. Your vase can be mended. But it will be a costly process, as it is only to be done by experts.

—K. C. The question must be settled by the individual according to her conscience. No one can advise her.

—ETHEL. Cigarette smoking will inevitably harm your young brother. Use your influence to break him of the habit. Do not smile at it.

—DOLLY R. I cannot advise you about your hair. Gray hair is often exceedingly becoming to a young face and is really a great distinction to a pretty woman under thirty.

—INDIGNANT FRIEND. The young lady is well rid of the perfidious man, who disgraces his profession, but she will be much more dignified quietly to accept the situation than to make any public protest.

—SISTER-IN-LAW. Does it not seem as though the young people had a right to go quietly to the minister's house and be married, if that is their preference? Unless they select another minister and a friend opens her house, I see no other way for them in the circumstances.

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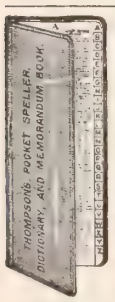

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CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Branch of the International Sunshine Society was formed in time to be eligible for representation at the annual reception to be held at the Hotel Savoy, in New York City, on the afternoon and evening of May 2. Invitations have been issued by the President General, addressed to State Presidents, Branch Presidents, and Members-at-Large of the International Sunshine Society, cordially inviting them to be present at the Annual Convention. Each branch is entitled to two delegates. It is hoped to make the reception a representative gathering in the broadest sense, and to this end every President may have as many member's tickets reserved for her branch as she desires. All members of the Society will be heartily greeted. Escorts are included in the invitation, and tickets for them will be provided immediately on application. Delegates from a distance will be entertained, so far as possible, at the homes of the New York or Brooklyn Branch members. In order to make suitable arrangements for those intending to come, it is necessary to send names to the President General, 96 Fifth avenue, New York, at least one week in advance of the Convention.

If you have not time in which to apply to me for membership tickets, they can be obtained at headquarters, or at the hotel in the credential room any hour during the afternoon and evening of May 2.

I am glad to see that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch is going to be active, and now since we are banded together agreeing to send in our reports every month, I feel sure that in this union we will find new and great strength. Circle No. 1 has already met, and two suitable delegates have been appointed to attend the business session.

Among those members who are forming circles are Miss Georgia S. Holmes, of Dairyland, N. Y.; Miss Lily A. Cox, of Saginaw, Mich.; Miss Mary E. Sullivan, Burlington, N. J.; Mrs. Isabella Phares, of Oxford, Ind., and Mrs. Ella Hoylman, of Ponca City, Oklahoma Territory. Just as soon as these leaders send in their list of ten or more names the circles will receive their number and instructions for work.

There are so many things I want you to do. Of course, your main work is to spread good cheer in your own neighborhood; and until you get well started, I wish you would help me scatter a little sunshine among our individual members. I mean the members who live far away from anybody, in parts of the country where it is difficult to form a circle.

First, I would like you to lend a hand to a member who lives five miles from a town, and is obliged to forge the Arkansas River to get to church or Sunday School. Ofttimes the river is high and she does not leave home for weeks at a time. This lady lives with her mother, and both are fond of reading matter. Who is willing to send a book or paper or letter of good cheer? Please let me know and I will furnish the address. Such an offer will entitle the sender to membership in our society.

Mrs. J. L. Smith, of Augusta, Montana, has paid her dues by offering to pass on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to one of our active members who cannot afford to subscribe, but pays her fee by visiting the sick.

An opportunity for someone else to divide sunshine, comes in the shape of a letter from an invalid of eight long years' standing. She says THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is loaned to her by a friend. Let me quote from her letter:

"We used to take a great many magazines, but my long illness has changed all that. We have lost our home, and are only just able to procure the necessities of life. We are living in the mountains, shut in from the outside world by the Great North Woods. My husband gets a small salary by working in a mill. We have three dear little children, and with very little money pay our rent and provide food. There are only forty houses here, and one store. I get very lonely and discouraged sometimes, and for that reason would like to be active in the sunshine work. If there is anything that I can do to brighten anybody's life, please let me do it. A letter telling me that I have done something will make me most happy. I long to get in touch with the outside world. Just a book or a paper, please, now and then, if it is not too much trouble. I do so much miss good reading. We can't subscribe for even one paper now. I am too weak to talk much even if I have visitors, but I can read. Do please send me some word of cheer, if only to tell me that I have not overstepped my rights in the society."

. . .

Here is another member I must tell you about. She has been confined to the house for eleven years, with two old people, giving her life entirely to their care. A few days ago these two beloved charges passed away. My correspondent says that she is lonely and worn out, mentally and physically, but begs not to be forgotten by the society. The winters where she lives are long and dreary, and she asks for an occasional greeting from those who are living in the sunshine of success and happiness.

A very dear sweet little woman, who has been sick for thirty years, prays that we will not forget her sister, who has been her guardian angel all this time. "Just send us a few kind words now and then," she says, "to cheer us up. If you knew how it breaks my heart to have the mail carrier go by day after day and not stop at my house, you wouldn't mind, I am sure, sending us a postal card now and then, telling us just a little bit of what is going on in the world."

Now, who will answer my first call for good cheer? Tell me what you have to pass on, and I will tell you where it will be most appreciated. All are welcome to help in this noble work. Address Miss Susan Parsons, President of CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch I. S. S., 92 Bible House, New York City, for full particulars.

. . .

If you are in doubt and do not know what to send as your dues, do as one young girl has planned. She is going to send ten cents a week, so that five letters can be written to members isolated, who, perhaps, have no other recreation than watching for the occasional greeting brought through the Rural Delivery.

Send me the selections that you have clipped from papers and have found comfort in. Let me "pass them on." Form your circles and make your report, so I can announce the result in my next letter. Don't forget that the eligibility to membership consists in only being able to perform kind and helpful deeds. Furnish some suggestion that will carry abroad sunshine. For five cents you can get the International Song set to music, and also the Constitution. Another five cents will furnish you the badge. Everybody ought to know the words of our song by heart. I will give them to you, but be sure and send for the music, so you can all sing it.

SCATTER SUNSHINE

In a world where sorrow ever will be known,
Where are found the needy, and the sad and lone;
How much joy and comfort you can all bestow,
If you scatter sunshine everywhere you go.

CHORUS

Scatter sunshine all along your way,
Cheer and bless and brighten every passing day.

Slightest actions often meet the sorest needs,
For the world wants daily, little kindly deeds;
Oh! what care and sorrow, you may help remove,
With your song and courage, sympathy and love.

When the days are gloomy, sing some happy song,
Meet the world's repining, with a courage strong;
Go with faith undaunted, through the ills of life,
Scatter smiles and sunshine, o'er its toil and strife.

The First Steamboat

A. S. H., Columbia City, Indiana, writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of April 13, 1901, I see that one who signs himself H. M. P., claims it as an undeniable fact that the first steamboat made her first voyage from Greenock to Glasgow, on the Clyde in Scotland, in 1801, and that it was the production of a man named Symington. Now I wish to make this statement. In the book called *Rambles in the Path of the Steam Horse*, by Ele Bowen, published in 1855. On page 243 I see that "in 1784 an interesting and successful experiment to navigate the Potomac River by steam was made by James Rumsey, of Virginia, and in the year mentioned made a practical experimental trial of his boat on the Potomac near Sir John's Run. A number of distinguished spectators were present, among whom was General Washington, who also gave him a certificate in favor of the experiment in question. The boat is described as having been fifty feet in length. Thinking that he could not secure complete success in America he resolved to go to England. He procured patents of the British Government for steam navigation; these patents bear date in the beginning of the year 1788. The American Congress, some years since, voted a gold medal to his only surviving son, James Rumsey, Jr., commemorative of his father's services."

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Luther's Triumphant Death

A Valuable Letter Describing it Found in the British Museum

'T was a striking coincidence, that at the time when the Christian world is engaged in erecting a great memorial to the memory of Martin ther, the Founder of Protestantism, re should have been discovered, in a note nook of the British Museum, a ne-worn and faded letter of unquestion- authenticity, which gives the details of death scene of the great Reformer. ese details are altogether new, in the se that they have never before been closed to the public, and they lend ded dignity and beauty to the spiritual aracter and Christian fortitude of ther. The writer of the letter is Dr. annes Aurifaber, and the missive, which in Latin, is addressed to Dr. Pfeffinger, Leipsic. As translated, it says:

race and peace from God, the Father of r Lord Jesus Christ, I announce to you, st reverend sir, the saddest tidings. The ered Doctor Luther died early in the morn- of February 18, at 3 o'clock.

At one o'clock in the morning he rose from bed and called his servant, telling him to nd for Doctor Jonas, who, on arriving, in- ired after his state. "Dear Doctor," an- ered Luther, "I shall remain at Eisleben," ding that "he was attacked again by his d complaint." He then asked that clothes ould be warmed for him, with which he bbed himself.

Dr. Jonas in the meantime had secured the endance of two doctors, who were able newhat to ease his pain. Count Albert me also with his wife, and a number of stors, in whose presence he earnestly yed.

When actually dying he offered this peti n: "Almighty God, Father of my dear rd Jesus Christ whom I have learned of d known, whom the world has persecuted d smitten, have mercy upon me and receive y soul into thy hands." And then, while cit- g some comforting passages from the Scrip- es, as, for instance, "God so loved the rld," etc., he passed away in the faith of a n of God.

I write this to you, reverend sir, out of the pths of my grief; more I might have said not the sorrow of my heart prevent. All at I have here given has already been re- rted by Justus Jonas to Frederic, the ector of Saxony, who to-morrow will give structions as to the funeral. I commend yself to you in the Lord. Dated Eisleben, bruary 18, 1546.

D. JOANNES AURIFABER.

Aurifaber (the Latinized form of the me Goldschmidt) was a Lutheran pas- r and a warm friend of the Reformer, e of whose works Dr. Aurifaber edited. r. Aurifaber, who was born in Weimar out 1519, was educated at Wittenberg, here he had an opportunity of hearing uther lecture. He was a field preacher chaplain in the war of 1544. After- ard he dwelt with Luther as his private cretary, and was present at his death in 46. He experienced many vicissitudes: as imprisoned in 1547, and was court- eacher at Weimar in 1566. He published Eisleben a number of Luther's writings 1564, his Letters in 1556–1565, and his able-talk in 1566.

. . .

The popular interest increases in the ovement for a Luther statue—the gift American Protestants—to occupy the ntral position in the entrance of the agnificent new cathedral at Speyer. ontributions of one dollar are solicited r this purpose. Every dollar contribu- r will receive by mail, from the Luther emorial Committee, a large and finely ecuted engraving of "Martin Luther nd His Family," after the famous paint- g of Spangenberg. The plate measures ½ by 16½ inches, and will be sent care- lly rolled and postage prepaid. All ontributions should be addressed to "The uther Statue Fund, THE CHRISTIAN ERALD, Bible House, New York."

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SWEET SURPRISES

HOW often into all our lives,
In simple, homely ways,
The joy-light falls with sweet surprise,
Brightening the passing days.
The Father for his children still
Heaps treasured goodness up,
Then drops an added sweetness in
The overflowing cup.

Success we had not counted on,
A blessing all unsought,
A strain of music midst our toil,
The listening ear has caught.
The sentence that we heard or read,
Holding for us far more
Of help and cheer than e'er was dreamed
By one who kept the store.

The morning picture beautiful,
Lighting the onward way,
The burst of sunset glory bright,
Closing the busy day.
Glad words of cheer, of courage, hope,
Most grateful, freely given,
Sweet sympathy in sorest need,
Coming like balm from heaven.

The friend so dearly loved afar,
For whom the fond heart yearns,
In a glad hour of rarest joy
Unto the home returns.
The Father's daily, constant thought,
Descending from above,
The overflowing of his grace,
For us his gifts of love.

Berlin, Mass. PHEBE A. HOLDER.

Saving Lost Women

THE eighteenth anniversary of the Florence Crittenton Mission, held at the "Mother Mission," Bleecker street, New York, was a most interesting occasion. The address of the evening was delivered by General O. O. Howard. Rev. F. H. Jacobs, the evangelist singer, and his wife, together with Miss Zetti Kennedy, sang beautiful Gospel songs; Mrs. Barrett, Superintendent of the National Florence Crittenton Mission, spoke; and there were many inspiring testimonies, The most significant feature of the programme, however, was the report read by Mrs. Flora Freeman, matron of the Mission, for it showed an extraordinary amount of good work accomplished for unfortunate women and their helpless infants.

During the past year 111 girls and women have been permanently cared for, permanent employment being found for 86; 1,905 temporarily lodged; many babies were provided for; 32,285 meals were served; attendance at night meetings was 34,878. Not one of the 111 girls have been discharged for misconduct. A remarkable record this is, showing that lives of over 2,000 women have been touched. Many of these women, utterly wretched and broken-hearted when they entered the mission, are now helping to save others.

In her report, Mrs. Freeman said that of the many girls sent forth from the Mission to make an honest living, not one had failed to pay back to the Mission the money advanced to them on their departure as a loan. This, of course, applies only to girls who have remained in the Mission long enough to feel its influence upon their characters.

Answers to Prayers

L. I. writes:

I have noticed a column in your paper giving requests answered by prayer. I have been praying for six years to find my brother, and the 28th of January I received a telegram from him. The night before a friend prayed that I would find him.

Mrs. T., St. Mary's, Ga., writes:

I prayed for the conversion of a dear one, and while I was "yet speaking" God heard and answered. Praise his name!

K. M. S., Lanes Mills, Pa., writes:

God has been very good to me. He has brought a brother into the fold that I have prayed for for years. Thank God for his goodness to me.

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We do not print testimonials, but can, by permission, refer you to former patients whom we have successfully treated that were similarly afflicted.

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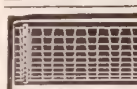

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DURING the past eighteen months over $650,000 in cash have been invested entirely by New Yorkers in homes in this choicest of all suburbs of Greater New York. A few plots adjoining these handsome residences are offered for investment. They have increased in value over 50 per cent. during the past eighteen months. This increase is bound to continue.

The Independent says, in the issue of March 21:

> We are entirely familiar with the property known as Prospect Park South, and are also personally acquainted with the owner.
>
> The property is all that it is represented to be, and Mr. Alvord, who offers it for sale, is entitled to the fullest confidence of any who may have business relations with him.
>
> —Editor *Independent*.

For photos of the property showing it exactly as it is; for prices, terms and all particulars, including the best personal and banking references of the owner,

ADDRESS

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257 Broadway, New York City

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Scientific Kite-Flying Within the Reach of All.

A Marvel of Simplicity

Any Boy or Girl Can Fly It.

Made from varied colored fiber paper. Fold like newspaper for pocket. Will fly easier and with less care than any other known kite.

Can be sent among clouds with ordinary spool cotton. Size 22 x 14 x 14. Mailed prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada for **10c, 3 for 25c** Send coin or two-cent stamps. A tandem of kites, the delight of young and old. Sold by dealers everywhere.

ZIMMERMAN FLYING MACHINE COMPANY
Patentees and Sole Mfrs. 10 Arch Street, Fremont, Ohio

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800 New Guaranteed High Grade 1900 Models..... **$8 to $10**

300 Second Hand Bicycles, good as new, $5 to $8.

GREAT REMOVAL SALE.

1901 Latest Models Handsome and Perfect... **$10 to $16**

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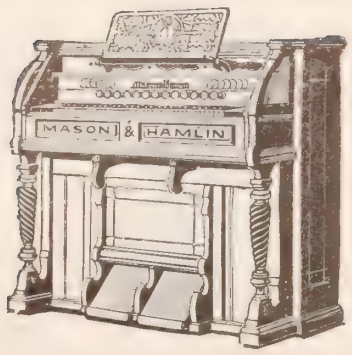
$20 to $40 Weekly and expenses, **Men and Women**—at **home** or **traveling.** Our agents and salesmen **made** over **$600,000.00** last year supplying enormous demand for our famous **Quaker Bath Cabinet** and appointing agents. Wonderful seller. **No Scheme or Fake Methods. WRITE today for FREE NEW PROPOSITION, PLANS, ETC.. World Mfg. Co.,** 6 World B'ld'g, **Cincinnati, O.**

$18. WEEKLY Salary and expenses for man or woman to employ and superintend agents. Permanent position. **Ziegler Co., 256 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

"Well bred, soon wed." Girls who use **SAPOLIO** Are quickly married.



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Edited . by . DAVID C. COOK

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By our unique plan you can buy a piano of the very highest quality at a fair price, on Easy Payments, avoiding all risk of being imposed upon. Our catalogue for the asking, and if no dealer sells them near you, a personal letter containing lowest prices and explaining how easy it is to buy of us (on monthly payments if you wish), even if you live in the most remote city or village in the United States, guaranteeing satisfaction, or it may be returned to us at our expense for railway freights both ways. Your old piano as part payment if you wish. Let us explain.

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110 Boylston St., Boston.

GUITAR, MANDOLIN, BANJO VIOLIN, PIANO & ORGAN

Self-taught without notes, by FIGURE MUSIC. We ship first instrument to each locality at an EXTRA BIG DISCOUNT, simply to advertise our goods & establish a trade. Big Illustrated Catalog & 100 Bargains sent Free
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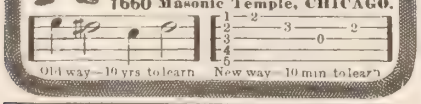

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$600 to $800 salary the first year, $1,000 guaranteed in 3 to 5 years.

3 months preparation at home or at the school. Cost of tuition covers all expenses until placed. References in all sections of the U. S.

Chas. F. Young, Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ENGRAVING SCHOOL Write Rees Engraving School, ELMIRA, N. Y.

LOSS OF A DEVOTED WORKER

Death of Rev. C. E. Wyckoff, Secretary of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip

FROM Irvington, N. J., comes news of a bereavement which will be severely felt in many parts of our land. The Rev. Cornelius E. Wyckoff, pastor of the Reformed Church in that town, and General Secretary of the Order of Andrew and Philip, is dead. His death was very sudden. Only a few days before it occurred, he dictated a letter to this journal calling attention to the recently issued report of the Order in which he took so deep an interest, and inviting our readers to send to him for its literature. It was but two days that he was laid aside from his active work. In his case, however, the suddenness of the blow is not to be deplored. It was probable that one so earnest and indefatigable would prefer to go from his labor to his reward without any long interval of suffering. Preparation for the change was not needed, for his life had been so permeated and inspired by the Spirit of Christ that to enter the presence of his Master was only to enjoy the fuller development of the principles of his earthly service. It is not for him that the people mourn; he knew that, like Paul, for him the change would be far better. The sorrow is that the Church and the young people, whom he so wisely and faithfully served, must be deprived of the help he so gladly rendered.

REV. C. E. WYCKOFF

Mr. Wyckoff was only thirty-five years of age. He was the son and grandson of ministers of the Reformed Church. After graduating at the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J., he was installed pastor of the Reformed Church of Carleton, N. Y., and afterwards of the Bethany Reformed Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His best and most influential service has, however, been rendered since 1896, when he settled at Irvington. The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip attracted him strongly, and he gave it loyal service. He had a firm belief in the efficacy of individual service, and he had the happy faculty of enlisting the allegiance of energetic workers. Through his efforts many a young Christian has become a missionary to a circle of friends and has won recruits for the Master's cause.

Rev. George Edwin Talmage, of Schenectady, N. Y., who was one of his classmates in college, writes of him: "Mr. Wyckoff's death will be a severe loss to the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip. Only a month ago he prepared a service for Brotherhood Day, which takes place May 5, on the subject of "The Last Will of Christ." The subject was deemed too funereal, in its title, although it was rich in its provisions. A more cheerful topic has been suggested, but the entire Brotherhood will feel the sadness in reality, which was almost hinted at by the direction of the thoughts of our good brother and fellow-worker. Mr. Wyckoff was only a young man, having reached about one-half the allotted term of life. I recall the sadness of sixteen years ago, when he left college, as was expected to die of consumption, and the surprise and pleasure when he came back three years later to take the Seminary course, having recovered his health, and prosecuted his studies in the retirement of the mountains. After his graduation he filled three pastorates, and in the last he has worked most ardently, although giving a great deal of his time to the work for young men throughout our country. For four years he has been the General Secretary, doing his work with practically no recompense, and oft-times advancing needed means out of his own pocket. Two months ago a Finance Committee was appointed, to raise funds to liquidate all debts, and to push the work on a larger scale. We owed Mr. Wyckoff over $400, but he was one of the first to subscribe $50 toward the Forward Movement Fund, and to make a payment on his subscription. At that first meeting of the committee we spent an hour on our knees in prayer, none, perhaps, with greater faith and hope than our departed brother. I recall how he said, 'I have faced many financial difficulties, and have seen them dissolve in answer to prayer.' His was a faithful, persistent and laborious service, and I doubt not, but it has broken down his system, so that it could not stand the attack of the disease which carried him off in two days. Who will take up the burden, and carry it with equal zeal?"

Godliness in Business

NOT long ago, while attending a local prayer-meeting, our minister asked the meeting if they had ever considered why so many business men fail? I wonder if many people have ever seriously considered that question? The business man of to-day starts out in life with one great object in view—to make money. This is the ruling passion, the one great end to be desired. And is this not the false foundation, which being builded on leads to certain ruin? If we start in business we must follow certain rules, obey certain demands. We must first take God into our venture as a partner, else how may we hope to succeed. We must then determine to hang the sign "Honesty and fairness" above our door, but the sign availeth nothing unless we live honestly and deal fairly. We should measure our thoughts and deeds more carefully than our laces and silks, remembering that there is a day of inventory when he shall write the list, and good deeds shall count for more than all the gold of earth. We should strive to make each day one of service for the Master and one of real gain for ourselves, that in the end we may hear the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and know the joy of everlasting life. Is not the reason for many business failures this: Men strive to win gold and forget that greater things exist? Men seek the success of to-day and forget the great to-morrow which shall have no end. Men forget that Christ has a share in all their business ventures and remember when it is too late. Let us then tear down the old sign of greed and selfishness and erect the new one of the real business man, "Justice, love and honesty."

J. BERTRAM EVELINE.

A NEW HOME FOR JESUS

A MARRIAGE HYMN

LORD, on this sacred union
Of heart in heart now turned,
Life's interests in communion,
May each thy blessing find;
May each in purpose holy,
In loyal life for thee,
In years for Jesus solely,
By oneness strengthened be.

Lord, in the home created
By sacred nuptial tie,
At family hearth and altar
Vouchsafe thy presence nigh,
All incomplete without thee;
But honored and most blest
The home the Saviour hallows
As first and constant guest.

Thy presence in the dwelling,
Was noised abroad of yore,
And to thy love excelling
Flocked sick, and maimed, and poor,
So in this home abiding,
O Lord, thy glory show,
That from its favored portals
Thy healing power may flow.

ALFRED S. DYER.

Addington, Kent, England.

TEMPTING TERMS.

Those who are planning an early trip to the Pan-American Exposition will be interested to learn that the $12.00 excursion tickets from New York to Buffalo over the Lackawanna Railroad will be on sale every day during May. The limit is ten days.

Another excursion trip is for $13.00, and tickets will be good for fifteen days, beginning June 1st. A particularly tempting rate is a $9.00 excursion ticket, to be sold on Tuesdays during May, good for five days, and honored only in coaches.

A beautiful guide to the Exposition, telling about its many wonderful features, is being sent out in response to requests accompanied by four cents in stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York City. Write for one.

How Do You Spend Your Life?

Sleeping —
24 years 9½ months.

Labor —
16 years 8 months.

Play —
15 years 6 months.

Eating —
6 years 6 months.

Dressing —
2 years 11 months.

Waste —
3 years 7½ months.

Think of it—of these 70 years **one-third is in bed!** Why not be supremely comfortable for twenty-five of these years?

We have a 72-page book, "The Test of Time," which we mail free. It tells all about the best mattress ever made. It tells about unscrupulous dealers who offer worthless stuff as "felt"—a fraudulent substitute for

The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.

The name Ostermoor & Co. is on every genuine mattress. We have no agents and the Ostermoor mattress **is not for sale by stores.**

THIRTY NIGHTS' FREE TRIAL.

Sleep on it thirty nights, and if it is not even all you hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any mattress every made, you can get your money back by return mail—"no questions asked," and no unpleasantness about it.

We Prepay All Express Charges.

2 ft. 6 ins. wide, 25 lbs.,	-	$ 8.35
3 ft. wide, 30 lbs.,	-	10.00
3 ft. 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.,	-	11.70
4 ft. wide, 40 lbs.,	-	13.35
4 ft. 6 in wide, 45 lbs.,	-	15.00

Made in two parts, 50 cents extra. Prices quoted on special sizes.

Send to OSTERMOOR & CO., 115 Elizabeth Street, New York, for the handsome book—mailed free.

We have cushioned 25,000 churches. Send for our book, "Church Cushions."

TRADE-MARK

FOR THE FACE ALONE.

It deals with the **lines of time** that creep in about the eyes and mouth, with the **sallow skin**, the **blackheads, dust caps, poor circulation, clogged pores.**

It rounds out the hollow places, builds up the muscles and induces perfect circulation of the blood.

Bailey's Rubber Facial Brush

Facial Brush.

is made of (red) rubber with **long-ended hollow teeth**, and when drawn over the surface of the face forms numerous **suction cups** which are unequaled for drawing out the impurities of the skin and smoothing out the wrinkles.

Bailey's Rubber Facial Brush, 50c.
Bailey's Complexion Soap, 50c.

Of dealers or mailed by us at the prices.

C. J. BAILEY & Co.,
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removes all blemishes, protects, preserves and imparts to the skin that rose-like color and softness; contains no injurious substance whatever, so common in imitations.

Sample free. Box 50c

J. A. Pozzoni Co., St. Louis or New York.

Have you seen the sign?

INTER SEAL

Look for this seal on the end of the package.

Do you know what the "In-er-seal" trade mark design means on a package of biscuit or wafers? Have you realized that the "In-er-seal Patent Package" is the greatest step toward absolutely *pure food?* It means that damp, dust and odor no longer have any effect on the most delicate biscuit, crackers or wafers.

When you order Soda Biscuit, Graham Biscuit, Vanilla Wafers, Ginger Snaps, Oatmeal Biscuit or Milk Biscuit, insist on getting those which come in the "In-er-seal Patent Package." Don't take a substitute. Look for the "In-er-seal" trade mark design at the end of the box.

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REVERSIBLE Linene Collars & Cuffs.

MANY ADVANTAGES.

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hen soiled, discard. **Ten collars or five irs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c.** Send in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. me size and style.

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FAMILY WASHER FREE ON 30 DAYS TRIAL.

THE 1900 BALL-BEARING WASHER will do the family washing without boiling, hand scrubbing or back breaking. It revolves on ball bearings. Simplest, easiest running machine known. o complicated machinery. Entirely new rinciple. Large quantities of clothes are ashed **clean** in 6 minutes. **Saving in wear nd tear alone pays for machine in a hort time.**

Costs nothing to try. Sent to anyone absolutely ee for a trial of 30 days. No money required in adance. Send for book and particulars to

THE 1900 WASHER CO., 338 State St., Binghamton, N. Y.

MUSIC Studied at home. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo and Mandolin with greatest success. Write to-day for full information, **FREE.** Address Dept. 9 U. S. HOME SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 154-158 Fifth Av., New York, N. Y.

FOUGHT A BATTLE ON HIS KNEES

.....How Professor D. V. Towner, the Famous Gospel Singer, Became a Christian

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

PROFESSOR D. V. TOWNER is one of the best-known of all those who have sung the Gospel in great revivals of religion in this country. His long association with Mr. Moody, and his relation to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, have given him a wide and growing constituency. No one ever hears him sing, without feeling that the song to him is as much a message from God as is the sermon of a thoroughly consecrated and devoted preacher. He has been

PROF. D. V. TOWNER

greatly blessed of God in form, and figure, and with a voice as sweet as it is large, but, after all, these would not avail to work the results which come from Towner's singing, were it not for the Divine blessing which rests upon his work. The story of his conversion will be interesting to multitudes.

He made a confession of Christ when he was about thirteen years, and was happy in the Lord for about three years; but bad associations in his school life influenced him to such an extent that he became a backslider, and while he was never guilty of outrageous sins, yet he was still in the "far country." Though having no joy as a Christian, and though constantly tormented by his conscience, yet he would not fail to champion Christianity whenever occasion presented. About this time he was called to the bedside of his only sister, who was dying. She was a beautiful Christian girl, two years his senior. She reminded him of the former days, when they had started together in the Christian life, and asked him to promise her that he would return to the Lord, and to his first love. He promised with the greatest sincerity, but time passed, and he did not make good his promise. He was waiting for a "convenient season." Within a year his father died. Calling his son to his bedside, he reminded him of his pledge to his dying sister, and said: "My son, promise me that you will give your heart and life to Christ." The young man promised, and received his father's dying blessing. Again, he did not keep his pledge. Like so many others, he was all the time expecting that some favorable opportunity would present itself.

Finally, he was married, and his wife was an earnest Christian, who was faithful in the performance of all her religious duties. He watched her very carefully, and after awhile he noticed that she began to get lax about her regular worship, and that she would occasionally retire without prayers. Though he himself did not pray, this worried him. He said: "Is it possible that I am the cause of this neglect of prayer on the part of my wife?" Still, he did not start. One night, when his wife had retired without prayer, he was so greatly troubled that he could not sleep. She had been sleeping for sometime, when he roused her, and asked if he were the cause of her neglect of prayer. She parried the question, and would not charge him with it, but he felt guilty, and knew in his own heart that he was the cause. It gave him great remorse, and after a hard fight with the tempter, who tried to persuade him to wait until he should be in some meeting before he took the stand, he made up his mind that he was exactly like the prodigal in that he was far from his Father's house, and that he would arise and go to his Father.

When Towner had reached this decision he began the greatest fight of his life. It seemed as though he could not get out of bed, and when he had, by what seemed to him a superhuman effort, gotten on his knees, he seemed dumb, and positively could not pray. He remained upon his knees, however, until he got the courage and power to say, "My Father, I want to return to thy fold." At the very instant he began to pray, Satan's power was broken, and a peace such as the repentant supplicant had never known before filled his soul.

When morning came, he wisely determined to be a bold soldier and to confess his Lord everywhere. Before breakfast he confessed Christ to the family where he and his wife were being entertained. From that day till this he has never let go his hold on God. Some years later, after he had begun his work with Mr. Moody, Mr. Towner received a great blessing in the "baptism of the Spirit for service." Writing about it, after these many years of joyous Christian experience—years that have been greatly blessed of God in the winning of souls—Professor Towner says: "I can see now that my trouble was a stubborn will. When I had the consent of my will the blessing was ready for me. I believe that many a man is walking in darkness because of a stubborn will. If a man can, by God's grace, conquer that will and bring it to Jesus, he will bless him and give him a place in his kingdom, and make him an heir of glory."

"I Have Called Thee"

Editor Christian Herald: In your issue of March 20, is a delightful incident in the life of my old friend Stephen Merritt, whom God used to turn into the light John G. Woolley. There is an error, however, in quoting from that magnificent forty-third of Isaiah. It gives it, "I have called thee by my name, etc." Now, while it is true that he gives us "a new name," the thought here has always been to my mind one of rare richness, bringing me familiarly close in a personal contact! "I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine!"

The Master called Peter, John and Andrew as you or I would single out a friend, and so he calls you and I by our own names. Is it not a grand thought?

I once was passing, at some little distance, the headquarters of Gen. Grant at City Point, Va. I was just in from the front, dust-begrimed and, as I thought, well disguised. I was startled indeed when Gen. Grant called out: "Hello, S——, come in here!" I felt it no small thing, with so little claim to recognition, to be called by my name by such a man! What must it be when the King of Kings condescends to call me by my name, and, more than this, to claim me as his very own! If one could for the nonce be inspired to wield the potent pen of a Talmage, what an uplifting, Heaven-reaching and—far better—service rendering, would come from the elaboration of so glorious a theme!

Lincoln, Neb. J. H. SCHENCK.

A Church in a Court-Room

Several months ago, the little church in Farmville, Va., of which Rev. W. H. Lee is pastor, was destroyed by fire. Everything belonging to the church was consumed, and the congregation were left out of doors and without a place to worship. Later, they were allowed to meet in the court-house, where they are still holding services every Sunday. With a small fund which this little colored congregation has scraped together, by great economy and rigid sacrifice, they are endeavoring to rebuild, but help is needed, if they are to have a church home again. Any reader who may wish to aid them, can address Pastor W. H. Lee, Farmville, Va.

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

Suits and Skirts for Summer.

IN the Spring a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of summer garb. Turns to pretty, long-wearing, sensible garb, if she be a wise woman. In other words, turns to us.

Summer Dresses and Skirts for ordinary or extraordinary wear, pretty as can be, stylish, shapely, lasting, and at the very least prices for which the best materials can be made up in the best styles.

This is what you will find in our Catalogue:

Tailor-Made Suits, $8 up.

Visiting Costumes, lined throughout with excellent taffeta silk, $15 up.

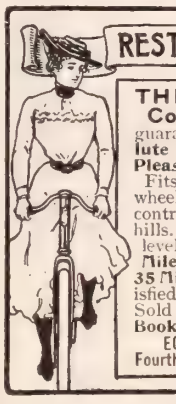
Skirts, $4 up. Wash Skirts, $3 up. Rainy-Day Skirts, $5 up. Wash Dresses, $4 up.

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

The Catalogue and Samples will tell you the rest—sent *free* upon request. Every garment you choose therefrom *made to your measure and guaranteed to fit and please you.* If it does not, send it back, and we will refund your money.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

REST AS YOU RIDE.



THE MORROW Coaster Brake guarantees you **Absolute Comfort and Pleasure in Cycling.** Fits any wheel. Your wheel always under control. Security on hills. A luxury on the level. **You Ride 50 Miles, but Pedal only 35 Miles.** 100,000 satisfied riders last year. Sold by all dealers. **Booklet free.**

ECLIPSE MFG. CO. Fourth Ave., Elmira, N. Y.

Belt and Suspenders

The "Bloomer" Combined Belt and Suspenders (patented).

Faultless suspenders, convertible in a few seconds into a perfect waist belt. Two articles at the price of one. *Ask your dealer. Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of money.* Five neat shades—tan, brown, blue, drab and black in

Elastic or Non-Elastic Webbing, .50 Russet Leather, .75
Drab or Brown Ooze Lea., lined, 1.00 Genuine Pigskin, 1.50

MONEY BACK To any dissatisfied purchaser who returns the goods.

THE WM. H. WILEY & SON CO., Box D Hartford, Conn.

33 1/3 to 50 per cent. SAVED ON LACE CURTAINS

We Sell Direct to Consumer

Call at our sample room or send 2c. stamp for booklet and price list containing 150 illustrations of staple and up-to-date Window Draperies.

New York Curtain Mfg. Co.

396-398 Broadway, New York.

Patented Jan. 23, 1900.

The Ideal Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.*

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. **Whistle** blows when Cooker needs more water, **Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches,** and other **Valuable Premiums given with order for Cookers.** Send for illus. catalogue. *We pay express.* **Agents Wanted.**

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 16, Toledo, O.

I Print My Own Cards Circulars, Books, Newspaper.

Card Press $5
LARGER, $18
Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

AVOID UNKNOWN BRANDS

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

SEND FOR "BABIES" A BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. N.Y.

Hearing Restored

by the use of

Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

The only scientific sound conductors. Invisible, comfortable, efficient. They fit in the ear. Doctors recommend them. Thousands testify to their efficiency.

Information and Booklet Free.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
223 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

positively prevents all the disagreeable effects of excessive perspiration in a perfectly natural and harmless manner. It will not injure the tenderest surface and does not evidence its use by sight or smell. A generous sized box

FOR 50c.

and a package more than twice as large for $1.00. You can buy it of your druggist, or a sealed, unmarked package sent prepaid on receipt of price.

FREE illustrated booklet sent on request. A postal will bring it.

E. L. PIECK,
531 Main Street,
Covington, Ky.

IT REALLY HEALS

HAPPYFOOT HAIR INSOLES

Special Summer Weight.

Keep the feet cool and dry. Make walking a pleasure. Relieve tender, callous, perspiring feet, or rheumatism. 1 pr., 4 prs. 25c. Better grade, cork-filled, 15c. pr., 2 prs. 25c. If not at your druggist's or shoe dealer's, send 10c. us with size.

The WM. H. WILEY & SON CO., Box D Hartford, Conn.

WANTED Reliable women or men to sell our goods to the consumer in communities from 1,000 to 10,000 population; permanent employment at good pay. Address

THE GREAT EASTERN COFFEE AND TEA CO.
301 South 10th Street, St. Louis, Mo.

HE LOVED THE BOWERY MISSION

Many Mourn for Bright Young Ellsworth Inness

ONE of the saddest meetings ever held in the old Bowery Mission was that of Thursday, April 18. On this, the regular night for the "Mother of the Bowery Boys" to talk to the great family of unfortunates who every evening fill the hall, the meeting became a memorial service for young George Ellsworth Inness. When Mrs. Bird arose she said:

"Boys, two weeks ago to-night there

GEORGE ELLSWORTH INNESS

sat on this platform with us a young man who loved to come among you and who was ever thinking of some kind deed he could do for you. He was his mother's only son; he had never given her a moment's anxiety; life was full of fair promise for him. In his youth and his strength and his beauty death came to him suddenly. Early this morning his mother called me over the telephone; she said: 'Don't let your faith falter; don't let your trust waver; it's all right; but my Ellsworth is dead.'

"Boys, she knows where her boy is to-night. While we remember the pure young friend who loved you so, and his mother, who, even in his death, sorrows not without hope, may we not pray for the poor mothers who do not know where their boys are to-night? How many of you want us to pray for your mother?"

A then a host of hands went up.

Dr. Donald Sage MacKay, Mr. Ellsworth's pastor, told of his piety, gentleness and faith. "I went to comfort his mother this morning," he said. "She met me at the door, a smile upon her face. 'Why should I sorrow as one without hope?' she said. 'If my religion cannot help me to-day, when I have lost my only son, what is it worth to me? When you speak about him to the boys at the Bowery Mission to-night, I want you to tell them that we are praising God because Ellsworth has gone home.'"

Ellsworth Inness, though only nineteen, had been for several years an active church member. He was a bright, happy, athletic young fellow, and at the time of his death was a student at the Hotchkiss College Preparatory School, Connecticut. Wednesday afternoon, when he was out rowing in a high wind with his friend, Otis Sawyer, on Lake Wononscopowac, the canoe capsized. People on land saw Inness holding his friend, who could not swim, upon the boat. Then he struck out for the shore, but went down quickly. He was a good swimmer, and but for his effort to save his friend, might perhaps have been able to save himself. As it was, both lads perished. The day before, Otis Sawyer's mother and sister had sailed for Europe, leaving the boy happy and well. The day after, and ere the body was recovered, his father started across the water to break the sad news to them.

Mrs. George Inness, Jr., mother of the dead youth, has been a kind friend to the Bowery Mission and a most generous helper of the Gospel Settlement, as readers of this journal are aware. They may recall, too, a sketch published some time ago of her mother, Mrs. Annie Ellsworth Roswell-Smith, who sent the first message over the first telegraph line in this country, the message reading: "What hath God wrought." To her father, Hon. Mr. Ellsworth, "Father of the United States Patent Office," is due the establishment of that first line. Young Inness' surname as well as his Christian name, is famous in American history, for no painter of this country has achieved greater distinction than his grandfather, George Inness, the mantle of whose gifts and accomplishments have fallen upon the father of Ellsworth, George Inness, Jr., one of the foremost painters of the day. Wealth, friends and high social position belonged to Ellsworth Inness, yet he was ever ready to forego the attractions of his beautiful home to go down among the poor and destitute on deeds of ministry and mercy.

REVIVAL WORK GOES FORWARD

A Notable Revival at Newark N. J.

A deep work of grace has been in progress in the Clinton Avenue Reformed Church, Newark, N. J., since the first of the present year. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Daniel H. Martin, began special services. Each Sunday morning he has preached to church members, arousing them to a sense of responsibility for the unsaved, and on Sunday evenings he has made direct appeals to the unconverted, following each service with an after meeting. During the three months two hundred and eighty persons have declared an interest in their personal salvation, and at the Easter Communion Dr. Martin gave the right hand of fellowship to one hundred and ten new members. A great congregation witnessed the impressive ceremony. Nearly all the new communicants were adults, and many young men and several heads of families were among the number. During the last two years Dr. Martin has welcomed nearly three hundred new members. The total membership now numbers nine hundred and fifty-five.

. . .

A Work of Grace at Norfolk, Va.

A very precious work of grace has been enjoyed at the Park Avenue Baptist Church, Norfolk, Va. The pastor, Rev. J. J. Hall, D.D., was ably assisted by Evangelist R. D. Garland. Some twenty-five have been received into the church. The people worshiping there built, a few years ago, a beautiful stone church, and God has greatly blessed them by many additions and an earnest band of workers.

. . .

Souls Won at Flackville, N. Y.

At Flackville, N. Y., M. E. Church, Rev. W. H. English, pastor, special services have been held with gracious results. Sinners were converted, believers quickened, the Lord's cause strengthened, his church built up, and his name glorified. Thirty were taken into the church. The pastor was his own evangelist.

. . .

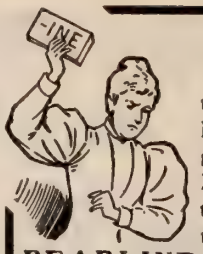
REVIVAL NOTES

Blue Ridge, Mo., is praying for a much-needed revival.

At Drundee, Ills., union revival meetings of the Congregational, Baptist and Methodist Churches, assisted by the Y. M. C. A., began March 17. The people ask prayers that many may be brought to Christ.

Evangelist Harrison Prescott, of Lincoln, held a three weeks' meeting in the M. E. Church at Phillips, Neb., with good results. Christians have been quickened and a number of sinners have accepted Christ.

The M. E. Church at Chili, Ind., has just closed a series of very successful revival services. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hermiston, evangelists, assisted Rev. J. M. Baker, the pastor. Over forty joined the church on confession of faith.



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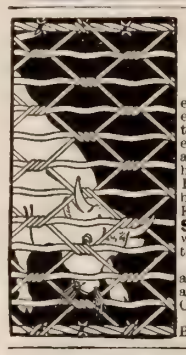

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SENT TO WIN SOULS

A Duty Incumbent on Every Christian

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

EVERY converted man or woman can be, and ought to be, a soul-winner. "He that gathereth not with me scattereth," ys our Lord (Matt. 12: 34); there is no neu- ality. And in point of fact, wherever a true eliever has the Holy Spirit within him as "a ell of water springing up unto everlasting e" (John 4: 14), out of him do "flow rivers living water" (John 7: 38); and, as with the zer in Ezekiel 47: 9, everything lives "whither- ever the river cometh." But too often the ver-bed is choked up with "the cares of this orld, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the sts of other things entering in" (Mark 4: 19); id the living water cannot flow. No other ft than the Holy Spirit is needed in order at the natural instinct of a living soul should anifest itself in seeking the salvation of hers. No one who is born of God is in a ormal or healthy state who has no anxiety r the souls of the unsaved.

Before his ascension, our Lord, during their ay in Galilee, appeared to the eleven disci- es, who were then all together, having sembled "unto the mountain where Jesus id appointed them?" (Matt. 28: 16). "And nen they saw him they worshipped him, but me doubted." These were they who had ot been present when the miraculous draught fishes, and the events recorded in our last sson, took place. They had missed an inter- ew with Jesus and were unprepared for their xt meeting with him. He reiterated a truth hich he had already taught them in some- hat similar words (Matt. 11: 27). "All thority hath been given unto me in heaven id on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make sciples of all the nations" (Matt. 28: 19, . V.). Mark reads: "Go ye into all the orld, and preach the Gospel to the whole eation" (Mark 16: 15). The Gospel of Luke 4: 46-48) says, practically, "Go ye." And the Gospel of John he had said to them on e resurrection evening, "As my father hath nt me, even so send I you" (John 20: 21). gain, it is, "Go ye." "God so loved the orld." His own children have the privilege share this love of God to the world which as rejected Christ, and which hates his peo- le. The world would not have Christ, but e sends his representatives, if, perchance, me will believe and be saved. "As my ather hath sent me." "The Son can do othing of himself," and "Apart from me, ye an do nothing" (John 5: 19; 15: 5). "The ather that dwelleth in me, he doeth the orks" (John 14: 10). Paul testifies, "Not I e, but Christ liveth in me, and the life hich I now live in the flesh, I live by the ith of the Son of God, who loved me, and ave himself for me" (Gal. 2: 20). Our be- ved Lord took, in taking upon himself our llen nature, the very position of dependence hich we fallen but redeemed creatures have, at he might not only die for us, but also ake a way by which we might carry on that hich he "began both to do and to teach" cts 1: 1). So truly as his Father sent him — nder the very same conditions—he sends us. othing, and yet able to do all things, through hrist dwelling in us by his spirit, which rengtheneth us (Phil. 4: 13).

The hindrances in the way of the salvation souls are so great that only the power of lmightiness can overcome them. The ground e have to deal with is human hearts at mity with God, already preoccupied by his eat enemy, "the god of this world, who hath inded the minds of the unbelieving, that the ght of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who the image of God, should not dawn upon em" (II. Cor. 4: 4, R. V.). More than this, ey have no instinct for God. "The natural an receiveth not the things of the Spirit of od, for they are foolishness unto him; either can he know them, because they are piritually discerned" (I. Cor. 2: 14). We go ith a message which, if received, calls upon en to accept a salvation which must humble em to the dust, and to a vocation which ads them into suffering and contempt among en. Added to this, the majority of those ho surround them mock at it and repudiate it. How, then, expect to succeed in such an ndertaking? Because the Almighty God is n our side. We go, sent of God; we go not our own charges; all the resources of God e at our disposal for the work. And he who as sent us is with us, yea, in us, to love, to ay, to speak. When the hardness of the earts, the difficulties of the circumstances, ne utter want of response we meet with, dis- ourages us, it is evidence that we have ex- ected something, either from ourselves or om those to whom we go; our expectation as not been solely from the Lord.

God is with us. "All authority hath been ven unto me," "Go ye, therefore," "and lo, am with you all the days, unto the consum- ation of the age" (Matt. 28: 18-20, R. V.). o, and make disciples. Disciples receive hrist and leave all for his sake, or they are ot disciples (Luke 14: 25 27, 33; John 8: 31). his does not mean a superficial work, a ringing up of people to the penitent-form ho have not yet really been searched in their inmost hearts, and who simply yield to pressure which, when taken off, leaves them where it found them. Disciples are those who are in very deed born of God, and from the first there is something of God about them. They are begotten of incorruptible seed, even of the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever (I. Peter 1: 23); and they cannot live without the Word. "Make disciples of all nations, baptizing them [out of the name of sinner] into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you." Such is the charge as recorded by Matthew, the kingly charge of Israel's true King. Make disciples, and teach them, not a part, but the whole of my commandments. In the Gospel of Mark, which always enters into detail, the great commission, while in itself a command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to the whole creation," speaks of the result of the reception or rejection of it. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned." Life or death, salvation or future judgment, shall be the consequence of believing or disbelieving.

He Helped the Needy

Death has again claimed all that was mortal of one of the members of the great family of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, writes Mr. Herbert A. Jones, of the passing away of Mr. John H. Plattman, of Bellona, N. Y. "Mr. Plattman," he says, "was born in England in 1827, and came with his parents to this country when only a lad, and has lived in nearly the same place all his life. He was a constant reader and student of the Bible; he had strong convictions of duty, and it became a pleasure to him to bring the subject of Christian conduct and obligation into all his business or social relations. He was affectionate and tender in his home, kind and considerate with his neighbors, fair and liberal in the support of those in need, a generous giver to the church. For years he had entered zealously into relief work for the destitute and suffering, as conducted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Yearly, too, he had the paper sent to others, thus giving away several subscriptions, together with Bibles and other good books. His good works live after him."

The Best of all Testaments.

Dear Editor —We are greatly pleased with the "Red Letter New Testament," and would be unwilling to part with it, if unable to obtain another. The limp cover, the exceptionally clear type, and the index separating so plainly the gospels and epistles, render it unusually attractive, while the words of the Saviour printed in red letters, furnish an added interest, and make the entire volume more precious to us than ever before.

MRS. JAS. J. GALLUP, Delmar, N. Y.
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The Five May Companions

The five issues of The Youth's Companion for the five Thursdays in May will contain contributions by

Hon. W. R. Day, Ex-Secretary of State, on
"Good Manners and Diplomacy"

Hon. John Bigelow, Ex-Minister to France—
"Recollections of William Cullen Bryant"

Wm. D. Howells, who writes of the relations of
"Young Contributors and Editors"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
"Nobody's Tim," a Memorial-Day Story

Jack London, who contributes a story of sailor life—
"Chris Farrington: Able Seaman"

.....These five issues will contain twenty-five more capital Stories and Articles, Notes on Current Events and Nature and Science, Children's Page, Miscellany and Anecdotes. Any three of these issues will be sent to any address for **10c.**

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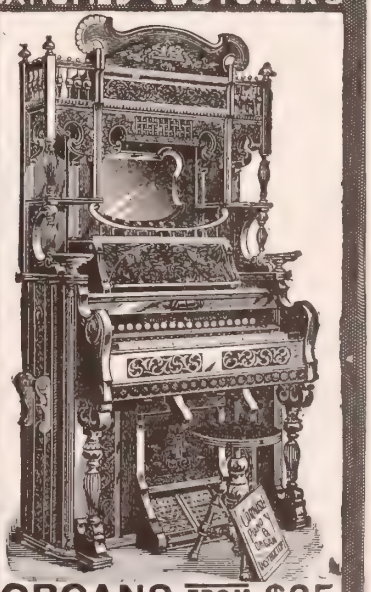

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PRACTISING CHRISTIANITY*

Love the Crucial Test of the Genuineness of a change of heart

PERHAPS the Apostle John was asked, as ministers often are in these days, how a man may know that he is a Christian. It is a question that has caused many people days and nights of acute anxiety. Generally it is asked by people who have no need to be distressed about it. The Pharisaical man, who is sure, and the worldling, who is indifferent, do not give it any consideration. It is the man who yearns for holiness and fellowship with Christ, and who has really given his heart and life into the Lord's keeping, who is concerned about his standing. He goes over again the experiences of his conversion, wonders whether his repentance was sincere, whether he really has saving faith, and whether regeneration has taken place. Sometimes, if he is of a gloomy temperament, he will dwell on some act of backsliding, or some unholy thoughts that have passed through his mind, and draw the distressing inference that he is still unsaved, and possibly that he has committed unconsciously the mysterious sin against the Holy Spirit and is doomed to perdition. It is therefore a most important service that John has rendered, in describing authoritatively the evidence by which any man can satisfy himself as to his position. "We *know*," he says, "that we have passed from death unto life." It is the emphatic statement of one who has no doubts, or distressing uncertainty. He knows, and then he proceeds to state the grounds for his belief.

It is worthy of notice that he does not find the reasons for his assurance in any past experience or in his past performances. He had been called by Christ; he had been pre-eminently the disciple whom Jesus loved; he had been in the inner circle of discipleship; he had witnessed the transfiguration and the agony in the garden; he had stood by the cross in the hour of solemn passion and had received Christ's dying commission to care for the Virgin Mary; he had done much and suffered much in his Master's cause;—but it is not because of any or of all these reasons that he feels so sure of having passed from death unto life. He knows it because of his disposition. He feels in himself a love for others which must have come from a change of heart. It is so to this day. One of the surest signs that a man is really converted, is that hatred and enmity and malignity have gone out of him, and in their place has come a sweet forgiving disposition, a kindliness and loving helpfulness which show that he has received the spirit of Christ. The story is told of a noted duellist, who was known as a sure shot and a skilful fencer, that after his conversion he became so gentle that he was ridiculed by his former companions. One of them, to show his contempt for him, offered him a deadly insult. "The time was," he remarked to his assailant, "when only your blood would have wiped out this stain, but now I have the courage to forgive you." Yet that same man, who was forthwith dubbed a coward, had the courage a few days later, that none of his old friends had, to face a howling mob in defense of an innocent man whom they were intent on lynching.

It is wonderful when we come to analyze it how much of Christianity is comprised in that one word, love. If a man really loves Christ, he may safely be set free from all law, because he will have such a dread of offending him that he will shrink from doing the things condemned by law. Love, as Paul says, is the fulfilling of the law. Numbers of young men, whom no restraint would keep from transgressing, have been held to the right by the love of mother or of wife. Who has not seen a mother leaving her babe with perfect confidence in the care of a nurse? Is it because she pays the nurse a good salary, or because she knows the nurse will dread losing her employment? Neither of these would give the mother the confidence that comes from a conviction that the nurse loves the babe. Love is a mighty force, and it will yet transform the world. How long would the relations of capital and labor be a problem, if the capitalist loved his employees and showed it by his concern for their welfare? On the other hand, how different would the relations be if the employee loved his employer and always sought his interest! How long would there be wars if the nations loved one another? Love is the great solvent, the force which subdues evil and overcomes opposition. Perhaps the time will come when even poverty will disappear in the love that will lead the rich, not so much to give to the poor, as to study their condition and remove the causes which produce poverty. In the meantime, if individual Christians would practice love, they would practice Christianity. They would produce around themselves such an atmosphere of peace and kindness that all who know them would take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 12. I. John 3: 14-18.

Our Orphan Work in India.

From the Bombay Guardian, March 23, 1901:

The marvelous benevolence organized by Dr. Louis Klopsch, of the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD, has now undertaken the support of five thousand India orphans. Already $50,000, or 1,510,500 rupees, has been received in India for the support of these little ones. This money has come in two instalments of $25,000 each, this being the amount of four months' support for the orphans adopted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers.

[Since the above paragraph was published a third check for $25,000 has been sent.]

From the India Witness:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Committee has decided to employ one agent, whose business it shall be to look after the famine orphans, visit from school to school, keep the books, and be a general medium between THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its thousands of orphans in this land. For this purpose a young man has been chosen. A sphere of great promise is open before this brother.

An Englishwoman Helps Starving China

Dear Sir:—I herewith hand you a check for five pounds, seeing from your Herald you are willing to distribute the same for the famine in China. Please acknowledge in your paper as from "An English Woman," and may the work in China be blessed and prosper as has your work in India. I congratulate you heartily upon the building of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Mission Hall in India. It is indeed a noble monument, not only to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD but to the Christian religion. C. M. S.

Paris, France.

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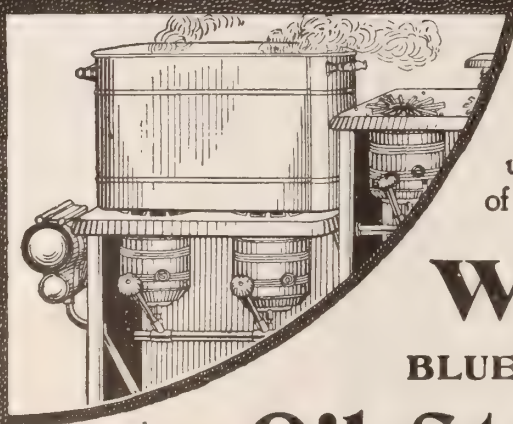

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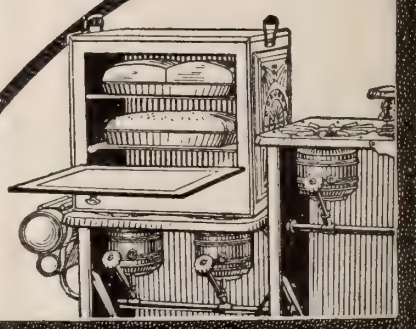

TO BAKING DAY

KIND WORDS FOR INDIA'S ORPHANS

THERE is no cessation in the interest taken by pastors and churches in the India Orphan Work. Some of the letters to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from which we quote below, furnish an idea of the self-sacrifice and devotion which characterize the Orphan Work in every department:

From the pastor, First Presbyterian Church, Skagway, Alaska, comes the cheering word--"Our people have taken up the Orphan Work." They provide for ten orphans, two of whom are cared for by the Christian Endeavor Society.

Mrs. C., San Jose, California, writes: "My neighbor's children, who could not attend any church Sunday School, began meeting in my parlor at three P. M. Sundays. This year they decided to go without papers, cards and picture-roll and support an India Orphan."

From Los Angeles comes the prompt response of the Willing Workers of the Baptist Church, who are "so poor that it will be hard work to support their little orphan girl." One small boy began his share of it early, and appeared the morning after the meeting with fifty cents, with shining face. Asked how he earned so much in so short a time, he replied, "I sold old iron." There is a pathetic little conclusion to this letter: "Since we adopted our orphan, our dear little church has burned to the ground. We are all so poor that we fear we can never rebuild it. We had all worked so hard to get it finished, and the Willing Workers had paid for plastering the primary room."

Dayton Heights Clan People's Place Mission support an orphan girl in memory of a deceased member, Mary Emma Boor, who was to have gone as a missionary. Junior C. E. Society of People's Place Mission, San Francisco, a boy. Woman's Club, a girl. Ward Memorial Chapel Sunday School, Alameda, Cal., a little Sunday School of fifty, mostly poor, two orphans. Industrial School for Indian Boys, Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, care for a little orphan girl. Children of the Louis Short Baptist Orphanage, Evergreen, Ala., "willingly undertake" the support of an orphan. Rev. R. A. McClung, of the M. E. Church, Selkirk, Canada, sends from his people support for fifteen orphans.

These churches and organizations merit honorable mention for their splendid work:

ALABAMA.—The Sunbeams, Boys and C. E. of First Ch., Birmingham; Intermediate Christian Endeavor, Birmingham; C. E. Society, Columbiana; M. E. S. S. So. Columbiana; Mason, Esther and class, Columbiana; Busy Opportunity Ladies, Lineville; Young P. S. C. E., Marion; Jr. C. E. Society, Marion; Providence Pres. Church, La Grand; Pres. S. S., Tuscumbia; King, Josie and S. S. Class, Troy.

ALASKA.—C. E. Soc., 1st Pres. Ch., Skagway.

ARIZONA.—Union S. S., Duncan; S. S., Scottsdale; Cong. S. S., Tempe.

ARKANSAS.—Ladies' Missionary Society, Pres. Church, Monticello; Juvenile Society, Hope; Pres. Y. P. S. C. E., Monticello.

CALIFORNIA.—Ward Mem. Chapel S. S., Alameda; Christ's P. E. Church, Alameda; Cairns, Mrs. R. E. and S. S. Class, Alma; Club of nine, Clearwater; Cong. S. S., Clayton; Christian Ch., Covina; W. C. T. U., Del Rey; C. E. Soc., Elmira; C. E. Soc., Elsinore; Y. P. S. C. E., Guerneville; Pres. S. S., Haywards; Class No. 4, M. E. S. S., Healdsburg; C. E. Society, Hollywood; Cong. S. S and C. E., Lockford; Willing Workers Band, Los Angeles; C. E. Society, Los Olivos; Union S. S., La Jolla; St. Paul's Mission S. S., Modesto; San Martin S. S., Morgan Hill; S. S. of 1st Church of Christian Scientists, Oakland; Berkeley Society of Christian Scientists, Oakland; Covenant Society, C. E., Oakland; Cypress Ep. League, M. E. Church, Pacific Grove; Jr. League, Lincoln Ave. M. E. Church, Pasadena; W. C. T. U., Petaluma; Jr. C. E. Society, Placerville; First S. S., San Diego; Clayton Heights Clan, San Francisco; Cong. S. S., San Jacinto; Chapin's, Mrs., A. E. S. S. San Jose; Defani, Winona and S. S. Class, Riverside; De Luna G. and S. S. Class, Riverside; Union C. E. Society, Shandon; W. C. T. U., Stockton; School of Christ, Stockton; Union S. S. Upper Lake; Y. P. S. C. E., Watsonville; Y. P. S. of Bap. Church, Yosi.

COLORADO.—Y. M. C. A., Cannon City; Missionary Chain of Christian Endeavor Society of 1st Ch. Church, Colo. Springs; S. S. of Swedish Mission, Colo. Springs; Jr. B. Y. P. U., Delta; Wesley Chapel S. S., Denver; Y. P. S. C. E., Central Pres. Church, three members, Denver; Class in 23d Ave. Pres. S. S., Denver; Y. P. S. C., Eaton; W. C. T. U., Fairadville; So. S. Vrain Un. S. S., Lyons; S. S., Lykes; Cong. S. S., Steamboat Springs.

WHEN GOD IS NEAR

THOUGH clouds arise to chill the heart,
And fill it with despair:
Though happiness may soon depart,
As life seems full of care;

Hope on, fear not, for God is near
To drive the clouds away,
And when his soothing voice we hear
There dawns a brighter day.

The clouds will quickly disappear
Beneath his sunshine bright,
And as we know our Father near
Our lives his love will light.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.
Moorestown, N. J.

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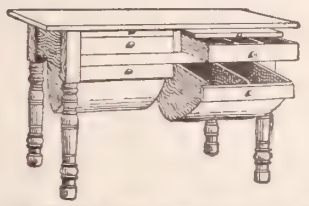

This Cabinet is made to order for us. It is our own [illegible] as well as [illegible] net. We have used only the best of material and employed only the highest skilled labor, in order to produce a highly satisfactory article. Note that the bins are not drawers, but swing and are balanced so as to work as easily when loaded as when empty. Size of top, 27x47 in.; height, 30 in.

It has two large bins, each holding 50 lbs. of flour, sugar, or bread, [illegible] potatoes; two drawers for cutlery, spices, etc., one large kneading board, 22x24 in. and one meat board 11x22 in. The bottom of bins are made of the best grade of galvanized iron, which does not rust or tarnish, and they are perfectly tight and can be washed out whenever desired.

"One-half the housewife's time is spent in kitchen [illegible]. The labor is not in the baking, but in running to and fro to the pantry and cleaning up flour, etc., spilled on the floor. Have you ever considered this?"

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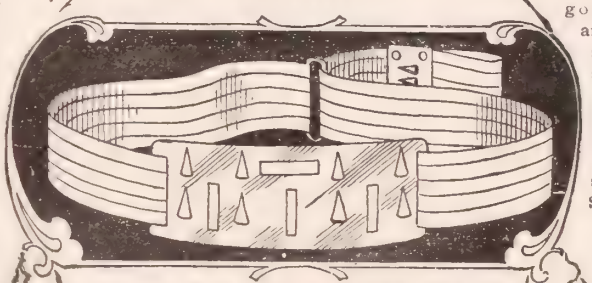

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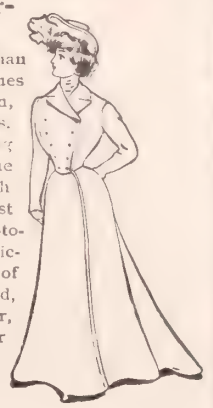

of fine all wool Venitian or Covert Cloth. Comes in black, blue, brown, tan, mode and oxford colors. Jacket all lined, including sleeves, with romaine silk. Skirt lined with good Percaline, latest style cut, and up-to-date in every particular. Samples of goods furnished, and our circular, showing other suits, jackets, etc., on application.

We make these suits to order, and offer them as a premium, for selling only four dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters at 35 cents each. It is easy to earn, and worth as much at retail as we get for the supporters.

NO MONEY REQUIRED

These handsome and useful premiums given ABSOLUTELY FREE to you for introducing to your friends our great **"HOLD FAST"** Waist and Skirt Supporter, which is the only *automatic* supporter yet invented. *Requires no sewing on* of hooks, buttons or anything else. All that is necessary is to put the Supporter on and it "does the rest."

It is what everybody is looking for. Every lady and girl in the land needs one. Every Supporter sold brings two more customers. They only cost **35 cents,** so are within the reach of everybody. *We do not ask you to invest one cent of your money.* If you would like to get one or more of our handsome premiums for using a few moments of your time in our interest, all that it is necessary to do is to write, saying you would like to earn a premium.

We will then send you, charges paid, the Supporters. When you have sold them, you send us the money and obtain your premium *which we send to you, freight charges prepaid anywhere in the U. S. So, first to last, you do not invest a penny of your own money.*

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Better write us today, and be the first to show the great invention in your town.

Address this way:

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NOTE—If you would like to see our Supporter before ordering a quantity, we will send you one, postage paid, on receipt of 35 cents in stamps.

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Our Rug is 2 ft. 6 in. wide and 5 ft. long, fringed at both ends and both sides alike. They are genuine Smyrnas, which is a guaranty of the fastness of the colors and the beauty of design. Order one and you will want more.

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This illustration shows the machine closed to be used as a center table, stand or desk.

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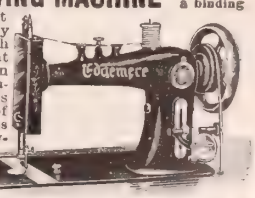

This illustration gives you an idea of the appearance of the High Grade, High Arm Edgemere Sewing Machine, which we furnish at $11.95 in the handsome 5-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

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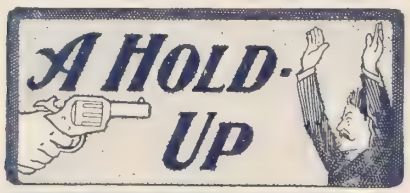

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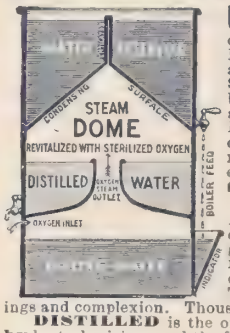

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Best and simplest device made for holding a string tie in place. Impossible for tie to ride up on the collar or get around under the ears. Especially adapted for evening dress ties and ladies' shirt waist ties. Slides through collar easily and holds tie firmly. Handsomely made of Rolled Gold plate. **Agents wanted everywhere.** Of dealers, or sent direct postpaid on receipt of price, **25c.**

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 19

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1901

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS

See Page 435

.. STEEL WORKERS DISCUSSING MR. CARNEGIE'S BENEFACTIONS DURING THE NOON HOUR ..

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The usual five new questions are omitted this week; in order that other letters to "The Mail-Bag," many of them long delayed, may receive attention. Hereafter, once a month, the entire page will be devoted to this class of letters.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

* * *

Mrs. F. W. A., Miami, Fla. When and by whom was the Smithsonian Institute founded?

James Smithson, an English philanthropist and a scientist of high repute, bequeathed his property, £120,000, to his nephew, on condition that should the latter die without heirs, the estate be "left to the United States, for the purpose of founding an institution at Washington to be called the Smithsonian Institution, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." He died in 1829. The nephew died 1835, without heirs, and the property, amounting to $508,318.46, came into possession of the United States. The system under which the establishment was set to work was organized by Joseph Henry, the first Secretary, 1846–77. James Smithson's gift has been swelled by subsequent additions.

Reader. Suppose an unconverted husband persists in commanding a Christian wife to stay home from meetings, should she obey him?

No; her first duty is to God, and anything that stands between her and that duty should be put aside. But she should do this without anger, and by her patient example and her earnest prayers, she may ultimately win her unbelieving husband over to the Lord's side also.

Old Subscriber, Ashland, Va. I come to you in great perplexity. If grave charges are made against the pastor of a church, he being aware of it, and neither denying nor affirming the charges, but, continuing to fill his pulpit, although many members have left the church, is it right to listen to him or not?

The proper method is to present the matter formally to the Church Session, or governing body, and have the pastor summoned to appear. He should not be condemned unheard, but afforded every opportunity for explanation. Probably the charges have never taken any more substantial form than mere gossip, which, of course, he could not answer. Ordinarily, we should say that members would do well to have the matter fully investigated, before making up their minds to leave the church.

Mrs. A. B. DeV., Annapolis, Ind. Why do the world's famous artists represent Christ and his disciples in a sitting posture at the institution of the Lord's Supper, when all sacred writers say it was customary in those days to recline at the table?

Artistic conceptions have certainly varied greatly in the treatment of this subject. Some painters have apparently discarded Oriental forms and customs, in order to produce a picture that would be less strange, yet no less impressive in the eyes of their own countrymen. A few, like Tissot, have adhered closely to the Eastern standards. Italian painters have given us the Last Supper as a classic Italian scene, and German, Dutch and English artists have each given their own national interpretation of the subject. They painted for their own time and their own people, and unless they had had the advantage of travel and study in the Orient, they could not have done otherwise. Strict accuracy was apparently held as of less importance than a noble and beautiful ideal.

H. S. R., Rabson, W. Va. If a cannon was discharged, and there was no one within hearing, would there be any sound or report?

All the conditions which produce sound would be present and active. The existence of sound is not dependent upon the presence of an auditor, any more than the existence of light is dependent upon the opening or closing of our eyes. If all New York's population were to shut their eyes at high noon, that fact would not produce darkness.

S. A. M., Union Grove, Wis. Please answer through the Mail-Bag the following questions: How many National Soldiers' Homes are there in the United States, where are they, and how many soldiers find homes in them?

There are branches of the National Home for disabled volunteer soldiers at Dayton, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Me.; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Marion, Ind.; Danville, Ill.; with an aggregate of about 27,000 inmates. The United States Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia receives disabled soldiers of the regular army. Besides the National Homes, State Homes for disabled volunteer soldiers are provided by California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, N. Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. For further information, address War Department, Washington, D. C.

W. J. B., Toronto, Can. Was it right to misrepresent and deceive, as General Funston did, or did the end justify the means used?

War, and all its train of evils, including killing, deception, stratagem and spoliation, are all wrong and sinful, from the Christian view point. On the other hand, according to the recognized rules of modern warfare, General Funston was justified in employing strategy and deception to accomplish his purpose.

School Boy, Plainfield, N. J. 1. How many Presidents of the United States have been farmers? 2. How many were merchants? 3. From what occupation were most of our Presidents chosen?

1. Two, Washington and Harrison, went from their occupation into the White House. Lincoln, in early life, was a farm hand, but at the time of his election was a lawyer. The fathers of eleven Presidents are set down as "planters" or "farmers"; hence the larger number of our Chief Executives began life on a farm. 2. None. The fathers of two—Buchanan and Hayes — were merchants. 3. Lawyers, of whom there were seventeen; if we include "statesmen" in the same term, there were nineteen. Before becoming lawyers, three of our Presidents were teachers. Before becoming a "statesman" one was a tailor. Two only are set down as "soldiers" at the time of election—Zachary Taylor and U. S. Grant. Two sons of clergymen—Cleveland and Arthur.

J. H., Wooster, O. 1. What is the origin of the phrase, "Let the cat out of the bag?" 2. What was the cat of the famous Whittington that made him a merchant prince? 3. Name seven inventors who fell into their own trap, or were punished by their own inventions. 4. What is the origin of throwing the wedding shoe?

1. It is said to have originated in an ancient market trick, wherein a cat was substituted for a pig; if the buyer did not open the bag in which his supposed purchase was handed him, he suffered the consequences of his simplicity: if he prudently opened the bag to make examination, the cat jumped out and the trick was exposed. 2. It is supposed that this story is a sort of allegory, and that the famous "cat" was a medieval vessel known by that name which brought fortune to Whittington. 3. Hugues, builder of the Bastile and its first prisoner; Perilaus, inventor, at the will of the tyrant, Phalaris, of the Brazen Bull, and the first to be roasted alive in it; Phalaris also died in it; Cowper Coles, inventor of the turret-ship, in which, with 482 out of 500 persons, he perished when it was capsized; the Bishop of Verdon, who was shut up in the iron cage which he had invented for the torture of others; Ludovico Sforza, inventor of the Iron Shroud, died in it; Robert Morton, inventor of the Maiden, a sort of guillotine, was beheaded by it; Marigni was hanged on a gibbet of his own designing; a like fate to that which overtook Haman, when he died on the gibbet meant for Mordecai. 4. The shoe was in ancient times a symbol of authority, used in marriage and other ceremonials to denote transference of government; the custom of throwing old shoes after a bridal couple for good luck is a merry survival of grave old customs.

Nona E. D., Elkton, Md. Is it recorded anywhere in the Bible that there were thirteen at table, and one dropped dead? If so, will you please tell where?

The superstitious belief in the unluckiness of thirteen at table is doubtless based upon the fact that thirteen sat down at the "Last Supper," as related in the Gospels. There is no other instance recorded in Scripture.

A. B., San Francisco, Calif. Is it right for a Christian to joke with his fellow employees?

Innocent mirth is not a sin, nor should it be confounded with wicked levity or godless conversation. If your fellow employees are non-Christians, their mirth will probably be of the latter sort, and should be avoided. There is a good-fellowship and whole-heartedness which is pleasant and agreeable, and many very good people are noted for their wit and humor. But mere worldly merriment, vain and empty conversation, and, above all, that species of wit which is low, coarse and debasing, should be shunned by anyone who desi spiritual growth and a "pure heart."

M. J.W., Carthage, So. Dak. 1. What is the me ing of the word "Pan" in Pan-American? What is the meaning of the word "Tamman 3. Who is or was Herr Most, and is he still ing? 4. Is it right for a church to raise mo by selling chances on an article, the lucky n ber at last drawing the quilt, and if a chu does so, should Christian people buy s chances?

1. It means "all" or "universal." 2. A litical society founded in 1789, and named a Tamenund, a chief of the Delaware Ind nation, who lived in the seventeenth centu 3. A noted German Anarchist writer and tator, still living and in the United Sta 4. Lotteries, raffles, auctions and all s schemes are vulgar and in execrable tast connection with church work. In the chu itself they should be excluded by Christ people as altogether inadmissible.

Subscriber, Avonmore. We have just complet new parsonage, with between two and three dred dollars debt on it. A number of pe who never attend the prayer services, and seldom the regular Sabbath service, pro giving entertainments, to pay off this debt, hall which is used at other times for a ball-ro The programme consists of a "cane contest," ly dialogues of courtships, comic songs and tations. Their committee meetings and prac are on the regular prayer service night. Wh your opinion of these methods of raising m for church purposes?

Such methods are detrimental to spiri growth, and, if persisted in, will seriously pair the church's usefulness. They will found especially harmful to young memb

Mrs. B., Osage, Ia. The old-fashioned fa worship—the head of the house leading in Sc ture reading and prayer—becomes mon nous, and the children tire of it. Can you suggest something wherein the family ca take part? It seems to me that for each o recite a verse of Scripture, and all togethe peat or sing a hymn-prayer, would be helpful.

You will find *The Church at Home*, by F op Vincent (Eaton & Main, publishers, N York), a great help. Do not give up the sonal petition for the household; and w ever aid you may take from other sour you should never fail to adapt the prayer the needs of your own circle. The sim broken utterance of the heart, rising to lips, is better than all you can find in pri prayer-books.

C. M. B., Florence, Tex. 1. Will electricity supp steam on railways? 2. When was Christ first celebrated?

1. Very probably; it is supplanting it although up to the present time it has been found profitable to make long runs electricity. 2. The first certain traces Christmas as a festival of the Chris Church are found about 180 A. D., in time of the Emperor Commodus. In cletian's reign, he heard that a multitud Christians were assembled in the churc Nicomedia celebrating the birthday of Je upon which he ordered the doors closed the church fired. These worshippers at first Christmas of which we have any cor erable detail, perished in the flames.

H., Two Taverns. An old Sunday School su intendent, who has the spiritual welfare of school at heart, has unwittingly antagon some of the consistory and church membe the subject of church accommodation for scholars, the pastor standing neutral. H gards the opposition as wholly unjust. Sh he resign as superintendent and withdraw membership, to apply his energies elsewher should he continue in his field of labor?

As superintendent, he might say what thought essential for the welfare of the sch in the matter of church accommodation, condition his continuing in office upon the quirements being met. His church mem ship has practically no connection at all the matter.

Subscriber, Beacon, Ia. Avoid it altogether is a delusion and a snare.

Reader, Marysville, Ga. The conduct you scribe is selfish and un-Christian.

M. K. M., Cameron, Va. Write to the Secre of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

O. C. C., Belleville, Ill. 1. Nothing wrong a it. 2. Law, medicine, navigation, engineering chitecture.

R. F. G., Princes Bay, N. Y. 1. The best p is to pay, and then avoid repeating the experi 2. Inquire of P. O. officials.

H. F. R., Seattle, Wash., writes this not warning: "I wish you would use your influenc abate the rush of poor people, or people with ju little money, to this section. It is overcrow now with all classes of workers unable to get w There are from fifty to a hundred applicants every vacant place."

A Home Missionary Campaign

FOR THE MORE GENERAL INTRODUCTION OF PURE LITERATURE

The time for our Annual Home Missionary Effort is at hand, and we once again appeal to our many loyal friends to put forth an earnest and determined effort to largely increase our subscription list. We sincerely believe that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is being especially and signally blessed of God, and that it is one of the mightiest agencies for good of our times. We know that there are tens of thousands who share with us this belief, and it is to them, more particularly, that we appeal to co-operate with us in extending the sphere of our usefulness.

AN ERROR CORRECTED

In our issues of April 24 and May 1, we fixed on May 10 as the last date for mailing subscriptions under the following proposition:

The calculation was faulty, as the Twenty-Day Campaign could not end until May 14, and therefore we now EXTEND THE LAST MAILING DATE TO MAY 14, 1901.

THIS IS OUR PROPOSITION:

The Subscription Price to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD From May 1, 1901, to January 1, 1902—Eight Months is $1.00

Now, any one sending us his own or one new name for an eight-months' subscription for $1.00, as above, may select, without any further payment, one yearly subscription to either of the following Monthly Magazines:

The Cosmopolitan $1.00 PER YEAR	**The Quiver** $1.50 PER YEAR	**Current History** $1.50 PER YEAR
Pearson's $1.00 PER YEAR	**Success** $1.00 PER YEAR	**Cassell's Magazine** $1.50 PER YEAR
Cassell's Young Folks $1.50 PER YEAR	**The Designer** $1.00 PER YEAR	**Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly** $1.00 PER YEAR

OR, IF YOU PREFER, WE WILL SEND, **Rand & McNally's New Atlas** ALL CHARGES PREPAID. PRICE $1.00

OR, WE WILL SEND YOU A COPY OF THE **Red Letter New Testament** BOUND IN DIVINITY CIRCUIT, WITH ALL THE WORDS SPOKEN BY OUR LORD PRINTED IN RED—PRICE $1.50

PLEASE BEAR THE DATE IN MIND

You are, of course, entitled to **one** selection from the above list for **every** subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which you may send in. Hence, do not stop with one, but keep right on until May 14, the date of the withdrawal of this offer.

Remember, that to every one sending us one New Subscription, together with One Dollar, for "The Christian Herald" from May 1 to January 1, 1902 (eight months), we will send FREE FOR ONE YEAR either of the above Magazines.

Also, remember that this offer closes positively on **May 14, 1901.**

Send your subscriptions in as soon as secured. Don't let them accumulate. Each Magazine may be sent to a different address. Address your letters.

The Christian Herald, 910 Bible House, New York City

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, MAY 8, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

· HIS · PULPIT · AMID · FLYING · WHEELS ·

...THE UNIQUE SPIRITUAL EXPERIMENT OF A CHRISTIAN EMPLOYER

A DAILY MORNING SERVICE IN HIS FACTORY BRINGS THE GOSPEL TO THE WORKERS.....

THE question of how to induce laboring men, high-class mechanics, and machine workers to attend divine worship, and so receive the benefits that accrue from a practical Christian life, is one that has engaged the attention of Christian men who are large employers of labor. Mr. L. H. Creager, of the little city of Washington, Ind., employs in his factory about one hundred men in the manufacture of bent-wood products. Everything that would seem to add to the comfort and well-being of his employees, Mr. Creager has added to his establishment. The question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has always had a peculiar significance for him, and he has evolved an answer which may serve as an object-lesson for others.

Mr. Creager himself has experienced the practical benefits of the Christian life. It became a matter of concern to him that the men he employed six days in the week did not meet with him at the house of God on Sundays. He was personally acquainted with every one of them, and knew much of their affairs. The homelife of almost every one was a familiar subject. He knew them to be men of sense, many of them men of refinement, and all capable of receiving and appreciating the truths of the Scriptures, and he earnestly wished they might also receive the refreshing and renewing which he experienced at the Sunday worship. He knew that without that respite his own life would soon become a weary round—perfunctory and uninteresting.

He spoke to some of his men about their non-attendance at church—not reportingly, but in a brotherly way. He ascertained, to his astonishment, that many stayed away from church because of the social distinctions which prevailed in that remote little city of less than ten thousand people. Mr. Creager, at first, fancied this an unjust assumption, and hardly a sufficient excuse. He began an investigation, and soon discovered such facts as led him to believe his men were probably right, and that the churches may become too aristocratic for a man in poor clothes to attend. No special effort had been put forth by the churches to reach the laboring classes, who were the most numerous part of the population.

If this belief, whether it be justified or not, causes men to remain away from the church, men who need the divine spark in their bosoms to be occasionally blown into a flame by a breath from the imperishable Gospels, that condition must be met and dealt with as it is. Mr. Creager did not argue with his men as to the justness of their position. In a practical way he set about to supply them with the spiritual food which he believes truly required for mental and physical well-being.

He consulted with the men, and plainly told them that he wanted their lives to be cheered and their hearts lightened by contact with the influence of Jesus Christ. If he could not prevail upon them to go to the churches, it was within his power to bring the teaching of the Gospels to them, and he decided to do it. He ascertained all, without an exception, would welcome an opportunity to hear practical truths from the Bible discussed by a minister in the factory building, every morning before beginning work. The plan was adopted at once. Next Monday morning saw the Rev. J. J. Gorby, a pastor of a leading church in the city, enter the factory building just before seven o'clock, and take his place at the end of a long room in which every man employed about the place was congregated. For fifteen minutes Rev. Mr. Gorby spoke upon the subject: "Things to think about." Every man present gave the closest attention. There was no exhortation or pleading; simply a plain Gospel talk. At a quarter after seven, the machinery commenced to whirr, and every man sought his place with a different feeling in his heart, and with better thoughts in his mind than usually found lodgment there. Every morning since then—and that was several months ago—at the blowing of the whistle, the men gather in the largest room of the establishment. The minister has never been late, and no employee has ever been late at the early service. Plainly, the seed sown in these early morning services has taken root, and is sure to come to harvest, for the early morning impressions are not disturbed or effaced by other associations throughout the day. Every man is paid at his regular wage rate for the time he puts in listening to the morning address. The minister, also, is on the factory pay-roll, and every week receives a check from Mr. Creager for his services.

Rev. Mr. Gorby says: "I believe great good will come from this idea of Mr. Creager's. It would not surprise me to hear of manufacturers all over the country following this example. It is something the employer owes to the employee, and ministers will favor it, because it affords them an opportunity to do a great amount of good."

Mr. Creager is a good judge of human nature, and his philosophy is far-seeing. The main purpose of the daily meetings he has inaugurated, is to clear the minds of the men from false premises, and set them thinking aright. When that is thoroughly accomplished, there is little doubt that the men will find some consistent church home, where they will attend divine worship on the Lord's Day.

Nor is this all that may with confidence be expected to result from these services at Mr. Creager's factory. The church people will also become awakened to their duty and shun the show and tinsel which keeps earnest, honest, industrious people away from association with them in Christian fellowship. Already the effect of this is plainly felt in Washington, and Christian belief and Christian desire are becoming the habiliments which distinguish church members, rather than silk and broadcloth.

Mr. Creager does not pose among his men as a reformer. He does no urging, no pleading. All the time he is a man of business. He simply puts the proposition before his employees that Christianity and right living pay. Instinctively, but without any intention of practicing it, he uses diplomatic yet straightforward methods, just such methods as are effective with hard-headed, clear-thinking mechanics.

Whatever means may present themselves to advance the welfare of his fellow-workmen in his business he lays hold of. Almost every man in his employ has signed a pledge, and every one who has signed it has kept it. In every instance, the "Token Dollar" is handed to the signer of the pledge, and that particular and identical dollar is kept in a safe place and regarded as a sign of the faith their employer reposes in his men. The pledge is as follows:

"My pledge. God helping me, I hereby solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. I also promise to refrain from visiting all places where such intoxicants are sold. When I feel justified in breaking the provisions of this pledge, I hereby promise to return to Mr. L. H. Creager the Token Dollar received from him. Name—, Date—"

Mr. Creager is enthusiastic over the result of his efforts to induce others to forsake evil and do right. The result is manifest in the men themselves. They are brighter, happier and more cheerful, and the future for them has assumed a golden glow where before appeared a dreary gloom.

THOMAS ALPHRAM.

Hagerstown, Ind.

THE MORNING SERVICE BEFORE THE WHISTLE BLOWS IN A WASHINGTON, IND., FACTORY

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Best Weapons

TEXT, I. Samuel 21: 9:

"There is none like that; give it me"

DAVID fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used, and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this is the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword, and says, "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword which has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of his glorious Church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward that blade of the Philistine, and cry, "There is none like that; give it me!"

Scientific Weapons

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy, and geology, and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory, and out of its observatory, and said, "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie, and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth, and cried out, "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton, and Herschel, and O. M. Mitchell came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and heavens, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

Worldly philosophy said, "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then who started it? And so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said, "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said, "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait," said Christian philosophy; and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locusts. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locusts like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went in straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop, and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said, "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal,' is simply an absurdity." Old-time worldly philosophy said, "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy says, "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries, and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that allusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundation." Christian philosophy comes, and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Travel and Exploration

Again, I remark that the traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst thieves, was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home, who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched, and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering-place has ruined many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade, because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent here, in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they get into Spain, on the Lord's Day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These mail trains, why, they take our Bibles; these steamships, they transport our missionaries; these sailors, rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds, and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said, "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked, as some have been, at the building of railroads in the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. How many who could not afford muleteers, now easily buy tickets from Constantinople to Joppa. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep, in the phosphorescent wake—of the shining feet of him who from wave-cliff to wave-cliff trod bestormed Tiberius. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking till Jesus shall reign

Where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

So it has also been with the learning and eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for aged women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Grotius and Burke in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy. The most

Brilliant Writings

are all aglow with holy Scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essayist's discourse, Sinai thunders, and Calvary speaks, and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court-room and in the Senate Chamber; but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while responding to Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American Revolution; but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion, and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side come over to our side. Captured for God! "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, also, has it been with the picture-making of the world. Much of the art of the world has been in the possession of the vicious. What to unclean Henry VIII. a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to J Jeffries, the unjust judge, the picture of the "J Judgment?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a pic of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the worl the wrong side. But that is being changed now. Christian artist goes over to Rome, looks at the pict and brings back to his American studio much of power of these old masters. The Christian minister over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," comes back to the American pulpit to talk as n before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The pri tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's pictu the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for p aration for that day when

Shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

Our Sunday School newspapers and walls are ado with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Chris the cross. Oh, that we might, in our families, t more of the power of

Christian Pictures

A sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean mo your children than twenty sermons on devotion. patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist wi more to your child than fifty sermons on for ance. The art of the world is to be taken for C What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and landajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "The none like that; give it me."

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and When Christ was upon earth, the people that foll him, for the most part, had no social position. was but one man naturally brilliant in all the ap ship. How many of the merchants in Asia befriended Jesus? I think of only one. Lydia. many of the castles on the beach at Galilee entert Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Jopp stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What powe Christ's name on the Roman Exchange, or i bazaars of Corinth? None. The prominent men day did not want to risk their reputation for sani pretending to be one of his followers. Now that changed. Among the mightiest men in our great to-day are the Christian merchants and the Chr bankers; and if to-morrow, at the Board of Trad man should get up and malign the name of Jes would be quickly silenced or put out. In the fron of all our Christian workers to-day are the Chr merchants; and the enterprises of the world are c on the right side. One of the finest

Printing-Presses

ever built, was built for the express purpose of pu ing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothi print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ v the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Ta will bring presents, and the Queen of Sheba her and the wise men of the East their myrrh and fr cense. I look off upon the business men of this and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and inge and talent are being brought into the service of It is one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is like that; give it me!"

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all heartedness! If science is to be on the right sid and the traveling disposition of the world on the righ and the learning of the world on the right side, a picture-making on the right side, and the busines men and tact of the world on the right side—th Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye p It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and such a commander, and on the way to such a v If what I have said is true, then Christ is going t er up for himself out of this world every thing worth any thing, and there will be nothing but th left. We have been rebels, but a proclamation nesty goes forth now from the throne of God, s "Whosoever will, let him come." However lo may have wandered, however great your crime have been, "whosoever will, let him come." O this hour I could marshal all the world on the Christ! He is the best friend a man ever had. H kind—he so loving, so sympathetic. I cannot se you can stay away from him. Come now, and acc mercy. Behold him as he stretches out the arms salvation, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of th and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final now. You will either be willows planted by the courses or the chaff which the wind driveth away

FAMINE SUFFERERS SELLING THEIR CHILDREN FOR FOOD

Illustrations from Shansi journals

FAMISHED PEASANTS BEGGING IN SHANSI

...HE ASKS AMERICAN AID FOR THE SHANSI FAMINE SUFFERERS....

LI HUNG CHANG APPEALS TO US

.... 11,000,000 STARVING — HUMAN FLESH EATEN FOR FOOD....

FROM his seat of government in Peking, Li Hung Chang, the foremost statesman in China, and the real head of affairs in that unfortunate nation, has cabled through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a message to the American people, which cannot fail to awaken universal sympathy. It reveals sad condition of affairs in the famine-stricken provces, and appeals, in the most urgent manner, for nerican aid in behalf of the starving millions whom ina, devastated and impoverished by war, is herself werless to help. This is Earl Li's message:

Government, Peking, April 25.
itor, Christian Herald, New York.
Very serious famine spreads over whole Province ansi. Over eleven million population affected. Urgent lief necessary. Conditions warrant immediate appeal.
(Signed) **Li Hung Chang** (Seal)

This appeal, which is stamped with the official seal China, is conclusive evidence of the fact that the perial Government, as well as the provincial authoris, have failed to arrest the progress of the famine. ow, as a last resort, they have invoked the aid of their ly friend among the foreign nations—Christian Amer-. It is a confession of helplessness that could only me from a nation utterly humbled and forced to the ll by its misfortunes.

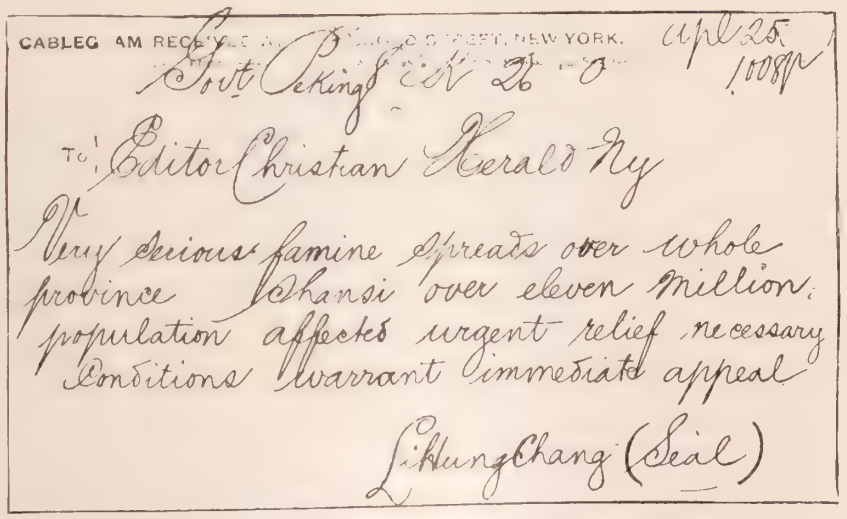
Further light is shed upon the condition of the famine stricts, in letters and telegrams received by Chinese icials in this country, as well as in correspondence om missionaries and other American residents in ina. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister in Washgton, has unqualifiedly endorsed the appeal of Earl Li, d has pledged his active co-operation in any moveent looking to relief work. In a recent communicaon to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he explained that the mine had been caused primarily by drought and faile of crops, and subsequently by the oxer uprising and the war. He said:

"The Provinces of Shensi and Shansi e in the northern part of the empire and gether occupy an area of more than 0,000 square miles. The population of ensi is 10,000,000, and that of Shansi ,000,000. Shensi was the ancient capital ovince of China. These provinces are thousand miles inland. The people are most altogether farmers. In Shansi the mine is fully as appalling as at Shensi.

"I have read of the wonderful generos- of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN ERALD to India during the famine in at country, and while I sincerely trust at the one in China may never be so eat as that one; yet I feel very sure that ould they care to do a little for those o are now suffering so terribly, it would appreciated far more than I can exess. It would surely go a long way toird helping the Chinese to realize that e foreigners are not their enemies."

Mr. Chow Tszchi, the Chinese Consul in New York, has already received from his fellow-countrymen here some gifts to be sent to the famine sufferers, but the Chinese in New York are exceedingly poor as a class.

EARL LI HUNG CHANG


CABLEGRAM RECEIVED ... STREET, NEW YORK. Apl 25 1008p
Govt Peking Ch 26 0
To Editor Christian Herald Ny
Very serious famine spreads over whole province Shansi over eleven million population affected urgent relief necessary Conditions warrant immediate appeal
Li Hung Chang (Seal)

THE OFFICIAL SEALED CABLEGRAM CALLING FOR HELP

The Consul says: "The Chinese here, the Chinese at home, our poor people, our nobles, our Emperor, will appreciate any help the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may send to our starving brothers in Shansi."

A touching appeal has been circulated in China by the Shansi officials. The translation is furnished by Consul Tszchi:

"*To Our Own People and Foreigners:*—This time the famine is more serious than ever, because in the north are the Allied troops, and in the south we have several places in rebellion. China is very poor now, and the people are in such a straitened position that no very big assistance can be expected from them. Since more than several months now, the famine has been beginning in places in this province. In some villages they are eating human flesh.

"All our brothers in the world should be very sorry for us, and should know how unfortunate we are. We wish all our people to share some of your money which you spend amusing yourselves, and for traveling, and for dressing and for all kinds of comforts, to rescue these poor people. It is much better to save the starving and dying men, women and children here, than to build a pagoda or temple, or even a church—because from ten to twelve million people are suffering to death.

"Signed by the Governor of Shansi,
and the Relief Society of Shansi,
composed of officers, gentlemen
and merchants of Shansi."

The following is a translation of a letter received by Consul Tszchi from a personal friend in Sian-fu:

". . . It is a great famine. We have never heard of anything so terrible. The coming of rice from the southern and eastern provinces is expected hour by hour, minute by minute. As you know, we have no railway facilities. The rivers and canals are mostly dry during the winter. The Empress-Dowager and Emperor were good enough to give 100,000 teals to our Relief Society, and from the Viceroy down to the workman, every one is contributing, but we need far more than we get.

"A man just came from a village outside of this city, and described the condition of the starving people, which made me feel as though I was among them. Thirty dollars was the price of a bag of rice. The poor have no rice; they killed everything in sight, if eatable, and cooked even leather boxes or bags, and stewed tree-bark and grass. Some of them were so famished that they were even eating earth.

"On the first day, he saw a number of poor people selling their children for rice. On the second, he saw the same party lying starving on the road, and on the third day about half of them were dead, and their miserable bodies were lying at the mercy of hungry dogs and wolves.

(Continued on page 420)

HOW A POOR BOY BECAME A GREAT SOUL-WINNER

William Stuart Witham, Once a Barefoot Lad, now President of Thirty Banks, and a Famous Christian Worker

MRS. WM. M. NIXON
Worker in the Factory District

MR. W. S. WITHAM
Teacher of the "Busy People's Bible Class"

MRS. W. S. WITHAM
Musician of the Bible Class

WHEN a man whose life is full of large business interests and responsibilities gives abundantly of his time and energy to personal philanthropic and religious work, he not only accomplishes results as an individual but he sets the mark of a shining example to others.

One of the most conspicuous men in the South to-day is William Stuart Witham, of Atlanta, Ga. From the time he was a barefooted boy, cutting wood at twenty-five cents a load down in Georgia, to the present, when he is president of thirty banks and ten cotton mills, and actively engaged with thirty-eight boards of directors, Mr. Witham's career has been one of almost dramatic interest in its steady progress and swift advance. His life has been a busy earnest one in other ways than that of mere accumulation of wealth. At present he spends much of his time and efforts in church work. As a Sunday School worker he has a wide reputation in his section. His labors in this direction being characterized by the same zeal and energy that have marked his career as a business man; and he has thus built up what is at once the largest and most unique the entire South. It was in that he was invited to take charge of the Bible Class of the First Methodist Church Sunday School, and a little group gathered about him in the rather small ante-room of the church to hear the lesson for the day expounded. Perhaps there was a score or more of men and women. His method of treatment was original; it was considered eccentric by some; but by all it was regarded as forceful, and he so impressed the few that next Sunday they were back again, each bringing one or more friends. In this way his class increased from thirty in number to one hundred and more, when it was necessary to either enlarge this room or to reorganize in the auditorium above. Thus the "Busy People's Bible Class" came into existence and grew, until it is the most notable of its kind in the Southern States. Its membership of over five hundred comprises men and women stooped with age, the middle-aged, the young people of the church and the little children, all equally interested in the teacher's words and his happy illustrations on the black-board. Mr. Witham in his class work is ably assisted by his wife, who is leader of the great choir which this Bible Class forms. Another feature of this Sunday School work is the committee appointed each week to visit the sick and poor, and to make weekly reports regarding them. In this way Mr. Witham keeps in touch with all who have ever had their names enrolled for membership, and his class becomes an effective agency in social and philanthropic work.

His Sabbath School work is not bounded by the limit of this class. He is President of Georgia State Sunday School Asso tion, and to his enthusiastic energy business-like methods is largely due growth of the association. He has sonally paid for the education of betw seventy-five and one hundred poor b and girls. The work which has the wa est hold upon his heart is the Dec Street Mission, which is located in worst quarter of Atlanta. In a big, b room on the ground floor of a rick tenement, men and women used to gat weekly to drink, gamble and revel. Th was the flick of the cards and dice, the babel of profane voices in that place. Into all of this turmoil of sin dirt Mr. Witham and his wife wen preach the Gospel. The work here been blessed indeed, and very many souls have b dragged back as it were from the bottomless pit its Here, in this place, where sin did once abound, the of Salvation is made plain to those who were wit hope. The families of this locality go to the Miss which is open day and night, for shelter or food, or aid in finding work. Mr. Witham is their adviser, friend in need in all things. In connection with Mission he has established a restaurant, where hungry are given a meal in exchange for work in the Mission.

IN THE FACTORY DISTRICT KINDERGARTEN

Just beyond the Mission, in of the factory districts, this man and his wife are at the h of a "Free Kindergarten," es lished in 1900; and through t influence many of the soc women of Atlanta have bec deeply interested, giving not their money but their time tow the maintenance of this ins tion. Two days of every w there are dinners served to t children by the willing hand of the young society girls, and a tain number of them, from the ferent committees, visit regul the sick and distressed in district.

It is these young women established the committ through whose agency the children are taken to the p on happy outings. Then t is the sewing committee, w meets on special days, wher busy needles fly, fashioning ments for the orphan childre of the factory district. Besides t kindred activities, the kinde ten includes a day nurser library, and bath-rooms for children.

BELLE ROBINSON BUT R.

LI HUNG CHANG APPEALS TO US

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"How sad this is! Nearly every city, town or village he passed through was deserted, or the houses were occupied by the dead. It is said that in one town the people have opened a human flesh market; but this is hardly credible.

"Now we foresee that in the spring (no snow no rain so far) there will be more trouble for the farm work, and that after such starvation an epidemic may be expected to follow.

"Another friend told me of a family of nine. The mother could not bear to hear the cry of the famished children, so she hung herself. The father became insane and killed all seven children, and finally committed suicide. They were of good family and did not wish to beg for food, nor to sell the children."

These are only isolated cases, but they go to show the intense character of the suffering in Shansi at the present time, and the deplorable plight of the people of that province.

Emperor Kwang Su is deeply saddened by the sufferings of his people, and has declared that he will greatly honor those who come to their assistance. In a recent issue of a leading Chinese journal, *The Shunpao*, referring to the Shansi famine, it is stated that "for over a thousand miles nothing has been grown"—a most significant fact, when China's dense population is remembered. The native local journals are filled with details of the famine. Beggars abound everywhere; men and women fall in the fields, and are devoured by wild beasts; families sell their children for bread. The two illustrations on preceding page are reproduced from prints in the native newspapers, which were received from China by Consul Tszchi. Still another, almost too harrowing to contemplate, shows groups of people in the fields and by the roadside, huddled up and awaiting the slow death of starvation.

It is surely a terrible picture this, of a people whom we have considered our enemies, sinking helplessly under the deadly grasp of famine, with no succor in sight. Shall Christian America heap "coals of fire" upon the heads of the Chinese, by reaching out hands of rescue? Or, because these poor Chinese farmers, and their wives and children are of the same race as the Boxers, and the men who attacked our missions, are we justified in permitting them to perish?

Let us help China in her extremity. She has appealed to us from her very throne, in the name of our common humanity. Let it be ours to demonstrate that Christianity knows no barriers, when it hears the cry of human suffering. We invite all who desire to have a share in this Christ-like work to join us in an effort to save the lives and win the hearts of the stricken peasants of Shansi, by sending their offerings to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for transmission to our missionary workers, who will act as their relieving agent in the field. Every contribution will be acknowledge in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The following sums have been received for the nine sufferers:

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage	$100 00	Prov. 19-17, Gardiner	00
Louis Klopsch	100 00	Birdie Kepler	30
An Englishwoman, E. M. S., Paris, France	24 35	Friend, Saegertown	00
R. L. Gress	1 00	J. W. Manning	00
Trot, Peru	7 00	H. K. Monroe	00
Harry B. Gaskill	2 00	R. A. Williams	00
Miss Ida Kraemer	1 10	Mrs. I. M., Mrs. E. W. and Mrs. J. W., B'klyn	00
A Friend, H. E. S.	10 00	Mrs. J. Develin	00
C. A. Hagaman	14 50	W. B. Mitchell	00
Theo. M. Shearer	2 00	J. L. Roger	76
A Friend, Franklin	3 00	R. Kirkham	00
A Friend, Balm	1 00	Mrs. T. H. R. Redway	50
J. C. Geitz	50	W., Tidioute	00
Mother and two daughters, Daugherty	3 50	Missions	50
Lyons S. Sch., Topeka	5 00	Mrs. Sarah D. Dwyer	00
C. F. Vandewater	5 00	Moses H. Sydenham	05
C. E. Gower	50	F. D F., Torrington	00
Maria C. Madison	1 00	Chas. R Fessenden	00
I. H. S., Iowa City	1 00	J. S. Batchelder	00
Mrs. A. Roulet	50	Mrs. M. F. Tomlinson	00
Myrtle H. Severy	50	K. R. S. G. M., Utica	00
Mrs. D. B. Smith	1 00	Mrs. Eliz. Hirt	00
Mrs. F H. Dartt	25	Jane Bailey	00
Mrs. Mary Fogle	1 00	Frances Garrett	00
E. V. E., Chewelah	1 00	W. F. Root	25
J. C. Geitz	50	Mrs. H. M. Northam	00
——, New Orleans, La	1 00	W. A. B., Westminster	50
Emilie Goetz	5 00	H. A. Rellim	00
R. N. Orton	1 00	J. P. Hull	00
C. O. D., Mechanicsburg	10 00	J. Chester	00
Reader, Madison	1 00	Mrs. C. B. Gough	00
Mrs. J. M. Wilson	2 00	Mrs. Jeanette C. Starr	00
Livonia Lane	25	S. R. Perry	00
		Chinese Pupil, Shelton	00

A CATHOLIC CHURCH, NEAR MANILA, GIVEN TO THE PROTESTANTS

PROTESTANT COLPORTEURS SELLING BIBLES IN THE PROVINCES, P. I.

FIRST REVIVAL IN THE PHILIPPINES

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN MANILA

THERE has been unusual interest manifested lately in religious matters. Rev. Mr. Deane, connected with the Y. M. C. A., held a series of meetings which were well attended, and apparently have been productive of much good. The services may appropriately be termed the first revival meeting ever held in the Philippine Islands.

It is peculiarly interesting to observe the boys in khaki in attendance on the meetings, or on the occasion of the delivery of a lecture. A more appreciative audience seldom greets a speaker. Those who gather in such occasions are the pick of the enlisted men of that portion of the army stationed in Manila, and a more intelligent body could hardly be gathered even if the officers and ladies of the army were the audience.

Mr. Deane spoke five evenings in one week, and was announced for three sermons the next week to young men. His congregation was mostly soldiers, though the Protestant communions in the city suspended their usual meetings and gave their countenance to the Y. M. C. A. assemblages. A series of religious meetings will also be held at the Soldiers' Institute under the auspices of the Methodist Church.

Where Protestant Christianity is in active operation among Americans, the Catholics are not idle. An institution has been organized called the "Centro Catolico de Filipenas," the purpose of which seems to be to maintain the Romish faith in the Philippines.

The religious situation at the present time is peculiar. The Filipinos are, with very small exception, Catholic universally, but the Catholic family is not in harmony. The Spanish Catholics hold the Filipino Catholics in contempt; and the Filipino Catholics hate the Spanish Catholics, or, to get at the heart of the whole matter, the Spaniards despise the natives, and the natives hate the Spaniards. The basis of the political, social, and religious situation in the Philippines is racial antagonism. The immediate cause of the formation of the "Centro Catolico" was the organization of a political party termed the Federal party, the professed object of which was to assist us in suppressing the insurrection and the pacification of the islands.

What makes the hostility more intense is the secession of Senor Buencamino from the Catholic Church. Buencamino is an ex-official of the Aguinaldo government, a prominent man in the Federal Party. The profession of Protestantism by this prominent member of the Federals led to the formation of a third organization, known as the Conservative Party, made up of solid, reliable men, who have never engaged in rebellion against Spain or the United States.

The Conservatives appear to occupy a midway position between the Catholic and Federal Parties, the former being established essentially in the interest of the religious corporations under the auspices of the Archbishop, its chief or exclusive object being the maintenance of the ancient faith in these islands.

Manila, P. I. W. F. NORRIS.

* * *

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the first things that struck me, on arriving here from India, was the contrast between poor India and these luxuriant isles. It is a marvelous contrast. The poorest Filipino seems rich in comparison. The contrast, too, between the slow reception of the Bible by the people of India, and the eager throngs here, who will spend the last coppers to buy a Gospel in their own tongue, is remarkable. I wish our people at home in America could see the wonders already wrought by "Old Glory" in these islands, simply from the rapid distribution of the Bible.

Go with the missionary here to an open-air service in city or country. To these people, it is a marvelous thing; for never before have they dreamed of a religious service except in a church, with candles and images. Go to the meetings in cock-pits, where hundreds have gathered to see the fowls fight, you now are asked to read God's Word, and to sing Moody and Sankey hymns, to hungry, eager crowds.

Theatres are now filled with throngs to hear the truth, both by week day and on Sabbath. The Federal Party, that is working such wonders, are making their countrymen lay down arms and swear allegiance to the United States. From these enlightened Filipinos has sprung a religious party, whose leaders say to our missionaries: "Explain this Bible to us. Tell us what Protestantism means. We have not been allowed, ever before, to handle or read God's Word. Give it to us."

Was there ever such an opportunity to proclaim God's Word? It is the grandest opportunity a nation ever had to bring 10,000,000 souls into the light. God is using us. We should give at the rate of 50,000 portions of the Bible a year to these people. Our help is needed to publish a Gospel that will change this oppressed, crushed land into a garden.

In the rainy months, when touring into the provinces is impossible (from June to November), we want to invite these young Christians to Manila to attend a Bible Institute. They are to be self-supporting Bible men and women, preaching to the little, earnest gatherings in their own houses. Here is an opportunity for Christian America to do a great work in the Philippines.

Manila, P. I. ALICE BYRAM CONDICT, M.D.

HE LED HUNDREDS INTO THE LIGHT

WITHIN the last three years, an increasing emphasis has been placed upon the religious work department of the Young Men's Christian Association. Local and State plans for the better systemizing of Association religious effort have been taken up by the International Committee. Conferences with leaders and experts resulted in the best methods and plans being discussed and set forth in pamphlet form. Thus the basis of a workable literature, rich in suggestion, was laid. Mr. Fred B. Smith was appointed in 1899 as a special secretary for religious work. He entered Association work in 1887. He had already had eight years' experience as Association General Secretary and two years as an evangelist when the war with Spain began, which was followed by the organization of the Y. M. C. A. Army and Navy Department. At Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, Ga., every day for nine weeks, Mr. Smith preached to the soldiers. Five days a week he visited the camp hospitals. After Major Whittle left Chickamauga, Mr. Smith took charge of the evangelistic campaign among the 65,000 men in camp. After the soldiers had been sent from Camp Thomas, Mr. Smith worked in a half-dozen of the Southern camps, and then went to Cuba, where he conducted an evangelistic campaign with the army of occupation, working specially at Havana, Matanzas, and Que Madas. He returned in time to be present at the last international convention of the Associations, at Grand Rapids, June, 1899.

In the fall of 1899, Mr. Smith was asked to enter the service of the International Committee for the purpose of carrying on work in the city Associations throughout the United States and Canada. Nearly two years have passed since he began this work. His duties have included Association centres in more than twenty States and provinces, from Nova Scotia to Oregon. But he is at his best in evangelistic campaigns. His meetings in the Associations are always for men only, and to his appeal there seems to be always a response in the yielding of lives to the mastership of Jesus Christ. A total of more than thirty-one thousand men attended these services during 1900, and fourteen hundred and ten young men professed to accept Christ as their Saviour and declared their purpose to live Christian lives. These evangelistic services were held among college students, city and town men, railroad men, soldiers, sailors, miners and prisoners, the audiences varying in number from thirty to three thousand men. A notable feature of these evangelistic campaigns has been the permanent stimulus given to the religious work of the Associations visited.

FRED B. SMITH

Many Associations have asked for such work as Mr. Smith is doing. The International Committee of the Associations desires to secure the financial support necessary to make possible the continuance of this valuable service. It is greatly hoped that a constituency will be found of men and women who will give it their financial and spiritual support. Readers who desire further information should address F. B. Schenck, treasurer, 3 W. Twenty-ninth street, New York.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly [illegible] $1.50 a year, in advance.

Foreign Postage [illegible]

Expiration of Subscriptions. The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Earl Li's Appeal

ON another page of this issue will be found a cable message to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Li Hung Chang, the real ruler of China, and who since the abdication of the Empress-Dowager, has been at the head of the Board of National Administration in Peking. Earl Li appeals to Americans to come to the help of the peasants of Shansi province, eleven millions of whom he declares to be dying of starvation. No sadder message has ever been flashed over the cable than this, which tells of a once great nation, now so wrecked that it cannot find bread enough to save the lives of its own children.

Altogether, the story is a frightful picture of the havoc and desolation wrought by those three dire agents of disaster—drought, war and famine. But we shall not harrow the feelings of our readers by printing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD all the ghastly details of this visitation, which threatens to engulf millions: nor shall we present in these pages the startlingly realistic pictures of suffering which are only too sure to be sent to us from the centres of distress, by missionary and other correspondents. We shall give, from week to week, an intelligent statement of the famine's progress, and of the efforts that may be made for its alleviation.

What shall be the answer of Christian America to Earl Li's appeal? Is it not a Providential opportunity afforded us to prove to China that we are her friend, though all the world else may be her spoilers? Let each of us take the matter to heart, and inquire prayerfully whether out of the darkness of China's calamity, like that of India, there may not yet come a rich blessing.

• • •

The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever—Isa. 32: 17.

• • •

Cheer Up

ALMOST every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood, that in common parlance is recognized as the "blues." There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet and striking off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a northeast wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night before. In such depressed state, no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all, let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air, and the faces of cheerful men, and pleasant women, and frolicsome children, will in fifteen minutes kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the keyboard of your soul, it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group, as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache, and rheumatism, and hypochondria go to see toothache, rheumatism and hypochondria. On one block in a city live a doctor, an undertaker and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk in, lest he should need all three. Throw back the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in.

There are times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o'clock A. M. till ten P. M. affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning, and the room is cold, and a button is off, and the beefsteak is tough, and the furnace smokes, and the pipes burst, and you start down the street, nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness on the part of customers. The ink-bottle upsets, and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper, and the gas escapes. An agent comes in, determined to insure your life, when it is already insured for more than it is worth, and you are afraid some one will knock you on the head to get the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, showing you pictures of old Time with the hour-glass, and Death's scythe, and a skeleton, and making it quite certain that you will die before your time unless you take out papers in his Company. Besides this, you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint, and no surgeon can set it. The probability is that if you would look at the weather-vane you would find that the wind is northeast, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful and not write many letters while you are in that irritated mood. You will pen something that you will be sorry for afterwards. Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. That table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper and horseradish, that brings tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness we would never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shining May. This world is a poor hitching-post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten on toward the warm inn, where our good friends are looking out of the window, watching to see us come up.

• • •

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!—Isaiah 5: 21.

• • •

THE PRESIDENT AIDS CHINA

Copy of Telegram received from Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State

President's Train,

Roanoke, Va., April 29, 1901.

Dr. Louis Klopsch:

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York.

The President is glad to hear you are endeavoring to raise a Fund for the benefit of the sufferers in China. He hopes you may meet with the same success which you attained in similar good work for Cuba and India. He subscribes One Hundred Dollars for the Fund. Please allow me to subscribe the same amount.

[Signed] JOHN HAY.

• • •

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city—Rev. 22: 14.

• • •

Praise for the Missionaries

NO man, however pure his motives, or however consecrated his life, can hope to escape altogether from misrepresentation and disparagement. One would have thought that if there were any exception to this rule, it would have been the Missionary. He leaves his home and native land, gives up the society of people who love him, foregoes the comforts of civilization, and renounces his prospects of fame and fortune to go to a heathen land to preach Christ. There is no prospect before him of gain, for his stipend is of the smallest; he must work hard amid opposition and uncongenial surroundings, and he is often in peril of his life from unhealthy climate, or, as in China, from political outbreaks. The only reward he can ever have, is the consciousness of having spent his life in the service of Christ, and in the hope of his Master's approval. Howsoever the heathen among whom he labors may regard him, it would seem certain that his fellow-Christians at home, who know his motives and can appreciate his self-sacrifice, would honor him. Of late, however, there has been in some quarters a disposition to asperse him and undervalue his services. It is therefore especially gratifying that from an unexpected source there comes a spontaneous and disinterested tribute to his character and work.

Speaking recently at a public meeting in India, Sir Harman Singh, a prince of one of the royal families of India, said:

I consider that among the manifold blessings of British rule in India, Christian Missions occupy the most prominent place. Friends and foes, Christians and non-Christians, ha from time to time borne testimony to the noble work do by Missionaries in India. They have been the pioneers education and culture and have been the champions of fr thought and enlightened action. They have afforded sy pathy to the people in their joy and sorrow, and have sto between them and their rulers in times of trouble and ne The people in all parts of the country keenly appreciate t self-sacrificing zeal with which they pursue the divine wo they have undertaken: and who has not been touched by that the Missionaries have done for the people of India d ing the last famine, *i.e.*, even to the laying down of their live Suffice it then to say that the people of India owe a de debt of gratitude to Missions and Missionaries.

Such a testimony, coming from a man who has abu dant opportunities for knowing the facts, and who c not be suspected of racial or religious partiality for t foreigner, speaks volumes. It proves how devoted a beneficent must have been the lives of the Missionar to have elicited praise so unqualified.

Another evidence of the devotion of these Christli men and women is fully described in last week's issue this journal. It is in the conduct of the Missionar who were driven from their stations by the recent o break in China. These servants of Christ, many whom had lost all their possessions and narrowly caped with their lives, instead of sitting down to depl their losses and brood over their troubles, immediat availed themselves of the opportunity for new servi They preached the Gospel to the officers and crews the warships in the harbor of their refuge, and w such results that the disasters which drove them thitl have been turned into a blessing for hundreds of sou Men and women who are thus "instant in season a out of season," are the salt of the earth.

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More Lay-Workers

AFTER Calvin has twisted us one way and Armin has twisted us another, and we get our head full the old Andover and New Haven theological fights a the difference between Anti-Nicene Trinitarianism a Post-Nicene Trinitarianism, it is a luxury to meet so evangelist who can tell us in our common mother tong of him who came to seek and to save that which was l

Let our learned institutions push theological edu tion to its highest excellency, preparing men for sphe which none but the cultured and scholarly are fit for, somehow let us beat the drum and gather a battalion lay-workers. We have enough wise men to tell us ab fishes, about birds, about rocks, about stars—enou Leyden jars, enough telescopes, enough electric batteri but we have not more than one man where we ough have a hundred to tell the story of Christ and the s

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MR. CARNEGIE AND THE WORKE

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

IT must gratify Mr. Carnegie to know how deep interest the workingmen of New York take in munificent gift for the founding of libraries in the c It was primarily on their account that the project conceived. They are aware of that fact, and apprec the motive and the liberality which has made the real tion of the project possible. In many a factory, the n as they eat their midday meal, discuss the gift and benefits it is likely to bring to them. A few are to found here and there, who wish that if Mr. Carne had money he desired to give to the workingn he would have given it directly. Every one some special desires that a few extra dollars wo have helped him to gratify. Perhaps debts contrac in sickness might have been paid; or it may some better clothing for the wife and children; possibly in some cases it might have paid for beer tobacco. But good sense generally prevails, and i seen that Mr. Carnegie has acted wisely in viding the means by which a man may become be informed, and may learn from science and history m of the world he lives in than he otherwise could. E self-observant man is aware that the tendency of h work and unoccupied leisure is to make him sordid discontented, and if he wishes to avoid that danger seeks wholesome and elevating books that will dev his mental powers. Mr. Carnegie has taken a course in enlarging such opportunities, and we hope that the result will be not only an increas knowledge, but in leading many to seek that bles which the wise king said was the beginning of wisd

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Emperor to Young Men

WORDS of weighty import were addressed by Emperor William of Germany to the students in the University of Bonn, on April 24. The Crown Prince Frederick William, now a young man of nineteen years, had just matriculated, and a grand kommers was given in his honor, which his father, the Emperor, delivered the chief ddress. After speaking of the joy that filled his heart being once more on the scene of his early studies, l Majesty dwelt on the inspiration that must come to ery intelligent German from the associations of the nous university. Passing on to the spirit which ty should induce, he said: "The future awaits u, and will need your strength, not to squander in mopolitan dreams or one-sided party tendencies, t to foster the stability of national thought and i als which the German race, by God's grace, has en permitted to bring forth from Boniface and alter von der Vogelwelde to Goethe and Schiller. ey have become a light and blessing to all mankind. e need such men now more than ever; may you all s ve to become such men. But how shall that be pos-sle? Who shall help you? Only One; he whose me we all bear. Who has borne our sins and washed m away. Who lived for our example and worked as should work. May our Lord and Saviour plant in u moral earnestness, that your impulses may ever be e and your aims ever sublime. Then you will be ed against all temptations, and, above all, against nity and envy. Then you can sing and say, *'Wir utschen farchten Gott sonnst nichts auf dieser Welt'* (e Germans fear God, but nothing else in the world.) en we shall endure in the world, strong, spreading ilization, and I shall close my eyes in peace if I s such a generation growing up and rallied around r son." It will be well for Germany and for the world i he Crown Prince and the young men o listened to the imperial speech, heed t words of their sovereign, and respond h the prayer offered by the Hebrew r t for royalty in his day.

ive the king thy judgments, O God, and thy r teousness unto the king's son (Ps. 72: 1).

e Law of Allegiance

t a recent meeting of the Social ence Association at Washington, D. Mr. O. S. Straus made an earnest peal for amendment of the law of natu-rization. He quoted the principle laid wn by Lewis Cass, who was Secretary State in 1859, that "the moment a for-ner becomes naturalized, his allegiance this native Government becomes sev-ed forever. He experiences a new po-al birth. A broad and impassable l separates himself from his native ntry." That this radical ground on t subject of naturalization had led to e abuses was, said Mr. Straus, con-ed. "No doubt many persons had ome naturalized American citizens h a view to returning to the country of ir birth and fomenting discord, while ming the protection of the land of ir adoption." Mr. Straus concluded n these abuses, that naturalization effected in the ited States without any intent to permanently ide therein, but with a view to reside in another ntry, especially when such other country was the ntry of origin, should be treated by this country as udulent, and as imposing no obligation to protect h persons. Happily this principle does not apply to se who have abjured their allegiance to the prince this world. They are encouraged to go into the ntry of origin, that they may persuade others to come and enlist under the banner of the Prince of Peace.

have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring h fruit (John 15: 16).

aining the Soldiers' Eyes

a distinguished military authority calls attention to t necessity of paying special attention to the eye-ht of the new recruits. He says: "After some erience in attempting to train the soldier in recon-ssance, the conclusion must have been forced on ny officers that the eyes and ears of the class from ch our recruits are drawn do not convey the same pression to their brains as they do to those of their ers. After questioning men as to what they can s I have thought that their eyes, through genera-ns of long, unintelligent use, have degenerated and not localize things before them. The work of try-g to train eyesight that has become dulled from generations of neglect is slow and difficult, and improvement comes slowly. Something in this direction can be done whenever a squadron leader has his men out. Question them as to the names of any prominent features or landmarks in the surrounding country; ask the names of rivers, railways and roads. If a village or town has been passed through, the names over any of the stores or houses, or on the road the number of carts or the description of people and cattle met with. It will often be found that the men cannot answer such questions, and will make the excuse, 'I did not notice.' The excuse is generally perfectly true, but the failure to notice is a serious fault, which may involve a regiment in an ambush, or some other fatal disaster." Still greater reason have religious teachers had to make similar complaint. Even Christ himself was so treated.

This people's heart is waxed gross, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them (Matt. 13: 15).

THE UNIVERSITY OF BONN, WHERE THE CROWN PRINCE HAS MATRICULATED

Carried Over the Falls

A press despatch from Niagara Falls reports another catastrophe there. Some workmen on the bank of the upper river, about a half-mile back from the Falls, were horrified, a few days ago, when looking across the river from their elevated position, to see a man and a boat caught in the swift current and swept into the upper rapids. When first seen, the craft and its occupant were well out in midstream, the man pulling at the oars in a desperate effort to make the Canadian shore before he was carried to a point where he must lose all hope. Never did man pull harder, but the current swept him onward with terrible rapidity. Over reef after reef the craft plunged, but the man held fast to the oars, until one wave of the rapids, more fierce than the others, lifted the boat high up and toppled it over. Soon the boat was seen to make the plunge over the brink of the Horseshoe Falls, and the men who stood helpless on the shore knew that another life had been sacrificed. How frequently are souls lost in a similar way! Worldly pleasure is so insidious a thing that those who toy with it do not realize their danger until they are in the power of the current from which no effort of their own can deliver them.

How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors (Ps. 73: 19).

Moving Mountains

A press despatch from Butte, Mont., reports a singular terrestrial phenomenon. It says that a portion of Butte, believed to embrace the larger part of the big hill upon which all of the Anaconda mines are situated, has made a very perceptible movement southward during the past few days. At the foot of Anaconda Hill the slide pushed the tracks of the street railway line about six inches. As there are no large buildings in that part of the city, no damage was done except to the railroad tracks, and but for their displacement the slide would not have been noticed. Geologists and scientific men say that the entire range of mountains about Butte is constantly moving, and that the sliding process which has been going on for ages and has crushed and mixed the copper veins and bodies in the Butte district and displaced many of them, is still going on. The statement is made by well-known mining men that the cellar of a shaft of the Green Mountain Mine, one of the Anaconda properties, has moved about seven feet in ten years. The phenomenon is regarded with interest by scientific men, but no danger is feared from it. Evidently we must not speak any more of the eternal hills, nor use the figure of the mountain as a metaphor of permanence. The phenomenon shows that the convulsion which John saw in his vision of the last days, may prove not to have been a mere figure of speech:

FREDERICK WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY

The heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places (Rev 6; 14)

BRIEF NOTES

At the suggestion of the Baptist Convention of Georgia, an interdenominational committee has been organized to promote temperance legislation.

The new Bishop of London, in response to a letter from General Booth, has written: "It is a great strength to me to know that I shall have the prayers of your people."

The International Sunday School Lesson Committee has decided on the lessons for 1902 and 1903. The first half of both years will be given to the study of the Acts of the Apostles. The latter half of both years to the Old Testament, beginning with Exodus and going forward to the time of Solomon.

The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society has just celebrated its sixty-ninth anniversary. Forty-five persons have been employed during the year in the work of missionary superintendence and in organizing Sunday Schools. The number of schools organized was 455. The financial report was more than usually encouraging.

Mr. J. H. Koenig, now employed as organist in the Lutheran Church, Christopher street, New York, is seeking a position in some high altitude, at a moderate salary. He is a fine musician, can teach the use of almost any instrument and is very energetic. He is twenty-six years old, is married, but has no children. Speaks fine German and English. Applications may be sent care of Sister Magdelene Kasewurm, 309 East Eighteenth street, New York City.

The American Sunday School Union makes an excellent showing of work for the past twelve months. The number of new schools organized was 1874—more than five for every day of the year; the number reorganized was 594, and the number visited or otherwise helped, 3,523. During the year 222 men were employed, from whose labors there are definite reports of no less than 7,882 conversions. In the 2,468 schools organized and re-organized, there are 90,663 members. A regular church work has developed during the year from Sunday Schools established by the Union in 105 instances. These churches are of various denominations.

The New York Herald and China's Famine

From the New York Herald, April 28th

SOME details are given by the Chinese Minister at Washington of the famine, which is making such ravages in China that Li Hung Chang has appealed to the American people for aid. In a despatch from Washington, published in another column, Mr. Wu expresses the hope that the *Herald* will receive subscriptions for the fund which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is raising for the millions of sufferers. This the *Herald* will be glad to do. Any subscriptions received will be promptly acknowledged and turned over to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A NON-POLYGAMOUS MORMON FAMILY

MORMON "ELDERS" IN KENTUCKY, 1899

A LOCKED-OUT SUNDAY SCHOOL

Preaching Christ in Mormon-Land

THE UTAH GOSPEL MISSION AND ITS ENLIGHTENING WORK AMONG THE DISCIPLES OF JOSEPH SMITH

BY REV. JOHN D. NUTTING*

THE recent attempt of the Utah Legislature to prevent prosecutions for polygamy, and the still more recent death of the Mormon leader who has been the chief-power in the system for many years past, have aroused a fresh public interest in the Mormon question as a whole. To those who understand the Mormon question, it is well known that the rank and file of the Mormon people are better than their leaders. They are mostly simple-hearted and sincere in their beliefs, kind to one another and to strangers, and fairly industrious. There is a great deal of force of character among them. They are a strong people physically. With proper educational and religious opportunities, in a generation or two their young people would equal those of almost any section of the country. Here is the very "best side" of all in Mormonism; in the possibilities of the Mormon young people if placed under Christian advantages.

The Utah Gospel Mission came into being with its face toward the sunrise of these possibilities. The Mission is a union effort of evangelical Christians, without regard to denominational lines. There are probably two and one-fourth times as many Mormons to-day as there were eleven years ago, though most people think that Mormonism is dying out. During this same period Christian work along regular, localized lines has had its greatest activity in Utah. As faithful, earnest work has been done there as anywhere in the world, yet the evil has more than doubled its size and power. Owing to the wicked teaching and espionage of Mormon leaders, Mormons, as a rule, will not come out to hear the truth as presented in Christian church work. These adherents are generally held in the Mormon faith by being thus kept out of reach of the Gospel, and multitudes of new outside converts are decoyed into its toils every year. In Utah alone there are about 240 centres of population sufficient to have a post-office which have no Christian work whatever, and the majority of the Mormons live in such places. Mormonism in the West now constitutes an almost solid mass of fully 250,000 people, chiefly unreached by Christian truth!

The Utah Gospel Mission's methods are threefold: For Western Mormon regions, two lines of work are undertaken: (1) a large wagon colporteur effort, by trained men, reaching nearly every home yearly with the truth by personal work and the printed page; (2) a wagon evangelistic work, preaching the plan and powerful truths of the Gospel in all villages and cities, especially in the neglected ones. Outside of Utah, wherever needed, we endeavor by other methods to secure the widest possible knowledge of the facts concerning Mormonism, so as to hinder the further success of efforts to proselyte people to Mormonism.

The promise of such effort is very great. By these quiet but fundamental methods, reaching the homes and hearts generally, with simple, kindly Christian truth, it is believed that even a decade will witness a revolution of sentiment in Mormon regions, the conversion of very many individual souls and the measurable solution of the whole Mormon problem. The writer believes that in this work lies the greatest key to such solution. This problem is far more urgent than most persons imagine. The spread of the evil has been such that probably one-third of all Mormons now live outside of Utah, colonized from Canada on the north down through into old Mexico. The system is daily becoming more unified and solidified, its basis of historic falsehoods is receding farther and farther into the dim past, and is becoming harder and harder to disprove to its adherents. Every consideration should impel us to immediate and earnest action.

The work outside of Mormon regions, to counteract the efforts of the Mormon proselyters, depends on the circulation of proper literature by Christian friends wherever such work is needed. Its emissaries will not do this, but the opposite. The Utah Mission has issued literature which gives the Mormon statement of belief as they have been and are taught in Utah and elsewhere by its greatest teachers, given in their own words. Every pastor should see that they are known wherever Mormon "elders" appear. This literature is the antidote. A dollar's worth will supply a good-sized village.

Money is needed with which to carry on the work of the Utah Gospel Mission in these directions. The most of the Mission's workers will be volunteers, serving for a year or more each without salary, the Mission becoming responsible for so much of their actual expenses as may be necessary. To meet these expenses, the cost of wagons and literature for distribution, etc., the Mission will rely upon the free-will offerings of God's people throughout the United States. Each of the Mission volunteers will reach from four thousand to five thousand families per year with the truth, in the most effective way—a mighty opportunity, not equalled by that of many pastors. Many a church or individual could support a worker entirely; $75 or less will provide for his literature; $25 makes a donor a life member of the Mission; $5 per year, a supporting member; $1 an annual member, and any amount will help the cause. Many Sabbath Schools, young people's societies and churches could wisely make this one of their benevolent objects. At least a score of workers along these lines should be in the Western field constantly—devoted men, trained for the work and willing to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," for the love of the Master and of lost souls. A number of men are ready to go now. The whole Mormon region should be reached this year with the truth. It will be, under God, if the means are supplied. Thus far, the few have borne the burden of what has been done. Will not the many now rally to the support of this great work? The Utah Gospel Mission is incorporated under the laws of Ohio, and numbers on its Board of Trustees and its Advisory Committee over fifty men of nine denominations, residing from California to Massachusetts, among them some very prominent names. Further information, literature, etc., may be had by addressing the Secretary, at 739 Republic street, Cleveland, O., to whom contributions for the work may be sent.

THE CHIEF MORMON LEADERS, 1899

President Lorenzo Snow in centre; his counsellors, Geo. Q. Cannon on left, and Jos. F. Smith at right; the others are the "Twelve Apostles." Brigham Young son of original Brigham, seated at extreme left. Twelve of these are known to be polygamists: the three younger ones are not known to be such, though firm believers in it. Geo. Q. Cannon and F. D. Richards seated at right, are not now living.

MORMON MEETING-HOUSE AND DANCE-HALL

Both owned and managed by the "priesthood." Such are found generally in Mormon settlements

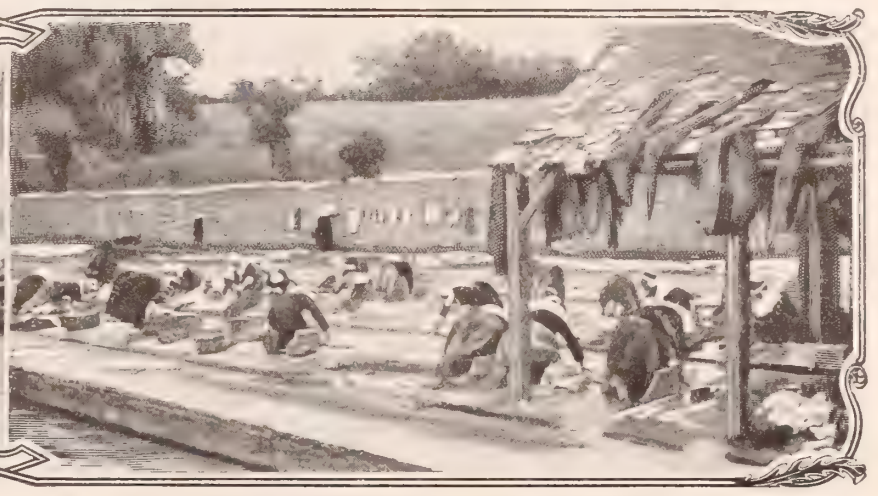
TITHING-HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY

Tithes of produce are received here, and sold to customers, or sometimes given to the poor

*Mr. Nutting is Secretary of the Utah Gospel Mission, and was for six years a pastor in Salt Lake City.

AMONG THE QUAINT PEASANTS OF BRITTANY

BRETON FISH-BOATS WAITING FOR THE OUTGOING TIDE



THE VILLAGE WASH-HOUSE IN THE STREAM

ON a Sabbath or a feast day is the time to see a Breton village at its best. The maidens wear their gayest skirts and bodices, their whitest caps a. lappets, and instead of the wooden sabots in which t y go about their week-day tasks, th y have on slippers adorned with b vs or buckles. Around their necks h g chains or black ribbons with c sses dependent. There are few P testant churches in Brittany—very f . Until the fifteenth century Brit- t y was pagan; and in the practices o he peasants there is now a strange m ture of Roman Catholicism and L idism. Only in 1840, can it be said t t active Protestant missionary work b an in this country. The Breton p sants are naturally of a pious spirit; a they have many customs, which t ugh tinctured with superstition, are g ceful expressions of a reverent m d. Thus, before the cross, which s ds where roads meet, and in other p lic places, they lift their hats, or k el and pray as they pass. To a f eral procession they pay like tribute. A d when the sweet chimes of the a elus ring out, the Breton pauses in h work or sport to bow his head in p yer.

he Breton town or village usually h its public lavoir (wash-house) o ned by the municipality, which r ts privileges to the washerwomen. ese Breton laundresses have an o l way of beating the clothes clean w h small paddles. The lavoir is a place of social reunion, as well as of labor. The women gossip as they work or rest, and the latest betrothal, marriage, christening or death, comes under discussion over the paddles; matches are made, too.

IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT CONCARNEAU

The market square serves a similar end, in addition to providing housewives with opportunity to replenish their larders. Such a quaint, animated scene it is, with the women in their odd white caps and glistening lappets! Vegetables, fish and fruits are the offerings to the public, and to the fish, there is no limit at Concarneau, where our market picture was taken. Catching pilchards (small herring-like fish) and putting them up as sardines, form the great industries of Concarneau, as of many another town on the coast of Finisterre. The wide quay Ste. Croix, where fleets of fishing-boats come and go at every tide, presents a picturesque appearance when the great nets are being emptied of their shining loads of silvery fishes, while the cork floats hang in idle and graceful festoons from the masts.

The visitor to a Breton home will be surprised to discover to how small a degree salt enters into the cookery. Even butter is used unsalted. Salt is very expensive because of the tax upon it. Old-fashioned spits are employed for roasting fowls. Chestnuts form an important part of the bill of fare, entering into the composition of many dishes. Visits or business journeys are made in very funny-looking vehicles; a big, two-wheel cart, drawn by a diminutive horse or a big-eared donkey, will, at a short distance, give almost the impression of having sails upon it, because of the large caps and lappets of the occupants.

HE MARRIED ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED COUPLES

I these days, when the institution of marriage is assailed by a certain class of reformers, and when the assertion is made that a large proportion of all marriages turn out unhpily, it is a pasant thing to ne the experiee of such a n as the Rev. Meese, of burn, Ind., o holds the ord for uniting i the bonds of llock, fifteen dred couples. tor Meese has a his life been oring in the e section of t country, and has had ample portunities for erving the reslt of a very ge proportion these unions. t one of the ties whom he ned in wedlock ever applied a divorce; e have separd, and in no gle case has the od pastor reas to suspect at the young ple (many of m are middle- d now,) regtted their oice of each er as companions for the journey of life. This is surely a wonderful record; yet there is no evidence that Pastor Meese's experience is exceptional. Society hears of an occasional family jar or domestic tumult, and is quick to draw conclusions, especially if an unjust critic be at hand to prompt the judgment; but it takes no note of the great multitude of happy homes, of loving wives and husbands and dutiful children, who, in proportion to the homes where discord reigns, are as "the sands of the sea" in number. It is quite within the limits of probability to say that if every clergyman, drawing on his own pastoral experiences, as Mr. Meese has done, could publicly review the marriage record of his ministry, the result would be a showing so conclusive that it would forever silence the cavilers who oppose the sacred ordinance of marriage.

REUNION OF COUPLES MARRIED BY REV. MR. MEESE, AUBURN, IND. THE PASTOR IS INDICATED BY THE CROSS-MARK

THE ASCENSION AN EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S WORK

JESUS ASCENDS INTO HEAVEN...

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for May 19. Luke 24: 44-53

...BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: "While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Luke 24: 51

"WHILE THEY WERE LOOKING, HE WAS TAKEN UP AND A CLOUD RECEIVED HIM"

AS the end of school, to which so many young people and their parents and friends are looking forward at this season, is significantly called "Commencement"—the commencement of real life—so the ascension of Jesus, though the end of his visible life on earth was the commencement of his larger work for the world from the vantage ground of heaven. That is the significance of Luke's words in the introduction, or dedication, of the book of Acts: "The former treatise have I written, O, Theophilus [referring to the Gospel of Luke] of all that Jesus began to do and teach." The story of Christ's life on earth is, then, only a book of beginnings. The book of Acts is to be Vol. II. in Luke's life of Christ, telling of the "greater things" (John 14: 12: 16: 12) he continued to do and say from heaven. Jesus himself said his larger work would be done after he ascended, and therefore it was better for his disciples that he should go and usher in the new time when out of sight, but ever near at hand, he could do his wider, deeper work (John 16: 7; 20: 29). He ascended not because his work was done, but to do it better from the standpoint of heaven. As George Macdonald beautifully says: "He took himself from before the eyes of those that loved him well that he might hide himself in their very hearts." His work before the ascension had been mostly to teach and heal in Palestine. His work after that was to be world-wide and heart-deep.

Every reason given for the ascension of Jesus speaks of his continued work on earth. He was "exalted
to *be* a Prince and a Saviour;
to *give* repentance to Israel;
to *fill* all things."

The first time the ascended Christ was seen in heaven—at the martyrdom of Stephen—he was not sitting, as if his work was done, but "standing at the right hand of God," keeping guard, as again we see him at Paul's conversion, over his persecuted people. The name, "Acts of the Apostles" is not a part of the Bible. A truer name would be, "The Acts of the Ascended Christ through those whom he sent." The word apostles means those sent, and what they did and said was "in the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," by whom modern Christians are also "sent" to speak and "act" "in his Name."

. . .

LESSON OUTLINE

1. In the school of Christ, vs. 2-7.
2. Not teaching only, but spiritual baptism, also, needed to prepare for life, v. 8.
3. Departure from this world to the Christian an ascension, v. 9.
4. The second coming not to draw our gaze from duty, but to cheer us in it, vs. 10, 11.

. . .

Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel? The whole life of Jesus was really a schooling for him and those with whom he mingled. In boyhood, we are told, "he grew in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man." Every school should be a child garden to promote such an all-around growth of body and mind, of manners and morals. Like the boys we saw at school in Nazareth, Jesus sat cross-legged on a mat with other boys, with a red fez on his head and rainbow cloth, perhaps, for a robe, and learned the lessons of his time. He had come from heaven as the Son of God, but he had put his robes of glory by and become so truly human that he needed schooling. I think this was partly that he might get near to school children of every country and every time. But in order to make him "perfect through suffering," that is, a perfect sympathizer with men, as well as boys, Jesus lived like other poor boys and men for thirty-three years, all of which was a schooling for his larger, invisible life as the world's Saviour and King (Heb. 2: 10; 4: 15). Jesus, in his last three years, gathered disciples, that is, learners or pupils, in a very informal school of theology, which was more like a Sunday School, only the teaching went on every day in the week and everywhere, oftenest in the fields and hills and by the lake. The opening verses of our lesson to-day describe the last days of that schooling, and there is much in it to encourage seemingly unsuccessful teachers and dull scholars. The principal thing Jesus tried to teach in those three years was that the kingdom of heaven, which he was to bring in as Messiah (the Hebrew word of which Christ is the Greek equivalent, both meaning anointed king), was not a kingdom of bloody spears and golden crowns and beautiful robes, but the living of men with each other according to the Golden Rule and other heavenly laws of Christ. This was all told in the beatitudes and in many a parable, and in plain words in the Lord's prayer, where the petition, "Thy kingdom come," is in the next line of Hebrew parallelism explained to mean the doing of God's will, "as in heaven so on earth," that is, unselfishly, the word "kingdom," showing that it does not mean a man away by himself doing only his duty to God, but a group or company of men doing also God's will to each other in social justice and brotherhood. The promise of such a good time coming is the God-spell, the Gospel, the glad tidings, which gives title to the whole message of Christ (Luke 4: 18, 19). But after Jesus had explained this over and over for three years, the disciples that gathered about him on the Mount of Ascension showed that they still held the error that he was to be their earthly king by their question, when they saw by his face and manner and the promise of the Holy Spirit, which they did not understand, that something great was about to happen. "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" Many a teacher will remember some equally surprising remark by which they have suddenly learned that what they have taught long and earnestly is not yet understood by their unspiritual pupils. Let it remind them that they must lead their pupils to Pentecost. Dull pupils should also seek the gift of the Holy Spirit on their own account as the quickener of mind as well as heart. And it will make the brightest brighter. "He shall make him of quick understanding." O! that we might save millions of bright boys and girls in our schools from the harm sin does to body and mind, and make them to see how "the mind of Christ" would strengthen the body and brighten the mind, while it saves the soul!

. . .

Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. Jesus told his graduating class of disciples that even his teaching for all those three years was not enough preparation for life. They should wait for the Holy Spirit to fill their human spirits with power before going out to work and witness for him. The young are often eager to get into life without due preparation. Especially are we all apt to cut short our devotions when duties are urgent. But with the world waiting for the Gospel, Jesus said to his apostles: "Wait for the promise of the Father." There are said to be thirty-one thousand promises in the Bible, but this is "the promise," greatest of all. Character is more than all else among the secrets of success.

Not Education only, but the Holy Spirit also needed to prepare us for life

Force not thy upward growth, but first of all
Deepen thy roots, then mayest thou well sustain
The rays of sunlight that upon thee fall;
And, without withering, all thy strength retain.
Plants that have little else but leaf and flower,
However bright their hue, live but their little hour.

Jesus knew that when his disciples realized that he had actually left the world and left his great work for them to complete, they would be driven to their knees to seek the divine power needed to do it. A great painter who had been obliged to suspend his work on account of the infirmities of age, while one of his masterpieces was yet incomplete on his easel, called the most skilful of his young pupils and bade him finish the painting. "I commission thee, my son, to do thy best upon this work." The young man had such reverence for his master's talent that he felt unworthy to touch a work the master had begun. "Do thy best!" again said the master. Taking the brush the youth knelt and prayed. "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power to do this work." With suppressed emotion he began to paint, and gained confidence and steadiness and in ra-
tion as he proceeded. Forgetting himself, his m-
bering genius awoke to the task. The maste as
borne on a couch into the studio to pass judg nt
on the result. Before the triumph of art b re
him he burst into tears of joy, and throwin is
arms about his disciple, he exclaimed: "I nt
no more!" The young artist, Leonardo di ci,
is now known the world over as the painter o he
Last Supper. In that same spirit we shall i he
next lesson see the disciples of Jesus on eir
knees praying for power to complete the at
work Jesus had begun. In that spirit should ry
one of us plead for power as we go forth ch
morning to work and witness for Christ, whetl in
home or Sunday School or day school or sh

. . .

Ye shall be witnesses unto me. They were r to
receive the Holy Spirit merely for their ow n-
joyment. Many who seel he
Working and Witnessing gift of the Spirit fail to re ve
it because they seek it self ly.
God's thought in the gift st
be ours, "Power for service." We must seek n-
tecost in order that there may be a book of ts.
Many are telling how to get the power o he
Spirit. Another thing needs to be taught—h to
keep it. You'll lose it unless you use it. W re
not all called to "edify," but we are all cal to
testify. Whoever heard of a witness refus to
testify in court to save a friend, because h as
slow of speech? Surely we can all tell out of rt
as well as in it what we have seen and heard. he
apostles were sent to other lands, where their th-
way would be beset with "perils of waters nd
perils of robbers," and other perils manifold. he
Christianizing of the world, which they and ir
successors have wrought in the power of the S rit,
has now made travel so safe and easy that a t sty
messenger boy, of unusual ability and fai ul-
ness, was recently sent from London, wit no
other directions than could be spoken to h at
the start, to deliver business messages in ew
York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and he out ip-
ped the transatlantic mails. This may we re-
mind us not only of the changes Christianit as
wrought, but also that all boys should be m en-
ger boys for God.

There is a good story of a missionary who was sent to
baptize and receive into the church in a little out-of-th ay
village of India about sixty converts from Hinduism. ter
he had examined all the older people, last of all a boy me
forward who had been sitting in a far-off corner list ng
eagerly. "What, my boy! do you want to join the chu ?"
"Yes, sir." "But you are very young, and if I were re-
ceive you into the church to-day and then you were t lip
aside, it would bring discredit on the church and do gre in-
jury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way ain
in about six months. Now you be very loyal to the rd
Jesus during that time, and if I find you steadfast and e I
will baptize and receive you." At this the people all r to
their feet, and one speaking for all said, "Why, sir, it is h at
has taught us all that we know about the Lord Jesus." nd
so the little minister joined the church with the others.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flow ;

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

And their help at task and toiling the Church of God may clai
To gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

MARGARET E. SANGST.

It is not in talking only, but also by what we do and use to do that we witness for Christ.

When Spring Flowers Bloom

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BURNLEY

The Lost Lamb

I AM often glad that so much of the Bible is associated with the folding of flocks and the care of the lambs and sheep. The peaceful pastoral occupations of the ancient herdsmen, their journeyings to and fro in search of green grass and springs of water, make our beloved Book restful and beautiful to-day amid our crowding business cares. Indeed, the soft ripple of flowing streams, the verdure of mountains clothed from base to summit with leafy trees, the umbrageous coolness of silent woods, and the fragrance of gardens and orchards are in our precious Bible. It begins with the garden of Eden, and it closes with the garden of heaven. In the one, there were pleasant aisles and flowers and trees; in the other there is the tree of life with its twelve manner of fruits, and there are the flowers that never die.

Which of us does not love the melody of the Twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul." And that wonderful passage in Ezekiel: "Behold, I myself, even I, will search for my sheep, and will seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock, in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered abroad, so will I seek out my sheep, and I will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered, in the cloudy and dark day. And I will bring them out from the peoples and gather them from the countries and will bring them into their own land."

Like a deep-toned bell, pealing grandly through the long centuries, comes the answer to this promise: "The noble army of martyrs praise thee, O God!" Away back in the first century after Christ when the flames of persecution burned hotly, when Roman hate pursued the new sect unto the death, in Britain in the third century, when the land ran red with Christian blood, through the dark days of the Middle Ages, and during the massacres and tortures of the Inquisition, down to our own period when Armenia and China have seen thousands witnessing a good confession, the Lord has been gathering home his scattered sheep from the cloudy and the dark day.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time.

We sing in our cushioned pews. There are those who sang it last summer in the peril of keen axe and burning brand, and finished it in the immediate presence of Immanuel. O land, "thy shepherds slumber," laments Habakkuk, and so the lambs were taken for prey, and the wild beasts listened upon the flock. We remember the youthful David watching his sheep in the fields, and defending them against the lion and the bear. Even so, the son of David exclaims, "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

Some years ago, in a country place where blueberries grew thickly in the mountains, a party of people went out to pick them, and somehow a little girl wandered away and was lost. From Thursday to Saturday, no trace of her could be found. Men traversed the woods with torches, shouts went up in the hope that she would hear them. The whole countryside was aroused and alarmed. At last, when hope was flickering and low, the glad tidings was heard, Found, found, found! The poor little maid was almost dead with cold, hunger, exposure and fright, but kind hands lifted and bore her to her home, and placed her in her mother's arms. There was joy in that village over the lost that was again restored to safety and love and shelter. So, when a soul that has wandered, is brought into right relations with God, is converted and blessed, and redeemed, there are exultant anthems in heaven, and the angels sing praises to the shepherd and bishop of all souls.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—BELINDA. All your trouble comes from trying to please everybody. It cannot he done.

IN KINDEST CARE

LITTLE lambkin, whence hast wandered,
Why did'st leave thy mother's care;
Poor and tired, and torn with briars,
Where is thy dear mother, where?
We will watch and feed and tend thee,
We will lovingly befriend thee,
Little lamb, do not despair.

—W. T. A man is very conceited if he thinks he can get any girl he admires to say, "Yes, I thank you," to his proposal.

—BEAUTY. Wash the face thoroughly at night with a pure toilet soap and warm water, rinsing it well with cold water.

—ASTIGMATISM. Consult an oculist about your eyes as soon as possible. Your headaches may come from your tired eyes.

—THIN AND SCRAWNY. Try drinking milk regularly, and especially before you go to bed. If you can assimilate it you will gain flesh.

—MARK. Confession may be very selfish. If you cannot confess the wrong you did without breaking your sister's heart, you would better repent in silence.

May Movings

IN the Scottish romances which have won such wide popularity of late, there is often mention of a roup, which seems to be the name for an auction. When people have to move from home to home, they sometimes wish, here in America, that they might have a roup, or in some other way dispose of their goods and chattels. Furniture, which was most respectable in its proper place, looks wofully disreputable on the van, and is evidently a disgrace to its owners. The carpets taken up from the floors, the familiar rooms are like Sahara in their barrenness and aspect of dreary desolation. Lots of precious things are broken. Brittle glass and delicate porcelain, unless packed by professionals, emerges the worse for wear from the ordeal of transition.

Yet we move. The nomadic instinct stirs in us. We are fain to change our surroundings, in the hope of betterment, often a very forlorn hope, indeed. We do get rid of some portion of the goods which belong to us, old things which have passed into the stage when they are a care, and yet to which we cling for association's sake. And life goes on, and the only removal we really shrink from is that easiest of all, when we shall slip for aye from the tyranny of things, and go to dwell in the Father's house, where they go no more out.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS

ALL day in the green, sunny orchard,
When May was a marvel of bloom,
I followed the busy bee lovers,
Down aisles that were rich with perfume.

The one perfect cluster I sought for,
Was not in the orchard for me;
It swung on the edge of a forest
From the bough of a wild apple tree.

A tree that no thrift of the farmer
Had cared in its life to protect,
All twisted and stunted and barren,
The orphan of want and neglect.

There, lone in the lavish spring beauty,
One beautiful blossoming spray,
And that, in its delicate tinting,
The blossom I'd looked for all day.

The soul of the tree in its prison
Had thrilled to the passion of spring,
Had given itself in its answer,
The beggar-maid's yes to the king.

So told me the gray-bearded painter
And showed me the branch that he broke,
Forever alive on his canvas;
And musingly, dreamingly spoke.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

About Looking Our Best

Some people seem to fancy that there is a special virtue in being indifferent to looks, that it matters very little how one dresses, and what appearance one makes, if only one's heart is right. But if the heart is right, and the temper even, and the principles of life are built on a foundation of honesty and integrity, then the lesser will be maintained as well as the greater, and neatness will not be neglected. A pretty dress need not cost more than an ugly one, and the hair smoothly arranged and kept in order, takes only a few moments of time, and makes the mother's face more charming to her children than it will be if drawn into a tight knot and carelessly skewered with a pin. All things considered, the teacher who wears a bright tie and clean collar and neat cuffs will have a better disciplined and far more loyal class than she who is negligent of the refinement and distinction of attractive dress. One may be foolishly addicted to the external, and this is not to be commended. But attention to comeliness is a very praiseworthy thing on the whole.

A NAMELESS GIRL HEROINE

An Example for Humble Christians in Uncongenial Surroundings

HOW much the Bible writers might have done to satisfy our curiosity, had they been writing merely for popularity! We should, for example, have liked to know at least the name of this "little maid." The writer might have told us something of her condition in the land of her birth and also whether the signal service she rendered to her master was rewarded in any way. But on all these matters the narrative is silent, and we must be content with the story as it stands. It may console some faithful, useful persons among us to know that if their work is unrecognized, if their names are unknown, they are at any rate in good company. They are not the first, or the only ones, who have been the means of blessing, yet have died unknown. Many a man has toiled and denied himself to give his children an education; many a wife and mother has proved herself a heroine in her family; many a son or daughter has made life a long sacrifice for the happiness of parents or relatives—and no recognition or reward has ever come. Well, there is a glory in the work and a satisfaction in having been of some use in the world, and it is gratifying to know that life has been disinterested, which cannot be felt by people to whom fame or wealth has come as a reward. God knows such lives. "I know thy works" was the message Christ sent to the churches by his servant John. We may be sure that he never forgets those who work to please him and get no reward from men.

Our little maid, little as we know about her, was evidently one entitled to respect. She shows to advantage in comparison with some Christians whom we know. She was a captive, a prisoner, carried away from her home and friends, and set down in a strange city, where she was expected to work. Perhaps in her own country she may have had little maids to wait upon her; but now she must wait on her mistress, a woman of another race. In such conditions, many would have been sullen and discontented. It is not easy to be cheerful and helpful in uncongenial surroundings. The tendency to deplore our lot, to pity ourselves, and to repine in misfortune, is all too common. There are some people, who, with everything about them to make them happy, fret over a slight, or resent some imaginary neglect, until they become a burden to themselves and all around them. Many people who have no troubles worthy of the name, manufacture misery and groan over paltry vexations that should not cause a moment's perturbation. Yet here was this little maid, in a strange household, all the members probably hostile to her people, concerned about the welfare of her master, who very likely had never given a thought to her existence. How many girls so situated would have cared about his trouble! How many might have even thought that the "Captain of the host," who may possibly have directed the raid in which she was torn from her home, was justly punished by being the victim of the loathsome disease!

The little maid, however, was not of that kind. She pitied her master and longed for his recovery. She knew how he might be cured, and she hastened to impart her knowledge. It is not all of us who are in the position to render such service. Some among us know nothing of the Prophet, greater than Elisha, who can save the people from their sins. They have heard of him, but know nothing of his power. When they see persons around them in the grasp of the liquor habit, or held captive by the gambling habit or some other vice, can make no suggestion or point the way to deliverance. Some again who do know, are restrained by timidity or foolish reticence from praising the power of the Saviour. The little maid was not thus backward. She, also, was in earnest about it. It was no mere statement of a fact that she uttered. There was intense desire in her exclamation: "Would God my lord were with the prophet, for he would recover him." How much good might be done in a household in time of trouble if the one Christian in it spoke out so earnestly with a confidence so bold! Everywhere there are the victims of sin, the weary sufferers, the hearts broken by sorrow. Where are the followers of Christ who might have more confidence in saying of their Prophet, "He would recover him?" The word spoken at the right time, how good it is! Many a child has spoken it, many an unknown Christian has thus led to Christ some one who has proved a valiant servant in his cause. How many might have used such an opportunity who have missed it!

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 19. II. Kings 5: 1-4.

Ascension of the God Man

To Become the Source of Spiritual Life to All Who Believe on Him

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

"WHAT, then, if ye should behold the Son of Man ascending where he was before?" asked our Lord of his disciples, who were stumbled at his teaching, when he had said, "The bread which I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world. . . . He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day" (John 6: 51–54, 60–62, R. V.). The unbelieving Jews had striven, one with another, saying, "How can this Man give us his flesh to eat?" (v. 52). His disciples had said, "This is a hard saying; who can hear it?" (v. 60). Only one thing could explain it: his coming death upon the cross. Neither the criticising Jews, nor the perplexed disciples, could understand why, at such a moment, he had spoken of ascending where he was before, or why he should have added the words, so significant to us, "It is the Spirit which quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I have spoken unto you are spirit, and are life" (v. 63, R. V.).

He had taught them, "I can of mine own self do nothing" (John 5: 30). It was the same truth as was taught in Isa. 40: 6: "All flesh is grass," even the flesh of the Son of Man, apart from the indwelling of the Father (John 14: 10), and of the Spirit (Luke 4: 1). But when his flesh had become the "corn of wheat" which fell into the ground and died (John 12: 24), it became life-giving to the "much fruit," which it germinated through his death. He could impart his nature to those who take their place with him as crucified, and so cease to reckon upon anything in their own nature. "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, even so, he that eateth me, he also shall live because of me" (John 6: 57). A life which has all its springs outside itself and in him, is in him that eats his flesh and drinks his blood by receiving as "spirit" and "life" the words which he has spoken to us. But what has all this to do with his ascension? Everything. It is a human Being, who has passed through death, who now sits at the right hand of God—a human Being who is the living, organic Head of that body of which we are members; and we have no life in us, no eternal life, but as we draw in his life, his flesh and blood (John 6: 53).

While our Lord was on earth, a human Being under the same earthly conditions as every other human being, he was still "the Son of Man which is in heaven" (John 3: 13). His person, his word, his will was as powerful in heaven as though his actual presence had been there. The absence of the German Emperor from his country at the time of Queen Victoria's death did not make him any the less to be Emperor in Germany at the same time. His manifested presence was in England, his power was in Germany. And so it was with our Lord when he was manifested on earth, and yet was the only-begotten Son of God in heaven. "No man hath ascended into heaven" (John 3: 13). Enoch and Elijah were both caught up to heaven without dying. God took the one, and sent a whirlwind to bring up the other (Gen. 5: 24; II. Kings 2: 11). But the Lord Jesus, by heavenly gravitation, as soon as his work on earth was ended, in all the dignity which became the Maker and the Lord of the universe, ascended by his own will and power to his place at the right hand of God. Only he could say, "I ascend."

Before our Lord ascended, he prepared his disciples. His last discourse with them before he suffered was full of allusions to his going away. "Whither I go," he said to Simon Peter, "thou canst not follow me now" (John 13: 36). "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and will receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know the way" (John 14: 2-4, R. V.) "I will not leave you orphans" (v. 18). "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I go unto the Father, for the Father is greater than I" (v. 28). And he summoned up all these allusions to his departure in the clear statements, "I came out from the Father, and am come into the world; again I leave the world and go unto the Father" (John 16: 28). And yet, even after his wondrous prayer committing them to the Father, they could forsake him and flee! They had not understood; only Mary could be trusted with the message after his resurrection: "I ascend unto My Father and your Father, to my God and your God" (John 20: 17).

Probably Luke 24: 44–49 was spoken, as well as Matt. 28: 16–20 and Mark 16: 15–18, not long before his ascension. He said (v. 49): "And, behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you; but tarry ye in the city [of Jerusalem] until ye be clothed with power from on high." They had the teaching, but as yet they had not God indwelling by his Spirit, and the words of Jesus were not yet spirit and life to them. "And he led them out until they were over against Bethany, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them, and was carried up into heaven." It was the last visible act of the Son of Man to bless those who had misunderstood, denied and forsaken him! No parting word of reproach: he went up to heaven blessing. He is there to bless, for he "ever liveth to make intercession for us" (Heb. 7: 25). "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that shall condemn? It is Christ Jesus that died, yea, rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us" (Rom. 8: 33, 34). Let us adore him, our ascended Lord.

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The Light Came Suddenly

....HOW MRS. ALICE C. BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE FLORIDA W. C. T. U. BECAME A CHRISTIAN

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

HERE is a leaf out of real life more intense than one may usually read. Mrs. Alice C. Brown, the enthusiastic and effective temperance leader in Florida, was converted to Christ on the second day of March, 1869. I have before me a letter which she wrote to her father and mother the next day. Such a letter has a glow about it, that makes truth not only stranger but more romantic and fascinating than any fiction. The young girl writes:

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I know that you will be glad when I tell you the good news; for I tell you of the glad tidings of great joy, that I am no longer a lost sinner out of the fold of Christ, but with I love him and desire to do his will before everything else. But I must tell you how it came about. All during this revival, I have felt as if I needed nothing. I regretted indeed that I was so awfully impatient, so easily upset, but still I thought, I went through with our guard observ-ances, always felt sorry for my daily sin and prayed with more or less earnestness for forgiveness; so I went occasionally to the church through the week-days, and thought I was doing well enough.

But after Mr. Avery came, and I heard him preach some of his searching, conscience-stirring sermons, so blunt and true to pointed, I began to feel wicked and threatened. My cloak of self-righteousness was being pulled off from me, revealing a poor, wretched, mean, miserable sinner, who meant to buy heaven with paltry good works, whose ladder of good intentions could scale the walls thereof and sneak in by some other way than by 'the Door.' Last Wednesday night, I went in, came home angry and hardened. I said I should not go again. The next day, Thursday, the pastor, Mr. Holcomb, and Mr. Avery called. I treated them more rudely so far as their mission was concerned. Other friends called from time to time and spoke to me. I talked freely and honestly, scorned to be a hypocrite, but would 'none of these things.' Friday night I went to church, and Mr. Avery preached from these words, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' the question of the jailor to Paul and Silas. He made it appear so clear and plain that, to one who was guilty and sinful, the only way was to forgive up opposition to God and make confession as a disobedient child to a good father. The sermon did me good. I wish every one could have heard it. I said, if it is so easy and plain to be a Christian, I'll be a Christian. I had quite a struggle with my pride for nearly two hours that night, but before I slept I had settled it in my own mind that I would yield and confess Christ, whether I was pardoned and made happy or not. My pride was tempting me with various desires. I should probably have to acknowledge before others, and I should have to admit that others who were not Christians, as before that I was wrong. But finally I succeeded in saying and feeling that I would make mind those things now, that I would first try to get right with my God and Savior, and all those things would settle themselves. So I prayed and wept, but only so sorely as often before, for I was at last glad that my warfare was either ended, or was coming to an end.

In the morning I felt as determined as ever, though I did not see my way clear. But I did, as I said to myself the night before, 'I'll hold on! I'm not going to give up!' I read that day many verses of the Bible, which had to me a new and deeper meaning, and I performed my every duty cheerfully, but still did not feel happy as I had hoped. I think I was not conquered entirely, for on going to church in the evening I shrank from the thought that if the minister should, at the close of the sermon, as he sometimes did, ask those of the congregation who were on the Lord's side to take seats in a certain place, or those who were seeking remission of sins through the Saviour, to come forward, I felt I should deny him and that my pride would keep me back. I was glad when we were dismissed without that test being applied. I prayed for strength that night and resolved to hold on.

MRS. ALICE C. BROWN

"Tuesday afternoon the pastor called. I told him a little of what I have told you in this letter, but I told him also that what troubled me was that I did not love Christ and God any more than I had before. He explained what Christ had done for me, what love was his and the Father's. Although I thought I knew of all this before, yet I liked to listen to it. I was willing to be taught. Soon after he left me I took the Bible—the one you gave me, father—and opened to the first chapter of Corinthians, and read about the foolishness of preaching and the weak things to confound the mighty. As I got about two-thirds of my way through the chapter, all at once it was as if the sun came out from behind the clouds, and illumined the landscape with a flood of light; his love was shed abroad in my heart, and I knew I loved him. I loved his Word, I loved his creatures, and I loved his chosen ones with a new love. I felt as if I could glory in his name, and that I wanted everyone to know that I found the Lord.

"To-day I feel so thankful that God opened my eyes before it was too late; I wonder at the change in my own heart; I find it is comparatively easy to control my temper; I am constantly thinking of spiritual instead of selfish things; passages of scripture come unbidden to my mind, and the Bible is a new book to me, full of deep spiritual meaning.

"All of what I have written, I would a few days ago have sneered at, covertly, if not openly, in another, but now God has opened my eyes, and, 'whereas I was blind now I see.'"

Surely that is a beautiful leaf out of a girl's life, and in it we have the secret of the strong womanly soul who leads the temperance hosts of Florida.

A Saloon-Keeper Converted.

In a recent issue of the daily paper, *Enterprise*, of Phœnix, Arizona, I saw the following: "Closed Without Hatchet!" "As a result of the Gospel Meetings, under Major James H. Cole, the proprietor of the saloon opposite the entrance to the Phœnix Park, at the east end of the street car line, has closed up the place, poured out the stock of liquors on hand upon the ground, and says the place shall never be opened up again as a saloon. A revival meeting will be held in the place to-morrow, Tuesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, under the leadership of Major Cole, to which everybody is invited."

St. Louis, Mo. S. C. BUCKINGHAM.

William D. Howells on Young Contributors and Editors

MR. HOWELLS IS NEVER MORE DELIGHTFUL THAN IN DISCUSSING SUCH A TOPIC. THE FIRST OF TWO PAPERS UNDER THE ABOVE TITLE WILL APPEAR IN THE MAY 9th ISSUE OF .....

The Youth's Companion

THIS ISSUE WILL ALSO CONTAIN IN ADDITION TO CHAPTER V. OF CHAS. ADAMS'S EXCITING SERIAL, "THE SUBMARINE SUSAN," THREE REMARKABLE SHORT STORIES:

THE PIPER GIRL, *Mabel N. Thurston.*

SMILEY HEWITT AND THE PRAIRIE-WOLF, *John R. Spears.*

ROUSING UP OF THE MISSES JENNINGS, *Margaret Johnson.*

ALL THE ABOVE WILL MAKE LESS THAN HALF THE CONTENTS OF THE MAY 9th ISSUE OF THE COMPANION, WHICH WILL BE SENT WITH THE ISSUES OF MAY 16th AND 23d—THREE WEEKLY NUMBERS—TO ANY ADDRESS FOR TEN CENTS.

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Victoria's School Days*

MEANTIME school work went steadily on. The earliest instruction was given by her devoted mother and the faithful governess, but when she was five years old, the Rev. George Davys, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, was appointed tutor, and superintended her education from that time, with the assistance of a staff of instructors for special subjects. The child learnt to speak English, French, and German from her infancy, and when she was eleven years old, Latin, Greek, and Italian were added. The Princess became a good mathematician and an able musician, while she attained to considerable skill in painting and etching.

The ready wit of the child was well displayed one day, when the lesson in Roman History told how Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, spoke of her sons as "My jewels." The princess remarked, "She should have said, 'My Cornelians.'" On another occasion she was rather inattentive, and when the Duchess of Kent came in to ask if the lessons were going on well, the governess was obliged to reply, "Oh, once she was rather troublesome." The truthful little Princess gently touched her arm, and said, "No, Lehzen, twice; don't you remember?"

But it must not be supposed that Victoria was perfect. She had her faults like the rest of us, and perhaps wilfulness was the most conspicuous. On one occasion her music-master had to remonstrate with her, and said, "There is no royal road to music, Princess. You must practice like every one else." Whereupon the angry little lady at once locked the piano, and, putting the key into her pocket, retorted, "There now. You see there is no must about it. after all."

When she was eight years old, the Duke of York, an elder brother of the Duke of Kent, died, and Victoria was one step nearer to the throne. This fact was wisely kept from her. At the entrance of her eleventh year she made her first appearance at Court, at a ball given by George IV., when the child-Queen of Portugal was present. It must have been a pretty sight to see the two little girls—both destined for such high positions—dancing together, but the evening ended in disaster for the little Queen, who fell down in one of the dances, and was carried out lamenting.

We cannot better close this chapter of childish doings than by quoting a letter written by the Dowager-Duchess of Coburg to the Duchess of Kent, on the little Princess' eleventh birthday; a letter which clearly indicates the earnest, pious spirit which governed her early training:

"My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May. May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart. The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities he has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished."

The Influence of Faith†

ALL true faith which implies trust, and by which men act, operates from the heart, so that the larger, nobler, purer and more spiritual the heart, the broader and more influential the life of faith.

Faith is the foundation and bond of family life. Man and woman commit their happiness, life, future, and all to each other because of faith. It fills the cellar and pantry, clothes with comfortable attire, warms the hearth, spreads the table, adorns the parlor. It adds piety, patience, security and sunshine to every home. "It is the principle of family order and happiness, of all filial, and a great part of parental affection." Faith in a mother's love is often the last "cable that holds a youth to his moorings." On life's ocean, amid the chase for pleasure, struggle for gain, aspiration for honor and distinction, surrounded by vice, beaten upon by passion, frowned upon by an envious world, every other stay gives way. Every other anchor drags. But the faith in mother's love begotten in the soul before he left home holds him fast and safe. Thus faith makes the Christian home the soil from which arise social life and activities. Faith, too, is the basis of society. It associates man with man for the accomplishment of their life work; it gives rise to the numerous orders of brotherhoods throughout the world to facilitate intercourse, convenience and comfort. Members of these societies traveling may be entire strangers yet surrounded by hosts of friends. Presenting the proper credentials, they are at once recognized as brothers, receive the right hand of fellowship, and have the best hospitality that kindness can bestow. The Christian Church, for instance, aims at charity for all men. It lives and grows by mutual trust. It says that the only guarantee for truly enlightened society, the right appropriation of the stores of nature, the promotion of happiness on earth, the grandest possibilities of the human soul and fellowship with the society of the redeemed is a true life of faith in the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, the Saviour of the world.

*From *The Story of Victoria, R. I.*, as wife, mother and queen. By W. J. Wintle, author of *Armenia and Its Sorrows*, etc. This is a sketch portrait of the late Queen, rather than a biography. It illustrates the Queen's personal life and character, and enforces the lessons which her life hold for all who read about her. Pp. 150, cloth, illustrated. Price 50 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

†From *Nuggets of Gold*, by Bruce Hughes. The venerable Bishop Hughes, of the M. E. Church, writes of this little book, a collection of philosophical thoughts tersely told: "It is well written, and will be useful, especially to young people." Pp. 108; cloth. Price, 60 cents. Published by The Irving Company, New York

The Early Struggle at Tuskegee*

SOON after securing possession of the farm we set about putting it into a condition so that a crop of some kind might be secured from it during the next year. At the close of school hours each afternoon I would call for volunteers to take their axes and go into the woods to assist in clearing up the grounds. The students were most anxious to give their service in this way, and very soon a large acreage was put into condition for cultivation. We had no horse or mule with which to begin the cultivation of the farm. Mr. George W. Campbell, however, the president of the Board of Trustees, very kindly gave us a horse which was well along in years. This was the first animal that the school ever possessed. On the farm there was an old building that had formerly been used as a stable, another that had been used as a chicken coop, and still a third that had been used as a kitchen during ante-bellum days. All of these three buildings, or shanties, were duly repaired and made to do service as class-rooms, dormitories, etc.

We had our first services in Porter Hall on Thanksgiving Day, 1882. Rev. R. C. Bedford, who was then pastor of the Congregational Church in Montgomery, and who has since been one of our trustees and warmest friends, preached the Thanksgiving sermon. This was the first Thanksgiving service, I think, that was ever held in the town of Tuskegee, and a joyous one it was to the people.

By the middle of the second year's work the existence of the school had begun to be advertised pretty thoroughly through the State of Alabama, and even in some of the adjoining States. This brought to us an increasing number of students, and the problem as to what to do with them was becoming a serious one. We put the girls who did not live in town on the third floor of Porter Hall to sleep. The boys we scattered around in whatever places we were able to secure. In order to provide a dining room, kitchen and laundry, to be used by the boarding department, our young men volunteered to dig out the basement under Porter Hall, which was soon bricked up and made to answer its purpose very well. Old students, however, who, to-day, return to Tuskegee and see the large, new dining room, kitchen, and laundry run by steam, are very much interested in noting the change and contrast.

Sometimes during the winter of the second year of the school, we were compelled to put large numbers of young men in shanties or huts to sleep, where there was almost no protection from rain and cold weather. Often during the very cold nights I have gone into the rooms of these students at midnight to see how they were getting along, and have found them sitting up by the fire, with blankets wrapped about them, as the only method of keeping warm. One morning, when I asked at the opening exercises how many had been frost-bitten during the cold weather, not less than ten hands went up. The teachers were not surprised at this. Still, notwithstanding these inconveniences and hardships, I think I never heard a complaint from the lips of a single student. They always seemed filled with gratitude for the opportunity to go to school under any circumstances.

*From *The Story of My Life and Work*, by Booker T. Washington, Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. Illustrated by Frank Beard, with frontispiece of author and his family; pp. 423, cloth cover. Published by J. T. Nichols & Co., Atlanta, Ga.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. W. H. P., Dallas, Pa., writes:

I want to acknowledge through your paper that God surely and truly answers prayer. And what puzzles me much is, that people try to endure so many troubles when help is so near and so sure. Why will not the distressed ones come to him who is always ready to hear and answer prayer?

F. C., La Grande, Ore., writes:

I wish to thank you for our CHRISTIAN HERALD. It comes like a blessed light to our home. I always first turn to the "Answered Prayers," and feel thankful that you have given us space for acknowledgment of God's love. God has answered my prayers many times.

Reader, De Land, Fla., writes:

I prayed earnestly to God for a special blessing to a dear invalid sister. The answer came speedily, and my request was granted beyond my greatest expectations. All praise be to him who has said in his Word "Before they call I will answer."

Mrs. I. W. R., Lomax, Ills., writes:

I have been a reader of your paper for several years; and so I saw the "Answered Prayers" and I was encouraged in my prayers for my son. Now, God has given me all I asked, and more.

Reader, Oakland, Calif., writes:

I am near fourscore and almost helpless. I was in trouble and the outlook was very dark. I asked help from the dear Lord. He answered my prayer. Praise his name.

Mrs. J. W. B., Columbus, O., writes:

Reading "Answered Prayers," I prayed in renewed faith for my son. My prayer has been answered. God has reclaimed my son.

S. A. L., Carlisle, Pa., writes:

My faith has been greatly strengthened in reading "Answered Prayers." I was in need, and I held on to this promise: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." And I wish to acknowledge that God's promises are "yea and amen to every one that believeth."

Mrs. W. H., Mich., writes:

For a few years past I have been having a great trouble. I had such unrest. I prayed God to take it all away and give me peace of mind. My trouble seemed greater than I could bear: but I was able to lay it down at Jesus' feet. My prayer is answered. I am at peace. Thank God for the "Answered Prayer" column.

Teacher, Hamilton, N. Dak., writes:

In desperate strait, I went to God for a personal trouble; my prayer was answered. For a month I prayed earnestly for the salvation of one of my pupils. She is now in the fold. I have been praying for two of my brothers; one has decided to lead the better life, and I feel sure the other will soon come to Christ. Thank God for the blessed privilege of prayer! As soon as I receive my paper, I turn at once to the "Answered Prayers;" and, after reading it, I am compelled to fall upon my knees and praise God.

Mother, Los Angeles, Calif., writes:

I had been praying for loved ones; and was a little discouraged because a precious one, young in years, seemed to be subject to so much temptation in his surroundings, when, without any effort upon our part, he had an opportunity to engage in work where he would be entirely free from such surroundings. I was particularly led to think of this being our kind Father's way of helping my dear one by reading a similar experience in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of a "Brooklyn Mother."

GUIDE TO THE PAN-AMERICAN.

Exquisite blending of soft harmonious colors has given to the Pan-American Exposition the name of the Rainbow City. Just as beautiful in its blending tints is the handsome little guide book issued by the Lackawanna Railroad, giving information that every Pan-American visitor is anxious to have. Write for one, enclosing 4 cents in postage stamps to T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York.

KITCHEN EXPENSES.

Reduced By Ready Cooked Grape-Nuts.

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"We have used Grape-Nuts over a yea weighed, when I began using it, abou pounds, but have gained 22 pounds sinc have recovered entirely from dyspepsia using this delicious food. My husband children enjoy Grape-Nuts as much as and they have all been decidedly benefit its use.

My baby is very much healthier tha other two children were at his age. I a ute the difference to the use I have ma Grape-Nuts Food.

Of course it is a great advantage to h food that is already cooked and sure to good condition. This is not always tr many cereals." Mrs. Geo. S. Foster, 102 bansia Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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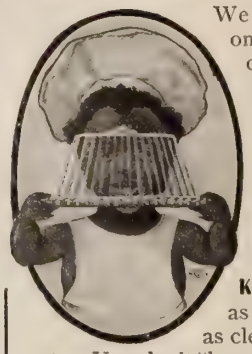

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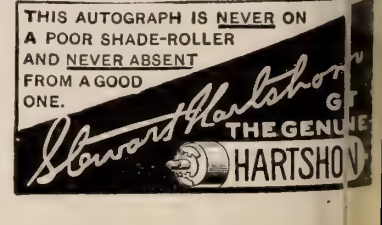

SHE RESCUED 2,000 INDIA ORPHANS

A GRAPHIC story of toil and danger was told a few days ago by Miss J. C. Gow, who called at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD office, on her way from India to Scotland. She was in charge of the station in Rajputana of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, during the famine, and labored for the rescue of the starving people until her health broke down. Her description of the horrors of which she was an eyewitness is truly appalling. Miss Gow rescued about two thousand orphans, for whom she hopes to obtain pledges of support during her travels. She has besides, a number of widows whom she is trying to make self-supporting.

"Day by day heartrending sights met the gaze. "A big native of Rajputana," she

A RESCUED FAMINE FAMILY

said, "came into the compound one day looking for me, wanting to get food. He had been four months without knowing what it was to get enough to eat, and the last three days before he found my house he had had nothing at all. When he came in he was not able to speak, but clasped his hands to indicate that he wanted food, then sank down to the ground exhausted. He was nursed and cared for until his strength began to return, then he told his story. He was one of two boys who, with their mother, went often in search of food and work. They got separated, and this one could go no further, he felt that his strength was gone, that he sought the Mission. In two or three days, when he was a little stronger, he said, now you have given me faith, hope and light, thus something of the love of God seemed to dawn on that man's mind. He seemed to feel that God had led him into that compound, and rescued him and raised up friends for him. When strong enough to travel I was able to pay his passage home to his mother. The money I gave him would keep him until he could either get something to do or failing in that, I told him he might bring his old mother back to us, but he did not return.

"When my rescuers were out one day they brought in two little boys, Tulsio and Bhurio, respectively, about seven and ten years old. They were cared for at the house until I could get them passed on to the boys' orphanage. Meantime a case of smallpox broke out among the little ones I had with me, and they were all put in quarantine. These two little fellows saw what was being done, became acquainted with me, and were sent on to the orphanage later on. Their home had been broken up by the famine, there was a father and mother, an older brother and a younger sister, in addition to the two boys above mentioned. First, they sold all of their possessions for food, until the last thing, even clothing, had gone, and there was nothing but to beg or starve. They wandered about in the jungle trying to find food. The father was the first to give in, and he lay down by the roadside and died, then the mother and her four children were left. In the search for food they were separated, but the two little boys kept together. It was just then that the rescuers found the little fellows wandering helplessly about and brought them in. The little ones thought the rest of the family were all dead in the jungle, but one day at the orphanage they heard that the mother, brother and sister were alive, and they slipped away one night to look for them, found them and brought them all the way back to us, and the two little fellows said: 'Our mother—we found her and brought her to you.' Just a little longer and it would have been too late, as the poor mother could no longer stand on her feet. The mother and the eldest boy were saved, but the little girl died, after some weeks of care. The little fellows said: 'Now we give them to you, will you write and ask the principal in charge at the orphanage to forgive us for running away and take us in again?' They would give me no rest until I did this. They took the letter themselves and walked back again to the orphanage. The eldest son has entirely recovered and is now supporting himself and his mother. Afterwards cholera broke out in the boys' orphanage, child after child was swept away, until there was a perfect panic. Tulsio also caught it, and nearly all the boys that I had sent in from Ahjmere came flying back in terror. When Bhurio started to go with the rest, little Tulsio said: 'Are you going to leave me, too?' Bhurio hesitated, wavered just for a second or two and said: 'No, I will stay with you.' And he did stay. You will be glad to hear that Tulsio recovered, and both of these boys are now being trained in our orphanage to become useful members of society."

Miss Gow is anxious to get support for her orphans, and she says that in the district where the orphanage is situated, and with the kind of training they receive, it requires twenty-five dollars a year to support each child.

The Disappearance of the Church

The Closing Scene in the History of the Church on Earth as Revealed in the Apocalypse*

BY REV. JOSEPH A. SEISS, D.D.

WHEN Christ comes, it will be the same with those faithful ones of his that sleep, as with those who may be still alive and waiting for him. There will be no advantage to the one class above the other as respects what is to follow. When the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God, first of all, the saints that sleep in him shall rise. This is plainly taught us in the apostolic messages. And when they have been thus recalled, whatever is further said is the same with regard to them as to those living saints who shall not have died at all.

One very striking statement concerning them, is that they are to be kept out of the hour of temptation—out of that season of trial which is then to come upon the whole world, to try those who dwell upon the earth instead of cherishing a heavenly citizenship. How this deliverance is to be wrought, St. Paul explains. The saints, both living and resurrected, are to be miraculously snatched away from earth to heaven, suddenly, and in the twinkling of an eye. His own unmistakable words are: "Then we who are living, who remain, shall be caught up together with them (the resurrected ones) in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air" (I. Thess. 4:17).

The Saviour himself has also given assurances to the same effect, where he says: "I tell you, in that night there shall be two in one bed: the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. Two women shall be grinding together: the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left. Two shall be in the field: the one shall be taken, and the other left. And they answered and said unto him, Where [or Whither], Lord? And he said unto them, Wheresoever the Body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together" (Luke 17:34–37). And to this same marvelous occurrence, which Paul speaks of as one of the great mysteries (I. Cor. 15:51), do the words of the seer refer. "I saw," says John, "and behold, a door set open in the heaven, and the former voice which I heard as of a trumpet, speaking with me, saying, Come up hither." That door opened in heaven is the door of the ascension of the saints. That trumpet voice is the same which Paul describes as recalling the sleepers in Jesus, and to which the Saviour refers as the signal by which his elect are gathered from the four winds, but which we have no reason to suppose shall be heard or understood except by those whom it is meant to summon to the skies.

Such, then, is the termination of the earthly career of God's elect, for which the saints of every age have waited, longed and prayed.

And such is the next great scene which may now be any day expected. I know of nothing in the prophecies of God, unless it should be the mere deepening of the signs that have already appeared, which yet remains to be fulfilled before this sudden summons from the skies: "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were a little moment, until the indignation be overpast; for, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity" (Is. 26:20, 21). Any one of these days or nights, and certainly before many more years have passed, all this shall be accomplished. Some of these days or nights—while men are busy with the common pursuits and cares of life, and everything is rolling on in its accustomed course—unheralded, unbelieved, and unknown to the gay world, here one, and there another, shall secretly disappear, "caught up" like Enoch, who "was not found because God had translated him." Invisibly, noiselessly, miraculously, they shall vanish from the company and fellowship of those about them, and ascend to their returning Lord. Strange announcements shall be in the morning papers of missing ones. Strange accounts shall be whispered around in the circles of business and society. And for the first time will apostate Christendom, and the slow in heart to believe all that the prophets have written, have the truth brought home, that no such half-Christianity as theirs is sufficient to put men among the favorites of the Lord.

Brethren and friends, these are neither dreams nor fables. They are realities, set forth in the infallible truth of God, and as literally true as anything else in the inspired Word. And as you value the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus, and take this holy book as an unfailing guide, be not faithless, but believing. And if you feel yourself unready for such events, do not think of setting them aside by scoffs and sneers. Better bestir yourself to be prepared, with your loins girded and your lamp trimmed and burning. There is chance for you yet to be among these favored ones whom God has engaged thus to keep out of the judgment plagues and sorrows; but that this opportunity shall remain to you for another year, or month, or week, or day, or hour, no living man or angel of heaven is authorized to promise. What you do must be done quickly.

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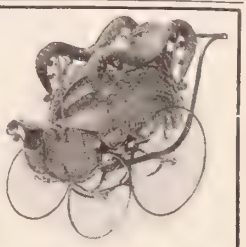

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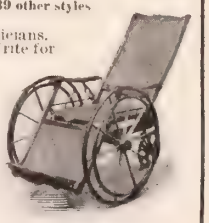

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued

IT was five o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth, the day they expected the ship to arrive, when Margaret was awakened by finding Marjorie standing beside her bed fully dressed for the journey to the city.

"Why, my dear lassie, what in the world are you doing up at this hour?"

"I just couldn't stay in bed another minute. I'm so anxious and so happy. Just think, in only a few hours I shall have my arms right tight around him, and I don't believe I'll ever let him go again," and she clasped her hands eagerly.

"I cannot make the time slip away any quicker, dear; but perhaps it will seem to if I get up and dress."

A few hours later found them at the foot of the gang-plank of the steamer, eagerly scanning the faces of the passengers who were coming ashore. But although love has keen eyesight, it failed to see the beloved object this time, and Marjorie's face grew very white as the flow of people thinned, and Dr. Prior was not among them.

"I'll go aboard and see," said Rodman, "there may be some mistake, and he may not have come up by this ship. But the purser can set me straight."

"Yes, do; and we will wait here," said Margaret.

"Do you think he has missed the steamer?" asked Marjorie.

"He may have done so, for so many things often occur to alter one's plans."

"But I am sure he would have sent some word," said Marjorie.

"He may not have found time to do so before sailing. But here comes Rodman, and now we shall learn all about it."

"Is he on board? Did he come?" cried Marjorie, springing toward him.

"No, not by this ship," he replied, but gave Margaret a quick glance, which told her to ask no questions just then. "You see," he continued, "those people down there are dead slow, and so I dare say, he has missed connections somehow, and we will soon have a letter explaining all."

Marjorie said not one word, but her quivering lips warned Margaret that she, herself, must keep up a pretense of cheerfulness, however great her misgivings were. Her heart ached for Marjorie, but she kept up a steady flow of conversation, and not until they reached the Grand Central Station did she find an opportunity to speak with Rodman privately. Leaving Marjorie while she went with him, ostensibly to purchase a basket of fruit for her mother, she said:

"Now tell me what you learned on board."

"The very worst I could learn: Dr. Prior was booked to sail on this ship, but was taken ill immediately he went on board, and with what was supposed to be the dreaded fever. Indeed, he was so ill that the ship's doctor ordered him taken ashore and placed in the hospital, as he considered it dangerous for him to attempt the journey, to say nothing of the danger of infection."

"Oh, my little girl! my little girl!" said Margaret. "How shall I tell her; how shall I tell her?"

"Don't until we get home. It can do no good, and the good Lord only knows what the effect will be, and only he can help her," and Rodman's handsome face looked as it had looked only once before, and that was when his own father lay as poor Marjorie's was no doubt lying at that moment.

Marjorie received the evil tidings very quietly and made no moan, but from that hour the girl seemed utterly crushed.

Rodman gave up everything in order to learn all that he could concerning Dr. Prior, and telegrams carried messages as fast as electricity would take them. From the ship's purser, they learned that Dr. Prior had seemed ill when he had come aboard, and had grown rapidly worse; so that by the time the ship was ready to sail he was a very sick man. Realizing the danger he was incurring in undertaking such a journey, the ship's doctor had had him conveyed to a hospital, where he could have proper care and skillful nursing.

After learning all he could, Rodman hurried back to Margaret. She listened very attentively, and then said:

"Poor little Marjorie; I will go at once and tell her."

"Marjorie, my dear one," she said, as she took her seat beside her; "listen as quietly as you can and try to believe that I will do all that lies in my power to help you bear this great sorrow. Dr. Prior is ill in Galveston, but how ill we, of course, cannot tell; probably seriously; and I can realize just how hard it is for you to bear this news. But be sure that we will do all we can to keep you and ourselves informed of his condition, and will keep you with us until he is able to return."

Marjorie had not spoken a word thus far, and now said in a strange, hoarse voice:

"Suppose he is never able to come back, Miss Drake; what will become of me? He is all I have."

"We will try to believe that all will end well, dear."

"But he is all alone, and has no one to care for him; and I am so far away."

"My dear girl, he will be well cared for, Dr. Foster assured Rodman of that."

"It is not that, Miss Drake; I dare say he will have every attention, but think what it means; no one to care if he never got well; no one to care what happened to him, and—" here Marjorie paused, arose to her feet, and looking at Margaret as one has sometimes seen a wounded animal look, covered her face with her hands, and said with a low cry of intense anguish:

"I cannot bear it; oh, I cannot bear it; Papa Checa, dear Papa Checa, come back to me," and fell at Margaret's feet.

Margaret was thoroughly alarmed, for Marjorie was not an emotional girl, and latterly had lost much of her former nervousness. But when she saw her so utterly prostrated she realized as she had never done before how intense was her love for her father, and how severe was this blow to her.

Consciousness was not quickly recovered, and when at last the girl was herself, she looked weak and ill, as she lay upon Margaret's couch, with the sympathetic girls in attendance, and Margaret offering consolation in every possible form.

When she was somewhat stronger, Margaret sat down beside her and said:

"Try not grieve so, dear one, for I am sure that all will end well."

"But I want to go to him, Miss Drake; I want to go to him. He needs me. No one loves him as I do, and no one can do for him what I can do. Just think! no one there cares anything about him, and there is not a single soul he knows."

"I know it, dear, but he will be well cared for."

"He may be, but he will want me. Please, please take me to him."

"My dear little girl, I wish I could, but you are in no condition to go."

"Yes I am, oh! yes I am; see!" and Marjorie sprang off the couch only to fall fainting into Margaret's arms. Now thoroughly alarmed, she quickly got Marjorie to bed and then summoned medical aid. Before he saw her, Margaret told the physician the circumstances connected with the case and of Marjorie's intense desire to go to her father, and added: "But neither my mother nor myself think it safe for her to attempt it. Still, we will be entirely guided by your advice."

"So you want to go chasing off to Galveston, do you, little lady? Well, let me see what you have got to travel on. Just smoke this glass cigar for a minute or two, and don't bite the end off," he said, as he slipped his thermometer under Marjorie's tongue and then took her trembling hand in his to count the bounding pulse.

Marjorie's shining eyes never left his, and the instant he had taken her temperature, she said:

"I may go, may I not?"

"We'll see; we'll see," said the doctor, going into the adjoining room, ostensibly to wash his thermometer. Margaret followed him.

"It is simply out of the question," he said positively, in reply to her questioning look. "Her temperature is 103 degrees at this very moment. Has she been a delicate child?"

"No, but a very sensitive and highly strung one, and until recently her life has been rather an unnatural one for a young girl."

"I thought so. No, she must not undertake such a journey. If she should, I'd not be answerable for the consequences. Keep her very quiet, and don't under any pretext allow her to leave her bed until I give her permission to do so."

After leaving the necessary medicines the doctor took his leave and Margaret returned to Marjorie.

"Did he say I could go—did he?"

"No, dear, he thinks it would be very unwise for you to attempt it."

Marjorie fell back upon her pillow and the tears came into her eyes. Presently she started up:

"Miss Drake, will you go? You can do almost as much as I can, and he is fond of you. Please say 'yes,' oh! please say 'yes.'"

"I, Marjorie! Could I be of use or make you happier by going?"

"Yes, Miss Drake, you could, and I should feel so much easier if I knew you were with him, for you could write to me every day, and I know that you would tell me the truth. Will you go? Will you? I'll die if you don't." And poor Marjorie clasped her trembling hands imploringly.

Margaret took the poor little hands in her own firm grasp, and, looking into the girl's wild, beseeching eyes, said:

"Yes, dear, I will go."

"Thank you, oh! thank you so much," cried Marjorie, as a look of great relief overspread her countenance.

"And now while I go to have a talk with mamma about it, I want you to lie quietly and rest. I will darken the room, and I hope you will be able to sleep a little."

CHAPTER XIV

For Marjorie's Sake

"MAMMA, may I speak to you a moment?" she asked as she stopped at her mother's door.

"Certainly, dear; if my advice can help you in any way, I am only too glad to give it."

They went into Margaret's bed-room, and turning to her mother, she said without an instant's hesitation:

"Mamma, I am going to Galveston."

"You, Margaret, and alone! I cannot permit it; you must be insane."

"No, mamma, I am not insane, only determined to do all in my power for that poor child. Only think, mamma, of her position. She has no one in the world but her father, and she has begged me to go to him in her stead. Miss Carver is powerless to do the first thing for her, and for six months she has looked to me for everything. So shall I fail her now? She has won my love as I never supposed it would be possible for any one to win it. Moreover, Dr. Prior has been more than kind to me, and has reposed the most implicit confidence in me. Everything has been left to my management, and never by word or look has any act of mine been questioned. Indeed, I have received far more credit than I deserved in many cases; for they have both been so grateful for little acts which were plainly and simply a part of my duty."

"Yes, Margaret, I am aware of that, and profoundly grateful to Dr. Prior for his consideration; but can even that demand so great a sacrifice as you now contemplate? Think one moment, my child, you are only a young girl yourself, and will surely encounter much that is, to say the least, unpleasant if you start on such a wild journey as this, entirely alone. No, it cannot be."

"Mamma, please listen to me: I am no longer a child, but nearly twenty-five years of age. I have traveled a great deal, and often alone. Moreover, this is not a savage land, but a highly civilized one, in which a gentlewoman can go anywhere and meet with only the most courteous

(Continued on following page)

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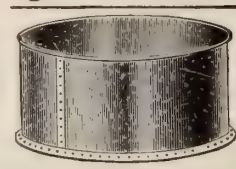

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By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 438

eatment. Do you think it will prove exception in my case? But I shall not alone; I shall have Johnson accomny me; he is a host in himself and will ow exactly what to do for Dr. Prior, d will look after me with all the solicide one old hen would show for her one itary chick. So, mamma, you see that I not so mad after all, am I?" and she k her mother's face in her hands and oked into the eyes which were so like r own.

"It is so sudden, and so very unusual," d Mrs. Drake, wavering.

"Yes, I am forced to admit that it is ith; but the conditions are unusual also, d desperate cases require desperate medies. If anything should happen to . Prior I should feel that I had failed in r duty when I was most sorely needed. is a very simple thing to do well when erything runs smoothly, but when a sis like the present arises, it is a very ferent matter. Don't say no, mother ar, but wish me God-speed. Take care my little girl for me, and help me to ng her happiness if I can," and Marret looked at her mother with a world of song resolve and affection in her beauul face.

"My dear one, go; and may the dear ther guard and guide you," and for a ment Mrs. Drake held her daughter in lose embrace.

"Thank you, mother, I can go with a ar conscience now, and that gives wonful strength. I shall make my plans once, and Marjorie will be greatly comted, I am sure."

"Oh! I am so glad! I am so glad!" d Marjorie, when she learned that rgaret would go at once.

"Be sure that I shall bring Dr. Prior to the very moment I can safely do so, and a day shall pass without your hearing m me; you believe me, do you not, r?" said Margaret.

"Oh, Miss Drake, what should I do hout you; what should I do? You are unselfish, and so good to me. You know t I love you better than any one in the rld next to papa, don't you?" and Marjie clasped her arms around Margaret's k, and held her as though she would er let her go.

"I believe you do, dear; and it is that ich is now sending me South, that I y prove to you how greatly I value r affection. Be a brave girl, and try et mamma fill my place during my abce."

The morning of the twenty-second Marget and Johnson started on their way thward. Rodman had gone immedily to Mountvale to explain the situan to Johnson, and good as his word, he responded at once. And, as Marget had said, he was a host in himself: in no time he had gathered together erything it was to possible to carry, and ich his long service led him to believe Prior might need. And what that nstrous English "grip" held, no one uld ever dare guess, and he felt that was prepared for a siege.

Rodman was careful to secure tickets aight through, and so they had little to nk of.

t was a strange experience for Marget, and although outwardly calm, she many misgivings, and hardly dared herself dwell upon what lay at the end her journey.

But Johnson saved her any care or nsibility, and in due time Galveston reached. Going straight to a hotel, nson engaged a room for her, and then de instant inquiry for the hospital to ch Dr. Foster (the ship's doctor) had d them Dr. Prior had been conveyed. was some distance from the hotel, but ectly she had dined and taken a short , Margaret, with Johnson in attendce, set out.

Yes, such a patient was there, and very ill.

Could they see him?"

he attendant would inquire.

With beating heart she awaited the n's return. He was accompanied by a kd-faced physician who asked if she e a relative of the patient.

No," replied Margaret, "but here in behalf of his only daughter, who is very ill, and for whom the journey from New York was impossible. This man has been in Dr. Prior's employ for many years. I beg that you will let us see Dr. Prior."

The doctor looked at her sharply from under his shaggy eyebrows, and said: "Are you aware that you would be incurring great danger?"

"Yes, but we are willing to do so for his daughter's sake; she is his only near relative, and so ill that it was impossible for her to come to him."

"Is she the Marjorie for whom he is constantly asking?"

"She is, and I wish with all my heart that she could respond to his call; but, perhaps, I may be able to soothe him, since he will naturally associate me with her. Johnson, I do not wish to influence you, or have you expose yourself to the danger of contagion, if you would prefer not to do so; and you must do exactly as you consider wisest."

"Indade, an' with the doctor's consint, I'll see the dear master as quick as ivir I can; and I've small fear that the faver will lay hould of me."

But the doctor would not consent to Johnson seeing Dr. Prior, and the faithful fellow was sorely disappointed.

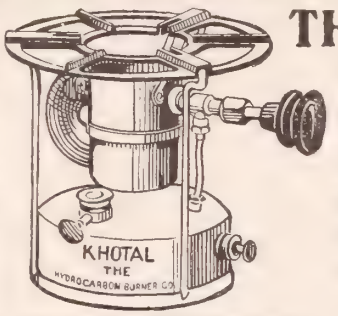
She followed the doctor along the corridors and through several wards, till at last they came to a room at the further end of the building where, in a private room, they found Dr. Prior.

It seemed hard to believe that the wan, pallid creature lying upon the bed, could be the same man who had left them eight weeks before, and it was no wonder that Margaret laid her hand upon the table for support as she said: "Poor, poor Marjorie!" for it seemed as though life must already have left that shadow of a human being before her.

Dr. Prior seemed to have caught the name, faintly as it was spoken, and opening his eyes looked around with the unrecognizing look of those ill with fever. Then languidly turning his head from side to side he murmured: "Marjorie! Marjorie!"

"You shall see her very soon!" said Margaret, soothingly, as she went to the bedside to lay her hand upon the burning forehead.

(To be continued)



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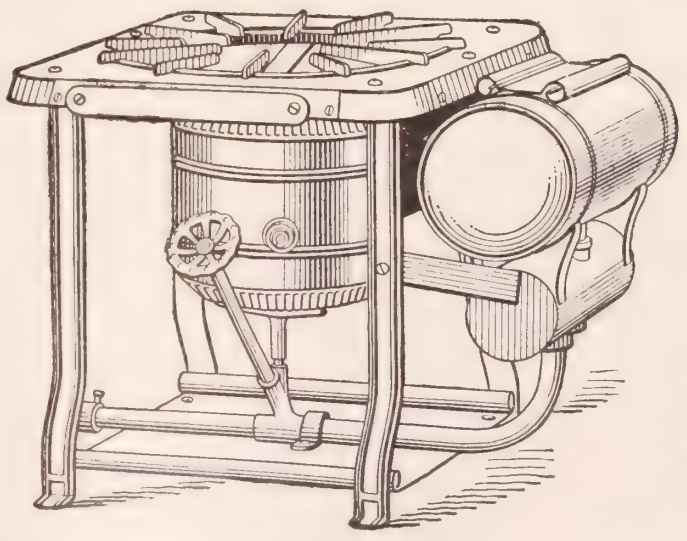

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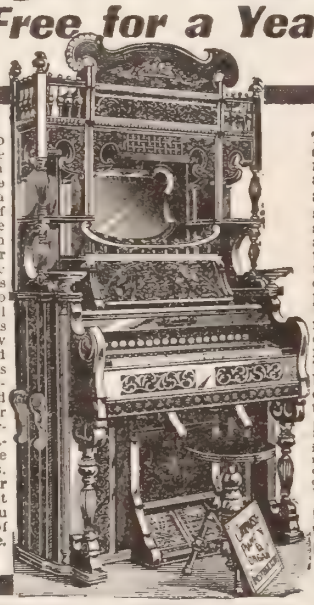

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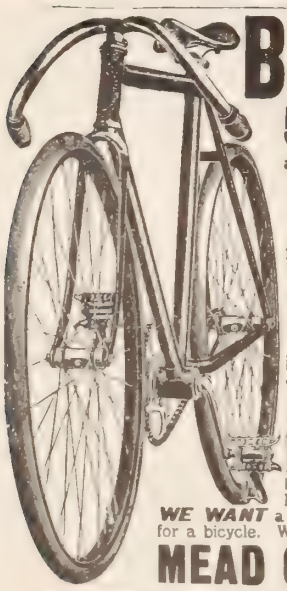

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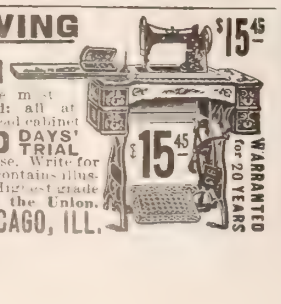

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE GOSPEL IN LONDON'S SLUMS—A BRANCH OF THE GREAT WEST LONDON MISSION

With photographs of (1) Rev. Mark Guy Pearse (2) Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and (3) Mrs. Hughes. (See page 448.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered June 19

1. What is the best way in which one can demonstrate his or her true patriotism?
2. What is the origin of the superstitions connected with the horseshoe?
3. When "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," (see Gen. 29: 11) what was the cause of his weeping?
4. In seeking the conversion of Jews, is it best to employ Gentiles or converted Jews?
5. When a polygamist in a heathen land is converted, should the Christian missionary make it a condition of admitting him to the Church that he put away all his wives but one, and if so, on what Scriptural ground?

Questions of the Week

1. Is it true Christian philosophy to say that "Whatever happens is for the best?"

1. I am not so sure about that: but it is true Christian philosophy to act upon the principle, that "All things work together for good to them that love God." To those who strive to know and obey God's will, he will make all things work together for their good. Even though enemies combine to do us harm, God will see us through, if we trust him and do our duty. Such trials often teach true Christians their finest lessons in discipline and help them to attain a greater eminence in the Christian life, from which they can gain a better view of God's works and realize more of his love, mercy and wisdom. The persons who accept God as their helper can always slay the lion. Afterwards, when viewing the dead lion, like Samson of old, they can always find the sweetest of honey.

J. N. I. TARPLEY.

. . .

No. Many things happen which can never be considered for the best. The things often happen because we are wilful, and act without stopping to think of results. God, although he can see the effect, allows our actions, because we are free agents. Take, for instance, the sorrow and suffering caused by war, or a man's life blasted by drinking; can such things be for the best? Think of the conditions without the fighting, without the drinking, and which would have brought forth the greater good? No! Not the best always happens; but when the various things do happen, God, in his goodness, causes all to work for good "to them that love him." The best that can happen under such circumstances does happen. FANNY ASHENDEN.

2. Is it reasonable to suppose that an educated person is better fitted to enjoy heaven than one who is uneducated—assuming that both are equally advanced in the Christian life?

Yes, just as we are convinced that an educated person can find far greater enjoyment upon earth than one who is uneducated, so it would follow that the same experience would be his in heaven. The trained eye of the former sees beauties unseen by his less favored brother. His ear detects harmonies unheard by the other. All his senses, refined and cultivated, find pleasure unknown and undreamed of by the latter. When we enter the realm of the intellect and emotions, through these, as on earth, he will find rarest joys that, to the uneducated man, are "as things that are not"—deep, unspeakable thoughts and feelings, called forth by "all that God has prepared for them that love him." All will be intensified, we believe, and if one is more fitted, more susceptible to enjoyment here, will he not be in far greater degree in heaven? ELLAE JAYE.

. . .

There is nothing in the Bible that gives us reasonable grounds to believe that an educated person will enjoy heaven or be more useful there than an uneducated one. When we leave this world we go out of our imperfection into Christ's perfection. If education were necessary to our perfect heavenly life, would not Christ have spent his time in the schools of learning instead of at his father's carpenter bench? No, no!

It is the heart and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain.

St. Paul says, "If I have all knowledge, but have not love it profiteth me nothing." Solomon says, "Of making books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh. This is the end of the whole matter, fear God and keep his Commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." In Rev. 7: 14 we are told, "These are they which came out of the great tribulation, and they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve him day and night in his temple." The one who loves God most, and is most unselfish, will enjoy heaven most. My observation among the higher schools of learning is that they do not develop godliness. It is hard for one who has a good place in this world to realize that the soul of the veriest tramp is just as precious to God as the soul of the most refined and highly educated person. I have read that Lincoln used to say "That God must love the common people, for he made so many of them." Yet the higher education is out of the reach of most of them. MRS. M. E. CRAVATH.

3. Is it right for a lady to accept the attentions of a man as escort, simply and solely because she wants to attend church, concert, lecture, or literary society?

It is perfectly right, provided she does not use the opportunity for flirtation. Let her have it understood that her motives in accepting his attentions are free from thoughts of love making, and that she will not accept favors involving a pecuniary outlay, except on rare occasions and when offered purely in the spirit of friendship. In America, and especially of late years, this sort of intercourse between the sexes has become quite frequent and is a healthful sign as regards the ethics and morality of the country. It shows a respect for woman hardly known in the Old World and a recognition of her intellectual equality with man. Love and marriage will always be important issues, but pure friendship should not be tabooed between the sexes. The fact that one or both parties may simulate an infatuation for the other, may seem to be against such intercourse, but it is presumed that the young lady in this case is sensible and well disposed. L. T. RIGHTSELL.

. . .

Yes, if the gentleman understands that is all there is to it. It would be decidedly wrong to accept those attentions that might mean a deeper feeling than friendship; thus letting him deceive himself, simply for the pleasure or protection of his company. It would be impossible for many young ladies to go out evenings, if they must go only with a father, a brother, or a betrothed, especially in the country. M. E. C.

4. Are secret societies a hurt and hindrance to our churches?

As oath-bound secret organizations of any character whatever are a blow at individual liberty, a menace to our free institutions and antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity, they are decidedly a hindrance rather than a help to the Church. To many of its adherents it takes the place of the Church, and by some are claimed to be better than the Church. Christ said "In secret have I said nothing," and it is difficult to conceive how men can take a solemn oath to forever conceal and never reveal things of which they are at the time ignorant. Secret societies cause men to neglect their homes and their Church for associations and surroundings far from being conducive to their best good, and thus they miss both the highest duties and privileges that fall to the lot of man, and thereby they miss God's "best." WALTER W. HUBBARD.

. . .

There are two sides to this question which has so often been discussed. In favor of the affirmative, it may be said that secret societies make demands upon one's time that might be given to the Church, that they have workings which are so attractive as to powerfully influence those who love ritualistic ceremonies, that they attempt a greater social development than the Church, and that they draw from members the means that would otherwise go to the Church. In favor of the negative, it may be said that they influence greatly for good and philanthropy those who care nothing for the Church, that their symbolism is an object lesson of much that is good, that they are founded upon a belief in the Deity and that they are to a large degree preparatory to entrance into a Christian life. There are so many good and pious church members in secret societies that I cannot believe they do the Church harm. L. T. R.

5. Name something to which Christ, believers, Satan and wicked men are all compared?

A lion, a star, a rock and a king. LION—*Christ* in Rev. 5: 5: "Weep not; behold the lion that is of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath overcome"; and Ps. 3[illegible] *Believers*, Prov. 28: 1: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." *Satan*, I. Peter 5: 8: "Be sober, be watchful, your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." *Wicked men*, Ps. 10: 9: "He lurketh in the covert as a lion in his den." Ps. 17: 12: "He is like a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places."

A STAR—*Christ*, Num. 24: 17: "There shall come forth a Star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel;" Rev. 22: 16: "I am the root and offspring of David, the bright and the morning star." *Believers*, Dan. 12: 3: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." *Satan*, Rev. 9: 1: "And I saw a star fall from heaven fallen unto the earth; and there was given to him the key of the pit of the abyss." *Wicked men*, Jude 12, 13: "These are trees who are—wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved forever."

A ROCK—*Christ*, Ps. 18: 2: "The Lord is my Rock and my fortress and my deliverer, my God, my strong Rock, in him will I trust." *Believers*, Is. 51: 1: "Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord; look unto the Rock from whence ye were hewn," and Isa. 32: 2. *Satan*, Deut. 30, 31, 37. "How should two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them? For their Rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges. Where are their Gods, the Rock in which they trusted?" *Wicked Men*, Ezek. 26: 4, 14. "And I will make thee a bare Rock, for I the Lord have spoken it." Also Isa. 31: 9.

KING—*Christ*, I. Tim. 6: 15. "Who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords." *Believers*, Rev. 1: 6; "And madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests," (kings and priest R.) "and they reign upon the earth." Also Ps. 36: 7. *Satan*, Rev. 9: 11. "They have over them as king the angel of the abyss; his name in Hebrew is Abaddon, and in the Greek tongue he hath the name Apollyon." *Wicked Men*, Job 15: 24, 25. "They prevail against him, as a king ready to the battle, because he hath stretched out his hand against God."

LOUISE C. TOWI

. . .

Correct answers have been received also fro[m] J. Tarpley; H. S. Baird; G. E. Krauth; L. Mu[rray]; L. F. Dillon; R. E. Hough; John H. Sher[rill]; Alice Burke and H. W. Hamilton.

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Miscellaneous Questions

R. J. A., Southwold, Ont. There being no authentic portrait of Christ, is it right to make and publish imaginary pictures of him?

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E. C. B., Joppa, Md. Are all poor persons worthy of charity?

Not all, although it is sometimes very difficult to discriminate. "The deserving poor" is an expression commonly used to distinguish that class from the undeserving. Drunkards, spendthrifts, gamblers, and those who will not work cannot be regarded as equally deserving with those who have become poor through sickness or misfortune. Still, where there is a doubt, it is best to give the claimant the benefit of the doubt.

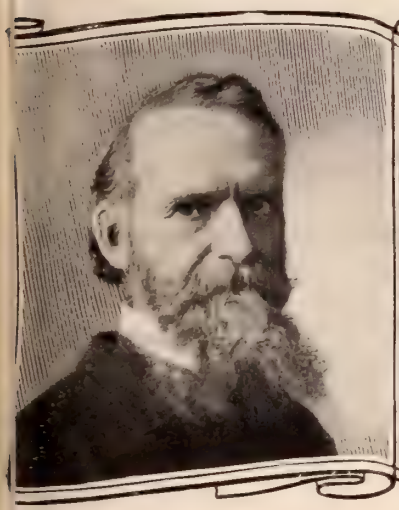
M. C. H., Ottawa, Ont. We cannot.

M. J. S., Sunnyside, N. C. Sending the Gospel to the heathen by all means.

Mrs. W. B. A., Olneyville, R. I. Such sales are a menace to health, and often result in spreading disease. Besides, instead of making God a gift of our rubbish, we ought to give him the best, freely and gladly.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK



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The Illinois Manual Training School Farm at Glenwood, the Fruit of One Man and Woman's Sacrifice

THAT the gracious habit of giving grows with our times few can doubt who have kept themselves informed of the magnificent generosities of the past quarter of a century, and in particular of the past decade. Rich men, with a stroke of the pen, toss off millions for "sweet charity's sake." The middle classes stint not themselves in doing good, according to their incomes; and the very poor will not be prevented from casting their pennies into the Lord's treasury. It does not frequently occur, however, that a wealthy man and woman, in their passion for elevating humanity, surrender during their lifetime what represents almost their all, that evil may be prevented and the general good be served. About twenty miles from Chicago, a great institution, doing a magnificent work, bears witness to such noble unanimity of spirit and deed on the part of Milton George and Alice, his wife, who, in the year 1889, conveyed to the Illinois Industrial School for Boys, their farm and its improvements, with $100,000, represented in their home and the larger part of their possessions, on condition that the corporation should provide necessary means for housing and educating thereon the dependent street boys of Chicago.

Mr. George, who had made his money at farming, is still an enthusiastic agriculturist and philanthropist. Residence in Chicago during his editorial management of *The Western Rural*, then one of the leading agricultural papers of the country, gave him ample opportunity to observe the life of the boys of the street, and he became deeply concerned with the problems presented, as they affected the boys themselves and as they would affect the nation when these boys should become men. On the occasion of a recent visit to this office, when he was led to speak of the history of the institution which he founded, he said:

"Chicago, like all large cities, has its waifs and strays; I believe it has more dependent children than any other city of its size. Years ago it became a serious matter as to what should be done with them. Under the old court system—which has recently been replaced by the excellent system of the Juvenile Court, of which you have published an account—a child who had committed a petty offence, or possibly no offence at all, might be brought up for trial along with hardened criminals and sent to the Bridewell in their company, the inevitable result being his graduation in vice and his release upon the public as a scourge and a curse. About seventeen years ago, I began to devise a way for taking care of juveniles, vagrant or dependent, for whom there was no better place than the streets or a prison, and finally succeeded in founding an institution for that purpose. We determined that its very name should remove it, as far as possible, from the construction of being a penal institution. It is not such. It is purely formatory, and not punitive or reformatory in its character. We are careful to have it understood that we are taking a class worthy of respect, and so we do not send our boys out into the world branded, as it were, with the stigma of having been an inmate of a house of correction. A term on the Illinois Manual Training School Farm carries with it instead of reproach, the distinction that should go with a certificate from a first-class educational institution. Its purpose, too, is to direct the energies of youth into agricultural and pastoral pursuits, and thus accomplish for our country what the public schools and the colleges are not doing—swell the number of intelligent tillers of the soil, the number of those who plant orchards or who raise flocks and herds. The Farm School at Glenwood saves city waifs from becoming habitual criminals, and bridges the gap between the farm and the agricultural colleges. Hundreds of our boys, after receiving a reasonable degree of training and fitness, are placed in good country homes, with a fair start in an enlarged vision for future growth and opportunity which insures their capability for filling, in the near future, many very important positions in life.

"While we began to plan for this earlier, it was only eleven years ago that our proposition to give our farm was made to the people of Chicago, and accepted by them. At that time $40,000 was raised for the erection of the necessary buildings. Since then the work has grown so rapidly in public favor that many large sums have been subscribed. $50,000 was invested in the main building, $13,000 in a receiving hospital and cottage, and a number of cottages have been erected at a cost of $7,000 each. Dr. Gunsaulus, who takes a great deal of interest in the institution, raised the money for one of these—the Plymouth Cottage.

"We hope to have soon an Agricultural Museum and

(Continued on page 445)

HAPPY TIMES IN THE BIG DINING-HALL

THE GREAT BARNS AT GLENWOOD

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

SUCCESSFUL HUNTERS

TEXT, Genesis 10: 9:

HE WAS A MIGHTY HUNTER BEFORE THE LORD

IN our day hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested of wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breech-loader, to shoot reed-birds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far East people, elephant-mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success, practising archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye, and bloody paw, and sharp tusk, and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth, may be

Captured for God

and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration, when he said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth; and I pray God that there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study Gospel archery, of whom it may, after a while, be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skilful hunters; at the very moment he ought to be most quiet, he is crackling an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned how the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was very good bread; it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people, "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was, and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! I am glad that there are institutions established in many of the cities of our land, where men may learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and become known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

The Hunter's Weapons

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the longbow. They would take the arrow of polished wood, and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred millions of souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, and its whir was heard through the Corinthian theatres, and through the court-room, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out, "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his scepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Galilean! thou hast conquered!"

Penetrating Arrows

In the armory of the Earl of Pembroke, there are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body, and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that Gospel! The humblest man in the world, if he had enough faith in it, could bring a hundred souls to Christ—perhaps five hundred. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this Gospel.

The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert, covering up the soul with dry sand; the religion of Renan was the romance of believing almost nothing; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that Gospel for another, who is thoroughly satisfied, and helped, and contented in his scepticism, and I will take the car tomorrow and ride five hundred miles to see him. The full power of the Gospel has not yet been touched. As a sportsman throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this Gospel after a while catch this round world flying from its orbit, and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave, and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and women who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sunday Schools and the lay-preaching stations, and the penitentiaries, and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon, compared with which the lightning has no speed, and avalanches have no heft, and the thunderbolts of heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent Gospel. Take careful aim! Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow! Then let it fly. And may the slain of the Lord be many!

Seeking the Lost

Again, if you want to be skilful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there, a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the Church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar; yonder they are up in that garret—far away from the door of any church; the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is, we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing on some street or road, expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie-fowl will light on our church-steeple. It is not their habit. If the Church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the Church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. The Church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We want a pulpit on wheels. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the Church that the fish know us, and the avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is our side work to be done. What is it that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing, and camped out. What do they care if the have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, they hear it. So, in the service of God, we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the comparatively few people who go to church. What are we doing for the millions who do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses, that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day, surging up from

That Lower Depth of Our Cities

a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches; and it blots out of this scene from my eyes to-day, as by the mists of the great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of the great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abysm of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake missionary church that can take the full meaning of that command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned"—a command, you see, punctuated with the throne of heaven and a dungeon of hell.

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter start with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount take him. What would become of the Greenlander if, without hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther crouches within twenty paces of you, and it has its eye on you, and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!" Courage, oh, ye spiritual archers! There are great mysters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the Church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around; and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church-pew or the communion table! There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in palaces with marble floors and Italian-top tables, and chased ice-coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the *nux vomica*, that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I look with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is a great liquor-vat of Germany, which is said to hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine, and only three times in a hundred years it has been filled. But, as I stood and looked at it, I said to myself, "That is nothing—eight hundred hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds a million two hundred thousand barrels of strong drink, and we keep three hundred thousand men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." Oh! to attack this great monster of Intemperance, and

The Kindred Monsters

of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for godly Christian reform! I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign the greatest hunting-party that was ever projected. There were ten thousand armed men in that hunting-party. There were camels, and horses, and elephants. On some princes rode, and royal ladies under exquisite houses, and five hundred coolies waited upon the train, and

dolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, a the rhinoceros, and deer, and elephant fell under the stroke of the sabre and bullet. After a while the party bought back trophies worth fifty thousand rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that, instead of he and there a straggler going out to fight these great masters of iniquity in our country, the millions of membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

Preserving the Trophies

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery, you need not only to bring down the game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home, and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a salmon for trout, and letting them lie in the woods. At even-tide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak, and fin, and antler.

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the Gospel, but bring them into the Church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in; do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the Church of God—help. Oh, ye hunters for the Lord! not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

Preparation Needed

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Domitian practised archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheatre with a hand out, the fingers spread apart, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say you will never work any better than you pray. The old archers took the bow, put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer; if it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing, in preparation for Christian work, is personal consecration.

Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

I am sure that there are some men who at some time have been hit by the Gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper; just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Scroon Lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track to-day, oh, impenitent man! not in wrath, but in mercy. Oh, ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop! There is mercy for you—mercy that pardons, mercy that heals, everlasting mercy. The twelve gates of God's love stand wide open. Enter and be forever safe.

The Deer-Leap

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer-leap"—two crags, about eighteen yards apart, between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer-leap," because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags: there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death-agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says, "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as THE SOUL'S DEATH-LEAP.

A Farmer's Great Work for Humanity

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 443

ONE OF THE FIVE COMMON SCHOOL CLASS-ROOMS — SUPERINTENDENT OSCAR L. DUDLEY — THE DRUM-MAJOR AND HIS SQUAD OF MUSIC-MAKERS

Conservatory, costing about $10,000. The Commercial Club of Chicago recently pledged itself to raise $125,000 for the enlargement of the institution, so that twice as many boys can be cared for as at present. Another striking evidence of public approbation of the work is that the club is donating $100,000 to start a similar school elsewhere. There can not be too many of them. If I had the money to do it with, I should start another such school in New York."

The present capacity of the school is three hundred. Since it was first opened, over three thousand boys, a large percentage of whom have been placed in farmers' families, have been admitted. Not only boys who were found without proper guardianship, or means of support, or who had committed some petty offence, make up the population of the school, but lads brought by parents who were unable to provide for them or unable to control them. In the last-named cases, the parents are expected to pay as much as they are able towards the support of their children. There are some inmates for whom the institution receives $2 to $8 a month; for others it receives nothing at all. For children committed by the county, $10 a month each is received from that source as long as the child remains in the school. When a home is found for him in a farmer's family the county is released. Boys from two to sixteen years old may be sent to the institution and be kept under its guardianship until twenty-one. The school has a flourishing kindergarten, numbering many tiny tots. The cottage plan is pursued, grouping the boys in companies not exceeding thirty in the different buildings, each cared for by a competent matron, acting under direction of General Superintendent Dudley, whose headquarters is in the Administration Building. In this building is also the main dining-room, seating six hundred boys. In the Agricultural Department, immense barns are filled with products of the farm, which supply a herd of dairy cows and other domestic animals with food. Incubators are kept in operation during the proper season of the year for food supplies and for the instruction and entertainment of the boys. A greenhouse furnishes the houses and grounds with an abundance of foliage plants and flowers, also plants for early setting in the vegetable garden. Each of the three hundred boys has a little plat of his own to cultivate and enjoy. There is an extensive apple orchard.

In the manual training department, boys are taught the use of wood-working tools; also they are taught iron-work, shoe-mending, etc. In the ordinary branches of common school instruction, the best teachers are employed. Military drill forms the basis of the discipline; on dress-parade the three hundred little men make a fine appearance; each company has its juvenile captain, and, as a result of this system, there is good order on the campus, in the dining-room and elsewhere. The Glenwood fife and drum crops and brass band is a proud squad of manly laddies, who can furnish excellent music on public and private occasions.

In the deed of conveyance which gave Mr. and Mrs. George's farm to its present noble uses, this clause occurs: "It is their suggestion that Christian ethics shall be taught, but they earnestly hope that no sectarian or social organization shall be permitted to control the management." Their wishes have been carried out. The simple evangelical teaching is strictly undenominational. The Sunday afternoon services at Glenwood are conducted by pastors of neighboring churches. Sunday School is held in the morning. Thus, the end in view is not merely the training of the hand, the eye and the intellect, but the development of the moral and spiritual nature—the upbuilding of a noble Christian manhood.

The Board of Directors is composed of prominent and wealthy men and women, who have spared no effort to make the institution the grand success which it undoubtedly is. The modest founder—with whom you might talk for hours about this school without discovering that he had any share in its creation—continues to take a warm personal interest in it. It is a pity that he has not, according to his generous wish, the means at command, to give to New York what he has given to Illinois.

OUR MISSIONARIES DEFENDED

HON. E. H. CONGER, U. S. Minister to China, has returned to this country. In an interview on his arrival in San Francisco, Mr. Conger made this statement, which may be regarded as authoritatively setting at rest the charges against the American Missionaries at Peking:

The Christian Missionaries in China have been grossly misrepresented. Very few things have been done by them for which any apology need be made. I do not say they did nothing that might not have been better done differently, but the stories of looting and collection of indemnities by force are false. The animosity of the Chinese was directed against everything foreign.

"The mission indemnities were not collected by force in any instance. I advised the missionaries that as the various governments would probably not demand pay from China for damages suffered by native Christians, it would be better if those damages could be settled privately. **I advised them to follow the plan which they adopted.** It was all done peaceably and in pursuance of a long-established Chinese custom.

"When the siege was raised, one of the most difficult problems was how to care for the native Christians, who had been an important factor in our salvation. They had risked their lives in building our defenses, when every white man was needed to handle the guns. When the siege ended, starvation confronted them. In the neighborhood were houses which had been the headquarters of the men who fired upon us. The soldiers were looting houses and seizing stores of rice and millet, and soon there would be nothing left. Under these conditions, some of the Boxer houses were raided, and the contents sold for the benefit of the native Christians, to give them food. The legationers and the missionaries owe their salvation to the native Christians, for neither alone could have been saved. They were killed by hundreds in working for our defense. We were bound by all sacred obligations to take care of them."

THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN

International S. S. Lesson for May 26. Acts 2: 1-11

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

GOLDEN TEXT: When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth. John 16: 13.

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

ON this twenty-sixth of May, in the year of our Lord 1901, we are to study an event of history that occurred on the twenty-eighth of May, in the year of our Lord 30, the first "Whitsunday," an event which this exactness of date may help us to realize is as real as any fact of history.

It was the Jewish Pentecost, fifty days after the Passover, recalling the giving of the Law at Sinai fifty days after the first Passover and the exodus from Egypt. The Old Testament Church had been inaugurated by a gift from heaven of divine law; the New Testament Church was now to be born on the anniversary of that event in a heavenly outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that would guide into all truth by love implanted within. The earlier Church was founded at the gates of deliverance from slavery; the new, at the portals of a higher freedom.

Pentecost had come to be the "day of firstfruits." In the previous week each family had given to the Lord the first ripe sheaf of the spring wheat and the first lamb of the flock. On Friday, portions of the grain had been ground and baked into two great loaves, each two inches thick, sixteen inches wide, twenty-eight inches long, about the size of an ordinary pillow! These, with two little lambs, from the first fruits of the flocks, were brought on Pentecost into the temple by a procession of praising people, who also brought the first fruits of their money. This feast was and is appropriately made the occasion in synagogues of the Jews, for giving the lambs of the household, the boys and girls who are about twelve years of age, to the church as full members, "children of the law," after a solemn and thorough public examination of several hours, in which they recite extended portions of the Old Testament and tell its wondrous history from memory, showing a degree of Bible study that would put many Christian young people to shame. How fitting that on this feast of firstfruits the new Christian Church should be born and present to the Lord that wonderful first sheaf of three thousand saved souls!

The Pentecost nearest the cross was the birthday of the Christian Church, and in every Christian life the cross of pardon should be followed by the Pentecost of power.

THE PLACE of the lesson was the guest-room of a private house in Jerusalem. It was in a "cottage meeting," in a city where persecution had committed its supreme crime only fifty days before, that God sealed courageous devotion and persistent prayer with supreme blessing. The feeble faith of those who would have us withdraw missions from China or other difficult fields because of persecution, had it controlled, the first disciples would have lost Pentecost itself. When Jesus told the apostles to preach the Gospel, "beginning in Jerusalem," it was as if he should say from the sky to-day to the missionary fugitives in China, "Preach the Gospel, beginning with the Boxers." He who forgave those who nailed him to the cross, saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," no doubt beheld, as he looked down from heaven, some of those very men among the three thousand converted at Pentecost. We hear of Christian soldiers in the New Testament. Perhaps the soldier that put a crown of thorns upon Christ's brow became one of those who received a crown of glory at his hand. Perhaps the soldier that thrust the sword into his side found that repentance was a nearer way to his heart. Surely no field is hopeless when such a harvest could be reaped in a city that had crucified Christ.

THE "ACTS" of this lesson were:

1. The disciples continued, as for ten days previous, in united prayer, v. 1. 2. The Holy Spirit came, in sound like wind, in sight like fire, vv. 2, 3. 3. The disciples were all filled—120 men and women—with the Holy Spirit, and so testified of Christ with enthusiasm and success, v. 4 4. People of many nationalities were consequently converted, vv. 5-41.

DOCTRINES AND DUTIES:

"All things come to him who waits," especially if he waits on a promise of God.

There are special rewards for united, continued prayer.

"It is power that does it," not machinery.

Pentecost must be followed by a book of Acts. Power is for service, not mere enjoyment. You'll lose it if you do not use it.

The gift of the Spirit is for plain people, men and women both—not for apostles only.

The Holy Spirit brings purging first (Isa. 6), then power to the tongue.

Burned out souls always regard Christian enthusiasm as fanaticism.

When the church itself is increasing in spiritual power it is not troubled with the question why conversions are decreasing.

This dispensation of the Spirit is better than any before it, by so much as the conversion of men and nations is more than cures of disease.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND APPLICATIONS:

(For a harvesting fork every teacher should carry this composite question, What points in this lesson need to be illustrated to make their meaning clearer or more impressive? And what are these points like—in the Bible? in nature? in common life? in history? in poetry?)

AN OLD DUTCH ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

The closest parallel to the Pentecostal tongues of fire in the Old Testament is the beautiful story of Isaiah's call to the ministry, in his sixth chapter, which is really the first chapter in the order of time. In his young manhood, God gave Isaiah a glimpse of the throne of the universe, with Jehovah in all his majesty sitting upon it. About him stood the seraphim, singing "Holy, holy, holy." And as they sang the place was filled with the cloud of the Divine presence. This vision of perfect holiness led Isaiah to feel and confess that he was "a man of unclean lips," on which confession one of the seraphim seized a live coal from the altar of sacrifice, and touched his lips, saying, "Thine iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged." Isaiah's tongue, thus purged and set on fire, responded to God's call, "Whom shall I send?" "Here am I; send me." And he prophesied of a Christ, who was to come seven centuries later, so fervidly that he is called "the evangelical prophet." He made a far-away Christ seem close at hand. We, too, if divine fire shall bring purging and power to our unclean lips, shall so testify of the Christ who lived on earth nineteen hundred years ago that he shall be seen as a Saviour near at hand to every soul.

What is it Like in the Bible?

. . .

All through the Bible the influence of the Holy Spirit is compared to water, which, purifies, satisfies, and supplies power (John 4: 13, 14).

What is it Like in Nature?

The Holy Spirit is also compared, as in this lesson, to the wind. It is like the strong North wind in its purifying work; like the warm and gentle South wind in quickening the seeds of every noble word and deed in the heart-gardens of life (John 3: 8). The Holy Spirit is yet more a divine light and fire, that purges away dross, and gives the light of knowledge and of joy and the fire of enthusiasm to those who receive it. It was this divine fire that filled the bush out of which God spoke to Moses (Exod. 3). The same fire made up the pillar that led Israel and abode above the tabernacle (Exod. 40: 38). The same divine fire consumed the prophets of Baal, and seemed like a chariot as it bore Elijah to heaven (I. Kings 18: 38; II. Kings 2: 11).

The Holy Spirit is also pictured as a cloud, in which water and wind and fire all have the hidings of their power (Isa. 6).

The Holy Spirit is also like the sunlight in the three-fold power of such light which gives warmth and light and life. Like the sun, the Holy Spirit quickens, heals, purifies, gladdens, strengthens.

It has been said that the Holy Spirit is never represented as a dove except when it rests upon Christ. To sinful men he comes as a refining fire. But when we have been purged he comes to us also as a dove, for "the fruit of the Spirit is gentleness."

. . .

"What church is that?" the writer asked, pointing to a large new building with a steeple. "That is a power house," was the reply. Having failed as a church, it was turned into a power house, making its invisible power felt in every street of the city. That house in whose upper room the disciples received the Holy Spirit was such a "power house." All Jerusalem felt the electric power that went from it. Why should not every church be a power house, its influence felt in every street in Christianizing business and pleasure and politics?

What is it Like in Common Life?

We put more emphasis on "Come" than "Go" in religion. The chief problem is not why the people do not come to church, but rather why the church does not go to the unchurched with the Gospel. Among the Indians of British America labored a white missionary, greatly beloved, for whose preaching another tribe, that had heard of his message, sent an earnest petition. The Christian chief of the tribe with whom he had labored told his people it would not be right to hold back their missionary friend from a tribe that knew almost nothing of Jesus. The chief said he would himself lead the meetings, and though he could not read the Bible, there was a boy in the tribe who could, and they could all listen and "ask the Great Spirit of heaven who wrote the book to open their hearts to eat it and to make them go out and do it."

"Go and do" was the point of another good story of a sceptical woman in the Bible Class of a Christian physician. She came to him with her doubts. With spiritual diagnosis he saw her real need and said: "Do not think about doctrines, but do what I shall suggest, and report the results to the class. Give one hour a day to the poorest and most neglected family in town. Go to the mill section. Visit from door to door till you find the family or person that needs you. Never mind filth or impertinence. Keep it up an hour a day. Be a saviour to somebody." This was a new conception of Christianity. She had been studying it as an abstract philosophy, but now she was called to use it as living energy. She hesitated, then promised and went her way. The next Sunday this woman, who had been a silent member of the class hitherto, was a tongue of fire, telling the class how she had found a drunkard's family almost dying for food and about to be driven out of house and home. She had helped them by word and deed, and found other needing the strong uplift of friendly visitors. She who had hitherto been herself so indifferent exclaimed, "What are the churches about? What are we here for?" The class caught the blessed contagion, and the whole town felt the outflow of Christian life. Not charity alone, but reform and religion all shared the revival that followed.

Two Pentecosts a day

The transformation wrought in the apostles, changing cowardice to courage and selfishness to sacrifice, lifting them from the low place of unspiritual patriism to the high plateau of world-serving zeal, is the supreme miracle of the New Testament and divides it into two levels of life. Three thousand other souls were consequently transformed. But in one of Moody's biographies it is shown that by the multiplied Christian workers of our time we have two Pentecosts a day in the daily harvest of conversions. Here is a recent sample given by Bishop Warne of India. The man in question was a poor ignorant opium-smoking Chinese coolie in Siam. He was converted, called to preach, educated in the Penang Theological School, learned to read the Chinese Bible, mastered arithmetic up to square root, learned geography, read volumes of Church history, evidences of Christianity, life of Christ, learned to read music at sight and to lead a congregation in singing, and withal became able to preach intelligently and persuasively. This contrast wrought in few years, in his body, mind and soul, was a greater miracle than the resurrection of Lazarus.

. . .

"Give me only fire enough," said Bernard Palissy, "and these pigments will become indelibly fixed upon china." His derisive neighbors screamed, "he is mad." "More fire!" shouted the determined man; "more fire!" and to-day the name of Palissy is a synonym for determination and success. More fire! more fire! More fire in our sermons, more fire in our preachers, more fire in our prayers and songs, more fire in the pew, and we will impress the name of Christ upon the dull, cold hearts of men.

What is it Like in History

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

When on his way to Rome, in 1867, Garibaldi was cast into prison, and wrote his comrades in the effort to deliver and unify Italy, "If fifty Garibaldi's are thrown into prison Rome be free." That patriotic enthusiasm overflowed and enkindled other hearts, and at last the victory was won. It is always such an enthusiast that brings in a new era, and every step of progress is accomplished in spite of the faithless, heartless decriers of enthusiasm. It is "bad form" in society, but the secret of success in history. Bishop Potter laments that the atmosphere of to-day is "singularly discharged of high enthusiasms." With which let us put Dr. J. H. Seelye's warning: "No heart is pure that is not passionate; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic."

The opening of the new spiritual dispensation, in which the apostles saw before them, not as previously, a Palestine to be delivered from the Roman, but a world to be brought to Christ, was like the sudden discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa, who supposed, as did all other American explorers—the word Indian recalls the error—that they had reached the coast of India. He had suddenly learned that they had found instead a new world, as he

with eagle eye
Stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise
Silent upon a peak of Darien. —KEATS.

AMERICA'S DEBT TO LUTHER

....BY REV. J. B. REMENSNYDER, D.D....

GREAT men live for all mankind. The vicarious principle is shot through the whole web of nature. The world's civilization is built upon the heart's blood of a few. Do an heroic deed, and its lustre will shine to the end of time. Win a great victory for right, and its fame will ring out to every generation. Voice a truth, and it will be heard to the end of the world.

Among the five or six of the greatest names in history of men who have been ne makers of epochs, and have set the world forward on its course, conspicuously shines nat of Luther. A German he was indeed, and a Lutheran; but in a large sense he belongs o no church, no nation, no race. He is all the world's man; he is the creator of the modern ra. All churches, all lands, all civilizations to-day claim a share in the blessed results he chieved. Writes the historian, Froude: "The traces of that one mind are to be seen to-day n the mind of the modern world. Had there been no Luther, the English, American, and Serman people would be thinking differently, would be altogether different men and omen from what they are at this moment." In the Centennial Exposition at hiladelphia in 1876, one saw in the Art Gallery Kaulbach's great paint-ng, representing the "Progress of Civilization." There were grouped the orld's foremost thinkers, scientists, diplomats, and leaders, those who ad been at the head of great movements, and left their enduring nark on the race's welfare. But in the midst, and towering above hem all, was the colossal figure of Luther. This represents his ue place in history—the pre-eminence of his achievement in he forward movement of mankind. Thus it is that one great oul who dares for God and his truth, for man and his right, fts the whole race up to a higher plane of thought, of life, of ction, and becomes one of the beacon lights of history that nark the epochs of the ages in the progress of the human ace—aye the camping grounds of the armies of the living od in their onward march to conquer the world for Christ, s rightful king.

But while Luther thus belongs to all the world, and all ountries owe tribute to him for their blessings, it is none he less true that America owes a special debt to the great Reformer. No one land is to-day the heir of all that Luther tands for, and is so thoroughly interpenetrated and inter-persed with the genius of his movement as is this coun-ry of ours. First—Luther was the author of Protestant-sm. He was the founder of that branch of the Christian Church which, as distinct from the Roman, we term rotestant, and we all know what this represents. Eman-ipation from the sceptre of an infallible Pope; an open Bible; no mediator but Christ; every man his own riest; worship in the language of the people; simplicity f religious rites and ceremonies; unfettered right of nquiry. And what country is so thoroughly Protestant s America? As the boys of Boston in our revolutionary truggle were thoroughly permeated with the spirit of lib-rty, so is Protes-antism here in all he air. Its mark s imprinted on ur churches, our olleges, our insti-utions, on all our ustoms. The rinciples of Pro-estantism have in merica had an pportunity for an nfettered devel-pment, such as ey have found n no other soil. nd, accordingly, ere they have ome and are earing their full-st and finest ruit. The Protes-ant churches in merica are Pro-estant to the core. Even the Romish hurches here are ar more tinged ith Protestant-sm, and have had rushed off many ore of the barna-les of effete su-erstitions, than in oreign lands. Pro-estantism is the revailing type of ur religion, of our hought, aye! of ur very manners, nd nothing more han this vital, ro-ust Protestant pirit accounts for ur wonderful ad-ance to leader-hip among the reat world pow-rs. The genius f Protestantism is he spirit of pro-ress. And as Spain represents he effete, moribund, paralyzing curb with which Romanism fetters national growth, so America s the most modern, most progressive, most happy of peoples, because the sails of her na-ional bark are filled with the breezes set in motion by Luther, the founder of Protestantism.

THE FIRST REFORMERS PRESENTING THEIR FAMOUS PROTEST AT SPEYER, APRIL 1, 1529 —— REV. J. B. REMENSNYDER

Again, the peculiar distinction of America, and one of the rarest blessings she enjoys, is he separation of church from state. Without this there cannot be religious liberty in the ullest sense of the word. A state church means more or less of oppression. This is seen n a light form even in England, where dissenters are forced to pay for the support of a hurch against which their conscience protests. And it is seen in a revolting form just now n Russia, where the iron hand of a state church is not only destroying the religious liberty, ut crushing out step by step the civil liberties of downtrodden Lutheran Finland. Now hile Luther could not in his day advance to the open separation of church and state, yet he evolution of the principles he advocated necessarily involved it. Says Koestlin, in his pitome of Luther's theology, Vol. I., 308: "By Luther's entire conception of the nature of he church and ecclesiastical authority, moreover, every extension of that authority, as divinely ordained, to the sphere of temporal, political or civil life was excluded." So con-ersely, he bluntly told the most powerful civil rulers that they should keep their hands off he preparation of confessions and statements of religious doctrines, for these matters be-longed wholly to theologians. We can have no better illustration of the practical outcome of Luther's principles respecting church and state than the contrast between the colonists at Plymouth Rock and the Swedes settled on the Delaware by the great Lutheran King, Gustavus Adolphus. The former, although flying to escape religious intolerance, were soon persecuting Quakers and differing religionists, with as bigoted a severity as that they had suffered. Contrariwise, in the first charter of King Adolphus' American colony, confirmed by all the authorities of the kingdom, and rehearsed in the instructions given by the throne, special provision was made for the protection of the convictions and worship of those not of the same confession with that for which the government provided. In his scheme of colonization in this Western World, the invitation was to all classes of religionists to enjoy the blessings of a free state, entirely unfettered by church domination. Though a Lutheran colony, under a Lutheran King, sustained and protected by a Lutheran govern-ment, the colonists had place and equal protection in it from the very beginning; and when the Quakers came, they were at once and as freely welcomed on the same free principles as also the representatives of the Church of England. When then Americans wish to boast of this unique feature of their coun-try—the absolute separation of church and state, and the consequent escape from all the oppression, and annoyances, and disadvan-tages of a state church regime, and the resultant enjoyment of that crown of blessings, religious liberty, in unmarred perfection —then let them consider their incalculable debt to Luther.

But chiefly does America owe to Luther her glorious prize of civil liberty. This, too, was involved in the Reformer's heroic stand. It first sounded in the strokes of the hammer which nailed up the thesis on the castle church at Wittenberg. It spoke in thunder tones when at Worms he braved, single-handed, the assembled mighty ones of earth. And it attained its sobered strength in the matured, organized voice of protest at Speyer. Not alone liberty of con-science, but of the human reason; not alone liberty of the church, but of the nations; not alone the liberty of organized society, but personal liberty—the liberty of the individual—was on trial in that critical hour, that most pregnant epoch of history. As Carlyle so vigorously says: "Luther's appearance at the Diet of Worms may be considered as the greatest scene in modern European history; the point, indeed, from which the whole subse-quent history of civilization takes its rise. The petition of the whole world to him that day was: 'Free us, it rests with thee; desert us not.' Luther did not desert us. It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the modern history of non-English Puritanism. England and its Parliaments, America's vast work in these two centuries, French revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present, the germ of it all lay there. Had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise." What Luth-er there stood for was the right of a man made in the image of God to form and hold his own opin-ions. The Divine prerogative of free-dom of mind, thought and soul. That churches had their rights and sphere; that gov-ernments had their lawful powers; but that the individual also had his rights, his sphere of inde-pendent action, his domain of liberty, and that within this holy arcanum, no sceptre of pon-tiff and no sword of monarch dare enter on pain of the fiat of Al-mighty God. And to this position Luther held con-sistently not only there, but thereaf-ter and every-where. He writes: "I will preach, I will talk in private, I will write, but I will not constrain any one. The mass is a bad thing, but let none be taken from it by force. We have a right to speak, but none whatever to com-pel. If I resort to force, what shall I gain? Grimace, false appearance, apings, cramped uniformity and hy-pocrisy. But there will be no hearty sincerity, no faith, no love." So, too, Luther, with all his might, was the first to protest against persecution of the Jews. What a spectacle is this! Starting there, four centuries ago, in the shaded vestibule of the Dark Ages, with his enemies everywhere brandishing the rack, the stake, the death in his face, Luther cannot be provoked to striking back one blow with the secular arm, but proclaims the iniquity of force in constraining thought and conscience, and asserts the modern idea of toleration just as strongly as does Canon Mozley, speaking to the cultured University of Oxford in the dawn of the twentieth century.

There are other obligations under which our country is indebted to Luther. Thus Professor Painter, in his history of education, shows that Luther, with his eyes glancing world-wide in his ideas and efforts for the promotion of popular education, was really the author of the modern public school system. But these named are sufficient to show that America is the chief depository of the achievement of Luther. We are the heirs of his bat-tles and victories and sacrifices; we have reaped the harvest of his faith, his thoughts, his sacrifices, his light and knowledge, as no other people. America's debt to Luther is one that every man, woman and child of her teeming millions shares—a debt that should never be for-gotten, and for which we and the generations who shall come after and enjoy the rare blessings of this favored land, should not cease most heartily to thank God.

WORKHOUSE GUESTS TAKING TEA AT CLEVELAND HALL

A DISPENSARY NURSE—CALISTHENICS IN PLAYTIME

RAISING THE CROSS IN VANITY FAIR . . .

LONDON'S WEST-END MISSION

WORKERS OF THE LORD IN THE "DEVIL'S ACRE"

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

WHEN, in the eighties, the bitter cry of Outcast London rang like a clarion note of woe throughout the city, all eyes turned to the East End,—towards Whitechapel and its neighborhood—and there the Wesleyans began their special London Mission; but, upon a military chaplain painting the West End in its true colors, the Methodists conceived the idea of a great evangelistic movement in that quarter—the haunts of fashionable vice—and looking round for a suitable leader, turned to a brilliant young minister who had precisely the gifts the occasion demanded. Pre-eminently to him, under God, the West London Mission owes its great and growing success. Grandson of the Rev. Hugh Hughes, a Wesleyan minister of distinction, Hugh Price Hughes was born in Carmarthen, February 8th, 1847. When thirteen years of age, he heard a sermon by an American preacher then visiting Wales, who urged submission to Christ, and this led to his conversion. Thereupon the schoolboy wrote to Dr. John Hughes, a medical man, who had destined his son for the law, "My dear Father, I should like to be a Methodist preacher. Your affectionate son, Hugh." Equally laconic, the father replied, "My dear Boy, I would rather you be a Methodist preacher than the Lord Chancellor. Your affectionate father, John Hughes." In the great West End enterprise Mr. Hughes induced his friend, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, to join him; and for fourteen years this pair have labored zealously and harmoniously together, to the salvation of many souls and the amelioration of much human suffering.

Determined to attack the very citadel of sin, the organizers of the Mission planted the standard of the Cross in the heart of Vanity Fair. For Sunday and weekday services, they hired the largest halls in Piccadilly, where vice flaunts itself in its gayest colors; bought another hall in Soho, described in Mr. Hall Caine's *Christian* as the "Devil's Acre," and opened in the neighborhood homes for workers and havens of refuge for the friendless and the fallen. The late C. H. Spurgeon preached the sermon inaugurating the Mission in St. James' hall, Piccadilly, October 21, 1887.

On the Sunday following Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, Mr. Pearse preached in St. James' Hall in the morning, Mr. Hughes conducted a public conference in the afternoon and held an evangelistic service in the evening. This arrangement has continued from that day to this, amid increasing tokens of Divine blessing. The hall accommodates 2,500 people, with seats in the orchestra for 500. From the first large audiences assembled in the afternoons. During the first year, 123 members were enrolled; to-day there are nearly 2,000 in full or probationary membership at the several branches of the Mission church, with thirty-nine Society classes, several Bible classes, Sunday Schools, and a branch of the Wesley Guild. The church members represent practically all religious communions, and include converts from the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, as well as all forms of unbelief. Sectarian terms and controversial shibboleths are scrupulously avoided, the basis of the whole work being the Gospel of Jesus Christ as evangelically understood and interpreted. Among the congregation are members of all social classes—aristocrats and plebeians, professional men and tradespeople, young people of both sexes employed in the west-end houses of business, servants of the adjacent royal houses, members of the theatrical profession, and people of nearly all nationalities. On Sunday mornings in St. James' Hall, seats are specially reserved for soldiers, policemen, and hospital nurses in uniform; and these constitute a very picturesque feature of the service. The old familiar hymns are sung with genuine Methodist fervor.

From the first, the Mission has steadily extended on all sides and multiplied its agencies. It now comprises four halls—St. James' Hall, with entrances in both Piccadilly and Regent street, the two most fashionable promenades in London; Craven Hall, Foubert's Place, just off Regent street; Cleveland Hall, Soho; and Somers Town Hall, Charlton street, near St. Pancras Station; and five houses: Katherine House, 10 Fitzroy Square; Lincoln House, 60 Greek street, Soho; St. Luke's House, 50 Osnaburgh street, Regent's Park; Winchester House (rescue and preventive home), 5 Eastbourne Terrace; and a Cheap Goods Depot, 131 Wardour street. Somers Town Hall was built at her own expense by Lady Henry Somerset, who owns most of that district. A very pronounced attitude is taken in relation to intemperance. Many thousands of pledges have been taken, and several public houses have been closed as a result of the efforts of the Mission. The ordinary temperance meetings are supplemented by every kind of institution to encourage sobriety and thrift, and to provide the poor with better gathering places than the saloons. The agencies include men's and women's slate clubs, penny banks, clothing, provident, and boot clubs, in connection with which, last Christmas, 2,500 different articles were purchased, including drapery, glass and china, furniture, grocery, beef and poultry of every kind. From these thrift societies, about £3,500 of the people's money passed through the Mission during the year just past.

The operations of the great West London Missions are so very numerous, far-reaching, and many-sided that the mere enumeration of the various agencies alone would occupy considerable space. The constant aim is to deal with the whole man, to meet and help human beings on all sides of their nature, without distinction of sex, age, race, or creed. But the supreme aim, the end to which all else is but a means, is spiritual regeneration, and the incalculable results that have been achieved in this direction amply justify all the methods that have been employed. Thousands have been led to follow the Master.

The organization known as the Sisters of the People, which Mrs. Hughes, who has all along been an ardent coworker with her husband, started with the aid of three helpers at the commencement of the Mission, has become its most important and influential adjunct. Soon the little house provided for the Sisters was filled to overflowing, and in four years the organization had increased so rapidly that a commodious dwelling was taken at 10 Fitzroy Square, and named "Katherine House," after the founder. To this in time were added Lincoln House, St. Luke's House, and Winchester House in West London, and Wesley House at Beasely, near Stroud. The Sisters started a creche for children, mothers' meetings, girls' clubs, a registry office, and dispensaries. Speaking of the aim of the Sisterhood, Mrs. Hughes says: "From the first, the backbone of our work was district visiting. Every probationer was first of all to visit the people, in the back streets and slums, and in that way come into touch with the poor. All the developments of our work have arisen out of the discovery of special needs through actual contact with the people. The first development was the sick-nursing department. When our Sisters began to visit in the homes of the poor, they recognized the terrible need that there was for trained district nurses. In the second year we began to organize relief work; and arranged a plan by which we could have Sisters sitting at various charity organization committees in our district, and on the committees of other benevolent societies; also on the Board of Guardians. They were able to render aid by bringing the sufferers into communication with some agency which had power to deal with and relieve their distress. Rescue work is another branch which we organized at the beginning of our enterprise. We have always room at Lincoln House for girls who come to us in trouble or who are flying from peril." Without going into the details of the boys' and girls' clubs, temperance organizations, the various guilds and classes for younger children, and teas at workhouses and recreative evenings, one of the latest experiments may be mentioned. Two Sisters have taken a flat of five rooms in work people's dwellings; they live there, and manage their small menage just as their neighbors do. The boys and girls among whom they work, and their poor neighbors, are encouraged to come in and out of their home freely, and are often invited to join the meal as guests. They enter into the life of the Sisters quite naturally, and unconsciously they imbibe the object lesson of a little home, bright, and dainty, yet as unpretentious and economical as those in which they live. This experiment has succeeded so well that other Sisters will repeat it in different districts.

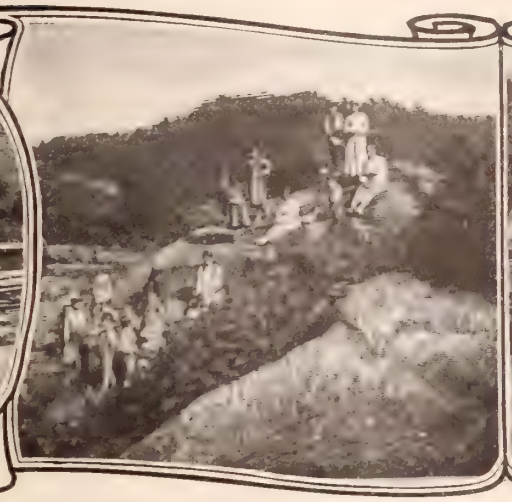
CLEVELAND HALL ENTRANCE

One department specially appreciated by the poor is the Medical Mission, which is the most complete of its kind in London. Dr. Howard Barrett (Mrs. Price Hughes' brother) and other distinguished physicians and surgeons, have from the first given their services gratuitously. There are two dispensaries and a Home of Peace for the Dying. St. Luke's House is probably a unique institution: it is a home for the dying poor, it is free, it has a religious basis, but is quite undenominational. Many poor creatures discharged from the hospitals as incurable have here found a haven of rest. Very popular and practically helpful is "The Poor Man's Lawyer," the head of this department is Mr. J. Bamford Slack, B.A.; the best legal advice is placed gratuitously at the disposal of the poorest applicants. Enough has been said to give an idea of the extent and methods of the great work Mr. Hughes is directing in West London. A few features not yet mentioned may here be grouped together. Services or meetings are held every night at some of the halls. The Gospel is also preached in the open air in streets, alleys and parks. The Guild of the Brave Poor Things is a social union of the crippled, deformed, blind, and partially paralyzed. At each hall there is a People's Drawing-room for the poor of the neighborhood. The social work includes a servants' registry and a men's labor bureau, in connection with which clothes, tools and work have been provided. The hotel and apartment bureau keeps an eye on young men coming to London. The Men's Guild comprises literary and debating societies, cycle and rambling clubs, etc. Holiday homes also are provided in connection with the rescue work. Refuges are open all night, and agents of the Mission go out at all hours and bring in the fallen, although they may not be able to persuade every one so treated to abandon their sins.

FOUBERT'S PLACE LEADING TO CRAVEN HALL

A HUT ON THE QUICKSAND

YOUNG CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINEERS



A KENTUCKY RIVER MISSION

A MISSION TEACHER

HUNDREDS OF MOUNTAINEERS CONFESS CHRIST

THE SOUL-WINNERS' REVIVAL YEAR

BY REV. E. O. GUERRANT, D.D.

A SPLENDID RECORD OF GOSPEL ACTIVITY

GOD has signalized the beginning of the new century with special tokens of his favor. His blessing alone has made the work of the Soul Winners' Society possible. With no treasury to draw from, and no resource but voluntary gifts from those whose hearts God moved to help us, the work has again more than doubled the last year. We are glad and grateful, but ot surprised. God has pledged his word and ower to answer prayer, and to bless even the imblest effort for his glory.

Our workers have increased from nineteen to ty-five. Without a collection in any church, od has enabled us to pay every dollar of ex- nses at the end of every month. The workers e Rev. Dr. Miles Saunders and wife, Rev. Edwin Judd and wife, Miss Louise Saunders, Mr. A. B. rmelee and wife, Misses Erastes Balee, Mattie uyn, Effie Miller, Margaret Cromartie, Nellie ogers, Mrs. Kate Robards, Mrs. Mattie Stewart, rs. Emily Gordon, Mrs. Laura Kirkpatrick, essrs. Alex. H. Doak, Samuel M. Johnson, Jr., isses Margaret McCubbing, Fannie Silliman, iza Gordon, Luna Mae Bradford, Margaret lison, Messrs. Elias L. Moore, Addison A. Tal- tt, C. L. Rogers, Daniel McIntosh, Misses artha Wiswall, Bessie Howard, Mary E. Dodson, B. Bray, Annie Wiley, Dr. Edward O. Guer- nd, Dr. Charles E. Jeffery and wife, A. J. Bow- n, Rev. T. W. De Vane, Rev. Luther O. Mc- tcheon, Rev. A. Sidney Doak, Misses Mary B. rogin, Margaret B. Grier, Laura H. Coit, Florence Peck, Mary Gilwreath, Kate McFarland, Revs. seph M. Evans, J. H. Howes, J. A. Harris, Col. hn H. Moore, A. C. Adams, J. K. Coit.

These evangelists have labored in the roughest ountain regions of North Carolina, Tennessee d Kentucky, and God has blessed their labors th the richest tokens of his favor. Hundreds of ildren and their parents have learned the Gospel thirty mission schools taught by consecrated d educated women, most of whom asked and eived no salary at all. Many souls have been led Christ. One mission in the Cumberlands (Dr. Saun- rs), reports two hundred conversions; another, on the int River, twenty-four in a few months: and many in e Alleghanies, under the faithful ministry of the Rev. A. Harris and his noble co-laborers.

Means are provided to build five new churches this mmer in most destitute regions, and two mission houses for our workers. Hundreds of humble homes in the "regions beyond" have heard the glad tidings from these self-denying missionaries; and tracts and Bibles have been given away by the hundreds.

A little hymn-book, suitable for the work, has been printed for the use of the missions, and thousands of hearts have learned to sing God's praises for the first time. Our paper, *The Evangel*, published for the poor and unlearned (at twenty-five cents a year), has gone to many hundreds of homes that have no other religious paper. During the year the Society received $3,898.39 in cash. In donations of books, clothes, etc., $500. In subscriptions, $2,661. These are the voluntary gifts of individual Christians and societies of every branch of the Church all over the United States, and even in Canada and Cuba.

A CANOE MISSION TEACHER

While several abler and more liberal Christians have each regularly supported one missionary entirely; and one generous lady in New York City contributed enough to build two churches, and a Brooklyn Sabbath School to build another; most of these gifts have come from the homes and hearts of those who have little to give but love and prayers. We do not know them, but God does, and will reward all who help.

All our workers are sent beyond churches and preachers, to the destitute regions; and none receives over a bare support (none over $30 a month, and many are working faithfully and cheerfully on half that amount, and even less). Their expenses are small, and they take God for their pay. We know of no other agency of the Church which is accomplishing so much with the same outlay. Our work is only limited by our means. The great harvest is white, and the laborers are few, because we have not the money to support more of them in the field.

Some three millions of people—Scotch-Irish and Anglo-Saxon—inhabit over 86,000 square miles of our country, yet practically without the Gospel! A territory as large as Ohio and Pennsylvania—as large as the Empire of Germany! The inhabitants are not degenerate people; they are brave and hardy mountaineers, descendants of Revolutionary sires.

We are hoping and praying and laboring for great things this year. Many wait help to go. Ten dollars a month will support a native evangelist or mission teacher; twenty dollars a month will support a theological student in this work; and we pay no ordained minister over thirty dollars a month. We ask your prayers and we cordially invite your help in our missionary work.

The officers of the Society of Soul-Winners are Edward O. Guerrant, President, Wilmore, Ky.; William C. Clark, Vice-President, Augusta, Ky.; Leonard H. Willis, Sr., Secretary, Nicholasville, Ky.; Major Robert S. Bullock, Treasurer, Cashier Fayette Nat'l Bank, Lexington, Ky.

HOUSES OVER GRAVES ON THE QUICKSAND

A SCHOOL ON THE UPPER QUICKSAND

A TABERNACLE ON THE MOUNTAINS

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date.—It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after a new subscription is received.

Expiration of Subscriptions.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

"Coals of Fire"

WHEN Viceroy Li Hung Chang appealed to American generosity, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to succor the starving and dying peasants of Shansi, he evidently believed that his petition would not pass unanswered. That his faith was fully justified is proved by the cordial and widespread endorsement of the movement for a relief work in China under American auspices. The President, through the Secretary of State, telegraphs an expression of gratification that such a movement has begun, and emphasizes this with a contribution. Minister Conger, our Ambassador, wires from his home in Des Moines a warm approval of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S plan of relief, and assures us of the gratitude of China, and that great future good may be expected from such a work.

These high public officials, by their unequivocal endorsement of the proposed relief work, and by taking the lead as contributors, have afforded a splendid illustration to the whole American nation of the true attitude which we, as a civilized and Christian people, should adopt toward China in her present affliction. This is no time for recrimination or for the indulgence of that wretched and far too common spirit of revenge, which would slay by withholding the only help that can save. Let ours be the nobler revenge of heaping "coals of fire" upon China, in the form of food and blessing.

We know it is contended in some quarters that, judged by all human standards, China has richly merited her misfortunes, and should therefore be allowed to suffer; but such is not the attitude of a Christianized humanity. To that gallant army of good men and women, whose brigades and battalions of Christian workers have already done glorious service on many hard-fought fields against the forces of famine, disease and physical suffering, making THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the channel of their benevolences, this new call to duty will be hailed as another opportunity for real service in the Master's name. As soldiers of the Cross, they will welcome the prospect of entering and taking possession of China, not by force of arms through broken walls, but by the wide-open gates of love and Christian sympathy. It is within our power to begin now such a campaign as will transform Shansi and its teeming population into a great Gospel stronghold, where Christ will be lifted up, before whom the ancient idols must fall. It is a royal commission, which we will do wisely to loyally carry forward until the victory is won.

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If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his. Rom. 8:9.

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Poor Investments

WE are constantly investing time, talent, treasure of some kind. Love or money it may be, sometimes thoughtlessly, often firmly believing that it will prove "for value received." Frequently the investment is experimental wholly, and the worst of it is, the proof of fatal failure comes too late. Wise it is to ask the question, Does it pay? before engaging in any enterprise. Life is so short and strength so small that it were wanton to waste either. What may pay for one may not for another. Each must judge wisely, or take the consequences. Some speculations bear upon their face such uncertainty, such stupendous risk, that the foolhardy venturer finds no sympathy in his failure. The interminable nature of other enterprises stamps them as unprofitable. Once committed to them, they will worry and wear us in the finishing, or stand incomplete, ignoble ruins of a resolution we failed to carry out. This principle may apply to all departments of practical life, works of the hand, head, and heart.

There are times when even the Christian heart will cry out of the depths of depression, "Nothing pays." This is the language of discouragement, of despair, perhaps of temptation; and in the shadow of this darkness let us draw near to the heart of him who was tempted in all points like as we. Yet after treading the wine-press alone he paid the most inconceivable sacrifice in all time to purchase for us the joys of eternity. When we review our little lives in the light of that eternity, only those things which we have done heartily unto the Lord will seem worth doing. Let us be loyal to the Master. Earnest, well-directed, Christian effort, put forth wherever God has placed us, shall never be in vain.

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The Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away his face from you, if ye return unto him—II. Chron. 3:9.

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Our Weekly Symposium

IF the great number of letters addressed to the MAIL-BAG are indication, we have reason to believe that department one of the most interesting features of this paper. We have enthusiastic assurances that it is one of the most helpful, inasmuch as it furnishes opportunity for the free discussion by earnest, reverent, truth-seeking people of the most vital problems of the day, as they relate to the ethical and spiritual life. We know of no similar forum. Certainly, none can wield wider influence. Into what hall can you crowd an audience of 300,000 to 500,000 people? As many as these are regular readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Our correspondents can realize now what responsibilities they assume when they ask and answer questions in the MAIL-BAG. Perhaps, too, they can sympathize with the editor in his responsibilities. It is no light task to faithfully read and carefully select from a multitude of excellent answers, the two best. That more than two are not printed is a question of space, not of merit.

Without presuming to dictate to our correspondents, we would suggest that in giving answers, extreme views are to be avoided, and the conservative rather than the radical opinion to be desired. Not that there should be any compromise with principle, or any deviation from free expression of the writer's real belief; without sincerity argument is valueless. Let us have the truth, always the truth, but the truth spoken in love. Between the truth pronounced with grace and judgment, and the truth uttered with ungentle haste, the former will win acceptance where the latter would fail.

In order to appreciate the wide field covered by this symposium, one has only to consider the character of problems discussed during recent weeks. These embrace questions of politics, choice of books for children, legislation regarding eligibility for marriage, the Christian attitude towards church fairs and bazaars, the freedom of the pulpit in a church financially dependent upon liquor-sellers, methods for rousing indifferent churches, measures for securing Gospel privileges to forming communities where there are none, admission of actors and actresses to church membership, nice questions of Sabbath observance, the best way for a pious wife to bring a scoffing husband to Christ, the course for Christian parents to pursue where perilous social privileges tempt their children, property rights between husbands and wives, relationship of employer and employed, and many others, where the question of right and wrong is such a delicate and practical issue in daily life that the value of strong, true light upon the subject cannot be overestimated by those who wish to measure secular conduct by the highest spiritual standard.

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The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate—Ps. 34:22.

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The World's Troubles

WE see the nations in some kind of trouble ever since the world was derailed and hurled down the embankments. The demon of sin came to this world, but other demons have gone through other worlds. The demon of conflagration, the demon of volcanic disturbance, the demons of war, famine, plague, and pestilence. La Place says he saw one world in the northern hemisphere sixteen months burning. Tycho Brahe said he saw another world burning. A French astronomer says that in three hundred years fifteen hundred worlds have disappeared. I do not see why infidels find it so hard to believe that two worlds stopped in Joshua's time, when the astronomers tell us that fifteen hundred worlds have stopped. Even the moon is a world in ruins. Stellar, lunar, solar catastrophes innumerable.

But it seems as if the worst sorrows had been reserved for our world. By one toss of the world at Trinboro, of 12,000 inhabitants only twenty-six people escaped. By one shake of the world at Lisbon, in five minutes 60,000 perished and 200,000 before the ea stopped rocking. A mountain falls in Switzerla burying the village of Goldau. A mountain falls Italy in the night, when 2,000 people are asleep, and th never arouse. By a convulsion of the earth Jap broken off from China. By a convulsion of the ea the Carribean islands broken off from America. Th islands near the mouth of the Ganges, with 340,000 habitants—a great surge of the sea breaks over the and 214,000 perish that day. Famine in Russia, in menia, in India, and now in China, slaying its countl multitudes. Alas! alas, for our poor world.

There is trouble marked on the rocks, on the sky, the sea, on the wheat fields, on the flora, and the fau Astronomical trouble, geological trouble, ocea trouble, political trouble, social trouble, domes trouble, and standing in the presence of all those s pendous devastations, we ask if I am not right in say that the great want of this age and all the ages Divine sympathy and Omnipotent comfort; and they found, not in the Brahma of the Hindoo, or the Al of the Mahommedan, or the Buddha, or the Confuc of China, but in the Christ unto whom shall the gath ing of the people be.

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OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD CHINA

New York Press

EVIDENTLY the first place appealed to for assista to help the famine threatened Chinese was the Un States. Li Hung Chang's cablegram to THE CHRIST HERALD, dated April 25, indicates that he has a v good idea as to what people are most generous and n likely to help the suffering of any other nation. The attit of the Americans toward the Chinese throughout the re troubles and complications is such as to commend Government and its representatives to all classes and tions in China. Had the European countries been as disposed and as generously inclined, there would have b less of entanglement and a quicker settlement. . Famine-stricken people have never appealed to the Un States in vain, and it is altogether probable that Li H Chang's cablegram will attract favorable attention liberal response.

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THE FAMINE IN CHINA

From the Brooklyn, N. Y., Times, April 27th

A DESPATCH was received in New York yesterda the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, announ the existence of a serious famine in China. The desp was in the form of an official message from Li H Chang, and it stated that the famine spread over the w province of Shansi, and affected a population of over 11,000 people. Private despatches, however, show that the fa extends over a much wider area, and that at least 24,000 of the Chinese people are in peril of starvation. Li H Chang appeals to the generosity of the American peopl the relief of his starving countrymen.

It may seem inhuman to talk of such a disaster as P dential or opportune; but, in sober truth, **such an ap could not be made at a more fitting time.** There ar apologies to be made for the part taken by the United St in the suppression of the Boxer uprising, and the rescu the missionaries and members of the American Lega whose lives were in imminent jeopardy. It was an unp sant, but a necessary task, and it had to be done. But dental to the performance of that task, there were things done calculated to bring disgrace upon Christi and upon Christian civilization. For these things we not responsible, but we had to share the shame of th That shame falls upon Christendom and upon the Chris religion, which we have spent so many millions of dolla commend to the followers of Confucius and Buddha.

The famine in China affords the people of the Un States an opportunity to show the people of that cou another phase of American civilization. The charity of American people has never been appealed to in vain for relief of the suffering, and in this case, there is added re why that relief should be prompt and liberal. A generc sustained famine fund will show the people of China the Americans, at least, recognize them as fellow-men, that in spite of our restrictive legislation, in spite of our share in the nameless infamies that have been perpeti by our allies in China, we have no enmity against them. In this way, we can best commend our religion to their f able regard, and we can best advance the interests of A ican commerce in the East. . . . For every reason, fo cause of religion, for the advancement of our comme interests, and for the good name of the United States response of the American people to the appeal of Li H Chang should be prompt and liberal beyond precedent.

COUNT VON WALDERSEE

HORRORS · OF · CHINA'S · FAMINE

....Minister Conger's Graphic Picture of Suffering in Shansi — Peasants Dying by Thousands—Huge Pits for the Victims — All America Interested in the Relief Project

CONSUL CHOW-TSZCHI

THE appeal of Li Hung Chang, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to the American people, in behalf of the starving peasants of Shansi, is already bearing fruit. It has received the unqualified endorsement of the leading men of the nation and the enthusiastic support of thousands throughout the Union. The President and Secretary of State were among the first to publicly express their warm approval, and to send in their contributions. Major Conger, our Minister to China, wired a message of hearty sympathy with the relief movement. Other high officials have done likewise. From no class has there come a more cordial endorsement of the movement than from the missionaries who are now at home from the China field. They, more than others, realize the great opportunity of the Gospel in China, which must assuredly follow such a humanitarian work as is now proposed.

Acting Minister Rockhill Will Act

In obedience to this universal sentiment in favor of a relief movement. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has taken the necessary steps with a view to practical service. The most available route by which supplies could be sent, is apparently from Shanghai up the Yangtse River to Wuhu, thence to Hankow and up the Han River to the head of navigation in Shansi Province. A cable message from the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to Acting Minister Rockhill, in Peking, briefly outlining a plan of operation, brought the following reply by cable:

Peking, May 5.

Will see to purchase and distribution of aid. Li Hung Chang requests me to express to organizer of relief his sincere thanks, also thanks of Shansi famine stricken for American benevolent action.

ROCKHILL.

To a cable message of inquiry sent to Count Von Waldersee, Commander of the Allied Forces, at Peking, inviting his co-operation, the Commander replied that Shansi was beyond that part of China occupied by the allies. He regrets that he is unable to co-operate in the relief work.

Major Conger, our Minister to China, has just telegraphed this statement to the CHRISTIAN HERALD from his home at Des Moines, where he is stopping:

Minister Conger Describes the Famine

DES MOINES, IA., May 6. The famine in Shansi province is one of the serious troubles of China to-day. The extent of the mortality there is appalling. The country is densely settled, and the people are driven to the most desperate straits to keep themselves alive.

I am not able to estimate the number that are dying daily, but I know that it is very large. The country has been barren of crops for two or three years. Scarcely a pound of food has been raised. The chief staple is rice, and the province of Shansi is entirely out of rice.

"Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching both told me two or three days before I left Peking, that people were literally eating each other. I was also told that mothers and fathers were selling their children for food, but this statement was not verified, so far as I know. The Chinese are able to live on almost nothing for a long time. Li Hung Chang told me that the Shansi people were eating the grass off the ground, and the leaves off the trees, and even the bark. They have eaten all there was to be had, and are practically without anything at all now. It will take thousands and thousands of dollars to help the suffering Chinese to any great extent. Ordinarily, such an amount of money would go a long way in keeping the people alive, for the average cost of living to a Chinaman is only two or three cents a day. Millions of them live at that rate regularly, but the famine has sent up the price of all foodstuffs, and it will now take more than three cents a day to feed a starving native.

"American relief should be sent to American consuls and missionaries. It is useless to attempt to buy food on this side of the ocean, and ship it to China. There is not time for that. The food must be bought at Shanghai or Tien-tsin and distributed from these points. From Shanghai to Shansi is a distance of nearly one thousand miles, while from Tien-tsin it is not quite so far. There is no railroad from these places to reach the starving people of the province. The relief must be sent overland or by water.

"The Chinese authorities will undoubtedly furnish transportation for the relief supplies, when they get into Chinese waters. They have done so before, in similar circumstances.

"Probably **10,000,000** people are affected by the famine. Their condition is beyond description. They have had no rain for two years."

A Returned Missionary's View

In a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Rev. H. P. Perkins, a returned China missionary writes:

"In the present famine, the rich suffer equally with the poor. They are compelled to give up the stores of grain which they themselves may have been holding. This thing was going on in my own station of Lin Ching, in the western part of Shantung, where I was at work. Bands of poor people were visiting many who were known to have stores of grain and demanding it, and the latter were often left with very little for themselves.

"American relief should take the form of food, if possible, purchased in Shanghai, and sent up by Yangtse River and the canal to the seat of the famine. Otherwise it would have to go by way of Tien-tsin, and be taken overland. The Chinese authorities should be willing to furnish transportation. If the supplies go by way of Shanghai, the Governor of the central provinces, Chang Chih Tung, I am sure, would do all in his power to secure transportation and guarding of the grain.

"The hour is one of great interest and importance for China, and anything now done in answer to the Chinese cry, will be of immense importance toward the cementing of kindly relations between this country and China. Business men may well listen to it. Above all, let those who have the welfare of China and the world at heart, listen to the same cry. If it should be a blessing to those who are in such desperate need, it should prove a still greater blessing to those who are able to respond with generous heart and ready liberal hand.

"The larger part of the missionaries working in China, as well as the official representatives of the Western countries, have felt that because of the criminal deeds of the Chinese Government, one of the necessary things to do was to call for punishment of those most guilty. This feeling has not been the result of anything like a vindictive spirit; it has come from the feeling that the future well-being of China called for a recognition of guilt and punishment of the same. This same feeling, which we have had towards China, can now be even more clearly and markedly shown by generous, open-handed response to China's cry for aid. This aid will not be given to any class, but to all who need. The cry is the call of distressed humanity to humanity."

Burying the Dead in Pits

Letters from missionaries in China give the very latest reports of the Shansi famine. It is making havoc of the inhabitants of plains and mountains alike. All food stuffs are so scarce as to be practically unobtainable. A large proportion of the people are now beggars, and the highways and fields are dotted with those who fall from exhaustion. Government has established rice kitchens in Hsian, Sunyuan and several other cities. Crowds of famished sufferers stay around the relief kitchens, many only to die. The dead are carried out daily in large numbers. Nearly every family has some of its members among the victims.

In Hsian, it is said, hundreds of thousands crowd around the relief stations, and many hundreds die daily. Great pits are dug for the reception of the dead.

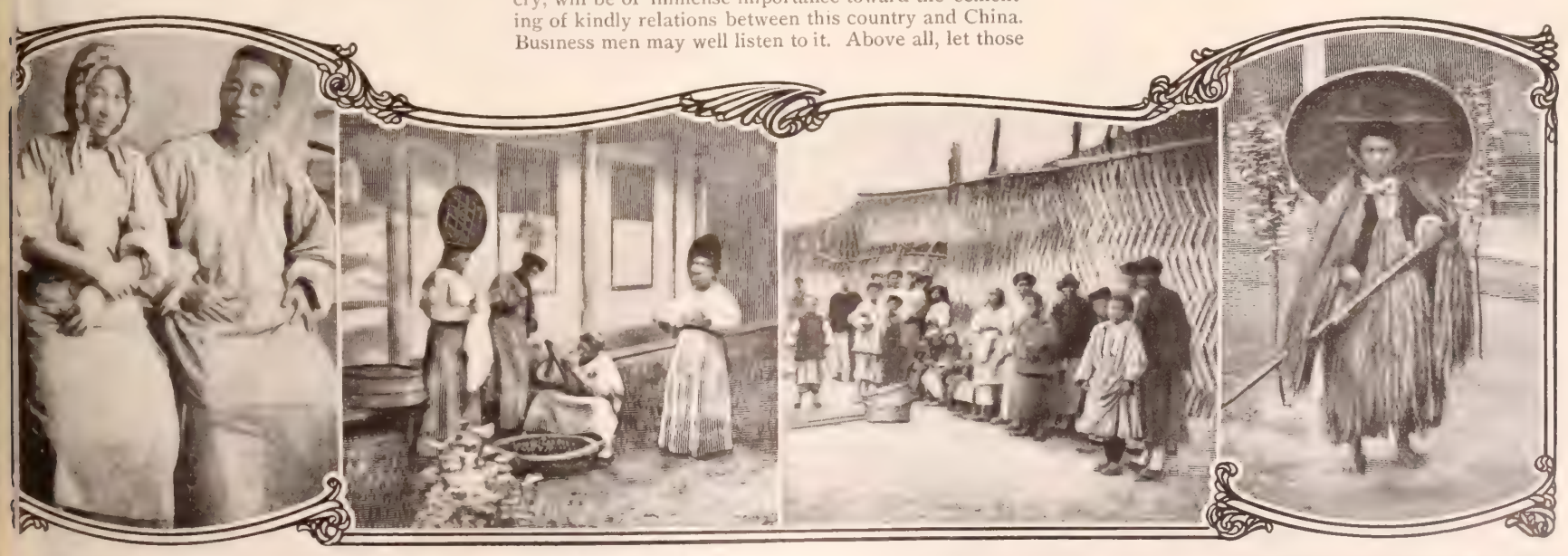
The Government does not discriminate against the Christians in giving the meagre relief dole. Some time ago, an imperial proclamation was issued, enjoining protection for missionaries and Christian converts. There is no complaint now of lack of protection. It would seem as though the universal suffering in Shansi had taken away every trace of the recent bitterness.

Contributions for the Sufferers

The following contributions to the relief work in Shansi have been received:

Prev. ackd	$460.31	W. R. Dunn	5 00
President Wm. McKinley	100 00	Chinese Missionary Soc. of Chinese Miss'n, Phila., Pa	5 00
Hon. J. Hay, Secretary of State	100 00	S. L. Knisell	1 00
E. H. Conger	100 00	J. W. Crow	5 00
Geo. J. Scattergood	50 00	Mrs. Anna R. Walter	1 00
P. B. Bromfield	25 00	Mrs. J. L., W. Chazy, N. Y.	20
Henry Blodgett	21 00	Daniel Hemlich	1 50
Winthrop S. Gilman	20 00	Isaac P. Card	1 00
Jas. Goldthorp	10 00	Mrs. W. R. Crowell	50
C. A. Templeton	10 00	Friend, Lockport, N. Y.	25
Unnamed, Monroe, La	5 00	C. A. Hagaman	3 00

All contributions to the relief work will be acknowledged in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



A PEASANT FARMER AND WIFE — SOME QUAINT HEAD-DRESSES — PEASANTS OF SHANSI — A FARMER AND HIS RAIN-COAT

.....THE QUALITIES AND OCCUPATIONS OF THE MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS...

LIFE IN THE HOMES of CHINA

...REVERENCE FOR THE AGED --- THE LAUDABLE DOMESTIC VIRTUES..

IN a remarkably interesting little volume translated from the original Chinese of Lady Tsao, by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin (the wife and colaborer of the well known American missionary Rev. S. L. Baldwin), there is much to enlighten and instruct the American reader concerning Chinese life and character. The writer deals almost wholly with the domestic side of the people of the "Flowery Kingdom," and devotes entire chapters to the cultivation of virtue, woman's work, weaving, politeness, early rising, reverence for parents, reverence for father-in-law and mother-in-law, treatment of guests and gentleness and harmony. Her book is quaintly illustrated.

At this time, when public interest here is centered on the great famine in Shansi, some extracts from this volume will be timely, as showing the character and surroundings of the people of no particular province, but of China as a whole. It should be remembered that the passing centuries have made but little change in the people of that ancient empire, or in their manners and social customs.

Mrs. Baldwin in her preface writes:

China is certainly in advance of every other heathen nation, in that her wise men and women have ever lifted up a pure and good standard of life before the people. Confucius gave them the second table of the law—man's duty to man; but alas! knowing not the first—man's duty to God, and living many years before the revelation of Christ the Saviour, Exemplar and Helper, neither Confucius nor his people could measure up to their own lofty standards.

In the opening chapter on the "Cultivation of Virtue" the author says:

All girls, everywhere,
First should learn to cultivate virtue.
Of cultivating virtue's methods,
The most important is
To be pure and upright in morals;
If pure, you can clean inside and outside;
Chastity is your body's glory;
Having it, all your acts shine.
When walking, look straight, turn not your head;
Talking, restrain your voice within your teeth;
Sitting, don't shake your knees—a common fault with men;
Standing, keep quiet your skirts;
When pleased, laugh not aloud;
If angry, still make no noise;
To men who are not with you related you may not speak.
With women and girls of not careful conduct you may not associate.
Following virtue, decorum, and uprightness, you so accomplish the end of your being.

Chapter IV. is on "Early Rising." It opens:

All girls, everywhere,
Listen to the following:
Before the sun has fully risen,
At the cock's crowing time
Arise, and dress yourself with care.
Dress neatly, not showily.
Comb your hair and wash your face;
Then at once to the kitchen go;
Of the fire be very careful.
See that the kitchen is clean,
And all the cooking utensils.
Your food, *in quantity* and *quality*,
Prepare very carefully,
According to the poverty or riches of your family.
In seasoning food,
Observe careful rules, and be not careless as whether the food
Shall be sweet, fresh, and fragrant.
Let the cups and plates be clean,
And arranged in order on the table.
Let the three meals be regular,
And properly prepared.
At daylight rising,
Delay not upon the day's work to enter.
Lazy women do not imitate;
They are too idle even to think.
When dark, they go to sleep,
And when the sun is three feet high,
They still are in their beds.
When they rise, it is already late;
But for this they know not shame.
They hasten to the kitchen,
With hair uncombed and face unwashed.
The tea and rice by them prepared
Is scarcely fit to eat,
And all they do is with haste and confusion.
Another class there is you must not imitate.
They think of nothing but eating;
Before the food is fully prepared,
Before their husbands have eaten,
They are eating, here a little, there a little.
Surely this is very disgraceful!
Of such conduct beware.

THE MORNING SALUTATION

Chapter V. is entitled "Reverence for Parents." It says:

Girls not yet gone out from their homes [not married]
Must carefully reverence their parents;
Early rise, and to them
The morning salutations present.
If cold, build a fire to warm them;
If warm, use a fan to cool them;
If they are hungry, hasten to supply them food;
If thirsty, prepare for them tne tea.

SERVING AFTERNOON TEA

If your parents rebuke you,
Receive it not impatiently,
But, standing in their presence,
Hear with reverence and obedient heart,
And repent of and forsake the wrong.
The words of your parents,
Regard as beyond all others important;
Obey their instructions;
Turn not away your head,
And be not stiff-necked.
If you do wrong, confess to your parents,
Requesting instruction and reproof.
When your parents became old,
Morning and night be sorrowful and fearful;
Their clothes, food, and drink,
With the utmost care provide,
Observing the demands
Of the four seasons in your care for them.
If your parents are sick,
Leave not their bedside,
Loosen not your girdle to lie down;
The tea and the medicine,
Yourself first taste
To be sure that it is just right.
Cease not to cry unto heaven,
Or to pray in the ancestral temple,
That they may be restored.
Never let it be said
That your parents died
For lack of attention from you.
When they die
Your very bones should grieve.

NEIGHBORS VISITING

The eighth chapter is on the "Instruction of Children." It proceeds:

Families generally have both boys and girls.
When they are three or four years old
It is important to begin their instruction.
This work is truly the mother's.
When old enough to have teachers
The boys and the girls may not study together,
But in different rooms, with different teachers.
First let them learn politeness;
Afterward their respective duties in life.
Then they may learn to compose
Both poetry and prose.
Their teacher let them obey and reverence,
And carefully present to him the usual gifts.
When first he is invited to teach
Let great politeness be observed,
And no confusion occur.
When the spring flowers open,
And the moon shines at night,
Let the children play in the garden, [teacher
The women on meeting the
May only speak one sentence in salutation,
Then immediately retire to the inner apartments.
Girls must dwell in the secluded rooms;
Seldom permit them to go outside.
When they are called they must come;
When told to go, let them obey.
If disobedient in the least,
Use small switches and punish them.
The inner rooms' [girls'] instructions
Most carefully observe.
Sweeping the rooms, burning the incense,
And all the duties of women,
Let the girls thoroughly learn.
Teach them the courtesies to guests,
That they may know how to present salutations,
And to restrain their voices;
To carry tea and refreshments to guests,
Walking steadily and with grace.
Let them not be petted and spoiled,
Causing other people to talk about them.
Let them not go to other houses,
Lest they cease to respect strangers.
Let them not sing songs,
Lest their voices be heard outside,
And evil words be spoken of them.
Let them not play here, there, and everywhere,
Lest their deeds become evil.
The present generation's children
Are very bad:
They have learned nothing.
Boys know not how to read;
They grow up following their own wills,
Drinking wine, and seeking only amusement,
Living idle and useless lives,
Singing songs and dancing,
Disregarding their family duties,
And fearing not their country's laws.
Girls, too, are unwilling to learn;
They are stubborn and talkative;
They know little of woman's duties,
Thus they injure themselves and their superiors.
When grown, they find themselves disgraced.
Then they are displeased with their parents,
And think not to blame themselves;
Their evil words hurt their parents' ears.
Such girls are worse than wild cats!

Those of our readers who desire to know concerning the better side of the Chinese people could not do better than read this little book, (price 75 cents) which is published by Eaton & Mains, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Aid for Jacksonville

ON learning of the disastrous conflagration at Jacksonville, and the consequent suffering among the poor, many of whom have been rendered homeless, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD wired the following message to the Governor of Florida:

NEW YORK, May 5, 1901.

GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA:

Deeply sympathizing with the people of Jacksonville, we congratulate them that excellent management and marvelous self-control under extreme conditions, averted terrible fatalities that must otherwise have resulted. Please draw on us at sight for one thousand dollars, and consider us at your command for hearty co-operation in relief measures. LOUIS KLOPSCH.

Our Great Opportunity

NEVER before were we so anxious induce quick response to an appe for aid as in the present instan of China, because never before was pr sented to Christian America a like opp tunity to make an ineffaceable impressi upon a truly heathen people. The C nese have but recently maltreated a massacred our missionaries. Accordi to their own religion, they have nothi to expect but punishment. But now, c feated and crushed, devastated by w and decimated by pestilence and famin with death staring them in the face, th appeal to us for help, for, somehow other, our missionaries, many of wh they have slain, have impressed the with the fact that Christians are kin merciful, and forgiving. And they ne kindness, they need mercy, they need f giveness. Their only hope is now c tred in Christian America. If we spu their cry, then are they desolate, inde Their pathetic appeal, as voiced by Hung Chang, is the cry of despair—t appeal to the last resort. If unanswer they die; if answered, they live—and t life once saved by Christian charity c never again be very far from the Kingdo

The provinces of Shansi and She have heretofore, but to a very limit extent, admitted the light of the Sun Righteousness. Of the little band of n sionaries who labored there, the major have laid down their lives for the Mast All Christian America was represen by the missionaries who were there m sacred. If we now return good for ev if we bless them that curse us; if we good to those who have persecuted us the persons of our missionaries, we tea these benighted people a lesson that v open the doors of provinces, towns, hor and hearts to the influence of our bles religion. We will teach them that l actuates us, that we are sorry for th that we forgive them, that we mean help them, that we have their best intere sincerely at heart, that Christianity kn no revenge, and that "our Rock is not their Rock, even our enemies themsel being the judges."

India afforded us indeed a great opp tunity. We availed ourselves of it t degree that has left an imperishable pression on its dusky millions. In a sin district, over **11,000** souls are now seeching the missionaries for baptism, at the present time tens of thousands famine orphans are being raised in Ch tian orphanages. What the outcom this tremendous movement will be for cause of Christ, eternity alone can rev

And in China, the conditions are e more inviting. One-fourth of the en population of the globe are within its fines. Whatever the effect of Chris charity may be on the two afflicted p inces, it will soon communicate itsel all of China, and if we avail ourselve this exceptional and providential op tunity, who can tell but that China, ap ciating the kindness shown by pe whom they grievously offended, even as India, or perhaps in a still la measure, turn to Jesus, and accept hi "the one altogether lovely, the fai among ten thousand."

And to hasten that glorious day, we Li Hung Chang in this appeal in be of that twenty-five millions of star people. We call upon Christ's follo everywhere, who with joy look forwar his coming again, to help us in this e and themselves to give liberally out o abundance wherewith God has ble them, that the way may be made stra and the day hastened for the reappear of Him whom long since in our hearts have crowned King of kings.

Let every Church, every Sunday Sch every Christian Endeavor Society, e Epworth League, every Young Peo Society, every consecrated man and te hearted woman, unite in making this r movement for China's starving millio unexampled demonstration of Chris charity, so decided and impressive th cannot fail to accomplish the great glorious results we anticipate. The o site blank, with explanatory matter o reverse side, may be used to great ad tage in soliciting contributions, and d cates will be gladly forwarded in quantity, free, on request. **3 cts.** will a life for a day. Freely we have rece therefore let us freely give. For the sa of how many lives will you be respons

In case you soil or tear this blank, an ordinary sheet of paper may be substituted.

Every Contribution will be acknowledged in The Christian Herald

To the China Famine Relief Fund,

Bible House, New York City.

The undersigned have contributed for the Relief of the Famine Sufferers in China the amounts entered opposite their respective names, and are entitled to be credited accordingly in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

TITLE—Mr., Mrs. or Miss, Dr. or Rev.	FULL NAME	STREET ADDRESS	POST-OFFICE	COUNTY	STATE	DOLLARS	CENTS
1			1				
2			2				
3			3				
4			4				
5			5				
6			6				
7			7				
8			8				
9			9				
0			10				
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6			16				
7			17				
8			18				
9			19				
0			20				
1			21				
2			22				
3			23				
4			24				
5			25				

HOW MANY LIVES WILL YOU SAVE?

THREE CENTS a day will support one life. Whatever you contribute will be cabled to China twenty-four hours after it reaches "The Christian Herald." If you wish to save life, act quickly. Our Committee, consisting of American Consuls and Missionaries, is now in active operation. The money is cabled free of charge, and promptly expended in China for rice, which is then immediately shipped to the famine provinces and there distributed.

"WHATSOEVER THOU DOEST, DO QUICKLY."

This List is Sent by .....

GIVE FULL NAME AND FULL POST-OFFICE ADDRESS

Li Hung Chang Appeals to Us for Help

In Behalf of Eleven Million of His Countrymen on the Verge of Starvation

A FAMINE of fearful violence affects the Provinces of Shansi and Shensi in China, aggregating over 100,000 square miles and embracing a population of nearly twenty-five million souls. Prolonged drought, devastation by war, and decimation by pestilence, have contributed to reduce the quiet, peaceful farmers of the affected district to straits horrible to contemplate, and in the intense agony of hopeless despair they cry out to Christian America for relief.

Earl Li's Urgent Appeal

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy of China, who himself has already largely contributed to the amelioration of the terrible condition of affairs, recognizing the utter inability of the Chinese people to help themselves in the terrible affliction that has befallen them, cabled the following urgent appeal to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the hope that prosperous America, regardless of the immediate past, would not fail to respond in the same liberal, open-handed and open-hearted manner that has uniformly characterized her noble charities in the past.

Government, Peking, April 25.
Editor Christian Herald, New York:

Very serious famine spreads over Province Shansi. Over eleven million population affected. Urgent relief necessary. Conditions warrant immediate appeal.

(Signed) LI HUNG CHANG. [Seal*]

*"Seal" indicates that the communication is official.

Literally Eating Each Other

(From New York Herald)

Minister Conger, in forwarding to Rev. Dr. Talmage the sum of $100, in response to his appeal in behalf of the famine-stricken people of Shansi, says that the condition of the unfortunate people referred to is beyond description. "Prince Ching told me only two days before I left Peking," said Mr. Conger, "that these people were literally eating each other." They have eaten every blade of grass, every bit of bark—everything, in fact, that can be eaten in that province. Nothing has been raised there for two years, and unless relief is given, many, many thousands must perish.

Children Sold for Bread

Hon. Chow Tszchi, the Chinese Consul General, joining in the appeal, writes:

The Chinese here, the Chinese at home, our poor people, our nobles, our Emperor, will appreciate any help the good Christian people of America may send to our starving brothers in Shansi.

Beggars abound everywhere; men and women fall in the fields, and are devoured by wild beasts; families sell their children for bread.

He also encloses the following letter from one who recently journeyed through the provinces in which to-day men and women and children are dying by the roadside, as they did last year in India:

Cooking Leather Boxes

It is a great famine. We have never heard of anything so terrible. The Empress-Dowager and Emperor were good enough to give 100,000 taels to our relief society, and from the Viceroy down to the workman, every one is contributing, but we need far more than we get.

A man just came from a village outside of this city, and described the condition of the starving people, which made me feel as though I was among them. Thirty dollars was the price of a bag of rice. The poor have no rice; they killed everything in sight—cooked even leather boxes or bags, and stewed tree bark and grass. Some of them were so famished that they were even eating earth.

On the first day, he saw a number of poor people trying to sell their children for rice. On the second, he saw the same party lying starving on the road, and on the third day, about half of them were dead, and their miserable bodies were lying at the mercy of hungry dogs and wolves.

Houses Occupied by the Dead

How sad this is! Nearly every city, town or village we passed through was deserted, or the houses were occupied by the dead. It is said that in one town the people have opened a human flesh market; but this seems hardly credible.

Another friend told me of a family of nine. The mother could not bear to hear the cry of the famished children, so she hung herself. The father became insane and killed all seven children, and finally committed suicide. They were of good family, and did not wish to beg for food, nor to sell the children.

The Governor's Quaint Appeal

Finally, the Governor of Shansi has issued the following heart-touching proclamation, calling upon Chinese at home and abroad, and Christian men and women in all parts of the world, to help his suffering people in their sore distress:

To Our Own People and Foreigners:—This time the famine is more serious than ever, because in the north are the Allied troops, and in the south we have several places in rebellion. China is very poor now, and the people are in such a straitened condition that no very big assistance can be expected from them. Since more than several months now, the famine has been beginning in places in this province. In some villages they are eating human flesh.

All our brothers in the world should be very sorry for us, and should know how unfortunate we are. We wish all our people to share some of your money which you spend amusing yourselves, and for traveling, and for dressing, and for all kinds of comforts, to rescue these poor people. It is much better to save the starving and dying men, women and children here than to build a pagoda or temple, or even a church—because from ten to twelve million people are suffering death.

Signed by the Governor of Shansi, and the Relief Society of Shansi, composed of officers, gentlemen and merchants of Shansi.

America Their Only Hope

In their helpless despair, these starving people appeal to us, for somehow or other our missionaries have impressed them with the fact that Christians are kind, merciful and forgiving. They need kindness, they need mercy, they need forgiveness. Their only hope is now centered in Christian America. If we spurn their cry then are they desolate indeed. Their pathetic appeal as voiced by Li Hung Chang is the cry of despair, an appeal to the last resort. If unanswered, they die. If answered, they live—and the life once saved by Christian charity can never again be very far from the kingdom.

God's Promises Fulfilled

Three years ago we gave liberally to India, then to Cuba, then to Puerto Rico, and last year we exceeded our combined bountiful gifts in another magnificent contribution toward the relief of India's suffering millions.

True to the promise contained in his precious Word

Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto (Deut. 15: 10).

God has graciously blessed and prospered our beloved land to an absolutely unprecedented degree. Wealth has been poured into our lap, factories have been re-opened, looms silent for years have again been set to work. The railroads of the land, notwithstanding their largely increased facilities, have been tested to their utmost capacity by crops unparalleled in the world's history, and the Government reports indicate a coming crop exceeding in quantity and richness any yet harvested.

Business all over the country has revived to an amazing degree, and work has become more plentiful and more profitable than ever. The physical health of this favored people has never been better than at present. No epidemic or plague has been permitted to gather its victims from among our loved ones, and, basking in the sunshine of Providence, we enjoy a full measure of happiness, health, prosperity, and of God's favor.

Surely all this is in literal fulfillment of the blessings promised throughout God's word to those who give to the poor, that the Lord will guide them continually, and they shall be

"Like a watered garden and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."

STARVING CHINA'S PATHETIC APPEAL TO COLUMBIA

Telegram From Secretary John Hay

PRESIDENT'S TRAIN,
ROANOKE, VA., April 29, 1901.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

The President is glad to hear you are endeavoring to raise a fund for the benefit of the sufferers in China. He hopes you may meet with the same success which you attained in similar good work for Cuba and India. He subscribes One Hundred Dollars for the fund. Please allow me to subscribe the same amount.

(Signed) JOHN HAY.

Telegram From Minister Conger

DES MOINES, IOWA,
May 3, 1901.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

The suffering of the famine-stricken people in Shansi is indescribable. Your plan of relief is the best. Put matter in hands of our Consuls at Shanghai and Tientsin, and heads of Missions there. Chinese Government and people will be grateful. Demands of humanity will be answered, and future good will result. I send by letter One Hundred Dollars. (Signed) E. H. CONGER.

Another Testing Time

And now has come another testing tim
Once again, a portion of God's footsto
is sorely afflicted. Once again, a hungr
starving, suffering people raise toward
their attenuated hands in earnest supp
cation, and unite their voices in a co
certed plea for help. Shall we turn asi
and refuse to answer? Shall we say
them, "Your people did thus and so, a
you must not expect anything from us
No, indeed! Unworthy would be such
course for those who profess to follow
the footsteps of the lowly Nazarene w
went about doing good to friend and f
alike, who even laid down his life for
enemies, and whose sacred lips gave utt
ance to these words:

Love ye your enemies, and do good, and le
hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall
great, and ye shall be the children of the Highe
for he is kind, unto the unthankful and to the
(Luke 6: 35).

Our Duty and our Resolve

"Let the dead past bury its dea
These people, though their skin be y
low, though their customs be stran
though they live in a different clin
though they have erred, and grievou
erred, yet are they our brethren, and
will not desert them in this hour of t
rible affliction and distress.

They shall not die if we can prevent
Their children shall not be sold for fo
for to them they are as dear as our o
prattling babes are to us; they shall
starve, seeing that God has given
enough and to spare. Out of our ab
dance will we assist them, and God help
us, we will do to them as we would, un
similar conditions, have them do to us,
thus reducing the Golden Rule to pr
tice, we will give them bread to the
extent of our individual ability.

The Continent of our Lord's Bi

This pathetic cry for bread comes fr
the continent of Asia, concerning wh
Dr. Talmage says:

Egypt gave to us its monuments, Rome gav
us its law, Germany gave to us its philosophy,
Asia gave to us its Christ. His mother an Asi
the mountains that looked down upon him,
atic; the lakes on whose pebbly banks he re
and on whose chopped waves he walked, Asi
the apostles whom he first commissioned, Asi
the audiences he whelmed with illustrations d
from blooming lilies, and salt crystals, and g
rainfalls, and bellowing tempests, and hypocr
long faces, and croaking ravens—all those a
ences Asiatic. Christ, during his earthly stay,
but once outside of Asia.

An Exceptional Opportunity

The *Brooklyn Times*, in an able ed
rial, well states the case as follows:

The famine in China affords the people i
United States an opportunity to show the peo
that country another phase of American civi
tion. The charity of the American people
never been appealed to in vain for the relief o
suffering, and in this case, there is added reason
that relief should be prompt and liberal. A g
ously sustained famine fund will show the pe
of China that the Americans, at least, reco
them as fellow-men, and that in spite of o
strictive legislation, in spite of our tacit sha
the nameless infamies that have been perpet
by our allies in China, we have no enmity ag
them. In this way, we can best commend o
ligion to their favorable regard, and we can
advance the interests of American commerce i
East. . . For every reason, for the cause o
ligion, for the advancement of our commerci
terests, and for the good name of the United St
the response of the American people to the a
of Li Hung Chang, should be prompt and li
beyond precedent.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has arran
to transmit and distribute relief by ca
Every contribution received, how
small, will be now publicly acknowle
in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN H
ALD, and later on, Christ himself shall
it in heaven, when in taking account o
servants the Master shall say unto us:

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the
of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me

Every Contribution Will be Acknowledged in

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

150 to 175 Bible House, NEW YORK CIT

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Russia's Emperor

RECENT news from Russia indicates that there is a subsidence of the disturbances which at one time looked like premonitions of revolution. It appears that the outbreak originated in certain arbitrary measures, which the Emperor either initiated or sanctioned, affecting the Universities. They were practically a prohibition of the students' mass meetings, which the Czar apparently regarded as being likely to foster sedition. In defiance of these laws the students at Kieff held a meeting and were promptly arrested. The Minister of Education, by the Czar's orders, nominated a court composed jointly of police officers and university professors, to try the culprits. This court acted with intense rigor, and condemned nearly two hundred students to exclusion from the universities, for long periods. Nor was this all their punishment; those who were eligible for military service were drafted into the army and were ordered to Manchuria. Twelve of these young men refused to take the oath required of soldiers and after a court martial were condemned to death. Thereupon the students of other universities rose in protest, and there was a general outburst of indignation, in which the workingmen manifested their sympathy with the students. M. Bogolepoff, the Minister of Education, was shot, and there were ominous signs of hostility to the Emperor. In this crisis the Cabinet Ministers, who in former reigns were merely secretaries, assumed the attitude of constitutional advisers of the Emperor, and pointed out to him the mistake he had made. As the Emperor undoubtedly means well, and is a generous and conscientious ruler, he took the advice of his ministers in good part. He withdrew the orders which had provoked the disturbance, deposed the officials who had used unnecessary violence in suppressing the disorders and sanctioned the release of many of the students' from prison. He has also appointed, as successor to the murdered minister, a man of progressive spirit, who is popular with the students, and has guaranteed to him a free hand, without any interference, for two years, in reorganizing the entire educational system of the empire. The outcome is very gratifying, not only because it pacifies the students, but because it shows the drift of Russia in the direction of constitutional government, which, if the Emperor only knew it, would relieve him of much harass and responsibility. Meanwhile the popularity of the young autocrat and his wife is increasing throughout the Empire. The people hear with pleasure of his domesticity and his religious observances, and regard him with loyalty and esteem. We may hope that a man so personally estimable will show increasingly in his government regard for the injunctions of the Bible, and heed the words that God addressed to the rulers of his chosen people through his prophets:

princes of Israel: remove violence and spoil, and execute judgment and justice, take away your exactions from my people, saith the Lord God (Ezekiel 45: 9).

EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE IN A MILITARY CAMP

Jewels Tested by X-Rays

A skilful scientist of Sterling, Ill., has discovered a new application of the Roentgen rays, by which true precious stones can be distinguished from imitation ones. He has been experimenting for more than a year, and has at last perfected the process. He uses a radium plate, encased in an orange envelope, covered by three folds of heavy, black paper. Every kind of stone has been tested, including pearls, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and amethysts. Mixed with them were the best imitation stones that could be procured, some of which were so good that they had been pronounced genuine by experts. In the photograph there is hardly a trace of the genuine stones, but the false stones are all black, and leave sharp, well-defined silhouettes on the paper. In every case the image of the genuine jewel is faint and can scarcely be seen, and the gold claws show clear and black through the stone. Without exception, every manufactured or false jewel he has tested has left a black image, well-defined, and the claws and setting are indistinct. With such a test as this, fraud and imitation become self-evident, for the light reveals them. So it is with character in the light that proceeds from God. The hypocrite is exposed under its beam.

He revealeth the deep and secret things: he knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him (Daniel 2: 22).

An Unconscious Marriage

A divorce suit without precedent has resulted from a marriage which took place nine years ago in New York. A certain French Count was amazed recently by receiving a letter from a lady in this country, upbraiding him for deserting her and her child, and begging him to return to them, or at least, to remit funds for their support. As the Count had never been in America, and had never been married, and knew nothing of his correspondent, he could not understand the letter. He wrote to her declaring his ignorance, and most positively assuring her that he had never married her. Inquiry was made of the Government, and in the Bureau of Statistics in Paris it was found that the marriage had been duly registered in the French Consulate in New York, and that the Consul, as was his duty, according to law, had notified the Bureau in Paris. There was no difficulty in proving that the Count was at Heron in Normandy at the time that the marriage took place in New York. It was evident that some miscreant had personated the Count and had married the girl under a false name. Legal advice was taken and it was deemed wise, in view of the fact that the heirship of large estates was involved, and that the marriage had been legally registered, that the Count should not dispute the marriage, but should sue for an annulment. The case accordingly has been set down for hearing. The Count sympathizes with the wife, who evidently acted in good faith, believing that she was really married to him, but he will do nothing for her. She is to be pitied, for she is the victim of deceit. There is reason to fear that there are many who are the victims of still more disastrous delusion. When men undertake to speak in the name of Christ and to assure anxious people that they are safe in him, when no real conversion has taken place, they do harm which may involve eternal ruin.

They have seduced my people, saying, Peace; and there was no peace (Ezek. 13: 10).

Forty-five Years Exiled

A pathetic story of suffering and hardship is published in the New York *Herald*. It is related by a watch-mender living in Houston street, New York. He is a German by birth, but has been away from his native land since 1856. In that year he was a lieutenant in the Fourth Uhlans then stationed in the Province of Magdeburg. He had passed creditably through the Universities of Bonn and Heidelberg, and was looking forward to the time when he would inherit the large paternal estates, and assume the noble title as head of an historic family. But a quarrel arose between him and another officer, which led to a duel, in which he was wounded but slew his antagonist. Fearing court martial and probable execution, he fled to America, landing at New Orleans, utterly penniless. For a time hunger drove him to accept the menial employment of a dishwasher in a restaurant. But one of the customers, a watch-maker, noticed him and offered to teach him the trade. He joyfully accepted, and soon became expert. During the Civil War he served in the Confederate army, and after peace was proclaimed, he came, penniless again, to New York. Once more he began life in a restaurant kitchen, and for some months lived in bitter poverty. Again he made a friend, who gave him a start in trade, which he made the most of. Gradually his business increased, and he is now doing a fair trade. He had been afraid to use his real name or to communicate with his friends in Germany. At last, however, he has learned that he was tried in his absence for the duel in 1856, and was sentenced to banishment for forty-five years, and during that time to be deprived of any property in Germany which might fall to him. The forty-five years of his sentence will expire next month, and he is now preparing to return and enter on the possession of his title and estates. He will sail two weeks ahead of time, so that his banishment may not last a single day longer than is necessary. He will halt on the German frontier, and when the day arrives, he will cross the border and declare himself. His eagerness to be back in his native land is pathetic. Would that there were the same intense desire on the part of those to whom Christ offers pardon, which he has won for them by his own blood!

Ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ . . . . Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God (Eph. 2: 13, 19).

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan will bid a final farewell to his English friends on June 10 before coming to America to take up his evangelistic labors. The farewell meeting will take place in the City Temple, of which Dr. Joseph Parker is pastor.

The committee on Revision of the Presbyterian Creed has issued its report. It recommends changes in five chapters, which are specified, and advises that the General Assembly, to be held in Philadelphia this week, appoint a committee to do the work.

The American Board has appointed a committee to visit the Board's Missions in India and Ceylon. Dr. James L. Barton, one of the secretaries of the Board, Dr. Jean F. Loba of Evanston, Ill., and William F. Whittemore of Boston, Mass., constitute the committee. They expect to spend about seven or eight months in the work.

George Foster Peabody, of New York, has offered $35,000 for the erection of a Young Men's Christian Association building in Columbus, Ga., provided the churches would pledge themselves to maintain it. He also offered $20,000 for a Young Men's Christian Association building for negroes under the same conditions.

Bishop H. C. Potter, of New York, paid a compliment to the Jewish people a few days ago at a meeting of Jews in Temple Emanu-el. He urged his hearers to make America their land of promise and to endeavor to make it the land of Jewish ideals.

The American Auxiliary to the McAll Mission in Paris, reports that the receipts of the past year were in excess of the previous year by $5,000. Reports of the work done in the New York Hall show the benefits it confers on the people of Paris.

The American Committee of Young Women's Christian Associations held the eighth biennial convention recently at Nashville, Tenn. The Associations of sixteen States were represented. The sermon was preached by Rev. Charles Erdman, of Germantown, Pa., and addresses were delivered by Rev. Josiah Strong, of New York; Dr. E. C. Dargan, of Louisville, Ky., and other friends.

The American Female Guardian Society celebrated its sixty-seventh anniversary last week at the rooms of the Society, 29 East 29th street New York. On Wednesday and Thursday at eleven and two o'clock there were public meetings, at which the children sang and recited and gave exhibitions of their work. There are 151 children now in the Home. Since its organization 34,657 children have passed through the Home.

Among the speakers who have promised to take part in the jubilee celebration of the Y. M. C. A. at Boston in June are Bishop Potter, of New York; Bishop Baldwin, of Canada; Dr. Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society; Admiral Sampson; President Northrop, of Minnesota; Dr. Wilbert White, of Montclair, N. J.; President Faunce, of Brown University, and William Caven, of Knox College, Toronto.

Mr. H. B. Gibbud, of Springfield, Mass., writes that he would be glad to undertake street preaching, and the distribution of tracts, in Buffalo, N. Y., during the five months of the Exposition. Similar work conducted at Chicago during the World's Fair was greatly blessed. He can have the use of a Gospel wagon, tent, and organ. Helpers would be willing to go without remuneration, save actual cost of board and traveling expenses. If he receives sufficient funds he will start at once. He estimates that about one thousand or twelve hundred dollars would cover all expenses.

.....Result of Christian America's Relief Work

THE BLESSING FALLS ON INDIA

Thousands of Natives Drawn to Christ.....

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers, moved by the appalling reports of suffering in India, undertook the work of relieving the famine-stricken people, the hope was indulged that the beneficence might tend to advance the cause of Christ in that afflicted land. Natives who might be prejudiced against Christianity, or might not understand its principles, could understand and appreciate the gift of food. For this reason, chiefly, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was careful that the relief should be distributed by missionaries, so that the natives should perceive that it was distinctively a Christian gift. They might understand why the Government should feed them, but when people on the other side of the world, who had never seen them, and who had no selfish ends to serve, took compassion on them in their affliction, and sent them food. they might realize how beneficent a religion Christianity is. Our readers will rejoice to learn that there is reason to believe that our hopes will be realized. Already, from one portion of the field, has come the report of such an ingathering of souls as the world has rarely, if ever, witnessed. In this section alone it is believed that the number of souls brought to Christ, as a result of this beneficence, will be near-ten thousand. If there is so large a harvest in one district what may we not hope for from all India! Are we not justified in calling upon our readers to join with us in thanking God for so blessing their gifts not only to the rescue of the starving, but to the salvation of souls? Surely, if God is waiting to so bless the work done in the name of Christ, we shall go on to avail ourselves of every opportunity, whether in China or elsewhere, to win the heathen, by practically showing them the power of his Spirit over our hearts.

The report of this wonderful work of grace comes from Rev. D. O. Fox, a graduate of the Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., who has been laboring in India for thirty-one years. He is stationed in Gujarat, a province to the north of Bombay, with a population of ten millions. Though his white hair tells of his three score years, he has been active in relief work during the famine and is now doing efficient service in gathering in the spiritual harvest. "Thousands of natives," he says, "are presenting themselves for baptism, well knowing that by that ceremony they cut themselves off from their old associations and from heathenism forever."

Bishop Thoburn, who is now in this country recovering from a severe illness, has received a fuller report and is full of joy at the tidings. He writes:

"All through the dark days of the famine our native preachers and other workers have been faithfully pursuing their calling, while the missionaries have been most devoted, not only in helping the perishing poor, but in keeping distinctly before the people the fact that they are among them as messengers of God. The result is that the door of access to the people stands wider open to-day to every Christian missionary than at the beginning of the famine. No one can now say that the thronging converts are seeking merely for the bread that perisheth, and yet inquirers are coming forward at a rate never before witnessed.

"I have just received a letter from Rev. E. F. Frease, presiding elder of the Gujarat District. He writes that two of our missionaries. D. O. Fox and W. E. Robbins have recently been visiting the many applicants for baptism reported from the various parts of the district, and that, in the course of three days they had baptized about eighteen hundred converts. These baptisms occurred at three different points. The largest number baptized in a single day was between eight and nine hundred.

"This, however, is only the beginning of the work. Mr. Frease, after making a careful estimate, assisted by other brethren in the Gujarat field, had written me that he thought eight thousand persons, who showed all the marks of sincerity, were waiting to receive baptism as soon as the proper parties could go to them. His estimate was considered a little extravagant, but he now writes that he feels certain that, instead of eight thousand, he should have said ten thousand, and it is very possible that even ten thousand is too low a figure. In other words we have now reached a point where a more startling responsibility is thrust upon us than we have ever before known in any foreign field. Year after year, I have borne my testimony to the Church in America that not only does a crisis confront us in India, but also in China and that before long the same would be true of other mission fields. God is thrusting a new opportunity upon his people.

NATIVES DIGGING A WELL IN INDIA—A SCENE DURING THE FAMINE

OUR INDIA ORPHAN PLEDGES

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When Spring Flowers Bloom

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BURNEY

oman's Right to Wage-Earning Work

OT long ago a prominent New York periodical inserted a paragraph to the effect that some business men would not employ women, because they thought that every woman employed on a salary deprived some man of a position, and thus prevented him from caring for a home. A St. Louis merchant was quoted as refusing to employ women clerks in his sre, although it costs him considerably re money per annum to employ only n. Altruism of this sort is doubtless exdingly rare. As a rule, when a merint discriminates in favor of men, he es so from an eye to his own interests. omen are still comparatively new to siness, except in certain lines, and emyers complain with some reason that y are less responsible than men, that y take up work merely as a stop-gap the road to matrimony, and that they a deficient in thoroughness and oversitive to blame. A woman is always ecting some concession to her as a man. Men monopolize and always will so, because of their firmer physical anization, all employments demanding s er bodily strength. Men work in the naces and machine shops of the world; y build the ships, and lay the rails, and nel the subways, and erect the bridges al cathedrals and many-storied houses. n are soldiers and sailors; they are gineers, firemen, and car-conductors. ey will probably continue in the great jority as bankers and brokers, as heads great corporations, and as surgeons, yers and clergymen. Here and there oman may make her mark in finance, ther may be a successful pleader befe the bar, another a sympathetic and quent minister of the Gospel, while ny may excel in the healing art and in vatever it implies. But the great profsions and the more conspicuous callis will always enlist men in preference tvomen.

Vomen have, however, no restricted fi, and when a women stands behind a nter and sells chiffons and ribbons al calicoes, it hardly seems as if she is o of place. She probably, so far from ting the bread from a man, is helping tsupport a family. A father, a brother, oan aged mother may depend on her. Nt one woman in a hundred among vge-earning women in any department oendeavor, toils only for herself. She a,ays has somebody, often she has sevel somebodies, whom she feeds, clothes, e cates and generally provides for. In o public schools, places as teachers are n open to married women, but of the sgle women who teach, it is well understod that few can save much money, sce most are bread-winners for their rtives. Since the typewriter came into uversal use, the whole face of the busins world has been changed. Step into a own-town restaurant in any great city a he noon-hour, and one meets a throng o neatly-clad, modest, self-reliant girls a women, whose avocation it is to run t little clicking machines which record t merchant's correspondence. But a woman as yet s lom suceeeds as a court stenographer, and until she is nore accurate than a man, and equally as tireless, s will not usurp his position in that or any other line. Te great trouble with women is twofold: They are u ven in performance and they cannot keep their temp. Whenever a woman is capable, efficient, amiable, p mpt and strong, she will succeed in any province for w ch her muscular outfit is equal. As for pushing n out of good places, that charge is unfounded. Tere is plenty of work for everybody, and no rivalry exists between the sexes as such. The lame and the lazy have always been provided for by the rest of the world, and they probably will be cared for till the end of time.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER. There are many books on cooking and kindred subjects which would help you. Send to the nearest bookseller for a catalogue of names and prices.

A FLOWER GIRL

HERSELF as fair as a flower of spring,
Just brushed by the south winds silken wing,
She holds her flowers in a woven basket;
She will give you a rose if you'll stop to ask it,
She and the roses are here together;
In morning and sunshine and golden weather.

—PANSY. A young man who is deeply in love will be satisfied to devote himself to one girl. If his attentions are general, whatever he may say, he is nobody's lover, but rather a squire of dames.

—IN DOUBT. You are fighting straws. Certainly you love your husband and need have no hesitation in telling him so. Your nature may not be demonstrative, but your character is womanly and true.

—CONSTANT READER. If you are writing to a comparative stranger, say "My Dear Miss Jones." If you know the lady quite well, you may say "Dear Miss Nellie." "Dearest Nellie" is only for great intimacy.

How to Manage Help

A NEBRASKA reader, who has taken much interest in the discussion of the domestic problem, writes in a common-sense vein, and gives some good counsel. She says: "In my country home duties are plentiful. With a little planning on Saturday I arrange for the Sunday meals, so that my help may attend church and spend the rest of the day at home with her own people. This I consider fair after a week of faithful service. On week days, supper is usually over by seven, and she has her evenings at her own disposal.

"During the last year we were especially fortunate in having good help, both outdoors and in. When the wintry days and the long evenings came, husband and I conceived the idea of giving a party for our two servants. We invited a few of their friends, and a dainty two-course luncheon was served. They seemed to appreciate the kindness. On my shopping day I often purchase some little gift, a handkerchief or such thing, as a present for them."

This lady is evidently applying the Golden Rule to daily life with good effect.

CRADLE SONG

SOFT and low the vesper bell,
Sounds its dreamy tinkle;
Where the goo-goo fairies dwell,
'Neath the star's clear twinkle.
Toward the land of hush-a-by,
Babies now are flocking;
Where the slumber-elves low sigh
Sets the cradle rocking.

Fluffy bird-kins all asleep
In their nests so cosy;
While the cricket's drowsy cheep
Echoes dull and prosy.
Fireflies light their evening lamps;
Katydids are chiding—
Down among their mossy camps,
Daisy-buds are hiding.

Goldie locks and curls of brown—
Lads and lassies all go
Tripping off to Bedford Town—
On the river By-low.
From the cloud-ships sailing high
Floats a dreamy measure,
Sleepy baby's lullaby,
Mother's dearest treasure.

—Adelia Pope Branham, in "Grandma's Tales."
Greenfield, Ind.

The Need of Self-Control

Dear friends, the great crises of life come to us at long intervals, the great trials are infrequent, and calamities occur only now and then. But every single day we have opportunities to use self-control, to keep back the hasty word, to repress the hysterical outburst over a trifle, to restrain our expressions of annoyance, of surprise, or of resentment. The habit of self-control must be formed little by little, day in and day out, as the years drift by. If we have acquired this, when the extraordinary demand arrives we shall have the means to meet it.

Gratitude from Servants

We continually hear persons bewailing the non-existence of gratitude in servants. The word is misplaced. Why should they be grateful? Honorable and fair and candid they may be, but gratitude is not in the bond on either side, and whenever we do find it, there is proof that both parties have behaved remarkably well.

By Love's Sweet Rule

A NEW SERIAL STORY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

...BY... GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

Chapter XIV.—Continued

"EH! you know her? you will bring her?" asked the sick man eagerly.

"Yes, I know her, and you surely know Margaret," she replied, using her own first name, because she felt that it might appeal to him more.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he said. "Yes, yes! Margaret and Marjorie; always together; one where the other is. Yes, Marjorie is coming!" and with a sigh he turned his head upon the pillow and seemed to fall asleep.

"So many times," said the nurse in attendance, "I have hoped he was falling into a truly refreshing sleep, only to meet with disappointment and have him waken to beg for Marjorie."

CHAPTER XV
Anxious Days

THE attending physician had watched all very narrowly, and now motioned to Margaret to follow him from the room.

"Your arrival means more than you realize, for, as you say, the patient associates you with his daughter. If he now has a restful sleep and can waken to recognize some familiar friend, it may do more toward his recovery than the united services of the institution could compass, for there is not a familiar face in the entire building. We do not usually share responsibility with outsiders, but in the present case I feel that rules were made for patients, and not patients for rules. You are willing to go into quarantine with us? That's what staying here amounts to."

"More than willing. I am greatly indebted to Dr. Prior for many acts of kindness, and his daughter is very dear to me; for her sake I wish to do all within my power."

"I don't know that I am right in permitting you to take this risk; but you've been a nurse, you tell me, and you know what you're facing. I will arrange with the matron for your accommodation, and will see that you are as comfortable as circumstances permit."

"Thank you very much. And now I would like to send a telegram to Marjorie."

"Certainly; do so by all means. The little girl up North will be relieved to get it."

Margaret wrote as comforting a message as she dared, and sent it to Johnson with instructions to wire at once.

Then began Margaret's labor of love, for she divided her time between caring for the father and writing to the daughter. The matron had supplied her with a nurse's uniform. Very business-like and very pretty she looked as she took her seat beside Dr. Prior's bedside and prepared to await the moment of his wakening. The hours slipped away and still he slept on, part of the time quietly, part of the time restlessly, and often murmuring Marjorie's name. Evening came, and the night nurse took the place of the day nurse, and prepared for the night of watching. To them it was a mere matter of detail—one case more or less, and the same round of duties day after day. But to Margaret it was very different, and she had ample time to think of the distance which separated her from her dear ones, and how critical was the situation, and, brave though she was, her heart was heavy.

The great building grew very silent as the hours crept along, and she could hear the ticking of the big clock at the end of the corridor. Outside all city sounds were hushed, save perhaps the distant rumble of a produce wagon on its way to the docks, or the unearthly yowling of a stray cat.

Eleven o'clock came, and the nurse, who had been dozing, arose at the stroke of the distant city clock, and came to renew the ice in the ice-bag resting upon the patient's head. He moaned slightly, and turned as though about to waken, but, with a restless toss, fell back into the dull sleep. The moments ticked by, and at a quarter to twelve the night physician, accompanied by the one whom Margaret had seen, came in. They stood for a moment talking in a low tone, and watching their patient very closely.

Just then the city clock began to strike the hour: One, two, three, four, and then Dr. Prior rose straight up in bed. Margaret went to his side, and just as the nurse was about to go to her assistance, the doctor laid a restraining hand upon her arm and said just one word, "Wait."

By some superhuman power, Dr. Prior held himself erect and stared about him, and then, turning his head, his eyes rested upon Margaret, who had placed her right arm about his shoulders, and was holding his hand in her left one.

For a moment the nurse's uniform seemed to baffle him, but then a look of intelligence coming into his face, he whispered:

"Miss Drake? Marjorie? Where am I?"

"With friends," said Margaret soothingly, "won't you lie down again and let me make you comfortable?"

"And Marjorie?" he asked, as he sank back upon his pillow.

"Marjorie is well, and you shall see her soon," and she smiled reassuringly.

It seemed that he had now learned all he wished to know, and still holding Margaret's hand, he laid it upon his pillow, and then resting his face against it like a weary child, drew a sigh of content and fell asleep again, but this time restfully.

The doctor came up to Margaret and said:

"Let me release you; it may be hours before he wakens."

"No, no; do not disturb him. I can keep quiet, and if I withdraw my hand it may arouse him. Let me stay here," she begged.

And for five long hours she sat in the same position, almost fearing to move lest she break the peaceful rest.

At five in the morning he wakened, and at once recognized her, but only smiled and whispered, "I shall get well now."

"Yes, I am sure you will, and you will soon be able to see Marjorie." But when Margaret tried to rise from her chair, and to use her hand, she learned what the long hours in that cramped position had done for her; for she could scarcely stand, and her left hand was entirely powerless.

The doctor, returning at that moment and seeing her condition, said: "I was afraid of this, and you see I now have two patients instead of one."

"Ah! but this case is by no means a serious one," she replied brightly, "and if Dr. Prior has been benefited by my discomfort it has been cheaply won."

But it was several hours before she could tell whether she had any fingers upon her left hand or not. The right one, however, had not lost its power, and ere another hour had passed, a message was speeding on its way to Marjorie; and as soon as the mail could convey it to her, a letter told her all the details. Irvington held no happier girl than Marjorie when the joyful tidings reached her. "God was good to give me a dear Miss Drake!" she said. "Nobody else in the world would have done what she has done for papa and me."

After writing, Margaret took a few hours much needed rest, and then returned to her post to find the patient greatly improved.

When she entered the room his face showed his pleasure, although he was too weak to talk. There was very little she could do, for the nurses left nothing undone; but her mere presence seemed such a comfort to him that she spent hour after hour at his bedside. As soon as it was considered safe to do so, they let Johnson see him, and the meeting was truly pathetic, for the good man strove so hard to seem composed, and all the time the tears were streaming down his face: "It's proper glad I am to see ye, sir—proper glad, indeed; and we will soon 'ave ye about again, sir, and travelin' away North to Miss Marjorie, sir—and a 'appy day it will be for her when she 'as ye once more in the old 'ome," and poor Johnson would perhaps have gone on indefinitely had not Margaret kindly come to the rescue by suggesting that he send another message to Marjorie on his own account, telling her that he had seen Dr. Prior, and that all was going well. And off he went, filled with joy that he could give happiness to both.

Then came days of patient nursing and unremitting care, for Dr. Prior had been very near death's door. But at last the day arrived when the joyful message, "We sail at noon to-morrow," could be flashed over the wires; and when the good ship *Concho* sailed out of Galveston harbor on the following day it carried no happier being than Margaret, for her mission had not been in vain, and her patient, well wrapped in rugs and seated in a steamer-chair, was breathing in the delicious air of the Gulf and gaining renewed strength with every breath.

Johnson hovered about, ready to minister to every want, real or imaginary, and Margaret was equal to any emergency.

"Miss Drake," said the doctor, a few days later, as they sat watching the sunlight dance upon the blue Atlantic, "I wonder if you can possibly appreciate how profound is my gratitude to you for this unselfish act?"

(Continued on following page)

"OH, MY PRECIOUS PAPA CHECA!" CRIED MARJORIE

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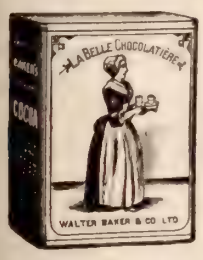

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By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 458

"I do not need the rug," Margaret replied, thinking that he alluded to her rug, which she had just thrown across his feet.

"I am thinking of a far more important matter than the rug, just now. How many do you suppose there are in this big world who would have taken such a journey as you have taken in order to minister to the wants of one whom a year ago was entirely unknown to you?"

"But, Dr. Prior, it was clearly my duty to come. There was no one else to do so, and Marjorie was nearly heart-broken."

"Could not Johnson have done so?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Margaret; "it would not have been the same. Johnson is very capable, but it needed some one who could both look to your needs, and at the same time keep Marjorie from grieving herself ill. Dear little girl, it has been a sad experience for her; but, thank Heaven, is ending well, and I can almost picture her joy at your meeting. If all goes well, we will land on Tuesday, and I am sure Rodman will bring her to meet us."

"Your sense of duty carries you far beyond the point the average person sets as a limit, and if duty alone could dictate such a sacrifice, what could we hope for if we won your affection?"

"Marjorie has won my sincere affection, Dr. Prior, and now holds the place next my own dear ones in my heart. The child has a very lovable character, and our close association during the past eight months has shown me that she is capable of a very deep attachment. Of course, for you her love is boundless; yet I cannot but feel that I have won a large share for myself."

"You have, indeed; far greater than you can appreciate, for the child had so long been unable to give rein to her affections that she had almost forgotten how to respond. But I have watched without appearing to do so, and not since her mother left her has her life been so full and rounded. I cannot express to you how much this means to me. Marjorie is my all, and it has been a great source of sorrow to me to see her growing up without the affectionate influence which would have been hers to an unstinted degree had her mother lived. I declare to you, I had grown well nigh desperate when I went out into the world to seek that influence, and with little hope of finding it. But a wiser power guided me, I believe, and brought into our home an element which has proved its salvation."

"Oh, Dr. Prior, you entirely overestimate what I have done, and I am overwhelmed by what you say. Can't you see that it is all the result of our home training, and so much a matter of habit that I really do not deserve a particle of credit for any thing I have done? Mamma has always set us a wise example, and if I have been able to follow it even imperfectly, I am profoundly thankful. And I feel that I have cause to be very grateful to you for the implicit confidence you have placed in me from the very outset, for my position in your home has been an exceptional one in many ways. It was no light matter for me to venture out into the world to earn my livelihood after papa died, and I cannot describe to you with what dismay I contemplated such a step. With far greater dread than it warranted, I dare say; but home had been so much to us all that the thought of leaving it was very distressing."

"And it would now be very distressing to us to have you return to it, I fear; you seem to have become a part of ours," and Dr. Prior looked so earnestly at Margaret that for the first time in her intercourse with him, a slight color came into her cheeks, and she looked away over the blue water with eyes that were quite oblivious of its beauty.

Dr. Prior noted the look, and hastened to withdraw his own, and to say in his ordinary voice:

"But Marjorie cannot dispense with your ministrations for some time to come, and so we need not anticipate another domestic upheaval for a long while, I hope. And now I think that I shall have Johnson help me to my state-room, for I am growing a little drowsy, and will try for a nap."

CHAPTER XVI.

Home Again

As the great ship swung beneath the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge on the following Tuesday, Dr. Prior was as eager as a child to search out the face dearest in all the world to him, and had it not been for Rodman's manly grip, the object of his glances would certainly have walked straight over the string-piece of the dock, and taken a dip in the East River.

There stood Marjorie, with both arms outstretched to the beloved form supported by Johnson and Margaret, and the instant the gang-plank was thrown aboard, she flew across it as though she had wings to her feet.

"Oh! my precious papa Checa," caused the passengers to smile in sympathy, as Marjorie, between sobs and laughter, cast herself into the outstretched arms which held her with the strength borne of love.

"Here, here!" cried Rodman, "this is a fine way for my best girl to desert me for the first good looking chap she comes across. Catch me inviting you to go a pleasuring with me again, young lady," and he put on a very injured air, as he warmly clasped Dr. Prior's outstretched hand.

"But all the same, I'm profoundly thankful to see you in the flesh, doctor," he exclaimed, "and Meggie, you're a trump, and I'll kiss you right here in the presence of the multitude," and he proceeded to demonstrate his words. "How are you, Johnson? So you've brought this wild sister of mine safely back, have you? I'll recommend you for principal of a young ladies' seminary; for if you can steer one so successfully you ought to be able to keep a hundred or so under good headway," and rattling on in his nonsensical fashion, in order to cover deeper feeling, Rodman conducted his charges to the carriage he had waiting for them, and tucked them safely in.

"And what is my destination?" asked Dr. Prior, "I am in the hands of the 'Philistines,' and utterly helpless."

"Mother Drake says you are to come straight there," answered Marjorie, "and you are not to go away until you can walk out on your own feet," and she gave a rapturous squeeze to the arm she was holding with both hands.

"But Mrs. Drake has had more than enough of the Prior family already," protested the doctor, "and it seems to me she has taken a new name since I last saw her."

"O, that is my special name for her. You see, I was so forlorn and ill after Miss Drake left, and everything was just dreadful, that I nearly gave up; and then she was so sweet to me that I couldn't bear to say Mrs. Drake this, and Mrs. Drake that; so, one day I called her Mother Drake, and was nearly scared to death after I'd done it; but she just cuddled me right up in her arms, and then I knew it was all right, and after that I didn't feel half so lonely and wretched. And now that I've got you back all safe and sound, and Miss Drake is here, and I've so many people to love and love me, I couldn't hold another bit of happiness if I tried ever so hard," and Marjorie stopped for want of breath.

"My darling; thank God!" said Dr. Prior fervently, as his eyes filled with happy tears.

October, with its wealth of color, had come, and Dr. Prior, now fully restored to health, was back in his Mountvale home. He remained at Mrs. Drake's until he declared that he should be spoiled with much coddling; for the girls had vied with each other in their efforts to serve him, and were untiring in their kindness. Marjorie was like a colt turned loose; and she and Maud simply "trained." The reaction from keen anxiety to utter freedom from care seemed to have gone to her head, and, as the doctor put it, "had intoxicated her."

As strength returned to him, he could enter into the home amusements, and soon found a place in the family which he was destined to hold forever. His admiration for Margaret was blossoming into love. *(To be continued)*

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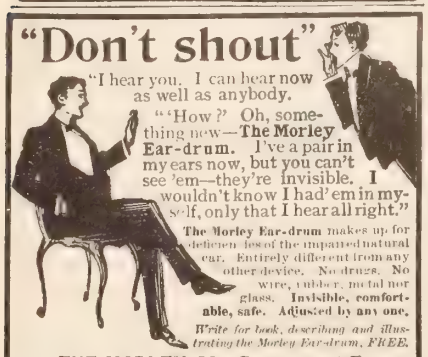

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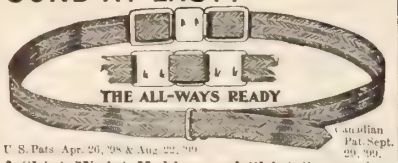

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Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

All Helping Our Children's Home

THE tenement waifs who have been thinking all winter of the happy time they will have at Mont-Lawn next summer, have reason to thank their many kind friends, who have been thinking of the same thing, and who have been laying aside dimes and pennies every day or every week, that poor little tots of the overcrowded slums might have a breath of fresh air and a chance for life when the summer comes. The following

To help poor little waifs like me
So many friends are kind.
At Mont-Lawn in our happy play,
At Mont-Lawn when we kneel to pray
We'll keep those friends in mind.
And to Our Father we will say:
"Lord, bless our helpers far away,
Who gave thy little ones bright hours
Of joy, amid thy fields and flowers."

extracts are illustrative of the character of many letters received from pious lovers of little children of the poor, not less precious than the gifts themselves are the prayers consecrating the gifts. So many petitions are going up for Mont-Lawn that the work cannot fail in its purpose of bringing spiritual as well as temporal blessings into the lives of the starvelings—starvelings, in many cases, for affection human and divine, not less than for air and meat and drink—who become its beneficiaries:

Mrs. J. M. H., Iowa, Ia., $1. God bless the Home and its workers, is the sincere prayer of one whose heart is with you in the work. Mrs. J. A. M., Columbus, O., $5. For the Children's Home. May the blessing of the Father above ever rest upon this labor of love. E. H., Angel's Camp., Cal., $10. Wishing all success to the good work. R. C. R., Callicoon, N. Y., $3. For some city starveling. God bless the Children's Home!

Is not this a beautiful letter?

Please find enclosed $12, from my mother and myself, for we wish to give four of God's poor a few days of pleasure and Christian love and care. My mother is quite aged, just past her ninety-first birthday. She has been a great sufferer for many years, but she still has interest in and love for every good work, and wishes to send her mite, praying that it may be blessed to the needy. For ten months she has been confined to her bed. In the fall we did not think she would see the spring. She thought so, too. So, she had me put her $6 away, marked for your Fresh-Air Fund. She said: "I must help them once more." It is our prayer that each year more hearts may be touched when thinking of these precious little ones, and may help to make them happy.

This shows the interest of another aged friend:

Inclosed find $9, to make three little children happy at Mont-Lawn this summer. Sent in His name by a friend seventy-six years old. The blessing of God rest on your labor of love.

Nor do the children who live in happy homes forget the children of the poor.

"Two Little Girls," $6, to make two tenement waifs happy. Van W., Erie, Pa., $9.30. I am a little boy, nearly seven years old. For four years I have sent a little money to the Fresh-Air Fund. I enclose enough now to send three little ones to your good home.

Parents and children unite with each other in this good work.

Mrs. H. W. S. and son, Bastrop, Tex., $1.35. My little boy and I send this small amount, wishing it were more, to help some poor little unfortunate to an outing at Mont-Lawn this summer.

Orphans are reaching out loving hands to help these poor waifs.

H. L. B., Jamestown, Pa., $4.50. $3 is from girls at the Soldiers' Orphan School, Jumonville, Pa. The rest is from Hazel E B——.

Organized bodies of children—Sunday Schools, Epworth Leagues, Junior Christian Endeavor Societies, Busy Bees, Helping Hands, and other Orders—have ever been most faithful friends of Mont-Lawn's tenement waifs.

G. R. S., Deep River, Conn., $6. From the Deep River Baptist Junior Endeavor. E. N., Methuen, Mass., $6. From Mrs. N's S. S. class in the First Congregational Church. Mrs. F. E. M., Superintendent Union S. S., Wright, N. Dak., $4.60. From children who are poor themselves, but who want to help others who are worse off. Junior Endeavorers First Congregational Church, Sidney, N. Y., $3. May God's blessing rest upon the noble work.

Here is a rather amusing little story. The "Acorn Club" of Stony Brook Sunday School, Princeton, N. J., sent $5 to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD without saying what for. In answer to inquiry the following, signed by a name well beloved at Mont-Lawn, was received:

That $5 was for the Fresh Air work at Mont-Lawn. Pardon omission to name it in first letter. Being a teacher at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Children's Home, I naturally forgot there were other objects receiving contributions also. The "Acorn Club" is composed of children, and they have taken great delight in making this donation to help little folks less fortunate than themselves.

Yours sincerely, JULIET BARLOW.

Doubtless there was a good deal of laughter while these pennies were accumulating:

M. F. G., Southampton, Pa., $1. The pennies were given in a country boarding-house as fines for soiled spots on table-cloth, and we decided the money should be devoted to making some little boy or girl merry.

Many friends have had a pleasant time while helping our waifs to happiness:

Friends, Towner's, N. Y., $16.50. Proceeds of an entertainment given here for the little tenement children. God bless them and all your efforts to help them is our prayer.

Junior C. E. First Baptist Church, Urbana, O., $6. Raised by an entertainment given by forty-four little Endeavorers.

And many have worked and denied themselves:

J. B. D., Milmay, $1. Contribution of some of our Sunday School boys and girls. Our place is a pioneer colony, but our little folks remember the tenement waifs. M. J. B., Wiscasset, Me., $6.20. This contribution for the little waifs comes from a poor Sunday School which has worked for it.

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged.

WALKING WITH CHRIST

I said, "Let me walk in the fields";
He said, "Nay, walk in the town";
I said, "There are no flowers there";
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,
There is nothing but noise and din";
But he wept as he sent me back—
"There is more," he said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick
And fogs are veiling the sun";
He answered, "Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say";
He answered me, "Choose to-night
If I am to miss you, or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said: "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town;
He said: "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into his hand went mine,
And into my heart came he,
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Tickets to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and other Summer Resorts.

On April 30, 1901, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place on sale Summer excursion tickets to Buffalo on account of the Pan-American Exposition, and to Niagara Falls.

On May 1, 1901, the regular summer excursion tickets to all the principal summer resorts east of Pittsburg and Buffalo will be placed on sale at ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

These tickets will bear the usual Summer excursion limit of October 31, 1901, except that the Niagara Falls ticket will be good to return until November 30, 1901.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Summer Excursion Route Book for 1901 will be issued, as heretofore, on June 1.

NIGHT LUNCHEON.

All Right if of the Right Kind of

The difference brought about by the u well selected food, as compared with ord food, is well shown in the experience of attending high school and boarding hers

She says: "My 'housekeeping' com early rising, and I used to become very s over my books. To keep awake, I res to the use of strong coffee, and in a shor I began to have a dull, stupid feeling appetite, but a feeling of 'goneness.' ized that I must eat something or faint class-room. I would wash down a little fast with another cup of coffee.

I began growing thin, pale and nervou made very unsatisfactory advancement studies.

One day the good wife of one of ou fessors asked me if I felt well, as I app so weak and nervous Between my managed to relate my woes. She saw the trouble lay, and advised me to lea tea and coffee and take up Postum Foo fee and Grape-Nuts Food.

I followed her advice and found the P a delicious beverage, and the Grape-Nu what I wanted. So my breakfast cor of a little fruit, a saucer of Grape Nuts cup of Postum, an ideal breakfast.

If, at night, I felt the need of someth eat before retiring, I ate a little Grape-

My head grew clearer, my cheeks ros I gained so rapidly in health that all quaintances remarked upon it."

There is a reason, for both Postu Grape-Nuts contain the elements fro ture's store house that the body use build the brain and nerve centers throu These wonderful food elements are pre in such a fascinating form that users them year after year, and very greatly benefit. The name and address of this lady can be given by the Postum Cere Ltd., at Battle Creek, Mich.

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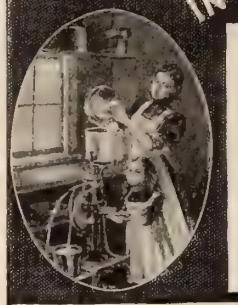

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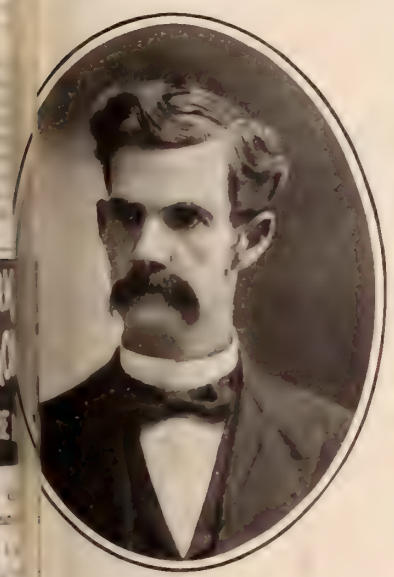
Conversion of a Free-Thinker

How the Rev. Dr. John Pate, an Influential Southern Pastor and Writer, Came to be a Christian : : : :

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

JOHN PATE passed through boyhood without any very earnest religious teaching. His mother was only a nominal Christian, while his father was absorbed in business and thinking only of the pleasures of this world. To make it worse, at sixteen years of age he became bitterly prejudiced against the church by the unfortunate conduct of a mistaken officer of a church which he had occasionally attended, and so drifted away entirely from religious teaching. For the next two years he never went to the church. He associated with young men who did not care for religion, and prided himself that he was a free thinker. He had no anticipation of ever becoming a Christian.

But God has his own way of calling men to repentance, and he is not confined to any one method. One night after he



REV. JOHN PATE

reached eighteen years of age, young Pate came home from his father's store, in Sumpter, South Carolina, and being tired, he went to his room immediately after supper, and went to bed. But he was restless and could not sleep. After tossing about for awhile, he arose, lighted a candle, and without any purpose than to distract his mind, picked up a Bible, and opened it, when his eyes fell on this sentence: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It startled him. He said, "Here is a question of profit and loss." He sat down and figured at the sum. When he finished it, he exclaimed, "Well, it would pay, after all, to serve God." He went back to bed, and soon fell asleep.

The next evening, he was walking with young Hebrew toward the latter's home. As they drew near the Methodist Church the bell rang, announcing evening service. Pate, feeling somewhat serious from the experience of the past night, he remarked, "It has been quite a while since I have been to church, but I believe I will go tonight."

His Jewish friend laughed and said, "Yes, you might find that an easy way to save your soul; but don't lose your head and become a Christian."

When John Pate entered the church, the congregation was singing "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove." After the opening service, the Rev. Fred Aul arose, and read his text. A flash of lightning could not have startled young Pate more than to hear the words: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" During the delivery of the sermon a struggle took place in the young man's heart. In closing the sermon, the preacher gave a most earnest invitation to seek Christ then and there, and called for all who would accept the invitation to go forward to the altar.

John Pate said to himself, "If I go, my friends will laugh at me, and will say that my head has been turned by these enthusiasts." Then his real manhood arose, and said, "Not to go when I feel it is my duty would be cowardice."

He arose, and went to the altar, and in a few moments was able to surrender completely to the Lord Jesus Christ. He knew that he "had passed from death unto life." As he walked home, the question uppermost in his mind was, "How will father view this matter? Will he condemn or will he approve?"

The next few days were spent in much prayer. The special burden of his prayer was that God in some way would move his father to propose to send him to Wofford College. He knew that his father had intended that he should succeed him in the mercantile business, but now his heart longed for an opportunity for real Christian college training. Once a week after his conversion he arose from his knees with the feeling that his prayer was answered, and sure enough, very soon afterward, his father brought up the subject of his own accord, and proposed that he should matriculate at Wofford.

His joy at this was very great, and well it might have been, for the training he received there not only fitted him for, but opened the door for him into a ministry which has been greatly blessed of God. Both by the pen and the pulpit, God has used Dr. Pate for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ on earth and the winning of souls.

The Forgotten Bible

A READER of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. A. A. C., Ayrshire, Ind., sends a most interesting account of an old family Bible and its influence upon a home. In the early "seventies," there lived in the town of McLeansboro, in Southern Illinois, the widow of a soldier, with her four orphan children. She was too poor to buy a Bible, but through the kindness of an agent of the American Bible Society, she procured one. It lay around the house for many years, neglected; indeed almost the only use to which it was put was to whet the oldest son's razor. One evening he opened the Book and began to read. Something he encountered interested him, and he took the neglected and misused Bible to his room, where he was soon absorbed in the book of Revelation, and especially in those passages that describe the joys and glories of the Heavenly Kingdom. Day after day, the young man kept up his readings, and at last the Gospel light dawned on his soul, and he became a believer. Since that time, he has been a tireless worker for Christ, and has labored as an evangelist in many fields. Under his earnest pleadings, many have been converted. For twelve years past, he has been a faithful and efficient Sunday School worker. He has every reason to love and cherish the old Bible, which turned his spiritual night into day, and filled his heart with gladness, and his whole life with blessing.

Baptist Churches in Kansas

Several correspondents have desired us to correct the misapprehension, in a recent article in this journal, that the first Baptist Church in Kansas was built as the result of chapel-car work at Eureka. There were earlier Baptist churches in the State, viz: At Council Grove, Burlington, Emporia, Centre Ridge, Yates Centre, Reading, Waverly, Sebo, and other places.

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ONLY a bit of manna,
From the word of the gracious King,
That our souls may feast on sweetness,
And the song in our glad hearts ring.

A verse from the Book to cheer us,
A text before we pray;
And the afterglow of the sunset,
In the hush of the fading day.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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The first of a series of stories intended to show that public-spirited and courageous young men may interest themselves to good purpose in political affairs will be published in

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For May Sixteenth.

This will be a Pan-American Exposition Number, the cover decoration being a fine representation of the Electric Tower at the Exposition. Following are the principal features of this issue:

A CLOG IN THE MACHINE, By H. S. Canfield.
The "ring" offered to "make" a young lawyer, but he thought of a better plan. A strong and significant story.

THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION, By E. W. Frentz.

MRS. WILLIAMS'S WILD RIDE, By Clarice Irene Clinghan.

GLADYS, By Frances Bent Dillingham.

UNEXPECTED SPORT, Part I., By C. A. Stephens.

All in addition to the Weekly Health Article, Notes on Current Events and Nature and Science. This and the issues of May 23d and 30th will be sent to any address for 10 cents.

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MISSIONS

PROMISES AND PROPHECIES*

The Final Triumph of Christianity in Process of Achievement : : : :

ONE of the most convincing proofs of the divine origin of Christianity is the success that has attended the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen. It is an extraordinary thing when one thinks of it, that this faith, which produces results so wonderful among people so highly civilized as ourselves, should be adapted to savages. Missionaries tell us that when, fearing that an utterly heathen people would not understand the mysteries of salvation by faith, they attempted to lead up to the Gospel message gradually, by a preliminary effort to educate the people, they failed, and that when in desperation they preached Christ and him crucified, their teaching was apprehended at once. The New Testament itself gives other illustrations of the same truth. Paul preached the same Gospel to the philosophers of Athens, the proud warriors of Rome, the licentious people of Corinth, and the robber tribes of Galatia, and in every instance it proved the power of God unto salvation. People educated and ignorant, civilized and savage, cultured and rude, found in it the force which led to a renovation of their natures and the development of their spiritual nature. So it is to this day. In India, in China and in Armenia in contact with an effete civilization, the Gospel wins its way as it does among the ignorant, debased, superstitious peoples of Uganda and the South Seas.

It is evident that Christianity sprang from a Being who knew what was in man, and understood what he needed to enable him to rise out of the sordid, debased state in which he is by nature, to the spiritual, purified state of the sons of God. Men who had followed the older religions had no idea of the power of this new faith. To the Jew it was a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness, but somehow, it made its way. The men who accepted it and applied it to their lives found that it did what it proposed to do, and that it really produced the passive virtue and the active beneficence which characterize the highest type of man. So it has gone on making conquests. To Christ in the wilderness, the offer of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, must have appeared a strong temptation, but he took a surer, if a longer, way of reaching the end: From century to century, the number of converts has continued to increase. One generation after another appeared, and each yielded a larger proportion of people who were proud to call Jesus Lord, and to call themselves by his name. Men arose who counted the world well lost for his sake, who were willing to renounce the glory and fame and wealth of this life that they might serve him more unreservedly and extend the boundaries of his kingdom. They were ostracized, they were persecuted and maligned, they were tortured and killed, but they would not give up the Gospel. The world, failing by harsh measures, applied the more seductive trial of patronage and flattery, but that also failed, and the doctrine of the Cross still holds its place supreme in an ever-increasing number of lives.

And what of the future? Have we outgrown the old faith? Philosophy and culture and refined scepticism and the benumbing practices of ritualism, have opposed themselves in the guise of friendship and have insinuated themselves into the pulpits of the churches, only to demonstrate their impotency. The crowds which gathered to listen to Moody and Spurgeon, who had nothing to proclaim but the old doctrines, proved that in them men found the true remedy for sin. So it has been in heathen lands. The men who went out with another Gospel have failed, while the preachers of the old truths have won converts by the thousand. What may we not hope from such a record? As we read of the thousands of converts in India ready to sacrifice all that they held dear—caste and family and social relations—for Christ's sake; of the men and women in Armenia and China who cheerfully died a martyr's death rather than renounce Christ, we realize that in this faith there are the elements which will yet permeate the whole world. The prophecy that the time will yet come when at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, does not seem so incredible as it seemed even a century ago. For the promise has never failed. The same power which the Gospel had in the first century still attends it. The forces are growing stronger and are better organized, the multitude of messengers is increased and the facilities of travel and communication are being utilized and the promise still holds good: "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for May 26. Psalm 2.

THE REVIVAL FIELD

Gospel Work at Altoona, Pa.

THE Sixth Presbyterian Church, of Altoona, Pa., Rev. D. W. Lusk, pastor, has just closed a very successful revival, under the splendid leadership of Rev. Arthur J. Smith, of Richmond Hill, New York, evangelist. During the meetings fully two hundred persons gave their names as desiring to lead Christian lives. All the meetings were largely attended. The ministers of Altoona, with hearty unanimity, invited Mr. Smith to remain another week to lead in a union evangelistic movement. Rev. W. W. Williamson is Chairman of the Executive Committee, and the Rev. J. F. Moyer is Secretary.

Souls Saved at Milledgeville, Ga.

A meeting of unusual interest and power was held in the Presbyterian Church at Milledgeville, Ga., the latter part of March. Evangelist W. R. Gales, on the invitation of Pastor Rev. D. W. Brannen, conducted the services. For two afternoons all the business houses in the city closed their doors for an hour, and the men thronged the sanctuary. Multitudes of church members of all denominations were revived, and about seventy confessed Christ for the first time. The Georgia Normal and Industrial College was especially stirred and the students were influenced by the services, and more than a score made a public profession of faith. At a mass meeting of young people held in the Presbyterian Church, Sabbath morning, March 31, Mr. Gales gave a very impressive lecture. At the close, the invitation was quietly given, and many young people crowded the room, some in tears, and all with serious faces. More than thirty gave themselves to God.

Revival Notes

The people of Whippany, N. J., are praying for a revival.

Collierville, Tenn., has been holding a series of evangelistic services since March 3. Prayers are desired.

A revival movement has begun in Green Street M. E. Church, Piqua, O. Miss Jennie Smith and Mrs. Jones have conducted the services.

South Berwick, Me., is enjoying a series of revival meetings, under Mr. J. N. Hatch and wife, evangelists. All the churches in the town are uniting in the movement.

Since the great revival at Hiawatha, Kan., the criminal courts have been idle, there being no cases on the docket. This is a remarkable result in a town of 3,000 people.

The Rev. Edgar L. Williams, of Peoria, Ill., is conducting a series of evangelistic meetings in the First Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Mo., with rich spiritual results.

Rev. A. C. Hennington, of the Bible Christian Church, has been conducting an excellent evangelistic work at Cooper Tract, Pa., and many have confessed Christ at the services.

Evangelist J. B. Culpepper has recently led a number of evangelistic meetings in Arkansas City, Kan., Owensboro, Ky., Louisville, Ky., and Gallatin, Mo. Mr. Culpepper writes that over one thousand have confessed Christ.

A letter from Rising Sun, O., says: "We are still having an awakening among the people, both in the church and reaching outward. We desire your prayers for the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit, that the work may continue."

At Emporia, Kan., revival meetings have begun in the Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. M. Hughes, pastor. Cottage meetings are being held, and also special services with the assistance of Mr. McClure, the "Engineer Evangelist."

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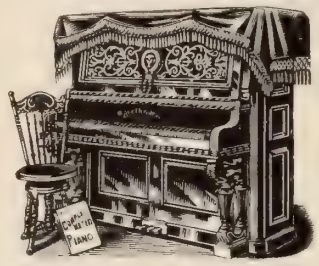

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"Good wives grow fair in the light of their works," especially if they use SAPOLIO

THE IMMANENT CHRIST

Our Lord's Present and Eternal Contact with His People . . .

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

MOST inspiring is it to look up to heaven and to know that our Lord is there, he who is the very Life of our life is there; no power in earth or hell can touch the source of the very life which makes us, just now, alive unto God; nothing can separate us from him; no man can pluck us out of his hand. In him we are in heaven now, in some way as he was when he was upon earth; in heavenly places in Christ Jesus (Eph. 2: 6). Part of our very being as the body of Christ is there in heaven. As he with heart and will and purpose in heaven carried out that will and purpose upon earth, so do we, as we really, by faith, take our place up there with him. Our citizenship, our rights, our possessions, our real life is there, as was the real life of our Lord while he was manifested, and lived out his life among men. Oh, let us not forget that he seeks, day by day, to manifest his heavenly life, his Divine character in our mortal bodies as we lead our simple, ordinary, daily life down here.

The evangelist Luke, in the beginning of the Acts of the Apostles, repeats what he had previously written in his Gospel, but enlarges it. He refers to the commandments given to the apostles, the great commission, alluding, probably, also to John 13: 12; 16: 33. And then he tells us how, after his resurrection, Jesus appeared to the apostles, "by the space of forty days, and speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God." What must the forty days have been to these men! How much which they had not understood must have shone in upon their minds! How the Old Testament must have glowed with light as the Lord opened to them one scripture after another! And yet this was not to last; he bade them look forward. "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go, I will send him unto you. And he, when he is come [unto you], will convict the world" (John 16: 8, R. V).

The apostle Paul alludes to this when he speaks of the ascension of our Lord. Quoting from Psalms 68; 18, he says, "When he ascended on high, he led captivity [*i. e.*, death] captive, and gave gifts unto men. Now this, He ascended, what is it but that he also descended [first] into the lower parts of the earth, that he might fill all things" (Eph. 4: 8). If he had not first descended, come down to earth, down into our nature, down to death, down to the shame of the cross (Phil. 2: 9), he could not, in our nature, have ascended "far above all the heavens," that he, the God-Man, "might fill all things." He ascended, having led death captive, and gave gifts unto men. The gift of gifts was the gift of the Holy Ghost. God, the Father, gave his Son to a lost world, God, the Father and Son, gave his Spirit to a redeemed world. Compare Matt. 7: 11 with Luke 11: 13, to find how the Holy Spirit is the gift of God. It was this inestimable Gift which the ascension of Jesus was to ensure to us, and for which the disciples were commanded to wait, not departing from Jerusalem (Luke 24: 49; Acts 1: 4).

But they were not to wait vaguely: their Lord set before them a definite expectation: "Wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, ye heard from me. For John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence" (Acts 1: 4, 5). It was not to be wondered at that they should ask him, the Son of David, about his coming kingdom. He does not rebuke them, but only tells them it is not for them "to know times and seasons which the Father hath set within his own authority" (vs. 6, 7). They must, for the time, leave the future. "But ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be my witnesses, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and wider circles, "to the uttermost part of the earth;" it was the great commission renewed, but with the promise of the power which they had lacked. And he indicated the very line of progress which the Gospel afterwards made: Jerusalem, then, after the death of Stephen, "all Judea and Samaria;" then, through Paul and others, "to the uttermost part of the earth": probably even Asia and India were reached in those early days.

It was when he had said these things, as they were looking, he was taken up. No whirlwind, nothing visible, but that which always told of the presence of God, "a cloud received him out of their sight." He was gone, and yet with them "all the days, even unto the end of the age" (Matt. 28: 20). While they looked steadfastly into heaven as he went, behold two men, not angels (were they not Moses and Elijah?) "stood by them in white apparel." Jesus was hardly gone out of their sight before he sent messengers to them! He could not and would not forget his own. Their message concerned his coming. "This Jesus," said the messengers, "which was received up from you into heaven, shall so come, in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven." Coming to disciples who look up to heaven for a Saviour (Heb. 9: 28; Phil. 3: 20, 21), coming with hands lifted up to bless, coming to take to himself those for whom he has prepared a place (John 14: 3), whom he shall afterwards "bring with him," when the great trumpet shall sound (I. Thes. 4: 14-17).

Sundry Charities for March

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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A Friend	$1 00
G W Stockwell	3 00
C F Vandewater	3 00
L W C, Key West, Fla	1 50

Door of Hope

C B Barglebaugh	1 00

Foreign Missions

Etta E Marr	1 00
I Girod	5 00
Miss C H Thompsen	6 00
M J Barnes	50

Any Good Cause

Ansel Vincent	1 70
Loring Fuller	50
Jennie Williams	50
Mrs J H Bennett	50
Sadie B Ruetger	50
Mrs H K Atkinson	50
Warren Sauger	1 00
Mr and Mrs Droun	7 00
Mrs J L Allman	50
W S Wilkinson	4 00
R P Hysell	50
Roy T Stainge	1 00
M A Oughton	50
E Bemiss	50
John G Riley	1 00
Mrs W F Barnes	50
Mrs J O Spiedel	1 00
Mrs Anna S Parker	1 26
Mrs A S Williams	15
Mrs D Cunningham	10
Miss Lydia Irwin	1 00
Mrs P O Filbert	50
—— Astor	25
Frank Holden	50
Wm A Zahn	10
Rev Geo E Dunbar	22

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Mrs A R Chase	1 50
Mrs Lottie Kelsey	1 00

Jerry McAuley Mission

Mrs Wm Cady	5 00
Mary Montgomery	1 00

Maysville Institute

H C B, N Y	200 00
Rev George Alexander (for additional land)	10 00
Miss P A T, N Y	150 00
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H Farnsworth	1 00
Miss Mary McKee	1 00
J H B, Mandana	5 00
Eber Shearman	10 00
Jacquette Tolman	1 00
B P, Waupaca	1 00
——, New Orleans, La.	10 00

Armenian Fund

I Girod	10 00
A Friend	1 00
Helen Fray	40 00
Stella O Knapp	4 00

Corinna Shattuck's Orphan Work

C B Barglebaugh	1 00
Mrs J H Merritt	1 00
H E Chandler	15 00
W, Tidioute	2 50

American Church, Berlin, Germany

Mrs Grace H Keutgen	25 00
Mrs F H Dartt	25

Amer Inland Mission, Mr Tjader

G H Fluth	50

Tombs Mission (City Prison)

——, New Orleans	1 00

American S S Union

Paul Rees	1 00

Lincoln Memorial University

Miss C A Litchfield	5 00

Washington College, Tennessee

W F Root	25

ANSWERED PRAYERS

L. S., Clyde, N. Y., writes:

I was in deep trouble, and I prayed God to help me; I prayed all the time; in the night time I rose up and prayed. God answered my prayer. I have been answered many times. God is swift to hear and to answer.

Mr. T., Wash., writes:

God heard my prayer and restored my loved one.

A subscriber, New York City, writes:

I desire to bear testimony that God hears and answers prayer. Through great thoughtlessness, an injury was committed that threatened to cloud another's future. I earnestly entreated God to undo the mistake, and he has heard and answered me, and I now write in thankful acknowledgment of his loving kindness.

H. F. S., Killingly, Conn., writes:

I have read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the many answers to prayer, and I wish to add my testimony. I prayed for months for an absent son. Last week we received a letter and good news from him. My prayer was answered.

Girl Reader, Illinois, writes:

I called upon the Lord in a time of trouble. I believe he would help as he had promised. He delivered me. To troubled hearts I can say: "Trust in our dear Lord, he will help you."

Subscriber, Monticello, Ill., writes:

A great shadow hung over our home last fall, we thought it the shadow of death. But we prayed, oh, so earnestly; prayed without ceasing; and, thanks to the Lord, the shadow is lifted, and our home is full of joy.

D. J. J., Phoenix, Ariz., writes:

I wish to acknowledge God's great goodness to me. A few months ago I was in deep trouble. Everything seemed so dark—not one ray of light—but I prayed earnestly, and all the clouds have disappeared. My prayers have been answered.

C. M. C., Columbus, N. J., writes:

I was in sore trouble and affliction seemed to be on every side. I took it all to the Lord in prayer—laid all my burden on him, and left it there. In a short time my prayer was answered.

M. A. G., Caribou, Colo., writes:

For nearly twenty years my husband has been exposed to great danger, as his business is mining; only last week his peril from a dynamite explosion was extreme and death was very near him. He has been the subject of my constant prayer, and I thank God that my petitions have been answered and my husband spared until the dangerous work was finished.

A Mother, Alameda, Calif., writes:

God has begun to answer my prayers. My son has been a great burden on our soul, leading most of the time for over nine years, a life of dissipation. Often my faith faltered. At last I asked the Lord, that while my own faith was so weak, he would please move the hearts of others to take an interest in my boy. This the good Lord has done; and, on March 2, my boy joined the Church, and is determined to lead, with the help of God, a new life.

Mrs. John Hobbs, Running Water, Hale Co., Tex., writes:

I gain so much strength and comfort from reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and most particularly from "Answered Prayers." I have often said when I'd read that column: "Well, if God ever answers my prayer as certainly as he has answered prayers for those folks, I will be glad enough to sign my full name." We live on the plains. The wind blows all the time, and blows extremely hard in spring. Well, yesterday noon, we saw a fire west, and the wind right from there, too, blowing fearfully. I thought of our sons and our nephews and of our own homes, and of our brother's and neighbor's homes that might go. I was left entirely alone till night. I plead: "Oh, God, subdue this wind!" until into the night; when, lo! the wind sprang to the north and another fire started from there; when, all at once (a thing we none of us ever saw before), a cloud came up, and a little sleet put out both fires, and was gone in less time than it takes me to write it; it was clear, yet the wind was still blowing. So now I leave it for you to decide: Is this case to go in the "Answered Prayer" column or not? I have been all day thinking.

E. F. B., Southern Pines, N. C., writes:

The "Answered Prayers" in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD encouraged me to trust God more and seek his direction and aid in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. He has blessed me far beyond my expectation. The answers do not always come along the lines I ask and look for, but in ways much better, because they reveal his love and power and draw me nearer him.

Reader, Escondido, Cal., writes:

I wish to acknowledge the wonderful goodness of God to me. He gave me what I asked for in such a beautiful way. I hope my testimony will strengthen the faith of others, and inspire them with courage to ask God for what they want, no matter how impossible it seems to be; for with God all things are possible, and will be given to us if for our best good.

FEET OUT.

Curious Habits.

When a person has to keep the feet out from under cover during the coldest nights in winter because of the heat and prickly sensation, it is time that coffee, which causes the trouble, be left off.

There is no end to the nervous conditions that coffee will produce. It shows in one way in one person and in another way in another. In this case the lady lived in Vermillion, S. Dakota.

She says: "I have had to lie awake half the night with my feet and limbs out of the bed on the coldest nights, and feel afraid to sleep for fear of catching cold. I had been troubled for years with twitching and jerking of the lower limbs, and for most of the time I have been unable to go to church, or to lectures because of that awful feeling that I must keep on the move.

"When it was brought to my attention that coffee caused so many nervous diseases, I concluded to drop coffee and take Postum Food Coffee to see if my trouble was caused by coffee drinking. I only drank one cup of coffee for breakfast, but that was enough to do the business for me. When I quit it my troubles disappeared in an almost miraculous way. Now I have no more of the jerking and twitching and can sleep with any amount of bedding over me and sleep all night, in sound, peaceful rest.

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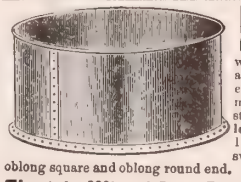

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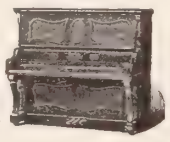

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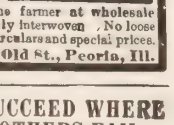

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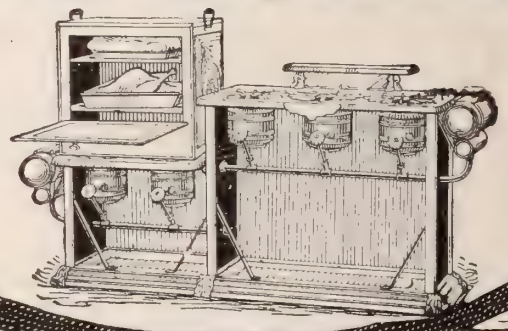

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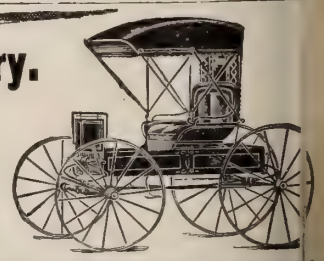

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 21

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REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1901

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SEE PAGE 471

CHINA'S GREAT FAMINE—A Group of Christian Missionaries in Shansi

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL BAG not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department. **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered June 26

1. Is it right or wrong for a Christian to desire the good opinion of the world's people? If right, to what extent may he go to win and retain such good opinion?

2. Are we morally bound to educate the negro?

3. Since in the present time no one has the power possessed by the Apostles of imparting the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands, is there any benefit to a pastor in being ordained?

4. If a person desires to come to the communion table to obey his Lord's command, is a pastor or officer of a church justified in excluding him, on the ground of heresy, or past sin?

5. If the chairman of a company, or a bank, whose name has been influential in attracting shareholders, discovers that the company is likely to fail, is he justified in resigning and selling out, without acquainting the public with his reasons?

Questions of the Week

1. When one is weak in expressing his wants, is it right to come to God in prayer, night and morning, and say the same things over and over, day after day? If not, what should be done under the circumstances?

The soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed, constitutes prayer. Oratorical prayers are not prevailing prayers with God. When one's prayers become a mechanical monotonous routine of repetition, the soul-life is dead and needs resurrection. To such a troubled soul, read that literature, seek that society, attend those meetings, think and meditate on those things that arouse one's better self to nobler aspirations and spiritual purity. Endeavor to live in frequent communion with God, and everywhere, anywhere, anytime, speak with him in spirit, talk to him in soul language, tell him all your wants, as to your best friend, and I believe you will overcome this difficulty and God will give you great blessing. WALTER W. HUBBARD.

* * *

Paucity of words in prayer has for its cause two spiritual conditions diametrically opposed. When, under the power of the Holy Ghost, we are too full for utterance, and we know not what to ask as we ought, the Spirit helpeth our infirmities with groanings that cannot be uttered. Such was the Saviour's prayer in Gethsemane, when, being in an agony, he prayed three times in the same words. Also the blind man at Jericho (Luke 18 : 38, 39). At such times we can only throw ourselves at the Saviour's feet, "be silent unto God" and worship in spirit. On the other hand, inability to pray may come from an absence of the spirit of prayer, when we feel listless and cold at our devotions, when we find ourselves drifting into a form of words or lip-service as a substitute for the "inwrought prayer of the Holy Ghost." We have the will to pray, but not the spirit. At such times I have found it very helpful to read one of the Psalms of Praise, such as the 103, 136, and others, for he has said, "He that offereth me praise glorifieth me," or, as the Revised Version has it, "He that offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving," etc. Another favorite plan of mine is to think of Jesus as a dear present friend, and then tell him how I feel about prayer just now, and that as he knows all my wants, I will trust him to supply them, and then devote the hour to thanking him for his goodness to me in the past. Before I have half finished, the spirit of prayer is upon me and the difficulty at an end. God does not hear us for our much speaking.

AMELIA BRADFORD.

2. Do any of the elements that caused the decay of Rome and Greece exist in our own republic to-day?

While the elements which caused the decay of Rome and Greece, if existing at all, have as yet had no important influence in our country, yet considerable danger lies in the fact that opportunities for their development may arise. Perhaps the similarity shown by the character of Rome and Greece to that of our own republic, might, to a great extent justify this opinion. The Roman unity of purpose, bravery, and strong national individuality, are qualities which distinctly characterize our nation. The Greek life, with its thirst for knowledge, its intellectual advantages, and its civilizing influence, corresponds greatly to that which we live to-day. But the Roman republic, becoming an empire, won the supremacy of the world, and was not able to govern it, conquered the world, and was unable to defend itself; while the decay of Greece was caused by internal dissension. Without doubt, the people of our country are awakening to a great responsibility, and are considering the importance of the following questions. (1) Are we drifting toward imperialism? (2) Will our republic ever become an empire? (3) Like Rome, will it become so powerful that its own weight will cause its fall? (4) Will political, social or religious dissension bring about its ruin? But our republic is yet young, and undoubtedly its zenith and the important part of the life of its controling policy lies in the future, and the future no one can correctly judge.

JOSEPH HEIDMEYER.

3. Is the increase of the Christian Church in wealth and worldly resources to be regarded, on the whole, as a healthy spiritual sign or the reverse?

History indicates that it is not a healthy sign. The periods of the church's worldly prosperity have usually been periods of decadence. There has been a tendency in such times to say, as did the church of Laodicea (Rev. 3 : 17), "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." At the same time, the possession of riches is quite compatible with spirituality. There are, as we in this country have good reason to acknowledge, wealthy men who consecrate their wealth to God. A sincere Christian in business may prosper through the principles of Christianity, which conduce to industry, integrity and clean living. I can imagine a church composed of wealthy men being a church of great power, contributing liberally to the advance of Christ's Kingdom, and doing an immense amount of good in alleviating the burdens of the poor. There is nothing in wealth itself to render a man unfit for the Kingdom of God. It is hard for him to enter, as Christ said, because human nature is apt to love its wealth and to trust in it; but when a wealthy man really gives himself to the Lord, he has opportunities for service which do not lie within reach of the poor man; and if he uses them faithfully, he is more useful, and accomplishes more good. There have been such men, and there still are such men. The church, like the individual, may trust in its riches; and if it does, it is in an unhealthy condition; but it may consecrate its riches, and then it is capable of better service. We must look to other signs to learn if the possession of wealth has eaten into its soul, making it proud, arrogant and sordid, or helpful, beneficent and compassionate, before we can say whether it is the better or the worse for its wealth. EDWARD WRIGHT.

4. What is the best disposition the United States Government could make of Aguinaldo?

At the proper time he should be given the consideration due his personal characteristics and influence, and be permitted to work out his future, beginning as a private Filipino citizen. Now, he should be treated kindly, but watched as a paroled enemy.

C. P. ATKINSON.

* * *

Our Government should be urged to adopt a plan to Christianize them, and put Aguinaldo at the head of the work. His conversion would evangelize that part of the world.

J. FLOMERZELT.

* * *

To leave him in the island would be a mistake. When a Napoleon is defeated, banish him out of Paris. Bring Aguinaldo to the United States, and with kindness we will kill the rebel within him. Then he will understand and love us. After civilizing him here, send him home to civilize his own people.

R. T. EDWARDS.

* * *

Let him be associated with persons of refinement and of true Christian character. Avoid anything tending to deception. Allow him to visit and learn all about our country. By so doing we may help him to become a Christian and fit him for a great and useful career among his own people.

EVA W. MITCHELL.

* * *

If he keeps the oath of allegiance he should be allowed a large degree of liberty, and his influence be used to secure further pacification of the islands. To give him at present any important office would arouse suspicion that his influence had been won by such a bribe. G. E. KRAUTH.

* * *

He should be kept under the thumb of the United States authorities until a settled state of affairs comes about in the islands, after which his influence will amount to nothing, when he may be safely turned loose. No future favors or honors should ever be bestowed upon him, not only on account of his incorrigibility and lack of principle, but also on account of his complete lack of ability of any sort. L. T. RIGHTSELL.

* * *

Aguinaldo should at present be considered, not as the nation's captive, but rather as the nation's guest. He has taken the oath of allegiance, and is worthy of the respect and confidence of the American people. His talents should not be destroyed, and his people should not be exasperated by making him a friendless exile. The sincerity of his purposes during his past career is sufficient reason for dealing with him according to the principles of the Golden Rule.

OBED JOHNSON.

5. To what occupation are the duties of both kings and pastors compared in the Bible?

The duties of kings and pastors are compared to those of shepherds and nurses. The prophet Micaiah likened Israel to "sheep without a shepherd" when their king, Ahab, was slain (I Kings 22: 17; II. Chr. 18 : 16). Ezekiel reproved the "shepherds of Israel," that is, the kings, for leading their flocks astray. Also, Jeremiah pronounced woe on the "pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep." (Jer. 23:1). Paul and other apostles referred to Christ as the "chief shepherd," his followers as "the sheep," or "the flock," whose elders and leaders were the pastors or under-shepherds.

Both are also compared to a nurse, see Isa. 49:23. "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers," and I. Thess. 2:7, "We were gentle among you even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

G. FOOTE.

Miscellaneous Questions

We have received several letters from readers making inquiries concerning the progress of the missionaries in **India** in the allotment of famine orphans. We are sure our readers will make allowance for the condition of affairs, when they bear in mind the fact that India has lost through cholera, plague and fever, many of the best missionaries there, and many others have, through sickness, been compelled to take a furlough. Consequently, the missions are, as a rule, under-manned; and although the remaining missionaries are working faithfully and untiringly, they seem unable to catch up. The consciousness that they are behind in their work helps to unnerve them. A little more patience with the missionaries will bring matters around to the satisfaction of all concerned.

J. S., Philadelphia. When a man, who has caused the ruin of a woman, repents and exercises faith, and is admitted to heaven, while the woman he has ruined commits suicide, and is eternally lost—is there not, from a human point of view, a miscarriage of justice?

The cases should not be considered relatively, though it is natural to do so. Taking first the case of the man, who is in nearly all cases the worse sinner, we have no right to complain of mercy being extended to him. It is the glory of God that no one is too vile to be pardoned, on repentance and faith. As God places no limit to the offer, we have no right to criticize his action. It must be right. The case of the woman must be regarded in the same light. If she repented and trusted in Christ, even though driven by the implacability of society, into such distress as to produce the aberration of mind that usually accompanies or leads to suicide, there can be no doubt that she, too, was pardoned. In any case, we must remember that her fate rests with God, who is all-wise and merciful. When we read how Jesus dealt with a woman who sinned in the same way (John 8 : 1–11), we cannot believe that she, or those who pity her, will ever have cause to regard her t, whatsoever it may be, as a miscarriag of justice.

Julie A. H., Pana, Ill. Is there any authorit or where did the idea originate, for clothing an s with wings, as followed by our artists d authors?

The word may be variously interpre d, viz.: The Hebrews understood it to mean ot only the wings of a bird, but also the la et or flap of a garment (see Ruth 3 : 9), th x- tremity of a country (Job 38 : 13), the w gs of the wind (Ps. 18 : 10), a sunbeam (Ma ni 4 : 2), and also protection or defence (M t. 23 : 37). Isaiah speaks of the wings of ar es (8 : 8). The artistic interpretation has en preferably the wing, like that of a bird. ee Exodus 25 : 20 and 37 : 9; I. Kings 6 : 2 ; Isaiah 6 : 2, and many other passages, w h afford ground for such an interpretation.

J. C. S., Galesburg, Ill. A man, who lived a p right Christian life, was, through misfo ne and old age, unable to pay a debt, which h d owed for years. It troubled him grievousl d on his death-bed he would not receiv he sacrament, feeling himself unworthy beca of this unpaid debt. Did he die in sin? 2. C ht his widow to give her homestead claim, ch is all she has, to discharge this debt? id any persons beside the disciples see Jesus er his resurrection?

1. The debtor's distress and self-repr ch show him to have been an honest man no would gladly have discharged the debt it had been in his power. Therefore he di ot die in sin. God does not require more a man than he is able to perform. 2. The homestead claim came to her personally he is not in duty bound to surrender it; if i as left to her by her husband, it would r ve her conscience to offer it to the creditor, o, if he is a merciful man, would not acce it, when he learns that it is all she has. 3 he Apostle Paul mentions (1. Cor. 15 : 6) th he was "seen of above five hundred breth n." The word doubtless signifies his follo rs, but not disciples, as that word is gen lly understood. We do not know who ey were. At a meeting held shortly afte he ascension (Acts 1 : 15), only one hundre nd twenty were present.

C. S., Philadelphia, Pa. A good plan uld be to enclose the amount in a letter, s ng that it was sent in restitution, and askin for- giveness. It is not necessary to mak the matter public. When a person sends n ney to the "Conscience Fund" of the U ed States Treasury, in Washington, the ter simply explains that his conscience leac im to return what he has withheld. He do not bare his offence to the world, as no goo nd could be served by doing so, and many rts might be made to suffer.

M. C. H., Ottawa, Can. No information.

Subscriber, Avalon, Pa. Inquire of a numis ist.

A. W. L., Love City, O. The time limit the best system.

K. T. K., Arbuckle, W. Va. We have no ans of knowing.

A. A. P., Woodbury, N. Y. No, it is per ted, and no publication objects.

Mrs. S. A. McC., Logan, Tex. No, we not recommend such a course.

Emily L. McC., Maryville, Mo. We no harm in it, unless carried to excess.

Anxious One. Certainly not. We are to the means, and ask God to give the blessing.

S. K. K., Temperance, Mich. Nothing is own beyond what is revealed in the Scriptures.

Charles J. E., Lodi, Wis. Either way r be right. It is a matter of personal preference.

E. H., Lysander, N. Y. The populat of Canada is probably somewhere between 6 ,000 and 7,000,000.

David McC., Duncansville, Pa. For infor tion about Mormons, write General John Eato The Concord, Washington, D. C.

Wm. D. Barwick, Rainy River, Ontario an. Write to Prof. Young, of Princeton Univers , or to Garrett P. Serviss, the New York *Sun*.

Miss Jessie H., Jonesboro, Tenn. The p m is by Rev. W. Alexander, and first appeared out fifty years ago in the *Dublin University Ma ine.*

Mrs. E., Brighton, Colo. It is impossible an- swer such a question. Doubtless, howev the mental condition of a man in such a plight r t be most miserable.

Reader, Lyndhurst, N. J. How a ministe ould conscientiously write a letter strongly comn ling one whose business is the ruining of soul an ody, passes comprehension.

W. A. C., Kinsman, O., writes that the S tch- Irish of the Kentucky and Tennessee mo tain districts are not of mixed nationality, as sor sup- pose, but are Scotch who, for a time, were c llers in Ireland before emigrating to this country

Charles D., Buda, Ill. The question car s its own answer. It should be possible for ri and poor to worship together, in mutual agr ent. since God is no respecter of persons, and reg s the heart, not the bank account; but it too fre ntly happens that the rich worshipper looks dow pon the poor one.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

A TONKAWA CHIEF

A TONKAWA SQUAW AND CHILD AND AN APACHE CHIEF

ACCEPTING A PONY AS A GIFT

Tribes : : : : : Celebrating on their Ancient Battleground :

A GREAT INDIAN PEACE FESTIVAL

How Christianity is Transforming a Once Savage Race : : : :

BY IDA A. ROFF

ONE of the most significant events in recent Indian history took place recently. It was a ceremonious visit of the Tonkawas to the Kiowas. Years ago, no one ever imagined that Tonkawas and Kiowas would ever meet, except as enemies, but here they were in this Oklahoma valley, in the capacity of hosts and guests, vieing with one another in cordiality. The meeting shows how much Christian civilization has done to tame their wild natures.

The origin of the feud between the Kiowas and the Tonkawas is of long standing. The latter have an awful record behind them. They were the dreaded enemies of all the tribes in the Southwest. As their name implies they were cannibals. More than thirty years ago, these seized a Kiowa papoose, and killed and ate it at one of their horrible feasts. It proved a fatal act. The Kiowas brooded over the outrage, and quietly awaited their opportunity to avenge it. They were determined and alert, but they made no sign until the chance should occur to take their enemy at a disadvantage. The time came at last. The Tonkawas were encamped in the Tonkawa Valley, in Oklahoma, through which flows a small stream. The Kiowas stealthily surrounded the camp, and attacked them so suddenly that there was no time to don their war-paint, and barely time to snatch their weapons.

A terrible bloodshed resulted, and the Tonkawas were almost exterminated. Twelve of their tribe of four hundred Indians hastened to be away from camp, and they were the only ones to escape being massacred. This event occurred nearly thirty years ago.

Indians are full of superstitious fears, and it is only very recently they will pass through this valley, because they say that the groans and crying of the dead Kiowas and Tonkawas can still be heard.

Evidence that former things are passing away and new and better things are taking place is manifested by the friendly visit paid to the Kiowas by the Tonkawas recently.

The Tonkawa tribe, now numbering about forty, surprised the Kiowas by asking to visit them. They came prepared for a long stay, bringing their tents, tepees, wagons, ponies, and all their Indian paraphernalia, including their buckskin suits, feathers, paint, etc.

To show their good friendly feeling, the Tonkawas announced they would give a dance for the entertainment of the Kiowas, and Indian etiquette demanded that the Kiowas, in return, should give gifts to the visitors. Indian gifts consist of beef, shawls, blankets, but principally ponies.

The great day of the dance at last arrived, and everybody went; the white people, too. The ride among the camps showed active preparation. The Indians were brushing their black, glossy hair, tieing it with ribbons or twisting it with long strips of fur; dressing up in their buckskins, strings of beads and feathers. The dancers fastened bands of bells below their knees. Their toilet would have been far from complete if they had not further beautified themselves with plenty of green, yellow and red paint, in rings about their eyes, stripes and spots upon the cheeks, forehead, legs, arms and bodies.

THE TONKAWA VISITORS MARCHING TO GREET THEIR HOSTS, THE KIOWAS

The chief of the Tonkawas, while walking about in great pomp, believing himself to be the person of most importance, and trying to appear perfectly unconcerned, suddenly discovered a kodak aiming at him, and before he could be "shot" became highly indignant. He could speak English fairly well, and he said: "The white people got no business, take my picture. To-morrow I write 'Father Washington' about it." He thought he had "heap scared" the white people. When "to-morrow" came, however, he had quite changed his mind, and came asking to have his photograph taken.

At the sound of the drum, or "tom-tom," there was a general stir, and the Indians began to assemble, and then marched in a big group, keeping step over to the arbor, which had been erected for the purpose. A great crowd of Indians, Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches and white people followed, some walking, some riding; one, two and three on a pony, some in buggies, and others in covered wagons. A nice level place had been selected, and on reaching this spot the crowd of spectators gathered itself in a circle about the arbor. The big drum was placed upon the ground at one end, and five Indian-men sat around it and beat it, and sang with all the force and power with which they were possessed. The dancers sat upon the grass until a leader got up and started in his fantastic fashion, the women began to sing in a fine falsetto voice: and, one after another, both men and women arose to dance. They interspersed shouts now and then, and while the concert of drum, bells, singing and shouting was a very big noise, it was not altogether inharmonious, for there was a rhythm peculiar to Indian music through it all. At a certain change of the music, there was a general shout, and all sat down.

Those who had brought gifts then chose one of the Tonkawas as the recipient of his present. The "Thank you" was very impressive, a great deal of talking, and motions and raising of the hands as though invoking heaven's lasting blessing.

The ponies that were led up to the new masters and mistresses were gaily painted in designs of red, green and yellow. The manes and tails were painted some bright color and sometimes tied with bright ribbons and handkerchiefs and often an additional gift of a nice blanket would be on the pony's back.

The dancing and presentation of gifts lasted from about four o'clock till sunset.

Peace and good-will and utmost pleasure reigned supreme. The dance took place almost in view of the valley where the early massacre occurred. The two events were worthy of contrast, though to be sure the latter did not appear like a very civilized performance, yet undoubtedly a better spirit, that may be one result of the little leaven of Christianity and civilization, exists among them. If the good work still continues, who can fortell the story another thirty years will add to this.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Pleasures of Life

TEXT, II. Samuel 2: 14:

"LET THE YOUNG MEN NOW ARISE AND PLAY BEFORE US."

THERE are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword-fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side; so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then, and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a strait-jacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the Church of God has, for the main part, ignored it. But Paul the Apostle commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world, God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figure we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear; and that the winds sigh, but they never did have any trouble; and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose, and the universe a garland.

And I am glad to know that in all our cities there are plenty of places where we may find elevated moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of the worst things in these cities is corrupt amusement. Multitudes have gone down under the blasting influence, never to rise. If we may judge of what is going on in many of the places of amusement by the pictures on board fences, and in many of the show-windows, there is not a much lower depth of profligacy to reach.

I project certain principles by which you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is right or wrong.

Tests of Amusements

I remark, in the first place, that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result, or by its baleful reaction. Blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces, and whose life is a song, an anthem, a pæan of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower, on the top of which the sunlight sits, and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse is gay, it wants a stout driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work, with his eyes bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are wrong kinds of amusement. Our recreations are intended to build us up; and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

There is nothing more depraving than attendance upon amusements that are full of innuendo and low suggestion. The young man enters. At first he sits far back, with his hat on and his coat collar up, fearful that somebody there may know him. Several nights pass on. He takes off his hat earlier, and puts his coat-collar down. The blush that first came into his cheek when anything indecent was enacted comes no more to his cheek. Farewell, young man! You have probably started on the long road which ends in consummate destruction. The stars of hope will go out one by one, until you will be left in utter darkness. Hear you not the rush of the maelstrom, in whose outer circle your boat now dances, making merry with the whirling waters? But you are being drawn in, and the gentle motion will become terrific agitation. You cry for help. In vain! You pull at the oar to put back, but the struggle will not avail! You will be tossed, and dashed, and shipwrecked, and swallowed in the whirlpool that has already crushed in its wrath ten thousand hulks. Young men who have just come from country residence to city residence will do well to be on guard and let no one induce them to places of improper amusement. It is mightily alluring when a young man, long a citizen, offers to show a new-comer all around.

Still further; Those amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you hundreds or thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

Expensive Pleasures

The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing-party has burned up the boy's primer. The table-cloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping"; large bets on horses, have their counterparts in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appal the Church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly-figured carpet of the mansion, and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

I saw a beautiful home, where the bell rang violently late at night. The son had been off in sinful indulgences. His comrades were bringing him home. They carried him to the door. They rang the bell at one o'clock in the morning. Father and mother came down. They were waiting for the wandering son, and then the comrades, as soon as the door was opened, threw the prodigal headlong into the doorway, crying, "There he is, drunk as a fool. Ha, ha!" When men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment, and then into lying, and then into theft; and when a man gets as far on as that, he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements.

Merchant, is there a disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money-drawer? Did not the cash account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you do not give him in lawful salary.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens. The young man says, "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip, and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses. Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hard-working men hear the clatter of the hoofs, and look up and say, "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from! We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is

A Thrill and an Excitement

They stare at other people, and in turn are stared at. The watch-chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush. The eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out, "Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?" Passing along the street some night, you hear a shriek in a grog-shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grog-shop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds, and close his eyes in death. They forgive him all he ever did, although he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last.

I go further, and say those are unchristian amusements which become the chief business of a man's life. Life is an earnest thing. Whether we were born in a palace or hovel: whether we are affluent or pinched, we have to work. If you do not sweat with toil, you will sweat with disease. You have a soul that is to be tr[a]s-figured amidst the pomp of a judgment day; and [a]er the sea has sung its last chant, and the mountain s[h]ll have come down in an avalanche of rock, you will [b]re and think and act, high on a throne where seraphs s[i]g, or deep in a dungeon where demons howl. In a w[o]rld where there is so much to do for yourselves, an[d] so much to do for others, God pity that man who [h]as nothing to do.

Your sports are merely means to an end. They[a]re alleviations and helps. The arm of toil is the only [o]ne strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the [d]eep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower w[h]ere business and philanthropy rest while on their wa[y] to stirring achievements. Amusements are merely [t]he vines that grow about the anvil of toil, and the [c]as-soming of the hammers. The man who always [g]oes on his sporting-jacket, ready to hunt for game in[t]he mountain or fish in the brook, with no time to pra[y] or work, or read, is not so well off as the greyhound [t]hat runs by his side, or the fly bait with which he whip[s] the stream. A man who does not work does not know [h]ow to play. If God had intended us to do nothing[b]ut laugh, he would not have given us shoulders with w[h]ich to lift, and hands with which to work, and brains [w]ith which to think. The amusements of life are merel[y] the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plu[s] through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood[,] age, and death. Then exit the last earthly opportu[n]ity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an eternal w[o]rld!

Evil Associates

I go further, and say that all those amusements [a]re wrong which lead into bad company. If you go t[o] any place where you have to associate with the intempe[r]ate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however [w]ell they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine [y]our moral character. They will drop you when you [a]re destroyed. They will give not one cent to support [y]our children when you are dead. They will weep no [o]ne tear at your burial.

I had a friend in the West—a rare friend. He [w]as one of the first to welcome me to my new home. To fine personal appearance, he added a generosity, f[r]ank-ness, and ardor of nature that made me love him [l]ike a brother. But I saw evil people gathering around [h]im. They came up from the saloons, from the gam[b]ling-hells. They plied him with a thousand arts. They seized upon his social nature, and he could not [w]ithstand the charm. They drove him on the rocks, like a [s]hip full-winged, shivering on the breakers. I used t[o] admonish him. I would say, "Now I wish you [w]ould quit those bad habits, and become a Christian." "[O]h," he would reply, "I would like to; I would like to; [b]ut I have gone so far I don't think there is any way b[a]ck." In his moments of repentance, he would go hom[e] and take his little girl of eight years, and embrace her convulsively, and cover her with adornments, and [t]hrew around her pictures and toys, and everything that [w]ould make her happy; and then, as though hounded [o]n by an evil spirit, he would go out to the enflaming cu[p] and the house of shame, like a fool to the correction [o]f the stocks.

I was summoned to his death-bed. I hastened [t]o. I entered the room. I found him, to my surprise, [s]itting in full every-day dress on the top of the couch. I [p]ut out my hand. He grasped it excitedly, and said, "[S]it down, Mr. Talmage, right there." I sat down. He said, "Wife, I wish you would take these string[s] off me. There are strings spun all around my bo[dy]. I wish you would take them off me." I saw i[t] was delirium. "Oh," replied his wife, "my dear, th[ere] is nothing there, there is nothing there." I knelt [d]own and prayed, conscious of the fact that he di[d] not realize what I was saying. I got up. I said, "[G]ood-bye; I hope you will be better soon." He said, "[G]ood-bye, good-bye."

The Close of a Ruined Life

That night his soul went up to the God who g[a]ve it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. [S]ome said, "Don't bring him in the church; he was t[o] dis-solute." "Oh," I said, "bring him. He was a [g]ood friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall st[a]nd by him now that he is dead. Bring him to the churc[h]." As I sat in the pulpit and saw his body comi[ng] up through the aisle, I felt as if I could weep te[ars] of blood. I told the people that day, "This ma[n] had his virtues and a good many of them. He h[ad] his faults, and a good many them. But if there is an[y] man in this audience who is without sin, let him cast th[e] first stone at this coffin-lid." On one side the pul[pit] sat

at little child, rosy, sweet-faced, as beautiful as any lle child that sat at your table this morning, I war- nt you. She looked up wistfully, not knowing the full rrows of an orphan child.

Oh, her countenance haunts me to-day, like some eet face looking upon us through a horrid dream. the other side of the pulpit were the men who had stroyed him. They sat and looked at the coffin like ltures gazing at the carcass of a lamb whose heart ey had ripped out! I cried in their ears as plainly as ould, "There is a God and a judgment-day." Did ey tremble? Oh no, no. They went back from the use of God, and that night, though their victim lay Oakwood Cemetery, I was told that they blasphem- and they drank, and they gambled, and there was t one less customer in all the houses of iniquity.

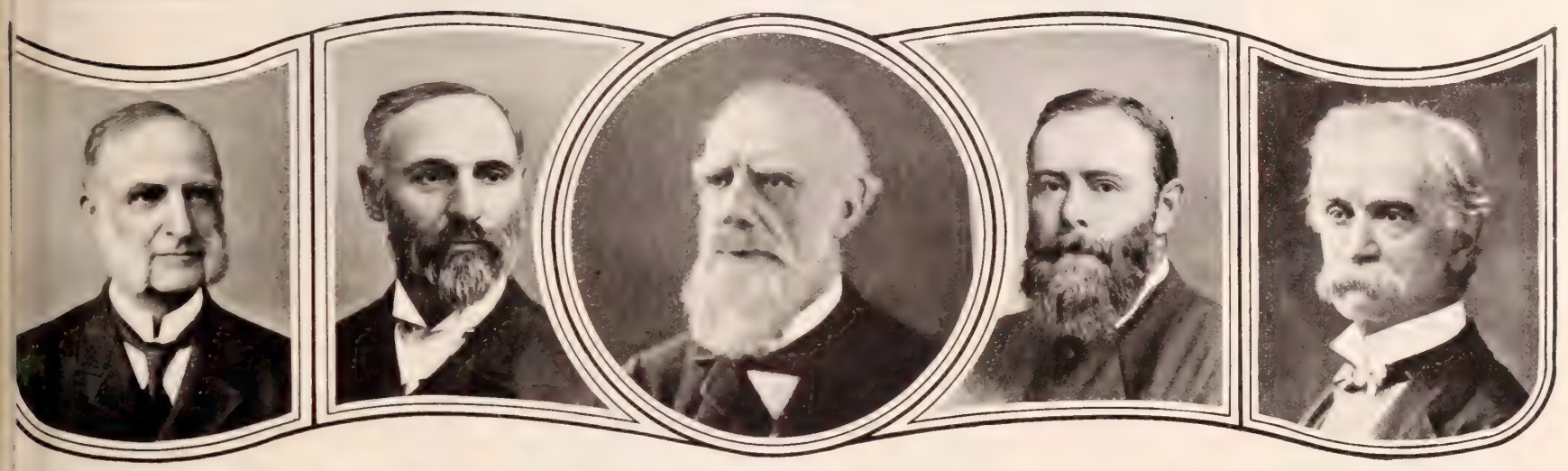
Again: Any amusement that gives you a distaste for mestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles ve been broken up by sinful amusements! The ther went off, the mother went off, the child went off. ere are to-day the fragments before me of blasted useholds. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would le to charm you back by the sound of that one word, ome." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and alas, if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect!

A Dying Wife's Reproach

I saw a wayward husband standing at the death-bed of his Christian wife, and I saw her point to a ring on her finger and heard her say to her husband, "Do you see that ring?" He replied, "Yes, I see it." "Well," said she, "do you remember who put it there?" "Yes" said he, "I put it there," and all the past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when, in the presence of men and angels, you promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow, and in sickness and in health; by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new home talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the joyful hour when one life was spared and another given; by that sick-bed, when the little one lifted up the hands and called for help, and you knew he must die, and he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in the cemetery that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where amidst stories of heavenly love, is the brief but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglects of the past, and by the agonies of the future; by a judgment-day, when husbands and wives parents and children, in immortal groups, will stand to be caught up in shining array, or to shrink down into darknesss; by all that, I beg you give to home your best affections.

Ah! my friends, there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last hour. If, from our death-pillow, we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand, and take the remaining pound of flesh and the remaining drop of blood; and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for heaven, the curtain will forever drop.

MR. R. C. MORSE L. C. WARNER, M.D. LORD STRATHCONA LORD KINNAIRD REV. GEO. M. VANDERLIP



THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF THE Y. M. C. A.

A NOTABLE JUBILEE

BY REV. JAMES H. ROSS

AN INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION IN BOSTON

THE fiftieth anniversary of the founding of so beneficent an institution as the Young Men's Christian Association on this continent could not be allowed to pass without appropriate celebration. Accordingly preparations have been made for a representative meeting at Boston, Mass., June 11-16, in memory of the event. Besides a large assembly from all parts of the United States and Canada, delegates to the number of one hundred and upwards are expected from Great Britain, France, Spain, Russia, Belgium, Switzerland, and other lands.

The first organizations on this continent were effected almost simultaneously in Montreal and Boston, in 1851. They were in great measure due to reports of the beneficent results of the movement in England originated by George Williams, of the dry goods firm of Hitchcock, Williams & Co., in 1844. The Montreal Association resulted from the visit of David Nasmith, of Glasgow, who organized a young men's society in the Baptist Chapel, in St. Helen's street. Later a young man who visited London and saw the working of the Y. M. C. A. there, brought a report of it which led to the expansion of the Montreal work on the new lines.

The credit of introducing the organization to the United States is mainly due to Mr. George M. Vanderlip, a native of New York State, who, while taking a course at Edinburgh University after graduating from the University of New York, wrote to a Boston Journal a description of the London Y. M. C. A. His letter was published October 30, 1851. The story made a deep impression on Captain T. V. Sullivan, who was then conducting a Marine Mission in Boston, and he at once undertook the work of organizing a similar institution to that described by Mr. Vanderlip. Subsequently Mr. Vanderlip returned to this country and found how large a harvest had resulted from his letter. He joined the New York Y. M. C. A. and his name appears in the first list of members issued by that institution in 1853. He will be an honored participant in the coming Boston celebration.

The subsequent history of the Y. M. C. A. is known and read of all men. It does not need to be detailed here. Suffice it to note that 6,192 branches now exist, with 521,000 members, among 50 nations, speaking 35 languages. The 1,439 American Associations have 2,000 members, of whom 32,000 are college students, 3,000 railroad men, 5,000 soldiers and sailors, 1,650 Indians, 1,000 miners, 5,000 colored men, 23,000 boys. There are now over 250 Associations in the non Christian lands, with about 11,000 members. Twenty-five new Associations have been added during the past year, and there has been a marked increase in the membership of the four leading city Associations, Tokio, Japan; Madras, India; Colombo, Ceylon and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

The Jubilee Convention will be historic and international. Many distinguished men and secretaries from many lands will attend as delegates and participants in the programme. Among them will be Lord Kinnaird,

SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS
Founder of the first Y. M. C. A. in London, in 1844

who has been connected with the Y. M. C. A. work for fully thirty years, since 1874, on the Central Committee, and since early in the eighties on the National Council. His lordship occupies a place in the front rank of public men who have advocated this cause. No one except Sir George Williams has rendered more constant personal service, while his lordship has been second to none in his gifts to the work, and has been a warm supporter of every movement for its extension both at home and abroad. Lord Kinnaird is president of the Young Woman's Christian Association, which was founded by his mother, Lady Kinnaird, and is in close association with all the work of the Y. M. C. A.'s. Lord Kinnaird is also president of the Scottish National Council of the Y. M. C. A.

Another distinguished delegate and speaker will be Lord Strathcona, of Montreal and London. He is Canada's "Grand Old Man." He is as old as Sir George Williams. In 1896 he retired altogether from political life, being then appointed to represent the Dominion in London as High Commissioner. Queen Victoria knighted him in 1886, and in 1897 she raised him to the Peerage as Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, of Glencoe in Argyll, and of Montreal in Canada. At the time of the Queen's Jubilee, 1887, he with Lord Mount Stephen, gave a million dollars for the building and endowment of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, which sum was supplemented with a further donation for maintenance. To McGill University, of which he is Chancellor, he has given many practical proofs of his interest in higher education. In 1896 he erected and endowed the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women.

The International Y. M. C. A. Committee whose headquarters are in New York, has the responsibility for the advisory management of the International Y. M. C. A. movement. Lucien C. Warner, M.D., is its chairman, and Richard C. Morse its secretary. The preparation of the programme is a part of their executive work. Both will make reports to the convention. Dr. Warner is a well known business man and philanthropist, identified with numerous religious organizations, inclusive of the American Missionary Association and the American Board of Foreign Missions.

Secretary Morse belongs to the celebrated Morse family of New York, being a son of the founder of the New York *Observer*, grandson of the great geographer, and nephew of the inventor of the electric telegraph. He was brought into the work of the Y. M. C. A. by Robert McBurney, the famous secretary of the New York Association, and began his work in October, 1869, as editor of the *Association Monthly*. For thirty years he has been in his present position and has been largely instrumental in guiding the organization through all these years of phenomenal growth and development. One great feature of the convention will be an immense historical exhibit, showing the origin and evolution of the Association movement.

TWO · GREAT · CHURCHES · IN · FRATERNAL · UNION

Baptists and Congregationalists in England Combine in United Assembly

MEETINGS have been taking place in London recently which, as Carlyle would have said, are significant of much. For many years past the chief events of the religious world in England at this season are the annual meetings of the great denominations. Occupying an important place among them are the Congregational and Baptist Unions. Heretofore, each denomination has held its own separate celebration; but this year they have met together. For the first time in their history, the two denominations assembled in joint session, the Chairman of the Congregational Union presiding, and the Chairman of the Baptist Union delivering the principal address. An unexpected, but altogether appropriate event was the appearance at the joint session of Principal Rainy, who is the Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland, and is therefore an embodiment and a representative of the spirit of union in Scotland. It was a graceful and fraternal act on his part to attend, and offer his congratulations on the happy combination of the two churches in England. If there were any persons present at the great meeting in the City Temple who were nervous at this fraternization, fearing that either Baptists or Congregationalists were surrendering the principles for which the two denominations respectively stood, they must have been reassured by the account Dr. Rainy gave of his own experiences of combination. Referring to the two churches in Scotland which have united in electing him their Moderator, he said:

SCENE IN THE LONDON CITY TEMPLE AT THE UNION OF BAPTIST AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES

"As to the mass of the two churches—that were two, and are now one—we find ourselves in the best of circumstances. We are finding out one another's good qualities. For as long as denominations, even denominations as near as yours, keep quite separate, there is a percentage of people in both of them that have a great aptitude for finding out the bad points of the other's denomination. I know that ever since the Reformation we are all agreed that there may be good and constraining grounds for separation; that, without saying that Christ has forsaken a given denomination, we may find it our duty to separate ourselves from it. I hold that. I hold also the grand unity of the Church of Christ in Christ, and by its relation to him. At the same time, I do very strongly hold that people who needlessly keep outwardly separate from one another and unfold competing banners before the world, are seriously misrepresenting the Church of Christ to the world—and that it is a service that is due to him to endeavour by all means to replace separation by unity when, with a good conscience and with a due regard to the views of men that are to be consulted, that can be brought to pass.

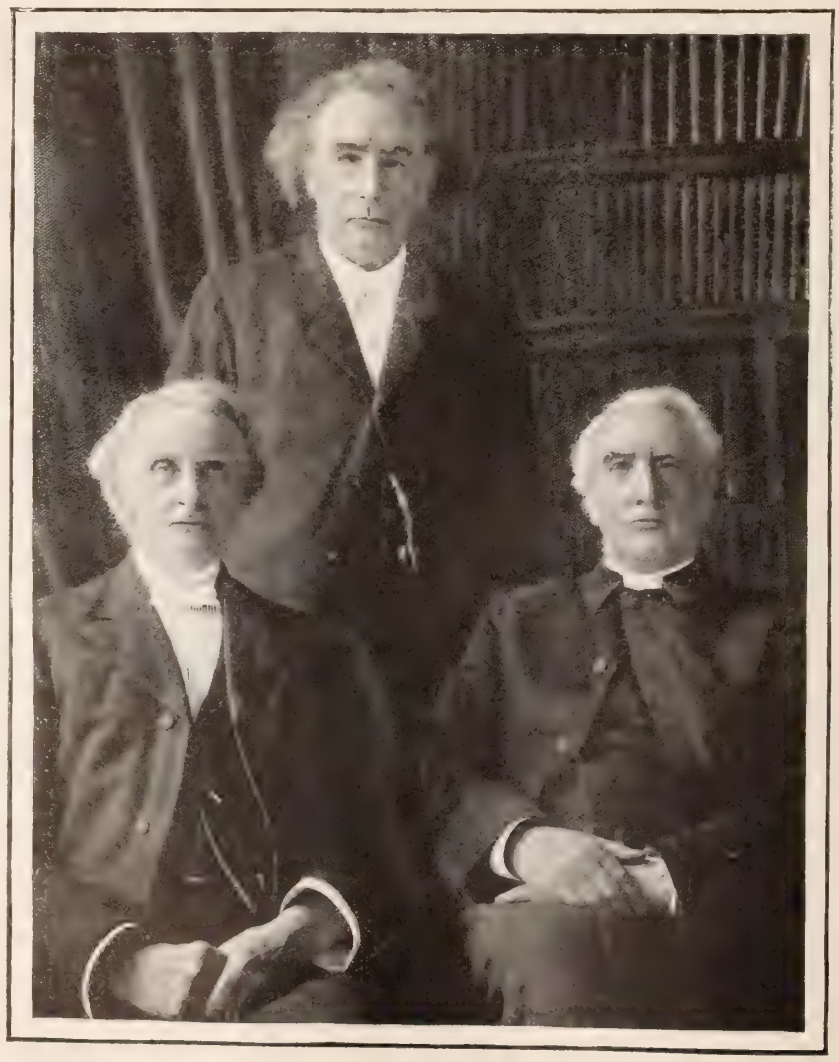
"Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; for when we come under the blessed dominion of Jesus Christ, then we are set free inwardly from every yoke, but the yoke of truth and the yoke of goodness. It has not been given to all Christians to be so consistent as to see how true this is, and how effect should be given to it; but I desire very earnestly to assure you how strong the impression of it is on our minds. And though we are Presbyterians, yet I will claim for us, and on every side, as well as for you, that our effort has been in devising and working our church arrangements and our church machinery, to have a conception that expresses the genius of religion—the Christian religion—as conceived in the evangelical way, as implying those relations of the soul to Christ, and to God through Christ, which we connect with the term evangelical religion. Now, I don't suppose, that we shall agree as to which has been most successful—all of us, I suppose, have been more or less imperfect—which has come nearest to a right view of how that problem is to be solved. But I think we shall give one another credit for having been honestly in earnest in endeavoring to work out that great thought, and no greater service could be rendered to Church history than the effort to do it. And the truth is that all along, although there have been memorable and lamentable periods in which, I suppose, perhaps the hardest task in the world that could be set a Congregationalist was to love a Presbyterian—although I admit that, yet I do think that the ties between us have not only been strong, they have been felt all d the line.

"We pray God to b the work of the minis and the people of both denominations which here recognizing the ti tween them, and who here coming together order that they may sperse again to new an more eminent and suc ful work for Christ."

Eloquent addresses made by Dr. Maclaren Dr. Parker, showing cordial were the new tions. Other meetings also held in which the perance Societies and Missionary Societies o two churches united ir ebration of their orga tion.

One of the chief sp ers at the Union mee was Prof. Fairbairn, head of the Congregat College at Oxford, happily described t principles which separ and those which unite two denominations. said that the two den nations did not minimise their differences, but the thing abhorent was the assumption that, because brother did not hold another's view, therefore he outside the covenants of God. It was not Bap that made them Christians; they thought as they c Baptism because they were Christians. To Bap Baptism was a symbol of conversion, which could be realised by an adult, and a sign of complete p confession of faith. To himself as a Congregation Baptism spoke of a nature sanctified from within birthmark, of a beginning of a life within, rather without, the kingdom of God. It bore witness transcendental unity in which the pa welcomed as heir to their spiritual age a soul God had made and Chri redeemed. Each side had its own id the symbolism of Baptism. After a ing to the present political situatic England, Dr. Fairbairn pointed ou need of a vigorous stand by the chu against greed and luxury, and the n sity of righteous men standing tog in insisting on the Government pursu righteous policy. In conclusion, he "I appeal to you as representatives c Free Churches to rise up in your sands, in your churches, to live unre unhasting, resolved to build Ch Kingdom in England."

All the more impressiveness was l this great occasion by the fact tha chairmen of the two unions are ack edged to be the chief and most repr tative preachers, respectively, in denominations. Dr. Joseph Parke Chairman of the Congregational U and Dr. Alexander Maclaren, the P dent of the Baptist Union, have rendered such services to their chu and to the world at large, by tongu pen, that their presence together o same platform implies the concurre the members of the denominations i union organized by their leaders. evident that, at last, the greatest thi in both churches have turned their tion away from the points of differe the points on which they are agreed. result is one on which every Chr may congratulate himself. It may l beginning of a movement, which wi end until the forces of unrighteousn atheism and materialism, find thems opposed, no longer to an enemy di in counsel and operation, wastin money and efforts in expensive sep organizations and cumbrous dup machinery, but an enemy united a army in defense of Christ's cause an principles of righteousness. So at las century may witness the fulfilment o Lord's hope and the answer to his pr "That they all may be one, as thou, F art in me, and I in thee, that they may be one in us: that the world m lieve that thou hast sent me."



DR. A. MACLAREN DR. JOSEPH PARKER PRINCIPAL RAINY

Leaders of the movement in Great Britain for the union of churches.

THE TAI KU CART AND DRIVER

NATIVES OF SHANSI AT MEALS

GARDEN IRRIGATION IN SHANSI

MISSIONARIES PLEAD FOR CHINA'S DYING

THEY CALL ON CHRISTIAN AMERICA TO HELP THE SHANSI FAMINE SUFFERERS

THE desperate condition of the famine-stricken people of Shansi and Shensi in China for whom Li Hung Chang lately appealed to Americans, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is graphically described in letters just received from returned missionaries, extracts from some of which are given below. These eloquently reinforce the appeal of the Chinese statesman for his perishing people, and constitute a strong argument for the sending of prompt relief.

In a letter to the *North China Herald*, a missionary, who has had years of experience in the present famine field, and who is now in Hankow, writes, telling of the sufferings of the natives, rich and poor alike, in language that reads like a page of the terrible story of India's affliction. Seven-eighths of the inhabitants of the immense Hsian plain are destitute. In some villages, only one, or at most two, families have any food. Farmers this year reaped less than they had sown. Land is sold at quarter its value to buy a morsel of food. The wood-work of houses is pulled down and sold to raise a meal. All the oxen have been killed. Vast caravans of famished men, women and children are ceaselessly traveling, hoping to leave the blighted territory and to find relief elsewhere.

Terrible Famine Scenes

In some districts, the mandarins are distributing relief to women, children, and feeble old men—a soup of flour and water. The scenes at the relief stations are pathetic. Thousands come holding tickets, and take their places in a semicircle, waiting frequently for hours for the meagre allowance of thin gruel to allay their hunger. In most towns the shops are closed, and those in which the shops are still open are the rendezvous of crowds of the famishing. Men have become like birds of prey—long, lank, cadaverous, and they snatch from the hands of the few fortunate ones any morsel of food that may be exposed. Every day many die, and are cast into the common pit.

It is noticeable among the starving, that the complexion changes, the yellow skin, being bloodless, grows dark. Even the once plump Chinese babies are reduced to skin and bone, their little hands and feet dangling loose, as though the muscles and tendons had dried up. Women and children are being sold, or given away. Infanticide is frightfully frequent. In every district, hundreds of pagan children will be cast on the Christian missions.

Desperation of the Sufferers

The same missionary gives some personal experiences among the famine-stricken. A woman pleads that her little child be taken in at the mission; for herself, she can beg. A pagan mother throws her starving baby at the mission door and runs away. A weeping mother (a woman formerly of wealth and social position) comes to the missionary and says she cannot bear to hear the crying of her hungry children.

One of the most startling developments of the famine is that it has emphasized the pagan disregard of death. It is quite common to hear a famished man or woman threaten to commit suicide, unless they receive immediate help. "Buy my land, or I'll make you responsible for my death," cries one who is in despair. "A morsel of bread, or I will destroy myself at your door," exclaims another. "Satisfy my hunger," screams a wretched, emaciated woman, "and I will follow you." A mother, weak with weeping, looks at her starveling babe, and holds it up to the stranger, saying, in broken voice, "Take it for a little alms for food!"

Even the strongest ties of love and affection seem to

MR. TU AND WIFE (OF SHANSI)

snap asunder in this furnace of terrible trial. A husband, torn with hunger, looks at his suffering wife, and then at the stranger, and says at last: "My wife is yours for a few strings of copper."

Rev. C. A. Stanley, another missionary, now in the United States, writes that the mortality is very great. The Shansi people have always been friendly to the missionaries. Missionaries should distribute the relief sent, having the Government's guaranteed protection. Mr. Stanley, during the famine of 1878, organized relief work in Shansi with three helpers, and had 20,000 destitute natives on his list, and has, therefore, practical experience. He adds, "the native Christians are in great need." Shansi was not a Boxer province.

Faithful Shansi Christians

Mr. McKie, a missionary in Shensi, escaped during the Boxer troubles, by coming through Shansi. In Tai-Yuen-fu the Christians were faithful to the last; not one denied Christ. When the missionaries, through the perfidy of the Governor, Yu Hsien (who favored the Boxers), were beheaded, the native Christians of Shansi were compelled to kneel down and drink their blood, and were killed while they knelt. The native Christian girls of the mission schools were taken into the wicked Governor's Yamen and asked: "Do you follow the foreigners?" "No," they said bravely, "we follow Christ." "Do you read the foreigners' books?" persisted the Governor. "No," they replied, "we read God's word." How many among ourselves would stand such a test as these Shansi Christians stood?

All the missionaries agree that the people of Shansi are peaceful, and that no trouble would ever have occurred there had not the Governor, Yu Hsien, with his Boxer followers, been the sole cause. They are now perishing in great numbers from the worst famine that has ever afflicted the province. It remains for us as a Christian nation, whose workers have been engaged for years past in spreading the Gospel in Shansi, to prove to these people the reality of Christian professions, and to show love and forgiveness. A liberal response to the appeal for aid for the famine-sufferers now will not only save life and elicit lasting gratitude, but it will pave the way for the resumption under brighter auspices than ever, of Gospel work among the natives

The Relief Fund

Contributions to the China Famine Relief work should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House. All contributions, however small, will be acknowledged in these columns. The following have been received:

Miss Emma Holdredge	$5 00	Mrs. Harshaw	2 00
Rev. J. F. A., Phila., Pa.	1 00	Dr. P. L. Moon	2 00
Mrs. H. C. Beebee	5 00	Mrs. J. R. Reed	10 00
T. W. Woodard	5 00	I. H. N., Belleville, Pa.	1 00
M. A. Andrews	1 00	J. M. P., Haydenville, Mass.	1 00
Mrs. Jos. Develin	2 00	E. B. Garrett	10 00
H. H. Christman	1 00	M. H. Garrett	10 00
I. F. P., Oaks, Pa.	6 00	Friends, Morristown, N. J.	25 00
Gabriel Fedde	5 00	I. H. N., Hendersonville, N. C.	1 00
H. C. Traverse	5 00	A Friend, Orange, Mass.	50
——, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00	W. F. Goldspohn	1 50
Mrs. Saloma Schwul	2 00	Mrs. Jas. Hall	1 00
Mrs. A. Godfrey	2 00	Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Albertson	2 00
Wm. Z. Carpenter	1 00	S. C. Rundell	1 00
Mrs. Mary J. Perry	1 00	M. A., Indianapolis, Ind.	5 00
Geo. C. Northrop	5 00	Friend, Bay City, Mich.	1 00
H. Hagaman and family	25 00	Mrs. O. S. Blakeman	4 00
Galen C. Whitmer	5 00	Mrs. N. K. Morrell	1 00
Marie S. Ladd	1 00	S. V. Beach	10 00
Mrs. Moody	5 00	Mrs. D. D. Lathrop	2 00
John W. Adams	1 00	Jane A. Warner	2 00
Subscriber, Readville, Mass.	1 00	W——, Tidioute, Pa.	10 00
Mrs. P. M. Hendel	1 50	E. H. Wyeth	2 00
May F. Woolever	2 00	W. LeGette	2 00
E. A. K. Hackett	100 00	W. G. S., Philadelphia, Pa.	5 02
T. R. Hollister	2 00	L. R. Bickley	2 00
Mrs. J. S. Shoff	1 00	Mr. and Mrs. Henry Whaly	5 00
Frank H. Rudd	2 00	I. H. N., Constableville, N. Y.	1 05
O. O. Campbell	1 00	Mrs. M. Bridgewater	2 00
Mrs. E——, Landisburg, Pa.	1 00		

A GODLY WOMAN'S APPEAL FOR CHINA

BY ALICE M. WILLIAMS, a Returned Missionary from Shansi

IT is truly gratifying to learn that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is taking up the cause of the sufferers of Shansi. The Chinese are a people that will suffer long without murmuring, so that when we hear that they appeal for help there must be genuine distress.

The Shansi Plain from north to south is very fertile, when they have rain. They have two harvests in the early summer and autumn, if one season fails they have the other. They live principally upon wheat, millet and sorghum. The poor rarely use flour—that is a luxury; but they grind the seed of the sorghum and that is their flour. In the spring of 1900 Miss Bird made special pleas for help to carry on relief work, and a few of the families were being supplied each week by the foreigners.

All this was before the terrible Boxer raid. What must be the condition of the people now? I fear that it is past human description. One faithful helper, Mr. Tu, escaped to the coast. He brought the tidings that eighty of our Tai-Ku Christians had been killed. Another "heard that they had met for worship, when the Boxers came and killed all but two. There is scarcely a home without bereavement, and their homes are robbed and plundered." Think of what their condition must have been this last winter. They are worse off than the poorest beggar. They have some place to creep into, but our native Christians were denied even that. Have they escaped the cruel ravages of winter? I fear not. Why are we so slow to aid them?

The country and people have barely recovered from the terrible famine which swept over Shansi about twenty years ago. This was the means [illegible] great work among that sturdy people. Now they are facing a new famine. Surely, God is paving the way for a spiritual harvest.

These natives are most worthy of help. They are industrious and peaceable. We always felt safe with them. Had it not been for Yu Hsien our loved ones would still be living. Won't you pray for this people? Won't you aid by sending your mite, however small? God will take care of the results.

My own woman and our Bible woman has told me with tears running down her face, how she longed for her daughters; but she sold them to buy food in the former famine. "Why did I not suffer death rather than part with them? But no one had told me that it was wrong. I saved my boys; but oh, my daughters!" Can we not spare more aching hearts by our help now?

Oberlin, O.

MISSIONARY VISITING ON THE FRONTIER

A FARM HOME IN WESTERN NEBRASKA

A COSY LOG HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIES

WHERE CHRIST'S NAME IS NOT HEARD

Unevangelized Homes on the Plain ... The Story of a Mission Tour ..

IN these days of widespread Christian effort, when the Gospel is carried to the farthest ends of the earth, it is almost incredible that, within the boundaries of the United States, there could be found a single white family in whose home the name of Jesus is unknown, save as an expression of profanity. Yet this is the remarkable assertion made by missionaries of the American Sunday School Union, who are now doing evangelistic work among the people of the northern counties of Nebraska. The facts set forth in the following letter, from Mr. S., one of the missionary workers, tell a pitiful story of the needy spiritual condition of these districts, and of the importance of sending the message of the Gospel to the people of the plains.

"I have just returned from a missionary trip in Nebraska, in company with a brother missionary. Each day we visited some town along the Fremont and Elkhorn Railroad, and each night a stereopticon lecture was given in some church.

"In the northern part of the State are some exceedingly large counties—Holt, Rock, Brown and Cherry—and there are but three resident ministers in these counties. So you can readily understand we were doing some pioneer work. Very few of the people had previously heard anything of our work, and they displayed great interest as we told them of the three hundred thousand neglected children outside of Sunday School in Nebraska alone, and the eleven millions or more in the same condition throughout the country.

"On my own field, revivals and numerous conversions are reported in all directions. House-to-house work has been productive of some blessed results. In one home—a little log house—I found an aged couple, in almost destitute circumstances. The husband was one of those poor unfortunates, who are their own worst enemies. For years the accursed drink habit had enslaved and impoverished him, until it culminated in the loss of farm and home. I told them of God's promises, that not only would he receive all who came to him through Christ; and, on the other hand, I told them that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' There was a genuine repentance.

"Traveling here, one can see how some of our Western people live. In one home were the grandfather and grandmother, the next generation and the next six children under twelve years being in the miserable sod shanty, with roof of poles, straw and dirt. Christ was not in this home. The children, I found, *knew nothing about him, except they had heard his name taken in vain.* The parents told me I was the first person who had ever carried to them the message of Christ. I asked permission to read the Scriptures and pray with them. I told them of the great love of Jesus that he loved and died for them—and begged of them to accept his love and proffered of mercy. They promised to do so, and to bring their little ones to Sunday School.

"In our Sunday Schools this winter many bright conversions have taken place, and I have no doubt several of these schools will soon blossom into churches. God has indeed blessed the work during the present year."

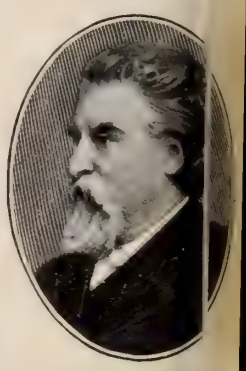
THE SOD HOUSE OF A FARMER ON THE PLAINS

MISSIONARIES MURDERED

NEWS comes from Australia that a horrible crime has been committed on the Island of New Guinea. Rev. James Chalmers and his young colleague, Rev. Oliver Tomkins, with ten native students, have been murdered on the Fly River. Reports of the death of Mr. Chalmers have come before this, for he was a daring man, who went on expeditions which seemed utterly hopeless. So his friends hoped that this report also might be untrue; but the news has now been confirmed with such fulness of detail that no basis for hope remains. The story of his death is so likely to have been true, from what we know of the man, that it gains credence by its probability. There was, it is reported, a tribal fight; and Chalmers attempted to make peace and so lost his life, and his companions perished with him. This was not the first time, by many, that the "fearless Tamate," as Robert Louis Stevenson called him, took his life in his hand and marched in between the ferocious warriors of New Guinea. On one occasion he faced a furious chief, wrested the club from his hands, and, linking arms with him, led him from the field of battle, and would not let him return until he had solemnly pledged himself to peace. Many a time he was within an instant of death; but, absolutely fearless, he had always been delivered. Now, at last, he has fallen, and there is mourning alike among the savages, who loved him, and the Christian people of his own land.

Mr. Chalmers was sixty years old, but there was so much vigor and energy in his big, well-knit frame that when he was home on furlough recently he looked as if he might live twenty years longer. He was a Scotchman, born of humble parents on the estate of the Duke of Argyll. As a lad and in his young manhood he was full of fun and of the spirit of adventure. Twice he was brought home as dead by fishermen who had rescued him from the Loch into which he had plunged to save some life. At the age of nineteen he was converted, but there was no change in his bright, cheery spirit or his brilliant courage. He determined to consecrate his life to missionary work, and the more dangerous the field the more attractive it was to him. He studied at Cheshunt College, and soon after graduation he was appointed to the field in which John Williams suffered martyrdom. He was twice wrecked and nearly drowned before he reached the islands of the South Seas. Ten years he spent at Raratonga, learning the languages of the tribes and teaching in the schools. Then he went to the savage cannibals tribe of New Guinea and settled down to his discouraging pioneer labors. His great stature and his dauntless bearing produced a good impression on the native tribes. They conceived a respect for him which grew as they came to recognize the loving, noble spirit of the man. Early in his settlement there arose a fierce dispute which promised fearful bloodshed. Chalmers studied the points of difference, and interposed so successfully that the natives called him "the Peacemaker"—a name which he bore among them to the end.

Scarcely anything was known of New Guinea when Chalmers went there in 1877. He surveyed the coast, penetrated into the interior, and made friends with all the native chiefs. Not since the days of Livingstone has any missionary done such daring service as a pioneer. For more than a thousand miles he was known as a welcome visitor and as an arbitrator in tribal disputes. Few white men have ever so completely won the reverence of savages. When, at last, he had the joy of baptizing his first three converts, his cup of happiness seemed full. Then more came, and gradually a large company was organized into a church. Chalmers translated more than two hundred hymns into the native dialect. But the tide turned against him. Some slanderous stories were circulated, and Chalmers learned that certain chiefs had leagued together to kill him. With marvelous courage, he set out for the home of the leader of the conspiracy, to beard the lion in his den. No one ever expected to see him return. The unscrupulous character of his enemy was well known, and Chalmers would go unarmed. He entered his foe's abode, and sat down with him without a tremor. In the first minutes his life was not worth a moment's purchase, but before he left his enemy had become his friend. Respect for him increased through the island; and in the worst districts the news that "the Tamate" had arrived was the prelude to a settlement of differences. His influence was supreme, and those who saw most of him yielded to the Gospel that he preached. It must have been in a moment of frenzied passion that he was murdered.



REV. JAMES CHALMERS

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Wall Street's "Black Thursday"

MANY years will probably elapse before the exciting story of the great financial battle fought in Wall street on Thursday, May 9, is forgotten. Short-lived, yet exceedingly fierce was the struggle, and when its fury was spent, the street was littered with the wrecks of many thousands of speculators and petty investors, who had been involved in ruin when the entire list of active stocks went tumbling downward, as the result of the great fight between the "bulls" and "bears" for the control of Northern Pacific. For weeks the market had been buoyant and speculative stocks touched the highest figures known in many years. Tempted by the advance in prices, and lured by the possibility of making money easily, many thousands of investors all over the country bought stocks on margin, confident of a golden harvest on the rise." A few experienced financiers had already scouted a note of warning, foreseeing the sudden break that must come sooner or later on an inflated market; but it went unheeded. The first intimation of the trouble came on Wednesday, May 8, when a strong "bear" clique (representing railroad and oil millionaires), made a raid which resulted in a decline of millions in stock values in a single hour. Next day the market saw the worst panic that has been witnessed in a generation. Concentrating their forces, the "bear" raiders renewed their attack, and the market dropped with unprecedented velocity. The mails and wires were crowded with selling orders from frightened investors. Prices fell from 10 to 60 points all along the line. The great host of "margin" speculators, who had counted on handsome profits, saw their money swept away in a moment. Between ten and eleven o'clock thousands who, that morning, had reckoned themselves comfortably well off, were reduced to penury. Scenes of wild excitement accompanied the crash in quotations. Men grew frantic, and struggled like wild beasts, some shouting, others sobbing, but dry-eyed; when—for they, too, were caught by the gambling fever—fainted or grew hysterical as they realized their loss. Meanwhile, the greater battle between the speculative giants, raged wildly over Northern Pacific. They gave no heed to the multitude they were trampling underfoot in the struggle; they had no thought for the countless homes that would now be invaded by sorrow and desolation. Upward went the price of Northern Pacific, by great leaps. Other stocks were thrown overboard indiscriminately in the panic, and were sacrificed at almost any price. The "shorts" in Northern Pacific were making desperate efforts to get the stock, and offered such fabulous figures that it jumped by quick stages from 170, the opening quotation, to 1,000, at which price 300 shares were sold for $300,000 cash. When the panic was at its worst, relief came to the market from the leading city banks, which decided to loan $10,000,000 at market rates. At the same time it was announced that the time for the delivery of Northern Pacific stocks would be extended. These combined to give check to the demoralization, and the worst danger was soon over. The two great rival financial factions, whose operations caused the panic, adjusted their differences satisfactorily. It is estimated that while it lasted, the panic of Black Thursday cost not less than $500,000,000, widely distributed. It has brought sorrow and distress to homes in many States, and is a powerful illustration of the folly of that craze for sudden riches, which is a marked feature of our national character.

Riches make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle (Prov. 23: 5).

WALL STREET, NEW YORK, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT PANIC

A Fortune Sold

The correspondent of a Boston journal describes an incident of business life that is full of significance. It relates to the engagement of a boy in a large department store. He was employed, as was customary in the house with new beginners, in the lowest capacity. It was the two partners at the head of the house began life in just that position, and they being both childless, were looking out for the right kind of boy whom they could train to reach the highest office and eventually to become a partner. This boy was exceedingly bright, active and industrious. Both partners liked his appearance and habits and agreed between themselves to watch him closely. If he proved to be the right kind of boy his promotion was to be rapid. The head of the department was instructed to watch him also and report. He did so from time to time and his report was always favorable. After a few weeks the partners consulted and agreed to give the boy six months' trial, and if at the end of that time he had still a good record his promotion would begin. Of course, no intimation of his good fortune was given to the boy, and the scrutiny was continued. The last week of the six months' probation arrived, when one morning the superintendent saw the boy slip something slyly into his pocket. He insisted on knowing what it was, and ultimately the boy confessed that he had stolen a quarter of a dollar. He was of course dismissed, and never learned how near he had been to the highway of fortune. He had sold the splendid position he might have attained, for a quarter of a dollar. We say how foolish, but the time will yet come when many who would never have committed so foolish an act will realize that they have sold an eternal possession for as beggarly a pittance.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul (Prov. 8: 36).

An Adopted Daughter's Suit

An action has been entered in the Supreme Court in New York to prevent the distribution of an estate left by a recently deceased citizen. Some years ago he and his wife, who were childless, offered to adopt a little girl whose father was dead and the mother scarcely able to support her. The mother was very reluctant to part with her child, but, reflecting that it would be for the girl's advantage and that she would be better cared for and educated in the home of the childless couple than under her own care, she consented to the adoption. The child went to her new home and her mother came to New York to earn her own living. The child was duly educated and her foster parents promised to leave her all their property. But, like many procrastinating people, they let the years slip by and neglected to make a will, and when the survivor died recently their adopted daughter, now grown to womanhood, found her claims ignored. A distant relative of her foster parents has applied to the courts for permission to administer the estate and distribute it among the nearest of kin. The adopted daughter is opposing the application, and is endeavoring to establish her claim by witnesses who know of the promise that was made to her. No such difficulty can ever confront those who become the adopted children of God. Their heritage is secured to them by his love and his promise.

Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son then an heir of God through Christ (Gal. 4: 7).

Teaching the Blind to See

An Austrian physician, who has been studying diseases of the eye, reported the result of some experiments at a recent meeting of the Vienna Medical Association. His studies had convinced him that there were some cases of blindness which might be cured by careful training. He selected the case of a boy who, though practically blind, could distinguish between light and darkness. He placed him in a dark room, to which, after some time, he admitted one shaft of light through a hole in a shutter. The boy noticed the one ray and would turn his face toward it. The aperture was then closed and another one in a different part of the room was opened. Instantly the boy turned toward it, evidently perceiving whence the light came. As soon as he had become accustomed to this experiment and could quickly identify the rays of light, objects of geometrical shape were placed in his hands for him to familiarize himself with them by the sense of touch. They were then placed in the field of the ray in the darkened room and he was required to identify them by the sense of sight alone. After some practice, he succeeded in doing so. Then letters and numerals were placed in the field, and again he learned to identify them. It was seen that his power of vision was increasing. He has been eighteen months under the physician's care and has now been removed from the dark room to go through the same process in the sunlight. When the doctor introduced him to the Medical Association he could see dimly, but sufficiently to describe the furniture and the persons in the hall. It is believed that in a comparatively short time his power of vision will be normal. The doctor believes that whenever the power exists of discriminating between light and darkness, it is possible to develop the power of sight. It is so in spiritual things, and the apostle intimates that such power is given to all.

The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead (Rom. 1: 20).

BRIEF NOTES

A new mission church has been secured in New York. Rev. R. Tjader has bought the stone church in Seventy-second street and Lexington avenue, and after it has been renovated will hold services there in English, German and Swedish.

The Y. M. C. A., of St. Petersburg, organized by Mr. James Stokes, of New York, celebrated on May 5 its first semi-annual festival. Prince Alexander of Oldenburg presided. The Society has already eight hundred members and its meetings are largely attended.

At the recent anniversary of the Pastors' College, founded by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, it was announced that the total number of students received into the college has now reached 1,019, and 654 are still in the ranks as pastors, missionaries, or evangelists. There are 109 without pastorates, but eighty of these are still engaged in Christian work. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon said that not more than one applicant in ten could be received. More room was urgently needed.

Florida is Grateful

The following telegram from Governor Jennings, of Florida, has been received in reply to a despatch from Dr. Klopsch, contributing one thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers by the great fire in Jacksonville:

TALLAHASSEE, FLA., May 9.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, New York:

Your telegram handed me, and I have this day drawn on you as requested, in favor of G. E. Garner, President of the Jacksonville Relief Association, for one thousand dollars, and extend the gratitude of a noble, suffering people to you.

W. S. JENNINGS, Governor.

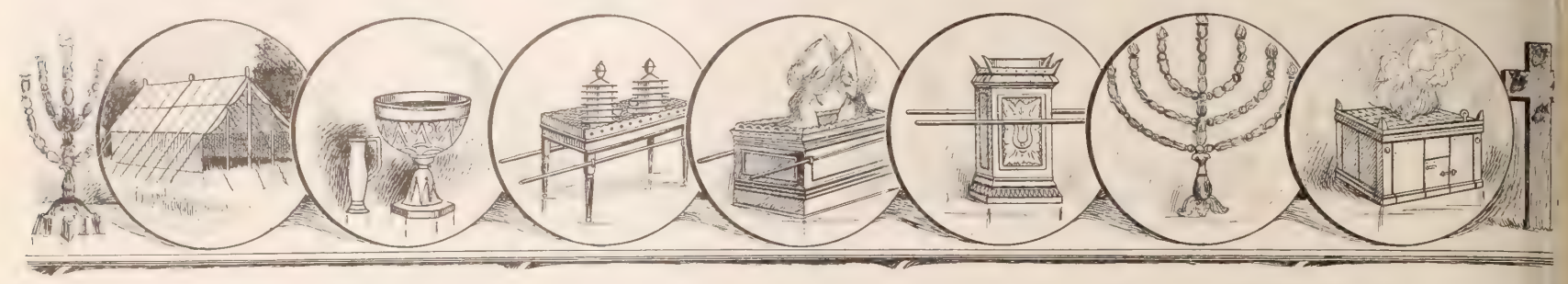
Jesus Our High Priest in Heaven

International S. S. Lesson for June 2. Heb. 9: 11-14, 24-28

THE OLD TESTAMENT'S PICTORIAL GOSPEL INTERPRETED

GOLDEN TEXT: He ever liveth to make intercession Heb. 7: 25

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS



THE work of Jesus did not end with the ascension. In the last lesson we learned how he continued to work on earth by sending the Holy Spirit and the apostles into all the world. In this chapter we see Jesus in heaven, where "he ever liveth to make intercession" as our High Priest. And that title carries us back to the picture Gospel of Old Testament times. We cannot understand any part of the Epistle to the Hebrews until we have taken a bird's-eye view of Leviticus. The Hebrews or Israelites, when they came out of Egyptian slavery, were grown-up children, like newly-emancipated negroes. We call such peoples "child races." So God prepared a sort of kindergarten to teach them how to be saved from their sins. There were colors, and bells, and movements, all of which meant something, as a red flag on the railroad means danger, and a church bell means "Come to meeting."

A leper, covered with boils, pictured the sinner (Lev. 14). That meant that hate, and envy, and selfishness in the heart seem as foul to the pure eyes of God as a leper's sores do to man. The leper was separated from the camp to show that sinful men are far off from God by wicked works. The leper could not come back, even after he was healed, until a priest interceded for him with God, and offered a bleeding sacrifice, in which the leper confessed his sin, and that he deserved to die, but hoped for pardon through the death of a substitute. Not lepers alone were considered sinners, but it was taught in many ways by the picture Gospel that every soul was unclean and displeasing to God, and could be reconciled to God only through a mediating priest and sacrifice.

Every Sinner a Leper in the God's-Eye View

Every blood-stained altar of the Old Testament taught that sin—(1) is exceedingly sinful; (2) separates from God; (3) requires atonement; (4) must be confessed; (5) may be pardoned and purged away.

The five Old Testament sacrifices made up a picture history of Christian truth and life.

First—The "sin-offering," a slain animal, was a symbolic way of saying, "I have committed deadly sin, and deserve to die, but I crave pardon through the Lamb of God, who shall die in my stead, typified by this bleeding lamb." They probably saw this meaning, as in a glass darkly, but "by faith" they certainly saw much more than was in sight (Heb. 11: 4, 17; John 8: 56).

Second—The trespass offering, also a slain animal, was a symbolic prayer to be cleansed from unintentional and unconscious sins. Christ is himself the sin offering and trespass offering of all sins of all men who accept him as such.

Third—The "whole burnt offering," a living animal, was a symbol of the consecration of human lives to God. "I beseech by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies (that is, your whole being,) a living sacrifice"—that is our whole burnt offering (Rom. 12: 1).

Fourth—The "peace offering," in which the square altar is thought of as God's table, pictures the reconciled sinner, in "peace" after fighting against God, eating in restored friendship and fellowship.

Fifth—The "thank offering," which was never an animal, but fruits and grains, expressed gratitude and loyalty, like gifts to a friend, and willing tribute to an acknowledged king.

All these five offerings are combined in the Lord's Supper, whose blood-red wine and broken bread point us to Christ, our sin and trespass offering, while the word "sacrament," meaning an oath of loyalty, makes the service a sacrifice of consecration, as we sing:

> Love so amazing, so divine,
> Demands my soul, my life, my all.
>
> Here, Lord, I give myself away,
> 'Tis all that I can do.

The Lord's Supper is also a "communion" of restored fellowship with God, and a "eucharist," that is, a thank-offering for daily and spiritual bread.

The priest everywhere in the Old Testament was the mediator who interceded with God for sinful men, type of the final Mediator, in whom all priesthood should be merged, who is now the "one Mediator between God and man." The typical priest, even the high priest, must offer sacrifices (1) of other lives; (2) must offer for his own sins, as well as those of others; (3) must "offer continually," day after day. But the true High Priest, Jesus Christ, (1) offers himself; (2) but not for himself, being sinless; (3) and it is an all-sufficient offering, made "once for all."

All the picture Gospel of the Old Testament is brought together in the Tabernacle, God's tent. As the priest enters, he sees first, the great altar of sacrifice and forgiveness, which teaches us that the way to begin a Christian life is to be rid of the guilt of sin. It is not enough to stop sinning. Conscience must be washed of the guilt of sins already done. The brazen altar, with its bleeding sacrifices, pictures the great truth, that the veracity of God, the honor of God, and the government of God, all forbid the forgiveness of sin as a trifle without such a satisfaction of justice as the death of Christ in our stead on the altar cross of Calvary afforded.

The great laver of pure water, which comes next, tells us that after pardon must come on our part purity of life. At the laver we may well pause, for this story, told by Hugh MacMillan: There is a lonely little pool of water on the mountain side near Tarbel, Loch Lomond, called the Fairy Loch. If you look into it you will see a great many colors in the water, owing to the varied nature of the materials that form its bottom. There is a legend about it which says that the fairies used to dye things for the people round about if a specimen of the color wanted was left along with the cloth on the brink of the pool at sunset. One evening a shepherd left beside the Fairy Loch the fleece of a black sheep, and placed upon it a white woolen thread, to show that he wished the fleece dyed white. This fairly puzzled the fairies. They could dye a white fleece any color, but to make a black fleece white was beyond them. In despair, they threw all their colors in the loch, giving it its present strange look, and disappeared forever. This may seem a foolish fable, but it has a wise moral. What the fairies could not do beside the Fairy Loch the Spirit of God can do beside the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. He can make the black soul white.

"WE NEEDETH NOT, DAILY, AS THOSE HIGH PRIESTS, TO OFFER SACRIFICE"

Entering the holy place, the table of shew bread reminds us we must feed on Christ and his word. And the golden candlestick teaches that a spirit-filled life will shine with joy and helpfulness. The altar of sweet incense declares the importance of prayer in a holy life. The most holy place pictures heaven, into which Christ entered to intercede as our High Priest, not one day in the year, but every day, the veil of his wounded body opening the way for us to enter God, without the intervention of any priest but Christ.

This Old Testament Gospel was most intensely pictured in the great day of atonement. In this golden frame (which may be a frame of gilt paper on a board, or of yellow chalk, or only a frame in the mind's eye") let us make or think a picture of the beautiful tabernacle and let us "suppose" we can see all that goes on, inside and out, on this greatest day of the Hebrew year.

Moving Pictures of the Day of Atonement

All about the tabernacle stand the solemn, fasting, people, millions of them, which these many dots will help us to see. One person is going alone into the tabernacle, dressed in pure white from head to foot. It is the high priest. He has with him a bullock, two young goats, and two horned sheep. He stops with the animals at the brazen altar. He lays his hand on the bullock, as if saying, "I lay my sins on the sacrifice." He does not understand all it means, but God is teaching him and the people what a little girl said so clearly, whose mother asked: "Dan, have you laid your sins on Jesus?" "No, but God did. 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'" The priest, purified of his own sins, proceeds to offer sacrifices for the people, as the type and promise of Christ, our sinless High Priest. Now the high priest is casting lots on the goats which shall be killed—the other is to be the scape-goat, and to one of its horns he ties a red string. But before he does anything he did selecting the goats, he takes a censer full of coals and incense, and pours it on the altar of incense, that he may enter the most holy place in a cloud of sweet odors that pictures the outpourings of prayer. So, entering the holy of holies, we see him sprinkling the atoning blood upon the mercy seat, the place of intercession, where he prays that the sins of the people may be pardoned "through the blood of the everlasting covenant." Now we see him going back, sprinkling blood on the altar of incense, and all about the holy place. Then he goes again to the brazen altar, and sacrifices the goat that was selected to die, and with its blood he goes again into the most holy room, and sprinkles the mercy seat at once more. Then he goes back, bearing the blood of bullock and goat, mixed together, and sprinkles the horns on the corners of the great altar, as if to say that our very prayers for pardon need to be purified, and made sincere and pure. Now he turns to the living goat, and over him confesses the sins of the people, and sends him away into the wilderness to picture the truth that the Baptist taught more plainly when he pointed to Jesus, and said, "Behold the Lamb of God that beareth away the sin of the world." What that means, a little girl discovered, who was troubled about her sins. "Your sins," said her teacher, "were laid on Jesus, were they not, when he died on the cross?" "Yes." "Surely they were not on him when he rose in purity and triumph from the grave. Where are they then?" "They must be in his grave." That is the "land not inhabited," to which Christ, our scape-goat, has borne our sins.

All this special service of atonement or reconciliation being over, the high priest puts off his white robes, and puts on his "golden clothes." Upon his heart was a breast-plate of twelve precious stones, on which were inscribed the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, thus presented by name in perpetual intercession before God, suggesting that every Christian should bear his family, his class, his friends, his foes, upon his heart in prayer to God. After the regular evening sacrifice, he is escorted joyfully to his home by his people, who rejoice in the blessedness of him whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Having surveyed this picture Gospel of the Old Testament, we are prepared to read understandingly the lesson for today (Heb. 9: 11, etc.).

When Spring Flowers Bloom

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BURNEY

Concerning Children

CHILDREN are as common as the daisies and the clover, yet sometimes I think we fail to comprehend so much as the alphabet of their beautiful little lives. For one thing, we are singularly arbitrary in our management of them, and amazingly forgetful of the fact that they are imitative beings, taking on our tones, our expressions, and our modes thought with unconscious facility and enduring retentiveness. "Do not speak so impatiently, Edith," and speaker added, "do not pucker up your forehead o a knot when you cannot get what you want." The erver, who knew Edith's mother, her aunts and her usins, smiled, and then sighed, for a more impetuous, itable and emotional family she had never seen, one and all ty frowned when exed, and one and all ty spoke vehemently d clamorously for vat their hearts were s upon, whether it s the moon, or a ool of cotton. Poor lle Edith, how could s help herself, how uld she learn serenand self-repression m a pronunciamen- Example with litfolk is worth far re than precept. A ld who lives in an osphere of peace d gentleness will be ntle and peaceful. ne brought up in moil and rush, will w the fruits of her vironment.

o it is with truth. e require of our chilen the strictest truthling, and we punish y deviation from the r-line of candor. uivocation, deceit, sehood, a lie, we ominate them in a ild, yet we deliberly utter the insine compliment in the aring of the intelligt small listener who ows because she has ard us bear a differt testimony in her esence, that we do t mean it. We exaggerate, and the little one is a witss. A bright child said meditatively one day, after r mother had narrated, with additions, the commonace incident of a previous week, so that it became rtling under the treatment, "When mamma tells out a thing, it's just an interesting story. When I l it so, it's what they call a lie." We promise a child reat, and we pass by the store and forget all about we make plans for a child's picnic, and the child is the *qui vive;* then we "change our mind," and down mes the child's castle in Spain, in the dust of disapintment. Our shifts and evasions, our fibs and persions distort the child's ideal of truth, and then we arvel that it is not a shining example of integrity.

Children are commanded not to interrupt conversaon. "Wait until the grown people stop," we tell them. hey never do stop," says little Genevieve, weary of iting. We oblige them to be silent at meals, not realng that their rights at the home table are the same as r own, that though they may not chatter endlessly d inconsequently, they have, or should have, certain ivileges, among them, a share in the family conversation at the family meal. I count the snubbing of a ild, the reproving a child before people, as a chief offense. When I see a sensitive little face flush, the lips quiver, the eyes fill with quick tears, my indignation waxes hot against the wantonness of outrage in the adults who take advantage of their greater size and strength to inflict a wound on the helplessness of childhood. It is Ruth McEnery Stuart who says, tenderly, speaking in *Sonny* of children's trials, "I think there ought to be a little heavenly book kept on purpose to put them down in, and it wouldn't be a bad thing if fathers and mothers could look over the record now and then."

. . .

"Except," said our Lord, "ye become as little children, ye cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven." What do you suppose he meant? No doubt he wanted us to be like the children, free from care, just willing to live by the hour, and to take from the heavenly Father whatever he chose to send. Children are not anxious about food and raiment, shoes and hats, shelter and school. Their father sees to what they need.

Children have quick and warm affections. And as God is Love, and he that knoweth not love, knoweth not God, it is easy to perceive that to the child-heart is given the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

THE KINDLY EARTH

"ONE GENERATION PASSETH AWAY AND ANOTHER GENERATION COMETH, BUT THE EARTH ABIDETH FOREVER"

STILL, as the circling planets move
Our world is cradled in God's hand,
And nothing comes but by his love
To tossing sea, or furrowed land.
The men go forth in bands to toil,
The women gather leaf and flower:
And from the bosom of the soil,
Refreshed by sunbeam and by shower,
We reap as we have sowed, the spoil
And largesse, sent in Heaven's own hour.

The Reply of the Grumbling Wife

A correspondent writes apropos of a recent communication on this page: "I, too, must plead guilty of grumbling, I fear. But we live on a farm. I have very few pleasures outside my house, and can never get away, unless my husband carries me. He is willing to do this if I ask him, but he very seldom asks me. If he would ask me sometimes, it would do me more good than tongue can tell."

Husbands may here find a hint. Why are they so slow to take the initiative? In courting days they are not slow to show attention to the "best girl." When she becomes a wife, why not surround her with still sweeter courtesies?

A Practical Step

SPEAKING of woman's work. American men have usually been willing to leave to their wives and daughters, one by no means easy task, the washing and ironing of the family linen. The Charity Organization Society of New York has undertaken to impart instruction to untutored women in laundry work, so that more of them may be skilled and able to undertake it to advantage. Great care is taken not only to train the pupils in this school to be expert washers and ironers, and to excel in correct manipulation, but also to impress upon them lessons of absolute fidelity and honesty. They must wash the clothes and make them clean, must not use injurious chemicals, not scorch and ruin garments by too hot an iron. Twelve lessons, each requiring one whole day, are included in the course, for which the fee is five dollars. A woman may pay this herself, or a benevolent friend may deposit five dollars, which will be used for a needy beneficiary. While learning their trade pupils are paid sixty cents a day and their luncheon is given them. After receiving a certificate, graduates of the school should have no difficulty in securing plenty of work at $1.25 per day. Mrs. E.V. H. Mansell is the principal, and the school is at 516 West Twenty-eight street, New York. Other cities and towns may here find an example worth following.

A Hall-Mark

Into a library, in a neighboring city, there walked, the other day, a rough-looking man, illdressed, with rough shoes, and a general air of poverty. The librarian asked him if she could be of service, and she spoke, expecting to be answered by one who was ignorant and illiterate. But the man turned, and, in tones that at once indicated the gentleman, replied to her inquiry by saying that he was looking for a book, which, being on an abstruse and scholarly subject, would not have attracted an unlettered reader. The instant he spoke the lady recognized the man as of the educated class.

The voice is almost an unfailing index to the social belongings of the speaker. Dress of the finest may be purchased for money. But money alone cannot bestow the indefinable touch of elegance which comes from real good breeding, from familiarity with polite usages, and the practice of gracious manners.

We used to hear many slurs on the American voice; it was compared unfavorably with the velvet voices of the English. Climate had something to do with it, no doubt; but latterly most of us are improving, and one does not hear nasal, or shrill, or disagreeable voices so often as formerly. Let those who speak too loudly remember that a sweet voice is a great charm.

The Best I Can

"It's not very good, but it's the best I can do," said wee Molly, as she put away her work. And her mother accepted it. So, will our Father be pleased if we offer him our best.

OUR TENEMENT WAIFS

Children of the Poor Plead for Outings—Mont Lawn's Wide Influence

"CAN I GO TO DE HOME?"

LITTLE people down in Cherry and Hester streets and other tenement neighborhoods are beginning to evince lively interest in what is to them the most important problem of the heated term that will soon be upon us. Our missionaries as they pass along the street are besieged by small, ragged folk, who catch at their dresses and look up at them with wistful, longing eyes, asking, with a quiver of anxiety in their plaintive voices:

"Teacher, will the country open this summer?" Or,

"Please, teacher, may I go to Mont Lawn this summer?"

Last week, one lad stopped his missionary friend with this remark, mournfully uttered:

"Teacher, I had a birthday last week. I'm so sorry."

"Why, you ought to be happy. Why are you sorry?"

"O, teacher, I was twelve years old. I can't go to Mont Lawn any more!" and the brown eyes were full of tears.

"Teacher" gave him comfort. He was such a little fellow that she was sure an exception would be made for him. Rules are made for our children and not our children for rules. At twelve, our age limit is passed, for our Home exists for the benefit of the young and the weak, but many starved and stunted waifs of twelve are not nearly so large or strong as a normally raised child of ten, and these we do not turn away.

Mrs. St. James, a missionary, writes:

So many are anxious to go again; some from poor homes in 117th street, others from under the Bridge, come pleading. I pick the poorest. Some are afraid they can't get up enough clothes to go, and they plan to lend around among themselves; and when they've fixed themselves up their best, it's such a pitiful best! Children come to my door every week through the winter begging me not to forget to send them to the Home when summer comes.

Everybody will be glad to know that the little man in our picture (he came to the Bible House in person last week), has been made sure of his outing this summer. Little Ben is about five years' old. His father has been sick a long while; his mother goes out to work in the factory every morning; and Ben plays alone while she is away.

As to how the work at Mont Lawn affects the lives of others besides the children themselves, these extracts from letters by missionaries asking for outings for little folks, give some indication:

The whole moral tone of the E— family has been changed for the better. The family is a large one, and none of the children had ever gone to a Sunday School before their trip up to Nyack. Now they go regularly; and their parents come to the Mission.

In this family the word of God found a place because the children had learned to love it at Mont Lawn.

In one family, where they had never had a Bible, I told the children I was going to take a paper for them—full of lovely stories and pictures—or that I would give them a Bible with pictures in it. The mother said, "Please, ma'am, we'd all like the Bible. We've never had one. The children keep telling the good texts they heard at Mont Lawn."

Here is an instance where the blessed influence of this work for children was felt at a death-bed:

When Mrs. P.— was dying last winter, she said: "O, children, sing me some of the songs you learned at Nyack!" Nobody can know how much the Fresh Air work helped that family. Mrs. P— was so poor, she had to work so hard, and she was always so anxious about the children—afraid they would be run over in the streets or fall out of the windows in the tall tenement where she lived. She had heart disease, and that made it harder for her. I know her life was prolonged and made easier by the children going up to Mont Lawn every summer. They learned lessons of tidiness and good behavior up there, too, and became helpful. These children need to go to the Home all the more this summer because their mother is dead. It is a large family, but I hope you can take them all.

All contributions for this work will be promptly acknowledged. Three dollars will give one child an outing of ten days, covering cost of transportation back and forth, medical examination, caretaker's attention, food, shelter, clothing, etc.; $6 will give this for two; $9 for three, and so on. Thirty-six dollars makes twelve waifs happy for ten days; $99 does this for thirty-three children. Could these sums accomplish as much good spent any other way? The following has been received:

Armond, H I	$ 5 00	Winter, Joseph	40
Arnold, Miss Vivian	50	Yeakle, Miss A R	6 00
Aycock, Mrs M E	1 00	Martha, Kankakee	5 00
Baltinger, Mrs C E	50	Jewel, Hampton	3 00
Bouderson, Mrs E W	1 10	C O D, Mechanicsb'g	6 00
Bolderson, Mrs T	25	I L P, Oaks	6 00
Bradner, Jane	6 00	M W E V, Wyebrooke	3 00
Bridgewater, Mrs M	1 00	A Friend, Odell	6 00
Brooks, Hazel E	1 50	A Friend, Cheshire	5 00
Brown, C W	3 00	A Friend, Otsego	1 00
Butterworth, James	50	Friend, Soudan	10 00
Campbell, Mrs J A	25	A Friend, Watch Hill	1 00
Crain, Mrs R	50	A Friend, Carrcroft	3 00
Cunningham, Mrs M.	3 00	Friend, G'nd Rapids	3 00
Curry, Ed R	50	From a Friend of Children, Cherokee	6 00
Curtis, Mrs H	6 00	Southern Mich. West Toledo	6 00
Dearing, Mrs I E	1 00	I H N, Earnshaw	2 00
Dobson, Mrs John S	6 00	I H N, Newark	5 00
Dwyer, Mrs Sarah D.	13 00	Lend a Hand Circle of King's Daughters, Janesville	6 00
Eisenhart, E R	3 00		
Finlay, I	50		
Girod, I	5 00		
Greene, Mrs G N	6 00		

HOW TO BE RID OF SIN*

Pardon Through Christ to be Followed by Emancipation From the Power of Sin

HOW many souls, burdened by the consciousness of sin, have found light and life and peace through this declaration of the Apostle that, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." It seems to have been expressly designed to set at rest all doubt and all anxiety. There is no attempt at explanation, no philosophical argument—nothing but the authoritative statement that cleansing may be obtained by the blood of Christ. To the Jew, the statement was more simple than it is to us. Under the law the idea of ceremonial cleansing by blood was familiar. The sinner brought to conviction, realizing that the evil he had done had left an indelible stain upon him and had made him an outcast from God's presence, would have been in utter despair, if the way of restoration, through substitution, had not been provided. He could not forgive himself and he could not see how God could forgive him. The evil done could never be undone, and he must forever be estranged from God. By signs and symbols, the Jew was led to see in the system of sacrifices a way of restoration. Probably the unintelligent Jew believed that the animal offered did really die in his stead; but the more enlightened teachers declared that the blood could never take away sin and must be regarded as merely a type of that offering which was to come, which would forever redeem the sinner. Thus in the preaching of the Apostles, Christ appears as the sacrifice to which the whole Levitical system pointed, the one full and complete atonement which made all future sacrifices unnecessary.

Gradually, however, men began to realize that more was needed to redeem the sinner than the removal of the stain. It would have been a most unsatisfactory arrangement which would permit a man to deliberately commit a crime, with the expectation of being saved from its penalty by offering a sacrifice. The rich man, hating his neighbor, might consider the satisfaction he would get from killing him cheaply purchased by taking an ox to the temple to be slaughtered. That would be a compounding for evil that would have been degrading to the conception of God's justice. It could never lead to the supreme object that was sought of weaning men from their sins. David saw that, and in his fifty-first Psalm clearly shows that he realized the impotency of sacrifice alone to cleanse the soul. There must be sorrow and repentance and a hatred of sin before the sacrifice offered could atone. Thus the virtue of the sacrifice consisted in its being an expression of repentance, an acknowledgment of guilt, and a confession that punishment would be just. Sacrifice became no longer a bargain, by which a man could purchase immunity for his sins by making the prescribed offering; it was a recognition of divine holiness, and an avowel of the sinner's pollution. It was then a release, only so far as it was accompanied by a deep regret for sin and a realization of the fact that sin separated the sinner from God. The polluted soul must be cleansed in some way before it could be restored to God's favor. Thus there must be an intense desire for such restoration and a resolute endeavor to become worthy of it.

Christ's favorite mode of presenting God to the conceptions of men was as a Father, and this relation shows the principle which God adopts with men. When a father is horrified by his little son doing some bad thing, such as lying or stealing, his affection for the child would prompt him to freely forgive the little fellow, but he realizes that such treatment would be no true kindness to him. It might lead to his ruin. The child would grow up to become a criminal. He must be taught in some impressive way how bad is the thing that he has done. So it is in God's government of the world. Men must realize that sin is a horrible thing in itself. Not only should it be avoided because of God hating it, but because of its being bad and ruinous for the man himself. So in the old dispensation there was the picture teaching of sacrifice, and in the new dispensation the crowning offering on Calvary. How terrible must be the pollution and the degradation, if the death of God's own Son was needed to restore the race. That fact once thoroughly brought home to the human mind, the beginning of restoration has been made. The future must be free from the pollution which has involved so awful a calamity. Then the sinner learns that the sacrifice means more than pardon for the past, more than cleansing. It means power to renounce sin. It means that God has undertaken the work of delivering the sinner from his sin, and that the pardoned soul will be supplied with the grace he needs from day to day to resist the evil that would again enslave him.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 2. I. John 1: 5-10.

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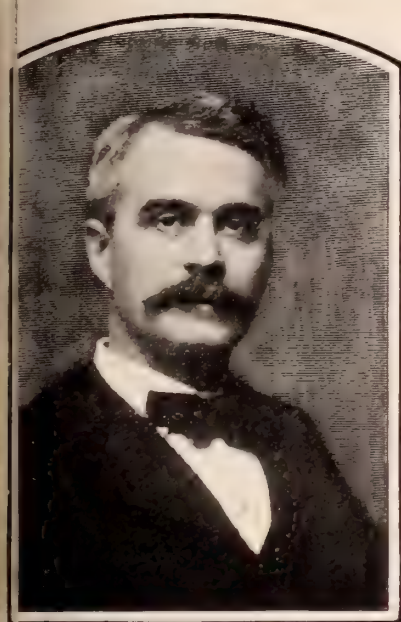
FOUND CHRIST IN CHILDHOOD

The Christian Experience of Governor J. Hoge Tyler, of Virginia, and the Rev. Dr. Charles Frederick Goss

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

It is a beautiful thing to see strong, and vigorous, manly men, who from childhood have grown up loving Christ, and counting Christian char- a matter of first importance. I ave brought this Governor and pr cher-novelist together, because their ex riences are much alike. irginia, the "Mother of Presidents," ha given birth to many strong, Chris-



REV. CHARLES F. GOSS

HON. J. HOGE TYLER

tia public men, besides those who have sa in the Presidential chair. The Gov- er of that historic old Commonwealth re tly wrote me this beautiful letter:

"I feel ever glad to do or to say anything that might be considered helpful to oung men, to make their decision in fa r of Christianity, and an endeavor to ad a Christian life. While one nat- ur y shrinks from so public an expres- sio of personal experience, I can say th I would not exchange the faith I ha in Christ, and the belief in the im ortality of the soul through his atone- me t, for all the earth contains.

"My religious impressions were formed in hildhood, under the training of pious gr dparents, to whose care I was as- sig ed by the early death of my mother. Th tender care of these saintly ones, and th constant recitals of the Christian gr es of my dear mother, early inspired me with a desire so to live that I might me her in heaven.

"My belief is that early impressions ar the best. Boys and young people sh ld keep before them the memories of Christian childhood training."

rely it is a good thing for the affairs of ate in a great Commonwealth to be in e hands of men whose faith in Christ an whose hope in immortality is the gr test pillar of their lives, and who re l with such tender and holy thanks- giv g the childhood teaching that led th oung heart to love and trust God.

. . .

r. Charles Frederick Goss has come, d ng the last year, into very great pr inence before the people. His strong an vital book, "The Redemption of Di d Corson," has introduced him to an au ence of tens of thousands of men and wo en, a majority of whom may never se his face in the flesh.

is interesting to note that this strong an vivid preacher of the Gospel by voice an pen, also came to know the Lord in hi childhood. Dr. Goss writes: "So far as o obscure a matter is capable of an ysis, I should say that I simply grew in it." Thank God for the children wh are planted by their parents through in itance, in the Lord's garden, and gr naturally into the love of Christ.

d yet for young Goss, there was a time when the religion which had been inculcated in the home, and the faith in Jesus which he had inherited, and grown into, was disclosed to him, and he made a public profession of Christ. E. P. Hammond was the cause of this disclosure to him. Mr. Hammond was holding a revival in the city of Auburn, N. Y., when Master Charles Goss was twelve years old. Dr. Goss now says that he was so young that the whole experience seems very vague, and that its effect was not so much to produce anything as it was a disclosure. But such an hour of disclosure is a great thing for the human soul, and it is a blessed thing that it came early in life. I think there are many children who have been brought up in Christian homes, and in Sunday Schools, who need to experience what happened to Charles Goss when he publicly confessed Christ as his Saviour. They need to have it disclosed to their own hearts that they are the Lord's, and that it is their privilege, as well as their duty, to march under the banner of Christ and to show his colors to all the world.

CHRIST, THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST

Divinely Qualified by Human Experience for His Office....

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE Hebrews understood the meaning of high priest. The day of atonement was to many of them, and is still to many a pious Jew, a time of settling matters with the living God. But the Epistle to the Hebrews tells of the antitype, our great High Priest, who was only foreshadowed by Aaron and his successors. God be praised that he atones not for Jews only, "but also for the sins of the whole world." Who and what is he? "It behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren" (Heb. 2: 17). He is therefore "not ashamed to call us brethren" (v. 11), for he was sharer in our flesh and blood that he might die for, and deliver us (vv. 14, 15). And he was made thus "like unto his brethren that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make propitiation for the sins of the people." "Merciful and faithful," our fellow-man, "sitting on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens" (Heb. 8: 1) to represent us! Man still; man wounded, "as it had been slain" (Rev., v. 6), in the place of supreme power, representing us! Let us adore him

Our cause is in his hands; he is our guarantee of eternal salvation. Wherefore "consider him" (Heb. 3: 1). Consider him, the apostle, or sent one, as he nearly forty times asserts in the Gospel of John. Consider him, "the High Priest of our profession," even Jesus, who was faithful to him that appointed him (v. 2). Like the high priests of old, he "is appointed for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sin" (v. 1). God appointed him to be for us in things which pertain to him. He is faithful to him that appointed him; will he be less faithful to us?

Our great High Priest is divinely appointed that he may offer both gifts and sacrifice for sins. The latter he did "when he offered up himself." But the gifts which please God—what are they? Paul understood when he wrote, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." We "present our bodies;" but he who calls us brethren offers them. He is ordained of God to present us to God as gifts which are acceptable to him! Oh how wonderful to know that we are not left to the confusion of face without which we could not offer to such Majesty such as we know ourselves to be. He offers us. Can we but be accepted? Not only is our High Priest God's appointed one for man, and who therefore ensures the cause of each one who confides that cause to him. He is also a Son over God's house, whose house are we (Heb. 3: 6). Moses was a faithful servant over God's house; our Apostle and great High Priest is a Son over that house of living stones whose builder and maker is God.

"Having then a great High Priest who hath passed through the heavens," having first passed through all things on earth (Eph. 4: 9), let us "hold fast" and let us "draw near." First, "let us hold fast our confession" (Heb. 4: 14), the confession of Christ, before an unbelieving world; there is the danger that we may "drift away" (Heb. 2: 1, R. V.), and we have not a High Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but one that hath been in all things tempted like as we are, and hath suffered being tempted (Heb. 2: 18), yet without sin. He has known temptation, and has proved, in all the weakness of a human body, dependent entirely on a power from outside itself, that God can be fully glorified. "Let us, therefore, do what the Jew of old dare not and could not do—"let us draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace;" our representative is there to present our prayers, "that we may receive mercy, and find grace to help in time of need" (Heb. 4: 15, 16). Is it not inspiring to know into whose hands we are committing our cause? We need not be occupied with the poverty and unworthiness of ourselves or of our prayers if they are according to his word. He offers them; that is enough. The High Priest has entered and taken them with him, within the veil (Heb. 6: 19, 20).

We, in him, are on the right hand of the throne of God. We, in him, are part of his being up there. He in us is our life, our wisdom, our all down here. O, it is wonderful!

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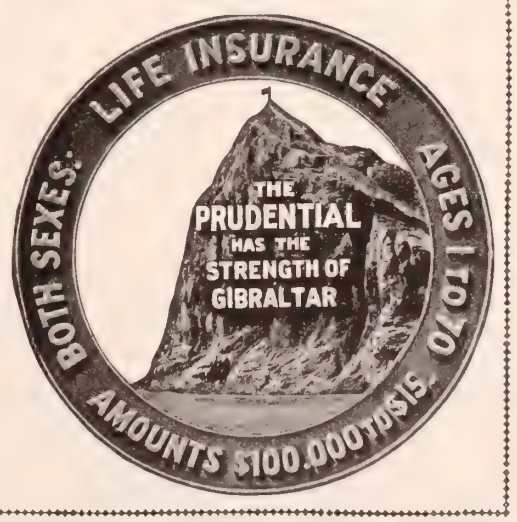

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A NEW SERIAL STORY

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD"

...BY... GABRIELLE EMILIE JACKSON

CHAPTER XVI

(Continued)

AS he saw Margaret and Marjorie together daily he could not help realizing what it would mean to the girl to have such companionship always; while to himself it would be a rich blessing, indeed. But never by word or glance did he give sign of the thoughts that would constantly assert themselves, and September came and went, and Margaret was as care-free as Marjorie herself.

The middle of September they went to the Berkshires, and remained there until it was time for Marjorie's school to open in October, and then went back to the home which now seemed dearer than ever. Nothing was changed, and the daily life went on the same as it had done before the terrible days when it seemed doubtful whether the doctor would ever return to it.

The 30th of October was Marjorie's birthday, and, singularly enough, the 31st was Dr. Prior's, and soon after their return Margaret asked if she might have a double celebration.

"We will try to keep it from Marjorie, and add to her pleasure by giving her a surprise as well," she said.

"And may I invite to my half of the party the guests I most desire to have?" asked Dr. Prior, laughing.

"Yes, if you will promise to behave well at your 'half of the party,'" replied Margaret, laughing as well. "I had intended to ask you to make out a list of those you wish to have invited, and I think I can fill Marjorie's successfully, for I am pretty well acquainted with her friends now."

"Very well, I will leave everything to you; do exactly as you please, and for once, let us forget prudence, and be children again. Stop a moment, and I'll give you the names of those who are to head my list, and will add more later," and he sat down to his desk. Handing the paper to Margaret, he said:

"Remember to include these, no matter who else is excluded."

She looked at the list, and found the names of her own family.

"Why, Dr. Prior, do you intend to import the entire family?" she said gaily.

"Every one. You imported mine, and now it is my turn."

"But there is a slight difference in the size of my family; yours could be very easily tucked away, but mine will fill an ordinary-sized dwelling. Just think, there are five of them; you will hardly have room left for other guests."

"Then we won't have other guests. But if I can't have those I want I won't come to your party, so there now," and the doctor wagged his head emphatically.

"Mercy me! You shall have them, every one, if I can hale them forth," and she ran out of the room.

And so she had worked and planned, until the twenty-ninth saw all in readiness, and still Marjorie, busy with her school duties, suspected nothing. No need describe the festivity; it was like many others, and enjoyed to the full. Mrs. Drake and her family came on the twenty-ninth, and then the feline escaped from the bag; for when Marjorie returned from school that afternoon they were very much in evidence, and her astonishment was truly comical.

"What in the world are you all doing here?" was her rather inhospitable remark.

"Nothing, just at present; but we hope for something livelier later," replied Rodman, and Maud chimed in with, "we have come to see how you will look when you are fifteen, and help you celebrate the event."

Margaret had planned a New England Author's Party, and each guest had been requested to represent some work of a New England writer, and many and clever were the subjects chosen.

Margaret had chosen the titles which Marjorie and Maud would represent, and had planned their toilets so that by them alone the books would be at once made evident to any one bright enough to guess them. The dresses had been ordered from Boston, and when they were produced the two girls nearly went wild with delight, and declared that no one could possibly guess the secret. Brownie Maud's was a white organdie, sprigged with the daintiest of pink roses, and made over a delicate shade of pink silk. A cluster of the natural blossoms on one shoulder, a single beauty in her hair, and a bunch in her hands, tied with a long satin ribbon to match their delicate hue, brought out her soft, olive coloring to perfection.

Marjorie's dress was also a white organdie, but was sprigged with clusters of lilacs so natural that it seemed as though one could pick them off. It was made over lilac silk in the same simple style as Maud's, with lilacs on the shoulder, and a cluster for her hands, tied with a lilac ribbon. But Marjorie's hair was drawn high up upon her graceful head, and a cluster of lilacs fastened at one side with a pretty lilac bow. Truly, two of Miss Alcott's sweetest books were well represented, for Maud was, indeed, *A Rose in Bloom*, while dainty Marjorie looked very charming *Under the Lilacs*.

Prizes were to be given to those who succeeded in guessing the greatest number of titles correctly, and among the many clever and quick-witted friends invited, the contest was a keen one.

The night was one of the beautiful ones which so often come to us in the late fall, and make it possible to have open windows.

The piazza and lawn were hung with Japanese lanterns; palms and flowering plants were everywhere, and the great hall was banked with them to form a sheltered nook for the musicians. Margaret had thought of everything, and no detail was wanting.

"Who is that lovely girl with Dr. Prior's daughter?" asked a lady of Margaret, with whom she happened to be speaking at the moment. "She looks as though she had stepped from a picture, and the two girls together are perfectly charming, for the one with the beautiful dark eyes and hair is such perfect contrast to Marjorie's sunny beauty."

"She is my youngest sister, Maud," replied Margaret, blushing with pleasure, for praise of her pet was very sweet to her. "I am glad she pleases you. She is the baby of our family; may I present her to you?"

"Do, I beg of you. It is a pleasure to look at anything so lovely." Margaret motioned to the girls, who came over to her with their arms intertwined, girl fashion. Margaret presented her to Mrs. Harding, and Maud bowed and placed her hand in the one so cordially extended to her; while Marjorie laid her arm caressingly across Margaret's shoulder and leaned toward her to whisper:

"Oh, I'm having such a perfectly glorious time. I haven't missed a single guess and I never had such a good time in all my life; and I've got you, you, you to thank for it all," and she gave a final rapturous squeeze to emphasize her words.

Margaret pinched the soft pink cheek as she answered:

"Don't guess yourself to fiddle-strings, and get completely done up, or you will have me to thank for that too."

"I won't. I must go now, for they are to guess again. Good-bye," and they went prancing off down the big music-room, which, together with the parlors, had been pressed into service for the evening.

Twelve o'clock came all too soon, and at its stroke the musicians played "Sweet Home," and old and young came to take leave of their host and hostesses.

"Well, my little girl, have you enjoyed your evening, and do you think our birthday frolic has been a success?" asked Dr. Prior when the guests had departed and Marjorie came to bid him good-night.

"I never had such a good time in all my life, and I don't know how to thank you half hard enough."

"You must not thank me; it was my frolic too; for I am forty-three years old this very minute; look yonder at the clock. There is the one you must thank for this pleasure, as well as many others which have come to you since last January. I am afraid I'm a dull old codger for such plans," and he pointed to Margaret, who stood talking with her mother.

"Did she do it all?"

"Every bit. All I had to do was to follow out her suggestions, and it has been a delightful evening for us both."

"So it has. I wish I had some way of thanking her, and showing how truly grateful I am."

"You have."

"Oh, how? Tell me quickly, please, and I'll do it right off."

"I'll tell you in the morning. Good-night, my darling, and may you have many more as happy birthdays."

CHAPTER XVII

Dr. Prior's Birthday Gift

"I WILL join you presently, mamma, but I must speak a few words with Johnson, and see to the closing of the house first," said Margaret, as her mother was about to go upstairs.

"Very well, dear, I will go up with the girls, or they will spend the remainder of the night talking," and Mrs. Drake started upstairs, whence the sounds of laughter and a perfect Babel of voices gave proof that sleep had not been regarded as one of that night's blessings.

"Let me help you to set the establishment ship-shape," said the doctor, coming into the hall. "It seems to me you have done enough for one small individual, and it is high time your duties ended."

"I have not had time to think whether I am tired or not; for, although the duties have been incessant, they have been such delightful ones that they have given me no time to think of being fatigued," said Margaret, as she moved about, closing windows, laying aside articles to be carried upstairs and bringing order out of confusion.

"It has been as nearly perfect as much thought, a beautiful night, and happy people could make it," answered Dr. Prior, "I have never seen more perfect moonlight, I think; step out on the piazza one moment; the night is ideal," and taking up a fleecy shawl, which lay upon a chair, he laid it across her shoulders, and then held open the door for her.

It was a wonderful night. Mild beyond even the usual Indian summer mildness, and flooded with the softest silvery light from the full moon. The house stood upon an eminence which commanded a view of the valley and Wampum River, which shimmered like a silver ribbon in the distance. A faint mist hung over the valley which lay so peacefully before them, and the odor of fallen leaves filled the air. Not a sound came from the night, and the silence beyond was most profound. But upstairs the murmur of voices, and an occasional peal of merry laughter told them that light hearts were beating, and that the pleasures of the evening were being lived over again.

Margaret stepped to the railing, and leaning her head against one of the columns, looked off into the sleeping valley.

Dr. Prior stood just behind her in the shadow, keenly watching the beautiful, expressive face before him.

"Such a night as this makes one wonder how any sorrow can come into a world so beautiful; and yet we, ourselves, have but recently passed through a very great one. Dear Marjorie, I hope she may never again have to pass through such a trial as our revels to night celebrated the happy termination of. Thank heaven, she has been spared the great sorrow of learning what it means to long day after day for a dear one," and Margaret's eyes filled.

"And, Miss Drake, do you know whom she has largely to thank that I am still with her, and again in perfect health? To thank for that and a thousand things beside?" and he stepped forward and extended his hand to her. She placed her own in it, and then glanced up in surprise at his earnestness.

"Yes, Margaret, you have opened a new world for Marjorie; and for me also.

(Continued on following page)

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BY LOVE'S SWEET RULE

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

When you came here you found a nervous, impatient girl fretting against the unnatural life she was leading, and a man who, for nearly nine years, had lived in his memories of happier things.' I forgot the duties of the present; forgot that I owed a great deal to Madeline's child, and that all her happiness rested with me. Now that I look back upon those years, they seem to me like a hideous dream, from which I have recently been aroused to begin the real and lasting existence. It seemed a perfect salvation, and my very love for Marjorie's mother had become Marjorie's greatest misfortune. I see it all now, and although the old love will never wholly die but must remain a very sweet and tender memory with me forever, a new one has come to dwell with it, and I hope the object of it can find her heart large enough to accept both. Can she, dear? It is a strange thing to ask of you. I know; but I should be false to you at the very outset were I to say, 'Be a mother to my child'; her own is entirely forgotten."

Margaret had turned to look at Dr. Prior when he began to speak, hardly knowing what to expect; but as he proceeded she could no longer misunderstand him, and, looking straight into the kind eyes regarding her so intently, she replied firmly:

"Dr. Prior, it would be folly for me to pretend that I do not understand you; and I honor you with all my heart for your truthfulness. I know, full well, that Marjorie's mother can never be forgotten, nor would I wish her to be; I should feel like the meanest traitor to harbor such a thought for an instant, for Marjorie must never, never forget her, nor must you; and my most sacred duty would be to keep her memory a sweet and holy one. But whether I can give to you the love she gave I do not know. The past months have been very, very happy ones to me; and I have so grown to regard this house as home that it would grieve me sorely to leave it; but I feel that I have so little to give in return for the rich gift you offer me and Marjorie offers as well; for I know that I have won her love; and it seems I am accepting far more than I can return," and an appealing look came into her eyes.

Dr. Prior laid his hand tenderly upon her head and answered:

"Dear one, do you ever fully estimate yourself? Can't you see that I am asking a great deal of one so young as you are? I am nearly twenty years your senior, dear, and yet I dare ask you to join your life to mine, and in addition to that, assume the care of a grown daughter. These are not light responsibilities, and did I not love you with all my soul, I should hesitate to ask you to assume them. But I have learned to know you so well, and am sanguine enough to hope that I can make you happy. Will you let me try, Margaret? You can bring the greatest happiness to us, and I cannot but feel that I shall win your love if, as you say, I have already won your respect."

"You have that, Dr. Prior, in an unstinted degree, and I should be untrue to myself were I to say that affection is entirely wanting; for no one has ever held just the place you hold. And yet, I cannot feel that it is the same affection which made life so beautiful for my father and mother."

"Theirs was the riper love, which time and daily intercourse bring to those truly mated. We cannot hope to find ripened fruit in early spring-tide, dear. But give me the right to strive to bring into our lives the same richness which is such a beautiful memory to you of your parents. Will you do this, Margaret? and give to me on this, the dawn of my forty-third year, a birthday gift and blessing beyond all price, by bringing into our home the greatest happiness Marjorie and I can know? to me a wife; to her a mother," and he held her hands tightly within his own strong ones as he waited for her reply.

Margaret stood silent a few moments, and then raising her beautiful eyes to his she said: "Please God, I will."

(To be concluded.)

WHILE HERE BELOW

BENEATH the clouds of darkness
That veil the spirit's view,
Beneath the stars that sparkle
In midnight's darker blue,
Beneath the crystal shining
Of Summer's noontide glow,
Among the blossomed meadows,
Where glittering streamlets flow,
We walk along life's pathway;
Its gladness and its gloom
Both play upon our spirits—
We journey to the tomb.

We journey through the gladness
To silence in the grave;
We journey through life's sorrows
To where the weary lave
Their tired feet in life's fountains
Of everlasting rest;
We toil, we sleep, we rise again,
We know not which is best.
We love the dear ones with us,
And those in heaven above,
And O! these vales of wild-flowers,
That bloom in Spring, we love.

While here below, we wander
The hills and vales of care,
With rocks and thorny places
Upstarting here and there;
But, heavenward, day is breaking!
Across the burning skies,
See! see!—the flush of morning
In holy, glad surprise!
While here below we journey,
Led by our Father's hand,
We follow, as his children,
To heaven's glory-land

While here below, we sing it—
The anthem of the skies—
The melody of praises
That ceaseless must arise
Beneath his stars of glory,
His spanning arch of love,
His noonday skies of rapture
That tent the clouds above.
Heaven kisses earth with yearnings,
And so earth learns to know
The path of life immortal
While we are here below.

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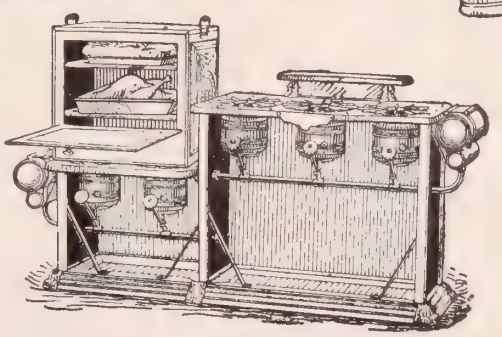

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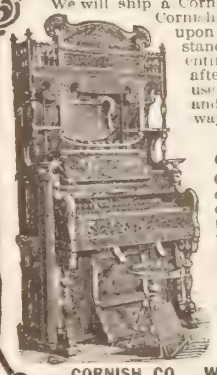

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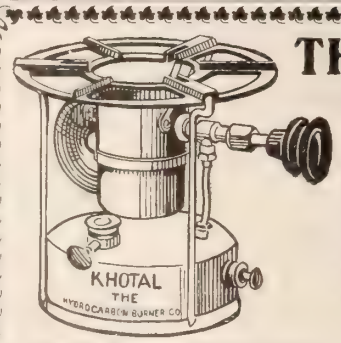

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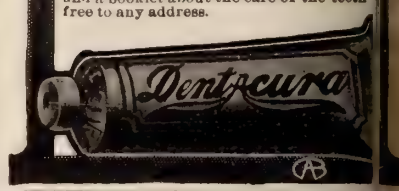

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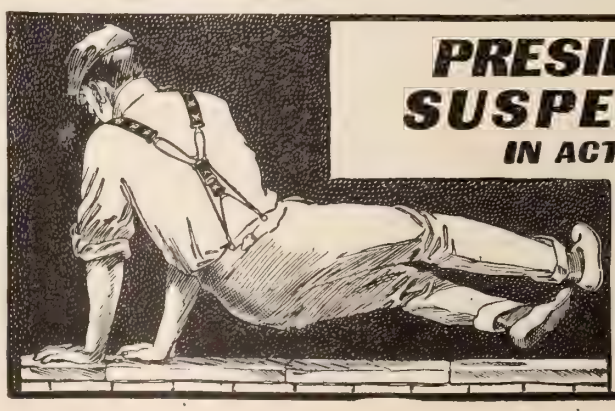

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

STAKING OUT TOWN LOTS — HOUSEKEEPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES — STARTING LIFE ON THE CLAIM

THE LAST OF THE "FREE LAND" RUSHES

Thousands Preparing for the Opening of the Kiowa and Comanche Reservation --- Woman as a Frontier Civilizer

WITH the opening of the Kiowa and Comanche Reservation in Southern Oklahoma, which takes place in August, the West will see the last of border life. Thousands of people, who ve been accustomed to camping along the border of new country and entering it when thrown open to ttlement, will find ir occupation ne. The outlaws, vo have been in the bit of shooting out t lights in stores d new "boom" wns, will learn that reafter their usement will be shed by the hand claw. Sod houses l treeless plains in Southwest will on have passed m sight forever. l the homeseeker ll have no more e lands to enter.

Thus one sees the turesque life of frontier passing m modern exist-ce. Vacant lands no more. On ery quarter section re is a farmer, and wire fence has de-oyed the vastness the once great cat-ranches. A won-ful change has ne about in the st. It has been ed and absolute-conquered.

How has this re-rmation come out? I have lived along the border, and camped with impatient multitude waiting for the opening of a new ntry that they might race for claims. I have spent nths in the new frontier towns. To the officers of se communities belongs much credit for keeping ce; but for the real refinement of a community, I e credit to the woman who braves the evils of a ntier life, and comes there to tle down with her family.

When a new country is about to opened to settlement, of course re are people from every part the United States who come its borders and wait impatient-for the official proclamation ich declares it opened. Then, h a mighty race, they rush for ms, and those who reach there t secure the choicest of the ims. Fifty thousand people l be camped along the Kiowa d Comanche borders before it declared open, among them usands of women. Some are married, and come from the ger cities, with the hope of ning a farm and running it to ir own profit. The experiment women running, winning and naging their own farms has n tried in the Cherokee Outlet with success, and this has acted as a stimulus for others. The women must cook in the open air, sleep in wagon-beds and have no society; they must endure all the harsh words of drunken cowboys who make a border their rendezvous, and they must work from morning until night, while waiting for the opening. Then, if they are good horseback riders, they take an equal chance with the men in the race.

THE FIRST PREACHING IN A NEWLY-SETTLED FRONTIER TOWN

I saw a rather novel incident while riding into Oklahoma, seven years ago. Two men and one woman reached a claim at the same moment. All three plunged their stakes into the land simultaneously. After a few seconds, one man jerked his stake out, bowed to the woman, and glared at the other man. He, too, repeated the action of his rival, and both turned and left the woman in undisputed possession. Thus, through the gallantry of her rivals, a small fortune passed into the woman's hands undisputed.

First, a tent walled up with rough boards is used for a house, and six months later this is perhaps supplanted by a sod-house. After the first crop, a wooden two-room "shack" is erected, if the crops have been sufficiently large to justify it. The woman who comes in with her husband, assists to work in the field, and does the regular house work as well. On Sunday, she goes to church, first having called among the neighbors and raised enough money to send for the minister. In a few months, she has taken up enough funds to start to work building a church.

In the average frontier town a woman must endure the cowboy soirees until she has wielded enough influence to run the "knight of the saddle" out of the district. This class of men are wild, but very bashful. A woman can go among them on a Sunday morning and with kind words induce two-thirds to accompany her to church. When collections are taken, the cowboy gives liberally. In this way he hurts his own cause, for this money is used in attempting to tame him and in closing the numerous saloons and gambling dens. Out of a score of this class in the "boom" town of B——, three reformed and went into business, while the remainder "hit the trail" for New Mexico, when they found the women were getting a hold on the community. It is told of a once noted desperado, that when he rode into Dodge City in the early days, and found that a woman had been employed to cook in a local restaurant, he left the place, vowing never to return. And he kept his word.

All of Oklahoma gives credit likewise to the women who entered the Territory when it was new, and with might and main endeavored to rid the country of its wildness. Women are not allowed to vote in Oklahoma, but a measure is now before the Legislature which gives them that privilege, and it mentions their bravery, and offers them the suffrage as a just compensation.

W. R. DRAPER.

THE FIRST MEAL ON A NEW CLAIM

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Scales Invisible

TEXT, Proverbs 16: 2:

THE LORD WEIGHETH THE SPIRITS

THE subject of weights and measures is discussed among all nations, is the subject of legislation, and has much to do with the world's prosperity. A system of weights and measures was invented by Pheidon, ruler of Argos, about eight hundred years before Christ. An ounce, a pound, a ton were different in different lands. Henry III. decided that an ounce should be the weight of 640 dried grains of wheat from the middle of the ear. From the reign of William the Conqueror to Henry VIII. the English pound was the weight of 7,680 grains of wheat. Queen Elizabeth decreed that a pound should be 7,000 grains of wheat taken from the middle of the ear. The piece of platinum kept at the office of the Exchequer in England, in an atmosphere of sixty-two Fahrenheit, decides for all Great Britain what a pound must be. Scientific representatives from all lands met in 1869 in Paris and established international standards of weights and measures.

You all know something of avoirdupois weight, of apothecaries weight, of troy weight. You are familiar with the different kinds of weighing machines, whether a Roman balance, which is our steel-yard, or the more usual instrument consisting of a beam supported in the middle, having two basins of equal weight suspended to the extremities. Scales have been invented to weigh substances huge like mountains, and others delicate enough to weigh infinitesimals. But in all the universe there has only been one balance that could weigh thoughts, emotions, affections, hatreds, ambitions. That balance was fashioned by an Almighty God, and is hung up for perpetual service. "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

This divine weigher puts into the balance the spirit of charity, and decides how much of it really exists. It may go for nothing at all. It may be that it says to the unfortunate: "Take this, and do not bother me any more." It may be an occasional impulse. It may depend upon the condition of the liver or the style of breakfast partaken of a little while before. It may be called forth by the loveliness of the solicitor. It may be exercised in spirit of rivalry, which practically says: "My neighbor has given so much; therefore, I must give as much." It is accidental, or occasional, or spasmodic. When such a spirit of charity is put into the balance and weighed, God and men and angels look on and say there is nothing of it. It does not weigh so much as a dram, which is only the one-eighth part of an ounce, or a scruple, which is only the twenty-fourth part of an ounce. A man may give his hundreds and thousands of dollars with such feelings and amid such circumstances, and he will get no heavenly recognition.

The Divine Balances

But into the divine scales another man's charity is placed. It starts from love of God and man. It is born in heaven. It is a lifelong characteristic. It may have a million dollars or one penny to bestow, but the manner in which that giver bestows it shows that it is a divinely implanted principle. The one penny given may, considering the limited circumstances, attract as much angelic and heavenly attention as though the check given in charity was so large it staggered the cashier of the bank to cash it. It is not the amount given, but the spirit with which it is given. "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

Perhaps no one but God heard that good man's resolutions, but it amounted about to this: "From this present moment to my last moment on earth, God helping me, I will do all I can to make this world a purer world, a better world, a happier world." But the resolution shines out in his face, sweetens his conversation, enlarges his nature, controls his life, and shows itself as plainly in the contribution of one dollar as though he had the means to contribute five hundred thousand dollars. When that charity is put into the royal balance the heavens watch the weighing and invisible choirs chant from the clouds, and I catch one bar of the music: "Now abideth faith, hope, charity—these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

So also in the celestial scales is placed the spirit of faith. In most cases faith depends on whether or not the sun shines, and the man had sound sleep last night, and whether the first person he meets in the morning tells him something agreeable or disagreeable. Some day the sales in his store do not amount to so much as he expected, and he goes home with enough complaints to fill the house as soon as he enters it. Another day the sales are twenty or forty per cent. larger than usual, and as he is putting the key into the door-lock his family hear him whistling a tune most jubilant. He has faith that everything in his own affairs and in the affairs of church and state are tending toward better conditions, until something depressing happens in his own personal experiences or under his own observation.

There are Christian people who had faith that China would be redeemed, and for thirty years have been contributing toward that object, but they changed their minds, and now despair of the "Flowery Kingdom," since the "Boxers" began their massacres. There are those who were busy in New York missions, and expected the salvation of our American cities until recent developments showed that the police were in complicity with crime, and now these Christian workers are despairful, as though all were lost. Of what worth is such a man's faith? When weighed, will they have what the chemists call atomic weight—the weight of an atom? No; such faith is no faith at all.

Triumphant Faith

But there is another man who by repentance and prayer has put himself into alliance with the Almighty God. Made all right by the Saviour's grace, this man goes to work to make the world right. He says to himself: "God launched this world, and he never launched a failure. The Garden of Eden was a useless morass compared with what the whole world will be when it blossoms and leaves and flashes and resounds with its coming glory. God will save it anyhow, with me or without me, but I want to do my share. I have some equipment—not as much as some others, but what I have I will use. I have power to frown, and I will frown upon iniquity. I have power to smile, and I will smile encouragement upon all the struggling. I have a vocabulary not so opulent as the vocabulary of some others, but I have a storehouse of good words, and I mean to scatter them in helpfulness. I will ascribe right motives to others when it is possible. If I can say anything good about others I will say it. If I can say nothing but evil of them I will keep my lips shut as tight as the lips of the sphinx which for three thousand years has looked off upon the sands of the desert and uttered not one word about the desolation. The scheme of reconstructing this world is too great for me to manage, but I am not expected to boss this job. I have faith to believe that the plan is well laid out and will be well executed. Give me a brick and a trowel, and I will begin now to help build the wall. I am not a soloist, but I can sing Rock of Ages to a sick pauper. I cannot write a great book, but I can pick a cinder out of a child's eye or a splinter from under his thumb-nail. I now enlist in this army that is going to take the world for God, and I defy all the evil powers, human and satanic, to discourage me. Count me into the service. I cannot play upon a musical instrument, but I can polish a cornet, or string a harp, or applaud the orchestra."

All through that man's experience there runs a faith that will keep him cheerful, and busy, and triumphant. I like the watch-word of Cromwell's "Ironsides," the men who feared nothing and dared everything, going into battle with the shout, "the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah!" The earthly weighman counterpoises on metallic balances the iron, the coal, the articles of human food, the solids of earthly merchandise, but he cannot test or announce the amount of things spiritual. Here is something which the Attic and Babylonian weighing systems of the past and the metric weighing system of the present cannot manage. "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

A Healthy Ambition

Put also into those royal scales the ambitious spirit. Every healthy man and woman has ambition. The lack of it is a sure sign of idiocy or immorality. The only question is, what shall be the style of our ambition? To stack up a stupendous fortune, to acquire a resounding name, to sweep everything we can reach into the whirlpool of our own selfishness—that is debasing, ruinous, and deathful. If in such a spirit we get what we start for we only secure gigantic discontent. No man was ever made happy by what he got. It all depends upon the spirit with which we get it, and the spirit with which we keep it, and the spirit with which we distribute it. Not since the world stood has there been any instance of complete happiness from the amount of accumulation. Give the man of worldly ambition sixty years of brilliant successes. He sought for renown, and the nations speak his name. He sought for affluence, and he is put to his wit's end to find out the best stocks and bonds in which he may make his investments. He is director in enough banks, and trustee in enough institutions, and president of enough companies to bring on paresis, of which he is now dying. The royal balances are lifted to weigh the ambition which has controlled him a lifetime. What the worth of that ambition? How much did it yield usefulness and heaven? Less than a scruple, less than a grain of sand, less than an atom, less than nothing. Have a funeral a mile long with carriages, let the richest robes of ecclesiastics rustle about the casket, capture the scene by choirs which chant "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." That man's life is a failure, and if his heirs scuffle in the surrogate's court about the incapacity of the testator to make a last will and testament, it will only be a prolongation of the failure. The son, through dissipation, spent his share of the fortune before the father died, and so was cut off with a dollar. The daughter married against his will, and she is disinherited. Relatives whom he could never bear the sight of will put in their claim, and after years of litigation, so much of the estate as the lawyers have not appropriated to themselves, will go into hands which the testator never once thought of when in his last days he left tearful farewells to the houses and lands and government securities he could not take along with him to the sepulchre."

Planning a Career

But look into the dream of that schoolboy who, without saying anything about it, is planning his life career. From an old book, partly written in Hebrew and partly written in Greek, but both Hebrew and Greek translated into good English, he reads of a great farmer like Amos, a great mechanic like Aholiab, a great lawyer like Moses, a great soldier like Joshua, a great king like Hezekiah, a great poet like David, a great gleaner like Ruth, a great physician like Luke, a great preacher like Paul, a great Christ like no one on earth or in heaven, because the superior of all beings, terrestrial or celestial. He has learned by heart the commandments and the sermon on the mount, and has splendid theories about everything. Between that gifted haired boy and the achievement of what he wants and expects, there are obstacles and hindrances known only to the God who is going to discipline him for heaven magnificent. I have no power to prophesy the difficult experiences of his encouragement and disappointment, of his struggle or his triumph, but as sure as God lives to make his word come true, that boy, who will sleep to-night nine hours without waking, will be finally victor. I do not know the intermediate chapters of the volume of that young man's life, but I know the first chapter and the last chapter. The first chapter is made of high resolve in the strength of God, and the last chapter is filled with the rewards of a noble ambition. At his obsequies pass out to the cemetery, the poor will weep because they will lose their best friend. Many in whose temporal welfare and eternal salvation he bore a part, will hear of it in various places, and eulogize his memory, and God will say to the ascending spirit: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." In the hour of that soul's release and enthronement there will be heavenly acclamation, as in the royal balances "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

A Perfect Standard

Other balances may lack precision and fail in coverpoise. Scales are affected by conditions of atmosphere and acid vapors. After all that the nations have done to establish an invariable standard, perfection has never yet been reached, and never will be reached. But the royal balances of which I speak are the same in heat and cold, in all weathers, in all lands, and in all the heavens. Just and true to the last point of justice and truth. The same balance that weighed the tender spirit of Adam under the fruit tree, and the spirit of Cain in the first assassination, and the spirit of courage in Joshua during the prolonged daylight, and the spirit of cruelty in Jezebel, and the spirit of grief in Jeremiah's lamentation, and the spirit of evangelism in Paul between the road to Damascus, where he first saw the light, and the road to Ostia, the place of his bedchamber, is weighing still, and never yet has varied from the right one milligramme, which is about the one-fifth part of a grain. The only perfect standard of weights and measures ever established was established in the heavens before the world was made, and will continue to do its work after the world is burned up. To measure the time, we have calendars. To measure the lightning, we have the electrometers. To measure the heat, we have the thermometers. To measure the atmospheric pressure, we have the barometers. To measure souls, we have the royal balances. "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

In the same divine scales the spirit of nations and civilizations is weighed. Egyptian civilization did its work, but it was cruel and superstitious and idolatrous

nd defiant of the Almighty. It was cast out and cast own. The tourist finds his chief interest not in the eneration that now inhabits the regions watered by the Nile and sprinkled by her cascades, but in the temples hat are the skeletons of ancient pride and pomp and ower—her obelisks, her catacombs, her mosques, the olossus of Rameses, the dead cities of Memphis and Thebes, the temples of Luxor and Karnak, the museum ontaining the mummified forms of the Pharaohs. It s not the Egypt of to-day that we go to see, but the Egypt of many centuries ago. Her spirit has departed. Her doom was sealed. The Lord weighed her spirit.

The Weighing of Rome and Greece

Now cross over the Dardanelles or Hellespont and ee Grecian civilization put in the royal balances. urely that is an imperishable spirit. Had Athens prayer-ully listened to Paul's sermon on Mars Hill and adopted is precepts of brotherhood and divine worship, she ould have stood in her old power to-day, and all Greece would have stood with her, and that civilization o long dead under the carved pillars of her shrines and nder the marble of her pentelican mountains would ave been, perhaps for all Asia, and for much of Eu-ope, a living civilization. But for her arrogance she was ast out and cast down. The Lord weighed her spirit.

Wander along the banks of the Tiber and you come o another civilization which is put in the royal balances -the Roman civilization. Its capital was the mistress f the world. Surely here is something that will last as ng as the earth continues to swing in its orbit. Here æsar reigned, and Trajan and Titus and Constantine rought home their victorious armies. Here stood glit-ering in the sun the Coliseum, combining in its archi-ecture the best Doric, Ionic and Corinthian, eighty-even thousand spectators gazing upon the gladiators bloody struggle. But the empire was plunged into xtravagance and dissoluteness, and it takes the four reat volumes of Gibbon to describe her decadence. We go there now to see her ruins Its spirit was an npure spirit, an all-conquering spirit, and "The Lord eigheth the spirits."

And so the spirit of our American nation is put into e royal balance, and it will be weighed as certainly as l the nations of the past were weighed, and as all the ations of the present are being weighed. When we o to estimate the wealth of this nation, we weigh its old and silver, and coal and iron, and copper and lead, nd all the steel-yards, and all the balances are kept usy. So many tons of this, and so many tons of that; mountainful of this metal, and another mountainful of nother metal. That is well. We want to know our ining wealth, our manufacturing wealth, our agricul-ral wealth, and the bushel measure and the scales ve an important work. But know right well there is divine weighing in this country all the time going on, and I can tell you our country's destiny, if you will tell me whether it shall be a God-honoring nation, reverential to the only book of his authorship, observing the "shalt nots" of the law of right given on Mount Sinai, and the law of love given on the Mount of Beatitudes, one day out of the week observed, not in revelry, but in holy convocation, marriage honored in ceremony and in fact, blasphemy silenced in all the streets, high-toned systems of morals in all parts of our land, then our institutions will live, and all the wondrous prosperities of the present are only a faint hint of the greater prosperities to come. Richer harvests will rustle in the fields, a higher style of literature will turn its leaves in our libraries, nobler men will adorn our state and national legislatures. and there will be Washingtons, and Hamiltons, and Patrick Henrys, and John Marshalls, and Abraham Lincolns in the future, quite equal to those of the past. And the last day of the world's existence will find our free American institutions permanent as the mountains before they begin to fall, and glorious as the seas before they begin to die.

But if our character and behavior as a nation are reversed, and good morals give place to loose living, and God is put away from our hearts, and our schools, and our homes, and our people, and our literature be debauched, and anarchism and atheism have full sway, and our American Sabbath becomes a Parisian Sabbath, and infamous laws get a place on our statute books, and the marriage relation becomes a joke instead of a sanctity, and the God whom Columbus prayed to on the day of his landing from stormy seas, and whom Benjamin Franklin publicly reverenced when he moved, amid derisive cries, the regular opening of the American Congress with prayer, shall in our national future be insulted and blasphemed, then it will not be long before we will need another Edward Gibbon to write the decline and fall of the United States Republic, and it will not be another case of destruction by the Goths, and Huns, and Tartars, and Tamerlanes, and Attilas of foreign opposition and hate, but it will be a case of world-astounding national suicide.

A King's Vain Search

The wish of this sermon is to emphasize the invisible—to show that there are other balances beside those made of brass, and platinum, and aluminum, and set in earthly storehouses; that the spirit is the most important part of us; that the scales which weigh your body are not as important as the scales which weigh your soul. Depend not too much for happiness upon the visible. Pyrrhus was king and had large dominion, but was determined to make war against the Romans, and Cineas, the friend of the king, said to him, "Sir, when you have conquered them, what will you do next?" "Then Sicily is near at hand and easy to master." "And, what when you have conquered Sicily?" "Then we will pass over to Africa and take Carthage, which cannot long withstand us." "When these are conquered, what will you next attempt?" "Then we will fall in upon Greece and Macedonia, and recover what we have lost there." "Well, when all are subdued what fruit do you expect from all your victories?" "Then," said the king,"we will sit down and enjoy ourselves." "Sir," said Cineas, "may we not do it now? Have you not already a kingdom of your own? and he that cannot enjoy himself with a kingdom, cannot with the whole world." I say to you who love the Lord, the kingdom is within you, make more of the invisible conquests. Study a peace which the world has no bushel to measure, no steel-yards to weigh. As far as possible we should make our balances like to the divine balances.

Weighing a World

By joint resolution of Congress, in 1836, the Treasurer of the United States was ordered to send a complete set of the standard of weights and measures adopted by the National Government to the Governors of all the States, so that there might be uniformity and accuracy, and that distribution was made. So, now, the Ruler of earth and heaven, having established forever the right standard, sends to us and to all people a copy of that standard—the standard by which "The Lord weigheth the spirits."

What a world this will be when it is weighed after its regeneration shall have taken place! Scientists now guess at the number of tons our world weighs, and they put the Apennines and the Sierra Nevadas and Chimborazo and the Himalayas in the scales; but if weighed as to its morals at the present time, in the royal balance, the heaviest things would be the wars, the international hatreds, the crimes mountain high, the moral disasters that stagger the hemispheres on their way through immensity. But when the Gospel has gardenized the earth, as it will yet gardenize it, and the atmosphere shall be universal balm, and the soil will produce universal harvest and fruitage, and the last cavalry horse shall be unsaddled, and the last gun-carriage unwheeled, and the last fortress turned into a museum to show nations in peace what a horrid thing war once was; then the world will be weighed, and as the opposite side of the scales lifts as though it was light as a feather, the right side of the scales will come down, weighing more than all else, those tremendous values that St. Peter enumerated—faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity.

God forbid that it should ever be written concerning us as individuals or communities or nations, as it was written on the wall of Belshazzar's banqueting hall the hour when Daniel impeached the monarch, and translated the fiery words which blanched the cheeks of the revelers, and made them drop their chalices brimming with wine: "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting."

MANY SOULS WON AT PIQUA, OHIO

THE First Presbyterian Church of Piqua, O., has just passed through one of the most blessed seasons of revival in its history. In 1892, as the result of a Union Meeting, in which all the evangelical churches of the city were interested, an increased number of persons united with the Church But as h outcome of a meeting in which this church alone as active nothing more satfactory is recorded. The pas-r of the church, Rev. James . Black, D.D., was greatly npressed with the earnest pirit of his congregation dur-g the Week of Prayer. The cture-room was crowded ery evening, and, without pecial evangelistic effort, venty-one persons united with e Church at the communion llowing. The pastor was at at time a stranger, having een in charge of the church t six weeks, but he was sure is unusual interest pointed even better things. The hole congregation was in a nder and teachable spirit. beloved pastor had died sud-enly a few months before, d the lessons of that event d sunk deep into many arts.

The session of the church as of one mind with the pas-r, that an effort ought to be ade to have revival services, d their plans met with the rdial support of the people from the very start. At the ggestion of Dr. J. W. Chapman, Prof. W. S. Weeden as engaged to help the pastor. He came here a day or o ahead of the meetings, organized a chorus choir, hich began with forty voices, and later reached as high seventy. His presence was a great help from the begin-ng. The pastor addressed an earnest appeal to every mmunicant of the church, closing with these words:

"I shall preach the best I can, trusting in God for help, and I ask you to do the best you can, trusting in the same Helper. First, bring yourself, and then another. Pray for the leaders, yourself and lost souls. God will surely bless."

The meetings, planned for three weeks, were a success in every direction from the first night. After two or three nights in the crowded lecture-room the trustees of the church saw the necessity of building a large platform for the seventy singers, and taking the congregation into the audience-room, where 1,100 people can be comfortably seated. This large room was filled in every part Sabbath evenings during four Sabbaths and nearly so in the mornings. During the week, from 250 to 500 people assembled every evening. Results were manifest almost from the beginning. The pastor spoke the Gospel message, with simplicity and force. Professor Weeden, by his wonderful solo singing, inspired the large choir and congregation to pour out their souls in song. He quickly created a splendid chorus out of the congregation and held them together to the end of the meeting.

One Sabbath morning in the Sunday School, 110 persons signed cards declaring their purpose to henceforth live a Christian life. These ranged in age from young men and women ready for college to boys and girls of ten and twelve years. It was a wonderful sight when nearly all in the school, not already Christians, stood up and openly confessed Christ. On the morning of Easter Sabbath, the ingathering took place. Fully 600 communicants were present and seventy-one persons stood in a double circle around the pulpit platform and publicly renounced their sins and pledged their lives to the service of Christ. Sixteen persons were baptized during the same service. These meetings, extending really through about three months, brought ninety-two persons into the Church, seventy-one on confession of faith, and secured from members of the church definite written pledges to a more consecrated Christian life to the number of 150.

REV. JAS. I. BLACK, D.D.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PIQUA, O.

PROF. W. S. WEEDEN

The three weeks of special effort of the pastor and people, in which they had the aid of Professor Weeden, were weeks of splendid work and delightful relations on all sides. All who engaged in the work were blessed, and in membership the Church increased until, with its 728 active members, only five or six Presbyterian churches in the Synod of Ohio are larger. A great tent work, under the leadership of Professor Weeden, is now being planned for the coming summer.

New Light on Bible Lands.

JERUSALEM FROM THE DISTANT APPROACH

A BEDOUIN CAMP

A TERRACED SLOPE

II. THE TESTIMONY OF THE MOUNDS

BY...
REV. THEODORE F. WRIGHT, D.

THE surface of Palestine has been correctly described as being like corrugated coral, so that in going along, unless one keeps to the crooked course of some valley, one is constantly going up or down. This peculiarity of surface led to the towns being set on hills, while the tillage was done in the valleys. This explains the words, "The pastures are clothed with flocks, the valleys also are covered over with corn" (Psalm 65 : 13), for the sheep and goats pasture on the hillsides, and the grain is grown in the lower ground.

Not only were the towns generally set on hills, but they caused the hills to rise higher in this way: a town was very compactly built with a thick wall, and houses all made of sun-dried bricks. These bricks were made of earth, perhaps with stubble intermixed. They measured about two feet square by three inches thick. The roofs were thatched with straw, or covered with earth, resting on twigs and rolled hard enough to shed water. Now, if war and fire destroyed such a city, the exposed walls would soon crumble back to earth again, and would so far increase the height of the hill. But when the war was over, and the people began to restore their homes, they would build on the mound of earthly ruins. At last, perhaps some more thorough massacre would cause permanent abandonment of the site, and then the mound would cover itself with grass.

Such a mound is called a *tell* by the Arabs. They make it now a place for their tents, but they no longer add anything to the height. Even in Bible times we read of places whose names begin with "Tel," and a careful count has revealed the existence of about two hundred *tells* in Palestine, every one covering one or more cities. Here, then, is the archæologist's mine, and most carefully he goes to work to get at the contents of the hill. To take one place and speak more definitely than would be possible of a number at once, let us choose Lachish, which the Arabs call Tel-el-Hesy—the old name indeed slightly modified by modern speech. Lachish is about twenty-five miles southwest of Jerusalem, on the hills overlooking the Philistine country.

We first hear of Lachish as a town existing before the Israelites conquered Canaan. It joined with Jebus, Hebron, Eglon and Jarmuth to fight against Israel at Ajalon. Israel won, and it afterward besieged Lachish two days and destroyed it. This is told in Josh., 10th ch.

Four hundred years afterward Lachish was fortified by Rehoboam, son of Solomon, II. Chronicles 11 : 9. A later king, Amaziah, took refuge there from conspirators, II. Chronicles 25 : 27. Still later it was taken by the Assyrian king, Sennacherib, who besieged it "with all his power," II. Chronicles 32 : 9; and here he rested while he sent officers to Jerusalem to demand its surrender. This siege is depicted on a slab found at Kouyunjik. Lachish was reoccupied by the Jews on their return from Babylon, Nehemiah 11 : 30; and there the Bible record ends. The spade has removed only about one-eighth of this *tell*, but it has revealed the wall, of which some lower courses still remain, and we find that wall to be no less than twenty-eight feet thick! This reminds us of the saying that the spies who viewed the land saw "cities great and walled up to heaven," Deuteronomy 1 : 28. Lachish was right in their path and must have looked impregnable.

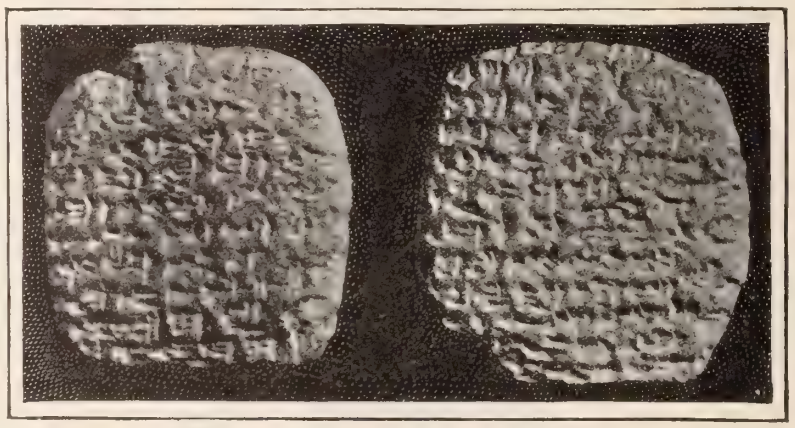
We have found a gate through the wall protected by a narrow and extensive passage, through which only one could walk at a time, so that it would be easily defended from above. By the side of this gate was found a stone cut with an ornament upon it, and this ornament may be said to be the earliest bit of Palestinian art known to us. It reminds one of the finish of the altar with a rim ending in a horn, and may give the very form of the horns of the altar.

Another very important discovery was a kind of furnace. Only the lower part remained, but it showed the arrangement of the draught, and the inner surface showed the effects of intense heat. We know that the Philistines were workers in iron, and it may be that this was a furnace for smelting it; but that is not certain as yet, because so far nothing like it has been found anywhere. The statement has been made, however, by people of ability in such matters, that a patent for a similar furnace was taken out in London early in the nineteenth century. The Lachish furnace is probably three thousand years old and may be older. As the explorer, our American, Bliss, went down with his work, he came to evidences of a series of cities. This was ascertained by going into and through a layer of potsherds and coming to one of plain earth, and then going through this and coming to another layer of potsherds of a different type, and so on, until he had found no less that eight cities. This seems marvelous, but we must remember that on level ground, as at Cairo, a new city would be set on one side of the old heap of ruins, but that a hilly country causes the city to rise on the same spot. How many Jerusalems were there? Solomon's, Nehemiah's, Herod's, the one after the destruction by Titus, the one after the destruction by Hadrian, and so on. In some places the ruins rise upon the original surface are a hundred feet deep. Now, Bliss analyzes each layer of Lachish very carefully, and places the Lachish of Joshua's time about in the middle of the series.

Of course he found many important bronze objects, but the most important thing was a little tablet not three inches square, written over with Babylonian characters and imploring the aid of Egypt against an enemy. Zimride, the royal writer, is also named on the Tel-el-Amarua letters and he certainly meant this one to be delivered there, but perhaps the enemy was too quick for him. The letter reads as follows:

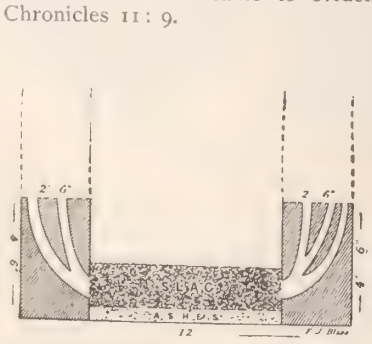
"Is it not sent to the great chief of our fathers? Lo, thou knowest that they have fortified the city Atim (probably the neighboring Etam of I. Chronicles 4 : 32). And to the feet of him who is established as the chieftain, I, Zimride, humbly bow. Supporter of cities, behold! O Sun of the people, I have rent my garments. Three or four years the foe has been resting who desires my country. Now they have entered my land to lay waste. The city which we inhabit he is surrounding. He has gathered to besiege it. Strong is he who has come down. He has gone with sturdy feet. May his land perish!"

The letter did not reach the Egyptian suzerain, but it now comes forth to us, from thirty feet below ground, and Zimride, being dead, yet speaketh.

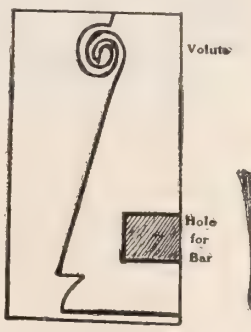


FRONT BACK

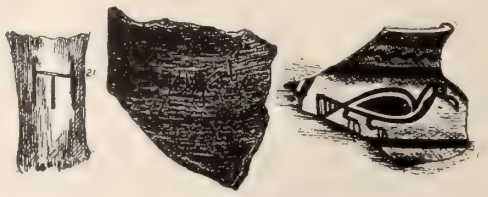
AN INSCRIBED TABLET, FOUND AT TEL-EL-HESY



SECTION OF BLAST FURNACE—1400-1500 B.C.



JAMB OF GATE, LACHISH



THREE KINDS OF POTSHERDS

The Gift of a Bible

DEAR SIR:—The red letter New Testament received. I gave it to an old prospector here—an earnest Christian. When I gave it, he said: "Well, God bless you for this. It's what I needed, for my old Bible is going apart."

I wish to tell you how much we enjoy THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I would rather give up all my other books than it; it is full of interesting things that are taking place in the world. I often wish I were wealthy, instead of a poor rancher woman, that I might give generously to all the good causes advocated by you

MRS. A. [illegible]SEN.

Black Hawk, Colo.

FLOWERS for "THE OTHER ONE"

A STORY OF DECORATION DAY

By Mary Lowe Dickinson

T was desolate and dreary enough outside. It was cosy and comfortable enough within the old Bowery Mission. The rain's slow, disconsolate drip, sounding as if it never hoped to stop, was lashed into a storm by the whistling wind. Everything in the street scurried for shelter, except a rather forlorn-looking group of wayfarers, huddled together in the Mission vestibule.

Suddenly, out upon the storm broke the sound of the old familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." At the first strain, a well-dressed man, hurrying on with his head bent to the blast, halted and hesitated—th as they sang

While the nearer billows roll,
While the tempest still is high,

med slowly on. But the music must have called after him, fo t the words,

Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past,

he rned back, and with quick, strong foot-fall, entered the M ion door.

e music was the closing hymn. Seated by the door, the sti ger got many a questioning look and friendly nod as the people filed out. One man asked him if he would like to see th Superintendent, and before he could answer No, a kind ha was offered, and a kind voice bade him welcome. "A sti ger in the city, perhaps," asked th astor. "Can we do anything fo ou?"

h, no, not a stranger, but just re ned after a long absence. I ca in because I heard the singing I'd like to stay as long as it go on."

ertainly! By all means! As lor as you like. The lady at the pi o is waiting for her brother. Th are good friends of our work. H comes down sometimes to spk to the men, and his sister to he with the music. He is in the ne room talking to a poor, disco aged fellow now. I told him I uld send for a carriage for him; bu 'll be back again."

e stranger was in no haste for hi eturn, for the music had begun or more; just simple old hymns, pl ed with a tenderness and feelin hat showed the hand of the m cian guided by the heart of the Cistian. Quite unconscious of a lis ner back there in the shadows, th ady sang softly,

Co ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
me to the mercy seat, fervently kneel,
H bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish—
rth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

fore the last words died away th man went out. Meeting the Sperintendent at the door, he sli ed something in his hand. "Cly a little gift to help some other m , as your meeting has helped m he said, and hurried forth into the darkness just as a ca drove up to to take the Rev. Mr. Bryce and his sister Bha to their home.

id you notice that dark, soldierly-looking man who came in la ?" asked Miss Bryce, as they drove up Madison avenue.

o, he was gone before I came out; but the Superinte ent said he gave him money, something handsome, and sa he had been helped so much by the music. You had yo misgivings, Bertha, about its being worth while for you to down so often with me, but you see it does the poor so good."

'm afraid it will be my last Sunday though, for the present. I ve a letter from Mrs. Wade, in Alton; that dear old country place where we all went when the children's mher was alive. Mrs. Wade writes we may come again, an at once. For Nellie's sake we ought not to delay. She se s so languid, and the doctor says she must have immedie change of air."

e good man fidgeted uneasily on his seat. Delicate lie Nell, and Ralph, his rollicking boy, and this brave, w anly sister, who mothered them all, going away, and he to e left in the desolate parsonage alone! He did not say or word; but Bertha understood, and answered the unspoken q stion.

Never mind, brother. Mother Wade writes there are to bo other boarders, and you will spend your vacation there—an let me see—there's Decoration Day just at hand. Be sr you come up then to help me keep Ralph in order. He's al ys so wild about the soldiers."

"I hope Ralph isn't growing too much for you to manage, Bertha. He is a great responsibility; a noisy, active boy. Perhaps I better keep Ralph."

"No, brother, not this time. Ralph's frolic and fun are a part of Nellie's medicine; she needs him in large daily doses, and you can't keep him in your study nor in your pulpit. He's twelve now, past the rocking-horse age. But I shall need you Decoration Day. Two years ago I heard him bullying old Hannah, Mother Wade's 'help,' because she wouldn't let him have the soldier cap and sword that belonged to Mrs. Wade's boy who was wounded at Bull Run."

"Wonderful old lady, that Mrs. Wade!"

"Indeed she is. Gave three boys—all that she had—to her country. Two of them brought home to the old churchyard. No one to work the farm, so she let it go, field after field, and she couldn't have kept the old house and garden without summer boarders, and she couldn't keep them but for Hannah, that marvel of devotion and pluck."

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"I'm afraid the two children will make you a lot of work," said Mother Wade to Hannah, who took her hands out of the dishwater, and stood, bare arms akimbo, while her mistress read Bertha's letter.

"Neow, Miss Wade, I know you don't never hanker after no boarders, but ef we hev to hev enybuddy, Miss Bryce is reel common-sense and folksy, and ef I was a good nuss enough for you and your boys 'fore and after the War, I'm a good 'nuff nuss for the minister's little gal. And t'other one, the boy; well, I ruther like a boy racketin' reound. Some satisfaction cookin' for a boy. They don't jest pick and pick."

"IT WAS A FINE PROCESSION, HEADED BY THE BOYS WITH THE MAMMOTH WREATH"

And when they came there was a great deal of rambling in the woods and fields with Aunt Bertha, to teach them about what Ralph called "bugs and birds and things." There was a tent in the apple orchard, with a tiny flag floating over it to "make believe" be soldiers, and a brook big enough to "make believe" fish in. It was all healthful, but not very exciting. But Ralph comforted himself with the fact that further on would be Fourth of July, with rockets and "all kinds of busty things," and here, close at hand, was Decoration Day."

"Everybody was coming," so Ralph told Hannah and Bertha, "to the Sunday School room, with flowers to make bouquets and wreaths. And there was going to be one great bouncing wreath, like a blooming cart-wheel, for the soldiers' monument on the Common, and the boys that carried it were to be those whose fathers, or somebody they belonged to, had fought for their country. I can't," he added ruefully, "but those little ragged fellows that live in that old tumble-down house at the cross roads, they can. They've got a musket and a long blue coat that was sent home to them. Their grandfather got hit first thing."

"Well, neow, 'taint nothin' to fret over cos yer relations never fit nor bled," said Hannah. "Them that didn't fight, they had to pay to keep the others at it. More'n likely your relations paid. Folks gin'ally did, and it cost some on 'em 'beout all they was wuth. Never you mind 'beout the cart-wheel. It'll be too hefty for ye anyway. You can invite all them little fellers that carries it up to our pyazza, and I've got cakes and custards and things, and you can give 'em a treat."

"But can't I decorate?"

"Yes, Mother Wade 'll be glad to hev ye decorate for her boys."

"Which one, Dick or Ned?"

"Well, nuther one nor tuther. But there was Harry. He went and fit and was killed, so we heerd; but we ain't never knowed eggzackly where his grave wus. By good rights, it orter be just betwixt the other two. All these years didn't nobody never decorate for him. So that's jest where you lay your posies deown. Understand?" And Ralph understood, and Hannah turned away with her apron to her eyes.

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It was a fine procession as it wound through the churchyard, headed by the boys with the mammoth wreath. And close behind with the other bearers of flowers was Ralph, with his banner and his bouquets. At a curve where the crowd passed, a big boy pushed Ralph aside.

"You needn't get in the way with your banner. We don't need any city boys," and a second push sent him staggering into the arms of a tall, strong man.

"So, so, little comrade. Quarreling in the ranks. That's not soldierlike."

"I've as good a right," began Ralph, angrily.

"No, he hasn't any right at all to crowd in before me. My father fit and bled and died, and he didn't even have a big brother in the war."

"Never mind that. Every child in the land ought to carry a wreath for the poor dead soldiers who didn't have any little boys. Come along with me. I had two soldier brothers, and I haven't any wreath. Come and put yours on their graves for me."

"So you are a city boy," said the gentleman pleasantly, "and none of these brave fellows belonged to you?"

"No, but they did to Mother Wade. She had three soldiers; but there's one whose grave she never found. And my wreath was just for him. I was going to put it between the other two. Hannah said I might, but I know she'd like me to divide with you, since you haven't any flowers for your brothers. But there's Auntie and Mother Wade and Hannah now, there by their own soldiers' graves. I'll run and ask." But the other child—the man-child—went faster even than he, and Bertha, turning suddenly, saw again the man she had seen at the Mission. And close folded to his heart was dear old Mother Wade, and beside him Hannah, open-mouthed and arms akimbo, staring in dumb surprise. She found her tongue, however, for as Bertha drew Ralph away Hannah rushed past them, talking hard to herself:

"I might er known he'd come, and he never did come that he wasn't hungry as a bear, and I've gone and given them cart-wheel boys every airthly thing in the house that's fit to eat."

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Of all the boys, Hal had been the wayward one before the war, and the wandering one after. True, he heard his mother was dead and the old home sold. True, that God sent him repentance, and that his life came back to manliness and prosperity long before that Bowery Mission night. But on that night he heard once more the hymns his mother sang, and on that night he began to long to do some work to show his sorrow and his love. On that night he resolved to go back to see if the old home could be bought, and made a summer rest for the needy ones reached by the work of the Mission. He lingered in the city to plan for this, and had come to Alton just in time to mingle with the throng on its way to the church-yard.

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All this was long ago. There were yet some blessed years for Mother Wade. And there came to be in time an orphanage for soldiers' children on the old farm, and long before old Hannah rested from her labors there were boys enough "racketin reound" to fill her heart's desire.

WAITING FOR RELIEF

VILLAGE OF LI-TUAN, SHANSI

FEEDING THE STARVING CHILDR

FAMINE-STRICKEN CHINA'S CRY HEARD

AMERICA TO REACH OUT HANDS OF HELP TO THE SHANSI SUFFERERS

FROM every quarter of the Union come letters of warm approval of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S action in opening its columns for the relief of the Chinese famine sufferers. This was done in response to the cabled appeal of Earl Li Hung Chang, an appeal which has received the prompt endorsement of the most eminent Americans, including the President, the Secretary of State, United States Minister Conger, and many others. Better than all, it has met the approval of the great body of God's people throughout the land, who are always ready to answer the cry of human suffering, and contributions for the work are already flowing in. Should these come in sufficient volume it may be practicable, before the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches its readers, to authorize acting United States Minister Rockhill, at Peking, to take the necessary steps for forwarding the first cargo of food to the starving multitudes of the province of Shansi. Mr. Rockhill stands ready to undertake this work in behalf of Christian America. We would, therefore, urge all who desire to have a share in this benevolent work of saving human life, to act quickly, and, by forwarding their contributions now, enable us to send substantial relief at the earliest possible moment into Shansi. All relief measures will be under the supervision of the United States Acting Minister and a responsible missionary committee. Every contribution will be duly acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The contributions thus far received for the relief work are acknowledged on another page of this issue.

A SHANSI FAMINE GIRL

A Shansi Missionary's Letter

One of the missionary laborers in the Shansi field, the Rev. Harlan P. Beach, has sent to us the following article, which throws a great deal of light upon the Shansi famine:

"The strong appeal for relief flashed beneath the ocean to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by China's Bismarck, Li Hung Chang, calls the attention of the American people to piteous suffering. Famine-stricken Shansi one can easily find on any good map of China. More than half of the province—it is a trifle larger than Illinois, and quite similar in shape—is elevated more than a mile above sea-level.

"Let the reader imagine himself at the northern port of Tien-tsin, *en route* to the famine district. His first objective is Pao-Ting Fu, the capital of Chihli. This city can be reached by houseboat, propelled some of the time by wind, but towed for a greater part of the journey by a brawny crew; or the traveler can take the railroad to Peking, and thence to Pao-Ting Fu. The Peking route is twice as long, but the journey will be accomplished in one-sixth the time, and with far less discomfort than on the native houseboat. From the provincial capital one must proceed wholly in native fashion—either on foot or in carts resembling a mammoth Saratoga trunk with the front end removed, and placed on wheels.

"Upon the Shansi plateau, one sees few evidences of wealth of any kind, though the city houses are better built perhaps than in the towns on the Great Plain. In other respects the impression is one of decided poverty, and the traveler must look beneath the soil to discover the remarkable wealth of the province. Baron von Richtofen, the highest authority on the mineral resources of China, asserts that this is one of the most remarkable coal and iron regions of the globe. It is these immensely rich deposits that have attracted to Shansi a horde of syndicate promoters, and made Germany anxious to secure the province of Shantung, of which the province of Shansi is a hinterland.

MISS PARTRIDGE, A MISSIONARY, AND HER NATIVE HELPER

The helper, Tsni-Chiao-yu, was one of the Shansi martyrs who perished during the Boxer massacres

TERRACES NEAR TAI-KU, SHANSI, SHOWING CHINESE FARMING METHODS

A Glimpse of Famine Work

"Shansi finds itself after the drought of last sum[mer] in direst need. One can only think of what univer[sally] happens when famine visits this region—and how o[ften] that is may be seen in a Chinese record, which describes more than eight hundred famines and droughts during the thousand years preceding A. D. 1643. The greatest of recent date was the famine of 1877–78, which was so awful in its ravages that from nine to thirteen millions died in this and three adjacent provinces. Beside such figures even the harrowing story of India's recent sufferings seems small. One who participated in Chinese famine relief work writes thus:

STONE LION TO KEEP OFF EVIL SPIRITS

The visitor was often met by a solitary remnant of a large household, to hear from him a harrowing recital of suffering and death, fitted to shock the most callous of humanity. Again, he would come upon the corpse of one recently fallen in the vain effort to walk to a neighboring town, and about it a lazy pack of wolves squatting—gorged and stupid from the fulness of many ghastly meals. At other times, a silent dwelling might be found giving shelter only to the cadaverous bodies of its former inmates; or, anon, a ruined house would tell where the timbers had been plucked out and sold for a little bread. [T]he last extreme of famine, cannibalism, [w]as cropped out here and there, it is hardly [n]ecessary to add notice and description.

"Include in this picture other feat[ures], such as pitiful children, naked, and [with] distended abdomens filled with earth [and] other indigestible substances, which [were] swallowed to relieve the awful pangs of [hun]ger; women grubbing from the ground [moss] roots, or robbing trees of their bark, to hush the w[ail]ing of their infants; fathers bearing about in baskets [chil]dren to be sold for less than a dollar each; husb[ands] consigning for a mere trifle their wives, or fathers [their] daughters, to a life of shame. These scenes, which [are] not but be common at such an awful time, ought to evoke the sympathy of every one who believes in human brotherhood. A larger population may succumb to hunger than passed away in the well-known horror of the last years in India, unless speedy succor arrives.

The Christian's Opportunity

"And who will stem this life-destroying tide? Not the Chinese Government, [for] it is itself overwhelmed in financial disaster. As in former visitations, so now, Christians, both native and foreign, must be the almoners of Occidental Christians. Never was there a better time to exhibit the Christian spirit in love shown to enemies. It is not Li Hung Chang who makes this urgent appeal; it is that Man of Sorrows, who at the Judgment Day will pronounce upon those who heed the cry a blessing because they fed his hungry brethren in China."

HARLAN P. BEACH

VILLAGERS OF NORTH CHINA

A CHRISTIAN MARTYR, MR. LIU AND HIS FAMILY

TRAVELING ON THE HAU RIVER

"SAVE · THE · REMNANT · IN · SHANSI!"

Missionary Dreyer, who Escaped Massacre, Pleads in Christ's Name for Help for Starving Native Christians

FEW workers in the Chinese famine field have had such opportunities of observation as have fallen to the lot of the Rev. F. C. H. Dreyer, of the Ping-yang Fu Mission. Mr. Dreyer was one of the last to escape during the terrible "Boxer" raids. He gives, in a recent issue of *China's Millions*, a touching picture of the fidelity and sufferings of the native Christians, many of whom were martyred. The survivors are now perishing of famine. The missionary writes:

"As early as May and June last, the distress was acute. The prices of all varieties of grain had risen to thrice their normal value, and were still continuing to rise; so that many of the poorer classes were eking out a miserable existence on weeds and roots of various kinds, prepared in various ways, and on the bark and seeds of trees, etc., together with the scantiest allowance of coarse, adulterated flour. Pitiable appeals for help were made to us. We repeatedly heard of deaths from starvation, and it was painfully evident to all that each succeeding week would but deepen the distress and enlarge the circle of those affected.

"The various guilds supported the officials in exhausting the long list of devices for securing rain, suggested by the various forms of divination, and by the "three religions." Frequent and prolonged public fasts were proclaimed, the southern gates of the cities were closed, frogs were buried alive; famous temples, shrines and springs were visited, where sacrifices were offered and the gracious rain implored—in fact, all that superstitution could suggest was done, but without success. The people were under a tremendous strain of anxiety and suspense.

"This fact has, perhaps, been undervalued in considering the "Boxer" outrages in Shansi. With the indescribable horrors of the great famine of 1877–78 still fresh in their memories, it is little wonder that they shrank from the repetition of such heartrending scenes. . . . Now, large numbers of men, women and children are physical wrecks through the terrible opium habit, so that, with the double craving of hunger and opium, neither of which they are able to satisfy, they must succumb the more easily. Then (in the former famine), there were large reserve supplies of grain on hand; but now there are practically none, owing to the tremendous increase of the cultivation of the opium poppy, requiring, as it does, the choicest land, there is much less grain on the market, and, through official corruption, the Government granaries are practically empty.

"This ominous outlook could not but affect the Church. During all this time prayer for rain was continually upon the lips and in the hearts of God's people. Special days for prayer and fasting were set apart. In the private devotions of the individual Christians, as well as in the public services of the Church, the cry for rain was constantly heard.

"Matters have not improved since we left the province. Elder Chang (who has rendered such valuable services to the missionaries during this crisis), in a recent letter, closes a lengthy description of the persecutions of the native Christians with these words: "Very many of the Christians have been without food and clothing since the commencement of the persecution, and at the present time (September 19th), rain has not yet fallen. The Christians are helpless, and those who have not been killed by "Boxers" will die of hunger or cold. I have ventured to take 200 taels of the money which was left in my hands, and have sent it to Ping-yang to be distributed among the suffering Christians. What must be the outlook for those whose relatives have been killed, and who are without homes to live in, without agricultural implements and the necessary animals to work with, without seed to sow and without the means to keep body and soul together until the harvest can be reaped next spring. Their condition is inexpressibly sad, and unless something is immediately done for their relief we fear the whole church in this province will be utterly blotted out!

TYPES OF CHINESE VILLAGERS AND LOCAL OFFICIALS

"The missionaries, whose interest and sympathies lie in the temporal as well as in the spiritual well-being of those among whom they live and labor, convinced that a famine was imminent, resolved to do all they could to help the people, especially the Christians, in their distress. Early in June, it was felt that the time had come to acquaint the world with the seriousness of the situation, so a statement was drawn up by Mr. Duncan Kay, of Ku-wu, setting forth, in substance, the facts recorded above. As far as is known, this statement was signed by all but one of the missionaries of South Shansi. The area affected is very great, for we learn that in many parts of Chih-Li, Shantung, Northern Honan and Shensi, as well as in Shansi, the continued drought has caused great distress. But confining oneself to the district represented by those who signed that letter, it is roughly 20,000 square miles. At Ping-yang Fu, the building fund contributed by the church was used in purchasing grain, and the missionaries themselves united in buying a considerable quantity of wheat, intending to bring with it the relief work necessary ere outside help could come. The more we discussed the subject, the darker the outlook appeared. To our sad hearts, the famine seemed a terrible calamity, and almost overwhelmed us. We believed, however, that ultimate good would result therefrom. *Famine was the door through which the Gospel gained its first entrance into Shansi*, twenty years ago; why might not another famine be the instrument for an abundant increase of blessing throughout its length and breadth? Coming, as it does, close upon the heels of terrible persecution, is it not at least an opportunity for Christians in our more favored lands to literally obey the command: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head" (Rom. 12: 20)?

There is in Shansi a scattered remnant of the Church of God in sore distress. May we not hope that many who read these lines will definitely join in earnest prayer, that ways and means may be found of helping these persecuted, naked, destitute and starving Chinese Christians.

Native Christian Martyrs

In the "trying times" of the "Boxer" rising, the native Christians of Shansi were loyal to their new religion and many gave up their lives for the faith. One of the photographs on this page is that of Mr. Liu and his mother, wife, son, daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren. Mr Liu was the first Christian victim in the Taiku massacre. His body was cut to pieces and sent to the different villages. He was widely known as a preacher of power and many natives were brought unto the Church under his ministrations; many hundreds of other native Christians won the martyr's crown. Concerning the wretched condition of the surviving Christians, a missionary writes: "The Christians are helpless, and those who have not been killed by 'Boxers' will die of famine."

Contributions to the Fund

The following contributions, in aid of the China Famine Relief Work, have been received:

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(Continued on page 490)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered July 3

1. If a person should make a vow and be convinced afterward that he ought not to have made it, would he be justified in breaking it?

2. Does sound exist, outside and independent of the delicate mechanism of the ear, or is all nature silent and is sound produced only by the impact of the air waves upon the auditory nerve?

3. At what point and under what conditions in a successful business career might it be said of a man that he no longer controlled his wealth, but that the money was master of the man?

4. Is there any benefit derived from the oath as it is administered to jurymen and witnesses in a court of justice, or to office-holders on entering on their duties? Will either the good or the bad man do his duty more faithfully because he has taken the oath?

5. Is vivisection ever justifiable? That is, can it be right to torture a living animal in order to show a class of medical students the operation of the muscles, etc., when the same cannot be shown on a dead animal?

Questions of the Week

1. In what sense, other than spiritual, may poverty be regarded as a blessing, and riches as a handicap?

In a physical sense, poverty may prove a blessing, tending to produce those habits of temperance, of simple living and of daily industry, that conduce to health and vigor; while the rich are apt to be enervated by luxury and to suffer from that dire disease, *ennui*. Intellectually, riches are often a handicap, for the cares and distractions they entail are greater foes to the intellectual life than poverty itself. Socially, the rich are handicapped, being to a certain extent cut off from human fellowship just because they cannot understand most of the experiences of the race. They are often afraid of being married for money, and cannot always be quite sure of their friends. As regards even the spending of money, they do not know its full enjoyment, because they never economize and manage before they spend. With a golden spoon in one's mouth from birth, one can never know the joy of having; as Browning puts it,

> Sighed deep, laughed free,
> Starved, feasted, despaired, been happy.

But, whatever the comparative advantages or disadvantages of poverty and riches, the wise will desire neither, but rather make the inspired prayer of Agur their own.

AMELIA HOYT.

. . .

Poverty may be regarded as a blessing when it serves as a stimulus for exertion and leads to a concentration of energy; when our activities are developed thereby, and our sympathy for others becomes deeper and more intelligent; when we are restricted by necessity from yielding to harmful indulgences or sinful desires, and led to form habits of industry, thrift and perseverance in overcoming difficulties; when toil is crowned with conquest and labor sweetens rest. Riches are a handicap when they possess the man and he becomes the slave of his wealth, and esteems it so highly that he forgets his responsibility and the need of his fellow-men, while he devotes his life to pleasure and self-gratification, or larger acquisition. They are a handicap in the sense of exciting envy, jealousy, distrust and hatred. The requirements of business and the demands of society leave the possessor of great wealth but little time for intellectual pursuits, and he grows away from, instead of up toward, his earlier and better ideals.

M. R. D. DINGWALL.

2. A friend asserts that an evangelist is not justified in counting his converts, and announcing confidently that "so many have been converted;" another friend, with equal emphasis, claims that such a course is thoroughly Scriptural, and that the spiritual laborer does right to claim for Christ every soul which accepts openly the offer of salvation? Which of the two is right?

There may be outward confession, without inward conversion. A few practice this great deceit wilfully. But the majority deceive themselves. Many think they are saved. The imagination is so colored by religious enthusiasm that they see pictures and not realities, and mistake a passing emotion for a permanent change. Others stand or go forward to the altars because their companions do so. For the same reason they would follow them into a saloon or gambling den. A third class are really touched for the moment, but are not saved forever. Now, to count all these as "converted," is but to count false coin among the true; to count the wolves with the sheep, and to reckon the dross with the gold.

R. T. EDWARDS.

. . .

If worthy motives, such as the glory of Christ, the encouragement of God's host and the witness to the laborer's call, prompt to such an enumeration, it is right and clearly in harmony with Scripture. The fruit of Pentecost, is stated as being "about three thousand souls" (Acts 2: 41); and the number of believers at the time of the imprisonment of Peter and John "about five thousand" (Acts 4: 4); and Paul and Barnabas are said to have "rehearsed all that God had done with them" (Acts 14: 27). On the other hand, all anxiety to accumulate mere numbers, as manifested in the practice of recording as converted all who signify a desire to be Christians is wrong, and evinces a want of thoroughness on the part of the worker. He who seeks names and numbers more than souls, will make spurious converts. An expressed desire to be a Christian, though good in its place, is not necessarily a decision of the will for Christ, and where an evangelist "announces confidently that so many have been converted," his announcement ought to be based on a well-grounded belief that the reported converts have intelligently decided for and accepted Christ.

H. A. FINLAY.

3. Is a man who has a house for sale, justified in selling it, asking no questions, to a bidder, when he has reason to suspect that the proposed purchaser may use it for a gambling house, or for some other wicked purpose?

No, for the following reasons: 1. Consideration for others. If the man himself were to live in the neighborhood, he would object to a nearby gambling house or other public nuisance; therefore, he should consider that others in the vicinity would also object. If the house is located in a quarter of ill-repute, he should still follow the golden rule, perhaps thereby raising the standard of morality in that quarter. 2. That his example may not influence his neighbors or others to do wrong. 3. From principle. It is self-evident that if no one sold property to be used for wicked purposes, gambling houses and the like would soon be exterminated. The man who maintains a principle may not gain worldly prosperity, but he gains the gratitude of all right-minded people and retains his own self-respect.

ELIZABETH E. STOW.

. . .

Forfeiture clauses are very easily inserted into deeds before they are given, that demand that the property so sold shall not be used for the purposes stated. Any one who thinks more of the moral use of a property than of the money he gets for it, can carry out that purpose. But if financial considerations really mean more than moral, whatever he says or thinks, it will go to the highest bidder, with a languid desire that the new owner be a good citizen.

G. F. GOODENOUGH.

4. If a Christian sees a burglar fleeing with his property and cannot overtake him, is he justified in shooting at the man?

He has a legal right to do so, and perhaps, as far as the interests of society are concerned, a moral right. It is, of course, the duty of all Christians to prevent crime and apprehend criminals, and if the Christian shoots at the man with this thought in his mind, and is free from malice and revenge, it seems reasonable that God will charge him with no crime, even though he should kill the man. The case is analogous to that of Christians going to war. All acknowledge their legal and moral right to do so, and I have never heard a Christian express any remorse for having shot men in battle. So much for society and law. Personally, I will say, that I would under no circumstances shoot at a man fleeing with my own or another's property. Rather suffer any loss than to live with the stain of blood upon my hand, even though shed justifiably or accidentally. The supr sacredness of human life should appeal t Christians who realize the value of an mortal soul.

L. T. RIGHTSEL

. . .

No. Better lose a little property than be means of the burglar losing his life in world and his soul in the world to come. Christian shoots a robber for stealing prop and wounds or kills him, he inflicts a pu ment which is greater than the crime dema That is neither merciful nor just. If the glar was caught, the law would neither w nor kill him; and the Christian who woul either or both, breaks the law, and so bec the greater criminal. But, it may be arg "if he escapes, he will get no punishmer all." Yes, he will, even if he escapes ma cannot escape God, who says: "Vengean mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

R. T.

5. When a drunkard or some other person himself to Christ, should he be urged t a church at once or should he be put period of probation first?

Undoubtedly, let him be received int Church at once. That was D. L. Mo idea, as also that of many successful winners; though some excellent Church ple recommend a probation of several m before the new convert shall receive bap I would baptize as soon as possible, an ceive into the Church and full commu And for these reasons: 1. The Scriptur amples: those on the Day of Pentecost Ethiopian eunuch; the jailer at Philippi Lydia. 2. Joining the Church will be a source of strength and grace to the "d ard or other person," who has "given hi to Christ," and at a time, too, when gr needed.

JOHN H. SHERRA

. . .

He should be on trial first. Infinite chief has been wrought by receiving p into the Church who were Christian awhile, but backsliders after awhile. method of the Methodist Episcopal C is an excellent one and cannot be impr Those who profess conversion are rec on a six months' probation. If they slide during the six months they ar jected, but if they run well, they are th ceived into full membership. The six m probation is a severe, yet fair, test of th didates' confession, and the false or th is soon discovered. Other changes have made in the Discipline of that Church, b one has ever desired to change that which has saved the Church from scandals and much sorrow.

R. T.

Richard A. Boyd, Wilmore, Ky., writes: "The term, 'Scotch-Irish,' does not mean a mixt Scotch and Irish races; it unquestionably 'Scotch-in-Ireland.' The Scotch-Irish are t descendants of the Scotch by whom Ulste planted, mainly during the seventeenth ce You are right in one sense, however, in sayin they 'partake of both nationalities'; for the inherited the resolute, 'canny' disposition Scot, and have assimilated, by contact in b and otherwise, the lively, wide-awake quali the Celt."

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										W. P. B., Coleman	2 00
										——, Crane	50
										——, Fairfield	1 00
										——, Scranton	1 0
										——, Three Rivers	2
										——, Troy	1 0
										——, Worcester	10 0
										Cash, Clinton	10
										Cash, Clinton	10
										Cash, Clinton	10
										Cash, Clinton	1
										Cash, Clinton	1
										Cash, Clinton	25
										Cash, Clinton	25
										Cash, Clinton	25
										Cash, Bridgeport	10 00
										Cash, Clinton	10
										Cash, Clinton	25
										A Friend, Decatur	5 00

PEDDLING MATCHES | A BABY NEWSBOY | "TILLY" | "MARY" | THE COAL CARRIER | "RAGS"

THE CHILD-TOILERS OF A GREAT CITY

BY... MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY

IN 1870, of 5,604,000 children in this country, between ten and fifteen years of age, 739,000 were wage-earners; in 1880, of 6,649,000, 1,118,000 were wage-earners. The figures for 1890 are not available for purposes of accurate comparison; but careful students and observers of the situation do not accept the happy conclusion that child labor is on decrease. The Chief of Pennsylvania's Bureau of dustrial Statistics placed Pennsylvania's child-workers 125,000 for 1887. As long ago as 1875, Mr. Brace, nder of the New York Children's Aid Society, esti-ted the child-toilers of New York City and its vicinity 00,000. What it is now, it is impossible to say with tainty. It must be much larger than in 1875, al-ugh, because of public sentiment and legislation on subject, it has, perhaps, not kept pace with the wth of population.

n 1900, New York's legalized addition to its great y of child-toilers was 22,296, as shown by employ-nt certificates issued by the Board of Health. These tificates aver the applicant to be not less than rteen, a statement necessarily based on the affidavit parent or guardian, which is, alas! in a multitude of es untrustworthy. The Board refused 1,714 ap-ations. The permits cover only branches of work ich come under the heads, "Manufacturing Estab-hment" and "Mercantile Establishment." So, that above quota must be taken as a very small fraction, ileed, of one year's contribution to childhood's legion industry. We have made advances since 1875, in t employment of children in some forms of industry prohibited by law, and the State lays down com-nds about the age at which children may be taken to factories and mercantile establishments, their hours service and the conditions under which they labor; has set inspectors to keep guard over them; there is vance, too, in the fact that charitable and reformatory encies, which watch over the interests of children, ve increased in number, strength and efficiency. An-ther notable consideration is the efforts which the ny large factories and mercantile establishments ke for the betterment of their child help, such as provision of first-class sanitary arrangements; of hools, in which little workers may receive instruction ring certain hours granted em; membership in benevo-nt societies, which care for em in sickness, etc. Still, cannot be denied that there e yet many fearful abuses power, and many cruel vantages taken — particu-ly in the sweat-shop sys-n—of the need of the poor, hich forces the children on to e treadmill of labor, when ey should be playing in een fields.

Outside of the legally-recog-zed army of child-workers a second and a larger com-ny, whose labors come un-r no such classification. bout these, we need to be ost seriously concerned, for may be said that the child employment under the per-it of the State, receiving gular salary; looked after, a measure, by the big busi-ss concern for which it bors, and under the neces-ty of keeping clean and ssing neatly, is in far hap-er case than the child of e slums, who stays at home (or on the streets) and does odds and ends to eke out or to make the family's living. In the great body of child-workers unrecognized by law, in that the law grants them no permits to ply their trades, are messengers, er-rand-boys, boot-blacks, newsboys, push-cart tenders and

THE FAMILY SEAMSTRESS

venders; pedlers of flowers, shoe-strings, matches, penny pads, etc.; street musicians; carriers of sweat-shop clothing, of wood, coal, laundry, and burdens innumerable. Indeed, it is against the law for children under sixteen to engage in any of these occupations, but in interpretation of the law, the Supreme Court, the Gerry Society, the truant officers, and other good guardians of the city's children agree that discretion must be used, for it would be doubtful mercy in some cases to enforce it. A child has a right sometimes as well as a crying need to perform a reasonable duty in helping parents, sisters and brothers, and in laboring for its own support. The writer has had occasion to enter very many humble tenement dwellings, where it would seem a crime to restrain the children from their tasks. One felt that one must simply help the little workers. Who could be such a "little mother" to the motherless brothers and sisters as the oldest girl—though she might not yet be in her teens? And, where the hard working mother was living, who should help her scrub, and wash and iron, if not her little daughter? Who should sell papers, or black boots, or peddle shoe-strings and bring pennies home to help mother, if not her little laddie? But one's heart aches over little forms bent and little hands hardened by unnatural toil. The two small maids in our picture came first under observation as candidates for outings at Mont-Lawn. The missionary who presented them gives their history thus:

Mary's father has been ill for over a year. Her mother goes out to work very early in the mornings and returns very late at night. There are two children younger than Mary. Mary supplied the entire family with fuel and various other necessities last winter. There was a good deal of building going on in the neighborhood, and the men in charge and the workmen favored her and let her gather up odds and ends, not only to carry home but to sell to the neighbors, who wanted to encourage her. Tilly's mother died when she was a baby. She has a sister seven years old, and two brothers. With their father, they live in one poor, dark basement room, where, at night, beds are laid around on the floor. The father is a good, hard-working man—comes straight home from his work every night, and scrubs, washes and cooks, patches and darns and sews on buttons. The midday meal the children get as best they can, and Tilly, when her father's work brings him near enough, delights to take his dinner to him. He was so thankful when the children went to Mont-Lawn last summer, and so proud when they came back in the neat little garments that had been given them.

Many a small needlewoman (like the one on this page), feels it no hardship to sew for the motherless brothers and sisters clustering around her. One picture shows a tenement room on Saturday, after the "little mother" had tidied up everything, and turned her attention to the family wash. The saddest part of it all is that these busy tots have little time for play, and that they live in stuffy, ill-smelling tenements with evil influences around them. It rejoices one to think that such a beautiful home as Mont-Lawn-on-the-Hudson—Mont-Lawn with its greening fields, its song of birds and wealth of wild-flowers — exists for such children as these; and that a great company of tenement waifs are made as happy there every summer as beautiful surroundings and loving, tender care can make them. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD welcomes co-operation in this excellent work. Any one who will can aid. $3 sends one child there for ten days, covering all cost of transportation, medical and care-taker's attention, food, shelter, clothing, etc.; $6 sends two; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five; $36 sends a whole dozen; $60 makes twenty children happy.

A LITTLE WOMAN OF BUSY DAYS AND MANY CARES

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is paid strictly weekly, Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S. Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Some Thoughts on the Mails

NO more signal proof of civilization in its finest modern development is shown than in the transits of the daily mail. We drop a little letter, enclosed in a thin envelope of paper, and fastened merely with adhesive gum, into a slit in a door, or a box at a street corner. We have affixed to it a bit of red or green or blue paper, bearing the magic imprint of our Government, and for this we have paid two cents, or four, or five, as may be—but a trifling sum. Our letter may contain the outpouring of our very soul; it may be an offer of marriage; it may be overbrimming with the lavishness and glory of love; it may be tempestuous with scorn and anger (though if so it is a great pity); it may tell of birth, of betrothal, or of death; it may carry a sum of money; whatever it is, it usually traverses ocean and land, climbs mountains, dips into valleys, rounds curves, spans lakes, and crosses continents, with speed and safety, and arrives at its destination as fresh as when it started. The latest triumphs of science have produced nothing more satisfactory than the daily mail.

There are people who rarely receive a letter, it is true, and to them a letter is an event. There are others who get so many that the number is a burden. Whether the sum total of our correspondence is larger or smaller, we all have a stake in the post-office, and a robber of the mails is very summarily dealt with. He is as mean as a robber of the church, and deserves rigorous treatment. Fortunately, the bulk of the men who handle the mails are men honest and true, and they can be trusted. In our towns, the familiar figure of the uniformed postman is a pleasant sight, and he is very much the friend of the families on his route. In rural places, the post-office is a centre of neighborly gossip and of friendly meeting.

* * *

If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. I. John 2: 15.

* * *

Value of the Negative

FAR too many good, honest people have come to believe that it is ungenerous and discourteous to say No! This is a pestilent sophism, especially among young people, who have been betrayed to injure their own and their friends' best interests. There seems to be something so benevolent to the casual observer in that soft, pliant disposition, which cannot pain another by a refusal; and which secures a temporary regard for what is esteemed to be genuine good nature. We ought to come to a proper understanding of the value of the negative, and that too often it is more studied selfishness of our own feelings than another's when we hesitate to say No! It is not so much the pain it will give them we are apt to think about, but the pain of saying it gives us. Tried in the fiery crucible of exact, candid logic, it is not benevolence, but sheer selfishness. The young mother cannot deny her child its wildest demands, because, she tells you, she cannot bear to wound it with the pain of a refusal. But would she hesitate if there were no pain to her own feelings involved in that refusal? Is it generosity or unselfishness to sacrifice the child's best interests to her own feelings? Ah, what a rare school for the training of men and women as to the value of the negative, and culture of will power into a firmer habit, and braver readiness for denial, exists in every home among us! How many a father has come to understand the value of a stern but loving refusal to his son's requests, when it was too late to undo all the mischief by his weak acquiescence. Look on all the various ramifications of that life that makes up home and family, and remember whether you are a child there, or a parent encountering the temptations of youth, or those of maturity, that God has set you there pre-eminently to put the weak pliant will in you under the yoke of an early, steadfast discipline, and that the truest grandeur of life consists not in yielding, but in refusing to yield; and to maintain the dignity and value of saying No! The great sage of Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said once, in speaking of character in the merchant: "In his parlor I see very well that he has been hard at work all day, with that knitted brow, and that settled humor, which all his desire to be courteous cannot shake off. I see plainly how many firm acts have been done, how many valued negatives have been spoken, when others would have uttered ruinous Yeas." That fatal facility in saying "Yes" has dragged more fair and prosperous barks down to ruin than any financial storm that ever swept the ocean of commerce! Some concession, both weak and wicked (wicked, because it involved not only his own ruin, but the ruin of others), to plausible solicitations to indorse a neighbor's paper, to divide risks in some gigantic speculation, to launch out in habits of living neither suited to one's means, or education, are all occasions when many a man of business, and even our best Christians in mercantile pursuits, have tasted the bitter fruits of a timid, ruinous reluctance to say No! The value of the negative is also seen when the courage, and firmness, and promptness, and persistency, with which one could have so refused, have been the four corner-stones of all a man's subsequent success! Thousands of our best young men in all our churches to-day need to study more and more the value of the negative in their social circles, in choice of amusements and associates, in selecting a life profession, and in that more crucial period of a marriage engagement! While ever ready to say Yes to God's claims to the heart's loving and loyal submission, be alert to give the negative to what he cannot approve and your own conscience condemns!

* * *

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he added no sorrow with it. Prov. 10: 22.

* * *

Home Reading

A MAN who provides well for the family table, sees his boys and girls growing up around him in sturdy bodily vigor. Potatoes, sugar, flour, meal, meat, eggs, milk, fruit, all these are supplied, and the father is glad and proud when his children enjoy the daily feasts. The same man may be a niggard in supplying the mind with proper food. He may refuse to subscribe for a good weekly paper, a daily paper may not enter his door, and books may be almost unknown in his home. If he happen to have clever and bright young people around him, who have a thirst for information, they may borrow books which will poison their minds. A bad book is as deadly as a snake in the grass. Its venom distils an incurable plague and may mean the death of manly impulse and of moral health.

Boys like books of adventure, and many of these are wholesome and inspiring. The young of both sexes enjoy history if told in a pleasing manner, and many are fascinated with heroic biography. Books about animals are very attractive, and are useful in developing a kindly sentiment to the creation just below us, to our friends the beasts, who, whether domesticated or wild, have features not very unlike our own.

An eminent clergyman said lately that he had been brought up on three books—the Bible, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. To these, repeatedly read in his childhood, he attributed the love for literature which had accompanied him all his life.

* * *

The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe—Prov. 18: 10.

* * *

The Saddest Phase of Polygamy

SPEAKING of the desperate plague-spot of Mormonism, and the shame of polygamy as a tolerated evil in our native land, the very saddest phase of all is one indicated by Dr. Sarah J. Elliot, who has lived as a practicing physician eight consecutive years in Utah. Dr. Elliot says that whereas a generation ago women revolted from the degradation of their lot as plural wives, their daughters, born and bred in Mormonism, accept it with indifference. They no longer feel the curse, nor, as a mass, strive against the infamy. Individuals still suffer, but, accustomed from infancy to the polygamous home, there are American women to-day who are as apathetic as Mohammedan women, under the creed which declares them to be only the sixteenth part of their superior, man, and only able to go to heaven when conveyed thither by the husband to whose retinue they belong. This lowering of womanly instinct is the saddest phase of polygamy in Utah to-day.

Dealing with China

THE wisest Government represented to-day in Ch is the United States Government. We are ba ing out as fast as we can. First of all, the nati need to realize that the damage done by the Boxers never be fully paid for. The severest loss has been loss of life, and who would dare to attempt to reckon value in monetary terms? Next, we are to remem that the Chinese nation is not able to compensate dollars and cents for the property destroyed, and naval and military expenditures of the allied natio The proposition to ask them to pay $400,000,000 is international jest. They cannot pay the half of it.

Furthermore, we ought to remember that these h rors enacted in China are only the echoes of the c rages, a quarter of a century ago heaped on the Chin in America. Do you know how those foreigners w induced to come to our country? In the year 1784, first American flag was seen in Chinese waters. fifty years our nation was begging and coaxing Chinese to come out and be neighborly. In 1844 Government of the United States practically said, "O you dear Chinese, do come over and see us; come, bring your work with you; come and stay; come hundreds and by thousands; do come." In 1867 Government of the United States sent out Mr. Bur game, a skilful ambassador, and the United St Government said through him to the Chinese nati "Oh, you dear Chinese, when will you come? We w we long, we expect: do come, do come." Mr. Bur game presented the case in so genial a way that w he died the Emperor deified him, and he is one the gods of China to-day. "Well," said the coy and Chinese, "will you treat us well if we come?" " yes," we said, "we will not only defend you, but we welcome you; you can wear your hair as long as please; you can worship the gods you please; only come, and we'll be so happy!" Over-persuaded, against all the prejudices of the Chinese nation, t came.

Well, how have the Chinese been treated in Ameri Brickbatted and slain; taxed before they could ashore, for the privilege of landing; taxed for str sweeping, when not one dollar of the money raised w for the cleansing of the Chinese quarters; taxed for United States Government which gave them no defer the way from the steamboat wharf to their stopp in the Chinese quarters one long scene of blasphe and bloodshed, and no police. In others words, United States Government broke its treaty. E hundred thousand dollars by the Chinese Governn twenty or twenty-five years ago, cheerfully paid as demnity for Americans that had been abused in Ch The United States Government refused to pay for wrongs done the Chinese in America. In the nam Almighty God, the Maker of nations, he who hath m of one blood all people, I impeach the United St Government for its perfidy toward the Chinese tw years ago.

Twenty years ago, standing in my pulpit in Brook I foretold the recent massacres in China. I had prophetic power to see what was coming, but I k that our maltreatment of the Chinese would resul their maltreatment of us. Such considerations ou to lead us to practice leniency toward the Chinese. awful sword they recently wielded against us, we wielded against them. The question which we aske pulpit, and by printing-press, and everywhere as was "Must the Chinese go?" For that cry the Chi substituted the cry "Must the Americans go? M the Germans go? Must the English go?" If, wh man must go in an emigrant-wagon six months to c our country to the Pacific coast, many went, do you think Americans will go to China when they can there in five weeks, when they are fully persuaded o the treasures of that great land? It is the will of Pr dence that the whole world should be on wheels. the nations are going to move north, move south, m east, and move west. The nations will intermarry, far down in the future men will have the blood of nationalities in their arteries, and there will be in all earth only one great nation—one nation on five co nents—a grand, homogeneous, great-hearted, all mated, five-zoned, world-encircling, universal Chris nation.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Glasgow Exhibition

WHILE America is holding at Buffalo, N. Y., the great Exposition of the art and industry of this continent, the great commercial capital of Scotland is crowded with visitors, to see the collection of manufactures and works of art gathered from all parts of the British Empire and from European lands. The Duchess of Fife, the King's eldest daughter, opened the exhibition on May 2, and throngs of admiring spectators are now inspecting the triumphs of brain and hand displayed in the huge and graceful spaces reared in Kelvingrove Park. The immense edifice covers an area of seventy-three acres. It is surmounted by a great dome and four towers, and has the appearance of marble. The dome is constructed of steel, and bears a figure representing the age of electricity. The Industrial Hall, covering six acres of ground, is connected with the Machinery Hall by an avenue one thousand feet in length. A grand concert hall capable of accommodating four thousand persons, contains a large organ, and daily concerts will be given there free of charge while the Exhibition is open. To the right of the Concert Hall is the Canadian section, which is the chief Colonial feature, though Rhodesia and South and West Australia are also well represented. Beyond this is the Russian section, which contains the most important of foreign exhibits, and the French section, containing treasures from the Paris Exhibition. Austria, Denmark, Japan, Morocco, Mexico, Persia, and the United States have also contributed to the exhibits. The Fine Art section contains paintings, sculpture, and relics of the history, antiquities, and literature of Scotland. In conformity with the Scottish character, there is an utter absence of the questionable exhibits and entertainments, which shocked visitors to the French Exposition last year. While the Scottish city fully holds its own in the useful and beautiful products it exhibits, it has too much regard for the teachings of the Bible to enter into competition with any other capital in things that debase and degrade.

In merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord: they shall be for them that dwell before the Lord (Isa. 23: 18).

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION IN GLASGOW RECENTLY OPENED

A Dangerous Pose

An ambitious young man met his death a few days ago in British Columbia through an attempt to pose for his portrait in a dramatic situation. He and a friend, who is an amateur photographer, were taking a holiday in a mountain district near Rossland, B. C., when they noticed a tree growing on the edge of a cliff. One branch of the tree projected a long way over the chasm, and the young man thought it would be fine to have his portrait taken as he hung suspended from that branch. He quickly climbed the cliff and crawled along the branch. Then he wrapped his arms tightly around it and dropped. His friend promptly snapped the kodak and called to him to get back on the branch. This, however, was not so easy. He made several attempts, but though he put forth all his strength he could not draw himself up. Finally, in one desperate effort, his hold slipped and he fell to the bottom of the chasm and was taken up dead. There are many who would not have been so foolish as to do a thing of this kind, who have met even greater disaster through going into wicked resorts, trusting that their own moral strength would keep them from falling.

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 14: 12).

A Horse Hitched to a Train

A Connecticut farmer had an unpleasant experience last week. He had occasion to visit the freight depot of the railroad in the nearest market town. He could not find the man with whom he wanted to transact his business, so crossed the yard to inquire for his office. Fearing that the sensitive horse he was driving might be frightened by passing locomotives, he hitched him to the wheel of a car standing in the yard. While he was away, a freight train backed down to the car, and it was attached by the company's employees, who, in the gathering darkness, did not see the farmer's horse and buggy. When the farmer returned, the train had a good headway, and the horse was making frantic efforts to keep up. It was impossible then to notify the engineer, and the farmer gave up his horse and buggy for lost. But the horse stumbled and fell, and the hitching-rope broke. That fall saved him, and he was caught practically unharmed. It is safe to predict that the farmer will be more careful in future in hitching his horse. We may hope, too, that in his moral and spiritual life, he will see to it that his reliance is placed on the things that remain, and not on those that are liable to pass away.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world; for the world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever (1. John 2: 15-17).

Income from Expenditure

The story of how a man made money by spending it, comes from Lincoln, Neb. He is under arrest in that city for a curious offence, which he contends is no crime. The man has an agent in Mexico who has been shipping to him 400 Mexican dollars monthly. These coins look much like the American dollar, and the fact that they are worth only half the American dollar is unknown to many. His plan was to make a ten-cent purchase, pay for it with the Mexican dollar and receive ninety cents change, giving him a net profit of forty cents. The more he spent the more he made, and he has been making a fine income. Unhappily, other people had to lose the money, which proves that his practice was fraudulent. There is, however, a law which is laid down in the Bible, and has been proved true by experience, that those who spend money in philanthropy and religion do find that the more they give away the more they have.

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth (Prov. 11: 24).

Saving a School House

The heroic act of a teacher in Nebraska is reported in a press despatch from Omaha. It appears that there is a small frame building on the banks of the White River, which is the public school of the district. For some days the river had been swollen, and one morning, when the teacher arrived, she noticed that the ground around the school was damp. She opened school, however, but when the doors were opened for recess there was general consternation. The school was completely surrounded by water. The teacher bade the children remain inside, and then she plunged into the river. It was already nearly three feet deep. Across the flood, on the high bank, a horse was grazing. The teacher caught him and brought him back through the water to the schoolhouse, which was already undermined and beginning to rock. She found a rope in an outhouse and with this she secured the horse to the door jamb. In a few minutes more the school house was afloat and drifting. The teacher went to the horse's head and forced it to tow the building, with the children in it, close to the high ground. She fastened the rope to a big tree and then helped the children to the land. The people in the vicinity are loud in praise of the teacher's heroism, to which, in all probability, the children owe their lives. We honor an act like this in which one person incurs risk to save others from danger, though we are too apt to forget Him who gave his life to save our race from perishing.

Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us (Gal. 1: 4).

A Missing Man Finds Himself

A singular case of suspended consciousness is reported from Marion, Ind. Two months ago, a business man in Geneva, N. Y., suddenly disappeared from his store and home. For some months previous he had shown signs of worry. Some transactions in which he had been engaged had not resulted to his satisfaction and he brooded until he imagined himself on the verge of ruin. One morning he went to business as usual, but later in the day he was missing and no trace could be found of him. For two months search was made for him in vain, and his family came to the conclusion that he had committed suicide. But a few days ago one of his brothers received a visit from a haggard, bearded man, with his clothes in tatters, who had just arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., and instantly recognized him as the missing man. The returned wanderer said that he remembered going to the store on that February morning, but recollected nothing more until, sitting on a stoop, with his head in his hands, he realized that he was in a strange place. He asked a man who was passing what town he was in, and was informed that he was in Marion, Ind. How he reached a place so far from his home he has no idea. He was dazed, but gradually his senses returned to him. His pockets were empty, but kind-hearted people helped him, and, riding when he could, and walking when he had no funds, he at last reached Buffalo, and went to the house of his brother. He received a joyful welcome as of one recovered from the dead. So Christ said it is with those who wander from their Father's house, but when they come to themselves return.

When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him (Luke 15: 20).

BRIEF NOTES

The Epworth League Convention, to be held in San Francisco, July 18-21, promises to be the most successful yet held. Mrs. Leland Stanford has promised the use of the grand organ of the University, and a chorus of two thousand voices is already organized.

The Board of Health announces that the population of Manila is 244,732, made up as follows: Americans, 8,642; Filipinos, 181,360; Chinese, 51,567; Spaniards, 2,383; and other foreigners, 960. The improvised census of January, 1900, placed the population at 151,477, including 5,852 Chinese.

"The American Baptist Year Book for 1901" gives the number of regular Baptists in the United States as 4,233,226, showing a gain of 51,540 over last year. The number of churches is 43,259, and that of ordained ministers, 29,810. Georgia is still the State having the largest number of Baptists, 410,817.

The American Board has received another recognition at the hands of British royalty since that granted to Dr. R. A. Hume, of Bombay. The British minister at Peking has formally bestowed the Royal Red Cross on Miss Abbie G. Chapin, of the North China Mission, in recognition of hospital work during the siege of Peking.

Miss Susie Sorabji, a Christian Parsee lady, a sister of Miss Cornelia Sorabji, D. C. L., has arrived in New York. She conducts a Christian school in Poona, in which 400 children are taught in several separate departments. She is a well educated, refined lady, and speaks excellent English. During her stay in this country she will lecture on conditions in India. Churches, Young People's Societies, and Sunday Schools would do well to hear her. Applications may be sent to this office.

The programme of the Ocean Grove meetings for the summer has been issued. They will begin June 22d, and continue until September 1st. The great camp meeting will begin August 17th. Dr. Talmage has promised to deliver the oration on July 4th. The musical exercises will be under the leadership of Prof. Tali E. Morgan. Bishop Fitz Gerald is expected to preside at all the Sunday services in the auditorium. Children's day will be July 21st, Rev. C. H. Yatman leader, who will also have charge of the young people's daily meeting. Dr. Thomas O. Hanlon will conduct the Sunday afternoon Bible class.

Jesus Appears to Paul

International S. S. Lesson for June 9. Acts 22: 6-16

CONSCIENCE AND CONVERSION

GOLDEN TEXT—I v not disobedient unto heavenly vision. Acts 26

By Dr. and Mr Wilbur F. Craf

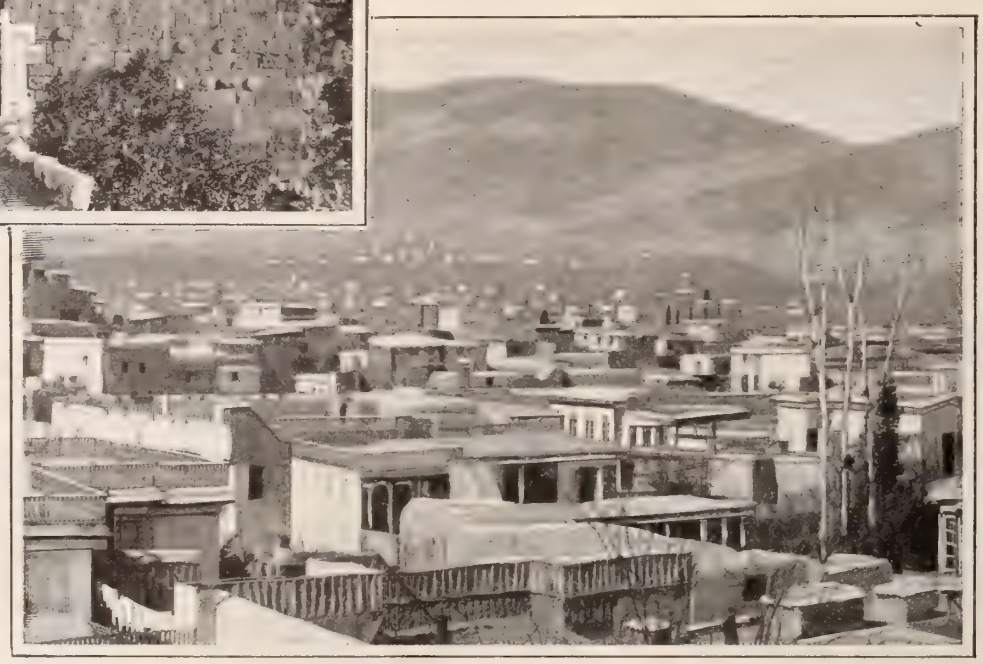
A QUIET conscience is not a sure sign of right-doing. Strange it should be necessary to say that to any one who knows either human nature or history, especially the story of Paul. Let us study his conviction, conversion, commission.

. . .

There shone from heaven a great light round about me. This young man, Saul of Tarsus, like most young men of to-day, felt no need of light from heaven. He thought the dim lantern of conscience, "the light that lighteth every man," was light enough, and had no desire for the Sun of Righteousness, which could brighten even the moon. Besides, he had been educated in the Harvard of that time, the school of Gamaliel. In his youth, he was already church elder and judge as a member of the Sanhedrin. "What lack I yet?" so Paul said, "I know nothing against myself." That saying reached back to this period of youth, as did also the saying, "I have lived in all good conscience."

Seven years had passed since Christ was crucified, and the Jews were persecuting his increasing followers. When they condemned Stephen (Acts 8) this young judge was one of those who voted that he should die. For a brief period the Jewish rulers were in power, and could use their own punishments. Saul was so zealous that he had been appointed by the high priests chief inquisitor, and, with a troop of cavalry, was riding from city to city, breathing out threatening and slaughter, and dragging women and children to prison for the

A GATE OF DAMASCUS



THE CITY OF DAMASCUS, SAID TO BE THE OLDEST IN THE WORLD

crime of loving the Crucified One. All this he tells us he did with a "good conscience," with no sense of wrong-doing. "I verily thought I ought to do many things contrary to Jesus of Nazareth." Not till that light shined from heaven, showing the Christ he thought an impostor in all His holiness, was he convicted of his sinfulness.

. . .

Conviction Needed

Unconverted men and women, with rare exceptions, are as blind as Saul was to their own sins. Because a dull or dead conscience does not upbraid them they believe they are "all right," or "good enough" in any case. Like the ostrich, with eyes hid in the sand, which thinks itself safe because it cannot see its enemy, the sinner, with eyes blinded by the earthly, sensual, and devilish, thinks himself far from all wrong-doing, and the dangers it brings. Only those unfamiliar with the real life of the vicious and criminal suppose they are consumed with regret and remorse. Mr. Moody went through a prison, and found at every cell, save one, not repentance, but excuses. He exclaimed, "God cannot save anyone here; no sinners." Only one acknowledged he was at fault, and he was saved. The others were there, as they claimed, by mistake. Somebody else was at least "more to blame." Love is said to be blind, but no love is quite so blind as self-love. As cocaine makes the eye insensible to pain, so the habit of sin makes conscience and consciousness insensible to it. A preacher visiting in France, was called to the bedside of a dying American. He said to the sick man: "Do you believe in immortality?" "I do, most firmly." "What is your hope?" "I hope to be happy forever in heaven." "On what ground?" "I have never done anything very bad in this world. My little faults, such as are common to all men, I am sure God will overlook." The man died in that same quietness of conscience, and with that same firm faith in—himself. The minister, on returning to America, found this man had fled to France to escape arrest for forgery. To his sin-dulled conscience and consciousness, that had come to be thought of as only a "little fault." Such cases could be cited by the hour. If a man may be unconscious of the criminality of crime, much more may a man fail to feel the exceeding sinfulness of sin that wrongs God rather than man. If the purest soul needs to bring the trespass offering for unconscious sins, praying, "Cleanse thou me from unknown faults" (Psa. 51), how much more is the unsaved soul likely to be living in serious sin, though conscience is sounding no alarm.

We shall miss the greatest lesson of Saul's earlier history if we do not, in the light of that Damascus noon, correct our false conceptions of conscience. Certainly, conscience did not tell Saul what acts were right and what were wrong. Conscience is not a guide-board, to point out the right path, but a thermometer of motives. We must learn from the Bible, from experience, and otherwise, what is right and wise in act. Conscience approves when we follow good motives, and when we do not it blames us. That is its exact function. To be conscientious is to be sincere, not necessarily to be right. And sincerity is no saviour. Only Christ can save from the blindness and guilt and love of sin.

That light from heaven blinded Paul, perhaps to remind him how blind he had been to his own sin without knowing it. Oculists examine classes in public schools and colleges, and find many have defective eyes, especially color blindness, who never suspected it. Let us hope that this story of Saul's sincere persecutions, of his blindness to supreme sins, will at least rouse the suspicion in other proud young men of our Sunday School classes that they may have been blind to their own sins. "Are we blind also?" "If ye were blind, and confessed it, and sought cure, ye should have no sin, but now ye say, We see, therefore your sin remaineth." Let us, with blind Bartimeus, cry to Jesus passing by, "Have mercy on me." Like Saul, when our eyes are quickened with heavenly light, we shall see we have persecuted infinite goodness in rejecting Christ, and that we have wronged him in every wrong we have done to man (vv. 7, 8). When, by such conviction, we have dug out the rubbish of self-confidence, we are prepared to lay the foundations, as this young Saul did, of a new, true life.

Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? The story of Paul's conversion is told three times in Acts, in the 9th, 16th, and 26th chapters, all of which we should read to get every particular in this miracle of grace, which stands only second to the resurrection of Christ among the early evidences of Christianity. It is an incontrovertible fact of history that Saul of Tarsus, a strong-minded scholar, was so much opposed to Jesus as a supposed impostor that he was ready to kill all who would follow him, and that suddenly he became so devoted to him that he was himself ready to die, as he did at last, in his cause. Lord Lyttleton, an infidel, undertook to find some other explanation of this right-about-face in Saul's history than the "heavenly vision," but instead of getting the supernatural out of the story, he was forced to take it into his own mind and heart. Nothing less than the revelation of Christ could account for such a change as unquestionably occurred in the life of Saul.

After Conviction, Conversion

Saul had been in a troop, but Christ dealt with him singly. The others saw with fear the light from heaven, but they neither saw nor heard Jesus himself. God's way of "saving the masses" is by saving the ones. As one alone with Christ, Saul said, "What wilt thou have me to do?" A "pronoun religion," indeed, was that of Paul. The first step in a Christian life is for the divine "Thou" and the human "me" to come face to face. As the sick woman, forgetting all others, touched the Christ, and was healed, so Saul, forgetting all others, touched the Saviour at that hour, and was henceforth a transformed soul.

. . .

Chiefs of Sinners Saved

Christian history in every country has its Saul changed to Paul, its persecutor transformed into an apostle, a new miracle, a fresh evidence of Christianity and proof of the reality of conversion. One of the facts that confirmed the intellectual faith of Daniel Webster was the conversion of John Colby, a harum-scarum, godless fellow, much older than Webster, who had married the latter's half-sister. Webster heard of Colby's conversion, and, scarcely able to credit it, went to see for himself. Colby said to the great statesman: "You know, Daniel, what I have been. I have been one of the wickedest of men. But the Spirit of Christ has down, and plucked me as a brand from the everlasting ing." He appealed to Mr. Webster to be as good as h great, and searched his soul with questions that result Mr. Webster's confession and reconsecration. At C request, Webster prayed for both, and then Colby what Mr. Webster afterwards described as "a pat stirring appeal to God." As Webster rode away, he s his seat-mate: "I should like to know what the enem religion would say to John Colby's conversion. Ther a man as unlikely, humanly speaking, to become a Chri as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, im Whatever people may say, nothing can convince me anything less than the grace of Almighty God could such a change as I, with my own eyes, have witnessed life of John Colby."

. . .

A Paul in Africa

Not long since, in the *Missionary Review*, Rev. I Richards told of a Saul who became Paul in Africa: missionary work was begun in the Congo r Nioko, the son of a chief, bitterly oppos He would go about the fifty villages of his to disturb Christian meetings, wherever He would beat his drum outside the meetings, and c people to leave them, and join the dance and share th he had brought, and some weak ones would do so. The recalled their heathen amusements, and seemed to ele them. When he could not thus draw people out of a ing he would sometimes come in and break it up. In to make money, however, and to escape being an carrier, this Nioko became a "kapita" or captain of c for the mission. Some of the under-carriers were Chris and they would sing and talk of Christ whenever the c halted to rest. The heathen carriers could not alwa away, and so Nioko heard the Gospel story said and though he continued to oppose it. But one day he hac over a great river to get more carriers, and when he back alone there was no canoe-man within hearing to him across to camp, and he feared that when night ca some alligator or panther would kill him. He remem what he had heard Chri say of prayer, and in his ration prayed for delive A canoe-man came, a although he had no cloth pay his ferriage he was across. In his gratitude cided to be a Christia when he went into the m the next morning, and s "I am a Christian," no one believe him. He went other town, and there, toc refused to believe that was converted. Not till third place he had pro successful apostle, an others into the faith he h opposed, was he accepte baptized, and sent forth accredited missionary. brings us to that same tra in Saul's life, when, afte viction and conversion, ca commission.

. . .

Paul's Commission to Witness for Christ

Thou shalt be his witne all men. Saul's eyes were like a era fo day; the vi Chr had seen might be "fixed" soul forever. Then in t Damascus home to which had been led, a good Anan Christ's name, restored hi and commissioned him t missionary witness to the of the power of Christ to the uttermost, in preparat which, and in token of conversion already accomplish washing away of sins, he was baptized.

Let us not think that while "conviction" and "conve the first and second points of our lesson, belong to "commission" we are now considering belongs only preachers. Paul was commissioned to "witness," an we all can and should do. We can tell the change G wrought in us, not so wonderful perhaps as that wrou Paul, but more like the conversion of all the other a who quietly heard Jesus say, "Follow me," and so b Christian life. But the change from Simon to Pete cowardice to courage, from Judaism to Christianity, more slowly wrought, was almost as great as the from Saul to Paul. So, also, the change in John, the tempered "Son of thunder," who came to be the impe tion of gentleness and love.

Here is a story of a little apostle, singly saved, who l to save others by witnessing in childlike ways. On a S when there was a great snowstorm, Dr. Stephen H. Sr., the famous friend of children, found no one church for an audience. He waited awhile, but on came, a little girl. He remembered how Jesus often pr to one, and how the shepherd hunted far for the o lamb, and the woman long for the one lost piece of and so he beckoned the little girl up close to the They sang together, and prayed, and there was a swee ter and a talk about the children's Saviour. The res God saved little Mary's soul that snowy Sunday, a preacher used to say that no service in all his minist done so much good, for Mary became a very earnest in the Sunday School, and in a few years had led than seventy-five of her little companions to the Savio let us

Believe and receive and confess him
That all his salvation may know.

When Spring Flowers Bloom

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BURNLY

Occupations for Women

4.—THE DOCTOR

WOMEN not yet very old, remember clearly a period when the woman doctor was still a novelty. The first brave ladies who dared to attempt pioneer work in the medical field met with fierce opposition. Abuse and vituperation assailed them from press and platform, and when they ventured, under protest, to enter clinics, and undertook study in schools of surgery, they were reviled and flouted in no gentle language by young men, their fellow students, and were scarcely tolerated by the professors, who thought them very much out of their sphere. But the first to break a pathway through the virgin forest must always be in danger from the wild beasts of the jungle, as well as from the briers, thorns, and pitfalls of the tangled wilderness. It takes courage, resolution and pluck of a high order to be the first in a new field, and so Dr. Emily Blackwell and her sister may well be garlanded with laurel, and take a high place in the hall of fame. They were women with the staunch courage of their convictions, they possessed an indomitable will and a serene faith in the purity of their own motives, and in God as their friend and helper.

Medical schools for women exclusively did not exist in the world a hundred years ago. Now they are found in most of the larger cities, and women are granted the widest opportunities to study the laws of healing in a scientific and systematic training, not inferior to that open to men. In Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, Chicago, and other cities, women may prepare themselves for the practice of medicine in families, or for a specialty. As a rule, the woman doctor treats the maladies of women and children, although she is not prevented from prescribing for men. She is as successful as her brother, in the ordinary medical practice which she undertakes, and she often makes a large annual income from her exertions. Seldom, however, do women undertake the more difficult and critical surgical operations. The great surgeons of the world are men.

* * *

In the foreign missionary field, the woman doctor is invaluable. A thousand silent prejudices, barriers, fragile in seeming as a spider's thread, yet strong as iron, prevent the attendance upon Oriental women of male physicians. For countless generations women have borne their children in peril and anguish, unrelieved by intelligent skill; for centuries they have struggled through fear and distress as best they might, the fear of losing caste and the impossibility of being helped, rendering disease a nightmare of unspeakable horrors. Since European and American women have studied medicine, a star of hope has arisen in the Eastern sky, and the harem and the zenana, light and joy have penetrated.

It has recently been noted by a prominent woman doctor of New York, that the usual generosity of the sex handicaps the profession to a certain extent. The woman struggles with the doctor, so that the latter is prone to attempt too much. She does more dispensary work than she should, having an eye to her own strength, and she undertakes a great deal of gratuitous work among the poor. There are few doctors, however, who do not treat many patients without the shadow of a fee, and in no other profession is there found more unselfish heroism and more patient, unfaltering service to humanity. Dr. Holmes acknowledged this for his brethren when, summing up the career of the physician, he said:

> While Valor's haughty champions wait
> Till all their scars are shown,
> Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
> To sit beside the throne.

* * *

The emolument which may be won by the doctor varies according to her background. If she reside in a country village she will make less money than if her home be in a city, but as she will have to spend less for office rent, for her wardrobe, and for other items, she will be none the poorer. A specialist in nervous diseases might easily make a fortune if she proved able to treat successfully the numerous cases of city women who break down from exhaustion from the social strain and from too much society. No other woman is told the innermost secrets of the home and heart as the doctor is. She should fight the cowardice and selfishness which cause women to shrink from maternity, and should stand firmly in opposition to all tampering with narcotics and stimulants. Hers is a grand door to usefulness, a splendid opportunity "to serve the present age."

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS

"PEACE, peace and honor to the dead—
This is our tribute," breathed the flowers;
And Memory, pale and tender, said:
"Hate passeth—Love hath endless hours."

"Love liveth—brothers dwell in peace;
The children love Memorial Day,
And sisters with their hearts at ease
Twine wreaths above the Blue and Gray"

The Plenishing of a Bride

THAT the bride shall leave her father's house with some store of goods, is the general custom in all lands, and has been the fashion of the world in all ages. In the Hebrew story of Othniel and Achsah, told in the book of Judges, we find Achsah dowered by her father with the meadow land watered by the upper and nether springs, no mean setting out in a pastoral country where the herds and flocks needed good grazing and fresh water. The bride in our country furnishes the linen for her beds and tables, and is provided with an outfit of clothing sufficient to last her for at least a year. Often she does much more than this. A well-to-do father sometimes bestows on his daughter the gift of a home, either building or buying a house for her, and furnishing it from attic to cellar. But if means are limited and the bride and groom must begin in a very small way, let them not on that account be deterred from housekeeping. The very tiniest bit of a home, the most frugal furnishing is far to be preferred by the newly married pair to living in a boarding house or hotel, where the young wife leads a life of idleness, and the husband sits with her at a public table. Privacy is one of the requisites to successful home making at the start, and this should not be sacrificed to a foolish desire for display or to show of any description.

The real needs for a home are few and simple. A bed-room, a living-room and a kitchen are ample for two people. Parlors of the old type, where the best carpet and the best furniture are set away, and used only on great occasions, are not very much in fashion now, and most people prefer a pleasant apartment where they may dine, chat, have books and plants, and receive their friends—a refined living-room.

Mrs. Poke and Mrs. Rush

Mrs. Poke sets out to do a good day's work, but she loses a half hour here, and a quarter hour there, in considering what to begin with. Then, she has only a vague plan in her mind of what she means to do, and she starts two or three things at once and finishes none of them. She rips out her sewing because she has not succeeded in making every stitch invisible. In the middle of her baking she is attracted to the morning paper, reads it, omits her baking powder, and produces a batch of heavy biscuits. Mrs. Poke's work is never done.

Mrs. Rush is in a whirl from day dawn to dark. She is hammering and pounding, flying and fretting until her own nerves and those of her family are nearly worn to shreds. She scolds her children, nags at her husband, and cannot keep a maid. Nobody wants to live with Mrs. Rush. One of these days she will die of collapse and nervous exhaustion, and few will mourn for her though she is a good woman and an estimable member of society.

Mrs. Method is a more successful housekeeper than either Mrs. Poke or Mrs. Rush, and will live longer, be happier and do more good than they.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—EUNICE BLAND. If you have only one sitting-room, which must also be your bedroom, chose a divan rather than a folding-bed for it.

—PLAIN GIRL. Wash your face with almond meal every night, using it like soap, or else with water in which there is a handful of oatmeal. Take plenty of exercise and eat fruit. Avoid fat meats in excess and use little fried food.

REV. A. S. COATS, D.D. MR. FRANK E. SICKLES REV. HENRY WARD, D.D. REV. W. S. RAINSFORD

THE GOSPEL AT THE PAN-AMERICAN FAIR

A Great Interdenominational Evangelistic Campaign to be Carried Forward in the Tent "Evangelist"

BACK of every great achievement there is always a vision. The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo is an illustration. Since we must have foreseen—not indeed the beauty of architecture and landscape gardening, the glory of electrical display flashing out upon the summer night, but the deep invisible meaning of it all—that which makes the Exposition at Buffalo to differ from all its predecessors in this exhibiting age: the immense and unique significance of an exhibition which should manifest the American spirit, in arts, architecture, commerce, manufactures, science, education, and all that goes to make up the individuality, one had almost said the personality, of a nation, a continent, a hemisphere.

Another vision like this, and yet unlike, arose last year before the inward eye of the editor of a religious paper in New York City. She saw in this unique and significant exhibition, then in active preparation, an opportunity such as it alone can furnish; she saw that, representing as it was designed to do, the spirit of America in all material and intellectual things it offered a splendid opportunity for a representation, never yet fully given on any large and significant scale, of the spirit of America in religion. And she resolved to embrace that opportunity, and inaugurate a work which would show to the American people what manner of spirit we are of, religiously, and at the same time minister to the religious needs of thousands who were far away from home and from their ordinary religious privileges and safeguards. Many of the visitors would be strangers, to whom our customs, usages and manners would be entirely unfamiliar, and who, therefore, would be unusually susceptible to the temptations necessarily incident to absence from home, and to a prolonged period of sight-seeing, unusually susceptible, too, to the hospitable and kindly influences of religious brotherliness, and alive to the comfort and the help it may bring in moments of perplexity and trouble.

Manifestly the Exposition authorities could do nothing of this kind. But what a group of officials might not undertake an individual or a number of individuals might do. The vision of the tent "Evangelist" was, in a sense, like that other vision seen by the prophet Isaiah two millenniums and a half ago—the Temple mount at Jerusalem miraculously walled higher than all the mountains, making the Temple visible to the whole world. So to the tent "Evangelist" would flock all peoples, of whatever nation, who might come to Buffalo this summer. To establish and maintain a work of this kind, it was estimated, would require not less than ten thousand dollars; but without hesitation the resolve was made to appeal to the American people to support the work.

The first step was to enlist the good will of the people of Buffalo. Ministers of all denominations and laymen of high standing, members of the Board of Management of the Exposition, and the Commissioner-General, Colonel Weber, gladly gave their names as members of the local committee. Mr. Milburn, President of the Exposition, gave his "hearty approval" of the plan.

The next thing was to form a National Committee, and in a few weeks 113 names were enrolled of men of national reputation. Vice-President Roosevelt and Governor Odell head the list. Presidents of universities, Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, and Comptroller Coler of New York; editors, like Wm. Hayes Ward and Edwin D. Mead; philanthropists, like Gen. O. O. Howard and the Hon. W. P. Letchworth; leaders of great movements, like "Father Endeavor" Clark and John R. Mott; and half a hundred more.

THE GOSPEL TENT "EVANGELIST" AT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS, BUFFALO

Though the original plans were those of the one who initiated the movement, her part in the work is simply the raising of funds and its management, and the elaborating of the plans in detail are in the hands of a strong committee of Buffalo ministers and laymen. Its Chairman is the Rev. Henry Ward, D.D., for thirty years the successful pastor of a "downtown church" in Buffalo; the Secretary is Frank E. Sickels, Esq., a prominent Buffalo lawyer; the Treasurer is Mr. William C. Cornwell, President City Bank of Buffalo; and the remaining members of the Executive are the Rev. A. S. Coats, D.D., pastor of a large Baptist Church, the Rev. S. L. Beiler, Ph.D., pastor of a prominent Methodist Church, and Mr. Theophil Speyser, President of the German Y.M.C.A. Under such management the work is rapidly taking form. A large tent has been made, 70 feet wide by 128 long, with an annex tent 30x40 for office, anteroom and other purposes. This tent is beautifully situated just outside of the monumental Lincoln Parkway Gate, the chief entrance to the Exhibition f the city of Buffalo. The tent will seat 1,200 people the annex 300; and, in case of need, the sides of tent can be lifted and chairs placed on the gro around it. During the five months from the firs June to the end of October, there will be a preac service every day by ministers of national reputa from every denomination. This service will be at vesper hour seven P. M. The great multitude who be streaming toward the Exposition to behold the r wonderful effects of electric light ever displaye many effects, which five years ago were hardly drea of, will be invited to turn aside into the tent "Eva ist," where the Light of the World will be held up fore their eyes. A number of leading ministers, inc ing Revs. Dr. Rainsford, Talmage, J. Wilbur C man, Josiah Strong, Wil Hayes Ward, Edward erett Hale, Presidents J Barnes and A. V. V. mond, Prof. Herrick J son, Prof. R. A. Torrey E. Clark, T.S.Hamlin. F Gunsaulus and Lyman bott, will preach from or three on fine evening tent "Evangelist."

On Sunday afternoons Buffalo Y. M. C. A. will the tent for a meeting men. On week days, the spitality of the tent is fered to religious bodie any denomination, to conventions. The Y. M. C. E., after its national vention in Cincinnati, hold a supplementary m ing, July 11–13, in t "Evangelist." The Inte national Y. M. C. A. will ha convention there; the gress of Religion, the York State Conferenc Religion, the Federatio Churches, the League fo cial Service, the McAll sion, the King's Daugh and other bodies are ma arrangements for the us the tent "Evangelist." In ugust, during an entire w the Home Missionary S eties will hold an interde national convention the

This work is worthy of the support of all Chris people. Less than half the amount necessary to c on the work has already been raised. The time dedicating the tent, Sunday, June 2, is at h Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are invite have a share in this evangelical work, which will r out to the whole country, and to distant lands, as hemispheres will be represented in the great arm visitors to the Exposition. If every reader who d to aid in spreading the glorious Gospel message a Pan-American Exposition will send an offering to a in carrying on the work of tent "Evangelist," the suc of the enterprise will be assured, and a great spir harvest may be looked for. In this year of no revivals in all parts of the country, let us not ove so golden an opportunity of serving the Master, an bringing precious souls to the Kingdom. All cont tions should be sent to Wm. C. Cornwell, City B Buffalo, N. Y.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTO

ANCHORED

MY soul is anchored safely, Lord;
I trust in thy unfailing Word;
No shadow falls across the page
That lights the world from age to age.

My soul is anchored! ever sure
Is Christ—the Rock which shall endure;
My shelter from the noon-tide heat—
In darkness, my secure retreat.

My soul is anchored safely, Lord;
My will, with thine, in sweet accord;
No morn shall break, no sun shall set,
But marks the victory nearer yet.

My soul is anchored! praise the Lord;
I fear no storm, no rising flood;
When all that is of earth shall fail,
His love and grace will still prevail.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS.

The Transforming Vision

The Effect on Saul of Tarsus of the Sight of the Glorified Christ

.. BY MRS. M. BAXTER .

N the Old Testament the Son of God had often appeared with more or less distinctness to the saints of God. To Moses, in the burning bush he appeared d announced himself as the I AM of Exodus o Joshua, as "the captain of the Lord's t" (Joshua 5: 13-15); as well as to Jacob at niel (Gen. 32); to Gideon, Manoah, etc. But only appeared in his glory to Isaiah (6), to kiel (1: 26 28) and to Daniel (10). And h of these three prophets of the Lord were ught to utter nothingness by the sight, iah said, "Woe is me, for I am undone." kiel fell upon his face; Daniel retained no ength, and his comeliness was turned in into corruption. The blinding light of t Lord's presence withers the goodliness of flesh (Isa. 40: 6), and proves to be the "ass" which the Word of the Lord declares it be. The spirit of man fails before him (1. 57: 16), and the souls which he has made. ow self-consciousness withers before the scious presence of God! How a sight of h as he is, seen by faith in the Word of d, enlightened by the Spirit, cuts at the rt of our self-life, and we see, in those moments of holy awe when we perceive who he and what he is, the utter ruin that we are in ourselves!

aul the apostle, previously Saul of Tarsus, t disciple of Gamaliel, the Pharisee of the arisees (Acts 26: 5), the most zealous persutor of the disciples of the Lord Jesus, who d not been broken, even when the Christfld face of Stephen was turned upwards to s and to declare that he saw heaven opened a Jesus sitting at the right hand of God w conquered, nevertheless, by a revelation esus to his own soul. There are, we fear, my conversions in which what Jesus has de for us figures much more largely than t and who he is. There is a reception of t fact that he died for sinners, that he has ne atonement, that God is satisfied with h propitiation, and yet he himself is little own to those who thus accept his pardon. en he himself dawns upon a human soul, s changed; everything takes its form and or from him. When a sinner seeks simply ption, peace and joy, he is not seeking s, but something which he gives; and e is nothing in the mere reception of a g which ministers to us, that has power to e us out of ourselves and to change our ture.

ul of Tarsus was already an upright and conscientious man; he says of himself that "touching the righteousness which is in the w" he was "found blameless" (Phil. 3: 6, R.V.) But there was nothing in this self righteousness to show him the utter ruin of known nature; he got the credit for his righteousness among his friends and acquaintances, and when, in what he believed to be righteous indignation against the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, he "persecuted this way unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men and women," he stood his both with the priesthood and the rulers, and with himself, too. He verily thought within himself that he "ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth" (Acts 26: 9). Thus the self-life, which withers in the presence of the Lord Jesus, only grew stronger with all his religiousness, until the revelation of the Lord conquered him. And this is only too true of many, even of Christian workers, who are full of zeal for work, but who love to get the credit for it, and who would be most unhappy if the work they do were not reported, and if they were not "highly esteemed among men."

nd what was the effect of the sight on Paul? He was broken, conquered, subdued. Up to this time he had been a leader, now he offers his hand to be led. "What shall I do, Lord?" No making terms; no reservation. The Jesus whom he now knew to be the Son of God, and who made such common cause with all his disciples that he said it was he who was persecuted in them, this Jesus had revealed himself, and there was but one thing for him to do; he must be wholly and forever at his disposal. "What shall I do, Lord?" was the keynote of his future life. What kind of conversion is it which does not at once produce a similar effect?

Saul of Tarsus must be put to a test. The answer to his question was, "Arise, and go into Damascus, and there it shall be told thee of all things that are appointed for thee to do." To Damascus? Would not that be the most difficult place for him to begin his new and changed life? Yes, indeed; but he who had appeared to him would not leave him. The man who had been such a leader of others, blinded by the light from heaven, was now led by the hand into Damascus. It was a foretaste of the future, in which he was to take no unguided step.

REVIVAL NOTES

Major Cole has been conducting a remarkable series of evangelistic meetings at Phenix, Ariz.

At Sodus, Mich., the M. E. and United Brethren pastors held joint revival services. Over sixty came to the altar.

Rev. Arthur Crane, of Charleston, S. C., has conducted very successful missions in Tampa, Fla., and Baton Rouge, La. Many have confessed Christ, and been added to the churches. He is now in Lake Charles, La., where the spiritual interest is very marked.

Waterford, Vt., has been receiving a blessing of the Holy Spirit. Rev. Ralph Gillam closed a twelve days' service, Sunday, March 31, with three services—the house was crowded at each service. During the meetings eighty-five signified their determination to lead a Christian life. Backsliders have also been reclaimed, the churches quickened and the pastor strengthened and encouraged. Mr. L. G. March assisted as soloist.

A notable revival has just been closed at Milan, Mich. Capt. Bernard and his singing brigade of the Salvation Army came there, and, together with the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Free Methodists, conducted revival services in the different churches. In all, over 230 people confessed Christ. The meetings were the talk of the community. The rich and poor, laboring man and merchant, high school students, the old and young, all classes were reached.

Mr. William Phillips Hall, of New York, preached at the Congregational Church, Northfield, on a recent Sunday morning. Mr. Hall also preached at the Mount Hermon Chapel in the evening. He was accompanied by Mr. F. H. Jacobs, of Brooklyn, who sang very beautifully several solos. Rev. Dr. A. F. Schauffler, of New York, likewise preached on Sunday morning and evening at Northfield and Mount Hermon. Dr. Schauffler also inaugurated the Bible work at Mount Hermon for the summer term, during the first week in May. This work is very highly appreciated by the students, 180 of whom have assembled for the summer course in the school.

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CHAPTER XVII—Continued

"MY darling, may he grant your prayer," said Dr. Prior, his voice quivering with emotion, as drawing her to his side, he gently pressed her head to his shoulder and tenderly kissed the pure white forehead.

The morning following her birthday, Dr. Prior called Marjorie into his study, and, drawing her upon his knee, said: "My darling, you asked me last night to tell you what you could do to thank Miss Drake for the many pleasures she has brought into your life, and I am now going to do so. Yesterday was your birthday, and to-day is mine, and we have both received many lovely gifts. But there was one gift which I craved for you and one for myself which could only be obtained by asking, and which, if we received them, would place us each under a life-long obligation, because of their inestimable value."

Dr. Prior paused to stroke Marjorie's sunny hair, and she exclaimed:

"Why, Papa Checa, what makes you look at me so seriously?"

"Because I feel what I am saying to be very serious, and very sacred, dear. Last night, after you had gone to your room, I asked for these precious gifts, and, thank our dear Heavenly Father, obtained them. Marjorie, darling, they are a mother for my daughter and a wife for my home, and Miss Drake has promised to give them to me in December. Can you let her fill that place for you, my daughter, and learn to love her with the tender love she would then have the right to claim from you?"

As her father proceeded, Marjorie's face grew more and more serious, and when he ceased she laid her arms about his neck, and nestling close to him, for some time did not speak a word.

He kept perfectly quiet, knowing that in time she would give voice to her thoughts, and feeling that it would be better to let her have time to consider his words. Presently she raised her head and looking with tear-dimmed eyes straight into his, said: "Papa, yesterday was the happiest birth-day I have ever known; for I was too little to remember those which came before mamma died, and I received every gift I had wished for. But all day long I kept wishing for just one thing more, and that was the one thing I thought I could never have—a mother. I watched Maud and thought that if I could have a mother as she had, to go to and talk about every little thing just as she does, and have her interested in all my pleasures, as Mother Drake is interested in all that Maud does, that I'd be willing to give up all the rest. Why, papa, Maud can't have a straw given to her without her mother being interested; and if she is going any where, or any one is coming to visit her, she talks it all over with her mother and they lay all sorts of lovely plans, and that makes it seem ten times nicer. And so I fretted and fumed, and made myself half miserable, even though I had so much to make me happy. But I couldn't help it somehow; and now I am to have that too; and, papa, it seems too good to be truly true. I have never loved any one as I love Miss Drake, and now she is to be with us always,—always; and I shall never have to worry about her going away; and I can call her—mamma;" and Marjorie half whispered the word as though its very sound were too sacred to be lightly spoken.

"My precious daughter; my dear one," said Dr. Prior, as he gathered her close in his arms.

They were married early in December. Mrs. Drake remained at Dr. Prior's a week, and when she returned to Sunny Lawn took Margaret and Marjorie back with her; the former to prepare for the quiet wedding, and the latter "for safe keeping," as Maud put it, "for," added Miss Irrepressible, "who in the world could tell what might happen to her if she were left wholly to the care of the bride-elect, whose head is filled with thoughts of nothing but her chests and her Chester?"

CHAPTER XVIII

"Mamma, dear; dear Mamma"

IT was a very pretty wedding, with Marjorie and Maud for maids of honor. Only the most intimate friends were invited, for Mrs. Drake still wore mourning. Margaret made a very lovely bride and it would have been difficult to find a handsomer bridegroom, for Dr. Prior seemed to have grown ten years younger, and "as usual, has carried off all the girls and the glory," said Lloyd Prior, who acted as best man. "It's no use talking," he added, "'twas ever thus. This is the second time I've been best man to that fellow, and what good has it done me? Not a blessed girl will look at me. I go South, and get desperately ill, and he comes chasing after me. He gets ill, and what comes of it? The best looking girl in the land goes to hunt him up, and not content with that, has to fall in love with him into the bargain. I call it very hard lines indeed, don't you, Mrs. Drake?" and he turned to her with a most woe-begone expression.

"It is a very desperate state of affairs, but I do not see the immediate remedy for it," laughed Mrs. Drake.

But even then was little "Dan Cupid" busy with his archery, and ere the next year ended Marjorie and Maud were again called upon to walk before a bride whose brother led her to the altar, and who walked from it as Mrs. Lloyd Prior; and to again quote Maud: "Mr. Prior now had nothing whatever to grumble at unless he and Helen took to ruining their honeymoon."

Margaret and her husband left for Old Point Comfort immediately after their marriage, to be absent ten days, and Marjorie stayed with her beloved "Mother Drake," feeling that she now had some claim to call her so.

"Mamma," said Maud, as they sat at dinner the following night, "what sort of relations are Marjorie and I now anyway? Am I her step-aunt-in-law, or what?"

"Her what, child? Who ever heard of such an extraordinary relationship as that?"

"Why, no," broke in Rodman, who was nearly convulsed with laughter; "you are her aunt-by-courtesy, chum-by-choice, and torment-because-she-can't-help-herself."

"O, do go along with your nonsense! What is she, truly, mamma?"

"She is my dear adopted grandaughter, and, therefore, must be your niece; so set her a wise example, I beg of you."

"Take out an accident policy at once, Marj'ie; you don't know what you're in for," cried Rodman.

The ten days soon slipped away, and on the eighteenth of December, exactly five months from the date that she had watched so anxiously before, only to meet with such cruel disappointment, Marjorie again went to meet the steamer which would bring her father home to her, and also one who was destined to make her life one long dream of happiness.

This time only joy was in store for her, and Margaret might well be proud of the pretty daughter who greeted her at the foot of the gang-plank, for Marjorie looked very lovely in her dark blue cloth suit, with its handsome collar and muff of silver fox, and the big black velvet hat with its nodding ostrich plumes, that were such a contrast to the bright hair beneath them.

They went directly to the Grand Central Station, where, after bidding Rodman farewell, they took the train for Mountvale, and reached home in time for a seven o'clock dinner.

Johnson and Nora had outdone themselves, and the house was a bower of blossoms. Nor did Johnson mean that

(Concluded on following page)

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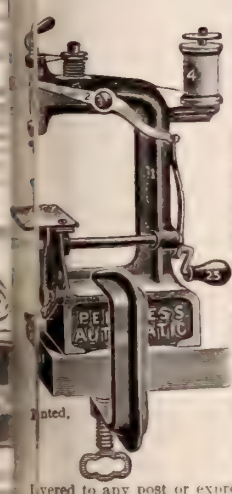

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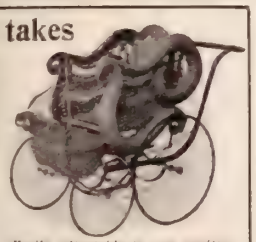

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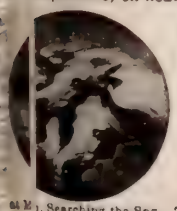

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By Love's Sweet Rule

Continued from page 498

anything should be done by halves; but following out the good old English custom, he had every servant in the house, each with a wedding favor upon the left arm, waiting in the hall to welcome the bride; and he was self-elected spokesman; and right nobly did he deport himself. Margaret had a kind word for each, and when dinner was served was unstinted in her praise of its excellence.

All were weary from the journey and soon went to their rooms. Dr. Prior wished to read his letters, and so retired to his study for a quiet hour, but Margaret and Marjorie went upstairs.

Without lighting the gas Margaret removed her traveling dress, and slipping on a pretty Japanese bedroom robe sat down in a low chair before the open fire, whose cheerful light brightened the room. She could hear Marjorie's footfalls as she moved about in the adjoining room, and she wondered why the girl had said so little and bidden her good-night so quietly; for Marjorie had said almost nothing since their meeting, and had never once addressed her by name.

The doctor's study had not been changed, and, as he entered it, his first glance fell upon the portrait of Marjorie's mother which hung above the mantel. The light from the lamp fell full upon the beautiful face, which seemed to smile a benediction upon him.

Crossing the room he rested his hand upon the mantel shelf and looked long and earnestly at the sweet face above his. Looked as only a good and noble man can look upon the portrait of the mother of his child, when that mother having gone from his home forever, he has chosen another to fill her place.

"Yes, Madeline, it is better so. Better for our child and better for her father. Matilda could never fill your place," he murmured, as he turned to his desk.

Strangely enough, the first letter that he opened was from Miss Carver. "What!" he exclaimed, "can it be possible that she is so far recovered as to be able to write to me?"

The letter was dated at the sanitarium in New York, where Miss Carver had now been a patient for nearly a year, and after touching upon the subject of his marriage and wishing him all joy and happiness, she added, "And what a year the past has been for us both! Truly the dear Father has dealt very tenderly with us. To your home he has guided a noble and lovable woman, destined, I am sure, to bring happiness and joy to both you and dear Marjorie. Such joy and happiness as I myself might have brought had I realized earlier that in this great world of ours, even the sightless can do much toward making others happy, and that there is an inward sight far keener and more beautiful than the outward one. Ah! Chester, since dwelling here I have seen so much without eyesight, learned so much without resorting to printed pages, that I now realize what I might have been to Marjorie, and how far short I fell of filling Madeline's place to her. Some day I shall ask her to forgive me, as I now ask you to do for Madeline's sake.

"Thank God, I can once more see. Not alone with the restored eyesight, but with a soul sight, of which I can never, never be deprived. I can now look back upon the years I spent in your home, a home which I held it within my power to make so sweet, and in it carry out Madeline's beautiful ideas, and can realize how signally I failed to do so. When I lost my only sister it seemed as though I could never smile again, and then when the fatal day came which deprived me of my sight, it seemed to turn me to stone.

"Think what I missed in all those miserable years! I might have been Marjorie's world, and she would have been my sunshine.

"Sometimes it seems as though I could cry aloud when I think how she used to beg me to let her read to me, or sought my society only to meet with a repulse. Truly, I 'knew not what I did.'

"Marjorie's letters have been such a comfort to me, and I truly rejoice in the thought that her home is now what it should be; a home filled with joy and song. Her tastes are so like Madeline's, and in her love for all that is beautiful and fondness for music, I can see Madeline at Marjorie's age. Tell her that I have taken up my music again, and that she can hardly appreciate the pleasure I am able to give to these 'shut-ins.' Each evening as twilight approaches, I go into the little chapel here in the building and play for the patients. A few days ago we had a special treat, for Mrs. Lawton came to call upon me late in the afternoon and I persuaded her to remain long enough to sing at the twilight hour. You remember her, do you not? She still sings in the Hill Church in Hartford and her voice grows sweeter every year, I believe. It is simply exquisite, and when its clear soprano notes filled the chapel, it seemed as though the angels sang.. I asked her to sing Madeline's favorite, 'One Sweetly Solemn Thought,' and she sang it as I have never heard it sung before.

"And now, Chester, the still delicate eyes are growing weary, and I am forced to end my letter. Give a world of love to Marjorie and to my dear sister, and accept a generous share for yourself. Believing me Your truly penitent sister,

"MATILDA."

After reading the letter, Dr. Prior said aloud: "This completes my happiness, and will complete Margaret's and Marjorie's."

"I dare say the changed conditions seem a little strange to her, and I must give her time," said Margaret, softly.

But scarcely had the words passed her lips when there came a light tap upon her door.

"Come in," she called, and Marjorie opened it.

"May I come?" she asked.

"Certainly, dear; I was hoping you would do so," answered Margaret. Marjorie had never looked lovelier. She had put on a pale blue eider flannel dressing gown, and soft blue night slippers to match. Her beautiful hair, now loosened from its braids, fell far below her waist, and gave her a wonderfully child-like appearance. It seemed to Margaret as the girl stood in the doorway that she must be looking upon a vision of the angel mother; Marjorie was so like the portrait of her mother which hung in the doctor's study.

Marjorie hesitated as though not quite sure how to proceed, and Margaret, instantly divining her thoughts, held out both arms to her. Quickly crossing the room, Marjorie, with a happy little cry of: "Mamma, dear; dear mamma," fell upon her knees beside her, and was gathered into her arms.

"My own darling daughter;" said Margaret, with a happy sob, "my own to love and care for forever. Dear Father, give me strength and wisdom to fill the angel mother's place, and be to her child all that she would wish to have me."

Marjorie clasped her closer and closer, as though she could not be near enough to the heart which held so much love and tenderness for her; and Margaret held her there.

It was an exquisite picture, and Dr. Prior, coming softly upstairs an hour later, lest he disturb his dear ones, whom he supposed were sound asleep, felt his heart give a great bound as he saw them. Margaret still clasped Marjorie, whose head lay upon her breast, and gently stroked back the golden hair from her forehead, as the girl looked into her eyes as though she could never look her fill.

Dr. Prior stood watching them for several moments, reluctant to spoil the beautiful tableau; for they were unaware of his presence. Then coming up gently behind them, said, as he gathered them into his arms:

"God bless you both, 'my pearls of great price' my treasures."

[THE END.]

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..HOW TO ENTER CHRIST'S FAMILY*

The Conditions of Adoption Stated by Christ

MANY persons have thought that Christ was demanding a hard thing when he insisted that all who aspired to be his disciples must love him better than father or mother, wife or child; but here is the complement of the demand: "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Christ asks no more than he is willing to give. Here is a higher Gospel than the Gospel of the Kingdom, it is the Gospel of the family. Christ is the Saviour, we can never forget that. To him we owe deliverance from sin in this world, and all our hopes of the next world. He is also our King; we ought never to forget that. We owe him our allegiance and obedience. But here is another relationship, infinitely nearer and more tender. We may belong to his family. There is a tie that he regards as closer than even blood relationship, and by that tie the most insignificant of his people can be united to him. It is a most joyous, ennobling doctrine. We have people among us who plume themselves on their descent from men who fought in the Revolution, and others who can claim one of the Pilgrim Fathers as an ancestor. On the other side the Atlantic, there are people who boast of having royal blood in their veins, and others who belong to families founded by great warriors or statesmen, and all these, howsoever poor they may be, cherish the pride of birth and glory in their high lineage. But how far above and beyond all such distinctions is this that Christ offers of identity with himself!

The principle of adoption by which this relationship is effected has its counterparts in our social life. When the girl leaves her father's house to become the wife of her lover, we hear her address his parents as her father and mother. She becomes their daughter, through her love and union with her husband. Honor or disgrace coming to a member of his family affects her, and she is partner with them, strangers as they may have been to her a few years before, in all that concerns them. Or the relationship may come through some favorite pursuit. A boy or girl may become a musician, or an artist. If there is genius, the love of such a pursuit may become a passion. The youthful aspirant almost worships the men who have distinguished themselves in that particular pursuit. The people at home have no such enthusiasm, and the young genius gradually drifts away from the old intimacy and confidential relationship. The brother and sister are superseded by the companions who have the same tastes and aspirations, and though family love may survive, the real comrades are those who have community in the common occupation. In the secret revolutionary societies of Europe such bonds are very strongly marked. The Carbonari of Italy and the Nihilists of Russia are examples of many others. A young man or a young woman, entering such societies, assumes obligations closer than any family tie. The devotion to some political ideal becomes so enthusiastic, that the members are drawn together by their common danger and their common efforts and sacrifices, and feel for one another an affection far stronger than they ever had to members of their families. Patriotism has a similar effect. It is not long since a distinguished politician, who had been born in Europe and was naturalized here, claimed a higher rank than the native American, on the ground that while the native American had no volition in his citizenship, the naturalized citizen was a citizen by choice.

So there is nothing incomprehensible in the tie of relationship which Christ proposes. He whose sole object in life was to do the will of his Father is prepared to recognize as his brother, his sister, or his mother, any who have adopted the same rule in their humble lives. The light of the lowly candle which illumines the cabin is one in essence with the sun that lights the world. Christ's true followers become partakers of his nature, and in their order are one with him. Thus the conditions of such illustrious union become a question of paramount importance, and Christ reduces them to one. True, it is comprehensive, and implies other conditions that are not specified. Faith, and love, and loyalty are comprehended in it; but it is remarkable for its singleness of statement. "He that doeth the will," is a very practical test. No particular branch of the church is indicated; no rite is imposed, not even the creed, of which in these days we make so much, is defined. It is a question of life and conduct. We know that life and conduct are based on principle, and that right acting proceeds from right thinking; but the test is, after all, on the outward manifestation of the inward life. How important then that we learn how to perceive what is the will of God! In a general sense we know, of course, that the will of God is our sanctification, but that process differs in individual lives and we must be ready to recognize the means by which in our own lives that end is to be achieved, and to submit, even when they are painful. Then, too, there is a will of God as to our actions and our purposes. It involves a consecrated life. One thing is clear, and that should be the keynote to all our endeavor, if to do the will of God admits us into the family of Christ, it should be the supreme object of life to know that will and to do it.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 9. Matt. 12: 46-50.

The Newsboy Choirmaster

AT a recent high-class concert in New York City, the vast audience was fairly captivated by a new and unusually rich-voiced singer. Gustav J. Talleur received unstinted applause. He was the success

G. J. TALLEUR
The Newsboy Choir-singer

of the evening; yet few realized what price he had paid in money, practice, patience, for that success—the skill that has captured that audience. Few knew that they were listening to a former newsboy, who had first made his mellow, rich voice strong and resonant by shouting out: "'Ere's your '*Erald, Times, Tribune, Sun.*"

Mr. Talleur, now in his musical prime, was born thirty years ago in New York. He was educated in the public schools. Before school and after—far into the night—passers-by at Broadway and Forty-second street would see a stalwart little fellow, with a huge bundle of papers under his arm, crying out the latest news. The rich quaver of his voice attracted the attention of many, who would enter into conversation with him just to hear him articulate sentences; and then, as they passed on, would think "what a singer is shouting away his breath! If only the lad had a chance!"

One morning he attracted the attention of a choirmaster on his way to church, who said he wanted some boys for a choir, and asked Gustav if he would not come along and learn to be a singer; and so young Talleur found the first stepping-stone to the choir of the Brick Church, on Fifth avenue, where he has been singing for the last three years. While crying the papers had not hurt his voice, but had made it robust, it needed training. Gustav practiced conscientiously and mad scientific study of church music. F his mother, who had rare musical t (as indeed had the whole Talleur fan he had inherited an ardent love for s and he was an enthusiastic scholar.

After his conversion in the U Evangelical Church, he fully consecr his talent to his Saviour, and his v has often been heard at conferences revival meetings; and frequently at perance gatherings, for he is a sta teetotaler and prohibitionist. He orga a choir that now sings in the U Church, and in which he is the bel leader. He formed also the "Twen Century Quartette," and is at the hea a Choral Union. He believes in a Go that can be sung the world over. He to sing it in churches and mission h He often refers to his newsboy ex riences, and says that crying the pape the open air was good for his voice that it gave him a good start in life. likes to help others, even as he was he He believes with David that God's should be filled with song and praise.

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I became irritable, nervous, and m petite became more and more capri Only rich, highly seasoned food suite and this further wrecked my health. sallow, having lost my pink and white plexion. I became dull eyed and dull b the victim of agonizing dyspepsia a testinal trouble.

I was finally forced to leave schoo came home an irritable, wretchedly sic The plainest food disagreed with me, bade fair to starve to death, when a ph advised my physician to put me on Nuts Food diet. To make a long story the transformation from wretched ill to good health was marvelous. I like new food so well, and it agreed with m tured stomach perfectly, regulated my my headaches left, and the color of th gradually grew better. In 8 months I myself rosy, plump and strong.

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TOOK CHRIST INTO THEIR LIVES

HOW THE REV. DR. WILLIAM V. KELLY, AND MRS. MARY E. CARTLAND CAME TO THE SAVIOUR

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

ONE of the scholarly leaders of modern Christianity, whose strong and cultivated mind, and whose gentle and pure Christian life are a benediction to multitudes, is the Rev. Dr. William V. Kelly, for many years a popular pastor, and at present editor of *The Methodist Review*. Dr. Kelly says that the two men to whom his conversion was most directly due were his own father and Dr. Isaac W. Wiley, at that time president of the Pennington Seminary, and afterwards Bishop. William Kelly was brought up in a very pure Christian atmosphere, and he says, that so long as he was at home there was little opportunity for him to know anything but good. But upon being sent away to boarding-school, at Pennington, N. J., at the age of thirteen, the moral principles instilled into his boyish heart at home were put to many severe tests through the character of some of his associates. There were not a few at many students in the seminary who were irreligious, but among those to whom young Kelly was greatly drawn personally, were two boys who showed no respect for religion. Their influence over him was not good. It resulted in no outbreaking sin, but he became painfully conscious that his association with them was a sort of disloyalty to his parents, and to the kind of training he had had at home. The knowledge that God and his parents must disapprove of him, became a burden to him. In the chapel talks and prayers of the principal, Dr. Wiley, searched his heart and troubled his conscience. This was his condition when vacation time came, and after he was fifteen years old.

MRS. M. E. CARTLAND

REV. WM. V. KELLY

Going home for the vacation, he found himself in the midst of a revival then proceeding in his father's church. He made no resistance, but welcomed the opportunity to make publicly a full surrender of himself to God. Coming home troubled and ill at ease, he wanted to be at peace with God and his own soul. Through the instructions heard from his earliest years, he knew the terms upon which he could have peace with God through Jesus Christ. With repentance, confession and consecration, he made the surrender, side by side with his only sister. The next Sabbath morning, his father received the son and the daughter—all the children he had—into his church. A few days later, on William's return to the seminary, the father transferred him his certificate to the Pennington Church. His outward life was changed by dropping the irreligious associations which had seemed him in secret, and by an earnest and active participation in all the religious work connected with the school. His inward life was altered in its motives, and the conviction that the one supreme question had been decided and settled right, filled his heart with a great and growing peace. The intellectual awakening and advance were as great as was the moral inspiration toward the loftiest ideals. A noble beginning for a noble career!

. . . .

It has seemed to me appropriate to join with the conversion of Dr. Kelly, this story of a sweet Quaker conversion, which was the fountain of the earnest and gracious life of service that has characterized the career of Mrs. Mary E. Cartland, leader of the temperance hosts in North Carolina. I think I must let Mrs. Cartland tell the unique and interesting story in her own words. She says:

"The circumstances of my conversion, or the events which led to it, were not startling or unusual. Of Orthodox Quaker parentage, the quiet peaceful lives of my father and mother, together with the direct influence of the Holy Spirit upon my heart, were the silent influences that drew me to the Saviour. My childhood days were spent in a boarding-school of which my father and mother were superintendent and matron. I remember, when about ten years of age, that one night my little room-mate and I became troubled, because we felt we were not Christians. In my distress, I went to my mother and asked her to forgive me. She remembered no act of disobedience, neither did I; but she re-assured me by saying she would forgive me, so I returned to my bed comforted, and was soon asleep. For some time after this I felt a longing to do right, that I might be acceptable to my Heavenly Father; but as time wore on, I became less thoughtful. But the Holy Spirit again came to me at the age of fourteen, while sitting in a quiet friends' meeting. I was melted to tears. I wished that a certain dear old lady would pray. Usually I did not enjoy hearing her supplications. Scarcely had I felt the desire before she knelt in prayer. I failed then to publicly confess how precious the Lord Jesus was to my soul, and so I lived without the joy which should have been mine, though with steadfast faith for two years, when a beloved minister came to our community on a religious visit. Under his ministry, this truth was firmly impressed upon my mind: 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.' I confessed before the people my faith in Christ; joy came into my soul, and since then I have been learning more and more of the blessedness of following the meek and lowly Jesus."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. A. K. McC., New Castle, Calif., writes:

I can truly say the Lord will answer prayer. I have gone to the Lord many a time with a sad heart and he would make me glad.

V. G., Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

I wish to add my testimony to that of many others in your columns. I know from personal experience that God is an answerer of prayer, not only for spiritual blessings, but also for temporal needs.

C. E. M., Col. Falls, Mont., writes:

There was one thing which kept us from being happy. I prayed for it to be removed, and it was.

A. C. M., Picton, Tex., writes:

I have waited months for answer to one prayer, and been almost discouraged at times; but, thank God, in his own good time the answer came.

M. B. B., Santa Barbara, Calif., writes:

I want to acknowledge the Lord's care of me coming this long journey from Chelsea, Mass., to Santa Barbara. I have a sister, an invalid, who has lived here twenty-two years. I am a widow, over sixty years old and not used to traveling. It was quite an undertaking for me. All my children, save one son, are safe at home—our heavenly home.

Reader San Francisco, Calif., writes:

My husband and I prayed long and earnestly that God might grant our petition, when from man's standpoint it seemed impossible. He has heard and answered our prayer, as he ever does those who cry to him in trouble.

Mrs. W. F. H., Liberty, Ind., writes:

I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answer to my prayer in behalf of our beloved minister.

Mrs. J. P. F., Montpelier, Vt., writes:

For many years when about to begin a new piece of work, I have asked the Lord to bless that work, and I have found him better than my fears. I feel that we should ask God's blessing upon all that we do, just as we ask his blessing upon our food; and we should return thanks for his help in our work, as we return thanks to him for meat and drink.

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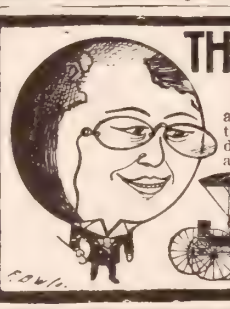

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A lady in Huntsville, Ala., Mrs. S. M. Brazier, says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years was troubled with stomach trouble. "I have been treated by many physicians but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect and give permanent relief. Was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again and it soured on my stomach.

I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles and stopped using it. I tried tea and then milk in its place, but neither agreed with me, then I commenced using Postum Food Coffee. I had it properly made and it was very pleasing to the taste.

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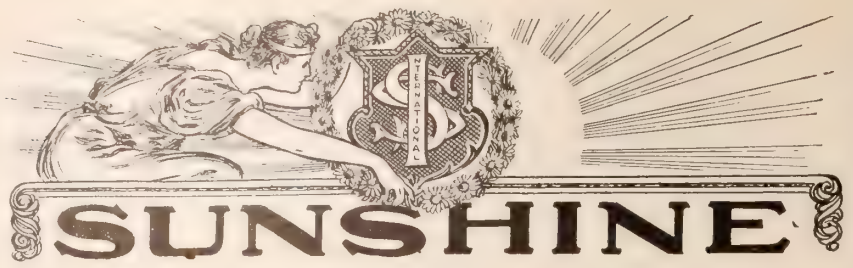


THE SUNSHINERS' CONVENTION

NATURALLY those who could not go to the annual reception of the International Sunshine Society are desirous to hear about it. From 12 noon to 2.30 P. M., May 2, the parlors of the Hotel Savoy, New York, were filled to overflowing with guests, delegates and committee members. At 2.30 sharp, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, the President-General, called the meeting to order. One thousand and fifty-nine branches reported, either by a delegate or by written report of the year's work. For two hours and a half the delegates listened to the interesting details of work done by the different Sunshine divisions. Every State in the Union but Nevada is organized for Sunshine work. The new Sunshine year begins, June 1, and branch work will be opened with the branches that have celebrated their International Day and thereby paid their dues for the year. As new branches become enrolled, they will be added to the branch enrollment, and all members to the general enrollment at headquarters.

Mrs. Alden stated, among other things, that over fifty thousand members are now enrolled at headquarters and branch presidents are still sending in their lists. A rough estimate, including the Baptist Juniors, makes the membership one hundred thousand or more. The officers, from the President-General down, all give their time and labor; stenographers alone are paid for their services, and the main expenses are embodied in the stamp and expressage account. Branches must not lose sight of the fact, that in the service of the express companies and of the post-office department we reach the isolated members from Maine to California.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch will be divided into circles, these circles are to report to Branch President Parsons, she in turn, to the President-General. Every week members will tell each other their plans and benefit by this "passing on" of individual ways of spreading good cheer.

H. M. Douglas, of West Haven, who belongs to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch, tells of a "Sunshine Garden" there. This can be copied, in some form or other, by every invalid in our different circles. He says:

THE SUNSHINE GARDEN

A friend, who has been shut in for the past six months, was much interested in the recent article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on the work of the Sunshine Society. She has just received a miniature garden, so beautiful and cheering to an invalid, yet so easy of construction that I must try to "pass it on" by description, hoping that many may be moved to make such a little Paradise of sunshine for some one.

The garden wall is eight inches long, one and a half inches high. It is truly the upturned edge of a square of bark, stripped from a white birch tree. The outside has the delicate salmon tint of the inner layers. The corners are joined by a bow of green. Just inside of each corner is a baby pine swaying very softly to the breeze. The garden turf is soft, green moss, its fruit looking like grain. Masses of blooming hepaticas or pasque flowers fill the enclosure. They are the only forest flowers to be had for planting so early. Blue, pale purple, cream and white make a pleasing variety of color. A few small ferns, with leaves from foliage plants, furnish the green. Here and there, in open spaces, are snail shells. So there is a complete and delightful woodland scene, which may easily find a place upon the bed, bringing the charms of nature, to solace many a tedious hour.

Sunshine Through the Mail

The International Secretary, Mrs. Hans S. Beattie, told the Convention of the great amount of mail carried on in Sunshine—sometimes two thousand letters a week. By letter writing, more good cheer is done than any one outside of the regular daily work would ever imagine as possible.

This reminds me that I want to tell you of a young girl, only twenty-two years old. She lives right in the heart of a great city, yet she must depend wholly on letters for her amusement, and comfort, too. She is confined to one room all the time, and because of extreme nervousness is allowed few visitors. Her whole sunshine, therefore, has been to watch and wait for the postman. Her keenest delight is in reading and writing letters, though she can raise neither hand to her head—cannot move only when lifted. For seven years she has kept a cheery heart. When once dressed and put in her rocking-chair, she can read and write for hours every day. She has written me to find out what Sunshine is. Now is the chance for our members to prove to her that Sunshine is the most beautiful thought conceived and ever carried out. Although it took her two days to write her letter to me, she says she enjoyed it, because she knew she would get an answer.

Another letter from Noeton, Tennessee, written by Mrs. Emily A. Bradshaw, eighty-three years old, tells that she is a cripple from rheumatism—a shut-in—but gets much Sunshine out of knitting when her "fingers do not ache too much." She modestly asks for a few papers to read.

There is a call for Sunshine from a small family, consisting of a mother, father and three children, in Omega, Kingfisher County, Oklahoma Territory. It is almost impossible for them to furnish the books and papers necessary for the education of the children. They live in the country, thirteen miles away from a church. Will not some mother write to this mother and see what she can do to make her life the least bit more sunshiny?

Many beautiful stories were told by delegates from all parts of the country. Several Sunshine homes for the aged are being built; Sunshine clubhouses are being opened; Sunshine reading-rooms for newsboys, Sunshine libraries are being annexed to churches, particularly in the country. There are one or two churches supported by Sunshine, and also several schools. All the larger clubs have Sunshine committees. Sunday Schools have joined Sunshine in a body, each class being a circle of the Sunday School branch.

Thanks are due to the many members who responded to the call in the issue of May 1. We also wish to thank B. F. P. for her generous gift, which will spread a great deal of sunshine.

GOD'S MESSAGE

GOD is trying to speak with me, and I am trying to hear;
But the angry roar of an angry sea
Has told my soul that it is not free;
And my strange, imperfect ear
Has only caught, on the breast of day,
The strain of a song that is far away—
So I sit and listen and humbly pray,
For God is near.

. . . . . .

God is trying to speak with me, and I am trying to hear.
Away with the gold that is won by death
Of mind and body. (O Nazareth!
O living, breathing tear!)
Away, away with the realist's hand,
Away with the tyrants that slave the land,
For the heart must sing and the stars command.
(Great God is near.)
And soothe and comfort the voice of pain,
Man's Eden must return again,
And the Christ that suffered must live and reign.
(Great God is near.)
And hush and silence the battle's din—
And lift forever the mists of sin
That veil the wealth of the God within.
(Great God is near.)
And strive, oh, strive to be brave and true;
The world is dying of me and you,
The deeds undone that we both might do.
(Great God is near.)

—COLETTA RYAN.

With these

three things yo can wash. Jus so you can d many other things that ar tiresome, unhealthy, unpleasar and wasteful. If it's necessar well and good; but it isn't wit PEARLINE washing. PEARL INE'S way is best, easies quickest, most economical—n soap, no washboard, no rubbin little work—best results. 635

Hearing Restored

by the use of

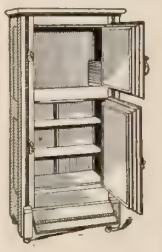
Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum

The only scientific sound condu tors. Invisible, comfortable, efficie They fit in the ear. Doctors reco mend them. Thousands testify their efficiency.

Information and Booklet Free.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
223 Trust Bldg., Louisville, K

THIS REFRIGERATOR, $8.95.



$8.95 buys this solid Refrigerator, measures 50 i high, 24 in. long, 18 in. deep; re for $16.00. $7.05 saved in b the maker. **We pay freigh the Mississippi River—point west on an equal basis.**

Our General Catalogue o. 69 contains thousands of gains like the above, tells abou very-thing to eat, use and w and contains 480 pages, size in. Each book costs us per copy to print and mail. S for a copy and **you dedu these 10c. from your first o of $1.00.** Address this wa

$8.95, Freight Paid.
Julius Hines & Son, Balto., Md. Dep 218

The Ideal Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one b r, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common c stove.*

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half

Makes tough meats tender, vents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-qu arts canning fruits. **Whistle** blows wh cooker needs more water. **Dinner Sets, B cles, Watches,** and other **Valuable Pr ums given with order for Cookers.** Send for illus. catalogue. *We pay express.* Agent nted. **TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 16, To , O.**

CORNS PERMANENTLY RELIEVED FR E

ALLEN'S ANTISEPTIC CORN PLA ER *relieves corns permanently.* To pr it I will mail *free plaster* to any one. nd name and address—no money.

GEORGE M. DORRANCE, 215 Fulton Street, NEW RK

ORNAMENTAL FEN E

25 designs, all cel. Handsome, du e.—Cheaper than ood fence. Special ice-ments to chur and cemeteries. Catalo free.

KOKOMO FI E MACHINE 445 North Kokomo, In .

Cheaper than wood. **Special Prices to Churches** Cem-eteries. Strong, Durable and Cheap. Catalo Free
COILED SPRING FENCE CO. Box D. Winchester In .

DIED FULL OF YEARS AND HONORS

AN event which touched the hearts of many besides those who knew her personally, was the death of Mrs. Mary Sankey, mother of Ira D. Sankey, the world's great evangelist of song. On May 2, full of years and honors, she passed peacefully away at her home in New Castle, Pa. Mrs. Sankey

THE LATE MRS. MARY SANKEY
Mother of Ira D. Sankey

had reached the great age of ninety. When she was born, Western Pennsylvania was a dense wilderness. Her father, John Leeper, was an early settler. She grew up in the place of her birth, among known people, and at nineteen married David Sankey, who, some thirty years after his marriage, as a member of the Legislature, assisted in the passage of the bill organizing Lawrence County. He died several years ago. Of the eleven sons and daughters born to them but two survive, the Gospel singer and his brother, Edson H. Sankey, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Sankey was a member of the Methodist Church, and took an active interest in all good works and in the temperance cause. She filled with signal efficiency and devotion the sacred offices of wife and mother. In the letter announcing his bereavement to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Ira D. Sankey pays this beautiful tribute to his mother:

"It was she who first taught me to sing the songs of Zion, and, by her beautiful Christian life and example, I was led to devote my life to the cause of Christ."

Think of how much good the world owes to his mother! How many souls have been brought to Christ through Sankey's singing! How many aching, despairing ones have found comfort in the promises of Zion, which reached their hearts through his songs, but had never touched them else! Mothers, you do not realize what great events, what issues for the race, hang on your being simply the good Christian woman, wife and mother, living the true life before your children until they, feeling its beauty, are ready to bring their talents, time and service as glad gifts to Him who is that life's inspiration.

A Tribute in Rhyme

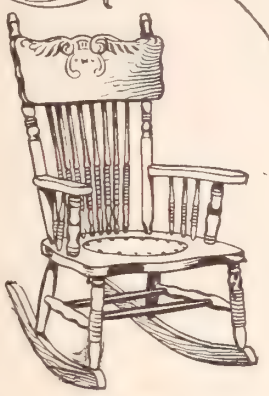
A poetical friend sends us this clever and appropriate testimonial to the value of the Revised Letter Testament:

Testament received to-day,
And with thanks, I now would say,
How can you sell one so nice,
For so moderate a price?
None but CHRISTIAN HERALD could,
None but CHRISTIAN HERALD would,
With its edges red and gold,
All so lovely to behold:
Binding good and type so plain,
Ne'er the like you'll see again.
All the words that Jesus said,
In this Testament are red;
Very sure to catch the eye,
When to search for them we try.
May THE CHRISTIAN HERALD kind,
Many new subscribers find,
And its editors be blessed
With the gifts that are the best.

Milton, N. H. NETTIE A. PERHAM.

TAILOR-MADE SUITS-WRAPPERS-CHAIRS-TEA SETS

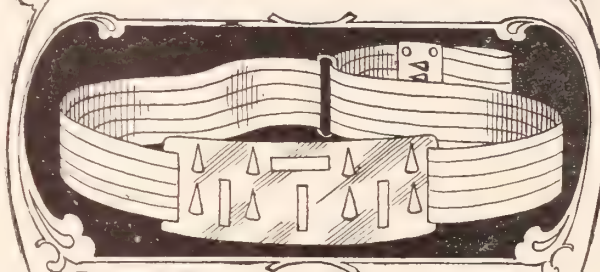
AND 100 OTHER VALUABLE PREMIUMS ALL FREE



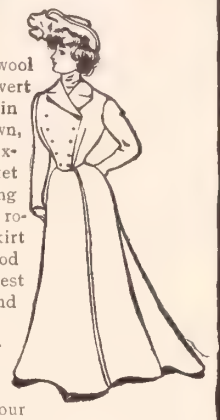
Oak Chair

This chair is of solid oak (not stained) with a highly polished antique finish, handsomely carved and turned, and an embossed leather (cobbler's) seat. It is large and very strong, will last a lifetime, and is well worth $5.00 of anybody's money. Order one quick and let us prove our statement.

FREE for Selling 1 Dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters



LADIES' TAILOR MADE SUIT



of fine all-wool Venitian or Covert Cloth. Comes in black, blue, brown, tan, mode and oxford colors. Jacket all lined, including sleeves, with romaine silk. Skirt lined with good Percaline, latest style cut, and up-to-date in every particular. Samples of goods furnished, and our circular, showing other suits, jackets etc., on application.

We make these suits to order, and offer them as a premium, for selling only four dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters at 35 cents each. It is easy to earn, and worth as much at retail as we get for the supporters.

No Money Required

These handsome and useful premiums given ABSOLUTELY FREE to you for introducing to your friends our great **"HOLD FAST"** Waist and Skirt Supporter which is the only *automatic* supporter yet invented. *Requires no sewing on* of hooks, buttons or anything else. All that is necessary is to put the Supporter on and it "does the rest."

It is what everybody is looking for. Every lady and girl in the land needs one. Every Supporter sold brings two more customers. They only cost **35 cents,** so are within the reach of everybody.

We do not ask you to invest one cent of your money. If you would like to get one or more of our handsome premiums for using a few moments of your time in our interest, all that is necessary to do is to write, saying you would like to earn a premium. We will then send you, charges paid, the Supporters. When you have sold them you send us the money and obtain your premium *which we send to you freight charges prepaid anywhere in the United States. So from first to last, you do not invest a penny of your own money.*

You take no risk. We trust you with our goods and take back what you can't sell. We have premiums for selling one-half dozen up to one gross. We send a large premium list with first lot, containing 100 offers, all useful as well as ornamental; and we wish you especially to note that when you have earned the premium it is sent to you *prepaid,* if you live in the U. S., so you are actually out only your time. Such an offer has never been made before.

Better write us today, and be the first to show the great invention in your town.

Address this way:

The Colver Company
Dept. S 815 Schiller Bldg., Chicago

Note—If you would like to see our Supporter before ordering a quantity, we will send you one, postage paid, on receipt of 35 cents in stamps.

OVER 600,000 SOLD LAST YEAR

THE HOLD FAST SKIRT SUPPORTER IS THE SUCCESS OF THE CENTURY

Ladies' Patent Corset Belt Wrapper

Made of fine French Percale in all shades. The yoke, Bishop sleeves and skirt trimmed with fine Percale, edged with two rows of white Soutache braid—a handsome and dressy garment—and you get it free, if you use a few minutes of your time in selling for us only one dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters at 35c. each

ALL FREIGHT PREPAID TO YOU

32 - Piece Tea Set

Consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, Tea Pot and Lid, Sugar and Lid, 2 Bread Plates, 6 Sauce Dishes, Cream Pitcher, Slop Bowl; total, 32 pieces.

Handsomely decorated as shown above. The value of this offer is apparent to all well posted merchants and makes it unnecessary for us to say anything further, except that:

FREE for Selling 2 Dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship our wheels anywhere on approval *without a cent deposit* and allow 10 days free trial. You take absolutely no risk in ordering from us.

1901 MODELS best makes **$10 to $18**
'99 & '00 MODELS high grade **$7 to $12**
1000 SECOND HAND WHEELS, all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. *Great factory cleaning sale at half to factory cost.*

AGENTS WANTED in every town. We furnish wheel and catalogs to distribute. You can make $10 to $50 a week as our Agent. Write at once for catalogs and our Special Offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 41 H Chicago.

It's Made for You

and is sold to you direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

THE ADVANCE FENCE

is first class in every way. Entirely interwoven. Never has to get loose or ravel. Many heights. Stock all stock. Stock all weather. Write for special discounts and free circulars. Be your own dealer.

ADVANCE FENCE CO., 149 Old St. Peoria, Ill.

BIG DRESS GOODS OFFER.

For $1.99 we furnish a Full Dress Pattern of seven yards of genuine NORTON FANCY BLACK MERCERIZED CREPON DRESS GOODS, regular value, $5.00.

SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out (No. 150L) and send to us and we will send you a big full dress pattern of seven yards of this fine, new style dress goods by express **C. O. D., subject to examination.** You can examine the goods at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, such a dress pattern as you could not buy from your storekeeper at home at less than $5.00, **a class of goods that is seldom found in country stores at any price,** pronounced by everyone the **greatest value ever shown** in your section, then pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $1.99** and express charges. Express charges will average from 25 to 50 cents. By ordering two or more dress patterns at once the charges per pattern will be much reduced. If more than seven yards are wanted, 36 cents per yard extra.

THIS IS A GENUINE NORTON BLACK MERCERIZED CREPON DRESS GOODS an elegant strictly up-to-date fabric for suits or skirts, good weight for year around wear, **a firm cloth we can guarantee for service,** fancy raised crepon effect, goods that we have bought direct from one of the largest mills under a positive guarantee for quality.

OUR SPECIAL $1.99 PRICE for seven yards of this 38-inch goods (a full dress pattern), is a price based on the actual cost to produce, is less than dealers can buy in 100 piece lots, is such value as was never before offered by any house. We make this heretofore unheard of offer of **$1.99 for a full 7-yard dress pattern** to advertise our Dress Goods Department, and get people everywhere to send for catalogue. **Write for free Dry Goods Catalogue. ORDER TODAY! DON'T DELAY! When these goods are gone they never again can be offered at the price.** Order two, four or six dress patterns **at our special $1.99 price,** by getting your friends to order with you, and in this way the **express charges for each one will be almost nothing.**

Address **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.**

WANTED SALESMEN—$50 month and commissions; sell staple line at wholesale to retailers. Address with references: WALTER G. SIMMONS & CO., 33 1-2 W 2d St., Cincinnati, O.

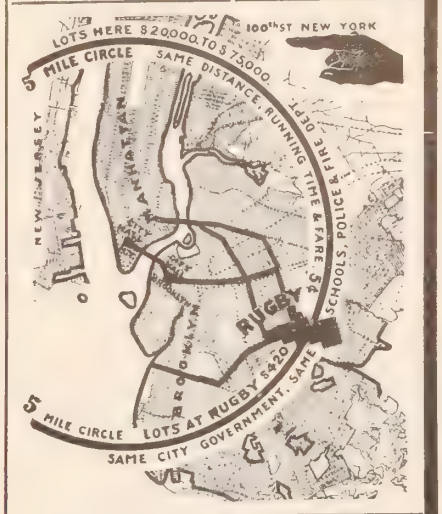
PLAYS Best List of New Plays. 325 Nos. Dialogs, Speakers, Hand Books. Catalog free. T. S. DENISON, Pub., Dept. 28, Chicago

$10 SECURES $420 LOT

In Greater New York.

Your Round Trip to New York Free

Greater New York Map
AN OBJECT LESSON



IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY
and shows the immense possibilities of Greater New York's real estate values.

This Map will convince every thinking man and woman in America that our announceme embodies a proposition never equalled in the history of this country and one whic in the very nature of New York's present conditions, and the limited area of Brooklyn itse can never again occur.

NOTE THE MARVELOUS COMPARISON! Lots at 100th Street, $20,000 to $75,000 each; *Lots Rugby, $420.* The same distance; the same running time; the same street-car fare (5 cents); the same ci government, schools, police, and fire protection. What creates the difference? Simply this: that befo Consolidation, Brooklyn had a provincial government and wretched transportation facilities. Consolidati into one city government, and equal transportation facilities existing to-day MUST ultimately equalize t value of property equally accessible. *This is an axiom—a self-evident truth.*

No such opportunity since New York began its wonderful growth as a world metropolis.

The Astors, even, had no such combination of circumstances to operate in their behalf, as two years have accomplished grea changes than a decade did in those days. Every lot is guaranteed to increase 25 per cent. during the first year—an incre equalling your first year's payments—and $2,000,000 insures your purchase.

Wood, Harmon & Co., the largest, most responsible, and most successful Real Estate Company in the world, are so posit that the values of their lots will increase 25 per cent. during the year 1901, that they will guarantee this increase to any investor, in case they cannot show it they agree to return all money paid them, with 6 per cent. interest. *This guarantee, however, should be misunderstood; and is fully explained below.*

We have one of the grandest opportunities of a lifetime for the small investor to make money—we give as good security as strongest savings bank, and, instead of the 4 per cent. interest on deposits, we can guarantee 25 per cent. We thoroug believe the lot which we now sell for $420 will in 10 years bring $4,000, in 20 years from $20,000 upwards. If you will carefully stu this communication, you will see our reasons.

Our wealthiest families, like the Astors, have made their money from the increase in value of New York real estate. New Y City property has increased in value more than that of any other place in the world, because of its immense growth in populati and this growth is still going on—in fact, at the present time we are starting on a new and greater era than ever before known New York's history. Let us see:—

New York City, as every one knows, is crowded to the bursting point. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bric trolley and elevated have turned the immense tide of increased population Brooklynward. The public have been quick to recognize this as the only and the perfect solution of th problem, and Brooklyn is receiving a tremendous influx from overcrowded New York City. As a result, Brooklyn Bridge has been so severely taxed that new bridges are being b (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but propert Old New York City, the same distance from City Hall (as our map clearly shows) would cost 20 to 100 times the money.

WHY WE INVESTED HERE.

As Real Estate is our business, we study the conditions existing or possible in the various cities of the United States. We have aided in the development of 25 of these cities, have opened 75 distinct properties. After carefully studying New York 12 years before purchase, we, in 1898, saw the immense possible advancement in values, and before consolidation of New York and Brooklyn—before the Rapid Transit had made Brooklyn so accessible—we bought 1,100 acres of the choicest land in Brooklyn, which is now in heart of that Borough, only 3½ miles from Brooklyn Bridge, and only 35 minutes from New York City Hall. We invested over $2,000,000 in this land, and are developing properties in the most beautiful manner of any about New York. The growth of the city, together with our improvements, has increased the value of this property over 25 per c since a year ago, and we feel so sure that the increase will be at least the same that we assume the risk of guaranteeing it for the next year.

HERE'S OUR PROPOSITION FOR YOU.

Our property is improved in exact accordance with City Specifications. Streets, 60, 80 and 100 feet wide, built to city grade, bordered on each side by 5 feet granolithic cemen walks, flower beds and shrubbery, city water, gas, etc., all at our expense. For $10 down, and $6 per month until paid for, we sell you a regular New York City lot, subject to following guarantees from us:—

If, at the expiration of the year 1901, this lot is not worth $500, based on the price at which our salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you h paid us, with 6 per cent. interest additional.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost.

If you should get out of employment or be sick, you will not forfeit the land.

Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. of New York.

You will note three distinct points of advantage in this proposition. First, it is a Life Insurance for your family. Second, it enables you to pay in small sums as you would in y savings bank, and cannot cramp you; and, Third, it enables you to participate in the great growth of values in New York real estate, which are due to natural conditions; furtherm the three advantages are absolutely without risk.

OUR GUARANTEE OF INCREASE.

Our guarantee of 25 per cent. increase in one year in the value of lots is a simple one, and should not be misunderstood or misconstrued. It means, that the regular prices publ marked on our property (every unsold lot being plainly tagged and priced), and at which our large corps of salesmen will be then selling these lots for ourselves and our customers, be 25 per cent. in excess of the prices at which we now offer them.

IT DOES NOT MEAN, that we can or will assume the responsibility of selling customers' lots, except incidental to our business of development, or that we will take them off t hands; this obviously would be impossible in the great work of development we are undertaking. This is intended as a straight business agreement of an honest increase in value, that only.

N.B.—Our Non-Forfeiture Agreement prevents the loss of your lot through misfortune.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK.

As a further guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or, *in case you buy, to credit cost of your railroad fare on your purchase;* to those living farther away than Chic we will pay that proportion equal to cost of fare to Chicago and return. We would advise you, if you are satisfied, to send first payment, $10 in cash, at our risk, immediately, and we will select the very best available lot for you. Or, if you desire further particulars, to write immediately for maps, details and information. It will cost you nothing to find out and thoroughly satisfy yourself—we solicit closest investigation. References by hundreds—our reputation is national.

MAKE OUR OFFICES YOUR HEADQUARTERS.

A cordial invitation is extended to all strangers to make their headquarters with us when they come to New York City. Our offices occupy 9 rooms—nearly the entire 6th floor of the handsome Home Life Building, opposite City Hall. One of these rooms is fitted up expressly as a library and rest room for the convenience and comfort of our out-of-town customers, or any other visitors to New York, to whom we can be of service. It is equipped with the latest magazines, books, writing materials, etc. Have your mail directed in our care, drop in for rest, letter-writing, package-checking, directions about the city, or any desired information. All are welcome at any time. Lady's maid in attendance.

Wood, Harmon & Co., DEPARTMENT 116, 255-257 Broadway, New York

NOTE OUR REFERENCES.

The Commercial Agencies, 20 National Banks, and 30,000 customers all over the United States. The following is but one of thousands on file from banks, public officials, and appreciative customers:

"There is no doubt, the property offered by Wood, Harmon & Co. in the Twenty-ninth Ward, represents one of the best investments a man of limited income can possibly make within the corporate limits of Greater New York. It can be said without hesitancy that Wood, Harmon & Co. are perfectly reliable and are worthy the fullest confidence of the investor, whether he resides in Greater New York or any other section of the United States.

"THE NASSAU NATIONAL BANK OF BROOKLYN."

Corner of Utica Avenue and Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn. ts here—within five minutes of Rugby, on same avenue and tro y line—are $1,500 to $2,500. RUGBY LOTS, $420.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM
T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1901

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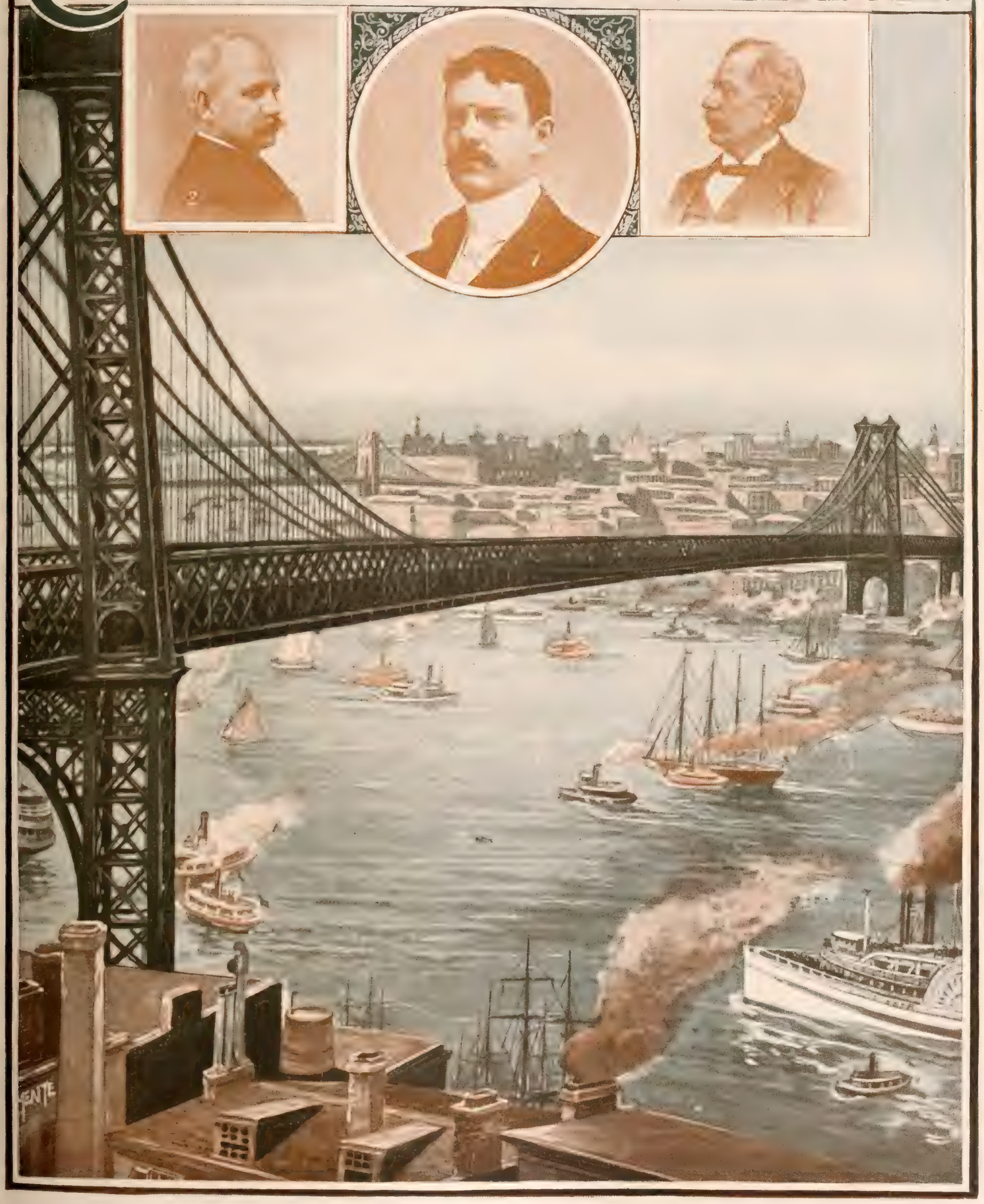
Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD



THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE EAST RIVER, UNITING NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN

As it will appear when completed. Portraits of: 1. Mr. Lewis Nixon, Pres. Bridge Commission. 2. Mr. O. F. Nichols, Ass't Engineer. 3. Mr. Leffert L. Buck, Chief Engineer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered July 10

1. In what way does a traveler, in going east or west, gain or lose time?

2. What is the smallest known religious sect (in point of numbers) in the world?

3. What is the duty of a pastor toward a young woman who contemplates marriage with a dissipated man, when the pastor knows his character, but she does not, and has no means of making the discovery? In such case what should a minister do?

4. When license has been voted by the people, can the town council, a majority of whom are Christian men, consistently grant the license to sell liquor? Should these men resign, and let the people elect other men to take their places, or should they refuse the license, and incur the penalty for withholding it?

5. Which of the famous Americans who have lived since the Revolution left the record that you would most like to have at the end of your own life?

Questions of the Week

1. In what sense may education be regarded as an obstacle to the spiritual life of an individual or a community?

Education may become an obstacle to spiritual life when it is exclusively intellectual, and no regard is paid to moral improvement. One should cultivate the mind—the more the better; at the same time one's moral relations should not be ignored, and there is danger of this whenever the purely intellectual is predominant. The English Deist, of Hume's class, is a fair representative of the purely intellectual system of training. There is a tendency in scholars to over-estimate the benefits of education. Many a man in the humble walks of life is better equipped morally than the best educated of men, and this is because he does not become warped or "set up" by his mere educational acquirements, as the better educated man may be. Ignorance is sometimes the "mother of devotion."

DANIEL HOLMES.

Education may be regarded as an obstacle to spiritual life when it is a one-sided affair, pertaining only to the head. It takes two things to make a truly great man: a great head and a great heart; two things to make a truly educated man: book learning and spiritual insight. This latter was what Christ meant when he said: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." This spiritual insight comes with the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy, which is understanding. One of the saddest experiences of my life has been my acquaintance with a college graduate, whose knowledge of Greek and Latin and the sciences has made him arrogant and self-righteous. With all his getting he has never really gotten understanding. JENNIE A. PIERSON.

2. What is the best rule for a business man to follow to prevent the love of gain from absorbing his attention to such an extent that it prevents spiritual growth?

In the case supposed, there is a consciousness of danger of the undue love of gain, and that itself is one important safeguard against the evil that is apprehended. Along with the spirit of watchfulness and prayer that will thus be naturally called forth, two other definite lines of conduct might be followed with good results. First, the person in question might undertake some definite Christian work, to which he would be bound to give a stated portion of his time, and if possible not on Sundays only, but on week days as well. There might thus be begotten and sustained in him such an interest in spiritual things as would largely neutralise the mere love of gain. Then he might also make it a matter of conscience to dedicate a stated proportion of his income to Christian enterprises. Such a course, even if painful at first, might be persevered in until it becomes a pleasure, and thus the love of gain would be driven out by "the expulsive power of a new affection."

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

The best and only rule to follow is, secretly and at stated times in the day, and every day in the year, to seek to have communion with God by the reading of his Word, and by prayer. If the believing business man may be a man having a family, he will have each day, night and morning, family worship. He will be unfailing in his attendance upon the public means of grace—the church prayer meeting and Lord's day worship. In these ways his spiritual nature will be nourished. His mind will be the storehouse of divine truth, and the Holy Spirit will be very near to him. "He shall be like a tree planted by the stream of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in its season . . . and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." His business will become to him the Lord's business, which he will conduct not for himself, but for the Lord. All that he does will be done religiously, as the servant and follower of the Lord Jesus, who has committed to him certain talents, wherewith he is to trade, and for which he will require an account. So his gains or losses will be the Lord's gains, and given to him, or the Lord's losses, shared and borne by him. JAMES B. JOHNSON.

3. Can a normal man or woman, in a civilized and enlightened community, live a Christian life without reading the Bible?

Can a normal man or woman live without eating food? Certainly, for a while, using up the reserve force of the system, but it is a mere question of time when that will have given out and starvation be the sequel. So one may live a Christian life for a while without reading the Bible, subsisting on the memory of what has been read in the past; but sooner or later, without fresh daily manna, one will starve. True, we may communicate with God in prayer without Bible-reading, but the communion soon becomes one-sided, for it is needful not only that God should hear our voice in prayer, but that we should hear his voice in his Word. The Spirit delights to open up to us the Scriptures, but if we do not read them he comes to our hearts and finds nothing there to work upon. Better let every other book go, if need be, than the one Book, infinite, divine. AMELIA HOYT.

Yes. The Bible is a great help, but it is not indispensable to Christian living. Some true and faithful Christians have had no Bible. Some could not read. Their knowledge of God, of truth, of duty was obtained from sermons and from conversations with other pious souls. The history of modern missions furnishes many an example of faithful Christians who could not read. If one in heathen lands may live the Christian life without reading the Bible, how much more may one so live in Christian lands. Bible reading does not necessarily promote growth in grace. It is not reading the Bible, it is not studying it, that helps one in his Christian life. It is how one studies it, how much he makes his own, how much of it he lives. It is devotional study that helps. The Bible is digested by prayer and meditation. B. A. HODGES.

4. When a legislator and his constituents differ in opinion about some proposed enactment, which was not under consideration when he was elected, ought he to vote according to his judgment, or according to the wishes of the people who elected him?

A legislator is not chosen by the people to be their mouthpiece, but is elected because considered competent. Prior to his election, the expression of his judgment concerning proposed enactments coincided with the common opinion of a number of citizens; and they, measuring by the standard they possessed, deemed him worthy of support. From this it follows: he is not elected to promote certain enactments because he is believed to be capable of so doing, but because his opinions are accepted as evidence of his ability; therefore, under all circumstances, he is morally bound to follow his individual judgment, and is accountable to no one save God. This view reaches the true base of representative governments like our own, in which all classes of society are represented as men, not as ideas; and in which the masses do not rule, but choose who shall. ROBERT MCBURNEY.

A legislator is chosen by the vote of the people whom he is to represent, and is therefore bound to regard the judgment of his constituents. He is not chosen to represent himself merely, but, as a rule, on account of his ability to know the needs of his district and work for the interest of those whom he represents. New issues come up, which were not before the people at the time of his election, but he is still representing the people. His judgment may differ from that of his people, but merely to vote as he thinks, would be selfish; and, besides, it would not be fair representation of his constituents. Self must be put aside in the consideration of a higher duty, namely, to serve those whom he represents. T. H. KRIC

5. Which is the more desirable—the cessation of change in dress now imposed upon both sexes by fashion, or a fixed national style, graceful and hygienic, and suited to the climate and the people?

The latter. Dress that fashion decrees often violates common sense and sometimes common decency. Many seem to believe in the old saying, "Out of the fashion, out of the world," and as a result of obeying this they are choked by high collars, or have the breath squeezed out of them by clothing Fashion says should be skin-tight. If she orders a short cut, a train six feet long, a hoop, a balloon-sleeve or no sleeve at all, or so small that one can scarce get into them, she is obsequiously obeyed by countless thousands of men and women. Women are impelled more by the desire to be in fashion than men. With many, the cut of a skirt or the style of a collar is of more importance than the strength of a virtue or the form of a man. They consult the fashion plates oftener than their Bibles, speak of them oftener than of virtues, and follow style closer than they follow their Saviour. LORA D. PETEFI

The fixed national style. As imposed by fashion dress is too expensive, is not suited to the different climates, is lacking in elements of simplicity, fosters class distinctions; especially in the case of woman is not hygienic and is lacking in comfort. A fixed national style, if selected with a view to comfort and beauty, would simplify the problem of dress, give more time for thought or more important questions. While leaving room for variety of personal taste, it would go a long way toward abolishing the caste of dress. B. A. HODGE

An Exceptional Opportunity

ANYONE, not now a subscriber, wishing to avail himself of the advantages of a six months' trial order, on the terms set forth on pages 515 to518 of this issue, may fill out one of the coupons and send it, accompanied by 25 cents, to this office, and it will afford us pleasure to enter his name accordingly. It is our desire to introduce THE CHRISTIAN HERALD into every Christian home where a religious paper is not now regularly received.

The monopoly of large circulations need not, in a Christian community, be necessarily accorded to secular papers, and there is no valid reason why a clean, beautifully illustrated, carefully edited, well printed journal like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD should not stand in the front rank or, even, take the lead. Several of the popular magazines of the day are nearing the million mark. Why should we not have our million? We represent the best Cause in the world! With a million subscribers we could do more for this cause in this country than any other known agency.

This nation can work wonders. It can be the means of converting the whole world. The eyes of other nations are upon it as at no previous time in its history. If it upholds the Banner of the Cross, its beneficent influence will be felt to the very ends of the earth. A larger circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contribute to this result, and the present movement is, consequently, in the right direction. The friends we are now putting on our list will soon appreciate the fact that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indeed what has been claimed for it, the brightest and best family paper in the world, and that it is cheaper at any price than many other publications which they must hesitate to introduce into their home. In due time they will feel in their hearts the effect of the soul-inspiring messages from all parts of the earth, which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD voices each week, and before long their interest will be thoroughly aroused in behalf of the Master's cause, and their active co-operation secured for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Miscellaneous Questio

Arthur, Cincinnati, O. When was the first postal card issued by the United States?

The first issue of postal cards by our government was May 1, 1873, under Act of Congress, approved June 8, 1872. It was 3 inches. The one cent stamp, printed in the upper right hand, was a profile bust of Goddess of Liberty, with the words "U.S. postage" above and "One Cent" below.

Mrs. Sarah A. Perry, Onarga, Ill., writes: I am a soldier's widow. My only son, Roy, passed from earth to heaven, Nov. 20. He was a Christian for the last five years. He had one of your Bibles.

R. I. N., Willard, N. Y. What employment will the large number of saloon keepers and others engage in if the saloons are closed?

They would be doing better service than almost any other capacity. Doubtless they will find employment suited to their abilities.

Lizzie W., Knowalhurst, N. Y. Consult a lawyer.

Endeavorer, Oneida, Ill. The change would be entirely proper.

Wm. P. Scandia, Kan. His first birthday comes when he is one year old.

Reader, Salt Lake City. 1. The largest organ is in Austria. 2. Don't know.

Elmer E. Hubbard, of the Industrial Home, Mantanzas, Cuba, desires to thank, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, those friends who have contributed toward the support of his educational work.

Inquirer, who writes concerning the article on the American Sunday School Union, which appeared in our issue of May 22d, and desiring to aid the work, should write for all further information to Rev. E. P. Bancroft, 158 Fifth avenue, New York.

The congregation of the Third Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Ala. (the church was recently burned to the ground), would appreciate a gift of hymn-books from any congregation having an over-supply. Address Mrs. C. H. Reed, 1000 South Twentieth street, Birmingham, Ala.

Reader. To "pass the Rubicon" is to adopt a measure from which it is impossible to recede. Thus, when the Austrians, in 1859, passed the Ticino, the act was a declaration of war against Sardinia, and, in 1866, when the Italians passed the Adige, it was a declaration of war against Austria. The Rubicon was a small river separating ancient Italy from Cisalpine Gaul (the province allotted to Julius Cæsar). When Cæsar crossed this stream, he passed beyond the limits of his own province, and became an invader of Italy.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

MR. CHARLES JAMES WILLS — BISHOP POTTER — REV. LOCKE JONES, D.D. — REV. ROBT. L. PADDOCK

A · BISHOP'S · CHURCH · IN · THE · SLUMS

CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE WORLD'S MOST DENSELY PEOPLED DISTRICT

BY FLORENCE CLINTON SUTRO

SOME six years ago, there appeared in these columns (and in fact, in almost all the journals, secular and religious, in this country and in many abroad), an account of how the Bishop of New York had left his palatial home, and had elected to spend a summer vacation, which might have been pleasantly and restfully employed at mountain or seaside, in living and laboring among the poor, at a downtown, East Side mission, performing, during his residence there, the ordinary duties that fall to the lot of the humble rector of a needy, poverty-stricken parish. At that time, it was stated of this mission—now well known as the Pro-Cathedral and Church Settlement—that it was the centre of the most densely populated district of the world, over 350,000 souls inhabiting the surrounding square mile of territory. The present Vicar, Rev. Mr. Paddock, wrote in 1899: "In the block opposite us there are almost 300 souls. I estimated that within a radius of one hundred yards of my study, there are 10,000 people, and that tens of thousands in our district are in a great measure dependent on us if they receive any Christian teaching at all." There can hardly be, then, in all New York a more fruitful field of labor than this; and among the great city's multiform and multitudinous religio-social movements none occupies a position of more unique and commanding interest, by reason of past history and present office, than the Pro-Cathedral, 330 Stanton street,—the Bishop's Church in the slums.

The institution now carrying this distinction began many years ago as the Church of the Epiphany. It is, and has always been, a free church; it was, in fact, the first free Protestant Episcopal Church in the city. Of course, in the old days, it appealed to a very different class from those who are drawn to it now. It was rather outside of the city limits then—on the outskirts, as it were. Houses had grass plots in front of them: streets were lined with trees: on Sundays, carriages drove up from outlying districts (now closely-built up sections of the great metropolis), bringing members of the congregation to church. Quite a number of years ago, the old weather-beaten church, which had been standing so long, was condemned as unsafe. Then, as most members of the parish as it had been had moved up town, the Church of the Epiphany was rebuilt uptown, on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Thirty-fifth street, where it stands at present. On its walls is the tablet to Rev. Locke Jones, D.D., who is yet most lovingly remembered. He was founder of the old church on Stanton street, "brought up these people on the East Side, as it were," says Mr. Paddock, "lived and labored among them for many years, and died in harness."

When the parent church moved up-town, there were men and women of wealth and influence who said that the work on Stanton street should go on. Through their enterprise and generosity the present building was erected; it is a substantial brick structure, accommodating institutional as well as religious features, commodious enough in its day, and even at present large enough for any ordinary work, but totally inadequate for the extraordinary demands made upon it.

Several years ago, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published an account of the great free institutional Church of the Holy Trinity, built on Eighty-eighth street, through the generosity of Miss Rhinelander; it is not amiss to recur to that now, and suggest that some New York millionaire could not raise a nobler monument to himself than to replace the present cramped abode of the Pro-Cathedral by such a structure as Miss Rhinelander gave to the tenement section of the upper West Side. For awhile, Epiphany House, as the relic of the old church was called, seems to have been run as an independent mission; then St. George's Church adopted it as one of its chapels. In 1890, it really started on its very aggressive modern settlement lines, when Mr. Charles James Wills, a layman, and an enthusiastic member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, came down with his wife to Epiphany House as its head, and lived there. In less than two years he was dead; work killed him. But the impetus which he gave to the mission did not perish with him, and the example which he set lived on. People had become interested in every direction in the work, then one of the very first settlements in this country.

When St. George's decided to give up the mission, Bishop Potter took it and made himself responsible. Thus the old historic church—the first free church of its denomination in New York, and in turn one of the first settlements in the country—became, so far as the visitor knows, the first Bishop's Church in a tenement district. When the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now in process of erection, shall stand complete, noble and beautiful on Morningside Heights, overlooking the lordly Hudson, and the pro-Cathedral shall be the Cathedral Mission only, it will still hold its own in municipal heart and history. It will fill, too, if anything, a larger part in the life of the people, for from the new Cathedral's neighbors—Columbia and Smith and Barnard Colleges—fresh forces of cultured young people will be sent down, bearing gifts of grace and learning, to mingle as comrades and workers among their brothers and sisters of the East Side.

A stream of people of the poor flow in and out of the pro-Cathedral doors all day. In the morning, there are great companies of kindergarten tots, and the building resounds with babble of childish voices and the sound of pretty songs. Miss Mary A. Purdue has charge of

(Continued on page 509)

A LESSON IN BREAD-MAKING — A TYPICAL STREET IN THE CROWDED EAST-SIDE OF NEW YORK — HOW TO COOK A DINNER

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

One Talent

TEXT, Matt. 25: 15:
TO ANOTHER ONE

EXPEL first from this parable of the talents the word "usury." It ought to have been translated "interest." "Usury" is finding a man in a tight place, and compelling him to pay an unreasonable sum to get out. "Interest" is a righteous payment for the use of money. When the capitalist of this parable went off from home he gave to his stewards certain sums of money, wishing to have them profitably invested. Change also your idea as to the value of one talent. You remember the capitalist gave to one of his men for business purposes five talents; to another, two; to another, one. What a small amount to this last, you think, and how could he be expected to do anything with only one talent. I have to tell you that one talent was about $7,200, so that when my text says, "To another one," it implies that those who have the least have much.

We bother ourselves a great deal about those who are highly gifted, or have large financial resource, or exalted official position, or wide-reaching opportunity. We are anxious that their wealth, their eloquence, their wit be employed on the right side. One of them makes a mistake, and we say, "What an awful disaster." When one of them devotes all his great ability to useful purposes we celebrate it, we enlarge upon it, we speak of it as something for gratitude to God. Meanwhile, we give no time at all to consider what people are doing with their one talent, not realizing that ten people of one talent each are quite as important as one man with ten talents. In the one case the advantage or opportunity is concentered in a single personality, while in another it is divided among ten individuals. Now what we want to do in this sermon is to waken people of only one talent to appreciation of their duty. Only a few people have five talents or ten talents, while millions have one. My short text is like a galvanic shock: "To another one."

The Capability of One Talent

The most difficult thing in the world is to make an accurate estimate of ourselves. Our friends value us too high; our enemies, too low. To find out what we are worth morally and mentally is almost impossible. We are apt to measure ourselves by those around us, but this is not fair, as they may be very brilliant or very dull, very good, or very bad. Indeed, there are no human scales that can tell our exact moral and mental weight, nor is there a standard by which we can measure our exact intellectual height; so the hardest thing to do is to calculate our real stature or heft. But it will be no evidence of egotism in any of us if we say that we have at least one talent. What is it, and finding what it is what use shall we make of it? The most of the people, finding that they have only one talent, do as the man spoken of in the parable; they hide it. But if all of the people who have one talent brought it out for use, before this century is half past, and correspondents begin to write at the head of their letters 1950, the earth would be one of the outskirts of heaven. I ask you again, what is your one talent?

Is it a cheerful look? Carry that look wherever you go. It must come from a cheerful heart. It is not that inane smile which we sometimes see, which is an irritation. In other words, it must be a light within us so bright that it illumines eye, cheek, nostril, and mouth. Let ten men who are accustomed to walking a certain street every day resolve upon a cheerful countenance, as a result of a cheerful heart, and the influence of such a facial irradiation would be felt not only in that street, but throughout the town. Cheerfulness is catching. But a cheerful look is exceptional. Examine the first twenty faces that you meet going through Pennsylvania avenue, or Chestnut street, or Broadway, or State street, or La Salle street, or Euclid avenue, and nineteen out of the twenty faces have either an anxious look, or a severe look, or a depressing look, or an avaricious look, or a sneering look, or a vacant look. Here is missionary work for those who have trouble. Arm yourself with Gospel comfort. Let the God who comforted Mary and Martha at the loss of their brother, the God who soothed Abraham at the loss of Sarah, and the God of David, who consoled his bereft spirit at the loss of his boy by saying, "I shall go to him"; the God who filled St. John with doxology when an exile on barren Patmos, and the God who has given happiness to thousands of the bankrupted and persecuted, filling them with heavenly riches, which were more than the earthly advantages, that are wiped out, let that God help them. If he take full possession of your nature, then you will go down the street a benediction to all who see you, and those who are in the tough places of life, and are run upon, and belied, and had their homes destroyed, will say, "If that man can be happy, I can be happy; he has been through troubles as big as mine, and he goes down the street with a face in every lineament of which there are joy, and peace, and heaven. What am I groaning about? From the same place that man got his cheerfulness I can get mine. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God.'"

In one of the towns of New York State, an inhabitant said of a friend of mine: "I do not believe as that man does, but I cannot despise a religion that makes a man look as happy as he seems to be." If we have a rough visage, we cannot help that, God so made us; if accident or battle have defaced us, that is no fault of ours; if strabismus has hurt our eyes, no one will satirize us; if our features were not suited for Lavater's physiognomy, no one could blame us for that. The jaw may too much project or retreat; the forehead may not be Shakespearian, but

A Cheerful Spirit

will triumph over all defects and pour on all who meet him a supernal influence. If that cheerful look be your only talent, use it for the world's consolation. There will be one hundred people whom you will meet this week to whom you will have no right to speak. It would be an impertinence; you have never been introduced to them, they were never introduced to you; you have no right to stop them on their way, as they have no right to stop you on your way, but you have a right to look at them; then look with a faith in God, and a holy purpose, and a manliness, and a good cheer that will keep them thinking all that day and wondering who you are, and what is the cause of the victory which they saw depicted between the top of your forehead and the round of your chin. If you are the right kind of a man, the right kind of a woman, something has happened to you that ought to fill your soul with courage and your face with glorious sunrise. Your sins all forgiven, that makes you all right with the past; an eternal heaven promised to your soul, that makes you all right with the future.

Again, is your one talent that of wit or humor? Use it for God. Much of the world's wit is damaging; most of satire has a sting in it; much of caricature is malevolent; much of smart retort is vitriolic. In order to say smart things how many will sacrifice the feelings of others. The sword they carry is keen and it is employed to thrust and lacerate. But few men in all the world and in all the churches realize that if wit is bestowed it is given them for useful, for improving, for healthful purposes. If we all had more of it and knew how to use it aright how much it would improve our Christian conversation and prayer-meeting talk and sermon. Robert South and Rowland Hill and Jeremy Taylor and Dean Swift and Lorenzo Dow and George Whitefield used their wit and their humor to gather great audiences and then lead them into the kingdom of God. Frivolity is repulsive in religious discussion, but I like the humor of Job when he said to his insolent critics, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you;" and I like the humor of the Prophet Elijah, who told the Baalites to pray louder as their god was out hunting or on an excursion or in such loud conversation that he could not hear them. I like the sarcasm of Christ when he told the self-righteous Pharisees that they were so good they needed no help: "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." Or when in

Mirthful Hyperbole

he arraigns hypocritical teachers, who were so particular about little things, and careless about big things, saying, "Ye blind guides that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," and the Bible is all ablaze with epigram, words surprisingly put, and phraseology that must have made the audiences of Paul and Christ nudge each other, and exchange glances, and smile, and then appropriate the tremendous truths of the Gospel. There are some evils you can laugh down easier than you can preach down. The question is always being asked, Why do not more people go to church, prayer-meeting and other religious meetings? I will tell you. We of the pulpit and the pew are so dull they cannot stand it. But when we ask why people do not go to church, we ask a misleading question. More people go now to church than ever in the world's history and the reason is, in all our denominations there is a new race of ministers stepping into the pulpits which are not the apostles of humdrum. Sure enough we want in the Lord's army the heavy artillery, but we want also more men, who like Burns, a farmer at Gettysburg, took a musket and went out on his own account to do a little shooting different from the other soldiers. The church of God is dying of the proprieties. People who in every kind of audience show their emotions in their co[un]tenances, in religious assemblies, while we are discu[ss]ing coming release, and the joys of heaven, look as d[ull] as though they were attending their own funeral. My friend if you have the one talent of wit or humo[r] are you using it merely to make a few people laugh [af]ter nights around the stove in the corner grocery? I[s it] never occurred to you that you have a mission t[o] execute with that bright faculty? Do you employ it [on]ly in idle conundrum, or low farce or harlequinade, [or] humiliating banter? Quit that, and swing that fla[m]ing simitar, which God has put in your hand, fo[r] the slaying of sin and the triumph of righteousness.

Or is your one talent an opportunity to set a go[od] example? One person doing right under adverse ci[r]cumstances will accomplish more than many treatises [on] what is right. The census has never been tak[en] of lovely old folks. Most of us if we have not such [a] one in our own house now, have in our memory such a [pa]ir. We went to those old people with all our tro[u]bles. They were perpetual evangelists, by their soo[th]ing words, by their hopefulness of spirit an inexpre[s]sible help. I cannot see how heaven could make the [m] any lovelier than they are, or were. But there are [ex]ceptions. There is a daughter in that family whose [ti]mer is impatient, and the mother querulous. The p[res]sage of many years does not always improve the disp[o]sition and there are a great many

Disagreeable Old Folks

Some of them forget that they were ever young [th]emselves, and they become untidy in their habits and wonder how when their asthma or rheumatism is s[o] bad other people can laugh, or sing, and go on as th[ey] do. The daughter in that family bears all the peevi[sh]ness and unreasonable behavior of senility without a [wa]vering back, or making any kind of complaint. I[f] you should ask her what her five talents are, or her o[ne] talent is, she would answer that she has no talent [at] all. Greatly mistaken is she. Her one talent is to f[o]ster, and treat the childishness of the old, as well [as] she treats the childishness of the young. She is no[t] a musician, and besides there may not be a piano in the house; she cannot skillfully swing a croquet mallet o[r] golf stick; indeed she seems shut up to see what she [can] do with a ladle and a broom and a brush and other [do]mestic implements. She is the personification of pa[ti]ence, and her reward will be as long as heaven. Indeed [so] much of her reward may be given on earth. She is in a [co]llege from which she may after awhile gradua[te] into brightest domesticity; she is a heroine, though a [pre]sent she may receive nothing but scolding and de[pre]ciation. Her one talent of patience under trial [is] more good than many morocco-covered sermo[ns] patience preached to-day from the tasselled cush[ion] of the pulpit: "To another one."

There is a man in business life whose one ta[lent is] honesty. He has not the genius or the force to or[ga]nize a company, or plan what is called "a corner in w[heat]," or "a corner in stocks," or "a corner" in anything [else]. He goes to business at a reasonable hour and return[s] when it is time to lock up. He never gave a check for [$]5,000 in all his life, but he is known on the street and [in] the church and in many honorable circles as an [hon]est man. His word is as good as his bond. He [has] for thirty years been referred to as a clean, upri[ght], industrious, consistent Christian man. Ask hi[m] how many talents he has, and he will not claim eve[n] one. He cannot make a speech; he cannot buy up a m[ar]ket; he cannot afford an outshining equipage, but w[hat] an example he is to the young; what an honor to his [in]household; what a pillar to the church of God; what a [spe]cimen of truth and integrity and all-roundness of [cha]racter. Is there any comparison in usefulness b[etw]een that man with the one talent of honesty and the [th]ing operators of the money market who startle the [wor]ld first with a "boom," and then with a "slump"? I [tell] you that the one man with the one talent will [have a] happier life, and die a more peaceful death, and [go to a] better place than his brilliant but reckless contem[po]rary? "To another one."

Importance of One Talent Men

The chief work of the people with many talent[s is to] excite wonderment and to startle and electr[ify the] world. What use is there in all that? No use [at all]. I have not so much interest in the one man o[ut of a] million as I have in the million. Get the great [masses] of the world right, and it does not make much dif[ference] about what the exceptional people are doing. [Have all] the people with the one talent enlisted for G[od and] righteousness, and let all those with five or ten [talents] migrate to the North Star or the moon, and thi[s world]

would get on splendidly. The hard-working, industrious classes of America are all right, and would give no trouble, but it is the genius who gives up work, and on whose salary goes around to excite dissatisfaction and embroilment. The genius who quits work, and steps on the stage or political platform eats beefsteak and quail on toast, and causes the common laborers, compelled to idleness, to put their hands into empty pockets and eat gristle and gnaw bones. The world would be infinitely improved if it could slough off about five thousand geniuses, for there are not more than that on our planet. Then the man or woman of one talent would take possession of the world, and rule it in a commonsense and Christian way. There would be less to amaze and startle, but more to give equipoise to Church and State and world: "To another one."

A Brilliant Miscreant

The most brilliant and many-sided man that ever trod this world, in my opinion, was Napoleon Bonaparte, and no man that ever lived did the world more damage. I have read a book advocating him as a great emancipator and reformer. I was not surprised at the book, for I have heard of a pamphlet in defense of Judas Iscariot. I suppose it may set forth the idea that he was out of money and needed the thirty pieces of silver, and the money was not spent for himself, but to open a respectable graveyard. I would not be surprised to find a book in honor of Satan, the chief miscreant of the universe. We all admire industry, and there is no more industrious being than Satan. But when a man tells me Napoleon was a reformer and emancipator, I would like to take him out and show him 95,000 corpses in the Russian snow banks, and ask him how he likes that, and I would show him the grave trenches of those who fell in the year 1799 during the Napoleonic wars. Only 116,000 men butchered in four months. I would ask him how he likes this. The country is beautiful, and I would ask our friend to cross with me to Leipsic and examine the grave trenches opened there. Only 101,790 fallen on both sides. That is all. Come on my friend and see the further work of the great emancipator and reformer at Borodino, which I had an opportunity of looking at last summer. Over 100,000 dead men as a result of the battle. Pass by as hardly worth looking at Austerlitz, where the work of our reformer left 42,000 of the slain, and come to Waterloo to find that only 56,000 dead men were left on the field. Alas for the work of this great emancipator and reformer. He turned Europe into a charnel house, and filled Europe with widowhood, and orphanage and childlessness. Though he was the brilliant man of the ages, would it not have been better for the world if he had died in his cradle six weeks after he was born. Compare that with the man who had one talent, and that the talent of invention. He was born on a farm in Spencer, Massachusetts, in 1819. He went to the district school in the winter, and never had any other literary advantages. He became a machinist. In 1846 he came on to a battlefield where more women had been slain by the needle, than in the wars I spoke of men were slain by the sword. Elias Howe! He could not make an oration. He could not marshal a host. He could not write a constitution. But he could contrive a sewing machine which said to millions of bejared, consumptive, bent over, half blinded sewing women, "Go free! Take back your health! Recover your eyesight! Come down out of that garret! Go free!" Is your one talent that of persuasion? Make good use of it. We all have it to some extent, yet none of us think of it as a talent. But it is the mightiest of talents. Do you know that this one talent will fetch the world back to God? Do you know it is the mightiest talent of the high heavens? Do you know that it is the one talent chiefly employed by all the angels of God when they descend to our world—the talent of persuasion? Do you realize that the rough lumber lifted into a cross on the hill back of Jerusalem was in persuasion as well as sacrifice? That is the only, absolutely the only persuasion that will ever induce the human race to stop its march toward the City of Destruction, and wheel around and start for the City of Light. Now may the Lord this moment show each one of us that to a greater or less extent we have that one talent of persuasion, and impel us to the right use of it. You say you cannot preach a sermon, but cannot you persuade some one to go and hear a sermon? You say you cannot sing, but cannot you persuade some one to go and hear the choir chant on Christmas or Easter morning? Send a bunch of flowers to that invalid in the hospital, with a message about the land where the inhabitants never say "I am sick." There is a child of the street: invite him into the mission school. There is a man who has lost his fortune in speculation: instead of jeering at his fall, go and tell him of riches that never take wings and fly away. Buckle on that one talent of persuasion, oh, man! oh, woman! and you will do a work that heaven will celebrate ten thousand years.

A Mighty Monosyllable

Among the 114,000 words of Noah Webster's vocabulary, and the thousands of words since then added to our English vocabulary, there is one outmastering word, the power of which cannot be estimated, and it reaches so far up, and so far down, and that is the word "Come!" It has drawn more people away from the wrong and toward the right than any word I now think of. It has at times crowded all the twelve gates of heaven with fresh arrivals. It will yet rob the path of death of the last pedestrians. It will yet chime so loudly and gladly that all the tolling bells of sorrow will be drowned with the music. It is piled up in the Bible's climax and peroration: "And the spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come." Have it on the point of your pen; have it on the tip of your tongue. Monosyllables are mightier than polysyllables, and that word "come" is the mightiest of monosyllables. Shakespeare says of one of his characters: "She speaks poinards and every word stabs." We may say of others, they speak words which are of balm, and music, are light and life. Master one of those words; harness one of those words; project one of those words; prove the full plenitude and power of one of those words. David Garrick, the dramatist, said he would give one hundred guineas if he could say "oh" as George Whitefield said it. What might we not give if we could say "Come" as Jesus said it. Some one has said that syllables govern the world, and I think that one syllable might save the world. But I cannot particularize; whatever be your one talent, cultivate it. Once fully realize that you have something with which to enhance heaven, and take hold of the eternities, and it will add a new bank of keys to the music of your soul. You are ordained to some kind of work by the laying on of the hands of the Lord God Almighty. If you cannot do anything else, go around and feel sorry for somebody. When some one asked: "What is the secret of William Wilberforce's power?" The answer was: "His power of sympathy." And there are ten million people who have the same qualification, if they only knew it. Sympathy! If you cannot restore the child to that bereft parent, or the fortune to that bankrupt financier, or health to that confirmed invalid, or an honorable name to that wrecked character, you can at least feel sorry for the misfortune or the bereavement or the suffering. Sympathy! If you have not the means to do anything else, go and sit down and cry with them. That is the way Christ did when he went out to the desolated home in Bethany, and the sisters told their sad story. He cried with them. Oh, cultivate that one talent of sympathy!

One Talent People in Heaven

After the resurrection day and all heaven is made up, resurrected bodies joined to ransomed souls, and the gates which were so long open, are shut, there may be some day when all the redeemed may pass in review before the "Great White Throne." If so, I think the hosts passing before the King, will move in different divisions. With the first division will pass the mighty ones of earth who were as good and useful as they were great. In this division will pass before the Throne all the Martin Luthers, the John Knoxes, the Wesleys, the Richard Cecils, the Miltons, the Chrysostoms, the Herschells, the Lenoxes, the George Peabodies, the Abbott Lawrences, and all the consecrated Christian men and women who were great in literature, in law, in medicine, in philosophy, in commerce. Their genius never spoiled them; they were as humble as they were gifted or opulent. They were great on earth and now they are great in heaven. Their surpassing and magnificent talents were all used for the world's betterment. As they pass in review before the King on the "Great White Throne," to higher and higher rewards, it makes me think of the parable of the talents: "To another ten." I stand and watch the other divisions as they go by, division after division, until the largest of all the divisions comes in sight. It is a hundred to one, a thousand to one, ten thousand to one, larger than the other divisions. It is made up of men who never did anything but support their families and give whatever of their limited means they could spare for the relief of poverty and sickness and the salvation of the world; mothers who took good care of children by example and precept starting them on the road to heaven; millions of Sabbath School teachers who sacrificed an afternoon's siesta for the listening class of young immortals; women who declined the making of homes for themselves that they might take care of father and mother in the weaknesses of old age; ministers of the gospel who on niggardly stipend preached in the backwoods meeting houses; souls who for long years did nothing but suffer, yet suffered with so much cheerful patience that it became a helpful lesson to all who heard of it; those who served God faithfully all their lives, and whose name never but once appeared in print, and that time in the three lines of the death column which some survivor paid for; sailors who perished in the storm while trying to get the life-line out to the drowning; persecuted and tried souls who endured without complaint malignity and abuse; those who had only ordinary equipment for body and ordinary endowment of intellect, yet devoted all they had to holy purposes and spiritual achievement. As I see this the largest of all the divisions from all lands and from all ages pass in review before the King on the "Great White Throne," I am reminded of the wonderful parable of the talents, and more especially of my text: "To another one."

The Bishop's Church in the Slums

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 507

the department. A number of children come from the Day Nursery in Community House, 153 Essex Street, where the deaconesses, Miss Boyd and Miss Smith, and their assistants live, and where the cooking school, sewing classes, mothers' meeting, Helping Hands, and various other organizations convene for pleasant and instructive times and good works. In the afternoon, the Wills Memorial Library overflows with children of all sorts and sizes, and Miss Fisher, the librarian, has her hands full. "Older children," she says, "bring their little brothers and sisters, and have them sit on the benches and look at pictures, while they pick out their own books. Many want books which help them in their school work. The children love to water the flowers in the library windows, too; to sit around and make themselves at home. "With the coming of the afternoon and ending of work hours, older people begin to throng the building. There are the baths and gymnasium to draw the girls and boys on different evenings; the club rooms and "Quiet Room" (for study and reading and writing) to attract young men, middle-aged men and old men. There are lectures and talks and entertainments and instruction for all ages and both sexes. One of the most interesting and promising features of the work is the Bishop's Junior Club, a large brotherhood of lads, sixteen to eighteen years old, under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Holmes, the Vicar's assistant. The foundation and centre of the whole work, however, the Vicar emphasizes, "is its religious side. It is the Church which furnishes the settlement, and it is the Church into which we are trying to bring the people whom we gather in through social work. After we have drawn them in, we try to provide some of the pleasures of home-life not possible to them in their tenement dwellings." The kindergarten tots must all come to Sunday School. Sunday and week-day services in the chapel are well attended.

AN EVENING HOUR IN THE YOUNG MEN'S CLUB

Mr. Paddock lives in the Pro-Cathedral, and through his study-doors drifts in a perpetual tide of the stories of the woes and trials and needs of his East-side neighbors. With his coming, some two and a half years ago, the work received new impulses, and it has become greatly enlarged. Besides the regular staff, there is a large force of voluntary helpers, all drawn from the cultured and wealthy circles of the city. For support, this great work among the poor, this soul-saving station in a section abounding in saloons and worse pitfalls of sin, is entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions, and these are utterly inadequate. The Committee for the Pro-Cathedral Extension Work is making strenuous efforts to meet demands. Their efforts deserve hearty public sympathy and co-operation. The last monthly meeting of delegates from churches of the diocese, was held at Mrs. G. Lewis's, 411 Fifth ave. Mrs. W. C. Casey is President of the Committee: Mrs. Bruce Price, 12 W. Tenth street, Treasurer.

Jesus Appears to John

International S. S. Lesson for June 16. Rev. 1: 9-20

"IN THE SPIRIT---WRITE!"

Golden Text—Jesus C... the same yesterday an... day and forever. Heb.

By Dr. and M... Wilbur F. Cra...

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEER

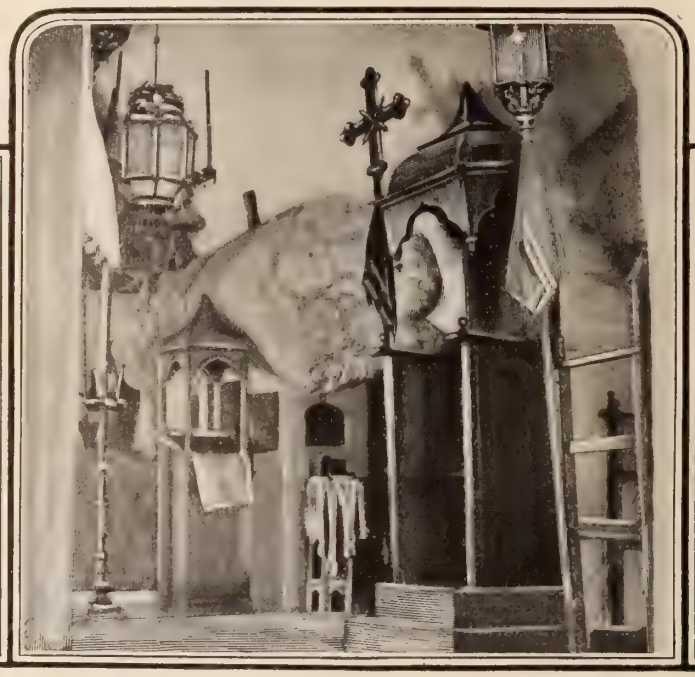
THE island prison. 2. The prisoner of the Lord. 3. The Lord's Day. 4. The Lord's presence. 5. The Lord's message.

Where are we in this lesson? "In the isle that is called Patmos." It is situated twenty-four miles from the southeast corner of Asia Minor, an island only fifteen miles in circumference, of volcanic origin, mountainous, rocky, rugged, barren, used as a prison, to whose marble quarries Roman convicts were exiled to work out their sentences at "hard labor." Such was the real Patmos, but the story of this lesson has transfigured it in the world's thought, verifying the song needed by all who are missing happiness, or heaven, or both, because the lines have fallen to them in hard places—

And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus but dwell with us there.

Who is first presented to us in this story? "I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." In the background are brutal prisoners, driven like beasts to their tasks by equally brutal jailers. But here in the foreground, on the shore, stands one in the same prison garb, whose century of silver hair surmounts a face so intellectual and spiritual, so gentle, yet fearless, that we are sure he was sent here not for doing wrong, but for daring to do right. We recognize him as one of the prisoners of the Lord, to whose noble army belonged Joseph, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and John the Baptist, and Jesus, and Paul, and many of later days imprisoned "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."

MONASTERY IN PATMOS



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE OF REVELATION

RUINS OF CHURCHES IN PATMOS

Tradition tells that John had previously been sentenced to die in boiling oil, but had, wonderfully, survived the ordeal, and then had been exiled to this island prison. As we have said before, martyr means witness, and their heroic sufferings are indeed "testimony," a "revelation of Jesus Christ," each a new chapter of the "Word of God." The words that declare "We are God's workmanship"—*poiema*, Eph. 2: 10—mean, literally, "We are God's poems."

Poems of God! and the Christ divine
Is the golden thought of each rhythmic line.
—CHAS. A. HOBBS.

A poem of God was this beautiful apostle of love and courage, and we, too, have such a poem of God, a living psalm, in Dr. John G. Paton, "the modern St. John," who, for fifty years, risked his life as a missionary to the cannibals of the New Hebrides islands.

Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Let us not think of John as nearly all artists erroneously picture him, as a womanly man, but as he proved himself, even in old age, in the book of Revelation, a "son of thunder." His denunciations of wickedness are trumpet-calls to battle. The roar of resistless torrents, and the roll of thunder-bolts sound in his sentences. In the concordance turn to "liars," and you will find that in righteous severity none excelled him who was the gentlest of the apostles, reminding us that our lives, too, should combine "sweetness and fire," even to old age.

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

. . .

When did the events of our lesson occur? "I was in Spirit on the Lord's Day." This is the first time the new name, "Lord's Day," appears in the Bible. From John's time to our own that beautiful name has been applied in Christian literature to the Christian Sabbath in unbroken succession. We find it so used by Ignatius, the disciple of John, and soon after in the "Teaching of the Apostles." There can be no reasonable doubt that it was not only the new name of the first day of the week, but that the day had become "the first and best of days" in every sense in the heart of Christians. Jesus transferred the Sabbath to the new day, not, probably, by any arbitrary command—that is not the New Testament way—but by the act of resurrection, which had all the force of a legislative "act," in determining which should be the premier of the days. Jesus made the change probably that his followers might escape the more easily from the outgrown Jewish types he had fulfilled, that were inextricably connected with the Saturday Sabbath. If it be an argument against giving up Saturday observance that there was no specific command by which it instantly ceased, we should also observe circumcision, eat unleavened bread, keep the Passover, and other Jewish feasts, because we have no command of Christ to abandon them. All these were given up gradually through the influence of the words and deeds and spirit of Christ. We do not give up the Decalogue because it is not Hebrew, but human and humane, but even that the Christian obeys, not from outward constraint as a subject, but from inward love as a son. Our observance of the Lord's Day will have in it no violation of the fourth commandment, not even a sense of its pressure, if we are "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day." Habits of life are important, but their deep foundations are habits of thought and feeling. If our hearts are really loyal to Christ we shall find no hardship, but only high privilege in honoring his weekly coronation day. Sabbath means only rest, a sweet word for weary bodies, minds, and souls, but "Lord's Day" is a more positive, more regnant term, signifying the Lordship of Christ over our time and occupations. One day in the week an invisible Lord calls a halt in business, and pleasure, and politics, as a sign that he is always Lord in all these departments of action. The Lord's Day is the "sign," the ensign of our Lord, the flag of Christ, its field of blue spangled by stars and sun, its stripes, the black and white of night and day, and the many colors of sunrise and sunset, and this royal flag is borne by the sun as color-bearer round the world every week, in token that Christ is Lord of the world, and is saluted by millions in the most progressive countries, by some in every land, in the laying aside of tools and toil, and the devotion of the day to rest and worship. To break the Sabbath is, therefore, to tear the flag of Christ; to desecrate the Lord's Day is to trample on this sign of his royalty.

To Desecrate the Lord's Day is Treason

The Jews, to whom the Sabbath speaks only of creation, have a saying that "he who breaks the Sabbath denies the creation." So we say that he who desecrates the Lord's Day denies the Lordship of Christ by deeds that speak louder than words, and so is guilty of high treason against the government of the universe. Those who fail to consider this aspect of the case wonder why Sabbath-breaking was a capital offense, and do not see why the command for its observance should have been given, in the only law God wrote with his own hand, more space than any other, one-third of the whole. As we forget the very names of murderers after a few years, while execrating as a greater offender Benedict Arnold, because his offense was not against an individual, but against his own government, so, in God's view, to neglect or abuse the Lord's Day is to insult the flag, the sign, the ensign of the world's benignant King.

If we are "in the Spirit" we shall not alone abstain from selfish work and selfish pleasures on this coronation day, but shall also give the day a Christian-like, positive observance in doing good, as we shall presently see that John did in an exemplary way.

And when shall we learn that in unselfishness, in doing good, in spiritual worship, the Lord's Day is but a type of what every day should be? Not that we should stop work on other days, but that in every work on every day we should be "in the Spirit."

Each day is the grain of the harvest that's past;
The seed-corn, as well, of the reaping to-be;
Thy garner's full measure, dear one, will at last
Hold only the seed-corn once scattered by thee.
—JOEL SWARTZ.

We cannot truly make even one day in the week the ...rd's Day until we are the Lord's ourselves through that "... day" of decision which breaks forth into song.

. . .

The Lord's Presence

One day when Gladstone had visitors at Hawarden ... person was asked to say what day of the past or fut... would choose to live if we could for or... leave the present. Mr. Gladstone sa... would choose a day in ancient Greece ... Athens was in its highest glory; but wh... other visitor chose the day of Pentecost, Mr. Gla... looked ashamed, and withdrew his former choice to ... tute "a day with the Lord." Perhaps he was thinkin... day in heaven, but our lesson story reminds us we ca... "a day with the Lord" in this world, and even in the ... unfavorable surroundings. The Lord's Day was not ... of rest in Roman prisons, and probably the only p... who cared to observe it religiously was this gentle, ... prisoner, whose age may have won for him some con... tion on that day from his keepers, but he must worship ... the last survivor of the apostolic band, of whom all ... had died as martyrs. Surely, if any earthly condition ... shut out heaven and happiness, his would have done it ... being "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day" he found hea... about him, and Christ close at hand.

Here is a lesson for those who are not placed in life ... they would like to be. They are refined, intellectual, ... ual, but are constrained by financial or family reasons ... with ill-mannered, ignorant, unspiritual companion ... they are imprisoned by chronic illness. But John re... us that no power can imprison the Christian soul, whi... ries its own heaven within. Jesus, while living a hard ... preciated life on earth, spoke of "the Son of Man wh... heaven." In the hardest earthly lot the Ch... may live in heaven by "practising the prese... Christ." How many a complaining soul ha... rebuked on entering the sick room of som... Christian, who was thankful for life at its h... trustful when the outlook was darkest, rejoi... the tribulation that worketh patience, and sym...

and other worldliness to those who lie submissive un... Divine Sculptor's beautifying blows!

We sometimes wonder why our Lord has placed us
Within a space so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure.

Well, God loves patience; souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight.

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see,
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

Contrast John's "patience on Patmos" and the rev... visions of future victories for the cause in which he su... with Napoleon's pettish discontent on St. Helena. ... was a prisoner of hope, Napoleon a prisoner of d... Napoleon, justly banished for the peace of the worl... fretted about the wrongs he alleged had been done hi... tating his memoirs in that spirit. John, unjustly exil... rowing, not for himself, but for the wrongs inflicted ... cause of Christ by a wicked and seemingly resistless g... ment, nevertheless faced the situation with triumphar... age. He might have said to his foes what another di... hour of less serious reverses: "The past is yours, the ... also, for that matter, but the future is ours." That ... spirit of the great book of prophecy John wrote in tha... prison. Napoleon was decaying of physical disease, ... due to his vices, no doubt, burning up also in the fev... wicked ambition thwarted, soon to die at fifty-one; J... the healthy and happy old age of the pure in body ar... in heart, was to round out a hundred years of life on e... the prelude to a happy eternity. "Let me die the death ... righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Having seen in John's case that the presence of ... may be enjoyed by the individual Christian in the m... favorable surroundings, we are now pointed to Christ ... ence in the churches where his people gather. Such ... meaning of the vision of Christ standing in the midst ... seven-branched candlestick, like the flame of the divi... ence in the bush of Horeb.

CHINA'S FAMINE STILL SPREADING

No Abatement in the Suffering, but Relief Measures Making Progress

NATIVE CHRISTIAN TEACHER OF SHANSI PROVINCE

A MISSIONARY HOSPITAL MANAGER, SHANSI

DURING the past week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been in cable communication with Commissioner Rockhill at Peking, concerning the formation of an Emergency Missionary Committee, with Mr. Rockhill as chairman, for directing the relief operations in the famine districts of Shansi.

Pr ess has been made, although the desired result ha not yet been attained. As our readers will readily un rstand, the delay is to some extent attributable to th disturbed condition of affairs in China generally.

/ was stated in last week's issue, Commissioner Rc hill had already intimated his willingness to as ur the direction of the work, at the outset at least. He abled from Peking:

/ ill see to purchase and distribution of aid. Li Hung Ch g requests me to express to organizer of lief his sincere thanks, also thanks of Sh si famine-stricken for American be ne ent action. ROCKHILL."

/ request was then cabled to him by TH CHRISTIAN HERALD that he form an mergency Relief Committee, in which Am rican missionaries should predomina and of which he should be chairman. Su well-known missionaries as the Rev. Mr Richard (who has had a long experi in Shansi), Mr. Molland of the Chris ia Mission, and Mr. McCarthy of the Cha Inland Mission, were known to be n hina and available, while both at Sh ghai and Tientsin there are many oth missionaries who would be willing to to Shansi as bearers of help to its suf ing people. Ultimately the Emer er Committee could be merged in a lar r and more representative Commit ee n the plan of the Interdenominational Missionary Famine Relief Committee, wh did such excellent service in India. In his way, the whole management and dis ibution of the relief would be in the control of safe and trusted hands. In a few days, at most, it is fully expected that the personnel of the committee will be satisfactorily arranged, and the first appropriation of at least $10,000 cabled, with instructions to begin operations.

Late letters and telegrams from China show no abatement of the widespread famine. The Imperial Court is expected to return to Peking shortly, the famine in Shansi being so severe that the Court fears a popular revolt. Singan-fu, the ancient Chinese capital in Shensi, has been the scene of the Court's exile for many months. This is the province which borders on Shansi, where the great famine is now raging.

LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE FAMINE

Drawn by a Native Chinese Artist

MISSIONARIES WHO NARROWLY ESCAPED MASSACRE IN SHANSI

Shansi has over ten thousand native Protestant converts, and it is stated (in a recent Peking cablegram to the New York *Sun*), that the majority of them are in great distress. They have been boycotted, and are literally starving. But this represents only a small fraction of the great body of sufferers, whose appeals for help are now sounding throughout the whole Christian world. It is estimated that **eighty cents a month will keep a starving native alive.** Five dollars will feed a whole average family for thirty days. With such possibilities of doing a great amount of good and saving a multitude of lives, it is hoped that all who desire to have a share in the rescue of China's perishing people will act quickly and send their offering to the relief work, according as the Lord has prospered them.

If each reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could undertake the rescue of one sufferer, and hasten the work, a glorious record would soon be accomplished, and China, through their loving-kindness and sympathy, would be brought nearer to the Cross than ever before in its history. Our readers' life-saving work in India has been followed by a great and far-reaching spiritual awakening, and many thousands of natives have come forward, eager for baptism and admission to the Christian Church. Similar results may be confidently looked for in China, as the outcome of the present relief movement. Thus the hand of the rescuer will not only feed the starving multitudes, but, under Divine blessing, will become the unconscious instrument for leading them to the Cross.

. . .

MISSIONARY DREYER'S APPEAL

In the Name of His Martyred Associates He Pleads for Starving China

OUR readers are already familiar with the thrilling story of the escape of Rev. F. C. H. Dreyer and a band of missionary associates, from Shansi to the coast, during the period of the terrible "Boxer" massacres in China. An account of their flight across the desert, taken from Mr. Dreyer's pamphlet on the subject, was published in these columns several months ago. In last week's issue, there appeared a remarkable article from the same source, which the writer had originally contributed to *China's Millions*, the publication of the China Inland Mission, of which he is a worker.

Mr. Dreyer has now written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a further account of his experiences in Shansi during the early stages of the present famine. He says:

"I have followed, with intense interest and satisfaction, the progress of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S China Famine Relief Work. Having had the privilege of over five years' service in connection with the China Inland Mission at Ping-tang-fu, Shansi — the very heart of the famine district—we were forced to flee for our lives, leaving our station on July 15 and reaching the coast early in September, after a most trying and hazardous journey. Being thus fresh from the field of actual suffering, the recent reports of the progress of the famine, as published in the daily press and in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, are very real to me, and but confirm the fears which we have had for a year or more." After reviewing the history of the famine in its earlier stages (the facts concerning which were published in last week's issue of this paper), he proceeds: "A statement was drawn up by Mr. Kay, of Kuh-U, setting forth the facts of the famine. This statement was signed by nearly all the missionaries in South Central Shansi. With a few exceptions, these missionaries were afterwards massacred. It seems very beautiful to me that their last act in concert should be one so manifestly setting forth their love and sympathy for the Chinese, and their readiness to stand by and help them in their time of dire need." He adds:

Dr. W. Millar Wilson undertook to secure the signatures of those at the capital, Tai-Yuen-Fu, and then forward the document to the coast, but as all perished in the general massacre, the document was lost. It is likewise sadly touching to recall that Dr. Wilson, on the eve of his departure for Tai-Yuen-Fu, gave the writer $375 as his first contribution toward a relief fund, besides having purchased a considerable quantity of grain to enable us to commence relief work until outside help could come and promising additional help as the needs increased. Needless to say, our plans were upset by the "Boxer" rising and our flight to the coast. Dr. Wilson was a man of position and private means who went to China at his own charges, to serve the Chinese as a medical missionary. He gave liberally, not only of his talents and means, he gave his very life and the lives of those most dear to him, his wife and child, leaving two orphan children in the care of relatives at home.

Should not such acts of love and sacrifice stir our hearts? Should we not help this people whom they sought to help? Now that China is on its knees, shall we refuse to listen to the cry of its starving multitudes? It is an opportunity that ought not to be lost.

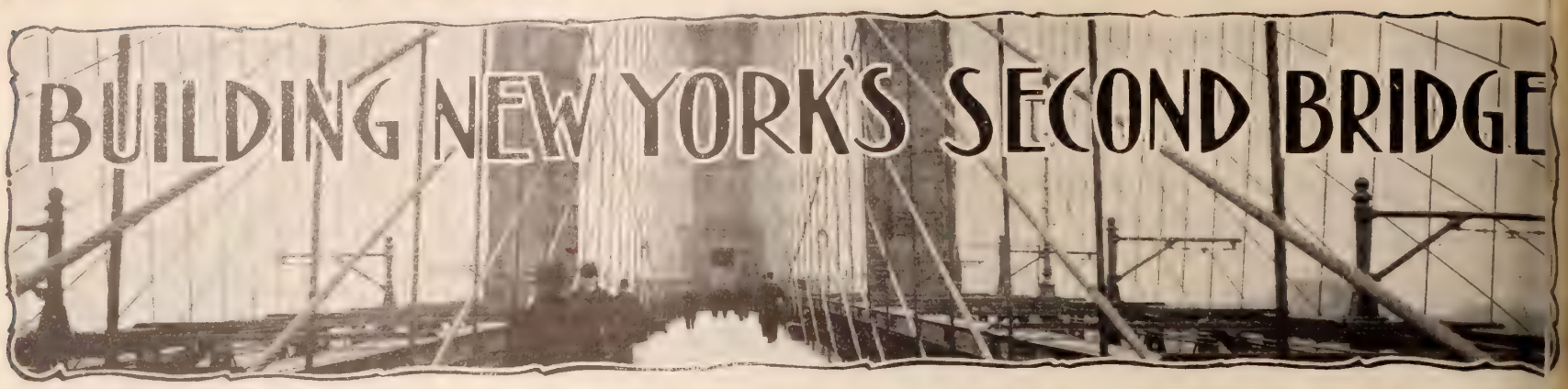
The relief work proposed is both practicable and highly desirable. Missionaries were the ones persecuted and massacred in Shansi. Give missionaries the privilege of distributing the relief to those in need, regardless of their creed. Since the Chinese authorities, through Li Hung Chang, have appealed for help, they surely will afford every facility for transportation and will give every protection to those who undertake the work of distribution. It is a stupendous undertaking and will require heroic efforts. What is done must be done quickly. No time dare be lost. It is a great opportunity for America to prove its friendship to China.

The following additional contributions to the Relief Fund have been received:

Ackley, Mrs Peter	$1 15	Clement, Ben H	5 00
Acocks, W V	1 00	Clobes, A C	1 00
Alden, E A	5 00	Cockrell, Mrs R M	1 00
Arnett, C	3 00	Colbert, Mrs S R	3 00
Ansdell, Mrs C	5 00	Cole, Henry	25
Bailey, Mrs Geo	1 00	Collins, Salome S	1 00
Bailey, L B	1 00	Courtnage, Wm	50
Ball, Guy A	1 50	Couse, Mable	50
Barney, Martha	1 00	Countryman, Mary M	1 00
Barney, J B	1 00	Crane, Levi C	25
Beane, Mrs L M	1 00	Croman, Mary	25
Beasley, R E	25	Crumpacker, A J	5 00
Becker, T H	1 00	Culver, Mrs H	5 00
Bell, Lorne	25	Cummins, E A	10 00
Bell, J D	1 00	Curtiss, Mrs L	25
Bene, C J F	5 00	Curtiss, Lulu	$ 25
Berndt, E L	1 00	Davis, J	25
Best, Philip	6 00	Dean, W W	1 00
Beyer, John	25	Deeds, Ida	2 00
Biles, E R	2 00	DeLeeuw, Mrs C	1 00
Black, S and M	2 00	Denham, Kittie	20
Blacet, Frank	50	Derringer, Miss V	1 00
Blacet, Steven	1 00	Dickinson, Levi E	25 00
Blacet, Ed, Jr	05	Diggs, J Moses	3 25
Blacet, Ed	2 80	Dixon, Mrs Geo W	1 00
Blodgett, Miles and wife	10 00	Dorr, H	25
Bobst, S S	50	Doster, Mrs L A	2 00
Bodine, Anna L	1 00	Doty, Mrs F	25
Bollman, Geo	1 00	Downs, Sarah W	1 00
Bolton, Mrs J K	5 00	DuBois, Flora	25
Booth, Addie	50	Dugan, Mr and Mrs E Jr	10 00
Boynton, Mrs J	1 00	Dye, Miss D E	25
Bradshaw, R C	1 00	Dye, C M	1 00
Brewer, Mrs E C	1 00	Each, Jos E	1 00
Brooks, Mrs M A	2 00	Eames, Nelson	5 00
Brooks, Matilda	1 00	Eddy, G Walton	5 00
Brosins, Glen W	10	Eddy, J D	2 00
Brosins, Miss Pansy	10	Edmonds, Mrs B H	5 00
Brosins, Mrs W H	25	Edwards, Miss Nellie	50
Brown, Dr and Mrs	1 00	Elden, Mrs E	25
Brown, W C	2 00	Eldridge, P C	5 00
Buch, Mrs H	50	Emery, Mrs E S	1 00
Buckwalter, D M	50	Engel, Mrs M	50
Bullock, Edith M	2 65	Eslenshade, J E	25
Bumbaugh, Miss A Z	10	Evans, John G	5 00
Bumbaugh, Miss A G	05	Evans, J T	1 00
Bumbaugh, E Preston	05	Field, Miss Sarah	1 00
Bumbaugh, Mrs E	25	Fisher, Mrs J H	1 00
Bunten, A B	1 00	Fett, Mrs A M	1 00
Burgan, Mr and Mrs Jno	2 00	Floyd, Mrs J H	25
Burns, Mrs Jas T	2 00	Floyd, Miss Rena	50
Butler, E H	1 00	Floyd, Sallie D	1 25
Caigny, Leale	65	Fluck, Mrs D P	25
Campher, J A and wife	5 00	Folsom, Catherine	1 00
Chamberlin, J	1 00	Foose, R E	1 00
Champion, Mrs Jas	1 00	Foster, Ella	5 00
Chandler, Mr and Mrs N C	2 00	Foster, Israel	25
Church, R P	3 25	Foust, Wm	1 00
Clearman, I	10 00	Fowler, J B and wife	1 00
Cleary, Athol	50	Fowler, Miss Julia	3 00
Cleary, Jos	50		

(Continued on Page 520)

BUILDING NEW YORK'S SECOND BRIDGE



HOW WORK ON THE WORLD'S GREATEST STEEL SUSPENSION ROADWAY PROGRESSES—NEW YORK'S $20,000,000 THOROUGHFARE OVER EAST RIVER

FROM windows on the top floor of the Bible House one may look across roofs and smoke-stacks to where the steel towers of the new East River Bridge rise like tall trellises against the blue of the sky. From tower to tower in graceful festoon swing aerial foot-paths, over which workmen, looking at this distance like ants, may go back and forth at work on the mighty cables which will take the place of this temporary scaffolding, and from which the bridge will hang over the river when completed. Between these towers great and little ships sail back and forth, and passengers look up curiously at the pathways in the sky, and the tiny, busy figures which traverse them. They look to the Brooklyn side and the New York side, at the anchorages and at the solid granite pedestals from which the tall towers rise. If they are strangers, they ask many questions, and express great wonder and admiration; if they are New Yorkers, they comment on the progress of the work, which, to those who have watched it from year to year, month to month, week to week, and day to day seems slow; perhaps, too, they say with a sigh of relief, "At last; now we know we will have it." For people living on Long Island and Manhattan wanted that bridge a long, long time before the Legislature made sure they should have it. If anybody thinks this wish unreasonable, let him try to cross Brooklyn Bridge (the one existing bond of union, save that of ferry-boats, between Long Island and Manhattan), with the crowd that surges over between seven and nine in the mornings and six and seven in the evenings. It is rather amusing to reflect, that a little over a century ago, a flat-boat worked by a sweep fully supplied all needs of communication between the two islands.

The construction of the new bridge by a private company was authorized in 1892; but in 1895 the Legislature directed that it be done at the joint expense of Brooklyn and New York, and with the consolidation, in 1898, it became a metropolitan enterprise, under a commission appointed by Mayor Van Wycke, with Mr. Lewis Nixon as President. It was not until 1896 that the drill borings were made for the foundations on both sides the river. About a year later, people were interested in watching the launching and sinking of the big caissons, in which men, living as in a diving-bell, and breathing air forced in through shafts, worked away that the timber and concrete foundations, on bed-rock, might be sure and strong. There was danger as well as discomfort in the situation, for one cannot breathe compressed air with ease. At the greatest depth men could only work three-quarters of an hour at a time.

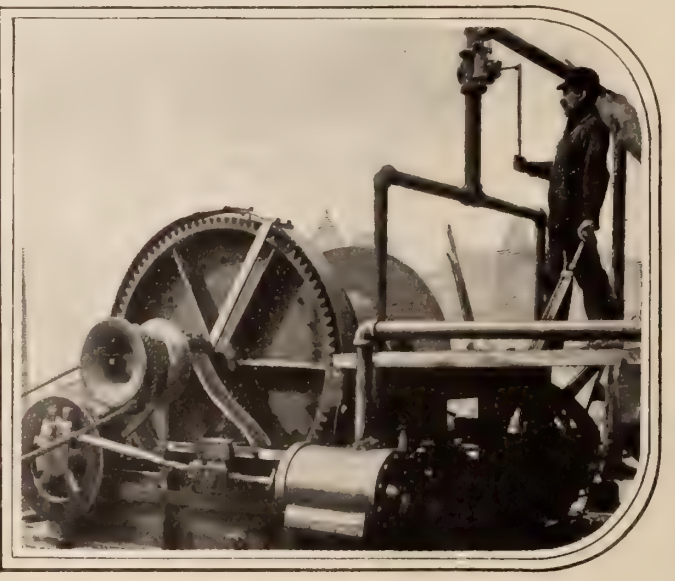
After the foundations were laid solid masonary piers were built upon them; on these were imposed massive pedestals of granite; then began those marvelous superstructures of steel, the towers. With the completion of the cables and the suspended roadway, the bridge will be ready for public use; and that, according to promise, will be in 1903. This is the largest steel suspension bridge in the world, its floor system is by far the widest and stiffest ever carried. The total width of the Brooklyn Bridge is eighty feet; the depth of the trusses, seventeen. The width of the new bridge is 118 feet; the depth of the trusses, forty. The latter will carry six railroad tracks, two roadways for vehicles, two 11-foot footways for pedestrians, and two 10-foot bicycle tracks, these being on a platform above the street car tracks. Each floor-beam will be suspended from the four cables overhead, by many 1¾-inch steel rods, which pass up over curved saddles formed in the main cable bands.

The four main cables from which the Bridge is hung, will each consist of 37 strands of wire, with 486 wires in each strand; there will, therefore, be in each cable 82 wires. The actual pull on each cable is about 30,000 tons; its actual strength about six times as great.

The direct length of the Bridge between terminals is 6,000 feet; the main from tower to tower, 1,600. The steel towers rise 335 feet above the water.

The bridge will cost about $20,000,000. More steel is used in its construction than was manufactured at the time the Brooklyn Bridge was built. The total is some 45,000 tons. Everything used in the construction of the bridge is an American product, the South, West, East and North contributing. The Brooklyn terminal is near the foot of Broadway; the New York terminal, near foot of Delancey Street. Mr. Herbert L. Buck, Chief Engineer; Mr. O. F. Nichols, Principal Assistant Engineer, who direct, and the corps of experts and army of workmen who share in the making of this engineering marvel of our century, will have cause to be proud of their handiwork when it stands complete, a magnificent monument of the age of steel and electricity.

COMMISSIONERS INSPECTING STRINGING OF THE FIRST WIRE



GREAT WINDLASS WHICH STRUNG THE CABLES

THE BROOKLYN ANCHORAGE OF THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE

WHERE DWELLINGS WERE DEMOLISHED TO MAKE ROOM FOR ANCHORA

PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS IN TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

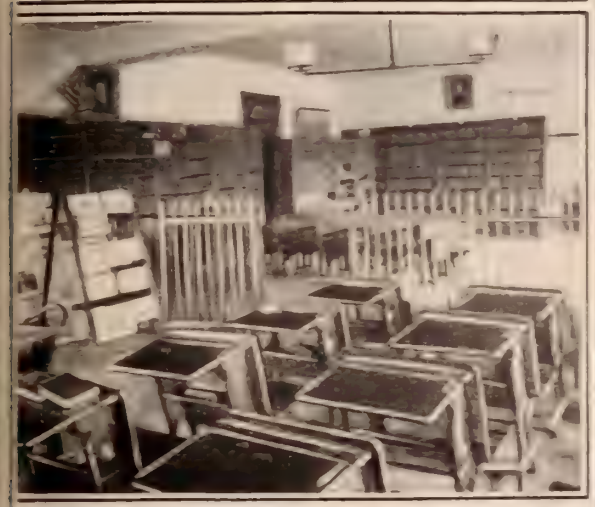
A · THRIVING · CHRISTIAN · UNIVERSITY

How Taylor University in Indiana, is Helping Promising Young Men to Become Preachers

AMONG the institutions of learning in the United States, few can point to a record of progress in recent years so brilliant as that of Taylor University, in Indiana. A few years ago, in an article in this journal, the general plan of the University, then in its infancy, was described, and the hope was expressed that a project so beneficent ght triumph over the difficulties in its way and ieve the objects it sought to accomplish. Since that cle was printed, the University has fulfilled the igations which were impoverishing it, and has raised money to liquidate its debt. It now stands with a perty valued at eighty thousand dollars, free of all mbrances, and with a magnificent equipment for its cational work. How much labor and energy it has ired to reach this enviable position is known only its President, Dr. T. C. Reade; its Vice-President, L. C. B. Stemen, and the noble and indefatigable nd of men and women who have, with them, made prosperity of Taylor University the one aim and ect of their lives. No large gifts or bequests have en bestowed upon it, but men and men in all parts of the country, d some from beyond the sea, who rned the kind of work that the iversity was doing, the self-cas-rifice of its leaders, and the earnest and successful work of its alumni, have contributed the mites which have aggregated so large a sum.

The prosperity of Taylor University is doubly gratifying, because of the class it is designed to help and because it is distinctively a religious institution. The young men and women who crowd its class-rooms belong to the class to which, and manual work is familiar. They know the value of a college training, and not a few of them have struggled hard and denied themselves every luxury to gain the means of obtaining it. All honor to such young people! They are the material out of which the well-being and prosperity of our land are produced. They bear the yoke in their youth, and their early privations and hardships, voluntarily endured, give them a strength and force of character which remain with them all their lives. And the majority of these students are consecrated souls. Their ambition is not distinction for themselves, not the place and power and emoluments of political office, but the privilege of proclaiming the Gospel in our own and heathen lands. They seek a college education that they may more efficiently serve the Master to whom they have given their lives. Taylor University is a Local Preachers' institution specially designed to equip the men who, unknown to the world and unrecognized by fame, care only to win souls and to lead the poor to Christ. The time is past when men ignorant of grammar and history and science can expect to gain the ear of our people. The preacher must have the respect of the people to whom he speaks, if he is to win their confidence and influence their lives. Therefore the earnest young soul, desiring above all things to be a successful ambassador for Christ, seeks the mental training which enables him to fulfil the Apostolic injunction, "Let no man despise thy youth."

To such men, and to such only, Taylor University holds out its helping hand. The young man who can demonstrate his capacity and can satisfy the faculty of the purity of his motive, is received to all the advantages of the institution for the small sum of ninety dollars a year.



A CORNER IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

THE LITERARY HALL

THE COMMERCIAL CLASS-ROOM

STUDENTS FROM PUERTO RICO

PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS OF THE LEADS THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PROF. S. PULTZPERLA

which sum covers board, lodging and tuition. How it is done is a mystery, but it is a mystery that the young people are glad to solve. The secret lies in that principle which is at the foundation of the Christian religion —the principle of self-sacrifice. The members of the faculty are men who deny themselves that they may help others. The large salaries which men of their attainments and positions usually expect are renounced; and they teach and lecture for a pittance which is just sufficient for their modest wants. Their reward comes from the service they render, and their trust is in him who said to those whom he sent to preach to the poor: "They cannot recompense you, but ye shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." In the University there is no baseball nine, no football team, no boating crew, but there is a daily prayer meeting, which the majority of the students voluntarily attend. At the present time, seventy of the students are preparing for the ministry, and four young women are being trained for the foreign mission field.

An interesting feature of Taylor University is its "Faith Fund." Some years ago, one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries in Africa, had a convert who seemed to him likely to be a valuable aid in preaching the Gospel to his people. He wrote to President Reade, describing him, but added that no fees could be paid for his education. President Reade replied: "Send him to us; the Lord will provide for him." The young man fully justified the expectations of him, and though his constitution was unable to bear the rigor of our climate and his career was cut short in two years, he proved himself an earnest, consecrated student, whose progress astonished all who knew him. He was maintained by a special fund to which many who knew the circumstances contributed. This fund was called the "Faith Fund," and it has been continued since the death of its first beneficiary and has enabled other penniless students to obtain an education. A later beneficiary was a young man, who was sent to the institution by a missionary in South America and was named Samuel Culpeper. He was of mixed blood, very intelligent and a master of the Spanish language. He also has proved an excellent student; and so proficient has he become, that he has been appointed Professor of Latin and Greek in the college which the Methodist Episcopal Church is establishing in Puerto Rico. Two other young foreigners are in Taylor University. They come from Puerto Rico, and were sent to the University by the Cuban Educational Committee, of which General Wheeler is President, and General Garcia, Vice-President. It is worthy of notice that a little pamphlet by President Reade, describing the college life of the young African student above mentioned, has had an enormous circulation. The profits on its sale, at ten cents each, have been turned into the "Faith Fund." They have already amounted to twelve hundred dollars.

Recently the University has accepted the affilia n of the Chinzei Seminary, at Nagasaki, Japan, of wh h Dr. Fulkerson is President. This is the largest Me - dist institution of learning in Japan. It has 175 pu s, and is distinctively a Christian seminary. Presic t Fulkerson visited Taylor University during his tou n the United States, in 1893, and was so much impres l by its principles and management, that when e returned to Japan and accepted the Presidency f Chinzei Seminary, he proposed that the seminary sh l become a college of Taylor University.

The University has broadened its sphere also by - coming the acknowledged institution for the trainin f Primitive Methodist ministers in America. This - nomination is in England a very active and aggres e body, and though its existence on this side the Atla c has been brief, it has already three annual conferen s, and is growing rapidly.

A university so beneficent in its work, so econom l in its operation and so consecrated in its obje s, deserves the hearty and cordial support of the religi s public. It would be thankful for contributions wh n would enable it to increase its "Faith Fund" for e support of promising young men who are unable to y the fees, or for gifts to the general endowment fun f the University. Contributions may be sent to the o e of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, or to President T. Reade, Taylor University, Upland, Ind.

A CHURCH OF MANY ACTIVITIES

A CLASS IN WOOD CARVING THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS' CLASS STERILIZING MILK

ON the first Sunday in May, Dr. A. C. Dixon, for the past ten years pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and one of the most aggressive and consecrated of Christian workers, began his pastorate in a new field of labor, the Ruggles Street Baptist Church of Boston. This is the church that was for so many years the object of the religious hopes and love of the late Daniel S. Ford, for the continuance of which he bequeathed a permanent income of $20,000 a year.

Dr. Dixon will find in the Ruggles Street Church the widest opportunities for his unusual abilities. It is a veritable beehive of Christian activity. Situated in the tenement house district of the city, it seeks to be helpful to the poor and the unfortunate. It welcomes no one more cordially than the workingman.

One of the most important features of the work of this church is the Workingmen's Bible Class, of four hundred members, which meets every Sunday afternoon in the vestry. Another feature is the Friendford Industrial School, which meets every Saturday morning. Hundreds of boys and girls are here taught all sorts of useful occupations. There are also evening classes in stenography, music, cooking and dressmaking. There is a free kindergarten in connection with the other work of the church, and a free employment bureau, which last year secured employment for eight hundred and ninety-three persons; a free medical dispensary, and a maternity department, in which latter sterilized milk is supplied to poor mothers for their children. The nurse in charge of this department spends her afternoons in the homes of the poor, teaching the mothers how to care for their little ones. There are mother's meetings at the church every other Thursday afternoon.

The relief department of the church supplies food, pays rent, provides clothing, baby carriages, wheel chairs, furniture, crutches and other necessities in times of sickness and extreme poverty. At Thanksgiving s many as two hundred turkeys, with "fixin's," are t to the poor of the parish.

The Sunday School in connection with the churc s the largest in Boston. The superintendent and s assistants are among the seventeen salaried worl s who devote their whole time to the work of the chu . There are one hundred and fifty officers and teacher n the school, and e thousand six hund d and eighty-one schol s. The session is held n four different buildi s. During the summ , a gospel wagon make s rounds in the eveni s, and meetings are l d in the small parks an n other open spaces in e tenement-house distr s. In the rear of the ch h is a large yard, whic s fitted up in summer a n outdoor gymnasium d playground. There a sand garden for the l e folks. Many mothers d their children are t to the country for tw r three weeks in the t weather, and children d their mothers are gi n long rides on the e - tric cars to the bea - ful parks in the subu s. Nothing is overlo - ed; nothing left unde e that can bring ha - ness into the lives of e poor, and make th n feel that the Churc s their best friend.

It is to this hel l work that Dr. Di n has come. Those w o know him best are c t fident that the en e work of the church ll receive a new imp e because of his com , and many souls will e brought from the da - ness of sin into e "marvelous light."

INTERIOR OF THE RUGGLES STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

One Million Subscribers

Expecting Great Things

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has the faith to believe that there are a million families in this country who would be glad to subscribe r it were they acquainted with its surassing worth. We further believe that l of our present subscribers are so thorghly pleased with the paper that they ould be glad to see our faith fully realed. They know the blessed influence HE CHRISTIAN HERALD exerts, for they emselves have felt it. Week after week ey have scanned its beautiful pages, ave read its inspiring messages, have veled in its literary and artistic wealth, ave been deeply interested, edified and structed, and, after having read it from eginning to end, have sent it to some stant friends that they also might enjoy s perennial riches.

All Love It

Few papers published are read and read as is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and none fords greater easure and elight, or akes warmer d more lastg friends. It an indisputae fact that HE CHRISTIAN ERALD has a ry large perntage of rewals, and at, from its ry beginning, has carried an xceptionally rge percentge of permaent subscripons; and its bscription list still constantly increasing. Nine years go its circulation was 31,000; to-day it a welcome visitor in nearly **a quarter f a million homes.** But what has been one in the past is only an indication of hat may be done in the future, provided e all work heartily together with a view securing the million on which we have ow set our heart.

A Financial Sacrifice

To bring this about we have determined again enlist the cordial co-operation of ar friends, and ourselves to make such a nancial sacrifice as will demonstrate our wn sincerity in the matter. THE CHRISIAN HERALD cannot be produced at less an its regular subscription price, which $1.50 per annum. But to interest those ho cannot appreciate its beauties, simply ecause they do not see the paper, we ave decided to accept, during the month f June, an unlimited number of Half early trial subscriptions at 25 cents each, ubject to the easy conditions set forth in e annexed coupons. We could not make is sacrifice but for the experience of the st that a very large percentage of our bscribers renew, and when they renew they are glad to pay the regular subscription price, because they are satisfied that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is well worth all we ask for it.

A Magnificent Record

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be twenty-three years of age in September next. Its history is grand beyond compare. It has collected and expended within the past nine years over **TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN CHARITY.** The peasants of Russia, the martyrs of Armenia, the orphans of India, the reconcentrados of Cuba, the rescued men of the Bowery, the unfortunate girls of the Bethesda Home, the tens of thousands of hapless waifs of the tenements, all rise up and call it blessed. God be thanked for the opportunities and the privileges which were ours in the past; and may He graciously continue to pour out His blessing upon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, its editors and proprietor and its readers, and make us one and all increasingly useful in His service.

A Great Opportunity for Our Friends

RED LETTER TESTAMENT FREE

To Every person who sends us six coupon subscriptions terminating Jan. 1, 1902, at twenty-five cents each, we will send, all charges prepaid, and **absolutely free** of all expense, a **Red Letter New Testament,** printed from new type, bound in **divinity circuit,** red under gold edges, with book mark, worth $1.50. For Genuine Leather and Gold Thumb Index send twenty-five cents extra.

This New Testament, specially designed by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and copyrighted by him, contains the authorized version, printed in black, except that **every word recorded therein as having been spoken by our Lord is in red.**

RED LETTER BIBLE FREE

To Every person who sends us twenty coupon subscriptions terminating Jan. 1, 1902, at twenty-five cents each, and twenty-five cents extra in cash for expressage, we will send, all charges prepaid and at no further expense whatever, One of our **Red Letter Bibles,** printed from extra large type, bound in Divinity Circuit, lined to edge; **Regular Price, $3.00.** See description on **next page.** For Thumb-Index send twenty-five cents additional.

ROLL OF HONOR

The names of all who send in six or more coupon subscriptions will be printed in the Roll of Honor, as mentioned in the last paragraph on this page.

EXTRA REWARD

To the **First One Thousand** persons sending in ten or more coupon subscriptions we will send, **Free of Charge,** Margaret E. Sangster's recent book, **"Cheerful To-days and Trustful To-morrows."** 319 pages; artistically bound in decorated cloth.

This book is in ADDITION to any other reward you may have earned.

The Best Home Paper

But, in addition to these great monumental charities, there is the mission of blessedness and usefulness of the paper itself, which results in light, cheer, hope and happiness in the home circle. And it is this which we now wish to extend. We are engaged in a great Home Missionary effort. You can help us. We know you will help us, and thus have part and parcel in all the good which, under divine blessing, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shall accomplish in years to come.

We Look to Our Friends

Let us begin this work by doubling the present number of its subscribers. While this is a great undertaking, an unprecedented task, it is nevertheless an easy one, for it means **just one** new subscriber for each and every one now on our list. Surely every subscriber can do this, and we believe **you** will do **your** share, while we will gladly do everything within our power to help you.

How to Do It

Our plan is as follows: On the following page you will find six coupons. Write your name and address on each coupon and cut them apart at the indicated lines, then distribute them among such of your Church and Sunday School friends as will be likely to subscribe. They will thank you for doing so. Explain to them the beauties, the riches, the great attractiveness of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and urge them to give it a trial. Tell them that **each coupon saves half a dollar** on this semi-yearly trial subscription, and you will be surprised how quickly they will avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity thus offered. If the six coupons are not enough for your purpose, write us, and we will send you as many more as you may require. Do not forget, however, that the coupons are good only until July 1, and must not be mailed after that date.

Your One Opportunity

Or, if you prefer, you may make a regular canvass among your friends and solicit, by mail or in person, their subscription at our regular price—75 cents for six months. Then retain half a dollar from each subscription and send us a coupon and 25 cents in cash. Thus, while doing good by spreading the glorious influences of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, you are actually benefiting yourself. As a further inducement, we make the following extraordinarily liberal proposition:

Red Letter New Testament Free

OR

Red Letter Bible Free

For full particulars, read the Announcement in centre of this page. You will also find there the details of our Extra Reward proposition which we hope will interest you. Here is an opportunity for every man, woman and child to earn a Red Letter New Testament, worth $1.50, by sending in six coupon subscriptions at twenty-five cents each, or a Red Letter Bible, worth $3.00, for twenty coupon subscribers and 25 cents in cash, and at the same time help us get a million subscribers. Start in to-day.

Our Roll of Honor

The names of all who send in SIX or more Coupon Subscribers will be published in our Roll of Honor, which will appear from week to week in alphabetical order in the columns of "The Christian Herald."

Wm. Moench

A Great . . Innovation

Our Red Letter Bible

Now . . . In Press

HOW IT ORIGINATED

THE arrangement of the Red Letter Bible, like that of the Red Letter New Testament, originated with Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the former work is the natural development of the latter. In the New Testament we have the text printed from large type in black, except that every word recorded therein as having been spoken by our Lord is printed in Red.

The Old Testament

In the Old Testament we again have the text printed in black, except that **all passages quoted by our Lord,** and **every incident referred to by him** are **printed in red,** which gives us at a glance an intelligent idea of how frequently and how extensively, on the authority of Christ himself, the authenticity of the Old Testament is confirmed.

Thus we have printed in red on the one hand, all the words recorded as having been spoken by our blessed Lord, and on the other hand, all the passages quoted, and all the incidents referred to by Him.

The Scarlet Thread

In addition to this we have indicated by a **red star** in the Old Testament every passage generally accepted as having reference to our Lord, so that the scarlet thread leading to him as the Promised Messiah may be followed step by step through the sacred volume from Genesis to Malachi—end of the prophets.

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The type used is exactly the same as that in the centre of this page. It should be noted, however, that while the color alignment of this page may occasionally be imperfect, owing to the rapid printing required for the 300,000 Edition of this CHRISTIAN HERALD SUPPLEMENT, the Red Letter Bible, every page of which is printed on our own presses, has no such defects. A fine quality of paper has been used, the printi is unusually clear, and when ready it will be fou as near perfect as possible; in short, the best Bil ever issued from any press.

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Many thanks for your Red Letter New Testament. Really, i capitally done, and I shall make constant use of it. **The book i capital one for teachers to use** and is so convenient in size, let ing and binding that **it will be a joy to everyone** who loves Word of God. With many renewed thanks, I remain,
Yours very sincerely, A. F. SCHAUFFLE

The Only Bible of its Kind in the World

The legion of devils cast out—Jairus' daughter raised — St. Luke 9

32 And there was there an herd of many swine feeding on the mountain: and they besought him that he would suffer them to enter into them. And he suffered them.
33 Then went the devils out of the man, and entered into the swine: and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the lake, and were choked.
34 When they that fed *them* saw what was done, they fled, and went and told *it* in the city and in the country.
35 Then they went out to see what was done; and came to Jē′ṣus, and found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jē′ṣus, clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid.
36 They also which saw *it* told them by what means he that was possessed of the devils was healed.
37 ¶ [o] Then the whole multitude of the country of the Găd′a-rēnes round about [p] besought him to depart from them; for they were taken with great fear: and he went up into the ship, and returned back again.
38 Now [q] the man out of whom the devils were departed besought him that he might be with him: but Jē′ṣus sent him away, saying,
39 Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee. And he went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jē′ṣus had done unto him.
40 And it came to pass, that, when Jē′ṣus was returned, the people *gladly* received him: for they were all waiting for him.
41 ¶ [r] And, behold, there came a man named Jā-ī′rus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue: and he fell down at Jē′ṣus' feet, and besought him that he would come into his house:
42 For he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay a dying. But as he went the people thronged him.
43 ¶ [s] And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any,
44 Came behind *him,* and touched the border of his garment: and immediately her issue of blood stanched.
45 And Jē′ṣus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Pē′tēr and they that were with him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press *thee,* and sayest thou, Who touched me?
46 And Jē′ṣus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that [t] virtue is gone out of me.
47 And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately.
48 And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace.
49 ¶ [u] While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's *house,* saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.
50 But when Jē′ṣus heard *it,* he answered him, saying, Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.
51 And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Pē′tēr, and Jāmes, and Jŏhn, and the father and the mother of the maiden.
52 And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, [x] but sleepeth.
53 And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.
54 And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, [y] arise.
55 And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway: and he commanded to give her meat.
56 And her parents were astonished: but [z] he charged them that they should tell no man what was done.

o Matt. 8. 34.
p Acts 16. 39.
q Mark 5. 18.
r Matt. 9. 18. Mark 5. 22.
s Matt. 9. 20.
t Mark 5. 30. ch. 6. 19.
u Mark 5. 35.
x John 11. 11, 13.
y ch. 7. 14. John 11. 43.
z Matt. 8. 4; 9. 30. Mark 5. 43.

Chapter 9

1 *Christ sends his apostles to preach:* 17 *feeds five thousand:* 22 *foretells his passion.* 28 *The transfiguration.* 37 *He heals the lunatic:* 46 *commends humility.*

THEN [a] he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them

a Matt. 10. 1. Mark 3. 13; 6. 7.

1055

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Gordon's Memorial

WORK on the college now being erected in Khartoum is being pushed rapidly forward, and it is possible to form some idea of how the noble edifice will look on its completion. As was explained in these columns, at the inception of the project, the college is a memorial o the martyred General Gordon, who perished in the Mhdist rising in the Soudan. When the Mahdi was raging that immense tract of country to the south of Egypt, General Gordon, relying on his popularity with th Soudanese, went out to Khartoum in the hope of sing the Soudan for Egypt. He was warmly welcned, but soon learned that the people were in terror o he great Mohammedan oppressor. General Gordon promptly notified the English Government of the changeconditions and informed them that he would need th help of a well-armed and disciplined force. Mr. Gdstone, however, who at that time was at the head o the English Government postponed sending help. A the months passed, Gen. Gordon's letters became mre urgent, and he complained bitterly that he was bng deserted. Finally the religious public of Great Bain became indignant, for Gen. Gordon was a man revered and beloved of God-fearing men. At last, Mr. Gdstone could no longer resist the tide of insistence, a sent an expedition to deliver thbrave Christian General. But it as then too late. The Mahdi, wi his fanatical Mohammedl followers, had closely inved Khartoum and captured th city, when the British expition was a few days' march ay. Gen. Gordon was killed, a his body dismembered. Wen Gen. Kitchener succeededin conquering the Soudan a overcoming the forces of th Mahdi, a solemn memorial sice was held in the grounds o the citadel, which General Gdon had defended so vaialy. His countrymen resolved th some permanent memorial o he martyred leader should be ected, and General Kitchener, wh knew his character well, sgested that it should take th form of a college for the ecation of the people whom Gneral Gordon loved sincerely a for whose deliverance he la down his life. The necessr funds were promptly subscbed, and on January 5, 1899, th foundation stone of the mmorial institution was laid wi impressive ceremonies. It isow approaching completion, a will constitute an appropte memorial of the devoted geral, silently proclaiming to the Soudanese people thprinciples of his saintly life.

that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the la of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it all be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in th nd of Egypt (Isaiah 19: 19, 20).

Dlicating the Hall of Fame

he tablets in memory of America's greatest statesm, inventors, lawyers and preachers, will have been uveiled by the time this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HRALD is in the hands of its readers. According to thprogramme now issued, the ceremonies will be of a dely interesting character. The tablets will be unveiled in ccession, after Senator Depew delivers his oration inhe section known as "Statesman's Corner." The acress for the statesmen will be delivered by Lieut.-G. John M. Schofield. Representatives of patriotic sceties from all over the United States will unveil mt of the tablets. The unveiling exercises in the seion assigned to authors will be in charge of the high scols and colleges for women in New York. Each taet will be uncovered by some appropriate person. T t to Benjamin Franklin will be unveiled by Mrs. E abeth D. Gillespie, his great-granddaughter; that to C f Justice Marshall, by Edmund Wetmore, President ofhe Bar Association; those to Grant and Lee, by vrans of the Union and Confederate armies, respectivy. Care has been taken in all the other instances to hae some person identified in some way with the distiuished citizen immortalized, perform the ceremony of emoving the flag from the bronze. It will be a seice of distinction to be so identified with the illustrtus dead. To the great host of their fellow-citizens, as to those whom the nation thus honors, no such pinnacle of fame is possible; but to all, that supreme joy of which Christ spoke may come:

Rejoice rather because your names are written in heaven (Luke 10: 20).

A Girl's Sight Restored

A remarkable case of restoration of sight to a blind girl is reported in a press despatch from Amesbury, Mass., to the New York *Sun*. It states that a family came to that town last winter from Canada. The parents were both pious persons, and the mother especially was a very saintly spirit. They had several children, and among them a daughter fifteen years old, who was quite blind. About two years before coming to the United States she had been attacked by severe illness, which had gradually affected her eyes and at last had totally destroyed her sight. Several physicians had examined her eyes, but though there was apparently no organic disease, they had been unable to restore her sight. The mother had made her daughter's affliction the subject of prayer, and she continued to do so in the fervent hope that God would interpose for the relief of her beloved daughter. A few weeks ago the mother died, and one of her friends led the blind girl to the side of the casket, that she might take her last leave of her dead mother. She lifted the lifeless hand and placed it on the girl's sightless eyes. The despatch states that from that hour there was a distinct improvement in the girl's condition. She began to distinguish light from darkness, and to perceive the outlines of objects. The improvement has continued, until now sight is so completely restored that she is able to earn her living in one of the factories of the town. She is fully convinced that her healing came from the touch of her dead mother's hand. Probably the physicians account for it in some more scientific way. We may hope that if the girl clings to her belief, she may also seek that spiritual enlightenment to which her pious mother's hand doubtless often pointed the way.

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted . . . and recovering of sight to the blind (Luke 4: 18).

BUILDING THE GORDON MEMORIAL COLLEGE AT KHARTOUM

The Black Terror

A remarkable scene was witnessed in the West Side Police Court in New York, a few days ago. A big colored woman—a familiar character in the most depraved section of the city—was under sentence there for aggravated assault. When she was arrested three policemen were sent to take her to court. She had been arrested several times before, and on each occasion she had nearly killed the policeman who arrested her. She would fight with her fists, and kick and bite, and use a hat-pin or any other weapon within reach. So terrible was her record that she was known by the force as the "Black Terror." Magistrate Zeller decided to commit her to the reformatory home at New Bedford, and sent her back to the cells until some one should come from the Bedford Home to take change of her. On the following day a little woman, less than five feet tall and weighing apparently about a hundred pounds, came to conduct the prisoner to the Home. When the Black Terror saw her she gave a laugh of derision; but the little woman sat down beside her and began to talk. In a short time she came out of the cell and announced that she was ready to go into court. When the judge saw her, he was amazed. "Do you know the character of your charge?" he asked. The little woman said she did. "Had you not better have a policeman go with you?" he suggested. But she declined, and as soon as she had received the commitment papers, she held out her hand to the big negress and said: "Come along, dear." To the amazement of all in court, the negress rose and walked tamely after her, and when they were last seen, boarding a train for New Bedford, the Black Terror and her captor were talking amicably together. The gentleness and kindness of a loving soul had evidently proved more effectual in subduing the unruly virago than the physical strength of the police:

A soft tongue breaketh the bone (Prov. 25: 15).

BRIEF NOTES

The *Tablet*, an English Roman Catholic journal, announces the discovery at Mugara, Greece, of a fragment of pottery containing a portion of the Lord's Prayer, which was scratched of it before the clay was baked. From the style of the characters it is believed to be exceedingly old; certainly not later than 400 A.D.

Rev. O. C. White, of the Christian Church of Parkersburg, W. Va., announced recently that on warm summer evenings the church services would be held on the roof of the church.

The Ohio Wesleyan University has secured the services of Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., to deliver the commencement address on June 13. The University has 1358 students, of whom 134 graduate this year.

Rev. Charles F. Parham is holda Bible school at Topeka, Kan., at which, according to local journals, he expects to demonstrate that there is a renewal of the gift of tongues to which the Apostle Paul referred in his letters to the Corinthians.

The Presbyterian Church of Smithtown, L. I., has received from Mrs. W. H. Mills, the widow of one of its parishioners, the gift of a fine clock and bell, which will be placed in the tower as a memorial of her late husband. This is the first time in its history that the town has had a public clock.

A Bible Conference will be held at Lake Orion, Mich., July 12-23. The Conference will stand for the supreme authority of the Scriptures, the development of the spiritual life by the study of the Word of God, and the speedy evangelization of the world. Each morning two Bible classes will meet. Rev. J. Campbell Morgan, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Dr. R. A. Torrey and other well-known speakers are expected to take part. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing Rev. C. A. Stringer, Home Bank Building, Detroit, Mich.

At White Plains, N. Y., a follower of Dr. Dowie, of Chicago, has been fined $500 for neglecting to call a doctor to attend his sick child. Dr. Dowie himself has been arrested and held in $10,000 bail on the charge of encouraging one of his followers, whose wife died recently, to do without the services of a physician.

At the recent Hebrew Messianic Conference in Boston, Rev. Louis E. Meyer, of Hopkinton, Ia., startled his Jewish co-religionists by affirming his belief that during the nineteenth century 204,540 Jews had embraced Christianity. He said that the average number of baptisms of Jews in a year was more than 1,500.

General sorrow has been caused among a wide circle of Christian friends by the news of the tragic death of Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D., pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York. Dr. Babcock had been on a tour in the Holy Land and Egypt. On reaching Naples, he was prostrated by Mediterranean fever and was removed to a hospital. During a fit of delirium, incident to the fever, he severed an artery in his wrist and died before help arrived.

Rev. Samuel Chadwick, of Leeds, England, will be one of the speakers at Northfield this year. Mr. Chadwick is prominent among the younger men in the Wesleyan body of England, and his ability as a Bible student, with his great success in evangelistic effort, has placed him among the leading forces in aggressive Christian work in Great Britain. His prominence as a Wesleyan, together with his association with the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, will doubtless attract large numbers of Methodists throughout the country to the Conference. Announcements will be made later as to other leading speakers from abroad. An unusually strong programme may be anticipated.

Most of our subscribers when writing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, after expressing themselves in terms most complimentary concerning the paper, wind up their communications with a statement that, when through with reading their copy they send it on to distant friends, thus sharing it with others. To these subscribers we would say that they will find it to their advantage to avail themselves of the Coupon Offer explained on another page, which insures prompt service direct from the main office for the balance of the year at 25 cents in cash and one coupon. This is actually cheaper and much more convenient than to pay one cent postage each week to forward their copy. It also enables them to use their own copy in their immediate neighborhood, and thus, while saving money, to do good by widening out the already enormous circulation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and enlarging the sphere of its usefulness.

Joseph · Cook's · Awakening

HOW THE FAMOUS THEOLOGIAN AND LECTURER BECAME A CHRISTIAN

BY REV LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

IT must be conceded by all fair-minded people that one of the great and powerful religious factors of the recently departed Nineteenth Century in the United States was Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures in Boston. When I first went to Boston, the most interesting thing about the city, and that which attracted the attention of Christian men and women from all parts of the country on visiting the city, more than anything else, was the Monday lecture at Tremont Temple. That great and famous auditorium was packed with an audience such as could have been hardly brought together by any other personality in the country. There were not only hundreds of preachers, comprising the leading divines in all the religious denominations, but hundreds of great lawyers, doctors, college professors and important business men. The leading men from interior towns and cities throughout New England—many of them—came in Monday on the early trains to listen to this man who spake with such might and authority, not only of logic and reason, but with a tremendous magnetic personality.

It is exceedingly interesting to study the source of such a stream of religious power and influence.

. . .

I have recently received, in answer to letters of mine, two letters from Dr. Cook, which bear with great interest on this subject of his personal conversion. In the first of these communications he says that it was in Keeseville, Maine, where his soul awoke to know God and Christ. His classmate and very dear personal friend was Louis N. Beaudry, afterward widely known as Chaplain Beaudry. Young Beaudry came with Joseph Cook from Ticonderoga to Keeseville Academy as a Catholic. He invited young Cook to attend Catholic services one Sunday with him, and Cook consented on condition that Beaudry would go with him to the services in the Congregational Church, of which the Rev. John Mattocks was then pastor.

"It was this John Mattocks," writes Mr. Cook, "who produced such an effect upon me that his memory has now for more than forty years towered above all others in Keeseville, except Judge Simmons's, as St. Paul's Cathedral towers above London roofs and domes and spires. . . . He was a man of commanding natural ability. Any intellectual career might have been open to him, for he belonged in the first rank in respect to moral and mental endowment. His charm to me consisted largely in the fact that his methods of presenting religious truths to an audience were those of a lawyer; that is to say, he never failed to give a reason for the faith that was in him. In a series of week-day evening discourses, full of calm but powerful thought and emotion, he preached once from the text: 'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.' The emphasis was placed on the words 'mercies' and 'reasonable,' and that sermon was the chief human instrumentality in causing me to try to do my whole duty. There was a religious awakening in progress in the church, but it was of the most thoughtful and quiet kind, though by no means lacking in depth and intensity of both conviction and feeling. Look on the Cross, and it will become no cross to bear the Cross. This was the profound exhortation of the evangelical preacher, and my experience justified it. Bunyan's Pilgrim, in the earlier stages of his journey, had no experiences which were not in substance mine also. With some fourteen others, mostly young men, several of whom became preachers, I was received into the Church on confession of faith."

JOSEPH COOK

Dr. Cook concludes his reminiscence of the pastor who led him to Christ by saying: "On the wall of my Lake George study at Cliff Seat, Ticonderoga, under Mr. Mattock's best photographic portrait I have placed as a watchword this characteristic sentence from one of his discourses: 'Temptation resisted gives infinitely more pleasure than temptation triumphant.'"

. . .

It was exceedingly interesting to me, a few days after receiving the communication of which the above is a part, to receive from Dr. Cook a second letter, in which he says: "The enclosed 'Boston Hymn' is a better account of the inner process of my experience in entering the church than is given in my former letter." With that thought in mind, I am sure it will be interesting to every one to re-read Dr. Cook's famous "Boston Hymn," which was first sung at his two hundred and thirty-sixth Boston Monday Lecture, January 29, 1894. The theme is "Atonement," and it was sung to the tune "Rock of Ages."

Searching sun and holy sky,
God is great and heaven is high:
Who can wash my red, right hand?
This I ask of sea and land:
Who from guilt can give release?
After treason, where is peace?

Lawless soul from reason reft,
I my Father's house have left;
Famished sit among the swine,
I of lineage divine;
Sick in heart, and hand, and head,
Perish here for want of bread.

Penitent, abased, and low,
To my Father I will go;
I no merit of my own
Claim before his great white thron
Justly were I evermore
Exile from my Father's door.

Tidings blest from God I hear,
Ransom he from guilt and fear!
God in Christ Atonement makes;
He no penitent forsakes.
Grace is this beyond degree:
Robe of white he giveth me!

All the galaxies his hand
Holds as drifting grains of sand;
But in lowly hearts dwells he,
And his wounds have set us free.
Lo! the Cross for evermore
Exiles guides to Heaven's door.

Vision dazzling star and sun,
God and man in Christ made one,
Let the Cross the worlds amaze.
I am melted as I gaze:
Thee I serve for evermore,
Lord and Saviour, trust, adore!

A Sunshiner's Commendati

Here is one of many similar letters rec ed by THE MAIL BAG:

Dear Editor:—As an "International Suns e" member, I write specially to thank you fo he "Sunshine page" in your most excellent p er. I feel as if I could hardly keep house without E CHRISTIAN HERALD and look forward to its m- ing with gladness. When I received your l ter number, and found there the Sunshine colu . I was just delighted I assure you, and said: "I w I have a paper that will give me the Sunshine r s." I feel the I. S. S. has found a home with its ter worker THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for cer ly you are sending good cheer to the ends o he earth. May God bless THE CHRISTIAN HE D, as I know he does, as it goes forth on its m on of love, to encourage and gladden the heart nd homes of its millions of readers.

Passaic, N. J. MARY E. P.

A "GRACE" FOR CHILDREN

"We bless thee for this food, O Lord,
And ask thy presence at our board.
Where'er we go, where'er we stay,
Be with us, Heavenly Friend, to-day!

Let the children learn this form of ce. and repeat it with you before each meal.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CHINA RELIEF FUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 511

Hall, S P	$ 1 00
Hammond, Helen	50
Hammond, Miss S B	5 00
Hanes, E C	1 00
Harpst, E F	2 00
Harr, Chas	25
Harris, Mrs J A	1 00
Hart, Mrs E	1 00
Harwood, Mrs W P & Mrs L M Pierce	2 00
Haworth, E M	1 00
Haywood, John	5 00
Heath, J J	1 00
Hilliard, Mrs Dr S	1 00
Henderson, A M	1 00
Henderson, Fred	5 00
Henry, Edw	25
Henry, Mrs R B	1 00
Heper, C M	1 00
Hess, David	5 00
Hesson, Mrs T	50
Hoagland, H H	1 00
Hodge, Jean	25
Hoageson, L	1 00
Hoffman, Agnes	1 00
Hoffman, Geo W	1 00
Holloway, Mrs A H	2 00
Holt Mrs L W	1 00
Hone, Mrs D L	1 00
Horris, T P	10 00
Horton, S B	5 00
Hosking, Della	1 00
Hosking, L	1 00
Hounsholder, Miss A	1 00
Hounsholder, Icelus	2 00
Howland, Gertrude	2 00
Hoyt, Amelia	1 00
Hudson, J S	25
Hughes, Chas P	1 00
Hughes, John S	2 00
Huston, W	1 00
Hutchins, Sarah	5 00
Igon, John	4 00
Jacobs, Mrs Annie	25
Jacobus, R	1 00
Jaguet A V	2 00
Jamison Miss Jennie	50
Jeater, Louie	10
Jepson, Mrs Anna	1 00
Jette, Miss Marie	1 00
Jewett, Dr O W	5 00
Johnson, Alex	50
Johnson, Mrs Angus	1 00
Johnson, Mrs C	20
Johnson, Chas	1 00
Johnson, C W	10 00
Johnson, Helen S	1 00
Johnson, Mrs J S	2 00
Johnson, Mrs P H	1 00
Jones, Mrs Susan C	1 00
Jube, Jno P	100 00
Judd, E D	5 00
Judd, Mrs F E	1 00
Jung, August	3 35
Halk, C F	50
Kauffman, Mrs Jennie	05
Kelso, Joe	10 00
Kemp, Mrs J A	1 00
Kempton, Jennie	25
Kendal, M E	1 00
Kile, Dr	1 00
Kile, R	1 00
Kimball, Mrs A E	5 00
Kindermann, H	20 00
Kinsel, Geo	25
Kissinger, W M	10
Kitihen, Mrs Dan and daughter	1 00
Knepper, Mrs David	50
Knoepp, Louis	1 00
Kuethe, L	25
Lackland, Helen M and Ella C	1 00
La Rue, Miss Lydia	25
Lee, Jerry	3 80
Leggett, John	5 00
Lewis, C L	1 00
Livermore, Mrs D	1 00
Lone, H	25
Lorenzen, C	10 00
Loucks, J P	25
Louthan, Jno J	50 00
Lutz, Mrs Belle B	3 00
Lynch, W A	1 00
Lytle, Jas and Anna	5 00
Mac Beth, Florence C	1 00
McCall, Nellie	25
McClain, D W	2 00
McComans, A H	1 00
McConnell, A J & J H	1 00
McDonald, Jas	1 00
McFeren, Mrs Geo	10
McKee, Guy	25
McManus, Mrs Jas	100 00
McNab, John	1 00
McNair M H and wife	2 00
Malcolm, Wm	10 00
Manlin, M L	2 00
Manning, Mrs	10 00
Manning, J W	10 90
Marsaal, Jabez	3 00
Martin, Jack	05
Martin, Mrs L M	5 00
Mason, A	25
Matheny, J A & wife	2 00
Maynard, D & wife	2 00
Meade, C C	1 00
Meade, Mrs J B	1 00
Meeker, A V	10 00
Madebach, Mrs Louis	3 00
Mehlfelt, Geo	05
Meier, Mrs Louise	25
Mensch, C G	1 00
Michaelson, H	1 00
Middingh, W W	1 00
Miley, I D	25
Miller, Mrs	2 00
Miller, Mr & Mrs C T	1 00
Miller, I	1 00
Miller, Frank	4 00
Miller, Gordon	34
Miller, John A	1 00
Miller, Mrs M L	50
Milner, W A	1 00
Miller, Whittie	25
Milligan, Mrs B A	6 00
Minor, Mrs J A	10 00
Mitchell, N S	2 00
Mittwie, F	2 00
Moore, Mrs H M	5 00
Morrill, Mrs A	5 00
Morrison, Mrs C	2 00
Morse, L A	1 00
Moser, Geo	05
Munson, Mrs Lucy	1 50
Murray, Rev Jas	20 00
Myers, Frank G	9 00
Myers, Louisa M	1 00
Mason, Mrs M	1 00
Neale, Miss M F	5 00
Needham, Anna	1 00
Needham, Mrs E G	3 00
Nelson, Eric	1 00
Nenhams, Mrs M	2 00
Neyer, Frank	50
Nichols, Mrs R L	1 00
Niver, A W	1 00
Noble, Miss	25
Nonemacher, Chas	25
Nonemacher, Edw	50
Nowland, W	1 00
Olmstedt, H	10
Olton, Anne	1 00
O'Neil, J	25
Orton, R N	2 00
Owen, Mrs A	2 00
Packard, O L & Co	25 00
Parke, W G	10 00
Parker, John A	2 00
Parker, Laura S	2 00
Parker, Loula	1 00
Parr, A I	1 00
Paull, Jas Dana	27
Paull, Mrs Jas L	4 50
Paull, Marion	23
Pemberton I	1 00
Pennepacker, Mrs J B	5 00
Perry, Clayton, colt by	3 20
Peterson P H	1 00
Place, Will	50
Plimmis, Mrs Osborn	1 00
Pollock, May	2 00
Poppom, Mrs Thos	1 00
Poppom, Thos	1 00
Porter, Mrs M S	1 00
Pounds, Mrs E C	50
Pounds, Jos	1 00
Powell, Mrs C N	1 00
Price, Emma	1 00
Pugh, Mrs A M	1 00
Rapp, Mrs S G	25
Regennas, C Fred	1 00
Register, Gilford G	50
Reimers, Rosabella	1 00
Reinhardt, F B	50
Reinhardt, G A	1 00
Renir, Chas F	25
Reynolds, Mrs S P	1 00
Reynolds, Mrs W	25
Riley, John G	1 02
Rinker, Fred	1 00
Robinson, A A & wife	2 00
Robinson, J W	5 00
Roebuck, Mrs	1 00
Romberger, Mrs H M	1 00
Ronald, Mrs W G	5 0
Rudy, Miss Addie	5 00
Runell, Mrs F D	1 00
Russell, Mrs A M	10 00
Russell, John E	5 00
Russell, Virginia	5 00
Sanford, Mrs A R	3 00
Sargent, G W	1 00
Schaefer, Louis	2 00
Schnier, H A	5 00
Schulz, Mrs A	25
Schutt, E M	10 00
Scott, Edith	1 00
Scott, Jim	25
Seaber, S	25
Seaver, Miss	25
Sevrens, Mrs Mary	2 00
Shaffer, Arthur F	15
Shaffer, Clifford	50
Shank, Mrs Andrew	25
Shanklin, Mrs T C	2 00
Shaw, Levinia	1 00
Shober, Mrs E	2 00
Shultis John	10 00
Simkin, M A	2 00
Simmons, Frank	5 00
Sites, Mrs Martha	5 00
Skow, Anna	5 00
Sloan, Jessie	1 00
Sloat, F E	1 00
Sluiter, John	1 00
Small, Mrs B M	10
Small, Mrs H M	25
Smith, Annie E	1 00
Smith, Mrs C	1 00
Smith, Mrs C H	10
Smith, Rev E A	2 00
Smith, Mrs Harry	10
Smith, I T	50
Smith, Mrs M M	1 00
Smith, Paul	05
Smith, Mrs T B	5 00
Spessing, W A	5 00
Snyder, Mahala	1 00
Sparklin, Burton	25
Spencer, Miss D M	1 00
Stedman, Mrs C C	1 00
Stephens, J L	1 00
Stevenson, R I	5 00
Stone, Bertha	1 00
Stoner, J P	5 00
Stuckey, O N	50
Stymest, Mrs W	06
Sumner, Cheey	50
Sumner, John	1 40
Sumner, T G	50
Sutherland, Mrs A R	50
Swanson, Arvid	1 00
Swatt, J B	50
Syabo, A A	5 00
Sykes, Aurelius	4 00
Tate, M M	25
Taylor, Mrs H	25
Taylor, Mrs J H	10 00
Thimerhof, Fr	50
Thomas, D B	1 00
Thompson, Mrs M J	1 00
Thompson, Mrs S S	25 00
Truax, Mrs D B	1 00
Turner, Anna	1 00
Turner, Charles	6 00
Turner, Elsie	25
Turner, Mrs Serena	1 00
Turner, Wesley	5 00
Twiss, Mrs E L	1 00
Tyndall, Robt	1 00
Utley family	2 00
Van Arsdale, Etha	5 00
Vander Meer, Fannie	5 00
Vanderlyn, Mrs Clara	1 00
Vanderlyn, D J	25
Vaughan, Geo C	5 00
VanNote Charlotte W	25
Van Nuys, Mrs J H	1 00
Vest, C W	1 00
Wadman, Jeff	05
Waidelich, Mrs	25
Walker, Theyrad	4 00
Washburn, Harriet	10 00
Webb, F E	25
Weltmer, Mrs Rose	1 00
Wentz, H A	2 00
West, Edw Wm	5 00
White, Benj R	75
White, Jas	2 50
White, Mrs M A	1 00
Whitney, S	1 00
Whittington, Miss S	25
Wiggins, Miss Anna	1 00
Wile, A E	25
Wile, Mrs Elsie	25
Wile, Ezra	10
Wiley, J W	5 00
Williams, Mrs Geo W	5 00
Williams, Graham & Maud	1 00
Williams, I W	5 00
Williams, L D	50
Wills, Mrs D T	1 00
Wilson, Edna	5 00
Wilson, F M	1 00
Wilson, Robert J	1 00
Winsch, Edgar J	3 00
Wood, R W	1 00
Woodruff, Walter	30
Wolle, Mrs A L	1 00
Worth, C H	10 00
Wright, E O	1 00
Wright, Henry	5 00
Wright, Henry D	5 00
W A M E J, Delaware City	5 00
A A C, Council Bluffs	5 00
A B, wife and son, Knoxville	2 00
A H R and family, Larkins	5 00
Mrs A W. Murphysboro	1 00
B, Louisville	3 00
C A F, Pawnee City	1 00
C C, St Paul	1 00
C M, Phila	25
C R A, St Paul	2 00
C W W, Utica	1 00
D C B, Ft Scott	1 00
E F F, Providence	1 00
E F L, Montrose	3 00
E L, Harriston	2 00
E L B, Boston	5 00
E M C, St Louis	50
E W, Lawrence	5 00
E W B, N Y City	2 00
F G, Evansville	50
H W S, Minden	1 00
I T W, Astoria	5 00
J C, Waterloo	2 00
J H, Albany	1 00
L F G, Washington	5 00
L G M, Cowesett	1 00
Mrs L J T, Portland	50
M, Carlton	10 00
M, Phila	10
M C, Brooklyn	2 00
M L R, Cincinnati	1 00
M M, Ranton	1 00
M S O, Milton	1 00
S E S and A P S	3 00
W, Tedionte	10 00
——	10
——	5 00
——, Bridgeport	1 00
——, Chatfield	25 00
——, Chesaning	5 00
——, Decatur	50
——, Lancaster	25 00
——, Morrice	10 00
——, Ozone Park	1 00
——, Philadelphia	10 00
——, Prairieville	1 00
——, Sanbornville	5 00
——, Tate	1 00
—— Warrensburg	2 00
Cash, Lititz	25
" "	25
" "	18
" "	25
" "	25
" "	50
" "	25
" "	25
" "	10
" "	20
" "	05
" "	10
" "	15
" "	15
" Marvell	1 00
" "	25
" "	25
" "	50
" "	25
" "	25
" "	10
" Mont Alto	5
" Moorestown	1 00
Cash, Plainview	70
For Christ's sake, Seneca	1 00
For Jesus' sake, M M Maples Mill	15 00
For Jesus' sake, Newport News	1 00
Friends, Burlington	2 00
" Freehold	5 00
Friend, Franklin	2 00
" Gonic	2 00
" Holland Patent	2 00
" Lawrence	2 00
" Newark	5 00
" Norrisville	70
" N Dartmouth	5 00
" Ottumwa	1 00
" Phila	50
" Phila	10
An Aged Friend, Plainview	25
Friend, Youngstown	1 00
" Shippack	1 00
" Shippack	50
" S Newbury	40
" Toledo	2 00
" Waltham	1 00
" Willsborough	1 00
" Winters	3 00
Friends, E. Cobleskill	3 20
A Friend, Free Run	1 00
A Friend, Greenville	5 00
A Friend, Lowell	2 00
Friends, Middleboro	2 00
Friend, Nantucket	1 00
Friend, Newark	2 00
Friend, New Bedford	2 00
Friend, North Haven	5 00
Friend, Ottawa	100 00
Friend, Patchogue	1 00
Friend, Patchogue	1 00
Friend, I H N, Peoria	5 00
A Friend Peru	5 00
Friend, Philadelphia	1 00
Friend, Shepard	1 00
A Friend, Watermill	1 00
I. H. N., Bainbridge	50
I. H. N., DesMoines	5 00
I. H. N., Earnshaw	1 00
I. H. N., Mt. Alto	50
I. H. N., Newark	5 00
I. H. N., Phila	1 00
I. H. N., Union Bridge	1 00
I H N, Montrose	6 00
" Mt Carmel	50
" Port Arthur	10 00
" M C G, St Helen	5 00
" Stuarts Draft	1 00
In memory of Mrs S E Crawford	1 00
A Helper, Altoona	1 00
Reader, Baltimore	1 00
Reader, Chadwick	1 00
Reader	1 00
" Johnstown	1 00
" Littleton	3 00
" Lowell	1 00
Reader, Zanesville	50
Subr, Ashbourne	3 00
" Corinna	1 00
" Hampton	00
" Hoi-ington	1 00
" Rehoboth	1 00
A Subscriber, Antio	1 00
C. H. Subscriber, Barton Heights	1 00
An Old Subscriber, Bridgeport	2 00
Subscriber, Cambridge	5 00
An Old Subscriber, Geneva	5 00
Subs'er, Southbrid	5 00
A Sympathizer, Wa ington	00
Sympathy, Tarryton	3 00
" Dayton	1 00
3 sisters, Janesville	3 00
Sisters, New Hartfo	00
Unnamed, Munith	25
One who loves Jes	1 00
For China	00
Friends Cn, Carmel	5 00
1 Cong Ch, Lombar	3 00
S Sch, Estespark	3 00
Indian School Chamberlin	3 66
Loyal Service Circle of King's Daughters, Hackensack	10 00
Woman's Miss So Shelter Island	3 13
Concordia Miss So Washington	3 00
Woman's Thursd Club, Dublin	3 00
A King's Daughte Montclair	60
Mother and daught Madison	2 00
Old Widow, Virginia	1 00
From one of Christ followers, Bowlin Green	00
Unnamed, Monroe	00
East Quogue M. E. Church	50
M E Church, East Quogue	00
Belle Vista Union C and S. S., Plymout Co., Ia	1 00
Scandinavian Missio Ch, Portland	75
K. S. & D. of Publ School, Beaufort	3 00
Missions, E. Tilton	4 00
Children's Home, Shelbyville	00
"If thine enem hunger, feed him.	00
Chicago	
In memory of a love one, Ipswich	00

THE CHILDREN'S HOME

Statement Showing the Contributions and Disbursements of The Christian Herald's Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, for the year 1900.

DISBURSEMENTS

EXPENSES CONNECTED WITH MONT-LAWN

A. J. Haring for Mason Work on house	$40 00	
Henry Morris for Gravel for roads	30 00	
Manhattan Trap Rock Co., for broken stone	30 00	
Michael McCafferty, repairing stone walls, etc	36 68	
John N. Wesel, painting buildings	375 00	
John N. Wesel, sundry work	125 00	
F. W. Devoe & C. T. Reynolds Co., for paint	7 50	
Geo. R. Wyman for Plumbing	289 50	
John H. Post, contract for Carpenter Work	479 00	
John H. Post, Miscellaneous Work	421 00	
		1,833.68

EXPENSES CONNECTED WITH PROSPECT HILL

Legal Expenses and Commission connected with transfer of same	518 55	
Caretaker	160 00	
		678.55

HOUSE FURNISHING AND FITTING

Ernst & Bro. for furnishing, etc	110 87	
Townsend Bros., for crockery	11 48	
Harrison & Dalley for sundries	71 17	
John Wanamaker for Wallpaper and Matting	73 23	
Arthur Blue for Wallpaper	5 95	
Stern Bros., for Dry Goods	6 00	
Brooklyn Furniture Co., for repairing furniture	201 00	
Sheppard Knapp & Co., for carpets	38 90	
Miscellaneous furnishings	51 40	
		570.00

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING AND SUPPLIES

Thos. Glynn, for shoes	23 92	
I. Eisenstein, for boys' canes	17 50	
Consolidated Fireworks Co., for fireworks	35 00	
H. B. Claflin & Co., for overalls	5 00	
Laundry	239 25	
Miscellaneous articles	15 30	
		335.97

MEDICAL

J. D. Blauvelt, druggist	8 56	
Dr. Lewi	75 00	
Miscellaneous articles	1 05	
		84.61

FOOD SUPPLIES

Henry Koehler, for Meats, Fish and Vegetables	525 76	
James E. Morris & Co.— for 1,460 lbs. Crackers, 1,552 lbs. Sugar, 625 lbs. Beans, 870 lbs. Butter, 580 lbs. Cereals, 48 doz Canned Vegetables, and other foods	683 57	
H. Kolb, for 4,968 loaves Bread, etc	389 76	
Randolph Bros., for Sundry Groceries	31 75	
Leydecker Bros. Co., for Sundry Groceries	140 12	
Geo. F. Wood, for 8,308 qts. Milk	372 04	
M. Robertson, for Bread, etc., etc.	150 74	
J. M. Horton Ice Cream Co., for Ice Cream	20 40	
Miscellaneous	40 02	
		2,354.16

LIVERY AND STABLES

A. E. and J. H. Christie, for Harness and various repairs	100 35	
I. T. Gaynor & Co., for Feed	158 35	
Pye & Towt, for Feed	8 85	
James H. Blauvelt, for Shoeing	17 95	
Van Tassel & Kearney and others, for Horses	210 00	
David D. Kessler, for Livery, Stage, etc	72 00	
Miscellaneous	43 00	
		610.50

FREIGHT AND TRANSPORTATION

North River Steamboat Co.		
Transportation of 1880 children and helpers	382 91	
Freight	42 49	
Traveling expenses, helpers and others	306 69	
Nyack Express Co.	17 46	
Miscellaneous expressage	3 45	
		753.00

SALARIES AND WAGES

Superintendent of Home	245 16	
Salaries of helpers	636 41	
Salaries of office help	125 00	
Caretakers, hostler and kitchen help	1 023 97	
		2,030.54

MISCELLANEOUS

Blauvelt & Morrell, for insurance	105 96	
W. H White & Co., for coal, wood, etc	65 82	
Nyack Ice Co., for ice	57 18	
Wing & Son, for piano rent and expense	43 00	
M. R. Kunkely, for tents	343 75	
John Long, for moving from Prospect Hill	40 00	
Henry Morris and others, for teaming	26 00	
Photograph of various buildings, etc	20 50	
Telephone service, etc	28 49	
Postage	35 65	
Stationery	31 62	
School taxes	34 14	
Auditors' fees	41 00	
Miscellaneous	70 54	
		943.65
		$10,194.66
January 1st, 1900, Overdrawn as per statement on page 543, "The Christian Herald," June 27, 1900		1,518.97
		$11,713.63
Contributions received during 1900 and acknowledged in "The Christian Herald," including "Jane Hope Fund"		$9,800.40
Overdraft of "Children's Home" Fund as at Jan. 1st, 1901		$1,913.23

Public Accountant's Certification

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of receipts and disbursements in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular.

SWORN TO before me this 27th day of MAY, A. D. 1901.

W. S. GUERINEAU NOTARY PUBLIC NEW YORK

Wm. S. Guerineau
Notary Public

Lorin Housby
Public Accountant,
150 Broadway, New York

MINOR CHARITIES 1900

Showing the Moneys Received and Expended by The Christian Herald for Miscellaneous Charities, Mission and Other Religious and Benevolent Work During the Year 1900

RECEIPTS

Contributions received during 1900 as per acknowledgments in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for various charities, Home and Foreign Mission Work, Personal Relief, &c., &c., as set forth in adjoining column.

Issue of Feb. 21	$552 22
" April 18	630 91
" April 25	191 96
" June 20	233 00
" July 4	162 50
" July 25	76 40
" Sept. 5	111 26
" Sept. 26	71 50
" Oct. 3	176 41
" Oct. 10	339 72
" Oct. 17	1,080 78
" Oct. 31	320 88
" Nov. 28	57 05
1901	
" Jan. 2	100 31
" Jan. 9	591 64
" Feb. 6	109 38
" Feb. 13	4 25
" Feb. 20	209 13
" May 15	269 29
Miscellaneous Items	61.90
Total Receipts	$5,350.49

DISBURSEMENTS

Dec. 31, 1899, Amount Overpaid	$334.83

FOREIGN MISSIONS

Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions,	$2 50
Rev. J. Norwood, Bucaramanga, Colombia	5 00
Rev. E. H. Richards, Inhambane, E. Africa	72 40
Rev. F. M. Price, Micronesian Mission	10 00
Bishop Thoburn, Bombay, India,	50 00
Spanish Gospel Fund for 3,096 Testaments sent to missionaries and others,	155 75
Gospel Work in Cuba for 414 Testaments, Spanish and English,	20 70
Rev. Jas. Stewart, Lovedale, S. Africa, per Rev. Dr. Eaton,	20 00
Bishop Hartzell,	7 00
Gospel Work in Philippines,	26 00
F. R. Hawley, Tr. E. African Famine Fund	477 03
Elmer E. Hubbard, Matanzas,	117 00
Chaplain C. C. Pierce, U. S. A., Manila,	15 50
Rev. Dr. Emilio Olssen, Buenos Ayres, Argentine, S. A.	191 95
Dr. T. M. MacKnight, Las Palmas, Canary Islands,	2 00
Mrs. Roset a Hall, for Corea Mission,	2 00
Rev. J. W. Wadman, for Japanese Mission	1 00
Miss Mary Reed,	6 00
Levi Salmans, Guanajuato, Mexico	10 00
Dr. W. T. Currie, Cisamba, C. Africa,	10 00
Alice Condict, M. D., Manila, Philippine,	10 00
Dr. Hannah Yoseph, Persia,	10 00
Rev. D. W. Lobb, Cape Prince of Wales,	10 00
R. W. Crichton, Venezuela, S. America,	10 00
Rev. Joseph Paul, Assam,	10 00
Rev. D. Wilkshire, Bahama Islands,	13 00
Miss Annie Taylor, Thibet,	10 00
	1,274.83

HOME MISSIONARY WORK

Mrs. M. E. Falk, Home of Good Samaritan	29 57
Mrs. J. M. Lamadrid, St. Andrew's Coffee Stand,	1 00
Rev. R. A. Cake, Work Among Life Savers	3 00
Presbyterian Board of Home Missions,	2 50
Miss Mary Agnew's Mission,	15 00
Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, Door of Hope Mission,	40 31
Miss Emma Nason, Sault St. Marie, Mich.	71 00
Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, Clinton St. Settlement	71 76
Mrs. Rose H. Lathrop, Cancer Mission,	42 50
American Sunday School Union,	188 00
Rev. Jee Gam,	1 00
Rev. S. K. Grady, Trenton, N. J.	50
Gillespie,	50
Beatty Rescue Mission, Cincinnati, O.	10 00
Florence Mission, New York City,	7 50
Freedman's Aid Society,	10 00
St. John's Guild, New York City,	1 00
John J. Munroe, Tombs Chaplain, N. Y. City	6 00
New York Homeopathic Hospital,	10 00
Gospel Tent, New York City,	75
Mrs. Bird's Christmas Tree,	279 36
Cremorne Mission, New York City,	8 50
Salvation Army,	100 00
Ragged Church, Bowery, New York City,	1 00
	900.75

FOR GALVESTON RELIEF

Salvation Army Galveston Relief Work,	200 00
Hon. Jos. B. Sayers, Governor of Texas,	200 00
Hon. Jos. B. Sayers, Governnor of Texas,	1,000 00
Journal Galveston Relief Work,	50 00
Christian Herald Commissioner's Expenses	15 00
Telegrams, $10.25; postage, &c., $3.20	13 45
	1,478.45

MISCELLANEOUS

H. E. Garth, Treas. Philafrican League,	5 00
Bella Cooke, New York City,	3 25
Gen. O. O. Howard, Lincoln Memorial University,	225 00
Mayesville Institute,	444 60
American Tract Society, New York City,	1 00
American Bible Society,	6 75
Rev. W. H. Lee, Farmville, Va.,	5 00
Mrs. Geo. R. Weaver,	25 00
Franklin St. Church,	20 00
Rev. H. H. Keyes,	4 40
Rev. James Jameson,	10 00
Mrs. Cyrus P. Jones,	10 00
Rev. Dr. T. C. Reade, Taylor University,	50 00
N. Y. City Tombs work,	81 00
Miss Johnson,	4 12
Mrs. F. Foster,	5 00
Mr. Abrahams,	7 00
Mrs. Weeks,	3 00
Mr. Robinson,	20 00
Sundry Petty Benevolences,	23 80
	918.92

EXPENSES

Postage on Acknowledgments,	16 88
Stenographer,	1 45
Revenue Stamps,	5 00
Stationery,	15 00
Freight and Expressage,	1 90
Wages of Clerk,	14 00
Auditor's Fees,	25 00
	79.23
Total Disbursements,	5,022.01
Balance on hand, January 1, 1901,	328.48
	$5,350.49

Public Accountant's Certification

This is to certify that I have carefully examined every item of receipts and disbursements in connection with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD charities, and have diligently compared every stub, receipt, voucher and check, and find the same correct and in accord with the above statement in every particular.

SWORN TO before me this 27th day of May, A. D., 1901.

W. S. GUERINEAU NOTARY PUBLIC NEW YORK

Wm. S. Guerineau
Notary Public

Lorin Housby
Public Accountant,
150 Broadway, New York

GOV. JENNINGS AND MR. FLAGLER AT THE FAIR

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER

THE PRIZE EXHIBIT AT MIAMI FAIR

A NEW FARM COLONY FOR UNEMPLOYED LABOR

The Salvation Army Planning to Establish an Extensive One in Southeastern Florida

THE Salvation Army's plan of colonizing the unemployed and worthy poor of our great cities on large farms has proven so successful in Colorado, California and Ohio, that the organization has determined to extend similar operations to other sections, and arrangements are now being made to establish a settlement in Florida. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are fully informed as to the purpose, conditions and progress of the farm colonies at Romie, California, and Amity, Colorado. The one more lately founded at Willoughby, Ohio, is being rapidly developed. An artesian well is being sunk, telephone wires run to the place, gardening operations begun, a large dairy established, a wide acreage of clover is promised, and a number of new cottages are being run up. Tomato culture, and the raising of celery, onions and vegetables on a large scale will be undertaken. A new canning factory at Willoughby has engaged, at a fair price, all the tomatoes the colonists will raise. Meanwhile, impoverished families from the crowded middle-western cities are being settled on the farm in neat little homes, which they have the sure hope of owning for themselves if they profit by the opportunities provided.

Commander Booth-Tucker, who has lately returned from Florida, is enthusiastic over the prospect of colonization there. A 5,000 acre tract of land near Miami is under consideration, and will probably be selected as the site for the new settlement. Mr. Henry M. Flagler, the Florida capitalist, has offered the property on such generous terms, that they practically include a donation. It is a tribute to Salvation Army colonies that business men of the various sections in which they are located, have welcomed them. They are moral, industrious, temperance communities, exercising an influence for good. Mr. Flagler expressed great interest in the scheme, taking the Commander and his associates around in his private car or in his yacht, and giving them every opportunity of seeing the country thoroughly. The Governor of the State also showed warm good-will and approval. The Commander says:

"In our Florida settlement we expect to do intensive farming. More can be gotten out of one acre there than out of ten elsewhere. As we were on our way down to Miami (April 4), train-loads of vegetables were thundering past us to the Northern markets, and there commanding high prices."

During their stay, the fair was held at Miami, and through the good offices of the Governor and Mr. Flagler, photographs were obtained, which show just what may be expected of soil in that region. Two of these pictures, through the courtesy of Col. Brewer, Editor of the *War-Cry*, appear for the first time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In one, the prize exhibit—fifty-two different kinds of vegetables—the product of a woman's farming, is seen. In the other, Mr. Flagler and Governor Jennings appear in the midst of a display of which any Floridian might be proud.

The Salvation Army has always founded and conducted its farm colonies on good business principles. The object, as has been stated in these columns by the Commander, being to "relieve congested cities of the unemployed and to place waste labor on waste land by means of waste capital."

Commander Booth-Tucker, writing of the farm colony plan, as a means of utilizing unemployed labor, says: "The object of these colonies is to take the surplus population of our great centres, and place them in homes of their own upon the land. Our principal colony is situated in Colorado, where some two thousand acres of rich alluvial land have been purchased and one hundred and fifty men, women and children have already been settled. Nearly every colonist is a married man with a family, some with very large families. Indeed this has been the central pivot of the enterprise. Domicide, or the destruction of the family and the home, is one of the worst signs of modern civilization. The keenest anguish of a city life is that which centers around a starving family. The single man or woman is not to be so much pitied. It is much easier for such to gain a living. Even if they fall, they fall alone. It is far otherwise with a family. Here the finger-prints of poverty leave their blackest mark, and the suffering is the most appalling, because the victims consist largely of weak women and innocent children, and just the class who are most eager to work, if they only have the chance. Our plan says, in brief: 'Place the waste labor upon the waste land by means of the waste capital, and thereby convert this trinity of waste into a unity of production.'"

A SLAVE-HUT OF THE LONG AGO

A MERRY GROUP OF PICCANINNIES

TYPICAL COLONY COTTAGE

IN OUR FATHER'S CARE

THE ships glide in at the harbor's mouth,
And the ships sail out to sea,
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny South
Is as sweet as sweet can be.
There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
There's a world of trouble and care,
But oh, in a world where our Father reigns,
There is gladness everywhere.

The earth is fair in the breezy morn,
And the toilers sow and reap,
And the fullness comes to the tasselled corn,
Whether we wake or sleep.
And far on the hills by feet untrod,
There are blossoms that scent the air,
For oh, in this world of our Father, God,
There is beauty everywhere.

The babe lies soft on the mother's breast,
And the tide of joy flows in,
He giveth, he taketh, he knoweth best,
The Lord to whose home we win,
And oh, when the soul is with trials tossed,
There is help in the lifted prayer,
For never a soul that he loves is lost,
And our Father is everywhere.

The ships sail over the harbor bar
Away and away to sea.
The ships sail in with the evening star
To the port where no tempests be.
The harvest waves on the summer hills,
And the bands go forth to reap,
And all is right, as our Father wills,
Whether we wake or sleep.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

IN MY VERANDA CHAIR

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Monotony on the Farm

MONOTONY on the farm is only harder to bear than monotony in the city, because the farm-house stands by itself in the fields, the routine of the work is little varied, and there are not many neighbors to run in and help pass the time. A breath of new interest, a change of scene helps us over many a hard place, and the woman, uch alone, who just drudges on and on, toiling with verish energy, cooking, cleaning, sewing, working from orning until night, with nobody to talk to, and nothing see, except chickens and cows, often grows cross and red, and sometimes ends in growing insane.

A farmer, not long ago, wrote to us that his wife, to hom he had been married for thirty years, and whom tenderly loved, at times ran away, literally that. She ould disappear for days or weeks, and could not be aced. A restless fit would come over her, and she mply could not stand her life any longer, for the time ing. After awhile, he said, she would return, quiet id contented and her old self. Another sband is in desperate straits, so sharp id bitter-tongued is his wife. The poor an cannot say a word to please her, and is at his wit's end. Living with a rew is really harder than living with a naway, but neither condition is ideal.

There are many ways of improving ost situations if we would but avail ourlves of them. The nervous woman who alizes that she cannot control herself as sily as she once did, who knows that e is fretful and cross and a nagger, may a great deal for herself. If, when the s of energy and unreason mingled, drive r ahead like a ship under full sail, she ll just go away by herself and sit still r ten minutes, eyes shut, hands folded, dy relaxed, she will find the exercise in tience beneficial. If she will let go of e house, let it be occasionally ill-swept, the housework drag a little, in the end e will catch up with her tasks. They uld have to be neglected if she were in r grave. Our world does manage to go somehow when our toiling hands are ll. The other day I saw a child of ght happily playing with her mates, and ked, "Who is the little stranger on the ck?" "Oh! that is Trudy," was the swer. "Her mother died last month; st dropped dead in the middle of everyng, and left six, Trudy's the oldest ild; there are two pairs of twins." And who is taking care of that mother's brood?" I asked. "An aunt has me to the house, and another aunt has ken Trudy and Willy, and they're getting . Poor Mrs. L—— was just tired to ath."

Friends, if we can help ourselves, let us p short of getting tired to death. Let get rested this side of the danger line. The man who sees that his wife is not r usual bright self, should carry on a ntal process after this fashion: "Hester restless. She has no appetite. She ks worn and pale. What can I do? n I petting and praising her as I used do? Am I giving her as much help as an about the house?" (There are many ngs a man can do, quite as well as his fe; not merely in the line of woodopping and building fires. He may manage a washing tchine, and do the churning, and put his strength to in lifting and carrying. He can and should halve care of his own children.) The good husband may rsuade his wife to go away on a visit to her mother, if his means permit, he and she may go away on a rney together. Love, tact and common sense are three great helps in smoothing the pathway of dded life.

Cobbler's Philosophy

"A stitch in time saves nine, Mabel," said old Jacob, French cobbler, taking the old worn shoe in his nd, and looking it over. "Don't fear, child, I can't ke it as good as new, but I'll patch it up, at sole and el, so that it will give you good service yet."

"I often think," he went on, "of the ways people wear their shoes. Some run them down at the heel; some are hard on the toes, and some seem to break through their shoes at every point. Character is shown in a half-worn shoe; whether a man is sober and steady, or reckless and impulsive. There's real economy in buying a good shoe, to begin with. A pair of well-made shoes will outlast two poorly-sewed pairs. A man with false pride will be ashamed of a mended shoe, but therein he shows that he has a mean spirit. Honesty need never go in rags; it can afford repairs. Now, Mabel, remember in your cobbling, not to let things go till nobody can mend them. Try a stitch in time."

Visiting Cards.

The caprices of the visiting card are many. Sometimes it is small and square, again it is large and oblong. Now, the fancy may be for black type, like printing; again, an engraved script in letter style is preferred. The usual form for a matron is, Mrs. Lucien Brown, through if Mrs. Brown be a widow she may, if she choose, have Mrs. Sarah Jane Brown instead. Most widows at this time retain the style they used during their husband's life. The oldest daughter in the household is Miss Brown on her visiting card. The next, Miss Helen. The next, Miss Marie, or whatever the name is. But the sisters may occasionally use a common card in their invitations, as The Misses Brown, or their mother may issue cards for a lawn party or a reception with Mrs. Lucien Brown at the top and the Misses Brown below. A man's card is very modest, and very small. A husband and wife who go out much together—which does not often happen—may have their visiting cards thus: Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brown.

It is not necessary to shower visiting cards in making calls. Punctilious people occasionally leave half a dozen at each place they visit, one apiece, that is for the family, but this is a superfluity of attention, and a single card is really quite sufficient.

A Cobbler's Philosophy

FULL ASSURANCE

DRAWING near with full assurance,
Ah, my soul, how can it be?
How canst thou, condemned and sinful,
Think of God as near to thee?

He is faithful that has promised,
Here my soul has found its rest;
And, by fully trusting Jesus,
With assurance I am blest.

So I come, my sins confessing,
Boldly come, without a fear,
All my right in Christ possessing,
To the Father, "drawing near."

The Late Major D. W. Whittle,
In Jonathan and Other Poems.

Keeping a Diary

WE are told that Queen Victoria forbade the ladies in immediate attendance upon her to keep a diary in which court gossip might hereafter please curious eyes. Here the Queen showed her rare sagacity, for, though these personal records of other reigns in France, England, and Germany have made entertaining reading for modern eyes, yet they have sometimes revealed circumstances and incidents which might as well have been forgotten. Whether or not the court ladies kept diaries, no sovereign has the authority to prevent our doing so if we please, and it is to be hoped that many of us have formed the habit.

A diary in the old days, if we are to judge from the memoirs of many of the saints, was a record of the inner life. Were we to set down in black and white all our vain regrets for the sins and mistakes of the past, our little books would not furnish very profitable reading. But this is not an age of introspection. Probably we are less morbid now; certainly we brood less over errors, and try, as steadfastly to live the Christ-life as our ancestors did. Our diaries are rather objective than subjective. We make them pictorial histories of our family life, setting down births, betrothals, weddings, visits, journeys, the pleasant happenings of an ordinary household. Tears wet the page sometimes, for trouble comes, and death and days of grief, but the rose color in most lives predominates over the gray, and more of the life story is bright than sorrowful.

She who would really keep a diary must be provided with a little blank book, and a pen, and accustom herself to entering her record every day. To omit the jottings for a week is fatal to success. One must make a duty of the task, and never go to bed until the page for the day has its little story inscribed.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—Mrs. Anna M. Thanks for your recipe for starching black goods.

—Young Inquirer. When in doubt about the right or wrong of a thing, refrain.

—Hazel. Pay no attention to letters sent you by young men who are strangers to you.

—L. M. The saloon-keeper's wife, in helping her husband, shares his responsibility for evil.

—Adaline. Write for information to the Training School for Missionaries, Herkimer, N. Y.

—A Christian. Dress plainly for church, particularly if your neighbors do, and wear your handsome gowns at other times. This is a matter of personal taste; there is no rule.

—Mabella. Study stenography and typewriting. You may do so at an evening class of the Young Women's Christian Association.

—Mrs. F. W. K. *Stepping Heavenward* is in most Sunday School libraries. The question of amusements must be settled by the individual conscience.

—Sally. Go to bed every night at nine. Eat fruit in abundance, and avoid fried food. Wear your hair, for the present, in two long braids. Do not think yourself a young lady for the next five years.

Be Ye Kind to One Another*

"BE ye kind to one another," thus hath said our blessed Lord,
Let us seek his gracious Spirit, that we may obey his word.
O! what sorrow oft we've given to the friends we've loved most dear,
And what grief to Christ in heaven, by the harsh words spoken here.

"Be ye kind to one another"; brief the life that here we live;
Tears are all around us flowing, comfort let us strive to give;
Shed thy tears alone with Jesus, all thy trouble to him bring,
Then with smiles for all around thee, shed forth sunshine for the King.

"Be ye kind to one another"; soon the parting hour will come,
Then, what sadness to remember, how we've marred the earthly home;
How we oft by lack of kindness, cheerless left an aching heart,
And by selfish word, or action, caused the silent tear to start.

"Be ye kind to one another"; Jesus thus is glorified,
For he saith that his disciples are by this identified;
"God is love," and from his children naught but love should ever flow,
That the love of God our Saviour this sad world might fully know.

An Observer in New York†

LET the young man who feels himself fit bring his skill, character, integrity, brains, enterprise, and health into the great arena of competition which New York offers, and enter the strife—not aiming to accumulate this world's goods, except incidentally; but let his aim ever be the education and elevation of his mind and his soul to higher and better things.

This is the only success or goal worth a man's striving for. To the growing man every other kind will prove to be Dead Sea fruit, and will sooner or later turn to bitterness and leave him desolate. Let him be earnest and diligent in his business, whatever that may be; but keep ever before his mind this divine injunction: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." To such a one New York will yield its choicest gifts.

A Mission to the Rich

If you are ambitious for missionary work, and earnestly desire to teach the doctrine of peace, love, and human brotherhood, don't go to some far-away island or strange people, but come to Manhattan Island. There is no place on earth more in need of missionaries than this island. Not so much among the poor, and weak, and lowly, but among the rich and powerful. The East Side and the West Side are fairly well supplied with missions already. In fact, missions "on the side" is a Newyorkitic fad. What we need most is missions in the centre. We need strong men whose daily lives are missions, and I earnestly commend this work to ambitious young men.

The Right Idea of Money-Earning

If a thousand dollars comes into your possession, and does not bring with it the training, discipline, and developing influences which justly belong to the honest earning of it by the exercise of skill or knowledge of some kind, then you have been cheated out of the best part of that thousand dollars. That thousand-dollar bill you hold in your hand is spurious; it is a counterfeit—not a thousand dollars at all to you, its so-called owner. You have been deprived of the elevating and evoluting influences which are inseparable from the labor necessary to honestly acquire that amount of money.

About Gambling

I know of no way to determine how bad a given form of gambling is except by comparing its destructive effects with other kinds of gambling. If this is a safe rule, then stock gambling is the worst of all, for it has brought more wide-spread grief and sorrow than any other form. More reputations have been blasted, more men who occupied positions of trust and usefulness have been sent to State's prison or made fugitives from justice, more brilliant careers of usefulness have been destroyed, and more of other people's money has been lost, as a result of stock gambling, than by all the gambling-houses and pool-rooms in New York put together. Yet stock gambling is eminently respectable from the standpoint of the moral Newyorkitic.

The Yellow God

In some parts of the world, in Siam for instance, the people worship and hold sacred the white elephant. There are dun elephants which can do everything that a white elephant can do, but the people for generations have suffered from the illusion that the white elephant possesses certain inherent virtues not possessed by any other member of the animal kingdom. They have worshiped it so long that the delusion has become a fixed and unthinking fetish with them. And the priests, who are materially benefited by the prevalence of this doctrine, will kill you if you attempt to dispel the illusion. The Newyorkitic suffers from a similar illusion about one of the metals, namely, gold. You cannot get it out of his mind that this one member of the mineral kingdom possesses certain intrinsic virtues not possessed by any other metal.

A moral Newyorkitic will go to church Sunday morning, and drone out, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them," and for the remaining six days of the week he worships gold, and he will break the other nine commandments in his efforts to get it. If you suggest to him that his affection for this particular metal is an illusion, you are fortunate if he applies no stronger epithet than "crank" to you.

Windows Closed Against the Angels

How often we meet a man again after years, and find that he is no worse and no better, no wiser and no sillier, than when we met him last! He has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. And so far as you can judge from his physiognomy and his talk, he has not had a new mental or moral insight, or made a new generalization, or drawn a new mental circle, or changed his estimates, or enlarged his mantle of charity, since you last talked with him. He has had births, deaths, and marriages in his family; he has had business troubles; he has been done up by a sharper, and steadily robbed by corporations of one kind and another; he has toiled every day for a living; but all of these angels found the windows and doors of his mind and soul closed when they called, and could leave him nothing of benefit.

The Rise of David*

THE ascent of David from the station of a poor shepherd boy, the youngest son of a large family in a small Judean village, to the throne of Israel, was due to the possession of an extraordinary combination of high qualities.

Physically he was "ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to," of great strength, endurance and activity, very dexterous in the use of weapons and musical instruments, and of rare and persuasive voice in speech and song. Mentally he developed high ability as a leader in war, a civil ruler, a law maker, a naturalist, a poet, a philosopher and a theologian, and he was renowned for courage, firmness, energy, hope, faith, long suffering and other qualities that command success and authority.

But physical powers may be perilous if undirected by mind. The union of the two are dangerous to mankind if unguided by right purposes, and, as all biography proves, these have their highest inspiration from belief, obedience and love regarding a supreme force controlling the universe, however it be named or conceived by humanity. Strength and address of body are but the roots, mental qualities are but the branches and foliage, of a manhood which can only be complete in the blossoms of true sentiment and the fruits of a righteous and lofty spirit. It was this completion of David's nature that perfected his greatness in all things. His activity of body and energy of mind culminated in zeal of soul. His magnanimity in triumph, his lack of arrogance and false pride, his hatred of baseness in friend or foe, his sympathy for the worthy in distress, his generosity, his unfailing gratitude to his helpers in need, and his respect for all in authority, are but the lesser evidences of his higher character. He had not merely a lofty appreciation of beauty, fitness, righteousness and spirituality, but an earnest love for them in all things.

Thus David's heart controlled his thoughts and actions, and it is the general loveliness, sincerity, uprightness and purity of its impulses that most distinguishes his career. That which weak or ill-developed men cannot or will not confess, which reserved men hold to in silence or which excitable ones declaim without consistency, was not merely his attribute as a lover or poet, but was his living glory and as normal a part of his being as his vigor of frame and energy of mind. And it is the warmth, the impetuosity and exaltation of feeling he evinced that most endears him, as it does all true genius, to the hearts of men. His heart and its emotions are, indeed, constantly referred to in the Psalms and glorify their language throughout, so that we hardly need his open declarations: "I commune with mine own heart"; "With my whole heart have I sought thee"; "I will praise the Lord with my whole heart"; "My heart trusteth in him"; "I will love thee, O, Lord, my strength!" and many other passages, to prove their inspiration. How beneficent is the Creator in making this grace of heart, this highest attribute of manhood, free to all humanity. Comparatively few among the toiling millions of earth have opportunity to eat bountifully of the tree of knowledge, whose fruit, while at times poisonous in its immaturity, is so rich in nutriment when fully ripe, but the poorest and most ignorant slave can share with kings the wisdom of Nature's infallible teachings, the charms it presents to every sense, the tenderness of love and a zealous devotion to deity.

BOOKS RECEIVED

A Question of Silence. By Amanda M. Douglass. An interesting story or dissertation on hereditary insanity; very readable and in the author's attractive style. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

Olive Tracy. By Amy Le Feuvre. An English love story about the time of the commencement of the Boer War. Interesting plot, and worthy of perusal. It will be found pleasing to many readers. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

What is Good Music? Suggestions to persons desiring to cultivate a taste in musical art. By W. J. Henderson, author of *The Story of Music, Preludes and Studies*, etc. Pp. 205; cloth; $1. Publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Truth About the Philippines, from official records and authentic sources. By H. H. Van Meter. A most interesting, instructive and timely volume, which sheds a flood of light upon our new Pacific possessions, concerning which so little is yet known. Pp. 432. The Liberty League, Chicago, publishers.

Birth, a New Chance. By Columbus Bradford. This is a book in advocacy of strange theories—that the human race is in process of rising from animalhood to angelhood; that men will cease to die when they cease to sin; that the individual may be reborn or reincarnated times without number, etc., etc. It is an illustration of the some among the many vagaries of an age of diverse theologies. Pp. 363. Cloth binding. Price, $1.50. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publishers.

*From *Jonathan and Other Poems.* By Major D. W. Whittle. Peculiar interest attaches to this collection of verse, owing to the fact that it was completed only a few weeks prior to the author's death, after a lingering illness, at Northfield. Pp. 158; cloth, 75 cents. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

†From *Newyorkitis*, by John H. Girdner, M. D. An entertaining and most instructive little volume, which points out in a good-natured fashion, yet philosophically, the social and moral foibles of the native New Yorker. Pp. 164, cloth binding. The Grafton Press, New York, publishers.

*From *The Heart of David, the Psalmist King.* By A. G. Heaton. In this book Bible chronicles are set forth in blank verse, showing the love and zeal of the shepherd of Israel. It is illustrated by the author. Pp. 388; cloth cover. Published by the Neale Company, Washington.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Makes the bread more healthful.
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Conferring on Missions

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE RECENTLY HELD IN NEW ORLEANS

BY C. P. ATKINSON

IURING the great Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New Yk last year, the delegates from the Mhodist Episcopal Church, South, held a meeting to consider how best to turn to practical account the suggestions which had been made during those wonderful days of blessing. Subsequently, after consultation with the Missionary Board of the Church, it was decided to hold a conference in New Orleans, at

V. S. S. KEENER, D.D.

wh new plans for extended and more effient work in every field occupied by the Mhodist Episcopal Church South should beonsidered. That Conference has now be held.

ore than a thousand delegates assembl in Tulane Hall, which is part of Tula University. Rev. S. S. Keener, D.D., Piding Elder, and Dr. E. L. McGhee, a ominent physician of New Orleans, wi other members of the managing comm ees, had labored arduously in arrangin the details for the success of the Conf nce. The

DR. E. L. MCGHEE

assembly was one that will not soon be forgcen by any who witnessed it.

Among the notable personages on the platform were Bishop J. C. Kner, who has been in the ministry about sixty years, and a bishop thirty-five yes, and who founded the mssion in Mexico; Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of India, a veteran missionary of the M. E. Church; Dr. Young J. Allen, an aged missionary from China, with long, flowing beard and princely bearing; Bishops Hendrix, Granberg and Key, and Rev. Dr. A. I. Sotherland, of Canada.

President Booker T. Washington, of Tskegee, Ala., represented the cause of hirace from his standpoint, while there w the utmost concordance between his utrances and those of the white preacher of the South who have labored in that fid, his presentation was unique in being fr a standpoint wholly new. The immse audience hung with overpowering enusiasm for more than an hour upon the earnest words of this negro teacher. here was no more inspiring message th that brought by Bishop J. M. Thoburn. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN ERALD know Bishop Thoburn's self-sacrificing labors in the Indian famine. H message to the great Conference was o concerning the hunger of soul, which he has spent the long years of his life in trying to supply with the Bread of Life.

The Church listens with great interest in these times to well-informed laymen. Mr. John Barrett has spent most of the years of his active service since reaching manhood in the Far East. He was appointed Minister to Siam when but twenty-seven years of age, and has not only lived abroad, but has traveled much in the mission fields of the churches. He was secured by the Programme Committee to give a "Layman's View of the Future of Missions." His optimistic message was full of a hope based upon thorough investigation.

The devotional half-hour each day, at noon, was conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor. Dr. Taylor has been identified with the China Inland Mission, founded by his father, Dr. J. Hudson Taylor. Mrs. Taylor after mission work, in London, was for years engaged in the same work in China. The short space of time devoted to prayer under their guidance, was a benediction in the midst of each day.

Dr. W. H. Park, of Soo Chow, China, was secured to speak on Medical Missions. After an interesting address he introduced two native Chinese gentlemen from Soo Chow. They were Mr. B. G. Tshang and his Secretary, Mr. Tso. Mr. Tshang is a Buddhist, but is very friendly to the mission in his city. Mr. Tso is a Christian, and speaks English. He spoke for Mr. Tshang to the Conference. It was by means of an operation upon the eyes of one of Mr. Tshang's nephews, the brother of Mr. Li, that Dr. Park came into the great favor of this family. They have contributed in the last year or two about five thousand dollars for the work of the mission, mainly in the hospital and the university now being built.

A feature of the Conference, which was wholly unplanned, was a missionary offering of more than fifty thousand dollars. At the close of a very inspiring address on "Missionary Heroes," by Bishop C. B. Galloway, a check was sent up. Others began to come, and spontaneously the amount was offered as fast as names could be written. This subscription is thoroughly substantial. Bishop Thoburn said that it had hardly ever been equaled by any missionary offering in the world in one collection.

Mr. Jno. R. Mott contributed not a little to the inspiration of personal missionary conviction. At the close of one of his addresses a large number of young men and women volunteered for missionary service. Mr. Mott was appointed to make the last address, "Missions and Prayer." It was desired that the great Conference should disperse bedewed with fervent prayer and consecration for service. Such a desire was undoubtedly realized.

TULANE UNIVERSITY, NEW ORLEANS

The Northfield Conferences

THE summer Conferences at Northfield will extend from June 14 to September 2. Since their establishment by Mr. Moody in 1880, these Conferences have been favored by steady and continuous growth, indicating a popular desire among Christian people for a truer life and a deeper interest in Bible study. The following are the three main divisions of the programme, the general platform meetings being held at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.:

(1) Student Conference, June 28, July 7. (2) Young Women's Conference, July 12-22. (3) General Conference for Christian Workers, August 1-18. The speakers will include Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D.D., Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Rev. Samuel Chadwick, President Seth Low, LL.D., Rev. John Douglass Adams, D.D., Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, Rev. Charles Erdman, D.D., Rev. R. A. Torrey, Rev. C. I. Schofield, Rev. Tounis S. Hamilton, D.D., Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., John Willis Baer, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, and others.

Special interest centres in the Young Women's Conference, which this year presents unusually attractive features. "Institutes," aside from the general meetings, will be held to provide for special interests, such as the Young People's Institute, the Musical Institute, etc. The Y. M. C. A. encampment on the mountain side offers to young men a fine vacation at small expense. Four hundred tented there last year. There will be a similar camp for young women.

Visitors come to these conferences from all parts of the world. The students represent thirty-five out of fifty-one different States and Territories, besides twenty-six different foreign countries.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Mrs. J. M. A., Boulder, Col., writes:

I have been praying for three blessings and I have received all in less than three months after the first prayer.

E. B. B., Waverly, Tex., writes:

I have been called upon in the past year to bear many of life's heaviest burdens, but through constant, earnest prayer the burdens have grown lighter and I am now enabled to say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

S. E. S., Hollenberg, Kan., writes:

I prayed that God would bring home a brother who had been away for some time. Also that another brother might be led to see the need of making a public profession of his faith in Christ. A way was soon provided for the return of the absent one. The other has openly confessed Christ before men by uniting with the Church. To God be the glory. Let us ask largely that our joy may be full.

Mrs. O. M., Seattle, Wash., writes:

I see that many write to tell you of answers to prayer. I would like to tell you that God has answered many prayers for me. The answer to the last came almost immediately. Being very uneasy as to the safety of a loved one, I took my trouble to God, and he has brought him safely home to me.

A. A. C., Catlett, Va., writes:

I read the testimony of answered prayers and it helped me. I had a great trouble and sorrow, which it seemed I could not bear, but God, in answer to my poor heart's cry, has helped me to endure it.

Mrs. I. W. L., Luther Springs, N. Y., writes:

I prayed God to bring my husband and my two sons to him. He has done it.

Mrs. C. J. M., Newark, N. J., writes:

God has answered my prayers so many times that I am glad to add my testimony to that of others, and I thank him for unanswered, as well as for answered prayers.

Mrs. R. J. H., Citronelle, Ala., writes:

With others I can testify to answered prayers, in regard to help in business perplexities, and also in regard to the safety of an absent loved one. I fully believe that more prayers would be answered if our faith were greater.

Mrs. Margaret C. Vaughan, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, writes:

I want to acknowledge publicly, answered prayer for our Primary Union, and many, many for myself and dear ones. Our Union had gotten to a place that no one but God could help us. A minister even said, "I don't believe I'd try to keep it up—why seek to force people to be blessed?" I said: "It is the Lord's work, he will take care of it." He has, and we are now having fine meetings. I hope this will encourage other struggling Unions in prayer and faithfulness.

Mrs. N. E. C., Escondido, Calif., writes:

Being greatly helped in reading the answers to prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I want to give my testimony to God's goodness. For a great many years I have been a believer in direct answer to prayer. In the last three months I have had to call on God for both bodily and spiritual strength. He has wonderfully helped me; and yesterday I received direct answer to prayer.

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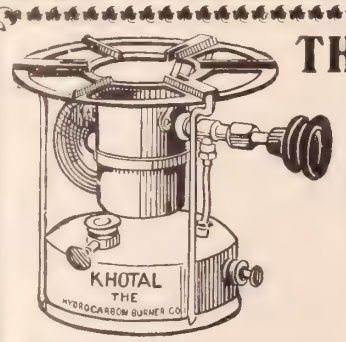

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Drugging with Coffee and Keeping Sick all the Time.

A coffee drinker is liable to a smash almost any time and without much warning. A New York man, C. W. Bedford, 1065 Lex. Ave., says that when he was in apparently perfect health, weighing about 185 pounds, with good appetite, he suddenly had a severe attack of gastritis. He lost his appetite and the doctor put him on a rigid diet and gave him remedies, but all to no purpose. He says: "Everybody I met had a remedy and I tried a lot of them. I lost weight until I reached 144 pounds. I had those nasty gastric staggers.

About the middle of the summer, when on a vacation, a friend asked whether I drank coffee or not. Being told that I did, he suggested that I quit it and take Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts breakfast food I laughed at him and told him that I was through with special articles of diet.

One day the nerves had another bad smash and I concluded to quit coffee and see if that was really the cause of the trouble.

Next morning I had Postum for breakfast and it was well made, and tasted good. I also had Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and from that day my troubles began to fade away.

I am steadily gaining in flesh, can sleep naturally, and can eat whatever I want. What is the use of a man's drinking an article like coffee that poisons him, and causes such troubles as I have had when you can have a delicious Food Coffee like Postum that builds up instead of tearing down." Health is worth more than all the coffee on earth.

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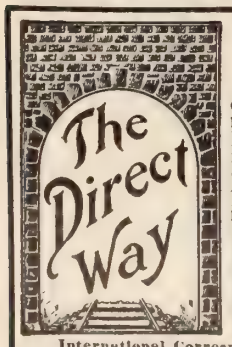

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REVERENCE FOR SACRED THINGS*

Compatible with Cheerfulness and Happiness in this Life

THERE is a deep significance in the conduct of this lonely shepherd in Horeb. He had known the splendors of the most powerful court in the world; he had fought the battle with himself of which the outcome was the renunciation of his aristocratic connections and his identification with a race of slaves; he had been obliged to flee for his life, and his fiery nature had brought him into collision with oppression in another form; he had championed the cause of the girl shepherds against the bullies of the desert, as he had championed the cause of the Hebrew slave against the Egyptian oppressor; now he had settled down into the quiet life of a shepherd. This Don Quixote, who seemed to have taken on himself a commission to right the wrongs of the world, had become a keeper of sheep. Perhaps it was necessary that this chivalrous soul should have a period of quiet and retirement before undertaking a task of a much greater order than could be done by his own physical power. One wonders how much he knew of God at this time. His mother, in her capacity of nurse, may have instilled some knowledge into his childish mind, but it could not have been much. His education at court could not have taught him anything on the subject. But when God speaks to him out of the burning bush, he is at once full of awe and reverence. Scientific curiosity gives place to adoration and humble submission.

Moses suddenly and unexpectedly found himself in the presence of God, and God was speaking to him. Instantly he was solemnized, and waited to hear what God would say to him. That is not always our attitude. There come times in every life when God speaks to the individual. Sometimes it is in the death of one near and dear to him. Standing by the bedside of the one setting out on the mysterious journey, the conviction fills the soul that wealth and power and fame which before seemed so paramount in life, are trivialities in comparison with the unseen realities of the future world. Pleasure which was so delightful, sinks to the level of boyish amusement unworthy of the man. God is speaking then, and there is a solemnity in the situation which demands reverent attention, for it is a call to serious work. Or it is in some great danger. On a ship at sea in a storm, when there is a possibility if not a probability of a wreck and a watery grave. Then the world sinks into insignificance, and the only thing of importance is the record with which the soul must stand before God. Before that, the subject of death may have been the subject of joke, but in the actual presence of the great enemy, the voice of God is heard calling the soul to serious consideration. Or it may have been in financial disaster, or in some domestic crisis, or under the stirring appeals of some earnest preacher that God speaks, calling a man to recognize under the hilarities and worldly occupations of life, the existence of the eternal verities. Brought thus into the very presence of God, how do we behave? Do we listen with reverence and yield to the demand which that voice makes? Or do we shake off the solemn impression as speedily as possible and resume the old life?

These, however, as Job said, "are the outskirts of God's ways; but how little a portion is heard of him!" Moses and Isaiah and Ezekiel and others of God's servants believed that they stood in his actual presence and they were overwhelmed. It is not surprising, for when we try to conceive of the Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth, the mind fails to form any idea of his infinite majesty. And into that Presence we must all go. John saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. The thought of that ordeal is enough to solemnize the soul for all life. But it is here that Christ's revelation of him comes to our relief. From him we learn to think of God as a loving Father to whom we may go without apprehension. Reverence we must have, but it is the reverence of loving trust, not the abject dread of the slave. The consciousness of reconciliation with him through Christ supports us in looking forward to coming into his actual presence. Without that consciousness the thought of the ordeal must at times appal the most trivial and light-hearted being. To be relieved of the dread, to know that there is no condemnation for them who are in Christ Jesus is a comfort that enhances the innocent pleasures of life. So reverence becomes compatible with enjoyment, and the Christian has the right to be the most joyous of men. Reverence brings no gloom into his life. It leaves him free to enjoy the good things that God has provided for his creatures, undisturbed by a dread that sooner or later must intrude in every thoughtless mind. It does not lead to levity, or to frivolity, but it directly promotes true happiness. It introduces us to the communion with God, which sanctifies and beautifies all our business and all our pleasures. It is the attitude that the loving and dutiful son takes toward the father whom he reverences and loves. Perfect love casts out fear, but it increases reverence, and leads to a conformity of life with the Being whom we reverence, which ends in his presence, where there is fulness of joy.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League, and Baptist Young People's Union for June 16, Exodus 3: 1-6.

WHAT GREAT MEN HAVE SAID ABOUT THE BIBLE*

Matthew Arnold on the Bible

TO the Bible men will return because they cannot do without it; just as a man who tried to give up food, thinking it a vain thing, would return to food. . . . All Scripture is practical, and intended to minister to our improvement rather than to our curiosity. It is astonishing how a Bible sentence clinches and sums up an argument. The old Bible is getting to be to us literary men of England a sealed book. We may think that we know it; we were taught it at home; we heard it read in church; perhaps we can quote some verse or even passage, but we really know very little of it. I wish you would take up the Old Testament, and go through it as though every page were altogether new to you—as though you had never read a line of it before. I think that it will astonish you.

Bismarck—God's Will in the Gospels

For me the phrase "by the grace of God," affixed by Christian rulers to their names, forms no empty sound; but I see in it the acknowledgment that princes desire to sway the sceptre intrusted to them by the Almighty, according to God's will on earth. I, however, can only recognize as the will of God that which is contained in the Christian Gospels.

Carlyle on Luther's Bible

It must have been a blessed discovery, that of an old Latin Bible which Luther found in the Erfurt library. He had never seen the Book before. It taught him another lesson than that of fasts and vigils. He learned now that a man is saved not by singing masses, but by the infinite grace of God; a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded as on the rock. No wonder that he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by that; as through life and to death he firmly did.

Goethe Relates his Experience

When, in my youth, my ever-active imagination bore me away, now hither, now thither; and when all this blending of history and fable, of mythology and religion, threatened to unsettle my mind; glad then did I flee toward those Eastern countries. I buried myself in the first books of Moses, and there amidst those wandering tribes I found myself at once in the grandest of solitudes and in the grandest of societies. . . . It is a belief in the Bible, the fruit of deep meditation, which has served me as the guide in my life. I have found it a capital investment and richly productive of interest.

*From *The Faiths of Famous Men*, by John Kenyon Kilbourn, D.D., containing remarkable and characteristic utterances on The Creation, The Bible, Immortality, The Millennium, Resurrection, Heaven, etc. pp. 379. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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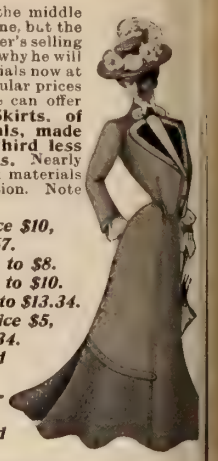

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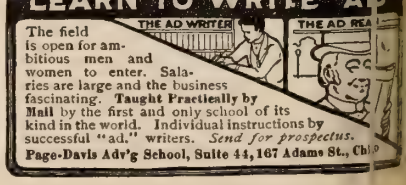

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ohn's Vision of the Lord

A Preparation for the Reception of a Revelation of the Future

...BY MRS. M. BAXTER...

HE disciple whom the Lord loved begins the book of Revelation by a salutation from the Lord Jesus Christ to the Church, signed thus, "I am th Alpha and the Omega, saith the Lord Go which is and which was, and which co th" Rev. 1:8, R. V., margin). How dif ent is this apostle's introduction of himse He had seen the Lord, and in the light of ch a vision he was as nothing: "I, John, yo brother and partaker with you in the in lation." Such is his description of himse Rev. 1:9, R. V.)

d he speaks thus of his circumstances: I as in the isle that is called Patmos, for th Vord of God and the testimony of Jesus." Ac ding to man, the apostle was exiled the by his persecutors, because of his faithful stimony; but, as God sees, and as he himself saw, he was there in order to receive a stscript to the Scriptures of the New Tament. He was there to receive the Revelion, "which God gave him to show unto his servants, even the things which must shly come to pass; and he sent and signifiet by his angel unto his servant John" (R. 1:1, R. V.) And again: "I was in sp in the day of the Lord"—thought by seval to be the literal reading of the Greek. Th apostle was by persecution and exile sbtracted from his ordinary labors in one chch at Ephesus, where he was a father in Chst, who knew "him which is from the beging" (1. John 2:12, 14); and where, doubtles his time would be fully occupied. He wa brought into solitude, where God could ha him apart, and make known to him his puposes for the future in the Church, for Isl, and for the world.

prepare him for all he must see of the apasy of the Church, which should postpo the coming of the Lord; of the awful sin f man, and of the unspeakable glory wh should follow his complete cleansing ou from his kingdom of "all things that offd [or cause stumbling], and of them that do iquity" (Matt. 13:41), the apostle must fir have a vision of Christ in glory.

ng in spirit in the day of the Lord, the apstle John heard behind him "a great voice, as a trumpet." Was it that the voice itself wa so loud, or that the attentive ears of the apstle always heard that voice above all oth voices, because he habitually gave himself to listen for it? The Voice said, "What thou seest, write in a book, and send it to the seven churches. And I turned to see the Voice which spake with me, and, having turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of the candlesticks [the seven churches—v. 20], One like unto the Son of Man." Isaiah saw the Lord attended by seraphim, or shining ones; Ezekiel saw him borne upon the cherubim, so closely connected with and overshadowing the mercy-seat, in the tabernacle and in the temple; Daniel saw him alone, and unattended; and John saw him in the midst of the churches. May not the members of the Church, which is his body, be the shining ones, upholding his image by their lives of witness for him?

John saw his Lord and ours in the same priestly garment in which Daniel saw him (Dan. 10:5; 12:7), and with the same golden girdle (truth?), offering "both gifts and sacrifices for sin" (Heb. 5:1), being "a High Priest who sat down on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens" (Heb. 8:1). In very deed is he "a priest upon his throne," appearing before God for us; ever living to make intercession for us (Heb. 7:25). And yet so great, so glorious, that Isaiah, the Gospel prophet of the Old Testament, cried out as the sight of such a Presence searched him, "Woe is me! for I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts" (Isa. 6:5). Ezekiel fell upon his face (Ezek. 1:28). The lameness of Daniel was turned in him into corruption; he, the "man greatly beloved," retained no strength (Daniel 10:8). John, the beloved disciple, "fell at his feet as one dead." His presence withers ours. Nations are as nothing before him, "less than nothing, and vanity."

Ezekiel heard his voice through the cherubim "a noise of tumult like the noise of a host" (Ezek. 1:24); Daniel heard the voice of the glorified Son of Man "like the voice of a multitude" (Dan. 10:6); to John it was "as the voice of many waters." There was Almightiness in that voice, for in the days of the creation, "he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast" (Ps. 33:9). But only the apostle John saw proceeding out of his mouth "a sharp two-edged sword"; "with sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

Each of these writers of the inspired books tells us how Jesus appeared to them, and in each case what was the result to him. Have we seen Jesus? It is not necessary for us to see some wonderful vision: if the Word of God has shown to our inner eye the Lord Jesus in any sense as he is, we, too, shall fall fallen at his feet as dead. Our natural self-steem and self-assertion, our sensitiveness to that which touches us, shrinks ashamed before him, as we see the glory of his deep humility, and are confounded by his most unmerited love. As long as we can compare ourselves with our fellow-Christians, we may continue to think there is some good thing in us, but when we see him in very deed, our comeliness is turned in us into corruption, and we can only wonder at his marvelous grace that he can tolerate such as we are; and only in confusion of face, and deep adoration, we can accept his unmerited grace.

Sympathy for China

DAYTON, Ohio.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S appeal for China's famine-stricken people touches one. I wish I could respond with a much larger donation than the enclosed, but I send it with large trust that he will again bless your efforts, as he did at the time of the famine in India. I truly believe that our Heavenly Father permits these famines, so that Christians may win a way into the hearts of these resentful ones, who have so opposed the approach of any who offered them food for their souls. Now an opportunity is offered to allay their hunger, generosity may awaken in them a desire for a better acquaintance with those who offer them food, and missionaries may be welcomed to instruct them in higher and better things. I shall pray for a ready, speedy response to your call for the millions in China. God has promised the "heathen for our inheritance," just for the asking. This is a promise on demand; it is not conditional, it is a pledge to the want and the claim, and the door is opening wide—opened by these dire calamities—kept open by generous heeding to their cry for help.

God bless those who plan and carry out these generous desires for their fellow creatures.

E. J. GEBHART.

A Share in Every Good Work

RICHMOND, VA.

I am one of the number that have sent offerings to all of the different lands of famine and suffering. I herewith enclose five dollars for the starving of China, with my prayers that the example that the true Christian people of America set before them, the glorious light of the Holy Spirit may come unto them.

DR. O. W. JEWETT.

Let China Look to Christ

OBERLIN, O.

I enclose one dollar and fifty cents for the benefit of the sufferers in China. May the Lord add his blessing, and help them to look to him in their great affliction, who is able to save both soul and body, and to deliver them from this great and fearful calamity.

MRS. LUCY MUNSON.

In Memory of a Friend

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Please find enclosed one dollar for the above cause. I wish it given in memory of a deceased friend, Mrs. Sarah E. Crawford, let her name only be known on your list. I feel deeply the cause. I pray the blessing of God to rest on your noble effort. May many thousands respond quickly. I wish I could make it larger.

M.

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Find enclosed one dollar for the China Famine Fund. I consider this one of the grandest opportunities for Christian America ever presented, coming so soon after the persecutions of the Christians in China.

JOS. E. EACH.

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In grateful acknowledgment to God for so many temporal blessings I enjoy, among which are "Work to do, and health to do it," and in keeping with my consecration vow:

Nought that I have I call my own.
I hold it for the Giver.

I enclose five dollars for China Famine Relief Fund in His name who said, "The poor," &c. (Mark 14:7).

MARY A. BRINDLE.

To Buy a "Crumb of Bread"

ORILLIA, ONT.

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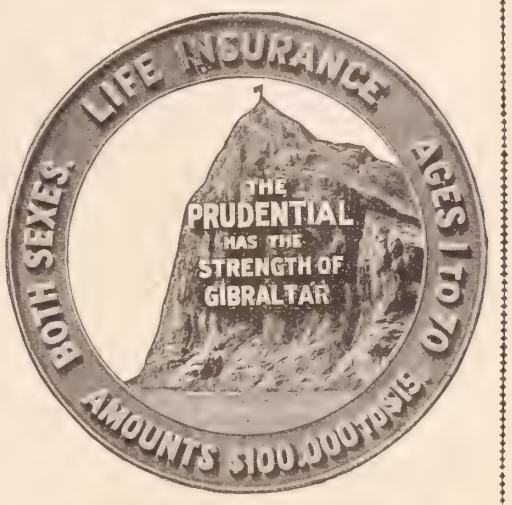

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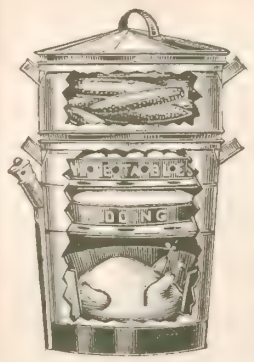

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Wm. J. Siemers, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the 'Zobo' Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo."

Miss Hattie E. Kountz, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo Instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them."

Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it; will organize a band."

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Mae Blance Winfield, instructor in music at Gallaway Female College, of Searcy, Ark, says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments.

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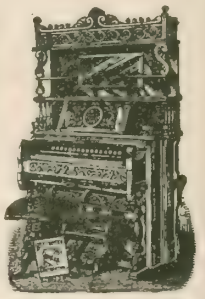

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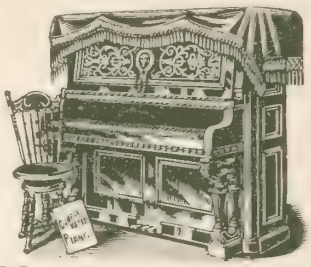

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 534

THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, WHERE THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION DEDICATION CEREMONIES WERE HELD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The usual five new questions are omitted this week, in order that other letters to "The Mail-Bag," many of them long delayed, may receive attention. Hereafter, once a month, the entire page will be devoted to this class of letters.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Mrs. L. E. W. What is the meaning of the phrase, "Gordian knot?"

Gordius was a peasant, who being chosen King of Phrygia, dedicated his wagon to Jupiter, and fastened the yoke to a beam with a rope so ingeniously tied that no one could untie it. King Alexander was told that "whosoever undid the knot would reign over the whole East." "Well, then," said the conqueror, "it is thus I perform the task," and so saying, he cut the knot in twain with his sword. To "cut the Gordian knot" is to evade a difficulty, or get out of it in a summary manner.

Lilhe H., Huscher, Kan. Do Christian people ever actually die of starvation?

Yes, such things have happened even in civilized lands. David's saying that he had never seen the seed of the righteous begging their bread doubtless had reference to his own observation exclusively, and he did not mean to lay down an inflexible rule.

A. B., Holloway, Minn. Is there any truth in the account of Christians being thrown to beasts and burnt as human torches by Nero, Emperor of Rome? I have lately read his life's history by Jacob Abbott, but he did not mention those things, and we have a little difference of opinion about it, although I maintain he did those things.

The charge is undoubtedly true and is repeated by the ablest historians. Suetonius (who was a foe to Christianity) praised Nero's persecution of the Christians. Tacitus says, "he inflicted the most exquisite tortures on these men," and a vast multitude were put to death in a revolting manner. Renan (see pages 157 to 173) gives a detailed account of the nature of these punishments, which included throwing to wild beasts, burning alive, scourging, torn to pieces by dogs, crucifixion, and "others were clothed in tunics dipped in oil, pitch or rosin, attached to stakes and reserved to illuminate the nocturnal festivities. When dusk came on these living torches were set on fire." This Nero did, says the historian, in his own gardens, on the site of the modern Borgo. Many of the tortures inflicted, especially upon women, were of a character unfit to be described. Wiedeler, Bunsen, Orosius, Schaff, and a number of other authorities, ancient and modern, also refer to the Neronian persecutions.

Regular Reader. When a minister has souls before him that are starving for the Bread of Life, is he justified in preaching thirty to forty minutes about the world, and only three to five minutes on anything that could be called the Gospel?

If he so neglects or abuses his opportunities for service he incurs a heavy responsibility. In these days of widespread, spiritual awakening, the Gospel should be more than ever the dominant theme in our pulpits.

E. D. C., Mentor, O. 1. What three languages are most extensively spoken? 2. How many Spanish-speaking people are there in the world, and are they generally Catholic in belief?

In regard to Oriental tongues, we have not exact data, but Chinese, spoken in its various dialects by over 300,000,000 people, is undoubtedly the language of the largest numbers Of European languages, English (111,100,000), German (75,200,000), Russian (75,000,000), French (51,200,000), are graded in the order named by Mulhall's estimate of 1891. Whitaker's (London) Almanac, 1895, places the English-speaking population of the world at 124,130,000, not including, we believe, the more than 18,000,000 Orientals, who speak and read our tongue. The extension of English is of phenomenal rapidity. Mulhall's estimate for 1901 is 20,520,000; for German, 30,320,000; Russian, 30,770,000; French, leading them all, was 31,450,000. English is fast taking its place as the polite tongue of the world. 2. Forty-two million, chiefly Roman Catholics.

Mrs. A. B., Warsaw, Ind. When one church member is maligned by another of the same denomination, should the injured one suffer in silence, or vindicate his innocence?

There is, in ordinary cases, no reason why, if a false charge be made, the accused should not vindicate his innocence. On the other hand, it may not be material to do so, and there may be circumstances which suggest silence as the wiser course of meeting the accusation.

R. B. H., Lithonia, Ga. How is the "conscience money" that is sent to Washington, D. C., appropriated? Is it contributed to only by those who have taken from the United States, or does it apply to all who want to get back to God, and feel that they must first restore what has been falsely taken?

It applies only to those who have defrauded the Government, either by withholding duties justly due, or by receiving Government money to which they are not entitled. Such persons, desiring to make restitution, send the money to the Treasury Department "Conscience Fund," and it is counted as a part of the regular revenues of the Government, and applied accordingly.

G. H. H., St. Johnsbury, Vt. "Community of interest," as applied to railroads, is employed to indicate interests which any group or combination of roads may have in common, although they are separate and possibly even rival concerns. Thus it is for their common interest to unite against any influences that may tend to lower rates, to depreciate the value of holdings, to injuriously affect dividends, and to unite in opposition to legislation that may prove inimical to the roads interested. To establish a perfect "community of interest" between two roads, according to an authority on the subject, it is necessary that the stockholders of one should also be financially interested in the other, so that they may be depended upon to protect the interests of both.

Constant Reader, Diona, Ill. Agriculture was the first of all industries. Adam was a gardener. (See Gen. 2: 15). It is the most necessary of all even now, as the agriculturist feeds the world. It should be regarded as one of the highest and noblest, as the happiness and well-being of the race depend largely upon the character and quality of the food products. Scientific agriculture, as it is understood to-day, demands a knowledge of chemistry, physiology, botany, and allied studies. Agriculture is now taught as a special branch by a number of colleges here and abroad.

THE WASHINGTON TREE IN CAMBRIDGE

OUR photograph on this page, shows the famous "Washington Elm," at Cambridge, Mass. The tree is one of the most historic landmarks in that classic and historic town. It stands on the corner of Mason and Garden streets, and is at least a century and a-half old. It has wide-spreading branches with scraggy leaves at the top. Surrounding the base is an iron railing flanked by a marble slab, on which are inscribed the words that make the old elm one of the sights of the town. The inscription reads:

UNDER THIS TREE
GEORGE WASHINGTON
TOOK COMMAND OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY
JULY 3. 1775.

Cambridge loves and cherishes its old Washington Elm and watches over it with jealous care.

G. F. C., Dover, Ill. I have often wondered why the rich do not remember the missionary work more in their many gifts to good objects. Can you give a reason for their not giving more for this object?

While there are, no doubt, many cases in which such a criticism may apply, there are on the other hand, so many who have made generous bequests for missionary work that it would obviously be unfair to make the criticism a sweeping one.

Reader, London, Ont. Are we justified in claiming the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," when the blessing sought is not spiritual? If so, having prayed for it for many years without receiving it, should such prayers be discontinued?

It depends very much on the nature of the blessing sought. No one who has faith in divine wisdom and love would continue to desire anything which God saw that it would be injurious for him to have. If he realized that God withheld the desired object in love, he would be content and would pray for it no more. You remember that Paul prayed three times for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, and his remark about it implies that afterwards he ceased to pray for it. We are often mistaken in our idea that certain things that we desire would be blessings. God, who sees further than we do, may perceive that they would do us harm. On the other hand, when the object desired is an undoubted good, as in the salvation of a beloved child, the prayers should never be discontinued till they are granted.

H. M. S., Baltimore, Md. Can a Christian who is the publisher a medical journal consistently accept advertisements setti forth the merits of beer or whiskey as a therapeutic agent to used or prescribed by physicians?

If the publisher believes that beer and whiskey are of value as therapeutic agents, as many medical men do, should refuse to accept the advertisements. But if he tak the opposite view, that there are cases in which they are ben ficial, he is entitled to publish the advertisements. It is matter in which his own conscience must be obeyed. It i different matter to publish an advertisement addressed physicians from one addressed to the ordinary public. T CHRISTIAN HERALD refuses all such advertisements, belie ing that it would be wrong to insert them in a family journ

Mary F., Reading, Pa. No; the so-called agnostics in Ol have new rituals of their own for birth, marriage, and dea They emphasize their agnosticism in all their ceremon and they make divorce an easy matter.

Rev. W. T. K., Locustville, Va. Please publish the P hibition vote for President at the last election; and a as compared with the vote received by the Prohibiti candidates four years prior?

In 1896, the Prohibition vote was 132,007; in 19 209,936.

Jessie D., Rahway, N. J. Can money or property wh has been earned by the united efforts of a husband a wife be seized and sold to pay a debt incurred by the h band for liquor?

If it can be shown that the property is the prod of their joint labors, then, according to a recent cision in the St. Louis Court of Appeals, it cannot levied upon to satisfy an individual debt contract by either party, no matter whether the creditor b saloon-keeper or not. It can only be seized and plied to the payment of joint debts or debts contra ed for the joint interest of both husband and wife. the property be divisible, however, it might be h as legal and practicable to levy upon that portion it which represented the interest of the individ debtor.

S. R. McD. Is there any geological evidence of the Delu

Yes. The latest scientific authority on the subj is Prof. F. G. Wright, of Oberlin, O., who has v fully discussed the geological evidence of the flo in the current (June) number of *McClure's Magazi* Read it. The evidence cannot be summarized i paragraph.

Mrs. F., New York. If Christians truly follow their Mas whose kingdom is not of this world, and whose miss was to establish a reign of love and peace on earth, his disciples—his brethren—take up the sword, even defense of the State, and in opposition to his words, life and death?

War is inconsistent with the principles taught Christ, and his followers cannot countenance without violating those principles.

Subscriber, Springfield, O. The Declaration of Indepe ence and the Proclamation of Emancipation.

R. S. Shepard. Candlemas in the Roman Church is feast of the purification of the Virgin, held on the 2d February.

S. B., Wilsonville, Oreg. Write to Scribner's, publish New York, for *Luther and the German Reformation*, Lindsay.

M. M., New York. If the music be of a character suit to the day, there could be no objection. Otherwise, it wo certainly be wrong.

Reader, Winnebago City, Minn. The greater part, believe, was devoted to philanthropic and Gospel work negro suburb of Topeka

Vickie, I. T., Valle Crucis, N. C. It is Sabbath-break They can be amused by some good illustrated book or Sc ture cards, just as well.

Mr. M. Eells, Missionary of the American Mission Association at Union, Wash., can use old copies of journal to advantage in his religious work.

J. B., Barney, Ia. A true Christian will avoid all oste tious display and vain parade. Such things are of the wo and do not contribute to spiritual growth.

A. H. M., Luton, Ia. It is probably because most churches h already as heavy a burden as they can bear that any plan increasing the burden meets with opposition.

Fannie D. B. It is a filthy and unbecoming habit, unwo of any good man and one certainly at variance with the purity ought to mark the true Christian.

Mary E. B., Lawton, Mich. 1. The first Chinese Emper according to the national traditions, were celestial deities. 2. Pr Albert's family name was Wettin, and Victoria's was Guelph.

O. E. K., Buckhannon, W. Va. 1. It depends on the point of v Some regard the liquor question as the national crisis; others, trusts, the war on vice, etc. 2. The nation's liquor bill was st briefly in a recent issue.

Reader, New Brighton, N. Y. 1. Address the organization di for all information. 2. Christians should avoid cards, if for no o reason than because their example, if they are card-players, lead others into gambling. Avoid even the appearance of evil.

American. No; hypnotism is not used in any of the hospitals curing disease, so far as we know. It is not yet accepted as a scie but is still in the experimental stage. It is receiving serious at tion in some quarters, we believe, in the treatment of mental nervous disorders.

E. F. C., Townsend Harbor, Mass. 1. Only works of ne sity or of mercy are justifiable on the Sabbath. Your own conscie can discriminate. 2. All such matters as bargaining, the hirin help, etc., may well be left for week-day settlement. 3. There uncertainties in every calling in life, and while one may impr his position by changing, if the change be radical, involving taking up of a new business, the probabilities are that he will re it, on account of the losses encountered.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOU. KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JUNE 12, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

REV. W. H. MILBURN, CHAPLAIN OF THE SENATE

REV. HENRY N. COUDEN, CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE

THE BLIND CHAPLAINS OF CONGRESS

loquent and Able, Though Wholly Sightless, Dr. Milburn and Mr. Couden Perform their Duties Faithfully—Two Remarkable Careers

CHAPLAINS of Congress, and chaplains in our Army and Navy, have been established facts for so long that their presence in these positions is now regarded as a matter of course; at the early days of the Republic this was not the ise. nd a strenuous effort was made to prevent their st appointment. When it was proposed, at the first ssn of the Continental Congress, that a minister of e Gospel should open the proceedings with prayer, it va ned a storm of opposition. One after another of e ntinental fathers denounced it in unmeasured rm On the second day of the session, however—in ep mber, 1774—Mr. Samuel Adams, "with his gray ir nging about his shoulders, and with an impres- ve enerableness, rose, and, with the air of a perfect ar n, said that it did not become men, professing to Christians, who had come together for solemn de- ber ion in their hour of extremity, to say that there as wide a difference in their belief that they could pt, one man, bow their knee in prayer to the Al- igh , whose advice and assistance they hoped to ota ; and independent as he was, and an enemy to l elacy as he was known to be, he moved that ev nd Mr. Dushe, of the Episcopal Church, should ld his the Throne of Grace in prayer."

. . .

Jo n Adams, in a letter to his wife, said that he never w more "moving spectacle" than that was. Mr. us read the prayer from the prayer-book, but he as o moved by the occasion" that he broke into an te poraneous prayer, and poured out his heart to God for the Divine guidance with such feeling that his hearers, strong-willed men though they were, could not keep the tears from running down their faces. This prayer evidently overcame the opposition to the chaplains, for Mr. Dushe was subsequently appointed to that position, and, in December, 1776, it was decided to appoint permanently two Chaplains of Congress. The first nine of these chaplains were from the Episcopal Church, but they have been chosen from almost every denomination since then. Sixteen Presbyterians, fifteen Methodists, and ne Baptists have been the predominating sects, but en national affiliations have never seemed to have ny eight in the choice of the appointees.

R MILBURN'S ADOPTED DAUGHTERS

Dr tor William H. Milburn, the present Chaplain of the Senate, has served longer in that capacity, or as Chaplain of the House, than any of his predecessors, and is the most widely known. He is frequently referred to as "the blind man eloquent," from the fact that although he lost his sight many years ago, yet he is one of the acknowledged pulpit orators of his church, the Methodist Episcopal. His career is an exemplification of what may be attained, despite the most adverse circumstances. Doctor Milburn early showed his bent in the direction of the pulpit. While he was still a child, his mother, who was a most devout woman, took him with her to a camp-meeting near their home in Philadelphia. The meeting lasted several days, and one night she awakened and found that her boy was not in bed. A general search was instituted, and some one found the future Chaplain of Congress laboriously trying to mount the pulpit steps in the auditorium!

. . .

The home of Doctor Milburn's parents was always the stopping-place for the traveling clergy, and the contact with these men awakened in the lad's mind the determination that when he became a man he should be a minister. When only five years old, however, he met with a terrible accident to one of his eyes, in which the sight was almost destroyed. What sight remained was eventually ruined, and the sight of the other eye hopelessly injured by the treatment of ignorant physicians. Study was a painful process, but his determination to have an education was inflexible. When he was about fourteen, his parents met financial reverses, and left the East, going to the then new country of Illinois, where they settled, near Jacksonville. Here young Milburn helped his father in the store, but every possible spare moment was given to his beloved books. In 1839 he entered the Illinois college, but in his senior year his health broke down, and he had to discontinue his studies.

In 1840, at twenty years of age, he was ordained itinerant minister in the Methodist Church and given a circuit of two hundred miles in the thinly-settled portions of the State. He made his initial trip with Doctor Peter Akers, and it was from him and Peter Cartwright, those pioneer Mississippi Valley apostles of blessed memory, that the blind chaplain took his introductory lessons in the ministry. Two or three years later he was requested by his Conference to accompany an older minister on a trip East to raise funds for a denominational school. The two started on a Mississippi River steamer from St. Louis. In speaking of it lately, Doctor Milburn told the following graphic incident of how he received his first appointment as Chaplain to Congress:

We stopped at Cincinnati, but we did not have much success in raising money there, and concluded to go on to Wheeling. We took the boat again, and after we had been aboard a short time, I learned that a large number of the passengers were Congressmen, who were *en route* to Washington. I was not much more than a boy then—only about twenty-three—and I was very much impressed with the thought of traveling in such august company. I wanted to learn as much about them as possible, and, for a day or two, I remained in the part of the steamer where they were. I was terribly surprised at their conduct. We had been traveling two or three days when, on Saturday, we ran a snag, a sandbar—a not unusual occurrence in river travel in those days. We had to lie there over the Sabbath, and on that morning, a committee of the passengers waited on me, and asked me to conduct a religious service. I felt at once that God had given me this opportunity and I accepted it.

I remember that I came downstairs and stood in the doorway between the ladies' cabin and salon, and preached. The Congressmen had gathered in the latter place, and gave me a very respectful hearing. As I finished, I turned to them and said: "And now, gentlemen, I have a few words which I feel that I must say to you. When I came on this boat, I was told that a large number of our Senators and Representatives in Congress were aboard, and I was very glad, as I felt that it would be an honor to travel with such a company. But as an American citizen, I must tell you that I have been ashamed of you, and that I feel disgraced at your conduct. Instead of finding you a body of Christian gentlemen, comporting yourselves as befits the dignity of your positions, I find you given over to drinking, gambling and profanity. As a citizen, I beg you to consider what an influence you are exerting on the nation—what a school of vice you are establishing. I beg you to consider what a reproach you are bringing upon us, as a people. As a minister of the Gospel, I am commissioned to tell you that, unless you renounce your evil course, repent of your sins and believe upon the Lord Jesus Christ unto righteousness, you will certainly be lost." I went back to my stateroom feeling rather depressed, I'll have to confess, but I had felt it my duty to say what I had, and I could not retract, even if they concluded to throw me overboard for saying it. While I sat there thinking of it, the gentlemen who had invited me to preach came in. "Now," I thought to myself, "I am in for it;" but instead he told me that he had been requested by a committee of the Congressmen to come and thank me for my sermon, to present me with a purse of $200, and to ask if they might offer my name for appointment as Chaplain to Congress, as they should like to have a man for that position who had the courage of his convictions and was not afraid to speak to them."

MRS. HATTIE D. COUDEN

Doctor Milburn allowed them to use his name and received the appointment. At that time—1845—the Senate met in the present Supreme Court Room, and the House in Statuary Hall. There were two chaplains appointed, but Dr. Milburn's colleague was out of the city, and he opened both bodies with prayer. In order to enable him to do this, the clock in the House was kept seven minutes faster than the one in the Senate, and he would go immediately from the House after his prayer there and perform the same service in the Senate.

(Continued on page 534)

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Flight of Riches

TEXT, Proverbs 25: 5:

Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.

MONEY is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak. It alights on the office-desk, or in the counting-room, or on the parlor centre-table. Men and women stand and admire it. They do not notice that it has wings larger than a raven's, larger than a flamingo's, larger than an eagle's. One wave of the hand of misfortune and it spreads its beautiful plumage and is gone—"as an eagle toward heaven," my text says, though sometimes I think it goes in the other direction!

What a verification we have had of the flying capacity of riches in Wall street! And Wall street is one of the longest streets in all the world. It does not begin at the foot of Trinity Church, New York, and end at the East River, as many suppose. It reaches through all our American cities, and across the seas. Encouraged by the revival of trade, and by the fact that Wall street disasters of other years were so far back as to be forgotten, speculators run up the stocks from point to point until innocent people on the outside suppose that the stocks would always continue to ascend. They gather in from all parts of the country. Large sums of money are taken into Wall street, and small sums of money. The crash comes, thank God, in time to warn off a great many who were on their way thither; for the sadness of the thing is that a great many of the young men of our cities who save a little money for the purpose of starting themselves in business, and who have five hundred dollars or one thousand dollars or two thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars, go into Wall street and lose all. And if there ever was a time for the pulpit to speak out in regard to certain kinds of nefarious enterprises, now is the time.

Stocks rose and fell, and now they begin to rise again, and they will fall again until thousands of young men will be ruined unless the printing-press and the pulpit give emphatic utterance. My counsel is to countrymen, so far as they may hear of this discourse, if they have surplus, to invest it in first mortgages and in moneyed institutions which, though paying comparatively small interest, are sound and safe beyond dispute, and to stand clear of the Wall street vortex, where so many have been swamped and swallowed. What a compliment it is to the healthy condition of our country that these recent disasters have in no wise depressed trade! I thank God that Wall street's capacity to blast this country has gone forever.

Contrasts in Wall Street

First of all, Wall street stands as a type in this country for tried integrity and the most outrageous villainy. Farmers who have only a few hundred dollars' worth of produce to put on the market have but little to test their character; but put a man into the seven-times-heated furnace of Wall street excitement, and he either comes out a Shadrach, with hair unsinged, or he is burned into a black moral cinder. No half-way work about it. If I wanted to find integrity bomb-proof, I would go among the bankers and merchants of Wall street; yet, because there have been such villainies enacted there at different times, some men have supposed that it is a great financial debauchery, and they hardly dare go near the street, or walk up and down it, unless they have buttoned up their last pocket, and had their lives insured, or religiously crossed themselves. Yet, if you start at either end of the street, and read the business signs, you will find the names of more men of integrity and Christian benevolence than you can find in the same space in any street of any of our cities. When the Christian Commission and the Sanitary Commission wanted money to send medicine and bandages to the wounded, when breadstuffs were wanted for famishing Ireland, when colleges were to be endowed and churches were to be supported, and missionary societies were to be equipped for their work of sending the Gospel all around the world, the first street to respond has been Wall street, and the largest responses in all the land have come from Wall street.

But while that street is a type of tried integrity on one hand, it is also a type of unbounded swindle on the other. There are the spiders that wait for innocent flies. There are the crocodiles that crawl up through the slime to cranch the calf. There are the anacondas, with lifted loop, ready to crush the unwary. There are financial wreckers, who stand on the beach praying for a Caribbean whirlwind to sweep over our commercial interests. Let me say it is no place for a man to go into business unless his moral principle is thoroughly settled. That is no place for a man to go into business who does not know when he is overpaid five dollars by mistake, whether he had better take it back again or not. That is no place for a man to go who has large funds in trust, and who is all the time tempted to speculate with them.

Again: I have to remark that Wall street is a type throughout the country of legitimate speculation on the one hand, and of ruinous gambling on the other. Almost every merchant is to some extent a speculator. He depends, not only upon the difference between the wholesale price at which he gets the goods and the retail at which he disposes of them, but also upon the fluctuation of the markets. If the markets greatly rise, he greatly gains. If the markets greatly sink, he greatly loses. It is as honest to deal in stocks as to deal in iron or coal or hardware or dry-goods. He who condemns all stock-dealings as though they were iniquitous simply shows his own ignorance. Stop all legitimate speculation in this country, and you stop all banks, you stop all factories, you stop all storehouses, you stop all the great financial prosperities of this country.

Gigantic Speculations

But here we must draw the line between legitimate speculation and ruinous gambling. You, a stock operator without any property behind you, financially irresponsible, sell one hundred dollars of nothing and get paid for it. You sell one hundred shares at ten thousand dollars at thirty days. If at the end of thirty days you can get the scrip for nine thousand dollars, you have made a thousand. If at the end of thirty days you have to pay eleven thousand, then you have lost a thousand. Now that is trafficking in fiction; that is betting on chances; that involves the spirit of gambling as much as anything that ever goes on in the lowest gambling hell.

It is not peculiar to mercurial Americans. Oh, no! Almost every nation has indulged in it. The Hollanders, the most phlegmatic people in the world, had their gambling seizure in 1683. It was called the tulip mania. It was a speculation in tulips. Properties worth half a million dollars turned into tulips. All the Holland nation either buying or selling tulips. One tulip root sold for two hundred dollars, another for two thousand. Excitement rolling on and rolling on until history tells us that one Amsterdam tulip, which was supposed to be the only one of the kind in all the world, actually brought in the markets one million eight hundred and sixteen thousand dollars! That is a matter of history. Of course, the crash came, and all Holland went down under it.

But France must have its gambling expedition, and that was in 1716. John Law's Mississippi scheme, it was called. The French had heard that this American continent was built out of solid gold, and the project was to take it across the ocean, and drop it in France. Excitement beyond anything that had yet been seen in the world. Three hundred thousand applicants for shares. Excitement so great that sometimes the military had to disperse the crowds that had come to buy the stock.

Sedate England took its chance in 1720. That was the South Sea bubble. They proposed to transfer all the gold of Peru and Mexico and the islands of the sea to England. Five millions' worth of shares were put on the market at three hundred pounds a share. The books open, in a few days it is all taken, and twice the amount subscribed.

Credulous Victims

Excitement following excitement, until all kinds of gambling projects came forth under the wing of this South Sea enterprise. There was a large company formed with great capital for providing funerals for all parts of the land. Another company with large capital, five million pounds of capital, to develop a wheel in perpetual motion. Another company, with a capital of four million pounds, to insure people against loss by servants. Another company, with two million five hundred thousand pounds capital, to transplant walnut trees from Virginia to England. Then, to cap the climax, a company was formed for "A great undertaking, nobody to know what it is." And lo! six hundred thousand pounds in shares were offered at one hundred pounds a share; books were opened at nine o'clock in the morning and closed at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the first day it was all subscribed. "A great undertaking, nobody to know what it is."

But it was left for our own country to surpass all, about thirty-seven years ago. We have the highest mountains and the greatest cataracts and the longest rivers, and, of course, we had to have the largest swindle. One would have thought that the nation had seen enough in that direction during the *morus multicaulis* excitement, when almost every man had a bunch of crawling silkworms in his house, out of which he expected to make a fortune. But all this excitement was nothing compared with what took place in 1864, when a man near Titusville, Pa., digging for a well, struck oil. Twelve hundred oil companies call for one billion of stock. Prominent members of churches, as soon as a certain amount of stock was assigned them, saw it was their privilege to become presidents or secretaries or members of the board of direction. Some of the companies never had a foot of ground, never expected to have. Their entire equipment was a map of a region where oil might be, and two phials of grease, crude and clarified. People rushed down from all parts of the country and put their hard earnings in the gulf.

An Ungodly Passion

The good Christian people said: "This company must be all right, because Elder So-and-So is president of it, and Elder So-and-So is secretary of it, and there are three or four highly respected professing Christians in the board of directors." They did not know that when a professed Christian goes into stock-gambling he lies like sin. But alas! for the country that became a tragedy, and one thousand million dollars were swamped. There are families to-day sitting in the shadow of destitution, who but for that great national outrage would have had their cottages and their homesteads. I hold up before the young men these four great stock-gambling schemes that they may see to what length men will go smitten of this passion, and I want to show them how all the best interests of society are against it, and God is against it, and I condemn it for time, and condemn it for eternity. I do not dwell upon the frenzied speculations in Wall street last month. You all have enough remembrance of the financial horror. I only want you to know that it was in a procession of monetary frenzies, some of which have passed, and others are to come.

O! men of Wall street, and of all streets, stand back from nefarious enterprises, join that great company of Christian men who are maintaining their integrity notwithstanding all the pressure of temptation. In the morning, when you open business in the broker's office or in the banking-house, ask God's blessing, and when you close it pronounce a benediction upon it. Any kind of business that men cannot engage in without prayer is no business for you. I wish that the words of George Peabody, uttered in the hearing of the people of his native town—Danvers, Massachusetts—I wish that those words could be uttered in the hearing of all the young men throughout the land. He said: "Though Providence has granted me unvaried and universal success in the pursuit of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretending dwelling. There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early

Opportunities and Advantages

are not greater than were my own, and I have achieved nothing that is impossible to the most humble boy among you." George Peabody's success in business was not more remarkable than his integrity and great-hearted benevolence. I pray upon you God's protecting and prospering blessing. I hope you may all make fortunes for time and fortunes for eternity.

Some day when you come out of your place of business, and you go to the clearing house, or the place of custom or the bank or your own home, as you come out of your place of business, just look up at the clock in the tower and see by the movement of the hand how your life is rapidly going away, and be reminded of the fact that before God's throne of inexorable judgment you must yet give account for what you have done since the day you sold the first yard of cloth or the first pound of sugar. I pray for you all prosperity. Stand close by Christ, and Christ will stand close by you. The greater the temptation, the more magnificent the reward. But alas! for the stock-gambler—what will he do in the judgment? That day will settle everything. That to the stock-gambler will be a "break" at the first call." No smuggling into heaven. No "collateral" by which to trade your way in. Go in through Christ the Lord, or you will forever stay out. God forbid that after you have done your last day's work on earth and the hushed assembly stands around with bowed heads at your obsequies—God forbid that the most appropriate text for your funeral oration should be "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool." Or that the most appropriate funeral psalm should be the words of the poet:

> Price of many a crime untold,
> Gold, gold, gold, gold.

FIRST $20,000 FOR STARVING CHINA

Our Missionary Committee Organized and the First Remittance Cabled to Chairman Smith by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

NOW LET ALL HELP THE LIFE-SAVING CAMPAIGN!

IT will be welcome news to our readers that, within the last few days, the principal obstacles in the way of the relief work in China have been providentially removed, and the campaign of life-saving in the famine-stricken province of Shansi will now be prosecuted vigorously. China and the foreign powers have definitely arranged the basis of peace at the indemnity question; the foreign troops will now withdraw, and the Imperial Court will return to Peking. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Missionary Famine Relief Committee has been organized, with the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, of Tientsin, as Chairman, and the first remittance of **$20,000** for relief work has been cabled to the Committee. Rev. Dr. Smith's cablegram, announcing the organization of the Missionary Famine Relief Committee, is as follows:

KOPSCH, New York: TIENTSIN, June 3.

Committee consists Smith, Lowry, Duncan, Atwood and Edwards. Shantung Christians, pillaged and homeless, also need help. Atwood and Edwards are starting to begin relief work in Shansi. Relief work in Shensi temporarily impracticable. Committee asks full liberty of action.

SMITH.

Chairman Smith has chosen his associates on the Relief Committee. All are men of wide experience in the China field, and men in whose hands the gifts of Christian America will be faithfully administered. As the cable dispatch indicates, the Committee has lost no time in going down to actual work, fully realizing the urgency of the case. Two members, Drs. Atwood and Edwards, are already on the way to Shansi, where the country is still quite unsettled, but with every confidence that the same divine protection which has guarded every work of rescue in the past will not fail them now.

Nearer at hand, the destitute native Christians of Shantung will receive aid. The entire work of relief will be absolutely at the discretion of the Committee whose members, being thoroughly conversant with every phase of the situation, are consequently well qualified to decide as to the methods to be adopted in extending relief to the sufferers. While the missionaries may, in their own discretion, co-operate with native relief organizations or native officials, the latter will, at no time, have any power in the management of the Fund. The entire duties and responsibilities, therefore, rest with the missionaries, who accept the sacred trust from the American people, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, upon these conditions alone.

Dr. Smith, the Chairman, is a missionary of the American Board, who has done valuable service in Tientsin and other parts of China. He was educated at Beloit College, graduating in 1867, and he took the regular theological course at Andover and Union Seminaries, beginning active missionary work in 1870.

Another event which gives encouragement is the appointment of Prince Ching as Governor of Peking. He is known as the friend of the foreigner, and his great influence will unquestionably be found upon the side of the missionaries in any emergencies that may arise. He has assisted Li Hung Chang in the recent peace negotiations. Earl Li, who was the first to appeal to America for the perishing people of Shansi, may be depended upon to render all the aid and protection necessary to the missionary relief expedition. United States Commissioner Rockwell, too, will co-operate with all of the official influence at his command. It is announced that the Governor of Shansi (who is also a strong friend of the foreigner), is preparing to send an escort to accompany five missionaries who are making ready to return to Shansi. These missionaries, before starting, held a very satisfactory conference with Earl Li concerning the official attitude toward native converts. Thus, all things now point to the speedy and practical realization of the relief plans.

OUR COMMITTEE IN CHINA

IRENAEUS J. ATWOOD, M.D., American Board.
REV. E. H. EDWARDS, M.B., China Inland Mission.
REV. H. H. LOWRY, Methodist, Peking.
REV. M. B. DUNCAN, English Baptist Mission.
REV. ARTHUR H. SMITH, American Board, Chairman.

REV. ARTHUR H. SMITH, D.D.

Chairman of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD China Famine Relief Committee

The Famine Still Spreading

Late news from the famine districts shows that the distress continues to spread. Rumors of the coming of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Relief Expedition seem to have reached the borders of Honan and Hupeh provinces, adjoining Shansi, and there is a general feeling of gladness over the prospect. Especially is the suffering severe among the native Christians, who, during the "Boxer" troubles, lost many relatives in the massacres, and all their own possessions as well. The Governor of Shansi—evidently a broad-minded official, is helping the Chinese Christians in the Tai-yuen and Tai-ku districts, but there are multitudes whom it is impossible to aid, owing to the scarcity of food. These, failing the early arrival of succor, must perish of starvation.

Consecrated Gifts to the Fund

Many of the letters received, containing contributions to the Relief Fund, are of a character to show how deeply the appeal of the starving Chinese Christians has touched the hearts of God's people in our own land. We give below extracts from a few, that are fair examples of many hundreds that come in our daily mail:

With a gift of $5.50, Mrs. W. J. M., Campbell, Calif., writes: "Yesterday, when it was told of the wonderful ingathering in India you reported in your last week's issue, the whole body of our Christian Alliance meeting arose and praised God with a loud voice. And there has been a deep ring in my heart. O, how I praise him! I am expecting the same thing in China."

"I pray that the Lord will bless those people that they may see their sins and repent, and be converted, and love Jesus, who loves them," writes Mr. and Mrs. C. S. H., Sag Harbor, N. Y. ($5).

"God bless you more and more in the great work for humanity. He loveth cheerful and willing workers." S. R., Fairmount, Ind. ($1).

W. F. Tuscumbia, Ala., writes: "May God magnify the gift ($3.), and use it to preserve lives that will be won for Christ."

"I send it ($1) in Jesus' name, asking him to increase it tenfold." M. E. M., Westchester, Pa.

E. F., Auburn, Me., ($1) writes: "I wish to express my appreciation of the noble work you are doing, for not only the cause of suffering humanity everywhere, but also for the cause of Christianity, in thus helping forward the practical side of our heaven-born religion, which is so often neglected and forgotten."

Mrs. S. S. D., Towners, N. Y., writes: "My prayer goes with it ($1) that all the help they receive from Christian America may be the means of making China a Christian nation."

F. H. S., Shippensburg, Pa., writes: "Believing your method of helping the famine sufferers of China to be very good, and trusting your efforts to their relief may be successful and uplifting as well to their spiritual natures, permit me to subscribe the small amount of two dollars to the China Famine Fund."

Two little tots, Elsie and Ralph Kappan, Milwaukee, Wis., write: "We enclose one dollar, which please use to keep Chinese children from starving."

W. B. W., Dubois, Pa., writes: "I herein enclose one dollar. I wish I could give more, but I am a cripple, having never been able to walk. But the Lord can give his blessing even to this mite."

A lady in Alfred N. Y., sends $15, and writes: "In memory of Fluffy. A beloved pet had to be sacrificed, so that the means set apart for his support might furnish forth this gift. It was hard to do it, but it seems best. I should like to see this little monument, in commemoration of the dear creature that cheered the solitude of a lonely old woman."

All contributions to the China Famine Relief Fund will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Contributions should be forwarded to China Relief Work, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City. Contributions not thus far acknowledged will appear in next week's issue.

PRINCE CHING, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF PEKING

AN OPEN AIR RICE SHOP IN CHINA

. . First Weeks of the Pan-American Exposition . . . .

WONDERS OF THE RAINBOW CITY

Canada and Latin-America Well Represented . . . . . .

ON opening day, there passed through the gates of the Pan-American Exposition 101,687 people—a larger attendance than has marked the first day of any American fair save that at Chicago, when the wonderful "White City" laid claim to about 25,000 more. Some thirty-four excursions from Canada, New England and the Middle West contributed their quota. Neighboring cities and hundreds of small villages closed their stores and their people came to Buffalo, from Dixie and further South visitors had hied them northwards to witness the inauguration of the "Rainbow City's" wonders. The ceremonies were full of picturesque interest. What was prettier or more poetic, for instance, than the liberation of 10,000 pigeons on the Esplanade, their graceful flight upwards, their spreading out like a fountain and flying north, south, east and west, to bear to the world the news that the Rainbow City's gates were at last flung wide in welcome? The parade, headed by a long line of carriages with dignified escort, and followed up by the Midway trail of giants and pigmies, camels and zebras, Indians and Filipinos, Japs and jugglers, and odd folks and things innumerable was, in itself, worth going a long way to see.

The dedication exercises in the Temple of Music were opened with prayer by Bishop Fowler and closed with a benediction by Bishop Walker. Vice-President Roosevelt, Hon. Timothy L. Woodruff, Senator Lodge, and Mayor Diehl spoke; there was music, both noble and gay, in which the Mexican Band took part with comrades of the North; poems written for the occasion were read. Everything was as it should be except the weather, which gave leaden, though not weeping, clouds to a day and scene for which thousands had hoped there would be smiling skies. However at the evening illumination, when buildings began to blossom with lights, the Electric Tower to glow in fluctuant radiance, and the wizard's display of tamed and trained lightning emanating from Niagara Falls was fully on, the effect was all the more pronounced because of the starless darkness of the night. Altogether, the weather has been hard upon the Exposition. Storm and flood delayed the formal opening from May 1 to May 20; and the first weeks following opening day were of far more shadow and rain than of sunshine. With warmer and brighter days, people will come in greater numbers, and when hot July and August drive people northward, Buffalo's cool climate will strengthen the attraction of that mighty magnet—the Pan-American Exposition—which gains power in more ways than one from its nearness to the most magnificent cataract in the world.

Latin-America is making a brave showing at the Fair, twenty-three of her countries being represented in some way, and nine having exhibits in special buildings. Chili made a larger appropriation than any of her sisters, the amount being $170,000 in gold. Mexico devotes her two-story building to minerals only. She has 3,000 square feet in the Agricultural Building, 2,000 in the Forestry, 2,000 in the Horticultural, 3,000 in the Manufacturers, and 2,000 in the Ethnological Building. She has sent a Commission composed of her foremost citizens, a company of mounted Rurales and a military band.

The Electrical Tower, the Electrical Building and the Court of Fountains are the magnets within the magnet which the visitor first seeks, and to which he ever returns, more and more fascinated by their scenic effect by day and their witchery of illumination by night. The interior of the Tower accommodates restaurants, gios, roof gardens and pavilions. At night, 50 electric lights sparkle out over it. For the next se months, the whole Buffalo-Niagara region will be play of the most unique and magnificent search exhibit ever witnessed. For miles in every direct reaching even to Toronto and Hamilton—there flash signals of light from the powerful projecto the Electric Tower. These beams will be met crossed by similar rays flashed from the Observ Tower at Niagara Falls, twenty-two miles away.

Canada is exhibiting extraordinary interest in Exposition. On the late queen's birthday, a many came over the borders to the Fair, where found the arts and industries of their co in abundant evidence. The States hav pressed themselves not only in practical but in some that are unique. Thus Ill Building is a "Palace of Corn;" South rolina's "Tea Plantation" is in picturesque

SECTION OF LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING — THE GREAT ELECTRIC TOWER — ENTRANCE TO MACHINERY BUILDING

dence, while Louisiana exploits her sugar-cane inc attractively. In the Forestry Building, Oreg woods demand the lion's share of attention.

Standing in the Esplanade, and looking arour the brilliant panorama of towers, statues, foun gardens and canals, with great buildings on every filled with American products and manufactures difficult to realize that a little over a year ago grounds were but a bare clay plain. This "Ra City"—this harmony of red and yellow in roofs, co's walls and pillars, crowned with blue domes "k the blue sky," is a wonder in itself—a miracle of prise, more purely and distinctively American tha we have ever had. It becomes not only a matt personal pleasure, improvement and advantage t it, but a matter of Continental and patriotic pride

THE BLIND CHAPLAINS OF CONGRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 531

Although Doctor Milburn has been totally blind for more than fifty years, he has accomplished far more than the majority of people have succeeded in doing with two eyes. After serving as Chaplain for two terms, he returned to his itinerary, but in 1853 he went back to Congress for two more terms. In 1885 he was again elected Chaplain of the House, where he remained until 1893, when he was made Chaplain of the Senate, the position which he still holds. During his services as Chaplain, he has seen more than four generations of statesmen pass from the stage of their activities. He knew Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Douglas, Stephens, and many other famous men in the noonday of their power. He knew, perhaps, more intimately than any other American, England's great man of letters, Thomas Carlyle, beside many other of her noted sons. He makes his home in Washington, where his two adopted daughters devote themselves to his comfort. He affectionately calls them his "two eyes," and this they certainly have been to him since the death of his son, a dozen or more years ago.

It is something of a coincidence that both the Chaplain of the Senate and the Chaplain of the House should be ministers who have lost their eyesight. Mr. Couden, the Chaplain of the House, is much younger in years than Doctor Milburn, and lost his eyes in the service of his country during the Civil War. He was born in Marshall, Ind., but moved with his parents to Cincinnati when he was eight years old. He attended school there until he was eighteen, when he enlisted in Company K, Sixth Ohio Infantry. In a brush with the enemy in Mississippi, in 1863, Mr. Couden became the target for a dozen rifles. His face was riddled with bird-shot, and he was struck in the arm, side and foot, while his horse received eight shots. The instant the bird-shot struck his face his sight was gone, and from that day to this he has never seen a ray of light.

"I could not realize it at first," said Mr. Couden, in speaking of that event, "but after months of hospital treatment, the truth forced itself upon me. Yes, it was pretty hard, but I faced the fact with all of the courage I could muster, and determined that I would make the best blind man of myself that it was possible to make." That he has succeeded admirably, his career has shown. For some time he was undecided whether to enter the ministry or the profession of law, but his success as a Sunday School teacher determined him in the choice of the former. He entered the Tuft's Divinity School at Boston, and, after completing his course, was ordained as a minister. He has had four pastorates—at Madrid, New York; Willoughsby, Ohio; Chatham, Mass., and Port Huron, Mich., from which place he was appointed Chaplain of the House in 1895.

By a previous marriage, Mr. Couden has had four children. His daughter, an attractive girl of sixte is in the Friends' School of Providence. Mr. Coude was married to the present Mrs. Couden in 1886, and hey make their home in Washington on Capitol Hill. Irs. Couden is an exceedingly bright, attractive w an. Each morning she accompanies her husband t the Capitol and waits for him in the Speaker's lobby ntil he opens the House with prayer. At the stroke f 12 he takes his place at the clerk's desk in front the Speaker, who, with a rap of his gavel calls the House to order, and announces the invocation. The me bers rise in a body and stand in reverent attitude whi the Chaplain prays.

"I have often been surprised at the deportme of the House during the prayer," said Mr. Couden. especially was this so when I first came here. often seen it stated that the members paid no att and were irreverent, but that is not true. I can t the absolute stillness that they are giving most re attention, and it is not an unusual thing for a m to come to me as I am leaving the hall and say, 'lap lain, thank you for that prayer, it did me goo know, although the members themselves are not to saying much about it, that many of them a voted Christians. I am sure that, as a whole, the tone of Congress is higher and better than it is credited with being."

ABBY G. BAKER.

PRESIDENT SAM'S BLACK REPUBLIC

Little Haiti, our Near Neighbor, and its Rulers and People --- An Isle of Beauty little known to the World

NOT many people have interests in Haiti, and the little Republic in the Antilles is still practically unknown to the greater part of the ilized world. And yet how many merants in Hamburg, Bremen, Paris and New ork have become rich through Haiti! ow many people of all nations live by the ources of the "Pearl of the Antilles" aiti's pet name)! The merchants engaged the Haitien trade try to keep others out, that they may enjoy it alone, and this attide has no doubt given rise to many new prehensions about Haiti, and has probadone more to prevent the development the resources of the island than all ner causes combined. It has been called island of many revolutions; yet since 9 its people have enjoyed profound peace hout the slightest threatening complidion. Property of foreigners is invariably otected in the case of a revolution.

THE WHITE HOUSE AT PORT-AU-PRINCE

As early as 1806 (that is, two years after e Haitien Declaration of Independence) Constitution was adopted, the most rerkable feature of which is the principle of gious freedom. From this Haiti has never departed. For re than three centuries, up to the Independence in 1804, the man Catholic Church was the only denomination there, island having been successively under the domination of nce and Spain. While in other countries religious free-m has come only after long struggles between the different gious denominations, Haiti proclaimed religiou. ndependce without possessing a single Protestant citizen, and tainly without a single Protestant church.

The spirit of individual liberty, which was proclaimed in nce a decade previous to Haitien Independence, had eady reached Haiti. The founders of the new State bably desired to attract as many colored emigrants as ssible from the United States and the surrounding English onies, and these were brought up in the Protestant religion. t it must not be imagined that Catholicism has been mped out in Haiti; on the contrary, it has been fostered the State and is professed by the majority of the popula-n. There is an archbishopric at Port-au-Prince, and pendant bishoprics in Cape Haitien, Gonaives and Aux yes, all paid by the State. The incumbents are nominated the President and confirmed by the Pope, and they take oath of fidelity to the Haitien Government.

The Government of Haiti has appropriated about $80,000 the support of the Roman Catholic Church in the Repub-

friction with one another. The continual call of the Government is for more spiritual workers. It has been asserted that in certain parts of the island of Haiti, mysterious and occult

THE PRESIDENT ADDRESSING A MAY-DAY GATHERING

PRESIDENT T. A. SIMON SAM

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY LEAVING CHURCH

for one year. For the support of Protestant churches for e same period the appropriations are about $10,000. The dest denomination of Protestants in Haiti the Wesleyan Methodist. In 1816 the Wesans begun work in Haiti upon offers of ry liberal salaries for teachers, made by esident Petion, in England. The teachers ade favorable reports to the Missionary mmittee in London, and in 1818 pastors re sent to the island. Their work has been couraged and maintained ever since, and stors are still supplied from England or maica. There are six leading stations now good working order—Port-au-Prince, Cape aitien, Gonaives, Petit Goave, Jeremie and emel. The number of professing Wesleys is placed at 3,500.

In 1824, colored emigrants from the United ates introduced the African Methodist demination. This church has only one prinpal station. The colored emigrants also eslished Baptist churches. The Episcopalian urch in Haiti was founded in 1861, and in 74 the Rev. Jas. Theo. Holly, a colored nerican by birth, but a Haitien by adopn, was consecrated as Bishop for Haiti.

All these Christian denominations work in e same field without clashing, and without religious customs still prevail—a trace of the old African voodooism. The writer has traveled in all directions through Haiti, has visited the remotest parts of the island; and, speaking from personal experience, can state that, except some simple and innocent ceremonies, which have come down from their African forefathers, there is among the natives no trace of the terrible barbarities related by irresponsible writers, eager for sensations, and invented even at the cost of injuring the reputation of Haiti.

There are two different kinds of ceremonies, which still have something to do with the tradition of the old African belief. The writer witnessed three of the voodoo dances in different sections of the island, to which people had come from many parts of the Republic. They were so much alike that the description of one will suffice for all. The place chosen is usually located in the fastness of the mountains, to which strangers must be guided. Ordinarily it is an immense plateau with room for about 1,000 people. When we arrived at the meeting place (with our provisions, of course), we were conducted to a little hut where a *papaloie* or priest of the voodoo made his abode. The hut was divided into two rooms. In the first stood an old bathtub with a hole in the centre, in which an enormous sword was thrust. In the next room the *papaloie*, an aged negro, was sitting on a chair. He was looking upon a burning candle. He took my hands, looked again into the light, and told me I was expecting some goods from Europe; that it would be very difficult for me to sell these goods, but that he could give me a charm which would clear my stock immediately, but as a compensation I should send him one dozen handkerchiefs, a five-pound tin of butter, a five-pound tin of lard, a straw hat, and a pair of shoes of the largest size. I told him to keep the charm for me until the arrival of the articles, and if I am not mistaken he is still waiting for them. This happened in the evening. Next morning I had an explanation of the oracle. From the mountains, the harbor of Petit Goave could be plainly seen. There was a steamer discharging goods. The *papaloie* imagined that, as a European, I must be an importer, and that the steamer probably had some goods on board for me.

At ten o'clock in the morning the real voodoo ceremonies began. Three or four goats were butchered while the people were singing and dancing. The dancers were accompanied by the beating of enormous drums, monotonous songs and hand-clapping. The butchering of the goats was accompanied by invocations in a strange language. The *papaloie* presided at the ceremony. Singing, drum-beating, dancing, drinking of rum and *tafia* were going on uninterruptedly. Toward evening the drums sounded faster and faster, the dance became wilder and the crowd more excited. In the midst of the excitement piercing cries were heard. Everyone stopped dancing except one woman with loose hair and clothes. She fell on the floor, sprang in the air, yelled, and generally behaved like one suddenly gone mad. In the grasp of terrible hallucinations, under the waning and growing light of torches, she presented a demoniacal picture. The people there called her state "*li gagnain loie*." This means: "She is inspired by the gods of the voodoo." The height of the excitement was reached when the *papaloie*, interrupting the passioned woman's cries, told the people that the voodoo asks for ten gallons of rum, or else it would stop raining, the rum, of course, to be delivered to him. From time to time he addressed a question to the "medium," asking for advice. Then he answered, translating the yells of the woman. Exhausted, unconscious at last, the woman was brought away, and the dancing began anew and continued until the tropical sun scattered the darkness. That is all there is to the ill-famed voodoo of Haiti.

In a future letter I will have more to tell your readers of the material progress the little Republic is making.

ARTHUR SCHULER.

THE HAYTIEN GOVERNMENT POLICE FORCE

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made direct to subscription department. Checks should be made payable to the remitter. Receipts for cash remittances will be made by the publishers.

Foreign Postage. [illegible] to be made [illegible] outside the U. S., Canada, Mexico, is one dollar a year.

Change of Date. [illegible] at least two weeks to change the date when your subscription is renewed.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Sunday School Books

THERE is nothing in which our young folks ought to be more thoroughly congratulated than in the improvement of Sunday School literature. When our older people were children there were no juvenile books. If the book appetite arose, they were fed on a slice of *Wilberforce's Practical View of Christianity*, or were given a few nuts to crack from Chalmers' *Astronomical Discourses*. Their fathers and mothers sighed lest the little ones should turn out badly, because they liked ginger-snaps better than the *Westminster Catechism*. Pictures were scarce, and a book was considered properly adorned that had at the beginning a sketch of the author in gown and bands and long hair of powdered whiteness, and at the close, in ornate letters, the word *Finis*, which you were told meant "the end," although after wearily reading it through you did not know whether it was the end of the book or the end of you. You might as well feed your baby on lobster salad as at that age to have been expected to digest the books that were set before you.

But now the children's library is filled with books of large type, and tasteful vignettes, and lids ridged and flowered and scrolled and columned and starred with all the fascinations of bookbindery. Intelligent committees are appointed to thoroughly examine all the books introduced into the Sunday School library. And I think the majority of such libraries are filled with healthful literature, and if an improper book gets into the collection it is soon found out and ejected, or it mysteriously disappears.

But, if I am correctly informed, there are Sunday School libraries which are not only offensive to good taste but obnoxious to good morals. Carelessly selected by incompetent young people, there are in those libraries sentimental love-yarns; biographies of generals who were very brave, and good examples in some respects—when they were sober; fairy stories, in which the fairies had very loose morals; accounts of boys and girls who never lived—books in which there is no more religion than in *Don Quixote* or *Gulliver's Travels;* books with strong tincture of spiritualism, and the committee who selected them forgot that religious spooks are as bad as any other spooks. But I believe that the present Sunday School libraries are seventy-five per cent. better than those of other days. The style of religion commended in those books is a more lovely style of religion. My early impression from Sunday School books was that religion was very unhealthy. The good children all died. It seemed a distemper that killed almost every boy or girl who touched it. If I found myself some day better than common, I corrected the mistake, for fear I would die; although it was the general opinion that I was not in much danger from over-sanctity. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. Timothy lived through it, and we are credibly informed that little Samuel woke. The goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven could strike a ball till it soared clear out of sight, and, in the race, as far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm.

I am glad we are coming to a juvenile literature that takes for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it. Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the church could trade off a few hogsheads of cant for a few hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, we should be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and forever.

In closing this article let me enjoin great care in the appointment of committees for the purchase of books for Sunday Schools. All the books should be positively religious. Secular books can be had in abundance at village and city libraries. But let the religion commended be of an attractive kind, and something that will be useful to our young folks after they are grown. Let there not be one book in all the collection with immoral taint in type or picture. Especially see to it that there shall not be in any of those books anything that, by suggestion or description, makes sin attractive to the youthful mind, or undermines the reverence due to God and the Scriptures.

* * *

The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied. Prov. 19: 23.

* * *

"The Whole Creation"

Mrs. S. B., Dayton, Ohio. In these days of kindly deeds and Humane Societies, do you not think we ought to interpret more broadly the well known verse in Mark 16: 15, so that it shall include all animated nature, and not man alone? In the Revised Version, the translators have used the words "the whole creation," instead of "every creature," as formerly. Does not that justify us in asking whether Christ did not really intend that his Gospel of loving-kindness and helpfulness should be preached to the birds and the beasts, and every living thing, by our attitude toward them, and by all our words and acts? Man is not "the whole creation" by any means, although he may be a very important part of it. If this interpretation be true, is it not the duty of the pulpit and the religious press to preach against brutality to all animals, and especially against bird-slaughter, whether of innocent pigeons as victims of thoughtless "sportsmen," or birds of plumage, for the headgear of vain and equally thoughtless women. By all means, let us include in this Gospel every living thing, since he has commanded it, and since we have ample evidence elsewhere in the Bible that God cares for, and desires praise and thanksgiving from all things that live on the earth. (See Psalms 145: 16, 147: 9, and the whole of Psalm 148.)

WE commend our correspondent's suggestion to our contemporaries and to our clerical readers. Each may do much toward creating and stimulating a public sentiment against all cruelty and the unnecessary slaughter of animals and birds. It will be only an extension of the same teaching that is being given already by preachers and teachers. We are taught that conversion ought to so change the disposition of a man that he will become more loving, kindly and helpful to all men. Why should we not have, as an advance, the teaching that the softened disposition be manifested also to the lower orders of creation? It might lead to some readers and hearers abandoning, on Christian principle, some practices in which they have hitherto thoughtlessly indulged. If the men who take part in the pigeon-shooting match, and the women who decorate their hats with the breast or wings of a bird, were to hear from the pulpit or read in their favorite journal an emphatic declaration that it is the duty of the Christly soul to abstain from wanton cruelty to birds, two outrages now prevalent might be diminished and speedily cease. That would be a step toward realizing the desire Christ expressed that the whole creation might benefit by his work; and if the birds are capable of praising God, as the Psalmist exhorted them to do, they will have reason to praise him for the Gospel which interposes for their protection. Paul intimates (Rom. 3: 19-23) that the universal welfare of the brute creation is in some way bound up with the Christian development of mankind, and waits for that event with groaning impatience. Isaiah also specifically declares (11: 1-9) that when all men turn to God and serve him with new hearts, a change of disposition, analogous to this change in human nature, will take place in the brutes, so that when men reach that higher stage of development when they cease to make war on one another, they will see, as if in a mirror, the wolf dwelling in peace with the lamb. We have heard much in these days of the policy of the open door, may we not in another sense open still wider the door of our sympathies, which was opened to all the world when, emerging from the exclusive attitude of Judaism, Christianity invited the Gentiles to come in. It came in contact with the Oriental doctrine that women had no souls and it proved the theory false. The Dutch farmer laughed to scorn Robert Moffat's request that the Kaffir servants should come with the whites to his service, and declared that the Kaffir had no soul; but a multitude of Kaffirs have been Christianized. Time was when even among ourselves there were some who believed that the negro had no soul; but Christianity held the door open to him and a vast host have come in. Let Christianity remain true to its principle, and though it cannot agree with Ecclesiastes in saying that men have no pre-eminence above the beasts, it may consistently extend its regard for the lower orders of creation, at least so far as to protect them from needless suffering and destruction.

Opportunities in Cuba

HAVANA, May 22, 1901. Every time I come to Cu[ba] I find more Americans who have settled out in [the] country. Every time also there are more inqu[iries] from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and from o[thers] who think of settling here. For their benefit some fres[h in]formation may be given and some old information m[ay be] repeated. For Americans of small means farming in [Cu]ba is the best opening and is also almost the only opening. W[hen] it is said that Cuba is an agricultural country, that, of co[urse,] means that the best opportunities come from farming. [The] climate does not seem to interfere with the energies of [those] who are willing to work, and who expect to work in ord[er to] gain a livelihood and acquire something besides. A[t the] thermometer rarely goes below 60 degrees, Fahrenheit [and] as the average temperature the year round is above 70, [those] who find the long and severe winters of the North too [much] for them, can judge for themselves whether this cli[mate] would be suitable.

The cost of living out in the country is much less th[an] in the North. The reason is simple enough. As Cuba [is a] warm country, thick flannels and other heavy clothing, [which] are always expensive, do not have to be bought. The [dwell]ings can be built cheaply and yet be quite comfortable. [Fuel] does not have to be stored up against a long winter. All [that] is needed is a little charcoal for cooking purposes, or a [little] firewood, which in most parts of the island can be [easily] gathered. The conditions of living are much easier in [Cuba] than in the temperate zone. Crops can be produced a[ll the] year round. Moreover, stock is easily cared for.

But the American coming to Cuba, must remembe[r one] thing: that is, to use great care in buying land. At this [time], there are a variety of new colonization enterprises proj[ected.] I do not mean to say that they are not worthy of confi[dence,] but the inducements which they offer should be examine[d with] much care. It is simple enough to say that anybody b[uying] land is entitled to the land for which he pays. Yet [many] Americans are drawn into various projects for buying [land] that is not paid for. Sometimes a partial payment is [made] and the projectors intend to pay for the rest, but the[y are] themselves unable to do so, and the title given the pur[chaser] becomes involved. Now, Cuba, being a strange co[untry,] with a strange people and a strange language, abo[ve all] things it seems that whoever comes here to buy land s[hould] make sure that the person or the company selling it h[as full] ownership, and can give clear title. There should be no [question] whatever that the company or individual owns w[hat] he is selling. "Look to the title and look to the seller," is a [warn]ing which cannot be too deeply impressed on the incr[easing] number of Americans who want to come to Cuba and [get a] stake in the soil.

As to the amount of ready capital necessary, it is h[ard] to say. There should be some capital, although I have k[nown] several instances of Americans with hardly a shirt to [their] back, who have come here and gotten hold of land [which] they are cultivating. General Wood tells me he re[ceives] hundreds of letters from people in the United States, m[aking] inquiries about land investments, and he answers them [by] advising that those who want to come manage to bring [each] from $1,000 to $1,500. He advises against bringing [their] families immediately, because it takes a little time to b[ecome] used to surroundings and to prepare a home. But [in the] end, the families should by all means be brought. G[eneral] Wood also advises that Americans try to settle in [small] parties or groups, of from three to four persons. By [working] together this way and combining their capital, th[ey are] able to do better than when each one is going it alon[e]. He has infinite faith in the resources of Cuba, and the op[portu]nities which the island offers to industrious perso[ns for] gaining a livelihood. But like all the American offici[als, he] counsels those who want to settle here to take prope[r pre]cautions in buying land, so as to be sure that they wi[ll get a] clear title and will own what they pay for. As I ha[ve ex]plained in other articles, land titles in Cuba are m[ore] complicated than in the United States, and that is w[hy the] land buyer should insist on having a perfect title. [If the] would-be seller cannot give this, he should waste no ti[me].

While the political conditions just now may seem a li[ttle un]certain, yet I should state it is the universal belief that, [within] the next two or three years, the American Congress is [going] to give certain tariff concessions to Cuban products im[ported] into the United States, which will ensure a profitable m[arket.] Because of this belief, many Americans are investing [what] capital they can get together in sugar-cane lands, i[n fruit] lands and in other forms of farm industry.

Cuba affords an ideal climate, that is in striking c[ontrast] with that of the Northern and Middle American S[tates]—temperate, equable, and salubrious. Some of these [days,] when Dr. Klopsch gets through with his great intern[ational] charities, he may find time to come down to Cuba, an[d after] looking over the field, he may be impressed with the [prospe]rity of founding here, in this lovely island paradise, a [colony] which shall be a restful retreat for the older genera[tion of] preachers and Christian workers, and for some of th[e great] CHRISTIAN HERALD family—a home for old age, [where] balmy breezes, productiveness and natural charms wou[ld give] to the close of such lives a sweet serenity and peac[e they] cannot find elsewhere. Surely, the faithful service o[f such] workers is deserving of no less. Such a philanthropy [should] everywhere find appreciation.

CHARLES M. PE[ER].

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Momentous Decision

NEW conditions, arising out of our war with Spain, have developed constitutional questions which have been submitted to the United States Supreme Court for decision. One of these was adjudicated last week, with a result that astonishes many of our leading citizens. Briefly stated, it was the question whether, when we took possession of Porto Rico, that isl d became a part of the United States. Hitherto, th United States has been composed of States and Te itories, which latter were eligible to become States. Th action of Congress in legislating for Porto Rico ap peed to indicate that the island had a position unique in ir history. Congress fixed a tariff for that island so th goods entering the island from the United States an goods entering the United States from Porto Rico ha to be subject to customs duties. Now we do not im ose a tariff on goods coming from Arizona, and the ot r Territories, so it appeared that Porto Rico was nc to be regarded as a Territory, having the consti tu nal rights and privileges belonging to Arizona and th other Territories on this continent. What, then, w its status? Was it a foreign country? If so, what ri ht had Con gr s to regu la its fiscal sy t e m? It ap ared from th f a c t that C gress exer c ed that ri ht that Pe o Rico oc cued a posi tin midway be een a for ei n country ar one of our T itories. T is a new m ber of our c stitutional fa ly was in troduced, oc cu ing a posi tio novel to ou deas. For th first time in ur history, th U n i t e d S es had a d endency h ng none of th rights con fe d by the C s titution, e e p t such as ongress m g h t volun ta y extend to h This view w s strongly o osed by m y constitu ti al lawyers, w contended th in annex i Porto Ri o, we en d ed it with t Constitu ti and all the r hts and p ileges conferred by that instrument. In other words, th wheresoever our flag might be raised, there the Cstitution ruled as a natural consequence. The questi was an interesting one, and so difficult was it, that it divided the Supreme Court almost equally, five Jtices being on one side, and four on the other. The m ority held that Congress had the power to regulate t tariff of Porto Rico, free from the constitutional r riction, providing that "all duties, imports and e ises shall be uniform throughout the United States." Tis implies that Porto Rico has not become a member o the sisterhood of States and Territories composing t Union, but occupies the novel position of an out ng possession, or dependency. The Justices who con c in this decision point out that it is necessary for the v fare of the Union, otherwise the time might come, ven, by conquest or in some other way, a multitude of p ple, alien in race, customs and religion, might be i corporated in the Union, exercising the right of voting al influencing legislation, to our national detriment. e dispute reminds us of that old contention which a se in the early days of Christianity, when the Jewish m bers of the Church were opposed to the admission of the Gentiles. It is well for us that the dispute in that case was settled, as Paul describes:

Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God (Eph. 2 : 19).

Lizards Stop a Train

A singular incident of railroad travel is reported from Boston, Mass. A heavy freight train was proceeding from Stonington, Conn., to Boston, on May 23, during a storm. Suddenly, on the up grade beyond Bolton, Conn., the wheels of the locomotive began to slip, and finally, when no further progress could be made, the brakes were applied to prevent losing ground. Then the crew of the engine jumped off and looked about the wheels with a lantern. They found the rails covered with a slippery matter, while along the track for three hundred yards ahead were myriads of lizards. They covered both rails, and as the locomotive came along were crushed. The train hands went to work with shovels, and after a half hour's work cleared the track ahead of the lizards and the train was able to go forward. Where the lizards came from, or what it was that attracted them to the rails, is not known. Weak as they are, they were able, by sheer numbers, to delay the progress of the train, but it was done at the cost of their lives. So it will be in the history of the world. The kingdom which the prophet saw arise, like a stone cut without hands, often seems to be halted in its development by the opposition of wicked men, but in the end it will triumph over their puny efforts and fulfil its mission.

It shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever (Daniel 2 : 44).

A Fatal Device

A remarkable suicide occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. A well-known business man has been for some months past concerned about the mental condition of his wife. She has been subject to fits of melancholy, in which, as the physicians whom he consulted told him, she was liable to commit suicide. He watched her most devotedly and did all in his power to cheer her. He had lost so much rest in caring for her, that he knew that when he did fall asleep he was likely to sleep heavily. In order to be sure of waking if his wife were to rise while he was asleep, he waited until she fell asleep, and then attached a rope that he passed around her waist to his arm. He thought that so secured she could not get up without waking him. He did not wake until morning, and then he was alarmed at finding her gone from his side. She had gnawed the rope in two and had taken one part and hanged herself. So the very device that he had designed to save her she had used for her death. He doubtless reproaches himself for using it; but without just cause, as his motive was pure. Such a miscarriage of design occurs in the spiritual world only too frequently. And it is not a modern evil, for the apostle observed it:

They that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction (II Peter 3 : 16).

Mingled Soils for a Tree

The ceremony of planting a tree in memory of the late Queen Victoria, took place at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., a few days ago. A number of citizens of British birth or descent, have had the project in hand for about three months. The managers communicated with prominent people in various sections of our own country and in Canada, and across the sea. The responses were numerous and cordial. From many States came letters of appreciation, and with them small quantities of soil. Similar contributions came from Great Britain and Ireland, and several British colonies. These packages of soil were opened, and mingled with the soil from our own States, and were carefully placed at the root of the tree. It is fitting that the tree, which is to be a memorial of the royal lady whom the whole world honored, should grow from the soil of many lands. It would be well if all rulers learned from the universality of these tributes the lesson they are fitted to teach.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance (Ps. 112 : 6).

BRIEF NOTES

Readers belonging to the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union, will find the Topic for June 23, discussed this week in the Sunday School Department on page 538, the two committees having chosen the same subject for the day.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Book Fund has been carried on by her for more than twenty-five years, and during that time 223,000 volumes have been distributed among poor ministers of all denominations. In addition, financial help is rendered in very necessitous cases, and during the last year about $2,000 has been dispensed in this way.

A new feature in the work of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, is a free summer course for the study of the Bible and practical methods of Christian work. This course is intended for pastors, evangelists, missionaries, and Christian workers generally, men and women alike. Prof. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Institute, Chicago, will supply inquirers with all particulars.

At the recent anniversary of the American Tract Society, the Secretary reported that 27 new publications had been added to the organization's list during the year, and that the number issued since the beginning was 8,331, not including periodicals. The total number of volumes issued from the home office during the past seventy-six years is 32,391,827; of tracts, 479,399,719, and of periodicals, 258,401,568, making a total of 770,193,114.

....A New Heaven and a New Earth

International S. S. Lesson for June 23. Rev. 21: 1-7; 22-27

THE HOLY CITY COMING DOWN

GOLDEN TEXT: "He that cometh shall inherit all things; I will be his God and he shall be my son. Rev. 21: 7

BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

THE International Lesson Committee, in selecting this as the quarterly temperance lesson, must have had in mind some such thought as prompted Layyah Barakat, when she had left the Mohammedan country of her birth, and had come as a missionary convert to America, where women are treated so much better, to say, "Your land would be heaven if the drink were not here." She found our country a heaven beside her own Turk-ruled Syria, except in the drink habit, in which we are worse than Mohammedans, whose one great virtue is that they are total abstainers, save as European and American example has influenced them for evil. The very latest statistics, those of the New York State Commission of Prisons (quoted *Literary Digest*, January 26, 1901), show that in the year ending October 1, 1900, one-third of all the commitments to penal institutions in that State were for drunkenness, besides those punished by fines only, which would raise the convictions for drunkenness to one-half the total. And many more not credited to drink should be added. Let any one imagine that in his own neighborhood every quarrel, crime, vice, deformity, want and sorrow due to drink banished from the homes and streets—what a heaven it would be!

* * *

The New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. The city of Christ is now building on the earth. Our unbelief has made us think of the heavenly city as a city in heaven, which is a very different thing. The Bible plainly declares that the New Jerusalem, the righteous city, built on the square, but with no courthouse in its centre, is a city "let down from God out of heaven," a city on earth in which the law of Christ is to be really, though it may be not in this world fully, dominant.

The City of Cain and the City of Christ

When we speak of a "holy man" we do not mean a perfect, or even a sinless man, but one in whose life the law of God is supreme. One hundred such holy people may surely form a holy village, as indeed they do in the mountains of Burma, where missionary converts form new communities in which the law of Christ rules the social relations of man to man in business and politics and pleasure, to the prohibition of polygamy, drink, and opium, as well as the individual relations of the man to God. If there can be Christian villages there can be a Christian city—and will be when we get rid of that worst form of unbelief which assumes that the Gospel is not practicable in business and politics.

As the family, the holy family of Eden, is the point of departure in social study, its goal is the new holy city "let down from God," the kingdom of heaven, a divinely-ordered, divinely-promised, human and humane society of justice and purity and liberty and equality and charity and fraternity and humanity, in which God's will is to be done on earth as it is done in heaven. The central theme of both Testaments is this "kingdom of heaven,"

What is the Kingdom of Heaven?

which is interpreted by the words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth."

This is a Hebrew parallelism, in which, as in the Psalms, the second line explains the first. Men debate, "What is the kingdom?" There is no room for controversy. Christ answers without figures of speech: It is the doing of God's will, as in heaven, so on earth—the word "kingdom" conveying the additional truth that it is not merely the individual doing of that will, but social obedience to God's law. Could Christ have taught us to pray for what was not to be? His command so to pray is an implied promise that his will is sometime to be so done, as in heaven, so on earth.

Matthew's phrase, "The kingdom of heaven," is manifestly a condensation of the two phrases we have quoted from the Lord's Prayer, and, like them, means a community in which God's will is done on earth as in heaven. Another parallel passage is "the holy city coming down," which means a city into which the customs of heaven have "come down," a city in which God's will is done, as in heaven, so on earth. If this seems a hard saying, contrast the cities of Christendom, not only with the New Jerusalem of the future, but also with Rome of the past, where the most cultured men and the most pious women found their supreme pleasure in seeing beasts, gladiators and martyrs "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

Behold thy King cometh unto thee, oh, city of sin, the old Jerusalem, where even Christ is sold for silver; but by the leaven of his love and law thou shalt become the new Jerusalem, a Christianized society, whose traders and rulers shall no longer be confused and alarmed when the cry is heard, "Where is he that is born King?"

There is an increasing number of modern "seers" who believe in such a city, and are helping to build it.

Hugh Price Hughes has said: "Christ came to create in this world the Christian City, where law is administered in the name of justice and humanity; where the poor, the sick, the solitary are wisely and tenderly benefited; where the young are trained in beautiful thoughts and lofty ideals; where art, literature and science flourish; where the welfare of all is the solicitude and the delight of each; that fair city of God, in fact, of which St. John had so bewitching a vision, where disease ravages no more, where the voice of complaining is not heard in the streets, where pauperism and crime and drunkenness and gambling and debauchery are forgotten insanities of a dismal and buried past."

Francis Turner Palgrave writes:

Whene'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above,
Whene'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

Not throned above the skies
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

Dr. Everett D. Burr says: "It is theirs who bear the name of Christ to have their hearts filled with the sublime visions of the new city descending out of heaven from God, and, coming down from the great and high mountain of vision, work out in the valley of toil the pattern they have seen of the city which hath no heed of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it, whose gates are not shut by day, for there is no night there, neither shall there be any more death, neither sorrow nor crying—a city without the slums, a city of hope, a city of homes, a city of industry."

Dr. Mathewson writes: "Thou art descending, O! city of God; I see thee coming nearer and nearer, Tongues are dead; prophesies are dying; but charity is born. Our castles rise into the air and vanish; but love is bending lower every day.

"Man says, 'Let us make a tower on earth which shall reach unto heaven;' but God says, 'Let us make a tower in heaven that shall reach unto the earth.' O, descending city; O, humanitarian city; O, city for the outcast and forlorn, we hail thee, we greet thee, we meet thee! All the isles wait for thee—the lives riven from the mainland—the isolated, shunted, stranded lives. They sing a new song at thy coming, and the burden of its music is this, 'He hath prepared for me a city.'"

And Henry Drummond has said: "To make cities—that is what we are here for. To make good cities—that is for the present hour the main work of Christianity. For the city is strategic. It makes the towns; the towns make the villages, the villages make the country. He who makes the city, makes the world."

* * *

And God shall wipe away all tears . . . and the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light. Such a "new earth" with "light" in place of "tears," must be an earth from which the drink evil has been driven. Whatever poetic exaggeration there may be in this story, it is certain that there is no way by which we can help more to abolish the "tears" and increase the "light" of this world, than by doing what can be done by example and voice and vote to banish the drink demon that makes so much of earth a hell when it might otherwise be "a heaven begun below."

Temperance Tour of the World

Let us by the lightning express of thought go rou world and see the "tears"—the "light," also, if th any—that a temperance tour of "nations" will reveal. ing the sea we find the English people excited ab discovery of "arsenic in beer," but Dr. Janeway, York City, says the worst poison ever found in drin alcohol. Our next stop is in Germany, where beer d prevent its people from drinking more of the stronger than any nation except France, where our lightning next pauses a moment to hear its statesmen and sc lament that its population is declining, because, t thing, the general use of wine has not kept its peop drinking more of the stronger liquors in proportion to tion than any other nation of the world, as was sho recent report to the British Parliament. And now we in Spain, which is the most temperate country in partly because it was for two hundred years under M medan prohibition. That one virtue of an otherwise faith has also proved a breakwater to the tidal wave c in Africa, through which we now speed. The west "one long gin-shop and graveyard." Missionaries tell millions die there every year of Holland gin and Ne land rum, and other deadly drinks with which so-calle tian nations are making ten times as many drunk Christians. Slavery slew its thousands, but drink is its ten thousands. But "light" is breaking in "I Africa." In treaties of 1890 and 1899, seventeen Christian and Mohammedan, agreed to protect the of those portions of Africa not previously protected hammedan laws in the north and British laws in th against the white man's "fire-water."

The first treaty declares this is done because of the and material consequences to which the abuse of sp liquors subjects the native population." It is found t traffic injures not only t name, but also the t Christian nations, illu the great truth that in n as well as personal life eousness is not only t principle, but also t policy. But on we go to gascar, whose Christian now exiled by France, to license drink, to mak nue out of the misfortu vices of her subjects, de prohibition instead, unt ruled by France, whi money above manhoo we speed, into the islan of the Pacific, in b which, as we have said a petition for protection intoxicants and opium ering volume, which is presented to the great of the world by a deput temperance reformers.

On we hasten to Bur large part of which Gre ain, repentant of its forcing opium on Chi proclaimed prohibition deadly drug for all not its hopeless victims. W a moment in Japan, wh hibition of opium is cour of the reasons for its sup to China, and where pro of tobacco is the latest And now we have re Manchuria, where Rus hibits opium, and boast contrast between he of influence in this resp those larger portions o where British opium graded and impoverish hundred millions in the of opium sots, and ma hundred millions of Ch hate foreigners in gene the British in particula

"I SAW THE HOLY CITY, NEW JERUSALEM, COMING DOWN FROM GOD OUT OF HEAVEN"

we end our tour for the present in Peking, where a pet American Missionary Societies asks the United St initiate, with Russia and Japan, a proposal, to whi hoped England is now ready to accede, to release Chi compulsory treaty obligations to allow the awful opi fic, and leave her free to prohibit this curse, which Wu Ting Fang recently assured us the Chinese Gove is still as eager to do as when, in 1840–42, the opium pealed the prohibition previously proclaimed by a no peror, Tao Kwang, who said, when an opium licen proposed, "I cannot receive any revenue from tha causes misery and suffering to my people." What rebuke to the license policy which so many Christia port! We return across the Pacific, in good hope t half-civilized and uncivilized peoples of the world w be emancipated from rum and opium, remembering a the beginning of the end of slavery was the battle ag extension to new territories. Without waiting for t tory to repeat itself, even an army of one may set fo work to abolish the saloon in his own town, so helpi against his own door to make a "new earth." In on late national addresses, Miss Willard told the story o who rode into an English village, and eagerly sought house where he might quench his thirst with a glas favorite ale. He was informed that in that town th no house where intoxicating beverages could be ha asked the meaning of this most extraordinary state of The answer was: "About a hundred years ago a man John Wesley lived in this town." When such me made such changes in most of the towns of our old will be a "new earth," indeed, and a "new heaven" be

IN MY VERANDA CHAIR

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

How to Do Things

THE French have a terse little phrase, *savoir faire*—which means to know and to do. A great many women are worried lest they shall be proved lacking in this, lest they shall make some mistake in their etiquette. lest in some little conventionality they shall blunder. Hence arises the solicitude about cards, how many to leave at a reception; about calls, who shall make the first one, and how soon must it be returned; about wedding gifts, how to acknowledge them, and about such matters as forks and spoons on the dinner table.

The fact is that manuals of good form would do very little towards setting awkward people at their ease, even if they were most assiduously studied. We acquire grace and polish of manner by practicing politeness in daily life. She who is habitually gentle and considerate, who never raises her voice to an unmannerly pitch, and never drops into slang or into ungrammatical expressions, will speak like a lady at all times, and need not be afraid though she find herself in the presence of royalty. Our conventional rules are seldom purely arbitrary; they rest on a solid base of kindness, convenience and common sense. Thus, in the matter of forks at the table: if you are giving a formal dinner, with a succession of courses, it will save trouble to lay all the forks for the whole dinner beside the plate when the table is set. As each course is removed, the fork used with it will be taken away. If, however, you do not happen to possess forks enough to do this, use what you have, and bring clean ones quickly as they are needed. Nobody will observe, unless you apologize. All fussing, fretting and apologizing in company is in bad taste and opposed to politeness, because it tends to make those who receive the excuse uncomfortable.

The diffident visitor is likely to miss the enjoyment he or she might have at a party, through fear of doing or not doing some expected thing. Yet it is very simple. You speak to your hostess at a reception or an evening company, and she stands near the door, on purpose that you may have no trouble in finding her. Having made your manners to her, you may speak to whomsoever else you please, and enjoying yourself as you like until you take leave, when you bid your hostess good-by, with a brief acknowledgment of the pleasure you have had.

Young girls are fearful that they may be too pressing in their attentions to young men. Shall they ask them to call? Shall they send them presents when they graduate? Shall they thank them for any civility? In the last instance, yes, cordially, but not effusively. In the others, no. A man, as a rule, asks permission to call. He can divine from a lady's manner whether or not he may venture to do this. Perhaps, he just calls, which is eminently sensible on his part, if he knows the family well enough. And when he calls, he asks for Miss Lucy's mother, as well as Miss Lucy's self, since in these days it is very bad form indeed to ignore mothers. About sending presents: Elsie does not answer them on Edward, unless he is her brother, her cousin, her brother's chum or her old schoolmate. In all of these cases, it is permitted her to give him a book, or a sofa cushion with his college colors, or any very trifling souvenir, and equally he may present her with books, flowers or sweets, but with nothing costly, and nothing in the line of jewelry or dress.

About the setting of a table for any ordinary meal, do as you please. But for a formal dinner, put on only your finest linen, over a silence cloth of canton flannel or felt, your prettiest centre-piece, and either silver candlesticks with tiny paper shades, or a lamp, not too large, which burns with a clear flame. A few flowers in low vases are pretty, and you may have little silver and glass dishes with salted almonds, olives and bon-bons, here and there. Only the place plates are put on. The dishes are served from a side table, except that the hostess often serves the soup herself and the host carves the roast. In ultra-fashionable houses, all the carving and serving are done away from the table by the butler, but most of us are not very fashionable and are grateful that it is still good form for the man of the house to carve, and to ask his guests what part of the fowl, and what sort of cooking, under-done or well-done, they prefer. It is obligatory on the well-bred guest to make a choice. She must not murmur that she does not care, she eases her entertainer's burden by stating her wish.

The Children's Teeth

A great deal of care should be bestowed upon the first teeth of our little children, and the mother should take her wee toddlers to the dentist from time to time, that even small cavities may be filled. An infant crying in the night because of the toothache reflects seriously upon the good sense of his parents. Also, the second and permanent teeth depend very much upon the first. They must have room in the jaw, so that they will come into place evenly, like kernels of corn on the ear or rows of pearls. From the earliest hour, children should be taught to brush their teeth and to care as much for this part of their toilet as for the washing of face and hands. Too much candy should be avoided in the child's diet, and plenty of good oatmeal and corn meal and wheat, not too finely ground, should be given as food during the years when the teeth are forming.

All one's life, teeth will be useful servants if they are properly looked after during childish years. They are also a great beauty, if regular, white and sound. An unwholesome state of the teeth produces a disagreeable breath, and this is to be deprecated, since it makes a person offensive instead of pleasant to those whom he meets.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—TRIED AND TRUE. Nothing is so contemptible as an anonymous letter. Never send or notice one.

—MARGERY. Send several poems at a time to the editor, if you choose. It will not work to your disadvantage.

—JANE. I regard the position of a general houseworker as most honorable, particularly if she fill it acceptably.

—MAY LOU. Wild flowers will grow in the garden if planted in good soil and in places like their native haunts.

—E. You poor mother. I am sorry for you. But pray. God can change the situation. Do not fret. Leave it with him.

—JEANIE. Your husband means no harm. I fear he is a little vain. Most men are. Be as neat and attractive as possible yourself.

—RUSTIC. Common politeness requires you to answer every letter you receive, unless there is some excellent reason to the contrary.

—INQUIRER. Should a woman curl her hair? Why not, if ringlets become her? But let her avoid heated curling irons, which ruin the hair.

—A LADY. By care in your own speech, and the absolute avoidance of slang, you will raise the tone of those around you, though you will of course be on your guard against hurting the feelings of your friends by criticism.

THAT GIGGLE

WHEN I arose to speak one day
I quite forgot what I had to say,
I thought and thought and tried in vain
To bring it to my mind again,
And there I stood with head downcast,
A-dreading what would come at last.

The room grew dark, my heart grew sad,
I thought I surely would go mad.
I tried to speak, but not a word,
Or e'en a whisper could be heard.
My limbs with palsy seemed to shake,
My heart with terror seemed to quake.

I heard a giggle clear and loud
Go rippling through the waiting crowd.
I could no longer stand the strain,
For bursting seemed my heart and brain;
Then to my feelings I gave vent,
And weeping to my seat I went.

Akron, O. *From Smiles*, BY ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS.

A NEGRO HOME IN FLORIDA

Among Negro Cabins

A FEW weeks ago we were thrilled and saddened by the tidings that beautiful Jacksonville, the lovely Southern city which so many of us have visited when first entering Florida, had been fire swept. Large hotels, great business blocks, and many sweet, rose-embowered homes were laid in ashes. White people and black sat side by side in their misery near the ruins of their houses, and ate the bread of charity.

While the Southerner of the "old school" deprecates the idea of social equality with the negro, he understands him better, and is often more practically kind to him than are the Northern friends of the colored race. In childhood the piccaninny plays with the white child on the most fraternal terms, and when grown up there is often great mutual confidence and loyal friendliness between members of the two races. So magnificent an organizer and patriot as Booker T. Washington is doing everything man can do to uplift his people, and, in teaching them trades, is showing them the way to self-support. It remains for us to employ them when taught, and not to slam the door of honest labor in the face of any man, white, brown, black, or red, when he seeks to open it, and is properly equipped. Paul Lawrence Dunbar is showing what a black man can do in literature, and Charles W. Chestnut, who has a mingling of white blood with the darker tinge, is taking a foremost place among the writers of current fiction.

From such a home as that shown in the picture, a typical negro cabin in Florida, swarming with half-clad, barefooted little ones, another Booker Washington may yet come. The Virginia cabin which was the cradle of Mr. Washington was no better than this, but starting there, with indomitable pluck and energy, the great black man has climbed to a place where he commands the esteem and confidence of the best among his countrymen.

In tropical climates, such as that of our beautiful land of Florida, the soil yields its harvests without exhausting labor. In these days the market gardener finds it very profitable to raise early vegetables and berries for the Northern cities, so that the orange industry has fallen into the background. In the strawberry field, men, women and children toil, and the scene when the fruit is picked and packed for shipping is a most varied and animated one, exceedingly picturesque and interesting.

Hoe-cake and bacon form the staple of food in the negro home, fried chicken being an occasional luxury, not often to be expected. The children sleep on the floor, and eat when they are hungry, a regularly appointed table being considered superfluous. Many of the people are increasing in thrift, and the earnings of those who are disposed to work form a creditable sum total at the end of a week.

CHINA'S TRIBUTE TO GRANT

Minister Wu's Remarkable Oration on Memorial Day

PROBABLY the most notable incident in connection with the Memorial Day services in New York this year, was the oration delivered by Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, at the tomb of General Grant. Minister Wu appeared upon the platform dressed in the costume of his country, and was listened to with the deepest attention by the great audience. In the course of his remarks he said:

WU TING FANG
Chinese Minister at Washington

"To address an American audience on a day consecrated to America's patriotic dead is an office for which a foreigner is not naturally fitted. The occasion calls for the ponderous periods of Webster, the gorgeous rhetoric of Sumner, and the classic diction of Everett to recount the story of deeds heroically done and duty nobly performed. I am sensible of the difficulties I labor under to come up to the requirements. But I could not very well decline the great honor, when several months ago I was invited to take part in the exercises of this day—the first Memorial Day in the twentieth century—and deliver an oration at the final resting place of the great American soldier and statesman whose achievements have commanded the admiration of the world, and whose fame has spread to far-off lands.

"The career of Grant is just such as is calculated to fire the imagination of the Chinese. 'Statesmen and Generals do not come from an exclusive stock,' is one of our favorite sayings. We Chinese have great admiration for men who have risen by their talents from humble beginnings to be acknowledged leaders of the people. Such was Grant. Naturally, all China delighted to do him honor.

"But there was one Chinese official who took a specially keen and indeed personal interest in the visit of Gen. Grant. That was the Viceroy of the Province of Chili, Li Hung Chang. When the United States man-of-war *Ashuelot*, with General Grant on board, steamed into the harbor of Tientsin, the Viceroy was the first man to bid him a hearty welcome. Thus began that singular friendship between the two great men.

"Little did Earl Li think that he should ever be able to make a voyage abroad and visit Grant's country, when the two were enjoying a friendly chat together over a cup of tea in the Viceroy's yamen at Tientsin. But the period of seventeen years that followed was an eventful one for China. Over seventy years old, Earl Li left his native land to visit the countries of Europe and America. In the meantime, Grant had already gone to the grave. When the aged Viceroy arrived at New York, the reception he received was an exceedingly warm one. As the steamship *St. Louis*, which bore him to this country, was drawing near her pier, he went on deck, in order to be ready to step on shore with the least possible delay. There he stood for a while in the midst of his numerous retinue, head and shoulders above all that were round him, feeling perhaps not a little sad that Grant was no more. But, strange to say, the first American that rushed down the gang-plank to meet him was one who bore a startling likeness to his departed friend. It was Col. Frederick Grant.

"After Grant's death, Earl Li gave instructions t Chinese legation at Washington to bring every ye it is done this day, an offering of flowers to the eral's tomb on Memorial Day, as a token of his e ing friendship. When he was in this city durin visit to this country, he regarded it as his first d make a pilgrimage to the final resting place of h ceased friend. His placing a floral wreath upon G sarcophagus was an occasion that will not easil from men's memory.

"A nation which has produced such men as Wa ton, Lincoln and Grant can again produce me them. A nation which has no lack of men abl ready to cope with every emergency that may ar its progress, is truly great, and will continue to The reason why Lincoln is revered by posterity only because he was a wise statesman and Pres but also because he devoted and gave up his life cause of freedom and liberty. In like manner Gr revered and honored now not only because he great and skillful commander—which, indeed, e him to fame—but also because he was magnan and generous toward his friends and enemies alik firmly devoted to justice and peace.

"If Grant had done his work in China, there doubt that temples would have been erected honor throughout the Empire. Before his shri pressive ceremonies would be performed at stated vals of the year, by officials of the Government, w burning of incense and the offering of sacrifices things are done differently in this country. sometimes been said that republics are ungratefu grand mausoleum is at least a standing witness th people of the United States are not unmindful o obligations to the great leader that conducted through a memorable crisis in their national life.'

AN IMPORTANT DEBATE

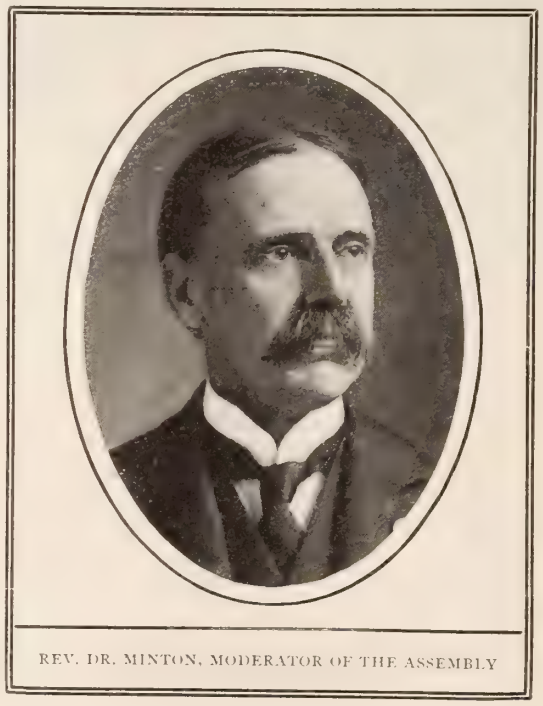
THE PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY YIELDS TO THE DEMAND FOR REVISION OF THE CREED

FUTURE generations of Presbyterians will probably be very familiar with the proceedings of the General Assembly of 1901, recently held in Philadelphia, which was the one hundred and thirteenth in the series. It will stand out from its predecessors as the one in which the bulwarks of conservatism were for the first time pierced by the shafts of progression. There are many now who lament the victory over which others rejoice, and there are many dismal predictions of the evils which will flow from this first yielding of the defenders of things as they are. Probably neither the optimists nor the pessimists will find any great change result from the action of the Assembly; nor will there be any important difference in the utterances from the pulpits. The doctrines which were the objects of attack have for a long time been kept in the background, and if the ministers really did continue to believe them, there has been little evidence of the fact in their sermons. The doctrines have been used chiefly to test the orthodoxy of candidates for ordination and to mark the outlines of the position on which the Presbyterian Church is supposed to stand.

The most conspicuous of these doctrines are those defined in the third chapter of the Confession, which deals with the subject of God's Eternal Decree, with the famous section on those "who are foreordained to everlasting death." Another section is that in the sixteenth chapter, which stigmatizes as sinful good works done by unregenerate men. A third section implies that there is a discrimination among children dying in infancy, and that it is possible that some of them are lost. A fourth object of attack was the declaration, which is offensive to persons who have Christian charity, that the Pope is Antichrist, a statement in which few students of prophecy concur. It was not proposed to expunge these sections from the Confession. A proposition so radical would probably have been promptly voted down. It was suggested that some amendments might be made, and that a committee be appointed to prepare a brief summary of the faith which should hold a similar relation to the Shorter Catechism that the Shorter Catechism holds to the Larger Catechism. It was hoped that in this "brief summary" greater emphasis would be placed on the love of God for all men and on the duty of preaching the Gospel to the heathen. By this means it was hoped that the attitude of the Church would appear less austere and more in harmony with the new view of the Divine relations to the world. Sixty-eight of the two hundred and ten Presbyteries endorsed the proposal for the brief summary, while fifty Presbyteries opposed any change or concession.

Dr. Charles A. Dickey, of Philadelphia, the retiring Moderator, preached an earnest sermon from Colossians 4:11, in the course of which he said: "We have a noble ministry, nearly eight thousand strong, and the depleted ranks are being filled by colleges and seminaries, whose faithful work praises them. The ministry is strengthened and supported by a noble eldership, nearly thirty thousand strong, whose services, in both church and state, is for the glory of God. Ministers and elders lead a noble membership, more than a million strong, a body of devoted believers whose lives and generous gifts testify to their fidelity. And not our least joy and hope is our reserve, a million and a half strong, that is being trained in ten thousand Sabbath Schools, by devoted teachers, for work unto the kingdom of God."

The election of Moderator, which is always regarded



REV. DR. MINTON, MODERATOR OF THE ASSEMBLY

as a test of the attitude of the Assembly, proved not to be so this year. There was an urgent appeal from the Pacific slope that the chair should go this year to one of its representatives, because of the need of strengthening the Church in that section. It so happened that Dr. Henry C. Minton who was the representative most in favor, was known to be opposed to change; but it was found that some revisionists would support him on geographical considerations. Besides which, his chief opponent, Dr. Purves, of New York, who succeeded the late Dr. John Hall, is a still more stalwart anti-revisionist. The vote of the Assembly gave the Moderato to Dr. Minton by a majority of sixty-one in a tot of 613.

Dr. H. C. Minton is Professor of Systematic ology in the Theological Seminary of San Francis has remained in that position for eleven years, ing invitations to more lucrative offices in vario tions of the country. He is a native of Wash County, Pennsylvania, and is forty-six years of a studied at Washington and Jefferson College, g ing in 1879. His theological course was taken Western Seminary at Allegheny and occupied years. His first pastorate was at the First Presb Church of Duluth, Minn. In 1884 he removed California to take charge of the First Presbyterian of San Jose. During his pastorate he obtained cation for travel and made an extended tour abroad course of which he visited many of the missionar of the Presbyterian Church. After a pastorate years at San Jose, he accepted an invitation pastorate of St. John's Church, in San Francis before he was installed he received an urgent cal position which he now occupies in the Presb Seminary.

The crucial question of revision came before sembly on two reports from the committee ap by the previous Assembly to collect the opinion Presbyteries. In view of the answers received showed that 131 Presbyteries were in favor of r in some form, the committee reported in favor appointment of a new committee to amend som fied sections of the Confession. A majority of th mittee recommended also a preparation of a bri mary, while the minority opposed it. The two occasioned a protracted discussion, though noted that this year there was less of bitterness more courteous treatment of opponents than on occasions when the subject was debated. The however, quite as much determination on bot and as earnest an endeavor to carry the vote of sembly. On four days the debate was continu then the Assembly grew impatient and dema final vote, which was accordingly taken. The n were: For the preparation of a brief summar against, 234. A committee was therefore appo do the work. The substitution of Dr. Minton for that of Dr. Dickey as Chairman of the Co was secured after a struggle, and was regarde proof that the Anti-revisionists were taking wha ures were left to them, of reducing the changes very smallest that would be conformable with structions to the committee. The concession, h obtained from the Assembly is too importan minimized, and it will, as the one side hopes other side fears, probably be the prelude to oth more vital.

A FILIPINO EVANGELIST

Nicolas Zamora and his Wonderful Spiritual Work Among his Fellow-Countrymen

HE recent movement toward Protestantism in Manila has attracted considerable attention locally. In the autumn of 1898, the first representatives of the missionary societies che to the Philippines to look over the fi l and report on the advisability of open- in work for the natives. The secretari of the Army and Navy Young Men's Cistian Association had come with the ay of occupation, but they had devoted thr energies to work among the ever increasing number of Americans, excepting ir dental distribution of Spanish Bibles a Testaments. In the year 1899 the agnts of the American Bible Society and o he British and Foreign Bible Society b an a work that has had a remarkable gwth. About five thousand copies of th Word were sold by each society in the mth of March, 1901.

ast two years ago, Bishop Thoburn c e to Manila from India, and held sev- el meetings in the Filipino Theatre and b an a work that was carried on by vol- u er workers and chaplains of the army. the captain of an island steamer, and in this capacity met a gentleman who gave him a copy of the Bible. He studied the book and it became a part of his life. He talked of it so boldly that he was banished to a small island in the Mediterranean Sea, just off the coast of Spain. After two years of exile, he was allowed to return to Manila, about the time the Americans occupied the city. This family was one of those that welcomed the new power, for it meant the religious liberty they had long desired.

Less than twenty-five years old, above the average of his people in size, a fluent and forceful speaker in both Spanish and Tagalog, Nicolas Zamora is a power among his people. He was educated in the Jesuit college in Manila, and it was his uncle's wish that he should become a priest, but he chose to study medicine. His studies were broken by the insurrection, and for a year past he has been an ordained worker of the Methodist mission. The demands for his services are greater than his time and strength, but he preaches

NO. 200 CALLE RIAL, MANILA, A CENTRE OF PROTESTANT ACTIVITY—NICOLAS ZAMORA

E the aid of interpreters, Spanish serv s were held, and in one of these meetin s in August, 1899, on account of the a ence of the regular interpreter, a young n named Nicolas Zamora was asked to a in that capacity. Though but 22 years o he showed that he had great natural a ity as a speaker, and he has spoken a ost every Sunday since that time, and u ally many times during the week.

Within a year from this beginning, a ut a dozen missionaries were at work i he islands, representing the Presbyteri , Methodist-Episcopal and Baptist b rds. With two or three exceptions, tl workers were not masters of the S nish language, and even yet none of th n are able to speak publicly in the nati dialects. While Spanish is spoken n e or less all over the islands, it is not tl language of the home, except in rare c es. The thoughts of the people are in tl Tagalog, Visayan, Pampanga, Panginan, Ilocano, Cagayan, Bicol, or whatev r the dialect of their particular distr t may be.

* * *

Nicolas Zamora is a Tagalo, and comes fr m a family of some note. One of his fa er's brothers was a priest in the cathedr l at Manila, and another brother was g otted on the Luneta, a generation ago, fo criticising the government. Paulino Z ora, the father, was for many years to thousands weekly in and near Manila. Other native helpers are doing public work and the interest seems to be of a substantial sort, several hundred having joined the church. Much attention has been attracted by a Spanish service that has been held on Sunday mornings for a number of weeks in the Rizal Theatre. The first meeting was held immediately following a meeting of the Federal party, several Protestant workers speaking on the invitation of some prominent Filipino gentlemen, who were members of the Federal party committee. The statement that this religious movement was a part of the Federal party is erroneous. A few men are prominent in both, but this is only in one district of the city. An evangelical church will probably grow out of this theatre meeting.

At several points outside of Manila, on Luzon, and on the islands of Panay and Negros, missionaries are at work and the results are encouraging everywhere. It is remarked that in all the meetings the men are much more numerous than the women. The old system, the Romish church and its confessional, has a stronger hold on the women; but the people are gradually coming to realize that they can worship where they please, and that it is not a crime to attend a Protestant service or to look at a Bible.

The insurrection is at an end and whole provinces, with hundreds of thousands of people, are now open to the Gospel and not a messenger to go to them. The responsibility for the people of these islands is surely on the church of God in the United States. E. W. HEARNE.

WAIFS PLEAD FOR OUTINGS

Many Tenement Tots are Begging to Go to Mont-Lawn --- Little Helpers

MORE applications for outings at our Children's Home are being received than ever before. These applications come from pastors, missionaries and Sunday School teachers and parents, and from the children themselves. The latter call in person or send pathetic little scrawls, pleading for the assurance that they can go to Mont-Lawn when the awful hot weather arrives. "I had such good times out thare," writes one small man. "Thare was such beautiful grass to pla on. I had enuff to ete, an thare was milk. I wisht I was up thare now. Thare is nuthin but street to pla on here."

"CAN WE GO TO THE HOME?"

Nothing but "street," with hard, blistering pavements, for little feet to press when the sun beats down in summer on sweltering courts and crowded, ill-smelling alleys, where bar-room signs hang out at every corner, and vice flaunts itself in the very face of childhood! Poor little laddie! Your simple, eloquent plea — "nuthin but street" — voices the whole hard case of the tenement child's playtime —nay, much of its living time.

Children who have big, green yards, or broad, flowery fields to romp in, and cool, roomy homes to live and eat and sleep in, can hardly realize the situation of the child who, for all his pleasures in life, is relegated to the "gutter playground," and who, under certain stress of condition, keeps to that territory for the bare comfort of the thing long after he should be in bed.

The following letter, addressed to our Superintendent and Housemother, illustrates a very frequent form of application received from children who have passed the age limit of guests (twelve years), and who want to come as helpers.

Dear Miss Collins: Can I come to help William [our chef] in the kitchen? I will always be on time. William will not have to call me twice. I would like to earn some shoes this summer. Can my brother come too? My brother is little. JOE.

This pathetic note has won its way and a place will be made for the writer:

Dear Miss Collins: Can I come to help? My father is dead. My mother has been sick. My brother drinks all the time and makes my mother feel so bad. I will help, and be good. Mother will be so glad for me to come. Please let me come. ANNIE.

The attire in which many small applicants present themselves is in itself an argument in their behalf. On hot days some children come all bundled up in winter clothing, because it is their best—perhaps their only whole set of garments. Many thanks are due to the kind friends who are sending boxes of garments, shoes and hats for our children. Everything that can be worn by children from four to twelve years old is helpful. Mothers whose broods have outgrown their blouses, trousers, dresses and jackets are contributing much to the happiness of ragged tots by donations of these. Boxes should be expressed to Housemother Collins, CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. Money should be sent to this office—$3 gives one child an outing.

PUTS THE "GINGER" IN.

The Kind of Food used by Athletes.

A former college athlete, one of the long distance runners, began to lose his power of endurance. His experience with a change in food is interesting.

"While I was in training on the track athletic team, my daily 'jogs' became a task, until after I was put on Grape-Nuts Food for two meals a day. After using the Food for two weeks I felt like a new man. My digestion was perfect, nerves steady and I was full of energy.

"I trained for the mile and the half mile runs (those events which require so much endurance) and then the long daily 'jogs', which before had been such a task, were clipped off with ease. I won both events.

"The Grape-Nuts Food put me in perfect condition and gave me my 'ginger.' Not only was my physical condition made perfect, and my weight increased, but my mind was made clear and vigorous so that I could get out my studies in about half the time formerly required. Now most all of the University men use Grape-Nuts for they have learned its value, but I think my testimony will not be amiss and may perhaps help some one to learn how the best results can be obtained. Please do not publish my name."

There is a reason for the effect of Grape-Nuts Food on the human body and brain. The certain elements in wheat and barley are selected with special reference to their power for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers. The product is then carefully and scientificallly prepared so as to make it easy of digestion. The physical and mental results are so apparent after two or three weeks' use as to produce a profound impression. The Food can be secured at any first-class grocery store.

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

Reduced Prices ..ON.. Suits and Skirts

A FEW weeks ago a large woolen mill made us an offer of their entire stock of summer suitings at prices which enable us to offer you:

Suits and Skirts made to order of bran-new materials at one-third less than regular prices—

perfect in fashion, shape and workmanship. Nearly all of our styles and materials share in this reduction. These offerings and others:

Suits, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.
$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.
$20 Suits reduced to $13.34.
Skirts, former price $5, reduced to $3.34.
$6 Skirts reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5. $10 Skirts reduced to $6.67.
Rainy-Day Skirts, former price $6, reduced to $4. $7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.

There are no reductions on Wash Suits or Skirts, but our prices are extremely reasonable.

Wash Suits, $4 up. Wash Skirts, $3 up.

We are also closing out Sample Suits and Skirts *at one-half of regular prices.*

Catalogue, Samples and Bargain List sent *free* at once upon request. If any garment ordered therefrom should not please you, send it back. *We will refund your money.*

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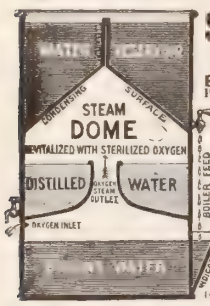

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The Renovation of the Earth

God's Promise of a Redeemed World in which Righteousness will Abide

...BY MRS. M. BAXTER...

THE apostle Peter, writing "to them that have obtained a like precious faith with us in the righteousness of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ" (II. Peter 1: 1, R. V.) speaks of "mockers" who shall be in the last days, "walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? For from the day that the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (II. Peter 3: 3, 4, R. V.) This prophecy is fulfilled to-day before our eyes. Peter says that these men are wilfully forgetful of the destruction of the earth by water at the time of the flood; and he announces that not the earth only, but the heavens also, should be "dissolved," or "melt with fervent heat." But as out of the destruction of the world by water God brought forth the world as it now is, so "according to his promise [Isa. 65: 10; 66: 22], we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (II. Peter 3: 5-7, 10-13).

"A new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Oh, how one breathes freely at the thought! Pure heavens, no longer defiled by "the prince of the power of the air" (Eph. 2: 3), with his "wicked spirits in heavenly places" (Eph. 6: 12, margin): a pure earth where all remembrance of sin, all associations with sin, are forever taken away! And the first who comes to make a dwelling here is God himself. "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and be their God, and he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes" (vers. 3, 4). Tears were among "the former things," and have no place here. And death, "the last enemy [I. Cor. 15: 26], shall be no more;" for death and Hades have been cast into the lake of fire (Rev. 20: 14); their awful ministry of judgment upon sin has ceased forever, and they are no longer needed. "Neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more. The former things are passed away" (R.V.)

While things are slowly developing, and God's long-suffering is waiting until man meets him in his purpose for the world, God has a people who are "not of the world even as Christ was not of the world" (John 17: 14-16); chosen in him before the foundation of the world (Eph. 1: 4), whose citizenship is in heaven. What he will do in the earth and the heavens materially, when he shall make all things new, he is now doing spiritually in his elect. As the earth itself must be cleansed by fire before it can be the dwelling-place of God, so he cleanses his own people, and tells them not to count it a strange thing if the trial of their faith is a fiery trial (I. Peter 4: 12), but to count it all joy (James 1: 2, 3), for the trial of their faith is "more precious than of gold which perisheth" (I. Peter 1: 7). He must, in his dealings with his people, also make all things new. All must pass through the fire in order that all which is corruptible, all which is not eternal life—Christ in you (Col. 1: 27)—all which is of that fallen nature which has been infected by sin, shall be destroyed, as we willingly yield it up to him, in test after test, through which he leads us. We have ever to depend upon the precious blood to cleanse our consciences from dead works to serve the living God, as the Holy Spirit reveals to us what is of Christ and what is of self. It is newness of life (Rom. 6: 4) to which we are called, and for which we are empowered, as we are led by the Spirit of God (Rom. 8: 14) through the tests in our life, day after day. "If any man be in Christ, there is a new creation," as new as the new heavens and the new earth. "Old things are passed away," as the old heavens and the old earth shall have passed away when God shall tabernacle among men. "Behold, they are become new" (II. Cor. 5: 17). How strikingly similar is this passage to Rev. 21: 1!

Oh, how one's heart yearns that this transformation may be complete! It is very glorious to know that this is God's purpose for us; for this we are predestinated, "to be conformed to the image of his Son" (Rom. 8: 28, 29), and our part in this great work is clearly shown in II. Cor. 3: 18. "We all, with unveiled face, beholding, as in a mirror [James 1: 23, 24,] and therefore reflecting [cont. A. V. and R. V.] the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit." As we behold the glory of the Lord, not ourselves, not others, not circumstances, not doctrine, but himself, in his Word, the light of life is reflected upon and from us, and transforms us. And this transformation touches both our mind (Rom. 12: 2) and the spirit of our mind (Eph. 4: 23), which is renewed, not once for all, but "day by day" (II. Cor. 4: 16), and which is "renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him" (Col. 3: 10). In the new heavens and the new earth, the members of the body of Christ (I. Cor. 12: 12, 13) will be in him, inseparably one with him. Where he is they will be also.

"And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband." Verses 9 to 25 give us the glorious description of this heavenly city, which God hath prepared for his saints of old (Heb. 11: 16), according to promise, "the city which hath foundations" (Heb. 11: 10; Rev. 21: 14, R. V.), which is "the city of our God," "the city of the Great King," "the city of the Lord of hosts" (Ps. 48: 1-3); for the description in this psalm far transcends what could be said of the earthly Jerusalem. This city is the bride, the external manifestation before the universe of God's union with his people. The expressions in the Old Testament of Israel as the "bride," the "married wife," etc., will be fully justified in those days of the new heavens and the new earth. Israel, during the Millennium, will have renewed her betrothal to God, and all the nations of the earth will have been blest through Abraham's seed; "for the law shall go forth from Zion, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (Isa. 2: 4).

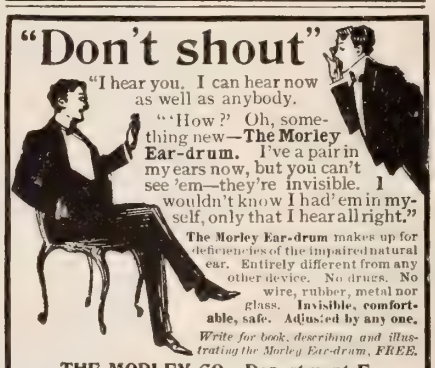
ERIE, PA., HAS A REVIVAL

THE First Presbyterian Church of Erie, Pa., has lately experienced a remarkable revival. The church has had a succession of able ministers.

REV. H. C. ROSS REV. M. S. REES

The Rev. G. Lyon, D.D., was pastor from September, 1829, until his death in March, 1871, this being his first and only pastorate. The Rev. Herbert C. Ross, the present minister, has done effective work, and is recognized and valued not only in his own congregation but in the community at large. The session lately secured the services of the Rev. M. S. Rees of Rochester, and Prof. W. S. Weeden of New York, to conduct a series of Gospel meetings. Mr. Rees is a practical and powerful preacher, trusting for success to the inherent power of the Gospel. Large numbers waited upon his ministry, and at the closing Sabbath services crowds thronged the church to hear this able evangelist proclaim the messages of life. For three successive Sundays he addressed the men in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. Prof. Weeden led the singing, and rarely have the Gospel songs been so fitly interpreted. The "bread cast upon the waters" shall doubtless come again, and in renewed lives and brightened hopes the Gospel of Christ shall prove its power to save.

"Don't shout"



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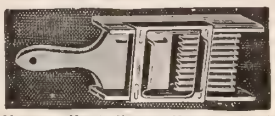

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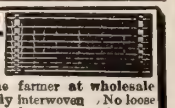

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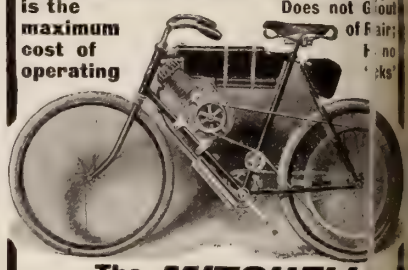

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IOUND CHRIST IN CHILDHOOD

How Bishop Willard F. Mallalieu, of Boston, and Mrs. Booker T. Washington, Entered upon Careers of Christian Service : :

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

ISHOP MALLALIEU is well known, not only in his own denomination, but beyond it, for two special phases of earnest and heroic work. One of these is his intensely evangelistic spirit. Wherever he goes, to attend conenti[on]s or to hold conferences, he enhus[t]s his audiences with his own great faith that the mightiest work of the Christian minister and the Christian Church today is to turn sinners to righteousness. His conferences are often the scenes

MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

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eop who have been hitherto without a
ir opportunity for education. Bishop
allieu has carried the cause of the ed-
ati of the colored race upon his heart
my years, and has raised large sums
mey and given largely of his time
d trength most unselfishly to this
use It is interesting to note how such
inse and devoted religious career
s arted on its way of blessing. In
sw to my inquiries Bishop Mallalieu
ite

d the seventh of ten children, all of
on with the exception of one who died
ens o and a-half years old, lived to adult
ars Of the family seven are now living, at
a age age of more than seventy years.
e tire nine, with my father, after my
oth's conversion, were in due time con-
rte and united with the church. From
die childhood I was a constant attendant
on e Sunday School and Sunday preach-
s ices. Some of the texts and sermons
hea before I was nine years old made
pr ions upon my mind and heart that
ve ver been effaced. The most powerful
igis and spiritual influence of all my life
thaf my mother. She was a calm, quiet,
thei loving mother. She had a clear,
fin experience of religion, and her life
s ost consistent and exemplary. Her
ty were mixed with faith, and her life
s beautiful illustration of the sweetness
d ver of the Gospel. She was a pre-emi-
nt ample of the best type of the genuine,
on and stanch New England Puritan
ma as mother and Christian. For months,
no or years, I kept my own counsel, and
rea to no one the conviction I had that
ng to be a Christian and that some time
wo be one. But in the good province of
d was drawn by Methodist singing into a
ch prayer-meeting—the first one I ever
en d; and when the invitation was given
the who wished to be Christians to rise,
ose Two weeks later I was converted. My
oth s prayers, my mother's life, my moth-
s le, made effectual all other holy influ-
ces nd helped me to make the eternal
cic to which I still hold with unyielding
iac .

. . .

I ve thought it not inappropriate to
n this article, the story of the open-
g r gious life of Mrs. Booker T. Wash-
gto the wife of perhaps the most con-
icu s and most universally admired
d sted representative of the negro
ce w living. Next to the mother, the
rsc lity which counts most in support-
g a sustaining a great character in a
m, the wife. The wife makes the
no here to which a man must come
ck rom the toils and struggles of life.
th atmosphere be close and smothery with the little and flippant things of the world, it will be hard for the husband to rise above it and go forth from it refreshed and strengthened in mind and heart for the great work of life. But if the home atmosphere be prayerful, fragrant with reverent trust in God, cheerful with the atmosphere of divine confidence, then in it toils may be forgotten, weariness may be lost, and man go forth again to the morrow, not only refreshed in body by the sleep of the night, but refreshed in spirit and renewed in soul, by a sweet friendship with a pure and true spirit.

I am sure that no one, though he be ignorant of the self-denying devotion and the womanly skill with which Mrs. Booker T. Washington supplements the remarkably successful work of her distinguished husband, can look upon this strong, calm face, full of character and sweetness, without feeling that in fellowship with this good woman, Mr. Washington has found much of sustaining help that has made him, what in some respects is the marvel of our time, a man not only greatly loved by the black race, but as thoroughly respected and honored by the white people of the South as he is by those of the North. It is needless to say that Mrs. Washington is a very devout Christian. She is not only the helper of her husband in the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, at Tuskegee, Alabama, but she is also the president of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, among her own people, for that State. I have from her this brief but interesting note:

Your letter is received to-day, and I give to you these few facts, which mean a great deal to me, but may mean very little to others. I take pleasure in saying that when I was a very young girl, a little over ten years of age, I became a Christian. My mother was a devout Christian woman, and my lot has always been cast with people who were Christians, so that I early learned to love the Saviour, and early made up my mind to carry out the principles instilled by my mother. When a very small child I remember the very intense anxiety of my mother that all of her children should become Christians. I was early taught to look for direction from the Spirit, and when the time came I was glad to proclaim my love for the Saviour. I am now very glad that I did not wait until I was a grown woman, but rather as a child I came to Christ.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A. M. P., Venetia, Pa., writes:

I have been encouraged by reading the answered prayers in your paper, and I am glad to tell it. God has answered my prayer. I was troubled about a man's getting a license to sell liquor in our neighborhood, and I prayed, and God heard and answered my prayer. Blessed be his holy name

N. B. S., Hastings, Ia., writes:

For months I had been praying for a friend, and after reading some of the many answered prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, my faith was strengthened. I pleaded with new faithfulness that God would bring this friend back to himself. God has answered that prayer.

Subscriber, Chester, Pa., writes:

In my distress I cried unto the Lord. He heard my cry, and is answering my prayer. My faith looks up to him for complete deliverance from my distress.

W. S., Rock Co., Wis., writes:

Last summer I prayed that a certain blessing might come within a year. With it would come great joy. Last week I learned that my prayer had been answered. I give my God the praise.

W. F. W., Clearwater Harbor, Fla., writes:

I besought the Lord to help me out of a great difficulty. He gave me just what I asked, only in a different way than I expected. He never fails to give us what is best.

Mrs. B. H. B., Kosciosko, Miss., writes:

I have been so encouraged by the answers to prayers in your paper. God does answer prayer and that quickly. My trouble was more than I could bear alone; so I pleaded with my God, and it is all passing away.

Mrs. A. M. W., Pillsford, Mich., writes:

Some time ago I saw the "Answered Prayers" in your paper. I had been bearing a burden for over a year, taking it every day to God in prayer. It was on account of a dear boy's not getting employment that would insure him friends and associates of the right character. I felt sometimes that he would lose faith in his Christian friends, and possibly in his dear Father in heaven, and I was deeply grieved. One day while reading the "Answered Prayers," fresh hope and faith came. My prayer for the boy has been answered. For over sixty years I have been a firm believer in prayer, and many times my petitions have been wonderfully answered—far beyond my hopes—and now that this burden has been lifted, I am so happy. I know the position the boy has received was providential. God gave it. Your paper, next to my Bible, helps me most. May God bless all connected in any way with it.

The Gospels in Our New Possessions

The following letter from the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. will interest many readers who have aided us in spreading the Gospel in our new colonies:

"NEW YORK, May 29.

"'*The Christian Herald*': The twelve hundred copies of the Spanish-English Gospel of John, which you were kind enough to send for distribution in the Philippines, Porto Rico and Cuba, have been received, and, on behalf of our committee, I desire to thank you for the continued evidence of interest in the work. Mr John M. Dean, one of our secretaries, who has just returned from the Philippines, informs me that although those which you have sent before to the Philippines have been used very judiciously, the supply has never been equal to the demand, so that if any of your subscribers wish to do a kindness to the men there, I am sure that gifts of these books would be appreciated.

"JAS. H. BANKS, Secretary."

IT SLUGS,

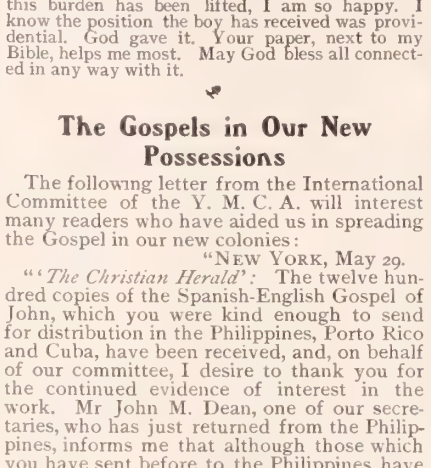
Even Harder than a Prize Fighter.

A newspaper man is subject to trials and tribulations the same as ordinary mortals. Coffee "slugs" a great many of them.

D. Beidleman, on the Wilkes Barre *Record*, says regarding his experience with coffee: "A little over two years ago I was on the verge of collapse superinduced by the steady grind of the newspaper office. For weeks I did not have a night's sound sleep and the wakeful nights were followed by despondency and a general breaking up of the constitution. I ran down in weight. My family physician insisted that I leave off coffee and take on Postum Food Coffee, but I would not hear of it.

"One day I was served with a cup of coffee, as I supposed, that had a peculiarly delicious flavor. I relished it, and when drinking the second cup I was told that it was not coffee but Postum Food Coffee. I was dumbfounded, and for a time thought I was the subject of a practical joke. However, I became a firm believer in, and a user of Postum from that time, and almost immediately I began to sleep nights and the irritableness disappeared, and in less than three months I was completely well and in seven months my weight increased up to 198 pounds. I can now do the work of two ordinary newspaper men."

There is a great big lot of common sense in leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.



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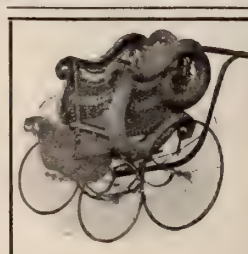

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Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 550

MUSIC HALL, CINCINNATI, WHERE THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION MEETS JULY 6

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department,
Editor The Mail-Bag,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered July 17

1. What is the longest word in the English language, and what is its derivation and its meaning?

2. Where did the "Week of Prayer" originate?

3. Why does not dew form visibly on stones as well as on grass and on the near by ground?

4. Can there be genuine love without sympathy?

5. What are the origin and meaning of the expression, "A cycle of Cathay?"

Questions of the Week

1. What is the best way in which one can demonstrate his or her true patriotism?

Primarily, by good citizenship. This implies not only personal morality and obedience to the law, but the advocacy of good measures—such as laws to promote temperance—and the demand that the laws be enforced. In time of national danger, a true patriot will give his life at his country's call, but such times are rare and comparatively few may respond, while the duties of good citizenship are constantly calling on all, and a nation's greatness and security depend on how these duties are daily met. One who is truly patriotic will also believe in his country, love its history, encourage its literature, and, all being equal, add to its prosperity by buying its products in preference to those from foreign lands. JAMES BELL MAJOR.

. . .

True patriotism consists in love of one's country, and whatever makes for the advancement of the best and highest interests of the largest number of one's countrymen and women is the truest kind of patriotism; hence the man or woman who devotes fortune, talents, time and influence to educating the ignorant, improving the social and spiritual condition of the rising generation, is conferring the greatest good upon his country. He who, under the stress of national excitement, will leave desk or bench, and shoulder a musket and march to battle, may never in his life-time be called upon to render this service to his country, but the man or woman, who day by day spends life in bettering the social, moral and spiritual condition of those about them, is rendering that assistance to their country, which will go further towards advancing the nation. Better by far are they who have heard the voice of the great King of kings calling them to alleviate suffering, enlighten ignorance, and turn many to righteousness. JOSEPH C. LUDGATE.

2. What is the origin of the superstitions connected with the horseshoe?

The superstition that the horseshoe had protecting power against witches and other evil spirits probably originated in the following legend: St. Dunstan, who was noted for his skill in shoeing horses, was one day visited by the Devil, who asked him to shoe his "single hoof." Dunstan, knowing who his customer was, tied him tightly to the wall, and, in the process of shoeing him, purposely put the Devil to so much pain that he roared for mercy. Dunstan, at last, consented to release his captive on condition that he would never enter a place where he saw a horseshoe displayed. Another superstition is that to find a horseshoe brings good luck. The horseshoe unites in itself three lucky elements: it is crescent-shaped, is a portion of a horse, and is made of iron. The crescent, like the horseshoe, is semicircular in shape, and ends in two points. From the earliest antiquity, ornaments shaped in this way have been popular as preservatives against evil spirits and other dangers. Horses were looked upon as luck-bringers, hence a shoe was also considered lucky. Superstition has long endowed iron with protecting powers. The Romans drove nails into the walls of the cottages as an antidote to the plague. It is a good omen always to find old iron, and as horseshoes are the readiest form in which old iron is found, it is naturally the form to which superstition has longest clung. ALICE L. FREESE.

3. When "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," (see Gen. 29: 11) what was the cause of his weeping?

Jacob's life was sought by Esau in revenge. At Rebekah's suggestion he leaves home, in haste and despondency, to flee to Laban, his uncle, ostensibly to obtain a wife. At Beth-el, on the way, Jehovah promises to bless him. After a weary journey, uncertain of his reception, he reaches Haran and inquires for Laban of the shepherds at the public well. He is cordially received. When told that Rachel, his cousin, is approaching with the flock, a variety of emotions overwhelm him. He is overcome by this auspicious ending of his journey among kindred; by the evidence that Jehovah is thus beginning the fulfilment of his promise, and by the loveliness of Rachel, who wins his heart at first sight. Inspired to unusual effort, he removes the stone from the well, waters the flock, and, assuming the privilege of a brother (cousin), before all the shepherds kisses Rachel, and, in the excitement and reaction of the moment, weeps aloud for very joy. CHARLES H. HARRISON.

. . .

Josephus, the old Jewish historian, furnishes the clue. He says that at their meeting, and after first greetings, "Jacob was quite overcome, not so much by their kindred, nor by that affection which might arise thence, as by his love to the damsel, which was so flourishing that few of the women of that age could vie with her." Jacob explained more fully their close relationship, ending by claiming cousinship. "And now," he added, "I am come to salute you and to renew that affinity which is proper between us." He had spoken so tenderly of Rebekah, his mother, the sister of Rachel's father, that the girl's heart melted, and as they embraced, she wept. Jacob being filled with joy at this delightful conclusion to his journeyings, and with gratitude to God for the wonderful fulfilment of the conditions of his vow, also shed tears, but they were tears of joy and sympathy, not of sorrow. MARIA AYLMER.

4. In seeking the conversion of Jews, is it best to employ Gentiles or converted Jews?

In the beginning of Christianity the first Jewish converts were made by Jewish preachers, and no doubt they were the more easily obtained through their confidence in those of the same blood and training. It might be imagined that the Jews would hate a renegade, and some of them did with great bitterness, but many heard and were won. The Jews are largely the same in character to-day that they were then, being exclusive, clannish and proud of their origin. If a man of their own race, distinguished as to character, talents and reputation comes among them, they are far more likely to trust and to listen to him than to a Gentile. A Jew understands his people better than a Gentile, and has thus a great advantage in his efforts to lead those of his own race to Christ. L. T. RIGHTSELL.

. . .

The exalted estimate the Jews cherish of themselves as the chosen people of God is coeval with their history, and finds its antithesis in the contempt and hatred which they entertain toward an apostate. He is regarded as a renegade, disowned by his family and mourned as dead, formally excommunicated from the synagogue, and deprived of all the prerogatives of a Jew. Paul found this prejudice an almost insuperable obstacle in preaching the Gospel to Israel; and so he "turned to the Gentiles." Missionary work among them has been in the main undertaken by Jewish converts, but with comparatively small success. The Gentile missionary would be received with less suspicion and distrust, and if a persistent and consecrated effort were made, with adequate support, it would probably lead to large results. CHARLES H. HARRISON.

5. When a polygamist in a heathen land is converted, should the Christian missionary make it a condition of admitting him to the Church that he put away all his wives but one, and if so, on what Scriptural ground?

A man should look after the temporal wants of his wives and children. It certainly would not be the spirit of Christianity to turn them adrift on the world without any way of maintenance; yet undoubtedly they should be put away, no matter how hard it might seem. The Biblical authority for this you will find in Ezra 10: 3, 5, 10, 11, 12 and 19. When the Israelites returned from captivity under the Babylonians, Ezra found that the people had taken strange wives. After prayer and confession before God, the congregation being assembled, the following declaration was made by Shechaniah (Ezra 10: 3). Then Ezra commanded this to be done—verses 5, 10, 11, and the people promised—verses 12, 19.
ANNA S. HARMON.

. . .

The rule ought undoubtedly to be enforced that Christians should have only one wife, and any member of the Church taking a second wife should be disciplined. But where a polygamist is converted, I think it would be unduly harsh to insist on his putting away the wives he married before his conversion. It would be difficult to find any Scripture supporting such a demand. Indeed, Paul says (1 Cor. 7: 11): "Let not the husband put away his wife." Of course, in civilized communities the demand should be made, because the bigamist is a lawbreaker and should amend his ways before he is admitted to the Church. But in a heathen land, where polygamy is the rule, and the man in all good conscience has taken a second or a third wife, the missionary might admit him, without taking the responsibility of breaking up families, leaving the wife or wives in an anomalous position and a number of children practically fatherless.
S. T. FIELDING.

Our First Remittance by Cable to Starving China

Facsimile of Check for $20,000 paid to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, and by them cabled free to Rev. Arthur H. Smith, Tientsin, Chairman Missionary Famine Relief Committee

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. A. L. S., Saratoga, N. Y. If God desires all men to be saved, why does he not cause them to be saved, seeing that he is almighty?

There is no doubt that he does desire the salvation of all, but it is evidently part of his plan to respect personal freedom and responsibility. He would have men come to him voluntarily, not by coercion. He warns and invites and offers help to the weak, but will not compel any man to yield to him. This is, in the end, a much higher and nobler victory for divine love than could ever come by the exercise of divine power.

Mrs. S. F. K. When a pastor calls on the aged and afflicted of his church, should he wait to be asked to read and pray with them?

If he holds the relation of a true shepherd to his flock there will be no restraint in such a case. Ordinarily, the pastor does not wait to be invited to give spiritual consolation. He feels quite free to say to the aged invalid that, if the latter is agreeable, he will read and pray with him. On the other hand, there are doubtless times when the pastoral call is simply meant to be a social, kindly visit.

Mrs. E. M., Solomon, K. What would be the answer of the majority of ministers to this question: A man went to a minister and said: "I am lost. I want to be saved. For a year I have been in anguish. I cannot sleep. When I die I will have an awful eternity. Can you tell me what I must do?"

We think the majority of ministers would give such a man the answer that Paul gave the jailer at Philippi: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." There is no need for the man to remain in jeopardy a single hour. There would be need if Christ saved only good and worthy men, because in that case he might have to wait a long time before he became worthy. But Christ saves lost men. When a sinner desires salvation, and honestly and sincerely puts his case into Christ's hands, with the conviction that Christ can and will save him, Christ honors his confidence by accepting him at once, and if the man died that night he would be saved. It is the act of faith, of implicit trust, that brings salvation to him. People make a mistake when they suppose that they must perform in order to be saved. Christ saves them in order that they may reform, and he helps them to do it. The very first thing to be done is for the man to commit himself to Christ as a patient puts his case in the hands of a physician, fully prepared to take the treatment, whatever it may be. In that act he turns away from sin; and Christ takes him by the hand to lead him to heaven. Whether the process be long or short, it is only a continuation of that first act, by which the sinner became a saint in embryo. By that first act he becomes a Christ's man or Christian, and out of it comes the sure consequence of purifying, sanctifying influence which never ceases as long as he lives. He has eternal life when Christ accepts him, because he is then united to Christ, and that eternal life begins to show itself in his daily life and to do ever more and more clearly to the end.

In our India Orphan Department letters from India are awaiting the addresses of "M. P. J. New Haven, Conn., "Sympathy," Philadelphia, Pa., "For Jesus' Sake," Belmar, N. J., and "A Friend," Elgin. These parties should send addresses and the letters will be forwarded.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

RELIEF WORK BEGUN IN CHINA

The Famine Sufferers in Four Provinces Now Being Fed with the First Remittance From THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund

CHRISTIAN America's life-saving campaign in China, undertaken amid many difficulties, has at last fairly opened, and we believe all of our readers and all who have the rescue of China at heart, will experience a feeling of real joy and satisfaction upon learning that, as they read these lines, the food purchased with their consecrated gifts is already on the way to the famine-stricken people of four provinces—Shansi, Shensi, Shantung and Chi-li. It is hoped that many precious lives may be saved by the work thus promptly begun.

Our Missionary Famine Relief Committee in China, immediately on receipt of the intelligence that the first $20,000 had been cabled to Chairman Smith by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, held a meeting, and voted the following ratio of appropriation:

Messrs. I. J. Atwood and E. H. Edwards, for the purchase of supplies for the Shansi famine sufferers	10,000 *taels* (*equal to*)	$7,000
Rev. M. B. Duncan, for relief work in Shensi	10,000 *taels*	$ 7,000
Rev. Arthur Smith, for relief work in province of Shantung	5,000 *taels*	$ 3,500
Rev. H. H. Lowry, for relief work in province of Chi-li	3,000 *taels*	$ 2,100
Total	28,000 *taels*	$19,600

The Governor of Shansi has sent an official escort to conduct the missionaries to Taiyuen-fu.

It is the purpose of the Committee,

PECULIAR PEASANT HOMES IN SHANSI

all the workers who will be connected with them in the relief measures, to assist only those who are in the greatest distress. They will co-operate in the various districts with the native Christians, and will specially select as helpers those that are known to be reliable.

It is learned that the news of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief work has already spread far and wide in the famine districts, and the expectation of the starving multitudes have been raised to the highest point. These unfortunates already believe that the help now being given is divinely sent. It is of the utmost importance that the second and subsequent appropriations be made as quickly as possible. Reliable authorities on the famine declare that the worst suffering is yet to come, and if Christian America, through its gifts, can avert the threatened calamity, even in a single district, a great work will have been accomplished for religion and humanity.

* * *

Peace is gradually returning to China, but the black pall of famine and suffering still hangs over Shansi and its perishing people. As was the case in the great famine of 1877, Shansi, the seat of the ancient capital of the empire, and once the scene of its greatest glories, is again the centre of the worst suffering. Some of the stories that have reached Shanghai of the terrible misery and destitution prevailing there, are almost incredible. Villages and towns deserted, save by the dead; the whole country stripped bare and apparently lifeless; a pitiful scarcity of all sorts of domestic animals, these having long ago been sacrificed to hunger: adults and children, gaunt and weak, haunting the neighborhood of the towns in the hope of obtaining food, and even glad to get barks and roots to sustain life. Little has yet been learned concerning the mortality through the famine thus far, but it is certain that the number of victims from famine-fever must be appalling. The dead are tumbled into long ditches unceremoniously, and hastily covered up. Long continued suffering paralyzes feeling, and, it is not surprising if, under such terrible conditions, parents should sell their children, and, in some instances at least, there should be a mad resort to cannibalism.

The following letter from the Rev. F.C.H. Dreyer, one of the last missionaries to escape from Shansi during the massacres, will be read with interest by all who have the evangelization of China and the relief of the famine sufferers at heart:

SCRANTON, PA., June 3, 1901.

My Dear Dr. Klopsch:—The liberal and prompt response of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the appeal on behalf of the starving multitudes in Shansi, gives none more satisfaction than the missionaries who have labored in that famine-stricken province. As one of this number, allow me to express my deepest interest and warmest approval of the great work you have undertaken, and assure you of my earnest prayers for its success.

Having heard the harrowing details of the great famine in Shansi of 1877-78, from the lips of the survivors themselves, one dare not think of the terrible scenes of suffering which are again being enacted there at the present time. China calls to us for help. Shall we ignore her cry? The noblest thing Christian America can do is to extend a helping hand to this people in their dire distress. China's need is America's opportunity. Nothing could furnish a more convincing proof of the reality of our boasted friendship with China, and nothing could better exemplify to the Chinese people the spirit of the Master whom we love and serve.

It is a mistake to suppose that the famine sufferers have, as a whole, been guilty of the recent outrages against the foreigners. Many doubtless are guilty; yet thousands of the greatest sufferers are peaceful farmers, who are quite innocent of any participation in the Boxer uprising. Moreover, none are in greater distress than the native Christians. Many of those who have survived the terrible persecution of the past year are now on the verge of starvation. These are anxiously looking to their fellow-believers in our more favored land for help. I am glad that their cry is being heard and that, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, something is being done to alleviate the terrible suffering. Sincerely yours,

F. C. H. DREYER.

* * *

Among the Chinamen who crowd the Chinese missions in New York City and elsewhere throughout the United States, there is a very active interest in the movement for the relief of the famine sufferers.

All the missionaries and others having personal knowledge of the China field, unite in declaring that the present opportunity is the grandest that has ever been presented for the advancement of Christianity in China. As was the case in India, where multitudes lately applied for admission to the Church, so the seed sown by our missionaries and relief workers in China during these days of suffering and anguish will yet yield an abundant harvest.

Acknowledgments of contributions to the China Famine Relief work will be found on page 556.

CHINESE MENDICANTS

A LEADING SHANGHAI THOROUGHFARE

A MANDARIN'S HOME

TYPE OF A CHINESE RIVER BOAT

Vessels of this class will convey supplies up the shallow rivers to the interior

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Veil Partly Lifted

TEXT, Job 26: 14:

Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! but the thunder of his power who can understand?

THE least understood thing in the universe is God. Blasphemous would be any attempt, by painting or sculpture, to represent him. Egyptian hieroglyphs tried to suggest him, by putting the figure of an eye upon a sword, implying that God sees and rules, but how imperfect the suggestion. When we speak of him, it is almost always in language figurative. He is "Light" or "Day-spring from on High," or he is a "High Tower" or the "Fountain of Living Waters." His splendor is so great that no man can see him and live. When the group of great theologians assembled in Westminster Abbey for the purpose of making a system of religious belief, they first of all wanted an answer to the question, "Who is God?" No one desired to undertake the answering of that overmastering question. They finally concluded to give the task to the youngest man in the assembly, who happened to be Rev. George Gillespie. He consented to undertake it on the condition that they would first unite with him in prayer for divine direction. He began his prayer by saying: "Oh, God, thou art a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." That first sentence of Gillespie's prayer was unanimously adopted by the assembly as the best definition of God. But after all, it was only a partial success, and after everything that language can do when put to the utmost strain, and all we can see of God in the natural world and realize of God in the providential world, we are forced to cry out with Job in my text: "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Dick and Timothy Dwight and Jonathan Edwards of the past, and the mightiest theologians of this young century have discoursed upon the power of God,

The Attribute of Omnipotence

And we all see demonstrations of God's almightiness. It might have been far out at sea when in an equinoctial gale God showed what he could do with the waters. It might have been in an August thunder-storm in the mountains when God showed what he could do with the lightnings. It might have been in South America when God showed what he could do with the earthquakes. It might have been among the Alps when God showed what he could do with the avalanches. Our cheek was blanched, our breath stopped, our pulses fluttered, our whole being was terrorized, but we had seen only an instance of Divine strength. What was the power of that storm compared with the power which holds all the oceans? What was the power that shook the hills compared with the power that swings the earth through all the centuries, and for six thousand years, and in a formative and incomplete shape for hundreds of thousands of years? What is that power that sustains our world compared with the power which rolls through immensity the entire solar system, and all the constellations and galaxies, and the universe. The mightiest intellect of man would give way if for a moment there came upon it the full appreciation of what omnipotence is. What you and I see and hear of Divine strength are only "parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

We try to satisfy ourselves with saying, "It is natural law that controls things, gravitation is at work, centripetal and centrifugal forces respond to each other." But what is natural law? It is only God's way of doing things. At every point in the universe it is God's direct and continuous power that controls and harmonizes and sustains. That power withdrawn one instant would make the planetary system and all the worlds which astronomy reveals one universal wreck, bereft hemispheres, dismantled sunsets, dead constellations, debris of worlds. What power it must be that keeps the internal fires of our world imprisoned—only here and there spurting from a Cotopaxi, or a Stromboli, or from a Vesuvius putting Pompeii and Herculaneum into sepulchre; but for the most part the internal fires chained in their cages of rock, and century after century unable to break the chain or burst open the door. What power to keep the component parts of the air in right proportion, so that all around the world the nations may breathe in health, the frosts and the heats hindered from working universal demolition. Power, as Isaiah says, "to take up the isles as a very little thing," Ceylon, and Borneo, and Hawaii, as though they were pebbles; power to weigh the "mountains in scales" and the "hills in balances"—Teneriffe and the Cordilleras. To move a rock we must have lever and screw and great machinery, but God moves the world with nothing but a word; power to create worlds and power to destroy them, as from the observatories again and again they have been seen red with flame, then pale with ashes, and then scattered.

What is that power to us, asks some one? It is everything to us. With him on our side, the reconciled God, the sympathetic God, the omnipotent God, we may defy all human and satanic antagonisms. And when we are shut in by obstacles we can say as did one of Frobisher's men, when the sailor was describing how their ship was surrounded by icebergs in the Arctic Sea, "The ice was strong, but God was stronger than the ice," and whatever opposition we may have, our God is mightier than the opposition. All right with God, we may have the courage of the General dying on the battle-field. He asked to be turned, and when they said, "Which way shall we turn you?" he said, "Turn my face toward the enemy." What a challenge that was uttered by the old missionary hero, "If God be for us who can be against us?" Think of it! God is the only being in the universe who has

Power to Do as He Pleases

All human and angelic forces have environments. There are things they cannot do; heights they cannot scale; depths they cannot fathom. Whatever their might and velocities they are servants of omnipotence which has no limitation, no hinderment, and no insurmountable obstacle. Martin Luther asked a Saxon peasant to recite the creed, and the peasant began, "I believe in God, the Father, Almighty." "Stop," said Luther, "what is Almighty?" "I do not know," replied the peasant. Then Luther said, "You are right, my dear fellow. Neither I nor all the learned men can tell what is Omnipotence." Human power, however great, tires, and must rest, but Omnipotence never wearies and a quadrillion of years from now will be as fresh as at this moment.

We get some little idea of the Divine power when we see how it buries the proudest cities and nations. Ancient Memphis it has ground up, until many of its ruins are no larger than your thumb-nail and you can hardly find a souvenir large enough to remind you of your visit. The city of Tyre is under the sea which washes the shore, on which are only a few crumbling pillars left. Sodom and Gomorrah are covered by waters so deathful that not a fish can live in them. Babylon and Nineveh are so blotted out of existence that not one uninjured shaft of their ancient splendor remains. Nothing but Omnipotence could have put them down, and put them under. The antediluvian world was able to send to the postdiluvian world only one ship with a very small passenger list. Omnipotence first rolled the seas over the land, and then told them to go back to their usual channels, as rivers and lakes and oceans. At Omnipotent command the waters pouncing upon their prey, and at Omnipotent command slinking back into their appropriate places. By such rehearsal we try to arouse our appreciation of what Omnipotence is, and our reverence is excited, and our adoration is intensified, but after all we find ourselves at the foot of a mountain we cannot climb, hovering over a depth we cannot fathom, at the rim of a circumference we cannot compass, and we feel like first going down on our knees, and then like falling flat upon our faces, as we exclaim, "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him! but the thunder of his power who can understand?"

The Wisdom of God

So all those who have put together systems of theology, have discoursed also about the wisdom of God. Think of a wisdom which can know the end from the beginning, that knows the thirtieth century as well as the first century. We can guess what will happen; but it is only a guess. Think of a mind that can hold all the past and all the present and all the future. We can contrive and invent on a small scale: but think of a wisdom that could contrive a universe! Think of a wisdom that can learn nothing new, a wisdom that nothing can surprise, all the facts, scenes and occurrences of all time to come as plainly before it as though they had already transpired. He could have built all the material universe into one world, and swung it a glorious mass through immensity; but behold his wisdom in dividing up the grandeurs into innumerable worlds, rolling splendors on all sides, diversity, amplitude, majesty, infinity. Worlds! Worlds! Moving in complete order, shining with complete radiance. Mightiest telescope on one hand, and most powerful microscope on the other, discovering in the plan of God not one imperfection. What but Divine wisdom could have planned a human race, and, before it started, built for it a world like this; pouring waters to slake human thirst, and giving soils capacity to produce such food, and lifting su a canopy of clouds, embroidered with such sunlig and surrounding the world with such wonders that the scientists of the ages have only begun to un them. Wisdom in magnitude and in atom, in archan and in mollusc. Think of a wisdom that was able form, without any suggestion or any model to work the eye, the ear, the hand, the foot, the vocal organs. wonder that Galen, the most celebrated of med authors among the ancients, fell on his knees at overwhelming wisdom of God in the constitution of human frame. Our libraries are filled with the wisc of the great thinkers of all time. Have you conside the far superior wisdom which fashioned the brain all those thoughts, of the Infinite Mind that built th intellects? But it is only the millionth part of that dom that has come to mortal appreciation. Close r to every discovery is a wonder that has not been disc ered. We see only one specimen among ten thous specimens. What we know is overwhelmed by wha do not know. What the botanist knows about the flo is not more wonderful than the things he does not k about the flower. What the geologist knows about rocks is not more amazing than the things which does not know about them. The worlds that have b counted are only a small regiment of the armies of li the hosts of heaven, which have never passed in rev before mortal vision. What a God we have!

An Abrahamic Tradition

A tradition says that Abraham of the Old Testan was, when an infant, hidden in a cave because of persecutions of Nimrod. The first time the child c out of the cavern it was night, and he looked up star, and cried, "This is my God;" but the star di peared, and Abraham said, "No, that cannot be God." After awhile, the moon rose, and Abra said, "That is my God," but it set, and Abraham again disappointed. After awhile the sun rose, anc said, "Why, truly, here is my God," but the sun down, and Abraham was saddened. Not until the of the Bible appeared to Abraham was he satisfied, his faith was so great that he was called "The Fath of the Faithful." All that the theologians know of G wisdom is insignificant compared with the wisdom yond human comprehension. The human race n has had, and never will have enough brain or hea to measure the wisdom of God. I can think of only authors who have expressed the exact facts, the was Paul, who says, "Oh the depth of the riches, of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsea able are his judgments, and his ways past finding The other author was the scientist who composed text. I think he wrote it during a thunder-storm the chapter says much about the clouds, and descr the tremor of the earth under the reverberati and, standing among those mysteries, Job exclai "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a po is heard of him! but the thunder of his power wh understand?"

So, also, all systems of theology try to tell us wh omnipresence, that is God's capacity to be everyw at the same time. "Where is God?" said a hea philosopher to a Christian man. The Christian swered, "Let me first ask you where he is not?" child had it right when, asked how many Gods there, and he answered, "One." "How do you k that?" he was asked again. He answered, "The only room for one, for he fills earth and heaven." author says that if a man were set in the highest h vens he would not be any nearer the essence of God if he were in the centre of the earth. I believe it this Divine essence does not reach all places, wha in our prayer, for prayers are being offered to Go on the other side of the earth as well as here, and must be there and here to take supplications whic offered thousands of miles apart.

Ubiquity!

No one has it but God. And what an alarm to wic ness, an everywhere-present Lord, and what a reinf ment when we need help. God on the throne, and with the kneeling child, saying its evening prayer mother's lap. God above you, God beneath you, on the right of you, God on the left of you. God w you. No pantheism, for that teaches that all thing God, but Jehovah possesses all things, as our souls sess our bodies. God at the diameter and circu ence of everything, as close to you as the food yo to your lips, as the coat you put upon your back, a sunlight that shines in your face. Appreciatio that, if through Jesus Christ, the atoning Saviou are right with God, ought to give us a serenity, a quillity that nothing could upset. Would it ma

.tor NEW YEAR'S ISSUE, 1901 Offices: Bible

VOL. 24—NO. 1
T. DeWitt Tal

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

WHAT THE NEW CENTURY WILL BRING FORTH

OUR MAIL-BAG

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

1. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.
2. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.
3. Answers must be received at this office **two weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.
4. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.
5. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.
6. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.
7. Write only on one side of the sheet and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.
8. Address all communications intended for this department, EDITOR THE MAIL-BAG,
The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered Jan. 30

1. Can one be an out and-out Christian, and yet be engaged in a business which caters largely to the vanity of mankind?

2. In the case of a husband and wife, childless, deciding to adopt a child, and having no special preference as to sex or social condition, what considerations should regulate their choice in the matter?

3. Name an occasion when the Bible was displaced by gloves?

4. Why did Job wish that his adversary had written a book (Job 31:35)?

5. What characteristics render leprosy an appropriate type of sin?

Questions of the Week

1. What single occurrence during the present century has had the greatest influence on the welfare of the human race?

The application of steam has had the greatest influence on the welfare of the human race. Steam power was the forerunner of an infinity of inventions that could not have been made practicable without its aid. Its application made possible the transference of great masses of the raw material of the earth's production, from places where they possessed no value, to others where they became valuable, thus increasing the actual wealth of the world to a wonderful extent. By affording rapid transit for the population of the world, has broken down the division walls of nationality and caste, and caused mankind to realize for the first time in its history, that "of one blood God has created all the nations of the earth." It has revolutionized human labor and completely changed the condition of a vast majority of the human race, which in past ages was bowed beneath the servitude of hard manual labor, with little opportunities for recreation and intellectual enjoyment.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

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There are many occurrences in the remarkable events of the present century that have greatly influenced the welfare of the human race. But as a single occurrence, of the most monumental character, the Emancipation Proclamation, issued by Abraham Lincoln on the 22d of September, 1862, and which became effective on the 1st of January, 1863, giving freedom to about four million slaves within the United States and its territories, in its beneficent effects in hastening the end of the war, as well, also, in its reflex influence on humanity, certainly towers above every other event of the Nineteenth Century.

F. J. STRAYER.

2. How should we dispose of the old minister, when he is worn out in the service of the Church and unable, physically or intellectually, to keep up with the times.

He should not be turned out, as sometimes occurs, like an "old horse on the commons to die." Above all men, as Christ's ambassador, the minister is entitled to the treatment which would be accorded to the Master were He personally sojourning here. (Matt. 35:44-45). The Church, however, recognizes her duty to care for the class designated, and accordingly have "Sustentation Funds," "Ministers Widows' Funds," Ministers' Homes," but the provision is meagre and inadequate. Would it not be an excellent method for individual churches to supply a certain sum annually (it need not be large) in addition to salary, to be applied by the incumbent pastor to the purchase of an annuity payable at a designated age, or to his family in the event of death? Practically, this might not operate; but it would seem not to be impossible for several Churches thus to organize. An annuity so obtained would be earned, and not a charity. A better way, perhaps, would be for the Churches to make more efficient existing organizations, and contribute to them so liberally that no deserving minister need want. He should not be supported in a "Home," and bound by restrictions, and thus deprived of that independence which training and habit have made part of his life. Within reasonable limits, he should have the largest liberty of choice and action, and be regarded, not as a charge but as receiving only his due.

CHARLES H. HARRISON.

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If, beginning with the new century, every denomination had its own "Old Age Pastoral Pension Fund," maintained by regular premiums and enjoying one collection per annum from each church in the particular denomination interested, the good men who consecrate their lives to the "shepherding of the flock," could look forward to old age without a shudder. No denomination has a right to take a man's best work and his best years and then unceremoniously drop him without a thought of providing for his future. Some denominations have ministerial sustentation funds already; others, to their everlasting shame be it said, have none, and while the strong, aggressive and ambitious grasp the prizes of worldly emolument, the aged saints, whose hands should be reverently and lovingly upheld, are driven to the wall by want and neglect. At the very time when their spiritual vision is clearest and purest, and when they are many degrees nearer heaven than ourselves, we reject their counsel, despise their wisdom, characterize their holiness and sweetness as imbecility, and toss them aside, to make way perhaps, for others who have not a hundredth part of their wisdom and spirituality. "Old men for counsel," says the proverb; but if our modern way had been applied in the early ages of the Christian Church, many of the venerable "fathers," whose wisdom and sanctity have adorned our Christian faith, would have been relegated to the limbo of worn-out ministers.

J. D. LORIMER.

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The most alarming thought to the active minister of the Gospel is that of the "dead line." Why? It means, too often, putting him on the shelf to "rust out" in obscurity and poverty. He is left, not infrequently, to eke out an unhappy existence. This ought not so to be. What can be done? I have a plan which can only be suggested here. 1. Build him a home. Let it be his as long as he lives. To turn this man of God out homeless, after years of toil in the service of the Church, is a shame to our Christian civilization. He has not been allowed while young, and strong, more than enough to support and educate his family. His work debars him from money-making. Those who have wealth could, and ought to build homes for our worn-out ministers. Here is a chance for every lover of Christ's cause to lay up "treasure in heaven." 2. Let the congregations served by our old minister not forget him. Send him bright, cheery literature. Have THE CHRISTIAN HERALD sent to him. Hand him a new book now and then. Visit him. Have him visit you. Invite him to preach occasionally. Always give him the best pew at church. Pray for him. On his birthday give him a liberal "pounding." This will make his heart glad. Do this, and there will be no dread of a "dead line." By Christian thoughtfulness and love it will for ever be obliterated.

REV. CHAS. LYNCH.

3. What is the surest way of discerning God's will and distinguishing between it and our own strong wills?

1. Take the two wills, God's and yours, to the Bible. Place them under the light of that lamp of truth. If the light, falling upon one will, is reflected in unspotted glory, that is God's will. If the light, falling upon the other will, shows in it spots or flaws, that is your will. 2. Take them to prayer. If one will harmonises with the spirit of prayer, that is God's will. If there is discord, even one note, between the other will and the spirit of prayer, that is self-will. 3. Take them before conscience. If one will accords with conscience, it will give you inward peace; that is God's will. If the other will conflicts with conscience, it will give you inward trouble; that is your will.

R. T. EDWARDS.

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The surest way of discerning God's will is to fill ourselves with his Word. Prayerful study of the Scriptures is a means of educating the conscience, and without it conscience is not a safe guide.

God's word's a mine of priceless worth,
Where every Christlike one may find
More precious gems than, from the earth,
By delving toilers e'er were mined;
Exhaustless treasures for the soul
That glad the eye of faith, nor tire;
That make the sin-sick nature whole,
And satisfy its each desire.

It makes us say, "Thy will, not mine,
Be done." From it pure godly men
In Bible days drew aid divine,
And it is helpful now as then.
In it we hear the Father speak,
His myst'ries are no longer sealed;
In prayerful mood we come and seek,
And in it find his will revealed.

L. T. R.

4. Is it possible to accumulate a great fortune in business, and yet conscientiously follow Christ's teachings through one's business career?

Yes. Christ promised that to him who has, shall be given, having reference to the steward who faithfully invests and uses his master's money. If a Christian is prosperous in business, and never loses sight of the fact that he is simply a steward of God's means, and faithfully practices the precepts of mercy enjoined in the Scriptures, there is every reason to believe that God will entrust more and more of the wealth of this world into his hands. The Apostle Paul enjoined diligence in business, showing that under the Christian dispensation, men are expected to strive for success of a worldly, as well as of a spiritual character, and there seems to be no reason why that success should be limited to a small accumulation of worldly effects. If the love of money is absent, and the desire to serve the Lord present, there can be no sin, but real merit in the accumulation of a fortune.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

5. Is it wise for husbands and wives to criticize each other's faults, or should they keep loving and charitable silence regarding them?

We should, as Christians, try to elevate every human soul. Our first duty, then, should be in our homes, among those who are nearest and dearest. It is a mistake to say that love is blind; she is blind only in one eye. A wife may see and tell her husband some glaring defect in his character that no one else would dare to mention to him; but she must approach him privately, not in the presence of others, and in a loving, not nagging spirit. If he loves her, he will try to correct it. Silence in regard to the faults of husband and wife is often mistaken kindness, and springs either from indifference, love of peace, or fear. "Perfect love casteth out fear," but leaves an earnest desire for the highest good of the loved one.

J. S. KRAUTH.

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Criticism, as the word is generally understood, rarely, if ever, improves any one's faults. If, however, we are to understand the word to mean a pointing out of one's faults from the motive to help overcome them, the wisdom of such a course would depend upon at least two considerations, viz: 1. The disposition of the person committing the fault and the manner of criticism. 2. The nature or character of the fault. It would be wise to make a tactful and friendly criticism of any fault if the individual was such a one as would be likely to profit by it. But if the disposition was such that the person would be likely to be offended and the fault rather persisted in, it would be wise to "keep loving and charitable silence" and try some other means rather than criticism. If the fault was of minor importance, such as might arise from different training, tastes, or opportunities, it would be wise, perhaps, to keep silence. However, if the fault was an open and flagrant one it would not only be wise, but a duty, to criticise it in a Christian spirit, whatever the disposition of the offending one.

E. N. H.

Thanks, Chattoroy, Wash. The parents are the natural and legal guardians of their own child and can only be superseded by evidence being submitted to the satisfaction of a proper court, showing that they are incapable or improper persons. In such case the court appoints a guardian upon application being made in due form by parties entitled to do so.

Miscellaneous Questions

Several correspondents have asked us to publish a prayer suitable for a little child, who, though too young to frame its own petition, is already beginning to understand the meaning of love and obedience. There are many such prayers, both in prose and rhyme, some of them very beautiful and touching, and almost all of them easily within the childish comprehension; but as these are probably already known, we would submit this brief petition, as one that could readily be adapted to the use of little children who are old enough to commit the words to memory:

"Dear Jesus, as Thou didst take little children in Thy arms and bless them, so bless Thou me. Forgive all my sins and help me to do Thy will. Grant that I may be truthful, kind and obedient, and, above all, love Thee. Bless my parents and my friends, and help the sick, the poor and those in trouble. May I grow daily more like Thee and at last live with Thee in heaven. Amen."

A CHILD'S PETITION.

THE food provided by thy love
Again our table covers;
From thee in whom we live and move
O'er us a blessing hovers.

We thank thee, Lord, for every gift
From thy good hand descending;
To thee, on high, our praise we lift
For mercies never-ending.

Give us, O Lord, a grateful heart
For love so kind and tender;
May souls and bodies do their part
Our meed of thanks to render.

H. G., Plainfield, N. J. How did the United States rank with other nations in excellence of exhibits at the Paris Expositio

As adjudged by the two highest awards, the "Grand Prizes," of which we received two hundred, and gold medals, six hundred and forty-two, we follow France in education. In fine arts, Italy, Germany and Great Britain took precedence of us. In liberal arts only France and Germany outranked us. In electricity, machinery, civil engineering, transportation, furniture, decoration, only France and Germany were our superiors. In agriculture Roumania and Russia, carrying away over one hundred prizes, led the United States. In chemical industries, Germany and Russia excelled us. In social economy we come next to France. In the army and navy we followed France, Germany and Russia leading Great Britain and other countries.

E. P., Colorado Springs, Colo. 1. How many Americans and how many Filipinos have been killed or captured during the past twelve months? 2. Is the pacification of the islands in sight?

1. According to Gen. MacArthur's report, 268 Americans were killed, 750 wounded and 53 captured between Nov. 1899 and Sept. 1900. During the same time 3,227 Filipinos were killed, 694 wounded, 2,864 captured. 2. Gen. MacArthur says education of natives tends to secure this end, but he intimates that time, patience and an adequate force will be required. The absence of any dynasty, any organized system of feudal laws or of ideas opposed to republicanism, likewise contribute to the introduction of American institutions among a people who "are gradually coming to understand that these mean liberty and security," and who "left to themselves would gladly accept American supremacy."

Mrs. A. C. P., Elk Park, N. C. What was the population of the world in the days of Christ compared with the world's population to-day?

The estimated population in the first year of the Christian era was less than 54,000,000. Estimated population to-day, more than 1,460,000,000.

J. E. M, Ruthven, Ia. The son of the Empress-Dowager.

O. W. R., Sharon, Kansas. Such claims are usually unfounded.

S. C. North, Oreg. There are none licensed in this country.

Mrs. C., Philadelphia. The notice appeared in our issue of September 12th.

Minnie J. E., East Akron, O. We have no record of any other poem by Knox than "O why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud."

J. M. Brown, N. J. You are entitled to use your own name, which you received at baptism, no matter what you may have been called since.

Inquirer. The "White Rose Mission" in New York City is situated at No. 234 East Ninety-seventh street, and conducts a most interesting work among the Afro-Americans of the East Side. For all information, address Mrs. Virginia Earle Matthews at the address named.

omy? No, for God is the God of joy, and will aug-
t our happiness. God in full possession of us is a
ght out of which you ought to make anthems, and
vine garlands, and kindle illuminations.

Ve have all been painfully reminded in our own ex-
ences that we cannot be in two places at the same
e, and yet here comes the thought that God can be
ll places at the same time. Madler, the astronomer,
t on with his explorations of the heavens until he
cluded that the star Alcyone, of the Pleiades, was

The Centre of the Universe

all the other worlds revolved around that world;
some think that that world is Heaven and God's
ne is there, and there reside the nations of the blest.
he is no more there than he is here. Indeed Al-
ne has been found to be in motion, and it also is
lving around some great centre. But no place has
been found where God is not present by sustaining
er.

mnipresence! Who fully appreciates it? Not I.
you. Sometimes we hear him in a whisper. Some-
s we hear him in the voice of the storm that jars
Adirondacks. But we cannot swim across this
n. The finite cannot measure the infinite. We
as Job did after finding God in the gold mines and
silver mines of Asia, saying, "There is a vein for the
r and a place for the gold where they fine it." And
r exploring the heavens as an astronomer, and find-
God in distant worlds, and becoming acquainted
Orion, and Mazzaroth and Arcturus, and noticing
tides of the sea, the inspired poet expresses his in-
acity to understand such evidences of wisdom and
er, and says, "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but
little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of
power who can understand?"

o every system of theology has attempted to de-
ne and define the divine attribute of Love. Easy
gh is it to define fatherly love, motherly love, con-
l love, fraternal love, sisterly love and love of coun-
but the love of God defies all vocabulary. For
y hundreds of years poets have tried to sing it, and
ters have tried to sketch it, and ministers of the
pel to preach it, and martyrs in the fire, and Chris-
s on their death beds have extolled it, and we can
what it is like, but no one has yet fully told what it
Men speak of the love of God as though it were
felt between the pointing of the Bethlehem Star
the pounding of the crucifixion hammer. But no!
Long before that existed the love of God. The nature of God never changes, and from all eternity that holy passion glowed in the Infinite, and I think he was throwing out worlds into space, and inhabiting them, and more worlds, for the application of that love. But in the space of six feet by five was comprised the mightiest evidence of God's love that any world ever saw or ever will see. Compressed on two planks joined together as a cross. There was enough agony there concentered, if distributed, to put whole nations into torture. That God allowed the assassination of his own Son, for the rescue of our world, is all the evidence needed that he loved the world. Go ahead, oh Church of God! Go ahead, oh world! and tell as well as you can what the love of God is, but know beforehand that Paul was right when he said, "It passeth knowledge." Let other poets take up the story of God's love where William Cowper and Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley and Horatius Bonar left it, and let other painters improve upon the "Sistine Madonna," and the "Adoration of the Magi," and the "Crucifixion," as Raphael and Titian and Claude and Correggio presented them. Let the German pulpit orator take up the theme of God's love where Frederick Tholuck left it; let Italian pulpit take it up where Gavazzi left it; let French pulpit orator take up the theme where Bourdeloue left it; let the Swiss pulpit orator take up the theme where Merle D'Aubigne left it; let the English pulpit take it up where George Whitefield left it; let the Scotch pulpit take it up where Dr. Candlish left it; let the Welsh pulpit take it up where Christmas Evans left it, and let American pulpit take it up where Archibald Alexander and Dr. Kirk and Matthew Simpson left it. But the world will never appreciate fully the love of God until they hear from his own lips the outburst of his infinite and everlasting affection.

The Beatific Vision

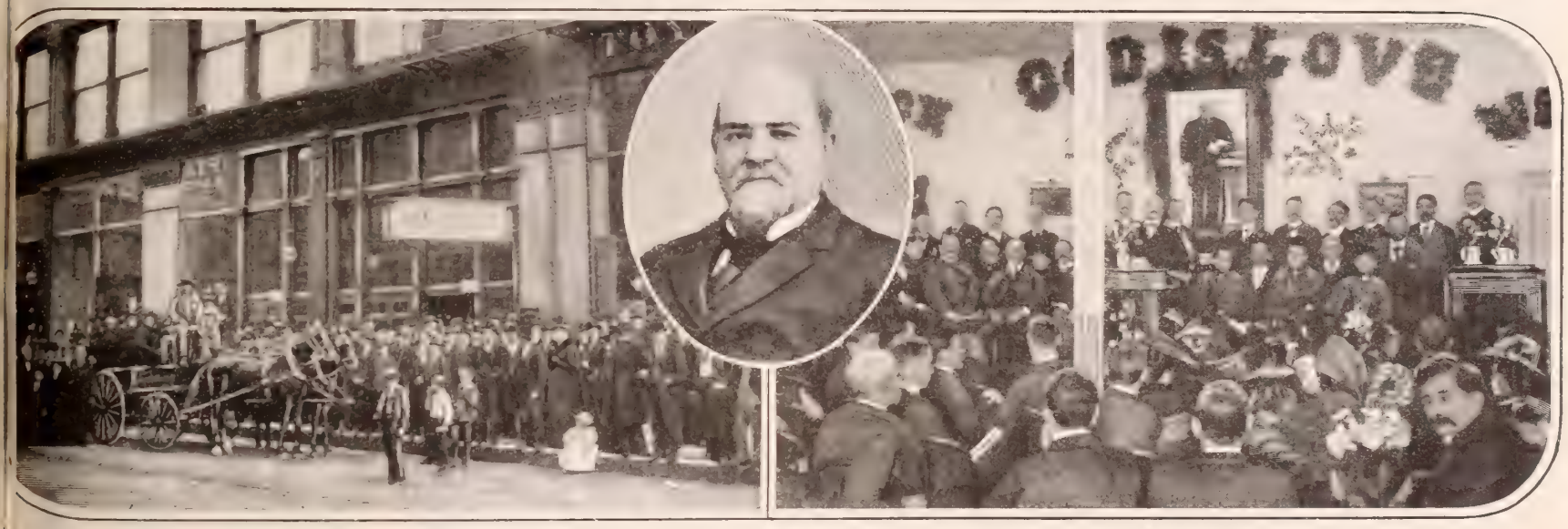
Only glimpses of God have we in this world, but what an hour it will be when we first see him, and we will have no more fright than I feel when I now see you. It will not be with mortal eye that we will behold him, but with the vision of a cleansed, forgiven, and perfected spirit. Of all the quintillion ages of eternity to us the most thrilling hour will be the first hour when we meet him as he is. This may account for something you have all seen and may not have understood. Have you not noticed how that after death the old Christian looks young again, or the features resume the look of twenty or thirty years before? The weariness is gone out of the face; there is something strikingly restful and placid; there is a pleased look where before there was a disturbed look. What has wrought the change? I think the dying Christian saw God. I think that gave that old Christian face after death the radiant and triumphant look. The bestormed spirit has reached the harbor; the hard battle of life is ended in victory. The body took that look the moment heaven began, and the curtain was completely lifted, and the glories of Jehovah's presence rushed upon the soul. The departing spirit left on the old man's face a glad good-by, and that first look gave the pleased curve to the dying lip, and smoothed out the wrinkles, and touched all the lineaments with an indescribable radiance. As no one else explains that improved and gladdened post-mortem look, I try to explain it saying, "He saw God!" "She saw God!"

The Midnight Sun

Last summer we journeyed thousands of miles to see the Midnight Sun from North Cape, Norway. We stood on deck in the Arctic seas, our watches in our hands and it was eleven o'clock at night, but light as an ordinary noonday. Then it was half past eleven o'clock at night, then it was fifteen minutes of twelve, but a long wide thick cloud hung over the sun. Are we to be disappointed, as thousands have been, and the journey here a failure? Ten minutes of twelve and the sun is still hidden. But about five minutes of twelve the cloud lifted and the Midnight Sun, the most wondrous spectacle of all the earth appeared, pouring forth a refulgence that turned the Arctic Sea into twenty miles of pearls, and rubies, and diamonds, and emeralds, and overpowering us with a glory that left us with body all a-tremble, and a mind full of all ecstacy, and a soul full of all worship. Thank God we saw it—the Midnight Sun. So with that departing Christian soul; the voyage of life has been long and rough and tempestuous; chilling sorrows have again and again snowed down upon him, and it is an Arctic sea. Many clouds have filled the sky. It is approaching twelve o'clock, and the close of life's day. Friends stand around and count the parting moments. The clock strikes twelve, and God breaks through the clouds and shines upon the features of the departing saint until they are transfigured with the glories of the Sun of Righteousness. That is what has so changed the features of the old man. It is the shining of the Midnight Sun.

SOUNDED • TEN • THOUSAND • CALLS • TO • SINNERS

TWENTY-THREE YEARS' WORK OF THE PACIFIC GARDEN MISSION—OLDEST GOSPEL WORK IN CHICAGO'S CENTRE OF VICE



THE GOSPEL WAGON OF THE PACIFIC GARDEN MISSION — COL. GEORGE R. CLARKE — A MISSION "PRAISE SERVICE"

AFTER nearly a quarter of a century of Gospel effort among the neglected masses of Chicago, the Pacific Garden Mission, with its faithful band of workers, is still active in the Lord's service. Probably no rescue work in the West has such a record of soul-winning as this pioneer mission, which stands as a living and notable example of l blessing that follows devoted and self-sacrificing ar for the Master.

he late Col. George R. Clarke, the founder of the Sion, was formerly one of Chicago's most active re estate men, participating in every enterprise to ance the interests of that city. He took a prominent p in introducing the magnificent system of parks e nding round its suburbs. He accumulated a mod- e fortune, but sustained heavy losses by the great C cago fire in 1871. Undaunted by misfortune, he s rallied, and again occupied a leading place in busi- s. It was his ambition at one time to endow some g t institution, or to build a church. This was his i l of Christian philanthropy. But when Christ came i his life, he became persuaded to engage in the hum- b yet exalted work of seeking after the spiritual wel- a of the neglected masses in the great western city.

After the Chicago fire, nearly all the churches were rebuilt at a distance from the centre of the city, leaving a free field to the saloons, gambling dens and vicious resorts. In 1877 Colonel and Mrs. Clarke established the first rescue work in Chicago, and from this other missions have sprung broadcast, and an influence has radiated throughout many States. For over twenty-three years, or for ten thousand consecutive nights, the Gospel has been sounding forth from the platform of the Pacific Garden Mission. The Mission has proved a Bethel to a great multitude of souls, who have found there peace in believing.

This work of the Pacific Garden Mission began in a very unpretentious room, surrounded by saloons, yet the Divine favor was manifested at the first meeting by the conversion of four souls. No service has ever been held in the Mission without some request for prayer being presented. Its seating capacity soon became inadequate. Larger quarters were secured by buying out one of the most notorious beer garden halls, at No. 100 Van Buren street. At Mr. D. L. Moody's suggestion, the name of the place was retained, and it has ever since been called the Pacific Garden Mission.

No pen will ever be able to fitly describe the wondrous spiritual transformations that have taken place here in all these years of earnest labor for souls. Over two hundred thousand hear the Gospel annually. What with the Gospel wagon, jail work and personal visitation, the seed sowing is such as to call for an abundant harvest. The Gospel wagon is the means of reaching thousands who would never come under the influence of the Gospel otherwise, but when brought face to face with redeemed lives they cannot gainsay its transforming power. All the work of the Mission is in the very centre of vice, in an area of many blocks given over to all the corruption that satanic skill can devise.

Since Colonel Clarke's death, in 1892, Mr. Harry Monroe, a young convert with marked adaptability for the work, has had charge of the meetings, while Mrs. Clarke retains the managerial responsibility, which she has now held for twenty-three years. Colonel Clarke expended a fortune on the Mission during his lifetime, and his widow's entire income is still devoted to the same object.

Mr. Wm. C. Trotter, the organist and assistant, is a valuable aid, and with other co-laborers and assistance from the Moody Bible Institute, the Mission is well-equipped for active service. Thousands who kneel at the altar are living witnesses of the sanctifying grace that is transforming sinful lives.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR'S 20TH BIRTHDAY CONVENTION

BY JOHN WILLIS BAER, Secretary of the World's Christian Endeavor Union

FOR five years the Christian Endeavorers of Cincinnati have urged their claims for an International Convention. In their invitation they have had the cordial support of the business men and citizens generally. Their persistence has been rewarded, and Cincinnati is to be the Mecca of Christian Endeavor in the first year of the new century. Right royally are the Cincinnati Endeavorers and the executive officers of the United Society of Christian Endeavor planning for this, the Twentieth International Convention. Special excursions are planned from every State and from Canada, and the low railroad rate of one fare for the round trip granted by the various passenger associations, gives every indication that at least twenty-five thousand will be in attendance. Tickets will be placed on sale July 5th, 6th and 7th; also on July 8th, at points within one hundred and fifty miles of Cincinnati. Tickets are good returning until July 14th, and by depositing with the joint agent before noon July 11th, they may be extended to August 31st. The extended time limit is unusually liberal, and will afford ample opportunity for taking side trips to Mammoth Cave, High Bridge, Dayton Soldiers' Home, the Pan-American Exposition, and many other excursions that are being arranged.

Many Christian Endeavorers in the South and West will find that the low rates to the Cincinnati Convention, when added to the special side trip rate from Cincinnati to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, will enable them to attend both at less cost than if they went directly to Buffalo.

All excursion managers are expected to get their trains into Cincinnati by Saturday morning. On Sunday the Cincinnati Endeavorers have been requested by the national officers not to be at the stations to meet delegates, and for the same reason no one will be at the State headquarters. All are to be at Cincinnati upon Saturday, ready to enter with reverence upon the due observance of the Lord's Day.

Music Hall, where the Convention is to be held, is an ideal place for such a gathering. With the Exposition buildings adjoining it on each side, the Odeon near by, three or four very large churches, and Washington Park directly opposite, ample space is afforded for crowds of any size.

The Convention starts out on Saturday evening with the welcome meetings. The Hon. George K. Nash, Governor of Ohio, will speak twice on this evening. Chairman Meacham and Vice-Chairman Dawson, of Cincinnati's local committee of arrangements, who are working so hard and so zealously in our interests, will also give words of welcome. Responses will be made by Rev. Alfred Gandier, Toronto; Rev. W. J. Darby, D.D., Evansville; Rev. A. Miyake, of Japan, and Rev. T. C. Cleveland, of Atlanta, Ga. At these opening sessions, too, President Francis E. Clark will give his annual address, and I my annual report. These will be repeated in two auditoriums.

On Sunday morning the general theme for the morning services in all the churches will be "Twenty Years of Christian Endeavor." A glorious retrospect that will be! The pulpits, morning and evening, will be occupied by visiting delegates, and the list includes the names of many men famous in all branches of the Church of Christ.

On Sunday afternoon there are to be held three simultaneous evangelistic meetings. The meeting for men is to be conducted by Dr. Chapman and William Phillips Hall; that for women by Mrs. J. W. Baer, and that for children by Rev. Clarence E. Eberman, the new Field Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

On Sunday afternoon, after the evangelistic meetings, two notable meetings are to be held in the interests of two most important reforms. At the temperance meeting the speakers will be Oliver W. Stewart, of Chicago; Col. George W. Bain, of Kentucky, and Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, D.D., all of them splendid temperance orators. At the Sabbath-observance meeting the speakers are Dr. F. D. Power, of Washington; Dr. David J. Burrell, of New York, and Gen. O. O. Howard.

At the same time an inspiring missionary rally is arranged. The Hon. S. B. Capen, President of the American Board, will preside, and the speakers will be Rev. J. P. Jones, D.D., of India; Rev. W. S. Ament, D.D., of China; Rev. Willis R. Hotchkiss, of Africa, and Courtenay H. Fenn, of China.

Upon Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday mornings there will be held three simultaneous Quiet Hour services. Heretofore at the Conventions but one has been planned. The programme committee feel that a long advance step has been taken in arranging to begin each day with three Quiet Hour services under the leadership of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D.D., and Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D. Another feature for deepening the religious life each day of the Convention are special conferences upon the Bible, Bible teaching, and upon the Holy Spirit. Such leaders have been secured as Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., and Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D.; these men will be heard regularly each day. Many other conferences are to be held, but lack of space prevents my mentioning them now.

JOHN WILLIS BAER

DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK

WILLIAM SHAW

The general topic for Monday morning is "The Twentieth Century Home," with addresses as follows: "The Parents' Responsibility," Rev. Edwin Forrest Hallenbeck, Albany, N. Y.; "The Happiest Place on Earth," by Rev. Ira Landrith, Nashville, Tenn.; "Read the Best Books," by Rev. J. E. Pounds, D.D., Cleveland, Ohio; "Family Worship," by Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., London, Ontario.

Monday afternoon the topic is "The Twentieth Century Christian Endeavor Society," and two interesting Schools of Practical Methods have been arranged. Such topics as the following show the spirit of the afternoon meetings: "The Prayer Meeting of 1999," "Training Our Successors," by Miss Margaret Koch, Waterville, Me.; "Improvements You Would Like to See," "Twentieth Century Singing," "Ten Socials in Ten Minutes," "The Money Side of It," "What Our Pledge May Mean," "How We May Manufacture Christian Endeavor Citizens," "Stumbling Blocks," "The Forward Look in Christian Endeavor," by Rev. Richard W. Lewis, Denver, Col.; "Officers That K[eep] Things Moving," "What Are the Elements of a St[rong] Society?" "Your Testimony in the Meeting," William R. Moody, Northfield, Mass., etc.

"The Twentieth Century City" is the general t[heme] for Monday night. At least four simultaneous meet[ings] are planned. In one, Jacob A. Riis gives his illustr[ated] lecture, "The Battle with the Slums." In the other n[ine]tings will be heard "The Christian Endeavorer's I[nfluence] in Municipal Politics," by Hon. S. B. Capen, LL[.D.], Boston; "The Daily Press," by Rev. Charles M. S[held]on, D.D., Topeka, Kansas; "The Saloon Probl[em]," by Rev. Frank Dixon, Hartford, Conn.; "The Relig[ious] Life," by President Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., [New] York City.

Tuesday morning in three simultaneous meet[ings] "The Twentieth Century Church" will be the ge[neral] subject. In these meetings the speakers are prac[tical] men who will deal with topics of current interest. T[he] day afternoon will be given up to the denominat[ional] rallies which have each year become of increasin[g im]portance at Christian Endeavor conventions. S[ocial] rallies and receptions are the order for Tuesday e[ven]ing. These meetings are in charge of the State offi[cers].

The closing day of the Convention, Wednesday, [the] 10th, will be memorable. Christian Endeavor is tw[enty] years old, and it is planned to mark the twentieth b[irth]day with a celebration that shall be worthy of the [occa]sion and the cause. The programme in the three auditoriums calls for a "Twentieth Birthday Cel[ebra]tion." One session will open with a symposium b[y] trustees of the United Society of Christian Ende[avor]. Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., Salem, Mass.; Bishop [Alex]ander Walters, D.D., Jersey City; Rev. Gilby C. [Pear]D.D., Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. George E. McMani[gal] Steubensville, Ohio; Rev. [John] T. Beckley, D.D., Cleve[land], Ohio. The topics of son[ie] the addresses for the cel[ebra]tion are as follows: "The[n]ment of Obligation," Rev. [J. B.] Curry, D.D., Birmingham, [Ala.]; "The Joy of Service," Mr. T[homas] McGregor, Detroit, Mich.; [Mrs.] Spirit of Consecration," [Mrs.] H. T. McEwen, D.D., An[der]dam, N. Y.; "Prayer of [Gra]tude to God," Bishop Ed[ward] Rondthaler, D.D., Winsto[n-Sa]lem, N. C.; "What the Cl[urch] has Gained from Christia[n En]deavor," Rev. J. G. Butler, [D.D.] Washington, D. C.; "Chr[istian] Endeavor Fellowship, In[ter]denominational and Inter-ra[cial]," Rev. Harlan L. Feeman, S[un]danville, Pa.; Rev. S. A[ment] D.D., China; "The W[orld's] Christian Endeavor U[nion]," Mr. William Shaw, Bo[ston]; "Christian Endeavor amo[ng the] Afro-Americans." Rev. G[eorge] W. Moore, Nashville, Tenn.; "Its Work among the [Pris]oners," Mr. Frederick A. Wallis, Lexington, Ky. [The] Work among the Foreigners in this Country," R[ev.] F. Cowan, D.D., Boston; "Our Associate Mem[bers]," Rev. D. Frank Garland, Dayton, Ohio; "For [Home] and the Church," Rev. W. B. Wallace, Utica, N[.Y.]

"The Twentieth Century Outlook for Missions [will] be the theme for Wednesday afternoon. Among [the] addresses and speakers are these: "The Story o[f the] king," Rev. Courtenay H. Fenn, China; "Home [Mis]sions," Rev. C. J. Ryder, D.D., New York City; "For[eign] Missions," Mr. Robert E. Speer, New York City [and] Hon. S. B. Capen, LL.D., Boston.

Three Farewell Meetings are arranged for We[dnes]day night. The first hour of each will be devote[d to] "Purpose Meeting." Watchwords for the new ce[ntury] will be proposed by the various State delegations. [The] meeting will close with one address, the speakers [being] Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Rev. G. Cam[pbell] Morgan, and Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, D.D.

PROMINENT LEADERS IN THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HOST

On the Opposite Page are Eighty-two Portraits of Presidents of State Unions of Christian Endeavor and Other Officers who will Take Part in the Approaching Convention. Following are their Names:

1. Rev. E. P. Arthur, Pres. Mich. C. E. Union.
2. F. M. Chadbourn, Pres. British Columbia C. E. Union.
3. Rev. Lloyd C. Wadle, Pres. Oklahoma C. E. Union.
4. H. H. Griffin, Pres. Texas C. E. Union.
5. Rev. W. J. Darby, Pres. Missouri C. E. Union.
6. C. J. Ryder, Pres. Louisiana C. E. Union.
7. Rev. L. A. Barnes, Pres. W. Va. C. E. Union.
8. J. H. Burns, Pres. Delaware C. E. Union.
9. H. R. Chapman, Pres. Colorado C. E. Union.
10. Vernon T. Grizzard, Sec. Tennessee C. E. Union.
11. W. M. Robinson, Sec. Maryland C. E. Union.
12. Frank O. Bishop, Sec. Rhode Island C. E. Union.
13. Miss Hattie O. McKeen, Sec. Maine C. E. Union.
14. Myron T. Smith, Sec. Connecticut C. E. Union.
15. Charles Robertson, Sec. South Carolina C. E. Union.
16. Rev. A. J. Montgomery, Pres. Oregon C. E. Union.
17. A. L. Dietrich, Pres. District of Columbia C. E. Union.
18. Miss Edith Earle, Sec. Montana C. E. Union.
19. Miss Martha Case, Sec. Oregon C. E. Union.
20. Rev. C. H. Frost, Pres. Ohio C. E. Union.
21. F. B. Sprague, M.D., Pres. Rhode Island C. E. Union.
22. D. W. Elliott, Sec. Wyoming C. E. Union.
23. D. A. Morrison, Sec. New Brunswick C. E. Union.
24. C. H. Phillips, Sec. North Dakota C. E. Union.
25. Miss Mary P. Brown, Sec. Alabama C. E. Union.
26. H. N. Lathrop, Pres. Massachusetts C. E. Union.
27. W. C. Turner, Former Pres. Prince Edward Is. Union.
28. Rev. A. L. Phillips, D.D., Pres. Tennessee C. E. Union.
29. Miss Fanny R. Jackson, Sec. Wisconsin C. E. Union.
30. Miss Nellie F. Whitfield, Sec. Oklahoma C. E. Union.
31. E. S. Upham, Pres. Florida C. E. Union.
32. Rev. A. H. Seymour, Pres. South Dakota C. E. Union.
33. George F. Nye, Sec. Washington C. E. Union.
34. Miss Margaret Macfarlane, Sec. British Co. C. E. U.
35. Miss Lula O. Phillips, Sec. Virginia C. E. Union.
36. Charles L. France, Sec. Ohio C. E. Union.
37. Miss Belle C. Beveridge, Sec. South Dakota C. E. Un.
38. Rev. A. W. Spooner, D.D., Pres. New Jersey C. E. U.
39. Rev. Ralph C. Sargent, Pres. Iowa C. E. Union.
40. Col. Edward G. Osgood, Pres. Vermont C. E. Union.
41. Rev. Howard E. Rondthaler, Pres. N. C. C. E. Union.
42. H. A. Kimports, Sec. New York State C. E. Union.
43. A. E. MacDonald, Pres. Illinois C. E. Union.
44. Rev. Allyn K. Foster, Pres. Connecticut C. E. Union.
45. Roland Mellish, Sec. Nova Scotia C. E. Union.
46. D. S. Brownell, Sec. Vermont C. E. Union.
47. Miss Celia Lyday, Sec. Iowa C. E. Union.
48. Rev. J. E. Kirbye, Pres. South Carolina C. E. Union.
49. B. F. Clay, Pres. Idaho C. E. Union.
50. Will W. Douglas, Pres. Virginia C. E. Union.
51. Crates S. Johnson, Sec. Indiana C. E. Union.
52. C. F. Cutts, Supt. Nevada C. E. Work.
53. Norman I. Matthew, Sec. Winnipeg C. E. Union.
54. Rev. H. H. Harmon, Pres. Nebraska C. E. Union.
55. Rev. Clarence E. Eberman, Pres. Penn. C. E. Union.
56. Rev. T. C. Cleveland, Sec. Georgia C. E. Union.
57. Henry W. Keller, Sec. Pennsylvania C. E. Union.
58. Miss Carrie Parsons, Sec. Michigan C. E. Union.
59. Miss Charlotte McLeod, Sec. Louisiana C. E. Union.
60. Rev. W. S. Danley, D.D., Pres. Kentucky C. E. Union.
61. J. M. Warren, Pres. California C. E. Union.
62. Guy Tombs, Sec. Quebec C. E. Union.
63. Miss Christina K. Cameron, Sec. Missouri C. E.
64. W. S. Leslie, Pres. Quebec C. E. Union.
65. D. W. McIver, Jr., Pres. Alabama C. E. Union.
66. Miss Mata E. Tway, Sec. New Mexico C. E. U.
67. A. T. Cooper, Sec. Ontario C. E. Union.
68. Rev. Edward Marsden, Supt. C. E. work in A.
69. W. C. Irey, Sec. District of Columbia, C. E.
70. E. C. Gilbert, Sec. California C. E. Union.
71. J. Ernest Walker, Supt. C. E. work in Arizon.
72. Rev. Charles D. Crane, Sec. Maine C. E. Union.
73. Miss Grace Townsend, Sec. Florida C. E. Un.
74. Rev. F. P. Arthur, Pres. Michigan C. E. Unio.
75. E. J. Lee, Pres. Arkansas C. E. Union.
76. Rev. W. B. Wallace, Pres. New York State C.
77. Rev. Edward O. Tilburn, Pres. Montana C. E.
78. Rev. J. S. Henderson, Pres. Ontario C. E. Uni.
79. C. W. Ward, President New Mexico C. E. Un.
80. Robert Lawson, Pres. Wyoming C. E. Union.
81. Rev. R. V. Hunter, D.D., Pres. Indiana C. E.
82. Arthur B. Cross, Pres. New Hampshire C. E.

Presidents and other Officers of State Unions at the Christian Endeavor Convention

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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A Cry for Bread

THE two great nations yet to be civilized and Christianized are India and China. Slowly the work of evangelization went on in India until the massacre of missionaries at Lucknow and Cawnpore and other cities of India took place. Then it was thought by many that that bloody chapter would close forever the missionary work in India. So far from that prophecy coming true, the best Gospel work has been done there since those horrible transactions. I could hardly find a neighborhood in India that has not felt directly or indirectly the Gospel influences. The work in China has gone on with many good results, but greater achievements of evangelization will follow the recent uprising against foreigners in China than any successes which preceded the outrage. So God makes the wrath of man to praise him.

The widest door of opportunity has now opened. If the Christian nations will now rush into China for the relief of the present famine raging there, all that nation, from the government to its lowliest population, will practically say: "Here come those foreigners with rice and flour, and medicines, and practical help! A religion which sets itself to such generosities must be a good religion. Let us study it, and imitate it, and approve it. Their Christ is greater than our Confucius. We knew not what we were doing when we slew those Americans. Now let Americans come to us, and the more the better. If they can do as much for our souls as they have done for our bodies, we will be their debtors for all the future." Such an utterance is not far distant if in this crisis of the Chinese nation we, by returning good for evil, demonstrate that Christianity is better than barbarism. The twenty thousand dollars sent to China by the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few days ago will do more good just now than twenty thousand Bibles, for the Bibles will follow the magnificent charity. The temporal good will clear the way for the spiritual good. The wholesale lying concerning our foreign missionaries, who have more religion in one joint of their little finger than their defamers have in their whole bodies, will be rebuked, now that these missionaries are trusted by good people to distribute these relief funds.

This world is to be taken for God and righteousness. That we must believe, if we believe anything. But the undertaking is so vast, we can see only a small section of it. The Divine mind alone can hold all the particulars of the scheme. We are ever and anon surprised at the unrolling of something we could not have anticipated. God's plans are beyond our comprehension. How often in American, in English, in German Russian history has something occurred which seemed only destructive, but was found out afterward salvatory. Out of the worst crime that was ever committed, the murder of the Christ, came the redemption of a world. Following the ghastly assault upon foreigners in China may come the moral and religious liberation of her four or five hundred millions. But let no time be wasted. Hear a nation's cry for bread. What we did for Cuba, and Russia, and Armenia, and India, let us do for China, and the blessing will come on our harvest-fields, our homes, our churches, and upon the eighty million people who live between these two oceans.

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Your sins have withholden good things from you.—Jer. v. 25.

• • •

All Enlisted

LET us fight against dullness, whether in the pew or in the pulpit, whether in the Sunday School or in the prayer-meeting, and for that reason let us marshal all our faculties. If we have logical faculty, harness that. If imagination, harness that. If humor, harness that. If physical exuberance, harness that. There is not anything that is available, in a parlor or on a lecturing platform, in the art of persuading people to right feeling and right action that is not appropriate for the pulpit. If a man say a thing in church merely to make people smile, he is reprehensible; but if he say a thing so strikingly true that people do smile, that is another thing. I do not care whether they cry or smile, or hiss or applaud, or get up and go out, or what they do, if they only quit sin and with fleet foot start for heaven. For this purpose we must ransack the mineral, the botanical, the agricultural, the aesthetic, the scientific, the poetic, the literary, the historical, the astronomical worlds for illustration. If we cannot get anything better than two flints, we must smite them together and strike fire. In vain the gold-chasing on the hilt of the sword, if the edge of it is not sharp enough to cut. In vain the one-hundred-dollar rod and reel from Conroy's, with fly of gold pheasant or gray drake, if we cannot catch anything. In vain the expense of the collegiate and theological education of seven or ten years, if we get hopelessly buried in our own armor.

During the Civil War I was chaplain for a few weeks in a Pennsylvania regiment, and I was told one day that there was a cavalryman sick and wounded, and perhaps dying in a barn four or five miles away. I walked over to see if I could be of any service to him. He asked me to take his horse, which was suffering from lack of attention, and to transport his entire equipment up to headquarters at Hagerstown. I consented, but knew not what I was undertaking, for I had on and around me on the horse a heavy sword, a carbine, pistol, saddle-bags, and a great many other things I knew not the names of, and I was so overloaded I had to go on a slow walk and hold fast to the pommel of the McClellan saddle, and when I got half-way up to headquarters the girth broke, and I went off, and it was a great job to get loaded up again. In the woods all around about there were stragglers from the Confederate Army, but they did not seem at all affrighted at my warlike appearance. When I rode up to the encampment, and the boys gave three cheers for the chaplain who had been so brave as to capture a horse, my embarrassment exceeded by exhilaration. But I was then in the condition in which a multitude of us are in the ministry today—loaded up with equipment enough to slay Apollyon, yet we cannot wield it, and we go along on a slow walk, afraid that our system of didactic theology will fall off on one side, or our church history or homiletics will fall off on the other side, carefully guarding to keep our theology right side up, while David felled Goliath with a shepherd-boy's sling, and Shamgar slew six hundred men with an ox-goad. I believe in the day of eternity it will be found out that some backwoods' minister, who never had but three months' education in his life, but set all the prairies on fire with zeal for God, and in the summer preached to his audience in his shirt sleeves, will be found to have done more for the race than so many of us who have all the titles of the schools, and who wrap around us the robes of sacred office, which are not enough to keep us from freezing to death in an ecclesiasticism ten degrees below zero!

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The righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright. Ps. 11:7.

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"Taking the Oath"

CONSIDERABLE attention has been given of late to two important events that have occurred in connection with the administering an oath of office. The oaths taken by Edward VII., King of England, and William McKinley, President of the United States, were attended by grave and sacred services. In the one case, solemnly swearing to be "the 'Defender of the Faith' and of the Constitution of Great Britain," and in the other case "to uphold the Constitution of the United States." The reverence attending those ceremonies was marked and impressive. In this we greatly rejoice, because there has been, and still exists to a large extent, an utter irreverence and want of solemnity whenever or wherever the oath is taken. It is painful to a Christian mind, on entering into any of our courts, or places where testimony is being taken, where human life and liberty is at stake, to see how glibly and meaningless this ceremony is performed. The ancient idea coming down to us from the days of Abraham, that no man would dare to violate a pledge made with the Almighty, seems to have sunk into *innocuous desuetude* in too many quarters. This may be one of the causes why we have so many defalcations, absconding cashiers, and thieving officials and corrupt legislators, the sanctity of their oath having failed to impress their conscience. Why did it fail? Because administered so irreverently, and taken so thoughtlessly. We speak about revivals of religion, but if a revival is needed in any quarter it is right here, to revive the ancient reverence due to the ceremony of inducting into office our judges, ministers, officials, and legislators by the oath.

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Too Much Work

LITERARY men have great opportunities opening in this day. If they take all that open they are dead men, or worse, living men who ought to be dead. The pen runs so easy when you have good ink, and smooth paper, and an easy desk to write on, and the consciousness of an audience of one, two, or three hundred thousand readers. There are the religious newspapers through which you preach, and the musical journals through which you may sing. There are critiques to be written, and reviews to be indulged in, and poems to be chimed, and novels to be constructed. When out of a man's pen he can shake recreation, and friendship, and usefulness, and bread, he is apt to keep it shaking. So great are the invitations to literary work that the professional men of the day are overcome.

These men sit up late nights, and eat hastily, and scold their wives through irritability, and maul innocent authors, and run the physical machinery with a liver miserably given out. Some of the worst tempered people of the day are religious people, from the fact that they have no rest. Added to the necessary work of the world, they superintend two Sunday Schools, listen to two sermons, and every night have meetings of charitable and Christian institutions. They look after the beggars, hold conventions, speak at meetings, wait on ministers, serve as committeemen, take all the hypercriticisms that inevitably come to earnest workers, rush up and down the world and develop their hearts at the expense of all the other functions. They are the best men on earth, and Satan knows it, and is trying to kill them as fast as possible. They know that it is as much a duty to take care of their health as to go to the sacrament. It is as much a sin to commit suicide with the sword of truth as with a pistol.

EARL LI CABLES CHINA'S THANKS

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8, 1901.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, "Christian Herald," New York:

I have received the following cablegram from Earl Li Hung Chang in Peking:

"Your telegram of June 5th received. The famine in Shansi is causing great suffering and distress to the people there. The benevolent people of America, through 'The Christian Herald,' are very kind in raising a Relief Fund and remitting as a first installment the sum of 20,000 American dollars to afford immediate relief. We are extremely grateful to the Americans, whose liberality and beneficence make no distinction of race or country. I have duly informed by telegraph the Imperial Government and the Governor of Shansi."

WU TING FANG (Chinese Minister at Washington).

China Famine Circulars, Illustrated and descriptive of the awful Famine now prevailing there, and telling of the Relief Work, are now ready, and will be SUPPLIED FREE, IN QUANTITIES, to Churches, Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor, B. Y. P. U., W. C. T. U., and other Societies upon application.

ALSO MITE BOXES, NOW READY, FREE

Address The Christian Herald China Famine Work, 92 Bible House, New York

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

United Australia

HEARTY congratulations are in order to the new nation which has been born in the southern hemisphere. A few years ago there seemed little likelihood of the six colonies, of which the island continent is composed, sinking their mutual jealousies and becoming one federated union. There was some doubt, too, whether the mother country would approve such a union which to many minds is ominous of absolute independence. But the impossible has taken place, a constitution was framed: Great Britain gracefully accepted it; the new era was formally inaugurated by proclamation, and the Duke of Cornwall and York, the heir-apparent to the British throne, has journeyed to Australia to open the first session of the new Parliament. Melbourne is for the present the seat of the new Government, but it will be one of the first duties of Parliament to choose a site for the federal capital. To Melbourne, therefore, the royal visitors proceeded for the ceremony of inaugurating the first federal Assembly. Duke bore a message from King Edward congratulating the assembled representatives and expressing his earnest wishes for the prosperity of the young nation. With dignified simplicity, the initial ceremonies were conducted, and the Parliament was declared open. It is one of the smallest legislative assemblies. Each of the six States sends six members to the Senate, and the Lower House is composed of seventy-five members, elected on the basis of population. New South Wales sends 26: Victoria, 23; Queensland, 9: South Australia, 7; Western Australia, 5, Tasmania 5. Lord Hopetoun, as Governor-General, is a direct representative of the crown. He is not elected, but appointed by the home Government. It was his task to invite some Australian statesman to organize a Cabinet. Sir William Lyne, of New South Wales, was his first choice, but that statesman was unable to secure sufficient support and Lord Hopetoun then offered the task to Mr. Edmund Barton, a distinguished lawyer of the same State, who has succeeded. It is an evidence of the good feeling prevailing in the nation that Sir William Lyne has consented to serve under him as Home Secretary. The new nation is now fairly launched on its independent career. It is worthy of remark, as a happy augury of the future, that its birth was peacefully achieved. The usual course, as in the history of our own land, United Italy, and of the German Empire has been for a new nation to emerge into life from a sanguinary struggle, but Australia begins her national career in good will and in peace with other nations. This is a welcome innovation in line with that universal kingdom that the world is yet to see, of which the prophet said:

LORD HOPETOUN AND THE LEADING STATESMEN OF AUSTRALIA'S COMMONWEALTH

Consumptive Emigrants

A new order has been issued to the Immigration officers in our ports by the Superintendent of Immigration in Washington. It orders the exclusion of all immigrants with tuberculosis of the lungs, hereafter, from all ports of the United States, regardless of boards of special inquiry, which heretofore have used their discretion in the matter. The order is mandatory. The Board of Special Inquiry in any port after receiving the report on a case of tuberculosis from the chief of the medical division of the local immigration service, will merely have to debar the immigrant. The Supervising Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service at Washington has declared that "tuberculosis of the lungs is now considered a dangerous contagious disease." Immigrants with pronounced cases of consumption often have been deported. There are a few instances where a child ill of the disease has been permitted to land with its parents: hereafter there will be no more of these. The rule will apply also to alien passengers coming in the first and second cabins. The order will probably cause many bitter disappointments and perhaps some heart-breaking partings in cases of families coming in, of which one member has the disease. It is well for us that in the kingdom which offers the highest privileges to those who enter, there are no restrictions of that kind, but on the contrary the promise of healing.

THE LATE BISHOP E. W. PARKER

His Theory Failed

A mysterious suicide was reported in the New York journals a few days ago. It was that of a man belonging to a prominent family whose life was wholly free from the troubles and worries that figure as causes in the lives of other people who take their own lives. The man who threw his life away in this instance was not a resident of New York, but, having friends in the city, was in the habit of coming here when he wanted relaxation and change of scene. He visited one of his friends on the day of his death, and afterwards went to the Brooklyn Bridge. He walked to the middle span, and there jumped off into the water. A boat went to his assistance, but when he was taken on board he was dead. None of his bones were broken, and an autopsy showed that he had died from shock and asphyxiation. The friend from whom he had departed said: "He was a great student of physics, and I firmly believe that he intended his jump to demonstrate the power of mind over matter. He had absolutely no reason for taking his life, as he had had a good place in Washington, and his domestic relations were happy. When he came to my house that day, we got a launch and went up the Hudson for several miles. On the way, he said several times that he was confident he could dive a hundred feet into the water like that and come out unharmed. 'There isn't a thing,' he said, 'that a man can't do if he makes up his mind to do it.'" There is no doubt of the power of mind over matter, but it has its limitations, as people have found who have tried unaided to repress the desires of the flesh. The Apostle learned by painful experience that until he discovered the true source of strength, he was often defeated in his efforts to control his lower nature.

Death of a Bishop

Doubtless there are many among our readers who will learn with sorrow that Bishop E. W. Parker, of India, is dead. He had been sick for many weeks, but was believed to be recovering. The latest intelligence by mail was of strong hope that the crisis of his disease was safely passed, and that he was gaining strength. But on Tuesday, June 4th, came a cable message of only two words, reporting his death. Dr. Parker had been stationed at Lucknow, and it is matter for gratitude that during the famine of 1897 THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was enabled to materially help him in relieving the fearful suffering by which he was surrounded. He spoke with pathetic earnestness at a meeting in New York last year of the intense joy that he felt when the money to buy food for the starving people was put into his hands. Dr. Parker left India during the famine of 1900 to come to this country, and at the general conference, held in May, he was elected a Bishop to aid Bishop Thoburn in his work in India. He shortly afterwards returned to India, and had barely begun his episcopal services, when he was prostrated by the illness that has now terminated fatally.

follow them (Rev. 14: 13).

BRIEF NOTES

The Y. M. C. A. of Birmingham, England, has accepted dollars, for the development of its work.

Sir Robert Hart, the Chief Director of Customs in China, pupil in good standing in the Sunday School of that Church.

Miss Ruth Cordis Long, niece of Hon. John D. Long, leading feature in many revival services in recent years.

INFANCY OF CHRIST

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

AMONG THE DOCTORS IN THE TEMPLE

THE MARCH OF CHRIST DOWN THE CENTURIES

REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR JUNE 30
GOLDEN TEXT — I. COR. 6 : 14

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Cra

THE lessons of the quarter have reminded us that Christ's life did not end with the ascension, but continued in heaven, where he ever lives for us to intercede, with greater manifestations of power than ever before on earth, such as the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. We can make no better use of this final review of the Christ lessons than to continue the story of Christ through the nineteen Christian centuries, after a brief review of the preceding chapters, some of which are too frequently overlooked.

COMPLETE BIBLICAL LIFE OF CHRIST

From Everlasting to Everlasting

Chapter I. "*He was before all things.*" Jesus prayed to the Father: "Glorify me with the glory that I had with thee before the world was." "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

II. "*Through him God made the worlds.*" (See John 1, Heb. 2, Colossians.)

III. *Old Testament patriarchs and prophets had many glimpses of a visible Divine person*, who must have been the Son of God. (John 1 : 18). These brief visits were accompanied by many promises that the Son of God would make a longer visit to the world, to become its Saviour and King.

IV. *He came close to the youngest and lowliest by coming, through birth and boyhood, into a home of toil and poverty*, where he lived thirty years as a workingman.

V. *The first year of his ministry* was also one of comparative obscurity. All we know of it, save the baptism and temptation, is told in the first four chapters of John.

VI. *The second year of his ministry* was one of popularity, when crowds gathered to hear his words, and to see his miracles.

VII. The third year of his ministry was a year of persecution, following his rejection of a visible crown of earthly power. These persecutions grew more intense in three extra months of a fourth year, during which he walked to Calvary in the ever-deepening shadow of the cross.

VIII. His ascension introduces a new period of heavenly life, in which Christ not only intercedes above, but interferes in the wrongs of earth, manifesting himself to persecuted Stephen and persecuting Saul.

IX. Since Bible times, Christ has been marching down the centuries, making of the kingdoms of this world the kingdom of Christ, the "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

X The final consummation shall be the glorious appearing of Christ, when "every kindred, every tribe," shall "crown him Lord of all."

. . .

The Expansion of Christendom

Draw an outline-map of the world as it was when Christ was born, when not even ten feet square of it could be found under any government that acknowledged the true God, on which the Son of God could be cradled. Then, by a blue crayon, indicate the growth of Christendom, the ever-increasing sway of governments that have called themselves Christian, and have in some imperfect way followed the ideals of Christ in ever-kindlier, juster treatment of the weak and the poor. In the days of Constantine, our blue wave sweeps over the Roman Empire. The union of Church and state was a mistake, but the Christianizing of government was not. Women and children and slaves and prisoners and captives were less and less oppressed because Constantine uplifted the standard of the Cross. Both rulers and masters became more humane because of the laws and the social ideals that the Romans learned of Christ. As the centuries go by, the blue wave deepens, and flows northward into the Germanic forests, and westward into Scotland and Wales and Ireland, until all Europe is covered by the blue wave. The law codes of Justinian, Charlemagne, and Alfred, all began with the Decalogue, and all felt the gentler touch of the Golden Rule.

In the days of Columbus, this blue wave, like a gulf stream, flows across the Atlantic, strikes the American continent midway, and sweeps southward and northward, until all the Americas come under Christian governments.

Early in the nineteenth century, this blue gulf stream flows across the Pacific, and covers Hawaii, which becomes a Christian republic, with prohibition for sixty years. It sweeps over Fiji, and in every village of those cannibal islands the bell rings the signal for family prayer. It sweeps on to Madagascar, whose Christian queen refuses to license the liquor traffic, selling woé and sorrow for gold and silver. It sweeps on into Africa, soon to be entirely under Christian governments. Another wave, meanwhile, has swept even more quickly over Australia, which has led the world in eight-hour laws, and secret ballots; over New Zealand, first to make a success of compulsory arbitration for capital and labor; over India, where Great Britain has abolished a hundred cruel customs, such as throwing children to the Ganges and burning wives on the funeral pyres of their husbands; over Burma, where England has just introduced prohibition of opium, a token, it is hoped, that she is now ready to permit China to do the same. On sweeps the blue wave to the coast of China, which it has tinged at least, and over Japan, which, though nominally pagan, has garnered Christian institutions from all parts of Europe and America.

"BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK"

And so, already more than half the world's surface is directly governed by nations that call themselves Christian, and in some imperfect degree have adopted the law of Christ, and the remaining portions of the world are fast becoming the "spheres of influence" of Christian Powers, so that there can be no reasonable doubt that in a few years Christendom will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, and history will echo, like the sound of many waters, the sure word of prophecy, "The kingdom of this world is becoming the kingdom of our Lord." (Rev. 11 : 15). And we must see to it that this Christendom shall deepen as well as widen, by Christianizing Christianity, on our own individual part of it first of all.

. . .

That brings us to the consideration of a life of Christ, without which other lives of Christ will do us no good.

THE INNER LIFE OF CHRIST

"Christ in You"

"I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Our Bethlehem: "I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you."

Our Spiritual Baptism: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

Our Transfiguration: "Be ye transfigured by the renewing of your minds."

Going About Doing Good: "Walk even as he walked."

Our Crucifixion: "Crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live."

Our Resurrection and Ascension: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above."

This is the best review of Christ's life, one written in the heart, beginning with the birth of Christ in us, and culminating in our ascension into a heavenly life even while we still walk the earth.

. . .

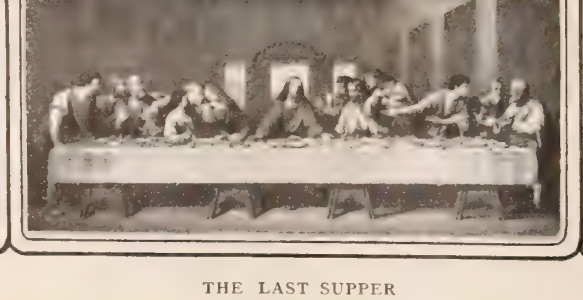
The Christ of To-Day

Imagine an intelligent heathen, who had never heard of Christ, landing in New York. He goes on shore, and looks up Fifth Avenue. "What are these great buildings on your most beautiful avenue, whose spires point to the sky?" "Those are Christian churches." "And what are those great institutions that cover acres?" "Those are Christian hospitals and Christian asylums." "And, in this great art gallery, who is the reverent figure that appears more prominently than any other?" "That is the Christ, in whose name the churches and asylums are raised." "Who is this Christ? Was he your greatest American?" "O, no; Washington, for whom we name our streets and cities and our children, is only admired, while this Christ is loved and adored. And in every other civilized land, also, you may see great buildings, pictures, songs, books that bear Christ's name, and millions that love him with a love strong as death, though he was neither American, nor European, but Asiatic in race."

A story whose results are to-day seen in song and stone, in brick and books, in laws and life, cannot have been a myth. Like golden links, the "Lord's Day," in unbroken weekly sequence, leads us back to the empty tomb of his resurrection. Every day is dated from his birth. His matchless influence in the present world leads us back to the two other kindred miracles found in the Gospels, namely, his matchless words, and his matchless life. There they are in the page. To suppose a dozen uneducated fishermen wrote such words, and invented such a life, would be to substitute credulity for faith, to give up a consistent miracle for a monstrous myth. Reason joins with faith to say:

"I believe in God, the Father, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, through Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, from thence he shall come again to judge the quick and the dead."

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM



THE LAST SUPPER

THE RESURRECTION

UNCIVILIZED NATIVES

A LEADING THOROUGHFARE IN MANILA

PEASANT AND WIFE

TURNED A WHOLE TOWN GODWARD

One Earnest American Soldier's Valiant Work for Christ in the Philippine Islands

WE have come away from Manila to a densely populated province near, reached by the only railroad in these islands. We are now about sixty miles in the interior. We three missionaries make this our headquarters and drive from here to towns within ten miles. Th is a most productive province—sugar, maize (Indi corn), rice, cocoa, pineapples, oranges, bananas ar vegetables of all sorts. It is a wonderful experien we are having, getting close to the people, and ho ing large meetings with them, as well as having sm ll gatherings in their homes.

his country here has been the centre of terrible insurectionary wars. The larger buildings and churches ar roofless, in many cases are complete ruins. The na es are now very quiet, and most friendly to us, as we come bearing the olive branch. Arms are rapidly be g laid down, and they are returning to their homes an civilized life. This is our time to step in and give th the Bible—"La Santa Biblia," as they lovingly cait. For the first time in the history of these people th are allowed to read this Book, to whose mighty influ ce the three great Protestant nations owe their pow er.

e had such an interesting time yesterday. A few prominent men of the town of Mexico invited us to dr e over for a public meeting. The road lay past st ams overhung with palms and bamboo. It was al ost a continuous village. The quaint little nepa hu of palm leaves and bamboo lined the road. "The co pit" was to be our place of meeting. It was made of the same palm leaves and bamboo—a large building, which would hold about 1,200 people. Where usually the cocks fight we unfolded our American organ, and soon the place was well filled with all sorts of Filipino people. They were so eager to get a close view of the American ladies, that as soon as I began playing the organ I found myself quite shut in by the crowd. We distributed hymns on leaflets, each one having a copy, which they afterwards took to their homes. We taught them such hymns as "Come to the Saviour, make no delay," or "Pass me not." They are passionately fond of music and sang with a will, catching the time easily. Our missionaries had prayer in Spanish, also reading of the Bible, and both spoke afterward. Many broke into the discourse to ask questions, or to supply a Spanish word if our speakers halted an instant. The Alcandy, or head man of the town, was most pronounced in his approval of our coming, and sat in a prominent place. He followed us to the house of the young man who had invited us to dinner. Before we left we had prayer, and promised soon to meet again. We also told them of the Bible study courses to be opened in Manila, for those in the provinces who can come to Manila for a few weeks at a time. They were interested in this.

We were invited to several other homes. One was a large house with every appointment typical of the old Spanish regime. It had been in this family for ninety years. There were grand staircases; broad, elegant *salas* (halls) all of naru wood, exactly like mahogany and beautifully carved, and the floors were brilliantly polished. We asked how this home had escaped destruction, and they replied, "By always offering the house to the army in power."

In another beautiful old house we found a mother, five sons and five daughters. The father was a prisoner of war, held by our army. The oldest son had also been a prisoner, but had lately been pardoned. While he was in prison, he had formed the acquaintance of an American soldier who was an earnest Christian, and who had explained to him the Bible and the principles of the Christian religion, with the result that the young Filipino ultimately became a convert. On his liberation and return home he at once began teaching his brothers and sisters, and the entire family is now a group of Protestant Christians. The second son had read the entire Bible through in four months. He was quite a musician, and was learning our Moody and Sankey hymns from a book gotten from Manila. Before we left that town we had many more proofs of what the earnest work of one Christian soldier can do. He was a simple private, but he had turned that whole town Godward. The distributing of the Bible was his strong point.

We have now in Manila a prosperous Christian Endeavor Society, composed of American soldiers. Every Sunday they have a large meeting. They are constantly being sent on duty to different provinces in these islands, so our membership is always changing. We have also in Manila a Filipino Christian Endeavor Society, which promises to be a strong and most valuable adjunct to the Protestant Church just springing into existence. This is the beginning of what is to come.

San Fernando, P. I. ALICE B. CONDICT.

SAVED IN HIS CELL BY A SERMON

BY CHAPLAIN MUNRO
New York Tombs Prison

IT is certainly true that the lot of the average Prison Chaplain is full of exciting experiences. He has poured into his ears many a tale of dark sorrow and cri woe, the result of a misspent life. I ha also seen scalding tears roll down the ch ks of the transgressor, followed by re- mse that convulsed his entire frame. Re- tr ation always follows the steps of young m and women who wander away from God, to gale themselves with the "pleasures of si which last only for a season.

ldom have I seen the hand of God more cl rly manifest than in the experience of a yo g man, who, I have reason to believe, w converted in prison through the instru- m tality of a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. When I visit a prison, I make it a p t to hold up Jesus Christ and him crucifi for it may be my last opportunity, as I m never see that man again till I meet him at he judgment-seat. The young man of wh m I speak was between thirty and thirty- fi of more than the average intelligence an ability, and withal a ready conversation- al . He had passed through a checkered c er, had embarked in many wild schemes, an failed in all. He was still on the stormy s of life without a pilot, without hope and w out God. Like thousands of other young m , he started out on a career of drinking an gambling, went on the rocks and became a tal wreck. Poor soul! He never expected t come to such a sad end. But then the w to hell is paved with good intentions. I wild career brought him, at last, to a fe n's cell, where he drank the bitter dregs of a sspent life. I had many interviews with h on the subject of personal religion, but without apparent result. While I sought to point him to Jesus Christ, the sinners' friend, he thought only of the troubles which he brought upon himself by his own misconduct, I could see he had no desire to forsake his sins and turn to God.

As the weeks passed by, I became deeply interested in him. In going over his past life, he mentioned that he had been in business in New York City for several years, during which time he had made his home in Brooklyn. Though he had made no profession of religion during those years, yet he was a frequent attendant at church, and was often greatly impressed, perhaps, like King Agrippa, "almost persuaded" to be a Christian; but when he came to decide the great question, business absorbed his attention, and he delayed, hoping for a more convenient season. But God's gracious spirit did not leave him, even in prison; and I know from the conversations I have had with him that his heart yearned continually for something more than this world could give. This young man came from a Christian home, and had had a praying mother, who taught him the Word of God in his earliest days. Often in the prison night-watches, promises from the Word of Life would come rushing to his mind like an Alpine torrent. How he came, finally, to trust in Jesus and become a child of God was little less than a miracle. I will allow him to tell the story in his own words:

CHAPLAIN MUNRO

"I came to the conclusion that I was a lost young man on the brink of a hopeless despair. That I ever should have come to a felon's cell, I had never for a moment expected. In passing my cell one morning, you gave me a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I looked it over carefully, as I had done on many previous occasions, and in due season I laid it aside, where it found the same resting-place as other exhausted literature, viz., the floor. Being at constant war with myself, I would alternately pace my narrow cell until fatigue would seize me; then throw myself on my cot again to lose consciousness in sleep. But, like the ebbing of the tide, instead of finding sweet rest, it often dashed me back into the gulf of my own unfathomable despondency and doubt.

"As I turned on my bed in almost hopeless despair, I stooped to pick up the paper from the floor, where it lay with others. One of the pictures seemed familiar to me; it was that of Dr. Talmage. The text of his sermon in that issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was: 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver' (Prov. 25:11). This sermon I read, and re-read many times. It fitted my longing heart exactly, and took a deep hold upon me. What a solace those words became to my soul! My burden rolled away; my anxiety ceased; the troubled waters within became calm; and out of chaos and despair came order and courage. From that moment I became a changed man, to live the rest of my life for him who died for me, and saved me by his blood. That I may remain steadfast is my sincere prayer, and when I am again a free man, I will strive to ever keep before me the guiding hand of God; and the fact that, through his mercy and the instrumentality of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I became a saved man in the New York Tombs prison."

He is now a free man, and I have the best reason for believing that he is "holding fast" to his faith and living as a humble and exemplary Christian.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CHINA FAMINE RELIEF FUND

The Following Contributions to the China Famine Relief Work were Received at the Office of "The Christian Herald" prior to June t, every Dollar of which Reached the Hands of "The Christian Herald" Missionary Committee in the Field, by Cable, June 5th

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Richtmeyer, Mrs J. 1 00
Rigby, John J.... 1 00
Robinson, Rev. E A 1 00
Rodger, A..... 15
Rogers, Mrs..... 25
Rohrabaugu Rev. D H 1 00
Ross, Lela 25
Pupils of Lela Ross in Dist No 5.... 50
Rowland, Esther.. 1 00
Rudolph, Mr C... 1 00
Ruesch, Mr F..... 25
Ruger, Mrs J W... 1 02
Ruppert, Mr J.... 25
Russ, H M..... 1 00
Russ, P S..... 10
Russell, Diana.... 1 00
Rutherford, Mrs M 1 00
Ryan, Mrs Mary.. 1 00
St John, Miss E A 1 00
Sanders, Mrs F A. 1 00
Sanford, Lorenzo.. 25
Satterlee, Eliza... 1 00
Satterlee, Orpha... 1 00
Schenck, Mrs B...10 00
Schenck, L 10
Schlenker, Mrs J. 50
Schlenker, Little M 06
Schneider, Mrs C. 2 00
Schneider, Dora... 05
Schneider, Mrs F. 1 00
Schneider, Mamie.. 05
Schnerre, A H..... 50
Schneere, B W.... 50
Schroeder, Mrs F A10 00
Schroeder, Miss F. 5 00
Scofield, Mrs G... 2 00
Scott, Miss A M.. 1 00
Scott, Mrs Sarah.. 1 00
Sears, B C..... 5 00
Seitz, Valentine G 2 00
Sergent, Mrs E... 2 00
Shafer, Miss Cath. 1 00
Shafer, E B..... 25
Shafer, Mr J C... 50
Shafer, Mrs J C.. 50
Shaw, Rev A M... 3 00
Sherman, Mrs..... 50
Sherman, Mrs F D 25
Shults, Mrs Marg't 10
Silliman, Mr & Mrs D A..... 50
Simmons, Mrs J.. 25
Simmons, Robert.. 25
Singleton, A 25
Singleton, S D.... 25
Skinner, Mrs C E 2 00
Skinner, Mrs P A. 5 00
Slingerland, John.. 1 00
Smith, Charles.... 35
Smith, E O.....10 00
Smith, Mrs & Miss E S 2 00
Smith, Eugene.... 5 00
Smith, Miss F.... 25
Smith, Louisa M. 50
Smith, Mrs M E.. 25
Smith, Morgan ... 50
Smith, Mr & Mrs N D 30

NEW YORK—Cont'd

Smith, Robert.....10 00
Snow, Mrs E..... 50
Snyder, Jacob..... 50
Sprague, Mrs H... 50
Stadermann, Mrs S 25
Stagg, Miss 10
Stallmann, Geo.... 1 00
Stancliff, Mrs D.. 5 00
Starkweather, Miss A M 2 00
Stevens, Mrs M... 1 00
Stickles, Mrs A J. 50
Stickles, Mrs L C. 50
Stoner, M J..... 1 00
Storck, Fr..... 2 00
Story, Miss..... 10
Strong, Mrs C W. 25
Strong, Mrs E T.. 50
Strong, Mrs H.... 1 00
Strong, Harriet E.15 00
Strong, Mrs J S.. 25
Strong, Jas. S.... 25
Strong, Mrs S H. 25
Strong, Mrs S J... 25
Sturges, Mrs A... 25
Swan Family, N Y 4 00
Talmage, Mrs D E 50
Tanner, Mrs A.... 2 00
Taylor, Miss Ester 50
Taylor, Ezworth... 10
Taylor, Fannie A. 1 00
Taylor, James..... 10
Taylor, John..... 15
Tefft, Ida M..... 25
Pupils of Ida Tefft in Dist No 4.... 35
Thieringer, Mr L. 1 00
Thompson, Levina. 50
Thorne, Mrs C C. 1 00
Thran, Mrs 15
Thran, J 25
Tillson, C E..... 35
Tompkins, Mrs E.. 50
Toocker, Mrs 25
Topping, Mrs J H. 1 00
Topping, Mrs M.. 1 00
Townshend, H S.. 25
Traver, Mrs A M. 50
Turrell, Rebecca... 1 00
Turver, Flor'ce E. 2 00
Uhlinger, Mrs G.. 25
Van, Inez..... 20
Van, Vetie..... 20
Vandenbergh, G... 2 00
Van Durzee, Miss C O 1 00
Van Durzee, Miss S M 1 00
Van Orden, M L & A 5 00
Van Schoonhorn, J T 35
Van Vlack, Hall, Jr 50
Van Vlack, Lynn.. 50
Van Vlack, Mrs M 1 00
Van Wyck, Mrs A B 1 00
Vogt, Mr 1 00
Wade, Mrs H N.. 1 00
Wagoner, Miss Ada 20
Wangott, Mrs L F 25
Ward, Mr & Mrs J10 00
Watkins, Rev. H J Gilbert, Walter.. Shults, Walter.. 2 00
Watson, Mrs H.... 4 00
Weller, Mrs J..... 20
Wemann, J B..... 10
Werner, Geo. R... 5 00
Weston, Rev. J B. 1 00
Wheat, S C..... 10
Wheeler, Mrs..... 50
Wheeler, Mrs H A 1 00
White, Frederic R. 1 50
Whitley, S H..... 1 00
Whitney, M R.... 5 00
Wickham, Mrs F.. 25
Wickham, J M.... 2 00
Wieseman, Mr J.. 50
Wilber, G D..... 5 00
Wiley, Alex 1 00
Williams, Mr & Mrs C S 2 50
Wilson, Mrs 25
Wilson, Andrew... 4 30
Wilson, Andrew, Jr 10
Wilson, Annie S.. 25
Wilson, Mrs E G.. 2 00
Wilson, Marion .. 10
Wilson, Mrs M C. 5 00
Witter, Mrs W E. 2 00
Wood, Mrs H B.. 1 00
Wood, Mrs M..... 1 00
Woodward, Miss A 1 00
Yeoman, Mrs J W 1 00
Yordon, Adam..... 25
Youman, M C..... 5 00
Zeh, Mrs E E.... 1 00
Zent, Mrs N E... 1 00
Uncle Cuyler, Bklyn 03
Aunt Jessie, Bklyn 03
Mildred, Brooklyn. 03
Aunt A A, Auburn 5 00
A G F, Johnstown 2 00
A G K, N Y City. 2 00
A M B, Leroy.... 1 00
C C B, N Y City. 35
C E G, Red Hook 1 00
C F H, Southampton 5 00
Mrs C H T, Chatham 1 00
C J H, Schenectady 5 00
D A C, N Y City. 5 00
E S A, Albany.... 50
F H S, Valley Falls 1 00
F & M, Holland Patent 2 00
F S A, Norwich... 1 00
H W, Romulus.... 5 00
J, Thompson Ridge 2 00
J B & H E, Middletown 2 00
J S, Florence..... 1 00
J W, N Y City.. 26
K C P, Shelter Isld 1 00
L S A & M E D, Canandaigua 2 00
M, Schenectady... 2 00
M & Mrs J M, Attica 2 00
M C, Auburn..... 1 00
M C D F, Monticello 5 00
M E P, Brooklyn.. 1 00
M M A, Groveland 5 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd

M L R & J L R Brooklyn 00
M M B, Brooklyn 00
M M B, Edinburg 00
M N B, Niagara-on the-Lake 00
M T R, Brooklyn. 00
N M H, Marcellus 00
S E G, M S W, Y City 00
S M M, Potsdam. 00
W F S, Niagara Falls 00
X, Ithaca 00
Z——, Camillus... 00
——, —— 00
——, Greenwich .. 00
——, Hagaman.... 05
——, N Y City.. 00
——, Reigate, N Y 00
——, St. Johnsville 00
——, Syracuse 00
——, Troy 00
——, Troy 00
——, Waterford .. 10
——, White Lake.. 00
Cash, N Y C.... 25
For His Sake, Troy 00
A Friend, Albany 00
From a Friend, Brooklyn 00
A Friend, Delmar 00
Friend, Fishkill.. 00
A Friend, Freepo 00
Friend, Jamaica. 00
A Friend, Mansvil 00
A Friend, N Y C. 00
A Friend, N Y C. 00
A Friend, Riverh 25
A Friend, Stanfordville 10
A Friend, Stanfordville 00
Friend, Thurston. 00
Friend, Versailles 10
Friend, Versailles 50
Two Friends, Caldonia 00
Friends, Brooklyn 05
Friends at Mannville 00
I H N, Hornby.. 50
I H N, Moores Mi 00
In mem of Fluf Alfred 00
A Reader, Andov 00
Reader, Brewster 00
Reader, Cananda gua 00
Reader, W Camde 00
A Reader of C World, Washintonville 00
Subr, New Leban 00
Sympathy, —... 00
A China Sympath er, Brooklyn . 50
Mamma, Brooklyn 21
Papa, Brooklyn.. 06
S S Scholars, Bkl 25
"Bloomre," Holl 00
From an Invali Jonesville 00
Employees of A Tobacco Trust Kingston 00
From A Sister, Mico 50
A Widow's Mit Newburgh 00
A Stranger, N Y 00
Unnamed, N Y C 50
Pity, Oneida .. 00
Contributor, Poug keepsie 00
A Sister in Jesu Scotch Bush .. 00
M E Ch of Ak & Tribes Hill. 00
M E Ch, Chas Falls 00
M E Ch, Flemin ville 00
1st Bapt Ch, Ge va 75
Parsells Ave Ba Ch, Rochester. 51
Union S S, Centville 40
1st Bapt S S, Ili 00
Solon Bapt S Sc 00
Jr Soc C E of Pa Cong'l Ch, Bkl 00
C E Soc, Orwell 20
C E Soc of Uni Ch, Orwell ... 13
Y P S C E of Cgl Ch, Rochest 00
Womans Missy Sc Shelter Is Hgh 00
Union Y P S C at Tribes Hill. 50
Kings Dau, Bkly. 00

Miscellaneous

Ambler, Mrs J.. 00
Bowers, Mrs F.. 50
Brewster, Mable. 05
Crawford, Mrs M 00
Gladwin, M C... 00
Hill, Mrs A, —— 00
Steere, E C.... 00
Stone, H A C... 00
Tester, Helen .. 10
C M W, —— 00
Mrs D H, Whi Bear 00
E W B, —..... 00
K, —..... 00
Wm. R in L... 00
——, Galt 00
——, Somers

The Trouble at Ingleside

"INGLESIDE'S good name is in danger, sister," said Miss Rowena solemnly to Miss Kroutz, who was the principal of the school. "Something must be done, and done at once."

"But the difficulty is," replied Miss Kroutz, "there is nobody to suspect. The servants have been with us for years, and surely there is not one of the pupils who would steal. If it is a pupil, she is a kleptomaniac, of course. I have never come in contact with a kleptomaniac, and I cannot associate the idea with any of our girls."

Miss Kroutz shook her head mournfully.

"You know, sister Katharine," Miss Rowena urged, "that if this thing is allowed to go on, it will injure our reputation. The parents will not like to send their daughters back, if these depredations are not checked. It exposes innocent girls to contamination as well as lo, for I do not believe in the kleptomaniac theory. I call a person who steals, a thief, in plain terms."

The Misses Kroutz had carried on their seminary for young ladies prosperously and efficiently since their own girlhood, and they were now stately women of middle age. The school was very select, also very homelike, and when, latterly, small losses of pocket money, jewelry, and even ties and collars were constantly reported, the situation was both novel and trying.

"The girls ought to be more careful of their purses," said Miss Kroutz, wearily.

"There should be no occasion for them to be careful," said Miss Rowena, firmly.

Both ladies were exceedingly distressed. The school itself was unhappy. There was a cloud brooding over every one. And now as the Christmas examinations were drawing near, the girls could not fix their minds on their work. It was a new experience at Ingleside, this of locking bureau drawers and trunks, of bolting bed-room doors at night, and of hiding one's belongings, for fear they might be lost.

Even as the principal and her sister conferred, they were interrupted by one of the seniors, who happened at the door, and came in with a very white and scared countenance.

"Well, Angie?" said Miss Rowena, "what else has happened?"

Instinctively, everyone's first thought was of the annoyances which were becoming increasingly frequent.

Angie Bryant was a tall, slender girl, dressed in deep mourning. Her eyes filled with tears and her lips quivered as she said that her mother's picture had vanished from her dressing-table, and with it a ring of chased gold, which had been lying loosely on her hairpin tray.

Miss Rowena repressed an exclamation of impatience. She had not dealt with schoolgirls for thirty years without learning how careless they are in leaving their things about.

"I do wish you would all wear your rings, or give them to me to keep in the safe," she said earnestly, then added: "But, Angie, who would covet the photograph of your dear mother? Its value to you is inestimable, but to others it would only be the picture of an unknown lady."

"I know that, and I have had it on my mind for that reason. I feel as if Emma is near me when I can look at her sweet face, and she seems to pervade the place where I am. Somehow heaven does not seem so awfully distant with my mother at my side. The picture all but speaks. I have dreamed of losing this treasure, and now the dream has come true."

Before Angie had fairly reached her room, another girl, Beth Armour, followed her with a complaint.

"Miss Kroutz and Miss Rowena, my desk was opened last night, and my essay—the first rough draft—was carried off. Nobody but Angie Bryant and I knew that I was writing the examination essay, and to any other girl than I it would be mere waste paper. It is most vexatious, and I think it has been done as a trick—a practical joke."

Miss Rowena was a little lady—a wee bit of a dame, but of most dignified presence. She drew herself up to her full height, and had the effect thus of being very impressive.

"Elizabeth Armour, I agree with you. A practical joke of this sort is very unseemly and very discreditable to Ingleside. It appears as if the series of disgraceful occurrences which have disturbed our tranquillity of late belong to the same category. I shall sift the matter—sift it to the bottom, and shall begin, with my sister's permission, by searching every box, trunk and drawer in the house."

Miss Kroutz was reluctant to consent, but as the search was to be general and public, and as the losers of property were numerous, she yielded. One of the most puzzling particulars was that the thief could not dispose of the goods taken in any apparently easy way. Ingleside was in the country, six miles from the railway station, and there was no village. No young lady, and no servant had gone away for the last month, and the only visitors had been the clergyman of the parish, his wife, and sister, and two elderly ladies, former preceptresses at Ingleside.

The trunks were searched, the rooms were ransacked, closets and cubby-holes were, so to speak, turned inside out, but all to no purpose. Not a missing brooch, or ribbon, or crisp dollar bill, or shining silver piece made its reappearance, and not a sign was discovered of Beth's lamented essay, or Angie's mother's picture.

"HER UNSEEING EYES LOOKING NEITHER TO RIGHT NOR LEFT"

Miss Kroutz consulted her lawyer, an old friend of her family. The situation was more than perplexing; it was alarming.

Mr. Clemend advised philosophy. "Evidently," he declared, "some one of these sweet young girls is addicted to dishonesty, and is very adroit in hiding her tracks. If her conscience could be touched, she might make restitution."

"We have prayed for light," said Miss Kroutz, "but none is given us." She continued, "I will personally make up to the girls for all they lose, so far as I can. But there are some things I cannot return, as, for instance, Elizabeth's essay."

That very night, Miss Rowena, in her first sleep, was vaguely aware of some one in her room. Thus far, the teachers had lost nothing. The step that disturbed her, the faint waft of chill air from a softly opened door, were hardly more than enough to startle her slightly as she turned on her pillow, and being very tired she relapsed quickly into sleep again. She would have thought the experience a dream, if she had not in the morning discovered that her watch was gone. Miss Rowena's watch! If there was an article at Ingleside which was invested with sacredness, which partook of its owner's personality, it was that admirable timepiece, presented, as all the girls knew, to Rowena Kroutz on her twentieth birthday by her father, in appreciation of her rare qualities of heart and mind. More, it was not a watch bought originally for Miss Rowena; it was an heirloom.

Miss Rowena was now thoroughly incensed; she said little, but she meditated long. Finally, she announced to Miss Kroutz and the staff of assistants gathered in conclave that she should sit up and watch every night till she had solved the mystery. Miss Eleanor Kirkman, the teacher of rhetoric, agreed to share the first of her vigils. Nothing of their intention was disclosed to the girls. For two nights nothing happened. On the third, the *denouement* came.

When everything was hushed at Ingleside in the dead stillness of midnight, as Miss Rowena and Miss Eleanor were nodding beside a shaded lamp in the dim precincts of the library, they were suddenly shaken into alert wakefulness by the unmistakable sound of a footfall on the stair. It was a bare foot, and it made almost no noise; but they heard it, stepping slowly and carefully down, one step at a time, as a child descends, and there was also a very soft swish as of a trailing garment. Miss Kirkman would have screamed, but Miss Rowena's grip on her arm was of iron, and Miss Rowena's eyes were stern.

"Not a breath!" she whispered. "Come with me."

Truly there was nothing to fear, and the mystery was at once cleared. For, there on the stairway, clothed in her white nightgown, her long, fair hair in a heavy braid, her unseeing eyes looking neither to the right nor the left, came Angie Bryant, and in her hand was an unlighted silver candle-stick, always kept on a bracket in the upper hall. On, on she came, through the corridor to the back door, which she noiselessly opened; then down the steps, and through the long garden to the old summer-house, which nobody ever entered.

"Oh, poor, poor Angie!" cried Miss Rowena, as she caught up a long shaker cloak and enveloped herself in its folds to follow Angie. Miss Kirkman's golf cap and cape were on a peg in the hall. They were warmly protected against the cold night, but the sleep-walker was lightly clad.

They walked down the long garden walk between the rows of privet and box, past the white statues set here and there among the flower-beds and over the narrow footbridge that spanned a little ravine, and paused at the summer-house, which Angie had entered. They observed her silently.

With the utmost care Angie deposited the candle-stick in a recess under the seat in the summer-house. Then she retraced her path, and did not stop until she gained her own chamber again.

Examination found every missing bit of property safe. Not a trinket, not a knickknack, not a pocket-book but was there in the miscellaneous collection of the kleptomaniac somnambulist. Miss Rowena was now confronted by a yet more delicate and difficult obligation. She sent for the physician who looked after the Ingleside girls when they were ill. He advised quietly returning every article to its owner, without further explanation than the information that it had been discovered after search and that nobody was to blame. "But," he said, "tell Miss Angie the whole story when you give her back her mother's picture. It will be a great shock, and a shock often proves the needed remedy for somnambulism."

Ingleside no longer suffers from predatory incursions. Angie Bryant was far more chagrined at finding herself the author of deeds of darkness than in discovering that she walked in her sleep. She has never repeated the latter performance, and she has had a long fit of illness, from which she has recovered, entirely to be trusted, asleep or awake.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

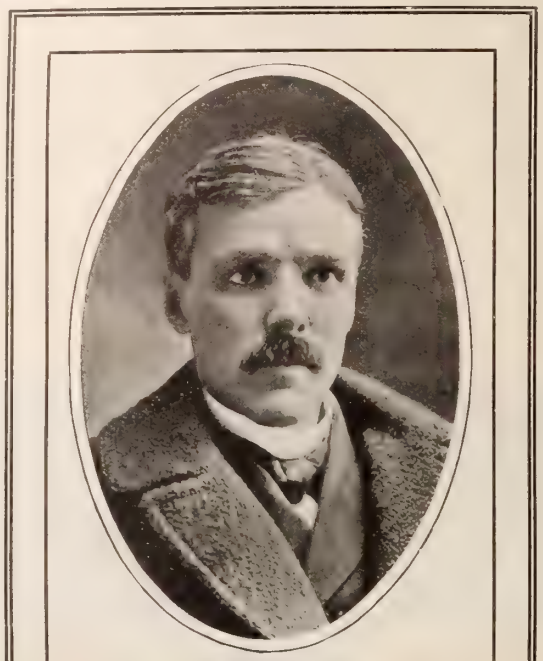
GEMS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT PULPITS

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR THE POOR

REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

CONFESSEDLY, Christ was the greatest of social reformers. Plainly, also, the reason is that he has loved the poor and cast his lot in with them. Many reasons have been urged for this. It is said that the poor are in the majority, and that he allied himself with the multitude, 90 per cent. of whom are in the shops, mines, forests, fields. It is said that the poor are the neediest. It is said that the poor furnish the leaders for the people. From the shepherd's cote comes David, the sweet singer. From the plow comes Burns, baptizing the field mouse and the daisy with the immortality of song. From the poor comes the father of poetry, blind, also, and a beggar. The father of philosophy, Socrates, has but one garment, and that worn threadbare. Epictetus, the great moralist, is a slave. And what shall we more say of our indebtedness to the working classes, save that Martin Luther comes from the colliery, and Newton from the home of the seamstress, and James Watt from the bare kitchen, and the great President from rail-splitting, while the poets, the merchants, the statesmen, and the jurists have not dwelt in that clime named riches, but, rather, have been reared in the unfriendly zones where poverty rules. But while these are reasons, they are not the reason. Christ loved men as men, and not as either rich or poor. He peeled off all exterior considerations named the beggar's coarse cloak, and the rich man's purple and fur, and laid his finger upon the naked soul of manhood. The soul dwells sometimes under rags, and sometimes under fine linen, just as a pearl sometimes dwells in a thin shell, and sometimes in a thick shell. He taught the law of social sympathy and service. He said, "Men are in darkness, and you can lighten them. Men are oppressed, and you can relieve their burdens. Men are wandering from the path, and you can lead them back into the highway of peace. Men sit in the shadow of death, and you can bring them life." God hath placed upon you this unspeakable honor of letting you share with him the world's sins, sorrows and burdens, and in the sharing he will give you his joy and peace.



DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS
PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE CONSUMMATION

DR. B. M. PALMER, NEW ORLEANS, LA

WHAT is to be the final outcome? I know not, and cannot prophetically interpret the immediate future. I know not what our present civilization will undertake to do with the nations, who will not open their gates to the march of commerce or their lands to the march of human intellect. But through the perspective of prophecy, as given to us in God's own revealed Word, it is not difficult to tell what the end of all these conflicts, and of all human history, will be. There is yet to be a period of rest for the agitated and unhappy earth; a thousand years during which righteousness and peace shall dwell upon the earth. But what is there beyond that? There shall come a time when the earth, which has revolted from the law and authority and government of its King, and which has been stained through all its history with guilt and sin, shall, through that amazing love which can be found only in a Divine Being, be redeemed and his kingdom established here below. My brethren, human language is inadequate to do anything more than state the simple fact. There is no speech given to man, nor, I suppose, even to the angels, that shall ever describe the glory of that kingdom which shall never be moved.

THE LORD'S DAY

DR. R. S. MACARTHUR, CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW YORK

HAPPY is that land and blessed is that family where the Lord's Day is kept holy, and where God is loved and served! A week without Sunday is like a country without the fragrance of flowers or the music of birds. It is like a year without summer, nothing but bleak, barren, frozen winter. It is like a night without a morning, nothing but dampness, darkness, death. Sunday is God's benediction on a troubled world. He speaks his "Peace," and the voice of trade and strife ceases, and God's hush alone is heard, while every heart is uplifted in holy song or bowed in humble prayer. Such is God's idea of Sunday; such should be ours. Has the sacredness of this day at any point been destroyed? Let us restore it speedily. Then shall America ride upon the high places of the earth, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

HOW CHRIST SAVES

REV. FREDERICK LYNCH, B.A., LENOX, MASS.

CHRIST saved men from their sins, not in any mysterious quibbling way, not by any formulas of belief, not by any assent of men to his divinity or mission, but in just the way he would save men to-day, by going down into their sinfulness and taking off the sins from their hearts, and bearing them on his own great heart until they crushed him beneath their load. He saved men from their sins by loving fellowship. Not his way to stand in pulpits and tell men they must believe this and accept that to be saved from sin; not his way to stay in his own nice home and pray that men might be freed from their sins and burdens; not his way in large cities to organize a lot of institutions to do the work that can only be done by personal contact and sympathy; not his way to send a check for the uplifting of the degraded while he stayed in his comfortable club-room. Oh, no; he, in his purity and strength, went right down into the impurity and sin of the world, and by friendship and sympathy, and helping hand and comforting word, he saved them from their sins. And this is the only way men are ever saved from their sins—it is by the strong taking the arm of the weak; the brave giving courage to the fearful; the joyous giving joy to the despondent; the rich giving opportunity to the poor; the soul freed by God taking on its heart the soul in slavery to sin and trouble. This is what Christ did. He lived for men. This was his joy, his passion. He died for them as he lived for them—because he insisted on saving men he put himself in death's ways. This is the Atonement.

LEARNING AND TEACHING

DR. W. H. P. FAUNCE, BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ALL around us are examples of arrested development—men who grew up to a certain point, and then, because of some great success which satisfied them or some failure which warped them, they quietly surrendered the intellectual life and submitted to fossilization. They pass their deadline sometimes at the age of sixty, sometimes at the age of twenty-five. We meet them in political life—men who never read a journal on the opposite side, and stop their own paper the moment they dislike its utterance. We meet them in education—the hopeless pedagogues who repeat to patient classes just what they were saying twenty years ago. We meet them in religion—men who are orthodox because they have ceased to think, and pious because they are not virile enough to be impious. But the man who has ceased to learn is forever disqualified to teach, and the real leaders of our generation are those who are proud to be students forevermore.

"SUFFER THE CHILDREN"

BY PASTOR W. J. MOSIER, GRACE GOSPEL CHURCH, BROOKLYN

A FARMER was asked how he always had such a fine flock of sheep. He answered, "I take care of the lambs." Failure to care for the little children is one of the many causes for a weak church. When Jesus was on earth, parents brought their children to him, a wise thing to do. They met with difficulty; not from the children, not from Jesus, but from the disciples. Jesus first rebuked the disciples with holy indignation, then said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He then taught these worldly-wise disciples, who had a zeal for him without knowledge, that unless they received the kingdom of God as these same little children, they would not even see it. He then took the children up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them. What a glorious consummation to this lifelike scene! What a reward for the patient, persevering, hindered parents! What a life-long eternal blessing to their children!

PAUL'S CLOAK

REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D.D.,
MARBLE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, NEW YORK

THE request for the cloak [II. Timothy 4:13] shows us that Paul, nothwithstanding his great learning and piety, was but a common man. We stand in awe of him walking along the heights of transcendental theology and sublimated devotion; we wish sometimes that he would descend to our level; and here he does it. He had just been saying "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a cr of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, l give me at that day." How far above the spirit of e average man! But just then the chill of the dungeon str to the marrow of his bones; he shivers—and comes do "Bring the cloak with you."

But, above all, this request indicates that Paul was a of common sense, in that he was disposed to give due at tion to his physical needs. His was a poor, homely, h racked body; but, being the best he had for use in his Lo service, he desired to take good care of it. The bod belonging to Christ, should be sheltered from storm, c cised by day and rested by night, provided with wholes food, never poisoned with alcoholic or other nox draughts, and every way kept in condition as a suit vehicle for the operations of the Spirit of God. This is Gospel as well as the Law. "I beseech you, brethre the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a li sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reason service."

A NATIONAL IDEAL

REV. J. H. JOWETT, CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

I THINK perhaps one of the great needs of our tim personal and national life, is that some nation sh resolutely address itself to listen to the voice of God, when she has resolutely listened and confidently heard, to resolutely and deliberately attempt the impossible. her begin by forsaking her own wicked ways. Let her by divesting herself of all unclean habits, and of all th subtle, and selfish, and false. Let the wicked nation fo her ways and begin with her thoughts and strip herself sordid ambitions and mean purposes, and all cynic, fals small conceits. Let her hearken diligently to the D voice, and then definitely, strongly and unwaveringly fo ing in pursuit, even though the way lead apparently t impassable height. Let her return to the Lord, and let be no longer a Democracy, an Aristocracy, a Plutocracy a Theocracy willing gladly to be counselled by Jehova Lord of hosts. That is a wonderful ideal for the peopl commend to you a full life, a true imperialism, a spl magnanimity, an inevitably beautiful ministry. That is the heritage of a nation which has responded to the c the Highest, and which is rooted in the rivers of the w of life.

THE BEST AIM IN LIFE

CHANCELLOR MACCRACKEN, OF THE NEW YORK UNIVER

THIS were a gloomy life if we knew nothing but how strong and how to be just, and especially when we know that we have surely failed in a very large degree either the one or the other. There is a third voice and a countenance. The form and voice of her whom we call ness. Who is called in the Scripture sometimes ch sometimes love. The apostle speaks of three experi and says the greatest of these three is charity. It is ju true when we speak of might and right, and of strengt justice, now abideth these three, strength and justice goodness, but the greatest of these is goodness.

Christ gives us both motive and example for the hi form of love, that which leads the heart out to do go all men. The love which Christ excites has no limit outgoings are toward all men. It permits enmity to no even though we may feel great disapprobation. Lov the sense of doing good to all men is the perfection o man life. But the highest love must imitate the self-surr of the Good Shepherd who gave himself for his sheep.

Be a good man. It is not in the power of any one decide in what measure he may be a strong man either regards the strength that is material or intellectual. T decided for the most part beforehand by heredity and c tunity. But it is for every one who has resolved to er every portion of strength that belongs to him to meet a demands of justice, to resolve beside that he will also good man, and to perform this resolution.

THE CONQUERING FORCE

REV. W. E. BARTON, D.D., OAK PARK, ILL.

GOD has wrought his law of love into the fabric c universe, into the moral constitution of the world. ultimate law of God's life is therefore the final law o lives. He who is unloving wars against the ages, bu man whose heart is warm with God's love is in leagu the stones in the field. The stars in their courses against selfishness; but he that loseth his life finds it. is no more significant fact in the trend of present day ments than that each new quest for a basis for h brotherhood comes back to his words and his spirit came not to be ministered unto but to minister. Be love is of God, love must triumph. It seems weak and now amid the gigantic forces of the world's evil. B future is assured, because "God is love." What God i will the universe be. He then who chooses love as his passion is in league with the ages. "Let us love one an for love is of God." The reason is adequate, for God must triumph. Believe it spite of the apparent disc nature, life preying on life, and carnage on every han believe it in the midst of political strife and corruption; b it in the midst of the jarring of contending financial inte believe it in the midst of international strife and di "God is love"; love is the bed-rock of the moral uni love is the regnant law of human life; love is might will prevail.

The Busy Life of a New York Deaconess

Woman's Work Among the Sinful and Needy---Ministering to the Lonely and Sorrowful

BY ZAIDA TYRRELL

MISS MARION GRIEVES
Of Deaconess Home, New York

MISS ZAIDA TYRRELL
Supt. Training School

THE history of the Methodist Episcopal Deaconess Home and Training School in New York is a striking instance of the extraordinary growth of the deaconess movement, and of its value in solving many difficult problems of church work in great cities. This institution, from a modest beginning, has developed into a great educational and spiritual centre, sending out helpers to many churches. The building on Fourteenth street, which answered requirements some years ago, became entirely inadequate to recent demands. Next fall, the commodious new quarters at 1175 Madison Avenue, one block from Central Park, will be opened. Deaconess work has been more than doubled in its possibilities for usefulness by the purchase of this fine property. It is decided that fifty young women present themselves for training at the opening of the school this fall. The demand for trained workers is not nearly met by the supply. Not only in my own, but in other denominations, the deaconess has come to be regarded as an essential quantity in successful pastoral work.

It is in tenement district work that the deaconess is needed most. Passing along the labyrinthine streets of our East Side, particularly the densely populated foreign quarter, one sees a motley throng elbowing each other on the street, ignorant of each other's language, in Christian homes, works with destructive force in the tenements, where the submerged classes struggle for existence. What does the deaconess find in many a tenement home? The entrance is through an alley, and she shrinks from the sound of the obscene jest, the profane oath; she is half stifled by the mingled odors of nameless impurities. She sees a little child emerging from the family entrance of a saloon, carrying a pitcher of beer, and follows her as she threads her way along the street, past unkempt women sitting on door-sills; now the little one darts across a court, where children are re-enacting in play the tragedies so familiar in life. "Let's play papa has come home drunk," they say, "and we children must all hide, 'cause he's cross then." Climbing the dark stairs, she follows the child into a sunless room, bare and forbidding. A tired-looking woman, with a heavy baby in her arms, looks questioningly at her. A family of seven live here and in the adjoining room, into which the light of day never shines; there is only one bed—the children sleep on the floor. With children from homes like this the deaconess works from day to day. Her heart is gladdened as she sees the Gospel truths taught in Sunday School, transforming little lives. She draws children into Junior Leagues, into kindergarten, kitchengarden (where they learn housekeeping) and physical culture classes. Then there is the sewing school, the event of the week, when the little women learn to baste, to run, to hem; and when the model sewing-book is neatly made they may enter the millinery or the dressmaking class, where five years of faithfulness fits them to be competent wage-earners. Sometimes sickness lays hold of a child, and the deaconess enters the home as nurse and provider of comforts. Service to their sick child wins mother and father; the invitation to the mission near by is accepted and a bit of higher living is introduced into lowly lives. Quick to see a new opportunity, the deaconess invites the mother to the weekly mothers' meeting, held in the church parlor, where she may take her baby. The service is opened with prayer and hearty singing, and while busy fingers ply the needle, fashioning garments for her little ones, the mother listens to a helpful story and later enjoys a social cup of tea.

Sometimes, in her rounds of visits, the deaconess finds strangers, who have just moved into the neighborhood—a friendly word means everything to them. She uses her influence to secure employment for the father; she gathers the children into the Sunday School; invites the family to church, and promises to meet them at the door and introduce them to the pastor.

In the varied phases of practical Christian usefulness open to the deaconess, is recognized the need of homes to afford protection and helpfulness to struggling women earning a livelihood. One of the deaconesses found a young girl, member of the church and of the Young People's Society in her home town, in surroundings which, for the time, offered amusement and questionable opportunity for forgetfulness of her struggle to make the small sum she earned each week meet her needs. Here was a case for preventive work. These young working women, are sadly in need of cheerful, helpful influences, home surroundings, and Christian fellowship, that they may not turn from God and become careless and worldly. To provide such environment for them at rates which they can pay, provision has been made for the opening of a Home in the early autumn as a feature of deaconess work in New York. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning our work. Until August 20, letters should be addressed me at 60 Seventh avenue; after, at 1175 Madison avenue.

TEACHING GIRLS HOW TO MAKE GARMENTS

AN EMBROIDERY CLASS, WITH DEACONESS IN CHARGE

A Great Opportunity for Our Friends

RED LETTER TESTAMENT FREE

To Every person who sends us six coupon subscriptions, terminating Jan. 1, 1902, at twenty-five cents each, we will send, all charges prepaid, and **absolutely free** of all expense, a **Red Letter New Testament,** printed from new type, bound in **divinity circuit,** red under gold edges, with book mark, worth $1.50. For Genuine Leather and Gold Thumb Index send twenty-five cents extra.

This New Testament, specially designed by the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and copyrighted by him, contains the authorized version, printed in black, except that **every word recorded therein is having been spoken by our Lord is in red.**

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The names of all who send in six or more coupon subscriptions will be printed in the Roll of Honor, as mentioned in the last paragraph on page 515, issue of June 5.

EXTRA REWARD

To the **First One Thousand** persons sending in ten or more coupon subscriptions we will send, **Free of Charge,** Margaret E. Sangster's recent book, **"Cheerful To-days and Trustful To-morrows,"** 319 pages; artistically bound in decorated cloth.

This book is in ADDITION to any other reward you may have earned.

IN CASE YOUR COUPONS ARE EXHAUSTED

Then take a sheet of paper and write at the top as follows:

I enclose herewith the sum of twenty-five cents in cash for each of the following..... subscribers, for a half yearly trial subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (regular price $1.50 per annum), and I herewith certify that not one of these are now subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and that none of these subscriptions is intended to take the place of one now on your books.

Then give the names of the subscribers, with street address, town and State of each, and at the bottom of the sheet say, "These subscriptions were sent in through the influence of ....." then give your own name and address.

We adopt this method to facilitate the work, and to avoid the delay which must ensue when coupons have to be written for to this office.

The New Addition to Our Children's Home

HOPE COTTAGE, THE BEAUTIFUL NEW BUILDING FOR MONT-LAWN'S WAIFS, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF JANE HOPE.....

BETWEEN the principal building—the "Home on the Hill," as our children call it in their song—and the annex, at Mont-Lawn, stands a pretty, new building, with the beautiful name—Hope Cottage. Could a dwelling-place for children be more happily described than by just such a title as this?

The beautiful name, "Hope," was given by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the new cottage, in honor of the noble and generous lady of whom the building is a memorial. Here is the story of Hope Cottage and, in brief, of her whose monument it is.

In the New York dailies of Saturday, April 8, 1889, appeared this simple notice: "Died, Friday, April 7, 1899, at her residence, Miss Jane Hope." Few and modest as were these terms, they announced the passing of one who had been a friend to many, and a benefactor to hundreds whom she had never seen. The name was thoroughly familiar to readers of this paper. For a number of years, hardly any cause enlisting sympathy or any good work needing help had been presented in these columns but Miss Hope had come forward as one of the first and most generous givers. Her letters were as modest as her generosity was large. Her first contribution came with the simple name appended and without any explanation. No summer did she forget the Children's Home at Mont-Lawn; and a few weeks before her death, she remembered it in a thoughtful donation. She was over eighty when the end came. In childhood, Jane Hope had come to this country from Scotland, with her parents and her brothers. They had passed away, and but for the constant companionship and dutiful care of her niece, Belle Hope, lonely, indeed, would have been her journey towards the "Land o' the Leal." In her later years she was an invalid, and this niece was eyes, ears, hands, and feet to her venerable aunt. After Miss Jane Hope's death, Miss Belle Hope wrote to the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, enclosing a check for $2,500, for the purpose of erecting a cottage at Mont-Lawn, concluding with the words:

I was thinking if $2,000 would pay for the building, you could use the $500 for furnishing it, but as I know nothing of the cost of such cottages, I shall leave it entirely to your judgment, knowing that you will make the best use of the money. If you mention this in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, just say that the money has been sent for this purpose, as I feel that had my aunt made a will she would have remembered the children. Consequently, I deserve no credit for giving the amount.

So, the pretty new cottage, complete with all its furnishings, will stand as a memorial of the aged friend who had such a warm place in her heart for little children of the poor and whose hand was often outstretched to help them. No pains have been spared to secure the very best results for the expenditure. The big dormitory will accommodate sixty children. It is a large, airy room with high ceiling. Little white enameled beds have been purchased for it. Opening into it are two smaller rooms. An attractive feature of the building is a piazza, sixty-eight feet long, furnished as a cool shelter for tots on rainy days. Carpenters are busily at work, and we expect to have Hope Cottage ready for occupancy at an early date. Think of the surprised and how happy our children will be when they see this delightful addition to their home! What a lesson and what a sermon that cottage will be to those who enjoy its privileges, speaking as it will of the unselfishness and kindness of one who, never having seen them, remembered them for love's sake. If when the little tenement waifs, dreaming of the day's happy end, are slumbering in their snowy cots, far from the hot city's turmoil of suffering, sickness and sin—the spirit of their departed friend could hover above them, perhaps even heaven's happiness might be increased by knowledge of the good work wrought in her name.

Architect's Drawing

THE JANE HOPE MEMORIAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FINISHED

Never was Mont-Lawn more beautiful than now. The green lawns, the flowery fields, the blossoming hillsides seem waiting for the children. The very birds seem to be singing, "When will the children come?" Mr. Collins, our Superintendent and Housemother, has been at the Home for some time, seeing that everything is made ready for the hundreds of little guests who will soon make the hillsides ring with their joyous shouts and merry songs. Great joy is in the tenements, where many small, ragged folk are counting the days that intervene between them and the sail up the Hudson to Mont-Lawn and the ten happy days there. It costs only $3 to give one waif this pleasure, that small sum covering all cost of transportation, medical examination, caretakers' attention, shelter, food, clothing, etc.; $6 sends two; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five; $30 makes ten waifs happy. Gifts will be acknowledged in these columns.

TONI'S CHILDREN

...A GLIMPSE OF CHILD-LIFE IN NEW YORK'S ITALIAN QUARTER

IT was a double-decker tenement of the old, unimproved type. Unlike many of its neighbors, it had never seen better days, for it had sprung into existence with the influx of the Italians into Harlem. To-day, those who passed in and out paid little heed to the piece of crape fluttering from the greasy doorway! Another life had gone out, to be sure, but that was of frequent occurrence in the old house, and what was one among so many? Away up on the fifth floor, in a forlorn apartment, the body of a woman lay prepared for burial. The face was pitifully young, and told a story of starvation and ill treatment that was confirmed by the wretched surroundings. Four children played, cried and quarreled by turns, and were admonished in no gentle terms by their father, an elderly Italian of forbidding aspect. The young Irish-Protestant girl had married him in good faith seven years before; though she had never known a bright day since. Death had ended it all at last, and she lay there very still and white this morning, while her mother, sobbing out her grief, discussed funeral arrangements with her son-in-law.

ANNA C. RUDDY

Toni had pronounced ideas on capital and labor, the strongest of which was, perhaps, his desire to do as little of the latter as possible. He also had a contempt for priests of all denominations, and declared that no religious service should be held in his house. The old lady as positively asserted that her daughter had been brought up a good Episcopalian, and was not going to the grave "without a word of prayer, if she knew it." Little six-year-old Eva had been patiently pacing the floor with baby Mary in her arms, when, at the sound of her grandmother's words, a thought came to her which almost made her drop the baby in her excitement.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed, "the teacher at the Home Garden knows how to pray, and she loved mamma. I know she'll come if I ask her. Please let me go right away."

After a little bickering, the compromise was effected, and a little later, a tiny mite of a child came to the teacher's door with the plea, "Please come and say a prayer for mamma, 'cause she's dead."

So it was that three of us climbed the rickety stairs and conducted the strange funeral service that night, amid the filth and evil odors of the old house. The only bright thing there was the flowers we laid on the coffin, as a tribute to one of the bravest lives we had ever known in the tenements. At the sound of the hymn, a crowd gathered, though we could scarcely distinguish their faces, for the smoky oil lamp only served to throw an unnatural glare over the face of the dead, and to leave the rest of the room in darkness.

The intense silence was only broken by an occasional sob, as the simple Gospel story touched some heart. When we closed they went out almost without speaking, except one old man, who reached out his hand and said, "Thank you, signorina, for the beautiful words of hope you have spoken to us to-night. We all must die, and it is a great leap in the dark; but perhaps there's hope."

And he went away shaking his head and muttering, "Perhaps there's hope; perhaps; perhaps."

The family moved away a few days after the funeral and the children came to the Home Garden no more. We knew how they must need us and tried to locate them, for they had never missed a day since the first time their mother had brought them, asking that they be taken into Sunday School, adding, in a frightened whisper, that she "wanted to learn something good." Our quest was vain, until only a year later, they came to us themselves. To write a story of that year would be impossible. Eva was six and the pride of the family, so to her it fell to become mother and housekeeper to the little brood. Her devotion to the baby was pathetic. The rest of the family dispensed with the ceremony of a wash day, but baby's clothes were faithfully boiled once a week and hung out to dry. To the baby she was "mamma" often the other two gave her the same name.

There had been little in the house to eat for a week, and absolutely nothing for twenty-four hours. Joe had taken a hatchet the day before, and had cut Margherita's thumb off. Little Mary had bruises all over her frail little body. This was too much for Eva. With a great sob, she caught the baby in her arms and set out with all the children to find the Home Garden. How they ever succeeded in finding it is a mystery; but it was a pitiful little group that we welcomed that afternoon. With the exception of Joe, they needed returned to the father. The ugly mark on the face of the "Little Mother," which looked suspiciously like the iron heel of a man's boot, decided that. It took weeks in a hospital before they were able to go to the Home, where they are now being cared for.

The Home Garden at 322 Pleasant avenue, New York, was started three years ago in two rooms in a tenement house, and now occupies a roomy house with a good sized playground. It has a Sunday School, sewing schools, manual training classes, boys' clubs, etc., besides a summer kindergarten and playground. The children come in every day after school hours and stay until six o'clock. It is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and its object is to reach just such children as those whose story has been told above. Help is needed in carrying on the work. Any readers who are interested may address Miss Ruddy, the Superintendent, at No. 322 Pleasant avenue, New York, who will supply all information that may be desired.

"DEBT-RAISER" KIMBALL'S DEATH

MR. EDWARD KIMBALL, who died June 6, at the residence of his son, Dr. R. H. Kimball, in Oak Park, a small suburb of Chicago, Ills., was known all over the United States and Canada by the unique title which heads this article, because of his marvelous success in freeing churches of debts. Obligations to the extent of $15,000,000 were lifted from various temples of worship in this country and in Canada through his exertions. In New York City, he secured in two sermons $110,000 and paid off the debt on Dr. Robinson's Presbyterian Church. No denomination or creed were specially favored by him; his eloquence and energy were at the service of any church in financial distress. Churches in Chicago, San Francisco, Portland, Denver, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Newark, and other places were assisted by his labors, and through his efforts millions of dollars were raised to lift mortgages and other debts from sacred buildings.

In 1879 he abandoned secular business entirely, in order that he might devote himself wholly to this unique, but most useful line of Christian service. It is not often considered a pleasant line of duty; the calling is not a crowded one; and it might almost be said of one who gave himself to it that he spent his life in bonds that the House of the Lord might go free.

Edward Kimball was born in Rawley, Mass., in 1823. When twenty-three years old he engaged in business in Boston, where he soon became head of a large carpet house. While a resident of Mount Vernon, and a member of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, he taught a Sunday School class there, and Dwight L. Moody was one of his pupils. It is said that he brought Mr. Moody into the church. If this be so, the Church of God owes Mr. Kimball a greater debt even than that of the millions he wiped out.

Before taking up the work which he followed so faithfully for so many years, Mr. Kimball was a successful business man in Boston, New York and Chicago. His first wife was a Boston lady, daughter of Dr. Blanchman, a prominent physician and chemist. She died in 1870, and two years later he married Miss Harris of Brooklyn, N. Y. Three children survive him.

WON BY A SISTER'S PRAYERS

How Isabella McDonald Alden, the Authoress, Became a Christian

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

"ANSY" is a household name, and a household saint, to millions of Americans, both young and old. Her beautiful stories, fresh as the fields on a June morning, and sweet and fragrant as a garden of roses, have been an untold blessing to the young people of our time.

The story is told of a famous man, who had been a popular writer in his day, that when he came to die, he said the dearest wish he had in the world was, that he might live long enough to get together all his books, and pile everything he had written in a great bonfire, that it might not go on blighting and desolating the world after he was dead. How different with a writer like Mrs. Alden! Surely, she has never written anything that the world has seen that she would want to destroy, and she can pillow her head every night on the sweet assurance that multitudes of young people in all parts of the world find goodness more attractive, and the Christ she loves more beautiful, because of what she has written.

ISABELLA MC DONALD ALDEN

Every stream has a fountain-head. You see the stream winding down through the valley, and you know that back among the hills yonder, there is a fountain—a place where a spring bubbles out from under the rocks, and goes singing down the hillside, gathering other streams until it has become the steadfast blessing which we behold, when it is large enough to slake the thirst of a thousand herds, and turn the mill-wheels of a city. So, when you see a good woman, and a great writer, whose character is wholesome and noble, and whose books are strong and true, with the vitality in them to give new life to discouraged hearts, and new stability to the will that is ready to give way, you may know that back somewhere amid the hills of youth there was a fountain that started the blessed influences that have grown into this noble stream of character and work.

I think it was Doctor Talmage who once said, that it is often true that "our sick-beds are God's flower-beds," and certainly most of us have found out, that hard experiences and trying times have often been the birthdays of the most precious things that have come into our lives. This was true of the beginning of Isabella Alden's confession of Christ, and her entering upon the Christian life. When she was a child of twelve, she was seriously ill, and lay, as her friends supposed, at the point of death for several days. After her recovery, a very dear sister, nine years her senior, who had watched over Isabella's sick-bed with unceasing care, asked her if she thought she should have gone to live in heaven if God had called her at that time. The sister added that the thought of parting from her forever had been one of unceasing agony to her, and that her constant prayer during all those days and nights of illness had been, that "Isabella might be spared until she could choose Christ."

These words made a lasting impression upon the young girl. They came to her with all the power and force of a sudden revelation; for though she had been carefully trained, and knew in a theoretical way the plan of salvation, yet she had never given the matter five minutes serious thought, until her sister appealed to her as she did. She tried to put the subject aside again, feeling that it darkened the day and made her uncomfortable; but the Holy Spirit had carried it home to her soul, and over and over again the words of her sister rang in her ears. The spirit of God rang the changes on that word "choose!" "It is not enough for me to believe in Christ as a Saviour, I must 'choose' Christ as my Saviour." Soon she began to feel that in a strange and wonderful way her sister's earnest and loving prayer, that she might be spared to "choose," had been answered. And with it came the conviction that she was compelled to make a definite choice. Not long afterward, she did choose the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. What a blessed decision that was, for that choice was the bursting forth of the fountain that has gone singing on its way, gathering in strength, and beauty, and power to bless, refreshing multitudes with the Water of Life, and never blessing the world so widely as to-day.

Let any young girl who is moved by the Spirit of God to make that same choice, and on the other hand is lured away by the pleasures of the world, listen to these words of Mrs. Alden, with which she closes the reminiscence of her conversion: "In a few more years it will be half a century since I chose Christ. I have had abundant reason to thank God for sparing my life at that time, and for giving me a faithful sister."

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. L. L., Hurricane, W. Va., writes:

I desire to acknowledge direct answer to special prayer. One was for renewed strength for myself; another for change in the life of my son, that would place him under better and purer influences.

Mrs. H. S. T., Denver, Colo., writes:

I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering my prayers—prayers made many a time as I sat about my housework. God hears if we ask in faith.

W. M., M. D., Chapel Hill, Tenn., writes:

I am an earnest believer in answers to prayers for special blessings. I labored and prayed for my boy's recovery, but I never felt that my prayer was answered until my heart went out in sympathy with others in affliction. Then it was that I sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD $15 and took upon myself the care of an India Orphan.

J. D., Haledon, N. J., writes:

Last winter I was very sick. A friend of mine loaned me some issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Reading the many answers to prayer, I was encouraged to plead with the Lord in renewed faith for my restoration to health. My prayer has been answered. I have subscribed for the paper. I feel that I cannot do without it. What has not that choice reading of "Answered Prayers" meant to me! I wish to express my gratitude to our prayer-hearing and answering God. I have prayed our dear Heavenly Father for health, friends, employment; for joy, peace and wisdom to do my daily tasks. And I can testify that he has heard my prayers, whenever I have asked him anything in the name of his dear Son, who said: "Whatsoever you shall ask in my name, I will do it." I pray God that I may ever be truly grateful for what he has done for me; and that all creation may experience the blessing in prayer like I have.

A Mother, Lewisburg, Pa., writes:

We had trouble in regard to an absent son, and I had been praying that we might hear from him. We have heard, and I know that my prayer has been answered.

John H. M., Henton, Ill., writes:

I was in deep trouble. I could not see my way out. I took it to the dear Lord in prayer. He heard me, and answered while I was yet praying.

Rev. J. R., Five Points, Pa., writes:

I wish to add my testimony to the list of prayers answered. God has wonderfully blessed me in my old age. I know that God answers prayer. Praise his dear name.

J. R. S., South Bend, Ind., writes:

I wish to acknowledge answer to prayer for a wayward friend. I have reason to have great faith in prayer.

L. L., Baltimore, Md., writes:

There is no part of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD read with more interest than the one on "Answers to Prayer." I write to give thanks to God for answers to my prayers and to praise and bless his holy and great name forever.

H. M., Fella, Ia., writes:

Having read of so many of your readers who praise God for what he has done for them, I also

M. S., a reader, Paterson, N. J., writes:

I wish to acknowledge God's wonderful goodness to me. He has answered my prayer, and given me what I have asked for. I will always love and trust him, for he surely answers prayer.

E. J. C., Bunker Hill, O., writes:

What peace it brings to us to know there are people who still believe God answers prayers! A few years ago when the earth was parched and dry and men gave up all hope for vegetation and rain, I said to my little daughters: "Come with me, we will kneel down as Elijah knelt, and ask God for rain." Then, after prayer, one daughter said: "Mamma, God will send rain." O God be praised for such faith! Rain soon came in abundance, and our prayer was turned to thanksgiving.

Spent Her Vacations for India

MISS JENNIE WEASE, a student at the Normal University at Ada, Ohio, gave her time and energies during the vacation season last year to securing contributions of several hundred dollars to the India Famine fund. $317 of this was sent through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, this amount being secured from people of all denominations, and some of no church. Miss Wease proposes to give her coming vacation to the little children who were orphaned by the famine, and who were themselves saved by this kind friend and just such devoted workers all over our land.

MISS JENNIE WEASE

THE LITTLE CARETAKER

"WOULD you like to go out in the country?"
"Of course, I'd like to go!
If I could take poor Teddy there; I think, perhaps he'd grow.
You see, my mother told me the very day she died,
To take good care of Teddy and tend him when he cried.

"I've tried to, honest and true, ma'am; I gave him most of my bread,
And when he was sick and fretful, I gave him rum instead.
I never thought 'twould hurt him, till a little while ago,
A real good lady told me he surely wouldn't grow.

"He seemed to miss it awful, and begged for 'just one drop,'
But I never gave in once, ma'am! I knew I ought to stop!
For father's cross when he drinks it, and lays all night on the floor;
And the good, kind lady told me 'tis whiskey makes folks poor."

"He'll grow fast out in the country!" "Then take him, please, oh, do!
Just take my brother Teddy if there isn't room for two.
But I could hang on anywhere and stay outdoors all right,
Tho' Teddy's sure to need me when he goes to sleep at night.

"He used to be so pretty when mother kept him neat,
And he wouldn't cry for whiskey if he had enough to eat.
He's awful poor and little, and if he shouldn't grow,
Big boys would all beat him and laugh and 'buse him so."

"There's room for both in the country, and bread enough and to spare."
"Oh, Teddy, ain't that jolly! Won't we be happy there!"
"There 're flowers enough for you both, dear, and room on the grass to play."
"I'm 'fraid we can't go, then—we ain't a cent to pay."

"But good, kind people pay for you, and send for you to come,
Away from the stifling city, out to the Children's Home."
"God bless those dear, kind people! O! I'm awful glad to go.
For I think out there in the country, poor Teddy 'll surely grow."

Pittsfield, Me. MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

THEY DO IT.

People Quit Coffee and get Well on Postum Food Coffee.

A man in Milford, Ind., says he did not quit drinking coffee because he thought it hurt him, but because he found a morning beverage he liked better in Postum Food Coffee, but to his wonder and surprise, he found in a few weeks all of the old symptoms of sickness had left him.

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He speaks, also, of Mrs. Josephiene Kelly, living at Elkhart, Ind. Says she was afflicted much as he was, but had become more emaciated than he. So she quit drinking coffee and took on Postum Food Coffee. She is now a healthy and robust lady and willing to make affidavit that Postum Food Coffee saved her.

The gentleman from Milford speaks also of Thomas McDonald as having recoved by using Postum. It can be had at all grocers. A good cup of Postum cannot be made unless it is boiled long enough to bring out the flavor and food value, then it is delicious.

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WHATEVER*

Loyalty to Christ and the Resolve to do His Will the Supreme Test of Membership in His Kingdom

MORE and more the spirit of personal loyalty to Christ is displacing doctrines and creeds as the rule of life. The Christian has discovered that men of other denominations, whose creeds are diametrically opposed to his own, are reaching the ends at which he also aims. The same purity of life, the same unselfishness of motive, the same consecration of body, soul and spirit, which he strives to attain, are the goal at which they aim, and though they travel a different path, they are honestly endeavoring to attain the same end. This is a revelation which ought to lead to a recognition of brotherhood and comradeship, which has not hitherto been realized. After all our theological study and the intellectual refinements which have divided the Christian world, we are coming back to the bond of union, which is the essential foundation of Christianity. It is not so much what we believe about Christ, about the immaculate conception, about the eternal decrees, about baptism, about church government, that is important, as whether in our daily life we are sincerely trying to fulfil the purposes which Christ came to achieve. Christ said very little about creed, but he insisted on loyalty to himself, trust in him, and recognition of his claims to homage, obedience and service. There is no need to abjure denominational preferences. Every man has his own ideas of detail, but, over all and beyond all, his supreme ideal should be loyalty—the embodiment in his life of Christ's spirit.

A popular preacher relates that during a recent visit to Italy, he entered a provincial church of the Roman Catholic faith. He noticed, with something akin to contempt, the tawdry dolls set up there with their poor dresses trimmed with cheap lace. He wondered that any one could regard them with veneration, and set down the worshippers, bending before them, as idolaters. While he stood there, he saw a man enter, on whose face there was an expression of sorrow and distress, indicating acute spiritual suffering. He saw the man prostrate himself before one of those poor tawdry dolls and offer up a prayer. Presently, the man rose to leave the church, and the observer saw in his face such signs of relief and renewed courage that he was amazed. How he had obtained help to take up again the burden of life and renew his struggle, it was difficult to understand; but in some way the help had come, and it was a changed man that walked out of that church. The observer felt that if he had been in that man's trouble, there was nothing in that wretched doll that could have helped him; but he felt, too, that he had no right to despise anything which had helped another. He wished that the man had possessed more sense, but he was glad that by any means, the burden which was crushing out his life, had been lifted. So it is with our denominational differences. The doctrines that seem to us incredible and perhaps repulsive, may be to a mind of another order, or to a man of different education a pathway to deeper holiness and more thorough consecration. Minds are variously constituted and each has the right to take to himself the principles that tend to his elevation.

Much as we may wish that intelligence and a clearer conception of spiritual truth were more prevalent, we cannot but rejoice in any means that leads to better conduct. No means ever approach in power the consecration to the ideal of Christ's life. The conception of our Lord as a living Being, who even now knows intimately the circumstances of our life, is the surest help to a holy life. We may read of his tenderness, and admire his sweet compassion, and reverence his majestic simplicity, but all this is intellectual. It is only as we realize him now living and observing us, and desiring our fealty, that our ideal becomes operative. We must believe that he is, and is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him, before our theories become influences and our conduct is affected. We may sing about doing being a deadly thing, but Christ did not so regard it. The man who heard and did not was, in his view, a man who built his house on the sand, and his most pathetic reproach was: "Ye call me Lord, but ye do not the things that I say." He looked for fruit, and nothing else would satisfy him. He wanted the principles that he taught to control the lives of his followers; he wanted his spirit to live again in them, so that the men who called themselves Christians should be men like himself, compassionate to the fallen, helpful to the weak, and pure in life and conduct. This conception underlies Christ's idea of the kingdom. The men who belonged to that kingdom might differ in race, in language, in denominational name and grouping, but they must be one in loyalty to him, in love and obedience, and must make a sincere effort, founded on his promise of help, to model their lives upon his, as the supreme and overmastering ideal of perfection.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for June 30. John 15: 7-16; Matt. 28: 18-20.

The Sin of a Land

Apostacy in a Nation the Prelude to National Calamity

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

APART from our individual, personal responsibility, we all have certain corporate responsibilities, as being members of families, churches, societies, cities, nations, etc. We are, in our measure, responsible for all of which we form a part, and we cannot and may not ignore such responsibilities. The house of Eli must suffer because his sons had made themselves vile, and he restrained them not (I. Sam. 2: 27-36; 3: 2-13) The house of Saul, the house of Jeroboam, the house of Ahab, etc., each had to suffer for the sins of certain members. Lot barely escaped being involved in the destruction of the guilty cities of the plain. Isa. 13: 23; Ezek. 25; 32; Zeph. 2: 4-15, show us how God deals with nations as such. We cannot share or accept the benefits of association with others, and yet escape the responsibility which such association entails. As in the case of Lot, a righteous man may live in a wicked city, and vex his righteous soul with the deeds which are done in it, but the very fact of his being there made the sin of the city so far his sin. He could not be untouched by it; it must affect him some way; if it did not contaminate him, it must afflict him.

"When a land sinneth against me," saith our God, "by committing a trespass, and I stretch out mine hand upon it, and break the staff of the bread thereof, and send famine upon it, and cut off from it man and beast; though these three men, Noah, Daniel and Job were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord" (Ezek. 14: 13, 14). Noah had saved his family, but now things were different; responsibility was greater. The Word of God had been sent to his people Israel; prophets had visited them; even a Noah could do nothing for them now. Job had delivered his friends; but those who had been God's chosen people, his inheritance, and who had defiled by their iniquity the land of which he said, "The land is mine" (Lev. 25: 23), could not be delivered by the righteousness of a Job. And Daniel: he, too, had saved his friends in Babylon, where the imperious Nebuchadnezzar had commanded that all the wise men should be slain. But what Noah could do in a judged earth, what Job could do in the land of Uz, what Daniel could do in Babylon, could not be done in the land of Israel, which had so awfully sinned against light and knowledge.

"Thou son of man, thus saith the Lord unto the land of Israel, an end, the end is come upon the four corners of the land" (Ezek. 7: 2). The land would not awake, and therefore judgment must awake. "Ichabod," the glory is departed (I. Sam. 4: 21-23), must again be written upon it; it must soon be shorn of all power and glory, and become the province of the foreign power, until Israel shall know her Messiah and recognize God's King, whom she has rejected, but whom he, in his decree, has set upon his holy hill of Zion (Ps. 2: 6, 7). God spoke of the land of Israel as "a land that I had espied for them [his people] flowing with milk and honey, which is the glory of all lands" (Ezek. 20: 6); yet he says, through his prophet, to this same land, "Now is the end upon thee, and I will send mine anger upon thee, and will judge thee according to thy ways, and I will bring upon thee all thine abominations. And mine eye shall not spare thee, neither will I have pity; but I will bring thy ways upon thee, and thine abominations shall be in the midst of thee; and ye"—not thou, for this is not an individual thing—"shall know that I am the Lord" (Ezek. 7: 3, 4).

In this dispensation, in which we are now living, God is not dealing with us, the members of his Church, in judgment, but in grace. Does he, however, deal with nations in grace? While he is in these days taking "out from the nations a people for his name" (Acts 15: 14) with whom he deals in grace, does he not deal with the nations out of which he takes them according to their works? If, in Ezekiel's time, a Noah, Job, or Daniel could not deliver so much as son or daughter, when the national corruption had reached such a pitch, may not the time soon come when the salt will be no longer permitted to stay the process of corruption in so-called Christian lands? Professing Christianity will have filled up the measure of her iniquity, and Christ will have filled up the number of his elect. Then when "he that now restraineth shall be taken out of the way," shall be revealed the lawless one, the great antichrist of the future, and the awful time of the great tribulation must come upon the world, which is professedly Christian. We have only to call up past history as a witness that God deals with lands according to their works. Those lands which have honored the Word of God, and have observed the Lord's Day, which have given hospitality to God's ancient people, which have repudiated slavery, have been especially blest. But in measure as sin and greed lay hold of a land, reverses attend its progress.

Honors to an ex-Slave

An old colored man was buried at Stephens City, Va., a few days ago, and the funeral was attended by one of the largest crowds that has been at a funeral in this part of the country in several years. Robert Turner was born a slave sixty-nine years ago, and lived with his old master, William S. Jones, until a few years ago, when the latter broke up housekeeping. At that time, "Uncle Robert," as he was generally called, bought himself a farm. He and his master were very much devoted to each other, and the master promised him that he would leave him his gold watch at his death. The watch was buried with him, but the children of the master presented "Uncle Robert" with a handsome gold watch, of which he was very proud. A great many white people attended the funeral, and different members of his old master's family were present. Some even came from different States to pay their last respects to one they loved.

Miners Hear the Gospel

Palmer, Mo., has recently experienced a revival of unusual interest. The Rev. A. R. Sitton, of Garfield, held a series of evangelistic services at Palmer, which is in the famous Missouri lead mining district. He was called to Palmer to attend the funeral of a relative, and while there preached a sermon which made so deep an impression that he was urged to remain, and begin revival work. This was the first of three weeks' continuous services, which resulted in many conversions. Among the one hundred and two persons who confessed Christ were an ex-sheriff, collector, county school commissioner and superintendent of mines. On the Sunday before his departure, Mr. Sitton baptized fifty-one persons. The miners came in crowds to the services, and many were so touched by the preacher's exhortations that they made bonfires, into which they cast their cards and other gambling devices.

FOOD FOR MEMORY.

The Kind That Builds Up the Brain.

It is hard to believe that certain kinds of food will strengthen the memory, and yet, upon the condition of the brain depends the character of the mind, and its power to remember, and to exert itself in various ways and a healthy brain can only be maintained by well selected food.

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I have lately had a seven months' course of vocal instruction and have memorized 58 songs and most of the accompaniments besides several piano pieces. When I started in it seemed difficult to memorize one, but my memory has been growing better every day and I now find it easy to commit to memory without difficulty.

I have taken no medicine, but my steady diet of Grape-Nuts Food has given me strength, health and memory."

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"It is a wonder. Our washing is very large and we have always had two women on Monday, some on Tuesday. Our cook and the yard boy now do the washing in 4 hours much better than before."

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KENSEE, Ky., March 21, 1900.
I did a double washing for myself yesterday and made 65 cts. from my boarders, besides all my cooking, milking and housework. It takes less soap with your machine than in the old way. I have no need of the washboard any more. Mrs. L. A. BARTON.

ONALASKA, Wis., Jan. 4, 1901.
We are a family of 5 and as I had a 3 week wash it was an immense one. Had it all out in 3 hours and never had nicer looking clothes. I did not even put my hands into the water. I cannot too strongly recommend the "1900" washer. Mrs. J. M. WILSON.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A Remarkable Autobiography

T would be difficult to find, during the literature of a century, a book which could properly be ranked as a parallel to the remarkable narrative wch is contained in the volume entitled *Fe Years of My Life*, by Alfred Dreyfu ex-Captain of Artillery in the French ay. The Dreyfus case has now passed in history, but the world will not soon fget the sensational events which only a fe years ago convulsed the French republic and excited Europe. The trial of Dyfus on the false charge of treason; th manufactured evidence and the gross mcarriage of justice; his degradation ar deportation to a remote tropical island pon, where, for five years, he suffered ingnities and tortures that recall the sties of the treatment of political prisoers in medieval times, or the methods of he Spanish Inquisition—all these and mh more are related anew in the autobigraphy and letters comprising the prent volume. Sustained amid these tris by the knowledge of his innocence ar the hope of a vindication, Dreyfus wcomed the news—which reached him thugh his prison-guard on June 5, 1899 —at the Supreme Court of France had arulled his sentence, remanded him to a cot-martial, and ordered his return to Fnce. But there was nothing of the "ne-coming of the hero" about this retu. He tells of the miseries of his voyag on the cruiser *Sfax*, still a prisoner, ar of his night-landing at Port-Houligh, whence he was taken to the military pon at Rennes. His reunion with his wi is one of the most affecting passages in he book:

was now the 1st of July. At nine o'clock thmorning, I was told that in a few minutes I ould see my wife in the room next to the or I was occupying. This room, like my ov had a wooden grating which shut out thview of the courtyard below. It was furnid with a table and chairs. Here it was th afterward my interviews with my own pple and my counsel took place. Strong as was, violent trembling seized me, my teh flowed—tears which I had not known fo o long a time.

is impossible for words to express in their inisity the emotions which my wife and I bo felt at seeing each other again. Joy and gr were blended in our hearts. We sought tolad in each other's faces the traces of our suering, we wished to tell each other all that welt in our souls, to reveal all the feelings sukressed and stifled during these long yrs; but the words died away on our lips. Whad to content ourselves with trying to thw into our looks all the strength of our affion and of our endurance. The presence of lieutenant of infantry, who was stationed th, prevented any intimate talk.

the other hand, I knew nothing of the evts which had taken place during the past fivyears, and had returned with confidence —confidence that had been much shaken by thvaried events of the previous night. But I d not dare to question my dear wife for fer of exciting her grief, and she preferred leing to my lawyers the task of informing m

y wife was authorized to see me every dafor an hour. I also saw in succession all thnembers of our family; and nothing can eqll the joy we had in being able to embrace ea other after such a separation.

the 3d of July, Maitre Demange and Mre Labori came to see me. I threw myselinto Maitre Demange's arms, and was afward presented to Maitre Labori. My coidence in Maitre Demange and in his wderful devotion, had remained unchanged. I t at once the keenest sympathy with Mre Labori, who had been so eloquent and coageous an advocate of the truth. To him I pressed my deep gratitude. Then Maitre Dange gave me chronologically the history of e "*Affaire*." I listened breathlessly while th strung together for me, link by link, that fal chain of events. This first exposition wcompleted by Maitre Labori. I learned of e long series of misdeeds and disgraceful cres constituting the indictment against my inence. I was told of the heroism and the grit efforts of noble men; the unflinching stgle undertaken by that handful of men of fty character, opposing their own courage an honesty to the cabals of falsehood and

—

ve Years of My Life, 1894-1899; by Alfred Dfus, with maps and diagrams, 310 pp., cloth bing. Price $1.50. McClure, Phillips & Co., pushers, New York.

iniquity. I had never doubted that justice would be done, therefore Maitre Labori's account of these events was a great blow to me. My illusions with regard to some of my former chiefs were gradually dissipated, and my soul was filled with anguish. I was seized with an overpowering pity and sorrow for that army of France which I loved.

The concluding chapter deals with the Rennes court-martial which, in direct defiance of the evidence, condemned him anew, adding "with extenuating circumstances." His efforts for a new trial were discontinued at the pleading of his family and friends, who, as well as his counsel, saw no hope of formal vindication and urged him to accept the pardon which was then offered, although the military authorities were granting as a gift what was his by right. His enemies had been thoroughly exposed, and two of the worst had mysteriously died in prison, the result, it is supposed, of the efforts of the chief conspirators to shield themselves against possible revelations. That Dreyfus has still a life task before him—that of personal vindication—he intimates clearly in the closing sentences of his book:

It is nothing to me without honor. Beginning with to-day, I shall unremittingly strive for the reparation of the frightful judicial error of which I am still the victim. I want all France to know by a final judgment that I am innocent. My heart will never be satisfied while there is a single Frenchman who imputes to me the abominable crime which another committed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Rose; a Sermon for Children. A flower sermon of eighty lines, printed on cards. Price 10 cents. Elva Penrose, 436 Maple street, Marietta, O., publisher.

A New Book on Gardening, a practical guide, written by Mr. T. Greiner, an expert with thirty years' experience. Illustrated, paper cover. Price 50 cents. The Farmer Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

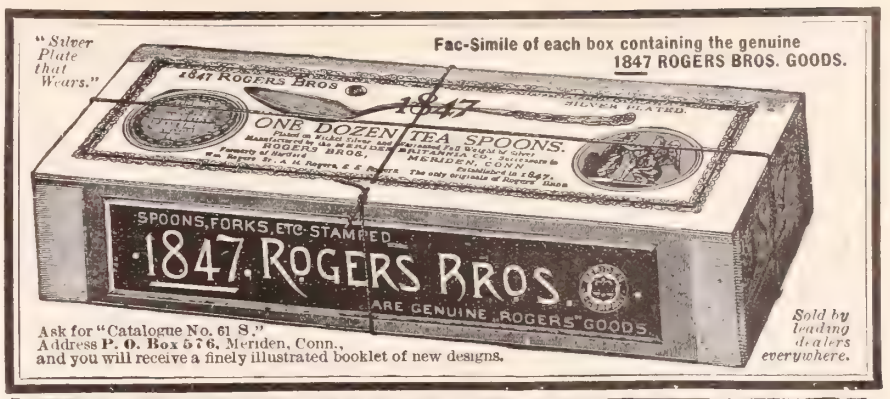
John Charity. By Horace Annesley Vachell. A story of an English heir and his foster-brother, who left England for California in the thirties; describing several hair-breadth escapes from the Mexicans and the Spaniards. A story which has a very unsatisfactory ending, yet written in a style that commands attention, and full of interest to the reader. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

A Brazilian's Work for Christ

A missionary in Brazil writes: "A month ago, a young Brazilian farmer, who only a short time ago united with the church, sent for me to come to his farm, twenty miles distant, that he might talk over his plan for opening an industrial school for boys. His idea is to organize the school so that poor boys may have an opportunity of working their way. One or two days each week he would have given to work on the farm, so that the pupils might plant and harvest their breadstuffs, and make something with which to clothe themselves. He also wished a night school for men and women where they could at least learn to read. On his own and his brothers' farms there are quite a number of tenants, and the large majority of them cannot read. This young farmer's heart is full of the love of Christ, and he has this idea of helping the young men of his own and of more distant neighborhoods who wish to study, and who are prevented from doing so by lack of means. He wanted me to find a married man who could take charge of this work, and whose wife would do the housekeeping and teach the women. Here is a great field for some one who is willing to work in a more humble way for the Lord and for his cause."

Death of Mr. C. A. Bunting

Charles Atwood Bunting, founder of The New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men, and for twenty years its manager, died at Keyport, N. J., May 30, aged 73. He devoted a large part of his life to the bettering of his fellow-men. During all his years of active Christian work, Mr. Bunting used only one instrument for reaching the shipwrecked, namely, the Word, absolutely rejecting all human appliances and agencies. His early training by sea and land developed a character well fitted to deal with the particular class of men with whom he labored. He advocated his doctrine with great earnestness and tenacity, and employed plain, practical, yet potent methods in his daily instructions. He had a very large circle of friends throughout the country, who esteemed him and his reformatory work most highly.



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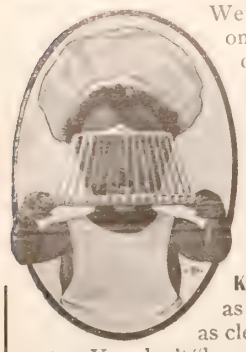

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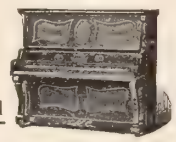

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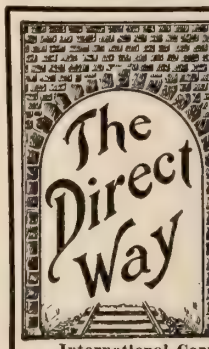

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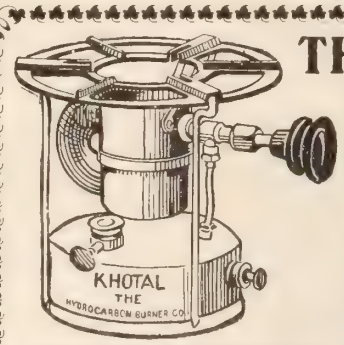

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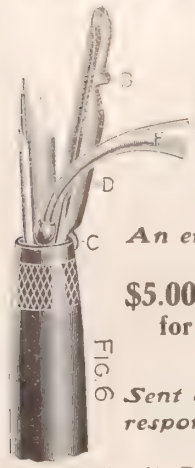

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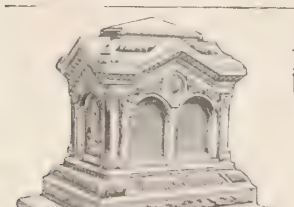

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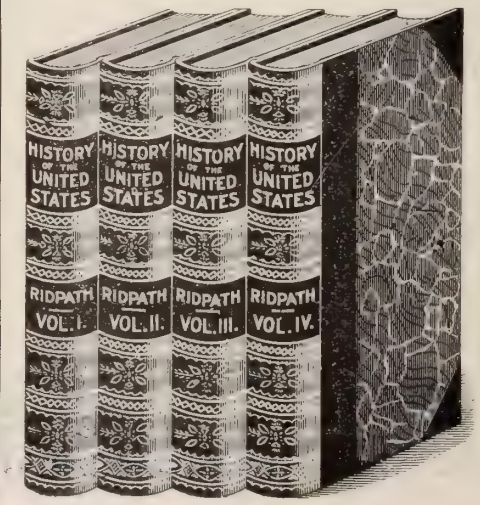

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

MECHANICS' HALL, BOSTON, MASS., WHERE THE JUBILEE WAS CELEBRATED

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL JUBILEE

Delegates From all Lands Celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association

BY J. L. HARBOUR

THE Golden Jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association, held in Boston from the eleventh to the sixteenth of June, will pass into history as one of the most remarkable and inspiring gatherings of the early part of the new century. The Convention in full assembly was by far the largest and most important in the history of the Y. M. C. A. in the United States. It did not fall short of anything hoped for it when the Jubilee was planned, and it gave gratifying evidence of the fact that the Y. M. C. A. is to-day one of the active, vital religious influences that is helping to evangelize the world.

When George Williams organized that first Y. M. C. A. in the world in London, nearly fifty-seven years ago, he had no idea of the deep mark it would make on the men, both old and young, of his generation and of generations to come. His highest hopes for it did not include the wonderful proportions to which it has grown. He saw the urgent need of the Gospel among the young men by whom he was surrounded in his London home, and he builded better than he knew when he organized the Association that was the primary cause of the great Jubilee in Boston.

The Jubilee began on the morning of *Tuesday*, when there was a meeting of the delegates in the great Mechanics' Building, in which most of the sessions of the Convention were held. The first public meeting was held in Trinity Church, hallowed by memories of Phillips Brooks, at 3.30, Tuesday afternoon. This meeting took the form of a united praise service under the direction of Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of New York, who delivered the sermon. It was an impressive sight when, at the beginning of the service, and while a processional hymn was being sung, the foreign delegates, the officiating ministers, the International Committee and representatives of many Christian denominations entered the church in a procession and took seats reserved for them. The great church could not seat nearly all who sought admittance.

Mechanics' Hall was the Mecca of thousands in the evening, when the formal welcome meeting was held. It proved, however, to be a delightfully informal affair, although there were on the platform distinguished men from all over the world, including peers, Senators, business men, famous ministers and representative men from nearly every station of life. Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York, called the meeting to order, and stated the interesting fact that it lacked but a few months of fifty years since he became secretary of the first Y. M. C. Association ever organized in New York. Telegrams were read from President McKinley, Baron Von Holleben, the German ambassador at Washington. from the King of Italy, through his ambassador, and from others. Mayor Hart welcomed the delegates on behalf of the city of Boston, Lieutenant-Governor Bates welcomed them in the name of the State of Massachusetts, and Mr. Henry M. Moore gave the welcome on behalf of the Boston Association, and at the close of his address introduced to the audience Mr. Howard Williams, son of Sir George Williams, who came as his father's representative. Other speakers were Rev. A. H. Plumb, of Boston, Mr. C. T. Williams, President of the Montreal Association. The only long address of the evening was by Hon. John J. McCook, of New York, who spoke with great force and power. Mr. Sankey was present and sang "Saved by Grace," as only he could sing it.

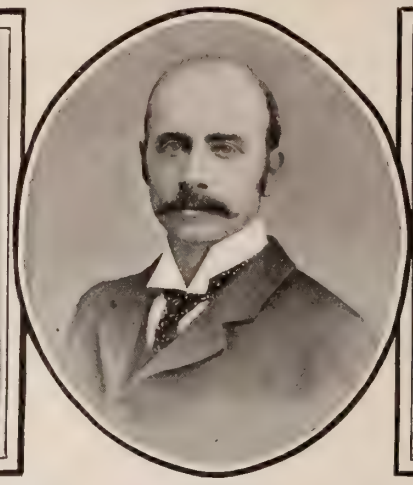
The speakers on *Wednesday* morning were Mr. Herbert Ames, of Montreal and Judge Selden P. Spencer, of St. Louis.

At the afternoon session the first speaker was Mr. Edwin L. Shuey, of Dayton, Ohio, and President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University. At the close of these addresses there were greetings from European National Unions.

Long before the hour of opening the hall on Wednesday evening, a fast-increasing crowd of hundreds had assembled in front of the entrances waiting for the doors to open. Every seat and every available foot of standing room was occupied when the time came for beginning the services. Colonel Curtis Guild presided, and Miss Helen M. Gould, Mrs. Russell Sage, and many other ladies were on the platform. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman conducted devotional exercises, after which stirring addresses were given by Rear-Admiral F. J. Higginson and Captain Wadhams, of the United States Navy, and also by Major-Gen. Joseph Wheeler of the Army. Admiral Watson spoke for a few minutes, and one of the best addresses of the evening was by Mrs. E. A. McAlpin, President of the Woman's Auxiliary, and the only woman speaker on the programme, excepting at the woman's meeting on Sunday in the Old South Church. The last speaker was Richard Pearson Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac*.

The *Thursday* sessions began with a praise service at nine o'clock, conducted by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, after which there were addresses by Cephas Brainerd, of New York; President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, and Rev. Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society. A reception was given to the delegates by Governor Crane at the State House at 1:30 o'clock, and at half-past two one of the most interesting meetings of the jubilee took place in the Old South Church, in the chapel of which the first Association in the United

DELEGATES TO THE Y. M. C. A. JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT MECHANICS' HALL, BOSTON, MASS.



States was organized. The speakers were Hon. Franklin Smith, of Washington; Rev. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge. The chief interest of the meeting centered in the formal unveiling of the bronze tablet by Mr. Arthur Johnson, President of the Boston Association. On this tablet were the words:

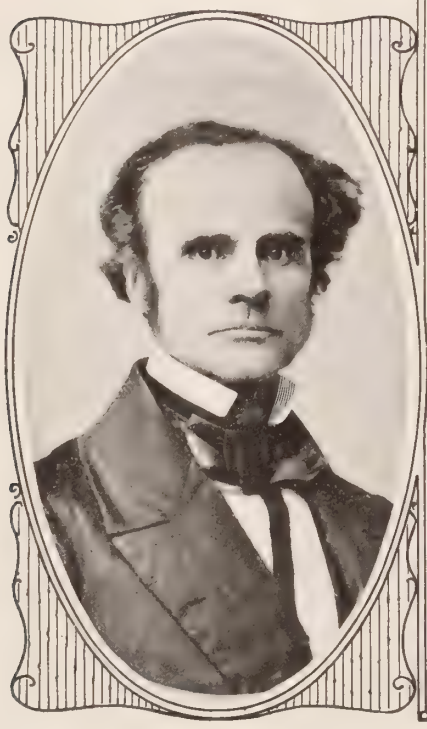
> 1851. 1901.
> At the end of fifty years of service to young men, this is placed to commemorate the organization of the first Young Men's Christian Association in the United States in the chapel of this church, December 29, 1851.
> TENEO ET TENEOR

Maine road, and other prominent railroad officials. A letter of greeting was read from Prince Hilkhof, Imperial Minister of Russian Railways.

The meetings on *Friday* were of a deeply interesting character. In the morning, Dr. L. W. Munhall, Dr. Canfield, Dr. W. Craven and Rev. W. W. White of Montclair, delivered stirring addresses. In the afternoon, sectional meetings were held simultaneously in various churches. These included: The Work for Boys; The Railroad Work; The Religious Work; and The Physical Work. In the evening, President Patton, of Princeton, delivered an address in Mechanics' Hall. and there were addresses also by President Northrop, of Minnesota, and Booker T. Washington. An interesting feature of the meeting was the reading of a cable message from Lord Roberts, bearing testimony to the value of Association work in the British Army in South Africa. Another cable message read was from King Edward, of England, expressing his hearty sympath with the work of the Y. M. C. A., and his cordial gree ing to the delegates in conference at Boston.

On *Saturday* an agreeable surprise, not on the pr gramme, was the appearance of seven young Dakota Indians, who, in simple language, told how they were le to become Christians through the agency of the Y. M C. A. Dr. J. M. Buckley, Mr. Robert E. Speer, an Walter C. Douglass delivered addre ses. In the evening Hon. James H Eckels, formerly Controller of the Cu rency, delivered an inspiring addres

On *Sunday* there was no mornir session, but in the afternoon there w a huge evangelistic meeting, when



CAPTAIN SULLIVAN
A Founder of the first Y. M. C. A. in the U. S.

CHAPEL OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON
In which the first Y. M. C. A. in the United States was organized

MR. DANIEL S. FORD
A Founder of the first Y. M. C. A. in the U. S.

After the meeting in the Old South, another meeting was held in Fanueil Hall, at which the speakers were Mayor Hart, Lord Kinnaird, of England, M. L. Rallia Ram, of India, Charles Fermand, of Switzerland, and others.

The evening meeting was held in the Mechanics' Building, and it was presided over by Hon. J. J. McCook, and there were songs by Mr. Sankey and the Association quartette. It was railroad evening, and the speakers were President Tuttle, of the Boston and

audience of fully six thousand men in Mechan Hall, at which Mr. Fred B. Smith, of Chicago, m an earnest appeal to any young men present who h not decided for Christ to do so, then and there. Ira D. Sankey sang "The Ninety and Nine," an large number of young men rose to ask for pray The closing meeting of the Conference on Sun evening was a wonderful spectacle of enthusiasm. John R. Mott gave the farewell address. So ended of the most inspiring conferences of our time.

BISHOP BALDWIN, TORONTO ALADAR VON SZILASSY, HUNGARY ALFRED KLUG, GERMANY Y. L. HWANG, CHINA NICOLAUS. DO COUTO, BRAZIL

A DEFILE IN SHANSI — TRAVELING IN THE SHANSI MOUNTAINS — A STAIRWAY IN THE ROCK

CHINA WELCOMES THE RELIEF FUND

The Governor of Shansi Thanks all Engaged in the Work — Earl Li's Cordial Letter — Progress of the Fund

ONE by one, Providence is removing every obstacle that stood in the way of our famine relief work in interior China. The road is now clear to Shansi, and there is little doubt of the cordial welcome that will await the missionaries on their arrival there, carrying with them the generous gifts of Christian America to the starving multitudes. Indeed, the people of Shansi, and more especially the native Christians, are now eager for the return of the missionaries. Governor Chan Chun Hsuen, to indicate his appreciation of the kindness of America, has sent the following message, to be transmitted by cable through Earl Li Hung Chang at Peking to the Chinese Minister at Washington, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Shansi's Grateful Governor

"I have received telegram from Earl Li Hung Chang, informing me that the benevolent people in America, through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, have kindly raised a relief fund for the famine in the province of Shansi. I join with the people of this province to express our grateful thanks to you for your co-operation, and to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the generous contributors for their friendly sympathy with their fellow-men in distress." Signed by CHAN CHUN HSUEN,
Governor of Shansi Province.

We have also received from Acting Director William Cox, of the Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C., a letter from Acting United States Minister Rockhill at Peking, enclosing an official communication from Earl Li Hung Chang to Mr. Rockhill, in which the great Chinese statesman pledges the fullest aid and co-operation from the Imperial Government to the relief work. The Earl's letter is as follows:

PEKING, May 5, 1901.

Your Excellency: I have conveyed the contents of Mr. Fox's telegram to His Excellency Li apropos to relief measures for famine victims in Province of Shansi, which are being inaugurated at the instance of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and include contributions from President McKinley, Mr. Hay, Mr. Conger and numerous other distinguished Americans, and that Your Excellency was requested to form a committee. His Excellency Li wishes, before entering into details, to request you to telegraph his sincere thanks, partly for himself and partly on behalf of the famine-stricken in Shansi, for this benevolent and philanthropic action of China's well-wishers in America.

His Excellency will telegraph to His Excellency Ching Chih Tong about the matter, and suggests that your Consuls in Wuhu and Hankow shall be appointed to co-operate with His Excellency Chang. This Your Excellency and His Excellency Li will be able to attend to such duties as may be required to be done in Peking, and His Excellency Chang, in company with your Consuls, be responsible for purchasing rice, devising means of transport and distribution from Hankow, leaving His Excellency Ching to confer with our Shansi government authorities.

His Excellency Li would like to know Your Excellency's view with regard to the matter.

I have the honor to be,
Your Excellency's obedient servant,
(Sgd) K. TSENG."
(Secretary to Earl Li Hung Chang.)

This very cordial letter from the great Earl, through his secretary, provides for every important contingency in relation to the transportation and safeguarding of the supplies as they are forwarded to Shansi. Our missionary committee will doubtless benefit by the wise forethought of Earl Li in these matters. Morever, the letter indicates the restoration of communication with the province of Shansi, which had been interrupted by the military operations along the border. At the present writing, the missionaries, Rev. J. J. Atwood and Rev. E. H. Edwards, and their associates, are already far on their way to both Shansi and Shensi, and it is not improbable that they have already arrived, and that the work of relief is even now progressing at the centres of suffering there. Meanwhile, relief work in the nearer provinces of Shantung and Chi-li, is progressing under the supervision of Rev. Arthur Smith, Chairman of the Committee in the former province, and Rev. H. H. Lowry in the latter.

The Rev. S. L. Baldwin, now in this country after a long career of missionary service in China, has rendered splendid service to the Famine Relief movement at home. He writes this letter from Clifton Springs, N. Y.:

Missionaries Endorse the Fund

"DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH:

"*Dear Brother:* The International Missionary Union just assembled at Clifton Springs, N. Y., adopted unanimously a very hearty resolution, thanking you and your associates for your work on behalf of the famine relief in Shansi, and commending the fund to the contributions of all Christian people throughout the land. You will receive a copy of same in a day or two.

"I had conversations with J. Howard Taylor, M. D., the son of J. Hudson Taylor, founder of the China Inland Mission, and his wife, and they promised to write immediately an article, giving particulars of interest, and commending the movement for relief.

"Very sincerely yours, S. L. BALDWIN."

Rev. F. C. H. Dreyer, lately returned from Shansi writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD: "I rejoice that you have organized your committee, and that $20,000 has already been sent. May God nobly bless you in this great work. . . . A letter from Shanghai, just to hand, from Mr. J. W. Stevenson, says: 'Two young men, T'ong hsi cheo, and Sang hsien u, have reached Tientsin from Shansi. They have a very sad account of the Christians. They are suffering greatly from the famine. The relief given by the Governor did not amount to much more than a name. I am very glad that elder Hsu and his companions are now so far on their journey. They carry some relief with them'. . . This is, of course, very limited."

In an address delivered before the International Missionary Union, at Clifton Springs, N. Y., Mr. Dreyer told anew the story of the Boxer rising, and the escape of the missionary survivors from Shansi, and closed with a glowing tribute to the fidelity of the native Shansi Christians. His closing words should appeal to every one who has the missionary spirit, and who loves the service of the Master. He said:

Missionary Love for China

"Is it not worth our while to take the Gospel to a people who have produced Christians such as these, true martyrs for their faith? I think it is. I count it the greatest privilege and honor of my life to have been permitted to have a hand in it. As far as one is able to judge, one sentence in Mrs. Atwater's farewell letter to her friends, written only a few days before her massacre, voices the sentiment not only of the glorious band of Shansi missionary martyrs, but also of all the missionaries who have escaped. She wrote: 'I am not sorry for having come to China, I am only sorry for having accomplished so little. We are not sorry we went in the first instance and we are going back as soon as the way is opened, notwithstanding the treatment we have received. These missionaries and native Christians have given their lives a sacrifice by death, let us, one and all, offer our lives 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service.'"

The prevailing tone at the Convention of the International Missionary Union was one of deep sympathy for those bereaved, of heartiest thanksgiving for those marvelously delivered, of fervent prayer for the further triumph of the Gospel, and of buoyant expectation of a glorious future for China. The resolutions adopted, approving the Shansi Famine Relief work undertaken by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and commending it to the support of the Christians throughout America, need no comment. All present rejoiced that the Missionary Relief Committee had been organized and that the work was well under way. The missionaries love and interest in the Chinese is undiminished, and all are looking forward with joy to the time when they shall be able to return to their posts of duty.

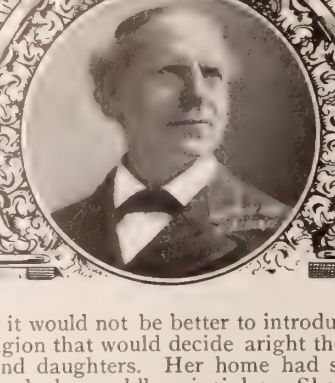
A CHINESE HOUSEWIFE AT HER LOOM

Act Quickly to Save Life

Contributions to the relief work are now coming in rapidly, in response to the appeal in these columns. We again urge upon our readers the importance of haste. A second remittance should be sent to our Missionary Committee quickly, in order that the life-saving campaign may go forward without interruption. Your contribution, sent quickly, may save some poor perishing ones in the famine districts and bring a new blessing into your own life. All contributions to the China Relief work, however small, will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Letters from many warm sympathizers with the relief work will be found on another page.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...
Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.



Hesitation

TEXT: Ecclesiastes 11: 4:
He that observeth the wind shall not sow

WHAT do you find in this packed sentence of Solomon's monologue? I find in it a farmer at his front door examining the weather. It is seed-time. His fields have been ploughed and harrowed. The wheat is in the barn in sacks, ready to be taken afield and scattered. Now is the time to sow. But the wind is not favorable. It may blow up a storm before night, and he may get wet if he starts out for the sowing. Or it may be a long storm, that will wash out the seed from the soil. Or there may have been a long drought, and the wind may continue to blow dry weather. The parched fields may not take in the grain and the birds may pick it up, and the labor as well as the seed may be wasted. So he gives up the work for that day, and goes back into the house and waits to see what it will be on the morrow. On the morrow the wind is still in the wrong direction, and for a whole week and for a month. Did you ever see such a long spell of bad weather? The lethargic and over-cautious and dilatory agriculturist allows the season to pass without sowing, and no sowing, of course no harvest. That is what Solomon means when he says in my text: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

As much in our time as in Solomonic times there is abroad a fatal hesitancy—a disposition to let little things stop us—a ruinous adjournment. We all want to do some good in the world, but how easily we are halted in our endeavors. Perhaps we are solicitors for some great charity. There is a good man who has large means, and he is accustomed to give liberally to asylums, to hospitals, to reform organizations, to schools, to churches, to communities desolated with flood or devastated with fires. But that good man, like many a good man, is mercurial in his temperament. He is depressed by atmospheric changes. He is always victimized by the east wind. For this or that reason you postpone the charitable solicitation. Meanwhile the suffering that you wish to alleviate does its awful work, and the opportunity for relief is past. If the wind had been from the west or northwest you would have entered the philanthropist's counting room and sought the gift, but the wind was blowing from the east or northeast and you did not make the attempt, and you thoroughly illustrated my text: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

Rain Postpones a Sermon

There comes a dark Sabbath morning. The pastor looks out of the window and sees the clouds gather and then discharge their burdens of rain. Instead of a full church, it will be a handful of people with wet feet and the dripping umbrella at the doorway or in the end of the pew. The pastor has prepared one of his best sermons. It has cost him great research, and he has been much in prayer while preparing it. He puts the sermon aside for a clear day, and talks platitudes, and goes home quite depressed, but at the same time feeling that he has done his duty. He did not realize that in that small audience there were at least two persons who ought to have had better treatment. One of those hearers was a man in crisis of struggle with evil appetite. A carefully prepared discourse under the Divine blessing would have been to him complete victory. The fires of sin would have been extinguished, and his keen and brilliant mind would have been consecrated to the Gospel ministry, and he would have been a mighty evangel, and tens of thousands of souls would have, under the spell of his Christian eloquence, given up sin and started a new life, and throughout all the heavens there would have been congratulation and hosanna, and after many ages of eternity had passed there would be celebration among the ransomed of what was accomplished one stormy Sunday in a church on earth under a mighty Gospel sermon delivered to fifteen or twenty people. But the crisis I speak of was not properly met. The man in struggle with evil habit heard that stormy day no word that moved him. He went out in the rain uninvited and unhelped back to his evil way and down to his overthrow. Had it been a sunshiny Sabbath he would have heard something worth hearing. But the wind blew from a stormy direction that Sabbath day. That Gospel husbandman noticed it, and acted upon its suggestion, and may discover some day his great mistake. He had a sack full of the finest of the wheat, but he withheld it, and some day he will find, when the whole story is told, that he was a vivid illustration of the truth of my text: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow."

There was another person in that stormy Sunday audience that deserved something better from that pastor than extemporized nothingness. It was a mother who was half awakened to a sense of responsibility in regard to her household. She had begun to question herself as to whether it would not be better to introduce into her home a religion that would decide aright the destiny of her sons and daughters. Her home had so far been controlled only by worldly principles. She had dared the riot of the elements that morning and had found her way to church, hoping to hear something that would help her to decide the domestic question which was to her a solicitude. A good, strong sermon under the Divine blessing would have led her into the kingdom of God, and afterward her whole family. The children, whether they became farmers, or mechanics, or merchants, or artists, or men of learned profession, or women at the head of households, would have done their work in a Christian way, and after lives of usefulness on earth would have taken thrones in heaven. It would have been a whole family saved for time and saved for eternity. But the pastor had adjourned the strong and effective discourse to a clear Sunday. The mother went home

Chilled in Body, Mind and Soul

and concluded not to trouble herself or household about the future, and to let to-morrow take care of itself, and keep on doing as they had been doing. No God in that home. No religious consolation in time of bereavement. No formation of thorough Christian character in the lives of those growing up boys and girls. They will go out into the world to meet its vicissitudes without any sublime reinforcement of the Gospel. What a pity it was that he did not put down the manuscript of his well-prepared sermon on the Bible, if he preached from notes, or pour it out of his soul, if he had lodged it there through careful preparation. No. He allowed that opportunity, which could never return, to pass into eternity unimproved. He observed by the way the rain dashed against the windows of the parsonage and the windows of the church that the wind was from the east or the northeast, and he did not sow, or sowed that which was not worth sowing.

In all departments of life there are those hindered by the wind of public opinion. It has become an aphorism in politics and in all great movements, "He is waiting to see which way the wind blows." And it is no easy thing to defy public opinion—to be run upon by newspapers, to be overhauled in social circles, to be anathematized by those who heretofore were your friends and admirers. It requires a heroism which few possess. Yet no great reformatory or elevating movement has ever been accomplished until some one was willing to defy what the world should think or say or do. But there have been men and women of that kind. They stand all up and down the corridors of history, examples for us to follow. Charles Sumner in the United States Senate. Alexander H. Stephens in Georgia Convention. Savonarola staking his life in time of persecution. Martin Luther fighting the battle for religious freedom against the mightiest anathemas that were ever hurled. William Carey leading the missionary movement to save a heathen world, while Churches denounced him as a fanatic and with attempting an impossibility. Jenner, the hero of medicine, caricatured for his attempt by vaccination to beat back the worst disease that smote the nations. They who watch

The Wind of Public Opinion

will not sow. It is an uncertain indication, and is apt to blow the wrong way. Communities and churches and nations sometimes are thrown into hysteria on some momentous subject, and it requires a man of great equipoise to maintain a right position. Thirty-three years ago there came a time of bitterness in American politics, and the impeachment of a President of the United States was demanded. Two or three patriotic men, at the risk of losing their senatorial position, stood out against the demand of their political associates, and saved the country from that which all people of all parties now see would have been a calamity and would have put every subsequent President at the mercy of his opponents. It only required the waiting of a few months, when time itself removed all controversy.

"Let us have war with England, if needs be," said the most of the people of our Northern States, in 1861, when Mason and Slidell, the distinguished Southerners, had been taken by our navy from the British steamer *Trent*, and the English Government resented the act of our Government in stopping one of their ships. "Give up those prisoners," said Great Britain. "No," said the almost unanimous opinion of the North. "Do not give them up. Let us have war with England rather than surrender them." Then Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, faced one of the fiercest storms of public opinion ever seen in this or any other country. Seeing that the retention of those two men was of no importance to our country, and that their retention would put Great Britain and the United States into immedi conflict, said, "We give them up." They were giv up, and through the resistance of popular clamor that one man, a world-wide calamity was averted.

Some of us remember as boys huzzaing when K suth, the great Hungarian, rode up Broadway, N York. Most Americans were in favor of taking so decided steps for Hungary. The only result of su interference would have been the sacrifice of all gc precedent and war with European nations. Th Daniel Webster, in his immortal "Hulsemann lette braved a whirlwind of popular opinion, and saved t nation from useless foreign entanglement. Webs did not observe the wind when he wrote that letter. in State and Church there have always been men at right time ready to face a nation full, yea a world ful opposition.

How many there are who give too much time watching the weather-vane and studying the barome Make up your mind what you are going to do, and t go ahead and do it. There always will be hindran It is a moral disaster if you allow prudence to o master all the other graces. The Bible makes more courage and faith and perseverance than it does caution. It is not once a year that the great oc steamers fail to sail at the appointed time because the storm signals. Let the Weather Bureau proph what hurricane or cyclone it may, next Wednesc next Thursday, next Saturday the steamers will put from New York and Philadelphia and Boston harb and will reach Liverpool and Southampton and Glas and Bremen, their arrival as certain as their emba tion. They cannot afford to consult the wind, nor you in your life voyage.

The grandest and best things ever accomplished h been in the teeth of hostility. Consider the gran enterprise of the eternities—

The Salvation of the World

Did the Roman Empire send up invitation to heavens inviting the Lord to descend amid vociferat of welcome, to come and take possession of the r capacious and ornate of the palaces, and sail Ga with richest imperial flotilla, and walk over flower Solomon's gardens, which were still in the outskirt Jerusalem? No; it struck him with insult as soon it could reach him. Let the camel-drivers in the B lehem caravansary testify. See the vilest hate pu him to the borders of the Nile! Watch his arraign as a criminal in the courts! See how they belie every action, misinterpret his best words, howl at with worst mobs, wear him out with sleepless night cold mountains! See him hoisted into a martyr at which the noonday cowled itself with midr shadows, and the rocks shook into cataclysm, anc dead started out of their sepulchre, feeling it wa time to sleep when such horrors were being enac The winds of stormiest opposition blew on his cr blew on his mountain pulpit, blew upon the homest that dared to give him shelter, blew upon his gr but he went right on and sowed the earth with pathetic tears, and redeeming blood, and consola and helpfulness, and redemption, and victory. It an awful time to sow. But behold the harves churches, asylums, world-wide charities, civilizat millenniums!

Just call over the names of the men and women have done most for our poor old world, and you wil the names of those who had mobs after them. were shunned by the *elite;* they were cartooned b satirists; they lived on food which you and I woul throw to a kennel. Some of them died in prison; of them were burned at the stake; some of them buried at public expense, because of the laws of s tation. They were hounded through the world, hounded out of it. Now we cross the ocean to se room in which they were born or died, and look monuments which the Church or the world has r to their matchless

Fidelity and Courage

After one or two or three hundred years, the worl made up its mind that instead of being flagelated, ought to have been garlanded; instead of cave c mountain for residence, they ought to have ha stowed upon them an Alhambra.

Young man, you have planned what you are goi to be and do in the world, but you are waiting for ci stances to become more favorable. You are, lik farmer in the text, observing the wind. Better now. Obstacles will help you if you conquer them your way through. Peter Cooper, the millionair philanthropist, who will bless all succeeding centuries with the institution he founded, worked five years for ty-

fi dollars a year and his board. Henry Wilson, the Cistian statesman, who commanded the United States State with the gavel of the Vice-Presidency, wrote of hearly days: "Want sat by my cradle. I know what it to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I ft my home at ten years of age and served an apnticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schoolin each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard wk a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eity-four dollars. In the first month after I was twty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove a ten and cut mill-logs. I arose in the morning before dlight and worked hard till after dark, and received thmagnificent sum of six dollars for the month's work. E h of those dollars looked as large to me as the moon lo s to-night." Wonderful Henry Wilson! But that w not his original name. He changed his name becse he did not want on him the blight of a drunken fer. As the Vice-President stood in my pulpit in Boklyn, making the last address he ever made, and cc mended the religion of Christ to the young men of th city, I thought to myself, "You yourself are the su imest spectacle I ever saw of victory over obstacli" For thirty years the wind blew the wrong way, yc he did not observe the wind, but kept right on sc ng.

any of us who are now preachers of the Gospel, or mical practitioners, or members of the bar, or merchts, or citizens in various kinds of business, had ve poor opportunity at the start, because we had it too ea—far too easy. We never appreciated what it is to gean education, because our fathers or older brothers pa the schooling, and we did not get the muscle wh nothing but hard work can develop. I congratule you, young man, if to you life is a struggle. It is out of such circumstances God makes heroes, if they arwilling to be made. Cut your way through. If it we proper to do so, and you should stand in any bod of bank directors, in any board of trade, in any leslature, State or National, and ask all who were bright up in luxury and ease to lift their hand, here anthere a hand might be lifted; but ask all those who ha an awful hard time at the start to lift their hand. anmost of the hands would be lifted. The heroes of C rch and State were not brought up on confectioner and cake.

olumbus, by calculation, made up his mind that there must be a new hemisphere somewhere to balance the old hemisphere, or it would be a lopsided world. And I have found out, not by calculation, but by observation, that there is a great success for you somewhere to balance your great struggle. Do not think that your case is peculiar. The most favored have been pelted.

But my subject takes another step. Through medical science, and dentistry that has improved the world's mastication, and stronger defense against climatic changes, and better understanding of the laws of health, human life has been greatly prolonged. But a centenarian is still a wonder. How many people do you know a hundred years old? I do not know one. We talk of a century as though it were a very long reach of time. But what is one century on earth compared with centuries that we are to live somewhere, somehow—ten centuries, a million centuries, a quintillion of centuries? We are all determined to get ready for the longer life we are to live after our exit from things sublunary. We are waiting for more propitious opportunity. We have too much business to attend to now, or too much pleasure to allow anything to interfere with its brilliant progress. We are waiting until the wind blows in the right direction. We are going to sow, and sow the very best grain, and we are going to raise an eternal harvest of happiness. We like what you say about heaven, and we are going there, and at the right time we will get ready; but my lungs are sound, my digestion is good, the examining physician of the life insurance company says my heart beats just the right number of times a minute, and I am cautious about sitting in a draught, and I observe all the laws of hygiene, and my father and mother lived to be very old, and I come of a long-lived family. So we adjourn and postpone until, like the farmer suggested by my text, we allow the seed time to pass, and sudden pneumonia, or a reckless bicycle, or an ungoverned automobile puts us out of life with all its magnificent opportunities of deciding aright the question of everlasting residence. A Spanish proverb says: "The road of By-and-By leads to the town of Never."

Whether in your life it is a south wind or a north wind, a west wind or an east wind that is now blowing, do you not feel like saying: "This whole subject I now decide. Lord God, through thy Son Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I am thine forever. I throw myself, reckless of everything else, into the fathomless ocean of thy mercy."

"But," says some one in a frivolous and rollicking way, "I am not like the farmer you find in your text. I do not watch the wind. What do I care about the weather-vane? I am sowing now." What are you sowing, my brother? Are you sowing evil habits? Are you sowing infidel and atheistic beliefs? Are you sowing hatreds, revenges, discontents, unclean thoughts, or unclean actions? If so, you will raise a big crop, a very big crop. The farmer sometimes plants things that do not come up, and he has to plant them over again; but those evil things that you have planted will take root and come up in harvest of disappointment, in harvest of pain, in harvest of despair, in harvest of fire. Go right through some of the unhappy homes of Washington and New York and all the cities, and through the hospitals and penitentiaries, and you will find stacked up, piled together, the sheaves of such an awful harvest. Hosea, one of the first of all the writing prophets, although four of the other prophets are put before him in the canon of Scripture, wrote an astounding metaphor that may be quoted as descriptive of those who do evil: "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." Some one has said, "children may be strangled, but deeds never."

There are other persons who truthfully say: "I am doing the best I can. The clouds are thick and the wind blows the wrong way, but I am sowing prayers, and sowing kindnesses, and sowing helpfulness, and sowing hopes of a better world." Good for you, my brother, my sister! What you plant will come up. What you sow will rise into a harvest, the wealth of which you will not know until you go up higher. I hear the rustling of your harvest in the bright fields of heaven. The soft gales of that land, as they pass, bend the full-headed grain in curves of beauty. It is golden in the light of a sun that never sets. As you pass in you will not have to gird on the sickle for the reaping, and there will be nothing to remind you of weary husbandmen toiling under hot summer sun on earth, and lying down under the shadow of the tree at noontide, so tired were they, so very tired. No, no; your harvest will be reaped without any toil of your hands, without any besweating of your brow. Christ in one of his sermons told how your harvest will be gathered, when he said, "The reapers are the angels."

How · a · Sunday · School · Class · Became · a · Great · Mission

It is a strange story that a Sunday School class should survive the Sunday school of which it was a part, and develop into a great Mission or Church of the people, conducted along educational lines. Yet such is the story of the Markham Memorial, of St. Louis. The class which triumphed thus gloriously over adverse conditions had to outlive forced migrations from this place to that (having abode once over a market and once over a police station); it even survived a cyclone, which tore down the building in which it had had its hoe for years. June, 1875, South Mission Sunday Sool, corner of Ninth and Marion streets, ended its exence; but one of its classes, taught by Wm. H. Mkham, obtained permission to meet Sunday afternoons in a church at Eighth and Choteau avenues. On thsecond Sunday of July, with twenty-two additional pons present, they decided to organize a Sunday Sool. In less than a year the church was filled to overflowing every Sunday afternoon with children and yng people studying God's word. In 1877, when it w necessary to find new quarters, Mr. Markham reed the hall over the old Soulard Market, furnishing it ith chairs, benches and other apparatus for continuin the work, at his own expense. Here the school met fonearly nineteen years, until the cyclone of May 27, 18, destroyed the Soulard Mket Hall and all its contes. Next Sunday, the scool met in the Police Depament building on Eighth a Soulard streets. In Septeber it was moved to the Fst German Presbyterian Crch on Tenth and Rutge. Now, friends of the wk saw that it must have a pmanent abode or else it mt perish.

MISS HAUS

efore the coming of the clone, efforts had been mle in the direction of seing a home of its own for th school. It had outgrown th hall: it had taken on missi and settlement features; pyer-meetings were held Tursday nights; Gospel mtings Sunday evenings; a hristian Endeavor Society ad been organized; a Literry Society had sprung into exence; and a busy Sewir School was in session every Saturday afternoon. It had won powerful friends, and in 1884 had passed under the care of the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church. April 1, 1896, the attendance on the school, which had had its beginning in a small wayfaring Sunday School class, was 1,378.

The fund for the new building began in as humble a way as the mission itself, and grew almost as wonderfully. Mr. J. I. McClelland's Bible Class of young ladies originated the idea of the Soulard Market Penny Building Fund, when, at their teachers' suggestion, they gave the fruit of their self-denial as the nucleus of a sum which, under the name given above with Mr. McClelland as treasurer, was raised to about $1,500. The fund was then developed on broader lines by the Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church, until at last a lot was bought and a building erected upon it. In May, 1897, the new mission, corner of Julia and Menard streets, free of debt, was dedicated to God. Known for a time as the Menard Street Mission, it became, on the death of the man to whom, more than any other, it owed its existence, the Markham Memorial. Mr. Markham was Superintendent of the school from its beginning until his death, last January. He was a prominent business man, and his talents in this direction were faithfully used by him to the development of what he felt to be a greater than any secular work. Mr. Edgar S. McClelland, brother of Mr. J. I. McClelland, succeeds him.

The generosity of the Lafayette Park Church has been supplemented by that of the Washington and Compton avenues Presbyterian Church; and through this aid, the mission has had as its pastor, Rev. Charles Stelzle, whose experience in social and religious work has been of inestimable benefit to the institution. A note from Mr. Stelzle to this paper, says: "During the past month there have been twenty meetings per week at the mission; attendance about 10,000 persons per month." There is a Free Dispensary, Penny Saving's Bank, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Carol Club, Choir Club, Stereopticon Lectures, and various other features of institutional work.

It is quite in keeping with the history of this remarkable mission that its Primary Sunday School Class should be the largest of its kind in the world. It has a membership of some 800 children, under the care of one teacher, Miss Kate H. Haus. This lady, who is rightfully regarded as one of the most successful Sunday School and Christian Endeavor workers in the country took charge of the class, June, 1883, when attendance averaged 80 to 100; in October, it had increased to 400; from 1884 to 1896, attendance grew to 900. The effects of the tornado was to reduce the ranks for a time. The average age of pupils from 1883 to 1901 has never exceeded seven years and has often fallen below this.

As to the influence of the mission upon the community, the following high authority may be quoted. Mr. Lawrence Harrigan, Chief of Police of St. Louis, stated once, before the Grand Jury: "The restraining influence of the Soulard Market Mission Sunday School is worth more to the southern part of St. Louis than 100 policemen." The Captain of Police Soulard Station informed Mr. Markham that before the school came they had the prison filled every Sunday, but after it commenced work, it was rarely the case that they had any one in the prison on Sunday. The neighborhood, while not answering to slums like those of New York, is that of the typical working class district of a western city. The saloon, the dance hall, the wine room, vile literature, poverty, infidelity, have to be fought there as elsewhere. The thousands of children and young people leading circumscribed lives because of lack of opportunity; and the multitudes of tired, discouraged parents, with little of cheer or comfort, "having no hope, without God in the world," who dwell in such regions, are in themselves a perpetual appeal to Christ's faithful servants to "come over and help us."

W. H. MARKHAM J. I. M'CLELLAND REV. CHARLES STELZLE

GOD THE CREATOR OF ALL THINGS

"IN THE BEGINNING GOD"

International S. S. Lesson for July 7. Gen 1:26-31; 2:1-3. GOLDEN TEXT—In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Gen. 1:1

By DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS. A child, looking at a picture of some idols of a far-off land, to which men and women and children were praying, asked her mother, "Do the people who worship that image see the same moon and stars that we do?" "O yes." "Well, I should think they 'd know 'twould take a better god than that to make the moon and stars." The mother might have added: "There are learned men in our own country who think the moon and stars and flowers and birds and love and hope were all created by formless, lifeless dirt." Such irrationalism the child's clear intuitions would have laughed to scorn. Scientists are giving up this "gospel of dirt." They see in the orderly progress of the seasons and the ages the footprints of a Mind like ours, but greater, all-wise, and all-powerful, "the mighty God, the everlasting Father."

Venus Fly Trap

Door of Trap-Door Spider

AND THE EARTH. A pastor, calling on a very poor woman living in an attic in a crowded city, saw a strawberry plant in bloom in a broken saucer on her window-sill. He said to the woman, "Your strawberry plant will soon turn from flower to fruit, and you will enjoy its sweetness, after waiting so long for it." "Oh, sir," she replied, "it is not for the fruit I keep it, but it is the only living thing I can keep, and it reminds me by its daily growth that God is near." If one such plant whispers of the nearness of a living God, what a creation chorus rings in our ears who look out on the full vision of nature at this high-noon of the year, when every rose bush, like the bush of Horeb, is aflame with the presence of God, and when the air is charged, like that of a temple, with the incense and music of flowers and birds!

Nature Whispers of an Ever-Present Creator

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous
God has written in the stars above,
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the bright revelation of his love.

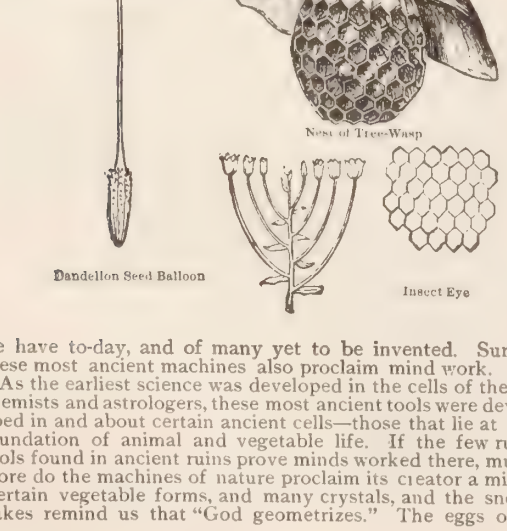
* * *

Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.
—LONGFELLOW.

AND GOD SAID, LET US MAKE MAN IN OUR IMAGE. The strongest proof that a mind, like ours, but greater, made the world, and still rules it, is the order and progress with which all seasons, all ages, all natural forces work together, like the wheels in some great factory, toward the product which the intelligent Manager has evidently had in view from the first. But the argument from design, confined to the machines of nature, the writer has found the most effective in helping the young to realize God as a person, like ourselves, in mind and heart, though infinitely greater, and unconfined by a physical body. For young men and young ladies in our high schools and colleges, to whom a little science has brought doubt, such a fuller unfolding of science will bring faith in God. The argument may be presented in the following logical form:

God a Mind, Like Ours, but Greater

Modern explorations in the buried cities of the ancient world have shown that many tools previously supposed to be modern are only reinventions of "lost arts." The tools found in those ruins are positive proof to us that at the times and places when and where they were used there existed intelligent minds like ours. But other explorations have shown that more numerous and more wonderful tools, and even machines, existed at a much more remote period. These most ancient machines include saws, lances, anchors, combs, chisels, hooks, brushes, trap-doors, and roller-skates—indeed, the mechanical principle of almost every tool and machine



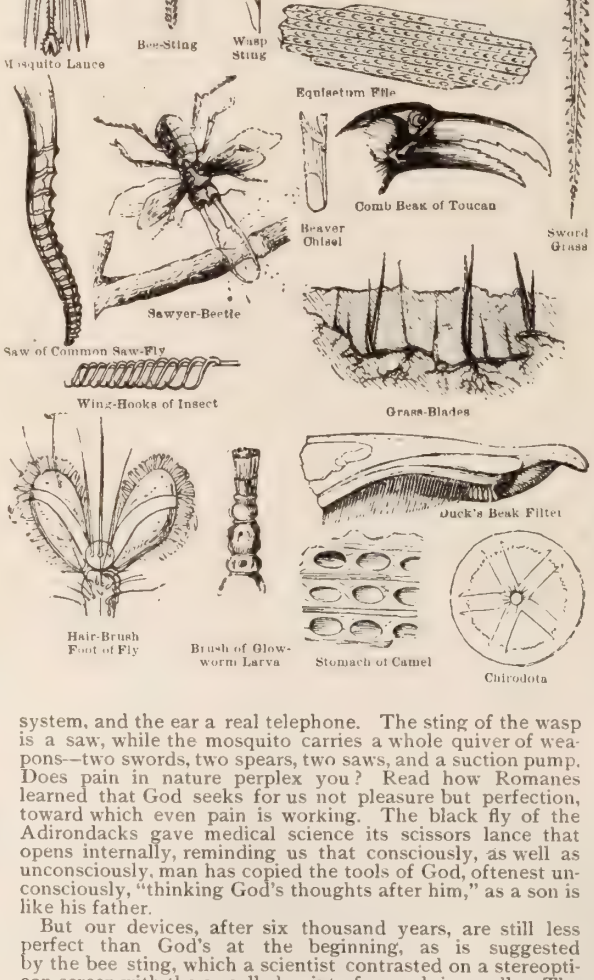
Dandelion Seed Balloon

Nest of Tree-Wasp

Insect Eye

we have to-day, and of many yet to be invented. Surely these most ancient machines also proclaim mind work.

As the earliest science was developed in the cells of the alchemists and astrologers, these most ancient tools were developed in and about certain ancient cells—those that lie at the foundation of animal and vegetable life. If the few rude tools found in ancient ruins prove minds worked there, much more do the machines of nature proclaim its creator a mind. Certain vegetable forms, and many crystals, and the snowflakes remind us that "God geometrizes." The eggs of a gnat form a life-boat, each egg a water-tight compartment, filled with air and with an exit like that of a lobster-trap, that allows the young gnat in due time to go out, while allowing nothing in the meantime to come in. Not alone for sparrows and lilies, and for the hairs of our heads, but for the very insects, God wonderfully provides. The water-boatmen, like a tourist in the Adirondacks, carries his boat on his back, and literally "feathers" his oars. The snail carries his boat inside his shell. The velela is a living raft with a living sail. Instead of hands and feet, the little synapta of the sea has four anchors to hold him secure when the waves would sweep him away. Sponges also have anchors in some cases. The lementoma, a living parasite like a pirate, anchors himself to what he would feed upon. The archer fish can shoot a fly with a drop of water. The "Dutch rush," or equisetum, is one of the best of sandpapers. The beaver's tooth is a self-sharpening chisel, the back part being softer than the front, and so wearing off faster, so keeping the front on edge. The toucan combs his feathers with a natural comb in his beak. The common fly has a saw by which it makes in the bark of trees an incision for its eggs, while the sawyer beetle is a living circular-saw that saws the bark of trees to feed upon the juices. Some insects have double wings that are fastened by a row of hooks. Grass blades act as effective wedges, and pry their way up to the light, and one form of grass protects itself as a saw-edged sword. The duck's beak has a natural filter, and the glow-worm larva and common fly have beautiful brushes. The chirodota is a form of beauty, and similar paddle-wheels serve as roller-skates to use on the water for one of the water insects. The stomach of the camel, the "ship of the desert," is provided with many water-bottles, as manifestly adapted for its voyages across the sand as the water-barrels of ships for their voyages across the sea. One kind of spider has a beveled trap-door to his robber cave, and so has one form of the Venus fly-trap, an electric trap that we might well copy, whose electric spines, when a fly, drawn by its sweet juices, lights upon its open trap, close swiftly enough to catch a fly. The brain and nerves are a telegraphic



Mosquito Lance
Bee-Sting
Wasp Sting
Choetodon, or Archer-Fish
Equisetum File
Comb Beak of Toucan
Beaver Chisel
Sword Grass
Sawyer-Beetle
Saw of Common Saw-Fly
Wing-Hooks of Insect
Grass-Blades
Duck's Beak Filter
Hair-Brush Foot of Fly
Brush of Glow-worm Larva
Stomach of Camel
Chirodota

system, and the ear a real telephone. The sting of the wasp is a saw, while the mosquito carries a whole quiver of weapons—two swords, two spears, two saws, and a suction pump. Does pain in nature perplex you? Read how Romanes learned that God seeks for us not pleasure but perfection, toward which even pain is working. The black fly of the Adirondacks gave medical science its scissors lance that opens internally, reminding us that consciously, as well as unconsciously, man has copied the tools of God, oftenest unconsciously, "thinking God's thoughts after him," as a son is like his father.

But our devices, after six thousand years, are still less perfect than God's at the beginning, as is suggested by the bee sting, which a scientist contrasted on a stereopticon screen with the so-called point of a cambric needle. The latter, greatly magnified, showed like a stub pen with four inches across the point, while the bee sting, equally magnified, retained its point, on which the lecturer said, "Man can not make a point, but God can." Though God's machines surpass ours in perfection, the fact that we have, by our own thought, devised so many of the same tools and machines, makes us realize that God is a mind like ourselves, but greater. And if he is such a mind our own instincts as fathers assure us he must love and be loved, must speak to his children and hear their cry.

Though he is so great and we so dim,
We are made in his image to witness him.

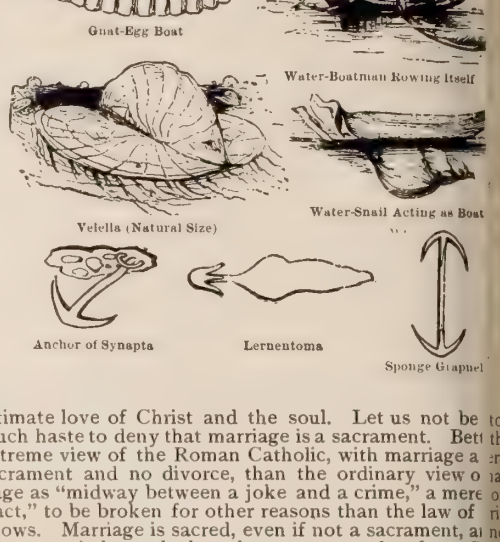
* * *

Could I in my infinite longing do all for this man,
And think God alone shall not help him who yet alone can?
—BROWNING.

MALE AND FEMALE CREATED HE THEM. Not ma individual so much as a man and wife in the creatorsh parenthood, image the divine Fa

Human Fatherhood an Image of the Divine

Many a man in the home trinity o father, the mother, and the child come to know more fully the father of God and the Sonship and sacrifi Christ. The Bible often makes marriage the image o



Gnat-Egg Boat
Water-Boatman Rowing Itself
Velella (Natural Size)
Water-Snail Acting as Boat
Anchor of Synapta
Lernentoma
Sponge Grapnel

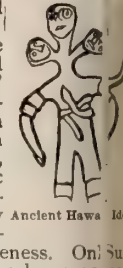
intimate love of Christ and the soul. Let us not be too much haste to deny that marriage is a sacrament. Bett extreme view of the Roman Catholic, with marriage a sacrament and no divorce, than the ordinary view o riage as "midway between a joke and a crime," a mere tract," to be broken for other reasons than the law of allows. Marriage is sacred, even if not a sacrament, a alone married people, but the young people of our S Schools also need to be so taught in a spirit that forbi fane trifling. When the newspapers treat marrying and marrying a fortune not as prostitution, but as en success, it is time for the Church to reiterate her divine upon this matter, that to be unequally yoked with un ievers is to risk one's faith, and to marry without supreme tion, or to be divorced on other than Scriptural groun remarry is to commit adultery.

That first family was given dominion over all anim life, and the highest form of that dominion is to rule the mal life in ourselves in the strength of God.

AND GOD BLESSED THE SEVENTH DAY. God last and crowning creation was the Sabbath, the germ of leis-

The Sabbath a Weekly Reminder of Our Creator

ure, all worship, all social institutions.

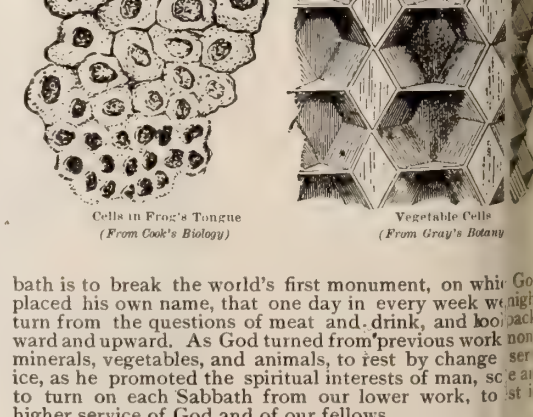


Ancient Hawa Idol

Having created the home, he created "the Home Day," when, in every age, the scattered household should have prolonged fellowship with each other, and with God. Work is often spoken of as a part of the primeval curse, but it was, instead, a part of man's Edenic blessing. Work for our loved ones, in proper days and hours, broken by the weekly Rest Day, and unmarred by the oppression of greed, is far more gladsome than idleness. Onl Sunday work and other overwork and selfish work are ac sed. Not for rest only was the Sabbath made, but yet m for remembrance of the Creator. On busy work-days, it uld be easy to forget God. There must be one day wh the unwonted hush upon the world of business and the sc d of church-bells falling out of the sky, and the sweet f s of mother and children would whisper to selfish and nful men:

Remember { the Sabbath Day to keep it h y.
now thy Creator.

The Jews have a saying, "He who breaks the Sabb denies the creation." And the saying is still pertinent w n we may add that he who desecrates the Lord's Day den the Lordship of Christ over death and life. To break th Sab-



Cells in Frog's Tongue
(From Cook's Biology)
Vegetable Cells
(From Gray's Botany

bath is to break the world's first monument, on whi God placed his own name, that one day in every week we might turn from the questions of meat and drink, and look backward and upward. As God turned from previous work non minerals, vegetables, and animals, to rest by change ser ice, as he promoted the spiritual interests of man, so we a to turn on each Sabbath from our lower work, to st i higher service of God and of our fellows.

"REMEMBER!" The Sabbath's thinking is wh God puts chief emphasis upon.

The Two Crowns of Fostedina of Friesland

BY ELIZABETH M. CLARK

AUSE and effect are often inextricably mixed, and are often inter-active. Students of anthropology may know better than do most of us whether the original settlers chose Holland because it was so near the water, or whether this proximity had the effect of moulding the national character. However that may be, the love for cleanliness evident thoughout Holland remains a good example of the e nal fitness of things. Logicians may question wether it is possible to see that which is evident only though the fact of the absence of its opposite quality, b the traveler through the land of dykes leaves the c ntry feeling sure that he has seen actual, positive, it self-existent cleanliness.

here are other features of the national life that are n so nearly self-explanatory; some have long puzzled th student of history. For instance, the head-dress wn for centuries back by the ladies of Holland; w nce came it and what is its meaning? For many y rs the only possible answer was an echo,—"Whence a what?"

ecently, however, the discovery of an old manuscript tc a story which is as interesting in itself as it is in it bearing upon the problem, hitherto unsolved. This sty, based upon the old Frisian manuscript and re pted in Holland to-day, runs about as follows; some o he names are fictitious, but the story itself is be yd question.

. . .

was at dusk one evening, twelve centuries and more a Fostedina of Friesland was sing in the tower room of her fa er's castle, putting very fine st hes into some intricate embroider but her heart was not in the ta , and she was glad when the sh des of evening served as excuse fc laying aside the work. Carele ly crossing her hands on her la she looked out dreamily into th peaceful stillness of the oncom- innight.

t first no sound broke the dead si ice; then suddenly Fostedina b me aware of horses approachin and she counted more than tw nty as they and their riders ca e into sight. A guard in front, a ard behind, and between them tw ve or thirteen weary-looking pple, men and women, who were l on to the castle dungeon. Fos- tena's eyes, as they gazed into th deepening gloom, grew wide w astonishment. Those gentle, wry women; what had they done to eserve the horrors of that dungn at which she herself, prime m ster's daughter though she w could not bear to look?

owly the train passed in the da ness; but for the reverberations of the horses' hoofs, Fostedina cod have thought it all a dream pr ession. As it was, she wonded again who the people were, w t crimes they had committed.

presence in the room startled he "Thy father dines to-night w the king," said the voice of he old nurse, Mina. "He bade m tell thee he has affairs of state to ettle concerning the new sect, the Christians."

here was a strange quality in old Mina's voice—a se controlled mechanical quality as of one delivering a ssage with which she had no sympathy. Fostedina n ced the strangeness, but did not attempt to ana- ly it.

hen I shall dine in my own room alone, and afterward th shalt come and tell me about those Christians and th crimes," she said. (Fostedina, according to the F ian manuscript, was about seventeen years of age, bu no mention is anywhere made of her mother.)

hat night Mina chose to serve her young mistress at tab , all the time studying her face with keenest sc tiny. Should she, or should she not? Would it be wi to do it? Would it be cowardly not to? The old nurse di not find it easy to decide, but at last the question w settled.

The young and wealthy need the Lord Christ as str as the old and poor," she said to herself. "She ha asked to be told about Christians; she shall judge fo erself. Perhaps, perhaps, this will be the beginning of eater things than I can foresee."

stedina, young and fearless (what had she to fear on er father's property, she, the adored of all classes?) th ght it fine fun to put on a long, gray cloak, similar to ina's, and to go with her out of the castle gates to a ca on the hill. The cave she knew well; was it not th e that she and the king's son, Agillus, had often pl ed as little children? This seemed to be a more serious game, but it interested her, and she did not shrink.

At the gate they were joined by Johann—grave, gray, old Johann, who looked strangely from Mina to Fostedina, and back again. Johann had been a trusty servitor of the prime minister during more years than Fostedina had lived, and he, too, loved the young girl. But he certainly did not understand her presence there that night. Mina answered his unspoken question. "It is the will of the Lord," she said.

Johann's face cleared, and took on a rarely beautiful smile. "It is well," he said simply.

Inside the cave, Fostedina saw a group of about thirty people; she knew that most of them must belong to her father's retinue, but she recognized very few, and old Mina felt glad that no one suspected the presence of the prime minister's daughter.

As soon as Johann entered the cave, a man rose at the other end, and gave out a hymn; then Fostedina heard the first heartfelt singing and the first real prayer of her life. Many were the petitions offered for those who had that night been imprisoned in the castle dungeon, but Fostedina noticed that these prayers were rather for strength in trial than for deliverance from it.

It was all very strange, especially strange when some one prayed for the king and the prime minister, that they "might be led out of darkness into light." Fostedina had not decided what to make of this extraordinary petition when the leader of the meeting rose again. The few spluttering candles gave a weird, flickering light, but Fostedina could see that the speaker was a gaunt man, old before his time, weary, and yet full of fire—essentially a new type of man to this petted daughter of a wealthy home.

"SIX YOUNG GIRLS APPROACHED THE BRIDE-ELECT"

"I bring you two messages to-night," began the preacher, "one from our God, who says: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' The other message is from our comrades now in the dungeon. This piece of parchment was passed into Brother Martin's hand as they went by this evening."

The parchment was carefully unrolled, and from it were read the words: "But God forbid that we should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Fostedina, who had listened eagerly for words of treason or crime, was dumbfounded. Once again she knew not what to think.

The speaker spoke on the two texts, not at great length, but simply, earnestly and with power. Fostedina felt sure that the Christian's God was the only true God, but—

"Time presses," said old Johann. "In ten minutes more the castle gates will be closed for the night." Softly again, but this time swiftly, the forms faded into the night. It seemed to Fostedina like the second dream procession of that strange day.

Several times during the weeks that followed did the young girl listen to the earnest words of the preacher, and to the no less earnest prayers of those who followed him as he followed the Lord Christ. Fostedina became a Christian, but she hesitated to acknowledge the fact, partly through fear of her father and partly through fear of the court priest, who was a cold, stern, hard man.

At last the night came before the day when the Christians in the castle dungeon were to be put to a cruel death. Two of the women of the original number had died in their prison, but others had been added to the little group, and the priest was in a hurry lest some of these also should find the easy release of death and thus escape his vengeful power.

In the morning, however, when the jailer came to lead out the prisoners to their doom, the dungeon was empty. Fostedina was sitting near her father when this was reported to him, and she was overheard to say: "They are safe then? Oh, God, I thank thee."

At once she was taken before the king, who asked her whether she had helped the prisoners to escape. Fearlessly she lifted her eyes to his and said: "I, and I alone, have done this thing. I pitied the people, and—and—oh, king, I, too, believe in the Christian's God." It seemed to Fostedina as if some near and real Presence spoke through her this declaration of faith.

Agillus, the king's son, plead with his father; Neronicus, the prime minister, plead with his sovereign, each for the safety of the girl he loved better than his own life or position, but the cries of the people and the threatenings of the priest prevailed against them both. So the king himself led Fostedina out into the presence of the maddened mob, deprived of the prey promised for their festival, and said, "What shall be done with this girl who has set free the Christians?"

"She shall be our prey."

"She shall fight the wolves in the arena."

"Let her die the death."

Eager hands stretched out to drag her down into the midst of those human wolves, but Agillus put his arm protectingly around her and said, "If Fostedina goes to the arena I go with her, and we die there together."

There was a look in his eyes, a tone in his voice, which said he meant the words. The people did not wish to lose the royal prince, and suddenly they remembered their old love for Fostedina. Moved again by one impulse, they cried as with one voice:

"She shall not die."

The priest stepped forward with a hard smile curling his cold lips. "Let her not die," he said, "rather let her live to wear a crown such as her Master, the carpenter's son, also wore. For her, as for him, the fittest crown is one of thorns."

The next day, from sunrise to sunset, Fostedina stood in the market-place wearing a heavy crown of thorns, which cut and bruised the delicate forehead. The next day, she was gone,—she and Mina and Johann, together with the leader of the Christians and others of his followers. They had gone, none knew whither, and before a week had passed, Agillus also had disappeared.

Seven years went by, and with their passing the old king grew older still. Finally he died, and a messenger was quickly sent to the army of the Franks, calling Agillus to return as king to Friesland. He, quickly enough, sent a message in another direction, and Fostedina was brought back to her own country as the chosen bride of the new ruler. Years had truly passed since the day when she had been forced out of the city, yet when she entered again, the marks of the crown of thorns were clearly visible. At this the people were sorely troubled, and at first knew not what to do.

However, in the early morning of the day appointed for the wedding, six young girls, chosen from the noblest families of the city of Leeuwarden, approached the bride-elect and presented her with a golden crown, shaped in such a way as to hide all the marks made by the crown of thorns.

Fostedina put it on. Then she took it off. It was heavy, it was not beautiful, and personally Fostedina would have preferred the scars, which were to her not a disgrace, but a glory. But she understood the feeling of the people, and she took the gift as a peace-offering, saying, as she placed it again on her head, "The old crown of thorns was more beautiful than this, but God has a still higher crown than that in reserve for me, and I will wear this until he gives me his best."

More than twelve centuries ago, Fostedina of Friesland wore her two crowns. To-day, the women of Holland still wear what is called the Friesland cap, though very few know the reason why.

Wellington, South Africa.

THE MILK STAND IN CITY HALL PARK

TAKING IT EASY IN CITY HALL PARK

Breathing Places for New York's Pent-Up Millions

IF you are visiting New York and want to know it thoroughly—feel its pulse-beat, as it were, and meet face to face its people of all sorts and conditions of life—you must not omit a tour of its parks, playgrounds and recreation piers. To include all boroughs in your rounds would involve interminable journeys, for the greater city is spread over a goodly area. Even if you limit investigations to big, seething, unique Manhattan, a not insignificant quota of time is required. The magnificent demesne of Central Park, which, by reason of distance is practically out of reach of the most conjested section where the poorest people live, can give you more than a long day's entertainment. At Morningside and Riverside Parks, and on the Speedway along the Harlem, you may see millionaires and their families taking their pleasure in coaches, landaus, drags, carts, and on horseback, if you time your visit before the hot season, when fortune's favorites fly away to Newport, Lenox, Hempstead, the Catskills, or across the Atlantic to Europe. Should the beautiful Bronx—"Lover's Paradise"—tempt you beyond Manhattan, you will find there, as a rule, few people who cannot afford street car fare, and a goodly bit of time for their outings. Both here and at Central Park are groups of children taking holiday under the care of missionaries, who have brought them up from the slums.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays the Bronx is crowded with a motley throng, numbering many families, in which parents have half-starved themselves all week to save a few dimes to bring the children where they may get a breath of fresh air and a chance to play on the grass. "All the people in New York are here," you say, "there must be no one anywhere else." Yet as far as cars, ferry-boats and excursion steamers will take you in every direction, Saturday afternoon and Sunday, you will find occasion to say the same thing. Take a downtown car, and there is repetition of this impression. In every tenement district, streets are thronged. Roofs, curbs stoops, fire-escapes are alive with men, women, children, and infants in arms, and every open area that goes by the name of park or playground overflows with its fraction of the city's multitude.

Below Central Park, that unknown Paradise to the down-town poor, who cannot walk to it or pay carfare to reach it, New York has not one large park. The narrow island, with its teeming thousands, is at a disadvantage with cities that can spread themselves laterally. Yet its river fronts, east and west, are being utilized as breathing-places and amusement-centres in an original way. The recreation pier was a brilliant idea, and has been a success from the opening of the first of the series (at present numbering seven), at the foot of East Third street, in 1897, when attendance for the season ranged from 500 to 2,000 in the afternoons, 3,000 to 4,000 in the evenings, running as high as 7,000 on hot nights. The city has sixteen to twenty-five attendants on each pier, cheap lunches are sold, and in the afternoon and evening there is music by a band. They are much frequented by mothers, who bring their babies here for the river breeze, and by "little fat rs" and "little mothers," who look after small brother nd sisters while their mothers are at work. Such di nu tive guardians are in evidence everywhere, and eir ways and the ways of their charges are as full of h nor as of pathos. Observe, if you please, the haugh air of the lad in our picture who takes his small b her abroad in a wheel-chair, and note the proud smile the tot who in such style goes airing in ura dise Park around Five Points! C tral Park is quite outclassed by such an deur and delight! The tidy little v nan treating her brother at the soda ater fountain is as much the envy of ir cu nious observers as the hostess of a ink tea" can be to ladies who cannc give pink teas.

THE FOUNTAIN IN "PARADISE PARK"

The frequenters of a park ind the predominating nationalities of its gh borhood. Thus, in Tompkins Squa one finds many respectable-looking Ger ns in Washington Square, dark-eyed m ers and children suggest Italy and Sy in Seward Park, Yiddish is spoken, a thi Russian Jew elbows other Europea and Orientals out of place. At the B ery Ireland is in the ascendant, and yo hear brogues that you "can cut with a fe Union Square may be considered mo politan, because loafers like it so w

All of these open spaces serve i rea measure as outdoor resting-plac and reading-rooms to tired men—some eek ing work and finding it not, some oid ing work, others recuperating afte ours of toil, some sodden with drink. l all are children at play, but not up the grass. To find grass that childre may play on freely one must go to the onx and there one does not find man chil dren, except on Saturday afte oons and Sundays. In many of the small places alle "parks," downtown, there is neither grass nor t s to speak of, and vacation schools in these regio have their playgrounds inside the school buildings, over head on the roofs. As poor substitutes as these y be for flowery meadows and greening fields, statistic how them to be very popular. There are about seven play centers under direction of the Board of Educa n; in 1897, as the writer understands, there were none.

A COOL TIME AT TOMPKINS SQUARE

REFRESHMENT CORNER

RECREATION PIER, THIRD STREET, EAST RIVER

New Light on Bible Lands.

III. ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS OF PALESTINE

BY . . . REV. T. F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

IN the work of exploring Palestine with a view to recovering the monuments of the Bible times, nothing is so valuable as inscriptions. When Lachish was excavated, and the tablet was found, which was shown and translated in the article on "The Testimony of the Mounds," all other objects discovered were of relatively little value, and more study has been given to it than to all the rest. The reason of the supreme value of the inscriptions is that they tell more about the past. The very letters which they use bear upon the origin of the alphabet. The names of persons and places throw light upon those which are found mentioned in the Bible. Especially do the facts related confirm the Bible record.

AN INSCRIBED LAMP

Let us consider, as an example, the Moabite Stone. It was undoubtedly set up at first as a *stele*, or monument, but was found lying on its back among the ruins of Dibon, about twenty miles east of the Dead Sea. This town was older than the Israelite conquest, is mentioned several times in Scripture, and still retains its name in the form Dhiban. A missionary, who was on a journey, saw this stone, but made so awkward a business of it that the Arabs, who at first saw no value in it, became at last so covetous for a great price, with perhaps some superstitious feeling that it might have hidden virtues in it, that they broke it into portable fragments and carried it away. At last, however, in the international competition for it, the French were victorious, the fragments were nearly all recovered, and the stone found a refuge in the Louvre.

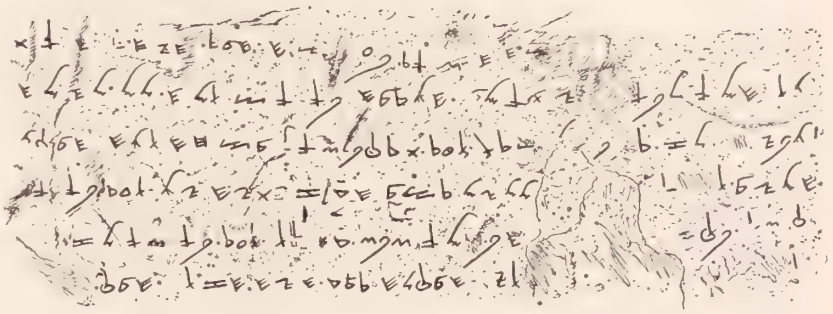
This was before the establishment of the museum at Constantinople. Now such a stone would immediately go there, but casts would be made for other museums. In reading this inscription great skill has been used. The letters are, as in Hebrew, pictures of objects simplified to conventional forms, representing the ox, house, camel, door, window, and so on. The difficulty due to breaking has been almost wholly surmounted. I give a part of the inscription:

"I am Mesha, son of Chemosh; Gad, king of Moab, the Dibonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I reigned after my father. And I built this sanctuary for Chemosh in Karchah, a sanctuary of salvation, for he saved me from all aggressors and made me look on all mine enemies with contempt. Omri was King of Israel, and oppressed Moab many days, and Chemosh was angry with his aggressions. His son succeeded him, and he also said, 'I will oppress Moab.' In my days he said, 'Let us go, and I will see my desire upon him and his house,' and Israel said, 'I will destroy forever.' . . . And the men of Gad dwelled in the country of Ataroth from ancient times, and the king of Israel fortified Ataroth. I assaulted the wall and captured it, and killed all the warriors of the city. . . . I did not kill the women and maidens, for I devoted them to Ashtaro-Chemosh, and I took the vessels of Jehovah and offered them before Chemosh."

Omitting the rest for lack of space, we see Omri and Ahab, kings of Israel, described in I. Kings, 16 to 22. We see the Moabite god Chemosh and the female deity Ashtar or Astarte, who was worshipped with unspeakable rites; and we see the Mesha, whose desperate effort to escape the vengeance of Israel is described in II. Kings 3. This the Moabite stone illumines and confirms the Bible history.

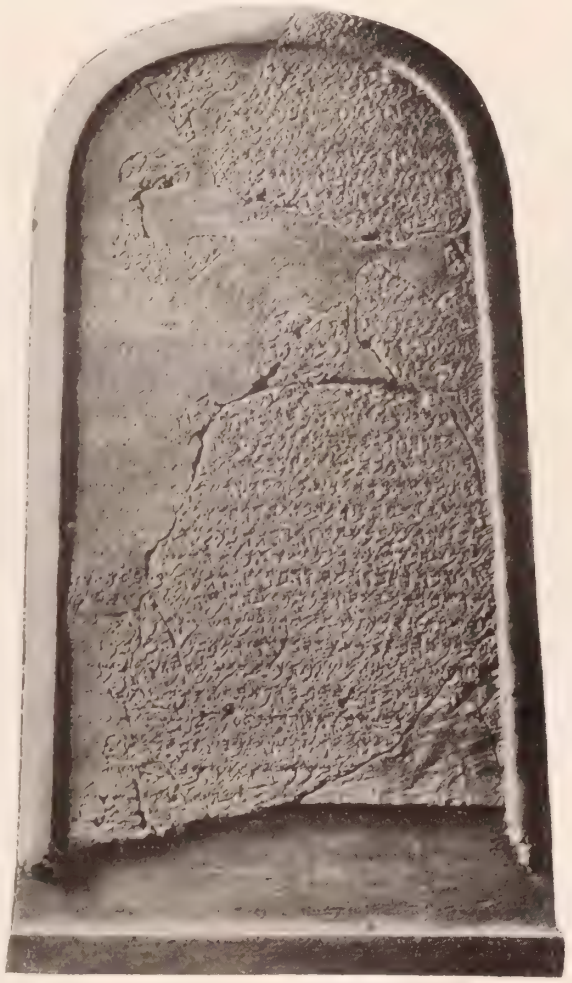
Returning to a peaceful inscription we find one in the passage cut through the rock from the Virgin's Fountain to the Pool of Siloam at Jerusalem, in order that the people might drink in time of siege. The conduit is about one thousand feet long and is not straight, but it reached its goal. When the explorers crept through at peril of their lives, they came upon this inscription, marking the resting-place of the workmen. It runs as follows:

"Behold the excavation! Now this is the history of the tunnel. While the workmen were lifting up the pick, each towards the other; and while there were yet three cubits to be broken through, the voice of the one called to his neighbor, for there was an excess in the rock on the right. They rose up, they struck on the west of the excavation, each to meet the other, pick to pick. And the waters flowed from their outlet to the pool."



PORTION OF INSCRIPTION AT THE POOL OF SILOAM

This is very truth-telling, that they failed to meet exactly, and so by voice guided each other to the same point. The date is not given, but the Bible says that Hezekiah, the king, "made a pool and a conduit and brought water into the city," II. Kings 20: 20, and Nehemiah, in 3: 16, places "the pool that was made" here.



THE MOABITE STONE

The inscription of Herod is very important, as exactly confirming the statement of Josephus that Herod placed stones at the entrances to the temple court, prohibiting the passing of anyone but a purified Jew. One of these stones has been found, and its Greek has been read:

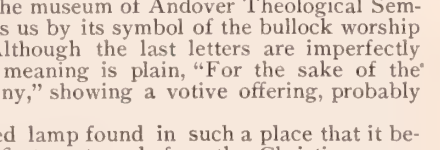
"No stranger is to enter within the balustrade round the temple and enclosure. Whoever is caught will be responsible to himself for his death, which will ensue."

This is to be kept in mind when reading in Acts 21 about Paul bringing Greeks into the temple, which came near to causing his death.

There are a great many smaller inscriptions which are largely reproduced in Ganneau's *Archaeological Researches*. Many of these are on gravestones, such as the following, which reads, in very contracted form:

"O Lord Jesus Christ, help thy servant."

Another is double, and was placed on either side of the door of a tomb. It is a pair of quotations from the Septuagint or Greek Bible, the first verse of Psalm 71, "Upon thee, O Lord, have I put my trust, let me never be confounded;" and the first verse of the ninety-first Psalm, "He that dwelleth in the secret place (literally, help) of the Most High."



HEROD'S INSCRIPTION

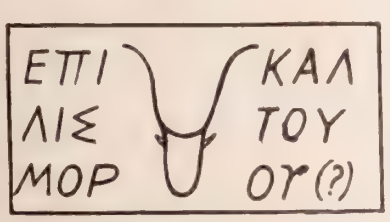
Many inscriptions stamped on vase-handles are coming to light, because the handles were thicker and stronger than the body of the vase. A single one, in the museum of Andover Theological Seminary, reminds us by its symbol of the bullock worship of Israel. Although the last letters are imperfectly stamped, the meaning is plain, "For the sake of the happiest destiny," showing a votive offering, probably of wine.

An inscribed lamp found in such a place that it belongs to the first century, before the Christians were driven from Jerusalem, is deeply interesting. It was placed in a tomb to watch over the dead, and its inscription says:

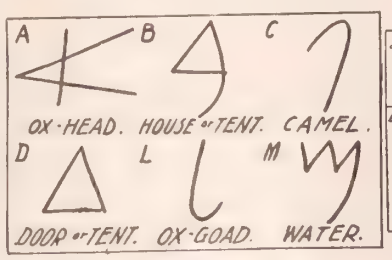
"The light of Christ shines for all."

Thus they said, "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether, therefore, we live or die, we are the Lord's." Romans 14: 8.

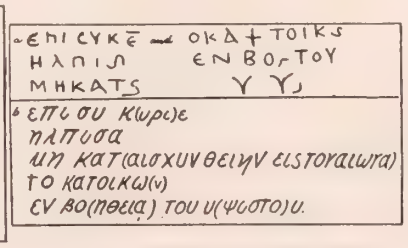
T. F. WRIGHT.



INSCRIPTION FOUND ON THE HANDLE OF A VASE



MOABITE STONE ALPHABET



INSCRIPTION FOUND ON ANCIENT GRAVESTONES

♣ ♣ ♣

A Gospel Tent Campaign

Prof. W. S. Weeden, of New York, and Rev. J. W. Van DeVenter, of Philadelphia, Pa., have purchased a large new tent, with a view to evangelistic work during the summer months. Mr. Van D. Venter has been in Scotland and England for the last two years, on an evangelistic tour. Mr. Weeden is well known throughout this country as one of the leading singing evangelists. They opened the campaign May 21, at Piqua, O. Pastors or Y. M. C. A. secretaries wishing to secure their help in religious gatherings, can address them at Shelby, Ohio, or to the permanent address, No. 34 Seventh avenue, New York.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our Relief Work in China

AT every step of the present relief movement, the Divine hand is felt in guidance and direction, removing all obstacles and clearing the way for the work. So palpable is this influence that we are abundantly warranted in believing that great spiritual results are to be attained, and that the opening up of that vast empire to Gospel influences may be looked for, not in any small degree, but upon a scale far exceeding all former experiences. Not only are the people of the famine provinces eager to welcome back the missionaries, but the provincial Governors and local authorities, Prince Ching, the Military Governor of Peking, the famous Chang Chih Tung, Governor of Honan province, Governor Chan Chun Hsuen, the new ruler of Shansi, and lastly, the Imperial Government of China itself, in the person of its great statesman and Viceroy, Earl Li Hung Chang, are one and all allies in this campaign on the side of the Gospel.

This is not an overdrawn picture but a glorious reality. It is our privilege, as a nation, to bring to the starving millions of China, that message of bread and blessing which we sent in other times to Armenia, to Russia, to India, and to other distant lands, and which in every instance was productive of the most beneficent results. India has already yielded a great spiritual harvest, and the reapers are still busy. But we must prepare for a still larger harvest in China, where the Divine hand is so obviously pointing the way, commanding us to enter and possess that land for Christ.

The new century can bring no grander opportunity for Christian service than this. It is the duty of every one who loves the work of the Master, and who prays for the world's redemption, to have a personal share in this greatest of modern missionary campaigns. By helping to rescue these starving multitudes, in whose behalf the government and statesmen of China appeal to us, and showing to its people that Christianity is a religion of love and forgiveness, we can win the esteem of the Chinese people and their leaders, and thus open all hearts to the Gospel.

Do your share by sending in your offering. Send liberally and quickly. And do not forget to accompany the gift with an earnest prayer that, through these practical manifestations of sympathy and pity, China's millions may be led into the light of Christianity.

The Housing of the City Poor

A GREAT many of our readers are living in the ample space afforded by detached homes in lovely country villages. What can they know about the scanty accommodations which are at the disposal of the poor in great cities, in New York for example, where, in the tenement districts, twelve, fourteen, and twenty families, averaging five persons each, live in a single house! A three-room flat is oftener found than a five-room apartment, and in many cases two of the rooms are dark, with no chance for proper ventilation. No wonder the children here look pallid, like plants grown in cellars. Few of the children of the very poor have any acquaintance with table etiquette, because their mothers seldom set the table. They have no time, and they have no dishes. The mother dispenses bread and sausage, or bread and cheese, cutting off morsels as she stands beside her bare pine table, and handing them to the waiting children. One reason why the man of the house drinks is shown in the absence of appetizing food in his home. He has married in her youth a girl out of a factory, who did not know the first elements of cooking, of thrift, or of home-making. The frying-pan and the tea-pot are her only implements, and she does not get good results from either.

In our Settlements, wherever they are, and in our working girls' clubs, much is done to ameliorate this condition of things. The girls are taught to cook well, to make soups, bread and cake, to broil and to boil and to roast. Also they learn to sew and to mend. They will be better wives by and by, for the instruction they have had in these happy evenings at the club and the Settlement. The self-denial of those who toil for them is repaid a thousandfold by the manifest good that is done.

And what shall we say of such a blessed outing as is given to the children of the poor, when they go to so lovely a place as Mont-Lawn? Some of the little fellows have never seen more of the sky than the strip of blue which they descry far above them between the narrow walls of the barracks where they pass their lives. They are wild with joy under God's infinite expanse of sunlit azure. The freedom of the fields is theirs; they may pick heaps of wild flowers; they may hear the birds sing in the great trees; they may race like colts in the green pastures. Three times a day they sit down at a board abundantly spread with good things, and are given what is a novelty in their experience, a square meal. Blessings on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Fresh-Air work at Mont-Lawn. It bestows largesse of happiness on children who have had it doled out to them hitherto.

Those whose privilege it is to work among the poorest, acknowledge with surprise the tractable nature of the little ones. The main difference between these children, exposed as they have been to the contacts and temptations of the streets, and our own carefully nurtured and sheltered boys and girls, is that the former are more obedient, more docile and more grateful than ours. They are not, as a rule, naughty children, but, on the contrary, having learned patience in a hard school, they are gentle and well-behaved. That they are deficient in vitality is sadly evident. Poor food, sleep in close and stuffy rooms, and inherited delicacy of constitution account for this. Give them a Fresh-Air chance, such as a fortnight at Mont-Lawn means, and they improve with marvelous rapidity.

Summer Religion

IT takes more grace to be an earnest and useful Christian in summer than in any other season. The very destitute, through lack of fuel and thick clothing, may find the winter the trying season; but those comfortably circumstanced find summer the Thermopylæ that tests their Christian courage and endurance.

The spring is suggestive of God and heaven and a resurrection day. That eye must be blind that does not see God's footstep in the new grass, and hear his voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestion of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. A June morning is a door opening into heaven.

So autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. The season of corn-husking, the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catafalque of the dead year, remind the dullest of his own fading and departure.

But summer fatigues and weakens, and no man keeps his soul in as desirable a frame, unless by positive resolution and especial implorations. Pulpit and pew often get stupid together, and ardent devotion is adjourned until September.

But who can afford to lose two months out of each year, when the years are so short and so few? He who stops religious growth in July and August will require the next six months to get over it. Nay, he never recovers. At the season when the fields are most full of leafage of life, let us not be lethargic and stupid. Oh, that God would make us all earnest workers!

Church Cordiality

AROUND the door of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps, because we ourselves were born in the country and have never got over it, the custom pleases us. In the cities we arrive the last moment before the service and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the Depot of the Doxology is reached. We protest against this business way of doing things. Shake hands when the benediction is pronounced with those who sat before and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Postponement of the dining-hour for fifteen minutes will damage neither you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general is your place to apply it in a practical manner, to individual heart.

The church aisle may be made the road to hea Many a man who was unaffected by what the mini said has been captured for God by the Christian w of an unpretending layman on the way out. You call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, there are some Christians who have such an ar way of shaking hands after meeting that it amount a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the hand. The left hand is good for a great many thi for instance to hold a fork or twist a curl, but it never made to shake hands with, unless you have the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out cold and make one look well, but have them so can easily be removed, as they should be, for they non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Cl the fingers across the back part of the hand you Then let all the animation of your heart rush to shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then thr the fore-arm and through the wrist, till your friend the whole charge of Gospel electricity.

A Tribute to Chinese Christians

IN this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through courtesy of a subscriber, Mr. J. H. Theberath, of ark, N. J., we are privileged to publish the following from Miss J. E. Martha-Lebeus, a missionary at Sin China. Here, in a remote district, happily far from the s of the Boxer troubles, the character of the Chinese Chri converts and the general attitude of the people toward C tianity appear in a bright and encouraging light, v should arouse the desire in the hearts of God's peo strive more and more for the conversion of China's mil The letter is as follows:

SING-IN, CHINA, April 29, 1

I see wonderful progress in the work in those few that I have been here. When I came to Sing-in there about twenty men coming to Sunday worship and thr four women sitting in a corner. Now we have a cong gation of over 200 members, a fairly good Sunday Schoo worth League, three services Sundays and one in mid- all well attended, besides the class meetings. Our wo training school has enrolled twenty-three students this our girls' boarding school, twenty pupils. Besides, we a day school with ten to fifteen girls and a few women, here in our compound, too. In the district I have ten girls' day schools at different villages, and thirty-five vi with chapels where we have native Christians livin native preachers in charge. At ten places out of thirty-five, I have trained Bible women stationed, wh the women, teach them to read, and see that they are br to church. I have had, ever since December, revival ings in the different chapels where the Christians of t three villages come together. They bring their beddin sleep in the church on the benches. My small organ at the attention of the heathen and we have a real o meeting. Souls are brought to Christ. The day scho the country I can only visit each eight times a year, w examine the students; or if my trip leads me past one, and see how they are doing.

When at home in Sing-in, I give most of my stren the women's school, where I have two good native te and a matron. I have also a clinic for the sick, and t average of two hundred patients per month. The boarding school is under the care of Miss Nicoleise, rest of the work being under my own care and respons The Lord blesses us greatly.

I hope for three great things for the future. We very much a large church. We worship now in a house, but it is too small, and it pains me when I see going away for lack of room. Our second need is a h Third, we need a residence for missionaries. Miss Nic and I live now in the women's schools; but if the work on growing at the rate it does now, we will need more ers, and consequently a house for them to live in. So I feel as though I will yet see all these buildings go up. I came to China, not even land could be bought in S now we have a beautiful plot, with two buildings, b which went up under my direction—the school I mad and all.

During the Boxer war, we were very anxious abo property and our Christians; yet God has protected wonderfully. I hope he will soon restore peace, an China may become a Christian nation, for not until th her people be reformed. Our Christians are very go noble characters, who stood the test as "tried by fir kept faith; and I believe we build on a good foundat love the Chinese, and when they become God's peop are certainly a lovable people. J. E. MARTHA LE

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Pilgrims to Mecca

On the eastern shore of the Red Sea, about half way between Suez and Aden, is the port of Jiddah, at which Mohammedan pilgrims, who make the journey by sea, land on their way to Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed. The scene when these pilgrims meet those who have come overland is one of the most wonderful spectacles in the world. No record is made of the travelers by land, but those who came by sea were counted at the annual pilgrimage of 1898 and were found to number 95,820. They come from China, Persia, India, Java, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and many other lands. Mohammed made this pilgrimage compulsory, and it has been observed by his followers through all the centuries since his death. A motley crowd it is which assembles in Mecca. Stringent regulations are made as to the garments they shall wear, the things they may do and not do by the way, and the ceremonies they shall observe on their arrival. The objective point of the pilgrimage is the Kaaba, which, according to Mohammedan tradition, was first built by Adam, but was destroyed by the deluge and was rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael. It is certainly very ancient and was used as an idolatrous shrine long before the time of Mohammed. It contains the famous black stone, probably an aerolite. Mohammedans believe that it was snow-white when it fell out of heaven, but was blackened by the touch of sin. The pilgrim must make the circuit of the Kaba seven times, kissing the stone every time he passes it. He usually stays seven days, certain ceremonies being prescribed for each day. He then goes, if he can afford it, to Medina, seventy miles away, where Mohammed's tomb is. At the close he receives a certificate of his having duly performed the rite, and this he treasures, as it entitled him to enter heaven, as he believes it does. Many lose their lives every year by diseases contracted during the pilgrimage. It is safe to say that they should not know that in no such way can their souls be saved; as Christ told the woman of Samaria, it is not the place of worship, but the spirit of the worshipper that avails.

The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him (John 4: 21-23).

A Twenty-Year Quest

A happy reunion took place at Troy, N. Y., recently. A father who has been searching for his infant daughter for upwards of twenty years found her a few days ago a grown woman in that city. In 1876, he was working in an iron foundry, where he was accidentally injured and was sent to a hospital. While he lay there hovering between life and death, his wife died, leaving a newborn daughter. A neighbor took charge of the child temporarily and became attached to it. As soon as the father was well enough to be consulted, the neighbor went to the hospital and told him that she was going West with her husband, and would be glad to take the baby with her and formally adopt it. The father being unable to make any other provision for the child, consented. When he was able to leave the hospital he went to Scotland, in the hope that his native air would complete his recovery. He obtained work there and remained five years. When he returned to this country he made inquiries for the woman with whom he had left his child. He searched for her until all his money was exhausted, but failed to find her, owing to the fact that she had lost her husband and had married again. From that time forward, to find his child became his chief end in life. All the money he could save was spent in advertising for her and following clues. At last he was found her. The clue came through a little girl who talked so much about her Sunday School teacher, who had no father or mother, that the man, always hoping to discover his child, made her acquaintance, and discovered in her his long-lost daughter. She was working in a store, and was as delighted to find her father as he was to find his daughter. She had made no search for him and did not know that he was living, but she was deeply touched by his story of his long search for her. Her experience is like that of many Christians who were first drawn to God by learning that God loved them when they knew him not.

I was found of them that sought me not (Rom 10: 20).

Imperilled by Success

A significant story of "fisherman's luck" is told by a correspondent of a Philadelphia journal. The sportsmen who go every year to Bayside, N. J., for the fishing, have been disgusted this season by their failure. One of them, however, who is an enthusiast in the sport, remained after the others left, in the hope of a catch. He had been watching the net for hours, when he saw the floats suddenly swish around under the impetus of a heavy body. He knew at once that a big fish was enclosed, and began to pull in with energy. Just as he had the net well in hand, standing in the front of the boat, the fish gave a heavy lunge and broke away for freedom. The fisherman was taken by surprise, and the sudden jerk threw him off his balance into the water. Happily, a companion saw his predicament and threw him a line, by which he was drawn on board. Then, with the aid of his rescuer, he caught the net with a hook and captured the biggest sturgeon of the season. It was well for him that some one was near enough to save him, otherwise he might have lost his life in securing his prize. There are some who have lost their souls in that way. In trying to gain a fortune, they have been drawn into sin, and have sunk beyond redemption.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? (Mark 8: 36).

MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM MECCA

A Chinese Refugee

The Collector of the Port of San Francisco has appealed to the Secretary of the Treasury to sanction an evasion of the law which excludes Chinamen from landing on our shores. It appears that a prominent Chinaman named Su Chih Chin, recently took refuge on an American vessel in a Chinese port and was brought to San Francisco. The Chinese government has offered a large reward for his capture in order to punish him for an effort he made to induce his countrymen to depose the Empress Dowager and intrust the Emperor Kwang Hsu with supreme power. Under our law the Collector has no right to admit the refugee, as he has never been in America before, but the Collector rightly thinks it would be a cruel thing to send him back to China, where he would assuredly be put to death. Doubtless, the Secretary agrees with him, though both would desire to show respect for the law. They are merely executive officers whose duty it is to administer the law as it stands; but in this case they would be glad to find some way by which, while obeying the law, they could save the life of this worthy man.

The principle of their difficulty is a very ancient one and it affected the condition of the whole human race.

Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom (Job 33: 24).

Nearly Wrecked by a Rivet

A significant story is told by a New York agent who has just returned from South America. He was on board a steamer that was new and apparently sound. Yet during the voyage she filled rapidly with water, and it was only by the greatest exertions that she reached the harbor of Callao. When the ship went into the dock and was examined, it was found that one of the plates about the centre had worn through. Further investigation demonstrated that the damage had been done by a little copper rivet, which had been accidentally left in the bottom, and had rolled back and forth over the same spot so often and so long that the iron plate had been worn thin, and the pressure of the water had broken through. This is only another proof that a very small cause may lead to a very great disaster. That fact is often forgotten when men wonder at a life being wrecked for time and eternity. They do not remember that a sin, considered trivial, may do it.

Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all (James 2: 10).

A Strange Bee-Hive

A despatch from Washington, D. C., to the New York *Sun*, reports an extraordinary discovery. Repairs were being made in an old mansion in that city, now the home of an ex-Senator, whose family is prominent in society. On taking up one of the floors, it was found that the whole space between it and the ceiling of the floor below was packed full of honey in the comb. It appeared to be the accumulation of at least three years. In the rear of the building, on the outside, at the corner, there was a defective place in the masonry, leaving a small aperture. This the bees had used as an avenue to the vacant space, which they had turned into a hive. The ex-Senator's family must have been astonished to find that there had been a store of sweetness so near them for so long a time. It is true it was not that sweetness that the great teacher of our time thought so essential to a good life; but that, too, is nearer to us than many people think.

The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach (Romans 10: 8).

BRIEF NOTES

☞In sending in names and addresses on the Coupon Subscription Blanks, it is advisable that they SHOULD BE WRITTEN CLEARLY AND LEGIBLY, and WITH PEN AND INK, instead of pencil. Do not use a pencil unless it is absolutely impossible to procure a pen.

The Turkish Government has issued an order forbidding Armenians who have become American or Russian citizens returning to Turkish dominions.

A second Dead Sea, more densely impregnated with salt than the one in the Holy Land, has been discovered in Thibet The bed is a thick, unbroken crust of salt.

The Salvation Army has already received $12,000 in donations toward the founding of the proposed Cleveland Colony. The Army's work of founding colonies for the unemployed poor of the larger cities is progressing favorably in several States.

A conference for Bible Study will meet at Buffalo, N. Y., July 17–21, to consider the best modes of Bible study and teaching. Representatives of fourteen religious faiths, including Jews, will take part.

A letter which Rev. James Chalmers wrote shortly before his murder by cannibals has just been received by a friend. In it Mr. Chalmers said in reference to his work, "There is much to be done, but it would be grand to hear the Master say, 'Your part finished, come!'"

An attractive series of meetings has been arranged for the summer at Epworth Heights, O. The scene is one mile from Loveland, and twenty-two from Cincinnati. The programme has been arranged by the Cincinnati Camp-Meeting Association. Among the leaders and speakers are Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Amanda Smith, Dr. T. C. Iliff, Dr. J. C. Oliver, and Prof. H. H. Walker. During July and August, there will be special meetings of religious and reformatory societies. The camp meeting is Aug. 1–11. All information may be obtained by addressing E. S. Gaddis, Loveland, Clermont Co., Ohio.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered July 24

1. What is the total population of the world, from the Creation (assuming it to be a period of 5,900 years) until the present time?

2. Should a pastor be the superintendent of his own Sunday School?

3. Is it a lie to tell a very sick person that a friend "is well," when, in fact, he is dead, but you think the sick person will not bear up under the sad news?

4. What rule should guide in deciding what is a just compensation for another's labor, instead of his dire necessity?

5. When Paul wrote (Romans 13: 1-7) that he who resisted the powers that be received to himself damnation, did he really mean to condemn revolution in every age—our own revolutionary war, for instance?

Questions of the Week

1. Is it right or wrong for a Christian to desire the good opinion of the world's people? If right, to what extent may he go to win and retain such good opinion?

It is not only right for Christians to desire the good will of worldly people, but, to a certain extent, it is their duty to cultivate it. Paul tells us in his epistle to the Romans 12: 17 (revised version), to "take thought for things honorable in the sight of all men." Our first thought should be to God, that our lives are strictly in accordance with his will, but as far as may be consistent with a godly life, we should strive to do nothing that may seem wrong or dishonorable in the sight of worldly people. Thus may we hope to influence them for good. HENRY C. WARE.

. . .

Let us go to God's Word for our answer. Christ says: "If the world hateth you, ye know it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you" (John 15: 18, 19). "And the world hated them because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (John 17: 14). Paul says: "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (I. Cor. 10: 31). "Am I seeking to please men? If I were still pleasing men, I should not be a servant of Christ" (Gal. 1: 10). "The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Whosoever, therefore, would be a friend of the world maketh himself an enemy of God" (James 4: 4, 5). "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake."

AMELIA BRADFORD.

. . .

It is hard to give an unqualified answer to this question either way. It is almost a necessity for a Christian to have the good opinion of the world's people in order to be successful in any kind of business, and yet Christ says, Luke 6: 24: "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." While there is probably nothing wrong in a Christian's desiring this good opinion and to seek after it, drawing the line sharply at any compromise with sin, yet it would be very apt to become a "weight," or a hindrance to the Christian life, and Paul says these things had better be laid aside. A better way would be to seek to please God and live a sincere Christian life, and then he would command the respect of the majority and the good opinion of the better class, and then would be fulfilled the prophecy, Prov. 16: 7, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." A. A. FORSTER.

2. Are we morally bound to educate the negro?

We are. I maintain such obligation, after having spent all my life amid a large negro population, generally in places where that race predominates several to one. We are morally bound to educate him, just as to educate any other ignorant, but permanent element in society. A slum might remedy itself by being scattered and assimilated with healthy and decent communities. But the negro is a permanent factor, and the ignorance of the race will not remedy itself. It is our duty to educate him, because it is our duty to educate all persons who are ignorant. It is our duty also, because the need is very great. Such obligation has been recognized by the legislatures of the South and, inadequate as the provision often is, there has probably never been appropriation so disproportionate to taxes paid, made by legislative provision anywhere else in our governmental history. It is our duty to consider it, not as a desert; but as the necessity of those whose citizenship must be affected.

C. P. ATKINSON.

. . .

No. We are not morally bound to do so. Each person is God's free man if he so acknowledges himself. We will desire to educate the negro because we love the race, and not because bound to do it. It is true the white people brought the negro here, and for our interest in them and our love for our country, we should desire to educate them.

LYDIA WARD.

. . .

Whether we are or not, we are educating them. In the South alone, more than seventy millions of dollars have been contributed to negro education since 1865, and in the North quite large sums have been given for the same purpose. If we are morally bound to create a more intelligent citizenship, we are morally bound to educate the negro.

J. W. HAMNER.

3. Since in the present time no one has the power possessed by the Apostles of imparting the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands, is there any benefit to a pastor in being ordained?

There is no intrinsic value in the ceremony. Men cannot really ordain now, as the Apostles did. It is God who ordains, and many of his most successful servants, such as the late C. H. Spurgeon and D. L. Moody, were content with his ordination, without accepting the confirmation of it at human hands. Especially is the laying on of hands objectionable. It only serves to remind the spectator of the power which it once had but has now lost. No one supposes that the Holy Spirit can thus be given and it is only silly to pretend to do it. The real significance of ordination is in the prestige it gives the candidate, who afterwards comes to the churches with the formal approval of his predecessors. As Moses appointed Joshua to succeed him and carry forward the work he must leave unfinished, so the torch that honored preachers have borne to their generation is placed in the hands of the candidate that he may bear it to his generation. It is thus an Apostolic succession that may help the candidate to gain the respect and attention of people who believe in its validity. E. C. EDWARDS.

. . .

Ordination directs the pastor's thought forcibly, systematically, to Christian doctrine as a whole. He is likely to view truth in such relations and proportions as he otherwise would not for a long time. Ordination sets a man apart to exalted duties. He has thus a formal, orderly entrance into a noble profession; more than this, his work is set above a profession as a divine calling. Ordination makes the individual consciously and of public record a part of a body, pursuing common ends. He is helped to become, what every pastor should be, not only an officer of a limited society, but a preacher of righteousness to all people. H. M. DOUGLAS.

4. If a person desires to come to the communion table to obey his Lord's command, is a pastor or officer of a church justified in excluding him, on the ground of heresy, or past sin?

Yes. If the heresy be the denial of the divinity of Christ, or some of the other always-held essential doctrines of the church, a pastor is justified in excluding him. If not, he encourages the spread of false doctrine. If the one who has committed the past sin has repented of the same, he can rightly be admitted to the communion table. He can be forgiven "seventy times seven," and be restored to full communion. But the pastor should be sure as possible that the repentance is real. That is the teaching of St. Paul in writing to the Corinthians.

A. DE R. MEARES

. . .

I can find nothing in the Bible to justify such an action. A Church undoubtedly has the right to establish ceremonials and festivals, and say who shall attend and who shall not; but the communion is the Lord's t and he does not exclude any one. A pa or church official, as God's representativ earth, might on that ground take the au ity to say who is a worthy communican unless the person is living in open sin. difficult to see how they could decide his relationship to God, and even then person might have sought and found fo ness during the service that usually pre the communion. Pastors should earn warn any from partaking of the Lord's per "unworthily," as explained in I. C but I don't think any one is justified in any further than that. A. A. FORST

5. If the chairman of a company, or a whose name has been influential in at ing stockholders, discovers that the con is likely to fail, is he justified in resi and selling out, without acquaintin public with his reasons?

No, emphatically. The laws of a n of the States do not relieve a person obligations to creditors by the sale stock in a bank, when in a failing con If in the eyes of the civil law such act criminal, it must follow that the moral higher, and the sentiment that place statute on the books is higher and say wrong. In other words, deception is a wrong. A. N. LEFFINGW

How to Start a Local China Famine Relief Committee

A number of people have written to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD stating that they would like to start a China Famine Relief Committee in their town, and asking for information concerning the best mode of procedure.

We should say that the first thing to do is to write down a number of names of public-spirited men and women, and to each of these address an invitation about as follows:

Kind Friend:

A sore famine has visited China. Millions of men, women, and children in Shansi and other provinces are affected. Multitudes must die of starvation unless help is promptly sent them. I am endeavoring to form a Relief Committee, and earnestly invite your co-operation. Will you serve as a member? Systematic effort will speedily result in generous contributions, and our community will thus be represented in this great international life-saving work. I enclose circular setting forth China's great need.

A meeting for the purpose of forming such a Relief Committee will be held in the parlor of .....(or lecture room of .....Church, or some other place adapted to the requirements) on Wednesday evening next, at eight o'clock. We are sure that we may count on your practical sympathy and hearty co-operation, and hope that you will find it convenient to join us in this movement.

Very cordially yours,

.....

Send this letter to at least double the smallest number you may think sufficient to constitute the Committee. If possible, before you prepare the circular, get three or four clergymen of your town to join you in sending out the call, and at the same time to supply you with a goodly number of very desirable names to whom it may be addressed.

Before the meeting, write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for such literature as it may be able to provide, for the purpose of informing yourself on the real status of the China famine and the latest news concerning it, also, for leaflets for distribution on the occasion of the meeting. Get some of the clergymen to agree to talk on the occasion and encourage the work, and settle with them as to which one of those present shall be called temporarily to the Chair during the organization proceedings. Then elect a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, a Secretary, one Corresponding Secretary, and a Treasurer. Let the Treasurer, if possible, be an officer of a bank. Then elect a Press Committee, whose duty it shall be to call upon the newspapers of your town, and ask them to give the widest publicity to the famine needs and to the proceedings of your Relief Committee; also arrange with them to publish the names of all contributors, together with the amount contributed by them. Then appoint another sub-committee to visit all the Young People's Societies and all the churches, and persuade them to take an active hand in this grand and glorious work.

Each church may have its own sub-committees to operate among its own members and to report to the General China Famine Relief Committee. This will result in a series of operations that must be crowned with success and must induce numerous contributions for the cause. As soon as some money has been contributed, and as often as the treasurer of the fund may deem proper, send a remittance on account to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the money may be cabled immediately to China and do the work for which it was contributed. Thus, ten dollars collected to-day in your State, and sent on to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, reaching here the day following, may, the very next morning, be doing its work in China. Don't keep the money in the treasury, but let it immediately start on its work of beneficence. Every day's delay must result in loss of human life.

Miscellaneous Questio s

Jere. R., Natchez, Miss. When was Chris nity first introduced in China?

According to the most authentic re ds, the Nestorians brought Christianity nto China between 600 and 800 A.D., son au thorities say even earlier. A Nestorian est, named Olopur, was the pioneer. He i aid to have appeared in China during the ng dynasty. Protestant missionary work gan under the London Missionary Society out 1796.

Constant Reader. A poor debtor gives his c itor all he owns, viz., mining shares of littl no value, to pay his outlawed debt. Sever ears later the shares suddenly advanced i alue a thousandfold. After the creditor ha ully satisfied his claim, should he keep the r ain der or return part to his old debtor?

The creditor would probably be lega en- titled to retain the whole, as at the t e it was given to him it was of little more alue than the amount of the debt. In equity ow- ever, and especially if he be a Christi he will feel bound not to profit by his d or's misfortune, but will return the surplu ver and above the amount of the debt and in est.

B. M. He should make restitution, by all ans.

F. R. M. West Brattleboro, Vt. Est ated 50,000.

J. L. H., Littleton Common, Mass. He s an infidel.

Subscriber, Ont. It is altogether out of p e in a church.

Subscriber, Waynesworth, Fla. Your que on is not clear.

L. H., Centre, Tex. There is no rule laid d n in Scripture upon the subject.

Reader, Minneapolis, Minn. As you sta t, it certainly does not seem to be right.

Nom de plume. Nothing wrong about i It is a recognized professional practice.

J. L. McG., Valdosta, Ga. We think no It is encouraging them to be spies and tale-beare

Mrs. Wm. S., Cottehill, N. Y. Political i ence doubtless prevents the enforcement of the l

E. S. L., Glasgow, Del. Write to the sion Bureau, Washington, D. C., for full inform on.

Mrs. E. G. H. C., New York City. W hav- investigated, and are assured that the pr ct is dead.

K. R. S. G. M., Utica, N. Y Contribu n for sending CHRISTIAN HERALDS to one colo and one white minister received.

D. W., Geneva, Ind. There is nothing to vent you from reading in public any sermon y may please, provided that in your reading you ho ably give the name of the actual author of the mon, and source from which you receive it. If sail under false colors, and attempt to palm off your own the work of another man's brain, are wrong, and are besides liable to detection exposure.

Commissioner Harris, of the Bu u of Education, Washington, D. C., for th nfor mation of public school teachers, desi g to secure appointments in our new colon , an nounces that all applications should b made direct to the chief officer of the res ctive school systems, and not to the Bu u of Education. Applicants for the Phil pine should address Fred Atkinson, Gene Su perintendent of Education, Manila.

MISSES QUIMBY — Leaders of Junior S. S., Maine
MISS FRIGIS VON KLOSTER — Pres. Sunbeam Branch, Syracuse, N. Y.
MRS. GEO. H. BROMFIELD — Sec. Hartford, Conn. S. S.
MISS SUSAN L. PARSONS — Pres. Christian Herald Branch
MISS ELEANOR F. TRACY — Pres. Hopeful Branch, N. Y. City
MISS KATE D. VON KLOSTER — Pres. S. S. Quartette, Syracuse
MISSES MILHOLLAND — S. S. Juniors, London, Eng.

BUSY SUNSHINERS AND THEIR WORK

Put some sunshine in your faces,
Shades and shadows cast away,
Of drear gloom dispel the traces,
Hope and brightness,—let these stay.

SO sings John G. Quinius in one of his "Good Cheer" poems, and that is what we all are trying to do. Mr. Quinius was surely thinking of our Sunshine creed and our motto "Good Cheer," when he wrote his sunshine poem, for he continues in this way:

Then this power to do a kindness,
Given us by God's own hand,
Like a fountain in the desert,
Sheds its blessing o'er the land.

We who have been working in Sunshine, learned long go that our little deeds of kindness daily brought us unexpected blessings. When we write a letter of good cheer, the answer always fills us with delight, and we generally cease to wonder why the Sunshine Society grows. There is something so very beautiful in the Sunshine creed that it can't help appealing to all—rich, poor, young and old, alike. In trying to live up to the object of the Society, viz: To perform kind and helpful deeds and bring the sunshine of happiness into the greatest number of hearts and homes, we find that the reflected light of our own good cheer is much brighter than that which we tried to shed.

Everyone who wears the Sunshine badge should send for an enrollment blank and start a circle of ten or more members for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch. At the time of the annual meeting this branch was the youngest in the International Society; next year, we want to show that our Sunshiners are not behind in well doing. Let us swell our enrollment of a hundred times to thousands. The membership fee is "some act or suggestion that will carry sunshine," and this must be reported before anyone's name can be entered in the International books. There are countless ways of giving good cheer, and everybody has his own individual opportunity. There is no charity in Sunshine; therefore, armed with a Sunshine badge and filled with the spirit of love, the members find themselves in a position to do much more good than they could do if not connected with the I. S. S.

"What is that pin you are wearing?" asked a lady of Mrs. John Lewis Childs, who was spending a few weeks at a mountain resort.

"Why, that is my Sunshine badge," she exclaimed.

"Sunshine," said the first speaker. "Then I think there is work for you right here in this hotel. There is a young gentleman here very ill indeed, and, by unexpected sickness, finds himself stranded and among strangers. We have been at our wits' end to know what to do. To offer him money as an object of charity, the doctor says would be a death-blow, and if he goes on worrying over his present state of affairs, he will surely die. What can we do? Is there any way Sunshine can get around our difficulties?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Childs. "I wish I had known of this sooner."

Pointing to her Sunshine badge and explaining its meaning, she talked with the guests of the hotel, taking the name and address of each one who responded to her call for Sunshine. Then in an hour from the time she learned of the young man's dilemma, she was standing by his bedside saying:

"Here are $60.00 Sunshine money that you will have to take, or else I lose my membership in the Sunshine Society."

"You see," and she went on explaining, "I have just heard about you. You are to take this money, and pay the doctor's bill, and settle up with the hotel, and get strong enough in one day to be put on the train for home. These are the addresses of the Sunshiners who have tried to do a kind deed. (You know that is what we promise to do when we join the society.) When you get strong and well, you can write them."

"Sunshine!" murmured the young man. "I have heard about the society. It is not a charity, is it?"

"Oh, dear, no! You have got to pay every bit of this back. Not in money, exactly, unless you can afford it, but you are to 'do something for somebody quick' the minute you are able to. Do you understand?"

"I do," said the young man, and, with a happy smile, he added, "I shall see to it that my dues are paid before the week is out." Then he fell into the first natural sleep he had for some time.

* * *

There will be a Sunshine Day at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo The date is October 12. Saturday was selected in order that the school teachers and high school scholars might attend. A hearty invitation is extended to all Sunshine members to be present. There will be a programme of speaking and music, followed by a reception tendered by the Buffalo members to all visitors.

* * *

At a special meeting of the Executive Board of the International Sunshine Society, it was unanimously resolved that each branch be requested to celebrate, once a year, a day to be known as International Day. This will be a gathering for the purpose of raising funds for the yearly branch dues of "One dollar or more" as suggested in the constitution. The entire receipts of the day will constitute the annual dues of your circle, and can be forwarded to your branch president to help defray current expenses.

SUNSHINE NOTES

Miss Jessie M. Hixson, a Sunshine member and head worker in the King's Daughters House in Harlem, 216 East 128th street, New York City, makes a call for furniture for the Home. A bed-room and sitting-room should be furnished by Sunshiners, and then there is a great need of floor covering, such as mats, rugs, and carpets. Curtains, portieres and pictures will be heartily welcomed. A wheel-chair with low arms is badly needed by an invalid. Clothing of any kind can be utilized to great advantage.

A Sunshine branch in Robinson Springs, Alabama, Mrs. Emily Verdery Battey, president, has started a free circulating library for Sunshiners. One of the old Southern mansions has been given for this purpose, and anyone desiring to add a book to this collection, that it will be appreciated as long as it lasts, will please send direct to Mrs. Battey. She will acknowledge receipt.

Anybody answering these calls will please notify THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Branch President, Miss Susan Parsons, 92 Bible House, New York City, and the name of the contributor will be entered on the International books as a member in good standing.

HEARTS FEEL FOR CHINA

A VERY large proportion of the letters received during the week in relation to the China Famine Relief work, contain strong expressions of sympathy with the movement for the rescue of the famine sufferers. Extracts given below from some of the letters, are fairly characteristic of all.

A friend in San Angelo, Tex. ($1.), writes:

This seems a pitiful sum where so much is needed; but it is sent from the scanty income of a large family, and is given with the hope of doing spiritual good as well as physical.

Here is a note from a wee sympathizer, which should not pass unrecorded:

OTTERCLIFFE, ONT., CAN.

Dear Editor:—This little girl, having heard of the China famine, has offered the enclosed one dollar from her savings bank for the relief of the starving children in China.

RHEA CROWTHER (aged 5).

Little Rhea's dollar will buy food for some poor, starving Chinese family, and may even be the means of saving their lives. A noble record for a little maid of five.

Sarah P., Lakeland, Fla. ($2), writes:

China is truly an open door for the entrance of Christian principles and teachings. May God move the people to abundant help.

"It is hard to keep the tears back," writes Miss Frances K., of Rochester, N. Y. ($1). "I pity the Chinese very much. We ought to be thankful to our heavenly Father for a land like ours where we always have plenty, and that we are able to help those who are stricken. They are God's children, and our brothers and sisters."

W. R. G., Los Angeles, Cal. ($5), writes:

Your appeal on behalf of the famine-stricken in China is most praiseworthy and opportune, and I thank the Lord for giving me the means to help a little in doing what I trust will in the aggregate prove to be a blessing to that benighted country.

C. L. C., Kingston, Ill. ($3), writes:

I pray God may help them to come into his light and that his people may do their whole duty in helping to save them.

G. W. P., Indianola, Ind. ($5), writes:

May God bless the gift and sanctify the receivers in spirit, while being nourished in body.

"May God bless every dollar of the Fund," writes E. C. H., Providence, R. I. ($6); "and make it the means of winning souls for his kingdom."

A Friend, Leon, Ia. ($1.10). writes:

The ten cents is from my little boy, six years old. He was saving for the Fourth of July, but I want to teach him to remember the suffering when he is small, and to plan so as to be able to divide with them.

Mrs. Henrietta W. B., Pleasant Hill, Oreg. ($1.25), writes:

It is only a widow's mite that I give. God will surely bless it, as he blesses me and mine every day.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. D., Holstein, Ia. ($10), write:

May it be through this agency that America can reach the hearts of these people, and their souls be saved.

Equally beautiful is the sentiment in the letter of Mrs. Alanson D., Brighton, Wis. ($3):

Now may all preach the Gospel to the heathen by returning good for evil.

From Mrs. Stephen S., Oshkosh, Wis., comes this letter with a gift:

Your urgent appeal for the starving people of Shansi, confirmed by Minister Conger and copied in our *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago, of last week, calls forth the sympathy, and I trust the help, of every Christian heart.

"With a grateful heart we send our mite,"($1) writes Mrs. C. H.. Brockville, Ont.,"which, with God's blessing, we hope may do a little for some suffering sister or brother in China."

"His Word says: 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord,' and his Word I believe, and thus would bring forth its fruit," writes Alfred C. G. Newark, N. J., ($5).

"May our dear Lord touch the hearts of all who can give largely to provide abundantly for all the suffering," writes Miss Lucy S. ($1), Pelham, N. Y.

"I pray the Lord to open the hearts of those who have wealth, that they, out of their abundance, may cast it into the Lord's treasury for the benefit of the poor, suffering Chinese," writes C. G. M., Kirby, Pa. ($1).

"Truly those starving people need relief," writes Mrs. Donald M., of North Burns, Mich., in forwarding her gift of $10 to the fund.

H. M. R., Stalbird, N. Y. ($1), writes:

With the prayer that the good Lord may so move the hearts of those that can help that this suffering may speedily be closed, and that out of it glory may come to the Giver of all good and the nation now suffering be brought to the feet of our blessed Master, Jesus.

OUR FIRST MEDALIST

REVERSE OF MEDAL
(Full Size in Bronze)

AFTER careful and conscientious consideration by the committee in New York City, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Medal for Personal Heroism has been awarded to William Rohrer, of Delta, Pa., in recognition of his brave and humane act in rescuing Oliver Weiser from death by drowning, on January 4. As his portrait shows, our medalist is but a lad, yet from a large and gallant company of heroes and heroines, he was chosen as the one to whom, allthings considered, the highest honors were due. His name, and the deed for which this award was made, were brought to our notice by Mr. Oliver Weiser, Sr., Postmaster at Delta, in the following letter:

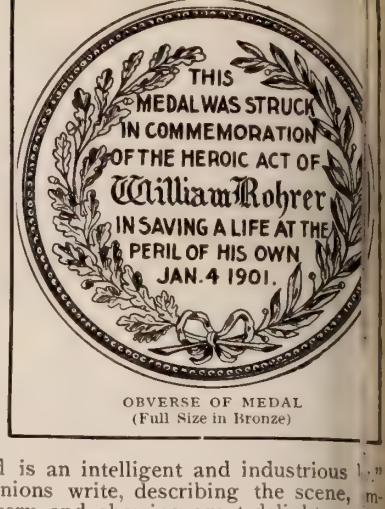
"January 4, at close of school, a number of children repaired to Ramsay's Pond to skate. The pond was eight to ten feet deep. At some distance from the bank, the ice gave way under my son, Oliver, and he was submerged his head and shoulders alone excepted. He struggled a number of times to climb upon the ice, but as often it broke under his weight, the hole widening with his efforts. William Rohrer, a lad of fourteen, threw himself flat upon his stomach and began to crawl towards Ollie, directing his comrades to catch him and each other in turn by the feet until a human chain should be formed to the bank. It was a desperately hard and dangerous task for the brave boy and his brave helpers, but they succeeded in getting my son from under the ice and safely to shore. During the progress of the work, Rohrer was in imminent peril, as he must have known he would be when he started out to save Ollie. He became partially submerged, and it looked as if he, too, would be lost under the ice, but he never once relaxed his grip on Ollie. What adds to the value of his noble and unselfish deed is the fact that the two boys have heretofore been opponents and antagonists; their quarrelings twice resulting in Rohrer's having his head badly cut by stones, on one occasion necessitating the services of a surgeon in repairing the wound. His bravery is all the more creditable in that he sunk all personal differences in the hour of danger and trouble, and imperiled his life to save another's. William is a manly little fellow, in knickerbockers, and, when not at school, is working to help support his mother and little sisters. His struggle with poverty has been as faithful and earnest as was his effort to save my son."

WILLIAM ROHRER, OUR HEROIC YOUNG LIFE SAVER

Rev. J. R. Ramsey, of Delta, wrote: "William Rohrer, who rescued Oliver Weiser, is a member of my Sunday School class, and is an intelligent and industrious l[ad]." William's companions write, describing the scene, commending his bravery, and showing great delight over the hope that our medal would be conferred upon him. One says: "The ice was not safe, and we would not go on the pond, and advised Ollie not to." Another writes: "While Willie was crawling out to Ollie, the ice would break under him as he lay upon it."

Ollie, the little impulsive, thoughtless, but not ungenerous lad, who was saved, pays whole-souled tribute to his rescuer in a long letter, written with painstaking care. "When Willie caught hold of me," he says, "my weight nearly pulled him in, but he wouldn't let go."

Among candidates for our medal were young men and maidens, little children and aged ones who had shown themselves ready to risk their own lives that others might be saved. To choose from among them was like plucking the brightest jewel from a treasury blinding the eyes. One fact determined award in Rohrer's favor. Others had faced death for kindred, friend, and even for strangers; he imperiled his life to save his "opponent and antagonist"—one who had struck him; the magnanimity of no other act measured up to this. In another issue we will speak of others who must receive honorable mention. In sending accounts of brave deeds, readers will remember that our heroes and heroines must come from the ranks of everyday life and outside of the ranks of paid or professional service, such as firemen and policemen. Give name, address, and if possible, photograph of hero or heroine. Address Chairman Medal Committee, Bible House, N. Y.



OBVERSE OF MEDAL
(Full Size in Bronze)

OUR INDIA FAMINE ORPHAN WORK

Contributions to the General Fund for the Support of Our Famine Orphans Received Since Last Report to April 1, 1901

Alabama
Bobbitt, E 5 00

Connecticut
Blish, F A, thro. 3 40
Cooper, E H..... 1 06
Thompson, W H... 2 50
M M D S Meriden 25 00
A Friend in Westbrook 1 00
Kings Dau, Woodbridge 1 00

Delaware
E B H, Wilmington 5 00

Georgia
Dearlso, I C..... 2 00
Epps, T J & fam. 3 40
Omre, J T, Treas I R Fund, Atlantal 11 65
Overstreet, J C... 1 85
Smith, Miss C A. 25
Taylor, D D..... 5 00
Tharp, Allie 5 41
Red Oak Ch Coll, Doles 5 08
Cl No 9, Meth S S, Carrollton 1 16
Marshall S Sch... 1 00

Kentucky
Gaddie ,Miss B... 50
Martin, Mrs J E 1 00
Sharp, Mrs L U 5 00
Van Asdell, E 3 00

Maine
Ingersoll, Mrs L H 100 00
Sands, G B..... 2 00
Turner, M H..... 3 50
Friends, Diver.... 1 30
A memb of 1st B Ch, Skowhegan.. 1 00
Womans H & F M Soc, thro Mrs S K Taylor, Rockland 1000 00

Massachusetts
Cummings, M A... 5 00
Feistel, Miss H... 1 00
Feistel, Miss L... 1 00
Fuller, G 97
Hayward, E L M. 50
MacInnes, D 1 28
Marshall, J E..... 5 00
Noble's, J W, S S Class 88
C E, Fall River... 1 00
L A W, Dedham.. 2 00
Friend, Lowell....13 50
A Mother, Lowell. 2 00
Y P S S Cl, Ipswich 6 60
Cong'l Ch Coll'n, Longmeadow 2 00

Maryland
Frazee, Ms J..... 1 00
Whittington, Mrs A A 1 00
Trin S Sch, Woodwardville 13 00

New Hampshire
A Friend, Gonic.. 5 00
A Friend, Milton Mills 5 00
A Friend, Milton Mills 2 00
A Reader, Milford. 5 00
New Hampshire... 5 00

New Jersey
Allen, E R..... 2 00
Holman, G H..... 2 89
Kismer, Agnes.... 20
Sayre, Mrs A K..10 00
Skinn, Mrs C H.. 1 00
Stults, Mrs W P. 2 00
A friend of the India Orphans, Lakewood 50 00
A Friend, Metuchen 1 00
From the Endvr. Bloomingdale ... 1 20
Hollands S Schs of this country, thro J Tanis, Paterson 6 00

New York
Abbey, Mrs J M.. 1 00
Brand, Mrs C W.,10 00
Briggs, Rev E R. 3 00
Brown, Mrs..... 1 00
Brown, Miss J.... 3 00
Calkins, Mrs A.... 5 00
Churchman, A B.. 2 50
NEW YORK—Cont'd
Edward's, C L, S S Class 1 85
Emerson, Mrs O... 50
Gillen, Mrs C H.. 3 25
Guthrie, Mrs M L 1 00
Hadley, H H..... 1 00
Hagaman, C A.... 1 00
Hagaman, C A.... 2 00
Hagaman, C A.... 1 00
Hamilton, Miss J.. 1 00
Harmonn, C E.... 40
Harvey, Mrs L K. 5 00
Higgins, Emma.... 5 00
Jenkins, Mrs R... 1 00
Kelsey, Miss D E & friends 5 00
Lovett, N M..... 5 00
Raynor, Mrs S.... 2 00
Schilling, Mrs J & Son 1 00
Skillman, J H....25 00
Talmage's Mrs Lois, S S Class..... 3 25
Thomas, M J..... 2 00
Wentz, A 2 00
——, Cherry Creek. 5 00
——, Grahamsville. 5 00
——, Monticello.... 1 00
——, Tonawanda..10 00
A Friend, Bklyn.. 3 00
A Friend, Frewsburg 2 00
A Friend, N Y C.. 10
A Friend, N Y C.. 10
3 Friends, Oneonta 1 00
Sunlight and Shadow, Buffalo 2 50
NEW YORK—Cont'd
A little girl, Albany 05
Inf & Prim Classes of 1st Ft Edw B S S, Argyle..... 3 00
Girls Cl of Hedding M E C, N Y City 1 25
C E Soc of P Ch, Ft Covington.... 3 00
W C T U, Stockton 1 10

North Carolina
Hough, Martha & Susan E 2 50
Hough, Mary..... 50
Membs of Phila S S, Dukes 2 00

Ohio
Converie, H A.... 2 00
Crabb, Mrs G.... 50
Eck, Dr E F..... 5 00
Garwood, Mrs S.. 1 00
Gordon, Miss A G. 2 00
Kimball, M L.....10 00
Kime, S A..... 50
Lenhart ,Miss M.. 6 00
Lewis, L B, coll by 2 25
Schwertzler, L.... 2 00
Williams, Mrs L B 2 00
A friend, Clarkson 3 00
A Friend, Warren. 10 00
In the name of Christ ,Convoy... 1 00
Coll by band of little girls, Williamsburg 1 00
OHIO—Cont'd
S S Coll of First Bapt Ch, Cincinnati 3 50
Wilson Ave M E S S Cl, Cleveland. 2 00
Prim Cl Beth Un S S, Poland..... 1 00

Pennsylvania
Barnett S J..... 5 00
Brown, J 3 00
Byers, A 50
Fisher, J J.....10 00
Gensemer, G & H. 21 82
Hurlbert, Mrs R.. 5 00
Koerbel, H R.... 5 00
Mayor, Mrs M J.. 1 00
Meyran, Mrs S....25 00
Palmer, Grasie & H 1 00
Pickop, Miss L W, thro 1 00
Sausser, P 5 00
Scheel, Rev C.... 5 00
Stetter, Mrs E.... 1 00
Stitzell, Mrs L.... 2 00
Turney, Mrs A.... 1 00
Umstead, E S..... 1 50
Weaver, H T..... 40
Winnomore, S L.. 50
M B S, Clarksburg 50
M H B, Newtown. 5 00
A Friend, Gardenville 1 00
Friend, Sinnamahoning 25
Sch No 4, Sewickly Twp, thro G P
PENNA.—Cont'd
Atwell Shouset'n 2 50
Collinsburg Ind S, W Newton..... 3 45
Leetonia S S coll. 1 00
Classes No 1 & 3, Harper Mem P, Dept, Phila 5 00
Coll at Un Miss S Sch, Titusville... 5 00

South Carolina
Bigham, J T, thro. 13 81
Brownlee, D D.... 1 00
Niver, Mrs A A & Son 1 50
A Friend, Edisto Island 5 00
Birthday box of Prim Cl of C M E Ch, Spartanburg 3 81
Bapt S S, Yorkville 5 00

Rhode Island
Lyon, Mrs G C.... 1 00

Virginia
Baker, Miss A, thro 5 00
Hall, R 02
Hoge, J D & E.. 1 00
Hoge, Mrs T M... 20
Munroe, E F..... 1 00
Oakley, Mrs N Z.. 1 00
Oulds, M 25
Rice, Mrs R S.... 2 00
Weaver, W B..... 65
VIRGINIA—Co
B & M M B, Wo stock 2 00
——, Charlottesvil 1 00
——, Clarksville. 50
——, Darlingto Heights 2 00
Membs of M B C Keller Sta ... 4 90
A small country Sch contri, Fari ville 3 00

West Virgi
Huffman, Saml.. 4 70
Rose, G R..... 1 00
Tucker, Lucy, coll 1 75
Mother & Dau, L rel Dale 2 00

Vermon
Carpenter, C ... 2 35
Reed, Mrs A C. 50
Williams, R A.. 1 00

Foreign
Hunte, Miss E 5 00
Contri to In F from Asia Mi by Miss Shattu
Oorfa 1 75

Miscellane
Mrs M S, ——... 1 00
Baptist Ch Coll Granite Falls . 3 15

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE INDIA FAMINE RELIEF FUND SINCE LAST REPORT TO APRIL 1, 1901

Connecticut
Barnnum, E C.... 2 50
Mack, E R..... 10
Tolland, Grange...10 00
——, Essex 10
A freind, Southport 1 00
King St Miss Circle, Warehouse Point 6 00

Delaware
Allen, Wm..... 1 00

Dist. of Columbia
Druce, Mrs S, thro 2 65
J A S, Washington 5 00

Georgia
Swann, Mrs H E. 2 00
Sumter Co India Fam Rel Ass'n, Americus 4 00
Bethel Ch coll at Kartah 9 85

Kentucky
Neal, W O..... 1 00
Osborne, Miss D B 1 20
A friend, Madisonville 1 00
Cont thro Herald, Owenton 1 00

Massachusetts
Arnold, A..... 50
Collyer, Mrs..... 24
Crowther, Mrs E.. 2 00
David, Mrs Ed... 40
MASS.—Cont'd
Enokson, Mrs S...10 00
Knickerbocker, Mrs C E 1 00
Two boys from Wayside family of Lyman Sch, Westboro 65
Little Ch at Chester Centre..... 2 04
Temple Cir of K Dau's, Fall River 4 00

Maine
Baker, E G..... 50
Kennedy, Mrs F H 2 50
Small, A C..... 1 80
——, Waldoboro... 5 00
A Friend, Waldoboro 1 00
Jrs of Pine St M E S S, Bangor..... 25
Ligonia C Y P S C E, Pleasantdale.. 3 00

Maryland
Logan, Mrs A F.. 1 00
Strock, M Grace... 2 00
Townshend, Mrs S L 1 00
Tudor, George R.. 2 00
Friend, Balto..... 1 00
A Reader of C H, Poolesville 40
S S No 4 of Emory M E Ch, Dublin. 2 20

New Hampshire
The Ladies of Franconia 3 70

New Jersey
Berry, Mrs L..... 10
Carter, Miss J..... 10
Chew, Mrs E C.. 1 00
Clayton, Baby E .. 10
Clayton, Mrs G... 10
Clayton, Mrs W ... 10
Clayton, Mr W V. 15
Cranmer, Mr O... 10
Greenwood, Mrs A 2 00
Hopper, Mrs E C 20
Leeds, Baby E.... 10
Parsons, Mrs G... 1 00
Parsons, Mr H.... 25
Parsons, Mrs H S. 25
Parsons, Mr H S.. 25
Parsons, J C W... 50
Parsons, J W..... 1 00
Pedrick, Mr C.... 75
Raith, Ms C C.... 50
Rockill, Mr W.... 25
Tilton, Miss B E. 10
Tilton, Mr C..... 25
Tilton, Mrs E K.. 10

New York
Barber, Lyman.... 1 00
Barnes, Mrs J M..10 00
Bishop, H 10
Comfort, Mrs M.... 2 00
Dayton, W H..... 1 00
Donaldson, J..... 10
Dugan, M M..... 10
Escott, Mrs..... 05
Faulk, Mrs W.... 10
Gosnell, Miss 25
Hagaman, C A.... 1 00
NEW YORK—Cont'd
Hart, Mrs C K... 2 00
Hassel, Kittie..... 10
Jackson, Mrs H B 1 00
Johnston, Grace... 10
Jones, B L..... 1 00
Kirkland, E E.... 5 00
Lawson, Alex..... 50
McFarren, Mrs C.. 50
Marselgie, E..... 05
Mitchell, H G.... 2 00
Pride's, Miss E, S S Class..... 1 50
Riebelle, Miss..... 25
Russell, D 1 00
Smith, Rev E B.. 1 50
Smith, L 1 25
Street, Grace B... 2 00
Taggart, Chas. A.. 1 00
Thompson, Mrs E. 2 00
Trask, Mrs M..... 1 00
Webster, Mrs M.. 25
Webster, Mrs M J 10
Wilcox, Mrs J..... 1 00
Woodcock, A H K 25
F R S S, Albany. 1 00
H K H, Rochester 25
M L W, Bklyn.... 2 00
——, Rochester.... 25
Anon, ... 25
A Friend, Bklyn... 3 00
A Friend, Bklyn... 2 00
A Friend, N Y.... 3 00
A Friend, N Y C. 1 00
A Friend, Rochester 10
A Friend, Rochester 05
Friends, Bedford.. 1 00
A Christian, Oneonta 50
NEW YORK—Cont'd
A Cl in Clinton Ave M E S S, Kingston 3 55

North Carolina
Birmingham, Mrs J C & friends..... 3 40
Caddell, E H..... 1 00
Caddell, Lillie J.. 1 00
Hatch, Mrs A..... 05
Shanklin, Mrs O..10 00
Small, Mrs B P.... 1 00
Weatherly, Mr..... 07

Ohio
Bae, A..... 1 00
Bailey, C..... 1 00
Campbell, J M.... 1 50
Cope, B H..... 25
Con, Miss J..... 1 00
Green, L E..... 50
Hathaway, Mrs D H 1 00
Hemson, J..... 1 50
Hoge, E R..... 10
McIntyre, Mrs M.. 1 00
Moore, Mrs W.... 10
Purviance, W S... 1 00
Rexroth, Miss M.. 50
Trimmer, M..... 3 10
Webb, Miss F..... 50
N B P, Ostrander. 1 00
A Friend, Canton. 1 20
Y P S, Bradner.. 3 00

Pennsylvania
Alleman, L M....15 00
Cook, Mrs P..... 1 00
PENNA.—Cont'd
Colf, Mrs M..... 2 00
Greenough, Mrs L L 1 00
Kelly, A N..... 50
McGee, Mrs A A. 2 00
Morgan, J..... 5 00
Moyer, A..... 5 00
Musselman, H B.. 1 00
Nicholas, Mrs W.. 20
Pierce, E 1 00
Richey, D H.....10 00
Spears, Mrs R B. 3 50
Weed, B 25
——, Ten Mile Bottom 50
Friend, Johnstown. 50 00
Friend, Montoursville 100
Friends, Altenwald 2 00
The Pierce Children, Allegheny 3 00
Two Old People, Lemont 33
Un Ch Service of M E Ch, Roscoe.... 9 45
A Class of boys in Fairview M E S S, Grindstone 3 20
C E Soc of M P Ch, Hopwood 2 25
K L C E Soc, Mazeppa 1 00

Rhode Island
Church, J C..... 50
Moore, Mrs A....10 00
A Friend, Westerly 2 00

South Carolina
Bray, J K..... 5 00
Brown, E Earle... 2 75

Vermont
H B A, S. Barre.. 00

Virginia
Balderson, Mrs.... 50
Brown, C N..... 1 00
Crawford, Mrs R.. 1 50
Enbank, Mrs T J. 1 00
Flippen, Mrs L... 1 00
Fry, Mr A..... 46
Pittard, Maggie... 35
Van Leer, Mrs U.. 1 00
Ward, J W..... 1 15
White, M P..... 1 00
A L V, Saxe..... 5 00

West Virginia
Cather, Dr V..... 50
Clark, Mrs E..... 25
Clark, W W..... 50
Davenport, E L.. 2 00
Duckworth, G W.. 50
Hartley, J W..... 5 00
Hufford, Wm..... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs..... 1 00
Peters, W J..... 2 50
Seybold, H..... 1 50
Williams, E 2 00
——, New Cumberland 5 00

Foreign
Bent, M 40
Biscaino, M..... 40
Biscaino, M..... 40
Bowie, A..... 1 20
FOREIGN—Co
Bowie, Rebecca.. 1 40
Bowie, Rosena.. 2 80
Christopher, C .. 60
Christopher, S .. 40
Duffis, J..... 40
Dawkens, C & M 40
Forbes, E 2 00
Hooker, A 40
Leader, Smith Clap 2 00
Lever, C 4 00
Lever, J 40
McNish, A 80
McNish, E 4 00
McNish, S 40
Martinez, A 20
Martinez, R 5 00
May, D T, Sr.. 5 00
Pomare, J..... 1 20
Pomare, J B, Sr 80
Pomare, M..... 80
Pomare, V..... 20
Parsey, M..... 60
Smith, M..... 40
The Ebeneza S. S Andres 1 00
San Andres Miss 6 00
Schwarzmann, G 2 00

Miscellane
Jenkins, V F.. 10
Dorothy & Kar'e Pittsburg 1 00
Cash, ——..... 50
A Friend, ——. 5
A Friend, Colum 2 00

FROM MY... VERANDA CHAIR

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Some Mistakes of Mothers

MOTHERS, bless their dear hearts, are often too ready to let themselves be effaced. They are so generous in their estimate of their children's powers that they underrate their own. Besides, sacrifice is a mother's daily breath, the habit of her life. It began when she first felt the growing new life within her own, it continued in the anguish of the birth-hour, and through infancy and childhood her children so depended upon her, so rested in her never ceasing, never grudging love, that they became accustomed to seeing her deny herself, and accepted her kindness without much recognition. A young mother once said that the first time in her life that she had an adequate idea of what her mother had done and endured for her, was when she bore her baby; "then," she added, "I knew what motherhood meant."

In some households, the mother, though ostensibly mistress, has really very little to say about the home management. Molly and Katie decide the arrangement of the rooms, their company fills the parlors, their taste decree the decoration if new paper and paint are ordered, and theirs is the pervading influence in the home routine. Little by little, the mother has been crowded out of her proper place; she stays at home and packs picnic baskets; she irons the pretty summer frocks and saves up her money that her girls may go on excursions; they have the soft side and she the hard, and they never seem to see that she is weary and worn, and old before her time, through the monotony of life. I don't think I blame the daughters, when the mother has thus weakly laid aside her sceptre and crown. They are less culpable than she. A mother should hold her own, and never permit herself to be pushed into the background, even by the affectionate solicitude of her brood. It often happens that the middle-aged mother lapses into old age too soon, simply through this latter mistake. She likes to go to prayer-meeting, but it is a rainy evening, father is tired, and the children are not disposed to give up their engagements to be her companions. Somehow in these days, a good many of our young people do not realize that they have a duty toward the older people's prayer-meeting, fancying that their Christian Endeavor has been enough to fill their measure of obligation. So, when mother puts on her overshoes and her rain-cloak, there is apt to be a chorus of disapproval. "Why, you're never going out to-night? It's just pouring, you'll be wet through. You'll have to swim. They'll think you crazy!" and the like. The mother is made uncomfortable whether she goes or stays, and if she be well and vigorous, she would much better carry out her original purpose than forego it. If a boy or girl have been so unfortunate as to insist on being her escort, let her graciously accept, otherwise, let her trot along on two independent feet of her own. I believe strongly in mothers holding their ground, keeping their standing-room, and in their being queens of the home realm to the end.

. . .

But if there is an opposite kind of mother, whose errors lie in a quite different direction. This mother is rather peremptory than conciliatory in disposition, and she has never discovered that her children have grown up. She forgets that to every human being arrives a day when leading-strings are no longer in order. Her sons may love her dearly, but they must face their individual temptations and confront their personal foes, and struggle with their besetting sins in the arena of life. There comes a time when a man must say "Yes" or "No" for himself. A young woman may feel herself so strongly urged or driven to a course of action that, while listening respectfully to her mother's counsel, she must still decide a matter for herself. An over-dominant mother sometimes dwarfs and arrests the womanly development of daughters who have never dared to depend upon themselves.

Less often seen, but occasionally met, is the type of mother who overshadows her daughters by her superior wit, beauty and animation, and who never gives them a fair show. "I wanted to marry Hannah S——," said a man one day, "and I called again and again at her house. I was really very much interested. But I could make no progress. Whenever I went to the S. home, Madame Mere not only came into the parlor to greet me, but stayed the entire evening. I could not get a chance to meet Hannah herself. Her mother was charming, but she kept the young men off as effectually as if she had been a dragon." All the girls in Hannah's set married, but she was doomed to spinsterhood, because one by one her admirers grew tired of trying to break down her mother's guard.

. . .

Mothers should not fail in politeness to their boys and girls of any age. Nor should they give all the petting to the babe in arms and to the tiny toddler, whose sweet lisp and pattering feet make so swift an appeal to the heart. The big boy, with hands and feet out of proportion to his size, the awkward, weedy-looking girl, just now an ugly duckling, need their mother's demonstrated love, her kisses and caresses and her mother-brooding as they may not have needed them in the earlier years.

"As one whom his mother comforteth," saith the Scripture. Dear mothers, ask God every day to give you grace to be comforters indeed, patient with the erring, faithful, loving and just in all your relation to the family group.

MOTHER'S TREASURE

SUFFER THEM TO COME

Suffer the little children, said the Loving One of old,
To come in the bloom of their spring-time, to come to my tender breast;
Suffer the little children, like lambs to the evening fold
To run to the tender shepherd, who will give them peace and rest.

Intemperance Among Women

THE charge is made that intemperance among women is far more frequent than it used to be, and that fashionable women resort to drugs, and stimulants, much more openly and daringly than would once have been thought possible. The glass of wine or beer on a restaurant table beside the place of a lady is not now unusual, and it is certainly a matter of regret that the victims of cocoaine, morphia, and other sedatives are to be found in homes of wealth and luxury.

Women are so much at the mercy of their nervous organization, that they should be more than careful in making a crutch of any narcotic or stimulant which promises a temporary relief from pain or weariness. The aid rendered is swift, it may be, at the moment, but it is always succeeded by reaction, and still worse, by a peremptory demand for further indulgence. By imperceptible degrees the evil habit grows, becomes fixed, and binds its chains upon the person who thought herself free.

What an agony of shame and remorse must sweep over a woman who awakens to the knowledge that she has heedlessly bartered her birthright of honor for a mess of pottage. A son who has believed in and loved his mother, must have a pang of unutterable woe, if he discover her unworthiness, and her control by a base appetite. The point of safety is in the very beginning, and any one who would remain pure, and strong, will for her own sake, and for that of her children, abstain from experiments in which danger lurks.

An inherited appetite may sleep in some constitutions, never to give trouble unless stirred up by foolish tampering with the forbidden thing. This is especially the case with the opium habit, than which nothing is more degrading and less likely to be overcome when once formed.

Womanly Work

That convicts deserve their fate, and that maudlin sympathy with deliberate law-breakers is weak and morbid, are self-evident. Yet in every man, however depraved, there lingers some good, or there is, untouched, a chord which may vibrate to the melodies of better things than he has known. Men are criminals by inheritance, by association, or by environment. Prisons and penitentiaries instead of reforming them and giving them another chance, often destroy their lingering manliness, crush their ambition, and send them out, when their time is over, to prey upon society again. Few persons will trust the ex-convict, or believe in his reformation. The angel of the prison, such a woman as Elizabeth Fry in the past, or as Maud Ballington Booth in the present, sets herself to encourage the fallen man to begin anew. She brings to him womanly counsel, and the sense of human help in the very sound of her voice and the touch of her hand. Not only does she hearten him to bear the consequences of his guilt without whining and complaint, but she points to him some reasonable hope of a renovated future; shows him that he may one day start again and enter upon a new and honorable career.

A Baby's Waking

Nothing is so sweet as a baby waking in the morning, fresh and rosy from sleep. The little mother has been up for hours, going to and fro about her work, and even taking time to twine a birthday wreath for her little one, and to hang it on his chair.

Sometimes mothers fancy that they are very hard-worked, and that life is full of care and trouble and toil; but if they could realize it, they would all know that this is their easiest and most beautiful time. Mother's arms are a refuge for the baby in every distressful hour. In years to come, this fair child may taste cups of bitterness which no mother's love can sweeten. Dear mother, wherever you are, hold your baby close and thank God for his gift of this treasure to-day.

OUR WAIFS AND THEIR HELPERS

NEXT week our Children's Home will open. How much joy that sentence has carried into tenement homes, to tired, anxious mothers, and to eager, ragged, hungry little people of the poor, none can realize so fully as those who bear the message down to Cherry and Hester and Clinton streets, and various crowded quarters where people live thick as bees in a hive. Already, in stifling, malodorous courts and alleys, and stuffy rooms, little ones are drooping with the heat, and suffering sadly from other evil conditions.

The Fresh Air Editor wishes for a whole page of the paper, instead of a column, in which to tell about this beautiful work. There are three sides to it—the waifs down in the tenements a-quiver with anticipation, the lovely home being made ready for little guests, the kind friends, East, West, North and South, who are helping us to bring blessings into the sorrowful lives of the little children of the poor, and every side of it is full of interest. Is not the following a charming story? A few days ago, a pretty doll, whose eyes open and shut, daintily dressed, came to this office. On her pink gown was pinned a card with the name "Daisy," and this is the letter dollie brought:

The "Daisy Band," composed of nine little girls, from six to twelve years old, have been busy sewing for some time, to send one waif to Mont-Lawn. Their work was blessed beyond their expectations, and they are happy to send you $10. They have dressed a doll for the little girl they hoped to send. So if one little heart may be made happy by the dollie, and three by the outing, we will feel well repaid for our work. God bless the Children's Home! Signed: Mrs. E. C. G., for "Daisy Band."

There was solemn council over whom we should give that doll to. If out of a hundred children at the Bible House, ready to go to Mont-Lawn, we give one a doll, how will ninety-nine feel? The problem was solved when Miss Irwin, Head-Worker at the Gospel Settlement, presented the name of a little deaf and dumb girl. The ninety-nine will rejoice with us and the Daisy Band, that she should have it. The following are typical of the many letters which encourage us:

P. A. A., Newport, R. I., $36: May this bring cheer and comfort to twelve little waifs for ten days! $15 I gathered from Christian friends, and $21 from a club of six little girls, who worked industriously and held a sale, being helped by their friend, Mrs. G. H. C. May God bless the Home!——"Perseverance," Orange, N. J., $3: Seven or eight little girls who live in the country wanted to give some city child the benefit of ten days in the country, and began last October to save pennies for this purpose.——A. W., Mennonite Mission, Cantonment, Okla., $3.75: Given by the Sunday School at Cantonment.——E. L. R., $30: To make ten waifs happy.——H. W. B., Pleasant Hill, Ore., $3: We, country people, thank God! have plenty of pure fresh air, and good milk and butter for our children, and last, but not least, gardens full of lovely flowers—such as only Oregon can grow. I want to help one tenement waif to experience some such blessings as our children know.——M. E. W., Saratoga, Calif., $3: To give one little lad an outing at Mont-Lawn, where he will get not only a breath of pure air, but a breath of the knowledge of God's love from the Christian teachings of that consecrated Children's Home.

The following contributions have been received:

Haines, Mrs E & son.	3 00	Blauvelt, Mrs Emma L	10 00
Hook, Mrs A E.	2 00	Blumberg, F W	2 50
Hutcheson, Mrs J W	2 00	Boynton, Mrs L L	3 00
Johnson, E S	5 00	Brown, Geo N	1 90
Lucas, Mrs J H	50	Bryant, P V	1 00
Lyons, Jeanie D	50 00	Chester, Mrs S C	6 00
McIntosh, Annie	50	Clayton, Mrs R	1 50
Massopust, C H	1 00	Colyer, Mrs Lizzie	1 60
Newsholmes, Mrs, Class in 1st Cong'l Ch, Methuen	6 00	Cooley, Mrs Eunice	2 50
Nymeyer, J E	2 00	Countryman, Mary M	1 00
Parmley, Mrs J M	5 00	Crawford, M F	1 00
Raymond, Mrs G A	15 00	Dennick, Lottie A	50
Ryan, J T	5 00	Devereaux, E M	10 00
Seibert, Mrs F	25	Dondare, C T	3 00
Smith, Mrs Jennie P	3 00	Edmunds, Mrs C M	1 00
Smith, Lillie T	9 00	Emory, Theo Stewart and Eleanore	3 00
Turner, Mary	5 00	Foss, Mrs H C Mead	3 00
Turrill, Miss M L	1 00	Gaines, J W	50
Westcott, Mrs J J	3 00	Gilloghy, Mrs Verda	50
I A H Member, Garland	1 00	Glaze, Mrs Jennie	3 00
A C H Reader, Peabody	1 00	Goecken, Mrs J	3 00
Cash, from a Friend, Philadelphia	5 00	Greene, Mrs L C	25
M E S Sch Class of little boys, Rewey	3 00	Hanson, Mrs John	1 00
Girls at the Soldiers' Orphan Sch, Junonville	3 00	Hanston, Vena M	6 00
One that loves little children, Waverly	2 00	Haynes, Mrs S J	50
A small sum in fulfillment of a promise, Baltic	1 00	Heckinan, E	18 00
Acorn Club of Stony Brook S S, Princeton	5 00	Herr, M Lizzie	3 00
A Reader, Sharon	5 00	Hopkins, S M	1 00
Alderman, Bernice	$ 3 00	Igon, John	6 00
Atherly, Mrs F A	50	Jackson, E	3 00
Baird, J E	10 00	Jones, M P	25
Barr, Mary A	10 00	Kelly, Esther	50
Bennett, Mrs Maria	3 00	Kile, John P	6 00
Biddle, Miss Sarah M	3 00	Knapp, Lizzie	3 00
		Lawrence, Alfred	50
		Linn, Eliz H	3 00
		Mannen, Helen P	3 00
		Martin, Mrs L M	6 00
		Mettrick, Sarah	1 00
		Miller, Mrs J J	6 00
		Miller, J J	3 00
		Miller, Mrs J W	5 00
		Miller, Lillie E	3 00
		Miller, Nellie N	1 50
		Miller, Paul J	1 50
		Mitchell, M and C	3 00
		Moorhead, Leon S	3 00
		Mulford, Mrs J E	10 00
		Parker, Richard	25
		Pike, S Jennie	1 00
		Randall, Lucy L	$ 1 00
		Rich, Miss A E	5 50
		Richardson, Mrs T J	3 00
		Rudesill, Ralph F	6 00
		Schrenk, M	2 00
		Spencer, Miss D M	3 00
		Spraggins, Mrs T C	3 00
		Smyser, Mrs Susan	15 00
		Stearns, Mrs A A	1 00
		Thompson, Harriet S	15 00
		Thompson, Ida	1 00
		Traux, Mrs D B	1 00
		Vinton, Mrs H	5 00
		Wade, Peryl	2 50
		Watters, Jane M	3 00
		Wilcox, F C	5 00
		Winding, Mrs J	1 00
		Williams, Mrs Thos	2 00
		Wolf, Ann E	1 00
		Youse, Mrs S J	1 50
		C. Gaithersburg	3 00
		Mrs I B K, Taneytown	6 00
		L M, Montrose	3 00
		L R B, Waco	1 00
		M B M, Jasper	2 00
		M C, Stelten	1 00
		Mrs M H, Trevett	1 00
		——, Griggsville	5 00
		——, Irma	3 00
		A Friend, Chester	2 00
		A Friend, Cherter Ind	2 00
		A Friend, Des Moines	3 00
		A Friend, Houlton	1 00
		Friends, Calhoun	5 00
		A Friend to Children, Grangeville	5 00
		A Friend of Children, Plainfield	2 00
		I H N, Hennipin	1 00
		In His Name, Kenney	5 00
		I H N, Montrose	6 00
		A Constant Reader, Harrisburg	3 00
		An Old Sub'r, Geneva	5 00
		Lovers of Children, Marietta	2 00
		The Willing Helpers Presby Ch, Johnstown	10 00
		Baby Winifred, Ing'm	6 00
		A Gift from a S Sch Class, Pompton	3 00
		SS Class of Boys' Free Bapt S S, Sparta	60
		C E Soc of No Warren	3 00

In Monrovia

MANY of our readers are familiar with the missionary labors of Miss Mary Sharp among the Kroomen in West Africa, where she has been a pioneer in work for the Master, and these will read with peculiar interest the following letter from Miss Sharp. It is dated "Monrovia, April 19," and is addressed to Miss Nina Householder, of Staten Island, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the privilege of its publication.

Your letter, with such a generous proposal of assuming the support of another Kroo child, came this week. I will select a nice, bright little girl and name her Rachel—a favorite name with me. My first woman convert was given the name of Rachel. She is a good, earnest Christian woman. Your Eric (the Kroo boy Miss Householder had adopted) fell downstairs to-night. The children like to eat after dark—all Krootown eats after dark. To-night he and three others that sleep downstairs had slipped upstairs at bedtime, taking food with them. I called to one of them to know why there was so much noise overhead, and Eric, in his haste to come down, took a tumble. It would be easier to get another boy for you than a girl. Boys can be gotten readily; in fact parents beg me to take their boy "to teach him book sabee [knowledge] and God palaver [talk about God], so he not grow up fool all same as me." But—"No, not girls; they bring sass." That is, girls trained in missions don't care to become second, third or fourth wife to a heathen man. So they "bring sass"—*i. e.*, get independent

Girls are usually sold very early for wives, the man paying on the installment plan, often taking her when eight or ten years old and putting her under his "head wife," to be trained to wait on him. There is no ceremony of any kind when they take the girls as wives.

Still, I have quite a number of girls. One pretty-featured little maid followed me up from school yesterday. She said her "Be" [mother] said she might stay with me; but I told her to go back until I could see her mother. To-day, after school, my boys and girls, who teach with me, started home while I was talking to some one, so that I had no one to interpret for me. It takes so long to teach them English just in day school; then, if they are not taken away from their surroundings, they grow up amid heathen superstition, and while their people seem pleasant outwardly, there is so much that is evil and unclean in their deeds and speech! I teach at home until one, then go down to Krootown and teach three hours. Of course, it is the hottest part of the day when I go down, but the heat does not affect me, though I think this is the hottest season I've known in Africa.

Oh, the moral and spiritual waste that needs to be cultivated in Krootown! Yet there has been a greater change than I had imagined could take place during this generation. We are not slow to point out the weak points in their "witch" or "demon" power. Soon after Christmas, seventeen persons came quite a distance from here and gave out that they were going to "play" for three months. In "playing," they beat their tomtoms, dress up fantastically, and gyrate, gesticulate, march and swing to and fro in a sort of dance. They brought with them a big "witch man" to "make medicine" to protect them from witches while here. I prayed earnestly that something might prevent their coming, and when here that in some way the play might be broken up. But it went on and on, the people giving themselves over to frolic. When it closed, the "witch man," whom they believed was powerful to protect them from evil, was paralyzed on one side and could not speak, nor could he go back with them. He still lives, but his condition has done more to break up belief in witches than I could have effected in a year or more. I could not but thank God that the "witch power" was broken so effectually, while praying for his pity on this poor creature. Oh, such thraldom as these people are in through believing that an evil power is ever on their track to kill, bring sickness and every other ill that one can name!

When one dies, a fire is built outside the house, and tomtoms are beat to scare away the evil power that will drag the spirit to dismal abodes, where it goes on and on, driven from one evil beast to another. Heathenism is fearful! Knowing it, one can appreciate the bright hope that Jesus brings.

THE SECRET PLACE

In the secret of his presence
How my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons
Which I learned at Jesus' side!

Earthly cares can never vex me,
Nor can trials lay me low;
If Satan comes to tempt me,
To the secret place I go.

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When Hamlet Exclaimed "Aye, there's the rub!" could he have referred to SAPOLIO

FOUND LIGHT IN THE PROMISES

How Rev. Dr. J. W. Bashford, President of the Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, Became a Christian

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE Ohio Wesleyan University has been a great hive for evangelical Christianity for many years. It has been the scene of more conversions to Christ, and has sent forth more students to be ministers of the Gospel, than perhaps any other college west of the Alleghenies, if not in the entire country, in the last thirty years. Dr. Gunsaulus, of Chicago; Dr. Jefferson, of New York, and other men of scarcely less brilliancy in almost every city in the country, acknowledge the source of their spiritual power in the great revivals in Delaware.

The Ohio Wesleyan University has never had a leader who was more spiritual and whose influence was more of a

REV. J. W. BASHFORD, D.D.

benediction than the man who has been president for the last ten or twelve years, the Rev. Dr. J. W. Bashford. He was a farmer boy, and his native village was Walcott, Wisconsin. He began to be a Christian when he was only eleven years old and joined the Church on probation; but becoming convinced that it would be his duty to preach, he so shrank from it that he would not join the Church in full. He loved the miserable life of a backslider, wrong in secret, and hoping to hold on to God, and yet not daring to confess him in public.

I entered the University of Wisconsin the fall of 1867, and at the close of the term was greatly delighted over the grades received in his study. He returned home that night, secretly exulting over his success as a student. His boasting was soon turned into deep conviction of sin, however, on the recollection that, while God had been blessing him with health and success throughout the term, he had failed entirely to confess Christ in the State University where Christians were few and somewhat despised. He slept little that night, and went home the next day under conviction of sin.

A revival meetings began in the village which soon after he reached home, and he could not decline his mother's invitation to attend the services with her. After the first three nights, his conviction of sin was so deep and painful, that he suddenly decided to return to the University a week in advance of the opening of the term. His decision greatly surprised and pained his mother, and she told him, the night before he left, that he could not run away from his conscience. On the train, returning to the University, a minister, who was a total stranger came and sat in the seat beside him, and after some general conversation, remarked that he had been watching him in the car and was deeply interested in him, because he had the conviction that he was to be a minister. Young Bashford tried to evade his question; but his kindly interest in him deepened his conviction. Dr. Bashford says: "When I reach heaven, I shall hunt up that minister and thank him for his unselfish interest in a stubborn young stranger, who was not polite enough to thank him or even to learn his name."

When he reached the depot at the seat of the University, a fellow student, the Rev. W. C. Damon, now preaching in a church near Washington, joined him and helped carry his valise to his room, and on the way began a conversation with him upon religion. To the young man this seemed like fate. It seemed impossible to escape from his conscience. His mother's face haunted him, as he saw it in their last conversation; and his conviction for sin grew deeper while waiting for the second term to open.

At the opening of the winter term, D. L. Moody came from Chicago to Madison, Wis., and preached one evening in the Assembly Chamber. Bashford went to hear him, and realized his moral cowardice to such an extent during the sermon, that he resolved to confess Christ openly, at whatever cost, by responding to any invitation he might give. Mr. Moody closed the meeting abruptly with a brief prayer and the youth again escaped open committal; but his conviction was so deepened that it brought him to a decision to take some action.

The next week, he went to the College prayer meeting — a small gathering attended by some fifteen students and held in one of the recitation rooms. The student in charge of the meeting seemed frightened by the unexpected presence of young Bashford and an unconverted senior, and Bashford was frightened by the presence of the senior. He had never heard of a revival at the University, and he soon saw that no invitation would be given to seek the Lord. Hence, just before the boys knelt down to pray, he rose and asked them to pray for him. The senior immediately arose and made a similar request. The leader asked Damon to take charge of the meeting, and he had them all kneel down together, and called on the senior and Bashford to pray first. They both prayed. The senior was converted, but Bashford experienced no change. Damon touched the heart of the matter in a moment, by saying that he must consent to preach. Bashford said that he would preach if the Lord would only save him; but Damon insisted that he had not surrendered fully, and quietly told him that he must preach the next Sunday at the county jail, where Damon was serving as chaplain. In his desperation, he accepted these hard terms, and went with him to the jail feeling like a prisoner, but thinking he would be saved if he only fulfilled that condition. He assured the prisoners that he was not a Christian, and then urged them to become Christians with him. Three or four men began the Christian life that morning and were converted before the young men left the jail. He found some slight peace because he had surrendered and ceased fighting against his conscience; but he had no experience of personal salvation.

Looking back on it, Dr. Bashford now thinks his surrender was fully made when he preached at the jail; but in some strange way he neglected the matter of faith. Months passed by in this unsatisfactory condition, until he came to a time of great illness, and his life was despaired of. Then, in his weakness, for the first time in his life, the promises of the Bible, which he had learned as a child, became direct messages of God to his soul, and he realized that God had saved him, and was telling him so through his Word.

"This was followed," writes Dr. Bashford, "by a further experience, whether in the body or out of the body I could never tell, and the experience has always seemed too sacred for narration."

A Cry from Heathen Africa

Rev. R. Wodehouse, a missionary at Umtali, Rhodesia, Africa, writes: "At Beira there are thousands without anyone to tell them of God, and the Portuguese sell the poor natives cheap drinks. We are in immediate need of a colored evangelist here and a small room which could be used as a church. An evangelist could be secured for fifteen dollars a month, and a plain room for a church would cost two hundred dollars. It is an important point. If we can sow the seed, we can send them back to their tribes with the glad tidings of salvation."

A Sign of the Times

Prophetic Significance of a Modern Phenomenon

ONE of the most remarkable events of the last days, as described in the Revelation, is that in which the ten kings "have one mind, and shall give their power and strength to the beast" (Rev. 17 : 13). This prediction has often been quoted as an instance of the inherent improbability of the Bible prophecies ever being fulfilled. The world has often seen the alliance of two or three powers in an attack on a common enemy, but in those cases each power has had more or less independence, and has conducted its operations on an understanding with its allies, preserving its own identity and separation. It was thought improbable if not impossible that any ten powers would ever consent to place their respective forces at the disposal of any one man.

Yet this identical combination has occurred. The various contingents of the American and European nations, which were sent to the rescue of the Ambassadors who were in peril in Peking, and to the punishment of China and the vindication of foreign diplomatic rights, were by international agreement placed under the command of Count Waldersee, the German General.

A short time ago there was a similar combination, which, however, did not proceed to force, against the Sultan of Turkey. There were regular meetings of the entire diplomatic corps, and their deliberations resulted in mandates which were presented to the Sultan, sometimes in identical notes and at other times by a representative of the corps.

These two experiments show that when the governments have a common object in hand they are capable of uniting to achieve it. They show also that there is a progression in their proceedings in this direction, so that while in Turkey there was an agreement after deliberation and a certain extent of separate action, the next instance of combination had a definite head with the right to control the federated forces.

Prophetic students will note the significance of these events. They show that the governments are becoming familiarized with the idea of combination and united action. Thus the inherent improbability of the prophecy in Revelation is decreased if it does not wholly disappear.

Answers to Prayers

M. P., Price's Forks, Va., writes:

Last autumn, a great financial trouble, which we did not deserve, menaced us, and it seemed we would have to go into the courts. A consecrated friend and myself prayed that we might be delivered, and we have heard no more from it.

Jessie Tracey Benson, President His Willing Circle of King's Daughters and Sons, of Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, writes:

I desire to acknowledge publicly that I have received marvelous answers to prayer this spring. Loved ones restored; many unconverted saved and wonderful strength given me in my mission work. God fulfils his Word when we abide in him. Praise him continually. I am willing my name to be given.

A friend sends in the following requests for prayer of so wide, spiritual and human an interest, that they cannot be omitted here, although this space is set apart for answered prayers rather than requests for prayer: "1. Let all Christian people unite in praying that God may so purify, and guide, and inspire all unattached native and European missionary workers in India and Ceylon, that their work may exist only and more and more for the glory of God's great name. 2. That God may grant a widespread revival among the native and European missionary workers of all regular societies in India and Ceylon. For Christ's sake insert this in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

EVER MADE THE TRIP?

While it has always been a beautiful trip over the Lackawanna Railroad to Buffalo, yet the fact has not been so generally known as it has of late, and the result is that the increase of traffic is very large. One of the most talked of pieces of scenery is the Delaware Water Gap, and it would pay any one who has never made the trip to Buffalo by way of the Lackawanna, to take it and view this beautiful spot. Another great advantage is the shortness of the route. It is a fact that the Lackawanna is the shortest road to Buffalo.—*Insurance Times.*

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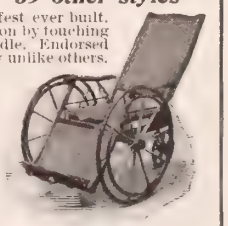

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SUB-TROPICAL RAMBLES.

The Author's Experiences.

U. S. Consul Pike, of Port Louis, Mauritius, has written a charming book upon this gem of the ocean, the home of Paul and Virginia.

Col. Pike, whose New York address is 43 Exchange Place, had a curious experience with coffee and the beverage almost destroyed his eyesight.

He says, "Speaking of coffee, my first warning against its use was insomnia followed by depression, and despondency. The nervous system was in such a condition that I could not attend to business, and to my distress I discovered that my eyesight was becoming more and more imperfect every day. From my knowledge of the symptoms of coffee poisoning, I concluded to leave off the coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee in its place.

The results were astonishing. Gradually my eyesight recovered, and the nervous condition and depressed feeling disappeared. I have now been using Postum in place of coffee for several years and am in perfect health.

My family of six persons discarded coffee some time ago and use Postum. I would not be without it. It is a most valuable addition to the breakfast table and should be in every household."

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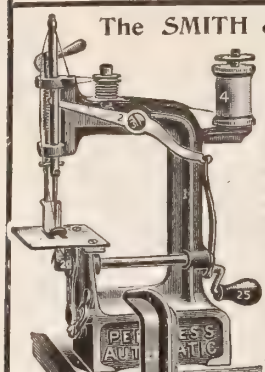

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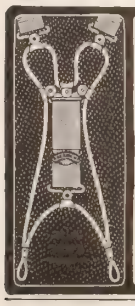

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The "Hired Girl" Problem*

IT was four weeks after Barbara Clark had been at work as a "hired girl" in the Ward family. She was sitting in her little room at the back of the house, writing a letter to one of her classmates in Mt. Holyoke. She wrote slowly, with many grave pauses and with an anxious look on her face.

"The fact is, Jessie," the letter went on, after several pages, describing a part of the four weeks' experience, "I have come to the conclusion that I am not born to be a reformer. It was all very well when we studied social economics to have our heroic ideals about putting certain theories into practice, but it is quite another thing to do it. I thought when I came here that I might do some great things; but there are no great things about it—just nothing but drudgery, and thankless drudgery at that. And yet Mrs. Ward—but I must not say any more about her. I have stayed out my month as I agreed to do, and to-morrow I am going to let her know that I cannot stay any longer. I think I shall try a place in Bondman's, after all. There is a good deal of the blues in this letter, and, to tell the truth, it is just as I feel. 'A Hired Girl for Four Weeks!' How would it read as title to a magazine article? I might get a few dollars for my experiences if I chose to exploit them. Instead of that, I have given them to you gratis. Shed a tear for me, Jessie, over the grave of my little, useless experiment in practical economics. Your classmate,

BARBARA CLARK."

Barbara wearily folded the letter, put it in the envelope, directed it, stamped it; and then, being hardly more than a girl, and a very tired girl, and at the moment one disappointed with herself and all the world, she laid her head down on the little table and cried hard. To tell the truth, it was not the first time that the little table in the little room at the back of the house had seen Barbara's tears since she had come to work at Mrs. Richard Ward's as a "hired girl."

So this was the end of all her heroic enthusiasm for service. It had all turned out in disappointment. To begin with, the weather had been intensely hot all the time. The work was harder in many ways than Barbara had anticipated. Her mother had not been well. One week Mrs. Ward had gone to bed with a succession of nervous headaches. And so on with ceaseless recurrence of the drudgery that grew more and more tiresome. At the end of the month Barbara had summed up everything, and resolutely concluded to leave.

She had not yet gathered courage to tell Mrs. Ward. The woman had been very kind to her in many ways. But she was not well, and there were days when things had occurred that almost sickened Barbara when she recalled them. When she went downstairs the next morning after writing the letter to her former classmate, Barbara had fully made up her mind, not only to give notice of her intention to leave, but to give Mrs. Ward all her reasons why she could not work as a "hired girl" any longer.

New York Boarding Houses†

SEVERAL of the chapters of *Olivia Delaplaine*, Edgar Fawcett devoted to a picture of Mrs. Ottarson's boarding house—a red brick, high-stooped structure on Twenty-third street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. It may be noted here, that this house had no tangible original. Mr. Fawcett placed it, for the purpose of the story, in West Twenty-third street, but always felt it to be one of the houses in Fourteenth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, "that domain, where the boarding house is ubiquitous." These chapters have an interest far beyond their narrative importance. The boarding-house is, on the whole, more American than Red Gulch or Yuba Bill.

Not but that we have had little touches of this life; it has been a rich field for the joke makers. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has introduced us to its breakfast-table and pelted us with its harmless, if superfluous, epigrams. But none has treated it seriously in literature or done justice to its vulgarity and its tragic gloom. In the boarding-house scenes of *Olivia Delaplaine*, passing over the very obvious fact that no woman ever talked as did Mrs. Ottarson, we feel that the Rev. Drowle, the Spillingtons, Bankses, and Sugbys are flagrant caricatures, very degenerate descendants of the Americans of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mrs. Amelia Sugby, purveyor of the literature in which chambermaids and factory heroines delight, is a type that has been so persistently flaunted, that it has ceased even to bore.

Boarding-house life, vulgar as it is, is too great and too vitally American to be treated merely in caricature. We have seen somewhat inadequately its laughable pretence, its amusing vanity, its sham elegance. But the man who treats its shabby gentility seriously, who can grasp its power, its intrigue, its passion, its pathos, will come very near to giving us the great American novel.

*From *Born to Serve*, by Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon. Written for the purpose of calling attention to the servant question, not with any expectation of furnishing a complete solution of the problem. Pp. 246, cloth cover. Published by Advance Publishing Co., Chicago.

†From *New York in Fiction*, by Arthur Bartlett Maurice. This book is of interest not only to New Yorkers, but to all Americans. It depicts the influence of metropolitan life upon all sections of the country. There are chapters on neglected phases of New York life. "Bohemia," "The Great East Side" and "About the Battery and Broadway." It is profusely and elegantly illustrated. Pp. 231; cloth. Price $1.35. Published by Dodd Mead & Company, New York.

Gospel Work in Dakota

IT is but a month ago that the Rescue Mission of Sioux Falls, So. Dakota, was one year old. From small beginnings the work has steadily grown, until to-day the Mission occupies a neat two-story building on East Tenth street. Sioux Falls being a railroad centre of no small importance, the Mission is in a position to "throw out the life-line" to a class of men that otherwise it would be impossible to reach. No case is considered too desperate to be helped, and everything is done to aid ex-convicts, inebriates and fallen women to lead a better life. Temporary homes are provided for the penitent until employment can be found. A good supply of clothing, underwear and shoes is always kept on hand in order that temporal necessities may be met until the wanderer is able to purchase clothing. Superintendent Birch and wife are most earnest Christian workers of broad experience; until recently they were engaged in rescue work in a large city in Iowa.

The personal work of the Mission, which is carried on wholly by voluntary contributions, could be greatly extended if more funds were available.

A Poet's Tribute

Dear HERALD, thy tidings are welcome
To many a waiting fireside.
We may not note all thy wanderings,
For the world is needful and wide;
But we know 'tis over the mountains
And away on the ocean tide.

To the homes of the worn and weary
Thou bearest sweet promise of light,
And many are waiting thine advent
Who only see Time in its night.
Blest be thy mission, dear HERALD,
And far be continued thy flight!

To fields of Cathay, to the Indies,
To the home-slums, long may you bear
The Word thou hast set on thy banner
And the spirit of helpful prayer,
So that when the Ledger is opened
We may read of thy good deeds there.

WM. LYLE.

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THE NOVEL TWO SEASON CHURCH AT PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

A SUMMER AND WINTER CHURCH

HOW to make church going more popular and attractive has been one of the studies of Rev. Orilas G. White, minister of the St. Mary's Avenue Christian Church at Parkersburg, W. Va. The result of his cogitations led him to the conclusion that the design of the edifice itself might make it more desirable as a meeting-place, and that it could be built to afford more comfort, especially in the hot summer. Mr. White decided to plan a structure which, upon examination by prominent members of the congregation, met their hearty approval. It is undoubtedly the only building of its kind yet completed in the United States for religious services. The lower portion is severely plain in appearance, having none of the ornamentation so frequently seen in sacred edifices. It has entrances on two sides, which lead straight into what might be called the winter auditorium. In keeping with the exterior, the decorations of this apartment are exceedingly simple in character. Two broad staircases lead from the lower auditorium to what people in Parkersburg call the "roof garden," but which in reality is a summer auditorium. Closed on two sides by brick walls, the windows can be opened like doors, and they are so large that the space inside gives ample ventilation. During the warm weather services are conducted above, the windows being thrown open to allow the air and sunshine to reach all portions of the apartment. The roof is also provided with large skylights, which can be thrown open at will. Both the lower and upper floors are large enough to seat six hundred people, and are supplied with plain but substantial pews and pulpit furniture. An organ, large enough to fill the musical requirements, has been procured, which is moved from the lower to the upper auditorium as the seasons change. Rev. Mr. White has increased the congregation of St. Mary's from less than one hundred to over five hundred persons within two years. He is a graduate of the West Virginia University, and has become noted in his section of the country for his progressiveness in religious matters.

REV. ORILAS G. WHITE

CHINA'S WOE

HEED, oh! heed, poor China's call,
Bands of Christians, one and all.
Let revenge dull not the light
Of the star of heaven so bright,
That above the manger shone
On the night The Christ was born.

Famine stalks in that far land;
Death, with sickle keen, doth stand,
And he mows the young and old,
With his ruthless hand so bold.
God has blessed our own good land;
Shall we stay the helping hand?

'Tis our brother that doth call.
Hasten, Christians! one and all.
If we see our brother need,
And refuse his grief to heed,
How in us can God's light dwell?
His commands we know too well.

Eutaw, Ala. MRS. DORA G. SEXTON.

Saved by Chinese Christians

AT this time, when the missionaries are pleading for the perishing people of Shansi, in China, the story of the narrow escape from death of two devoted missionaries, who were saved from the rebellious Boxers through the fidelity of Christian natives, is singularly timely. Rev. Graham McKie, and Miss Manon Chapman were both mission workers in the Shansi field, with headquarters at Kuhwu. In May of last year the Boxers occupied the place, and the mission station was besieged. For five weeks Messrs. Kay and McKie, the only white men in the station, alternately kept guard over the other inmates, Mrs. Kay and her child, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way, two Australian ladies brought in from an out-station at Ichiang. The local mandarin finally told them to save themselves, and after anxious counsel together, it was decided to divide into two little parties, and endeavor to escape to the mountains.

On July 4, Mr. McKie, dressed in Chinese fashion, accompanied by the young women, also disguised as Chinese men, squeezed through the city gates just as they were being shut for the night. They reached the house of a native convert, five miles away. Mr. and Mrs. Kay endeavored to follow the next day, but they and their child were detected, and brutally murdered. Whilst Mr. McKie and his companions were in hiding, the place was searched by Boxers, and on the advice of their faithful Chinese boy, Yuen, they decided to trust themselves to a notorious hill robber, who guaranteed to keep them safe for two months. For several weeks they had a terrible life, living in caves and gulleys, exposed to the weather, and generally half starved. Through it all Yuen stuck to them, facing death and capture a dozen times to obtain food for the party. Separated from their escort for a few days, they, the missionaries, were captured by a mob of villagers brandishing weapons and shouting, "Kill the foreign devils." When all seemed lost, Mr. McKie produced an old passport, and harangued the crowd so successfully that they not only released him and his friends, but provided them with food. Yuen finally took them to his home, near Kingchai, where Governor Sih found them, and brought them to Ping-Yan-Fu under protection, after eight months' hardship.

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My little 18 months old baby shortly after being weaned was very ill with dyspepsia and teething. She was sick nine weeks and we tried everything. She became so emaciated that it was painful to handle her and we thought we were going to lose her. One day a happy thought urged me to try Grape-Nuts soaked in a little warm milk.

Well it worked like a charm and she began taking it regularly and improvement set in at once. She is now getting well and round and fat as fast as possible and on Grape-Nuts.

Sometime ago a number of the family were stricken with LaGrippe at the same time, and during the worst stages we could not relish anything in the shape of food but Grape-Nuts and oranges, everything else nauseated us.

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THE NEW CREATION

The Principle of the Material Creation Applied to the Soul

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

EVERY soul of man which is brought into contact with God is dealt with as he has dealt with the creation. We, too, were created not to be a waste, but to be inhabited, indwelt by God himself. But, oh! when the Spirit of God moves upon us, and the Word of God says, "Let there be light," what do we see in ourselves of ruin and of emptiness! When our eyes are opened to see "the Man," oh! how distorted, how hideous do we see ourselves! And yet the Master-Workman comes into the dire confusion, and we learn that we, even we are "his workmanship" (Eph. 2: 10). The Master-Workman did not annihilate the world which God created, but he formed it anew. He brought light where there had been darkness; division and order where all had been confusion; fertility and life where all had been a waste. He divided the light from the darkness, day from night; the waters, by a firmament to be above and beneath it; the dry land from the sea. Every day of his creative work began in night—it was always "the evening and the morning," not the morning and the evening. He works in the darkness, and his work is seen in the light. Shall we not trust him in the dark? "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world" (Acts 15: 18). His plan is formed; but to enter into it we must learn to trust him. He has undertaken to perfect that which concerneth his workmanship.

There was a wonderful order in God's creation; everything he made was a preparation for what should follow. He created light; no plant could live without it. The waters, the dry land, all must be ready for the first forms of life in the vegetable creation; the thick darkness must give way, so that the warm sun could shine forth to ripen the grain and the fruits. Then the waters themselves must bring forth the life which should exist in them, and in the firmament already prepared; the beast must be brought forth from the earth made ready for it, and plant and herb, sea and sky, sun and water, must minister to the animal creation. But the masterpiece of the Master-Workman must yet be made; and the holy Trinity held, as it were, a council over this crowning work. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion." All else must be subordinate and minister to man; he alone should rule who must exist to minister to God.

And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them. And God blessed them; and God said unto them, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The dominion of the heavens or firmament was not delivered over to man; and his dominion of earth has been disputed by the prince of this world. The enemy's object has been, ever since the creation, to make man a slave to the earth instead of being its master, and terribly has he succeeded. As there was this gradation in God's creation; everything created to serve, and each in its own order to serve what should follow it; and man was created to have dominion over all, how should man also serve? He was but a deputed king, under authority; he was to rule for him who deputed him; and it was his glory to serve him who had made him in his own image, after his likeness.

In his workmanship of creating us anew, our beloved Lord follows the same line as he took in the creation. He gives light before all else, and as a necessary preparation for all else. Alas! too often we have mistaken light for life, and have imagined ourselves much more advanced in the development of Christ formed in us (Gal. 4: 19) than we really were. But as the light becomes more distinct, and the sun, moon, and stars divide in our experience the "signs" and "seasons," "days and years" (Gen. 1: 14), we are again in danger of seeing how very short we come, and of doubting whether the work of the great Master-Workman is making any progress at all. It was only when light first came in the creation days that the emptiness and disorder could be seen. It was only when the dry land appeared that the barrenness of earth could be discerned; it was only when fish and fowl, beast and cattle began to multiply, that no king of this fair dominion could be found, and no creature which could exercise authority. Thus it is in our experience. And yet every work of God prepares for what shall follow. He has his plan, and "his work is perfect" (Deut. 32: 4).

There was no flaw in God's creation: God saw everything that he had made, "and behold, it was very good" (Gen. 1: 31). When the Lord Jesus shall have seen of the travail of his soul for his Church, and shall be fully satisfied: when he presents to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but . . . holy and without blemish (Eph. 5: 27), then God shall say again, "It is very good." And when, in the Millennium, his ancient people Israel shall be "all righteous," and shall fulfil their destiny to be a blessing to all the nations of the earth, God will say, "It is very good." And when, after the judgment of Satan, and of those who shall join his standard at the end of the Millennium (Rev. 20: 7–10), and who, being still rebellious, have forced the hand of God to cast them into "the lake of fire" prepared for the devil and his angels (Matt. 25: 41); he shall create the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness (II. Peter 3: 13); when sin, sorrow, pain, death are no more, then again he shall say, "It is very good."

"And the heaven and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God finished his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made."

Nebraska Heard From

IN a contributed article from a home missionary, which appeared in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the statement was made that in certain counties in Nebraska and Dakota there were sections where, in some homes at least, "the name of Jesus is unknown, save as an expression of profanity." This statement, which we characterized at the time as a remarkable one, has brought forth a number of letters from Western readers, in protest. As it is the invariable custom of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to present both sides of a question, we give below extracts from some of these letters. Mr. F. H. Mossman writes:

A WESTERN RANCHMAN'S HOME

I have lived in northwest Nebraska, and southwest Dakota for fifteen years; was born, and grew up in the West, and have never yet, to my knowledge, seen a white man, woman, or child, ten years or over, "In whose home the name of Jesus Christ is unknown, save as an expression of profanity." Neither have I ever known any above the age mentioned who has not some knowledge of the Bible, and many are thorough Bible students. Mr. S., in his letter, speaks of Holt, Rock, Brown, and Cherry counties, Nebraska, as being "exceedingly large counties," and states that there are but "three resident ministers" in them. The counties named have a total population of 25,044. In this territory the M. E. Church makes the following showing: Active ministers, 22; church members, 1,343; Sunday Schools, 29; officers and teachers in these schools, 260; scholars, not including officers and teachers, 1,484. I am informed that the following church societies are also represented: Presbyterian, United Presbyterian, United Brethren, Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, and Catholic. There are probably some others; also, numerous missionaries, sent out by different societies over this territory each year. All of these organizations are working in the same noble cause with Mr. S. and his brother missionaries, not to Christianize a half civilized race, but to strengthen God's kingdom among an intelligent American people. I enclose herewith a photo, which shows a fair sample residence occupied by a small ranchman. This place is situated in Dawes county, but all of these northwest counties of Nebraska are about alike.

Mr. R. H. Pollock, Nebraska State Sunday School Association, Lincoln, Nebraska, writes:

There are more than one dozen ministers of various denominations in Holt county, at least two in Rock county, eight in Brown county, and several in Cherry county, all of my acquaintance; yet, your correspondent states there are but three resident ministers in those four counties. There has been one resident Sunday School missionary in Holt county for fifteen years, and that whole territory has been canvassed over and over again by Sunday School missionaries of several denominations, and Holt county reports to my office thirty-five Sunday Schools, and the other counties report from eight to twenty each.

Letters on the same subject have also been received from Harolds, Grimes, Chambers, Neb., and T. A. Moss, Atkinson, Neb. The Ainsworth (Neb.) *Star Journal* publishes a letter from Mr. Wm. B. Ely, in which he takes issue with the writer of the original letter, making it clear that the latter wrote without sufficient inquiry and acquaintance with the actual conditions prevailing in the counties he described in his letter.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad 1901 Su Excursion Route Book.

On June 1 the Passenger Department Pennsylvania Railroad Company will the 1901 edition of the Summer Excursion Book. This work is designed to provide tl lic with descriptive notes of the principa mer resorts of Eastern America, with tl routes for reaching them, and the rates It contains all the principal seashore and ain resorts of the East, and over seventeen h different routes or combinations of routes book has been compiled with the greatest ca altogether is the most complete and compre handbook of Summer travel ever offered public.

The cover is handsome and striking, pri colors, and the book contains several maps, ing the exact routes over which tickets a The book is profusely illustrated with fin tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts an the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

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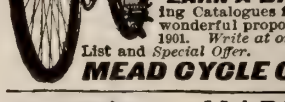

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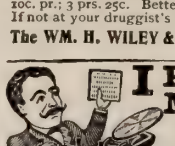

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Religion and Patriotism*

he Power of Christian Influence in Promoting National Righteousness

WHEN we read that "The powers that be are ordained of God; whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation," we naturally ask ourselves what must the position of Cromwell and Washgton and other venerated men, who ok their lives in their hands and resist- "the powers," that they might deliver eir country. Paul appears to have conived of the Church as people whose citiship was in heaven, who had higher ncerns than those of politics, and whose st course was to hold aloof from munne concerns, so living as to set a good ample of industry and purity of life, thout meddling with questions of citiship. He appeared to think that an erest in social or political matters ght divert the attention from the great ncerns of the Christian life, and, like king a wife, might embarrass him who shed to devote himself wholly to the vice of Christ. In all matters of hony and morality, the Christian must be edient to the law. If he were a true ristian he would not wish to do otherse. The law was established to pun murderers, thieves and other wrongers. Therefore the Christian was not ely to incur its penalties. Let him obey law wherever he might be, and take part in movements which, after all, re mere matters of worldly concern, portant to one who was hourly exting the return of Christ to establish kingdom which should never be ved. The wisdom of such a course obvious. The government under ich he lived was a pure despotism, to ist which would have been hopeless d suicidal. As Paul advised his conts to abide in the same calling wherein was called, so let them obey the govment which in the providence of God established in the land where they ght happen to be.

In later times, however, very different ditions of life came into existence. ere were struggles in which it would e been shameful and cowardly for the ristian to have taken no part. When forces of cruelty and injustice and kedness were arrayed against the es of right and liberty, the Christian uld have been false to his principles if had not contributed his strength to the se of justice and truth. When the ak and the oppressed needed a champn, where was one so likely to be found among those who had been delivered the self-sacrifice and death of Christ? en the powers that be interfere with a n's faith and conscience and religious erty, and men are making a brave stand religious freedom, the Christian should there to help in the struggle. When powers that be in a great city of our e are shamelessly disgracing the city protecting and encouraging wrongrs and an attempt is being made to rify the city and remove temptations m its streets, on whose assistance have leaders more reason to count than on men who have been taught to hate sin love righteousness? Law and order of divine ordination it is true; but it uld strain our credulity to believe that in some cases the men who administer laws have been ordained of God to work. To oppose them, to remove m from office if possible, to strive by means to replace them by men of good ciple is a Christian's duty. Disastrs indeed would it be if every Christian withdrew from office and refrained from ercising his right to vote. The mere bwl, the struggle for the spoils of office, riotous resistance to duly constituted thority are matters in which the Christian can take no part; but when he avails himself of his rights as a citizen to aid the es which make for righteousness in a mmunity, he is consistent with the prinples of his faith and is doing a patriotic ty. If he holds himself aloof he indirely aids the enemies of God and incurs reproach addressed to the men of Moz who "came not to the help of the Lrd against the mighty."

It is doubtful whether the Church has done all for the welfare of our beloved land that it might have done. That it has done much there can be no question. The consciousness that an outrage on the principles of religion would be visited by the condemnation of the Christian community has doubtless kept unscrupulous men from mischievous legislation and from making improper nominations, but more than this might have been done. The primary and the political convention have been left in many sections almost entirely to the management of professional politicians, who have had no regard for righteousness. In some instances the Christians of the community have shrunk from uncongenial associations; in others they have despaired of doing any good. Even when an effort has been made to purify the political conditions, the leaders have received only a languid and half-hearted support from the Churches. The reason cannot be that the Christian does not love his country, nor that he is indifferent to the issue of the struggle between wickedness and righteousness in high places. It has probably been largely due to a lack of organization and to a conviction of the hopelessness of individual effort. It may be that the present movement for the federation of the Churches will remove these difficulties. It is surely a hopeful augury that such a movement has been commenced. Perhaps the time may come when every Christian throughout the land, no matter what his denominational affiliation, shall regard himself as one member of a mighty army, whose representatives will have the power to utter a protest against unrighteousness in national, State and municipal government, with an influence that must be heeded, because it will have the loyal support of every man who bears the Christian name. May God speed that time!

THE FAR COUNTRY

IN the far, far country, weary, wand'ring one,
There are snares and pitfalls you can never shun—
Only husks to feed you, only woe and blight,
Only dreary deserts and the gloom of night.

In the far, far country have you lost your all?
Where the wine may sparkle, but it turns to gall?
Oh! there's bitter sorrow if you still will roam
In the far, far country; Oh! come home! come home!

In the far, far country, think of home and love!
Think of father, mother, and the Friend above,
Leave that sin-cursed country, let your wand'ring cease,
There is welcome waiting, there is pardon, peace.

REFRAIN:

In the far, far country,
Far from home, far from God,
In the famine country
You have sadly trod;
Turn away, repent to-day,
Let your feet no longer roam;
In the far, far country no longer stay,
Repent! Come home! come home!

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 7. Rom. 13: 1-7.

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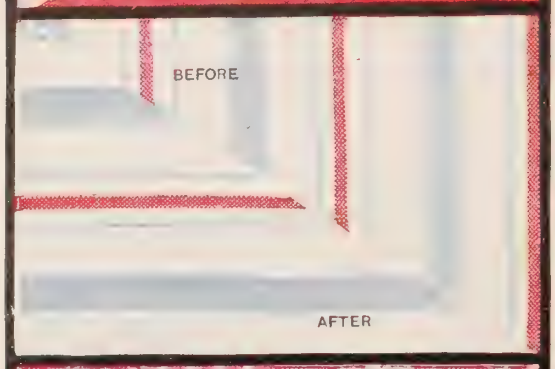

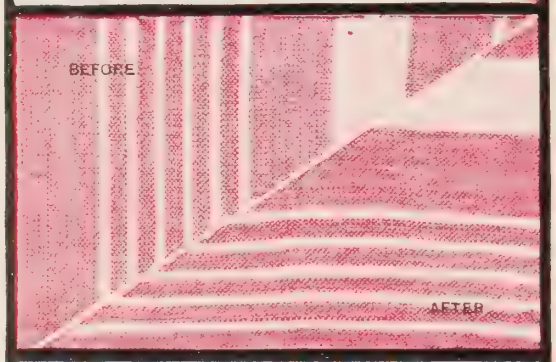

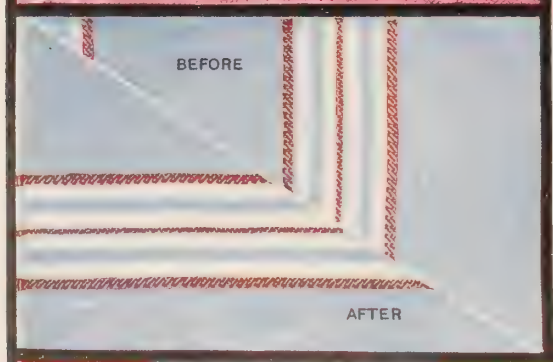

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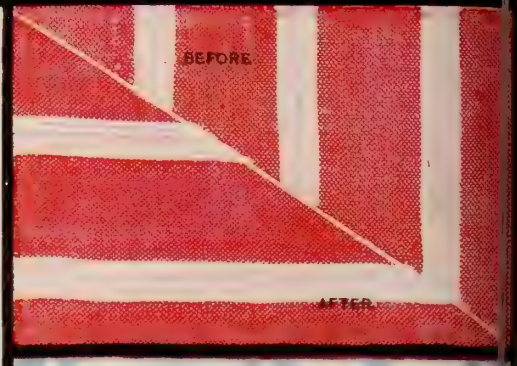

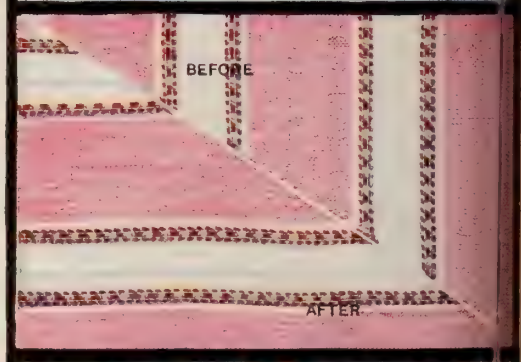

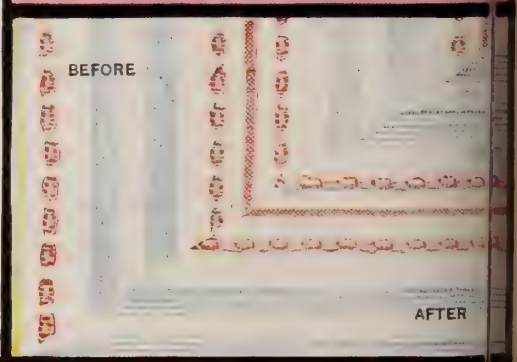

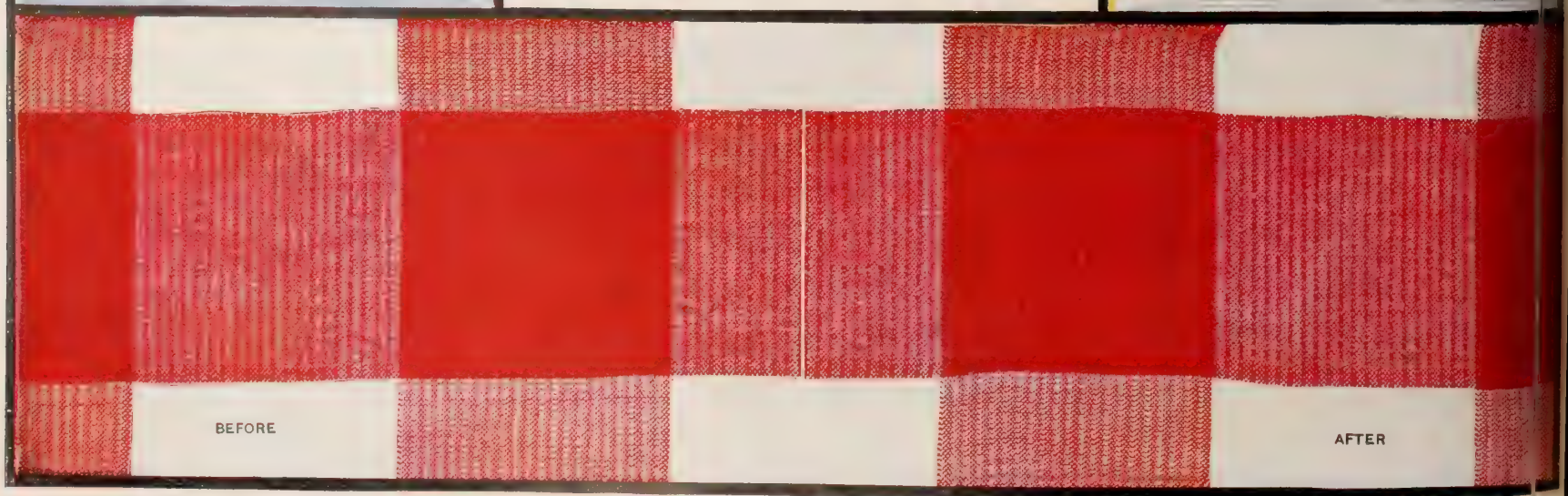

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The De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1901

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Offices: Bible House New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SEE PAGE 600

OUR LITTLE WAIFS REHEARSING FOR THE FOURTH AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME AT MONT-LAWN

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG – not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions Will be Answered July 31

1. An aged friend, long past the "allotted span," asks: "Is it selfish to desire heaven?" Is my contemplation of the joys of heaven tinged with selfishness? What is the answer?

2. If a hive of bees swarm on Sunday, would the bee-keeper be justified in hiving them as a work of necessity, or should he let them go, knowing that by so doing he will lose them?

3. What is the greatest defect in child-training to-day?

4. What great reformer died saying he was weary of the world?

5. Is a minister justified in accepting a call at a larger salary, if he is in no special need of the increase, when he knows that he is doing valuable work in his present field, and that it might be difficult to fill his place with a successor?

1. If a person should make a vow and be convinced afterward that he ought not to have made it, would he be justified in breaking it?

One should be careful never to make a rash promise or rash vow, and never should either be lightly broken; yet there may be instances in which to break them is the less of two evils. Who can doubt that Herod might better have broken his oath than have ordered the execution of the noble Baptist? For might he not as well be a perjurer as a murderer? Jephthah also ought to have broken his vow (Judges 11: 34–40) to offer his daughter in sacrifice. It would have been better than to do a thing so horrible. That vows are not absolutely binding in every case, is proven by the fact that the Levitical law given by God himself provided for release from them in certain cases. God is merciful and forgives even the broken vow, if broken only from sincere desire to do what seems most nearly right.

AMELIA HOYT.

. . .

"It is better not to vow than to vow and not to pay." That is the wholesome, divine law. Any general departure from that law would issue in loss of character, and loss of faith between man and man. "He sweareth to his own heart, and changeth not," that is one characteristic of the man who "shall never be moved." We have to be specially careful not to go back on a vow if the keeping of it merely hurts ourselves. If the hurt of another is involved, the case is different. Herod, for instance, vowed to give to Salome whatsoever she would ask. The keeping of that vow, on a mistaken point of honor, involved Herod in a monstrous crime. Such a vow, so uncertain in its application, ought not to have been made; but when it became apparent what a wicked issue was involved in it, that vow ought to have been broken. The safe and right way to avoid such complications and uncertainties is to be very sure that what we vow is right, and then rigorously stand to it.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

2. Does sound exist, outside and independent of the delicate mechanism of the ear, or is all nature silent and is sound produced only by the impact of the air waves upon the auditory nerve?

The word "sound" really has two meanings; the subjective (which has reference to our mind), and the objective (which refers to objects around us). 1. If by sound, we mean a sensation produced on organs of hearing, then, of course, where there is no ear there can be no sound. Niagara, poured over its precipice for ages, but fell in silence. "It was only," to quote Professor Steele, "when first some ear felt the pulsations of the torrent that the cataract found a voice." 2. If by sound, we mean vibrations of matter capable of producing the sensation of hearing, then, indeed, we may truly say that even where there is no ear there can still be sound. It is in this latter sense that the word is commonly used by scientists.

. . .

A. H.

It is rather a metaphysical refinement to say that there is no sound in all nature until there is an ear. It is based upon the physical fact that it takes the ear and auditory nerve to translate motion in the air into sound, as the mind perceives it, and is delighted or pained by it. It does take an ear to make sound out of these vibrations in any such quality as the mind can receive. Yet all nature is full of motion, and all the external elements of sound, whether there be any ear to hear or not. If every ear was deaf, all nature would still be vibrant, and the harmony of the whole, culminating in the music of the spheres, would go on as truly as to-day. The tremendous thunderclap, which rends the stoutest oak in the remote uninhabited forest, produces the same shock in all the air around it as we have heard with terror on a June morning.

C. P. ATKINSON.

3. At what point and under what conditions in a successful business career might it be said of a man that he no longer controlled his wealth, but that the money was master of the man?

When he reaches the point of putting policy before principle he is a slave, not a master. Such a man will barter imperishable principles for coins which rust. The farthest point to which a man can go in this direction is when his heart hardens into a lump of gold, and the worshipper becomes of the same nature as his idol. Sin stamps its image on the character, and that character becomes not only a sinner, but sin itself, the very essence of that which makes a sinner. Wealth becomes his master under following conditions: 1. When he gives business all his time. The man who absorbs all his time for selfish purposes robs God of eternity, for when a person gives his time to God's service God will give him eternity as interest, but when we waste time we throw away eternity. Such a person when at home is in his office, when in church is in the world, and even his dream is an airy exchange. 2. When he gives his business all his love. When the golden calf is in the heart there is no room in it for the Lamb of God.

. . .

R. T. EDWARDS.

. . .

A man is no longer master of his wealth when he suppresses his scruples as to questionable means of acquiring and keeping money; when his pleasure consists almost solely in the making of money, and when his mind is constantly wandering from all other topics and occupations to that; when he has come to believe that money is wealth, forgetting that it is only the representative of wealth, and that there are many things in the world that it cannot buy; when he forgets that he is only a steward of God's means and not the possessor of anything in his own right; when he sees nothing pleasant and sweet in social life, and can neither entertain nor be entertained in society; when the study of his bank-book gives him more pleasure than that of any branch of knowledge or any of the beauties of nature, and when the ardor, enthusiasm and noble aspirations of youth are replaced by the cold, distant and unsympathetic nature that now dominates him. He is no longer master of his wealth when it grieves him to part with it for the relief of poverty or suffering, when only shame or the desire to be thought well of in society induces him to give.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

4. Is there any benefit derived from the o... it is administered to jurymen and wit... in a court of justice, or to office-hold... entering on their duties? Will eithe... good or the bad man do his duty more ... fully because he has taken the oath?

Doubtless there are many men of ... fixed principles that putting them upon ... oath does not increase their faithfulness ... there may be men so devoid of princip... even the taking of an oath arouses no ... feelings. Still, whatever quickens one's ... of God tends to increase the sense of res... bility. This the taking of an oath may ... solemnly reminding one that what he is ... to say or do is not unto man merely, bu... God. Moreover, an oath is the highest ... of confirmation and as such, on w... occasions, satisfies a n... demand (Heb. 6: 16). ... God himself regarde... human requirement wh... confirmed his promise t... raham with an oath (H... 13). Other passages of ... ture illustrate and sancti... use.

W. A. FINI...

5. Is vivisection ever j... able? That is, can ... right to torture a livin... mal in order to show ... of medical students the ... ation of the muscles, ... when the same cann... shown on a dead anim...

Torture is unjust—inj... is never justifiable; ther... the torture of beasts i... section is never justi... The operation of the m... consists of contraction a... laxation. This can be ... by means of electricity ... dead animal—no more, ... "operation of the mus... can be shown on a ... animal, so far as normal ... tion is concerned. I... normal conditions, su... the injection of a dru... element of torture woul... der the result of the e... ment untrustworthy, be... it would be impossible ... tinguish between the eff... of the drug and that of t... inflicted in the prelim... preparation of the beast ... other ways.

JOHN VEDDER, M...

. . .

Perhaps not from th... mal's standpoint, b... human being has the say in this ca... would say that it is justifiable in ever... in which the surgeon has good reason ... believe that he can learn from vivisection ... no other way how to mitigate some fo... human suffering and save human life. ... that he uses chloroform or ether, or some ... anesthetic, to prevent the animal suf... more than is necessary. It is never justi... to practice vivisection simply to demon... to a class of students facts already ... tained, which the student ought to acce... testimony.

J. B. INFE...

INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION WORKERS AT THE CLIFTON SPRINGS (N. Y.) CONFERENCE

This photograph, which is furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the courtesy of Mrs. Wm. H. Belden, of Oberlin, Ohio, shows many of the leaders in this Conference, which represents all denominations. The Conference gave its hearty endorsement to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief work in China, and commended it to general support. At the extreme right is Mrs. Geraldine Guinness Taylor, her husband Dr. J. Howard Taylor standing behind her. Next to him, Dr. T. L. Gulick, of Spain and Hawaii; at his right, Miss Abell and Miss Logan, of Micronesia. Seated below are Dr. J. T. Gracey, Pres. I. M. U., his wife and daughter. Next to Mrs. Gracey, Dr. S. L. Baldwin, Vice Pres.; above him Dr. Merritt, and above him, with his hand on the balustrade, Mr. Sprague. Mrs. Stott, of the China Inland Mission (the lady with a cap) is seated at Mr. Sprague's right, Mark Williams (with long beard) sits on centre of lowest step, and behind him, Mr. and Mrs. Swallen, from Korea.

Miscellaneous Questio...

I. F. M., Brooklyn. What islands are und... the rule of the United States?

The Philippines, Guam, and Wake ... Ladrone Archipelago, Tutuila of the Sa... group, and Hawaii belong to us in the ... Porto Rico, and various small islands a... our coast.

Margaret, Midway, Va. 1. When were the ... American series of postage stamps issued ... Government? 2. How many, and what a ... designs that comprise the set?

1. May 1. 2. Six; the character of th... signs, which are fine steel engravings, j... the term, "Aids to Commerce," whic... been applied to the set. The one-cent ... represents "Fast Lake Navigation." Th... cent stamp is a picture of the New ... Central's "Empire State Express," ... when the train was running sixty-four ... an hour—a very appropriate "aid to ... merce." The four-cent stamp represen... automobile. The five-cent stamp gi... beautiful picture of the steel arch bridge ... the Niagara River at Niagara Falls. ... eight-cent stamp shows the locks at ... Ste. Marie. The ten-cent stamp gives ... lustration of a modern ocean steamship.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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MRS. JUSTICE MCKENNA — MRS. MCKINLEY — MRS. SPEAKER HENDERSON

THE LADIES OF THE WHITE-HOUSE

THERE is a small circle of ladies in official life at the National Capital, who have special social privileges and prerogatives which fairly entitle them to be known as "The Ladies of the White House." There are twelve, or at most, fifteen, of these favored ones. They are the wives and daughters of a Cabinet Minister or two, of Senators, Representatives and Justices of the Supreme Court. Among the matrons are Mrs. Justice McKenna, Mrs. Representative Hitt, Mrs. Senator Scott, Mrs. Senator Fairbanks, Mrs. Senator Foraker, Mrs. Senator Turner, Mrs. Representative Olmsted, Mrs. Speaker Henderson, Mrs. Senator Hansbrough, and Mrs. John Logan. The younger element includes Miss Hildegard, daughter of Justice McKenna; Miss Fannie Fuller, daughter of the Chief Justice; Miss Griggs, daughter of the Attorney General; the Misses Florence and Julia, daughters of Senator Foraker, and the Misses Ruth and Mabel Hanna.

If any of these ladies are to be set down as the close friends of the hostess of the White House, or at least closer than others, the choice would probably lie between Mrs. Senator Fairbanks and the Hanna girls. It cannot be fairly said, however, that Mrs. McKinley has any favorites. Indeed, it may be said that all without exception, were equally devoted to the White House invalid, after her return from her arduous Western journey. When it was thought the sands of her life were ebbing, they were constantly within call.

All the ladies named, elders and misses, come and go at all hours at the White House, helping Mrs. McKinley in her social duties, assisting and advising in every way, according to the needs of the wife of the President. If there is to be a dinner of the diplomats or members of the Cabinet, some one among the matrons is always glad to help with the arrangements. If there is to be an informal gathering for the younger element, then one of the younger ladies is called upon to assume some share of the responsibility for the success of the occasion. Mrs. McKinley sometimes accepts the invitation of one of these ladies for a drive.

One of Mrs. McKinley's most pleasing characteristics, as described by one of her closest friends, is her perfect sincerity and thoughtfulness for others. No day passes in which she does not do some good for some one. Her friends, who run in to pay her a morning call, or to have tea with her in the afternoon, are frequently compelled to withhold information of the afflictions of others from their sensitive hostess, because of the latter's liability to worry and thus imperil her own very delicate health. Mrs. McKinley, however, never complains of her own health, even to the ladies who are admitted to the inner chambers of the Executive Mansion.

One of those intimate friends tells how Mrs. McKinley has, with her own hands, earned considerable sums of money, or its equivalent, for charitable or benevolent purposes. Not so very long ago, she knitted *three thousand five hundred pairs of woolen slippers*, for invalids and institutions or charities.

"Think of the time and patience required to make so many pairs of slippers," said the friend who told of the incident. "Well, she is always knitting, or embroidering, or doing something with her hands—and always making something that will be of use to others."

Mrs. McKinley's thoughtfulness for others is very marked. She is most solicitous concerning the welfare of all who are around her and whom she meets as the hostess of the White House. When sorrow comes, or affliction of any kind, she never fails to send flowers, and kind, cheering messages to the suffering ones. She is especially interested in her friend's children. The loss of her own children, years ago, has been to her a source of great grief. She likes to have the little ones come to see her at the White House, and then she chats lovingly of what might have been, if her own children had lived.

MRS. SENATOR SCOTT — MRS. SENATOR FAIRBANKS — MRS. GRIGGS — MISS FLORENCE FORAKER

Mrs. Speaker Henderson is an ever cheerful companion, domestic in her habits. She often helps Mrs. McKinley with her charitable work.

Of the younger set, Miss Fuller, Miss Griggs, and Miss Foraker, are the leaders, and of the ablest assistance to Mrs. McKinley on occasions when the youth of official life in Washington is invited to the White House.

To those who know Mrs. McKinley best, it is not surprising that the sympathy of the entire country should have been so deeply stirred during her recent illness. They know her affectionate, sensitive nature, and they know how thoroughly devoted she has always been—even from girlhood—to church and charitable work. She has never allowed the dignity of her position or the demands of official society to interfere with this work. A writer, who knows her well, has furnished THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this pleasing sketch of "the First Lady in the Land":

Always at the head of every movement for the advancement of religious work, she often led the work in person. She was all that a Christian wife and mother should be, and commanded the respect, almost the worship, of the other members of the congregation of the Metropolitan M. E. Church. When ill-health and all its self-denial came along, she sorrowfully gave up her work to a certain extent. The doctors said she must have absolute rest and quiet, and Mrs. McKinley reluctantly obeyed their commands. But very often, as she lay in bed at home, her mind was busy with new plans for helping her beloved church, or some new way to aid the poor of the town. Washington is full of stories of good deeds done by the "Lady of the White House," and her charity has become well-nigh proverbial. She is constantly giving, sometimes money, sometimes clothing, according to what the applicant needs.

During her latest sickness, and when life seemed to hang by a thread, there were hundreds in Washington who recalled, with kindly and sympathetic feeling, the gentle, generous acts that had come within their own knowledge, and which demonstrated the goodness of that heart which dwelt in such a feeble body. In the Ladies' Aid Society of the Metropolitan Church, she was always one of the most interested helpers. Each Sunday she sent to the church altar flowers from the White House greenhouses, which she had personally picked, and she always had them sent to some poor invalid, to brighten a sick-room, after church service was over. The finest blooms in her conservatories she culled and sent to the sick and the hospitals, sending with them some appetizing dainty from her own kitchen. Every day brought her notes from the thankful and delighted receivers of those pleasing attentions. She told the wife of a Senator that she had knitted with her own fingers 3,000 yarn slippers, every pair of which had been given outright to the poor. She has given from her own personal purse, times without number, to a multitude of good causes. Whenever any charitable fund is started in Washington, the promoters reckon upon her as an unfailing contributor.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Wholesome Indignation

TEXT: Ephesians 4: 26: BE YE ANGRY, AND SIN NOT

EQUIPOISE of temper, kindness, patience, forbearance, are extolled by most of the radiant pens of inspiration, but my text contains that which at first sight is startling. A certain kind of anger is approved, aye, we are commanded to indulge in it. The most of us have no need to cultivate high temper, and how often we say things and do things under affronted impulse which we are sorry for when, perhaps, it is too late to make effective apology! Why then should the apostle Paul dip his pen in the ink horn and trace upon parchment, afterwards to be printed upon paper for all ages, the injunction, "Be ye angry, and sin not"?

My text commends a wholesome indignation. It discriminates between the offense and the offender, the sin and the sinner, the crime and the criminal.

To illustrate: Alcoholism has ruined more fortunes, blasted more homes, destroyed more souls than any evil that I think of. It pours a river of poison and fire through the nations. Millions have died because of it, and millions are dying now, and others will die. Intemperance is an old sin. The great Cyrus, writing to the Lacedemonians of himself, boasted of many of his qualities, among others, that he could drink and bear more wine than his distinguished brother. Louis X. and Alexander the Great died drunk. The Parliament of Edinburgh in 1661 is called in history "The drunken Parliament." Hugh Miller, first stonemason and afterwards a world-renowned geologist, writes of the drinking habits of his day, saying: "When the foundation was laid, they drank; when the walls were leveled for laying the joists, they drank; when the building was finished, they drank; when an apprentice joined, they drank." In the eighteenth century, the giver of an entertainment boasted that none of the guests went away sober. Noah, the first ship captain, was wrecked—not in the ark, for that was safely landed—but he was wrecked with strong drink. Every man or woman rightly constructed will blush with indignation at the national and international and hemispheric and planetary curse. It is good to be aroused against it. You come out of that condition a better man or a better woman. Be ye angry at that abomination; and the more anger the more exaltation to character. But that aroused feeling becomes sinful when it extends to the victim of this great evil. Drunkenness you are to hate with a vivid hatred; but the drunkard you are to pity, to help to extricate.

Extenuating Circumstances

Just take into consideration that there are men and women who once were as upright as yourself, who have been prostrated by alcoholism. Perhaps it came of a physician's prescription for the relief of pain, a recurrence of the pain calling for a continuance of the remedy: perhaps the grandfather was an inebriate, and the temptation to inebriety, leaping over a generation, has swooped on this unfortunate; perhaps it was under an attempt to drown trouble that the benumbing and narcotic liquid was sought after; perhaps it was a very gradual chaining of the man with the beverage which was thought to be a servant, when one day it announced itself master. Be humble now, and admit that there is a strong probability that, under the same circumstances, you yourself might have been captured. The two appropriate emotions for you to allow are indignation at the intoxicant which enthralled, and sympathy for the victim. Try to get the sufferer out of his present environment; recommend any hygienic relief that you know of, and above all, implore the divine rescue for the struggle in which so many of the noblest and grandest have been worsted. Do not give yourself up to too many philippics about what the man ought to have been, and ought to have done. While your cheek flushes with wrath at the foe that has brought the ruin, let your eye be moistened with tears of pity for the sufferer. In that way you will have fulfilled the injunction of the text, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

There is another evil, the abhorrence of which you are all called to, and it is on the increase—the gambling practice. Recent developments show that much of this devastation is being wrought in ladies' parlors. It is an evil which sometimes is as polite and gracious as it is harmful. Indeed, there never were so many people trying to get money without earning it. But it is a haggard transgression that comes down to us from the past, blighting all its way.

I have seen in the archives of the nation in this national capital, a large book, in which one of the early Presidents of the United States kept an account in his own handwriting of gains and losses at playing cards, on one page the gains, and on the other the losses, and there are many pages. In other days, many of national reputation went from the halls of Congress and the Senate chamber to spend the night in notorious gambling saloons. One of the ablest men of the centuries, Charles Fox, got ready for his speech against "The Petition of the Clergy" by spending twenty-two hours at the gaming table. Irving's life of Oliver Goldsmith says that the great poet lost thirty pounds, all his earnings, in a short tour to see the world. Gibbon, the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* came to his own decline and fall through gaming practices, and in a letter in 1776, said, "I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly. I have never lost so much in five days as I have to-night, and I am in debt to the house for the whole."

The Gambling Curse

In Spain, a Don lost in twenty-four hours what equals twelve million dollars. Twenty years ago it was estimated that the average gambling exchange of money throughout Christendom exceeded one hundred and twenty-three billion, one hundred million dollars a year; but statistics twenty years ago would be tame compared with the present statistics, if we could find any one able enough at figures to tabulate them. It is all the same spirit of gambling, whether the instruments are cards, or the clicking chips, or the turning wheel, or the bids of the Stock Exchange, where people sell what they never owned, and fail because they cannot get paid for it. A prominent banker tells me that he thinks fifty thousand people were financially prostrated by the recent insanities in Wall street. Here and there a case is reported, but the vast majority suffer in silence. The children are brought home from school; the wardrobe will be denied replenishment; the table will have scant supply; wild generosity will be turned into grim want. Forty years from now will be felt the disaster of last month's black Thursday.

Can you hear the story of the unprincipled manipulators of stocks, and of the devices of the gambling saloon to entrap the verdant and unsuspicious without having your pulses tingle, and your heart thump, and your entire nature shocked with the villainy? If so, you are not much of a man or much of a woman. You ought to be angry, for there is no sin in such vehement dislike. You ought to be so angry that you could not repress your feelings in the presence of young men who are just forming their life-theories. In every possible way you ought to denounce such stupendous robbery. Let it be known that the only successful game in which a man plays for money is the one in which he loses all, and stops.

But while you are hotly indignant against the crime, how do you feel about those who were fleeced and slain? They did not know that their small boat was so near the maelstrom. Some of them were born with a tendency to recklessness, and experiment, and hazard. They inherited a disposition to tempt chance. Do not heap on them additional discouragements; do not deride their losses. Help them to start again. Show them that there are more fortunes yet to be gained than have yet been gathered, and that with God for their friend they will be provided for here, and through the Saviour's mercy they may reign forever in the land where there are no losses, and infinite gains. While you may redden in the face at the fact that gambling is the disgraceful mother of multitudinous crimes, of envies, jealousies, revenges, quarrels, cruelties, falsehoods, forgeries, suicides, murders and despair,

Be Careful What You Say

of the victim of the vice, and what you do. He needs more sympathy than the man who came up from inebriety, and debauch, and assassination, for many such repent, and are saved, but confirmed gamblers hardly ever reform. During the course of a prolonged ministry, I have seen thousands redeemed, many of them who were clear gone in sin, by Almighty grace rescued. In all parts of this land, and in some parts of other lands, I have seen those who were given up as incorrigible and lost, recovered for God and heaven, but how many confirmed gamblers have I seen converted from their evil ways? A thousand? No. Five hundred? No. Fifty? No. Two? No. One? No. I read in a book of one such rescued. I have no doubt there have been other cases, but no evil does its work so thoroughly and eternally as gambling. Such almost hopelessness of reformation ought to call forth from you deeper sympathy than you feel for any other unfortunate. Pity, by all means, for those who, shipwrecked and bruised among the timbers, have, nevertheless, climbed up to the fisherman's cabin, and found warmth and shelter, but more pity for those who never reach shore, but are dashed to death in the breakers. Be angry at the sin, but sy pathize with its victims.

There is another sin that we are oftentimes call to be angry with, and that is fraud. We all like hor ty, and when it is sacrificed we are vehement in denu ia- tion. We hope that the detectives will soon come on the track of the absconding bank official, of the bu ar who blew up the safe, of the clerk who skilfully cha ed the figures in the account book, of the falsifier wl se- cured the loan on valueless property, of the agent no, because of his percentage, wrongfully admits a m to the benefit of a life insurance policy when his he is ready to stop, and who comes from an ancestry ar- acteristically short-lived. One act of fraud told in big head-lines in the morning papers rightfully ar ses the nation's wrath. It is the interest of every od man and good woman who reads of the crime to ave it exposed and punished. Let it go unscathed, an ou put a premium on fraud, you depress public m als, you induce those who are on the fence between ght and wrong to get down on the wrong side, and yc put the business of the world on a down grade. The on- stabulary and penitentiary must do their work. But while the merciless and the godless cry, "Good fo m I am glad he is within the prison doors!" Be i our work to find out if

That Man is Worth Saving

and what caused his moral overthrow. Perha he started in business life under a tricky firm, whc ave him wrong notions of business integrity; perhaps ere was a combination of circumstances almost unpar- led for temptation; perhaps there were alleviations per- haps he was born wrong, and never got over it per- haps he did not realize what he was doing, and you are a merciful man you will think of other perh ses which, though they may not excuse, will extenuate. Per- haps he has already repented, and is washed the blood of the Lamb, and is as sure of heaven as yc are. What an opportunity you have now for obeyir my text. You were angry at the misdemeanor, but y are hopeful for the recovery of the recalcitrant. I ssed all prison reformers! Blessed are those governc and presidents who are glad when they have a cha e to pardon! Blessed the forgiving father who we mes home the prodigal! Blessed the dying thief wh the Lord took with him to glory, saying, "This da halt thou be with me in Paradise!"

There is another evil that we ought to abhor while we try to help the victim, and that is infideli lt snatches the life preserver from the man aflo and affords not so much as a spar or a plank as sub tute. It would extinguish the only light that has eve been kindled for the troubled and the lost. Let the sp t of infidelity take hold of a neighborhood, and in th own the marriage relation is a farce, and good mora give place to all styles of immorals. Let it take pos sion of this earth, and there would be no virtue left in the world's circumference. All the sins rebuked in ten commandments would be dominant. The tor that shall kindle the conflagration of the earth in last catastrophe, will not do as much damage as w d in fidelity and agnosticism if they got a chanc Be angry with such theories of unbelief and hatred God Never laugh at the witticisms of those who wo "be little the Bible with their jocularity. Quote to th n the four lines of Whittier:

> And weary seekers of the best,
> We come back laden with our quest.
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in the Book our mothers read.

Have a lightning in your eye, and a flush your cheek, and a frown on your brow for a dastar tha would blot out the sun and moon and stars of hris- tianity, and leave all things in an Arctic night, t col equal to the darkness. You do well to be an , but how about those who have been

Flung of Scepticism

and that is more millions than you will ever l ow until the judgment day reveals everything. A he comes your opportunity for gentleness, kindn an sympathy. The probability is that if you ha be plied with the same influences as this unbelieve the would not be a Bible in all your house from c ar attic. Perhaps he was in some important tra ct swindled by a member of the church whose ta g the sacrament was a sacrilege. Perhaps he read os books, and heard agnostic lectures, and min d agnostic circles until he has been befogged, an ne your Christian help more than any one that yo kn of. Do not get into any labored argument ab t th

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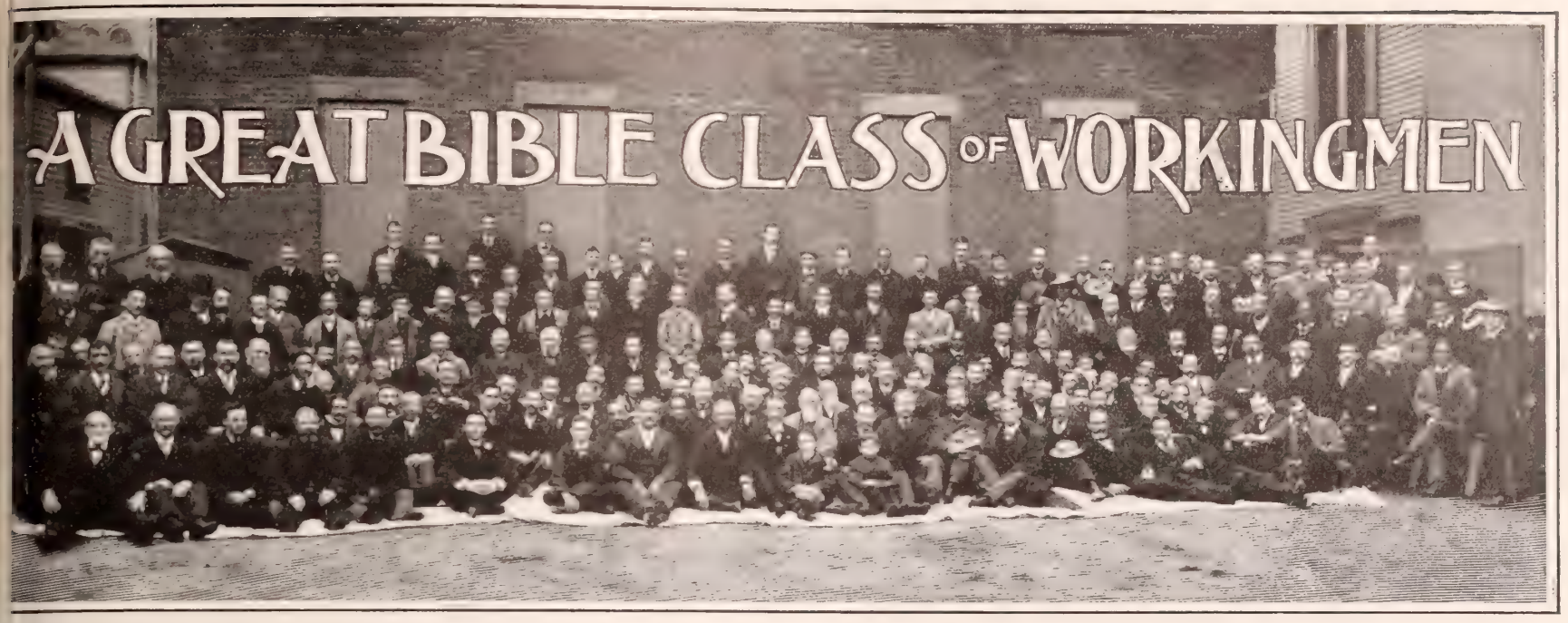

IT HAS NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED MEMBERS, AND IS A GREAT POWER FOR GOOD AMONG BOSTON WORKERS

THE great workingmen's Bible class of the Ruggles Street Church, in the Roxbury district of Boston, is a recognized power for good in that city. The ss has nearly four hundred members, and a very lge majority of them were present at the annual ner and reunion of the class on Decoration Day, vich has been chosen as the regular day for the annual eting. The speakers on this occasion were the new stor of the church, the Rev. Amzi C. Dixon, Mr. zekiah Butterworth, the poet and writer, who has for ny years been a member of this church, and Professor Ray Green Huling, Master of the Cambridge High School. Mr. C. C. Estey, the Gospel soloist, sang, and ministers from a number of churches were present. From four until six o'clock the class enjoyed games and sports of various kinds in the outdoor gymnasium connected with the church, and at six dinner was served, by the wives and daughters of the members of the class, in the vestry of the church.

This organization is an excellent illustration of the value of a Bible class for men. The class meets for the study of the Bible and for a general praise service every Sunday afternoon at half-past three o'clock. During the week, it conducts cottage prayer-meetings, temperance meetings and, in the summer time, open-air meetings in the small parks in the vicinity of the church and in the tenements. It has a Gospel Wagon and takes the Gospel to those who will not come to receive it.

Its present teacher is Mr. H. G. Wellington, who succeeded the organizer of the class, Mr. Samuel Russell, who has now become an ordained minister, and who is serving as pastor of a Baptist church, attended largely by workingmen, in Manchester, N. H.

WHOLESOME INDIGNATION; Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage

✳ Continued From Preceding Page

th of Christianity. He may beat you at that. He s a whole artillery of weapons ready to open fire. member that no one was ever reformed for this life, saved for the life to come, by an argument; but in nblest and gentlest way, your voice subdued, ask n a few questions. Ask him if he had a Christian rentage; and if he says yes, ask him whether the old ks died happy. Ask him if he has ever heard of any e going out of this life in raptures of infidelity and nosticism. Ask him if it is not a somewhat remarke fact that the Bible, after so many years, sticks to her, and that there are more copies of it in existence n ever before. Ask him if he knows of any better ilization than Christian civilization, and whether he nks the teachings of Confucius or Christ are prefere. Ask him if he thinks it would be a fair thing in t Creator of all things to put in this world the human e, and give them no direct communication for their idance, and if they did wrong, tell them of no way of overy. I think if a famous infidel of our time, inead of being taken away instantaneously, had died in l bed after weeks and months of illness, he would ve revoked his teachings, and left for his beloved mily consolations which they could not find in obsecies at which not one word of Holy Scripture was id, or at Fresh Pond Crematory, where no Christian hediction was pronounced. I do not positively say it in a prolonged illness there would have been a raction, but I think there would.

The renowned infidel, Mr. Barker, after spending his g life in lecturing against Christianity in all our cit, and in publishing large and elaborate books in deciation of the Scriptures, in the closing years of his e wrote me that he had changed, and that he would le to stand in my pulpit and undo the evil that he had ought for the most of his lifetime. I wrote him in ngratulation for his soul's sake, that he had turned ck from infidelity, but that I thought he could not do the work of a lifetime, and that he had talked so g on the wrong side, I did not think he could do any- ng by talking on the right side. The mercy of God so great, that many of the mightiest antagonists of r religion have in their last days been brought to rentance and eternal life. Let the thunder of your olesome indignation be followed by the kindly rain of y and love. "Be ye angry, and sin not."

But let me confess at this crisis of my sermon that ere is not an injunction in the Bible more difficult to ey than the words of the text. While it applauds a olesome indignation it warns against sinful anger. d there is in all the realm of passion nothing more structive than indiscriminate hate. First of all, it nzies the nervous ganglia. Those people who easily re up on little provocation go into high dudgeon, take brage without reason, snap you up quick, have ined their nerves, and there is only one thing worse ruin, and that is the brain, and we say of one that is ven to frequent ebullitions of temper that he is an unbalanced man. A business man of our acquaintance said, "I cannot afford to get mad, it hurts me so." And if sinful anger damages the body, how much more it rives the disposition. There are thousands of men clerks in stores who would have been members of great business firms, and under-mechanics who would have been boss carpenters, and attorneys who would have been leading advocates, and preachers to congregations who are starving them to death, who might have had appreciative surroundings, who have been kept back and kept down by ungovernable tempers. The outbreak lasted only a little while, but it impeded a lifetime.

A man thoroughly mad, can say enough in two minutes to damage him for twenty years. It took only five minutes for the earthquake to destroy Caracas. One unfortunate sentence uttered in affront in a speech in the United States Senate, shut forever the door of the White House against one of the most brilliant men of the last century. You can never trust a horse that has once run away, and you do not feel like trusting a man who has just once lost his equilibrium. You need to drive your temper as a man drives a fractious span amid the explosions of a Fourth of July morning, or the pyrotechnics of a Fourth of July night, with curbed bit, taut rein, commanding voice, mastering yourself, and mastering what you drive. If you are naturally high tempered, do not unnecessarily go among irritations and provocations. Do not build a blast furnace next to a gunpowder mill. Then also such demonstrations of ungovernability belittle one. Men take out their lead pencils and in estimating such an one take fifty per cent. off. About the most hideous spectacle on earth is an angry man or woman, burning, not with the anger commended in my text, but with the sin reprehended. After such a display of gall, irascibility, virulence, his influence with many is forever gone. The world is full of politicians, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, ministers, housewives, who have by such explosions been blown to pieces.

I say to all young men, hoping to achieve financial, moral or religious success—control your tempers. The most of those who have largely succeeded in all departments were characterized by self-control. In battle they could calmly look at the bomb thrown at their feet, wondering whether it would explode. In commercial life, when panics smote the city, these men were placid, while others were yelling themselves hoarse at the Stock Exchange. While others nearly swooned because a certain stock had gone one hundred points down, they calmly waited until it would get one hundred points up. While the opposing attorney in the courtroom frothed at the mouth with rage because of something said on the other side, he of the equipoise put a glass of water to his lips in refreshment and proceeded with the remark, "As I was saying when the gentleman interrupted me." Self-control! What a glorious thing! We want it in the doctor feeling the pulse of one desperately ill. We want it in the engineer when the headlight of another train comes round the curve on the same track. We want it in Christian men and women in times when so much in church and state seems going to demolition—self-control!

Surpassing all other characters in the world's biography, stands Jesus Christ, wrathful against sin, merciful to the sinner. Witness his behavior toward the robed ruffians who demanded capital punishment for an offending woman: denunciation for their sinful hypocrisy; pardon for her sweet penitence. He did not speak of Herod as "His Majesty," or "His Royal Highness," but dared to compare him to a cunning fox, saying: "Go ye and tell that fox." But alert to the cry of suffering he finds ten lepers, and to how many of the ten awful invalids did he give convalescence and health? Ten. Rebuking Pharisaism in the most compressed sentence in all the vocabularly of anathema: "Ye serpents! Ye generation of vipers! How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Yet looking upon Peter with such tenderness that no word was spoken, and not a word was needed, for the look spoke louder than words. "And the Lord looked upon Peter, and Peter went out and wept bitterly." Oh, what a look it must have been to break down the swarthy fisherman apostle! It was such a hurt look; such a beseeching look; such a loving look; such a forgiving look! Was there in any other being since time began such a combination of wrath against wrong and compassion for the wrong-doer? "Lion of Judah's tribe!" Hear that! "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world!" Hear that! Defying the mightiest government of the world, the Roman government, yet rubbing his hand just below the forehead of the blind man until the optic nerve of him who was born sightless is created, and the sunlight has two new paths to tread. Best illustration the world ever saw of anger without sin: Anger against the abominations which have mauled and blasted the earth from its deepest cavern to its highest cliff, but so much pity for the sinning and suffering nations that he allowed them to transfix him upon two pieces of wood nailed across each other, on a day that was dark as the night; the windows of heaven shut because the immortals could not bear to look down upon the assassination of the loveliest being that ever walked the shore of the lakes, or without pillow or blanket slept on the cold mountains.

Like him, let us hate iniquity with complete hatred, but like him may we help those who are overthrown, and be willing to suffer for their restoration. Then, although at the opening of this discourse our text may have seemed to command us to do an impossible thing, we will, at the close of this sermon, with a prayer to God for help, be more rigid and determined than ever before against that which is wrong, while at the same time we shall feel so kindly toward all the erring, and work so hard for their rescue, that we will realize that we have scaled the Alpine, the Himalayan height of my text, which enjoins: "Be ye angry, and sin not."

Peace in the Philippines.

by Harold Martin

VIEW ON THE PASIG RIVER, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A CERTAIN series of events, occurring in the Philippines during the last six months, have practically brought peace to the Islands. Prosperity is now a question of reconstruction, development, and good faith. Various things have brought about this peace. One is the softening influence of time on the minds of the Filipino people. To retain peace, we must fulfil our many promises, spoken, written and implied, to our new wards. Time heals wounds and hard feelings. If we, as a government, now act with absolute fairness, the future promises happiness and prosperity throughout the archipelago.

The Army, the Navy, the Civil Commission with Judge Taft at its head, the Filipinos themselves and the Washington administration, have one and all contributed to the satisfactory conditions to-day prevailing at Manila. First we administered the rebels a severe drubbing; the Army and Navy did that. This breaks a people's spirit; in this case it did much to coerce the natives into accepting our sovereignty. It means death, wounds and disease—the horrors of war. To the Islands it meant, among other things, the slaughtering of many hundreds of men who, with wooden swords and bows and arrows, essayed to fight against Krag-Jorgensens in the hands of marksmen. Families were scattered; houses and villages were burned; crops were destroyed; the ground remained untilled; property was confiscated and destroyed—there was a train of suffering that one must have witnessed fully to appreciate. For four long years the Filipinos stood this and their spirit remained unbroken.

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The Civil Commission arrived and proceeded to study the situation in all its bearings upon the work they had in hand, namely, to establish a civil government for the Philippines. The instructions given to the Commission by the Secretary of War were explicit, and showed that the Washington administration realized the advisability of proving to the Filipinos, by deeds and not by words, what the future under American sovereignty had in store for them.

Sept. 1, 1900, the Commission became the legislative body for the Islands. The Army remained the executive branch of the Government. The Commission proceeded to enact certain legislation looking towards the ultimate establishment of a civil control. Early in 1901, having made all necessary preparation, the Commission went to the provinces there to organize civil, provincial, and municipal governments, and thus show by deed what we proposed doing for the Islanders. During the next five months the Commissioners travelled very generally over the archipelago, organizing in those provinces where the prevailing conditions of peace and tranquillity permitted, liberal forms of self-government. Under these the natives were given a greater degree of autonomy than they had ever dreamed of getting from Spain, as well as a fairer, better and surer system than they had ever established for themselves in the days of the "Filipino Republic." This action gave the country at large actual and real contact with the purposes of our Government, and the result in the Filipino mind was excellent. The Commission was welcomed everywhere. As far as possible, municipal and provincial offices were given to natives, while ultimate American control was retained in order to prevent abuses.

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The expressed desires of the Filipinos as to method and detail of the Government set up over them were acceded to whenever possible. The Commission recognized the fact that the best men among the Filipinos had been, or still were, among the insurgents; therefore they appointed, or permitted the election of such men to office.

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According to the degree of civilization and ability at self-government evidenced by the inhabitants of the different islands, the Commission varied the form of government promulgated. In a few words, the Commission's work can be called the establishment of a series of protectorates, or autonomous governments, all controlled, ultimately and finally, by the central establishment at Manila, which, according to our promises, is to be promulgated next July, with Judge Taft at its head.

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While these events were influencing the Filipino people in distant provinces, the developments at Manila were likewise working towards peace, while in the districts still unruly, the drubbing process was continued. The organization of a civil service to fill civil positions in the insular government, in which system it was clearly set forth that, other things being equal, Filipinos would be preferred for such positions over any one else, was a further earnest of our good intentions towards the Islanders. The intimation, clearly expressed in many ways, that the much discussed and trouble provoking question of the religious orders would be settled, or would settle itself, to the satisfaction of the natives, created another wave of pro-American feeling, as did also the actual testimony of progress made towards organizing and maintaining unsectarian schools. The Filipinos have always wanted educational facilities; Spain was not inclined to provide them, and it was a good sign, they argued, when we did so.

The work of the Federal Party, composed of prominent Filipinos, including many former insurgents, who believed the best fate for their country was peace under American sovereignty, and who labored to convince their less reasonable countrymen of the correctness and common sense of these opinions, added much to the influences already working towards peace.

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These developments, together with others similar that I have not space to enumerate, prepared the country at large to accept, in a spirit favorable to the United States, the capture of Aguinaldo and his subsequent message to his people in which he counselled peace and American control. The capture of the Filipino leader came as a dramatic and effective climax, not to our words—for Spain had deceived them with words and they were slow to believe—but to our actual deeds, which proved conclusively to the Islanders that we meant well by them. All we had accomplished preceding the taking of Aguinaldo made possible the desirable results which followed his cap... My experience in the Isl... convince me I am right in ...ing the Filipinos will be con... with fair and just treatm... They want peace, prosp... and happiness, and their cou... offers them their desires. T... will be glad to take them thro... our hands. If they are abu... or misled or deceived, or if ... believe they are so treate... think they will fight. They ... a country which makes it ... for them to undertake hostili... If we continue to do well ... them, if we fulfil our prom... written and implied, they sh... give no real trouble. If we ... fault in our promises, they ... the spirit to die for their id..., or in the righting of their wro... This they have proved.

To-day the archipelago is p...tically at peace. Generals Ca... and Malvar, whose past d... would seem to preclude h... of amnesty, are about the ... leaders still holding out aga... us. They are but bandits, ... the military authorities t... them as such. The news of t... capture or surrender may c... before these words are in pri...

It has been announced that the General, or Central ... Government for the Philippine Islands will be establi... July 1. This means, necessarily, an end of army control ... return home of a large portion of the present army of o...pation, and the consequent reduction of American expe... out there. The Filipinos are anxious and waiting for ... step. It has been promised them, and they would natu... prefer civil to military control. All development during ... past year has led them to expect the step announced for ... month, and if we do not fulfil our obligation, the Flip... will question our motives. Mistrust, which has but just t... itself away, will come back, and much good will be und...

The recent decisions by the Supreme Court, while ... failed to establish the past or actual status of the Philipp..., showed that the Island's future was for Congress to d...mine. Speculation at once became rife as to when Cong... would take action in this matter, and as to what powers ... President had to act in the interim. The despatches f... Washington to-night clearly say that the Executive has ...termined not to call an extra session of Congress; h... there can be no Congressional action in Philippine af... until next December. As for the interim, the Presi... finds that the provisions of the Spooner Amendment ... him ample power to govern the Islands in all their req...ments. It is announced that the Dingley rates upon g... from the Philippines will continue to be collected, and ... the recommendations of the Commission as to the tari... imports into the Islands will be put into effect; and fur... that no change will be made in the policy hitherto pur... and announced in regard to the Philippine Islands. ... means that the central civil government will be establi... this summer—in other words, that we will keep our prom... It will be of vast advantage to ourselves and to the Filip... if we do, in the letter and in the spirit. By long month... effort, we have won their beginnings of the trust and ... faith of a Malay and Oriental people. Should we sh... these beginnings, it will be a bitter disappointment, ... Filipinos don't take disappointment easily. We have ... them to expect much of us; just how much we do not k..., because we do not yet know the Filipino mind, but it w... be unfortunate if we proved to be a disappointment. Whe... the Filipino can be a good friend or not we do not k... from actual experience, but we do know he can be a ... troublesome enemy.

Old Spanish residents of the Philippines tell you tale... of the charm of the country and its people in the days be... the rebellion; of open hospitality, of contentment and o... general happiness. If we govern fairly, wisely and well, ... keep our promises, these desirable attributes may, to a g... extent, return to one of the fairest regions in all the wor...

"THE BLUE-RIBBON KNIGHT"

FOR upwards of a third of a century, Francis Murphy has made temperance his life work. This old "blue-ribbon" leader, with his homely eloquence and earnest endeavor, has persuaded hundreds of liquor dealers, saloon keepers, and bartenders to turn to some honest employment. In many cities and towns there were organized clubs of ex-liquor dealers who joined the Murphy movement. Mr. Murphy made it a point for years to induce saloon men to attend special meetings held for liquor dealers only. No other temperance worker could command the respect of that element as he did when at the height of his power. He had probably the largest personal acquaintance with saloon men of any individual in this country. His intimate knowledge of every detail of the liquor traffic, and his ability to judge human nature, gave him a power over men that has hardly been equaled in temperance work.

Murphy's motto was, "Nothing but the grace of Almighty God can save a drunkard." He never spoke ill of the men engaged in the liquor trade, even while denouncing the saloon in the most scathing terms. In the smaller cities, he would visit the saloons and induce the proprietors to agree to close up on certain days, or nights, while he was in town, so that all might come to his meetings. He rarely failed to accomplish his mission. His most effective argument for the reformation of saloon men was his ap... to them for the sake of their families ... children, and so powerful was this plea ... few could resist it.

"BETTER START RIGHT NOW, AND BE ON THE SAFE SIDE"

Once a man came into a crowded meet..., staggering up the aisle, crying: "Oh, ... Murphy, I have fallen again." Mur... stopped in the midst of a prayer, grab... the man by the hand and fairly lifted ... up onto the platform, simply saying, "Yo... all right now, John. Praise God, you di... fall; you only slipped a little." The man ... signed the pledge fourteen times, with... year, and broken it every time; but he sig... again that night, and is to-day one of ... most respected merchants of a western ... He was an ex-saloon keeper; he never dr... a drop of liquor again. In twenty-five y... multitudes of people have signed the M...phy pledge. Mr. Murphy never lost an ...portunity to induce a young man to sign ... would say: "You're a fine fellow! You c... afford to drink rum. Better start right n... sign the pledge and let whiskey alone."

Such are some of the characteristic m...ods of this wonderfully persuasive tem...rance worker, whose arguments have ... over to the cause a great host of adhere... It will be many years before the "Blue-...bon Knight" is forgotten, and his name ... long be held in esteem by lovers of tem...rance throughout the world.

A FAMINE CRY FROM SHANSI

"Our People are Perishing With Hunger," Write the Native Christians of Five Churches --- Horrors of the Famine --- Our Whole Nation Now Helping Stricken China

IN all the history of human suffering, it would be difficult to find any condition more pitiful and yet more heroic than that which is presented in the letter below. It is from the native elders and deacons of the China Christian Churches in Hong-tong, Ping-iang, Ku-huh, Sil-ches and Ta-nung (all in Shansi). It is written in Chinese characters, which has been translated by Rev. F. C. H. Dreyer, formerly missionary in that province, who has sent the translation to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is as follows:

We send you greetings of peace. When we heard that you had arrived safely at Han-kow, in spite of much suffering during the journey, we were greatly comforted on your account. When, however, we think of the great sufferings of the many missionaries who did not early escape, and who have been put to death, our grief is indeed great. We are glad, however, that although so many have suffered, the lives of four or five of those who remained in the south of the province have been spared.

The calamities that have befallen the Chinese Christians have also been very great. Their steadfastness has been severely tested. Many of the brethren, however, through God's mighty preserving power, are much more zealous than they were before. From this it is manifest that nothing man can do can separate the love of God.

The suffering among all the Christians has been too great, for although they have escaped from within a step of death by the sword, **it has only been to meet with hunger and starvation.** Not only are many in great want, but some have nothing to sustain life from day to day. Happily our heavenly Father has bestowed mercy on us, for we have received letters from Shanghai and Peking informing us that an effort is being made to relieve our distress.

Alas, for our Shansi Christians, who are left as a flock of sheep without shepherd! We do not for the moment speak of their souls, even their bodies we do not know how to save. We have now appointed eight brethren to help in the important matter of distribution of relief.

Please send quickly, that we may speedily deliver our brethren from their great and urgent distress. We hope the peace will soon be established, and that the pastors will then be able to quickly return and reorganize the affairs of the Church. We respectfully send our greetings of peace to all the missionaries. From the brethren for whom you have entertained anxious thought:

(Signed) Fan-pao-lo, Shang-kuan-kueh-shuen, Li-tsing-lan, Ren-cheng-hsiao, Iang-si-ong, Li-sli-ien, Li-kin-fu, Lui-pao-tin.

Written by lamplight on the 15th of 11th Chinese Moon.

Mr. E. Folke, another missionary of the China Inland Mission in Shansi, now in New York, has recently received a letter from Shansi, the writer of which (a native Christian) confirms the statements in the foregoing letter as to the great suffering owing to the famine.

A Time for Christians to Act

Rev. F. Howard Taylor, son of the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the famous missionary and founder of the China Inland Mission, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the powerful presentation of the famine situation:

Fresh news of the famine in North China continues to come in, from time to time: and very pitiful news it is. Exact details it is scarcely possible to obtain, as there are now no foreigners in the famine district. Reliable information, however, is being received from native Christian sources: from trusted men, coming down to the coast on mission business, or sent as deputations from the native churches, to bring tidings of their condition and their sufferings, to those on whose sympathy they know they can rely. And this, added to the testimony of missionary eye-witnesses at an earlier stage of the famine, gives a sufficiently graphic, and most pathetic picture.

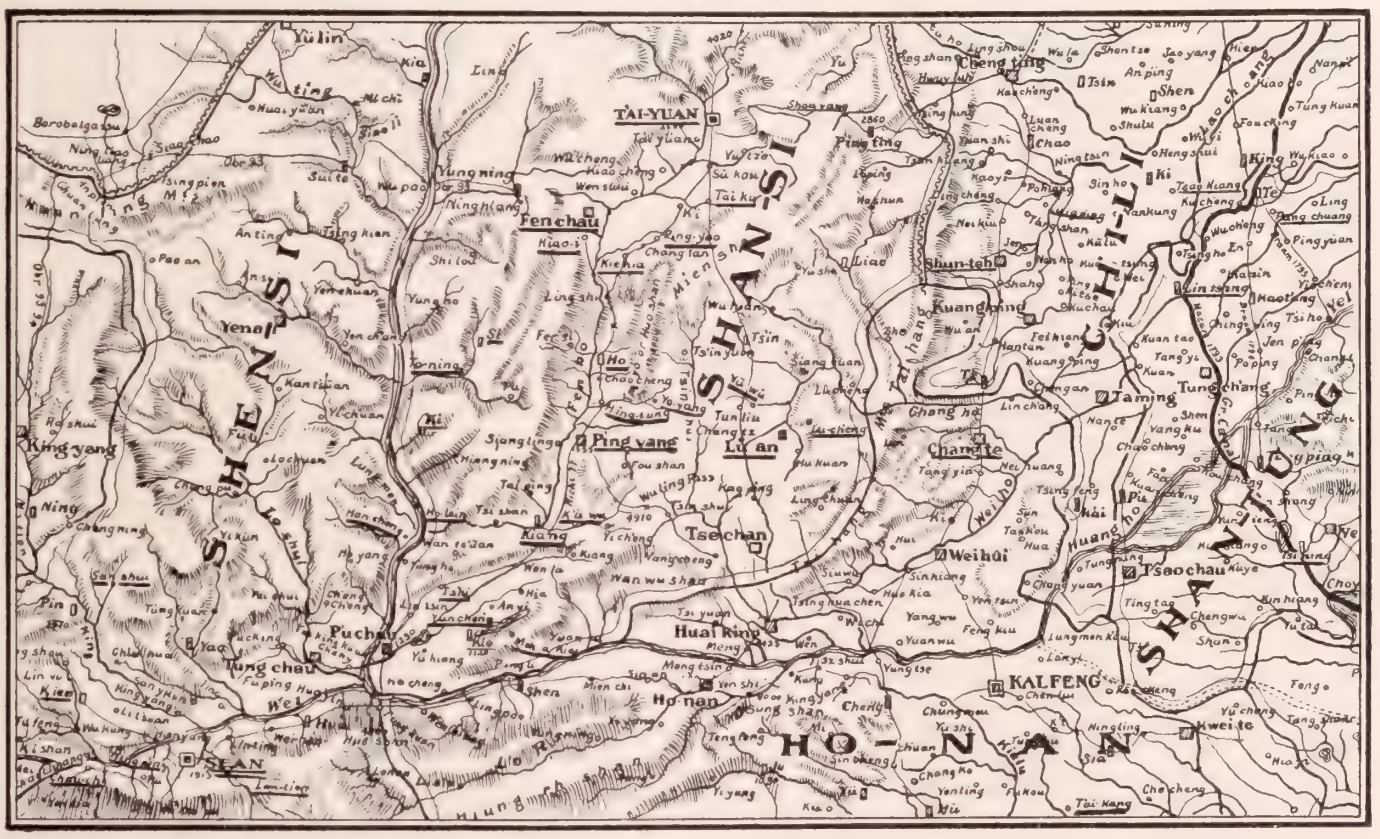
"In the summer of last year, when the foreigners in North China had to escape for their lives—if they could—things were already very bad. Indeed, two members of the China Inland Mission whose furloughs were overdue and greatly needed, had a month or two previously postponed their return home, that they might help the famine sufferers, out of their own private means. For two successive years, drought had reduced the harvests to such an extent, that only those who were well-to-do were able to obtain sufficient food for their needs. The poor were already, in many districts, living on bark stripped from the trees, on roots digged from the ground, on grass, and on flour plentifully adulterated with lime.

"Now, nearly a year later, things are evidently very much worse. In the Province of Shansi—where the suffering is greatest, and can scarcely be exaggerated—in the larger part of Ho-nan, and in western Shan-tung, not only the native Christians (many of whom were robbed a year ago of all they possessed), but the common people also, are suffering all the pains of starvation. The corpses of those who die are not only not interred, but are even used for food. Sadder things than this also are happening continually. Those who are familiar with the tales of suffering and horror that are incident to an Oriental famine will be able to fill in the ghastly picture for themselves. Enough has been said to show that the condition of things is deplorable to the last degree. The Government, demoralized and disorganized, is really unable to help its own people.

"Do not these appalling conditions present a rare opportunity to the leading Christian nations of the world? China, or more correctly the Government of China, deserved the strongest condemnation of all right-thinking men for the unparalleled occurrences of last year. They had it, and felt it. The horrors of war, sad to say aggravated in some instances by unnecessary barbarity, have come upon them, as the result of the Boxer madness. But now, after they have been chastised with scorpions, we cannot shut our ears to the lamentable cry of millions—literally millions—of miserably perishing, and in many cases wholly innocent sons of the soil. Have we not now a chance to show them magnanimity, at a time when practical sympathy will be doubly valued, because it is so manifestly undeserved?

"China is well enough aware that she has offended, and mortally offended, the nations of the West. If at such a time the countries most deeply aggrieved come to her rescue, and by generous contributions do all they can to mitigate the sufferings of the hunger-stricken people—in a district including not less than fifty or sixty millions—it cannot but make a profound impression. Seldom does so signal an opportunity occur for heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head. In the interests of future commercial relations, and still more in the interests of a right appreciation of the meaning of practical Christianity, now is a golden opportunity indeed in our relations with China. They will see that Christianity is something more than mere words, that it is real, and practical, and divine; and the result both on commerce and the progress of the truth in China cannot but be very marked.

"I trust that the action of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in coming so promptly and so generously forward in this matter will be heartily endorsed by its readers everywhere. F. HOWARD TAYLOR, M.D.


SHENSI
SHANSI
HO-NAN
SHAN-TUNG
CHI-LI
T'AI-YUAN
Cheng ting
Fenchau
Ping yang
Lu an
Tsechan
Weihui
Tsaochau
Changte
Taming
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Antingkien
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Wu pao
Wu cheng
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Ling-yao
Tsin yuan
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Yu tze
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Tai ku
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Kang ning
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Tou shan
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Ningtsin
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Tsi ho
Jen ping
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Wei
Ping chuang
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Ki
Shontze
Jaoyang
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Shen
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Shuiu
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Tsinchang
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Ching chuang
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Tsaochau
Kuye
Tsing tao
Chengwu
Kun hiang
Choy
Tung
Huang
Shan
Fang
Yu chang
Kwei te
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Ho Ning
Lo Ning
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Kishan
Hung
Yi yang
Kiao
Wu
Tsin yuan
Tsing hua chen
Hu Kiao
Yen tsun
Wu chi
Meng tsin
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Sz shui
Yen shi
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Chen Ho
Ho nan
Mien chi
Shen
Yu hiang
Meng tse
Yu cheng
Lin tze
Kiee
Yu tsun
Wu kung
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Hua Shan
Yu Ning
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Ho
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Tsin yuan
Tsin yang
Tsin shui
Tsin tze
Tsin ho
Tsin chang
Tsin shan
Tsin ho
Tsin ho
Tsin ho

Contributions to the Chinese Famine Relief Work

Contributions Since Last Acknowledgment up to June 15, 1901

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MASS.—Cont'd
"Have a purpose," S S Cl, Porter C Ch, Brockton.... 5 00
Coral Workers a Miss Cir of 1st Ch of Christ, Pittsfield 10 00
Ep Lea, M E Ch, Uxbridge 10 00
Farther Light Circle of Cent Bapt Ch, Westfield... 2 85
Jr Lea, Southampton 2 04
Jr Y P S C E of Orth Cong'l Ch, Leominster 5 00
Miss Band of Willing Workers, Everett 1 00
Montvale C E Soc, Woburn 5 00
Y P S C E, North Andover 6 75
Y P S C E of Cong Ch, Oakham 5 00
Y P S C E of Cong Ch, Stoneham ... 8 00
Un Chapel Y P S C E, Stow 10 00

New Hampshire

Avery, Austin W.. 2 00
Avery, Mrs E E.. 1 00
Avery, Mary E.... 1 00
Bard, Mrs G..... 1 00
Bixby, Mrs Mary A 2 00
Deming, H & Mrs. 2 00
Ferrill, Mrs B F.. 1 00
Fitts, J Lane..... 30
Ford, O A..... 1 00
Foster, Mrs Susie. 25
Gage, George..... 15
Graham, Master C. 10
Graham, Master R 10
Hall, Mrs M E.... 1 00
Hall, Portie 10
Hartsborn, Mrs M. 25
Hayward, C B.... 5 00
Healey, Mrs E W. 15
Lancey, Belle J... 2 00
Lang, J H..... 10
Lang, Mrs Mary A. 1 00
Marrall, Mrs O P. 1 00
Morrison, Mrs H K 5 00
Naglie, C 1 00
Norton, Mrs A.... 50
Noyes, E F..... 1 00
Philbrook, J L.... 2 00
Pierce, Martha J.. 2 00
Richardson, Bessie. 50
Rowe, Mrs Chas... 75
Sawyer, Mrs E F, in memory of... 2 00
Smith, Mrs A M... 2 00
Smith, Miss Grace. 1 00
Tilton, Frank P.. 3 00
Wells, Mrs Sarah.. 1 00
White, Irving A... 5 00
C J L, Concord... 2 00
D B C, Warren.... 1 00
H & E, Manchester10 00
Mrs M M C, Goffstown 1 00
——, Nashua 5 00
Friend, Farmington 1 00
Friend, Manchester 5 00
A Friend, Dover .. 2 00
A friend, E. Wolfboro 2 00
A friend, Littleton 26
I H N, Nashua.... 1 00
I H N, —..... 5 00
I H N, Hudson.... 5 00
Sympathizer, Haverhill 2 00
A Reader of Union Signal, Suncook.. 25
Cong'l Ch, Croydon 5 43
1st Cong Ch, Hanover Centre..... 8 00
F W B Ch, Holdernes 5 00
Union C E Soc, W. Epping 3 80

New Jersey

Ackerson, Susan... 25
Anderson, Theo.... 25
Baird, D 05
Baird, Mrs J..... 25
Baird, Mrs John.. 10
Banks, M Isabelle.20 00
Beardsley, Cath'ne 1 00
Besson, Frances... 1 00
Black, Mrs E W.. 2 00
Briggs, Mrs..... 25
Burke, T..... 10
Carlson, Mrs..... 1 00
Carr, Fannie H... 5 00
Carson, Mrs A.... 10
Cary, Wm..... 50
Chalmers, T..... 1 00
Chalmers, Rena... 50
Condon, James.... 50
Congleton, Phebe.. 50
Conover, Mrs C... 10
Conover, Helen.... 10
Conover, Mrs L... 05
Cory, Sarah A.... 5 00
Cossaboom, Blanch 07
Crawford, Jno. H.. 25
Crocker, Mrs H F. 2 00
Curran, H A..... 1 00
Davenport, J R... 25
Davis, Sarah H... 5 00
Decker, J R..... 1 00
Dowling, Dr..... 25
Du Bois, Mrs A.... 15
Durrie, Mrs W A. 2 00
Eberle, B 25
Edgar, B W..... 1 00
Edsal, Miss 1 00
Fisher, D 25
Flower, Edwin.... 50
Freeman, Thomas. 2 00
George, A L..... 25
George, K D..... 25
Goldsmith, Mrs W H 2 00
Gordon, Mrs E.... 03
Greenleaf, J 25
Halsey, Charles... 25
Hand, Dr. Z..... 5 00
Hayward, Mrs 25
Hayward, Berta... 10
Hayward, Libbie.. 10
Heim, N Wilbur.. 50
Higbee, Mrs J W. 1 00
Higbee, Helen.... 2 00
Hinkler, H K..... 25
Hiser, Mrs H..... 10

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd
Hobart, D R..... 25
Hobart, Miss K... 25
Hobart, Mrs Mary. 1 00
Hockenbury, E J.. 25
Honeyman, Mr.... 25
Hope, Miss Belle..10 00
Hovey, Ethel 05
Howe, Mrs E B.. 1 00
Hulse, H 30
Hulskamper, Mrs JA 1 00
Jarvis, Josephine R300 00
Jones, L P..... 50
Jordan, Albert 2 00
Keutgen, Mrs G H.10 00
Kingsland, Miss H V 1 00
Kingsland, Mrs W C 1 00
Kinney, D F..... 25
Klotzbach, Jno.... 50
Knight, C L..... 25
Kramer, Mrs..... 65
Leach, H A..... 25
Lehman, Julianna. 5 00
Leonhard, E A.... 25
Lyon, A J..... 50
Lyon, M A..... 50
McChesney, Mrs S 50
Magee, Mrs M C.. 25
Maryott, Hattie L. 50
Maseker, J W..... 1 00
Melville, S F..... 2 00
Mills, Mrs S..... 5 00
Moore, A E & S M 5 00
Nevins, Mrs C V F 1 00
Newberry, Mrs M W 50
Nemcomb, J 2 00
Oert, Mrs J E.... 1 00
Olsen, Mrs 25
Orcutt, Mrs G S.. 3 00
Pfleger, Mrs J M. 1 00
Phelps, W G..... 50
Phillips, Hy L.... 2 23
Powell, Mrs R L. 1 00
Reid, Mrs T 25
Rhodes, Mrs R... 50
Ribbons, Mrs R... 11
Rice, Dr. C..... 1 00
Richmond, Mrs Jos 05
Ross, Ophelia 25
Ros, W E..... 50
Sayre, Mrs A K.. 5 00
Smith, Miss B H.. 2 00
Smith, Mrs M N.. 25
Smock, Catharine. 1 00
Smock, Mrs N..... 25
Smock, Wm..... 25
Stephen, Charles.. 50
Strait, H B..... 5 00
Sutphen, Mrs C... 10
Sutphen, Mrs M A 10
Thompson, Mrs E. 25
Titman, Jas. B.... 1 00
Tilton, Mrs G..... 05
Van Campen, W S 25
Vanderveer, Miss D 10
Van Dorn, Miss K. 25
Van Kirk, Edith... 10
Van Kirk, Mrs H.. 25
Van Mater, Lidie.. 05
Vaughan, L A..... 1 00
Vanzee, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Vierow, V 5 00
Voorhees, F F..... 25
Ward, L R..... 50
West, O W..... 25
Wilson, A D..... 3 00
Wilson, Thomas... 25
Gard, Jim..... 1 00
A A B, Boonton.. 2 00
A F D, Morris Plains 1 00
B S, Camden..... 2 00
E M F, Bloomfield 1 00
F G S & wf, Camden 5 00
K H S, Long Hill. 1 00
K V H, Newark.. 3 00
M, Hackettstown.. 5 00
M C, Folsom..... 1 85
N W K, Cape May.10 00
Mrs T R, Mt. Hermon 1 00
W S B, Elizabeth. 1 00
—, Kingsland 08
— , Newark 1 00
Friend, Cape May. 2 00
Friend, Cape May. 5 00
Friend, Passaic ... 25
A Friend, Bloomfield 1 00
A friend, Glen Ridge 5 00
A friend, Marlboro 25
A friend, Paterson. 2 00
A friend, Pennington 21
A friend, Pennington 35
Friends, Newark.. 4 00
From a Friend, Lambertsville ... 1 00
Inasmuch, Newark.50 00
I H N, Englewood 1 00
C H Subr, Elizabeth 5 00
For Christ's Sake, Clinton 5 00
"Hawthorne," Paterson 5 00
"Mizpeh," Burlington 50
Grace Presby Ch, Camden 7 00
S Sch of Pres Ch, Merchantsville ..10 00
The Cent Pres Ch C E Soc, Newark 2 25
Y P S C E, Pres Ch, Fairton 7 50
Y P S C E of 1st Pres Ch, Metuchen 7 00

New York

Ackerly Noah T.. 25
Adams, Abigail.... 1 00
Adriance, E R.... 5 00
Agan, G E..... 25
Allen, E F..... 3 00
Alton, Annie 1 00
Ames, Miss A H.. 1 50
Archard, E 5 00
Arnold, S V..... 5 00
Austin, Capitola.. 1 00
Baker, E & fam.. 5 00
Baker, E Louise... 1 00
Baldwin, S C..... 5 00
Barclay, Mrs A A. 25
Barry, Miss H E. 15
Bassett, Miss C M 1 00
Bell, Jane G..... 1 00
Bennett, Charlie... 10
Bennett, H J..... 1 00
Bennett, Lizzie .. 10
Bennett, Miss May 1 00
Bigalow, Levi 15 00
Biggs, Mrs J D... 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
Bishop, Mrs Helen 50
Bjerregaard, James 2 00
Bloomer, Mrs A... 50
Blydenburgh, Mrs C H 25
Bontcher, Erelena. 05
Bontcher, F & E. 25
Borland, R A..... 25
Boyce, Marion 25
Boynton, Mrs L L. 2 00
Bridgman, Mrs C J 6 00
Bridgman, D L... 2 00
Bridgman, E T.... 2 00
Britton, Mrs E M. 3 00
Brokaw, Miss S C. 15
Brokaw, Rev. W H 2 00
Brott, Lucy J..... 1 00
Brown, Mrs B.... 10
Brown, Eliza L... 2 00
Bruner, Mrs R L.. 25
Brush, Mrs Ida... 2 00
Bryan, Mrs Judson10 00
Burton, Mrs E L.. 1 00
Burton's, M L, S S Class 1 00
Capen, Julia P.... 10
Carmichael, Mrs M 2 00
Carpenter, Miss R. 5 00
Carver, S M..... 1 00
Case, Ella M..... 1 00
Case, M Savilla... 1 50
Chamberlin, A B.. 40
Chamberlin, A L.. 1 00
Chamberlin, Mrs A L 50
Chamberlin, Miss J 25
Chamberlin, Mark. 25
Chamberlin, Mead. 10
Chandler, Mrs G W 20
Chandler, M 2 00
Chapin, Mrs H A. 5 00
Chapman, Mrs E.. 1 00
Chichester, D 25
Christian, S 2 00
Churchill, Miss M E 50
Clark, Master Ross 11
Clements, C A.... 1 00
Collier, Mrs E N.. 5 00
Collins, Ellen 20 00
Comstock, Miss C. 3 00
Cornish, Mrs A J. 1 00
Covert, Thaddeus.. 10
Cramk, Mrs Wm.. 2 00
Crane, Mrs E F... 5 00
Crannell, Mrs M.. 1 00
Craven, Julia & Mae 10
Craver, Mrs Sarah. 10
Crosby, M S, coll by10 00
Culyer, M..... 1 00
Curry, Mary..... 1 00
Davenport, J..... 5 00
Davies, E J..... 50
Davis, Miss C....10 00
Deake, Mrs A M. Wildman, Mrs O E Blackman, M P. 3 00
Dean, Charles..... 25
Delmar, A 10 00
Demarest, C H.... 5 00
Devine, Miss Jane. 2 00
Dibble, Mrs O F.. 1 00
Dodson, Mrs Edw. 25
Dodson, Mrs W... 50
Dore, Mrs John T 25
Douglass, Mrs Thos 2 00
Du-Mond, A S.... 5 00
Dunlap, Jos., Jr... 25
Dunlap, Mrs S K. 1 00
Easterly, Addison. 50
Eaton, Mrs A R.. 2 00
Elderfield, C J.... 5 00
Eley, Lester 05
Elis, Archie 05
Ellis, Mrs Benj... 1 00
Ely, S M & Mrs..10 00
Embody, Miss E V 5 00
Ewell, Geo. E.... 25
Fallensen, Mrs.... 25
Farnsworth, A A.. 1 50
Field, Sarah I.... 2 00
Filkins, Mrs H M. 1 00
Fisher, H M & E A 3 00
Fisher, Miss Lida. 1 00
Fisk, Anna L..... 5 00
Fitch, Mrs E M... 1 00
Fitch, Ern..... 1 00
Flagg, Mrs George 10
Flagler, Mrs C W. 50
Fower, Anna R... 1 00
Fulton, Miss F M.15 00
Gardell, Emill.... 25
Garlough, E H.... 1 00
Gay, Fred L..... 25
Gay, Mrs Harvey.. 25
Geddes, Mrs M C. 2 00
Gilmon, C M..... 2 00
Godfrey, Mrs A... 1 00
Goodenbury, Mrs J B 25
Goodey, Mrs M J. 25
Goodman, Juliet... 2 00
Goose, Mrs Daniel. 2 00
Gregory, Mrs A S. 50
Gregory, Geo. H.. 50
Grimshaw, F E... 50
Grove, Miss E & A 1 00
Hagaman, C A.... 5 00
Hall, Mrs Lillian. 10
Hallock, C T & Mrs 5 00
Hallock, Walter... 05
Ham, Mrs S A.... 1 00
Hamblin, W M & Mrs 1 00
Hamilton, Mrs W. 25
Hand, E E..... 25
Haswell, Anna 1 00
Haucey, Wm. B... 10
Hawks, J Q.....10 00
Hay, Mrs G T.... 25
Hayden, Strong... 1 00
Heins, Mrs H..... 25
Herrick, W Lila... 1 00
The Hines Sisters, N Y City..... 50
Houghton, Alvin A 1 00
Houghton, C W... 1 00
Houghton, E D.... 50
Houghton, Geo. S.. 1 00
Houghton, Jas. C.. 1 00
Houghton, Mrs J C 1 00
Howard, Mrs A D. 4 00
Howell, E & W.. 10
Howes, H R..... 1 00
Howes, Lee & moth 35
Howes, Roy 30
Howes, Mrs W.... 2 00
Howland, A S.... 50
Hubbell, Lyman...10 00
Hudson, Rac 05
Hudson, Mrs T.... 25
Hudson, Mrs Wm.. 36
Hughes, Mrs J A. 1 00
Huntington, F T & Mrs 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
Hurlburt, Mrs E.. 1 00
Hurtin, Jesse 25
Huston, Mrs Henry 25
Isbell, H E..... 1 00
Jameson, S H & Mrs 1 0
Jameson, S H & Mrs 1 00
Jamieson, Mrs Jno 1 00
Jackson, Cora..... 30
Jackson, H M..... 2 00
Johnston, Mrs A M C 1 00
Johnston, Wm. G.50 00
Keeler, Edmund P 2 00
Kelly, Mrs A..... 50
Kingsbury, Miss B 30
Kirkup, Harold.... 15
Kirkup, Victor.... 15
Klaski, A F..... 4 00
La Barr, Mrs C W 25
Lamb, Mrs Marg't 1 00
Langdon, Mrs R A 1 00
Langtre, Susie... 1 00
Larson, N Cary... 5 00
Lemley, Frank.... 25
Lent, C H..... 1 00
Levan, Mrs John.. 25
Lewis, Mr 25
Lewis, Mrs E..... 1 00
Little, Mrs Elmer. 1 00
Lloyd, Mrs F L... 1 50
Low, Seth 100 00
McDowell, John... 1 00
McEwan, Lee J... 1 00
McLean, Mrs M V. 2 50
Mallory, George... 1 00
Markwick, E T W & A F E..... 50
Markwick, Rev. J M & Mrs 1 00
Martin, H 10
Martin, J, Jr..... 15
Martin, Joseph ... 50
Mason, Mrs Roy E 70
Mawle, George.... 1 00
Mead, Mary C.... 5 00
Merz, John 50
Miller, C M..... 1 00
Miller, Mrs D..... 1 00
Miller, H G..... 1 00
Miller, Miss L M.. 25
Miller, Mrs O W.. 1 00
Millington, Alf.... 1 00
Mitchell, Mrs A... 50
Moger, Mrs H W.. 50
Moore, Mrs A E.. 1 00
Moore, Martin L... 2 20
Munro, J J..... 1 00
Murray, Mrs Geo.. 5 00
Neevine, Fred.... 25
Newton, Mrs H.. 1 00
North, Mrs A..... 50
Osborne H A..... 4 00
Palm, Miss R C.. 2 00
Parker, Mrs H A. 5 00
Parsons, Mary L..10 00
Payne, W O..... 2 00
Peabody, Dr. H H 25
Peck, Wm..... 50
Peebles, Mrs V F. 1 00
Peterson, N.. .... 1 00
Phelps, Edgar.... 10
Phelps, Thos. H.. 1 00
Phinney, Mrs E D. 25
Pierce, Miss Ella. 15
Pierce, Miss M H. 1 00
Pierson, Miss C... 5 00
Pierson, Mrs E.... 5 00
Polley, J B..... 50
Post, Miss Alberta 1 00
Pritchard, Mrs ... 25
Putnam, Mrs C S.. 1 00
Randall, Mrs J H. 1 00
Raynor, Mrs Sarah 4 00
Reeve, Leslie 15
Reynolds, Clarence 05
Reynolds, Wallace. 25
Rhodes, Mrs Jno.. 5 00
Richard, Clarence. 25
Richard, Mrs M G 1 00
Riddell, Frank G. 1 00
Rider, Mrs C S... 5 00
Rider, G 50
Robertson, Miss M 4 50
Robinson, M C.... 25
Robinson, W H... 10
Roe, T L..... 50
Roe, Mrs T L.... 50
Rolfe, Mrs J..... 12
Root, A P..... 50
Russell, Mrs E A.. 1 00
Russo, Frank 50
Salom, Mrs Sarah. 1 00
Sandford, Miss L.. 1 00
Savage, Mrs A G.. 2 00
Saxby, Mrs T E... 3 00
Saxton, A Lincoln.. 25
Schermerhorn, Mr. 25
Schermerhorn, Mrs S J 10 00
Schroeder, A J.... 5 00
Schroeder, Mrs M. 4 00
Schuyler, J W.... 5 00
Schwartz, Annie K 1 00
Seamans, S T..... 25
Sexsmith, C W.... 2 00
Shaw, M 1 25
Shaubhuth, K F.. 1 00
Sheldon, Albert... 1 00
Sheppard, Mrs E L 25
Sickels, Robt 10 00
Siegrist, J G & C. 5 00
Skiff, Sarah C.... 1 00
Smith, Mrs C..... 2 00
Smith, Miss E E.. 50
Smith, Eliz 5 00
Smith, Thos. Hy.. 10 00
Smith, James R... 2 00
Snow, Sarah 1 00
Suydam, Miss E.. 50
Soper, Mrs Martha 5 00
Southworth, W D.. 1 00
Starr, Mrs P H... 1 00
Stephenson, Mrs F A H 5 00
Stewart, W J..... 1 00
Stoddard, G J..... 1 00
Strachan, Mrs 10
Strainge, T J & Mrs 3 00
Strickland, Mrs J E 2 00
Strong, Miss Ellis. 25
Strong, Harriet L. 6 00
Swanson, L 1 00
Swezey, A M..... 25
Sybrandt, Mrs C G 2 00
Taft, M A..... 1 00
Tandy, F E..... 15
Taylor, Mrs Agnes 3 00
Thayer, Mrs Arch. 5 00
Thomas, E & C.... 2 00
Torney, Lizzie A.. 1 00
Towlerton, James. 2 00

NEW YORK—Cont'd
Trask, H S..... 1 00
Trask, Mrs H S... 1 00
Travis, Mrs Ada... 50
Travis, Eudora G. 1 00
Trotter, Kate 1 00
Tuthill, Clarence.. 15
Tuthill, Edith..... 10
Tuthill, Emily 05
Tuthill, Terry 05
Upham, M K & wf 3 00
Van, Mr..... 10
Van Der Velde, Mrs John 1 00
Van Valkenburgh, Mrs 25
Van Valkenburgh, Mrs L 25
Van Valkenburgh, W 25
Vescelins, Miss E 1 00
Vickham, Spencer. 03
Viele, Rev J P.... 5 00
Vinnie, Mrs 2 00
Vunk, Thos. A.... 1 00
Waddell, Fidelia.. 1 00
Ward, W E..... 2 00
Warren, Alice F.. 35
Warren, Mrs C A. 1 00
Waterbury, M M A 2 00
Watkins, F M.... 25
Watkins, Geo. J.. 5 00
Watkins, Mrs M A 25
Watson, E M & Mrs 5 00
Wegener, A B.... 3 00
Weigold, Mr..... 25
Wells, Mrs Ella... 1 00
West, Mrs Geo. E. 50
Westfall, Mrs J H 1 00
Wheeler, Miss J .. 5 00
White, Mrs O.....16 83
Wicker, Mrs J J.. 1 00
Widler, Frank M.. 2 00
Wilcox, Mrs G R.. 2 00
Wilson, Mrs Carrie 10
Wilson, Miss Julia. 1 00
Wilson, Mrs J H.. 1 00
Winslow, Mrs M G 1 00
Witman, Theresa V 1 00
Wrigh.. Mrs C.... 5 00
Wright, Mrs E S.. 10
Youngman, Mrs E D 1 00
Wise, Mis H C... 45
Zabriskie, Mary... 1 25
Kemp, N Y City..25 00
Rochen, Babylon.. 2 00
A H, Pleasantville Sta 09
A OB, Riverhead.. 2 00
B, Vernon Centre. 1 00
Mrs B S S, Scheneyus 2 00
B W, Pleasantville Sta 05
C, Rochester 4 00
C C B, N Y City.. 25
C H L, Corinth... 5 00
C L P, Pleasantville Sta 25
E D, Pleasantville Sta 10
E H, Pleasantilley Sta 25
Mrs E H, Buffalo.. 1 00
E H M, Pleasantville Sta 1 00
E J G, Pleasantvule Sta 25
E L H, Pleasantville Sta 05
E M W, N Y City 1 00
E S R, Mrs, E. Patchogue 1 00
E S S, N Y City.. 1 00
F C, Canandaigua. 5 00
F C F, Napa..... 4 50
G L G, Bklyn..... 2 00
G W, Buffalo..... 1 00
H H H, Guilford. 2 00
JE H, Ballston Spa 1 00
J F S & E C S, Buffalo 3 00
J M, Rhinebeck... 26
J R G, Bklyn..... 1 00
L H, Panama..... 1 00
L M A, Pleasantville Sta 21
L T, N Y City.... 25
M E M, N Y City. 2 00
M E S, Bklyn..... 1 00
M H P, Owego... 25
M I M, Pleasantville Sta 05
M Z, N Y City.... 25
N H, Pleasantville Sta 25
P P, Wadhams Mills 1 00
R A N, N Y City. 1 00
S C P, N Y City.. 2 00
S M W, Syracuse.. 10
S S, Bklyn..... 1 00
T L H, N Y City. 5 00
——, E. Hampton.. 2 00
——, Geneva..... 5 00
——, Mayville 2 00
——, Mohonk Lake. 5 00
——, Morris Park..15 00
——, N Y City.... 1 00
——, N Y City.... 25
——, Troy 5 00
——, Walton 50
Cash, E. Patchogue 2 00
Cash, E. Patchogue 25
Cash, E. Patchogue 25
Cash, Shortsville.. 25
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 10
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 10
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 10
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 10
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 10
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 15
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 15
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 25
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 25
Cash, S. Brooklyn. 25
Friend, Bklyn 1 00
Friend, Ithaca 1 00
Friends, Moorers ... 50
Friend, N Y City.. 5 00
Friend, Pendleton. 2 00
Friend, Rye 1 00
Friend, Southampton 2 00
Friend, S. Brooklyn 25
Friend, Utica 25
Friend, —..... 1 50
A friend, Amsterdam 1 00
A friend, Auburn.. 1 00
A friend, Batavia. 1 00
A friend, Belcher. 1 00
A friend, Bklyn... 1 00

NEW YORK—Cont
A friend, Bklyn...
A friend, Canajoharie 1
A friend, Fairfield
A friend, Grand Gorge .....
A friend, Huntington .....
A friend, N Y City1
A friend, Pleasantville Sta.....
A friend, Rhinebeck
A friend, S. Bklyn
A friend, S. Bklyn
A friend, S. Bklyn
A friend, Valatie..
A friend, Warwick.
A friend, Wainscott
A friend, Wheatfield
A friend, Wyoming
Friends, Hornellsville .....
Two Friends, Galway 1
From a Friend, Lyndonville .....
Not a friend, So. Brooklyn .....
I H N, (D I) Bklyn1
I H N, Gorham...
I H N, Kenwood.
I H N, Little Falls
I H N, Canastota.
In mem'y I H N, Greenfield .....
Reader of C H....
A Reader of the C H, Grahamville..
A Reader of C H & friend of China, Water Mill .....
Sympathizer, Goffstown .....
Sympathy, Southold
A Syracusan.....
East Leon charge.
Goldsworthy, Kingston .....
"I hunkered & ye fed me," Ithaca.
Mother & Daughter, Utica .....
Self Denial, Rochester .....
Thank Offering, Jericho .....
"The Nest," Rye.
Three interested sisters, N Y City..
Two Ladies of Hudson .....
The Widow's Mite, Pomona .....
Widow's Mite, Syracuse .....
Bapt Ch, Geneva..
1st Bapt Ch, Geneva .....
1st & C P Chs, Canedonia .....
Pres Ch, Chester..
Pres Ch, N. Bergen
Fillmore Chap M E Ch, E. Porter...
Bierce Ave Presby S S, Niagara Falls
Boys S Sch, Class, Corinth .....
Congl S Sch, Deansboro .....
Inter Dept St. John Refd S Sch, St. Johnsville .....
From 112th St S S chid'n, N Y City
S Sch of Refd Ch, Clarkesville .....
S S Boys.....
Stone Sch House S S, Caldwell ....
Circle of Willing Doers, E. Scott..
C E Soc, Klontone
C E Soc, Bkyn....
Endvr Soc, Colton.
Presy P S C E Tribes Hill ....
Jr Soc C E, 1st Ch, Buffalo ....
From Mothers of I Chap, N Y City
Giffis Band of Is D Ref Ch, Schenectady .....
Temp Patr Lea o Va St Free Meth Ch, Buffalo ....
The Swedish Miss' Friends Ass'n, Nc Brighton .....
Two Sidney Epworth jans .....
W C T U, Williamsville .....

Miscellaneo

Brier, Arron ....
Hines, M A.....
Johnston, A M...
King, Mrs R H..
Lee, Mrs H J...
Lemon, M E.....
Munson, Mrs L..
Wakeman, Ross..
Whitney, Mrs T
Pancoast, C V...
Poston, Chas. S..
Rowley, Mrs Chas
Smith, James....
Snider, A B & Mr
Thomas, H Elmer
Thompson, Mrs E
A M O, Henrytow
J M, Rhinebeck..
A E L, —.....
C, —.....
——, Golden City.
——, —.....
——, —.....
——, —.....
Friend, Dawson ..
Friend, Fredonia.
A Friend, —....
A Friend, —....
Reader, Bantam..
Subr, Tonawanda
"Pinehurst," Brigton .....
Unknown, —....
Widow's Mite, —

MAG; A STORY OF THE SLUMS

...BY...
MARY C. FRANCIS

MAG had an inauspicious entrance into the world. The ill-smelling tenement was already overcrowded, and in the small room it seemed as though there could not possibly be space enough for another.

The white, haggard-faced mother looked hopelessly on the little countenance; then, while trying to say something to Mrs. Harriga who already had seven of her own, she gasped and died. Mrs. Harrigan probably understood; at any rate she took Mag, the father having disappeared inside of a penal institution for a period of twenty years, and thenceforth the child existed and grew in some mysterious way known only to those who have such unhealthy forcing as semi-starving, neglect, and a constant tussle for existence.

There was hardly a time when she did not work, under Mrs. Harrigan's ungentle inducements; or, if not working, fighting, preferably with the street gang; and many a tough youth came off second best before her hard little fists. At the age of seven she was the neighborhood terror; at ten she was known to the police; at fourteen she was a belle, but none the less a "scrapper." In a small and unsavory world of her own, she was supreme, skilled in many devices, confident of her charms, totally without fear and capable of diverse temperamental exhibitions. Had her red-brown hair ever been properly dressed, the full glory of it might have been seen. Tumbled and tousled as it was it was a magnificent thing; her dark skin was clear and rosy; her brown eyes by turns innocent and bold; her red lips were given to laughing mockingly. She had chased the drunken O'Reilly out of his house with a broomstick, and tended Mrs. O'Reilly and the sick child night and day until they recovered. Then she spent her savings from the sweat shop on 'em, and went out and got drunk herself, after which she indulged in her favorite pastime of quarreling and looking for a good chance to lead her "thirsty right."

It was on a hot evening at the close of a variegated day, that Mag was idly leaning against the lamp-post on the corner. She was in a sullen mood, her fierceness, due half to hunger, half to stifled wrath concerning a rival who was lately threatening her supremacy. Her eyes flashed viciously, and she stamped her foot deep in the dust of the street.

"I beg pardon, but will you kindly tell me where Mrs. McCoy lives?"

The soft, sweet voice, with its refined accents, fell musically on Mag's ears, and the air, which a moment before had been laden with odors that never blew from Araby, wafted to her a delicate scent. She looked up with a scowl.

"I have heard of her from a mutual friend," went on the stranger, "and I wish very much to find her this evening. I have a message for her—and then."

Mag almost tottered on her feet. "These" were lilies, pure, graceful; but it was not their exquisite beauty, though seen for the first time, that had stunned the soul of this girl. She was taken captive by the personality of the woman who addressed her. The blue eyes looked straight down through the dark ones into her very heart, and a strange sensation, which she did not know was tenderness—that anchor for a woman's life—flooded her whole being. Mag Harrigan had never bent her knees in her life, but now her spirit knelt before this unseen power.

"I'll take you," she said. "It's right down this way." The two stepped forward, but around the corner, tearing wildly with clanging gong came the ambulance on a "hurry" call.

"Look out," shrieked Mag; but too late, for her settled companion, who reeled almost under the horses' hoofs, while the driver's eyes protruded at what seemed to be the inevitable. It would have been had not Mag, late with the peculiar litheness of the streets, flung herself forward, and with one twist of her muscular arms snatched her out, and tossed her, somewhat bruised, but virtually unhurt, to the edge of the narrow sidewalk, uttering a vociferous remark meantime, that sounded even above the din of the crowd. It all happened before the running policeman could reach the scene.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mag, anxiously, lifting her fallen companion up.

"No, not at all; thanks to you, my brave girl. But you!" The blood was streaming down one side of Mag's face from a big bruise above the left temple.

"Oh, that ain't nothin'," said Mag, jauntily wiping the blood away. "Can't some o' you loafers git o' th' lady's way, so's we can git out o' this?"

That was the beginning. That evening, after they had found Mrs. McCoy, and the lilies and more substantial articles had been delivered, Mag permitted Miss Bradley to bathe the bruised and swollen brow. It was the first gentle touch the girl had ever known in her life. Blows she had both taken and given, but this soft, caressing touch of white fingers, the magnetic current of love and sympathy that coursed through her with that contact, the low, "Does it feel better now, my dear?" unloosed the girl's higher forces. She thrilled with the first sweet emotion that had ever come into her life. Katherine Bradley knew better than to make the mistake of preaching to this girl; but before they parted that evening, she said, her soft white fingers closing over Mag's: "And, my dear, if you wish to please me, won't you try not to use such shocking language as you did when you pulled me out from under the horses' feet? It is unwomanly, and now you say you wish to be different."

A furious flush surged up under the girl's skin. She had never felt ashamed before. "I'll try, Miss Bradley," she said, in a low voice; "but I've always said everything I wanted to, an' it'll be hard."

"MAG FLUNG HERSELF FORWARD, AND TOSSED HER TO THE SIDEWALK"

As time went on, Miss Bradley sometimes thought that it was not hard for Mag, but simply impossible. The girl devoted herself to her, and she had much opportunity, for as the summer advanced, there seemed to be more and more necessary to be done in that squalid district; sick and dying babies, overworked mothers, the improvident and the shiftless, all made claims. Katherine went more and more often to the locality, and Mag was ever at her side, an invaluable helper, guide, assistant, companion. It was Mag who looked out that no imposition was made; who knew whether the story of four months' rent due was truth or falsehood; who did errands, ran hither and thither, joyfully performed every service, no matter how small, for Miss Bradley, and who was her self-constituted escort throughout the district at all hours, until the two came to be known as "The Twins" to a derisive contingent. But Mag's own progress, Miss Bradley was forced to confess after several months, was of the doubtful and backsliding order; better and worse by turns, sometimes angelic for days, then atoning with a violent relapse. Her personal devotion was undoubted, and her help was valuable, and Miss Bradley kept on hoping. One phase that Mag displayed gave her concern more than once; she resolutely refused to accept any financial assistance. This she had declined with such scorn the one time that Miss Bradley had offered it, that it was never repeated, though its need was frequently obvious.

The days slipped into weeks, and the weeks into months. Then, one day, Miss Bradley smelt liquor on Mag's breath, and noticed the unmistakable signs of dissipation on the girl. Her gentle reproof, uttered in softest tones, while her big blue eyes looked down into the very core of the girl's life, as ever, tortured Mag unspeakably, but she was too proud to show it. She continued on the tour with Katherine until it was over, escorted her to the car, then disappeared. Two days later, when Katherine went down, she could not find her, and for the first time since she had entered the district, on the evening when Mag had dragged her out from mutilation or worse, she went through her rounds alone and felt unutterably lonely. One of those unaccountable attractions that frequently draw human souls together, no matter how widely separated their stations, had formed a permanent bond for these two, and each suffered from the trifling alienation; but Miss Bradley did not know that Mag shadowed her and scarcely lost sight of her.

The next afternoon she went down again, partly because she had duties there, partly because she wanted to see Mag, if she could meet her without seeming to look for her. Just before dinner time, coming down a dark stairway, she ran into a figure that proved to be another worker, who hurriedly informed her that the instructor for a certain class in the Mothers' Evening School was indisposed and could not give the regular lesson, and asked her to take it. Katherine readily consented, but added, "I am hungry. Where can we go to get something to eat?" As she spoke she felt at her belt; the dangling leather case was gone. A search did not reveal it.

"A new one, too," said Katherine, laughing, "carried for the first time and more money in it than usual."

That evening, when Katherine was half-way through the lesson, she recognized, in the half light of the dim hallway, Mag's face. The girl was peering in through the open door, but cautiously disappeared in the shadows before she knew she was recognized. Katherine's heart leaped.

"Poor girl," she thought. "I wonder if I really said anything harsh to her the other day." She went on with the instruction, but decided in an instant what she would do to restore the old relations. She had lost her purse, she had not a penny; she would go to Mag after the lesson and borrow car-fare.

Mag, half fearful that she had been discovered, stole away and did what she had not done for a long time, threw herself down face foremost on the bed in her small, untidy room in the Harrigan flat and cried. Not two hours before she had exulted, with the old, almost forgotten sense of the days before her soul had cried out for love and sympathy. Hurt, not so much by Miss Bradley's tender admonition, as by the realization that she had fallen sadly in her attempt to lead a better life, she had instantly lapsed into one of the old fierce moods, and had felt ready for any thing. With this feeling on her, she strolled idly along, when looking down, her eye was caught by a new gray chamois bag, one of the kind now affected as a pocket-book. Broken from the tiny chain, it had fallen at the foot of a dark stairway in the gloom, and had she not been looking down, it would have passed unnoticed. Its sides bulged significantly. She picked it up, and sauntered nonchalantly along until she returned to the unsavory flat. In the privacy which she was able to command at irregular intervals, she examined it. The result stunned her. Bills, of a denomination she had never seen before, a gold piece, silver change! The array diverted her thoughts from the bitterness that had occupied them. There was no indication of the owner; no card, no initials, and the contents would deck her, not in purple and fine linen, but in East Side finery for many a day. With a delirium of joy, she kissed the nearest crisp bill; but, even as it touched her lips, something stung her. She dropped the money, her face crimsoned; the old, stormy, defiant look came over her. With all her faults, Mag was honest; never before had she even been tempted to take what did not belong to her. Now, her evil angel in the ascendancy, the opportunity fallen like a ripe plum into her very hand, smarting with a sense of backsliding, two forces struggled. The battle was brief.

"I'll keep it," she said, with a sharp indrawing of the breath. "I found it; it was lost; there is no name. I don't know whose it is, and I need it."

Then she remembered Katherine Bradley, and stood in silent agony for a moment. "She will never know.

(Concluded on page 600)

Our Armenian Orphan Work Closes

FIVE FRUITFUL YEARS OF LOVING LABOR --- MISSIONARIES TELL OF SAD YOUNG LIVES TRANSFORMED

IT would be difficult to find in the whole range of practical philanthropy a more inspiring and gratifying illustration of the results that flow from Christian benevolence than that which is contained in the letters from missionaries in Armenia, which we publish to-day.

Five years ago, the readers of this journal, touched with sympathy by the persecution and sufferings of the Armenian survivors at the terrible massacres in that unfortunate country, reached out hands of help, and, by timely aid, saved many thousands of lives. When the hapless orphans, bereft of parents by the Kurdish slaughterers, sought the refuge afforded by the Christian missions, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the hearty co-operation of its readers, assumed responsibility for the support and education of a large number of these waifs at various stations in Armenia, notably Van, Harpoot, Urfa and Mardin.

ORPHANS AS THEY APPEARED WHEN ADMITTED TO THE VAN ORPHANAGE

Filthy, ragged, covered with bruises, and their faces expressive of mingled dread and sorrow

Now, the responsibility is ended, the pledge redeemed, and we reluctantly bid farewell to the little army of Armenian boys and girls who, during these five years, have been so close to our own hearts and to the hearts of our readers. And what a transformation has been accomplished in that short half decade! Ragged, friendless, and forlorn, we found them, some with wounds and bruises, half famished with hunger, and their little hearts well-nigh broken with sorrow over the loss of parents and friends who had fallen in the great massacres. Now, these wretched waifs, many of them once mere bundles of bones, covered with rags, have grown, under the fostering care of our Christian missionaries, to be noble and self-supporting young men and women. The photographs from Van on these two pages, tell the story of the moral and physical redemption of these Armenian orphans. As it was in Van, so also at all the other stations where our friends have been supporting orphan charges. It is the compact record of a Christ-like work undertaken for the sake of humanity and of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

We give the letters below, and commend them to the careful perusal of all our readers, and especially of those who have had a share in the rescue of the Armenian orphans:

Our Little Charges at Van

VAN, April 20, 1901.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH:

Through your kindness, and that of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD subscribers and friends, our Van Orphanage has been receiving a quarterly payment of $75, for three years, and as the next payment will be the last of these thus pledged, it is every way fitting that an acknowledgment should be made of the great kindness which has thus been bestowed on us, and, at the same time, an idea given of what is being accomplished by this work. I enclose a few photos, which you may possibly think best to give your readers.

The first is a group of children, applicants for admission to the orphanage, most of whom were accepted, and are still with us, while some have gone out, and a few were, for different reasons, refused. The group includes those who happened to be present one day when we were taking photographs. Very many have been received whose appearance would appeal much more strongly to your sympathies.

Of the nearly six hundred children who have been taken at different times, a very large proportion were those whose fathers were killed during the troubles of 1895-96, or who died very soon after, in consequence of those troubles. The months which immediately followed those terrible days witnessed the death of many thousands, attributable to the fright and exposure of those weeks and to epidemics which quickly followed.

Transforming Young Lives

A considerable number of the children received had mothers surviving, but with absolutely no means of providing for themselves or their children. During the subsequent years, when practically famine conditions prevailed in the land, thousands of these widows and orphans would inevitably have perished but for the prompt and generous aid which was poured in upon us then through the beneficence of Christian friends in America and Europe. In all this work THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has borne a most prominent and efficient part.

The second picture shows a group of boys after they have been received within the tering fold of the orphanage, exchanged their rags and filt warm, and clean, though clothing—all, by the way, man tured by the boys themselves, the weaving the cloth to the tu out the finished garments— learned to sit regularly at a where there is enough to eat sleep in a clean and comfor bed, instead of begging all from door to door, and then down somewhere, hungry and Besides this, they are bein ducted into the mysteries of l and numbers, and those wh old enough are beginning to the use of the saw and plan shuttle and loom, the awl waxed end, or the needle and sors, as the case may be. In a new world has opened t them, a world moreover vista extends beyond the b of time, and reveals the j walls and pearly gates of the Jerusalem. Yes, the change has come over their young li almost beyond compute, and pleasant to see that most of are really improving to the f advantages which they Here, for instance, is Mano boy of about thirteen, who has here less than a year, and h knew his letters when he from a wild village away off a the lofty mountains which b our beautiful lake on the south. A village, m whose inhabitants nominally accepted Islam at th of the massacre, thinking thus to be able to save lives, and return to their former faith at a more able time, but were nearly all slain before two year passed. In these few months he has advanced t fourth class which children ordinarily take three to reach, is in fractions in arithmetic, and has wri very interesting and well-expressed letter to his p and, best of all, gives evidence that the grace o has really taken hold of his heart and life. Of c this is an exceptional case, but most of the ch show that they are appreciating their advantage striving diligently to improve them. While nearly all who came from the villages say they had known ing of the Saviour or the requirements of the mor there is now a most gratifying carefulness in co and speech, which tells that before-unknown truth taking hold of heart and life.

Equipped for Life's Battle

Another picture gives us a group of boys who gone out from the institution to begin the respon ties of an independent ence. The photo was at the time of a little off given to those in the front rows, while those two back rows are boys happened to be within so as to be invited to sha the pleasures of the occa though they had already out for a considerable The four who stand im ately behind Dr. Ray graduated from the or age and our high scho 1899, spent the follo year in most faithful ar ceptable work as teac among their people, thr them in as many vill and the fourth in the school. Their thorou earnest Christian lives efficient work led us t that a little further trai especially in Biblica theological lines, wou them to add efficient eva istic service to their e tional work, and so we c them in for a further years' course of study. already becoming delig work for me to travel ar the villages and find i many of them our or boys or the girls we given in marriage, with husbands to welcome

A GROUP OF BOYS SOON AFTER ADMISSION TO THE VAN ORPHANAGE

Clean, clad, stronger, brighter and happier, the cloud has already lifted from their faces

Missionaries Send News of Blessing

GROWN TO BE STRONG CHRISTIAN MEN AND WOMEN, THE ORPHANS BLESS THEIR BENEFACTORS

Eve where the work we have done for the children has fou high appreciation among the people, and now that they're coming to understand that our purpose is to persuade men to enter the kingdom of heaven, without urging them to sever their connection with the loved national Christian Church, they are the more ready to give respectful and interested attention.

The Influence of the Orphans

The work which those of our boys who graduate and engage in teaching will be able to accomplish for the elevation of their people is the one from which, of course, we expect the most; but we are already finding that those who have gone out before carrying their studies very far, and are engaging in farming or working at their trades, are effecting gradual but decided changes in the moral and religious life of their people. The benefit they will be able to exert will, of course, be slow, but the experience of former years shows that it is valuable. When nearly every village can have two or three such enlightened and Christian families within its bounds a very decided difference may be expected in the character of the people.

Yours most sincerely,
G. C. RAYNOLDS.

How the Work Thrives at Oorfa

Miss Corinna Shattuck, the famous missionary at Oorfa, in making her closing report of our orphan work there, sends this glowing letter:

OORFA, April 27.

Nine months or more after our great distress at the close of 1895, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, having nobly aided in saving the survivors of the massacres, wished to undertake the support of needy Oorfa orphans. The large gift made by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at that time enabled us to extend our premises and put them in order for the great crowd of one hundred and twelve boys we were obliged to have in the Mission House that first year, before the Germans arrived to care for the orphans being supported by funds from Germany.

A GROUP OF BOYS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE VAN ORPHANAGE

These are types of many who have been rescued and equipped for life's battle through the generosity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers

Later, regular quarterly CHRISTIAN HERALD contributions of $250, sent till the present time (April, 1901), have allowed us to continue the support of thirty-eight boys, known among us as "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD BOYS." The following may be interesting concerning these, and as showing our HERALD friends how their helpless orphan charges have prospered:

We are in Aintab College, one a Sophomore, the others in Preparatory Department; four of these have a fairly good knowledge of shoemaking, learned while with us. Nine are in Oorfa High School, one to graduate this year; one is a shoemaker, two are weavers, two are cabinet-makers, one is a yemene (summer shoes) maker; others cut wood, carry water, help in cooking, table work, etc. Fifteen are in Grammar School; one of these is a yemene-maker, five are in Primary School; four not in school, but have learned to read and write, and during winter evenings continued to study; of these, one is at shoemaking, one at weaving, one at cabinet work, one in Aintab Hospital.

The "Christian Herald Boys"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD boys are, all but five, Gregorians, *i. e.*, their fathers were of the old church, though several have Protestant mothers. They are reckoned by the enrollment of their fathers till old enough to choose for themselves. All go with us once on the Sabbath to Protestant preaching service and to Sunday School. All have the Bible most freely in their hands and love it, and know it far better than the average American boys I met, as tested over and again, on my recent visit home. Eight of your boys are members of the Christian Band in our Home, who meet regularly for mutual help and prayer, and to consider ways of helping their companions to a true Christian life. Some of the college boys are active Christian workers in Sunday School and Y. P. S. C. E., or Y. M. C. A. Those who went last autumn are working well, and getting through the year profitably, being high-spirited fellows. They will come out well if they can get work during the summer and return for a couple of years more.

We cannot properly thank you, our co-workers, who, without knowing the children, have done so long and so faithfully for them. The children always mention their CHRISTIAN HERALD friends in their prayers.

Most sincerely yours,
CORINNA SHATTUCK.

A Bright Report from Harpoot

Rev. Mr. Barnum, of Harpoot, has this cheering final report to make to our orphan patrons:

HARPOOT, TURKEY,
May 6, 1901.

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: Yours of February 20, with check for $150 for the support of orphans, is received, and in behalf of the more than 900 orphans whom we support, I give you sincere thanks. Your aid has been most acceptable and efficient from the time this work was begun. From first to last, we have had about **1,200 children** under our care; those who were orphaned and made helpless by the massacres of November, 1895. Some are now able to care for themselves; some have been adopted by friends, and some of the girls have found homes by marriage.

It has been delightful to see the growth in knowledge and character in these children, most of whom would have been practically outcasts, if they had not come under our care. This is a great responsibility which the Lord clearly puts upon us, and we are doing the best we can to prepare these children for future usefulness.

These letters, from the faithful workers who have had the care of the orphans ever since their rescue, will bring a sense of real delight to the hearts of the band of consecrated men and women who generously supplied the means for the orphans' support. Saved to develop into noble, true-hearted Christian men and women, these waifs, no longer ragged, ignorant and terrorized, but educated and able to face the world, will go forth to become self-supporting workers and missionaries in their turn. Thus every dollar and every dime that was given to the orphan work in Armenia is doubly blessed.

W. H. BARNUM.

OUR ORPHAN GIRLS AND THEIR HUSBANDS

Who could recognize, in these bright faces, the ragged waifs of 1896?

OUR YOUNG ORPHANS LEARNING THE TAILOR TRADE

Many of them, grown to manhood, are now earning their own living

HOW MONT-LAWN WILL CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

DO you want to see an army of tenement waifs bubbling over with delight? Then go up to Mont-Lawn to-morrow. Do you want to hear children whose parents hail from Syria, Russia, Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey, and every country you can think of, vieing with the real young American to see which can sing loudest, "God bless our native land?" Go to Mont-Lawn to-morrow. If your patriotism has grown somewhat dead and cold—if you have come to take it as rather a matter of course that we should have our beautiful, free, rich, happy, land, whose shores the world's a-seeking—the fervor, and pride, and reverence with which these little new Americans salute our bonny flag will revive your love of country and thrill you so that you, too, will be ready to shout and sing.

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
Like our own red, white and blue!

Our first detachment went up to Mont-Lawn on June 27; our children have not had much time to practice speeches. marches and chorusses, but exuberant patriotism and overflowing enthusiasm have fairly made up for shortage of time.

To-morrow, hosts of joyous little folks, every tot carrying a flag, will be marching and counter-marching over the velvet sward of the beautiful lawn at our Children's Home; the long lines will be weaving in and out among the trees and shrubbery like a gay, ruffling ribbon, or an endless chain of fluttering flowers. In front of the company will stride, in "pomp and circumstance," the band of the Abigail Mission. Such vigor of drumming and such fervor of fifing Sousa's own would find it hard to beat! Mr. Devere, the head of the Abigail Mission, will doubtless look on with smiling countenance, and everybody else with amusement and wonder, asking themselves, "What will the children do next?" "Where now do the deafening drums and shrill fifes lead!" Behold the merry marchers following the band, as the village of Hamlin followed Tom, Tom, the Piper's son, will wind themselves around the Home—a gay and tender garland; down the pathway to the gate drummers and fifers tread with stately step, and behind them comes the garland—the chain of human flowers. Out at the entrance swings the procession.

Now we're at the chapel-door. Drumbeats are hushed, shrill fifes sink into silence. The band stands "at attention," while the long line of little flag-bearers winding past them into the pretty flower-decked temple, bursts into pious and patriotic song.

Never at Mont-Lawn do we forget to cultivate in our children loyalty to Him who is higher than all earthly rulers, and love for that "Better Country," where Christ is Lord. But service to the Master and love for his kingdom will never be less fervent and effectual, because of true devotion to our own land or because of its joyous expression; so, into our children's hour in the chapel, we crowd all the happy, patriotic experiences we can. The small people themselves recite—not always brilliantly, sometimes very funnily; but they are the hosts at Mont-Lawn on the Glorious Fourth, and we encourage them to feel that they have an important part in the entertainment of the day's guests, and that their best will be appreciated.

A great company of grown-up guests are expected, and a number of prominent philanthropists, mission-workers, musicians and authors will lend their presence to the occasion, and help us make the day instructive and delightful to our little folks. From New York city, Brooklyn, the Bronx; from over in Jersey, and from all neighboring towns and hamlets along the Hudson, visitors come annually to see our children celebrate.

Our Fourth of July dinner is a feast indeed to our tenement waif company. Housemother Collins sees to it that this most substantial part of the day's joys shall be bountiful indeed. The big dining tent commands a view of the river, and a more delightful outlook for a banquet can hardly be imagined. To eat all they want in such an airy, beautiful place as this, is like a glimpse of Paradise to tenement waifs, many of whom, before their coming to Mont-Lawn, never sat down to a decently spread table, and never had enough to eat once in their lives. Many a tenement mother gives her child two or three pennies in the morning and tells it to go get its breakfast; the child buys a roll or two—or whatever it fancies—and eats on the street. mother is not always at fault, perhaps she has no to cook with; perhaps she has no time for cooking, must go out to work to make pennies to buy rolls clothes with, and to pay for medicines and rent.

Of course the Drum and the Fife Corps lead company to the tent—for this patriotic dinner of merry two hundred is a dignified affair—until children get to eating! One of the prettiest parts is the grace. Around the long white tables they st little hands folded and curly heads bowed, and sing

God is great, God is good, and we thank him for this food,
By his grace must all be fed, give us, Lord, our daily bread

The event of the day comes late in the aftern when the children sit on the grass and teachers s them big saucers of ice cream.

The crown of all delights, however, is the fire display in the evening. Firecrackers are always g out in the morning, but Roman candles, torpe whirling firepieces, the "flag in the sky," and sim glories must be splendors of the night. Fireworks their own," are a novelty to these children; an care is spared to make the exhibition the success w the closing feature of their perfect day should be.

When the last rocket dies its death of splendor i sky above Mont-Lawn, fires of a million hues may be shooting heavenward from villas across the Hu and from boats in the river brilliant signals may be trailing towards the stars. "It is past your bed-time," say the teachers softly to the crowd, sleepy-eyed, yet long to linger on the charmed s

MARCHING ON THE GRASSY LAWN

A HAPPY TIME IN THE BIG DINING-TENT

But off, at last, they are led, tired and happy, to th dormitories, where little white beds are abloom i the dusk. Soon, from small kneeling white figures c a tender chorus: "Our Father, who art in heaven." now white cots are full of little sleepers; brown black and golden heads are quiet at last, dreaming, be, of lovely happenings. All is still; it is as if the of Peace brooded over a sacred place, and as i Divine One, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, watch above these little children of the slums—pov waifs and strays—in their love-guarded rest at b ful Mont-Lawn.

MAG; A STORY OF THE SLUMS

(CONCLUDED.)

She will never know," rang in her ears. And, so thinking, she stole out. For some reason she could not explain, she did not start to spend the money at once. It was good to walk the street with the consciousness of the hidden wealth. She reveled as she went along. Passing the rooms where the evening meeting for the mothers was being held, Mag saw, to her surprise, Miss Bradley there giving the lesson. Her humiliation had prevented her from meeting her that afternoon, much as she had longed to do so, and now she felt that with this act of an hour ago there was an impassable gulf between them. Guiltily she watched her. Never had she seemed so pure, so good, so sweet. What would she think if she knew! She turned and fled back to the room. How long she had lain there, in an agony of grief, she never knew. She started, as she felt a touch she knew on her shoulder, and the gentle voice of Katherine Bradley, saying: "My dear, I have come to ask a favor. But what is the matter?"

The girl sat up and stared at her as though she had come from another world. "Are you sick?" went on Katherine. "I had not seen you for a day or two, and I wanted to look you up, and I would have to anyway, for I met with an accident this afternoon. I lost my pocketbook—a little gray bag—and I haven't a cent. Lend me a car-fare till to-morrow, will you?"

The truth broke over Mag in an awful flood. Her head whirled. Red flashes shot before her eyes. It was to this her reformation had brought her! The stolen purse was hers! Hers, this angel of light, to whom she owed all the brief happiness that her sordid young life had ever known! Katherine was alarmed at the aspect of the girl, as she stared wildly.

"What is the matter, my dear? What is the matter? Tell me all about it."

Mag stood up, reached out her arms, threw them up. "Oh! I stole it," she shrieked. "I stole it, and it is yours!"

The little gray bag fell from her waist and dropped to the floor. Mag burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Katherine gave one glance at the pocket-book, and then put her arms gently but firmly about the almost hysterical girl. "Hush, he said. 'Dear, no one but myself knows, and no one ever shall. I know you wouldn't have done it if you had been really yourself. Now the worst is over, ag. Don't you see? This is your last fall? Isn't it ?" The girl controlled herself with an effort, and lifte her head from the shoulder of refuge.

"Oh, I've always tried," she cried, "ever is nc the first night I saw you, but it didn't seem any use It was too hard, but I never did anything like this, a I don't know what made me, except that you had I'd been drinking the other day, and it seemed as couldn't be good. Oh, forgive me—forgive me!"

Through the open window came the sound o Salvation Army singing. The hymn rolled upwa in a cheerful volume, "Whiter Than Snow."

Neither one in the little room said a word. Kath held the girl closer; her sobs died out. Then spoke, calmly and quite clearly: "Oh! Miss Kathe that's what I want. God help me! I'll be good— —and some day—I'll be whiter than snow."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

At an Historic Shrine

DURING the sessions of the Y. M. C. A. Jubilee Conference the suggestion was made that it would be an appropriate thing for the American and foreign delegates to pay a visit to Plymouth Rock. The suggestion was eagerly adopted, and on June 17th a distinguished company traveled to Plymouth, and held a meeting beside the ro on which the founders of New England first set fo two hundred and eighty years ago. Among the fo gners present were: M. L. Lallia Ram, of Lahore, In a; H. Vassilieff, of St. Petersburg, Russia; E. Wquist, of Stockholm, Sweden; T. Brenno, of Odense, D mark; Rev. A. Klug, Barmen, Germany; Herman H ing, Berlin; Baron Aladar de Szilassy, Budapest, H gary; Edouard Barde, Adolph Hoffman, Christian Pl lus, and Charles Farmaud, Geneva, Switzerland; A liedner, Madrid, Spain; H. Maxwell Wright, Lis- bc Portugal; E. Sautter, and Paul Theis, Paris; S. T. T le, and J. William Churchill, London; Thomas Ja son, Liverpool; Andrew Hall, Glasgow, Scotland; A do H. da Silva, Oporto, Portugal, and a number of presentatives of other lands. After "America" h been sung, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, of Cam- bre, delivered an eloquent ad- dr s, in which he described th character of the pilgrim Fath- er nd explained the events and th motives which had prompted th devoted men and women to le e their native land, where th were subjected to scorn and op ression, to seek in the West- er Hemisphere a home where th could worship God accord- in to the dictates of their ov consciences. The speaker p ured the hardships they en- d d, their dangers and their s erings, and spoke of that ter- ri e time when they actually p nted corn on the graves of th dead, lest the Indians sh ld see how many of the little c pany had perished and be e boldened to attack the survi- v . Little did they imagine how m hty a nation would flourish on th continent, nor did they realize h potent an influence their p ciples would have in shaping it destiny. It was well that the y ng men should make this pil- g nage. It would remind them o the power and endurance of t principles of righteousness, a increase their love of their c ntry for which the brave pio- n rs had given their lives. As t y gazed on the rock hallowed b the footsteps of the pilgrims, t y could echo the words the P lmist uttered about his nation:

e vineyard which thy right hand h planted, and the branch that thou made strong for thyself. . . . So will not we go back from thee: q ken us, and we will call upon thy name (Ps. 80: 15, 18).

DELEGATES OF THE WORLD'S Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE AT PLYMOUTH ROCK

ined from the Sea

a report from our consul at Amsterdam contains the i resting report that the States General of Holland a considering a project, which, if adopted, is expected t add half a million acres of land to the empire. A nce at the map shows a deep gulf, forty-five miles l g and about thirty-five miles wide, called the Zuyder Z , indenting the coast of the Netherlands. Geologists s that it was once an inland lake, but that six hundred y rs ago, the North Sea, which had gradually been t king inroads on the strip of land separating it from t lake, finally washed it completely away and added t lake to its area. It is now proposed to build a huge d e from the coast of Holland to the island of Wierin- g n, and another thence to the Frisian coast, thus sepa- r ing the Zuyder Zee from the North Sea. The process o draining the enclosed area will then be commenced. T e work is estimated to cost thirty-eight million dol- l s and to occupy eighteen years. If the project is e ecuted and proves as successful as its promoters d dict, another fertile province will be added to the p blic domain. It will be called Wilhelminaland, and s l be the twelfth province of the Dutch Kingdom. T e example thus set by the sturdy little power is com- m nded to the notice of the great military empires of E rope, who are too apt, when they want to increase t ir dominion, to wrest a province from some other

A disastrous and fatal explosion in Paterson, N. J., on June 21st, proved how dangerous a thing it is to store explosives in a densely populated neighborhood. On the principal street of the city was a three-story tenement house, which was rented in flats and apartments, in which scores of persons lived. On the street level was the store of a dealer in fireworks, who also occupied the basement. On the afternoon of the fatal day there was an explosion in the building, which shattered it and shook the whole district. Houses on the opposite side of the street and others half a mile away were injured. Some had their windows blown out and in others the walls cracked. A minute or two later there was a second explosion, and then flames burst from the wrecked building, which speedily consumed it. Some of the inmates were saved by heroic men who risked their lives in the service, others jumped from the windows, but seventeen persons were caught in the wreck and lost their lives. It is not known, at the time of writing, what caused the explosion, but it is easy to understand that a very small cause might be sufficient where so much combustible material was at hand. It was unfortunate that the accident should have occurred at a time when the dealer had a large stock of fireworks ready for customers, who might want to celebrate the Fourth in the historic way. It is significant, that the very things prepared for celebration and enjoyment should be turned into instruments of death and desolation; yet so it is in life. Our pleasures only too often become the cause of wreck and ruin to the soul.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness (Prov. 14: 13).

A Convict Wins a Pardon

The Governor of Virginia, with a number of members of the State Penitentiary Board, paid a visit recently to the farm where the convicts are kept at work. The arrival of the distinguished visitors caused some excitement, in the midst of which four of the convicts seized rifles and made a dash for liberty. Their escape was not noticed at first, except by another convict, who volunteered to an officer to recapture the leader, a notorious and desperate offender. Permission was given and immediately the chase began. Gradually the fugitives became aware that they were being overtaken, and they turned and pointed their rifles at their pursuer, warning him by shouts that they would kill him rather than be caught. Heedless of threats and shots the pursuing convict held on his way until he had the leader in his hands and disarmed him. The delay of the struggle was fatal to the remainder of the party. The guards, who had followed in the chase, came up and overcame the other three convicts and brought them back. The Governor was so much pleased by the courage and promptitude of the convict who had captured the leader that, then and there, he remitted the remainder of his sentence, covering two years, and he returned a pardoned man to Richmond the same day. Probably no reward could have been so welcome to him as that. The Christian, however, has a reward for his service much more gratifying. It comes to him not for bringing a fellow-sinner back to punishment, but for restoring him to liberty and life.

Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins (James 5: 20.)

A New Insect Plague

A successor has appeared to the Gypsy Moth, which some years ago cost the Commonwealth of Massachusetts about two million dollars to exterminate it. The new pest has appeared all over the district, from Scituate on the east to Waltham on the west, and Seabrooke, N. H. on the north. It is known as the brown-tailed moth, and comes from Holland. It was first seen in this country at Somerville, where a florist lives who imports rose bushes from Holland. Not much was thought of it at the time, but a few weeks ago the people of Boston, Allston, Cambridge and Medford noticed that their lawns, trees, and even their houses, were covered with caterpillars about an inch long. The pests not only stripped the trees of their foliage, but penetrated to the interior of the houses. They would get on the hands, and arms, and faces of children, and wherever they crawled there was itching, followed by an unsightly eruption and painful inflammation. In some instances of delicate children there was a fear that loss of life would ensue. The rapidity with which the pests multiply may be inferred, from the fact that one egg-mass layed by a single moth was isolated, and became three hundred caterpillars. The entomologists are urging the people to seek for and destroy the egg-masses before they come to life, and it is hoped that if this is done the plague may be stayed. The same principle applies to the spiritual world. If the heart were cleansed of evil thoughts before they become acts, how much easier it would be, and how much sorrow the sinner would be spared!

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life (Prov. 4: 23).

BRIEF NOTES

In future the birthday of Queen Victoria, May 24, will be observed by legal enactment as a general public holiday.

John Alexander Dowie, of Chicago, recently announced to his church that he is the prophet Elijah restored to life.

The Buffalo Anti-Saloon League has a Bureau of Information in the Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y., where visitors to the Pan-American Exposition can obtain reliable direction to Christian homes, and thus avoid the temptations of the saloons.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond has been laboring in the upper portion of New York, with large results. There were 162 professed conversions in his meetings at One Hundred and Forty-third street. He has preached at five different places, and between four and five hundred, it is believed, have made profession of faith.

China Famine Circulars, illustrated and descriptive of the awful famine now prevailing there, and telling of the relief work, are now ready, and will be supplied free in quantities, to churches, Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor, B. Y. P. U., W. C. T. U., and other societies upon application: also mite boxes, now ready, free. Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD China Famine Work, 92 Bible House, New York.

The Bible Study Congress at Buffalo, N. Y., begins its sessions on July 17, and will continue until July 31. They are to be held in the City Convention Hall, Virginia street and Elmwood avenue, at 9:30 A.M. and 1 P.M. each day. Among the leaders are Dr. C. R. Blackall, of Philadelphia; Prof. F. K. Sanders, of Yale; Dr. James Morrow, of Philadelphia; Dr. J. W. Weddell, of Davenport, Ia.; Principal Elson I. Rexford, B.A., of Montreal; Dr. William R. Harper, of Chicago; Inspector James L. Hughes, of Toronto, and Dr. Wilbert W. White, of Montclair, N. J.

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Difficulty of Reformation

AMONG the most discouraging experiences we ever know are those which surround us when we try to reform people who have gone wrong. A lady takes into her employment a person whom she knows to have been a thief or a drunkard. She so arranges her work and manages her house that the temptations to wrong-doing are minimized. She treats the woman with considerate kindness, and in every possible way throws about her the safeguard of a Christian home. All in vain. The woman who has behind her the record of dishonesty cannot resist the greed of avarice; her fingers clutch the bit of coin or the pretty ornament which is not hers. Once embarked on a course of pilfering, the temptation is apparently almost irresistible to return to it. Equally is this the case with inebriety. Alcoholism weakens resistance, and the cells of the brain gape for the degrading stimulant. "I have made my final attempt," said a charitable woman last week. "Henceforth city missionaries and philanthropists need not appeal to me. I shall not turn my home into a moral sanitarium for such people as have disappointed me for the last five years. I am all tired out. Here is Mina, whom I supposed cured, lying in her bed in a state of disgusting intoxication, and her work and mine are all to do over again."

"Her work, yes, and mine." There was the key to the whole situation, except that there was One more to think of, even God. For, unless he also take a hand, nobody is ever reformed.

Difficult as it is for the employer, the burden on the sinner's self is heavier still, and the way of the transgressor remains proverbially hard. A sweet gentlewoman of my acquaintance kept in her house, as cook, a woman who for ten years, struggled periodically with the demon of drink. She had her three or four months of soberness, when she was the most capable of willing workers, and the most quiet and respectful of servants. Then, without warning, without other danger signal than a certain odd restlessness and irritability, would come an outbreak, when the woman was a fiend, violent, profane, hysterical, beside herself with rage and fury. For ten years, the struggle went on; the lovely Christian woman helping her sister woman to conquer the evil spirit, and, by Christ's help, succeeding in the end. We must never allow ourselves to despair of any soul for whom Christ died. Our blessed living Redeemer is able to save, able to pardon, able to uplift any, however hardened, however wilful, who will truly repent, and come to him for salvation.

But more and more the word is borne in upon us, to save the children. Feed my lambs, is the commandment spoken to every disciple. Before the world, the flesh and the devil have their chance, let Christ's followers go out and rescue the dear little ones. Every child saved from Satan's dominion is heaven's prize. Before vice lays on the child its stain, before shame has crept over its innocence, before evil appetites have fettered the will, let us win the children for Christ, who is their and our everlasting Redeemer.

Sabbath-Keeping Away from Home

People who are punctilious about Sabbath-keeping when at home sometimes indulge in a good deal of license when among strangers. But if it is right to attend church when we are where everybody knows us and our families, it is equally right to do so among those to whom we may unconsciously set a good example. The very prevalent license of the day is leading Christian people astray. Men who once were most rigid in their observance of the Sabbath as "a day of rest and gladness" now infringe upon it for business purposes, traveling all day on Sunday that they may reach an objective point on Monday, and, on the pretext of healthful exercise, play golf on Sunday afternoon, a thing which would have made their fathers' hair to stand on end with horror. Do not break down the ancient barriers, nor remove the ancient landmarks. The Fourth Commandment has never been repealed by him who gave it as his high behest. And if we obey it at all, we must obey it everywhere.

Discourtesy as a Ground for Divorce

In several recent instances, the principal cause publicly revealed as a cause for the dissolution of marriage bonds, appears to have been persistent discourtesy on the side of the husband. The parties seeking divorce were of the most fashionable and therefore among the most widely known people in the land, residents of Newport and other elegant resorts. They were rich, well-educated, and accustomed to good society. Yet they seem to have been utterly ignorant of the requirements of ordinary politeness. An alarming tendency of the period is the increase of divorce in the classes who should be most refined and self-respecting, and who have most at stake in the matter of property and inheritance. Poor people, day-laborers, and the great mass who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, do not air their quarrels in print, nor invoke the aid of the courts to sever a relation which should be for life.

But there is a suggestion for most of us in the fact that marital happiness or misery may depend upon the practice in little things of the golden rule.

OUR LITTLE "NORTH" AND "SOUTH"

"WE'RE glad we are Americans—
Upon the glorious Fourth.
I am a little Southern girl,
My cousin's from the North.

"We play that we are children
Of a-many years ago,
To call on General Washington,
Right merrily we go."

Then, lo! they mix their history up,
And talk of Grant and Lee—
"They were such nice, fine gentlemen,
And good friends, don't you see."

Says South, "Lee gave his sword to Grant—
He must have loved him so."
Says North, "Our Grant loved Lee so much—
He wouldn't take it, though."

"We'll call on General Washington,
And then on Grant and Lee—
And then, O dear! we'd most forgot—
Our Lincoln we must see.

"'Twould never do to leave him out—
He was so great and good."
And so, they trip to make play-calls
In patriotic mood.

Ah, could the spirits of the past
Receive them as they come,
And see how faith and love survive,
And all discords are dumb.

How generals and presidents
Would greet this North and South—
Of jocund step and clasping hand,
And love-words in the mouth.

MYRTA L. AVARY.

To the Discouraged Woman

DEAR FRIEND:—I don't know where you a why you are discouraged, but I am sure thi ought to go to you, for all this day you hav in my mind, and I have a message for yo Although you have reached a place in life where joy to have flown out of the window, don't shut the w Leave it open and joy will come back. It is very ve to live with home folk who do not appreciate what y with sisters-in-law who are critical, and with aged who are querulous, but if you keep right on, doing t you can every day, and not minding little pinpric trials, some day you will find out that they you and are proud of you. Mary Byington, a of mine, lived with her husband's mothe was always complaining of Mary's housek and saying that she was not considerate o (her husband) and that she was ruining h dren by her indulgence. At last, perfectl out, Mary was taken ill and nearly died. one of those long, depressing fevers whic you so weak that you get your strength b very few degrees, and feel as limp as a rag i early convalescence. Mary's mother-in-la the most tender care of her through the who of fever and of tedious getting well. H mother could not have been kinder. One neighbor called and was going away, an know how acute your hearing is when yo been ill, Mary heard the older Mrs. John By say distinctly, "We have been very anxious. is such a wonderful woman, such a perfec such a devoted mother, it did not seem as could give her up. I have never prayed in n as I've prayed for the Lord to let Mary sta us." There spoke the lady's real opinion, did Mary more good than medicine.

Do not let yourself stay in the valley of d dency. The Lord never meant you to grov depths. He wants you to be cheerful even cannot be very lighthearted. I have often when I was most discouraged and thing going all wrong, that around the corner ther beautiful surprise waiting for me. And I ne had anything happen to me that on the looked trying, that I didn't find, at the core the very best experience I had ever dreame

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,
To walk as behind a hearse,
No matter how vexing things may be,
They easily might be worse.

Please keep ever in mind that all our li planned by our Heavenly Father. Nothi comes to any of us comes by chance. Ea is the Father's gracious gift. Each day we a as in the hollow of his loving hand. Let the closer when the storms beat, and trus firmly when we feel our weakness most.

It may not be my way, it may not be thy wa
But yet in his own way, the Lord will provi

So, Sister Downcast, arise from the ash be Sister Sunbeam for the rest of the day. endeth this letter. AUNT PRUDENCE PAY

Sunday School Excursions

Every teacher should keep a brigh out on a Sunday School excursion, tha of her restless little class drift into d As a rule, parents do not accompany the dren on such occasions, and therefo responsibility for safety and immunity risk rests upon the teachers. Little bo very daring, and are will o' the wisps ar so that when the excursion is over, and child safely dismissed to its home, the takers may well be relieved. Fortunately Sunday School picnics, except to ad groves, are not now in vogue, and a plan is found by those teachers, wh a small group at a time to the beach park for a few hours in the afternoon.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—JACK. If you love the young woman, ask her to b wife, that is, if you are in a position to support her. M with no settled income is an unsafe experiment.

—STUDENT. The best way to acquire a good Fre cent is to live where French is spoken. Why not bo the next year in a French family?

—AUNT SUE. Black is very sombre for constant Why not vary it with gray, white and lavender? Thi is young for a woman in perfect health. You speak as were seventy.

—MINNIE AND GRACE. With a stage load of older in front and another in the rear, I can see no harm i being a wagon load of girls and boys having their fun middle, on the way to the picnic.

BEGINNING OF SIN AND REDEMPTION

A BRUISED CONQUEROR

...BY... DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 14. GEN. 3:1-5. GOLDEN TEXT--WHERE SIN ABOUNDED, GRACE DID MUCH MORE ABOUND. ROM. 5: 20.

> Man is the child of God by nature. He is ignorant and rebellious—the prodigal child of God; but his ignorance and rebellion never break that first relationship. To reassert the fatherhood and childhood as an unlost truth, and to reestablish its power as the central fact of life; to tell men that they were, and to make them actually be, the sons of God—that was the purpose of the coming of Jesus, and the shaping power of his life. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

As trained teachers begin their lessons in geography with the child's own dooryard, so this lesson on sin should begin in our own hearts. We shall be ready to study the "Paradise lost" of Adam when we have viewed our own lost Eden of innocence. Inasmuch as our sinful hearts incline us to use the word "sin" in a sense far too narrow, definition should be the first step of all. "Sin is any want of conformity to, or transgression of, the will of God." This definition of the Westminster Catechism is complete. Whenever any one does what is wrong (1 John 3: 4), or fails to do what is duty (Jas. 4: 17), whether willfully or ignorantly, he has sinned, and needs the double prayer: "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins, willful sins, and cleanse thou me from unknown faults" (Psa. 51). That sinful tendencies are inherited is now taught by science, echoing Scripture and theology. Heredity warns us that as we yield to evil habits and tempers we are "visiting iniquities upon the third and fourth generation" of our children's children. Here is a child predisposed to drink; another, strongly bent to greed; another who is dragged downward by inherited lust. Too much time has been spent in debating whether he who possesses these sinful tendencies of "original" or "inbred sin" is really blameworthy for having them, or only for yielding to them. If there were any one, save Christ, who had only been tempted, but never yielded to sin, the question might have some practical value. But every one to whom this lesson comes knows he has yielded to these sinful tendencies, and knows in the depths of conscience that he is at fault for doing so, that he was not compelled, in short, is not a helpless machine, but a sinful man.

What is Sin?

Finding sin not only around us, but in us, it will be profitable for us to study its origin in this lesson, only let us not spoil our teeth biting on the shell of the cocoanut—the difficulties, the speculations about what might, could, would, or should have happened—but get at once at the milk and meat of this first gospel, long known as the "protevangelium."

. . .

Yea, hath God said ye shall not eat of any tree of the garden? It is not worth while to spend time in debating the exact location of the garden home of our first parents. But there is real importance in the Bible statement that two of the four rivers that flowed through Eden were the Tigris and the Euphrates, real historic rivers, suggesting that the history is a real history, although we need not deny that it may be profitable to those who regard it as "idealized history." It is reasonable to suppose that what are now the two northern shores of the Persian Gulf may once have been rivers, as suggested in the old chart of Bochart.

West and East Things in Eden

The grandest thing in the garden was not its precious stones and its stately palms, but human freedom. In the "mineral kingdom" no stone or tree could choose to be other than it was. And in the "animal kingdom" the beasts had little, if any, real power of choice. But man, who really belongs not to the "animal kingdom," as we have been wrongly taught, but, though his higher faculties, to the spiritual kingdom, with God and angels, by right of freedom and spiritual capacities, could not achieve so high a character without liberty. God could make a machine that could not choose to do evil rather than good, but he could not so make a man.

Adam and Eve, as grown-up children, were taught obedience, that is, the right use of liberty, by the object-lesson method. They were told they could eat of every tree of the garden save one. Many suppose that was an apple tree, but the Bible gives no slightest hint that it was. Any fruit tree would serve the purpose. They must learn to obey by practice. What is obedience? Not to eat of the reserved and forbidden tree. What is disobedience? To eat of it. Trust that simple way it would become a "tree of knowledge of good and evil." In a precisely similar way a wise parent or taught obedience to his baby girl, not yet two years old, who was disposed to soil herself playing in a water-pail on a low bench. Instead of removing it, the wise parents determined to make it to the child the "tree of knowledge of good and evil." Whenever the child touched the water-pail there were signs and words of disapproval, sometimes a snap of the fingers also. When the child was two years old she went to hear her papa preach, and made the following report to her mother: "He p'each, an' he p'each—an' he tell 'e peoples 'ey mus' be good chillens—an'—not play in 'e water-pail." God does not say to us of any tree, "Thou shalt not eat of it," but he does say, Thou shalt not worship any God but me. Thou shalt not swear. Thou shalt do no work on the Sabbath Day. Thou shalt not dishonor thy father and mother. Thou shalt do no murder. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not tell lies about others. Thou shalt not covet.

That God should allow evil is the fundamental mystery, as we find that is essential to freedom. It is only another aspect of the mystery that he should allow the "Evil One" to incite man to use his freedom to do wrong. Many have argued that the devil is only an angel sent to test and develop character. Moulton urges this conception of the Satan of Job, who, he notes, came as one of the "Sons of God."

Dr. Holland's "Bitter Sweet" sets that theory to music:

> Evil is only the slave of good,
> Sorrow the servant of joy,
> And the soul is mad that refuses food
> From the meanest in God's employ

But the plain teachings of the Bible seems to us to be that in the exercise of freedom, shared with man by angels, one of their chiefs fell from heaven to hell—perhaps through pride and ambition—and that this Satan, with other fallen angels, seeks to bring men also under his sway by drawing them away from God.

Our lesson story represents him as coming to the garden of Eden embodied in a serpent, against which no prejudice then existed, and suggesting doubts of God's goodness: "Is it possible God has said you may not eat of any of the trees of the garden?" Eve defended God as having reserved only one tree. After a little parleying, the "Father of lies" grew bold enough to deny the first revelation God made to man, the declaration that disobedience would lead to death. The Devil declared, "Ye shall not surely die." Why should any one doubt the Devil said that when he is saying every day that God is too good to punish anybody, and that wickedness is the way to "see life," to know good and evil for ourselves, regardless of the Bible? Here is the root of rationalism in the very garden of Eden, not native but transplanted from without. Eve was the first rationalist, seeking to be independent of revelation in knowing good and evil by her own instincts. We can not rely on instincts in which the wish is father to the thought. This lesson proclaims both the Tempter and the Redeemer.

AN OLD DUTCH ARTIST'S PICTURE OF THE EXPULSION FROM EDEN

. . .

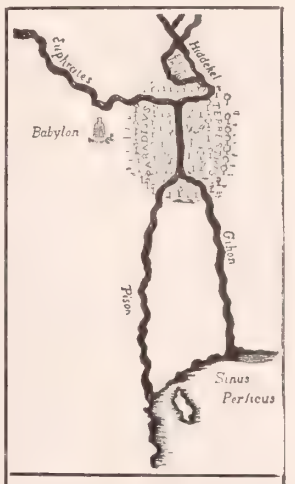
And the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord. Thus did they confess the death that had come upon their souls. No one familiar with geology will think of physical death as the consequence of sin. The oldest rocks are the tombs of myriads of once living creatures. A child may easily fall into the error of thinking God did not keep his threat in that Adam and Eve did not fall dead in the very act of eating the forbidden fruit. But death of soul is always the worst death. The mother whose innocent babe has gone to heaven has a lesser sorrow than the mother whose boy is dead to truth and purity and honor, and tries in vain to hide his real character from her pure eyes as Adam and Eve in their guilt sought in vain to hide from God. We can not do anything behind God's back. In our secret sins we hear his cry echoing in the chambers of conscience, "Where art thou?"

How a Soul Dies

If an unforgiven sinner were admitted to the presence of God he would be afraid of the face of God, and call for rocks and hills where he might hide from the burning gaze of his purity.

As physical death is the separation of the soul from the body, spiritual death is the separation of the soul from God. Life and death, hell and heaven are all dependent on character. "Whosoever liveth and believeth shall never die." One day a naturalist walking through a park with several companions noticed a blackheaded woodworm about three inches long working its way under the bark of a tree, which was then as healthy as any in the park. "Let the worm alone," said the naturalist, "and it will kill the tree." It seemed incredible that so small a worm could kill a tree so large and strong, but it was agreed to let the worm complete his work. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early, and the next year the tree was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm was found to have penetrated its very heart. Almost every one is already thinking of some strong and gifted youth thus killed, body and soul, by some one sin that he allowed to eat into his heart, or some forbidden fruit of gambling, or lust, or drink, or greed that he would eat in spite of the warnings of God and man. He may not yet be buried, but perhaps walks the earth a living corpse, despised by others, and most of all by himself. Permitted joys grow like abundant fruit trees on every side. God save us from the folly of turning aside to the few deadly pleasures he has forbidden, all of them apples of Sodom, attractive to look upon, and, even for the moment, to the taste, but ashes of remorse in memory forever and ever. Rev. J. Munro Gibson, D.D., defines sin as "the gratification of present desire, regardless of law and right."

One Sin May Kill a Soul



BOCHART'S CHART OF EDEN

. . .

It shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel. In nearly all nations there are found traditions of man's early innocence and fall. When set beside the simple story of the Bible it is evident this is the original to which they all point back. In Mexico, before the door of the cathedral, is a carving chiseled out of solid blue granite, not found anywhere in that part of the country, the carving doubtless older than Christianity's advent to this continent, representing a rattlesnake with bruised head in dying agony. But the noblest representation of this lesson in art is a relatively modern carved pulpit of wood in the Cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels—St. Gudule being the patron saint of that city, of whom a legend says that when she went to church at night Satan often blew out her light, which was miraculously rekindled by her prayers, the inner meaning of which is a manifest truth closely related to this lesson. The pulpit is represented as in the very branches of the tree of life, so that the preacher's voice shall be as God's voice speaking to man. Below the pulpit we see Adam and Eve being driven from Paradise by an angel with the flaming sword of justice, while the serpent's form is seen twining about the tree, its head being above the pulpit, with the Christ-child standing upon it, pressing a cross-headed spear into the serpent's eyes, while his mother stands, radiant in his victory, behind him.

A Suffering, Conquering Saviour

This carved lesson is for preachers and teachers, first of all, proclaiming that our evangel should be founded on a deep conviction of the sinfulness of sin, and crowned with the assurance that through Christ, sin in ourselves and in the world is to be conquered—the guilt, the power, the very love of sin.

In an age when descendants were habitually reckoned from the father, it is at least significant that the promised Saviour was to be "the seed of the woman," and yet more that he who was to bruise the serpent was to do it at the cost of his own bruising. The wounded heart and brow of Christ were to be foretold later, but here in the first day of man's sin we behold the feet that were nailed to the cross, with a hint of the kingly inscription that was to hang above his head. From the first he was foretold as a bruised Conqueror.

When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, under the law, "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the Devil" (Gal. 4: 4, 14). "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous" (Rom. 5: 19).

But we, too, are the "seed of the woman," the new spiritual Israel, the Christ's, as the Germans say, and must do our part in defeating the Devil's efforts to capture the world. First in our own souls and those of our families we must conquer revenge, hatred, envy, greed and every evil temper and habit. Shakespeare, in "As You Like It," tells of Orlando wandering through the forest of Arden and seeing his brother Oliver, who had cruelly wronged him, lying asleep under a tree with a poisonous snake coiled about his neck and a crouching lion ready to spring upon him. Orlando, at the peril of his life, rescued his offending brother, thus subduing his brother's hatred and winning his love. Thus may we, too, bruise the serpent's head by destroying revenge.

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Above the confused noise of seemingly doubtful battle, God's voice is saying:

> Fear not ye, for I am throned above the angry water-floods,
> Compassionate because Omnipotent, patient because Eternal.

BIC KERSTETH: *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever.*

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Moore, William
Moore, W. S.
Morgan, Joe.
Morgan, O. S.
Morison, M. M.
Morral, W. W.
Morrison, Mrs. C. A.
Morrison, H. K.
Morrison, Jane
Morrison, Mrs. Wm.
Morrow, W. T.
Morse, F. D. W.
Moseley, James R.
Mount, Ella
Moxley, Fred. O.
Moye, Minnie
Muffitt, Trevor S.
Mumford, J. W.
Murphy, Gertie
Murray, Mrs. Florence
Mussina, William B.
Myers, Clara
Myers, Mrs. M. A.
Myers, W. C.
Myers, W. H.
Naakeborn, Elizabeth
Neafie, Mrs. Elea
Neel, Owen F.
Nelson, John
Newcomb, Mrs. A.
Newell, J. Oliphant
Newman, Mrs. W.
Newman, V.
Newson, Cader
Newson, Martha
Newson, Maude
Newton, Harris
Newton, Margaret
Nichol, Elliott
Nichols, E. O.
Nicholsen, Mrs. F.
Nickell, J. E.
Nientker, Rev. F.
Nickerson, Mrs.
Nissley, A. R.
Nixon, F. M.
Nixon, F. M.
Noble, Emily
Noonan, Mrs. J.
Noordewier, Rev.
Norment, J. D.
Norment, T. A.,
Norris, George
Nuzum, George W.
Nye, Hiram
Oakes, Mrs. Mary
Ober, Mrs. J. A.
O'Brien, Enoch
Ohlsen, Stella
Olives, Mrs. A.
O'Neill, W. H.
Overly, R. S.
Overhiser, Lonson
Overholzer, M. F.
Ozment, M. S.
Paddock, J. M.
Page, Alice E.
Page, Edward G.
Page, J. W.
Page, William A
Painter, Jennie
Pamphilon, H. V.
Parker, Mrs. Fr
Parker, L. P.
Parr, John
Parrett, Alfred
Parrish, I. N.
Parsons, Emma
Parsons, Mrs. L.
Patterson, Jennie
Paulson, Saul
Pearsall, Mrs. W.
Pearce, Mrs. J.
Peasley, Mount
Peck, G. H.
Peck, Lilie
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Penick, H. L.
Penniman, Mrs.
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Perry, Mrs. Lau
Perry, Mrs. M.
Perveil, Miss Gr
Pew, W. S.
Peyton, W. K.
Pfautz, John B.
Phillips, Mrs. A
Phillips, Charle
Phillips, Mr. G.
Phillips, Hattie
Phillips, Mrs.
Phillips, John
Phillips, Mrs. F
Phinney, Evelyn
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Pierce, Julius
Pinkerton, Henr
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Pitts, J. W.
Place, A. G.
Pool, Rufus
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Potts, Mrs. M.
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Pratt, J. L.
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Putman, Willie
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Quick, George
Rambo, Alta M
Ramsey, W. A.
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Reiter, Miss E
Remington, E.
Renaud, Rev.
Reppard, R. B.
Reynolds, Mrs.
Rhynhart, W. J
Rice, Grace
Rice, Mrs. H.
Rice, M. E.
Rice, Mrs. Nir
Rich, George
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Richards, Sara
Richardson, Mi
Richeson, W.
Richmond, Eliz
Richmond, E.
Richmond, Mrs
Riggs, Miss E
Rinehart, Willi
Ritzman, A. S
Roberts, E. W.
Roberts, J. B.
Robertson, Mis
Robertson, Mrs
Robinson, Mrs.
Robinson, Mrs
Robinson, John
Robinson, Jose
Rodgers, W. H
Rogers, C. H.
Rogier, J. L.
Rolason, M. J.
Roller, B. N.
Rorabeck, Mrs
Roose, Mrs. C

A FEW DAYS OF GRACE

SOME of our subscribers who are contending for one or the other of the premiums offered for Coupon Subscriptions (6 for a Red Letter New Testament and 20 for a Red Letter Teacher's Bible—25 cents additional for Express Charges) have requested a little additional time. To accommodate them and others, we now extend the time of Mailing Coupon Subscriptions

UNTIL MONDAY NEXT, JULY 8, 1901

NO SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED AFTER THAT DATE WILL BE ACCEPTED. ***THIS IS FINAL.*** If you have no Coupons, simply send 25 cents for each subscription from date to January 1, 1902, and say that, to the best of your knowledge and belief, none of the subscribers are now on our books nor intended to take the places of any on our books. Then sign your name and full address.

*** *** ***

SPECIAL NOTICE The Coupon subscribers are accepted at a positive financial loss to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with a view to making them acquainted with the superior merits of this journal, we are sure that no subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will take any unfair advantage of us in this matter. We have already sacrificed over $30,000 in accepting the Coupon subscriptions sent in up to date, but experience has taught us that the great majority of these newly-made friends are glad to continue the weekly visits of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is a Home Missionary Effort in behalf of Good Literature and the grand cause which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD represents. **Remember that all Coupon Subscriptions expire January 1, 1902**—six months from date for 25 cents—50 cents less than the regular price, hence a sacrifice of 50 cents on each subscription.

(To be Continued)

PEACE CAME AT THE ALTAR

ow Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, Became a Christian

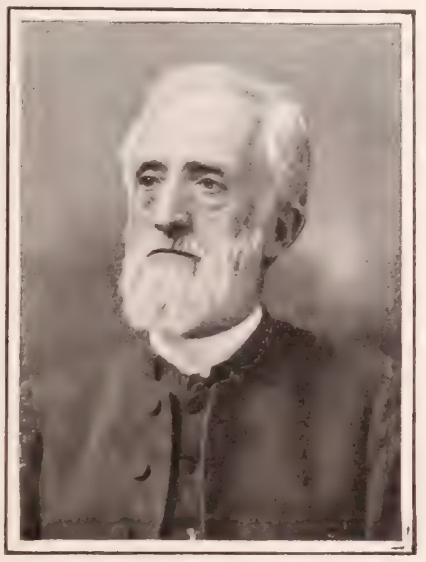
BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

ONE of the most popular and beloved ministers in the South, is Bishop O. P. FitzGerald, of Nashville, Tennessee. He is a great-hearted, genial, picturesque man, who always wins his way everywhere he goes, by that whole-hearted humanness with appeals to men in every country anclime. Bishop FitzGerald has given me the story of the beginning of his Christi life, in such a unique and striking way, th I think I cannot do better than give it far as possible in his own language.

came into the Church," said the Bi op, "when two days old—that is to sa I was then dedicated to God in baptis. Dr. Abram Penn, of the Virginia Cference, was the administrator. After sprkling on my head the crystal drops, he nelt at the bedside and prayed that I m t live before the Lord; that I might be disciple of Jesus; and that I might bome a Methodist preacher. 'I felt the arver,' said my mother to me, with wet ey and in a low voice that I seem to he now as I write the words.

She felt the answer—and so have I, al hy life. Christians used to talk that w in those days concerning prayer. Ty believed that the prayer of faith to hes God, and that God does and can to h the suppliant, and the subject of the prayer at the same moment. The Old Bk seems to put it this way. Many Cistians reach this level many times in thr lives. It is a high plane; up there thair is very pure and the light is clear sh ing. My mother had that sort of faith. Aording to her faith, it was done unto h She lived to know that the child she gve to God in the baptismal covenant w a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Cist. My dear Christian mother! She w said to be wonderfully beautiful in h youth. To me she was always beauti. She was a woman of many sorrows. T last time I saw her the marks of age a pain and grief were on her face. I sh see her again, clothed in beauty g ter than that of her bridal morning, u yonder in that land where the weary r. She was a sweet singer—and her s gs were mostly in the minor key. She h sorrows of her own, and was touched b all the sorrows of the circles in which s moved, from the highest to the lowest. She ministered to all, and was loved by all. These many years she has been within the vale. I shall know her when we meet, and the rest of the city of God will be completer, when once more I feel the clasp of her arms.

"Yes, I thus came into the church when two days old, and the tie was never wholly broken. In a brighter day that is coming, there will be a fuller perception of the meaning of the Master's words: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' My mother felt the answer to her prayer of faith at my baptism. I feel it now. The church of Christ has kept her arms around me all my life, never withdrawing them for a moment.



BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD

"My conversion came in God's own good way and time in the city of Macon, Georgia. An attack of typhoid fever was the turning point. I was a stranger, and at a hotel. The negro boy, Albert, who waited upon me, saved my life. The doctors had given me up to die. I heard them say to Albert, 'Give him anything he asks for.' I made it known to him that I wanted ice-water, and it was brought—a pitcherful, cold as it could be. I drank, and drank, and drank! I felt the coolness to my very finger-tips, and said to myself inwardly, 'I will get well'—and so I did. It was the ice-water that did it. The surprised doctors postponed the funeral they had expected. I came out of the jaws of death, and by slow degrees strength came back to me. I had time to think and pray, to look at my past life, and to ponder the paths of my feet. That robust yet tender pastor, Dr. James E. Evans—a great man in his day, whose mighty passion for saving souls would often vent itself in sobs and tears in agony over lost sinners—was stirring all Macon at this time by a powerful revival, awakened under his preaching. The revival wave struck me just when I was ready for it. On my sick-bed, and during my convalescence, the Holy Spirit had spoken to my soul the things that made for my peace, because I was quiet enough to listen. I thought on my ways and turned my feet to the testimonies of God with a solemn earnestness born of reflection, and under the leading of the Holy Spirit that had followed me and striven with me all my life. As soon as I was able to go to the meetings, I yielded to the call of the Spirit. Kneeling at the chancel with others, one night, a night never to be forgotten, amid prayers and holy songs suited to the hour, Dr. William H. Ellison bent above me and softly spoke to me some words that helped me then and there to give myself wholly to the Lord—to choose Christ as my Saviour, with a purpose to follow him as long as I lived. There was no reserve in my consecration, and no doubt as to my acceptance. The peace of God flowed into my soul; I felt the blessedness of a conscious salvation. The experience was unspeakably solemn and sweet. Yes, thank God, it is unspeakably solemn and sweet, for I feel it now as I felt it then! It is the same in its essence, but—let me write it with humility and adoring thankfulness—it is fuller and deeper after the lapse of the years between the early fifties and this, the first year of the new century.

"This was my conversion. The initiated reader knows what it is; the uninitiated may know. 'Whosoever will may take of the water of life'—and he may do so now."

Missionary Hearts Gladdened

e Great International Missionary Gathering at Clifton Springs Cordially Endorses Our Famine Relief Work in China

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON SECOND PAGE OF THIS ISSUE

HE International Missionary Union recently closed its eighteenth annual meeting at Clifton-Springs, w York. The whole week, June 5 to inclusive, was one of great privilege t the 156 missionaries and to the other ristian workers present. While nearly ery mission field and mission board s represented, China naturally occupied foremost place. About forty missionaes from China were present, half of om will soon return with joy to their rk.

Dr. J. Howard Taylor, son of Hudson ylor, founder of the China Inland Mis n, gave a sketch of the relation of the mine to the recent outbreaks. Now, as e need of the famine district becomes re apparent, there is an opportunity the Christian world to prove the falsity the charges against foreigners.

Mrs. Taylor drew attention to the fact at the present famine threatens to be re severe than that of twenty years ago, d as that famine gave to the Church ne of its best native workers, so this e will, if the churches at home make nifest their love for the people.

Dr. Edna G. Terry, Rev. F. D. Gamell, and Rev. J. L. Whiting, who were the siege of Peking, told of the series of ovidences by which God had miraculsiy cared for their great company. ey bore testimony to the consciousness ey had during their weeks of peril, that ey were being upheld by the prayers of ends in the home land. Mr. Whiting id: "Let there be a definiteness in your prayers for China. Present continually to God the great crisis in China, and pray for those who are negotiating for peace.

No less thrilling was the account of the flight from Kalgan across the desert of Gobi, twelve hundred miles to Siberia, as the delegates heard it from Rev. W. P. Sprague, Rev. Mark Williams and Dr. Virginia Murdock. Mr. Dreyer told of his flight from Ku Hu with ten ladies, two children and a sick man, forty-five days' journey through a perilous country, where many suffered martyrdom. Both children died, and were buried on the way. A pathetic interest gathered around the address of Mrs. George L. Williams, for her husband was one of the martyrs of Shansi, while she, with three little children, was in the home land.

One of the youngest missionaries present who, after only three years' work, had been spared to return to America, said that her first thought had been, "Did not my Saviour count me worthy to suffer martyrdom for his sake?"; but he had shown her that she might yet labor for him, and she is rejoicing to be able to return to China.

The fidelity of the native Christians, their martyrdoms, and their present needs called forth prayer and loving tributes. The Union expressed its appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Famine Relief Work by the following resolution:

"The International Missionary Union, assembled at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 11, 1901, with representatives of all Protestant missions, and all foreign fields, has heard with great pleasure of the prompt response made by Mr. Louis Klopsch and his associates of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the call for relief for the famine sufferers in the Shansi province in north China. We are glad to know that many contributions are pouring in, and that the list of contributors includes the President of the United States and the Secretary of State, as well as Christian people of every rank in life and of all denominations. We express our hearty thanks to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and ask the good people of all the churches to forward liberal contributions. We believe that this is the best and most effective answer for Christian people to make to the inhumanities of the Boxers in that province; and we are glad to be strengthened in that faith by the testimony of the widows of our brethren who fell, who have expressed their hearty sympathy with this movement for famine relief. We bear cordial witness to the judicious course of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in appointing the Rev. Messrs. Arthur H. Smith, H. H. Lowry, M. B. Duncan, E. H. Edwards, M.B., and I. J. Atwood, M.D., as the committee to administer the funds subscribed."

India had nearly as many missionaries as China at the meeting. Japan came next in numbers, and among the fifty-nine returning to their work, were representatives from Africa, Bulgaria, Burma, Korea, Laos, Micronesia, Mexico, and Turkey.

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A PRACTICAL BIBLE SCHOOL

The New Organization Formed at Lestershire, N. Y., to Equip Young Men and Women for Effective Christian Work

ONE of the most encouraging signs of the times is the large number of efforts now being made in various parts of the country to equip Christian workers for more efficient service. Many have been described in this journal lately, and now another is added to the list. It has been organized at Lestershire, N. Y., and was formally dedicated on June 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS

The work originated in a plan conceived by Evangelist John A. Davis, a graduate of Moody Institute in Chicago. In the course of his work in various churches, he found many young people ardently desiring to devote some portion of their time to Christ's service, but deterred from doing so by a consciousness of lack of training and knowledge. The will was there, the consecration was evident, but the power to present the truth in forcible and attractive form was defective. With many, too, who had been only recently converted, there was need of teaching, in doctrine and in exegesis. Mentioning this fact to his friend, Dr. Edward Taylor, a veteran preacher of the Word, Mr. Davis found ready counsel and cordial co-operation.

The experiment was made of issuing a call for a short session of Bible study. The use of a church on week evenings was obtained, and all who desired to attend received a cordial welcome. It was expected that a class of twenty or thirty students would be formed, but to the surprise of Mr. Davis and his helpers, over one hundred registered their names and attended regularly. It was unanimously decided to hold a second term, and the Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Bible Institute, was induced to give a series of Bible lectures. The class, in the second term, numbered one hundred and sixty, all thoroughly in earnest, and anxious to gain all the advantages that could be secured.

So grateful were the students for the benefits received, and so clear was the evidence of the need of such a school, that it was determined to organize it on a permanent basis in a home of its own. No sooner was the project suggested than a generous corporation offered a suitable site as a free gift, and several wealthy friends sent in contributions toward the cost of erecting a building. Work was commenced immediately, and many of the students labored with their hands on the building. Every noon hour the work of building was suspended, and a season of prayer was held. So the work went forward, and by June 1, all was ready for the dedication.

The building comprises a lecture hall capable of accommodating an audience of five hundred persons; a number of offices and class-rooms, and on the second floor a number of dormitories for the use of students who might come from a distance. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, of New York, accepted an invitation to conduct the dedication ceremonies, and on Tuesday, June 4, there was a large gathering to celebrate the event. The work of the school began immediately with a session of three months. Applications were already in hand from students in sufficient number to tax the resources of the building. A corps of teachers has been organized and special lecturers engaged. Among the latter are Rev. Robert F. Y. Pierce, of Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Robert Garry, of Lockport, N. Y.; Rev. H. S. Miller, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Dr. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago, and Mr. H. B. Gibbud, of Springfield, Mass. At the request of the students, a department of music has been added, and the services of Prof. Theo. E. Perkins, of Philadelphia, and Prof. D. B. Towner, of Northfield, Mass., have been secured as lecturers on Gospel singing.

The institution is now regularly incorporated, with its founder, Evangelist John A. Davis, as Superintendent; Mr. John R. Clements, of Binghamton, N. Y., well known in Christian Endeavor work and author of many popular hymns, as President of the Board of Trustees. There is a large Advisory Board, composed of prominent Christian Workers of the neighborhood. Further information may be obtained by addressing the Superintendent, Evangelist Davis, or the Secretary, Mr. A. B. Corby, Lestershire, N. Y.

EVANGELIST JOHN A DAVIS

ANSWERED PRAYERS

E., Illinois, writes:

For fourteen years I have been a subscriber and constant reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. On receiving it, the first thing I do is to turn to "Answered Prayers." I love to read that God does hear and answer the prayers of his children. I wish to add my testimony in answer to prayer for a loved one. Many troubles and trials have I met with, but out of them all the Lord has delivered me. I think the worst of all my troubles are those which I have feared would overwhelm me, but which never come to pass. Oh, for faith to trust him more!

M. C. M., Cloverdale, Va., writes:

I have just received a very positive and clear answer to prayer. God has answered me many times.

W. G. McD., Greenville, S. C., writes:

I wish to add my testimony as to the goodness of God in answering prayer. I have received three direct answers recently, for which I give him all the praise.

Theodore S., Port de Paix, Hayti, writes:

I thank my kind and merciful Father which art in heaven for answering my prayers and the prayers of dear friends, offered in behalf of my little daughter Beatrice.

M. J., Dummerston, Vt., writes:

I am interested in the answered prayers. I have had many, so many answered. I would not know where to begin the story of God's goodness. I am praying for a special blessing on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S good work.

Mrs. F. H.W., Chautauqua, N.Y., writes:

I prayed for two great blessings on an absent son. One prayer was answered immediately; and I will not wait for the other before acknowledging this.

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Via the most attractive of all routes, the Lackawanna Railroad. Round trip tickets from New York will be on sale July 4 to 12 inclusive, limited for return to August 31, thus permitting attendance at the Epworth League Convention in San Francisco as well as offering opportunity for an extended tour of the Pacific Coast. For further information write T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York.

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INDIVIDUAL WORK*

The Duty of Preaching Incumbent on Every Christian

ONE of the most remarkable characteristics of Christ's life, as it is reported in the Gospels, is the number of his conversations with individuals. Apparently, he did not consider time wasted which he spent in talking to a single auditor, as to Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria. It would be well if his people followed his example in this respect. The opportunity of preaching to a large congregation comes to comparatively few, but all can reach one or two persons. We never know how important the result may be. The Methodist minister in England, whose sermon was the means of leading Pastor C. H. Spurgeon to Christ, did a greater service to his generation than if he had won the whole congregation instead of that one convert. Thousands of souls scattered all over the world have reason to be thankful that Spurgeon entered that church that morning and heard the message which carried the light into his soul. We can tell whether there may be near us some young man who, if enlightened, might become such an effective worker in Christ's cause? The history of the Church shows that many of our most successful workers have been enlisted in unexpected ways, and by very humble efforts. It might be that the kindly appeal, the personal testimony which every one can use, might be just as influential in the coming years as was that Methodist minister's sermon.

Philip appears to have been a successful preacher. The work in which he had been engaged had produced what in these days would be called a revival. But he was bidden leave it and preach to a single hearer. In that, too, he was successful. We do not know what his converts did afterwards, but it would appear that the one soul so saved, was deemed by the Spirit which directed the preacher, of sufficient importance to justify the employment of such a messenger. That was no question for Philip to consider. He received the command and obeyed it. Is it possible that such a command may have come to us and we have failed to heed it? Peter was enlisted in that way. "He first findeth his own brother Simon" (John 1:42). The apostle Philip did similar service for Nathanael. If the Christians of our day were to have the same zeal, how speedily the number of Christ's followers might be doubled! There are very few who have not influence over some brother, or friend, or business acquaintance, and might use it with power. The impression is too common that Christ's command to preach the Gospel to every creature was addressed to the professional preacher only. But experience proves that whosoever will, may engage in the work and have a share in the blessing. There is too much reticence among us, too little perception of duty in this matter. The ordination of the ministry is on every one, and in the very last of Christ's messages to the Church, the command is given to fulfil that ordination. "Let him that heareth," or who has heard for himself, "say, come," not only in devout prayer to Christ, but to his neighbors. There are many reasons why such individual efforts may be successful. One of them is that they are disinterested. There are some people who look with suspicion on the efforts of the professional preacher. "It is his business," they say, and they turn away with the idea that the preacher is perfunctorily engaged in his business. No suspicion of that kind can be cherished, when a man who has obviously nothing to gain, urges his friend to unite with Christ. Then, too, such appeals have the mighty force of personal testimony. The man who resists an elaborate argument, who is not impressed by a carefully prepared logical appeal, is liable to be moved by the simple statement that his friend has tried this religion for himself and has found it a help and a blessing to him. There is often a shrinking from the duty of speaking about religion to a brother or a friend. The Sunday School teacher who can speak freely enough to the boys in his class, finds it hard to speak to his brother, or his friend. Yet his silence may be positively injurious. The inference may be drawn from it that the professing Christian is not sincere. "Why does he not speak to me?" his unconverted friend may ask. "If he were in possession of some financial secret, if he knew of a remedy for some disease that was sapping my life, he would be eager to tell me. If religion really meant as much to him as he professes, he would surely speak." So Christ may be wounded in the house of his friends, and the message which would come with force and effect is not spoken. There are such cases, and the continued reticence, which an effort might break, goes on until the opportunity is lost forever.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 14. Acts 8: 26–40.

THE FIRST HUMAN SIN

Listening to the Tempter the Way to Loss of Innocence

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN sin ceases, death will cease also (Rev. 21: 4). Through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin, and so death passed unto all men, for that all sinned" (Rom. 5: 12). There was but one way by which Satan could do harm to Adam and Eve: if he could induce them to sin, then he had power to injure them; if he could sow in their hearts distrust of God, he would have them in his power. They were created in the image of God; we do not learn that he was thus created. Satan was created very beautiful, very wise; but he fell through pride and self-exaltation (Ezek. 28: 12–18). Man was created in the image of God—peculiarly akin to his Maker. From his very origin he was so associated with God that he could not act independently; what he is and what he does must touch God in a way that is not the case with other created beings.

Probably Satan was created with a free will, just as man was afterwards; and wherever there is free will, there is the possibility of self-consciousness. Satan approached, not the man, but the woman, with his subtle question, "Hath God said, Ye shall not eat of any tree of the garden?" Up to this time, no other than God himself had ever held any communication with Adam and Eve. But God had given them dominion over the whole creation, and demanded from them obedience on one point—that they should neither eat of nor touch the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. And it was on this point—the only one on which God had called for obedience—that the tempter came to assail the woman. Did she fully realize her position? She was answerable to God, not to the serpent. As one who had dominion, held under God, she must learn from him, but not from the creature over which she was to rule. She could not listen to a creature without getting into wrong relations with God.

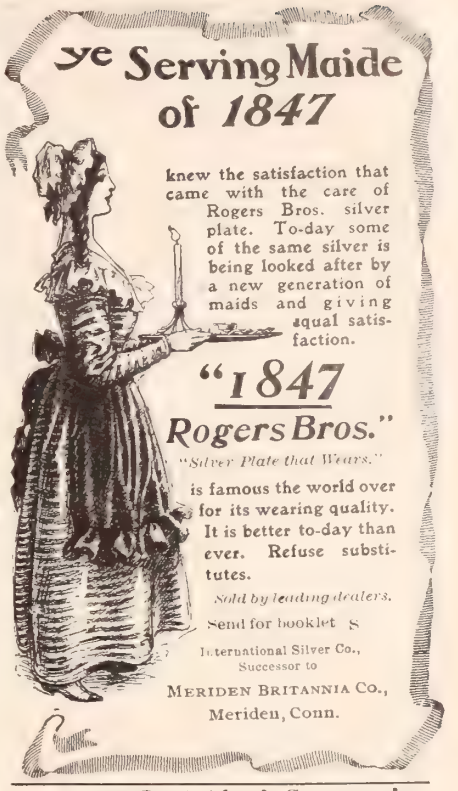
How often have we sinned for the same reason! Without considering from whence came some question or suggestion, without considering whether God would have us undertake to answer it or not, we have admitted it, and only seen our mistake when we have been caught in the enemy's trap. The question of the tempter was one which concerned God; and had the woman at once taken it to God, without herself giving any answer to the serpent, she would not have fallen. But she fell into the snare, admitted the awful possibility into her mind that God could have made a mistake; that he could have done better; and her confidence in him gave way. She began to think, not of what he willed, but of what she willed; not of his command, and of his just and true authority over her, but of what would please her. And already, before the deed was done—already, as soon as she had ceased to trust God as all-holy, all-wise, all-good, Eve had fallen.

When her confidence was unshaken in the perfect wisdom of God, she was satisfied; but now she desired a wisdom apart from God, and believed the Devil's lie that the knowledge of good and evil would make her like God. It had been his own temptation: God says to him, "Thou saidst in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; and I will sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the uttermost parts of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the Most High" (Isa. 14: 13, 14); and in his hatred of God and jealousy of men, he sought to drag Adam and Eve into a fall similar to his own. Poor fallen Eve fell into the snare. When she saw "that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and she gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat." And man fell; God's image was defaced, and Satan has written only too clearly his lineaments on man's face and form, heart and character.

But God's purpose for man was not abandoned; it was only postponed in its accomplishment. Man had left God, but God had not man. In a way they had not expected, the knowledge of evil had begun to work. A clear conscience loves the light, for it has nothing to hide; a guilty conscience dreads the light, and Adam and Eve had procured this to themselves in the day of their fall, and, therefore, when they heard the sound of the Lord God, they hid. But he called unto the man, and said unto him: "Where art thou?" It is the first question God asked of man, and he asks it of every man still.

And what now? Did God abandon them? Did he destroy the earth and make it waste and void? It must come to this before sin and death are finally done away with (II. Peter 3: 7, 12; Rev. 20:11), and "a new heavens and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" can be made (II. Peter 3: 13). But the very day of the fall of man, God, who is Love as well as Justice, spoke of redemption. After declaring his curse upon the serpent, he said to him: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." The Devil will not conquer in the long run, and we know now that he has been overcome by Christ, the Seed of the woman (Heb. 2: 14), that he is Conqueror of both sin and death. He has not only provided atonement, but also victory, for all who believe in and obey him.

God has provided a redemption, we are a redeemed people, and through the redemption of Christ we can and may retrace the sad steps of our first parents' fall. Not only have we redemption through his blood, we are delivered from the present evil age (Gal. 1: 4), and by his life ("Christ in you the Hope of glory," Col. 1: 27) we are delivered from our life—the life which hides away from God, which has ceased to be upright and which makes excuses for sin. It is as Christ is formed in us, and we are conformed to his image, that we begin to recognize our true relations to God, and thus trust and confidence, ready and willing obedience are wrought in us. And we find that as, by the grace of God, he works thus in us, unquestioning obedience to him becomes more and more a delight, as it was to our Lord. Thus his redemption covers all the ground of the fall "to every one that believeth."



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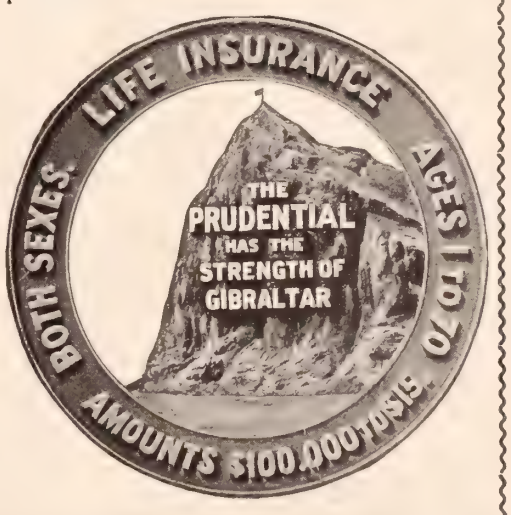

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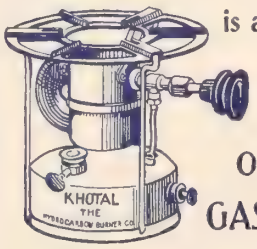

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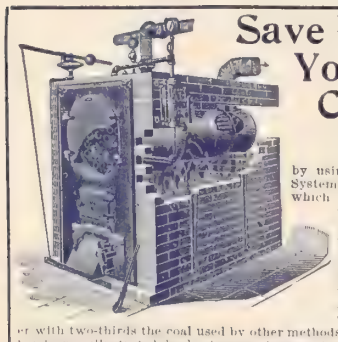

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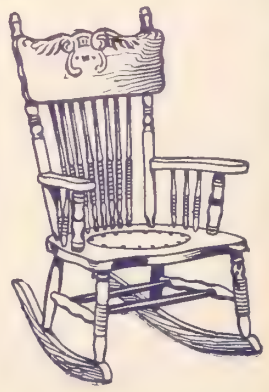

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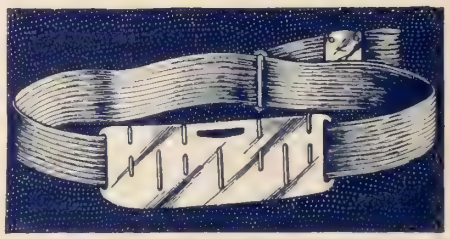

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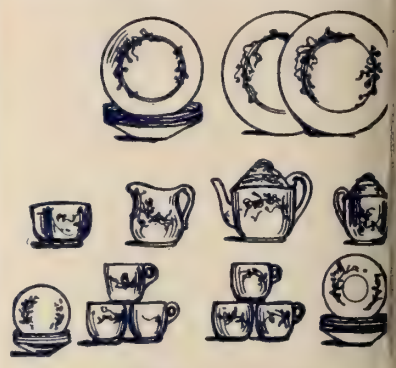

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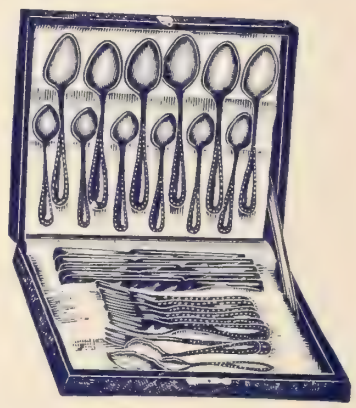

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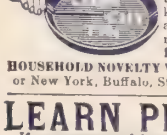

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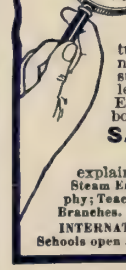

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

LEADERS IN THE PAN-AMERICAN BIBLE STUDY CONGRESS WHICH MEETS IN BUFFALO, JULY 17 SEE PAGE 620

1.—Rev. James M. Gray, D.D. 2.—Mary Foster Bryan 3.—Frank K. Saunders 4.—Prof. Robt. W. Rogers 5.—George B. Stewart
6.—Prof. R. A. Torrey 7.—Herbert L. Willett

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

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IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

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VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Questions of the Week

1. In what way does a traveler, in going east or west, gain or lose time?

The earth turns from west to east fifteen degrees, or about one thousand miles an hour. When the sun is on any given meridian it is noon there; a line fifteen degrees to the west must wait an hour for the earth's revolution to bring it vertical to the sun; a line fifteen degrees to the east had noon an hour previous. Let a traveler go from Chicago to New York, one thousand miles apart, his watch set by Chicago time. He finds on arriving at the eastern metropolis, six o'clock A.M., local time, that it is only five o'clock by his watch, which, in regulating, he turns ahead, and thus gains an hour. Returning to Chicago, his watch now showing New York time, he notes that while the Chicago chronometer indicates eleven o'clock, it is twelve o'clock by his own timepiece. Accordingly, he sets his watch back, and this time loses an hour. MRS. M. A. HOYT.

2. What is the smallest known religious sect (in point of numbers) in the world?

The Samaritans have been reduced to one hundred and fifty members. In Baedeker's Palestine and Syria edition of 1876, I find: "In the twelfth century, Benjamin Tudela found about 1,000 adherents of the sect of the Samaritans at Nabulus, and a few at Ascalon, Cæsarea and Damascus. For some years past they have been confined to Nabulus, although they formerly had small communities at Cairo and Damascus. Their numbers are steadily diminishing, now consisting of forty to fifty families only, who live in a distinct quarter of the town (S. W.)." In 1887, the writer was in their synagogue, and saw their ancient manuscript of the *Pentateuch*, said to have been written by the grandson of Aaron 3,472 years ago. McClintock and Strong, in 1880, placed the total census of the Samaritans at 130. JOHN D. KNOX.

3. What is the duty of a pastor toward a young woman who contemplates marriage with a dissipated man, when the pastor knows his character, but she does not, and has no means of making the discovery? In such case what should a minister do?

The pastor is in a difficult and delicate position. It is probable that the man in question has either temporarily reformed, or is making an effort to do so, otherwise the girl herself could not fail to have discovered his real character. In that case, the pastor might, by interfering and causing the breaking of the engagement, cause the young man to fall back into his evil ways. He would also lay himself open to an action for slander, and in any case arouse the suitor's indignation to an extent that might endanger his own usefulness in the community. It is doubtful, too, whether he would do any good. The girl would believe that her lover was being falsely accused and would champion his cause against the minister.

If the girl has a father, or a brother, or a male guardian, the pastor had better put the matter in his hands, at the same time furnishing him with evidence that will permit him to investigate for himself. Only in an extreme case, and when there are no other ways of putting the girl on her guard, should the pastor take the responsibility of denouncing her lover to her. C. C. CRAWFORD.

The minister should do as any other well disposed man would under the circumstances—should acquaint the lady with the character of the man, and should try to make it possible for her to see for herself the danger she is approaching. In order to make his attempt to save her effectual, he should find out the best means of imparting the information. In case his acquaintance with her is very intimate and his influence great, he should personally impart the information and seek to persuade her to change her intentions. If he feels that he himself is not competent to perform the task, he should furnish the information to her friends, and urge them to use their influence with her. The question to be considered is not whether he can succeed in his efforts or whether he will render himself obnoxious to any one through them, but how he may most faithfully do his duty.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

4. When license has been voted by the people, can the town council, a majority of whom are Christian men, consistently grant the license to sell liquor? Should these men resign, and let the people elect other men to take their places, or should they refuse the license, and incur the penalty for withholding it?

They certainly can consistently grant the license. In a free Democracy no executive officers have a right to defeat a legal demand of the majority. The council have no right to resign, and perhaps allow their positions to be filled with men of no moral character or responsibility, under whom the liquor business would have unbridled liberty. If the licenses have to be granted, as seems the case in the instance cited, far better that they be granted by men who will use positive efforts to prevent such licenses going to the lowest element in the community. Neither have they the right to refuse such license, such refusal being perjury in the true sense of the word. WM. W. CASE.

* * *

It is very hazardous to advise that the will of the people legally expressed, ought to be disregarded and ignored, even though that sentiment is unworthy of a Christian community and in ill accord with the principles of righteousness. Violation of the rights of the majority by officials in power cannot but fail to injure any cause of righteous reform, as such action is subversive of the very foundations of Republican government. It is the duty of a public servant who cannot conscientiously carry out the people's will and enforce the laws according to his sworn oath, to relinquish his position, and make public his reasons and convictions, endeavoring to create the greatest possible sentiment against the rum curse. To resign from office with this avowed purpose, and to absolutely refuse to be implicated to the least degree in the destructive business of drunkard-making, with its fearful ravages among even the innocent women and children, would probably help the cause of true temperance more in the long run than by continuing in office, and refusing to grant a liquor license, when the majority of the people at the polls expressed the desire for the saloons. Prohibition, with the people in favor of it, is a grand success, but enforced prohibition, against and contrary to the will of the majority, is sure failure.

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

5. Which of the famous Americans who have lived since the Revolution left the record that you would most like to have at the end of your own life?

I can imagine no more sublime ending of earthly life than to have it said of me, as it was of Abraham Lincoln, that I was the instrument by which four million souls obtained liberty. I can fancy no more honor, than to be endowed with wisdom, and so touched with dramatic fire, as to enable me to teach souls the meaning of liberty, and what Christ meant when he said, "I am the life, the truth, and the way." The sound of the clanking shackles dropping from the colored race had scarcely died away, when man realized as never before that slavery in many forms still existed, and belonged not to one color, race, or nation. The slavery of intemperance, impurity, and selfishness, which has its chains fastened upon thousands of helpless victims, and has its record as black as any recorded during the slavery of the colored people. I should like to issue the second Emancipation Proclamation, to thousands of the fathers and mothers of this land, teaching them that the child of a bondman is a slave also, and through them living as free men and women, this old world can be rescued for Christ. I should like to break the chains that are binding hundreds of our boys and young men today, teaching them, also, that the way to freedom is total abstinence from many existing evils, and I would not forget the chains that are fastened upon the girls, that chain that compels a girl to follow certain styles in dress, regardless of health and means. I should like to clothe them with the garment of liberty, which is the beautiful garment of Righteousness. Such a record would be worthy a place beside that of the illustrious Lincoln at least. MARY C. LEE.

* * *

Much, doubtless, depends upon the standpoint from which we view this question. But as for me, when earth shall be fading, and eternity opening, I know of no one whose record I would so like to have as that of Dwight L. Moody. He seems always to have had the same mind that was in Christ Jesus. Filled with the Holy Ghost, he so preached the Gospel that he was heard everywhere by the multitudes with gladness to their eternal salvation. Who would not covet such a record? "They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

JOHN H. SHERRARD.

A NEW MISSIONARY STEAMER

The new portable stern-wheel steamer, *Livingstone*, built for the Congo Mission, Africa. Photographed lying at Waterloo Pier, London.

Miscellaneous Questions

J. H. R., Vesta, Neb. Is a professing Christian justified in buying and selling on any board of trade, under any circumstances whatsoever?

He is certainly justified in conducting a legitimate business, in accordance with business usages. There is probably no field for the conduct of legitimate bu enterprises than boards of trade, and business should not be confounded wit cat speculations, swindling and gambl which no reputable dealer would give c nance.

The population of the United Sta cording to the Census revision just com is 76,303,387. This includes Alaska, Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. Th densely populated section of the Unio Rhode Island.

Reader. In sending money for the China Fund, to whom should the order be ma able?

Send either by draft, money order gistered letter, made payable to THE TIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New Y

In the marriage hymn, "A New Ho Jesus," by Alfred S. Dyer, published i CHRISTIAN HERALD on May 1, the se the second line is rendered obscure by print. The verse should read:

Lord, on this sacred union,
Of heart to heart now joined,
Life's interests in communion,
May each thy blessing find;
May each in purpose holy,
In loyal life for thee,
In years for Jesus solely,
By oneness strengthened be.

W. D., Westport, Calif. Could you kindly as far as known, the different countrie leprosy is found?

The disease is common in Asia, South America, Hawaii and the West and a few isolated localities of Euro India there are 131,618 lepers; no othe try has nearly so many. Sporadic c the disease are found in all countries an endemic, it is chiefly confined to ent, where it originated, and whence migrated West at various times. At t of the crusades it grew to the propor an epidemic, and leper colonies now exi the west coast of Norway, in the Balt inces of Russia, and a few other places garded as survivals of the medieval ou

A timely letter this, and one tha well be considered by lukewarm Ch J. B. E., Chicago. Ill., writes:

Enclosed please find check for famine su China. Israel sinned, and God permitted th to come; China sins, and the famine come shall occur to the professing church of which is largely following the teaching trines of men, instead of following the word

Thos. J. H., Corsica, Pa. They are call tians simply, to whatever denomination t belong.

Reader, Fredonia, N. Y. We know of n ing offer for the invention of a perpetua machine.

Mrs. M. McD., Longs Stand, Pa. It is v kind and generous, even at the risk of r mistake.

J. de N., George, Ia. Christian people do in church societies and many other ways, volent work.

H. C. P., Berkley, Va. 1. "To-morrow v correct. 2. "Mistress" abbreviated to "M No. 4. "Matheo."

J. N., Baltimore, Md. He ought to mak tion, by all means, either to the original p to their representatives.

Eli K., Clarksville, O. Affirmations are in cases where the witness objects to t oath in the prescribed form.

E. L. W., So. Hadley Falls, Mass. The sion, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," by John Wesley in a sermon on dress.

W. J. B., Union, Man. We see no harm music. You should draw the line sharp ever, at dance music and sensational song

W. S., Fairbank, S. Dak. Such a n would be futile, now that the war is p closed. It should have been done long ag

Reader, Ore. Every human being crave ment at times, and we see nothing wro provided the amusement be an innocent o

I. M. B., Wicomico, Va. They would d have nothing to do with any project c with the drink traffic, even in the remotest

Wm. E., Terrace, Minn. There is no that people were physically larger in the Christ than now.

F. H. S., Shippensburg, Pa. 1. Phrenolo yet accepted as a science, although many it. 2. The Koreishan science we know about.

Reader. The acceptance or rejection o by most publications usually depends merit and its suitability to the peculiar nee publication.

George H. C., Apohagin, N. B. 1. H find some other position if possible. 2. nothing further than what is revealed in t All else is conjecture.

Mrs. Martha E. M., Wagram, O. Cert Such brutal conduct should be properly pu law. You are not called upon to tolerate ence that is calculated to wreck both soul

THE ZIONIST MEDAL

DR. HERZL PRESIDING OVER A ZIONIST CONGRESS AT BASLE, SWITZERLAND

OBVERSE OF MEDAL

THE COMING ZIONIST CONGRESS

THE fourth annual Convention of the Federation of American Zionists recently held in Philadelphia, revived public interest in the problem of Hebrew Colonization of Palestine, and fixed popular regard on a number of facts which show that the Zionist cause has made notable progress. Coming immediately after the onist night at the Maccabæans in London, where Dr. Herzl, the father of the Zionist movement, was greeted with such applause; where Zangwill made his wonderful speech, and Sir Francis Montefiore and other distinguished Hebrews testified to their faith that the Zionist plan was practical as well as righteous, the Philadelphia Convention had strong stimulus for enthusiastic discussions and hopeful outlook. Dr. Herzl's letter of greeting, which was read, directed attention to the growth of the organization as shown in the calling of the several international congresses; the creation in different countries of Zionist societies, and their consolidation into national organizations; the introduction of the shekel tax, followed by the establishment of the Jewish Colonial Bank; and then he spoke of ground gained in the attitude of the Turkish Government towards Zionist representatives. His utterances in this respect were the more significant in that Dr. Herzl was one of a deputation which, on May 17, had an audience with the Sultan, which, it has been said, gave encouragement to the belief that the Zionists can secure or have reported the guarantees or concessions they have been seeking. In the address of Prof. Richard Gottheil, President of the Federation note was taken of the fact that Zionist societies in South America have asked affiliation and that work is being extended to the Philippines, a society having been lately established in Manila. Delegates to the International Convention, which meets in London next fall, will be appointed later. A significant resolution, but one of most interesting purpose, was that to arrange for an exhibit of the products of Palestine at future meetings.

The American Federation of Zionists numbers more than one hundred and twenty-five societies, where, in 1897, there were merely a handful. In its development, it but repeats the history of the international organization. Before the Congress at Basle, in 1897, there were in the world something over one hundred societies whose aims were more or less Zionistic; at the second Congress, in 1898, there were more than eight hundred. Our photograph reproduces the Congress of 1899, one which excited more public interest, because of the dignity of its personnel, the quality of its discussions, and the strong for progress which was manifest. Here and abroad, a great number of Jewish women are now working to further the movement. Mrs. Richard Gottheil is their recognized leader in this country. It is hardly necessary to remind readers of this journal, who are well posted, the meaning and history of Zionism, that wholesale emigration of the Jews to Palestine has never been contemplated, nor the establishment of a political State there. The purpose is rather to provide a "legally secured home" in the land of their forefathers for Jews living in countries where they are not happy. To this end, the idea has been to obtain guarantees and commercial concessions from the Sultan, securing the future of the Colonies, while promising in return good citizens, who will reclaim the waste places of Palestine; next, to buy lands, and to subsidize poor immigrants in establishing agricultural colonies or factories. At the Maccabæan meeting in London—following the Constantinople interview—it was as good as said that the only thing needed to put this plan under way was two million pounds, a half million of which was already in the Jewish Colonial Trust in London. "What is one and a half million to the Jews?" asked Zangwill. But the millionaires have not yet lent aid to this movement. It is the poor children of Israel who, from the four quarters of the globe, have sent in their shekels.

Th Herzl

There are now thirty or more Jewish colonies in Palestine, where, twenty years ago, there were but two. In Judea, Samaria, Galilee, and across the Jordan, we find them. Close to the Mediterranean, and not far from Haifa, is Zikron Yaakob, the largest and finest of them all with about 1,000 people, chiefly engaged in wheat-growing, breeding silkworms and bees, and raising vegetables. Near Joppa is Rishon-le-Zion, the first Russian-Jewish Colony, established 1882, now a most prosperous community. And so in various places in Palestine, Jewish refugees, driven from Russia, Roumania and elsewhere by persecution, have made the desert to blossom like the rose. They had a hard struggle to do this. In some instances they worked the ground with their fingers, because they had no implements. By their industry and peaceableness they have commended themselves to neighbors and rulers. None of these colonies were established by the Zionists. The international association will not plant colonies until their future can be assured.

The coming Zionist Congress will doubtless be the most interesting ever held, and perhaps may inaugurate more active operations in the East than have been undertaken heretofore. It is not out of the range of possibilities that there may be laid before that body a colonization charter, together with guarantees from the Turkish Government, and certified articles from all Christian powers, permitting Zionists to make settlements in Palestine according to plans they have laid down. Certain it is that there will be an influential representation of American Hebrews at the international deliberations. Prof. Gottheil will, of course, be present. Dr. Wise, the able Oregonian, who was prominent in the Philadelphia Convention, may be a delegate for the West.

Many prominent Hebrews are opposed to Zionism, but intense antagonism seems on the wane. "Had you told me ten years ago," says Rabbi Gottheil, "that to-day I would be an ardent Zionist, I would not have believed you." But he is such, and it is his son, a professor in Columbia College, who leads Zionism here.

At the 1898 Congress, the souvenir medal struck bore on one side a symbolic figure, recalling wandering Jews to Palestine; on the other was this in Hebrew: "Behold, I will take the children of Israel from the nations and will bring them into their own land." That is the watchword of Zionism.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL — PROF. RICHARD GOTTHEIL — MRS. RICHARD GOTTHEIL — REV. DR. STEPHEN S. WISE

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WEEK

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Ploughman and Reaper

TEXT: Amos 9: 13:

BEHOLD THE DAYS COME, SAITH THE LORD, THAT THE PLOUGHMAN SHALL OVERTAKE THE REAPER

UNABLE because of other important duties to accept the invitation to take part in the great Convention of Christian Endeavorers at Cincinnati, begun last week, I preach a sermon of congratulation for all the members of that magnificent association, whether now gathered in vast assemblage, or busy in their places of usefulness, transatlantic and cisatlantic. And as it is now harvest-time in the fields, and sickles are flashing in the gathering of a great crop, I find mighty suggestiveness in my text.

It is a picture of a tropical clime, with a season so prosperous that the harvest reaches clear over to the planting time, and the swarthy husbandman, busy cutting the grain, almost feels the breath of the horses on his shoulders, the horses hitched to the plough, preparing for a new crop. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper." When is that? That is now. That is this day, when hardly have you done reaping one harvest of religious result, than the ploughman is getting ready for another.

In phraseology, charged with all venom and abuse and caricature, I know that infidels and agnostics have declared that Christianity has collapsed, that the Bible is an obsolete book, that the Christian Church is on the retreat. I shall answer that wholesale charge to-day.

Between three and four million Endeavorers sworn before high heaven that they will do all they can to take America for God, Europe for God, Asia and Africa for God—are not the signs most cheering? Or to return to the agricultural figure of my text, more than a million reapers are overtaken by more than a million ploughmen. Besides this, there are more people who believe in the Bible than at any time in the world's existence. An Arab guide was leading a French infidel across the desert, and ever and anon the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord. It disgusted the French infidel, and after awhile, as the Arab got up from one of his prayers, the infidel said: "How do you know there is any God?" And the Arab guide said: "How do I know that a man and a camel passed by our tent last night? I know it by the footprint in the sand. And you want to know how I know whether there is any God? Look at the sunset. Is that the footstep of a man?" And by the same process you and I have come to understand that this book is the footstep of God.

The March Through the Centuries

But now let us see whether the Book is a last year's almanac. Let us see whether the Church of God is a Bull Run retreat, muskets, canteens and haversacks strewing all the way. The great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and great accuracy, not a clergyman, but an attorney as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different centuries. In the first century, 500,000 Christians; in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians; in the third century, 5,000,000 Christians; in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians; in the fifth century, 15,000,000 Christians; in the sixth century, 20,000,000 Christians; in the seventh century, 24,000,000 Christians; in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians; in the ninth century, 40,000,000 Christians; in the tenth century, 50,000,000 Christians, in the eleventh century, 70,000,000 Christians; in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the thirteenth century, 75,000,000 Christians; in the fourteenth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fifteenth century, 100,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the seventeenth century, 155,000,000 Christians; in the eighteenth century, 200,000,000 Christians—a decadence, as you observe, in only one century, and more than made up in the following centuries, while it is the usual computation that there were at the close of the nineteenth century 470,000,000 Christians, making us to believe that before this century is closed the millennium will have started its boom, and lifted its hosanna.

Poor Christianity! what a pity it has no friends. How lonesome it must be. Who will take it out of the poorhouse? Poor Christianity! Four hundred millions in one century. In a few weeks of this year, 2,500,000 copies of the New Testament distributed. Why, the earth is like an old castle with twenty gates and a park of artillery ready to thunder down every gate. See how heathendom is being surrounded, and honeycombed, and attacked by this all-conquering Gospel. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, 150 missionaries; at the close of that century, 84,000 missionaries, and native helpers, and evangelists. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were only 50,000 converts; now there are over one million converts from heathendom.

You all know that an important work of an army is to plant the batteries. It may take many days to plant the batteries, and they may do all the work in ten minutes. These Gospel batteries are being planted all along the seacoasts, and in all nations. It may take a good while to plant them, and they may do all their work in one day. They will. Nations are to be born in a day. But just come back to Christendom and recognize the fact that during the last ten years as many people have connected themselves with evangelical churches, as connected themselves with the churches in the first fifty years of last century. So Christianity is falling back, and the Bible, they say, is becoming an obsolete book. I go into a court, and wherever I find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk, I find a Bible. Upon what book could there be uttered the solemnity of an oath? What book is apt to be put in the trunk of the young man as he leaves for city life? The Bible. What shall I find in nine out of every ten homes in this city? The Bible. In nine out of every ten homes in Christendom? The Bible. Voltaire wrote the prophecy that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is gone, and I have to tell you that the room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy, not long ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles from Switzerland.

The Best-Beloved Book

Suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that there should be no more Bibles printed in America, and no Bibles read. If there are sixty million grown people in the United States there would be sixty million people in an army to put down such a law, and defend their right to read the Bible. But suppose the Congress of the United States should make a law against the reading or the publication of any other book, how many people would go out in such a crusade? Could you get sixty million people to go out and risk their lives in the defense of Shakespeare's tragedies, or Gladstone's tracts, or *Macaulay's History of England?* You know that there are a thousand men who would die in the defense of this Book, where there is not more than one man who would die in the defense of any other book. You try to insult my common sense by telling me the Bible is fading out from the world. It is the most popular book of the centuries.

How do I know it? I know it just as I know in regard to other books. How many volumes of that history are published? Well, you say, five thousand. How many copies of another book are published? A hundred thousand. Which is the more popular? Why, of course, the one that has the hundred thousand circulation. And if this book has more copies abroad in the world, if there are five times as many Bibles abroad as any other book among civilized nations, does not that show you that the most popular book on earth to-day is the Word of God?

"O!" say people, "the church is a collection of hypocrites, and it is losing its power and it is fading out from the world. Is it? A bishop of the Methodist Church told me that that denomination averages two new churches every day. In other words, they build seven hundred and thirty churches in that denomination in a year, and there are at least fifteen hundred new Christian churches built in America every year. Does that look as though the Christian Church were fading out, as though it were a defunct institution? What stands nearest to the hearts of the American people to-day? I do not care in what village, or what city, or what neighborhood you go. What is it? Is it the post office? Is it the hotel? Is it the lecturing hall? Ah! you know it is not. You know that that which stands nearest to the hearts of the American people is the Christian Church.

Near the Heart of the People

You may talk about the church being a collection of hypocrites, but when the diphtheria sweeps your children off, whom do you send for? The postmaster? the attorney-general? the hotel-keeper? alderman? No. You send for a minister of this Bible religion. And if you have not a room in your house for the obsequies, what building do you solicit? Do you say, "Give me the finest room in the hotel?" Do you say, "Give me that theatre?" Do you say, "Give me that public building where I can lay my dead for a little while until we say a prayer over it?" No. You say, "Give us the house of God." And if there is a song to be sung at the obsequies, what do you want? What does anybody want? The Marseillaise hymn? God Save the Queen? Our own grand national air? No. They want the hymn with which they sang their old Christian mother into her last sleep, or they want sung the Sabbath School hymn which their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she got that awful sickness which broke your heart. I appeal to your common You know the most endearing institution on ea most popular institution on earth to-day, is the of the Lord Jesus Christ. A man is a fool th not recognize it.

The Infidel Distrusted

The infidels say, "There is great liberty now dels; freedom of platform; infidelity shows it from the fact that it is everywhere tolerated, an say what it will." Why, my friends, infidelity half so blatant in our day as it was in the day fathers. Do you know that in the days of our there were pronounced infidels in public autho they could get any political position? Let a ma declare himself antagonistic to the Christian and what city wants him for mayor, what Sta him for governor, what nation wants him for P or for king? Let a man openly proclaim him enemy of our glorious Christianity, and he cann majority of votes in any State, in any city, in an try, in any ward of America.

A distinguished infidel, years ago, riding in a in Illinois, said, "What has Christianity ever An old Christian woman said, "It has done o thing anyhow; it has kept an infidel from bei ernor of Illinois." As I stood in the side roon opera house of Peoria, Ill., a prominent gentle that city said, "I can tell you the secret of that dous bitterness against Christianity." Said I. is it?" "Why," said he, "in this very house t a great convention to nominate a governor, ar were three or four candidates. At the same ti was in a church in this city a Sabbath School tion, and it happened that one of the men wh the Sabbath School convention was also a me the political convention. In the political con the name highest on the roll at that time and be nominated was the name of the great chan fidel. There was an adjournment between ball in the afternoon, when the nominations wer made, a plain farmer got up and said, "Mr. Cl that nomination must not be made; the Sunday of Illinois will defeat him." That ended all of his nomination. The Christian religion is

Mightier To-day Than Ever

it was in the days of the past. Do you think tha scene could be enacted now as was enacted in of Robespierre, when a shameless woman was to the dignity of a goddess, and carried in a chair to a cathedral where incense was burne and people bowed down before her as a Divir she taking the place of the Bible and God; whi corridor of that cathedral were enacted such s drunkenness and debauchery as had never bef witnessed? Do you think such a thing could occur in Christendom to-day? No. The p Washington, or of New York, or of Paris woul upon it. I know infidelity makes a good deal c our day. One infidel can make great exciten I can tell you on what principle it is. It is principle that if a man jumps overboard from liner, he makes more excitement than all the dred who stay on board. But the fact that h overboard does not stop the ship. Does tha the five hundred passengers? It makes gre ment when a man jumps from the lecturing pla from the pulpit into infidelity; but does that Bible or the church from carrying millions of gers to the shores of eternal safety?

These opponents say that science is ove religion in our day. They look through the sp of the infidel scientists, and they say, "It is im that this book be true; people are finding it Bible has got to go overboard. Science is throw it overboard." Do you believe that t account of the origin of life will be overth infidel scientists who have fifty different theori the origin of life? If they should all come up phalanx, all agreeing on one sentiment and one perhaps Christianity might be damaged; but t not so many differences of opinion inside the c outside the church. O! it makes me sick to s literary fops going along with a copy of Darwi one arm, and a case of transfixed grasshopp butterflies under the other arm, telling about t vival of the fittest" and Huxley's protoplasm, nebular hypothesis. The fact is that some na just as soon as they find out the difference betw feelers of a wasp and the horns of a beetle, patronize the Almighty; while Agassiz, glorious who never made any pretension to being a C puts both his feet on the doctrine of evolut

OLD LEPER HOSPITAL, GUAM

PROCESSION AT THE DEDICATION

THE ARSENAL, NOW AN HOSPITAL

A NEW ERA IN LITTLE GUAM

THIS is not a new lesson. No, for years it has been taught us in noble example by the medical missionaries of China and India; by valiant priests, who have fought a way for religion to ave e hearts by means of their healing powers; and ow he strength of our mighty Government, not the sol d efforts of missionaries, is being applied to this as ut worthy labor throughout our Island territory. No has it been begun, and General Wood, at San- ag General Ludlow, at Havana; Generals Henry nd Davis and Dr. Hoff, in Puerto Rico, and the Army Me al Corps at Manila, have shown us what splendid res s may be accomplished.

I say that medical service in Guam—our smallest ev olonial possession—under Spanish rule was defi- ie would be to express it far too mildly. It was ri ally lacking. Upon an island, twenty-six miles lo nd over five miles wide, with a population of over 90 souls, there were but two regular physicians. One as. medical officer of the Spanish Army, who was to attend to the officials and garrison. He gener- ly corned to treat the poor natives, and did little es s exercise the very nominal function of quarantine fic. The civil doctor was a nervous Spaniard, who pp red to show little zeal or interest in the sick, but tu interest in his estate and financial affairs. The ati s are not a sickly race, but neglect and ignorance, ise e-bearing whaling ships and a heritage of ancestral ic ad done much to spread disease among them. Yo: of all, leprosy was present. Towards this last as he only apparent attempt at relief made, for a os al for lepers was built upon the high road between ag a and Piti. This was a fairly good building. One ri was for women, and one for men, with a nearby ott e for the attendants. The lepers were collected to live until death released them. Their relatives er required to provide them with sustenance, and lived in a neighboring village. There are not over a dozen known cases of leprosy in the island. It is needless to say that our American medical officers have taken all precautions to isolate these.

Their ignorance of all sanitary laws laid the Guamese open to severe attacks of typhoid fever. Most of the people are collected into towns, about half of the whole population being in the town of Agana alone. These towns are built near the beach upon flat sandy soil, without any system of sewerage and with almost no natural drainage. Their water supply came from shallow wells dug in the sand in the heart of the village. Typhoid was so common that the natives had come to regard it with a sort of apathetic helplessness. Nearly every adult had at some stage passed through the disease. As soon as Agana was occupied by the American marines active measures were taken to supply distilled water from the ship, close up the wells and install the distilling plant that had been brought out. The town was thoroughly policed, and every precaution taken to prevent the use of the infected water. In spite of these efforts though, typhoid made its dread appearance among the soldiers, but was soon brought under control. The climate is not injurious, however, nor sickly in any degree.

Meanwhile the long-neglected native population was being cared for with the best energies of the limited force of physicians. Three surgeons were available for this work: Surgeon Philip Leach, U. S. Navy, and Assistant Surgeons Mack V. Stone and Alfred G. Grunwell, U. S. Navy, and long and well have they labored and with great success. Then the force was strengthened by the arrival of Assistant Surgeon W. L. Bell, U. S. Navy. At Agana, the former arsenal was converted into a temporary hospital, one wing being assigned to the garrison and one to the natives. Both were soon filled, while Dr. Grunwell was confronted with a tremendous outside practice among the natives. Patients of every kind came pouring in to him and great relief was given. The natives could not realize at first that all this attendance, all the medicines were free. Many cases of long standing were relieved and cured, and the gratitude of these poor folk was beyond bounds. Fired with enthusiasm, the natives at Agat voluntarily set to work to build a larger hospital building. Led by the captain of the town, all hands worked vigorously and well, and soon a neat thatched house with beds for twenty patients was completed. The natives now asked that they might have "a real American flag" over their hospital. This request was soon granted, and one day the hospital was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies and the "Stars and Stripes" raised over it—the first native American hospital in Guam. The ceremonies included a parade, an address, much bell-ringing, a salute from a revolver and from some ancient mortars. It was a quaint, absurd sort of affair to us who saw it, but of gravest moment to the simple folk, to whom the new flag they so proudly carried represented much: freedom from oppression, from tyranny, from misery and disease; a new era indeed.

The good work so well begun is being carried on vigorously; the medical department of the Navy aiding with medicines and supplies and the necessary instruments. A new and commodious hospital is to be built at Agana, and further effort will be made to bring all parts of the island under medical attendance. All this work is being done as a part of our naval duty. It is not as charity that the work is carried on, but as an obligation.

There remains much to be done in this lovely island before it can be called our "model colony," but as far as its sanitary condition is concerned, everything is being done possible to make that perfect.

C. L. POOR, Ensign U. S. N.

PLOUGHMAN AND REAPER; Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ay: "I see that many of the naturalists of our day re lopting facts which do not bear observation, or av not passed under observation. These men warring it each other—Darwin warring against Lamarch, Wa ce warring against Cope, even Herschel denounc- g erguson. They do not agree about anything. he do not agree on embryology, do not agree on the ra tion of the species."

Wat do they agree on? Herschel writes a whole ha r on the errors of astronomy. La Place declares tathe moon was not put in the right place. He says 'i had been put four times further from the ear t is now, there would be more harmony in the niverse; but Lionville comes up just in time to prove tathe moon was put in the right place. How many olc woven into the light? Seven, says Isaac Newton. Thr, says David Brewster. How high is the Aurora Bor lis? Two and a half miles, says Lias. Ninety mile say other scientists. How far is the sun from the ear Seventy-six million miles, says Lacalle. Eighty- wo illion miles, says Humboldt. Ninety-million miles, say Henderson. One hundred and four million miles, say Mayer. Only a little difference of twenty-eight milln miles! All split up among themselves—not gre ng on anything.

Triumph Approaching

Be these infidel scientists have empanelled themelv as a jury to decide this trial between Infidelity, the aintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, and after ein out for centuries, they come in to render their ver t. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a ver t? No, no. Then go back for another five hunre years and deliberate and agree on something. Th is not a poor miserable wretch in the city prison to-n row that could be condemned by a jury that did not gree on the verdict, and yet you expect us to give pr r glorious Christianity to please these men who can t agree on anything. Ah! my friends, the Church of sus Christ, instead of falling back, is on the adv ce. I am certain it is on the advance. I see the flit ing of the swords, I hear the tramping of the troops, I hear the thundering parks of artillery. O! God, I thank thee that I have been permitted to see this day of thy triumph, this day of the confusion of thine enemies.

I am mightily encouraged because I find among other things that while this Christianity has been bombarded for centuries, infidelity has not destroyed one church, or crippled one minister, or uprooted one verse of one chapter of all the Bible. If that has been their magnificent record for the centuries of the past, what may we expect for the future? The Church getting the victory, and their shot and shell all gone.

A Powerful Ally

And then I find another most encouraging thought in the fact that the secular printing-press and the pulpit seem harnessed in the same team for the proclamation of the Gospel. Every banker in this capitol to-morrow, every Wall street banker to-morrow in New York, every State street banker to-morrow in Boston, every Third street banker to-morrow in Philadelphia, every banker in the United States, and every merchant, will have in his pocket a treatise on Christianity, ten, twenty or thirty passages of Scripture in the reports of sermons preached throughout the land to-day. It will be so in Chicago, so in New Orleans, so in Charleston, so in Boston, so in Philadelphia, so in Cincinnati, so everywhere. I know the tract societies are doing a grand and glorious work, but I tell you there is no power on earth to-day equal to the fact that the American printing-press is taking up the sermons which are preached to a few hundred or a few thousand people, and on Monday morning and Monday evening, scattering that truth to the millions. What an encouragement for every Christian man.

Then you have noticed a more significant fact if you have talked with people on the subject, that they are getting dissatisfied with worldly philosophy as a matter of comfort. They say it does not amount to anything when you have a dead child in the house. They tell you when they were sick and the door of the future seemed opening, the only comfort they could find was the Gospel. People are having demonstrated all over the land that science and philosophy cannot solace the troubles and woes of the world, and they want some other religion, and they are taking Christianity,

The Only Sympathetic Religion

that ever came from heaven into this sorrowing world. You just take a scientific consolation into that room where a mother has lost her child. Try in that case your splendid doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." Tell her that child died because it was not worth as much as the other children. That is your "survival of the fittest." Just try your transcendentalism, your philosophy, your science, on that widowed soul, and tell her it was a geological necessity that her companion should be taken away from her, just as in the course of the world's history the megatherium and the ichthyosaurus had to pass out of existence; and then you go on in your scientific consolation until you get to the sublime fact that fifty million years from now we ourselves may be scientific specimens on the geologic shelf, petrified specimens of an extinct human race. And after you have got all through with your consolation, if the poor afflicted soul is not crazed by it, we will send forth from any of our churches the plainest Christian we have, and with one half hour of prayer and reading of Scripture promises, the tears will be wiped away, and the house from floor to cupola will be flooded with the calmness of an Indian summer sunset. There is where I see the triumph of Christianity. People are dissatisfied with everything else. They want God. They want Jesus Christ.

Young man, do not be ashamed to be a friend of the Bible. Do not put your thumb in your vest, as young men sometimes do, and swagger about, talking of the glorious light of nature, and of there being no need of the Bible. They have the light of nature in India and China, and in all the dark places of the earth. Did you ever hear that the light of nature gave them comfort for their trouble? They have lancets to cut and juggernauts to crush, but no comfort. Ah! my friends, you had better stop your scepticism.

REV. H. W. ROMIG | MISS JUNE RICKETTS | MRS. J. H. LAWRENCE | MISS E. A. CHURCHILL | REV. JOHN H. LAWRENCE | MISS J. C. JOHNSON | MISS JENNIE E. JENK

AN ARMY of YOUNG CHRISTIAN WORKERS FOR HEATHENDOM

MISS E. B. CAMPBELL

R. D. SCHOONMAKER

MISS ANNA B. M'PHERSON

DR. F. J. TOOKER

IN the six weeks beginning with the first of August, the Presbyterian Board will send out over one hundred missionaries to the foreign field. Of these, perhaps fifty will be missionaries who have been in harness for some time and who are returning to their duties. The others will be fresh young workers, on their first journey to carry the message of the Cross over the seas. Forty-seven of this band have already been appointed.

The Board is facing a new and novel situation. The present demand and provision for missionaries exceeds the supply. Transportation and support are available for a larger number than are listed. This state of affairs is due in part to the inauguration of a new policy with regard to the raising of funds. The Board has asked different churches and societies to undertake to care for particular mission fields, making themselves financially responsible; and the result has been that a host is gladly coming forward to the help of the Gospel cause. Thus, the regular funds of the Board are supplemented, and a glorious enlargement of work made possible. Another reason for difficulty in filling up the list, is that extraordinary pains must be taken in selection. There are applications in abundance, but the requirements which are needed to make up a good foreign missionary worker are numerous. The question of health is among the many that have to be considered. "We must put our very best material in the foreign field," says Dr. Halsey, "if we want to secure the best results. We are looking now," he added, "for two good men for the Philippines."

To equip and send out this band of missionaries will cost the Board at least $50,000, and during the fiscal year more than $1,000,000 will be spent in the foreign field. "Few other missionary boards in the country," says Dr. Halsey, "raises as large an amount. Last year, we spent $950,000. While the policy of having churches and societies undertake the support of missionaries has had much to do with increasing our funds, other causes were at work. Our sending out a million missionary leaflets had something to do with it. Then, we had twenty missionaries speaking all over the country; and here in the building, much work has been done through talks and addresses." In addition to this, it may be said that public opinion generally has had during the past few years exceptional opportunities for education as to the real character and value of the foreign missionary. Occasions that at first glance seemed to operate against the cause itself have contributed to its strength.

"The missionaries in China are a troublous lot," said some carping critics. "Missionaries in the East are no good." But the men of the British and American fleets, among whom these missionaries have wrought a great revival, have a different tale to tell of the cultured men and women who made them feel at home in a strange land, and the beauty and devotion of whose lives inspired them to study its divine origin and to accept the same great Master. We have seen, too, that if we want to make men more humane and merciful in the Orient, if we want to prevent the shedding of blood and unspeakable outrages besides, we have got to teach men Christ.

Repeated ministration on the part of Christian America to India's starving millions, will surely make a smoother pathway there for the messengers of Jesus, who come with tidings of peace and hope and brotherly pity, the meaning of which must have a deeper significance now than ever before. In China, the same mercy shown to starving natives, should open many hearts that have been closed heretofore against the servants of Christ. America's attitude in the Chinese troubles, will doubtless have weight also in making the American missionary, be he preacher, teacher or physician, more acceptable, because of his nationality, than workers from various other lands might be.

The sight of this brave young army going out to different countries for Christ, is a vision of hope to his church at large. Accomplished and educated men and women they are—preachers, teachers and physicians—with life promising fair to them in their native land. The pathways of the various members of the band lie far apart.

So far, there are three new missionaries for West Africa, three for central China, three for Shantung, three for Canton; India has ten; West Japan two; Korea six; Persia four; Siam two; Chili one; and some have not been assigned. Of the missionaries whose portraits are on this page, R. D. Schoonmaker goes to Africa; Miss Churchill to Canton; Rev. H. G. Romig, to Shantung; Miss Ricketts, to Central China; Miss Campbell, Miss Jenks, Miss Johnson, Miss Lincoln, Rev. R. D. Tracy, Rev. and Mrs. John M. Lawrence, are for India; Rev. and Mrs. Armstrong, for Siam; Rev. and Mrs. Blair and Miss Henry, for Korea; Miss Mayo goes to Japan; Miss McPherson to Brazil; Rev. Mr. McIntire, to the Philippines; Dr. Tooker and Rev. Mr. Mattison are unassigned. The newly-appointed missionaries came before the Board of Foreign Missions, at its fourth annual conference, in the Assembly Rooms, at 156 Fifth avenue, June 12–19; and the occasion was one of great interest. The new workers had the opportunity of listening to many excellent and instructive addresses from a number of the strongest men in the Church. "The Missionary and his Relations to Native Religions and Customs," "Missionary Accounting," "Treasury, Travel, Outfit," "The Missionary's Relation to Governments," "Missionary Ethics," and other equally vital and intensely practical as well as spiritual problems of the foreign missionary's life were discussed. The relation of foreign missionary to home missionary work was also brought under a helpful and intelligent review. The Presbyterians are to be congratulated on this missionary campaign. Other denominations are doubtless preparing to do as much. Too much cannot be given or spent to win the world for Christ, and if ever there was a time for successful invasion of heathendom, that time is now.

MISS M. M. HENRY

MISS MAY S. LINCOL

REV. C. E. MATTISO

REV. R. D. TRACY

REV. H. P. ARMSTRONG

MRS. H. P. ARMSTONG

REV. W. O. MC INTIRE

MISS LUCY E. MAYO

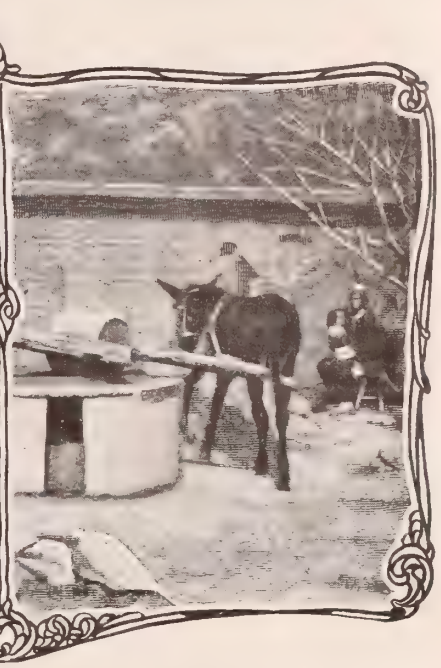
MRS. W. N. BLAIR

REV. W. N. BLAIR

A TYPICAL PEASANT WORKER

A MARKET IN SHANGHAI

A PRIMITIVE MILL



ANOTHER $20,000 FOR STARVING CHINA

The Second Remittance from the Fund Cabled to our Distributing Committee in the Field

LAST week the second remittance of **$20,000** was cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD through the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, to the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, Tientsin, Chairman of our Missionary Famine Relief Committee. This makes a total of **$40,000** sent to the Committee since the work began. Long ere this writing, the first relief wagons will have reached Tai-yuen-fu in Shansi, though no message has yet come through from the workers. Some of them started out with other missionaries under the protection of the escort furnished by Earl Li Hung Chang, on July 22, proceeding by rail to Ting Cho, by carts to Huailu and finishing the journey by mule litters to Tai-yuen-fu. According to the correspondent of the *Sun*, they will stop one day at Shou Yang, the scene of the former mission. After reaching Tai-yuen-fu, the China Inland missionaries will visit the outlying stations.

A CHINESE BEGGAR

A striking contrast to the hurried flight of the missionaries from Shansi last year, is their return, under official auspices and with dignity and the assurance of a cordial welcome from the scattered remnant of the native mission congregations. Shan, the Taotai of Tai-yuen-fu, came specially to welcome them company. It is said that the Imperial Government has decided to direct that receptions should be tendered by officials to the missionaries along the whole route, that residences be made ready for them at the places of destination, and that high officials of the Government attend the funerals of the martyred missionaries.

One of the first sad duties of the returned missionaries will be to recover the remains of those workers who were massacred by the Boxers, and to give them Christian burial, with appropriate ceremonies.

While these faithful workers are carrying the Gospel of bread and blessing to the famine-stricken multitudes in the four Chinese provinces, the good people at home are nobly and generously rallying to their support. Letters with contributions and words of cheer and encouragement come in every mail in increasing numbers, and the great majority of the writers are enthusiastic in their support of the practical application to China of the Christian principle of returning good for evil, and heaping "coals of fire" upon the heads of those who were the enemies of Christianity. All over our land, prayers are ascending for China's speedy relief, and also for her spiritual regeneration.

We give below extracts from several of these communications:

Helen M. B., Albany, N. Y. ($2), writes: "I wish it were a hundred times as much. May God bless you!"

"Accept this small gift of love from a poor woman, who loves her Lord and Saviour," writes E. D. T. ($1), Toronto, Ont.

"For the perishing in Shansi," writes B. W. J., Nashville, Tex. "Oh! that the people may open their hearts in giving relief to our Chinese brethren now at the point of starvation. This is our time to show them the love of Christ."

"May the glorious light of the Gospel soon dawn upon them that they may be fed spiritually is my prayer," writes another contributor, George S., South Cayuga, Ont.

"It is the Lord's Tenth" ($4), writes "Sister in Christ," Champorg, Oreg. "It is sent with a prayer that God will bless it to the use of starving humanity."

Mrs H. M. B., "an old lady who wishes to deny herself," sends $3 that she may help needy ones in China.

"God grant that their great suffering and Christian America's help may be the means of bringing them to live and serve God," writes H. L. W., Campbell, Minn.

Sadie W., Perris, Cal. ($1.40) writes: "It may be a means to an end, as bringing the Christian spirit of our people in contact with these Chinese, who have suffered mostly from our worst class, and judge us all accordingly."

"I think it a fine opportunity to render good for evil. May God help the poor sufferers, and make them Christians by these means," writes Mrs. E. H. R., Aten, Neb.

"We know that it is but a 'drop in the ocean,' needed, ($2), but our mite with God's blessing will help to save the starving. May Christian America's gift, in this their time of great need, convince them that we are not their enemies, but are actuated by love for their souls," write Mr. and Mrs. G. B., Danbury, Conn.

Friend, Kansas, ($5) writes: "I hope it may be the means not only of saving a life, but maybe some souls for Jesus."

"I felt so sorry for them I decided to make an effort to collect some money ($15) to be used for their relief," writes Miss Abbie Burgess, Chester Hill, O.

Mr. A. O. Patzsch, Canonsburg, Pa., writes: "Enclosed find check for forty dollars for the famine sufferers, sent by the Y. P. S. C. E., First Presbyterian Church of Canonsburg. In His name. May he feed hungry, thirsty souls, as well as their bodies, through this offering."

"The widow's mite. I am old and poor and have no way of making any money, so I will send some of what I have," writes Mrs. E. F. Wilson, of Beaumont, Tex. ($1).

Mrs. R. J. Butterfield, Ayer, Mass. ($3), writes: "My prayers go with the gift that God may add his blessing, and that the result of China's great affliction may be untold spiritual blessings for her perishing millions."

G. W. Brown, Columbia, Pa. ($2), writes: "I enclose two dollars for the famine sufferers in China. A chord of sympathy in my heart was touched when reading in your paper of the calamity. I am glad THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has so interested itself in the cause of suffering humanity, that it has really become, to a very great extent, the vehicle to carry, and the medium through, and by which relief funds are sent and properly distributed among the hungry and starving, not only sending the contributions of others, but giving largely of its own means."

A CARRYING BOAT ON THE RIVER HAN

These letters speak for themselves:

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"*The Christian Herald*":

The appeal published in the *Sunday School Times* and *The Interior* has come as a call to my heart. China is a sacred land to me, and I send the enclosed check ($60) as a gift from my daughter's estate, to help those for whom she gave her life. Kindly respect my desire, and consider this note perfectly confidential.

In answer to your appeal, as printed in *The Churchman*, I beg to enclose cheque for two hundred ($200) dollars, which you will please credit to St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. HENRY C. SWENTZEL.

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

Please find enclosed five dollars to help buy food for our poor brethren in China. May the blessing of the Lord go with it, and may it be the means of saving many precious lives.

VIRGINIA RUSSELL.

BALTIMORE, MD.

I have sent what I could, and I know that although the amount is small it will help some poor, hungry soul. I hope and pray that those who have much of this world's goods will give liberally.

READER OF THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

I enclose ten dollars for the famine in China, five for myself and five for my wife. The antidote for hatred and prejudice is love; by acting in that way toward the heathen people may induce them to cast their idols to the mole, and to the bat, and come to worship the Giver of every good and perfect gift. I hope China and India will learn the lesson God in his providence intends to teach them by wars, famine and pestilence. JOHN G. EVANS.

ANTIOCH, ILL.

Please find one dollar (postal note) which I send to help relieve the famine sufferers of China. I send this in the blessed name of our dear Saviour, Jesus Christ. I pray the Lord to bless and strengthen the missionaries in their work, and also in all work of loving kindness wherever it is needful. God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A SUBSCRIBER.

WASHINGTON, IND.

Although I feel I need this so much myself, I will send it for the cause of Christ's suffering ones in China. May the Lord bless my offering, and open a way for me. M. L. M.

RILEY, KANSAS.

Enclosed find New York Exchange for $100 to assist in the needs of the Shansi famine sufferers of China. Our prayers go with this, that you may so place it as to do the greatest possible good to the starving millions. And also, that, through the providence of God, they may see that Christian America will return to them good for evil—so recently done to our missionaries there.

MR. AND MRS. W. O. S.

ONEIDA, N. Y.

I am glad to know that you are raising money for the benefit of the sufferers in China. Many, like myself, were only waiting for an appeal from some reliable source, ready to fall into line for concerted action in so good a cause. I am pleased to enclose my check for $100, and trust you may be very successful in this undertaking. (Name not to be used.)

All contributions to the China Famine Relief Fund will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Contributions should be forwarded to China Famine Relief Work, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York City.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD [illegible] weekly. [illegible] $1.50 [illegible]

Remittances [illegible] Registered letters.

Foreign Postage. [illegible] to be made [illegible] outside [illegible] additional dollar a year.

Change of Date. [illegible] two weeks to change [illegible] subscription is to [illegible]

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our China Relief Committee

IT is a high tribute which the press generally has paid to the members of our Missionary Famine Relief Committee in China, but it is by no means an unmerited one. All are men of distinction in their various denominations, servants of the Master, who have worthily won the confidence and esteem of his people by the zeal, fidelity and single-mindedness that have marked their several careers in the missionary field.

Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D. D., the Chairman, is a representative of the American Board, and has done valuable service in Tientsin and other parts of China. Educated at Beloit College, after taking the regular theological course at Andover and Union Seminaries, he entered the missionary field in 1870. He can point to twenty-six years' consecutive labor, and is unquestionably one of the ablest American missionaries now in the Orient. In addition to his long missionary labors, he is widely known as an author and is recognized as one of the highest authorities in Chinese sociology. His book on *Chinese Characteristics*, originally published at Shanghai and afterward reproduced in America, is a standard of valuable information and research, and his *Village Life in China*, a later volume, is accepted as among the brightest additions to our knowledge of China and its people that have yet appeared from the pen of any European or American author. In his most recent work, *China in Convulsion*, he deals with the recent uprising, its causes and effects.

Rev. Irenaeus Atwood, D.D., of the American Board, and Rev. H. H. Lowry, of the Methodist Mission, are also Americans who have served long and honorably in the China field; while Rev. E. H. Edwards, M.B., of the China Inland Mission, and Rev. M. B. Duncan, of the English Baptist Mission, are both veterans in the work. All have had practical experience in previous famines which must now prove especially valuable in view of the relief work to which they have been summoned at the height of the severest famine ever known in Chinese history.

These gallant workers are now out in the field, succoring the weak and feeding the famishing in Shansi and Shensi, and aiding the destitute in Shantung and Chih-li. Their task is not without danger, for there are risks always to be encountered in a country where the fever of war and insurrection has scarcely yet abated, and there is also the still more insidious and deadly danger of lurking disease in the various forms of fever, dysentery and the pestilence that follows in the shadow of war. But they have not hesitated, even for a moment, to accept the burden laid upon them of ministering to the famine-stricken multitudes. Like true Christian soldiers, knowing their duty, they go forward boldly, leaving all in God's hands, and content, if need be, to give their lives to this consecrated mission.

Let our people all over this great and prosperous land, hold up the hands of these brave missionaries, who are now out in the field among the dead and dying. They need our prayers, and they need also our gifts, for it is at our call they have gone forth. Let them not be disappointed.

• • •

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said: It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts 20: 35.

• • •

Dull Mondays

TO many good people Monday is the most uncomfortable day of the week because of the overwrought condition the previous day. Many of the best people feel Mondayish. They overdid the Sunday and had no rest. They rose at six to study their Bible lesson. They attended two preaching services, and had a hankering after the third. They went twice to Sabbath school—one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. They took part in a prayer-meeting. They visited two of the sick. They have been intoxicated with excess of meetings. Monday morning is a weariness to them. Satan knows they are good, and is trying to work them to death and get them out of the way. They are beckoning to their undertaker, and committing suicide with golden extract of overworked Sunday.

Now, every man is entitled to rest. He sins when, at least once a week, he does not take it. On Sabbath let him sleep an hour longer in the morning, or snatch up a nap in the afternoon, or put on his slippers for a little while, with his feet up on the next chair, and make himself believe, at any rate, that he is resting. Doing too many things on Sunday, he does nothing well. He must take time to cool off. It is dangerous to load a cannon while the touch-hole is hot. Some Christians serve God so tremendously on Sunday that they are cross and crabbed all the week. Every Monday morning ought to be set to the tune of "Ariel" or "Antioch," and not to "Wyndham" or "Naomi."

Saturday afternoon free from work is a cure for Mondayishness. If you want a Sunday to sail well, you ought to launch it Saturday afternoon. If a minister has to study exhaustingly the latter part of the week, it is generally because he has been lazy the former part of the week. There is nothing that so hurts a sermon as to jam it between the wheels of Saturday night and Sunday morning. One of the ablest ministers used to say that he did all his hard mental work after ten o'clock Saturday night. At that late hour he would take to his study a tea-pot and pack of first-rate cigars, and go at his two sermons. He quit life early and went away, compelled to leave behind him his tea-pot and box of cigars. I should rather go up in almost any other chariot than a cloud of tobacco smoke. Not Saturday night, but Wednesday and Thursday are the best cradles in which to rock a sermon after it has been born.

The Mondayish feeling sometimes comes to the ministry, because it is the day the clerical profession do what they call "odds and ends," and visit the sick. Instead of taking it easy that morning, they are so worried about the errands they have to do. Monday is a poor day for visiting the sick. It is bad for the minister and the invalid to whom he goes. When I am sick, save me from a minister who himself has "the dumps." We need to be strong when we go to help the weak. What the sick most need is a dose of sunlight; and how can we pour it out to them unless we have a steady hand? There is no use of going in to sit on the bedside and help the invalid groan. Better take to him your tuning-fork and give him the pitch of "the new song." Do not spend Monday in rushing about; "odds and ends" have killed many a minister. Sunday is a trying day; let Saturday on one side of it, and Monday on the other side of it, take hold its arms and help it through. Do not spend Monday in going around to see "how the sermon took." If it was faithful, I warrant that in some quarters it did not take at all.

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They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. Isa. 40: 31.

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Beefsteak for Ministers

THERE are no harder worked men on earth than the ministers of religion. Many of them are on insufficient salaries, and the food they take is not nutritious. How can you expect a strong sermon from a pastor who has incompetent diet? Indeed, the damage begins at the college boarding-house. The theological student has generally small means, and he must go to a cheap boarding-house. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on the breakfast plate, but drowned at last; "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of flies in the molasses cup; the gristle of a tough ox, and measly biscuit, and buckwheat cakes tough as the cook's apron, and old peas in which the bugs lost their life before they had time to escape from the saucepan, and stale cucumbers cut up into small slices of cholera morbus—are the provender out of which we are trying, in theological seminaries, to make "sons of thunder." Sons of mush! From such depletion we step gasping into the pulpit, and look so heavenly pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon.

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The Scripture saith: Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. I. Tim. 5: 18.

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Thanks for Newspapers

SOME people have a habit of decrying one of our greatest necessities. Perhaps they have some time been abused in print and they cannot forget the mean personality? What would we do without the newspaper? With the iron rake of the telegraph it draws the whole world to our door every morning. The sermon that the minister preached to five hundred people on Sabbath, the newspaper the next day preaches to fifty thousand. It takes the verse which the poet chimed in his small room of ten feet by six, and rings them into the ears of the continent. The cylinder of the printing-press is to be one of the wheels of the Lord's chariot.

The good newspapers will overcome the bad ones, and the honey-bees will outnumber the hornets. Instead of the three or four religious newspapers that once lived on gruel and pap, sitting down once a week on some good man's door-step to rest, thankful if not kicked off, now all of the denominations have start journals that swing their scythe through the sins of the world, and are avant couriers of the Lord's coming.

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How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things. Rom. 10: 15.

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A Wise Relief Work

(From the Review of Reviews)

FAMINE and pestilence usually follow war, and China affords no exception to that rule. Starvation prevails in some extensive regions, particularly in the province of Shansi. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of New York, has always been so energetic in relief work, is raising a large fund, and has already sent $20,000. In helping the suffering Chinese women and children in this time of their great emergency, we are not only showing kindness to a gentle and great people who have never done us any wrong even in thought—for these people were not Boxers—but we are also doing something to insure good relations between this country and China, a consummation much to be desired. The distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S fund is intrusted to a committee of leading missionaries, than whom no men could possibly handle it more wisely.

Lifting Up Dying China

WHEREVER the Chinese question—and especially that aspect of it which has reference to the terrible famine and consequent suffering in Shansi—is discussed, whether by missionaries, travelers, converted Chinamen or fairminded, educated, observant people of that nation, it is conceded that the only influence that can affect the conservatism of forty centuries is the combination of Gospel teaching and practical, sympathetic helpfulness. What America is now doing to raise fallen China and lead her out of spiritual darkness; to bind up her wounds, feed and clothe her famished multitudes, and bring back peace to her borders, will be more effective than all else in wooing her from her idols and the traditions that hold her people in a grasp of iron.

The story of the starving multitude who cry to us for bread from the province of Shansi has reached the heart of the American people. A door of opportunity is open for us to show the true spirit of Christianity, by acts of benevolence. The appeal of Li Hung Chang to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for aid to his suffering countrymen, and the quick response of President McKinley and other high officials, shows that the humanitarian spirit prevails at the seat of our Government.

It ought to be our watchword, "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you," and, in the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, to overcome evil with good, by sending money to procure food that will feed the multitudes of starving people in that far country. Joseph was sent into Egypt to save his brethren, and may not we, as a nation, in the hand of God, be his instrument to save our Chinese brothers and teach them the lesson of Christian brotherhood? May not we, like the good Samaritan, hasten to their relief, binding up their wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and saying, "Be warmed, be clothed, be fed. Am I not thy neighbor, thy friend, thy brother?"

The hour has come for us to obey this commandment of our Lord, and show love to our Chinese neighbor, by sending our money and our influence to induce Christian people to pour out their gold to feed the millions of hungry people in China, who must perish unless help is immediately sent to them. Our work to-day, is to prepare the way for the Gospel by acts of love to our kinsmen of China!

A Chinaman who was very poor had a lovely little daughter, called Geuk Ching ("Poor chrysanthemum flower") who had no one to take care of her, as her mother was dead and her father had to be in the field all day. A heathen man offered twenty dollars for her, that he might betroth her to his son! The father, although very poor, said, "I cannot sell her to you, for you are a heathen, who would teach her to worship idols. She must be with some one who will teach her about God, so she will meet her mother in heaven!" He then offered her to some missionary ladies who were in the village, and they took little Geuk Ching into their home. She was so lovable, that when the heathen women came in and saw the child's love for the foreign ladies they lost their fear, and thus through her the missionaries gained the confidence of the heathen women. So the **power of Christian love alone will win the Chinese to Jesus.** By every holy impulse of sanctified humanity, we ought to do much to help these Chinese, who cannot help themselves. Let the Church of Jesus Christ lead the way.

MARY BARTON COOK.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Great Flood

EVERY section of the country sympathizes deeply with the State of West Virginia in the calamity that has desolated one of its most prosperous districts. Happily the fears at first entertained of the loss of life prove to have been exaggerated, but there is reason to believe that above sixty persons perished in the disaster. It appears that early on the morning of Sunday, June 23, there was a terrific downpour of rain, lasting six hours, in the Elkhorn River Valley, near the northern boundary of Virginia. It is a deep valley, almost a gorge, on each side of which rise the tall ridges of the Alleghany Mountains. It contains some of the best coal fields in the South and is inhabited chiefly by the miners and their families. Innumerable streams run down the sides of the mountains, feeding the Elkhorn River, which, in a time of flood, rises with extraordinary rapidity. Soon after daybreak on Sunday morning the people realized that there was danger coming. At Keystone, by nine o'clock, the river, high above its banks, came rushing through the town, sweeping everything before it. At Burke, one of its suburbs, the destruction was complete, and eight persons were caught in the flood and drowned. The narrow mountain valley was filled with seething waters. Huge boulders were being hurled against the mountain side. The railroad track was being torn up and twisted in a hundred different shapes. Huge trees were torn up by the roots, telegraph poles washed away and whole buildings were taken up and smashed into kindling wood. The whole of the Flat Top coal region was covered, and the flood extended from the Clinch Valley to the Elkhorn. It speedily passed, but it left behind it a heart-breaking scene of desolation. At North Fork Junction seven buildings were swept away in ten minutes. Substantial bridges were carried from their foundations, and railroad stations, with the cars, were seen floating down the stream. One train was side-tracked to escape the flood, but it was soon nearly filled with water, and the passengers had to be rescued by ropes from the windows of the cars to the top of some coke ovens. The pictures on this page, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the New York *Tribune*, are photographs, and show how terrible was the disaster. The loss of property will be enormous. The mine owners and the railroads will be the chief sufferers, but many of the miners must have lost their all when their houses were swept away. That more persons were not killed than were, is due to the fact that they were warned that the flood was coming, and they made good their escape to the mountains. It is a pity that people who are warned of spiritual danger are not similarly prudent.

By permission N. Y. Tribune

WRECKED HOUSES AT NORTH FORK JUNCTION

By permission N. Y. Tribune

THE FIRST TRAIN TO ENNIS—REPAIRING THE TRACK

See that ye refuse not him that speaketh: for if they escaped not who refused him that spoke on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven (Heb. 12: 25).

An Outlying District

A newspaper in Honolulu discusses a novel plan for the solution of the difficulties connected with the government of the Hawaiian Islands. At present, the government of Hawaii as a Territory is as unsatisfactory as it is expensive. Political quarrels frequently arise and are very difficult of adjustment. So far, the income derived from the islands pays but a very small part of the expenses of governing them. The new proposal, which, according to the Honolulu journal, emanates from Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, is to make the islands a part of the State of California. They might become five counties, constituting a Congressional District of the State, and would thus have a share in the State Legislature and a representation in the United States Senate and House, as California's Senators and Representatives would have charge of Hawaiian interests. It is reported that Judge Humphreys favors the scheme, and has gone to Washington to explain it to the President. Several prominent Hawaiians are strong advocates of it. It remains to be seen whether the State of California would accept such an addition to its constituency, and whether Congress would approve it. There seems no valid reason why, if the Hawaiian people understand our Constitution, and will be loyal to it, why they should not be thus incorporated and become an integral part of the United States. But that condition is essential, as it is in the kingdom of heaven. When we pray, "Thy kingdom come," we too often forget that this world can never become a part of the heavenly kingdom until its people can be trusted to be absolutely loyal to its King.

Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? (Luke 6: 46).

Risking a Battleship

The news that the fine warship *Massachusetts* had been taken through Hell Gate was a surprise to many citizens. The vessel was going to Newburyport from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Smaller vessels would naturally take the course up the Sound, as it is shorter; but this was the first time that so large a craft as the *Massachusetts* had ever ventured through. The decision of Captain Manney occasioned some criticism at the Navy Yard, but, as he explained, it was known exactly how much water was in the gate and also how great was the draught of his ship, which showed that it was perfectly safe to pass through the gate. Nor would he take a pilot, as he felt well able to navigate his ship with charts so accurate as those he had on board. There were other advantages in the Sound course besides that of shortness; so altogether, being convinced of its safety, Captain Manney decided to take it. The Captain's decision was justified by the result. He used both the twin screws to facilitate him in steering, and the great ship went safely through the Gate. It seems as if his act, however, was not approved at headquarters, for a general order has since been issued by the Secretary of the Navy, that no battleship shall in future be taken through Hell Gate, without express authority of the Navy Department or in great emergency. The Secretary evidently thinks that so costly a vessel should not be imperilled unless there is dire need. It would be well if the same caution were exercised when the safety of the soul is concerned. It may be a duty in some cases to incur peril to save another soul, but going into danger in a spirit of bravado, or to gratify curiosity, has led many into eternal disaster:

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins (Ps. 19: 13).

Talking Through Space

A notable experiment was tried on board the Cunard steamer *Lucania*, during the voyage she has just made from Liverpool to New York. Before leaving Liverpool a curious apparatus was attached to the masthead of the steamer, for the transmission of telegrams by the Marconi system, which dispenses with wires. A similar apparatus, consisting only of a loose wire a few feet in length, dangled from the masthead of the Government vessel, *Conway*, which is anchored in the Mersey, as a guard to the harbor. Farther on, another mast was erected at Holyhead, from which another short wire hung loose. As the *Lucania* steamed out of the harbor messages were sent from her to the *Conway*, and were easily read on the latter vessel. As the *Lucania* continued her voyage through St. George's Channel, communication with the *Conway* ceased, but in a short time the telegraph instrument again began ticking, and messages were being transmitted to Holyhead. Not until the Cunarder was more than a hundred miles from land was communication broken, and the vessel out of touch with the shore. An apparatus is now being fixed at Nantucket, so that the period of silence will be shortened at both ends. When it is completed, an incoming vessel equipped with the Marconi apparatus will be able to talk with the operator at Nantucket when it comes within a hundred miles of our shores. Only a few years ago a man would have been laughed to scorn who thought it possible that messages could be sent from a ship to people on the shore a hundred miles away. Sceptics, who have been ridiculing Christians as credulous, for believing that uttered prayer on earth could reach the ear of God, must surely feel as they read of this achievement that they have been over hasty in pronouncing prayer useless:

He heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears (Ps. 18: 6).

BRIEF NOTES

Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Frank W. Gunsalus has sufficiently recovered from his long illness to resume the presidency of Armour Institute in Chicago, which he resigned some years ago.

The University of Oxford, England, has conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Prof. C. A. Briggs, whom the General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church condemned. This is an honor very seldom conferred on a foreigner, and indicates that this seat of learning holds the American divine in very high respect.

The summer conferences of the American Committee of Young Women's Christian Associations, will be held at East Northfield, Mass., July 12–22, and at Lake Geneva, Wis., July 2–12. Among the speakers are Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Mrs. Howard Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, Dr. W. W. White, of Montclair, N. J., and Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of New York.

It is gratifying to learn that the Filipinos are availing themselves of the sanction of religion in their social relations, which they had been dispensing with, owing to the heavy fees of the priests. Bishop Graves reports that Rev. Henry Swift, who was a missionary among the Indians in South Dakota, and is now a chaplain in the army, stationed in Luzon, has been baptizing and marrying large numbers of Filipinos and Chinese, and is doing educational work among the natives.

Our readers, especially those who are students of prophecy, will grieve to hear of the death of Bishop Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Few men have so thoroughly earned the deep love and reverence of God's people as he. Though he had attained the age of seventy-nine years, it seems hard to believe that we shall hear his voice no more. A ripe scholar, a tender and earnest pastor, a wise and sympathetic counsellor, his death leaves a void that will not easily be filled.

A brief cable message from Western Africa contains the sorrowful tidings of the death of Rev. D. W. Le Lacheur, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Mr. Le Lacheur had served as a missionary in China, but of late years had done his most effective work in visiting the mission stations of the Alliance in various lands. He had been able to encourage the missionaries in their loneliness and assure them of the constant prayerfulness of the brethren at home, and so cheer them as to strengthen their hearts for renewed effort. It was on one of these journeys that he was engaged when he reached the Soudan. There he was stricken with African fever, which has proved fatal.

NOAH SAVED IN THE ARK...

MERCY AND JUDGMENT

...BY... DR. AND MR WILBUR F. CRA TS

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 21. GEN. 6. 1-22.

GOLDEN TEXT--NOAH FOUND GRACE IN THE EYES OF THE LORD. GEN. 6: 8.

MORE than seven thousand people went down in the twenty-three chief wrecks of the nineteenth century. The heirs of one of these, in his name, have offered the Pollock prize of $19,000 for the best maritime life-saving appliance. Not alone life-preservers for individuals, but also numerous devices of wireless telegraphy, to prevent collisions, have been suggested, especially forms of wireless telegraphy, delicate instruments that tell of the approach of a ship when it is yet out of sight in the fog.

We are to study to-day not the wreck of a ship, but of a world, from which not many, but only one way of escape was offered. And let our illustration also remind us how many a wreck of personal character, how many a sorrow we should escape if we would but develop in our consciences "a sensibility to sin, a power to feel it near."

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God Beholds Our Deeds

God saw the wickedness (Gen. 6: 5). "In the eyes of the Lord," Noah, though sinful, because repentant and relatively faithful, "found grace," that is, unmerited mercy. He was not "perfect," or "blameless" in the sense of being sinless (9: 21), but only "by faith," having accepted salvation through the death of the Lamb of God, dimly prefigured in the sacrifices he offered (Heb. 11: 7, Gen. 6: 9, 22, 7: 5). But all except his household "did evil in the sight of the Lord." Appetite, Lust, and Greed were the only trinity to which other men bowed in obedience. The grape had been made, through a process of death, a deadly foe to man, rather than a living joy. "The earth was filled with violence" (6: 11) that is, the strong were already oppressing the weak, which God never overlooks. "His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men" (Ps. 11: 4, Heb. 4: 13, Gen. 16: 13). Let us do only what we know God will be glad to see in the spirit of that child who set out its Noah's ark toys that God might look upon them:

"What are you thinking of, Willie,
Sitting so quietly there,
With your Noah's ark animals round you,
And your eyes gazing up in the air?"

"I have set out my animals, mother,
The great and the small in a row,
With Noah, his wife, and his sons' wives—
They make such a beautiful show.

"I've set them all out in the sunshine
That God, who is up there above,
May see them, because they're so pretty
And I want to show him my love.

"I am sure he must see where I'm sitting,
And hear every word that I say;
Because you know, mother, he listens
Both morning and night, when I pray."

—MARY HOWARD.

. . .

God Proclaims Judgment and Mercy

I will destroy . . . come thou and all thy house into the ark (6: 7, 7: 1). Both archæology and geology confirm the Bible story of the flood. In many nations there are legends of such a judgment upon wickedness in the early history of the race, to which the Bible story, free from idolatrous and incongruous interpolations, plainly stands in the relation of original. The tradition most closely resembling the Biblical account is, naturally, that of Assyria, which is in the British Museum, of which Dr. George Smith gave the world a translation a few years ago. He noted the following agreements with the Bible record: 1. That the sinfulness of man was great. 2. That the flood was sent as a punishment for sin. 3. That a man or family were saved in a ship. 4. That the man was directed to construct the vessel according to measurements. 5. That it had only one door and one window. 6. That it was pitched without and within. 7. The seventh, or Sabbath Day, was recognized. 8. The ship rested on a mountain. 9. Birds were sent out to discover if the waters were abated.

Only a few months ago Prof. G. Fredk. Wright, of Oberlin, one of the foremost geological specialists on the glacial period and the age of man, visited the region of Mt. Ararat, and found much to confirm the Scripture story of the flood, including evidence of a slow subsidence of that whole region, early in the age of man, such as might have engulfed the whole race at that early time. (See other like testimony in *Literary Digest*, March 23, 1895.) He had previously shown what geologists now generally admit, that there is nothing in the testimony of the rocks to prove a greater antiquity for man than eight to ten thousand years, with which Bible chronology is not inconsistent. Before modern geology was developed, it was shown by Hebrew grammarians that there was nothing in the language used about the flood inconsistent with the idea that it was universal only so far as to include all the inhabited world. But a veteran English geologist, Joseph Prestwich, gives geologic evidence of a recent brief submergence of the whole world (*Literary Digest*, October 5, 1895).

Another attack of the sceptics, which science itself—the science of arithmetic this time—routs, is the statement that a vessel of the size of the ark, which was that of our very largest ocean liners, could not hold all the known species of animals. Prof. Howard Osgood has shown, to the contrary, that there was more than room enough for two of each kind and seven each of the ten clean animals, 4,900 in all, of the average size of a cat, on one of the three decks, 33,750 square feet, leaving ample room for birds, reptiles, and other forms of life and their food, and for Noah's household, on the other two decks. The cubit is estimated at the lowest figure, eighteen inches, and the number of species at the highest, that of Wallace, 2,415 (*Sunday School Times*, Feb. 6, 1892.)

But we must not linger too long on the proof of the Bible's historic accuracy. The flood was a fact, but also proclaims the truth. It was an acted parable of mercy and judgment (I. Cor. 10: 11), by which God proved, by a judgment day in this world, that he would surely punish unrepentant sinners. Adam and Eve had sinned, thinking he was "too kind to punish," but had learned their error when driven from Paradise. No doubt the Devil used the same sophistry during the hundred and twenty years that Noah pleaded in vain as a "preacher of righteousness" (II. Peter 2: 5), that other families would join his own in the ark of refuge. Knowing that human nature is the same in all ages, we can almost reproduce the sneers, the doubts, the postponements, by which those to whom Noah offered God's mercy, were lost.

The shipwrights lightly jested as they wrought
And asked if that huge vessel were to mount
The hills, or navigate the sandy wastes.

—BICKERSTETH.

A British society has a booklet about one man who would not go into the ark. This "Irad" admitted that very wicked people ought to go in. It is quite possible God might destroy such, but he had lived a "good moral life" and feared nothing. Shem said: "He will destroy everybody who disobeys his command to come into the ark." And Japhet added: "There is room enough for thee, friend Irad, come." Irad answered: "If a righteous man like me was to go in, it would be the same as saying I was as bad as any. I never was stingy or prodigal, or a mocker of parents, like some. I never was the worse for wine in my life, like others." (These were intended for home thrusts at his four friends.) "No; God is just, and I have nothing to fear. And if danger does come, I tell you I have a plan of my own. I'll stay near the ark. Thank you all again."

The great door began to swing on its hinges soon after that. Irad knew none of the men or women were near it, for he heard them praying at the time in another part of the building. He thought he saw a hand; the next moment the door was shut.

Irad did not feel so comfortable then. "I have nobody to talk to now, and I would rather talk to these worthy people than to myself. If anything happens, I cannot get in now; that's plain. But I never wanted to go in. When danger comes, either God will do something for me, or I can put my own plan in force."

. . . . . .

Days passed, without much change. Then it did come in awful form—clouds, darkness, tempests, torrents of rain, roaring floods! No doubt now! But God did nothing for Irad. "Perhaps," thought he, "God intends me to be saved by the ark just like the rest. Well, I shall be saved by it! How wise I was to stay beside it! How Noah will be astonished to see me as safe as himself when all is over!"

So Irad climbed nimbly on the top of the ark, by one of the ladders still stained with pitch.

The ark floated. Irad tried to be happy.

But first he grew cold. Then he grew hungry. "If I had gone in I would have had shelter, food and company. Fool that I was, since I have to be saved by this ark, not to go inside!"

Soon worse thoughts came. "But am I to be saved, after all? The water is rising still. There is not a speck of land to be seen. I am cold and faint with hunger. Ah! swollen corpses dashing about my feet! Hark!—

'A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.'

"I am lost!" (Prov. 1: 24-26; Rev. 6: 15).

. . .

The Whole Family Saved

God remembered Noah. "In wrath remember mercy" was an answered prayer for Noah. God said to him as he does to every father, "Come, thou and thy house into the ark." And with that command and invitation goes the promise our unbelief so often cuts in two: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved and thy house" (Acts 16: 31-33). A whole family crossing the sea were wrecked. To anxious friends at last came a telegram from the father, "Saved alone." If he had said "saved alone" because of any selfishness or cowardice that for which his wife and children were lost, he had better have died with them. And "if sorrow in heaven may be," will come to him who, because of his own neglect, finds no one he loves at the Beautiful Gate watching and waiting for him.

But the story of Noah suggests that one may work long and faithfully as a "preacher of righteousness" and achieve but small results, through no fault of his own. Whether our field of testimony is the wide field of the preacher or mostly confined to the household, let us lay to heart that we have a far greater message than Noah, not of judgment only, but of Jesus. Hear, as the word of one who being dead yet speaketh, these words of Dr. Maltbie Babcock at the last Ecumenical Missionary Conference: "What is your chief trust, what your invaluable talent? It is your personal knowledge of Jesus Christ. I am to give an account before my Master for what I did in this world, with what I knew about him. Do not doubt it. 'What shall I do with Jesus that is called the Christ?' rather, 'What am I doing now with Jesus that is called the Christ?'"

And let us not fail to find in the story of the animals brought to the ark a suggestion of that mercy to animals that is slowly reaching from domestic to wild animals and making many a man, once a "mighty hunter," ashamed to have found sport in needless killing of God's creatures.

Col. John Sobieski tells this story of one of his hunting trips: "Sauntering leisurely along under tall elms, I heard a bird singing, and looking up, I saw a wee bit of a bird perched upon a lofty limb, singing very sweetly. Without a moment's thought, and without the slightest idea that I could hit so small a mark (for I had none of the spirit of murder in my heart), I quickly banged away. I saw some feathers fly, and the little songster came dropping down from branch to branch, and fell at my feet. I stooped down and picked it up. It was a tiny little thing, not much bigger than my thumb, of a yellowish-green color, as beautiful as it could be. Then, like a flash, the thought came upon me: 'What a contemptible deed I have done. Here was one of God's beautiful creatures that had as much right to existence as I, and its life, doubtless, was as sweet to it as mine is to me, and at that very moment that bird was singing its beautiful songs to make the world more pleasant and glorious, I had brutally shot it to death.'

"I carefully buried it among the leaves, and then promised myself that I would never again wantonly destroy life.

"I regard this the greatest crime ever committed."

Let any one who finds sport in shooting deer, read *The Trail of the Sandhill S*.

And right here, we may well ponder the story of the birds sent forth when the storm had abated. The raven that could feed on carrion came not back but twice at intervals of seven days (which suggests that the Sabbath was already established), the dove came back, finding no place of rest. It was his, no doubt, that led David to write, "Return, my soul, unto thy Noah," the word "rest" being that in the original.

On the dove's second return it brought an olive leaf, symbol of peace, and, going forth again, found no need to return, for the flood had so abated that it could rest once more on the earth.

So on the uplands somewhere—not on the icy top of Mt. Ararat but on some green slope of the lower hills—the ark rested and Noah's household brought sacrifices of thanksgiving for deliverance.

The distinguished astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, shortly before his death made a map of the stars as they appeared 3400 B.C., and was so led to believe that the signs of the Zodiac then originated in an effort to picture in the stars the story of the flood, Capricornus, Aquarius, Pisces, etc., Argo being the ark. (*Zion's Herald*, September 26, 1888.)

After the flood, the rainbow not first seen but adopted as God's seal that he would not again destroy the race by a flood. As in Revelation it is the "rainbow round about the throne," the sign of divine kingship, of justice tempered with mercy as rain is transfigured with sunlight.

The rainbow seems indeed a glimpse of Christ's crown when he will come again to reign over a redeemed world. "As in the days of Noah" so shall it be at that coming (Matt. 24: 38, 39), the few ready, the many indifferent or scoffing. Meantime mercy's door is not yet shut. It is not an ocean of wrath but an ocean of love that stretches before us.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There is a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

"EVERY LIVING THING WAS DESTROYED, BOTH MAN AND CATTLE"

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Daisies in the Desert

WHEN we think of the desert, there comes before our mental eye a picture of hot sand, treeless, and blank of other color than the wilderness dust can show, and we pity the travelers who must fare across the great weary spaces, yearning for the palm-trees that spring up in the oasis. An oasis is a green place in the desert, green because there a well of water there which fertilizes the waste. All e imagery of the Old Testament shows us how much e pastures depended upon water. how greatly the eople dreaded being without it. The good man is to ourish like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that ringeth forth his fruit in her season. Forty years the ebrews, emerging from slavery in Egypt, wandered hrough the wilderness, until one generation had passed way, and the impression of those days of going to and o, of the march and the tent, never left them in their ubsequent history. Yet their prophets, recalling it to eir memory, ever reminded them of God's goodness, nd told them that the Lord would feed them in fat astures, and give them springs and fountains.

To add to the beauty of an oasis, with its palms ender and graceful, its herbage and uits, what could be needed to give a nal touch so exquisite, as a field of aisies in bloom? Their cheery urdy growth, their white and gold, eir wondrous and lavish profusion, ake daisies favorites with us all. ere, in America, the children are ild with joy when they are let loose id a riot of daisies in the meadow, icking as many as they choose, yet aving a host behind them. As chil-ren, the world over, are the same. hether they have dusky skins or hite, we may be sure that in Africa here is just as much pleasure as here, hen the little folks go to seek this reasure-trove.

The daisies bring messages of com-ort to shut-in people, and to the sick, hen kind flower missionaries carry hem in bunches to the hospitals. Ill-ess is itself a sort of desert experi-nce, and when flowers are brought to he bedside of the suffering, they come vith the breath of the oasis, a cool reath to fan fevered brows, a tonic reath to hearten the weak.

But the most charming quality about laisies, after all, is their freedom, their xuberant growth, and the countless umbers in which they troop to clothe he meadows with grace and pomp. n midsummer no hedge or fence sur-ounds and bars our path to them. They are spreading their cloth of gold n the upland and the lowland, their wealth of beauty is for the beggar and he pauper and the little child, and yet hey are not out of place nor despised n the palace. Beautiful daisies; beautiful everywhere; most beautiful of all in the desert.

I came, as I walked through this world of ours,
Where often the briers are more than the flowers;
To a place that was bright as the sunbeams crossed,
A space where the daisies were zephyr-tossed;
The bees had found it, the birds were there,
And the perfume was rich in the summer air.

I had borne that day a heavy heart,
For the cares of life were my weary part:
Sorrow had touched me with chilling hand,
And the earth was a wan and desert land:
But lo! as a spell to banish gloom,
The daisies came with their happy bloom

None can be sad where the daisies lift
Their cheery faces, where odors drift,
Sweet with honey across her way;
Roses and lilies and new-mown hay;—
All the scents of the summer blent
With the daisies and clover, until content
One steps o'er the desert, here and there
Resting within an oasis fair.

For the God who brings the daisies here,
Ever will cherish his children dear.

FIELD OF DAISIES IN AN OASIS IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA

The Teacher's Vacation

The universal closing of the schools in summer gives an opportunity for rest, not to the children only, but to a class of very earnest and faithful workers, the teachers, who find themselves very tired at the year's end. To an outsider, it sometimes looks as though the teachers had comparatively short hours of labor, but it must be remembered that their work is intense and exhausting while it lasts, and there are many hours of toil, after the children have been dismissed for the day. Papers and work of different kinds are piled on the teacher's desk for examination in the afternoon or the evening, and there is also much to do in the way of study and preparation for the coming day. When vacation arrives, the little school ma'am is quite ready for it, and our blessing accompanies her as she starts to spend her holiday in the country, to go to the Pan-American Exposition, or to visit friends in some distant city.

Womanly Touchiness

It has lately been recorded that certain American women, a year ago, at Peking, took offense at an American naval officer, because he did not oblige his men, worn out for want of sleep, to rise and salute the ladies whenever they happened to pass. The pettiness of temper which could notice so small a slight in circumstances so grave, illustrates a fault of feminine character which should be amended. Women are apt to be oversensitive about their dignity, in other words, they are touchy. They exact attention on the score of their sex, and are needlessly annoyed when some gallantry which they prize, is withheld. In business, women are gradually learning to be indifferent to mere courtesy, and to go on with their work, whether or not men extend to them the gentle observances of the drawing-room. The ladies at Peking knew nothing of business, and even in time of siege, expected the marines to acknowledge their queenly presence. Fortunately, their childishness did no permanent injury to a brave and self-denying officer, who received his promotion just as if he had not fallen foul of some inimical gentlewomen.

Women, without exception, however, manifest an amazing toleration for certain encroachments of men, which they might with propriety resent. "Ladies' Cabin" is a conspicuous legend in our ferry-boats. If this means anything, it means that ladies are entitled to the occupancy of seats in the part of the boat appropriated to them, but men push and crowd women aside, seize the vacant places, and calmly read their newspapers, oblivious to the fact that women are standing near; old women, delicate women, yes, and sometimes, women with babes in arms. Not touchiness, but justice, prompts indignation at this common boorishness of the stronger sex.

FOLLOWING JESUS

WHO fain would follow Jesus
A daily cross must bear,
With never ceasing patience,
With vigilance and prayer.

Who fain would follow Jesus,
The Master's life must heed,
Must spend himself for others,
And help a brother's need.

Who'er shall follow Jesus
Through strife and shame and death,
Shall sit at length with him on high,
Where love enthroneth faith.

For here the cross of Jesus,
And there the crown and palm;
And here the storm and tempest
And there, the endless calm.

Early Engagements

VERY young people, deeply in love, as they imagine, think it very hard that their seniors counsel them against an early engagement or a precipitate marriage. They are so convinced that life without each other will be a barren and wretched waste and failure, that they sometimes handicap their future by indiscreet vows. At seventeen a man is immature; a girl is a trifle less undeveloped; but even she is not as yet prepared for matrimony. Twenty-five on the man's side is usually young enough for betrothal, and twenty-two is the corresponding age which is the youthful limit for a woman.

Never should people seriously consider marriage—and an engagement is the high road to marriage—until they are in circumstances to support a home. A lad who has his living to make, but who has as yet succeeded only in gaining the lowest round of the ladder, should wait for an assured income before he asks a girl to engage herself to him. A small income will do, but he should have something definite. A youth who is in college, with his profession still to acquire, would far better defer an engagement till he is some years further on the road.

Small Savings

Over the sea, in the beautiful land of France, the homely virtue of thrift flourishes, and families are very careful about small savings. When a daughter is born, her parents begin to lay aside something for her dot or dowry, so that she shall not go empty-handed to the house of her husband. In most foreign countries, among people of good estate, some provision is settled upon a woman at her marriage. So that in the event of ill-fortune, she and her children shall not be plunged into utter poverty. It would be well if here, in our bountiful country, we prized small savings more, had more respect for economy, and trained our girls, so that when married, they should be real helps to their husbands. And there is a great difference between frugality and miserly hoarding of pence and shillings. To save for the sake of accumulation is one thing. To save that we may be honest, that we may be liberal, and that we may have to bestow on others, is another and a nobler thing. A pastor in New York, one day last winter said, when taking up a collection for the poor: "It is better to give than to receive!" Then, he paused. "Yes," he said, "It is better to have wherewith to give, than to be obliged to receive."

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—ETHEL. A book would be an appropriate gift to your cousin on his graduating from the High School.

—THERESA. Teach your little daughter to say, "Yes, Aunt Susie," if you object to "Yes, Ma'am," which I like very much in small chicks like your wee Minnie.

—LASSIE. Bi-carbonate of soda, common baking-soda, is said to be a good dentifrice. A little pinch used daily will, we are told, preserve the teeth and sweeten the breath.

—JOHN HENRY. A man follows a woman down the aisle in church, but precedes her in leaving a street car, where she may need assistance in alighting. Of course a man carries a lady's bundles if she will permit him to do so.

THE PAN-AMERICAN BIBLE STUDY CONGRESS

Important Programme of the Notable Body which Meets July 17-31

BY JONATHAN I. SLATER, SECRETARY OF THE CONGRESS

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

AMONG the many attractions of the Pan-American Exposition, probably none will hold so deep an interest for searchers after Divine truth as the Bible Study Congress, which will meet in City Convention Hall, Buffalo, from July 17 to July 31. This project is the result of several public meetings held in Buffalo, in September, 1900. It has been planned to conduct a carefully-arranged series of sessions for the discussion of principles and methods of Bible study and Bible teaching and related topics, and to make a fair and just comparison of the various methods of Bible study now in use, each to be considered strictly upon its merits, without fear, favor or prejudice. This Congress will furnish an opportunity to all who love and revere the Word of God of freely exchanging views with reference to the betterment of Bible study. The movement is non-partisan, non-sectarian and non-ecclesiastical. It is under the management of a Board of Directors at Buffalo, the president of which is Mr. William G. Justice, and its efforts are supplemented by an Auxiliary Board, the chairman of which is Rev. C. R. Blackall, D.D., of Philadelphia. Many of the members of the Board are representatives of leading religious and secular educational institutions.

The programme includes Bible study and teaching in the home, the church, public and preparatory schools, colleges and universities, and Bible study will be considered from every point of view. Bible school workers, from the Atlantic to far beyond the Mississippi, have given notice of their purpose to attend. No charge will be made for admission to the sessions of the Congress, the expenses of which are being met by voluntary contributions. The brilliant phalanx of speakers, thirty-eight in number, belonging to sixteen different religious denominations, and coming from many States and countries, will certainly afford an opportunity which workers cannot afford to pass unused. The programme, day by day, is substantially as follows:

WEDNESDAY, July 17—Greetings and responses. *Present status of Bible study.* C. R. Blackall, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa. *The English Bible and its different versions.* Professor Frank K. Sanders, Ph. D., Yale, New Haven, Conn.

THURSDAY, July 18—*Bible reading and study in the home.* Rev. James Morrow, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa. I. B. R. A. Mr. Charles Waters, London. *Bible study in the church.* J. W. Weddell, D. D., Davenport, Ia.

FRIDAY, July 19—*Bible study in public and preparatory schools.* Richard G. Boone, Ph. D., Superintendent Public Schools, Cincinnati, O. *Bible study in colleges and universities.* C. J. Little, D. D., Evanston, Ill. *Bible study in theological seminaries.* George B. Stewart, D.D., Auburn, N. Y.

SATURDAY, July 20 *Distinctive features of Bible school work in the United States.* Professor H. M. Hamill, D.D., Jacksonville, Ill.; *In other countries.* Hon. F. F. Belsey, J. P., London, Eng.; *In Home Department classes.* Mr. Charles D. Meigs, Indianapolis, Ind.

SUNDAY, P.M., July 21—*Helpful results from modern archæological research.* Professor Robert W. Rogers, Ph. D., D.D., Drew Theological Seminary. *The Bible and the State.* Bishop S. C. Breyfogel, D.D., Reading, Pa.

MONDAY, July 22—*Principles underlying gradation in Bible study.* Rev. E. Morris Fergusson, Trenton, N. J. *International uniform system of Bible lessons.* Principal Elson I. Rexford, Montreal.

TUESDAY, July 23—*Progressive systems of Bible study.* Rev. E. Blakeslee, Boston, Mass. *American Institute of Sacred Literature plans.* William R. Harper, D.D, LL.D., Chicago.

WEDNESDAY, July 24—*Synthetic study of the Bible.* James M. Gray, D.D., Boston, Mass. *Constructive studies of the Bible.* Professor Shailer Mathews, D.D., University of Chicago. *American Society of Religious Education plans.* J. E. Gilbert, D.D., LL. D., Washington, D. C.

THURSDAY, July 25—*Bible study plans based upon the ecclesiastical year.* Rev. Alford A. Butler, Faribault, Minn. *Catechetical systems of Bible study.* George U. Wenner, D.D., New York. *Y. M. C. A. Int. plan for Bible study.* Mr. Edwin F. See, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRIDAY, July 26—*The Bible and the Child.* Professor A. B. Bunn Van Ormer, Gettysburg College, Pa. *Kindergarten principles in Bible teaching.* Miss Finie Murfree Burton, Louisville, Ky. *Bible teaching in the primary department.* Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, Chicago, Ill.

SATURDAY, July 27—*Bible teaching in adult classes.* Professor Jesse H. Holmes, Swarthmore College, Pa. *In the junior department.* Mr. George H. Archibald, Montreal. *Educational principles adapted to use in Bible schools.* James L. Hughes, Toronto, Canada.

SUNDAY, P.M., July 28—*The Bible as literature.* Professor Herbert L. Willett, Ph. D., University of Chicago. *Power of the Bible to uplift the unsaved masses.* S. L. Brengle, New York.

MONDAY, July 29—*The training of teachers.* Walter L. Hervey, Ph.D., New York. *Bible normal colleges.* R. A. Torrey, D.D., Chicago, Ill.

TUESDAY, July 30—*The teaching of large miscellaneous classes.* J. M. Pullman, D.D., Lynn, Mass. *Bible study in Jewish institutions.* Henry Berkowitz, D.D., Philadelphia. *The Bible in its relations to missions.* A. W. Halsey, D.D., New York; William Ashmore, D.D., Swatow, China.

WEDNESDAY, July 31—*The future of Bible study.* Wilbert W. White, Ph.D., D.D., Montclair, N. J.

Why our Churches and Sunday Schools have not mo spiritual life and power is a question that is engagi the thoughts of many true followers of Christ. M not the chief reason be because they are ceasing to fe on the Word of God—the heavenly manna given nourish our souls? Worldliness in many forms, ar light and trashy literature, have crowded out Bib reading and Bible study. Go into our Christian hom on the Lord's Day, and what are the members reading The Book which is a lamp under their feet and a lig unto their path? Alas, no! The Sunday newspape reports of trade, the weekly magazine, the latest nov have, in many instances, taken its place. How are w to live inspired lives if we do not keep in touch with t teachings of the inspired Book?

One of the most serious problems in the twentie century is how to best utilize in religious training t methods now in vogue in secular education. Histo proves the power of the Bible to civilize, and scores noted men have testified to the value of the Bibl fearlessly saying that to its teaching, in the way culture and refinement, they owe more than to any oth book, or to the influence of any college or universit The science of pedagogy, systematic and comm sense methods of training and preparation should a be employed as powerful helps in our Bible School Experts in secular education have long claimed that t general standard of instruction of the young in o Bible Schools should be materially raised to entitle t work to the respect its due.

It is believed there is a general awakening on t part of Christian people in regard to Bible study, ar certainly no time could be more fitting than when peop from all parts of Pan America and from the "islands the sea" are coming to celebrate the unprecedente achievements of a century of growth and developme in material prosperity. It is most fitting that the Bibl the study of whose principles has made possible the achievements, should at the time of this celebratio and at the opening of the new century, receive speci consideration.

"WE'RE GOING TO MONT-LAWN"

AT the time of this writing, two big rooms in the Bible House are full of little candidates for Mont-Lawn, and the company has overflowed into the hall, where expectant groups may be seen waiting their turn for examination by the doctor. The missionaries who brought the children to the Bible House, and several ladies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD staff are in charge of the company; a number of caretakers from Mont-Lawn are in waiting to take the tots down the elevator to the street-cars, in which they ride to the river, where they take the steamer for Nyack, reaching Mont-Lawn in time for supper.

This examination by the doctor is a very important matter in the eyes of the children. As each tot's name is called, he or she passes behind the screen, and into professional hands, with a serious and anxious countenance, usually to emerge a few seconds later, beaming with smiles. Only when a waif gives evidence of a contagious trouble is it otherwise. In the latter case, advice is given, and the little one bidden to try again. Seventy-nine children go up to Mont-Lawn in this party. Yesterday a like number went up. Tomorrow forty-five make the journey.

How very happy they look! and how glad are the missionaries and the poor parents who have brought them to the Bible House. Many are very neat. The missionaries tidied them before they came; their parents, too, did what was possible. But some haven't any bundle; every garment they possess is on their backs. A little hunchback lad is in the crowd. "He didn't have a whole suit of clothes," said the missionary who brought him. "He had almost nothing on. We had to dress him. Two other little boys in my party came to the church this morning wearing one garment each—a girl's slip. It was all their mother could put on them. The mother of that little girl over there is a widow—a worthy woman—whom we are trying to send to a hospital to undergo a serious surgical operation—the only thing that can cure her. She has three children and absolutely nothing with which to support them." And so this missionary and that gives you the sad histories of children he or she has brought.

WAITING FOR THE MONT-LAWN MISSIONARY

And meanwhile tots are bubbling over with joyous anticipation, and right and left you hear the soft murmurings of their watchword of delight: "We're going to Mont-Lawn! We're going to Mont-Lawn!"

There is much sickness in the tenements. The hot waves have swept many little ones down. When stror men collapse on the street from heat, and people livir in big roomy houses are overcome, how must it be over-crowded tenement quarters, in sweltering alle and ill-smelling courts? "It is a blessed thing th you are taking the children out Mont-Lawn now," say the missio aries. "The conditions in teneme homes are heart-breaking." In or day—June 28, practically the b ginning of the hot term—the were four deaths, and thirty pro trations from heat reported in Ne York. How many unreporte cases, those in obscure teneme homes, there were, no one know

Children often present themselv at the Bible House in heavy ga ments. The mother has borrowe from neighbors, and drawn upo her children's own stock of wi ter and summer raiment, and the arrayed her little people for the trip the best she can in these odd and ends. The appearance of sma folk in such garb when the the mometer is climbing past the hu dreds would be amusing were not so pathetic. The picture whic we give is not unlike what bene olent workers have seen when e tering a tenement room to gath up a crowd for Mont-Lawn.

A missionary found in her lette box recently, a number of poc little notes on miserable scraps paper, reading like this: "Can't m and my sister go to Mont-Lawn The hot wether makes her hed ak She can't ete." "Please, we'v moved and our room is smaller a it was. We can't sleep nights it so hot. Please can't we go to th country? We'll be good;" signe with half a dozen names. T send one waif to Mont-Lawn fo ten days costs only $3; $6 senc two; $9 sends three; $12 four; $15 five; $30 makes te happy; for $60 a whole colony can have an outin This outing means the saving of life itself to many drooping child. Will you not help us save the chi dren of the tenements? They suffer more than you know

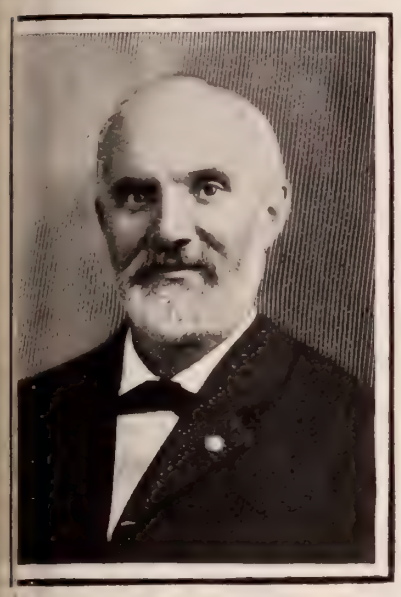
Found Christ in Boyhood

OW PROFESSOR R. E. HUDSON, THE SINGING EVANGELIST, CAME TO BE A CHRISTIAN

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

T is impossible to compute how much we owe the men who write our songs, and arrange the fresh, new tunes that meet the wants of our s ls and give voice to our confidence a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Prof. R. E. Hudson has given many an c hymn a new setting, and many a new hnn the setting of its own, which has h n blessed of God to be a message



R. E. HUDSON

b rer from the King to his lost child. "here's a Golden Day," "I Wandered Aay from My Father's House," "My Le, My Love I Give to Thee," "Jesus, th Light of the World," and scores of oers have found not only the words but th tune in his devoted Christian mind a heart, while such tunes as "The Half Is Never Yet Been Told," "A Little Tk with Jesus," and "Blessed Name," he flown over all boundaries and are s g in all folds.

Professor Hudson's parents were mem- bs of the Seceder Church, and in the s n days of his boyhood he was not per- tted to go to the meetings of other Christians. When he was eleven years d, the Methodists held a protracted eting in the town where his people l d, and as they were a despised people i those days, Master Hudson was not al- ed to go to the meetings; but during t revival, a man who was known as very v ked was converted, and it was the talk o the town. The boy vit over to see how a n looks when he is converted. He had ner met the old man bore when he was not ung profane language, b on this morning he aonce began to tell Hv Christ had saved h. He looked so cinged that the young l had a great curiosity t see the people who ll wrought such a tnsformation in this Hd-hearted and pro- fe old man.

A year passed, and t same Methodist pacher came back to l d another protracted eting. It is a wonderful testimony t the power of genuine Christianity, en revealed in human lives, to over- me all prejudice and conquer the minds d hearts of the people, that when e preacher, who had been so despised a ar ago, came back to the town, he was ited to hold meetings in the Seceder urch, the church whose members would ve nothing to do with him a year be- e. The people who had been convert- the year before had conquered all op- sition by their changed and transformed es. That is the best way of breaking wn religious prejudice. If we live Christ in our daily lives he will fight all our battles for us.

. . .

While the meeting was to be in their church, and those who controlled the church had been won over to believe in the genuineness of the people who were going to conduct the revival meetings, young Hudson feared that his mother would neither go herself nor allow him to go. But when the time came, the mother took him to the meeting. Now his desire was gratified. He had never heard anything but psalms sung, and those to the dull old tunes that had never aroused the dormant musical faculty that was in him. The new hymns and tunes which young Hudson heard at that revival meeting were the greatest treat he had ever had in his life up to that time. He says he can never forget the marvelous joy of it. For weeks afterward he thought of that service, but did not expect to ever be permitted to attend another Methodist meeting.

. . .

About seven months afterward, the Methodists were to dedicate a church about four miles from Hudson's home in the country. A neighbor who belonged to the church asked the boy's mother to allow him to go with them to the dedication, and she consented. Now his desire to see and hear these wonderful revivalists was once more gratified. The meeting began on Friday evening. On Saturday evening, at the close of the sermon, a very earnest appeal was made to all who were not Christians to go forward to the "Mourner's Bench" and give themselves to Christ. It seemed to young Hudson that every drop of blood in his veins wanted to go; but he was only twelve years old, and he was timid, and backward, and perhaps would not have gone, had not a little girl, about his own age, who was his schoolmate, timidly stepped over to where he was and asked him to go. He just needed that word of encouragement, and he went forward and gave his heart to God, and dedicated his life to what has been a most happy and joyous service of the Lord.

Close of a Useful Life

CHRISTIAN people, the world over, will hear with sincere regret that the famous orator and public teacher, known as Rev. Joseph Cook, has ended his labors. He died June 25, at his summer home, in Ticonderoga, N. Y. It appears from the old Harvard catalogues that Dr. Cook had been named after the ancient Jewish historian, Flavius Josephus, but when he commenced his public work he dropped the cognomen, and signed himself simply Joseph Cook.

REV JOSEPH COOK L.L.D.

He was born on a farm at Ticonderoga, N. Y., in 1838, and from his earliest years was noted for his passion for learning. It is told of him that when his father, desiring to reward him for some boyish service, offered him the choice of a gold watch or an encyclopædia, the boy unhesitatingly chose the latter. His early education was acquired at Phillips' Academy, whence he went to Yale College. But his health failing, he left that institution before completing his course. Two years later, however, he had sufficiently recovered to resume his studies, and he entered Harvard, from which, in 1865, he graduated with high honors. He then proceeded to Andover for the study of theology. He took high rank there in moral philosophy, and was licensed to preach. His ambition for erudition, however, was not yet satisfied; so he spent several years at Heidelberg, and other German universities. At the close of the year 1873 he returned to this country, and sought a position in which he could turn to the best account the learning and culture he had acquired.

Early in 1875, he commenced that series of Monday afternoon lectures in Tremont Temple, Boston, which made him famous at home and abroad. They dealt with an immense variety of subjects, political, religious, and scientific. They were published after delivery in many newspapers, and afterwards collected in book form, and were translated into several European languages. Audiences of upwards of three thousand persons assembled to listen to them, and they were eagerly read in foreign lands. They were continued for fourteen years with never-waning popularity. In 1880, Dr. Cook suspended the course to make an extended tour of the world, during which he visited the great European capitals, and lectured also in India, China and Japan. On his return he resumed his labors, and continued them until two years ago, when he was laid aside by the illness which has now proved fatal.

The Virginia Flood Sufferers

FROM a lady residing in Cedar Bluff, Tazewell county, Va., THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received this letter, appealing for aid for the poor people in that section, who lost practically all their belongings in the recent unprecedented freshet:

My husband is a minister in this town. We had a severe freshet here last week, and many lost their homes, while the fences, gardens, etc., were largely destroyed. Several families lost their all, and are really in destitute circumstances. The loss is heavy and prospects gloomy, as so many crops were swept away. Could you help us by a contribution? Cedar Bluff is located on Clinch River, in the mountains of Southwest Virginia, and we were in the midst of that severe cloudburst. My husband, Rev. R. T. Webb, is pastor of the M. E. Church South at this place, and a member of the Holston Conference. Our town numbers about 450 people, and fifty per cent. of this number are very poor. Some who did not lose their homes, lost all their provisions and their household furniture is severely damaged, covered with water and mud. Water flooded the church, as well as a great many homes, and the floor is warped and carpets badly soiled. We would be very grateful if you let this letter receive your immediate attention, and we will all appreciate any assistance.

MRS. R. T. WEBB.

We cordially commend this appeal to the benevolence of our readers. Here is a field, near at hand, in which Christian Endeavor Bands, Epworth League Circles, and Sunshine Circles could do much good by taking it up as their own special work, and operating through Mrs. R. T. Webb, the writer of this letter, who is a reliable person.

A Greeting from South America

From San Andres, in the U. S. of Colombia, a subscriber, D. M. Hoepman, writes: "I have been a subscriber of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for several years. It is to me a very valuable paper and brings peace and joy. I believe it does more towards Christianizing the world than any other book or paper except the Holy Bible."

A STIMULANT.

And a Sorry Friend to Some Systems.

"Coffee acts as a stimulant to me. I can for a time accomplish considerable more work, but then I am dull, spiritless, nervous, weak and irritable. Coffee acts like a slow poison on my father, giving him inward pains and a feeling of being generally upset. Continued use always used to make him ill.

"He used to be very fond of the beverage, and was in the habit of drinking it two mornings, say, then skipping a few days and taking it two mornings again. If he took it the third morning, he was invariably sick. It is two years now since we had the first package of Postum. We have been using it ever since, to our very great benefit.

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An Early Christian Hero*

WHEN we study the New Testament, we find language which is like steel that cannot grow dull with use, and we find teaching which burns and moves like fire. We must not expect that the successors of the apostles should always be able to pierce and kindle in the same fashion. Those whose writings have been preserved for us have the same purpose as their predecessors, but not often the same power. And yet they are men who have learnt the meaning of religion, and planted in their very thought of religion is their thought of Christ. So their work is effective although it is not creative. They were able to show the pagan world what honor and modesty were inspired by the worship of Jesus, or to show that Judaism, without Christ, is but a broken torso.

Polycarp is typical of a stage of progress in the Church, and his personality is very near and real to us. He is first known to us in the letter written to him by Ignatius,—a forcible letter, giving the younger bishop plenty of good advice, telling him that "it is not every wound that is cured by the same plaster, and bidding him be sober, "as God's own athlete ought to be." Against false teaching he is to be "firm as a beaten anvil."

Polycarp seems to have been to Smyrna in the autumn of 154. He had not been among those hot spirits who had considered it a virtue to seek for a martyrdom, but he became compromised by the action of others. A Phrygian, named Quintus, came to Smyrna, and with the proverbial fanaticism of Phrygians, provoked the interference of the magistrates. In company with eleven Smyrnaeans and Philadelphians he was imprisoned. At the sight of the wild beasts Quintus recanted, but the rest died amid hideous atrocities. Among them was a youth named Germanicus, whom the proconsul begged to renounce his religion. The youth replied by enticing a wild beast to free him from the world and its temptations. The mob was infuriated at the sight of his heroism, and shouted for Polycarp. The good bishop had wished to stay at home, but at the entreaties of his friends had withdrawn to a little villa in the neighborhood. But a slave boy, who was captured and tortured by the police, betrayed the new hiding-place. Polycarp met his pursuers calmly; talked with the police, offered them food and drink, and asked for one hour in which to say his prayers.

The next day he was taken to the town on an ass. Herod, the inspector of the police, met him and invited him to come into his chariot. He then said it would only be necessary to say "Cæsar is Lord," and offer sacrifice. Polycarp said that he would never do it, and was then pushed out of the chariot. He was conducted to the athletic grounds, which may still be traced on the slope of Mount Pagus. Amid the shouts of the populace the bishop was brought before the proconsul, Titus Statius Quadratus.

"Revile Christ," said Quadratus.—"Eighty and six years have I been in the service of Christ," said Polycarp, "and he has never done me wrong; how then can I blaspheme him now, my King and my Saviour?" With dignity he declared that he was a Christian, and said that Christians were commanded to pay honor to authority, but he refused absolutely to give divine honor to Cæsar, or to defend himself before the crowd.

The Asiarch Philip was then asked to give Polycarp to the lions. Philip replied that he had no authority to do this, as the wild beast shows were now over. So they shouted for fire, and in an instant Jews and pagans brought a pile of faggots collected in neighboring shops and baths. Polycarp undressed himself, and said that God would help him to stand quiet at the stake, without being nailed there in the ordinary fashion. Then he prayed, thanking God:

> Thou hast thought me worthy of this day, and of this hour, that I should be suffered to have my part in the number of thy martyrs, to drink of the cup of thy Christ. . . . I praise thee, I bless thee, I glorify thee through the eternal and heavenly High Priest, Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son, through whom with him and the Holy Spirit be glory both now and for ever. Amen.

The faggots were lighted, but the fire was whipped by the wind into a curving bow of flame around the martyr. The crowd saw that he was not burning fast enough, so they made the executioner thrust him through with a sword.

Thus he died, Polycarp the unoriginal, whom the heathen named "the father of the Christians."

* From *The History of Early Christianity*. By Leighton Pullan, M.A. A deeply interesting volume narrating the events and the stories of the men of the time immediately following that of the Apostles. Pp. 306. Price, $1. Published by Thomas Whittaker. Bible House, New York.

The Spirit of the Hive*

AFTER the queen's recognition, when flowers begin to close sooner, and open later, the spirit of the hive one morning will coolly decree the simultaneous and general massacre of every male. It regulates the workers' labors with due regard to their age; it allots their task to the nurses who attend the nymphs and the larvæ; the ladies of honor who wait on the queen and never allow her out of their sight; the house-bees, who air, refresh, or heat the hive by fanning their wings, and hasten the evaporation of the honey that may be too highly charged with water; the architects, masons, wax-workers, and sculptors, who form the chain and construct the combs; the foragers, who sally forth to the flowers in search of the nectar that turns into honey, of the pollen, that feeds the nymphs and the larvæ; the propolis, that welds and strengthens the buildings of the city, or the water and salt required by the youth of the nation. Its orders have gone to the chemists, who insure the preservation of the honey by letting a drop of formic acid fall in from the end of their sting; to the capsule-makers, who seal down the cells when the treasure is ripe; to the sweepers, who maintain public places and streets most irreproachably clean; to the bearers, whose duty it is to remove the corpses, and to the amazons of the guard, who keep watch on the threshold by night and by day, question comers and goers, recognize the novices, who return from their very first flight, scare away vagabonds, marauders and loiterers, expel all intruders, attack redoubtable foes in a body, and, if need be, barricade the entrance.

Finally, it is "the spirit of the hive" that fixes the hour of the great annual sacrifice to the genius of the race: the hour, that is, of the swarm; when we find a whole people, who have attained the topmost pinnacle of prosperity and power, suddenly abandoning to the generation to come their wealth and their palaces, their homes and the fruits of their labor; themselves content to encounter the hardships and perils of a new and distant country. This act, be it conscious or not, undoubtedly passes the limits of human morality. Its results will sometimes be ruin, but poverty always; and the thrice-happy city is scattered abroad in obedience to a law superior to its own happiness. Where has this law been decreed, which is by no means as blind and inevitable as one might believe? Where, in what assembly, what council, what intellectual and moral sphere, does this "spirit" reside, to whom all must submit, itself being vassal to an heroic duty, to an intelligence whose eyes are persistently fixed on the future?

* From *The Life of the Bee*. By Maurice Malterlinck; translated. A volume of rare interest for the student of insect life. It tells of the wisdom of the bee, the mysterious "spirit of the hive" and the evident recognition in bee life of supreme laws which govern the apiary home. Pp. 427; cloth binding. Price, $1.40. Publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York and London.

Literary Announcements

The Crisis, by Winston Churchill; *Robert Annys, Poor Priest*, by Annie Nathan Meyer; and *A Search for an Infidel*, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, are announced by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The Practical Life-work of Henry Drummond, by Cuthbert Lennox. James Potts & Co., New York.

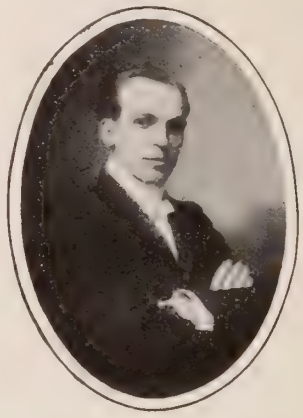
Mosquitoes, How They Live and How They Carry Disease, by L. O. Howard, is announced by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

Is Christian Science a Humbug? by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., is announced from the presses of James H. Earle & Co., Boston.

Called to be a Winner of Souls

BY REV. S. T. WILLIS

THE Reverend Charles Reign Scoville, of Chicago, Illinois, though a young man, is one of the most successful evangelists in America. During the last nine years he has devoted himself exclusively to evangelistic work among the Disciples of Christ, and has achieved remarkable results, as shown by additions to the Church, following his great meetings in various cities in Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Texas, Missouri, Oregon, Iowa. His last meetings, at Des Moines, held in the three churches there, aggregating in results 1,246 additions to the churches in that city, is the largest meeting ever held by the Disciples of Christ, notwithstanding the fact they are noted in the history of evangelism for the great revivals they have conducted. Evangelist Scoville's entrance into the ministry is due to a small incident, which shows what wonderful things may come from a little word of encouragement, fitly spoken. Fifteen years ago, when he was a lad of sixteen, he confessed Christ at his home town of Butler, Ind. The following day he arose in the little church, and endeavored to express the joy that filled his heart at that time. He tried three times to say what was in his heart, but failed ignominiously each time, and sat down in shame and confusion. At last, desperate over his failure, he said: "I hope the day will come when I shall be able to say what I have been unable to say here to-night." The pastor of the church was the Rev. I. W. Lowman (who afterward became the pastor of James A. Garfield), solemnly replied: "May the Lord make that boy a preacher!" Mr. Scoville says, "I have never forgotten those words, nor the tone in which they were uttered. From that night, in that little church, I date my career as a preacher of the Gospel of Christ. In that little church years after, I held a meeting, in which, by the grace of God, 214 souls became obedient to the faith." He leads a very busy life. Perhaps no banker, millionaire, oil king, attorney, merchant, physician or other business man labors more unceasingly than a faithful evangelist needs must. While in Des Moines Mr. Scoville received within two months calls for sixty-six evangelistic meetings elsewhere—one of these invitations was from England, another from Honolulu.



REV. CHARLES REIGN SCOVILLE

Evangelist Scoville was born on a farm near Hewville, Ind., October 14, 1869, and when a small boy he drove a milk wagon to earn money during the summer to help keep himself in school in winter. His parents possessing but limited means, he was compelled to work his way not only through high-school, but through college as well. In course of time he graduated from the Tri-State Normal College of Indiana, and afterward from Hiram College, Ohio. During five years he completed the seven years' college course, and in his preaching reached over 1,000 people with the gospel of salvation. For a while he taught and was on the staff of lecturers of the Western Reserve Bureau, but it was not long until he decided to devote his whole time to evangelical work.

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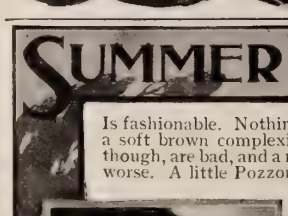

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STRONG WEAK MAN*

Temptation Which is Stronger Than Human Strength

VERY familiar in every age has been the spectacle of physical strength combined with moral weakness. There is evidently nothing in the flesh which can aid the spirit in attaining the supremacy which alone can secure the proper order in the human kingdom. We know well that a weak and decrepit body may affect the mind, narrowing its horizon and souring its attitude. It frequently happens that the body maimed, or deformed, or racked with constant pain, cripples the mind and produces a temper malignant and vindictive. We know, too, that there have been many instances of the contrary effect. There have been chambers which seemed almost the gate of heaven, by reason of the patience and cheerfulness of a sufferer, who seemed uplifted by pain into the very presence of God. Close as is the connection between soul and body, there is a possibility of such independent action as to make the contrast astonishing. The ideal of a sound mind in a sound body is one not attained so often as we might expect. The strong mind triumphing over the infirmities of the body and the robust body dragging the mind through the slime of vice and degradation are the common spectacle. Who has not seen a man of vigorous physique and charming presence yielding to the seductions of the intoxicating cup and the long train of temptation with which it is associated? The very exuberance of animal life and animal spirits seems to prepare the way for moral obliquity. It is as if the stronger partner in the combination asserted its right to rule and the man becomes a mere animal, or spiritual being akin to the angels, according to the relative force of the body or the soul.

There is an old legend of the Weirwolf who, disguised as a beautiful woman, haunted the outskirts of towns and enticed young men to her den, where she slew them. In the second and seventh chapters of Proverbs, Solomon draws a vivid picture of the temptation which the weirwolf represents. His own life furnishes a sad illustration of its truth. The historian says briefly that "his wives turned away his heart," and we read with sorrow how his career, which opened so brilliantly, ended in sin and gloom. Like Samson, the strongest man, Solomon, the wisest man, yielded to this temptation. There seems to be no power in human nature that can be a bulwark against it. In our own day we have seen a patriotic statesman, a man who did more than any of his predecessors to satisfy the natural ambition of his country, come to the very vestibule of success, and there, just as the goal of a hundred years of struggle seemed to be near attainment, ruin himself and disappoint the hope of his people through the sinful love of a woman. Again and again have statesmen, judges, and even ministers of the Gospel, fallen in this way. And the other sex has a still longer list of victims. The pride of the father's heart, the light of his home, the lovely and beloved wife and mother, have yielded to the tempter, to their own undoing, and have brought shame and heartbreak to their families. Our divorce courts bear shameful testimony to the prevalence of the evil which brought Samson to blindness and suicide. Our police courts reek with the public manifestation of it in its coarsest form, and our Magdalen institutions struggle vainly to rescue the victims. Both legislation and philanthropy are impotent in the battle against it, and the victims of both sexes are going down by thousands every year to their ruin. There is no sign yet that people are learning the lesson which is being illustrated in all our cities, that in that sin is the surest of all ways to death of body and soul.

Must we then despair of overcoming the gigantic evil? With the power that Christ places in our hands we ought not to despair of anything. But that power must be used in the earliest stages of education. The Christian parent must understand that his beloved child will be assailed by this temptation. The very qualities which intensify his affection for his child are those which will make it all the more liable to assault. The case of Samson shows that physical vigor will be no protection, and the case of Solomon shows that the armor of wisdom and knowledge is vulnerable. There is no power but the grace of Christ that can fortify the heart. The child ought to be warned and care ought to be taken that the insidious temptation should find its assault foreseen and the citadel fortified for resistance. The child should be cautioned against idleness, the surest ally of the tempter; cautioned also against intoxicating liquor, which always prepares the way to a fall; and cautioned against dallying with temptation, which surely ends in yielding. Such preparation may do much in enabling the child to win the victory when the time of struggle comes, but it is only when the heart is given to Christ that there is a prospect of safety. The love of him who is able to keep us from falling is the surest remedy for this, as for all other forms of sin. It is in spiritual, as it is in physical matters, "Like cures like." The love which, unregulated, is the beginning of the trouble, is little likely to stray into wrong paths when it has been pre-empted and in its highest and controlling form has been given to Christ. "The expulsive power of the new affection" has delivered many who after falling victims to the sin have turned to Christ; how much better when the heart is occupied by love of him before the demons who are plotting ruin have effected an entrance.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 21. Judges 16: 20-30.

THE SAVED HOUSEHOLD

Deliverance for the People who Served God

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IN the early days of the world's history the great enemy of souls, who had got a foothold upon earth through the sin of our first parents, set himself in every way to corrupt mankind, and he succeeded only too well. Things had come to such a pass that "the Lord saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."

"And the Lord said, I will destroy (or marg., 'blot out') man whom I have created from the face of the ground; both man, and beast, and creeping thing, and fowl of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them." What a moment! God had made man in his image after his likeness, and man had turned his back on the holy God. And God's Spirit must be withdrawn, and only judgment could follow upon those created for his glory! But there was one man to whom God could speak and find response. "Noah walked with God" (Gen. 6: 9); he did nothing, said nothing, thought nothing, which could separate him from God; he was continually and fully at God's disposal. To such a man God can speak. And, oh how touching it is that God would not destroy the earth until he had spoken to Noah! "God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth." And then he immediately spoke to Noah of a way of escape for him and for his family. "Make thou an ark," etc. He gave Noah the proportions of the ark, told him what the material should be, and directed that only one window should be made, and that should be at the top; that Noah might not be occupied with the destruction around him, but with him who overrules all.

And then God announced to Noah, "And I, behold, I, do bring the flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; every thing that is in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy family." And Noah did as God commanded him. And then for one hundred and twenty years (Gen. 6: 3) the inhabitants of earth were divided into the little family with whom God's covenant had been made, and the doomed inhabitants, who had developed more and more in sin, and who were ripening daily for destruction! Is it not so now? How does God look on this earth? The distinctions of caste, of office, of talent, etc.—how infinitesimally small are they, compared to the distinction which God sees between those who are born from above to inherit eternal life, and those who are "vessels of wrath fitted [or, fitting themselves] to destruction" (Rom. 9: 22)! And yet Noah lived and preached righteousness (II. Pet. 2: 5); but the ungodly world went on as usual, regarding neither the preaching of Noah nor the proof, in his building of the ark, that he believed what he preached. And thus will it be when the Son of Man cometh to take away his own.

But God's word was fulfilled. The day dawned, in the six-hundredth year of Noah's life, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. When the sea no longer kept its bounds, and the rain came pouring down in torrents for nearly six weeks, night and day, how could any escape? The very highest mountains were covered; there was no refuge but in the ark, the testimony of which had been universally rejected, and the door of which God had shut. They "knew not until the flood came, and took them all away" (Matt. 24: 39). By God's command Noah had brought into the ark, a pair of every kind of beast and bird and living creature, and seven of every clean beast. It must have been by direct guidance from the Lord that Noah could have gathered food suitable for this immense menagerie. It could have been God alone who made it possible that they should exist under such circumstances for a year and ten days, shut up in the ark. What a proof is this that life and death are not dependent on circumstances, but upon him in whose hand our breath is!

And now death overcame every living thing which was upon the earth, both man, and cattle, and creeping thing, and fowl of the heaven, and they were destroyed from the earth. And Noah only was left, and they that were with him in the ark. And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days, *i. e.*, twenty-one weeks and a-half. Noah must have been fully occupied with his immense family of living creatures during all that long time, but God had not forgotten him. "God remembered Noah, and not him only, but also every living thing, and the cattle that were with him in the ark." God is not unmindful of any of his creatures. He first sent a wind over the earth, and then the mighty torrent of waters from above ceased, and the sea went back within its shores, and the waters of judgment, having accomplished their purpose, continually went down, until the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat. But even then it was forty days before Noah opened the window of the ark and sent forth a raven, and then a dove from the ark, to see if the waters were abated. The raven remained, but the dove returned, and Noah must yet wait another seven days before he ventured out of the ark. And then it was only at God's bidding that he went (Gen. 8: 15, 16), and gave up to God his charge of the representatives of all created beings. His first action on a cleansed earth was praise. All the old associations of sin were destroyed: he stood with God as the new head of the race. What would follow? It was a grand opportunity which was given to this man who walked with God. His circumstances were exceptional. Would Noah be equal to the occasion, and would his sons with their wives follow the Lord fully, now that all temptations from without were removed? God was pleased with Noah's offering, but he said in his heart, "I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." Alas! the evil was inherent: the new circumstances could not prevent it.

FOOD AND WEATHER.

Temperature Increased or Reduced by Food.

The old army ration for the tropics has been very sharply criticised for the reason that it consists of articles of food that any person even slightly acquainted with the elements of food knows is not adapted to the needs of the human system in hot weather. Nature shows forth in the selection of food by inhabitants of various countries; for instance, the Esquimaux in a cold climate selects heavy, carbonaceous foods, tallow, bacon and such; while the Hindoo and inhabitants of hot countries turn to the cereals for sustenance.

We should follow this hint of nature, and particularly in hot weather should avoid much butter, meat or any of that class of food. Perhaps a little meat once a day is not amiss, even in hot weather, but the breakfast and luncheon should be made of fruit, one or two slices of entire wheat bread and some Grape-Nuts and cream. Grape-Nuts are mentioned, because they furnish the ideal cereal food in a most palatable and delicious form, in addition to which, they are ready cooked and require no attention whatever from the cook.

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Care Wayne Knitting Mills
Fort Wayne, Ind.

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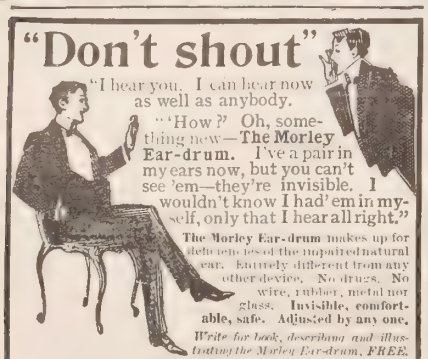

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"How?" Oh, something new—**The Morley Ear-drum.** I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible. I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

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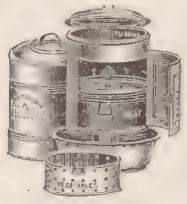

It is the only cooker in which the steam **does not** come in contact with the food and carry off its delicacy. The cost price is the only expense, and it saves money besides. Free circular. **Comfortable income assured agents of character and good appearance.**

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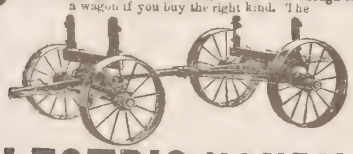
is often enough to do some things. It is often enough to buy a wagon if you buy the right kind. The



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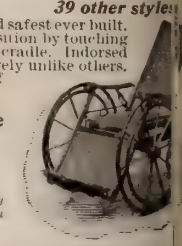

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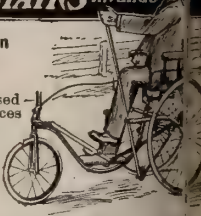

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 29

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1901

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS

PHOTO BY TABER

SEE PAGE 634

Mechanic's Pavilion, San Francisco, the Meeting Place of the Fifth International Epworth League Convention

1. Mr. J. J. Truman, Treasurer. 2. Hon. James D. Phelan, Mayor, San Francisco. 3. Mr. Charles H. Jacob, Chairman Entertainment Committee

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Aug. 14

1. Which childless wife would love to adopt a little one, but distrusts her own capacity to train it. She could give it love, and even indulgence, but dreads what might prove an unwise experiment. Or she might train it by proxy, but she would then miss the love that comes from personal contact. What should she do?

2. Who made, and who wore the first artificial limb on record, and what were the circumstances connected with it?

3. What is the origin, as far as known, of the custom of tarring and feathering an offender?

4. When a young man is converted while living in a boarding-house full of worldly people, should he seek a new home among godly people, or should he stay, in the hope of influencing his former associates by his words and example?

5. Is children's day, as usually observed, a benefit to the Church?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the longest word in the English language, and what is its derivation and its meaning?

The word antitransubstantiationalist, with twenty-seven letters, is probably the longest authorized word in the English language. The components of the word give the ideas of opposition, change and substance, and thus the word means one who is opposed to the doctrine of a change in substance. The meaning of the theological term antitransubstantiationalist, is made apparent in the canon of the Council of Trent. F. L. SAWYER.

[Among other words sent in answer were the following: Intercommunicativeness, incomprehensibility, transubstantiationalist, disintellectualization, unexceptionableness, etc.]

2. Where did the "Week of Prayer" originate?

During the forties the missionary work was greatly hindered in India. Two bloody Sikh wars had occurred, which resulted in the loss of much property. Three missionaries, with their wives and children, suffered martyrdom. It was the next year, after these terrible experiences that the Lodiana mission, as a last resort, sent a pathetic call to Christendom to engage in prayer for the conversion of the world. It was suggested that the first week in January be observed for that purpose.

KATE H. BOOTH.

* * *

The "Week of prayer" originated with the Evangelical Alliance shortly after its foundation in England in 1846. This Association sends out the call for the week of prayer yearly.

G. H. ROGERS.

3. Why does not dew form visibly on stones as well as on grass and on the nearby ground?

Dew is the vapor of the air condensed by coming in contact with bodies colder than itself. During the day the surface of the earth is hotter than the air, but after sunset it radiates, or parts with its heat much more rapidly than does the air. As a consequence, the earth is often five to ten degrees colder than the air at night, when the sky is cloudless. The heat thus radiated at night was first absorbed during the day from the sun. The pith of the question lies in the fact that a great difference exists in the radiation of heat from different substances and surfaces. Grass, the leaves of plants, and the loose, uneven surface of well-tilled earth, part with heat much more rapidly than beaten paths, stones and metals. Hence the vapor of the air is much more freely condensed by contact with the former than the latter objects. ARTHUR H. BIGG.

Water is diffused through the air as an invisible vapor. The capacity which the air has of holding vapor increases with its temperature, hence the greater rapidity of evaporation in warm weather than in cold air. Evaporation will not go on beyond the capacity of the surrounding air, and hence when the air is as highly saturated with vapor as its temperature admits of, it is said to be fully charged. If the air is by any cause cooled down below the temperature at which the moisture which will be its full charge, a part of its vapor will necessarily separate from it in the form of water. Thus we see that cold bodies placed in the open air studded with drops of water—dewdrops—because they cool down the surrounding air below its point of full charge. Dew after sunset is caused by the temperature of moist solid bodies falling below that of the air, the extent to which the coolness is carried depending on the power which the substances have of radiating or parting with the heat which they have absorbed during the day. Plants and grass radiate much more quickly than stones, and consequently dew is deposited upon them in drops. This shows the wisdom of the Creator, because the moisture held in the atmosphere is necessary to the growth and support of plants, while stones do not need it, and consequently have not been provided with the power of attracting it.

MRS. CLARA R. ABBOTT.

INTERIOR OF A PEASANT HOME IN PORTO RICO

4. Can there be genuine love without sympathy?

Love is almost universally conceded to be the most powerful of the human emotions. I believe sympathy, that subtle, tender bond of feeling, to be the basis of true love. That sympathy can exist without love is undoubted, but love without sympathy, never. There may be a species of love, a sort of mutual attraction, which has set many a young couple afloat on the sea of matrimony, but if each finds the other unable to sympathize with their tastes, even in such trivial matters as dress, books and food, there will be discords, then when such serious question arise as the upbringing of children, with its important issues, and the religion of the home, and the many questions which arise in the carrying out of a true Christian belief, the form of love which existed without sympathy, will find itself utterly inadequate to the demands made upon it, and the result will be a total wreck of happiness in the home. Surely sympathy is the mainspring of our love for Christ, a sympathetic understanding of his sorrows and great sufferings for our sake—the cause of all true conversion.

MRS. IDA EFFINGER.

* * *

Certainly not. Sympathy is the very soul of love. Eliminate that "fellow-feeling," that feeling with another in his woes, and you take the heart out of love, and make it a cold, lifeless thing, an empty show at best. Genuine love often begins in pity, which is good evidence of a sympathetic soul. Helplessness appeals, not so much to reason as to sympathy. This is why one woman, having buried children of her own, is moved to build an orphanage for a thousand motherless children. This is why one man, having a prodigal son himself, is moved to establish a soul-saving mission for a thousand prodigals who are "nothing to him." It was just such love, full of sympathy, which moved the Son of God to lay aside the glory he had with the Father, and tabernacle in the flesh, and finally die on the cross for a world of guilty sinners, that by their believing in him they might be saved. Take this Christ-like sympathy out of love, and Christian effort will die out of the thoughts of men. It would be taking the "savor" out of the "salt," or the "light" out of the "life." Evidently there can be no such thing as genuine love without that powerful, inner moving in the human heart toward others, which we call sympathy.

CHARLES LYNCH.

5. What are the origin and meaning of the expression, "A cycle of Cathay?"

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," sang Tennyson in *Locksley Hall*, and from this, one might infer that the "cycle" referred to was vast in its duration. Possibly the poet thought so, but in Chinese chronology a cycle is sixty years, and Cathay is an old name for China. The word was introduced into Europe by Marco Polo, and is a corruption, it is said, of the Tartar word Khetai, the name of the northern empire at the time of the Mongolian invasion. The cycle is said to have been invented by Hwang Te, more than four thousand years ago. This current year 1901, is the 38th year of the 76th cycle. The number sixty was chosen because the "ten celestial stems" when united with the "twelve terrestrial branches" in a peculiar combination (which there is not space here to explain) have to be repeated six times, thus forming sixty, before the process begins again. The origin of the ten stems," says Dr. Me "may be ascribed to the ten digits, and twelve branches to the twelve signs Zodiac, which are to be met with in all tive nations of antiquity." Did not Te really mean to imply that the Europea as much in a short period as his slower Mongolian brother in a vastly longer o must he not have imagined the cycle very great one? Possibly he was in er cause of the common opinion that the C chronology extends through an almost nite period, an opinion declared by Dr hurst, an authority on the subject, erroneous. AMELIA H.

* * *

The expression originated with Lo nyson in the following couplet in *Locksley Hall*:

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep i younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of

That is to say, an ordinary lifetime midst of civilization, with its light an ings, its opportunities for being and ac is better than endless ages of barbaris their mental darkness and wild fr "like a beast of lower pleasures." Bet a short life teeming with opportuniti thronged with responsibilities and its fr "shadows of the globe," such as Ten hero experienced, than to flee all these to seek and, to find if it were possible, years of quiet and aimless ease.

B. F. WHITTEM E.

Miscellaneous Questi s

Annetta DeK., Waterbury, Conn. Wha present condition of missionary work Philippines, as to the portions of the assigned to the various missionary de nations? Are all working harmoniously definite plan, or are they working on in lines regardless of territorial boundaries

At a conference of missionaries h Manila, April 24, it was agreed that the M ists should take as their field certain d ted provinces in Luzon, while other d in the same island were allotted to th byterians, and United Brethren. The of Panay and Negros were divided b the Presbyterians and Baptists.

Jere. M., Providence, R. I. 1. Where is o present centre of population? 2. At what in what direction is it moving?

1. Six miles south of Columbus, Ind has been steadily moving westward, b slowly—a little over a mile and a third ly—and the outlook is that the next te will show an even slower movement.

A. S., St. Johnsville, N. J. Are any of the repentant and inquiring the way of salv

If we may judge from recent mis reports, the people are everywhere s signs of repentance for the mission tacks, and are now endeavoring, by w ing them back and showing them muc ness, to prove their sincerity. As deeper spiritual change, it will assured in due time, and thousands of the will be drawn into the Christian fold.

H. F. M., Montclair, Col., writes, upon God's people everywhere the ance of sending religious literature to sane asylums. Thousands of the mild of unfortunates would find the greate fort in such suitable books and pa thoughtful friends could easily supply.

Mrs. M. B., Galesburg, Kan. Both are dists.

Inquirer. See the Mosaic laws con divorce.

H. F. H., Roxbury, Mass. Your sugges good one.

Reader, Olney, Ill. Address Mr. Shel Topeka, Kan.

A. C., Newark, O. Write to the *Record*, N. Y.

Mrs. C. M. S., Statesville, O. No posi cision was reached.

E. W. C., St. Louis. Nero was Emper A. D. 54 to A. D. 68.

Reader, College Park. The two are alike ation, though differing in name.

M. L. O., Lansingburg, N. Y. No, certai It is wrong to give money for such a purpo

Reader, Hammondsport, N. Y. Certain are many lawyers who are excellent Christi

Martha A. D., Casner, Ill. Should it be to send a cargo of food, due announcement made.

Seeker of Right, Penn Grove, N. Y. W organization is purely co-operative, it is r cause all share equally in its advantages.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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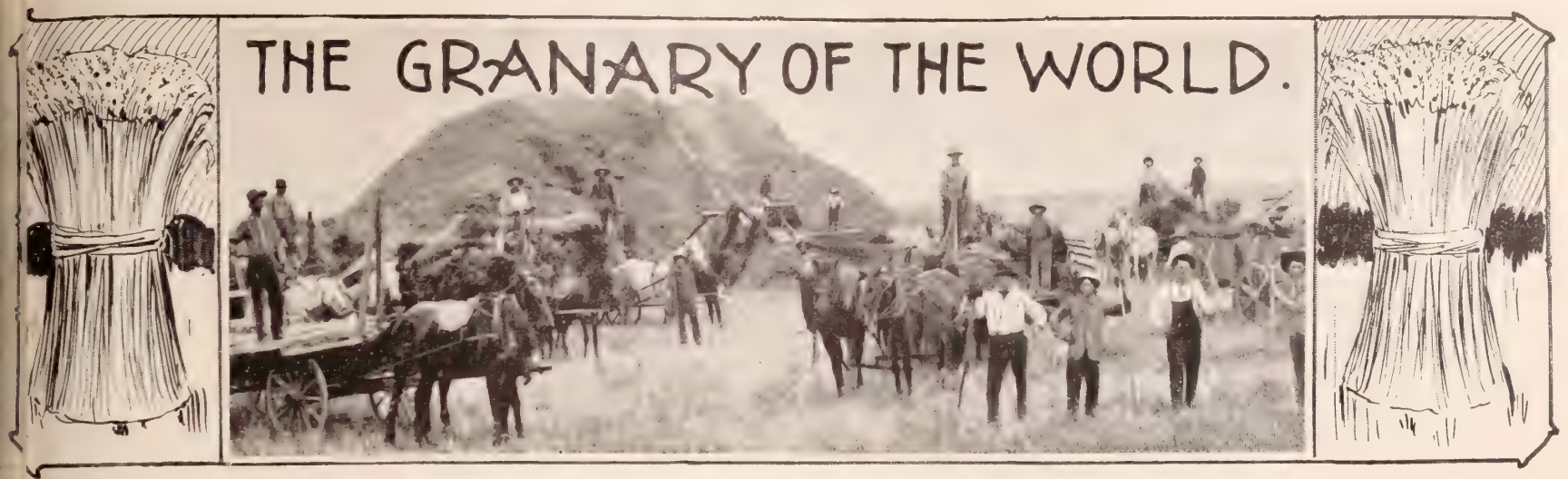
THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD.



TEAMS OF HARVESTERS AT WORK ON A GREAT FARM IN THE WEST

OUR country has been signally blessed this year in the promise of the greatest cereal crop ever known in its history. In Texas, Kansas and Nebraska, States which have been the scenes of devastation and trouble of which the generous readers of this paper have an intimate knowledge — prospects have been reported as particularly fine. Kansas sent out a few weeks ago, an appeal for 50,000 men to help harvest her wheat crop, and began pressing into service all the idle men who could be found within her own borders, attracting, too, thousands of the unemployed from other States. In the four staples, corn, wheat, wool and cotton, never before was there ground for such phenomenal expectations as at present.

This country is the only one in all the world to-day among civilized nations, which can absolutely rely upon its own resources. It is not only able to supply the essentials in the way of food, raiment, metals, fuel, etc., but it is fast learning to grow its own tea and coffee, and produce its own silks. The grapes that blush upon our hillsides, vie with those of famous vineyards in Spain and France; and in what country in the world look is, according to some good judges, over 11,000,000 bales. Magnificent as these figures are, those for hay must surpass them, as it is said that for 1901 is to be our greatest and most valuable crop.

It is predicted that our yield of corn for the present year will be well over 2,000,000,000 bushels. Nebraska alone contributing 300,000,000 bushels. Well for the outside world as for ourselves that this is so, and that the harvestings of our 28,000,000 wheat acreage promise so fair. Well, too, that we have cotton and to spare, for people of almost all tribes and lands wear our goods. India is our liberal customer, China is another. The latter country will require more and more of our products. The richest laden steamer ever clearing Portland, Ore., recently sailed from that port, bearing, as the largest part of her cargo, over 30,000 barrels of flour and 250,000 feet of lumber for Hongkong, besides consignments for Shanghai and Singapore.

Imagine yourself in a harvest-field. Twelve teams of harvesters, each with four horses and a working crew of five men for the machines, are arranged abreast. They start, and pass swiftly along, reaping and binding as they go. While you gaze at them they pass out of sight on the level field. The horizon limit of a man's vision as he stands on the plain is fifteen miles, therefore, the teams have covered fifteen miles before they disappear to gather up the golden grain for who knows how many miles further? The largest farm in Dakota has actually supplied such a scene as this. No other country in the world can furnish such a harvest field and such a crew of teams as this. Recently, in one day in Kansas, 10,000 harvest machines were running, and 50,000 men were laboring in wheat fields. In addition to being the world's granary, we might fairly claim to be be a sort of international employment bureau, since we furnish occupation to so many people who come from abroad to make a living here.

Our credit is better than that of any other nation. It is so good, in fact, that we are unable to pay our debts off, as fast as would like—paradoxical as that may seem. Investors here and abroad will not accept payment on our bonds before they are due. Our bonded debt however, through skilful financing, has been reduced by $58,000,000 since the spring of '99, which involves an annual saving of about $11,000,000 interest. Our surplus treasury reserve is $75,864,998.

What do these things mean to us? We are not calling attention to the fulness of our land in any spirit of vainglory. Far otherwise. In no such temper did Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, say recently, that we are in a position to be not only independent of the rest of the world, but to starve almost any nation out if we so chose. Commercial combinations formed against us would be powerless to effect our ruin; and nations cannot like to go to war with their food givers and clothiers. We are in a position to do right without fear or favor. Minister Wu, sharing in our Independence Day celebration at Philadelphia, spoke of American patriotism as something better than that which goes by the name, but which is only another form of national selfishness. He said: "This nation has not sprung into existence without a manifest destiny. There must be some noble ends for the world at large for which the independence of the United States was established," and suggested that our mission was to show that

WORKERS IN AN ALABAMA COTTON FIELD

SHEEP-SHEARING ON A CALIFORNIA RANCH

beyond our own will we find such varied wealth of luscious fruit? Nature has poured out before us gifts of gold and purple and crimson, until the treasures of every clime are ours. Our vegetables are as rich and varied, and the market-gardener's occupation is one of increasing pleasure and profit. Multitudes of flowers contribute to our well-being in ways substantial as poetic, since, through continually enlarging apiary enterprises, the sweets are extensively resolved into honey. The descriptive term, "a land flowing with milk and honey," we applies to America. Our flocks and herds increase and we have cattle upon a thousand hills.

Last year our wool clip was about 3,000,000 pounds, nearly one-third as much as all Europe's. We marketed 28,000,000 hogs, almost every country in the world drawing upon us for bacon. We sent abroad over 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, and over 200,000,000 bushels of corn. The world's cotton was estimated at 12,455,000 bales, of which we produced 10,990,000. Our present cotton out-

patriotism in its true sense is synonymous with humanity, justice, truth, law and order. As to starving the world—we have opened our hearts and hands to feed its dying millions. Thank God that we have had power to save the perishing; that we had the will to save them; and that, if occasion calls, we will do the same thing over and over again. Is there no connection between the way we have used our power and that power's continuance—no connection between blessings given by us to others and blessings received by us of God? Verily, "He that giveth to the poor shall not lack," and "He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed," are faithful promises. "For the Lord thy God blesseth thee and thou shalt lend unto many nations," may be as truly said of America as of ancient Israel. And in this lending, the smallest farmer and the humblest toiler who has given his mite to the needy, has had honorable share with the richest and greatest in bringing blessings upon our land.

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Extravagance

TEXT: Jeremiah 17: 11:

AS THE PARTRIDGE SITTETH ON EGGS, AND HATCHETH THEM NOT; SO HE THAT GETTETH RICHES, AND NOT BY RIGHT, SHALL LEAVE THEM IN THE MIDST OF HIS DAYS, AND AT HIS END SHALL BE A FOOL

ALLUSION is here made to a well-known fact in natural history. If a partridge or a quail or a robin brood the eggs of another species, the young will not stay with the one that happened to brood them, but at the first opportunity will assort with their own species. Those of us who have been brought up in the country have seen the dismay of the farmyard hen, having brooded aquatic fowls, when after a while they tumble into their natural element, the water. So my text suggests that a man may gather under his wings the property of others, but it will, after awhile escape; it will leave the man in a sorry predicament, and make him feel very silly.

What has caused all the black days of financial disasters for the last sixty years? Some say it is the credit system. Something back of that. Some say it is the spirit of gambling ever and anon becoming epidemic. Something back of that. Some say it is the sudden shrinkage in the value of securities, which even the most honest and intelligent men could not have foreseen. Something back of that. I will give you the primal cause of all these disturbances. It is the extravagance of modern society, which impels a man to spend more money than he can honestly make, and he goes into wild speculation in order to get the means for inordinate display; and sometimes the man is to blame, and sometimes his wife, and oftener both. Five thousand dollars income, ten thousand dollars, twenty thousand dollars income are not enough for a man to keep up the style of living he proposes, and, therefore, he steers his bark toward the maelstrom. Other men have suddenly snatched up fifty or a hundred thousand dollars—why not he? The present income of the man not being large enough, he must move earth and hell to catch up with his neighbors. Others have a country seat—so must he. Others have an extravagant caterer—so must he. Others have a palatial residence—so must he.

Extravagance is the cause of all the defalcations of the last sixty years, and if you will go through the history of all the great panics and the great financial disturbances, no sooner have you found the story, than right back of it you will find the story of how many horses the man had, how many carriages the man had, how many residences in the country the man had, how many banquets the man gave—always, and not one exception for the last sixty years, either directly or indirectly extravagance the cause.

The Creator's Jewels

Now, for the elegances and the refinements and the decorations of life, I cast my vote. While I am considering this subject, a basket of flowers is handed in—flowers paradisiacal in their beauty. White calla with a green background of begonia. A cluster of heliotropes nestling in some geraniums. Sepal and perianth bearing on them the marks of God's finger. When I see that basket of flowers, they persuade me that God loves beauty and adornment and decoration. God might have made the earth so as to supply the gross demands of sense, but left it without adornment or attraction. Instead of the variegated colors of the seasons, the earth might have worn an unchanging dull brown.

Look out of your window any morning after there has been a dew, and see whether God loves jewels. Put a crystal of snow under a microscope, and see what God thinks of architecture. God commanded the priest of olden time to have his robe adorned with a wreath of gold, and the hem of his garment to be embroidered in pomegranates. The earth sleeps, and God blankets it with the brilliants of the night sky. The world wakes, and God washes it from the burnished laver of the sunrise. So I have not much patience with a man who talks as though decoration and adornment and the elegances of life are a sin, when they are divinely recommended. But there is a line to be drawn between adornment and decorations that we can afford and those we cannot afford, and when a man crosses that line he becomes culpable. I cannot tell you what is extravagant for you. You cannot tell me what is extravagant for me. What is right for a queen may be squandering for a duchess. What may be economical for you, a man with larger income, will be wicked waste for me, with smaller income. There is no iron rule on this subject. Every man before God and on his knees must judge what is extravagance, and when a man goes into expenditures beyond his means he is extravagant.

There are families in all our cities who can hardly pay their rent, and who owe all the merchants in the neighborhood, and yet have an apparel unfit for their circumstances, and are all the time sailing so near shore that business misfortune or an attack of sickness prepares them for pauperism. You know very well there are thousands of families in our great cities who stay in neighborhoods until they have exhausted all their capacity to get trusted. They stay in the neighborhoods until the druggists will let them have no more medicines, and the butchers will sell them no more meat, and the bakers will sell them no more bread, and the grocerymen will sell them no more sugar. Then they find the region unhealthy, and they hire a carman, whom they never pay, to take them to some new quarters, where the merchants, the druggists, the butchers, the bakers, and the grocerymen, come and give them the best rounds of beef and the best sugars and the best merchandise of all sorts, until they find out that the only compensation they are going to get is the acquaintance of the patrons. There are thousands of such thieves in all our big cities. I call them by the right name, for if a man buys anything he does not mean to pay for he is a thief.

Honest Failures

Of course, sometimes men are flung of misfortunes and they cannot pay. I know men who are just as honest in having failed as other men are honest in succeeding. I suppose there is hardly a man who has gone through life but there have been some times when he has been so hurt of misfortune he could not meet his obligations. But all that I put aside. There are a multitude of people who buy that which they never intend to pay for, for which there is no reasonable expectation they will ever be able to pay. Now, if you have become oblivious of honesty and mean to defraud, why not save the merchant as much as you can? Why not go some day to his store, and when nobody is looking, just shoulder the ham or the spare-rib, and in modest silence steal away? That would be less criminal, because in the other way you take not only the man's goods, but you take the time of the merchant and the time of his accountant, and you take the time of the messenger who brought you the goods. Now, if you must steal, steal in a way to do as little damage to the trader as possible.

John Randolph arose in the American Senate when a question of national finance was being discussed, and, stretching himself to his full height, in a shrill voice he cried out: "Mr. Chairman, I have discovered the Philosopher's Stone, which turns everything into gold—Pay as you go!" Sociely has got to be reconstructed on this subject, or the seasons of defalcation will continue to repeat themselves. You have no right to ride in a carriage for which you are hopelessly in debt to the wheelwright who furnished the landau, and to the horse-dealer who provided the blooded span, and to the harness-maker who caparisoned the gay steeds, and to the liveryman who has provided the stabling, and to the driver who, with rosetted hat, sits on the coach-box.

Oh, I am so glad it is not the absolute necessities of life which send people out into dishonesties and fling them into misfortunes. It is almost always the superfluities. God has promised us a house, but not a palace; raiment, but not chinchilla; food, but not canvas-back duck. I am yet to see one of these great defalcations which is not connected in some way with extravagance.

National Penalties

Extravagance accounts for the disturbance of national finances. Aggregations are made up of units, and when one half of the people of this country owe the other half, how can we expect financial prosperity? Again and again at the national election we have had a spasm of virtue, and we said "out with one administration and in with another, and let us have a new deal of things, and then we will get over all our perturbation." I do not care who is President, or who is Secretary of the Treasury, or how much breadstuffs go out of the country, or how much gold is imported, until we learn to pay our debts, and it becomes a general theory in this country that men must buy no more than they can pay for—until that time comes there will be no permanent prosperity. Look at the pernicious extravagance: take the one fact that New York every year pays three million dollars for theatrical amusements. While once in a while a Henry Irving, or an Edwin Booth, or a Joseph Jefferson thrills a great audience with tragedy, you know as well as I do that the vast majority of the theatres are as debased as debased they can be, as unclean as unclean they can be, and as damnable as damnable they can be. Three million dollars—the vast majority of those dollars going in the wrong direction.

Over a hundred millions paid in this country for cigars and tobacco a year. About two thousand million dollars paid for strong drink in one year in this country. With such extravagance, pernicious extravagance, can there be any permanent prosperity? Business men, cool-headed business men, is such a thing a possibility? These extravagances also account, as I have already hinted, for the positive crimes, the forgeries, the abscondings of the officers of the The store on the business street swamped by th dence on the fashionable avenue. The father husband's craft capsized by carrying too much tic sail. That is what springs the leak in the merc money till. That is what cracks the pistols of t cides. That is what tears down the banks. what stops insurance companies. That is wha this nation again and again in its triumphal ma prosperity. In the presence of the American pe far as I can get their attention, I want to arrai monster curse of extravagance, and I want you it with your scorn and hurl at it your anathema.

How many fortunes every year wrecked on the robe. Things have got to such a pass that wh cry over our sins in church, we wipe the tears with a hundred-and-fifty-dollar pocket handke I show you a domestic tragedy in five acts:

Act the first.—A home, plain and beautiful. newly married pair. Enter contentment. En much happiness as ever gets in one home.

Act the second.—Enter discontent. Enter de larger expenditure. Enter envy. Enter jealous

Act the third.—Enter the queenly dressmakers ter the French milliners. Enter all costly plate great extravagances.

Act the fourth.—Tip-top of society. Princ princesses of upper-tendom floating in and out. thing on a large and magnificent scale. Enter co for other people.

Act the fifth and last.—Enter the assignee. the sheriff. Enter the creditors. Enter humi Enter the wrath of God. Enter the contempt ciety. Enter ruin and death. Now drop the c The play is ended and the lights are out.

I called it a tragedy. That is a misnomer. farce.

Extravagance accounts for much of the pau Who are these people whom you have to help? of them are the children of parents who had lived in luxury, had more than they needed, sp they had, spent more too, then died and left thei lies in poverty. I could name a score of men wh every luxury. They smoke the best cigars, an drink the finest wines, and they have the grand roundings, and when they die their families will the cold charity of the world. Now, the death c a man is a grand larceny. He swindles the worl goes into his coffin, and he deserves to have his sold to the medical museum for anatomical spec the proceeds to furnish bread for his children.

Sad Obsequies

I know it cuts close. I did not know but s you in high dudgeon would get up and go out stand it well! Some of you make a great swash and after a while you will die, and ministers sent for to come and stand by your coffin and li your excellences; but they will not come. If yo for me, I will tell you what my text will be, "H provideth not for his own, and especially for th his own household, is worse than an infidel." A we find Christian men, men of large means, who times talk eloquently about the Christian Chur about civilization, expending everything on ther and nothing on the cause of God.

And the desecration goes on, even to the day. You know very well that there are men w solvent, but the expenses are so great before t underground they are insolvent. There are f that go into penury in wicked response to the de of this day. They put in casket and tombsto which they ought to put in bread. They wanted you gave them a tombstone.

Oh, my friends, let us take our stand agai extravagances of society. Do not pay for things are frivolous when you may lack the necessitie not put one month's wages or salary into a trink one trinket. Keep your credit good by seldom for any. Pay! Do not starve a whole year to one Belshazzar's carnival. Do not buy a coat o colors, and then in six months be out at the Flourish not, as some people I have known, wh apartments at a fashionable hotel and had drawing-rooms attached, and then vanished night, not even leaving their compliments for th lord. I tell you, my friends, in the day of God ment, we will not only have to give an account way we made our money, but for the way we sp We have got to leave all the things that surro now. They that consecrate their wealth, thei their all to God shall be held in everlasting brance, while I have the authority of this Bo announcing that the name of the wicked shall ro

THE GREAT HOT WAVE

In coming years, when tales of calamitous periods in metropolitan history are recited, the "Hot Week" preceding July 4 will not be forgotten. Not that New York bore that terrible visitation alone; our whole country suffered, and in some cities—Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk and Kansas City, for instance—the temperature climbed higher than here. On July 2, when the official degree in Philadelphia was 102 1-2, it was 99 here. In the former city, from 25 to 35 deaths from heat were reported for that day; here 118 to 186. To the total heat mortality for eleven large cities, including those named, New York contributed nearly half. As the city is the most densely populated spot on the continent, naturally the lion's share of anguish fell to its lot; 740 deaths and 872 prostrations from heat was six days' record. Horses suffered fearfully; one day 200 dropped dead.

Ambulance bells rang right and left. Again and again the writer, almost blinded with heat, paused to see the unconscious body of some son or daughter of toil slide into a waiting ambulance and started off to Bellevue, the Roosevelt Presbyterian Hospital, or other shelter for the sick. Ambulances gave out, and delivery wagons or other vehicles were pressed into use to carry the sick and the dying from the streets. People living in stuffy roomy houses could not sleep at night. Few tenement dwellers staid indoors; they could not exist in the breathless, furnace-like heat of their cramped quarters. Hundreds crowded roofs and fire-escapes, and some rolled off and were killed. Parks were full of sleeping people. Whole families camped in streets and on sidewalks; even patrolmen in the early days walked carefully, not to tread on slumbering women and children. All rules were relaxed. In the day, shutters and little children clung to every bit of shade they could find. Every pump had a group of thirsty little ones around it. In business streets, men usually careful in dress, walked with coats off and collars unbuttoned; ordinary conventionalities were disregarded.

Every one who had means to get out of the sweltering city went. Cars and boats were loaded down. One night 15,000 people—exhausted with heat and fatigue slept on the beach at Coney Island—watched over by policemen, who walked up and down keeping guard over their rest. Never was New York put before to such straits as in this hot week—the like of which the oldest inhabitant cannot remember. On the Weather Bureau records, which go back thirty years, June 29 and 30 of 1901 are the hottest known; July 1 and 2, the hottest July days of this date ever registered. When the official thermometer up in the Weather Bureau Building was at 99, thermometers on the street level, where people were living and walking, ran up to 114; what the temperature was in the tenements, which were like ovens and furnaces, nobody knows. Tenement people are yet weak and faint from the effects of that fearful week, and ill prepared to stand the hot days yet before them. Hundreds of lives of little children hang as upon a thread. God help these weak ones through other hot spells that come! Nothing but a breath of country air, good food and care can put into many the strength to hold on to life till autumn comes. Without it, hundreds will die. Never in our Fresh-Air work has the need been as to-day. Never has the cry of the children been so plaintive, so insistent! Never has our opportunity for serving the Master by succoring his helpless little ones been so great. Only $3 sends a child to Mont-Lawn for ten days. This small sum may save a life; $6 sends two waifs; $9 three; $12 four; $30 may save ten little ones; for $60, twenty may be saved; $99 will send thirty-three.

Permission N. Y. Journal

CAMPING IN THE STREETS

A SCENE IN NEWSPAPER ROW

Permission N. Y. Journal

TAKING A HEAT VICTIM TO BELLEVUE

Training Young Men and Women for the Mission Field

BIBLE study, with a view to practical work in the home or foreign mission field, is every year becoming more general. Colleges and institutes for this purpose are steadily multiplying. The Pennsylvania Bible Institute, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the class that is meeting a need in the training of Christian workers for personal, pastoral, evangelistic and missionary work, and thus helping to carry out Christ's commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." It was founded in 1895 by Charles E. Hurlburt, who had long been well known in Y. M. C. A. work in several States, and in later years was identified with the Africa Inland Mission as its director. Mr. Hurlburt felt the need of an interdenominational Bible school, where young men and women of limited means could be quickly fitted for useful service in the spiritual harvest field, in any part of the globe. Many young men and women have gone out from the Institute into various fields of Christian activity. Twelve are now missionaries in foreign fields; some thirty or more are candidates; twelve are pastors of churches; some are evangelists; others home missionaries and pastors' assistants, many are workers in Young Men's or Young Women's Christian Associations, or other branches of consecrated labor.

The studies are under the supervision of the well-known Bible student and teacher, Frederic W. Farr, pastor of Bethlehem Baptist Church, Philadelphia, and with him are associated other pastors and teachers, who give systematic instruction. Evangelists, returned missionaries, and physicians also give lectures. The Institute depends for support, over and above what is paid by the students, upon voluntary contributions.

The main building, offices and lecture room are at 2016 Diamond street, Philadelphia. The women students board and room in this building, under the supervision of a matron; the men's building is located about one block away. Students usually stay two years at the Institute, but pupils are received who can stay only one year, or even a shorter time. Practical work is cultivated. Friday afternoon is set aside for personal visitation, visiting the sick, house-to-house work, distributing tracts and talking with people.

Any readers of this journal who are interested in the work of the Institute can obtain full information by writing to the superintendent, Mr. O. R. Palmer, at No. 2016 Diamond street, Philadelphia.

THE INSTITUTE LECTURE ROOM

MAIN BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA BIBLE INSTITUTE

CALLED OUT OF WICKED ASSOCIATIONS

GOD CALLS ABRAHAM

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 28. GEN. 12: 1-9 -- GOLDEN TEXT: I WILL BLESS THEE, AND MAKE THY NAME GREAT; AND THOU SHALT BE A BLESSING. GEN. 12: 2.

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GET THEE OUT OF THY COUNTRY.—Abraham was born in an idolatrous land and home (Josh. 24: 2, Gen. 31: 19, 20). For his sake, and for the sake of his children, God called him to separate himself from these harmful associations. He is the first of the noble line of pilgrim fathers, who have loved liberty and righteousness better even than fatherland and kindred and family, and so have gone out, each of them to a new country to found a new race with better surroundings; some of them chiefly anxious for civil liberty; others, of whom Abraham is one, seeking to escape a corrupt worship. To his caravan, discharging its "ships of the desert" beside a new altar erected to the one true God in Canaan, the words Mrs. Hemans wrote of those who went from their ships to their knees on the "bleak New England shore," are equally appropriate:

> What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine?
> The wealth of seas? The spoils of war?
> They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Those who thus give the world a new start, as did Noah Abraham, Moses, Paul and Luther, are the world's greatest men, who tower above their fellows in courage, and, as Ranke says, shake hands across the centuries. They were great enough to rise above that motto of sham patriotism, "My country, right or wrong." Whenever family or church or party or country are so wrong that we cannot hope they will be righted, and help to do it, God says, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you" (II Cor. 6: 17, 18). That is the text on which Abraham still preaches to us by actions that speak louder than words. Our theme is, Separation: (1) Started, (2) Halted, (3) Completed.

American Abrahams

The Abrahams of our mission fields to-day are those born in idolatrous lands and homes, who, having learned of the true God, at his call break their attachments to family or country—to both, if need be—and risk their living, in order to escape from a bad environment, which they have tried in vain to change, and which threatens, instead, to change them and their children. Those in this country who weakly yield to the demand of greed, that they shall do work on the Lord's day that is not work of mercy or necessity, rather than risk wages or salary in obedience to God, may well feel rebuked as they hear of case after case where some newly-converted heathen merchant has adopted Sunday closing when all his customers were heathen, or where some workman had dared to refuse Sunday work at the risk of losing employment on all the other days in a land where the heathen employers have no regard for the Lord's day.

The hardest test of faith is when God calls a man to stay in an unfavorable environment and yet separate himself from all its sins.

The Abrahams of our own land are those who have the courage to rise above the class or set in which they find themselves. You were born among people who thought it no harm to drink wine or beer, to dance and play cards. Your conscience has been quickened and these things seem to you perils of the soul. Have you the fearlessness of faith, in obedience to God's call, to condemn, by abandoning, these customs of your country and kindred, and, if necessary, to go away at the risk of your livelihood to start life anew in safer surroundings? To come out of an evil business partnership, in which you as clerk or principal are involved in some daily falsehood and deceit or other wrong, is a call of God to which many in faithlessness fail to answer. For young men and boys who have come to think a Christlike life is true manliness, it is hard indeed to keep separate from the popular sins of the fellows of a baser sort with whom they must mingle in school or in business (See Psa. 1). Whenever possible Christian young men should change a business or boarding-house that daily tempts them to wrong, for a safer one. It is surprising how blindly many a father, for the sake of a hundred dollars or more of gain, takes his family where it will be as hard as possible for them to do right and as easy as possible to do wrong. To many such God says, pointing to some safer home where saloons and other evils are mostly suppressed. "Get thee out of thy country."

* * *

He departed out of Haran. This was Abraham's second start. God originally called him out of Ur, years before (Acts 7: 2), to lead him to Canaan, "though Abraham knew not whither he went" (Heb. 11: 8). Even Abraham was not too great to yield to the common temptation to half obedience, half separation. He halted less than half way to his goal in Haran, and there his old father died without seeing Canaan. "Terah died in Haran," has long been the symbol of those overtaken by death while only half obedient to God, almost persuaded, but altogether lost. Such are many of the men at the head of the pews in the main aisle, half-brothers, who think the church is worth supporting, but never join it, because not willing to yield full obedience to God. Half way to the altar of membership, they halt at the Haran of the pew centre. As one of them, whose wife was a member and whose daughter played the organ, used to say, "My wife prays, my daughter plays, and I pay." Alas for him or her who halts at paying or playing, and does not go forward at God's call to praying. Many a boy or girl goes so far as to "say prayers" in secret, but stops short of full obedience to Christ's command to confess him before men. "We can serve God without condemnation only when we serve him without reservation." Even among those who confess Christ, there are many who have halted at half obedience. They have given up some sins, but are deliberately cherishing

Half Obedience

NABLOUS, THE ANCIENT SHECHEM AND SYCHAR AS IT NOW APPEARS

of German orders, picturing the glory of self-sacrifice. So it is ever in nobly giving up that we get what is most precious, not in honor only, but in character.

* * *

Not knowing whither he went. Men say, by way of excusing themselves for failure to obey some call of God, "I couldn't quite see my way clear." But why should we see our way" when we can see or know our Divine Guide? He knew not whither he went, but he knew with whom he went. We know not how the way shall bend, but we know how it will end.

> Lo, I go on not knowing, I would not if I might,
> I would rather walk in the dark with God than go alone in the light,
> I would rather walk with him by faith
> Than walk alone by sight.

* * *

Abraham had this testimony that his ways pleased God.—A railway gate-keeeper who, one cold night, required a passenger to show his ticket, before passing through the train, and was rewarded with considerable grumbling and protesting. Major Whittle said to him, "You are a very unpopular man to-night." "I only care to be popular with one man," was the reply, "and that is the superintendent." He might have pleased the passengers, disobeyed orders and lost his position. He was too wise for that; his business was to please one man—the man who hired him, gave him his orders, and rewarded him for faithfulness, and who could discharge him for disobedience. So Abraham shows us that to be popular with God is the one favor worth seeking.

Beersheba derives its name from "seven wells." The *Interior* calls attention to the fact that Prof. Geo. L. Robinson of McCormick Seminary, Chicago, printed engravings from photographs of six of the wells in the Biblical world. The seventh had been filled up but he found the curbing. Indeed, every year's explorations confirms the historic accuracy of the Bible, and the shovels of the exploration societies are burying all the theories of Bible legends and myths. Greenleaf, the standard authority on the laws of evidence, says in his book on *The Testimony of the Four Evangelists*, that these confirmations of the Bible's reliability as a witness, want us in believing that difficulties yet unexplained are due to our inadequate knowledge, and should not put suspicion on a witness so fully confirmed.

And they went forth to go into the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. There was no more halting. Abraham went right on until he reached the centre of Canaan, where God himself called a halt to tell him, there by the historic oak of Moreh, in that beautiful vale of Shechem, under the Mount Gerizim of future beatitudes, beside the altar he had at once set up in his new home—how many forget that!—that the Creator had given him that whole land of Canaan for his children's children. Whatever may be said of other land titles, Abraham's deed, from the Creator of the land, was unquestionable. Again he moved, and at Bethel, as it was afterwards called by Jacob, meaning God's house, he built another altar, as this pilgrim father was wont to do wherever he pitched his moving tent. Giants and wicked tribes yet occupied the land, which was his as yet only by promise, and it was no less "by faith" that Abraham saw himself the father of a great people, being yet childless at seventy-five. But his faith has been honored, not only in that Canaan became the land of his children, but also in that his natural and spiritual descendants, Jews and Christians (Gal. 3: 8; Acts 3: 26), have literally blessed the families of the world through Christ, "the seed of Abraham," and in all the rich meanings of that Christian word, "home."

Separation Completed

* * *

I will make thy name great. John G. Woolley said recently to Chicago University students, "We cannot all undertake to be great, but we can all be true." And we may add that it is those who at any cost strive to be true, that after a hundred years are most likely to be accounted great—even among men—while it is they only that all the time are called "great in the kingdom of heaven."

True Greatness

Abraham not only started a new race but a new sense of human individuality. Men had been thought of by nations and families. "The sacred individuality of the human soul" was to be brought to light in Christ, but its first dim revelation was in Abraham's frequent interviews with God. The individual soul separated from followship with its Make

* * *

Thou shalt be a blessing. Men of this strenuous age are eager to do and say, but do not enough take time to be. Governor Russell of Massachusetts said to the graduating classes of this year, "I am one thing better than making a living that is making a life." There is one thing better than praying to have a blessing and that is to be a blessing." He who seeks not spiritual enjoyment for himself but the good of others, is the very one who is most likely to be blessed. In every child the noble ambition should be kindled to make the world better for having lived in it. The shadow of Peter passing by healed the sick, and so the influence of every one who passes through this world falls on others as a blessing or a curse. Jews, Christians and Mohammedans alike revere the name of Abraham and feel the inspiration and blessing of his separated life.

Make the World Better

He gave up much in leaving home at God's call, but in every way it was paid back with interest. He sacrificed business interests, but became richer rather than poorer. He left his kindred and country, but became "the father of a country" in a new land, and the spiritual father of millions. It recalls the time when Germany was invaded by Napoleon, and Frederick William III., the German ruler, finding his treasury exhausted, appealed to the women to bring their jewels, saying, "I will give you jewels of iron for jewels of gold." They responded nobly and saved their country and so originated the Order of the Iron Cross, the most honored

IN THE "DYING-FIELD," NEAR CANTON

REFUGEES ON THE PEI-HO RIVER

A CHINESE BIBLE-WOMAN

Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyrighted 1901, by Underwood & Underwood

SHANSI SENDS MESSENGERS PLEADING FOR HELP

Our Missionary Relief Committee Now Hard at Work Among the Famine-stricken in Four Chinese Provinces

IN a cablegram to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Tientsin, the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, Chairman of our China Missionary Famine Relief Committee, reports the progress of the Committee's work. The relief party, under Missionaries E. H. Edwards and M. B. Duncan, who lately set out on the long journey to the provinces of Shansi and Shensi, have, so far as heard from, encountered no mishap. It is a good two weeks' trip in ordinary times, and communication, like everything else in China, is slow; but in view of the very friendly attitude of the government officials and people, and the general disposition to facilitate their journey, no serious delays are apprehended anywhere. The travelers are amply escorted, but in the changed condition of affairs, such a precaution seems to have been more of a form than a necessity.

Meanwhile, the other members of the Committee find themselves suddenly overwhelmed with demands in connection with the relief work in Shantung and Chih-li. Owing to this extraordinary pressure, Chairman Smith says that it has been impossible to attend to any other matters.

Now that the second remittance of $20.000 has reached the Committee's hands, it is enabled to proceed with relief measures with confidence and vigor. News of the progress of the relief work in Shansi is anxiously awaited at Tientsin, where the first reports from the missionaries may shortly be expected. Secretary J. S. Horner, of the China Inland Mission, Toronto, Can., has received from China the following, which he has forwarded to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the information of contributors to the Relief Fund and all who are interested in the work:

"Two native Christians, T'ong-Hsi-cheo and Sang-Hsien-u, have reached Tientsin from Shansi, and the following is an extract from a letter received from them: 'At the present time, the sufferings of the Christians in Shansi are intense, on account of the famine. In the P'ing-iang district, the price of rice and grain is extremely dear; a teo of wheat being 3,600, or 3,700; Indian corn 2,600 and millet 3,200 cash. Moreover, eight-tenths of the new wheat (growing in the fields) is dried up, and there being no spring rains, the grain for autumn crops cannot be sown.'"

These two native Christians, Tong-Hsi-cheo and Sang-Hsien-u, made the long and difficult journey from Shansi to Tientsin to plead for help, the news of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD relief exposition having encouraged the sufferers in that province to make an effort to have operations. A "cash" is about the value of 1-16 of a cent, and a teo of rice the equivalent of .87 of a peck. Thus a teo, or about two-thirds of a peck, cost 52 cents, which is at the rate of $13.50 per bushel—a famine price truly.

From all the accounts that have lately come through, it is evident that there has been, thus far, no abatement of the famine, and this later news through the China Inland Mission workers (who were the first to return to the field), shows how acute and widespread is the distress. There are 10,000 native converts in Shansi alone, but they represent only an infinitesimal fraction in a province where eleven millions are suffering the pangs of starvation. Doubtless one of the earliest duties of our Famine Fund workers will be to relieve the native Christians, yet there is to be no distinction on account of faith; the unbeliever will receive food and medicines as promptly as will the Chinese convert. Indeed, the very object of the relief work is to convince the people of the friendship and genuine sympathy of the Christian nation whose almoners the missionaries are.

In Honan province much suffering is reported, showing that the famine is spreading. At Changte-fu there have been many deaths from actual starvation. This province, bordering on Shansi, which lies to the north, is not within the present scope of the Famine Relief Committee's operations. It is ordinarily a most prosperous district, having railroad and river connections for the transportation of supplies. In its present condition it is powerless to help its northern neighbor.

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HIS EXCELLENCY, WU TING FANG
Minister of the Chinese Empire at Washington

What sad tragedies are being enacted behind those hills that form the eastern border of Shansi has not yet been told. Enough is known, however, to make us shrink from contemplating the whole ghastly truth, when the world learns it from the reports of the relieving missionaries. Meanwhile, the plain duty of Christian people is to hold up the hands of the famine relief workers by supplying them, through the Fund, with abundant means for their life-saving operations. All responsibility for the carrying out of the work rests with the Committee, whose plans are not to be hampered by interference or outside direction. But the success of its gigantic task, undertaken in the name of Christ and humanity, rests upon God's people here who have sent the missionaries out, up the rivers, across the dry, waterless plains, and through the mountain gorges to the rescue of the perishing people of Shansi. Let us see to it that we perform faithfully our part of the work, and, with our gifts and our prayers, the devoted little band of missionaries now in Shansi may, under Divine blessing, be made the instruments of saving a great multitude of lives and bringing the oldest province in China into Christ's spiritual kingdom.

His Excellency, Minister Wu Ting Fang, China's representative at Washington, has been a warm friend of the relief movement ever since it started. He writes to the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

CHINESE LEGATION, WASHINGTON.

DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH, New York City:

I am deeply gratified to learn from your letter of the 27th inst. that you have remitted another $20,000 to China for famine relief purposes. I have advised Earl Li Hung Chang by cable of the remittance referred to. I will certainly do what I can to assist you in the good work which you have so nobly undertaken and are conducting so successfully.

Yours very truly, WU TING FANG.

* * *

The photographs on this page are specially timely and interesting, in view of present conditions in China. In some of the larger cities, there is a custom which is probably found in no other country in the world. A tract of waste land in the suburbs is set apart by the authorities as a "dying field," and there the destitute poor, the discouraged, the homeless, the hopelessly diseased have the privilege of lying down and awaiting death undisturbed. In these terrible famine times, the "dying fields" present scenes that would make the stoutest heart shudder. Poor creatures, mere skeletons, lie around, patiently and uncomplainingly awaiting death. Another photograph shows a crowd of refugees assembled at a boat-landing on the Pei-ho River, awaiting transportation to some distant point of safety and abundance. The native Bible-woman is a type of a class of faithful teachers, many of whom have given up their lives for the Christian faith and all of whom have suffered during the long persecution and in the subsequent famine.

Contributions to the Famine Relief Fund continue to be received in a gradually increasing volume. It is earnestly hoped that all who are interested in the work of saving the perishing peasants of China will act promptly, and thus enable the Committee to push the relief operations with vigor. Many very touching letters have been received from contributors. One (from J. M. S., York, Pa.,) sends the birthday pennies of a number of little girls. Many send sums representing "the Lord's money," which they have set aside for just such emergencies as this. A poor, hard-working woman (Mrs. A. Z. T., Randolph, Mass.,) sends $27, "being led by the Lord to make this offering." Nearly all invoke the Divine blessing on the work, and that it may be the means of saving a great multitude, body and soul. "We are poor," says the writer of one letter (O. W. M., Maine, Minn.), "but He may bless it so that it may do much good. God knows our hearts, and we send the gift in His name."

"I send this ($2) to help the starving Chinese," writes G. C., Sulphur Springs, N. Y. "I think it good to turn the piece of jewelry into money for the missionary cause." "May your noble charity be rewarded by the awakening in many hearts of an hunger for the eternal Bread of Life," writes Rev. A. Bockstruck, Warrenton, Mo. ($2). "I am an old man (72) and my wife is 67. We are all alone now. We have a little money laid up for a wet day to come, but will cast this loaf of bread upon the waters ($5), and as it floats out, my earnest prayer is that it may be hastened and save some of the perishing ones," writes C. B. H., Pleasant Lake, N. Dak.

All contributions to the China Famine Fund should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Every contribution, however small, will be acknowledged in these columns.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 [illegible], in advance.

Remittances [illegible] to be made in the safest way [illegible] to the publication office. Registered cash remittances

Foreign Postage. [illegible] to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Rivalry Among Churches

ONE of the greatest hindrances to the world's evangelization is unhappy competition between neighboring congregations. It is the same in all the cities, but is more conspicuous in the villages and towns. The first church of the village has a large congregation and a good minister. Neither pastor nor people have ever been excited about anything save once, when a resident of the city moved into the village and tried to distract the church by suggesting a young people's prayer-meeting; but the officials formed themselves into a line, as at a fire, and passed buckets of cold water till the danger was put out. About the last item of fresh news they seemed to have heard was that Moses slew an Egyptian; but they said not much about that, for the reason that they did not want to commit themselves, or spoke of it in such a guarded way, that if they wanted to change sides on the question they could do so without sacrificing their manliness. The last church that Rip Van Winkle attended before getting drowsy was that. On the day he left they were asleep, and when he woke up they were asleep yet. The dominie has not prepared a new sermon for ten years. The paper is very yellow—a color he prefers, since it looks like the parchment in which the Scriptures were originally written. The same Thanksgiving discourse does for every year with this slight change: He has two slips of paper, one marked A, the other B. If it has been a prosperous year, then on Thanksgiving Day he uses the slip marked A; but if the corn and potatoes have been poor, he uses the slip B. Everything in that church is comfortable, fat and easy. But a few good men, wanting a little more life, build a second church and call a devoted minister. Their means are small, and the times hard. The old minister does not like the new one, and takes every opportunity of keeping him humble. Old minister goes around one afternoon to hear new minister, who is, of course, embarrassed, and does not do as well as usual, and nearly breaks down in the sermon. Old minister looks mortified, puts his head down on the pew in front to hide his embarrassment, and goes home wondering how any people can stand such preaching.

The second church finally goes down. It had been under a broadside fire since the day it was dedicated. There was room for two, yea, for four religious societies, but First Church did not think so. Oftimes was the experiment tried again, but no sooner did a Methodist, or a Baptist, or Episcopal head lift above the water, than there came from the old-established meeting-house of the place a volley of anathemas. The old church killed the young church, or crippled it for many years. How much better for all churches to help each other? Room for all. There should be no collision among the Gospel craft, for they are both in the King's service.

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That they all may be one . . . that the world may believe. John 17: 21.

• • •

The Important Sexton

KING DAVID, it is evident, once thought something of becoming a church sexton, for he said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper," and so on. But he never carried out the plan, perhaps because he had not the qualification. It requires more talent, in some respects, to be sexton than to be king. A sexton, like a poet, is born. A church, in order to peace and success, needs the right kind of a man at the prow, and the right kind at the stern—that is, a good minister, and a good sexton. But few people appreciate how much a good sexton has to do with a church's prosperity. He is the minister's blessing, the church's joy, a harbinger of the millennium. People come to church to have him help them up the aisle. He wears slippers. He stands or sits at the end of the church during an impressive discourse, and feels that, though he did not furnish the ideas, he at least furnished the wind necessary in preaching it. He has a quick nostril to detect unconsecrated odors, and puts the man who eats garlic on the back seat in the corner. He does not regulate the heat by a broken thermometer, minus the mercury. He has the window-blinds arranged just right—the light not too glaring, so as to show the freckles, nor too dark, so as to cast a gloom, but a subdued light that makes the plainest face attractive. He rings the bell merrily for Christmas festival, and tolls it sadly for the departed. He has real pity for the bereaved in whose house he goes for the purpose of burying their dead, not giving, by cold, professional manner, the impression that his sympathy for the troubled is overpowered by the joy that he has in selling another coffin. He forgets not his own soul, and though his place is to stand at the door of the ark he is surely inside of it. After awhile, a Sabbath comes when everything is wrong in the church: the air is impure, the furnaces fail in their work, and the eyes of the people are blinded with an unpleasant glare. Everybody asks, "Where is our old sexton?" Alas! he will never come again. He has gone to join Obed-edom and Berechiah, the doorkeepers of the ancient ark. He will never again take the dusting-whisk from the closet under the church stairs, for it is now with him "Dust to dust." The bell which he so often rang takes up its saddest tolling for him who used to pull it, and the minister goes into his disordered and unswept pulpit, and finds the Bible upside down as he takes it up to read his text in Psalm 84th, 10th verse: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness!"

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Those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. 1. Cor. 12: 22.

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Useful Lawyers

BOOKS setting forth forms for deeds, mortgages, notes and contracts, are no doubt valuable. It should be a part of every young man's education to know something of these. We cannot for the small business transactions of life be hunting up the "attorney-at-law," or the village squire. But economy in the transfer of property or in the making of wills is sometimes a permanent disaster. There are so many quirks in the law, so many hiding places for scamps, so many modes of twisting phraseology, so many decisions, precedents and rulings, so many John Does who have brought suit against Richard Roes, that you had better in all important business matters seek out an honest lawyer.

• • •

The field, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto him for a possession. Gen. 23: 17.

• • •

Our Metropolis

THERE has been so much said and printed of late implying that New York is a semi-pandemonium, that it is time we recall some of the good things about this city at the mouth of the Hudson.

Grand old New York! What southern thoroughfare was ever smitten by pestilence, when our physicians did not throw themselves upon the sacrifice! What distant land has cried out in the agony of famine, and our ships have not put out with breadstuffs! What street of Damascus, or Beyrout, or Madras that has not heard the step of our missionaries? What struggle for national life, in which our citizens have not poured their blood into the trenches! What gallery of exquisite art, in which our painters have not hung their pictures! What department of literature or science to which our scholars have not contributed! I need not speak of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer, and milkman, and glassblower, stand by the side of the flattered sons of millionaires and merchant princes; or of the insane asylums on all these islands, where they who came out cutting themselves among the tombs, now sit, clothed, and in their right mind. I need not speak of the institutions for the blind, the lame, the deaf and the dumb, for the incurables, for the widow, the orphan, and the outcast; or of the thousand-armed machinery that sends streaming down from the reservoir the clear, bright, sparkling, God-given water that rushes through our aqueducts, and dashes out of the hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and hisses in our steam engines, and showers out the conflagration, and sprinkles from the baptismal font of our churches; and with silver note, and golden sparkle, and crystalline chime, says to hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of him who made it, "I will; be thou clean!"

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Seek the peace of the city, and pray unto the Lord for it: for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace. Jer. 29: 7.

Summer in the Country

IT is never real morning except in the country. In the [illegible] in the early part of the day, there is a mixed color [illegible] climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the [illegible] of the chimney, that make people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have real morning in the country. Morning! descending "from God out of heaven, [illegible] bride adorned for her husband." A few moments [illegible] looked out, and the army of night shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon, that does not [illegible] me think, as it did Alexander Smith, of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Gennesaret. Just now the dew woke [illegible] in the hammock of the tree-branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of fire, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning, I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam on the celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honeysuckle on one side my porch challenges the sweetbrier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blooms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that shut out the first pair from Eden, these fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

• • •

There is something in this country air to put one in [illegible] best mood. Yesterday we allowed a snake to cross our path without any disposition on our part to kill it. We were at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We could take our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. We would not blame him for not liking us. He liked our strawberries. We would walk with him arm-in-arm through the watermelon patch and peach orchard. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures, we can nevertheless raise great pumpkins, and long carrots, and drumhead cabbages. We would take him in our carriage, going at consistent ministerial gait, as though on the way to the Old School Presbytery, never racing with any one, if there were danger of our being beaten. We hereby proclaim peace forever with any man who likes our hens. We fear we should have been tempted to sign the bail-bond of some wrongdoer if he had praised our early radishes.

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Nothing better to calm the nerves than a little work in the garden. A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin, will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily swinging the axe will tune up your nerves. Trampling down hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the wake of the plow you may plow up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbors looking over the fence may think we are only watching cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

• • •

Congregations would be advantaged by it, if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm-life. Three weeks at a fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us to physical work.

• • •

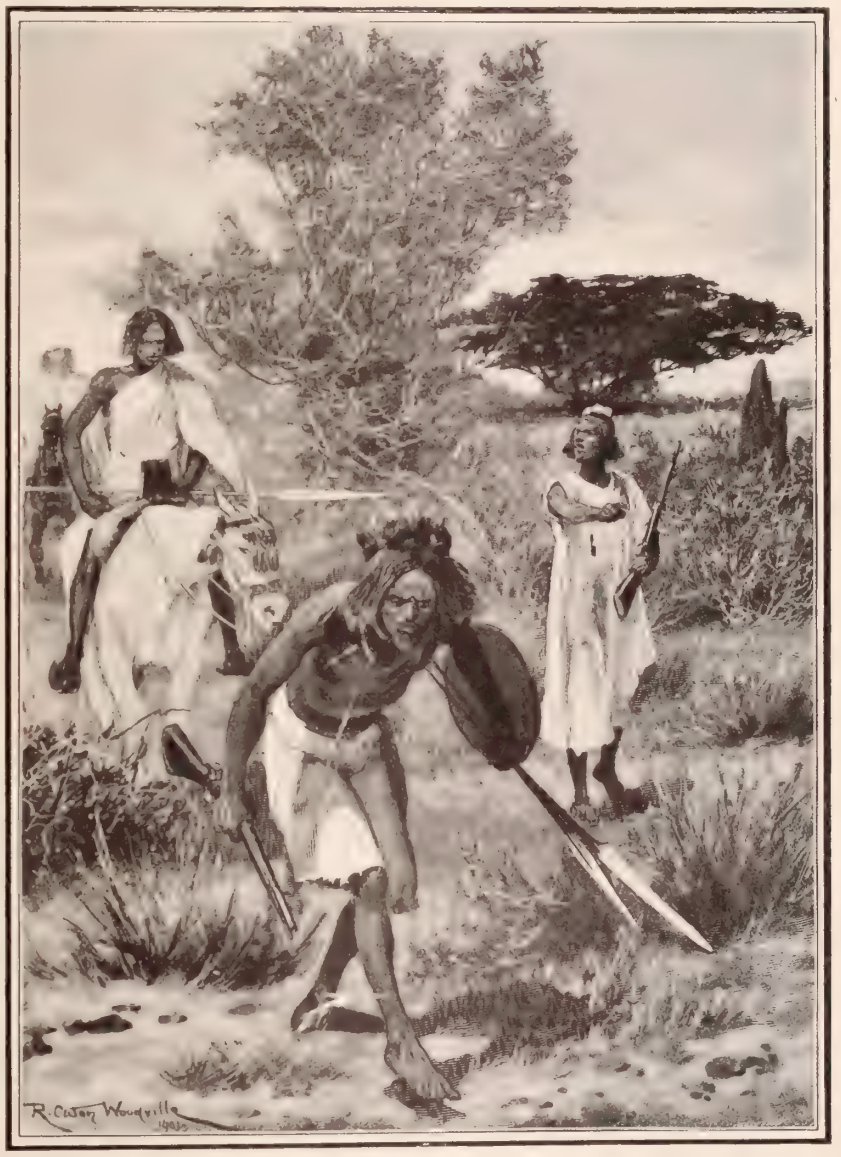
A summer halt in the country is full of suggestion. Born amid harvests and flocks, one always has a full mine to draw upon. David, the Psalmist, on almost every page of his divine poem, reveals that he was a country boy before he became king and poet. David, the shepherd-boy, watching, beautiful, brave and musical. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp-string that is thrilling through all ages. David, the boy, was gathering material for David the poet and David the man. David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding juice of the tree; and when he became a man he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David, the boy, had been fond of hunting birds' nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were under her; and when he became a man he said, "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunder-storm that frighten[s] the red deer into premature sickness; and when he became a man he said, "The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to [illegible]." David, the boy, had lain upon his back, looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of Divine embroidery, the Divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars; and he became a man and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

War in Somaliland

RECENT cable despatches report a new outbreak of fanaticism in Africa. This time it is to the east of the Soudan, in the region immediately south of the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea. The leader of the outbreak is known as the Mad Mullah. He appears to be desirous of emulating the Mahdi of the Soudan. He levs tribute from the caravans passing through Somaliland to and from the coast and the interior, and is endeavoring to bring all the tribes of the country under his sway. The people are a tall, fine race, active and robust, like the Zulus. They are fierce and lawless, chivalry Mohammedans, yielding obedience to none but their own tribal chiefs, and indisposed to combine into a nation. They cultivate the land, but their property consists chiefly in their herds of cattle and camels. It is believed that they are descended from the Arabs who some four or five hundred years ago crossed the Red Sea and settled in Africa. Their liberties have not been abridged, but now that they are taking the offensive, and interfering with traffic and commerce, an expedition has been sent against them by England from the Soudan, and by Abyssinia, which joins Somaliland on the northwest. It is believed that the Mad Mullah has undertaken more than he can accomplish, in trying to unite the tribes, and that mutual jealousy will prevent his ever attaining such a following as the Mahdi had. It is a pity that they should have aroused the animosity of civilized nations, for there can be but one end to a conflict between them and their powerful foes. So long as they were peaceful and inoffensive, they were let alone, but now that they have begun hostilities, the inevitable result will ensue.

All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword (Matt. 26: 52).



SOMALI WARRIORS FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF AN ENEMY

A Sailor's Personal

A peculiar method of finding a friend was adopted recently by a sailor belonging to the navy. He obtained leave of absence to visit his relatives ashore. He was glad to find that another sailor from the same vessel, who was his special chum, was to have his leave at the same time. He had agreed to visit this chum and spend the last two days of his leave with him at his home. But first he must go to his own town, to see his own relatives. When the vacation was nearly run out, he set out for the town in which his chum lived. On his arrival there, he discovered to his consternation that the slip of paper on which his chum had written his address was reposing in the pocket of the clothes he had left at home. He tried in vain to recall the street and number of his chum's home. He inquired from letter-carriers, policemen and others, but no one knew the man he wanted to find. After debating with himself what course he should pursue, he heard the notes of a bugle with which a clock-peddler was trying to attract customers. The sound suggested to the sailor a way of solving his difficulty. For a small sum he obtained the use of the bugle at intervals, and went into various parts of the town, and on the corner of the streets played his ship's call. Very soon he was rewarded for his ingenuity. A window in one of the houses was thrown up and a familiar voice hailed him, bidding him come in. He could not have found a landsman in that way, but a sailor, as he well knew, would recognize the familiar strain, and would know that it was a sailor who was blowing it. So it should be with the Christian. The language of the kingdom of God should find recognition in the ears of all who belong to the kingdom.

There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification. Therefore if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian (I. Cor. 14: 10).

A New Pavement

A well-known European scientist has introduced a new method of paving the streets, which promises to supersede stone, asphalt and all other materials. It is called Ceramo-crystal, and is composed chiefly of ground glass, as fine as powder, which, when it is subjected to extreme heat, is compressed under an immense pressure. When it has cooled and hardened it becomes firm, and resists any pressure that can be applied to it. A specimen flagstone of this material was recently tested in Paris, by dropping upon it a weight of two tons. It did not make the slightest impression upon it, and not until the weight was dropped from a great height, for the twentieth time, did a crack appear in the crystal. Neither cold nor heat affects it, and water runs easily from its smooth surface. Preparations are now being made for paving with it some of the busiest streets in the European capitals. If it succeeds there, it will soon come into general use, as it has the qualifications that have long been desired in a paving material. Improvements are continually being made to facilitate rapid and easy locomotion, but in spiritual matters the facilities that God has provided are too often neglected, in spite of the testimony of those who have tried them.

He keepeth the paths of judgment, and preserveth the way of his saints (Prov. 2: 8).

A Strange Fraud

An extraordinary charge was made in the District Court of Fort Scott, Kan., recently, against a physician. He was placed on trial for aiding a man to obtain eight thousand dollars from three insurance companies by a pretended death. The evidence against him was so conclusive, that the prisoner made a full confession in the hope of gaining a mitigation of sentence. He said that the man insured was in urgent need of money, and the physician himself was not averse to making some. The plan was concocted, and the share of each in the proceeds was arranged. The man then started on a journey in a wagon accompanied by a servant. When he had reached a lonely place, he pretended to fall ill, and sent the servant back for the doctor. On his arrival at the place where the supposed sick man lay in the wagon, the doctor pronounced the case one of small-pox. As the servant had not had the disease, the doctor forbade him approaching the wagon. Two days afterwards the doctor told the servant that his master was dead, and as the disease was infectious, bade him dig a grave under a tree on a hillside. The servant saw the doctor lower the body into the grave and cover it with some loose boards, and he so informed the insurance companies, adding that he had himself filled up the grave. In the confession the doctor now makes, he says that in the night he lengthened the grave, carrying it under the heavy underbrush. When the supposed dead man was lowered into it and the boards were put in place, he crawled out of the grave beneath the under brush and lay still while his servant filled up the grave, and the next night made his escape. The policies were then collected and the money divided. The fraud would have escaped detection if it had not been that the supposed dead man was seen and recognized about a year later. He eluded arrest, however; but the doctor who had helped him was not so fortunate. It may be hoped that the man who feigned death will repent of his evil deeds and find pardon through Christ, so that when he really dies and is buried he will escape in a different way from the power of the grave.

He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live (John 11: 25).

A Bottomless Bog

A railroad company which is making extensive improvements on its line, has encountered a difficult problem about two miles from Hartford, Conn. It is a sink hole, which has already cost an immense sum in efforts to make it solid. About thirty-five years ago, when the road was constructed, hundreds of tons of timber and refuse were cast into the hole and gradually sank away. Finally a roadbed was established over the hole, about one hundred and twenty-five feet in width, which, to all appearance, was substantial. Now, after thirty-five years of sustaining hundreds of heavy trains, the spot has begun to sink again, and promises to be as troublesome as in former years. While the working crew was engaged in raising the track at this point a few days ago and dirt was being dumped into the place, a gradual subsidence was discovered, and when a big mogul engine pulled up and stopped on the "sink" the ground under the track sank almost twelve inches and the big machine almost toppled over before it could be pulled off. Workmen say that the rails over the place in one night sank below the level of the road-bed more than two feet, and when trains pulled over it the rails yielded like rubber. A watchman is kept at the spot night and day, and all trains are required to cross at a low rate of speed. In his *Pilgrim's Progress*, Bunyan gives a similar description of the Slough of Despond, into which, he says, "millions of wholesome instructions had been cast to make good ground of the place," but without success. In that case, however, it is consolatory to know that there is always a way of escape for those who fall into it.

He brought me up, out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock (Ps. 40: 2).

BRIEF NOTES

The recent census of the British Isles shows that the present population of Great Britain and Ireland is 41,454,578, an increase of 3,721,656 over the census of 1891.

The India balance sheet just made up by the British Government shows that the amount spent last year in the relief of sufferers by the famine was $81,050,000. It was expended chiefly in the relief camps and in the hospitals.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has been seriously ill with an affection of the heart, similar to that which proved fatal to Mr. D. L. Moody. For three days his life was despaired of, but at the time of writing the physicians are beginning to entertain hopes of his recovery.

Mr. John Willis Baer stated, at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention, that there are now 61,427 Christian Endeavor Societies, with an aggregate membership of over four millions. At the Convention ten years ago, the numbers were 16,274 societies and less than one million members.

King Oscar, of Sweden, is entitled to a life-saving medal. While walking the streets of Copenhagen during his recent visit to the King of Denmark, he saw a lady on a bicycle fall under the feet of a horse. He ran forward, and with one hand stopped the horse, while with the other he drew the lady out of her perilous position.

5th International Convention of the Epworth League

...THE GREAT METHODIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY TO ASSEMBLE THIS WEEK IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL...

SEE PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE

THE ALHAMBRA

MECHANICS' PAVILION, CHIEF PLACE OF ASSEMBLY

A STREET IN CHINATOWN

FOR members of the Epworth League, and for the city of San Francisco, this will be a memorable week. Probably the beautiful city of the Golden Gate never had so many Methodists within its borders as are now there and on their way there, to keep tryst with their brethren and sisters of the great organization of the Epworth League. Congratulations are in order, first to the League, on having so attractive a city for the scene of its Fifth International Convention, and secondly, to the city, in entertaining so enthusiastic and aggressive a body of young Christians. Such assemblies are stimulating to religious life, wherever they are held, and give an impetus to the spiritual work of the churches. They prove to the world that religion is a reality, a vital force, which stands for something in the lives of people who will travel long distances and incur expense and inconvenience in order take part in discussion of spiritual matters.

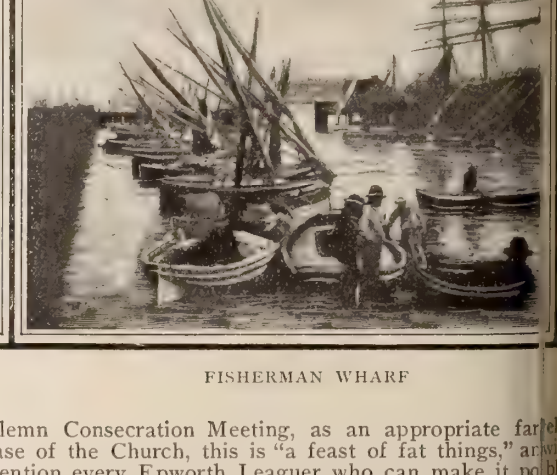
On our first page is a picture of the interior of Mechanics' Pavilion, in which the principal meetings of the Convention will be held. It is an enormous building, capable of seating eight thousand persons, and when it is filled with such an audience as that of the delegates of the Leagues of the United States, Canada, and foreign lands, it is a most impressive spectacle. With this picture are portraits of Mr. Phelan, the Mayor of San Francisco, who will welcome the delegates on behalf of the city, and of two leading Epworth Leaguers who have devoted themselves to the work of preparing for the Convention. On this page are pictures of interesting scenes in San Francisco, and a portrait of Bishop Joyce, the President of the Board of Control of the Epworth League.

The Convention will hold its first session on Thursday, July 18, and from that time until Sunday evening, July 21, when the farewell session will be held, there will be little leisure time for any conscientious Epworth Leaguer in the city. Not only will there be three meetings each day, but there will be three meetings going on simultaneously, morning, afternoon and evening, thus enabling the delegate to make a choice of the meetings he prefers to attend. The meetings other than those in the Mechanics' Pavilion are to be held in Woodward's Pavilion and in the Metropolitan Temple.

BISHOP JOYCE
President of the Epworth League

SCENE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

MAIN DRIVE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK



FISHERMAN WHARF

According to the provisional programme which has been prepared, the first session on *Thursday* will be Communion services, held simultaneously in three churches at eleven A. M. In the afternoon, in Mechanics' Pavilion there will be a welcome meeting, at which it is expected that addresses will be made by the Governor of California, the Mayor of San Francisco, Bishop Hamilton and Dr. Simmons. The responses will be made by Bishop Joyce, Bishop Candler of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, N. W. Howell Esq. of Canada, and Bishop Williams of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church. In the evening, three meetings will be held to discuss topics suggested by the beginning of the new century. Young People's Movements in the last century, and in the present century, and Twentieth Century Methodism, are the three central topics, and suitable leaders have been assigned to each topic at each meeting.

On *Friday*, the engagements of the day begin with four Sunrise Prayer Meetings at 6.30 in various churches. At eight o'clock, the Convention will take up the most important of all the subjects in the programme. This is the social relations of the Church and the individual Christian. Among the divisions of the topic are: The Church and the Liquor Question; The Church and the Workingman The Church and the Young Man; The Church and the Newspaper; Sabbath De ration and the Institutional Church. On these subjects able speakers are on th for the simultaneous meetings. In the afternoon, the discussion turns on the fo movements within the Church: The Results Achieved, The Work Ahead, Per Work, The Work of the Layman, Systematic Benevolence, How to Use the etc. In the evening there is a choice of topics: A Missionary Mass Meeti Mechanics' Pavilion; The Christian Citizen's Duties, at Woodward's Pavilion the Christ Life in the New Century, at Metropolitan Temple.

Saturday is to be devoted to the departments. After the Sunrise Prayer ings, the Junior League Rally is to be held. The Literary and Spiritual D ment and the League Devotional meeting will be discussed, with the view of o ing suggestions for increasing their efficiency. Another s will take up the Social and Mercy and Help Departments, a fourth section will consist of a Conference of Chapter Of at which eminent officers, who have become experts in their will speak. In the afternoon a grand mass meeting will be in Golden Gate Park, to be followed by a band concert. evening will be given up to State rallies.

Sunday, the closing day, will open with Love Feast ser led by divines famous in the church, whose names are hous words in every Methodist family. Visiting delegates will o the pulpits of the churches of the city at the morning servic the afternoon there will be a children's mass meeting in W ward Pavilion, and devotional services in various churche the evening, four Praise Services will be held, at whic dresses will be given by famous pulpit orators, andeach s

In the familiar phrase of the Church, this is "a feast of fat things," a surely draw to the Convention every Epworth Leaguer who can make it p to attend. The programme is only provisional, but we may be quite sure that will be no change in an arrangement so well considered and so skilfully bal except such as may be absolutely necessary. It shows how clearly the ma have perceived the problems that are moving men's minds, and the need the L has to keep itself in touch with the strenuous American life of to-day. The re the conference on such topics cannot be otherwise than helpful, and it will as be felt in the cities of our broad land when the delegates return to their home

It would, we suppose, be heresy to say that the Epworth League, like the tian Endeavor and other young people's societies, is on its trial, but there can doubt in the minds of careful observers that it would be wise to prepare for of strain. When the novelty of a new movement has worn off, there is apt t decrease of interest, and a falling away of people whom Christ pictured as ground hearers, who receive a new thing with joy, but having no root, soon away. It behooves the leaders in all these societies to keep them from driftin a mechanical, perfunctory condition, by adopting new methods and opening u lines of work. That is one of the best services such conventions as this can r because they afford opportunities for suggestion and discussion and an excha experiences which must be mutually beneficial.

A PEEP AT HOLLAND FOLK

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

MATRON FROM MIDDLEBURG

MAIDEN FROM ZEALAND

GOOD patriots as we Americans are, we have a sentiment of chivalry which is easily aroused, and, just as we held in tender regard the aged Queen of England, and lamented her death with the loyalest of her own people, we hold in loving admiration the young Queen of the Netherlands, Wilhelmina. For a long time we called her the little queen, as we had a right to do, having watched her growing up, and take an interest in her health, her prospects and her education, having also heartily approved the wise management of her sensible mother. Now that she is no longer entitled to the diminutive, we are still of those who care about her comings and goings, and who wish her well, and hope for her a long and happy reign.

Picturesque Holland has a red, white, and blue flag, the colors, like our own, symbolizing intense love of liberty, and determination to maintain it to the death. Red for life-blood, white for purity, blue for truth, what banner can be finer for a banner under which brave men and fair women are to live and die. Holland, the hollow land, was redeemed from the encroaching, menacing imperious sea by a thousand years of stubborn strife, a titanic struggle, during which the dykes were built which protect the country from the incursions of ocean tide and river floods. Speaking precisely, Holland is only one of eleven provinces which compose the kingdom of the Netherlands. At home, the Hollanders number four millions of people. Abroad, in their numerous colonies, the Dutch nation rules many thousands of brown and yellow peoples, not with the iron hand of despotism, but ever with toleration, justice, and discretion and also with a thrift which makes the Dutchman rich. The whole world has looked on in wonder and sympathy at the unequal conflict in South Africa, where the Boers, descendants of the Hollanders, a peace-loving farming people, have resisted so manfully, in the effort to preserve their republican order, the mighty onset of Great Britain. Perseverance and pluck are inborn in the Dutch and their descendants everywhere. After forty years, in the long ago, Spain gave up her effort to conquer Holland.

Perhaps the characteristic which first occurs to us when we think of the Dutch, is their cleanliness. The homes of Holland are beautifully, brightly, and invariably spotless. No Dutch matron can tolerate dirt within her borders, and the windows fairly twinkle, the doorsteps shine, the floors gleam with polishing and scouring, and the towns reflect the neatness of the separate homes. Some credit must be given to the fact, that the people have plenty of water; but water would not accomplish the dainty results it does without the use of the mop, the broom, and the resolute human hand to wield them. We owe to the Dutch one article of common use, which we would not know how to do without, namely, starch. Dr. Wm. Elliot Griffis tells us that to the Dutch we are indebted for the thimble, that little finger-helmet being their invention, and that we must thank them, too, for the shirt, nightgown, bed-tick, pocket-handkerchief, tablecloth, napkin, and sheets, these indispensable adjuncts to our modern comfort originating with the clever Netherlanders, in the thirteenth century. As we look back a few hundred years, and note how poor and limited were the resources of our ancestors in the most commonplace domestic lines of luxury, we cannot but rejoice that we were not born too soon.

The Dutch are plodding and patient. No one can hurry these sober, placid, and home-loving people. In the faces of the grave, middle-aged women, of the innocent young girls, in the rosy children, we read amiability, decision, kindness, and love for hearth and home. The peasant dress is the same from age to age, the brooch, the ear-rings, the buckles, are family heirlooms, handed down from mother to daughter. The headdress, the sash, the bodice, the quaint skirt, the gay colors or the sombre hues, belong to history, and are indicative of the district or the province where the people reside. It would be the greatest of pities should that happen in Holland which here in New York we constantly see among our immigrant population, peasant families laying aside their beautiful and distinctive garb, and assuming the fashionable dress of the period, often as inconvenient as it is unbecoming.

Dutch art has immortalized the fireside. Dutch painters are realists, investing the cradle, the homely hearth, the mother, the betrothal, or the village wedding with the beauty of their loving study. A Dutchman of to-day, Marten Maartens, has written several very remarkable novels, not in his own tongue, but in English, one of them, *God's Fool*, having a claim to live, beyond mere transient popularity, among the books that became classics. Incidentally, this romance paints Dutch daily life in strong colors.

A GROUP OF FISHER-FOLK

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

Fishing is naturally a flourishing industry among the Hollanders, and the fisher-folk, living by the sea, and winning their bread from its waves, are strong, simple-hearted, and brave. Sometimes the men are out all night buffeting wind and storm; sometimes the wife's candle burns late, that her good man may be lighted in with his hardly-won spoils. Very quaint and sweet are the little children of the fishing hamlet, with their blue eyes, freckled skins, and dimpled cheeks. Not only the catching of fresh fish, but the drying and salting of fish for export goes on in some of the thrifty provinces of Holland.

In winter, the canals which intersect the land are alive with skaters. Women skate to market and to make friendly calls. Children skate to and from school. Burgomasters skate to the council-board. Merchants and mechanics skate to business. Lovers and sweethearts skate for the pleasure of each other's company. Skating is the very poetry of motion, and nothing can be more exhilarating, nor more fascinating than the open-air life on the ice, which goes gaily on during the winter. From the queen to the lowest dairy-maid, every woman skates, and little tots just beginning to walk are fitted with skates as with shoes, that they may be adepts in the graceful national accomplishment.

The Hollanders are an intensely religious, as well as a liberty-loving people. Going to church is not only a duty, but a privilege. The habit of nicety extends to many small details, and as a Puritan lady of old Salem or Boston carried her sprigs of Southern wood and lavender to meeting, folded in her fine Sunday handkerchief, the Dutch matron of the present carries her Bible wrapped in a square of embroidered linen. A Dutch friend once remonstrated with me for keeping valuable books on shelves, where they were liable to dust and warping from heat. "In Holland," she said, "I kept such volumes in a chest, carefully protected from injury." She did not understand the desire to have books within reach of the hand, where they might so easily be guarded better. Certainly her feeling indicated a high regard for books, placing them in the same rank with jewels, crystals, and fine stuffs, which we do not expose to careless depredations or injuries.

Everywhere in Holland one catches the gleam of the church spire, and hears the pleasant tolling of the church bell. Our own country, wherever Dutch occupation preceded any other, shows the same domination of the steeple and the chimes. John Fiske, in his delightful story of the Dutch and Quaker colonies in America, pays a high tribute to the gain the country made in her early days, by the coming hither of the Holland element.

One other fine trait belongs to the Dutch, and that is their reverence for the family bond. Fickleness and disdain of the marriage tie are not peculiarities of the Dutch character. They are inherently loyal and faithful, rear large families in the fear of God and in honesty toward men; are simple, straightforward, and genial, people who win our respect and retain our esteem.

Now that women are busy in making up their programmes for next winter's study in their literary clubs, why might not some of them map out a course of reading of Dutch history, Dutch commerce, Dutch art, and Dutch folklore? There would be a chance for much variety, and the afternoons of a club season could be thus turned to good advantage.

It is interesting to discover that the floriculture for which Holland is renowned is a far cry back to the crusaders of the Middle Ages. When the Crusaders came trailing home from their holy wars, they brought from the East seeds, roots, bulbs, and flowers, which grew apace in the soil of Europe. The moist soil of the Netherlands proved just what the Oriental blooms most preferred. "Indeed," says Dr. Griffis, in *Brave Little Holland*, "the tulip not only drove the serious Dutchman mad, but in the sixteenth century all the world went wild over the bulbs of Haarlem. Even to-day, the drained lands left by the pumped-out lake of Haarlem is the best for bulbs of any land in the world. Whereas, in other parts of Nederland, farms do not usually pay over four per cent. on the money invested, the Haarlem bulb-lands yield a revenue of twelve per cent. per annum. New varieties of these brilliant exotics are continually developed. One of the latest, named the Abraham Lincoln, is the direct descendant of an Asiatic ancestor brought westward three centuries ago."

Still further to quote Dr. Griffis, whose loving researches with Dutch history have made him an authority, "Dutch captains making voyages to tropical countries were ordered to bring home seeds, bulbs, roots, and cuttings. From their settlements in Brazil, the Hudson River region, South Africa, the Spice Islands, Formosa, Japan, and Asiatic lands, many new plants were introduced, first into Holland and then into all the gardens of the Western world."

The pretty girls of Holland, plump rather than slim, are apt to develop into buxom and solid matrons, taking on flesh with time. Solidity is a feature of these women and men of the brave little country which fought so strenuous a battle with the sea, and won it in the end.

At a woman's club luncheon not long ago, a guest who had recently returned from Europe, displayed a duplicate set of china, cream-jug, sugar-bowl, cups and saucers, all exactly patterned after the breakfast set of Queen Wilhelmina. It was of Dutch ware, made for the royal bride, and, after a few sets were manufactured, the mould was broken. Therefore, the lady was very much pleased with her treasured souvenir of a visit to the Hague.

A YOUNG GIRL FROM MARKEN

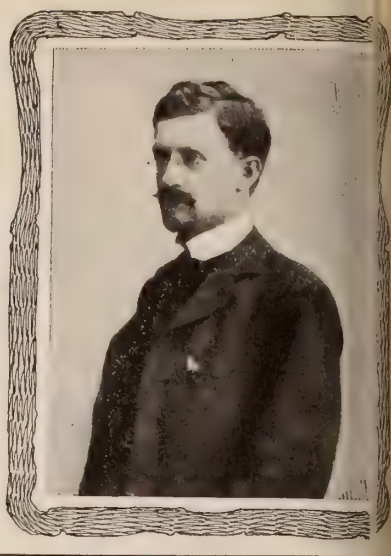
To Letter-Writers

—A FRIEND. A gentleman and lady who are corresponding in a merely friendly way, should begin their letters "My dear Miss Smith," or "My dear Mr. Jones," as may be, and sign themselves "Sincerely yours." If they are sufficiently intimate they may address each other by their Christian names.

A TYPICAL RUSSIAN PEASANT

JOHN, OF CRONSTADT, THE CZAR'S ALMONER

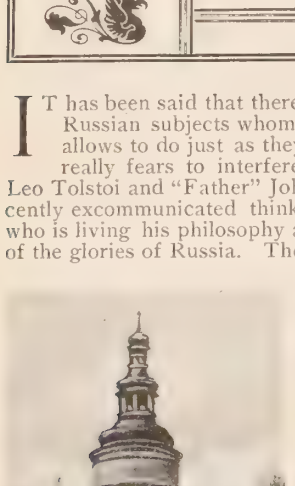
LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN



THE ALMONER OF THE CZAR

BY... LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

IT has been said that there are two—and only two—Russian subjects whom the Imperial Government allows to do just as they please and with whom it really fears to interfere. These two are Count Leo Tolstoi and "Father" John, of Cronstadt. The recently excommunicated thinker, reformer and author, who is living his philosophy at Yasnaia Poliana, is one of the glories of Russia. The saintly little sweet-faced pastor who exemplifies the power and beauty of a life of prayer, has made Cronstadt the centre, the pivot, the Mecca of the love of the Russian people.



THE CATHEDRAL, CRONSTADT

One beautiful morning in September I drove up to the Nicolai Railroad station in Moscow. It was very near train time, and I became somewhat impatient when the droshky stopped nearly a block from the station. A great crowd was surging about the building. Presently a cordon of gendarmes formed at the entrance and gradually spread out, forming a lane or road from the building to the other side of the street.

"What is it?" I asked a military officer nearby.

"Pere Jeauvien," he answered, surprised at my second question. "It is always like this."

In a few moments, a spare little man, in the garb of the Russian Church, with gray hair and beard, but a singularly beautiful face, with clear, pink skin, came out of the station and walked quickly through the gendarmes to the carriage which stood waiting for him. The crowd was literally on its tiptoes, and surging forward persistently. An elegant carriage forced its way through the crush and a richly-dressed lady, evidently of exalted rank, alighted. The police made way respectfully. On foot she proceeded to the carriage in which sat the little cleric. She seized his hand and kissed it reverently. He leaned over, spread his hands above her head and blessed her. Then he turned and said something to the police. Immediately a commotion arose in the crowd. One by one they were permitted to approach the carriage and kiss his hand. After the lady came two dirty moujiks, one still holding the pick with which he had been working on the railroad. The little pastor in the carriage pulled out from a bag a bundle of what looked like yellow paper, and began to hand out bits of it rapidly to the crowd. I jumped out of the droshky and pressed closer. He was giving out three-ruble notes ($1.50 each) so quickly that I could not keep count of them. I found myself again near the polite military officer, and he volunteered further explanations.

"Pastor John has been called to Moscow," he said, "to pray for the Princess A—— (naming a lady high in aristocratic circles), who is ill. She has sent him a sum of money—probably three or four hundred rubles—for his work, and you see how he is using it."

The incident was typical of the famous priest's work and methods. John Iliytch Sergieff, of the Russo-Greek Cathedral of St. Andrew's, Cronstadt, the man whom all Russia believes in and loves, is the general almoner of the Empire. When a rich man wants to give money for a benevolent or charitable object, and does not know just how or where to bestow it, he gives it unreservedly and absolutely to the little Russo-Greek pastor, who distributes it wisely and with scrupulous unselfishness. Millions of rubles pass through his hands every year; yet he is a poor man. He lives humbly, and even denies himself many of what we might call the necessities of life. Boats and trains in which he journeys are so besieged by crowds that he has to ask police aid in getting to his destination. When he comes to St. Petersburg the news spreads like wildfire, and crowds run madly to get near his presence, to receive his blessing, or to beg his attendance on sick relatives or friends.

His power in prayer is believed in all over Russia, and many instances of answers to prayer, resulting in the cure of sick persons, are cited. Many of the cures are almost incredible. The little pastor, however, repudiates any connection with "faith-healers." Sometimes, he believes, sickness is God's messenger, sent to work certain changes in us. "I will pray," he says simply; "I will pray, but God will do as he sees best."

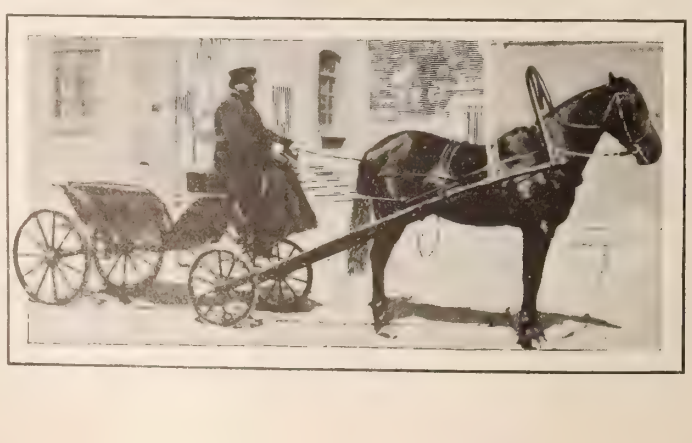
Father John was with the late Czar, Alexander III. at his death. In his own simple words he describes the last moments of the Emperor. I copy from the *St. Petersburg Church News*:

On the 17th of October, 1894, in accordance with his desire, I administered the Holy Sacrament to his Imperial Majesty.

On the 20th of October he wished to see me again. I hastened to him immediately and remained in his presence till the moment of his death. By the wish of the Empress, I read the prayer for healing the patient, and anointed him with oil. The Emperor expressed the wish that I should lay my hands on his head, and when I had done so he said to me: "The people love you." "Yes," I answered, "your people love me." Then the Emperor said: "Yes; because they know who you are and what you are." . . . "Is it not oppressive to your Majesty when I hold my hands on your head?" I asked. "No," the Emperor answered; "I feel better when you hold your hands over me."

It was a beautiful day in October when I sailed down the Neva to Cronstadt to visit this remarkable man. His home is a little, plain gray house, behind a modest wooden fence. Yet there dwells the man who commands more real reverence and could wield more real power than the ruler of 130 millions. "I generally arise before dawn," he said, in answer to my question. "Then I spend half an hour in meditation and prayer." Scarcely can he leave for the cathedral before his door is besieged with the sick and the poor, and often with messengers from the rich requesting his presence. It is impossible to listen to everyone; so, with a word of comfort here and a bit of advice there, he makes his way to his droshky and drives to church. After service there are his regular visits to the sick, the suffering, the dying. At home, dozens—sometimes hundreds—of letters await him, many requiring immediate answer, some asking his presence in a far distant city, all demanding thought.

A RUSSIAN DROSHKY AND ITS DRIVER



The Cathedral of St. Andrew, in Cronstadt, is a quaint, beautiful old church. Its most striking features to a visitor are the six exquisitely painted pictures of six of the Russian patriarchs. The figures are so wonderfully executed that they have a really spiritual, almost unearthly expression. They force one to believe that, however empty some of the forms of the Orthodox Russo-Greek Church may seem to-day, it certainly must have had a grand past.

The good pastor has written a book—a compilation of "edifying thoughts and feelings," which has recently been translated into English. It is entitled *My Life in Christ*, and it is a strange mingling of medieval mysticism and nineteenth century "practicalness."

Fervent, tearful prayer, he writes, not only delivers the heart from sin, but it also cures bodily maladies and infirmities. It renews the whole being of a man. I speak from experience. What a priceless gift is prayer.

On the other hand, he says:

Forced prayer develops hypocrisy, renders a man incapable of any occupation requiring meditation, and makes him slothful in everything, even in fulfilling his duties.

His remarks on the "rules of life" are like proverbs. Here are a few:

The greatest gift of God is peace or rest of heart.

In all caprices, all offences, all manner of family unpleasantness, always sincerely blame yourself. Acknowledge yourself as the real cause of the unpleasantness. Say "it was all my fault," and the house will be healed, and your first love and honor will return. Know nothing at home but more love.

Everything passes except love. Love is eternal.

Guard by every means your heart, or the sincerity of your heart. Your capability of sympathizing with your neighbors in their joys and sorrows. Avoid as you would a mortal poison any indifference and coldness to people's various misfortunes, sicknesses and needs.

The science of sciences is to know our passions, and to know how to conquer and expel them. It is a great science not to be angry with any one or with anything; not to think evil of anyone, not even if he has done us evil, but to find excuse for him in ourselves, or in something else. It is a great science to despise gain and praise and luxury, and to live temperately and moderately in all things.

A life of high ideals and simple Christian faith such is the example of John of Cronstadt.

The Revised Version Delights

TOPEKA, KAN.

Dear Editor:—In our re-subscription, we took advantage of your truly marvelous premium, receiving the "Revised Version," and are more than delighted with it, and take pleasure in noting the manner in which we received it. With kind wishes for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which is a part of our family, I am, CHARLES E. ELDRIDGE.

Performed 1,500 Marriages and 2,500 Baptisms

Editor of The Christian Herald: I was interested in the article appearing in your issue of May 8, concerning Rev. Mr. Meese, of Auburn, Ind., who has married 1,500 couples. The Rev. Abram Van Horne was pastor of the Fonda Reformed Church from 1795 to 1[illegible]. He preached in both the Dutch and English languages, and with his pastorate the former language ceased to be heard from the pulpit. The church records show that he officiated at 1,500 marriages and 2,500 baptisms. Sir William C. Van Horne, of M[illegible], is a grandson of Rev. Abram Van Horne. I found during the month of April he visited another grandson of the same clergyman—Mr. Giles H. Van Horne, who, with his family, still resides at Fonda. At the opening of the century, when population was still so sparse, the record of 1,500 marriages cut on Dominie Van Horne's tombstone, is a remarkable one indeed. J. C. TUD, D.D., Minister *ad interim* of the Fonda Reformed Church.

Fonda, N. Y.

His Life for His Friend

A BEAUTIFUL instance of voluntary sacrifice is related by the *Christian Commonwealth*: The door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgeworth, England, was left open, and two young boys wandering in were tempted to mount up into the upper part, and scramble from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling, while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his companion's legs. In this position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help, for no one was near. At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to his friend below that they were both done for. "Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the little lad. "I think I could," rejoined the other. "Then, good-bye, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow, loosing his hold and dropping to instant death.

Northfield Women's Conference

A conference will be held at Northfield from until July 22, to which all young women are gently invited. The purpose is Christian fellowship and to afford an opportunity to unite in prayer for a spiritual blessing upon our colleges, places of business and home life and ourselves. College students, young women engaged as wage-earners and teachers living at home; young women in society, young women of all sorts and conditions are included in this invitation. Opportunity to study the Bible and to consider the methods of Christian effort and missionary progress will be afforded under eminent leaders, and there will likewise be time for pleasant social intercourse and recreation.

Born Again in War Time

How Mary A. Livermore, a Christian from Childhood, First Realized the True Spiritual Life

...BY...
REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

MARY A. LIVERMORE is one of the most widely known and universally reverenced and loved woman in America. She has had a long and brilliant career. Her friends celebrated recently in Melrose, Mass., her eightieth birthday. But she is not eighty years old; she is rather eighty years young. Her life has been one long career of helpfulness and blessing to mankind. During the Civil War, when the nation's resources were tried to the uttermost to keep soldiers to the front, Mary A. Livermore was one of the very strongest and sanest personalities which the great emergency brought forward. For months and years she toiled, almost night and day, and worked miracles in bringing a woman's mercy and tenderness to the bedside of sick, and wounded, and dying soldiers, in camps

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

and hospitals. She might well be called the American Florence Nightingale of that period.

The source of this strong and beautiful life, which has been such a great blessing to two generations, was in a Christian childhood. Mary Livermore's father and mother were members of the Baptist Church in Boston for nearly sixty years. They gave their children the best education afforded by the times, but they were still more anxious that their children should become Christians.

In a recent letter from Mrs. Livermore, written only a few weeks ago, she says: "The children in my father's house were so religiously trained, that we gravitated toward church membership irresistibly. We were under the constant influence of my father and mother, and they allowed no one to supersede them in matters of religious instruction and training. It was too austere, but that was the fault of those days. And while I have unlearned much that I was taught in early life, as every one is likely to do, the essential truths of my religious education are immortal, and will abide with me forever. If it be a good thing to have ingrained in one's nature so vital a faith in God, right, duty and immortality, that no accident of life can destroy it, or annul its control of one's conduct, then I have a great cause for gratitude to my father and mother

"There were eighteen young girls in the parish, who were similarly situated as myself. We were friends and schoolmates, not one was sixteen years old, and all were harnessed into the activities of the church in various small ways. Our beloved pastor and friend, Rev. Dr. R. H. Neale, minister of the First Baptist Church of Boston for nearly half a century, repeatedly urged us to unite with the church, but we always hesitated, from the fear that we were not 'good enough.' At last he invited us all to his house for an afternoon tea, and planned the visit so well that not one failed to be present. It was a delightful occasion, but withal very earnest and serious, for our good minister pressed home upon us the duty we owed to the church, our parents and ourselves, until we became sensitive to it, and promised performance of it. We conferred with our parents, who heartily acquiesced, and on a beautiful day in spring we were baptized, and received into the membership of the church. We have remained friends through life, although widely scattered, and variously occupied. Three still tarry on earth. One is the widow of a prominent clergyman, whose son has followed in his father's footsteps, and is a well-known, scholarly minister of the day. The other is the mother of a missionary son and daughter, toiling in India, while of myself I can only say, I have always tried to know the truth and to perform my duty."

What a beautiful window that is into the early life and the sources of power of this great and splendid woman.

In another letter, Mrs. Livermore says to me: "During the Civil War, when I had unusual experiences in the work of the Sanitary Commission, I seemed almost to have been 'born again.' For the first time in my life I comprehended what ministers mean by the phrase, 'The exceeding sinfulness of sin.' I understood as never before, that wrongdoing, whether by an individual or a nation, must inevitably be followed by punishment. I saw most clearly that Christ taught us, in the parable that closes the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, that helpfulness to man is holiness toward God; and that to help our brother and to love him, despite his imperfections, is as essential to Christian life as to love God, and whatever is good and true. The largeness and divineness of the Christian religion became apparent to me; a keener comprehension of right and wrong developed within me; and I saw that the Golden Rule is as fundamental in the world of duty and happiness, as is Newton's law of gravitation in the world of matter. My life since the war has been very different from what it was before. Neither prayer, praise, worship, nor meditation make up the Christian life. They are aids to it. Christianity is not simply a matter of belief; it is a life, a battle. 'Not words but deeds,' for 'by their fruits shall ye know them.'"

Because of her glorious deeds, and her fruits of righteousness, a whole generation rise up and call Mary A. Livermore "blessed."

The Late Prof. R. E. Hudson

Prof. R. E. Hudson, of Taylor University, who died recently, was born at Napoleon, O., 1843. When but a boy he began singing for churches, camp-meetings and conventions. During the Civil War he served creditably as a soldier, and after the close of the war he became a successful music teacher. In the 70's he was Professor of Music in Mt. Union College, and became an author and publisher of music. In 1880 he began composing, and is now the author of about 130 songs and five song books. Among his most familiar songs are "At the Cross," "Pearly Gates," "Wondrous Love," "His Yoke is Easy," and "Dear Calvary."

He became famous as a singer of his own songs and under their influence many souls have been born into the kingdom. He left his home in Allaire, Ohio, in 1897, and located in Cleveland, Ohio, and was largely engaged in evangelistic and temperance work, and exerted a power for good wherever he appeared. He was a member of the Local Preachers' Association, the Epworth Memorial Church of Cleveland, and the Protected Home Circle. He died at the home of friends in Upland, Ind., June 14, 1901. He had attended the meeting of the Board of Trustees of Taylor University, of which he was a member; and his last public work was the delivery of a lecture in the Upland M. E. Church, entitled: "Christian Citizenship." It seemed specially appropriate that he should breathe his last at Taylor University, the Local Preachers' College, in behalf of which he had labored so earnestly.

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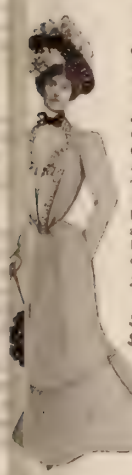

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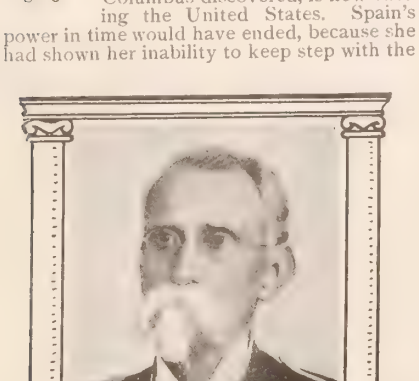
GENERAL GOMEZ VISITS US

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD PATRIOT BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM IN THE FIELD

WASHINGTON, July 4.—The man who, under Providence, has had most to do with ending the power of Spain on the continent which Columbus discovered, is now visiting the United States. Spain's power in time would have ended, because she had shown her inability to keep step with the



GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ

progress of civilized nations, but it was given to General Maximo Gomez to be the instrument most potent in carrying out that which was decreed. The old chief of two insurrections is now getting acquainted with the American people, in whose friendship he always has trusted. It was the dream of General Gomez to see Cuba a free, progressive country, and thanks to the United States that dream may be realized in his old age. His hope and his ambition always were that the island should secure something more than political freedom., He wanted it released from the grinding heel of ecclesiastical domination, which was one of the mainstays of an oppressive government. That wish, too, is realized in his old age, for in Cuba since the American control there has been not simply religious toleration, but absolute equality of worship. This principle is embodied in the Cuban constitution, which, in all probability, will go into effect within the next twelve months, and under which Cuba will try the experiment of governing herself.

I think General Maximo Gomez in many respects is the most remarkable man the West Indies has produced, not excepting even Toussaint L'Ouverture, the hero of the Haytian blacks, or Antonio Maceo, who, in the Cuban wars, proved himself to be a great military chieftain.

As is well known, General Gomez is not a native of Cuba. His blood is of pure Spanish origin, and he was born in the island of San Domingo, when it, too, was a Spanish province. Because he was not a native-born Cuban, and yet took part in Cuba's struggles for liberty, General Gomez sometimes has been called a professional revolutionist. It would be just as fair to class Baron Steuben, Kosciusko, the Polish hero, and Lafayette as professional revolutionists, when they came to the colonies to aid the struggling patriots in the war for independence. In the Ten Years' War, which lasted from 1868 to 1878, and of which General Gomez was the central figure, he made every sacrifice to free Cuba without reward. In the last insurrection he gave even more than his services, for one of his sons fell fighting by the side of Maceo.

General Gomez is something like the late General W. T. Sherman. He is as gruff and as harsh and as irritable as "Old Tecumseh" ever was, but it is only when softness and good nature are likely to be dangerous to the cause in which he is enlisted. He is a poor man to-day, though he might have had uncounted riches. Whatever he has, any of the Cuban insurgents who with him endured the hardships of fighting against Spain's power may always share.

One time last winter I heard a story in Havana which illustrates his kindness to those who suffered with him. Some one discovered that there was no fodder in the stable for his horse, and asked the reason. The reason was quite simple. A Cuban guajiro, or peasant, who had served under Gomez, was in dire poverty and could find no hay for his pony. The pony is part of the life of a Cuban countryman. He will part with anything sooner than it. This former insurgent presented himself to his old chief and told the General his trouble. Without more ado all the fodder which General Gomez had was given to the countryman.

General Gomez is often called "the old Chinaman," because he really looks like a Chinaman. His eyes are small and piercing, and he always wears glasses. The only thing military about him is his mustache. But his looks do not show his full strength of character. His frame is wiry and well knit. His followers tell wonderful tales of his ability to endure great physical fatigue. During the campaigns, he would do his marching in the early morning and late in the evening, always resting his men in the middle of the day. This is an absolute necessity in the tropics, but people from other climates are a long time in learning it. I have been told by both Americans and Cubans who were with General Gomez during the insurrection, that, no matter how hotly they might be pressed by the Spanish troops, he always would insist on this midday rest. Almost invariably he would take his own "siesta" or nap in a hammock. He also did much of his writing in the hammock, and he was a great writer, and still is for that matter. Not only his military orders, but letters to his sister, to his wife and to his children usually were written while he was resting in the hammock. These letters to his family, some of which from time to time were published, show him at his best.

General Gomez sometimes has been charged with ingratitude to the American people; but I do not know on what such charges could be based. He always showed the warmest appreciation of the aid extended by the United States, and when Dr. Klopsch went to Cuba with the funds raised through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the aid of the reconcentrados, warm words of thankfulness came from the woods in the interior, where General Gomez, with a few hundred of his followers, had their headquarters, and were keeping at bay the army of Spain.

Though essentially a soldier, General Gomez has many of the qualities of a statesman. He destroyed property in making war, because it was better than destroying human life, and it served the purposes of the insurrection better.

After the intervention of the United States and the war with Spain had made Cuba free, the majority of the Cubans were filled with an intense desire to make reprisals on the Spaniards. This was a natural feeling, but un-Christian and dangerous to the future peace and prosperity of the island. When the feeling of vengeance was strongest, General Gomez risked his own popularity by antagonizing it. He began preaching the doctrine of peace and concord between Spaniards and Cubans, and urging their joint efforts to rebuild their ruined country. At first his own followers were sullen, but he sternly rebuked their resentments, and insisted that animosities should be forgotten. It was one of the things which showed that he had no sympathy with wreaking revenge for past injuries, and that he could look into the future far enough to see the necessity of all classes in Cuba being welded together in the pursuit of the common welfare.

General Gomez's age is a secret and a well-kept secret. If he has one vanity, it is that of not losing the physical and mental vigor of middle age; and while he delights to be called "the old Chinaman," it displeases him to be considered an old man. He gives the impression that he is in the sixties, yet Cubans who know his history say that he is past seventy, and is, in fact, about the age of President Diaz of Mexico. Whatever his actual age may be, General Gomez does not consider himself too old to learn, and what he learns while in the United States assuredly will be utilized for the benefit of Cuba. He never hesitates to tell the Cubans where he thinks they are wrong.

CHARLES M. PEPPER.

Twenty Years in Union Work

A "RECOGNITION RECEPTION" was given recently by the congregation and Sunday School of the Union Evangelical Church, Corona, New York City, to its pastor, Rev. William Jay Peck, on the completion of his twentieth year as pastor of an undenominational church. It is the only one of its kind in New York City, and probably the oldest in the country. June 13, 1881, he began work. A few scattering members from the Presbyterian, Reformed, Episcopal, and other evangelical churches put in their letters and formed a union church, where the sittings were to be "forever free," the building being generously given by Mr. C. P. Leverich, of New York, expressly for "Union work." Corona is a suburb of the great metropolis. Now it is an active church and Sunday School centre. Mary E. Page gathered five children on her piazza thirty-two years ago, and told them Bible stories. As the sequel of that humble effort, 3,831 Sunday School scholars have been enrolled since the Union Church's organization. Twenty denominations and fifteen nationalities are represented in this unique church. It has been blessed by many revival seasons. The pastor believes in the prevalence of an unremitting revival spirit, and the Sunday School, with its hundreds of boys and girls, has been the church's recruiting ground. At the recent celebration fraternal addresses were made by Rev. Thomas Douglas, Presbyterian; Rev. E. A. Campbell, Methodist; Rev. Charles Clearwater, Reformed; Rev. Charles Keevil, Baptist; Rev. William Hendrickson, Rev. Sidney Barrett, Rev. Robert Trevorrow, Rev. James Coote, Dr. Badger, Dr. A. C. Combes, and Mr. C. D. Leverich. The latter, in closing his speech, presented to the pastor a handsome gold watch and chain, the gift of the congregation and Sunday School.

A Veteran at Rest

AN active, busy, useful life closed on June 30, when Dr. Byron Sunderland passed away at his son's home in the Catskills. For nearly half a century he had been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., and during that period had filled, besides, many responsible and honorable offices in religious and philanthropic spheres. He was eighty-two years of age, and his

DR. BYRON SUNDERLAND

death comes as the patriarch described it, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season."

Dr. Sunderland was a New Englander by birth. He was educated at Middlebury College and at Union Theological Seminary. His first charge was at Batavia, N. Y., where he settled in 1843. Eight years later he removed to Syracuse, N. Y., whence, after a successful pastorate of two years, he went to Washington to begin that long course of brilliant service with which his name will be chiefly identified. During that eventful period Dr. Sunderland came in close contact with the leaders of the nation, and his influence, always tactfully exerted, had greater effect than any one knew. During the Civil War, Dr. Sunderland was Chaplain of the Senate and was brought into intimate relations with President Lincoln. Later, he formed a close friendship with President Garfield, for whom he had a high esteem. During President Cleveland's terms, Dr. Sunderland was the preacher under whom the President sat, and he had the pleasure of officiating at his marriage.

In 1895, at his cordial invitation, Dr. Talmage became co-pastor with him in the church, and three years later Dr. Sunderland, feeling the burden of years, retired from the pastorate, becoming pastor emeritus. When, however, Dr. Talmage resigned shortly afterwards, the church begged its old pastor to resume his work, and he complied. During his ministry, Dr. Sunderland took an active part in the deliberations of the General Assembly on many occasions. He was also a director of Howard University and served on the boards of several hospitals and charitable institutions. Always cheerful, genial and helpful, he delighted to serve in any capacity, and to the last showed little concern for his own ease and quiet, if he could be of service to the Church or the public.

10,000 Confess Christ in Canada

Evangelists H. D. Kennedy, of Peterboro, Ont., and John M. Whyte, of Toronto, have conducted a series of remarkable Gospel meetings during the last few months throughout Ontario. Upwards of 1,000 persons have confessed Christ.

NEW HUSBAND.

Quite an Improvement on the O

"I have been compelled to stop drinl
I said to the friend who asked me to s
en up on a cup of her good coffee.
she said, "that needn't bother you, fo
Postum Food Coffee here, which con
stopped the sick headaches of a fr
mine." I tried her coffee, and it w
good; but when I tried to make it at
was disappointed. I soon found out
was not making it correctly, but by pu
two heaping teaspoonfuls of Postum
person and letting it boil twenty mi
was delicious.

I had at that time been an inv
several years, but did not know my
was caused by coffee drinking, of whic
very fond. I immediately began
better after leaving off coffee an
Postum, and stuck to it. One day
lady who was troubled the same as
and whose appearance on the stree
shocked me, for she was so emaciate
exclaimed in surprise at my improved
ance, and wanted to know what I h
doing. She asked me if I had had
of any kind. I said, "Yes, I have
Postum Food Coffee to work the almo
plete miracle of curing me."

My husband has been absent in Ge
some time, and has been in wretched
having been in the hospital twice for
tion. I wrote him to stop using co
try Postum, told him also just how
it. Yesterday I received a letter fr
in which he says, "I am feeling ve
better, thanks to you and Postum.
better, eat better, and in fact, my
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$75 **Month and Expenses;** no
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TRUE PHILANTHROPY*

Love of Men the Natural Expression of the Love of Christ and its Visible Sign and Manifestation

ONE of the most conspicuous and convincing signs of true conversion is the change in the feeling of the converted man towards others. He feels a love for every one, especially for those who love Christ. "We know," John says, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Other men may hate their enemies, may be indifferent to the sufferings of their neighbors, but the converted man finds a law in him that compels him to a different attitude. Howsoever orthodox a man may be, howsoever regular in attendance on church service and prayer meeting, howsoever liberal in his gifts to Christ's cause, he has reason for concern and self-examination, if he finds himself hating anyone, or remaining indifferent to another's woe. The effect of the change of heart, whenever it occurs, is to bring the subject of it nearer to his fellow-men, to make him more sympathetic and more helpful. Christ knew that it would be so when he enjoyed his example and his teaching encouraged it. In the parable of the Good Samaritan (Luke 10) he inculcated the duty; in the parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16) he emphasized the lesson, and in his description of the judgment (Matt. 25) he made the question of beneficence the touchstone of separation between those who were blessed and those who were sent into outer darkness. Looking at these and other utterances of his, we cannot escape the conclusion, that his ideal for his followers was faith and love and loyalty to himself, manifesting themselves and finding expression in beneficence to people who are in need.

This matter is more important than Christians generally realize. Few ask themselves what their duty toward their neighbors is. Many who give away considerable sums in occasional doles to persistent beggars and to various charities account themselves of negligence: but the true philanthropy which Christ looks for, is a very different matter. No man can do his whole duty by a gift of money however large. The fact may be perceived if we put in the place of the recipient of the gift a dearly loved son or brother. If we were dead, and such a relative were in dire need, what kind of help would we like him to get? Perhaps, money is the very worst kind. He may need much more, sympathy, advice, encouragement. The man who of all the men of the writer's acquaintance, most perfectly fulfils Christ's ideal, is one who has not a hundred dollars of his own in the world, and cannot give money to the needy. Yet he will receive a glorious reward for his helpfulness. He will spend time and take endless trouble to get a poor boy a situation, to find work for a widow, to comfort a mourner, to wait on some poor sick man whose wife must leave him all day to earn bread for the family. He will beg money to set a man up in business; will go to a merchant and plead with him to forgive one of his employés for wrongdoing; will go to court and beg for mercy for a prisoner; will need a convict when he comes out of the penitentiary and will give him a start in a new life. These things are far more useful than money; but only a man whose heart is full of love for Christ and humanity will do such things. But the time is coming when we shall so clearly appreciate Christ's will that every one who calls himself by Christ's name will feel such work incumbent upon him.

The Committee, who select the topics, connect the subject of Foreign Missions with that of philanthropy. Every one who properly appreciates the blessings of the Gospel will recognize the connection. The knowledge of Christ is the greatest need of the world. Most emphatically, he is as the prophet described him, "The Desire of all Nations." That he is rejected by many nations, and that there is no appeal for the Gospel from any does not disprove his title. If they knew the blessings he is ready to impart, they would desire him. If they understood what submission to him and the acceptance of his rule would bring, they would long for him before any other blessing. Even among ourselves, men are blind to the beauty of his character. So, the truest philanthropy, is to make him known to all who know him not. No service that we can render to a brother, either at our own doors or in some heathen land, can benefit him so much as the service of leading him to Christ. We need to feel that the true motive of such work is not apprehension of what will happen to the man who dies in heathenism, but the fact that he is missing the highest good possible to a human being. If we realized fully what Christ is to us, the message would burn within us like a fire until it was delivered. There would be no lack of funds in the treasuries of the missionary societies. The millions who cannot go to preach to the heathen would be so eager for them to have the Gospel, that they would gladly provide all the money that is needed. Christ expected so much of his people. In some way, by some means, every one whom he saves is bound to help others. That is what he is saved for. The Christian who gives to the missionary society becomes a partner in the work of the missionary, and his self-denial that he may give more is an expression of the love of Christ in his own chosen way of giving to humanity for his sake.

*The Committee of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for July 28. Galatians 6: 1-10

CALLED BY THE LORD

Abraham Summoned from Home and Kindred to be a Witness for God

By Mrs. M. Baxter

GOD never leaves himself without witness. Noah lived until nearly the time of Abram's birth, and Shem lived nearly till the time of Abram's death. The flood could not have become a forgotten story of the past while men yet lived who had been in the ark. And yet idolatry must have been early practised after the flood; and "the family of Abram" dwelt of old time beyond the river [Euphrates], even Terah, the father of Abraham and the father of Nahor; and they served other gods (Josh. 24: 2). The testimony of Noah had ceased with his death; as far as we know, there was no man now living who walked with God; there was nothing to be hoped for from man as a race. But God chose from the idolatrous family of Terah, one man who could respond to him, and whom he would make to be a witness, for him to all generations. In Heb. 11: 8, we read that God called Abraham, and in Acts 7: 2, Stephen tells how this call came to him. The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Haran. And Abraham recognized the authority of the call, and obeyed.

Abraham was called, not for himself alone. "Now the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great: and be thou a blessing: and I will bless them that bless thee, and him that curseth thee will I curse; and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 12: 1-3, R. V.). It was a tremendous announcement for one who only now began to know the living God, that such a prospect lay before him; and when, how, by what means, these three great promises should be fulfilled, was not told him. He must take the promises, as they were, upon trust. Either God was not true, and all was an imagination, or God was true, and fully able to do all he said. Then such a prospect was worth all it should cost. Country must go; where he was now known, respected, honored, he would be a forgotten stranger. Kindred must go! In the East, family ties are so strong, that generations of one family live together in the same village, often in the same enclosure. What! no home life? Must I leave my nearest and dearest? Must I leave those who will suffer for the want of me? My father's house? How can anyone respect my religion if I seem to neglect my parents? It meant much to this man. He must be very sure in his God.

How long the struggle may have lasted we know not. This we know: "By faith, Abraham, when he was called, obeyed, to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance, and he went out, not knowing whither he went." This was faith. He began his life in God by taking for granted that God was right in everything, and he acted accordingly. There was no question as to whether it suited him, what he should gain by it, what people would say of him, what it should cost him. All this he left to God. God, because he was God, had a right to ask anything of him. God, because he was God, could never deceive him; therefore, he obeyed and trusted. Are we children of Abraham? "They which be of faith, the same are sons of Abraham" (Gal. 3: 7, R. V.).

Abraham believed and obeyed, and God chose in him the whole nation of Israel to be to him "for a people and for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory" (Jer. 13: 11), and although the people of Israel, as a people, have never yet perceived and risen to the greatness of their calling, there lies before them a future of blessing as a nation and of blessing to the nations in the coming millennium, which is the great theme of the prophets of the Old Testament.

"Abram went as the Lord had spoken to him." He left his country and his kindred, but some of his father's house went with him; Terah and Lot, as well as Sarai his wife. Here was a complication and a compromise. How often consideration for those in our own family has led us to stop short of something which the Lord has shown us! God called Abraham to go into the land of Canaan, but until the death of Terah he got only half way, to Haran. Probably there was no small conflict in his mind between the call of God, and what to do with his father, who not only did not hinder him from leaving his country, but even went out with him, and who yet was the one obstacle to his fully obeying the Lord. Oh, the perplexities and tangles in the family life of every child of God, the conflicting duties, as it seems, when nothing can be done but to wait and trust! How wonderfully often God delivers in a most unexpected way! The death of Terah set Abram free. But it is a question whether, had he trusted God more fully, he might not have gone at once into the promised land. "So Abram went as the Lord had spoken unto him," seems to imply that during Terah's life his obedience had not been perfect.

Lot, his nephew, was still with him. Abram had gone out in obedience to a distinct revelation from heaven. Lot had some religion; he is called righteous Lot (II. Peter 2: 7), and yet his faith seems to have been somewhat secondhand, and his departure out of Mesopotamia to have been rather a following of Abram than a following of God. Let us take care that our life in God is not a secondhand matter, and that our steps are not guided by what we see in others, but by the Word of God speaking to our own souls. When temptation came, Lot was not proof against it.

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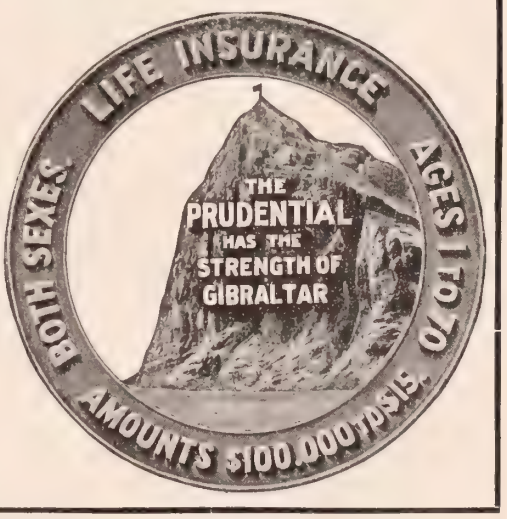

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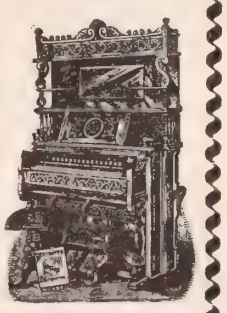

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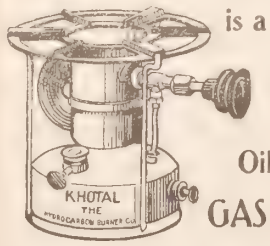

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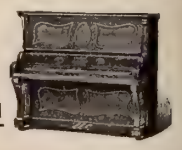

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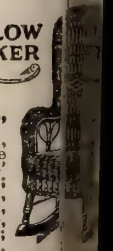

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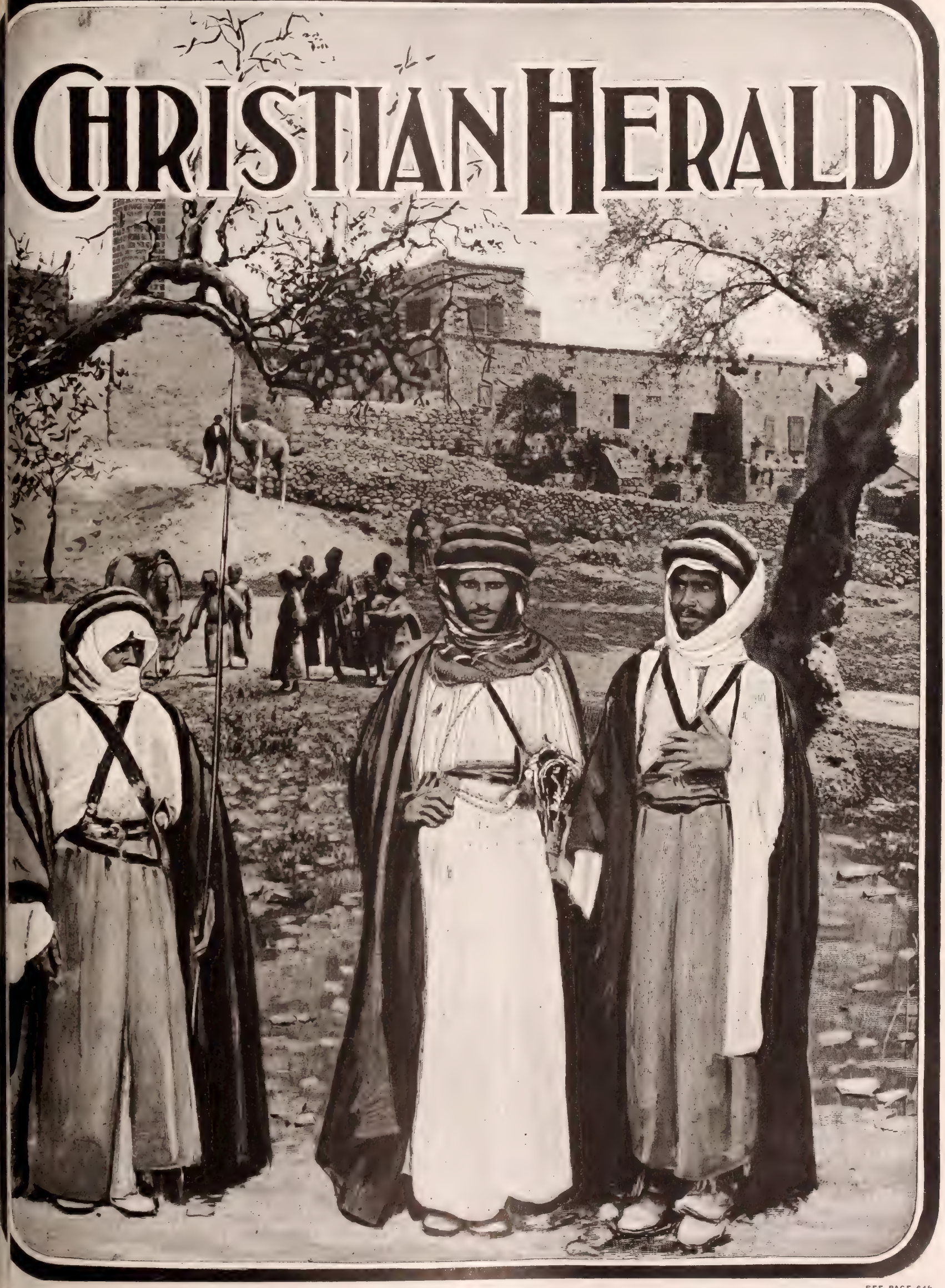

ARABS AT THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES, PALESTINE

SEE PAGE 646

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Aug. 21

1. How can a pastor carry out effectively the Scriptural injunction, "Go out and compel them to come in"?
2. Is a lady of the house justified in telling her servant to say to callers, whom she does not wish to see, "She is not at home," when she is?
3. What was the "Book without words," and where and when was it published?
4. Is a pastor, who has no special need of a rest during the summer, justified in going off for two or three months, just because he enjoys the change, and leaving his flock shepherdless?
5. Was the miracle at Pentecost (Acts 2 : 5-13) wrought on the preachers or the hearers?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the total population of the world, from the Creation (assuming it to be a period of 5,900 years) until the present time?

Any estimate must be a mere approximation. Let us assume sixty centuries, in round numbers, since the creation of man, and allow three generations to a century. This gives 180 generations, and allowing a billion persons to each, we have one hundred and eighty billion (180,000,000,000) persons. This is probably an over-liberal estimate, since at the beginning there was only one pair, and after the flood only eight persons on the earth. It is sometimes asked, "Would there be room for them on the earth if the billions of the dead were resurrected?" Any one taking the trouble to calculate will find that Texas, as a cemetery, with its more than six trillion square feet, would furnish more than thirty square feet to each dead body of the above number. The present population of the earth could find standing room in London or in Philadelphia. AMELIA HOYT.

. . .

Population has shown the capability, over a vast territory on more than one continent and through considerable periods of time, of doubling once in twenty-five years. With this capability we may say, that if "neither evil nor the fear of evil" checked the population of the United States, it would in a little over a century amount to three thousand millions. But as a matter of fact, the increase in the population of the world, owing to those causes enunciated in the doctrine of Malthusianism, has not followed the law of geometrical progression. Nor yet does it follow the law of arithmetical progression. For at the death of the Emperor Augustus, the population of the world was estimated by Bodio at only fifty-four millions; while since that time it has increased to fifteen hundred millions. History does not furnish us with reliable statistics since census-taking has only been scientifically practised during the last century. It is evident, therefore, that any attempt at a solution of the problem will be altogether inexact. Assuming, however, that the average population of the two hundred generations since the Creation is one-quarter the present population of the world, the total would be fifty times the present population—or 75,000,000,000. FRED. L. SAWYER.

2. Should a pastor be the superintendent of his own Sunday School?

No, for various reasons. 1. He has work enough. Sermons to prepare and preach, prayer meetings to attend, with other regular and extra calls, render it unadvisable for him to superintend a Sunday School. 2. He must have time for general reading. Church papers, newspapers, magazines, new books and other literature must not be neglected by the winning pastor. 3. Some layman would be deprived of a good office. Certainly there are very few Church societies without some intelligent, consecrated layman for this work. 4. Pastoral work lays claim to his time, a work of vital importance. 5. It would leave too little for the laity. More of our members should be enlisted in Church work. 6. It would create too great dependence on the ministry. In isolated places, where there could be no Sunday School unless superintended by the pastor, till some one could be found, or grown, it might be allowable. Even then the pastor should surrender the office at the earliest practicable moment. 7. Finally, this important office should have all the time and thought of one good man. This the pastor cannot give. The successful superintendent must give the work his undivided attentions. He should, therefore, be a layman.

CHAS LYNCH.

. . .

Yes, by all means. It is the best way. It creates a favorable impression on the minds of his Sunday School that he is their friend and pastor, and takes a personal interest in them. It prevents a superintendent from assuming too much, and asserting rights that do not belong to him. In such a school it is very often the case for superintendents to make addresses. Such are sometimes filled with mistaken ideas, to say nothing of heretical assertions. I have heard of leaders making speeches before schools in which heresy was stated, of course, mistakenly. The pastor should spend much time in coming in close contact with the children. By his ministerial mien he can make good impressions on the young, impossible in a leader.

A. DE R. MEARES.

3. Is it a lie to tell a very sick person that a friend "is well," when, in fact, he is dead, but you think the sick person will not bear up under the sad news?

If the friend was a Christian, what should he be but "well," in every sense of the word; well, with the bloom of immortal health; well, with eternal happiness. If, however, the reverse is believed, an answer can be truthfully returned, that we do not know. Sometimes absolute truth, cheerfully and pleasantly told, is more likely to satisfy a sick person than evasions, as he is likely to suspect that you are trying to deceive him, and the uncertainty is very trying. We cannot think that a falsehood is ever right. H. V. C.

. . .

A lie cannot be justified under any circumstance. There is no such thing as a white lie. A black object may be whitewashed, but under the white the black still remains. To tell a very sick person that a friend is well when he is dead, is to practice deception to cover a truth, and sacrifice conscience on the altar of feeling. But there is a sweet, tender way of breaking sad news to sorrowful friends. Prepare the heart for its burden, then tenderly put the load upon it. But between the heart and its burden place a prayer. It will lighten the burden and strengthen the heart. Perhaps another way out of the difficulty would be to consult the patient's doctor, and ask his advice. Perhaps, it would be well in some cases, where such news would be fatal, to withhold it, at least as long as possible, or until a convenient moment when the patient possibly is stronger. R. T. EDWARDS.

4. What rule should guide in deciding what is a just compensation for another's labor, instead of his dire necessity?

The Golden Rule—do unto others as you would they should do unto you. If that were the universal practice between capital and labor, and mistresses and servants, contention, hatred and mistrust would cease, and justice and equity be the practice, and not the exception, among all classes. If one were to be given only enough for his dire necessity, it would be insufficient as a matter of justice. The day will come when the laborer will be too old and infirm to work longer for his employer, and having been discharged because incapacited, what is he to live on? Shall he be allowed to starve? Is that justice to our fellowman? A. DE R. MEARES.

. . .

The only practical rule is the current market value as fixed by the law of supply and demand. If the market is overstocked with labor of a certain class, there is neither sense nor justice in giving, in one exceptional case, a rate which would be out of all proportion to the market rate. We must regard the market rate as standing between the two extremes of a "dire necessity" figure and a sentimental or "fancy" value. The Golden Rule ought to govern in all things, but some unwise ones interpret it to mean that the employer should give wholly regardless of rule, golden or otherwise. MARIA AYLMER.

5. When Paul wrote (Romans 13 : 1-7) that he who resisted the powers that be received to himself damnation, did he really mean to condemn revolution in every age—our own revolutionary war, for instance?

THE LIVINGSTONE TREE

At the Livingstone Exhibition at the Westminster Town Hall, London, is the African tree under which the explorer's heart was buried. This tree, which grew at Old Chitambo, was cut down at the instance of Mr. Weatherley, and will be deposited with the Royal Geographical Society.

I have always understood this passage of Scripture to mean, that to resist the powers that be, brings upon him that resists the natural punishment of the law. I don't think it can mean spiritual damnation. If that were true and had been obeyed, would the world have advanced or made progress since Christ's time? Yet, I often wonder, if evil had been overcome with good, if when one cheek had been smitten the other had been offered, if when the coat had been taken the cloak had been given also, we would not have been far in advance of where we now are? Nations have not yet arrived at the point of treating with each other on this principle. Will they ever? MRS. M.E.CRAVATH.

. . .

In the passage quoted, as in the one on marriage, Paul speaks out of a mind permeated with his great mission. Everything was to be subordinated to spiritual interest. Let the Christian living under Roman law, submit to the law. God permitted the empire to exist, and had appointed it to a definite purpose of maintaining order and punishing evildoers, let the Christian obey the law and he would be let alone to seek his own spiritual advancement. To mix himself up with fruitless seditious plots to overthrow the Government, would be suicidal folly. If the Government should be overthrown, and another substituted, the Christian should submit to that. These matters were beneath his concern. His life was hid with Christ in God. In any case, existing institutions were only temporary; very soon Christ would come and inaugurate his kingdom. Until then let the Christian set an example of good behavior, and especially give no occasion to the Roman authorities to accuse him of evil-doing. I think that is the meaning of the passage. The man who insisted on his rights as a Roman citizen, and would not submit to injustice (Acts 16: 35-39; 22: 24-29), would have been the last man to condemn Cromwell or Washington. J. B. INFREE.

Miscellaneous Questions

B. A. T. Some of my neighbors contend that it is contrary to the Bible to buy and sell dogs. Is there any law prohibiting the purchase or sale of a dog?

Possibly the passage to which they refer is Deut. 23: 18. This forbids the offering in the temple of the price of a dog, that animal being classed with other "abomination yond this, the Bible contains nothing subject.

Reader, Moorhead. Ia. Should a Christia one who is not a Christian if it is very that that one will become a Christian?

It would be a rather doubtful expe Disappointments in such cases might whole lifetime sorrowful. The man man who is tied to an infidel is to b indeed.

M. M. May, New York. How many post uated in Nebraska, and who are the ch

Maj. John B. Ketchum, of the U. diers' Christian Aid Association, 42 way, New York, writes us that there a posts in Nebraska, viz.: Fort Robinso Niobrara and Fort Crook, and there one chaplain, Rev. B. Kelly, at Fort C

Mother, Plainfield, N. J. I have a numbe ments which my children have outgro you make them of use in your Fresh A

Indeed we can. The children wh Mont-Lawn are very needy. One of features of our work is sending our te children back clad in good, strong cl their poverty-stricken tenement moth children are from four to twelve ye and anything in the way of wearing a blouses, trousers, jackets, dresses, unc sleeping garments, hats and shoes, are ingly acceptable. The gratitude of o little ragged folks should carry a ble every kindly hand which helps us tc them. Clothing should be expre THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Nyack, N. Y.

Ida D. B., Williamstown, W. Va. "Pa universal, "Pan-American," universal, American."

D. W. H., Scranton, Pa. Bisulphide o poured into the nests of black ants will exterminate them.

C. P. D., Buda, Ill. What you relate is for sincere regret. You did well to writ kindly and privately.

J. W. W., Brimfield, O. By all means. college course is the best equipment for litera and its allied professions.

Mrs. J. P. B., N. Yakima, Wash. Th of hops for beer is really a part of the liqu They have other uses, however.

C. F. J., Carbon, Wyo. St. Sophia, C nople, is now a Mohammedan temple, originally a Greek Christian church.

E. J. Mc., Cedar Grove, N. C. Such knowing all the facts, would be folly, a open the way to a lifetime of misery.

C. J. L., W. Va. The total popular v last Presidential election was 13,969,770. tion vote, 209,936. There are no means of ing the proportion of Christians among v

Mrs. —, Sharon, O. The first is a cas local or State Excise Commissioners; th for the Board of Health. They will a matter being properly brought to their

Mrs. W. K., Penrith, Man. Certainly would be Sabbath desecration. But altoget from the Sunday aspect of the question, t such amusements is inconsistent with the profession.

Miss M. R., Davidson, Minn. They cousins twice, thrice, or four times remov case may be. After "second cousinship," the relationship is so slight as to be diffic fine in terms.

Any church having a surplus of hymn b wishing to aid a needy congregation, car sending them to Lyman Barton, Kansas C for the use of the newly organized Pre Church there.

W. B. C., Whitman. Mass. The date o century can be written MDCCCCI (1901) same time the Roman authorities have that MCMI is the proper form, and, bei it will probably be generally adopted.

Canadian Subscriber. War, in any fo evil, and there is probably no single feat war that is wholly blameless. The usag recognize and justify acts, which, under cumstances, would be inadmissible.

Esther H., New York. 1. Find some Christian work, and enter into it heartil you are so engaged you will have no time bid feelings. 2. Do not be afraid to repr bath breaking. You can do it without offe

Mrs. T. W. M., Williamsport, Pa. Su dition would be ridiculous, if not indeed mous. It would be imposing terms or mighty. The reasonable supposition is expression was merely one of grateful ack ment

Mrs. ——, Coeymans, N. Y. The mi no authority to take such a step. He can, bring the matter up regularly before t which can take the necessary action, or h able to induce the member to solve the di voluntary resignation.

Milo B., Alma City, Minn. The custo italization of the pronouns representing has in late years been discontinued by m cations. In the Revised Bible, both Ame English editions follow the new method, the old way was more expressive of revere

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

UIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JULY 24, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE BUILDING

THE READING-ROOM CROWD OF KNOWLEDGE SEEKERS

Americanizing Our Alien Hosts

T the corner of East Broadway and Jefferson streets, New York, and in the heart of a populous Ghetto, stands a tall and handsome building, covering the better part of a square. Over the doorway you read: "Educational Alliance," and you think at once of lectures, classes, libraries, and literature in general. On the corner of the ldi; a large poster bears in big lettering—English veand Yiddish below: "The roof-garden open y, r children in the morning and afternoon, and ac ts from 7 to 11 in the evening. Old or sick so and mothers with babies, admitted at all rs luring which the roof-garden is open. Only ng children accompanying their parents are adte n the evening. Only women with babies, and oi ick persons, will be taken up on the elevator." th ontrast between the severe legend over the door t roof-garden poster, you gain some idea of the eehgly broad interpretation of the word "educaal as found in the former; the n meant to cover the wide ge processes by which the inc ul, social, ethical, physical spiritual natures are developed; t institution—by whatever ie may go—is doing the work a ammoth social settlement . biggest Hebrew social k the United States—per- s the world. Said Hon. a S. Hewitt before the last u meeting of the members of Aance: "There are in New k vo institutions devoted to uifting of the masses. They C per Union and the Educaal lliance;" and he spoke of la r as the "Nur- o Cooper Union."

This institution was founded and is sustained by Hebrews. Isidor Straus is President of the Board of Directors, and such names as Jacob Schiff's, Isaac Guggenheim's, and others equally identified with metropolitan progress and philanthropy, appear on its record of history and management. Its benefits are irrespective of race or creed, and hundreds of people of all beliefs avail themselves of advantages offered. Christian as well as Hebrew teachers are on the roll of instructors, and Christian workers in downtown settlements and missions find its privileges helpful. Standing as the centre of a Jewish community, the great mass of its beneficiaries are naturally Hebrews. The erection of the building was one of the many needed benevolences following the great influx (beginning in 1881) of Jews from Russia and Roumania, and the value to our city and nation of this work in Americanizing the army of foreigners seeking our shores is beyond calculation.

Children just landed and knowing no word of English are received into the English Classes for Immigrants; and from these promoted, as progress permits, into the public schools. To the adult foreigner, ignorant of our tongue, these classes are a great benefaction. They are supported by the Baron de Hirsch Fund. Other departments carried on in summer are: sewing classes, typewriting, stenography; outdoor and indoor athletics; roof-garden and auditorium entertainments; outings of children to city parks; special club meetings and outings; Recreation Camp at Huntington, L. I., Aguilar Free Library and Reading Room and city vacation schools. Gymnasium, Baths and Social Rooms are open. The year's list of regular activities include drawing, music, literature, basket-work, cooking, millinery, etc.

In and out of this great building, from 5,000 to 6,000 people pass daily. During the "hot week," 3,000 to 4,000 children crowded the roof-garden daily, and over 1,600 spent their evenings there. To people of the neighborhood, whose squalid cramped abodes give them no breathing space, that roof-garden is a godsend. Tired mothers, sick babies and weary laboring men may all be found taking their ease there every night until eleven, the hour of closing. Visit the garden in the day, and you are astonished to find how many things can go on at the same time on a roof. There are sand-piles in one corner for the tiniest ones; here, boys run races; there, they play checkers; on this bench sits a quiet group studying picture books; on that, a small company assembles to lunch; in the shadow of the awning and hard by the hedge of green plants, little folks are swinging, while on another is a kindergarten in full session.

MYRTA L. AVARY.

A .EASANT HOUR IN THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL ROOM

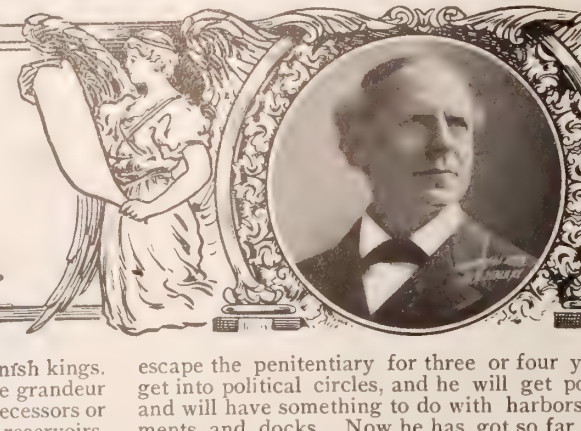
A CORNER OF THE ROOF-GARDEN

TYPICAL SCENE IN THE MEN'S SOCIAL ROOM

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.



POLISHED CRIME

TEXT—Daniel 4: 33:

THE SAME HOUR WAS THE THING FU... FILLED UPON NEBUCHADNEZZAR; AND H... WAS DRIVEN FROM MEN, AND DID EA... GRASS AS OXEN.

HERE is the mightiest of the Babylonish kings. Look at him. He did more for the grandeur of the capital than did all his predecessors or successors. Hanging gardens, reservoirs, aqueducts, palaces, all of his own planning. The bricks that are brought up to-day from the ruins of Babylon have his name on them, "Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopolassor, King of Babylon." He was a great conqueror. He stretched forth his spear toward a nation, and it surrendered. But he plundered the temple of the true God. He lifted an idol, Bel Merodach, and compelled the people to bow down before it, and if they refused they must go through the red-hot furnace, or be crunched by lion or lioness. So God pulled him down.

He was smitten with what physicians call lycanthropy, and fancied that he was a wild beast, and he went out and pastured amid the cattle. God did not excuse him because he had committed the sin in high places, or because the transgression was wide resounding. He measured Nebuchadnezzar in high place just as he would measure the humblest captive.

But in our time, you know as well as I, that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in conspicuous place, and if it is wide resounding and of large proportions. Ever and anon there has been an epidemic of crime in high places, and there is not a State or a city, and hardly a village which has not been called to look upon astounding forgery, or an absconding bank cashier or president, or the wasting of trust-fund or swindling mortgages. I propose, in carrying out the suggestion of my text, as far as I can, to scatter the fascinations around iniquity, and show you that sin is sin and wrong is wrong, whether in high place or low place, and that it will be dealt with by that God who dealt with impalaced Nebuchadnezzar.

The Pulpit's Twofold Message

All who preach feel that two kinds of sermons are necessary: the one on the faith of the Gospel, the other on the morality of the Gospel—and the one is just as important as the other, for you know that in this land to-day there are hundreds of men hiding behind the communion tables and in churches of Jesus Christ who have no business to be there as professors of religion. They expect to be all right with God, although they are all wrong with man. And while I want you to understand that by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified, and a mere honest life cannot enter us into Heaven, I want you as plainly to understand that unless the life is right the heart is not right. Grace in the heart and grace in the life; so we must preach sometimes the faith of the Gospel and sometimes the morality of the Gospel.

It seems to me there has not been a time in the last fifty years when this latter truth needed more thoroughly to be presented in the American churches. It needs to be presented to-day.

Look upon all the fascinations thrown around fraud in this country. You know for years men have been made heroes of, and pictorialized, and in various ways presented to the public, as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration, if they have scattered the funds of banks, or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. Our young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have said: "That's the way to do it. What's the use of our plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary, when we may go into business life, and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?" A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall Street from that which has been applied to the spoils which the man carries up Rat Alley.

There has been an irresistible impression going abroad among young men that the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble apparel, "What, you only get $1,800 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin-money. I spend $5,000 a year." "Where do you get it," asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises, all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board, has to wear clothes after they are out of fashion, and deny himself all luxuries. After a while he gets tired of his plodding, and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just show me how it is done." And he is shown. He soon learns how, and although he is almost all the time idle now, and has resigned his position in the bank, or the factory, or the store, he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little further over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars, and more of them. He has his hand in! Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years he will get into political circles, and he will get political jobs, and will have something to do with harbors, and pavements, and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition.

Now I always thank God when I find an estate like that go to smash. It is plague-struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome and such an insufferable stench that honest young men will take warning.

The Courage of Principle

How many dishonesties in the making out of invoices, and in the plastering of false labels, and in the filching of customers of rival houses, and in the making and breaking of contracts. Young men are indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around about all these things. Young men have got to find out that God looks upon sin in a very different light. Let me say to you, my young friend, that you can be a great deal happier in poverty, than you ever can be happy in a prosperity which comes from ill-gotten gains. "Oh," you say, "I might lose my place. It is easy for you to stand there and talk, but it is no easy thing to get a place when you have lost it. Beside that, I have a widowed mother depending upon my exertions, and you must not be too reckless in giving advice to me." Ah, my young friend, it is always safe to do right, but it is never safe to do wrong. You go home and tell your mother the pressure under which you are in that store, and I know what she will say to you if she is worthy of you. She will say: "My son, come out from there; God has taken care of us all these years, and he will take care of us now; come out of that."

Oh, there is such a fearful fascination in this day about the use of trust-funds. It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them. There are many who are practising that iniquity. Almost every man in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. He has administered, perhaps, for a dead friend; he is an attorney, and money passes from debtor to creditor through his hands; or he is in a commercial establishment, and gets a salary for the discharge of his responsibilities; or he is treasurer of a philanthropic institution, and money for the suffering goes through his hands; or he has some office in city, or State, or nation, and taxes, and subsidies, and supplies, and salaries are in his hands. Now, that is a trust. That is as sacred a trust as God can give a man. It is the concentration of confidence. Now, when that man takes that money—the money of others—and goes to speculating with it for his own purposes, he is guilty of theft, falsehood and perjury, and in the most intense sense of the word is a miscreant.

There are families to-day—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of the vortex by the thread of a needle red with the blood of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency. You read the story in the newspaper of those who have lost by a bank defalcation, and it is only one line, the name of a woman you never heard of, and just one or two figures telling the amount of stock she had, the number of shares. It is a very short line in a newspaper, but it is a line of agony long as time; it is a story long as eternity.

Oh, that God would scatter these fascinations about fraud, and let us all understand that if I steal from you one dollar I am a thief, and if I steal from you $500,000 I am five hundred thousand times more of a thief!

Aristocratic Libertinism

So there has been a great deal of fascination thrown around libertinism. Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law pursues it, smites it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent, or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets, he rides the parks, he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The hag of uncleanness looks out of the tapestried window. Where is the law that dares take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a State prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it sculptured its vileness on pillars and temple wall, and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time God will rise up and extirpate these evils upon society I know not, nor whether he will do it by fire, or hurricane, ea... quake; but a Holy God I do not think will an... much longer. I believe the thunderbolts ar... hot, and that when God comes to chastise the ... nity for these sins, against which he has uttere... more bitterly than against any other, the fate o... and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared th... fate of our society, which knew better, but did ...

Then look at the fascinations thrown around ... nation. There are in all communities men w... taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as exe... of the law, and they go scot free. You say ... their provocations. God gave life and he alo... right to take it, and he may take it by visi... Providence, or by an executioner of the law, w... messenger. But when a man assumes tha... prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crir...

Unpunished Assassination

Society is alert for certain kinds of murd... citizen going along the road at night is wa... slain by a robber we all want the villain arre... executed. For all garroting, for all beating o... by a club, or an ax, or a slungshot, the law h... spring and heavy stroke; but you know that w... get affluent and high position, and they aver... wrongs by taking the lives of others, great syn... excited: lawyers plead, ladies weep, judge halt... bribed, and the man goes free. If the verdic... to be against him a new trial is called on throu... technicality, and they adjourn for witnesses th... come, and adjourn and adjourn until the co... has forgotten all about it, and then the pri... opens and the murderer goes free.

Now, if capital punishment be right, I say le... of the polished murderer go with the life of t... assassin. Let us have no partiality of gal... aristocracy of electrocution chair. Do not le... back to barbarism, when every man was his ov... jury, and executioner, and that man had the su... who had the sharpest knife, and the strongest ... the quickest step, and the stealthiest revenge. ... wilfully and in hatred takes the life of ano... murderer, I care not what the provocation o... cumstances. He may be cleared by an ent... court-room, he may be sent to some foreign ... modern literature may polish the crime unti... like heroism; but in the sight of God murder is ... and the judgment day will so reveal it.

Now, do not be fascinated by the glamor thr... crime of whatever sort. Because others hav... that seem brilliant, but yet at the same time ar... do not choose such faults. Stand independe... such influences. Put your confidence in the L... He will be your strength. "Vengeance is mi... repay, saith the Lord."

Drifting to Destruction

As I stand in pulpits looking over audienc... times my heart fails me. There are so many ... present, so many who have sacrificed their int... many far away from God. Why, my broth... have been too many prayers offered for you to ... go overboard. And there are those venturi... into sin, and my heart aches to call them back.

At Brighton Beach or Long Branch you h... men go down into the surf to bathe, and the... out further and further, and you got anxiet... them. You said, "I wonder if they can swim?" ... then stood and shouted, "Come back! come bac... will be drowned!" They waved their hand back... "No danger." They kept on wading deeper d... further out from shore, until after awhile a gr... with a strong undertow took them out, their co... next day washed on the beach. So I see me... down into sin further and further, and I call ... "Come back! come back! You will be lost! yo... lost!" They wave their hand back, saying, '... ger, no danger." Deeper down and deeper do... after awhile a wave sweeps them out and swe... off forever. Oh, come back!

"Oh," you say, "you don't know where I can... you don't know what my history has been; y... know what iniquity I have plotted; I have gone ... the whole catalogue of sin." My brother, I ... know the story, but I tell you this: the door o... is wide open. "Though your sins be as scar... shall be as snow; though they be red like crim... shall be as wool." Though you had been pollu... the worst of crimes, though you have been smit... the worst of leprosies, though you have been fi... all evil passions, this moment on your brow, ... iniquitous indulgences, may be set the flashing ... of a Saviour's forgiveness.

Baptist Young People in Conference

TEN YEARS OF STUDY AND ACTIVE SERVICE TO BE CELEBRATED IN CHICAGO THIS WEEK

ONE more great convention of young people is preparing. The Christian Endeavorers have celebrated, the Epworth Leaguers met last week, and now this week the Baptist Young People's Union has its field days. The meetings will begin July 25, and will close on July 28. They will be held in Chicago, chiefly in the Coliseum. That there will be a large number in attendance there is no doubt. The enthusiasm of the denomination will insure that result.

A preliminary meeting will be held on the evening of July 24, at which there will be a general review of the work of the Union during the past ten years. The work in the South will be reviewed by Dr. J. B. Cranfill, of Dallas, Tex.; that in the North by a leader not yet finally designated, but probably Dr. E. E. Chivers, of Brooklyn, who knows most about it; and that in Canada, by Thomas Urquhart, of Toronto. The regular sessions of the Convention begin with three Prayer Meetings at as many churches on *Thursday* morning. At 9.30, there will be a Praise Service, lasting about half an hour, in the Coliseum, led by a specially trained choir; following which the addresses of welcome on behalf of the citizens, the young people and the churches of Chicago, will be delivered, and the Board of Managers will present its report. In the afternoon, the "courses," which are the distinctive feature of the Union, will be reviewed. The Bible Readers will be conducted by Rev. Howard Wayne Smith, of Baltimore; the Sacred Literature Course, by Rev. F. P. Leach, of Sioux Falls, S. D.; and the Conquest Missionary Course, by Dr. C. A. Hobbs, of Delevan, Wis. Addresses on the Prayer Meeting, by Dr. J. W. Weddell, of Davenport, Ia.; and on Social Life, by Rev. W. R. Wood, of Ottawa, Kan., will follow. In the evening, the Senior Bible Readers and the Conquest Missionary Banners for the year will be presented. President John H. Chapman will deliver his address, and Dr. J. B. Gambrell, of Dallas, Tex., will speak on "The Way to the Throne."

THE COLISEUM, THE CHIEF MEETING PLACE

On *Friday*, after the usual morning Prayer Meetings, there will be a business meeting for the election of officers, and the decision of matters to be submitted by the Committee. Prof. C. L. Williams, of Granville, Ohio, will speak on "The Kingship of Christ in the Intellectual Realm," and Dr. W. Weeks, of Toronto, on "The Kingship of Christ in the Spiritual Realm." In the afternoon there will be an Open Parliament on "The Lessons of the Past Ten Years." In the evening, after the preliminary Praise Service, the presentation of the Senior Sacred Literature and General Merit Banners will take place. This will be followed by addresses on "The Army of the King," by Rev. C. S. Gardner of Greenville, S. C., and on "The Foes of the King," by Dr. H. C. Applegarth, of Cambridge, Mass.

Saturday morning's session, after the usual early morning Prayer Meeting, will be occupied by three half-hour addresses on "The Subjects of the King." Rev. W. J. Williamson, of Kansas City, Mo., will speak of the "Subjects in Recreation"; Isaac W. Carpenter, of Omaha, Neb., will speak of them "In Business"; and Rev. G. L. Morrill, of Minneapolis, Minn., of them "In the State." In the afternoon the Juniors will have their exercises, and addresses will be given on "Preparation for the Service of the King." The evening session is to be Imperialistic under the title of "The Enlargement of the Kingdom." There will be three addresses under this head: Principal A. P. McDiarmid, of Brandon, Manitoba, on "Taking North America"; Dr. R. J. Willingham, of Richmond, Va., on "The Outreaching of the Homeland"; and Rev. F. P. Haggard, who has been laboring as a missionary in Assam, will deliver "A Message From the Front."

On *Sunday* morning there will be a Prayer and Praise Service from nine o'clock to half-past ten in the Coliseum. Many of the assembled pastors will occupy the pulpits of Chicago and will preach from the text, "Thy kingdom come," with special reference to the importance and value of the work for and by young people. In the afternoon there will be a half-hour service of song, and then the Convention sermon will be preached by Dr. E. E. Chivers, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been a most devoted worker in the service of the Union, and has done much to mould its activities into their present shape. The evening session, which will close the Convention, will be occupied by three addresses. Rev. L. W. Terry, of Denver, Colo., will speak on the work accomplished by the Union; Dr. J. B. Cranfill, of Dallas, Tex., will speak on Consecration, and Rev. W. H. Geistweit will deliver the Consecration Address.

As will be seen from this outline of the exercises, the Key-word of the Convention is Kingship. There is no doctrine more important in its influence on Christ's people, and it is well that in these days the Union emphasizes it. The idea of loyalty and obedience once thoroughly fixed in the Christian's mind, keeps him strong in the hour of temptation and reproves inconsistencies of life. One of our novelists represents one of his characters who, though a deacon in the Church, was guilty of unrighteous and uncharitable conduct in his business, as complaining of his minister for "preaching mere morality." He said he wanted to hear from that pulpit more about his Redeemer, and the great doctrine of imputed righteousness. There are many people of his mind, and they enjoy best those sermons in which the preacher does not insist on the duties of the Christian life.

As our readers are aware, the Union is in some measure an outgrowth of Christian Endeavor; but long before the latter movement began the Baptist Churches had, here and there, experimented along that line. From the able review of the history of the movement prepared by Dr. E. E. Chivers for the *Baptist Union*, we learn that as far back as 1848 a society of young people had been organized in the First Baptist Church of Rochester, N. Y. Other churches had their societies also, and the benefits derived from them were demonstrated. But no step was taken toward the association of the societies on a State or national basis, until the Christian Endeavor movement had proved the benefit of such a combination. In many Baptist Churches. Christian Endeavor Societies were organized, and for a time the hope was cherished that both the Baptists and the Methodists would be content to remain in fellowship with the general body. But denominational bonds were too strong. The leaders of the two churches seem to have been fearful that in associating with other Christian people the young folks might lose sight of the distinctive principles for which the churches stood.

Rev. O. W. Van Osdel, of Ottawa, Kan., was the pioneer of separation. He designed a plan for a distinct organization, with the motto, "Loyalty to Christ in all things at all times." The plan was widely circulated, and gave rise to the movement which came to be known as the Loyalist Movement. It was endorsed by the Baptist Ministers of Kansas at their meeting at Fort Scott in 1888, and a programme was prepared for an inaugural meeting for the following year. No formal organization was, however, effected; but at the meetings of the Baptists of Nebraska in the same year, the project took definite shape in a proposal that young people's societies in the Baptist churches of that State should unite in denominational affiliation, no matter what name they bore. Wisconsin and other States followed the example thus set, and in the following year the project was brought formally before the Baptist ministers at their convention in Chicago. A committee was appointed, consisting of two members from every State represented to carry it out.

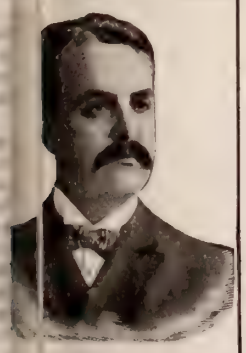
A preliminary meeting was held in Philadelphia in April, 1891, at which a suggested constitution for a national organization was drafted, and on July 7 representatives of all the States in which a State Union had been organized, assembled in Chicago to organize a national union. Representatives of thirty-three States and two Canadian Provinces convened and the project was fairly launched. Mr. John H. Chapman was elected President, Dr. R. F. Y. Pierce, Secretary, and Mr. J. O. Staples, Treasurer.

So rapidly did the movement spread that in 1893 the number of Societies had grown to five thousand, and they were found in all the States and Territories, and in all the Provinces of Canada. The number now existing will be disclosed at the Convention this week, and will doubtless show a large increase.

JOHN H. CHAPMAN
President B. Y. P. U.

DR. H. W REED
Recording Secretary

DR. IRA M. PRICE
Chairman Executive Committee



DR. J. W. CONLEY
Secretary Board of Managers

REV. W. H. GEISTWEIT
Asso. Editor "Baptist Union"

FRANK MOODY
Treasurer B. Y. P. U.

DR. E. E. CHIVERS
Preacher of Convention Sermon

DR. R. F. Y. PIERCE
Ex-Secretary

DR. J. B. GAMBRELL
Supt. State Missions

DR. L. O. DAWSON
Pres. of Auxiliary

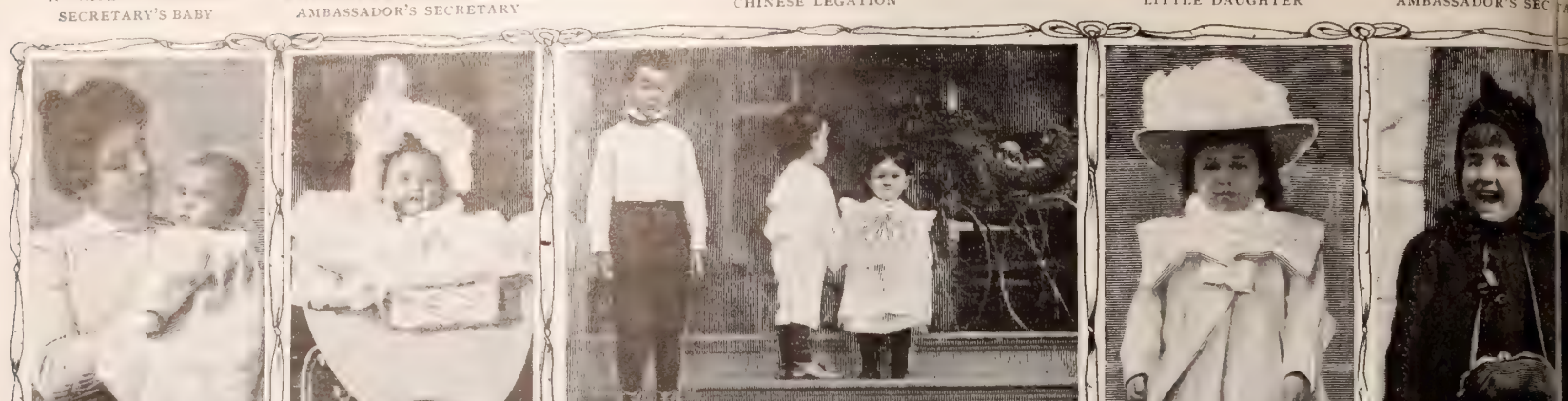
A CHILEAN LEGATION SECRETARY'S BABY

A DAUGHTER OF THE [illegible] AMBASSADOR'S SECRETARY

CHILDREN OF THE INTERPRETER, CHINESE LEGATION

THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

A DAUGHTER OF THE [illegible] AMBASSADOR'S SEC[illegible]TARY



Legation Children in Washington

LIFE IN THE HOMES OF FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES

OF all the children of people in high places in Washington, the children of the diplomats are considered as having the highest standing socially. At least this would be so, if the little ones were to follow the rule and laws of social precedence laid down for their parents in Washington. As all social progress, even of Americans in Washington, is by introduction through the diplomatic set, the children of the diplomats may be said to be little aristocrats holding juvenile precedence over children of Senators and Representatives in baby society. They are ranked only by the children of Cabinet Ministers. The children of the Justices of the Supreme Court are their equals in rank, so far as rank may be considered as a feature of Washington life.

The noon hour, as in other cities in the North and Middle East, is the hour for these children's outing. They play in the circles and parks, in which Washington abounds; roller-skate over the asphalt streets, go for rides in automobiles, and learn to speak French and English, as well as their native language, as soon as they begin to utter words. Indoors, they are little potentates—in this respect not unlike the children of many folks who are not of the diplomatic circle.

It is not a very easy thing to secure photographs of Washington's foreign babies, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is fortunate in being able to reproduce a number of snap-shots of these exalted little personages, taken specially for this paper, besides the photographs of three proud mothers with their little ones. These ladies of the diplomatic corps are Countess Quadt, wife of the First Secretary of the German Embassy; Madame Hengelmuller von Hengelvar, wife of the Minister from Austria-Hungary; and Madame Infante, wife of the First Secretary of the Chilean Legation. All these are youthful mothers, who give all the spare moments left them by manifold social duties, to the care of their little ones. The youngest of the children is Madame Infante's, a baby born on American soil, but christened a native of that warm land so far below the Equator, called Chile. As the latest born of Embassy children, this youngster is the petted favorite of all the others, and is the object of attention every day when an American nurse takes him forth for a ride in his sumptuous baby-carriage. Madame Infante herself is a dark-eyed, very beautiful woman of the full South American type, and is greatly liked in Washington because of her invariably gracious and charming manner. Madame von Hengelvar's little child has advanced to the dignified age of shoes and stockings and short clothes. He can even walk and say a few words. He is a true Austrian, for he is very fond of playing with the national colors of his country, although he has yet to see his native land for the first time. He can say as many German words as English. He is his father's playfellow, for even a father with such a large handle to his name as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary finds time to romp with his children. A plump and very typical German is Anna, the little daughter of Countess Quadt. This little girl's father, the First Secretary of the German Embassy, is noted in Washington for his grave, dignified bearing, his seriousness of purpose. In the house with his sweet little daughter, however, he unbends, and tells wonderful stories of fairies who used to people the shores of the Rhine. He has told her many legends of Baden-Baden, and it is to this particular German resort that she has made her father promise to take her, as soon as she is old enough. Her mother, Countess Quadt, possesses all the domestic virtues of the untitled German housewife, and finds her greatest pl[illegible] the care of her little girl.

THE COSTA RICAN MINISTER'S PET

Among the children of Ministers from tropic[illegible] one of the handsomest and chubbiest is the pr[illegible] of Senor Don Calvo, from Costa Rica. This we[illegible] devoted to a very ordinary gray tom-cat. She al[illegible] fox-terrier that is all white save the black mark[illegible] left ear. These two "live dolls," as she calls ther[illegible] companions in play. Portugal is well repres[illegible] Washington not only by Viscount de Santo[illegible] but by his two very small and very sweet li[illegible] These little ladies of the Portuguese Embassy [illegible] dark skin of the race from which they sprung, b[illegible] wise are not different from other babies of I[illegible] ents. They make a very pretty contrast indeed [illegible] fair little playmates from other Legations a[illegible] American homes.

One of the tiniest specimens of British hur[illegible] our Capitol City is Baby Frances Crackenthorp[illegible] ter of the Third Secretary of the British Embass[illegible] day last winter, in bright, sunshiny weather, s[illegible] be seen riding in state in her little landau, whic[illegible] closed just like the state carriage of the Britis[illegible] sador himself. A ruddy-faced English nurse [illegible] little Frances up and down the block, and sh[illegible] off to all the distinguished British travelers w[illegible] to pay their respects to the Ambassador.

Of all the children of foreigners in Washin[illegible] scions of the Chinese officials are perhaps the [illegible] teresting at this particular time. Minister W[illegible] Fang's children may be seen very frequent[illegible] about with their father in a gayly colored au[illegible] In summer they go to Cape May and romp in t[illegible] just like American children, though in Washin[illegible] especially indoors, they are often obliged to w[illegible] nese clothing, like their papa's and mamma's, f[illegible] sake, and out of respect to their own country.

The particular Chinese children shown in th[illegible] printed with this story, are the three sturdy yo[illegible] of the First Interpreter of Legation. Outdo[illegible] dress like the children of other Legation offic[illegible] whom they pass the noon hour, and their gam[illegible] much American as their Yankee playmates [illegible] next door. Among their comrades is little She[illegible] Shen Tung, First Secretary of Legation. Anotl[illegible] ite in foreign child life in W[illegible] ton is little Eleanor Relia, [illegible] of one of the Secretarie[illegible] French Legation. She n[illegible] the other children laugh w[illegible] tries to talk to them in the[illegible] tongue, saying "*beau* [illegible] for pretty boy, and so on.

On Egg-Rolling Day, [illegible] Monday, all the foreign [illegible] may be seen at one tim[illegible] White House grounds. I[illegible] their turn to stare at the [illegible] their American cousins: h[illegible] staring usually ends in [illegible] with the others and in lea[illegible] roll colored eggs with h[illegible] gently that the eggs will n[illegible] They have their parties [illegible] four times a year, just lik[illegible] folks, first at one house a[illegible] at another, each in turn. A[illegible] mas-time, they all have th[illegible] Claus and Christmas-tree [illegible] hanging presents to one [illegible] on the evergreen. From [illegible] time, Mr. and Mrs. McKi[illegible] the foreign children, and t[illegible] Executive and his wife ha[illegible] favorites whom they like t[illegible] informally at the White H[illegible]se.

MME. HENGELMULLER AND BABY

THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER'S BABY

COUNTESS QUADT AND DAUGHTER

HURRYING RELIEF TO CHINA'S SUFFERERS

Another 15,000 Taels Sent to Shansi by Our Committee --- A Grateful Message from Governor of Stricken Province -- Progress of the Fund

ENCOURAGING news comes from China, showing that the great generosity of Christian America in coming to the rescue of the famine-smitten people of that unfortunate land, is already producing substantial results. Prince Ching, the military governor of Peking, and His Excellency, Earl Li Hung Chang, the Imperial Viceroy, as representing the Emperor, have cabled from the palace at Peking, under date July 3, to Minister Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister in Washington, as follows:

"Your cablegram of the 28th of June has been received and contents transmitted to Shansi Government who has just telegraphed us his reply, requesting us to convey, through you, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sincere expression of thanks for the second remittance of relief funds."

This is a personal message of grateful acknowledgment from these high officials **to every contributor to the relief fund,** and shows how highly the work rendered is appreciated by Emperor Kwang-Su and his Government. This year, owing to the general crop failure and to the recent war, the annual rice tribute from the provinces to the Imperial Government will be almost nominal. But the Government, during its enforced exile in Shansi, has endured many privations in common with the people of that province, and will doubtless be content to conduct affairs as simply as possible at Peking, until the suffering is over and prosperity returns to China.

The Missionary Relief Committee is urging forward the relief work in Shansi with due vigor. Immediately after the receipt of the second remittance of $20,000, cabled by the Relief Fund, Chairman Arthur H. Smith sent this message from Tientsin, July 10:

"LOPSCH, New York.

"Sending fifteen thousand taels to Shansi to-day."

This is the equivalent of about $10,000, showing that one-half of the entire remittance goes to the scene of greatest suffering. The remainder (although not referred to in the cablegram), is doubtless allotted for distribution in Shensi, Shantung and Chi-li.

In their journey to Shansi from Peking, the returning missionaries (including, probably, the relief party), seem to have followed the land route, which leads across the Chi-li plains to Pao-ting-fu, a three days' run of one hundred and twenty miles. Although several cities and towns are passed *en route*, much of the distance is through a comparative wilderness, which has been rendered still more barren and sterile by the failure of rain. At Paoting-fu there is a mission of the American Board, which would afford a resting place for the tired travelers. To Hwailu (or wuy-luh), is another three days' trip. This is the last post on the Chi-li plain, and there the native carts are exchanged for swinging mule-litters, which are better adapted for the hill country.

Eight days more are consumed in the journey to Tai-yuen-fu in Shansi, through roads that are dry and sterile, across difficult passes and up steep gorges. The roads, in the rainy season, are converted into canals and some become raging torrents, all being well-nigh impassable for man or beast; but this year even the mountain gorges are dry and dusty. All vegetation is withered and scorched up.

A traveler of the China Inland Mission, Stanley D. Smith, writes this description of the crossing of the mountains into Shansi on a former occasion:

"The journey was most difficult, not to say dangerous. Now they had to skirt a narrow ledge, while masses of rock, varying from a few to many pounds in weight, kept falling; now they had to ford streams, the currents of which were so swift that many times they were nearly carried off their legs, while now again they would have the greatest difficulty with the four beasts of burden. The day before they arrived at Hung-t'ung, they were crossing over the two ranges of hills that separate the P'ing-yang and T'ai-yuen plains. In these mountain-passes there are numerous narrow gorges or defiles, whose almost perpendicular walls are sometimes a hundred feet high. In these defiles, when the rainy season is on, there often occur landslips of greater or less magnitude. If the landslip be small, it forms a quagmire, sometimes covering part of the surface of the road, sometimes the whole of it.

TYPES OF CHINESE PEASANT CHILDREN

We shall expect soon to hear, direct from Shansi, cheering reports of the progress of the relief work there, which is progressing under the auspices of a friendly Governor, Chan Chun Hsien, and with the co-operation of the native relief committees. One can already picture the delight with which our bearers of food and blessing have been received in that far-away land, both by the converts and the heathen, who have been fighting a grim battle with death for many months, buoyed up only by the knowledge that help was on the way. God grant it may have reached in time to save many lives.

The great scarcity of rice, and the famine prices at which the present meagre stock is held, make it imperative that some substitute, such as millet, should be largely used in the Chinese famine provinces this season. No substitute, however, can alienate the Chinamen's love for his favorite cereal. A writer who has traveled much among the Chinese, says:

The chief thing they wish and work for is rice; their domestic accounts are entirely regulated by the quantity of rice consumed; their meals, according to the number of bowls of it boiled; and their exertions according to the quantity wanted. Every substitute for this favorite food is considered meagre and indicative of the greatest wretchedness. When they cannot obtain a sufficient quantity to satisfy their appetites, they supply the deficiency with an equal weight of water. . . . They maintain that it is rice only which can properly sustain the life of a human being.

Interest in the Famine Relief Work continues to grow as the work itself progresses. From every State in the Union come letters of warmest sympathy, commending the work and bringing contributions to the Fund. It is a gratifying indication of deep spiritual interest in China's future, when so many of God's people on this side of the globe are reaching out, with prayer and gift, to aid the missionaries in their life-saving crusade. "May God's blessing go with my gift," is the universal utterance. "Give and it shall be given unto you," write many who claim the promise that follows upon cheerful giving in a good cause. Every single letter is a prayer; every mail is freighted with those earnest petitions, so fervent, so sincere, that their influence pervades and consecrates the entire work. "I pray," writes Mrs. M. A. D., Barnes, Kan., "that the day is not far distant when China will gladly accept spiritual food from the once-hated foreigner." "That some life may be saved and some soul brought into the kingdom," writes Miss Grace D., Centre Road, Pa. A group of friends at Hastings, Minn., send a joint offering through Mary M. C., who writes: "May God's rich blessing attend your Christian workers in the great effort to alleviate the sufferings of the human family, God's creatures, is the sincere wish and prayer of one who would like so much to be able to do much more."

All contributions to the Famine Relief Work should be addressed: China Famine Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns.

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TRAVELING IN CHINA

As in the days of Confucius so to-day, the methods of travel and transportation in China are unchanged. The photograph on the left shows a "freight train" (i.e. caravan) crossing the country. In some such way our missionaries travel. That on the right shows a caravan entering a city. Compare with our own express trains.

Why American Aid Will Be Appreciated

AMERICAN relief has heretofore been extended to Chinese famine sufferers, and it was then shown that this could be done effectively. In the fall of 1898, after the floods of the Yellow River, there was great distress among the people, and Consul Fowler, of Chefoo, was of great aid in affording relief. At that time one million people were in distress and were grateful for the aid which was given them; but of course the suffering was nothing like the present widespread famine in the province of Shansi.

The province of Shansi, under ordinary conditions, is a very productive one, and there can be no doubt that if the inhabitants can be helped through their present fearful period of distress, they will be able to provide for themselves. The province has coal, iron and petroleum, and before the Boxers' outbreak a contract had been granted to an Anglo-Italian syndicate for working the mineral deposits in central and southern Shansi. There was also the privilege of building railroads and cutting canals, to join trunk lines or navigable rivers. It was said to be the greatest industrial concession ever granted by China.

The Russo-Chinese Bank also had a contract with the Chinese Government for a railway 140 miles long, from Tai-yu-an-fu, the capital of Shansi, to Cheng-ting-fu, in the province of Chi-li, the first large city south of Pao-ting-fu, the capital of Chi-li. Pao-ting-fu is on the proposed trunk line from Hankau to Peking. This contract includes mining privileges and the building of necessary branch roads.

It should also be known that the Viceroy and other officials of Shansi province are reckoned among the ablest officials in the Chinese Empire. They have the confidence of Li Hung Chang and of Minister Wu, who feel sure that with their co-operation the famine relief extended by the United States could be made effective and would reach the people who are so sorely in need of it.

C. M. PEPPER.

Washington, D. C.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S. Canada and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Counterfeits of Religion

WE admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men standing in the front rank in the churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the Devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach at Coney Island as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

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They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him. Titus 1: 16.

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Gloomy Prophecies

WHEN will pessimism get through its work, and forever quit the earth? My opinion is that it will not go until the world is burned up, and as pessimism slips off the last hot rock, into the perdition from which it ascended, it will cry out, "Just as I told you! Everything gone to smash!" It would be useful to review the evil prophecies of the last few years, and see how they have failed of fulfillment. "Cuba will never submit to American ideas, and choose republican form of government." But Cuba has submitted, and has chosen a republican form of government. "The Filipinos can never be made to behave themselves, and Aguinaldo will never be taken." But the Filipinos are being brought into line, and Aguinaldo has so long been a prisoner that he ceases to be an object of interest to most of us. "China will be divided up and will cease to exist as a nation." But the whole world has united in the determination that the Chinese nationality must not be destroyed. "We have such a late, cold spring, that the harvests will be ruined." But at the present writing the coming crops promise to be something glorious, and if not greater than some previous harvests, great enough to call for a doxology reaching from New York Narrows to the Golden Horn of the Pacific. "The Nicaraguan Canal will put Great Britain and the United States into early conflict, and England's warships will be in New York harbor, and United States warships will appear in Liverpool harbor." But these two English nations are now having such a loving courtship that it is positively embarrassing to outsiders, who blush at accidentally having come upon the fond couple. "The war between labor and capital is becoming more and more severe, and will yet ruin the country." But men of wealth are now making such mighty contribution for the education and redemption of all classes, that the men of toil are saying, "The more money the boss makes the better I like it, for see those libraries he is opening, those hospitals he is endowing, those churches he is building. What splendid things he is doing with his millions!" "But have you not read of the labor strikes?" Oh, yes, there are not so many of them as there used to be, nor so violent, nor so far-reaching.

Do any of us remember the railroad strike that was three thousand miles long? The time is not far off when the capitalists and the laborers will come into such conference and explanation that the last strike in all the earth will be declared off, and in front of that factory on the Merrimac, or the Chattahoochee, the soft, white hand of the manufacturer, and the hard, browned hand of the wage-earner will be clasped at the close of the last industrial conflict.

The older we get the more difficult it is to appreciate that the millennium is fast coming. But the procession is now forming which will celebrate the first victory of all that is good over all that is evil. We may not be here to see the marching of the bannered brigades, but we will look down and watch them from the King's galleries.

If any of our readers want to go on the accommodation train that stops at Slough of Despond, and Doubt Junction, they may do so. As for ourselves, we prefer the "through train."

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Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord. Ps. 107: 43.

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Minister's Sore Throat

THE drug stores are full of troches, lozenges, and compounds for speakers and singers. All these medicines have an important mission, but how much better would it be to avoid the ills than to spend one's time in trying to cure them! We say to all young ministers, speak naturally. Let not incompetent elocutionists or the barbarisms of custom give you tones or enunciations at war with those that God implanted? Study the vocal instrument and then play the best tune on it possible; but do not try to make a flute sound like a trumpet, or a bagpipe do the work of a violin.

Remember that the throat and lungs were no more intended to speak with than the whole body. If the vocal organs get red hot during a religious service, while the rest of the body does not sympathize with them, there will be inflammation, irritation and decay. But if the man shall, by appreciation of some great theme of time and eternity, go into it with all his body and soul, there will be an equalization of the whole physical organism, and bronchitis will not know whether to attack the speaker in his throat, right knee or left ankle, and while it is deciding at what point to make assault the speaker will go scot-free. The man who besieges an audience only with his throat attempts to take a castle with one gun, but he who comes at them with head, eyes, hand, heart, feet, unlimbers against it a whole park of artillery. Then Sebastopol is sure to be taken.

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He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. Isa. 42: 2.

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How to Spoil Children

IT is easy enough to spoil a child. No great art is demanded. Only three or four things are requisite to complete the work. Make all the nurses wait on him and fly at his bidding. Let him learn never to go for a drink, but always have it brought to him. At ten years of age, have Bridget tie his shoe-strings. Let him strike auntie because she will not give him a sugar-plum. He will soon learn that the house is his realm, and he is to rule it. He will come up into manhood one of those precious spirits that demand obeisance and service, and with the theory that the world is his oyster, which with knife he will proceed to open. If that does not spoil him, buy him a horse. We congratulate any man who can afford to own a horse; but if a boy own one, he will probably ride on it to destruction. He will stop at the tavern for drinks. He will bet at the races. There will be room enough in the same saddle for idleness and dissipation to ride, one of them before and one of them behind. But if the child be insensible to all such efforts to spoil him, try the plan of never saying anything encouraging to him. If he do wrong, thrash him soundly; but if he do well, keep on reading the newspaper, pretending not to see him. But if you have a child invulnerable to all other influences, and he cannot be spoiled by any means already recommended, give him plenty of money, without any questions as to what he does with it.

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It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. Lamentations 3: 27.

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It Has Arrived

THE millennium has begun. It may take years for it to get in full blast, but in the unparalleled bestowments by Carnegie and Rockefeller, and Morgan and Pearson, and a hundred other generous souls, I see the first rush of that beneficence which is to furnish the means for the world's education and evangelization. The most expensive machinery for the world's betterment will be put in motion. All the great philanthropies and missionary movements have been desperately in need of funds. At last, we see the sign that all the world's resources are going to be opened for God and righteousness. These uncounted millions are the first drops, not of a shower, but of a deluge of mercy, kindness, and ransom. Do not talk about the millennium as something away off in the distance. It has started. Praise God for the way in which he is opening the flood-gates of helpfulness for all nations. We of us were looking for certain great blessings for the world and the church at the opening of the first year of the new century. We were disappointed because that kind of blessing did not come. But here we have a blessing that we did not expect. We are going to have all the treasuries of Christian effort filled, and to these human instrumentalities I hope the Divine benediction will be added. Let individuals, and churches and nations shake hands over the fact that the millennium has begun.

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The kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. Rev. 21: 24.

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A Hallowed Scene

See Picture on First Page

AMONG the places held in reverence for their hallowed associations, the hill-top pictured on the first page stands pre-eminent. It was to the Mount of Olives that our Lord led his disciples on the last day of that wonderful association with them, in his risen body. They were to see his face no more on earth and they were to see it last in familiar surroundings. Between the quiet retreat to which they had often accompanied him, lay in full view, and the very ground they were treading had been often pressed by his revered footsteps. He was about to take leave of them, though probably they did not know it. But after those forty days of converse, there must have been some arrangement them prepared for the separation. In a few brief impressive words, he gave them the commission which was the beginning of that mighty movement, which now is pressing on to encircle the whole world and then, in the act of blessing them, he disappeared.

It was a close to his ministry in fit harmony with the simple dignity which had characterized it throughout. It left the little band, not heartbroken and despairing, as they had been at the foot of Calvary, but, as Luke tells us, "full of joy" and prepared to obey his commands. Truly a hallowed spot that must ever be to every man that loves Christ. As he looks around on the calm, peaceful scenes, he realizes that it was on those hills and fields that our Lord's gaze rested for the last time in his earthly pilgrimage. It is no wonder that the early Christians built a church there, and that men of every race go there to meditate and worship. To no other being who ever trod this earth has the homage of races so diverse been offered, and as the Gospel is carried farther and farther into the regions of spiritual darkness, it is found to be acceptable to people of every clime, and proves not only to Jew and Greek, but to Arab and Mongol and African and every other race, the power of God unto salvation.

Are we not justified, too, in thinking that that mountain-top may be the scene of a far more glorious event? The angels who spoke to the bewildered men who stood gazing after their departed Lord, told them that, "This Jesus who was received from you up into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld him going into heaven." Zechariah says that "in that day his feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives;" and the scene of the close of his humiliation will probably be the scene of the beginning of his earthly glory, when every knee shall bow and every tongue call him Lord.

India's Sympathy for China

From The Bombay Guardian

THE heroic and successful efforts made and still continued by Dr. Louis Klopsch, the Proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for the relief of famine in India evidently attracted the attention of the Chinese. For no sooner had the two northern provinces of Shansi and Shensi are the throes of famine, Earl Li, the foremost statesman in China, sent a cablegram: "Conditions warrant immediate appeal." This message is rightly regarded as being really from the American people, whose mouthpiece in relation to the Indian famine and many other international benefactions, has been THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. A pathetic appeal has been circulated in China by the Shansi officials, a translation of which was furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by the Chinese Consul in New York. It asserts that terrible accounts of extreme hunger—the eating of human flesh—are taking place in some villages. With characteristic promptness, subscription lists are already opened and full; $500 each announced, including $100 each from the President and Secretary of State of the U. S. A. Thus not only U. S. A. citizens, but the leaders of the Government come forward publicly as Christians and personally give money for the relief of suffering in a foreign land, in which their own troops have so recently been engaged on active military service

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Russian Pageant

MORE than in almost any European country, the civil ruler in Russia is identified with the ecclesiastical system. The picture on this page is of a scene on the great Nicolai Place in St. Petersburg, in which the Czar and his court are seen reviving a procession of bishops and priests, with the same impressiveness as if it were the parade of a division of the army. The supremacy of the reigning monarch in the church is traced back to Vladimir First, who ascended the throne in the year 980. He made a study of Mohammedanism, Judaism and Christianity, and having decided in favor of the last, commanded his people to be baptized, and threw the images that they had worshipped into the Dneiper. There was at first great popular resentment, but eventually the people yielded, and Christianity was established by law. At first, the government of the church was controlled by the Patriarch of Constantinople, but Peter the Great was not the kind of man to tolerate the interference of a foreign potentate in the church of his dominions. A curious fact, however, shows that though Peter could make himself supreme in matters of doctrine and ritual, his power had its limit. He wished to assimilate the Greek Church, as far as possible, to the rest of Europe, and one step in that direction was his command to the priests to shave. So determined was the opposition to this enactment that even Peter was compelled to yield. To this day the Russian priest wears his beard, and among the Order are some of the finest beards in the world. The order and ritual of the church differs but little from that of the church of Rome, but in refusing to acknowledge the authority of the Pope, the Greek Church makes a difference of far-reaching influence. Still more important is it that there is free circulation of the Scriptures, and the study of them is enjoined by the church. The constitution of the church distinctly affirms that "All the articles of the faith are contained in the Word of God; that is in the Old and New Testaments." The government of the church is vested in the Holy Synod, an assembly of twelve members, all of whom are appointed by the Emperor, and are removable at any time at his pleasure. Attempts have been made both by the Pope and the Anglican Church to find a basis of union with the Greek Church, but to this day the union has not been effected in either case. The church continues intact and solitary, and the result has been an unusual degree of intolerance. The summary fashion in which it recently excommunicated the most famous of its members—Count Tolstoi—is an indication of its spirit. Like the Romish Church, the Ruo-Greek Church claims to be the only true church, and regards all outside its pale as heretics and schismatics. Happily, however, the final judgment does not rest with any church, but with Him who seeth the heart.

The Lord knoweth them that are his (II. Tim. 2:19).

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA WITNESSING A PROCESSION OF BISHOPS

Homes by Lottery

A strange scene was witnessed at El Reno, O. T., on July 10 and the next two days. Following on the proclamation of President McKinley, opening up settlement by the whites the thirteen thousand farms in Kiowa-Comanche country, the first registration of homeseekers was made on that day. Hundreds were lined before the various registration booths when darkness came the previous night. The registration continued all that day and the two following days, until all had an opportunity to file their names. The drawing by lottery will begin on July 29, and until then not one of the 50,000 applicants will know whether or not he has been fortunate enough to receive a homestead. Hundreds of people slept in the streets all night to maintain their places in lines which began forming at the registration booths. Many had waited on the border of the new country for two years or more, and the last night of their long vigil was the most trying they had experienced. Their anxiety for the result of the lottery, after the long suspense will be intense, and three out of every four must be disappointed. What a pity it is that the offer which God makes of an eternal inheritance to all who seek it through Christ should not arouse a similar effort, for none who comply with the conditions of that offer will be disappointed.

That they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them who are sanctified (Acts 26:18).

The Disappearing Desert

A remarkable discovery of water in Southern California is reported in the Los Angeles *Times*. It says that a despatch has been received from San Bernardino, announcing the sinking of an artesian well on the Mojave Desert, near Victor, by persons who were drilling for oil. At a depth of less than two hundred feet there was a gush of water of nearly two hundred inches. The editor says that the result to that neighborhood will be more beneficial than if the engineers had found oil. He recalls the fact that at the other end of the Colorado Desert, near Yuma, a supply of water has been found in such abundance that a stream is now flowing deep enough to be navigated by a steam launch. The fact that so much water exists near the surface is believed to indicate that all the deserts will soon disappear, and that the next generation will have no other way of learning what an American desert looks like than by pictures of something that once existed but has altogether disappeared. The discovery may encourage similar experiments in other lands, and so the way be prepared for the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy:

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose (Isaiah 35:1).

A Miner's Disappointment

There was a broken-hearted man on the streets of a town in Kentucky a few days ago. He came from the mining regions of Idaho, where he had been working for thirteen years. He is known there as one of the most successful miners in that section. He was among the poorest when he reached Idaho, but now he owns a mine and has several well-paying interests. His return to Kentucky was for the purpose of finding his niece and her mother, who, at the time of his becoming a miner, were as poor as himself. In fact, they were scarcely able by their utmost exertions in sewing for the tailors of the town to provide the necessaries of life. Before going to Idaho, the man had promised them that if he was successful he would provide for them, and, being a bachelor, with no nearer relatives, he resolved to make them his heiresses. But for all the thirteen years of his absence he had not communicated with them. When he returned to Kentucky, he took with him ten thousand dollars wrapped up in a package for them. He pleased himself on his journey by imagining their surprise and delight when he would place it in their hands. But he could not find them at the house where they formerly lived, and when he made inquiries about them in the town he learned that both were dead. They had become so discouraged by their hardships that they had committed suicide. The man's grief was intense, and it was increased by the thought that if he had only written to them when he began to prosper, telling them what he intended to do, they would not have committed the fatal act. He is only one of many who find that they have put off a good act so long, that when they are ready to do it, it is impossible. Unhappily too many make that discovery in the affairs of their souls. They intend to make their peace with God at some future time, but are cut off without doing it.

He found no place for repentance though he sought it carefully and with tears (Heb. 12:17).

Protected by Injunction

A novel method of protecting a home from the machinations of a designing man has been adopted by a husband in Michigan. He has lived happily with his wife for two years, but a few months ago a handsome man, with plenty of money, came to the town and made the wife's acquaintance. By his charms of manner and his presents, he made an impression upon her, and the husband found that her affections were being alienated. During the interloper's temporary absence, she became the same loving, contented woman she was before, but on his return, she again became cold and complaining. Her husband had no difficulty in connecting the change in her demeanor with the visits of this man, and he spoke of it freely. His friends advised him to get a divorce, but as he loved his wife and was sure that in her heart she loved him, he would not take that course. Finally he invoked the protection of the law in another way. He applied to the court for an injunction perpetually restraining his rival from visiting his wife, or communicating with her, by letter or messenger, directly or indirectly. On his stating the facts the injunction was granted. The effect will probably be good, if the wife is at heart true to her husband, for the interloper will now be liable to punishment for contempt of court if he seeks to influence her. The dread of that punishment will doubtless keep him away, for men who show contempt for God's Word fear to disobey a court which punishes promptly.

Because sentence on an evil work is not executed speedily, the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil (Eccles. 8:11).

BRIEF NOTES

A Bible study conference will be held at Seacliff, July 23-30. Many eminent scholars are expected to participate in the proceedings. A programme, and full information, may be obtained by addressing Rev. A. C. Gaebelein, 80 Second street, New York.

The death of Professor John Fiske, of Cambridge, on July 4, at Gloucester, Mass., takes from the American world of letters its ablest, most brilliant and most conscientious historian. He was also one of our greatest philosophers, and his works on evolution commanded the respect of the most eminent European scholars.

The Sultan of Turkey has remitted to the State Department in Washington ninety-five thousand dollars, in payment of the claims for American property destroyed in his territories. The bulk of the amount is due to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for the buildings and personal property destroyed in Armenia. There are other claims, and our Government will distribute the total amount *pro rata*. It has taken many years of hard work on the part of our diplomats to extract payment and other governments have not been so successful.

After nearly six years' labor, the five bishops and five clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church who were constituted a committee of revision of the Bible, have completed their work. The changes they have made do not appear in the text, but in the margins as alternative readings. They are practically those made by the Revisers of 1881-5, but the difference is that the old text of the Authorized Version is retained and the margin alone contains the emendations. If the Convention of the Church adopts the book, it will be optional with the clergyman to read or not the words in the margin instead of those in the text, in all cases or in any one case.

Half-Hearted or Whole-Hearted?

ABRAHAM AND LOT

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUG. 4. GEN. 13: 1-18 -- GOLDEN TEXT: WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM. MATT. 7: 12

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Craft

ABRAHAM'S first stage of progress began in separation from the wicked, and we are now to see him start a second stage of advancement by separation from half-hearted goodness. Good Lord, deliver us, not alone from the companionship of the bad, but also from that of the goody and goodish and good-for-nothing, of whom Lot is the type.

. . .

That Abraham himself was by no means faultless, we are reminded by the thrilling adventure that occurred in Egypt in the time that intervened between the last lesson story and this one (Gen. 12: 10-20). From a famine in Canaan, Abraham had fled to Egypt, apparently without consulting God. Better to be hungry in Canaan, to which God had sent him, than to be full in Egypt at the peril of the soul. Better bring up a family in poverty in Christian surroundings, than in wealth where the soul's health is more jeopardized. The ruling Pharaoh caught sight of Abraham's beautiful wife, Sara, and Abraham at once concluded that he would have to die if he did not lie. We need not attribute this to his primitive morality, for the editor of one of the leading religious papers of the United States has argued long and earnestly that it is right to lie to save life, which means, reduced to its lowest terms, that it is better in such cases to trust in a lie than to trust in God. Abraham thought so, too, and said of his wife: "She is my sister." Those who classify lies, would call it a "white lie" or a gray one, for she was both sister and wife, that being a time in the world's early growth when marriage was not limited even by closest relationships. But even such a half lie only made matters worse. Pharaoh took Sara to be his wife, and Abraham seemed to have saved his life at the cost of his wife's purity

Is it Right to Lie to Save Life?

But God interposed and warned Pharaoh, who gave back Sara to Abraham, with the rebuke of a heathen for his falsehood--a rebuke that should be taken to heart by all who in extreme cases think it safer to trust the Father of lies than the God of truth. Whenever and wherever it is counted justifiable for one to lie to save anything, as in China, the very foundation of society, trust in the word of others, is destroyed. Alas, Abraham was not cured of lying by that taste of its alluring but bitter fruit (Gen. 20). Beside Peter lying to save his life, behold Christ dying for the truth, and choose your leader.

. . .

Back they came, Abraham, Sara, Lot and all their caravan, to Canaan, where the grass was still scant for their increasing flocks. The herdmen of Abraham and those of Lot therefore quarreled over the pasturage and the scanty water supply, in the very presence of the heathen Canaanites and Perizzites, who exulted, no doubt, in such an indication that these godly people were not so much better than other folks as they pretended to be. The quarrel of the servants of Abraham and Lot might have developed into such a family feud as in certain American States is often passed down from generation to generation. To fill hearts made for love with grudges and hatred is both folly and sin. Even in that warlike age Abraham gave a lesson of peace that is yet needed. "Let there be no strife, for we be brethren." Such a spirit would have prevented most of the quarrels and wars in which the brotherhood of man has been dishonored. August is a fitting time of talk of this quarrel averted, for August is the month when more crimes are committed than in any other month, many of them growing out of quarrels, which rise in number with the thermometer. It is hard to "keep cool" in the moral sense when you cannot keep cool in the literal sense. But a clear recognition that August is "extra-hazardous" ought to enable us to lay in extra patience to match.

"Blessed are the peace-makers"

Even when it had been decided by Abraham and Lot that they should separate for peace, if Abraham had insisted on his "rights" there would have been a new quarrel. He rather claimed the privilege to waive his right to first choice of the land. Thus Abraham won instead the blessedness of the peacemaker—and of the meek also, for a little black boy in a missionary class in Jamaica defined the meek as "Those who give soft answers to rough questions." Dean Stanley told a crowd of children of another old man who was at once as brave and gentle as Abraham, in whose boyhood grammar had been found the motto, "Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not." Anthony Blanc, one of Felix Neff's earlier converts, was very earnest in winning souls to Christ. The enemies of the Gospel were angry at his success, and used alike scoffs and threats against him. One night, as he was returning home from a religious meeting, he was followed by a man in a rage, who struck him a violent blow on the head. "May God forgive and bless you!" was Anthony's quiet and Christian rejoinder. "Ah!" replied his assailant furiously, "if God does not kill you, I'll do it myself!" Some days afterwards Anthony met the same person in a narrow road, where two persons could hardly pass. "Now I shall be struck by him again," he said to himself. But he was surprised, on approaching, to see this man, once so bitter towards him, reach out his hand, and say to him, in a tremulous voice, "Mr. Blanc, will you forgive me, and let all be over?" Thus, this disciple of Christ, by gentle and peaceful words, had made a friend of an enemy.

A HERDMAN WITH HIS FLOCKS ON THE PLAIN OF THE JORDAN

Lot accepted first choice, because selfishness was first in his life, and chose the most fertile land though it was at the gate of the wickedest of cities. He would risk the souls of all his household to be rich. We know how this greed failed every way. Twice he lost all his property (chaps. 14 and 19), and he very nearly lost all his character besides. As carefully as the potter, working on the costliest vase guards it against every grain of flying dust, should we guard character in ourselves and others in formative years of youth against corrupting influences of every kind.

Be careful where you go

Let us move out of Egypt, but let us not straightway move toward Sodom, as did Lot, whose life was every way almost, if not quite, a failure, in spite of all the mean and perilous things he was willing to do in order to win worldly gain. He illustrates Christ's declaration of the failure of selfishness, "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

Lift up now thine eyes. Here we see Abraham proving the truth of that other saying of Christ, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." History is full of instances that show that the man who is most likely to succeed in the long run is the man who forgets himself in obeying God and serving others. The Golden Rule of doing for others wins more—even of wealth, as a rule—than "doing others." The revised version of the Rule is, "Do as you have been done by;" but a business house built on that rule is soon swept away. Lot had selected a plain—fertile then, but destined to be the arid bed and shore of a "Dead Sea." Abraham seemed to have lost the best land by his over-generous proposal, and was perhaps depressed by that fact as Lot moved away with his herds. But when he was well gone, God said to Abraham: "This land, so far as the eye can see, I give you and your countless children to possess it and to possess the earth." God counted as his seed not only the seven millions of Jews that call Abraham father, but also Christ "the seed of Abraham," and the ever increasing Christian host. "They that are of faith the same are children of Abraham." Strong in the promise, Abraham made his headquarters at Hebron, where he built an altar, and where his tomb is visited to-day by Jews, Mohammedans and Christians. And yet in all these faiths there are more persons who follow Lot to the half-failures of a half-righteous, half-selfish life, than follow God, as Abraham did, in whole-hearted, unselfish living, that leads to full success for both worlds.

Unselfishness the Way to Success

. . .

Lot started to be righteous, but his righteousness got into bad order through the selfishness he tried to keep in the same heart, reminding us of the story of a clock in a prominent London church, on a main thoroughfare, where many depended on it, which recently stopped. For a few minutes no one noted the fact, and some lost appointments and missed trains because they depended on it. But erelong it was observed that the clock had stopped, and the cause was investigated. A family of larks had made a nest in the works. They were driven out and their nest removed, but it was found necessary to make a screen also to prevent their return to their accustomed place. So many a Christian life, on whose example others have relied as a guide to right living, comes to a standstill or goes backward, and it will usually be found, as with Lot, that love of money or of drink has been allowed to nest in the heart.

Illustrative Anecdotes

. . .

Lot did not find Sodom's wealth and fellowships an increase of happiness. He might have been less unhappy if he had never known God, but the memory of the purer days and nobler fellowships, when he was with Abraham, left an "aching void," and "vexed his righteous soul" (II. Peter 2: 7, 8), even when he had become "the Hon. Mr. Lot," an officer sitting in the gate. "A short life and a happy one," cries the young man, plunging into sin; but the reveller's joy is short, wh his headache and heartache are long. "A good time," v say again, "is one that don't go off with the having."

Sinful Joys but the Froth of Sorrow

. . .

In Old Testament times God gave earthly "riche and honor," to those who served him faithfully (Prov. 3: 19). Heaven and heavenly-mindedness a now seen to be nobler rewards; but even lay God seems to make the righteous a ros- perous as he can, and not destroy te- ousness itself by making men feign it for its earthly re rds (Read Luke 6: 20, 21; Rom. 8: 16, 17; II. Tim. 3: 12; att. 6: 33; I. Cor. 3: 21; Phil. 4: 19). The writers have oc ion to know the religious standing of the rich men in a hu red cities, and they are mostly professedly Christian men. any of them are open to criticism for the way they get and end their wealth, and riches easily lead to the vices and fa s of luxury, but these rich men of our country largely ow eir success to the fact that in young manhood they were afe- guarded by a Christian profession. The young men ho spend their substance in Sunday picnics and cham ne suppers, seldom develop enough of physical and ital vigor or of reputation to be trusted with those position hat lead to abiding wealth.

Riches and Righteousness

. . .

But let no one think success waits on wealth. Ma of the world's greatest heroes have dared to die poor. Of ose selected as America's greatest m for the New York temple of fame, on wo or three could be considered ric and probably but one was a millionair and he was made so by a great invention. In our sober dg- ment, it is the men who were richest in great thoughts in statesmanship, eloquence, bet- ry, philosophy, discovery, sic, theology, that we place the front line of success.

The Front Rank of Success

. . .

What if Abraham had een like the rulers of our "eat Powers" to-day, and, reg ing peace as a ain dream in this ck- ed world, had ar- shaled his hu red or more servants to fight his right to first choice of lan and for the best chance at So m's markets? Most of the w of the world have been fo nd and markets, and few have een waged on so clear a cla as Abraham's. Imagine him a ck- ing Lot and his servant nd flocks, and driving them of their pasturage, and then ach family fortifying its c p, keeping a lot of servants a ays armed and on guard, whos he workers must equip and su rt, each buying more guns to ht- en the other, until the c of arms became one of the ief expenses of life! Every tle while they fight, and whic ver proves stronger is decla to be right, and the other is ed into poverty to pay "i mn- nity" for being the weaker he fray.

A Lesson of Peace

Even from a commercial ew, war seldom pays its exp ses in the winnings even of the victor, and when moral ses and race hatreds are added, we believe that every recer ar has cost more than it was worth. "Let there be no fe, for we be brethren."

The words have yet closer application to family and c ch quarrels. The lesson story would suggest that it is bet to have two churches at peace than one at war. When w an- not work together in one field, let us agree to separate. ut few quarrels of good people would last if the one ose rights were clearest, like Abraham, claimed the privile to waive his rights in the name of peace and brotherhoc for the blessedness of the peacemaker (Matt. 5: 7).

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load down the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we sneer at each other—
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all for our pitiful strife.

Were it not well in our brief little journey
Down over the isthmus, out into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding our hands to be and abide,
Forever and aye in the dust at his side?

—JOAQUIM MILLE

. . .

Probably Lot was saved (II. Pet. 2: 7, 8), through the cy that "will not quench the smoking flax or break the br ed reed." Lot's godliness was not a light, but ly a smoke, and his moral character was not a ut cedar of Lebanon, but only a bruised ree If he got into heaven he must have been surp d, and surely his was not an "abundant entrance," but a se under the saying, "If the righteous scarcely be sa ," "One star differeth from another star in glory," and ch half-hearted men as Lot and Solomon and Jehu mu be ashamed even in heaven that they shone with such din nd uncertain light on earth. Men shall come from the Eas nd West and sit down in heaven with Abraham, Isaac and J ob, to whose high fellowship even there Lot does not be ng. And on earth, how great the contrast between Abra m's immortality in Jews and Christians, and Lot's in the la- trous Moabites and Ammonites? (Gen. 19: 37, 38).

Was Lot Saved?

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Suggestion for Women

FOR several summers I have watched with interest a change for the better in a certain feature of church dressing. In a great many country places, and in some of the smaller towns, women attend church during the hot weather without bonnets or hats. On the way to church they are protected from the sun by parasols, and hile there they are much cooler and more comfortable thout head-gear than with it. Why should not the shion become universal? A few of us, if we have the urage of our convictions, can easily make it so. Most omen dislike to be singular, but when a half dozen in y place decide upon a course, others soon follow. eaders are hardest to find in this world where there is little of the original and so much of the imitative in e majority. I would like to go farther than the drop- ng of women's hats as a summer custom; I would be ad if we could take them off at all seasons in religious eetings. It is now customary in places of amusement r ladies to remove their bonnets, because they inter- re with the view of those who behind them. A singer or a eaker cannot be seen, if a hree-decker bonnet, with umes, bows, and flowers tower between the onlooker and the atform. If instead of one such t of millinery, there are hun- eds, forming a rampart im- egnable to the eye, there is thing for it but to shift your sition uneasily till you can get occasional glimpse, or else to ld your hands in resignation, d listen as best you may.

Again and again in a church rvice have I found myself in e rear of a most beautiful and cturesque hat. As a hat for r-of-door wear, it was majestic; was satisfactory; it was per- ps splendid. It had cost its ner time and money. My inion was that it probably ited her style and framed a arming face. Yet, neverthe- s, that lovely hat was a stum- ing-block to me, stirring up my mper, moving me to indignant otest and spoiling my hour of rship.

A hat may be all right in a ow-window, in a formal call, a drawing-room, and on the omenade, and all wrong in the use of God. Suppose that we cide to take off our hats and ld them in our hands or laps ring service; or, if we do not sh to do this, let us adopt, ictly for church and prayer- eeting, a plain, trim, closely-fitting little bonnet, some- ing like a Shaker's cap, and let us wear that, all the ar round, when we go to church.

The women who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD uld bring a blessed revolution to pass in this regard, they only would make up their minds to act wisely d at once.

No doubt the wearing of bonnets in the public assem- y is a relic of the ancient usage, which obliged women be veiled whenever they went abroad. Modest omen feel sheltered by their bonnets, and are self-con- ious, and, to their own thought, conspicuous, when ey lay them aside in a convocation. It might be ssible to make the rule so general that she would be ceptional who should keep her bonnet on in church. man with a hat on in a Christian assembly would ok very odd. May the time come, in my time, when woman thus adorned will seem equally queer.

our Guest

From the instant that your guest enters your door, he she is sacred. No matter how perverse or trying a test may be—and all guests are not considerate—your tience must not fail. Every courtesy belongs to the test, and constant politeness must be shown her; if e is late at a meal, or if he violates some unwritten w of the house, never mind; accept the situation and show no irritation. This ought to go without saying. Never discuss a guest after she has left you, nor make her oddities a topic of discourse. The guest, too, must be in honor bound not to criticise host or hostess, or ever to reveal a secret which becomes hers through her admittance to the home of her friends. A home is a sanctuary, a sacred place, and they who violate its confidence show themselves unworthy the society of the refined and noble.

ELSIE VAN NESS.

In the Sunrise Land

The Orientals excel us of the West in that dexterity and suppleness which makes them wonderful performers of legerdemain and amazingly clever acrobats. A street scene in Japan is shown in this picture. The leader of the traveling band beating his drum, while the troupe goes through the programme he indicates. It would seem that Japanese muscles were more limber than ours, yet, no doubt, American boys could imitate and even surpass these youthful gymnasts if they chose. Mothers, as it is, are apt to hold their breath when they see what their young people attempt in a gymnasium. The tea-houses in the background are familiar to those who have spent pleasant days in the Land of the Rising Sun.

A GROUP OF JAPANESE ACROBATS

GOOD MORROW

GOOD morrow to you, neighbor,
Though yesterday was drear,
There come full many happy days
Within the whole round year.
And God, who loves you dearly, sends
A smile for every tear.

Good morrow to you, neighbor,
Just do the best you can
In serving God, by lovingly
And truly serving man;
For you and I and all of us
Are in the Maker's plan.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—A SHUT-IN. Do you mind being so much alone, when you think that the Master is with you himself?

—R. S. A. Pink and green note papers are not in fashion. Pale lavender, pale blue, pale gray, cream and white papers are all right.

—A READER. You are right in your opinion, that the Golden Rule, followed everywhere, would solve the servant problem, and most others.

—YOUNG EDITRESS. There is no royal road to success. One must work hard and long, show ability, and take advantage of circumstances. You have made a very good start.

—M. B. We have God's word for the assurance that perfect love casteth out fear. You are right in thinking that a Christian should have freedom from fear of every kind, trusting in the grace of God.

—EVA. You are in a difficult position; but I advise you to win your husband back, by being so kind and pleasing, and so free from apparent jealousy that he can have no complaint against you. I am sure that he really loves you.

—VEXED AND PERPLEXED. Poor relations are not to be despised on account of poverty. Such a state of mind is very petty. Try to help these people, even if to do so you must deny yourself. Above all, do not be ashamed of honest indigence in your own family or elsewhere.

Reconciling the Antagonistic

A HIGH degree of talent, and one which is allied to the very finest forms of diplomacy, is that which enables the housemother to conciliate instead of offending, to smooth over asperities, and to promote harmony. Has the good man a tendency to drift into monologue, to usurp an undue share of the conversation, and to tell the same stories over, until the repetition becomes wearisome? Far be it from the tactful wife to insinuate that her lord is tedious, to snub him by a brusque word or a bored look, or to suffer a slur upon his dignity in the family conclave. She has the art of so guiding the family boat through the most treacherous current that it never runs aground, and is never capsized. She steers people away from the theme which would involve them in fiery argument, and she enables them, one and all, to appear at their best. When a woman has mastered the gracious and charming accomplishment of putting her circle at ease, and of diffusing serenity about her, as the stars convey light, she is beloved and honored, and is as Juno among the gods. Our colleges should endow a chair for the especial study of this complex and attractive science, this skill of administration, this unwritten lore which differentiates the refined and restful home from that which is a mere shelter from the elements, or an arena of conflict. Some professor, herself a model of womanly grace, should undertake this instruction, which might broaden into a cult, and find many votaries.

Your Mother

Writing in the *British Weekly*, that stanch man and true gentleman, Ian MacLaren, pays a very fitting tribute to woman's work, as a mother, and speaks pertinently of the debt we owe her for her long and devoted care and service in childhood and youth. He says, and I like to think that the endorsement of his words is in ten thousand loving hearts, "If your mother be spared to you, then are you bound to make her a first charge on your life as you desire a peaceful conscience and as you shall answer before the judgment seat of God. She must be encompassed with every observance of comfort and honor and gentleness and love, with sacrifices, also, if so be it will please her, of tastes and occupations and time, and even friendships, and after you have done all that you can think of and anyone can suggest, you will still remain a hopeless bankrupt for the love wherewith she loved you.

"If she has passed from this life, and is now with God, then keep the commandments which she laid upon you in your youth, though now you be a gray-headed man, and follow in her steps, even as she followed Christ. Honor all women, and serve them in purity and chivalry for her sake."

"We have many friends," avers a Turkish proverb, "but only one mother." All through the East, even amid false religions, there is one bright spot in the honor and veneration shown to the mother, particularly as she is growing old. We cannot do better in our Western civilization than to emulate this example.

OUR HAPPY WAIFS AT BEAUTIFUL MONT-LAWN

A PICNIC at the "Tower" is one of the delights for which our waifs at Mont-Lawn are usually very eager. The "Tower" is on the top-most point of a picturesque and beautifully wooded promontory which is one of the most distinctive landmarks of the noble river. It is a steep climb to reach it. From the little windows of the Tower and from the belvedere on top of it, a view of extraordinary magnificence unrolls itself. One sees for miles and miles the river winding through green hills and valleys; crowning noble heights far and near, and on both sides of the river are the stately villas where many New York millionaires make their summer homes. The pretty town of Nyack lies two and a half miles away, at the foot of the hills. Across the river are Irvington and Tarrytown, and near the latter is the charmed spot where Sunnyside, Irving's home, nestles among the trees. Our teachers hear wonderful things, after conducting to the top of the Tower a group of children whose visions have hitherto been bounded by the narrow, dingy confines of a tenement court, where clothes-lines, burdened with wearing apparel, swing from wall to wall, shutting out sky and air; where untidy bed-clothes decorate tier after tier of fire-escapes; and where the hot, stifling atmosphere is permeated with evil smells from unsightly ash-cans and squalid rooms. We wish our readers could see the eyes of our children and hear the sweet, sad, funny, wonder-struck words they say, as this wonderland of grandeur and beauty unrolls before them. "God made the world," you tell them now, and it means something it has never meant before. All the way up the hill to the Tower is a pathway of loveliness—vines and wild flowers run riot and berries blush temptingly in the green-leaved nooks. The Tower is only a short distance from the central building and Hope Cottage, but so charming is the steep pathway leading up the hill that it takes the children a long way to make the journey. Sometimes the teachers take a lunch up the hill and there is a real picnic.

Our waifs are very proud of Hope Cottage, the pretty new memorial building, which stands as a monument to Miss Jane Hope, so many years a benefactor of our little ones. Such a beautiful dormitory it is, with its many, many little white beds, its great wide windows, and its long, roomy piazza, where it is so nice for tots to cluster about "Teachers" and hear lovely stories on rainy days. Here is a text that a little tired, sick girl found it very easy to learn when lying on her cot in Hope Cottage and gazing out of the windows: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth." The knowledge that good Christian people are so ready to aid them, enables many a friendless little one to more easily believe in God's loving kindness.

A MERRY MARCH AROUND HOPE COTTAGE

A VISIT TO THE TOWER

This is a letter which a little d at Mont-Lawn wrote to his he in this city:

Dear Pappa and Mamma:—There nice Tiger lillies and Black Eye Susies Black Berries. When we eat we get eating, and before we eat we have to "God is great and God is good and thank him for his food by his hand all be fed give us lord our daily br Amen." DANIEL AND JOH

Who knows what a blessing letter may be to his parents? child writing that grace to th may be God's own messenger mercy and hope. Not only do seek to help our tenement childr physically—it is only too plain stunted, half-starved children poverty need such help—but seek to give them something be than the bread which perish The little prayers, the brief, bri chapel services, the pretty Go songs, the atmosphere of love kindness, have made a lasting fluence on many a little life, but for these might have dri downward on the strong tide temptation that surrounds the c of the streets, where beer saloons and other evil pla abound. You are saving souls as well as bodies w you aid us in this work. Our readers remember "Til the little ragged body whose picture appeared in earlier issue of this paper. Tilly is motherless, father, a poor, honest laborer, who works all day, l ing of necessity, his little ones by themselves. T went up to Mont-Lawn with the first detachment of w and had a delightful time. This is the report a sionary gives of her since her return to her tenen home: "Tilly has taught half the children in the bl to sing 'Jesus loves me.' Saturday night, at ten o'cl I counted ten little girls, with Tilly as their leader, ting on the curb and singing that hymn. It's so a hot and close the children can't sleep in the rooms, know. Sometimes they stay outdoors almost all ni It rested me hearing those little girls sing that hy Often, when feeling discouraged because my worl the slums bears fruit so slowly, my faith has been newed by some little child who is the better, and makes others better, for having been at Mont-Law While assurance like this comes to us through miss aries, another, and most important form of encour ment is in letters like these:

Mr. and Mrs. V., Ocean Park, California. The writers of desire to bear the expense of two children during the whole that Mont-lawn is open this season; estimating the season t fore at seventy-five days, and the expense at $3. for each chil every ten days, we enclose P. O. Order for $45.

E. S., Woodbridge, N. J. $1. You could not do a n thing than giving the children of the poor this opportunity seeing the better side of life. God bless the Children's Home.

Only $3 sends a child to Mont-Lawn for ten days multiples of that sum you may send any number wish. All contributions will be promptly acknowled in these columns. Help us save the children.

Our Young Hero

HOW William Rohrer received THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Medal for "Heroism and Humanity," is told in the following letter, which will interest many readers. The letter is written by Mr. Oliver Weiser, Postmaster at Delta, Pa., father of the boy whom William rescued. It was through him that William was brought to the notice of the Medal Committee, and it was to him that the Committee forwarded the medal, in order that he might have a part in the pleasure of presentation. Mr. Weiser says:

The beautiful medal was received Saturday, June 22. Sunday, was to be Children's Day in Delta Presbyterian Chapel, and it was decided that that would be the happiest occasion for giving William his medal. William attends Sabbath School Sunday morning in the Methodist Church; Sunday afternoon, in the Presbyterian; so both congregations were interested. The Children's Service in the evening, at the latter, was chosen for the presentation. A large assemblage of people were present; every available inch of seating space was taken; a number were standing, and the windows were filled with onlookers. After the well-rendered programme of the regular service, Mr. S. J. Barnett ascended the platform, and in a brief, brilliant address, showed how often the world's young heroes had developed into great men, and how they had influenced their times. Then he mentioned the establishment of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Medal Committee, just to seek out and reward the heroes and heroines of peace and so help in the development of the noble qualities of gentleness and mercy. "Out of a great number of brave, unselfish people," he said, "who had performed beautiful and blessed deeds, a Delta boy had been chosen as the one to whom the honor belonged of receiving this medal." William was called forward; he came modestly and quietly, and the medal was pinned on his coat, the inscription of the committee's gracious letter read; and then, while the blushing lad was the cynosure of all eyes, the great crowd broke into applause, long and loud continued, by old and young. Dr. Klopsch, the Committee, and all who have labored over letters and weighed evidence, and through much consideration, at last decided that this boy should be so honored, and then taken the pains to provide this handsome testimonial, would have felt amply repaid for all trouble had they seen how much pleasure they brought, not only to their hero, but to many besides.

Saving Our Boys in the East

THE wonderful revival work in the Asiatic squadrons of the British and American navies, an account of which was recently given in these columns, continues to gather force and interest. It began, as will be remembered, with work among the Marine Guard at Tientsin, extending thence to Wei-Hai-Wei, Shanghai, Hongkong, Nagasaki, and everywhere else that soldiers and sailors were brought in touch with missionaries, ashore or on man-o'-war's men. In these cultured men and women of his own race, speaking his own tongue, inviting him into their homes, visiting him aboard ship and entertaining him with addresses and lantern-slide pictures, the sailor found his first friend in the East—a friend he little expected to discover in the missionary, whom he had, through prejudice, regarded as rather a useless and uninteresting individual. Gospel songs and Gospel services became dear to him as links between himself and those who made him feel at home in strange, and sometimes hostile, lands. Through this unique revival movement, the Y. M. C. A. has received an impetus in the same localities and aboard warships in the Orient. The work among the soldiers has been recognized as being so helpful to the navy that it is being encouraged in every way by the authorities, orders being issued at Peking that everything possible be done to maintain it. Ministers of the various nations have been petitioned by the Peking Missionary Association to give a piece of land, where a Y. M. C. A. building may be erected within legation area. The Association now meets in rooms that once formed a gambling den. Hundreds of men of every nationality are in daily attendance. The coffee-room is self-supporting, and large numbers of men are beginning the Christian life in the services. "When the Australians marched home," writes Dr. Phipps from Peking, "they stopped in front of the building and sang 'God be with you till we meet again,' and then gave three cheers for the Y. M. C. A." Aboard the British warship *Hermione*, the U. S. warship *Kentucky*, and other vessels besides, Young Men's Christian Associations have been organized by request of the officers. In Tientsin, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, and other places, the Associations have opportunities f doing excellent work. The good influe of Miss Helen Gould's gift of the h some Brooklyn Branch Building exte even to the East, for Jack-tar out t feels grateful to this lady for her inte in his welfare, and added respect for organization through which such boun come to him.

Called to Evangelism

Rev. N. B. Randall, whose Gospel la have already been mentioned in THE CH TIAN HERALD, has lately conducted a n ble evangelistic work in East Orange, N He is connected with the North Church East Orange, whose pastor, the Rev. J Dickinson, D.D., writes concerning him a recent issue of *The Examiner:* "Mr. Ran received a liberal college education, trained for the law, and afterwards ent upon a large legal practice in Glovers N. Y. Converted to a happy faith in C while alone in his room, he could not rest of heart after his union with the ch until he had decided to give up flatte worldly prospects and enter the Chris ministry. After graduation from the Roc ter Theological Seminary, Mr. Randall h pastorates at Vineland, N. J., Providence, Norristown, Pa. New York City, and S mit, N. J. During these pastorates there an ever-increasing love for evangelistic w and, in connection with his last pasto Mr. Randall was for five years State eva list for the New Jersey State Convent Since then he has given his whole tim evangelistic work. He has held about series of meetings in eight States, with m hopeful conversions."

A SETTLEMENT HOME FOR TINY CRIPPLES

BY... MRS. B. E. MARTIN

THIS is the story of a charity whose existence is justified by the fact that there is nothing like it within the limits of the city of New York. Miss Darrach's Settlement Home for Crippled Children, at 247 West Sixty-ninth street, is truly a "settlement," for Miss Darrach lives with the children, and watches over them in their work and in their play.

The house is a small one, but exactly suited to the needs of the children. It is near the School for Crippled Children, that has been running successfully for three years in Sixty-third street, under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society, and as the inmates of the Home go back and forth in the wagonette of the society, they feel that, after all, they are very much like other children, since they can go to daily lessons. They are taught—at the home and at the school—to forget their braces and surgical appliances, to run and play, where this is possible, and to be merry always.

As yet the number received into the home must be limited, since funds have to be carefully husbanded, but no fashionable club, or finishing-school, ever had such a waiting list as this Settlement. Appeals come every day and from every direction, for they are everywhere—these children who need help. Many are in the hospitals, whence they must soon be discharged as "incurable," discharged to return to dreary homes, or, what is worse, to homeless beggary. Cries come, too, from overcrowded tenements, where the able-bodied members of the family are absent all day long, and these maimed ones are left in loneliness; and from wretched shelters, where poverty and drunkenness have thrust the crippled child still further into the dull background of a colorless life, small hands are outstretched for aid. Without outside assistance, these children have no present and no future. They are untaught, they are cut off from the companionship of other children; their minds, often all the more alert for their physical infirmities, grow torpid or bitter under the dreary routine of a sordid existence, and their bodies are robbed of every chance of growth, or cure.

TEACHER AND GROUP OF YOUNG INMATES OF THE HOME.

It was to change all this that the little house in Sixty-ninth street was started. It was, in its origin, the creation of one woman's loving kindness. Now it has drawn to itself and its cause many generous friends, who are really a part of the work, and who are reckoned an important factor in the Home life. But it has no "Board," no "patronesses," and no paraphernalia of any sort. It has no endowment, no state or city aid, and no salaried officials.

Miss Darrach has always felt that work of this kind prospers best, when the relations between helpers and helped are very direct and close; and it is her wish and hope that all friends and contributors will grow to know the Home, and become personal friends of the children. To this end, Wednesday afternoon has been set aside for the reception of callers; and some member of the informal Guild of Women, who have the interest of the institution at heart, is always present to welcome visitors.

So far the Home has depended upon chance donations, upon various gifts, and upon one or two regular monthly payments from friends who wish their names withheld. Of course, the work could go forward with much surer chance of success if it had a regular income, however small. The cost of maintaining each child is reckoned at $12.00 a month. Further information about the work will be found in the *Crippled Children's Messenger*, the monthly magazine of the Home, or Miss Darrach will answer all inquiries.

WILBUR CHAPMAN'S THREE BATTLES

How the Widely Known Evangelist Came to be a Christian Through Stress and Struggle

By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

WILBUR CHAPMAN'S childhood home was a Christian one in every sense. His only memory of his mother was that of a sweet, devoted servant of God. When he was a lad in the Sunday School of the

DR. WILBUR CHAPMAN

Grace Methodist Church, in Richmond, Indiana, some one came one Sunday afternoon to speak to the scholars, and at the close of his address made an appeal which he desired every one who would take a stand for Christ to rise to his feet. Every member in the class arose with the exception of Wilbur, and he found himself reasoning thus:

"I have a Christian father and a devoted Christian mother; I am sure I must believe in Christ; why is it necessary for me to rise?"

But his Sunday School teacher, Mrs. C. C. Binckley, bending over, touched him on the shoulder and asked him if he would not confess Christ. She gently told him that if he sat still he was denying Jesus, and then putting her hand under his elbow she lifted just a little, and he was on his feet.

One of the deepest impressions of his life was made then. A few years ago, he went back to the old Sunday School room, and sat in the form with the same old teacher, and thanked God, and that teacher, from the depths of his heart, that he was led to make that public manifestation of his faith.

The second profound impression made upon young Chapman was in Oberlin College, when he was about seventeen years of age. He was living what he supposed was an average Christian life, when one of those great revivals for which Oberlin is celebrated came sweeping through the college. Meetings were being held in the Second Congregational Church, and after a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Kinkaid, Wilbur Chapman with others went to the after-meeting, and there came to him there such a conception of sin, and such a realization of the fact that he was not what God would have him be, that he felt as if he were certainly lost. Awhile ago, Dr. Chapman was holding revival meetings in Oberlin, and one day in talking to the students he went in an after-meeting, and stood at the very spot where he fought out that second great battle, and where there came to him a peace that passeth understanding.

The third great epoch in Dr. Chapman's experience was when he was a student in Lake Forest University, Chicago, when one day he heard that Mr. Moody was to speak in the city. He had never seen Mr. Moody before, and became so charmed with him that he followed him about from one service to the other. And finally, in one of these gatherings, he had the privilege of a few moments' conversation with that great winner of souls. He told Mr. Moody of the past, but said his life was not satisfactory. One day he believed, the next day he doubted; now, since hearing Moody, he was almost in despair, because he did not know surely that he was saved. He was a student for the ministry and believed God's Word; yet he was not certain of his own salvation. Then Moody opened his Bible, and pointing out a certain verse, he asked Chapman if he believed that promise. It was the fifth chapter of John and the twenty-fourth verse: "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." The young man replied, "Certainly I do." "Are you saved?" Moody said. The reply was that he was not certain. Then the evangelist said, "See here, my friend; who are you doubting?" And in an instant it flashed on Chapman's mind that he had been doubting Christ. During all his past Christian experience, Christ had been trying to impress upon him the power of his own word, and he had been blind to it. His real Christian experience, at least so far as assurance is concerned, began with that talk with Mr. Moody in Chicago, in the year 1878.

Dr. Chapman adds what I doubt not will be helpful to many readers, who will be interested in the story of the Christian progress of the soul of this man of God, who has been so signally blest in the salvation of men. "I suppose," he says "that most Christians have many mountain peaks in their experience, I have but to add one more. I was sitting in my home in the country, reading the report of the Northfield Conference, when my eye lighted upon one sentence of the Rev. F. B. Meyers, in which he said: 'If you are not willing to give up everything for God, are you willing to be made willing?' I shall never forget the struggle through which I passed. I would have first a revelation of Christ and then another picture of myself, and at last, on the day never-to-be-forgotten, strength came to me to say, 'I am willing to be made willing.' I had only to begin the sentence when suddenly a sweet revelation of Christ, such as I never had before, came to my heart, and I am very sure that from 1892 to the present time, the Bible has been a new book, preaching has been more of a passion, and my desire to do the will of God has been most constant."

A Church that Holds No Fairs

IN these days of church fairs, suppers, festivals, and what not, as means of raising money for the support of religious work, it is rare to find a church which does not resort to such devices. It is even more rare to find one that has kept clear of them all through its history. The church which occupies this unique position is the St. Paul Methodist Episcopal, of Spring street, Trenton, N. J. It was organized a little more than ten years ago, and has always been supported by voluntary contributions of members. None of them are wealthy, and many are hardly even in moderate circumstances. They have made it the rule of their lives, however, to give the one-tenth required in Biblical times, and this, with other generous offerings, has been the means of keeping all debts paid, besides paying for the erection of the pretty little church itself, as well as for street and sewer expenses and part payment on a handsome parsonage property.

The pastor, the Rev. Percy Perinchief, is an earnest advocate of these methods which have brought temporal prosperity and spiritual blessing to his people. There is no lack of friendliness among the members. The entertainments given by the Epworth League, for purely social purposes, take the place of other schemes where the making of money is the prime object, and which are so often the means of creating dissension among church workers.

Trenton, N. J. JOHN R. SINES.

The Orinoco Mission Boat

Missionary Crichton, of the Venezuela Mission, has arrived safely at Cape Bolivar, with his little steam launch, which was specially built in this country to carry on Gospel work on the great river Orinoco. He thus writes:

"The voyage has taken more time than we anticipated, but it has brought us gradually into this hot and trying climate. The season has been a very hot one, and the rains are very late. The Orinoco River is only now beginning to rise rapidly. We heartily appreciate the interest and practical assistance of so many of your readers, and we trust that soon we shall be enabled to reach far into the interior. Our address is Cape Bolivar, Venezuela, care American Consul."

Revival at Pleasantville, Pa.

A very earnest revival work has been going on recently in the town of Pleasantville, Pa. Rev. Roger Charnock, of the Presbyterian Church, invited Rev. G. I. Stone, of Titusville, Pa., an evangelist, to hold a series of meetings in his church. Mr. Stone had charge, under Bishop Thoburn, of the Seamen's Mission in Calcutta, and was there instrumental in bringing many thousands to Christ. In the meetings in Pleasantville, many church members were received, twenty-eight souls confessed Christ, and fourteen were received into the Church at one time. Mr. Stone and his wife are engaged in a small mission in Titusville, Pa., where nightly there are heard testimonies of great helpfulness and encouragement.

TRUST HIM

TRUST him in the daylight, though the shadows fall,
Trust him in the night-watch, trust him through it all.
Never love so tender, never heart so true,
Gives you of his mercy day by day anew.
Trust him though you do not always understand,
Trust him till you meet him in the Morning Land.
Trust him while you linger, love him as you wait,
Till trusting him you enter his royal palace gate.

BELLE MCKINNEY SWOPE.

Newville, Penna.

A Great Meeting in an Old Church

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., ERECTED IN 1800

THE old Moravian Church, a picture of which is given on this page, is a landmark of Winston-Salem, N. C. It was erected in 1800, and last year celebrated its centennial.

A notable event in its history—perhaps the most notable — was the recent convening there of the evening sessions of the Fourth Conference for Education in the South. Prof. Peabody, of Harvard University, made a graceful allusion to the fitness of the place for such deliberations, when he spoke of the Moravian idea of training children with the belief that each child was sent directly from God for the purpose of doing well some particular thing. The morning meetings were held in the chapel of Salem Academy. The Conference was a sort of love-feast of eminent thinkers of all sections. "Never before in the history of our community," writes Miss S. A. Vogler to this paper, "have we been honored by the convocation of so distinguished a body. Who can tell how far-reaching may be the influence of its deliberations?" Among those who took active part in the Conference were Rev. Dr. Parkhust, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott; Bishop McVickar, of Rhode Island; Hon. J. L. M. Curry, Agent of Peabody and Slater Funds; Dr. James McAllister, President Drexel Institute, Philadelphia; Dr. Truman J. Backus, President Packer Institute, Brooklyn; Dr. Albert Shaw, Editor *Review of Reviews;* Dr. John Graham Brooks, Cambridge, Mass.; Hon. C. B. Gibson, Superintendent Public Schools, Columbus, Ga.; Hon. G. R. Glen, State Superintendent of Education, Georgia; Dr. Geo. T. Winston, President North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College; Dr. St. George Tucker, President Washington & Lee University, Virginia, and others equally representative of educational movements, North and South.

Hon. C. B. Aycock, Governor of North Carolina, delivered the address of welcome. Mr. Robert Ogden (of the firm of John Wanamaker, New York), President of the Conference, responded. Music of the first day was given by the Moravian Church Band, and the devotional exercises were conducted by the Moravian Bishop, Rt. Rev. Edward Randthaler. Hon. O. B. Eaton, Mayor of Winston, at the close of the sessions, voiced Winston-Salem's appreciation of the regard shown to her by the calling of this Conference.

KEEP COOL.

From Proper Hot Weather Food.

People can live in a temperature which feels from ten to twenty degrees cooler than their neighbors enjoy, by regulating the breakfast.

The plan is to avoid meat entirely for breakfast; use a goodly allowance of fruit, either cooked or raw. Then follow with a saucer containing about four heaping teaspoonfulls of Grape-Nuts, treated with a little rich cream. Add to this about two slices of entire wheat bread, with a meager amount of butter, and serve one cup of Postum Food Coffee.

If one prefers, the Grape-Nuts can be turned into the cup of Food Coffee, giving a delightful combination. By this selection of food the bodily energy is preserved, while the hot, carbonaceous foods have been left out. The result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body, and to this comfortable condition is added the certainty of easy and perfect digestion, for the food is readily worked up by the digestive machinery.

Experience and experiment in food and its application to the human body has brought out these facts. They can be made use of and add materially to the comfort of the user.

"Camp Northfield"

"Camp Northfield," the famous vacation ground for young Christian workers, was opened by the late evangelist, D. L. Moody, in July, 1895, with a dozen tents, occupied by young men from New York, Brooklyn and elsewhere. The number of visitors—Y.M.C.A. members and others—has increased year by year. Last season over 400 young men tented on this ground. It is a wonderful place, in full view of the broad and beautiful Connecticut Valley and in sight of the Green and White Mountains. Swimming, boating, fishing, golf, tennis, baseball, corn-roasts and camp receptions add to the comfort and attractions of the camp. The arrangements are free from all conventionality. The camp opens on June 27 and closes September 2. Mr. A. G. Moody, East Northfield, Mass., will send full information to any inquiring reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Converted in a Barn

Mrs. Caroline Foster Crippen died recently at the home of her son, G. P. Crippen, in Farmington, Pa., aged ninety-four years and six months. She was born in Saratoga County, N. Y., in 1806, and in 1816, she moved with her parents to Delaware county, where she was married to John Crippen, Jan. 21, 1824. The young couple began housekeeping on Mr. Crippen's farm in Rutland, Tioga county, Pa. In 1829, they moved to Farmington, then an almost unbroken wilderness, where Mrs. Crippen endured the hardships incident to pioneer life, and where she lived to enjoy the fruits of her labors for over seventy-one years. She was the mother of six children, three daughters and three sons. Five of these reached adult age, and four survive her. She was converted in 1837, in a series of meetings held in the barn of John A. Kemp, as there was no place of worship for miles around. She probably never thought, as she walked the long, rough road to and from that barn, that she would live to worship many years in a church built upon her own farm, and where services were held every Sunday, instead of once in four weeks, as it was then. She was an earnest, consistent Christian worker in the Methodist Episcopal Church for over sixty years, and her door was ever open to the needy and sorrowful.

GAINING BY LOSING*

Losses that Have Proved the Truest Gains in the End

HOW Christ must have been pained by the question which, as we learn from Matthew 19: 27, Peter put to him, to which the verses associated with the topic were a reply! When we think of what Christ gave up that he might come to this world to redeem men, of his infinite love, his humiliation, his life of privation and hardship, his agony in the Garden, and his death on the Cross, it is pitiful to think that he should have been asked what he would give to the man who loved him in return. How would a mother feel if her son, on whom she had lavished her love, whom she had watched in sickness and for whose comfort she had toiled and slaved, asked her what would be his reward for being dutiful to her in her old age? The wretched fellow would deserve to be deprived of the privilege of caring for her. Commercialism has so eaten into our souls in this age, that even now there are some who repeat Peter's question. Ministers sometimes descend to answer it by expatiating on the glories and felicities of heaven, and urge people to come to Christ and deny themselves in this life for the sake of what they will receive in the world to come. But it is a pitiful argument, an appeal to all that is lowest and meanest in human nature. No man becomes Christ-like by such motives. If he can hear that Christ suffered and died that he might be saved from sin, if he can realize that Christ loved him so much that he laid down his life for him, and makes no response until he is assured that all he will lose by following him will be more than made up to him in heaven, he is not worth saving. Such bargain-making is an offense in the eyes of God.

But while it is degrading to stipulate for a reward and to do a duty for the sake of what will be gained by doing it, the reward does come and men do gain by losing. Sometimes the loss is of things that are well lost, as in the case of the reformed drunkard, who, being taunted with all the pleasure he was losing by becoming a total abstainer, said: "Yes, I have lost many things by giving up the drink. I have lost a miserable home, I have lost the weeping of wife and children, I have lost my morning headaches, my debts, my bad reputation and a host of other things that I am very thankful to have lost, and I have gained lots of things well worth having." We are familiar with the principle in every walk of life. The farmer loses the seed that he puts into the soil, but it brings the gain of the harvest. The lad at school loses the pleasure he would have in the ball-field, but in losing it, he gains the education that will make him a useful and successful man. The young man may lose the enjoyment of a club or a picnic or evenings spent in pleasure, but he may be gaining the means of getting a home of his own. There are employees who have lost their position by refusing to lie and have found in that very loss the beginning of a life of prosperity. Quite recently a merchant related how he lost the sale of an article by telling his customer of a defect in it, but he thereby gained the confidence of his customer, which proved the beginning of a new era in his business. It does not always pay in a commercial sense to do right. No man should depend on getting his reward in dollars; he should do right because it is right, whatsoever his loss may be; but there are sufficient instances of gain coming from it to encourage him. He will at least gain the approval of his conscience, and the satisfaction of having done his duty, which is no mean reward.

Christ said: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." The paradox has been proved true by millions. Men have given up property and position and all that in the opinion of the wo makes life worth living, and have fou in the love of Christ and the unfatho ble peace that he gives, a happiness t the world knows nothing of. The stor told of a man on a sinking ship, wh loaded himself with the gold that he bringing from the mines that he sank lost his life, while his companion took the belt in which his gold was carried swam out to safety. It has been so ag and again in the affairs of life. Eter life has been lost in the effort to save make a fortune, principles have been rificed, lies told and crimes commit and at the end, whether the man was cessful or not, he has counted himse fool. On the other hand, the loss of tune and ease and comfort has bee many the beginning of eternal life. David said, they have found that it a good thing for them that they w afflicted, for when stripped of their sessions they turned to God and lear to trust in him. That these losses may painful, none will deny. Christ compa some of them to the loss of a right h or a right eye, but happy is the man has the courage to renounce. When finds that some possession, or some a ciation or occupation is endangering safety of his soul, he alone is wise resolutely puts them away from him, rificing them at any cost rather than the risk of being dragged down by t to the abode of the lost.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 4. Mark 10: 28-30.

REVIVAL NOTES

Rev. Arthur Crane, the well-known e gelist, lately conducted a series of most cessful revival meetings in Tampa, Fla.

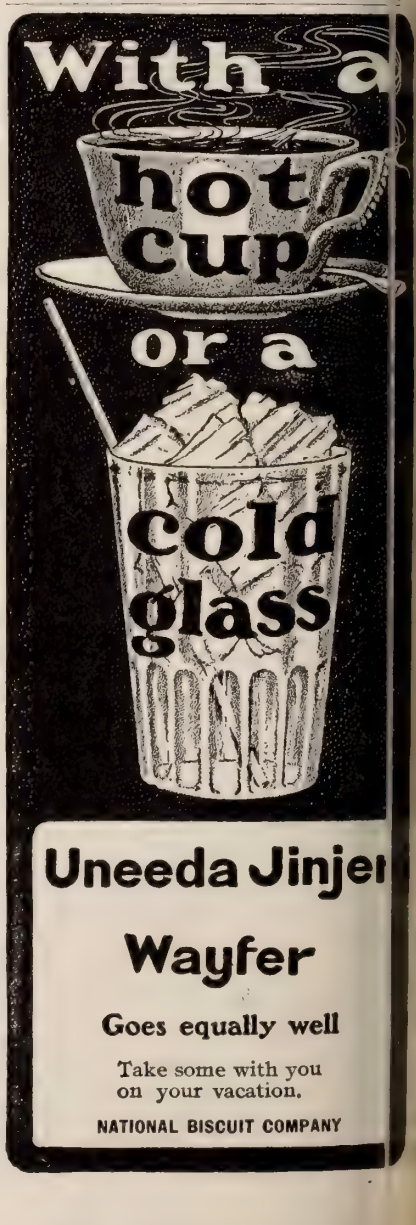
McKean, Pa., has had a series of meeti extending over two months, conducted Rev. N. C. McLean and wife. Many sou and received the blessing.

The Best of all Testaments

Allow me to thank you for the premiums of Red-Letter Testaments. I am more than ple with them. One, I gave to a non-religious tra ing man, with a request that he make it his companion. One of the HERALDS goes into a religious family, where there are two sons (six and eighteen), and my prayer is that they heed of its teachings.

C. L. HARRISO

Glenwood, Fla.



GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Power of Habit*

"IF having been once defeated, thou shalt say, 'The next time I will conquer'; and then the same thing over again, be sure that in the end thou wilt be brought to such a sorry and feeble state that henceforth thou wilt not so much as know that thou art sinning; but thou wilt begin to make excuses for the thing, and then confirm that saying of Hesiod to be true:

'With ills unending strives the putter-off.'"
—EPICTETUS.

Francis Bacon said: "A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other." A large portion of our life represents habits. This is not necessarily an evil; indeed, the establishment of habitual action is indispensable to intelligent existence. But the word "habit," as ordinarily understood, signifies fixed tendencies to action, either physical or mental, which are injurious, or foolish or morally wrong. As the great factor in the formation of all habits is repetition continued until attention is not required, the repeated assault of the will directed by keenest attention and governed by desire until the fixed tendency is overcome, seems to be the only method of rooting out these obnoxious weeds of body and mind. A strong will can master most habits at once, if the man genuinely desires that this be done. A continued effort to destroy evil habits must develop the will. But this effort supposes conflicting desires or impulses—those running to the habit, and those opposing it. Hence the value of mental culture, and especially of strength of memory, imagination and will in order that the conflict may be made to turn in the right direction.

To overcome habits, then, one must bring his entire attention to the matter; must think intensely of the motives and outcomes involved, and must resolve to do all things necessary to turn the mind away from habit toward freedom. We affirm that we resolve; yet perhaps no resolution has really risen in the mind. In time of great sorrow, or of extreme excitement or pleasure, or of intense anger or disgust with self, or of fear of results, resolve sometimes is so deeply cut into the soul that it has opportunity to discover its ability to perform and to suffer, and to become habituated a little to the necessary discomfort of self-denial, and so to take a new hold by will for a more persistent effort. By this time the "force of habit" and the test of continuance have become slightly less, while the power of will has correspondingly grown. Perseverance not is sure prophet of reward.

It is a law, probably, that as much willpower must be expended in curing a habit as has been employed in acquiring it, the entire matter may be summed up in one word: All evil habits may be destroyed by the man who really desires to master them.

Future in China for Missionaries†

NOT only will there be a new material China, but there will also be a regenerated China. A purely materialistic China, well-equipped ironclads and Mauser rifles, and no ascendancy of moral force, would be a curse to herself and a menace to mankind. God has something far better in store for humanity. By a regenerate China is not meant that all China will be converted; far from it as yet; but it is meant that Christianity will soon move with gigantic strides.

Drawbacks and checks there will be; but, allowing for them all, after taking into account the nature of the Chinese people, once emancipated from their slavish allegiance to their literary class, considering that they have no Indian caste to keep them back, counting as we do on the mighty power of God to be provident in the last days, now just ahead of us, we are safe in assuming that there will be such ingatherings as the world has never seen. We had a little forerunner of this two years ago, when the famous reform edicts of the Emperor came out. Immediately missionary work grew immensely interesting, and many who had been secretly serving Christ came out and openly accepted him. The oppression of the gentry and officials became less and less, until the Emperor was dethroned, and then the cloud settled down once more. The foreigner's power has been felt, and will in the future be respected. This, in turn, will have the effect of causing the Chinese to respect the foreigner and his teaching, and we feel sure missionaries will not need to work so hard to get people into the Church as to keep them out, for the Chinaman, like the Westerner, desires to be connected with those who are in high favor. Teachers in English will be in demand everywhere, as the English language is the preferred one by the Chinese.

The missionaries who have retired for a time, will go back refreshed in body and spirit, and, therefore, prepared for the great work which will be crowded upon them. New churches and homes will have to be built to take the place of those destroyed, and the friends, therefore, at home will have to stand behind their respective boards, both in prayer and financial aid, to help tide over this time of severe strain. The promise of Isaiah that they shall come from the land of Sinim (China) will surely come true, for God's word cannot fail. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. The light is breaking over China to-day. God's servants should not be slow in claiming all the land. The doors of iron and brass are now creaking on their rusty hinges, and the missionary must not be discouraged, but enter in.

*From *The Power of Will*, by Frank C. Haddock. A book intended for students, teachers, professional workers, and all who desire self-culture and the mastery of life. It is strongly written, and gives rules for the correcting of bad habits; also the best means of achieving power of will, and shows the value of concentration. Cloth binding, 431 pages. The Nichols Press, Lynn, Mass., publishers.

†From *China and the Boxers*, by Rev. Charles Bell, editor of *China Messenger* and pastor of a church in China. A short history of the Boxer outbreak, with two chapters on the sufferings of missionaries and a few words about the outlook for Christian work among the "yellow" people. Pp. 156. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 30 cents. Published by F. E. Munson, Bible House, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED

John Charity, a novel, by Horace Annesley Vachell. The scene is laid in England at the beginning of Victoria's reign. It is full of stirring incidents and healthful outdoor life. Pp. 356, cloth cover. Price $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

Several series of *Ancient Records* (translations and transliterations), are announced for early publication by the Macmillans. The first will be the *Ancient Records of Babylonia and Assyria*. The entire series promises to be a most valuable and comprehensive one, embracing many volumes.

Separation and Consecration

The Discipline by which Abraham was Prepared for his Mission

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

ONE wrong step of a man of faith may have serious and evil consequences for others. God, indeed, forgives the failures of his people, but the consequences of our failures upon others remain to remind us of our sin, and of our constant need of dependence upon him. Neither Sarai nor Lot had the manifestation of God to them personally, as Abram had. Their faith in God took its rise in his; and what he did, and how far he trusted, naturally affected their walk and their faith. Abram had gained in riches while in Egypt; but all he gained was at the sacrifice of truth. Pharaoh "entreated Abram well," for his wife's sake, who "was taken into Pharaoh's house," "and he had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men servants, and maid servants, and she-asses, and camels" (Gen. 12:16). The very man who had left all in Mesopotamia at the call of God, accepted riches at the hand of Pharaoh, by prevaricating about his wife, and placing her in terrible danger!

The promise of God to Abraham (Gen. 12:2), was suspended during his sojourn in Egypt; he was neither blest, nor made a blessing; and his name, instead of being made great, was under reproach. By the orders of the king, the man of God was conducted to the frontier of his land. "Pharaoh gave men charge concerning him; and they brought him on his way, and his wife, and all that he had."

And Abram went up out of Egypt. A dark chapter in his life had closed. Sarai and Lot were with him, and all his riches, "cattle, silver and gold." But he was no richer in the knowledge of God, and he had left no memorial of his God in Egypt. But he did the very best thing he could in retracing his steps to the very place where he had last built an altar to the Lord (Gen. 13:1-4). Whenever a child of God gets wrong in his soul, let him seek God again where he last met with him. God changes not (Mal. 3:6); and he is ever to be found again just where we left him. But let man come back with a deeper knowledge of the corruption of his own heart. When Abram had found the altar which he had left when he took matters into his own hands, he began to do what he must have ceased to do when in Egypt, he "called on the name of the Lord" (verse 4). We may make formal prayers when we are not walking in step with God, but there can be no real communion, no calling on the name, the character and authority of Jehovah, no appeal to him on the ground of who he is and what he is when we are active in unbelief.

Lot had profited from his uncle's prosperity in Egypt; he had an eye to business as regards earthly things, and probably he felt quite at home in Egypt; he also "had flocks and herds and tents." Tests there must be in the life of every true child of God, and, above all, in the lives of those who are specially called, as Abram was. "The land was not able to bear them that they might dwell together; the grass was exhausted, the brooks began to run dry. A strife arose between the herdmen belonging to Abram and those belonging to Lot; the uncle and nephew began to have divided interests.

"Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou take the right hand, then I will go to the left" (verses 8, 9 R.V.). So "Lot lifted up his eyes;" but no higher than earth. He did not lift up his eyes to the Lord to ask his will in the choice he should make; he did not consider how unseemly it was for him, a young man, to take advantage of the disinterestedness of his uncle. He saw the chance to do a good stroke of business. Seeing "all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, . . . like the garden of the Lord," he chose the best for himself.

Now Abram was fully separated from his country, his kindred, and his father's house. "And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes." Lot had lifted up his eyes to look out the best for himself. "Lift up now thine eyes, to see what I have reserved for thee. And look from the place where thou art, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." Self-interest can only procure what is limited, and the tenure of which is uncertain. But they who rely upon the Lord discover the deep truth of those words, "All things are yours" (I. Cor. 3:21), and "all things are for your sakes" (II. Cor. 4:15). We come into the possession of everything which we renounce for God. The very plain of Jordan, which the covetous Lot had secured, would own him only for a temporary tenant; it was secured by eternal title deeds to Abraham and to his seed forever.

And this was not all. "I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth, so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered." And it is not only what thou now seest. "Arise, walk through the land, in the length of it, and in the breadth of it, for I will give it thee." The seed of Abraham shall yet possess the land, and it shall yet be too straight for the number of the inhabitants. Within the last two hundred years the Jews have increased fourfold, and their increase within the last fifty years is considerably more than this ratio; for the time is at hand when the promises to Israel, which fill the Old Testament, shall be literally fulfilled.

May we not learn from this history the foolishness as well as the sinfulness of self-seeking? We are born again that we may be witnesses of the living God, that others may see, as Lot saw, when he parted from Abram, that a man who sees God and knows Him does not count it a risk to trust his earthly interests to God. He can count upon his unseen God, who really loves and cares for him. If we really believe that he is caring for us moment by moment, we are not anxious, we are kept in peace. Anxiety is a proof that we do not trust, that we have misgivings about the love and faithfulness of God. Really, everything that is permitted to happen to us is arranged for the day and hour, as the very best thing that can be. God is in everything, and he makes no mistakes. Let us only take him at his word, then we shall glorify him and find how really all things, the most trying and difficult, are for our sakes. Ours is a good portion—Abraham's portion, when we have Abraham's faith.

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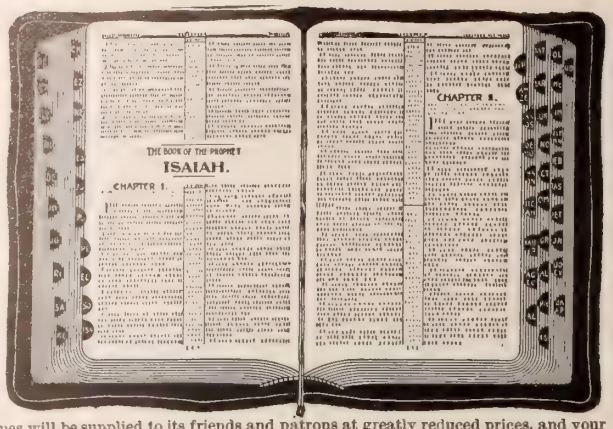

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De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1901

VOL. 24—NO. 31
Offices: Bible House, New York

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

IN SUMMER'S PRIME

SHE walks amid the Summer's light,
Herself, a Summer queen,
Were ever maiden's eyes so bright,
So gentle, maiden's mien?

AND Summer gives to sceptre her,
A wealth of fragrant flowers;
Sweet breezes round her pathway stir,
And kiss her passing hours.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Aug. 28

1. If a dear friend and an enemy were both in danger simultaneously, am I in duty bound to aid my enemy first, or should I yield to the promptings of my heart and succor my friend?
2. Is the world growing better or worse? Briefly, what are the facts in evidence?
3. Was David justified in ordering Solomon to have Joab and Shimei executed (1. Kings 2: 5 9)?
4. When, where, and under what circumstances was glass discovered or invented?
5. Is the practice of condoning immorality in men justifiable? That is to say, should the male offender be ostracized by those who know him, as severely as they ostracize offenders of the other sex?

Questions of the Week

1. An aged friend, long past the "allotted span," asks: "Is it selfish to desire heaven? Is my contemplation of the joys of heaven tinged with selfishness?" What is the answer?

The desire to reach heaven or perfect felicity, is one natural to the human soul, and is good in the highest degree, for it implies a desire for the highest purity and virtue. It desires nothing at the expense of any other. Especially is it unselfish, for one who has lived out the best of his days upon this earth, to wish to go there, for he can, through the infirmity of nature, be of little service to his Master or his fellow-creatures here, while by going thither he is assured of an eternity of activity in well-doing. L. T. RIGHTSELL.

. . .

No! Paul, who "counted not his life dear unto himself," who could even "wish himself accursed from Christ for the sake of his brethren," yet had a "desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is much better" (Phil. 23). The old Hebrew saints desired a better country, which is "an heavenly." It is not selfishness for the tired child to cry for mother, or for the lonely exile to long for home, nor for the storm-tossed mariner to desire a haven of rest. So, when the aged pilgrim desires heaven it is not selfish, but rather the immortal spirit so long confined within the earthly house seeking her native place in the paradise of God. WM. J. LUSCOMBE.

. . .

The Spirit's ministry is to show us the things of heaven. God loves us, and he is anxious to have us with him. The desire to go to heaven to be with Jesus is not selfish at any age, but to fret and worry, because of any delay, would be sinful. Christ told us to watch and pray for his coming. Desire always precedes prayer and watchfulness.

PHILIP BAUER.

. . .

Heaven is where Christ is, and I cannot conceive of a sweeter or more unselfish joy than the desire of the disciple to be in heaven with the Master, "his dwelling place." The great apostle to the Gentiles was not under condemnation for desiring to depart. His desire was heaven-born—not carnal, but spiritual. I know of no Scriptural admonition against the saints contemplating the joys of heaven, but in language of surpassing beauty and sublimity, the Word of God ever brings before us the glories of Zion. Why should we not look forward with rapturous delight to the hour when "our eyes shall see the King in his beauty?" Our answer, in the light of God's Word, is that it is not selfish to desire heaven. A. A. KNIGHT.

. . .

When one's life work is so nearly ended, although living friends are dearly loved, and the days spent with them are enjoyable ones; it would be natural to desire the greater joys which are promised. LYDIA WARD.

. . .

There are two ways in which to look forward to the life beyond, one sinful the other the reverse, I think that our aged friend has chosen the latter. It is a privilege the aged have to look forward to the home beyond the river, where infirmities are unknown.

MRS. F. P. WILLIAMS.

. . .

I should decidedly say, No! Jesus points to heaven as the believer's goal—"I go to prepare a place for you." A child of God who has passed through many conflicts and infirmities of age, may and does naturally long for the rest remaining for his chosen ones. To desire to be with her Saviour cannot be wrong.

I have wrestled on toward heaven
'Gainst wind and storm and tide,
Now like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide.
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

ISALINE V. WRIGHT.

. . .

For this aged friend, nearing the celestial gates, it surely cannot be selfish to be largely occupied with ardent anticipation of, and desire for, the heavenly home. As we draw near to the end of the journey, and get more and more detached from the world, it is natural that we should be adjusting ourselves to the relationships and duties of that other world we are so soon to enter. Especially is that so when the great majority of our friends are in that world already, and are waiting to greet us on the other shore. If there is any danger in this attitude of anticipation, it arises, I think, from a possible neglect of duties which we owe to those round about us here. Such duties ought to be performed with all kindness and sympathy until life's close.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

. . .

All thoughts in reference to our enjoyment of heaven are but idle dreaming, a waste of time and force and a probable neglect of other duties. Age has its duties and opportunities, and if faithfully performed

Old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night
Will lead us to our graves.

The writer is growing old, but while on earth, derives the greatest pleasure, not in elating one's hopes or fears as to the future, but in contemplating the goodness and mercy of God that have followed him so undeservedly through life. T. W. COSTEN.

. . .

One, no matter how old, should desire and be glad to live as long as the Lord wills for him to live and serve him. Then, too, old age is evidence that God still has a service for such an one on earth. Furthermore, old age may be a special blessing bestowed for having "honored" father and mother in the days of youth. With the Psalmist, "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage; and he shall strengthen thine heart." J. W. HAMNER.

. . .

One of the most devoted and useful Christians I have ever known, longed and looked daily for her release for twelve long years, but she did not let this longing keep her from faithful service. She had seen her large family of sons and daughters grow into useful Christian men and women, and had stood by her husband while he joyfully entered the river of death, and then felt that it was no longer for her to plan for the future, but lovingly and patiently wait for the blessed summons "to come up higher."

MRS. M. E. CRAVATH

. . .

Answers have also been received from Emma Tarvin, J. W. Hamby, Chas. H. Harrison, W. A. Finlay, H. D. Inman, C. P. Atkinson, Amelia Hoyt, Mabelle F. Foster, R. T. Edwards, M. R. D. Dingwall, C. H. Schnepel, Robt. McBurney, Frank T. Mann, A. A. Forster, J. L. De Vere, W. E. G., J. L. Waller, G. H. Rogers, B. F. Whittemore and L. B. Chamberlain.

2. If a hive of bees swarm on Sunday, would the bee-keeper be justified in hiving them as a work of necessity, or should he let them go, knowing that by so doing he will lose them?

He should hive them, and for the same reason that he would pull the sheep or the ox out of the "pit," or milk the cow—because it is necessary work—could not be done before or be put off until the next day. But the bee-keeper should try to prevent Sunday swarming as much as possible, and he need have very little hiving to do. By giving the bees plenty of room the last of the week to store surplus, by cutting out queen cells, or dividing the colonies that are ready to swarm, or putting a cage over the entrance, very few colonies will swarm on Sunday. But if they should, he can hive them in a very few moments if the proper preparations have been made, and his queens are "clipped," and do it without soiling his clothes. Hives should be entirely ready, queen cage and sheet; then at the first roar of the swarm he steps out, catches the queen and puts her in the cage, sets the prepared hive by the side of the one the swarm came out of, places queen in front of it, and throws sheet over old hive. The bees are saved, and the bee-keeper can go on to church with the consciousness of having done just as little work as possible, and yet saved his bees. M. ANN SHEPHERD.

3. What is the greatest defect in child-training to-day?

The greatest defect in child-training to-day, is that so little effort is made to cultivate and develop the moral nature, and that children are so seldom taught, according to their capacity, to reason and be reasonable. It is easier to say "you must and you shall," but the child should be so taught that it will suffice to say rather "you ought and you will." One of the first lessons the little one learns should be the Golden Rule, and it should be hung on the walls of the home and the school, and be constantly referred to as the test and measure of its action everywhere. The State takes the education of its children in hand at an early age, but concerns itself only with the training of the intellect. Its mistake is that so much is demanded along that line, that the children have little or no opportunity, even out of school hours, in taking part in the social and industrial life of the home. They should learn to lift their share of its burdens, do their part of its work, and appreciate to some extent the cares and perplexities of their elders. Nor ought they to be left without the skill that practice gives in the use of the hands. The formation of character should be held of first importance, the acquireme of knowledge secondary. H. L. TAYLOR

4. What great reformer died saying he w weary of the world?

The phrase has been attributed to Mela thon, Luther's associate, but it is not auth tic. It is hardly the sort of expression dying Christian would be likely to use, si it expresses a feeling of hopelessness as w as weariness. Cardinal Wolsey, in the fa ous soliloquy, employs the expressic "Weary and old with service . . . . V pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"

L. BARRETT

5. Is a minister justified in accepting a call a larger salary, if he is in no special need the increase, when he knows that he is do valuable work in his present field, and t it might be difficult to fill his place wit successor?

If an ambassador of the United States t foreign court should decide questions of office with an eye to his own financial bene instead of the interest of the government represents, he would be considered unwort But the minister of Christ who decides upon place of work from financial consideration more so. He should seek the place where can best serve the interests of the kingdom heaven, leaving the question of salary to h who said "Seek ye first the kingdom of G and his righteousness and all these thi shall be added unto you." ZEB C. ROBERTS

A THUMB-INDEXED MINION TEACHER'S BIBLE FOR ONLY $1.10

THREE years ago, and for many years prior, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offered the Thumb-Indexed Minion Teacher's Bible for $2.00. The type is the same size as that used on this page in reply to the questions. It is a much more handy Bible than the larger type edition.

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Miscellaneous Questions

T. A. M., New York. Under what circumstan did John H. Newman write the hymn, "Le Kindly Light"?

"It was the outcome of a long and pain mental and spiritual struggle," writes a bi rapher. He had been sick in Rome, a made a slow voyage home from Sicily on Mediterranean, in 1833. He wrote ver throughout the entire trip. They were calmed for a week, and he himself decla that he fairly "ached" for home.

B. S. D., Van Etten, N. Y. No.

C. H. M., Le Seur, Minn. He is not.

W. K., Eugene, Ore. We don't know.

Mrs. M. E. G., Oak Cliff, Tex. It will proba appear in book form later on.

Mrs. M. I. S., Columbus, Kan. No, we do believe such a business can be taught except actual experience.

R. F. D., Portland, Me. You can notify post office to deliver no mail at your house. T is the only remedy.

Reader, Richland Centre, Pa. Unquestiona such a change could be the result of nothing than Divine grace in the heart.

Regular Reader, Russell, N. Y. See informat in a recent issue, relative to the Chairman of Missionary Relief Committee in China.

T. J. S., Kalona, Ia. There are many thi that are both legal and constitutional, yet wh may be wrong in the higher moral sense.

Mrs. F. V. S., Binghamton, N. Y. To ma into a family tainted with insanity or epilep would be to invite a lifetime of misery and regre

E. J. N., Princeton, Ill. In a recent editorial (page 492, issue of May 29), Dr. Talmage has corded his views upon our treatment of the Chine

W. G. R., Plymouth, Pa. 1. Write to the *M cal Record*. 2. Impossible to advise. Consult y own interests and inclinations and await oppor nities.

Mrs. M. R. G., Horatio, S. C. 1. Ingersoll, it understood, died as he had lived, an unbeliever. It is indigestible. 3. No, it would conflict "w city" and "county."

Mary L. Allen, Missionary, African Gospel M sion, Sinoe, Nana Kroo, West Africa, can Christian literature to great advantage in her n sionary work among the heathen.

J. R. C., Minto, N. D. There is much to be s on both sides of the subject. The science of me cine is one of the noblest professions, and has b a great benefactor to the human race.

Any reader of this journal desiring to learn truth concerning Mormonism, should send 15 cc to the Kinsman Publishing Co., Salt Lake Ci Utah, for a series of tracts on the subject.

Reader. We should regard such payments not properly within the line of either tithes or fr will offerings. They are simply dues, paid in w the expectation of an ultimate personal benefit.

G. J. A. R., Burgoyne, Can. 1. So-called prof sional seers, necromancers, and fortune-tellers justly regarded as humbugs and are liable to pro cution. 2. Write to the Coast and River Surv Washington, D. C.

J. S. S., Atlanta, Ga. The second son wou seem, from your description, to be more likely succeed in a trade than in a profession. He mi succeed well if he received some mechanical tra ing at a trades school.

Subscriber, Neosha Falls, Kan. The phra "losing his mind," is not strictly correct. "Losi his mental balance," would probably better descr the condition of a person whose brain had beco disordered, from whatever cause.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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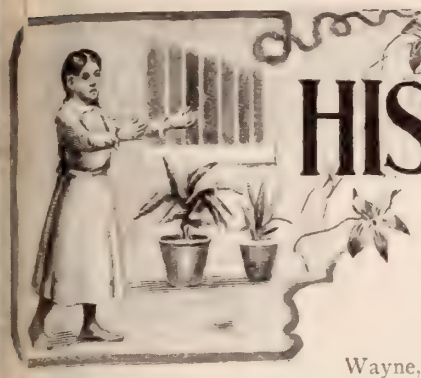

HIS-LITTLE-BROWN-MAID

BY MARY C. FRANCIS

SOMEWHERE in the mad flight that Amalgamated Copper made between 64 and 126 during the last Wall street boom, Dudley Wayne, broker, club man and all-round good fellow, cleared up $100,000. He had not been a poor man before, now he felt that he had a fair beginning in the race for wealth, and it was with this comfortable sensation fresh on him that he sat with his friend, Gregory Wilson, in the luxurious library of the latter in his Fifth avenue home.

"You have a big start on me, Gregory," he said, laughing, "but I may catch up with you yet, old man. A few more favorable deals and I may be a millionaire also."

"I hope so, Dudley; I don't know of anyone who deserves it better," replied his friend, genially. "In the meantime I take it you won't wait till you are a millionaire to begin to enjoy yourself."

The microbe of wealth has bitten deeply into stronger men than Dudley Wayne, and just now his system was fully inoculated with that subtle virus. He was in that perilous and expansive mood which precedes the fatal contraction of the heart and the purse strings, and that $100,000 beckoned him on toward the financial horizon where $1,000,000 danced like the Northern Lights. He leaned back in the deep chair with careless grace. "Oh, of course, I shall enjoy myself," he said nonchalantly, "but after all, I am comparatively a poor man. One's bank account has to be worked up in seven figures to live with elegance in this city. My little pile doesn't count. I was wondering to-day what I could do with so small an amount of money, I mean anything that would bring me real happiness."

Before Gregory could answer, the door opened softly and a little girl entered with a shy and half appealing look. She was a beautiful child of about nine, with hazel eyes, curling bronze hair and a warm rose tint in her fair cheeks. At seeing a stranger, she swung on the door knob and hesitated.

"Come in, Evelyn," called her father. "This is Mr. Wayne, dear." The child shook hands with Dudley and blushingly placed a photograph down by his side.

"What's this?" asked Wayne, by way of opening conversation, "is it your picture? Let me see it."

Her timidity vanished instantly. "Oh, that's a picture of my little orphan," she said, eagerly, and before his astonished eyes she laid a photograph of a foreign, dark-eyed, dark-skinned little girl, as thoroughly Oriental as she was Anglo-Saxon.

"Your what?" said Dudley, utterly at sea. After the manner of children when their confidence is once gained Evelyn's tongue was now loosed, and in childish phrases she told him a simple story that lifted a corner of the dark veil of the Orient for one who had never looked behind it.

"Why, there was a dreadful famine in India, and there wasn't any rain, and all the people were dying, and, oh! so many little children starved to death. And after a while our missionaries established the missions, and took in all the children they could find that hadn't died, and now they take care of them and educate them and are very good to them. I wanted to take care of an orphan for a whole year, and I saved up my money for a long time and got an orphan, and this is her picture." She finished with such an air of pride as a mother might exhibit over her first-born. She went on: "This is the way they all look before they go into the mission." She took from the table a large group photograph and showed it to him, while she talked on her favorite theme. Dudley looked at the picture—the famine-stricken children, vacant eyes in hollow faces, the parchment skin drawn tightly over the protruding cheek-bones, skeleton arms and legs, swollen stomachs. In their eyes that unearthly light that marks the uncanny border-land between this world and the next.

Already they looked like food for vultures.

"And this is the way they look after they have been in the mission for awhile," she went on. "This is Panna, my little orphan. See how pretty she is now, and look, here she is in the group." With her forefinger she pointed to one of the tiny human skeletons, a creature whose bones were partly covered with a few rags, the stomach unnaturally bloated from starvation, the eyes dull caverns, the mouth open, death so plainly stamped that one wondered where the spark of life could find lodgment. Wayne looked from one picture to the other with a strange feeling curling around tendrils of his nature that he had not even suspected before. A sixth sense vibrated somewhere, and through long unused spiritual avenues there flowed vague but inspiring emotions. Imagination was not dead in him, and as he looked at the lovely, smiling child, plump and rosy with health, who now leaned confidingly against his knee, it flashed through his mind that famine would do for her what it had done for these pictured skeletons. The idea sent a chill to his heart. Involuntarily he drew her to him and kissed her, the first time he had kissed a child in over twenty years. She looked up at him with perfect confidence and said: "Wouldn't you like to have a little orphan, too?" A dark flush spread over Wayne's face.

"Why, I—I—my dear, I"—— He stopped. The self-possessed man of the world was puzzled. He gave an appealing look at Gregory, but that individual smiled calmly and said nothing to help him out. Evelyn went on:

"It will only cost you $15, and then you can have your own little orphan—all your own. Oh, it's just lovely! I couldn't do without Panna!"

"I must certainly have an orphan," he said. He wrote the check and handed it to her.

"Oh, Mr. Wayne," she cried, "I'll have the teacher get you the prettiest little orphan you ever saw; but she can't be prettier than my Panna."

"She could at least not be prettier than Panna's patron," said Wayne. "Good-night, Evelyn. I hold you responsible for my orphan."

Dudley Wayne went back to Wall street, and in the fluctuations of the stock market speedily forgot the check he had written for some gaunt little orphan in far-off India. The tape rolling out from the ticker told of other matters than the famine-haunted of India, and in the rise and fall of the market the life of "the street" resumed its dominating sway.

But, while he forgot, the agency he had invoked did its work, and while copper soared, and coffee sank, and wheat rose and fell, a message was sent and returned to that distant land, and one more little starveling was rescued. So it came to pass that, many weeks later, there came to him in the morning mail a letter, saying that his aid had been received and was duly acknowledged with sincere thanks; that a child, a little girl, had been chosen as his ward, and that in due time reports would be made of her progress. Wayne read the letter with curious interest as messengers hurried hither and thither, and anxious customers waited in the outer room. Then, he pigeon-holed it, and was half conscious of a pleasurable though only partly acknowledged interest away down in his heart. That evening he called on Gregory, and laughingly told of the letter and jested with Evelyn about it, but to his companions on the stock market he said nothing. He decided that they would not properly appreciate it.

"IT'S THAT SORT OF THING, IS IT?" SAID JACK THOMPSON, LAUGHING

Again the weeks rolled on; indeed, they had passed into months since the check was written, and once more Dudley had all but forgotten. Then came a day that was ever after marked with a red star on his calendar. Lying among telegrams, cablegrams and a pile of mail, lay one peculiar missive, a square packet, addressed in a round, unformed hand, the letters half printed, half written, the postmark Allahabad, India. He tore it open, remembering all in an instant. Out from it fell the photograph of a child, of perhaps ten years of age, a sweet, intelligent face, with that expression of tenderness and mystery that frequently stamps the women of the East, a mobile mouth, great clusters of rich dark hair falling over her shoulders, and all the beauty of the face lit up by glorious eyes that looked straight into his with pathos and confidence. A veritable breath of romance from that cradle

(Concluded on page 675)

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

SECRET SOCIETIES

TEXT—Prov. 25: 9: Discover not a secret to another

IT appears that in Solomon's time, as in all subsequent periods of the world, there were people too much disposed to tell all they knew. It was blab, blab, blab; physicians revealing the case of their patients, lawyers exposing the private affairs of their clients, neighbors advertising the faults of the next-door resident; pretended friends betraying confidences.

One half of the trouble of every community comes from the fact that so many people have not capacity to keep their mouths shut. When I hear something disparaging of you, my first duty is not to tell you. But if I tell you what somebody has said against you, and then go out and tell everybody else what I told you, and they go out and tell others what I told them that I told you, and we all go out, some to hunt up the originator of the story and others to hunt it down, we shall get the whole community talking about what you did do and what you did not do, and there will be as many scalps taken as though a band of Modocs had swept upon a helpless village. We have two ears but only one tongue. A physiological suggestion that we ought to hear a good deal more than we tell. Let us join a conspiracy that we will tell each other all the good and nothing of the ill, and then there will not be such awful need of sermons on Solomon's words, "Discover not a secret to another."

Solomon had a very large domestic circle. In his earlier days he had very confused notions about monogamy and polygamy, and his multitudinous associates in the matrimonial state kept him too well informed as to what was going on in Jerusalem. They gathered up all the privacies and poured them into his ear, and his family became a sorosis or female debating society of seven hundred, discussing day after day all the difficulties between husbands and wives, between employers and employees, between rulers and subjects, until Solomon, in my text, deplores volubility about affairs that do not belong to us, and extols the virtue of secretiveness.

How Homes are Wrecked

By the power of a secret divulged, families, churches, neighborhoods, nations, fly apart. By the power of a secret kept, great charities, reformatory movements, and Christian enterprises may be advanced. Men are gregarious—cattle in herds, birds in flocks, men in social circles. You sometimes see a man with no out-branchings of sympathy. His nature is cold and hard, like a ship's mast ice-glazed, which the most agile sailor could never climb. Others have a thousand roots and a thousand branches. Innumerable tendrils climb their hearts, and blossom all the way up, and the fowls of heaven sing in the branches. In consequence of this tendency we find men coming together in tribes, in communities, in churches, in societies. Some gather together to cultivate the arts, some to plan for the welfare of the State, some to discuss religious themes, some to kindle their mirth, some to advance their craft. So every active community is divided into associations, of artists, of merchants, of bookbinders, of carpenters, of masons, of plasterers, of shipwrights, of plumbers. Do you cry out against it? Then you cry out against a tendency divinely implanted. Your tirades would accomplish no more than if you should preach to a busy ant-hill a long sermon against secret societies.

Here we find the oft-discussed question whether associations that do their work with closed doors, and admit their members by pass-words, and greet each other with a secret grip, are right or wrong. I answer that it depends entirely on the nature of the object for which they meet. Is it to pass the hours in revelry, wassail, blasphemy, and obscene talk, or to plot trouble to the State, or to debauch the innocent, then I say with an emphasis that no man can mistake, No! But is the object the defense of the rights of any class against oppression, the improvement of the mind, the enlargement of the heart, the advancement of art, the defense of the Government, the extirpation of crime, or the kindling of a pure-hearted sociality, then I say, with just as much emphasis, Yes.

There is no need that we who plan for the conquest of right over wrong should publish to all the world our intentions. The general of an army never sends to the opposing troops information of the coming attack. Shall we who have enlisted in the cause of God and humanity expose our plans to the enemy? No! we will in secret plot the ruin of all the enterprises of Satan and his cohorts. When they expect us by day, we will fall upon them by night. While they are strengthening their left wing, we will fall on their right. By a plan of battle formed in secret conclave, we will come suddenly upon them crying, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Secrecy of plot and execution are wrong only when the object and ends are nefarious. Every family is a secret society, every business firm, and every banking and insurance institution. Those men who have no capacity to keep a secret are unfit for positions of trust anywhere. There are thousands of men whose vital need is culturing a capacity to keep a secret. Men talk too much, and women too. There is a time to keep silence as well as a time to speak.

Some Associations Praiseworthy

Although not belonging to any of the great secret societies about which there has been so much violent discussion, I have only words of praise for those associations which have for their object the maintenance of right against wrong, or the reclamation of inebriates, or, like the score of mutual benefit societies called by different names, that provide temporary relief for widows and orphans, and for men incapacitated by sickness or accident from earning a livelihood.

There are secret societies in our colleges that have letters of the Greek alphabet for their nomenclature, and their members are at the very front in scholarship and irreproachable in morals, while there are others the scene of carousal, and they gamble, and they drink, and they graduate knowing a hundred times more about sin than they do of geometry and Sophocles. In other words, secret societies, like individuals, are good or bad, are the means of moral health or of temporal and eternal damnation. All good people recognize the vice of slandering an individual, but many do not see the sin of slandering an organization. There are old secret societies in this and other countries, some of them centuries old, which have been widely denounced as immoral and damaging in their influence; yet I have hundreds of personal friends who belong to them, friends who are consecrated to God, pillars in the church, faithful in all relations of life, examples of virtue and piety.

One of these secret societies gave for the relief of the sick one year, in this country, $1,490,274. Some of these societies have poured a very heaven of sunshine and benediction into the home of suffering. Several of them are founded on fidelity to good citizenship and the Bible. I have never taken one of their degrees. They might give me the grip a thousand times, and I would not recognize it. I am ignorant of their pass-words, and I must judge entirely from the outside. But Christ has given us a rule by which we may judge not only all individuals, but all societies, secret and open. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Bad societies make bad men. Good societies make good men. A bad man will not stay in a good society. A good man will not stay in a bad society. Then try all secret societies by two or three rules.

Tests to be Applied

Test the first: Their influence on home, if you have a home. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of reform, and art, and literature, and beneficence, and public weal to be carried on, if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front doorstep, and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic or lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity, is breaking her own sceptre of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer meetings, and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away, until now he attends no church, waits upon no charitable institution, and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of humanity, and of God, or anything elevating. But let no man sacrifice home life to secret society life, as many do. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the society room, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wives' dresses and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful influence, a usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. There are secret societies where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain kind, and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a ine-guzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely o his fortune gone, and his home a mere name in the dire ory.

Another test by which you can find whether our secret society is right or wrong is the effect it l on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach co nercial success. I know some men have formed the best business relations through such a channel. the secret society has advantaged you in an honorabl call-ing it is a good one. But has your credit failed? Are bargain-makers now more anxious how they tru you with a bale of goods? Have the men whose mes were down in the commercial agency A-1 before hey entered the society, been going down since in co nercial standing? Then look out. You and I eve day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two mei ers, their fortune beaten to death with ball-player's l , or cut amidships with the front prow of the regatta, go-ing down under the swift hoofs of the fast hor , or drowned in the large potations of cognac or Mo ga-hela. That secret society was the Loch Earn. heir business was the Ville de Havre. They struck, a the Ville de Havre went under!

Moral or Religious Tests

The third test by which you may know wheth the society to which you belong is good or bad is is: What is its effect on your sense of moral and rel ous obligation? Now, if I should take the names of the people in this audience, and put them on a rol and then I should lay that roll back of this organ, d a hundred years from now some one should take th roll and call it from A to Z there would not one of y answer. I say that any society that makes me forg hat fact is a bad society.

Which would you rather have in your hand wh you come to die—a pack of cards or a Bible? Which uld you rather have pressed to your lips in the c ing moment—the cup of Belshazzarean wassail c the chalice of Christian communion? Whom woul you rather have for your pall-bearers—the elders of a ris-tian church or the companions whose conversatic was full of slang and innuendo? Whom would you her have for your eternal companions—those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swe ing, carousing, and telling vile stories, or your little ild, that bright girl whom the Lord took? Oh, you uld not have been away so much nights, would you, you had known she was going away so soon? De me, your house has never been the same place since. our wife has never brightened up, she has never got o r it. She never will get over it. You can never drown tha rief in the wine-cup. You can never break away fr the little arms that used to be flung around your neck hen she used to say: "Papa, do stay with me to-nigl -do stay with me to-night." You will never be able t ipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your litt girl.

A Rope to the Shipwrecked

Oh, man astray, God help you! I am going to ake a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a pe-maker will take very small threads and wind em together, until after a while they become a ship ble. And I am going to take some very small, d ate threads and wind them together until they make ery stout rope. I will take all the memories of the ma age day—a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thr l of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congr ula-tion, and I twist them together and I have one s nd. Then I take a thread of the hour of the first adv in your house, a thread of the darkness that precede and a thread of the light that followed; and a thread the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear whe she bounded out at eventide to greet you; and then a t ead of the beautiful dress in which you laid her aw for the resurrection; and then I twist all these th ads together and I have another strand. Then I t e a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, d a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones l ore the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, d a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all tog her, and I have a third strand. "Oh," you say, "her strand is enough to hold fast a world!" No; will take these strands and I will twist them togethe and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the comm ion table, for it shall be removed; not to a pillar the organ, for that will crumble in the ages; but I w it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cr s, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pu for your life! Pull for heaven!

OCEAN GROVE'S WORSHIPING HOST

UPON the spot now called Thompson Park at Ocean Grove, a number of consecrated Christians knelt in earnest prayer, many years ago, in Mr. Joseph H. Thornley's t t, asking for Divine direction in purchasing the g unds, that were to be devoted to sacred uses. e company was composed of many who have s e entered through the everlasting gates into t city of Life. The sainted Alfred Cookman, Ilif F. Lawrence, Adam Wallace, William Os- ne, A. S. Ballard, Ichabod Simmons, Benjamin ams, Joseph H. Thornley, E. H. Stokes—all t se, with insight into the needs of the Methodist Piscopal Church for a consecrated camp ground, w e among the originators of the plan to provide a lace where God could be worshiped and hon- od without the introduction of a worldly element o money-making projects. This beautiful city by the sea has now become a lighthouse, seen of all the world.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN

The present season at Ocean Grove has opened under the most favorable auspices. Even as early as June 23d, there were thousands present to hear the first Sabbath sermon by Dr. Louis Albert Banks, of New York City. Rev. Dr. C. Millard preached on June 30th, and the President, Bishop FitzGerald, delivered the Auditorium sermon July 7th. The great oration given on July 4th, "Our National Anniversary," by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, was a memorable occasion at the Grove—te thousand persons comprising the assemblage which fi d the Auditorium.

rom June 23d, meetings have been held daily in the Young People's Temple, presided over by Evangelist Charles H. Yatman, and also in the Bishop Janes Memorial Tabernacle, by Mrs. Lizzie R. Smith, a worthy successor of the late devoted Mrs. Sarah Lankford Palmer. These meetings are held every morning during the entire season. An active Sunday School Assembly, on the Chautauqua plan, has been in progress under the superintendence of Dr. B. B. Loomis. Following this comes a series of anniversaries. including the W.C.T.U., the Woman's Home, and Foreign Missionary Societies, and a Summer School of Theology, before the great Annual Camp Meeting which opens August 17th.

It is no unusual thing, in any of these meetings, to hear voices from India, China, Africa, and other foreign fields of evangelistic toil. The Society of "King's Daughters" had a bright day of reunion, Saturday, July 6th.

ON THE BOARD-WALK AT OCEAN GROVE

One of the chief features of Ocean Grove this season is the prominence given to music. Under the leadership of Prof. Tali Esson Morgan, a stupendous chorus choir is in daily drill, and there is a large trained orchestra in readiness for the concerts and oratorios. Over a thousand adults are attending Dr. Hanlon's Bible class. He answers all hard questions with accuracy and a touch of quiet humor. The Beach Meetings are also very largely attended.

Within the next few weeks, the Grove will take on its liveliest aspect. Its population will be increased by arrivals from all parts of the Union, and before the camp meeting opens on August 17, there will be from 75,000 to 100,000 people in the little city of tents, cottages and boarding-houses, which now yearly becomes a mighty Mecca of evangelism. From the opening day until the last service on Sept. 2, the Grove will be wholly given over to spiritual work. The initial camp meeting prayer service will be held in the great Auditorium, at 10.30 A. M., Aug. 17, to be followed by a Workers' Consecration meeting in the Tabernacle, from 3 to 4 P. M., and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in the Auditorium at 7.45 P. M., Bishop FitzGerald presiding. On Aug. 18, Rev. Courtland Meyers, of Brooklyn, preaches morning and evening. From Aug. 19, camp meeting services will continue in unbroken succession until Sept 2, the preachers being announced daily. Rev. Joseph Smith, D.D., will lead the afternoon services during the last ten days. On Sept. 1, the great Camp Meeting Love Feast will be celebrated, and the next day will witness the closing ceremonies. From Sept. 8 to 15, regular services will be held in the Auditorium, for the benefit of the thousands who delight to linger at the Grove even after the camp meeting and its attendant multitudes have gone.

MARY BARTON COOKMAN.

Cheerful Little Helpers at Mont-Lawn

THE big, white tent on the hillside, is one of the first things which greets the eye of visitors as they approach our beautiful Children's Home by the woodsy ways leading up to it. A little to one side is the tall flag-pole, whence "Old Glory" floats a inst the azure sky. What a good time hungry little fo s have satisfying ravenous appetites under that te ! Do you know that tent is a very a active place to children at Mont- L n? It is a substantial rival to d sied fields and swinging scups, and w never the important little drummer- b beats his cheerful "rat-a-tat!" for b kfast, dinner, or supper, there is no h tating response to the summons. P mell they come from every direc- ti , our boys and girls, with curls flying a faces aglow! into line they fall, and n ch valiantly to the tables, where. a r singing their little song of thanks, t proceed to demonstrate unstinted a reciation of the good things set be- fo them. In the kitchen porch small b s are receiving fresh relays of eata- b from the busy hands of our cook.

he kitchen at Mont-Lawn is a place o bsorbing interest to our wee guests. T boy who is allowed to do small c res within its charmed precincts, or t carry trays of food and pitchers of m k to the big dining-tent, feels that he h won magnificent distinction. Wil- li , our good-natured Chef, lets chil- d n who are "very good indeed," help s pe potatoes, shell peas, string beans, e ; and the tot so favored is happy a prince. It is the bestowal of a very h n honor when William says: "Come h e!" and draws from his store of s tless aprons one that just fits the p d laddie upon whom he ties it. An i stiture with the Order of the Golden F ce, or with the Victoria Cross, hardly carries more p e and satisfaction to the recipient. The best of it i s at the tent and kitchen boys may stay all summer. T y are usually graduates, so to speak, of our insti- t n—children who have been with us summer after s mer, until they have outgrown the age limit of t ve years, and who then beg to be allowed to come u as members of our band of workers. Little Ted, w came to us with no clothes to speak of, is now quite dignified and grand, in good jean overalls, a neat blouse, good shoes and the insignia of his office—a white apron. "Can't you get at your work?" he says to a new boy, who dawdles over the pan of potatoes he ought to be peeling. The home-life of one of our little kitchen-boys is inexpressibly sad; there are reasons why we do not think it right to reveal it; but if you knew, you would be very glad that he is to be at Mont-Lawn all the summer. They are good, worthy little lads, our kitchen and tent-boys; their duties are very light and they have a great deal of playtime. Which is is the most helpful to them, the work or the play it is sometimes difficult to decide. A number of girls and boys are now making a good living through the training they had at Mont-Lawn in past years. The great army of our tots are up there though, just to romp and swing, and eat and sleep, and have a good time. The pale children of poverty need all that is being done for them—and more. We have never had before so many or such urgent applications for outings. Instead of a home accommodating 200 children at a time, we need one that would hold 2,000. The following are typical of the great mass of letters received from missionaries and parents in the tenement districts:—And who has the heart to refuse an appeal like any found below?

TYPICAL SCENE ON THE KITCHEN PORCH AT OUR CHILDREN'S HOME

J. L. B.—"Can you receive two girls into your Fresh-Air Home? Their father has spent most of the year in the hospital. The family is so poor and worthy."—S. B.—"Would you please be so kind as to take my two children to the country? I am a widow with five children, and would be very thankful for the help."—A. R., Italian missionary, Brooklyn.—"Thirty boys and girls are ready for outings you so kindly give. With a few exceptions, they have never seen the country, and are extremely happy over anticipated pleasure."—K. S.—"You sent my son Frank to your Home last Thursday. My smaller boy wants to go. Frank writes he has such good times. If you could take the little boy, too, you would be doing me a great favor, as I am a widow, and have to leave my little ones alone all day while I go to work. My boys, I know, would be so safe with you." Mrs. P.—"My washerwoman, who is very deserving, has a feeble little girl who needs country air. Can you take her in at Mont-Lawn?"—E. H. H.—"I would like to put in an application for an outing for three children who need it sadly. The mother is an honest, hard-working woman. She was left a year ago with four children, the youngest an infant. Since that time she has worked very hard, cleaning offices; it is extremely difficult for her to provide for her little flock. They live in very cramped quarters, and hardly have the necessaries of life."—E. E.—"I know a dozen little children in the poorer part of the city, who are very much in need of a little country air, and I wonder if you will take them to your beautiful home at Mont-Lawn?"

While the physical wants of our children are met their spiritual welfare is not forgotten, and through the atmosphere of kindness surrounding them, through pretty prayers and texts and Gospel songs, they learn of Jesus' love for little children. Only $3 sends a waif to Mont-Lawn; $6 sends two; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five; $30 ten; $60 sends twenty. You have no idea of what far-reaching good you may accomplish by helping us in this excellent work.

OUR SUPREME COURT JUSTICES and THEIR FAMILIES

MRS. BREWER

MRS. McKENNA

MRS. FULLER

MRS. WHITE

THE recent death in Riva, Italy, of Mrs. Brown, wife of Justice Brown, of the United States Supreme Court, has cast a shadow of gloom over official circles in Washington. Mrs. Brown had gone to Italy for her health. She was the daughter of Mr. Samuel Pitts, a wealthy merchant of Detroit, and it is probable that her body will be brought to that city for interment. Justice Brown has the handsomest home of any of the members of the Supreme Court circle in Washington; but it has always been a keen regret to both Justice and Mrs. Brown that there have been no children to gladden their home. Mrs. Brown was accustomed all her life to the advantages of wealth and position, and was a gentle, lovable Christian woman. She combined tact and grace as a hostess, and her winning personality made her Monday receptions events of real moment in the social world. Like four others of the families of the court circle—those of the Chief Justice, and Associate Justices Gray, Shiras and Peckham—Justice and Mrs. Brown were Episcopalian in their religious faith.

The present members of the Supreme Court are what might be termed old men, at least they all have the advantage of the judgment which the years of experience are supposed to give. Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan are sixty-eight; Justice Gray is seventy-three; Justice Shiras is sixty-nine; Justice Brown is sixty-five; Justice Brewer sixty-four; Justice Peckham sixty-three; and the only two who are still in their fifties are Justices McKenna and White, who are fifty-eight and fifty-six, respectively.

The "Supreme Court circle" includes a very charming part of what is termed the official society of the National Capital. The justices hold their positions for life, and are not disturbed by changes. When they take up their abode in Washington, it is with the knowledge that they will remain. They and their families hold an undisputed social sway. Without exception, all maintain fine establishments; five of them own magnificent residences, and the hospitality of the Court homes is proverbial. The ladies of the Supreme Court families pay the first call upon the wife of the Vice-President, and upon each other, in the order of their husbands' ranking. Their "at home" days are the Mondays during the time the court is sitting. The home of the Chief Justice is out on West F street, in what was once the fashionable part of Washington. It is a roomy, comfortable dwelling, looking out on a fragrant garden and lawn. From the upper windows there is an expansive view of the Potomac and the outlying Virginia hills. Mrs. Fuller, the hostess of this lovely home, was born in Keokuk, Iowa, but moved with her father when a little girl to Chicago. He became President of the Union National Bank, and in course of time his daughter met and married Mr. Fuller, who then had not much more than passed the "briefless barrister" stage of his career. They have five daughters, three of whom are married, and one son. By a former marriage, the Chief Justice had two daughters. The family are members of the historic St. John's Episcopal Church, Mrs. Fuller being prominently identified with its charities.

Justice Harlan's home is at the head of Fourteenth street. It stands in a spacious yard, commanding an unsurpassed view of the city below it. Mrs. Harlan was the daughter of Mr. John Shanklin, of Indiana. She was born at Evansville, Indiana, and educated at Glendale Female College, in Ohio. She was married to Justice Harlan in 1856, and went with him to Kentucky, where they lived until he was appointed by President Hayes to the Supreme Court. Theirs is that best type of American homes, where God is honored. Their lives have been singularly happy. They were married when he was twenty-three and she seventeen. They were blessed with five children, three sons and two daughters, and although the greatest sorrow that ever came to them was in the death of their eldest daughter, yet the loss was in a measure softened to them by the presence of her baby daughter, who has always lived with them. Justice Harlan has a large Bible class in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, where he is a trustee. Mrs. Harlan is at the head of a number of philanthropic and charitable societies

Justice Gray, up to sixty remained a bachelor, and then married the daughter of the late Stanley Matthews. Mrs. Gray is a charming little woman, and one of the most popular of hostesses. They have no children.

Justice Brewer was the son of American missionaries, who were laboring in Smyrna, Asia Minor, where he was born. His mother was the sis of that trio of illustrious brothers, I Dudley, Cyrus W., and Justice Steph Field. Justice Brewer has never departed fro his early training, and has always been closely and ac identified with Christian work and enterprise. H a member and officer in the First Congregational Ch and teaches a large Bible class. By his first ma he had four daughters and one son. Two of his d ters and Mrs. Brewer died within a few months of other some years ago, and for a time the family crushed with their sorrow. In June of this sun the Justice was married to Miss Mott, the princi one of the Washington high schools, and a lady o attainments and culture.

Before coming to Washington, Justice and Shiras lived the greater part of their lives in Pe vania. Mrs. Shiras, who was Miss Lillie Kenne Pittsburg, before her marriage, is well known in anthropic circles. She is never too busy to do a ness nor to help the needy. They hav married sons, whose homes are in Pitts but who almo ways bring thei ilies and spend summer holiday their parents in camp on Lake I igan.

Justice Wh soon after comi Washington, married to Gibson, sister late Maryland tor. Their R Island avenue is exquisitely pointed, and entertain there true Southern ishness.

Justice Peckh wife was the da ter of Mr. D. H nold, presider the Mercantile of New York one of its oldest chants. Soon coming to Was ton they lost only son, and have never eng in any social gaieties since. Justice McKenna's has always been one of the most popular. As a ho Mrs. McKenna is greatly liked, and she is ably seco by her three beautiful daughters. ABBY G. BA

MRS. HARLAN

MRS. BROWN

MRS. SHIRAS

☆ ☆ ☆

The Safe Way to Heaven

"It was no great credit to men that they calle question the authenticity of the four Gospels," Principal Patton, "but how their scepticism has ulated scholarly inquiry and strengthened the defe of the Gospel narratives! When the elevated rail was first started in New York, the people were a timid about riding on it; so the proprietors of the took great pleasure in apprising the public of the that this road had been subjected to a most abnor and enormous tonnage, and that consequently peop ordinary weight might deem themselves quite saf traveling over it. I feel the same way about the Gospels—that I can take my way to heaven, above din and dust of daily life, because this elevated road been tested and has given no sign of instability."

CHINA'S AWFUL FIGHT WITH FAMINE

Terrible Scenes Described in a Letter to the Chinese Consul—Disease and Death Everywhere—Stealing Girls and Selling Children for a Morsel of Bread—An Official Relief Tour

AT last the grim details of the terrible famine in Shansi, China, are coming to light. The ominous silence, for weeks past, as to what was going on behind those hills west of the Chi-li plain is now broken, and the story is one full of horror. The first news in many days comes through His Excellency Chow Tz-Chi, the Chinese Consul in New York, who has furnished to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following translation of a letter from a friend in Shansi, a Commissioner of the native Relief Department:

"May 5.—Our party (seven) left Michi City to-day. On the way we saw numbers of refugees coming down from the south, as thin as skeletons, eating tree leaves, and apparently enjoying them.

"May 6.—Stop at a temporary asylum, where nine out of ten lodgers were seriously sick. Gave all medicines in our possession. Superintendent said ten or twenty of nine fever deaths every day.

"May 7.—Started for Fung-shiang, three o'clock in the morning; saw many dead bodies on the road. The local authority was supervising their burial. In a deserted cafe met a boy of about fourteen, dying from hunger. We rescued him and fed him with bread and water. He told us that both his parents and sisters died two days ago. We notified the kind-hearted authorities to bury them, and sent the boy to the hospital. He cried bitterly on his departure, and we all shed tears.

"May 8.—A dreadful scene in the woods to-day. A number of hungry birds fighting for a dead body. Many women and children were crying for mercy, and drawing their last breath. We gave away all the provisions we carried with us.

A Land of Dead and Dying

"May 9.—Turned out of our way to a big city, and tried to buy some more provisions, but could not get any. Had to stop there, and wait for our provision wagon. Saw fifty-six dead bodies, and hired some coolies to bury them.

"May 10.—Early this morning our wagons came with plenty of provisions and medicines, and four soldiers from the Governor's body-guard. We started at noon, after an inspection of the poor quarters in the city, and distributed some food. Buried seventeen bodies.

"May 11.—Arrived Pei-mun. Distributed food to the starving, and medicines to the sick from five o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening. We had not drunk a drop of water, but did not feel thirsty; could not eat a bite of bread, yet not feel hungry. Buried sixty-six dead bodies.

Selling their Children for Bread

"May 12.—Arrived at Puchi Bridge, distributed food and medicine, but not so much as yesterday. A man here was selling his boy for $2. Asked him why, and he answered with tears, that his wife was starving at home and there was no room in the hospital for her. He tried to sell their boy and save his wife. The boy was crying. We gave the man $4. Buried seven bodies.

"May 13.—Arrived at Pie-yin Temple. Distributed food. Not many sick here. Met a southern man with four girls, a Fung-yang man with six girls, and a Hsao-hing man with four girls, all of who were bought in the village at a very cheap price. Two of the girls were crying bitterly. My companion, Chu, paid ten times the original prices for them, and sent them back to our headquarters and asylum.

"May 14.—Arrived West Pie-yin Temple. Distributed food. About five A.M met a band of men (buyers of girls) fighting ten soldiers. One of the latter was killed and two wounded. The ruffians escaped with their goods in wagons and on horseback, though they lost ten of their comrades. Buried six dead bodies.

"May 15.—Thunderstorm this afternoon. Many sick persons were relieved here. Distributed bread. More wagons came from headquarters at Si-Ngau-fu. Buried eleven bodies. Clothing and furniture were scattered around everywhere here.

"May 16.—Arrived at Fung-chi. Distributed food. Buried eight bodies. A Fung-yang man came to the inn with five girls who cried the whole night. We asked the owner to spare them for a big reward, but he refused. Some of us cried that night, too. To-day, the market price for wheat was 92 cents, corn 66 cents, green peas 95 cents, a quarter of a caty (?) People said these were the most moderate prices.

"May 17.—Two of us walked across a bridge near a temple here, and saw two bodies that were eaten by dogs. Asked the Buddhist priests in the temple to help us bury the bodies. They refused, and went to their kitchen to prepare their meal. We digged the ground with a wooden stick, and buried the remains.

"May 18.—Order from headquarters. I had to return to buy provisions. The local authorities here caught six dealers in girls, and put them to death in an iron cage. Sixty-seven girls were rescued, and turned over to my charge. Sent notice to their familes. Distributed food and cash. Buried six bodies.

"May 19.—Food again exhausted. Distributed cash and medicines. Buried fourteen bodies.

"May 20.—Our provision wagons arrived. Five carriages passed our quarter with twenty women. We stopped them, and the slave-dealers ran away. The women were rescued and sent to headquarters and the asylum [shelter].

"May 21.—Distributed food among starving people in the temporary asylums; our three wagons of dried bread are now finished. Buried fourteen bodies.

"May 22.—News from headquarters asking me to get more provisions from the south. Started at three o'clock P.M."

Whence Help Must Come

Here ends the letter, abruptly, but it is enough. It is a revelation that shocks the reader and recalls with startling distinctness the very worst features of the great India famine, when the misery of the people was at its height, and when famine, fever and death were present on every side. In China the element of lawlessness is added, and the continuous conflict between the stealers of girls and women on the one hand, and the troops and local authorities on the other, makes a grim background to the general tragedy which is now in progress in Shansi and three other provinces.

From the letter given above it is evident that both the Imperial and provincial authorities have bent all their energies to fight back the famine, but in vain. Help must come from without, otherwise thousands will perish where hundreds are now dying. That help is doubtless now at hand, and even while we read this letter—so terrible in its realism—the hands of our missionaries are dealing out the bread and the medicines that mean life and strength to the starving and fever-stricken multitudes.

All contributions should be addressed to the China Famine Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be acknowledged in these columns. Acknowledgments will be found on page 670 of this issue.

CHINESE CHILDREN IN A PROTESTANT MISSION COMPOUND

REFUGEES IN THE "DYING FIELD" OUTSIDE OF A CHINESE CITY

From Stereoscopic Photographs, Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage. For countries outside the U. S., Canada and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

Change of Date. It takes about two weeks to change the date of subscription. This is the week.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Behavior in Church

AROUND the door of country meeting houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather, before church and after church, for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps, because we ourselves were born in the country, and never got over it, the custom pleases us. In the cities, we arrive at the last moment before service and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the depot of the doxology is reached. We protest against this business way of doing things. Shake hands when the benediction is pronounced with those who sat before and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things, for instance, to hold a fork or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to the shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the forearm and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of Gospel electricity.

There are some of the best Christian people who do not know how to carry themselves in religious assemblage. They never laugh, they never applaud, they never hiss. Yet, notwithstanding, are disturbers of public worship. There is, for instance, the coughing brigade. If any individual right ought to be maintained at all hazards, it is the right of coughing. There are times when you must cough. There is an irresistible tickling in the throat which demands audible demonstration. It is moved, seconded and unanimously carried that those who have irritable wind-pipes be heard. But there are ways, with hand or handkerchief, of breaking the repercussion. A smothered cough is dignified and acceptable if you have nothing better to offer. But how many audiences have had their peace sacrificed by unrestrained expulsion of air through the glottis! After a sudden change in the weather, there is a fearful charge made by the coughing brigade. Brethren and sisters who took cold by sitting in the same draught, join the clamor, and it is glottis to glottis, and laryngitis to laryngitis, and a chorus of scrapings and explosions which make the service hideous for a preacher with sensitive nerves. Cough by all means, but put on the brakes when you come to the down-grade, or send the racket through at least one fold of your pocket-handkerchief.

Corroding Care

FEW of us have to bear the weight of terrible calamities; disasters and catastrophes are the exceptional experiences of life. But corroding care, the pressure of small, wearying and wearing anxiety, comes to many, and cannot be thrown off. Sometimes a son, just on the verge of manhood, is about to take a wrong turning, or has already made a false step; the parent, with eyes open to the sorrow and danger that the younger life must know, suffers as if a cross were laid on his or her own shoulders. Sometimes children are ungrateful, and "sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Now and then, we are aware of a slowly creeping disease, attacking the outworks of the body, and one day, sure, humanly speaking, to strike at the very core and centre of the citadel. There are those who can never get ahead; work or try as they may, they repeat forever the role of the fabled Sisyphus, whose stone could not be pushed up hill because it was always falling down again.

There are promises to those who are burdened. One is, "As thy days thy strength shall be." Another is, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee." Another is, "My peace I give unto you." Christ can give peace amid corroding care. Christ may not see fit to remove the load, nor to take away the grief, nor to give ease to the hampering circumstances. What the Master sees is best for the disciple in the long, long ages, that he will do. But the way shall not be too hard, the care shall not eat too deeply into the tissues of the soul, if there be trust and obedience. We may bear the scars of the conflict, but at least we shall emerge victorious, if we rest in the Lord and believe in his name.

The Fear of Thunder and Lightning

AS usual at this season, accidents from electric storms are reported, and a number of deaths by lightning will be chronicled before the summer is over. A husband and wife took refuge from a heavy shower under a tree the other day, in a place not far from New York. A bolt struck the tree and the man was killed by his wife's side. A tree is not a safe place to seek for shelter when lightning is abroad. One would better far remain in the open. But, though some are sufferers from this danger, in comparison with the vast majority who escape those who encounter casualties are few. In view of this small percentage, and in remembrance of the care of God under which we all dwell, how foolish it is to walk in lifelong terror. Most of those who shudder and shiver at the coming of lightning could govern the fear if they tried. Yielded to, dread and fear become tyrants, and paralyze the will. Resolutely fought, one is able to overcome them, and maintain freedom.

A person who is in bondage to her fright in a thunder storm, imposes a measure of her own spirit upon her family and friends who sympathize with her, and is in danger of setting a bad example to servants and children, who are apt to imitate the behavior of those with whom they live. No one is obliged to take undue risks, and if precautions are likely to afford mental ease they should not be scorned. A woman who feels best in a feather-bed in a thunder-storm, should secure that comfort if she can. But trust in God, express no fear, and be composed if you can.

EDITORIAL NOTES

IN the remarkable experiments of M. Santos-Dumont, the young Brazilian aeronaut, in Paris, there would seem to be the presage of a great discovery near at hand. If after centuries of effort, man is at last to become "master of the air," as he is now of sea and land, who can tell what revolutions may come in mundane methods. One of the first results of conquering the secret of aerial navigation, might be to render the present armaments of the nations practically useless. The battlefields of the future would be amid the clouds, and the nation having the largest and best equipped flying squadrons, up in the blue, would be the real world-power. Passenger balloons, sailing in delightfully high latitudes, would make wanderers forget the weariness and fatigue of summer travel. The "round-the-world" trip would become a very simple undertaking, occupying possibly a few weeks at most, with suitable stop-overs for sight-seeing. That old mystery, the North Pole, theme of daring song and tragic story, would cease to be important, for there would be no geographical limitations to the explorer in a balloon-exp[s]. But we are probably a long way yet from aerial naviga[n], as a practical science. What M. Santos-Dumont has do[is] to demonstate the possibility of constructing a mac[he] which can be steered in any direction at will—in other w[ls], he has scored the most substantial triumph in aerona[cs] that has been recorded in well nigh a hundred years. [at] Montgolfier and the old-time pioneer aeronauts did, [as] simply to demonstrate that their machines could travel [in]siderable distances and rise to great altitudes; but they [re] always at the mercy of the wind, and their balloons wer[e] sport of the elements. Count Zepplin, with his giant bal[on] on Lake Constance, went a step further, and showed th[it] was possible in light winds, and favoring conditions [in]erally, to operate such a machine, but the slightest inc[se] in the wind's force rendered his craft unmanageable.

• • •

IN these torrid days there is doubtless much to try [he] average temper; indeed, a person with any temper at [is] very apt to show it when the mercury is around the nin[es]. But in the interest of justice, we ought to be careful n[to] indulge in such moods at the expense of others, especial[of] those who least of all deserve abuse. Chief Willis L. M[e], the head of the Weather Bureau in Washington, has per[ps] been the worst sufferer in this connection. Somebody, [th] a taste for gossip, said that Mr. Moore had predicted [at] the prevailing heat would increase and endure at le[a] a month, which would mean a national calamity. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has Chief Moore's own assurance, tha[no] such prediction was ever uttered by him or by any offic[of] his Bureau. Yet he has been roundly criticized and ab[ed] for it in a thousand different directions, and some have [en] gone so far as to demand his retirement. Of course, k[w]ing the facts as above set forth, we do not believe any[he] will join in condemnation of a man for words he never utt[d].

A Descendant of Great Preachers

From the New York Observer

SOME weeks since I called attention to the fact tha[e] Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D., a missionary for tw[y]-eight years of the American Board, had been appoi[ed] by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as chairman of its Missio[y] Famine Relief Committee. Dr. Smith was known to m[y] readers as the author of several series of articles first [b]lished in the New York *Observer* long before his book [on] China and his brilliant service, during and since the sie[of] Peking, brought him into world-wide fame. When aske[y] THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to name a man who could ad[n]ister a famine relief fund most satisfactorily, his name [as] given with perfect confidence. Our readers may lik[o] know more of him. He is a lineal descendant on his m[h]er's side from the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, the grandf[er] of Jonathan Edwards, who was pastor of the churc[at] Northampton, Mass., for sixty years. His father wa[n] honored clergyman at South Vernon, Conn., and Galesb[g], Ill. His mother was Sarah Tappan Stoddard, of North[p]ton, Mass., a woman of beauty and mental ability, intere[d] from her early years in missions, and the author of a vol[e] upon South Sea Missions. Though a widow, she consecr[d] her son to the same service to which her youngest bro[r], the Rev. David Tappan Stoddard, gave his life, and [e] lived to see him useful and honored in his far-away C[a] field. He has now been there for twenty-eight years, [h] one visit to this country. During the famine in China, r[e] than ten years since, he was the almoner of British [d] American relief contributions, and gained great influ[e] among the Chinese of the North by his judicious and p[s]. taking distribution of food and money.

Dr. Smith's long knowledge of the Chinese, wide acqu[t]ance and benevolent interest in the people among whom [e] has spent his life, eminently fit him to be the distribut[of] American charity to those who are suffering from fa[e] and pestilence. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has associ[d] with Dr. Arthur H. Smith in this work, the Rev. Iren[s] Atwood, D.D., of the American Board, and the Rev. H[I]. Lowry, of the Methodist Mission, Americans who [e] served long and honorably in the China field; the Re[v]. H. Edwards, M. B., of the China Inland Mission, and [e] Rev. M. B. Duncan, of the English Baptist Mission, [h] veterans in the work.

To these men, twenty thousand dollars was sent [o] weeks ago, and another equal sum was sent June 26 by [r]. Klopsch, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Twenty thous[d] dollars more will be added in a few days, and it is expe[d] that by the end of July, a hundred thousand dollars wil[e] raised. The public can trust these men in China to [r]charge this responsibility which they have so cheerf[y] undertaken, in addition to their manifold labors, with ju[g]ment, promptness and Christian kindness.

We do not hesitate to encourage a work undertaker[y] such men, under circumstances which demand immediate[r]tion, and conditions which appeal to every benevolent he[r].

Send for China Famine Fund Mite Boxes

Our Missionary Committee is now actively at work in the Four Famine Provinces of China—Shansi, Shensi, Shantung and Chi-li. $40,000 of Fund money has already been cabled to them, but the work is so extensive, and the need so urgent that every penny, dime and dollar will be gladly welcomed. A dollar may save many lives; it will keep a famine-stricken household alive at least a week. All should have a share in this work of life-saving and soul-winning. Churches, Sunday Schools, Christian Endeavor, and other Young Peoples Societies should

SEND FOR FREE MITE BOXES

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Address THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
92 Bible House, New York City.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Great Strike

ONE of the most ominous strikes of modern times is that which began on July 15 in the steel trade. It was foreseen when the aggregation of capital was made to control the steel industries of the United States that the interests of the labor unions would be imperiled. Some of the mills acquired by the great Corporation were non-union mills, and in others there were members of the union working with laborers who were not members. It was evident that in any future struggle between the steel workers and the Corporation the men would be placed at a disadvantage by this mixed condition of its service. A rough estimate was made, which showed that of the 220,000 mechanics employed by the Corporation at its various mills, at least 85,000 were union men. The Amalgamated Association to which the latter belonged, asked the new Corporation to make a uniform scale for all its mills. It was at first asserted that the Association had demanded that the Corporation should make all its mills union mills, but this has since been authoritatively denied. The demand is that the scale which the Corporation is willing to sign for its union mills, shall be the scale for its non-union mills, so that the non-union worker shall receive the same remuneration and work the same number of hours as the union worker. The Corporation refused to accede to this demand, contending that the Association had no right to make terms for men who were not members of the union. Conferences were held in the hope of effecting a compromise which would permit of the works being carried on pending negotiations, but they proved futile, and the strike was accordingly ordered. About thirty thousand men left their work, and it is computed that fully twenty thousand others will be rendered idle, and sympathetic action may involve a much larger number. It is a most deplorable result, which if the strike continues, must involve great loss to the employers and much suffering to the employees. Both will learn by sad experience the truth of the principle laid down by the Apostle:

The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you . . . there should be no schism in the body . . . whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it (I. Cor. 12: 21, 26).

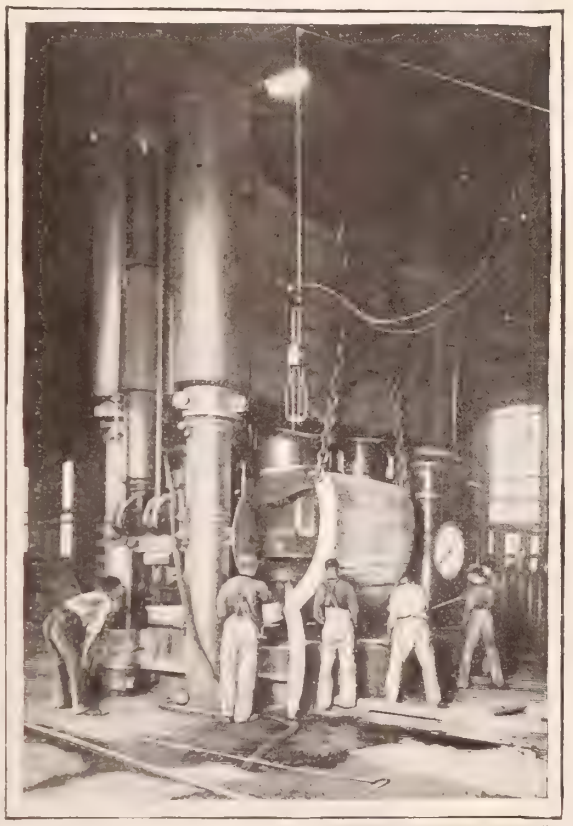
Gem Laden Money

A recent number of a medical journal contained the account of some experiments made by a college professor with paper money. He had been spending his vacation in Cuba, and was impressed with the filthy condition of the paper currency in use there. He formed the opinion that if the notes were analyzed, they would be found to contain septic germs. A few notes, which had evidently been in use for some time were chosen for experiment. The result of the analysis fully confirmed the professor's belief. It was estimated that two notes weighing altogether about fifteen grains, contained more than nineteen thousand germs of various kinds. Cultures were made in bouillon, gelatine, and agar, and these were injected into the peritonical cavity of rats and guinea pigs, most of which died in seventy-four hours, the post-mortem examination showing signs of peritonitis and congestion of the liver and kidneys. The blood of the heart and peritoneum was made use of to inoculate solid media, in which colonies developed so rapidly that it was impossible to determine their precise nature, many different forms being intermingled. As some of our own currency is rather dirty, possibly we may be exposed to similar danger, but if its possession involved no other peril than that of spreading disease it would not be so much to be apprehended as it is. The most common evil that comes from it is that of making the possessor of it eager for more, and indifferent as to the righteousness of the methods by which he obtains it.

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare . . . . which drown men in destruction and perdition (I. Tim. 6: 9).

Worthless Plunder

The story is told of a thief who made a losing investment in a northern city some time ago. In the course of his excursions about the city to discover opportunities for the exercise of his occupation, he noticed that a firm of grocers who do a large business in tea and coffee were somewhat careless about the safety of the bags of coffee which lay on the sidewalk in front of their store. He, therefore, hired a horse and wagon, paying two dollars for the use of it, and about dusk drove up to the corner near the store. The bags were still there, and he quietly took one, carried it to the wagon and drove off. Having taken it to a place of safety and taken back the wagon, he returned to examine his plunder. Then, to his dismay, he found that though the bag had contained coffee-berries, it was now filled with sand. The grocers had been using bags of that worthless material to impress passers-by with the extent of their dealings in coffee. The facts were learned through the effrontery of the thief, who wrote a black-mailing letter to the firm, threatening to expose them if they did not reimburse him with the two dollars he had paid for the hire of the horse and wagon. He had forgotten, as do many other dishonest men whose knavish tricks are not so open a violation of the law, that fraudulent schemes often prove worthless in this world, besides surely bringing a curse in the next.



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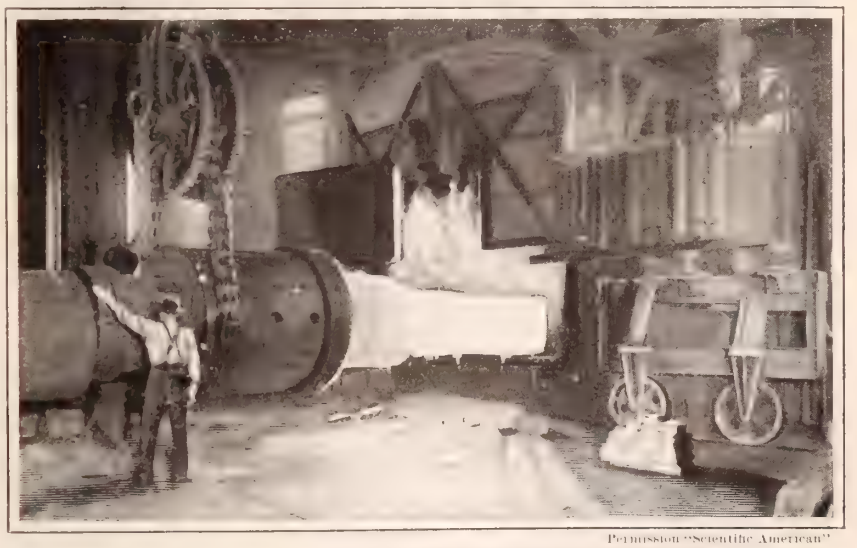
BENDING STEEL PLATES



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TAKING AN ARMOR PLATE INGOT OUT OF THE FURNACE

He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days (Jer. 17: 11).

Unremunerated Service

An unremunerative occupation is pursued by a woman, according to her son's account. "My mother gets me up, makes the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. "Then she gets my father up, gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast." "How old is the baby?" asked the reporter. "Oh, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us." "Are you well paid?" "I get $4 a week, and my father gets $3.50 a day." "How much does your mother get?" With a bewildered look, the boy said: "Mother? Why, she don't work for anybody." "I thought you said she worked for all of you." "Oh, yes! for us she does, but there isn't any money in it." As the boy grows older he will find that very many of the world's best workers toil without any prospect of making money by their labors, and very often they do not win the gratitude of those who benefit by their exertions. Missionaries, preachers, and Christian workers know that their occupation has "no money in it," but, like their Master, they will eventually be satisfied as they look back on their travail of soul.

By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities (Isa. 53: 11).

An Immigrant's Difficulty

A singular dispute has come up for settlement in the Immigration bureau in New York. A man of German birth came to America last week on the *Deutschland*, accompanied by a German girl to whom he wished to be married. On being examined by the medical staff, it was found that he had heart disease, and the Commissioners ordered him sent back to Germany. Thereupon he appealed, and told a remarkable story. He said he came to this country ten years ago and was naturalized. He remained here and made a small fortune. Then, hearing that a girl whom he had known in Germany was still unmarried, he decided to go over and marry her and return. But on going to her home, he found her family opposed to the marriage; and he persuaded her to return with him and be married here. She consented, but their plans were thwarted by the decision of the Commissioners to send the couple back. The question now turns on the man's naturalization. It turns out that he took out only first papers, and did not apply, at the end of the five years, for the second papers which would have completed his naturalization. The Commissioners contend that the mere declaration of his intentions did not constitute him a citizen, and therefore he must be regarded as a newly arrived immigrant, and as heart disease has developed since his examination ten years ago, they are right in excluding him. It is probable, however, that they will not insist on their right, as the man is not likely ever to become a public charge. The Commissioners say that it is quite common for people who have only declared their intentions to consider themselves citizens. Many people make a similar mistake about their relation to Christ's kingdom. They claim to belong to it because of their baptism in infancy or admission to church membership, forgetting that only those can be Christ's people who have fulfilled Christ's conditions.

Verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God (John 3: 3).

BRIEF NOTES

The British and Foreign Bible Society has decided to publish the Revised Edition of the Bible as well as the Authorized, but the latter will be supplied in all cases except where a special request is made for the Revised.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has arranged to conduct a series of evangelistic services at Springfield, Ill., beginning on Sunday next. They will be held in connection with the Holiness Camp Meeting in Machinery Hall, a building capable of accommodating five thousand persons.

Dr. Talmage expects to lecture at Winona Lake Assembly, Warsaw, Ind., on August 1, and at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, on August 5 and 6. During this month he has lectured and preached in various cities. On July 18 at Buffalo; on July 20 at Chautauqua; on July 24 at Bay View Assembly, Michigan; on July 27 at Monona Lake, Madison, Wis.

Lord Radstock suggests that the death of Queen Victoria should be commemorated in India by giving a copy of the New Testament in the vernacular, to each native of India.

A very interesting Missionary Conference has just been held in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. In all, some seventy missionaries took part, and a number of Christian workers were invited, prominent among whom was Prince Bernadotte, second son of King Oscar, who was chairman.

An effort is being made to promote the circulation of the Bible in Alaska. A commissioner of the Bible Society is now visiting the field to establish agencies. Mr. H. L. Sizer, Starr-Boyd building, Seattle, Wash., would be glad to receive contributions toward the expense of the work.

An interesting experiment is being tried at New Brunswick. Rev. A. B. Sears, pastor of the Livingston avenue Baptist Church in that town, has opened a nursery in connection with the church, where skilful nurses take charge of babies while the mothers attend the services of the church.

Pledging Friendship with God

GOD'S PROMISE TO ABRAHAM

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUGUST. 11. GEN. 15: 1-18
GOLDEN TEXT -- I AM THY SHIELD AND THY EXCEEDING GREAT REWARD. GEN. 15: 1

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Craf

WHAT a story of adventure the history of Abraham would make if freshly retold, withholding his name to avoid the dulling influence of familiarity. In a time when travel was uncommon and dangerous, this "pilgrim father" left his wicked country and idolatrous kindred, and with "ships of the desert," with wife, and nephew, and attendants, voyaged forth, he knew not whither, to give his family a new start in a new land. His zeal lagged half way to the destination to which Providence was leading him; but at last he reached the land of promise. Corrupt Canaanites possessed it then, but he might have said to them; as a great leader of modern times said to his opponents, when a reform he sought was postponed: "The past is yours, the present also for that matter, but the future is ours." Famine brought physical perils, and drove him to greater moral perils in Egypt. Prosperity prompted quarrels between his herdmen and those of Lot, but he nobly yielded his rights, for peace. But in the period between the last lesson and the present one, he made war for the recapture of that same Lot, whose foolish choice to live in Sodom had involved him in the capture of that city by its foes. Abraham, with a little band of 318 trained servants, by a swift, strategic night attack, routed the five chiefs who had carried off Lot and his goods, and brought them back, and all else captured in Sodom. Of all the goods recovered and captured, Abraham gave a tenth to Melchizedek, a mysterious priest of the Most High God in Salem, the ancient Jerusalem. He refused to take anything for himself, the most signal part of the victory, as we may realize when we see how the victory of Christian nations in the recent relief of Peking has been eclipsed by the robberies in which the victors have indulged.

* * *

I am thy shield. After victory often comes depression. It was after Elijah had utterly vanquished the priests at Baal that he fled to the juniper tree and wished he could die. It was after the baptism that Jesus had his supreme temptation in the wilderness. So Abraham, when the excitement of battle was passed, in physical exhaustion began to think of the revenge these mighty chiefs would plan against his little company, who had won only by strategy. Into such an hour God dropped one of his many "fear nots." To gather these would be to store a host of lights for dark hours. "I am thy shield," God said. Surely he who really believes God stands as an invisible shield of omnipotence between him and every real harm, will waste no strength in fears. Fear and faith each displace the other as night and day. "Perfect love casteth out fear" by quickening faith.

* * *

Abraham may have regretted in his depression that he had refused all share in the booty. To this feeling God seems to address that other assurance, "And thy exceeding great reward." Surely no one can feel poor who has God for his rewarder. "No good thing will he withhold." The greatest rewards in life are God's approval and self-respect.

* * *

Look now toward heaven and number the stars. Abraham, still depressed, recalled God's twenty-year-old promise that he should have a son, and through him become the father of many people. To this God said, in that wonderful conversation when God and man talked together "as one talketh with his friend," "Look up and count the stars; so shall thy seed be." "All God's biddings are enablings." That promise has already been more than fulfilled in the number of Jews and Christians, both of whom are now counted in millions, while the number of stars Abraham could see with the naked eye at one place was only about two thousand. Only six thousand are so visible from all points, and astronomers estimate the total number of stars visible, even by telescopes, as only six hundred thousand.

Stories of Stars

A party of tourists were leaving Jaffa for Alexandria. Though the moon was full and all the stars shining, one bright star especially, that the tourists had watched in Bethlehem, Jerusalem and Nazareth, the wind was blowing a gale, and the waves ran high about the little boat in which these passengers were being carried a quarter of a mile to the waiting steamer. The ladies were frightened by the waves, and the wild shouting of the Arab boatmen increased their fears. One lady suggested to another to shut her eyes so that she could not see the waves, but another older and wiser woman said, "Open your eyes, Gladys, and keep looking at that beautiful star; Keep looking at the star, keep looking at the star." All took the hint, and the effect was that the calm, steady light of that star seemed to pour peace down into every soul. So in trying days that followed Abraham's talk with God, he kept looking at the promise God had written in stars on the sky. Some one has counted thirty-one thousand promises in the Bible, thirty-one thousand stars at which we should "keep looking," especially in dark and stormy hours in the voyage of life. When the Magi were seeking the child Jesus, in weariness and danger and darkness, they kept looking at the star that promised the world a Saviour and King. That is the "one bright star" in the promises of God. That "one bright star" was in the promise to Abraham that in his seed the homes of the earth should be blessed.

Childless yet, he was not faithless. "He believed in the Lord." When a man says of some Bible truth, "I do not believe," say to him "WHOM?" It is not a word, but the Lord, we do not believe. It has been well said: "When men and women say what they do not believe, it is as when people get hold of a bank-note they do not believe in, and pass it quietly on to the next man who will take it." Goethe said, "If you believe anything, tell me, but keep your doubts to yourself; I have enough of my own."

* * *

To give thee this land. It is a striking fact that the "land of promise" as here bounded (v. 18), is three times as great as the land possessed by Joshua. Not until Solomon was the full promise realized. As Abraham stopped at Haram for years when he should have gone on to Canaan, so his descendants in the days of Joshua grew weary of conquest when only one-third of what God had promised had been possessed. And his spiritual descendants in the Christian Church have few of them appropriated more than one-third of their great and precious promises of "rest" and "victory."

* * *

Take me a heifer and a she goat and a ram and a turtle dove and a young pigeon. Here are the five offerings afterward elaborated in Leviticus, acted prayers of penitence, thanksgiving and consecration. In place of sacrifices we have sacraments. As the sacrifices pointed forward to the Cross, sacraments point back to it. As in the sacrifices men offered themselves a "living sacrifice" in the wholeburnt offering, so do we in every sincere use of the sacraments sacredly devote ourselves and all our powers to the glory of God and the good of man; to be his sacred vessels, bearing the wine of his self-sacrificing love and the bread of brotherhood to our fellows. Let not familiarity dull us to the two great truths, that baptism is a pledge and prayer of the putting away of sin, and that the Lord's Supper is an oath of loyalty to God and love to man.

* * *

A burning lamp that passed between those pieces. In Bible lands it has been for ages the custom to ratify a covenant or agreement or contract or any solemn and important promise by cutting some animal in twain and walking between the parts (Jer 34 : 8). The most impressive use of this sacrificial oath is when it is made the pledge of "blood brotherhood." For the benefit of new readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we repeat in brief the story, told in the first quarter of last year, of General Grant's reception by an Oriental in Egypt who was acting as American Consul. An ox was killed and its severed parts laid at the sides of the door-sill, between which General Grant entered with his host, who thus made the covenant "blood brotherhood," which binds him who makes it to give even his own life or that of any in his household, if need be, in behalf of th to whom he makes this pledge. In the divided sacrifi this lesson, Abraham pledges himself as such a "frie God" that he will refuse him nothing, not his own life life of any in his home. God tested his loyalty to that when he bade him offer Isaac, and he was not found ing. But it is God himself who passes between the in the "burning lamp," the Shechinah that is afterw flame in the burning bush, and the pillar of fire an Shechinah cloud of the tabernacle and the Transfigu

Calvary in the Old Testament

* * *

This is the Old Covenant or Old Testament, the cer that first division of the Bible as Calvary, which it pictu the centre of the New Covenant or New Testament Because men forget or otherwise break promises lightly we strengthen them by oaths, pledges, vows, all of promises made with unusual solemnity. God condes to Abraham's unbelief, and takes a solemn oath by p between the pieces, that the doubting one may be assu God's fidelity and friendship. So in the Cross, God m "better covenant" enacted on "better promises," a co to make the whole world a "holy land," filled with the ual seed of Abraham. God swears it by the death only begotten Son. And we recall and renew that co in the Lord's Supper.

* * *

AN ANCIENT DUTCH ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF ABRAM'S VISION

THE "BETTER PROMISES" OF THE "BETTER COVENANT."

He hath granted unto us his precious and exceeding great promises, that through these ye may become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust. Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law having become a curse for us, that upon the Gentiles might come the blessing of Abraham in Christ Jesus, that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. And if ye are Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, heirs according to promise. But now hath he obtained a ministry the more excellent, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant which hath been enacted upon better promises. We bring you good tidings of the promise made unto the fathers, how that God hath fulfilled the same unto our children in that he raised up Jesus. Let us hold fast the confession of our hope that it waver not, for he is faithful that promised.

* * *

The Power of a Good Promise

This is an age when an increasing number refuse to pledge themselves to total abstinence, or even to church membership. They ask to be left more free than God, who refuses to himself no freedom to do wrong. "He cannot deny himself." And let us not forget that God has often pledged himself in condescension, when unnecessary, to encourage others.

As the rainbow is made of water drops, illumined by the sun, it would be fitting to print a rainbow as a seal on any pledge with the watchword, "Even God pledged himself setting his bow in the cloud." And God's pledge to Abraham should prompt us to make our pledge to God in church membership, beside the altar-cross of Calvary. The man who refuses to make these pledges, is judging himself in less important matters every day in every note and contract he makes. He pledges himself to his wife for life; will not to his Creator also?

If it were enough to love Christ, our bridegroom, secretly, and "make no public confession" of that love as so many claim to believe, it would, on the same principle be enough to love a woman secretly and omit the public profession of that love which we call marriage. For the same reasons that men need to have a public act of marriage, a public oath of office, and a signed contract in business, they need to make a public and distinct covenant with God and his church.

Even in every-day life our lesser promises should be sacredly kept. To break a promise is a lie, often of the worst kind.

* * *

The whole Bible is a history of covenants of God with man, of man with God, and of men with each other. First came God's covenant with man for the occupancy of Eden. The only rent charged was obedience. When that was refused God kept his word, and Paradise was lost, reminding us that God's promises of punishment are no less sure than God's promises of reward. Then came the covenants with Noah and Abraham; with Jacob at Bethel; with Moses at the Burning Bush; with David, who, like Abraham, was promised great things for his "seed." Again and again the whole nation of Israel covenanted or promised to serve God. Then came the New Testament, the new covenant, the new promise, which is most fully expressed in Luke 4, the promise of a better world through the influence of Christ's unselfish love, a covenant whose blood-red seal was the Cross.

* * *

In order to fully appreciate Abraham's great life, we must read not alone the story of it in Genesis, but the comments of later Bible writers in Josh. 24 : 2-14; Ps. 105; Jas. 2 : 14-23. Especially, in connection with the subject of this lesson, it would be well to study Hebrews 6 : 13-20, in which the significance of this incident of the Patriarch's life is discussed in its relation to the better covenant, which was confirmed by Oriental pledges, but by the pledge of the Lamb as it had been slain."

New Light on Bible Lands.

THE POOL OF SILOAM

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN

IV. TOMBS OF THE MIGHTY

By REV. THEODORE F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

AFTER the traveler in Palestine, or the reader of these articles, has found that the tombs of the patriarchs are in Hebron, in one undisputed locality, so that no one doubts though not permitted to see, he naturally hopes to find a cemetery, or collection of tombs of the kings. He finds the statement repeatedly made that kings were buried in one place. Thus, "Jotham slept with his fathers, and was buried with his fathers in the city of David his father:" II. Kings 15 : 38, and "Ahaz was buried with his father in the city of David," II. Kings 16 : 20; and so all the way. This uniformity is emphasized by a rare exception, as in the case of Manasseh, who was buried "in the garden of his own house," II. Kings 21 : 18. On the other hand, the kings of Israel are said to have been buried at Samaria, and probably in one spot.

There are certain large tombs near Jerusalem, which are pointed out as of David, the Kings, the Judges and the Prophets, but there is nothing whatever to prove these claims, and there is reason to believe they are later tombs, most probably of Roman noble families.

We must remember that Jerusalem and its vicinity were exceedingly hilly, and that the natural tendency of the hills is to let slip some of their substance under the heavy winter rains. Now, a tomb cut in the face of a hill at its base, by clearing away the soil and excavating the soft rock, would be likely in course of time to be covered over by the slipping down of the hill. This is found to be so outside of the city, but in the city there with the additional covering of ruined buildings, which in the deepest place now covers the original soil to the depth of one hundred feet.

We know very nearly where the tombs of the kings are from what is said by Josephus, who knew them, and from what is inferred from the statements in the Scriptures, and it seems right to locate them somewhere on the hill Ophel, south of the temple area, outside the present wall, but originally within the wall, as recent excavations show. This outer wall has been fully traced, but the imperial permit expired before the work could go further.

There is a very general feeling now, and this is shared by very careful scholars, that we can tell very nearly where the tombs are, by a deduction from the course of the conduit running from the Virgin's Fountain, which was always outside of the walls, to the Pool of Siloam, which was always inside the walls in old times. By means of this conduit the people would have the water in case of siege, and all the water would at all times be saved to irrigate the gardens in the king's dale.

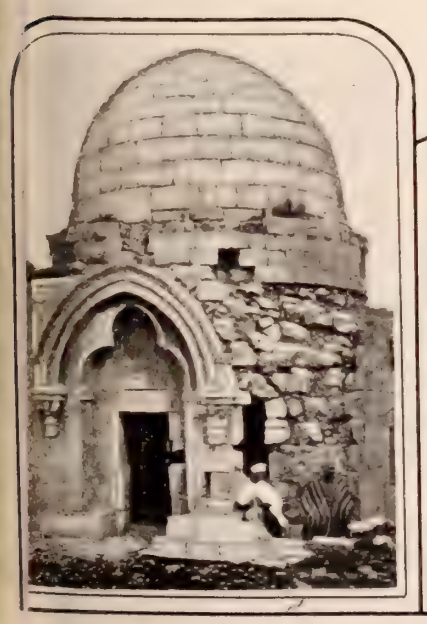
If a map of the district be carefully examined, and if it be remembered that the Wady Sitti Mariyam "the valley of Saint Mary," is the Valley of Kedron, or Jehoshaphat or the King's Dale, we observe the Virgin's Fountain in the northeastern corner, and the Pool of Siloam in the southwestern. Between these is the crooked line of the conduit. There is reason to believe that a straighter conduit ran outside the walls to the valley, but this we are not concerned with. The conduit or tunnel, which still carries some water, has been explored at risk of life, and is no doubt correctly laid down. Now immediately after leaving the starting place it bears westward into the hill, in order not to come to the surface, and then it bears nearly south, and shows the point of meeting of the two working parties and also two little errors. Finally, it makes a sweep westward to the Pool. Now, at the point marked "A" a shaft was sunk and nothing found; but that is not the place which Gauweau and others contend for. That place is on the other side of the conduit, and is thought of as accounting for the eastward bearing of the long curve. Some time the tombs will be found, but Hyrcanus and Herod are known to have plundered them.

In the case of such a tomb, we know from many others that we shall find a single entrance, with rooms and places for bodies extending as far as there was need. The tomb known of the Prophets illustrates this; other tombs show room after room in less elaborate form.

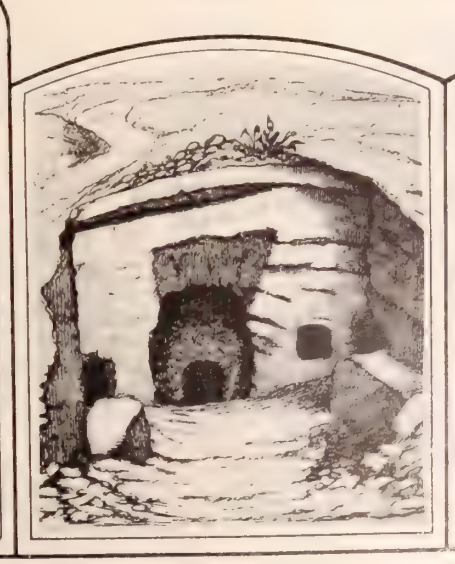
Of the Prophets, it must be said that they generally found dishonored graves, as their messages were also treated; but we shall remember the saying of our Lord, "Ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous" (Matt. 23: 29), and thus tardily were the great men of Israel given fitting burial. Only a few years since, in the village of Siloam, near where Isaiah was said to have been put to death by torture, a tomb was found bearing the inscription which is figured. The lower word is plainly "prophet." The last letters of the upper line clearly give "Isaia." The letters preceding spell in Greek the word for "holy." The first letters may mean "builded to" from the word *ktizo*. The Jews were using Greek instead of Hebrew for such purposes in our Lord's time. A builded tomb may mean one like a little house with a dome upon it, and these are mainly found in the more open country, and are regarded with great reverence. It would not be strange if such were the development of the primitive cromlech, of which there are many to be seen.

The most interesting tomb which we can consider is that of our Lord. As is well known, there is a division of opinion as to its location. From the time of Constantine all have looked to one place, and over this the Crusaders fought and then erected the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But modern scholars are coming to doubt this place as not fulfilling the conditions of the Gospel narratives, and are favoring the hill just north of the city. Close by its summit stands the ruined church of St. Stephen, and the reasoning, is that if Stephen was put to death there, it was probably the place generally so used. The devout General Gordon found a tomb there which he believed to be the true one, and people in London bought it; but those best able to judge say that it is not old enough, and point to another, the front of which is shown. The question will be settled some time, and it will probably be found that the earliest Christians marked the place by a church, that though disfigured, it might not be wholly destroyed.

The stone which closed such tombs has been found in two specimens, and was a rounded flat stone, which was rolled over the low door and could be sealed by a cord from rock to stone, fastened at the ends with wax and sealed with the procurator's signet; but procurator and stone were no bar to the Resurrection and the Life.



A DOMED SEPULCHRE



AN ANCIENT TOMB

PRIMITIVE "CROMLECH"

A ROCK-CUT TOMB

SUNDAY IN THE OLD CHURCH

CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS

"The glorious bells their tidings glad"

I

OH, those Sundays in the old church, in the days of long ago,
How pleasantly life's placid stream unruffled used to flow.
My childish soul knew nothing then of "higher criticism,"
Of practices unorthodox and other kinds of schism.
Just simple, childish, lovely faith was all I knew so pure,
Ah sad it is, ah, cruel 'tis, such faith will not endure,
As once it did in those dear days by memory now arrayed,
When we sang the old hymns over and the pastor preached and prayed.

II

God's day of rest a haven was of quiet and content,
And nature hushed her hum of noise and acquiescence lent;
For nature's God from Sinai had issued his decree,
And holy calm fell down upon the meadow and the lea.
The glorious bells their tidings glad to all the country tolled,
And called belated worshipers to gather in the fold,
And once within that fold secure, no sheep e'er felt afraid,
When we sang the old hymns over and the pastor preached and prayed.

"And called belated worshipers"

III

No time for ceremonious form, though all was reverent there,
One thought alone pervades the mind, the thought of praise and prayer;
No ranks of surpliced choristers distract the mind and eye,
But each one sang his hymn of praise, and as it rose on high
A glorious, mighty volume, it swept about God's throne,
To blend with angel voices, as though it was their own;
Then rushed with light and gladness hell's darkness to invade,
When we sang the old hymns over and the pastor preached and prayed.

"WE SANG THE OLD HYMNS OVER AND THE PASTOR PREACHED AND PRAYED"

IV

I see the grand old pastor, with radiant, noble face,
And glorious voice that never tired in telling of the grace
That's waiting for the sinner who will take his load of care,
With a humble and a contrite heart to Christ and leave it there.
Oh blessed words of comfort, yet never half so sweet
As when he gently led you to God's holy mercy seat;
And you saw heaven's gate wide open and its glories all displayed,
When we sang the old hymns over and the pastor preached and prayed.

V

"As through a glass now darkly" was not the way he saw—
His glass was purest crystal and never knew a flaw;
No clouds were e'er obscuring heaven's wonders from his eyes,
For God to him had given the faith that looks beyond the skies,
And views the mansions there prepared for such of those who love
To tread the path the Saviour trod and follow him above,
And few indeed, if any, from that narrow pathway strayed,
When we sang the old hymns over and the pastor preached and prayed.

VI

If e'er he condescended to acknowledge doubt or fear,
A splendid sight our pastor then it was to see and hear.
His voice rang like the blast that shook the walls of Jericho,
And unbelief and scoffing pride were routed and laid low;
He towered like a giant, his eyes flashed scorn and fire,
The "God of Battles" came to earth [efforts to inspire,
And the hosts of sin and Satan were va[quished and dismayed,
When we sang the old hymns over a[the pastor preached and prayed.

VII

And then the sword avenging, he sudden[would sheath,
His voice to wooing whispers sank, a sm[his face would wreathe.
The "God of Battles" disappeared, th[came the "God of Love,"
The beauteous Spirit fluttering down [semblance of a dove.
Oh, who that heard could then resist th[pleading, loving tone,
Oh, who would not take up the Cross a[bear it for his own?
Not I, nor you, we heard that voice a[willingly obeyed,
Singing soft the old hymns over, as t[pastor knelt and prayed.

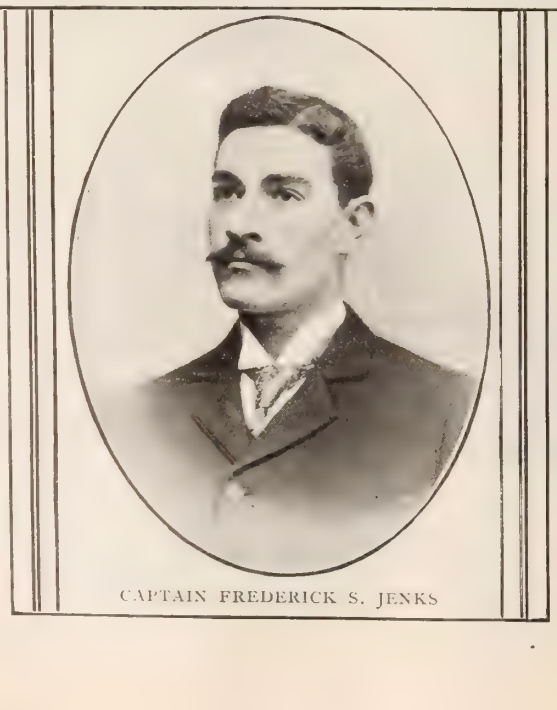
VIII

Oh would that every church on earth were like th[one of old,
And every worn and weary soul at rest within its fol[
And would their earthly shepherd and their heaven[Shepherd true
Were like the ones I knew of old and now loc[heavenward to!
His kingdom then would quickly come again upo[the earth,
Mankind with one accord would sing, "One Lor[one Faith, one Birth,"
If we could spread that living grace that alwa[was displayed,
When we sang the old hymns over and the past[preached and prayed.

A Sabbath-Keeping Captain

IN these days of frequent Sabbath violation, it is pleasant to hear of some brave and loyal spirit who, rather than desecrate the Lord's Day, is willing to endure hardship and personal sacrifice. A notable instance of Christian loyalty of this character recently came to the attention of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Capt. Frederick S. Jenks, of Ossining-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., is, or was, until lately, commander of a steamboat plying between Ossining, Nyack, Rockland Lake and Haverstraw. He began the route with the steamer *Lewis D. Black* in 1892, running only on week days, as he did not believe in carrying on his business on the Lord's Day. Many people remonstrated with him and found fault, but the sturdy Captain told them plainly that if he could not make a living "on the water" in six days out of seven, he would give up his calling and seek other employment. They persisted, and figured out attractive profits for the Captain if he would only run on Sundays, assuring him that the patronage of the pleasure-seekers alone would be equal to thousands of dollars every season, but Capt. Jenks was obdurate, and absolutely declined to entertain any proposition that would involve the desecration of the Lord's D[ay]. He was comparatively poor, and dependent upon [his] income from his boat for a living; but he remembe[red] the training of his childhood and the words of the [4th] commandment: "Remember the Sabbath Day to k[eep] it holy."



CAPTAIN FREDERICK S. JENKS

In 1898, he sold the *Lewis D. Black*, and bui[lt a] larger and handsomer one — the steamer *Ossin[ing]*. He did not run on Sundays, but, as formerly, c[on]tented himself with the week-day trade. Tempt[ing] figures were offered him for Sabbath excursions d[own] the Hudson to New York Bay and return; such t[rips] would have netted him from $150 to $200 apiece. [The] increased expense of running the larger boat was [not] met by any corresponding increase in income, [and] Capt. Jenks has chartered her for the present season [to a] transportation company, which does not use her [for] Sunday travel. She is a fine steamer, with a carry[ing] capacity of two hundred and seventy-five pass[en]gers. Captain Frederick S. Jenks has made con[sid]erable sacrifice for principle's sake; but though [the] fight, in a financial sense was a losing one, inv[olv]ing him in debt, he has faith in God, and believes t[hat] "he will bring things out all right in his own good tim[e]"

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

The Family Doctor

ONE friend of the family is always sure of a welcome when he answers a call for his visit. A child is taken ill, or the mother is prostrated; there is anxiety about a patient who is raving in delirium; sickness in the home means great solicitude, and the physician is eagerly looked for. He comes in with a cheery face; inscrutable, for he has learned how to control emotion and conceal thought; his very step on the stair, his gentle, soothing voice, are comforts. When the doctor speaks, we listen; when he issues an order, if we are wise, we obey. No autocrat rules more absolutely, yet none is freer from personal ambition, and more resolute in seeking the good of those whom he serves. It is not an unheard of thing that a physician, worn out with his labors, dies in the interest of his fellowmen, and in many ways, less patent than this final sacrifice, his daily life is full of loving self-denial. People are often careless in paying the doctor promptly, for by the time his bill is presented, the shadow has been lifted and forgotten. Or, if his patient died, in some minds there is resentment against the doctor whose remedies failed. Doctors' wives and daughters are properly indignant at the dribbling manner in which bills are settled, and they make no secret of their feeling of this very common injustice. There is no reason why we should delay in paying the account of a friend, who, in our extremity, has done what he could to save us, and, as equally with landlord, and butcher, and baker, and grocer, the doctor must live; as he must bring up his children, educate and start them in life and take his place in the community as a good citizen, his clients should never put him to inconvenience by their tardiness. This is the more imperative, because doctors seldom dun their patients and are fastidiously delicate in pressing their claims.

Aunt Mandy's Farming

Aunt Mandy's boys are working on a farm by farm, and her "old man" is rather "no account" in the colloquial of the country-side. But the old woman is strong and energetic, and if there is plowing to be done, she is quite equal to the occasion. These great oxen are very gentle and they work as well at a woman's bidding as a man's. If there is a crop raised on this little Georgia farm, it is Mandy who will raise it. Old Jake is one of those people who were born tired, and it is a happy dispensation of Providence that folk of that variety usually mate with their opposites. A law of contrast works in the moral and mental domain as in the physical, where we have all observed that the short man chooses a very tall wife, and vice versa.

We are apt to pity a woman who is obliged to work in the open air, but for my part, I commiserate much more the person who is shut up in a small kitchen over a red-hot stove, than she who does some share of the farm-labor in the sweet fields and under the open sky.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

How often we sing the dear hymn which begins with this familiar line, and perhaps we think of Charles Wesley, who was inspired to write it while gazing on a tempest from the security of his home. But in the storms of life, when the winds are contrary, what is so safe and so sweet a haven as this thought of Jesus? Jesus the altogether lovely, the chief among ten thousand Jesus, of whom we can say, My beloved is mine and I am his. Jesus, who says, Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man open to me I will come in and sup with him and he with me.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore oppress?
"Come to Me," saith one, and "coming,
Be at rest."

Our friends may tire of us. Jesus, never. Others may be unable to lift our burdens, Jesus always can help and his sweet word is, Let not your heart be troubled. We love him according to our measure. He loves us according to his. So, his patience is inexhaustible, his mercies are ever new, and his goodness surpasses our power of comprehension.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Picnic Hints

Everything that can be arranged for a picnic should be attended to the night before, if you are to make an early start. For instance, plan the route which you will take, and make sure of your conveyances, and also of the friends who are going. Sandwiches will not be injured if they are cut and packed tightly in a cool place. The crust cut from each thin slice of bread and butter and the filling made of ham minced finely, or of hard-boiled eggs, beaten to a passe. Brown bread and cream cheese make very nice sandwiches, and peanut butter is much relished by children, being nutritious as well as palatable. The loaf cake and the smaller cakes should be made the day before a picnic. Berries, if taken, must be carefully picked; jellies and jams carried in small covered glasses. Fruit is excellent for a picnic luncheon, but pies are apt to be messy, and therefore less appetizing. Lemonade taken in bottles, tightly corked, and cold tea, are popular as beverages, and if there is the chance to make a fire, coffee brewed out of doors has a gypsy flavor which most people like. Japanese paper napkins are very dainty, and may be burned up when a meal is over; birch-bark platters furnish a good substitute for china, and aluminum spoons are, for picnic purposes, preferable to silver, as being inexpensive, it does not very much matter if one or two are lost.

AUNT MANDY'S TEAM

GO NOT TOO FAR

GO not too far in the land of light,
A little while by the golden gate,
Lest that I lose you out of sight,
Wait, my darling, wait.

Forever now from your happy eyes
Life's scenic picture has passed away,
You have entered into realities,
And I am yet at the play.

But the last sad act is drawing on;
A little while by the garden gate,
Of the holy heaven to which you are gone,
Wait, my darling, wait. —ALICE CARY.

Hot Weather Ethics and Hints

HOW to keep cool in the tropical midsummer temperature which annually visits us, is the problem we have to solve. Sometimes, when the mercury mounts to the top of the tube, the thing is almost a physical impossibility, but if we can keep from worrying and fretting at the heat, if inwardly we can retain our peace and coolness, we shall somewhat reduce our sufferings. Every one has noticed that those feel the heat less who are busy and who keep right on with their work, than those do who are idle and have time to fuss and fan and complain. It is an open question whether fanning does not make one warmer than one would be if forgetful of the need of a fan. For example, the person who has an important engagement which must be kept, does not fume, as does the other person who is lolling and lounging about, declaring that never since the world began was there known a summer so fiercely hot, so fearfully insupportable.

We should borrow some suggestions from India, and, in very hot weather, rise very early. There is an exquisite moment in the early dawn, when the air is fresh and the sun has not yet gained its later force. Then, the early riser may read, work, or do what she will, having taken a light breakfast first, and then the house may be filled with the pure morning air, every window and door opened to the fragrance of the dew-wet flowers. Open windows at top and bottom both. If you have screens, be sure that some of them are arranged for the upper part of the window as well as for the lower. When the sun is high, shut and darken the house. Close doors and windows, and keep out the heated atmosphere through the day, opening them again in the late afternoon.

Iced tea and iced coffee are more refreshing than the same beverages in a hot state, except at breakfast, during the summer. A great stone pitcher of iced lemonade should be kept in every house, and freely used when wanted. Iced water should be taken rather sparingly, though water chilled by being kept near the ice may be freely used by the thirsty. Doctors advise people to drink a good deal of water in hot weather. It is indeed a little doubtful whether we ought not always to drink more water than we do.

Bathing twice a day is advisable during a heated term. Children should often be sponged off, and always before going to bed they should have the comfort of a bath.

Avoid the direct rays of the sun, and postpone expeditions which are not necessary until a less burning season arrives. For example, the lady who has a day's shopping to do may as well defer it until the heat moderates. And those who do go to the stores should be as inexacting and give as little trouble as possible to the clerks and saleswomen. These people are tired, and if, occasionally, they are a bit irritable or absent-minded, they should be pardoned. Most of us, if thoughtful, can lighten the load of our fellow creatures in the business world in little ways, such as finishing our shopping in good season, and not prolonging it until the extreme limit of the day, when the closing hour brings the clerk the need of finishing up her work and leaving her stock in order, and by being easily pleased and not too slow in making up our minds.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MINNIE MAURICE. Cosmetics should be avoided. Keep in good health, and bathe freely, and your skin will be clear.

—COUSIN SUTIE. There is no harm in helping your young cousin in his home study.

—AUNTIE. An aunt should not not take the reins of government out of a mother's hands.

—SERMON AMBERG. *Remember Jesus Christ*, by Robert E. Speer, is an admirable book for young Christians.

—S. S. SECRETARY. The verbal report at the close of a session should be brief. Tell the number of teachers and officers present, the number of scholars, and the amount of the offering.

—GRANDMA MARSH. I am sure that you believe with me in early training the children in the way they should go. They should be taught to pray and to read the Bible daily, should memorize the text of God's Word and go regularly to Sunday School and church. Then we should set them a Christian example.

—R. Familiarities of the kind you describe between young people are in very bad taste. A young lady may visit in the home of a man friend if she is a friend of his home people. She need not avoid the hours when he is at home. A girl would better not marry until she is twenty, but there is no rule against her earlier marriage.

—MOURNER. Your case is not uncommon. We are apt to vex ourselves with vain regrets when our dear ones are taken. You probably did the best you knew how to do while your husband was here. If anything was left undone, he knows all about it now, and loves you just the same. Surely God forgives all the sins of which we repent.

Contributions to the Chinese Famine Relief Work

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PATRIARCHAL FAITH

Abram's Dependence on God for the Fulfilment of the Promise

By MRS. M. BAXTER

EVERY overture to the world, on the part of one who knows God, is like another mesh of the net which is surely being woven to entangle hi The territory of the prince of this wo l is closely watched; nothing happens in his dominions without his knowledge, an he knows how to make use of the prox im of men who fear God. Enmity, strife, dition; all had their origin with him, and he w the advantage he might gain if the ne ew of the man of faith whom God had ch en, should be involved in a war between th ing of Sodom and his enemies.

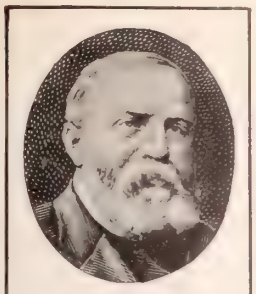
us he stirred up against Sodom a con fe ate army of neighboring kings, who, aft reducing Sodom and her allies to tri te for twelve years, after which they rel led, came against them with over wh ming force, and desolated the country, tak g away all the goods of Sodom, Go m ah, and the surrounding country. Lot, wh seems to have taken no part in the co ct, was taken away prisoner, and the go s to which his heart had clung were co scated. Poor Lot! he must learn how he d miscalculated in thinking he was bet off in securing his own interests than in ining with his uncle, who had learned to st Jehovah. The man of the world wa prisoner, and penniless, and the man of th came to his succor. What a lesson! Abham no sooner heard of the misfortune of t than he armed his servants and went to rescue of his nephew. God was with him and he prevailed. Abraham brought bac with him "all the goods" (Gen. 14: 16), as ll as all his household. Lot must now rece back from his disinterested uncle, wh walked before God, that which his gre y hands had grasped for himself. It is ten we have learned to trust God with our wn needs that God often enables us to lp those who have taken advantage of us. The king of Sodom wanted to share the oil with him. Abraham had learned his son, and absolutely refused to benefit by ose who sinned against the Lord ex cee ingly. "I have lift up mine hand," he sai unto the Lord God Most High, Pos sess of heaven and earth, that I will not tak from a thread to a shoe-latchet, nor aug that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, I ve made Abram rich." Would that suc a fear were in every church and in eve mission at this time! Corruption cre s into the churches, and into many Ch tian works, through the miserable un bel which goes down to Egypt for help, in ste of trusting in the living God. Worldly me always want a return for their money, and if they give to a work of God, they wa to have a hand in it: to make it great bef e the eyes of the world; to make it pay a financial transaction, and thus no roo is left for dependence upon God. He is s t out, the Spirit is grieved; the work is h dered because the world and the ungo are making the Church rich. What is e meaning of so many churches and ins tutions being so constantly in want of mo y? They are not answering their purpo s to prove that God is the living God, wh comes to the help of those that trust in h. Would it not be easy for God to stir the hearts, and make the money flow, if cy his children trusted him and sought his hor.

After these things Abram was again visi d with one of those wondrous times of Go nearness, in which he specially makes him lf known to his own. It was in a visio that the Lord came unto Abram, and sai "Fear not, Abram. I am thy Shield, and y exceeding great Reward," (Gen. 15: 1). It was a blessed, precious revelation. "A he brought him forth abroad, and said, Lo now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if ou be able to number them; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be." There was no planation, no word as to when or how, no rect answer to his question, but an added ass ance from him who cannot lie. And, wit ut understanding any more than before, Abm honored his God; for he believed Go and God honored Abram; for "he count ed to him for righteousness." It was on this occasion that God constituted him "the fath r of all them that believe" (Rom. 4: 11). Abm did not insist on any explanation; beca se he did believe, he did count God true, therefore he could wait for God to develop his plan. Real faith can always wait, and wait in the dark. Unbelief is always in a hurry and unrestful, not really believing God can and will bring his word to pass, unless some outward sign of it is to be seen.

Again God repeats to Abram his promise of the land. And Abram puts another ques tion "O Lord Jehovah, how shall I know that I shall inherit it?" And God came down to his servant's weakness, and directed him to lay a lamb, a turtledove and a pigeon, and to divide them in the midst. This was the form of a covenant in those days, and even till the time of Jeremiah, when Zedekiah made such a covenant with Nebuchadnezzar. When it was night, God himself, under the figure of "a smoking furnace" and a flaming torch, passed between the halves of the creatures slain (Gen. 15: 17), and Abraham knew that his God had bound himself. But before this ratification of God's promise and covenant, "a deep sleep fell upon Abram," and God revealed to him the future of his people: how they would be "strangers in a land that was not theirs," and be "afflicted four hundred years," and afterwards they should come out, not penniless, after all their suffering, but "with great substance." For, added the sacred writer, "the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full."

While, in all ages, God's children are passing through examinations in his school, through humiliations and suffering, the rebellious are ripening for judgment. But God is in no hurry to destroy. He alone knows the moment when sin is come to the full, and when it would be no longer righteous to forgive. In the time of Noah, God could afford to give the wicked inhabitants of the earth one hundred and twenty-five years of warning before he finally destroyed them. The Amorites, in Canaan, should have four hundred years yet, in which they might have an opportunity to break off their sins.

God thus showed to the patriarch Abram his purposes for his chosen people, and at the same time his coming judgments upon the wicked. And he then told them what should be the limits of the land of promise, from the river of Egypt to the river Euphrates, such will be the future land of Israel.



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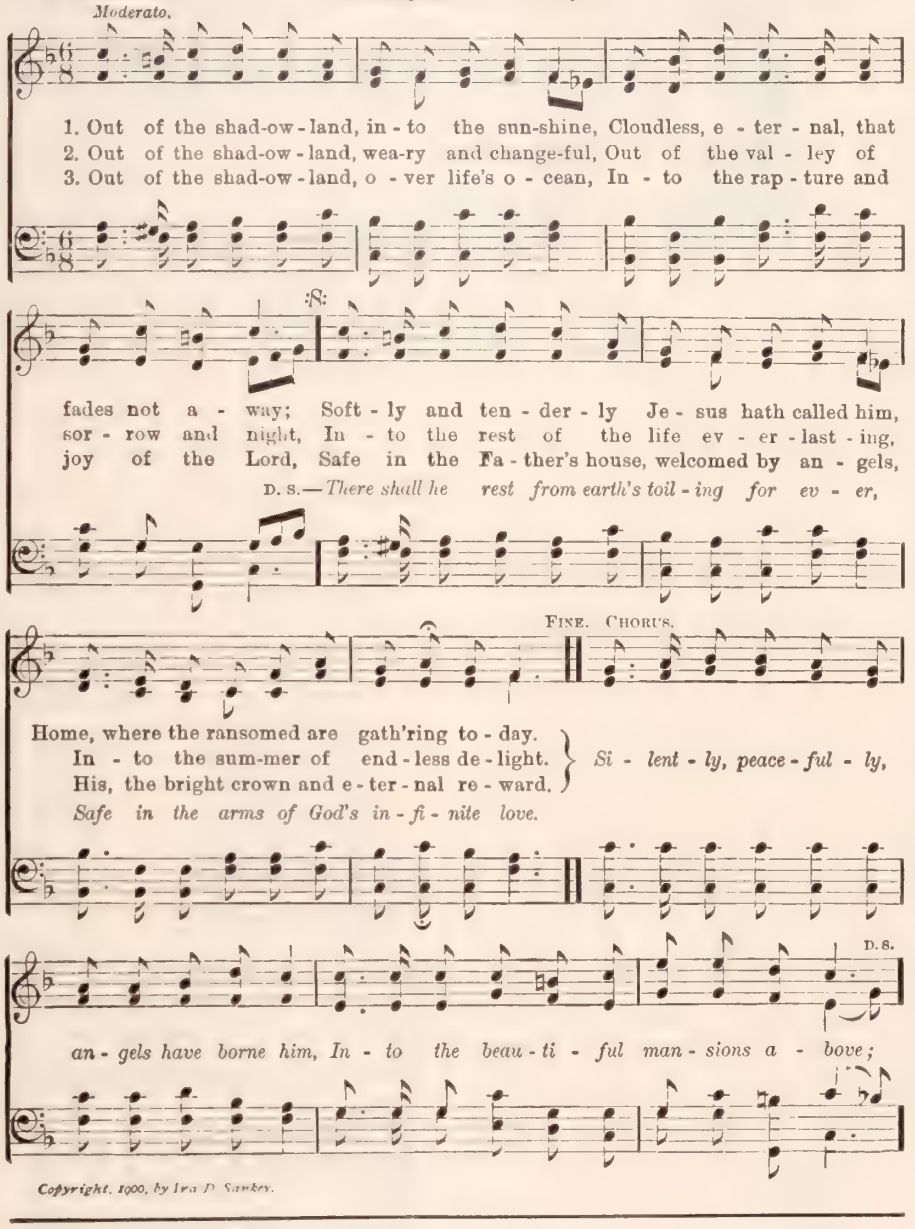

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AT EVENING TIME

"AT evening time, there shall be light."
How oft I've read these blessed words,
And wondered, Were they meant for me?
Shall I, who walk in darkness now,
The blessed light at evening see?

"At evening time, there shall be light."
Help me, O Lord, to trust these words
By prophet spoke, in ages past,
And walk by faith, through darkness here,
Sure of the evening bright at last.

"At evening time, there shall be light."
Let this sweet promise, my dear Lord,
Like Bethlehem's Star, my sure guide be,
'Till at the evening's bursting light,
The far off gates of pearl I see.

Dale, North Dakota J. D. TRACY.

Called Away

Mrs. Mary Weekes, who died at Capitola, Calif., lately, was a most exemplary Christian and left a beautiful testimony. Her language and demeanor in the last hours of life, showed her firm faith and confidence in God's goodness and mercy. She was born in London, Eng., in 1821, and was a Christian nearly sixty-six years.

The death of Mr. John Ward, a native of Stanhope, Durham, Eng., is announced. He passed away at Victoria, B. C., June 26, in his eighty-fifth year. He was a true Christian, and had served the Master during a long and useful lifetime.

THE JEWS TO RETURN*

Negotiations with the Sultan for a Lease of the Holy Land to the Jews

NEWS comes from Constantinople that Dr. Herzl, the leader of the movement for the colonization of Palestine, has had a long audience with the Sultan in his palace. Official etiquette forbids the disclosure of the nature and result of the interview, but it was remarked that Dr. Herzl, on leaving the palace, seemed to be in excellent spirits. His bearing, as an observer said, was that of one who had come measurably nearer to the realization of a long cherished hope. The fact that the Sultan had consented to see Dr. Herzl at all, is an augury of no slight importance. There was a fear that the Sultan would refuse to listen to any proposal looking to the settlement of the Jews in their own land. It would appear now, however, that he is willing to consider the project. So much may be inferred from his granting an audience to a man whose business he must have clearly understood before seeing him.

The student of prophecy will perceive at once the significance of the event. When the Holy Land is once again peopled by the descendants of Abraham, the long suspension in the progress of the fulfilment of prophecy—the hiatus between the sixty-ninth and seventieth week of the revelation to Daniel (Daniel 9: 25-27) will be closed, and the stream of prophetic history will pass swiftly forward to the seven years preceding the final consummation.

In an address before a recent meeting in London, reported in the *Prophetic News*,* Rev. R. M. Hawkins called attention to the Zionist movement as one of the most significant signs of the times. He said in the course of his address:

"Four years ago, one might have felt hesitation to speak of a Jewish nation, fearing to appear ridiculous. To-day, he makes himself ridiculous who denies the existence of the Jewish nation. Is not this awakening of the Jewish nation, after a sleep of so many centuries, a marvelous sign of the times, and an augury of the fulfilment of Ezekiel 37: 21, 22: 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and I will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land. And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more'?

"Though many Zionists would exclude the religious element, the Zionist medal is a standing witness that the sacredness of a Covenant relationship is claiming recognition. The angel on the one side, representing 'the national idea,' and pointing Eastward, where the sunrise heralds the coming day. On the other side: 'Thus saith the Lord God, Behold I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land' (Ezekiel 37: 21), is surely a recognition not only that the movement is of God, but is in direct fulfilment of his Word.

"As the anti-Semitic forces on the one hand and the Zionist movement on the other gather strength, it behooves us to watch the concurrent movements of the nations with whom the Jewish nation is brought in contact, especially those of Russia, pointed at in Ezekiel 38 and 39, and of Turkey, as the Gentile power under whose heel at the present time 'Jerusalem is trodden down.'

"Concurrently with all these signs, we mark the attitude of the Jewish mind and of the Jewish authorities towards the personality of Jesus of Nazareth, as being altogether different from a few years ago. In many cases, rabbis and Jewish professors are arranging that the history of Jesus Christ shall be taught to the children in Jewish Sabbath Schools."

*On sale, price six cents, by M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York.

SUNDRY CHARITIES

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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PROF. E. C. MILLARD

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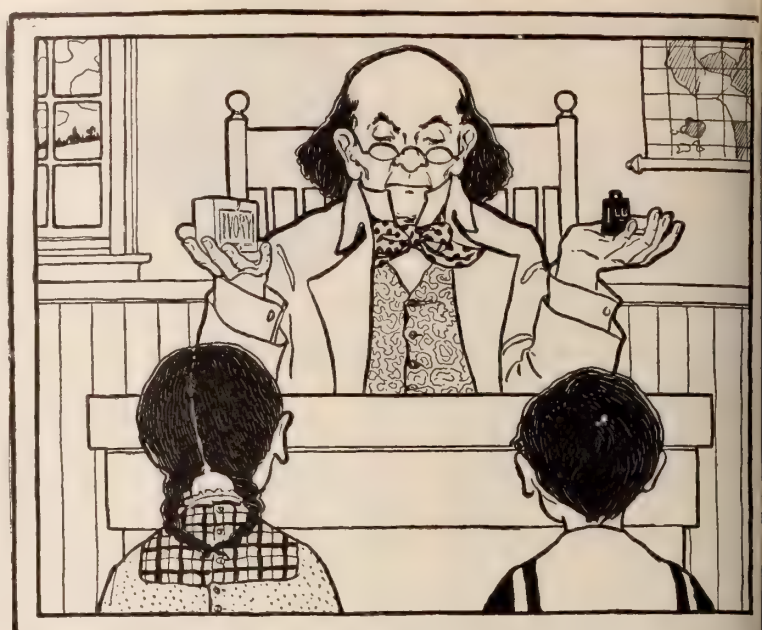
An Interesting Magazine

The People, The Land and The Book, deals exclusively with God's ancient people, the Jews. In prose and in poem, this scholarly quarterly comes to its readers in a most instructive and interesting manner. It is a radical departure from the customary, old-fashioned Hebrew-Christian publication. Its object is to break down the barriers of prejudice existing between Jews and Gentiles. For this reason alone it recommends itself heartily to all who are desirous to have intelligent and unbiased information regarding the Jewish people. An idea can be had from the contents of this illustrated quarterly, by perusing the articles of eminent English divines, such as *National Characteristic of the Jews*, by Rev. F. A. Cox, D.D., LL.D. *The Destination of the Jews*, by Rev. James Hamilton D.D., and *The Dispersion of the Jews*, by Rev. T. Archer, D.D. *The Everlasting Nation*, by Rev. Ad. Saphir D.D. Zionism is treated fully. The Yiddish Press and Literature in the United States is treated by a Hebrew in a most excellent article. Each number contains choicest selections from the Talmud. The serial, *Meier Ezofovitch*, by a Protestant Countess, is a feature of every number of the quarterly. Each number brings a selection of Jewish music and text, such as "The Wandering Jew," and a "Jewish Lullaby," music of interest to every lover of ancient tunes. *The People, The Land and The Book*, is warmly praised for its scholarship and unique interest by Bishop J. N. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, and many others. The subscription price is $1.00 per year. It is published at No. 436 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IRRIGATION IN INDIA

A committee of scientific men, and men familiar with the conditions of the climate in India, has been organized in England to devise measures for preventing the recurrence of famine. An enlightened system of irrigation is being prepared, which, it is hoped, will utilize the water of the rivers now flowing uselessly to the sea. It is asserted by civil engineers that enough water runs through the country to water the whole of India. Immense sums of money would, however, be needed to construct reservoirs and dig channels.



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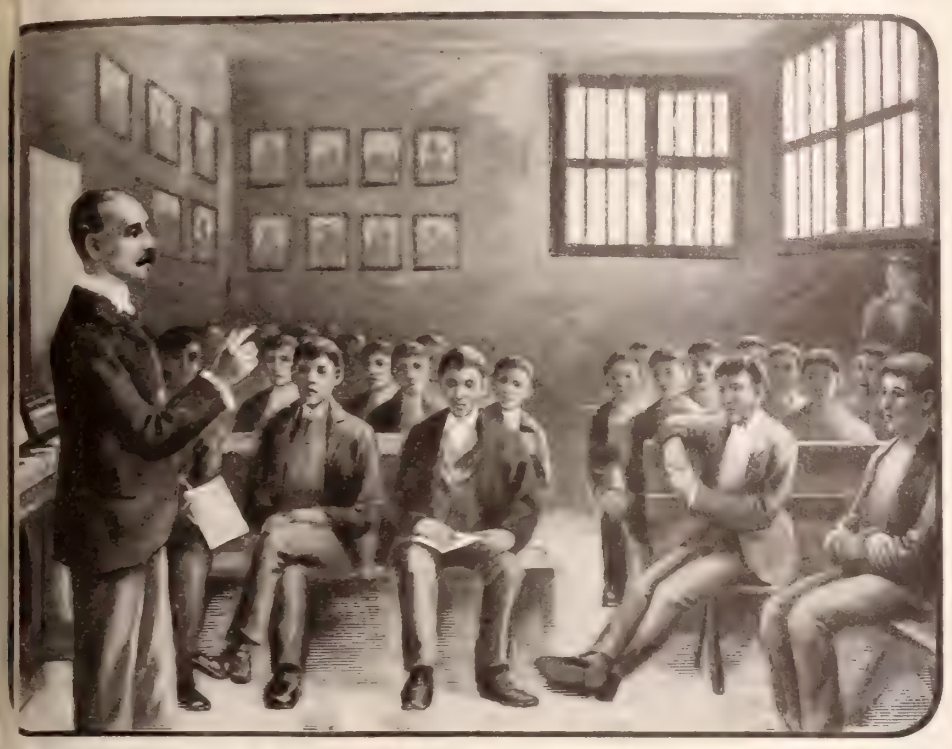
:AVING BOY CRIMINALS ❋

BY REV. J. J. MUNRO
Chaplain of the Tombs



CHAPLAIN MUNRO'S CLASS OF BOY CRIMINALS IN THE TOMBS

VERY year the Police Authorities of Manhattan and Bronx arrest at least 5,000 boys and girls upon rges which embrace almost every cne on the calendar. When we think o he densely populated sections of the ci, where children literally live in the sets, and where the multiplication of evil rts, such as saloons, gambling-hells, cy shops and other places tempt even very young to drinking and carousing, o only wonder is that more do not go a ay. Sad to say, some of the toughest a most daring criminals in this city are fd among its juvenile offenders. Delinq nts under sixteen years of age are given t he Gerry Society; those over sixteen a under twenty are sent to the Tombs, w re they are domiciled in what is k wn as the Boys' Prison. Thus it is seen that boys who are sent to the Tnbs are not thrown with the old criminals, but are kept by themselves. The B s' Prison is in no sense a reformatory; it s merely a place of detention where y ths, presumed to be innocent until fnd guilty, await the disposition of the crts; yet during such detention, opportunities to reach and influence them are g n to Christian workers.

The large foreign population of New Y k, and the dense ignorance of those w come from the Slavic and Latin r s, is constantly in evidence in the c minal records of the city. As nearly a I remember, about forty per cent. of all offenders are of foreign birth; sixty p cent. of foreign parentage, and about fifty per cent. are of American birth and p entage. On admittance to prison, some b s become stolidly indifferent to surroundings, and for a time despair takes the p ce of hope. Again, they are suspicious, a feel that everybody is against them. I ve found from experience that a new CHRISTIAN HERALD, or a good, bright b k, often acts like a charm with such b s. The pictures make a wonderful i pression upon them. A basis for conv sation is established, and soon we are a e to win their confidence. Then, step b step, we unfold the way whereby a s l may live for God and enjoy blessed c munion with him.

I have visited many prisons in different p ts of the land, and have met and talked w h boys and young men of every social c dition and temperament. The following is a typical interview, and shows s me of the reasons why boys go astray: "Hnny, how are you to-day?" I ask of a outhful recruit to prison ranks, while I m ke my rounds. He replies: "I ain't d ng well." "What brought you here, n boy?" He hangs his head in shame, b gives no answer. "How old are you?" "1, only sixteen past." "Are your parents living?" "Mother has been dead since I was six years old." Think of it! A boy without a mother, growing up in a great city. On further investigation, I find that his father was a drinking man, and the boy has been under no religious influence since his mother died. His only playground has been the street, his comrades other children of the tenements, with whom he learned much of evil and little of good.

One day I found a chubby, honest-faced German boy behind the bars. He had come alone from the Fatherland when twelve years old, to his uncle, a farmer in a Western state. In his new home, the uncle made him work like a slave, giving him no opportunity for either secular or religious education. Herman stood it a few years and then ran away. He worked his way East by stealing rides on freight trains. He would have died of starvation on the way had not train hands, to whom he told his tale of adventure, taken pity on him and generously shared their food with him. They smuggled him over the different roads until he got to New York, where he wandered around looking for work, but finding none. Unfortunately, he was discovered one night in company with two young thieves, and was arrested on suspicion. He lay in prison several weeks. After a thorough investigation we were able to show that he was an honest boy. Before going out, I gave him a note to a Y. M. C. A. worker, who provided him with clothing, food, and a lodging for two weeks, and then secured work for him. Some months later I found Herman in a Mission settlement as one of the workers. He was clean and neatly dressed. What a transformation had taken place in the dirty, ragged little tramp! The Gospel of Jesus Christ had wrought the miracle.

Sometimes I find boys in prison who have run away from home and who are the same as lost or dead to their parents. I write at once to father or mother, and inform them where their boy may be found. Most of them are glad to get the lads home again. I regret to say, however, more than once I have found unnatural parents who did not care where their boys were. One little fellow, with tears in his eyes, asked me to go and tell his mother to come and take him out of prison. I called upon the woman, who kept a beer saloon on the East side. She said she did not want the boy home, and would not lift her finger to save him.

I find down deep in every boy's heart a tender spot that can be touched by the grace of God. It should be the supreme aim of the Prison Chaplain to fill the minds of these poor young jail-birds with the good seeds of Gospel truth. Not only should there be religious teaching in prison, but practical morality should be taught in such a way as to form good habits.

Many of these prison lads are barely able to read and write; of American history the majority know little or nothing. Ask some of them "Who discovered America?" and it's more than likely they will answer you, "Benjamin Franklin"; or, "Who came over in the *Mayflower?*" and some one may reply "George Washington;" "Who is Governor of New York?" "Tim Sullivan," or give any other ridiculous answer. It is hardly creditable that in this enlightened city, with its churches, chapels and schools of learning, there are thousands of boys and young men who know absolutely nothing whatever of God, or his Son Jesus Christ, and who are as densely ignorant of the Bible as they are of the Koran. The vast majority of these never enter a church or Sunday School, and they certainly receive no religious training at home. To many of them the name of God is known only to be blasphemed. Standing before a class of forty to fifty of these boys, I have asked the simplest of Bible questions, such as any five-year-old child ought to be able to answer, but none could reply. For example, I have asked them to tell me how many Gospels are there? The names of the four evangelists? or whether the twenty-third psalm and the ten commandments are found in the Old or New Testament? and they could not answer to save their lives.

❦

Soul-Winning at Des Moines

A Notable Gospel Campaign in which Many were Drawn to Christ

THE University Place Church of Christ, Des Moines, Iowa, has lately experienced a marked spiritual revival. The church had, at the beginning of the meetings, 1,770 members, and, as a body, was in a healthy spiritual condition, and anxious to enter into a vigorous soul-winning campaign. The church territory is divided into four districts, or wards, in each of which there are four elders, eight deacons, and six deaconesses, who look after the spiritual and temporal welfare of the membership and people within these wards. For this campaign there were added to these committees on advertising, special devotions, finances, personal work, and ushers. Special cards were issued at intervals during the progress of the meetings, announcing special subjects, which kept alive the interest.

The personal workers met in earnest prayer each day at the church and at the University hard by. Persons interested were visited and the plan of work talked over. A great majority of the converts decided in their homes and at their rooms to confess Christ, and did so publicly the evening following, when the Gospel sermon was preached and the invitation given by Evangelist Scoville. So efficiently was this work done that a list of such persons made out daily was largely verified by the responses that were made at the evening services.

Large audiences attended. The total number confessing Christ and presenting letters for admission to membership in this church through the seven weeks of the meetings was 573. Of this number, 160 were students of Drake University. These make a total membership of the church now 2,343.

"Paul planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

I. N. McCASH, LL.D., Pastor.

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Let one meal in the day consist of an abundance of good meat, potato and one other vegetable.

The method will quickly prove the value of the selection of the right kind of food to rebuild the body and replace the lost tissue which is destroyed every day and must be made up, or disease of some sort enters in. This is an age of specialists, and the above suggestions are given by a specialist in food values, dietetics and hygiene.

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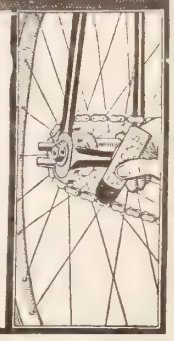

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SAVED WHILE HELPING OTHERS

How Professor J. W. Magruder, of Delaware, Ohio, Found Christ

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

IT is certainly a sufficient answer to the sneer of the infidel, that Christianity belongs to the age of ignorance and superstition, and will gradually disappear with the growth of intelligence and education, to note, that undeniable statistics show, that, while only one-twentieth of the young men in the United States are avowed professing Christians, one-third of all the graduates of colleges among young men in this country are outspoken Christians. Surely there is something very striking and very significant in that fact.

PROF. J. W. MAGRUDER

There is another suggestion in this fact, however, and that is, that a man's conversion to Christ is often a regeneration of mind as well as of heart. Some of the noblest thinkers and most famous scholars in this country would never have had an education, and would never have cared for an education, if it had not been that when the conscience was aroused, and they became earnest Christians, they had a longing aroused in them to make the most of themselves, and to consecrate all their powers to their divine Lord.

One of the most heroic soul-savers ever known among American college men, was the late Rev. Dr. Charles H. Payne, who, after a most remarkable career as a pastor in large churches in the leading Eastern cities, became a college president at Delaware, Ohio, and was there a fountain of inspiration to young men. Professor Magruder, who himself won peculiar fame in the city of Cincinnati in dealing with the problem of a downtown church, before going back to his Alma Mater as a professor, says that he, with hundreds of other young men, owes Charles H. Payne an eternal debt of gratitude for opening their eyes to Christianity as something more than "a religion to die by," and kindling their enthusiasm for a life of heroic self-sacrifice for the kingdom of God on earth.

It was in young Magruder's junior year in college that the crisis in his life came. He had joined the church in his boyhood, but had not entered into fellowship with Christ, nor received the witness of the Spirit, and during these years, at least eight of them, he had been more or less earnestly seeking after God. Again and again, in revival meetings, he had gone forward to the altar, in response to invitations to be prayed for. All of the ordinary means of grace he had availed himself of, and so far as he was concerned, they had all been weighed in the balance and found wanting. He went into St. Paul's Church, Delaware, Ohio, one night, convinced, that however much of virtue might be in a Methodist altar for others, it had no efficacy for him; his only hope of salvation was in going to work for the saving of others. Opposite to him sat a student who had the unenviable reputation of being the toughest man in the junior class, to which Magruder belonged. He resolved to go for him. The young fellow knew enough about Magruder to be surprised at his coming, and said: "Why, are you a Christian?"

"No, I am not," said Magruder.

"Well, then, why do you come for me?"

"Because you need it and so do I," was the reply. "Come along!"

And "the toughest man in the class" got up and went with him, and his chum, who was sitting by him, followed close behind. Kneeling with them, Magruder explained as well as he could in the way it had been explained to him, how to become a Christian. Both the young men were converted, but Magruder rose from the altar, as he then believed, unsaved. Since then he has come to doubt this, and now believes that on that night, when he had such a desire to lead others to Christ, and really did lead his two classmates to the altar, he was himself converted, if by conversion is meant "a facing-about," for he undoubtedly at that time turned definitely from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Still, there was no joy in his heart, and the gladness of salvation had not come to him.

Next night, as he entered the church, he made a resolution that he would not quit the church until he had found the "witness of the Spirit." The revelation came sooner than he expected. He had become so used to struggle and effort, that it did not occur to him that it could come in any other way. But during the pastor's sermon, on "Watch. therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," there dawned upon him, like the coming of the morning, "the light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world." And from that day, Magruder has walked in the light, and has been like a city set upon a hill, or a light flashing from a lofty candlestick, that not only cannot be hid, but gives light to all about him.

A Story of Missionary Heroism

Dear "Christian Herald":

In an old number of your paper, arrived at this distant part of earth on rather a recent date, we saw mention made of your proposed "Medal for Heroism," which set certain of our little company of Americans here to reflecting on what they had come through for the Master's sake, more especially at Erzroum, under war, famine and pestilence, in 1877 and 1878. Though they have no thought of being competitors for your prize medal, it may seem appropriate that some facts—often stranger than fiction—should be brought to the light, in justice to the cause they represented in the land.

Though they now hail from B., 170 miles further south than Erzroum, and went through such scenes and bloody orgies here in 1895 as try the metal of one, the scene had especially in mind was laid at E. during their sixteen years there. There, in regions nearer to Mt. Ararat, they went through what outsiders can never understand fully, and it took fast hold of their memory, though it is nearing seventeen years since they left those surroundings to make their home in Bitlis.

The close siege of Erzroum is about being accomplished by the Russians at the close of 1877. Outside roads have been so cut that breadstuffs have gone up to five times their usual prices, and starvation stalks abroad in ghastly form. A parent had advertised the sale of his child upon the church door, in hope that the proceeds would help to keep others of the family alive for a time! Tender-hearted foreigners could not brook this state of things, so started up relief work in a small way, and mostly on faith, as funds are not in hand for it. The late heroic Nebraska girl, Miss Nicholson, bravely stands by them in this effort for humanity; but unprecedented odds are against them on every hand. Russians and Turks are crossing swords at the border, reaching on to Mt. Ararat, and already wounded soldiers are arriving, on springless carts, from the front in most destitute condition. With neither doctors nor surgeons at hand, what should the Yankee do but set to work to bring order out of the general confusion, and aim at something bordering on comfort for the neglected ones. Later, English surgeons begin to arrive on the scene, but who shall go up with them upon the field of battle, or stand by them in hospital to interpret and help in other ways preparatory to turning over what might be said to be the American hospital to English hands, save that same plucky Granite Stater. But another serious matter confronted the little colony. The English Consul, acting for them also in a civil capacity, is ordered away from his post, and he advises them to leave as well. "No," said they; "we cannot leave our charge; no John Bull has ordered us away—ours is a higher commission, and we must not desert our post." And they did not—even defenceless as they were, with no consul. In this last, however, it was seen that man's extremity was God's opportunity, for officers, both on the Turkish and Russian side, were very friendly and kind. But, alas! the despoiler is from within. Pestilence is making havoc, both in town and the armies. The only man of the Americans took out his war indemnity most likely by bringing home the disease from his hospital work Though they were seven (including the lamented Miss Nicholson), only three came through the dark experience, while only one of those escaped the fell disease. This much as a glance of what some of your watchmen upon the walls at the front are not infrequently called to pass through for the Master's sake.

Bitlis, Turkey-in-Asia. WATCHMAN.

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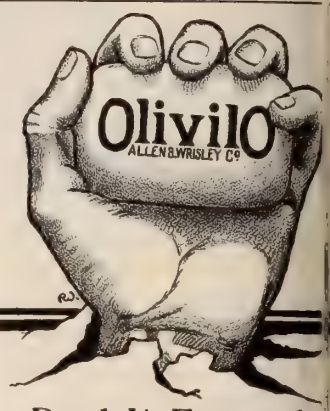
Husband was also troubled from la sleep while he was drinking coffee, bu he uses Postum Food Coffee with m we both sleep perfectly. Our little bo peculiar nervous spells and I stopped t of coffee with him and have been givin all the Postum Food Coffee he cared fo is perfectly well now.

My sister was troubled with nervous aches while she used coffee. She foun greatly improved we were from disconti it and using Postum Food Coffee, s made the change, and is now rid of her ne headaches. We are naturally strong cates of Postum." Mrs. J. Walford, Ca Erie Co., Ohio.



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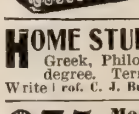

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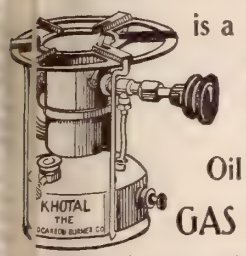

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HIS LITTLE BROWN MAID

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 659

of the human race swept over him as he gazed fascinated on the strange picture, and the sounds of the street, the hurrying to and fro of feet in the outer corridors died on his ears, while he looked into the wonderful eyes that literally seemed to speak to him. Unheeding he gazed until the breeze fluttered the thin sheet of paper in the enclosure at his feet. He stooped and picked it up and read words that made his heart swell—the innocent, untutored expressions of a grateful child:

"I thank you very much, my good, kind friend, my godfather," the letter concluded. "I go to School and try to learn so that I can be a Teacher. I love you and I will pray for you. HARNA."

A strange thrill went through Dudley Wayne, and he felt the blood hot in his cheeks. And this child said she loved him and would pray for him! He looked at the photograph, and as the eyes once met his they filled with tears. He realized that the great tie of human kinship bound him to this child in India as surely as though she were his own flesh and blood. With deep warmth of feeling, he already looked into the future and planned for her a superior education, advantages, all that wealth could place at her disposal; and then a voice sounded at his elbow, and Jack Thompson said, laughing: "Hello, Dudley! It's that sort of thing, is it? No wonder your boy wouldn't let me in. I let myself in."

Dudley Wayne was not a man to be unduly joked with, and he promptly turned on his friend: "This sort of thing, as you call it, would be a good thing for you too, Jack. I'm glad you came in. This is my orphan ward, little Harna, in India. She is being educated in a mission school there at my expense, if you can call fifteen dollars a year expense, for that is all it costs. And look at her! Look at those eyes; see the intelligence in that face—and if it were not for my paltry fifteen dollars she might have starved to death like thousands of others. Why, when I think of the money I make here and of the thousands I spend on my own pleasure, I can hardly believe that so small a sum has saved a human being from starvation!"

He spoke with a certain fire that impressed his friend with his seriousness. He scanned the photograph and said: "She's a dear little child sure enough, but I must say I hadn't suspected you of carrying on a private philanthropy for your own amusement. How in the world did you ever find out about starving children in India, and this one in particular?"

Then it was that the tape ticked madly for awhile unheeded while Wayne told the story of how he had become interested, a story which, strangely enough, seemed to interest Thompson as much as it did him. Up to the arrival of the mail that morning he told it, and concluded: "And now she's my little orphan." Thompson laughed good naturedly: "Well, old man, I declare you've really done a good thing, if I'm any judge; but it strikes me that she isn't as much of an orphan as you seem to think, with this interest you're taking in her."

"Maybe not, Jack, I'm willing to stand in *loco parentis*, and, by the way, why not try it yourself?"

"Not just yet," said Thompson, waving off the suggestion. "I'll have to keep an eye on you and your *protege* for awhile and see how you turn out. But now, Dudley, for goodness sake tell me what you think about this new steel trust?"

That was the beginning of a new era for Dudley Wayne. He kept the photograph on his desk, and every morning the sweet eyes smiled a welcome at him. His fellow-brokers speedily knew the story, and the widening circles spread rapidly. Within a month Jack Thompson had an orphan, and when the photograph of a bright-eyed boy came to him with an oddly spelled letter, he rushed to Dudley with it like a schoolboy and they compared notes with deep satisfaction.

Somehow that idea spread, after awhile it got to almost a fad in a circle of active business men, and they signed checks for those small fifteen dollars, and laughed, and discussed the comparative merits of their little orphans over many a luncheon and many a dinner; but laugh though they might, every man of them felt a deep and tender interest in those little orphans. Within six months twenty more were provided for, and the rivalry grew until each man was ready to argue in favor of his particular *protege*. Then one evening, as they sat over their after-dinner coffee, Jack Thompson turned to Wayne and said: "You've made some good deals lately, Wayne, and after all fifteen dollars a year will leave you a fair margin for your ocean trip and the cottage in the Adirondacks."

Dudley Wayne did not answer for a moment, then he looked up and said, slowly and deliberately:

"I may or may not have the trip or the cottage, Jack, but I know one thing, and that is that less than a year ago, when I made my first $100,000, I wondered what I could do with it to get real happiness out of it, and I found out with exactly fifteen dollars. It doesn't make any difference what I do with the rest of it now."

In the silence that fell, every man felt a real and deep happiness away down in his heart, and the tie of the brotherhood of man vibrated all the way from India to New York.

A Pillow Saint

"WHEN our Ladies' Aid Society meets at Mrs. Cooke's, I never miss attending it," said a benevolent lady to a friend a few days ago. Mrs. Bella Cooke is the sufferer, who hasn't been outside of her bedroom since 1857, but who, all the same, is one of the busiest members of the Rose Hill Methodist Church, the church to which Emma Abbott left $5,000 because she had received so much spiritual benefit there. Well, if ever Emma Abbott found time to make a visit to Mrs. Cooke, she received as much spiritual benefit in that sick-room in a rear tenement, on Second avenue, as she ever did in church. Yes, it was as far back as 1857 that Mrs. Cooke received what might be called a life sentence, but she is the most cheerful "lifer" that anybody ever saw, and she is the leading spirit in all the work of the church. If it is a fair, she knows what is best to offer for sale at it, and that without having been inside of a store within an ordinary lifetime. If there's trouble of any kind in the church, she is the first to see the way out of it, and she is helpfulness itself where there is any worthy person in need.

She bears her affliction with fortitude cheerfulness and patience. She does not love to be pitied. Think of how many times she must have heard her helplessness spoken of in the last forty-four years! She, herself, is ready to jest about her bedridden condition. At a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society when a fair was in contemplation, some one proposed putting Mrs. Bella Cooke on the Purchasing Committee, whereupon she replied: "I should be glad to serve, my dear, but I have neither hat nor shoes."

"Nor a dress, I suppose," added one of her listeners.

"Yes, I have a dress," she replied, smiling. "A nice white silk dress, and you will all see me in it at church one of these days, when I shall be taken there in my coffin."

I know that all present, except Mrs. Cooke herself, hoped that that white silk might be yellow with age long before it would be needed. CLARA MARSHALL.

GOD'S CHILDREN

ON the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-Child shall fall;
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope which he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed
That mankind are the children of God.

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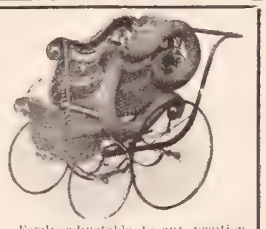

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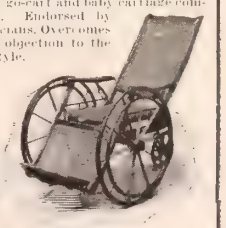

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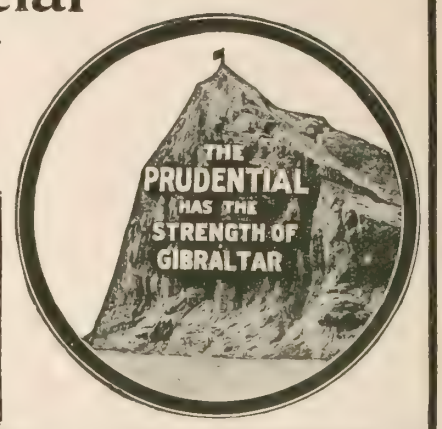

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De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

MIDSUMMER IN THE NEW YORK TENEMENTS—ENROLLING LITTLE CANDIDATES FOR MONT-LAWN SEE PAGE 687

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The usual five new questions are omitted this week, in order that other letters to "The Mail-Bag," many of them long delayed, may receive attention. Hereafter, once a month, the entire page will be devoted to this class of letters.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

J. T. H., Aulander, N. C. What is the cost of the ground and building of the new Congressional Library at Washington?

Ten acres were purchased for the buildings and grounds at a cost of $4,000,000. The finished work, buildings included, has cost thus far about $7,000,000.

King's Daughter, Richmond, Va. 1. How shall I direct a package of clothes so that it will reach your Fresh-Air children? 2. What articles of clothing are most needed? 3. How should money be sent?

1. All clothing should be sent by express to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y. 2. Any and everything that children from four to twelve years-old can wear. Many a child comes to our Home without a whole suit of clothing to its name, although arrayed in the very best its mother could provide. All are needy, and very few have any clothes to speak of; and blouses, trowsers, jackets, dresses, slips, underwear, night-drawers, shoes, stockings and hats are all very acceptable. Things that more fortunate children have outgrown are welcome, as well as new articles that kindly hands may fashion for our children. Could the friends who send in clothing see the joy and pride of little ones when their rags are replaced with clean, good garments, they would be amply repaid for their labor.

J. A. M., Summit Mills, Pa. I have $2,000 cash to be expended for missionary work. How should it be applied so that it may be productive of the greatest good? I may add that I know of a young woman, educated and consecrated, who is ready and willing to go to the foreign mission field.

Your letter seems, to a large extent, to answer itself. Can you do better than to arrange for the support of your young missionary friend in the work to which she seems to be called? Confer with your own church missionary board, and if it is satisfied with her fitness, there would be very little difficulty in arranging the rest. China, India, South America, South Africa, Persia, the Philippines and many other lands need missionary workers. By all means let her go out under the auspices of a good Board. The money could be applied direct, toward her support, for several years.

N. W. M., Dallas, Tex. Was Peter a martyr, and if so, what was the mode of his execution?

Accounts concerning the manner of his martyrdom are conflicting, although all agree that he died for the faith. Eusebius (quoting Dionysius, bishop of Corinth), says Peter and Paul suffered martyrdom together in Rome, Peter being crucified. Tertullian also mentions this joint martyrdom. The tradition that Peter was crucified head downward is probably fabulous, and may have arisen from a misunderstanding of Origen's reference to the subject. The later interpretation is that he was impaled to the cross by the head.

D. G. J. Is it a sin in God's sight to grow hops for the brewer or distiller, knowing what he will do with them?

If, knowing that he will convert the fruit of the soil into poison to destroy the body and soul of man, you sell that fruit to him, you share the responsibility with him for his act, and you cannot escape the conclusion that your own act is a sinful one.

Inquirer. Does dancing conflict with Christianity, and if so, in what degree, and why?

There is no harm in dancing itself, any more than there is in handling a pack of cards, but there are immense possibilities of harm in the associations in both cases. Dancing, we believe, was originally a solemn ceremonial movement and is so still in some countries, as witness the Hindu fakirs and the Moslem dervishes. Cards were originally devised to amuse a wearied and weak-minded monarch. Now, the popular dance, with its promiscuous acquaintanceships, late hours, and other objectionable accompaniments, which every one understands, is a social dissipation that has been fraught with peril to multitudes, who have dated their moral downfall from the day they first entered a ball-room. A waltz may be innocent and graceful, yet if it be the means chosen to bring vice and virtue together promiscuously—as is too frequently the case—it should be avoided. So in cards, the association and example too often lead to gambling and end in ruin. Better avoid both, and stick to pleasures that have no sting in them and which delight without degrading.

B. U. H., Grand Ridge, Ill. Was Columbus or Copernicus the first to advocate the theory that the earth was spherical in form?

Columbus believed the world to be a sphere in 1474, or earlier. Copernicus, who later advanced this theory, was born on Feb. 19, 1473. Astronomers living before either of these, had stated the earth to be round.

M. C. F., New York City. Would a pastor or a church do right to accept from an individual or business firm a gift of hymn-books, upon the fly-leaves at both ends of which are various advertisements of an indiscriminate character, though perhaps not really objectionable?

If the advertisements are not of an objectionable sort, we know of no reason why the hymn-books should not be received. Of course, such a gift would be much more graceful and pleasing without such an advertising accompaniment; but a needy church would hardly hesitate. The motive of the giver, too, is to be considered. If he has a purely commercial end in view in making the gift, it would be decidedly unacceptable. If, on the other hand, he gives from a good, disinterested motive, and for the sake of the church, the presence of the advertising should not weigh in the scale.

Reader. Is it wrong to perform mock marriages? A returned missionary, in a lecture given in a church, performed a marriage just to illustrate the ceremony as performed in China, using the entire form, the parties being dressed as they are on such occasions in China. Was it wrong to perform the ceremony? In what States would a marriage under these circumstances be binding?

We do not think the illustration you cite could rightly be called a mock marriage. As we understand it, a mock marriage is a mimicry of the ordinance, done in sport or derision for the amusement of onlookers. That is offensive and should be condemned. On the other hand, a rehearsal in which the principals and other parties are drilled, so that each may perform his or her part smoothly when the real event takes place, is not, properly speaking, a mock marriage. For the closing question in your letter, consult a lawyer. The marriage laws differ in many States.

W. W. W., Chestnut Hill, Md. For what purpose did Noah remove the covering of the ark (Gen. 8: 13)?

The verse itself leads to the inference that he did so that he might look around. "He looked and behold the face of the ground was dry." Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that "the ark rested on the top of a certain mountain in Armenia, which, when Noah understood, he opened it" (the Ark), etc. Commentators agree that he probably removed only as much of the covering as would afford him a prospect of the earth, now rising from the subsiding waters.

Minnie S., Sacramento, Calif. 1. Will you kindly tell me the origin of the forget-me-not? I have heard it said that after the battle of Waterloo, when the field was stained with blood, these little flowers sprung up, covering the ground with blue. 2. What is the origin of the dahlia? We have heard it was found under the arm of a mummy.

1. This story, like many others told about this little flower, is one of fancy. Before the battle of Waterloo was fought, forget-me-nots bloomed and poets wove pretty verses about it. It belongs, botanically, to the myosotis family, and from time immemorial has been found in many countries. 2. The dahlia, it is believed, is a native of Mexico; in its natural state it has been known to grow to the height of seven or eight feet. It was introduced into Europe as a vegetable; the tubers did not become popular as an article of food, but the blossoms appealed to florists, and so the plant won its way into Spanish, and next into English gardens.

Eliza N., Rahway, N. J. What is a divining-rod and how are they used?

They are not used at all now in civilized lands, except possibly in rare instances where superstition still exists. The divining-rod was a forked branch of hazel, cut in the form of a Y. It was supposed to reveal hidden springs, gold and silver and buried treasure. It was held by the ends with the joint pointing downwards. The holder walked slowly, and when the twig, of its own accord, bent downward with a quick motion, it indicated the presence of water or minerals.

Student, Worcester, Mass. What birds were believed by the ancients to be prognosticators of death or disaster?

Lloyd, a historical writer of the seventeenth century, states that the swallows which lighted upon Pirrhus' tent and those that sat upon the masts of Antony's ships when the latter was sailing after Cleopatra to E[gypt] foretold the deaths of both Pirrhus an[d] tony. Swallows followed Cyrus from [Per]sia to Scythia and ravens followed Alex[ander] from India to Babylon, both, so the s[oo]th-sayers declared, presaging death. Ma[ny] and Gay both wrote of the "fateful ra[ven]"; crows are said to have hovered over C[aesar] on the day he was killed; Bishop Hall [men]tions the superstition of the bittern flying [over]head meaning death; Homer sang o[f the] crane as boding sorrow, and even the m[agpie] has been included as a bird of "evil o[men]." All are now regarded as foolish and out[worn] superstitions.

Mrs. C. H. R., Zanesville, O. Will you pleas[e give] in your paper a little sketch of "Neal D[ow]'s" life, and answer why the W. C. T. U. cel[e]brate his birthday?

Neal Dow was a noted American temper[ance] reformer. He was born in Portland, [Me.,] March 20, 1804; was elected Mayor of [Port]land in 1851 and re-elected in 1854. Mr. [Dow] became a champion of prohibition, and [was] through his efforts that the Maine liquo[r law] was passed in 1851. He served in the [Civil] War; in 1862 being commissioned a brig[adier]-general of volunteers. Afterwards he de[voted] himself to the temperance cause in the U[nited] States, Canada and Great Britain, and i[n 1880] was prohibition candidate for President [of the] United States. He died Oct. 2, 1897, in [Port]land. This history shows why the W. C. [T. U.] celebrate his birthday.

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Enquirer. His address is Washington S[quare], New York City.

G. K. N., Bedford, Mass. No. Their doc[trines] in many points are diametrically opposed.

F. D. P., Malta, Ill. Such marriages are ad-vised and invariably result in mutual dissa[tis]action.

G. H. R., Upton, Mass. We see nothing [wrong] about it. It is not done for the purpose of in[creas]ing Sunday travel, of course, although in a c[ertain] number of cases it may have that result.

A. M. O. B. L. S. 1. Write Secretary Y[oung] Woman's Christian Association, New Yo[rk]. Yes. 3. Yes, omitting the second, third and f[ourth]. 4. Write American S. S. Union, Philadelphi[a for] lists. 5. Not for pleasure, certainly. 6. No.

S. P. McK., McKeesport, Pa. Our missi[on is,] as we understand it, simply to relieve distres[s not] to reform politics or to deal with questions o[f] diplomacy. We would hail the reforms you [men]tion, but our influence on that line counts for [little,] although it is given gladly.

Reader, Burkett, Ind. A mother who forma[lly re]linquishes her claim to her child, and gives i[t over] for adoption, has no further claim upon it, i[t is] She is still its mother, it is true, although the [child] may learn to call another by that name, and [may] never know the name of its unhappy parent.

Mrs. Lenna L., Coon Rapids, Ia. There [are] many good, innocent amusements that are e[qually] proper for young people. It is a mistake to [go to] deprive them of proper recreation. If you pr[ocee]d upon such a plan, you may drive them to [seek] amusements that are far from being proper.

Mrs. P. M. H., Harcourt, Ia. We have al[ready] repeatedly stated the views of this paper on [card]-playing and gambling generally. No one de[sires] spiritual growth, or wishing even to retain the [good] opinion of his fellow-men, will indulge in such [excesses.] They have ruined multitudes beyond number.

Constant Reader, Ruston, La. As a genera[l rule,] it is well to avoid doing anything that will in[volve] others in unnecessary Sunday labor. This prin[ciple,] of course, can be extended so as to exclude oc[cupa]tion of any kind, which might interfere, ho[wever] remotely, with another person's enjoyment of [his] day privileges.

Nettie A. P. 1. A farmer who works his hire[d help] Sundays while he goes to church himself, has [little] appreciation of Christian duty. He should ar[range] his affairs so that his help would not be depri[ved of] religious privileges. 2. A parent should stu[dy the] predilections of his children, as far as possit[le in] choosing occupations for them.

E. W. P., Salem, Oreg. Such works are [only] permitted to professional artists and sculptors [who] need them in their studies, and to whom they [bear] in the same relation that a "subject" does t[o the] professional surgeon. Their possession by [non-] professionals is indefensible on artistic gro[unds,] and in bad taste, to say the least.

Mrs. A. T. B., Harlemville, N. Y. Eleventh [hour] repentance is better than none; but the best [of all] is the repentance that comes early, and [which] results in the whole life being devoted to the [service] of Christ. Death-bed generosity is not to be [com]pared to a life that has been full of generous [sacri]fices for the Master's sake and the good of hum[anity.]

J. M. H., West Haven, Ct. Such ideas con[cern]ing dress, though they may be Scriptural, a[re re]garded as revolutionary by modern society [when] applied to this country and climate. We [agree] with you that it is artistic, but one who we[ars it] must be prepared to meet criticism and [ridi]derision, the general impression being that it i[s out] of place.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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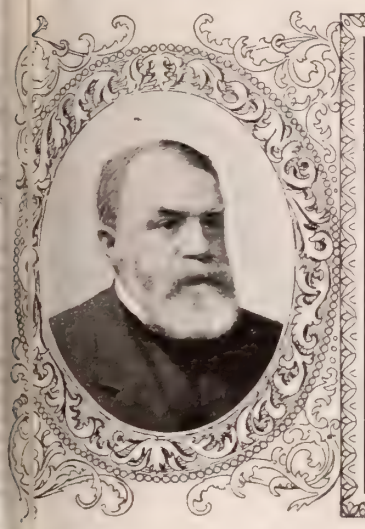

THE LATE D. L. MOODY

A GATHERING OF THE STUDENTS AT ROUND TOP

W. R. MOODY

MIDSUMMER DAYS AT NORTHFIELD

THESE are busy days at Northfield. Though the bright presence and the unwearied energy which made a stay at Northfield an inspiration for a lifetime are there no longer, the work they initiated goes on. With loving reverence for his father's memory, and a humble desire to keep the movement which his fath initiated and directed, on its old lines and with its old enthusiasm, Mr. Will R. Moody issued this year the vitation which is so welcome to many hearts.

June 28, the first conference of the season opened with a large attendance. This was the Student's Conference, which is specially designed for the help of young men in our colleges—a class who need such helps as can be obtained at Northfield. No one has any conception, except those who have passed through the experience, how benumbing to the spiritual life is the work of the student in college. Even in our theological institutions, the studies are liable to bring about a stagnation of the life of God in the soul. Just as a medical student is more than other men liable to become morbid and fancy himself the prey of disease, the theological student is liable to be oppressed with gloom, and to come to regard religion as a matter of the head rather than the heart. There is no remedy so good for this condition as that of getting alone with God, away from classes and books, and seeking a fresh baptism of the Spirit. "Come ye apart and rest awhile." Christ said to his disciples when they had told him what they had been doing and teaching. They had been going forth and preaching others, and Christ saw that they needed to receive and pray their own souls nourished. It was a wise and kindly thing on the part of the late Mr. D. L. Moody, to give a similar invitation to the young men who will be the leaders of the church in the future, and many acknowledged with devout thankfulness the benefit they derived from it. We are glad that Mr. Will Moody has followed his father's example in this matter, and that so large a response was made. The students could not have found better helpers anywhere than the men who were waiting to receive them. They are men who know how to sympathize with young men, and are acquainted with the difficulties the student is most likely to meet. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Mr. Robert E. Speer, and Hon. Seth Low, of New York, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass., and others were among the leaders. The Young Women's Conference, which followed that of the Students', was a genuine surprise. Never before had so large a number of bright, enthusiastic girls been seen at Northfield. Over forty officers of Young Women's Christian Associations were present, and there were parties of representatives of colleges and other organizations from many sections of the United States and Canada. This year, too, Honolulu was represented in the Young Women's Conference. Ladies from Nebraska, Washington and Minnesota had an opportunity of making acquaintance with sisters from Virginia and Ohio and Florida. Daily meetings were held in the Auditorium and on Round Top, besides the usual Bible Classes, Association and Missionary Conferences. At the closing meeting on Sunday evening, July 21, there were enthusiastic testimonies to the inspiration and stimulus which the meetings had imparted. It was a season that will live long in the memory of many an earnest Christian girl, bearing fruit in useful consecrated lives.

A CONFERENCE MEETING IN THE GREAT AUDITORIUM

But the great assembly of the year is that now in session. This is the General Conference of Christian Workers which commenced August 1. Mr. Moody used to look forward to this Conference as the most hopeful and important of all the Northfield meetings. Toward the close of his life, he more and more sought to reach the great masses of the people through the men to whom they are accustomed to listen. In influencing one such man, he knew that he was influencing hundreds or thousands. This is the nineteenth of these Conferences, and it promises to be one of the most useful. Well known workers from North, South, East and West are there in increased numbers, all intent on getting new vigor and inspiration for their work. In addition to the regular morning and evening meetings in the Auditorium, three special Institutes have been inaugurated. The Young People's Institute, conducted by Mr. John Willis Baer, of the Christian Endeavor Society; the Musical Institute, conducted by Prof. D. B. Towner, and the Institute on Christian Doctine, conducted by Rev. R. A. Torrey; all hold daily meetings. Among the leaders of the meetings in the Auditorium are Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Rev. Samuel Chadwick, of Leeds, England, Dr. J. Howard Taylor, son of the founder of the China Inland Mission, and his wife, formerly Miss Geraldine Guinness, Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, D. C., Dr. H. C. Mabie, of Boston, Mass., Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. A. T. Pierson, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, and Rev. G. C. Needham.

To every one whose deep longing is put into the prayer "Thy Kingdom come," this Conference must be an important assembly. It comprises men from all parts of the country, who are doing frontier work. They represent the aggressive enterprises of the Church. The pastors have much of this work to do, but with these men it is the one business of their lives. At Northfield they compare notes, discuss suggestions, and arrange their plans for the campaign. Like the great Apostle, they have to become all things to all men, that they may gain some. They must keep pace with the times, and so present the Gospel to the hostile, and the indifferent, and the degraded, that it may appear to them, as it really is, the power of God unto salvation, and not the antiquated, obsolete doctrine that too many of them, are apt to think it. It is a difficult task, requiring tact, and patience, and penetration. At Northfield they meet other men engaged in the same warfare, and "as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." There is no copyright in spiritual work, so that the methods which have been employed successfully in one field can be put in operation in

another, and the man who has found a way of solving a difficulty in his sphere of labor, can impart his secret to his brother who is wrestling with a similar difficulty elsewhere. More important still in this enterprise, in which success does not come "by might or by power, but my my Spirit," saith the Lord, they unite in imploring from their Divine Master such an unction from on high as will make them mighty in their warfare, valiant in doing and suffering for Christ. In such a prayer every Christian can heartily join, and so the longing may be satisfied that is more and more filling the hearts of God's people that a great and widespread revival may bless their land.

One of the most interesting services in this year's Conference was the dedication of a new cottage. It is called the Connecticut Cottage, and is intended for the use of self-supporting young women who may wish to spend their vacations at Northfield. It is possible, at present, to secure the use of a tent ready furnished, or accommodation with others in a tent, at an extraordinarily low rate, and there are boarding-houses at prices which seem ridiculously low to the city dweller; but even these charges are prohibitive to many employees in stores or offices, whose entire savings for a year barely suffice for traveling expenses. The late Mr. Moody, with characteristic thoughtfulness, suggested to a well-known friend of young women, shortly before his death, the erection of a cottage which should be devoted exclusively to the occupation of self-supporting young women, and he promised to make a free gift of a site if funds could be obtained for building. Mr. Will R. Moody knew of his father's offer and renewed it on his own account. Miss Eastman, of New Britain, Conn., undertook the collection of funds, and soon raised the necessary amount, and at this year's Conference the cottage was ready for dedication. The exercises were of a simple character and were held under the presidency of Rev. C. Scofield, pastor of the Congregational Church. Mr. Will R. Moody and his brother made congratulatory addresses, and Miss Marshall, of Boston, Mass., who will have charge of the cottage, made a statement of the arrangements for its management, and the objects the building is designed to accomplish. Mr. Moody expressed his gratification at the fulfilment of the project in which his father had taken so deep an interest, and said he hoped that many such cottages might be built in the near future. The young men already have one called Lowell Lodge, which is fully occupied every year. The fact that over 500 young women attended the Conference this year shows how useful such a building is likely to be.

PICTURESQUE TENT ROW, NORTHFIELD

It is impossible to be at Northfield without a sen of loss. The cheery, genial personality which w its spring and centre is gone, and it is too soon to shake off the feeling of bereavement. But it is wo der- ful to see how much is done to fill the vacancy. The Moody brothers, who feel the loss most keenly, not suffer their sorrow to depress them or to let it gh on others. None know better than they how impo ble it is ever to fill the place of their beloved father, but ch is doing well and nobly in reverently carrying o the work he loved so ell. There is no mou ing so good or so sw as that. It shows rue love and reverenc and if we can imagi the spirit of the gre de- parted hovering ver the scenes in wh he delighted, we m be sure that he is g to see his sons so ri- estly and reve dly trying to keep ali the movement he s ted and maintained. It is gratifying to se ow well they are su ed- ing. Both in um- bers and enthu sm the assemblies re- pass even tho in Mr. Moody's lif me There is reasc for thankfulness, toc hat Mr. Morgan's elp is continued. He is a host in himself, and whe voice is heard there is not likely to be any depress any lack of spiritual tone. Mr. Moody loved hin and often acknowledged that under his preaching, he im- self, received new stimulus and inspiration. Hi ser- mons on the cardinal doctrines of Christianity Atonement, The New Birth and Sanctification, that whatever vagaries other preachers may adop strong, eloquent voice is true to the faith once del to the saints.

A CHURCH ALL OUT-DOORS

The Interesting Record of a New Experimen in Gospel Work in the Pittsburg Public Park

By EDWIN S. GRAY

THE problem of reaching the masses, or what is known as the "non-churchgoers," is a problem which the Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Pa. (Rev. S. Edward Young, pastor), has been trying hard to solve. The question has been closely studied by the pastor and officers of the church during the last three or four years, and, judging from practical results, the methods and plans used demonstrate that the "old, old story," preached and sung, loses none of its power when presented to the masses under environments or with surroundings selected by themselves.

The local situation of the Second Church compelled attention to this question, being situated in the "downtown" or very heart of the business district. Business and manufacturing interests have forced residents to the suburbs, so that no less than thirty-five churches of many denominations, within the late years, have abandoned the "downtown" district for lack of attendance. Notwithstanding these discouraging conditions, the audiences and results at all services at the Second Church are exceedingly gratifying, and it is not an unusual thing for hundreds to be turned away at some of the evening services.

The experiences and results obtained in bringing about this condition led the pastor and officers to pay special attention to the great problem of reaching the enormous crowds of people frequenting the City and Traction Parks on the Sabbath days, and of counteracting the tendency to Sabbath desecration by so-called "sacred concert" and vaudeville entertainments.

Pittsburg's beautiful Schenley Park is the popular breathing-place of that city. It is an ideal place for large public gatherings, with an elevated platform, or stage, equipped with a perfect sounding-board. It is lighted by 150 electric lights. Seats for 20,000 people can be placed, and as many more can hear fairly well from the groves and hillsides surrounding. For three seasons Rev. Mr. Young has held a series of preaching services in this music pavilion, with marked success, the estimated average attendance being from eight thousand to ten thousand, the largest attendance being between eighteen thousand and twenty thousand, while the smallest was a few hundreds, who, in spite of a heavy rain, sat on the backs of the seats and listened as long as the services lasted.

The marked cosmopolitan nature of these audiences is shown in the large number of foreigners present. At every service can be seen Chinese, Slavs, Greeks, Hungarians, Italians, Armenians, many with their entire families. The roadway surrounding the pavilion is always lined with well-filled carriages belonging to well-to-do Americans. The open-air preaching is preceded by a song service, led by a large chorus choir of eighty voices the Second Church, under the direction of B. Franklin Butts, with Sam M. Brown as or st. The choir is accompanied by either a full orchestra or full brass band. The hymn sed are printed on single slips and distributed to all within reach. Solo singing by th est available talent is made a feature of the work. The usual order of church wor is observed, except, perhaps, the recitation by the people of some p ed verse or verses of Scripture, which is "lined out" by the pasto nt. they learn it. Before dismissing the audience, Mr. Young mak an appeal for those wishing to be Christians or to be prayed for, to h up their hands. This is responded to by large numbers, sometimes li ly by hundreds.

REV. S. EDWARD YOUNG

A new feature this summer is a large tent, seating 600 to 800, ed at the rear of the seats, in which an "after meeting" is held. Th ent is generally filled, while large numbers stand around outside. rds are distributed for the purpose of ascertaining church preferenc nd frequently it is half past ten o'clock before pastor and worke an start for home.

Mr. Edward M. Bigelow, Director of Public Safety, and Mr. W am Falkner, Su in- tendent of Sch ley Park, have con ed in every way sti- ble to the s ss of the meet a. Their results l Mr. Young to pla he holding of S ay preaching se es in each of the ity Parks and the ree Traction Park tu- ated in the su s. The managers he traction com ies agreed to clo all secular ent in- ments for the ay, and to permi Mr. Young to arra a series of prea ng services in the ac- tion Parks. Se es were also arr ed for Schenley nd Highland Pa s. Seven pastors he Methodist, Pr y- terian, Epis al, Baptist, Dutch Re- formed and U ed Presbyteria ie- nominations, re enlisted, and i as

A SUNDAY GATHERING AT SCHENLEY PARK, PITTSBURG, PA

estimated that 40,000 people heard the Gospel preached. By far, the largest prop on were non-church goers. The Christian Endeavor Society of the Second Church, cond ed a prayer service in the tent, previous to the other services. The tent is named ' Endeavor."

Under the three years' and half pastorate of Rev. S. Edward Young, the Se nd Presbyterian Church has had a remarkable record. Almost nine hundred persons ve united with the Church, over eight hundred being adults who united on confession of h. The Church will celebrate its hundredth anniversary in 1902, and elaborate plan re under way for the occasion.

MRS. RUTNAM, M.D.

DEVIL DANCERS OF CEYLON

A CEYLONESE WOMAN

WORKING FOR CHRIST IN CEYLON

A UNIQUE GOSPEL ENTERPRISE AMID THE MOORMEN, MALAYS, TAMILS AND BURGHERS

By REV. ROBERT WARD, of Godhra India

RECENTLY the precarious state of my health compelled me to leave my work at Godhra, India, for a trip to the beautiful and famous island of "Lanka," or Ceylon. While speeding through one of the main streets in a *jinriksha*, I was surprised to see a two-storied building covered with announcements in several languages concerning Gospel work, so I turned back and entered the Meeting Hall, where another surprise as ready for me. The promoter and conductor of the institution I found to be my old friend, Mr. C. L. Rutnam, M. A., who is not unknown to readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He introduced me to Mrs. Rutnam (formerly Miss Mary Irwin, M.D., of Ontario), whom I found to be a gentle and highly accomplished lady—the energetic and bright helpmeet in all of Mr. Rutnam's varied labors. The ground floor of the Meeting Hall building is devoted mainly to the medical missionary work of Mrs. Rutnam, who tells some very interesting facts concerning the work among the Moslem women, who, as is well known, are hard to reach in most parts of Asia. I was privileged to accompany Dr. Rutnam on one of her visits, and was pleased to see what ready entrance she obtains to the homes, or *zenanas*, of the women. This, no doubt, is facilitated by the knowledge of the language and customs of the people, which she has patiently acquired. Unlike the Mohammedans of India, the Ceylon Moslems do not generally practice polygamy, and are not afraid of their women being educated, or learning English even. As soon as the pressure of Dr. Rutnam's medical work is relieved by the accession of another assistant, it is intended to hand over more of the women's work to Miss La Brooy, who is at present busily engaged in the medical branch of the mission.

That Dr. Rutnam loves the people among whom she works, and that they appreciate her, were manifest to me, as I sat and talked one evening in Hindustani (which they know slightly), to some of the young Moslem children. They showed none of that sullen behavior which Indian Mohammedan children so often assume in the presence of a Christian worker. Mr. and Mrs. Rutnam's little son, Alan, is always very welcome among the women and children.

In the upper portion of the building, which is much too small for the work, Mr. Rutnam conducts his collegiate classes. What an interesting picture it is!—Moormen, Malays, Tamils, Burghers and others, all seated together, but shown by their distinctive styles of dress, and all learning those things best calculated to make them self-respecting citizens of the island in after life. As Mr. Rutnam goes from class to class, it is easy to see that, in spite of difference of creed, there is a reciprocal feeling of friendship between teacher and pupils. The entire teaching staff is Christian, and that is a guarantee that in many little ways the Gospel of Jesus is tangibly exemplified before these Moslem or Buddhist students. Bible texts and other inscriptions on the walls, remind one of the evangelistic work which is carried on in the same hall when the classes are silent. Through the windows in front we get an extensive view of the lake, over the surface of which small steam launches and curious catamaran-like craft are conveying parties of foreign or native pleasure-seekers. An occasional boat adorned with paper lanterns and streamers and other Buddhist paraphernalia, and accompanied by the beating of drums or tom-toms, brings back forcibly to one's mind the stern fact that the fair isle of Ceylon, which the tender heart and inspired pen of good old Bishop Heber have rendered famous throughout the world, is still mainly heathen.

With these earnest workers I had the pleasure of spending a delightful week. In such esteem and confidence are Mr. and Mrs. Rutnam held by the people, that they are continually pressed by Mohammedan and other parents, to open a branch of the Meeting-Hall as a boarding-school, in which their sons will be trained. This may soon be accomplished. In one important respect this whole enterprise is exceptional, inasmuch as Mr. and Mrs. Rutnam do not depend upon the public for maintenance, but support themselves by the fees which they earn in their professional capacities, so that all the Sunday meetings, Sabbath School, Bible classes and other evangelistic work is a labor of love, spontaneously given by the leaders and staff of the Meeting Hall Institute.

I believe that this unique Christian enterprise has a wonderful and profitable future before it.

REV. ROBERT WARD.

VEDDAHS, OR WILD MEN OF CEYLON

HEADQUARTERS OF THE "MEETING-HALL MISSION"

CLIMBING THE COCOANUT PALM

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

A GOSPEL OF SWEET SPICES

TEXT—II. Chron. 9: 9:

Of spices great abundance: neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon

WHAT is that building out yonder, glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the House of the forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico, and a great tower, adorned with one thousand shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—five hundred of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, five hundred were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendors of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. His navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king, and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved; and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles that she would like to have him find out.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon, that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon, and saffron, and calamus, and frankincense, and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate, the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces: "Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Religion an Inspiration

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker; and I will take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard, and cassia, and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon is mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often, and inane, and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great, long drudgery has their life been. Their face anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed the gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office, and store, and shop, every-day life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her, is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, and stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until the hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony? But when Christ comes to the drawing-room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties.

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and cultivating melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the wind-pipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave, and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs.*

> Then let our songs abound,
> And every tear be dry;
> We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
> To fairer worlds on high.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching; whether it be in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sunday School, or in the Church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our heart, and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread, and medicines, and garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices. There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle—take it, you poor miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good that you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels on that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

Spice in Music

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass-viols, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sunday Schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, nine-tenths of the people in church do not sing; or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of our Salvation. Sometimes, when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God, or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

Now I want to impress you with the fact that religion is sweetness, and perfume, and spikenard, and saffron, and cinnamon, and cassia, and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were a malodor; I have been appalled at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with." Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redol It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the s beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curt and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cu bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual del while he was in physical agonies. It helped Ric Baxter until, in the midst of such a complicatio diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffere wrote *The Saint's Everlasting Rest.* And it po light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of shining gate of the shining city. And it is gooc rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low spirits for consumption; it is the catholicon for all disor Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

Relief for the Burdened

I see all around about me widowhood, and orphan and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perple If I could ask all those in any audience who have no sorrow, and been buffeted by no disappointmer I could ask all such to rise, how many would Not one. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement fc this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thoug resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of s gle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, ne thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst o throne shall lead them to living fountains of water God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." A the couches of your sick, and across the graves of dead, I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen B driving up to the pillared portico of the house of c carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales t from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweet It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this Gos commend to you.

Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India, in respects the most majestic building on earth? T thousand men were twenty years in building it. I about sixteen millions of dollars. The walls a marble, inlaid with cornelian from Bagdad, an quoise from Thibet, and jasper from the Punjaub amethyst from Persia, and all manner of pre stones. A traveler said that it seemed to him lik shining of the enchanted castle of burnished s The walls are two hundred and forty-five feet and from the top of these springs a dome thirty feet high, that dome containing the most wonc echo the world has ever known; so that ever and travelers standing below with flutes, and drums harps, are testing that echo, and the sounds from strike up and then come down as it were

The Voices of Angels

all around about the building. There is nestling ar it a garden of tamarind, and banyan, and palm, a the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But t only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame com with the grandeurs which God has builded for living and immortal spirit.

Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of Arches of victory! Cap-stones of praise! and a in which there are echoing and re-echoing the ha jahs of the ages. And around about that mansio garden—the garden of God—and all the springing tains are the bottled tears of the Church in the w ness, and all the crimson of the flowers is the dee that was caught up from the carnage of earthly m doms, and the fragrance is the prayer of all the s and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the c and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the w renowned spices which Queen Balkis, of Abys flung at the feet of King Solomon.

> When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
> And pearly gates behold,
> Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
> And streets of shining gold?

Through obduracy on our part and through the tion of that Christ who makes heaven possible, I w if any of us will miss that spectacle? The queen South will rise up in judgment against this gener and condemn it, because she came from the utter parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon behold, a greater than Solomon is here!

May God grant that through your own practic perience you may find that religion's ways are wa pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of p —that it is perfume now and perfume forever. there was an abundance of spice; "neither was any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon."

FAMINE'S ✻ DEATH-ROLL ✻ IN ✻ SHENSI

Chairman Smith Cables that 700 are Dying Daily in the Capital --- Relief Promptly Sent by Our Committee --- Letters from the Field

THIS week Shensi, the most remote of the Chinese famine provinces, has been heard from. Till now, only an occasional meagre message, drifting through Shansi — the neighboring province and also famine-smitten—has reached Peking or Tientsin; but these brief communications were full of ominous meaning, and indicated a condition fully as distressing as that in Shansi itself. Our Missionary Relief Committee, realizing the need in Shensi, had already appropriated and forwarded by the hands of the Rev. M. B. Duncan, a member of the Committee, the sum of 10,000 taels (equal to about $7,000), for the purchase of food supplies. Soon the Committee's inquiries regarding Shensi revealed a frightful state of affairs. For many months past famine has raged there unchecked and starvation and fever have claimed thousands of victims. In the capital city of Sing-an-fu, the mortality had been appalling. At the time the news came there was no apparent abatement of the general distress, and the death-rate among all classes was as high as ever.

From the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, Chairman of our Famine Committee, we have received this cablegram, which reveals the state of affairs in a few words:

Tientsin, via Eastern Azores, July 23.

Dr. Lopsch, New York.

Shnsi letters mailed yesterday. Balance of relief fund sent to Hankow for Shensi. Seven hundredeaths daily Sing-an-fu.

Seven hundred deaths daily of famine and fever in a single city! Who can describe the suffering and the agony of these people, who for months have been fighting back hunger, and hoping against hope, for relief. Such a rate of mortality in an American city would rouse our whole nation to the active work of rescue; but these poor native heathen and Christian converts of Shensi, being in the centre of a vast section, all of it famine-swept, were apparently forgotten amid the general suffering, until the kind-hearted missionaries undertook to send what substantial aid the Fund afforded. In addition to the 10,000 taels already appropriated, the unexpended balance of the second remittance sent to the Committee from the Fund in New York has now been applied wholly to Shensi. Chairman Smith's cable message states that the relief for Shensi will be sent by way of Hankow. Stores of provisions can doubtless be procured there, though at very high prices, and conveyed by boats up the Han River to the head of navigation in Shensi. Sing-an-fu and other points to be relieved can then be reached by mule-carts, with little loss of time.

In a letter from Chairman Smith to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, dated at Tientsin, June 20, just received, the writer, speaking of the missions of E. H. Edwards to Shansi and M. B. Duncan to Shensi, says:

"They have heavy loads on their shoulders, and will have no leisure for more than business statements as to the use which they are making of the money. . . . It is literally impossible to do anything useful in this line in the interior, except through missionaries. I have sent about Tls. 1,200 to my own field in Shantung, to assist the destitute of whom I telegraphed you, to whom it will be 'water to a fish in a dry rut.' The same is doubtless true of those whom Mr. Harmon (Shantung) will help. The labor involved in managing the wise and honest disbursement of the Fund in conditions like those in Shansi, are impossible to realize in New York."

From the full correspondence and reports of the meetings in Tientsin of the Missionary Relief Committee, now received, it appears that Earl Li Hung Chang intended originally to include Shensi in his appeal to American sympathy through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This fact was learned by the Committee through Governor Tseng, the Viceroy's secretary. As the Committee, on its own request, was granted full power as to the apportionment of the Fund and the relief methods to be adopted, it decided, as already stated in previous issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to include Shensi, and portions of Chihli and Shantung as well. Messrs. Duncan and Richards strongly advocated the opening of relief work in Shensi. It was believed that valuable aid would be rendered by native Christians there and by friendly officials.

All the missionaries in Tientsin, and those at Peking and other places throughout China, are in warm sympathy with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief work. Among those who have attended the meetings relative to the distribution of the Famine Fund, were Drs. Sheffield, Lowry, Richard, Headland, Atwood, Creary, Smith, Mapes, Duncan, Stelb, Allen and Edwards, representatives of the leading Christian denominations that are active in the Chinese mission field. From this distinguished list of Christian missionaries the Famine Relief Committee was chosen. That Committee undertook the duty of organizing and conducting the relief work, with full power and responsibility in the premises, the high character and wide experience of its members giving assurance of wise and faithful performance.

Since its organization, it has pushed the relief work with vigor. Letters from Shansi are now on the way, Chairman Smith's cablegram states, and these, when received, will be published in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in order that its readers and all who are interested in the life-saving work may know what the Committee has accomplished in that province.

A PETTY OFFICIAL AND HIS RETINUE

A BUSY THOROUGHFARE FOR NATIVE HUCKSTERS

BOATMEN ON THE PEI-HO RIVER

Our mail this week has been filled with letters overflowing with expressions of the kindliest sympathy for the starving people of China. A lady (Mrs. S. H. L., New Haven, Conn.), writes: "What a great work you have undertaken—the relief of China! The sound of it is thrilling to me, but it is God's work you are doing as taught by his beloved Son, to 'render good for evil,' and surely he will sustain you and we must help you all we can. It is a patriotic work, too, for there are grave reasons why America should come up resolutely and generously to the help of China now, as upon our assistance at this time *depends the future well-being of our missionaries, and the Christian cause itself.*

"I pray that wisdom and fortitude may be ours now, that we as a nation may do all that our duty to God and humanity requires of us. God be praised for such grand, good men and women as the band of CHRISTIAN HERALD workers, who are so ardently devoting themselves to his service. What would this world be without such great-souled sons and daughters?"

. . .

All contributions should be addressed to the China Famine Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, New York. Every contribution will be acknowledged.

Photographs from China

Some of our illustrations of China in former issues were furnished through the courtesy of Messrs. Underwood & Underwood, of New York, the well-known publishers of fine stereoscopic photographs. This enterprising firm, early last year, sent Professor James Ricalton, one of their best photographers, to China, who, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles, secured a very fine series of stereographs.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Sunday School Teacher Under Fire

SECULAR journals have been making capital out of the exposition of the Sunday School lessons which has been published by the Pilgrim Press of Boston and Chicago. They compare the teaching there given, with the teaching on the same subjects given fifty years ago, and contend that the one contradicts the other, and the modern is of a materialistic character. This is a strange criticism, coming from that source, inasmuch as those journals have been in the habit of representing religious teachers as hide-bound and unprogressive. This mode of dealing with religious teachers is scarcely fair. If they continue teaching the Bible as it was taught by their fathers, they are denounced as men who never learn anything, and who remain wilfully ignorant of the discoveries of science; if they accept those discoveries, and account for the discrepancies between science and theology by frankly saying that the writers of the Bible were unscientific men, they are charged with irreverence and practical infidelity.

Disregarding all such criticism, which is of the caviling, unsympathetic type, the Sunday School teacher is nevertheless embarrassed in preparing to meet the bright boys and girls in his class, who know more about science than his grandfather knew in his old age. If he teaches these lessons as they used to be taught, he is quite sure that now, or in a very few years, his pupils will reject his teaching as hopelessly discredited. On the other hand, he could not hope, in the short time at his disposal, to make the child understand the grounds on which the Bible and science can be harmonized.

What, then, must he do? The Bible writers set him the example. They did not recognize it to be any part of their duty to teach science. Their aim was to reveal God to the world, to show men how God ruled the world, to declare that the world was made by him and that people owe him their homage and obedience, that to obey him is to be placed in the way of infinite development, and to disobey him is to oppose him and to perish. In teaching these truths, which are of no age or time, but eternal, the Bible writers used, illustratively, the science of the time, so far as it had been developed. They used the materials at their hand, and one could wish that at the time of writing the modern custom of using quotation marks had existed. They were not careful about dates and the length of periods, as we expect a modern historian to be. Their object was to lead men to fear God and live righteous lives, and they regarded all other objects as merely incidental. A mistake in those matters does not discredit their main teaching, any more than would a blunder in the date of some battle discredit a lecturer on anatomy, who incidentally referred to the battle as an illustration. It would discredit a historian, but would not lead us to doubt the anatomical teaching of the lecturer. So with the Bible. The eternal truths in its pages are impregnable, and those truths are what the Bible was designed to teach, and if the Sunday School teacher will content himself with teaching them, he plants his feet on a rock which will never be moved.

That the differences between the Biblical narrative and the conclusions of science have been exaggerated, is certain, and such differences as there are, appear to be mainly due, not so much to direct statements in the Bible, as to the meaning we have been accustomed, under the guidance of Milton and others, to read into them and which we are now learning to discard.

A great deal of stress has been placed by the critics of the secular press on the divergence in the date of the Deluge. To select that topic for attack argues a lack of strategic skill on their part. There is no ancient literature, with the possible exception of the Egyptian, without some myth of the Deluge, and in some instances the parallelism with the Biblical account is remarkable. The fact of the Deluge, as the Bible gives it, is thus corroborated more fully than might have been expected. The Bible writers do not give its date. It is true that in the margin a date is given, but that is the work of Archbishop Ussher, who lived in the seventeenth century, and was probably a better theologian than chronologist. The teacher is not bound to defend such a system of chronology as he constructed. The validity of the Bible narrative does not rest on Ussher's dates, and would remain firm if all his dates were swept away. The great facts of man's sin, his alienation from God, his way to regeneration, and the assured welcome he receives when he comes penitent to a sin-pardoning God are the Bible writers' topics, and the Sunday School teacher will find he has enough to do if he confines himself to them and lets science and chronology alone.

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I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. 1. Cor. 2: 2.

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Preliminary Exercises

BY common consent, the exercises in the churches going before the sermon are called "preliminaries." The dictionary says that a "preliminary" is that which precedes the main business. We do not think the sermon ought to be considered the main business. When a pastor at the beginning of the first prayer says "O God!" he has entered upon the most important duty of the service. We would not deprecate the sermon, but we plead for more attention to the "preliminaries." If a minister cannot get the attention of the people for prayer or Bible-reading, it is his own fault. Much of the interest of a service depends upon how it is launched.

The "preliminaries" are, for the most part, the time in which people in church examine their neighbor's clothes. Milliners and tailors get the advantage of the first three-quarters of an hour. The "preliminaries" are the time to scrutinize the fresco, and look round to see who is there, and get yourself generally fixed.

This idea is fostered by some elocutionary professors who would have the minister take the earlier exercises of the occasion to get his voice in tune. You must not speak out at first. It is to be a private interview between you and heaven. The people will listen to the low grumble, and think it must be very good if they could only hear it. As for ourselves, we refuse to put down our head in public prayer until we find out whether or not we are going to be able to hear. Though you preach like an angel you will not say anything more important than the letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, or that Psalm of David which you have just now read to the backs of the heads of the congregation. Laymen and ministers, speak out! The opening exercises were not instituted to clear your voice, but to save souls. If need be, squeeze a lemon and eat a dozen troches for the sake of your voice before you go to church; but once there, make your first sentence resonant and mighty for God. An hour and a half is a short time anyhow to get five hundred or five thousand people ready for heaven. It is thought classic and elegant to have a delicate utterance, and that loud tones are vulgar. But we never heard of people being converted by anything they could not hear. It is said that on the Mount of Olives Christ "opened his mouth and taught them," by which we conclude he spake out distinctly. God has given most Christians plenty of lungs, but they are too lazy to use them. There are in the churches old people hard of hearing who, if the exercises be not clear and emphatic, get no advantage save that of looking at the blessed minister.

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So they read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand. Neh. 8: 8.

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Mysteries of Providence

WHY? The question drones itself in and out of the brain, beats against the background of conscious thought, baffles our utmost penetration. Why are the gifted, the beautiful, the loving and beloved taken away, and the imbecile, the morose, the ill-favored, the unhappy left? On one side, the personage to whom life has been kind, and whose every day is a benefaction to the world; on the other, the weary, unsuccessful and discouraged drudge, whom the world will never miss; yet the latter is spared and lingers to old age, and the former perishes in the meridian of his powers. Truly, we say, man walketh in a vain show. Why? The puzzle of it disturbs us and distresses us, sometimes even more than the events themselves which awaken the interrogation.

There is one answer always ready and always sufficient to the Christian. God knows. That we are in the dark proves nothing as against the unspeakable comfort that he is in the light. As a weaver sitting at the loom sees the seamy side, rough and tangled, but is aware of the smooth side unfolding into perfect g ce: as the potter moulding the clay kneads it as he w; as the refiner handling the fine gold submits it the fiercest flame, that it may be purified, so our Lor oes with his own. His the hand at the loom, his the n ing and the shaping of the lump, his the separating the dross from the pure metal. To God there are no ys- teries; all is clear. To us there must ever be dee ys- teries, strange experiences to which we have no ue: hours of groping, hours of pain, hours of praye hat can only throw the burden down at Jesus' fee nd leave it there.

Why, we ask ourself vainly, is the green earth ad- owed for us this summer, because of the frien who last year was here, but who, so soon after was n for God had taken her? She seemed essential to ma , to husband, child, friends, work, but God stooped wn and broke the slender chain, and set her free fro ese duties, and called her home. Why did the dark ves close over the brilliant youth, lad of so much pr ise, child of so much hope; why did he go forth from me and mother with a song on his lips to be drown be- fore night-fall? Why does the curse of insanity on this or the other splendid life? Why, to another ust the light grow dim, and silence shroud the ear t de- lighted in sweet sounds, and was thrilled by musi

Let this ever be our comfort:

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Resting as on a pillow on the dear love of od, trusting without a tremor to his tenderness, c ting every care upon him, we cannot despair; we mus ake heart and go on.

If we believe in the future life, and in the wo s of our Lord concerning it, we may receive great c ola- tion from the thought that Jesus has work for h wn to do on the other side the river. In some othe art of his universe, those who leave us may be carryi out God's plan for the interrupted life, a life that n be going on there without even an interval of uncon s- ness, a life of ministry, of study, and of love. The too, we may not be amiss in our feeling that Jesus ca s so much for some of his dear disciples that he lo for their presence and sends for them soon, not w ting until they are old and weary, but taking them e y to himself.

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What I do thou knowest not now; but thou sha know hereafter. John 13: 7.

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A Veteran at Rest

A LONG life of useful labor closed on July 23 hen Mr. E. W. Hawley, the tireless Sunday hool worker, received the summons from labor to r ard. Many of our readers knew him, through his serv s as Superintendent of the field work of the New Yor tate Sunday School Association, and will miss his l dly, genial words and his wise counsel. He was inti tely associated with the late Mr. D. L. Moody in his y ger days, and a warm friendship was maintained b een the two workers until death separated them. V are indebted to Rev. Joseph N. Hallock, editor of *ristian Work*, with which journal Mr. Hawley ha ong been connected, for a tribute to his memory, whi ap- pears on another page of this issue.

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Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Rev. : 13.

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A LURID LIGHT is cast upon the famine situa n in Shensi, China, by the cable message from Cha man Smith of our Relief Committee, published on a ther page of this issue. "Seven hundred deaths d y in Sing-an-fu," gives a grim hint of the tragedy of rvation and despair that is being enacted there. Our Committee has sent a double portion of the Relief und to Shensi. Help is now on the way. It should b sup- plemented by still more liberal aid. This is a pe iliar and providential opportunity for the Christian orld to "heap coals of fire" upon the heads of those w , at least, stood by consenting while our missionaries were martyred. There are, besides, many native Chr ians to be relieved. Send in your mite to the Famine und, and help the missionaries in their rescue work.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Brooklyn Bridge Disabled

THE thousands of persons who cross Brooklyn Bridge every morning from their homes in Brooklyn to their offices in New York, and in returning in the evening, were astonished to find on July 24, that all traffic over the bridge was suspended. They were permitted to walk over but no cars were allowed to cross. The inconvenience was very difficult to bear in the intense heat, and there was a great deal of grumbling on the part of the vast throng which trudged the mile and a quarter over the structure. There was, too, some consternation when the cause of the suspension of the car service was disclosed. It was learned that twelve of the steel rods by which, in the middle of the span, the roadway is attached to the cables had broken, and the roadway had consequently dropped on the north side about ten inches. The fact that such a break could occur caused some consternation. It appeared to indicate that the great structure was breaking down. The engineers say, however, that its strength is not impaired, and now that new rods have been put in, in place of the broken ones, it is as strong as ever. The breakage, nevertheless, is ominous. It suggests the suspicion that electrolysis has been in as a result of the tremendous currents of electricity carried on the third rail and on the trolley wires for the use of the cars. The engineers attribute the breaking of the rods to vibration, and some critics aver that there has been negligence in the painting of the bridge, but there is an increasing belief that electrolysis, which takes the strength and elasticity from steel, is the real cause of the trouble, and that it may have done more mischief than is yet known. It is very certain that an investigation will have to be made, for every day thousands of persons trust their lives to that bridge, and its safety must not be left in doubt. The public will insist on this, for men are naturally concerned about their bodies being exposed to peril. They are less solicitous about the safety of their souls, which may be secured beyond doubt by following the directions of God's word:

The highway of the upright is to depart from evil: he that keepeth his way preserveth his soul (Prov. 16: 17).

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, RECENTLY DISABLED

The cross shows the place where the suspending rods broke

Wreck of a House

A remarkable accident is reported from Harrisburg, Pa. A storekeeper of that city noticed the odor of escaping gas in his house, but was unable to locate the leak. His wife, and all his children but one, were away from home on vacation, so he did not have occasion to occupy several rooms in the house. He was exceedingly busy about his work, and thought the leak of gas was not important, and he promised himself that he would make a thorough search for it when he had time. So matters went on for a week, and the nuisance grew worse. One morning, recently, the owner rose early, and went to his barn to feed his horse. His son rose too and went into the basement, which had not been opened in several days. The shutters were closed, so the boy struck a light. Instantly there was a terrific explosion, which wrecked the whole house, and gave the houses on each side a severe shaking. The boy was carried to the hospital, where he lies in a critical condition. The storekeeper perceives now that the leakage of gas was more important than he thought it, for it has destroyed his property and imperilled the life of his son. Even this disaster is not so appalling as the moral wrecks in which character is sacrificed. They, too, might in many cases be prevented if at the beginning the little sins which poison the life were detected and expelled.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life (Prov. 4: 23).

His Life for His Property

The workmen who are excavating the buried city of Pompeii, recently made a significant discovery. In uncovering the courtyard of a house which has been hidden under the ashes and lava for eighteen centuries, they found a well-preserved skeleton. Still tightly clutched in its hand was a bundle fastened by a hemp cord. Even in death the hand had not relaxed its hold. On opening the bundle it was found to contain a beautiful silver saucepan with a richly ornamented handle, several spoons, and a silver cup exquisitely chased and engraved. In his other hand were two keys. It is not difficult to infer the circumstances of his death. When the eruption began, this man had snatched up the keys of his plate closet, and made a bundle of these choice articles. He was hurrying away with them when he was caught by the ashen deluge. The delay of collecting and securing the plate was fatal. Many souls have been lost in the same way. The duty of insuring spiritual safety has been postponed until a fortune has been obtained, or some business success achieved, or some other worldly advantage secured, and the last opportunity of salvation is lost:

Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee (Acts 24: 25).

Saved by a Search-light

A man was rescued from drowning a few days ago in the Hudson River, through the thoughtfulness of the owner of a yacht at anchor near Newburgh, N. Y. A tug had taken a barge full of excursionists up the river, where they had a day of pleasure. The sun had set before they started on the return trip, and when the barge reached Newburgh it was quite dark. In some unexplained way, probably in some rough horse-play, a man slipped overboard. It was impossible for the tug to turn, but, happily there were some men in a rowboat near by, and when they heard of the accident they rowed to the place where the man had fallen. But in the darkness they could not see him though they could hear his cry for help. At that moment the owner of a yacht happened to be experimenting with his search-light, and he turned it on the surface of the water. The drowning man could then be plainly seen struggling in the water. The light was kept upon him until the rowboat reached his side and he was drawn on board. Perhaps many souls might be saved, if those who are seeking to save them were helped in the same way. Frequently the preacher and the evangelist have to work in the dark, knowing nothing of the difficulties and obstacles which keep those whom they seek to save from coming to Christ. There would be a better prospect of success if they were helped by the prayers and suggestions of those who do know.

Brethren, pray for us that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified (II. Thess. 3: 1).

A Perilous Fascination

An engineer in New Haven, Conn., saved a child's life the other day. The three-year-old son of a neighbor had managed to escape the vigilance of his mother and enter the engine-room of a large manufactory in which the engineer is employed. The spectacle of the machine apparently alive fascinated the child, and he stood looking at it for some minutes in amazement. Then, as no one was there to prevent him, he crawled under the guard-rail that extends along one side of the engine-box. With the enormous fly-wheel swiftly revolving in front of him, and in the highest glee over the sight, the youngster ensconced himself snugly between the fly-wheel of the engine and the wall supporting the big shaft of the wheel. There was only a space of eighteen inches between the wheel and the wall. Then the lad settled down to enjoy the sport and rubbed his hands over the rim of the wheel. When the engineer a few minutes later saw the boy, he crawled to the spot, and reaching down drew the child away from the peril. The child whose enjoyment was thus interrupted was probably not very grateful to the engineer for his interference. When he gets older he will realize how great was the peril he was saved from. When the Christian has the light of eternity on his life on earth, he will doubtless see that some of the pains and losses that seemed mysterious to him when he endured them, were, like the engineer's act, a rescue from peril:

No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby (Heb. 12: 11).

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan preached on July 21 and 28 to enormous congregations at the Lafayette Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.

The *Jijo Shimpo*, the leading journal of Tokio, Japan, is furnishing outings for poor children, on the plan adopted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The bi-centenary of the birth of John Wesley will occur on June 17, 1903, and Methodists suggest that it would be fitting if Epworth, where the popular preacher was born, should signalize the anniversary by a series of services.

The Countess Roberts appeals for $100,000 for the Jubilee Fund of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, of which she is president. The money will be spent on the extension of village work and the erection of another hospital and several new dispensaries.

The benefits of British rule in Egypt were tersely expressed by the Premier, Nubar Pasha, who said: "Egypt's chief needs were two—justice and water—and England is providing the one by her administration, and the other, by her great dams on the Nile."

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom held its annual conference at Marlborough-on-the-Hudson, July 29–August 2. Among the speakers were Rev. W. D. Bliss, Rev. Lindsay B. Longacre and Edwin Markham. Rev. Leighton Williams was elected Corresponding Secretary.

It was stated at the recent Christian Endeavor Convention that during the past year 160,000 young people were received into church membership from the societies. The amount raised for missions by the Christian Endeavor Societies last year is known to have been $200,215, besides large sums of which no report was made to the United Society.

A church, in London, still possesses an income originally given to it for buying faggots for burning heretics.

Mr. and Mrs. Oatts have returned from their tour around the world in the interests of Y. M. C. A. In nineteen months they traveled 46,000 miles, and Mr. Oatts addressed 896 meetings and conducted thirty-six missions.

Mr. and Mrs. T. MacKnight, who are conducting a missionary work at Tafira, Las Palmas, Canary Islands, write that their work now has a foothold in two islands. They are constantly visiting in towns and villages, and have sold between 700 and 800 Bibles, Testaments and Gospels. A Bible depot will shortly be opened.

Bishop Warne, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, says that, compared with India, the climate of the Philippines is bracing and fit to make them a sanitarium. While in the Philippines he has succeeded in starting a total abstinence society among the American soldiers, of which Major E. W. Halford, formerly private secretary of President Harrison, is president.

An Evangelistic service was held on July 28 in the Haymarket, a notorious dance hall in New York. Application was made to Commissioner Devery of the Police for permission, and he cordially granted it, and undertook to get "Ed" Corey, the proprietor of the Hall, to permit the meeting to take place. Mr. Corey not only gave the use of the Hall free of charge, but supplied the lights without charge. It is hoped that some of the habitues of the Hall will be induced to attend these services, which are to be held on other Sunday evenings.

In view of the attacks on Christian missionaries in China, the disinterested testimony of Sir Robert Hart, who probably knows more about China than any other living foreigner, deserves notice. Sir Robert Hart says that, in view of the terrible sufferings caused by the Chinese, the sufferers are entitled to receive full indemnification. He says he does not believe that the missionaries have brought any one to punishment who did not richly deserve it, and that many Boxer leaders are now at large whose punishment would have bettered the outlook for the future.

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Occupations for Women

V.—PHOTOGRAPHY

HAVE you perhaps, dear older reader, somewhere among your treasures, a little leather case, fastening with a sort of clasp, and opening upon a fading daguerreotype. Fifty years ago, these sun pictures, the invention of a clever French artist, brought in a new era in the reproduction of the human face and form. Portrait and miniature painting still hold their own, and are, as ever, very costly, but step by step, from the little daguerreotype, have come the marvels of the camera, and photography has not yet reached the possibilities which it may develop. On a journey one carries a kodak; every growing boy and girl has an amateur outfit, and women, in some instances, have achieved large success, including generous financial returns, as well as fame, in taking the pictures of sitters, and in illustrating beautiful interiors.

Among the most noted of women photographers is Frances Johnston, of Washington, D. C. Living in the nation's capital city, she has enjoyed superior advantages in the way of photographing distinguished people, and she has been peculiarly happy in capturing that evanescent, fugitive, best expression, which pleases friends when they see it in a picture, and which saves a picture from being wooden. Miss Johnston always succeeds finely in landscape photography, and in portraying delicate gradations of light and shadow. Miss Beatrice Tonnesen, of Chicago, is another successful photographer, and in New York there are so many studios, where women work to perfection, that they are no longer exceptional.

Anybody may take a picture and leave the developing and finishing to others. But when a woman sets out to become a photographer in earnest, she must be prepared to spend laborious days. She need not open a studio, because in many cases it is far better for her to undertake a single branch of the profession and become a photographer's assistant. The highest salaries are paid to the operator and to the one who poses the sitter, but those who do the printing are not badly paid, earning from twelve to eighteen dollars a week. A girl requires an artistic bent, some skill in drawing, and an accurate knowledge of anatomy, before she can be a fairly good photographer.

Any young woman who specializes and devotes herself to the photographing of babies and of little children, will derive much satisfaction from her enterprise. She will win the grateful appreciation of parents, make a good deal of money, and find herself sought by those who hear of her success. Children are always among those whose photographs are frequently taken, as they change so rapidly that parents like to have their pictures at different stages of their lives.

Groups require careful handling and rare skill in composition. Family groups, wedding parties, classes on graduation, and impromptu groups in the summer, when friends picnic and desire a souvenir of some happy day, may all put money in the purse of the lady artist, since many copies of all such groups are sold to interested parties.

After Graduation

The midsummer weeks are brightened by the vacation sports of thousands of young men and women who have been graduated from colleges. Four years of earnest study has entitled them to a respite; but this will be short, and soon they will be absorbed in the work of the period. An increasingly large number of young men go directly from college to business, the old impression that college training unfitted a lad for this having recently lost ground. It is conceded that intellectual discipline is really a fine preparation for the counting room and the office, and a diploma is not a bar to admission there. Many graduates of both sexes will seek a further special training and enter on a learned profession; the ministry, the law, the medical avocation will invite new recruits. Among young women, a number will simply take their places as home daughters, brightening the lives of old people, and bye and bye, going forth to their own homes, to be happy wives and excellent mothers to the next generation.

A Field of Muskmelons

Nature is peculiarly bountiful and affluent in our fruit belts of the Eastern and Middle States, and nowhere is her generosity more evident than in Maryland, where melons flourish and ripen, and help to form the farmer's wealth. The sun itself flavors the lush sweetness of a perfect melon, and in its rare aroma, globular shape and delicate sweetness, it is an unrivalled fruit food. An iced melon on the breakfast table reminds us of the nectar on which the Olympian gods and goddesses were fed. But besides melons, we have peaches, pears, plums, apples, quinces, grapes; an array of fruit such as no other zone produces, for which we should offer God our grateful thanks.

WHEN MELONS ARE RIPE

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—INQUIRER. Wash your face every day with almond meal.

—LOIS. Give your eyes complete rest and consult an oculist.

—H. Y. Z. Your experience has been a hard one, but go by the motto, *noblesse oblige*, and do not despair.

—HARRY. Each person must decide the question of amusements according to his or her conscience.

—DOROTHY. I cannot advise you to marry an unbeliever who flaunts his scepticism in your face and is a profane swearer. A Christian girl should not wed such a man.

—E. E. I advise you to write for information to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Address the Commandant. I see no harm in your accepting the pictures of which you speak.

—A. S. By all means accept the man you love. If you cannot gain your parents' consent, wait a year or two before your marriage. But don't say "Yes" to the man to whom you are indifferent.

—TEACHER. The pupil who is dull in arithmetic may be bright in grammar, but you must try to make arithmetic interesting. Anybody can teach a clever child. It takes brains to educate a stupid one.

—M. A woman's self-respect should lead her to conquer any feeling of regard for a faithless lover. If her sweetheart deserts her, she should not grieve, and she is fully at liberty to accept the attentions of another.

HOLY INNOCENTS

SLEEP, little baby, sleep;
The holy angels love thee,
And guard thy bed, and keep
A blessed watch above thee.
No spirit can come near,
Nor evil beast to harm thee;
Sleep, sweet, devoid of fear,
Where nothing need alarm thee.

The Lord which doth not sleep,
The eternal arms surround thee;
The Shepherd of the sheep
In perfect love hath found thee.
Sleep, through the holy night,
Christ-kept from snare and sorrow,
Until thou wake to light
And love and warmth to-morrow.

ROSETTI'S POEMS.

The Rose Queen

A VERY pretty custom prevails in Nanterre, France, where ever since 1818, the young girl who her townspeople elect, is crowned Queen of the Rose. She is chosen not merely for beauty, but for the nobility of her character, for worth and virtue, and the honor conveys more than an empty compliment and the presentation of a fine garland. To the recipient of the annual rose crown, the municipality gives 1,000 francs, part in jewels and garments for her trousseau, including the corbeille which is a bride's proper outfit, and part in a savings-bank book, where a sum is put down to the young woman's credit. Originally the gratuity was but 300 francs, but latterly it has been largely augmented, so that it is now a very substantial and coveted prize. The position of queen carries with it some obligations, and the incumbent accepts the duties as a matter of course. For one thing, she must attend funerals and marriages in churches, whether or not she knows the people immediately concerned, and in fetes throughout the year she must bear her part. On her coronation day, the Rose Queen is escorted from her home by a procession of dignitaries all dressed in their best, and bearing with them curious beribboned halberds, so that the air of the affair is of antiquated distinction. In our new country we have nothing which resembles the medievalism of Europe. There, centuries are always throwing their glamour over the present.

The Rose Queen is crowned in church, and her attendants are not unlike our pretty maids of honor at a May Day occasion. Whit Monday is the time. First go the various local societies, then follows the crown, borne on a cushion; after this are little girls in white frocks, and then the young lady, led gallantly by the mayor. The first sheriff escorts the outgoing Queen, and another official waits on the bridesmaids. The crown is placed on the young girl's head by her godmother. After this, the whole procession passes to the village mayoralty, where the presents and bank-book and the certificate of royalty are given.

The queen of the present year was Marie Louise Constantin, an orphan, aged twenty, very much beloved in the community. She had known peculiar sorrows, but had endeared herself to all by her sweetness, modesty and goodness.

No Royal Road

—JACINTH. There is no royal road to music. Whoever would play well must practice steadily, at least three hours a day for many years. If ever you stop, you lose your facility.

A HAPPY TIME WADING IN THE BROOK

"I'VE GOT A SCUP"

PICKING WILDFLOWERS IN MONT-LAWN'S MEADOWS

FROM TENEMENT COURTS TO CHILDHOOD'S EDEN

NED, a little cripple, is among the children who at the time of this writing, crowd two big rooms at the Bible House, eagerly waiting to be taken to Mont-Lawn. At the hospital, they ve put braces on him and given him a pair of crutches. is garments are poor, but neat. With him is a boy ead taller, and a girl of twelve, who keeps tender tch over Ned. Behind them stands a tall, thin woman, h a baby in her arms. "These are ne," she says, with a proud smile, "and so thankful they can go to the coun-. It is such a help to me. I go out rking every day and have to leave m by themselves. I'm so anxious out them—especially Ned. But Molly's t good to him; you wouldn't think it, she not his own sister. No, ma'am; was motherless and I took her in. at little boy in front of Ned isn't my n, either. His mother died and I took in. I couldn't do no ways else. But Lord helps them that does their duty the orphan. I'm poorly this hot weath- and so is Ned, and I didn't see how ould get along. But now THE CHRIS- N HERALD comes and takes my chil- n to the country. See, how good the rd is to send help to me!"

n the same crowd are two tiny boys o look like twins. "There are seven ldren in their family," says the mis- nary who brought them. "They are tchedly poor. So are all the children here; I could have brought a thou- d. You have sent up seventy-five for society, every one from a poverty- cken home. When I went into Cor- ia and Morton streets and asked one two children, 'Do you want to go to country?' I was quickly surrounded such a great crowd of small boys and s that I could hardly walk. They fol- ed after me, begging: 'Can't I go?' and 'Please, m'am, let me—and my brother—and my sister—and baby, go!' I couldn't take their names down fast ough, and I had to have a helper."

he illustration on our front page gives the reader e idea of a scene which the writer witnessed when companying two Christian workers on their happy sion of inviting tenement waifs to an outing at our ldren's Home. "Who wants to go to the country?" sweet-faced missionary asked. O, how many thin e arms went up! "Have you ever been to Mont- wn before?" "Yes, ma'am!" "Yes, ma'am!" came a chorus right and left, and, "O, please, let me go!" and "Please, ma'am, can my little brother (or my little sister) go?" No picture can portray the misery and squalor of the surroundings which our artist has sought to reproduce. None but those who enter them can know how wretched and airless and malodorous are the interiors of these tall tenement houses where the poor, thick as bees in a hive, suffer untold miseries these torrid summer days, when many people living in big, roomy uptown homes, surrounded by every comfort that wealth can procure, are prostrated by heat, and others die from it.

A CORNER OF "HOPE COTTAGE" AT BED-TIME HOUR

Nearly a thousand children have been transported from such neighborhoods as our picture shows, to our Children's Home on the Hudson—beautiful Mont-Lawn, whose grassy hillsides and flowering fields and running brooks invite childhood to happiness and charm pale cheeks back to health. Readers, all of you who can, go to our Children's Home and see the work for yourself. The camera, the artist's brush and the writer's pen are alike powerless to reproduce the loveliness of the place, the care-free happiness of our children, the faithfulness and tenderness which, in the person of our Housemother and her assistants, guards and blesses our little charges. In the day-time, you will find some wee folk swinging "way up into the trees where the birds and squirrels are;" others clustered about a teacher, listening to a story; others are "jumping the rope"; some are making sand-piles; here and there a little one is having a good nap on the grass; a few unfortunates are painfully carrying stumped toes to Housemother Collins; some lads peep down at you out of the branches of trees which they have climbed; over there, a ring-a-rosy group sings, "All around the mulberry bush"; in the meadows, and on the hills behind the house, merry companies are picking berries or gathering flowers; here comes some little lads and lassies with hats and aprons full of apples. At night, you find in one dormitory a teacher telling a Bible story to a white-robed audience all abed; in another, "teacher" is singing a lullaby; in another all are asleep, and "teacher" is sewing on buttons or darning or patching little garments; in another, "teacher" softly reproves some late comers, while she invests them with night-apparel; and here, in pretty Hope Cottage, sixty little maids abed pipe their evensong, while travelers along the road stop their carriages and wagons to listen to these words, ringing musically over the hills, and coming like an angelic choral from invisible singers:

The day is dying in the West,
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship, while the night
Sets her evening lamp alight,
Through all the sky.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee,
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O, Lord, Most High!

To send one little child from the tenements to beautiful Mont-Lawn costs but $3—that small sum covering transportation back and forth, medical and caretaker's attention, food, shelter, clothing, etc. $6 sends two; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five, and $36 will send twelve. How many waifs will you help to a breath of country air, and a chance for health and life?

God's Requirements

TOPIC OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY, EPWORTH LEAGUE AND BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION FOR AUGUST 18. Deut. 10: 12-14

OLD as is the lesson taught in the verses associated with the topic, it is one that needs to be impressed on every generation. There is an apparently incurable propensity to offer God some compromise in the place of the things that he demands of men. The people to whom the words were first addressed were very scrupulous about sacrifices and tithes; we, in our day, think a great deal of orthodoxy, regular attendance at church, and liberal gifts to church causes and philanthropy. All these things are good, but they cannot be substitutes for the one essential thing of walking in God's ways and loving him. There is no sacrifice, no rite, or ceremony, that will take the place of that duty. Men have tried penance, self-mortification and difficult service, but the merit which they hoped to acquire in this way has never satisfied even themselves, and it is very certain it cannot satisfy God. The demand, as it stands, is perfectly reasonable. One can imagine a father addressing such words to his son. If the boy exerted himself to do some extraordinary thing, or spent his pocket money in a present for his father, and yet persistently disobeyed him, we should tell the boy: "You are all wrong. Your father does not require these things that you are doing. He is anxious that you should grow up to be a good and useful man, and to that end he wants you to obey him, and he will so direct your studies and your training as to bring out the best that is in you and develop your powers. You will please him and consult your own interests by submitting to him and lovingly yielding to his wishes." Yet, in dealing with our heavenly Father, we show no such sagacity. We treat God as if he were some despotic sovereign, some hard taskmaster who must be appeased with gifts, lest he be angry and punish us. Nothing can be more certain than the fact that there is no surer way to happiness and peace than in walking in God's ways and obeying him. As this passage says, it is for our good, and so every one has found it who has made the experiment. It is true that with our sin-permeated nature it is difficult, but even that difficulty is met by our loving Father's wisdom, who offers us his help whenever we need it.

Is Any Earnest Prayer Unavailing?

Abraham's Intercession

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUGUST. 18. GEN. 18: 16-33
GOLDEN TEXT--"THE EFFECTUAL, FERVENT PRAYER OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN AVAILETH MUCH. JAS. 5: 16

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

A LITTLE girl going to bed unusually weary, shortened her prayer to this: "God bless all I love." Her mother exclaimed, "Aren't you going to pray for little John?" "He's in it," said the child, "for I love him." Some prayers are too short, as others are too long. It is not good for us to cut our too infrequent visits with God down to one sentence, except when many "sentence prayers" are combined. It is as if you should pass an intimate friend with only a hurried "How do?" That friend, it may be said, knows your love, but love will not thrive on such short rations. Prayer is loving conversation, partly for communion, and even in petition we can hardly reach earnest intercession in a hurried moment. Every prayer is too short whose intercession stops with "All I love," as do the prayers that children are usually taught, such as, "God bless papa and mamma and brothers and sisters and all the dear ones." Children should from the first be taught to pray, not for relatives only, but for wicked neighbors; not for those they love only, but for the unlovely and the unfriendly, that God loves and Jesus died to save. They should be taught that each bad man or boy is their bad brother, and each bad woman or girl their bad sister, and both God's bad children, that he would have us help him save. The story of Abraham praying not alone for Lot, but also for all the wicked city of Sodom, teaches this.

* * *

Entertaining Angels

At what place was Abraham at the time of this lesson? Still tenting in Hebron, in Southern Palestine, about twenty-five miles from Sodom, with which the lesson has chiefly to do. What was the reputation of Sodom? (Gen. 13: 13). Notwithstanding its bad character, what persons dear to Abraham had gone there to make money? How much time has elapsed since our last lesson? He was seventy years old when God called him to leave his own country, and promised him children that should grow to be a great people in a new land (Gen. 12: 1-3); seventy-five when he left Haran; eighty-four when God renewed his promise in the last lesson; and now, after fifteen years more delay, that must have tried his faith, God sends three angels, with both good and bad news.

It is worth noting in this connection, that these angels had no wings, which is proved by the fact that Abraham took them for human beings. Nor are any Bible angels anywhere said to have wings, except the cherubim and seraphim of heavenly visions, although we read of them *flying* as in Dan. 9: 21 and Rev. 8: 13 and 14: 6. Nor did those that visited men look like women, as artists have made us think, but like "young men," a fact suggestive of the beauty of a pure young manhood, made in the image of God. Abraham offered generous hospitality to these strangers, and so entertained angels unawares (Heb. 13: 2). In kindliness to others, we even entertain him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, ye have done it unto me." Indeed, he was one of those whom Abraham entertained, for their chief was called interchangeably "the angel of the Lord" and "the Lord," that is, Jehovah—a visible Jehovah-Jesus—who had visited Abraham five times, and was seen thirty-three times or more in all by Old Testament saints, to whom God gave these brief visible manifestations of himself, by way of anticipation and preparation and promise of his thirty-three years' visit to man in Christ.

And what are the chief events that outline our lesson story?

I. The Angels' Messages.
II. Abraham's Intercession.
III. The Escape of Lot.
IV. The Destruction of Sodom.

* * *

Two Angel Messages

I. Two messages, as opposite as noon and midnight, the angels brought to Abraham: one, that the son he has been promised for almost thirty years should be born next year; the other, that the judgment day was at hand for unspeakable Sodom and the other cities of the plain of like character, which must be cut away, like a cancer, lest Abraham's land of promise should be corrupted. Abraham forgot the good tidings in his deep solicitude, not alone for his nephew Lot, but also for Sodom itself, which he wept over as Jesus wept over Jerusalem, both of them troubled, not alone that individuals were sinful and so in peril, but also because the business, the politics and the pleasures of the city were unrighteous. We shall probably never have better cities till we learn from the old prophets that highest Christian patriotism that believes God can Christianize, not persons alone, but nations and communities; not individuals only, but social life.

Although Sodom deserved to perish, as if to give it yet more chance, two of the angels are sent to inspect it; not because God needed their report, but to "vindicate the ways of God to man," and show he will not punish hastily even the wickedest. Meantime Abraham "drew near" to the visible Jehovah for his great intercession. We "draw near with faith."

* * *

Intercession for Relatives and Foreigners Alike

II. *Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?* The righteous who voluntarily choose to live with the wicked for the sake of making money, in spite the warning of the first Psalm, may expect, first, to lose something in character, and second, to share in the other losses that wickedness brings. Lot lost both ways, including all the property for which he risked his soul; but God in his mercy saved his life, as the sequel shows. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Aye, and there is small comfort in that for Sodomites, or even for half-hearted Lot in any age. To a trembling prisoner a bystander said, desiring to comfort him: "Do not be troubled—you have a just judge." "That," he replied, "is the very reason I am troubled." In the day of judgment we can not appeal to justice.

> Oh, in that day—that dreadful day
> When man to judgment wakes from clay—
> Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
> Though heaven and earth shall pass away. —DIES IRAE.

In Abraham interceding for Sodom, we behold a feeble picture of Christ interceding for sinners in heaven (I. John 2).

> Five bleeding wounds he bears,
> Received on Calvary.
> They pour effectual prayers;
> They strongly plead for me:
> "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
> "Nor let the ransomed sinner die."

Abraham's intercession was for the wickedest, and for the wickedest Christ died. He prayed even for his murderers: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do," and his final order to his disciples was that the Gospel should first be preached at Jerusalem. For the salvation of the worst, therefore, we should work and pray.

An earnest London pastor, having vainly argued with five sceptical young men, said: "I shall pray for you five young men by name every day I live." "Do you mean it?" said one. By word and look he assured them he was in earnest. And he won them at last.

* * *

A Hitherto Unpublished Moody Story

When Will R. Moody, son of D. L. Moody, was less than two years old, he was taken sick, and his mother hastened with him out of the Chicago heat into the country air. The next morning at family prayer two lady guests remember how Mr. Moody prayed for his boy's health, and then, amid streaming tears, he added; "Thou Lord alone canst look down the river of time, and if you seest that little Willie is to grow up to dishonor thee, take him now in his innocence." That child of many prayers, who will first know of this prayer when he reads the story here, has lived, and has not dishonored God; but to the contrary, is continuing his father's work.

Not for the unsaved only is intercession needed, but for Christians also, especially when under great trial, as when Jesus said to Peter: "Satan hath desired to have thee that he may sift thee as wheat, but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

I will not destroy it for ten's sake It has been noted that Abraham's prayer was a missionary prayer. In an age when few felt that they were under any obligations even to be just to foreigners, when to conquer rather than convert them w the uppermost thought, Abraham was a "humanitarian" i broader sense even than its common meaning to-day, lov all men as brothers. The prospective doom even of Sodc ites called forth his prolonged intercession, and God pr ised to save it, if the angels just sent to explore it found fi righteous persons; then if forty-five, forty, thirty, twen ten were found there. It has been said that this last cor tion would have been met if Lot had even brought up own household in the fear of God. Ten righteous peo of Lot's kind it would seem, could hardly save the best c but ten men of the stalwart Abrahamic type of righteousn could evangelize almost any city. John Wesley said: "G me one hundred men who fear nothing but God, and h nothing but sin, and are determined to know nothing Jesus Christ, and him crucified, and I will set the world fire." In the recent issues of this paper may be found story of many a wicked city uplifted through even one two of God's people.

Would God have spared the city for the sake of less t ten, for the sake of Lot's own household only, had Abraha faith continued its plea in persistent prayer? It is a quest we cannot answer; but on the face of the returns, it was God's mercy but Abraham's faith that first gave out. this to be put with the unanswered prayers of the Bible, wh are so profitable for study? Nay, for God answered as as Abraham went in his intercession. At first, the pra seems an example of per tency, but even Abraham, less he had some sign not corded in the story, was quite persistent enough. feared he would displease G by the persistency of his pra though it was due to his l for man and his faith in G But such sympathy for per ing souls in a human hear divine nectar. Of all the gol vials full of odors, which the prayers of saints, such tercessions are the most come spikenard for the feet the Crucified.

* * *

The Greatest Hero of the Year

A prize annually given France to the greatest her each year, was recently gi to a man who rescued th men from a vat filled with de ly odors, into which they someh fallen. ing a r a b o himself by which others mi draw him out, he was lowe and dragged out one, then other, and another, each t at the increasing risk of own life. Thus, to save wins highest earthly appla In heaven, highest honor g to those who show like de tion in saving the immo part of man, to those who g missionaries to malari coasts, or to the islands of cannibals, or into such infl mable ignorance as that of na at a time like this, or into menia, still in peril of T and Kurd; or at home, settl slums, where vice, and dise and crime lurk in every alle

A CARAVAN AT THE PLAIN OF THE JORDAN

III. The time of prayer passed, the time for judgment was at hand. But the wh of Lot's household, mildewed though it was, must be se rated from Sodom's tares before the burning. And so angels hastened to Lot's home and hurried, almost drag him and his family out of the doomed city, from which t were "saved as by fire." "Stay not in all the plain" were angel's orders, reminding us that we are not only to get c away from evil things, since it is dangerous even to lir near them. If we would escape the contamination of Sod we shall avoid not only sinful but also doubtful amuseme These last are the suburbs of Sodom. Let us get into hills. There are amusements enough that are above su cion. Only three of Lot's family escaped—the father two daughters, that sped on, obeying the injunction, "L not behind thee."

IV. The storm of divine wrath was close at hand, caught the wife, whose corrupted heart led her to linger a final look.

The city, filled with torches of an idolatrous illumina seems to have been suddenly shaken by an earthqu which let loose the columns of petroleum and natural that leaped into the air with a furious roar, like a be springing upon its prey, and catching fire from the torc and the lightning set fire also to the inflammable bitur which had been used to cement the very buildings, as if preparation for the hell to which they were doomed by sins of the populace. The fire spread in rivers of petrole to the slime pits that abounded, and fitly pictured the lif the city, thus cutting off escape on every side (Gomor and other cities were sharing the same fate). The volca eruptions of saline mud fell over the fleeing people, as Pompeii, and Lot's lingering wife was thus smothered, in that undecaying atmosphere petrified as the centre c pillar of salt. "Remember Lot's wife," is a call to th women and men who are halting between two opinions, h tating whether they will follow angels or linger with devilish here, and the devils hereafter. Let our eyes t from Sodom to behold "the purest among the mighty, mightiest among the pure."

MRS. W. C. LAWSON, Brooklyn, N. Y. | PAULINE H. LESTER, Albany, N. Y. | MARY WHISH, Albany, N. Y. | TIMBRELL D. ROSE, New York | MISS A. G. KELLY, New York | MRS. G. W. CORRILL, California

YOUNG SUNSHINERS AND THEIR WORK OF LOVE

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word, or a sunny smile,
We go on our daily way.
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the touch of a hand in sympathy
Removes the tear's sad trace.—MARY D. BRINE.

MARY D. BRINE is a Sunshine member, and she has paid her dues into the Sunshine Society by sending to the office her book of poems, entitled *Sunshine*. These books she has given away by the hundreds, and much good cheer has been the result.

"How little it costs" to scatter sunshine! The letters that come to the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD daily prove this. A most beautiful work is being carried on all over the world through the Sunshine Societies, without great cost financially to any one in particular.

. . .

Miss Harriet L. Hendrick, of Middletown, N. Y., pays her dues by offering to pass on a beautiful collection of books. If she will send them to Mrs. Lulu C. Hooper, President of the Suffern, N. Y., Sunshine branch, they will be greatly appreciated. Mrs. Hooper is starting a free circulating library for all Sunshiners in Suffern.

Miss Reba Tompkins, of Medusa, N. Y., answers one of the questions asked by a Sunshine member, by sending in the following Bible facts:

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles; a Sabbath-day's journey was about an English mile; Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet; a cubit was nearly twenty two inches; a handbreadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches; a finger's breadth is equal to about one inch; a shekel of silver was about fifty cents; a shekel of gold was eight dollars; a talent of silver was five hundred and thirty-eight dollars and thirty cents; a talent of gold was thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars; a piece of silver or a penny, was thirteen cents; a farthing was three cents; a mite is less than a quarter of a cent; a gerah was one cent; an ephah or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints; a hin was one gallon and two pints; a firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons; an omer was six pints; a cab was three pints.

. . .

Miss Lucy F. Griffith, of Sacony, Pa., send any choice reading matter to Mr. and Mrs. R. Snell, of Owego, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Snell are both invalids and will be greatly cheered by any Sunshine contribution.

The following quotation is taken from a letter written by Mrs. A. E. Cunningham, of Newburyport, Mass.: "I would like to do something to bring a little sunshine into the life of some unfortunate one. I think it helps us to forget our own troubles when we try to help others. Can one join a circle in some other town from the one in which he lives?"

. . .

Yes, you can join a circle anywhere by signifying your intention to work with that circle. But be sure and have your name enrolled with THE CHRISTIAN HERALD branch, and also at headquarters, 96 Fifth avenue, New York City.

Will Mrs. Cunningham please write to "Aunt Mollie," president of Drake's Branch, Virginia? Aunt Mollie says there are many little children there who need clothing sadly, and if anybody has baby clothes to pass on, Aunt Mollie will see that they are placed where they will bring great comfort.

. . .

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the *Christian Endeavor World*, so kindly offered by Miss Emily S. Wood, of West Brookfield, Mass., would brighten immensely the life of Mrs. Barbour, care of Mrs. Martha Alden, Montague, Mass., if sent to her regularly. Mrs. Barbour is an invalid. Her only enjoyment in life is reading.

All members are asked to send in clippings that have cheered them in any way and made less dreary the weary hours of the sick room.

. . .

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face,
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think he has chosen you for it:
Work loyally.

Gird on your armor! Be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whiche'er it be, never doubting
God's way is best.
Out in the fight or on picket
Stand firm and true;
This is the work that your Master
Gives you to do.

—HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

. . .

Mrs. A. S. Tyler, of North Troy, Maine, offers to write letters to lonely sunshiners, and to send books and papers and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to anyone wanting reading matter. She has secured seven subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and has started a branch in Troy.

Our sunshine reaches all over the continent. From Sioux Falls, South Dakota, comes a letter from Mrs. S. J. Snyder, telling of the good-cheer work they are doing there. The members are looking after the sick. It makes no difference how poor the sunshiners may be, the well ones are never weary in helping the frail. Will Mrs. Snyder, and anybody else who has silk pieces to spare, send them to Mrs. Goodnow, Newry's Corner, Maine. Mrs. Goodnow is a dear old lady, eighty-five years old. She spends her whole time in making silk quilts. Her last one took a premium at a fair.

. . .

Miss Amanda Hurd, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, has started a Cheerful Correspondence Club, and writes letters to the sick who can do little else than read. Please add to your list Miss Grace L. Dyke, of Sebago, Maine.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is being forwarded by Miss Viola G. Daniel, of 207 W. 84th street, New York City, to an invalid friend. This is truly a good way to "pass on" good things. Will she also please write Miss Grace L. Dyke, of Sebago, Maine. Miss Dyke will write a cheery letter for sunshine.

There is Master Latham, of 192 Eastern avenue, New Brunswick, N. J., who craves reading matter and finds it difficult to secure. Mrs. Latham writes that she will be deeply grateful if Miss Sophie G. Gaudland, of South Dennis, N. J., will forward her *Youth's Companion* to her boy. This little boy is a member in good standing. I will ask Miss Annie O. Moll, of Philadelphia, to send her book to Mrs. B. M. Wood, of Thornhill, Orange county, Va. Mrs. Wood has several boys she is trying to educate, and school-books, or any books that will do for boys, are the truest kind of sunshine for this family.

Will Miss Betts, of Brooklyn, please send her school-books to Mrs. B. M. Wood (address given above), and other books and papers to Mrs. Mary Brooks, of Point Farm, Widewater, Virginia.

Miss Phebe Grunhap Fox, of Escondido, California, has formed a large branch in her place and forwarded names for enrollment. This is only one of forty branches in California. Miss Emma P. Allen, of Cheshire county, Conn., would greatly like reading matter or letters. I would very much like to have Miss Nellie Bliss, of Compton, Quebec, send good cheer to Mrs. Allen, and also remember occasionally Mrs. Brooks.

THREE AGED CHRISTIANS

In the sermon in a recent issue of this paper, the preacher said he did not know any one a hundred years old. Since then, several correspondents sent in the pleasant assurance that there are one or two people, a hundred and over, who now THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and several nonagenarians who are its readers. In two instances, portraits accompany the letter. Mrs. G. L. Dunham, Southington, Conn., writes:

Mother Dunham was born July 27, 1800. Her hundredth birthday was celebrated last year when she received 200 calls of congratulation. The photograph I send you was taken five days before her centennial, and shows her sitting in a chair over a hundred years old, under a large maple tree in front of our home. Although now 101 years old, she enjoys good health. She is quite deaf, however. She walks with a cane. Her mind is quite clear. She says she can't remember as well as she could. She has been a member of the Congregational Church here since 1824. She raised four sons, all professing Christians; three are living; Rev. Samuel Dunham, of Binghamton, N. Y., is the youngest. I am the daughter-in-law who has the care of her. We live on a farm in Southington and have been subscribers to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a number of years.

Mr. Melvin Phipps, Clintonville, Pa., says:

I send the photograph of two venerable ladies the total of whose ages, if they live to their next birthday, will be 189 years. They were born in the same neighborhood, attended the same school, and after marriage, became near neighbors on adjoining farms where they have resided for sixty years. Mrs.

MRS. CATHERINE GHOST (95 Years Old) | MRS. SYLVIA L. DUNHAM (101 Years Old) | MRS. ELIZABETH COULTER (92 Years Old)

Catherine S. Ghost, although in her ninety-sixth year retains all her faculties. Her hearing is as good as when she was young and she has never used spectacles. She is the mother of seven children, and has twelve grandchildren and sixteen great grandchildren. Within the last few days she walked two miles (going and returning) to visit a sick neighbor. She has been a consistent member of the M. E. Church here for seventy-five years; and when the weather permits is always in her seat. Elizabeth Baird Coulter was born near Clintonville in 1809. She spent her childhood days on the farm and attended an old log school-house, which had split logs for a floor and slabs for seats. In 1840, she married Dr. John Coulter, who died a few years later, leaving her with three little ones of her own and five step-children to bring up. She undertook to manage the farm and provide for the family, and accomplished this very successfully. She has been a member of the Presbyterian Church here for seventy-five years. Her home has been a model one, and she has raised a model family. For miles around she is affectionately known as "Aunt Betsy Coulter" and any report that she was in failing health would be received with sorrow by the entire community.

The combined ages of this venerable trio is 290 years; since one has been a church member for seventy-seven and each of the other two for seventy-five years, the total of their terms of open acknowledgment of the Master is 227 years. Verily, these aged ones are living witnesses to the blessed healthfulness of a righteous life!

Answers to Prayers

E. F. A., Munnsville, N. Y., writes:
A great sorrow came into our home, but God had heard our prayers and helped us more than we could think.

C. E. S., Louisiana, writes:
God has been so good to me. In a recent answer to prayer, a loved one has been brought through a very dangerous trial.

P. W. H., Columbus, Ga., writes:
I recently was greatly troubled and went to God in prayer. I now believe that my prayer has been answered. I wish to add this testimony, hoping it may strengthen some one's faith in prayer, for I feel the testimonials in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have helped me.

L. O. S., Cascade Locks, Ore., writes:
I was in deep distress over the backsliding of a loved one. It looked like a hopeless case, but I prayed daily, almost hourly, for his restoration, knowing that God alone could help me. And now my answer has come.

E. P., Preston, Idaho, writes:
I do believe in earnest prayer, for the Lord has heard and answered my prayers time after time. This winter, God has answered prayers in behalf of one of my sons. He was converted and joined the Church, and is reading his Bible daily and praying for others who have gone astray.

B. N., New York, writes:
Having read the answers to prayers in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I was encouraged to more earnest prayer, and I wish to thank God for answering my prayer, and not only one prayer has he answered, but a great many, and I know he is an all-wise and loving Father: God hears and answers prayers.

Moody's Old Colleague Called Home

EDGAR W. HAWLEY, EDITOR AND SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKER, AND EARLY ASSOCIATE OF THE GREAT EVANGELIST, DEAD

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON HALLOCK, D.D., Editor "The Christian Work"

IT is with a sense of great bereavement and loss that we record the death of Mr. Edgar W. Hawley, who passed away suddenly last week at his residence in Brooklyn. Mr. Hawley was born at Bridgeport, nearly seventy-one years ago, on the second day of September, 1830. His father's name was Bronson and his mother's maiden name Rebecca Burr. He was converted at about seventeen years of age at his old home, and soon afterwards left for the West, where he became an active co-worker with Mr. Dwight L. Moody, during his early life in Chicago. When Mr. Moody was the president of the Young Men's Christian Association in that city, Mr. Hawley was its secretary, and a more intimate and loving companionship than that which existed forty years ago between these two young Christian workers is seldom to be found. The two men were almost constantly together during Mr. Moody's active work along those early years in Chicago; but the tie of comradeship and active interest thus formed was never broken or interrupted. Mr. Hawley often spent his Summer outings with Mr. Moody at Northfield, and assisted him in his religious work there; and this continued until Moody's death.

Not only as an evangelist, but still more widely as an efficient Sunday School worker, Mr. Hawley was favorably known. During the past seventeen years he has been an active and influential member of the Executive Committee of The New York State Sunday School Association. He was accustomed to attend all the conventions of that body, and as the Superintendent of its field work, his counsel was greatly respected and sought after. He was an early advocate of what is known as the Home Department, which has grown to a large membership in Brooklyn and in different cities throughout the State. The membership of this department is made up of those whose age and infirmity prevent them from attending Sunday School, together with such as are shut in because of illness. A regular system of studying the lesson is provided, and a systematic plan of visitation is carried out. In this work, Mr. Hawley was necessarily away from home a large part of the time, as Superintendent of field work of the New York State Sunday School Association, and it was while on duty in this work in Staten Island, during the terrible hot weather lately, that the heat affected him and he was made ill. As showing how suddenly and unexpectedly his death occurred, we may mention that a written message was received by the writer on the day of his death, written only twenty-four hours previous, in which he said he was not feeling very well, but intimated that he expected to be out in a day or two.

Mr. Hawley was for many years a deacon in the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. At the time of Mr. Moody's death, he was invited by his pastor, Rev. Dr. A. J. F. Behrends, to deliver an address from his pulpit upon Mr. Moody and his work, and for an hour he held the large audience of the Central Church spellbound, relating his personal experiences with that noted evangelist. At the time of the memorial services for Dr. Behrends, Mr. Hawley also made a touching address, in which he spoke with great feeling of the severe loss he had personally sustained by the death of his beloved pastor, the great preacher. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who succeeded Dr. Behrends, found in Mr. Hawley one of his most efficient workers.

It was in connection with his work with this church that Mr. Hawley organized the Bethesda Sunday School Mission. This was about seventeen years ago, and the Mission was under the immediate care and supervision of the Central Church. Until within two or three years, Mr. Hawley remained the Superintendent of this Mission, and the Bethesda Sunday School greatly prospered in numbers and spirituality, and at length became an independent church. It is at present under the care of Rev. Charles Herald, and up to the time of his death Mr. Hawley continued to manifest the liveliest interest in its welfare. In the Sunday School work Mr. Hawley's field of operation was a very large one. Nearly three thousand teachers and a total of between twenty-three and twenty-four thousand pupils were directly under the New York State Sunday School Association, of which Mr. Hawley, as Field Superintendent, had charge, and he never spared himself in caring for them. His services were in constant demand, and there were many times when his strength was unduly taxed. But he loved the work of his Master and gave himself unreservedly to it. He never aimed at eloquence, but his addresses were always full of incidents and practical illustrations, which brought out prominently and impressively the grand old truths of the Gospel and the story of the Saviour's love. He never lost sight of the fact that he was a servant of Jesus Christ and endowed by him with those peculiar gifts and Christian graces which give success to His sincere followers. His long connection with Mr. Moody furnished him with an inexhaustible source of anecdote and illustration in that direction, and was often the means of fixing the attention of both teachers and scholars upon the grand, fundamental truths which Mr. Moody so eloquently and effectually set forth.

EDGAR W. HAWLEY

It may not be out of place to relate here a single one of these incidents as Mr. Hawley used to tell it. The Committee of the Sunday School Convention for Bureau County, Ill., had on one occasion written to the brethren in Chicago for speakers, and it was arranged that a number of them should go down and help make the Convention interesting. It was therefore advertised that several distinguished speakers from Chicago would be on hand, and Mr. Moody and his friend, Hawley, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., set out as two of the lesser lights in the Chicago constellation. Great things were expected from the Chicago men, and an entire afternoon of the greatest day of the meeting had been set apart especially to hear them. None of them materialized, however, except Mr. Moody and his young friend, and Mr. Hawley says: "If ever two poor fellows were frightened, it was Moody and I!"

About two o'clock on a cold March morning they reached the city of Princeton, where the Convention was held, and then they learned what was expected of them. It was too early to sit up and too late to go to bed, and so, shivering with cold and trembling under the load of responsibility thus suddenly laid upon them, they took a room, not for sleep, but for prayer. During the rest of the night they asked God for power and guidance, and in the morning, Mr. Hawley says: "Both of us felt that our prayers were being answered and the smile of heaven warmed and gladdened our souls." And so, trembling, but still relying upon the divine help they had so earnestly asked, they started for the large church. As they neared the church Mr. Moody's spirits began to rise, and seeing a large public schoolroom near by, he at once engaged it for the afternoon.

"What do you want that for?" asked Mr. Hawley.

"I want it for inquiry meetings after we get through," was Mr. Moody's reply.

Mr. Moody told Hawley to speak first, while he prayed for him: they were then to change places, and Moody was to speak, while Hawley prayed. Neither had a clear idea of what they were to say, but their hearts were full, and they trusted the Master to fill their mouths and went ahead.

After Mr. Hawley had spoken for about twenty or twenty-five minutes, Mr. Moody came up and took his place. Soon he had the entire audience in tears. Mr. Hawley said he spoke like one inspired, and after an address of three quarters of an hour, which he poured forth with a vehemence and earnestness that seemed almost like a wild mountain torrent, and during which he never hesitated a moment for a word, Mr. Moody called for those who wanted to find their Saviour to come over with him at once into the public schoolroom which he had engaged. Great numbers of inquirers accepted his invitation, and this was the beginning of that widespread revival in Bureau County, which was long remembered as a special outpouring of the Spirit, and which was really the beginning of the new life for Moody.

At one time Mr. Hawley was the publisher of *The Christian at Work*, succeeding General Horatio C. King, away back in the seventies. His connection with this paper was continued until his death, and he was greatly beloved by all of the employees. Until a year or two ago, he was responsible for the publishing of the four Sunday School papers connected with *The Christian Work*, namely, *Good Words*, *Good Cheer*, *My Paper* and *Rays of Light;* but his duties as Field Superintendent of the New York State Sunday School Association led him to relinquish the charge of these papers, and they were absorbed by *The Christian Work*.

The funeral services were held in the chapel of the Central Congregational Church last week, on Thursday evening, and a service was also held at his old home where he was born, corner Main and Franklin streets in Bridgeport, Conn. Both of these services were conducted by Rev. Willard P. Harmon, assisted by Rev. Dr. Frank Russell, of Bridgeport, and others. The Interment took place on Friday last, when all that was mortal was laid to rest in the presence of a large circle of sorrowing friends, in the beautiful cemetery of his own native city.

And now, with a suddenness almost as startling as the appearance of a chariot of fire, our friend and Christian brother has gone from our midst. God has bidden his faithful servant "Come up higher!" He has entered upon that rest which remaineth for all the people of God. And his works do follow him.

Have we Walked in the Garden?

HAVE we walked in the garden with Jesus,
His anguish and grief have we known,
When friends and disciples forsook him
And he walked in the garden alone?

Have we drunk of the cup that was bitter,
Have we uttered that heart-broken cry,
"Thy will, be it done—O my Father,"
Though we'd fain pass the bitter cup by?

Have we stood calm and firm, never flinching,
Has our faith never wavered nor died;
Hath Gethsemane made our souls braver—
Like him, can we be crucified?

If so, then blest be life's anguish,
All struggles and burdens we meet.
Thrice blest be our lives if we conquer
And never acknowledge defeat.

For the soul is great, but as it rises
Undismayed by the chastening rod,
Unfurl, then, the flag of the victors,
Let us live, crying, "Heroes for God!"

—CAROLYN HOWARD.

SURE TO ASK.

The Kind of Coffee When Postum is W Made.

"Three great coffee drinkers were my school friend and her two daughters.

They are always complaining and tak medicine. I determined to give them Post Food Coffee instead of coffee when t visited me, so without saying anything them about it, I made a big pot of Post the first morning, using four heaping teaspo to the pint of water and let it boil twe minutes, stirring down occasionally.

Before the meal was half over, each passed up the cup to be refilled, remark how fine the coffee was. The mother as for a third cup and inquired as to the br of coffee I used. I didn't answer her ques just then, for I had heard her say a w before that she didn't like Postum F Coffee unless it was more than half old-f ioned coffee.

After breakfast I told her that the co she liked so well at breakfast was pure Post Food Coffee, and the reason she liked it because it was properly made, that is, it boiled long enough to bring out the flavor have been brought up from a nervous, wre ed invalid, to a fine condition of phys health by leaving off coffee and using Pos Food Coffee.

I am doing all I can to help the world of coffee slavery, to Postum freedom, have earned the gratitude of many, m friends." Myra J. Tuller, 1023 Troost A Kansas City, Mo.

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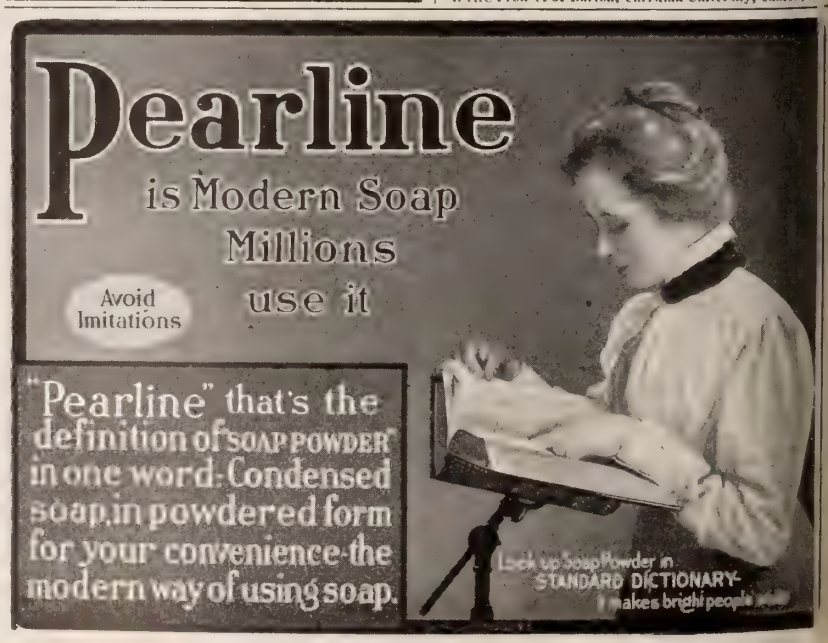

GAVE HIS HEART AS A CHILD

How Rev. F. B. Meyer, the Well-known English Preacher and Evangelist Became a Christian

...BY...
REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, of Brighton, in one of the most splendid of those wonderful sermo fragments, which has been saved fro the ministry of that remarkable man, dis sses with rare spiritual insight the exp ience of those souls that are born int Christian families, and are so guarded and aught with spiritual fidelity and wisdor that from their earliest remembrance the spiritual life is as natural to them as e physical atmosphere they breathe. Ro rtson says that we are likely to misunderstand such people, for we are accustomed only to count the shocks in our journey; and if there has been no sudden conversion, no impetuous and tumultuous

REV. F. B. MEYER

feeling of reconciliation, you may speak to sh men of what are called "religious experiences," but they have very little account to give you. And this is the history sometimes of those who have been nurtured in religious families. They have imbibed the atmosphere of religion without knowing it; and so they go on loving God quietly, unostentatiously, doing simple duties happily, without speaking of them until duty has become a habit and religion has become the very element of life.

. . .

I have met many, during my ministry, who were confused at hearing the testimony of those who had been snatched as "brands from the burning" late in life, and were sometimes cast down because they had never known the rapturous joy experienced by the returning prodigal. I think it is well for us to lay emphasis often than we do, upon this great truth which Robertson emphasizes, that serenity and pure-heartedness are the kind of character that has most of heaven. It is better than religious rapture. The rapture that comes from pardoned guilt is like the fire-rocket that streams and blazes through the black sky, making everything brilliant for a moment, and forcing men to look at it; the peace of one who has lived near to God is like the quiet, steady lustre of the lighthouse lamp; startling no one, very easily mistaken for a common light, but never quenched; ever to be found when wanted; casting the same mild ray through the long night, across the maddest billows that curl their crests around the rock on which it stands. That is the kind of peace enjoyed by the soul that is born into the kingdom by inheritance, and grows to the love of God in its very babyhood, as the flowers in the springtime open to the gentle showers and the warm breeze and the kiss of the sun.

I have laid such emphasis on this, because is not often that I have so conspicuous an example to illustrate a statement with, as I have in this case.

By common consent the Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, stands in the very forefront of the great spiritual leaders of our day. There have been other men who have been more widely used of God in attracting the multitude of the unconverted, and in calling sinners to repentance; but I doubt if any man in a generation has been a greater blessing to the Church itself. All who hear Mr. Meyer, or who read his books, feel that he is an earnest devoted personality, owned and blessed by the Holy Ghost. No one can look in his face, and listen to his message, without feeling that it is a message from God. He has been on the Mount with the Lord, has beheld the transfigured glory, and has come down to the common struggles of men's lives with the strength, and the spiritual insight, which came to him on the Mount of Transfiguration.

For the comfort of Christian fathers and mothers, who have a longing to so dedicate their children to God, and to so guard them by their own consecrated lives, that they shall "Sow no wild oats," never know the defilement of sin, but grow up from their childhood as the children of God, I want to give you this very beautiful window into the heart and career of one of the most spiritual and most useful of all the ambassadors of Jesus Christ living to-day. Here is Mr. Meyer's answer, in his own words, to the query, "How did you find Christ?"

"CHRIST CHURCH,
Westminster Road. S. E.

"*My dear sir:*—

I do not remember when first I became a Christian. The love of God came over me, as the dawn over a summer sky; and it was only in after years that I realized what God had done for me in those early days.

My mother and father were godly people. They expected me to be a Christian, and at my mother's knee I said my morning and evening prayers. It is to their prayer and faith and unremitting care, that I owe everything.

With warm regards,
Very sincerely,
F. B. MEYER."

THE PRAYER OF FAITH

The Prepared Servant of God Interceding for the Sinful and Corrupt City

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

BEFORE Abraham could stand with God for others, he must pass his own examinations in God's school. It was not enough that he should learn obedience to the call of God when he appeared to him in Ur of the Chaldees; he might have prided himself upon his heroic self-denial in leaving home and country, and have become great in his own eyes. He must also learn his own weakness, and learn to be ashamed, through his experience in Egypt. He must know that the greatness of God's grace towards him, in his promises when Lot left him, and also after his rescue of Lot and the king of Sodom, was wholly unmerited; for the temptation which Sarai presented to him (Gen. 16), found him still capable of distrusting God. "The father of them that believe" must learn, as all his children after him, the lesson of habitual confidence in God. It takes time, and often repeated failure, before we learn the lesson of trusting everything out of our own hands into the hands of God.

Abraham had believed when everything had looked most impossible; now God could treat him as a friend, and open his heart to him about the crying sin of Sodom. God told Abraham how the cry of the wicked cities had come unto him, and how he would go down and see whether they had done "according to the cry of it," which had come up to him. It was an awful moment for Abraham. His nephew Lot had chosen his habitation "toward Sodom." Once he had been rescued from the danger in which he had been involved with the king of Sodom, but business was too good in these haunts of wickedness for so keen a man of business as Lot was to forsake the place; and though "he vexed his righteous soul from day to day" with the unspeakable wickedness which surrounded him (II. Pet. 2: 7, 8), yet he could not make up his mind to give up his position and his business, and to become a stranger upon earth, as his uncle had done.

Two of the men who had appeared to Abraham had risen up and were gone on their mission of judgment toward Sodom; but "Abraham stood yet before the Lord." It is such as have learned the secret to stand before the Lord, seeing, hearing all, in relation to him, that he can trust to be intercessors for others, and to prevail. Abraham could see the messengers depart, and yet begin to intercede for Sodom. Every moment saw them nearing the doomed city; but Abraham did not take for granted that all was lost. Yet he did not see as God saw; he thought there might possibly be in that wicked city "fifty righteous," and if so, would not God spare the city for the sake of the fifty righteous? He asked the question where alone it could be answered, and God replied that if he should find there fifty righteous he would spare the city for their sake. Abraham's prayer ended with the words, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" and this portion of his prayer was answered. God did right. Abraham renewed his petition, lessening by five the number of the supposed righteous, the supposed fruit of Lot's influence there, and still he did not prevail: forty-five righteous were not to be found there. Then thirty, then twenty, then ten.

Abraham knew how far he might go. While he prayed, the terrible state of the city was revealed to him by the answers he received from God. One who knows God will never willingly pray a prayer which is not a prayer of faith. One who is acquainted with the holiness, the perfect wisdom, and the unfailing faithfulness of God, cannot try experiments with him. He would shrink from the irreverence which admits of making requests to the Most High for something in which he neither consults the interests, nor the revealed will of God, but only his own desires. A man who knows God first considers whether his request is to the glory of his God, whether it can fulfil his revealed will; and whether, therefore, he can quietly, but surely, claim the answer (I. John 5: 14, 15). It is a God-dishonoring way of praying, when a child of God tries to get his own will by praying for what he wishes, and then adds the words, "If it be thy will," without taking the trouble to ascertain what the will of God really is.

Abraham knew how far he might go. There is a kind of holy check put upon our prayers when we are fully in the will of God, and are asking something in which his will is not yet revealed. God heard Abraham; his prayer was not in vain, and yet Sodom must be destroyed; this hotbed of sin must no longer defile the earth. But all that could be saved out of Sodom was saved. When the two angels came to the doomed city, they first warned Lot, and laid hands on him and all his family who were willing to escape. There was a deep meaning in the words, the message of God brought to him by the angels, "Haste thee; escape thither [into Zoar]; for I cannot do anything till thou come thither." "I cannot!" and God is the Speaker! I cannot go against a prayer of faith.

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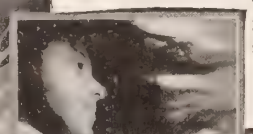

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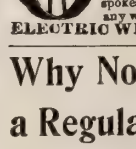

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

Special Photographed for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LEADERS OF A HOST WHO WORSHIP BY THE SEA

SEE PAGE 695

Bishop J. N. FitzGerald (centre). Rev. C. H. Yatman (left). Prof. Tali E. Morgan (right). Crowds going to service in the great Auditorium at Ocean Grove, N. J.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Sept. 11

1. An active Christian worker in Wyoming, writes: "There are two wives of saloon-keepers and a young drug store clerk (who tends a bar in the rear of the drug store), who are being considered as candidates for our C. E. Society. Is it right to accept such people as associate members and to endeavor to surround them with better influences, or should our society decline them as liable to give the work a bad name? What are we working for if not to help sinners, and in what better way can we do this than by bringing them in? I am President of our C. E. Society. Please advise me." We ask our readers to state what course the President should adopt in this case.

2. What is the meaning or interpretation symbolical, historical, allegorical or otherwise, of the pyramid and the eagle on the great seal of the United States?

3. Should a husband point out her faults to his wife?

4. What should be done with the member of the church who by his inconsistencies keeps others out?

5. What verb is used in the Bible in relation to Divine wrath, the Holy Spirit, love, life and temptation? Name the passages in which it is used?

Questions of the Week

1. A rich, childless wife, would love to adopt a little one, but distrusts her own capacity to train it. She could give it love, and even indulgence, but dreads what might prove an unwise experiment. Or she might train it by proxy, but she would then miss the love that comes from personal contact. What should she do?

I think if this woman would take some little orphan children and bring them up, as there are so many orphan children that need a home like this, that the world would be the gainer for it. If she distrusts her own capacity to train them, she certainly is the woman to train children, rather than a woman that thinks she is doing right in everything in training a child, for she is one that will think before she acts. I would like to have her try two, as there is not so much possibility of her spoiling two as there is one in a place of wealth and indulgence. There are so many who would appreciate a home like this, that she would have a return of their love and respect, and if she will ask God to help her train these children and to put a love for God into their hearts, she will be helping the next generation on to a more perfect Christian world. "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways." Prov. 23: 26.

NORA BACON.

. . .

Certainly, adopt the child, or by all means take one into your home as a little friend and visitor; thus by personal contact ascertain if the child be congenial and interesting to you. A temperament that suits your friend may not perchance suit you, and *vice versa*, but in a world filled with lonely-hearted children, surely you can find one whose life may be made useful by your gift of mother-love? I would not put so much stress upon the final outcome; just begin to-day with your care and mothering and thoughtful interest in all that pertains to the little one's life, to-morrow the same, and so on to the time when the child has become a man or woman. When perchance they may not measure up to your standard of right living, think what they might have been without your watchful care and love, and be glad in your heart that you have done what you could. If every childless home would take into its sheltering fold a homeless child, the experiment could not prove an unwise one. If you have in your mind an individual case that was not a satisfactory one, banish it, and dwell in thought upon the many lonely hearts to cherish as the days are going by, and believing the promise is yours: "For as much as ye have done it unto one of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me."

MRS. ISABEL CARPENTER.

. . .

It may be, and very likely is, her mission—the special work God has assigned her—to train up this young immortal. Let her take it to her heart, and do her part with joy and gladness, never doubting that the blessing will follow. Companionship with the pure soul of a child is what keeps the heart fresh and sweet to the end of life. Without such contact, we miss that rejuvenation which comes like a second youth to those who are surrounded by little ones whom they love. It keeps the heart-springs fresh, banishes selfishness, and fills life with pure enjoyment to the very close. To "see our children's children" is one of the richest blessings we can experience in this world. On the other hand, the childless and lonely one misses more than half the delight of living. The affections, only occasionally stirred by older companionships, at last turn back on themselves, the fountains of the heart grow dry, and existence becomes barren and monotonous—such at least is the experience in many childless homes. Take the child, train it, love it, lead it in pure, spiritual paths, and leave the rest with the great Father, whose children we all are, and he will crown your loving labor with joy and blessing.

MARIA AYLMER.

. . .

Come to me, oh, ye children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex me
Have vanished quite away.

Take the child to her home and her heart, trusting to our heavenly Father for the outcome. Asking him daily, yea hourly, for help and wisdom to train the child aright. If she should fail in making a good man or woman of the child, she would do no worse than thousands of parents do by their own children. And there is the comforting promise that if we train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. Should she take the child she would reap a rich blessing from its daily companionship, and the knowledge that she is doing this work for the Master. I believe if I had the means to care for them, that there is nothing I would rather do than to fill my home with children and try to save them for our blessed Lord.

What were the world without children?
Only a dreary waste;
With the dreaded desert before us,
Worse than the one we have passed.

MRS. M. E. CRAVATH.

Answers urging the adoption of the child have also been received from: Ellae Jaye, Alice Manahan, Joseph Ashworth, E. E. Bieghler, Mary Brokaw, F. J. Hurd, Ida Effinger, Florence Montgomery, Sallie Gass, Mary C. Lee, Amelia Bradford, J. G. Osborne, Ruth E. Barber, Flora V. Stow, Walter W. Hubbard, C. T. Gritman, E. L. Sherrard, M. R. D. Dingwall, J. Flomerfelt, K. B. Norden, B. F. Whittemore, W. Holton, R. W. Drake, C. P. Atkinson, E. Jackson-Biggerstaff, Thos. Alphram, Joseph Hamilton, C. H. Schnepel, R. T. Edwards, Frances E. Lane, E. H. Watson, G. H. Rogers, S. T. Giggs, E. J. Patterson, L. B. White, L. T. Rightsell, J. W. Hamner, C. Richards, D. C. Chapman.

2. Who made, and who wore the first artificial limb on record, and what were the circumstances connected with it?

We are told by Herodotus of a prisoner who, to escape from his shackles, cut off his foot. He reached his friends, who provided him with a wooden substitute. M. Sergius, the great-grandfather of Catiline, and who was consul 167 B.C., lost his right hand and received many wounds, so that neither his left hand nor his feet were very serviceable. Yet he fought in four battles with his left hand only. Then he made himself an iron hand, and, fighting with it fastened on, was helpful in raising the siege of Cremona, in defending Placentia and in storming twelve camps in Gaul during the second Punic war. What is known as the "Roman artificial leg" was discovered in a tomb at Capua with other relics, dating from 300 B.C. This relic, it is said, accurately represents the form of a leg, and is made of bronze plates over a wooden core. The artificial hand of the German knight, "Gotz of the Iron Hand," was made by a mechanic of Nuremburg in 1504. It weighed three pounds, and could grasp a sword or lance. Thomas Johnson, in 1605, translated Pare's *Œuvres de Chirurgie*, and described how artificial limbs of all kinds could be made. Till the beginning of the last century, that work was recognized as the best on the subject.

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3. What is the origin, as far as known, of the custom of tarring and feathering an offender?

According to Chambers' Encyclopœdia, the use of tar or pitch for tarring and feathering obnoxious persons, is of very ancient origin, dating apparently from the times of the Crusades. According to Rymer's *Foedera* and Hakluyt's *Voyages*, King Richard I. enacted for the royal navy that a thief or felon, "lawfully convicted, shall haue his head shorne and boyling pitch poured vpon his head, and feathers or downe, strawed upon the same, whereby he may be knowen." Whittier, in his poem, "Skipper Ireson's Ride," tells us how the women of Marblehead shouted and sang, "Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrd horrt, torr'd an' futherr'd an corr'd in a corrt." But the tarring without the feathering is much more ancient than the Crusades. It is well known that Nero, with the most perverse ingenuity, devised the most horrible modes of punishment of the early Christians, and covered them with pitch and used them as torches, to light up his gardens at night during a festival, the shrieks of the burning men and women being regarded as increasing the diversions of the evening.

J. B. J.

4. When a young man is converted while living in a boarding-house full of worldly people, should he seek a new home among godly people, or should he stay, in the hope of influencing his former associates by his words and example?

By remaining where he is he will have greater opportunities for usefulness as a Christian. His life, if it be consistent, will have its influence for good on those around him, though he may not be able to discern it. While he may have to stand much ridiculing at the start, and many temptations may be laid in his way, if he remains firm he will soon gain their respect and admiration, and their ridiculing will cease. These trials will tend greatly to develop his spiritual life; he must, however, be careful to travel only in company of Christian people, so as to fortify himself to withstand the temptations with which he must surely battle, whether in a boarding house or private family. While it might appear to be more advantageous to be in a family with a religious family, after awhile he would be able to get a feeling of security, owing to which not having to keep that sharp watch against temptation he would have to in the boarding house, and thus become more susceptible to the wiles of the Evil One. Even in a religious family he might come into contact with temptation, which, being all the more unexpected, might more quickly draw him away from a better life. In the boarding house, knowing that every eye is watching him, he will be more on his guard, and strive more earnestly to fashion his life after the pattern of the Master's. Without doubt the boarding house will prove the better school.

L. N[illegible]s.

5. Is children's day, as usually observed, a benefit to the Church?

Children's day is of real and permanent benefit to the Church when it is so observed as to impart instruction with reference to the Sunday School features of Church extension work, and the part which the Sunday School, and especially the children, may take in developing the missionary idea and cultivating the graces and beauties of Christian character. As it is "usually observed" in many churches, this is accomplished, and so the essential benefit for the present and the future will be realized by the Church. But when "usually observed" by some churches, with a great deal of display, fancy dressing, amateur theatricals and ostentatious exhibition of the decorator's art—this is not done—no positive spiritual injury to the children, and so to the Church ultimately, is accomplished.

B. F. WHITTEN[illegible]E.

Miscellaneous Questions

C. W. Cumberland, Md. 1. Why do they vote in Washington, D. C.? 2. How did the Goddess of Liberty originate? 3. The title "E pluribus unum"?

1. Because Washington, as our National Capital, belongs not to the people who may happen to be living there, but to the Nation, and it is dealt with strictly as a Federal possession under the authority of the President and Congress. The President appoints a commission consisting of three members, who, after the approval of the Senate, are empowered to manage the affairs of the District. 2. In ancient mythology, almost all pagan peoples have had a god or goddess of liberty. As used in modern heraldry, the figure is purely symbolical and has no religious significance, of course. 3. *E pluribus unum*, has a place on our coins because it is our national motto. The meaning is: "Out of many one."

Mrs. S. B., Little Rock, Ark. At what date did Paul visit Rome, and how long did he stay there?

According to the best available information, the shipwreck occurred in the year 58, and late in the autumn of that year he reached Rome as a prisoner. The length of his stay is uncertain. Acts 28: 30, says two years, and the author probably knew. From events, he knew as much about it as we do. It is probable that he was then set at liberty, and made another preaching tour farther west than before. He was afterward again seized and taken back to Rome. How long elapsed between his second arrival and his execution there no one knows.

The "Industrial Edition" of *The State*, published at Columbia, S.C., is a mammoth issue, finely illustrated, and representative of the highest sense of the prosperity of South Carolina and the South generally.

With reference to a recent inquiry, Thos. Cook & Son, the well known tourist agency, write to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the railroads now in operation at the present time in Palestine and Syria, are those from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and from Beyrout to Damascus, while a railroad is now being constructed between Damascus and Jerusalem.

Minnie F., Elm Grove, Ky. We never discuss politics in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Henry S., Akron, O. If the perjury can be proved, it is punishable, of course. We do not see that the Church has jurisdiction in the matter however.

Baptist, Plainfield, N. H. 1. We cannot understand how hypnotism could be used in connection with Christian work; the idea seems absurd. Certainly not. To argue that if you did not give them liquor, somebody else would, is sophistry and no justification at all.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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Worshiping by the Seashore

THE GREAT CAMP-MEETING WHICH OPENS THIS WEEK AT OCEAN GROVE

IT is doubtful whether a more unique and enlivening spectacle could be witnessed in any part of the globe than that which is presented at Ocean Grove, on the New Jersey coast, this week. This quaint little town, with a normal population of only a few thousand souls, assumes a size and importance, as summer advances, until its teeming population alone would fairly entitle it to rank with cities of considerable magnitude. From all parts of the Union people flock thither, representing almost every denomination of the Protestant faith, for Ocean Grove is truly cosmopolitan in this respect. Among the occupants of cottages, boarding houses, hotels, and even among its long rows of white tents, gleaming like snow in the bright sunshine, one can find followers of almost every creed known to Christendom, all enjoying the rest, recreation, and recuperation the place affords, and a great majority of them attending the religious services with apparently equal zest and spiritual profit.

It it is as the Mecca of American Methodism that the Grove is chiefly known. Of the great multitude now assembled there—it is believed that they may number anywhere between 50,000 and 65,000 — Methodists are largely in the majority. Bishops, pastors of all degrees, evangelists, class leaders, and laymen active in religious work are everywhere in evidence. The General in command of this great army of workers and worshipers by the seashore is Bishop J. N. FitzGerald, D.D., LL.D., who acts in a dual capacity,—being President of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, having charge of the temporal interests of the people as well as their spiritual leader. He is probably the busiest man on the grounds, and is constantly in request, either to preside at some meeting or for advisement concerning some of the thousand-and-one problems that arise in the course of the work. He meets and greets all visitors of importance, is courtly, gentle and affable, accessible to and respected and beloved by all.

Among those who are also recognized as leaders in the spiritual work at Ocean Grove, are the Rev. C. H. Yatman, the well-known evangelist; Dr. Hanlon, whose Bible class is of national fame; the Rev. A. E. Ballard, D.D., Vice-President of the Association, and Prof. Tali Esson Morgan, the most successful and popular musical director who has ever led choir or orchestra in the Auditorium. There are many others, including several talented Christian women, who take a prominent part in the camp meeting and general religious work during the summer. Leading pastors of various denominations from a number of States, assist in the work during the season. Indeed, the entire machinery is so admirably regulated, and the various departments so well officered, that the Grove might be taken as a model for religious assemblages the world over.

This week the Annual Camp-Meeting opens, the first service taking place in the Auditorium on Saturday evening next. It is expected that the population of the little seaside city will be immensely increased while the meeting lasts. Row after row of new tents has arisen in cool, picturesque places, and Pilgrim Pathway, and indeed all the thoroughfares leading to the big Auditorium, are crowded with worshipers.

Music is this year more than ever before a potent attraction at the Grove. Under Professor Morgan's skilled leadership, a new impetus has been given to the higher class of sacred music, which must make itself widely felt in congregational singing. His grand chorus of hundreds of trained voices and his large orchestra have been a real revelation to the music-lovers who were accustomed to the old-time methods. Never has praise ascended from the old camp ground in such volume of sweet sounds. The programme for the Camp-Meeting, stated briefly, is as follows:

On August 17, there will be a Prayer Service in the Auditorium from 10.30 to 11.30 A.M., when the great building will be crowded to its utmost capacity by a vast audience. From 3 o'clock to 4 o'clock P.M., a Workers' Consecration Meeting will be held in the Tabernacle. At 7.45 P.M., the ordinance of the Lord's Supper will be observed in the Auditorium, Bishop FitzGerald presiding.

On August 18 (the opening Sabbath of the Camp-Meeting), the Rev. Courtland Myers, pastor of the Baptist Memorial Temple, Brooklyn, will preach at 10.30 o'clock A.M., and in the evening, at 7.30 o'clock P.M.; Bible Class in the Auditorium, the Rev. John Hanlon, D.D., *Leader;* Sunday School, held in the Temple, George W. Evans, *Leader;* Sunday School

(Continued on next page)

Special Photograph for The Christian Herald

A SONG SERVICE IN THE GREAT AUDITORIUM AT OCEAN GROVE, N. J.

THE GOSPEL IN A NOTORIOUS DIVE

The Haymarket, in New York's Tenderloin, E[does] the Sound of Gospel Invitation and Singing [of]

A STRANGE spectacle was witnessed in New York on Sunday, July 28. It was a religious service in the old Haymarket, on Sixth avenue, a resort which has been a scandal to the city for many a year. Time and again the hall has been raided. At times it has been closed for weeks together, by the efforts of reformers, but it has blossomed out again in its old character, and is still being used as a meeting-place by vicious people of both sexes. The building will hold about a thousand persons. A piano occupies a place on the stage and occasionally there is a band for gala occasions. As in other places in the neighborhood, there is no open incitement to evil, save in the sale of intoxicants, which is always a fruitful source of wickedness of all kinds, but it has become notorious by reason of the character of the persons who have made it their nightly resort.

It was in this building that the religious service was held on July 28. Mr. Joseph Jones, who has been holding services every night in the Cremorne Mission, which was established by Jerry McAuley, knows the neighborhood thoroughly, and had seen the crowds passing in and out of the Haymarket at all hours. They were the kind of people whom he is trying to save, and it occurred to him that as the Haymarket is now closed on a Sunday, the people who throng it every other night in the week could perhaps be induced to come on the Sunday night. Application was made to "Ed" Corey, the proprietor of the Hall, for permission to hold a Gospel service there on Sunday night, and he referred the applicant to Police Commissioner Devery. Mr. Devery heartily approved of the

GOSPEL SERVICES IN THE NOTORIOUS HAYMARKET, NEW YORK CITY

project, and promised to see C[orey]. The way being thus smoo[thed], Mr. Corey offered the hall [free], and promised that there shou[ld be] lights and every facility fo[r the] service. The preachers, he [said], might occupy the place every [Sun]day night for one or two mo[nths].

It was a genuine surprise [to the] habitues of the place to s[ee it] lighted up on a Sunday nigh[t. It] had been understood that o[n that] night, in deference to public [opin]ion and the Committee on [Prog]ress, the doors would be closed. [Many] of them went in and were [aston]ished to see the transform[ation]. Chairs had been collected an[d put] in the space usually left cle[ar for] dancing, and on the stage, i[nstead] of the regular occupants, w[ith an] earnest preacher proclaimi[ng the] Gospel message. There [was] music, as usual; but in pla[ce of] "ragtime" there were the [sweet] strains of a Gospel hymn, [which] must have recalled to man[y the] pure memories of homes de[stroyed] and loved voices now silent [in the] grave. Most of the seats [were] occupied by people attracte[d by] curiosity, or by the hope o[f sup]porting and encouraging the [effort]. Mr. Jones, however, addresse[d the] crowd, stating what it was [hoped] to accomplish, and Major G[eorge] H. Hilton and Mr. Smith, [of the] Y. M. C. A., spoke earnes[tly of] God's readiness to forgiv[e the] sinner. The audience lis[tened] attentively, and the meeting [closed] with an earnest prayer for [God's] blessing on the effort. It is [hoped] that now a beginning has [been] made, it will be possible t[o get] some of the women who t[ook] the hall on week evenings [to] attend on Sunday nights, a[nd] plead with them the claim [of] him who said to the woman [taken] in sin, "Go and sin no more.

Worshiping by the Seashore

Continued from Preceding Page

Primary, held in the Tabernacle at 2.30 P.M., Mrs. W. H. Skirm, *Leader;* Beach-Meeting at foot of Ocean Pathway, 6 o'clock P. M.

On August 19, regular Camp-Meeting services will begin. These will continue every day until Sept. 2, the names of the preachers to be announced daily in advance of the services.

On Sunday, August 25, the Rev. Joseph Smith, D.D., will preach. Jack and Hayden Cooke, of England, will assist during ten days of the meeting. Rev. Dr. Smith will lead the services during the last ten days.

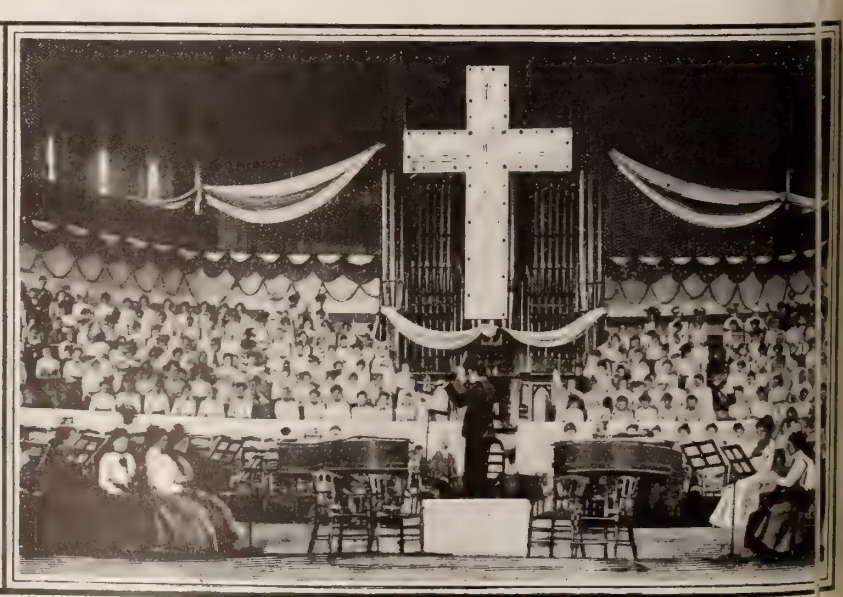
On Sunday, Sept. 1, at 9 A. M., the Annual Camp-Meeting Love Feast will take place, when addresses will be made by a number of eminent speakers. This is always a season of rejoicing and spiritual refreshing.

During the entire Camp-Meeting, from Aug. 17 to Sept. 2, when it closes, these meetings and services will be held: Sunrise Services in the Tabernacle (5.45 to 6 A.M.), Family Prayer in the Auditorium (6.45 to 7 A.M.); Helping Hand Fellowship Meetings in Thornley Chapel, Rev. Wm. Franklin, *Leader* (9 A.M.); Holiness Meeting in the Tabernacle (9 A.M.); Young People's Meeting in the Temple, Rev. C. H. Yatman, *Leader* (9 A.M.); Children's Consecration Meeting in the Temple, Mrs. Carrie Thompson, *Leader; Associate Leader*, Samuel Thompson, Superintendent of State Junior Leagues (3.30 P.M.), Twilight Meeting in the Temple, Rev. C. H. Yatman, *Leader* (6 P.M.).

There are numerous social attractions at the Grove, in addition to its religious life, and these lend a variety to the experiences of the "dwellers by the sea." Patriotic days are never overlooked and all such occcasions are fitly celebrated. Then there are still other features, more particularly connected with the work of the King's Daughters, the W. C. T. U., the Summer Schoo[l Ex]cursions, Floral Day, Tree Planting Day, in all of [which] the summer population take active part. Of cour[se as] all the world knows, the latitude which prevails [at the] usual summer resort is unknown at Ocean Grove [but] far from acting as a damper upon the pleasure [of the] multitude, the rules which have been adopted as [a real] and social safeguards are everywhere commended [and] gladly upheld.

In addressing the residents who celebrated the t[hirty]-second anniversary of the founding of Ocean Gro[ve on] Wednesday, the Rev. C. H. Yatman intimated t[hat in] the near future Ocean Grove would have a four in[stead] of a two months' season. "Thirty-two years of h[istory] has secured an ideal Ocean Grove," he said. "The [cottages], the cottages, the hotels, the religious services, an[d the] clean, moral life, will continue to attract the peop[le]

ON THE SANDS NEAR THE PAVILION, OCEAN GROVE



THE GREAT CHOIR IN THE AUDITORIUM

A BURMESE PUBLIC CARRIAGE

A BURMESE VILLAGE SCENE

In the Land of the Great Pagoda

N AMERICAN LADY'S IMPRESSIONS OF BURMAH AND ITS PEOPLE --- BEGINNING MISSIONARY WORK THERE*

WHEN the *Winifredian* turned her bow from the Boston docks, where hundreds of friends stood in the drizzling October rain, waving, singing and shouting last good-bys, she faced a stormy, overshadowed sea. The temperature was unusually mild for the season. We had but one day of a really rough sea. Upon our arrival in Liverpool our big party separated, as the India and Assam missionaries sailed a week sooner by another route. Our Burmah party also divided, as some were to cross France and join us at Marseilles.

S. W. H. YOUNG

We sailed from Liverpool on board the *Cheshire*, passed through Biscay Bay without serious discomfort, and passed Gibraltar about 4.30 on a bright moonlight morning. The coast of Morocco was near on our right. Our voyage over the "Blue Mediterranean" was not as pleasant as anticipated, as we had cloudy weather. We went through the Straits of Bonifacio, past the volcano of Stromboli, down the beautiful Ilian coast and through the Straits of Messina. We had a brief stop in Port Said—that wicked, dreary city; and that evening, as we lay in dock, Paul Kruger's yess passed us, carrying him to Holand. Next day we passed through the Can. About two o'clock, Nov. 26, we cast anchor in the Harbor of Colombo, Ceyl. How beautiful the shore looked, with its tall palm trees and picturesque ious! We had a day and a half in hat interesting place—well worth crossng two oceans to see! Marcus and I did ot ride in jinrikishas; we secured a victoria and had some delightful, never-to-be-forgotten drives. We drove seven miles to see a famous Buddhist temple and visited several large missions.

We sailed up the Rangoon River Dec. 3 and were met by a welcoming party, who, having a small American flag, announced themselves, and gave us the feeling that we were still among friends. We were soon on board their launch and were taken ashore, where we separated, to find hospitable entertainment with our dear Rangoon people. In the evening we were given a pleasant reception, many missionaries coming from various stations to meet arriving friends. I alone was a stranger, but I soon found many friends. If first impressions are lasting, I will certainly love Burmah as well as many others who have spent the best of their lives here.

Two days later, we left for Tunngoo, where we remained till after New Year's Day. Another all night railroad journey brought us to Thazie, where we found our goods, and spent two days loading bullock carts. On the evening of January 5, we began our long jungle journey. We were unable to get riding ponies, so we walked most of the time for the first two weeks, covering a stage of about ten miles each day, and resting in the convenient bungalows built by English for officials and other travelers. We made two brief halts, then, at Monie, had a two weeks' visit with mission friends. The rest of the journey was toilsome and difficult. The cart-road ending, we transferred our goods to pack bullocks, mules and coolies, and mounted riding ponies. We now pursued our journey by narrow, often dangerous, mountain mule-paths, traveling slightly northeast, to the Salween River, then almost due east one hundred miles. The scenery and vegetation were beautiful, but we were sometimes too tired to appreciate them. We reached Keng-Tung, February 26. It was weeks before I felt rested, but we begun at once to look for a suitable site. After much walking and consultation with the English officers—who have been very kind and helpful—we found an excellent compound, high and level, just within the principal gate. The view to the northwest is magnificent, though the high city wall spoils our view of the valley in other directions; but we can see the mountains on every side. We are hastening to complete our buildings before the rains, which have already begun, become heavy and steady. Marcus has overworked and has not been able to be with the men all of the time for the last two weeks.

THE GREAT ENG-DAW-ZA PAGODA AT MANDALAY

Keng-Tung State has a population of 190,000, the city within the walls 11,000, and the surrounding valley 40,000. This is large for such an isolated mountain state. There is much wealth, and also wretched poverty. Slavery for debt existed when the English first came here. The better classes live in substantial houses of brick, tile and wood, and dress nicely, often richly. The women and children are often quite pretty, notwithstanding the blackened teeth and slits in the ears. The poorer houses are of bamboo and grass. There are many natural resources little appreciated by the natives, who are good-natured, easy-going, and know little of the great busy world beyond their mountain walls. They are as light in complexion as the Chinese, to whom they are related. They seem bright, but are like untaught children; few can read and write.

The little Burman boys are put into the monasteries for education, but the lazy, worthless priests do little for them. There are about a thousand of these Buddhist monasteries in the state. Large sums are lavished upon the buildings, gilded pagodas, the images, and the priests. Buddhism is of a degraded type here; the people are very superstitious, worship demons, and have many serious vices.

The industries are primitive—weaving mats, baskets, and silk and cotton cloth, paper-making, pottery, some wood-carving and bazaaring, being the principal ones. The English plan to push the cart-road to the Salween River this year; we hope, before much longer, that it will be extended to us. The roads through city and valley are good. Had I gone to Bassein, my work would have been pleasant and no doubt comparatively easy.

Here, I am the only white woman within two hundred miles, and the work will be slow and difficult. But though there are many hard and annoying things, the blessings and privilege of beginning he work in this large, important field, far outweigh them. DELL YOUNG.

Keng Tung, Burmah, May 17

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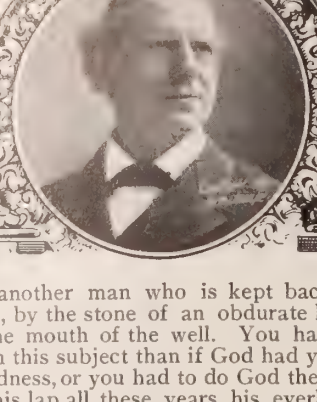
*Miss Della Mason, of DeGraaf, Ohio, the writer of this letter, is a young missionary who, since setting out for her new field, has become Mrs. W. H. Young. She met on the steamer the missionary to whom she was married on reaching India. They are now co-workers in the Burmah field.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.



WATERING THE SHEEP

TEXT--Genesis 29 : 8 :

We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep.

A SCENE in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile, Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred, Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied.

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around, and we find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountain, but centuries ago, a shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical, that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

The Whole World Invited

Now a great flock of sheep to-day gather around this Gospel well. There are a great many thirsty souls. I wonder why the flocks of all nations do not gather—why so many stay thirsty; and while I am wondering about it, my text breaks forth in the explanation, saying: "We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

This well of the Gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the sixteen hundred million of the race. Do not let the Church, by a spirit of exclusiveness, keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations: "Whosoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia, Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning, at this well of salvation, Christ, our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection, while all heaven will cry out: "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation to-day impediments and obstacles which must be removed, in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this Gospel. In your case, the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is as though you were thirsty, and you were invited to slake your thirst at the town-pump, instead of sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but you must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman, and a band of music on board the train. You do not want to be in company with rustic Jacob and Rachel, and to be drinking out of the fountain where ten thousand sheep have been drinking before you. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "Oh, Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride of heart, or of wealth, or culture, or station from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life, by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar: "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made five hundred apologies—yea, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appareled you. Your health from him, your companion from him, your children from him, your home from him, all the bright surroundings of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart?

Satisfaction for the Discontented

Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth, so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this day my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the Gospel well. Yea, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like Oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep. Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under Government; that did not satisfy you. You tried pictures and sculptures; but works of art did not satisfy you.

There are men who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing, and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain.

Come, also, to this Gospel well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at fifteen years of age with what your view is of it at forty or sixty or seventy. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place the cemetery is from what it used to be! Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate when you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and overmaster the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. It is a wonder you have been able to live through it. It is a wonder your nervous system has not been shattered, and your brain has not reeled. Trouble, trouble!

Relief for the Troubled

If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from these crowded streets, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man, "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say, "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort. Give us comfort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and, after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

Forebodings Removed

You get a little worried for fear that some time you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp to you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. What do you think you will come to want? What do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he forget the raven and the rabbit and the lion in the desert, and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the pelican will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. Do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than he ever did, because you think more of him. He is the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Paul, and the aged, be your God forever. But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the spring of supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined that no one shall go out of the house uncomforted. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolation that is uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician, lest he touch the wound too roughly; but the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to this timid and shrinking soul to-day, and compel it to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician, that will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medicament.

But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have gone around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a delusion and a failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and unfathomable well of the Gospel.

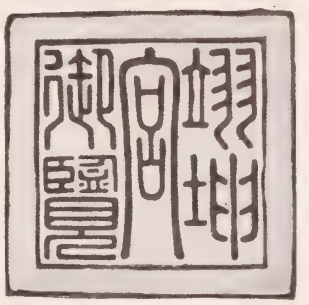
The Well of Celestial Rapture

But some one in the audience says: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our eyes in the final silence, no power on earth can break the spirit's taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group God, and angels, and all the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael, the archangel. Long line of choristers singing across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. Rachel among them. Oh, what a great flock God will have around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth while the Shepherd waters the sheep. There I will recognize Rachel, the shepherdess. And she on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children and standing on the other side of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry; you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one well of heaven, the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this summer Sabbath morning we were permitted to study the story of Jacob and Rachel at the well.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S SEAL

ALL TOUCHED BY CHINA'S WOES

The Story of Her Sufferings by the Famine Excites Universal Sympathy --- Contributions to the Fund



IMPRESSION OF EMPEROR'S SEAL

SELDOM has any great public movement awakened a feeling of sympathy more genuine and widespread than that which has been evoked by our Famine Relief Work in China. In the letter from Chairman Arthur H. Smith, of the Relief Committee, at Tientsin, published in last week's issue, it was told how the Protestant missionaries of all denominations, now in China, had taken an active interest in the movement, and how the five leaders among those missionaries had nobly undertaken the task of carrying the relief work through under most trying conditions. Doubtless the letters from Shansi, which are now on the way from Tientsin to New York, will throw still stronger light on the gloomy events which have been only rudely outlined in the cable despatches, concerning the famine in that province, while some further time must elapse before definite details can be received of the suffering in Shensi, in whose capital, according to Chairman Smith's latest cablegram, 700 persons were perishing daily!

As it is, enough has already become known to arouse the sympathy of the civilized world, and to summon to the rescue of China's millions all who have an interest in Christianity's progress and who have a spark of feeling for suffering humanity. Contributions to the Famine Relief Fund have continued to flow in during the week, from every State in the Union. It is inspiring to read the letters which bring these consecrated gifts, for as many of them are of fervent prayer for China's present succor and ultimate conversion. Rev. Wm. Speer, a returned missionary, now of Washington Pa., writes:

"You will remember me, probably, as one of the early missionaries to Canton, China, and later as Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Education at Philadelphia. I write to express my extreme gratification and thankfulness that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has taken up with so much energy the task of relieving the starving millions in China, and to send you a contribution toward that end. Permit me to remark upon the common tone of the newspapers here in representing the masses in China, "Boxers" included, as the "enemies" of Europeans and Americans. The truth, is they have suffered for centuries so continuously and enormously from the crimes of the whites, and the country has become so impoverished, and so many millions of them have been destroyed by opium and foreign wars, that they have at last risen up as a nation to drive out wholly and forever the whites and their trade, from their own and neighboring nations.

Under what an immense debt is America, and other Christian countries, to China for all the useful and beneficial articles of commerce, and the suggestions at least of so many sources of modern civilization and power. We ought, as nations, to begin to pay back something of what we owe. But we can give it blessings "an hundred fold" greater. We can give them knowledge, and healing for their suffering bodies, and life everlasting through our common divine Redeemer.

Mrs. Jos. Ballinger, Newcastle, Wash., writes:

I am pleased to know that the amount raised by our little Sunday School will go through the hands of Rev. Arthur H. Smith, whom I was personally acquainted with when he was a mere boy, receiving his education then under his sainted father, who was pastor of the church I attended at Godfrey, Ill.

Miss Minnie Baer, representing the Young Ladies' Bible Class of La Crosse, Wis., sends $15, and $5 from Miss Katie Bassman, to help "save starving souls and hungry bodies."

Friends in Gloversville, N. Y., in forwarding their offering, write: "May the Lord bring light from the darkness as he surely will."

Mrs. W. M. C., Le Mars, Ia., ($5) writes: "I earnestly hope that your appeal, sent out in behalf of China's famishing millions, may meet with a generous response all over prosperous America."

"I send this in dear Jesus' name to China's sufferers, hoping it may save some poor soul. I only wish it were more," writes Mrs. W. T. W., Ankona, Fla.

"We are poor and have a large family," write W. D. L. and wife, of Avalon, Va., "yet we are blessed with food. May our little help the work."

We might quote from hundreds of other letters, in the same earnest, helpful tone, but these will suffice.

"THE FESTIVAL OF THE GRAVES," OBSERVED IN SPRINGTIME IN CHINA

Illustrated Circulars

Containing full information regarding the great famine in China, are now ready, and will be forwarded in quantities free to any church, Sunday School, C. E., E. L., B. Y. P. U., or other society, or to individuals on demand. A postal addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, 92 Bible House, and asking for circulars (state number required), will receive immediate attention.

Famine Mite Boxes

for the use of Sunday School classes, church societies and similar organizations, will also be sent to any address, free, on receipt of postal at this office requesting the same. These are specially serviceable for use among the young people who may wish to be represented in this life-saving crusade in China.

All contributions to the Famine Relief Work will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CHINA RELIEF WORK

FROM CHURCHES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES

Brist Church, San-Barbara 20 50
Friends Chch, Long-ch 15 80
Ot Pres Church, Immington 14 00
Un SS of Hooper . 8 32
Gre Pres Church, nden 7 00
YPSCE of Goshen, anon 8 00
WTU, Mt Carmel 10 00
Jeans Grove S S, arta 6 55
Isong SS, Hadley 14 00
Scol St SS, Pitts-g 12 00
C Society, Buffalo ads 12 00
Isong Ch, Hanover ster 8 00
Mionite Church, nvers 18 50
Eeague & Citizens Raymond .. 25 00
M Ch of Ravens-od, Chicago 10 00
Egreen S S, Kal-ka 8 00
Fod's Church, nchester 13 60
C S S, New Leb-on 10 00
Wt Bapt S S, wego 25 00
Wien's Miss Soc 1st es Ch, Ruther-d 12 52
3 sses in Cong S S, Brookfield 8 12
Est Evan S Sch, nito 11 00

Welch Cong Church, Waterville 8 83
2d PresCh, Bridgeton. 10 62
1st Bap Ch, Winterset 25 00
Ep Lge & Jr Lge of the Musserville M E Ch, Muscatine 8 00
New Durham Meth Ch, New Durham .. 15 00
Mt Zion WMS, Miami
Clapis & Clapis, Tiffin. 10 25
Pres Church, Desboro Ont 10 00
Pres Ch, Arcola..... 25 00
Woman's Home and For Miss Soc, Mendocious City 10 00
YPSCE of 1st Pres Ch, Duluth 10 00
Aulty Union S School McVeytown 8 75
Epworth Lge, Horn Brook 10 00
Lake View S School, Chicago 9 00
UPSS, Romaine Prairie 16 00
Ep Lge, Sandusky ... 20 00
Friends of Ref Ch, New Hackensack 11 85
Cadiz Pres Ch, Cadiz 44 26
Zionsville Ref S Sch, Hereford 12 44
Woman's Miss Soc of Woodland ave United Ev Ch, Cleveland. 11 75
St Luke's Congregation & S S of St Luke's Ev Luth Ch, Marietta 10 25
Presby S S, Tina..... 8 95
M E S S, Richford 4 03

Band of little girls of Hopewell Church . 5 00
YPSCE of Cong Ch, Norwood 5 00
Pratt, Mrs H Eliz, 1st Cong Ch, Chelsea .. 25 00
Jr. Luther League and other friends... 8 25
Sun Beam Band, Belleville 7 00
Jr. C E Soc of Clove Ref Ch, High Falls. 5 00
Golden Rule Circle of King's Dau of Park ave M E Ch, Phila.. 15 00
Pablo Beach S S, Pablo Beach 6 00
Ch of Disciples of Christ, New York.. 12 00
Chinese Dept of 2nd ave Bap Ch, N Y... 12 58
Epworth League, Flushing 5 00
Wing S S and Young People's Alliance, Leon 5 00
Bapt Church and S S, Belfast 9 00
C E Soc, Bath 6 00
Ladies' Aid Soc of Cong Ch, Newburg 10 00
S S, Sultan 7 00
S S, Eufaula 5 00
Bapt SS, Fallbrook . 6 97
C E, 1st Cong Church Granby 5 00
Spring Branch S S, Craig 5 00
Mareland Bapt Miss Circle, Fero..... 5 00
Lows Corners Bapt Ch, Eureka 5 00

Evan Ch, Cramtons Cor 8 20
YPSCE, Post Mills 6 00
Dexter Cong S S, Lidgewood 20 40
1st Cong Ch and S S, Campbell 6 49
Bapt Church Society, E Delaware 21 00
JSCEUBC, Van Buren 10 00
M E Church and S S, Dafter 6 75
Swedish F Miss Ch, Laurel 33 10
Cong SS, Woodbridge 10 00
Pres S S, W Newton.. 48 00
W M Soc, Marshall .. 9 06
Concordia Miss Soc, Washington 8 00
YPSCE, So Cong Ch, Rochester 10 00
YPSCE, Mineral Point 9 00
1st Cong SS, Peoria.. 12 52
M E Ch, Chasm Falls. 11 00
Centennial Sunday School, Spencer 10 00
Avalon Cong ch, Avalon 10 00
Bapt C E Society, Union Course..... 15 00
Chinese SS of Emmanuel P E ch, Baltimore.. 10 00
U Pres SS, Sou Ind 22 50
Bapt SS, Stonington 10 00
Meth S S, Newboro.. 15 50
Ladies Aid Soc, 1 Pres ch, Austin..... 18 00
Un S S of Howison .. 15 00
Ladies Cong ch, Wadham Mills 18 25

Camp Creek Pres ch, Macomb..... .. 18 70
Archer M E S S, Sheldon 31 00
Turners Pt Cumberland Pres ch, Poetry 13 85
S S, Fox..... 11 40
YPCUS, Somonauk 34 25
Jr L ME ch, Glendale 25 00
ME ch of Akin & Tribes Hill 10 50
CES, Pleasant Prairie 11 00
Cong S S, Lewis 12 50
U B S S, Rich Valley 15 00
Cong ch, Westhampton 40 00
U Chapel YPSCE, Stow 10 00
Ladies M S, Salem Ref Cong, Malvern 11 50
E L S. ME ch, W Prescott 12 50
CES Armitage Chapel 10 00
Roseland S S, Hope.. 20 30
Fairforest Bapt ch, Fairforest..... .... 15 73
SS Friends ch, Ralston 30 00
CES M E ch, Yardley. 10 00
White Cross Benev't Soc, Peoria 10 00
Meth SS, Oakman.... 16 76
Willing Hand Soc, Liverpool 20 00
E L, Greenville 16 50
Y P C U, Otterbein ch 10 00
YPSCE, Chephachet 13 56
U S S, Lampeter 14 75
Chinese Sch Metropolitan M E ch 50 00
Ref ch, Fallsburgh... 15 00
Miss Dept Maspeth M E S S, Maspeth 10 00

1 Bapt ch, Batavia ... 92 34
Middecrek Pres ch, Tidal 10 00
German Bapt Brethren S S, Painter Creek.. 13 48
German Bapt Brethren S S, Pittsburg..... 12 36
Cong ch, Claridon.... 11 59
Presby Ch, Marion... 25 00
Col of Union Service of the Churches at Piedmont 13 66
Mt Pleasont & Fort Ripley SS, Ft Ripley 10 00
M E Ch of Barnard & E Barnard 15 00
Self Denial Mission Buffalo 56 00
Jackson Ch, Creston 22 10
Canaan Ch, Creston.. 12 22
Evang Emanuel's Ch, Union Hill 26 58
Social under the Y P Soc of the U P, M E & Presby Ch, Violia 21 50
German Moravian Ch, West Salem..... 19 00
The Chinese Dept of Bapt S S, Brookline 21 00
1st Cong Ch, Hadley. 16 48
Evergreen S S, Cardington 18 00
White River Cong Ch & S S, Christopher. 10 80
Woman's Un Miss Soc, Benton..... 11 50
South Emmett Union S S, Battle Creek .. 10 00
1st Presby Ch & S S, Chicago 51 00
Chinese S S, 1st Pres Ch, Chicago..... 16 00

King's Daughters of Cg Ch, Waltham... 18 00
SS near Groveland... 20 00
Merom Christian Ch, Merom 11 76
Black Cross Soc, Lilly 13 00
Wampum Presby Ch, Wampum 13 08
Presby Ch, Marion... 25 00
Col of Union Service of the Churches at Piedmont 13 66
Mt Pleasont & Fort Ripley SS, Ft Ripley 10 00
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South Emmett Union S S, Battle Creek .. 10 00
1st Presby Ch & S S, Chicago 51 00
Chinese S S, 1st Pres Ch, Chicago..... 16 00

Morristown Ctr M E Ch, Ogdensburg.... 21 00
Gospel Tab Church, Los Angeles. 10 00
Brethren SS, Polo.... 33 41
Moody SS, Chicago . 74 07
1st Cong SS, Covert.. 12 00
YPSCE, Robesonia .. 13 00
Swedish Miss Friends Association of New Brighton 16 00
Sunday School, Lynnville 14 00
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YPSCE, 1st Pres Ch of Canonsburg Pres of Pittsburg .. 40 00
Ep League and Meth Ch of E Las Vegas. 35 60
YPSCE, McMurray .. 34 00
Two Pres Ch's, Cedar Point & Clements.. 55 00
Meth Chinese Mission Vancouver 40 00
Pres Chinese Mission Vancouver 25 00
S S 2d Bapt Ch, Sherman 12 90
M E Ch, Sandwich... 12 00
Ladies' Home Miss Soc, Estelline..... 12 50
Children's Day Offering, Spring Lake... 18 93
2d Ref Ch S S, Somerville 39 95
Beth Cong Ch, Bethlehem 20 00
Shanon Ref Pres Ch, Kossuth..... .... 45 13
S Miss Soc, Attleboro. 21 50
Danish Ev Luth Cong Poy Sippi. 18 61

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made by Post-office Money Order, Express Money Order, or Bank Draft. Registered Letter. Request receipt of all remittances.

Foreign Postage. For [illegible] outside the U. S. Canada, and Mexico, $1 one dollar a year.

Change of Date. It takes at least two weeks to change the date, after your subscription is received.

Expiration of Subscriptions. The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—Give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

Vacations

THE question for months in many of our households, was as to the best mode of vacation. We all need rest. The first thing to do is to measure the length of your purse; you cannot make a short purse reach around Saratoga and the White Mountains. There may be as much health, good cheer and recuperation in a country farm-house, where the cows come up every night and yield milk without any chalk in it. What the people of our cities need is quiet. What the people of the country need is sight-seeing. Let the mountains come to New York and New York go to the mountains. The nearest I ever get to heaven in this world is lying flat down on my back under a tree, looking up through the branches, five miles off from a post office or a telegraph station. But this would be torture to others. Independent of what others do or say, let us, in the selection of summer recreations, study our own temperament and finances. It does not pay to spend so much money in July and August, that you have to go pinched and half mad the rest of the year. The healthiest recreations do not cost much. In boyhood, with a string and a crooked pin attached to it, I fished up more fun from the mill-pond, than one summer, with a ten dollar apparatus, I caught among the Franconia Mountains. There is a great area of enjoyment within the circumference of one dollar, if you only know how to make the circuit. More depends upon ourselves than upon the affluence of our surroundings. If you are compelled to stay home all summer, you may be as happy as though you went away. The enjoyment of the first of July, when I go away, is surpassed by nothing but the first of September, when I come home.

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He hath made everything beautiful in its time. Eccles. 3: 11.

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Attractive Names

WHEN there are so many pleasant names by which children may be called, what right has a parent to place on his child's head a disadvantage at the start? Worse than the gauntlet of measles and whooping-cough and mumps, which the little ones have to run, is this parental outrage. What a struggle in life that child will have who has been baptized Jedekiah or Mehitabel! If a child is "called after" some one living, let that one be past mid-life and of such temperament that there shall be no danger of his becoming an absconder and a cheat. As far as possible let the name given be short, so that in the course of a lifetime there be not too many weeks or months taken up in the mere act of signature. The burdens of life are heavy enough without putting upon any one the extra weight of too much nomenclature. It is a sad thing when an infant has two bachelor uncles, both rich and with outrageous names, for the baby will have to take both titles, and that is enough to make a case of infant mortality.

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They called him Zacharias, after the name of his father. And his mother answered, Not so; but he shall be called John. Luke 1: 60.

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To the Gardens

THE merchants of Jerusalem had suburban residences. Christ had somehow become acquainted with one of these men, and been invited by him to come out to the country home. There were gardens surrounding the house. After the heat and excitement of the day in the city, it was pleasant to go out and sit and walk under the trees and among the flowers. Jesus is in the garden one night, and sees the gleam of torches and lanterns. Judas and an armed band are coming to take him captive. In this rough way ended the season of reflection and recreation. You find here, as elsewhere, that Jesus loved the country. We find him among the mountains and sitting by the sea. He pressed a lily in his sermon. He caught a bird for a text. He walked in the garden the night of his capture. So it is a good sign when a Christian finds company and suggestivess and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. It is well when, in the small door-yard of a city residence, a patch of luxuriant grass is cultivated, or a clematis is taught to climb. A man can preach better of love and faith and heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a Christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden. No doubt Christ selected the garden of this country-seat as a place for private devotion. He who has no spot for secret prayer is a starveling Christian. A man has sorrows, temptations, sins and deliverances that are no one else's business. He is a fool who tells the world everything. There are prayers that belong only to God's ear. Better have some place consecrated to private prayer. Choose a pleasant place if possible—not the garret, not the cellar, but a room warm, lighted, cheerful. There is no use in penance. When you invite Jesus to meet you, open for him the most cheerful and pleasant place you can find. Jesus resorted to a garden.

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Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. Matt. 6: 28.

• • •

Household Cares

NON-APPRECIATION is what made Martha so vexed with Mary. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the stock exchange, they say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to manage eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir! the wife and mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm. She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. We know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an armchair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates, who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all the affairs of the household. Those are the exceptions. We speak of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who at thirty years of age look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing machine, or a ladle."

You think, man of the world, that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week you would be a fit candidate for the insane asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light? what if the marketing did not come? what if the clock has stopped? No matter; she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn? What if they do not know their lessons? What if they have lost a hat or sash? They must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan. But what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated? and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur? You must be ready. Spring weather comes and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast. But what if the moth has preceded you to the chest? what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year? what if the fashions have changed? Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth. If, under all this wear and tear of life, your "better half" [illegible] an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient. O woman, though we may [illegible] stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in [illegible] to your household toils, let us assure you, from the [illegible] liness with which Jesus Christ met Martha, that [illegible] appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and [illegible] the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abiga[illegible] Grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and H[illegible] More, is the God of the housekeeper. Jesus was [illegible] married, that he might be the especial friend and [illegible] confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood.

• • •

A woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works pr[illegible] her. Prov. 31: 30.

• • •

Good Company

LET no young man or woman go in a social [illegible] where the influences are vicious or hostile [illegible] Christian religion. You will begin by reproving [illegible] faults, and end by copying them. Sin is conta[illegible] You go among those who are profane, and you [illegible] profane. You go among those who use impure lan[illegible] and you will use impure language. Go among [illegible] who are given to strong drink, and you will inev[illegible] become an inebriate. There is no exception to th[illegible] A man is no better than the company he conti[illegible] keeps. It is always best to keep ourselves under [illegible] tian influences. It is not possible if you mingle i[illegible] sociations that are positively Christian, not to be [illegible] better men or women. The Christian people with [illegible] you associate may not be always talking their re[illegible] but there is something in the moral atmospher[illegible] will be life to your soul. You choose out for you[illegible] intimate associates eight or ten Christian people. [illegible] mingle in that association; you take their counse[illegible] are guided by their example, and you live a usef[illegible] and die a happy death, and go to a blessed et[illegible] There is no possibility of mistaking it; there is [illegible] exception in all the universe or ages—not one.

• • •

Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Prov. 4: 14.

• • •

Opposed to Everything

A FRIEND called our attention to the fact tha[illegible] ballat wanted to hold consultation with Neh[illegible] in the plain of O-no. That is the place where [illegible] people stay to-day than in any other. They are a[illegible] protesting, throwing doubt on grand undertal[illegible] and while you are in the mountain of O-yes, they [illegible] their time on the plain of O-no. In the harne[illegible] society they are breeching-straps, good for nothir[illegible] but to hold back. You propose to call a minister. A[illegible] the indications are that he is the right man. Nine-ten[illegible] of the congregation are united in his favor. The ma[illegible] is put to vote. The vast majority say "Aye!" the [illegible] ful of opponents respond "O no!" You propo[illegible] to build a new church. About the site, the choi[illegible] of architects, the upholstery, the plumbing, and the c[illegible] of dedication, there is almost a unanimity. You hop[illegible] that the crooked sticks will all lie still, and that the co[illegible] gregation will move in solid phalanx. But not so. [illegible] ballat sends for Nehemiah, proposing to meet h[illegible] on the plain of O-no. Some men were born back[illegible] and have been going that way ever since. Oppo[illegible] to everything has become chronic. The only way [illegible] feel comfortable is when harnessed with the face to[illegible] the whiffle-tree, and their back to the end of the s[illegible] They may set down their name in the hotel regist[illegible] as living in Boston, Chicago, Savannah or Washin[illegible] but they really have been spending all their lives o[illegible] plain of O-no. There let them be buried, with thei[illegible] toward the west, for in that way they will lie more [illegible] fortable, as other people are buried with their fa[illegible] to the east. Do not impose upon them by putting [illegible] in the majority. O no!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are published in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Consumption Curable

PHYSICIANS the world over are deeply interested in the theories advanced at the recent Congress on Tuberculosis in London, by Professor Koch, the famous German authority on consumption. Prof. Koch's discovery of the consumption bacillus, and the method of treating it, give him a prestige which was recognized by the eminent physicians from a parts of the world who were assembled at this Congss. In an able paper, which was listened to with c e attention, the great specialist propounded theories wch caused general surprise. He contended that hdity had little, if anything, to do with the spread of csumption. Also, that contrary to the general opinic it could not ever be transmitted through milk, b er or meat. He held that consumption in the cow w an altogether separate and distinct disease from csumption in human beings, and he cited evidence fr his own experiments in proof of th fact. He believes that the disease is pread by the expectoration of consptive sufferers, and that the surest w of checking the spread of the diase is by secluding the patient, and stematically disinfecting the rooms occupi by sufferers. He highly praised the leslation in New York which makes it a pishable offence to expectorate in the ca, and expressed his belief that the lawill result in a marked diminution in thnumber of sufferers from consumptio He spoke most hopefully, too, of thcurative measures now being adopted, arreported many cures from his own pr tice. No news could be more welcce than this to many a hopeless suffe, for it holds out to him the possibilit f life and health. Would that the far gr ter number who suffer from the mdy of sin were as eager for the cure wh Christ offers and which never fails.

here no balm in Gilead? Is there no physic there? Why then is not the health of the da ter of my people recovered (Jer. 8 : 22).

Wn a Home

press despatch from Kansas City, M reports that one of the fortunate applnts for a home in the new Indian co try was formerly a resident of that ci In one of the large department stores w a clerk, who out of her scanty earnin supported an invalid mother. She wked hard, but with the utmost economy it as often difficult to buy the clothing an shoes that the clerk is expected to we. Rent and food, and an occasional de acy for the mother absorbed the sn l sum that was paid her at the end of e week. There seemed no prospect of ny improvement in her condition, and sh had become engaged to a young man wse situation was little better than her ow About six months ago she succeed in obtaining employment as a tel hone operator at Wichita, Kans., whe she was born, and where some frids of her family used their influence to t her the appointment. Her salary wa nine dollars a week, and this was co parative wealth to her. When the ne came that the Indian country was to be allotted, thgirl registered her claim at El Reno. The very first da drawing of a thousand homesteads brought out he ame. It is said that her holding, at a very conservative estimate, is worth twenty thousand dollars. TH Kansas City young man has been summoned, and the is to be a wedding before the girl goes out to take po ession of her property. There are many who will en the girl her good fortune, but how few there are wh while they would rejoice in such a prize, would acpt the offer that God makes to them of an infinity more desirable possession through Christ.

G is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for m a city (Heb. 11 : 16).

Mchief in Base Metal

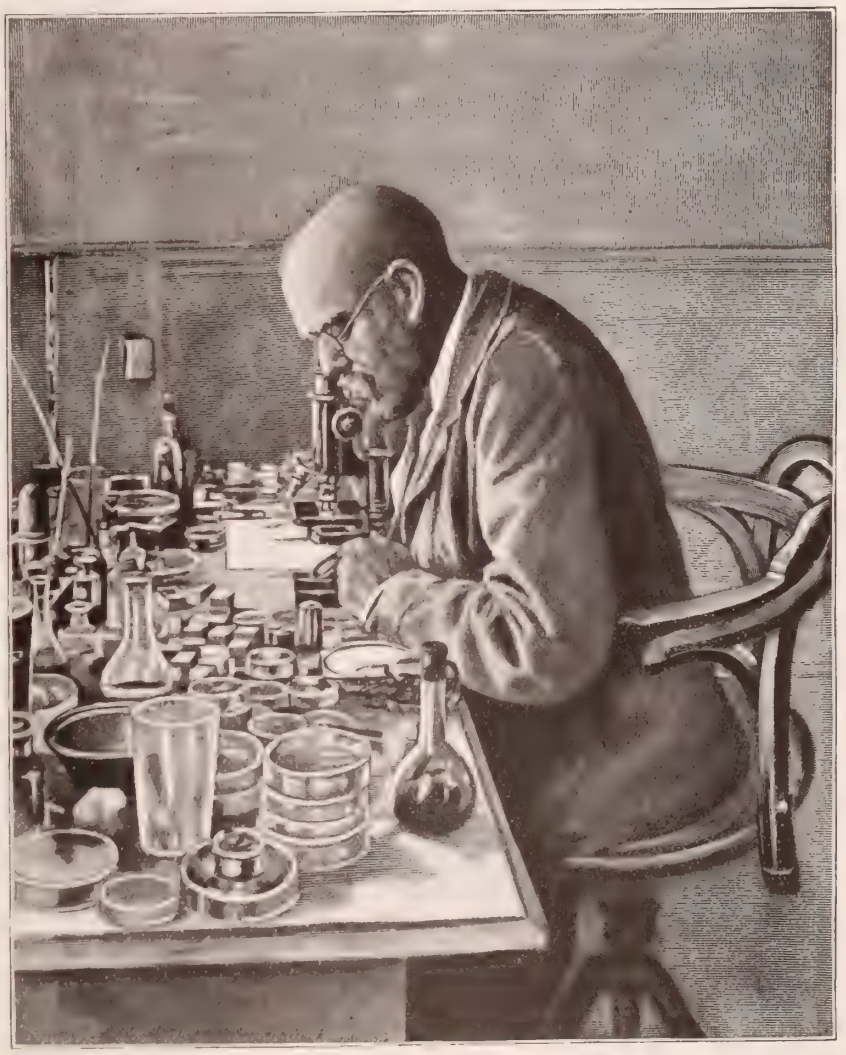
poisonous engagement ring was presented by a lov to the lady of his choice. The lover, on receiving thady's consent to his offer of marriage, purchased a rin which he placed on her finger. There was a slit abrasion of the skin, which became painful after thring had been worn a few days; then the finger be n to swell, and soon the whole arm was swollen and discolored. Physicians were summoned, who, after an examination, declared that the lady was suffering from blood poisoning, produced by base metal in the engagement ring. Under their treatment the lady recovered. The lover stated that the jeweler from whom he bought the ring assured him it was pure gold; but when it was tested after the mischief was done, it was found to have little if any gold in it. Lovers who hear of this incident, and who are about to give such a present, will doubtless take warning by it and see that the ring is of pure gold. If they will also take warning by other incidents, which the records of our divorce courts furnish, and earnestly seek that wisdom which pure gold typifies, they and their future wives may be spared much suffering.

My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold (Prov. 8 : 19).

Treasured Letters

Three treasured letters, framed and glazed, ornament the wall of a humble home in Lewiston, Me. They were written by the grandfather of the present owner, who at the time of writing was fighting for his country against the British. The first letter, which is a specimen of the others, is dated "Cambridge, June 18, 1775," the day after the Bunker Hill fight. The writer, one Jeremiah Dole, thus addresses his wife and child: "I right these few lines to let you know that I am well as I expected to be. Through good Providence God saved my life. But we expect to go at it a gin to-day very hot. I puts my trust in God. I hope to see you again. Don't send my things Before you here from me again. No more at present. I hant time to write no more." It will be seen that the letters are not prized for their accurate orthography nor for their literary merit, but because the owner is proud of an ancestor who risked his life for his country's deliverance. Such relics would be treasured in any patriotic family, and even by men who hold in light esteem the words of him who gave his life not for one country alone, but for a lost world.

Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish; but have everlasting life (John 3 : 16).



DR. KOCH, THE GREAT GERMAN PHYSICIAN, IN HIS LABORATORY

An Unforgiving Son

A New York judge administered a sharp reproof a few days ago to a young man who was brought before him on the complaint of his aunt. The woman said that her brother, the boy's father, was dead. He died all alone in a wretched tenement in Harlem, and she had not heard that he was ill, until the news of his death reached her. Then she hunted up the young man and asked him if he knew his father was dead. He replied that he did, but he did not care. Some years ago his father had caused him to lose a situation, and he would never forgive him. He would not go to see his body, nor would he pay the expenses of his funeral. The aunt, though a poor woman, said that she would pay the undertaker, but she found that the young man held the deed of the lot belonging to his father in Calvary Cemetery, and would not give it up. He considered Potter's Field a good enough place for his father to be buried in. She wanted the judge to issue an order, compelling the young man to give up the deed of the lot. The judge willingly complied, and at the same time told the young man he was the meanest defendant he had ever had before him. So the son gave up the deed, and his father will be decently interred in the cemetery at his sister's expense. Most people will agree with the judge as to the character of the son, but how many there are who show similar undutifulness towards their heavenly Father, to whom they are under infinitely greater obligation:

The Lord hath spoken: I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me (Isa. 1: 2.)

BRIEF NOTES

Dr. Montgomery, the Bishop of Tasmania, has been chosen as a successor to Prebendary Tucker in the secretaryship of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

President McKinley has appointed Dr. C. P. H. Nason, the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Germantown, Penn., to be United States Consul at Grenoble, France.

Dr. J. Milton Greene, whose work in Mexico and Porto Rico has been greatly blessed, is holding services in Spanish for the benefit of Spanish speaking visitors at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y.

The Federal Defence Bill just passed by the Australian Parliament provides, with certain exceptions, that all males in Australia between the ages of 18 and 60 shall be liable to serve as volunteers in times of emergency.

A statement of Presbyterian statistics, just issued, shows that there are now in the United States 7,532 ministers; 7,779 churches; 1,025,388 members and 1,058,110 Sunday School pupils. All these items show an increase on the figures of last year.

At the Baptist Young People's Convention in Chicago, 3,700 delegates and visitors were registered. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John H. Chapman, of Illinois; vice-presidents, W. W. Gaines, of Georgia; W. W. Main, of Massachusetts, and W. W. Weeks, of Toronto; recording secretary, Rev. H. W. Reed; treasurer, H. R. Chissold.

Mr. W. E. Lambden, of Brooklyn, writes that a remarkable work of grace has been witnessed at Milford, Del. Many sinners, he says, have been won for Christ and many backsliders reclaimed. Mr. Lambden suggests to Christians from the cities, who are staying in country places, that they hold meetings in open squares or in any suitable place, for, as a rule, the people are willing to hear.

Mr. W. S. Weeden writes that the tent meetings at Warren, Pa., have been very successful. Although the tent holds twelve hundred persons, large numbers have been unable to obtain admission and many have made a profession of Christ at the services. Mr. Weeden has now gone to Winona Lake, Ind., to assist Dr. Chapman in his Bible Conference. In Binghamton, N. Y., union services will be held in September, in which Mr. Weeden will take part.

A joint convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew for the United States and Canada was held recently at Detroit, Mich. The council report showed that the brotherhood includes 1,676 chapters, and of the 607 chapters which had reported a showing of 6,790 members was made, with 367 probationers, and in the junior department 2,730 boys.

A saloon with the sign of "The Fox," at Munden, near Watford, England, which is said to have been the worst of its kind in the neighborhood, has been bought and "reformed" by the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, Sir Wilfrid Lawson's son-in-law, who has turned it into a coffee tavern, and renamed it "The Fox with his Teeth Drawn."

The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions is seeking active consecrated men for mission work in the West, chiefly in New Mexico and Arizona. Men who are not afraid of hard work and not careful of their own comfort would find this an excellent opportunity of laboring in the cause of Christ. Applications should be sent to Dr. Charles L. Thompson, 156 Fifth Avenue.

The Sultan of Turkey, having paid the indemnity demanded for the outrages on the missions in Armenia, is now moving with the object of breaking down their work. A despatch from Constantinople says: "Following the graduation of the first Turkish girl at the American Girls' College, the Turkish Government has issued an edict prohibiting Turkish children from attending foreign schools and the employment of Christian teachers in Turkish households."

Rev. John McNeill has been assisting in the tent work in Philadelphia, Pa. He has delivered ten addresses a week, going from tent to tent. At his farewell meeting there were great crowds of people eagerly desiring to meet the famous Scotch Evangelist and to listen to his stirring words. All persons who were members of churches were requested to leave the tent that Mr. McNeill might give a concluding address to the unconverted. It is believed that many gave themselves to Christ that night.

PROGRESS OF THE JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTIN

A JEWISH COLONY SCHOOLHOUSE

JEWISH COLONY VILLAGE STREE

GROUP OF LEADERS IN JEWISH COLONIZATION WORK

TWO world-wide movements among the Jews of to-day, are the "Jewish Colonization Association," and "Zionism." Though in perfect sympathy with each other's aims and labors, they are practically two distinctly separate movements. To these might be added, as a third, the "Alliance Israelite Universelle," which occupies itself chiefly with the education of the rising generation of Jews throughout the world, by providing schools and other institutions of learning. The aims and activities of Zionism, the American leader of which is Prof. Richard Gottheil, of New York, have already found presentation in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose readers understand that the Zionists are seeking to secure, through guarantees from the Porte and the Christian powers, political and industrial security for Jewish colonies in Palestine; these obtained, they purpose to inaugurate more extensive Hebrew settlements in the Holy Land than any that have yet been planted.

The Jewish Colonization Association was founded with the object of mitigating the evils caused by restrictions laid upon Hebrews in Russia and elsewhere, and to relieve congested districts where people of this race were congregated by law or otherwise. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to find homes for Jews in countries not overcrowded. Naturally, Palestine, the land associated with their early history, was the country upon which attention fixed itself.

About two thousand Jewish families form the twenty-two colonies now settled in different parts of Palestine. It is not the aim of the Jewish Colonization Society to make a farmer of every Israelite—such an idea would be Utopian. To be prosperous and independent, a community needs mechanics, traders, bankers, brokers, physicians and lawyers, as well as farmers, and the Association aims to encourage at once professional and pastoral pursuits. In the scheme, a tract of land is purchased, which, in accord with the custom of the country, is divided into two parts, the one to form the village, where the colonists dwell, and the other for tillage. The houses of the village are built of stone, which is plentiful in Palestine. If there is no natural spring of water on the land, large cisterns are constructed to catch the rain water which falls during the wet season. In some instances, wells have been dug with satisfactory results. The land for agriculture is planted in grape vines, olive trees, grain, fruits, and vegetables. Silk-worms and bees are raised. The honey made is of an exceptionally fine flavor. Any Hebrew can join the colony by renting a piece of the land, or a house, or both. If he lacks the money to do this, he can hire himself out as a laborer. No other qualification or preparation is needed than the desire and ability to work. In time, the thrifty and industrious laborer is entitled to rent or purchase house and land from the Association.

The Association provides practical instruction in agriculture, for Jews who have followed other trades but who wish to become farmers. The mistake is not made of importing foreigners for teachers; native Arabs, who understand best the soil, climate, paying products, etc., of the country, are employed. Practical instruction in stone-cutting, building, and other useful trades is also provided. The Association has one hundred and ten schools for children, including institutions in the cities. Instruction is carried on in Hebrew, which language the Association aims to make the language of the people. Arabic is taught as the vernacular of the country, Turkish as the official language, French as the commercial tongue of the Mediterranean ports; and German because so much Jewish literature exists in that tongue. Where funds are low, only Hebrew and Arabic are taught. Colonists and children who can afford to do so, are expected to pay for instruction; but such as have not the means receive it free of charge. It is not necessary for a colonist to be a Zionist, but the young people are encouraged to sympathize with that movement. The Bedouins and Fellaheens in the vicinity of the settlements live on the most amicable and neighborly terms with their Jewish neighbors.

The Alliance Israelite Universelle first took the plan of Jewish colonization into practical consideration in 1869, by opening schools for boys and girls in Jerusalem and other cities of Palestine. Necessarily the beginnings were very small. In 1878, the Alliance first purchased land. In the Ottoman Empire, no alien can hold title deeds to real estate in his own name; he can only hold it on lease or mortgage from a Turkish subject. The Sultan obviated this difficulty by granting the Baron de Rothschild, though an alien, a special permit to purchase real estate and hold title in his own name during his natural life, for colonization by Jews. The Baron can lease and rent houses and farms to actual settlers. He can also sell, but the purchaser will not receive legal title deeds from the government to the same unless he becomes a subject of the Sultan. The colonies are, at the present day, principally under the protective management of Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The late Baron de Hirsch was in sympathy with this movement and made generous contributions to it. The colonization scheme does not confine itself to making agricultural settlements in Palestine. Jews who have the necessary qualifications — principally Tunisian and Algerian Jews—of being familiar with the language and usages of the country, and who practise some useful handicraft, are encouraged and assisted to settle in the native villages, or among the tent-dwelling cattle-raising Bedouins. These settlers, when reliable men, are intrusted with funds to be invested in mortgages on lands, in cattle, grain, etc. Some of this class travel in the country, and purchase cattle and all kinds of products for the markets of the cities and for export trade. Young men educated at the colony schools, are furnished with the means for following a professional career, or entering the civil service, whenever they are found possessed of special talent for such vocation.

There are several independent colonies. One of these, Mnuha Wnah'lah, was founded in 1890, by Russian and Polish Jews, principally from Warsaw, who have already built a comfortable village, dug wells, cultivated vineyards, planted olive groves, and tilled grain lands. They have a school for children and two literary clubs for adults. The genial, enterprising administrator of this settlement, Mr. Lewin Eppstein, is at present on a visit to this country. Another independent but struggling colony is composed of Arabian Jews, who for unknown centuries lived as Bedouins, near Mecca in Arabia. About thirty years ago, when the land had for several successive years been devastated by locusts and drought, these people moved, and occupied land lying between Jerusalem and the Jordan Valley.

Mr. Nissim Behar, of Jerusalem, President of the Jewish Colonization Association in Palestine, where he is popular and respected among Christians and Jews as well as among his co-religionists, has just concluded a visit to this country, whither he came to propagate the principle of colonization for Jews in land not yet over populated.

Mr. Behar is Superintendent of schools of the Alliance Israelite Universelle of Jerusalem, and is commissioned to establish branches of the Alliance in America.

ANNA F. MAMEY.

PRUNING VINES AT SETTLEMENT NEAR JAFFA

THRESHING GRAIN AFTER ANCIENT WAYS

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

hen the Young Folk Marry

HE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S recent symposium on marriage profoundly interested me, and I read with mingled wonder and pleasure the opinions of great men, ministers and others, on this subject of extreme importance. "But you must begin in the beginning," says a very welcome correspondent. "When boys a girls have been allowed to run wild as children, 'tis uless for parents to sit and decide the kind of husband th would choose for a daughter, or the daughter-in-la they would prefer a son to bring to them. 'Water w seek its level,' and unless mothers early seek the cld's interest, later in life they will surely disappoint p ental hopes. The mother's responsibilities never rex; first seen in her daily life—her example—then in h training, she must be ever rely to meet the demands of the v ing dispositions which God has s to her for guidance.

Mothers must know that the fi sixteen years are moulding cl acter—the next ten moulds the d osition. If the child's charac te is well established, and the m her has taught him or her unselfiness, honesty, generosity and fidity, then let there be no fear. T test must be made each for th individual self. The first two or ree years of marriage may be trg, but the true heart and the ri t conduct will win the day. Let th mother beware of interference or dvice. One thing more. Mr. Mody has well expressed it: "Let the be love between them:" without which this world is a howling wierness, with which they will mt and overcome all obstacles. L each mother teach her sons ar daughters that delicate consi de tion which appreciates the fa that they have equal rights—th neither wants to "boss"—but, unless their natures are congenial, th fail to see all the beautiful po ibilities in the life about them.

your children join church early or te, do not fold your hands and m nur: "I thank the Lord my da ngs are safe." The young co erts need care and watching. Do not try to keep your children fr pleasures which young peo ple rave; go into the world with th , teach them how to take it ar nt—no mother is all sufficient for er children—they crave youth. Tr n your sons and daughters to lo purity, honesty and refinement; give them the best ed ation possible, and then let them choose their own wi s and husbands; then be ever ready to assist, but ne r to interfere.

SUBSCRIBER.

In he Brook

Dther and aunty like to spend the happy summer m ings by the brookside, and Rover is never content- d be left at home. Baby Gerald must be of the par too, and when the thermometer mounts high, and the tle fellow looks flushed and hot, the wise mother tak off the encumbering outer garments, slips on a fur little bathing-suit, and lets him have the delight of dip in the crystal waves. Aunty kilts up her skirts, tak off her shoes and stockings, and wades into the co water, where she and her small nephew have a regula frolic. Baby is early becoming familiar with the bro . and when a little older he will learn to swim, the gaining, as everybody ought, real independence in the atery element. A landscape without a brook or a po is shorn of one very picturesque feature, and lacks so thing of buoyant life.

Li e Helpers

Ien if the little helpers in the household are not mu better than little hinderers, it is well to encourage the efforts. Children may learn to save steps for the mothers, and at the same time may gain good less ns for themselves, by always putting away their out le garments when they come in, as they can easily do, if there are pegs and hooks driven where they can be reached by a childish hand. Boys, as well as girls, should be permitted to wash the dishes, learning to do the work well, and thus preparing to make considerate husbands in days to come. Every boy is the better for having chores to do, some little work around the house and garden, something which will lighten his mother's load. Little girls may not do what they attempt so well as they will when they are older, but they are learning by degrees, and the home school is a very pleasant one. So at least thinks COUSIN SUSIE.

A Suggestive Change

Mr. Robert Speer has recently mentioned that India, most conservative of lands, is being transformed, through the introduction of looms and spindles, and is manufacturing her own cotton. The finer grades of cotton cloth are not yet made in India, but she makes and sells large quantities of coarser cotton goods, which are used in Zanzibar, Mozambique, Aden and Africa. This new trade interest is doing much to break down the iron barriers of caste, and to provide places where native Christians can find remunerative occupation. Slowly as the East moves, it is moving with no retrograde steps, in the line of advancement which follows the Christian's prayer to Jesus, "Thy kingdom come!"

A FROLIC FOR BABY

The Daily Parting

Not long ago, in New York, a motorman on his way to his work, waved his hand to his wife and babies, who were watching him from their window, and in the very act, was struck by a car and instantly killed. The man had been a hero, a year ago saving a child's life at the peril of his own, when the little thing strayed in front of his car. Husbands and wives separate every day, for the hours of the day's work, not always with kind words and looks. Sometimes domestic jars have left both miserable for the whole day. Usually, however, the leave-taking is pleasant, and the man goes forth to meet whatever may come, with the wife's kiss on his lips.

Family rows are generally started by trifles, and family friction should be avoided. One day the long parting must come. Let the brief partings and meetings be tender, and always so loving, that if any one of them should chance to be for life and death there would be no remorseful memory.

Useless Regrets

AMONG the saddest experiences of humanity, and the commonest, is that aftermath of sorrow which crops up in the waste places of life after dear ones are taken away. "If I had not been so blind," the mourner cries, "I would have seen the symptoms of the fatal disease and called in aid earlier." "If I had only forbidden John to go on that dangerous excursion; he would have listened to me and been spared." "If I had but warned Matilda of the danger she incurred in wearing herself out; but I was silent, I was cowardly, I feared to give offence." So we run the gamut of useless regrets, growing morbid and breaking our hearts with self-accusation, forgetting that, according to the light we had, we did and said what seemed to us requisite and necessary at the time.

In another phase we distress ourselves, and here with greater reason, because in the daily intercourse of the family we have failed to show lovingkindness; we have been impatient, we have wounded sensitive souls by undue reproof, or we have arrogantly insisted on our own way instead of yielding in sweet gentleness. Herein is sin, and sin to be repented of—carried to the Lord's feet and confessed. He who knoweth our infirmities is very gracious, and will forgive our shortcomings and our transgressions. Accepting his forgiveness, let us sin no more: let us behave with exceeding carefulness, curbing our tempers and restraining our speech; let us not be "froward" in home life. The old word is very expressive; but, dear friends, grief over the past makes no atonement. The present only is our own, and the future will be what the present shall decide. Away with the folly of vain regrets, and let us be up and doing now.

In one of Tennyson's idyls, the story of Gareth and Synette, the knight, supposed by the lady to be a scullion, is treated with the utmost scorn, and indignities are heaped upon him by a shrewish tongue; but he bears himself with an unfaltering courtesy through the ordeal, and at the last it is Synette, not Prince Gareth, who has anything for which to be sorry.

We are very apt to lament our business errors, our blunders which have kept us poor, while others have prospered. This thing we might have done and did not, this venture which turned out badly, this unwise caution, are so deplored that we lose courage and strength for the labor of the day that is ours; we let success elude us in our self-pity, and our weak moaning over failure. It is a good thing never to know when one is beaten, and to ignore the past, and to go on. A good deal of force, which might be utilized and put to good account, goes for nothing while we fret over errors. Sitting in the ashes is poor economy. There is great wisdom in the familiar stanza,

Oh, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day
And help Divine implore.

Help Divine implore! If we call upon Him, whatever the extremity, he will answer. Then, though Satan himself attack us, we may say, "Rejoice not over me, mine enemy; though I fall, I shall arise again!" And be the need ever so urgent, the sorrow ever so deep, the loss ever so irreparable, there are joy and comfort unspeakable for those who believe and obey, and who go trustingly every day to the Friend whose mercies and resources never fail.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—DOROTHY. A girl who faints at the sight of blood will not make a successful nurse.

—A. B. C. A mop saves back and knees, and is as good for an ordinary floor as a scrubbing brush.

—A. O. F. I regret that I have no knowledge of coins. Write to a coin collector for expert advice.

Human Faith Tested, Divine Love Illustrated

ABRAHAM and ISAAC | INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR AUGUST. 25. GEN. 22 : 1-14
GOLDEN TEXT -- BY FAITH ABRAHAM, WHEN HE WAS TRIED, OFFERED UP ISAAC. HEB. 11 : 17 | **By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

ASK a mixed crowd of Jews, Mahommedans, and Christians, "Who was the wisest man and what his wisest act?" and they will answer in chorus, for a majority of the race, "Solomon," and cite the story of the two mothers, both claiming the same babe. Solomon, sitting as a judge, tested them swiftly by ordering the child cut in twain and divided between them, an order which the pretender heard without protest, while the true mother, falling on her knees in agony, pleaded that the child might be given to the false mother rather than killed; upon which the judge, assured this was the rightful mother, gave her the child. He probably used the sword on the other, who had kidnapped the child. No one charges Solomon with cruelty for ordering the child slain, knowing he had no intention to cause his death, but only to find for him his true mother.

Why then should anyone find cruelty rather than wisdom in the precisely similar test of Abraham, when the King of kings, to prove and discipline and develop his faith, commanded him to sacrifice his son, never intending that Isaac should be slain, but only that Abraham's magnificent, all-conquering faith should be shown to the world as an example and inspiration, and that the divine love of the heavenly Father, which at the cross spared not his own Son, but freely sacrificed him for us all, might also be pictured in an acted parable and prophecy and promise.

The command to sacrifice Isaac was a startling one, but hardly less so was the command of Solomon to cut the babe in twain. And in both cases we need to put ourselves back into that age, when a king had power of life and death over every subject, and a father equal power over his son even into his early manhood. We should also remember that acted parables, teaching not alone by objects, but by things done, has always been a favorite method of instruction in Oriental countries.

In the Old Testament men were taught the Gospel not alone by spoken prophecies and by symbols, but also by such acted parables as the uplifted serpent, the smitten rock and the sacrifice of Isaac, all pointing to the cross. Those who say Abraham was in this act only copying the human sacrifices of the Canaanites, forget that he had shown no tendency to copy their worship. This was only the severer test of his faith in that God seemed to be leading him to such an imitation.

Where is Abraham living at the time of this lesson? In Beersheba, the southernmost town of Palestine. The lesson takes him to Mount Moriah, in what was afterwards a part of Jerusalem, the site of the altar in the temple.

Who went with him? Besides servants, only Isaac, the Child of Promise.

When was this? About 1871 B.C.—twenty-six years after the last lesson. Isaac was now about twenty-five years of age, but yet a minor, as a boy in those times was not of age till he was thirty.

What are the successive acts of the lesson? 1. To test Abraham's faith and love, God awoke him one night and commanded him to prove his entire consecration and complete faith and loyal obedience by taking Isaac to Mount Moriah and offering him as a burnt-offering, vv. 1, 2. (Remember the blood covenant, Gen. 15 : 9–18, and what we said of its meaning.) 2. He "rose early" for prompt compliance, and "went unto the place of which God had told him" (v. 3). 3. He persisted in his purpose through the long journey of three days (v. 4). 4. At the foot of the mountain he left all but Isaac, lest some servant might interfere with his unusual sacrifice, or that he might be alone with God in that supreme "Consecration Service" (v. 5). 5. Upon Isaac, Abraham bound the wood, and, taking the fire and the knife, still loyal in this deepening darkness of his trial, climbed the mountain, not flinching even when his loved son said: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The question cut the father's heart like a knife, but he answered trustfully, "God will provide," believing that by resurrection (Heb. 11 : 17*f*), if not by substitution, he should come back with his living son at his side, and because he knew that God's command and God's promise can never conflict, though they seem to be rushing upon each other in deadly conflict. 6. At last, when they had built an altar of stone and piled on it the wood, Isaac had to be told that he was himself to be sacrificed. A young man of twenty-five surely could not have been bound and slain by an old man of 125 without his own consent, and so the untold story of his trustful submission at once to his earthly parent and his heavenly Father must here be read into the thrilling story. 7. The supreme moment came when Abraham raised the knife to slay his son. Not till then did God interpose. Faith and hope and love having borne the test, God provided a ram to die as Isaac's substitute.

What doctrines and duties are brought to us in this lesson?

Obedience and sacrifice, the proofs of love.

1. In the child.
2. In the father.
3. In the heavenly Father. (Other lessons are: The blessings of trial; the tests of character; obedience, the proof of consecration.)

Isaac's noble manhood we are to study in the next lesson. He was a good citizen then, because he had previously been a good child in the period we are now studying. His home life was in three words—love, trust and obey. Those words, as soon as he was able to know God, became the tie between him and his heavenly Father also. A boy who obeys his father and his God, will start life with such a habit of obedience that he is very unlikely to need the prison school of the disobedient. Said a jail warden: "Obedience is the first lesson we have to teach here. They would not be here, if they had learned that lesson at home." Isaac is a beautiful example of unquestioning obedience to a command of his father and of God that seemed strange and hard. He proved his love to both, his trust in both, by obedience and sacrifice, and came out better than all his fears. Nothing in architecture, or furniture, or food can do so much to make a happy home as absolute trust of parents in their children and of children in their parents, a trust that can be developed only by mutual fidelity. A lady went out one afternoon, leaving her little boy at his grandma's, with the promise that she would call for him when she returned home, which she expected would be about six o'clock. When that hour had nearly come, his grandma suggested that his mother might not come. "Yes, she will," said the boy confidently. Six o'clock struck, and still she had not arrived. Grandma said, "Well, I guess your mother will not come." "I know she will," he replied. "What makes you so sure?" "Because she said if she was not here by six o'clock she would surely come, and my mother never told me a lie." It was only a few minutes more when his mother came and took him home. Let us never forfeit the trust of others, whether of our parents or our children, or of teachers, or neighbors, or customers by breaking, or even forgeting, a promise.

A bad promise spoken had better be broken;
But better not make such a promise to break.

Both Abraham and Isaac, for their trust and obedience, were put on God's roll of honor, in Hebrews 11, in which Abraham's name alone appears twice. That list of the men and women of faith and faithfulness is continued in God's book

A Youth who Obeyed his Father and his God

Manhood's Obedience and Sacrifice

"LAY NOT THINE HAND UPON THE LAD; NEITHER DO THOU ANYTHING UNTO HIM"

of life. "Is my name written there?" I do not have to be great, but only to be good, and all of us, by God's help, can be that, to win a place in that heavenly roll of honor.

Abraham's obedience and sacrifice were far greater yet, to teach us to obey God, though the command seems unreasonable, and compliance impossible. Climb the steep, though death your greatest hopes seems to v at the summit, saying to y fears, "The Lord will provide." Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull has written the following profound words on God as provider, which means the same as God's Providence:

"To provide is, in its root meaning, to foresee. Provide is our unlimited and infallible foreseer. The actions of man who can see farthest ahead are not likely to be f understood by the man whose range of vision is shorter. finitely less likely, and equally unimportant, is it that n should understand each new turn of events in the Div plan. It is not necessary that we should understand compounding of a physician's prescript in order to get its benefit; much less i necessary that we should know the reas for God's providences in order to get spiritual benefit which may be found them just by its seeking. Yet how c mon it is to hear a professing Christ who has been overwhelmed with sud sorrow, say, "I cannot understand v this should have been sent to me." if he rebels against the chastening h because he cannot see any reason such providence, let him also remem that, if he cannot understand his adve ty, not less can he understand his p perity. . . . God is always Provide and he is quite as much our provider w he sends us want, and sends us sorrow when he sends us plenty, and sends joy. We must accept the sorrow, s we refuse the good gift that lies in t sorrow?"

Not Moses only, but all great s have endured and achieved "as seeing who is invisible." For example, Busch quotes the following utteranc Bismarck: "I cannot conceive how a r can live without a belief in a revelat in a God who orders all things for best, in a Supreme Judge from wh there is no appeal." Gladstone, in wh such a faith was yet more dominant, o said that of all the great leaders he known in fifty years, only three or f had lacked such a belief in a King kings.

This was but the greatest of five sp ual sacrifices Abraham was called to m 1. Of his country and kindred (Gen 12 : 1-9). 2. Of the first choice of la yielded to Lot (13 : 7-12). 3. Of the ric of Sodom (14 : 24). 4. Of the child nature (21 : 7-14). 5. Of the child of mise (22 : 1-13). The sacrificial altars the Old Testament are done away, every noble life, no less than Abraha has its milestones of spiritual sacri all the way. And this way of sacrific the only way to noble character here heaven hereafter. It seems to be G law from the lowest forms of life, that way upward shall be through "the st gle for life" and the nobler "struggle the life of others." The very moth m struggle from the lower worm life of cocoon into the higher and more be tiful winged life to which God calls It is only in human life that there is lib to obey or disregard God's call to struggle and sacrifice. The rich yo ruler, called to give up what was dea —his gold—did not bear the test. If had, he would have gone away joyfu that victory over self, which is gre than taking a city, instead of going a sorrowful in defeat and self-condemnati

There can be no reasonable doubt t this acted parable of the sacrifice of Is was intended alone to test A ham's faith, but to instruct it and faith of others, by picturing also the sa fice God would make of his own Son on those same hills a later time. At the supreme moment of agony God spa Abraham's son, but when his own Son exclaimed in Gett mane's shadow of the cross, "If it be possible, let this pass from me," God spared not his own Son, but fre gave him to death for us all.

God Spared not His Own Son

Here is a story in which human and Divine sacrifice combined. A mother had given up her boy to fight Cuba. As the regiment was speeding southward, so Christian gave him a Testament at a railway station. had taken a "treat" of beer or whiskey from some less w friend of the soldiers at the previous station, and was feeling very devout. But he took the Testament, mer saying, "I'll carry it. It'll be good to stop a bullet." So weeks afterward, in the battle of Santiago, this soldier was hit, and left lying among the wounded. In the surgeo hands he recovered consciousness, and heard him say, "I was a close call." A mauser bullet had been extracted fr his breast that had barely reached his heart, and stopp there, because, as he presently learned, it had first pas through the Testament.

JUDGE H. E. W. PALMER MRS. NELLIE PETERS BLACK MISS ANNIE L. HAWKINS MR. JOHN F. BARCLAY MRS. JOHN F. BARCLAY MISS BESSIE DRAPER MISS EMILY MACDOUGALL

A MISSION BORN IN A RAILROAD CAR

AT 191 Marietta street, Atlanta, Ga., stands a large, commodious brick building, known as the "Sheltering Arms Mission." Hundreds of men, women and children have been helped spiritually and physically through its instrumentality. Everybody in Atlanta has a kind wd for it; it is the Jerry McAuley Mission of the Gle City of the South. Its beginning was very humble. iss Sue Holloway, an earnest and devoted Christian wker, visiting among the poor in the factory districts, wstruck with the number of children running about thstreets poorly clad, and apparently with no one to care foheir bodily or spiritual welfare. She went to Mr. John FBarclay, a good man, whom everybody in Atlanta knys and loves, and asked him to start a Sunday Sool in that quarter. On July 13, 1884, the school wa organized in an old passenger coach, sidetracked ne Winship's foundry, with a total attendance of sen, besides the teachers, who were Miss Hollowa Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Barclay, and Judge H. E. W. Pmer. The mission outgrew the passenger coach, anmoved into a room which had been used as a meat mket.

s next migration was into an old tobacco factory, where a large room was secured, and then the mission started upon a new career of prosperity; the work broadened and great numbers were converted. In 1887 it had moved again, and taken up quarters in what had been a big bar-room. Through many trials and vicissitudes, and with many changes of name, this work, which started as a Sunday School in a derelict railroad car, struggled on and grew into the "Sheltering Arms," Atlanta's most notable mission.

The mission is set in that part of Atlanta peopled by the poor, the destitute and the sinful. Around it are factories, foundries, mills and railroad shops, with their multitudes of laboring men, women and children. With the sound of the ever going and coming trains, the clang of factory whistles, the gongs of electric cars, the rumble of wheels on rough stones, the place is one of perpetual noise. Men attracted by hope of work, but unable to obtain it, seek this quarter. None but the poor live here, and here they exist, often in great want and suffering and exposed to severe temptations. To the needs of this community the mission ministers in spiritual and material ways. In addition to the regular Sunday School every Sabbath morning, the temperance school in the afternoon and the services at night, there are week-day departments, all of which are crowded. The "Day Nursery" takes under its care the children of laboring people during working hours. In the night school working girls are given educational opportunities. There are manual training classes for boys.

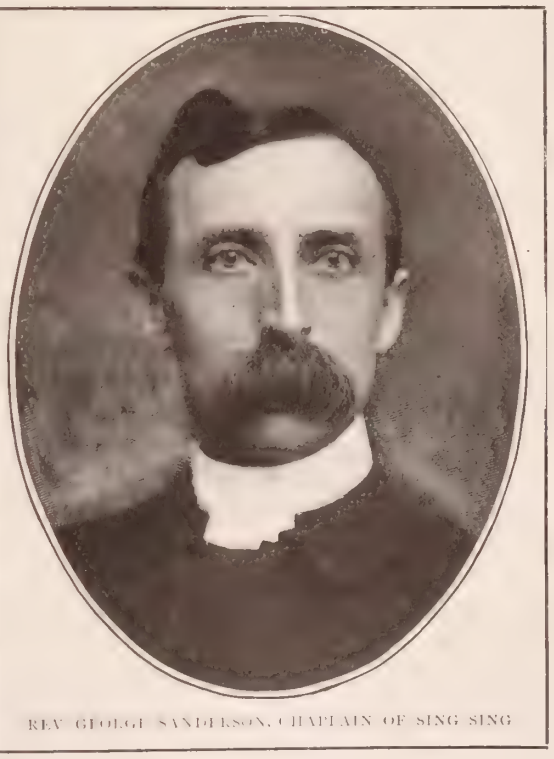
The kindergarten rooms on the first floor are filled each forenoon with thirty-five of the roundest, brightest tots imaginable. Then there are classes for larger children. The library and reading room are for the benefit of all ages. In the laundry, girls are taught laundry work. On Saturday nights, mothers' meetings are held. Baths, sleeping-rooms, a lunch counter, are all features of the system by which the "Sheltering Arms" seeks to help the poor, wayfaring and needy. The Sewing Circle is composed of fifty prominent ladies of the city, who meet one day in each week. These ladies visit all through this section and distribute the clothing the Circle have made or collected. Mrs. Black, President of the Atlanta Free Kindergarten Association, is a warm friend of the Mission's little folks. Miss Draper, Miss Hawkins and Miss MacDougall are active members of a band of earnest young women who have shown great interest in the good work of the "Sheltering Arms." BELLE ROBINSON BUTLER.

UPLIFTING THE CRIMINAL

MANY comfortable, solid mortals, who have little sympathy and less imagination, will consider this title a paradox. Their theory is that any provision for mal regimen and devotional exercises in a penal institutiois one of those kindly illusions which seeks to cast a pleing veil over ugly facts. But to one sensitively alive to grand paradox of the Christian religion itself—success thugh failure—the force and wisdom of official recognition andocial fostering of religious teaching within prison walls will be apparent. In any event, there are hundreds of unfortunes who are constantly testifying their joy and gratitude that is possible to have spiritual communion and devotional dsolation, even beneath the shadow of a common jail.

Rev. George Sanderson, now in his second year as Chaplain of Sing Sing prison, has peculiar aptitudes for his calling, and the influence of fifteen years of like service in the Albany County Penitentiary has stimulated their development. To-day with constancy and faith, he is a believer in that sure soul aid which enables some men to rise superior to an imperfect environment and misleading companions, and rescue a portion of themselves and a part of their lives for something even nobler than success. Chaplain Sanderson's methods are worthy of careful study. His addresses to the men at the Sunday morning services are brief, pointed, salutary; the tone is always candid and moderate. No effort is spared to give variation of idea and fullness of treatment on all those ethical questions with which the world is struggling to-day. He carries on a constant and voluminous correspondence with those leaders of American thought whose services are at the command of their fellows. Among the speakers and workers who have responded in Sing Sing Chapel to the Chaplain's invitation are pastors of different denominations, Y. M. C. A. workers, merchants and business men, secretaries of Chambers of Commerce, Army and Navy officers (including Gen. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., Commander Wadams, U. S. N., and others), Superintendents of Gospel Missions, Editors of religious newspapers, Gospel workers in foreign lands, and chaplains from other prisons.

An advanced course of Bible Studies, under the direction of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman and other distinguished lecturers, has also been a leading feature. Few congregations in the State, even in metropolitan pastorates, have been so generously provided for. As a complement to this teaching and worship, vocalists and musicians of note, many of high rank, have been heard in frequent praise services.



REV. GEORGE SANDERSON, CHAPLAIN OF SING SING

Chaplain Sanderson's experience has convinced him of the necessity and value of an effort made to teach the men. Careful observation is made each month with the idea of improving the character of the reading desired by those who draw books from the library, and each month additions are made—and sometimes expurgations—in the prison literature. The school is kept up to an average of 180 pupils, taught by three teachers, selected and guided by the Chaplain, who visits the classes each day. Here the men gain an insight in those studies essential to the business of life. Yet all of Chaplain Sanderson's work is only preliminary, being intended to create an interest and to compel attention on the part of the men. However important public exhortation and platform teaching may be, if they are to continue current and vital, they must be followed by that crowning virtue of uttered words—the doing of serviceable things.

Sing Sing's Chaplain gives the best of himself and of his days to personal contact with his wards. The patience, the skill, the tender and generous compassion, with which the Chaplain has labored in this connection, are deeply appreciated by all the inmates, and there are men there whose names first marked the prison index thirty years ago. It would be impossible in our limited space, to enumerate the cases in which spiritual aid and comfort have been brought to the men by Chaplain Sanderson in the twelve months past. There are many whose needs and griefs would have remained unknown, except through the instrumentality of Sunday visits to cell doors.

Sympathy and help!—if ever a being needs them on earth, it is the inmate of a cell. Personal touch! In no other way can one assist the convict to control his propensities and to ennoble his purposes. To aid and uplift, by spiritual and intellectual means, those who are lowest is the only way in which society can secure the maximum of protection, and affords the only hope for the regeneration of the criminal.

MY LITTLE UNKNOWN FRIEND

THE following beautiful story was written as part of her school work by a pupil of the Longfellow School, Peoria, Ill., a little girl of thirteen. It is sent us by her teacher:

One morning on my way to school, I passed a neglected cottage which had been vacated for some time, I noticed a woman, poorly but neatly dressed, washing the windows, and supposed that some poor family had moved there who could afford no better home. I don't know why, but somehow or other I thought about the little house and its new occupants all day during school. On my way home in the evening, there were the nice clean sash curtains up at the windows, and the trash was all cleaned out of the front yard.

Next morning as I passed, the sash curtains were parted from what I suppose was the bedroom window. Sitting in a chair by the window was a little girl wrapped in a large shawl. She was very pale and thin, but her face was lit up by a pair of big blue eyes, which looked unnaturally large compared with her little pale face. Her hair was a mass of golden curls. When she saw me pass she smiled, and waved her hand and threw me a kiss. I was only too glad to be noticed by her; I waved my hand and threw a kiss in return.

I could hardly wait until school closed that evening so anxious was I to see if the little girl would still be in the window. When I got to the house sure enough she was there, and silently greeted me just as she had done before.

The next morning I asked my mother if I could take two apples to school, and receiving her permission I picked out one as nice as I could find and rubbed it hard until it shone, and then I started. When I reached the little girl's home, the lady whom I had seen before was out in the yard. I gave her the rosy apple and asked her if she would give it to the little girl. She seemed greatly pleased, and thanked me heartily. After that, every morning I left some little token. Sometimes an apple, sometimes a banana, or a flower. So the time passed on, every morning and evening I saw my little, unknown friend, and received her smile and the kiss which she threw; but every day I noticed her getting paler and thinner, and her eyes growing larger.

One morning as I passed, there was no little face at the window. The sash curtains were drawn together. I felt out of sorts all day and was so glad when school closed for the day. I hastened homeward, but still there was no girl to be seen. That evening mother spoke to me several times and wanted to know what made me so quiet. The next day it was the same—no little girl. The next there was crape on the door, and I understood all. A few days after I received permission from my mother to stay home from school and attend the funeral.

I do not pass the little house now on my way to and from school. Strangers have moved in, and I go two blocks out of my way, so as to avoid passing the place which had been the home of my Little, Unknown Friend. MABEL JOHNSON.

DAILY PRAYER*

A Habit which Subjectively as well as Objectively Tends to Spiritual Development

WHY is it that so few people make daily prayer a habit? It would be interesting to know the reasons. Some, doubtless, do not pray because they think that God does not answer. With some, doubtless, there is the feeling that God knows our condition, is fully aware of our needs, and that there is no necessity to tell him of them. With others, the reason is to be found in a species of fatalism, which forbids them to hope that it is possible to change God's will. With the great majority, however, the reason probably lies in the absorbing nature of their daily concerns. Awaking from sleep, the engagements of the day rush upon the mind, and one problem after another presents itself for solution. Business questions must be decided; difficulties must be surmounted; transactions must be conducted on which serious losses or large gains depend. These things have been in abeyance for some hours, if the man is strong enough in mind to force them to hold off while he recuperates his mental powers by sleep. But rising in the morning, they come back, peremptorily demanding consideration. Prayer is then apt to be omitted, or to become a mere formality carried through while the mind is full of other things. Even persons who make a profession of Christianity often permit causes such as these to interfere with a practice that is the chief support and sustenance of spiritual life. The Apostle thought that wrong views and conduct in the observance of the Lord's supper was the reason why so much spiritual sickness existed in the Corinthian Church, but in our day the low spiritual tone in many churches may more surely be traced to the neglect of private daily prayer.

We would be less likely to neglect this means of grace if we held clearer views of the nature of prayer. It is remarkable how Christ reiterated the relation which lies at the basis of prayer. In his inimitable prayer he begins with "Our Father," and all through his ministry this idea of God's fatherhood was made prominent in his teaching. If, then, God is our father, what kind of children are we if we never approach him with words acknowledging the relationship? What kind of a son would that be who allowed days and weeks to slip by without going near his father or speaking to him? Even if in our hearts there is a doubt whether he will answer our prayers, our consciousness of favors received should bring us into his presence with words of thankfulness. Besides, there is the privilege of communion, which of itself ought to be sufficient to attract us to the presence of God. The fact that in prayer we are brought into contact with the Supreme Being who allows us to call him Father, is enough to make the time of communion with him a holy and precious privilege, which should never be curtailed or omitted. Even if we ask no favors, if we present no petitions, it is so great a privilege to be admitted into the divine presence that no one should be willing to forego it. To come there and pour into the divine ear the story of our sorrows, our regrets, our longings, assured of a sympathetic attention, is of itself a relief and a help. But it is difficult to believe that any child of God can think that it all ends there. We know not how God hears and answers prayer, but we cannot believe that he does refrain from answering. We may not get all that we ask. It is sometimes well that we should not. But in some way, often in some better way than we have planned, the answer does come.

How many a melancholy fall might have been prevented by this habit of daily prayer! Few of these failures are deliberately planned. Temptation comes and there is a partial yielding, followed by a season of remorse, and then comes another assault and again there is yielding, until the downward course becomes sure and rapid. If in the presence of God the ordeal that is coming were described and help were implored, how surely it would be granted! Many a battle has been fought and won on the knees. It is there that the struggle with temptation can be fought to a successful issue. Time and again in the experience of the child of God, the temptation has been turned aside or robbed of its power by prayer. It is worth while for any who have not made the experiment to put this prescription to the proof. If he knows that he is in danger of falling, if sad experience has proved to him his own weakness, and if he sincerely desires to overcome, let him state the case frankly on his knees, acknowledge his frailty and beseech help in the hour of trial. He will be astonished to find that in some way he has been delivered. God will not always deliver him, but he will give him an increase of strength so that he fights with more vigor, or there is some interposition of circumstances, which are not always so purely accidental as we think, which diminishes the force of the assault. The victory may be won in a way so natural that we think there is nothing supernatural in it; but so God works, and the victory was really won in the morning interview with the Father. Growth in grace, increase of moral strength, intenser love, stronger faith, and better usefulness all come from that daily prayer which bring us into contact with Omnipotence and with that Power which is working in us to the development of spiritual life.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Aug. 25. Psalm 34.

MONT-LAWN'S LETTER-BAG

WHAT stories, funny and pathetic, fill the letter-bag which goes back and forth between our Children's Home and the Nyack post office every day! The letters that come from Hester street, or some other "Poverty Row," are often addressed in hands more ill-formed than those which go back, although the writers are adults—fathers and mothers, who are using their best skill and English to communicate with their little boys and girls who are having a good time at Mont-Lawn. Sometimes, as you hand such a letter out to an eager little recipient, you think: "Perhaps that poor mother scrimped her breakfast or her dinner to buy a stamp." The letters that go back in the bag—these are the ones that make you smile in spite of yourself, although the eyes of the writer are fixed upon you while he waits to receive compliments on the work of art which he has produced at infinite pains, and with the expenditure of much precious time which might have been employed swinging in a scup or picking flowers in a field. Here are a few specimens which the writer was privileged to read:

"I WANT TO WRITE A LETTER"

Dear Mother. I am going to stay here 10 days I get eat 3 times in a day. Then we go to sleep. The name of the country is Nyack. I send the best regards to all. Your loving son, Joe.——Dear father and mother. I am very far from you—the air is very fresh and enuff the eating is very good an' they let me have all the eating I want. Your loving daughter, Bessie.——Dear mamma. I will tell you something about the place where I am we like it very much here we could eat as much as we want and also drink milk. Tommy wants rite, too, but he can't. He don't have hedake no more an' he's got fat I wisht they'd let me stay three weeks like Tommy has. He says: "tell mama, Ise dot well."——Dear mother. Having a fine time. Blackberries are ripe. Willie.——Dear mother. Instead of Baby crying, she is always laughing and forever eting she has a verry good appetite she laughs all the time in bed an' kicks me a great dele. She has got well. Annie.——Dear mamma. They let me help make beds every moruing. My teacher is so kind. I love to help. When I go home, I will bring you some flowers.——Dear father. I am enjoying myself and I like this country an I hope you have got well an can get some work an I send 200 kisses. Johnny.——Dear aunt. We like this country verry much we are up at five o'clock in the morning an go picking berries and have grand times. There's plenty to ete an milk an you can play on grass an there's scups an plenty of air here.——Dear mother. I got here for supper I drank 4 mugs of nice fresh milk I am feeling verry good. It was jolly on the boat, an then we rode in the stage an we had hominy for breakfast an there's a nice new cottage called Hope Cottage an there's a tree behind it an it's got green apples on it an they wont let me ete 'em and so now no more from me at this time I am going to pick berries an swim in the pool an go up the mountain an there are scups here. Tom.

The following explains itself:

Dear, Unknown Friends: I have heard of you from my loving teacher. All the teachers here are kind to me. Now, I write you that I am in the country, I am having a nice time here. I am very thankful to you for giving the money to send me to the country. Now I will tell you what we do in the country. We go out picking berries, we go to chapel two times a day. The teachers take us for walks, they tell nice stories to us, and we have got a big tent here where we eat in. When we go to chapel or tent we get in a line two by two. We had a very nice journey coming on the boat. We were singing and laughing on the boat. As I have wrote all I can think of, I will close. Your grateful friend, Gussie.

It took her a long time to write that letter, and she put much hard work and patient pains into its construction. Our children are under twelve; they are from the slums; they have not had fair opportunities; few can write an intelligent letter of thanks, however full their little hearts may be. The poorest, the neediest, the most afflicted are those least able to express by pen the gratitude their wistful eyes would speak could they look up into the faces of those who have helped them by gifts and prayer. Only $3 gives one child an outing at Mont-Lawn; $6 sends two; $9, three; for $36, twelve waifs may be made happy. Send cash contributions to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York; gifts of clothing should be expressed to The Christian Herald Children's Home, Nyack, N. Y.

Gospel Work in the Mountains

From time to time I have read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, accounts of the work of evangelists in western North Carolina and the mountains bordering on the Tennessee line. Much work has been done in that region of late years by the Presbyterian synod of North Carolina.

Now I wish to tell your readers of a work inaugurated in Ashe and Alleghany, the two northwestern counties of this State, by the First Presbyterian Church, South, of Greensboro, N. C. Some three years ago this church employed an evangelist, and sent him into Ashe. Then there was not a Presbyterian in the county, so far as we know, and but few churches of any denomination, these few being many miles apart. There are now four new churches and four Sabbath Schools organized. A little over a year ago this church sent yet another evangelist to Alleghany, and his first report, recently received, shows gratifying progress. Some ten years ago, this church sent a missionary into Stokes County, where Presbyterianism was scarcely known; now there are some ten churches and many Sunday Schools as a result; and the field is about self-supporting. W. S. MOORE.

Greensboro, N. C.

Called Away

A friend in Santa Rosa, Calif., writes, telling of the recent death of Mrs. J. L. Burchard, who "loved THE CHRISTIAN HERALD so much. She had taken it for years, had read it with great pleasure and had found much comfort and encouragement in its pages." "After she could not read, I read the paper to her," her aged husband says. Mrs. Burchard was seventy-two at the time of her death; her father was a preacher, Rev. Jonas Heath, of West Virginia; her mother, Margaret Heath, was a devout Christian; and no wonder their daughter early gave her heart to God. In 1848, she became the wife of Rev. J. L. Burchard, who was just beginning an itinerant's life on our wild frontiers. Three children survive her—Dr. Leonidas S. Burchard, Mrs. Mary M. Twomley, of Oakland, and Daniel W. Burchard, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco. The poor and friendless always found a friend in this good woman; again and again she opened her heart and home to receive orphan children, and besides those of her own flesh and blood, many to whom she was as a mother are left to mourn her.

* * *

"She carried sunshine with her" is the beautiful tribute her friends pay to the memory of Mrs. Mary E. Hopkins Day, who, on June 18, went to the "Better Land." In times of greatest bereavement and sorrow she would try to find the silver lining to the cloud. She was born in Rumford Me., March 14, 1848; her father was a minister of God, Rev. Elphalet S. Hopkins, and from her youth she was a follower of the Lord. During her last sickness, she would want her sister to read her THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and would often remark: "How good it is to hear those words!" She wished her daughter, Mrs. Effie Williamson, to carry some of the papers home and read them. It seemed to be her greatest anxiety to have all her friends share in the rich blessings of the Gospel.

BREAKFAST ON DRINK

Coffee Makes Many Dyspeptics.

"Coffee and I had quite a tussle. ... years ago I was advised by the doctor to ... the use of coffee, for I had a chronic cas... dyspepsia and serious nervous troubles, w... did not yield to treatment. I was so addi... to coffee that it seemed an impossibilit... quit, but when I was put on Postum Ce... Food Coffee, there was no trouble in mak... the change, and today I am a well woman.

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WON TO CHRIST BY A COMRADE

How Bishop Henry W. Warren was Brought to the Cross by a Soul-seeking Schoolmate

...BY...
REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE Mecca of Massachusetts Methodists is at beautiful Wilbraham, nestling among the hills among as handsome New England scenery as one might hope to find anywhere. It was there that Henry W. Warren, an earnest, dilligent young man, found himself in pursuit of an education. He was moral but not religious. No deep personal religious hunger had yet seized him. Among his acquaintances made among the students was one which was very fortunate for him. This was John H. Mansfield, who afterwards became a faithful minister, who has all his life been a soul-seeker, and still pursues that work at Gardner, Massachusetts.

Young Mansfield had set his heart on winning some of his young student friends

BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN

to Christ. Greatly admiring and loving young Warren, he marked him in thought as one of a special list for whom he would pray, and determined that he would by God's help answer his own prayers, as far as possible, through his personal efforts.

One evening in the autumn of 1845, when, as Bishop Warren says, "the October day on the hills at Wilbraham was beautiful as only New England hills can be" John Mansfield asked Henry Warren to go with him for a short walk. The walk was necessarily very brief, for the recitation did not close until four forty-five, and they had to be back at the chapel for prayers at five. They spent the fifteen minutes strolling out to a chestnut grove near by, and then, after a few moments' conversation, strolling back again to the academy building. Young Mansfield had been praying for this chance, and he improved the brief opportunity to present to his friend the blessedness of the religious life, and the claims of Christ upon his service. Warren was honest and candid, and gave the subject side attention, but did not impress Mansfield as being deeply interested. After a few days of prayer for him, and several conversations, Mansfield invited him to come to his room, and go with him to class-meeting the next Saturday night, and Warren promised to do so. When the time arrived, however, Mansfield waited awhile for him, but as he did not appear, he thought his friend had promised more than he had courage to perform, and was dodging a little. The next time he met him, he reminded him of the broken promise, and found he had been unavoidably detained. The invitation was renewed for the next Saturday, and on that evening Warren appeared. Mansfield said to him, "Now, I suppose your mind is made up to seek the Lord. If so, we might as well begin here. Let us get down before the Lord, and I will pray for you and you pray for yourself."

Mansfield prayed as well as he could, and then Henry Warren breathed out his penitent desires to God. They went to class-meeting together. When it came his turn to speak, Warren frankly told the class his determination, and asked them to pray for him. The next Sunday night, at the prayer-meeting in church, the pastor, the Rev. Henry Baker, asked anyone who desired to seek the Lord to come forward for prayers. When this invitation was given, John Mansfield went out into the audience and found young Warren and his room-mate, William A. Smith, the son of a Methodist preacher. They were standing together, and at Mansfield's kindly entreaty, they both went forward to the altar and sought the Lord, but they did not find peace during that meeting.

* * *

At that time Mansfield was praying, and had been for a week, for a deeper burden of soul for sinners. After the meeting he went to his room and prayed for the young men, and for himself, and retired, but not to sleep. He was so deeply interested in the salvation of Warren and Smith that he continued to weep and pray until the morning dawned. The following night he found his two young friends and took them for a walk. He counselled with them the best he knew how, and advised them to go to their room and give themselves to God, and believe he accepted them. Mansfield, on leaving them, went to his own room, where he continued to weep and pray, in intense earnestness, until two o'clock in the morning, when his feeling of anxiety all left him, and almost immediately he fell asleep. The next day, when he went up to prayers at the Academy, he found the two young men for whom he had been praying, standing on the upper terrace, with faces full of delight, waiting to tell him of their new-found joy. A little after midnight, as they lay thinking and praying, one said to the other: "It seems to me I feel better." The other replied: "That is just what I was thinking."

* * *

John H. Mansfield recalls that experience with great joy and thanksgiving to God. William A. Smith graduated at the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in 1854, and became an honored and eminent minister in the Rook River Conference of the Methodist Church. The fame of Bishop Henry W. Warren is known in all the Christian world, and he himself has been the evangel of salvation to multitudes of men.

There ought to be in this a message of encouragement and hope to Christian young men and women in the academies and colleges of the land. It is often possible for faithful young servants of Christ to win to the Lord their school associates and thereby to start in motion forces for righteousness that will bless the world through all the years to come. The school is one of the best fields on earth in which to gather sheaves for the Master.

FAITH UNDER PROOF

Abraham's Confidence in God Put to the Test

By Mrs. M. Baxter

ABRAHAM is the only Old Testament type of God the Father, and in the tremendous test through which he would bring his faithful servant, he would also make known something of what it cost him to redeem mankind. Abraham had believed God that he should be the father of a great multitude, and that he should have a son; and now comes a command from the Lord, utterly incomprehensible, but for the words with which it is introduced: "And it came to pass after these things that God did prove Abraham" (Gen. 22: 1, R. V.). "Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou lovest, even Isaac, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." The very last communication of God to Abraham which is mentioned was: "In Isaac shall thy seed be called" (Gen. 21: 12), how, then, could it be the mind of God that this child of promise should be slain?

It is not the office of faith to understand, but to obey. Was Isaac more Abraham's property than God's, or more God's property than Abraham's? Were the promises of God of more importance to Abraham or to God himself? The man of faith looks on everything from God's side, and, therefore, bows in loyal submission before his God. If Isaac was to be the man through whom the promises should be fulfilled, and if, for his own purpose, God would have Abraham to take his life, and offer him up in sacrifice, it remained for God to justify his Word and his character, even though it should be in raising Isaac from the dead. "By faith, Abraham being tried, offered up Isaac; yea, he that had gladly received the promises was offering up his only-begotten son; even he of whom it was said, In Isaac shall thy seed be called; accounting that God is able to raise up, even from the dead; from whence he did also in a parable receive him back" (Heb. 11: 17-19, R. V., marg.). No resurrection from the dead had ever yet taken place on earth; but God could, if his Word required it, bring him back from the dead. God could work a miracle, but he could not deny himself, his Word must be fulfilled.

So when Abraham had received the command of God, he spent no time in reasoning over how, if Isaac were slain, God's Word could be accomplished; nor did he consider the cost to his deep fatherly love for the son for whom he had waited twenty-five years (comp. Gen. 12: 4; 17: 17). Abraham lived for God, he was a father for God, not for himself; Isaac had been given him for God, that his Word might be justified, and his purposes carried out. And, therefore, just when it cost him most, this true man of God set on one side every personal consideration, "rose early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son; and he clave the wood for the burnt-offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him." Prompt obedience is the proof of real faith in God. God is equal to all the consequences which his commands entail.

"On the third day, Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off." What days of agony those days would have been had he been occupied either with his feelings or with his reasonings! But when the heart of a child of God, under a severe test, bows in complete and joyful resignation to his will, cost what it may, the Spirit of God fills that heart with adoration. If God can trust his child with such a test, he gives exceptional grace for the occasion, which lifts him out of the atmosphere of the visible, and in the light of eternity he sees things from the standpoint of God. Thus, when he saw the place afar off, Abraham, instead of being filled with agony that the time of parting with the son in whom all his hopes were centred, was at hand, he faltered not, but said to the young men: "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder, and we will worship, and come again to you." "We will worship!" Abraham counted on Isaac as ready to be a willing sacrifice as soon as he should know the will of God. He had trusted God for this. But also he could say: "We will come again to you." Was not this a word of faith at such a moment?

The servants remained with the ass, the son went up to sacrifice. What a picture of the world and worldly Christians! They remain with the earthly, while the men of faith, as sons of God, follow the only-begotten Son of God on his path of sacrifice. And now came a critical moment. Isaac understood the offering of sacrifices, and he missed the victim. "My father . . . behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" "God will provide himself the lamb for the burnt-offering, my son." Between this moment and the moment of the actual offering, that father and son must have come to an understanding. Isaac must have come to know God's command and to be willing, for "they went both of them together." These words are significant. Abraham was an old man: Isaac in the vigor of youth. If the latter had not been willing to be bound and laid upon the altar, his father could not have forced him. They came to the place, and in building the altar and arranging the wood, Abraham was in spirit laying himself as much as he laid the bound Isaac on the altar; father and son were wholly at God's disposal.

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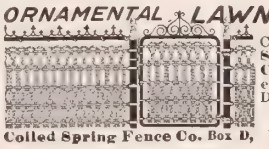

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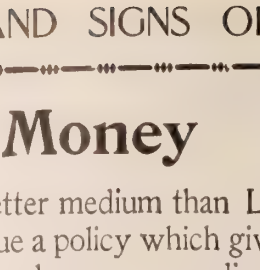

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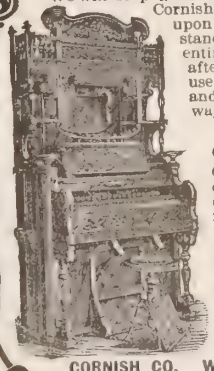

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VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Sept. 18

1. In all the recorded acts of faith in the New or Old Testaments, performed by mortal man, what was the most marvelous, wonderful, and far-reaching, considering the time and the circumstances?

2. What is the origin of the name "Red Sea"?

3. What form of punishment is most advisable in dealing with children who need correction?

4. Is it wise for a young lady, who wishes to advance the Christian cause, to make a vow never to accept in marriage one who is not a Christian?

5. When a man is in debt, is he justified in spending any of his income for other than actual necessities while the debt remains unliquidated? Has he a right to indulge in vacation (for self or family), in Christmas or birthday gifts, or in charity or church offerings? Define the limit of his rights, as near as possible, under such circumstances.

Questions of the Week

1. How can a pastor carry out effectively the Scriptural injunction, "Go out and compel them to come in"?

The revised version is more correct, "constrain them to come in," by moral and spiritual persuasion, not by physical force. The pastor does this in different ways: 1. By the excellence of his preaching and the spirituality of the worship he conducts. 2. By his personal influence in friendly intercourse from day to day. 3. By Gospel invitations, private instruction, and personal appeals whenever he can get some one's attention and win his confidence. W. W. KILPATRICK.

. . .

Our ordinary experience is in this, as in so many other duties, a guide to us. We have all received a variety of invitations from friends and acquaintances. There is the formal "at home," when visitors will be received. There is the polite invitation to call at any time, which frequently means no time. There is the more cordial invitation that our friend will be glad to see us when it is convenient. All these are polite, and sociable, and friendly; but they are very different from the invitation of the man who is really intent on having us come. He wants to know *when* we will come; he calls to urge us to come; wants to know what prevents our coming, will send a conveyance, or will try to remove any other obstacle. He is so persistent and urgent that we understand how sincerely he desires us to come, and we feel compelled to go. The pastor who goes to the people whom he knows to be unconverted, and tries to get into their confidence to learn what it is that keeps them from Christ; pleads with them and presses the invitation upon them, both in the church and in their homes, is the one who carries out the Scriptural injunction to "compel them to come in." J. B. INFREE.

2. Is a lady of the house justified in telling her servant to say to callers, whom she does not wish to see, "She is not at home," when she is?

No, assuredly not, for not only does she sin herself, but causes another to lie, and sets a bad example generally. If it is not convenient to see her callers she had better have her servant tell them so in a courteous manner, or if she feels that she cannot do that, she had better receive them, even though it is inconvenient and disagreeable; for at least she has not sinned or influenced others to do so. In the sight of God, a lie is a lie whatever the motive. SALLIE L. DUNLAP.

In one sense, the announcement is an untruth. "At Home" has acquired a distinctive meaning, and intimates that the host or hostess is prepared to receive. Therefore, "not at home" might reasonably be construed to mean simply that the host is not prepared or disposed to receive. It is, however, an unfortunate form of expression, and a decidedly clumsy one, but not a lie, if rightly understood. Far better were it to say, "Miss or Mrs. or Mr. So-and-So is not visible," as they do in France, where such forms are made more convenient for social usage. There should be some reasonable way of declining an untimely call without impoliteness or untruth. Let us be generous, and lay the blame for the awkward "not at home" not on the individual, but upon a defect of the system. It would offend no sensible person to be informed that "Mrs. So-and-So regrets that she cannot receive guests to-day, but will be pleased to have you call on ———" (naming her At Home day, or some other convenient time). Any caller, with proper respect for the rights of others, would be willing to accept such an explanation. MARIA AYLMER.

. . .

Yes, certainly. "At Home" is a society phrase, coined, like many others, to meet demands which have arisen with the development of the social world, and whose meanings, hence, are idiomatic and not literal. "At home" signifies readiness on the part of the lady of the house to receive callers. Not "at home" means that she is otherwise engaged, and does not necessarily imply that she is not in the house. An "At Home" is a stated occasion on which the hostess receives her guests, and is a term equivalent, in some degree, to the formal military expression, "on parade." MRS. F. E. FROST.

. . .

The term "not at home" has come to have a meaning of its own, and does not necessarily imply the absence of the person in question. In this accepted sense, one is guilty of giving no false impression nor acting an untruth in allowing its use. In these days of intense activity, it is woman's privilege to claim some precious hours as her very own, when she shall be free from all intrusion and interruption. The well-bred, common-sense woman, understanding and sympathizing, has no thought of questioning, nor of taking offense, when told that her friend is not at home, for she, in return, claims the same privilege.
MAY STELLE.

3. What was the "Book without words," and where and when was it published?

This literary curiosity was published in England, and was so called because, after the title page, it contained not a single word. It is a religious allegory, devised by a religious enthusiast, and the thought is in the symbolic color of its leaves, of which two are black, two crimson, two pure white, two gold. The black symbolizes the unregenerate heart of man; the crimson, the redemption; the white, the purity of the soul "washed in the blood"; the gold, the radiant soul of eternal felicity. S.

4. Is a pastor, who has no special need of a rest during the summer, justified in going off for two or three months, just because he enjoys the change, and leaving his flock shepherdless?

I think not. While there are some pastors overworked (and no man should begrudge them a vacation), and few are overpaid, yet the congregations that require an unreasonable amount of service from their pastor are few. Then there are occasional days during the year in which he is not busy, and which he can and does use for recreation and rest. The winter is usually recognized as "Harvest time" for the Church, but only too often that which is gathered in in the winter is lost in the summer, and especially is this liable to be the case when the pastor goes away for several months at a season when the Devil seems to be unusually busy. A. A. FORSTER.

. . .

The most inspiring victory ever won, was on the occasion when the great Shepherd took a vacation to the coast of Tyre, to heal the child of a Canaanitish woman. He echoed the disciple's words when he said: "It is not meet to give the children's loaf unto dogs." Her reply more than rewarded him for his journey: "True, Lord, but the dogs partake of the crumbs which fall beneath the Master's table." It was a pearl from a heap of charcoal. No other mother has ever surpassed in quickness of comprehension of truth as this one did, or have any received a greater blessing. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. If a pastor's faith leads him on such a vacation, let him go and take his disciples with him that they may rejoice in the victory.
J. FLOMERFELT.

. . .

If a pastor has faithfully performed all the duties which come to a pastor (of even a small church) from 1st of September till the last of June, he is, in my opinion, in need of a rest and change, if he is to be, and do, what he should the following fall and winter. The strain on the nerves and brain of a pastor is very great, and if he be so strong and cheery that he does not show a "need" of rest, that is no reason for deciding he does not need one. I do not believe in a "flock being left shepherdless"—but I do believe in the flock being willing and glad for their pastor to go away for a time, and making it easy for him to go (and that there may be no reproach upon the name of Christ and the Church by being without a pastor) that they provide a supply for at least part of the time while he is away. Think of how he has been at the "beck and call" of all, in sorrow or in joy—in sickness or health. We too often think that a minister (and his wife) are not human beings, and we exact more from them than we possibly perform ourselves.
ELLA J. PIE[illegible]

5. Was the miracle at Pentecost (Acts 2 [illegible]) wrought on the preachers or the hear[illegible]?

The question is, "Did God's power s[illegible] ate upon the preachers as to enable th[illegible] speak in a language hitherto unkno[illegible] them, or, did it so operate upon the ea[illegible] understandings of the hearers as to ma[illegible] voices of the apostles sound like their [illegible] tongue, and convey to them as clear a[illegible] ing as if such were the case?" The for[illegible] evidently true, and the miracle was w[illegible] upon the preachers, because: 1. That [illegible] idea conveyed by a reading of the [illegible] cited. 2. That is what the prophet said [illegible] take place (Isa. 28: 11, 12). Paul quot[illegible] passage (I. Cor. 14: 21), as applying ex[illegible] to the ability to speak "with other to[illegible] under the Gospel. 3. Christ definite[illegible] promised these apostles that they shoul[illegible] this ability (Mark 16: 17). 4. It was a [illegible] that existed widely, and for a consi[illegible] period in the early Church. Paul h[illegible] power (I. Cor. 14: 18). It was a pow[illegible] in the Church" (I. Cor. 12: 28). It [illegible] power which all did not have (I. Cor. [illegible] yet Paul desired it for all (I. Cor. 14: [illegible] so, presumably, was possessed by othe[illegible] the apostles (I. Cor. 14: 18).
B. F. WHITTEN[illegible]

. . .

The particular miracle of Pentecost r[illegible] to in the question was that of the tho[illegible] of people of various nationalities a[illegible] guages gathered in Jerusalem at the ti[illegible] ery one heard in their own mother ton[illegible] words of the disciples that were utte[illegible] the mighty power of God with the bap[illegible] the Holy Spirit. It is very evident tha[illegible] though the disciples "spake in other t[illegible] as the Spirit gave them utterance," the[illegible] speak but one certain language at on[illegible] and the Scriptures do not suggest oth[illegible] The marvel lay in the fact that the mu[illegible] all heard in their own various tongue[illegible] but one language was spoken—a proce[illegible] might be termed the transmutation [illegible] guage in the passage through spac[illegible] speaker to auditors, the separate and [illegible] and different phenomena produced i[illegible] person according to the various natio[illegible] constituting the miraculous attestat[illegible] God's power. WALTER W. HUBB[illegible]

Miscellaneous Questi[illegible]s

Eva. Is a marriage ceremony performed [illegible] Sabbath day lawful? and if so, in what [illegible]

Counselor G. H. Crawford, 49 Wall [illegible] N. Y. City, gives this answer to the for[illegible]:

"To answer fully would require the [illegible] nation of the statutes of all the Stat[illegible] Territories in the Union, which would [illegible] several days' work. The following, h[illegible] may be sufficient: At common law, [illegible] riage ceremony duly solemnized on [illegible] is valid, and this is true in every Sta[illegible] Territory in the Union where the comm[illegible] prevails, unless there be some special [illegible] to the contrary. We are not aware [illegible] such statute, but, for greater securi[illegible] inquirer should consult the statutes [illegible] particular State which he or she has in[illegible]"

Mrs. T. S., Pontiac, Mich. (and others) How many years did it take Noah to build t[illegible]

Gen. 6: 3 would indicate that 120 ye[illegible] was allowed for the work of warning and [illegible] paration. Just how much of this peri[illegible] was actually occupied in constructing the a[illegible] can-not be known.

Annie B., Rochford, S. Dak. We neve[illegible] hear[illegible] of it.

Francis C. A. C., Ybor City, Fla. We h[illegible] repeatedly expressed our views regarding a[illegible] forms of sorcery, divination and spiritualism s[illegible] alled. They have not changed, and are based on Sc[illegible] tural grounds.

R. L., Burlington, Vt. Any garments for [illegible] dren from four to twelve years old will be [illegible] ful. Dresses, blouses, trousers, underwear, sleep[illegible]; ap-parel, hats and shoes, are all acceptable, [illegible] will aid us in clothing our ragged waifs, and you [illegible] be doing a welcome kindness by sending a [illegible] thing your own children have outgrown to THE [illegible] RISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack. [illegible] Cash contributions should be sent to this o[illegible]

Several correspondents have asked what [illegible] Vice-President Roosevelt attends. He is a [illegible] of the Dutch Reformed Church. His father [illegible] of the trustees of the Collegiate Church, N[illegible] City, and attended the Twenty-ninth str[illegible] Fifth avenue church: his brother and first w[illegible] Presbyterians, and were buried from Dr. [illegible] Fifth avenue Presbyterian church. His [illegible] wife is an Episcopalian, and he attends that [illegible] with her, although (until he married the secon[illegible] he regularly attended the Presbyterian Ch[illegible] which his father was also a trustee.

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LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, AUGUST 21, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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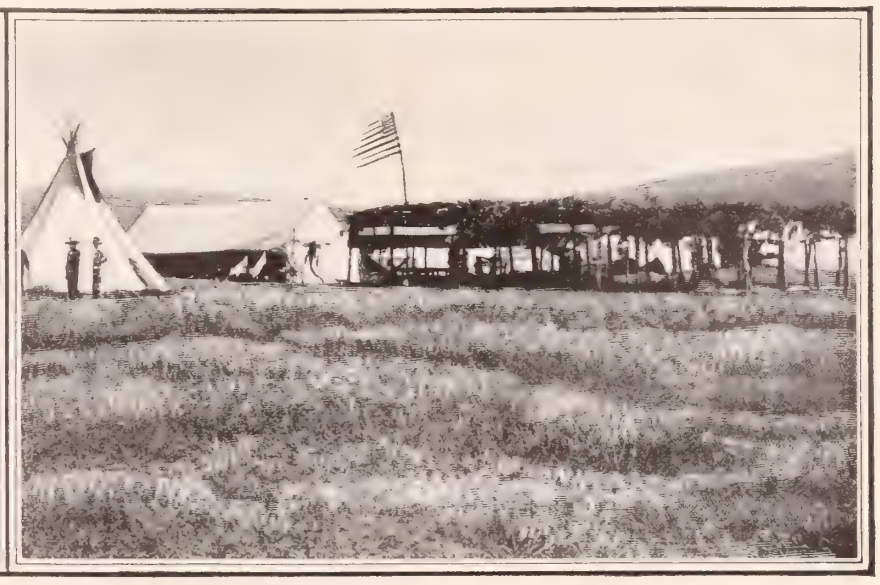
GENERAL VIEW OF SADDLE MOUNTAIN CAMP



THE ARBOR, WHERE THE MEETINGS ARE HELD

THE RED MEN'S PRAIRIE TABERNACLE

A MEMORABLE Sunday it was. At the foot of Saddle Mountain, the most picturesque spot of the Wichita range, there were camped about four hundred Indians and perhaps a hundred white people. Tents and tepees stretched out in all directions, some being furnished with all the home comforts—beds, tables, chairs, dishes, etc.,—others contained bare necessities; a few branches piled at one side and covered with a blanket served as a bed, this with a few dishes, completed the outfit.

The noise and din of many voices, the children playing, and people moving to and fro, transformed the usually quiet and lonely prairie into the busy, active life of a town.

Altogether, it was a most picturesque and interesting spectacle. The mountains and green grass of the prairie made a most beautiful background for the white tents and tepees. Most of the Indians were clad in gorgeously colored camp clothes. Many of the men, however, though they wear citizens' clothes, cling tenaciously to the blanket, which they wrap about their bodies. In summer-time, they substitute a sheet for the blanket.

A large arbor, erected by the Indians, required a whole week of hard work. Large, heavy poles, had to be cut and securely set in the earth, and then the top was covered with branches, affording a deep shade. Appropriate mottoes were hung inside: "Long in darkness we have waited for the shining of the light"; "Walk as children of light"; "There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth light"; "The Lord is my light and my salvation"; "A light shineth in a dark place"; "There is a light in the valley"; "Arise, shine, for thy light cometh."

Within a short distance was the Baptist mission station, called in Kiowa, *Daw-kee-houm-gee-k'op*, meaning, God's-light-on-the-mountain. This name was given by one of the Indians, for he said: "Everybody sees the sun, it gives light to everybody. We want Indians to get out of the dark, and let Jesus shine in their hearts so every one can see, like a light on the mountain. This mission is God's light on the mountain."

A small hand-bell was rung for service. Steadily a stream of people came forth from tents and tepees; slowly the arbor was filled, until there must have been some four hundred men, women and children congregated. Hymns were sung in English and Kiowa, followed by prayers by whites and Indians; then came a helpful, appealing sermon, which was interpreted to the Indians. Earnest solicitation was made to those who wanted to walk the Jesus road, and nineteen candidates, men women and children, presented themselves for baptism. They were examined, and their simple, touching testimonies were a pledge of their faith.

One real old man said, "I do not talk much, I never say nothing. I keep quiet and hide things in my mind, I am old and poor, and nearly all my friends are gone. I feel I am carrying a load and it is getting too much for me. I want to walk in the Jesus road and he will roll off my burden." His friend Big Tree, a Christian, and once a famous war chief, got up and said: "I am so glad; he never talk and I do not know how he feels. We have been together in war and I see him all the time; but I am glad he can now give his load to Jesus.

BAPTISM AMONG THE CHRISTIANIZED KIOWA INDIANS IN OKLAHOMA

One little fellow, not more than nine or ten years old, looked up as his turn came, saying, "I always come, and every time they tell me I am too little. For a long time I want to come; but I would not give up, and I walk in the Jesus road all the time, and now I come again." His mother, when asked about him, said, "His is a good boy, always talking about Jesus and wants to be a Christian."

Among the girls, a school-girl said in her earnest way, "I know I am young, but I feel I ought to walk on the Jesus road. My brother and my mother are on this road and I want to be with them. I love Jesus and give him my whole heart, and I am happy to-day because I give myself to Jesus."

A young brave of the Kiowa tribe, dressed in Indian fashion, who had presented himself, said, he had wanted for a long time to be a Christian, but he had not been willing to give up everything. One time he had been willing to give up gambling and ghost-dancing, but just one thing he wanted to keep and that was mescal; but this time he was willing to give up mescal and all, and give his heart to Jesus.

It was long past noon when this service was ended, but it was harvest time, and such a happy ingathering it was. Early in the afternoon, all again assembled to listen to a doctrinal sermon on baptism. Then the procession was formed to march to the place of baptism, a little clear pool in the hill-side, fed by several small streamlets. The procession was fully a mile long, all singing, and marching two by two. It was a very impressive sight, all nature was radiant, and the brightly-clad Indians, with their brown skins and black hair, with here and there a sprinkling of white people, made it all very picturesque, and all this but added to the solemnity of the occasion.

All gathered on either side of the pool, those nearest the water's edge sitting down so as to afford a view to those behind. Quiet and reverence reigned, and the stillness was only broken by the words of baptism and the singing of a hymn. After this service, all scattered quietly and solemnly.

The evening meeting was one of intense interest. There were Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Caddos, Wichitas, Cherokees and whites in the congregation. As the majority were Kiowas, the general interpreter was a Kiowa, but all that was said was interpreted to each little group by one of their number who could understand English. It certainly was of more than profound interest to note that these simple, earnest Christians—men with the faith of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob—are the very men who were chiefs in the great Indian warfare of the Southwest, with all its bloodshed and cruelty. The meeting was one of heart-to-heart talks. It was almost midnight before all were willing to say "Good-by," for they felt it good to be there and were loath to leave the house of the Lord.

There were many talks and outward manifestations that these Indians are not only groping and stumbling along the "good road" but are reaching out unto the light, the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Anadarko, Okla — IDA A ROFF.

GAVE HIS LIFE TO THE WORK

THE infant Protestant Filipino Church has been stunned by the sudden death of its pastor, Leonard P. Davidson. He was only fifteen months in these islands, but in that short time saw as much result from his service as most missionaries see in a lifetime. On arriving here in February, 1900, he applied himself to the Spanish language with enthusiasm, so that in six months he could fluently lead services. His first practical use of Spanish was to perform the marriage rite for hundreds who thronged his Manila study. All the Evangelical missionaries here are importuned to marry couples who for a long time, perhaps, have been living together without any marriage ceremony, because the Friars demanded such exorbitant fees.

While insurrectos were still hiding in thickets and mountain fastnesses, ready to bolo a stray traveler, Mr. Davidson was riding through the enemy's country, receiving the most friendly reception. His happy, pure face, and words of cordial greeting, no doubt often warded off danger. The warm heart shone through the kindly eyes and disarmed malicious designs.

In every town scattered over the islands, our soldier boys are stationed. To these Mr. Davidson had a mission. These soldiers loved him, following him to his home in Manila, for those tactful talks he had given in their barracks were full of pith and stuck to them. They would often walk long distances to see him once more. He started and successfully carried on three Christian Endeavor Societies, one for our soldiers, and two for the Filipinos. Following the ancient Latin style, these Filipinos use the first name in addressing a friend. "Senor Leonardo" was the Filipino style of addressing their beloved Pastor. Before he came to the Philippines, he had been for a few years a pastor in Tulsa, Indian Territory, where he had built up a church. He was married, when beginning his Indian Territory work, to Miss Marion Leavitt, of Massachusetts. After the death of his young wife he came to these far-away isles.

EVANGELIST DAVIDSON PREACHING TO THE FILIPINOS

Our last Sunday of service was a typical day. Leaving Manila at seven A.M., we took a launch for Cavite, where Filipino Christians were waiting to welcome and conduct us to the cockpit, where usually the fowls fight. The folding organ was set up, and we were soon lustily singing Moody and Sankey hymns in Spanish. From that service we went to a well-to-do Filipino's house to lunch, holding an open-air service in the grounds immediately afterward. Then we took carriages for the next town. It was a Roman Catholic Festa day, and every one was in holiday attire. Mangoes and pineapples in profuse abundance were being vended, with ice cream and other delicacies. This seems to be the correct thing for Roman Festas on the Sabbath. We soon came to a place where they invited us into a house; but we found the gathering was one we could not consistently There were musicians, and a full orchestra; a prima was warbling elegantly, and there was much merry-m and dancing.

So we reluctantly pressed on to our destination, we had another interesting open-air service, the people ing on Mr. Davidson's words. Soon the shadows be lengthen, and I went home to Manila, while the tireles gelist went on to hold his fourth serv that day in another town, a few miles on. The temptation to overwork was s that he overtaxed his body.

The grief of the Filipinos over his d very touching. They have already h impromptu meeting, and decided to s America a monument to be placed grave. Monument to such a hero, hc will never be found in marble. But Eternal Home land, he will welcome a sent to his Saviour and theirs, these souls—as one by one they go to meet h

The urgent call to those who may re is not for money for this work, al money is always most necessary. W however, something still more precious need consecrated, earnest young men, up this work so suddenly dropped.

This is a golden hour for these island time must be lost in pressing forward most wonderful opening put before ou nation. To preach Jesus, and give his Word to these people so eager to it. We have seen by past experie South America and France, that when ple leave the church of Rome they n accept at once the truth. If left t they are sure to become infidels an tics. In five, or at the most ten yea are lost to God, and have become so i ent to the truth that no impression made on them to lead them Godward.

There are fifty islands of good size group that have never yet seen a B heard the simple Gospel. The apostol of preaching Mr. Davidson pursued ideal one. Preaching and traveling from day to d visiting in a few weeks!

ALICE B. CON
Manila.

A VISIT TO A KURDISH CHIEF'S BRIDE

By DR. HANNAH YOSEPH
Our Correspondent at Maragha, Persi

IN my last letter, I was at Miandab, where I had journed from Maragha. About three miles from Miandab is the famous aqueduct of Hulaku Khan digged right into the everlasting rocks. On the upper part of the opening are carved two lion-like beasts, facing each other. Between their feet is a simple but ruggedly (probably hastily) engraved cross. It seemed to me as if, though, it is there in the effort of making peace between these beasts,—the Cross has been trampled down upon, hurt, wounded,—and it lay there bleeding at their feet and at their mercy. Have not the Christians in the East suffered in like way?

After a pleasant ride we dismounted at the hospitable palace of Mosbahy Dwan, a Kurdish chief.

A month before, we had heard that he was to be married, and thought to find the wedding joys and ceremony over; but it was not so.

The mother of his beautiful children (four daughters and three sons), having died, he has brought —and it would be more correct to say bought —in marriage the daughter of another prominent Kurdish chief, and the bridal festivities were not over. I was taken at once to the bride's apartment, where she was being waited upon by a dozen maids, of whom four were her own slaves—part of the dowry she had brought with her.

"*Salam aleikum*," I said. "*Aleika salam*," a dozen voices responded, as all rose to receive me, the bride shaking hands in European style. She was dressed in bright red, green, yellow and black silks and satins. Very expensive jewels, together with the cheapest, fancy-colored feathers of European make, were arranged in her turban. Her tunic, reaching to a few inches above her knees, was decorated with gold coins. Her wrists were encircled with strings of gold beads; under her chin, reaching from ear to ear, was a heavy gold chain, upon which were strung many gold coins. Beads and gold coins hung around her neck.

Tea was being served continually. When it became late in the afternoon, I asked the "White Beard," whose name is Hamadamin, and who is the only male attendant admitted to the "Bride's Apartment," to ask M bahy Dwan if I could not have a room where I coul Putting his hand upon his eye with a profound he left, returning in a few minutes to say: "Lady mand," (come or follow me). We passed thro beautiful room where Mosbahy Dwan was sitting, ped up in furs like an invalid. He is a handsom of forty; a great reader, a poet, a physician and a scholar.

My room was a pretty, simple one. Doves kep ing in and out of the upper windows. Stara (the began to stroke me to put me to sleep. "Stara (s am afraid you are very tired," I said.

"No, lady," she said, "it is a gift for me to mal comfortable. My arms are used to pleasant serv

In the morn was waked b sounds of drum pipes. Liftin heavily wadde tain, I saw a m semicircular gr men, women an Each had locke interlocked her arms and finge the arms and f of the next nei They were dan Kurdish dance.

Soon after fast, on a silve ter, in silver c sweetmeats brought by one bride's maids. ing, she said:

"My mistress manded me to these unworthy to you." Then "My mistress you to bring you ence to her ment."

"Please gi salams to Nusi nim (bride's nam say I will be g come."

In a further I will have m tell of the brid her wedding.

THREE GENERATIONS IN PERSIA A YOUNG PERSIAN MATRON MOTHER AND CHILDREN

HOW CALIFORNIA ENTERTAINED THE LEAGUE

CALIFORNIA GIANT CACTI

THE FAMOUS LICK OBSERVATORY ON MT. HAMILTON

THE SURF AT DEL MONTE

FOLLOWING close upon the Great Convention, the army of Epworth Leaguers is scattering itself throughout the broad and famous territory of California. While many of the visitors have been limited as to time, a model itinerary of short excursions has been arranged, which gives the travelers a complete idea of the greatest of Pacific Coast scenery. None, perhaps, is so full of interest as that of the Santa Clara Valley, the home of the olive and vine. Bayard Taylor proclaimed it "one of the three most beautiful valleys in the world." Extending in a southerly direction for a distance of sixty miles with an average width of twenty, the valley is bounded on the west by the wooded mountains of Santa Cruz and on the east by the famous Mt. Hamilton range. From the suburbs of the city the kaleidoscopic change of form and color began.

The Golden Gate looked mysterious and gray through the morning fog which draped the hills for twenty miles or more, then suddenly we moved out of it within view of the broad acres of peaches, pears, plums, cherries, apricots, prunes, almonds, and orange groves. The first stop was made at Palo Alto, the seat of Stanford University, where carriages were provided and the tourists driven through the grounds of the most richly endowed educational institution in the world, whose doors are open to both sexes. All of the buildings are in the Spanish style of architecture, forming a magnificent quadrangle, with ample shade from luxurious semi-tropical trees.

The tourists dined at the Hotel Vendome, and then began the ride over the smooth, graded road, built by Santa Clara County at an expense of $75,000, to the Lick Observatory on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, twenty-eight miles away. The body of the founder lies at the base of this dome, and immediately under the big telescope. Over 4,000 feet below, the Santa Clara spreads in all of its loveliness; to our left the rugged slopes of the Santa Cruz Range stand guard, the Bay of San Francisco on the right, dotted with spars and sails of every port. There is a view of Mt. Shasta, over 400 miles away, while to the right, far beyond, is the mighty West Sea.

Next they visited Monterey, the "dream town" of the State. A stop at Del Monte, the "Queen of American Watering Places," with its acres of flowers, and its seven or eight conservatories, where the richest flowers bloom in profusion. The waters of the bay abound with mackerel, salt-water trout, salmon and rock cod, and of course the pleasures of the surf are an attraction; but most enjoyable to the Epworthians was the seventeen-mile drive along the most remarkable highway in the world.

Just outside of Monterey is a wooden cross that marks the landing-place of the padre, Junipero Serra, the persevering Franciscan monk who founded the missions of California. He arrived in 1770 and established the Mission de San Carlos de Monterey. The following year, this mission was removed to the bank of the Carmel River, where it still stands. Religious services are still held in the old ruin, and the remains of Father Junipero Serra repose beneath its earthen floor. The drive took us through the Pacific Grove Retreat, or Christian Seaside Resort, two miles from Monterey. All around are old adobe tile-covered houses, many of them now are but picturesque ruins.

The road winds through a forest of redwoods and pine, with moss-hung branches and ivy-grown trunks. Here and there you catch glimpses of the sea and hear the noise of the surf pounding away on the shores. The glory of this drive, however, is the cypresses. They are odd and grotesque beyond all powers of description, and they are a perfectly distinct species. For thirty centuries they have withstood the storms which sometimes assail this extremity of the peninsula. Past Cypress Point the drive swings to the north, traverses forests and rocky headlands, brings Carmel Bay into view, reveals Pebble Beach, ascends through the forest to its crest, and descends again to Monterey, where we pass the old Custom House, which has played an important part in the early history of California. It is said that Spain built the first tower, Mexico the second, and Uncle Sam filled in between. But the most important event happened on July 18, 1846, when Commodore Sloat raised the Stars and Stripes on the flagstaff that still stands there to-day.

ANNABEL LEE.

San Francisco, Calif.

Collapse of the New Air-Ship

THE destruction of M. Santos-Dumont's air-ship in its dramatic trial trip made at Paris, on Aug. 8, has caused world-wide regret among people interested in aerial navigation. In spite of the untoward termination of this mid-air flight, it is plain that the young aviator has more nearly than any one before him successfully solved the problem of constructing a balloon which can be steered and controlled at will. The exhibition ending so disastrously, was one of a number which M. Santos-Dumont has made to win the prize of $4,000 offered by M. Deutsch, to the first aeronaut who, making flight from St. Cloud, shall round the Eiffel Tower and alight at his starting point in thirty minutes. On July 13, his ship successfully rose from its perch at St. Cloud, soared above the Bois de Boulogne, and over Paris and rounded the Eiffel Tower; but she failed to alight at St. Cloud, becoming unmanageable as the descent was about to be made. On Aug. 4, the ship made another journey over the Bois de Boulogne, turning obediently as a yacht answering her helm, for the return trip. In this case, the inventor did not seek to reach the Effel Tower, conditions being adverse. On Aug. 8, the balloon flew straight and fleet as a bird to the tower rounded obediently, and was coming back when a strong wind striking her sideways, made her pitch and roll like a ship in a storm; the propeller struck the balloon wires, which broke and deflation began. The aeronaut, perfectly cool, threw out ballast and sought to govern his descent, but down came the huge thing, striking the corner of a tall building and hanging there; and the inventor was rescued from a very dangerous position by means of ropes. The motor, M. Santos-Dumont says, is uninjured; that part worked all right; the rents in the balloon itself are to be repaired. Meanwhile, M. Deutsch, who watched the balloonist's peril, avers a desire to present the prize at once rather than to see him kill himself. M. Santos-Dumont, more concerned in solving the problem of aerial navigation than in winning the prize, will continue his experiments.

WATCHING SANTOS-DUMONT IN HIS AIR-SHIP

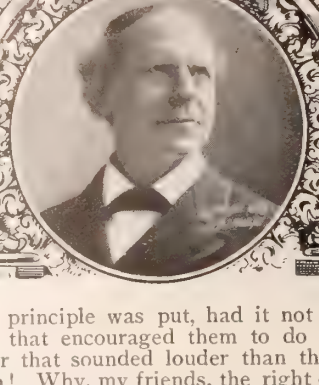
Catching a Thief in Africa

Rev. Erwin H. Richards, missionary at Inhambane, East Africa, writes: "Rendare (a native) came on Saturday evening, and with dreadful tears in her eyes and voice as well, declared how her best new pink Sunday dress (her only Sunday dress) was scissored beyond repair. Three months ago we had a similar ripping of new gowns, and suspicion lay heavily on Kanwinyi. Kanwinyi, at the same time, was found with stolen copper coins in her box. We had recently read of a ruse which worked well in another locality, and Mrs. Richards determined to use it in this case. The girls were all called, and each one was given a bit of splint from the broom. Remarks were made hinting that perhaps the one who drew the longest might prove the guilty party, but nothing was assured. Each girl, on drawing her splint, withdrew from the room at one door, passed through a hallway and entered at another, thus affording them opportunity to examine their straws privately. When they had all returned, it was found that Kanwinyi's splint was half an inch shorter than the others. Kanwinyi, knowing herself guilty, and feeling sure her stick was longer than any other, concluded to make matters safer by biting off half an inch, and in so doing convicted herself, for the sticks were all of the same length at first."

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

. . SERMON BY . . .

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.



WOMAN'S EMPIRE

TEXT—Genesis 1: 27: Male and female created he them

IN other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark, that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau,-and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line."

Woman's Rights

My theory is, that if woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither Conference nor Presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the Exchange, and no Boards of Trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overflow any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity.

I know there are women of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country — having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote, nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own, she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the Congressional assemblage and the Legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

Supreme in the Home

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips, tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman! Thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God, and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man here to-day who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that sounded over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

An Inalienable Dominion

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English Empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catharine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Maria Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then, at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—O, sh the queen! The chariots of God came down to her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. Yo not think of her now without a rush of tendernes stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you f much a child again as when you cried on her lap; you could bring her back again to speak just once your name as tenderly as she used to speak i would be willing to throw yourself on the groun kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mo Ah! she was the queen—she was the queen.

Now, can you tell me how many thousand m woman like that would have to travel down befor got to the ballot-box? Compared with this wo training kings and queens for God and eternity, h significant seems all this work of voting for alde and common councilmen, and sheriffs, and const and mayors, and presidents. To make

One Such Grand Woman

as I have tried to describe, how many thousand you want of those people who go in the round of gc ness, and fashion, and dissipation, distorting thei and going as far toward disgraceful apparel a dare go, so as not to be arrested of the police- behavior a sorrow to the good, and a caricature vicious, and an insult to that God who made women and not gorgons; and tramping on, through a frivolous and dissipated life, to tempor eternal destruction. O woman, with the lightn your soul, strike dead at your feet all these allure to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal so not be fed upon such garbage. God calls you empire and dominion. Will you have it? O, g God all your culture; give to God all your refine give yourself to him, for this world and the next. all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these will be hushed. For the last time you will look this fair earth, father's hand, mother's hand, s hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It night, and there will come up a cold wind fro Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone w on a trackless moor? Ah! no, Jesus will come that hour and offer his hand.

A Dream of Heaven

One twilight, after I had been playing with th children for some time, I laid down on the lounge t and, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far land—not Persia, although more than oriental l ance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, althoug than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor although more than Italian softness filled the air. I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettl I found none of them grew there. And I walked and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all th ple in holiday apparel, and I said: "When wil put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garme the robes did they put off. And I wandered i suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the d this great city?" And I looked along by the hills it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, I saw castles, and towers, and battlements; but mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could And I went into the great chapel of the town, I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where a benches on which they sit?" And a voice ansv "We have no poor in this great city." And I wa out, seeking to find the place where were the ho the destitute; and I found mansions of ambe ivory, and gold, but no tear did I see, or sigh I was bewildered; and I sat under the shad a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and w comes all this?" And at that moment there came among the leaves, skipping up the flowery path across the sparkling waters, a very bright and ling group; and when I saw their step I knew i when I heard their voices I thought I knew then their apparel was so different from anything I ha seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But a while, when they clapped their hands, and sh "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, saw that time had passed, and that eternity had and that God had gathered us up into a higher and I said: "Are all here?" and the voices of inn able generations answered: "All here." And while of gladness were raining down our cheeks, an branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping hands, and the towers of the great city were ch their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

DROUGHT PROLONGS CHINA'S FAMINE

Late Letters not Encouraging --- Another $20,000 Sent to the Relief Committee

LETTERS received during the past week by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD bring discouraging news regarding the famine outlook. Mr. Erik Folke, of the Swedish Mission to China, writes from the mission headquarters in Stockholm, under date July 19:

"In a letter recently received from China there are two statements of interest, viz.: On Ma 16, Chang, one of our evangelists, sent the following legram to the coast from Liaw, Shensi: 'As yet no in has fallen.' In a letter of March 22d, he says: 'If don't get rain in the third moon, the famine will

e tible.' Note that the day on which he sent his legin was the 28th of the third moon. This is athe sad news. May the Lord prosper you in your ffort allay these terrible sufferings."

In etter from Mr. J.W. Stevenson, Deputy Director f the China Inland Mission, dated at Shanghai, June 8, Mr R. Tjader, of the Undenomination Gospel Mis-on, w York City, the writer says:

"Yo brother, who has gone to Peking with Messrs. Foste Orr-Ewing and Ernest Taylor, left on June 2. pro sed to write you a line. They are hoping, D.V., sta from Peking shortly, for Shansi. I was very lad to receive a letter last night from Mr. Richard, to say that the escort from Shansi was expected in Peking on the 4th June. Probably two or three missionaries of other missions will accompany the party. I am sure you will pray yourself, and get as much prayer as possible for these friends on their difficult mission. The news that we have from the native Christians in Shansi is that they are in great distress, on account of the famine and the afflictions and persecutions they endured last year. We cannot but believe that, after all this time of suffering, God is going to give special blessing. We trust that much prayer will be elicited from the friends in the home lands. You will be glad to hear that many of our stations in the central provinces are re-occupied, and the missionaries are finding open doors for preaching the Gospel."

Mr. Tjader adds this extract from a letter received from his brother:

"Just after the receipt of the foregoing letter, a missionary staying at Kuling, near Kinkiang, on the Yangtsekiang River, in the Province of Kiangsi, writes that at that station, which lies some 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, many missionaries are now waiting the time for their return to their inland stations. There are missionaries of several nationalities having meetings for mutual help and encouragement every day, in interior of the Province of Shansi says, concerning the famine there: 'Unless rain falls before the end of the third month (corresponding with our April-May) the horrors of this famine will be without limit;' but, sad to say, this rain has not fallen, and the distress, particularly of the native Christians, is growing with every day."

Another remittance of $20,000 has been cabled by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to the Famine Relief Committee at Tientsin through the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. It is probable that the Missionary Committee, in view of urgent appeals, will devote the greater part of this sum to relief work in Shensi and Shansi.

THE MARKET ON KAISER STREET, PEKING — IN THE BUSY STREETS OF CANTON, CHINA

GRATEFUL WORDS FROM ARMENIA

READERS of this paper, who helped in the good work for Armenia in her time of massacre and trouble, and who afterward aided in caring for the orphans, left as the heritage of that season of terror and bloodshed, have a right to share with us the pleasure of reading such letters as follow, inasmuch as they show the blessings wrought by our common labor of love. This, dated June 22, 1901, is from Miss Corinna Shattuck, well known to our readers as the "Fierce of Oorfa":

"DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: We have received, with hearts full of gratitude, the sum of $250, being the twelfth and final quarterly remittance of $3,000, pledged by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD toward the support of our work at the close of the Armenian Relief operations of 1897. God bless THE CHRISTIAN HERALD people! Relief aid kept our people alive. The $3,000 for orphan support and education will, by God's continued blessing, build up in us Armenian community, men of Christian principle and thrift. The help has been of inestimable value. We tremble, now it has come to an end.

"The slow process of character-moulding and training for bread-winning continues. Our oldest boys are only this year being turned out of the nest. Some of the crowd remaining are eagerly stretching their wings (the weakest feeling strongest) and some scarce know they have wings."

From Harpoot, Rev. H. N. Barnum wrote, July 3d:

"DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: Your favors of the 24th and 16th, containing remittances for $40 for Mrs. Barnum's work and $150 for the orphans we support in Harpoot, reached us by last mail. Please accept our sincere thanks. The agency of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in helping to relieve the woes of the world is one of the marvels of modern philanthropy. The $1,800 which you have sent us during the last three years to Harpoot, has provided for the support of twenty-four of our more than 1,000 orphans. It has not simply given food and clothing, but it has provided for their tuition, and it has given those who are large enough to work the beginnings of an industrial education. As you know, our chief concern is to give them such training as shall develop the mind and the body, and fit them to care for themselves and to become worthy members of society. We greatly desire to teach them useful trades and improved agricultural methods, but the difficulties are many. Modern inventions find little encouragement in the interior of Turkey. We need an enterprising young man to superintend such a department, for although truly missionary labor, it is somewhat outside of our evangelistic work, which is already greater than we can well manage. We also need special funds for the development of this department."

In a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, letters from the other missionaries in Armenia were published, acknowledging, in grateful terms, the payments of final installments for their orphan work.

A SONG OF GRACE*

WHAT have I in this world so fair
But oppression grim to bear;
Foes assail me day and night,
Often wound me in the fight.
Healer of the stricken soul
Hasten thou to make me whole,
Then I'll sing of saving blood
Till I've passed through death's dark flood.

. . . .

Oh, that I could walk alway
With my God from day to day,
Spend each moment in the light
Of his countenance so bright;
Jesus, let me see thy face,
Full of tenderness and grace,
Then I'll sing of saving blood
Till I've passed through death's dark flood.

*This translation of the famous Welsh hymn, "Beth Cydd i mi yn y byd," by Morgan Rhys, was made for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by Mr D. J. Llewellyn, of Abercorn, Wales.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription rate $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available in the country. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Joseph Cook

NOTWITHSTANDING all that this journal has said in editorial and reportorial column during weeks past, concerning the life and death of that most distinguished Christian scientist, Joseph Cook, we feel that two or three other things need to be written.

There were some who did not fully appreciate him. The fact is that he sacrificed his nervous system in the cause of God and humanity. If on the field of battle a soldier lose arm or eye or foot, we take off our hat and bow down with reverence before the patriotic sufferer. Why not have as much reverential appreciation for one who, in the cause of truth and righteousness, puts his nervous system on the altar. Are not the nerves of one's entire body of as much importance as an eye or a limb? The amount of study that Joseph Cook endured amid foreign universities before he began his important work in this country, can never be estimated. After he began that unequalled work of showing, as no man ever did, that science and religion are in harmony, and that the God of the rocks is the God of the Bible, he endured a mental and nervous strain that was simply appalling.

The occasional ebullitions of feeling that were somewhat conspicuous, were the result of overwork, and in no wise were set down against him by generous souls. Although his work practically ended two years before his death, he had accomplished as much for intelligent Christianity as ought to be expected of any twenty writers and speakers. He was as much a martyr as Ridley or Latimer. All up and down the earth he had sounded the harmonies of natural and revealed religion. Asking me at Madison, South Dakota, the year upon which he made his tour through Australia and India, as to what I thought of the undertaking, I encouraged him to go, and phophesied for him great success; but alas, the fatigues of travel, and the sudden climatic changes, added to his toils on platforms and in pulpits, were too much for him, and he came back with an invalidism that could not be alleviated. His monument ought to adorn the entrance of every theological seminary in Christendom, as his influence will abide while the earth stands. He was the best answer that I know of to the theory abroad in some places that our holy religion is good for children under six years of age and women over eighty, but not appropriate for strong-minded people. What a gigantic intellect he had, and how gloriously it was consecrated to the promulgation of the religion of the Bible.

• • •

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies. Ec. 12: 11.

• • •

Stagnation or Sensationalism

AS far as we can understand, it seems to be a war between them, and we dislike both. We do not know which word is the worst. It is a national habit in literature and religion to call that sensationalism which we ourselves cannot do. If an author write a book that will not sell, he is apt to charge the books of the day which do succeed as being sensational. There are a great many men who, in the world and the Church, are dead failures, who spend their time in letting the public know that they are not sensationalists. The fact is that they never made any stir while living, nor will they in dying, save as they rob the undertaker of his fees, they not leaving enough to pay their dismission expenses.

We hate sensationalism in the pulpit, so far as that word means the preaching of everything but the Gospel; but the simple fact is that whenever and wherever faith and repentance are proclaimed with emphasis, there will be a sensation. The people in our great cities are hungry for the old Gospel of Christ. If our young men in the ministry want large audiences, let them quit philosophizing, and hair-splitting, and botanizing, and without gloves take hold of men's sins and troubles, and there will be no lack of hearers. Stagnation is worse than sensationalism.

We have always noticed, that just in proportion as a man cannot get along himself, he is fearful of someone else making an excitement. Last week a mud-turtle down by the brook opened its shell and discoursed to a horse that was coming down to drink. The mud-turtle said to the horse: "Just as I get sound asleep, you are sure to come past and wake me up. We always used to have a good quiet time down here in the swamp till you got in the habit of thumping along this way. I am conservative and like to keep in my shell. I have been pastor of thirteen other mud-turtles, and we always had peace till you came, and next week at our semi-annual meeting of mud-turtles, we shall either have you voted a nuisance, or will talk it over in private, eight or ten of us, which will probably be the more prudent way." Then the mud-turtle shell went shut with a snap, at which the horse kicked up his heels as he turned to go up to the barn to be harnessed to a load of corn that was ready for the market.

Let us all wake up and go to work. There are in the private membership of our churches, and in the ministry, a great many men who are dead, but have never had the common decency to get buried. With the harvest white and "lodging" for lack of a sickle, instead of lying under the trees criticizing the sweating reapers who are at work, let us throw off our own coat and go out to see how good a swath we can cut.

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These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also. Acts 17: 6.

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The Coming Generations

THERE are many about us in boyhood and girlhood in comfortable circles that are going to be something very good or very bad, very bright or very ignorant; and they will yet make their parents glad with an infinite gladness or pain them with an infinite sorrow. They go bounding through the hall; they shout in the yard; they sing in the school. This activity, that now strikes the ball, and runs the race, and rolls the hoop, and flies the kite, will soon be ready for the higher game of life, where fortunes are to be made, and reputations achieved, and temptations combated, and immortal souls jeopardized and kingdoms of glory won.

Call up that child; push back his hair. Shall this face be ever brightening up with benevolence, or scarred and pinched and blasted with low excesses? Shall those eyes become more and more intelligent, or shall they acquire the dishonest glare and the servile downcast? Put your hand on that child's heart. Shall it always beat with noble impulses, or will it be a thief's heart, a coward's heart, a traitor's heart?

I have so much faith in the advancement of our race under the Gospel, that I suppose the rising generations are to have in their number more noble men than their predecessors. I suppose that every day we are walking unconsciously among Enochs, and Augustines, and Wilberforces, and Clarksons, and Moffats, and Robert Halls. There they are—on the back seat in the mission school! There they are—playing marbles in the low alley, their knees out, their elbows out, their toes out, their hats rimless, and their souls Christless: and in double columns there is printed on their countenance a tragedy of unutterable pain! But they shall be gathered in. Sabbath Schools will do their work. Tract and Bible societies will do their work. A Christian printing-press will do its work. And they who are now scoffed at as ragamuffins will pass on to be the men of might and the men of God in future years.

Stand back, and let them pass on—the long procession of Christians, and philanthropists, and heroes, and reformers, and statesmen, and let our prayers go with them, and all Christian influences attend them, long after we have unbuckled the sword of the conflict and gone home to rest!

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Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth. Psalms 45: 16.

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The Pistol Business

HARDLY a newspaper is opened that does not reveal some crime or accident by pistol. They did not know it was loaded; or it fell off a shelf and the fatal wound was given; or in outburst of temper, two men quarreling, a life was destroyed. What business have you with a pistol in a civilized neighborhood, and well protected by the law, and called to no official service in exposed places? What a coward you must be! Throw away your pistol where no one will find it. Some member of your family will yet be shot by it if you do not look out. Some of us have traveled far and near, and for a good many years, and have never been in any place, or amid any circumstances, where we needed deadly weapons. A pistol in time of peace is murder on the shelf or in the bureau. Let the sheriff making an arrest, or a policeman walking the streets at midnight, or officer trying to quell a riot fully armed, but an ordinary home in ordinary circumstances needs no firearms.

• • •

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal. II. Cor. 10: 4.

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Answer Not Again

NO useful people escape being barked at. Mythology represents Cerberus, a monster dog, at the mouth of hell; but he has had a long line of puppies. They start out at editors, teachers, philanthropists and Christians. If these men go right on their way and perform their mission and get their reward, but one-half of them stop and make attempt to silence the literary, political, and ecclesiastical curs that snap at them.

Many an author has got a drop of printers' ink in his eye, and collapsed. The critic who had eaten lobsters for supper the night before, and whose wife in the morning had parted his hair on the wrong side, snarled at the new book, and the time that the author might have spent in new work he squandered in gunning for critics. You might better have gone straight ahead. You will come to be estimated exactly what you are worth. If a fool, no amount of newspaper or magazine puffery can set you up; and if you are useful, no amount of newspaper or magazine detraction can keep you down. For every position there are twenty aspirants; only one man can get it: forthwith the other nineteen are on the offensive. People are silly enough to think that they can build themselves up with the bricks they pull out of your wall. Pass on and leave them. What a waste of power for a hunter to go into the woods to shoot black flies, or for a man of great work to notice infinitesimal assault.

• • •

Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him. Proverbs 26: 4.

• • •

Sweet and Sour

IN some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life in sunshine on a bank of flowers. All the hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are as many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legends says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away; and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because, one day in an interview, Beau Brummell called him by his first name, and addressed him as a servant, crying: "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried with the evil reports set afloat regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all the want and contempt could bring to it had been brought and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in evil?" Gorreggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best paintings except through a raffle. Andrew Delsart makes the great fresco of the Church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in great many lives the sours are greater than the sweets.

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick; or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised; or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize to-day and forever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Dead Empress

HEROIC to the last, the brave woman who had suffered so much of physical pain and mental anguish during her life of imperial splendor, has passed away. Surviving her beloved mother, Queen Victoria, by only a few months, the Empress Frederick died on August 5, at her summer retreat at Cronberg. Like her illustrious husband, she was a victim of cancer. She had suffered long, and during the last few weeks it was seen that the end was near at hand. Her brother, the King of England, had been ready to start on a visit to her, but the telegram announcing the crisis in her disease was followed so closely by that conveying the intelligence of her death, that he was unable to be present. Her son, the Emperor William, was at her bedside, with her favorite sister, the Princess Helena, now the Princess Christian, and other relatives and friends. She was a little more than sixty years of age. Forty-three years ago, she left her English home to be the bride of the young Prince, Frederick, of Prussia, who had made an earnest plea that, in spite of her youth, the marriage should not be delayed. The royal couple were devoted to one another, and, all the more so, as the tide of unpopularity, which Bismarck maliciously fanned, beat upon the union. The great statesman formed the opinion that the young Princess, whose exceptional ability he recognized, would imbue their heir to the throne with the constitutional principles which had shorn English royalty of much of its power. He assailed her with the coarsest language of which he was master, and openly and privately insulted her. The devoted woman, however, performed her duties with so much tact and grace that friends rallied to her side, and her husband's fidelity was a refuge for her from the scurrility of Bismarck and his followers. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the Princess's exertions in aid of the wounded German soldiers and for the comfort of the army under her husband's command, commended her still more to the German people and won their confidence and esteem. During her husband's illness, her devotion to him was exemplary, and when, after a brief reign of only one hundred days, he died there was general sympathy for her throughout her adopted country. Bismarck's malignity had known no decrease even in her bitter troubles, when a man with the instincts of a gentleman would have shown some compunction. His spirit fall from power, however, relieved her of his persecution, and of late years her life was passed tranquilly in works of beneficence. Until the dread malady developed, which has now proved fatal, she took a deep interest in all projects of philanthropy, and sought in many ways to benefit the poor and afflicted in her son's empire. She was buried by her own desire in the Church of Peace, at Potsdam, at the side of her illustrious husband, whom she had loved with wifely devotion.

A REUNION OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY — THE LATE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF GERMANY — THE CASTLE OF FRIEDRICHSHOF

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy (Prov. 31: 11, 12, 20).

The Schley Investigation

It is gratifying to the public that the long and acrimonious dispute between the friends of Admiral Sampson and those of Admiral Schley is at last to be submitted to a properly constituted court. Admiral Schley has asked for the appointment of the court and his request has been granted. The chief accusations against him are three. One charge is that when it was desired to intercept the Spanish fleet, and he was instructed to find out its refuge, he remained outside the harbor of Cienfuegos, without ascertaining whether the Spanish fleet was inside. In answer to this charge, it is replied that he was unable to ascertain whether the fleet was there, because he had not been intrusted with the code of signals with which the insurgents on shore were trying to communicate with the American fleet. A second charge is, that when Schley arrived at Santiago, he did not establish a proper blockade. In reply, he pleads that his coal supply was inadequate, and this question will have to be settled by reference to the logs of the vessels. A third charge is, that when the Spanish ships emerged from the harbor of Santiago and it was necessary to execute a turning maneuvre, he turned his vessel to the right, away from the enemy, while the other vessels turned to the left, toward the enemy, and that Schley, in choosing that course, embarrassed the other vessels of the American fleet. These charges do not imply disloyalty or cowardice, but dilatoriness and incapacity. The fact of his asking for an investigation appears to indicate that he has a valid defence for his conduct. It will be gratifying to Admiral Schley, as it will be to the whole people, who are concerned in the honor of the service, if the court should vindicate him from the charges brought against him. He has now the opportunity for which many a man, like the ancient patriarch, has longed.

Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know my integrity (Job 31: 6).

Hypnotized by a Snake

The current belief in the power of a snake to charm a human being received confirmation a few days ago in a small village in Pennsylvania. A young lady visiting in the neighborhood, while walking from one town to another, passed through the village in question. Becoming tired, she sat down on a rock to rest. In a few minutes she saw, to her horror, a large snake glide down from a bank opposite to her, and advancing to within six feet of the rock on which she sat, coil itself and elevate the forepart of its body. The head swayed gently from side to side, the black forked tongue was thrust in and out of its mouth, and its eyes were fixed steadily on her own. She knew that she was in imminent danger, but when she attempted to rise and run away her limbs would not obey her. She was perfectly helpless. She sat still, completely fascinated and unable to take her eyes from the glittering eyes of the snake. Her body was becoming benumbed, and her eyes were closing when the rattle of a team and wagon struck her ear. In a few minutes it was driven up, her spell was broken, and the snake made off to the woods. She was taken up into the wagon and driven to her home. Since then she has been in a condition of nervous prostration and has been under medical treatment since the occurrence. It was well for her that the team came along at that time, otherwise the consequences might have been still more serious. It is remarkable that some forms of sin, to which the serpent is compared in the Bible, seem to have the same power of paralyzing the victim, so that even when he is anxious to shake them off he cannot:

To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not (Rom. 7: 18).

BRIEF NOTES

Bishop Thoburn hopes to return to India in November, and remain there several months, to relieve Bishop Warne as much as possible from the double burden which he is now bearing.

At the request of the Consistory of the Alexander University at Helsingfors, the Czar of Russia has decreed that women shall be admitted to the rights of that University.

A deputation has been appointed by the Keswick Council in England to visit Canada during September and October, for the purpose of holding meetings for the deepening of the spiritual life. The members of the deputation are Mr. Frank Webster, M.A., London, who was in Canada before; the Rev. D. Moffatt, of Edinburgh, and the Rev. John Brash, a Methodist minister of Liverpool.

The evangelistic campaign in Philadelphia is continued with increasing success. The tents are crowded nightly, and at one of the meetings recently, forty persons gave testimony that they had been brought to Christ under the preaching there.

Every seventh year an international council is held by the Evangelical Alliance. The next will be held in Hamburg during next week.

The annual convention of missionaries of the American Sunday School Union will be held this year at the Moody Institute, October 8–14.

Twenty Canadian and United States Railway Companies are named by *The Voice* as requiring that all employees in their operating departments must abstain from intoxicants — whether on or off duty—this rule being recommended by the American Railway Association.

The Salvation Army has acquired over 20,000 acres of land, situated beside the Collie River, Western Australia, from the Colonial Government, for the settlement of emigrants from the slums, and will be utilized forthwith. Commandant Herbert Booth, the General's youngest son, has given up the general charge of Salvation Army work in Australia to superintend the new colony.

Deeply interesting meetings are being held in Philadelphia, Pa. By permission of the municipal authorities, Dr. L. W. Munhall preaches from the steps of Old Independence Hall at noon four days in the week. A large audience of business men gathers to listen. The service lasts about an hour.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan is scheduled to spend about three weeks in Chicago and vicinity in November. He will lecture each morning at the Moody Institute on "The Crises of the Christ," a series of studies in the life of Christ. Evening services will be held in different sections of the city. Fuller information can be obtained by writing to R. A. Torrey, General Superintendent, 80 Institute Place, Chicago.

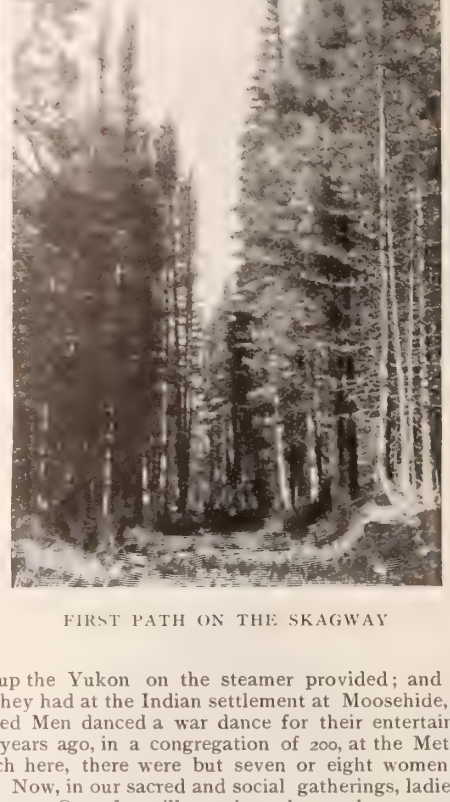
The Presbyterian General Assembly of New South Wales asked the General Australian Assembly to appoint an influential committee to devise a scheme for the federation of as many as possible of the churches of the commonwealth, with power to confer with the representatives of churches of other denominations, so as to promote closer fellowship and organized co-operation, "with a view to the formation of one grand Church for Australia."

Friends of Dr. W. P. George in the East will be glad to learn that his work in Kansas City, Mo., is being greatly blessed of God. At the recent celebration of the Congregational Church of which he is pastor, it was announced that the membership had increased to 455, in spite of deaths and removals. The number of new members received on confession of faith was 108. During the year the contributions of the Church for all purposes had exceeded $70,000.

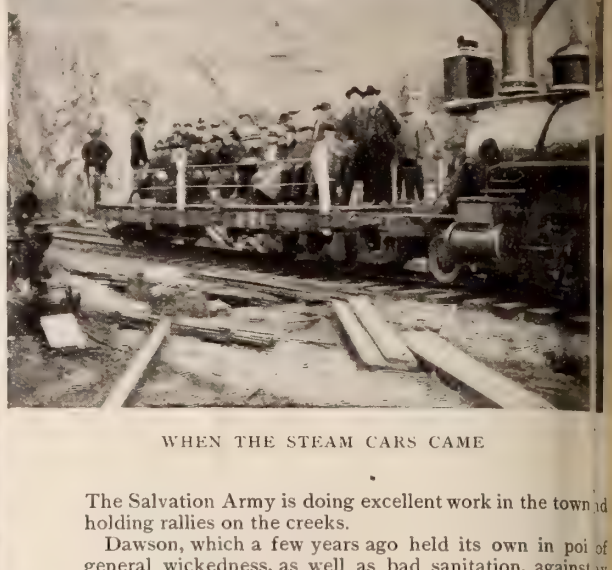
THE GATEWAY TO THE LAND OF GOLD

By... F. M. SHEPARD

AFOOT AND BY PACK ON CORDUROY ROAD



FIRST PATH ON THE SKAGWAY



WHEN THE STEAM CARS CAME

TRAVELING recently from Dawson to New York, I had good reason to appreciate the contrast between the earlier stages of the journey as we make it now and as we had to make it a few years ago. The illustration on the first page of this paper, is the reproduction of a photograph taken before the White Pass Railroad was built; it pictures ground as historic as the ice-fields of Russia, over which Napoleon's army went to its doom; and it will recall memories at once strenuous, tragic and humorous to every living Klondiker who climbed, or tried to climb, the Scales of Chilkoot Pass. By pack we used to go from Dyea in stages to Finigan's Point, then to the mouth of the Canyon, again to Sheep Camp and Stone House; and then the Scales, up which, at an angle of nearly 45 degrees, we toiled with fifty pounds apiece of baggage strapped on our backs; a man with an outfit of a 1,000 pounds had to make many trips. I carried my own burden to the summit, and I know. The little dots show our resting spots. Overhead, you see the cables, by means of which baggage of affluent pilgrims underwent transportation.

The whole journey from Skagway to Dawson is a pleasure trip. There are as yet only 111 miles of railway in Alaska and the Yukon, but what a change has been wrought through their agency! The corduroy road, miles and miles of which were built over marshy places on the Skagway and the Dyea trail before the steam road came, was our first advance towards civilized means of transit. The photographs showing scenes along the way of construction of the White Pass Railroad, mark that stage of our progress which opened the gateway of the Yukon to those who could not, or would not take their lives in their hands to reach it. It has not increased the number of those who seek our northern Eldorado—for the gold fever has subsided—but it may be said to have affected the character of the army of invasion, for gentler people come since easier ways of travel have been provided. A factor which has had an important share in the remarkable development of Dawson's moral and social tone, for instance, is the introduction there of women and children. Men are bringing their families out.

In June, when the Northern Transportation Company gave an outing to the children of Dawson, 400 little folks, chiefly Sunday School Scholars in charge of their teachers, went up the Yukon on the steamer provided; and a fine time they had at the Indian settlement at Moosehide, where the Red Men danced a war dance for their entertainment. Two years ago, in a congregation of 200, at the Methodist Church here, there were but seven or eight women to be seen. Now, in our sacred and social gatherings, ladies predominate. One of our illustrations shows what was a very interesting function—the first wedding in this church. The pastor, Rev. Mr. A. E. Hetherington, was the groom. The officiating clergymen were Rev. James Turner, first pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Grant, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. The relations between the denominations are very friendly. The Presbyterians have a good hospital here, and the Methodists maintain a ward in it. It is well supported and has enough work to do; but since our drainage system was improved, Dawson is a healthy town, and there is nothing here now like the terrible malarial sickness which afflicted this place in common with other mining-camps.

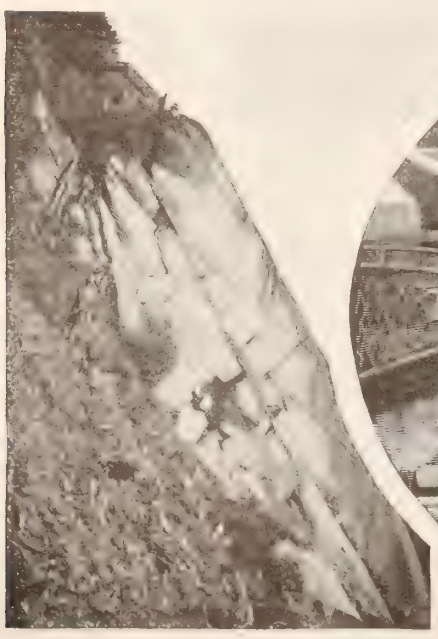
Our churches are all doing good work, but you cannot see accumulating results here as elsewhere, for a congregation one year is never what it was the year before, owing to the fluctuations of our population; townspeople go out on the creeks to work claims, and people from the outside world come in, and strange faces continually confront the pastor. At certain seasons of the year, a church may gain twenty members one week and lose fifty the next. Hence, pastoral work here is surely sowing good seed broadcast. The Methodists are now sending a missionary into the mining camps; and meetings are being held on the creeks, with twenty to fifty miners, miners' wives and children as the average gathering.

The Salvation Army is doing excellent work in the town holding rallies on the creeks.

Dawson, which a few years ago held its own in poi of general wickedness, as well as bad sanitation, against y other mining camp, is now one of the cleanest, healthies d most moral of towns to which the term "mining camp" an in any sense be applied. Regulations which went into e ct June 1, cleared the place completely of gamblers and n- bling dens. Dance-halls and worse places of infamy sh ed a like fate. Objectionable women, driven across the riv to Klondike City, must leave that place soon. The wee ve closed our gambling dens, a number of professional gam rs took the next boat for Nome, where it is to be desired at measures as drastic as those at Dawson may be appli to them. There is not as much drunkenness in Dawson on the creeks as might be supposed. I have not seen a dru en man in Dawson for a year and a half. When vice e ts here, it must hide its head. We have the best police sy m in the world for a new mining district. The North st Mounted Police, as a semi-military organization, playin o part in politics, executes justice without fear or favor d has become famous for the way in which it has brough w and order out of chaos. Among the attractions of our n, and one that exercises an influence on its moral and l- lectual life, is the fine Public Library and Free Reading R n, representing a work which was begun by the ladies of w- son, and afterwards liberally assisted by the local go n- ment. The new Post Office and the Court House are a g the finest to be found in any city of the same size in Ca a.

It is difficult for the Eastern mind to conceive of pi cs by the midnight sun. But on Midnight Dome, near Da n, we have held many Sunday School entertainments at d- night; and it is quite the custom to have social functio n Midnight Dome at this witching hour. Once, in the lig of the midnight sun, I saw the Stars and Stripes run up o e Dome. In Dawson, on the Fourth of July, a year ag e Union Jack went up, and then "Old Glory," and the o flags floated peacefully side by side in the light of the d- night sun. If Canada owns the Territory of the Yukon e United States owns the only gateway to this land of d, and surely there should always be found ways of so g happily, in the interest of both governments, all prob s that may chance to present themselves.

LAYING THE RAILS IN THE NEW COUNTRY



CLIMBING DIZZY HEIGHTS

ROCK WORKERS ON TUNNEL MOUNT.

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Occupations for Women

VI. — THE REAL ESTATE AGENT

FEW women as yet have deliberately taken up the business of managing real estate, buying and selling houses and land, and renting property. Occasionally a clever woman drifts into this avocation, and makes a success of her efforts. Not long ago I talked wi a bright-eyed, clear-brained, decisive young woman wi had adopted this line as her profession, succeeding to business built up by her father.

Io," she said, in answer to a question, "I did not go to my work without training. When I left school, I d not want to stay at home and do nothing; I had a song desire to earn my bread, just as my brothers dic I took a thorough course in bookkeeping, and the entered my father's office to keep his books. After awle I began to collect rents and to see to repairs. Grlually, more and more of the responsibility fell upon me and I found myself able to do whatever a man in the ame position would undertake. I have studied invesments, and have learned the relative probabilities of ighborhoods; which one will be likely to grow in fav and importance, and which is going backward. I ha a woman architect associate with me, and we are giving mu consideration to the subjec of model tenements."

'ou do not feel that your busines is unfeminine?"

'ertainly it is as proper for a woan to manage homes and new set ments, if she can, as to make dre es and bonnets, and it gives her much wider scope for her tales, and opportunities in the outoor life are excellent for her heh. Unfeminine? Nothing is nfeminine which is clean, wholesome, and honest all thr gh. The only thing that I shod be ashamed of, would be, bei a poor real estate agent. So lon as I do the thing well, I am cor nted and happy."

Architecture, which naturally ma es in the same company wit farming, house building and hor renting and selling, is a profes n sought by many women. At ratt Institute in Brooklyn, at rexel in Philadelphia, Ar ur Institute in Chicago, and at ny of the Western universities courses in architecture are tho ugh and popular. Severe stu is required, but the young wo n who would become an arc ect pledges herself to this, and finds it fascinating. Once gra ated, the girl can easily find emp yment in the offices of established architects, and the laries paid are much higher than in many other line of work.

Vmen are wise in seeking and choosing new fields of l or, and in avoiding the beaten tracks. The woman who an take the initiative in something novel, who has cou ge, ambition, and perseverance in what she undertak will never make a failure.

Snubbing Children

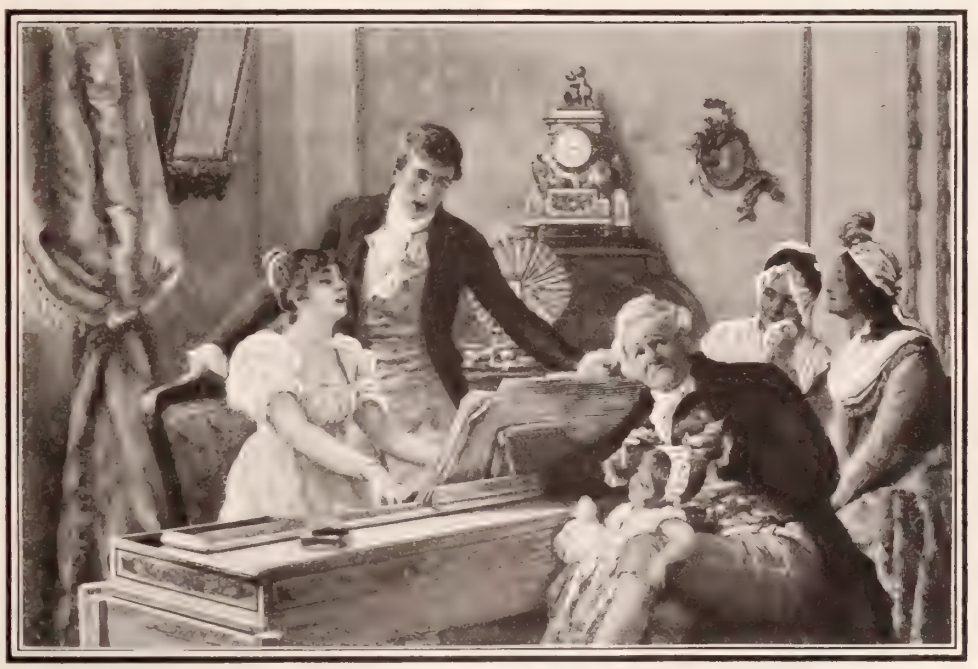
Subbing children is very nearly as wicked as nagging mer and I hold that the latter habit is an unspeakable vice The ultra fastidious person, seeing little Sally hol her fork or spoon awkardly, cannot let the child eat er dinner in peace. She sees before her a tremerous vista of dinners in days to come, when the gro -up Sally will hold her spoon as the infant does, and he simply cannot let her alone. To this day, a gra haired woman recalls and resents the reproof of a lady who said, "You should not say you love strawberries; you love your mother; you only like strawberries." It was not true; she still loves strawberries, and ways has, and it was mean to nag her.

B snubbing is even more barbarous. "Gerald will kee the grass in order," says Gerald's mother. "I pity the rson who depends on Gerald," says the snubbing Coun Jane. "Molly will see to the flowers for the table," avers grandmother. "Humph!" ejaculates the snubbing Miss Belle, who never sees any good thing in seven-year-old Molly. A person who has the habit of snubbing boys and girls, little dreams of the hurts thus inflicted on sensitive natures. Especially the boy, big, growing fast, stretching toward manhood, is at the mercy of older young men, who seem to think snubbing a needful discipline for the junior, and who are mistaken.

Old-Time Music

Around the piano are grouped a quaint and dignified circle made complete by the presence of old age and of childhood. The ladies are dressed richly, the cap of the aged wife setting off her sweet, benignant face and silver hair. It is evening, and as the young people play and sing, it seems as if there might be invisible listeners whose silvery anthems take up and carry heavenward the sweetness of the earthly harmonies.

The artist has been especially happy in the arrangement of the family group. For to whom but to grandpapa, ever ready to heed the childish prattle, should the little one cling, and who should turn over the leaves, and sing with the fair accompanist, but the one who is seeking to win her hand, and have her as his companion on the road home to the better land. Sweet are the echoes of this evening song.



AN EVENING SONG

A Child's Complaint

"Do not interrupt so often, Marjorie. You must always wait before speaking until grown people get through."

The little one sighed wearily.

"Grown people never get through," she said.

I wonder whether there is not some truth in Marjorie's statement. Do we grown folk stop so often as we ought to give the children their turn? Are we not very thoughtless in our monopoly of the conversation, leaving so little place for them and their concerns.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—WIFE. Have cold bread for John, if he does not like hot. Eat hot yourself, if you prefer it.

—EARNEST INQUIRER. You can learn proof-reading by mail, in twelve weeks or less, but it is not so remunerative as teaching.

—S. B. Try letting your wife have her own way without opposition. If she refuses to give in to you, why not set her a good example?

—E. M. G. Wait until you are twenty-one. At eighteen and seventeen, young people should not commit themselves irrevocably in a love affair.

THE LITTLE LADY

(Of four bright years)

THE Little Lady hath for me
Only her kisses tender,
And in her eyes a light I see
That's all of earthly splendor.
She knows not when the world goes ill:—
She only knows she loves me still!

The Little Lady's smiles so bright
With mystic spells have bound me;
She waits for me when falls the night,
And twines her arms around me.
She knows not where my steps may be:—
She only knows her love for me!

Dear Lady of the tender years
And of the bright eyes beaming,
God keep those trusting eyes from tears,
And God be with your dreaming!
I know not what those dreams may be:—
I only know your love for me!

FRANK L. STANTON.

Something About Toys

IN a very thoughtful volume about child-nature, written by Elizabeth Harrison, a successful kindergartner, there are some passages about toys which may be suggestive to mothers. She says, "The toy-shops of any great city are, to him who can read the signs of the times, prophecies of the future of that city. They not only predict the future of that people, but they tell us of national tendencies. The following is the testimony unconsciously given by the shelves and counters in one of the large importing establishments, which gather together and send out the playthings of the world. The French toys include nearly all the pewter soldiers, all guns and swords; surely such would be the toys of a nation which produced a Napoleon. All Punch and Judy shows are of French manufacture; all doll tea-sets which have finger-bowls attached. The French doll mirrors the fashionable world, with all its finery and unneeded luxury, and hands it down to the little child.

"The German toys take another tone. They are heavier, stronger, and not so artistic; they represent the home and the more primitive forms of trade life. From Germany we get all our ready-made doll-houses, with their clean tile floors, and clumsy porcelain stoves, their parlors with round iron centre-tables, and stiff, ugly chairs, with the inevitable lace tidies. Here and there in these miniature houses, we see a tiny pot of artificial flowers. All such playthings tend to draw a child's thoughts to the home life.

"The Swiss toys are largly the bluntly-carved wooden cattle, sheep and goats, with equally blunt shepherds and shepherdesses.

"The English rag-doll is peculiarly national in its placidity of countenance. When I asked to see the American toys, my guide turned, and with a sweep of her hand, said, 'These trunks are American. All doll-trunks are manufactured in this country.' The Japanese and Chinese toys are a curious study, telling of national traits, as do their laws or their religion. They are endurable, made to last unchanged a long time. No flimsy tinsel is used."

Our American lavishness leads us to encumber our children with too many playthings. The tiny girl is bewildered by an array of dolls, instead of being encouraged to pour out her maternal affection on a single claimant, or on two or three babies. Given a tool-chest and liberty to use it, most boys will more enjoy the home-made playthings of their own production, than the most costly toys which money can procure.

Simplicity should be the key-note of children's lives, and in their hours of play they are forming the foundations of their future characters.

An Old Testament Gentleman

Isaac, the Peacemaker

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR SEPT. 1. GEN. 26: 12-25 --- GOLDEN TEXT: BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS, FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD. MATT. 5: 9

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

RUSKIN praises Rembrandt's "picture of a gentleman," "calm-eyed and firm-lipped, holding his glove;" but Paul pictures the true gentleman in his very heart, in 1. Corinthians, 13th chapter. Christ lived that picture. We can read in the word "Christ" wherever the word "charity" occurs. But an earlier realization of this gentleness, which made Christ great, and which the world despised till Christ glorified it, is the life of Isaac. We can read Isaac's name into Paul's picture. Try your own and see if it will fit.

PICTURE OF A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME

Isaac suffereth long and is kind; envieth not; vaunteth not himself, is not puffed up, doth not behave himself unseemly, seeketh not his own, is not provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Abraham and Jacob lived adventurous, exceptional lives, in a wide range of travel. Isaac's whole life was spent in a radius of forty miles, bounded by Hebron, Gerar and Beer-Lahai-Roi. A quiet, average, every-day life was his, whose simple duties he glorified by daily faithfulness, illustrating the saying, "Little things are little things, but to do little things faithfully is a great thing." We are liable to hold before children too much a stimulus to imitate men of exceptional greatness. This lesson shows what beauty and glory a true gentleman may put into the commonplace life which must come to most of us.

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Isaac's Boyhood

It will be easy to remember that Christ was born as long before Christ as the five-year-olds in our homes and Sunday Schools, after Christ. His home was Beersheba, the southernmost town in Palestine. Let us recall all we have previously learned of Isaac, as the child of promise, especially his gentle submission, at twenty-five years of age, when his father, Abraham, with bleeding heart, told him on Mount Moriah that God had commanded that he should be offered as a sacrifice. A modern illustration of a like trustful submission is the case of a child who was out driving with his parents, when one of them spoke of continuing the drive through the cemetery. "Oh, don't," said the child, with strange fear. Unable to understand his feeling, his parents drove on. He pleaded once more, "Don't, don't take me there." On they went, and he presently stilled his protests and snuggled trustfully, though sorrowfully, down by his mother's knee. When at length they came out of the cemetery he exclaimed in glad surprise, "What! Are you going to take me back again? I thought when they took children to the cemetery they left them there in the ground." He supposed he was being carried to burial, but in loving submission to his parents had brought himself to trust and obey. And trust was right at least, and brought him out safe at last.

Isaac's name meant laughter, and his gentleness and obedience even as a boy verified the prophecy in his name that he would bring joy to his home. Is it laughter and joy, or tears and sorrow we are bringing to our parents?

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Leading Events of Isaac's Life

After the scene on Mount Moriah, the next impressive event in Isaac's life was the death of Sarah, his mother, when he was thirty-six years of age. Then comes the beautiful story of his marriage to Rebekah. It is greatly to his credit that he did not fall into the polygamy which had become so common, even among good men, that God's Edenic rule of one wife seems to have been almost forgotten. Although God bore with this fault in Abraham and Jacob and David and Solomon, there is no word of approval for polygamy, or even of apology for it, in all the Bible, and the effects of it are shown to be bad by the trouble it made Abraham, culminating in the sending away of Hagar and Ishmael, and in like troubles in other households. It is amazing that Mormons dare appeal to the Bible when Christ condemned even the "consecutive polygamy" of divorce, and declared that Moses had only tolerated it temporarily because of the hardness of heart, the dullness of conscience, of Old Testament times. The time of such ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. (With thousands of Mormon missionaries sowing tares in almost every part of the land, such teaching as we have put into the story of Isaac's marriage are needed to prevent young women especially from being lured away to the harems of our Turkey in America.) When Isaac was sixty years old, his interesting twins, Jacob and Esau, were born. And when he was seventy-five, his noble father, Abraham, died. The story of this lesson comes next in order when Isaac was ninety-two years old.

Isaac, the Gentle Farmer

In this lesson we see Isaac as a peace-loving stock farmer, or ranchman, whose farming was done with crude plow and rude sickle, but with consecration and prosperity. His "labor, life, love" were devoted to "God and the good of men." Can we write "my" before it all? Let our consecration include not alone our prayer-meetings, but our daily labor, all of which should be "done heartily, as unto the Lord." God blessed Isaac's farm work, but his very prosperity, as always, brought the envy of the Philistines in its train. It is a reminder of the fact that human nature is the same in all ages, that the word "Philistines" is applied in our own time and country to the enemies of the divine order. Abimelech, the king of the Philistines, bade Isaac move on, because his prosperity was making trouble. It was the beginning of what is known in Europe as anti-Semitism, the hatred of Jews, because they are richer than the thriftless native peasants, who therefore drive them out of the country. Isaac might doubtless have held his own by marshaling again those three hundred servants of his father who had defeated five chiefs, with others he had added to his increasing household; but he believed rightly, that in the end more is lost than gained by fighting, and moved on to pastures new. Often it takes less courage to fight than to refuse to fight. Perhaps Isaac had erred in going to the Philistines at all, though famine driven. It had already led him, as a like course had twice led his father, to lie about his wife, a lie in which he vainly trusted instead of God, the failure of which offers yet another refutation of the theory of those who say it would be right to lie to save life.

AN ANCIENT WELL IN THE HOLY LAND

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Courageous Peace

From Gerar, Isaac moved a few miles to the Valley of Gerar, where were many wells that his father's servants had digged with great labor, which the perverse Philistines had filled up. These Isaac reopened by the toil of his servants, to slake the thirst of man and beast. One of them proved to be a well-spring of unusually sparkling water. This the Philistine herdsmen strove for, crying, "The water is ours." It was the custom to name wells, and Isaac named this one Contention (Esek), and once more chose to move rather than fight. The same strife occurred about the next well he reopened, and he called that Enmity (Sitrah), and left that also. Peace conquered at last, for over the next well that he reopened there was no strife, and he called it "Room" (Rehoboth). Soon after he went back to Beersheba, his place, and there met Jehovah, who said, "I am the God of Abraham, thy father; fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee." And there he builded an altar and dug a well, the visible embodiments of faith and works. The Old Testament does not say much of the future life, but the New Testament reminds us, in recalling the saying, "I am the God of Abraham," that it implied immortality, since "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

"God of our fathers be the God of their succeeding race"

. . .

Glorify the common.

"Seek peace and pursue it."

"The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

"You're no gentleman" if you are not a gentle man.

The old wells we need to reopen are the old truths of sin and redemption. And let us rebuild the broken altars, especially those of our homes.

Prosperity even in this world is oftenest found with illiness.

He whom God approves should not mind the envious disapproval of Philistines.

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Illustrative Anecdotes

Years ago, Dr. Cuyler gave an illustration in speaking of "Receiving the Old W... "That sagac... Christian tea... Miss Smiley, sh... me, beside her Saratoga cott... sparkling spring. She told m... when she first came there, and f... that the soil was moist, she dir... her gardener to excavate a c... space, in hopes that a full sup... water could be got. But all th... ging failed. At length the ...man exclaimed: 'Ah! I've ... now.' He had discovered a ... underdrain of a dead tree, wi... brush and branches, along whi... the water trickled away. As ... as the tree was removed, the ... water concentrated in the l... little unfailing spring. Even s... with the hearts of God's p... There can be no spiritual j... peace, or power, or overflowin... ness until the greedy outlets ... fishness or worldliness are st... off and Christ becomes the p... ual, all-abiding and all-abou... well-spring in the soul. To ... single ravenous sin costs mor... to keep alive many graces."

. . .

A Sermon a Week Long

Isaac was not much of a t... but he preached of peace an... tleness, tions that louder words, whi... minds us of a good story for ... and for girls, too: "When I g... enough," said Eddie, "I'm go... be a preacher." "What is a p... er?" said grandma. Eddie a... ed in surprise: "A preacher te... people what the Bible means ... he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren ... everybody listens. It's nice t... people listen to you." Gra... smiled, "I think you're old e... to be a preacher now." "I'm ... I'm not," said Eddie. "Wha... a preacher do first?" said gra... "He takes a text and 'splai... said Eddie. "Here is a good ... said grandma: "'Be kindly ... tioned one to another.' I s... like to have you preach a ... from that text." "Preach a ... Why, grandma, I can't. T... nothing to 'splain about that. ... just be kind and that's all th... of it." "Can't you be kind to ... body you meet for a week?" ... grandma. "Would that be p... ing?" said Eddie. "It would ... the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach tha... or the people would not listen to what he says in the pu... "Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try, ... was not thinking of that kind of preaching." The nex... Eddie said to himself, "It is not kind to the teacher to ... per in school," and so he didn't. "It is not kind to mam... play on the road and keep dinner waiting," he said ... school, and hurried home. At the end of the week gra... said, "How do you like preaching?" Eddie answered: ... I like it, grandma, but I guess everybody else was prea... that text, too, for everybody has been kind to me."

. . .

Isaac may be called the first Quaker, and such a life ... in a woman is pictured in Whittier's hymn for a Q... woman's burial:

Her still and quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless way they go.
How reverent in our midst she stood
Or knelt in grateful praise;
What grace in Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways.
The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers,
Is more than books or scrolls.

WON BY A WIFE'S PRAYERS

How the Rev. Dr. Howard Russell, National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, Came to be a Christian

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

N 1882 Howard H. Russell was a young lawyer, in Corning, a town in Southwestern Iowa. He was very earnest a diligent in his profession, but was not a hristian either in his habits of life or h business standards. He had been

REV. DR. HOWARD H. RUSSELL

bo and reared in a Christian household. Hi father was a Protestant Episcopal Minister; he is still living, and is rector emeritus of an Iowa parish.

Young Russell knew the claims of the Gospel, but had never responded personally to them. His wife was a lawyer's daughter, and his youthful affection for her was one of the incidents which led him to adopt the legal profession. Her father was Howard's preceptor in his legal studies, and when the latter was admitted to the bar, the father offered him a partnership. He was married in 1880, and soon thereafter, under the influence of a godly pastor, the wife became a more consecrated and active Christian, and naturally became anxious for her husband's conversion. At her request, several of their friends joined with her in regular seasons of private prayer for him.

A series of revival meetings was announced, but the young lawyer felt no interest in them, and declined his wife's earnest invitation to attend with her, making excuse of office duties. Returning home late one night, he found his wife, contrary to her custom, awaiting him. She said she was troubled about him,—but his heart was hardened against any approaches. He said he was all right and requested her to dismiss the subject. She spoke tenderly, but said she felt he was all wrong, and begged him to just let her pray with him; but when she pressed the matter of prayer, he left the house in anger. Clearly the Devil was master that night.

Howard went to the hotel in the town, stayed all night, and remained away next day until supper-time. When he returned home in the evening to supper, his wife received him affectionately, as though nothing had happened. He thought she had concluded to let the matter drop. He went to the office after supper, and on coming home late that second night, he found her again waiting. She gave him a loving welcome, and Dr. Russell declares that he shall remember to eternity the mingled look of deep affection and anxious solicitude upon her face, as she looked up into his eyes and said, "I prayed for you, Howard, all night last night!" That melted him a good deal. Dr. Russell has often exclaimed, when preaching: "Mother, wife, when you are eager enough to pray all night, God will come with unusual power to convince and convert your son or husband!" He could not that night refuse his wife's entreaty that he should let her pray for him, and knelt down with her, though he had not the slightest intention of yielding to God.

Mrs. Russell was desperately in earnest, and poured out her agonized appeal to the Father, that he would reveal to her husband his dreadful peril, and show him that certain things in his life made him the enemy of right and the foe of Christ. As she prayed, God held up before the husband a mirror, in which he saw his wretched soul. Few people have been more vividly convicted of their sins. In that hour, the proud, hard-hearted young lawyer saw that he was tried in God's court as a criminal, condemned and sentenced by the Great Judge. Yet he still tried to resist the Spirit. He struggled to summon up reason, and to boldly scoff against God; but in spite of all his efforts, God's will was becoming master of his will. He felt sure that it must be then or never. He had a distinct sensation that the chains which encircled him, and which he tried to hold secure, were loosening, and as the urgent voice by his side appealed to God to leave him not until his stubborn will should soften, he becar ie weak and helpless in body, under the mighty hand of God. Then he surrendered, unreservedly, utterly. At last he summoned up strength to say: "Lillian, I give it up." "You give up what?" "I give up all sin."

Then she broke out in a jubilant prayer of thanksgiving. From that hour he was a radically changed man. After a few months, his wife and baby daughter were with him at Oberlin, where he went to make preparation for the ministry.

Dr. Russell's ministry has been a fruitful one, and perhaps never more fruitful than now, when, as National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, which has its organization in over thirty States of the Union, he is putting all his energy into the great war against the saloon. But all this moral energy had its birth that night when his wife prayed for him. Dr. Russell says: "Whenever I revisit the home at Corning, I go and kneel in that upper room, on the spot where my chains fell off, and fervently thank God for the emancipation which came through the persistent intercession of my noble Lillian, my faithful wife."

OUR CHILDREN'S CHAPEL AT MONT-LAWN

THE two brief chapel services held daily at Mont-Lawn are so bright, che y and songful, that our children, far fro finding prayer and worship irksome, con flying from all directions when the bel ings. They flock first to the princi- pal uilding and there form in line, two abr st, under their teachers' directions, Ho emother Collins reviewing them from the orch and seeing if all her little flock is t re. At a given signal, the lads sepa ra and stand in line, single file, on eith side of the walk; off come their hat and then the little maids, "two by two led by the Housemother's assistant, pas through; the little lads close up their ran and follow. In front of all goes the gal t little drummer boy, pounding away valiantly. It is quite a long, winding pat from the house to the chapel; yet as the ead of the column reaches the chapel doo the children who bring up the rear are just leaving their position in fro of the house; and so, from where the ousemother stands on the porch, you beh d a charming sight—an endless chain of ildren stretching away around the gre lawn, across the road, and linking, as i were, with a bright and living band, the ouse door and the chapel door. Before he latter the drum-beat sinks into silen e, and song begins:

How eautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour,
ed in paths of light.

W en the congregation of wee folks are in t ir places, other happy Gospel songs follo the marching chorus; there is a shor tender prayer—just a "little talk with esus" for these children of the poor, putt g all their wants and needs before him simple faith, thanking him for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home and he kind friends who help to send them there. More songs of praise, and perhaps a pretty Bible story, follow. The Twenty-third Psalm is always recited in concert, and the Lord's Prayer is a part of every service. Every child who has an outing at Mont-Lawn goes away with at least these two treasures graven on its memory. Sunday, the story illustrates the topic of the International Sunday School Lesson, and pretty texts are taught.

Windows and platforms are always decorated with oak-boughs, ferns and wild-flowers. Children and teachers love to go to the woods to gather beautiful things for their beloved little temple. On the wall back of the platform, and on a side wall which is not seen in our photograph (we thought their friends would rather see our children's faces than anything else), hang a number of scrolls, with our little folks' favorite Gospel songs printed on them in very large letters. You do not see, either, the stands of magnificent ferns flanking the platform, and the blossoms embowering the desk; but you do see the words "Welcome Home," which were wrought in some feathery evergreens on the wall facing the desk. Dr. Klopsch was on the platform the day this picture was taken. He had just returned from a long journey across the Atlantic; and the fullness of joy in the hearts of his child-friends sought expression in pretty ways. Notice of his arrival was short, and there wasn't time to finish the scheme of decoration planned, but anyone will concede that the two words completed were eloquent enough to meet with warm appreciation. Next day (Sunday), when Dr. Klopsch came to speak to them, this addition greeted his eyes: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." Happy conclusion was this beautiful text to the impromptu celebration begun Saturday, when, perceiving their friend, returned even "as he was afar off," nearly 200 children ran down the road to meet him, waving little American flags and shouting joyous greetings. This was one of Mont-Lawn's merriest days.

A HAPPY LITTLE CONGREGATION IN OUR CHILDREN'S CHAPEL

To see the flower-like child-faces uplifted, morning and evening, in our chapel, drinking in the Word of Life, is a sight that would gladden any heart. This work is for the saving of souls as well as of bodies. Will you help us? Only $3 gives a child of the tenements a ten-days' outing at Mont-Lawn; $6 sends two; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five; $30 makes ten—a whole colony—happy, and brings them under influences that may stamp them as the Master's own forever.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

F. C., Oakland, Calif., writes:

I wish to acknowledge the goodness of God in answering my prayer, for the restoration of my only s.

E., Spokane, Wash., writes:

No long ago I received so clear an answer to praye that I could not doubt. Many prayers has God swered for me.

M. C. E. A., Kansas City, Mo., writes:

Enclosed find ten dollars for China, given as a than offering to God for sparing our little three-mont old babe, who was quite sick.

M. E. S. S., writes:

I fe quite disturbed over a dear one, but took it to G in prayer, and had faith to believe he would answ it. And he did, thanks be to his holy name.

Wife, Faison, N. C., writes:

I make this public acknowledgment of my gratitude to God for relief for my husband and myself from a heavy trouble, fully believing it was in answer to continued, faithful prayer.

A. L. P., Alexander, Ariz., writes:

The Lord has answered two of my prayers, almost immediately—as he has done many times in my life before. Help has come in such unexpected ways, that none but his hand could have sent it.

H. M. D., Hurricane, W. Va., writes:

A short time ago, I was very much troubled. I went to God in prayer, and I am thankful to acknowledge that he has heard and answered my pleadings. Now I am happy in the change. God answers prayer.

P. K., Moosomin, Can., writes:

In this sceptical age, I wish to bear testimony to the fact that God answers prayer. I have not to refer to the Bible or to the Oriental cornfields for proof. I have it in the experience of my past life. When the right kind of prayer is offered God will answer.

A. M., Windsor, Can., writes:

Reading your answers to prayer, I was encouraged to plead with God to help me overcome a certain weakness that I had. I am glad to acknowledge that my prayer has been answered, and I write this hoping that others will believe and be blessed.

J. H. C., Canister, N. Y., writes:

I take quite an interest in your notes on prayer. In the month of May, 1854, I received a line from the home of my youth that my youngest sister was at the point of death. I found her in the last stages of quick consumption. The parents were not Christians. On my way back home, the Lord rolled a wonderful burden on me for her. In the morning it was there. I went out in the woods and struggled in prayer till midday, when the burden left, and peace came—such sweet peace—as I had never before enjoyed. The next day I received a line saying: "Your sister still lingers;" and later, this: "The Lord has wonderfully saved her." She called all of her loved ones to her, and pleaded with them to give themselves to Christ and meet her in heaven. Then, for several minutes, angels were in the room. She would say: "Don't you see them? How beautiful they sing!" then she quietly passed away. I can but think that sister has been my guardian angel these long years.

A Famous Bishop Dead

Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, Passes Away, After Half a Century of Useful Service

CHRISTIAN men of all denominations may well unite in the mourning that is felt in the Protestant Episcopal Church over the death of Bishop Littlejohn of Long Island. The Bishop was of so broad a mind that men who differed from him on questions of doctrine or church government could be on terms of cordial friendship with him, and were sure of his brotherly respect and sympathy. Indeed, the work which brought him most prominently before the

Copyr't, 1897, by Abbe Sesh

THE LATE BISHOP LITTLEJOHN

Christian world of America and Europe was the effort, which his brethren confided to his hands, of preparing a document which suggested a basis for the union of the sects in one comprehensive church. This document, known as the Quadrilateral, bears the marks of his loving, tolerant mind, and it has had a powerful influence in attracting to the Church men who longed for that union which Christ hoped would exist among his people.

The Bishop's death was sudden. He was on a visit to Williamstown, Mass., and had been spending a short time with his old friend, Bishop Worthington, at Lenox, when the end came. On the morning of August 3 he rose at his usual hour and told a member of his family that he was in excellent health and spirits. After breakfast he strolled out to call on a friend. As he crossed the campus he complained of a slight dizziness, and a few minutes later fell unconscious to the ground. He was carried to his hotel, where in half an hour he breathed his last.

Bishop Littlejohn was nearly seventy-seven years of age, but there were no signs of senility in either body or mind. Only recently, when the rapid growth of his diocese seemed to demand that some assistance was required, he declared that he was capable of as much work as ever he was, and would not hear of the appointment of an assistant. He was a native of New York State, and was educated at Union College, Schenectady. His first pastoral work was done at Amsterdam, whence he removed to Meriden, Conn., and afterwards to Springfield, Mass. In 1851 he became rector of St. Paul's, New Haven, Conn., where he labored successfully until 1860, when he became rector of Holy Trinity, Brooklyn. The work he did in that parish was so thorough and energetic that it was raised from one of the feeblest to one of the strongest in the city. In 1868 three new bishoprics were created in New York, and Dr. Littlejohn was elected to that of Central New York; but he was afterwards elected to the diocese of Long Island, and accepted the latter in preference to the former.

It was his hope that Holy Trinity would be made the Cathedral of the diocese; but the project was not acceptable, either to the congregation or to the clergy. He, therefore, waived his own inclinations and accepted the fine edifice at Garden City, which had been erected as a memorial of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the millionaire dry-goods merchant of New York. There were numerous legal difficulties connected with the endowment, but the Bishop's tact and forbearance ultimately triumphed and a satisfactory settlement was effected.

Spiritual Acquaintance*

How Men May Come to Know God and to be Known by Him

MANY of the teachers of the present day would have us believe that God is unknowable. The very title of Agnostic, which they take, implies not only that they do not know, but that they despair of knowing. In one sense it is true. We cannot know the Infinite completely. People who talk as familiarly of God as they do of their acquaintances, and presume to tell us what he wishes and thinks, simply prove that they have never realized the infinite majesty and perfections of the Deity. "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts." But should we, on that account, make no effort to understand as much of him as is possible to the human mind? The little child of a great statesman cannot grasp the problems on which his father's mind is exercised, but who would say that the child has no knowledge of his father? There is a whole world of knowledge and perception in the father's mind that the child cannot enter into, but the father has a side to his character with which the child may be thoroughly familiar. Most important, too, is the consideration that it is the side of his character which concerns the child, which he can understand. He cannot know the principles on which he conducts international negotiations, but he can know what his father expects him to do, and what will please him. The child, we will say, is at school. He receives a letter from his father. He can just spell it out, but there are some things in it that he does not understand. Some one who does not know the father undertakes to explain the letter to the child, and he puts a harsh and unkindly meaning to some of the expressions. The child stops him with an assurance that he is wrong. "I do not understand the letter," he says, "I do not know what my father means by those expressions; but I know my father, and I know he does not mean what you say. He is a very gentle, kind man, and he would never say such things as you suggest." So it is with the Christian. He has a profound reverence for God; he knows that the Being who created the universe and controls the movements of the myriad worlds in space, is far beyond the conception of his puny mind; but he knows God's kindness, his love and tenderness. The evidences are all around him, he feels them in his soul. He knows God, though he does not know all of God.

Spiritual acquaintance implies also mutual knowledge. Is that possible? May we presume to think that God knows us? Can it be that out of the millions of persons on this globe, and possibly the myriads on other worlds, that we are of sufficient consequence for God to know us? The improbability of it has kept many at a distance from him. The utter insignificance of the individual as compared with the Almighty has depressed many a seeking soul, has silenced prayer and held back the striving after progress.

Perhaps the perception of this feeling may have been one reason for the Incarnation. In Christ God condescends to us. He comes near to humanity, and we begin to understand him better. As we study Christ's life we get a new view of God's character. "He that hath seen me," he said, "hath seen the Father." What then are we to understand that the love and tenderness, the patience and gentleness, the sweet compassion and magnanimity of Christ are the Father's traits shining through the human flesh of our Lord's personality? So it appears. God is a spirit, we say. I cannot understand spirit. I cannot conceive of a being without any of the visible signs by which I form my ordinary conceptions. But I read of Christ and learn that he is the expression, the manifestation of God. Now I can understand God better. He is translated into my language, as Christ stands before me.

So acquaintance with God grows. We come in contact with him. As we should act in ordinary life if some long sought connection was formed, if we were admitted to friendship with some deeply reverenced man, so we must act toward God. We should be careful to ascertain all we could of his character, should look into our own nature to see if there was anything there uncongenial, anything that would shock our friend or make him shrink from association with us, and should strive to get rid of it. As a lover is on his best behavior in the presence of his loved one, utters no coarse word, is not angry nor mean, and tries to be better and purer, that he may be more worthy of her love, so the Christian longing for acquaintance with God, feeling that he is always in his presence, strives after Christ-likeness, and beholding his beauty as in a mirror, is transformed into the same image.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 1. Job 22: 21-23.

A Remarkable Career

ONE of the oldest, if not indeed the very oldest, living minister of the Gospel in the United States is the Rev. Archilaus H. Mitchell, D.D., a Methodist preacher. He lives at Summerfield, Ala. Dr. Mitchell was born October 15, 1807, and is now nearly ninety-four years old. He was educated at the University of Georgia, at Athens. He graduated there in 1828. He has for years been the oldest living alumnus of that institution, and in June of this year he made the journey of more than two hundred miles to be present at its annual commencement. He

REV. DR. A. H. MITCHELL

entered the active ministry in January, 1831. The Presiding Elder who licensed him to preach was the grandfather of the late Governor Samford, himself an earnest Methodist.

Dr. Mitchell spent sixty years in the active ministry before he was superannuated, at the age of eighty-four. Twenty years he was a pastor, twenty years a Presiding Elder, and twenty years he spent in college work, by appointment of the Bishop. The first five years he was in the ministry he received a total of only $550 salary. The extra fifty dollars was because he was married in his fifth year of service, one hundred dollars the pay of a single preacher. He has missed more than five annual conferenc the seventy years of his membership. clear-minded, sweet-spirited and active. six feet tall and of commanding presence reads and writes on the current interes the church, and has the same discrimin view that marked his former years.

The Gospel in Santo Domi

Rev. J. P. James of the A. M. E. Ch Samana, Santo Domingo, writes to CHRISTIAN HERALD that there is n church membership at Samana of ove Preparations are being made to erect a c the corner-stone having been laid on Ju It will probably be finished early in Oct Church buildings are also sorely needed i capital.

Evangelist Yatman's Worl

Rev. C. H. Yatman has been tryi decide, for his evangelistic work this between Canada, New Zealand, United and England. The United Kingdom has and he will open his first mission in Be Ireland, on the 1st of October. Mr. A. Black, of the Y. M. C. A. there, is pla a series of meetings for England, Sco and Ireland.

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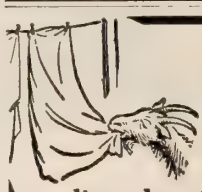

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Naval Chaplain Under Fire

I was exactly 9:40 A.M. when a great puff of smoke came from the forward eleven-inch gun of the *Maria Teresa*, the shell dropping short, but right in line with us. I remember what Captain Philip often had said about the War of the Rebellion, which he was in, claiming that whichever side opened fire on the Sabbath was already defeated, so I felt rejoiced that the enemy had fired the first shot. I really believe I was a little superstitious just then. The battle was now raging in deadly earnest. Shot after shot was fired at the various ships. The *Maria Teresa*, being in the lead, received the concentrated fire of our ships for some time. Then the two torpedo boats rushed out and the shout went along our deck: "Torpedo boats, sir, in our smoke!" Our hearts began to beat very rapidly, as the destroyers were the instruments of death we dreaded most; but to our surprise, instead of heading for us, they rushed on like two race horses close to the shore, each trying to outpoint the other. The *Pluton* was run on the rocks, after being disabled, and very soon blew up. The *Furor* sank in deep water a few minutes later; this was at 10:30.

Our ship had been struck a few minutes before that, right in the smoke-stack; and here again is shown the hand of Providence directing our beloved Captain. The firing from the enemy's ship had become very general, shells were screaming around our bridge, and the Captain said to the officers up there with him: "We had better go down to the lower bridge." Going down the only remaining ladder for them to descend, they had just stepped out, when crash went a shell, right into the pilot house where they were standing only a moment before. Had they not left when they did, one or more of them would probably have been killed.

* * *

We again began to exchange compliments with the *Maria Teresa*, who was firing at us as rapidly as she could, but the aiming of her men was exceedingly poor. At last she was forced to surrender, and at 10:35 her white flag went up, as the yellow and the red came down. The flames were roaring out of every side of her, and curling up twice as high as her mast, and we heard the crackling of the timber as it burned so fiercely on that ship, then a wreck, which only a few moments before was as magnificent a looking ship as ever sailed the Carribean Sea. Just three minutes after the *Maria Teresa* went on shore the *Oquendo* had to follow her example, and, hauling down her colors, hoisted the white flag. This caused our men to feel elated, and they were in the act of cheering, when our Captain, a perfect man in battle, yet as soft-hearted as a child when it was necessary, surmised what their intentions were, so, lifting both hands up in the air, he stamped on the bridge, and, shouting at the men, said: "Don't cheer, boys; those poor fellows are dying!" and it is needless to say they didn't.

* * *

At 12:45 the *Oregon* sent a shell after the *Colon*, to let her know that we were still pursuing. Finally she was hemmed in on all sides, and at 1:20 ran down her colors, as her Commanding Officer belched her. We signalled: "Enemy has surrendered." The signal was repeated by the *Vixen*, then coming up behind us, to the *New York*, some miles to the eastward, but was not acknowledged.

From *A Chaplain's Experience Ashore and Afloat*; by Rev. Harry W. Jones, A.M., D.D., Chaplain U. S. Navy. No more interesting book has ever been written concerning the active duties of a naval chaplain in war time. Chaplain Jones' experiences, from the time of his appointment on the *Texas*, until the close of the war with Spain were dramatic and exciting. Greatest interest will centre about his story of the Santiago campaign and the destruction by Schley of Cervera's fleet. But there are many other incidents that will command the attention of the reader. The volume is well illustrated, cloth bound, pages 300. Price, postage paid, to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, $1, to others $1.25. A. G. Sherwood & Co., 47 Lafayette Place, New York, publishers.

As the *Oregon* closed in, her band was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." All of the Spanish crew were on the deck of the *Colon;* the men on the *Brooklyn* were shouting and cheering. Our Commanding Officer came from the bridge; all hands were on the quarter deck, as we were then with our stern toward the enemy. As our Captain came toward us he uncovered his head, then, looking at his men, said: "Men, I have always had implicit confidence in the *Texas*, my officers and my crew, but my greatest confidence is in Almighty God, and I wish to make public acknowledgment, here today, of my belief in prayer; and I ask every man of you to uncover his head with me, and silently thank God for our deliverance and for the victory he has given us." There they stood, stripped to the waist, blood streaming from their strained muscles, their bodies stained from the powder, the coal dust and smoke of the fire-room, but from the heart of every one of us that beautiful Sabbath morning went up the most fervent prayer that ever left the heart of man, as we thanked God for the victory he had given us and for our miraculous escape. The Captain did not know I was on deck until after he had spoken, when he happened to see me standing on the starboard side, so sent an ensign to me, apologizing for depriving me of the privilege of performing my duty of offering an audible prayer. I sent back my compliments and, going over, took the Captain's hand and said: "Captain, I am glad you did not know I was here, sir, because this act of yours has proven to me that you are the kind of a man I always believed you to be—that is, a man who has faith in prayer." Later on, the Executive Officer came to me and said: "Chaplain, did you hear those remarks of the Commanding Officer." I said: "Yes, sir." He said: "That was the most manly act I have ever witnessed in my life."

THE GOOD MAN'S SON

Isaac Blessed for his Father's Sake

BY MRS. M. EAYTER

ISAAC was in a sense a resurrection man, for it was he, as the son of promise, whom Abraham was commanded to offer in sacrifice. In intent and purpose he had been offered to God and accepted. This gives a peculiar solemnity to the life of this patriarch. Abraham was the head of God's people Israel, as well as being by virtue of his personal faith in God, the example and father of all them that believe. Isaac was only the head of God's chosen outward people as being his father's son; and only a man of faith as a follower of Abraham. Isaac was tested in the same way as Abraham had been tested, by a famine in the land. Isaac also sought to help himself, and went down to Abimelech, king of Gerar.

Isaac sowed in that land, and found a hundred fold, and the Lord blessed him. God could only fulfil his Word, "I will bless thee," to his servants when they met him in his will (see Gen. 18 : 19). Israel is an earthly people, and the blessings promised to them are earthly blessings. To his own disciples Jesus says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (John 16 : 33). Don't let us be astonished if God rewards our faithfulness not by temporal blessings, but by fresh tests of faith and of endurance. Paul looked for nothing else than "fellowship with his sufferings" (Phil. 3 : 10).

But even temporal blessing has its trials. The Philistines envied Isaac (Gen. 26 : 14), and there began to be strife between the Hebrews and the Philistines about that need of all needs in an Eastern land — water. But Isaac would not fight. He had faith to wait God's time, and to yield until that time came; and then he recognized, not his own patience, but God's hand. This is no small lesson to learn. How many of us have lost power with others by worrying them, and trying to force things before their time. "They that wait for me shall not be ashamed" (Isa. 49 : 23, R.V.). God has his time for all things, and his time has come when he has succeeded in bringing his children, who are in his school, into the right attitude towards him.

From thence he went up to Beersheba. This was an historic place, for here it was that Abimelech's predecessor and Isaac's father had sworn together, and made a covenant, calling the well Beersheba, "the well of the oath," in consequence, and Abraham "called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God" (Gen. 21 : 22–34). This move pleased God. "And the Lord appeared to him the same night, and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father; fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake." Again Isaac must know how much he was indebted to his father; again he must learn how true God was to his faithful servant. "And Isaac builded an altar there." This was Isaac's first altar, built in the presence of the heathen: it was a step forward in his life, "And he called there upon the name of the Lord." This was a testimony in the presence of the heathen.

Much depends upon the position we take with those who know not God. If we begin with a testimony by word of mouth when our life is not right before them, we place a barrier in the way of their conversion. The heathen abroad and the unconverted at home may and do dislike the lives of those who are true to God, but deep down in their hearts they respect and often envy them. There in Beersheba Isaac pitched his tent, and there his servants digged a well. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him" (Prov. 16 : 7). King Abimelech went to him from Gerar, not alone: he brought with him his friend Ahuzzath, and Phichol the captain of his host. Isaac was at first, very naturally, suspicious, and asked: "Wherefore are ye come unto me, seeing ye hate me, and have sent me away from you?" "We saw plainly that the Lord was with thee," was the answer, "and we said, Let there now be an oath betwixt us, even betwixt us and thee, and let us make a covenant with thee; that thou wilt do us no hurt, as we have not touched thee, and as we have done unto thee nothing but good, and have sent thee away in peace: thou art now the blessed of the Lord."

Isaac had trusted in the Lord; he had not contended for the wells which the herdsmen of Gerar stole from him; he had not resisted when Abimelech sent him away from him, but had left his cause in the hands of him who had said, "I will bless thee." And now his enemies come and say, "We saw plainly that the Lord was with thee." Isaac had not trusted his God in vain; he had been willing to take a low place with man, as he had been willing to be the sacrifice upon the altar, and now his enemies come and beg for alliance with him! Let us trust our God, who "worketh for him that waiteth for him" (Isaiah 64 : 4, R.V.). Isaac made them a feast, and they did eat and drink. And they rose up betimes in the morning, and sware one to another, as their fathers had done before them. And "Isaac sent them away," but in another spirit from that which had actuated Abimelech when he sent him away. The same day Isaac's servants found water. Now there was the well, and the altar, and the oath; God was recognized, and God had blest, and he had made Isaac's enemies to be at peace with him because he had trusted in his God. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." He who is our Peace dwells within the members of his body as their life-power to be lamblike, children of peace.

BOOKS RECEIVED

According to Plato, by F. Frankfort Moore, author of *The Jessamy Bride*, etc. A very pretty love story in English life to-day. Pp. 337, cloth. Price $1.50. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The Beloved Son, by M. Rye. The story of the Christ, told in simple language, and describing his earthly career from Bethlehem's manger to Calvary. Illustrated, pp. 145, cloth covers. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

Womanly Beauty of Form and Feature, by twenty physicians and specialists. Illustrated, pp. 256, cloth. Price $1. New York Health-Culture Co., 503 Fifth avenue, publishers. A valuable and helpful book for all who are interested in physical culture.

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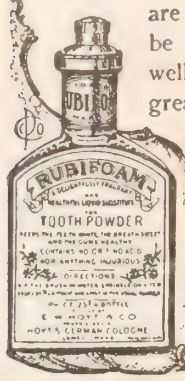

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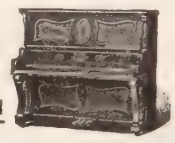

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MAGAZINE NUMBER—20 PAGES—FIVE CENTS

T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1901 Vol. 24—No. 35. $1.50 a Year

CHRISTIAN HERALD

S PAGE 732

THE STORY THAT CHARMS CHILDHOOD AND AGE

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Sept. 25

1. Is it right for a Christian to make plans for the future, or should one live simply from day to day?

2. Should we encourage a person to go to church who apparently derives no benefit, but seems to go to criticise and find fault?

3. Who was the greatest of America's poets and why?

4. If it is right to deny one's self in order to save money for Christ's cause, should one deny one's self all pleasure involving expenditure, or where should the line be drawn?

5. What is the best way of dealing with Mormon emissaries who invade a community to break down its morality and make proselytes?

Questions of the Week

1. If a dear friend and an enemy were both in danger simultaneously, am I in duty bound to aid my enemy first, or should I yield to the promptings of my heart and succor my friend?

You should consider their qualifications for heaven. If you are sure that the friend's soul is safe, and that he is prepared to meet his God in peace, while the enemy is in danger of the second death—literally, a spiritual wreck—then you should put forth every effort to rescue the latter first. There may still be some good quality in him, and he may yet be led to walk in the path of righteousness. If you rescue him, and he has one iota of manly principle in him, he will be your lifelong friend. On the other hand, suppose the friend is a minister of the Gospel who, with divine aid, has been the means of turning many souls to Christ, and who is still engaged in this work, then you should by all means first rescue him. If the friend is a lady whom you have invited to accompany you anywhere, you should rescue her first, as you are responsible for her safety. In every case, you should do as you think Christ would do.

OLIVER W. HEATWOLE.

. . .

In the situation cited in the above question, a man, obeying the Scriptural injunction to "love your enemies," owes neither a greater or less duty to his friend than to his enemy, for, under such injunction, they stand upon precisely the same footing. He would be no more justified in purposely abandoning his enemy to save his friend than in abandoning his friend for his enemy. It is certain, however that no man could be condemned for following his natural impulse to save one who was dear to him. Assuredly he is not bound to save his enemy because he is his enemy. On the other hand, if his mind is so constructed as to be capable of forming a definite plan of action, and he takes advantage of the situation to purposely leave his enemy to his fate and succor his friend, he is morally nothing more or less than a murderer.

D. T. STACKHOUSE, JR.

. . .

Answers have also been received from Lelia M. Simmonds, C.R.Bailey, Walter W. Hubbard, John Parry, B. F. Whittemore, Alexander Mackenzie, J. N. Patton, Mrs. E. Risdon, Mrs. E. L. Abbott, Mrs. F. T. Webster, M. T. Ellis, Mrs. Wm. Crawford, T. W. Costen, J. Flomerfelt, James Bell Major, A. L. Vermilya, G. H. Roger, Mrs. Frank Burton, Lydia Ward, Cordia Lee Harbert, R. J. VanDeusen, L.T. Rightsell, James P. Cope, R. E. Hough, Rev. Joseph Hamilton, Rev. C. P. Atkinson, Ruth E. Barber, J. L. Walker, Elizabeth E. Stow, Mrs. Flora V. Stow, Mrs. P.Gulick, Mrs. L. M. Jelks, J. W. Chadwick, W. J. Luscombe, Mrs. Butler, Velma V. Beebe, Marie White, and Wayland Oliver Fleming

2. Is the world growing better or worse? Briefly, what are the facts in evidence?

The world is growing worse and will continue to grow worse until Christ comes. The most ominous evidence is not the increase of crime, which every newspaper shows; nor the increase of immorality, which is proved in the divorce courts; nor the spread of corruption in municipal and national affairs, which is the subject of complaint in all lands; nor in the growing selfishness and greed which are making the rich richer and are driving the poor to despair—all these might exist without causing the alarm which comes from the condition of the Church. The Church is the salt of the earth, and when that loses its savor, as it is now doing, wherewith can the world be salted? Never since the time of the apostles has the Church sunk to its present condition of powerlessness and practical infidelity. The loss of confidence in God's Word, the worldliness of professing Christians, and the desecration of the Lord's Day were never so pronounced as now. The Church is on the downgrade, and the world has it for a companion in its course toward destruction.

ERNEST F. WAUGH.

. . .

There is a wide diversity of opinion upon this question arising from the diverse standpoints from which it is viewed, and from the different interpretations put upon those passages of Scripture referring to the closing scenes of the present dispensation. The facts, however, seem to indicate that the world is growing better. Because: 1. There never was such an interest in the devotional study of the Bible as now, and this is a Divinely-pledged and Spiritually-potent factor for good (Psalm 119: 9, 11, 130; I. Tim. 3: 15, 16; Rom. 1: 16). 2. There never has been a deeper, nor more widespread purpose on the part of Christian workers to honor the Holy Spirit, and magnify his office in work for the betterment of the world than now. 3. There were never so many spheres of Christian activity, filled by consecrated and trained workers as now. 4. There never was such a spirit of fraternity and inter-denominational fellowship among Christians as now. 5. There never was so great and widespread a feeling of the brotherhood of man as at present. This is shown by the quick and hearty response made from all parts of the world when any great calamity befalls a state or nation. Nevertheless, we are taught that "evil men shall wax worse and worse"(II. Tim. 3: 13); but while the truth of that saying is apparent, it seems equally apparent that the world in general is growing better. B. F. WHITTEMORE.

3. Was David justified in ordering Solomon to have Joab and Shimei executed (I. Kings 2: 5-9?

Dean Stanley, strange to say, avers that in the order given to Solomon, King David "bequeathed a dark legacy of long cherished vengeance." Dr. Terry's view seems more probable, that "this dying charge was not the offspring of personal revenge, but a measure of administrative wisdom." "David," says Wordsworth,"does not mention among Joab's sins that which caused him personally the most poignant grief, the murder of Absalom." He dwells on the fact that Joab had treacherously slain Abner and had also assassinated Amasa, shedding the blood of war in peace. Shimei had blasphemously insulted the royal majesty of Israel. David, it is true, had sworn to spare Shimei, but this oath was not binding on Solomon. David seems to feel that he had been too lax in punishing crime. His own guilt, though repented of, may have made him feel that the son of Zeruiah, in particular, was too strong for him. Hence this charge to Solomon as keeper of God's law and guardian of the kingdom's safety.

AMELIA HOYT.

. . .

David's solemn charge to Solomon, that upon his becoming king he should take the lives of Joab and Shimei, seems to have been prompted by a spirit of revenge against these two men, rather than having been due to the decisions of a judicial mind. In one sense, the execution of these men may be looked upon as an act of retributive justice (they being the enemies of the king), yet the personal vindictiveness that David cherished in the matter, and the absence of a disinterested purpose, to secure justice and the welfare and security of Israel, his kingdom, calls for condemnation of David in his instructions to his son. The act, from the proper motive, would probably have been justifiable, but considering the motive that inspired David, we must say that he erred.

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

4. When, where, and under what circumstances was glass discovered or invented?

Historians tell us that glass was first made in Egypt, as glass bottles are represented in the earliest Egyptian sculptures. That the Egyptians used glass as a means of magnifying, is evident from the fact that their glass mosaics were so delicately ornamented that some of the feathers of the birds and other details can be made out only with a lens. Theophrastus, who flourished about 300 years before Christ, described glass as having been made out of the sand of the river Belus, and the sphere of Archimedes is a remarkable instance of the perfection to which the art of glass-making had been brought at that early period, namely, B. C. 209. Virgil, in his Fifth Æneid, compares the clearness of the water in the Fascine Lake to glass, and Horace, in his third book of the Odes, mentions glass in such terms as show that its transparency was brought to great perfection. Pliny relates the manner of the discovery of glass. It was, he says, first made of sand found in the river Belus, a small stream of Galilee, running from the foot of Mt. Carmel. The report of the discovery was that a Phoenician merchant ship, laden with nitre, or mineral alkali, being driven upon the coast, and the crew coming ashore for provisions, and dressing their victuals upon the sand made use of some lumps of alkali to support their kettles. Hence a vitrification of the sand beneath the fire was produced, which afforded a hint for manufacture.

CLARA LOUISE HEIDMEYE

. . .

Just when the process of glass-making discovered cannot be told with accur Specimens of Egyptain glass exist which back to about 2400 B.C., and glass bottles represented in Egyptian sculptures of 4000 Also various operations of glass-blowing portrayed among the bas-reliefs of Hassan, about 2000 B.C. Glass was also known to the ancient Greeks, but its use less common among them, owing to the fection of their ceramic ware. S. C. THAR

. . .

Answers have also been received from Georg Styer, S. S. Brown, John Parry, Lydia Coon, Hibben, Maria Workman, Edith S. Damon, G. Marsh, Anna S. Harmon, Philip F. Schne C. H. Schnepel, F. J. Hurd, G. H. Rogers, M. E. Grizelle, Grace Stegner, Fred L. Sav Thos. H. Jones, Mrs. Velma V. Beebe, Cordie Harbert, L. T. Rightsell, J. H. Miner, Elsa Oerter, R. E. Hough, Elkanah Hulley, L. R. ton, Ellae Jay, Mrs. P. Gulick, Frank T. M Mrs. A. S. Murphy, Henry Zietz, G. S. Dunn D. Bush, J.V. Dickson, C. R. Bailey, B. F.Wh more and G. H. Rogers.

5. Is the practice of condoning immorality men justifiable? That is to say, should male offender be ostracized by those know him, as severely as they ostracize fenders of the other sex?

The practice of condoning immorality men, so far from being justifiable is most rehensible, but is, alas, too common, strangely enough, women are as ready to so as men. The mother, who would be he fied at the thought of her son marryi woman who had fallen, even though she repented and reformed, has no scruple giving her pure daughter in marriage to a who has led an immoral life. Women associate with men who are notorio guilty, while they shrink in disgust fro fallen woman. Perhaps, if they would os cize the guilty man, the punishment migh something toward the protection of their ters from temptation. The respect in wh we hold woman makes the crime more re ing in her, and the consequences of her cr may entail a greater wrong on the family, the guilt is the same in man and woman, the punishment should not be more severe the one than the other. We may be q sure that God will not discriminate becaus sex. If he discriminates at all, it will be tween the tempter and the tempted, and that case the heavier punishment would m frequently fall to the man.

JOHN E. WRIGH

. . .

No immorality should be condoned, and repentant sinner should be ostracized. should be ready to help all we can the ma the woman who wants to turn away from If we can judge between the man and woman who have offended against the l of society and of God, the manner of treatment of them should depend, not u their sex, but upon the degree and persiste of their guilt. At the same time, it should borne in mind that the woman who lives impure life strikes a severer blow at the fo dation of the home, than any man's impu can strike. E. W. BUTLE

A. M. S., Amboy, Minn. See answer in a rec issue.

A. C. C., Holyoke, Colo. It is his duty to v as conscience directs.

Reader. Doubtless the same skill which devi the ark provided for its lighting and ventilation

Mrs. H., Randle, Wash. "Pray for us, we are from church. Your paper is our preacher. We c not afford to miss one number."

J. H. B., Fremont. The question is too comp hensive, involving the whole subject of polite c versation. Books are published which will aff the information you want.

C. W. F., Meadville, Mo. The statement m by your friend, that the Presbyterian and Cong gational Schools of Theology teach Darwinis pure and simple, is absurd and unfounded.

Mrs. H. E. K., Alliance, O. It seems to us t the pastor, by way of example, if for no other r son, might make the first amicable advances. has nothing to lose by such a step, and may g them back, besides bringing peace to the church

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, AUGUST 28, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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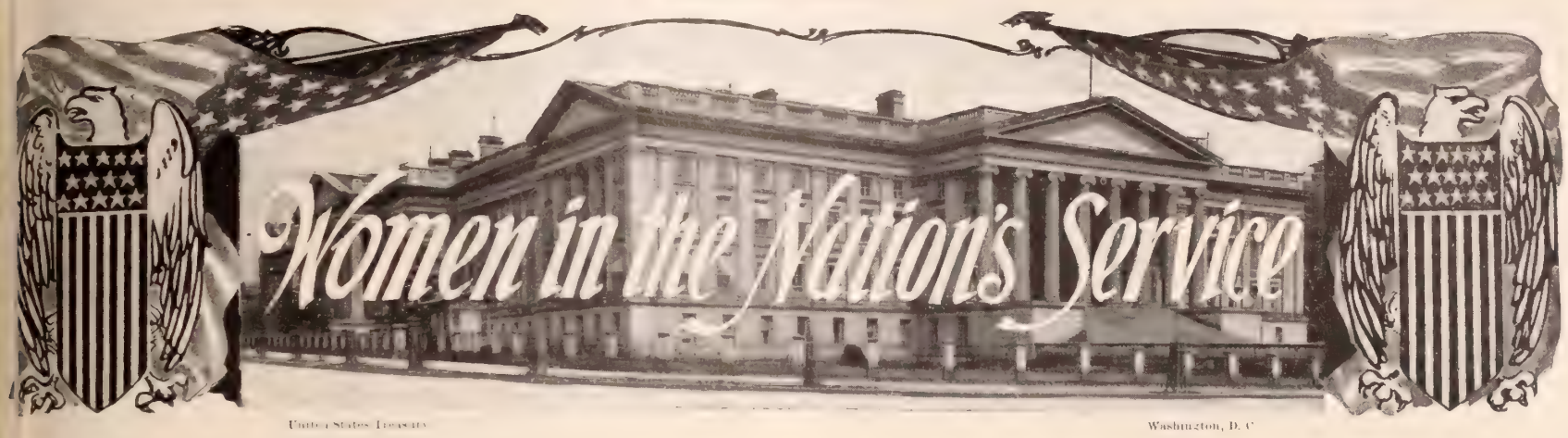


United States Treasury — Washington, D. C.

In the eight great departments of the Government at Washington there are employed something over 25,000 clerks, of whom somewhat less than a third are women. Until the Civil War, Uncle Sam did not employ a single one of his daughters in his gi-

MISS CLARA GREACEN

Attorney in Treasury Department

gantic work-shop. When that conflict came on, armies, North and South, drew recruits from the departments, and Government officials were at their wits' end to find persons to fill important places. When General Spinner, who served with so much distinction as United States Treasurer from 1861-75, was installed, he found the work in the bureau appallingly in arrears, and one day horrified his colleagues by announcing that he intended to put in some women clerks. Women! What could they do? His colleagues really wanted to be enlightened. At that time the work of trimming legal tender notes was done by hand with a long pair of shears which cut

MISS KIRK

Translator, Bureau of Republics

across a sheet of four bills at one stroke. There were no young men to do this trimming as formerly, and the work had to be done.

"I believe that women can do it. I shall make the experiment and see if they can, at any rate," said the General to his sceptical associates. He sent for Jennie Douglas, and placed her at a table piled high with sheets of legal tender notes, a pair of shears on top of them. At the next table was a young man, one of the few department trimmers left. "Now, Miss Douglas," General Spinner said, "cut your sheets of money just as you see this man do, and see how you can make out with the work." By night she had "made out" so well with her nimble fingers that, although it was her first day, she had done a third more than the man clerk, and by the end of the week she was trimming just twice as many as he was. The next week seven other women were put to work with her. That was in 1861; to-day there are 2,500 women among the 5,000 clerks employed in the Treasury. This bureau has always retained more women clerks than any other; but they are now to be found in all of the departments.

The army of scrub-women, who in the dim light of dawn scurry through the streets of Washington and go in at the lower doors of the massive, silent government buildings, where, on their hands and knees, they wash up the acres and acres of tiled flooring, receive the smallest pay of any of Uncle Sam's workers—from $20 to $40 a month. Another army of women hurrying through the same doors a few hours later, go into rooms where they mend mail-bags, feed printing-presses paste papers, etc. Their pay is from $40 to $60 every thirty days. Above them, come the largest army of all—the clerical force, who begin work at nine and stop at four, and whose salaries range from $500 to $2,500 annually. While there are two or three who are paid even higher than the last-named sum, the average salary is $800 to $1,000.

Of all of the women in Government employ, there is none, perhaps, whose position yields as much happiness to as many persons as that of Miss Etta Josselyn Giffin, Superintendent of the Pavilion of the Blind at the Library of Congress. This department for the blind, a unique feature in libraries when it became a part of the Congressional, owed its existence to a blind girl, who, conceiving the idea of a room set aside in the new building exclusively for the use of others afflicted like herself, went to the late Mr. John Russell Young, then Librarian, and told him her plan. He entered into it heartily; the present handsome room in the northwest corner of the building was appropriated; books for the blind were collected there; a piano, music, and games were provided, and Miss Giffin was placed in charge. "Sometimes I think that God made her just for us," is the blind girl's tribute to the Superintendent. Miss Giffin has broadened the scope of the pavilion in many ways since its establishment. Nearly all of the weekly and monthly publications for the sightless are on the tables. Mr. Hutchinson, the Assistant Librarian, put his typewriter at Miss Giffin's disposal, and a number of the blind have learned to use it. She has placed a glass case in the room, where the blind put on sale specimens of their handicraft. From October to June, literary and musical entertainments are provided.

Another young woman whose position under Uncle Sam is a blessing to others, as well as herself, is Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of our Government Indian Schools. Miss Reel commenced teaching in the city schools of Cheyenne, and rose successively from a grade teacher to Principal, County Superintendent and State Superintendent, from which position President McKinley, in 1898, elevated her to that of Superintendent of the Government Indian Schools. It was the first time that a woman had ever held this position and there were many to foretell her failure, but her decided success has proven them all false prophets. She has inaugurated some new methods of which time is proving the wisdom. She believes firmly that industrial training is the hope of the red race, and she has established it in all of the schools. A large farm is conducted in connection with each of the boys' schools, where, in addition to their book studies, the pupils are taught practical and intelligent farming. A thorough knowledge of dairying and stock-raising is given, and elementary instruction in blacksmithing, carpentry, harness and shoemaking. The girls are taught, beside their regular lessons, cooking, sewing, nursing, sanitary housekeeping, and the practical management of a household. But with these things she encourages them to preserve and develop their beautiful native arts, basketry, pottery, bead-work, blanket-making, and so forth, as it opens up an important avenue of self-support for them.

MRS. KINNEY

Supt. of Army Nurse Corps, War Department

During the recent Spanish war, a new position was established for women in the War Department, that of the Superintendent of the Army Corps of Nurses. Dr. Anita McGee filled the place temporarily, but when the Army Reorganization Bill became a law last winter, the position was made a permanent one of the bureau, and put in charge of Mrs. Ida Kinney, who had given evidence of her fitness by her efficient services in the volunteer hospitals during the Spanish troubles. Her present duties are under the direction of Surgeon-General Sternberg of the Army. She has the immediate charge of all the female nurses of the corps. In the home hospitals, these nurses are paid from $40 to $65 a month, and their rations; in the Philippines, they are paid from $50 to $75 and rations. All applications to join the corps are referred to Mrs. Kinney; she looks up the credentials, conducts the examination, and passes upon the suitability of the applicant.

Among the large number of women at the Treasury there are several who occupy expert positions. Their long service and skill make them invaluable to the Government. Mrs. W. A. Leonard and Mrs. A. E. Brown, of the Redemptive Division, are often termed "Uncle Sam's blind counters." Mrs. Leonard's work is to detect counterfeit money, and so trained is her sense of touch, that the moment she puts her fingers on a piece of "green goods," she recognizes it. Mrs. Brown is the burnt and mutilated money expert. No matter how badly a bill may have been damaged, if there is a recognizable remnant left, the Treasury will redeem it. When these remnants are sent in, they are turned over to Mrs. Brown, and it is wonderful what she can do. Somebody out in Ohio, one day, put his wallet, with several hundred dollar bills, in the oven of an unused stove. For some reason, his wife built a fire in the stove, and when the man thought of his wallet it was baked to a crisp, and so were the bills. He posted it off to the Treasury, where it went to Mrs. Brown, who, by floating the ashy particles on the surface of water, identified every bill.

Upstairs, in the office of the Controller of the Treasury, is a young woman who has lately distinguished herself through her

MISS CAROLINE CHILDS

Expert, Dead Letter Office

knowledge of the law. She is Miss Clara Greacen, of Minnesota. She came to Washington from her Western home seven years ago, and got a position in the Treasury as type-writer at $700 a year. She did her work excellently, and her opportunity came. She was promoted to Controller Tracewell's division, where she saw that a knowledge of law would be of much benefit to her, upon which she commenced attending the night classes of a law school; keeping this up for years until she had taken an A.M. and LL.B. degree. When Controller Tracewell learned of her attainments, he began to place opinions in her hands to write, and she did these so well

MISS MARY GREER

Recorder, State Department

that when a vacancy occurred, among the lawyers of the division last spring, at Controller Tracewell's suggestion, Secretary Gage named her for the position, which she holds at the snug salary of $1,800 annually.

(Continued on next page)

THE BIBLE CLASS IN THE WORKSHOP

BIBLE CLASS OF RAILROAD MEN AT CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE power of the shop Bible Class, as a practical factor for good, is becoming more and more recognized with each year. The co-operation of factory managements, in the large cities in particular, and the attentiveness of the laborers, has abundantly encouraged those who are at work in this especial field. In this connection, facts and figures combine to tell an interesting and a gratifying story.

In Cleveland, which is the metropolis of Ohio according to the last census, this work is being satisfactorily carried on under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Into the car barns and industrial institutions a fifteen-minute religious programme has been carried at the noon time, but not without the hearty consent of the employers. Courses of study have been judiciously introduced, appealing to a latent desire for education, while music has touched many a sympathetic chord.

Noonings in the big shops of Cleveland comprise but a half hour. To use to the best advantage the time which remains after the men have finished their lunch requires good judgment, and some knowledge of how to deal with men. The programmes have been varied in different shops. Some of the meetings have been devoted wholly to music. The co-operation of the employers has been demonstrated at the Twist Drill Works and the National Carbon Works by their purchase of an organ in each instance. The appreciation of the employees has been evidenced by the strong choruses in the audiences.

A feature of the work worthy of particular mention is found in the courses of study, which are arranged in series of twelve weeks each. Each employee is presented with a Testament at the beginning of the first series. Topic cards are next distributed, on which are printed not only the subjects, but also Bible references suitable thereto. The noon gathering each week then takes the form of a class-meeting. The success of such a meeting, quite naturally, depends upon the interest which the shop men take in looking up the references. In a number of the Cleveland shops, an adequate interest has been manifested.

A BIBLE CLASS OF SKILLED MECHANICS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO

The brief noontide thus occupied, a week, comprises the only available religious service for thousands of working men in Cleveland, especially those employed in the busy railroad yards and on the street railway lines. It is a much deplored by the laboring even from a secular standpoint, that railroads should make Sunday one of the busiest days in the week in yards. This condition exists at all ports where iron ore and coal are handled, and where trains for the furnace districts are made up. The street car men in the majority of cities, probably more than any other class of workers, know little of what it is to have a quiet and a restful Sunday.

The following figures, compiled by the Young Men's Christian Association, show the attendance at the series of lessons for one year in the various shops where the work is being carried on in Cleveland: National Carbon Works, 6,275; Cleveland Twist Drill Works, 5,043; Taylor-Belden Foundry, 2,889; Lorain street car barns, 1,144; Madison avenue car barns, 760; Woodland avenue car barns, 2:; The Chisholm-Moore company, 931; The Chandler-Ice Company, 135; The Pennsylvania railroad car shop, 2; The Linndale car shop, 2; the Lake Shore railroad machine shop, 4,728; the Lake Shore railroad blacksmith shop, 1,630; the Lake Shore railroad mill-room, 3,346. The total for all the shops and street car barns is 32,104.

W. FRANK MCCLU
Ashtabula, Ohio.

WOMEN IN THE NATION'S SERVICE

CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

For skilled work, two of Uncle Sam's daughters in the dead letter office of the Post Office Department should perhaps be awarded the palm. They are Superintendent Collins and her associate, Miss Caroline Childs, who decipher the addresses on the missent mail. Last year 6,500,000 pieces of mail were sent to Mrs. Collins' dead letter division to be redirected, returned to the owner, or, where that was not possible, turned over to the Government; 2,200 letters and parcels are received in this office every day in the week; last year 90,000 pieces were received with insufficient postage; 35,000 with no address whatever. In these letters there were forty thousand dollars in money, and almost a million dollars in drafts, checks, and money orders. All postmasters in our 75,000 post offices send all illegible, misdirected and blank envelopes to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, and the facility with which Mrs. Collins and Miss Childs can decipher them is almost beyond belief. The slightest clew, an association of an idea, a phonetic spelling, or a probable location, will enable them to discern the letter's intended destination. It is something of a joke on the cautious business men of the country that two-thirds of the letters without any address whatever are from them, and that in nine cases out of ten they contain checks or drafts. Deciphering these missent letters is not a matter of intuition with Mrs. Collins or Miss Childs; their knowledge of location is world-wide. Every prominent street and hotel in America and Europe is familiar to them; they know every foreign settlement in the United States; they have the addresses of all public men. Their skill is the fruit of hard work and study.

MISS ETTA J. GIFFIN
Supt. Pavilion of the Blind, Congressional Library

MISS ESTELLE REEL
General Supt. of Indian Schools

In the State Department is a little woman who has accomplished what had baffled a dozen of men. The Spanish war, and the enlarged territory increased the work of this bureau tremendously, and unrecorded correspondence was piling up in the storage closets. When Secretary Day came in his state of affairs staggered him, and he sent to a book type-printing company and asked them to detail a clerk who could reduce the chaos to order. Miss Mary Greer came and by the time she had finished her appointed task officials had discovered she was too valuable a clerk to lose, and retained her permanently. Across the street from the Department of State is the Bureau of American Republics, which manages the business relations between the United States and its Southern neighbors. Expert translators are in demand in that bureau. Two of its young women clerks, Miss Kirk and Miss McNaughton, have such marked efficiency in this respect that they draw salaries of $500 each annually. Each has at command six or seven languages. Miss McNaughton was sent as a translator to Paris with the Portuguese translator in any of the departments of the Government.

ABBY G. BAKE

A PERSECUTOR CONVERTED

COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER of the Salvation Army lately received from Colonel Murani, who is in charge of the Army's work in Gujerat, India, a letter, which gives the sequel to a very remarkable story of persecution and suffering of native Christians by the high caste. The letter says:

"You will remember, some years ago, the beautiful corps we had at Vishrampur, and the persecution which broke out against our people by the high caste. The Salvation Army endeavored to help our soldiers and take out a case against the high caste people, which, unfortunately, because it was a Gaekwari village and tried in a native State Court, was given against us. In consequence of the great persecution, which intensified and increased when the case was given against the Army, it was thought wise to remove our officers from the corps, and the poor hapless soldiers were left to themselves.

"Yesterday, when in Anand, a high caste man came to see me. He was from Vishrampur, and inquired all over Anand where I might be found. He told us that he was the mooki of the village at the time of the persecution, and that he was the chief instigator of it, and had himself so beaten and severely illtreated our people that he said that God had deeply punished him. 'The people we persecuted,' he said, 'have gone forward and prospered, but we have had to go through the deep waters of affliction. God has punished me by making me very ill for six months, and in that sickness I became very sorry for the way I acted against God's people, and told the Lord that if He would only make me well, I would come to you and entreat you to forgive me. I am I can neither eat or drink until you have told me that you have forgiven me fully, and will count me amongst your people.' Over and over again, with the deepest emotion he entreated our forgiveness. 'Other people live for this world, but you people only live for the next world,' he said. 'Their thoughts and ideas and motives are different to anybody else's.' He informed us that he has given up entirely the worship of idols, and the wearing of caste marks, and that he had a Bible, which he had evidently been reading very carefully. He entreated us to send the Salvation army back to Vishampur to instruct and improve the people. Thus you hear of the fruit of your labors 'after many d

THE HIDDEN THING

COMMENT ran freely from mouth to mouth in Greenville the morning after old Moore died; but no one was surprised that he had left his money, and the beautiful place just outside the town, "Beechwood," to his old friend and adviser, Frederick Pomeroy.

Paul Nelson Moore, the wealthiest man in that thriving Western town, had accumulat a modest fortune, and when, six years previous, he ha driven his only son and child from home, and op ly threatened to disinherit him for marrying a be tiful mill-girl of a neighboring village, Greenville ha sensation that lasted for many a day. The old ma made no secret of his determination in the matter, an all Greenville had long known that Frederick Po roy, the leading lawyer of the town, was to come int he inheritance.

'omeroy, I congratulate you," said John Taylor, one of most prominent church workers, the ne morning. "I hear you were with Mo e shortly before he died. Did he—ah, ow any change about anything?"

Tylor and Pomeroy were old friends, an personal question like this was not uncnmon between the two if occasion offe d. Pomeroy understood the allusion per tly. He shook his head as he lit a cig

"o, John," he said. "He sent for me to sult regarding that Simonson farm; you now he always was uncertain about the le. He died while we were talking."

Tenty years later, Greenville, now a thri g suburb of the not-far-distant great city had improved wonderfully. Much of t improvement was due to Frederick Pomroy, who, since he had taken possession of "Beechwood," had advanced until now e was the most prominent citizen of Gre ville. His law practice had for some im equired an office in the city; he had ou ed the town library; had led in the up-t date beautifying of the town with tree parks and picnic grounds; twice he had en mayor; he had contributed lib ral to every public enterprise, and, thou not a church member, he headed he t with a generous subscription. Cor ne, the lovely daughter who had been eft m by his wife only a few days be ore is patron died, had developed into a be tiful and attractive girl, who was an acti church worker and a teacher in the Sun y School. She was beloved by all who new her, and her father literally wor ped her.

T n, one fine morning, John Taylor walk l into Pomeroy's office. "Frederick," e said, with the familiarity of an old frie "I have news for you."

"Led, John! What is it like?"

"e Rev. Paul Nelson Moore, grandson your deceased friend, is coming here He has been assigned by Conference our church. Isn't truth stranger than fiction? Here is a disinherited heir to a e estate, who has never even been near of before, sent to be the pastor of a chur in the very town where his grandfather lived and died. Will you receive him Beechwood,' Fred?"

Frederick Pomeroy had seemed quite start l by the news for a moment; then e wheeled easily in his chair and replied: "It's h odd thing, surely, but strange things happen in his orld. He will be welcome at 'Beechwood,' if he choos to come; but I suppose he will resent the fact that is not his."

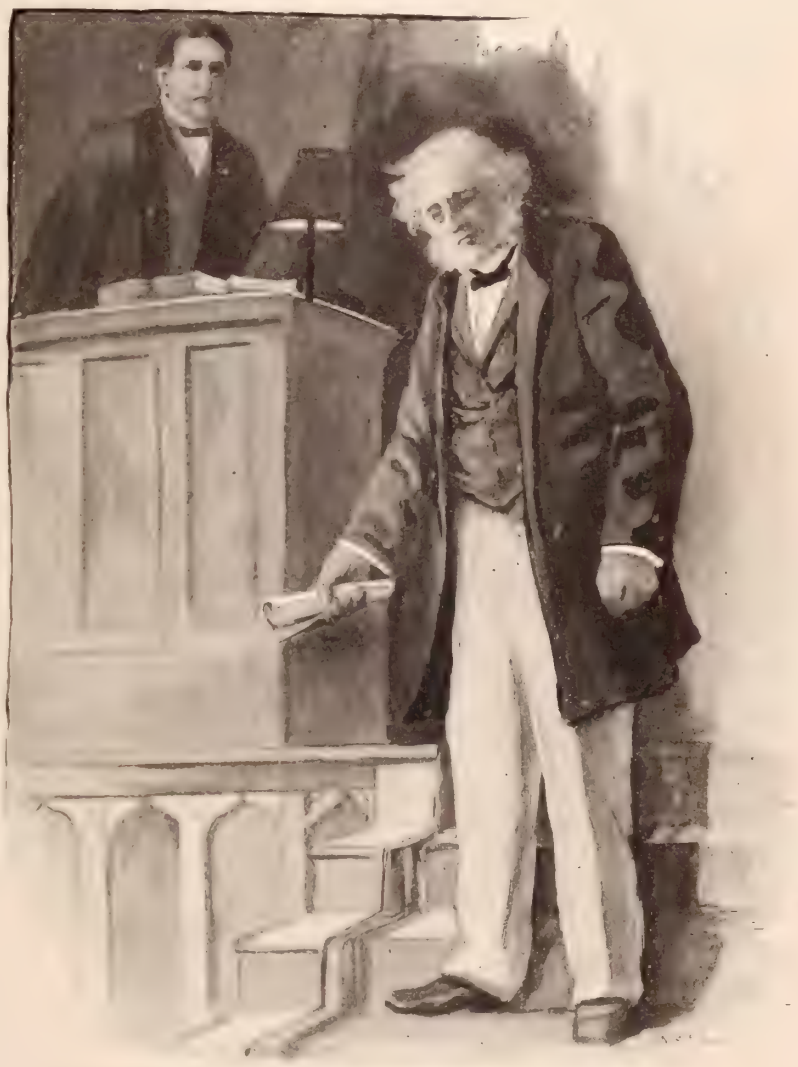
A onth later, Greenville was beginning to recover from he excitement caused by the arrival of the new minist r, with its accompanying sensation. Gossip had naturally run riot for some days, but the Rev. Paul Moo bore himself with so much dignity, and took such effective measures to set foolish rumors at rest, that it had soon ed out. Everyone knew now that he bore no resentment for his disinheritance; that he was sincerely devoted to his work. It was now more than whispered that he young minister and Corinne Pomeroy had been attracted to each other from the first, and speculation was rife, for, at Corinne's solicitation, Frederick Pomeroy had called on the new pastor and had invited him to "Beechwood," an invitation which had been promptly accepted.

None knew that the night after the young minister left "Beechwood" on his first call, that Frederick Pomeroy had walked the floor most of the night, divided by the strange and conflicting situation in which he found himself, but—whatever it was—he kept it to himself.

The months slipped by until almost a year had elapsed since Rev. Paul Moore came to Greenville. It was now an accepted fact by everyone that he was deeply in love with Corinne Pomeroy; but as the engagement was not announced the gossips once more had it their own way, and now it was said that pride kept him from declaring himself. For once the gossips were right, and no people in the wide world knew the exact truth better than both Frederick Pomeroy and his beautiful daughter, though no word had passed between them on the subject.

Matters stood thus when quietly but with great power, a revival spread in the church under the young minister's fervent admonitions. Fanned in several weeks by increasing eloquence, fervor and the conversion of many, it rose to a height never before known in that congregation.

"I think," said Corinne to Paul, as they walked home one evening after the services, "that father is under



"I HAVE BEEN A LIVING LIE AMONG YOU FOR TWENTY YEARS"

conviction, but I cannot tell. He has acted rather strangely of late, and I am sure that he has something on his mind. He stays up very late every night. See! He is walking up and down in the library now. Come in and see him, won't you. He is always glad to see you, and perhaps you can bring him out of this restless mood."

In the warm, glowing room, Frederick Pomeroy gave him a cordial greeting. The walls lined with books, the intellectual calibre of his host, his wide experience of men and affairs made him a delightful conversationalist. The young pastor avoided forcing religious matters on him until, as he rose to go, he held out his hand and said: "Mr. Pomeroy, I shall be very happy to see you at the service to-morrow night. I have missed you for several evenings. I think that even as a student of human phenomena you could not fail to be interested in seeing how completely changed a number whom you know are. And you, yourself?"—he paused, evidently feeling some deep emotion, then, with a little tremor in his voice, he added: "We need you in the church, brother. God bless you. Good night." He gave his hand a sudden tight grip and was gone.

Frederick Pomeroy, dazed, sank into a great armchair. In that hour, the conviction of sin that had for many days been eating its way into his soul, became complete. But with subtle reasoning he finally quieted his conscience. "He loves her," he thought, "and he is a noble man, well worthy of her. I will encourage the outcome, and by leaving 'Beechwood' to them I will make it all right." The next day he felt as if he had once more regained his old self-control, and, strong in himself, he accompanied Corinne to the church. Moved by some strange and uncontrollable impulse, Paul Moore, instead of delivering the carefully prepared discourse over which he had worked and prayed all day, had an irresistible inspiration to preach from the text, "For God shall bring every work into judgment with every hidden thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil," and from those poignant words he gathered force as he proceeded, until it seemed as if any one with a hidden sin must stand up and cry aloud. He called upon all, even professing Christians, to beware of concealing sins, and with power and vivid word painting he pictured the Last Day. "God will not forgive a living lie!" was the keynote and the last word.

Frederick Pomeroy felt his heart melt within him. He arose and stepped into the aisle, but John Taylor, seeing his pale face, said: "What is the matter? Are you ill?" The impossibility of confessing to his old friends rushed over him again. "The air is stifling in here," he replied. "I am going home."

How he lived through that night and the next day he did not afterward clearly remember. He had declined to accompany Corinne to the service. Alone with his thoughts he paced the floor, while the storm of rain increased outside. Like a scroll, the twenty years that had elapsed since that memorable night when old Paul Moore died unrolled before him. Again he heard the words of the dying man, again he saw the shaking hand steadied while it traced the last signature. Then he saw himself, cool and collected, standing by the dead man's bed, calling in the servants, giving orders—was he not master there? He brushed his hand across his brow and tried to believe it all a dream. Then, as a sudden gust of rain blew against the window, a sentence sounded as though shouted in his ear: "God will not forgive a living lie;" and that was succeeded by another, Corinne's last words as she left the house that evening: "Papa, I'm praying for you." They alternated and repeated. "I'll do it," he said aloud, throwing out his hands. He went to the desk, drew out from a secret drawer an old and carefully preserved document and hastened from the house.

The service was being concluded as he entered the church and made his way up the crowded aisle. At the door his hat had blown off, and his hair and clothing glistened with the now freezing raindrops. There was that in his appearance of a man arriving at a desperate crisis; but there was no time for more than a thrill of surprise before he reached the steps of the pulpit, and, speaking in a loud and clear voice, said:

"My friends, if I dare to call you so, I am here to confess a crime. Twenty years ago your fellow-townsman, Paul Moore, the grandfather of your pastor, died. He had some time before disinherited his son and made me his heir. Perhaps no one but myself ever knew that he never really ceased to love him, and that his heart constantly reproached him for what he had done. When in his last illness, he was told by his physician that he had but a few hours more in which to live, he sent for me and asked me to draw up another will, in which everything was to be left unconditionally to his son. I did so; he made me his sole executor, adjured me to find the boy and restore his own to him, and barely had time to affix his signature to the new will, when he gasped and died. I yielded to the temptation that possessed me in that hour, kept the will, and made myself the owner of 'Beechwood.' Since then I have lived among you, and have received honors at your hand, honors which I did not deserve; and I stand here before you, a disgraced but repentant man. My crime has found me out; God has spoken to my soul, and though I have been a living lie among you for twenty years I will be so no longer. This hidden sin, which was so easy to commit and so easy to conceal, has become too great a burden to bear. For a long time, yes, for all these years, I have been its

(Continued on page 743)

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

PAUL in the Basket

TEXT—II. Cor. 11: 33: Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall

SERMONS on Paul in jail, Paul on Mars Hill, Paul in the shipwreck, Paul before the Sanhedrim, Paul before Felix are plentiful, but in my text we have Paul in a basket.

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damask. A horseman by the name of Saul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterward speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man, and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is: "Kill him! kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him, now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate, but he feels

His Work is Not Done Yet,

and he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mob shout at one house door. The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down, until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

I observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket, never knew how much would depend upon the strength of it. How if it had been broken, and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings, that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament, would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean Euroclydon, under flagellation, and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on slender circumstances.

The Lawgiver in Peril

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such an important passenger, as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made water-proof by a coat of bitumen, and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes, ready to open battle. But the tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the lawgiving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one awakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered

A Christian Colony of Churches

and schools and beautiful homes, and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before, a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides, until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established; and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth, or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in life. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals; great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope, make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat, let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be remembered in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the storm of the centuries.

Unrecognized Service

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded service. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us; but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had, in their agitation, tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows, and has made record of their undertaking. And they know.

There are said to be about a hundred and fifty thousand ministers of religion in this country. About eighty thousand, I warrant, came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their every-day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry-tree at noon, thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they have this and that, as others do, and the mother "Be patient, my children, until your brother grad and then you shall have more luxuries, but we mu that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordaine is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great r comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accep Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son village parsonage, and, at the close of a Sabba mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their the son lighting the way and asking them if he c anything to make them more comfortable, say they want anything in the night just to knock wall. And then, all alone, father and mother talk the gracious influences of the day, and say: "W was worth all we went through to educate that bo

Restraining Infuences

O men and women, you brag sometimes how you fought your way in the world, but I think there have helpful influences that you have never fully ack edged. Has there not been some influence in early or present home that the world cannot see? there not reach you from among the New England or from Western prairie, or from Southern plant or from English, or Scottish, or Irish home, a co influence that has kept you right when you would gone astray and which, after you had made a cr track recalled you? Why not be frank and ack edge it—the most of us would long ago have dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving l steadily, and lovingly, and mightily held the rop

But there must come a time when we shall fin who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul i basket, and greet them and all those who have ren to God and the world unrecognized and unrec services. That is going to be one of the glad e ments of heaven, the hunting up and picking o those who did good on earth, and got no credit You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of h friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestia liteness will demand that we be made acquainted all the heavenly household. What rehearsal o times and recital of stirring reminiscences!

Come, let us go right up and accost those on the of heavenly thrones. Surely, they must have kill battle a million men. Surely, they must have buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge, a the towers of all the cities tolling the national Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I live choice the unmarried daughter in an humble home I might take care of my parents in their old age, endured without complaint all their querulousnes administered to all their wants for twenty years." us pass on round

The Circle of Thrones

Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was a C tian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasio writing a note of sympathy for those worse off I, and was general confidant of all those who trouble, and once in a while I was strong enou make a garment for that poor family in the back Pass on to another throne? Who art thou, mighty of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a family of children for God, and they are out i world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, C tian wives, and I have had full reward for all my Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a bath School class, and they were always on my h and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I waiting for their arrival."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out England for New York. It was well equipped, b putting up a stove in the pilot box, a nail was d too near the compass. You know how that nail w affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceive that distracted compass, put the ship two hun miles off her right course, and suddenly the man o lookout cried: "Land ho!" and the ship was ha within a few yards of her demolition on Nantu Shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cu der. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. T noughts placed on the right side of the figure one ma thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the fi one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the r side may be augmentation illimitable. All the age time and eternity affected by the basket let down f a Damascus balcony.

THE STORY OF YUEN QUAI

IN a Mission Home, in a city by the sea, looking out toward far-off Asia, sat a young girl, knowing that her days were numbered. Yuen Quai would cheerfully have lain down her young life, but for the longing desire to save her own countrywomen. She had learned of Christ. Into her life had entered the peace that passeth all understanding. If one doubted the transforming power of the Gospel, one had but to look into that beautiful Oriental face and see what the Gospel had done for the young and gifted Yuen Quai. And this is the story of the brief life; of the lovely Christian character, and of the triumphant death of one who belongs to a land whose millions are yet to hear of Christ.

Yuen Quai was never exactly a slave girl, but was rescued from what would have become a life of shame. She then bore the name of Woon T'sun, for, like most of the Chinese girls, she had two names entirely unlike the family name accounting for one, and fancy apparently for the other. Woon T'sun was the name by which she was called in court, but after she became one of the inmates of the Mission Home she was called Yuen Quai. To us, for the present, she is Woon T'sun. This child of nine years was the last of a family of five children, who, with their mother, had died of consumption. The bills were heavy, and the father, broken-hearted, decided to return to China. One woman, Kum Mah, who was known as a keeper of a Chinese house of shame, demanded this attractive little girl, unless the father could pay the money he had borrowed. This he could not do, and the child was at last left in payment of the debt. Word came to the Mission Home that Woon T'sun was being sent to a house of ill-repute, but all attempts to rescue her proved futile. One Sabbath afternoon in the autumn of 1890, the door-bell of the Mission Home rung, and some one was there to tell that little Woon T'sun was still being sent by Kum Mah to a house where no child could be sent and remain pure. Miss Culbertson, the missionary, telephoned immediately for a policeman.

Later they walked triumphantly into the Home, bringing the sobbing child. She had been taught that danger and death lurked within those walls. But she found neither, and soon, childlike, her sobs turned to smiles, for she found she was among friends. Henceforth we will know her as Yuen Quai, except in the courts, where the case was at once taken. Miss Culbertson was appointed the child's guardian.

Kum Mah applied to the court to have the letters of guardianship revoked, and to appoint her daughter, Mai Sing, as guardian. Then the battle began in earnest, and seventeen times was the case taken into court. The secular press, with strong editorials, laid the case before its readers. Public opinion was aroused as never before, though hundreds in the past had been brought to the Mission Home. The beauty of the child touched the hearts of all who saw her in court.

Kum Mah's flimsy pretexts, her impure face, her shameless defiance of right, were placed over against the honest fearlessness of the Christian missionary, while the beautiful child, with wide open eyes, looked on to see who would win the day, for on that decision rested her future, a future which she could but dimly grasp. The attorneys fought bravely, for on the one side was an enormous fee, on the other, right and justice.

The day of triumph came. The little one was finally given to the Mission.

As the years passed by, it became apparent to all that Yuen Quai belonged to a higher class than most of the girls with whom she came in contact. She assumed no air of superiority, but her presence was felt wherever she went. She soon became ambitious to become a scholar. She became the interpreter in the Home and in the courts. Quick as an electric flash she read the face and the motives of those who came to claim the rescued slave girls. One who saw much of her, said: "Yuen Quai had marvelous powers with all the household, and with her own people; she was most trustworthy and discreet. She was a quiet force in the court room, so sweet, modest and wise—a rare girl." Of all this, the girl herself seemed wholly unconscious. In the school she was also the interpreter, and when some Chinese girl misunderstood the teacher, and became sullen or defiant, Yuen Quai would explain the teacher's words in such sweet, gentle tones, that the turbulent spirit grew quiet, and the obdurate scholar yielded.

Yuen Quai was now a beautiful girl of eighteen, and life in its fulness lay before her. The missionary who had so bravely rescued her had passed "beyond the smiling and the weeping," and another, Miss Cameron,

YUEN QUAI IN NATIVE DRESS

had taken her place. Next to her devotion to her Master was Yuen Quai's love for this young missionary. On many a night she has gone into the dark alleys of Chinatown, keeping close beside Miss Cameron, while the policeman kept near them both. These two heroic ones feared no foe, for one common thought urged them onward—a human being was that night to be saved, or sent back into deeper darkness.

Once within the Home, the girl they rescued felt she had a friend, one of her own nationality. While Yuen Quai was thus working for others, her own Christ-life was rapidly developing. Her large brown eyes shone with a new light, and her face was illumined with the Christ-love as she told in choicest English what Christianity had done for her, what it might yet do for others who had never heard the story of Christ's life and death. Others intuitively caught the spirit, and so Yuen Quai went daily about her duties, never dreaming how she was influencing those who saw in one of their own nationality what they had never seen before.

A Chinese merchant from another city saw her, loved her, and sought her hand in marriage. She consented to become his wife, but not yet could she leave the home that had done so much for her. There, a little longer must she remain, to aid those who were working for her people, a people as dear to her as were Esther's of old to her.

She never went forth as a bride. She was to know no other earthly home, for death, who ever loves a shining mark, chose her for its own. The bright spot upon the cheek and the shortened breath, plainly told Yuen Quai that she was following rapidly in the footsteps of nearly every member of her family. The physicians said it was not consumption. Yuen Quai listened quietly to their decisions, but when they left, said it would be but a little while and she would follow the others. None who saw her bright smile and helpful ways, could believe that she knew so well what lay just before. Her faith seemed to rob the grave, so dreaded ordinarily by all the Chinese, of all its terrors. Her one desire seemed to be not to add one sorrow or burden to Miss Cameron, but to aid her in saving her own people as long as life should last. Then, too, she seemed to feel, as earth was receding and heaven drawing nearer, that she must bring more souls into the kingdom of the Lord.

There came a day when a telephone message came from Fresno, urging Miss Cameron to hasten there to appear in court, regarding a rescued girl. If she went, Yuen Quai must accompany her to interpret.

Rain was falling in torrents, but neither of the noble women faltered. They reached there at night, with the fierce storm beating about them. The girl was saved, but Yuen Quai never rallied from that trip. Not one murmur was ever heard to pass her lips through all the weary days and nights of pain that followed. She realized more and more, while no one else would believe it, that the end was very near. Lying quietly in her room in the Home, with beautiful flowers on every side, flowers sent by the loving hands of her own countrywomen, she would suddenly open her large, thoughtful eyes, and ask some question regarding the life beyond, showing where her thoughts had been.

Her last morning on earth dawned bright and clear. The sun shone upon her face, seeming to illumine it for the grave, which for this Oriental Christian girl had no terror. The Mission family had assembled for morning prayers. Her constant attendant, Teen Fook, bent over her, only to learn that the heart had ceased beating, and Yuen Quai was with her Saviour in Paradise. Loving hearts mourned in silence; Chinese girls wept bitter tears over one whose very presence had been a benediction; Christian Chinese friends sent beautiful flowers, to which were added exquisite floral offerings by Americans, who had watched the unselfish life that had been laid down for others. Later, Christian ministers told in English and Chinese what Yuen Quai's unswerving faith in Christ had been to others, and of the heaven in which this Chinese girl was that day free from suffering. And then, loving hands bore her to her burial. The scoffer looking on would have said, "Why this waste? when her life might have been one of ease in the home to which he who longed to be her husband at once would have gladly taken her any day as his cherished bride." When "the leaves of the judgment book unfold" they may be able to tell that it was no waste. That brief life of nineteen years is not ended even on earth. The walls seem to echo her words; those who saw her daily life and knew that love to Christ was the mainspring of her life-work, have taken a step forward, and desire to emulate her virtues.

Is not "life worth living," if only to win such souls to Christ?

MRS. P. B. BROWNE.

A Storm-Swept Negro Church

Recent heavy storms have so injured and dismantled the Bethel A. M. E. Church, of Kingston, N. Y., that it can no longer be used for religious work. It will have to be rebuilt throughout. This storm-swept church is one of the oldest in the district and has seen many vicissitudes. Its first pastor, Rev. Mr. Hutchins, was widely known as a negro preacher of power and did much toward strengthening and establishing the growing church. The ground upon which the building was erected, was the gift of a white friend of the colored race. The congregation is poor and needy, and will appreciate any aid in rebuilding the church. Any reader who may desire to help this struggling church through its present troubles, may address Rev. Mr. Matthews, pastor A. M. Church, Kingston, N. Y.

STILL THE SAME

THE same old sin, with sickening return;
The same desires, that burn and burn and burn;
She same weak yielding and familiar shame;
But oh, thank God! my Saviour is the same.

The same old failure, now for many years
Mocked with a feeble effort, fruitless tears;
The same excuses, impotent and lame;
But oh, praise God! for prayer is still the same.

The same old sorrow, keen to quicken woe
As when it first assailed me, long ago;
The same old hidden pangs without a name;
But oh, praise God! for heaven is still the same.

Auburndale, Mass. AMOS R. WELLS

Heathen Africa's Cry Answered

A lady, who does not wish her name to be given, writes to this paper from Augusta, Mich:

"I read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 26 a short article called 'A Cry from Heathen Africa,' in which Rev. R. Wodehouse, of Umtali, Rhodesia, Africa, said: 'At Beira, there are thousands without any one to tell them of God, and the Portuguese sell the poor natives cheap drinks. We are in immediate need of a colored evangelist here, and a small room which could be used as a church.' God helping me, I will do something towards sending a missionary to Beira, and erecting a mission house there. I enclose $12, which please forward to Rev. Mr. Wodehouse. I hope that the money may be quickly supplied to build a mission house and to send more than one missionary."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

A Message From India

MANY tokens have reached us from India, showing the great love that has been awakened in the hearts of the people of that distant land by America's kindness during the famine. These messages have given to all who had a share in the work of famine relief a feeling of pleasure in the knowledge that their self-denial and loving solicitude were not unappreciated. This is natural and pardonable; for while it is the aim of all who serve the Master to do good for his sake, and without expectation of reward, it is pleasing to have their labors understood and acknowledged.

We print below an extract from a letter lately received from the Rev. W. H. Stephens, Treasurer of the Missionary Committee in India, in which he gives free expression to the general feeling among the people of India towards Christian America, which came to their rescue in the great crisis of the famine. This letter, from Mr. Stephens to Dr. Klopsch, is a personal message to every reader of this journal, and shows how precious and far-reaching has been the influence of their work for India. He writes:

"I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the privilege of having some little place in this great movement. This is one of the greatest philanthropic movements that the world has seen, and I consider it a great honor to have the humblest connection with it. I have very often thought of you and your great burden, and I earnestly pray that your own life may have an abundant share of the blessings that have come through you to others. To Indians, America is a far-off land, and even educated natives have a vague idea of it; but I consider that this CHRISTIAN HERALD movement has done more than any other thing to draw the love of India towards America. On this side of India, especially, where the work is better known, *our standing as American missionaries is better than ever before, and many hearts and ears have been opened to us because of this movement.*

"As important as the work of having these orphans is, yet I feel that this exhibition of Christian love, by a far-away people, is having an influence upon India of even more importance than the orphan work. This has been forcibly brought to me lately, as I have met some leaders of the native community and listened to their expressions of wonder that America should so concern herself about India. When England exerts herself to save India, they can understand that; but the attitude of America is inexplicable, considered in the light of Indian religion or philosophy. You have had great burdens with this work, and your soul must have been vexed very often; but what I have said concerning the good that has been accomplished is, I truly believe, far short of the facts."

This is truly a case in which the workers "builded better than they knew." Our scattered groups of God's children, when they sent out from every town, village and farm in this land, their gifts to India, with prayer and blessing, could not have dreamed that their humble efforts, united, would have formed an influence which was destined to turn multitudes to Christ and to affect the fate of a great nation. What a potent force consecrated effort exerts upon the world's affairs, has probably never been more strikingly illustrated than in this India work, which has already brought blessings upon all who were associated in it, and which, even now, is training upwards of five thousand children to become messengers of the Gospel of salvation to almost every tribe in India. It is a work whose influence will broaden and extend far into the coming generations, as a river gathers strength and volume on its way to the sea.

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All the heathen that were about us saw these things, for they perceived that this work was wrought of our God. Neh. 6: 15.

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Ex-Empress Frederick

IN plain black dress, and without the adornment of so much as one jewel, Ex-Empress Frederick appeared at Athens. She had been attending a wedding in the Grecian palace, and was about to return. Her face, while cheerful, had on it the signature of many sorrows, but they were conquered sorrows. What a life of wonderful solicitude she lived! And now her death has caused universal grief. The animosities that in other years pursued her have all ceased. Periodicals that had much of criticism, or mean suggestion in regard to her have printed whole columns of eulogium. What a pity that the praises came so late! Talented obituary and royal funeral cannot atone for unkindnesses done by voice or pen. She was a noble specimen of Christian womanhood. There was in her manner complete simplicity. There was no indication that she had been born in a palace, and had lived all her life in English and German palaces. On more than one occasion she had expressed her faith in Christianity, and in it she found her chief consolation when times of depreciation and bereavement came. She seemed to suffer uncomplainingly. We never heard of her making a bitter retort. What an example of purity of life to the thrones of Europe, was this daughter of a Queen, and wife of an Emperor!

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Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Prov. 31: 30.

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In the Matter of Public Conveniences

ONE observes occasionally how very lax the individual conscience is in the matter of public conveniences. A woman who is most careful to turn down the gas in her home, wastes it in a hotel; in a boarding-house, where many must depend on the ice-cooler, people take full glasses of water, drink a mouthful and throw the rest away. There is always an enormous and reckless consumption of water in our cities, and, in consequence, a very great addition to the burdens of taxpayers, and in times of water famine the danger of loss to all. May we not apply to ourselves the injunction, "Look not every man on his own things, but also on the things of others"?

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Is China Beaten?

FROM the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, Chairman of the Relief Committee at Tientsin, we have received by this week's mail, the proof of an article which sheds a most interesting light on present conditions in China. It says:

The impression prevails in Western lands that China is beaten, and is badly demoralized by her defeat and her humiliation. What, let us inquire, is China? Not the Empire of that name, which, as a whole, knows nothing of the presence of foreigners within her boundaries, and cares even less. If we take the two Provinces of Shansi, through which the Court passed to get to Si-Ngan-Fu, and that of Shensi, where the Court now is, we may arrive at a fair estimate of what China thinks about this whole business. In the latter province, the people are too much occupied in the industry of trying to keep from starving to death to attend to much else, except to contrive how to get rid on any terms of that Court which they never wanted with them. Its presence has been in no way a benefit, but a burden and an exasperation throughout. We gather from what filters through the opaque media environing the distant Ch'ang An that, so far as foreign armies go, those who have the ear of the Empress-Dowager feel themselves quite secure in the remote fastness. There was a time when deep dread filled every heart. This was also the case in Shansi. In the month of October, a very small foreign force could have penetrated the Ku Kuan Passes, for the mere mention of their name diffused a pallor over every cheek. Now, after all these months, the Chinese soldiers and generals have had time to regain their breath after a protracted flight altogether, and they have entrenched themselves along a line hundreds of *li* in length, and are grown bold with the success of negative defiance. They have succeeded in so defending the long and difficult route, as to make the advance of Western troops difficult, and, as they think, totally impracticable. According to the reports of trustworthy native Christians recently from Shansi, there are some tens of thousands of Hunanese soldiers, under the command of a son of Liu K'un-yi, strongly posted throughout the pass from P'ing T'ing Chou in Shansi, to within a short distance of the French outposts at Huai Su Hsien in Chihli, at the very gate of the T'ai Hang mountains. Other Chinese just from Si Ngan-Fu state that the Imperial highway leading thither from Tung Kuan, near the crossing of the Yellow River, via the great road from Shansi, is everywhere intersected at brief intervals with pits like those used in Fukien to entrap tigers, covered with sorghum stalks upon which is a layer of earth.

The essential point to be noted is that the Chinese semi-Bourbon has forgotten everything, and has learned nothing. There has been only one period during many years when the Chinese Court has not been engaged in playing one Power against another that China might escape. The number of "Powers" is enlarged, the difficulties increase in geometrical ratio, and by the time there are eight armies and eleven legations to deal with the friction is so multiplied that motion practically ceases. This we have all along hoped and the Chinese have all along hoped for. Now, they are sure of it, and so, too, are we. It would be contrary to the uniformity of nature if this incontestable and vital fact did not make incurable the chronic amaurosis of the Chinese political eye. They are saved by the dissensions of the Powers.

This, written in April last, would now seem to have been almost prophetic. The foreign armies are rapidly withdrawing, and China is resuming control over the ancient empire. The Boxers are gone, for the time at least; to be recreated and placed in the field again whenever "high political necessity," in the opinion of the Dowager-Empress or some other equally influential personage, shall make it desirable to curb the pace of progress in China, and to worry or even to unseat the ruling power. And meanwhile, oblivious of all that has come and gone during the last two years, or even since the battle of the Yalu, the great yellow race, 300,000,000 strong, goes on its ancient way, blindly and stumblingly clinging to its ancient gods, its world-old customs and traditions and its fatuous policy of national exclusiveness.

The united armies of the "civilized powers" have not "beaten" China. They have barely carried a few outposts. A year hence, the influence of their invasion will have disappeared, and their visit will be well-nigh forgotten. But a deeper and more enduring impression upon the character and destiny of this strange nation, old as Egypt, is that which is being made by the missionaries of the Gospel. Let the soldiers of the Cross take courage; with them lies the hope of China's future, and they can win, where all the brilliant military tactics and the weapons of human warfare have left hardly a trace.

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Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Zech. 4: 6.

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What a Pity

IT must be a matter of world-wide regret, that the heroism and conduct of the Spanish-American war have been brought into bitter controversy. The Court of Inquiry in the Schley-Sampson case may develop the real facts, but it will develop acerbities and jealousies which will be no illumination to the page of history. Alas, for the rivalries and injustices which may be discovered in all professions! Success always calls forth belittlement from non-success. At the close of every war there comes a discussion as to who were the greater generals and admirals, and the question remains unsettled until, by the passage of time, the subject is obliterated. Concerning every prominent man, there are two opinions. His friends see only his good points, his enemies see only his weak points. Let people in all kinds of service do their duty not expecting gratitude, for that is the rarest of graces.

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Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it. 1 Cor. 3: 13.

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The Wonderful Story

See Colored Illustration on First Page

VERY touching and tender is the beautiful picture on our front page. Here are the two extremes of life, old age and early youth. And in both, the grandmother, venerable in the sweetness of four-score, and the little one, sweet as a flower of the field, we see the gentleness of the child-heart. No gift is more precious, more divine than us. It is the sign manual of a right to heavenly treasure. It is the key of the kingdom of heaven, this trustful, reverend and believing heart of the child. They are talking, resting, listening, thinking, about the wonderful child who came from the sky, to bless and save the world. The old face full of sorrows in the past, of trials overcome, of serenity won as the answer to prayer. The childish face is smooth and pure. No questions, nor lines, nor troubles yet for the little sinner in the race. Every face is either a history or a prophecy. What the life story shall be depends upon the way we approach the story of the Saviour's love. In any home, where youth and age alike turn daily to Jesus, and where the light is as a shining light, there will always be peace, rich and abiding.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Unknown Regions

THREE nations are now represented in the exploration of the huge section of the earth's surface which has never yet been penetrated by civilized man. Germany, England and Sweden are each sending an expedition to the Antarctic, in the hope of discovering the South Pole. This is a much less known region than the surrounding the North Pole. The nearest approach yemade to it is that of Borchgrevink. who, in an English ship, reached the latitude of 78 degrees, 50 minutes, wch is 771 miles from the Pole. Previous to tnat record, the highest was that of James Ross, who, on an English vessel, discovered Victoria, the most southern point of land marked on our maps. It is an extraordinary region, in which are mountains of ice three hundred feet high, while in the very centre of the frozen land are volcanoes vomiting forth fire and lava. The map on this page shows how each nation is approaching this interesting problem. The German expedition sails in the *Gaus*, a vessel specially built for the voyage and provided by the government It goes to Capetown in South Africa, and will enter the Antarctic Ocean from that side. The British expedition has sailed on the *Discovery*, the sixth vessel of that name fitted out for exploration. Its first destination is New Zealand and it will enter the Antarctic at a point almost exactly opposite to that of the Swedes, so that if we could imagine each vessel cutting its way at the same rate they would meet at the Pole. The Swedish expedition sails for South America in the *Antarctic*, a vessel which has already proved its fitness for the work by an expedition to Greenland. Her commander is Dr. Otto Nordenskjold, a nephew of the famous Arctic explorer, who discovered the Northeast passage, and whose death last week is a grievous loss to the scientific world. It will be a remarkable coincidence if the nephew should achieve a triumph in the Antarctic, comparable to that of his late uncle in the Arctic. He hopes to reach the Antarctic Sea at the beginning of the winter, which will be the beginning of the summer in those regions, and to penetrate as far as the ice will permit. When the days begin to shorten he will retreat northward to spend the long night. The three expeditions are working in perfect friendliness and have made their plans after consultation with one another. Never was a geographical problem attacked with such thorough preparation. No expense has been spared to supply them with the best scientific apparatus, and with every known device for preserving life in the intense cold they must endure. Reports of the expeditions will be anticipated with the most intense interest, for no one has any conception of what will be found in that vast region, the area of which is more than three million square miles.

The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen (Job 38: 30).

Capt. R. F. Scott, British Commander — Dr. Otto Nordenskjold, Swedish Commander

THE ANTARCTIC REGION TO BE EXPLORED

An Assailant's Punishment

The captain of a Canadian vessel tells a remarkable story of an attack by a whale on his ship during a voyage from Japan to Victoria, B. C. He says that early one morning the man at the wheel sighted an enormous whale, lying apparently asleep in the schooner's course. He called the captain, who ordered the ship's course changed so as to avoid the big fish. The monster, however, was seen to be moving, and it came directly toward the schooner. It came rapidly, as if in rage, lashing its terrible tail. The sailors were afraid of it and tried to steer the vessel away from it, but the whale also changed its course, and made a dart at the boat. Its huge tail struck the stem of the vessel with a crash which stove in the upper part, and carried away a portion of the rigging. The sailors expected the whale to return and finish the destruction of the ship, but to their surprise, it dived and disappeared. The reason for its retreat was explained when the vessel reached the dock at Yokohama, where she went to repair the damage. The jagged ends of her broken timbers were coated with great pieces of the whale's flesh, showing that the blow must have injured the whale as much as it had injured the ship. Many a bullying man who, like the whale, has sought a conflict which his antagonist was trying to avoid, has had a similar experience, and it is always true. now as in the old times, that those who contend against God bring ruin on themselves.

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death (Prov. 8: 36).

A Sensitive Instrument

Among the new scientific inventions for which a patent has been secured, is one that the inventor calls the kryptophone. It was brought before the scientific world some years ago, but owing to some defects in construction it failed to fulfil the promises made for it. Since then it has been perfected to such a degree that it is now regarded as promising successful practical results in the line marked out by its inventor. In the make up of this peculiar apparatus, a very sensitive receiving diaphragm is so disposed that it will respond to and transmit air vibrations produced by any noise to a distant telephone, an alarm bell being provided at the receiving station to attract the attention of the attendant. The sensitiveness of the device is said to be such that, with the receiving diaphragm immersed in a body of water, the pulsations of a steamboat from two to three miles distant are discernible, and other tests show its sensitive capacity in giving warning of noises at a distance. This is in line with the telescope, the telephone and other inventions. Man is always trying to extend the powers of his body and find aids for his senses. It is much to be wished that he would avail himself of the greatest of all such powers, the power of faith, by which he would perceive more than he can ever hope to see.

The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen (Rom. 1: 20).

The Cathedral's Broken Pillars

The Building Committee in charge of the erection of the Cathedral of St. John, in New York, is considering a request for the modification of a contract. The request comes from the firm who engaged to deliver the eight granite pillars required for the Cathedral nave. They were to be fifty-six feet high and six feet in diameter. The contractors constructed a lathe at a cost of fifty thousand dollars to reduce the rough stone to circular form. Two of the huge columns were taken out of the quarry, but were broken in applying the lathe to them. Each column weighed 175 tons, and it would have been necessary to cut away fifty tons to bring them to circular shape. The difficulty of handling masses of granite so gigantic is now believed to be insuperable, and the contractors now ask that each of the columns shall be composed of two pieces, twenty-eight feet long, otherwise they must abandon their contract. The concession will probably be made, for the Committee will recognize the difficulty there must be in shaping masses of granite so enormous into the size and form required. It is a very different process that is employed for perfecting the pillars in the heavenly temple, but they, too, must undergo preparation before they are fit for the place.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God (Rev. 3: 12).

Rescued His Own Son

A number of boys were playing on the Recreation Pier at North Second street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday of last week, when the cry was raised that one of them had fallen into the river. He was a little fellow only seven years old. It was a dangerous place to fall, for the water is deep and the current strong. One of the boys, with more presence of mind than the others, ran along the pier to the place where a policeman was on duty marshaling the boys who were going into the baths. He told the policeman of the accident, and the officer promptly ran to the place. Flinging off his tunic and helmet, he dived into the river, and soon came up with the boy. Holding him by one hand and swimming with the other, he reached the pier and passed him up to the hands stretched out to take him. Then, to his astonishment, he recognized in the boy his own beloved child. The shock was so great that the policeman came near swooning, but his delight when the child recovered consciousness, was beautiful to see. How thankful he must have been that he was so prompt in the efforts he made to rescue the child! If Christians were as ready to go to the help of those who are in moral and spiritual danger, many more might be saved, and sometimes those who are very dear to the rescuer.

If he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother (Matt. 18: 15).

BRIEF NOTES

Successful Tent Services have been held during the summer in St. Louis, Mo., by Rev. Charles Stelzle, formerly of New York.

Rev. F. B. Meyer has gone to attend a Conference of missionaries and Christian workers at Beyrout, Syria. Mrs. Meyer accompanies him.

Mount Hermon School, which was the late D. L. Moody's cherished institution, opens its fall term August 30, with over four hundred students.

The crater of Vesuvius has been crumbling for some days, the height of the volcano has thus been reduced 1,200 feet. This may indicate a violent eruption shortly.

The George Junior Republic, at Freeville, N. Y., has done wonders in reforming bad boys. Of the one hundred and nineteen children who have left the Republic, many of whom were believed to be incorrigible, every one is now doing well in honest employment.

The sympathy displayed toward the Boers by Rev. Andrew Murray, of South Africa, may prove useful in promoting the interests of peace. General Botha has recently sent an urgent message to him, asking his good offices to procure another interview between Botha and Lord Kitchener.

The "look-out" members of the Chieng Sen Christian Endeavor Society, North Laos, Siam, have each undertaken to pray and work for some unsaved friend, with the result that the whole church has been stirred up.

The Buddhists are so impressed with the value of medical mission work, that they have bought a piece of land in Hakodate, and are going to build a large hospital for the poor; they propose to make no charge for attendance.

At a recent revival service at Stratford, Conn., a feud which has raged between well known residents for more than eight years, was healed. The chief persons, who have been suing one another in the courts, knelt together at the altar and prayed for God's blessing on the reconciliation.

At the annual convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance at Old Orchard, Me., on Aug. 11, the sum of forty thousand dollars was contributed in response to the appeal of Rev. A. B. Simpson, the President. The cash given amounted to $125; there was a check for $5,000, and the remainder in pledges to be honored during the year.

A ship chartered by the Japanese residents of San Francisco, went down the bay on August 12 to the scene of the wreck of the *Rio de Janeiro*. There were 250 Japansse on board. When they reached the scene of the wreck, the head of the Buddhist Mission offered prayer, and then a large quantity of flowers, fruits and confections were scattered on the surface of the sea.

The eighty-fifth annual report of the American Bible Society, just issued, shows that last year, the total issues at home and abroad, amounted to 1,554,128 volumes; an increase of 147,327 over the previous year. Of these, 580,513 were distributed in the United States and 973,615 in foreign lands. Of the latter, 32,728 went to Mexico. During the history of the Society, it has received in gifts and bequests $30,605,390, and it has issued 98,923,434 copies and portions of the Bible.

Leaving the Old Home

JACOB AT BETHEL

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR SEPT. 8. GEN. 28: 10-22
GOLDEN TEXT --- SURELY THE LORD IS IN THIS PLACE. GEN. 28: 16

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

AT this season, when from many homes boys are going away to school, and when from many more, boys who have recently completed their schooling are going away to start life for themselves, this story of Jacob leaving home may be made very timely. He was fifty-seven, but still a young, unmarried man, in an age when men lived centuries. He carried no property save the staff in his hand, in this like many of our most successful men, who had no capital to start with save energy and the blessing of God. Let us consider: 1. The cause of Jacob's sudden departure; 2. His vision of God: 3. His consecrated tithe.

. . .

To explain Jacob's flight we must recall his whole previous life. To Isaac and Rebecca were born twins, Esau and Jacob, in that order. The great honors that in the Orient always go to the first-born, therefore, belonged to Esau, and also the special covenant blessing God had given to Abraham and Isaac, the essence of which was that the holder of this covenant should be a blessing to the world. Esau "despised," while Jacob coveted, this birthright. Esau came in one day from hunting—his favorite occupation—weary and hungry, and found Jacob cooking a fragrant dish of red lentils, and cried out, "Feed me with that same red pottage, for I am faint." Jacob refused to part with it for anything less than the birthright. This future blessing Esau promptly consented to give up for the present gratification of the pea soup, and sealed his foolish bargain with an oath. But Isaac must also consent, or Esau's promise was vain. And Isaac preferred Esau "because he did eat of his venison," and because his own quiet temperament found strong gratification in the fellowship of one of opposite characteristics, bold and enthusiastic.

Why Esau Sought to Kill Jacob

Esau, repudiating his bargain and his oath, joined with his father in a plan to keep the birthright blessing and have it sealed to him forever. He was first to make a hunters' feast. While he was hunting game for this, the mother, Rebecca, who favored Jacob, conceived a plan to deceive her blind husband. She dressed Jacob in Esau's clothes, put kid's hair on his hands and neck (Esau was a "hairy man") and by these acted lies and spoken ones of Jacob, whose voice raised Isaac's suspicions, the blessing was secured for Jacob. Just too late Esau returned, to learn that he had been "supplanted." The blessing and birthright had become Jacob's irrevocably, and weeping Esau, who had "repented" of his pea soup bargain and attempted to repudiate it, found no way to escape the consequences (Heb. 12: 17). God would surely have forgiven him if he had been truly penitent; but it is strange that any one should suppose he was in a state of true repentance when he immediately planned to avenge himself by killing his brother, which was the reason Jacob left home, urged by his mother, who secured his father's consent on the plea that he would be marrying some heathen, as Esau had done, if he was not sent back to find a wife where Isaac had found one, among his relatives in Mesopotamia.

We must not pass the story of these contrasted boys and the exchanged birthright, without considering its manifest lessons for the youths of to-day. In any age or country the population, young and old, is made up of Abrahams, Isaacs, Jacobs and Esaus. There are a few heroic Abrahams, leaders who open new paths and hold up lofty ideals. There are many more quiet, harmless Isaacs, whose lives are made up of the round of daily duties faithfully done. There are also many Jacobs, in whose heart greed and God wrestle long before love to God and man prevails. Most numerous of all, especially among youth, are the Esaus, girls as well as boys, that will sell out their birthright of future health and happiness and heaven for almost any mess of pottage that will give them momentary gratification. Every day we see worse bargains than Esau's. For some momentary gratification one gives up such golden birthrights as character, reputation, and the favor of God. We may well group with Esau's, other bad bargains of history. Eden forfeited for the sake of the forbidden fruit; Joseph sold for twenty pieces of silver, and Christ for thirty; Demas forsaking Paul because he loved this present world more than duty; Ananias and Sapphira, who tried to buy a reputation for unbounded generosity, while at the same time greedily hiding a part of their property; the rich young ruler, who loved money so much that he refused the privilege of being one of the company of Jesus. A few years ago the daily press told the story of John Wilmuth, who in his minority was bequeathed a fortune, of which he was not to receive possession till he became of age. But before that, having become dissipated, he sold his future fortune for $50, which was speedily used for vicious indulgences.

"How far have you got in arithmetic?" said a visitor to a boy in a home he was visiting. "I have finished profit and loss. The sums are very hard, some of them, but I did them all." "I think I could give you one you could not do." "I doubt it; try me." "'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Could you do that one?" Reverently the boy replied, "Nobody could do that one." Compared to self-respect and God's love all the wealth of the world is but a mess of pottage beside the birthright.

. . .

Jacob, though less self-indulgent than Esau, was also badly damaged with the sin of selfishness in another form. The prodigal and the miser are brothers, both sons of selfishness. Esau was the captive of appetite; Jacob very nearly the captive of greed, though struggling at times against his chain, which he was to break at last. There is a picture called "The Red Fisherman," that represents the devil fishing for men with coins, jewels, wines, crowns. Jacob played much around that hook. To the question, "Was Jacob a good man or a bad man?" we must therefore answer with the Scotch laddie: "He was whiles ane and whiles the ither, and whiles, it may be, it wad be ill to say whilk. Jacob had not yet fouchten out his battle. And because he wouldna get up and fecht manfully, God had to take him in hand." Instead of trusting God, Jacob sought to win the covenant blessing by a sharp bargain on his brother and by lying to his father.

Was Jacob a Good Man?

"BEHOLD A LADDER SET UP ON THE EARTH AND THE TOP OF IT REACHED TO HEAVEN"

The result was he was a fugitive for twenty years, and never ceased to suffer the consequences of his sin, even after it was forgiven. As he had deceived his father with the hairy disguise, he was himself to be deceived almost to heartbreak by Joseph's bloody coat. Many a would-be saint feels himself "half Jacob and half Esau," and to such it is encouraging that God could speak to Jacob, especially when he had deceived his father as well as defrauded his brother.

. . .

With all his faults, because there were noble aspirations in his soul, and a great destiny to be worked out, God followed him in his flight. Forty-eight miles he had fled northward from Beersheba in two or three days, no doubt avoiding traveled paths lest the swift Esau, who was hunting him, should overtake him. At a place afterward known as Bethel, at sunset, he lay down to sleep on a stone pillow, doubtless lonesome and homesick as well as weary. His thoughts had hitherto been of earth and of himself, but in a vision, heaven was opened and God revealed, and ever afterward his life was ennobled by the ideals and influences of these unseen realities. As he slept, he saw the front steps at hand of the palace of heaven—to this had the terraced hills about him been suddenly transformed—and up and down angels were passing, carrying up the prayers of men, bringing back the blessings of God.

At Heaven's Front Door

This scene teaches: 1. That heaven is near and open. 2. That intercourse between heaven and earth is constantly maintained by angel ministries.

The story is also fruitful in suggestions of comfort in dark places, as expressed in that song born of sorrow:

> Though like a wanderer, daylight all gone,
> Darkness be over me, my rest a stone:
> Yet in my dreams I'd be, nearer my God to Thee,
> Nearer to Thee.
>
> There let the way appear steps unto heaven;
> All that thou sendest me, in mercy given.
> Angels to beckon me, nearer my God to Thee,
> Nearer to thee.

This significant scene is pictured in other less familiar poems, each of which bears some angelic message to us. Longfellow has a message for those whose souls smart like Jacob's, with a sense that their sorrows are due to their lusts:

> Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
> That of our vices we can frame
> A ladder, if we will but tread
> Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
>
> We have not wings, we cannot soar;
> But we have feet to scale and climb,
> By slow degrees, by more and more,
> The cloudy summits of our time.
>
> The mighty pyramids of stone
> That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
> When nearer seen, and better known,
> Are but gigantic flights of stairs.
>
> The distant mountains, that uprear
> Their solid bastions to the skies,
> Are crossed by pathways, that appear
> As we to higher levels rise.
>
> The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night.

Dr. J. E. Holland also emphasizes the human side of stepping heavenward:

> Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
> But we build the ladder by which we rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
> And we mount to its summit round by round.
>
> We rise by the things that are under our feet;
> By what we have mastered in greed and gain,
> By the pride deposed and the passion slain
> And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

But the profoundest interpretation of the ladder is in the words of Christ, (John 1:51): "Hereafter ye shall see heaven opened and angels ascending and descending upon the Son of man." Christ, then, is the way between heaven through whom God comes near to man, and man comes near to God. The true church is "the gate of heaven," and wherever one is truly set up, whether in stately temple or in open field, there is "the house of God." Jacob, in a cornfield with his twelve apostles gathered to the beautiful but Godless sanctuary, set a marble at hand and said, "In this place is one greater than the temple." There can be no true "house of God" where God is not. "What church is this?" said a stranger at the church door. "Christ Church." "Is he in?" The cordiality with which the stranger was welcomed in his name confirmed the solemn affirmative answer. A child of the street, whose life had been but slightly touched by religion, looked into the open door of a Sunday School while teachers and scholars in subdued and solemn tones, were talking over the lesson. After a pause, the child asked aloud, "Is this the way to heaven?" The teachers heard it, and it searched their hearts. Were they making the Sunday School the way to heaven by presenting a living Christ as the only Way?

> Beyond the stars that shine in golden glory
> Beyond the calm, sweet moon,
> Up the bright ladder saints have trod before,
> Soul, thou shalt venture soon.

. . .

But Jacob seems to have forgotten the steps and the angels when he heard a voice from above saying, "I am with thee," and renewed the covenant previously made with Isaac and Jacob, that he should have a countless seed and be a blessing to the world. Even though lesser destinies await us, there is no one who cannot make some little spot better and happier.

"The Best of all is God is With us"

A quaint preacher preached on Jacob's ladder with the following outline: 1. Its length—reached to heaven. 2. Its strength—strong enough to bear the weight of the whole world, if they would go up. No infidel, not even the devil, has ever been able to upset or even stir it. 3. Its breadth—broad enough for all to go together without crowding or pushing. 4. The way to go up: (1) inquire; (2) begin at the bottom; (3) take a step every day; (4) do not lug the world on your back; (5) keep your eye fixed on the top; (6) do not pick at others; (7) do not fall asleep; (8) hold fast.

Jacob, on his part covenanted not only to worship with words, but also in the consecration of his property, giving a tithe to God as sovereign, and senior partner and father. The tithe is not of Jewish origin, for we find it mentioned and not as a novelty, in the days of Abraham. As God named a seventh of time, so also he seems to have named a tenth of property as the minnimum to be devoted to religious and philanthropic uses, by way of weaning man from selfishness, leading towards the better day when all property will be used unselfishly.

GEMS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT PULPITS

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

HUMAN HARMONY

DR. A. C. DIXON, BOSTON, MASS.

A music is not for the ear. A master painting, the colors all harmonizing one with the other, is music on canvas. A grand cathedral, every part harmonizing with every other part, is music in stone. A garden of flowers filling the air with sweet odors that please, is music in perfume. Words written or spoken, that thrill our souls, harmonizing with conscience and truth, is music in thought, and sometimes the emotions of the soul, too deep for utterance, make music that we cannot express; it is too delicate to label, and too sweet to describe. Righteousness is music in that it is harmony with holiness and truth. Right relation is music; wrong relation is discord. No truth ever makes discord with another truth. You sometimes see ten or fifteen instruments in one orchestra, each one different, and yet each one a perfect harmony with all the rest. And so it is with scientific truth, moral truth, historic truth, religious truth, spiritual truth. Truth harmonizes with every truth in the universe. It is one great orchestra of music that sends up its melody into the heart of God. Sympathy is music in that is harmony with the attitude of God toward people and conditions about us. God enters into the condition of every soul on this earth. What we need to do is to get the attitude of God toward all people.

CHRIST'S TOUCH

REV. E. TRUMBULL, D.D., CINCINNATI, O.

To quiet the fevers of sin, doubt, and anxiety, you need the touch of the Master. To quiet the fevers of domestic sorrow and trouble, to quiet the fevers of greed, lust of power, or a worse lust, insensibility to fine ethical distinctions and the evils in the world which pervade society, commerce, politics, education, and philanthropy, you need the touch of the Master. To quiet the fevers of national and international unrest, to arbitrate all difficulties, all causes of oppression, and to keep the stronger nations within the limit of respect for the rights and privileges of the weaker, require the touch of the Master. That touch is a redemptive one. It was always so. Think not that you "can be redeemed by silver and gold," culture, civilization, or even by the arts and the sciences, and the great philosophies which rule in the domain of thought. There is one Redeemer, one Saviour, and there is one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." The individual, the family, and the wider relationships, need redemption, that every form of life, either of the individual, or community, may be quickened, sanctified, and raised to higher levels of service, in the profitable activity of Christlike ministration. But that hand Divine has a larger mission even than to quiet raging fevers. It is raised with the gesture of omnipotency to cleave a brilliant pathway of hope through all the storm-clouds of earth to a redeemed universe. To it is given the stupendous task of "making all things new." That hand is busily engaged in constructing "the new heavens and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

THE GATES OF THE CITY OF GOD

THE RT. REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., BISHOP OF CENTRAL NEW YORK

The life of the Church is ordered life, foursquare. There are "walls great and high." But they are for protection and defense against whatever "defileth, worketh abomination or maketh a lie"—not to shut out any that would come in from the farthest of far-off countries; for in the walls are gates, three on each of the four sides—three times as many gates as walls—so that none who seek may fail to find them; and they are open. Let this impartiality of admission and equity of privilege stand for the broad welcome of all conditions and stages of our personal experience: Gates on the east, where the day breaks, for childhood, coming and consecrated early; gates on the north, for minds returning out of the arctic frost of intellectual unbelief; gates on the south, for penitents heart-sick with the fever of passion, and on the west for them that come tired out as their sun goes down, finding the way open at last at the eleventh hour.

WEIGHTS THAT HINDER

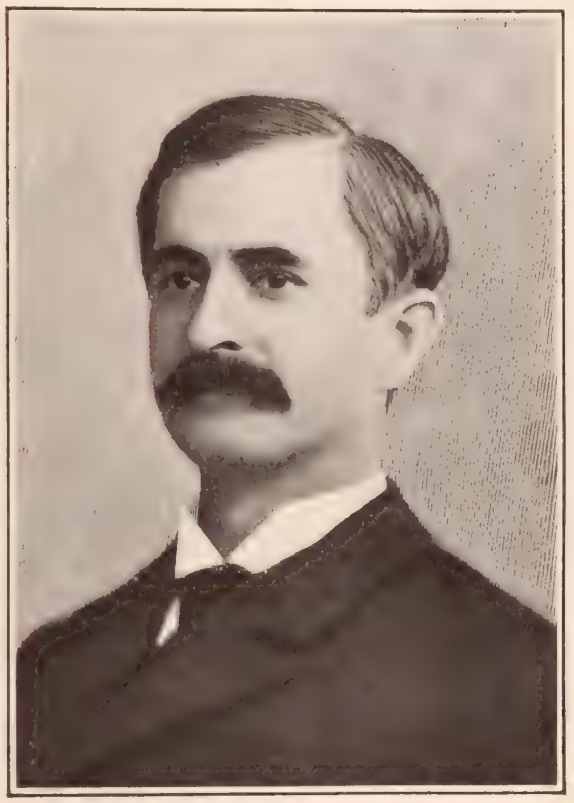
DR. MARCUS DODS, IN LAFAYETTE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says (Heb 12: 1) that we must lay aside every weight. In a race every one tells, and any one who is bent upon winning would not enter a race unless he were prepared to rid himself of every particle of flesh that is mere weight. Everything which does not help, hinders. Our sincerity is similarly tested. He that takes the Christian life seriously gets rid of even those personal tempers, tastes and habits which do not positively help him. He finds so great is the strain that he must do so if he is to win. These weights are extremely difficult to deal with, and the mode in which a man deals with them is generally decisive for character. The way to discover what is the weight is to run. Standing, you cannot believe—you never will believe—that a minute article will prove a weight; but when you have run, even a short distance, off goes everything you can spare. So, in the Christian life, the one sole rule is to begin to run. The question is not one to be settled point by point. Is it right to go to balls, to the race course, to the theatre, to bet; in what form is gambling permissible? Is Sunday golf or bicycling right? The question is an absolutely simple one. Is the Christian running a race? In other words, is he satisfied with the great object he has chosen and earnest in the pursuit of it? While standing still, contemplating life and the Christian life, you cannot be persuaded that this or that will retard you, but no sooner have you seriously committed yourself to a Christian career than you find yourself dropping habits, amusements; becoming indifferent to pursuits you formerly thought indispensable to life, and thinking that the most valuable of the valuable things are those which are easily carried. The racer's jeweled belt makes him run not a whit slower; it is some base lump of lead or clay that keeps him back. That which most seriously retards a Christian is some lumber of his own picking up, which he would gladly be rid of but has not the independence and manliness to drop. Some base association, some disreputable habit, of which he himself is ashamed.

DIVINE FORGIVENESS

DR. R. A. BEARD, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE first opportunity Jesus had, after Peter's denial, for a private conversation with him is the one mentioned in the last chapter of John. There are three or four clear indications in the account of this incident, that, after the early morning meal of broiled fish was over Jesus and Peter retired a short distance for a private interview. Concerning that terrible sin which was now, no doubt, uppermost in Peter's thought, Jesus said never a word. He said simply: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" The pathos, the tenderness, the love which Jesus put into



REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.
Pastor of the Ruggles St. Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

that thrice-repeated question none but Peter will ever know. But we do know that from that moment we have a new Peter, so that on the day of Pentecost the man who was once afraid to confess Christ to a Jewish maid now proclaims him to the assembled multitude of those who had scourged and crucified him. The divine forgiveness is not a forgiveness that allows our sins to be continually flaunted in our faces after we have been pardoned. "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more." When our sins are forgiven they are buried something as the body of Moses was buried! not only was his body buried, but his grave, and the graveyard were buried also, so that "No man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day." "Thou, Lord, art great and ready to forgive." God is always ready to forgive.

INSIGNIFICANT FOES

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, LONDON, ENGLAND

THE danger does not lie always along what might be called the line of giants. There are more difficult forces to contend with than the visible and gigantic. Oh, man! great, grand, man; swift and beautiful with the beauty of God in many respects, you are not being ruined by giants; not by great eruptions of alien armies, but by some little, miserable, contemptible sin, habit, meanness, fault. You look well, but you are being eaten up by the insect Temptation, the little mean temptation for which there are no words. So grand a man as you tormented to death by some microscopical fiend! It may be some love of fashion, some occasional but hateful desire; some habit that gradually obtains and secures the mastery of the soul. You can see a great man overthrown by an insect habit. Oh, the pity of it; oh, the sorrow! We have been often told of the insect in certain countries that eats away all the woodwork of the door and leaves nothing but a coat of paint, so that on going to the door to open it, it falls to pieces on the slightest pressure. That is translated into the life of to-day and into the life of every day. The paint is right, the externalism is beyond criticism; all seems to be well, but take care! for the white ant has eaten up all the interior, and nothing is left but some flake of paint. I bid you beware that there are many assailants and enemies who are not giants by name, but are giants by influence, in obstinacy of purpose, in a cruel determination to ruin your soul.

UNITED BY LOVE

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, NORTHFIELD, MASS.

THE Church of Christ is cursed to this day with cliques and parties and divisions and names, but so far as we have realized God's purpose for us as his, there is a bond that binds us to each other. Men of different nationalities, of different temperaments, of different aspirations naturally, what is it that makes us one, so that we are more one with each other in Christ than in any other bond of the earth? It is the oneness of the holy nation, and it is created by the overwhelming wonder of divine government. One God and one Father of us all; and in our common allegiance to our God and Father, in our common loyalty to his anointed King we realize the communion of saints, we are a holy nation. In the proportion in which you and I are manifestly the unity of the church we are showing the world the excellency of God in his government. In proportion as we live as though we were his own, we are showing forth his life. There is a very subtle reaction in this last thought. In proportion as I realize that I am the child of love, in that proportion shall I love; and in proportion as I love and my love is manifested in the world, in that proportion I manifest the excellency of the divine love. Oh, I pray, my brethren and sisters, that in the power of the life that is yours in Christ as a result of your priesthood and access to God, as the outcome of your submission to his government, that you let his love dwell in you richly and be manifested in all your life, for so do you show forth the excellencies of God in the midst of the age.

IMMORTALITY

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN

THE measure of Christ's influence upon the world's conception of death is furnished by history alone. He found death a king of terrors; he left it the king of mysteries. He found the grave a black point where the soul vanished into nothingness; he left it a golden cloud where God and the soul met in the name of an eternal friendship. He found death set forth by those images named the skull and crossbones, the skeleton and the scythe; he left it an event so beautiful that earth's loveliest flowers were not sweet enough to garland that glorious event named dying. He found death with only one color, black, and he made it gold; with only one song, a dirge, and he turned the dirge into a symphony; with only one record, a slab with an epitaph, and left instead a door of pearl; and for the skeleton he substituted an angel, who whispered, "Not here, but risen."

A RELIGIOUS NATION

REV. S. H. HOWE, D.D., CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, NORWICH, CONN.

SOME people are not going to church, but some people have been always staying away; and if we ministers would spend less time bemoaning the fact, and have something better to say and to be heard, perhaps there would be more people in church than there are. People may be a little tired of old platitudes and disgusted with our cumbersome ecclesiasticism, our extravagance in church building and its expensive maintenance, and they perhaps have good reason to be. God may be about to smash a lot of our ecclesiastical china that we may get back to primitive simplicity; but do not suppose for one moment that we are not a religious nation, and that Christianity is not as sure of its place in the life of the people as the sun in the heavens. There may be local eclipse, but rest assured its lines are gone out into all the earth.

LOFTY IDEALS

DR. CHARLES S. WING, BROOKLYN

WE are called to be true and honest and pure. The standard is perfection. To be satisfied with less is sin. To have striven earnestly, steadily, for attainment, and come short, is sinless imperfection. We must aim at perfection because a standard above our reach is the law of growth and improvement. The satisfied man is doomed. A holy discontent means healthy progress; contentment means finality and decay. The desire for perfection leads a man to seek what he will not reach, but it lifts to a superiority, a supremacy, he could in no other way have acquired. The writer, the artist, the orator, the builder, the inventor, and the Christian will improve only by following high ideals, and will reach the highest that is attainable when the soul rejects all other standards and reaches for perfection. Character, to be secure, must rest on foundations, and rise through the years by plan and labor and correction. It cannot spring at once into being, full grown. Paul grew to be magnificent because he was not satisfied to be imperfect. He was leaving those things which were behind, with which too many would have been content, and reaching unto those perfections which he saw before him. Let us follow his example, and never relinquish our effort, and never be discouraged, though we never attain. We are not lost until we cease to strive.

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Ginaud, Jacob
McLeish, Mrs. M.
Short, Hannah
Sparks, Mrs. Cath.
H. B. B. W. Westerly
A Friend, Washington

South Carolina

McMahan, M. B.

Tennessee

Bramm, Haze
Collman, Fra
Harolson, Mi L.
White, Mrs. L.
Wilson, R.

Vermont

Cameron, Mi R.
Dewey, Mrs. J.

Virginia

Bentell, J. M
Barth, Miss E.
Ivey, Mrs. C.
Miller, Mrs. J. A.

West Virginia

Chevalier, Mr A. H.
Francis, Miss
Martin, G. M

A Glimpse of Himself

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

HE day had been unusually trying, and Mrs. Elmore was very tired when at last she had tucked her babies into bed and seen Bridget walk down the street for her evening call on the sister who lived just around the corner. Mrs. Elmore turned up the lamp and laid the new CHRISTIAN HERALD invitingly uppermost on the pile papers and magazines, which she hoped would tempt husband to read something aloud for her entertainnt. Her own evening work was laid out in a basket, ich overflowed with stockings to mend, with little ons, frocks and trousers in need of repairs, and with new gown which she was by degrees evolving for self from two half-worn ones. Everybody's basket work is full, as mothers know, but Mrs. Elmore's was er-full, for she had a large family and was a scrupusly neat housekeeper, who had never acquired the of slighting a single thing in the day's routine. Often late she had been aware of something new in her perience—a sense of loneliness and depression such she had never felt before, and her nerves, hitherto so n, had grown unsteady. What she needed was rest a break, a chance to drop her work for a little ile; but if ever she thought about this, the possibility s so remote that she bravely put the a out of her mind as not to be consided at all.

One thing she did covet, and that she s increasingly deprived of—the pleasof her husband's society in the evens. John Elmore was a good citizen, a od workman at his trade. and a good vider in his home. When they were t married, he and Mary were constantly h each other, but gradually a change l come to pass. She was occupied h the care of her little group of sons d daughters, all close together like steps, d he became interested in outside airs—in the school-board, the town impvement, the building fund association, d, more than all, in the club.

Mrs. Elmore approved of public spirit her husband, and was proud of him as rising man. But when, six nights out seven, she sat alone in her little parlor, ving or reading, not a soul to relieve monotony, she sometimes felt that she uld prefer to have John's company, en if John had less to do for the public lfare.

The parlor looked very pretty, a bunch golden-rod and purple asters on the ntel, and the big chair for John pushed o the best place for reading.

Presently John came in; a big, blond n, with blue eyes and a shock of yellow ir, six-foot two, and as handsome as a ture. Mrs. Elwood lifted her eyes to and sighed.

"You are in evening dress, John? And thought you meant to spend this night h me."

"This night? Why, is there any special son, Molly? The club is to receive neral Frenchson and his staff, and I on the committee. I wish it were a llies' night, but it isn't, and I couldn't well plead an cuse. If you had mentioned it this morning, little man, I might have begged off, but it's too late now!"

"It's our wedding anniversary, John—that's all!"

"Sure enough. and I forgot it completely. Never nd, darling; forgive your old husband, and we'll keep ip in fine style when it comes round again next year. od-by, Mary. There are Harry Post and Frank rclay at the door waiting for me."

A kiss and a nod, and John was gone.

As for Mary, she put her work aside, and bowing her e in her hands, cried, hot, scalding tears dropping e by one as if pressed out of her heart. She cried ently, the words beating over and over in her brain: e forgot our wedding-day, and he doesn't care." mething that had bound her fast to John in a ring of fely trust and love suddenly scorched and bit her as it had been a fetter. Mary Elmore's gaze went back er the past twelve months. Her solitary evenings, r incessant housework, the babies upstairs, the baby at was coming, and it was overwhelming—the feeling at her good times were passed, and this hard life was go on forever.

In the midst of her tears there was a knock at the door, and Mary never heard it. The visitor waited a second, turned the knob and came in. It was John's Aunt Phebe, a great friend of the family, and Mary's particular ally and helper.

"Why, Mary!" she exclaimed. "Why, Mary!"

"Oh—Aunt Phebe!"

"What is it, dear? Tell me!"

"A headache," stammered Mrs. Elmore.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Phebe. "People cry themselves into headaches, not over them. Tell me what has happened?"

"Indeed, Aunty, I have nothing to tell," answered the wife, too loyal to complain of her lord. "I was tired and melancholy, and the blues got the better of me. I'm glad you came in."

"So am I," declared her aunt; "and now that I'm here I'll just sit awhile, and if you are tired out you go to bed. John's at the club, I presume, and won't be back till midnight. Lucy Anne will stop for me when her Browning Class has finished its session, and in the meantime I'll amuse myself."

Mrs. Elmore yielded. She was in no mood to converse, and, indeed, felt too ill to be company for any one. She went to her room, and soon, mercifully, slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

When, at the stroke of twelve, John Elmore came home, he was amazed to see a bright light still in the parlor, it not being Mary's habit to sit up for him. He tiptoed up the garden walk, and was surprised at that hour to see Aunt Phebe and her daughter calmly established there, deep in conversation. No Mary was visible. John was about to open the door and enter when he heard his own name, and was arrested with the surprise one naturally feels when he hears himself discussed.

Aunt Phebe was talking in a low voice, but her tones were emphatic.

"I'm sorry, Lucy Anne, but I'm not going away till my nephew comes home, if it's two o'clock in the morning. You may sleep later to-morrow to make up for this. John is a most thoughtless, selfish and ordinary fellow, and I'm afraid the Elmore blood is cropping out. I used to fancy he was more Wilkinson than Elmore, but I was mistaken."

"John is slowly killing Mary" were the next words John heard. Lucy Anne said them in her positive way. Lucy Anne, whom John had tossed in the air when she was a roly-poly baby, and whom he regarded, now that she was a beautiful girl, with an air of cousinly proprietorship!

"She's not going to be so easily killed," said Aunt Phebe, whose keen eyes and ears had taken note of the listener at the door; "but he is killing her love—and that's worse! He does not drink or gamble or beat his wife; he simply neglects her—shoves her into a corner of his life and goes on his own way. John likes to be with men, he enjoys a jolly evening, and he fancies that Mary is well off and happy because she is at home with her children. You notice, do you not, how seldom John goes to church with Mary now? He is too tired, after a Saturday night at the club, to attend church on Sunday morning."

"Well," Lucy Anne chimed in, "if Edgar Brewster had married Mary Allen, it would have been different. He courted her when John did, and he has never married. They say in Lincoln that Edgar never got over his disappointment when she refused him."

"She was very pretty," said Aunt Phebe, "but she's losing her good looks fast. Flowers do when frost blights them. Well, I must go home after all. Turn the lamp down, Lucy Anne, and tread softly. The poor child is asleep, and I hope isn't going to be ill, but Dr. Ames is worried about her. He told me yesterday she's on the road to nervous prostration. If she has to go to a sanatorium it'll make a hole in John's savings. His sister Jane could come and take care of the house. Come, daughter, we'll just slip off home."

John softly stepped round the corner of the porch till his relatives were out of sight. He had heard some rather plain truth, and he was wholesomely wounded. All the evening he had had an uneasy sense of meanness, in leaving his wife alone to spend her wedding evening. Now he perceived how he looked through Aunt Phebe's eyes.

"I am a selfish brute!" he muttered, as he went upstairs in his stockinged feet.

Mary was asleep and did not stir. Her husband looked at her. There were hollows in the cheeks that had been so round, and silver threads were showing in the dark brown hair. Her face had the grieved look that a child wears when she has sobbed herself into dreamland. A sharp compunction pricked John's heart. He tried to undress very quietly, and in the effort made considerable noise. He dropped the hair-brush on the floor and knocked over a chair in the endeavor to be perfectly still.

Mary awoke. "That you, John?"

"Yes, Molly."

"It's most morning, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so, Mary. But," and the big hand stole tenderly under the cover and took hers, which lay in his unresisting, but with no returning pressure, "I'm ashamed of myself, and I beg your pardon, dearest. I've made up my mind to resign from the club. Married men ought not to carry its burdens. I'm going to turn over a new leaf and be with you more, and—Mary—I'm sorry."

"Don't say another word, John."

Two arms were around his neck, a soft cheek was laid against his. Mary forgave him on the spot. He did not tell her what he had overheard, and Aunt Phebe and Lucy Anne kept their own counsel. But John's resolution was not broken. And Mary did not have nervous prostration, and does not now seem in the slightest need of going to a sanatorium.

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

WE haven't a fleet little pony, but a gentle heifer will do,
If I have an errand, she'll take me, as easy as any old shoe.
She's as kind and as ready and willing as the daintiest thoroughbred,
And she'll not run away with her mistress; it's safe to give her her head.
And I tell you, our family prize her, and pet her and feed her, no end,
For this is our Daisy, our Treasure, the truest, the best—and our friend.

Insomnia

The distress of sleeplessness assails us when we are overtired, when we have indigestion, and when our conscience is not at peace. Sometimes people do not sleep well as they grow old. Age needs less sleep than childhood, which is the period of building the physical edifice. If you cannot sleep, try closing the eyes and lying perfectly still. Sometimes a little food, a cup of hot milk or of cocoa, or a biscuit, will divert the blood from the brain at night and bring repose. If you cannot sleep, do not fret. Fretting never helps the least bit.

A REVIVAL IN A CARRYALL

DRIVER HILLIARD† AND HIS GOSPEL WAGON

WHILE the late evangelist, D. L. Moody, was holding aloft the torch of Gospel truth he was ever anxious to set others to work in the same cause. He believed that every converted man had a work to do for God. He was a ready organizer, and quickly perceived what men were fitted to do. Being asked about a young man who was thinking of studying at Northfield, and who wanted to know if he should go into the ministry, Mr. Moody, quick as a flash, said: "Don't put him into the ministry. I never advise any one to go into the ministry. Keep him out if you can. If God puts him in it will be all right!" But when a converted man wanted to work for his Saviour, Mr. Moody would put him to work instantly.

Riding over the Berkshires in "Church Wagon Number Three," we walked up some of the hills to rest the horses. The driver, Nelson G. Hilliard, told us some anecdotes of his fifteen years driving through rain and snow.

"I was converted under Moody's preaching," he said. Then he went on to tell how, at that memorable meeting, the church could not hold all the townspeople who came, and so the evangelist spoke from the steps.

The day of Hilliard's conversion, Mr. Moody said to him: "Now you are saved, go to work." "But what can I do?" asked Hilliard, who was willing, but timid and diffident. "Why, hitch up your team and go out and gather in the scattered folks to the meetings," was Moody's answer.

At the next meeting, Hilliard drove up with his first load, gathered from far-away farm-houses. Mr. Moody raised money for a large wagon, which was bought and dedicated to this service. For fifteen years Mr. Hilliard faithfully obeyed the advice of the evangelist. In the winter he uses a large double sleigh for gathering in the people. He loves the work, and feels that it is something to help on the meetings and church services. At conferences you will always find "Church Wagon Number Three" standing under the elms, waiting for the benediction and the people.

At farm-houses, poor-houses and out-of-the-way places, he gathers the people to church and special services, and literally he goes out into the highways and hedges that he may bring them in.

"Many impressive meetings have been held right here in this wagon," he said. "We have had prayer meetings, and precious ones, too—here, while I held the reins. One evening I drove ten Mount Hermon students to hold a meeting three miles away in a hall. My wife and my father joined the party. When the wagon started we began a prayer meeting that lasted all the way, in which all thirteen took part.

It was really the beginning of a revival, for our little meeting carried a blessing into the hall, and there were several conversions as a result. That was one of the best of my drives, and its memory will always cling to me." W. J. P.

The Philadelphia Tent Meetings

FOR the third summer, the Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia and vicinity, have conducted a Summer Campaign, through the use of tents located in various districts of the city. Each year the work has increased in the number of tents used and the attendance upon the services, and we believe, in effectiveness. Last week almost twenty thousand people attended the services as conducted in six tents. Seven tents, however, are in operation, one of them taking the place of the regular church services, and the others having Gospel meetings conducted in them every night in the week except Saturday; also Sunday afternoon. These tents are located in densely populated sections of the city. They remain for at least two weeks in a place, and sometimes longer. The speakers now engaged in the tent work are Rev. Ford C. Ottman of Newark, Rev. L. W. Munhall, Rev. J. McP. Scott of Toronto, Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D. of Brooklyn, Rev. W. H. Hindman of Lincoln, Neb., Rev. H. H. Wells, D.D. of Willoughby, Ohio. Others who have been engaged thus far as speakers, and have taken part in the services are Rev. Arthur J. Smith, Rev. F. W. Farr, Rev. D. S. Toy, Rev. C. A. R. Janvier, Rev. R. Howard Taylor and John McNeill. The influence of these services is being daily extended through the homes and business places of the neighborhoods in which they are located. In a number of tents, inquirers come up voluntarily, asking the workers to call upon them. Where personal work is done from house to house, good results follow. Children's meetings are arranged for August in all the tents.

Open air services have been held on the plaza of Philadelphia City Hall with large audiences. The city authorities gave permission to conduct the services, and also gave police protection.

Largely as a result of the Philadelphia work the past three years, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which met last May in Philadelphia, being so deeply interested in the results of the Philadelphia work, was led to appoint a special evangelistic committee for the entire Church, for the purpose of organizing and stimulating evangelistic work. So far as we know, this is the first time that this branch of church work has been so recognized, and become so effectively an organic part of the church life. This committee is planning to conduct conferences with a view to organizing evangelistic work in various towns and cities throughout the land.

CHRIST'S LOVE

There's a song of praise in my heart to-day
And a gladness no words can tell,
As I think of the love that is holding me,
That never can change or fail:
Other love may grow cold as the years roll by,
Other friends may forgetful be;
But Jesus never forgets his own
Through the years of eternity.
Sorrows may gather about my path,
Kind friends may be borne from my side;
But the arms everlasting around me fold,
And still I in peace abide. [days
He hath promised me strength for the stormy
As well as those that are bright;
He has bidden me rest in his loving care
In the darkness as well as the light.
My footsteps may falter along the path
And I may lie down to rest,
But nothing can sever me from his love—
In life or in death I'm blest;
For he knows each grave where his loved ones sleep,
They are safe in his tender care,
And though I may pass through death's gloomy vale,
His love will surround me there.
As the living plant to the sunlight turns,
Unconscious of all beside, [joys
So my heart would forget all its earth-born
In the love of the Crucified.
Oh, I cannot be satisfied until I shall see
The light of his beautiful face,
And hear the sweet welcome he hath for me—
Forgiven and saved by grace!

—SARAH ANGELINE SAMPSON.

Northampton, Mass.

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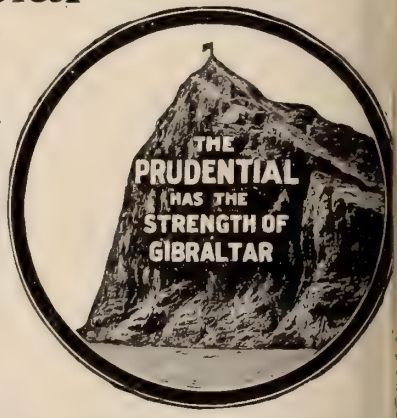

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THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR

Idleness and Industry Contrasted---Why Some Thrive and Others Grow Poorer

BY FLORENCE CLINTON SUTRO

I a recent article, entitled "A Social Uplift," which appeared in a metropolitan daily, and which dealt with the conditions that prevail among the poor of the East Side of New York, Mrs. Sutro expressed views tha have given rise to considerable discu on. The contribution printed below wa elicited by a letter to Mrs. Sutro, and as ter further views concerning social co itions present a view of the case sel- do considered—*i. e.*, the rewards of int lent industry—we have requested her pe ission to give it in full through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

u ask if I think "the present order that mu plies millionaires and tramps is a social co tion begot of God or an ordinance of ma" You say "the palliatives of charity fro the time of Christ until the present day ha failed to banish poverty," and speak of the ext: "The poor ye have always with yo I think, if you will read the 25th chap- er St. Matthew, you will find that Christ es ially praises industry, for he says: "Fo every one that hath shall be given, an e shall have abundance; but from him tha hath not shall be taken away even that wh he hath." This occurs in the parable of e talents. You remember he said that "th kingdom of heaven is as a man traveling int far country, who called his own serv- ant and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and o another one; to every man according to s several ability. Then he that had rec ed five talents went and traded with the me, and made them other five talents. An likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had rec ived one went and digged in the earth, and hid his Lord's money." And that, I feel, is the ay he teaches the reward of industry. If u want to see the difference between the ally poor classes and the industrious cla s, go among the rich and among the ger oor, at any time. If you ride down in the hird Avenue elevated railroad, or walk thr gh the poorer districts, you will see men and omen sitting with their elbows on the win w sills, just looking out at the windows. Go nong the rich and you will find them occ ied, and not standing idly by and allowing eir talents to be buried. This lesson is not fficiently understood. When men like Mr. Carnegie or Mr. McMillin spend all their time in thought and work, and the Lord has increased their wealth, and has taken away "even the one talent" from the "lazy man" who buried it, and given it to the one who

FLORENCE CLINTON SUTRO

has ten talents, it is only showing people that each person in the world has duties to do. Every human being has work to do, and I find that the educated, rich class are the most industrious, as they have learned to love work, and are not dissatisfied when they have to do the things for which they exist, and for which they are brought into the world. Some say it is more pleasant to be idle, but we do not exist simply to take pleasure, and not have action or exertion.

. . .

To be healthy and have sufficient of this world's goods to make one comfortable, follow nature's teachings—the birds, ants, spiders, bees, plants, are all working together to put in order their several parts of the universe, and every human being has his work to do. It is a common saying that, "The world owes me a living and I am going to get it." But what is the world? Are not you a part of it? Why not say: "I am a part of the world, and owe it to others to help give them a living." Nature has fixed bounds for eating and drinking, and for resting, and could the poor be taught to follow nature's teachings and have also this parable of the talents constantly before them, there would be fewer "unprofitable servants" to be "cast out into outer darkness where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

. . .

You say the rich had no use for Jesus in his time, and have no use for him now. In this you are quite mistaken, for it is the rich and industrious classes that make the greater sacrifices in personal time and service, than the poor and slothful do, for their fellow-men. I think it is the poor who are content to remain in ignorance about the work and industry of the rich, but go a good deal by their own imagination; and, as the slothful servant in the parable, when called upon to give an account of his lord's money, immediately began to accuse his master of being unjust and hard, when, in reality, it was he alone who was to blame for not having more to offer; so, at the present day, do those less fortunate in this world's goods, denounce others more fortunate as the cause of their non-success.

. . .

You say you are a student of social ethics and would be pleased to enlighten me, and that you do not approve of our present social system, and if it is to continue the sooner the poor die the better; there will be fewer to compete for the rich man's crumbs. You have not mastered the first principles of Sociology, for without laborers, and many of them, no one could be rich. And you say it is better that a million die than live in semi-starvation. I am sure not one of the million would agree with you, as life is dear to us all, and it becomes dearer as we learn our powers of helping others and know the happiness we ourselves enjoy and can bring to those who will thoroughly learn and understand the 25th chapter of St. Matthew.

I hope my words may have some effect. The Bible, you know, says: "The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

IN THE SILENCE

UT in the Silence I often go,
When I am weary of things below;
h, such wonderful things as I see,
ut in the land of sweet Harmony.
nto the Silence" with God I go—
way from the world—and here I know
eauties divine I shall surely see,
or in "green pastures" he leadeth me.

Out in the Silence" I long to stay,
oaring farther and father away,
ke the birds that I see in the sky
uming their wings in the air so high.
arther and farther each time I go,
ore of the mysteries thus to know,
ntil some day my flight I shall take,
ever hereafter my way to make.

ack to the haunts I'm so glad to leave,
Out in the Silence" no billows heave.
ll is so peaceful, I love to stay,
ere it is always a summer's day.
Out in the Silence," O, follow me,
ch beautiful things, you too, shall see,
hat pain and sorrow no more you'll know
Out in the Silence" you'll love to go.

CARRIE STARRETT PAGE.

OR CHILDREN'S FRIENDS

A Gypsy Camp" in the Thousand Isnds Helps Mont-Lawn—"Birthday" Penies—Kind Words and Happy Givers

CR Fresh-Air work has brought a great deal of happiness into the lives of grown-up folks and little folk who never saw our Children's Home nor he happy company who play upon its alsides. "It is more blessed to give tha o receive," said the Master." Hundre of letters which come to us from gen ous friends, the fruits of whose selfden or labor enlarge our work of ministry the children of the poor, show that the service is a joy and blessing unto the elves. The following extracts illustrat the character of the many letters tha ave encouraged us:

Mr R., Superintendent Primary and Intermee e Departments First Congregational Chuh Sabbath School, Norwalk, $15. Our little people were very happy to know that they might have the pleasure of sending five children to Mont-Lawn, that beautiful home in the country, under THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S care. Several members of our class earned their contributions to our fund. Miss A., Superintendent Primary Department S. S., North Haven, Conn., $3. Our childrens' birthday money. They are so interested in Mont-Lawn. I carried my CHRISTIAN HERALDS, which contained articles about Mont-Lawn, to Sunday School, and read the stories to the children, and showed them the pictures. When the pennies are brought which represent the age of each child giving, they are dropped into a basket, then we sing a birthday song, and say altogether this little prayer:

Jesus, bless the pennies brought thee,
Give them something sweet to do;
May they help some one to love thee,
May we love thee, too.

Mrs. K., Whitinsville, Mass., $35. Sent by our Junior and Intermediate S. C. E. Our children worked very hard to make the entertainment which brought this a success. They have learned the beautiful lesson that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

This letter tells about a "Gypsy Camp Fire," where the gypsies made money to help Mont-Lawn:

Miss N. L. D., $50.—We are all off on a vacation in one of the most lovely spots in the country—Bostwick Island—one of the Thousand Islands in the picturesque St. Lawrence River. We kindled an immense "gypsy camp-fire" on the rocks at the water's edge, and set up a gypsy tent, and some of us dressed like gypsies. We hung the tree out with Chinese lanterns, and had a small orchestra, consisting of guitars and mandolins. Ice cream and cake were served during the evening. Little boats from all over the river came. As this is a very quiet spot and there are not many camps near here, we were surprised to find how many showed an interest in helping your Fresh-Air Work. Everybody gladly paid the small fee for admission and for the cream. We hope the sum we send may help to bring a little pleasure into lives less blessed than ours with opportunities to breathe pure air, to see nature in her loveliness and to come under Christian influence.

Hundreds of God's people assure us that they are praying for God's special blessing upon this work for little ones. How can it fail to prosper when it is thus upheld before the Master, who said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto me"? To send one child to Mont-Lawn for an outing of ten days costs only $3; $6 sends two; $9, three; $12, four; $15, five; $30 sends ten. These sums cover transportation both ways, medical and caretaker's attention, food, shelter and clothing.

HARD TO PLEASE

Regarding the Morning Cup

"Oh how hard it was to part with coffee, but the continued trouble with constipation and belching was such that I finally brought myself to leave it off.

Then the question was, what should we use for the morning drink? Tea was worse for us than coffee; chocolate and cocoa we soon tired of; milk was not liked very well, and hot water we could not endure.

About two years ago we struck upon Postum Food Coffee, and have never been without it since. We have seven children. Our baby now eighteen months old would not take milk, so we tried Postum and found she liked it and it agreed with her perfectly. She is to-day, and has been, one of the healthiest babies in the State. I use about two-thirds Postum and one-third milk and a teaspoon of sugar, and put it into her bottle. If you could have seen her eyes sparkle and hear her say "good" to-day when I gave it to her, you would believe me that she likes it.

If I was matron of an infants' home, every child would be raised on Postum. Many of my friends say, 'You are looking so well!' I reply, 'I am well; I drink Postum Food Coffee. I have no more trouble with constipation, and know that I owe my good health to God and Postum Food Coffee.'

I am writing this letter because I want to tell you how much good the Postum has done us, but if you knew how I shrink from publicity, you would not publish this letter,—at least not over my name."—Milford, O.

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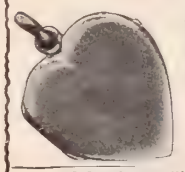
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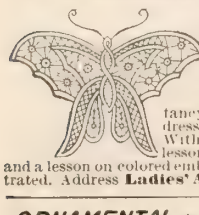

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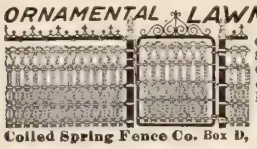

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The Praying Mother*

A PRAYING mother! A child can have no greater earthly blessing. Who can tell all that the world owes to such mothers?

Some of those men who have done most to bless mankind by their pure lives, chaste writings, and noble deeds, have sprung from women who had faith in God and practised prayer. Lord Bacon's mother was a woman of superior mind and deep piety. The mother of the great Washington was pious, pure and true. The founder of Methodism, John Wesley, had a mother remarkable for her executive ability, faith, and prayer. Samuel, the prophet of Israel, was a child of prayer. It is his mother's name which we have placed at the head of our page, and from whose story we are to learn a lesson or two.

Her history is soon told. She was married well, enjoyed the advantage of a good home and a loving and pious husband. But there was no child to gladden her heart, no little feet to scamper about her house, no little hands to toy with her hair, no little lips to give her the good-night kiss. But in answer to her earnest prayer, the Lord granted her heart's desire.

One day, new light, fresh joy and gladness beamed in upon her life, bringing also new cares and increased responsibilities. But Hannah was prepared for all these. She had asked for the child, and before it was born she gave it to the Lord. When only a few years old, she took her boy, Samuel, to the house of God, and there left him, giving him up entirely to the service of God.

We see her, year by year, bringing him that little coat which her industrious, loving hands had made. And that is about all we know of her. She fades from our sight, but her son comes into full view. She is almost unknown to us after; but the child of prayer becomes, not only one of the best-known but one of the mightiest and most beloved men of Palestine, whose history is read with delight by men of all ages, nations, and conditions.

And so it ever is, and must be. The mother's influence and prayers are not lost. She may be poor, unnoticed, and despised. Six doors from the house in which she lives her very name may be strange, but let her love God, and teach her child to love him too, and she does a great and lasting good. She may not be able to give her son a position, or to afford him an education, but she surrounds him with an influence, and sets before him an example, which are lasting as life in their continuance, and long as eternity in their effects.

"I bless God for a praying mother," said a man at a religious meeting once. "It was from her lips I first heard the story of the Gospel, and at her knees I first knelt to lisp my little prayer."

Not long ago a gentleman, who began life with only a dollar and a good name, and who now employs between one and two thousand workpeople, told me that he owed all to the gracious influences of a pious mother. And we might tell of many more like him.

Mormonism Characterized†

THERE is very little morality, and absolutely no spirituality, in the Mormon religion. The truth is, that no one who has had the opportunity of observing the workings of Mormonism has much respect for it as a religion. It is making almost no converts at home, where it is best known. Nearly all of its converts come from abroad. And that is why so many missionaries are laboring in our Southland and elsewhere. But instead of gaining converts at home, it is continually losing its followers there. A large proportion of those who become Mormons apostatize. Brigham Young said five-sixths did so. I met a number of ex-Mormons in Salt Lake City. They were all persons of much intelligence. I was told that many of the Mormon young people are losing their sympathy for the church. When I asked what was the reason for this, the answer was, "It can be expressed in three words: Broadening of intelligence." Judge John W. Judd, formerly Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in Utah, told me that he once said to a young Mormon: "Christiansen, I want to ask you a question. It is a privileged question, and you can answer it or not, as you choose." "Well," said Christiansen, "with that understanding, Judge, fire away." "What do you think of Mormonism?" "Judge, you know my father and mother are Mormons. I have great respect for them. But I tell you, I think the whole thing is a fraud." "Well, you have a number of companions about your age. What do they think of it?" "They think the same thing I do." And many others think the same thing.

The Mormon system, as a system, is utterly bad. The truth is that Mormonism is a combination, or rather a conglomeration, of the literalism of Campbellism, the materialism of Fetishism, the sensualism of the Phallic worship, or Venus worship, the polygamy of Mohammedanism, the polytheism of Grecian Mythology, the theocracy of Judaism, the priestcraft of Catholicism, the despotism of Jesuitism, the self-righteousness of Pharisaism, the transmigration of souls of Buddhism, the cruelty of the worship of Juggernaut, the superstition of Confucianism, the degradation of women of heathenism, the mystic rites of Masonry, the hypnotism of mesmerism, the fanaticism of Dervishism, the salvation by works of Socinianism, the sacerdotalism of High Church Episcopalianism, and the political organization of Tammany Hall.

In short, it has borrowed the worst features of all religions, and all creeds, and woven them into a conglomerate but compact mass of incongruous absurdities. It was born in the womb of imposture, nursed in the lap of fraud, rocked in the cradle of deception, clothed in the garments of superstition, fed on the milk of ignorance, and fattened on the strong meat of sensualism, depotism, fanaticism, crime, bloodshed and rebellion. The whole system is a deification of lust, a glorification of sensualism, religious adultery, ecclesiastical prostitution, earthy, sensual, devilish. It is the Upas tree of our civilization, the octopus of our political life, a travesty on the name of religion, a foul blot on the escutcheon of Christianity, a "hideous she monster," as its name implies. It is un-Christian, un-American, a colossal fraud, a mammoth sham, a gigantic humbug, a huge farce, which would be comical if it were not so tragical in its results. It is nothing short of a shame and disgrace and an insult to any Christian community that it should rear its slimy head in that community. There are four things which hold it together—ignorance, superstition, sensualism and despotism. But before the light of advancing civilization and growing intelligence these are receding, and one of two things is certain: Either Mormonism must change materially, or it is doomed to destruction.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Back to Bethel, by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B. A. A collection of new and interesting discourses by the famous preachers. Pp, 127, cloth binding. Price 30c. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Toronto and Chicago, publishers.

The Old Evangel and the New Evangelism, by Charles Aubrey Eaton; a volume specially prepared in the hope of a coming religious revival. Pp. 162, cloth covers. Price $1. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, publishers.

The Crisis, by Winston Churchill, issued by The Macmillan Co., New York, has among its leading characters, Grant and Lincoln. It is one of the greatest books of the new century.

*From *Mothers of the Bible*, by Rev. Charles Leach, D.D., author of *Our Bible*. Fourteen mothers of the Bible are here described. Pp. 120, cloth. Price, 30 cents. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, publishers.

†From *The Mormon Monster*. By Edgar E. Folk, A.M., D.D., a timely and instructive book on the grossest of spiritual impostures. 372 pages; illustrated. Price $1.50. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto, publishers.

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Surrender Through Struggle

THE STRANGE STORY OF BISHOP STEPHEN M. MERRILL'S CONVERSION

...BY... REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

THE earliest impressions on the mind of Stephen Merrill were made by the teachings of his mother, as to the necessity and beauty of the Christian life. These impressions were so distinct as to determine his inclination in the direction of obedience to God, so that in deciding to become a Christian, he had no contrary bias or prejudice to overcome. In following these early teachings, he found himself devoted in prayer, and happy in the love of Christ when in the years of age. He ought then to have come into the church, and probably would have done so, if the views and practices of the church had then been as

BISHOP STEPHEN M. MERRILL.

they are now with regard to child conversion. But in the absorbing interests of boyhood life, the activities of school, and in the absence of special training for spiritual growth, the habit of private prayer, was broken, and the spirit and atmosphere of faith declined, leaving only the memory of the joy God so graciously gives to the humblest of his children. Between, from twelve to fifteen, Stephen Merrill's heart was seldom moved by sacred religious influences, although the obligation to serve God was never forgotten, nor was the purpose to become a Christian man ever abandoned.

When in about sixteen,—without being able now to recall any particular agency for bringing it about, other than the home influences always present, and the regular services of the church — serious thought took possession of young Merrill's mind, and the necessity and importance of decisive action in the matter of a Christian profession became the absorbing topic in his daily meditations. The memory of his earlier religious feelings revived, but the keenness of spiritual vision which had attended the exercises of his childhood faith did not return, leaving the path of communion with God in a vague and uncertain state. A dreadful fear of self-deception took hold of him, driving him to the extreme of caution, lest any step might be a wrong one. For a year or so this condition continued, during which time he was deeply anxious about his soul; but his spiritual sky was covered with clouds and the ear of the Almighty seemed closed to his prayers.

He had read the Scriptures, and attended closely to the preaching of the Gospel, till his conviction of the nature of repentance and faith had become clear enough, and the way of salvation appeared plain before his eyes; but the power to avail himself of what he knew to be both privilege and duty seemed to be lacking. His wish and aims were right. He heartily desired to be on the Lord's side in all things. He approved every call to duty, but hesitated and feared because of conscious weakness and lack of light. He was holding back, and waiting for a result which could only come after an actual committal to God and his service. In this condition of unrest and indecision he continued for more than a year, often beset with temptations and oppressed by recurring impressions of duty. With other difficulties that appeared insuperable, came the persuasion that, if he should surrender his heart to God, the result would be a call to preach the Gospel. It seemed to be as near a certainty as anything could possibly be that related to the future. It haunted him by day and by night, becoming a real burden, and seriously embarrassing him in his efforts to bring his mind to the point of decision.

After a long struggle, known only to himself and the Lord, the victory was gained, and the solemn purpose to commit all to God, and to follow with cautious step the way of duty, and all providential leadings, was deliberately made. The first step in his case was to unite with the church on probation as a seeker of religion. From that time onward every means of grace was improved, and the way of duty was pursued with steady step, yet with scarcely a ray of spiritual light. The path was rugged, and encouragements few and far from inspiring; but the firmness of purpose was unfaltering.

Light at length dawned. Having been taught that faith was the essential thing, Stephen Merrill's chief concern was to obtain the faith that saves. Marvelous were his efforts at believing and trusting. Conjecture after conjecture as to what faith was, and how it ought to come, and what would be its manifestations and the emotions attending and attesting it, were built up and then given up, while the darkness seemed to become more impenetrable. But after the long season of doubting and fearing, of resolving and wrestling, in a way altogether unanticipated, the darkness fled, and as gently as the morning light, the peace and rest of faith settled upon his soul, and soon led to the full apprehension of Christ as his personal Saviour.

The crisis was reached during the busy hours of a week day, while young Merrill was engaged in secular duties. He was reviewing the struggle through which he was passing, and meditating on the difficulties in exercising faith in Christ, whom he surely tried to trust, when the thought suddenly came to him, as if a voice had whispered in his ear, "Why all this hesitation and doubt? You have all the materials of faith. You believe the Bible; you accept Christ; you have no other trust; then why not use your faith just as it is, and cease to wander along in the darkness?" Instantly a thrill of comfort passed through his soul, and he said, "Yes, I do believe; I can and will trust; surely, this is faith!"

From that moment all doubts vanished, and rapidly the horizon of faith cleared and widened, and in a little time his only astonishment was at his slowness to enter into rest. After fifty-five years of most useful public ministry, Bishop Merrill still happily abides in that spiritual rest.

Called Away

Mr. James Demuyter Blackwell, an aged reader of this paper, who recently departed this life at his home "Oak Spring" in Warrenton, Va., was greatly beloved by many, far and near, being ever ready with sympathy, counsel and help for the needy. He was a distinguished scholar and poet of no mean order; and his gifts and accomplishments were used for the edification and spiritual comfort of those around him rather than for worldly ends. The memory of his upright life is a rich legacy to the widow and seven children who survive him. Among the family treasures is Mr. Blackwell's last poem, written by him in the sick room whence he went at last to the home where there is no sickness or sorrow. This extract shows how comfortable the Christian found his faith in that dread hour when he knew death stood near:

Though earth be fading from my view
And darkest night seem nigh,
And I must bid the world adieu—
It is not hard to die!
For O, how sweet in death's deep shade,
Amid its strange alarms,
To feel beneath my spirit laid,
The everlasting arms!

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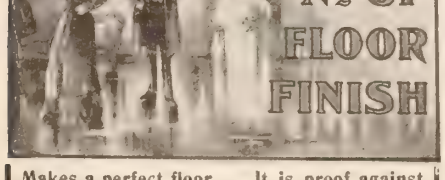

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AT Seatuck Neck, near Eastport, Long Island, on a bluff overlooking a picturesque little river, and swept by Atlantic breezes, is the summer home of Evangelist Ira D. Sankey. Here the noted Gospel singer and life-long companion of the late Dwight L. Moody is busily engaged in the preparation of his book, entitled, *The Story of the Hymns*—a comprehensive work, which he expects to finish this fall. He will not take up evangelical work again. The grand voice that has delighted audiences the world over by its superb rendering of Gospel songs, will still be heard frequently in public services, however, for religious work has always held an irresistible fascination for Mr. Sankey, and his songs and addresses fill the largest auditoriums. Thus, in addition to his new role of author, the famous singer will devote himself largely to his lectures and songs. He is still in the prime of life, and with the promise of many years of usefulness in his work for God and humanity.

IRA D. SANKEY

THE PILGRIM'S VISION

A Revelation in the Desert to the Solitary Sleeper

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEN Jacob started on his journey to his mother's former home, he had had no personal dealings with God. He seems to have been a man open to the fear of God, but one in whom the flesh was predominant. After his sin against his father and his brother, Jacob could not remain at home. Even his fond mother understood this, and exhorted him to flee away to Laban, her brother, to "tarry for a few days . . . until thy brother's anger turn away from thee, and he forget that which thou hast done to him; then will I send and fetch thee from thence: why should I be bereaved of you both in one day?" But the few days were many years; and there is no record that his mother, who had taught her son to be deceitful, ever saw his face again. Neither deceit nor yet the taking of things into their own hands could really further the purposes of God. He worketh for him that waiteth for him (Isa. 64: 4, R.V.). The old proverb is not always true, that "God helps those who help themselves." God does not favor the idle, but he looks for faith on the part of his children, that they may work, not as his proteges, but as his instruments.

Isaac's charge to Jacob varied from that of his wife. Isaac, as the child of promise, had before him the promises of God which Jacob should inherit; and therefore, in sending him away, it was not merely as a fugitive from the wrath of his brother, but as a man who should be one of the progenitors of the promised Seed of the woman, God's Messiah and Israel's Messiah. Isaac charged his son to take no wife of the daughters of Canaan, but one of the family of Laban; and now a second time, now no longer in perplexity of spirit, as when he thought the hands were the hands of Esau, and the voice the voice of Jacob—he pronounced God's blessing on his younger son (Gen. 28: 1-4). And the man who had loved his home and his parents had to turn his back upon all, because he had not learned to trust his God!

Who can tell the utter loneliness of that night! When Abraham went forth from his home, he was not alone; it was after God had appeared to him that he went with a strong heart. Jacob must have gone out with a heavy heart. He had not yet met with God, and perhaps he may have lost confidence in a measure in both father and mother. Perhaps such may have been his thoughts as he lay down desolate, alone, uncomforted; with a stone for his pillow. It is at such an hour that God draws near. Jacob dreamed he saw "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." This was what he wanted: some way to get at God, some link between a sinful man like himself and a holy God. The ladder was set up on the earth. We read of it again (John 1: 51), and we know it means him who was the Word made flesh, God's own Son, "set up on the earth"; given, because God so loved the world, that men, believing on him, should find him to be the Way, the Ladder, for fallen men to reach God and heaven.

Heaven was real to him now, and God was real His knowledge of God was no longer tradition or doctrine: Jacob had met with God. Until we have met with God, until something has transpired between God and us, the things of God are outside of us; but from the time heaven is opened to us, they are real, they are part of ourselves. From this hour God from time to time spoke to Jacob. His first communication was significant. It was indeed of grace. "I am the God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac." At once Jacob was welcomed into the family of them that believe. But it is very noteworthy that he did not deal with Jacob as he did with Abraham. To Abraham he spoke first of blessing him and making him a blessing (Gen. 12: 2), and later of giving him the land (Gen. 13: 14-18; 15: 18-21; 17: 4-8). To Jacob the promise of the land came first, and later the assurance that in him and in his seed should all the families of the earth be blessed (Gen. 28: 13-14). God knew his man. He saw in Abraham a heart which put his God first in everything, while in Jacob's service, although really a servant of God, there was a large share of self-interest. It was Jacob, in whom Israel as a people, "the dust of the earth," had its beginnings; in Abraham the generation of the men of faith in all time, "the stars of heaven," have a forefather.

Under all the want of uprightness, the meanness and the selfishness of Jacob, God found, nevertheless, a heart which appreciated him, and appreciated his promises. Esau had an eye only to the present; Jacob counted on the future. And yet he had much to learn in the life of trust. He fell again and again into the temptation of seeking to bring about the fulfilment of God's promises by means and efforts of his own. What a common manifestation of unbelief this is in God's children! How many parents pray for the conversion of their children; and then try, by every means in their power, to bring about the answer to prayers, instead of humbling themselves for the lack of Christ in their own lives. By thus not following, but preceding the work of the Holy Spirit, they often force matters, so that they get out of their children a kind of constrained confession of Christ, which the children themselves feel to be unreal, and which really drives them farther from God.

Jacob awaked out of his sleep, but he knew that something very real had happened. "Surely God is in this place, he said, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven." It was a new world. Jacob was no longer alone. He rose up early in the morning, not to weep, but to worship. Taking the stone which had been his pillow, he set it up for a pillar, poured oil on the top of it, and called that holy spot where he had met God, God's house. But Jacob had not yet learned to take God at his word. Instead of praising God that he was with him, and rejoicing that he would keep him, he transferred God's blessing to the future. "He vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." It was all in the future. Perhaps he looked on his unworthiness more than on God's faithfulness. Perhaps he thought of Abraham's great tests of faith. Anyway, he was not fully trusting his God, or he would have been praising God with a glad heart, and no "if" would have entered his heart. He was as yet far behind his grandfather; a very feeble son of the father of them that believe. And the conclusion of his vow was most characteristic of the man. "This stone . . . shall be God's house, and of all that thou givest me I will surely give the tenth unto thee." He had begun by giving the tenth of his confidence. Abraham counted all the Lord's, even the beloved son of promise. Jacob was honest: Nine-tenths for me, the tithe for thee. But thus it is with the majority, even of believers.

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HE HIDDEN THING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 729

mas—now it is mine; and I confess before God and before you, and ask pardon of you all. I make what restitution I can," he turned to the young minister who stood by him, and handing him the pap he had taken from the desk, said: "Mr. Moore, 'Beechwood' is yours, and has been yours all these years. I ask you to give me and to pray for me." He sank on his knees at the altar.

Winnie came and knelt by him, and whispered in his ear: "You have done right papa," and with his daughter's hand clasping his and with his old friends crowding around him, Frederick Pomeroy, as he knelt at that altar and listened to the impassioned appeal to the throne of grace sent up by the man whom he had wronged, received pardon from on high, and when he arose it was with tears of joy in his eyes and the look of one who has come near to the Divine heart. After that prayer, no one would leave the house without first shaking him by the hand and assuring him of their continued respect and esteem, for never had Frederick Pomeroy risen to such a height as when he confessed.

After a prolonged season, a love feast, whose memory lasted him for the rest of his life, the three went home to "Beechwood" together, and as they entered the library, Pomeroy said: "This is your home, your home. To-morrow I will —" He had all sense that he had no other home than this for the first time assailed him. He stopped. The eyes of Paul and Corinne met. She was pale, but her eyes were bright and she was smiling. Not a word of love had passed between them, but they understood each other. One long deep look, then Paul turned and said: "No, father, this is our home."

Frederick Pomeroy went out and left them together. The hidden thing was hidden no longer. MARY C. FRANCIS.

HEAVENLY HELPERS*

The Chariots of Fire Round About Elisha Still Protecting the Servants of God

CRISES surely come in the life of every child of God, when he needs to remember, as Elisha said, that they that are with him are more than they who are against him. Sometimes everything seems to be against him: Poverty, sickness, the reproaches of friends, the unfaithfulness of friends, ingratitude and undutifulness in the family circles of all kinds. When the worldly man thus assailed, he is liable to commit suicide. The Christian is liable to lose is faith, and to doubt the loving Providence of God. Happy for him if his spiritual eyes are opened, and he can see that God is caring for him, and taking care that no real harm shall touch him. After all, he may well remember, the worst that this world can do is to kill. It can but kill, and sometimes that would be a blessing. It may strip him of his property, but it cannot take away the treasure he has in heaven. Bereavements may come upon him, but nothing can deprive him of the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. His good name may be smirched by calumny, but he has the blessing pronounced on those of whom men say all manner of evil falsely. Thoughts like these may give him the fortitude which comes to a man defended by "chariots of fire round about him."

We infer from the story of Elisha, that to the young man with him, the space between the prophet and his approaching assailants seemed as vacant as our surroundings appear to us. Like him, we see no chariots of fire assembled for our defence; but when his eyes were opened he saw them. Must we conclude that because we see none around us that there are none here? True, the enemy often seems to gain the victory. The martyred missionaries in China perished in spite of their faith. Brave men and women in the India mutiny died with the name of Jesus on their lips. Christians in Armenia died rather than deny their Lord. Martyrs have been burned at the stake, and God did not interpose to save them. In the recent India famine cholera seized the devoted helpers, and they were not delivered from death. It is not always that deliverance comes as it came to Elisha. But what then? This life is not all. Christ said that he had only to pray and God would presently give him "more than twelve legions of angels," but he did not ask for them. He preferred to drink the cup that had been mixed for him. It may be that the experience that we call calamity is the thing it is best that we undergo, and, like our Lord, we have to go through to the bitter end, that, like him, we may, in the world to come, be "crowned with glory and honor."

But in our spiritual experience there are times when we may surely count on the presence of the chariots. To the poor victim of vice and degradation, they are within call. The enemy before whom he has so often fallen, approaches him and demands his customary surrender. The traitor within cries, yield. But suddenly the harassed victim has made an unexpected stand, and calling upon God has won the victory. Thousands of such men can testify that the swiftly uttered prayer for help has brought a strength not their own which has triumphed. Or, perhaps, the crisis is one of unutterable sorrow. Death has despoiled the home and all the light has gone out of life. We feel we shall go mourning all our days. No joy can ever enter the heart again. Then, in answer to prayer, the chariots may become visible. A new mission, the legacy of the departed, may be taken up, some work left unfinished by the dead may be completed as a memorial, and in the busy occupation hallowed by love of the lost one, undreamed of rest and peace and exultation brighten the life. The chariots of God have formed a wall that has kept the tide of sorrow from overwhelming us. In some way, not always the same way, the soul that puts its trust in God finds help and succor in the emergencies of life. At the worst, if the cup must be drained to the dregs, the sweet presence of Him who suffered for us is with his tried follower; reminding him that the servant is not greater than his Lord.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 8. II. Kings 6: 15-17.

Gospel Work at the Pan-American

THE attention of readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already been called to the good work conducted in the "Tent Evangelist," which was erected at the principal entrance of the Pan American Exposition as a place of spiritual rest and refreshment for the strangers within our gates, and especially for our Southern visitors. The services in English did not meet the needs of the latter, hence supplementary features, consisting chiefly of meetings where the talks and hymns are in Spanish, are being provided, the work to be conducted in close co-operation with the Tent Evangelist and as a sort of annex to it. Our Latin-American visitors must be sought out, invited to headquarters; evangelical literature in Spanish must be circulated. Through arrangement with the Presbyterian Board of Missions, Rev. J. Milton Greene, D.D., long in Mexico and lately in Porto Rico, heads the list of initiators of this unique branch of Gospel work, his services covering the first ten days of August! The number of his successors depend upon the reception of sufficient funds to sustain the work. Missionaries of various denominations familiar with the language and customs of the Latin-Americans, are ready and eager to do the work, if only their bare expenses can be raised. The opportunity is great; the time very brief; the cost very small—but a few hundred dollars are necessary to make this pious effort a success. There are now at the Exposition representatives from every Latin-American State; to these delegates, commissioners, exhibitors, sight-seers—people of exceptional culture and influence in their own lands—are presented every aspect of our material progress and prosperity, in elegant and impressive forms of display. Shall we fail in our presentation of the moral and spiritual basis of our wonderful development? Back of our freedom, our security, our promise; lie our open Bible, our religious liberty, our reverence for the Lord's Day! The undenominational "Gospel Campaign" at the Exposition, while not assailing the creeds of our visitors, seeks to show unto them the more excellent way of religious liberty as the basis of all true freedom. The writer, if addressed at 756 Quincy street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will take pleasure in giving any further information that may be desired concerning this work, and will supply free, descriptive pamphlets for distribution.

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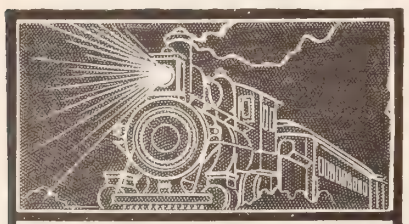

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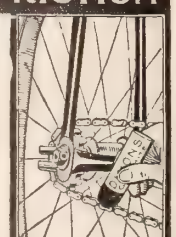

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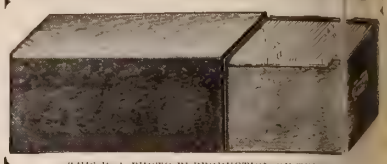

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1901

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VOL. 24—NO. 36. PRICE, 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

SCENES IN THE GREAT FREE LAND RUSH IN OKLAHOMA

SEE PAGE 748

1. Crowds of Home-seekers at the Registration Booths in El Reno. 2. El Reno Station during Registration. 3. Besieging the El Reno Post-office. 4. An Auction Sale of Lots in the New Territory. 5. Anadarko Station, where Thousands of Carloads of Lumber are Arriving.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The usual five new questions are omitted this week, in order that other letters to "The Mail-Bag," many of them long delayed, may receive attention. Hereafter, once a month, the entire page will be devoted to this class of letters.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

H. L., Sandusky, O. Is it a sin for a Christian to visit a pleasure resort on Sunday, if he or she does not join in with the evil-doers?

We are to avoid the very appearance of evil, and certainly if we give it our countenance and "stand by consenting," we cannot be blameless.

J. W. B., South River, Ont. What five animals live the longest (with their ages)?

The elephant, which has been known to live over a hundred years, ranks first among mammals in point of longevity; the camel, living fifty to eighty, comes next. The limit of the horse is forty; of the deer, thirty; ox fifteen to twenty. Pike and carp, it is said, have been known to live 150 years; the tortoise is accredited with being a centenarian; Hindoos declare that the crocodile lives more than a century. Eagles and cows have been known to live a hundred years. The sea Anemone, or "Animal Flower," has been known to live for seventy-five years. The shortest terms of existence, it is believed, are found among the infusoria, or microscopic creatures inhabiting water.

B. D. E., Zanesville, Ind. Give names of Presidential candidates and the popular vote of the Prohibition party in each campaign from 1876 to 1900?

In 1876 the candidate was Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, and the popular vote was 9,522; in 1880, Neal Dow, of Maine, was candidate, and the vote was 10,305; 1884, John P. St. John, of Kansas, vote 151,809; 1888, Clinton B. Fisk, New Jersey, vote 249,907; 1892, John Bidwell, California, vote 264,133; 1896, Joshua Levering, Maryland, 132,007; 1900, John G. Woolley, Illinois, vote 208,555.

Mrs. G. L. P., Marion, Ind. 1. Are there not much more superstitions in the world to-day than in the time of Christ? 2. Do you not think that the recent bull fight at Omaha, which was witnessed by over 10,000 people, including the Governor of the State and two ministers of the Gospel, was a very disgraceful and demoralizing affair? 3. In almost every town of any size in Indiana, Sunday baseball games are common amusements, accompanied by the usual profanity and betting. What shall we do? Can you not send us a few missionaries?

1. No; much less. Education and an enlightened Christianity have broken down many superstitions. Compare the superstitions of mediæval times with those of to-day, and you will appreciate the change. 2. Yes; one that called for the severest censure from press and pulpit. 3. Where is your Sabbath Observance League? Have you none in Indiana?

B. F. D., Tecumseh, Neb. Will God pardon an old man, whose loved ones have passed into the other world, for praying that he may die that he may rejoin his departed friends?

Many good men have prayed for death and many more have longed for it without praying for it. God knows our frame and our imperfections and will assuredly pardon such a prayer. But is there nothing more that you could do for your Lord before you go? The Apostle Paul desired death for his own sake, but continued life for the sake of those whom he was anxious to help. A better prayer than yours, would be that you might make the best possible use of the time left to you before the summons comes.

C. R. M., New York City. Have angels wings?

There is little positive Scriptural authority for the popular conception of the angelic form as endowed with wings. The "angels" of the Bible, who visited men, seem to have appeared in the human form, and were often accepted and entertained as men until, through the utterance of some remarkable prophecy or the manifestation of some supernatural quality, their spiritual nature was disclosed. The fact that they were "messengers" of God, may have supplied basis for the idea that they have wings as a means of swift and ethereal progression. The winged cherubim and seraphim seem to belong to a higher order of celestial beings than those designated "angels," since they are always represented as standing in the immediate presence of God in heaven or guarding his dwelling-place on earth. The golden cherubim watching over the mercy-seat in the ark of the covenant were four-winged, so were those mighty figures under whose outstretched pinions the ark was placed in Solomon's Temple. Four-winged were the "living creatures" of Ezekiel's dream, "who every one went straight forward whither the spirit was to go." Six-winged were the seraphim of Isaiah's vision, who stood above the "Throne of the Lord," crying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts"—almost the same song which later the four-winged "beasts" of Revelation cried day and night before the Throne.

S. B. G., Hares Valley, Pa. Have there ever been a trace of ruins, or improvements, which were made before the Deluge?

Josephus, the Jewish historian, in his *Antiquities*, Chap. 2, states that a pillar, erected by the prehistoric descendants of Adam, was still standing "in the land of Siriad" at the time the historian wrote. This was one of two pillars erected in consequence of Adam's prediction (according to Jewish tradition) that the world would be destroyed once by fire and once by water, and they not knowing which, put up a pillar of stone and another of brick, upon each of which were inscribed the discoveries and inventions of prehistoric man. It is believed, however, by later Biblical scholars, that Josephus wrongly identified Seth with Sesostris, King of Egypt, and mistook the postdiluvian pillar of Sesostris for an antediluvian memorial. Thus far, it may be stated, there has been no reliable discovery of antediluvian remains.

Henry B., St. Albans, Vt., writes:

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 24, page 653, is mention of a church which for two years has never resorted to fairs, etc., for the support of religious work. I wish to say that for forty-one years, since the organization of the Free Methodist Church, the entire denomination has kept clear of all such devices, not one church alone, but 965 churches.

Certainly a remarkable showing, and one which well deserves the consideration of other churches.

L. B. C., Radford Furnace, Va. If a young man and woman love each other so devotedly that they are unhappy apart, has God joined them together? If so, is it a sin to oppose their marriage. Would it be wrong for either of them to marry some other person?

This is a very deceptive argument, and liable to mislead. Young people, unfortunately, are not always the best judges of their own affairs. Parents and guardians should always be consulted before any important step is taken, especially a step which involves the welfare of a lifetime, and possibly even eternal well-being. Young people, being inexperienced, are apt to be deceived as to the real nature of their feelings. It has often happened that an awakening of this sort has come, but too late. Another point worth remembering is, that a young man who would deliberately counsel a young girl to set at defiance the wishes of her parents or her guardians—her natural and unselfish protectors—is apt to be one whose love and regard are of very little real value, and whose sense of honor is not of the highest.

L. E. N., Philadelphia. Did Paul mean by his remark (I. Cor. 15: 32), that if he had not expected a resurrection he would have lived a self-indulgent life?

No, he was not that kind of man. In the passage you refer to, he is considering the attitude of an opponent, and is stating such an argument as might be made by one who believed there was no life beyond the grave. In effect he says: "A man who does not believe in immortality might naturally say, in considering such a life as mine, that it is folly. Instead of fighting with beasts as I did at Ephesus, and enduring all kinds of hardship and persecution, it would be better for me if I simply enjoyed the good things of life. Such a man could never be persuaded to become a Christian if there was no prospect of a future life.

Concerning a recent question in THE MAIL-BAG as to the population of the world, J. H. R., Lucas, O., writes:

Since reading the answers to questions in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 24, I find this: Delplain gives figures to prove that the planet earth has supported 66,627,842,237,075,266 human inhabitants since the beginning of time. As there are only 50,000,000 square miles of land surface, this would make considerably over fifty people per square foot were they all here now. Proctor is quoted as saying: "If from a single pair for 5,000 years, each man and wife had married at twenty-one, and no deaths occurred, the population of the earth would be 2,199,915, followed by 144 ciphers, and would require to hold this population a number of worlds the size of this, equal to 3,166,526, followed by 125 ciphers. Also the number of births since the birth of Christ, 139,235,017,489,534,946." This is too immense for the human mind to contemplate; so great that the answers given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are but a drop in the bucket, even while they so widely differ.

Subscriber, Amboy, Minn. Does the passage Heb. 6: 4-6 cut the backslider off utterly from hope?

By no means. The invitations to the backslider in the Bible are most earnest, tender and affectionate, and he is assured that he will be welcomed and pardoned if he does return. The trouble is that he seldom has any desire to return. Backsliding seems to have a benumbing effect on the spiritual faculties, so that there develops an indifference and a hardness of heart which keeps the backslider away from God. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews had probably tried to restore some backsliders, and failing, declared it impossible. Many ministers and Christian workers have had the same experience, for it is notorious that there is no man so hard to win as a backslider. But what is impossible with men is possible to God. Many backsliders, like David and Peter, have been restored.

W. E. B., Ellicott, N. Y. Please let me know the condition of the suffering ones in China.

The latest news, detailing the condition of the famine sufferers, has appeared from week to week in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

F. D. McQ., Brooklyn, N. Y. Please answer the following question: About what is the fortune of Tolstoi (the Russian writer), and in what way did he obtain it and how has he disposed of it?

Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, who has visited Count Tolstoi, and is his personal friend, kindly answers this for us as follows: "I regret that I cannot give full and accurate information regarding Count Tolstoi's property. It was originally chiefly landed property, coming to him by inheritance. The story is that he broached the subject of giving his land to the peasants, but his family threatened to have him declared of unsound mind, a common proceeding in Russia where a man wastes his substance. The law, in such cases, prevents a man from disposing of his estate. His wife told me that the Count came to her with tears in his eyes beseeching her to take the property from him, but she told him if it was bad for him, it would be bad for her. Then he divided the estate among his children, and thus became legally their guest. His daughter declined to take a share, on account of her acceptance of her father's views. The Count is legally their guest. He has refused to copyright recent writings or to receive profit from them, but he made an exception in the case of *Resurrection*, for the sake of the Doukhobers, who receive the royalties. In America alone, this book has brought over $5,000. It is generally understood that for a long time he has held no property of his own; 'his keep'—his food and clothing—has cost but a song."

J. S., Midway, Va. Why is "foolscap" paper so called?

From the fool's cap and bells watermark which was made upon writing-paper in the time of Cromwell. English stationery now bore the royal arms in watermark, and the change made was one of numerous indignities cast upon the memory of Charles I. This monarch, it is said, in order to increase his revenues, had sold to certain parties the exclusive right to manufacture paper.

Reader, Charlotte, N. C. What is the origin of the saying: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain?"

According to tradition, the saying originated thus: The Arabs demanded a miracle of Mahomet. He said: "No; it would be tempting God." They insisted. He commanded Mount Safa to come to him. When it stirred not, he said, "God is merciful. If it come, it would have fallen upon and destroyed us. I will therefore go to the mountain, and thank God for his mercy to a stiff-necked generation."

E. F. B., Baltimore, Md. 1. Is it consistent for a man who prays for the absolute destruction of the liquor traffic to cast his vote for the candidate of a party which will license it? 2. Does the principle of tithing mean that a man who earns only ten dollars a week should give one dollar to the Lord?

1. In talking with men who do not vote the Prohibition ticket, while ardently desiring the destruction of the traffic, we have found that they usually defend their course by saying that there is no prospect of the success of the Prohibitionists. Consequently, to vote the ticket is to throw a vote away. Between two parties who may succeed the voter has a very decided preference. He therefore helps the party which he prefers. That is to say, as he cannot have the best, which is in his opinion Prohibition, he will try to have the next best, for if he and others do not support it, the very worst may win. 2. That is the strict principle, but some people modify it in the case of very small incomes. They devote what they pay for board and give a tenth of the remainder. Thus, if the man's board and room rent come to five dollars a week, and his salary of ten dollars he would give fifty cents a week to the Lord.

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MISCELLANEOUS

J. A. M., Summit Mills, Pa. Send us your name. Have letter for you.

Miss Emma E. Peters, Baltimore, Md. We never heard of such an institution.

Our population is 76,303,387, *exclusive of* Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines.

C. H., Picton, Can. Such a course would be dangerous, and we would advise you against it?

Subscriber, Ont. It is a question for the individual conscience. For our part, we should say—

M. G. H., McKeesport, Pa. Yes. Send full name and address, and all information will be forwarded.

G. P. H., Rock Hill, S. C. Conscience is not an infallible guide. It can be seared and dulled and perverted.

Miss Laura C. M., Wilmington, Del. We believe you will never regret your decision. Thanks for kind letter.

L. F. O., Geneva, N. Y. No; we regard concerts and lectures of the proper sort as entirely suitable in connection with church work.

G. S. S., New Martinsville, W. Va. A person given to trivialities is hardly the one to be chosen to lead a spiritual meeting.

Student. There is no reason why a minister should not take a non-church member as his subject or by way of illustration.

Mrs. H. J. E., Ulverton, Can. It must be what a matter for the individual conscience. If he has any misgivings on the subject, he should let it alone.

Graduate, Mississippi. Consult your college principal. Be frank with him and he may be able to advise you well. If need be, call your creditors together and candidly state the circumstances. You will probably find them reasonably disposed and willing to wait until matters can be arranged.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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Hawaiian Lady's Riding Dress — A Scene in the Filipino Village — Esquimaux Natives

Multitudes at the Pan-American

AT this season, the attendance at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo has reached its maximum. From every State in the Union, crowds of visitors are reaching the Exposition by the various transportation routes, the New York Central and Erie bringing thousands daily. Sixty thousand new visitors was the total of one day's arrivals recently.

A Filipino Baby

First impressions go a long way toward the formation of lasting opinions, and those in charge of the Exposition arrangements have endeavored to make the first general view of the grounds very impressive. So beautifully are the grounds laid out that one imagines he has entered some old, finely-kept park with broad, winding paths, velvet lawns, studded with brilliant flowers and rows of stately trees. At frequent intervals, broad flights of white stone steps lead down to artificial lakes and streams, in which rosettes of fountains are constantly playing, catching the sun in rainbow tints by day, and illuminated by the reflection of thousands of lights by night. The whole scene is one of luxuriance and beauty.

The lighting of the Exposition grounds is one of the most attractive features of the Pan-American. That mighty power which thunders at Niagara is transformed into electric current and produces light of unusual brilliancy. At night, the scene is one of dazzling beauty. Every building is literally ablaze, outside and in, and the lights are so placed about the sides, roofs, domes and arches, that at night, when the electric currents are turned on, each building is skeletonized in jets of fire against the dark sky. From a distance nothing but the luminous outlines are seen, and the effect is weirdly beautiful. The electric tower is the magnificent centre of light at the Exhibition grounds. It is the highest structure, and is entirely covered with a lace-like net-work of electric lights, forming various figures and patterns. Every evening the crowds of visitors stand in the centre of the Esplanade and watch the lights being turned on. From that position one commands a view of all the lights at once, and the effect is novel and beautiful.

The purpose of the Exhibition is to show the achievement of civilization in the New World, and this is evident in all the exhibits, especially in manufactures, agriculture, science, etc., the whole presenting a grand and unusual opportunity for the acquisition of valuable information concerning all the States, and of our neighbors on the Isthmus and in South America generally.

When the visitor is wearied with the contemplation of the architectural display, filled with the delightful strains from the Temple of Music, confused and bewildered with the tremendous aggregation of machinery, and when he has seen the magnificent art collection, the grand sculptures, and other inspiring and instructive sights, he turns to the novel attractions of the Midway. Here everything is full of intense human interest, from the "house upside down," with its queer illusion of inversion, to the dusky-faced Orientals in the streets.

THE ALASKA BUILDING AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The "Midway" is a source of endless entertainment and instruction. Probably the next best thing to actually traveling in foreign countries, is to see these foreign places and peoples on the "Midway," and to observe their curious homes and customs.

A great deal of interest and instruction is to be gathered in this way from "Darkest Africa," "The Filipino Village," "The Old Plantation," and "The Esquimaux Village." Indeed, one of the features of greatest interest to the visitor is the display of various races. In the Esquimaux village are seen people from the Arctic zone, engaged at their daily tasks and sports as though they were in their native regions. There is nothing extraordinary in the dress of the men, but the women wear peculiar-looking garments, with long tails flapping at their heels. There is a little, fur-clad Alaskan baby, which sits on a mimic snowbank and seems to enjoy life thoroughly. In the Filipino Village the houses are quite picturesque, with low, thatched roofs, and little, ladder-like entrances. In one of these houses may be seen a tiny Filipino baby, the only one ever born in the United States. Besides those mentioned, there are types of several other nationalities represented, including Africa, Mexico, Egypt, Venice, Arabia, Japan, India, Turkey, and others.

Few of the sights shown at the Exposition are more thrilling and realistic than the representation of the Johnstown flood. The town is first pictured sleeping peacefully in the moonlight after a perfect day; the factories in the distance are alive with fire, and great sparks floating up from the furnace chimneys; and the midnight express comes thundering and shrieking into the little, lighted station. Suddenly there is a sound of a great storm rumbling in the distance; the dam bursts, and the whole city is soon buried under a rushing torrent of water; houses fall, and are swept away by the flood; other houses take fire and blaze among the ruins, and the whole scene is one of utter destruction and wreck.

* * *

One is struck by the general festival aspect of the Exposition as a whole. It is a nation, or a group of nations, *en fete;* but it is not a meaningless jubilee, for, with the pleasures afforded to the visiting multitudes, there are mingled sensations that give a keener and subtler delight than mere sight-seeing. On every hand are the evidences not only of the abundant natural resources with which Divine Providence has blessed our land, but of the intellectual, artistic and social progress of the peoples of this continent. No Exposition has ever so clearly symbolized the spirit of America and its institutions, and no popular aggregation of art, in its manifold expressions, has appealed more directly to the common appreciation than that to be seen at the Pan-American.

It is the first Exposition, moreover, at which there has been an opportunity to include exhibits from our new colonies, Hawaii, Porto Rico, Tutuila, and the Philippines, bringing those distant possessions and their products nearer to American eyes than ever before.

* * *

Good results are reported from the inter-denominational evangelistic campaign, which has been carried on under canvas, Sundays and week-days, under the care of a vigorous committee. The seed thus sown may produce a rich harvest in after years. C. S.

THE OKLAHOMA "FREE LAND RUSH"

SEE PICTURES ON FIRST PAGE

THE FIRST CHURCH ON A TOWN SITE

THE FIRST BANKING HOUSE OPENED ON A TOWN SITE

LAST of its kind—for it is doubtful if it can ever be repeated—the great rush of settlers which took place in Southern Oklahoma lately, has already resulted in the founding of at least one good-sized town and the planting of settlements which will soon become thriving frontier villages. In the years to come, the good people of Lawton, Oklahoma, will tell their children the strange story of the sudden conquest of the great prairie by a great army of twenty thousand home-seekers. It was a novel way of opening the last remaining Indian reservation to public settlement.

When the Government announced that the 13,000 farms in the Kiowa and Comanche reservation would be disposed of at a public drawing at El Reno, there was a tremendous rush to register, for all who were privileged to take part in the land lottery must be duly qualified. Besides, each settler must agree to live on the land fourteen months before proving title.

Before July 29, the first day of the drawing, over 165,000 had registered, and there was a crowd of twenty thousand in attendance. The drawing was by numbers, the lucky ones being those that carried with them the choice of a fine farm. Each number slip was in an envelope, and all the envelopes were drawn from hollow wheels, by government officials, several days being consumed in the drawing, which took place on the side of a hill in the western part of El Reno. This strange government lottery of land, worth millions of dollars, passed off without serious disturbance, although there were scenes of great excitement as the names of the fortunate prize-winners were announced. For some of the choicest prizes drawn by the early winners, outside offers of from $25,000 to $50,000 were made, but unavailingly.

In the two districts—Lawton and El Reno—in which the reservation land lies, there are, altogether, 13,000 claims, and less than a score of town sites. Naturally, the desire of those who won the choice for farms in the Government drawing was to select their land as close as possible to a prospective town site. The sharpest competition was among those who wished to be near Lawton, which all deemed to be a "city of the future." It is located in a high and dry section, so dry as to be almost waterless; but it is near the Wichita range of hills, which are said to be rich in gold deposits, and doubtless every new settler has the secret hope that Lawton may yet develop into a mining metropolis. It sprang into existence in a few days, and, at the present rate of growth, promises to become a very lively and populous frontier town. Unfortunately, there is a lawless element in Lawton; but there is also a strong, law-abiding, conservative body of settlers, who seem resolved to conduct the town affairs on peaceful princi s, and who will likely be successful.

To an occasional correspondent of THE CHRIS N HERALD at Anadarko, Okla., Miss Ida K. Roff, w re indebted for the interesting photographs on the st page of this issue, presenting scenes and inciden in the great land rush. El Reno, which usually h a population of some 5,000, during the lottery excite nt sheltered some 160,000, and the feeding and housi of this great crowd taxed all the resources of the fro er town. In the multitude were many land boor s, lawless adventurers, and types of that wild and da er- ous element which usually breeds disturbance whe er it appears; but the little town seems to have man ed admirably, and got rid of its guests without se us trouble. The first bank and the first pioneer churc on a new town site are suggestive of the energy of the t- ttlers, who can transform the wilderness into a sce of populous activity in a few hours, with streets of t ts, and "stores" and "hotels" on wheels. That ami all the rush and excitement, and the hot fever of the ht for the land, they did not forget to plant at least ne small place for religious services is a cheering sign nd speaks well for the future of the newly founded kla- homa settlements.

A WORKER FROM THE ANTIPODES

The Chicago Institute Secures the Servic of a Many-Sided Teacher from New Zealar ..

HEARTY congratulations are in order to the Chicago Institute on the recent addition to its faculty. It has been felt for some time that the increasing number of students at this famous institution, which Mr. D. L. Moody held in such tender affection as a child of his own, called for an increase in the staff of teachers. After carefully considering the situation, it became evident that any new acquisition should be in the position of Superintendent of the Men's Department. It is a somewhat difficult position, requiring talents of many kinds, besides unusual tact and practical experience.

As has happened so often in Christian work, precisely the man with special qualifications happened to be ready for the position in which those qualifications were specially required. God raises up men now, as he did of old, to carry forward his work, when the men in charge of it rely exclusively on him. Eight years ago, there came to the Institute a student of most interesting personality. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister in New Zealand. He had, as a youth, been put in a subordinate position in a bank, but had worked his way up to the position of manager and was performing its duties with satisfaction to the directors. But he was a man of sterling and aggressive Christian character, who could not be content with financial pursuits. He organized a Y. M. C. A. in the town, and set on foot other enterprises designed to bring religion into the life of young and old. So earnest and devoted and successful was he in this labor, that the local Presbytery appealed to him to give all his time to Christ's cause, and he willingly acquiesced. He accepted the charge of a church, but at the end of six months he began to feel that his usefulness was restricted by the lack of theological training. He, therefore, entered Otago University, but was disappointed with the result. It was not classical and mathematical knowledge he needed, but help in becoming more efficient as a soul-winner. Mr. Moody was his ideal as a leader, and he longed to receive help from him. A notice of the Chicago work happened to come into his hands, and he promptly applied for entrance and sailed for America.

After a course in the Institute, the young New Zealander offered himself to the China Inland Mission for service in China, and was accepted. He went out and labored zealously for four years in that land; but at the close of that period of service he was prostrated by severe illness, and was obliged to go home. After his recovery he took up his work in New Zealand, and for two years labored incessantly. It was then that the Bible Institute, seeking a new helper, heard of his return, and negotiations were begun that have culminated in his coming to Chicago as Superintendent of the Men's Department. To his new work Mr. Todd brings an experience of exceptional value. As a New Zealander he is specially acceptable in an institution in which more an twenty nationalities are represented; as a city mission worker, he has gained kn l- edge of the difficulties of work in the slums of great cities; and as a returned is- sionary he can give practical advice to the young men and women in the Insti te who have consecrated their lives to foreign missions. The combination of qu fi- cations encourages us to hope for a very successful c er for Mr. Todd in his new office.

REV. JAMES H. TODD

Christian Workers' Conference.

THE Northfield General Christian Workers' Confe ce closed its nineteenth annual session recently. I as been the most successful one ever held there. T re never has seemed to be a deeper interest in the mee gs than this year. This gathering made an advance on previous conferences, in the introduction of "Institu s." The Institute of Fundamental Christian Doctrine, condu ed by Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago; the Musical Inst te, in charge of Prof. D. B. Towner, and the "Young Peo le's Institute," over which John Willis Baer presided, pr ed valuable additions. The chief speakers have been the ev. G. Campbell Morgan, lately of London, and the Rev. Sa el Chadwick, of Leeds, Eng. Other speakers have incl ed Dr. and Mrs. J. Howard Taylor, China Inland Mis n; Rev. H. G. Weston, D. D., Crozer Theological Semi y, Chester, Pa.; Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D. D., Washin on, D. C.; Rev. C. I. Schofield, D. D., Northfield, Mass.; ev. H. W. Pope, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. H. C. Mabie, D. D., Boston, Mass; Commander Booth-Tucker, New York y; Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., Boston, Mass., and Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., Brooklyn.

Drs. Campbell Morgan and Chadwick each gave ily Bible lectures, arranged in courses, from Tuesday, Au st 20, to Saturday, August 24. Mr. Morgan gave Bible G- ings on the Epistles of Peter, and Mr. Chadwick gave ble readings on Equipment for Christian service.

September is a delightful month in Northfield. M nt Hermon School opened August 30, and Northfield Sem ry opens September 12. Many visitors are staying, alth gh the Conferences are now over.

It must be very gratifying to the sons of the late M D. L. Moody, that their effort to thus continue their fat r's work has been so heartily and cordially appreciated. he meetings have had their old earnest spiritual tone, and he supreme desire, as aforetime, has been to gain new i pi- ration and power for service. At the post-confer ce especially, this desire was very marked.

A POLICEMAN TURNS EVANGELIST

The Rev. Herbert Lowe May Become the Pioneer Police Chaplain---Serving God on the Patrol Wagon

ON Saturday, the seventeenth of August, Herbert Lowe completed sixteen years of service on the police force, first of Brooklyn, and, since consolidation, of New York City. During all those years he has given a consistent example of earnest, God-fearing, Christian life, doing his full duty as a policeman, and proving by his work that a man can be a first-rate police officer, and at the same time a sincere and devoted follower of the Saviour, teaching the Gospel to all men and illustrating its principles in practice as well as profession.

The fact that Mr. Lowe has recently been ordained a minister, and will perform ministerial duties without giving up his place on the police force, has naturally attracted general attention to the man and his career. The spectacle of an evangelist on the patrol wagon, conveying offenders to the station-house, and attending to other trying tasks of a police officer in a thickly populated city, is such a notable illustration of the practical side of Christian life as to be of obvious and widespread interest, and to cause earnest inquiry regarding the man and his career.

Herbert Lowe was born May 22, 1856, and is therefore about forty-five years old. He was appointed on the Brooklyn police force August 17, 1885, and has spent nearly all of the subsequent years in the precinct of which the station-house at Ralph avenue and Quincy street is the present headquarters. He has done patrol duty and patrol wagon duty, and has always been a good officer, esteemed and liked by his superiors and his associates.

"Mr. Lowe's Christianity," said one of his associates, "is not of the aggressive, interfering kind. That could not be tolerated on the police force, where there are so many different religious beliefs represented. He never obtrudes his sentiments upon others; neither, on the other hand, does he conceal his devotion to Christ and the Christian religion. He talks on the subject when it is suggested, but does not force it upon his fellow-officers. We all respect him, because we know him to be sincere. Then, too, he does not make himself out to be different from other people. So far as appearance go, he is just an everyday policeman, good-natured and genial, ready to give a helping hand, according to his ability, and never shirking his share of duty or responsibility. He is a welcome comforter in the hour of trouble, as many of the force well know, and he has officiated at the funerals of several deceased policemen.

Officer Lowe was not converted suddenly. He had a Christian training from childhood, and with the broadened opportunities which his police duties gave for observing the conditions around him, grew the desire to devote his spare time to Gospel work. He is about five feet ten inches in height, of slender but rugged build, reddish-brown hair, sandy mustache, and light complexion. He has a powerful voice, an impressive delivery, and is a good singer, the last-mentioned fact having a good deal to do with the popularity of his services. He is a total abstainer from intoxicating liquors, and does not use tobacco in any form. He delivers addresses at various missions, often by invitation, and sometimes without it, being always welcome. At the Rescue Mission, on Broadway, Brooklyn, he is a favorite speaker.

REV. HERBERT LOWE

Officer Lowe lives in modest apartments, with his wife and daughter, at 88 Cornelia street, Brooklyn. His ordination to the ministry took place at a special service held in the Westminister Church, Hopkinson avenue, near Bainbridge street, Brooklyn, by a council of ministers from various churches, who have learned to esteem his evangelical work, and who wished to promote the efficiency of his labors by formally recognizing him as a Christian teacher. The ordination makes no difference in Mr. Lowe's position, either as a policeman or an evangelist, as he will continue his labors in both capacities. He recently spent his ten days' vacation in Clinton Corners, Dutchess County, N. Y., where he preached the Gospel.

A police sergeant at the Stagg street station, who knows Mr. Lowe very well, said to the writer: "I see that one newspaper mentioned as something remarkable, that Officer Lowe was in the habit of kneeling down and saying his prayers among his fellow-officers in the section room. There is nothing remarkable about it. A good many police officers do the same thing and no one would think of interrupting them. I have been on the force many years, and I have no hesitation in saying that the large majority of policemen go regularly to some place of worship. Policemen come in on Sunday morning, after being on duty a good part of the night, put on their civilian clothes and go to church. This is so general as not to be a matter of comment. The policeman who says his prayers regularly in the section room does not lose any standing among his fellows on that account. Indeed, we know that men of that sort can be relied on to do their duty under any circumstances."

Mr. Lowe, the newly-ordained minister-policeman, when questioned by the writer concerning his plans, said he felt that he had a call to preach the Gospel. "It is my desire to bring aid to thousands, by and through God's will. There are many, like myself, who feel keenly the great importance of this work. For years past it has been given me to gather in material which has been drifting away from Christ. As an instrument in God's hands I have preached three hundred sermons, made two hundred sick calls, officiated at twenty-seven funerals and offered prayers hundreds of times. During these labors many souls have been won to Christ. I have gone all the way with him, and where he leads me I shall follow to the end."

PLANTING SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN KANSAS

THE following letter from Mr. Frank Kiser, Missionary in Kansas, of the American Sunday School Union, will be read with much pleasure by many who take a deep interest in the excellent work of this organization:

"My territory here has been filling up with settlers very fast and I have been kept very busy this summer reorganizing the schools in neighborhoods that have thus had their population enlarged. The new settlers have poor money and will make better improvements. The corn has suffered for lack of rain, but the wheat crops are good. The western part of my territory is a cattle country, and will be for years to come. It is covered with ranches from two to ten miles square. I visited Ico county in June, and found but 1,200 people in an area of thirty square miles. My trip covered 450 miles, and used each day to visit and encourage the little Union Sunday Schools along the way. Once I had to advertise from house-to-house during the day the meeting I was to hold at night. I found the little sod schoolhouse in the midst of a large pasture, and surrounded by barbed wire to keep the cattle out. The nearest dwelling was occupied by a family of new settlers who had charge of a large herd of cattle. The man of the house kept a blacksmith shop. I was entertained here.

"The people seemed to be interested, and I sold and gave away many Bibles and books. I had visited the Superintendent-Elect during the day. The interior of his house was a helpless medley of harness, books, cooking utensils and grain sacks, but the dirt floor was swept clean. He is a bachelor; the civilizing touch of woman was missing in his home, and in spite of his fine herd of cattle he looked lonely and unfortunate. I found some of Moody's and Torrey's best books in his library, and when I looked at them I found the pages well-thumbed from study. He has been a blessing indeed to the neighborhood.

"I reached the Star district at noon. Sixteen years ago the woman who was my hostess had met me as a little girl in the new Sunday School of their neighborhood. She it was who now sent a boy on a horse to advertise the meeting for us. We had a full house, and organized a strong school. I have canvassed six counties, neighborhood by neighborhood, since March, establishing fifteen new schools, with thirty teachers and 1,132 scholars; reorganized about twenty schools and visited fifty-five having 291 teachers and 3,028 scholars.

Of this and other frontier work, readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may hear more fully should they care to write to Rev. E. P Bancroft, Secretary A. S. S. U., 158 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE SUPERINTENDENT-ELECT'S HOME THE BLACKSMITH'S DWELLING THE BLACKSMITH'S COWBOY

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

A GOSPEL ARBOR

TEXT -- Nehemiah 8 : 15 :

GO FORTH UNTO THE MOUNT, AND FETCH OLIVE BRANCHES, AND PINE BRANCHES, AND MYRTLE BRANCHES, AND PALM BRANCHES, AND BRANCHES OF THICK TREES, TO MAKE BOOTHS.

IT seems as if Mount Olivet were unmoored. The people have gone into the mountain, and have cut off tree-branches, and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem, and on the house-tops, and they twist these tree-branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes, and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festal time. It is the feast of tabernacles; and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths, on their way to the land of Canaan. And so these booths also became highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march toward heaven, and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, in booths or arbors, on our way to the Canaan of eternal rest. And what was said to the Jews literally may be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth into the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths.

Yes, we are only here in a temporary residence. We are marching on. The merchant princes who used to live in Bowling Green, New York, have passed away, and their residences are now the fields of cheap merchants. Where are the men who fifty years ago owned Washington and New York? Passed on. There is no use in our driving our stakes too deep into the earth; we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we cannot even hear the sound of their footsteps. They have gone over the hills, and we are to follow them. But, blessed be God, we are not in this world left out of doors and unsheltered. There are Gospel booths or Gospel arbors, in which our souls are to be comforted. Go forth unto the mountain, and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, and build booths.

Olive Branches Needed

Well, now, we are to-day to construct a Gospel arbor, or Gospel booth; and how shall we construct it? Well, we must get all the tree branches and build. According to my text, we must go up into the mount and bring olive branches. What does that mean? The olive tree grows in warm climates, and it reaches the height of twenty or twenty-two feet, a straight stem, and then an off-shoot from that stem. And then people come, and they strip off these branches sometimes, and when in time of war the general of one army takes one of these olive branches and goes out to the general of another army, what does that mean? Why, it means, unsaddle the war chargers. It means hang up the war knapsacks. It is but a beautiful way of saying, Peace!

Now, if we are to-day going to succeed in building this Gospel arbor, we must go into the Mount of God's blessing, and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have, we must have at least two olive branches, peace with God, and peace with man. When I say peace with God, I do not mean to represent God as an angry chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm that there is no more antagonism between a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness and we are all sin, there must be a readjustment, there must be a reconstruction, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching forth of olive branches.

Oh, it does not make much difference what the world thinks of you; but come into the warm, intimate, glowing and everlasting relationship with the God of the whole universe; that is the joy that makes a hallelujah seem stupid. Why do we want to have peace through our Lord Jesus Christ? Why, if we had gone on in ten thousand years of war against God, we could not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup, or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of his omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch, God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ; and no other kind of peace is worth anything.

But then we must have that other olive branch, peace with man. Now it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowdery Christians all around us, and one match of provocation will set them off. It is easy enough to get up a quarrel. But my brother, do you not think you had better have your horns sawed off? Had not you better make an apology? Had not you better submit to a little humiliation? "Oh," you say, "until that man takes the first step I will never be at peace with him; nothing will be done until he is ready to take the first step." You are a pretty Christian. When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong, Christ was in the right, all right and forever right. And yet he took the first step. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, your enemy, you had better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for his enemies, and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, leaving them all on, and then try on them that Gospel switch. It will not hurt them, and it will save you. Peace with God; peace with man. If you cannot take those two doctrines you are no Christian.

But my text goes further. It says: Go up into the mountain and fetch olive branches and pine branches. Now what is

Suggested by the Pine Branch?

The pine tree is healthy; it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his patients: "Go and have a breath of the pines; that will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get the influence of the pine. There is health in it, and this pine branch of the text suggests the helpfulness of our holy religion; it is full of health, health for the mind, health for the soul. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equipoise. Oh that we all possessed it, that we possessed it now.

But this evergreen of my text also suggests the simple fact that religion is evergreen. What does the pine branch care for the snow on its brow? It is only a crown of glory. The winter cannot freeze it out. This evergreen tree branch is as beautiful in winter as it is in the summer. And that is the characteristic of our holy religion; in the sharpest, coldest winter of misfortune and disaster, it is as good a religion as it is in the bright summer sunshine. Well, now, that is a practical truth. For suppose, if I should go up and down these aisles, I would not find in this house fifty people who had had no trouble. But there are some of you who have especial trouble. God only knows what you go through with. Oh how many bereavements, how many poverties, how many persecutions! How many misrepresentations! And now my brother, you have tried everything else, why do you not try this evergreen religion? It is just as good for you now as it was in the day of prosperity; it is better for you.

You may have had accumulation of sorrow and misfortune. They come in flocks, they come in herds upon your soul; and yet I have to tell you that this religion can console you, that it can help you, that it can deliver you if nothing else will. Do you tell me that the riches and the gain of this world can console you?

The Emblem of Usefulness

But my text takes a step further, and it says, Go into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and palm branches. Now the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had three hundred and sixty different uses. The fruit was conserved; the sap was a beverage, the stems were ground up for food for camels; the base of the leaves was turned into hats, and mats, and baskets; and the leaves were carried in victorious processions; and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there was usefulness. The tree grew eighty-five feet in height sometimes, and it spread broad leaves four and five feet long; it meant usefulness, and it meant victory; usefulness for what it produced, victory because it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A great many Christians do not amount to anything. You have to shove them off the track to let the Lord's chariots come along.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we do not want in the church any more people that are merely weeping willows, sighing into the water, standing and admiring their long lashes in the glassy spring. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding something for God, something for angels, something for man. I am tired and sick of this flat, tame, insipid, satin-slippered, namby-pamby, highty-tighty religion! It is worth nothing for this world, and it is destruction for eternity. Give me five hundred men and women fully consecrated to Christ, and we will take this city for God in three years. Give me ten thousand men and women fully up to the Christian standard; in ten years ten thousand of them would take the whole earth for God. But when are we going to begin? We all want to be useful. There is [illegible] man in the pews that does not want to be u[illegible] When are we going to begin?

Ledyard, the great traveler, was brought befor[illegible] Geographical Society of Great Britain, and they w[illegible] him to make some explorations in Africa, and [illegible] showed him all the perils, and all the hard work[illegible] all the exposure, and after they had told him wha[illegible] wanted him to do in Africa, they said to him, "Now[illegible] yard, when are you ready to start?" He said, "To[illegible] morrow morning." The learned men were astoni[illegible] they thought he would take weeks or months [illegible] ready. Well, now, you tell me you want to be [illegible] in Christian service. When are you going to b[illegible] Oh, that you had the decision to say, "Now; [illegible] Oh, go into the mount and gather the palm branch[illegible]

But the palm branch also meant victory. Y[illegible] know that. In all ages, in all lands, the palm b[illegible] means victory. You are going to be more tha[illegible] queror. I who have so many ailments and heart[illegible] going to be more than conqueror? Yes, unless y[illegible] so self-conceited that you want to manage all the a[illegible] of your life yourself instead of letting God m[illegible] them. Do you want to drive and have God t[illegible] back seat? "Oh no," you say, "I want God to b[illegible] leader." Well, then, you will be

More Than Conqueror

Your last sickness will come, and the physicians [illegible] next room will be talking about what they will [illegible] you. What difference will it make what they [illegible] you? You are going to be well, everlastingly well. [illegible] when the spirit has fled the body, your friends w[illegible] talking as to where they shall bury you. What [illegible] ence does it make to you where they bury you? [illegible] angel of the resurrection can pick you out of the [illegible] anywhere, and all the cemeteries of the earth [illegible] God's care. Oh you are going to be more tha[illegible] queror.

Do you not think we had better begin no[illegible] celebrate the coming victory? Had we not [illegible] begin the rehearsal on earth? "They shall hung[illegible] more, neither thirst any more; neither shall th[illegible] light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb whic[illegible] the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall[illegible] them to living fountains of waters; and God shall[illegible] away all tears from their eyes."

City of eternity; to thy bridal halls
From this prison would I flee;
Ah, glory! that's for you and me.

My text brings us one step further. It says, go [illegible] into the mount, and fetch olive branches, and [illegible] branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branche[illegible] branches of thick trees. Now you know very w[illegible] make this remark under the head of branches of [illegible] trees—that a booth or arbor made of slight bra[illegible] would not stand. The first blast of the tempest [illegible] prostrate it. So then the booth or arbor must hav[illegible] stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth; and [illegible] for the building of the arbor for this world we [illegible] have stout branches of thick trees. And so it is [illegible] Gospel arbor. Blessed be God that we have a b[illegible] Christianity, not one easily upset. The storms c[illegible] will come upon us, and we want strong doctrine [illegible] only love, but justice; not only invitation, but wa[illegible] It is a mighty Gospel; it is an omnipotent G[illegible] These are the

Stout Branches of Thick Trees

I remember what Mr. Finney said in a schoolh[illegible] The village was so bad it was called Sodom, and it was said to have only one good man in all the villag[illegible] he was called Lot; and Mr. Finney was preachi[illegible] the schoolhouse, and he described the destructi[illegible] Sodom; how the city was going to be destroyed [illegible] they repented; and that there would be rain [illegible] heaven of sorrow and destruction unless they t[illegible] pented. And the people in the schoolhouse sa[illegible] ground their teeth in anger, and clinched their fi[illegible] anger; but before he got through with his sermon [illegible] got down on their knees and cried for mercy, [illegible] mercy could be found. Oh it is a mighty Gospel [illegible] only an invitation, but a warning; an omnipotent t[illegible] stout branches of thick trees.

Well, my friends, you see I have omitted one o[illegible] points, not because I forgot to present them, bu[illegible] cause I have not time to present them. I have s[illegible] you here is the olive branch of peace, here is the [illegible] branch of evergreen Gospel consolation, here the [illegible] tree branch of usefulness and of victory, and her[illegible] the stout branches of thick trees. The Gospel ar[illegible] done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The l[illegible] rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the a[illegible] Come into the booth.

FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

A Few Hints to Fathers

FATHERS are rather overlooked in the matter of advice as to their share in the home training of their children. Yet they, equally with mothers, are responsible for the symmetrical development of their offspring. During the infantile years, the mother is most in the nursery, though all good husbands take their share in the night vigils, which seem inseparable from the early years of the race. In illness and fretfulness, the baby likes to rest on the strong arm of the father, feeling no doubt how restful and soothing is the tenderness of a man, a compassionate tenderness surpassing the love of woman.

It is when their boys and girls—rather let me add their boys than their girls—reach the age when they are wilful and headstrong as young colts in the pasture, that fathers need the reminder to be patient. They are apt to have a snippy way of talking to the half-grown lad; they call him Sir, or they snub him, and make fun of his little follies. When he arrives at that period when, to his mother's secret relief, the boy begins to be fastidious, wishing immaculate collars, and keeping his hair and finger nails in order; when he is first conscious that girls, other than his sisters are in existence, some fathers find entertainment in fault-finding, in poking fun at the boy's expense, and in being generally disagreeable. A curious antagonism is sometimes discernible between a boy springing up into manhood and his father, who apparently wants to keep the boy forever a little child. This is to be deplored, for it makes both miserable; puts father and son into relatively false positions, and drives the younger away from the refuge and shelter he ought to have in his father's heart.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." The highest conception of fatherhood is given us in the Scriptures, where language labors to convey an imagery of the Divine paternity. To be in the earthly home, protecting, loving, all-enduring, as God is to us, that is an ideal for fathers to keep ever before them!

Father's manner sets the pattern for the family manners. When father is grumpy to mother; when he refuses her requests, and manifests no interest in her pursuits; when he hires help in the hay-field and declines the wife help in her kitchen when he leaves a loose gate hanging, and will not build a lean-to for the laundry work, though a new barn, costing more, is within the scope of his means, father need not expect his sons to be chivalrous, noble or generous men. They will model themselves upon him. If he is stingy, they will be mean. If he is slovenly, they will be rude. If he is narrow, they will be illiberal. If he never darkens a church door, they will seldom go to the sanctuary. If he be a drinking man, they may become drunkards. A great responsibility lies upon fathers. A kind, benignant, patriotic, noble, Christian father will lead his children straight into the fold. The covenant promises blessings from generation to generation and those promises are kept when a man can say truly: "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

Welcoming to the Family Table

No man or boy should ever sit down to dinner in his shirt-sleeves. He may be busy about his outdoor work, but he will lose no time, and he will much more fully enjoy his meal, if, before coming to the table, he washes his face and hands, brush his hair, and put on his coat. From the time that a little fellow puts off the shirt-waist to which short trousers are fastened, his mother should quietly insist on some sort of toilette for a meal, and usually the donning of a neat jacket is a sufficient appreciation of the function. Equally, the girl should bring dainty neatness to the family table, immaculate collars and cuffs, and smooth hair, and that air of freshness which is a distinguishing mark of the well-dressed young woman.

The Red Man at Home

In such colonial studies as Mary Johnston's thrilling romance, "To Have and To Hold," we get picturesque views of the Indian as he was in pre-Revolutionary days. Passing, one moonlight night a few weeks ago, through Deerfield, Mass., I thought of the long ago time when it was the scene of a frightful Indian massacre; the settlers tomahawked and scalped beside the ruins of their burning homes; women and children brutally murdered, and a long train of broken-hearted captives goaded through the forests to be tortured in some Indian camp. A bitter series of wrongs had been perpetrated before the savages became ready for these outrages. We have really very little of which to be proud in our whole Indian policy, yet the Indian of 1901 is often a peaceful farmer, living contentedly on his reservation, with schools for his children, churches and ministers, and no smouldering hatred of the paleface. At Carlisle and Hampton the Indian boys and girls show remarkable ability to learn. The white man's vices, the white man's rum, and the white man's cupidity have been at the bottom of nine-tenths of our Indian outbreaks in the past. If you would get a true idea of Indian character and of Indian grievances read "Ramona," Helen Hunt Jackson's wonderful story, which tells facts in the guise of fiction as only a woman of genius knows how. Mrs. Jackson sleeps quietly on a lofty peak in Colorado, but her great book lives to do its good work.

The Indians in our pictures are photographed from real braves and real squaws, and their originals may be found on the camping-grounds the Great Father in Washington still permits them to call their own. Given material comforts and fair treatment these Indians have no wish to go on the war-path, or put on their fantastic paint and feathers.

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

FETE DAY ON THE RESERVATION

For Shut-Ins

Among our great company of readers there are not a few patient invalids, shut in from the world, and confined to the narrow borders of their rooms. I heard of one, not long ago, a young girl, who is spending her days in a darkened chamber, allowed to read only five minutes a day. My informant, speaking of her, said: "She is the sunshine of the home, not only bearing her pain with fortitude and resignation, but with cheerfulness and gayety." My heart goes out lovingly to that dear sufferer, and if ever I am inclined to be irritable when little things are not just what I would have them to be, I shall try to think of her, and to emulate the grace of her spirit.

We, who are not shut-in, may well try to assist those who are; may write them bright and entertaining letters, send them flowers, and endeavor to alleviate the tedium of their lives. In a New England village a year ago, I met a very charming woman, whom a slight fall had crippled for all her life; just a misstep, but she would never walk again. Her window looked out on the street, and there she sat, pale but undaunted, a true heroine, and friends never passed without giving and receiving a loving greeting. God bless our Shut-Ins.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—PUZZLED YOUTH. Why not give the lady a book?

—RORY O'MOORE. Let the lady precede you down the church aisle.

—EMMA. Too many sweets injure the complexion. Try a simple diet for yours.

—LADY MARY. Never pursue a subject which gives offence in general company.

—MATRON. Iced coffee or iced tea is a pleasant substitute for hot drinks at this season.

—JOHN HENRY. You cannot love two girls at once. Neither will notice you, and very properly.

—A. R. T. Turpentine poured freely around the edges of your carpet will be fatal to the buffalo moth.

—GEORGIA. At sixteen a girl should be in the schoolroom and should accept no attentions from men.

—REBEKAH. A few minutes devoted to reading every day will do much to making you better informed.

—SUSANNA. What is the use of quarreling with your mother-in-law? You at least are the younger, and should try to keep the peace.

—MOTHER-MARTHA. You are very wrong in nagging your fourteen-year-old boy. What makes you? Do you not wish to retain his confidence?

—ELBERT. You cannot make presents to a girl to whom you are not engaged. Flowers, perhaps, or candy, may be in order. Nothing more.

—C. S. In your own home, always extend your hand cordially when welcoming a friend. What is called Liberty silk makes a very pretty sash; but any thin, soft silk will do.

—W. F. B. Wear very loose clothing and give yourself plenty of room to breathe. Take all the exercise you can and avoid using cosmetics. Your complexion will improve.

—DORA. Very thin bread and butter, with cucumber or lettuce between the slices, will make delicate sandwiches. If you use cucumbers, let them lie in French dressing, of oil, vinegar and salt, for two hours before making the sandwiches.

The Mystery and Meaning of Life's Struggles

JACOB, A PRINCE WITH GOD

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR SEPT. 15. GEN. 32: 1-32
GOLDEN TEXT---MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY AND NOT TO FAINT. LUKE 18: 1

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

WHY is it so hard to do right, and so easy to do wrong? Even a child raises the question, as he sees around him so much labor and pain. When the Bible, which answers the question, had not been written, Job cried aloud amid pains, and losses, and bereavements that made him feel as if God was his adversary: "O that mine Enemy had written a book!" God's book of nature, even in our day when science has made its meaning clearer, seemed to Romanes, one of the most learned naturalists, after he had fairly begun to study it, to deny that there is a God. As his "little learning" grew to more, and he saw order and progress everywhere, in sky, and earth, and sea, he was convinced that a thinking, planning Mind, like ours, but greater, must be managing the regular march of spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter, the growth of plants, and animals, and men, and the adaptation of these to each other; but he found so many bloody claws and paws, so many poison fangs, so much of struggle and battle, that he said: "The Creator, though intelligent, cannot be benevolent." He studied on, and at last, in fuller knowledge, discovered that the object of the Creator is not pleasure or pain, but perfection, and that pain is even more than pleasure God's way to perfection. The most beautiful hills, and glens, and valleys, and lakes, and rivers are the work of earthquakes, and volcanoes, and glacier chisels of Omnipotence. The choicest stones and most precious minerals are those that have passed through the fires. Among men, the tropical races, to whom life is easiest, are lowest in manly qualities. And among the sturdier races, the sweetest singers, the noblest characters, are those who have struggled and suffered. Drummond finds two struggles running through all history, from the creation of the first living plant, namely, the father's struggle for life and the mother's struggle for the life of others. The mystery and meaning of these struggles are revealed in the Bible, in which, among other explanations, Jacob's life of successive struggles is interpreted for all ages. Our lesson for today involves three stages of his struggles:

1. The struggle for business success. Gen. 29: 30.
2. The struggle with the consequences of former sins. Gen. 31: 32; 1-24.
3. The struggle into higher life. Gen. 32: 25-32.

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The Struggle for Business Success

A Christian boy ought to desire true success in the largest possible measure in whatever occupation he undertakes, not for the selfish enjoyment or honor it will bring, but as a means of saving God and man. And Jacob's history from the early ages tells him the same thing as the latest biographies, that there is no way to success but that of earnest effort. Jacob's life had begun in a struggle with Esau, and that struggle had gone on until Jacob's cunning had overmatched Esau's strength, and Jacob had secured the birthright blessing of his brother. But Esau threatened to kill Jacob, and in personal battle the trader had small chance against the hunter, and so Jacob fled five hundred miles on the pretext that he wanted a wife, which was indeed a half-truth. When forty-eight miles of flight on foot had made him both weary and homesick, God, who had better things in plan for Jacob than cheating and lying, revealed himself above the heavenly steps at Bethel, and put some slight sense of the invisible world into Jacob's selfish life. On he went in a new sense of divine companionship to Mesopotamia, whence Abraham and his own mother had also come. His first adventure was falling in love with Rachel. Even his love-life had its disappointments and its fourteen years of labor, to which other years of farm work were added, twenty-one in all. He had hired as one of Laban's farm "hands"; but he put his head also into his labor, and by observing the laws of stock-breeding, made himself rich and the envy of fellow-workmen. Like many a rich man of to-day, he had begun work with no property but the staff with which he had walked from his old home; but when the time came to leave his master and return to set up for himself, he had "become two bands" of numerous servants and cattle, one of the rich men of his time. He had vowed to pay a tithe to God, and no doubt paid it, for his descendants have continued that practical consecration to this day. The lesson of his business success is that God blesses those who diligently work, and think, and give, and pray.

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The Struggle with Consequences of Former Sins

The next struggle of Jacob reminds us that even well-earned riches do not insure happiness. Jacob's success made the sons of Laban envious. There was murder in their hearts, and it seemed safer even to face Esau's resentment by returning home than to remain. God bade Jacob go. He hesitated, but, as often in like case, his wives said: "Whatsoever God saith unto thee, do;" and in spite of perils behind and before him he started. Whenever we obey, God clears our way. Laban pursued, but his anger was softened by Jacob's divine Guard, and they built together the *Mizpah* altar, that has been in all ages since the symbol of friendship. But a greater anxiety hung like a thunder-cloud in Jacob's mind. Would Esau, now the chief of four hundred warriors, avenge his wrong of twenty-one years before? A sin is never cancelled by time or even by exile. Nothing settles a wrong but forgiveness. Jacob prayed that God would soften Esau's heart, but he took care to combine faith with works. He sent kindly messages and presents, that were in reality restitution, in a measure, to the brother he had wronged. Even a modern prayer-meeting may find instruction in this practical aspect of Jacob's devotions. How often we pray that God will do things in which we ought to help him, and do not? A little girl prayed God to help her to catch fish, and then dropped in a bare hook. She was greatly disappointed in the result, but at length learned that "worms is God's way." Another little girl prayed God would keep her brother from catching the birds, but even before she prayed, she had taken care to "smash the traps." It is strange that after all the ages of prayer, old as well as young need to be taught that God does for us only what we cannot do ourselves. We pray God to save our friends. Our own words and lives must help. We pray, like Jacob, to be delivered from the consequences of some former fraud. Let us not forget that restitution is God's way.

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The Struggle into Higher Life

Jacob had earnestly prayed and wisely worked for the softening of Esau's heart, and it seemed that nothing more could be done. Jacob's caravan had reached the Jordan, and his family and servants had laid down to sleep. On the morrow he would cross into the land God had given to Abraham, to Isaac and to him; but Esau was there, and, therefore, despite promises and prayers, he was too anxious to sleep. Up and down by the brook Jabbok he walked in the darkness to cool his fevered brow. Suddenly, in the darkness, some one seized him. Was it some emissary of Esau sent to assassinate him? No doubt he thought so, and through the long night wrestled for life. Near the dawn, the Stranger said: "Tell me thy name?" It was a call to conscience, as when Jesus called fallen Peter by his old name "Simon," and spoke it three times to tally his denials. Jacob meant "Supplanter," and the very name was a daily reminder of his old sin. The Stranger said: "You shall no longer be called Supplanter, but Prince, not Jacob, but Israel." There was something in the voice that revealed the friendly and divine nature of the mysterious Wrestler, whom Jacob had up to this time struggled against as a foe. "Tell me thy name!" Jacob exclaimed. The name was not spoken, but it was felt in blessing, as character is always felt with or without words, and in the morning, the new Israel called the place Peniel, the face of God. Here, as often before, it needs to be said that wherever God is spoken of as seen, it must be the embodied Son, since no man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father he hath declared him.

"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO, EXCEPT THOU BLESS ME"

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The Mission of Trouble

What thronging lessons shine like stars in that night, and flash like a sunrise out of that daybreak! For one thing this story reminds us that sorrows with which we have wrestled as foes, have often proved to be the Christ himself bringing us a sense of weakness only as a prelude to the blessings of joy and power.

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It is a mistake to make that long night of struggle the picture of prayer. Importunate prayer, brief but earnest, is pictured, however, in that morning scene, when at last Jacob learned it was not a foe with whom he had wrestled. When the revealed Christ said: "Let me go, for the day breaketh;" Jacob replied: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." His desires had risen above mere earthly prosperity. He hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and to him the beatitude was fulfilled.

It has been too much overlooked that Jacob won the blessing, not while he was struggling for it in his own strength, but when he had been crippled and had ceased to struggle.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggle,
His peace, Jesus gave unto me.

God's blessings, whether in conversion, or sanctification or translation to heaven, are in no case earned or won as rewards, but are free, undeserved gifts, not of merit, but of mercy. When Thomas Hooker, one of the old Puritan preachers, was dying, some one said to him: "You are now going to receive your reward." To which the dying man replied: "I am going to receive mercy."

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A child five years old was looking at an illustrated Bible, in which nearly the whole story is told to children in pictures. There was David lifting up his hands to God, and below was the inscription: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks." There was a stream and a little deer. "What does that mean?" said the child's father. The child answered: "The hart can not live without water, and I can not live without God."

Above all else, this story pictures transformation of character. Let us not lose the blessing for ourselves or others by acrimonious debate as to whether the scene stands for conversion or sanctification. Jacob had surely begun a godly life in the feeble way in the vow made at Bethel. But, it is safe to say, he thought more of his multiplying flocks than of the angels of his vision during the two one years thereafter. This undue passion for property for its own sake, apart from its uses, reminds us of the strange case in Chicago, where a jeweler lost rings and trinkets out of his window night after night, and was unable to trace the thief, until at last a rat was seen by the watchman to carry off a ring. The floor was torn up, and there was found in and about the rat's nest, seventeen rings and numerous trinkets, none of which were of any use to the six baby rats for whom they had been blindly hoarded. As foolish is the miserly passion that seeks wealth for its own sake, rather than as a means of blessing. Jacob, like many another godly man, had hitherto cared too much for visible possessions, too little for the invisible wealth of character and the superior privilege of fellowship with God. Sorrow brought him to see at Peniel more fully than at Bethel that this latter life was possible and desirable, and that he entered into a "second blessing." Whether Bethel and Peniel experiences are always separated or not, be, let us not debate, but admit that all of us, in the Church and out, ought to live a "higher life" than we do, let us for the first time, or second or seventieth, surrender our lives to him who made us to be "created anew in Christ Jesus," resolved by his grace to follow all the light we have and surrender to whatever truth has come to us. Perhaps, we began a Christian life as a duty. Let us start it anew as a privilege, passing, as the apostle directed us to do, from the estate of servants to that of sons.

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Scientific View of Conversion

Conversion, considered as the whole transformation wrought in Christian lives, has been scientifically studied by a professor in the Leland Stanford University, and these are his conclusions from hundreds of testimonies in regard to conversion.

"Conversion is primarily an unselfing. The first birth of the individual is into his own little world. . . . In conversion the person emerges from a smaller, limited world of existence into a larger world of being. His life becomes swallowed up in a larger whole. In another aspect, conversion is the surrender of the personal will to be guided by the larger forces of which it is a part. . . . There is a sudden revelation and recognition of a higher order than that of the personal will. . . . With new insight comes new beauty. Beauty and worth awaken love—love for parents, kindred, humanity, society, cosmic order, truth, and spiritual life."

Come, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee.
With thee all night I mean to stay
And wrestle till the break of day.

. . . .

Yield to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquered by my instant prayer.
Speak! or thou never hence shall move,
And tell me if thy Name be Love.

My prayer hath power with God—the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee, face to face—
I see thee face to face, and live—
In vain I have not wept and strove—
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.—DEAN STANLEY.

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Harris, C R..... 1 00
Hatheway, Mrs G T 1 00
Hatheway, H S... 5 00

CONN.—Cont'd

Haynes, M A..... 5 00
Hawkes, L A..... 1 00
Hawkins, C A..... 2 00
Hawley, Wm B... 4 00
Hays, Mrs..... 10
Heaton, A H..... 2 00
Hedge, M M..... 1 00
Henshaw, Mrs ...10 00
Hewson, J H.....10 00
Hibbard, L M..... 50
Hill, Anna M.....25 00
Hill, Mrs M L.. 25
Hillard, Mrs H M 10
Hillard, S S..... 10
Hilton, Wm F.... 2 00
Hine, E 2 00
Hinsmen, Miss A.. 25
Holcomb, Sarah .. 1 00
Holden, H 1 00
Hollister, Hubert. 2 00
Holman, Mary E. 2 00
Howard, Miss J E 25
Howard, Mrs M W 50
Hoyt, Geo. H.... 2 00
Hubbard, Miss AE 50
Hull, J J..... 1 00
Humiston, H 1 00
Hunt, Mrs E E.. 18
Huntington, J T.. 5 00
Hurd, Mrs G L.. 3 00
Hyatt, M E..... 2 00
Irwin, James 1 00
Ives, Mrs S B... 4 00
James, Anna 1 00
Jackson, Mrs E A 1 00
James, Mrs M A. 5 00
James, Mrs R E 1 00
Jelliff, C O..... 2 00
Jennings, Mrs C.. 1 00
Johnson, Mrs C... 1 00
Johnson, C C..... 5 00
Johnson, Mrs E... 50
Johnson, Ella A.. 1 00
Joralemon, Miss M 1 00
Kahn, G A..... 1 00
Keigwine, Geo W. 1 00
Keller, G A..... 1 00
Kendall, Mrs C H 1 00
Kent, B M..... 5 00
Kenyon, W E..... 1 00
Kingsbury, Cath'ne 5 00
Kinney, Mrs 1 00
Kinney, M M..... 1 00
Kinney, Mrs O A. 1 00
Kneeland, M A.... 1 00
Knitz, Mrs C..... 1 00
Loper, S 1 00
Lathrop, Mrs L... 5 00
Leach, J M..... 2 00
Lee, Mrs Abigail.. 1 00
Lee, C A..... 1 00
Lees, Mrs E B... 4 75
Lees, Mrs R T.... 1 50
Leete, Miss C E.. 2 00
Lester, Grace 1 00
Lewis, Mrs C M.. 2 00
Lewis, Mrs J E... 3 00
Lincoln, L E..... 2 00
Linn, G 2 00
Little, A 58
Loomer, M A..... 5 00
Loveland, Miss B L 1 00
Lyman, J D..... 2 00
McComb, Mrs P... 2 00
McManus, Mrs E.. 20
McManus, Mrs E.. 1 00
Maguire, A L.... 2 00
Manville, J E.... 1 00
Marsh, Mrs Wm... 1 00
Martin, Jas S..... 1 00
Mason, L A..... 2 00
Matteson, Clarissa. 5 00
Measga, Annie 50
Meech, H P.....10 00
Meeker, C A..... 1 00
Merritt, L A..... 1 00
Miller, L E..... 5 00
Miner, Mrs M S.. 1 00
Minor, C M..... 2 00
Morgan, S & J.... 6 00
Monroe, Miss M L. 5 00
Morse, Moses 2 00
Munger, Mrs D E. 2 00
Munson, Mary 1 00
Nash, Mrs A H.... 1 00
Nash, D C 25 00
Neal, C A..... 1 00
Nesceder, Edna J & B May 50
Nettleton, H H... 1 00
Newell, Allie M.. 1 00
Nichols, M rs W B 2 50
Nickerson, Mrs AB 1 00
Norton, Mrs C M. Eldridge & Mrs Case 1 50
Norton, Miss M E.30 00
Northrop, Mrs I F 1 00
Northup, Mrs M J 1 00
Oberly, Theresa ..10 00
Ogden, How'd M.. 10
Olson, John A.... 1 00
Palley, S M..... 2 00
Palmer, W W.... 5 00
Pardee, Mrs H J. 1 00
Pardee, Mrs Silas. 5 00
Parker, Mrs J F.. 35
Parmelee, F E.... 25
Parmelee, Miss M. 50
Patton, F G..... 5 00
Payne, Mrs A A.. 2 00
Peck, Mrs Mary... 1 00
Perry, Mrs J M... 2 00
Phelps, S 1 00
Phillips, Mrs E... 50
Phillips, Miss N... 50
Phillips, W A..... 1 00
Pierpont, R D..... 1 00
Platt, G S & Mrs 2 00
Plumb, Julia 2 00
Porter, Mary 1 00
Porter, Mrs S E.. 2 00
Post, Mrs Ida.... 2 00
Potter, Charlotte S 1 00
Pratt, Mrs M H & Mrs A S Hale... 2 00
Quick, F E..... 1 00
Quiney, Miss M... 3 00
Quinn, Mrs I M... 1 00
Raymond, Mrs C L 1 00
Raymond, Mrs H E 5 00
Read, G W & fam 1 00
Reed, M A..... 1 00
Rhoades, A L..... 1 00
Rice, L P..... 2 00
Rich, Chas. H..... 1 00
Riggs, C M..... 1 00
Riley, J N & Mrs. 50
Roberts, Mrs E O. 25
Robinson, Fred N.. 1 00
Robinson, R I..... 1 00

CONN.—Cont'd

Rogers, D N & D O & family..... 8 00
Rose, Florence E.. 5 00
Rose, Jane C..... 1 00
Roth, Mrs Sophie.. 1 00
Rowland, Jane A.. 2 00
Russell, L A..... 1 00
Ruthruff, H 1 50
St John, C P..... 1 00
St John, Mrs H.... 1 00
Sabine, Miss M E. 25
Sanford, E S..... 1 00
Saunders, W O... 1 00
Scholly, Joam 1 00
Schulman, Miss M. 1 00
Scofield, H & E.. 2 00
Scoville, M S..... 1 00
Scoville, Wm H... 5 00
Seabury, Wm T... 2 00
Seymore, Mrs J H & Mrs C H Bronson 5 00
Seymour, Mrs C E 1 00
Seymour, Miss E.. 2 00
Seymour, Mrs E C 2 10
Shailer, M M..... 5 00
Shumway, Mrs A.. 2 00
Simpson, E S and Mrs L..... 5 00
Simpson, E J..... 1 00
Skelton, Edith M.. 3 00
Skiff, Mrs G..... 1 00
Skilton, Mrs J W & friends..... 1 00
Skinner, C A..... 2 00
Smart, Geo. W.... 1 00
Smith, Mrs A A.. 5 00
Smith, Annie 25
Smith, Frank A... 5 00
Smith, Mrs Jane... 1 00
Smith, L J & L H Ronse 1 00
Smith, O 5 00
Smith, Mrs S R... 2 00
Smyth, Mrs R J & Mrs Perkins 1 25
Squires, Jessie L. 2 00
Stadtler, Mrs A.. 2 00
Steele, S H..... 2 00
Steeve, Mrs S E.. 2 00
Steven, Mrs 50
Stevens, Saml A.. 5 00
Stevens, Susan.... 2 00
Stiles, W M..... 1 00
Stiles, W R..... 2 00
Stoughton, Mrs S A 30
Stranger, A 5 00
Strong, Mrs M E. 5 00
Sullivan, Mrs H A & dau 1 00
Swain, Morgan ... 1 00
Swain, O B..... 2 00
Sweet, L W & frds.20 00
Swift, F 2 00
Swift, John L.... 1 00
Taylor, Mrs Wm... 2 00
Teyon, Susan A... 1 00
Thorp, Mrs L..... 1 00
Thompson, F A... 1 00
Thompson, Mrs S.. 1 00
Titus, Mrs F F... 1 00
Tobey, N S..... 1 00
Todd, D B..... 1 00
Tracy, Mrs T..... 1 00
Treat, Lucinda A. 2 00
Trevena, John 3 00
Tucker, Miss M E 2 00
Tuttle, Emily A.. 50
Tuttle, Mary E... 50
Tyler, Mrs F..... 1 00
Vanarsdel, Mrs W. 1 10
Veagas, Stephen... 3 00
Vinton, E 2 00
Ward, J T..... 1 00
Ward, L H..... 4 00
Warner, John F... 1 00
Warner, Julia S... 2 00
Waterhouse, C H.. 3 00
Watkins, Mrs R L 1 00
Watsons, Frank W 75
Weber, Rosalie ... 2 00
Weed, Mary E.... 2 00
Weeks, Mrs Jno... 10
Wells, Mrs C B.... 1 00
Wells, H E, A A & J P..... 1 50
Welton, E B..... 5 00
Wheeler, Mrs G E 5 00
Wheeler, Jennie F. 1 00
White, H S..... 1 00
White, Mrs M.... 25
Whiting, Mrs E V 1 00
Willard, Chas. E.. 5 00
Williams, Miss A M 5 00
Williams, Mrs J F 4 00
Williams, M A.... 1 00
Willmot, Geo R... 1 00
Wilson, Mrs Jno S. 50
Winchell, Mrs R.. 2 00
Woodbury, E D...10 00
Woodruff, Mrs M A 1 25
Woodsworth, Mrs B F & Ada..... 1 75
Woodworth, Mrs L. 1 00
A, Middletown 3 00
A B C, Westport. 1 00
A E J, Deep River 1 00
A G K, New Haven 2 00
A M S, Burlington 1 00
B G M, Middlet'n. 2 00
C M S, Danbury.. 50
C P A, New London 2 00
Mrs D T W, Southington 2 00
E A F, Manchester 10
Miss E E B, Danbury 25
Mrs E H, Hartford 1 00
E L M, Saybrook.20 00
E M C & E W H, Silverlane 1 00
E M L, New Haven 2 00
F E J, Deep River 1 00
F M B, Marlboro.. 1 75
F P, Bridgeport... 1 00
F W B, Oronoque. 1 00
G A P, Botsford. 1 00
G B, Bethel..... 1 00
Mrs G N B, Rockwell 1 00
H 5 00
Mrs H B, Shelton. 1 00
Mrs H B C, Westbrook 1 00
H R B, Moose Meadows 1 00
H S, Hartford.... 1 00
Mrs J A S, Danbury 1 00
J A P, Stratford. 1 00

CONN.—Cont'd

J G, Bethel..... 1 00
J H W, Hartford.. 5 00
J M B, Newington. 4 00
J Q R, Canton.... 1 00
J S, Bridgeport... 2 00
J S D, Guilford... 1 00
J S W S——, Derby 5 00
J T L, New Haven 1 00
J W C, Southington 1 00
L A D, Danielson. 2 00
L M M, —..... 1 00
M A De V, Stratford 1 00
M A F, Willimantic 2 00
Mrs M A H, Berlin 2 00
M A S, Rockville.. 2 00
M E, Norwich.... 1 00
Mrs M E W, New Haven 1 00
M G R, Shelton... 2 00
M J B, Seymour.. 1 00
M M, Hartford....20 00
M M D, S. Meriden 1 00
N C P, Hartford.. 2 00
O P J, Glastonbury 5 00
Mrs R B, Shelton. 1 00
Mrs R C, New Britain 1 00
R W M, New London 1 00
S A F, Hartford.. 1 00
S A P, Hartford.. 1 00
S B C & M G B, Middletown 2 00
S E E, Naugatuck 2 00
S K, Bridgeport.. 3 00
S P M, Waterbury 25
S S, Brooklyn..... 1 00
T, Bridgeport..... 1 00
Y, Colchester..... 1 00
——, Bantam 1 00
——, Bridgeport ... 1 00
——, Bridgeport ... 1 00
——, Danbury 2 00
——, Danbury 1 00
——, Fairfield 2 00
——, Gilead 1 00
——, Groton 35
——, Hartford 1 00
——, Hebron 24
——, Leonard Bridge 10
——, Meriden 20
——, Middletown .. 2 00
——, New Britain.. 25
——, New Haven.. 5 00
——, New Haven.. 5 00
——, New Haven.. 1 00
——, Norwich 1 50
——, Orange 10 00
——, Seymour 10
——, Shelton 3 00
——, Shelton 3 00
——, Silverdale ... 1 00
——, So. Britain... 1 00
——, So. Norwalk..15 00
——, Thomaston .. 5 00
——, Totoket 2 00
——, Unionville ... 50
——, Waterbury ... 1 00
——, Waterbury ... 1 00
——, Waterbury ... 50
——, Wilson 1 00
——, Windsor 1 00
——, Yalesville ... 2 00
Cash, Montville .. 1 00
Friend, Ansonia... 1 00
Friend, Bridgeport. 1 00
Friend, Brookfield. 1 00
Friend, E Haddam 1 00
Friend, E. Haven. 2 00
Friend, Greens F'ms 5 00
Friend, Guilford .. 2 00
Friend, Hampsted. 2 00
Friend, Hartford.. 2 00
Friend, Hartford.. 2 00
Friend, Killingly.. 1 00
Friend, Middlet'n. 2 00
Friend, Milford.. 5 00
Friend, New Britain 1 00
Friend, New Britain 1 00
Friend, New Haven 1 00
Friend, New Haven 1 00
Friend, New Haven 1 00
Friend, Norwich ... 50
Friend, Norwich ... 2 00
Friend, Plainville.. 2 00
Friend, Sharon 1 00
Friend, S. Coventry10 00
Friend, Stamford... 1 00
Friend, Wallingf'd. 1 00
Friend, Wallingf'd. 5 00
Friend, Westville..10 00
Friend, Willimantic 1 00
A Friend, Greenwich 1 00
A Friend, Guilford 1 00
Friend, New Hartford 50
A Friend, New Haven 1 00
A Friend, Oronoque 1 00
A Friend, S. Britain 1 00
From a Friend, Plainville 2 00
Friend of the Suffering, Plainville 1 00
Sympathiz'g friend. 5 00
Friends, Buckingham 75
Friends, New Haven 2 50
Friends, Terryville15 00
Two Friends, Danbury 1 00
Two Friends, Waterford 1 00
3 Friends, Norwich 2 00
Adv't Friends, Putnam 15 00
Mrs F & friends, Norwalk 6 00
Inasmuch, New London 1 00
I H N, Meriden... 5 00
I H N, Middle Haddam 1 00
I H N, New Haven 2 08
I H N, New London 1 00
Newnom, E V..... 1 00
Ocheltree, E M... 2 00
Prices, Moses..... 2 00
Pyle, C W Jr..... 50
Richen, F & W... 2 00
Robinson, Miss H. 1 00
Simmons, Mrs J B. 1 00
Smyth, Jas M..... 5 00
Todd, Lydia.....10 00
Torbert, Miss M R 1 00
Vandergrift, Mrs J 2 00
Welsh, Ellen 1 00
Box 466, Shelton.. 1 00

CONN.—Cont'd

Bill the Baptist, S. Manchester 50
Bill the Baptist, S. Manchester 50
Children, Shelton.. 25
Bill the Baptist, S. Manchester 50
Bill the Baptist, S. Manchester 50
Individuals, Stepney Depot..... 23 50
Little Children, Westport 25
Neighbor, Shelton.. 10
One who pities, Higganum 1 00
One of Gen. Grant's Boys, Greenwich. 1 00
Three Persons, Merideu 3 00
The Widow's Mite, Norwich 1 00
Widow's Mite, New Haven 2 00
Widow, New London 1 00
Beth Cong Ch, Bethlehem 20 00
2d Cong Ch, West Cornwall 17 50
Beth Cong S Sch, Bethlehem 1 57
S S Cl, Burlington 1 00
Ellsworth S S, Ellsworth 4 60
Cong'l S S, Falls Village 2 22
Birthday Offering of Prim Dept of Prospect Ave S Sch, Hartford 50
Swedish C S Sch, Ivoryton 5 75
Hunting Ridge M E S S, Long Ridge. 1 50
Beth Chap S Sch, Middletown 4 35
Prim Ch of M E S Sch, Mystic 80
Barks Ch 33, New Britain 5 00
Sachems Head S S, Sachems Head... 1 00
Bapt S S, Stepney Depot 5 00
Bapt S S, Stoningtou 10 00
Chinese S S of 2d Congl Ch, Waterbury 10 00
Prospect Cong S S, Waterbury 3 62
Two Classes of the Cong S S, Wauregan 14 00
Mansfield Ctr S S, Willimantic 1 70
1st Bapt Ch S S, Winsted 5 00
Cong S Sch, Woodbridge 10 00
The Whigville Sr & Jr Socs & frds, Bristol 8 20
Jr Lea, M E Ch, Clinton 1 00
C E Soc of 1st C Ch, Derby 2 50
Y P S C E, East Lyme 4 00
C E, 1st Cong Ch, Granby 5 00
C E Soc, Nepary. 5 00
W C T U, Noank. 5 00
Ten King's Daus, Norwich 1 00
Miss Soc of 3d B Ch, Norwich 2 00
C E Soc of Cgl Ch, Plantsville 10 00
Preston Cong Y P S C E, Preston.. 5 00
C E Soc, S. Canaan 3 00
Un C E Soc, Stepney Depot 5 00
Oronoque Putney S Soc, Stratford... 5 00
Jr E Soc, 2d Bapt Ch, Suffield 3 00

Delaware

Allen, Fred H.... 1 00
Alrich, Mrs S A... 1 00
Anderson, D P... 1 00
Anderson, Nina... 1 00
Atkinson, Mrs S... 2 00
Buchler, Anna R.. 2 00
Casperson, Wm F. 1 00
Clark, Mrs Jas W. 1 00
Clond, Mary A.... 1 00
Comegyd, F E.... 2 50
Corkle, L W M .. 5 00
Cox, Geo W 1 00
Craig, Mrs M A... 2 00
Davidson, A 1 00
Davidson, C F & Wife 2 00
Flinn, Joanna.... 1 00
Fry, Mrs C E.... 2 00
Gilchrist, J B..... 5 00
Gilchrist, Mrs J B 5 00
Gray, Levin J.... 1 00
Haines, D P..... 2 00
Hance, Maggie W. 5 00
Harrison,, Geo E.. Harrison, Cora M Harrison, M R.. Harrison, Wm H 4 00
Hendricks, Jno.... 3 00
Higgins, Mrs T.... 1 00
Hudson, Jno R.... 5 00
Hudson, Sarah H.. 2 00
Jordan, L W..... 5 00
Klair, Clara M.... 1 00
Klair, E, S &S... 25
McBride, E A..... 1 00
McColley, Mrs P P 1 00
Miller, Anna 30
Newnom, E V..... 1 00
Ocheltree, E M... 2 00
Prices, Moses..... 2 00
Pyle, C W Jr..... 50
Richen, F & W... 2 00
Robinson, Miss H. 1 00
Simmons, Mrs J B. 1 00
Smyth, Jas M..... 5 00
Todd, Lydia.....10 00
Torbert, Miss M R 1 00
Vandergrift, Mrs J 2 00
Welsh, Ellen 1 00

DELAWARE—Cont'd

West, Mrs Dr J D 3 00
Wharton, Mrs C V 1 00
White, Delmar S.. 25
Wilson, Mrs J.... 1 00
Burk, Wilmington. 2 00
A M G, Newark.. 1 00
C E L, Felton.... 5 00
E P & A H S, Centreville 2 50
Miss E B H, Wilmington 5 00
——, Dover 1 50
——, Wilmington . 2 00
——, Wilmington .. 25
——, Wilmington .. 10
F'd, Carrcroft..... 1 00
F'd, Wilmington.. 1 00
I H N, Milford... 1 00
I H N, Wilmington 2 00
Two Sisters, Wilmington 50
1st Pres C E Soc, Wilmington 5 00
Pres Y PS C E, Lewis 5 25

Maine

Abbott, Mrs C F.. 1 00
Abbott, Mrs C W. 10
Abbott, F M..... 1 00
Ackerson, Mrs C A. 1 00
Adams, Wm 25
Allen, Miss S S... 2 00
Ames, Mrs Peggy. 1 00
Anchnichals, M r s J W.....25 00
Andrews, E 5 00
Austin, Mamie E.. 2 00
Bacon, Mrs S.... 50
Baker, Venetta E. 1 00
Ballard, Alpheus.. 1 00
Ballard, Mrs C L. 50
Barber, H.....10 00
Barrett, Miss A... 5 00
Barrows, Jas A... 2 00
Bartlett, Mrs T... 10
Barton, E A..... 1 00
Bassett, S C..... 50
Beal, Mrs L E.... 1 00
Belyea, Hilda L.. 1 00
Benn, Mrs J B.... 1 00
Berg, Anton 1 00
Berry, Joann F... 1 00
Berry, W W..... 5 00
Bickford, N F..... 1 00
Blair, Mrs D C...11 00
Blaisdell, Lucy ... 1 00
Blanchard, A B... 1 00
Blanchard, Mrs G E 10
Bodge, Wm..... 1 00
Bonney, Mrs O.... 1 00
Boothby, Mrs S M. 1 00
Bradford, Anne N 5 00
Briggs, J E..... 3 00
Brodstreet, A M.. 36
Brooks, A J G.... 2 00
Brown, G F..... 5 60
Brown, I L..... 1 00
Bryan, Mrs D.... 2 00
Bryant, Irene N.. 2 00
Buffun, Albert C.. 1 00
Buswell, Mrs E... 25
Campbell, A J.... 50
Campbell, Mrs LC B 1 00
Carson,

MAINE—Cont'd

Keyes, S W 1 00
Kidder, Anna A 1 00
Kimball, Minnie .. 1 25
King, E F & Mrs. 2 00
King, J A 2 00
Kinney, Mrs H S .. 3 00
Knight, Mrs A J .. 25
Lamwell, Mrs E .. 10
Lancaster, Mrs M. 1 00
Lane, Mrs L 75
Leonard, Mrs E ... 25
Libbey, T H 10 00
Lincoln, J B 1 00
Lord, Mrs C T 3 00
Lord, Mrs T J 10
Lowell, Lena 50
Luce, Ralph 05
Luce, Raymond 05
Lufkin, Mrs D T .. 1 00
Lukey, D N 1 00

McCrillis, John 2 00
McDowell, Harriet 1 10
McLellan, Miss E .. 1 00
McLellan, Mrs J F 50
McMantey, C M ... 10
Macuida, A H 1 00
Major, Mrs A F ... 1 00
Marshall, Mrs S A. 1 00
Marshall, Susie B. 25
Marston, Miss C ... 10
Mason, Mrs N J .. 25
Mason, T M 1 50
Mayo, Edith 1 00
Meeks, Mary B 2 00
Merrett, Mrs I 2 00
Merrill, Jane G 2 00
Mersenan, Mrs G .. 08
Milliken, Hannah. 1 00
Millions, Mrs E R. 1 00
Minard, A H 1 00
Mitchell, H 10
Mitchell, Mrs H F 1 00
Mitchell, Mrs H L. 50
Moore, Ella R 3 00
Morrell, Mrs A 2 00
Morse, Helen 1 00
Morse, J L 5 00
Myesugi, M 1 00
Nash, E D 2 00
Nelson, Miss C 2 00
Nelson, C C 1 00
Nevens, Mrs H L.. 50
Nickerson, Rev W L 1 00
Noble, Rev Jas... 50

Oliver, Mrs E F C 5 00
Oliver, S A & Mrs 2 00
Oxnard, Miss M A 2 00

Parker, C T 5 00
Parley, Mrs A T .. 5 00
Parsons, H L & Mrs 2 00
Parsons, Jno S 1 00
Parsons, Miss V A 1 00
Patterson, John ... 1 00
Peary, Willie W .. 1 00
Pederson, S 1 00
Pendergast, H L .. 2 00
Penney, E J 2 00
Peterson, Mrs J A 10
Pettigrew, C A 1 00
Pettigrew, Mrs W 1 00
Plaisted, C L 25
Plummer, Mrs F A 5 00
Poole, M J 1 00
Poor, Mrs Eben ... 10
Pope, L M 1 00
Portridge, J L .. 5 00
Post, E E & Mrs.. 1 00
Preble, Miss H .. 1 00
Preble, Mrs M R.. 1 00

MAINE—Cont'd

Pressey, Mrs M 50
Prewell, Mrs N P. 1 00
Prince, Mrs C H.. 1 00
Prince, Mrs N E.. 1 25
Proctor, Miss A ... 1 00
Puffer, Sarah A... 1 00
Rackliffe, Mrs E. 5 00
Redington, Miss M 10
Reed, Mrs M E 5 00
Richardson, AJ&Mrs 25
Richardson, Mrs H 5 00
Ridley, Madison ... 1 00
Roberts, E J 2 00
Robinson, Mrs A.. 10
Robinson, N E 2 00
Rose, Olive 1 00
Roynes, A J 1 00
Russell, Mrs A 52
Russell, Daniel 1 00
Russell, Grace M. 1 00
Russell, Henry A.. 05
Russell, Henry N.. 05
Russell, Laura 05
Russell, Mrs W M. 25
Sanborn, Mrs J N. 2 00
Sanders, P M 2 50
Sandford, J M & other friends 1 00
Saunders, Mrs A.. 25
Savage, Nellie 25
Sayward, B F 4 00
Sawyer, Mrs C 2 00
Sawyer, Mrs D J.. 1 00
Sawyer, D J 10 00
Sawyer, E 5 00
Sawyer, E & F 2 00
Sawyer, Mrs J P.. 2 00
Sawyer, Mrs L C.. 1 50
Scribner, Ed 10
Scribner G O & wife 1 00
Scribner, Glen 10
Scribner, Rolly ... 25
Scribner, W 10
Scribner, Walter.. 10
Seamans, Abbie ... 1 00
Searey, Mrs A 1 00
Searles, Mrs H R. 1 00
Searles, H R 1 00
Sharey, G A 1 00
Shaw, T J 1 03
Shephard, E A 10
Sherman, Mrs F M 1 00
Shirley, Miss M E. 1 00
Shustiff, N E 5 00
Sibley, Mrs S E... 1 00
Smart, Mrs M G... 35
Smiley, Annie 2 00
Smiley, E W 2 00
Smith, Miss J 2 00
Smith, Jennie 2 00
Smith, Mrs I P ... 2 00
Smith, S E 2 00
Soule, Mrs W G... 1 00
Staples, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Stedman, M E 1 00
Stetson, Isabel 2 00
Stevens, Rev A R. 50
Stevens, Miss E ... 1 00
Stevens, Mrs M E. 1 00
Stewart, Mrs S E. 1 00
Stinson, Mrs H 25
Stone, O L & Mrs. 1 00
Stores, Mrs C J .. 4 00
Stover, Flora M ... 15
Strickland, G 05
Strickland, L 05
Strickland, M 20
Strickland, S B ... 1 00
Strout, A S 1 00
Sturterant, Rose ... 2 00
Tarr, Sylvia A ... 1 00
Taylor, Miss S E.. 2 00
Thomas, Mrs W ... 10
Tibbetts, Jas H ... 01
Timberlake, E G.. 1 00
Tingley, Mrs D H. 25
Titcomb, Mrs A M & others 3 00
Tobey, Mrs M P.. 3 00
Toft, Henry M 2 00
Toothaker, L M ... 1 00
Torrey, Mrs Emma 1 00
Torrey, P W 1 00
Towne, Mrs 25
Trott, Mrs W F ... 50
Trowant, Mrs C A. 1 00
Turner, H T 1 25
Turner, J 1 00
Turner, J B 1 00
Turner, Mrs J N .. 1 00
Tyler, Miss Flora. 25
Vining, D A 1 00
Virgin, Susie P 10

Wakefield, Arthur. 1 00
Wakefield, Mrs J. 5 00
Walker, Edna B .. 1 00
Walker, Miss M A 2 00
Walker, Samuel ... 05
Walker, Mrs W S. 1 00
Warren, Mrs Ira .. 25
Washburn, Eliza & Ruth Jennings ... 11 25
Watson, Evelyn ... 2 00
Watson, Jas A 50
Webb, Mrs H L, Ida & Nellie 40
Webster, B E 2 00
Wells, Warren 1 00
Wescott, Mrs N B. 1 00
Wheelwright, Mrs S 5 00
White, Marion 2 00
White, Mrs M W.. 1 00
Whitman, Mrs T S 24
Whitmore, F A ... 5 00
Whitmore, S M.. 10 00
Whitten, Mrs T H 10
Wiley, Mrs Edgar. 1 00
Wiley, Mrs W 25
Willby, Hannah .. 5 00
Williams, J M 5 00
Wilson, E S 1 00
Winchester, Mrs E 1 00
Wing, S B 5 00
Witham, Miss E A 1 00
Wood, H & Mrs.. 25
Wood, Kirk 1 00
Woodman, O A 2 00
Woodside, I C 10 25
Woodward, Mrs E. 50
Woodward, Mrs L. 5 00
Woodworth, Mrs L 12
Wright, Mrs..... 1 00
Wright, Mrs F E. 2 00
Young, Ennice 1 00
Young, L G & Mrs 4 00
Young, Mrs R H.. 2 00
Young, Seth M 1 00

Scribner, East Is- town 10
Mrs A S Portland. 1 00
A C P & E R P, Pleasantdale ... 1 00
Mrs A S S, Winthrop 1 00

MAINE—Cont'd

A O P, Wilton 2 00
P L R, Corinna .. 1 00
G H L, J A L A M L, Portland.. 15 00
G M N, Portland.. 50
G S D, Camden .. 1 00
H C and E J E, Brunswick 2 00
H I S, Bar Harbor 2 00
H N C & Mrs, Alna 2 00
H N J, Bath..... 1 00
H S, Winthrop... 1 00
I H N, Auburn.... 1 00
I H N, Cumberland Mills 9 02
I H N, Hampden Corner 1 00
I H N, Lewiston.. 1 00
K D I T & N, So Gardner 2 00
L A, Winslow..... 55
M P N, Biddeford. 1 00
P B L, Brewer ... 1 50
X Y Z, Newbury Village 1 00
—, Auburn 2 00
—, Bangor 1 00
—, Bath 3 00
—, Cutler 1 00
—, E Dixmont .. 1 00
—, E Dixmont... 50
—, Fryeburg 1 00
—, Gorham 2 00
—, Hebron Sta.. 1 00
—, Kennebunk .. 1 00
—, Kenne b u n k Beach 50
—, Oxford 25
—, Rockport 1 00
Anon, Vassalboro.. 1 00
—, — 00
F'd, Augusta.... 50
From a F'd, China 5 00
Friend, Eurtis.... 11
Friend, Eurtis.... 1 00
F'd, E Pittston... 5 00
A F'd, Kennebunk 1 00
A F'd, Littleton.. 25
F'd, Marshville... 15
F'd, New Portland 55
F'd, S Berwick... 50
Friend, S Durham. 2 00
F'd, Thomaston... 25
Bate College Miss Soc, Greene..... 3 00
F'd, White Rock.. 2 00
F'd, Woodfords... 1 00
F'd, Yarmouth.... 30
Fr'ds, Camden.... 5 00
F'ds, Cannon Falls 2 00
Fr'ds, Chesterville 4 00
F'ds, Norridgewock 2 00
Two F'ds, Norway Lake 1 00
Sub'r, Brunswick. 2 00
Sympathizers, Cumberland 4 00
Good Hearted Lady, Augusta 35
Gods C'd'n, Friendship 2 00
An End, Harrison. 1 00
A Poor Widow, Litchfield 35
Two Sisters, North Berwick 2 00
Lover of Humanity, Southwest Harbor 26
A Little Girl, Vassalboro 20
Haskell Silk Mill, Westbrook 14 07
Bapt Ch, Brooklin 5 00
Cousins Island Chap 5 75
Litchfield Chapel.. 3 00
The Ch, Northefild 3 00
Bapt Ch, Wayne.. 11 50
Bapt S Sch, East Corinth 5 00
S S Cl of Cong Ch, Lewiston 3 00
S S Scholars, Maxfield 1 00
S S, N Orrington.. 1 25
Jr C E, Augusta.. 60
Sr C E, Augusta.. 2 05
C E Soc, Marshville 6 00
C E Soc, S Montville 2 00
F'd, W Northampton 1 00

Maryland

Adams, D C..... 5 00
Algire, Oscar..... 1 00
Anderson, E R... 2 00
Anderson, J R.... 1 00
Anderson, M & E Waters 5 00
Armocost, Mrs M. 1 00
Auschutz, Peter... 1 00
Baker, A 1 00
Baker, Eloise..... 2 00
Baker, Mrs L.... 2 00
Benner, Mrs Jno.. 1 00
Benson, Mrs T N. 5 00
Bevens, Sallie..... 25
Bidle, Mrs D C... 10
Bidle, Miss M.... 10
Bixter, Daniel Jr. 5 00
Blackston W..... 05
Bonneville, Miss A 1 00
Boswell, E 25
Bowers, Catharine 2 00
Bowie, Jane R.... 1 00
Boyer, Wm W.... 1 00
Bradfield, J H.... 1 00
Brinn, L J..... 25
Brinn, S E..... 25
Brown, Thos A... 3 00
Brumfield, G S... 1 00
Burkhart, A W.... 50
Burkheimer, L.... 1 00

Carmichael, Mrs C 50
Caskey, W 1 65
Castner, W W.... 1 00
Catterton, Nora .. 10
Chaney, Mrs F .. 2 25
Chaney, Mrs R C 5 00
Clements, Maggie. 1 00
Cochran, Sarah E. 2 00
Colston, V J 10
Conner, I B 25
Cooper, E 10
Cottingham, J .. 25
Cruk, G A & Wife. 1 00
Custer, D S..... 1 00
Derr, C E & fam.. 3 50
Dietsch, Lewis C. 1 00
Dixon, J A J 1 00
Duffy, J & E L... 1 25

MARYLAND—Cont'd

Earle, A R..... 1 00
Earle, S T & R M 1 00
Easter, W T..... 2 25
Ewing, Eli E.... 1 00
Filler, Jacob A.... 1 00
Fitzell, Mary A.. 10 00
Fraser, Mrs A.... 1 00
Freeland, C..... 2 00
Gale, E H..... 2 00
Gale, Richard 50
Gadt, Mrs Geo.... 1 00
Garey, T Fred... 1 00
Garner, Miss Bettie Brother & Sister. 3 00
Gartee, M L..... 1 00
Geinmill, Mrs Wm 50
Gessford, P W.... 2 00
Gillespie, J M.... 2 00
Godfrey, Sarah.... 3 00
Gortner, Jacob.... 25
Grape, S C..... 2 00
Hamilton, W H... 2 00
Hammond, Mrs C.. 5 00
Harris, John..... 2 50
Hartzler, Rev J & Wife 2 00
Hays, Walter S... 1 00
Hemstreet, Miss F 2 00
Henderson, B L & Wife 5 00
Henderson, Susan. 1 00
Helber, Mrs J.... 1 00
Hickman, Rob 25
High, L K..... 2 00
Hiltt, C 1 00
Hoffman, G W.... 3 00
Hoge, James T.... 1 00
Holden, C B..... 5 00
Hopkins, Mrs W A & Son 2 00
Horine, Annie V.. 1 00
Hossinger, Julia A 1 00
Housen, C L..... 2 00
Hoyt, T 1 00
Hyde, A L..... 2 00
Hyde, Rosa 1 00
Ifert, Mrs A..... 2 00
Ifert, C E..... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs J S. 1 00
Johnson, Louisa... 20
Jones, Mrs E L.... 20
Julian, Ida 1 00
Jump, Mrs R..... 10
Kay, CM..... 3 00
Keene, Thos P.... 50
Kelly, Jno 25
Kemp, Wm R..... 1 00
Kerchner, C F.... 1 00
Kidd, M E..... 1 00
Kirkland, I G..... 5 00
Kirwan, Jno S.... 2 00
Koller, Mrs E.... 1 00
Kopp, W L..... 1 00
Lane, S E..... 1 25
Ledtheman, Mrs P 25
Lewis, Miss 2 00
Lewis, Jno F..... 1 00
Lindsay, Wm H... 1 00
Lindsey, S C..... 1 00
Loehmeyer, S 1 00
Lord, W..... 10
Love, Ida B..... 1 00
Lovell, Geo E.... 5 00
Lugenbeel, A M... 2 00
Lutz, Lewis..... 25

McClenahan, John. 1 00
McDade, Anna ... 1 00
McDonald, Miss L T 2 00
McLaren, R 1 00
Mansefild, E R.... 50
Markell, Mrs G... 40 00
Michael, Ann 1 00
Michael, Ida M... 1 00
Moffett, Mrs D A. 1 00
Molesworth, M R. 1 00
Moses, L A..... 2 00
Muller, Mattie K.. 5 00
Murray, Mrs E C. 50
Naylor, S T..... 1 00
Neel, R S..... 1 00
Nelson, L E..... 1 00
Parson, Sam 25
Patrick, Sarah.... 1 00
Pearce, Alex..... 5 00
Pepper, Nellie..... 05
Penn, Mrs N L & Miss L J..... 2 00
Pennington, W Sr. 1 00
Phillips, M..... 1 00
Rankin, Mrs S M. 2 00
Reese, Emma 1 00
Reid, Chas D W. 2 00
Rice, Miss Mabel.. 1 00
Rice, Mrs M A... 10 00
Richardson, E A.. 25
Richardson, G E.. 25
Richardson, Jos... 25
Richardson, Wm T 25
Ridout, Mrs Z B.. 1 00
Riley, J H..... 25
Roberts, Mrs M W Sr 5 00
Robinson, Miss L.. 25
Robinson, L M... 1 00
Robinson, Mary E 2 00
Robinson, S E.... 2 00
Rodda, W Jr..... 2 00
Rodkey, Julia..... 05
Rodkey, Margaret. 05
Roe, Lucinda..... 35
Rouskulp, Rebecca 5 00
Rowly, W A..... 25
Russell, Elizabeth. 1 00
Russell, Wm..... 5 00
Saunders, Mrs A F 1 00
Scott, Geo..... 1 00
Seeman, Miss M... 2 00
Sexton, N G..... 5 00
Shank, Mrs A..... 10
Shearear, Mary M. 1 00
Sheets, Sue C.... 1 00
Shefels, R A 1 00
Sherman, W J & Mrs 2 00
Shields, C H..... 05
Shipley, E E..... 20 00
Shipley, Mrs H L. 1 00
Slabach, Mrs D J. 75
Slabach, Miss L A 2 00
Slifer, Virgie..... 1 00
Small, Mrs Albert. 1 50
Smith, C A..... 1 00
Smith, Jas H..... 1 00
Smith, Miss J A.. 50
Smith, S J..... 2 00
Speed, Mrs F..... 10 00
Spencer, Jas 25
Spurry, Geo..... 12
Strickland, B & K 75
Sudman, Jno D.... 1 00
Swazey, F P..... 1 00
Sword, Samuel.... 5 00
Tash, Mrs Ellen.. 1 00
Terent, Jas L.... 1 00
Tewitt, E D..... 25
Thomas, Mrs J L. 2 00
Thomas, Mrs L C. 2 00
Thone, Roger..... 1 00

MARYLAND—Cont'd

Tokey, Mrs D R.. 1 00
Tosh, Mrs James.. 1 00
Towers, Anna..... 12
Towers, Naomi.... 10
Tracey, M A & B 2 00
Trakelig, Mrs A.. 10 00
Trayer, K M..... 50
Truitt, Jas B..... 25
Tuxford, W & Wf. 1 15
Vail, Mrs A V.... 1 00
Valentine, Mrs M. 1 00
Valiant, Mrs E... 1 00

Wahmann, Mrs J H 1 00
Walling, R R..... 10 00
Wampler, Amos .. 1 00
Warner, E W.... 1 00
Warner, Mrs L... 1 00
Watters, Miss E.. 5 00
Webb, Samuel M.. 1 00
Webster, Jack T.. 1 00
Weisman, J W.... 1 00
Wheeler, Mrs S W. 20 00
White, Mrs Jos... 1 00
Whiteley, E lla... 1 00
Widmer, F R..... 2 00
Wilson, Mrs J T.. 2 00
Witherow, R F.... 2 00
Wolfe, Grace..... 1 00
Young, Amos S.... 1 00
Young, Mrs I T... 3 75
Zimmerman, J N.. 1 00
Bowles & Emma, Elk Ridge..... 1 00
A I A, Baltimore. 1 00
B G B, Baltimore. 10 00
Miss A A B, Baltimore 2 00
C M S, Balto..... 2 00
C S W, Baltimore 1 00
F, Baltimore..... 3 00
Mrs G D, Baltimore 1 00
G H B, Mt Pleasant Dist..... 1 00
J F H, Near Centreville 2 00
Mrs J H C, Baltimore 3 00
K & L W, Baltimore 2 00
Mrs L, Baltimore.. 1 00
L V H, Baltimore. 3 00
M E D, Baltimore. 2 00
M J K E, Baltimore 7 00
M L A C, Thurmont 2 00
M W H, Baltimore 1 00
S A H, Caithersburg 1 00
S J W, Baltimore. 2 00
S M Y, Baltimore. 1 00
Mrs W A D, Baltimore 100 00
—, Baltimore ... 2 00
—, Baltimore ... 2 00
—, Catthersburg . 2 00
—, Elkton 1 00
—, Forest Hill... 1 00
—, Freeland 1 00
—, Hagerstown . 1 00
—, Kempton 1 00
—, Rusterstown . 20
—, St Michaels... 50
—, Thurmont ... 1 00
—, Thurmont ... 1 00
Cash, Rock Hall.. 25
A F'd, Baltimore. 5 00
Friend, Baltimore. 2 00
Friend, Calvary... 2 25
F'd, Cumberland.. 1 00
F'd, Frederick.... 6 00
F'd, Kempton..... 10
F'd, Prince George County 50
Two Friends, Sang Run 50
F'ds, Sudlersville.. 20 00
Two Friends, Baltimore 1 10
I H N, Baltimore. 3 00
I H N, Adelina... 1 00
In memory of little Marion E Deems, Baltimore 5 00
Reader, Madison.. 2 00
Reader, Poolesville 1 00
Herald Reader, Baltimore 1 00
A Baltimore F'd, Baltimore 5 00
Mother & I Waverly, Baltimore.... 4 00
Widows Mite, Baltimore 1 00
Teachers in Chinese S S, Baltimore 2 00
An Orphan, Dawsonville 1 00
Teacher, Salisbury. 1 00
The Carroll Record Co, Taneytown.. 8 50
Cecilton M E Ch. 8 25
Light St Ger M E Ch, Baltimore... 5 00
St Pauls M E Ch, Earleville 4 00
Zion M E S Sch, Toddville 4 00
Ladies Missy Soc, Bethesda 2 25

Massachusetts

Adams, A T..... 1 00
Adams, Chas F... 1 50
Adams, E B..... 2 00
Adams, Hattie S.. 1 00
Adams, Rev J W. 2 00
Allen, Burton H.. 2 00
Allen, C B..... 1 00
Allen, Dwight L. 25
Allen, Ed P..... 2 00
Alcott, Wm P..... 5 00
Alexander, Mrs F. 3 00
Allen, N A..... 2 00
Allen, Cornelius... 2 00
Alvord, Z C..... 1 00
Arms, E 1 00
Armour, Lizzie.... 1 00
Anderson, Mrs W H 1 50
Austin, J W..... 1 00
Ashenden, S 1 00
Avery, Florence B. 1 00
Averill, Sarah.... 1 00
Atwood, R P..... 1 00
Atkins, Mrs N J.. 1 00
Atkins, Mrs F W.. 1 00
Atwood, Mrs S C.. 1 00
Bacon, J N 3 00
Bailey, Mrs G E... 1 00
Bailey, Jno..... 1 00
Bailey, Wilbur.... 30
Bailey, Wm 1 00
Baird, Thomas.... 2 00

MASS.—Cont'd

Baker, F W..... 1 00
Baker, Henrietta. 1 00
Baker, Jane 1 00
Baker, Myron..... 1 00
Baker, Olive..... 1 00
Barber, Mrs S.... 1 00
Barlow, H H..... 1 00
Barker, C E..... 1 00
Barnes, W O..... 2 00
Barnicoat, R A & Mrs M Stewart. 1 00
Barrows, Mrs E... 5 00
Bartlett, Mrs C D 2 00
Bartlett, Mrs H L 2 00
Bartlett, W B.... 1 00
Bates, Theo C.... 1 00
Bauden, Mrs A.... 1 00
Beals, Mrs J C... 5 00
Beckmith, Miss L. 1 00
Beldene, Mrs H... 1 00
Belding, P E..... 5 00
Bennett, Mrs D W 10 00
Bennett, Julia M.. 2 00
Bennett, Mrs J T. 1 00
Benson, Mary E.. 1 00
Berry, Bertha M.. 2 00
Berry, C 2 00
Berry, Hiram O... 3 00
Berry, Z..... 1 00
Best, Misses..... 1 00
Bethune, Lydia K. 1 00
Bicknell, Percy F. 1 00
Bigelow, Chas G. 1 00
Billson, Mrs S T.. 1 00
Bissett, Mrs E V.. 5 00
Blaisdell, Mary J. 2 00
Blaisdell, L B.... 1 00
Blake, Mrs Arthur 5 00
Blake, H J..... 25
Blanchard, Geo... 5 00
Blanchard, Juliet. 5 00
Blanchard, L L... 2 00
Blanchard, Mrs S & R Sherbine... 1 00
Bliss, Mrs L S... 1 00
Boardman, Thos... 1 00
Bosworth, Mrs W S 1 00
Bowers, A D..... 1 00
Bowman, W H.... 10 00
Bradley, M..... 1 00
Bradshaw, Mrs R. 1 00
Brainard, S P..... 5 00
Brayton, C E..... 4 00
Brayton, Mattie.. 1 00
Brayton, Mattie... 1 00
Breck, Mrs Amos. 25
Breck, Mrs Chas.. 1 00
Brewster, Mrs C A 2 00
Brewster, Miss F E 1 00
Brickett, Rev H L 50
Brightman, R H.. 3 00
Breingan, Annie.. 1 50
Bristol, J P..... 2 00
Brooks, Mrs H A . 13 00
Brooks, F E..... 2 00
Brooks, J W..... 5 00
Bronson, Wm B... 5 00
Brorden, A J..... 2 00
Brown, Miss E.... 1 00
Brown, Mrs E N.. 1 00
Brown, Geo F.... 1 00
Brown, Mrs G W.. 1 00
Brown, J C..... 2 00
Brown, Mrs L A.. 1 00
Brown, Mrs M C. 1 00
Brown, Mrs M.... 50
Brown, Mrs M M.. 1 00
Brown, Margt.... 1 00
Brown, M & Wife. 35
Brown, Sarah L.. 65
Bruce, Ellen S.... 30
Brunner, Rudolph. 5 00
Bryant, A G..... 1 00
Bryant, Thomas... 2 00
Brownell, S E.... 5 00
Buck, Mrs Geo H & M L..... 3 00
Burbanw, Mrs J K 2 00
Burger, Margt.... 1 00
Burgess P C and Friends 3 00
Burleson, Martha.. 25
Burlingame, E A.. 1 00
Burlingame, G W. 1 00
Burnham, E..... 1 00
Burpee, S & Wife 25
Burbeck, Lucy A.. 1 00
Bushnell, Mrs A E 1 00
Butter, E L..... 2 00
Buxton, Mrs M E. 5 00
Cadwell, S E..... 1 00
Cairns, Mrs Jane. 2 00
Calagan, H M..... 2 00
Caldwell, Mrs F B 2 00
Calligan, Lillian.. 1 00
Campbell, Miss F. 2 00
Campbell, Mrs T.. 1 00
Canfield, Miss A.. 40
Canfield, Elizabeth 20
Canfield, M 5 00
Canfield, Margt.... 20
Carpenter, F E & Mrs 1 00
Carr, Mrs O M.... 1 00
Carroll, Mrs C F.. 2 00
Carruth, Mrs S.... 2 00
Carter, E W..... 1 00
Carter, Mrs G J.. 1 00
Carter, I A..... 1 00
Carter, J W..... 5 00
Chadwick, J E.... 2 00
Chaffee, Dan 1 00
Chamberlin, Mrs E W 2 00
Chamberlin, Geo.. 1 00
hCamberlin, Mrs S E 2 00
Chapin, Mrs C J.. 1 00
Chapin, E W..... 2 00
Chapin, E E..... 2 00
Chapin, Stephen... 10 00
Chapman, R W.... 1 00
Charlton, Chas W. 5 00
Chase, Allen..... 20
Chase, Frank W.. 3 00
Chase, Mrs R S.. 3 00
Chesley, E M..... 5 00
Chick, Pauline 1 00
Childs, B C & Mrs 4 00
Chilson, Alvin..... 2 00
Canfield, Josephus. 20
Chipman, J K..... 1 00
Choate, H E..... 2 00
Choate, W C..... 1 00
Churchill, S W.... 5 00
Claflin, M W..... 1 50
Clapp, Mrs H E... 1 00
Clark, Chester W. 6 00
Clark, E W..... 5 00
Clark, Franklin A. 1 00
Clark, Mrs J T... 10 00
Clark, Roy E..... 50
Clark, Mrs W B.. 1 00
Clements, Mrs I J. 1 00
Cleveland, G R... 1 00
Cleveland, Mrs V E 1 00
Coburn, Samuel A. 1 00
Cochran, Miss L L 1 00
Codding, E E..... 1 00

MASS.—Cont'd

Coe, Mrs I G..... 1 00
Coffin, Abbie M... 1 00
Coffiin, Geo W.... 2 00
Colburn, J T..... 1 00
Cole, Mary A..... 50
Cole, Mrs R H & Miss E M..... 10 00
Collins, A O..... 2 00
Collins, Salome S. 1 00
Cook, A W..... 5 00
Cook, G A & Mrs.. 2 00
Cook, John L..... 2 00
Cook, Mary A..... 1 00
Coomes, Mrs M... 1 00
Cooney, Bessie A.. 1 00
Cooper, E A..... 1 00
Conger, N H..... 1 00
Connor, J W..... 2 00
Corse, Mrs E S... 1 00
Corsens, S..... 50
Cortis, F O..... 2 00
Cowles, A F..... 5 00
Cowles, Mrs M.... 50
Cox, Mrs H J..... 1 00
Cox, L S..... 2 00
Crafts, C M..... 1 00
Cram, Mrs A A.... 1 00
Crane, Mrs E C... 1 00
Crittenden, M E.. 2 00
Crocker, O M..... 5 00
Croome, Mrs E W 1 00
Cross, W A..... 1 00
Crouningchield, Mrs Eva J..... 25
Crowther, Wm.... 2 00
Curtis, Elmer N.. 1 00
Curtis, F O..... 2 00
Curtis, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Curtis, Nelson 3 00
Curtis, Randall... 2 00
Curts, Miss L E.. 5 00
Currier, Carrie E.. 2 00
Currier, G O..... 1 00
Cumming, M R.... 5 00
Cummings, Mrs C. 1 00
Cunningham, Mrs JP 1 00
Cushing, Mrs E... 1 00
Cutler, Mrs F P.. 50
Cutting, Mrs L H. 2 00

Damon, Nettie M. 1 00
Daniels, E A..... 1 00
Daniels, Mr & Mrs C M 5 00
Danion, Miss L M. 5 00
Davis, E P..... 1 00
Davis, Mrs Geo P. 1 00
Davis, Mrs Geo P. 2 00
Davis, Mrs M D.. 1 00
Davis, Mrs M L.. 1 00
Davis, Maria..... 1 00
Davis, N A..... 2 00
Davis, E B..... 10 00
Day, Chas T..... 1 00
Deane, E C..... 1 00
Deane, M J..... 1 00
Dearborn, A S.... 2 00
Dearborn, W H... 2 00
Decker, G 2 00
Deering, Mrs F E & Miss L Coughlon 2 00
Dennis, Mrs N B.. 1 00
Denniston, Mrs W K 1 00
Derby, L J..... 1 00
Deroo, Mrs C..... 2 00
Desser, Mrs L.... 1 00
Dodd, Mrs W H.. 25
Dodge, E D..... 5 00
Dodge, J A..... 5 00
Dodge, L J..... 2 00
Dodge, S W..... 4 00
Dodge, Wm P..... 5 00
Dolliwer, F J..... 2 00
Donald, Janet 2 50
Donaldson, John.. 2 00
Donkin, Mrs G E T 5 00
Donnell, M A E... 1 00
Dorman, N P..... 1 00
Doty, Clara W.... 5 00
Douglass, Robt.... 1 00
Draper, H O..... 6 00
Drisler, Kate W.. 1 00
Drury, H M..... 2 00
Dudley, Miss 2 00
Dudley, L A..... 2 00
Duffy, Geo 1 00
Dunham, Annie D. 1 00
Dunn, G & Wife. 60
Durham, Mrs J M. 2 00
Dwelley, L..... 1 00
Dwight, Mrs W B. 1 00

Eaton, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Eddy, D W..... 1 00
Edgell, Miss L E. 2 00
Edwards, M B & Mrs G H..... 1 00
Eldred, Arthur W. 1 00
Eldred, W H & Mrs 2 00
Elliott, Mrs H W. 2 00
Ellis, E E & Mrs. 1 00
Ellis, Ephraim C. 2 00
Emerson, N C..... 5 00
Emery, A C..... 6 00
Emery, Mrs J P.. 2 00
England, Thos.... 1 00
Entwistle, Mrs F J 1 00
Esgate, J I..... 2 00
Esten, Annie G.. 2 00
Evans, Mrs E M.. 2 00
Evans, Mrs John.. 1 00
Everett, C S..... 2 00
Fadding, Mrs A... 1 00
Fairbanks, Mrs C F 2 00
Fairbanks, Mrs E L 1 00
Fairbanks, R J E. 1 00
Farnham, Mary C. 3 00
Farnum, Lydia... 1 00
Farquhar, Joseph.. 5 00
Farrington, Mrs D E 1 00
Faunce, A..... 1 00
Fay, Hannah F.... 5 00
Feistel, Hulda.... 1 00
Ferris, Lemie.... 100 00
Fibbetts, Mary M. 10 00
Fielden, Margt L. 5 00
Fisher, C H..... 1 00
Fisher, J 2 00
Fisher, Wm Jas.. 1 00
Fiske, H A..... 1 00
Fiske, Mrs S E.. 1 00
Flather, Mrs J.... 5 00
Flinn, Mrs M B.. 2 00
Flint, E S..... 1 00
Flower, F A..... 1 00
Ford, Laura P.... 1 00
Foster, Mrs A A.. 1 00
Foster, Mrs A L.. 1 00
Foster, Eliza..... 50
Foster, G H..... 1 00
Foster, H P..... 2 00
Foster, Mrs S M.. 1 00
Fountain, Miss F C 1 00
Fowler, O S..... 2 00
Fox, Margaret.... 5 00
Frame, Mrs A... 3 00

MASS.—Cont'd

Fraser, Nettie.... 00
Freeman, Mrs J N 25
Freeman, Miss S. 30
French, Mrs C F.. 00
French, Miss J W. 00
Fuller, Georgiana. 00
Fuller, Harriet.... 00
Fuller, Mrs S C... 00
Fullerton, Joanna. 00
Gale, Mrs A..... 00
Garfield, F C..... 00
Garfield, Geo W... 25
Gardner, C E..... 00
Gordon, M S..... 00
Gause, A M..... 00
Geer, J H..... 00
Gibbs, Mrs H G O 00
Gibson, Wm 50
Gifford, D F..... 00
Gifford, Esther G. 50
Gifford, F 00
Gifford, M B..... 00
Gilbert, Mrs C E.. 00
Gilbert, Mrs L M. 00
Gill, Mrs Thos H. 00
Gilman, Mrs H P. 00
Gilmore, Mrs H M 00
Gleason, C W..... 00
Glenlester, H..... 00
Godbold, J W..... 00
Goddard, Jos 00
Goodwin, Josiah... 50
Gordon, R J..... 00
Goss, Walter..... 10
Gould, A P..... 00
Gowing, H 00
Gragg, Maria..... 00
Graham, Mary H.. 00
Grant, Christena.. 00
Grant, H & I..... 00
Grant, J Allan.... 00
Graves, Miss C P. 00
Graves, Mrs M and H M 00
Graves, John L.... 00
Gray, G & F S..... 00
Green, Mrs Chas.. 00
Greenwood, C W.. 00
Greer, Alex 00
Greshom, Mrs 00
Gustafson, I 00
Hadley, Mrs A J.. 00
Hale, Lucy O..... 00
Hall, Hannah A.... 00
Ham, Natalie..... 00
Hamlin, Mrs J..... 00
Hanson, H J..... 00
Hardin, E M..... 00
Hargreaves, Mrs P 00
Harkness, S L..... 00
Harlin, Mary B... 00
Harmon, Mrs E F. 25
Harrington, A A.. 00
Harris, A S..... 00
Harris, June..... 00
Harris, Wm H..... 00
Hartlsorn, Jos P.. 00
Harvey, M A..... 00
Haskell, Mrs C L. 00
Haskell, S E..... 00
Haspell, Mrs N D. 00
Hastings, C..... 00
Hathoway, Jno.... 00
Hathoway, Miss S G 00
Hayward, E F..... 00
Hegarty, Geo..... 00
Hemenway, H..... 00
Henderson, J..... 00
Hiersche, C 00
Hill, Mrs S J..... 00
Himmar, Geo..... 10
Himmar, Mrs Jno. 10
Hinckley, F..... 00
Hinsdale, M 00
Hodgkins, M A .. 00
Hodgkins, Wm.... 00
Hognet, Mrs M E. 00
Holden, James T.. 25
Hollister, Mrs J F 00
Holman, Edith A.. 00
Holmes, A 00
Holton, F A & Mrs . 00
Hormer, A D..... 00
Hough, Mrs J M.. 00
Houghton, Mrs D.. 50
Houghton, Harriet 00
House, T J B..... 00
Howes, A 00
Howe, Harry W.... 00
Howard, Mrs 10
Howard, N S..... 00
Hubbard, Mrs C... 00
Huff, Miss N L.... 00
Huff, Nellie B.... 00
Huggins, Mrs J R. 00
Hughson, E M..... 00
Hukin, Mrs E..... 00
Hull, Ithiel 00
Hultin, Miss..... 00
Humes, Mrs H P.. 25
Hunt, Miss C L.. 00
Hunt, Jas 00
Hunt, Mrs L H.... 00
Huntington, C H.. 50
Huntington, C L.. 50
Hyde, Mrs

MASS.—Cont'd

Kl[illegible]dge, A R... 10
Kl[illegible]. Mrs G.... 1 00
Kl[illegible] G E & Mrs 2 00
Kn[illegible], D S..... 1 00
Kn[illegible], Miss L.... 1 00
Kn[illegible]nd, Mrs J G 30
Kn[illegible]t, H G..... 2 50
Kn[illegible]t, Samuel... 1 00
Kn[illegible]es, W S..... 1 00
Kn[illegible]ton, N W... 1 00
La[illegible] H C & Wife 20
Lar[illegible]n, Lydia L. 2 00
Lat[illegible]p, W R..... 5 00
Law[illegible], Richard .. 5 00
Law[illegible]ne, A 25
Lawrence, L A.... 1 00
Lawnce, Mrs L A 1 00
Lawnce, Mrs M. 1 00
Lawnce, S W.... 2 00
Lawr, Ida M.... 2 00
Lawr, M A..... 1 00
Lee, Mrs E B.... 1 00
Leland, H J.....15 00
Lee H R..... 5 00
Leold, J H..... 1 00
Leold, Russell... 02
Leold, W F..... 2 00
Lewyn, Susan .. 2 00
Lew A C..... 2 00
Linnett, Mrs M A 1 00
Linol, Mrs M... 2 00
Linn, Rachel... 1 00
Linter, A C... 1 00
Linter, L B... 1 00
Litfield, C A.... 2 00
Litt Emily..... 10
Litt S Wm..... 1 00
Lloy Maria T.... 5 00
Lor Mrs E E S. 2 00
Lor Mrs G W.... 1 00
Loot, H G..... 5 00
Lop, Mrs R G. 1 00
Low Mrs C..... 2 00
Low S L & S R.10 00
Lucg Emma F... 1 00
Lutt Mrs R... 1 00
Lym Edgar P... 2 00
Lym Edwin L.. 1 00
Lyon Frank..... 05

McBardy, Agnes 4 00
Mc[illegible]n, Dr A S. 5 00
McF[illegible]en, L.... 2 00
Ma[illegible]lane, Mary. 3 00
McEuney, M E.. 1 00
McFin, Mrs H.. 1 00
McGillin, M E.. 1 00
McKney, Mrs & Mr Burdette.... 2 00
McLe, Mrs F C.10 00
McLl, Geo S... 2 00
McL[illegible], J E..... 1 00
Ma[illegible]nan, J..... 2 00
McMen, L..... 2 00
McPl, Miss A H 9 00
McR, Mrs E.... 2 00
Mach, Ellen 1 00
Macher, Ed L.. 2 00
Macver, Mary S 6 00
Mad[illegible]iss IM iE . 3 00
Mall Family... 1 00
Malt J H..... 1 00
Manan, M & Mrs 2 00
Manig, Mary R. 1 00
Mani Martha.... 1 00
Map Mrs E Y.. 1 00
Marc[illegible]t, Mrs R.. 1 00
Marc[illegible]rs M E... 1 00
Marsh, L M.... 1 00
Mart C..... 1 00
Mass F M..... 1 00
Mast, W & Wf. 50
Mast Cecil 25
Matt[illegible], Mrs & dau 2 00
Matt[illegible]ws, Miss A 50
Matt[illegible], C O..... 1 00
Mach, Addie L. 1 00
Mell, Mrs M T. 1 00
Merrild, J H.... 1 00
Merr Mrs C E. 2 00
Merr L A (M D) 5 00
Mess L A & C F 2 00
Mildi, G 1 00
Mille Jane..... 1 00
Mille Mrs M R.. 1 00
Milli, R E..... 1 00
Miss Lottie.... 1 00
Mitel Mr & Mrs 2 00
Mood J T..... 1 00
Moor F 25
Moor Mrs H E..10 00
Moor W M & Mrs 75
Morg, A D..... 1 00
Morre Mrs P H. 1 00
Mors Mrs J R.. 2 00
Mort L E..... 1 00
Mott Irs E D...10 00
Mood, L B..... 5 00
Mudg Mrs C W. 5 00
Mudo Mrs Jane. 2 00
Mung Mrs A M. 1 00
Murri Annie.... 3 00
Myer C M..... 1 00
Nason D..... 2 00
Nayle W A..... 1 00
Newt Mrs W E 30
Nichon, Wm .. 5 00
Niche A M.... 6 00
Niche Mrs L.... 1 00
Norla[illegible]r, D 3 00
Nours John F... 4 00
North H R..... 2 00
Nutes Mrs J W.. 1 25
Nye, orence M.. 1 00
Nye, iram 5 00
Nye, ss Mary... 5 00
Olds, A & Mrs 5 00
Orris, hristed.... 25
Orton R..... 2 00
Osbon Mary B... 1 00
Ottoy, C..... 1 00
Pache, Mrs E... 1 00
Pack, N A W.. 1 00
Packe E H (M D) 10 00
Padelford, Rev F W 1 00
Paine Mrs E B.. 1 00
Palmer, Mrs J W 5 00
Parke, Cyrie.... 1 00
Parkin, M V.... 1 00
Parmenter, Mrs J W 2 00
Parso, Sam'l R.. 25
Partr[illegible]e, Miss A J 1 00
Partr[illegible]e, Miss E J 50
Patel Miss A R. 5 00
Patri L G & S M 5 00
Pavn Louisa.... 5 00
Pavn Capt..... 1 00
Pears Hannah... 1 00
Pease Dr..... 1 00
Pease Mrs H L.. 2 00
Perso P W..... 1 00
Peake, Mrs Y... 1 00
Pendexter, M C.. 1 00
Perki France D. 2 00
Perki Mrs S.... 1 00
Perry Mrs F D... 2 00

MASS.—Cont'd

Perry, Miss M A. 5 00
Perry, Miss N R.. 50
Pettigrew, Alex... 1 00
Phillips, Miss E.. 25
Phillips, E D..... 1 00
Phillips, Geo.....
Phillips, Laura..
Phillips, Ralph..
Mitchell, Mildred 1 00
Phillips, Miss N R 2 00
Phipps, Daniel.... 5 00
Phipps, W W & Mrs 2 00
Pickens, Olive.... 2 00
Pickles, Mrs S J & Annie..... 1 00
Pierce, Mrs J B... 1 00
Pierce, John N.... 1 00
Pierson, Mrs A...10 00
Pillsbury, G & Mrs 2 00
Place, H P..... 1 00
Polley, Ida B..... 1 00
Pool, Judson..... 3 00
Poole, Miss G E.. 2 00
Poore, Alfred..... 1 00
Pope, Thos.....25 00
Porter, Mrs C W. 1 00
Porter, H S.....10 00
Porter, S ilas 2 00
Potter, A L..... 1 00
Powers, May..... 35
Pratt, Mrs D F... 2 00
Pratt, Mrs F L.... 50
Pratt, Miss J L... 2 00
Prentice, T B..... 1 00
Prescott, W E.... 1 00
Purrington, L F... 1 00
Putnam, C P..... 1 00
Putney, Mary.... 1 00
Quimby, Miss T... 5 00

Rand, Mrs M E .. 4 00
Randall, N & M C 2 00
Rankin, Jas.....20 00
Rankin, Jas H.... 5 00
Ransom, N M (M D 2 00
Ratcliffe, Wm .. 2 00
Raymond, Alfred.. 1 00
Raymond, H M.... 2 00
Reed, Mrs J S... 1 00
Reed, Jno..... 5 00
Rice, Clara A.... 1 00
Rice, Emeline S... 1 00
Rice, Louise J... 1 00
Rice, R B..... 1 00
Richardson, R C... 1 00
Richardson, E A.. 1 00
Richardson, N .. 5 00
Richardson, SS&Mrs 5 00
Richardson, Mrs W 2 00
Ridgway, M M.... 1 00
Ridgway, Sarah M 1 00
Ritz, Mrs J..... 2 00
Roberts, E L and Mother 4 00
Robertson, John... 1 00
Robinson, Clayton. 50
Robinson, Fannie. 1 00
Robinson, G H 1 00
Robinson, J H 2 00
Robinson, J H 2 00
Robinson, L..... 1 00
Robinson, L..... 01
Robinson, S J..... 1 00
Rockwell, Mrs E M 2 00
Rockwell, L W .. 25 00
Rockwell, M E.... 2 00
Roldshek, Sol.... 1 00
Ross, Henry L... 5 00
Rose, Miss L..... 2 00
Rouse, E W 1 00
Rudderham, M.... 1 00
Ruggles, Mrs Geo. 1 00
Ryder, Mrs H K.. 1 00

Sampson, E 1 00
Sampson, E F.... 1 00
Sampson, S A, coll by 60
Sanger, M L..... 1 00
Sargent, J..... 1 00
Sargeant, W H...10 00
Saunders, Levi.... 1 00
Sawyer, H S..... 1 00
Sawyer, Ralph 10
Scott, C C & H S Chamberlin 1 00
Scott, Minnie R... 50
Sears, B 1 00
Sears, Mrs T..... 1 00
Severance, Mrs S C 3 00
Sharp, Edna May.. 1 75
Shatton, Mrs E N.. 1 00
Sibley, A A..... 1 00
Sibley, Mrs C H.. 1 00
Sibley, T F..... 1 00
Sikes, Reuben..... 1 00
Simpson, Mrs G L .. 50
Simpson, Rachel.. 2 00
Skinner, Mrs..... 5 00
Skinner, Ella L... 35
Skinner, Ella M.. 1 50
Slade, E M..... 2 00
Slanter, Geo..... 1 00
Slutter, E E 2 00
Small, Pamella.... 1 00
Smith, Abbie A.... 1 00
Smith, Mrs E..... 1 00
Smith, Mrs Eliza.200 00
Smith, Chas F.... 5 00
Smith, Mrs J C... 2 00
Smith, Mrs J H... 1 00
Smith, Mrs Jacob. 3 00
Smith, J H..... 1 00
Smith, J M..... 3 50
Smith, L F..... 5 00
Smith, Maria 1 00
Smith, Mrs S S.... 1 00
Smith, Sue T..... 2 00
Smith, Mrs W H.. 1 00
Smith, Mrs W K.. 1 00
Smith, Rev J W... 50
Snow, Dr & Mrs A V 5 00
Snow, Alice L.... 5 00
Snow, V A..... 50
Somes, Mrs C T... 2 00
Spaulding, Miss E B 2 00
Spelman, A B 1 00
Spencer, Mrs E J W 2 00
Spoangle, L A.... 1 00
Spring, Mrs H S.. 1 00
Souter, H 1 00
Stafford, Eliz..... 1 00
Standley, Mrs J.. 1 00
Starr, Mrs E R.. 1 00
Stearns, C C..... 1 00
Stearns, J M..... 2 00
Stebbins, David S & Mrs 1 00
Stebbins, E R & L R 2 00
Stetson, Ruth S... 1 00
Stevens, Mrs A L 1 00
Stewart, Sarah E. 5 00
Stimson, Mrs L Y. 1 00
Ston, Geo N..... 1 00
Strange, Mrs W R 1 00
Svedeman, Jno ... 1 00
Swain, L B..... 1 00

MASS.—Cont'd

Swallow, F M..... 1 00
Sweet, Bessie..... 25
Sweet, Mrs C..... 1 00
Sweet, H L..... 1 50
Sweet, Mrs Ida O. 1 00
Sweet, Master W.. 25
Sweetser, L & Mrs 2 00
Sweetser, P S.... 3 00
Sykes, Mrs J..... 2 00
Sylvester, May R. 1 00
Symmes, Thos E.. 1 00
Tappan, H M..... 2 00
Tappan, Mrs H S. 2 00
Tarlton, C H & Mrs 2 00
Taylor, Chas A.... 2 00
Taylor, E A..... 2 00
Taylor, G M..... 2 00
Taylor, J D..... 2 00
Taylor, Lydia R... 1 00
Taylor, Mrs M H.. 1 00
Taylor, Mary F...10 00
Taylor, Oliver..... 2 00
Telson, Rev J..... 1 00
Templeman, S T.. 1 00
Templeton, Sarah. 1 00
Thayer, Mrs F.... 1 00
Thayer, Mrs F G.. 2 00
Thayer, Mrs L.... 1 00
Thomas, T J..... 1 00
Thompson, E M .. 1 00
Thompson, Rev Dr J 50
Thompson, J O.... 1 00
Thompson, Leroy.. 1 75
Thompson, M C... 1 00
Thrall, Mrs M C.. 5 00
Thurston, L D.... 1 00
Thurston, Mrs S H 2 00
Tidd, Mrs J E.... 5 00
Tilden, Olive M... 1 00
Towle, Mrs A 1 00
Towne, W R..... 5 00
Touzean, F E..... 25
Trask, Mrs A..... 1 00
Truslow, Arthur... 2 00
Tucker, A B..... 2 00
Tucker, Geo E.... 5 00
Turner, Mrs H.... 1 00
Turner, Nettie E.. 1 00
Turner, Mrs W H.. 2 50
Tyler, Mrs E B.... 1 00
Tyler, J R.....20 00
Tyone, Mrs H..... 1 00
Tyzzer, G R..... 3 00
Tyzzet, Jeanie R.. 1 00

Vrealand, Mrs J I. 1 30
Wade, Mrs E W.... 1 00
Wait, Mrs A..... 3 00
Wallace, N 5 00
Walker, Mrs E.... 1 00
Wanden, Judith... 2 00
Ware, Mrs Lymans 50
Warner, L M..... 5 00
Warner, R D..... 1 00
Warren, R B..... 2 00
Warren, Mrs S C & Miss E Waltham.20 00
Watson, Mrs Chas 1 00
Watson, Mrs J 2 00
Watson, Lewis..... 10
Watson, Mrs R L. 1 00
Webber, Geo M.... 1 00
Weeks, S J..... 5 00
Wells, Geo..... 5 00
Wentworth, A E.. 1 00
Weston, Thos Jr.. 7 25
Wetherbee, N A .. 2 00
Wetherbee, N M .. 1 00
Wetmore, Miss H. 25
Wheeler, Mrs F W 2 00
Wheeler, Mrs P E 1 00
Wheelock, A E .. 2 00
Wheelock, Mrs E M 1 00
Wheelock, M J.... 1 00
White, A..... 5 00
White, Abbie A.. 2 00
White, Mrs D..... 10
White, Mrs E S.... 1 00
White, Eliza H.... 1 00
White, Rev E.... 5 00
Whiting, Mrs S B.10 00
Whitney, Mrs F W 5 00
Whitney, Mrs J P 3 00
Wight, B F & J K.20 00
Wight, Mrs G H.. 1 00
Wight, Mrs Lewis 1 00
Wier, Mrs Jenat .. 2 00
Wilkinson, Mrs C E 50
Williams, Mrs E.. 2 00
Williams, F 25
Williams, H C.... 1 00
Williams, J E & C M 3 00
Williamson, M W. 3 00
Wilson, H L..... 1 00
Wilson, J A..... 1 00
Wilson, M D..... 50
Winn, Mrs J..... 1 00
Winship, O L..... 1 00
Winslow, S A.... 5 00
Witting, C W..... 2 00
Wood, Mr & Mrs. 80
Wood, Chester.... 05
Wood, Mrs Ellen.. 1 00
Wood, Eliza W.... 1 50
Wood, Mrs H M... 50
Wood, H S & Mrs 2 00
Wood, Helen 05
Wood, Mrs John.. 1 00
Wood, M A..... 3 00
Wood, Rotha..... 05
Wood, Sarah..... 05
Woods, Mrs C C & Little Boy..... 50
Woodbury, N G.... 1 00
Wright, R W.....10 00
Wright, W H & fds 4 00
Wyllie, Robt..... 1 00

Yonkin, Miss E... 1 00
Young, J 1 00
Young, Mrs L..... 25
Young, L I..... 1 00
Young, Mrs O D... 50
A A M, Monson ... 1 00
A D L, Gardner.. 2 00
A C M, 3 Rivers.. 1 00
A H, Fall River.. 2 00
A W H, Winchendon 1 00
B W B, Upton.... 1 00
C, Boston..... 1 00
Mrs C A M, Lynn. 1 00
C A K, Framingham 5 00
C C, Rutland..... 1 00
C K N & E L G, Boston 9 00
C R F, Salem..... 1 00
Mrs D G P, Amesbury 1 00
D F B, Sudbury.. 5 00
E & B, West Falmouth 3 00
E C R, N Adams.. 1 00
E F W & B S W Jr, Lenox 7 00
E L F, Chelsea.... 1 00

MASS.—Cont'd

E L F, Teaticket.. 1 00
E M B, E Norton. 2 00
E M N, Spencer . 2 00
E P K, Auburndale 1 00
E R S, Whitinsville 50
E W M and Mrs, Hyde Park..... 5 00
F A C, Northampton 5 00
F M L, Greenbush. 1 00
F R H, Holyoke.. 1 00
G E G, Salem..... 1 00
Mrs G H, N Chelmsford 2 00
H B L, Worcester. 2 00
I H C, Boston..... 1 00
Miss J A S Deerfield 75
Mrs J A H, Winchendon 1 00
J A P, Haydenville 1 00
J C, Hanover..... 1 00
J N, Concord..... 2 00
J R B, Berkley... 1 00
J T, Newton Ctr. 5 00
L A H, Gloucester. 1 00
L C C, Lowell... 2 00
L E, Three Rivers 5 00
L F S, Stockbridge 1 00
L H, Holyoke..... 1 00
L J L, Newbury.. 2 00
L M W, Roxbury.. 1 00
L R G, I H N, Worcester 1 00
M A C, Cambridge 1 00
M B H H, Worcester 1 00
M E O S, Worcester 5 00
M E W W, Amherst 10 00
M F F, Webster.. 1 00
M G L, Framingham 2 00
M G R, New Bedford 1 00
M J, Pittsfield.... 1 00
M M, Fall River.. 1 00
Mrs M B, Charlton City 50
M T L, Woburn.. 50
M W L, E Taunton 25
Mrs O W B, Winchendon 2 00
P, Belchertown... 1 00
Miss P A G, Beverly 50
S, Roxbury..... 5 00
S H P, Springfield 1 00
S M B, Worcester 1 00
Mrs S P M, Sou Hadley Falls.... 1 00
S T S, New Bedford 1 00
S W E A J S S A W, Belchertown. 3 00
Mrs W H H, West Otis 1 00
W H R, Worcester 5 00
W T H, Worcester 1 00
——, Amesbury ... 1 00
——, Athol 2 00
——, Beverly 3 00
——, Beverly 2 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 1 00
——, Boston 2 00
——, Boston 10 00
——, Boston 60
——, Boston 10 00
——, Boston 5 00
——, Boston 2 00
——, Boston 3 00
——, Brighton 2 00
——, Campello 1 00
——, Chic'pee Falls 1 00
——, Dorchester 1 00
——, Franklin 1 00
——, Gt Barrington 1 00
——, Gloucester 2 00
——, Haverhill 50
——, Jamaica Plain 1 00
——, Lynn 1 00
——, Lynn 5 00
——, Malden 1 00
——, Marlboro 1 00
——, Monson 1 00
——, New Bedford. 1 00
——, New Marlboro 5 00
——, Newton 2 00
——, N Abington... 1 00
——, Northampton 25
——, Northampton. 2 00
——, Northboro ...20 00
——, Norwood 5 00
——, Peabody 1 00
——, Roxbury 1 00
——, Roxbury 1 00
——, So Hadley.... 1 55
——, Springfield ... 1 00
——, Waltham 1 00
——, Webster 1 00
——, W Barnstable 5 00
——, Weston 1 00
——, W Northfield. 2 00
——, Whitman 5 00
——, Worcester 1 00
——, Worcester 1 00

Cash, Amesbury... 1 00
Cash, Thorndike... 1 00
F'd, Gloucester... 1 00
Friend, Harvard... 5 00
F'd, Highlandville. 1 00
Friend, Kingston.. 5 00
F'd, Leominster... 2 00
Friend, Lowell.... 1 00
Friend, Malden.... 2 00
Friend, Malden.... 1 00
F'd, Marblehead... 1 00
F'd, Northampton. 1 00
Friend, Peabody... 1 00
F'd, Raynham..... 1 00
Friend, Reading... 1 00
Friend, Salem..... 5 00
F'd, Springfield... 5 00
F'd, Springfield... 1 00
Friend, Westport.. 2 00
F'd, W Townsend. 1 00
F'd, Worcester.... 2 00
F'd, Worcester.... 1 00
F'd, Worcester.... 1 00
F'd, Worcester.... 2 00
Friends, Barre.... 1 50
F'ds, Roxford..... 20
F'ds, Campello... 1 50
F'ds, Dunstable... 1 50
F'ds, Georgetown. 1 00
Friends, Gill..... 3 25

MASS.—Cont'd

F'ds, Holyoke..... 1 00
Friends, Sudbury.. 1 50
Friends, Spencer.. 2 50
F'ds, Southampton 2 00
F'ds, Sturbridge... 2 00
F'ds, Topsfield....12 00
Friends, Waltham.45 00
F'ds, W Newbury.. 1 00
F'ds L I M H, Attleboro 1 00
Friends, M & A Fitchburg 2 00
F'ds of the Home, Northampton ... 1 00
Friends at Home, Worcester 2 00
A F'd, Abingtom.. 1 00
F'd, Adamsdale... 1 00
Friend, Andover... 5 00
Friend, Andover.. 1 00
F'd, Amesbury ... 1 00
F'd, Acusbnet..... 2 00
F'd, Belchertown.. 1 00
F'd, Brookline.... 1 00
F'd, Chelmsford...10 00
F'd, E Dennis..... 1 00
F'd, E Northfield. 1 00
A F'd, E Taunton. 1 00
A Friend, Essex.. 4 00
F'd, Fall River... 1 00
F'ds, Fitchburg... 2 00
F'd, Fitchburg.... 1 00
F'd, Gt Barrington 1 00
A F'd, Gleasondale 1 00
A F'd, Hamilton.. 1 00
A F'd, Haverhill.. 5 00
A F'd, Hoeliston.. 1 00
A F'd, Hortonville 1 00
A F'd, Ludlow..... 1 00
A Friend, Northampton 10 00
A Friend, Salem.. 2 00
A F'd, S Egremont 1 00
A F'd, Weymouth 30
A F'd, Winchendon 1 00
A Friend, Woburn. 2 00
Three Friends of the Poor, Acushnet 3 00
Amherst Friends, Amherst 1 50
Two F'ds, Bridgewater 7 00
Two F'ds, Middleboro 2 00
Four F'ds, West Newbury 1 00
Many F'ds, Haverhill 2 00
I H N, Boston... 1 00
I H N, Brookline. 2 75
Inasmuch, Haverhill 2 00
I H N, Leominster 2 00
I H N, Malden... 2 00
I H N, Newton Highlands 2 00
I H N, Orleans... 1 00
I H N, Roxbury... 3 00
I H N, Sudbury... 1 00
I H N, Wellesley Hills 2 00
I H N, W Stockbridge 1 00
I H N, Winchester 2 00
In His Dear Name, Woburn 1 00
Reader, Lowell.... 1 00
Reader, Palmer... 1 00
A Sub'r, Boston.. 1 00
A Sub'r, Caryville 1 00
Sub'r, Leominster.. 1 00
A Sub'r, Northampton 1 00
Sub'r, Sheldonville 1 00
A Sub'r, Worcester 1 00
A Sympathizer, Dorchester 1 00
Sympathy, ——....20 00
In Sympathy, Danvers 50
Lilian, Pepperell.. 10
A Cripple, Newbury 1 00
Dis No 7 Sun Sch, Framingham 1 50
Martyrs F'd, Cambridge 5 00
Marguerite, Roslindale 50
49, Boston..... 1 00
Knox, Ayer..... 2 00
Six Young Friends, Webster 5 00
Dana Child'n, Worcester 5 00
A Physician, Boston 1 00
Self Denial, Templeton 1 00
A Constant Reader of C H, Agaivane 1 00
P O Box 215, Salem 2 00
In Memory of Mother, W Action.... 1 00
Two Sisters in the Lord, Palmer.... 2 00
An Endeavorer, W Newbury 1 00
Familys Small Contribution, Northampton 50
One Who Loves Jesus, Unity..... 50
One of the Least, N Adams..... 1 00
Sub'r, Newburyport 50
3d Bapt Ch, Barnstable 7 00
Belchertown Cong'l Ch 20 20
Bromfield St M E Chinese S S, Boston 12 50
Chicopee Falls M E Ch 9 65
1st Ch Woman's Missy Soc & Y P S C L, Hanson.. 4 70
Cong Ch, Lynfield Centre 15 50
1st Cong Ch, Oxford 10 00
Warren Ave Bapt S S, Roxbury...25 00
M E Ch, Sandwich.12 00
So Rehoboth S Sch 6 00
Waverly Cong S S. 4 85
Bapt Ch, Whitman 3 68
Con Ch, Whitman.23 75
Advent Christ Ch, Whitman 3 00
S S 1st Cong Ch, Blaneford 14 25
Bapt S S, Carver. 2 00
Int Dept of 1st Con S S, Gardner....10 00

MASS.—Cont'd

S Sch Cl 1st Pres Ch, Holyoke..... 1 00
Primary S S of 1st Cong Ch, Milford 5 00
Cong S Sch, Mill River 6 26
S S Cl of Mrs C C, Pepperell 2 40
S Sch Cl of G W Shackle, Springfield 50
Sab Sch, Waltham.14 13
Advent S S, West Becket 1 50
3 Cls in Cong S S, W Brookfield.... 8 12
Intermediate So of C E, Ashfield.... 3 00
S Miss Soc, Attleboro 21 50
Y P C E of First Pres Ch of East Boston 35 00
Y P S C E, Essex. 5 00
C E Soc Rodman St U P San Sch, Fall River..... 3 50
Kings Dau, Framingham 10 00
Y P S C E, Greenwood 4 00
Y P S C E, Lenox 8 25
No Ch Y P S C E, Newburyport 5 00
Ep Cir Kin Dau, Pittsfield 3 00
Y P S C E of 1st Pres Ch, Springfield 2 00
Jr End'vors, Templeton 50
Kings Dau of Cong Ch, Waltham....18 00
Long Sought for Chap, Westford.. 1 00
Long Sought for Chap, Westford.. 1 00
West Hawley C E Soc 3 25
Y M C A, Whitman 60
Junior C E Soc of Tremont Temple, Beachmont 10 00

New Hampshire

Ackerman, L B... 1 00
Ackerman, Ruth.. 22
Ackerman, S M... 10
Adams, Mrs H D.. 1 00
Adams, Minnie 15
Ainger, J H..... 2 00
Ambrose, E W & Mrs I Blackman. 2 00
Baker, S J..... 1 00
Baker, S R..... 1 00
Balch, S P..... 1 00
Ball, Mrs G F... 5 00
Ballard, John 1 00
Ballard, L C..... 1 00
Barber, R J..... 1 00
Bartlett Bros' fam 4 00
Baton, Miss T M. 2 00
Bedell, C S..... 1 00
Bedell, R S..... 2 00
Bell, C A..... 1 00
Bennard, M A.... 2 00
Bennett, Mrs A P. 1 00
Berry, Mrs J P.. 1 00
Bickford, L A.... 2 00
Bingham, Helen.. 1 00
Blaisdell, Mrs H W 2 00
Bliss, John W.... 5 00
Bradford, Mary R. 1 00
Brown, Mrs C P.. 2 00
Brown, George.... 50
Brown, H W..... 1 00
Brown, Jno. J.... 1 00
Brown, Susan P.. 3 00
Brown, R 5 00
Brown, W G, E F & A F Prescott. 3 00
Bunnell, P T..... 2 00
Burrill, S W..... 1 00
Butler, James 2 00
Butler, Mary 1 00
Butler, Wm H...10 00
Carpenter, C A.... 1 00
Carr, Mrs C A.... 2 00
Caverly, A A P.. 2 00
Chamberlain, Mrs H J & Mrs J A Jackson 2 00
Chandler, A N C. 1 00
Chapman, Jacob... 2 00
Chase, Saloan..... 2 00
Clark, Mrs L A.. 3 00
Clarke, Harriett.. 2 00
Clement, Mrs A H 1 00
Clements, Wal S.. 1 00
Cochran, A T..... 1 00
Cochran, M J..... 1 00
Cole, Alfred M.... 5 00
Conner, Mary D... 1 00
Convers, Rhoda.... 3 00
Coonley, Mrs O.... 1 00
Copp, Rev H B... 5 00
Corbett, Mrs Albert 2 00
Currier, Mrs N R 1 00
Currier, Mrs S.... 1 00
Currier, Sarah G.. 5 00
Curtice, Miss Alena 2 00
Cutter, Mrs H A.. 1 00
Dalyiel, Ella 15
Daniels, F W..... 2 00
Darling, C W..... 2 00
Davis, E N..... 5 00
De Meritt, L B.... 5 00
Derveritt, E M... 1 00
Derveritt, M E... 50
Dewey, The Misses 2 00
Dore, Hattie M... 2 00
Dow, Jno A..... 2 00
Dowing, M L..... 1 00
Drake, Eunice A... 1 00
Drake, S E..... 1 00
Drew, Edith M... 1 00
Durgin, Agnes.... 1 00
Durgin, Mrs L W. 5 00
Eaton, Mrs H P.. 1 00
Edson, Mrs L..... 1 00
Elliott, Mrs J P.. 1 00
Elwell, Mrs Geo H 1 00
Farror, Mrs A F.. 1 00
Fernald, J E..... 1 00
Finlayson, A & Mrs 5 00
Fling, Emma 2 00
Flint, Chas L..... 1 00
Follansbee, Mrs CS 1 00
Folsom, Jno F.... 1 00
Foote, Geo. H.... 2 00
Foss, Annie E.... 1 00
Foster, Miss H A. 1 00
Foster, Lottie E.. 1 00
Fowler, I N, (M D) 1 00

N. HAMPSHIRE—Cont'd

Freeman, Mrs E S 1 00
Fulton, Mrs R M. 1 00
Garrett, E W.... 1 00
Gee, Ellen S..... 1 00
Gibson, Mrs Jos... 1 00
Giffin, N C..... 1 00
Gilchrist, M J.... 1 00
Gilman, W A..... 1 00
Gofs, E A..... 2 00
Gordon, Lena 2 00
Gray, Dorothy..... 2 00
Gray, Lizzie 5 00
Greeley, Mrs L M 5 00
Greene, Helen G.. 1 00
Griffin, Mrs N V.. 1 00
Haines, J H..... 2 00
Hale, H G..... 1 00
Hale, Walter A.... 5 00
Hall, Eliz'th S...35 00
Ham, Lottie A.... 2 00
Harris, W E..... 2 00
Haywood, C B.... 5 00
Heyser, J H..... 1 00
Hickey, Miss 10
Hildreth, Mrs H.. 1 00
Hill, Mrs F A..... 1 00
Hodge, Mrs J A... 5 00
Hodsdon, Mrs J T 1 00
Holden, Everett T 1 00
Holden, W N & N T 1 00
Holmes, W 1 00
Hopkins, C W.... 1 00
Horan, Kate..... 10
Howard, Mrs S M. 2 00
Howe, E 1 00
Howe, E W..... 2 00
Howe, Hattie M... 2 00
Hoy, Miss Jennie.. 1 00
Hoyt, Mrs J S C.. 1 00
Hoyt, Jason R C. 2 00
Huntress, Della M. 2 00
Hurd, Mrs Jas.... 1 00
Jenkin, Mrs R.... 1 00
Jones, Edmund.... 2 00
Jones, Miss J B.. 50
Jones, S H..... 1 00
Kelley, Geo. O... 1 00
Kempton, A H.... 1 00
Kidder, Susie 1 00
Kimball, D A..... 1 00
Kimball, Mrs E S. 1 00
Kimball, Rev Jos. 3 00
Kimball, Mrs L A. 1 00
Knight, Mrs E.... 3 00
Landis, W C..... 1 00
Larkin, Nelson H. 50
Little, Mrs E B. 5 00
Little, Mrs Emma & Mrs F H Phillips 2 00
Lovejoy, J C..... 1 00
McDonald, Alex... 2 00
Mackenzie, J W... 25
Mark, F A..... 1 00
Maloon, Aug 50
Mars, L C..... 1 00
Marshall, Mrs C G 1 00
Masson, Ella M.. 2 00
Messer, Edwin F.. 3 00
Mitchell, Miss A W 5 00
Moett, Mrs M L. 1 00
Moore, Geo. H.... 1 00
Morgan, Mrs O N 20
Morse, Mrs J D.. 1 00
Morse, Wm. S..... 2 00
Mosher, Celia 50
Mosher, Jennie.... 25
Mudgett, Hannah.. 2 00
Murphy, Jno 1 00
Murphy, Mary 10
Naromare, F A... 2 00
Nichols, Mrs H F. 2 00
Nichols, Mrs J N. 2 00
Norton, Mrs B F. 1 00
Otis, Joshua 1 00
Parker, Mrs D A.. 1 00
Parker, Jennie.... 15
Partridge, Mrs J A 1 00
Peabody, Mis E A 2 00
Pearson, Mrs E H 1 00
Peirce C F & A M Kimball 2 00
Pemberton, Mrs L 1 00
Perkins, Mrs 25
Perkins, L & A... 3 00
Perkins, Mrs O A. 1 00
Pettee, Oliver 2 00
Pigeon, M P..... 6 65
Pike, E B..... 1 00
Pond, Mrs L L... 1 00
Potter, Mrs A..... 1 00
Putney, Mrs H W 2 00
Reed, Ethel M.... 1 00
Reed, Mrs P C... 3 00
Reesen, Susan..... 2 00
Reeves, J C..... 1 00
Remick, Fannie J. 1 00
Richardson, Mrs D 2 00
Rideout, Mrs C G. 1 25
Robinson, Nellie.. 15
Robitville, Joseph. 10
Romey, L J..... 1 00
Russell, Geo. S... 1 00
Sanborn, B M..... 20
Sanborn, John W.. 1 00
Sargent, W & J.. 2 00
Savage, Mrs Ida F 50
Seakolm, Carrie .. 2 00
Seyler, E F..... 5 00
Shackford, L M... 2 00
Shaw, L 1 00
Sheppard, Mrs C S 50
Shonyo, Esther M. 1 00
Simonds, A B.... 2 00
Smart, C H..... 1 00
Smart, Joe 1 00
Smith, Mrs A S.. 5 00
Smith, Miss S T. 1 00
Smith, Susie E.... 50
Spaulding, M E... 2 00
Spring, Aggie 10
Spring, Rose 10
Stanton, Jas. B... 1 00
Stearns, Mrs Mary 1 50
Stockwell, W S... 2 00
Swallow, J R..... 2 00
Swallow, Miss S E.10 00
Tasker, Mrs Sarah 1 00
Tenney, Ada R... 1 00
Thompson, Geo. P. 1 00
Towns, M E..... 10
Travis, G H..... 2 00
Tray, Hiram 1 00
Trussell, S D & Mrs 2 00
Tuttle, Mrs H B. 1 00
Upham, Mrs J H. 1 00
Wallace, Beth 25
Walton, E C..... 6 00
Ware, Alfred F... 1 00
Watson, Mrs L M. 1 00
Weare, Mrs Geo O 1 00
Webster, Anna M. 2 00
Webster, Minnie .. 1 00

N. HAMPSHIRE—Cont'd

Webster, Nellie ... 50
Weels, Mrs E J. 50
Welbur, T A..... 1 00
Wells, Mr Geo.... 5 00
Whipple, C 1 00
Whitaker, Mary M. 5 00
Whitehouse, Mrs M 5 00
Whitney, C M.... 9 00
Whitney, Nathan. 10 00
Whittier, Mrs J S 1 00
Whittier, Mrs S V 5 00
Whittier, Mrs U P 50
Whitton, O F..... 5 00
Williams, Mrs 15
Wilson, P S..... 5 00
Woodbury, Chas 1 1 00
Woodbury, F C... 2 00
Woodburg, J F.... 2 00
Woodman, Mrs C L 50
Woodman, D..... 4 15
Woodman, Frank.. 50
Workman, T H & Son 2 00
Worland, Mrs 10 00
York, Mrs S C.... 2 00
Young, Mrs A.... 1 00
Mrs A I C, West Concord 1 00
A J F, W. Ossipee 2 00
B A M, W. Derry 1 00
B E W, Lyme.... 1 00
C A S, Nashua... 50
C D M, Meridith. 1 00
E A J Berlin.... 5 00
E D M, Littleton. 6 00
E E S, Enfield... 8 00
G G X, Littleton.10 00
Mrs H A S, Lakeport 1 00
H C B, Francestown 1 00
H M B, Lakeport 1 00
J S, Manchester.. 5 00
L, Greenland..... 30
M A C, Manchester 1 00
M A H, Dover.... 2 00
M M S, Coos..... 1 00
M T A, Claremont 4 00
R A R, Whitefield 1 00
S E H, Francestown 1 00
Mrs W A C, Concord 1 00
W M L, Sutton.... 5 00
——, Claremont ... 1 00
——, Claremont ... 50
——, E. Chester...20 00
——, Enfield Ctr... 20
——, Gorham 2 00
——, Jefferson 1 00
——, Keene 1 00
——, Lebanon 1 00
——, Londonderry . 1 00
——, Merrimack ... 2 00
——, Nashua 1 00
——, Portsmouth ..10 00
——, Sanbornville .. 1 00
Friend, Ashland...10 00
Friend, Candia.... 1 00
Friend, Littletown 1 00

N. HAMPSHIRE—Cont'd
S Sch, Hazens.... 1 00
C E Soc, Salem... 2 35
Earnest Workers K Ds, N. Newport... 2 00
Ladies Miss Soc, Warner 2 05
Y P S C E, Bartlett 1 00
Y P S C E, Hanover Ctr 5 00

New Jersey

Abbott, E P..... 50
Abbott, J F..... 50
Abbott, Mary C... 2 00
Ackerman, Mrs .. 3 00
Agens, Elsie M... 50
Agens, Ethel M... 50
Aikman, Wm, DD.10 00
Albertson, E L... 2 00
Allen, Mrs B F.. 1 00
Allen, Mrs C A.. 1 00
Allen, Mrs Jno W. 5 00
Allen, Mrs R C... 1 00
Allen, Mrs W F.. 1 00
Allison, E A..... 1 00
Almond, Mrs A & sister 3 00
Ames, E J..... 1 00
Anderson, A C.... 1 00
Anderson, A M.... 1 00
Ansel, John 1 00
Anthony, Mae..... 25
Apple, Jos..... 10
Applegate, S M.... 1 00
Arnold, Miss L J 2 00
Ashhurst, Alice... 5 00
Atkinson, R 25
Atterson, Mrs E R 5 00
Atwater, Misses J & M 10 00
Aumack, Jacob W. 1 00
Avis, Sarah A.... 1 00
Ayers, Ada D.... 25
Ayers, Mrs Amzy. 50
Ayres, Mrs Ezra.. 2 00
Babcock, S J..... 25
Bagley, Wm 1 00
Bailey, C G..... 1 00
Bailey, Mrs H E.. 1 00
Bailey, Lillie 1 00
Baird's, Miss L, S S Cl of 1st Bapt Ch 1 00
Baker, Miss..... 2 00
Baker, Maria 1 00
Baker, Pheobe.... 1 00
Ballentin, Mrs T.. 1 00
Banham, J W..... 2 00
Barkham, Mrs 10
Barrie, Mrs Wm.. 5 00
Barrie, Wm 20 00
Barton, Lena D... 2 00
Bassinger, Mrs S H 1 00
Bateman, Timothy 5 00
Baylor, Miss R.... 1 00
Beach, Alice 1 00
Beam, Wm 10 00
Bebont, Mrs L A. 50
Bellis, Mrs Peter.. 1 25
Bennett, Mrs D H 1 00
Bennett, Ida C.... 50
Bennett, Mary 1 00
Benton, O W..... 25
Berkaw, Mrs A E 1 00
Berry, Jno. J..... 1 00
Berry, Mrs S C & M C Foslon..... 5 00
Bertkan, Wm F... 1 00
Bird, O B, (M D). 50
Bitzel, Kate 5 00
Blanchard, Mrs F. 10
Blauvelt, Bessie.. 1 35
Blovs, L M..... 1 00
Boggs, G T..... 2 00
Bone, Richard 1 00
Bonham, G & wf. 2 00
Bonham, H N..... 1 50
Borden, Ann L... 2 50
Borden, Mrs F.... 3 00
Borland, Mrs C R 5 00
Bottè, Mrs 05
Boyce, Mrs M B.. 1 00
Bradford, M D....13 00
Brady, Wm 5 00
Brane, Mrs H C.. 5 00
Bray, Wm H..... 1 00
Breese, J G & Mrs10 00
Brewster, Mrs N H 2 00
Brewster, Mrs W J 2 00
Briston, Grace..... 10
Briston, Rev Jas.. 50
Brittain, Henry J. 4 20
Britton, Miss K... 10
Brown, Ann 2 00
Brown, B C..... 1 00
Brown, Edith 1 00
Brown, J H..... 1 00
Brown, Jas H..... 2 00
Brown, Mrs Jas L 2 00
Brown, R & J.... 2 00
Browning, Isabella 1 00
Bryan, M A..... 1 00
Buck, H Roscoe.. 1 00
Bunting, A S..... 1 00
Burdick, W M..... 1 00
Burley, Rev Wm. 3 00
Burpeon, J I, MD.10 00
Burrill, D 2 00
Burroughs, J F.... 1 00
Burroughs, M F... 2 00
Buswell, E F..... 4 50
Burt, Mrs A D... 1 00
Butterworth, J W 1 00
Butterfield, P E... 1 00
Conger, Mrs W H 1 00
Conklin, A C..... 2 00
Conklin, Jas 25
Conover, Peter W. 1 00
Conover, W & wf. 2 00
Cornelius, Miss ME 1 00
Cortelyon, M L... 3 00
Cortelyon, Peter..10 00
Cory, Mrs L V... 1 00
Cosman, C W & dau 6 00
Coss, Margaret.... 50
Coursen, M C..... 50
Couse, Mrs C..... 2 00
Couse, Cornelia ... 1 00
Couse, Mrs L..... 5 00
Cowell, M M..... 1 00
Cox, Miss 25
Cox, Catharine.... 1 00
Crane, Mrs C..... 1 00
Crane, S B..... 1 00
Crane, T T & Mrs.10 00
Craven, E R..... 1 00
Crâw, Catharine... 1 00
Crawford, A 50
Crawford, John.... 50
Cregar, J H & Mrs 3 00
Cregar, Mrs P A.. 25
Cregas, Mrs J D.. 2 00
Cressman, Mrs E R 5 00
Crickler, C V..... 2 00
Croker, Roy 2 00
Cross, Mrs L F... 5 00
Cunningham, L & friends 4 00
Curtis, Annie E... 1 00
Curtis, Mr E C.. 2 00
Curtiss, M S..... 25
Curtiss, M S..... 21
Cuthbert, Mrs J.. 25
Cutter, Wm. H.... 5 00
Cadmus, J 1 00
Cady, Ethel 05
Cady, Florence.... 05
Cale, C L.....10 00
Campbell, Mrs I... 2 00
Campbell, Lizzie.. 1 00
Canfield, C E..... 1 00
Canfield, Wm H E 5 00
Cassady, Mary L.. 2 75
Cassedy, Mrs I S. 1 00
Caulk, Ethel 10
Caulk, Victorine.. 10
Chamberlin, H G. 1 00
Chamberlin, J A..10 00
Chandler, Mrs W J 7 00
Charles, Carrie.... 1 00
Childs Mary E.... 6 92
Chushin, M L..... 1 00
Clark, A L..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Clearman, I.....30 00
Clendenin, Mrs T. 1 00
Clunn, A & L B.. 1 00
Coddington, M F & Mrs 2 00
Coe, Mrs A..... 5 00
Cole, Mrs & Wm Ayres 25
Cole, Mrs C E.... 10
Cole, J Wilbur.... 2 00
Collins, Ebert..... 50
Collins, John 1 00
Compton, A J..... 1 00
Compton, Eleanor.. 2 00
Compton, Mrs W E 1 00
Conclkin, A W.... 5 00
Dimoch, E J.....10 00
Dimon, N F..... 1 00
Dodd, M L..... 1 00
Douglas, A 1 00
Downham, Mrs M. 2 00
Dunn, M B..... 3 00
Dunn, Isaac R.... 1 00
Dunn, Mrs R G... 2 00
Dunn, Mrs S L.. 1 00
Dunn, T J..... 1 00
Dunning, Mrs A.. 25
Dunwoody, John... 1 00
Durlin, Mrs H 1 00
Dusenbury, S A.. 1 00
Damber, Miss G... 26
Damber, Mrs K... 25
Davenport, Mrs J.. 1 00
Davis, Mrs Jacob.10 00
Davis, Sara J..... 25
Day, Lucie 25
Decker, Miss M... 25
Decker, Ralph ... 25
De Foreest, A V M 1 00
Delhagen, Mrs Wm 1 00
Delths, N C..... 1 00
Demarest, Mrs H..10 00
Denton, Mrs Ann.. 1 00
Develin, Mrs Jas.. 4 00
De Witt Mrs A M 5 00
Dicker, Mrs M C. 5 00
Dilts, Ephriam B.. 1 00
Ebner, Mrs W.... 1 00
Ecleston, Mrs G.. 1 00
Eder, H 1 00
Eddy, J D..... 2 00
Ege, Miss M C.... 20
Ege, S S..... 25
Eggleston, Mrs C A 1 00
Eldridge, Wm T S 1 00
Eldridge, W W.... 1 00
Elverson, Sarah K 2 00
Englishman, Wm.. 1 00
Ercell, Carmen.... 1 00
Ernst, Miss O.... 1 00
Estabrook, H J.... 1 50
Estell, L D & wf. 2 00
Esty, A & R..... 1 00
Etctser, M A..... 1 00
Ewan, Israel 1 00
Fell, H D..... 2 00
Fenneman, Mrs LA 1 00
Finley, Miss M... 5 00
Fisher, J C..... 1 00
Fisher, M O..... 1 00
Fitch, Mrs E H.. 1 00
Fitch, Lucy A.... 2 00
Flammann, A & L 1 00
Flandreau, A M T. 1 00
Florance, M C.... 5 00
Ford, Chas W.... 2 00
Ford, H H..... 25
Foster, Frank 10
Fowler, Mrs F E. 2 00
Fowler, G & Al... 2 00
Frank, D M..... 1 00
Frank, Geo. C..... 1 00
Franklin, Rev Wm 5 00
Freese, Mrs E P. 1 00
Freund, Kath'na... 2 00
Fulton, J F..... 2 00
Gallaher, Mr & Mrs 2 00
Garlick, Edith S.. 1 00
Garlick, Mrs Seth.. 1 00
Garrabrant, M M & Carrie 1 00
Garretson, Mrs G. 2 00
Garretson, H B.. 2 00
Garron, Miss J.... 1 00
Gaunt, Mrs S C.. 5 00
Getchins, Alfred C 5 00
Gibbs, Mary E.... 1 00
Gillingham, W 5 00
Godfrey, Grace ... 60
Godwin, Mrs D M. 1 00
Golden, Hannah .. 1 00
Golding, Eliz..... 8 00
Goodrich, Miss C.. 1 00
Gordon, Mrs G C. 1 00
Gorton, Mrs J A.. 5 00
Graves, Miss E M 5 00
Gregory, Wm A.. 1 00
Grinell, Mrs 10
Growendyke, Jake. 1 00
Gruhe, G G..... 1 00
Gunn, R G & S A.10 00
Habben, Caroline.. 5 00
Hale, L V..... 1 00
Hall, Mrs H J.... 1 00
Hall, Margret ... 10
Hamilton, Rev E A 50
Hamilton, M & frd J C 1 00
Hammar, A B.... 1 00
Hampson, Theo.... 2 00
Hancock, C T..... 1 00
Hancock, J E.... 2 00
Hand, E T & I... 5 00
Hand, L L..... 2 00
Hardin, Fred 10
Harris, Edw. S.... 1 00
Harris, Miss M L. 1 00
Harris, Marjorie...15 00
Harrison, Mr E H. 1 00
Hart, Mrs A D.. 1 00
Hart, Mrs J..... 1 00
Hedges, Z 2 00
Heinz, Katie 2 00
Heiss, Anna V.... 1 00
Hensel, P 1 00
Herbert, Jennie .. 1 00
Herring, J R..... 4 00
Hess, Mary 1 00
Higbie, Mrs S N.. 5 00
Hill, J B..... 5 00
Hindes, A S..... 1 00
Hindes, E W..... 1 00
Hindes, Mrs M M. 1 00
Hiscox, Harriet H 2 00
Hitchner, Blanche 35
Hitchner, E E.... 25
Hitchner, Robt M. 25
Hoagland, J H.... 1 00
Hobart, Mrs A V. 1 00
Hobart, Mary S... 1 00
Hobart, N M.....10 00
Holbert G S..... 25
Holden, Miss Sarah 1 00
Hollum, Josephine. 1 00
Holton, M E..... 3 50
Hopper, R 2 00
Hoppock, Mary J.. 2 10
Horner, Fannie.... 1 00
Houck, Mrs J & Mrs J O Burnett..... 1 00
House, M S..... 5 00
Houston, R J..... 5 00
Howard, Mrs D E. 1 00
Howland, Mrs G H 1 00
Huber, Geo 1 00
Hudson, L N..... 1 00
Hughes, Chas P.. 2 00
Hughes, S E..... 1 00
Hughes, W R.... 2 00
Hulse, Mary 25
Hulshiger, Mrs M. 3 00
Hulshizer, R W... 2 00
Hulskamper, J A.. 5 00
Hume, Miss J M. 1 00
Hurff, E L..... 5 00
Husk, Mrs James. 1 00
Hustace, Mrs R M10 00
Hutchinsn, A M.. 2 00
Ingram, R 51
Irwin, A J..... 1 00
Irwin, Louisa L... 1 00
Isard, H M..... 2 00
Isyard, I & J H.. 2 00
Ivins, H H & L D 2 00
Jackson, Miss E.. 1 00
Jackson, Mary 1 00
James, Helen V.... 1 00
James, S B.....10 00
Jeffery, Anna B... 1 00
Jennings, Mrs E F 1 00
Jennings, Mrs I... 1 00
Johnson, Mrs 10
Johnson, A B..... 1 00
Johnson, A E.....10 00
Johnson, Eva 1 00
Johnson, J S..... 1 50
Johnson, M C..... 2 00
Johnson, Dr T & Mrs A H..... 2 00
Jones, Lina 2 00
Justice, A S..... 1 00
Karlberg, G 1 00
Keene, Mrs M E.. 1 00
Keighley, Mrs C.. 5 00
Kelly, Mrs B M.. 5 00
Kelly, C E..... 1 00
Kelly, Mary M.... 50
Kelly, Zella L.... 50
Kennedy, Mrs S B 1 00
Kenworthy, Mrs J 50
Kessler, Emmie... 2 00
Khune, Mrs Jno... 2 00
Kimble, Mrs A.... 10
Kimble, Mrs & Mrs H Simpson 1 50
Kimple, P A..... 2 00
King, Miss L..... 10
Kinne, Mrs S H.. 2 00
Kipp, Mrs R P.. 2 00
Kippax, Wm 1 00
Kirby, Amos 50
Kirkner, Mrs A E 5 25
Kite Margaret D. 1 00
Knapp, Mrs L R & Miss R Atwater.10 00
Kneedler, M S... 1 00
Knox, Rev Wm A. 50
Koos, Mrs C..... 3 00
Krady, Louise 10
Krikorian, R W.. 5 00
Krouse, H 2 00
Kuhfus, Jno 50
Laban, Sarah L... 2 00
Lamb, E 50
Lambert, Mrs E... 2 00
Lane, Wm C..... 1 00
Laurence, Mrs G W 1 00
Laurence, G W... 1 00
Learence, Mrs G.. 20
Leigh, Carrie 1 00
Lenkel, Geo. E.... 25
Lepton, Sarah 1 00
Letts, Dorothy.... 1 00
Lippincott, S D... 1 00
Little, Mrs O J.. 25
Lloyd, Mrs A..... 3 00
Lloyd, A 1 00
Logan, Mrs Wm.. 1 00
Long, W H..... 1 00
Losey, J & F Wright 2 00
Low, Mrs M A.... 1 00
Lowe, Mrs Wm E..10 00
Ludwig, J 1 00
Ludlow, Mrs J M. 5 00
Lund, Herman.... 2 00
Lunn, Aug 1 00
Lushear, Mrs J W 2 00
Lutes, M L..... 25
Lutz, Adam 5 00
Luyster, G C..... 1 00
Luyster, Garret S. 1 00
Lyle, Mrs E A....25 00
Lyman, Mrs H A. 5 00
McCord, R H..... 25
McDonalds, Mrs F 2 00
McIlwain, E W... 1 00
McKinney, Th H.. 15
McMurtry, Miss A. 1 00
McWilliams, Mrs.. 05
Mackay, Miss..... 1 00
Mackay, Miss M S. 50
Maclean, M Agnes 2 00
Mager, C J..... 1 00
Magies, Mrs H L. 1 50
Major, Wm 50
Mallery, Mrs E H 1 00
Mallor, Mrs W.... 25
Manning, Mrs 5 00
Manning, L L.... 5 00
Maper, M E..... 1 00
Margram, Mrs 50
Marsh, Mrs B H.. 2 00
Marsh, E N..... 1 00
Marsh, Miss N.... 10
Martin, Mrs H.... 1 00
Martin, Mrs M.... 25
Martin, Mrs J M.. 1 00
Martin, Mrs Thos. 10
Mary, A G..... 2 00
Masker, G A..... 2 50
Matthews, Mrs J N 50
Mayhew, Mrs Wm. 1 00
Meddugh, Mead...10 00
Meeker, R H Jr... 1 00
Meinzie, A S..... 1 00
Meker, Mrs W B. 10
Melick, J W..... 1 00
Mellor, Robert.... 1 00
Melville, J F..... 50
Menagh, Caroline S 2 00
Mence, Mary E.... 1 00
Merton, R F..... 2 00
Meyers, Martin ... 2 00
Miller, Miss E L. 2 00
Miller, Dudley 25
Miller, D S..... 1 00
Miller, Mrs H..... 1 00
Miler, Mrs L E.. 1 00
Miller, O J..... 50
Miller, O J..... 1 00
Miller, Mrs R J.. 1 00
Minch, B F..... 1 00
Minnick, Jno R... 5 00
Mitchell, A 1 00
Mitchell, F B.... 05
Mitchell, Jos D... 2 00
Moore, S E..... 1 50
Morehouse, Geo.... 2 00
Morgan, Mrs A M. 2 00
Morgan, Mrs Chas 40
Morris, C O..... 1 00
Morris, Thos H... 1 00
Morrison, Mrs J... 2 00
Muchmore, Martha. 1 00
Muirheid, H & O. 20
Muirhead, Sallie.. 1 00
Mulford, T W.... 5 00
Muller, John G.... 5 00
Mundy, R 1 00
Neale, Joseph 2 25
Nelson, J H..... 1 00
Nelson, Mrs M J.. 2 00
Nevins, R B..... 5 00
New, N L..... 5 00
Newcomb, R..... 1 00
Newton, Mrs H C. 5 00
Norsk, Jno. C..... 1 00
Northroy, S H.... 25
Odell, J T & Mrs. 2 00
Ohr, A & frds.... 70
Osgood, Mrs R.... 1 00
Overington, Mrs J. 1 00
Owen, Mrs J T.... 1 00
Pahodie, Sarah D. 5 00
Pancoast, Edw H. 1 00
Parker, E C..... 2 00
Parker, Mrs L.... 1 00
Parkhurst, R M.. 2 00
Patterson, C R... 2 00
Patterson, Everett. 50
Patterson, Mrs Geo W, (Jr)..... 1 00
Payne, Geo. H.... 2 00
Peart, Della 1 00
Peele, Mary F.... 1 00
Pennington, Mrs T 1 00
Pennley, J M..... 5 00
Perrine, Samuel .. 1 00
Perry, Florence E. 4 00
Pettit, Harry 25
Phillips, C D..... 1 50
Phillips, Fleda ... 10
Phillips, W H.... 15
Phillips, Mrs W H 25
Philpot, Mrs..... 1 00
Pierce, W M..... 5 00
Pierson, Chas F.. 2 00
Piobasco & Laning. 5 00
Platt, Mrs E K.. 1 00
Plummer, Jos H.. 5 00
Poole, Bessie 1 00
Post, Mrs S J.... 25
Potter, Mrs 25
Potter, Mrs J C... 5 00
Potter, J R..... 2 00
Potts, Mrs L C.... 1 00
Powell, Mrs B T. 1 00
Powell, O V..... 1 00
Powell, S J..... 1 00
Powelson, J J..... 5 00
Pratt, Mrs E L... 1 00
Price, Mrs J T... 2 00
Price, R 1 00
Price, Theo 1 00
Pride, W W..... 1 00
Proudfit, Miss and Mrs Grant 2 00
Pruden, Mrs S E & frds 5 00
Punoyer, Mrs W W 50
Pursell, Mrs M.. 5 00
Quince, Mrs F... 25
Rainear, C A..... 1 00
Raub, Lydia 2 50
Raub, Thos E..... 1 00
Ravkin, W M..... 5 00
Rawson, L Mae.... 3 00
Rear, Edwin J.... 1 00
Redman, Miss 2 00
Reed, Anna E..... 1 00
Reed, Mrs Edw...10 00
Reed, Emma 1 00
Reed, R L..... 10
Reed, Mrs S J.... 1 00
Reed, W L..... 25
Reeder, Mrs Amos. 1 00
Reeve, C L C..... 1 00
Reid, Mrs & J V H 4 00
Reiff, E A..... 1 00
Ribbans, C & S T. 1 00
Ribbans, C & S T. 1 00
Rice, Beulah A... 1 00
Rice, P & Mrs.... 5 00
Rice, Mrs W B.. 1 00
Richard, S 1 00
Richards, Mrs M H 1 00
Richman, Samuel.. 1 00
Rider, Mrs T..... 5 00
Robbins, Levi 2 00
Roberts, Miss G L 70
Rockwood, A H.. 1 00
Roe, Mrs Nathan. 1 00
Rohann, Mrs L S. 1 00
Romine, Mrs M C & Ella 2 00
Ronan, Mrs Jas... 1 00
Roop, Miss A..... 1 00
Rothwell, Mrs M A 1 00
Rowley, Mrs P J. 1 00
Runyon, Mrs N & Mrs D P Vail.. 2 00
Rush, N C & Mrs.. 1 50
Rushmore, Mrs R & Maria L 5 00
Rushmore, Mrs M. 10
Ryman, Mrs 1 00
Saisselin, Mrs E.. 2 00
Sanders, J H..... 1 00
Sanderson, H A.. 1 00
Sanger, Sophie.... 1 00
Satterthebarte, Ann 1 00
Saunier, Mrs L B 8 00
Savercool, P S... 5 00
Sayre, Mrs C E..10 00
Saxton, Mrs P... 1 00
Schenck, A..... 2 00
Schieble, Mary..... 1 00
Scudder, Mrs C.. 1 00
Scudder, Mrs M C. 1 00
Seaman, Mrs F A. 2 00
Seedyk, C 1 00
Seguin, E M..... 1 00
Sexsmith, G H.... 5 00
Shallcross, Mrs K. 1 00
Sharp, Geo W..... 1 00
Shellenger, S M.. 1 00
Sheppard, R D.... 1 00
Sheppard, W M.... 1 00
Sherman, Thos W. 1 00
Shimer, Mrs E M. 3 00
Shimer, Mrs E R. 2 00
Shiner, Mrs J M R 3 00
Shortridge, W 1 00
Showle, Mrs J.... 1 50
Shute, Mrs Jno D. 1 00
Sickel, Miss Ida... 25
Sickel, Miss K.... 25
Silvers, S G..... 5 00
Silvers, W L..... 2 00
Simmerman, J S. 1 00
Simmons, Mrs 50
Simonton, Mrs C.. 1 00
Sing, Charlie 25
Sipp, Mrs Anna... 1 00
Skiff, Mrs E F.... 16
Skillman, Theo ... 1 00
Sleeper, E D..... 1 00
Sliker, Mrs Jos... 25
Sloan, Mrs C..... 1 00
Sloat, J W..... 1 00
Sloakbar, A W.... 25
Smith, Mrs 05
Smith, Caroline... 10
Smith, Helen A... 1 00
Smith, Julius 2 00
Smith, Josiah R... 1 00
Smith, Mrs L..... 1 00
Smith, Laura A... 5 00
Smith, Mrs M B.. 25
Smith Mrs M M.. 25
Smith, Wm. L.... 2 00
Soley, M S..... 1 00
Somerville, Mrs .. 1 00
Spangenberg, S 1 00
Spethmann, C L.. 2 00
Squier, C W..... 1 00
Stanger, Mrs D... 1 00
Starr, Mrs E W.. 1 00
Stathem, Mrs R H 5 00
Steelman, Mrs H & nephew 1 25
Stickle, S H..... 1 00
Stiles, Jos R..... 1 00
Story, B 2 00
Stoudinger, C J.. 2 00
Stover, A & H... 2 00
Stryker Jno & Chas Hartpence 2 00
Stryker, John D... 2 00
Stults, Mrs L D.. 1 00
Sum, Mrs S..... 1 00
Svins, Miss L..... 10
Syler, Rebecca.... 4 00
Talmage, David... 5 00
Talmage, R N and Mrs 2 00
Tapscott, Mrs E... 1 00
Taylor, Ira C..... 1 00
Taylor, G C & Mrs 5 00
Teel, Henry 30
TenEyk, Mrs F H 1 00
Terhune, Mrs I M 1 00
Thener, Mrs W A. 5 00
Thomas, D O..... 1 00
Thomas, Miss S W 5 00
Thompson, Mrs EM 1 00
Thompson, G W... 2 00
Thompson, Wm. J. 1 00
Tiffany, Mrs D.... 3 00
Tilton, Thos 1 00
Titsworth, Chas. G 5 00
Titus, Mrs A L... 5 00
Titus, C 1 00
Tomey, Mrs Chas.. 2 00
Torbert, Mary W.. 3 00
Toryean, James E. 1 00
Towles, L V..... 1 00
Troll, Mrs G J... 1 00
Updike, Mrs C.... 5 00
Utter, Laura 15
Van Benschoten, C.10 10
Van Campen, Mrs. 25
Van Deren, A P.. 2 00
Van Derveer, A... 1 00
Vanderveer, J A... 50
Vandine, W T..... 25
Vandruff, Mrs S S 25
Van Fleet, Ethel & Oscar 2 20
Vaughan, Dorothy. 1 00
Van Horn, Mrs E A 1 00
Vanhorne, R 1 00
Vannaman, Mrs SB 1 00
Van Roden, Mrs A 1 00
Vansickle, Mrs A. 10
Vansickle, D E... 25
Vansickle, Mrs M. 10
Vennel, Harry ... 1 00
Vo ztlen, M B.... 5 00
Voorhees, G P.... 2 00
Voorhees, J & Mrs 2 00
Wade, B O..... 1 00
Wah, Mark 05
Ward, Helen M... 2 10
Ward, Miss L.... 25
Ward, Mrs Wa.... 5 00
Warner, Geo 1 00
Warner, Mrs H C 1 00
Warner, Lydia C.. 1 00
Warren, S Eliza.. 1 00
Watson, Mrs Allen 25
Way, Minnie 1 00
Weber, H A..... 1 00
Weden, L C..... 1 00
Welch, Mrs W S.. 1 00
Wells, Wm. J.... 1 00
Westervelt, C J... 50
Westervelt, Mrs PC 1 00
White, Mrs G C.. 5 00
Whitfield, Miss.... 1 00
Whitlock, Mrs C A 2 00
Whitlock, Little M 25
Wilcox, Mrs H A. 2 00
Wilcox, Samuel.... 5 00
Wilks, Aquila 1 00
Will, Alex 1 00
Wilcox, F 1 00
Williams, Grace .. 1 00
Williamson, C A... 1 00
Wilson, Mrs C E.. 25
Wilson, Mrs Geo..10 00
Wilson, L & moth 1 00
Wilson, Mrs Mary 7 25
Wilson, Mrs M D.. 50
Winant, Mrs 5 00
Winfield, Mrs F E 1 00
Winner, Mrs G H 2 00
Wintsch, Dr C H. 5 00
Wixom, Robt..... 10
Wocker, Wm. E... 2 00
Wolcott, B D..... 1 00
Wood, Elizabeth... 1 00
Wood, Miss E M.. 1 00
Wood, Mrs F..... 25
Wood, F J..... 5 00
Woodman, Wm.... 5 00
Woodruff, F H.... 1 00
Woodruff, Frank H 2 00
Woodruff, H W.... 1 00
Woodruff, I E..... 5 00
Woohertitan, Isaac. 1 00
Woolever, Ed. R.. 05
Worth, Risina 1 00
Wortman, Miss AA 1 00
Wright, Mrs A.... 1 00
Wright, J A..... 1 00
Wright, Rev O W 2 30
Yapp, Wm 1 00
Yetter, Eva 1 00
Young, Mrs C A.. 2 00
Youmans, Mrs Wm 25
Zabinskie, Mrs P. 5 00
Zabriskie, Mrs T V 1 00
Zimmer, L W..... 1 00
Zippler, J H..... 1 00
Addie & Laura, Princeton 1 50
Grace, River Edge 25
Helen, Newark... 3 00
Marion & Hubert, Montclair 2 00
Mary ——, Boonton 1 00
Mizhah, Burlington 1 00
Rosalie & Arthur, Wenonah 1 00
Willie, Mildred & Olive, Newark... 5 00
A A A, Trenton.. 5 00
A E W, Linc'n P'k 1 00
A G A A, Willing Giver, Upper St Clair 30
A J G, Jers'y City.10 00
A J S, Stelton.... 3 00
A N T, Rutherford 1 00
Miss A P H, Morristown 1 00
A S K, Frenchtown 1 00
Mrs A V S & Mrs J R L, Rahway. 7 00
A W S, Ocean G'e 2 00
C B, High Bridge 1 00
C L, Atlantic Highlands 25
C S R, New Brunswick 1 00
Mrs D O W, Hopatcong 1 00
E G G, Newark... 8 66
E H R, Summit..10 00
E L, Atlantic Highlands 1 00
E M F, Bloomfield 5 00
F C, Bergenfield... 1 00
F C, New Market. 5 00
H & K, Montclair 1 00
Mrs H A, Newark. 5 00
H A, Newark..... 5 00
Mrs H M & I N W, Plainfield 1 00
H T, —..... 10
J A H, Englewood. 2 00
J L A, Rahway... 5 00
J M M, Bridgeton. 2 00
J V, Passaic..... 2 00
L E N, Freehold.. 2 00
L F C, Newark... 5 00
L M K, J'sey City 5 00
M A, Atlantic Highlands 50
M E C, Passaic... 1 00
M L, Atlantic Highlands 35
M L H & F D F, Metucker 2 00
M M, Lambertville 2 00
M S, A S & H, W Hoboken 2 00
M S R, Eldredge.. 1 00
Mrs M T H, Hackensack 1 00
M P B, Bridgeboro 30
M W F, Camden City 1 00
N J, Burlington..100 00
N L, Atlantic Highlands 15
Mrs N P S, Ocean Grove 10 00
P F L, Westfield. 1 00
R & C V, Lebanon 3 00
R L, Atlantic Highlands 25
S B L, Wortendyke 3 00
S C C & M C S, Red Bank 4 00
S E D, Jersey City 1 00
S E S, Newark.... 1 00
Mrs S E T, H A T & A V T, East Orange 1 50
S J M, Woodbury. 5 00
T A M, Keyport.. 1 00
W, Morristown.... 2 00
W B M, New Durham 1 00
W B R, Camden... 1 00
W C M, J'sey City.30 00
Miss Y, Orange... 3 00
——, Asbury Park. 2 00
——, Bayonne 2 00
——, Bayonne 25
——, Belvidere 3 00
——, Camden 1 00
——, E Orange..... 1 00
——, E Orange..... 1 00
——, Hamilton 1 00
——, Highlands ...10 00
——, Jersey City... 1 00
——, Merchantville. 2 00
——, Morristown .. 1 00
——, Morristown .. 1 00
——, Morristown .. 1 00
——, Mt Holly..... 35
——, Newark 1 00
——, New B'nswick 1 00
——, Ocean Grove.. 1 00
——, Plainfield 1 00
——, Rahway 2 00
——, Sharptown ... 50
——, —.....21 00
——, Virginia 10 00
——, Weehawken .. 55
——, Westfield 20
Cash, Beverly..... 10
Cash, Beverly..... 10
Cash, Beverly..... 06
Cash, Boonton.... 1 00
Cash, Burlington... 06
Cash, Deckertown. 10
Cash, Deckertown. 25
Cash, Deckertown. 25
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Cash, Deckertown. 25
Cash, Deckertown. 50
Cash, Hoboken....10 00
Cash, Rahway..... 50
For Christ's Sake, Clinton 1 00
For Jesus Sake, Washington 25
A Friend, Camden 1 00
A F'd, Freehold... 25
A F'd, Jersey City 1 00
A F'd, Jersey City 50
A F'd, Middlebush 1 00
A F'd, Morristown 35
A F'd, Newark.. 1 00
A Fr'd, Newark... 2 00
A Fr'd, Newark... 1 00
A Fr'd, Newark... 1 00
A F'd, Plainfield.. 1 00
A F'd, Plainfield.. 25
A F'd, Plainfield.. 1 00
A Friend, Rahway. 1 00
A F'd, Ridgewood. 1 00
A Friend, Salem.. 1 10
A Friend, ——.... 2 00
Friend, Bayonne.. 1 00
F'd, Bridgeton.... 5 00
Friend, Cranford... 1 00
Friend, E Orange. 1 00
Fr'd, Florence..... 25
Friend, Freehold... 1 00
F'd, Hackensack.. 2 00
F'd, Harrington... 1 00
Fr'd, Montclair... 2 00
F'd, Morristown... 2 00
F'd, Morristown... 1 00
F'd, Mt Holly..... 1 00
F'd, New Brunswick 20 00
Friend, Passaic.... 50
F'd, Plainfield.... 05
F'd, Plainfield.... 50
F'd, Plainfield.... 1 00
Fr'ds, E Orange.. 5 00
F'ds, New Brunswick 1 00
From F'ds, Palmyra 2 00
F'ds, Tenafly..... 1 15
Two Friends, Long Hill 1 00
Three F'ds, Haddonfield 2 00
I H N, Camden... 1 00
I H N, Camden.. 2 00
I H N, Closter.... 5 00
I H N, Dunellen. 50
I H N, Elizabeth. 5 00
I H N, Merchantville 1 00
I H N, Paterson.. 2 00
I H N, W Berlin. 1 00
In the Masters Name, Westville. 2 00
In memory of Rev H T W, Asbury Park 2 00
Reader, Mt Rose.. 1 00
Reader of Trenton Times, Woodb'ge 2 00
Subr, Elton..... 28
Sub, Hackensack.. 1 00
Subr, Lakewood... 1 00
Subr, Mt Holly.... 1 00
Subr, Newark..... 1 00
Sub, L,M, Pt Pleasant 3 00
Subr, Woodbridge. 1 00
A Sympathizer, Holmdel 2 00
Christian Family, Red Valley..... 6 60
Christian Sister, Vineland 15
Family of Herald Readers, Readington 3 50
English F'd, Haddonfield 1 00
An Epworthian, Riverside 50
Widows Mite, Little Falls 2 00
From a poor widow, Newark 1 00
Scotchman, Orange 1 00
Box 71, Hacketts-town 1 00
P O Box 187, Summit 2 00
Clerks in Cusps Fish Store, Trenton 2 00
Inf Cl Pres Chap, Jersey City..... 3 00
Little Boy & His Grandmother, East Orange 50
M E Ch, Allentown 5 00
2d Pres Ch, Bridgeton 10 62
Bapt Ch, Dividing Creek 13 61
Pres Ch, Jacksonville 8 00
North Ch C E Soc, Monroe 5 00
Central Bapt Ch, Trenton 17 34
Georges Road Bapt Ch, New Brunswick 5 37
Evang Eman Ch, Union Hill.....26 58
Deal S S, Elberson 5 00
Hanover Pres S S.12 00
Rhode Hall S Sch, Jamesburg 2 25
Olivet Pres S Sch, Livingston 5 00
Meyersville German Pres S Sch, Longhill 2 00
Meth Prot S Sch, Moorestown 1 00
2d Ref Ch S Sch, Somerville 39 95
Ref Ch S Sch, So Branch 7 85
Pleasant Gr'e Miss Soc, Anthony ... 1 00
W C T U, Burlington 8 00

NEW JERSEY—Cont'd
Scholars of t Montgomery
Miss, Trenton
Y M C A, Elizabeth .....
Trinity Ep Leag
Millville .....
Epw Leag 2d S
Ch, Millville.
Kings Dau, Mo clair .....
C E Soc Rosevi
Bap Ch, New
Jr C E Soc Be
ville Ave Con
Ch, Newark .
New Market C
Soc .....
Jr Y P S C E
Pres Ch, Oran
C E Soc Song
Passaic .....
Womens Miss
1st Pres Ch, R
erford .....
Wagment Circle
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ville .....
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Valley Ref
Valetta .....
Inasmuch Cir A

Miscellaneous

Allen, Mrs C..
Barnes, A .....
Bliss, E W....
Bryant, Mr & M
E .....
Charite, M & li
Churchill, Glen.
Churchill, Lora
Elmore, John ..
Faulkner, Mrs
Gay, D D.....
Harrison, H G, R
ford .....
Hercus, Alice
Hercus, Mildred
Hiebert Bros, —
Hizlep, Mrs E.
Kelly, J C.....
Kimsey, C B..
McKirley, Mar
McKirley, Mary
McLennan, D
Mattice, Tos,
tona .....
Minner, M, —
Penrod, Cheeve
Penrod, Marion.
Peyton, Sarah
Pierson, Eva B
Quilling's, Mrs
S S Class....
Requa, Mrs Sar
Reul, Wm ....
Romick, Israel
Ross, S, Albio
Shuman, Ethol Mabel, — .
Skelton, M C..
Struve, Mrs ..
Summers, L H.
Tabor, Frank .
Thulin, John ..
Towns, M R..
Van Meer,

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Wreck of the Treasure Ship

REPORTS of a grievous disaster carried sadness into many a home in the later days of August. The crack Alaskan steamer *Islander* struck on an iceberg which is believed to have formed part of the Muir Glacier, and went down with about sixty-five persons on board. The steamer left Skagway on August 14, with one hundred and ninety-eight passengers and a large quantity of gold on board. All went well with her until the following morning, when the steamer was approaching Douglas Island. Before daybreak there was a severe shock, which threw the passengers out of their berths. The steamer had struck an iceberg while going at full speed. The shock had so strained the framework of the vessel that the doors of the staterooms could not be opened. Some of the passengers broke the windows, and crawling through them, made their way on deck. One of the crew went below at the risk of his life and liberated some of the passengers by smashing in the two doors with an axe. There was a scene of terrible confusion on deck. The captain, not realizing the danger, was disputing with the pilot, who wanted to run the steamer on the beach, or at least lower the boats. The captain countermanded the orders the pilot gave and headed the boat headed for Hilda Bay. In a few minutes, however, the inrush of water at the bow caused the stern to lift, and soon the propeller was high out of water and the steamer was helpless. Then there was a wild rush for the boats. There was great confusion, for the steamer was gradually sinking by the head and every minute was precious. The boats were soon filled, and cries were raised to push off. Many jumped into the water and supported themselves on the floating wreckage. In twenty minutes from the time the steamer struck she went down by the head. It was significant to see in those few brief minutes how the passengers acted with their treasure. Most of them had their gold dust in bags or in satchels. One man who had dust worth forty thousand dollars packed in a dress-suit case promptly threw it away and jumped for the boat. Another, who had a heavy bag, still clung to it as it jumped and went down with his treasure. The majority, however, flung away their gold to save their lives. It was a terrible alternative to many, but there was a time when hesitation was fatal. Such times may occur in spiritual experience, when it is only by sacrificing something very precious, that is menacing to the safety of the soul, that eternal safety can be attained:

It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell (Matt. 5: 29).

THE MUIR GLACIER, IN ALASKA, NEAR THE SCENE OF WRECK

Forgotten Property

A singular instance of forgetfulness on the part of a city came to light in New York last week. The city is cutting a new avenue in the borough of the Bronx, which is to be known as Whittier avenue. Compensation is being made to the owners of the land thus appropriated. One owner, who was dissatisfied with the award in his case, employed a lawyer to defend his rights. In examining the map he noticed that the adjoining lots, a part of which had also been taken by the city, belonged to some one unknown. In tracing the title to his client's property, he found that the adjoining lot belonged, two hundred and fifty years ago, to a well-known New York family. The present representative of the family is a member of an eminent legal firm in the city, whose specialty is real estate. His attention was called to the award by the city to unknown owners, and he looked up the record. He found that the property belonged to him, though for more than fifty years no mention of it had been made in any legal instrument. The entire property comprises about four acres and has suddenly become valuable because of the new improvements which will shortly involve the city acquiring another part of it, when Randall avenue is cut. It is strange that a man who has protected the titles of others, and has done so much to establish the validity of so many claims, should have overlooked his own rights. People are usually more careful about their property, though they often suffer their own spiritual interests to go uncared for, even while they are caring for those of others:

They made me the keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept (Cant. 1: 6).

The Cost of Finding America

A noted German scholar has an interesting article in a scientific journal on the discovery of America, based on the examination he has made of the Spanish archives. He states that in the original documents concerning the voyage of Columbus, the contribution of the Queen toward the expedition was given invariably as 1,140,000 maravedis. One hundred years ago a maravedi was the equivalent of about one-fifth of a cent, but in the fifteenth century, before the coin had been debased, he learned, it was worth almost three-fourths of a cent. In the coinage of the present time, therefore, Queen Isabella's contribution was approximately $7,500. The annual salaries of officers of the first transatlantic fleet are calculated by Prof. Ruge to have been: Admiral, $320; Captain, $192; Pilot, $135 to 153; Surgeon, $38. Never in the world's history has there been so great a disproportion between the value of a discovery and its cost. But the cost was not covered by the expenditure in money. It included the faith and self-sacrifice of a brave man. It is by those qualities and not by money that the world has always gained its choicest treasures. The greatest of all boons—the heavenly world beyond the grave was brought within reach of the human race by infinite self-sacrifice.

Ye were not redeemed by corruptible things, as silver and gold: but with the precious blood of Christ (I. Peter 1: 18, 19).

The Pull Failed

A singular story was told in a New York court last week. The defendant was a saloon-keeper in the city, who was charged by a woman with having defrauded her of three hundred and eighty dollars. She said that her brother was arrested some months ago on a charge of robbing a wealthy Brazilian gentleman. She was told that the saloon-keeper was a man of influence in the court, and that if she gave him money he could prevent her brother being convicted. After some bargaining, according to her story, the amount to be paid the saloon-keeper was fixed at four hundred dollars, all but twenty dollars of which was paid. The woman said that it was completely wasted, for her brother, at the trial, was convicted and sentenced to a long term in the Elmira Reformatory. Whether the saloon-keeper ever received the money, or having received it, was unable to influence the judge, the court will be required to determine. It is obvious that if the money was paid, it was paid to no useful purpose, and had better have been given to some lawyer to defend the accused man in a legitimate way. There is reason to fear that many will discover when they die that they have been similarly deluded. Those who have trusted in rites, and ceremonies, and sacraments, and the absolutions of priests, will learn that only through Christ himself is there salvation.

Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved (Acts 4: 12).

Money to be Burned

A press despatch from St. Paul, Minn., reports the death of an old farmer who has left an eccentric will. He directs that after his debts, and a few small legacies, are paid, his executors shall gather the remainder of his money and burn it to ashes. The deceased was eighty-two years of age. Last year he sold a farm for twenty-five thousand dollars, and after making payments to the amount of ten thousand, he went home and burned the remainder. It is estimated that the balance in the hands of the executor after paying legacies and debts, will be fully seventy thousand dollars. As the farmer left nothing to his nephew, his only known relative, the will will be disputed and will probably be set aside. No court would be likely to uphold it. No one could benefit by it, but the Washington Government or the bank that had issued the notes. If he did not wish his relatives to have the money, he might have bequeathed it to others who need money very badly. But there are some men who care nothing for the welfare of their kind, and are indifferent to the suffering around them. Such men show by their conduct that they have no participation in the divine life:

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him (I. John 3: 17)?

BRIEF NOTES

Several new Christian Endeavour Societies have recently been formed in Brazil. It is hoped to federate them into a national union. A national C.E. organ, *O Esforco Christao*, is already being published.

Leprosy is increasing in no fewer than 49 Russian governments and districts. The greatest number of lepers in a single government is found in Lithuania, where there are 609 cases under medical isolation. There are 201 in Courland, 124 in Astrackan, and 121 in Kuban district.

Tewfik Bey, who has been Turkish Governor of Jerusalem for three years, has assured the Sultan that it is not the Jews that the government has to fear, and that the Jewish colonies are a benefit to the country. The new governor enjoys the reputation of being just and free of religious prejudice.

Evangelist H. D. Kennedy, of Peterboro, Ont., and John M. Whyte, of Toronto, have conducted a series of remarkable Gospel meetings during the last few months throughout Ontario; 1,000 persons have confessed Christ.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, replying recently to a Christian man who refrained from political action on the ground that politics were corrupt, said: "You are the salt of the earth, and if political life is corrupt, so much the more reason that godly men should touch it with the antiseptic salt of their consecrated endeavor.

Persons interested in promoting the passage of an anti-polygamy amendment to the Constitution may procure forms of petition for circulation in their own neighborhoods by writing to the Willett Press, 142 Fifth avenue, New York. They will be sent postpaid to any address at the rate of ten copies for twenty-five cents; one hundred copies for $1.25.

Count Henry Kattenhauber, a well-known literary man of Austria, has published a book about anti-Semitism from the standpoint of Christianity. The learned count proves that anti-Semitism is against the doctrine of Christ, and that no good Christian can hate the Jews. This work is expected to make a great impression upon the aristocracy, to which the count belongs.

The Rev. Naomi Tamura, of Tokio, Japan, a former Princeton student, and a friend of Rev. Dr. Roberts, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, writing under date of July 2, says: "We are witnessing a wonderful work of God in our city. Over 5,000 people have asked prayer for their salvation within five weeks. It is a wonderful revival. We never saw such manifestation of the Holy Spirit since the first missionary came to Japan forty-two years ago."

Millionaires disposed to take a hand in improving the condition of the poor in great cities may be encouraged by the recent report of the New York City and Suburban Homes Company, which has built model tenements on both the east and west sides of the city. It earned five per cent. on the investment last year. Its loss from vacancies was about three and a half per cent. of the gross rentals. From bad debts the discount is not over half of one per cent. in the worst quarter, and one-fifth of one per cent. in the better district.

Little Miss Thirteen Thousand

THIRTEEN was not an unlucky number for Nellie Smith, when (followed by three ciphers) it went opposite her name on the roll of little guests entertained at Mont-Lawn, our Children's Home on the Hudson. Here is her story, as told by the missionary who brought her, her brother and sister, to the Bible House: "The mother is an invalid; she looks deathly pale, is very weak, and has lost her hearing. The father is industrious, sober and honest; the factory where he was employed shut down, and he has been out of steady work for a good while. What little they had saved, went for medicine and doctor's bills. There are four children, the oldest ten, the youngest two. I found them all very weak —'from lack of food,' the doctor whom I called in, said. The children had not tasted milk for a long time, and had had no eggs since Easter. Some days they had gone all day without food, waiting hopefully for their father's return at night; but when he came, he could not always get it for them, and they went hungry to bed. They are not of the kind to beg or let their wants be known. They could not beg if they tried. they don't know how.

"PAPA'S HOUSEKEEPER"

"MISS THIRTEEN THOUSAND"

FRANK, THE CRIPPLE

That quiet, deaf mother, living on the top floor of a high tenement, is not one to draw to herself the attention of charity workers. They have all been struggling on cheerfully, hoping for better things. When I told them THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would take the three older children to the country, their gratitude was boundless. When I called before the day appointed for their journey, I found the mother without her wrapper; she had cut it up—the only outer garment she had—and was making slips for the two little girls to wear to Mont-Lawn. So many accidents had happened to Nellie's only dress—the one she has on in the picture—that the most patient needle could not reclaim it; and the poor mother saw but this one way to clothe her children. When I came to take them to the Bible House, they were tidy and ready, looking over the banisters for me, and giving feeble shouts of joy." On their return home after their outing, brown and strong, in good clothes, their parents' pleasure was too great to be described. The relief from anxiety and expense during the ten days their children were cared for, had tided that family over a very hard place, and are thankfully remembered, even though the father is getting regular work again. "Little Miss Thirteen Thousand"—as gentle little Nellie was sometimes called by those around her—and her brother and sister, had a very happy time at Mont-Lawn. They had eggs and milk in plenty, and swung in the scups, and played on the grass to their hearts' content. Sad as her story is, the lives of some of her little playmates hold darker shadows yet.

Dr. Delaney, of Catherine Street Mission, brought Polly, Richie and Frank to the Bible House. The good doctor was out of breath: "I hope we're not too late for the boat to-day," she said. "It will break their hearts not to go. Polly delayed me. She has no mother, and fixed up her bundle herself. Only a few rags are in it; but fix it she would. She has on a dress somebody gave her last winter; it's hot enough to melt her, but she feels quite fine. Everything Frank has in the world is tied up in that handkerchief. I bought the waist he wears. Richie's mother is good as gold, and works her fingers to the bone; he has a change of garments." Richie has lived in a plaster jacket for three years; his little face, encased in a steel frame which holds his head in position, is too sad a picture for these pages. He is one of the sweetest children who ever went to Mont-Lawn; everybody loved him. He had never played on the grass, never seen a flower growing up out of the ground, never heard a wild-bird sing, before going to Mont-Lawn. Eight people live in his home, which consists of one room and two large closets—a dark and a light one. The mother has no machine; she makes all their clothes with her fingers, and takes in washing. The baby has been sick and she has been ailing. Polly was run over when three years' old by a trolley.

The writer went to Polly's home, and found that she is her father's "housekeeper". She sweeps, scrubs and cooks. Frank's home was visited; but here the curtain must be drawn, for the drink curse is on that abode, misnamed "home," and a description of its wretchedness, like the picture of poor Richie's face, is something our readers must be spared; but they will be glad to know that Frank has been invited to a second outing at Mont-Lawn. He was not in when the call was made; he was found on the street, and his face grew radiant when he saw that his CHRISTIAN HERALD friends had remembered him.

Corinna interested the workers at our Home intensely. With her flashing, dark eyes, her straight, black elf-locks, and her thin, sharp face, she looked like a little witch. Such bitter words she could say! and such a strange, hard, rebellious spirit she showed! She seemed to think every one's hand was against her and that her hand must be against every one. Her father had been killed by one he thought his friend; she had witnessed the deed; hatred for her father's slayer was consuming her; it was painful to hear falling from childish lips the vindictive, vengeful expressions she would utter. "When I'm big, I'll kill him!" she would say of the murderer. Her teacher talked with her about forgiveness. "Forgive?" she exclaimed. "We Italians never forgive!" How our Housemother and her helpers labored over this poor, passionate troubled little soul! How they prayed for her! and, at last, how thankful they were when they saw the fruits of their loving-kindness appear in the softening of the warped child-nature. One day, with tears in her dark eyes, the little girl said, with quivering lips: "For Jesus' sake, I forgive!" The change in her character was quick and radical; her teachers could hardly believe the evidence of their senses when she became sweet, gentle and submissive.

These are typical cases; their histories are not recited that sympathy may be concentrated upon these particular children, but that these may stand as representatives of a host of little ones needing and receiving help from the generous readers of this paper, who have aided us in bringing sunshine into the lives of over 13,000 children of the tenements, hundreds of whom have lives as sad as any here portrayed. Suppose that army of 13,0000 and more could stand up at once and thank you! Would not that chorus rise above your head and even to Him that sitteth upon the Throne! Perhaps, when you stand in heaven before Him who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me," you may meet souls who will testify: "I was first shown the way thither when a little child at Mont-Lawn. Then I showed the way to others, and have brought many with me to heaven." Will others help us save the children? It costs such a little sum to send a child to Mont-Lawn for a ten days' outing—only $3. $6 sends two; $9 three; $12 four; $15 five; $30 ten—a whole company. Cash contributions should be addressed to this office; clothing to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, Nyack, New York.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

Reader, Mexico, N. Y.

By looking to my Saviour every morning and evening, and in fact all through the day, I find that he comforts and helps me, and I feel that through his goodness I am finding the strength I need. He is helping me to overcome an awful temptation, and I feel confident that he will fully deliver me.

A. M. W., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

I have received many answers to prayer, and while as a rule I have received just what I asked for, I have faith enough in God's judgment to believe that when petitions were not answered just as I desired, that he was still faithful and answering for my good.

B. R., Staunton, Va., writes:

For years I had been praying for the conversion of my father, who was not a Christian. He was over 80 years old, a cripple, almost blind, and quite deaf. The thought of his dying out of Christ was a terrible burden to me. I prayed day and night. Many friends prayed, also. God heard and answered. In May last my father was converted, and a great peace came to him before he died, May 29.

M. C. S., Mt. Pleasant, N. J., writes:

Our little boy was critically ill for a long time. One day we feared he could not live until night. While sitting by him I picked up a CHRISTIAN HERALD and read a remarkable answer to prayer, and that led me to beseech God to glorify himself in saving my little one. The child lived—it seemed almost a miracle that he should—and so I would gratefully magnify God's power and goodness. I thank THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for its "Answered Prayer" column that has helped me so much.

M. M. B., Hickman, Neb., writes:

I thank my dear Father in Heaven for answered prayer. Although he has seen best to take our little daughter, our only child, who was so dear to us, to his heavenly home, we believe he doeth all things well. A prayer may not be answered just in the way we ask, but God knows best.

F. S. O., Virginia, writes:

I prayed in faith to my dear Heavenly Father to restore a dear one to a better life. He heard my prayers and answered.

A. H. L., Etherton, Ills., writes:

When I went to God with my broken heart, after the death of a loved son, and asked him to take away the cruel pain of bereavement that was like a knife in my heart, and told him I was willing to give up my boy to him, he took the sharp anguish right away. That was over four years ago. Often since then, when troubles came, I have gone to Jesus, and found a sweet relief.

E. C. R., Hernando, Fla., writes:

About forty years ago I heard a young girl say: "When there is a revival going on, I often covenant with a friend to pray for the conversion of certain ones, and whenever we have done so, they have never failed to be converted." I was young then, and her words strengthened my faith. I am old now, and have often seen God's promise in Matt. 18: 19 fulfilled; and not only so, but even my poor, imperfect, but earnest prayers, have time and again been answered. I do not believe that any earnest prayer is unavailing.

Reader, Coffeyburg, Mo., writes:

Recently we had an awful storm of wind, rain and hail—the worst I ever witnessed—I did not know what minute our house would go. I earnestly prayed to God to save our lives and home. He heard my prayer.

S. S., Illinois, writes:

Over a year ago I laid a petition before God. He has answered it, and has done even more—he has accepted me as his child.

A. O., Vallejo, Calif., writes:

Last summer, a lady boarding at our house took THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and so I came to read the letters telling of answered prayer. I was in great trouble and prayed the Lord to relieve me. He heard and answered, and I was cured.

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A little woman teacher at Gobleville, Mich., who has been teaching regularly for a number of years, has always found herself thoroughly exhausted at the end of the session, until within the last year she has made use of Grape-Nut Food with the result that she closed the year as a robust, healthy, strong, vigorous woman, having gained in weight from 90 pounds to 126; her nerves strong, face bright and cheery, and really a wonder to all her friends, who constantly comment upon her color and strength. She knows exactly to what the change is attributed, for in the years past, living on ordinary food, she had almost broken down before the school year closed, whereas since using Grape-Nuts, this change has been brought about; evidence prima facie of the value of Grape-Nuts Food for rebuilding the brain and nerve centres.

The name of the teacher can be given by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Pushing Relief Work in China

THE RELIEF MESSENGER, RETURNING FROM SHANSI, REPORTS BETTER PROSPECTS THERE — OUR MISSIONARIES GRATEFUL

AFTER a tedious journey, Mr. Edgar Allen Pierce, who was commissioned by the China Famine Relief Committee last month to carry relief to the sufferers in Shansi, has returned to Peking, having safely accomplished the work he undertook. A cable despatch to the New York *Sun* from Peking, dated August 19, says Mr. Pierce reports the Province of Shansi as peaceful. There has been rain, and the crop outlook is promising.

Letters received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from Tientsin show that the committee is working most energetically. Chairman Smith, under date July 12, writes that the relief party had then left for Shansi. He explains:

"A Shanghai lawyer (Mr. Edgar Allen Pierce) was intending to go to Shansi to look into charges against a Chinese official for whom he was retained, and he kindly offered to carry with him as luggage a part of the 'sycee' silver. I enclose his letter. . . . All the gentlemen (except one military officer) are missionaries, with a gigantic work of reconstruction to do, entirely aside from relief. I think they may count on all the help which the Governor of the province can give them, and he is most friendly. With regard to the province of Shensi, where the famine has been most desperate, the difficulties there will be great, but Mr. Duncan is a most energetic Scotchman. . . . You may rest assured that your distributors are doing the best they can, in difficult conditions."

Mrs. Arthur H. Smith also writes from Tientsin, July 9, as follows:

"A more gracious, timely, beautiful gift from the West to the East, there could not be. In the name of Shantung, where Christians were shuddering for more than a year in daily terror of attack; hiding, flying, mothers wearing the skin from elbows and knees as they crept about, hushing baby into silence among the crops which were so low the women dared not stand; within sight and sound of Boxer terrors for days, but kept by the same God who kept the little ark in the bullrushes long ago; where the sick and the aged died a thousand deaths from fear; in the name of Shantung, I thank you.

"In the name of Shansi, where feeble little flocks saw the relentless wolves carry off their shepherds and shepherdesses, leaving by-and-by only stripped and headless bodies to make their mute appeal to Heaven; where the poor Christians 'wandered in deserts and in mountains and in dens and caves of the earth,' homeless, friendless, moneyless, without food or clothing or bedding all the bitter winter, and were surrounded by those who reviled them if they ventured to beg; where they were given the opportunity either to recant or to drink the blood of the martyred missionaries and be beheaded; in the name of Shansi, I thank you.

"In the name of Shensi, sitting appalled amid horrors which remind us of the siege of Jerusalem, I thank you.

"Warm, grateful thanks to every kind heart which went out to this adopted country of ours in its time of sorest need.

"With the slow, difficult, dangerous overland travel, it may be weeks before our dear almoners arrive at their journey's end and begin their work of distribution. The amount of your benefactions took away our breath at first. I wondered if the Recording Angel had an extra large fountain pen to set them down, and I thought how one and another up yonder would look glad and say, 'I put it into that man's heart to give that money; God sent me to him.'

"Yours, Gratefully for China,
"EMMA DICKINSON SMITH."

The proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the following letter:

CHINESE LEGATION,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 21, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR:—Referring to my letter of the 9th instant, in which I gave emphatic denial to a statement erroneously attributed to me that no famine now existed in China, I beg to state that the famine is not confined to the provinces of Shansi and Shensi, but that it exists also in the southern part of Chihli. I have just received a letter from His Excellency, Mr. Sheng, Director General of the Telegraph Systems of China, confirming what I have already heard of the famine ravages in some of the districts lying to the south of Peking. He states that the people are in extreme distress and suffering; that they wander about homeless and famished; that for want of sustenance, women and children are being sold; and that in some extreme cases the people are reduced to such a degree of starvation, that they would almost resort to eating human flesh. He adds that funds are sadly needed.

As THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is still carrying on the noble work for the relief of the famine, I trust that you will be good enough to direct the attention of the relief workers to that part of Chihli also, where suffering exists, and that, if you deem it necessary, you will make a further appeal to the benevolent and generous American public for more funds, which no doubt would be readily forthcoming, if the facts are made known.

Very truly yours, WU TING FANG.

Contributions to the China Relief Fund are acknowledged elsewhere in this issue.

HAS LED 37,000 SERVICES

Evangelist Bates, Probably the Oldest Native Spiritual Veteran—His Record of 400 Camp Meetings

ONE of the best known and most devoted evangelists of to-day is the Rev. L. B. Bates, D.D., the venerable father of Hon. John L. Bates, the present Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. In his seventy-third year, he is a giant alike in stature, and is tireless in his efforts to point men and women to the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He was born in 1829, at North Easton, Mass. His father, Rev. Lewis Bates, was for sixty-one years an itinerant minister of the M. E. Church. Dr. Bates was converted when but seven years of age, licensed as an exhorter at seventeen, entered the local ministry at nineteen, entered the Providence Conference at twenty-one, was chaplain to Bristol County prison one year, five years chaplain of the Massachusetts Third Regiment, and was transferred to the New England Conference in 1872. Up to date, he has conducted, during these fifty-three years of his ministry, in the vicinity of 37,000 religious services, which includes nearly 400 camp-meetings. His field of labor has been chiefly in New England; but he has preached throughout New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Southern States. His meetings in the South and in New York during the past winter will be remembered by thousands.

Dr. Bates has been the dedication preacher for more than 300 churches, and has raised over $1,100,000 for church buildings; for the benevolent objects of the church more than $100,000; for the needy, poor, shipwrecked sailors, more than $100,000. A few years ago he went abroad, traveling 16,000 miles in four months. For sixteen years he was pastor of the East Boston Bethel. When he resigned in 1894, the church had the largest Sunday School and the largest regular congregation of any M. E. church in Boston. During his last ten years as pastor of this church, the Sabbath evening congregation averaged one thousand people.

For the past three years Dr. Bates has given himself up wholly to evangelistic work. He is president of the Christian Workers' Union of New England, and has been their leader for twelve years. In more than twenty-five years he has circulated over 10,000 copies of the Bible and over 10.000 copies of the Gospels, and for more than forty-five years he has averaged preaching or conducting more than one service for every day.

Dr. Bates has always been strongly identified with the temperance cause. Always the prisoner's friend, his visits to jails have been numbered by the thousand. He has become the bondsman of more than 100 men, and he says that only nine have disappointed him. Thousands, at the stirring invitation of this veteran man of God, have turned to the old-fashioned Gospel for guidance.

During the past winter, Dr. Bates conducted many notable evangelistic services through the South, and hundreds of conversions were among the substantial results of his labors at Chattanooga, Tenn.

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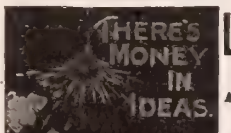

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New York University Law School SIXTY-seventh year opens Oct. 1, 1901. Day Classes with sessions from 3:30 to 6 P.M. (LL.B. after two years.) Evening Classes, sessions 8 to 10 P.M. (LL.B. after three years.) Graduate Classes lead to LL.M. Tuition, $100. For circulars address L. J. TOMPKINS, Registrar, Washington Square, New York City.

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A KURDISH BRIDE AT HOME

By DR. HANNAH G. YOSEPH, Our Correspondent at Maragha, Persia

"SALAM Aleikum," I said as I entered the chamber of Nusiat Hanim, the Khurdish bride of whom I wrote in a previous letter. "Aleika Salam," a dozen voices responded. One of the ladies asked if I thought the bride pretty. "Yes, of course she is pretty," I said. This was repeated to the bride; she looked quite pleased, and a few minutes later she asked: "Who is the prettier, my sister-in-law or I?" The former was older, but prettier. "Both of you are pretty; but I believe we should always say a bride is prettier," I answered. She looked quite disappointed. From her childhood she had been used to flattery and adulation from her slaves and tenants. I was told that a few days after she was brought to her new home, her husband sent his "White Beard" to invite her to his apartments. On hearing the invitation, she said many unbecoming words. "Does he not know that I am the daughter of Mer Panj [commander of five thousand]. Let him come to my feet; I will not go," was her message to her husband. All the maids and servants are afraid of her.

DR. HANNAH YOSEPH

As we were talking, a small pail filled with live coals was brought in, and a powder sprinkled upon them produced a thick and disagreeable smoke. This pail was carried around the bride.

The powder is made up of pounded seeds of a plant called ouzarlik, which is thought to be a charm against the evil eye, especially when burnt. I felt uneasy and uncomfortable. A sweet-looking old woman said, "Hakim Hanim [lady doctor], don't feel bad about our burning ouzarlik, because it is our custom to burn it at all times and occasions. Don't you know that even the eye of a fond mother undermines her child's health? Fatima Hanim, my sister, when she looks in a mirror, gets one of those fearful headaches of hers. Her own eye influences her so badly."

"The loving eye of God," I said, "sees and protects us every minute, and nothing whatever can possibly do us any harm. In the light of the shining sun, or in the darkness of night, we fear nothing when God is near us. Our Holy Books teaches us to believe in Christ and do right and to be not afraid. Why should you suffer yourselves to be made unhappy with continual fear?"

"Let me cut your speech with sugar (this is the Kurdish form of 'excuse me'); but I know a woman who has such a bad eye, that if she looks upon a stone it will break to pieces," the old lady affirmed.

A remarkable old lady, over a century old, an aunt to Moshbahy Dwan (the bridegroom), who cannot walk, who can hardly hear or see, and who always has two servants to carry her around, told me proudly, "I have made a journey each new year to bring a bride to my nephew, as pretty and rich as this one," pointing to the bride.

"Please tell the old lady." I said to the interpreter, "Torat [Old Testament] which you Moslems believe and honor, tells us that God created in the beginning one man that is one husband, and one woman that is one wife. If he wanted the man to have more than one wife he would have given more than one. Many hundred years later Christ taught men that it was the will of God to have only one wife."

Two or three young ladies said, "Haray willati [a Kurdish oath], she is right. Our religion is bad. It is for men, not for women!"

"No new wife dare to come to this house now," the bride said. "The girls of our family never allow such a thing."

Returning to my room, I noticed that Stara, the little serving maid, was crying. I pressed her to tell me what was the matter. "I am mourning," she said, "for my black kismat [fate, luck]. My mother is dead, and my father has no son, and is an opium-eater. I have also a sister of seven years. My father sold everything and gave it for opium, and he got into heavy debt and could not support us. So my sister and myself were both sold to our present master (Mosbahy Dwan), and I was made a *sigha* [some kind of wife] to himself, and my sister to his son. I was very happy, as I was dressed, treated and loved like a lady; but soon he got tired of me, and never even inquired about me—it is as if I were dead and gone. Another favorite took my place, and she too, like me, was loved, then displaced by another. Do you remember, Doctor," she continued "that very beautiful girl of nearly my age whom Agha [Master] sent to you about her throat?"

"Yes, I do. What about her?"

"While she was playing on the street with other children, she struck a boy in the eye. His father beat the girl; then the girl's father killed the boy's father. Both families were Agha's tenants, therefore the blood belonged to Agha, and to the family of the deceased Agha paid the blood money, and he took the girl to himself. She too had her happy days, which were nipped in the bud, when she was deserted like many others. Till the coming of this bride, everybody said she was the most beautiful girl ever seen. Now she lives all alone in a ruined building, sitting there in warm days and cold, wailing for Agha."

"What is your master going to do now with so many slave girls?"

"Those of us who are young are kept in the house. Sometimes he gives one of us as a gift to a friend or a guest. Sometimes he gives one of us to his servant, or to any other man that does him a service. Sometimes he exchanges us for a house, cow, land, or anything he may fancy; or, he may kill us if he pleases. Yesterday he gave one of us to his secretary."

The afternoon was so beautiful that I thought I would like to climb the hills. The dogs here are very fierce, and being much afraid of them, I asked Stara to go and ask the "White Beard's" permission to accompany me on a walk. In a little while she returned with an old woman, who said, "Hakim Hanim, Agha says, tell Hakim Hanim even if she cuts the maid's head off no one will say a word. Do with the maid as you like."

I wanted to be alone except for Stara, and knowing that the village people would gather about us, we went around the village, hoping they would not see us. But in a few minutes, after we were comfortably seated on the rocks, women and children came and sat by us. They wanted me to feel their pulses and look at their tongues. As I was talking to them through an interpreter I overheard a group speaking a language that sounded very much like my mother tongue, the Syriac. "Surely," I thought, "Kurds have kidnapped some historian girls." I was told that "they were Jews," the people of God, the ancient and beloved people. How I felt drawn toward them. "What do you do over here among these hills?" I asked a young Jewess who held a beautiful child in her lap.

"Our owners (husbands) bring goods from the city, and sell them to the villagers."

"How many families of you are here?"

"There were four, but all of one family became Kurds."

"Were they forced to become Moslems, or did they choose of their own free will?"

The Jewess looked at me long and sadly, with eyes full of tears, but did not answer. I came down with heavy heart, yet acknowledging God's wonderful protection of the Jew. If it was not for God's love and everlasting purpose, not a Jew would have been left in Persia or Turkey.

To-day, after breakfast, Nusiat Hanim again sent for me. I took with me the Perry pictures, which my friend, Mrs. R. M. Eustace, of New York, sent me. After the usual greetings I began to show them and explain. Every time I would say, "This is Isa [Jesus]," some of the ladies would kiss the picture reverently, then put it upon their eyes and forehead. When pictures about the crucifixion were exhibited, Fatima Hanim, the mother of Mosbahy Dwan, moaned, "Astafia ill allah! Astafia ill allah" [God forbid! God forbid!]

It was time for me to return to Miandab, and I asked my servants to engage three horses; but no one in the village dared hire us any. They said, "Agha [Mosbahy Dwan] always gives his own horses to carry his own guests."

I called the "White Beard," and sent him to ask Mosbahy Dwan to permit us to go. He returned with the message, "Agha asks Hakim Hanim is she tired of us? We must have been treating her badly."

Another guest said to me, "This is Mosbahy Dwan's custom. He detains his guests as long as possible. A messenger who brought a letter for Agha two months ago is here now; so are many idle people who come and make their homes here. This chief is considered one of the most hospitable chiefs of Kurdistan. He will detain you for months."

After understanding the situation, I sent my servant to thank Agha for his kindness and hospitality, and to tell him that I had promised my patients and friends in the city to be back in a month, and if I could go no other way I would have to walk. Upon which the horses were loaded and made ready to start. The host himself came and said, "I feel guilty, and am afraid that our time was taken up so much with the wedding that we could not serve you as we ought."

When I went to say good-bye to the bride, she took my hand, called for the White Beard, and said, "Go tell Agha that I will not let Hakim Hanim go." And to a maid she said, "Quickly go and tell the servants to unload the horses, Hakim Hanim is not going."

Going down I found the horses unloaded, had their burdens quickly restored, and in a little while we were enjoying the bracing air of the hills as we journeyed homeward.

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TRUE HONOR*

Source in Humble Service in the Desire of Pleasing God Rather than Winning Praise from Men

FEW persons, even among Christians, fully attain the sublime elevation which Jesus describes in his reproach of the Jews who cavilled at the command he gave to the impotent man. Not only did he heal the man on the Sabbath, thereby running counter to their Sabbath-keeping prejudices, but he told the man to carry away his bed, which was a direct violation of the law, which prohibited the bearing of burdens on the Sabbath. The act was certain to provoke criticism. In proportion as the Jews failed to grasp the spirit of the law, they became more insistent on the observance of the letter of the law. The same tendency still survives. Among ourselves, people, whose pride and intolerance are flagrantly unchristian, are conspicuous for their rigid adherence to mere details of the rites of religion. A curious illustration of the same spirit is told by a traveler in Italy. It is that of a peasant in the mountain districts, who went a long night journey of many miles, to lay a priest to whom he could confess a grievous sin, which lay as a heavy burden on his conscience. He had accidentally swallowed a fly on a day on which his church had enjoined abstinence from animal food. The poor man's distress was pitiable; he felt sure his soul would be lost. The priest, before giving him absolution, asked where the penitent lived. Finding that he came from a district in which many travelers had been robbed and murdered about that time, inquired whether he had been concerned in any of the crimes. The man admitted freely that he had; but he thought so lightly of them that they seemed to him too trivial to be included in his confession. His very swowing of food on a fast day seemed to him much more heinous than murder and robbery. So observance of the letter of the law may become so slavish as to destroy the conscience. The men to whom Christ talked were of the same order. They would have been horrified if they had learned that a tithe had not been taken of the herbs with which they seasoned their food, but they thought lightly of devouring widows' houses.

While denouncing such formalism, Jesus took occasion to point out how attention to the letter, and neglect of the spirit of the Scriptures was the cause of their rejection of him. They had fastened their attention on his technical Sabbath-breaking, that they had none to give to the wonderful miracle just performed, and to the proof it furnished of his divine commission. They preferred the honor that came to them on account of the regular and punctilious discharge of ritualistic duty, to the approval of God, which they might have had by abstaining from devouring widows' houses, and living a pure and holy life. How that tendency has survived all these years! To many still, religion consists in regular church attendance which other men can see, and they do not realize that God would be better pleased by a humble, loving, tender heart. Right down to the last analysis, it is a question-proof that they seek the honor that men can give rather than that which God himself gives.

This disposition has its roots in many honored lives. A man will put more money in the collection box in church, if the collector is a man who knows him. People who are strictly honorable in their business relations have been known to "swear off" legitimate taxes, or smuggle valuables through the Custom House. Men in public life, at some parting of the way are swayed more by what other men will say of them than by the thought that by God will regard the thing they do. Business men have been known to underpay the women who make the garments they sell, but to give large sums to foreign missions and other Christian or philanthropic work. All this is only an indication that the false sense of honor is still prevalent. The true honor is that which is concerned, first and last, with God's approval. He who seeth in secret is the true source of honor. The servant girl who mentioned when examined as to the evidences of her conversion, that now she "swept under the mats," had a clearer view of true honor than many higher stationed Christians. It is very consolatory to think that true honor may be won by such humble persons. The dull drudgery of one who seeks no honor, who does not boast of good deeds, who is content that others shall have credit and glory and reputation, may prove in the day of final account the surest way of attaining the highest honor. In our Lord's description of the judgment, the honors went to men who, so far from seeking or expecting reward, had actually forgotten that they had done the deeds which Christ accounted worthy of everlasting honor.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Sept. 15. John 5 : 41-44.

MY LORD AND I*

I HAVE a friend so precious,
So very dear to me,
He loves me with such tender love,
He loves so faithfully;
I could not live apart from him,
I love to feel him nigh,
And so we dwell together,
My Lord and I.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as he bids me lean on him
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light,
Beneath a sunny sky,
And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

He knows how much I love him,
He knows I love him well,
But with what love he loveth me
My tongue can never tell;
It is an everlasting love,
In ever rich supply,
And so we love each other,
My Lord and I.

I tell him all my sorrows,
I tell him all my joys,
I tell him all that pleases me,
I tell him what annoys;
He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me how to try,
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.

*Mr. S. Hartley, University Place, Neb., sends this beautiful hymn to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD with the following note: "I send you the translation of a hymn, which was sung in the caves of France at the time of the persecution of the Huguenots. My understanding is that the hymn was first written in French and afterwards translated into German. Some twenty or more years ago, it was translated into English by Rev. G. W. Abbott, now living at Hastings, Neb. It was recently set to music by Evangelist F. E. Miller, of Morgan Park, Ill.

General Grant on the Bible

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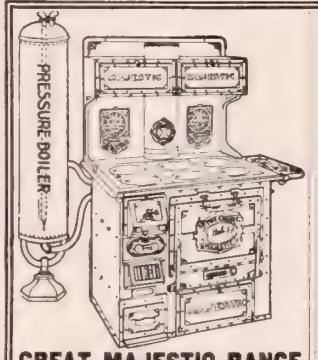

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Cheerful Under Adversity

Miss Lucy M. Richards is known as the "Christian Cripple" of East Poultney, Vermont, the town where Horace Greeley learned the printing business and published his first newspaper. Mr. Greeley was well acquainted with the Richards family. Miss Richards

LUCY M. RICHARDS

was born in 1837. A fall downstairs when three years old, so injured her spine that she has had very little use of her limbs since. At the age of ten she began using a crutch and a cane. She attended school, being carried to and from the schoolhouse. Later in life, though a cripple, she took the care of both her parents through long and painful sicknesses. Both are now dead. Some years later she broke her right limb by a fall. Miss Richards now depends on a wheel-chair for moving about. With all her drawbacks she is still able to do much. Sitting in her chair she dusts, sweeps, mops, washes, irons, makes bread, tends fires and does other household duties. Besides doing her own work she sews for others, and is usually busy making clothes for customers. This is her means of support. When thirteen years old she was converted. In 1851, she united with the Baptist Church in her native town, and has been a zealous and faithful member. For years, when she attended her church, she has either crawled up, or has been carried up the stairs to the audience-room. Prayer meetings and other gatherings—as Bible studies—are frequently held at her house. She is patient, cheerful and hopeful; sympathetic for those in affliction and kind and generous to all. She is a firm believer in prayer, and has had wonderful proofs of Providential care. God has raised up many kind friends, who are ever ready to help make her life pleasant. Not long since, Mr. Norman Burdick, a native of the town, bought the house where she has lived many years, and has given her the use of it for life. Her life is an inspiration to all who know her. If one in her condition can be bright, cheerful and reconciled to the ways of Providence, surely none have a right to complain. E. F. B.

THE MAKING OF A PRINCE

The Supplanter Gaining Spiritual Power by Loss of Physical Strength

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

GOD had educated Abraham. He would also educate Jacob. It takes often many long years before we are able, through humbling and bitter experience, to justify God in his description of the human heart—"deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17: 9). We are all of us born with more or less belief in ourselves, and it takes a lifetime with most of us to learn each for himself, "In me, that is my flesh, dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. 7: 18). By coming to the humbling knowledge of what we are, we come to understand the depth of God's grace that he, the holy One, should look upon such an one. And that the Son of God should have come in the likeness of sinful flesh; in all things made like unto his brethren, and offer himself a sacrifice for those who are unworthy and contemptible—this breaks our hearts, and lays us in speechless adoration at his feet.

Jacob had already shown himself mean, selfish, grasping and untruthful, and yet, with all this, Jacob had a real regard for God; and God had revealed himself to him in the time of his deepest humiliation and discouragement.

But Jacob had not yet learned to trust. He took matters into his own hands, in his dealing with Laban, and family discord was his lot from the very time of his marriage, to which he had so looked forward. How many who have sought their own satisfaction in married life, the companionship, the domestic comfort, etc., which they coveted, have found themselves grievously disappointed. Ill-health, poverty, or unexpected developments of impatience, selfishness, etc., in each other, have levelled to the ground their castles in the air. But those who have entered the married life with the thought of serving God and glorifying his name in Christian family life and service, have no such disappointments. When we take for granted that "All things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8: 28), then every jar in married life brings sweetness and not bitterness. It is seen as a lesson from him who loves us better than life, instead of as a wrong from one who, in the same school as ourselves, is learning his or her lesson too.

It was a life of constant conflict, far other than that which he probably had pictured to himself, alone with his beloved Rachel. At last God interfered, and called him to return to Caanan. After telling Leah and Rachel of the call from above which he had received, and obtaining their concurrence with his intended departure, Jacob's faith in God was still so small that, although God had announced himself as the God of Bethel, where he had promised to be with and to keep him, yet Jacob stole away by night, thinking perhaps that Laban would have detained him. Laban, discovering his departure, pursued him. And what a sting must have been in the conscience of Jacob when he found that the same God who had bid him depart, had forbidden Laban from hindering him! The parting of the relatives after all was in peace, but Jacob had learned how little he trusted God. And now what was before him? Esau. How should he meet his brother? The old habit of self-effort was stronger than the heavenly vision. Without asking God what he should do, he made his own arrangements, and sent messengers before him to Esau his brother. This was better than taking him unawares, as he had stolen away from Laban unawares. But the messengers returned with the alarming tidings: Esau is coming with four hundred men to meet thee.

Acting on his fears, instead of on the promises of God, he divided his family and possessions into two bands, with the thought that if Esau should smite the one, the other, at least would have a chance to escape. And besides this he arranged a large present of cattle, sheep and asses to appease his brother. And, having done this, he prayed. In critical moments of our lives it is the times we spend alone with our God which tell, for time and for eternity. Alone with the burden upon his heart, there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. The man who wrestled with Jacob (was he not the man Christ Jesus?) "when he saw that he prevailed not against him, touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was strained [R. V. v.] as he wrestled with him." Jacob had been a man of self-effort all his life. The great lesson he had to learn as the son of Abraham, "the father of all them that believe," was to "cease from his own works" (Heb. 4: 3) and trust in God's working for him. To this end he must lose his own power; he must learn a lesson which he would carry with him for life.

The stranger said to Jacob, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." And Jacob said what he had been unable to say so long as he depended upon his own efforts, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Helpless, unable to wrestle, but with the power to cling helplessly to him who had prevailed over him, Jacob was stronger than before he received the injury which taught him his own insufficiency. "What is thy name?" said the stranger. "Jacob," was the answer. "Thy name be called no more Jacob [supplanter], but Israel [prince with God], for thou hast had power with God and with men, and hast prevailed" (Gen. 32: 26-28, R. V.). He is a prince with God who puts God in his place and trusts him. There had never been anything kingly about Jacob until this moment. Now he could count upon his God and insist upon blessing, for he had come over on to God's side. Hitherto he had walked in the twilight. He was ready now to meet with Esau after having met with God. But he halted upon his thigh. When God conquers us he can trust us also to conquer in his strength. Thenceforth God was the God of Jacob, and Jacob was a prince with God.

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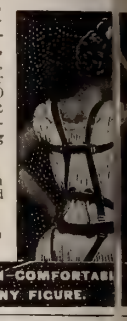

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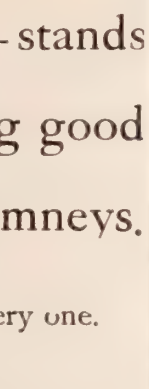
All figures come in beautiful fast oil colors on strong sateen. They are intended to be stuffed with cotton or other suitable materials directions will show.



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THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

FOR the breezy uplifting of mountains from the sorrows and mists of earth;
For the strength of a loftier purpose, to which thoughts of the hills give birth;
For the fragrant breath of the balsams, with their cool and soothing nod;
"For the strength of the hills, we thank thee, O, God, our fathers' God!"

When the restful shadows of evening come softly adown the glen,
To smooth the deep-set furrows from the faces and souls of men,
When the purple tints of the valleys creep slowly from the West,
Till violet, amber and topaz encircle the mountain's crest,
As they gather in glooms and hollows, with more than the painter's art,
And with daintiest touches are soothing the weariness from each heart;
It is then, O, Lord, that we thank thee, for the strength of the hills thou hast trod,
In the days of thine earthly manhood, Son of Mary, and Son of God!

When the pulse-beats are feeble and flighty, and the gasping breath comes quick,
In the strength of the hills we find thee, while the spirit is faint and sick;
For the scent of the breezy woodland, for the pure, sweet breath of the hills,
Which comes laden with strength and vigor, from myriads of mountain rills;
Distilled from the choicest odors of the resinous fir-tree and pine;
Inhaled in ten thousand dew-drops from the bells of the swaying woodbine.
Thus we're lifted on wings, like eagles, to heights which our Master trod,
In the days of his earthly conflict, our Saviour, the Son of God.

Winston-Salem, N. C. E. A. LEHMAN.

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The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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Virginia Flood Sufferers

Mrs R T Wells	1 00
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An old friend, Sioux Rapids	2 00
McM, Hightstown	2 00

BOOKS RECEIVED

Critical and Historical Essays, by Thomas Babington Macaulay (volumes four and five). Neatly bound in limp covers, each with fine steel engraved frontispiece and decorative title page. Price 50c. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., Aldine House, London.

Laus Deo, by Rev. H. Niervoehner, of Thayer, Mo. A collection of melodies, with all the words in German, for holy services or private gatherings; with text newly harmonized, and provided with preludes. It will please German lovers of sacred music. Price 50 cts. Published by the composer.

Anneeti, the Gypsy Artist, by Winfield Scott Sly, founder of the Rocky Beach Orphanage Work. This is a pathetic story of a young artist's struggle for success, against great worldly odds. It is dedicated to all boys and girls who have been, or may hereafter be, helped or provided with homes by any orphanage. It is illustrated from life. Pp. 175, cloth cover. Published by the author, 217 North Pine street, Lansing, Mich.

Like Him, or Led by the Spirit, by John R. Paddock. The author suggests that the words "Like Him," should be a motto for the new century. A splendid aim and purpose inspired the writer of this book, and all who are hungry to hear other's experiences in spiritual life will find it of interest. It will be useful in Bible classes. Pp. 166. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. Published by the Christian Alliance Publishing Company, Nyack, New York.

Poor Boys' Chances, by John Habberton, well known as the author of *Helen's Babies*. As examples of the opportunities which every boy will find in this life, if he will see them and seize them, the author has given sketches of the beginnings of the respective careers of some twenty successful Americans, including Franklin, Hamilton, Girard, Astor, Peter Cooper, Eli Whitney, Clay, Peabody, Garfield and Edison. The book contains a great number of illustrations of a rare character. Pp. 280, cloth cover. Price 50c. Published by Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

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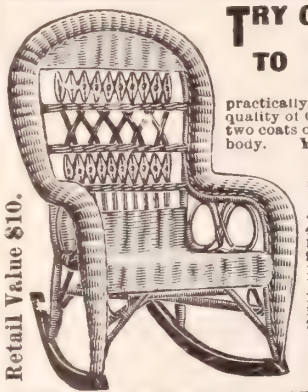

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1 " Wild Rose "	....	.25	1 " ½ oz. Trailing Arbutus "		.25
2 " Carbolic "	25c.	.50	1 box Talcum Powder		.25
1 " Queen of Violets "	....	.25	1 jar Rose Shampoo		.25
1 " Olive Castile "	....	.25	1 bottle 2 oz. Lemon Extract		.20
1 " Pine Tar "	....	.25	1 " " 2 oz. "Standard" Vanilla "		.30
1 roll Shaving "	....	.30			
28 Cakes Home Laundry "	5c.	1.40	(Free Sample Toilet Soaps.) Total		$ 8.00
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Cooks a whole meal over one burner, *on gasoline, oil, gas or common cook stove.*
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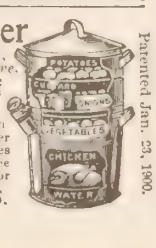

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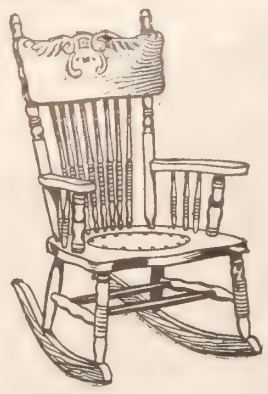

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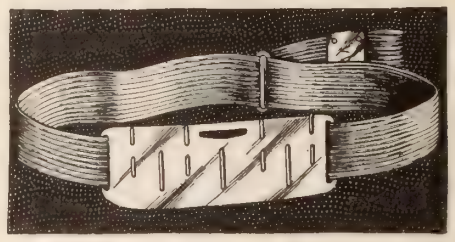

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NOTE. If you would like to see our Supporter before ordering a quantity, we will send you one, postage paid, on receipt of 35 cents in stamps.

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Our rug is 2 ft. 6 in. wide, 5 ft. lon fringed ends, both sides alik They are genuine Smyrnas, whi is a guaranty of the fastness of t colors and the beauty of desig Order one and you will want mor FREE for selling one doz Hold Fast Skirt Supporter

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This set, consisting of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, butter knife, sugar shell and pickle fork, is packed in a tasty velvet covered cabinet, satin lined, and makes a beautiful display in a china closet or sideboard. Our reputation for good premiums only is behind the quality of the plating. The design is the very latest copy of solid silver. This set will make a very nice present for your lady. FREE for selling one dozen Hold Fast Skirt Supporters.

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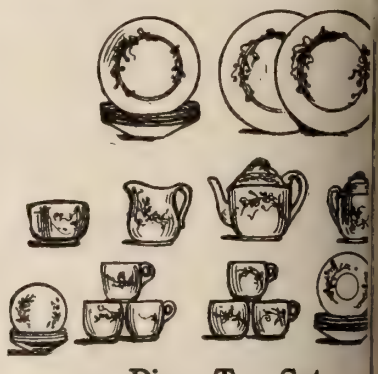

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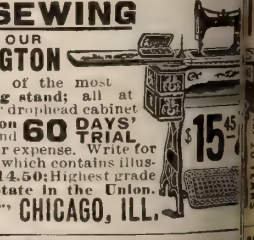

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The Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1901
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VOL. 24—NO. 37. PRICE, 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

PHOTO BY MANDELKERN

"USHAMNU"—"WE HAVE SINNED"

The Penitential Service on Atonement Day in a Hebrew Synagogue, New York

SEE PAGE 769

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Oct. 9

1. To what extent may a Christian read novels? Where should the line be drawn, assuming, of course, that there are works of fiction that are really profitable?

2. Where was the first public library of the world located and when, and what were the circumstances that led to its establishment?

3. What led John Howard to devote himself to temperance reform?

4. What is the best method of stopping the lynching and burning of human beings in certain parts of the Union, keeping in view the fact that in many cases great provocation exists?

5. Is fear or love the most frequent influence in leading men to become Christians?

Questions of the Week

1. An active Christian worker in Wyoming, writes: "There are two wives of saloon-keepers and a young drug store clerk (who tends a bar in the rear of the drug store), who are being considered as candidates for our C. E. Society. Is it right to accept such people as associate members and to endeavor to surround them with better influences, or should our society decline them as liable to give the work a bad name? What are we working for if not to help sinners, and in what better way can we do this than by bringing them in? I am President of our C. E. Society. Please advise me." We ask our readers to state what course the President should adopt in this case.

[A large number of answers to this question have been received. It is one of so much interest that an entire page will be devoted to the answers in a coming issue.]

2. What is the meaning or interpretation symbolical, historical, allegorical or otherwise, of the pyramid and the eagle on the great seal of the United States?

A number of devices had been suggested to Congress, but none proved entirely acceptable until, in 1779, John Adams was sent to England, to negotiate for peace. While there, he met Sir John Prestwich, a friend of America and an accomplished antiquarian. Adams happened to mention the fact that his countrymen had not yet decided upon a national coat of arms, and Sir John suggested an escutcheon bearing thirteen perpendicular stripes, white and red, like the American flag, with the chief blue, and spangled with thirteen stars. To give this more consequence, he proposed to place it upon the breast of an eagle—the American bird—without supporters, as emblematic of self-reliance. The reverse was to contain a pyramid unfinished, to denote that our strong and stable government might still take on more territory, and underneath, the motto *Novus Ordo Seculorum* "A New Series of Ages," denoting that a new order of things had commenced in the Western Hemisphere. This simple device pleased Adams, and was adopted by Congress June 20, 1782. G. E. KRAUTH.

. . .

The eagle is the emblem of power, swiftness, alertness and strength, and by some is thought to be referred to as a national emblem in Isaiah 18, 1–2 and 7th verses as a prophecy. The olive branch held in right claw is emblematic of a people who spread over the earth and dominate the same, being the same emblem given to Joseph, while the bundle of arrows, thirteen in number, represent the thirteen original States, and are emblematical of Jonathan—friendship. The legend held in beak, *E Pluribus unum*, means one composed of many, and, as well as the arrows and shield on breast, refers to the original number of States. The pyramid represents strength and solidity, and is watched over by the never closing eye of Jehovah. By some it is thought to indicate a belief in our descent from Joseph in Egypt and his people.

W. W. CASE.

3. Should a husband point out her faults to his wife?

A man must never forget to be courteous to his wife. He may tell a wife of her faults in a gentle, pleasant way, if he is sure it is a fault, and not a "beam in his own eye." Oftentimes, in speaking to a wife of her faults, he may call every error a fault, and, in reproving them, get in the way of continually nagging her, and, instead of making matters better, would bring great unhappiness to the wife and to the household as well, for if the wife and mother is unhappy, the family life is not so pleasant. A wife should take correction in the best manner possible, and consider it for her own good. It would be well for both parties to apply the golden rule.

MRS. N. P. OAKERMAN.

. . .

I do not think that good would follow from the husband's pointing out to his wife her faults, no more than it would bring good results for the wife to tell the husband of his shortcomings. Would it not be wiser for him to tell her of her virtues, her good traits, and her lovableness, and to praise every effort she makes to please him, and thus strengthen her to meet the daily tasks of life? The Bible tells the husband to love his wife as he loves himself; to love her as Christ loves the church. Such a love would cover a multitude of faults. I believe that more wives are unhappy to-day because they do not feel that they are precious to their husbands, than from any other one cause. I knew one woman whose whole married life, of thirty-five years, was embittered by one conversation with her husband soon after her marriage, in which he tried to point out to her a fault that he thought ought to be corrected. She could never get over it, and felt hurt and grieved about it as long as she lived. This was foolish, and she was supersensitive, but there is many another wife like her. We cannot account for one another's feelings.

No, do not tell her of her faults, unless they are so serious that they threaten to destroy the happiness of the home life, and then let it be done very carefully and very lovingly.

MRS. M. E. CRAVATH.

. . .

If they are Christians, enjoying the full love and fellowship of each other, accustomed to speak openly on all subjects, asking and receiving advice on all matters of doubt, relying upon each other for sympathy and help in all of life's trials and difficulties, in fact, living as husband and wife ought to live in the sight of God, there ought to be no hesitancy on the part of either in telling of some action that one has noticed on the part of the other which was not altogether as it should be, and if he be a true man, or she a true woman, they will feel a sense of obligation for having their attention called to this imperfection in their life, which they will at once set about to try and remedy. A true friend is not one who only praises, but who also points out our faults and failings as well. A husband, or wife, should, however, be careful as to how they set about pointing out defects in each other, that it be not done in a spirit of jealousy, harsh or unkind criticism, or a mere desire to pick flaws in each other while in a morbid or unpleasant mood, for we are none of us without imperfections; but if it be done in a spirit of love, and with a desire to help each other to attain that standard of perfection in our lives to which the Master beckons us upward, it will certainly be appreciated. The result depends largely upon the manner in which the disclosure is made, and the motive which prompts it. Indiscriminate fault finding, however, will but tend to cause unpleasantness. L. NONES.

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***The* Christian Herald Book Dept., Bible House, New York City**

4. What should be done with the member of the church who by his inconsistencies keeps others out?

Christ gives us a safe rule for such a case (Matt. 18: 15-17), which may be summed up as follows: "If a church member trespass against thee or the church, let an official member go and tell the person their fault privately. If that does not have the desired effect, let the official member take two or more church members with him, and together admonish the person. Should that fail to remedy the conduct of the offending member, let the matter be brought before the council of the church. And if the member still persists in inconsistencies, let him become as a heathen man and a publican."

WM. J. LUSCOMBE.

. . .

Keep the inconsistent member in the church. It is the only hope of making him better. Christ reserves to himself the right of separating the wheat from the chaff, in the great harvest day. A man who remains out of the church because of the inconsistencies of others, is not the kind of man who would be any good to a church. If his desire to join the church is the result of a change of heart (the only preparation for church membership), he will "judge not" his fellow members, and will do his duty, no matter what others do. When he sees the "incons... line of argument, say to him what ... said to Peter, "What is that to thee? ... thou me." E. B. VAN VA...

5. What verb is used in the Bible in rel... Divine wrath, the Holy Spirit, love, ... temptation? Name the passages in ... is used.

The verb used is quench. 1. For its ... relation to Divine wrath, see Isaiah ... "And the strong shall be as tow, a ... maker of it as a spark, and they sha... burn together, and none shall quench ... Also II. Kings 22: 17, "Therefore my ... shall be kindled against this place, ar... not be quenched." See, also, Jeremia... Jer. 21: 12; Jer. 7: 20; Isa. 66: 24; ... Chronicles 34: 25. 2. For its use in ... to the Holy Spirit, see I. Thes. 5: 19, "... not the Spirit." 3. For its use in rela... love, see Song of Solomon 8: 7, "Many ... cannot quench love, neither can the ... drown it," etc. 4. For its use in rela... life, see Isaiah 43: 17, "They are extin... are quenched as tow." Also II. Sam... "And we will destroy the heir also; ... they shall quench my coal which is l... shall not leave to my husband neithe... nor remainder upon the earth." Also I ... 21: 17, "Then the men of David swa... him, saying, 'Thou shalt go no more o... us to battle, that thou quench not the ... Israel.'" 5. For its use in relation to temp... see Eph. 6: 16, "Above all, taking the ... of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to ... all the fiery darts of the wicked."

HEPPIE W. HAMIL...

Miscellaneous Questi...

X. Y. Z. Are chaplains in the army or n... pointed from among the graduates ... Point and Annapolis, or are they select... ministers of every-day life?

Major J. B. Ketcham, of the U. S. S... Christian Aid Association, 40 Broadwa... York, gives this answer:

No diploma from the institutions named i... sary. Chaplains are appointed from the c... of clergymen of all denominations; but an a... must not be over forty years of age, and m... served a church at least three years, and be ... and regular standing with his denominatio... form of application and details, address th... tary of War (or Navy), Washington, D. C.

Puzzled, Brooklyn, N. Y. Do Evolutio... abandoning the story of Adam and E... contend that different races had different ... monkeys as ancestors?

We believe the latest evolutionary ... is that all races descend from a co... ancestry but that not the monkey, bu... some other creature from which the m... is also descended. Thus the monk... cording to the new theory, is not an an... but a kind of degenerate cousin to hun...

O. J. A. Yes; it will be distributed as y... desire.

A. M. S., Milford, Mass. Already rep... answered.

Subscriber, LeRoy, N. Y. Address is 113 ... street, New York.

Bob, Remington, Ind. We think it a very ... and innocent amusement.

J. J. D., Saratoga, Ia. Write to America... perance Society, Reade street, New York.

Seeker of Justice, Wilkesbarre, Pa. We ... no church has such a right as you mention.

E. T., New Jersey. Write to the Secretar... society, New York City, for all information.

Marion J. A., Jersey City. He preache... lectures, by special arrangement, in differen... of the country.

Mrs. M. L. K., Wynnewood, I. T. The fi... Mrs. J. C. Hepburn, who went to Kanagaw... her husband in 1859.

H. D., Pleasant Hill, N. J. The individu... science must decide in such matters. To hi... thinketh it is sin, it is sin.

Harry G., Decatur, O. No; but you ca... an effort to get another position, where y... have the full enjoyment of Sunday privilege.

Reader. 1. Address Secretary Single Tax ... ciation, Cooper Union, N. Y. 2. Don't ... 3. Pay your father's debts, by all means. 4 ... the remnant.

R. T. E., West Rutland, Vt. The utility o... mosquitoes and snakes in the general sch... Providence, is a problem altogether beyond ... reach at present.

Questioner, Watertown, N. Y. We have ... heard of any objection other than the gener... that consanguinity is apt to result in weak ... degenerate successors.

Widow, Chestertown, Pa. A neighbor cer... has no right to interfere and no well-dispos... son would interfere. You can settle it quic... sending the property to auction.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 11, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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RED BUFFALO ADDRESSING THE PONCAS AND DENOUNCING BLACK WOLF

THE PROPHET WHO FAILED

BLACK WOLF
The Prophet

FOR many years no Indian tribe of the Southwest has adhered so strictly to the teachings of their medicine men as the Poncas, who live on a small reservation south of the Kansas border. Nothing could be accomplished among the Poncas for this very same reason. No progress was reported in their schools, their manner of dress remained as ever, and they cared nothing for civilization or Christianity. With them work was a stranger, and to starve before earning bread came to be a regular event as the winters came around.

But there is a time among all Indian tribes when the Prophet fails too often in his predictions and the medicine men are at a loss for an effective cure. Such was the state of things among the Poncas this summer, and, as a result, they are a shamed people. The Government is placing them on allotments, the big braves are intent to live in houses and medicine men are tilling the soil. A Prophet has been banished, and the future of the Poncas seem bright to those who are interested in the advancement. It is predicted that in a few more years the blanketed Ponca will be a curiosity. Even now the majority that a Ponca in citizen's clothing attracts attention on their own reservation.

* * *

The change came about in this way. Black Wolf, the Prophet, the highest of all in Ponca circles, had called a meeting of the tribe on the bank of the Arkansas River, adjoining the Osage reserve. The sages were to be the guests of the Poncas, and, of course, a good supply of eatables were necessary. Black Wolf called on the medicine men to bring forth the meat. They failed, that is, the light of the Great Spirit failed to answer their supplications, and the medicine men were disgraced. The Prophet was scorned by his people for having such a poor retinue of assistants. The whole tribe laughed at the inability of their former spiritual advisers. They awoke to a realization that unless meat was secured, the Ponca people would suffer great disgrace, as no tribe should fail to provide for its visitors.

* * *

The Black Wolf became interested in his own failure. He found that his power was diminishing, but would not admit his loss. He who had been for years the greatest of prophets; he who had predicted a failure of the Ghost Dance; he who had asked of the Great Spirit and received in bounteous proportions, knew that his powers were failing. It was a sad blow to this dignitary of the plains, and hurt him more deeply than the hard-set expression of his dusky face revealed.

* * *

Into his tepee, on the banks of the river, went the Prophet, his squaws standing guard in front. For hours he lacerated his flesh and sent appeals to the Great Spirit. All night he lay in a stupor, the result of having taken of the snake root; but still his powers were unavailing. At daybreak, after a terrible siege of suffering, the Prophet came out to greet his people. A frown spread over their faces: he knew too well it betokened their displeasure. He made a speech, in which he attached all blame to the crow—an evil spirit which at times is supposed to visit the redskins. They listened in silence and when he had finished, the small council of half-breeds who had formed in the centre of the circle, looked to Red Buffalo for reply.

Red Buffalo was dressed in white man's clothes, but his heart was that of the blanketed buck. His hatred for anything progressive was well known; his wearing of citizen's clothes was compulsory because of his position as an Indian policeman. Red Buffalo spoke in low, sad tones:

"My brothers," he said, "a change is about to take place among us. I have for years looked to Black Wolf as a power of the Great Spirit clan, but he can do nothing any more. I do not believe the crow is with us; Black Wolf has lost his power. The pale-face is too thick about us. I would fight, but it means death. Life is sweet! I have been offered assistance by the pale-faces many times, but have refused. We have lain in our tepees during the cold winters and suffered. But let us do so no more. The light of the Great Spirit has failed; the power of our medicine men is no longer sufficient; let us forsake them. The voice of Black Wolf is two-tongued. He would suffer us to be disgraced by our neighbors that he might hold his power. Let us banish him."

No cheer fell from the lips of the small assembly of Indians. Their approval of the words of Red Buffalo was evident, however, from the fact that everyone glared at Black Wolf sullenly. The Prophet was too familiar with his own people not to know that his influence was hopelessly lost, and that the best thing he could do was to leave. He turned and marched slowly southward to the river banks, slowly humming the death song:

"Father, I come; Father, I come,
I am coming home to die."

* * *

After the failure of Black Wolf to conjure up beef for the wants of the red-skinned visitors, the white people in the vicinity of the Ponca reservation, having heard of the banishment of the Prophet, and knowing the good that would come of it, packed up a wagon-load of beef and carried it to the camping-grounds. A few days later the Osages came, and were entertained in a royal manner. They went home praising the hospitality of their neighbors; yet they could not understand, in their simple minds, why the great Ponca Prophet had been banished.

* * *

THE WHITE PEOPLE DISTRIBUTING MEAT AMONG THE PONCAS

Following the festival, the Indian agent went among the tribe and offered to build houses for them. Red Buffalo accompanied him, and the result was that two-thirds of the five hundred Poncas and adopted Poncas, accepted the offer. Now, instead of a half-thousand tepees dotting the reservation, one sees neat frame houses; the ground is being turned this fall for wheat—the first time since the Poncas lived there—and the women are sending their children to school. The next few years of Ponca history will read like a glowing achievement. Quick to learn, these redskins will no doubt advance rapidly. If we may judge by the experience of other tribes that have come under Christianizing and civilizing influences, the great turning-point of the Poncas has at last been reached.

These young men and women have excellent opportunities before them. The younger people of the tribe, and the next generation assuredly, will reap the benefit of the change. Education, industrial and intellectual, combined with the influences of the Gospel, will lead the redmen into the "better way." Thus, the failure of Black Wolf, the prophet, will ultimately prove to have been a blessing.

Wichita, Kan. — W. R. DRAPER.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Borrowing Trouble

TEXT—Matt. 6: 34

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereo

THE life of every man, woman and child, is as closely under the divine care, as though such person were the only man, woman or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he has done to make you happy: his sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud, and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble.

First: Such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose-bushes in my garden; the one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has uptorn many a fine business, and sent the man dodging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

Toiling in the Sunlight

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he prays, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he gives, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to his children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The McCheynes and the Summerfields of the church who did the most good toiled in the sunlight. Away with the horrors! they distil poison; they dig graves; and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line, and hook, and bait to catch lizards and water-serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks, and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin-redbreasts, and you will find robin-redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into fierce battle; the eagle, unused to the night, was no match for the owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls, and the night-hawks, and the bats came a second time to the combat; now the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing, man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck-deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread through all the avenues of life, and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window-sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the breadtray; that a man fed by him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for

A Heritage of Tears!

Has God been hard with thee, that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stinted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about, you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe, you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him. It is high time you began to thank God for present blessings. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant, and bounding. Praise him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock, and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing it at thirty per cent., which is always a sure precursor of bankruptcy.

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so he apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens. The shadows of to-day are thick enough, why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful, why halloo to disasters far distant to come, and wring out more gall in the bitterness? Are we such champions that, having won the belt in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future!

Do Not Worry

Here are business men just able to manage affairs as they now are. They can pay their rent, and meet their notes, and manage affairs as they now are, but how if a panic should come, and my investments should fail? Go to-morrow and write on your day-book, or on your ledger, on your money-safe, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the burglar, will be as faithful in 1910 as in 1901; God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock-gamblers, or the plots of political demagogues, or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at his feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies, and rheumatisms, and neuralgias, and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming life-long invalids. Take care of your health now, and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent, and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon, and lie down on the pulpit rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelin had a great horror of dying till the time came, a went peacefully. Take care of the present, an future look out for itself. "Sufficient unto th the evil thereof."

Again: The habit of borrowing misfortune is because it unfits us for it when it actually doe We cannot always have smooth sailing. Lif will sometimes tumble among declivities, and steep, and be thorn-pierced. Judas will kiss ou and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. scorn will try to crucify us between two thieve will hear the iron gate of the sepulchre creak ar as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get re these things by forebodings. They who fight ary woes will come out of breath into conflict armed disasters of the future. Their ammuni have been wasted long before they come un guns of real misfortune. Boys, in attempting a wall, sometimes go so far back in order to get i that when they come up they are exhausted; ar long races in order to get spring enough to vault bring us up at last to the dreadful reality w strength gone.

The Peace of Faith

Finally: The habit of borrowing trouble is because it is unbelief. God has promised to ta of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Yo hunger will be fed; your sickness will be alle your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal yo and smooth your path, and along by frowning c opening grave sound the voices of victory an cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder-c really carry in their bosom harvests of whe shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for th press. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of th Storm-walker. Our great Joshua will comma above your soul the sun of prosperity will sta Bleak and wave-struck Patmos shall have apoc vision, and you shall hear the cry of elders, a sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, a voice of Hallelujah unto God for ever.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle and amid wolf's howl, and the scream of the v but the way still winds upward till angels g and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathw at gates that are pearl, and streets that are go temples that are always open, and hills that qual perpetual song, and a city mingling for ever S and jubilee, and triumph, and coronation.

Let Pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me:
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is Heaven's decree.

But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus their exalted King,
With joyful heart and tongue,
Oh, that's the song for me!

Courage; my brother! The father does not his son at school enough money to last him years; but, as the bills for tuition, and board, and ing, and books come in, pays them. So God w give you grace all at once for the future; but wil all your exigencies as they come. Through prayer, trust him. People ascribe the succes certain line of steamers to business skill, and kn the fact that when that line of steamers starte wife of the proprietor passed the whole of eac when a steamer sailed, in prayer to God for its and the success of the line. Put everything in hands, and leave it there. Large interest money will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate; ar interest on borrowed troubles will swamp an "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

A Grateful Missionary

In a letter just received, Miss A. Adelaide Bro Kodoli, Kolhapur, writes: "You would be surpri see how much has been done in a year by the gen of your subscribers. Every cent has been spent it would do the most good. No money has been w Boys are learning trades. No words can tell yo we thank you. Only in eternity will you know t sults of your effort to find help for these little There are here 514, once heathen, who, throug help sent in response to your appeals, may yet me in heaven. Your readers have put their money bank of the Almighty, which can never fail."

THE RABBI'S INVOCATION

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE "MALKIS" OR STRIPES

THE BLOWING OF THE RAM'S HORN

PHOTOS BY MANDELKERN

The Holiest Day of the Jewish Year

...By...
ISADORE BERNSTEIN

SEE PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE

THESE are the days of preparation among the Hebrew race all over the world, for the approaching "Day of Atonement," *(Yom Kippur)*, the most sacred of all the days on the Jewish calendar. From sunset on the 22d day of September (the tenth day of *Tishri*, according to the Hebrew reckoning), until sunset of the 23d, this holy day is faithfully observed by the sons and daughters of Abraham. There is, however, a wide difference in the manner of the observance. Among the orthodox, and more especially among the multitude of Jewish poor, such as may be found on the East Side of New York, there is a remarkable strictness in the manner of keeping the ancient holy days and festivals, and few, or none, of the time-honored customs are omitted. On the other hand, the "reform" element (which includes the younger generation, whose contact with the world has greatly loosened the bonds of their orthodoxy), have discarded many of those details to which the Jew for ages has clung with undiminished veneration and attachment. Thus it happens that even in the same city, the observance of the Atonement Day is widely different; that which prevails among the poor but orthodox masses of the East Side having many features that are unheard in the homes of the "reformed" Jew.

For several days before the ushering in of *Yom Kipur*, the East Side streets are crowded with wagons and push-carts, filled with live chickens, which are being sold for *Capuras*. Even the poorest Jew buys one *Capura* for each member of his family, for he must have a sacrifice to offer. Twenty-four hours before *Yom Kippur* begins, the ceremony of the *Capuras* takes place. Each male member of the family takes a male fowl, and each female a hen. The fowl is held above the person's head, and swung around three times, while these words are chanted: "*Ze Chaliposi, Ze Timirosi, Ze Caporosi.*" This is followed by a short prayer. The meaning of the chant is substantially that the sins of the person performing the ceremony have been transferred to the fowl, which is then sacrificed, being slaughtered by the *Shoiat*. The value of the chickens is given to the poor. The following day *(Erev Yom Kippur*, the morning of *Yom Kippur* eve) is one of the busiest of the year to the Jewish housewife. Rising at sun-up, she begins her labors for the day. Not only must she have her day's work done before sunset, but she must cook food for the following night, when the fast is to be broken. At sunset, the members of the family assemble at the home of the eldest to receive the paternal blessing. The old father, raising his hand, blesses his children and grandchildren one by one. Then begins the long fast, and all the members of the household go to the *Schuhl* or synagogue. All enter except the old father, who, if strictly orthodox, must receive *Malkis* (being beaten with strips for his sins). The aged man kneels, his forehead touching the floor, and four blows are administered with a leathern strap.

This beating is one of five punishments formerly, the other four (which are now mere tradition) being *Skilla* (stoning to death); *Sreifa* (pouring molten lead down the throat); *Heiga* (beating to death with clubs), and *Chenek* (strangling to death). After receiving the *Malkis* the venerable parent enters the synagogue. At the door he removes his shoes, puts on the *Kittel*, or shroud (in which he is to be buried), the *Tallus*, or holy shawl, and with the *Machzer* (prayer book) in hand, he begins his fast with prayers for forgiveness. When the congregation are all present the *Seifer Taura*, or scrolls are removed from the ark and passed among them to be kissed.

Then begins *Kol Nidrei*, the most beautiful and impressive of all the ceremonies of this Holy Day. The congregation stand. The cantor, with three rabbis and the choir in front, face *Mizrach* (the East), and for a moment all are silent. The cantor, choir and congregation, with their *Kittels* (shrouds), *Taleisum* (shawls) and white skull-caps make a picturesque and awe-inspiring group. Slowly and clearly the voice of the cantor rings out: "*Kol Nidrei*," followed by the rest of the song or chant. This is repeated three times by the cantor and choir. The formula chanted has been instituted to provide against the consequences of vows rashly made during the year, and which the Jew may neglect or find impossible to perform, or from which he may not have been absolved according to the established regulations. Three rabbis are always at the reading desk at the time this formula is sung by the cantor.

At the closing of *Kol Nidrei* most of the congregation go to their homes, the more religious remaining all night and all of the following day. Twenty-four hours in the synagogue, without food, drink or sleep! In certain Eastern countries some of the orthodox among the Hebrews remain standing during the twenty-four hours of this observance.

The following day, all who have been at home return, and continue praying until the setting of the sun. During this day the most impressive prayer is that beginning with the word *Ushamnu* —"We have sinned." As each word is pronounced every member present beats the left breast with the right hand. All fast who are physically able—men, women and children alike.

Even those who adhere but little to the ancient faith observe the Day of Atonement, and keep it holy by abstaining from all labor and from food and drink.

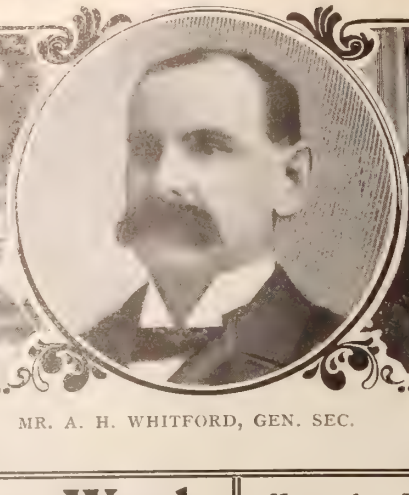
When the day closes, joy can be seen expressed in every face; for all faithfully believe that God has forgiven them their sins. The *Shofer*, or ram's horn, is then blown—one sharp, clear note—and the following words repeated: "*Lashono Habo Byrushalaim*"—The coming year we shall be in Jerusalem.

During the Atonement, the East Side, usually anything but attractive, is absolutely clean. Its people—comprising Hebrews from the Orient, Russia, Poland, Austria, Germany, and almost every land under the sun—are there, arrayed in their best, and the display of finery is frequently strikingly picturesque. There are not enough regular *Schuhls* or synagogues to contain the thousands who observe the holy day, so shops, lofts, assembly halls, and even rooms in private dwellings are utilized. Of these improvised places of assembly there are over one thousand in the East Side alone. At the close of the long fast, the multitude seek their homes, where a bountiful table is spread, and a festival repast of good things is enjoyed by all. It is a happy, joyous ending to the great religious event of the Jewish year.

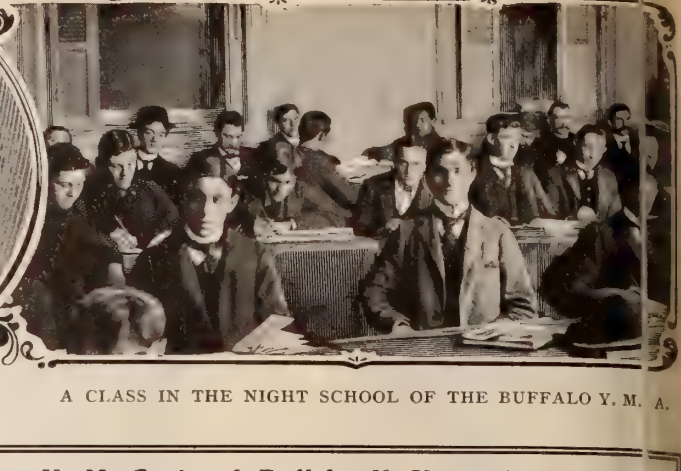
"TEKUO"—THE "SHOFER" SOUNDED BEFORE THE PEOPLE

THE CEREMONY OF THE "CAPURAS"

BOYS OF THE BUFFALO Y. M. C. A. IN CAMP



MR. A. H. WHITFORD, GEN. SEC.



A CLASS IN THE NIGHT SCHOOL OF THE BUFFALO Y. M. A.

An Aggressive Christian Work

How the Y. M. C. A. of Buffalo, N. Y., is Availing Its of the Opportunities of the Pan-American Exposition

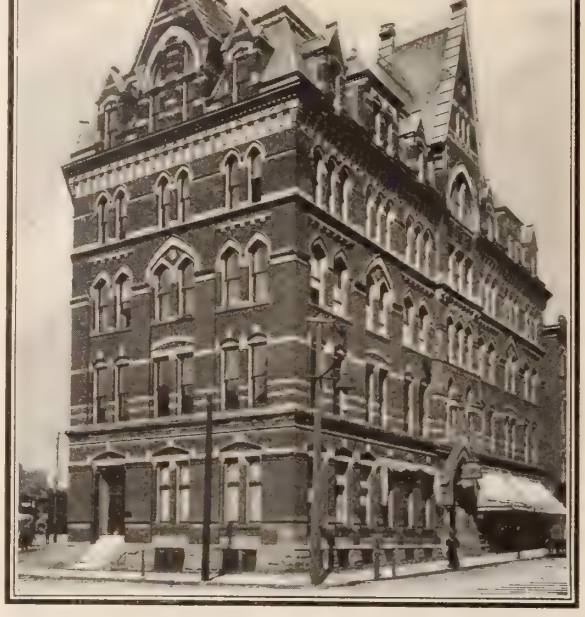
BY REV. W. J. PECK

THIS has been a busy season for the Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo, N. Y. The managers realized that the thousands of visitors who would come to the Exposition, would furnish an opportunity not often to be met with for Christian work. The vineyard of the Christian Worker is the sphere near to his hand, and the measure of the opportunity is the measure of the effort to be put forth. Happily, the Y. M. C. A. had in its General Secretary, Mr. A. H. Whitford, an executive officer of rare skill and abundant energy.

Among the plans adopted for getting in contact with visitors, was the opening of a Bureau of Reception and Information, which has been heartily appreciated and extensively used. No less than twelve thousand accommodations for guests had been arranged by this Bureau by the beginning of August, and the number has increased largely since that time. The Bureau has been very useful in other ways to strangers in the city. Special meetings have been held at the Central Y. M. C. A. Building, and in the Tent "Evangelist," which was set up on the corner of Lincoln Parkway and Soldiers' Plot, near the official entrance to the Exposition grounds. The audiences in the tent have been very large and the attention paid to the speakers has been very notable. These services have been enlivened by the singing of the Hardy Sisters, whose melodious voices proved a great attraction and delight.

The Buffalo Association has a long and honorable history. It was the third Association organized on this continent. Montreal and Boston alone ante-date it. The building still stands in which thirty-eight earnest men met to arrange the details of the institution. Recent statistics show, that in proportion to population it is now doing the largest work of any city Association. It has 4,634 names enrolled in its various departments. An interesting feature is its work among boys, of whom there were 582 last year in its Bible Study Classes. During the annual camping

CENTRAL BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A., BUFFALO, N. Y.



last autumn, thirteen of these made profession in Christ. The Railroad Department is also c on a flourishing work, and its library is highly ciated by the members.

Although Buffalo's Central Building is an in edifice, it has proved this year inadequate for tensive work. Plans have already been mad more commodious structure. It is proposed to fire-proof steel edifice, ten stories high, with a on each side, one for the boys' work and th for a night school. It will contain a gym with an area of five thousand square feet, and tories capable of accommodating one hundre men. These, in addition to the rooms for th ciation work proper. Already $175,000 ha pledged towards the cost of building, and t good reason for believing that fully as large will be raised in addition. Land has been pur and it is hoped that before the close of th the building will be completed.

Mr. A. H. Whitford, the General Secretary, coming a veteran in Association work. He is a of Massachusetts. Though only thirty-six y age he has been eighteen years in harness as tary in various cities. His first sphere was dleberg, Mass. Thence he was called to Cam Mass. Afterwards he labored successfully fo years at Rochester, N. Y., thoroughly reorg the Association there. His work at Buffalo pr to eclipse all previous records.

Mr. Whitford dates his conversion from his ance on some revival services held by Evang M. Sayford. The fact has had a deep influe him, not only in grateful feeling toward that list, but in confidence in evangelistic methods ally. During his residence in Rochester, N. organized special services, in which hundr young men pledged themselves to Christ.

THE GOSPEL IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

IT is now little more than one year ago since two mission teachers (of the Society of Soul Winners) opened a Bible School on the Canoe, a branch of the Middle Fork of the Upper Kentucky River. These were Mrs. Kate Robards, of Wilmore, Ky., and Mrs. Mattie Stewart, of Florida. They were afterwards assisted by Miss Mary Scrogin, of Versailles, Ky. During the summer, Dr. E. O. Guerrant, President of the Society, visited that section of the mountains, and preached a week under a large tent. Some fifty persons confessed Christ, and were baptized. Rev. Dr. Miles Saunders, and Mr. Elias Moore rendered valuable assistance at these meetings.

REV. HARVEY S. MURDOCH
and a Cumberland Mountaineer

During the winter the Mission School suspended for want of a place to teach in. There was no church in the country, and no schoolhouse which could be warmed. When in New York City last winter, Dr. Guerrant received a promise from Rev. Harvey S. Murdoch's Sabbath School, to help build a church on the Canoe. That promise was faithfully kept, and the self-denying children of that church sent $250 to help put up the building. The work was begun in April, and finished the 27th of July. Rev. Mr. Murdoch came on from New York to the dedication.

After a few days' rest at Wilmore, Ky., the dedicating party started to the Canoe. One hundred miles by rail brought them to Elkatawa, where they were met by Mr. Addison Talbot, of Versailles, another Soul-Winner employed on the Canoe. A horse, a mule, and a road wagon conveyed them eleven miles over the mountains to Canoe. It was very hot and dry, and all signs of rain seemed to fail. A large, live snake was hung by its tail, over the road, by some superstitious person, in the vain effort to make it rain. Dr. Guerrant killed the snake and took the chances.

Evening brought them to the Canoe. A beautiful church, 24 by 40 feet, was standing where the tent had stood a year ago—the first church in that land, and the only one many there had ever seen. Comfortable pews, a neat pulpit, beautiful flowers, and a crowd of happy children furnished it. They had been singing since two o'clock, waiting for the coming of the party.

Credit for this building belongs largely to Mr. Addison Talbot, and to Miss Alida Beyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who gave up her position as city missionary and came to Canoe, in May, to teach the children of the mountains. They worked with their own hands, assisting the carpenters to finish the church for the dedication.

Sunday, the 28th of July, the crowds, mostly on foot, gathered by eight o'clock, and by nine A. M. the building was crowded. Scores of children were glad to find seats on the pulpit platform. By invitation, Rev. Mr. Murdoch preached the dedication sermon. After the sermon, some fifty persons came forward to profess their faith in Christ, many for the first time.

This little mountain church seats 250 people, and was built at a cost not exceeding $350. The Soul-Winners' Society is engaged in building three other churches in these mountains. At Turner's Creek they, too, have begun to build a log church, having no help, and the people being too poor to buy even rough plank. Dr. Saunders promises to have it done by September. At Crockettsville, Miss Mary McCorkle Wilson is teaching a mission school in the church built there last summer. At Lick Branch, a wild, poor country, Miss Margaret Sinclair, is teaching a mission of over 60 children and parents. There is no church in that part of the country, but Mr. Adams, a native teacher, is employed by th Winners' Society to hold services in the little school The Society has now six promising missions in th taught by Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Gordon, Misses Beyer, Sinclair and Pollei, aided by Dr. Saunders a

THE NEW CHURCH ON THE "CANOE"

Talbot. There are no other missions or churches region, or beyond it for many miles. Any reader journal, who may be interested in this spiritual work in lonely mountain districts, should address Rev. E. O. rant, Belvoir, Wilmore, Ky., who will gladly supply all mation that may be desired.

Preaching on a Historic Site

A UNIQUE EVANGELISTIC EFFORT IN PHILADELPHIA

ONE of the most interesting features of the summer Gospel campaign in Philadelphia this year, has been the meetings held every noon outside Independence Hall. The audiences gathered there have been chiefly composed of professional and business men and their clerks. It is a significant fact that such men should forego important engagements to devote an hour to listening to the truths of the Gospel and joining in prayer and praise. On some days there has been fully six hundred men present, all paying close and reverent attention to the preacher. As the meetings proceeded, the blessing of God became more and more evident. Many persons were led to seek Christ, and it is believed have given their hearts to him.

The movement which led to these meetings began in the eight tents set up, various parts of the city under the auspices of the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee, of which Mr. John H. Converse is Chairman and Rev. James B. Ely Secretary. The good done in these tents suggested the idea of open-air services. Application was made to Mayor Ashbridge for permission to hold a service in City Hall Square, and it was promptly and courteously granted. So successful were these meetings that it was decided to duplicate them at another centre. The steps of historic Independence Hall presented an ideal site. Permission being granted, the meetings were begun. They were conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall, the eminent evangelist, and were blessed from the outset. Dr. Munhall's manly, vigorous preaching was thoroughly appreciated. He was obliged to leave the meetings in other hands while the movement was at its best, in order to preach at the Winona Bible Conference, but the service has been continued, day by day, during his absence, and has been owned of God to the salvation of many souls.

DR. L. W. MUNHALL HOLDING NOONDAY SERVICES AT INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

Minstrelsy of the Orient

WE gladly welcomed, about a month ago, the appearance here of the first itinerant musicians of the season. They were a party of three men in Arab costume, with some of the very instruments we wanted to see and hear—the harp, viol and pipe of the Bible. Dr. Hoyle immediately sent for a photographer. Meanwhile we borrowed a tabret, and persuaded our third daughter, Canada, to assume the role of Miriam (Ex. 15: 20), but she "did not like to be stared at" by the crowd that congregated to see the picture taken, and consequently refused "to look pleasant;" nevertheless, we were glad to get the picture for the sake of the instruments, in spite of the unprepossessing look of the men. A few days later, another party of minstrels appeared at our gate; these have been succeeded by others, who choose the summer for itinerating in the mountains. We never see them during the winter, for in the inclement season they keep to the plains and warmer sections.

We are accustomed to picture David's harp as the graceful instrument of the present day; and when we enter the Orient, and discover that this was not at all what David played upon, we are, to say the least, of it, disappointed. When we read that the word translated "harp" in the Bible is rendered "ood" in the Arabic, or "kitar" in the more classical version, and finally resolves into the English "guitar," we see that we must surrender preconceived ideas and imagine David playing upon an "instrument made of sounding wood furnished with strings." Josephus says ten, and this agrees with my own observation. There are three or four "harps" in this village, and the young men like to take them to the fountains, near which they sit in the cool of the evening. Barnes (Notes on Old Testament), in speaking of the viol, says: "It is not very easy to form a correct idea of this instrument." I should say so, too. Viol is translated "Babbab" (Old Version), in Arabic, and I was more than delighted to find that an instrument bearing that name is well known here; is a favorite among the Arabs. The frame consists of four pieces of wood, two forming the sides and two the ends. Over this hollow frame a large piece of skin is tightly drawn, and secured to the framework by strong catgut thread. The underside is left perfectly plain, and can be played on with both hands like a drum or tambourine, while the upper is provided with a single string, composed of about twenty horse-hairs, and played upon with a bow. The tabret is an instrument familiar to the West, and needs little description: it is nothing less than the tambourine. When, now, in fancy, we see the women coming out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul (I. Sam. 18: 6), with tabrets, or when we meet "a company of prophets coming down from the high place with tabrets, pipes and harps" (I. Sam. 10: 5), we understand what instruments they used. I remarked lately to Dr. S., a native physician, that I had never seen an appreciative comment on Arabic music by Europeans, and that, personally, I was forced to concur in their sentiments—the medleys I had heard sounded barbaric. He asked "Did you ever hear a skilled player?" I acknowledged I had not. "Ah!" said he, "you may well not care for Arabic music, an 'ood' in the hands of an unskilled musician is like a lancet in the hands of a barbarian." "No wonder, then," I said, "that Saul, with all his love for music, sought out a 'cunning player upon the harp'"

MUSICIANS OF MOUNT LEBANON

"Pipe" (Isa. 5: 12), is translated "Ni" in Arabic. It is a single reed, about a foot and a half in length, furnished with holes in the lower part; it is the rudimentary "organ," which invention may safely be credited to Jubal. But let no one think that the wonderful instrument we hear in our cathedrals has anything in common with its ancient prototype, save the single pipe which forms the latter, and from which the former, in all its grandeur and complexity, is a development. The musical instruments of the East in use at the present day are those that have been used for centuries; the names, even, have not changed.

For ourselves, although we do not like native music, we are always interested to see the descendants of those musicians who "hanged their harps upon the willow trees" (Ps. 137: 2), and of those minstrels who "played before kings" (II. Kings 3: 15), and of such as Jesus beheld when he came to the ruler's house in Capernaum, where he "saw the minstrels and the people making a noise."

MRS. GHOSU-EL-HOWIE.

Shweir, Mt. Lebanon, Syria.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. ... $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances ... should always be made in the safest method ... Avoid sending bills. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage. ... mailed outside the U. S., Canada, the Mexican Republic, Cuba, ...

Change of Date. ... two weeks to change the date of ... address is to be sent.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter.

Hot Weather Religion.

WHAT excitement among the thermometers we have had lately! Do you feel as religious as in cool weather? It takes more grace to be an earnest and useful Christian in summer than in any other season. The very destitute, through lack of fuel and thick clothing, may find the winter the trying season; but those comfortably circumstanced find summer the Thermopylæ that tests their Christian courage and endurance.

The spring is suggestive of God and heaven and the resurrection day. That eye must be blind that does not see God's footsteps in the new grass, and hear his voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestions of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. A May morning is a door opening into heaven. So, autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. The season of corn-husking, and the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catafalque of the dead year, remind the dullest of his own fading and departure.

But summer fatigues and weakens, and no man keeps his soul in as desirable a frame unless by positive resolution and special implorations. Pulpit and pew often get stupid together, and ardent devotion is adjourned until September.

But who can afford to lose two months out of each year, when the years are so short and so few?

He who stops religious growth in July and August will require the next six months to get over it. Nay, he never recovers. At the season when the fields are most full of leafage and life, let us not be lethargic and stupid.

Let us remember that iniquity does not cease in summer time. She never takes a vacation. The devil never leaves town. The child of want, living up that dark alley, has not so much fresh air nor sees as many flowers as in winter time. In cold weather the frost blossoms on her window-pane, and the snow falls in wreaths in the alley. God pity the wretchedness that pants and sweats, and festers and dies on the hot pavements in the cellars of the town. Let us remember that our exit from this world will more probably be in summer than in any other season, and we cannot afford to die at a time when we are least alert and worshipful. At midsummer the average of departures is larger than in cool weather. The sunstrokes, the dysenteries, the fevers, the choleras have affinity for July and August and early September. On the edge of the summer, Death stands whetting his scythe for a great harvest. We are most careful to have our doors locked, and our windows fastened, and our burglar-alarm set at times when thieves are most busy, and at a season of the year when diseases are most active in their burglaries of life we need to be ready.

Our charge, therefore, is make no adjournment of your religion till the cool weather. Whether you stay in town, or seek the farm-house or the seashore, or the mountains, be faithful in prayer, in Bible reading, and in attendance upon Christian ordinances. He who throws away two months of life, wastes that for which many a dying man would have been willing to give all his possessions when he found that the harvest was past and the summer was ended.

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See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Eph. 5: 15.

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Titles for Sale

WITHIN the past few days many people have been shocked by the fact that the title of Doctor of Divinity was purchased. It was no shock to us, for the reason that titles in this country are often bestowed unworthily. We have known cases where a contribution to a college or theological seminary has, on the following commencement, won an honorary degree. The bestowment of a title is no sign of especial talent or usefulness. We all know men, with less than the ordinary modicum of brain, who have been adorned by literary institutions. The only use for the word "Doctor" as a prefix, is that it makes a convenient handle to one's name, so that if you have a difficulty in recalling the name, you can use the complimentary title. The showers of M.A., and D.D., and LL.D., every summer at college commencements, have made such recognition of no importance. Those who have seen behind the curtain of some learned institutions, are not surprised that honors are for sale. The fact that, in the cases now before the world, the titles were bestowed by a bogus institution, does not hinder us from learning the worthlessness of many literary and ecclesiastical epaulets, or from reprehending some of the modes by which so called honors are gained.

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Neither be ye called masters: for one is your master, even Christ. Matt. 23: 10.

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The Chautauquas

THE great summer meetings, sometimes called Assemblies and sometimes called Chautauquas, have ended. In July and early August they were in full swing, and never have they done better work than this summer. Soon after they began, more than a quarter of a century ago, we were asked, "What is a Chautauqua?" We answered, "Take a cauldron and put into it a large number of John Wesley's sermons, then put into the same cauldron a good many Presbyterian Westminster catechisms, then add some Episcopalian prayer-books, then put into the cauldron enough water from a baptistry to moisten it all through, then stir it up well, and that is a Chautauqua, and one drop of that potion would kill a bigot dead as a door nail." In other words, a Chautauqua is a mingling of religion and philosophy, and art and amusement, and healthful exercise. There are, I am told, over three hundred of these summer meetings. That may be an over-estimate, but there are over one hundred, as we know by personal observation. They did a mighty work in the nineteenth century, and will do a mightier work in the twentieth. The farming populations of America appreciate them, for the people of the country districts have but little opportunity of getting entertainment, and through these summer meetings they get regalement and help. The inhabitants of our great cities also find in such meetings a refreshment and a healthfulness which they can gain no where else. The name of Bishop Vincent, who founded the first Chautauqua, will be one of the few names which history will not let die.

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All the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them. Neh. 8: 12.

• • •

As You See It

THE world is very much what we make it. Show me the color of a man's spectacles, and I will tell you what kind of a world it is: blue spectacles, a blue world; yellow spectacles, a jaundiced world; transparent spectacles, the same grand and glorious world that God made it. My friend, through indigestion, can see nothing bright about this world. Desiring to cheer him up one winter's day, I looked out of the window and said, "That snow is beautiful!" He answered, "It will turn to slush and sleet." I said, "The human body is a fine piece of mechanism." He answered, "Warts, croup, marasmus, corns, bunions, gout, indigestion." I hoisted the window and caught one of the flying snowflakes, and put it under a microscope, and said, "I see God walking in this palace. The jewels of heaven are in these vases. I see the coursers of celestial dominion pawing these crystal pavements." He threw up his coat collar and said, "I am in a perfect chill; please to put down that window." I grew vehement and said, "You must have noticed that this is a splendid world. The looms of heaven must have been at work on the wing of a kingfisher. What morning was it that a warble slipped heaven and this oriole plucked it. What grotesque rock of the mountain hath set the streams into roystering laughter? What harp of heaven gives the pitch to the music of the south wind? There is enough wisdom to confound the earth and the heavens in the structure of one cricket. Even the weeds of the field are dressed like the daughters of God, and men may sneer at their commonness, but have no capacity to fathom or climb or compass the infinity of beauty in a dandelion, or in the blossom of a potato top. At the foot of this tube-rose angelic equipage must halt, and its cohorts climbing the winding stair of leaf, look off upon the kingdoms of floral wonder and the glory of them. On a summer night I have seen the stars of heaven and the dews of the earth married, the grass-blades holding up their fingers for the setting wedding signet, while voices from above said, this ring I thee endow with all my light and lov splendor celestial.' At sunset I have seen the fl chariots of God drive down into Lake Winnepes the panting nostrils stirring the water into spra dust tossed from the glittering wheels." He respo "Oh, pshaw! I never saw or heard anything lik which you have seen and heard." So that ha him a bottle of Hoffland's dyspeptic bitters I r from his depressing presence.

We may not all of us have the means to gra at Harvard, or Yale, or Oxford, but there is a coll which all of us graduate—the college of hard k Misfortune, fatigue, exposure and disaster are th fessors; kicks, cuffs and blows are the curriculum day we leave the world is our graduation. So down and cry. Some turn their face to the wa pout. Others stand up and conquer. So some g in time of war said to his king, "Your majesty mi well surrender, for the enemy has taken castle on castle two, and castle three!" Then the king, s on his heart, replied, "There is one castle they ha taken, my castle courage!"

Happy the bee that even under leaden skies loo blossoming buckwheat. Wise the fowl that, inst standing in the snow with foot drawn up under ceases not all day to pick. According to my c tion, in the six thousand years of the world's exis there must have been about two million days o shine, allowing one hundred and ninety-five tho days for storms. Of the myriads of blossoms peach-orchard, there was not one blossom that d in some respects surpass Walter Scott's "Marmio William Cullen Bryan's "Thanatopsis." In we out one patch of cantaloupes I threw over the about five thousand Tennysons and Longfe Nothing but Omnipotence could have made legs enough to hold up the great Thanksgiving tabl world. Every grasshopper has a solo, and every flake a psalm, and every honeysuckle a censer every pond-lily is a gondola for eternal glories t in, and there are pyramids in the cones of the pine, and the blaze of the sunset is where the r daylight flashes into the sea of the great Forever.

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Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is eyes to behold the sun: Therefore remove sorro thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. Eccles. 1

• • •

Censoriousness

IT would be well, if not only in looking at ou condition, but at other people, we sought o sparkle instead of the gloom. With five hu faults of our own we ought to have somebody else at least one. When there is such excellent hunti our own ground, let us not with rifle and greyh pack spend all our time in scouring our neighbor' lands. I am afraid the imperfections of other p will kill us yet. Oh, what a clean city it would m every one washed his own door-steps!

How hard in literature for one man to speak w another. Voltaire hated Rousseau. Lamb coul endure Coleridge. Waller wars against Cowley. hatred of Plato and Xenophon is as immortal as works. Corneille held utter contempt for Racine Westminister Abbey, in the "Poet's Corner," Drayton the poet, and Goldie, who said he was poet. And there rests Dryden, and not far off, Shadwell, who had pursued him with a fiend's Pope, and John Dennis, his implacable enemy. when in our time you see people defaming and pur each other, do not think a new evil has assaulte earth. Jealousy and slander are as old as sin.

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Murmur not brethren, one against another, that ye judged. James 4: 9.

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Angry Letters

NEVER write them. It is never worth while. the time they reach their destination your will have cooled; you may even regret your vehem An angry letter is a stab sent by Uncle Sam's poison-tipped and venomous. It is beneath a Chri and unworthy anybody else, and is only less excu than that unspeakably base thing, the anonymous l

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Discovery of Buddha's Grave

ABOUT one-tenth of the whole human race are deeply interested in a discovery recently made by Mr. W. C. Peppe, the manager of Birdpur, a district in India. He has an estate on the English side of the border, in which are several large mounds, evidently of very ancient construction. One of these he determined to open. Workmen were set to excavate and proceeded to remove the large quantity of earth. Below the surface, a dome-like structure, eighty-five feet in diameter, was found. It was composed of peculiar bricks, sixteen inches long, twelve inches wide and three inches thick. An opening was made in the dome, and underneath was found a large slab of stone lying due north and south. The slab being lifted, a coffer was disclosed, inside of which were two vases, a water-pot and a box. One of the vases contained dust and fragments of bone. In the other receptacles were jewels, gold stars and beautiful ornaments. It was clearly the tomb of a most illustrious person, but the identity of the person was not fixed until Mr. Peppe noticed a few faint lines on one of the vases. These lines stated that it was "the deposit of those remains of the Exalted One which belonged to the Sakyas." It was known that when Buddha died, about the year 543 B. C., his body was cremated and the ashes were divided into eight portions of which one was confided to the Sakyas, the clan to which the great teacher belonged. This, then, was the tomb in which the Sakyas buried their portion of Buddha's ashes. How sacred in the eyes of Buddhists the relics are, may be imagined. Their veneration for their master is intense and comparatively few of them have realized that the fair glimmering of light that Buddha had, has been surpassed by the glory of the Sun of Righteousness.

He was a burning and a shining light and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light, but I have greater witness (John 5: 35).

VASES AND BOX FOUND IN BUDDHA'S TOMB

SUPPOSED TOMB OF BUDDHA, RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN INDIA

A Brother Recognized

A strange experience befell the captain of the American schooner, *F. M. Slade*, while the vessel was lading at Honolulu recently. He was ashore attending to the purchase of stores, when a sailor approached him and asked if he had room for an able seaman on his ship. The captain questioned him, and learned that he really knew his business, but was out of a berth in consequence of the vessel on which he had served, having been wrecked off the coast of Hawaii a few days before. As the man answered, the captain looked more intently at him and finally asked him his name. As the captain had suspected, it was the same as his own, and instantly his hand went out and caught the hand of the other in a strong grip. "I know you," he said, "you are my brother. I thought there was something familiar in your face, and when I heard you speak, I felt sure." The brothers had not met for more than thirty years, since the elder in his boyhood ran away from home to go to sea. They spent the evening relating their respective adventures, and when the *Slade* was ready for sea they sailed away together Perhaps if the sailor had not been wrecked he might have missed his brother and the cordial welcome he received. It is often so with those who come to Christ and find in him an Elder Brother from whom they will never separate. Some trial, or disaster, or sorrow leads them to him.

They have turned their back unto me and not their face, but in the time of their trouble they will say. Arise and save us (Jer. 2: 27).

A Fatal Experiment

An investigation now being made in Cuba by a Medical Board has come to an abrupt termination. It had caused the death of one victim, and the critical illness of another before it was discontinued. It appears that Dr. Caidas, a Brazilian bacteriologist, and the advocate of a new system of treating yellow fever is now residing in Havana At his request, a board of American and Cuban physicians has been appointed by the military governor, to examine and report on the efficacy of the new system. Dr. Caidas had a number of mosquitoes preserved to prove that part of his theory. Two Spaniards, who were anxious to become immune permitted the mosquitoes to bite them. One of them soon died and the other is in a critical condition. In former experiments, persons inoculated with the vaccine prepared by Dr. Caidas had a very light form of the disease, but in these two instances the disease became malignant. Spiritual disaster has often come in the same way Persons who have voluntarily entered into association with vice, that they might study it, or might see it, have fallen victims to its fascination, and have perished. It is a dangerous experiment, though it is difficult to make young people realize that they are liable to be hurt by trying it.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall (1. Cor. 10: 12).

How the Church was Lighted

ON Sunday evening of last week, the evening service in a church at Stratford, Conn., was suddenly interrupted by the failure of the electric lights. The electricity was usually supplied by a sub-station at Bridgeport, but the storm of the previous evening had disarranged the wires and the lights went out before the service was half through. The congregation was about to leave the church, but the minister asked them to wait while some oil lamps could be found and trimmed. Among the congregation was a gentleman who had come to church on an automobile. He went up to the pulpit and told the clergyman that he thought the lamp on his vehicle was powerful enough to light the church. He went to the shed at the rear of the church and ran the automobile on to an improvised platform close to the window behind the pulpit and turned on the power. Instantly the interior of the church was well lighted and the service was finished by that light. At the conclusion, the owner of the automobile received the congratulations of his fellow-worshipers on having saved the service. As the light that was intended to enable him to travel in safety furnished the light for worship, it may be hoped that he has learned the converse of the fact: that the light that comes in worship may guide him safely on his way through life.

He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life (John 8: 12).

A Deserter's Escape

A daring attempt at escape was made a few days ago by a prisoner on Governor's Island, N. Y. He had been a soldier, but was undergoing a sentence for desertion. He had been put to work in a coal-shed at the southeastern extremity of the island. A sentinel watched the prisoners, but this man seemed so quiet and so intent on his work, that the sentinel's vigilance was relaxed. Suddenly he was missed, and as it was growing dusk it was not easy to search for him. His clothing was found among tne coal and then it was suspected that he had jumped into the river. Later, it was learned from some men on a boat that this was true. The man had been seen swimming toward the Brooklyn shore, and the crew of a passing tug thinking he was in danger of drowning, had taken him on board. It seems that the man is an inveterate deserter. He has enlisted four times in different regiments, and each time after a few months' service has deserted. It is extraordinary that he does not allow a long time to elapse before he re-enlists. The authorities are not making very strenuous search for him, being sure that in a little while he will present himself at some recruiting station for enlistment. Unhappily, ministers and Christian workers have something to do with such characters, who desert from Christ's army, and they are the most hopeless of all. Christ, himself uttered a warning to them.

No man having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God (Luke 9: 62).

BRIEF NOTES

The topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for September 22 is "The Saloon's Power Doomed." Psalm 37: 1-10. The article we usually publish on the Topic is omitted this week, as the subject is fully covered by Dr. Craft's article on page 774, and Mrs. M. Baxter's article on page 779.

Evangelist Robert L. Layfield and wife have been holding successful revival meetings at Stewartsville, Mo. Thence they went to Montgomery City, Mo., where arrangements have been made for Union meetings.

The Winona Lake Bible Conference has this year had a very large attendance. More than three thousand persons were at some of the meetings. At the request of ministers of many denominations, Dr. L. W. Munhall preached on "Future Punishment." After the sermon there was a conference of ministers, who discussed the subject and pledged themselves to a more vigorous preaching of the doctrine in future.

At the recent Salvation Army camp-meeting at Old Orchard, Me., Commander Booth-Tucker said that the total number of officers is 3,000; uniformed soldiers, 20,000. There are 200 social institutes, which nightly shelter 8,000 poor persons at an annual cost of $300,000. The army also maintains 44 industrial homes, which give constant employment to about 600. The total expense of maintaining all the departments of the organization in the United States is $1,250,000.

The Church of Scotland has been offered an African mission, along with an endowment and reserve fund amounting together to $185,000. It is the East African Scottish Mission, founded nine years ago by a mercantile company of Christian men, and endowed in memory of the late Sir William Mackinnon.

It is not generally known, says the *Presbyterian*, that the father of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is still alive, and at the age of ninety-one was able to assist at the laying of the corner-stone of a new Baptist church last month. The Rev. John Spurgeon was, and continues to be, a Congregationalist, although both his sons, Charles and James, became Baptists.

More than 600 people attended the funeral of Mackay, the pioneer missionary of Formosa, and of these more than 200 were non-Christians who respected him. All the Europeans in north Formosa were present, including diplomatic agents. The mourning and lamentation of the native converts, and especially the pastors whom he had trained, are described as being extreme.

WISDOM'S ⚜ WARNING ⚜ AGAINST ⚜ WINE

Temperance Lesson | INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR SEPT. 22. PROV. 23: 29-35 --- GOLDEN TEXT: Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Prov. 20: 1 | **By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts**

	Total in United States	Due to Drink
Murders One Year	10,000	5,000
Prisoners	100,000	75,000
Insane	110,000	50,000
Idiotic	100,000	35,000
Paupers	3,000,000	1,500,000
Cost of Crime, per Annum	$2,000,000,000	$1,000,000,000

—Rev. A. C. Grier.

WHO hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Literally, Who hath Oh? Who hath Alas? The Bible answers that it is the very tipplers whose motto is, "A short life but a happy one!" That even moderate drinking shortens life, insurance tables declare. If the drink does not bring even gladness, but rather "woe" and "sorrow," what do the drinkers get in return for their money? They pay out over a billion a year in the United States alone. When the nation was founded, scarcely anybody doubted that the drinker got a threefold return for his money, namely, food, medicine and joy. When the Declaration of Independence was written, few, if any, would have questioned that the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," included the right to drink. Alcoholic beverages were considered "liquid bread," quite as much so as milk. Beer is still called "the poor man's bread," which seems like satire, in view of the fact that if the alleged "nutrition" of the barley sediment be admitted—and it is not—it would take to fill a flour barrel 313 gallons of beer—equivalent to buying flour at $250.40 per barrel. Few have even pretended, in the last half century, to drink for the sake of "nutrition." Professor Atwater has recently revived somewhat the generally abandoned theory that alcohol has a "food value." He has not claimed that it builds flesh or bone, but only that it produces heat energy, and is, therefore, a food, in the sense of fuel—a very dangerous fuel he has admitted. Kerosene, is a food for stoves, but not used by the wise. The last National Educational Convention, after full consideration, voted his theory "not proven," and so the tippler who is really after the "fuddle," will still be unable to pass on the public any claim that food is his object. Nor, can he longer pass the claim that in self-prescribed social beverages he is drinking to anybody's "health." All that science has left him is the claim that he gets the equivalent of his money in enjoyment. But the Bible and experience declare that this claim is as false as the others. It is "woe" and "sorrow" he gets for his investments in intoxicants. The temporary pleasure is but the froth on the cup, whose dregs are headache and heartache.

Whatever may be the case in other countries, or with older people in this country, there is little danger that our boys, with scientific temperance education in nearly all our schools, will adopt the drink habit for the sake of strength or health. They know too well that the rule of the athlete, training for some great test of strength, is to avoid intoxicants. The ancient error embodied in the name "strong drink," has thus been cancelled for them. If they drink, it will be because they think it is the way to "have a good time." We shall save the new generation, if we can prove to our boys—and girls, too—that "wine is a mocker," no less when it promises happiness, than when it promises health. This international lesson is an opportunity to prove this all round the world, at a time when the drink habit is declared by a commission of the British Parliament, and by missionaries, to be increasing almost everywhere. Every teacher should, by earnest preparation and prayer, resolve that every member of his class shall be fully persuaded by the facts he will marshal, that wine brings woe for both worlds. There is no other available world force that could do so much to turn back the rising tide of drink as the faithful use of the Quarterly Temperance Lessons.

Who hath contentions? First of all, the drinker has inward "contentions" in conscience, such as are described in Romans 7: 19 ff. He is forever warring against God and against his nobler self. No soul can rest that is not right. Nothing causes deeper "woe" and "sorrow" than such self-reproach. It is also the nature of alcohol to prompt the drinker to foolish quarrels with others. A fire without fuel would be hardly more unusual than a fight without drink. One large western city has recently been filled with sorrow and indignation, because a gang of boys, intoxicated in a Sunday saloon, picked a quarrel with the son of a leading citizen, whom they met on the street, which resulted in the death of the latter. Alcohol produces discord as inevitably as an organ produces music. Surely that which multiplies quarrels does not multiply joy.

Who hath babblings? The Revised Version translates, "Who hath complainings?" It is the drinker who has both in abundance. "Wine in, wit out." He puts "an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains." The talk one hears in a saloon is indeed "babbling," such as the revelation of family secrets to strangers, with effusive expressions of love to boon-companions, and there is no little "complaining" about the lost job; the better condition of those who are not supporting saloon-keepers, the mothers and wives who object to the debauching of husbands and sons. Worse than these, and yet more common, is the horrible cursing and the filthy stories. "The whole head is sick," brain and tongue alike. Surely that is not the way to have "a good time."

Who hath wounds without cause? When Theodore Roosevelt, as Police Commissioner of New York, closed the Sunday saloons, he thereby thinned out the hospitals, a striking reminder of the fact that many wounds are due to drink, as well as many diseases. If we would close the saloons, we might, no doubt, turn half our hospitals into schools, of which many cities have too few, because taxes are so largely used up on the consequences of drink.

There is a crippled boy! What made him so? A drunken nurse dropped him in babyhood. There is a man with one leg gone! You will embarrass him if you ask him if he lost it fighting for his country, for it was amputated by a street car when he was too drunk to get out of the way. There is a wife and mother with one eye gone! It was gouged out in drunken fury by the man who had promised to love and cherish her. Bottles have made more wounds than bullets, and the scars of the former are not badges of honor but of shame. Surely these "wounds" mean "woe," not joy.

Who hath redness of eyes? In order to perfect physical enjoyment, the bodily organs must do their part so naturally that one hardly realizes he has an organism, as when a healthy workman said: "I have no system." "Redness of eyes," which also implies dimness of vision, reminds us how every bodily function is disarranged by drink, as if one poured a muddy stream into a watch. The heart, whipped by alcohol into unnatural activity, throws the blood too rapidly into the little blood vessels of the eye and face, indeed, of the whole body, which for the moment increases surface heat, to be followed by unnatural cooling, as when coffee or tea has been poured into a saucer. The next effect is to stupefy the nerves, as when one takes ether, so that one does not feel either heat or cold, and so seems to be warmer in winter and cooler in summer, because less sensitive to his surroundings; but he is all the more in danger of freezing or sunstroke, because the watchman is stupefied. A doctor says: "If one can keep a good stomach and a good heart he can live forever." Alcohol disarranges both these great centres of physical life, and so all their outlets also.

They that tarry long at the wine. From the beginning it has been the tendency of drink to create the craving for more. When one has eaten abundantly, he wants no more till another meal-time, but every glass of intoxicants increases appetite. When there is added the attraction of social companions, in a pleasant room, with music and amusements, it is easy to "tarry long" in the "saloon," the loafing, treating, plotting resort which intensifies all the evils of drink, and is found in its worst form in the very countries that profess to be the best. In abject slavery to a foolish custom, the man who does not wish to drink, or would stop at one glass, drinks four or five rounds, in order that every member of the party may take his turn at treating. Besides the waste of money, what waste of precious time, what loss of work, there is in this long and worse than useless tarrying over the ... Enough wasted opportunity to make the tippler both ... and wise, he uses to make himself both poor and foolish.

They that go to seek mixed wine. Even in the da... Solomon they began to "mix drinks" and adulterate ... and it is now almost impossible to be sure that any dri... what [it is called. In the Paris World's Fair, a lurid ... was thrown on these false pretenses, when the Frenc... fused to allow the exhibition of American and other ... labeled as French. However, let no one think the ev... drink lie chiefly in the adulterations. Dr. Janeway, of ... York, second to none as a medical authority, said t... writer: "The worst thing ever put in drink is alcohol."

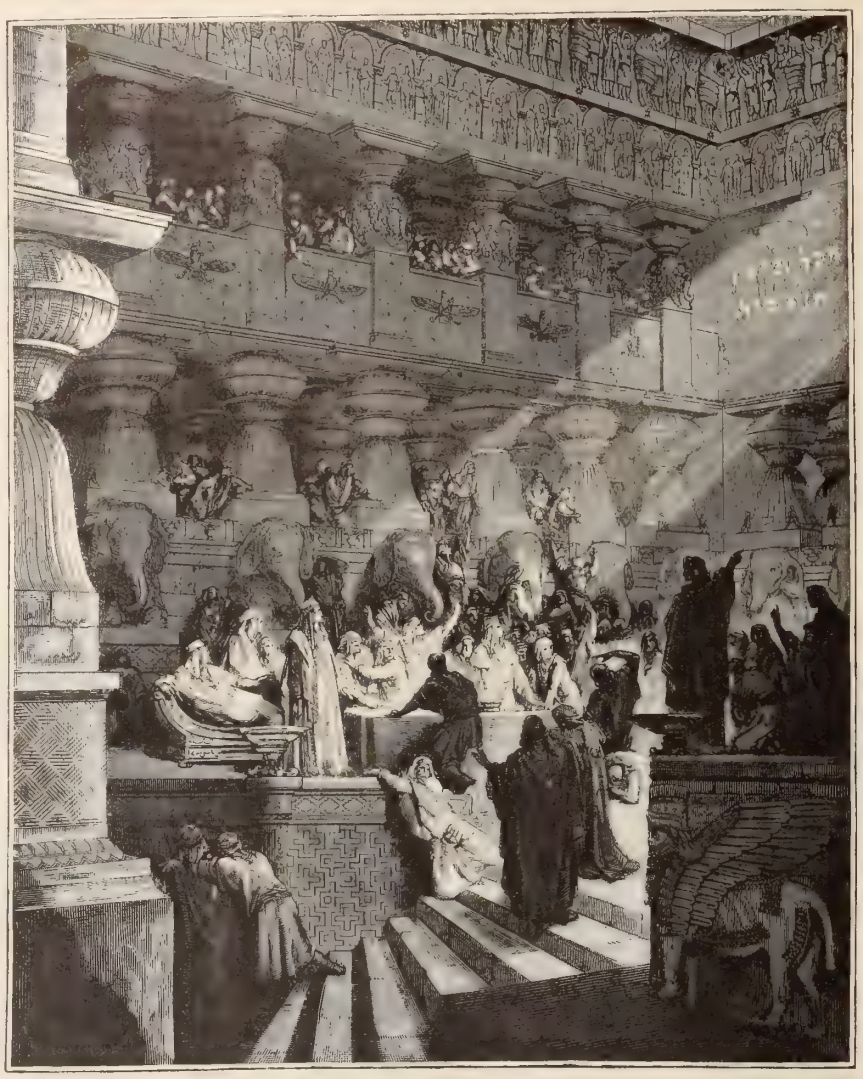
Look not upon the wine when it is red (that is fermen... *when it shows its bead on the cup, when it flows in beauty ... the flagon to the cup, and from the cup to the throat.* H... an exhortation stronger than "Touch not." The ord... "Look not." We are to keep our very eyes, so far as ... sible, from even the sight of the lighter drinks; to kee... of sight of temptation. This is one great advantage of ... hibition. Even if old topers can find the drink in hi... places, it is not arranged attractive... show windows before the gaze of boys ... young men. And in "no license" pl... law-abiding people are less likely to pu... toxicants on their tables.

At the last it biteth like a serpent (this ... general term), *and stingeth like an adde* ... exceedingly venomous horned snake). ... the report of the loss of the *Maine* rea... this country, the account was given al... the dauntless courage with which th... ficers and sailors met the disaster. One ... while the thunder of the explosion was ... sounding in his ears, appeared at the ... of Captain Sigsbee's cabin, and touc... his cap, said calmly: "Excuse me, s... have to report that the ship has blown ... and is sinking." He had faced an al... certain death in order to save the Capt... life. When the story was told, the hea... the nation responded with a proud th... Every American felt honored by the ... age and coolness of his countryman, ... rejoiced that by some happy chance he ... among the few who were saved. His ... story is brief, and as it has been tol... all the daily journals there can be n... delicacy in reciting it here.

He was a marine orderly on the *Mai*... gallant, generous, friendly young fe... who had but one enemy—himself. He d... to excess. After the destruction of ... *Maine* he came to this country, and wa... ceived with praise and affection as a ... His friends gathered around him; he ... ried, and soon had another position. ... loved his work, his friends and his wife ... not work, nor friends, nor home could ... him away from the fatal habit. Not ... years after that day when, a hero am... heroes, he trod the deck of the sinking ... he sat alone in a public park in New Y... a miserable outcast, who for liquor ... given up all that made life dear. Mad ... want and despair, he kissed the pictu... his child, and put an end to his life—... which God had fitted him to make ha... and noble.

We tell this true story to American b... as we would point out a serpent hidden ... the path along which they must walk.

One winter day a gentleman, standing ... the upper rapids of Michigan, saw an e... light upon a frozen lamb, encrusted ... floating cake of ice, which was drif... every moment into the swifter ra... Every now and then the eagle would pr... ly lift its head and look about as if to ... "I know I am drifting toward danger b... can quit any time, and with my strong w... soar away to safety." As the ice neared ... falls he rose and flapped his great wi... but in vain, for while he had feasted on ... dead carcass, his feet had been frozen to its fleece, ... amid shrieks and vain struggles to break away he was car... over the falls to his doom, an awful picture of many a ... which has been fastened to covetousness or sensuality or ... petite so firmly, that efforts to rise into a noble life her ... hereafter have proved unavailing.

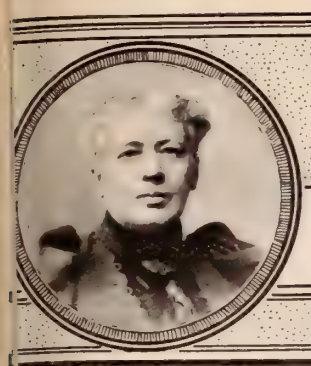


THE DIVINE WARNING TO THE REVELERS AT BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

Thine heart shall utter perverse things. Earlier it was "t... blings," now it is the ravings of delirium. Tongue as wel... eyes go from bad to worse.

Thou shalt be as he that lieth on the top of a mast. Sc... ancient fishing boats had on the top of the mast a small ... look made of netting, called a "crow's nest," from whic... fisherman could watch for distant schools of fish. With ... boat tossing in the waves it was a place of danger, and ... man on lookout must be ever awake and alert, even to s... himself from falling. He would be foolish, indeed, ... would lie down to sleep in such a rest. The Bible says ... position of the tippler is equally foolish and dangerous.

These warnings may all be concentrated in the hist... picture of Belshazzar, the prosperous young King of Ba... lon, seventeen years of age, at his great banquet of wi... which he had poured into the sacramental cups that ... been brought by Nebuchadnezzar from the temple of ... at Jerusalem. In the very midst of his feast God's aw... hand wrote his doom, and that of his kingdom, in letters ... fire on the walls of that banquet hall (Daniel 5). So whe... young man desecrates God's sacred vessel, his own bo... with wine, an invisible hand writes on the wall the warn... of this lesson: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragi... Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. Look not ... the wine."



FROM MY VERANDA CHAIR

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Occupations for Women

VII—POULTRY RAISING

FROM shells to silver, is a pleasant path for the country-bred women who knows how to raise fowls, and lives sufficiently near a railroad, or a good city market, to make the sale of fresh eggs a tender broilers remunerative. Only a woman used tthe farm and therefore to the manner born, should attempt the business of poultry raising, unless, indeed, she be more than a mere amateur, and serve an apprenticeship in learning how to care for brooding hens and little chicks, how to use an incubator for baby bipeds in feathers, and unless she discover all about foods and phosphates, coops and cleanliness, so that her toil will not prove disappointing. In England, titled ladies are managing poultry and dairy farms, and numbers of young women are employed upon them, learning, as in a regular school, how to do everything in the right way to the best advantage. In the mother country, matters horticultural and agricultural, receive a great deal of attention, and Queen Alexandra, stately personage that she is, has pride in her herds of fine poultry and in the products of her dairy.

A woman cannot go extensively into poultry raising without some capital. She must own or rent a piece of ground. She must have hen-houses, adapted in ventillation, warmth, and comfort, to the tenants. She must have at her fingers' ends a good deal of knowledge, and possess a stock of enthusiasm as well as of patience. If she can send her broilers to an early city market, to the hotels, and the rich private purchasers, who are ready to pay well for luxuries; if she can furnish new-laid eggs for the fastidious and the invalid the winter through, she will not fail to put money in her purse. For one woman who succeeds in this enterprise there are nineteen who fail, so that only the country-bred are safe in making the attempt. Much of the harder work may be delegated, but the requisite for success is continual supervision, and, added to that, there must be a genuine liking for the care of poultry-yard.

In the picture, the maiden is caring only for the few hens and the lordly rooster which constitute her family of fowls. They know her call, and flock to the door-yard to be fed from her hand. Each of them has a name and an individuality known to the mistress, and she often asserts with emphasis, that she loves her pets too fondly ever to be willing to see them in the pot or the pie. That is one of the trials of her who raises domestic fowls, that, sooner or later, they must arrive at a tragic end. If one eats chickens, one prefers that somebody else shall have watched them from the eggs her room untidy, and which she does not desire to carry away in her trunk. An ordinary peach-basket, covered with silkolene and finished with a large bow, makes an excellent waste-basket, or if silkolene is not to be had, crumpled tissue paper of any pretty color is an excellent substitute.

Every good housekeeper should also provide depositories for burnt matches, at a convenient spot in the guest-room.

"SEE THE CHICKENS ROUND THE GATE FOR THEIR MORNING PORTION WAIT."

A Needless Book

One of the correspondents who sends letters to the lady in the Veranda Chair asks for a reliable manual

Men-Servants

ONE wide field of service, that of housework, has commonly been considered the undisputed realm of women, except in cases of an establishment where a butler and a chef were necessary. A hotel cook has usually commanded as generous a salary as a college president, and few women have ever served in his kingly capacity. But now the suave and deft Oriental, Japanese, Chinese, or Syrian, and the soft-voiced negro, are stepping in to the aid of weary housewives, and it may be, that before long, there will be a protest from women, because men are employed in the positions of household labor formerly all their own.

For man or woman it is worth while to remember that success depends not on accident, but on character, and that character is the result of habit, mental and manual, practiced day by day.

BAGS

AS few of us have pockets,
We ladies carry bags,
In which we keep our folderols,
Our precious rags and tags.

Our purse, with change in silver,
Perhaps with gleaming gold,
Our watch, our cards, our letters
And all a bag can hold.

A bag is like the beanstalk
That famous Jack beheld;
It never seems inadequate
When into use compelled.

All sorts of things it gathers
Beneath its kindly grasp;
And gracefully it lends itself
To woman's clever clasp.

As few of us have pockets,
We're fain to carry bags,
In which to keep our folderols,
Our store of rags and tags.

Bible Verses Memorized

Once riveted in a juvenile memory, the beautiful Scripture texts are as nails fastened in a sure place. Little Edith has learned by heart the twenty-third psalm, the Beatitudes, and many a golden verse which she will never forget. Her mother teaches her a verse, by repeating it orally at bedtime, after her nightly prayers, and when one verse is known by heart, adds to it another. The exercise is a pleasure, not a burden, and insensibly the child is laying up for future use, wealth which she will never lose.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—MARGUERITE M. Go to bed at nine o'clock. Take plenty of exercise, and bathe all over every day. A girl cannot look dainty unless she does this. Your skin will soon be all right.

—AN INQUIRER. A new writer's work is accepted solely on its merits. Most papers pay something for contributions. To have your work returned, enclose, at the time of sending, stamps for return postage. Publishers usually attend to the matter of copyright.

—KNOW-NOTHING. If your friend does not personally open the door, take off your hat and say: "Is Miss Daisy at home?" If she is going anywhere with you, do not hurry her, but wait for her to give the signal for a start. If you take your buggy to her door, step out of it and ring her door-bell. When she appears, help her in before you take your own seat. As to the proper age for these attentions, it depends on the custom in your neighborhood. Where boys and girls have grown up together from childhood, they enjoy freedom of social intercourse from an early age. In large towns, a young lady does not go for a drive alone with a young gentleman.

—SUSAN M. Blackheads can be removed only by persistent washing the face with warm water and fine soap. Steaming the face once or twice to open the pores will help to remove them. They are simply accumulations of dirt in the pores of the skin. Massage is excellent in promoting the circulation of the blood, and, therefore, helps to a good complexion. Avoid sweets, candies and greasy food, take plenty of exercise, plenty of sleep and keep the body free from effete matter by regular habits, and your skin will not be sallow. Outdoor air is good for the skin, which is beautiful when one's health is perfect.

In e Bonds of Habit

S Walter Scott, writing in his journal, when near the d of his laborious life, speaks of having denied himself the pleasure of smoking for two months. "I will ot be a slave to custom," are his words. The trou e with some forms of indulgence is, that they do ensl e the one who practices them, and this by gradation so slow that the fetters are forged and riveted befc he is aware. This is notoriously the case with the garette habit, and if any youth wishes to retain his l erty, he will never begin it.

A ed of the Guest-Room

O detail in the furnishing of the guest-chamber is ofter orgotten, and that is the waste-basket. The tempora occupant of the room looks about her in despair for receptacle in which she may deposit bits of paper, com gs of her hair, torn letters, and other odds and ends which she cannot leave around without making on courting. The lady at first felt puzzled, but on second reading, saw that the young man was in earnest. Now, courting is not like mathematics, to be taught by rule and rote out of a book. Its problems are worked out in one's own head and heart, and there is no sufficient guide, for on the courting road each man blazes his way for himself as he goes along. The old, old story of a man's love for a woman, and her's for him, is forever new in human experience, as new as this year's daisies and clover. You may read your success in the eyes of your sweetheart and in her blushes and dimples. A good rule to follow is the familiar one to be bold, yet not too bold. True love usually discovers the approach to the heart it seeks, however warily that heart keeps on guard. If books the swain must have, let him read the novels of the period: *Henry Bourland; The Potter and the Clay; The Helmet of Navarre;* and *The Crisis.* In these and other romances, he will find much love-making to copy.

Studying the Bible*

FIRST, it must be a method which carries us back to the original authorities, to the inspired records of the four Gospels. Not one of the modern Lives of Christ, nor all of them put together, can take the place of the Gospel record. Later we may turn to some of the excellent Lives of the Master for help in understanding particular points of geography, Jewish life and thought, manners and customs, but the foundation of all our knowledge must be laid in an earnest and prayerful study of the Gospels themselves. We cannot enter into the full meaning of the words and deeds of Christ until we know their place in the fourfold Scripture story, the connection in which they were spoken, or the circumstances under which they were enacted. And we cannot gain this knowledge without working for it. Neither this handbook nor any other can take the place of close and conscientious study. The most it can do is to help you to study aright. After it has shown you the way and started you on the right path, you must do the work of climbing. If you are unwilling to do this, you had better give this little volume to another. No book and no person can study for you or give you the blessing which comes from a reverent reading and conscientious comparing of the four inspired records.

Again, if our method of study is a right method, it will be a simple one; so simple, at least in its beginnings, that a child may understand it. If the principles of our method are as simple as they ought to be, we should be able to explain them to the members of the infant class, and to be able to use them in that department of the Church's work. If our method is simple, free from all complexity, it will also be natural; and its naturalness and simplicity will make their own appeal to the student. We shall not be obliged to argue for our method's acceptance, it will be understood and accepted on its own merits.

We have failed to grasp the Life of Christ in its oneness, largely because whatever instruction we received in our early years was along artificial lines. There was no presentation of Christ's earthly life as a simple and perfectly natural human life. There has been a mistaken idea that because his is a divine life, therefore it was to be studied from a very different standpoint from which a human life would be studied. But in the life of the man Jesus Christ, it is the absence of all conventionality and artificiality, it is its supreme simplicity and perfect naturalness that makes it easy to study, provided that we approach it with a right method.

* From *How to Study the Bible*. By Rev. Alford A. Butler. A handbook for Sunday School teachers and other Bible students. Pp. 170. Cloth. Price, 75 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

An Ex-Empress in Old Age†

HUSBAND and son being both gone, there was no reason why Eugenie should not return to France if she wished; but although she would otherwise gladly do so, she cannot tear herself away from England as long as the remains of those she loved are there. From time to time, however, she revisits the places where she was once admired by all, and she has been seen and recognized at various times in Paris and at Fontainebleau, standing as a mere tourist in the rooms she once occupied as a sovereign lady. When the crown jewels were exhibited, previous to being sold at auction, she also came incognito to gaze with tear-dimmed eyes upon the glittering stones which were associated with so many brilliant memories.

When the Empress visits Paris, she lodges in her own house near her former palace, for, as she herself stated, soon after her son's death: "I feel myself drawn to the spot where the Tuileries stood, as moths are attracted by the light." As Eugenie is no longer "dangerous," according to political standards, she is allowed to wander at will in the capital, where she muses over the sad changes in her fortune, and recalls memories, which by contrast, make the present seem desolate indeed.

In these mournful pilgrimages, Eugenie has generally been accompanied by Mademoiselle Lebreton, the lady who fled with her from the Tuileries, and who has since then proved her constant and ever-faithful companion. We are told that poor Eugenie has wept so many bitter tears that the eyes, about which every one raved, are now dim and almost sightless. Her beautiful Titian hair is as white as snow, and her once erect and graceful form is bent and bowed by acute attacks of rheumatism. She and her companion have visited sundry bathing resorts in quest of relief for the tortures she endures from this disease, but all in vain, and the fact that she suffers so much, makes her seem far older than her actual years, although she has now passed the allotted three score and ten.

† From *Empresses of France*, by H. A. Guerber, the well-known historical author. This is probably the only work in which are collected in presentable literary form the lives of the distinguished trio, Josephine, Marie Louise and Eugenie, "whose sayings and doings," the author notes in her preface, "form an important part of the stirring history of their time." The data has been carefully gathered from reliable sources. No attempt has been made to idealize any of the chief characters, who are depicted without flattery, yet with exact justice and truthfulness. Miss Guerber's book will be regarded as a valuable contribution to biographical history. Pp. 436; illustrated; cloth and gilt. Price $2.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

PROPHECY BEING FULFILLED*

Dr. Herzl, the Leader of the Zionist Movement, Honored by the Sultan

STUDENTS of prophecy have always realized that one of the first signs of the approach of the Second Coming of Christ, would be the gradual restoration of the Jews to their own land. Until the last three years, there seemed little prospect of such an event. Intensely as many of the Jews desired once more to gain possession of the holy city, the Sultan of Turkey held fast his grip and would not hear of any concession. Latterly, however, as our readers are aware, he has been induced to consider a proposal which would permit of the Jews occupying Palestine, while leaving the Sultan in possession of the country as supreme ruler. The proposal takes the form of a lease. It gives the Sultan the advantage of a secure income without the trouble and expense of collecting taxes, which is an advantage he can appreciate. It also relieves him of the necessity of maintaining a military force in the country, as the Jews would obtain from other European powers a guarantee of freedom from molestation. Dr. Herzl has been to Constantinople to urge the project personally. The following is a report of the results so far as they are known:

Soon after his arrival, Dr. Herzl was visited by an adjutant, who requested him to come to the palace, where the Sultan accorded him an audience, which lasted the unusual length of two and a-half hours. At the close, the Sultan conferred on Dr. Herzl the grand cordon of the Medjidie Order, one of the highest honors in the gift of the Ottoman Sovereign. The next day, Dr. Herzl was again commanded to go to Yildiz Kiosk, and remained there from 11.30 to 4 P.M. Two days later, Dr. Herzl and Herr Wolfsohn were requested, at 9 A.M., to pay a third visit to Yildiz Kiosk, and remained there till 5 P.M. Before finally taking leave of the deputation, the Sultan presented Dr. Herzl with a pin set in brilliants.

Whatever is known in the inner circles of the Zionist movement as to the exact purport of the request made to the Sultan by Dr. Herzl, is being carefully guarded until it shall be officially revealed by Dr. Herzl himself. It has, however, transpired that at the end of the third and most protracted of the audiences granted Dr. Herzl, he came away well satisfied with the result of his mission, and sanguine as to the future of the movement. It may be assumed, therefore, that something of the character of a "charter" has been agreed to by the Ottoman ruler, and therefore arises the question in how far such a document has the support of the other powers, as desired by the "publicly recognised" part of the programme adopted at the first Zionist Congress. All these matters will, no doubt, be gone into by a confidential committee at the next congress, but it is an open secret that the movement has more than the sympathetic support of the German Emperor, who received Dr. Herzl in Berlin, Potsdam, Constantinople, and Jerusalem. Dr. Herzl was in evidence at the Peace Conference at The Hague, and there obtained the ear of some notables, and especially of French politicians. The English Foreign Office has not ignored the movement; on the contrary, it has kept itself well informed on the subject, and has displayed some sympathy toward it.

The position would, therefore, appear to be that which it assumed when Laurence Oliphant went to Constantinople in 1880. Lord Salisbury then told Oliphant, in so many words, that he would help him to get the good will of the other powers; but the British Government would not officially give its support until other powers showed their willingness to do likewise. Experts on Turkish law are practically agreed that the division of the Empire into vilayets, which are again subdivided into pashaliks, with certain rights of autonomous government, enables the Sultan to make concessions for settlement and autonomous administration without raising international questions. Dr. Herzl, on his side, has, no doubt, avoided it by ignoring the holy places.

*From the *Prophetic News*, which contains other articles on prophecy, and may be obtained, price six cents, from M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York.

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"Honor the Holy Ghost!"

The Identity of the Mysterious Messenger who Gave this Advice to Mr. Moody at Last Revealed—A Striking Incident in the Great Evangelist's Life

IN the summer of 1859 I was teaching a class of small boys in the Sabbath School of Bedford Congregational Church, Brooklyn. A large accession to my class of boys of German parentage led me to visit their homes, and I found between Brooklyn and East New York, then known as New Brooklyn, a large settlement of German tailors.

In September of that year I hired a store at the corner of Patchen avenue and Chauncey street, and, with the help of another young man, started a Mission Sunday School. The first Sunday we had 38, the second 72, and the third 112. We had our hands full. A year and a half later we had begged the money to buy four lots on the corner of Rochester avenue and Herkimer street, where we built a pretty chapel and moved into it, adopting the name, "Rochester Avenue Mission." We had occupied it about a year, when we had a visit from Dwight L. Moody. One Saturday in 1862, about noon, I was walking down Nassau street, New York, and observed before me one of our mission school teachers, Mr. C. K. Howlett. He turned down Ann street. "Can it be that he is going in by the back door to the Fulton street prayer-meeting?" I asked myself. "Well, if Howlett can afford to spend an hour in prayer in the middle of the day, I guess I can." So I followed, and caught him just as he entered the church. The settees were very close together and the room was packed like a box of sardines.

A young man from Chicago spoke and told some wonderful experiences. I said to Mr. Howlett, "When they stand to sing the last hymn, I will slip to the aisle and go for that young man and get him to come to our school to-morrow." (It was Quarterly Sunday, when we always had an outsider to speak). I made the attempt, but before I could get to him he was surrounded by a dozen men, all questioning him. I caught his eye at last and I said, "Stranger, will you go to my Sunday School to-morrow?" "Can't go; got an engagement at Lee avenue." "Come to us first," I persisted, "for we meet half an hour earlier than they do, and are not far from them. We are on Fulton avenue; the cars pass the door." "Can't go; never ride in cars on Sunday," was the ready answer.

At this I jumped forward, shoved one man to the right, another to the left, and I was face to face with this strange young man. He was twenty-four or twenty-five years old, full of fire, a model of manly strength and beauty. I said, "We need you so much, I won't take no for an answer. I'll have a carriage to meet you at Fulton Ferry, and bring you to our school; also, when we are through with you, to take you to Lee avenue and get you there in time." He drew back, looked me over as if he would say, "What kind of a beggar are you?" Then, with a jerk, he whipped out of his vest pocket a silicate tablet, and, handing it to me, said: "Write it down there." I wrote and handed it to him. He read it, and said curtly: "I'll be there."

When he entered the school, Mr. John G. Fay, of the Sands Street Methodist Church, was speaking. We sang a hymn, and I then turned to Mr. Moody. He went down the two steps at the side of the platform, stepped forward to the first class, and for half an hour poured out his soul in wonderful exhortation and story. Then, kneeling on the floor, he prayed. There were no dry eyes in that crowded room. As he went toward the door, he spoke to one and another, right and left, and was gone.

Next Monday I was again at the Fulton street noon prayer meeting. As soon as it closed, Mr. Moody came to me and said, "Has that young man become a Christian who sat in the front seat?" "Not to my knowledge." "You don't tell me so! I have been praying for him all the morning."

I met Mr. Moody many times afterward, but he never again referred to his first visit to our school. Some fourteen or fifteen years after that visit, he (Moody) was engaged to speak in the Bedford Church, Brooklyn, and he was, with myself, the guest of Mr. C. D. Wood, on St. Mark's avenue. Seated at the table, he had no sooner asked a blessing than he said to our host, abruptly, "By the way, there was an incident which happened to me when I was with this man," pointing over his shoulder toward me, "that influenced me probably more than any single incident of my life. It was when I first began to speak. I had come down to New York, and he met me and got me out to his little school. I was getting into the carriage to go away when some one touched me on the shoulder. I turned, and saw an old man, with white hair blowing in the wind, and his finger pointing at me. He said, 'Young man, when you speak again, *Honor the Holy Ghost!*' I got into the carriage and drove away, but the voice was continually ringing in my ears; yet I did not understand it. It was six months afterwards before God revealed to me the meaning of that message—that I was entirely dependent upon the Holy Spirit. From that day to this, I seldom stand before a great audience where I don't see that old man, with his outstretched finger, and hear his voice, 'Honor the Holy Ghost!' Cutter, do you know who that old man was?"

I told him I did not. We had no teacher in our school who would answer the description. A few weeks later, Mr. Moody held several meetings in Dr. Talmage's church, and at one of them he related the story. I afterward met Mr. D. O. Calkins, a neighbor, who asked me if I had read in the *Eagle* Mr. Moody's story "Honor the Holy Ghost." I replied, "Why, certainly; it happened at our school." "But do you know who the old man was?" "No." "Don't you remember that Mr. Lee's church, of which I was a member, was broken up and scattered? For four months I had no church home, and during that time you came for me to go out to your school, and take for three Sabbaths the class of a teacher who was out of town, and I went. One of those days, this young man, Moody, from Chicago, spoke. I said to myself, 'he means well, but this is all transient, I must speak to him.' Twice I started to do so, but sat down again, thinking it was none of my business. At last, when he had gone out, I felt I must go and speak to him; but had no time to get my hat."

The late Edward Hawley told of being with Mr. Moody somewhere about the time of this incident in a revival at a Sunday School Convention at Springfield, Ill. On their return to Chicago, they were telling in the meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association what great things had been done, when Col. Hammond, of the Rock Island Railroad, broke in; "You are telling us what Hawley did, and what Moody did; but I want to tell you that neither of you did anything, for the Holy Spirit alone can change the heart." I wonder if this message from God, through Col. Hammond, was that to which Mr. Moody referred when he said, "Six months afterwards, God revealed to me that I was entirely dependent upon the Holy Ghost." At a commemorative service held in Dr. Carson's church, in January, 1890, I heard Mr. D. W. McWilliams say, that when a committee waited on Mr. Moody to invite him to speak in the Brooklyn Rink, he said it was in Brooklyn, when he was beginning his work, that he had received from God a message which had affected him more than any single incident of his life.

JOHN D. CUTTER.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

N. E. G., Dickinson, Tex., writes:
I prayed God to save my daughter from a friendship hurtful to her, and he answered my prayer.

M. E. D., Freeland, Mo., writes:
A dear one for whom I have prayed for years has been saved, and is now with Jesus. Can we believe God and yet not believe he answers prayer?

M. D. S., Baltimore, Md., writes:
My life has been one answered prayer. I am learning to take all my cares to God. He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Mrs. F. T., Loogootee, Ill., writes:
When I saw the "Answered Prayers" column I was happy indeed. I prayed for my husband to be saved, and now he writes me he has found his Saviour. My neighbor lends me her papers to read, that is how I saw the "Answered Prayers."

Mrs. T. N., Ogdensburg, N. Y., writes:
A friend of mine gives me THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to read, and I saw in it where people testify to the power of prayer. I want to tell how I asked the Lord to bless my boy and keep him from company I thought bad for him, and likely to lead him astray, and how the Lord has answered my prayer.

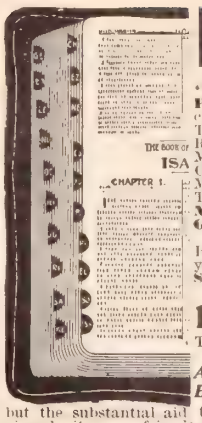
A. B., Josephine, Mont., writes:
I thank God for prayers answered this summer. A great sorrow has been lifted from many hearts through prayer.

A. W. H., Worcester, Mass., writes:
I will praise God while I have my being because he has saved my child. "He has given me the desire of my heart, and not witholden the request of my lips."

N. B., Illinois, writes:
It strengthens one's faith to read "Answered Prayers." That column is the first one I look for as I open my paper. I was in great trouble, and I went to God in earnest prayer; even when all hope seemed gone, I said, "Though the Lord slay me yet will I trust him." Shortly after help came, hope revived, and the Lord answered my prayers.

R. C. Ticonic, Ia., writes:
I prayed that a great burden be lifted from me, and God in his own miraculous way answered my prayer. I am not a Christian; but I must testify to God's goodness to me.

Mrs. K. D., Swanton, Vt., writes:
I wish to acknowledge, through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, special answers to three prayers. Why not sign one's full name?



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Carrie Nation in New York

MRS. CARRIE NATION, the famous Kansas anti-saloon agitator, paid a flying visit to New York on August 19, stopping only one day. During her short stay she visited police headquarters and had a spirited interview with Police Commissioner Murphy, of whom she asked some very pointed questions concerning the New York saloons and their violation of the Sunday law. Her vigorous style of interrogation was not enjoyed by the commissioner, who finally cut the interview short. Before leaving town, Mrs. Nation paid a visit to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, whither she was followed by a number of reporters. She recalled the fact that at the outset of her anti-saloon work in the West, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD had spoken of her very kindly. "I'm a plain woman," she said, "and make no pretensions to fine education, but I can tell them the truth about the saloons, and the people want to hear it." She declared that the saloon was the cause of the greater part of the crime and misery that afflict society. Mrs. Nation purposed returning to New York and speaking to its people in Carnegie Hall, where she will tell the thrilling story of her western campaign. She is in excellent health, and speaks with a vigor and determination that indicate no relaxation of her remarkable energies.

MRS. CARRIE NATION

The Site of Calvary

IN an interesting article in the current number of *Travel*, Mr. C. E. Johnstone discusses the probable site of Calvary. He says:

More than fifty years ago it occurred to certain people that a hill on the north side of Jerusalem, not far from the Damascus Gate, and close to the Grotto of Jeremiah, seemed to fulfil many of the conditions which were required for the site of Christ's tomb. Here, too, the evidence of tradition comes in, with even greater force than in the other case, for it is known among the Jews as the "Hill of Execution"; and to this day it is their custom, when they pass it by, to spit and throw stones at it, cursing at the same time the destroyer of their nation, who aspired to be a king. Until comparatively recent years the slaughter-house, which was of great antiquity, stood close by; and this seemed to agree with the well-known text, "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." And now comes the very curious and interesting story of the way in which General Gordon was led towards the acceptance of this theory. His mind was, one side at any rate, of a distinctly mystic character, and had a firm belief in the literal and tangible fulfilment of prophecy. Standing one day on a hill at some distance from Jerusalem, General Gordon caught sight of a valley, winding in snake-like fashion up towards the Holy City, and by a sudden intuition he said to himself, "This is the serpent mentioned in the book of Genesis. whose head the seed of the woman is to bruise." The next step, as he believed, was to trace this valley up to the hill which formed its head, and there would be the true site of the Golgotha. With this idea in his mind, he followed the serpent windings of the valley until they landed him upon the hill outside the Damascus Gate, which now bears his name. Fired with what seemed to him immediate success, he began to search eagerly for further evidence to confirm the authenticity of this site. The curious rocky formation on the summit of the hill did undoubtedly, in certain lights, bear a striking resemblance to the outline of a skull, which would fully account for its having received the name of Golgotha. Below the hill was a garden, which might easily have been the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea, and further patient search in this garden brought to light a tomb, which corresponds with the tomb that is described in the Gospels. In the first place, it is undoubtedly a Jewish tomb of about the time of Herod, and, moreover, it is hewn out of the living rock. In the second place, its size and careful construction go to show that it was a grave belonging to a man of some wealth and position; and the fact that, in certain details, it is still incomplete, points strongly to its having been quite new at the time when it was used for its most sacred purpose, after which it is only natural to suppose that it would remain unused. There is room in it for separate graves for several bodies, but only one of these had been completed. Outside, the groove in which the stone that acted as a door was rolled is still visible.

It has been objected that this hill is too far from the road for the passers-by to have been able to speak to the Saviour as he hung upon the cross. It is, however within less than a hundred yards of the place where the two great roads running from north to south and from east to west cross one another; and it is sufficiently obvious that on the occasion of an execution people would turn aside from the main road to come and see what was going on.

Thanks to the efforts of General Gordon, the garden in which the tomb was discovered has been purchased, so that it is secured from future interference.

This, very briefly stated, is the account of what is called Gordon's Calvary, and its claims to rival the traditional site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

A Triumph of the Gospel

EVANGELIST John C. Redding, of York, Nebraska, has just closed a very successful series of open-air tent meetings in Larned, Kansas. All the members of the various churches of the city took an active part in the tabernacle meetings and a feeling of unity was created as a result. Many souls were led to see the glories of a better life. At the close of the meetings, Mr. Redding delivered a lecture on the ups and downs of his life. He has had a remarkable career. At the age of thirteen, he began life as a "bound boy," being sent from Indiana to a farmer in Kansas, where he lived until the age of twenty, when he ran away from his taskmaster and began life for himself. He was married at an early age and became quite prosperous in his business affairs. Dissipation followed, his money vanished, and he led the life of a tramp and drunkard for some years. His better nature at last triumphed over the evil, and he was converted, reconciled to his family, took up the work of his Heavenly Master, and has been a faithful servant for the past twelve years. His work has extended over a great part of Kansas and Nebraska, besides much time spent in other States. Mr. Redding is now spending a few weeks in the mountains of Colorado, before taking up his work for another year. J. A. C.

EVANGELIST JOHN C. REDDING

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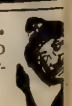

A Southern Gospel Singer

ACCORDING a place of honor in its columns to musicians who devote their noble talent to Gospel service and the upbuilding of their fellows, instead of lending it to secular ends and amusements, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is doubtless pointing to many gifted men and women the high-level path of duty in the use of song and minstrelsy. Among those artists who have dedicated their gifts to the Master's work,

MRS. SARA MACDONALD SHERIDAN

should be included the name of Sara MacDonald Sheridan—a name known and beloved throughout the South, and in many parts of the East as well.

Mrs. Sheridan has declined many offers to enter grand opera. Her voice—a rich, soft contralto—is of extraordinary power, sweetness and purity. It has been well-trained, is true and flexible. From the beginning, her principal work has been in houses of worship. For thirteen years she sang in the choirs of the First M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga., and of the Hebrew Temple. During a summer holiday, some years ago, she took a journey North, and was heard in churches and at sacred concerts in many places, and her voice has been often heard at Mr. Wanamaker's church in Philadelphia.

A fact which adds a note of interest to this woman's career, is that she did not seriously take up the study of her art very early in life. She was a wife and mother when reverses came, and with it, her call to cultivate her voice and use it for the help of her loved ones. Her musical training was done to the accompaniment of a worn piano and in the midst of household duties faithfully performed. When the public recognized the beauty of her voice and stage managers made handsome overtures for it, the singer—though she could have made much money and won fame by consenting, said: "No; I would rather sing the songs of Zion in the courts of my God." In addition to helping the world by her singing, which has been an inspiration and benediction to so many, Mrs. Sheridan is helping the world to be better in more practical ways, for she is known in Atlanta as one of the most faithful, humble and earnest charity workers.

BELLE ROBINSON BUTLER.

THE WAY OF EMANCIPATION

The Victim of Inebriety and Other Sins Pointed to the Only Sure Way of Deliverance

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHILE the heart of man is away from God, he cannot but be a prey to the enemy of souls, he cannot but be a slave to sin, in one form or another. "Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as bond-servants [R.V. marg.] unto obedience, his bond-servants ye are whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness (Rom. 6: 16)? The root of the drunkard's sin and misery is not so much the amount of temptation, terrible as it is, which surrounds him, but the lack of that relation to God which would bind him in heart and will to him who has the will and power to keep him from evil.

If a man whose nature tends to self-indulgence, whose environment and associations lead him to indulge in that which procures him temporary gratification, and enables him for a time to forget things which he wants to forget—if such a man has no power other than his own already-enslaved will to fight against his sin, he is indeed to be pitied. And such is the case with almost all the slaves to spirituous liquors, to opium in all its forms, to tobacco, or any other thing by which the body is brought into an unnatural condition, neither responding to God, nor yet to the power of self-government, which God placed in unfallen man.

The way out of bondage is to turn our own will, as far as we are masters of it, towards the only hope for Satan's slave; the re-establishment of our primary relation to God. How can a lost man or woman, a bondslave to drink, opium, smoking, impurity, speculation, frivolity, or any of Satan's chains, break through his prison-house and be free? Let the slave of sin go to the best source of information, the Word of God, and read for himself, whether God is to be trusted. Let him seek some word which will show him whether God hates him because of his sin, or whether God loves him while he hates his sin. "God so loved the world," with all the drunkards in it, "that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever—even the most enslaved drunkard—believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Is this true, and is it true for me? Can God love me, who hate myself? If this is true, then there is hope for me. If this is true, God does not want me to perish. If this is true, then God is on my side, and my side is stronger than that of the devil and all his angels. I may, I can, I will, be a free man. Yes, free from myself, free from the devil, free from the drink, free from sin, that I may not be free to wander from and grieve God. He that believeth, i. e., he who goes on believing—doing nothing, going nowhere, but in dependence upon and obedience to God, to please him—he it is who has eternal life, the very life of Jesus Christ (John 1: 42). He hath the Son, and hath life; not forgiveness only, because he believes that Jesus bore his sins on the cross, but life, because he believes that Christ is in him, the hope of glory (Col. 1: 27), and he knows that greater is he that is in him than he that is in the world (I. John 4: 4). Greater is he that dwells within him than he (Satan) who tempts him from without.

Oh, if the slaves of the enemy could only believe there is a way out of their prison-house, how many might be saved who go down into a hopeless, dishonored grave! Why do men not believe in God, and in his Son Jesus Christ? For the most part because they have so strong a belief in themselves. They say, "I have tried to get free, but I cannot; I have inherited the craving for drink from my ancestors, and I cannot help it." This may be only too true, but it is just such whom Jesus saves, if they will give up trying to save themselves. "Be not deceived," writes the apostle Paul, "neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you; but ye are sanctified; but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God." "Such were some of you," perhaps such as inherited the tendency to these sins. And now? "In one spirit were we all [you Corinthians who have been such sinners, and I, Paul, the chief of sinners (I. Tim. 1: 15)] baptized into one body [the body of Christ (ver. 12)] . . . and have been all made to drink into one Spirit" (I. Cor. 12: 13, R.V.).

"But," some may say, "I have believed in Christ; I do not know, though I hardly dare to say it, that my sins are forgiven me for Christ's sake, and yet, from time to time, I fall again. I hate myself for it, but it overcomes me. Why is this?" Our only safety is constant prayer, and prayer in faith, believing all the time we pray that God is on our side; and stronger than he that is in the world, and against us. If we are in the habit of asking God where he would have us go, and what he would have us do, then he keeps us out of the way of temptation. How many there are who, for want of thus getting direction from God, are continually going to clubs or to saloons, where the temptation to intemperance is all around them! No wonder, then, that they fall.

Self-indulgence is at the root of all fleshly sins. Our beloved Lord came into the world saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God [I am content to do it]; yea, thy law is within my heart." If Christ is in us, there is in our very hearts, in him in us, the same spirit. And if we acknowledge his presence within us, and ignore or deny our own presence—i. e., our will and tastes—in favor of him whose right it is to reign, we shall reap the fruit of his life in us. Then, instead of the horrible picture of Prov. 33, the very men of whom this has been a photograph will show the traces of Jesus in their face and in their lives. How many a reformed drunkard who has become a true saint of God has also become a transformed drunkard, by becoming conformed to the image of God's Son (Rom. 8: 29)! And this has come about by his beholding as in a glass, the glass of God's Word, the glory of God, and being changed into the same image "from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (II. Cor. 3: 18).

If this paper should fall into the hands of any man or woman who has become a slave to some dominating fleshly sin, let them come to God only through him who was made sin for us, though he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him (II. Cor. 5: 21). Christ came into the world to save sinners (I. Tim. 1: 15), to change utterly those who have inherited sinful propensities; the more desperate a case, the more is he glorified in his conquest. But he would have us entirely on his side, our whole spirit and soul and body, our will, our affections, and all. He tells us, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price" (I. Cor. 6: 19). Are such terms severe? Are they anything but the reasonable service of those for whom he has left heaven, become a man, and suffered shame and death? Oh, let us love him who has so loved us, and offer him no grudging service, but glorify his name in the whole of life which is left to us!

Forgave his Father's Slayers

Mrs. Lydia Lord Davis, of Ravenna, O., is the widow of one of the martyred Christian missionaries of Shansi, her husband having been one of the last of the Boxer victims. Mrs. Davis and her children came back to the United States after her bereavement. In a recent letter to the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, she writes:

"I send you a draft for $5.37 for the famine in Shansi. My little son William, eight years old, collected the money, and he was very glad to do it. I thought it would be a great lesson to him in the line of forgiveness. Dear little boys, they miss their father very often! I hope that this will reach you in safety, and that the money may do much good in Shansi, which is so dear to us."

Surely, here is the Christlike spirit, that a child should forgive and even seek to help the race that martyred his parent. If the widow and children of a missionary, who gave his life for the work, can so forgive, their beautiful example should not be without its effect upon others.

Missionary Work in Germany

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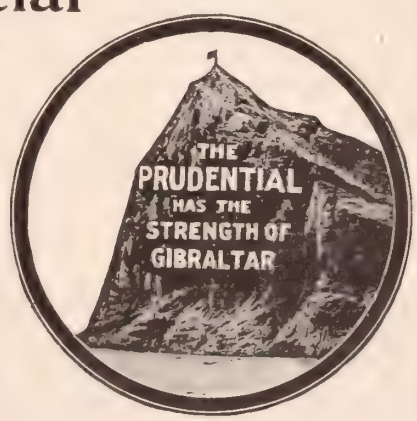

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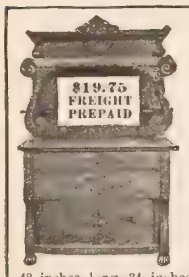

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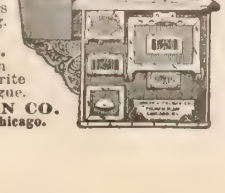

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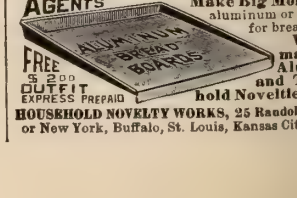

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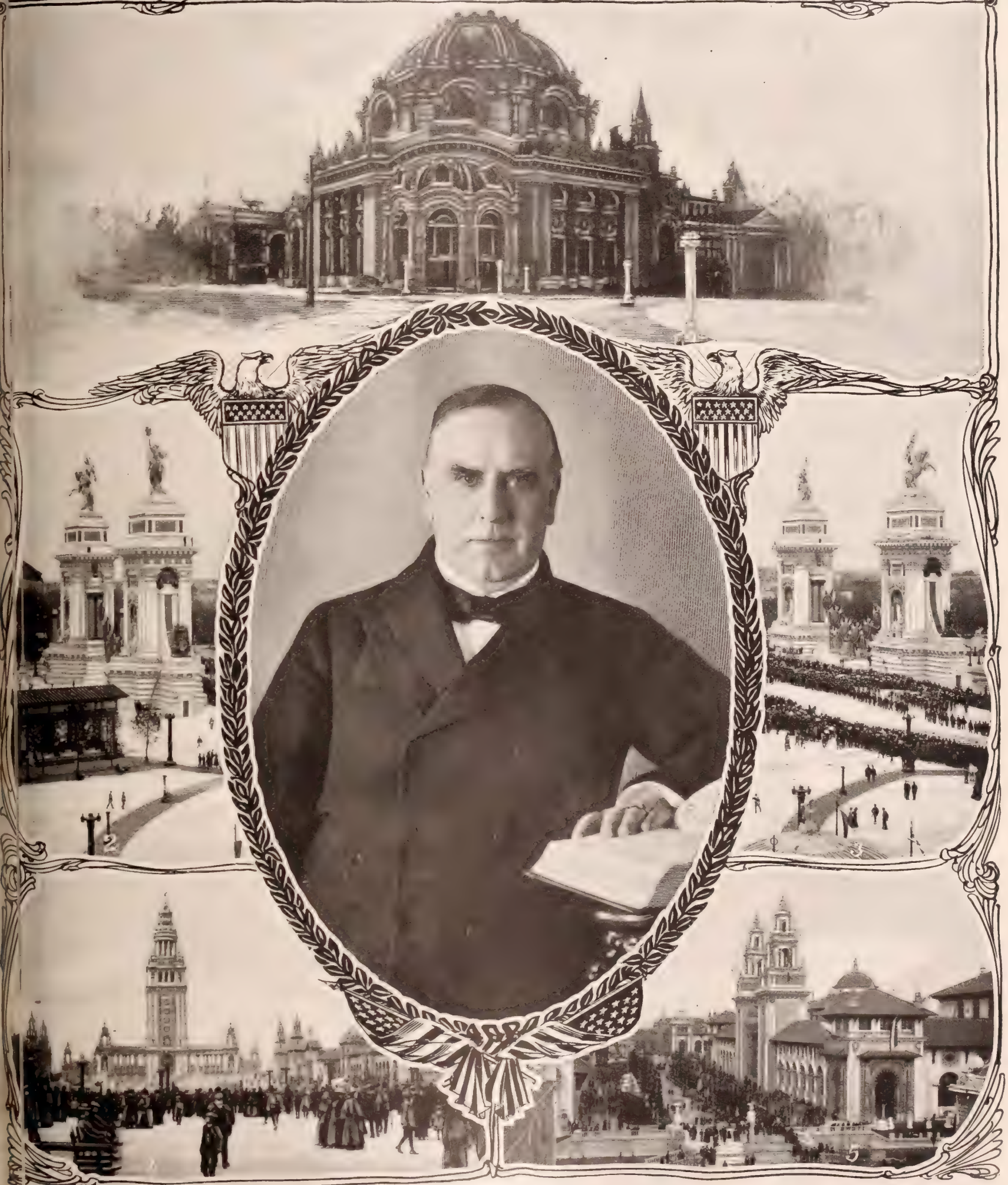
CHRISTIAN HERALD



PRESIDENT WM. McKINLEY, WHOSE ASSASSINATION WAS ATTEMPTED SEPT. 6.

1. The Temple of Music, Buffalo, Scene of the Shooting. 2, 3, 4, 5. Views on the Pan-American Exposition Grounds. (See Page 733)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should contain as possible, limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and his decision will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG - not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Oct. 16

1. Would the use of a liturgy in church be more conducive to a devotional spirit than extempore prayer?

2. When a young woman, who has received a college training and actually entered upon her profession, under good auspices, marries, is it advisable to drop her profession, or to continue it to the fullest extent her relationship will permit?

3. A metaphor is used in the Bible to describe death, the law and God's care over his people. Name the metaphor and the places where it is used.

4. Can one love his child too much?

5. What should be done with lazy men who have families of small children, when they have acquired the habit of looking to benevolent people for the support of their children, who would starve if they were not helped?

Questions of the Week

1. In all the recorded acts of faith in the New or Old Testaments, performed by mortal man, what was the most marvelous, wonderful, and far-reaching, considering the time and the circumstances?

I take it that the most signal, outstanding, far-reaching instance of faith on record, is that of Abraham, when he offered his son Isaac in sacrifice, in obedience to God's command. There are a number of circumstances which combine to give this act of faith the supreme place which I claim for it. There was, first, the agonizing trial of a father's love in losing his only son by a violent death. Then this death had to be inflicted by the father's own hand. Then the father's agony was protracted for three days. We can conceive that even such an act might be done in some moment of highly-wrought devotion; but Abraham had to journey with his son for three days, with agonizing love tugging at his heart all the while to turn back. Then we have this supreme consideration, that Abraham believed that God would raise Isaac from the dead after he was sacrificed. The Epistle to the Hebrews makes it clear that this was the assurance by which Abraham was sustained. Isaac was the child of promise. God had assured Abraham that Isaac would be the father of a numerous seed. And now Isaac had to be sacrificed! How could the promise be fulfilled? Abraham believed that God would bring Isaac to life again rather than that his word should fail. And most probably Abraham had never heard of or known of any one being so raised from death. What man-Moses faith, then, was there!

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

Correct answers have also been received from Miss Eveline Bronte, Mrs. M. E. Cravath, Benj Greene Lydia Wind, G. H. Rogers, G. Emmit Albertson, Mrs. Isabel Carpenter, John Parry, Mrs. Mary C. Lee, E. S. Brown, Amelia Hoyt, Rev. R. T. Edwards, J. Flomerfelt, Lettie Belau, Mrs. Ada Jamison, Mabelle F. Foster, Mrs. F. B. Carrier, Clara Dean, R. W. Thompson, R. E. Hough, I. T. Rightsell, Miss A. Grossman, P. R. Broyles, G F. Bell, Lottie B. Skofstad, Alice C. Smith.

2. What is the origin of the name "Red Sea"?

It was called by the Israelites simply "The Sea," Ex. 14: 2, 9, 16, 21, 28; and sometimes "The Sea of Suph" (Red Sea?) Ex. 10: 19; 13: 18, meaning, probably, "of rush or sea-weed." It is called "The Red Sea" in Exodus 15: 4. In Num. 21: 14, and Deut. 1: 1, the authorized version translates "Red Sea." The Septuagint renders it also "Red Sea," except in Judges 11: 16. The origin of the name has been much debated. It was so called from the earliest times. Some attribute the name to certain natural phenomena, *e. g.*, the red appearance of the mountains on its coast; the red color of its water, caused at times by zoophites; the red coral in it; the red seaweed; the red storks of the neighborhood. Others find an etymological derivation for the name, as from Edom, literally translated "red." Greek and Roman legend tells us the sea was named from a great king, Erythras, "the red king," who reigned near-by. The best anthorities, however, state that the chief family of Arabia Felix was the Himyerites—a name derived from the Arabian "Ahmar," red. "The Red Sea, therefore, was most probably the Sea of the Red Men."

G. E. KRAUTH.

In *Burder's Oriental Literature*, a rare old work, I find the following: "In the Red Sea there is a weed, called in the Ethiopic, *sufo*, which grows also in great quantities in India, and in divers parts of Asia. From it they prepare a food like almond milk; and extract from its flowers a red color, used for dying cloth in Ethiopia and India (Ezekiel 27: 16). As this weed, its seed, food, flower and color, are all denominated *sufo*, and as the sea it grows in lies between Ethiopia and Palestine, where sufo and suph or suf, respectively, signify *rubrum* (red), it hence appears that in Jerome's translation this sea is called *Mare Rubrum*, and in ours, the Red Sea, not from any such color appearing in its water, but from the weed suf, which Bruce (Trav. vol. II., p. 138) declares to be a coral."

WARD H. EDWARDS.

3. What form of punishment is most advisable in dealing with children who need correction?

Punishments should be used sparingly for children. No parent should ever punish a child in anger or to vent the temper of the parent. A child, when punished, should only be done so for the helpfulness of the child, and as far as possible the child should be led to see that the parent does not punish arbitrarily, but for the child's own benefit. There should be some connection between the punishment and offence. The child who steals should be taught that it is a sin against God, and to seek his pardon, and to earn the value of the stolen property and repay it, etc. The parent must study the offence, the disposition of the child, and the circumstances under which the offence was committed. I believe if parents are Christians and, from the beginning, train the children aright, leading them to a saving knowledge of Christ in early childhood, there will be no question of punishment necessary, but only correction.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

That which will teach the child to do right in future because it is right, not for fear of punishment. Children differ in disposition; but if a child is punished for everything it will get used to it and learn to expect it. Take time to find out if the child intended to do wrong. My little girl says, "No mischief when baby is helping, but sometimes baby is mischief-box." Children have rights, and if they are treated like little men and women from babyhood they will seldom need punishment. Never slap a child because you are mad and must do something. A child never forgets unjust treatment. A boy who was whipped for everything grew up with little self-control and could never "give up" if ordered to do a thing, but a kind, serious talk from his employer brought cheerful obedience. Often a nap will settle a naughty child, that is really tired and nervous, and my little girl is often fretful and unreasonable when she is hungry. Find the cause, and then seek to do what is going to be for the child's future good.

RUTH BARBER.

No one form of punishment is advisable for all children, or for any one child under all circumstances. In general it may be advised, let the punishment fit the occasion for it. For example, if the child is cross or peevish, let him be put to bed. If he quarrels with his brothers, sisters or playmates, punish him by keeping him away from them for a time. If told to help in some way about the dinner and he neglects, let him go without his favorite dish for that meal. In short, let the punishment, so far as possible, appear to the child to be a natural and legitimate consequence of his wrongdoing or disobedience. Generally, for negative faults, like neglect or carelessness, a deprivation of some valued or customary privilege will be more effective than whipping. Yet there is also a place for "the rod" in the training of most children. But it takes the "wisdom from above" to know when and how to use it. Indeed, that wisdom is needed all along in the training of a child. Nowhere is it needed more.

E. W. BUTLER.

4. Is it wise for a young lady, who wishes to advance the Christian cause, to make a vow never to accept in marriage one who is not a Christian?

It is unwise. Vows should never be made rashly or unnecessarily. This vow would be rash, because unthought of circumstances may arise which may cause her to regret her action, and unnecessary, because it will serve no good purpose. The young lady may not think it well for a Christian to contract marriage with a non-professor, but it is superfluous to pledge herself not to do so. It would seem quixotic; and it implies that her conviction is not altogether sufficient to lead her aright, but that it must be strengthened. A conviction is weak that requires an oath to reinforce it. The expression, "not a Christian," does not usually mean that the one spoken of is an unbeliever, but that he is a non-professor. He may be indifferent to Christianity, but tolerant in opinion, and susceptible to religious influences. I believe this to be commonly the case. Many wives influence their husbands religiously. Might not this young lady, under favorable circumstances, do the same? Let common sense and conscience guide when she makes her choice; she will then reject the one with whom she feels she will be unhappy, religiously or otherwise. A vow will not help her to do this. As a rule, the fewer vows affecting our future we make the better.

JAMES BELL MAJOR.

I believe it is wise. There are so many people who seem to think that an unmarried life is a serious disgrace to the one leading it, that it would be refreshing to hear of a lady who has firmly decided not to marry unless she can marry a worthy man—for no man who is not a Christian is worthy of a true Christian woman, no matter what may be his various qualities. Men are more scrupulous than women in this regard, for many un-Christian men will marry none but Christian women, thus selfishly asking so much more than they give. Contrary to the general opinion that a lady would ruin her chances for matrimony by taking such a vow, I believe that she would really better them, providing she possessed the qualities that men admire in women. In spite of all that may be said on the opposite of the question, there are many men in the world as true to God and the Christian faith, and as free from women, who would be attracted to a with the nobility and independence kind here described. But matrimon pects should be the least thing cor The living of a pure and holy life and dering of a noble and exalted servic world should be the main considerat many women cease to be useful Chris marrying ungodly men, that I believ one would do well to take the vow. be said, in addition, that when a w asked in marriage by a man who is tian in everything but the name church connection, she could feel he empt from the vow, and accept hin hope of bringing him into the church.

L. T. RIGH

5. When a man is in debt, is he jus spending any of his income for ot actual necessities while the debt unliquidated? Has he a right to in vacation (for self or family), in Chris birthday gifts, or in charity or chur ings? Define the limit of his rights as possible, under such circumstance

If a man is in debt beyond the rea expectation of paying within the prop then he must sustain very much th relation to his income, that would be of a moral insolvent toward his ass such a case he should consider that much might be used for himself as lutely necessary. There is difference debt which is of necessity and debt merely business accommodation. Th insolvent or nearly so, but the other ported by collateral, either expresse implication. Now if one's debt is unp for, he should practice any degree of able self-denial to be able to liquidat it is guaranteed properly, one is to g if he were not in debt, so far as the us money might be concerned, after made due allowance. The vacatio man in debt is morally allowable if seriously needs it, or is able to tak pay his debt. As for charity and ch ferings, they should be paid out of all and when a man in debt has a certain some part of it should certainly go in channels. That is not like the Cl gift. Gifts to God's cause are debts al out of the sum of one's earnings, and be paid in their own right, while th funds go to liquidate the obligation t

C. P. ATKI

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Miscellaneous Questi ns

C. E. P., Auburn, N. Y. Is it ever right t and comfort people by gratifying thei desires?

Ordinarily speaking, it is not. Ther be circumstances when policy would dictate otherwise; but we believe t one with faith, it is always well to unswervingly the voice of conscience path of duty, leaving results to God.

H. B. H. What and where is the man-eat and why is it so called?

The upas tree, which is referred to, by scientists to be fabulous. It was scribed by Foersch (a surgeon at Sar Java), who declared that it destro animal life within a wide radius, by its ous exhalations.

Reader. Where and when did the custom preaching funeral sermons?

The custom of pronouncing eulogi the dead is very ancient—older than or Grecian history. The modern fune mon is simply another form of this old

G. E. G., Salem, Mass. On the contrar so scarce in China that in many districts ing at $13.50 a bushel, according to letters by the China Inland Mission officials.

Mr. Lyman Barton writes: "It is not Presbyterian Church of Kansas City, Tex Karnes, Tex., that is in need of hymn book trust the appeal will be effective.

Member of W. C. T. U., Anna, Ill. We say that both are wrong—the man who sm doors in the presence of a lady and the l permits it without protest. Better not use at all.

Miss I. Gow, missionary in India, is Scotland on furlough. She writes, askin state that the expense of supporting an or her district—education, food, clothing, etc.- pounds sterling ($25) a year.

A. O. R., Oelwein, Ia. Peyton Randol President of the First and Second Cont Congresses. John Hancock, Henry Lauren Boudinot, Thomas Mifflin, R. H. Lee, and John Hancock subsequently served in the s pacity, previous to 1789, when Washington President of the United States.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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DR. HERMAN MYNTER

DR. ROSWELL PARK

DR. VAN PEYMA

DR. PARMENTER

DR. STOCKTON

President McKinley Shot by an Anarchist

His Life Attempted by Leon F. Czolgosz, in the Temple of Music, Buffalo, N. Y.—Wounded Twice, but will Probably Recover—The Assassin Arrested—World-wide Sympathy for the Sufferer

AT a late hour on Friday afternoon, September 6, the whole nation was stunned by the news, telegraphed from the Pan-American grounds at Buffalo, that President McKinley had been shot and dangerously wounded by an Anarchist, in the Temple of Music, in presence of thousands of spectators. At first the news of the attempted assassination was received with incredulity; but soon all doubts were ended by confirmatory bulletins, which told in brief sentences, the story of the terrible crime.

By special arrangement, the afternoon had been set apart for a reception to the President at the Temple of Music, and the general public had been invited. A little before 4 o'clock, Hon. John G. Milburn, President of the Exposition, made a brief speech introducing President McKinley to the three thousand auditors. Ten thousand more were standing outside, unable to get in. The crowd pressed forward to greet the President and shake hands with him. In the line was a little girl whose father lifted her up, and to whom Mr. McKinley, after shaking her hand, uttered some kind words, smiling and waving his hand at her as she departed. Next in the line was a dark-skinned, shaggy-browed, heavily-bearded Italian, and behind him came a young man, whose right hand was loosely swathed in a linen handkerchief, and held as though he had lately sustained an injury.

The Italian came forward and gripped the President's hand firmly, holding it so long that the officials in attendance remarked the incident. When he stepped aside the young man with the bandaged hand came forward and held out his free hand to President McKinley, who extended his right hand to clasp the other's left. At that instant the stranger thrust forward his right hand, still covered with the handkerchief, and when it was within a few inches of the President's breast, a shot rang out, and a flash of fire spurted out from the handkerchief, which concealed a 32-calibre revolver. The President raised himself perceptibly on both feet, when struck. Instantly, another pistol shot was fired, this time the aim being lower and opposite the stomach.

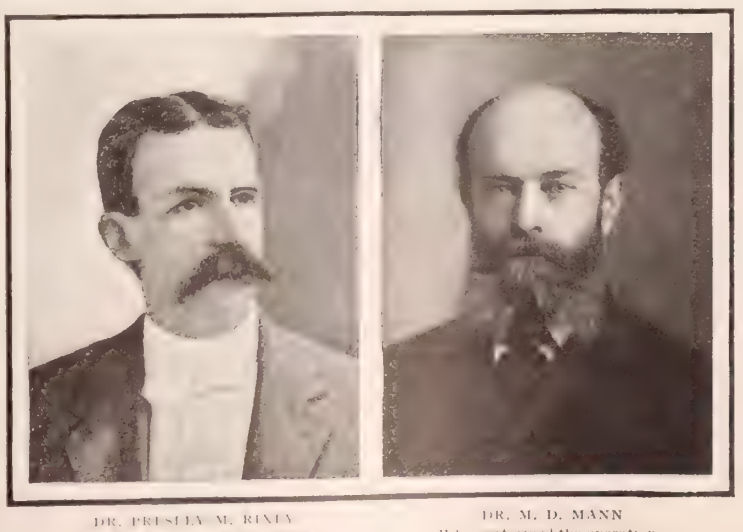
The wounded President staggered, bent slightly forward and then sank back, being caught in the arms of Detective Geary, who stood beside him, and who was assisted in supporting him by President Milburn.

"I wonder if I am shot," the President is reported to have said, as they led him to a seat.

"I'm afraid you are," was Detective Geary's quick answer.

It would be impossible to describe adequately the exciting scene which followed the shooting. The great audience, comprehending the tragedy, surged forward in the direction of the assassin, who was seized by S. R. Ireland and George F. Foster, of the United States Secret Service. James F. Parker, a colored waiter, leaped upon him, and delivered a succession of heavy blows upon the assassin's face, felling him to the floor. A party of United States Artillery, doing duty at the Exposition, rushed forward, and so also did a number of Exposition police and other Secret Service detectives.

THE MILBURN RESIDENCE, TO WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS REMOVED AFTER THE SHOOTING



DR. PRESLEY M. RIXEY
The President's own physician

DR. M. D. MANN
Who performed the operation

One of the latter tore the handkerchief from the assassin's hand and seized the revolver, seeing which the crowd again surged forward with cries and menaces that boded ill for the miscreant. Women were hysterical and men acted like madmen. There were cries of: "He's shot the President! He's dead! oh! McKinley's dead!" The crowd roared and swayed, ever surging forward toward the assassin. Indeed, had not the police acted with great firmness and determination, the man would have been literally torn to pieces by the infuriated audience. According to some of the accounts by spectators near at hand, the assassin, while on the floor, fought desperately to free his right arm and to fire a third shot. As it was, he was beaten severely by the artillerymen and pounded with the policemen's clubs.

Meanwhile, thousands were gazing at the wounded President, who was borne to a chair by Detective Geary, President Milburn, Private Secretary Cortelyou and several Exposition officials. He was white but calm as he was laid back in the chair, one hand across his abdomen, the other feeling at his breast. It was seen that he was entirely conscious, and with open eyes was observing all that was taking place. Then he called in a faint voice for his secretary. "Cortelyou," he said, gasping out the words slowly, "Be careful about my wife—don't tell her about this." Secret Service Detective Foster, who stood beside him, says the President opened his waistcoat, and after fumbling about his breast a moment, said: "Foster, this feels like a bullet here." Foster put out his hand and felt a round protruberance under the skin. He said: "It does feel like one, Mr. President." "Well, we have got one of them, anyway," was the rejoinder, spoken feebly. As he moved a little to the left he saw, almost at his feet, the assassin, still prone and held down by his captors. The guard were still striking the man. President McKinley touched Mr. Cortelyou's arm with his right hand and said calmly, "Let no one hurt him. May God forgive him." He then sank back overcome by weakness, while the officers raised the assassin and took him away from the building.

Among those who now surrounded the wounded President, there was great excitement. Senor Aspiroz, the Mexican Minister, seeing the blood on the President's shirt bosom, and noting his deathly paleness, rushed forward, crying: "My God! Mr. President! are you shot?" and seemed about to throw himself at the sufferer's feet. "I—believe—I—am," came from the President's lips huskily. His head was now resting on Mr. Milburn's arm, and he seemed in a half-fainting condition. An ambulance from the Exposition Emergency Hospital had been summoned, and the sufferer was laid

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gently upon a stretcher and placed in the vehicle. Secretary Cortelyou and Mr. Milburn rode with him to the hospital. On the way, the President expressed regret at having been the cause of trouble to the Exposition.

Within a few minutes after the ambulance arrived at the hospital, it was surrounded by a large part of the crowd from the Temple of Music, where fully 50,000 persons had gathered. It was only by strategy that the assassin had been gotten away by the officers, without falling into the hands of the angry mob, which would have torn him to pieces. He was taken into a room at the northwest side of the Temple, where he was searched. A letter was found in one of his pockets which related to lodgings, but there was nothing else. After wiping the blood from his face, the officers asked his name, "Frederick Niemann," was the reply, given surlily, after a short silence. Being asked why he had attempted the President's life, he answered: "I am an Anarchist."

He was neatly dressed, but his clothes and his brown hair were dabbled with blood. A carriage was called, and with soldiers forcing back the crowd which raged furiously on all sides, Niemann was driven, under guard, across the esplanade, down the grand causeway, and through Lincoln Parkway to police headquarters, thousands following the entire distance. There were cries of "Lynch him! Murderer! Assassin!" but the guards succeeded in reaching headquarters safely with their prisoner.

While this scene was being enacted at the police station in front of the Emergency Hospital, thousands were clamoring for information as to the President's condition. Besides the hospital medical staff, there were with the President Dr. E. W. Lee of St. Louis, Dr. Storer of Chicago, and Dr. Van Peyma of Buffalo, who happened to be on the grounds at the time. Soon they were reinforced by the arrival of Drs. Matthew D. Mann, Herman Mynter, John Parmenter, and also Drs. Hall, Ellis, Harrington and Stockton. Six of the ablest physicians stood by the President's side while the nurses prepared for the work of the surgeons. After stripping the sufferer and examining his wounds it was found that the first bullet had struck the chest and deflected from the sternum to the right and traveled under the skin to a point near the nipple, where it was easily found and extracted, the wound being merely superficial. The second bullet had entered the abdomen, penetrating both walls of the stomach, but it could not be found.

The abdomen was opened, and the wounds in the walls of the stomach carefully closed with sutures, after which drainage tubes were inserted and the abdominal wound was closed. There was no apparent injury to the intestines. President McKinley stood the operation well, and his condition at the close was such as to justify hope of ultimate recovery. Dr. Mann performed the operation, assisted by Drs. Parmenter, Mynter and Presley M. Rixey—the latter the President's own physician. On the result of the operation and the favorable condition of the patient being communicated to the waiting thousands outside the hospital, there were general expressions of relief, and many a fervent prayer for his recovery. The various departments of the Fair were closed after the first news of the shooting, and all interest was centred on the sufferer and his condition.

At 7.45 P.M. the President was removed from the hospital to the home of Mr. Milburn, at Delaware avenue and Ferry street, where he had been stopping as a guest, and where Mrs. McKinley was resting, all unconscious of the tragic events of the afternoon. As the ambulance drove off with its precious burden, all heads were bared and the crowd stood in hushed silence. At this time, Mr. McKinley was fully conscious and rested easily on the stretcher, with his eyes open. He showed little or no traces of suffering from shock. His pulse, during the operation, was 130, and even when under the influence of the ether, his respiration was normal and his breathing at no time labored. His physicians were greatly encouraged, and unless complications arose, involving peritonitis, they believed recovery might be expected.

To Director-General Buchanan, of the Exposition, was assigned the delicate duty of breaking the news to Mrs. McKinley. She was deeply moved, but bore up bravely, and asked that her husband be brought to her at the Milburn cottage. This was only a few minutes before the arrival of the ambulance. When she entered the room where the wounded President lay on a cot (as those who were present say), she went up to the sufferer and took one of his hands in both of hers. He looked up at her tenderly and said, in a low tone but cheerfully:

"This is not our first battle, dear. We have won more desperate cases than this. We must bear up—both of us. If there were only one chance in a thousand I would accept it, and for your sake, hope to win."

They looked long into each other's faces and then her eyes filled. She bent over him a moment and then withdrew her hands, and was gently led away. Not a tear fell, but when she reached her own room, it is said, she gave way to the pent-up grief. Several hours later, when she had controlled herself, she reappeared in the sick room, not a trace of her late emotion visible. It was a splendid instance of wifely courage and devotion, and was remarked by all. She sat up with him the greater part of Friday night, and her presence gave the sufferer the greatest comfort. Troops guarded all approaches to the Milburn house to preserve perfect quiet. The President's sister and her daughters, from Canton, O., were telegraphed for, and other relatives were soon on the way to the sufferer's bedside.

Buffalo's leading streets were thronged with crowds eager to hear the news from the sick-room. The bulletins issued were reassuring. The sufferer slept well and took nourishment by hypodermic injections, his general condition being encouraging and practically free from pain. This improvement was continued on Sunday and the nation was devoutly thankful. Special prayers were offered in many churches throughout the country for the President's recovery. Telegrams of cordial sympathy and full of earnest wishes for the sufferer's restoration were received from all quarters of the globe, including messages from the rulers of Europe and Asia. Never has any event brought out a more spontaneous and universal tribute of sympathy. A majority of the Cabinet came to the city, to be on hand for emergencies, and Vice-President Roosevelt arrived on Saturday from Syracuse. Should the President's injuries incapacitate him for any considerable time, Mr. Roosevelt will temporarily assume the duties of the Presidential office.

JOHN G. MILBURN
President of the Exposition

GEO. B. CORTELYOU
President's Secretary

DIRECTOR-GEN'L BUCHANAN
Of the Exposition

Reproduced from a photographic study made at the National Capital

PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY IN THE WHITE HOUSE SITTING-ROOM

There is a good deal of mystery in connection with the prisoner Niemann. To District Attorney Penney of Buffalo he made a statement, in which he declared that his real name is Leon F. C. Czolgosz. He admitted that he had planned the attack on the President a week before he made the attempt to kill him. He said he had no associates; he is an Anarchist and a disciple of Emma Goldman, the noted Anarchist agitator. He planned the crime in Toledo, O. He had lived in Cleveland, O., where his parents and several brothers still live. On reaching Buffalo, where he intended to peddle Exposition souvenirs, he took lodgings at Nowak's Hotel, 1078 Broadway, giving the name of "John Doe." "I never had much luck at anything," he said in his statement to Mr. Penney, "and this made me morose; but what started me to kill was a lecture I heard some time ago by Emma Goldman in Cleveland. She set me on fire. Her doctrine that rulers should be exterminated was what set me thinking, so that my head nearly split with the pain. When I left the lecture, I had made up my mind to do something heroic for the cause I loved. I do not believe in the American form of government. I believe that any man who accepts the Presidency is a foe to the common people. He represents only the class of oppressors. I intended to kill the President of the United States. Against Mr. McKinley as a man I could have no feeling. I have been told that he was a good man. I did not wish to inflict suffering upon his family, but in accomplishing my purpose I could not consider them. I am not sorry for what I have done. I have been simply an agent in the accomplishment of a work which, I hope, will succeed. I will take my punishment, no matter in what form it may come, like a man." The entire statement reads like that of a morbid and dangerous fanatic.

He is said to have lived at Detroit, where he had a bad record, having served a term in prison. Notwithstanding his denials the police believe he had associates, and a number of suspects have been arrested in Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago. Czolgosz's parents were Russian Poles of the peasant class, and his lack of education, together with the character of his early associations, made him a shiftless, improvident wanderer, discontented with the world and a ready disciple for anarchistic doctrine. There are no evidences of insanity, and those who have interrogated him do not believe him mentally irresponsible. His own relatives in Cleveland regarded him as destitute of courage, and were astonished when told of his crime. By his own admission he has been in communication with Anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland and other Western cities for several years. It is probable that his act will mark the beginning of a new and vigorous policy by the authorities for the suppression of anarchism, and may lead to stringent national legislation for the same purpose. Czolgosz will be prosecuted by the State courts. He has uttered no word of regret for his infamous deed.

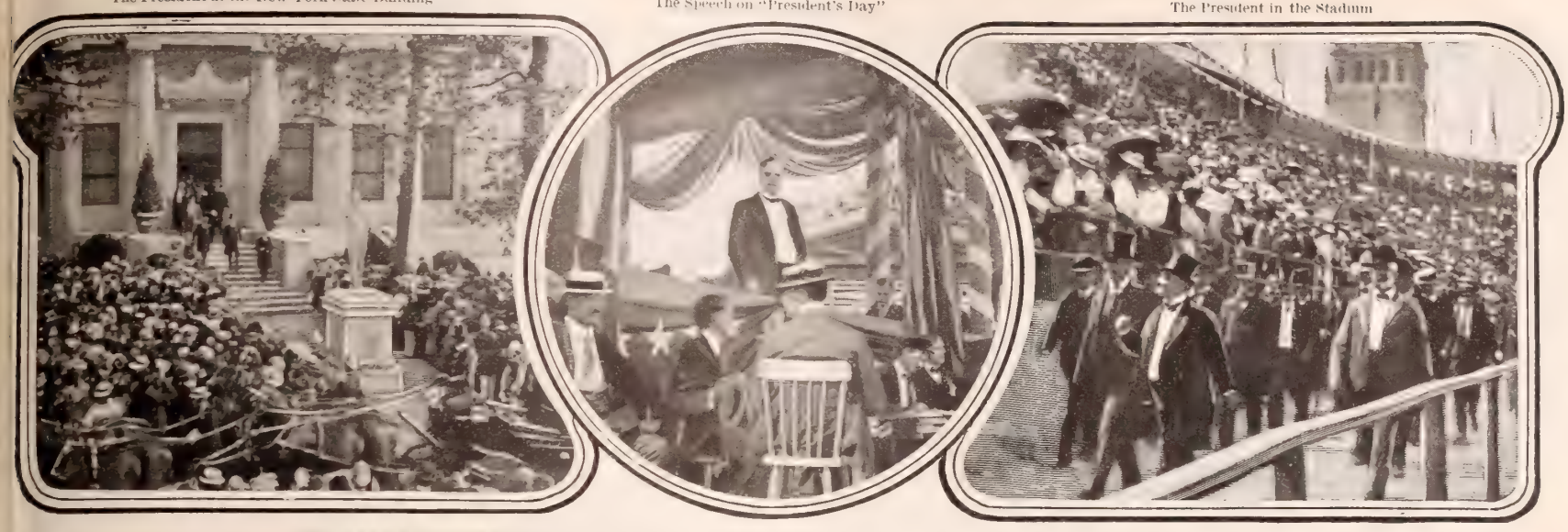
* * *

As this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, the condition of the President continues favorable, and there are strong hopes of his ultimate recovery. All the physicians concur in regarding the symptoms as most encouraging. The second bullet, which is believed to be imbedded in the muscles of the back—has not been extracted, and is now probably encysted. By special arrangement, official bulletins, signed by the President's physicians in attendance at his bedside, are telegraphed hourly to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices in the Bible House, New York, so that our readers will thus be kept in close and sympathetic touch with the wounded President, and fully informed as to the progress of the case. Monday's bulletins

The President at the New York State Building

The Speech on "President's Day"

The President in the Stadium



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, TAKEN IN BUFFALO BEFORE THE SHOOTING

Sept. 9), showed a further improvement, the pulse having fallen from 122 to 112, and the temperature from 101 to 168; respiration, 28. All the physicians were gratified. Several of the President's relatives had arrived and were with him in the Milburn house, where an air of cheerfulness had displaced the former gloom. Tuesday's bulletins were even more favorable. At 7 A.M. the physicians announced that the patient had passed the most comfortable night since the attempt on his life: pulse 118, temperature 100.4, respiration 28. It was unofficially announced that the doctors, after consultation, had told the President that he would get well, the danger point having been safely passed, but that he must remain quiet. Mr. McKinley, whose confidence in his ultimate recovery has been unshaken, replied, with a smile, that he had all along believed it. "President McKinley will be at his desk within the next six weeks," was the statement by Dr. McBurney on Tuesday morning, after seeing the invalid. Mrs. McKinley, who has been very brave throughout, when she heard the good news, said: "We trust in God, and believe my husband is going to recover speedily." Vice-President Roosevelt, Senator Hanna, and some of the President's relatives, were preparing to go home, feeling that the crisis was over. The chances of complication were steadily diminishing and all promised well. The Cabinet members were also preparing to return to Washington.

That no untoward complication may arise, and that the President may be speedily restored to health and strength, and spared to this nation and his family, for many years to come, is the fervent and universal prayer.

PLATFORM OF THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

◇ Shows the point where the President stood when shot by Czolgosz

By permission N. Y. *Journal*

LEON C. CZOLGOSZ

Who attempted to assassinate President McKinley
The name is pronounced "Sholgotch"

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THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL

Where the President was taken immediately after the shooting, and where the operation was performed

THE GREAT METHODIST COUNCIL

Representatives of Methodism from all Lands Assembled in Conference in London

ONCE in ten years there is a general gathering of delegates from the Methodist churches in council. This is the third of the decennial periods in which the custom has been observed. In 1881 the meeting was held in London; in 1891 in Whington, D. C.; this year in London again, and it is expected that in 1911 it will be held in Australia. Alt hut five hundred delegates are now in the English capital, three hundred of whom come from America. Among the branches of the great Methodist family represented in the council are: Methodist Episcopal; African Methodist Episcopal; Canadian Methodist; Wesleyan Methodists; New Connexion Methodists; Primitive Methodists; United Methodist Free Church, and Irish Methodists. The Conference has no legislative functions, but is convened for consultation and mutual edification. The resolutions, which may be passed, will, however, be received by the churches with the respect due to the high character and wide experience of the distinguished men who compose the great assembly.

Among the subjects to be discussed by the Conference are: "The Present Position of Methodism," "The Influence of Methodism in the Promotion of International Peace," "Biblical Criticism and the Christian Faith," "Principles of Protestanism vs. Sacerdotalism," "Methodism and Education," "Christianity and Modern Unbelief," "Modern Indifferentism," "Methodist Literature and Journalism," and "Practical Methods of Dealing with the Liquor Traffic." A public meeting will be held at which "The Moral Unity of the English-Speaking Peoples" will be the subject discussed.

The Conference is being held in the famous City Road Chapel, built by John Wesley in 1760, and sometimes called "The Cathedral of Methodism." Wesley is buried in the graveyard at the rear. The portraits below are of conspicuous delegates from America.

BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD — REV. JOHN POTTS, D.D — BISHOP J. C. HARTZELL — BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT — BISHOP WESLEY J. GAINES — BISHOP JOHN F. HURST

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE INCREASING

TEXT—Hebrew 10: 25

Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together

STARTLING statements have been made in many of the pulpits and in some of the religious newspapers. It is heard over and over again that church attendance in America is in decadence. I deny the statement by presenting some hard facts. No one will dispute the fact that there are more churches in America than ever before, one denomination averaging two new churches every day of the year. The law of demand and supply is as inexorable in the kingdom of God as it is in the world. More churches supplied argues more church privileges demanded. More banks, more bankers. More factories, more manufacturers. More ships, more importers. More churches, more attendants.

In all our cities within a few years churches have been built large enough to swallow up two or three of the old time churches. I cannot understand with what kind of arithmetic and slate-pencil a man calculates when he comes to the conclusion that church attendance in America is in decadence. Take the aggregate of the number of people who enter the house of God now, and compare it with the aggregate of the people who entered the house of God twenty-five years ago, and the present attendance is four to one. The facts are most exhilarating instead of being depressing. That man who presents the opposite statistics must have been most unfortunate in his church acquaintance.

You are not to argue adversely because here and there a church is depleted. Churches have their day. Sometimes merchandise will entirely occupy a neighborhood and crowd out the churches and families ordinarily attendant upon them. Sometimes a church perishes through internecine strife. But there are no facts to overthrow the statement that I have made in regard to the increasing attendance upon the house of God. Now I am ready to admit, as every intelligent man will admit, that there are churches which have been depleted, and it is high time that a sermon be preached for the benefit of young men who are just entering the Gospel ministry, and for the warning of prosperous churches as to what are the causes of decline in any case. If merchandise crowd out a church, that cannot be helped, but under all other circumstances decadence in church attendance is the fault either of the church or of the pastor.

Avoid Obsolete Methods

Churches are often cleared of their audiences by the attempt to transplant the modes of the past into the present. The modes and methods of fifty years ago are no more appropriate for to-day than the modes and methods of to-day will be appropriate for fifty years hence. Dr. Kirk, Dr. McElroy, Dr. Mason, Dr. De Witt, Dr. Vermilyea, and hundreds of other men just as good as they were, never lacked audiences, because they were abreast of the time in which they lived. People will not be interested in what we say unless we understand the spirit of the day in which we live. All the woe-begonish statistics are given by those who are trying in our time to work with the worn-out machinery of the past times. Such men might just as well throw the furnaces out of our church basements and substitute the foot-stoves which our grandmothers used to carry with them to meeting, and throw out our organs and our cornets and take the old-fashioned tuning-fork, striking it on the knee and then lifting it to the ear to catch the pitch of the hymn, and might as well throw out our modern platforms and modern pulpits and substitute the wine-glass pulpit up which the minister used to climb to the dizzy height of Mont Blanc solitariness, and then go in out of sight and shut the door after him. When you can get the great masses of the people to take passage from Albany to Buffalo in stage-coach or canal-boat, in preference to the lightning express train which does it in four hours, then you can get the great masses of the people to go to a church half a century behind the time.

The trouble begins away back in the theological seminaries. It is a shame that larger provision is not made for ministers of religion, for the sick and the aged and the infirm who have worn themselves out in the service of God. We have naval asylums and soldiers' asylums for men who fought on land and sea for our country, when these men have become aged or crippled, and it is a shame that larger provision is not made for the good soldiers of Jesus Christ who have worn themselves out in battling for the Lord. But lack of provision in that respect makes a tendency to turn our theological seminaries into a hospital for sick and aged and infirm ministers. When a man begins to go down they give him the title of D.D. by way of resuscitation. If that fails, then the tendency is to elect him to a professorate in some theological seminary. There are grand exceptions to the rule; but it is often the case that the professorate in a theological seminary is occupied by some minister of the Gospel who, not being able to preach himself, is set to teach others how to preach. In more cases than one the poorest speaker in the faculty is the professor of elocution. We want more wide-awake, more able-bodied, able-minded men, more enthusiastic men in our theological seminaries and in the professorates—men like Addison Alexander, who could, during the week, teach young men the theory of preaching, and then, on Sunday, go into the pulpit, and with the thunder and lightning of Christian eloquence show them how. What would you think of a faculty of unsuccessful merchants, to train young merchants, or a faculty of unsuccessful lawyers to train young lawyers? It is often the case that theological seminaries cut a man, and clip him, and square him, and mould him, and bore him, and twist him, until all the individual is gone out of him and he is only a poor copy of a man who was elected to a professorate because he could not preach. We want less dead wood in the theological seminaries, and more flaming evangels. I declare that a man who cannot preach himself cannot teach others how to preach.

Applied Christianity

At a meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, a clergyman accustomed on the Sabbath to preach to an audience of two or three hundred people, in an audience room that could hold fifteen hundred, was appointed to preach a sermon on how to reach the masses! I am told the incongruity was too much for the risibilities of many of the clergy in the audience. Now a young man coming out from such bedwarfing influences, how can he enter into the wants and the woes and the sympathies of people who want, on the Lord's Day, a practical Gospel that will help them all the week and help them forever?

Young ministers are told they must preach Christ and him crucified. Yes, but not as an abstraction. Many a minister has preached Christ and him crucified in such a way that he preached an audience of five hundred down to two hundred, and from two hundred to one hundred, and from one hundred to fifty, and from fifty to twenty, and on down until there was but little left save the sexton, who was paid to stay until the service was over and lock up! There is a great deal of cant about Christ and him crucified. It is not Christ and him crucified as an abstraction, but as an omnipotent sympathy applied to all the wants and woes of our immortal nature—a Christ who will help us in every domestic, social, financial, political, national struggle—a Christ for the parlor, a Christ for the nursery, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the barn, a Christ for the street, a Christ for the store, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the factory, a Christ for the Congressional assembly, a Christ for the court-room, a Christ for every trial and every emergency and every perturbation.

Poor Ministerial Timber

It is often the case that the difficulty begins clear back in the home circle, with misapprehension as to which child ought to be consecrated to the ministry. John is a keen, bright boy. He is good at a bargain. When he trades at school he always gets the best of it. Make him a merchant. He will soon gather a fortune and go right up to take his place among the commercial princes. George has great cerebral development. Phrenologically, language is large. Make him a lawyer. He will argue his way to the front, and he will take his place among the Mansfields and the Storys. Henry has large girth at the chest, and is military in his step and bearing. Send him to West Point. We shall see him yet a brigadier-general. William is fond of sketching, especially of sketching ships, and he knows as much about a vessel as an old sailor. Make him a shipbuilder. The vessel that he builds will successfully wrestle with the Caribbean whirlwind. Aleck is not very well. He has never had very good digestion. Since that last malarial attack his spleen is enlarged. He has a morbid way of looking at things. He will sit for hours looking at one figure in the carpet. His manners are so mild, so soft, so gentle, so affectionate, so heavenly, and he cries easily. Make him a minister. Now, my friends, that is a great mistake. If you want to consecrate one of your sons to the Gospel ministry, take the one widest awake, the brawniest, the most brilliant, the most irresistible, the most potent. A tremendous work opens before a profession whose one object is to lift the nations toward God, and prepare them for heaven.

Ah! my friends, churches will be largely attended just in proportion as we ministers can meet their wants, meet their sufferings, meet their bereavements, and meet their sympathies. If there be a church with small help, small audience; medium help, medium audience; large help, large audience. If there be a famine in a city, and three depots of bread, and one depot has a hundred loaves, and another depot five hundred loaves, and another depot ten thousand loaves, the depot that has a hundred loaves will have applicants, the depot that has five hundred loaves will have far more applicants, the depot that has ten thousand loaves will have throngs, throngs, throngs.

Ministerial Indolence

Oh, my brethren in the Christian ministry, we must somehow get our shoulder under the burden of the people on the Lord's Day, and give them a good stout lift, and we can do it. We have it all our own way. It is a great pity if, with the floor clear and no interruption, we cannot during the course of an hour get our hearts, or our prayer, or our sermon under such momentum that we can, by the help of God lift the people, body, mind and soul, clear out of their sins, temptations and trouble.

I think that ministerial laziness often empties the church of auditors. Hearers, who are intelligent through reading newspapers and by active association in business circles, will not on the Sabbath sit and listen to platitudes. Hearers will not come to sermons which have in them no important facts, no information, no stirring power, no adaptation, no fire. The pew will not listen to the pulpit unless, at least, on the subject that day under discussion, the pulpit knows more than the pew. Ministerial laziness has cleared out many churches. Such ministers saunter around from parlor to parlor under the name of pastoral visitation, and go gadding about through the village or the city on errands of complete nothingness, and wrap their brains around a cigar and smoke them up, and then on Saturday afternoon put a few crude thoughts together, and on Sunday morning wonder that the theme of Christ and him crucified does not bring a large audience, and on Monday sit down and write jeremiads for the religious newspapers about the decadence of church attendance.

People will not go to church merely as a matter of duty. There will not next Sabbath be a thousand people in any city who will get up in the morning and say: 'The Bible says I must go to church; it is my duty to go to church, therefore, I will go to church." The great multitude of people who go to church, go to church because they like it, and the multitude of people who stay away from church, stay away because they do not like it. I am not speaking about the way the world ought to be, I am speaking about the way the world is. Taking things as they are, we must make the centripetal force of the church mightier than the centrifugal. We must make our churches magnets to draw the people thereunto, so that a man will feel uneasy if he does not go to church, saying: "I wish I had gone this morning. I wonder if I can't dress yet and get there in time. It is eleven o'clock; now they are singing. It is half-past eleven; now they are preaching. I wonder when the folks will be home to tell us what was said, what has been going on." When the impressions are confirmed that our churches, by architecture, by music, by sociality, and by sermon, shall be made the most attractive places on earth, then we will want twice as many churches as we have now, twice as large, and then they will not half accommodate the people.

More Energy Needed

I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, we must put on more force, more energy, and into our religious services more vivacity, if we want the people to come. You look into a church court of any denomination of Christians. First, you will find the men of large common-sense and earnest look. The education of their minds, the piety of their hearts, the holiness of their lives qualify them for their work. Then you will find in every church court of every denomination a group of men who utterly amaze you with the fact that such semi-imbecility can get any pulpits to preach in. Those are the men who give forlorn statistics about church decadence. Frogs never croak in running water; always in stagnant. But I say to all Christian workers, to all Sunday School teachers, to all evangelists, to all ministers of the Gospel, if we want our Sunday Schools and our prayer-meetings and our churches to gather the people, we must freshen up. The simple fact is, the people are tired of the humdrum of religionists. Religious humdrum is the worst of all humdrum. You say over and over again, "Come to Jesus," until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell them a story which will make them come to Jesus in five minutes? You say that the Sunday School teachers and all evangelists and

(Continued on next page)

A HUDSON VALLEY GOSPEL LIGHTHOUSE

THE "BROADWAY GOSPEL LIGHTHOUSE," OSSINING, N. Y.

GEN. E. A. MCALPIN SUPT. THOS. F. GRAHAM

SEVERAL years ago, Gen. A. E. McAlpin, a New York business man of large interests, built for himself and family a neat cottage, overlooking the Hudson, in Ossining village. The village contains several foundries and other manufacturing industries, but many of the toilers at these places, with their families, did not avail themselves of the means of grace. It was seen to be an excellent field for a Gospel mission work. General McAlpin and family became greatly interested in the evangelistic work of Mr. H. G. Fithians and wife in that neighborhood. As the work grew and a new building became necessary General McAlpin ordered, at his own expense, the erection of commodious quarters where it could be carried on. He fitted the new building up from cellar to attic with accommodations for daily meetings and a Sunday School, the upper part being used by the missionary and his family as a dwelling. The mission was erected on Broadway not far from the General's home, and is known as "the Gospel Lighthouse." For a number of years Gospel meetings have been held there nightly, and there is a Sunday School with a regular attendance of several hundred children.

Not only in Ossining village itself, but in many other parts of Westchester county, the influence of this mission has been felt, and many have been led to pure and sober and upright lives.

About three years ago, Mr. Thomas F. Graham, the present missionary, took charge of the work. He is a consecrated, zealous and untiring laborer in the Master's service, and is greatly beloved by the people. Gen. McAlpin and his family continue to be the mainstay of the mission, and maintain the same generous interest in the work that they have shown from the beginning. Out of their own pockets, they pay the salary of the missionary and all other expenses in connection with the Broadway Lighthouse. They also carry on at their own expense an Old Ladies' Home and a Nursery for Sick Children—two beautiful charities. In many other ways, and especially in private charities and kind deeds, they have done much for the poor, the sick and the unfortunate among the villagers.

Last June, a Gospel Tent was erected in the village under the auspices of the mission, and the message of salvation was delivered nightly to hundreds of eager listeners, and many were brought to the Cross.

J. J. MUNRO.

Could Not Sell His Hopes of Heaven

A foolish young man, boasting of his infidelity, said: "I will sell to anyone all my interest in Christ for five dollars." An old man in the crowd produced five dollars, and a paper on which was written these words, "I hereby, now and forever, sell all my interest in the divine mercy of Jesus Christ, and any hope which I may have of heaven."

"Write your name here," said the old man, "and the money is yours."

The young man took the pen and held it for a few moments over the paper; hesitated, and, turning away, said: "I was mistaken. I cannot afford to do it," he added, emphatically.

The thought uppermost in his mind at that time was, no doubt, the question, "What will become of the soul?" He could not afford to imperil it by a foolish boast.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE INCREASING: Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

miners must bring their illustrations from the Bible. Christ did not when he preached. The most of the Bible was written before Christ's time, but where did he get his illustrations? He drew them from the lilies, from the ravens, from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrites, from gnats, from moths, from large gates and small gates, from a camel, from the needle's eye, from yeast in the dough of bread, from mustard seed, from a fishing-net, from debtors and editors. That is the reason multitudes followed Christ. His illustrations were so easy and so understandable. Therefore, my brother Christian worker, if you find two illustrations for a religious subject, and one is a Bible illustration and the other is outside the Bible, I will take the latter because I want to be like my Master. Looking across to a hill, Christ saw the city of Jerusalem. Talking to the people about the conspicuity of Christian example he said, "The world is looking at you; be careful. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." While he was speaking of the divine care of God's children a bird flew past. He said, "Behold the ravens." Then looking down into the valley, covered at that season with flowers, he said, "Consider the lilies." O, my brother Christian workers, what is the use of our going away off in some obscure part of history, or on the other side the earth, to get an illustration, when the earth and the heavens are full of illustrations?

Modern Illustrations

Why should we go away off to get an illustration of the various suffering of Jesus Christ, when at Bloomfield, New Jersey, two little children were walking on the railroad-track, and a train was coming; but they were on a ridge of trestle-work, and the little girl took her brother and let him down through the trestle-work as gently as she could toward the water, very carefully and lovingly and cautiously, so that he might not be hurt in the fall, and might be picked up by those who were standing near by. While doing that, the train struck her, and hardly enough of her body was left to gather into a funeral casket. What was that? Vicarious suffering. Like Christ. Pang for others. Woe for others. Suffering for others. Death for others. What is the use of our going away off to find an illustration in past ages, when in Michigan, a mail-carrier on horseback, riding on, pursued by those flames which had swept over a hundred miles, saw an old man by the roadside, dismounted, helped the old man on the horse, saying, "Now whip up and get away." The old man got away, but the mail-carrier perished. Just like Christ dismounting from the glories of heaven to put us on the way of deliverance, then falling back into the flames of sacrifice for others. Pang for others. Woe for others. Death for others. Vicarious suffering. What is the use of our going away off in ancient history to find an illustration of the fact that it is dangerous to defy God, when in the Adirondacks I saw a flash of lightning and bolt so vivid, I said, "That struck something very near." A few hours afterward we found that two farmers that Monday morning had been seated under a tree, the one boasting how that the day before, on the Lord's Day, he had got his hay in, and so cheated the Lord out of that part of the time anyhow, and both of them laughing over the achievement by which they had wronged the Lord of his holy day, when the lightning struck one dead instantly, and the other had been two weeks in bed when we left the Adirondacks, and has become an invalid, I suppose, for life. He did not make as much out of the Lord as he thought he did. Was it any less an illustration for my soul because I met the clergyman on his way home from the funeral, and he told me of the facts, and said the body of the man who had been destroyed was black with the electricity?

Present-Day Examples

O Christian workers, we have got to freshen up. What is the use of our going back in the Christian classics to find an illustration of the victorious Christian death-bed, when my personal friend, Alfred Cookman, a few years ago went away in as imperial grandeur as did Edward Payson. Is it any less an illustration to me and to you because I met him a few weeks before, in front of Trinity Church, Broadway, and I said, "Cookman, you look as if you were working too hard." Where in all the classics is there such a story as that of Cookman, when in his last moment he cried, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb"?

What is the use of going away off to get an illustration, when in a house on Third avenue, Brooklyn, I saw a woman dying, and she said, "Mr. Talmage, heaven used to be to me a great way off, but it now is just at the foot of the bed?" What is the use of your going away off to get illustrations of a victorious death-bed, when all Wales was filled with the story of the dying experience of Frances Ridley Havergal? She got her feet wet standing on the ground preaching temperance and the Gospel to a group of boys and men, went home with a chill, and congestion set in, and they told her she was very dangerously sick. "I thought so," she said, "but it is really too good to be true that I am going. Doctor, do you really think I am going?" "Yes." "To-day?" "Probably." She said, "Beautiful, splendid, to be so near the gate of heaven." Then after a spasm of pain she nestled down in the pillows and said, "There, now, it is all over—blessed rest." Then she tried to sing, and she struck one glad note, high note of praise to Christ, but could sing only one word, "He," and then all was still. She finished it in heaven.

O fellow Christian workers, what is the use of our being stale and obsolete and ancient when all around us are these evidences of God's grace, God's deliverance, God's mercy, and God's wisdom? We have got to freshen up in our sermons, freshen up in our songs, freshen up in our zeal, freshen up in our consecration; and if we do it, my brethren and sisters, we will no more have to coax people to come to church than if you throw corn on the ground you have to coax pigeons to come and eat it; no more than you would have to coax a tired horse to eat the oats you throw in his manger. Yes, we must freshen up in our Sunday Schools, and in our prayer-meetings, and in our pulpits.

It is high time that the Church of God stopped writing apologies for the Church. Let the men who are on the outside, who despise religion, write the apologies. If any people do not want the Church they need not have it. It is a free country. If any man does not want the Gospel he need not have it. It is a free country. But you go out, O people of God, and give the Gospel to the millions of America who do want it. It is high time we stop skirmishing and bring on a general engagement. I want to live to see the Armageddon, all the armies of heaven and hell in battle array, for I know our Conqueror on the white horse will gain the day. Let the Church of God be devoted to nothing else, but go right on to this conquest.

Winged Influences

When Moses with his army was trying to conquer the Ethiopians, profane history says, it was expected that he would go in a roundabout way and come by the banks of the river as other armies had done, because the straight route was infested with snakes, and no army and no man had dared to go across this serpent-infested region. But Moses surprised them. He sent his men out to gather up ibises. The ibis is a bird celebrated for serpent-slaying, and these ibises were gathered into crates and into baskets, and they were carried at the head of the army of Moses, and coming up to the serpent-infested region the crates were opened and the ibises flew forth, and the way was cleared, and the army of Moses marched right on and came so unexpectedly on the Ethiopians that they flew in wild dismay. O Church of God, you are not to march in a roundabout way, but to go straight forward, depending upon winged influences to clear the way. Hosts of the living God, march on, march on! Church attendance, large now, is going to be larger yet. The sky is brightening in every direction. I am glad for the boy and girl five years old: I think they may see the millennium. The wheel of Christian progress has never made one revolution backward. The world moves, the kingdom advances. All nations will yet salute the standards of Prince Immanuel. To him be glory in the Church, throughout all ages. Amen!

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ... $1.50

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Attempted Assassination

AT this present writing the life of our Chief Magistrate is trembling in the balance, and no one but the Lord Almighty knows what will be the result. The most consecrated Christian man who ever sat in the Presidential chair is prostrated by the two bullets of an assassin.

Why should any one want to kill our beloved President? He had nothing but that which he had earned with his own brain and hand. He had fought his own way up from country home to Congressional hall, from Congressional hall to Gubernatorial chair, from Gubernatorial chair to the Presidency. Why should any one try to slay him? He was not a despot who had been treading upon the rights of the people.

There was nothing of the Nero or Robespierre in his nature. He had wronged no man. He was free and happy himself and wanted all the world happy and free. An invalid wife leaned upon his arm and needed his comfort for many years to come. If any one must shoot him, why shoot him then, when he was off for a few days of recreation which he had so dearly earned. How any man could take steady aim at such a good, kind, sympathetic heart, and draw the trigger and see him fall, is inexplicable. But the deed is done. There is a black shadow on every hearthstone in America. It seems as if there were one dead in every house. Again and again, we have prayed, "Father! If it be possible let this cup pass from us." God will hear and answer our prayer if not in one way then in another.

But what an outburst of sympathy glorious and sublime has been called forth by this tragedy. You tell me this is a selfish world, and that it is every man for himself, and that there is no more kindness left. You mistake. At this time throne and cottage, king and schoolboy, parlor and kitchen, Trans-Atlantic and Cis-Atlantic, Trans-Pacific and Cis-Pacific, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, Jew and Gentile, Eastern Hemisphere and Western Hemisphere have by voice, by pen, by telephone, by telegram, by day, by night poured forth sympathy for our President, his family and the nation. What a man he was, and is! He never did anything more beautifully characteristic than when in his first utterance after he was shot he prayed for his assailant, saying, "May God forgive him!"

God save the President! God save the nation! It is appropriate to make the quotation which James A. Garfield made in an address on Wall street the day after Abraham Lincoln was assassinated: "The Lord reigneth. Clouds and darkness are around about his throne, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation thereof."

There will come good out of this horror, if the Congress of the United States at its second session, will pass a law that will make imprisonment for life the punishment of all Anarchists. The rulers of the earth ought not any longer to be targets for maniac's pistol. These mad dogs must be shut up in a kennel.

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The following message was telegraphed to President McKinley by the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD on Friday:

LONG BRANCH, Sept. 6.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

The nation is in prayer for your recovery. You will be nearer and dearer to the people than ever before after you have passed this crisis. Mrs. Talmage joins me in sympathy. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

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Kindliness

WE cannot afford to be anchorites. There is no such thing as being happy unless we make others happy. I have little patience with people who are never treated well. It is because they do not treat others well. Do you know why people always treat flowers well? It is because flowers always treat us well. Why does the orange blossom kiss the breeze? Because the breeze first kisses the orange blossom. Be kind to others, and others will be kind to you. If you do not find people in your church or neighborhood social, it is because you are not social. There shall not be on our parlor door a bolt of caste. We shall not care about the style of his shoes, if we know that his feet have never walked in polluted places. We shall not care whether the coat is mixed, striped or black, but indignant only if we find out that his heart is as black as his coat. We shall not ask whether his forefather danced with Queen Elizabeth or pounded the shoe-last; whether his blood flowed down to him through the golden pipe of aristocratic ancestry, or whether he got it out of the common puddle from which the most of us picked up our ancestral tablets. We always feel sorry for a man who has so little character himself that he has to go back and marshal a lot of ancestral ghosts to make up the deficiency. Every man must come to be judged by what he himself is worth. I was passing along a piece of low ground and saw two tortoises, a dark-shell and a light-shell turtle. They did not know I was there, and consequently were not interrupted in the conversation. "Get out of the way!" said light-shell tortoise. "Why?" asked dark shell. "Oh," said the light shell, "I am none of your common turtles. Do you see the color of my shell? I was not born like you in this low ground, but up yonder in that higher ditch. My father had the letters G. W. on his back, cut by the jack-knife of George Washington." Then dark tortoise lost his patience and said: "Light tortoise, you had better shut up your shell. The ditch that you were born in was a little higher than mine, but we are both the children of the mud." I threw a stone to break up this war of caste, and instantly light shell and dark shell slunk into the same puddle.

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My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons. James 2: 1.

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Catholicity

NOTHING during the past summer has more impressed us than the widening brotherhood of Christians. On a thousand platforms, in auditoriums and out-of-door meetings, all denominations have stood side by side. While once in a while there crops out something showing that the bigots are not all dead.

The simple fact is, that there are too many denominations of Christians, the difference between many of them being only imaginary or trivial. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually expended in keeping up the walls, because each sect, however small, must have its secretaries, and its church courts, and its newspaper organs, and its ecclesiastical machinery.

Unless you have investigated for yourself, you have no idea into what a multitude of fragments the church is split. The Baptists are divided into: First, regular; second, Campbellites; third, Dunkers; fourth, Free Will; fifth, Anti-Mission; sixth, Winnebrennarian; seventh, Seventh Day; eighth, Six Principle; ninth, General; tenth, Mennonites.

The Methodist Church is divided into: First, Methodist Episcopal Church North; second, Methodist Episcopal Church South; third, African Methodist Episcopal Church; fourth, Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; fifth, Colored Methodist Church; sixth, African Methodist Church; seventh, Union American Methodist Episcopal Church; eighth, Congregational Methodist; ninth, Primitive Methodists; tenth, Independent Methodists; eleventh, Free Methodists; twelfth, Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; thirteenth, Wesleyan, Methodist connection; fourteenth, Methodist Evangelical Association; fifteenth, Methodist Protestant; sixteenth, United Brethren in Christ. The Adventists are divided into: First, Second Adventists; second, Seventh Day Adventists; third, Evangelical Adventists; fourth, Non-Resurrection Adventists; fifth, Age-to-come Adventists. The Quakers are divided into: First, Orthodox; second, Hicksite; third, Wilbur, or Friends on Original Principles; fourth, Kingsites; fifth, Lamburnites; sixth, Progressives. The Presbyterians are divided into the Northern Presbyterians, Southern Presbyterians, Cumberland Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Reformed Presbyterians, Associate Reformed Presbyterians, and many other denominations, more in number than we have mentioned, are more or less absurdly cut up into a great ecclesiastical dish, with enough salt of real grace in each to keep it sound enough pepper of biting controversy to spice it but nevertheless hash. With some it is a question of robes; with some a question of days; with some a question about non-essentials so small that the theologian has to get out his dictionary to find them.

The mere recital of their names shows the necessity that something be done for their combination. If this world is ever taken for God, and its sins overthrown, it will be by the marching of all the hosts of God in solid column to attack. The sixteen kinds of Methodists will come under one wing, the ten kinds of Baptists must come under another wing, and the seven kinds of Presbyterians under still another wing. After all the branches of each denomination have united, the two greatest denominations nearest akin will unite, and this absorption shall go on until there shall be one great Millennial Church, divided only for convenience into geographical section, and as of old it was the "Church of Laodicea," and the "Church of Philadelphia," and the "Church of Thyatira," so it shall be the "Church of America," and the "Church of Europe," and the "Church of Asia," and the "Church of Africa," and the "Church of Australia." In that World-wide Church there will be only one article of creed—Christ first, Christ last, and Christ forever.

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As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. I. Cor. 12: 12.

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Healthy Eating

WHILE seated, about a year ago, in the dining-room of the late John Ruskin, we saw an unusual number of windows, and we bethought ourself of the importance of having plenty of light, and good cheer in the rooms where we eat. The dining-room is about the only place where the family all meet. It is not more what you have on the table than what you talk about and see. Men would live ten years longer if, instead of choking down greasy potatoes and tainted meat at the public restaurant, they would always go home and dine. It seems to me that all clerks and merchants ought to have one hour in the middle of the day for this reconstruction of the physical strength. For the lack of this, many of the men I know go at the afternoon with an awful bad feeling at the pit of their stomach. The food they eat has no time to assimilate, and the meat taken, instead of turning into material remains what it originally was, so that in his agitated digestive organs the lamb and the cow lie down together, and get up just as they have a mind to. From one to two o'clock the digestive organs are crying out. "Man alive! Give us time. What on earth do you expect us to do with these unmasticated pickles? If possible come home at noon and then take time to eat. If you carve, feel the responsibility resting on you. How can you insult your wife by throwing at her a chunk of meat, and firing off a potato at her plate, and sending the bread-basket around in such swift circuit at the table that your children, with one wild clutch, dig at it, knowing it is their last chance. There is such a thing as unhealthy eating.

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For this cause many are weak and sickly among you. I. Cor. 11: 30.

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Sankey's First Convert

The hymn commencing "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven," has a beautiful story connected with it. Mr. Sankey had sung the chorus of another hymn, "Oh, how I love Jesus!" when he said: "I have sung long enough about my poor love to Christ, and now I will sing of his love to me." With this thought in his mind, he wrote the hymn. Mr. Sankey says that a little girl, who was dying, bore beautiful testimony to the power of the hymn. "Don't you remember, one Thursday," she said, "when you were teaching us to sing 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' you told us that, if we gave our hearts to Jesus, we should feel and know his love? And I gave my heart to him." Mr. Sankey says: "What that little dying girl said helped to cheer me more than anything I had done before, for she was my first convert."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Solomon's Pools in Use

ABLE despatches from the East, published last week, report an interesting engineering work. The Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, Mohammed Djevad Pasha, has ordered that a connection be made between the city and the pools of Solomon in order to supply the citizens with water. The old aqueduct is to repaired and a pipe laid from the pools to Jerusalem. e pools are great reservoirs lying in the ravine be-en Bethlehem and Hebron, about nine miles south Jerusalem. They are three in number, and are fed living springs over which is the building referred to Canticles (4: 12) as a sealed fountain. The largest ol is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide and fifty feet deep. e pool drains into another and each is lined with ent. It is said that Solomon constructed the reser-rs to water his gardens, but the water appears ulti-tely to have been carried to Jerusalem. The aque-cts, however, are now decayed and the citizens have n compelled to rely mainly on the rainfall, which s year has proved inadequate. The Pasha, there-e has obtained the Sultan's permission to lay a pipe these old reservoirs, in which there is an abundant ply of water drained from the hills. It is significant t a work which s constructed nearly ree thousand years a, should be utilized f the benefit of the ital over which its structor reigned in ental magnificence. uld that the people ld be induced to ce their spiritual st with that water ch is offered by One ater than Solomon!

hosoever drinketh of the er that I shall give him ll never thirst; but the er that I shall give him ll be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting h (John 4: 14).

SOLOMON'S POOLS, THE ANCIENT RESERVOIRS, NOW TO BE USED AS WATER SUPPLY OF JERUSALEM

Caught by Barnacle

ome fishermen from Sten Island, N. Y., de a curious capture last week. They went o in their sloop for a d's fishing. In the rse of the day one of them found a heavy ght on his line. Taking it had caught old water-soaked log he tried to get it loose. To his astonishment, how-er, he discovered that it was a turtle that had taken the bait. One of the men came to his assistance, and, finding the character of the haul, went for the boat-hook. Even then there seemed little chance of getting the big creature on board; but at last the boat-hook caught, and the turtle was drawn in. The creature was in a fury, and fought and struggled viciously to get away, but it was finally secured with a rope and put in the cock-pit. It was found that the capture was due to the barnacles that had grown on its shell. It was under one of the barnacles that the boat-hook had caught, and it held until the creature was drawn in. There is reason to fear that men are sometimes captured and perish in a similar way. Laziness and self indulgence lead to a condition in which temptation finds it easy to get a fatal hold on even a strong man. It is only those who follow closely in the Master's footsteps who can say with him

The Prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me (John 14: 9).

A Family Wedding Party

A wedding took place in Boston, Mass., on Sept. 3, which was unique in the assistance given by relatives and college fraternities. The bridegroom, who is an Amherst graduate of 1888, the officiating clergyman, the best man, and the chief usher were brothers, and the bride, bridesmaids, and organist were Mount Holyoke graduates. The chapel was decorated in golden-rod and green, by the graduate members of Psi Omega of Mount Holyoke College, of which fraternity the bride is a member. The bride has been a teacher in the high school of Easthampton, Mass., and Rockville, Conn., since her graduation at Mount Holyoke in 1898. The bridegroom has been since 1894 pastor of St. Paul's Congregational Church of Nutley, N. J., where the newly-married couple will be at home after Oct. 1. It must have been very pleasant to the young people to have been surrounded at the ceremony which united them, by representatives of their family and educational life. It would be well if in that union with Christ, of which marriage is a type, there were always such associations, which would imply a consecration of all the relations of social life.

That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another (I. Cor. 12: 25.)

Swindling in the Gold Fields

A number of complaints have reached the authorities from persons in the neighborhood of the Klondike and in several districts of Alaska, of having been swindled by crooks. Their stories are very much alike. They were visited by one or sometimes two men in the garb of miners, who said that they were obliged to return to their homes in the East, and needed money for expenses. They offered gold dust or small nuggets at a reduction on the regular rate. The unfortunate purchasers found, when the gold was assayed, that the nuggets were base metal, thinly washed with gold, and that the dust was largely brass filings. One would have thought that the land of gold was the last place in the world where spurious gold would be sold, but it was precisely that fact which led the swindlers to operate there, where people would not be on their guard. The church of Christ has often suffered through similar deception. In those places where genuine Christians have won the respect and confidence of the public, the hypocrite finds it most easy to make dupes:

Who swear by the name of the Lord and make mention of the God of Israel, but not in truth nor in righteousness; for they call themselves of the holy city and stay themselves upon the God of Israel (Isaiah 48: 1).

Chloroforming a Mountaineer

A singular experience befell a young scientist during his summer vacation. The *Call*, of San Francisco, Calif., says that among a party who set out to climb Mount Wilson, was a learned graduate of an Eastern University. On the way up, the young man was seized with the peculiar dizziness which the rarified air of great altitudes produces on delicately organized temperaments. As the trail wound toward the summit and he saw the abyss yawning below him, he began to experience that strange phenomenon of the mind which frequently lays hold of those who stand on dizzy precipices, impelling them to fling themselves into the depths beneath. Pursued by this terrible desire, he clung with might and main to his burro, and was carried the two remaining miles into camp by the sure-footed beast, suffering the while all the mental torture and agonies of which an imaginative mind is capable. Once on the plateau, he resolutely refused to descend. It would, he said, be certain death. Never again would he go through such sensations as he bore in the ascent. Yet he knew he could not stay there always. The dilemma was solved at last by his consenting to be chloroformed. A doctor in the party fortunately had the materials in his pocket-case, and the young man was put under the influence of the drug and was carried on an improvised litter down the two miles of the trail which he most dreaded. Then a rest was taken while he recovered nerve sufficient to finish the journey on a burro. Evidently it was not fear of the precipices which tormented him, for he would know that he could not escape them by being chloroformed, but would rather increase the danger. It was fear of his own impulses and consciousness of his lack of self-control in the presence of danger, which influenced him. It is much to be wished that when men contemplate taking the downward moral path, they had a like fear; but they usually take the opposite attitude, having abundant confidence in their own self-control.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall (I. Cor. 10: 12).

A Remarkable Operation

The surgeons of the J. Hood Wright Memorial Hospital, in New York, performed a critical operation on a patient, a few days ago. He had fallen off a surface car, and had been brought to the hospital in a serious condition. The whole of his right side was paralyzed, he had lost the use of his vocal organs, and was in a comatose state. After being in the hospital ten days, without improvement, the surgeons had a consultation at which they decided that the only way to save the patient's life was to remove a portion of his skull and take away a clot of blood, which, as they believed, was pressing on his brain. There were no marks on the patient's head indicating injury, but when the piece of skull was lifted, the clot was found under it, in the exact spot expected by the surgeons. When it was removed and the patient recovered from the effects of the ether, he was able to talk and had the free use of his paralyzed limbs. He was so much better the next day that his complete restoration is now confidently expected. In times past, or in less skilful hands, the treatment would probably have been applied to the limbs which were affected, not to the head, which did not show signs of injury. The result, however, shows that the surgeons were right in dealing with the cause, the existence of which they inferred from its effects. The same method applies to spiritual maladies. Mere reformation of conduct does not save, unless the heart from which sin proceeds, is renewed by God's grace.

For from within, out of the heart of man, proceed evil thoughts. (Mark 7: 21).

BRIEF NOTES

Announcement is made of the death of Dr. William H. De Puy, formerly associate editor of the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, and the author of well-known text-books. Dr. De Puy was eighty years of age and had been nearly sixty years in the ministry.

A press despatch from New Haven, Conn., announces that the Church Army headquarters that has been in existence in that city for five years, being mainly supported by leading members of the Episcopal Church, is to be abandoned in a few days and will go out of existence altogether. The officer in charge said that the place was to be closed because aid was lacking.

A distressing cable message comes from Constantinople. It briefly states that brigands have captured Miss Ellen M. Stone, one of the missionaries of the American Board, in the district of Djumabala, in the Vilayet of Salonica. It is probable that they are holding her for ransom Our Government has been notified and every effort will be made to obtain her release.

Rev. H. C. Minton, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, is quoted as saying in a recent sermon on the Revision of the Creed: "We hear talk of old-time ideas, of worn-out notions and threadbare creeds, but I tell you that the change is not in the truth, you may be sure. The system has not changed one iota if men's conception of it has. Men may misapprehend, but that does not affect the truth, it simply affects the misapprehender."

The plans accepted for the new Y. M. C. A. building at Dayton, O., call for one of the finest edifices of this class in the country. The estimated cost, including furnishing, is $350,000. It will contain an auditorium seating two thousand persons and three hundred on the stage; the assembly hall and parlors will seat three hundred at tables.

BEGINNINGS OF THE LIFE OF FAITH

Quarterly Review of International S. S. Lessons, Sept. 29

GOLDEN TEXT:—The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him. Ps 103: 17

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

A GREAT king gave to each of his subjects a pocket-book in which only one dollar could be seen at a time, the remainder being hidden until that was spent, and the amount in reserve being unknown to the receiver. But every man knew, though he often seemed to forget it in spend-thrift moments, that the amount given him could not be increased, and that what he spent would never be replaced. He was that much poorer, unless he had secured in return for the expenditure some other form of enrichment, in fair exchange. We have spent ninety-one dollars out of this pocket-book since we began this quarter's lessons, ninety one of the days God gives to each of us, of which only one is in sight at a time, and the number in reserve wholly unknown. But we do know each night that we have one day less to live, and that we are one day poorer, unless we have so expended the day as to enrich ourselves in Christian manhood and the world in useful service.

Let us review not alone the few hours of the quarter given to these lessons, not alone its "Lord's Days," but all the days and hours of this new "year of our Lord," this new Christian century. Are we making it a "year of our Lord," a "Christian century" thus far in our own "eternal life?" The eternities, the centuries, the years will take care of themselves if we take care of the days, the hours, the moments.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

We should fill all the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day.

Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death.

Even a single day would be seen to be a boundless miracle, if we would only think. We can live it but once, and should live it to the uttermost of blessings.

Oh, day, if I squander a wave'let of thee,
A mite of thy twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts above measure,
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at thy pleasure,
My day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
The shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

ROBERT BROWNING. *Pippa Passes.*

Each hour a sentence, and each year a chapter,
Such is the book of life, in sequence clear.
Earth fills a volume, heaven—ah! how many?
But all one story, written there or here.
Strive, then, O friend, the best in thee to say
For that divine review beyond to-day!

"Inasmuch as the Quarterly Review is always our hardest lesson," said the Superintendent, "and is therefore often omitted in September for the generalities of a 'Rally Day,' of which a good review should be the best part, I have asked you, teachers, to come together a whole week beforehand to compare review plans, that we may not waste review day, but expend it so as to enrich our own life of faith, and kindle that life in others. In opening the review, as Superintendent, I shall impress upon all hearts by allegory and questions above

Council of War in Teachers' Meeting

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I have been before.

"I shall then speak a word of the Bible as a whole, inasmuch, as in this quarter, we are once more beginning its study at a time when new attacks are being made upon it."

In the papers much is being said of King Alfred the Great, of England, the thousandth anniversary of whose birth is about to be celebrated, which will suggest to alert teachers in all kinds of schools to make much of the history of this favorite hero of old and young. He translated the Ten Commandments, and made them the corner-stone of British law, as Justinian and Charlemagne had made them corner-stones of all Christendom; and Alfred carried the Psalms also wherever he went, and made the Decalogue and Psalter the standards of his personal life.

How Alfred the Great Used the Bible

One of the last acts of our last Congress was to establish a "National Bureau of Standards" in connection with the Treasury Department. It is to have charge of the testing apparatus for measuring, and of comparing standards in use in commerce, manufactures and science, with those recognized by the Government. The Bible is a world bureau of standards, but we need to remember that the standard of manhood it presents is Jesus Christ, not Noah, or Abraham, or any other imperfect man. Those noble but erring patriarchs are presented to show the beginnings of the life of faith, the first victories "by Faith," the invisible conqueror whose triumphal arch is Hebrews 11, and who never met a Waterloo.

. . .

All these battles of faith belong to that divine proposal, "Let us make man." The creation of manhood is still going on, and we can all see it is only fairly begun in ourselves, and even in the best men, the Abrahams of the past,

THE OBEDIENCE OF ABRAHAM

THE FATHER OF THE FAITHFUL

MEETING OF JACOB AND ESAU

and even in the saints of the present. But our quarter's lessons show that man becomes manly in proportion as he becomes godly, that is, God-like, by receiving God into his soul. Faith is friendship. To make every man, as Abraham was, "the friend of God," and by this fellowship God-like, God-filled, is creation's yet unfinished work.

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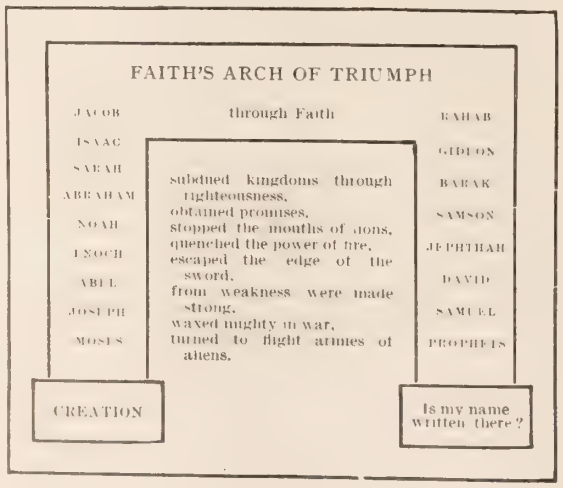
There is an Oriental legend which tells effectively how Abraham smashed the visible idols of his time, the outward worship of which men substituted for fellowship with the



invisible God. Terah, the father of Abraham, manufactured and sold idols. Having to leave home one day, he entrusted his goods to the care of Abraham. An aged man called and inquired the price of an idol. Abraham asked him how old he was. He replied, "Threescore years." "Threescore years!" exclaimed Abraham; "and yet thou wouldst worship a thing my father's slaves made in a few hours! Strange that a man of sixty should bow his gray head to a creature such as that!" The old man blushed crimson from shame and left without making a purchase. Soon afterwards there came a serious-looking female, bringing an offering to the gods. "Give it them thyself, and thou wilt see how greedily they eat it," said Abraham. She did so and departed. Abraham then took a hammer and broke in pieces all the idols except the largest, and into the hand of that one he introduced the hammer. When Terah came home he was surprised to see the damage done to his property, and angrily asked, "What profane wretch has dared to abuse the gods?" Abraham replied: "During thine absence a woman brought yonder food to the gods, and the younger ones began to eat it. The old god thereupon grew enraged at their boldness, and, seizing the hammer, smashed them." "Dost thou mock thine aged father?" said Terah. "Do I not know that they can neither eat nor move?" "And yet," answered Abraham, "why dost worship them, and would have me worship them, O father?"

"You have outlined the review as an expanded creation of man," said Dr. Brown, the Bible class teacher. "I propose to select as the one thread I can follow through the lessons, the scarlet-purple Christ thread, the beginning of the revelation of Christ, who brings God to man, and man to God, and deals with reference to the very same subject you have in view, the development of manhood. Man created with capacity to image God realizes at last the image through beholding Christ, not by imitation but by impartation. Behold in Christ the glory of the Lord we are "changed into the same image from character to character."

Will our boys be Abrahams or Esaus?

1. Colossians, Hebrews, and the Gospel of John all teach that Christ made the worlds. "Without him was not anything made that hath been made." John 1. 1-4; Heb. 1. 0.

2. At the very hour of the fall, Christ was foretold as the bruised conqueror, the seed of the woman who shall bruise the serpent's head at the cost of his own bruising.

3. Abel "by faith" beheld dimly on his altar the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

4. The ark at least illustrates the provision made in Christ for all who will to escape the deserved and certain punishment of sin. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

5. By Abraham, as also by Jacob later, "the Lord" is seen, who must therefore have been the Son, whose visits of Old Testament visits to man in human form prepared the way for his longer visit in New Testament days. Note that he showed the same blending of justice and mercy in the early visits as in the later one.

6. The sacrifice of Isaac was clearly an acted parable in which Abraham dimly "saw Christ's day" (John 8: 56), when God "spared not his own Son but freely gave him up for us."

7. Jacob beheld the visible Jehovah-Jesus, not only at the front-steps to the door of heaven at Bethel but also in the daybreak at Peniel, and found in him transformation of character.

. . .

"In my class of young men," said Miss Franks, "I shall seek to arouse strong resolves that they will be the Abrahams of these times. Everyone is destined to be an Abraham, an Isaac, a Jacob, or an Esau. Those four types almost cover the census in all countries. Human nature is very much alike in all ages. Everywhere we go we find a few heroic, progressive Abrahams, who smash idols, and start new movements, and 'hitch their wagon to a star.' They look beyond what is seen into the unseen world and count it the most real and important. They believe God made them to bless and brighten the world, and imperfectly they seek to do it. We cannot all be as great as Abraham, but we can all be as good for our times as he was for his. When we read his faults, let us remember that he dared to be better than the people he lived with. Do we? Some gentle, retiring spirits it may not be worth while to urge on to be Abrahams. They can bless the world as gentlemen of the sort that Isaac was. To such may be offered an ideal Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *Pathway of Peace*

"To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and ever of Christ—these are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace."

FRONT VIEW OF THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE AT LUCKNOW, INDIA, FOUNDED BY MISS THOBURN

ISABELLA THOBURN'S WORK

GAVE HER LIFE FOR INDIA

INDIA'S FIRST WOMAN'S COLLEGE

THE cablegram received at the M. E. Mission Rooms, 150 Fifth avenue, New York, Sept. 3, announcing the death in Lucknow, India, of Miss Isabella Thoburn, the noted missionary, caused wide and profound regret. Miss Thoburn was a pioneer in the Master's work in India, where she has labored for over thirty years. Her name is a household word in many a zenana there as at thousands of hearthstones here. The Girls' High School at Lucknow and the beautiful Woman's College in that city are monuments to her genius and devotion. Her college is the first woman's college in India. Its influence is widespread, and its benefits are undenominational.

It was on Nov. 3, 1869, that Miss Thoburn sailed for India, the first woman chosen to be sent out by the newly organized Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. From that day to the hour of her death, her talents and energies were freely and faithfully spent in striving to bring India to Christ. During her long service, which measured the life of the W. F. M. S., she had but three vacations: the first was in 1880; the second in 1886, shortened by engaging in the Deaconess movement, then in its infancy. Her recent visit to this country was for the purpose of raising the endowment fund for the Woman's College; and it was also to serve as delegate to the Ecumenical Council, of which she was one of the most interesting personalities. With her was Miss Lilivati Singh, B.A., a brilliant young Hindu graduate of Calcutta University, for which she had been prepared by Miss Thoburn; she is at present a teacher in the Woman's College. This last visit of the missionary to her native land was so full of activity that it can hardly be described as a vacation.

Miss Thoburn was born March 29, 1840, near St. Clairsville, O. Of Scotch ancestry, she possessed many of the characteristics of that sturdy and noble race. Her childhood was surrounded with religious influences, and before it was a popular thing for a girl to be given academic training, she early decided that this was her rightful inheritance, and attended the Female College at Wheeling, Va., where she was graduated. She afterwards spent a year in the School of Design in Cincinnati. While engaged in teaching she was meditating her work in life, and wrote to the Secretary of the General Missionary Society for a place in the foreign field, to be told there was nothing a single woman could do. She then applied to the Union Missionary Society and was in correspondence with Mrs. Doremus, President of that pioneer organization, which is the "mother of all the women's missionary societies," when the M. E. Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was formed; and the young Methodist was sent out by that body on "large faith, with no money, and in fact with no (visible) treasury." With her went Dr. Clara A. Swain, the second missionary chosen by the W. F. M. S., and the first medical woman missionary ever sent abroad), who established at Dareilly the first Woman's Hospital of the Orient, on property generously given by a young Mohammedan prince, who appreciated the need of his countrymen for such an institution.

Mrs. Daggett's *Historical Sketches of Woman's Missionary Societies*, published in 1883, in giving the story of the M. E. W. F. M. S., says: "Fourteen years have passed, and Isabella Thoburn, in Lucknow, is still the strength and crown of our missionary force." This was true of her to the last. She died of cholera, and in more ways than one it may be said of her, she gave her life for India.

THE LATE MISS ISABELLA THOBURN

It was in April, 1870, that Miss Thoburn opened in a little room, in a bazar in Lucknow, her school for Christian girls. She had eight pupils. Quickly the work enlarged, including middle-aged women and little children, and taking on both kindergarten and academic features, and developing as it did so, into a boarding school, where native girls could find the protection and advantages of a Christian home-life while availing themselves of educational opportunities. Its influence radiated further than Lucknow, and in its hospitable shelter Christian visitors to India often found rest and refreshment.

The call for a collegiate department came in 1886, from a student of the High School, who wished to study medicine, and who, in order that she might thereby add to her efficiency and her standing, desired to take a university course and degree. But one school in India could give her this preparation, and that was non-Christian and with strong Brahmin sympathies. In 1887, the Woman's College was founded, with only three students. Others came: excellent work was done, and the institution affiliated with Calcutta University, under the cordial sanction of Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy; since which the University examinations and degrees have been open to students of the Woman's College. Women, who began, as little girls, their education under Miss Thoburn, are now teachers, pastors' wives, zenana workers and Bible readers; many others, as Christian wives and mothers, are bringing Mohammedan and Hindu homes to know the beauty of Christian living.

Miss Thoburn organized and put in operation various schools besides the one which grew into the Woman's College. She was, particularly during earlier years in India, actively engaged in zenana visitation, seeing many native women in their homes. In Sunday School work, her labors were invaluable. Indeed, the name of her who has just died is worthy to stand beside that of her distinguished brother, Rev. J. M. Thoburn, Bishop of India, whose helper she was in every way. They counseled together, and she was as the Bishop's right hand. As readers of this paper know, Bishop Thoburn was Chairman of the Interdenominational Missionary Relief Committee during the famine of 1897-99, and administered in that capacity the funds received from this country. In this work of feeding the starving people of India, Miss Thoburn was deeply interested.

Now that she has passed away, her educational work will doubtless be taken up as a doubly sacred trust by those on whom her mantle falls. The future of India's first Woman's College should be secured. A woman who has done so much in such noble causes deserves a lasting monument. What more fitting tribute could be paid to her memory, than the raising for the Woman's College of the full endowment for which she labored so earnestly. What she hath done in the name of the Master is sure to live after her in the hearts of the women and children of India: and "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" may be truly said of her who so lately joined the hosts of the Lord's servants in that far country, which is the Christian's true home.

Shansi Famine Cloud Lifting

. . . But Great Suffering Still Reported in Shensi

AFTER weeks of waiting, the letters from Shansi, the heart of the Chinese famine district, have come to hand, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now enabled to lay before its readers the first detailed reports that have been received from the famine field. These letters were mentioned in a recent cablegram from Chairman Arthur Smith, of the Famine Relief Committee. In forwarding the reports from Shansi, Chairman Smith now writes from Chefoo, under date August 5, as follows:

I enclose herewith the latest word which has just come to me from Shansi, which will tell you all I know about what is doing in the actual work of relief. The funeral of thirty-four Protestant martyrs was held in considerable state July 18th, at different points, one pavilion being in the yamen of the Prefect, and another outside that of the Governor of the province, within which these were all killed last year. There was a long procession, which took an hour and a half to get to the newly-made cemetery, two miles outside the city on the hills, where the main services were held, and where an address, specially written by the Governor himself, was read by an official appointed for this purpose. There was an escort of a hundred Chinese foot-soldiers, thirty cavalry, and numerous civil officials, and everything was done in accordance with the prearranged programme. Externally, Shansi is quiet, but it is by no means certain, or, as some think, even probable, that the seeds which brought forth such a harvest of ruin a year ago, will not yet have a new vitality under changed conditions.

I have just received a telegram from Shansi, which was seven days on the way (dated the 17th, received the 24th), saying that there is no further need of famine relief there, and suggesting that any other moneys be sent to Hankow, care of Rev. M. B. Duncan for use, according to his opportunities, in Shensi. I at once made the necessary arrangements with the bank here, and sent Tls. 13,000,000, the most of the balance on hand. This I cabled to you, as also the intelligence that 700 a day were dying Si Ngan Fu. In case there is more money sent for Shensi, it will save trouble and expense to forward directly to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank at Hankow, for Mr. Duncan's use. Within a few days I have word of famine in the southern part of this province, but we have forwarded the most of the funds to the west. Tls.2,000 of the amount set apart for Chihli, but uncalled for, was sent by Mr. Allen to Shansi, with the Tls.15,000 of which I send you word. I am just leaving for Cheefoo on account of ill-health. ARTHUR H. SMITH.

The accompanying letter from Dr. I. J. Atwood explains itself. I will forward anything which reaches me. Yet, since the distributors are all busy men with multitudinous cares, you will understand that their reports cannot be like those of a numerous and well-equipped committee. The good already done, according to Dr. Atwood's report, is very encouraging. I am trying to find out by what means another Tls.10,000 can be forwarded perhaps by native drafts through Hankow. ARTHUR H. SMITH.

The letters from Shansi are given below:

TAI YUEN FU, SHANSI, July 12, 1901.

MY DEAR DR. SMITH: Shen Taotai has just called to bring me your telegram announcing the second gift of 20,000 gold dollars from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD subscription fund. He also brings a message from the Governor to "thank the Christian people of America and Mr. Talmage for their generous gifts, and wishes them to know that he has ordered proclamations posted in all the places where the missionary peace commission proceeds, to show the ignorant people of Shansi the difference between their treatment of the native Christians, and the treatment of American Christians of them."

The Lord has prepared the way before us in a wonderful manner. Yesterday, reports from Shensi came in with some Christians, who report that many thousands of poor people had died of starvation. The crops about here never looked more promising since I came to Shansi. While we were delayed at Shou Yang it rained nearly all day. A helper said that they had not had such a rain for two years. The poppy and wheat flourish side by side, and the opium capsules are very rank and large. There has certainly been much suffering among the despoiled Christians and beggars. Eight hundred taels were distributed at Tai Ku and eight hundred taels at Fen Cho Fu, and chapels have been rented at both places and services held. There seems now no insuperable obstacle to the settlement of the unfortunate troubles at either place, so that the work may go on there in native hands. Although our best and trusted men are nearly gone, the Lord will raise up whom it pleases him to carry on the work they loved and labored for.

I. J. ATWOOD.

In a second letter dated Tai Yuen Fu, Shansi, July 22, Mr. Atwood writes to Chairman Smith:

I sent you a telegram last week saying that there was no further need of funds for famine relief in this province, and that the need was still reported great at Sian Fu. While there is some hard times in the south of this province, the crops are good throughout and prices have already fallen to moderation. The sum brought to Shansi has been divided into two parts, one to go south of the Ling Shih pass and the other north. I have turned over Tls.300 to the English Baptists, to account for the amount used by our Christians in Tai Ku, Fen Cho Fu and Ching Yuen. I expect to go to Tai Ku to-day. Duncan will go to Sin Cho as soon as he is well enough to leave; and on his return leave for the south and Sian Fu (in Shensi). I asked to have famine funds sent to his address at Han Kow, whence he can draw from Sian Fu. The Governor and Shen Tun Ho seem to be both energetic and sagacious officials, and are succeeding well so far in settling up affairs in the province very satisfactorily.

I. J. ATWOOD.

FRANCIS H. NICHOLS

MR. FRANCIS H. NICHOLS, who goes to China as the correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, having been commissioned to visit the famine field and to record his impressions and observations for the information of American readers, is a young journalist who has already seen much active service at home and abroad. During the Spanish-American War, he was in Cuba as the correspondent of the New York *World*, and he carried the declaration of war to Maximo Gomez in his camp at Juanabomito. He was an eye-witness of the famous battle of San Juan Hill. Afterwards, on the correspondents' staff of the New York *Herald*, he was on the first boat which entered Havana after the signing of the peace protocol. Mr. Nichols is now attached to the New York *Mail and Express*. In addition to newspaper work, he has been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. His letters from the field will be unusually valuable and interesting.

Mr. Edwards writes from Tai Yuen Fu, Shansi, to Mr. Arthur Smith, under date of July 22:

With regard to the famine money, we formed a local committee here, and having ascertained that the distress was more severe in the Southern part of the province, we allotted Tls.5,800 to our China Inland Mission friends to distribute, for which I enclose their receipt, as I think it will be safer in your hands than mine. We do not now hear of much real distress in this neighborhood or northwards, though only to-day one of our members has told me of a village in the mountains where the pinch is severely felt. I hope to send help there. It is in these mountain villages where there is real need, but they are difficult of access and almost impossible to relieve with our present limited staff. The Fu-stai was very pleased to hear of the help we had brought and of the other $20,000 which you had received, and has issued a very good proclamation.

Everything is outwardly quiet here, and we go about the city quite freely without escort of any kind; but all foreigners going any distance are escorted by a wei-yuen.

E. H. EDWARDS.

. . .

From Paoting Fu, Chihli, July 15, Mr. Edgar Allen Pierce writes to Dr. Lowry:

I hear here there is famine in the south of Chihli, near Honan boundary. The director of the railway says they are eating leaves there.

No letters from Sian-fu have yet been received.

While engaged in the work of famine relief, the Committee were confronted by a new calamity—the inundation of the Yangtze Valley, accompanied by widespread destruction of life and property. With the recession of the flood, the extent of this disaster became apparent. Thousands had perished, and a great multitude were homeless and helpless. So many appeals were made to the Committee that Chairman Smith sent this cablegram to Dr. Klopsch:

CHEFOO, Sept. 3.

KLOPSCH, New York.

Terrible Yangtze floods. Dr. Richard and others approve appointing Shanghai Committee of Chinese and foreigners, embracing consuls, merchants, missionaries, distribute relief. If funds not all required in Shensi, then transfer to Yangtze.

(Signed) SMITH.

A second cablegram, received several hours later, showed the urgency of the situation. It was as follows:

CHEFOO, Sept. 3.

KLOPSCH, New York:

Dr. Duncan wires one-third population dead. Shanghai forming Yangtze Relief Committee. (Signed) SMITH.

In response, Dr. Klopsch cabled to Chairman Smith, approving the action of the Committee in responding to the urgent demands of the flood survivors for help. Under the terms of its appointment, the Committee has full power to extend relief operations, and it will doubtless do so in that part of the province of Keangsu, where the flood has wrought general havoc, and, according to the report, drowned half the population along the valley of the river.

. . .

The Famine in Shensi

In a newspaper despatch from Tai Yuen Fu (forwarded by Chairman Smith), there is late news from Shensi. This apparently does not come through missionary sources. The despatch says:

Within the city there are some thirty-two kitchens constantly preparing millet gruel for the starving, yet over seven hundred are said to be dying each day. The Empress Dowager is said to be so anxious that relief be honestly administered that she has beheaded two officials who were found guilty of dishonesty. She is exceedingly popular with the people, because the presence of the Court has compelled the abolition of the restriction that grain cannot be imported from another province. Rice is therefore being bought in Honan, Hupei and Szechuan. Although the price is ten times the normal value, the supply is fairly regular. Rain has fallen, but not 20 per cent. of the land has been sown, as there are so few animals, and seed could not be bought. That means a continuation of the destitution till the spring of 1902—a very serious thing for the people in view of the winter's cold. Famine fever is also raging and claiming its victims. Wolves, as in every famine, are prowling around with fearless ferocity, and devouring both young and old. Altogether the condition of the province of Shensi can be more readily imagined than described.

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A gentleman from Evansville, Ind., whose name can be secured upon application to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., says: "My physician prohibited the use of oats and wheat, for I was in a bad condition physically, with pronounced dyspepsia. He said the heavy paste was indigestible, but that Grape-Nuts, being a thoroughly cooked food and cooked in such a manner as to change the starch into grape-sugar, could be easily digested. I have become very fond indeed of Grape-Nuts and all the uncomfortable feelings have disappeared. I have gained nearly twelve pounds in weight and none of the distressed, full feeling after my meals that I had formerly. Grape-Nuts Food has done the work."

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Account Sovereign Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.

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Three Beautiful Testimonies

Mrs. Beauchamp, Mrs. Clinton Smith, and Mrs. Sangster Tell How they Became Christians

By REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

IT is indeed a triumph of the gardener when he is able to go into the woods, and find there some rare plant or flowering shrub that is growing wild, where no one can see its beauty, and he is able to take it out by the roots and bring it to his garden, and transplant it with so much care, and bestow upon it such skilful attention, that he coaxes it to bloom again and send forth its fragrance under the new and strange conditions. There is something of the wildness of the woods from whence it was rescued about it, and as such it appeals to our imagination and awakens our interest. But viewed simply as a flower or as a plant, I am sure it never will compare with the one that has through generations of plant and flower life grown and blossomed in the garden, and never known any other conditions, save the gentle care and harmony of the gardener's skilful attention.

MRS. FRANCES E. BEAUCHAMP MRS. CLINTON SMITH

It is something like that when a man or a woman who has been drawn away into the wild revels of sin, are sought after by some earnest gardener of the Lord and brought back again and made to bloom in Christ's garden. There is about it all something which appeals to the imagination, something that touches the fountain of pathos and tears, and awakens all that is noble to thanksgiving for the rescue. But if one studies the lives of those upon whom the great burdens of the world have rested, and looks into the spiritual story of those whose influence and character have most filled the atmosphere of our time with the fragrance of their Divine Lord, you will be astonished to find how many of them have been born to their human life, and born into the kingdom of God, seemingly at the same time. They have never been on the wild mountains of folly; they have never known the tangled woods of sin; they have drawn with their very mother's love in babyhood such a knowledge of God's love, and such a tender confidence in Jesus Christ, that they have grown up into his kingdom from childhood.

I have here two beautiful letters from two of the loveliest and noblest women, whom God has given to be a benediction to modern Christianity. One of them is from Margaret E. Sangster, whose poems and heart essays have made her dear to Christian men and women wherever the English language is spoken. Mrs. Sangster seems to be owned by us all. She has the wings of Christian love and sympathy, which carry her over all the barriers which handicap poor clodhoppers who have to go on foot. It is interesting to note that this good woman who is so universally beloved, and about whom millions never think without thanksgiving, was born in the garden of the Lord. In answer to my letter, asking for her testimony, she says very graciously, "I would gladly be of assistance to you in the matter concerning which you write, but my Christian life had no special period of beginning that I can remember. As the child of a Christian home, I grew up in Christian nurture, and when fourteen years of age united with the Presbyterian Church, in which my father was an elder. Ever since I have lived day by day in trust and hope, accepting the Lord Jesus as my Master, Friend and Saviour."

. . .

My other letter, which I wish to include in the same setting, is from Mrs. Frances E. Beauchamp, of Lexington, Ky., one of the most earnest and devoted Christian women I know, and one whose self-denying devotion has inspired the hosts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in her State.

In answer to a letter similar to the one written to Mrs. Sangster, Mrs. Beauchamp says: "My parents, especially my mother and her family, were intensely religious people. I think I was born under the influence of the Spirit. I have never known what it was not to love the Lord and willingly work for the coming of his kingdom. But I have had the strongest, sweetest testimony of the Spirit, that I have been born of God, since I gave myself unreservedly to the temperance reform. Oh! how I wish that every coming mother might be made to realize that her spiritual life and condition may, indeed must, shape the life of her child for time and eternity."

. . .

The early life of Mrs. Clinton Smith, head of the W. C. T. U., District of Columbia, was spent among the green hills of Vermont. Her father was a mineralogist, a very studious man, and taught his daughter to think. She was an only child, carefully reared, and was proud of the steady integrity of her race. At the age of sixteen, feeling the responsibility of her position, she decided to become a Christian. No outside pressure was brought to bear upon her. She came to the decision judicially, from a sense of duty to God and humanity. But how to do it was another matter. She had supposed that one of her correct life and lofty principles, had but to offer herself, as it were, to be accepted; but as she examined her motives, and the Holy Spirit turned on the light, she discerned depths of pride and selfishness in her sinful heart that horrified her. In seeking to be a Christian, she discovered her need of regeneration, and began truly to repent. When the sinfulness of her heart, and the false attitude in which she had approached the Lord were made plain to her conscience, she was cast into the horrible pit of black despair, and struggled there for six long months.

All this was owing to her ignorance of spiritual things. At length when she could endure no longer her sense of peril, helplessness and unworthiness, she reached a desperate resolution. On her knees, one dreadful night, she cried to God, "I will never move from this spot till I am forgiven, though I die here." A period of frenzied supplication was followed by calm and exhaustion, and then the still small voice reached her. Then it was that the old hymn was realized in her heart, and "heaven came down her soul to greet, and glory crowned the mercy seat." The years that have come and gone have only deepened that sweet experience, the richness of which has strengthened her heart and character for her noble work of public service.

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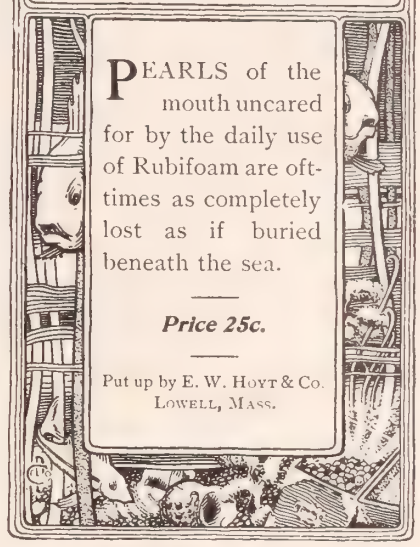

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Almost every one interested in pure food and drink is willing to have their name and letter appear in the papers, for such help as it may offer to the human race. However, a request to omit name will be respected.

Every friend of Postum is urged to write and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company, as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

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"GRANDMA BARTLETT"

PEARL CARLISLE.

BEGINNINGS

The Eras of Adam, Noah and Abraham Stages in Revelation

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

IN the small world of our own personal being, we can look back, and say, "The beginning of my life is: God created me;" and at once a consciousness of the dignity of our being dawns upon us. God created all things good in themselves; the stamp of the Maker was upon them all. Here again is matter for praise. Not only did God create me, but he put his mark upon me, and very specially, for "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them" (Gen. 1: 27). If a child is proud when a father is pleased that he resembles him, how much more can a child of God rejoice with holy awe, that God wills and purposes to make him like himself, if, and as, he accepts the conditions which he has made known in his Word. Before the earth became "without form and void," there were doubtless inhabitants of earth, on their trial, as we are now on ours. A lecturer, the other day, was attempting to overturn the authority of God's Word by declaring that history—he did not quote his author—went to show that there were men on the earth, and kings and kingdoms, more than six thousand years ago. The proof of his statements is in the very Book against which he speaks. Satan, the prince of this world, and his kingdom date back beyond the history of man. So with the beginning of sin: distrust of God, sown in the heart of Eve by the great enemy, led to disobedience. But Eve only distrusted God when she forgot herself, and the dignity of her being, by listening to a being over which she had been placed by her creation and her Creator. The true dignity of man consists in his dependence upon God. But this is not the dependence of the animal creation, which is an unconscious dependence, quite different from that conscious intercourse with, and dependence upon, God which is the life power and the privilege of his own children. No sooner had Eve listened to the tempter than the springs of her inner life failed; she was no longer in conscious intercourse with God. But with the beginning of sin on man's part, there was, in the first promise of the seed of the woman, the beginning of redemption. Blessed is the sinner who understands his ruined state, and who takes into his heart and life, with broken-hearted thanksgiving, the Saviour and the salvation which God offers freely to every undone sinner.

We have seen how sin spread until the world was infected, and became defiled under its inhabitants, and how the first disinfecting of the sin-stained world was by water; a whole generation of men, with the exception of eight, necessarily destroyed, that there might be a new beginning in the person of righteous Noah, who became the head of a new race of men. Men had now no excuse that they did not know the consequences of sin, for the parents of every child then born into the world had been saved in the ark, and had seen the judgment of God on sin. We have seen, however, how soon men lapsed again into sin worse then before, and all the horrors of Rom. 1 provoked God until he "gave them up" to the consequences of their sins. But God's witnesses were still on earth. Noah lived till within two or three years of the birth of Abraham, and Shem, Noah's eldest son, must have lived on earth during two-thirds of Abraham's life.

Had men, nevertheless, so quickly forgotten the solemn lesson of the flood? Yes, even so. Judgment cannot change a human heart, or make a fallen nature to be anything than fallen. Only the intercourse with God which Adam and Eve lost can keep men from sinning. Man cannot stand alone. Abram's life was another beginning, for God chose him as the father of many nations, and called him and his seed to be a people separated unto God from the people and nations around; making him, during his lifetime, the father of all them that believe, a much more distinguished honor in the light of eternity than to be the father of a multitude of nations. More than twelve chapters in the book of Genesis are given to his biography. This man of faith is like a guide-post to the sons and daughters of Abraham; to show the proneness of the human heart to fail in its trust in God, and the tests which men of faith may expect, but also the great secret of the faithfulness of him who changes not, and who, when he recognizes a heart which is true to him, will always carry farther on his work on such a heart, even through, as well as in spite of failure.

What son or daughter of Abraham is there who has not some Lot, some worldly believer, in the family, or some way connected? The kingly way in which the man of faith yields up his own interests instead of contending with a selfish man, is a wonderful guide-mark for us. Again, in the matter of Hagar, when Sarah demanded the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael, it was in a kingly spirit that Abraham, instead of reproaching Sarah with having been his instigator in taking Hagar, having got his orders from God, gave Sarah her rights, and trusted both Hagar, Ishmael, and his own feelings into the hands of God. How few of us have learned this lesson. How often we have been led to consider what was due to us, instead of taking counsel with God, and then acting with others according to his counsel, whatever it might involve! Only close and constant intercourse with God produces this lordly spirit, which is a power with others never to be obtained by contention or by self-assertion.

And as Abraham's life of intercourse with God made him be powerful with men, so also was he powerful with God. It was before he had seen the fulfilment of God's promise to him that he should have a son, that he undertook to plead for Sodom, and God answered him in the spirit of his prayer, but not in the letter. This is often the case in the intercession of those whose will is wholly on the Lord's side. We are all very near-sighted; we do not always see how a thing touches God, and yet we desire his glory above all else. If Sodom had been saved and Lot still lived there, the terrible contamination of the wicked cities would have continued, and Lot would not have been separated from the idols of wealth, position, etc., which spoiled his soul. God heard and answered the spirit of Abraham's prayer. Often we would spare one for whom we pray, some suffering, or some loss, which God sees to be the only means by which he can carry out his purpose in him.

And then, in the supreme test of Abraham's life, how much we have to learn! God knows us each one, and he knows how far he can count upon us in the most extreme and difficult circumstances. How many thousands, perhaps millions, of immortal souls have learnt through Abraham's offering of Isaac the privilege of being tested, and the love and faithfulness of God when he puts us to the test! How often, when everything has appeared most impossible, when the circumstances which God has permitted have seemed to go counter to his very promises, and the enemy has come and suggested that this time, at any rate, God was untrue to us—how often he has justified himself, and proved, as he did to Abraham, that he honored him in putting his faith to the test! We are tested, first for God's sake, that he may manifest his glory in us; secondly, for the sake of others, that they may learn of God from what they see of his faithfulness to us; and lastly, for our own sakes, that we may know him better. We none of us know how he may have used us, all unconsciously to ourselves, to strengthen the faith of others.

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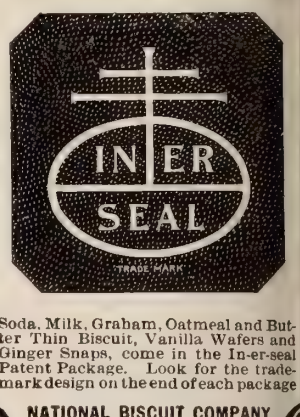

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ROWTH OF THE KINGDOM

he Progress of Recent Times Affording Ground for Hope and Encouragement

ROM the pessimistic utterances of despondent critics, the inference is often drawn that the kingdom of Christ is not growing, but declining. It is easy to find facts to support such an opinion. There are abundant asons for depression. In numbers, the hurch has but a comparatively small owing. Of the population of the world, imated at fifteen hundred millions, only ar hundred and seventy millions, or less an a third, are set down as Christians. these how small is the proportion to om Christianity is more than a name! early one-half of the entire number, or 0,000,000, are Roman Catholics. Of Protestants, set down at 143,000,000, obably less than a third are actual mems of churches. In our own country, in ich about 60,000,000 are counted nomily as Protestants, only about 18,000,0 are communicants. And the rate of rease is small. Scarcely anywhere es it keep pace with the increase in pulation. In influence the Church wields t a comparatively small power. No e, observing the life of our great cities, uld suppose that Christian principles d much to do with municipal governnt. It is true that the wealth of the urch is growing, that it has many costly fices and is continually building more; wealth has never been considered a ge of spirituality. So that when we mine our position there is slender basis congratulation.

Nevertheless there is sure ground for pe. While the situation is not what we uld wish it to be, nor what it ought to nor what it might have been if the urch had been diligent and earnest and fhful, there has been progress, and ater progress in recent than in former es. The century just closed has witnsed advances greater than any of its mediate predecessors. At its beginng, many of the most aggressive movents of our day were not in existence or we in their early infancy. Very few nsionaries were at work in heathen lds, probably not more than twenty. re are now 15,460 foreign missionar, with 71,137 native helpers, and there a 1,280,987 communicants. The cen witnessed the birth or development the Bible Societies, the Sunday School, Salvation Army, and a host of philantopic movements. All this shows that rate of progress has not declined, but h increased in recent times. We have sed through the period of organizati, during which the Church has been paring herself for future work. Comping the nineteenth century with the enteenth and eighteenth centuries, we e a right to feel encouraged. If the ults are small, the energy has been akened which must produce results far excess of anything the world has yet nessed. The kingdom has grown in vor and consecration and activity, if in ning else. It is not dead, nor asleep, b is ever putting forth new power and ming for new conquests and bringing tear on the problems of its work the bt thought of its most able and devoted n.

hat there is much land still to be occupi cannot be denied. There are heathen dricts in our great cities almost as dark an Africa. The number of missionaries inheathen lands in proportion to populati is ridiculously inadequate. But a binning has been made, and the spirit consecration is in vigorous exercise. Ware witnessing the growth of the Kingdo as Christ foresaw it. The leaven is gradually transforming the meal; the wat is growing with the tares. It is a pi that the tares are so numerous and sc vigorous, but it is consolatory to realize th nothing unexpected has occurred. En the evil of a divided Christendom ha had its beneficial result in promoting emulation and a holy rivalry in good work. Tre is also a growth in comradeship. T denominations are no longer enemies, b fellow citizens, and recognize one anther as such. That is a most encouragg sign, for the forces of darkness have prited greatly by the division of the fo es of light. There is also a growth in kwledge. Never before was so much light brought to bear on the Word of God. Scholars have gleaned from the literature of ancient peoples knowledge which enables us to understand the Bible better than our fathers did. We know now how it was written, and have learned the meaning of much that before was obscure. The difficulties which kept many sincere minds from accepting Christianity have been removed, and it is no longer made a condition to their admission to the Kingdom that they should believe things that to them were incredible. If they have the spirit of Christ and love and follow him, they can find some branch of the Church that will welcome them, and so we have grown by adding to our faith, charity.

opic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epwo League and Baptist Young People's Union fo ept. 29. Psalm 72.

Christian Workers in Council

A CONFERENCE which, it may be hoped, will become the precursor of many others, has been held at Sea Cliff, Long Island, N. Y. It commenced on Saturday, Aug. 31, and continued until Thursday, Sept. 5. It was a gathering of local Christian workers engaged in efforts of many kinds, but all tending to the extension of Christ's kingdom and the betterment of the world. These workers are laboring in their own way, day by day, during the year, each in his own sphere, striving to bring men to Christ and to relieve the burdens which our strenuous social life lays on the shoulders of the poor. It was suggested early in the present year that if these workers could be brought together they might be cheered and helped in their work by sympathetic addresses, and might gain new stimulus from mutual consultation. The result was the conference in the quiet Long Island village of Sea Cliff.

At the first session on Saturday there was a cordial reception of the visitors, at which Rev. W. D. Morgan, of St. Luke's Church; Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, and other well-known ministers, gave the workers hearty welcome. In the evening Dr. Walter Laidlaw, Secretary of the Federation of Churches in New York, spoke of the advantages of union and co-operation in Christian effort. On Sunday, Prof. Frank K. Sanders, of Yale University, gave one of a series of lectures, which were continued on each day of the Conference, on "The Prophets of the Eighth Century Before Christ." A sermon appropriate to the occasion was delivered by Rev. Henry Lewis, and in the evening Mr. James B. Reynolds, Head-worker of the University Settlement in New York, described the Settlement's work. Commander S. V. Wadhams, U. S. N., told what was being done for the sailors on our ships, and spoke of the dangers and temptations by which they are surrounded. Monday was Sunday-School day. Rev. Lester Bradner, Dr. A. H. McKenney and Dr. Philip S. Moxom, of Springfield, Mass., were the leaders.

Tuesday was Brotherhood Day. Miss Sorabji, our Christian Parsee visitor from India, delivered an interesting address on the contrast between brotherhood and caste as it is seen in India, and showed how much is being done by the missionary to bring together, in her native land, the long separated members of society. Rev. J. G. Mannen, secretary of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Phillip, described the work done by that organization, and Mr. Alexander M. Hadden reported for the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Mr. George M. Dean spoke of the work for boys, and Frank Harvey Field and Mornay Williams described the operations of the religious societies of young people.

On Wednesday the subject was the Rescue Work of our great cities. Miss Helen F. Clark narrated her experience among the Chinese and other Oriental immigrants. Hon. Samuel J. Barrows told of the efforts for the rescue of discharged prisoners, and Dr. H. Allen Tupper spoke of the power of the Christian religion to reclaim wrongdoers of all classes.

Thursday, the closing day of the Conference, was a day of personal consecration. Rev. George C. Groves, of Christ Chapel, Brooklyn, led the morning service, and Rev. Percy S. Grant, of New York, the evening service. Among the speakers were Rev. Lindsay V. Longacre, of Amity Theological School, and Archdeacon Bryan. The Conference closed with a general feeling of renewed power and inspiration for future work.

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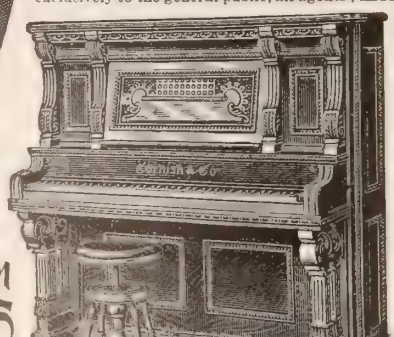

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A marvellously beautiful New Souvenir has just been issued by us that transcends any other ever designed. It must be seen to realize what a perfect production it is. It is a veritable triumph of 20th Century printing in colors. All new styles accurately depicted — *worth its weight in gold.* **SOUVENIR EDITION** just ready—**GET IT NOW** if you are interested—and with it the elegant set of miniature Pianos and Organs accurately representing our latest Pan-American style, and enabling anyone to make a satisfactory selection in their own home. This embossed set will be sent **FREE** to every interested person mentioning this paper.

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REMEMBER We have a very SPECIAL OFFER for **FIRST PURCHASERS**—If we sell *one* in a new locality we can sell *more*, therefore it is worth our while to make this offer which includes a handsome cash bonus. *You may get it if you* **WRITE NOW.**

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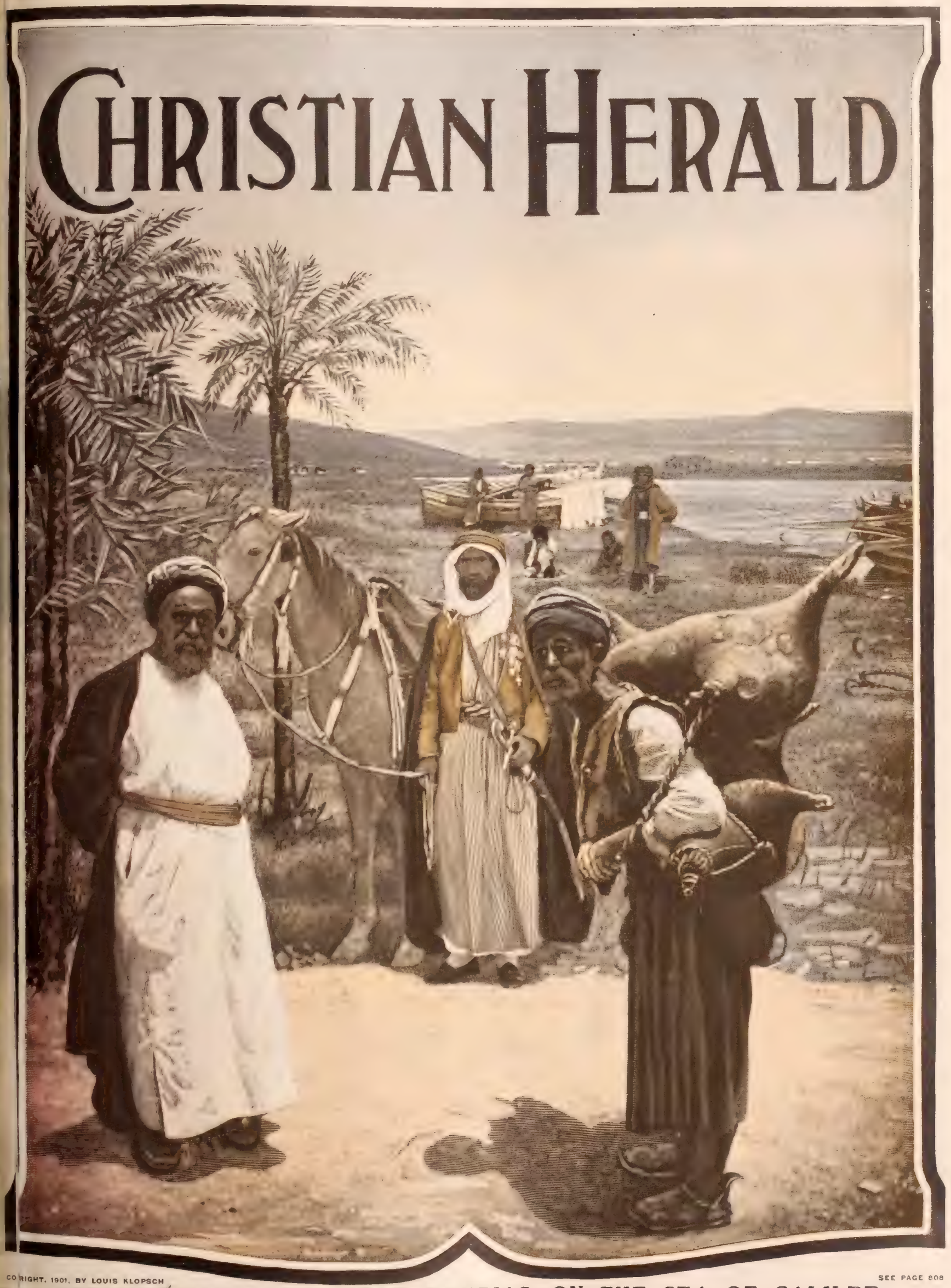
MAGAZINE NUMBER—24 PAGES—FIVE CENTS

. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901 Vol. 24—No. 39. $1.50 a Year

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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SEE PAGE 808

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W. M. OSTRANDER

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IF YOU WANT TO SELL, Be Sure to State the Selling Price, Size, Kind, and Location of Your Property

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THIS fine farm is located about 4½ miles north of Princeton, N. J. One hundred and fifty acres are tillable. There is a 7 acre orchard of apples, pears, plums, grapes, and small fruit. The house is 18 x 58, with two wings 18x24 and 17 x 28.

There is a barn, 30 x 50, with lean-to 12 x 39; horse and cow barn, hovel, two wagon houses, crib house, grain barn and barrack in field. A large stream borders on the land, and there are, besides, two dug wells and a cistern. Post-office and railway station are only two miles away. The farm complete with stock, machinery and implements, is offered at the very low figure of $9,000—$4,000 cash. Write for full details

A PROFITABLE ARKANSAS PROPERTY

THIS desirable corner property covers four lots (total size, 100 x 200). It is only ¼ mile from the railroad station. The house contains nine rooms and bath, city water, four porches, and balcony on second story. It has been built only four years and was improved and modernized last year.

There is a stable 12 x 24, poultry house, 3 pens, scratch sheds, steam heated greenhouse with 300 feet of 2 inch pipe and heater, shop, and woodshed. The greenhouse is the only one in this section, and does a profitable business in early vegetables. The poultry house also pays well.

Electric lights and telephone could easily be put in by purchaser, as the connections are close at hand.

Owner desires to move to the East, where his business interests call him, and will sell for $3,200—one-third cash. I have other Arkansas properties, at various prices. Tell me what you want.

Rudyard Kipling's beautiful Estate at Brattleboro, Vermont, is **now in my hands for sale.** See illustration and description in the October World's Work, Munsey's and McClure's.

W. M. OSTRANDER, 1417 North American Building, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

See illustrations and descriptions of numerous other properties in my large advertisements in the October numbers of Munsey's, McClure's, Frank Leslie's, Everybody's, World's Work, Harper's, Cosmopolitan, Success, Pearson's, Current Literature, Outlook, Review of Reviews, Saturday Evening Post, Collier's Weekly, Literary Digest, and other high-class publications.

THE REST OF THE YEAR FREE

Yearly subscriptions for PETS AND ANIMALS received during October will be entered to run until the end of 1902, thus giving absolutely free the remaining issues of this year, including the splendid September double number. This issue contains the first installment of Ernest Ingersoll's "The Story of Our Domestic Animals," which will run through twelve numbers. These articles will tell the origin of each species of the animals with which we are familiar in every-day life, its native country, the part its domestication has played in the rise of man from savagery through barbarism to civilization, and something as to the different breeds and their usefulness. Mr. Ingersoll is noted as one of the most competent writers on natural history. His articles alone will be well worth the subscription price of

Pets and Animals, Only 50 Cents a Year

Each number also contains a wealth of other valuable matter. PETS AND ANIMALS is a journal for the whole family, of interest to every member, especially the children. It appeals to all whose hearts are young. Clever stories, attractive illustrations and articles of an instructive character are blended in most readable form. It teaches thoughtfulness, kindness and mercy, and uses the literature of the animal kingdom, always of absorbing interest to young people, as a means of illustrating these great lessons. There is no publication like it. One subscriber writes: "It seems as if it were edited by inspiration." A business man says: "It has stimulated the entire household in the study of natural history, in which we have all learned many wonderful things not known before." Sample copy free on request.

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For 50 cents, the regular price for one year, PETS AND ANIMALS will be mailed sixteen months, from September, 1901, to the end of 1902. For 10 cents the journal will be sent four months on trial. Address,

Publishers PETS AND ANIMALS, 62 Citizens Bank Building, Springfield, Ohio.

Absolute Range Perfection! SIX MONTHS TO PAY FOR IT.

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sent on request, freight prepaid, for inspection. It is the best possible to produce and sold on such liberal terms that anyone can buy the best steel range made. Clapp's Ideal is so far superior to other ranges, that you should see photographs and detailed descriptions of each and every part to see what a perfect range it is. My plan enables you to satisfy yourself before finishing payment that Clapp's Ideal is positively the most durable, economical and handsome range made. Made for those who want the "top notch" in a steel range. I couldn't offer such liberal terms of payment if it were not the best. Prices right for highest quality. I have a cheaper range complete for $25.00; also other stoves and ranges for cottages or hotels.

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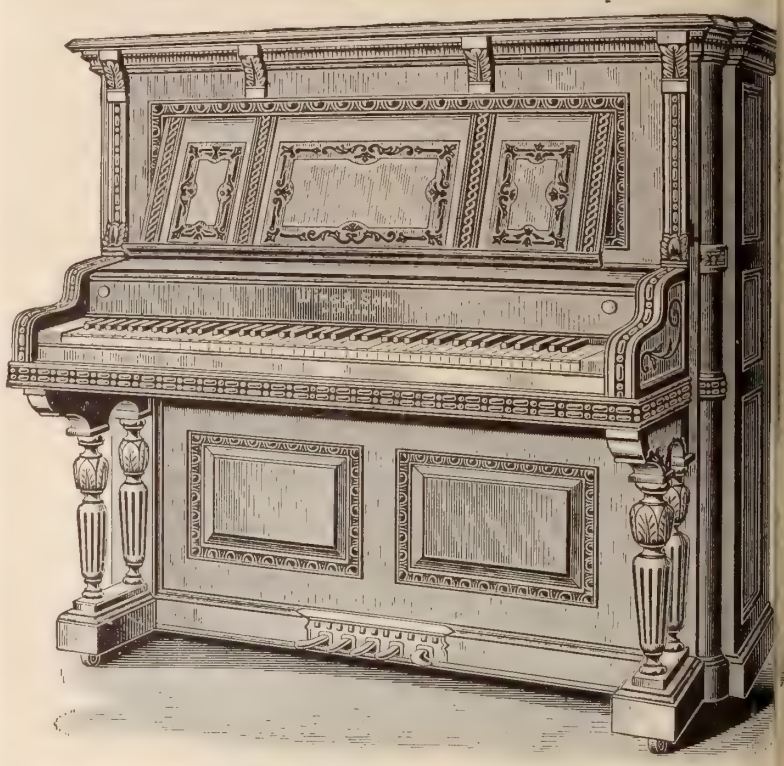
The Wing Piano

STYLE 29. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT

No other Piano made equals this in Style and Design of Case



We aim to make the best piano possible and to sell it at the lowest price possible. If you wish to buy a fine piano at a low price, write us.

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FREIGHT PREPAID. We will send t piano or your choice of 23 other W Pianos on trial to any part of the Uni States, all freight paid by us. We will allow ample time for a thorough examination trial in the home, and if the piano is not entirely satisfactory in every respect we take it back at our own expense. There is no risk or expense to the person order the piano. No money is sent to us in advance, we pay all freights.

THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tone of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Mu written for these instruments, with or without piano accompaniment, can be pla just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a pa orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us and it can be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

Description of Style 29.

7 1-3 Octaves.
Double lever, grand repeating action.
Grand scale, overstrung bass; three strings to each note in middle and treble registers.
The scale is the same as in grand pianos, with the largest size of sound board strings of greatest length, thus giving the greatest volume of power and tone.
CASE—Double veneered inside and outside
Choice of superior Circassian walnut, rich figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak ebonized.
KEYS—Of best ivory and ebony.
IMPROVEMENTS—Wing Pianos have the following improvements, viz.: "Built up" w plank construction. "Dovetail" top and bottom frame case construction. Full metal plate, v metal depression bar and metal supports for key bed. Improved noiseless direct motion p action. Improved practice attachment. Full length duet music desk. Carved panels. Ins mental attachment.

The usual way to buy a piano is from a retail agent or dealer. We do not sell pianos in this way, but supply our pianos direct from our factory to retail purchas There are a great many advantages in buying direct from the factory. The m important is the saving in price. We do not employ a single salesman or agent, a we have no salesroom except our factory. We transact all of our business and s all pianos direct from our factory and our expenses are small, and as we sell a m larger number of pianos than any dealer or retail firm, a very small profit pays us.

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NEW YORK, November 11.

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Yours very truly,
(Signed) S. H. MOORE & CO.
Pub. *Ladies' World*, N. Y.

Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material

Everyone who intends to purchase a piano should h our complete catalogue. ***We send it free on requ***

WING & SON,

1868—Thirty-third Year—*1901* **205-207 East 12th Street, NEW YORK**

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

UIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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MRS. WOODBERRY

SOME OF THE IDOLS FOUND AT PEKING

S. H. KUNG, OF THE NAVAL COLLEGE

....AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN IMPERIAL PALACES...

On Kwang Su's Dragon-Throne

CHINA'S ANCIENT RUINS AND GOSPEL MISSIONS.....

By MRS. J. WOODBERRY

N May 4, in the midst of a sailor's reception, in Beulah Chapel, Shanghai, we said Good-bye for a month, and took passage on the *Lien Shing*, for a flying visit to Peking and to Tien-n, our old home, which we had left in blissful igno-ce of unhappy coming events five weeks before the mbardment. We were in Chinese costume, and r hands were filled with Gospels to "Sow beside all ıters." A veritable smash-up of China greeted us in e North. Not a village remained of the eighty or ore in which we sowed Gospels four years ago. few miles above Tonku we took the railroad for entsin. Imagine the changes we saw where the agon flag has so long floated—scores of English, merican, German, French, ussian, and Italian flags de-ied the boundaries of each ong miles of river front, and ere displayed on all the Chi-se craft and soared aloft on l the buildings! Our super-nuated battleship, U. S. S. *'onocacy* (called by the Chi-se "My No Can See,") proudly de at anchor below the forts, nd H. M. S. *Phœnix*, a few iles above, ships of all nations ying suggestively between.

The *Phœnix* commands a ew of a pretty bit of shoreland Hsin-Ho, that has the ap-earance of the beginning of a Colony Farm." The Ameri-ns were on the march from eking to the sea. Four years go my husband and I traversed is region on a houseboat and n foot, selling Gospels from ouse to house. We were pelted ith mud and stones. As if by miracle, we saw the land trans-rmed now before our eyes. A ussian division marched past, erce and sullen, chanting as in ie Middle Ages. Handsomely rbaned Sikhs, Royal Welsh usileers, and British marines uarded the streets and depot nd train.

At Tientsin, ruins everywhere reeted our eyes, and a rusty annon stood in the bed of the anal, where we had baptized so any Chinese students. Cor-ially received by Mr. and Mrs. ills, at the China Inland ission Home, where so many of God's children found welcome refuge during the distress, we were, for the ext few days, busy visiting our soldier boys in hospital nd camp. A memorable walk was taken on the Lord's ay, scattering Gospels and tracts up and down Taku oad, and putting them in all the saloons. This great oroughfare is now teeming with saloons and kindred esorts, and is the Broadway of the city. As I saw he soldiers of many nations throng this road, I thought f the thousands of homes and mothers far away. At he head of this street stands the elegant Y. M. C. A. building, the gift of Mrs. Livingstone Taylor, of Cleveland, Ohio, presided over by Secretary Robert Gailey, who has done some good work for the Army boys at Tientsin.

Beyond the Y. M. C. A., we entered the former Tientsin University, now German Hospital, and distributed tracts to the convalescents in the yard. These two fine buildings were the pride of many Chinese students, now scattered far and wide. The same day, some forty of our former Beulah Chapel students assembled at the China Inland Mission. They represented the Imperial Chinese Medical and Telegraph Schools, and were eager for the Gospel. The Imperial Medical College, under the patronage of Li Hung Chang, was our chief field "white to the harvest" in Tientsin. Twenty-three members of the former graduating class were baptized. The old Junior Class of the Medical College when the trouble began, and were impressed into Hospital Service, recently passed in a body through Shanghai, and related their varied experiences at our Beulah Chapel Reception; they had been in the heat of the conflict, and had some narrow escapes; the most sceptical gave God the glory, and believed the Christian students "prayed" them through!

THE PHŒNIX COLONY FARM AT HSIN-HO

The College has been included by the French in their enlarged concession, but it is to go on as heretofore. Nameless heaps of ruins greeted us in the native city, where from the summit of the central "Drum Tower," our eyes swept over the city and plains. The ancient walls that once girdled the city of at least a hundred thousand, were flat! The huge gates, through which we passed in former days to sell Gospels, and be surrounded by mobs, were gone! Or wide open to the passer-by! A fine broad carriage way wound for miles along the once crowded, filthy bank of the Pei Ho. The new buildings are a great improvement on the old, and advantages have been taken by the Provisional Government which will make residence in Tientsin more attractive. Eighty miles more on the railroad bore us to the gates of the Temple of Heaven, surrounded by noise anything but like angelic music, as 'ricksha coolies clamor for our attention, and speed us on our way to the city of the Emperor, who styles himself the "Son of Heaven." Nothing could have better convinced us of the conquests of the Allies than the presence of the comfortable little jinrickisha! The notorious Peking carts are losing their hold on even the "celestial" mind, and baggage (not passengers) is now bumped over unspeakable roads of the Chinese and Tartar cities.

In Peking, unsightly ruins greeted us again; but innumerable little flags floated gaily everywhere, and the docile, imperturbable Chinese appeared to vie with each other in our honor! Peking was pulsing with new life, after the sleep of ages. The Dowager Empress, on her return, will be more surprised than Rip Van Winkle. When we desired to call on the missionaries, we were taken to Chinese mansions and the palatial residences of Princes and Mandarins! They were all busy again working for the Master, but quite unconscious of their heroism. Many of them were sorrowing over the loss and martyrdom of their flocks, like Rachel of old. When the dukes and earls of Peking come back to their palaces, the Lord will provide shelter for these his servants whose homes were destroyed. We were entertained by Dr. Lily Saville, of the London Mission, who, besides looking after numerous patients in and out of the hospital, superintends sewing and Bible classes, and looks after "mansion" servants, etc., like a young queen in the midst of her subjects.

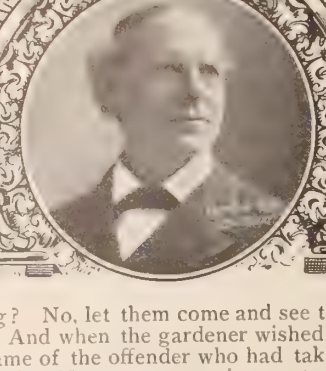
It was a very unique privilege to scatter Gospels through the Imperial palace, and "Forbidden City." It is difficult to describe vividly all that we saw in the

(Concluded on page 514)

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.



KINDNESS

TEXT — Acts 28 : 2 :

The Barbarous People showed us no little kindness

HERE we are on the Island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial centre, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about one hundred square miles. It is in the Mediterranean Sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mt. Etna, one hundred and thirty miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable, because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck. The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast, and the vessel, drifting probably a mile and a half an hour, she struck at what is now called St. Paul's Bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account, and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island, which has so rough a coast, is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there.

When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated, and hungry from long abstinence from food, and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians, because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates. Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About twenty-five such men a few years ago I found in the life station near East Hampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat or shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders can offer them. And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at that time, his father down with a dangerous illness. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island watching for a ship, and putting the hospitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

A Word Gentle and Mighty

Kindness! What a great word that is. It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book of Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and enthroned in many places in the New Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty.

There is kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ, the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a combination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite, or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever. Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel, or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them, "What are you looking for?" and they answer, "Where is that flower?" So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition, its perfume will whelm everything.

The King of Prussia had presented to him by the Empress of Russia the root of a rare flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island, and the head gardener, Herr Fintleman was told to watch it. And one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucked this flower, and put it in his buttonhole, and the gardener arrested him as he was crossing at the ferry, and asked the king to throw open no more his gardens to the public. The king replied: "Shall I deny to the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No, let them come and see the beautiful grounds." And when the gardener wished to give the king the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower he said: "No, my memory is very tenacious, and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I want you to know that kindness is a royal flower, and blessed be God, the King of mercy and grace, that by a divine gift and not by purloining, we may pluck this royal flower, and not wear it on the outside of our nature, but wear it in our soul and wear it forever, its radiance and aroma not more wonderful for time than wonderful for eternity.

Kindness of Word

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet anyone do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him, or the disagreeable? When he leaves you does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First, it is chained to the back part of the mouth by strong muscle. Then it is surrounded by the teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars, and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then, outside of all, are the two lips, with the power of compression and arrest. And yet, notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results are laceration, scarification, and damnation. There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing, and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now there are two sides to almost everyone's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta, with the words, "What a sorry-looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this wintry month? It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as that. Well, what do you want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves without having thrust on us two-hundred and seventy-six ragamuffins." Not so said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire, and warm yourselves. Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight, and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating timbers. And here is a man with a broken arm, we will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months the kindness went on, we have little more than this brief record: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Optimist and Pessimist

Oh! say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! Say the helpful thing! Say the Christ-like thing! Say the kind thing! I admit that this is easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessimists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist, and you say: "What weather to-day?" He answers: "It's going to storm;" and umbrella under arm and water-proof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say: "What weather to-day?" "Good weather; this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrella and absence of water-proof overcoat show it is an honest utterance. On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant, and you say: "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says: "Glorious. Crops not so good as usual, but foreign demand will make big prices. We are going to have such an autumn and winter of prosperity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store, you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers: "Well, I don't know. Wheat and corn crop blasted in Kansas and Missouri, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in; and the hay crop is short in some places; and in the southern part of Wisconsin they had a hailstorm, and our business is as dull as it ever was." You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story, the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him!" The optimist will say: "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think that a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could l got off track like that. There are two sides to story, and I will wait to hear the other side befo condemn him." My hearer, if you are by nature a simist, make a special effort by the grace of Go extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from disposition. Believe nothing against anybody, until wrong is established by at least two witnesses o tegrity. And, if guilt be proven, find out the exter ing circumstances if there are any. Kindness! L morning, noon and night pray for it until we get it.

Furthermore there is kindness of action. Th what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his fa Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showe Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what liam Cowper recognized when he said he would trust a man who would with his foot needlessly cru worm. That is what our assassinated President coln demonstrated when his private secretary fo him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird bac the nest from which it had fallen, and which quality illustrious man exhibited years before when, ha with some lawyers in the carriage on the way to passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, aft while cried to his horses, "Ho!" and said to the ge men, "I must go back and help that hog out of mire." And he did go back, and put on solid gr that most uninteresting quadruped. That was spirit that was manifested by my departed friend, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia (and lovelier never exchanged earth for heaven). When at W ington, a Senator's wife, who told us of the cir stances, said to him, "Mr. Stephens, come and se dead canary bird." And he answered, "No, I c not look at the poor thing without crying." That i spirit which last night ten thousand mothers showe their sick children, coming to give the drink at the t call as cheerfully and as tenderly as at the first call

A Transformed World

Suppose all this assemblage, and all to whom t words shall come by printer's type, should resol make kindness an overarching, undergirding and pervading principle of their life, and then carry ou resolution, why, in six months the whole earth w feel it. People would say: "What is the matter It seems to me that the world is getting to be a b place to live in. Why, life after all is worth li Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdraw lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and becau has had so much sickness in his family, he is goi have the house for one year rent free. There is a lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you k what he has gone in there for? Why, he is helpi fix up a case which is too big for the young m handle, and the white-haired attorney is hunting previous decisions, and making out a brief for the Do you know that a strange thing has taken pla in the pulpit, and all the old ministers are helping young ministers, and all the old doctors are helpin young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer w sick the neighbors have made a 'bee,' as they c it, and they have all turned in to help him get his c ps into the garner. And I heard this morning a poor old man whose three children were in hot d te as to who should take care of him in his declining ys. The oldest son declared it was his right because he as the oldest, and the youngest son said it was his rig because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was right because she better understood father's ver o, and rheumatism, and poor spells, and knew better w to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty coul be settled was by the old man's promise that he w ld divide the year into three parts, and spend a third o his time with each one of them. And neighboring stor in the same line of goods on the same block are a ng kindly to each other. It seems to me that those w ds of Isaiah are being fulfilled when he says, 'The ca nter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoo ed with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying, is ready for the soldering.' What is the matter? It s ms to me our old world is picking up. Why, the millen m must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victo !"

The Supreme Example

My hearers, you know and I know we are far om that state of things. But why not inaugurate a ew dispensation of geniality. If we cannot yet have a illennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small s le, and under our own vestments. Kindness! If his world is ever brought to God that is the thing tha will do it. You cannot fret the world up although you ay fret the world down. You cannot scold it into e el-lence or reformation or godliness.

A Peace Congress of all the Americas

By **CHARLES M. PEPPER, one of the Delegates**

PEACE among the nations was always a gospel part of the late esident McKinley's public policy. When he was a mber of Congress from Ohio, in 1886, he introduced ill, authorizing the Government to invite the other vernments of America to send delegates to an Inter- tional Congress, the purpose of which should be arrange the settlement of national differences by bitration. In the wisdom of Providence, years after had introduced this bill, it was given to him, as esident of the United States, to take the lead in call- a Congress which has for one of its chief purposes establishment of a fixed plan of arbitration.

Officially the gathering will be known as the Inter- tional Conference of American States, but popularly will be called the Pan-American Congress. "Pan" ans all, and all the nations of the American continent ve accepted invitations to take part in the proceed- gs, and have appointed delegates. The total mem- rship will be about forty, and will include many of eminent men of Mexico, Central and South America. The meeting will take place in the city of Mexico, d the opening session will be held Oct. 22d. Mr. ariscal, the Mexican Secretary of State, will deliver address of welcome on behalf of the Mexican Gov- ment, which is the host. President Diaz has shown eat interest in the Congress, and Mexico itself ap- eciates the compliment which is paid it. A chance ll be afforded to learn something of the great strides ich this Republic has taken under the liberal and ogressive administration of President Diaz.

Though the meeting place of the Conference is in exico, the first steps taken towards calling it were on e suggestion of the late President. Inasmuch as e last Pan-American Congress was held in Washing- n, it seemed proper that the present one should meet one of the Latin-American countries. The repre- ntatives from those countries agreed among them- lves that Mexico would be the most fitting place.

In response to their wishes, the Mexican Government sued a formal invitation, reciting that in America ere are special interests and closer bonds between r inhabitants, with fewer international complications, secure the welfare of her people. This is the spirit which the Congress will meet. It is not hostile to the ld World, but it realizes that all the nations of the merican Continent are knit closely together and have terests in common which are no concern of Europe.

The programme for the Conference was laid down by e Executive Committee of the Bureau of American epublics in Washington, but it is understood to be of suggestive nature rather than of a binding character. ecause of differences of opinion with regard to the programme, some of the South American countries for a time hesitated to accept. Finally, they decided to reserve their rights, and to take part in the proceedings. They will be governed by circumstances in laying down the subjects on which the Conference shall take action, and no country will be asked to acquiesce in any course of procedure by which it declines to be bound. The right of withdrawal is just as strong as the right of entry. Absolute equality between the nations will prevail. hence it will come about that the United States will have one vote, just as Paraguay, or Chile, or Costa Rica will have one vote.

In the programme of the Conference arbitration has a chief place. That is why this may be called a Peace Congress of all Americans. If it fail to realize all the ideals of peace, its members at least will seek to broaden the field of arbitration.

But while arbitration is a main topic it is not the only one. Linked to this is the possibility of an interna tional court of claims. Measures for the protection of agriculture, commerce and industry are in the pro gramme, as also are transportation and railroad build- ing. This means closer intercourse between the peoples of the different countries. Whatever draws them closer together gives them a better understanding of one an- other. Moreover, there is no such force of Christian civilization as commerce and industry. People busied in the peaceful pursuits of life and protected in those pursuits are not likely to engage in broils among them- selves or with their neighbors. War becomes abhor- rent to them.

I do not forget that in the past, Congresses of this kind have been held. Some have partly fulfilled expec- tations; some have disappointed the hopes held out for them. Yet all have had their uses. Several of these Conferences have been limited to countries in which the language and laws were the same, that is to say, the Spanish speaking countries. In others the United States has taken part.

During the last half century the most notable of these Pan-American Congresses was that held in Wash- ington in the winter of 1889-90. James G. Blaine was then Secretary of State. It was his grand ideal to weld together the nations of the American continent, so that they would move forward each in its own path, yet along a common highway. He hoped the time would come when war and conquest would be banished from the American hemisphere.

Though not all of Mr. Blaine's grand ideals were realized at the Conference over which he presided, nev- ertheless a firm foundation was laid. It is on that foundation that the present Conference may hope to build. In one sense it is only a continuation of the Conference of 1890.

President McKinley, in naming the del- egates from the United States, sought to secure men who would be representative of the disinterested motives of this country. They are five in number, and they serve without pay.

First among them is Henry G. Davis, for two terms United States Senator from West Virginia, who through a long lifetime has been identified with the develop- ment of the industries of his native State. Mr. Davis was a member of the Conference of 1890, and he there- fore becomes a link connecting the two gatherings. He was also a member of the commission which was appointed as the outcome of that Conference to formu- late plans for what is known as the Inter-Continental Railway. The plan is for a railway running north and south, which will furnish a trunk line from the United States through Mexico and Central America to the countries of South America. Mr. Davis will have the satisfaction of having this subject also considered by the present gathering.

Mr. W. I. Buchanan has become very well known to the American public during the last year as the Direc- tor-General of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. Before taking that position, he had served the United States for five years as Minister to the Argentine Republic, and has made a fine record for himself and for his country. He possesses great knowledge of all the South American questions, and his experience will be of special value to the Conference, of which he is a member. Mr. Buchanan is an authority on the subject of arbitration, and it was through his good offices that a long pending dispute between Chile and the Argentine Republic was settled.

Mr. Volney W. Foster is one of the typical business men of the West, yet his business pursuits have not kept him from taking an interest in public affairs. He is president of the Union League Club of Chicago, and is identified with various educational movements there. He has delivered many short, crisp speeches which show him to be a thinker and a student. Mr. Foster has spent much time in Mexico, where he is interested in important commercial and industrial projects.

Mr. John Barrett is one of the younger men among the delegates. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College, but for several years has lived on the Pacific Coast. He served as Minister to Siam during President Cleveland's administration, and traveled extensively through Asia and the far East till he became one of the leading authorities on that part of the world. He was also in the Philippines with Admiral Dewey during the Spanish-American war. Recently Mr. Barrett has been appointed Commissioner General of the St. Louis World's Fair to Asia, Australia and the Philippines.

KINDNESS

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The East wind and the West wind were one day talk- g with each other, and the East wind said to the est wind: "Don't you wish you had my power? hy, when I start they hail me by storm signals all ong the coast. I can twist off a ship's mast as easily a cow's hoof cracks an alder. With one sweep of y wing, I have strewn the coast from Newfoundland Key West with parted ship-timber. I can lift and ave lifted the Atlantic Ocean. I am the terror of all validism, and to fight me back forests must be cut own for fires, and the mines of continents are called to feed the furnaces. Under my breath the nations ouch into sepulchres. Don't you wish you had my ower?" said the East wind. The West wind made no nswer, but started on its mission, coming somewhere ut of the rosy bowers of the sky, and all the rivers and kes and seas smiled at its coming. The gardens loomed, and the orchards ripened, and the wheat elds turned their silver into gold, and health clapped s hands, and joy shouted from the hill tops, and the ations lifted their foreheads into the light, and the arth had a doxology for the sky, and the sky an anthem or the earth, and the warmth and sparkle and the glad- ess, and the foliage, and the flowers, and the fruits, nd the beauty, and the life, were the only answer the West wind made to the insolence of the East wind's interrogation.

Kindness to all! Surely it ought not to be a difficult grace to culture when we see towering above the cen- turies such an example that one glimpse of it ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from Heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to persecutors, kindness to the crippled, and the blind, and the cataleptic, and the leprous, and the dropsical, and the demoniacal, characterized him all the way, and on the Cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear, and hammered the spikes, and howled the blasphemies. All the stories of the John Howards, and the Florence Nightingales, and the Grace Darlings, and the Ida Lewises pale before this trans- cendent example of him whose birth and life and death are the greatest story that the world ever heard, and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that Heaven ever lifted. Yea, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal timber of the Cross with that cruel thump! thump! now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our serfdoms.

And while we take this matchless kindness from God, may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart-throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us, if, by the grace of God, from this time forth we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could ap- propriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text: "He showed us no little kindness." But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storms that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydons, not until all the thrones of heaven are mounted, and all the con- querors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of heaven are thrummed, or blown, or sounded, and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubilant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the Throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all, not until then will we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," and David calls "the marvelous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God!

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Oct. 23

1. What measure should be taken to protect public men from Anarchists while maintaining our freedom of asylum and freedom of speech?

2. Ought the franchise to be restricted, or should we continue to allow the ignorant loafer to cast a vote that counteracts the vote of the intelligent citizen?

3. If a pastor can no longer preach the doctrines of the church to which he belongs, ought he to resign, or try to lead his people to the truth as he sees it?

4. Does incompatibility of temper ever reach a point justifying divorce?

5. In view of the fact that Paul withstood Peter "because he was to be blamed" (Gal. 2: 11), may we regard both men as inspired?

Questions of the Week

1. Is it right for a Christian to make plans for the future, or should one live simply from day to day?

The Christian should "make plans for the future," and he should also "live simply from day to day." He should make plans; otherwise his life will be an aimless life, and an aimless life tends more or less to be a useless life. At the same time, in childlike trust, he should live from day to day, taking no thought, that is no anxious thought, for the morrow. Some plans we must make, or we shall simply drift. If we are to reap, we must lay plans for the sowing. If others are dependent on us, we must plan for their maintenance and their welfare. Whatever good we aim at, there must be the wise planning for its attainment. But in all this planning we are to say, "If the Lord will." Deeply conscious that the future is wrapped in utter uncertainty, we are to trust him to lead us day by day. Assured that he will mete out our daily bread for body and for soul, "our anxieties are to be bounded by the horizon of nightfall." AMELIA HOYT.

. . .

There are two passages of Scripture that seem to be contradictory of each other, but yet, examining and comparing them in the light of reason and common sense, we find a true guide for Christian living, as regards the problem here presented. In one passage it is said that he that provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel. In the other, Christians are enjoined to take no thought for the morrow. In the first of these passages, it is plain that it is the Christian's duty to be industrious and to make temporal provision for the future. In the second, the Saviour warns Christians not to give way to undue anxiety and worry. There are some things that are beyond human power to control, and worry over them is not only useless but sinful. When one has done everything reasonable to fulfil his duty in the matter of provision for the future, he should lay aside anxiety and worry and leave it all with God. This, however, should not lead him into the extreme practiced by the shiftless and worthless, who, by their course in life, bring upon themselves want and misery. L. T. RIGHTSELL.

2. Should we encourage a person to go to church who apparently derives no benefit, but seems to go to criticise and find fault?

It is undoubtedly an affliction to a sensitive Christian, whose soul is filled with a loving reverence for the house of God, to have constantly thrust upon him the jeering criticisms of an unbeliever; but considered in the light of a cross to be borne for his sake, we should resign ourselves to it, and, by all possible means, encourage the unbelievers to attend divine service, no matter what their object may be in doing so. "They came to scoff, but remained to pray," is descriptive of many conversions. We have no means of judging of the condition of the soil upon which God's Word shall fall, so that we can only do our utmost to bring all whom we can under the blessed influence of the Gospel, trusting in God for the result. IDA EFFINGER.

. . .

The Church does not exist for its own sake, but to help others. The person described above, whether he realizes it or not, needs help—such help as the Church alone can give. We should encourage all such to come, then. 1. Because it is our duty. We realize something of his need and danger, as also of the benefits to be derived from Church association. 2. He has a spiritual nature and is liable to be touched at any time. 3. Unknown to us his soul may be carried up to God's throne on the swelling tide of some song a loved one used to sing. 4. Difficulties may be explained, good seed sown that shall bear fruit in after years, or even sudden light may burst in upon him, as in the case of Paul, the Ethiopian eunuch, the Philippian jailor, and a host of others. 5. Your thoughtfulness and brotherly interest may yet win him. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." R. E. HOUGH.

3. Who was the greatest of America's poets and why?

The palm of popularity is claimed for John Greenleaf Whittier. His poems were pure, tender, humane songs, ennobling and inspiring. "For fifty years he was a bard arousing patriotism and humane emotion, cheering, soothing, and charming with tender ballad and romantic lyric," exhibiting throughout all his poems the same unchanging quality of graphic simplicity and deep and catholic feeling; the same penetrating pathos and New England vigor. He was esteemed and publicly honored, sometimes styled a "God-made poet." The distinguished James T. Brady said, "My poet of poets is Whittier," and John Bright publicly expressed his regard. Though silent, shy, and a peace-loving Quaker, he roused the public sentiment against slavery. His voice rang through the land to cheer, animate, uplift, warn and denounce, "urging host to battle." Every word was a blow. An evidence of his popularity was shown by the fact that the newspapers gathered and printed in garlands, poems sent him by other famous poets on his seventieth birthday. H. F. BROCKETT.

. . .

Judged by the highest standards, *Thanatopsis*, by William Cullen Bryant, is incomparably the greatest American poem. Judged by the ordinary standards of popular esteem, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has a higher place in the affections of our people than any other American poet. He has written more that has come closer to the hearts and sympathies of general readers than any of his contemporaries on this side of the ocean. Bryant, Whittier and Lowell, and perhaps one or two other poets, may have achieved higher flights, but the palm of popularity rests with the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*.
MARIA AYLMER.

. . .

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is generally esteemed the best representative of American poets. We have others who surpass him in certain respects, as Whittier, in homely wisdom and rugged strength; Poe, in full musical utterance; Lowell, in artistic finish, but none who have left us so mature a body of poetical writings, so consistent in range and developmont, and so well adapted to the use of men in the "every day" of life. The pioneer of American poetry, Longfellow, has done much for us, and many of his best poems, such as *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, treat of subjects and legends distinctly American, thus tending to build up characteristic traits in the young literature of the West. He has also assimilated in his writings the best of English thought, in both substance and mode. There is no purer poet in our land, none who is oftener quoted, recited, and read; none more universally a favorite. HELEN E. MALONE.

. . .

[Among the letters received in answer to this question, some writers preferred Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, Bryant and Poe. Longfellow, however, received a large majority of the vote.]

4. If it is right to deny one's self in order to save money for Christ's cause, should one deny one's self all pleasure involving expenditure, or where should the line be drawn?

If one is a Christian all he has belongs to God, and everything—time, talents, money—should be used for Christ's cause. What is spent on one's self, if wisely and prayerfully spent, is spent for Christ's cause. One eats that he may work, studies that he may be wise and intelligent, he prays that he may become strong in the Lord. It takes money for food and clothing and books. It would be unwise to deny one's self food that the body needs, in order to give the money to the church. So pleasure may be what the tired body and weary brain need. If so, it should be taken with a clear conscience. But one may eat, dress and spend too much on self. One may take too much pleasure. If one can deny himself and not injure himself, he should do so for the cause of Christ. Col. 3: 17 is a good rule for any one. Try it.
B. A. HODGES.

. . .

Draw the line straight across all pleasures that do not either directly or indirectly help and improve your condition in life and leave in your soul an enlarged charity, and a happy, restful increase of faith. To deny one's self for the advancement of Christ's kingdom is one of the Christian's greatest privileges, and money saved through sacrifice brings into this life a double blessing. It is a treasure laid up in heaven. Any expenditure that tends to the betterment of the home is right. Christian civilization and the final redemption of the world depends upon the individual home, and the refinement and education that comes into the home by the expenditure for books, music and art are the Christian's by right. But any expenditure for pleasures that does not bring the heart nearer to God is not as Christ would do, therefore is wrong.
ISABEL CARPENTER.

5. What is the best way of dealing with Mormon emissaries who invade a community to break down its morality and make proselytes?

The press and the pulpit are to-day the most potent factors in the denunciation of great evils. See that the editor of your local paper is thoroughly aroused to the mischief that these false teachers may accomplish. The pastors of various churches in each community should unite in a concerted effort to set public sentiment squarely against such infamy, and should particularly give the matter special attention from their pulpits. If not supplied with late information as to what the Mormon Church is doing, let each pastor write to his Home Board for it.
CHARLES AUGUR.

[To these suggestions we would add: All editors, pastors and interested members of Mormon-invaded communities should write to Gen. John Eaton, The Concord, Washington, D. C., and to Rev. John D. Nutting, 739 Republic street, Cleveland, O., for anti-Mormon literature, and distribute it widely throughout the district. It will prove a most effective method of enlightening the public and counteracting Mormon influence.—ED.]

. . .

Deal with them kindly but firmly. Give them straight truth, but do not engage in a public wrangle or angry debate. Give them no countenance in the public services of our churches. Where one is skilful enough to ask them questions so as to get them to contradict themselves, as was done in Alumbank, Pa., lately, it has a good effect on the public mind. Give them no entertainment. Treat them with silent contempt and quiet indifference and the place will soon be not only too hot, but also too cool to hold them long. This is the treatment we accorded them, and they soon shifted to "pastures new."
(REV.) F. J. STRAYER.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. C. W., Easton, Minn. Are mushrooms really nutritious and valuable as food?

"The flesh of the mushroom," says W. H. Gibson, in his interesting book, *Our Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms*, "possesses the same nourishing properties as meat. In certain sections of France, Germany, Russia and Italy, peasants often go for weeks without other animal food. What a plenteous, spontaneous feasting goes begging in our woods and fields!" His rules for discarding poisonous varieties are: 1. Exclude every mushroom having a cup or socket, or suggestion of cup or socket at base of stem—examine carefully, such cup or socket may be hidden underground. 2. Exclude those having unpleasant odor, or a peppery, bitter or unpalatable taste or a tough consistency. 3. Exclude those infested with worms or in advanced age or any stage of decay. Ordinary precautions are: 1. Never bring a suspic variety in contact with those that have pa these tests. 3. The common sense rule, vegetables should be gathered at their and cooked and eaten as soon thereafte possible, applies with equal force to m rooms. Quite a number of tests b those cited have been given by variou thors; and a thorough study of the su should be undertaken by all who mea gather mushrooms for their tables, as consequence of eating poisonous variet sometimes very serious.

Thos. J. N., Amite City, La. 1. Are the Mor planting a colony in Mexico, or elsewhere side of Utah? 2. Is polygamy practised i colony? If it is, what about the reso prohibiting its practice?

1. Yes; we understand they have secu large tract of land in Mexico, and hav already planted a good-sized colony 2. Not openly, we believe; although the doctrine is still held, and very likely practis in secret.

Byron B., Lincoln, Neb. Is it contrary to the letter or spirit of the Gospel for ministers Gospel to receive such titles as D.D., P LL.D., etc.? Does the passage, "Be n called rabbi, for one is your Master even and all ye are brethren," forbid it? W ministers seek such titles? A ministe has raised these questions and I would hear them answered.

Although they may be justly entitl these distinctions, having acquired the the usual way in which degrees are conf by our institutions of learning, it is not tomary for ministers to use them in th intercourse with their congregation, or i spirit of vain-glory. They are simpl credentials that testify to his ability in studies which are considered essential intellectual equipment of a man of su theological training, and are entirely able in themselves. There are occasion when they may be used with propriety authorship, etc. There is no reason wh should ever be regarded as objectiona used with good judgment or in the p place. We do not consider it good t have them on a visiting card or to use in correspondence.

Mrs. W. S. F., Shreveport, La. 1. Will you tell me where the mosquito comes from Do they develop from the so-called "Wiggle tails," or do they come from an egg? 2. I have that a mosquito cannot sing and that his "humming" is made by his wings. Can this

1. "Wiggle-tails" are incipient or baby quitoes—that is, they are the larvæ h from the eggs which the mosquito d on the surface of water. When the p insect appears, it uses the shell which shed as a floating foothold until its wi strong enough for flight. 2. The "hum ng" is made by the rapid motion of the wi ; it is estimated that a mosquito's wings v 3,000 times a minute.

Mrs. L. H. B., Brunswick, Me. See Isa. 2

Kallona, K. S., Dinuba, Calif. It depend the point of view. Some might be greatest i or literature, others in philosophy, medicin statesmanship, etc., etc.

W. H. McD., Berwyn, O. It would b proper for him to open with a suitable Bib ing and a simple, evangelical prayer; or the pupils repeat the Lord's Prayer in unis

Isaac H., Bristol, O. If he sincerely that such things are detrimental to the s growth of the church, he should preach them. On no account should he desert his

Mrs. G. S., San Angelo, Tex. The desc in your letter is certainly not that of a C but being ignorant of the facts in the case, express no opinion. Better see your pasto the subject.

Reader, North Billerica, Mass. 1. Ye wrong. 2. The doctrine is not taught now 3. he can give it the time without hampering otherwise. 4. It is a doubtful pleasure at b and should be avoided.

Julia F., Rushville, N. Y. Among the tages of incorporation are these: it enables corporated body to hold property and to and transmit a valid title, and it enables to sue or to defend any action at law against it.

Allan R., Quebec. No matter what may have done, it is your duty to act ho Two wrongs do not make a right. You are however, to let him know what you have the matter, and how you have suffered loss his deception.

A. A. A., Groton, Conn. Where a congr can erect a substantial and satisfactory for $12,000, and has the money, it would see doubtful policy to incur a heavy debt on more expensive building, merely for the show. A church in debt is, generally s hampered in its spiritual work by that v which always comes uppermost, even at t inopportune times.

THE BITTER FRUIT OF ENVY — Joseph Sold Into Egypt

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 6TH. GENESIS 37: 12-36

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: "THE PATRIARCHS, MOVED WITH ENVY, SOLD JOSEPH INTO EGYPT; BUT GOD WAS WITH HIM." ACTS 7: 9

The Lesson Story

)SEPH was born in the house of his grandfather, Laban, and being the first born of the beloved Rachel, was in a peculiar sense the favorite child of his father, Jacob. At the time of Jacob's return to Canaan, when occurred the wrestling at the brook Jabbok, seph was probably about seven years old. It was shortly er this that Benjamin was born. When Rachel descended o the mysterious motherland she never came back, the le babe came alone. It is recorded that "Rachel died," not until she had named her child "Ben-oni," "son of my row." Jacob afterwards gave him the name of Benjamin, nifying "son of my right hand," changing the minor key the boy's life to the gladness of hope. Joseph and Benin were all in all to each other. Joseph's tender feeling his little brother, his very own brother, not half brother, the other ten sons were, was not broken by passing years by change of environment, as we shall see in later lessons. The first years of Joseph's life were spent among the very ople from whom God had called Abraham. Again God d to call his chosen family to come out from among these laters, to whom Jacob had fled from home on account of wrong he had done Esau. Undoubtedly e older sons of Jacob, having lived among latrous people during the formative pe- d of their lives, developed traits which de their cruel treatment of their brother ssible. Jacob's peculiar love of Joseph, gether with the favor shown him by his her in the gift of the coat of many col-, which was an indication that he was to his father's heir, and chief of the tribe, oused in these less worthy brothers feelgs of envy and hatred that at last grew to rder in the desire to kill their brother. ie opportunity to do this came one day ten Joseph came to Dothan, where they re tending their flocks, having been nt by his father from Hebron, the family me, seventy miles away, to carry them me food, and to inquire about their lfare. When they saw him coming, they rmed their devilish plan to cast him into pit, which was probably a broken, dry tern. They would have killed him outht but that one of the brothers, Reuben, mewhat less cruel than the others, prosed the pit, intending afterwards to der him. He was not brave enough to sist their plot openly. Or was it wiser, he was one against nine, to use the stratgy he did? The baseness of the other ne big brothers is seen in that immedisely after they had thrown their brother to the pit, they sat down together to parke of a meal. While they were eating ey saw a caravan of merchantmen in the stance, their camels laden with spices, their way to Egypt. Judah, one of the others, proposed that they take Joseph t of the pit and sell him to the merchants. e saw that this plan would be more ofitable and more merciful at once. The heme met with favor, and the price reived was soon in their hands, aggregating out $1.10 each. Their work was done, ccepting to send to their father Joseph's at, dipped in a goat's blood, that they ight make him think that Joseph had been evoured by an evil beast.

Application and Illustration

The patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joph. Joseph was more beloved, partly, at ast, because more worthy. This afforded o ground for pride on his part—and there no proof he had any—but only for thanksving. When one is better than another character he may usually find the reason artly, as we can in the case of Joseph, in is more favorable surroundings. When is older brothers were shaping their charcters they were in a land of idols, and eir father was unduly absorbed in moneyaking. Joseph, from the age of seven, ad lived in Hebron, beside God's altar, ith his grandfather, Isaac, and his grandother, Rebekah, to teach him about God, s well as his father, Jacob. who had become a more godly man since he met the ysterious wrestler at Jabbok. "Each nation and each indidual is so dependent upon the events before and around, hat all state or personal vanity is excluded, and no noble eeling dare remain but that of gratitude to the King of ings."

Joseph's own will, however, co-operated with environment n his development of character. Heredity, environment, vill—the greatest of these is will. At seventeen he was lready a brave moral reformer. He reported the crimes nd vices of his brothers, the incest of Reuben, the murders y Levi and Simon, not, surely, in the spirit of a tale-bearer, ut prompted by the indignation that robust righteousness lways feels at the sight of sin, and also by a desire to reform is brothers. A like case is that of Captain Hobson, of the United States Navy, who, when a student at Annapolis, reported vicious violations of the Naval Academy rules by his ellow students. His whole class called him a "tattler," and refused to speak to him. After a year or two, overcome by his sterling worth as a Christian gentleman, they made overtures for renewed fellowship, which he politely refused. It takes rare courage to break the false code of honor, still in force, that those who wrong society by evil doing, may not be reported, though it would be for the general good, and even for their own.

The envy of Joseph's brother was due as much to his nobler character as to the greater favor it had won from their father. It was like Cain's envy of Abel, and Saul's envy of David. Sunday School teachers, and even preachers, sometimes blame Jacob for "partiality." If his favors bestowed on Joseph had not been based on superior worth there might be room for criticism. In awarding the rainbow coat Jacob was appointing a successor, not by favoritism, but by merit, as civil service reformers advocate we should always do. There was therefore no justification of their envy. It is said, "We never envy what we can equal."

When Jenny Lind was a young girl, so the story goes, she was given a trial hearing before the manager of the Grand Opera and his favorite prima donna in Paris. When her song was ended the haughty prima donna, perhaps actuated by a jealous fear, whispered a word to the manager, who then in a few polite phrases told the "young singer" that her voice was unfitted to the requirements of the great establishment. She heard him in silence and then quietly said, "I bid you adieu, Monsieur. One day you will implore me to return, but I never will return. I shall never sing again in Paris." She was true to her word, when, a few years later, her popularity and reputation were so great that Parisian managers begged her to sing for them on any terms she might choose to name.

A MIDIANITISH MERCHANT OF THE PRESENT DAY

The envy of Joseph's brothers soon grew to hatred, which speedily illustrated Christ's words, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." All, save one, were ready to kill him when he had come seventy miles to bring them their father's gift and message.

Envy's wild grapes include not only hatred but cowardice. Reuben, though envious, desired to prevent murder, but went about it timidly; and Judah, also, when he at length attempted the same thing. Another grape in envy's bitter cluster is cruelty, seen in the feast of revenge of Joseph's brothers as they "sat down to eat bread" after bottling their young brother in the cistern to die by starvation. Spenser, in his "Faerie Queen," pictures envy riding upon a ravenous wolf.

> Death it was when any good he saw,
> But when he heard of harm he waxed wondrous glad.

Pollock, in his "Course of Time," says of envy, "His joy was woe—the woe of others."

Yet another of envy's wild grapes is falsehood.

When Joseph's brethren sent the bloody coat to Jacob, they did not say, in so many words, that an evil beast had killed him. They probably prided themselves on avoiding a lie. Thus do those who commit great crimes without compunction boast of small and fictitious virtues. But can one tell a lie in any other way than by words? When this question was asked in teaching this lesson publicly to a crowd of children, one boy answered: "Yes, they can lie on their backs." There was a titter in the audience at what seemed the teacher's discomfiture, but she quickly said: "Yes, many a man lies on his back by wearing better clothes than he can pay for, just as Joseph's brothers lied by the bloody coat." Actions lie louder than words.

Yet another bitter grape the brothers tasted years after—remorse—recalling the sale of their brother when, in an Egyptian prison, as if it had been of yesterday: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us and we would not hear." "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which come back to the same place and cover him all over." Let us not forget that every man is our brother, and that we may wrong these brothers not alone by envy, but also by neglect, and especially by selling them in modern ways into slavery for our own gain.

> Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
> Bearing his load on the rough road of life?

Weight of Character

Here is a story which might appropriately have been told to Joseph's envious brothers who wanted their years counted rather than their characters weighed in determining who should be first. A little boy was on the scales, and, being very anxious to outweigh his playmate, he puffed out his cheeks and swelled up like a little frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. "Oho!" he cried, in scorn, "that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!"

With God, at any rate, nothing weighs but character. Years and titles and money are but puffed cheeks in his sight.

Behind a Frowning Providence

But God was with him. We have viewed the story on the dark side from the point of view of the brother's sin. Now we turn to the seemingly darker, yet really brighter side of Joseph's sorrow. In a vision of a full-orbed sun, to which the moon and stars made obeisance, and of a golden sheaf to which other sheaves bowed down, God had pictured his glorious future as that of one to whom others should bow. What a shock to his faith it must have been that God, as well as his brothers, should seem to disregard "the anguish of his soul" when he besought God and man in vain to save him from slavery. In reality we know this sorrow was the first step in the providential fulfilment of his dream. God was making the wrath of man to praise him and to serve his purposes. Joseph lost a child's coat that he might wear a royal robe. He became a slave that he might be a ruler. The English translation of the Bible used by the Jews renders the passage we translate, "The Lord was with Joseph and he was a prosperous man." "The Lord was with Joseph and he was a lucky fellow." It would have seemed mockery to tell the weeping Joseph, sold by cruel brothers into slavery, that he was "a lucky fellow," but that caravan was God's escort to transport him to his kingdom. Such a story helps us to understand how "all things work together for good to them that love God." Even hate, as well as love, serves their cause.

It is generally supposed by the Egyptologists that Joseph was sold into Egypt during the reign of the "shepherd kings" (Hyksos), a foreign dynasty who invaded the country from the north (although their origin and race is as yet uncertain), dispossessed the native kings of Lower Egypt, and held dominion there, perhaps, five or six centuries, when they were driven out by a native dynasty. This alien line of kings maintained itself with difficulty against the native princes who still held Upper Egypt, being hated by the Egyptian people, and ever ready, therefore, to form alliances with foreigners. The native Egyptians, on the other hand, were remarkably exclusive, having strong prejudices, and even hatred and contempt for foreigners. The monumental literature of Egypt shows this intense antipathy to foreigners in a thousand forms The wonderful and more than romantic history of Joseph could not have taken place under the native Pharaohs. A foreigner could not, under the native Egyptian rule, have been elevated to the second place of authority, nor could families of foreigners have been welcomed, as were the families of Israel, to settle in the kingdom (Poole in Smith's Dict.) Here then, in this Hyksos invasion, and possession of Egypt, during the time that the three great patriarchs were roaming through Palestine, we find a providential preparation for the Egyptian period of the history of the people.

Gleanings

"An evil beast hath devoured him," said Jacob, mourning over his son's bloody coat. Aye, it was the deed of beasts in human form that wrong to father and brother. And it is such beasts that still break the hearts of fathers and mothers by selling sons and daughters into slavery to sin.

That full-orbed sun of Joseph's dream pictured his full manhood. The first step toward such a manhood was the high ideal of it he accepted from God. Many sneer at ideals, but there is no noble life that was not such first in purpose and ideal. "We must steer by the stars." If you dream of greatness, you may fail of it; but a dream of goodness you may realize. "Not all have gifts, but all may have graces."

GEMS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT PULPITS

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

A DASTARDLY CRIME

REV. HUGH BLACK, OF EDINBURGH, IN FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK

I FEEL called upon to express somewhat of your feelings and your sympathy and to lead your prayers for President McKinley, who is the victim of such a dastardly crime. Though a stranger to your country, it is easy for me to do this, since it needs no local knowledge of politics, but merely the expression of the universal heart of man. As for the deed itself, the whole civilized world must pronounce abhorrence not only of the act, but of the detestable principles which inspired it. Nowhere outside of America, moreover, will sorrow be keener or prayer be more fervent than in Great Britain, where your President is admired as a man and honored as the head of this great nation, with whom we are proud to claim kinship. The President is regarded personally with confidence and esteem for his character, and I am sure that in this moment of your anxiety and sorrow as a people you have the sincere sympathy of every subject of the British Empire. It is in such trials that we feel how near we are in mind and spirit as we make our common prayer to our common Lord.

THE POISON OF ANARCHY

DR. STEPHEN A. NORTHROP, FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, KANSAS CITY, MO.

COLD blooded assassinations of the innocent are the shame and dishonor of our times. Such conspiracies are born of hell. The blackest crimes pale before the satanic wickedness of that red hand and black heart that shot down our chief executive. The attempts of these assassins are the most frightful signs of our time. In their aimless malignity, in their atrocious recklessness, in their brutal hatred, in their license of civil liberty, these are the crimes not of men but of human fiends.

Juvenal was distressed because the Syrian Orentes flowed into the Tiber and brought with it its language and morals. So our American waters are poisoned by many an Orentes of the Old World. America is becoming more and more the dumping ground of the vilest offscourings of Russia, Italy and Poland. Organized mobocracy, anarchistic leagues, communistic hordes, are daily and nightly introducing their revolutionary schemes into our body politic. From market place and public rostrum and incendiary press they spit their venom against our blood-bought institutions, and not a word is said. Meetings occur every Lord's day right under the shadow of our churches for the promulgation of plots against a free government.

These foreign radicals who never knew the first principles of freedom, welcomed to our shores by the voice of Liberty, have come here to assail our government, undermine our Constitution, and assassinate our Presidents. Are they to be permitted to keep up their nefarious work? Are they to be allowed to dog the steps of our statesmen from city to city, and make Liberty to hang her head in sackcloth and ashes? Do we, for a moment, imagine that our publicists, preachers, and statesmen can assimilate this agglomerated conglomeration of anarchy into our national life? You may make men out of monkeys by the laws of Darwin, but you cannot make Anarchists into law-abiding, liberty-loving citizens. God can do it, but the task is too great for man.

A NOBLE LIFE ENDED

DR. REESE F. ALSOP, ST. ANN'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT is singular how frequently great leaders of men, shapers of human history, die as Moses did, before the final triumph. They have a vision of great things to come for their nation or their race, things toward which they themselves have wrought, but their feet stop on the threshold. We think of the great Julius Cæsar. He saw and longed for the unity and peace brought in later by his nephew, Octavius, a peace which blessed the Roman world for centuries. Yes, he saw it, but to him it was said, "Thou shalt not pass over." The dagger of assassins and conspirators found him and let out his great soul.

We come down to modern times. Henry IV. of France had a vision of a sort of United States of Europe, not yet realized, but still thought of and hoped for. Ravaillac, a wild, bigoted Jesuit, forbade him to go over thither. We go a little to the north, and we are in the presence of William of Orange, at the head of the revolted Netherlands, wise, unselfish, brave; seeing ahead what? A land of liberty of mind and conscience. He saw it with his eyes, yea, he led his people toward it, but he was forbidden to pass over. Another Jesuit robbed his people of a splendid life. Time forbids me to dwell upon the names and deeds of others. We think of the Czar of Russia, who saw in a vision the beauty of freedom, and who set free millions of serfs, and was rewarded for it by death at the hands of those who called themselves freedom's friends.

We come to our own Lincoln, our second Washington, the great soul who for more than four years bore the burden of a great conflict, then, just as he caught the vision, lo! the sentence borne on the bullet of an assassin. We think of Carnot, President of the French Republic; of the liberal prime minister of Spain, of Garfield, and now at last of McKinley, and our hearts are sad for him, for the nation, for ourselves, that the head of the great nation has thus been smitten. For the craven heart that could form such a purpose against such a man, for the dastard hand that could carry it out, we have only indignation and loathing.

REV. HUGH BLACK

Assistant Pastor of Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh

But what are we to say of such departures? Under Providence what do they mean?

As we wait for an answer this thought comes to us. The best, greatest, purest man that ever lived was taken and slain by wicked hands. He suffered not for himself. What in vision he saw his death helped to bring in. May it not be so with others? Their death is vicarious. It is not only on the battlefield that a man dies for his country. He does it when in any high place of duty he falls. President McKinley was doing hard duty. The day before he was stricken he told the nation something of what he had seen on his mount of vision, as he took a wider outlook and the horizon receded to the ends of the earth, and then came the doom. Such sacrifices cannot be wholly in vain. Somehow things must work out blessing for the nation.

A BLOW AT LIBERTY

REV. E. WHITTIER CASWELL, BEEKMAN HILL M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHEN the news was brought that President McKinley had been shot by an Anarchist, the whole civilized world felt the thrill of terror. Can it be that an irresponsible, worthless villain can overthrow the head of a nation, and subvert the wishes of seventy millions of people? The blow was struck to assassinate the principles lying at the foundation of the Republic. Those principles were intrusted to the hands of William McKinley. He stood for all that was American, for the grandest government on God's footstool. In order to strike at our ideas of law, justice and liberty the President must fall. The Anarchists of to-day, so far as they are concerned, have done away with God, and, therefore, with conscience, with the sense of right and wrong, which therefore fits them for the perpetration of infamous crimes, like this attempt to murder the President. They have no more use for a republic than a monarchy. They would carry society back to savagery, where each man is compelled to defend his little property alone. We can say, as the lamented Garfield said, when the heroic Lincoln fell: "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." Czolgosz said: "I have struck a blow for liberty as we understand it." O Liberty, what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!

POWER IN CHARACTER

DR. H. P. DEWEY, CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHAT is character? Here is a piece of wood. We speak of its character, and we mean the quality of the wood, what the wood really is. Here is a piece of steel, and we speak of its character, meaning the quality of the steel, what it really is. Here are men and women. We speak of their domestic character, their social character, their business character, and we mean the quality of these persons in these respects, what they really are. Character is then not doing something, not saying something. Character is something else back of the words and back of the deeds which is revealed through them, and which brings them into existence. Character is being, and from that inner, indescribable but real self there is proceeding continually a force which is to those about us as tonic or poison, as blessing or curse. It is a very important thing then to have a good character. Important because it is a valuable thing in itself. Important because it has much influence upon other lives.

THE CITY CHURCH

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, NORTHFIELD, MA

WHAT is the responsibility of the church in the city? What does the Church of C exist for? For the select few who to-day wo within the buildings called by his name? Th God's name close the doors! Such churches no mission and should cease to exist. The Ch of Christ exists to reveal God and to act in co with him. Would that I could startle you Christian activity! The sorrow of the city a your sympathy, and the saving force and gra Jesus Christ. How is the city to know that not God-forsaken? Through the Church. me speak plainly. If you are careless of the sorrow, you are not a Christian. Call yours cultured pagan if you will, but do not use the Christian. If you are not pitying the city, yo a God-forsaken soul, and need the pity of greater soul.

THE SOURCE of SPIRITUAL LI

REV. HENRY C. MINTON, D.D., SAN FRANCISCO, C

OUR Lord said to Nicodemus that "exc man be born of water and of the Spiri cannot enter into the kingdom of God"; and the man of the Pharisees marveled, the Teacher likened the subtle workings of the S to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, bu cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it g The Divine Spirit is the author of that st second birth. "All life from life," science and so also says the Gospel of the new birth. Holy Spirit is the spiritual Life-giver. He i moving, molding, controlling force in the re tion of character and in the salvation of the w He fashions the life and endows the heart the graces of the Spirit. He breathes upo dry bones of a dead world and vivifies, sustains, guides ishes, and glorifies every soul into which the life-be inspiration enters. His work is indispensable, and work is deep, subtile, penetrating, myriad-sided, effe and transforming. This great truth is the basis of evang Christianity.

CHARACTER BUILDING

BY DR. R. G. HUTCHINS, FOSTORIA, O.

CAN a man construct the character of his choice? not the poisoned blood of a bad ancestry some course through the arteries like liquid flame, and kindle in the soul which shall light its endless burnings? Doe temperament foreordain, with a changeless fixedne man's history and destiny? Do not wretched surroun in infancy and childhood sometimes fence men withi horrible pit and miry clay? Does not the accident of w or poverty deliver or doom? Are not our characters ioned inevitably by our environment, as our clothe fashioned by the tailor? It is true that there are app suggestions of fatalism in the strength of the influ which surround us. But he of all men is doomed who himself up as the victim of fate. God makes some delve in hard mines, but even there it is possible to g gold and silver and precious stones and marbles, the m als of which palaces are built. Whereas, even amids utmost opulence of privilege and opportunity, a man if he be bent on it, collect wood, hay and stubble, the m als of which hovels are built.

CHRIST AS A CITIZEN

DR. TEUNIS S. HAMLIN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT is very striking to notice that our Lord did not touc social and political abuses of his day directly. The lived certainly under one of the worst governments, o the most oppressive governments, most tyrannical, arbitrary, most personal, that the world has ever seen he organized no revolution, and yet he gave the prin which gradually have almost obliterated that type of g ment from the earth, which have obliterated it wherev Gospel has gone and even partially prevailed. But it i interesting and striking and instructive to notice th Lord said, "Give Cæsar his due; pay the tax," and that who followed him, interpreting his teaching, required ence to constituted authority, and though the consti authority had very much that might be said against was in very many things very offensive to justice and nevertheless the claim is that we should honor the king we should pray for those who are in authority, that we s be patriotic and obedient citizens. Ministers are cons tempted to leave the ordinary and as I would say, the mate work of their calling, to attempt to set right the v wrongs that are all about us in the world. There is no of the pressing nature of these social problems. There doubt that Christianity has a relation to them. Th no doubt that the Church has a duty in the matter. does not the example of our Lord throw some light up nature of that duty and upon the way in which it is performed?

THE PRESIDENTIAL OBSEQUIES

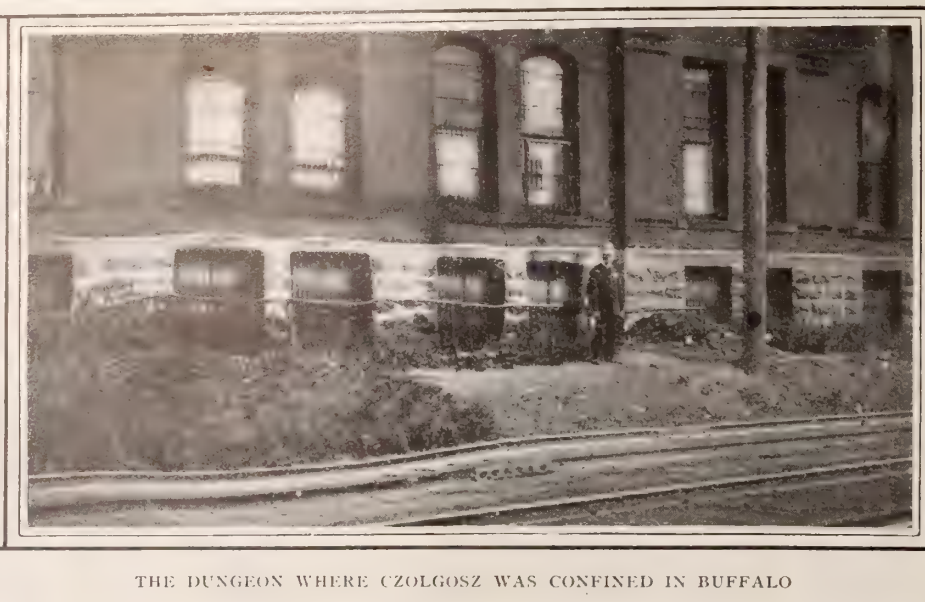
SCENES DURING THE CEREMONIES AT BUFFALO OVER OUR MURDERED PRESIDENT

1. BEARING THE CASKET TO THE HEARSE FROM THE MILBURN HOUSE.
2. THE HEARSE LEAVING THE HOUSE.
3. CROWDS IN LINE AT THE CITY HALL.
4. TAKING THE CASKET INTO CITY HALL.
5. THE BODY LYING IN STATE.
6. LEAVING CITY HALL ON MONDAY MORNING.

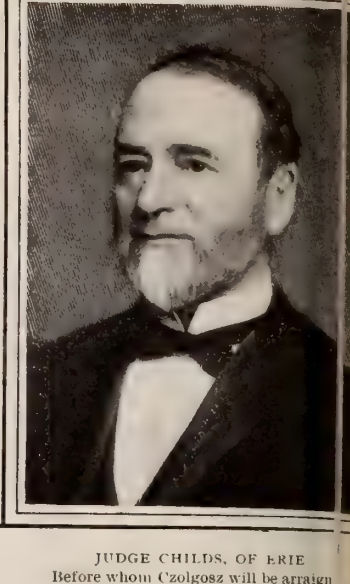
PRESIDENT McKINLEY PASSES AWAY

The Nation Again Plunged into Mourning—Story of the Sufferer's Heroic Struggle and Final Collapse—H Farewell to his Wife and Friends—"God's Will be Done," his Last Words

DIST.-ATTY. PENNEY, OF BUFFALO
Who will prosecute the case



THE DUNGEON WHERE CZOLGOSZ WAS CONFINED IN BUFFALO



JUDGE CHILDS, OF ERIE
Before whom Czolgosz will be arraign

AFTER a week of alternate hopes and fears, President McKinley, who was shot by the Anarchist assassin Czolgosz, on September 6, passed away at 2.15 A. M. on September 14. He was never moved from the room in the Milburn house in Buffalo, into which he was carried on the day of the shooting and immediately after the operation. He carries with him to the grave the second bullet, which was not extracted. His last moments were calm and peaceful. Several members of the Cabinet, a number of relatives and personal friends, and practically the entire medical staff, were in attendance when the end came.

President McKinley died as he had lived—a brave man and a Christian. He had lapsed into unconsciousness at 6.40 P.M., but was revived somewhat half an hour later. During the evening he had brief periods of unconsciousness, and in the intervals, his thoughts were rambling and he was slightly delirious. He spoke much of the old home at Canton; he longed to go back there—he wanted to rest. About 7 o'clock he asked for his wife. When she entered the chamber, the President was fully conscious.

She had been weeping, but was now calm, and she bent over and kissed her husband tenderly on the forehead. Turning to Dr. Rixey, who stood beside her, she said: "I know you will save him. I cannot let him go. The country cannot spare him." Their hands met in a parting clasp—a sad parting, from which those who stood near turned away, respecting it as too sacred for curious eyes. For a moment her head was bowed, and she sobbed quietly beside him. Still holding her hand, he said faintly:

Parting Words to his Wife

"Bear up, Ida. It is God's way. His will, not ours be done."

She saw him again between 11 and 12 o'clock, but was not present at the end. The President's last audible words, as written down by Dr. Mann, who stood by his bedside, were: "Good-bye all; good-bye. God's will, not ours be done." His relatives, friends, and members of the Cabinet were admitted to the sick room and took their leave of the dying President several hours before the final scene.

Throughout the President's illness, special bulletins, supplied by Secretary Cortelyou, were received at the offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and these constitute the most authentic record of the last days William McKinley passed on earth.

This was the last bulletin, which brought the official announcement of death:

84Ny Ce Hn 26 paid 7.45 am. Govt.

Buffalo Ny 14

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage
Christian Herald, New York

The President passed away at a quarter past two this morning.

Geo. B. Cortelyou.

There is no more pathetic chapter in American history than that which deals with the President's battle for life, part of which has already been told in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD. With Czolgosz, the assassin, secure in jail, and the wounded Pr apparently making rapid progress toward c recovery, the hopes of the nation rose, and it in in the brightest anticipations. Frequent b issued from the sick-room gave ab grounds for encouragement. Sund Monday, Sept. 8 and 9, were days o ing progress. Monday night was by restlessness on the part of the su yet he slept fairly well, and his condition on Tuesday morning wa factory, pulse being 120, temperatu respiration 28. At eight o'clock A. Park said: "We are all very c over the outlook." Dr. Mann de "The President is exceptionally and Dr. McBurney also recorded tire satisfaction with the Presiden dition.

On Monday forenoon, there was a stream of callers at the Milburn They found every one in the hous ful and happy. Senator Hanna diant with hopeful smiles, and McKinley, the President's broth pressed his confidence in the recovery. Vice-President Roosevel ily expressed himself as "absolut fident that everything will come right." Mrs. McKinley went out in the afternoon. All the bulletin were notes of progress. Secretarie and Knox prepared to return to W ton. All felt assured of the patient recovery, and the whole country b easier.

Delusive Hopes

On Tuesday, September 10, th bulletin recorded a continuance favorable conditions. "The Presid passed the most comfortable ni said, "since the attempt on his life 118, temperature 100.4, respiration McBurney ventured the predictio "the President would be at his de in the next six weeks." Nouri was administered to the sufferer b tion, as had been done at interva Sunday. No one save the docto nurses were admitted to the sick the only exception being Mrs. Mc who was permitted to see her h for a moment occasionally. S bearing up admirably, and sho signs of breaking down as the had feared. These meetings see comfort Mr. McKinley greatly.

Wednesday, September 11, was day brilliant with hope and enc ment. The President had passed fortable night, and all the news f sick chamber was gratifying; the was healing healthily; the quota ishment was being increased a patient was surely gaining. On vious night, two stitches in the had been cut, and the wound it opened sufficiently to admit of re a shred of clothing which the bu carried with it, and which was a slight local irritation. This s

THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY
Born Jan. 29, 1843. Shot Sept. 6, 1901. Died Sept. 14, 1901.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S CHRISTIANITY

From THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, June 14, 1899

Executive Mansion, Washington, May 26, 1899.

My belief embraces the Divinity of Christ and a recognition of Christianity as the mightiest factor in the world's civilization.

Wm McKinley

or "irritating atom" had somehow been overlooked in dressing the wound originally. Benefit had resulted from the new dressing, and the release of a small secretion of serum. Healthy appetite was developing, and the stomach was tolerating the beef juice, which was being administered in increasing quantities. An X-ray machine had been forwarded by Mr. Edison, and Dr. Herman Knoll, an expert, arrived for the special purpose of determining the exact location of the missing bullet, but it was not deemed advisable to trouble the patient, especially as he was making such excellent progress.

More Optimistic Bulletins

Thursday, September 12., was a repetition of the cheering news of the previous days. At 6.20 A.M. the morning bulletin announced "a comfortable night; pulse 122, temperature 100.2." The President's sleep was quiet and restful. Dr. Mynter said, on leaving the Milburn house: "He is doing excellently—so well, in fact, that this morning we were able to give him solid food. His breakfast consisted of half a cup of beef tea, some toast, a cup of coffee, and a little whiskey." This was all eaten in the regular way, and the invalid seemed to relish it keenly, and even asked for more. His physicians were apparently delighted with his general condition. Dr. McBurney said: "I am sure that he is out of danger, and I shall leave the city to-day. I am leaving on private business and will return in a few days." So general was this feeling of confidence that the crisis was over, that others, including Secretaries Hay and Root. Postmaster-General Smith, and some of the President's relatives, prepared to leave the city also. Vice-President Roosevelt departed on an Adirondack hunting tour. The Exposition city, whose gayety had been subdued awhile, began to be merry again, and even the little group of watchers in the Milburn house felt that the burden had been lifted.

Hopes Suddenly Crushed

In the afternoon of Thursday the unexpected happened. President McKinley began to suffer from restlessness, and complained of fatigue. This unfavorable change took the doctors by surprise. At 5.30 P.M., the patient was resting more easily, but this was the deceptive prelude to the worst night he had experienced since the shooting. The solid food had clogged the system, producing slight fever and restlessness, which gradually increased. Oil and calomel were administered to relieve the torpidity. As the evening advanced the heart's action grew faint and irregular, the pulse was high and fluctuating. The physicians were alarmed, and felt that a critical point in the case had been reached. Those on duty at the Milburn house summoned the others in hot haste, and soon the entire medical staff was in attendance. Toward midnight the President became still weaker. There was no disturbance of the wound, the doctors said: the trouble appearing to be from the heart and the stomach—the effect probably of the powerful medicine given. Dr. Stockton, a specialist in stomach troubles, had been added to the staff and was giving the case his exclusive attention. Drs. Mann and Mynter explained the symptoms as those of intestinal toxæmia (the presence of toxin poison in the intestines caused by undigested food), which, they believed, would quickly yield to treatment. Stimulants were administered, but the heart did not respond satisfactorily. All night long the Milburn house was alive with lights. Swift messengers scurried hither and thither. Those Cabinet officers and the relatives and friends of the President who were still in Buffalo, were summoned in hot haste. For a time it was thought that the end was near, but toward morning the patient rallied. Injections of salt solution, digitalis and strychnine had been used to buoy up the feeble heart.

Friday morning, September 13, found the whole nation torn with anxiety over the relapse. The news flashed across the wires overnight had come as a sudden and painful surprise to every one, completely reversing the cheerful intelligence of the preceding days. There was a distinct rally, however, that gave great encouragement. Dr. Mynter again said the heart was the main trouble. The patient was at that moment highly stimulated with the saline solution and oxygen, but was conscious and free from pain.

At 9.30 A. M., when Dr. Mynter was applying strychnine hypodermically, the President, whom he supposed to be asleep, asked:

"Is my condition serious?"

"Yes, you are a very sick man," was the quiet answer.

"I realize it," said the President, and relapsed into silence.

It was now, as the doctors frankly admitted, a battle against frightful odds—hoping against hope. The bulletins that were issued could give no encouragement. A little after 5 o'clock in the afternoon it became apparent that the end of the long struggle for life was near at hand. There were intermittent spells of weakness, and the President at 5.20 became unconscious. He was again stimulated, but the now greatly enfeebled heart could not long respond to the treatment. About half past seven, during an interval of consciousness, he asked to see Mrs. McKinley, and when she came, according to the statements of those who witnessed the meeting, he still had sufficient strength to greet her very kindly. She knelt beside him, weeping, and he comforted her with loving words. Soon he showed signs of again becoming unconscious, and she was taken away.

Giving Up the Struggle

Now it was evident to the physicians that the resources of science were at an end. They decided to stop administering oxygen. During a lucid interval, the patient had told Abner McKinley that he felt the end was near, and he wanted them to let him die. Fearful lest he should pass away suddenly, the doctors directed that the doors of the sick-room be thrown open, and soon the relatives and friends of the dying President were gathered about it. In a sad group they clustered at the entrance, unwilling to disturb the unconscious man, yet eager to be with him to the last moment. Outside the house there was a great, anxious crowd which watched with feverish eagerness for every scrap of news from within. Over and above all, like some distant conflagration, gleamed the vari-colored lights of the Exposition, lending a weird and fantastic effect to the scene, and reflecting themselves in the windows of the house wherein the President lay dying.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

At 9.20 Secretary Cortelyou came out, and told the assembled reporters that the President was dying. Dr. Mynter, almost the same moment, sent out word that the death-chill had set in. Mr. Cortelyou added that the last conscious words of the President were those spoken to his wife. Dr. Mann said the President, during Mrs. McKinley's last visit, said audibly to those about him and to the sad group standing at the door of the room, "Good-bye all; good-bye." A moment later, and apparently as though speaking in prayer, he was heard to say: "'Nearer, my God, to thee; e'en though it be a cross,' is my constant prayer."

The Last Scene of All

This was the opportune moment seized by those in the death chamber to take a last farewell. Then came prolonged unconsciousness. Mrs. McKinley had already been escorted from the room, however, before the collapse came. There was no rally after that. About 2 o'clock, Dr. Rixey detected signs of the end, and the immediate family came and surrounded the bed. There were Abner McKinley, the President's brother, and Mrs. Abner McKinley; Miss Helen McKinley, the President's sister; Mrs. Sarah Duncan, another sister; Miss Mary Barber, his niece; Miss Sarah Duncan, Lieut. J. F. McKinley, a nephew; William M. Duncan, a nephew; F. M. Osborne, a cousin; John Barber, a nephew; Secretary Cortelyou, Col. W. C. Brown, Controller Davis, and Dr. Rixey.

In the adjoining room were the other doctors, and Secretaries Long, Root, Wilson, Knox and Hitchcock, of the Cabinet, and Senator Hanna. There was a hush over the little gathering, and all waited, in absolute silence, the announcement of the end, which came when Dr. Rixey, after leaning over the bed an instant, stood erect, facing the doorway, and said in hushed tones, "The President is dead!"

President Roosevelt Sworn In

Vice-President Roosevelt, who was in the Adirondacks when the President died, came back to Buffalo with all haste. The messenger bearing the tidings of the death found him on the top of a mountain in the wilds, hunting with his two sons. He took the oath of office before United States District Judge Hazel on Saturday afternoon, September 14. He announced that he would carry out in all respects the wishes of the late President, and asked the Cabinet to remain in office. He said: "In this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement, I wish to statet hat it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country."

The autopsy disclosed what none of the physicians of President McKinley seem to have suspected: that death was certain from the beginning and that no science on earth could have saved the sufferer. This is the official report signed by all the medical staff:

The Autopsy

"The bullet which struck over the left breast-bone did not pass through the skin and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach, near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissues around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed through the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not yet been found.

"There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature and death resulted from the gangrene, which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet. Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment, and was the direct result of the bullet wound."

The Funeral Arrangements

A simple funeral service was held at the Milburn house in Buffalo on Sunday forenoon, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Locke, of the Delaware Avenue Methodist Church. Only the relatives and friends were present—about two hundred in all. In the library, in a coffin of cedar, covered with black broadcloth and lined with satin, lay the body of the murdered President. His face was calm and natural in expression, and he seemed as though asleep. During the service, Mrs. McKinley sat upstairs, sobbing softly. President Roosevelt, Senator Hanna and the members of the Cabinet, with other friends, followed the coffin, when the bearers transferred it to the City Hall under military escort.

It lay in the City Hall rotunda for nine hours, and it is estimated that, notwithstanding a heavy rainstorm, not less than 90,000 persons were in the line that filed past to view the remains. Next morning the body was taken to Washington for the State funeral, Mrs. McKinley, her friends and attendants and the Cabinet members accompanying it. Mrs. McKinley occupied the same car in which she traveled with her husband in the recent journey across the continent.

. . .

This was the programme for the funeral in Washington:

September 16. Remains reach Washington 9 P.M.; taken to Executive Mansion under United States Cavalry escort.

September 17. 9 A.M. Remains taken to Capitol, accompanied by military and civil escort, and there to lie in state.

September 17. Remains under a military escort transferred to a funeral car and taken to Canton, O., for final sepulture, arriving Wednesday, September 18th.

September 19. Public funeral in Canton.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should be made by check or money order payable to the order of the publishers. Registered letters at our risk.

Foreign Postage. For countries in the International Postal Union add $1.04 for postage. Canada and Mexico, $1.00 extra.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our Dead President

THE President is dead! A wave of sorrow rolls over the land. It is to me a personal bereavement. From the time that William McKinley, as President of the Young Men's Christian Association at Canton, O., introduced me to an audience until the present, nothing of importance occurred in his life or mine, but we exchanged telegrams. We have been very good friends. But he is gone. God pity his wife! God pity us!

President McKinley was all his life the enemy of sin, the enemy of sectionalism, the enemy of everything small-hearted, impure and debasing, and he made many a crushing blow against these moral and political Philistines, but in his death he made mightier conquest. His one week of dying has made more illustrious record than the fifty-seven years living. "So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Our President's death, more than his life, or any life, eulogizes the Christian religion. We all talk about the hope of the Christian, and the courage of the Christian, and the patience of the Christian. Put all the sermons on these subjects for the last ten years together, and they would not make such an impression as the magnificent demeanor of this dying chief magistrate. Going into unconsciousness under the power of anæsthetics, he is hearing whispers of "Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory." He utters words pitying his assassin. In his last moments he chanted "Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee." He was no more afraid to die than you are to go home this morning. Without one word of complaint he endures the physical anguish. All he ever did in confirmation of religion in days of health was nothing compared to what he did for it in this last crisis.

* * *

Many years ago he rose in a religious meeting and asked for prayers. Soon after he knelt at the church altar. William McKinley had no new religion to experiment with in his last hours. It was the same Gospel into the faith of which he was baptized in early manhood. That religion has stood the test through all the buffetings and persecutions, through the hard work of life, and did not forsake him in the tremendous close.

There have been thousands of death-beds as calm and beautiful as this, but they were not so conspicuous. This electrifies Christendom. This encourages all the pain-struck in hospitals and scattered all up and down the world, to suffer patiently. The consumptive, the cancered, the palsied, the fevered, and the dying of all nations lift their heads from their hot pillows, and bless this heroic, this triumphant, this illustrious sufferer. The religion that upheld him under surgeon's knife, and amid the appalling days and nights of suffering, is a good religion to have. Show us in all the ages among the enemies of Christianity a death-bed that will compare with this radiant sunset!

These last scenes must impress the world, as no preachment ever did, that when our time comes to go, the most energetic and skilful physicians cannot hinder the event. Was there ever so much done to save a man's life as the life of President McKinley. But the doctors could not keep him. A loving and brave wife could not keep him. The anxieties of a nation could not keep him. His great spirit pushes them all back from the gates of life, and soars away into the infinities.

* * *

This tragedy, as nothing else, demonstrates what a hideous thing is Nihilism or Anarchy. That assassin shouted: "I am an Anarchist." Anarchism owns nothing but a knife for universal cut-throatery, and a nitroglycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven and no hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps the Emperor of Germany a tremble, destroyed the King of Italy, shot at Edward the Prince, now Edward the King, and would put to death every king and president on earth; and if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of Heaven from his throne and take it himself, the universal butcher. In France it is called Communism. In Russia it is called Nihilism. It means complete and eternal smash-up, and it would drive a dagger through your heart, and put a torch to your dwelling, and turn over this whole land to theft, lust, rapine and murder.

Where does this monster live? In all the cities of this land. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good.

Anarchism! This panther, having prowled across other lands, has set its paw on our soil. It was Anarchism that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was Anarchism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the Civil War; it is Anarchism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse and college in ashes. It is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in our country. In this land riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people, or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillalah, not firearms, but the ballot.

But Anarchism is doomed. Russia, and Germany, and Italy, and France, and England will join hands with the United States in memory of Abraham Lincoln, and James A. Garfield, and William McKinley to put down this villainy of the centuries. T. D. W. T.

* * *

President Roosevelt

AS provided by the Constitution, the Vice-President, Theodore Roosevelt, becomes President for the remainder of the late President's term. As in the case of General Arthur, after the death of President Garfield, the oath of office was administered to Mr. Roosevelt privately, and he begins his administration, as is fitting under the sorrowful circumstances, without any of the imposing ceremonies attending the inauguration of a President elected to the office by the people.

Theodore Roosevelt at forty-three is the youngest of our Presidents. He comes of a family prominent in New York life for eight generations. There are in it strains of French Huguenot, Dutch, Scotch and Irish blood. He was born in New York City. He was a delicate boy, but by judicious training his constitution was so strengthened that when he graduated from Harvard in 1880 he was a vigorous athletic young man. He devoted himself to the law, but in 1881 he was elected to the Legislature, and so well did he acquit himself that he was thrice re-elected. At the conclusion of his fourth term he was nominated for Mayor of New York, but Mr. Hewitt, his chief opponent, was elected by a plurality of over twenty thousand votes.

President Cleveland appointed Mr. Roosevelt a member of the Civil Service Commission, and he held that office until 1895, when he resigned it to accept a Police Commissionership under Mayor Strong. Two years later, President McKinley made him Assistant Secretary of the Navy. When war broke out with Spain Mr. Roosevelt organized a regiment of cavalry, which became famous as the Rough Riders, in which he served as second in command under Colonel Wood. The regiment rendered conspicuous service during the war, especially at Guasimas, where it stormed the hill with great gallantry. On his return he received the Republican nomination for Governor of New York. He was elected, and held the office until elected to the Vice-Presidency last year.

* * *

The President's Wound

The Famous Operation Described by the "New York Medical Journal"

AT Dr. Mann's request, Dr. Wasdin assumed charge of the anæsthetic, and began the administration of ether at 5.20—one hour and fifteen minutes after the wound was inflicted. The President took the ether kindly, and was well under its influence within the next ten minutes. The abdomen having been aseptically prepared, an incision three inches long was made lengthwise in the body, and including the opening made by the ball—a 32-calibre—that was located four inches below the left nipple and an inch and a half to the left of the median line. The incision went through a deep layer of fat before the peritonæum was reached, hence the incision was enlarged another inch. A piece of cloth—probably a bit of undershirt—was found in track of the missile, which looked as if it had "punched out" by the bullet. Upon opening the tonæum, a bullet hole was discovered in the ant central portion of the stomach. This viscus was d up into the operation wound and the perforation, examination, was closed with a double row of sutures (Czerny-Lembert). A little oozing of the s ach contents had occurred through the opening— which was wiped away. A further enlargement o incision now became necessary in order to examin dorsum of the stomach, upon which another op was found. This was sutured in manner like unt first, and the sluggish hands on the clock marked The intestines were examined for possible wounds happily, none were found, and these were wrapp moist, hot towels.

A previous hypodermic injection had been made now twenty-five minims of brandy were sim administered. A further search for the missile to discover it, but it became apparent that it had no other vital damage, with the strong probabilit it had lost itself in the thick lumbar muscles.

Dr. Roswell Park arrived about this time—6.25 joined the staff as consultant. The abdominal was flushed with normal salt solution and the began. Seven deep silkworm-gut sutures were emp and catgut was placed superficially between them At about 6.50 the anæsthetic was discontinued an abdominal bandage was applied. Thus the ope on which so much of moment depended was fin The President's pulse was now 122, respiration 32

The following summary of the surgery done interesting and succinct:

One bullet struck the President on the upper p of the breast-bone, glancing and not penetrating.

The second bullet penetrated the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and an inch and a h to the left of the median line.

The abdomen was opened through the line bullet wound. It was found that the bulle penetrated the stomach. The opening in the wall of the stomach was carefully closed wit sutures, after which a search was made for a h in the back wall of the stomach. This was found also closed in the same way.

The further course of the bullet could not b discovered, although careful search was made. abdominal wound was closed without drainage injury to the intestines or other organ was disco

The patient stood the operation well. After pulse was good; rate of 130.

♣ ♣ ♣

Tiberias and its People

(See colored illustration on first page).

DURING our Saviour's sojourn on earth, a consi portion of his ministry was devoted to the pe Galilee. Tiberias, the capital of the province period, does not seem to have been visited by him, h istry having been largely confined to the towns at th of the lake, where the population was dense and tho Jewish. Though now little else than a succession of d ruins, the entire district was then a scene of life and b activity. Lake Galilee's shores, on either side, were s with villages, and trading and fishing fleets cove waters. Capernaum, Chorazin, the two Bethsaidas, Gamala, and Tarichеæ, Tiberias and Magdala, were p ous and populous towns. Except the two last nam have passed away, and in some instances their very doubtful. Tiberias, built by Herod Antipas on the the ancient Rabbath, was named in honor of the E Tiberius. It was a place of great architectural be as well as considerable political importance.

Herod had built there a stadium, a costly palace, series of baths after the Roman pattern, and ther many other buildings of almost princely pretensio Its population at different times was a mixture of R Greeks, Arabs, Persians and Jews, while the dweller other towns and villages along the lake were, for th part, native Galilean peasant fishermen. Tiberias to tains its Roman name, but little else; its ancient grand disappeared, and its population has dwindled down t proportions, being Mohommedan, Jews and Christians almost totally destroyed by earthquake about sevent ago. Bedouins often pitch their black tents within its and overlooking the *Bahr Tubarich* (Sea of Tiberias) these wanderers give to the lake. There is a strange tradition concerning the city, which says that wh Messiah comes he will emerge from the waters of the Tiberias and will at once proceed to Safed, where he tablish his throne on the highest hill in Galilee an the whole world under his dominion.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

President Roosevelt Sworn In

SADLY in contrast with the usual imposing ceremony of administering the oath of office to the new President, in the Capitol at Washington, was the sombre scene in the old mansion at Buffalo, on Saturday, September 14. On his arrival from the Adirondacks, Mr. Roosevelt paid an informal visit of respect and condolence to the Milburn house, in hich the remains of the departed chief lay. He then roceeded to the residence of Mr. Ansley Wilcox, at 1 Delaware avenue, where he was a guest during his rmer visit. The members of the Cabinet, with the ception of Secretaries Hay and Gage, had assembled ere, with Justice John R. Hazel, of the United States istrict Court. They went into the library, and Secre- ry Root, addressing Mr. Roosevelt in a voice broken ith emotion, said that it was the wish of his colleagues hat Mr. Roosevelt take the oath of office immediately. Ir. Roosevelt was standing with his back to a window nd, at the request of Judge Hazel, he raised his right and and, repeating the words after the Judge, solemnly vore to "faithfully execute the office of President of ie United States and to the est of his ability preserve, rotect, and defend the Constitution of the United tates." He then signed the archment on which the oath as engrossed, and the simle ceremony of the inaugu- ation was complete. The ustomary inaugural address as compressed into the rief statement by the new resident that it would be his aim to continue absolutely nbroken the policy of Presi- ent McKinley for the peace nd prosperity of our beloved ountry." It was noted that Ir. Roosevelt appeared to el deeply a sense of the re- ponsibility so tragically rust upon him. It may well ppress any man who realizes is possibilities; but we are ure that the God who heard he prayer which the ancient uler uttered on beginning is reign is still ready to hear nd answer such a prayer:

Thy servant is in the midst of y people, a great people that cannot be numbered or counted for ultitude; give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to udge thy people that I may discern etween good and bad, for who is ble to judge this thy so great a eople? (I. Kings 3: 8).

WILCOX MANSION, BUFFALO, IN WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE ON SEPT. 14

Killed in a Falling House

A remarkable fatality occurred in Hoboken, N. J., last veek. Among the houses injured by the tornado of the revious Saturday was a three-story brick building on he corner of two streets. The owner was aware that t had been rendered unsafe, but she continued to live n it, believing that it would not fall before some repairs, which she had ordered, were done, when it would e as strong as ever. She and her servant were on the op floor doing their morning work, when the bartender, n the saloon, called up the speaking tube that the walls vere cracking. He urged the women to leave at once. They hurried on some street wraps and descended. Just as they reached the outer door the building collapsed and they were caught in the ruin, but were soon extricated. The singular fact was that the bartender who had cautioned the women did not make his own escape. He went back behind the bar and continued his work. He was so engaged when the building fell, and he was killed, while the women whom he had warned, escaped with a few bruises. There are some good people who are in danger of an analogous fate. Without giving their own hearts to Christ, they warn others whose danger is more conspicuous than their own.

Thou, therefore, that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? (Romans 2: 21).

Perpetual Light

Chicago journals report the discovery, by a resident of that city, of a system of lighting, which, the inventor declares, will supersede all others. It has the merit of giving as good a light as the incandescent lamp, while it needs no wires, nor does it need continuous supply like gas. The inventor says that he was led to the secret of the new light by accident. He was experimenting with chemicals used in photography, when he noticed the brilliant light produced by some refuse he had thrown on the top of some other waste material. He made a note of the ingredients of the heap and then experimented with them. He found that by putting certain chemicals into a glass globe and exhausting the air, he had a brilliant light, which would continue as long as the air was excluded from them. It shines all the time, and when the owner wishes to use it he has only to remove the cover. As soon as he has perfected a mechanism by which, on the turning of a tap, a hood covers the globe, or is removed, he will put the light on the market, and those who buy it will have a perpetual light. It would be well if the Christian's life was always a light of this kind, perpetually shining, even when hidden by the obscurity of his lot.

If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light (Luke 11: 36).

A Hermit's Romance

European journals report the death of a man whose solitary home has frequently been pointed out to American voyagers in the Mediterranean. It was erected on a promontory near Cape Malea, in Southern Greece. People heard strange stories of the man who lived in it, utterly solitary and refusing to hold communication with any living soul. The true cause of his strange life has just been disclosed, and is verified by papers found in his home since his death. It appears that at the age of twenty-six he attained the summit of his ambition, which was to be captain of a steamer in the Mediterranean trade. He married the girl of his choice, and the owners of his ship consented to his taking his bride with him on his next voyage, for their honeymoon. He was intensely happy, and took a delight in showing his wife the cities which were familiar to him, but were strange to the quiet country girl. One dark night, while they were off Cape Malea, a huge steamer cut down their vessel, and among the lost was the young bride. Her husband had vainly tried to save her, and was frantic when, on recovering consciousness after being cast ashore, he was told of her death. He built a hut on the promontory from which he could see the spot where the accident occurred. There he lived for nearly twenty years, during which time he was never known to utter a word to any human being. He died all alone, as he had lived. Probably the shock of bereavement unbalanced his mind, otherwise he would not have wasted his years in unavailing grief. A wiser, better course for the bereaved was that taken by the ancient king, who mourned for his son.

Now he is dead wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me (II. Samuel 12: 23).

News from the Arctic

The arrival of the Arctic steamship *Erik* at North Sydney on September 13, relieved public anxiety about the situation of Lieut. Peary, who went to the Arctic in 1898. On the steamer were Mrs. Peary and her daughter, who had been spending some time with the explorer in his solitude. They went north on the *Windward* in August, 1900, and penetrated to Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, where they were frozen in. It was not until May of this year that Lieut. Peary, searching for the ship, reached Payer Harbor. For eight long months, his wife had been within 250 miles of him, without his knowing of it. His report of events since April, 1900, when he was last heard from, shows that he has made another record. The farthest North in this hemisphere was that of Lockwood in 1882. In a journey on foot, in May, 1900, Lieut. Peary passed that point, and went about twenty-three miles farther North. There he was stopped by broken ice and open water. He then followed the coast line of Greenland to the East, 160 miles beyond Lockwood's point, along the most northerly known land in the world. In April of this year he made another dash for the pole, but after ten days, finding the strength of the party not adequate to the severe work ahead, he returned to his camp, and will prepare for another effort next spring. Leaving him there, Mrs. Peary has returned, bringing his records and reports. He is still sanguine of reaching the pole, and means to spend the dreary time which must elapse before he can start in getting himself into good physical condition for a supreme effort. He knows now that Nansen and Abruzzi are approaching the goal from the other side, and as Abruzzi has already been within 241 miles of the pole, while his nearest approach was about 400 miles away, he is aware that it will demand his utmost power to win the prize of being there first. What a pity it is that such effort and self-denial as these men show are not displayed by Christians in their higher course.

Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown but we an incorruptible (I. Cor. 9: 25.)

BRIEF NOTES

An earnest plea has been made to Rev. G. Campbell Morgan to conduct evangelistic meetings in Philadelphia during October.

A report is current that Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the famous traveler, has determined to devote the remainder of her life to missionary work in India.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its ninety-second annual meeting at Hartford, Conn., on Oct. 8, 9, 10 and 11. The sessions in the morning, afternoon and evening, and, except in a few cases specially provided for, will be in Parson's Theatre.

An extensive effort to evangelize the German Army is being made by a wealthy officer named Lieut. Von Viebahn. He has issued a series of sermons by eminent preachers, which he sends for distribution to every camp and barracks in the Empire.

Dr. Carroll D. Wright, one of the ablest statisticians of our time, reports that the conditions of working people have improved all over the civilized world. Since 1840 the wages of laborers have risen eighty per cent. and the cost of living decreased six per cent.

Under the will of the late Mr. John D. Lakeman, of Philadelphia, the sum of a million and half dollars is to be distributed among the charities of that city. The German Hospital and the Mary Drexel Home for the Aged are the largest beneficiaries.

The Girls' School, or Protestant College, which American Methodists have erected in the city of Rome, occupies a fine building on the Via Veneto, facing the present palace of Queen Margherita. Starting five years ago with but ten pupils, it now numbers 165 students under twenty professors and other teachers.

President Roosevelt is reported by the *Interior* to have preached an excellent sermon in Trinity Reformed Church, during a visit to Chicago. It says: "His text was the exhortation of James, 'Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only.' With characteristic directness the Vice-President enforced upon his audience the shame that any bearing the name of Christians should ever fail of honest effort to do all that their Bible enjoins upon them."

Rev. E. P. Herrick, writing to the *Advance*, of religious conditions in Cuba, says: "Seven evangelical denominations have planted the standards of the Cross on Cuba's beautiful hills, and to-day her valleys echo to songs of Christian praise. More than two thousand persons are enrolled in the membership, and over twice this number in the Sunday Schools. The entrance of the old Gospel into new Cuba has removed prejudices, softened asperities, ameliorated suffering, incited to generosity, fostered improved sanitation, and developed intelligence."

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt, from a giver who desires to remain unknown, of $300, to be distributed toward the furtherance of the Lord's work as follows:

Salvation Army in the U. S..	$100 00	Five Points Mission, N. Y...	$15 00
Christian Herald Home ..	50 00	King's Daughters Settlement, Henry St., N. Y	25 00
Sheltering Arms Mission, Atlanta, Ga	25 00	Hull House, Chicago, Ill.....	20 00
Bethesda Home for Friendless Women	20 00	Steele Orphanage, Chattanooga, Tenn ..	25 00
Christadora, Tompkins Sq., N. Y	20 00	Total . .	$300 00

HAITI, THE GARDEN OF THE ANTILLES

A PROGRESSIV[illegible] LITTLE REPUBLI[illegible]

IN a former letter, the writer drawing from personal experience and observation—told THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers some interesting facts concerning our near neighbor, Haiti, the picturesque island republic of the Antilles. In the present article, it is my purpose to speak more directly of the social, business and political life of the Haitien people, and to indicate the causes of their prosperity.

THE HARBOR OF CAPE HAITIEN

A COOL DIP IN A HAITIEN STREAM

Abounding in natural beauties, it is claimed that Haiti surpasses in fertility all other countries. The island is over 400 miles in length, and 160 miles wide—about three times as large as Belgium, or six times the size of Connecticut. It contains over 31,000 square miles. Its mountains reach a height of 8,000 feet. Large and small rivers and lakes abound. From April to October, the mercury marks from 94 to 96 degrees Fahrenheit by day, and during the night from 90 to 92 degrees. In winter, it averages 84 to 86 degrees. At no time does the thermometer fall below 45 degrees. There are no dangerous wild beasts, only a few serpents, and none poisonous; but there are many kinds of insects, such as ants, cockroaches, spiders, centipedes, and scorpions. Mosquitoes are less disagreeable than in many places in the United States. Fish, sweet and salt water turtles, and water-birds abound, and there are many kinds of birds. Millions of brilliant fire-flies lighten up field and forest at night.

When Columbus, in December, 1492, discovered the island, he was so charmed by its beauty that he called it Hispaniola ("little Spain"). It was inhabited by about a million and a half of Indians, who called it Haiti, which means "mountainous country." The discovery of gold in Hispaniola drew a great number of adventurers to the island, who compelled the Indians, despite resistance and revolutions, to work in the mines or the fields. To keep up the labor market, the natives of the surrounding islands were brought to San Domingo and enslaved. In 1502, Africans were sold by the Portuguese to San Domingo. This was the beginning of African slavery, and of the presence of the black race in America. The African could stand the heavy work better than the Indian.

NATIVE COFFEE SORTERS AT WORK

The principal product is coffee; of which Haiti exports yearly about 70,000,000 pounds. Logwood has the next place in importance, with about 85,000 tons. The yearly export of other products is as follows: 4,000,000 pounds of cocoa, 1,500,000 pounds cotton, 40,000 feet of mahogany, 2,500,000 feet yellow wood, 300,000 feet lignum vitæ, 14,000 pounds gaiac gum, 25,000 pounds of copper, 300,000 pounds ox hides, 15,000 pounds goat skins, 100,000 pounds bees-wax, 30,000 gallons of honey, 300,000 pounds orange peels, 1,000 pounds turtle shells, and some other articles in unimportant quantities.

Duties on these products, payable in American gold, and duties on imported goods, form the principal income of the state. Import duties are payable in Haitien money. In consequence of increased importation, low coffee prices, and misappropriation of the public money by a recent administration, principally between 1890 and 1894, Haiti had to go through a long and heavy commercial crisis, which was felt by all classes. The government took up one loan after the other at enormous interest, and under conditions which carried the country deeper and deeper into debt, and which mortgaged all the state revenues for long periods. These revenues became smaller and smaller, until they had fallen from 5,560,700 gourdes (the Haitien dollar) in 1890-91 to 2,618,809 gourdes in 1898-99. The income in American gold in the latter year also compares unfavorably with that in 1890–91, viz.: $2,815,900 in 1899, to $3,560,700 in 1891. Despite the depreciation, Haiti has always strictly kept its obligations regarding the loans. Those who had to suffer from the smaller revenues, were principally employees of the government, who did not receive any salary for months.

Haiti's debts are divided into two classes, the "Exterior" and the "Interior" debts. The "Exterior" is composed of the following loans: No. 1: loan 1875 called Domingue, due in 1922. No. 2: loan 1895 of frcs. 50,000,000. due in 1932. The whole indebtedness amounted in 1900 to $19,076,732 and gourdes (the Haitien dollar) 9,372,183. In 1890, the indebtedness amounted to $15,900,000. It was not a small task for the present government to get the country out of the financial morass. After various trials with finance ministers, President Tiresias Augustin Simon Sam, called to his Cabinet a man of great faculties and common sense, Mr. P. Faine. After a year's work, the new Finance Minister succeeded, not alone in consolidating all the "Interior" debts of the state and thereby freeing a great part of the income for the government, but he enforced also economies which are an excellent guarantee for the financial future. All told, Haiti now owes $26,813,926, with a yearly average income of $7,000,000. There are not many states in this world which can make such a healthy showing.

Rich in agricultural possibilities, with an inexhaustible supply of valuable woods for export, with great coal, copper and iron mines awaiting development, with numerous industries established and prosperous, though yet in their infancy as far as possibilities of development are concerned, with economy in government affairs, and with the true spirit of republican independence pervading its whole population, Haiti has a most promising future. Some enterprises, involving important concessions to foreign investors, have received government sanction and approval, but there is a wide and inviting field for others, especially railroads and electricity.

From the beginning, the Haitien government has manifested a commendable concern for the education of the people, and has encouraged the establishment of primary [illegible] and institutions higher g[illegible] throughout [illegible] public. Pa[illegible] through the [illegible] and rural di[illegible] one cannot fa[illegible] impressed b[illegible] number of [illegible] of every gra[illegible] description [illegible] both sexes. [illegible] budget of 189[illegible] the appro[illegible] for the dep[illegible] of public inst[illegible] was over $[illegible] There are ab[illegible] schools and [illegible] pupils of both[illegible] These figure[illegible] include pr[illegible] schools, no[illegible] many school[illegible] religious der[illegible] tions. Haiti[illegible] own medic[illegible] law faculty, [illegible] are on the order as those at the universities in Europe. The faculties are located in Port au Prince. There [illegible] national colleges called "Lycee," located in t[illegible] principal cities of the republic. Besides, the [illegible] ment sends every year a number of students [illegible] colleges in Europe. In all the higher institu[illegible] great number of instructors are foreigners, s[illegible] chosen for their ability. The proper education [illegible] children seems to occupy a controlling place [illegible] minds of the Haitien people, and no other sub[illegible] ceives greater care and solicitude from the gove[illegible] except the maintenance of peace and order.

ARTHUR SCHU[illegible]ER.

Praises in a Leafy Temple

BY REV. S. T. WILLIS

THERE is no more beautiful natural temple, wh[illegible] saints worship in summer, than the old grove [illegible] oaks at the Sing Sing Camp grounds, where, for m[illegible] seventy years, the Metho[illegible] the Hudson Valley distri[illegible] met every August for spec[illegible] ices. Perhaps there is n[illegible] stated religious assembly [illegible] country that preserves [illegible] pletely the characteristics [illegible] old style Methodist revival [illegible] same degree. In the old[illegible] when whole families would [illegible] many miles in the canvas [illegible] wagon to the camp-meeti[illegible] provisions and supplies f[illegible] ing out, they formed in th[illegible] gate literal camp-meeting [illegible] family lived in the camp [illegible] Their equipment consist[illegible] few cooking utensils, provi[illegible] ten days or two weeks, [illegible] quantity of straw for bed[illegible] and underneath the wag[illegible] was customary to take a [illegible] of the fresh, bright straw [illegible] wagons and strew it all a[illegible] "preacher's stand" and t[illegible] ious seat," whereon the [illegible] might fall. At the Sing Si[illegible] ings they still use straw [illegible] penitents' seat in the ci[illegible] place of the popular [illegible] meetings—and also in the [illegible] Prayer Tent, where most [illegible] after-meetings are conduct[illegible] circle is a great amphitheat[illegible] the grand old trees, with a [illegible] capacity of two thousand. [illegible] of the platform from which the addresses are deliv[illegible] a neat building called the "preacher's rest."

The camp-meeting this year was, to a great extent, [illegible] meeting, in that the speakers and others who took [illegible] nent part were Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, D[illegible] Salvation Army leaders and mission workers. T[illegible] were full to overflowing with services, beginning at s[illegible] morning and closing at ten in the evening, consi[illegible] preaching, praise services, prayer-meeting, Bible [illegible] young people's services, children's meetings and lov[illegible] The song services, led by the cornet and a strong c[illegible] under the trees, was a never-failing source of delight.

One of the special features of the camp-meeti[illegible] year is the observance of "Old Folks Day," w[illegible] elderly people pour into the grounds by the hund[illegible] enjoy the memories and associations of old-time gat[illegible] "Children's Day" is also a feature of gladness an[illegible] But the culmination of praise and rejoicing is reac[illegible] the evening of the closing of the camp. When [illegible] from the circle with lanterns, torches, banners, s[illegible] praise and shouts to "march around Zion," whic[illegible] closing feature and the climax of joy. It is always [illegible] bition of abounding enthusiasm.

About Little Things

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

JEAN and I were talking over some of our experiences one bright autumnal morning lately. Her kitchen was spotless, as usual, and she was doing her Saturday's baking, without any litter on the white table, or the very least disorder. Jean is one of those rare women who never look disturbed nor flurried, who get through a eat deal of work without bustle or urry. It did me good to look at her, s she sifted her flour and rolled her e-crust, and, at last, I said what I ought: "Jean, dear, you do your ork so like a lady!"

"And pray why not?" she answered, niling. "Is not cooking for her family lady's work, and does not lady mean af-giver?"

"Well, you know what I mean. You ut your heart into whatever you do, id you give it grace, and are sweet id dignified and never in a fuss. I ke the way you keep house, Jean. You ok as if you had never had any oubles."

But the moment I said that I was orry, for Jean has had many trials, and the background of her life, as I hapen to know, there is a very terrible nxiety for one dear to her, who is sorely mpted and sometimes yields to temptation. Jean knows bitterness of soul h this brother's account, and often, hen she goes to her room and shuts ie door, we who watch her are aware at she is praying for him. Her faith ever falters, she tells every thought and rries every care to Jesus; but she is not ee from trouble. She put her pies into he oven, and sat down by the window.

"Big troubles may be endured with rtitude," she said. "They are patiently ndured by many people who do not now the refuge and the rest of faith. is the series of little provocations, in-pricks of the hasty temper, small vies, petty jealousies, and sinful misnderstandings, which, coming into earts and homes, blot out the sunine, and wear us to shreds. We are ten ashamed of our lack of self-conol, of our impatience and irritability, our morbid low spirits, and our loomy moods; but those do not come hen there is mortal illness in the house, or when our dead are lying there, cold nd still. Then we gird ourselves to rry our load. The trifles, light as air, e the occasion of most of our earthly iscomfort and our pain."

"Yes; that is true. Jean, by the way, id you hear that Will Jones and Marret Dale have broken their engagement? We are all so sorry, for they emed so exactly fitted for each other. ut there has been a shadow over them for months, and I have feared 'the little rift within the lute, that by-and-by would make the music mute.' They are both only children; Will's mother has idolized him, and Margaret's father has spoiled her Each is impatient of contradiction, and attaches an undue importance to matters of no consequence. If Will called on Margaret, and his trousers were not creased properly, she would be miserable and lose all the pleasure of the evening. On the other hand, Will was annoyed because Margaret was so very punctual, because she did not like Shakespeare, and because she spent so much time in waiting on her father. The two gradually drew apart; an atmosphere of discontent enveloped them."

WATCHING FOR JOHN—"IT'S TIME THAT JOHN WAS COMING"

IT'S time that John was coming,
So Rex and I look out,
And list, across the meadows
To hear his ringing shout.
The happy time is ever,
When John comes home to me:
When work is done and rest is won,
How fast the moments flee.

It's time that John was coming;
His sturdy toil all day
For me is freely given,
However hard the way.
And I for him am spending
My strength in dear delight:
All day I sing, for Love is King,
And home, love-lit, is bright.

"It is matter for thankfulness," said Jean, "that they have found out their mutual weaknesses before they were irrevocably bound."

"Yet, here are two well-born, well-taught, highly educated and Christian young people, conscientious, single-hearted and refined, who have let their happiness break into pieces on the reef of insignificant foibles."

"The art of living together in harmony is one that we should all study, since God has placed us here in families. Nobody masters it who disdains small daily self-denials, and who is not willing to surrender the personal caprice or whim, that another may be gratified. I have seen whole lives spoiled by the harshness shown to children, who were started wrong through their parents' over-emphasis on matters of superficial moment."

"Think of it in another aspect," said Jean, brightening, "think how little things add to the cheer, the charm of life. The well-set table, the flower at the plate, or pinned in the husband's buttonhole; the pleasure granted, instead of thoughtlessly forbidden; the concession graciously made; how much these contribute to the real zest of life. Even in a prayer-meeting there is a chance to bring in the benediction of the little things. If the room is well lighted, and the group of young people who can sing are gathered near the piano; if, beforehand, the pastor has spoken to one and another and provided against those cold and wearisome pauses that so often drop freezingly into the meeting's heart, old and young will go away stronger and better for the hour. Every successful enterprise on earth depends on a great many small things, done by a great many unobtrusive agents, for its perfect carrying on to completeness.

"Then, too, there are the little courtesies, the remembering to be ready and liberal with thanks, the small acts of attention to the aged, and the gentleness which never snubs the bashful and the young. Politeness is composed of innumerable little acts, which, by constant repetition, have grown automatic, but their practice makes the distinction between the gentleman and the boor."

MOTHER'S VACATION

EVERYBODY in the house, even father, had had a vacation, and now, half-way through September, the circle was again complete around the table, and one after nother took up the thread of narrative, and told of leasant experiences. Hilda had been camping by the hore; she was brown and plump, and the salt water athing and sea air had made her all right for her work gain. Hilda taught school. Bob had gone to the ountains. Louise had visited her Grandmother Jenins at Riverside. Father had taken a trip to town to ell some meadow land. He hated to part with it, but ie price paid was so liberal that he felt rich. Mother nly had not had a day's change all summer, nor, for iat matter, an outing in ten years. Somehow they all xpected mother to be always there, in her place, like ibraltar or the Sphinx.

"It's fine to be at home again, and nobody going way for the next six months," said Bob.

"You are mistaken, Bobby," said a soft, decided oice. "I'm going now; it's my turn."

Hilda gasped in amazement.

Father set down his tea-cup and stared at mother as if she had suddenly gone crazy. There was a dead silence, and the clock struck six in the middle of it.

"Why, Susy!" said father. "Where are you goin'? You could have gone to town with me. I vow I didn't 'spose you'd go."

"You didn't ask me, Cyrus," said mother. "But I'm going now, home to the old Farwell place, to see Phebe, Ann and Polly and Brother Dave. I shall be away three months. I'm not coming home till I'm rested, till I want to see my own folks again, till I've been round all my kin up home. No, there's nobody goin' to take me. I'm settin' out this trip alone. If I want you to come after me, husband, I'll send for you. My trunk is packed. Martha Sansom is coming over here to keep house. And my ticket's bought."

A bomb-shell exploding in the sitting-room would not have been more stupefying. Hilda recovered first. "Mother," she said, reprovingly, "you haven't got a thing that's fit to wear."

"What's been good enough for me at home, will do very well when I'm visiting."

"I can't let you wear that old alpaca dress, and that straw bonnet with the faded cornflowers, at Uncle Dave Farwell's," said Hattie, resolutely. "What trunk have you packed?"

"My little old hair trunk, dear."

"Harriet," said father, "you pack your trunk for mother, and put in your black silk and your gray foulard, and a nice bonnet; and I'll give you money for more for yourself. And I'll take her, and she'll go in the parlor car, and when she's good and ready I'll go after her and bring her home. Land's sakes, but we've been dumb and selfish, all thinking of what we wanted and never considering her. I'm sorry, Susy," he said, and the blue eyes under the wrinkled forehead twinkled with a glint of boyish mirth. A pair of steadfast brown ones, under silver hair, responded, and the two old folk clasped hands. The children stole out of the room and left them together.

"To think of it," said Bobby. "Mother starting off on a vacation. Mother!"

"I can't see why not," ejaculated Hilda.

And so mother went, and when she came back, in three months' time, she looked twenty years' younger.

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Auger, Wm..... 5 00
Barnes, Benj..... 3 00
Brewster, Mrs J...10 00
Brown, Hattie & Mrs J E Perkins 7 50
Brown, Mrs H J.11 25
Brown, Mrs J A.. 7 50
Bunce, Miss M E & B King..... 3 75
Butler, Mrs E F.. 8 50
Carleton, Miss A B 7 50
Clift, Ruth T.... 3 75
Coffey, Mrs M E & Class 5 00
Cooke, S G..... 7 50
Day, N E..... 3 75
Dunham, Mrs J J Cl..... 7 50
Fitch, Flora M.... 7 50
Ford, F R..... 7 50
Fuller, Mrs S J & N P..... 3 75
Goodsell, A T..... 3 75
Hall, Mr & Mrs H S 6 00
Mallory, Miss M.. 5 00
Mitchell, F & oth. 7 50
Moulton, Mrs J A.15 00
Osgood, Jas E.....15 00
Park, Mrs E E.... 6 00
Peck, Mrs L A M. 5 00
Platt, F G.....30 00
Robbins, C B.....10 00
Sage, Emeda..... 5 00
Skilton, M E & Cl 5 00
Smith, R A..... 5 00
Sturtevant, M L..15 00
Waldron, Mabel G. 3 00
Wilcox, J H & Bible Cl..... 3 75
J S W S, Derby..15 00
Mrs H B R, Wethersfield 3 75
—, New Haven.. 4 00
—, New Haven.. 4 00
—, Waterbury ..15 00
F'ds, Guilford.... 3 74
Cong Ch, S Britain 15 00
Cong S S, Ivoryton 3 75
Davenport Cong S S, New Haven..15 00
Treas of Wilton Con S S 7 50
Meth S S, Yalesville 7 60
Prim S S Cl, New Hartford 7 50
S S Bway Cong Ch, Norwich.....15 00
Y P S C E Con Ch, Eastford 5 00
East Norwalk Miss Soc 3 75
Norman Chap C E Soc, Norwich.... 5 00
Preston Chap Jr C E Soc, Norwich. 3 75

Delaware

Brown, Mrs T D. 5 00
Newnom, E V..... 3 75

Dist. of Columbia

Bishop, Jos H.....15 00
Browne, C M D... 4 00
Browne, Mrs J M 3 50
Ellis, Mrs A F... 3 75
Smith, H S..... 5 00
Spindle, Miss E C. 5 00
Spindle, Mrs M P. 5 00
Stryker, F B..... 3 75
Warman, F C..... 7 50
Warman, L M.... 7 50
E C B, Washington 5 00
W H P, Washington 6 75
Mt Pleasant Cong Y P S C E, Washington 22 50

Maine

Carpland, Miss A D 7 50
Evans Mrs H F..15 00
Gardner, H M E. 25
Getchell, Mrs A N 3 75
Hooper, J P..... 3 75
Lowe, D M..... 7 50
Manter, E G.....18 75
Moore, Chas H.... 4 00
Perkins, Mary H.. 5 00
Purinton, Mrs E A 5 00
Russell, Mrs S L. 3 75
Sawyer, Mr & Mrs D J 3 75
Stetson, Geo C... 7 50
Ware, M E, & S S Cl..... 5 00
Wilson, Miss E S & Mrs Gardner.. 5 00
Young, Mr & Mrs L G..... 3 75
Friend, Augusta... 3 75
A F'd, Andover.. 3 75
Friend in Maine..15 00
A Friend West Newfield 11 30
MAINE—Cont'd
A Friend of Jesus, Cutler 5 00
—, Kennebunk .. 7 50
High St Cong S S, Auburn 7 50
Berean Bapt S S, Brunswick 7 50
Cl No 5 Cong S S, Hampden 3 75
Cong S S, Jonesport 7 50
Un S S, Perham.. 3 75
So Caribou & No Presque Isle S S 7 50
W Bowdoin S Sch. 6 00
West Eden S S... 3 75
C E Soc, Oakland Heights 11 25
Ladies of Orono Cong Ch..... 3 75
Y P S C E, So Bridgeton 11 25
C E Soc, W Kennebunk 3 75
F'ds Int C E Soc, Woodfords 3 75

Maryland

Coder, B L..... 3 65
Cole, Miss E & S Sch Cl..... 5 00
Ehlers, Mrs J H.. 3 75
Gittings Miss E.. 3 75
Irwin, C W..... 7 50
Kniffin, F.....10 00
Kruemmel, A..... 5 00
Lee, Mrs Jas..... 3 75
Linthicum, Miss R 5 00
Merrill, I H..... 3 75
Pancoast Clara V 5 00
Peterson, C..... 7 50
Silver, Harry..... 3 75
Starr, Minna.....15 00
Twilley, Mrs W B 3 75
Walker, Mrs R....15 00
Whitaker, G A... 7 50
B Y P U, Rockville 7 50

Massachusetts

Allen, Mrs L C... 5 00
Angell, W H & Cl 7 50
Baker, H D.....10 00
Barber, F E..... 8 00
Barker, Julia A... 5 00
Beach, Jabez C... 7 00
Blount Mrs S P.. 7 50
Brock, Mrs Jno... 5 00
Butler, Geo M.... 5 00
Canada, Rev & Mrs P A 4 00
Chase, Fenner A.. 5 00
Cudworth, Cora... 7 50
Dennett A G M D.10 00
Dickerman, Mrs A 7 50
Donkin, Mrs M W.15 25
Fay, Mrs H F... 3 75
Fiske, W P..... 7 50
Ford, Fred..... 5 00
Frese, Fred'k C.. 5 00
Harding, H C.... 8 00
Hawkes, M L.... 7 50
Hagan, E L..... 3 75
Innes, Miss A V.. 4 00
Johnson, Miss G.. 7 00
Jones, Mrs M D.. 7 50
Kingman, B S.... 5 00
Lawson Mrs M C. 4 00
Lyman, H B..... 4 00
McLeod, Misses M M & A..... 3 75
MacDonald, Mrs S 7 50
Morse, Herbert F. 8 00
Morse, Mrs J R.. 7 50
Newton, Ellen M.. 3 75
Noble, J W & S Sch Cl..... 3 75
Oliver Mrs John..15 00
Page, H A..... 4 00
Patterson, B..... 5 00
Smith & Wessonsmen 3 75
Smith, C B..... 5 00
Smith, Lyman E.. 7 50
Smith, Sue T..... 8 00
Snow, A L..... Dunn, A M..... Alden, M E..... 5 00
Stanley, Mrs A B 7 50
Stolar, A 7 50
Streeter, Mrs F S. 3 75
Todd, Lattie E.... 5 00
Torrey, Rev C C.. 5 00
Ver Planck Mrs E D 3 75
Webster, L W.... 4 00
Wells, Mrs C A... 5 00
Wheeler, Mr and Mrs N 7 50
Woodbury, Mrs E A & S S Cl..... 5 00
Young, Mrs A L.. 7 50
E C B, Seekonk 5 00
H L B, Boston ..15 00
H E S Boston...15 00
J E T, Boston... 80 00
L B J & E C B D, Seekonk 5 00
, Brockton 15 00
—, Kingston 7 50
, Tewkesbury .. 3 00
, Waquoit 15 00
MASS.—Cont'd
Friend, Enfield....15 00
A Friend, Newton.10 00
Friends in Hope Ch, Worcester 5 00
1st Cong Ch, So Hanson 2 75
Have a Purpose S S, Brockton.... 7 50
1st Bapt S S, Dighton 3 75
Cong S S Enfield. 7 50
Prim Dept Cong S S, Enfield..... 7 50
S S Cl U P Miss, Fall River..... 3 75
Cong S S, ch Mill River 7 50
S S, N Hatfield.. 5 00
N Westport S S..22 50
Bible Cl Beth Con Ch, Quincy..... 3 75
W Concord U S S. 7 50
Prim S S of Hope Cong Ch, Worcester 6 50
Cong S S, Wrentham 7 50
Y P S C E Cent Cong Ch Attleboro Falls..... 5 00
Y P S C E Pres Ch, E Boston 3 75
Y P S C E Cong Ch, E Northfield.15 00
Y P S C E Cong Ch, Enfield.....11 25
Y P S C E of Trinity Cong Ch, Gloucester 5 00
Y P S C E of Cong Ch, Lanesville... 3 75
Hudson Sq Free Bapt C E Soc, Lynn 5 00
Childrens Miss B'd & Ladies Miss So, Mt Hermon.....11 00
Jr C E of Chr Ch, New Bedford.... 7 50
Y P S C E, N Andover 3 75
C E So, N Westport 7 50
Y P S C E Grace Un Ch, N Wilbraham 20 00
Y P S C E 1st Con Ch, Randolph... 7 50
Ladies of Cong Ch, Sandwich 3 75
C E Soc Em Ch Springfield 3 75
Y P S C E, Uxbridge 5 00
B Y P U 1st Bapt Ch, Waltham.... 7 50
Farther Lights, Westboro 3 75
Farther Lights Cir of Cent Bapt Ch, Westfield 5 00
C E Soc, W Worthington 7 00

New Hampshire

Baker, Mrs S R..30 00
Butler, Mrs G S..11 25
Carbee, A F P.... 7 50
Carbee Mrs S P... 7 50
Childs, Mary E.... 2 50
Glen, Miss J C.... 4 00
Goodwin, H A.... 2 50
Greeley, Mrs L M.10 00
Paine, Jesse R.... 4 00
Thompson, M E ..20 00
Ward, Carlos A ... 2 00
Whipple, S G C..10 00
B, Lebanon..... 4 00
—, Troy 7 50
In mem of a loved one, W Lebanon.20 00
Bath Cong S Sch, Bath 5 00
Pleasant St Bapt C E, Concord....11 25
The End Mission Nashua 15 00

New Jersey

Adair, G W ..60 00
Brutons, Mrs F E, S S Cl..... 3 75
Crevling, D C..... 1 00
Davis, Mrs J.....15 00
Gallimore, H E... 2 50
Gildart, E O..... 1 00
Harold, Miss M R 7 50
Hennion, Mrs T.. 5 00
Henry, Janie A... 7 50
Hoffman, Mrs Jas & S S Cl..... 7 50
Holmes, Mrs W H 3 75
Irving Walter M.. 3 75
Isaac, Mrs Ezra... 7 50
Johnson, Mrs E....20 00
Lake, Mrs J..... 3 00
Maule, B M R.... 3 75
Maule, Mrs E W. 3 75
Newbold, Miss S.. 5 00
Osburn, Miss S B.10 00
Rohner Henry T.. 8 00
See, M L & M J.. 7 00
NEW JERSEY—Cont'd
Speedling, H C....15 00
Taylor, Theo F.... 3 75
Therine, Fredk L & Friends..... 3.30
Therine, Fred..... 3 90
Todd, Miss M R.. 3 75
Tunison, Mrs W E.15 00
Voorhees, G P.... 3 75
Voorhees, Mr and Mrs G P & Mr & Mrs J H Mount. 3 75
Walbert, Miss S K 5 00
Weeks, A A.....15 00
Wilson, Harriet L 3 75
Winterburn, F W, & Mrs M L Vreeland 7 50
Wynkoop Gillett.. 7 50
Maruth, Norwood.. 5 00
J W G, Plainfield. 7 50
—, Trenton 10 00
—, Trenton 3 75
—, Wenonah (2)..30 00
A mem of Pres Ch, Woodbury 8 00
Young Ladies Bible Cl of 1st Bapt Ch, Bloomfield 5 00
S S, Cedar Run.. 3 75
Cl No 22 N Orange S S, E Orange... 3 75
Norw S S, Jersey City 6 00
New Dover M E S S, Oak Tree..... 3 75
Sunsh'e Cl 1st Pres Ch, Orange..... 3 75
2d Pres S S, Rahway 7 50
Westfield Bap S S.14 50
C E Soc, Athenia.15 00
Y P S C E, Bloomingdale 4 80
Ep Leag, Bridgeboro 3 75
E L of Summerfield, Cornish 7 50
Y P S C E, Dumont 11 25
Herring Row Un Y P S C E Fairton 3 75
J S C E 1st Chr Ch, Irvington.... 2 50
Jr Lea of Hedding M E Ch, Jersey City 15 00
Prim Teachers Un, Jersey City..... 7 00
Jr Epw League of Centenary M E Ch, Metuchen... 7 00
W F M S 2d M E Ch, Millville..... 3 75
Womens Un Miss Soc, New Brunswick 15 00
Y P S C E of Voorhees Sta, New Brunswick 3 75
Instruction Cl Paterson Ave M E Ch, Paterson.... 5 00
15W C T U Women, Palmyra 3 75
Y P S C E 1st Pres Ch, Vineland....15 00

New York

Adams, A & R.... 1 50
Allen, Miss M....10 00
Ames, A H..... 5 00
Ames, A H & S S Class 5 00
Anderson, Mrs M.. 5 00
Andrus, Libbie.... 5 00
Appley R S.....15 00
Archambo, Mrs J. 5 00
Arnold, Amy H.... 3 75
Arnold, Edith H.. 7 50
Asch, M E & S S Class 7 50
Ayers, Mrs W C.. Kimball, F M.. Weaver, J M.... 3 75
Bailey Miss S L. 5 00
Ballachey, F A.... 7 50
Barnard, M & E.. 10 00
Barnes, Mrs J M.. 5 00
Beers, H N..... 3 75
Blair, A..... 5 00
Bradner, Mrs J....30 00
Briggs, Anna..... 1 00
Brown, Mrs G E.. 7 50
Burgess, Jas 7 50
Burt, Mrs J D.... 3 75
Card, Mrs J..... 3 75
Carman, Mrs E...15 00
Child Jas J.....100 00
Clark, Mrs F M... 3 75
Cobb, Lyman Jr...15 00
Coleman, Miss S M 7 50
Cowan, Mrs F B.. 7 50
Cox, Mrs Bertha.. 3 75
Cox, Mrs M E.... 3 75
Cox, Mr Wm.....11 25
Cox Mr Wm S.... 3 75
Cridler, Mr & Mrs E B 3 75
Danu, Mrs L A & Class 7 50
Davis, Eliz..... 7 00
NEW YORK—Cont'd
Dewey, H B..... 7 50
Dexter, C & F....11 25
Douglass, H M....15 00
Drake, Lillian.... 4 00
Duvernoy, G E.... Duvernoy, H G.. Taylor, C.....15 00
Evans, Mrs B..... 5 00
Fisher, T F & S S Class..... 3 75
Fleming Miss E G & others 11 25
Freeman, Mrs F E 5 00
Galloway, Mrs C D & Miss H Smith. 4 00
Galloway, Miss M. 4 00
Gardiner, Miss E. 3 75
Gaston, Miss M C.15 00
Gaylord, Miss H.. 7 50
Gilmore, Chas....15 00
Goerke Agnes.... 7 00
Gortor, Minnie.... 3 75
Gosman, R Jr..... 3 75
Hallock, Mrs D Y. 3 75
Handlon, Edw.... 9 70
Harden, C S..... 3 75
Hart, Mrs A L.... 4 00
Hartman, L W.... 5 00
Hasbrouck, B B...10 95
Hasbrouck, J Ed..10 95
Hazard Clara G.. 7 50
Heyer, A & S S Cl 6 00
Horrocks, E..... 7 50
Houghton, Harriet.11 25
Hughes, G L..... 3 75
Hulbert, Mrs J O & Class 7 50
Hull, Mrs L D (2)..15 00
Jagnow, A A..... 3 00
Johnston, R A.... 3 75
Jones Miss F E.. 5 00
Jones, Mrs I E & S S Cl..... 3 75
Keller, Mrs Jas... 5 00
Kendrick, E A & Bible Cl..... 5 00
King, B & M E Bunce 3 75
Kline, Satterly & Evans 5 00
Langeley, Mrs C.. 4 00
Lawton, Ellen.... 3 75
Leverett, Dr and Mrs J..... 3 00
L'Hommedieu, C W 15 00
Lion, Mrs L..... 3 75
Loder, Miss E P & Miss H A Miller 7 50
Loomis, A S..... 7 50
Lyle G V N..... 7 50
McDowell, A E & Class 3 75
McIntosh, J E....11 25
Maconkey, R..... 3 75
Maier, Mrs J G.. 3 75
Manter, E G..... 3 75
Manwaren, Miss M B & S S Cl..... 7 40
March, Mrs D L.. 5 00
Marvin, Mrs L A. 7 50
Marz Edna..... 2 50
May, Miss O E... 7 50
Mead, Mrs & Miss Broad & S S Cls. 7 50
Meder, A E..... 3 75
Mellon, L B..... 3 75
Merriman, J S.... 3 75
Miliar, Mrs Jas... 5 00
Muir, Jno.....15 00
Mulford, Mrs J E. 5 00
Murray, Rev C M. 3 75
Northrup, Mrs E.. 7 50
Noxon, Grant.....10 00
Orcutt A A..... 3 75
Ostrander, Mrs G. 3 75
Parsons, J W & Bible Cl..... 7 50
Pearson, A C (2)..30 00
Peck, Dr W J.....10 00
Pierce, Mrs E..... 5 00
Poste, Z A, N P & E P..... 3 75
Ramsay, Grace....10 00
Rehm, Mrs W T... 25
Richards, Caroline. 5 00
Ripple, W E..... 3 75
Robertson, J D Jr. 7 50
Robinson, W H.... 3 75
Rorrison, C M....15 00
Rossiter, F H (2)..15 00
Sanford, Mrs W R.15 00
Satterlee, E A.... 5 00
Schell, P C & C... 7 50
Schenck, M R.... 5 00
Schroeder E & W 3 75
Scott, Chas R.....10 00
Slade, Chas A..... 7 00
Smith, Eugene..... 5 00
Smith, Mr & Mrs E H 3 75
Smith, Miss H & Mrs C D Galloway 4 00
Smith Lottie E (2) 7 50
Smith, Mary A.... 8 00
Stanley, E G..... 5 00
Stephens, Miss S..11 10
Stetson, Mrs A H. 7 50
Stetson, L M..... 3 75
Stewart, Miss J... 3 75
NEW YORK—Cont'd
Stiles, Laura..... 3 75
Stillman, Miss C..15 00
Stillman, Mary E.34 00
Stilwell, A B..... 3 00
Storrs, Miss I F.. 7 50
Swift, W L..... 7 50
Talcott, J & H.... 3 75
Taylor, Mrs J S... 3 25
Taylor Sarah..... 3 50
Taylor, W R & Mrs M & L Fogle... 2 40
Thomas, Rev J C.15 00
Thornton, FA..... 7 50
Trotter, Miss R...15 00
Tyner A J..... 7 50
Tyron, Eva 3 00
Upham, Mr & Mrs M K 7 50
Van Allen, Mrs C.10 00
Van Vranken, E B 3 75
Vrooman, E J..... 3 75
Walther, L G..... 3 75
Watson, Ellenor... 4 00
Watson, E & S.... 3 75
Wells, Carrie E...15 00
Wetmore, Miss A.15 00
Wheeler, B (6)...100 00
Willets, Miss G F. 5 00
Winaus, Miss S S & others..... 3 75
Windeler, Jno H.. 3 75
Wood Miss M E &Mr King..... 3 75
Woolever, May...45 00
Yale, Mrs S A (2).45 00
Young, B B..... 3 75
Dorothea N Y City 8 00
J L K, Cambridge.30 00
M C D F, Monticello 5 00
Wm J B, Buffalo.10 00
—, Brooklyn 4 00
—, Brooklyn 3 00
—, Coram 15 00
—, Derby 10 00
—, Lowville 15 00
—, Morrisville ... 3 75
—, Rochester.... 1 25
Curio No 8, McDougall 15 00
For His Sake, N Y City..... 7 50
F'd, Brockport.... 5 00
In Christs Name, Lykers 5 00
Memorial H C R Brooklyn 15 00
In mem of Frank D Roe, Bullville.45 00
One who loves Him, Lorraine 5 00
Mother & Daughter, Utica 5 25
Trin Luth Ch, Albany 7 50
Pres Ch at E Constable 5 00
Branch of Newark Valley Bapt Ch, Gaskill 3 40
Bapt S S Berlin...15 00
S S of Italian Ev Ch, Brooklyn.... 3 50
Sunbeams Wesley M E S S, Brooklyn 3 75
Y L C Bedford Av Bapt Ch, Brooklyn 3 75
Olive Br'ches Wesley M E S Sch, Brooklyn 3 75
Cl No 10 Bay Ridge Pres S S, Brooklyn 3 75
Excelsior Bible Cl, Sterling Pl S S, Ch of Disciples, Brooklyn (3).....25 00
Parkside Bapt S S, Buffalo 3 75
St Lukes S S, Cayuga 11 25
Cl 20 Park Ch S S, Elmira 6 25
Cl of Young Ladies Park S S, Elmira 3 75
S M Chap S S, Gloversville 3 75
York Bapt S Sch, Greigsville 3 75
M E S S Jr Leag & Others, Kenne-dy (2).....15 00
Wayne Bapt S Sch, Keuka 7 80
Pres S S, La Fayette 15 00
Two S S Cls of Con S S, Morrisville. 7 50
Mad Ave Miss S S, N Y City.....10 00
Pupils of St Agatha N Y City...16 60
Yoke Fellows Bible Cl, N Y City 7 00
W End S S, Perry. 3 75
Pitsford Bapt S S.16 00
S Sof Ev Luth Ch of Palatine, St Johnsville 7 50
NEW YORK—Cont'd
Cl No 3 Trinity Ch, Poughkeepsie 3 75
Fr'dship Cl Pres Ch, Rochester... 7 50
Cl 18 Good Will S S, Syracuse..... 6 00
1 Pres S S Pri Cl, Waddington 3 75
West End S Sch, Warsaw 3 75
West Perrysburgh S Sch.....15 00
M E S S, Wilson.. 3 00
York U P Ch.....15 00
York Un Pres S Sch (4).....30 00
One Cent Ass'n, Alfred 4 00
Y P S C E 1st M E Ch, Auburn... 7 50
Temple Bu'ders of State St Pres Ch, Albany 5 00
City Miss Jr C E, Albany (2).....30 00
Lake View Y P S C E, Barnards.. 5 00
Y P S C E 1st Bap Ch Batavia.....15 00
E'nest W'kers Miss Band, Brooklyn.. 3 75
C E Soc Beth Pres Ch, Brooklyn.... 7 50
12th St Jr C E, Brooklyn 7 00
Y P S C E Imman Cong Ch, Brooklyn 3 75
Bible Club, Castle 7 50
Ep Leag, Catharine 7 00
Y P A of Christ Con Ch, Mt Hope 7 50
Missy Cadets M E Ch Mt Vernon.. 3 75
Munnsville Y P S C E.....11 30
Y P S C E Ref Ch, New Baltimore.. 3 75
Boys & Girls Soc of Temperance, N Y City 3 75
Mad Ave Jr C E Miss S S, N Y City.....15 00
W C T U, Norfolk 7 50
Y P S C E of Cong Ch, Norfolk..... 3 75
Y P S C E, Oriskany Falls..... 3 75
Four Soc of Cong Ch Patchogue... 7 50
C E So of Chr Ch, Ravena 15 00
Boys Guild of 3d Pres Ch, Rochester 3 75
Gravesend Neck C E So, Sheepshead Bay 3 75
Jr C E Soc, Sidney Centre 5 50
S Elmira W C T U 3 75
Mt Dora C E Soc, Stottville 7 50
Jr C E of Broad St Ch of Christ, Wellsville 7 50
1st M E Ch E L, Yonkers 3 75
Y P C U of U P Ch, York..... 15 00
Reading Cir, York.15 00
L M S of R P Ch, York 12 50

Rhode Island

Braman, Miss R E 3 75
Brehaut Eva F... 5 00
Chace, F A.....10 00
Fay, Mrs H G.... 5 00
Huntley, Mrs H...15 00
Kelley, L & G....15 00
Leach, A H..... 4 00
RHODE ISL'D—Cont'd
E B, Providence 0 00
Hebron Bapt S Pawtucket ... 3 75
Cl No 2 Broad Chr Ch Providence 7 50
Prim Meth C E Manville 3 75
Park Side Y P S E, Providence. 8 00
Y P S C E N Bapt Chap, Providence 3 75
B Y P U of N Pleasant Av B Ch, Providence 7 50

Vermont

Balch, Mrs G A.. 3 75
Grant, I L..... 8 00
Laird, Josie L.. 7 50
Lanphear, Wm.. 3 75
Nash, Miss L & S 5 00
Wilson, M Y.... 5 00
C M C, Wilmington 1 25
—, Lyndonville 5 00
Towns of W Berkshire & E Franklin, ... 7 50
Cong S S, Woodstock 3 75
Y P S C E & Ladies Aid, Brownington 7 50
Y P S C E of Cong Ch, McIndoe Falls 5 00
Bapt Ladies Aid So, Montgomery Ctr 3 75
W M Soc Cong Ch Hyde Park. 7 50
Mill Village Un E Soc, Rutland 5 00
West Haven C E Soc 8 00
Bapt Y P S C E Windsor 3 50

Virginia

Anderson, F P..15 00
Aston, Miss M.. 7 50
Bates, Mrs X T.. 5 00
Baugh, M L.... 3 75
Blackwell, I W.. 5 00
Brown, Nettie.. 17 50
Conway, Daisy.. 5 00
Bruce, G S..... 8 00
Field, G W & J.. 8 00
Gambill, Mrs J.. 7 50
Gardner, R G.... 5 00
Henwood, Mrs S 3 75
Huddle, Mrs W.. 7 50
Hudson, Miss S.. 7 50
Ivey, Mrs Wm C.15 00
Jones, Ed V, Jr.15 00
Jones, M E & S Cl..... 15 00
Jones, M E & F.15 00
Lunsford, W E.. 7 00
Marsh, J B..... 5 00
Neville, Mrs R.. 7 50
Owens, C D....15 00
Parse, Mrs M A.. 5 00
Patten, Lena B.. 3 75
Ransome, Ada.. 5 00
Reed, S L..... 3 75
Rhodes, Miss E.. 3 75
Robeler, Miss E.. 3 75
Smith, Mrs 3 00
Smith, B H.... 10 00
Sonner, Mr & Mrs C E 5 00
Stakes, Mrs I W.11 00
Van Wormer, M.. 7 00
Wells, Geo N.. 17 00
Wolford, Mrs G.. 10 00
Zepp, A & S S.. 5 00
—, La Fayette.. 3 75
—, La Fayette.. 3 75
S Sch, Bonsack.. 4 41
Old Chap S Sch, Briggs 7 50
S Sch, Cayners S 5 15
Bapt S S, Gordonsville 6 00
Cl No 3 Hickman Un S S, Hanton 3 75
Trin M E S Sch, Keysville 7 50
Andrew Chap M S S, Montross 3 75
Hardware Bapt S, Redmonds.. 3 75
St James M E S Sch, Richmond 3 75
B Y P U, Berea 3 75
Grace Ch Aux, Clermont 7 50
Womans Missy S Ft Lewis Ba Ch 5 00
Whosoever Cir K D, Front Ro 7 50
Jr Brotherhood St Andrew of Johns Ch, Richmond 7 50
Willing Workers Cir K D, Weyoke 3 70

Personal Recollections of PRESIDENT McKINLEY

By CHARLES M. PEPPER

O know President McKinley was a great privilege. Such privilege was mine almost from the beginning of his public life, for I happened to live in the Ohio Congressional district from which he was first chosen. Is a vivid memory, the impression of manliness and conscientious conviction which he made upon a group of us who were college students listening to his addresses.

CHARLES M. PEPPER

Some years afterwards, as a newspaper correspondent in Washington, I was town much in association with him, and rned more than ever to admire his triotic conception of public duty. Fur- r opportunity for appreciating him s afforded during some of his trips oughout the country, when my pro- sion required me to become his travel- i companion.

Yet I never knew the real McKinley til the people of the United States had osen him to be their President. A brief te was spent with him at Canton, in summer of 1896, after he had been minated by his party at the St. Louis nvention, but subsequently my duties ded me to travel with his opponent, and campaign of 1896 I passed in the com- ny of Mr. Bryan, traveling eighteen or nty thousand miles.

After the election, the *New York rald*, with which I was at that time nected, sent me to Canton with in- uctions to remain until Major McKin- left for Washington to be inaugurat- So there was a period of almost four nths, during which opportunity was en me to see the President-elect daily, sometimes two or three times a day. was during this time that his qualities a man and as a patriot were shown the ongest. Public measures had to be mulated, members of the Cabinet se- ted, and the whole course of the in- ning administration shaped.

Major McKinley had an overwhelming se of his responsibilities, but it would t be true to say that he was oppressed them. He approached them in the rit due to their gravity, yet his was a nguine, hopeful temperament, and what- er obstacle had to be surmounted or atever difficulty had to be met, he took ld of it with the belief that a way would found for overcoming it. The keynote his character was faith. It was faith ich sustained him after the assassin's llet struck him down in Buffalo, and s serene faith in the wisdom of Provi- nce was manifest throughout his public reer. He had faith in American insti- ions, faith in the American people, and th in himself. With such a character, s temperament could not be otherwise an sanguine, and all public measures re studied by him in an optimistic ood.

* * *

I remember one evening in the library at nton, when, quite unconsciously and un- entionally, he gave some of us a little k on faith. It was at the hour when he s in the habit of seeing those who were vileged to call on him, and in whose dgment he could confide and talk ely. Some of the persons present d intimated their disbelief in the icacy of faith and trust. Without say- g a word on the incident which had used the discussion, and without giving y opinion, Major McKinley related a number of instances which had come under his personal attention, and which showed the comfort of faith and of prayer. It was all done so gently and without any intention of rebuke, but that little talk made clear his own supreme faith.

The uncertainties of power and position also once formed the text for a little sermon. One evening, in driving around Canton just at dusk, I noticed a funeral taking place at the County Infirmary or poorhouse. The same evening, some chance observation regarding the incident was made in Major McKinley's library, and one of those present began to wonder on the circumstances which had caused the funeral. Major McKinley himself told them. A once wealthy and prominent citizen, through a series of reverses, had become an inmate of the poorhouse. Though Major McKinley did not himself state it, I learned afterward that it was through the kindness of himself and other friends that the last months of this man's life had been made comfortable. But the moral he drew was that worldly prosperity was fleeting, and that it was during the reverses that the true qualities of manhood were shown.

* * *

I remember one afternoon in Canton, when his library and parlors were crowded with men of national prominence. There were three or four United States Senators, half a dozen Representatives in Congress, two or three Governors, and several party leaders.

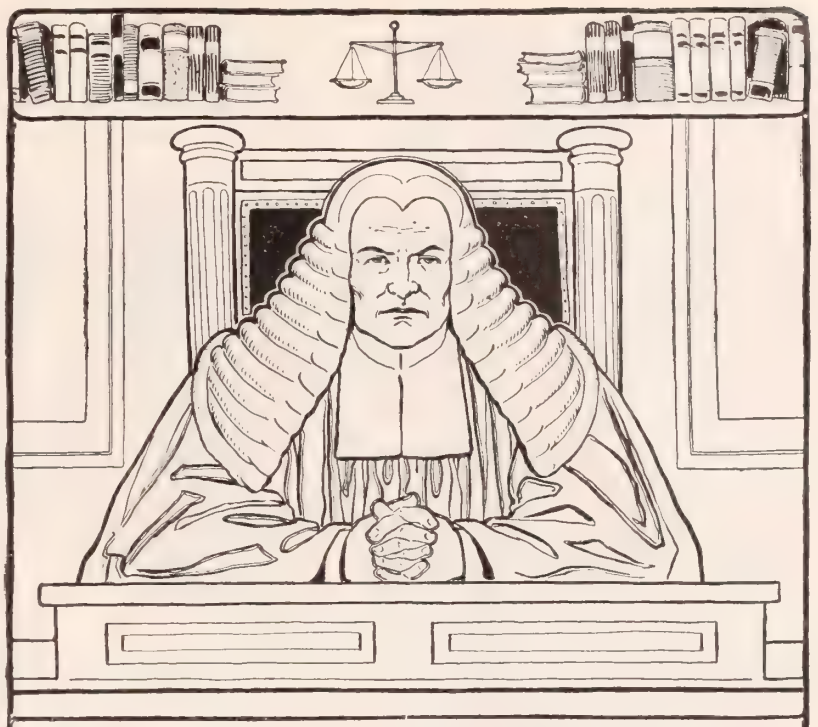
A poor woman, with her daughter, asked an interview. She had with her a number of papers, and she told the secretary that it was a pension case. The President-elect saw her at once. He looked over the papers, explained very patiently how the case would have to be sent to the Pension Office in Washington, and what course it would have to follow there. He also promised her that it should receive prompt attention. Whether it would be allowed or not, of course he could not say, but he called a stenographer and dictated a letter which at least would insure for it an early hearing. All this took ten or fifteen minutes, but Major McKinley manifested no annoyance, and by his own patient forbearance he rebuked the distinguished visitors who showed signs of impatience because their business was not given preference over that of the poor woman with the pension case.

* * *

President McKinley's home life is so well known to the American people that it does not need to be re-told, but I think that nothing in all the world could have afforded him such gratification at his first inauguration as the presence of the two persons he most loved of all human beings. These were his wife and his mother. During the period between election and inauguration at times in Canton there would be some uncertainty about the health of one or the other, and those were the only periods when Major McKinley showed depression.

After he became President, I saw him occasionally at the White House, and found him always with the same serene faith and the same world-wide charity. Human suffering anywhere appealed to him. The Cuban reconcentrados, the famine-stricken natives of India, or the starving wretches of China, all enlisted his sympathy, and I pleasantly recall the keen interest he showed in the relief measures of Dr. Klopsch and the aid which he gave to those measures.

I last saw President McKinley a few weeks ago in his home at Canton, spending an hour with him in the library, where, more than four years ago, so many interviews were held with him. He was full of life and vigor and hope. He talked to me chiefly of measures of public policy, but throughout it all was the ringing note of faith which I have before remarked was the keynote of his character. The memory of that last talk will remain with me always.



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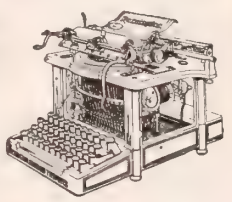

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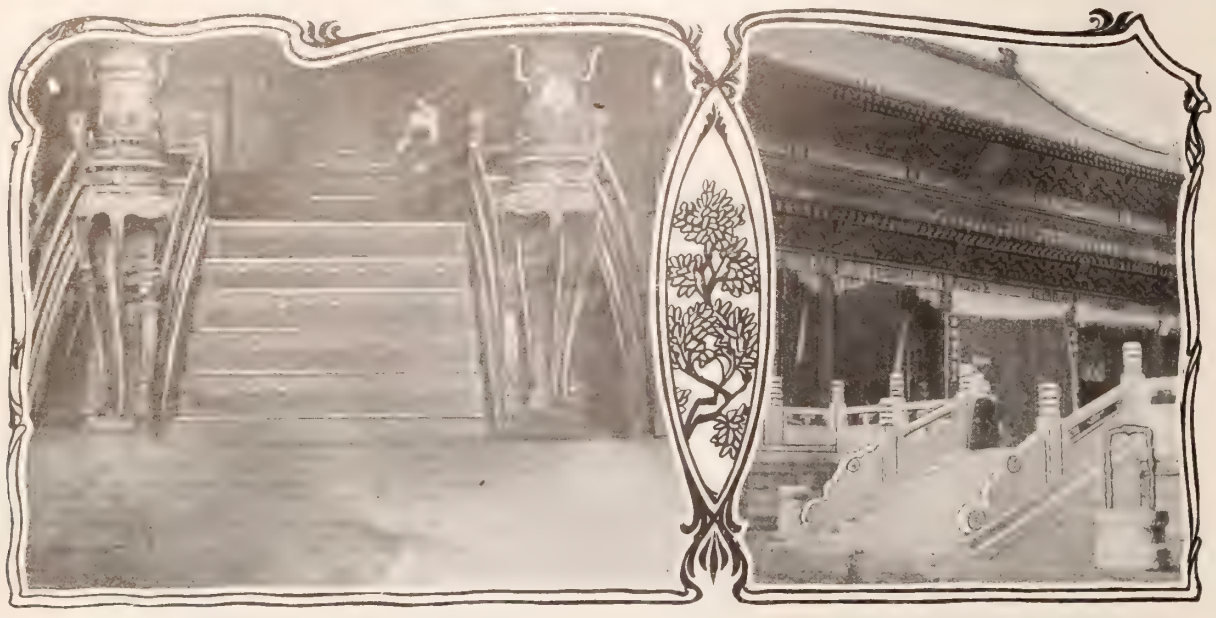
On Kwang-Su's Dragon-Throne

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 799



MRS. WOODBERRY AT THE DRAGON THRONE — ENTRANCE TO THE SUMMER PALACE

palaces. One thing attracting everybody's attention was the number and variety of clocks in the young Emperor's apartments, not far from a hundred in one suite. It was pathetic, suggesting how heavily time hung on his hands. He must have often sighed to see the world outside, a small map of which hung in his room, for he was but a bird in gilded cage, at best. A small organ graced the apartment, but no music responded to our touch. Melancholy sadness pervaded the palace. A copy of St. Mark's Gospel and *Pilgrim's Progress* were found in his room, after the flight to Shensi. The Chinese pillows are small and hard. The Emperor's was no exception. How few crowned heads repose on downy pillows. The palace eunuch gave me a few golden threads from the throne chair, with which I weave an Oriental romance bedewed with tears; none the less sorrowful that they flow from the eyes of Quang Hsu, Emperor of 400,000,000 subjects. I had never seen a throne before. Approaching through regal entrances, a vista of throne-rooms greets the eye. Here lives the "Yellow Dragon"; he is everywhere —writhing his hideous, glittering body around huge gilded pillars, woven in the soft pile of the carpets, portrayed on walls and ceilings, traced on the marble steps and urns, decorating every emblem and device, coiled in massive golden strength about the throne, above all, mirrored in the flashing prisms of golden or crystal chandeliers, and his never sleeping eye searching every nook and corner, from the summit of each sparkling dome.

From the throne of the dragon we went to his temple, buried in the leafy bowers of the imperial gardens. Such an assemblage! As I stood face to face with the idols of the royal family, I was mentally measuring the spiritual darkness that stretched from thence all over this land. They were repulsive idols. The beautiful things scattered about the Empress Dowager's apartments are showing signs of decay. Robed in the garments of exile, on the border of the famine scourged provinces of Shensi and Shansi, with depleted treasury, and name held up to infamy, she is no longer "the daughter of joy." At her lovely Summer Palace, crowning the rocky sides and height of the Hill of Longevity, we spent a day in "Wonderland." Nature and art has combined to make this spot a Paradise, but "the trail of the serpent is over it all." We found a costly idol room at the summit.

Soldiers had been there before us; gilded gods had been roasted alive, and pierced through and through. Like Dagon of the Philistines, they had fallen on their faces, and could not rise again. On an island in the peaceful little lake, the young Emperor was once imprisoned. We exchanged a Gospel for a rose, a velvety crimson one, and wondered if the Book of Life had ever been in the Summer Palace before. At nightfall, we were given some brimming cups of milk by a British marine in the telegraph station, as we left the palace grounds. We sent him a "Covenant," and he wrote his intention of beginning again to serve the King of kings, and sent it home to his mother. All over Peking, the most beautiful of palaces were in the hands of the soldiers, and wrecked and mutilated. Not only the sacred Hanlin Academy, but many costly temples had been left in ruins. Yards of prayer rolls, inscribed in exquisite style, representing no doubt the work of years in Thibetan and Mongolian cloister, were tangled in festoons among the branches of the "forbidden" trees, faded by sun and rain. Names of French soldiers were carved in temple pinnacles. No hand has yet been laid on the Llama Temple, with its huge image of Buddha, encircled with tens of thousands of gods and goddesses.

We found many grand parks and gardens kept away from the toiling, suffering masses as sacred enclosures. If the Allies would only turn the glorious domains of the Temples of Heaven and Agriculture into public gardens, their names would deserve to be canonized! In the latter, we found our United States Infantry and General Chaffee encamped. They were about to leave Peking, to the regret of all, for Manila. The Americans and English are very popular in China. As we were coming away, our friends at the Presbyterian Mission, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, and their helpers were opening their weekly meeting at the camp. We do not know who now occupy these spacious grounds, where the young Emperor went each year to pray for abundant harvests. Gaunt famine like a spectre invades the northern provinces; unusual floods threaten the Yangtze Valley with widespread scarcity; the crops are all under water, and the smiling landscape lost to view. The plague is carrying off thousands in the south. Famine, flood and pestilence are treading on the Boxers' heels, and the widely defamed missionaries are again God's "ministering angels" at the front, enabled by the munificent and beneficent CHRISTIAN HERALD to give bread to the starving.

Across the way from the Temple of Agriculture is the Temple of Heaven, and the shrieking whistle of the locomotive resounds between as passengers are set down at their ease in sight of the gates. Inside, the British soldiers have taken possession, and never before were horses and mules fed on such sacred grass. The approach to the white marble altar through avenues of trees, and over a marble bridge, is magnificent with natural beauty. No roof intervenes between the altar and heaven's arched dome of blue. Here it was the custom for the Emperor to offer a bullock as a whole-burnt offering and spend a night in prayer once a year. When returned and re-enthroned may he have become in reality what he is now in name—the Son of Heaven, an heir to a Kingdom that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. The good wishes of all are extended to the Boy Emperor of China, whose power was taken from him so soon as he endeavored to throw China open to the light. As the Bible has been in his palace a treasured and studied book, may it be found potent to save himself and his empire from ruin, and place her in the sisterhood of Christian nations.

* * *

In a train packed with soldiers, our immediate neighbors being little Japs, loaded down with accoutrements, but laughing and playing like schoolboys—egg shells were first carefully emptied for dinner, then utilized as drinking-cups. At every stopping-place, liquid refreshment was handed up to the windows by the Chinese. Northern China is advancing beyond Europeans at present. She has itinerating saloon-keepers and traveling bars at every station. The saddest part of it was, we saw the Chinese passing bottles and glasses around among themselves—a thing we never saw before. The allied troops have taught the Chinese more than one thing.

When we reached Tientsin we had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Arthur Smith. Tientsin was the home of Minister Wu. Mrs. Wu was held in great esteem by the missionary ladies here.

A most happy event of our trip was the securing of Mr. S. H. Kung as a missionary to Hunan. Previous to the late troubles, he was the only Christian in the Naval Colleges, Tientsin, where he was destined to become an engineer on one of China's battleships. Mr. Kung is now installed pastor in anti-foreign Hunan.

In Shanghai we found work progressing well in our chapel. One of the happy social events this summer was the wedding reception in our chapel of Mr. and Mrs. Christy, of Thibet, two of our best beloved missionaries. The open-door in China may mean the opening of the "sealed land" of the Llamas.

In my first article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, written from the standpoint of a refugee missionary newly arrived, I omitted mention of the Shanghai Seaman's Mission, an organization of influential Christian business men, who have carried on a work here for the seamen during several years past. Mr. David Cranston, a man universally beloved, is the chairman. And Mr. N. Viloudaki, whose warm sympathy and kindness are proverbial in Shanghai, is in hearty and constant co-operation with him. Mr. Viloudaki is notably "at home" on the ships, in the "meetings afloat," which he has looked after for many years. Mr. Cranston and associate workers may well be congratulated on the ripened harvest of the past winter, after many years of sowing and "first fruits." An annual Christmas gathering for seamen has always been a special feature of the work of the Shanghai Seaman's Mission.

MRS. J. WOODBERRY.

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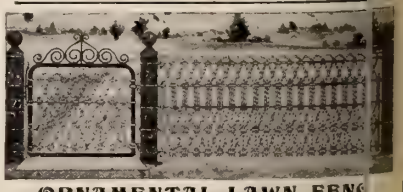

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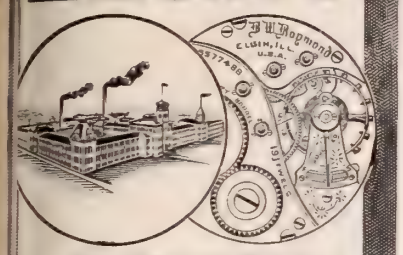

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Should the C.E. Accept Them?

A KNOTTY PROBLEM FOR ENDEAVORERS TO SOLVE—MR. BAER'S VIEW

IN a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the following question from an Endeavorer in Wyoming appeared on THE MAIL-BAG page:

There are two wives of saloon-keepers and a young drug-store clerk (who tends a bar in the rear of the drug store) who are being considered as candidates for our C. E. Society. Is it right to accept such people as associate members, and to endeavor to surround them with better influences, or should our Society decline them as liable to give the work a bad name? What are we working for if not to help sinners, and in what better way can we do this than by bringing them in? I am President of our C. E. Society.

A very large number of answers poured in, showing that the subject was one of interest to all religious organizations. Finding much diversity of opinion, we decided to refer the question to Mr. John Willis Baer, General Secretary of the C. E. Some of the answers are given below:

There should be no hesitancy on the part of a Christian Endeavor Society in welcoming the persons mentioned as associate members. When the self-righteous Pharisees rebuked the Master because he mingled freely with sinners, his reply to them was: "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." What, then, should be our position in the matter, since we are here as Christ's ambassadors, but to warmly welcome all who show a desire to be of his Kingdom, for "He that is not with me is against me," saith the Lord. The very fact that these persons are desirous of becoming united in some way with the work of Christ, and with his people, shows that either the love or character of Jesus has appealed to their lives, and there is a longing to know him better. By personal contact and earnest effort, we can help them to take a bolder stand on the side of Christ. L. NONES.

. . .

I see no objection to the reception of the two wives of saloon keepers as associate members, providing always, that they are persons of good moral character, and have given evidence that they desire association with religious people. There are many men engaged in the saloon business whose wives are bitterly opposed to the traffic, and whose hearts are full of sorrow, and whose lives are more than lonely. Surely, it cannot be wrong to surround all such with the consolation of Christian sympathy and fellowship. As to the young man who tends bar, my judgment would be different. He must be aware that he is a wrong-doer. A. A. KNIGHT.

. . .

If the wives are members of the Church and do not endorse or encourage their husbands in the saloon business, but express their disapproval, I would say take them in. If they are not members of the Church and look with favor upon the business, I would not take them in. If the young man is not a member of the Church, he should not be admitted. The Church and its societies are not for sinners, but are for those who have professed a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and are joined together for mutual help and encouragement in the Christian life.
D. S. HARMON.

. . .

In admitting members into the C. E. Society, we should remember that it is an organization of the Church, and that the world does not make the distinction between it and the Church, nor between regular or associate members therein; but that Christians do. Also that the Church's function is not only to teach, but to stand as a witness for Christ; it is the "body of Christ." It is supposed to represent the best on earth; even the world expects this. Now about the candidates in question: Their names are connected with that which is the greatest curse in civilized lands and the most subtle foe of the Church. The liquor dealers, having received recognition from the nation and states, and aid from many political leaders and newspapers, seek to gain respectability through the Church. The Church cannot afford to have the least semblance of connection with their accursed business. R. W. THOMPSON.

. . .

If the wives are not engaged in this business, and their only offence is being the wives of saloon keepers, receive them by all means. Who knows but what the husbands may be won over by the good works and godly conversation of their wives. As to the drug clerk, ask yourself the question whether the Church would receive him. Let that be the test. Our Church would not. "Ye cannot serve Christ and Belial." A. B.

. . .

By all means accept the two wives of saloon-keepers, if they are not in sympathy with the saloon business. Few people have a heavier cross to carry than saloon-keeper's wives, who are trying to be Christians. Jesus received all who desired "to flee from the wrath to come." As to the young man who tends a bar in the drug store, the case is different. If he holds the situation from his own free will, he should not be admitted to the C. E. S., unless he gives up his situation or is ready to do so as soon as the opportunity comes.
WM. J. LUSCOMBE.

. . .

It is unwise to admit such persons as associate members of the C. E. Society. The saloon trade is so potent a factor for evil that all engaged in it, directly or indirectly, should be excluded from Christian fellowship, unless they consent to surrender the unhallowed business. J. M. BROWN.

. . .

It would be an act of the grossest injustice to keep the wives of the two saloon keepers out of the C. E. Society because of the occupation of their husbands, and it would be an equally gross inconsistency in allowing the young drug clerk and bartender to become a member while in his present occupation.
WM. W. CASE.

. . .

We believe that the Christian Endeavor Society would do well to accept these persons as associate members, and that if the president will state his own reason and those here given for their acceptance before his society, it will allow them to come in as associate members. If these persons are allowed to join said Society as associate members, the two wives may persuade their husbands to quit selling liquor, and the young man soon see the error of his ways, and all may soon become Christians. G. H. ROGERS.

. . .

What is the Society for, if not to help sinners? Anyone who will sign the associate member's pledge is not likely to give the work a bad name. Suppose such a person does turn out bad and the Society be scandalized. What then? Was not Christ defamed for eating with sinners. ROBERT ADAMS.

. . .

Try to discover whether they wish to come into the Society from the idea that their own worldly interests may be advanced by their doing so, or whether they wish to be helped toward a better life. If the latter, receive them as associate members, after showing them their duties and obligations, throw around them a positive Christian influence, and, without arousing their suspicions, instil into their minds temperance ideas which shall directly influence their actions. One of the purposes of the C. E. Society is to lead just such ones into better lives, without minding what the world thinks or says.
J. M. HELSLEY.

MR. BAER'S SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

IF I was a member of that Society, only knowing what is stated in the question, I should vote to accept the two women as associate members, and then strive with all my heart, and as Christ would give me strength, to lead these two to become active Christians.

With the drug clerk, I am in doubt. For his own good, the young man ought to get out of selling liquor. I should strive to get him to go into some other business. I might vote to accept him as an associate member, but I doubt it.

Let me say, however, that the Society will accept great responsibilities when it takes into its membership any of the three. Each one of them must be won for Christ, and if starting as associate members is one step, remember it is only a step.
JOHN WILLIS BAER.

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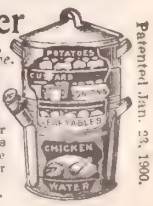

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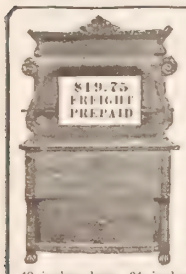

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An Outcast For Christ's Sake

THE STORY OF SOOBOONAGAM AMMAL, THE RICH BRAHMIN HEIRESS, WHO SACRIFICED CASTE AND FORTUNE

SOOBOONAGAM AMMAL, formerly daughter of Mr. Vankataramana Pantula, sub-judge of the District of Madura, India, is visiting friends in Southern New York. She is no longer the daughter of Mr. Pantula, because she has renounced the superstitions of Brahminism for the Christian religion, and has thereby become an outcast, and she is staying with her Christian friends in America because she has no home. Worth several millions, the possessor of jewels of fabulous wealth, and a member of the highest of castes, she has renounced them all for the sake of the faith.

SOOBOONAGAM AMMAL

The case of Sooboonagam is one of the most remarkable in the history of Christian missions and reads like an Eastern romance. Her father was the first native Indian to take the double degree in the University of Madras. He possessed great wealth, was the most influential man in the district, and stood high in the confidence of the Government. But his greatest wish was for a son to inherit his name and fortune, and when Sooboonagam was born he was deeply disappointed at her sex. However, the soothsayers assured him that his daughter was born at a most propitious time and she was destined to great honors at the hands of the gods. It was determined, therefore, to devote her to their service. She was brought up strictly in the Brahman forms and ceremonies, and a temple was built by the father for the girl's own use. It was her onerous duty, also, to make offerings to the sacred cobras, which she fed daily with flour and milk, and occasionally she accompanied the priests on expeditions into the jungle, for the purpose of catching the reptiles. Her father grew to be very fond and proud of her. At the age of ten she was married, the bridegroom being a poor man, and being selected because he was the nearest marriageable relative, as custom required. But Sooboonagam had enough wealth for two, for on the death of her father she was to come into possession of a fortune worth millions. There was great feasting and merrymaking at the nuptials. To her husband was given her weight in silver, she being put on one side of the scales and the precious metal on the other.

Some years afterward Sooboonagam came to know the story of Jesus. Through Christian missionaries in the district, she was persuaded to read the Bible in her own tongue, and they found means to talk to her on the subject. She was delighted with the Gospel, and finally decided to give up her fortunes and her home for the new faith. She knew that if she became a Christian, it would mean that she would be disowned. Despite the pleadings of her friends and relatives, she remained firm. She left home, and was sheltered by the missionaries. The Brahmins treat one who apostatizes as dead, and so within a few weeks, notices of invitation to her funeral were sent out, and hundreds attended. The services lasted three days, during which Sooboonagam's treasures were broken, and everything devoted to her personal use was given away or destroyed. An effigy of the young woman was made with sacred reeds from the Ganges and burned amid great ceremony. To her family and friends she was now as dead as though actually in the tomb.

This summer Sooboonagam came to Binghamton, N. Y., to visit Miss Fannie Sparks, a returned missionary, who had interested herself in the case. She may return to India herself as a missionary.

HOURLY PRAYER

A correspondent in London, Eng., sends us the following letter:

While reading the Topic of the C. E. S., in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (Aug. 14), "Daily Prayer," I felt moved to give you my experience, hoping that it may prove a blessing to some of your readers for Jesus' sake. Some years ago, I made a promise that every time I heard the clock strike, I would repeat, either silently or aloud, the words, "Praise the Lord!" Now, this is simple; but it has proved a great blessing to me. It helps to keep me in the Spirit, and to keep my mind fixed on things above. My dear fellow-Christians, prove it for yourselves.

PRAISE THE LORD

At the hour of one
Another day of life begun.
At the hour of two
Help me, Lord, thy will to do.
At the hour of three
Blessed Lord remember me.
At the hour of four
Let me love thee more and more.
At the hour of five
Keep my zeal and faith alive.
At the hour of six
My heart and mind upon thee fix.
At the hour of seven
Remember me, dear Lord, in heaven,
At the hour of eight
Help me, Lord, to watch and wait.
At the hour of nine
Make me, Lord, entirely thine.
At the hour of ten
Make me helpful to my fellow-men.
At the hour of eleven
Hear my prayers, dear Lord, in heaven.
At the hour of twelve
Take us to thyself.

As every hour the clock doth chime,
That which we on earth call time,
Help me, Lord, my voice to raise
In fervent prayer and earnest praise.

TRIED TWICE

And Proved the Proposition.

"I wish to give my experience with coffee for the benefit of other people. I used coffee for several years and was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia. The doctor told me not to use coffee or tea and put me on a light diet, and I felt better.

Then I commenced to drink coffee again and had the same trouble come on.

One day I told a friend about it, who said if I would stop drinking coffee altogether I would feel better, and advised me to use Postum Food Coffee in its place.

I tried the Postum but did not like it, so I told him about it and he said I didn't cook it right, that is, didn't boil it enough and that I should use cream instead of milk, and to make sure I would use it, he sent a package to the house.

After I used that package, I would have no more coffee in the house. Now I don't know what it is to have dyspepsia and I can eat anything. I also give Postum to my two children and they are the healthiest children you can find anywhere. The youngest is a boy 13 months old and we have been giving him Postum for seven months, three times a day. He weighs 30 pounds, and I know that Postum is what keeps both of them so healthy.

I think all people who have dyspepsia get it from coffee drinking.

Yours truly," Mrs. Jno. Stringer, 29 S. Florida Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

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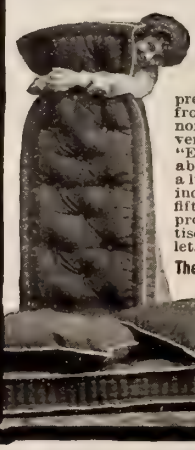

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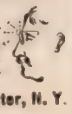

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Hired Girl in the Parlor*

THE "test" that Barbara had proposed to Mrs. Vane was not anything very remarkable either as a test or as an experiment. Mrs. Vane was to invite several people to her house some evening and invite Barbara with the rest, presenting her to her guests and treating her in every way like all the others. The curiosity that Barbara felt was in reality something in the nature of a protest against a remark made by her mother that society would not accept, under any conditions, a servant into its circle, and that not even Mrs. Vane, with all her wealth and eccentricity and social standing, could really do anything to remove the barrier that other people would at once throw up against her.

* * *

It was to be rather a large gathering; and, when Barbara arrived, the front rooms were quite well filled. Mrs. Vane introduced her to three or four ladies standing in the front hall. One of them was a young woman about Barbara's age, elegantly dressed and very distinguished-looking, even to Barbara. Her name was Miss Dillingham.

"My mother was a Dillingham," said Barbara simply, as an opening remark for conversation.

"Indeed! Your name is ——"

"Miss Clark," said Barbara.

"O, yes, Miss Clark. What branch of the Dillinghams, may I ask? The Vermont Dillinghams?"

"Yes. Mother's father was from Washington County."

"How interesting!" The young woman smiled in a very interesting manner at Barbara. "Then we must be related somewhere. Our family is from the same county. Is your father living here in Crawford?"

"Father died last year," said Barbara, returning the young woman's look of interest.

"It's a little strange I have not met you before," said Miss Dillingham. "You have been shut in on account of your father's death." She looked at Barbara's simple black silk dress, which was Barbara's one party dress, very plain, but in perfect taste in every way.

* * *

Rev. Mr. Morton's characteristic gravity was not at all gloomy or morose. Young women like Miss Dillingham liked it, and spoke of it as fascinating. The reason it was fascinating was that it revealed a genuine seriousness in life. Not morbid, but interesting.

"What would you have us do, then? What can society girls like Miss Clark and myself do?" Miss Dillingham asked the question seriously, or thought she did.

"Really, I am not competent to determine your duty in the matter," the young man answered, looking earnestly at Barbara, although Miss Dillingham had asked the question. "Perhaps Miss Clark can answer better than I can."

"I don't call myself a society girl at all," said Barbara, looking straight into Miss Dillingham's face. "I have to work for my living."

"No? Do you?" the young woman asked eagerly. "It must be very interesting. Tell me what you do."

There was not a particle of vulgar curiosity in the tone or manner of the speaker, and Barbara did not feel at all embarrassed as she answered quietly: "I am a servant in Mrs. Ward's house. The 'hired girl,' some people call me."

Miss Dillingham had leaned eagerly toward Barbara in anticipation of her reply. When it came, she evidently did not quite understand it.

"The—the 'hired girl?'"

"Yes. I do the housework there. Everything from the marketing to the dish-washing. I assure you I have an occupation all day long."

"Miss Clark is a good cook," Mr. Morton spoke up as Miss Dillingham stared at Barbara. "I can speak from experience, for I have dined at the Wards'." He smiled frankly and in perfect ease at Barbara, and she was grateful to him.

"It must be very—very—hard and—disagreeable work," Miss Dillingham stammered, still looking hard at Barbara.

"Some of it is," replied Barbara. "But some parts of housework are very interesting. It's not all drudgery," she added, looking bravely at Mr. Morton, although she was talking to Miss Dillingham.

* * *

It had begun to dawn on Barbara, that for reasons not quite clear the daughter (Miss Dillingham) had not told her mother that Barbara was a house servant.

"Why, no. Is there anything more?" Mrs. Dillingham asked in a tone she never used except to persons who were her social equals. "Are you related to royalty?"

"Yes, I don't know but I am," replied Barbara, flushing proudly, a sense of the divinity of service almost overwhelming her even before that gorgeous figure standing so distinctly for the world's fashion and wealth. "I am a servant."

"How? What is that?" Mrs. Dillingham was puzzled. She stared at Barbara.

"You asked if I was related to royalty. The Son of God was a servant. I am one of God's children in the faith. And I told your daughter that I am obliged to work out for a living. I am in Mrs. Ward's house."

"O!" Then Mrs. Dillingham was silent, and there was an embarrassing moment.

"Well ——" began the old lady slowly—— "I don't see that that fact makes you any less a Dillingham, or a Radcliff."

* * *

After they came out of the refreshment-room something separated her from Miss Cambridge, who had not proved as much interested as Barbara had imagined she might be; and again she was left to herself. For the first time during the evening she began to notice that she was attracting considerable attention. Standing in a corner by the door of the conservatory, she could not help hearing some one say: "Mrs. Vane has no right to go such lengths. It is the last time I accept any of her invitations. The idea of inviting hired girls to gatherings like this! It is simply an insult to all the guests."

"But the girl seems well-behaved enough," said a male voice.

"Very pretty, too," said another.

"It may be, but it's no place for her. It's an unheard-of thing for Mrs. Vane to do. She's done some very queer things, but this is the worst."

"I don't know," spoke up a voice that Barbara recognized as belonging to Mr. Somers. "A well-behaved 'hired girl' is less objectionable than a drunken count. That's what we had at Newport last winter at the Lyndhursts'. But then, I suppose he 'knew his place' all right."

Barbara found an opening, and moved away. The rest of the evening she was conscious of being largely let alone. There was no coarse or vulgar objection to her; but very many of Mrs. Vane's guests showed their feelings in a way, several of them said afterwards, so that Mrs. Vane would know how far she had mistaken her own place in society.

As the guests began to leave, Barbara nervously went to Mrs. Vane to say good-night, and found Mr. Morton with the Dillinghams just saying farewell at the door. Mr. Morton bowed gravely to Barbara as he said good-night to Mrs. Vane and went out, Miss Dillingham taking his arm as they passed down the steps.

"I am going to ride," Mrs. Dillingham said to Mrs. Vane, as she waited in the hall. "The carriage is just coming around. I told the young folks to go on. It is a beautiful evening for a walk."

Barbara walked back into the sitting-room, and sat down by the table of prints and turned them over silently. When the guests were all gone, Mrs. Vane came in.

"What! you here, Barbara? I thought you had gone."

"No, I wanted to talk with you a little while," said Barbara with an effort.

"Why, I do believe you are almost crying," the old lady exclaimed, coming up to her quickly. "Have you had a trying evening? Tell me all about it."

Barbara told her, and added something more that made the sharp eyes soften and the abrupt manner change to one of great gentleness.

"Don't worry, dear. It will all come out right, I know. Just go right on with your work. I understand it all perfectly. I'm old enough to be your grandmother, and I've seen some remarkable things happen. The Lord takes care of more things than we give him credit for. We must trust him when we are in all sorts of trouble. And yours isn't the worst, by any means."

* From *Born to Serve.* By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*, etc. This story was written for the purpose of directing attention to the subject of the dignity of honest labor, and to the divine side of human service. It offers no solution of the questions raised, but is certain to prove helpful to all who read it. Pp. 246, cloth binding. Price, 50c. Advance Publishing Co., Chicago, Publishers.

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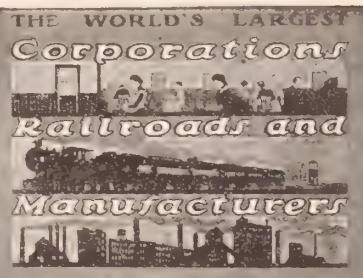

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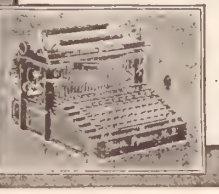

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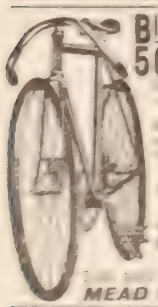

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BY MRS. M. BAXTER

ABRAHAM had two quite different pe[rsons] ... sons; in virtue of his being "the father of all them that believe" (Rom. iv.), known to the state of heaven [be]yond the stars, and the other, his earthly seed, "as the dust of the earth," innumerable [as] ... 16). Joseph was the son of Jacob, through whom the spiritual genealogy of Abraham was transmitted. He was the star ... shining one, the child of faith, who ... living for God. "Israel loved Joseph ... than all his children, because he was ... son of his old age (Gen. xl. 3, and he ... him a coat of many colors." There ... probably another reason for Jacob's love ... Joseph: he seems to have been the only ... who stood by the servants who had ... to God. We read nothing of direct ... with God on the part of any of ... but Joseph dreamed a dream. ... had dreamed an unfavorable dream at ... even when he was in the fullness of ... life. It may be we found in Joseph a ... to things spiritual which existed in ... circumstances of his family. "Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren."

Young believers are apt to form matters ... Having forward their own experience be- ... waiting for God to prepare the way in ... hearts of their relatives. His brethren ... him because of his father's favoritism, ... when Joseph told them his dream "they ... him yet more," as them it seemed that ... father had put honour of his place and ... wronged them, and his dreams evinced ... selfish assumption on the part of ... How we need, especially in our ... with saved relatives, the direct ... of our God! Joseph's dream was ... thing which was calculated to widen ... breach in the family. Had Joseph left it ... heart, or told spoken of it to his father ... would have been wiser. God had, indeed, ... to him, but his business was between ... and God; to them, very ... It seemed like unwarrantable conceit ... younger brother and to tell them the ... he knew to be true. It is the art of God's ... to teach us by the discipline of a family ... spiritual experience to those who ... spiritual brethren unless prepared ... Joseph far from God, but they ... stand against the power of a life of love ... self-sacrifice. Joseph's second dream ... the sun and the moon and the eleven ... made obeisance to him, brought forth ... and from his brethren only, but ... his father also. And yet his brethren ... him envy, saw he had something ... they had not, and his father, who ... communed with God, "observed ... saying."

God's children must be educated. Jesus ... and Isaac had their trials. ... Jacob was still among the ungodly ... Joseph, as the spiritual ... of Abraham, must have his special ... God would show that although Jo- ... had raised through providence, no amount ... might of itself, nothing. This why ... sure must Joseph first learn obedience ... Jacob's brethren were gone to feed the ... in Shechem, and his father called him, ... said he would send him to them. This ... a long journey of some fifty miles, and ... there were the inhabitants had been in- ... against the house of Jacob. His long ... spirit of the unknown converts him as well ... the fatigues of the journey, and the en- ... of the town of Shechem. But a child of ... one who sees God, does not look at ... circumstances: he seeks to know what is the ... thing to do; what will please God. Jo- ... knew it was right to obey his father, ... he said, "Here am I."

... the circumstances, the willingness to do the ... thing at any cost, trusting God with the ... consequences, were the proof that the dreams ... his communion with God were real. That ... of unreserved obedience which enables people as ... willing to suffer as they were before their ... enemies is only seen deep. It may have ... the emotions and the intellect, but its ... to have not gone down into "the inner ... of the heart," the citadel of the man's ... is still in the possession of the foe un- ... —and Joseph came to Shechem, last ... not northern there in vain. A man ... him wandering in the country, and ... him what he was come there for. "I ... my brethren," was the answer. Tell ... I pray thee where they are feeding their ...." And when the man told him they ... no longer at Shechem, but gone on to ... Dothan, some twenty miles in the north, Jo- ... did not make this an excuse to return ... but took pains to find those whom he ... cause to dread meeting. He overcame ... the journey, and found them at ... Dothan. But he was to meet with no warm ... come. Alone and unprotected, the wicked ... saw he was in their power. If he could ... get rid of, their father would look with ... favor upon them, and they conceived ... awful thought, and spoke it out to each ... "behold this dreamer cometh. Come ... therefore, and let us slay him, and cast ... him into one of the pits, and we will say, ... some beast hath devoured him: and we shall ... see what will become of his dreams."

When men give way to jealousy they ... know what they are admitting into their ... hearts. It is very evident that the evil spirit ... possessed Saul was a spirit (a ... demon) of jealousy. In the words of Joseph's ... brethren there was enmity, not only against ... him but also against God. They hated ... (God) ... ed to the evil spirit which possessed ... that they would ... ... while his brethren sat down to eat bread. His ... had begun.

... God trust his servants? Was ... true to him? The test had come: would Jo- ... seph pass through it victoriously? Yes; ... thank God, he was kept true; we are sure ... that in the pit, as afterwards in Egypt, the ... Lord was with Joseph. One right step, one ... victory, prepares for another; and probably ... Joseph had a better time of it in the pit than ... his brothers with their uneasy consciences ... had at their midday meal. It was a new and ... unexpected experience for Joseph, but God ... does not forsake his people. Joseph was now ... learning the lesson he had failed to learn at ... home: that being an object of God's ... farther than the telling boastfully of experi- ... ences he was apt to do in a life of living ... out godliness. How far he knew the lan- ... guages of his new masters we know not, but ... this is sure—God made life possible to his ... young servant.

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The National Florence Crittenton Mission, of which Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, of New York, is the founder, and which has throughout America more than fifty rescue homes for the unfortunate, needy girls of the land, has recently fallen heir to a legacy of $15,000, from the estate of the late Mr. William Higgs, of Anaconda, Montana. Mr. Higgs was a loyal friend to the cause, and for many years gave liberally to its support. Additional contributions ... of his wife. This organization is doing a work that no other does, and deserves the ... support it receives.

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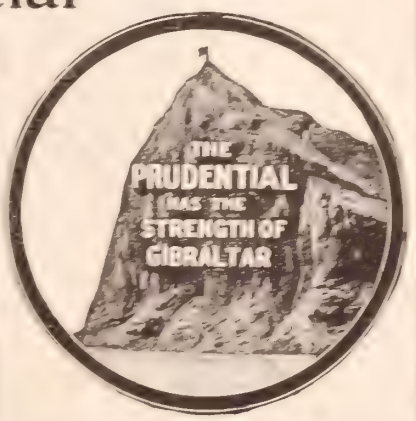

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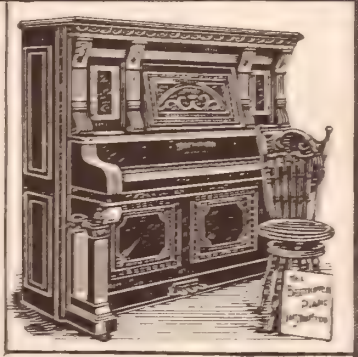

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE HIGH TIDE OF RUSSIAN IMMIGRATION TO NEW YORK

SEE PAGE 827

1. Russian Mother and Children at Ellis Island. 2. Newly Landed. 3. From Southern Russia. 4. From "Little Russia." 5. An Aged Immigrant. 6. In the Russian-Hebrew Quarter, N. Y. 7. From the Steerage.

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The usual five new questions are omitted this week, in order that other letters to "The Mail-Bag," many of them long delayed, may receive attention. Hereafter, once a month, the entire page will be devoted to this class of letters.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Mrs. A. B., Westchester, Pa. Who is the author of the poem beginning, "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud," Lincoln's favorite poem?

William Knox, a Scottish poet, born 1789, died 1825.

Reader, Hopedale, O. What authority is there for the assertion that Noah was one hundred years building the ark?

There is no definite or authoritative statement on this point, but if you compare Gen. 5: 32 with Gen. 7: 6, it will appear as a natural conclusion that, as Noah was five hundred years old at a time immediately preceding the delivery of the instructions about building the ark, and six hundred years old when he finished his task, the work could not have taken more than a hundred years. Some commentators hold that Gen. 6: 3 indicates that the Lord gave one hundred and twenty years for the building of the ark, while others believe the particular passage to imply that God had decided to limit the duration of human life to that term, as the antediluvians had devoted their long lives to continued wickedness.

C. J. P., Port Perry, Canada. Please tell me the national flower or plant of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Prussia, Spain, Greece, and the United States?

England, rose; Ireland, shamrock; Scotland, thistle; Wales, leek; France, *fleur-de-lis* or iris; Germany, cornflower; Prussia, linden-leaf; Spain, pomegranate; Greece, the violet. The United States has none; "loving all the flowers so well," some one has said, "we can make choice of none."

K. A. A., Heath, Neb. 1. Would it be right to allow the Chinese to immigrate to this country? 2. Which does the most damage every year, fire or water? 3. Will Christ's second coming be sudden, or will he slowly and by degrees manifest himself as he did at his first coming?

1. Opinions differ as to the wisdom of exclusion; but it should not be forgotten that China has a population of 300,000,000, and could readily spare a few millions of her laboring class. These, if they came here unhindered, would produce an effect difficult to be estimated. This is the economic view of the question only. 2. We do not believe there are any statistics to establish a comparison of losses through storms by land and sea with those that arise through fires. 3. See Acts 1: 10.

Mr. Edward B. Lawlor, Columbia, S. C., writes:

The story of the rescued Chinese girl, in your August 28 number, was read last night to the inmates of the Home for Fallen Women here, and was greatly blessed to those who heard. It is likely one or more took a fresh start toward a redeemed life last night.

C. L., Odin, Ill. Do you think it will please God for our farmers' sons to go to the city and work in a milk establishment, working part of Sunday?

There is a divine commandment against Sunday labor and desecration. Only that which is a work of necessity or of mercy can be justified on that day. All other is sin and cannot be pleasing to the heavenly Father.

J. F., Brooklyn. What would be the best method to show the masses their error in drinking acids in fermented drinks, etc.?

Education is the best and probably the only method of impressing these truths on the popular mind. The facts should be taught thoroughly in the public schools, that the children may know all about the evils of liquor drinking.

Reader, Syracuse, N. Y. When a child is born, why is it said that "the stork has visited that home"?

The stork has always been celebrated for domestic virtues, particularly for devotion to its young. It has also wide renown for attention to aged parents; but the accounts given in this respect are more fancy than fact. The stork is, however, a model mate and a model parent; and because, maybe, of its extraordinary care of its own babies, the peasants would tell their children of the arrival of a new brother or sister: "The stork brought the baby." The bird usually builds its nest on houses. It is a cherished guest in Denmark, Holland and Germany; the peasants say good luck attaches to a house where a stork builds its nest. In the Orient, sacred honors were paid to the stork, and folk-lore of all lands where it has been found has concerned itself with this queer, tall, picturesque bird, which loves the homes of men.

P. M. M., Morgana, S. C. If A and B are first cousins, what degree of relationship exists between B's children and A? And between A's children and B's children?

B's children are A's first cousins, once removed. A's children and B's children are second cousins. The rule is that your first cousin's child is your first cousin once removed; your second cousin's child, your second cousin once removed; but people sometimes define such a relationship as that of second cousin.

Wm. B., Germantown, Pa. 1. What is the order of Presidential succession? 2. Who is now Vice-President of the United States?

1. The presidential succession is fixed by chapter 4 of the acts of the XLIX Congress, first session. In case of the removal, death, resignation or inability of both President and Vice-President, then the Secretary of State shall act as President until the disability of the President or Vice-President is removed or a President is elected. If there be no Secretary of State, then the Secretary of the Treasury will act. The remainder of the order of succession is as follows: Secretary of War, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary or the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, and Secretary of Agriculture. The acting President must, upon taking office, convene Congress, if not at the time in session, in extraordinary session, giving twenty days' notice. This act applies only to such Cabinet officers as shall have been appointed by the advice and consent of the Senate, and are eligible under the Constitution to the Presidency. 2. There is no Vice-President at present.

Inquirer, Newark, N. J. Who are the Scotch-Irish, and why are they so named?

They are the descendants of a number of Scottish settlers, mostly Presbyterians, who were sent to the northeast of Ireland in the reign of James I., and who located on lands from which the Irish owners had been evicted. They were called Scotch-Irish to distinguish them from the natives.

A Reader. 1. Why is Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday called Shrove Tuesday? 2. What is Mardi Gras?

1. Tuesday before Ash Wednesday came to be described by the adjective "shrove" because on that day it was customary in the Catholic Church in ancient times for the people to be "shriven" or "shroved" (that is, to make confession to, and receive absolution from the priest). It was made a day of merriment and feasting. At dawn, bells were set a-ringing and everybody abandoned himself to good humor. All day there was a great frying and eating of pancakes, until the day was sometimes called "Pancake Tuesday." 2. Mardi Gras is the name of the annual carnival at New Orleans, when a company of gay masquers parade the streets. The custom is of French, Spanish and Italian, rather than American origin. Out of the simple idea of revelry in the streets, borrowed from cities of the Old World, has developed this elaborate festival, whose pageants, at once stately, instructive, ludicrous and grotesque, attract visitors from all parts of America.

E. C., Amboy, Minn. 1. Does Psalm 15: 5 condemn putting money out to usury? 2. What practice does Paul refer to in 1. Cor. 15: 29 where he speaks of being baptized for the dead? 3. Does Paul condemn divorces procured by a wife for any cause, when he says [1. Cor. 7: 39] that the wife is bound to her husband as long as he lives?

1. Usury has a different meaning from interest. The lender has a right to share in the profit of an enterprise in which his money is used as capital. If a lender receives an application for a loan and he makes the loan at a fair rate, his return is interest and is legitimate; but if he learns that the borrower is in very urgent need of the money and he takes advantage of his need to charge him an exorbitant sum, that is usury, or making profit out of another man's troubles. That is the thing the Psalmist condemns as an unbrotherly act. 2. A practice adopted in the early church, by which a living person was baptized as proxy for a dead friend, or relative, who had not been baptized. Paul does not refer to it with approval, but simply to show that there was a belief among people who did so, that their dead friends were living and would be benefited by their act. 3. No, there were probably some women in the Corinthian Church wanting to leave husbands who were heathen, in order to marry Christians. Paul bids them not to do that. Only when their husbands were dead would they have the right to marry.

P. Knapp, Leonta, N. Y. Were Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel, Drummond and other believers in evolution infidels? If not how could they reconcile their belief with the account of the creation of man in Genesis?

Huxley called himself an agnostic, that is, one who does not profess to know matters which cannot be proved scientifically. He repudiated the title of infidel, which, like the title atheist, implies a denial of the existence of God. Drummond was an eminent and very useful Christian. He regarded the account of the creation of man in Genesis as figurative, and as representing the ideas current at the period in which the book was written.

Mrs. A. McD., Trenton, N. J. What are the facts concerning the origin of the Zionist movement, which has been repeatedly mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD?

Dr. Theodore Herzl, a Vienna Editor and a Hebrew, several years ago wrote a pamphlet, entitled: *The Jewish State*, in which he advocated the purchase of Palestine from Turkey, and the creation of a Semitic national government, to be a dependency of Turkey, and under the protection of the European powers. His plan included a national bank, a military organization and a national flag. The first congress in support of the movement met at Basle, Switzerland, in 1897, many Zionists attending. Afterward, the Jewish Colonial Trust was organized in London, with $10,000,000 capital, 2,000,000 shares at $5 each. Over $1,000,000 has been subscribed, not in large blocks, but in small sums distributed in many countries, and averaging one share to a family. The Trust is designed to furnish transportation to emigrants, to build factories, railways, telegraphs, and to further the scheme generally. Another Zionist congress is to be held in London shortly. In the present scope of the Zionist movement, the political features of Dr. Herzl's plans are much modified, and the chief object at present of the organization seems to be the protection, in their legal and industrial rights, of Hebrew colonies already in Palestine, and those which may hereafter be established there. A number of colonies were in existence before the Zionist movement began.

A. B. H., Lott, Texas. Was a Sunday-school teacher justified in teaching that Jacob was right in practising subtility to get from Esau the blessing which was to come to him?

Jacob did wrong and the Bible in no way justifies his act. He ought to have been patient and trusted that God in his own time would fulfil his promise. Incidentally the story condemns his act, by showing that he suffered afterwards, in being an exile from home and being himself the victim of deception, first by Laban, who tricked him into taking the wife, for whom he had served seven years, and afterwards by his sons, who deceived him about the fate of Joseph.

Friend, McKeesport, Pa. Are there any Indian orphans to be provided for?

Yes. One of our missionaries in Alaska writes us that he has still 183 children unprovided for, and others are similarly situated. Address our Indian Orphan Department for full information.

C. D. L., Wilkesbarre, Pa. What is the meaning of Psalm 51: 4, "Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight, that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest." Surely David did not sin for such a purpose.

No; his meaning appears to be that his confession was the justification of God's sentence, whatsoever it might be. Suppose a man was on trial for some heinous crime, and the judge pronounced a severe sentence. Some one might say: "That was too severe a term," or, "I do not believe that he was guilty; the judge should have been more merciful in view of doubt of his guilt." But the verdict of the jury might not satisfy the critic; but if the man had made a full confession of his guilt, the judge would be justified or clear. Doubt would be removed. Thus it would be seen that he had done right in punishing the self-confessed criminal. We know that some commentators hold that David was permitted to sin in order that God's mercy might be exhibited to the world, but we do not believe that David meant any such thing.

Old Subscriber, Galena, Ill., and others. Was it an error to attribute the hymn, "Come, Thou traveler unknown," to Dean Stanley instead of Crafts does in your issue of Sept. 4?

Yes, it was an error, as Dr. Crafts admits. The author was Charles Wesley. Unfortunately, the mistake was not discovered until the whole edition had been printed, and it was too late to make the correction.

G. A. S., Macon, Ga. Would a wife and mother justifiable and right in accepting insurance money left by a father who signed the policy and paid in the money after he was dead and buried? The policy had been taken out some weeks before, but he neglected to pay over the money, on account of some misunderstanding.

On its face, such a case would seem to be a palpable fraud. There may, however, be circumstances connected with it which would explain matters. If the agent had personally advanced the money at the proper time, awaiting convenience for repayment, the case might be different. In any event, it is a matter for careful and conscientious inquiry.

J. R. S., Roselin, O. No, but in some municipalities, generous provision is made for their poor once a year, through individual bequests.

William J., Amboy, Ind. It is a question for individual conscience. If you feel in your heart that it is right and necessary, we see nothing to object to, as you state the case.

A. E. R., North Manlius, N. S. There is explanation; the two statements are irreconcilable. One view is that of a consecrated Christian, the other, that of men of the world, with no pretension to spiritual motives.

H. E. Probert, College Hill, Kingfisher, Oklahoma, a missionary working in the new territory, will be glad to hear from any readers of this journal who desire to help his work. He will answer any letters.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE BIBLE

A Remarkable Discourse Delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 11, 1901

HERE are certain truths which are so very true that we call them truisms; and yet I think we often half forget them in practice. Every thinking man when he thinks, realizes what a very large number of people tend to forget, that the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively, I mean literally—impossible for us to to ourselves what that life would be if these gs were removed. We would lose almost all the rds by which we now judge both public and morals. All the standards toward which we, ore or less resolution, strive to raise ourselves. every man who has by his life-work added to the human achievement of which the race is proud, h our people are proud, almost every such man, sed his life-work largely upon the teachings of the Sometimes it has been done unconsciously, more consciously, and among the very greatest men a portionately large number have been diligent and tudents of the Bible at first hand.

oln—sad, patient, kindly Lin- ho, after bearing upon his weary ers for four years a greater bur- an that borne by any other man nineteenth century, laid down for the people whom, living, he rved so well—built up his entire g upon his early study of the He had mastered it absolutely; ed it as later he mastered only two other books, so that he be- lmost "a man of one book," who hat book, and who instructively to practice what he had been therein.

is country we rightly pride our- upon our system of widespread r education. We most emphatic- right to pride ourselves upon is not merely of inestimable ad- e to us: it lies at the root of wer of self-government. But it sufficient in itself. We must cul- the mind; but it is not enough, o cultivate the mind. With ed- n of the mind must go the spir- aching, which will make us turn ined intellect to good account. whose intellect has been edu- while, at the same time, his education has been neglected, the more dangerous to the com- , because of the exceptional ad- l power which he has acquired. what I am saying needs no that education must be educa- f the heart and conscience no an of the mind.

an admirable thing, a most nec- thing, to have a sound body. It ven better thing to have a sound But infinitely better than either have that, for the lack of which r sound mind nor a sound body one—character. Character is in ng run the decisive factor in the individuals and of nations alike. etimes, in rightly putting the that we do upon intelligence, rget the fact that there is some- that counts more. It is a good to be clever, to be able and ; but it is a better thing to have ualities that find their expression in the Deca- and the Golden Rule. It is a good and necessary to be intelligent; it is a better thing to be straight lecent and fearless. It was a Yale professor, Mr. sberry, who remarked that his experience in the room had taught him "the infinite capacity of the n mind to withstand the introduction of knowl- " Some of you preachers must often feel the way about the ability of mankind to withstand troduction of elementary decency and morality.

Mere Honesty Not Enough

nan must be honest in the first place; but that by is not enough. No matter how good a man is, if timid he cannot accomplish much in the world. besides being honest, a man has got to have ge, too. And these two together are not enough. natter how brave and honest he is, if he is a natural tool, you can do little with him. Remember the in which I name them. Honesty first; then cour-

age; then brains. And all are indispensable; we have no room in a healthy community for either the knave, the fool, the weakling, or the coward.

You may look through the Bible from cover to cover, and nowhere will you find a line that can be construed into an apology for the man of brains who sins against the light. On the contrary, in the Bible, taking that as a guide, you will find that because much has been given to you much will be expected from you; and a heavier condemnation is to be visited upon the able man who goes wrong than upon his weaker brother, who cannot do the harm that the other does, because it is not in him to do it.

Home and Church Training

So I plead, not merely for training of the mind, but for the moral and spiritual training of the home and the church; the moral and spiritual training that have always been found in this book, which in almost every civilized tongue can be described as "The Book," with the certainty of all understanding you when you so describe it.

The teaching of the Bible to children is, of course, a matter of especial interest to those of us who have

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN HIS STUDY

families—and, incidentally, I wish to express my profound belief in large families. Older folks often fail to realize how readily a child will grasp a little askew something they do not take the trouble to explain. We cannot be too careful in seeing that the biblical learning is not merely an affair of rote, so that the child may understand what it is being taught. And, by the way, I earnestly hope that you will never make your children learn parts of the Bible as punishment. Do you not know families where this is done? For instance: "You have been a bad child—learn a chapter of Isaiah." And the child learns it as a disagreeable task, and in his mind that splendid and lofty poem and prophecy is forever afterward associated with an uncomfortable feeling of disgrace. I hope you will not make your children learn the Bible in that way, for you can devise no surer method of making a child revolt against all the wonderful beauty and truth of Holy Writ.

Probably some of my hearers remember the old Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York, when it was under the ministry of Dr. Adams, and those of you who remember the Doctor will, I think, agree with me that he was one of those very rare men with whose name one instinctively tends to couple the adjective "saintly." I attended his church when I was a little boy. The good Doctor had a small grandson, and it was accidentally discovered that the little fellow felt a great terror of entering the church when it was vacant. After vain attempts to find out exactly what his reasons were, it happened, late one afternoon, that the Doctor went to the church with him on some errand. They walked down the aisle together, their steps echoing in the vacant building, the little boy clasping the Doctor's hand and looking anxiously about. When they reached the pulpit he said, "Grandpa, where is the zeal?" "The what?" asked Dr. Adams. "The zeal," repeated the little boy; "why, don't you know, 'the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up?'" You can imagine the Doctor's astonishment when he found that this sentence had sunk deep into his little grandson's mind as a description of some terrific monster which haunted the inside of churches.

The immense moral influence of the Bible, though of course infinitely the most important, is not the only power it has for good. In addition there is the unceasing influence it exerts on the side of good taste, of good literature, of proper sense of proportion, of simple and straightforward writing and thinking.

This is not a small matter in an age when there is a tendency to read much that, even if not actually harmful on moral grounds, is yet injurious, because it represents slipshod, slovenly thought and work; not the kind of serious thought, of serious expression, which we like to see in anything that goes into the fibre of our character.

The Bible does not teach us to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them. That is a lesson that each one of us who has children is bound in honor to teach these children, if he or she expects to see them become fitted to play the part of men and women in our world.

Again, I want you to think of your neighbors, of the people you know. Don't you, each one of you, know some man (I am sorry to say, perhaps more often, some woman), who gives life an unhealthy turn for children by trying to spare them in the present the very things which would train them to do strong work in the future? Such conduct is not kindness. It is shortsightedness and selfishness; it means merely that the man or woman shrinks from the little inconveniences, to himself or herself, of making the child fit itself to be a good and strong man or woman hereafter. There should be the deepest and truest love for their children in the hearts of all fathers and mothers. Without such love there is nothing but black despair for the family; but the love must respect both itself and the one beloved. It is not true love to invite future disaster by weak indulgence for the moment.

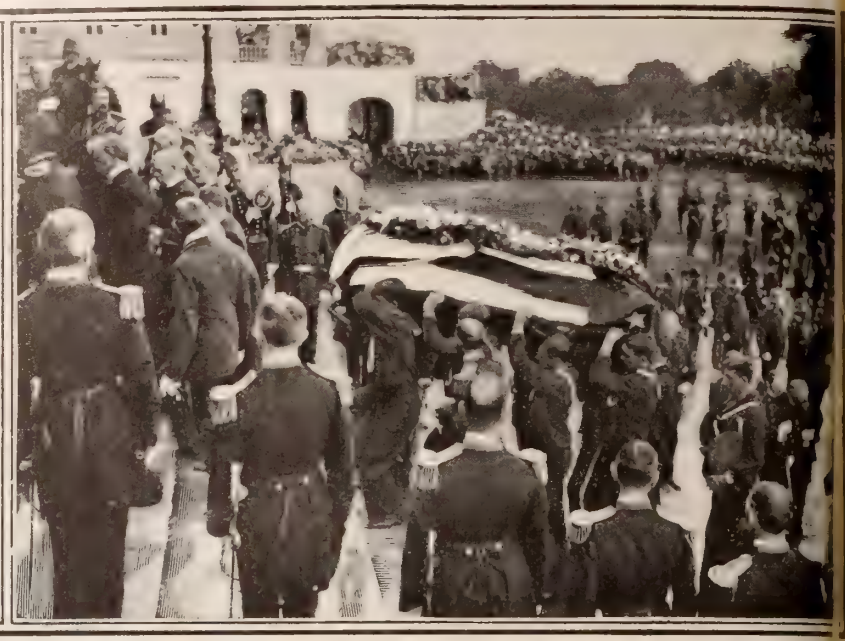
What is true affection for a boy? To bring him up so that nothing rough ever touches him, and at twenty-one turn him out into the world with a moral nature that turns black and blue in great bruises at the least shock from any one of the forces of evil with which he is bound to come in contact? Is that kindness? Indeed, it is not. Bring up your boys with both love and wisdom; and turn them out as men, strong-limbed, clear-eyed, stout-hearted, clean-minded, able to hold their own in this great world of work and strife and ceaseless effort.

What the Bible Teaches

If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord; to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who in the fullest sense of the word is a true Christian, like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact as well as in theory, "doers of the Word and not hearers only."

THE SORROWING NATION'S TRIBUTE

SOLDIERS BEARING THE REMAINS TO THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.



TAKING THE CASKET UP THE CAPITOL STEPS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE nation has honored its dead President in a manner so impressive that it will live in history as the most remarkable manifestation of universal sorrow our country has ever witnessed. From Buffalo to Washington, and again from the nation's capital to the late President's home at Canton, the funeral train was greeted by day and night, at every city, town, village and hamlet, as it passed, by sad groups of mourners and the solemn tolling of bells. Those sorrowful gatherings in nearly every case waited for hours, through daylight or darkness, in the rain, for the gloomy cortege to pass. It was the never-to-be-forgotten spectacle of a nation, bowed with grief, paying its last tribute to a noble Executive, whose tragic fate has awakened a sorrow and sympathy too deep for words.

After the brief services at the Milburn house in Buffalo, and when the body of the murdered President had been viewed in the City Hall, the journey to Washington began. The capital was reached about 9 P. M., Sept. 16, in a drenching rain. According to arrangement, the remains were taken to the White House and laid in the East room, where they were viewed on Tuesday by a number of prominent people, including ex-President Cleveland, members of Congress and members of the Diplomatic Corps. At 9.15 A. M., on Tuesday, the coffin was borne by a soldier guard to the hearse and taken to the Capitol. The procession was a most imposing one. First came the military and civic escorts, the leading columns of which had reached the Capitol before the coaches had started from the White House. The avenue was lined with a multitude of hushed spectators, who stood patiently in the pouring rain. Six black horses, each led by a black-liveried groom, drew the hearse, which was attended by a guard of honor. Immediately following were the carriages containing the relatives and personal friends of the deceased. President Roosevelt and wife, both in deep mourning, occupied a carriage. Mrs. McKinley was not present, her health being so delicate that the doctors forbade her attendance. Then came the Cabinet in coaches, followed by the Supreme Court Judges, the Diplomatic Corps, the Senators and Representatives, and the officials of the various executive departments in Washington. Many other carriages brought up the rear. As the hearse moved slowly along Pennsylvania ave e. every man among the spectators uncovered, w le women wept unrestrainedly.

REV. C. E. MANCHESTER

Who Preached the Funeral Sermon at Canton, Ohio

Meanwhile, a tremendous throng had gathered a ie Capitol, and the plaza was black with people, whil e roofs of the adjacent buildings, the windows, p i- cos and steps were densely crowded. All effort to maintain a line by the aid of military or police re futile; yet the crowd gave way quietly and volunt y, and made an open passage for the body-bearers id their sad burden, when the hearse arrived and ie coffin was borne up the Capitol steps. As it went p. hundreds of voices were raised in singing the hy n: "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the words of which P si- dent McKinley had repeated on his deathbed, d ng his last conscious moments. This spontaneous tri te brought tears to many eyes.

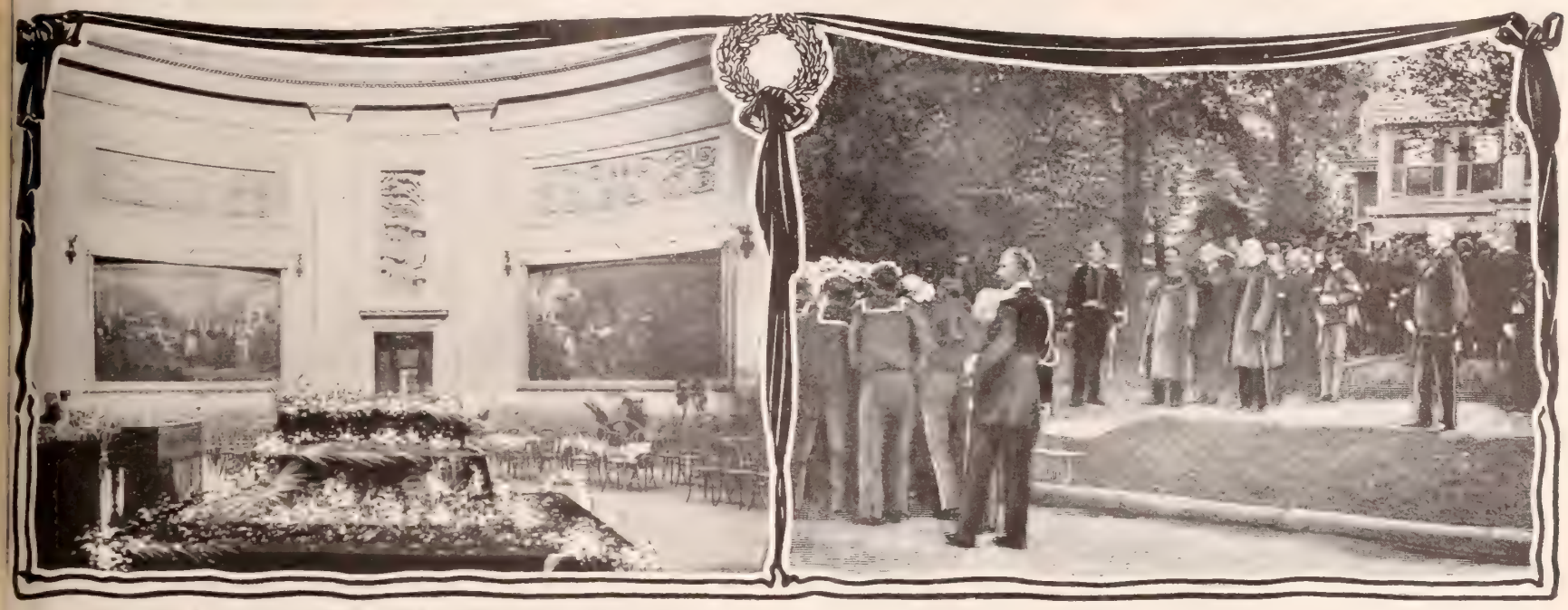
In the beautiful and spacious rotunda, the casket as laid upon a draped platform, and great masses of l al pieces, in many designs, were heaped up arou it. When the services began at 11 o'clock, the ro da was crowded with an assemblage which include he most distinguished men of the Nation, in all bra es of the Government, both Houses of Congress, fo gn diplomats, brilliantly uniformed army and naval o rs of high rank, Justices, Governors, and as many m as could be admitted. President Roosevelt and Sec ry Hay sat together near the bier. After an ope ng hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," sung by a choir, ev. Henry Naylor, Presiding Elder of the M. E. Churc or Washington District, offered prayer. Bishop And ws delivered the funeral address. Then, when the ir sang, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the tune was ca t up by the audience, and soon the great rotunda as filled with the volume of sound. Rev. W. H. Chap n, of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, re the benediction.

From the conclusion of the services until 6 P.M. e body lay in state in the rotunda, and was viewe a great multitude of people. At 7.30 o'clock, it wa

SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES IN THE PROCESSION

THE MULTITUDE BREAKING THROUGH THE LINES AT WASHINGTON

OUR MARTYR-PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL



THE BODY LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL

TAKING THE CASKET FROM THE MCKINLEY MANSION AT CANTON

eyed to the railroad depot, and, soon afterward, the ıneral train, in three sections, started for Canton.

The second stage of the funeral journey was more re-ıarkable even than the first. At every station, people tood in lines frequently a mile or more in length, wait-ıg for the train. Work seemed to be suspended every-'here. Houses were draped, and many in the assembled rowds were in black. Draped flags were everywhere 'isible. Flowers, loose, in bunches, and in innumer-'ble designs, were fairly showered upon that section of he train which contained the casket. They were piled p on the car steps, the platforms, and even laid along he track in honor of the dead. At night, as the train 'ped along in the darkness, the silent crowds standing t either side could distinguish the flower-covered asket, as the funeral car was aglow with lights, while ll the other coaches were dark. Canton was reached t 11.56 A.M., September 18. The remains were con-eyed to the rotunda of the Court House, where they ıy in state, and were viewed by the townspeople until P.M., when the casket was removed to the McKinley ome. Mrs. McKinley, who had with difficulty been reserved from complete prostration, had pleaded that er husband's body should rest in the old home on that ight before the funeral, and her wish was faithfully espected.

* * *

Thursday, the nation's special day of mourning, roke cheerless and gray in Canton. At 1 P.M., the uneral procession set out from the house to the First I. E. Church. It was a sad and tearful congregation hich assembled at 1.30 in this edifice, which was President McKinley's home church. Here his children ere baptized, and here his old-time neighbors now stened to the touching funeral sermon preached by the ev. C. E. Manchester over his coffined body. In ccordance with the wishes of the late President, the ervices were simple and brief. After the discourse here was a prayer by the Rev. O. B. Milligan, of the resbyterian Church, a short Scripture reading, and

VIEWING THE BODY AT CANTON CITY HALL

then, after the choir had sung the President's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," came the solemn march to Westlawn Cemetery. In the procession were Grand Army veterans, State officials, members of the Cabinet, army and navy officers, members of both Houses of Congress, and local organizations. Mrs. McKinley remained at her desolate home, prostrate and alone with her grief.

All the way to the cemetery—a distance of two miles—the procession passed between lines of spectators, the men with heads uncovered, the women weeping. On reaching the vault, the President and Cabinet formed in two lines, and the flower-covered casket was borne between. Short services were conducted by Bishop Joyce and the Rev. Dr. Manchester. As the solemn words of the Episcopal service for the dead were pronounced, many were in tears. When the coffin was taken into the vault it was buried under a great mound of flowers, many of the floral offerings having come from distant States. President Roosevelt and the Cabinet members, with a few others, entered the vault, and when they came out tears could be seen trickling down the faces of nearly all.

Then from a height above the cemetery, came the crash of artillery, as a battalion of guardsmen fired a salute for the dead—twenty-one guns. When the last report had died away, thirteen buglers formed in semi-circle at the door of the vault, and "taps" was sounded, the sad, penetrating notes being heard by the multitude in the cemetery, and even far beyond its gates. The vault doors were shut, the procession reformed and marched back to the city, and all was over.

* * *

It is already proposed to erect a national monument to the memory of President McKinley in Westlawn Cemetery. When Congress meets, an appropriation will be asked for this purpose. The school children of Canton have already given their contributions toward a fund to perpetuate his memory in enduring marble.

THE FINAL SERVICES AT THE RECEIVING VAULT IN CANTON

BEARING THE CASKET FROM THE CHURCH AT CANTON

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

ALWAYS REMEMBERED

TEXTS:

"HE SHALL BE NO MORE REMEMBERED" JOB 24: 20.

"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL BE IN EVERLASTING REMEMBRANCE." PSALM 106: 6.

OF oblivion and its defeats I speak to-day. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of æons. That monster is called by Noah Webster, and all the other dictionaries, "Oblivion." It is a steep, down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play, and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion? At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable, and, to each other indispensable, and then they part. Some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it, and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walk up Pennsylvania avenue, Washington; Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; The Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Under den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year nineteen hundred and one not one person who walked there in the year eighteen hundred and one. What engulfment! All the ordinary efforts at perpetuation are dead failures. Walter Scott's *Old Mortality* may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while *Old Mortality* is cutting in one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of book-worms, or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up, because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant.

Forgotten Ancestors

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name, and from the nearly faded ink, with great effort, find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat that she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at our Atlantic coast is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves. And while this is transpiring on the outside of the world, the hot chisel of the internal fire is digging under the foundation of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up, when all scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire.

Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a schoolboy's india-rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes, it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world, there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axle-tree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow, and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow anything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overcrowded if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published. The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the State and National libraries to-day are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for someone to come and recognize them. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in, we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe the fountain of forgetfulness are a healthful draught. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one-sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts. In all the Pantheon the weakest goddess is Clio, the goddess of History, and instead of being represented by sculptors as holding a scroll, might better be represented as limping on crutches. Faithful history is the saving of a few things out of more things lost. The immortality that comes from pomp of obsequies, or granite shaft, or building named after its founder, or page of recognition in some encyclopædia is an immortality unworthy of one's ambition, for it will cease, and is no immortality at all. Oblivion! A hundred years. But while I recognize this universal submergence of things earthly,

Who Wants to be Forgotten?

Not one of us. Absent for a few months from home, it cheers us to know that we are remembered there. It is a phrase we have all pronounced: "I hope you missed me." Meeting some friends from whom we have been parted many years, we enquire: "Did you ever see me before?" and they say, "Yes," and call us by name, and we feel a delightful sensation thrilling through their hand into our hand, and running up from elbow to shoulder, and then parting, the one current of delight ascending to the brow and the other descending to the foot, moving round and round in concentric circles until every nerve and muscle and capacity of body and mind and soul is permeated with delight. Some time ago, visiting the place of my boyhood, I met one whom I had not seen since we played together at ten years of age, and I had peculiar pleasure in puzzling him a little as to who I was, and I can hardly describe the sensation, as, after awhile, he stumbled out: "Let me see. Yes, you are DeWitt." We all like to remembered.

Now, I have to tell you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats, and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now, than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infirm and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child, fallen on the curb-stone, and, by a stick of candy put in his hand, stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man, swamped by the stringency of the money market, that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more?" Did you tell a man, clear discouraged in his waywardness, and hopeless and plotting suicide, that for him was nearby a laver, in which he might wash, and

A Coronet of Eternal Blessedness

which he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor, there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlas to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a shipwreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the Good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale? Through all eternity, will the Northern and Southern soldiers forget the Northern and Southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Penn[sylvania] and Virginia and Georgia, which turned e[very] house and barn and shed into an hospital and inca[rna]dined the Susquehanna and the James and the Ch[at]hoochee and the Savannah with brave blood? [Th]e kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in[the] appreciation of others as the Gates of Heaven [will] stand, as the "House of Many Mansions" will stand[as] long as the Throne of God will stand.

Oblivion Thwarted

Another defeat of Oblivion will be found in the c[ha]racter of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. C[ha]racter is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we [have] in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolo[rous] man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a c[our]ageous man, every stroke of that work done will be [im]mortalized. There may never be so much as one [line] in a newspaper regarding it, or no mortal tongue [may] ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that [soul] shall go, your work upon it shall go, wherever that [soul] rises, your work on it will rise, and so long as that [soul] will last, your work on it will last. Do you supp[ose] there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the his[tory] of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you [in]vited him to Christ, that you, by prayer or Gospel w[ord], turned him round from the wrong way to the right w[ay]? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. [It] is not half as well on earth known that Christo[pher] Wren planned and built St. Paul's, as it will be kn[own] in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of bu[ild]ing a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath clas[s], put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby, or [tes]tify for Christ in a prayer meeting, or preach a serm[on], and go home discouraged, as though nothing had b[een] accomplished, when we had been character-build[ing] with a material that no frost or earthquake or rollin[g of] the centuries can damage or bring down.

Oh, this character building! You and I are ev[ery] moment busy in that tremendous occupation. You [are] making me better or worse, and I am making you be[tter] or worse, and we shall, through all eternity, bear [the] mark of this benediction or blasting. Let others h[ave] the thrones of heaven, those who have more migh[tily] wrought for God and the truth, but it will be hea[ven] enough for you and me if ever and anon we meet s[ome] radiant soul on the boulevards of the Great City [to] shall say: "You helped me once. You encouraged [me] when I was in earthly struggle. I do not know th[at I] would have reached this shining place had it not b[een] for you," and we will laugh with heavenly glee, [and] say, "Ha, ha! Do you really remember that talk? [Do] you remember that warning? Do you remember [that] Christian invitation? What a memory you ha[ve]! Why, that must have been down there in Washing[ton] or New Orleans at least ten thousand million y[ears] ago." And the answer will be, "Yes, it was as long [as] that, but I remember it as well as though it were yes[ter]day." Oh, this

Character Building!

The structure lasting independent of passing centur[ies], of crumbling mausoleums, independent of the wh[ole] planetary system. Aye, if the whole material unive[rse] should some day meet with an accident that sho[uld] send worlds crashing into each other like telesco[pic] railway trains, and all the wheels of constellations [and] galaxies should stop, and down into one chasm [of] immensity all the suns and moons and stars sho[uld] tumble like the midnight express at Ashtabula, t[hey] would not touch us, and would not hurt God, for G[od] is a spirit, and character and memory are immortal, [and] over that grave of a wrecked material universe mi[ght] truthfully be written: "The righteous shall be held [in] everlasting remembrance." Oh, Time, we defy th[ee]! Oh, Death, we stamp thee in the dust of thine [own] sepulchres! Oh, Eternity, roll on till the last star [is] stopped rotating, and the last moon has illumined [the] last night, and as many years have passed as all [the] scribes that ever took pen could describe by as ma[ny] figures as they could write in all the centuries of [all] time, but thou shalt have no power to efface from [my] soul in glory the memory of anything we have done [to] bring it to God and heaven.

There is another, and a more complete defeat [of] Oblivion, and that is, in the heart of God himself. Y[ou] have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you [his] arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perh[aps] the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen [a] soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattoo[ed] with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned [or] the face of a great general under whom he foug[ht]. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face o[f]

THE HIGH TIDE OF FOREIGN IMMIGRATION

See Illustrations on First Page

JUDGING from present indications, it is probable that Congress, at its next session, will be called to consider important measures affecting the entire immigration question. Whether the expected legislation will be framed with a view to the general restriction of immigration from the Old World, or for the more specific purpose of keeping out certain classes of immigrants of doubtful desirability, is at present uncertain. hat an efficient legislative barrier will be established shut out avowed Anarchists, and all who hold views at are contrary to the principles of American governnt, seems to be generally expected

New York is no longer a distinctively American city, d this characterization applies in a proportionate gree to many other cities, notably Chicago, San ancisco, Cincinnati, Cleveland and St. Louis. Forners have poured in, during nearly half a century, in ever increasing volume, and have settled so thickly in ne quarters of our American cities, that any one iting in those sections might easily imagine himself an old world.

Since the new immigration station on Ellis Island s erected, New York has had facilities ample enough care for seven thousand immigrant arrivals daily. is is the model station of its kind, and to one o is interested in the immigration question, a visit the Island will well repay the trouble. Every day of year, with rare exceptions, a crowd of new arrivals y be found at the station. sufficient in number to pulate a good sized village or town. During the year o there were 450,000 arrivals, of whom the greater t hailed from Italy, Russia and Poland, while Germans, Hungarians, Danes, Swedes, English, Irish, ns, Cubans, Spaniards, Armenians, French, Arabs, rians, Hawaiians, Croats, Japanese, and Esquimaux re represented in smaller degree.

n the first quarter of the present year 69,783 immints crossed the seas to this land of freedom. and in second quarter of 1901, just ended, the total was ,550, or 22,000 more than the second quarter of last year. This year Southern Italy retains the lead among the races represented. Naples alone has poured into the United States a great multitude of people, almost all of the poorer class. Russia and Poland, notwithstanding all edicts and discouragements at home, have sent hither, in a steady stream, their tens of thousands, a very large proportion of them going to swell the dense population of the foreign quarters of our great American cities. Any one visiting these sections might easily imagine himself in a part of some Old World city, where the language, dress, customs and even the diet, have undergone no material change during the passing generations. This is substantially true of certain parts of nearly all our larger cities at the present time. How far these people comprehend American institutions or the principles under which our Republic is governed it is not always easy to ascertain, but it is evident from past experience that a very large percentage of all our immigrant population is ultimately assimilated and Americanized in good earnest. These become good citizens and staunch supporters of the Republic.

Among the great variety of races represented in our immigration of late years, special attention has been directed to a class—fortunately a very small one—which is by no means worthy of being included among the "desirable immigrants." These are the agitators, the idle, pauper, dissolute, lawless, and criminal of other lands, who, having offended against the laws of their own country, here seek a refuge. With the greater freedom to be enjoyed here, they are scarcely likely to change their fixed habits, but are prone to degenerate into license. To shut out, or at least to minimize, this class of immigration, has for some time past been a growing problem. Several years ago a bill was introduced in Congress with this end in view, but it failed to become a law. It is more than likely, in the present state of public feeling, that the effort will be renewed next winter.

At the present time, the tide of Italian and Russian immigration is at its height. From July 1, 1900, to June 30 of this year, there arrived at the port of New York some 63,000 Russians from Russia proper and Finland. During the same period North Italy sent 20,360 immigrants, and South Italy, 111,298. These figures are phenomenal. They represent a great variety of occupations, including actors, preachers, editors, engravers, lawyers, musicians, doctors, artists, teachers, bakers, tradesmen of various kinds, gardeners, a large number of clerks, professionals and unclassified workers.

Some of the statistics are instructive. Of 5,032 Ruthenians (Russniak) immigrants, 3,673 were male and 1,359 female; 4,623 were between the ages of 14 and 45; 23 were acknowledged paupers; 27 had to be sent to hospital on arrival; 2,509 could neither read nor write, while 45 could read but could not write; 155 brought each $30 or over with them, but 3,960 had less than $30 apiece; 480 of the 5,000 had been in the United States before. A comparatively small number were tradesmen, mechanics or skilled workers in any branch of industry, the majority seeming to be without any specified occupation.

Among the points likely to be discussed, in connection with proposed legislation affecting immigration, are: (1) An adult educational qualification, ability to read and write; (2) freedom from chronic physical disease and from insanity; (3) a clear record, showing no conviction for crime; (4) sufficient funds to prevent applicant from becoming a public burden for the first six months; (5) no Anarchist or Nihilist to be admitted. Howsoever legislation may ultimately shape itself, it will undoubtedly be in the direction of exercising a just and wise discrimination which cannot fail to be a benefit to the nation.

ITALIAN FATHER AND CHILD — THEIR HOUSEHOLD BELONGINGS — A RUSSIAN FAMILY GROUP — GERMAN IMMIGRANTS — PASSING THE INSPECTOR

TYPES OF FOREIGN IMMIGRANTS ARRIVING IN NEW YORK

Always Remembered ❋ A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. ❋

Continued From Preceding Page

led one before or after marriage. This custom of ttooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colcd liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that thing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty yrs, but when the man goes into his coffin, that pice will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says t.t he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be rother meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, Vere God says: "Behold, I have graven thee on the lms of my hands." It was as much as to say, "I cnot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cnot spread abroad my hands to bless, but I think of yh. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take tse two pictures of you with me. They are so inought into my being that I cannot lose them. As lg as my hands last, the memory of you will last. t on the back of my hands, as though to announce yi to others, but on the palms of my hands for myself I look at and study and love. Though I hold the nds in my fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription your name and your face, and though I hold the can in the hollow of my hand, its billowing shall not sh out the record of my remembrance. 'Behold I lve graven thee on the palms of my hands.'"

What joy, what honor can there be comparable to t of being remembered by the mightiest and most affectionate being in the universe. Think of it, to hold an everlasting place in the heart of God. The heart of God! The most beautiful palace in the universe. Let the archangel build some palace as grand as that if he can. Let him crumble up all the stars of yesternight and tomorrow night, and put them together as mosaics for such a palace floor. Let him take all the sunrises and sunsets of all the days, and the auroras of all the nights, and hang them as upholstery at its windows. Let him take all the rivers, and all the lakes, and all the oceans, and toss them into the fountains of this palace court. Let him take all the gold of all the hills and hang it in its chandeliers, and all the pearls of all the seas, and all the diamonds of all the fields, and with them arch the doorways of that palace: and then invite into all the glories that Esther ever saw at a Persian banquet, or Daniel ever walked amongst in Babylonian castles, or Joseph ever witnessed in Pharaoh's throne-room, and then yourself enter this castle of archangelic construction, and see how poor a palace it is compared with the greater palace that some of you have already found in the heart of a loving and pardoning God, and into which all the music, and all the prayers, and all the sermonic considerations of this day are trying to introduce you through the blood of the slain Lamb.

Oh, where is Oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began, it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchred. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once Oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a stir amid all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again! Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet, a voice responds half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed Oblivion! So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne, not into the graveyard to which all materialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The Requiem with which we began has become the Grand March with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS ✳ JOSEPH IN PRISON

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 13TH. GENESIS 39: 20 TO 40: 8

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT:—GENESIS 39: 21: "BUT THE LORD WAS WITH JOSEPH AND SHEWED HIM MERCY"

STEPS UPWARD

Take the guide's strong hand and go
Though his name be Sorrow,
Do not fear to climb with him
Your dearest morrow.
He can take thee where the night
Passes to divinest light.

Pain holds out a hand to thee,
Take it, never shrinking,
Lift thy feet and rise with him
Higher than thy thinking.
He who follows Pain's behest
Has at length most perfect rest.

God has heard thy prayers. Be glad,
Thou art in his keeping;
Morning songs may sweetest be
After nights of weeping.
Sad one, thou shalt sing again
In the sunshine after rain.

—MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"All things work together for good."

"Keep thyself pure."

"Thou hast been faithful over a few things."

Central Thoughts

How wonderfully Joseph's story proves there are no "mishaps" or "misfortunes" in our lives, but only providences. There is a tradition that Joseph tried to escape from his masters on the way to Egypt, but was prevented by the barking of a dog. What if that dog had been killed before his alarm aroused the guards? The result is worked out by E. E. Hale in his *Christmas in a Palace*, in the chapter on "Hands Off."

And in an idolatrous country and a corrupt household, what courage it took Joseph to hold fast to his father's God and keep himself pure—let young men and boys away from home consider!

Joseph was brought in before the king, he said: "It is not in me, but God will tell it to you." Then Joseph told Pharoah the meaning of his dreams, because "God was with him."

> I cried upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place. Psalm 118: 5.
>
> It is better, if the will of God be so, ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing. 1. Peter 3: 17.
>
> Fret not thyself because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. Psalm 37: 7.
>
> Hope thou in God Psalm 43: 5.

Illustration and Application

In this very land of Egypt, Moses had a double schooling, as did Joseph. Both were prepared for later rulership by the learning of this university of the ancient world, and yet more by the school of adversity. Joseph obeyed God in accepting the crown of Egypt, which Moses, in equal obedience rejected, as one man may obey God by going into politics no less than another by going into the ministry. Both held fast to Jehovah and right and duty at the cost, in Moses' case, of exile; in Joseph's, of imprisonment.

What is it Like in the Bible?

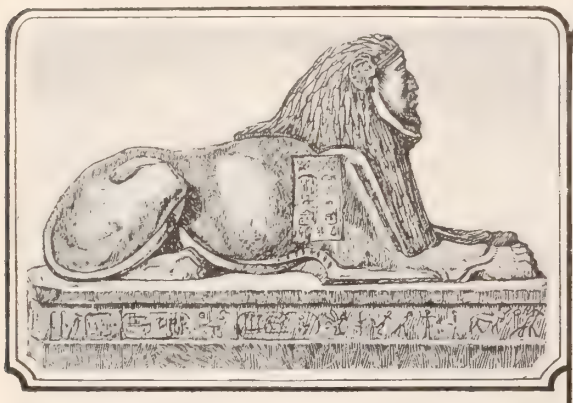
And here again we are reminded of what a noble company are the prisoners of the Lord, of whom Joseph was the first. Into this goodly fellowship of prisoners punished, not for evil doing but for doing good, came, in due time, Jeremiah, Daniel, John the Baptist, Christ, James, John, Peter and Paul, all "blessed," not in heaven only, but also on earth, because "persecuted for righteousness sake." Chains could not frighten them from duty, but how many of us are turned aside even by a sneer! The lion's den to Daniel, like the pit to Joseph, was only a short tunnel in the path to power; but great truth, that under the deserts of affliction and perse tion there are wells of blessing for both worlds. We may sure the lot of prisoners was ameliorated when Joseph, prisoner, came to power.

From out the snowy canyons
Clear streams of water flow,
And freshened by their moisture
The fields with verdure glow.
And what upon the mountains
So cold and cheerless seems,
Is changed in sunlit valleys
To life-bestowing streams.

So other hearts are watered
With sympathizing tears;
And other lives made richer
By our cross-laden years.
Through sorrow's gate we enter
Into another's pain,
And help them bear the burdens
That on their hearts have lain.

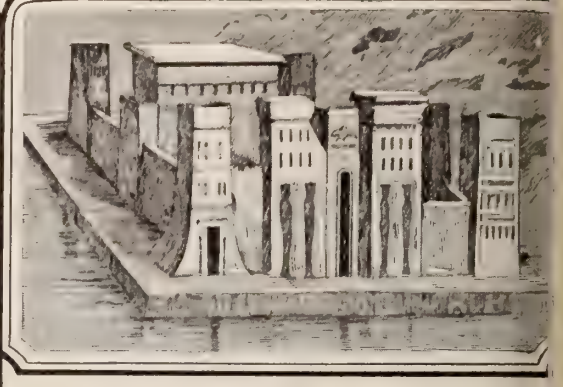
Wherever Joseph was placed he proved himself a b ruler, showing, alike in his home and in Potiphar's and prison, the dauntless hope and courage tha sure to win at last. True greatness will sh itself in little things, as is illustrated by following story of Gustave Dore, the gr French artist, who, in a foreign town, lost passport. He explained his loss to the custom-house offi and said, "I am Dore, the artist." "Nonsense," said the offi "we have such claims every day. Here, take this piece paper and prove you are Dore." With an amused sm Dore took the coarse fragment of paper and drew a grou emigrants who were standing by. The officer looked on v increasing wonder as the lifelike sketch developed. "Y are Dore!" he exclaimed, "for no other could draw like th

What is it Like in History?



SYMBOLIC STATUE AT ZOAN OF THE HYSKOS KING

JOSEPH INTERPRETING DREAMS TO BUTLER AND BAKER



ANCIENT MOSAIC PICTURE OF JOSEPH'S PRISON

Most of all does this part of Joseph's life show how daily faithfulness in lowly places leads to abiding success.

At the close of our last lesson we left Joseph in the caravan of the Midianites, to whom he had been sold as a slave by his own brothers, who "saw the anguish of his soul when he besought them, and they would not hear." "What a luck" had Joseph, when he reached Egypt, to be bought by so great a man as Potiphar? Call it not "luck" but Providence, for "God was with him." Potiphar was the captain of the king's bodyguard. He was sometimes spoken of as the "Captain of the executioners," because even in the king's presence the sentence of death was carried out by his guard. What possible good could come to Joseph in being the slave of such a man as Potiphar? Because Potiphar's position in the king's court made him a man of affairs, and Joseph quickly arose to some distinction as his most trusted servant. So completely did Potiphar trust Joseph, that he committed all he had to his hand, and he took no account of his possessions. But just as clouds sometimes obscure the sunshine of a bright day for a little while, so dark clouds of suspicion came over Joseph's career. A wicked woman—and that woman was Potiphar's wife—tried to make her husband think ill of Joseph; but she had to tell a lie to do it. Potiphar took the lie for truth, and had Joseph put in prison. Shall we say now, "What a bad luck?" Not so, for "God was with him," and prison life only gave Joseph's good qualities better opportunity to be known. The prison was a larger place even than Potiphar's household. And when Joseph was promoted from being in the stocks himself to being in charge of all the prisoners, so that "the keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand," Joseph's sphere of usefulness and authority was much increased. God was with him, and he could truly say: "He hath set me in a large place." Prison bars and fetters could not keep in bond such a spirit as Joseph possessed. But even while making the best of circumstances, he thought about a still larger place to be gained through liberty. He tried a key, not such a key as he probably carried about his person, with which the keeper trusted him, but a human key, namely, the butler of the king, who was in prison because he had incurred the king's displeasure. This butler had a dream, whose meaning was revealed to Joseph by the Lord himself. It foretold that this man would soon be released from prison to serve the king again, and Joseph asked him to speak for him to the king. This the butler gladly promised to do. But that butler proved to be a lost key for a time, for we are told that he forgot Joseph. But the key was found, for one day the butler suddenly remembered his promise to Joseph. He was reminded of it by the king having a dream, of which no one could tell him the meaning. The butler told the king about how wise Joseph was in dreams. Then the prison was unlocked, for the king sent for Joseph to tell him the meaning of his dreams. When Joseph had interpreted the butler's dream, he said: "Remember me when it shall be well with thee, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house." But the butler forgot Joseph, and two years more passed before Joseph was brought before Pharaoh to interpret his dreams.

So Joseph showed himself great in every lowly place was called to fill in the preparatory school of work pain through which God trained him for the throne.

Many young Christians do not sufficiently realize t religion is to be applied to every household duty, ev humble task in business, such as th which proved Joseph's faith for y in Potiphar's house and in the pri A shabbily dressed young man plied to the manager of a big dep ment store for employment. "What can you do?" as the manager. "Most anything," answered the applic "Can you dust?" "Yes, indeed." "Then why don't begin on your hat?" The fellow hadn't thought of t "Can you clean leather goods?" "Oh, yes." "Then carelessness on your part that your shoes are not cle The fellow hadn't thought of that, either. "Well, can scrub?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Then I can g you something to do. Go out and try your strength on t collar you have on. But don't come back."

What is it Like in Common Life?

In contrast, take this story of such a boy as Joseph w "He'll do," said a gentleman decisively, speaking of an of boy who had been in his employ but a single day.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he gives himself up so entirely to the task hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and altho a procession with three or four brass bands in it went by office while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, swept on, as if the sweeping of that room was the only th of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I him to addressing some envelopes, and although there w a lot of picture-papers and other papers on the desk at wh he sat, he paid no attention to them, but kept right on dressing those envelopes until the last one of them was do He'll do, because he is thorough and in dead earnest ab everything."

Cardinal Newman has said: "To take up the cross Christ is no great action done once for all: it consists in continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk;
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march to do our work;
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent,
The strong soul finds the grace.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTE

He fails who climbs to power and place
Up the pathway of disgrace.
He fails not who makes truth his cause,
Nor bends to win the crowd's applause.
He fails not—he who stakes his all
Upon the right, and dares to fall.
What though the living bless or blame,
For him the long success of fame.

—RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Joseph also illustrates the parable of the talents, where one who had been found "faithful over a few things" was made "ruler over many things." In Joseph's first days of slavery, instead of shirking his tasks and murmuring at his lot, he did his work so faithfully that he was made the chief steward in the house of his master, Potiphar. He lost that place by his very fidelity in refusing to wrong his master and his God as well as himself. Again there was a chance to waste life in repining because his good had been evil spoken of. He might have spent his hours in complaint that God had allowed him to be degraded for heroic virtue. But in prison, too, he was faithful to humble duties, and so became again head servant. He was one of those who get to the head wherever they are placed. He illustrates the saying, "The best way out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously efficient in it."

In the last British expedition into the Soudan, wells were sunk in the heart of the great African desert, where the existence of water had never been suspected before. The camels, the natives, the very soil will be greatly affected by this discovery, which may make large tracts of desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. Joseph's life illustrates the

What is it like in Nature?

to James and Paul and Christ, who came from prison to die, it was also in reality the vestibule to a coronation. Afflictions are providential no less in cases like Paul's, whose "crown" was reached through death, than in cases like Joseph's, whose crowning day came in this world.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Marconi in China

OBJECT lessons innumerable have been given to China during the past two years, but none that excites more wonder among its people than the phenomenon they witness in the building occupied by the group, a picture of which appears on this page. We are indebted to Mrs. Woodberry, a missionary in China, for the photograph from which it is taken. 'e group is composed of officers and men who have urge of the Marconi wireless telegraph station at 'ku. The Chinese, it will be remembered, had built fts at that point from which, on June 17, 1900, they ened fire on the combined foreign fleets in the har- . A heavy bombardment from the ironclads soon uced the forts, and a detachment of marines took session of the ruins. A pole fifty feet high has been cted on the highest part of the ramparts and a Mar- i apparatus set up, by which the guard on land can intain communication with the vessels. To the inese, it seems nothing short of a miracle that the cised foreigner, without wires or any visible con- tion, can talk with a ship twenty miles off. It is an pressive spectacle, significant of the whole situation, s little group of men operating the very latest dis- ery of science while they are surrounded with signs antiquated, unprogressive barbarism. It would be l for the ancient empire if its rulers learned from object lesson the advantage of utilizing scientific coveries. Still better would it be, if the conduct of representatives of Western civilization was always character to furnish the Chinese with a spiritual ob- t lesson. The benefit they would derive from learning secret of wireless telegraphy and the other scien- devices that have made the foreigner powerful, is ignificant when compared h the secret of the Lord ich can make him good.

e will worship God and report t God is in you of a truth (I. Cor. 25).

affic's Solemn Pause

significant token of sor- ful respect for the late sident, was witnessed in w York on Thursday, tember 19, the day of the eral. At the moment en, allowing for the differ- e between eastern and stern time, the body of the ceased statesman was be- put in the vault at Canton, re was throughout the city averent suspension of traf- for exactly five minutes. heels ceased to turn. It s not only the motorman, the engineer who had been ered to stop his car or his n at the time given, and l to do it whether he willed or not. The cartman, the man, the truckman, in t every one who happened be out on the street with s vehicle stopped. He dn't have to; he had no ers to stop. But he did sb and remain silent, with erything and everybody e for five minutes. All or Manhattan, and all over Brooklyn and Queens, erything came to a stop the moment the hands of the ck pointed to half-past three. Trolley cars stopped, evated trains stopped between stations and did not ve again until the allotted five minutes had passed, men hauled in their reins and sat still. Ferryboats erever they happened to be, came to a stop. It was most impressive tribute to the memory of the dead ef, reminding the Christian of that pause which will ur in heaven when those who have passed through at suffering on earth are presented before God.

here was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour (v 8: 1)

Banker's Novel Berth

A well-known American banker arrived in New York w days ago from Europe, after a voyage under novel conditions. He had been in Europe on business con- ted with his firm, but was unexpectedly summoned him to attend to some domestic affairs. To his tonishment, he found when he applied for passage him that every berth on the returning steamer was gaged. He went from one shipping office to another, but was unable to secure accommodation. At the Hamburg American office the clerk happened to remark that there would be no room empty on their steamer unless it was the barber-shop. That suggested an idea to the banker. He asked the company to allow him to sleep in that compartment, offering to pay cabin fare. The company consented, on condition that he should not retire before eleven o'clock at night and should be up and out by half past five in the morning. To this the banker agreed, and he actually slept in the barber-shop of the vessel all the way across. He must have been somewhat uncomfortable in such quarters, but he congratulated himself on getting across anyhow and did not mind the temporary inconvenience, if he could only reach his home in time. So it should be with the Christian in his journey through life. The trials of the way are not to be compared with the joy awaiting him.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us (Rom. 8: 18).

Administered the Oath

The ceremony of administering the oath to the new President, as described in this journal last week, was conducted by Justice John B. Hazel, of the United States District Court. His portrait appears on this page. It is remembered now that Mr. Hazel's appointment was made by the late President after a severe struggle between the two factions of the Republican party in New York State. Senator Platt had urged his nomination, which was strongly indorsed by influential Republicans. The anti-machine men, however, protested against it, and sent a committee to influence President McKinley. After waiting a short time to give the two factions an opportunity to settle their differences the appointment was made. It was a coincidence that when a Federal officer was needed to assist the President to office, Judge Hazel should be the one at hand, and that he had to go to the house of one of his chief opponents for the purpose. The prayers of God's people throughout the land are being offered, that the simple inaugural ceremony which Judge Hazel conducted may be in its results like that ancient inauguration which a consecrated Judge conducted in obedience to the divine command:

The Lord said, Arise, anoint him for this is he, and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward (I. Samuel 16: 12).

JUSTICE JOHN B. HAZEL

THE STAFF OF THE MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH AT TAKU, CHINA

Had a Deadly Snake

A visitor to the New York Zoological Gardens had a bad scare a few days ago. He asked to see the superintendent of the snake section, that he might show him a curiosity. He told that officer that a friend, who was a fruit importer, had found a peculiar snake in a bunch of bananas and had given it to him. He had it in a cardboard box, which he opened in a careless way. The superintendent recognized it at once as a Cuban Fer-de-Lance, whose bite is said to be the deadliest of any snake-bite in the world. The visitor was astonished to learn what a dangerous burden he had been carrying around with him, and declared he would not touch it again. The Park people were welcome to it. It was removed to a tin-box, on which a label was put characterizing the contents as dangerous. It was well for the man that he took the snake to some one who could tell him how deadly it was, otherwise, admiring its beauty, as he did, he might have been bitten by it. It is sometimes the duty of ministers and Christian workers to give a similar warning to young people who are acquiring ruinous habits. Unhappily, their warnings are not always heeded as promptly as the superintendent's warning was. The victim does not believe the habit dangerous, or trusts in his own power to escape, until it is too late.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 14: 12).

BRIEF NOTES

A Mohammedan merchant in East Africa recently visited the Church Missionary Society's institutions at Namirembe. He was so impressed with the benefits the people were deriving from the work, that he left a gift of 1,000 rupees.

A memorial to the late Dr. Norman Kerr, the well-known specialist in inebriety, has been placed in St. Mark's Church, Hamilton terrace, London. It consists of a Mosaic picture of the Parable of the Good Samaritan.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the late English statesman, has withdrawn from society to become head worker in a settlement house in a poor district in London.

In the course of a recent sermon, Dr. Parker, of London, is reported to have declared his conviction that if the children were converted to total abstinence, all England would be evangelized twenty years hence.

An Abyssinian teacher has recently gone back to his own land after a sojourn in Europe. He takes with him an Ethiopic New Testament, the preparation of which he has revised. King Menelik is reported to have given him a cordial reception.

Arrangements are being made to give the students in the divinity school of Chicago University the advantage of a brief tour in Palestine. Four weeks will be spent in Jerusalem. Two weeks will be devoted to camping trips in Samaria, Galilee and Decapolis. Visits will be made to Damascus, Baalbek, Beyrout, Cairo, Smyrna, Ephesus, Athens, Rome and Naples.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, expects, after the great Congress in New York, which closes on October 4, to visit Buffalo, Rochester, and other cities of the State. Thence he will go to Boston, and other New England cities. On October 21 he has promised to be in Philadelphia, whence he will go to Toronto for the Canadian Congress. In November he begins his tour in the West, visiting Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Omaha, etc., reaching San Francisco on December 29. Thence he goes to Texas, New Orleans, Washington, and is scheduled to be in New York again February 6.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE

Meetings in London of Five Hundred Delegates Representing Thirty Million Methodists in Many Lands

PLAIN and almost common in appearance is the old church in London, in which for two weeks daily meetings have been held of representatives of Methodism from many lands. Standing on the site of that church, one hundred and twenty-four years ago, John Wesley, having just laid the foundation stone of the building, preached from the text, Numbers 23 : 23, "What hath God wrought?" If looking down from the heavenly mansions he could see the gathering within the walls of that edifice, and know that the men assembled there represented thirty million persons, belonging to the church which he founded, he would have realized how much more reason there was for the exclamation of his text.

The five hundred delegates in attendance were divided in two sections, the Eastern and Western. The Eastern numbered 200, apportioned as follows: Wesleyan Methodism, 86; Primitive Methodists, 34; New Connexion Methodists, 10; Bible Christians, 10; United Methodist Free Churches, 20; Irish Methodists, 10; Wesleyan Reform Union, 3; Independent Methodists, 3; French Methodists, 2; West Indian Methodists, 6; Australian Methodist Church, 12; South African Methodist Church, 10. The Western section numbered 300, apportioned as follows: The Methodist Episcopal Church, 129; the Methodist Episcopal Church South, 70; the African; Methodist Episcopal Church, 18; the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, 15; the Methodist Church of Canada, 20; the remainder being divided among various minor bodies. The difference between these branches of the Methodist communion is wholly superficial. They are one in spirit, and their delegates assemble harmoniously in conference.

The hymn with which John Wesley celebrated the increase of the church near the close of his career is more significant now that the numbers in its fold are counted by millions:

O the fathomless love
That has deigned to approve
And prosper the work of my hands!
With my pastoral crook
I went over the brook,
And, behold, I am spread into bands!

The presiding officer was the President of the Wesleyan Conference, Dr. W. T. Davison. The opening sermon was preached by Bishop Galloway, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In the interval between the opening session and the afternoon session, the delegates paid a visit to the burial ground near the church in which John Bunyan is buried, and the gravestones bear the names of many men honored by all the Methodist bodies.

Cordial addresses of welcome were made from the Eastern section to the Western, by Dr. E. E. Jenkins of the Wesleyan Church; Rev. Joseph Odell of the Primitive Methodist Church; and Sir Charles T. Skelton of the Methodist New Connexion. The responses came from Bishop Hurst of Washington, Dr. John Potts of Canada, and Bishop A. Walters of the Zion Church. A revised programme was prepared which contained the following subjects to be considered: the present position of Methodism; the influence of Methodism in the promotion of international peace; the relation of Methodism to the Evangelical Free Church movement; Biblical criticism and the Christian faith; the principles of Protestantism versus modern sacerdotalism; Methodism and education in the twentieth century; Christianity and modern unbelief; modern indifferentism; Methodist literature; Methodist young people's societies; is Methodism retaining its spiritual vitality? the neglect of family religion and worship; practical methods of dealing with the liquor traffic; gambling; the perils of increasing wealth and luxury; the elements of pulpit effectiveness; how to mobilise the whole Church; and missions. One of the most significant events of the Conference, in view of the attitude of hostility to dissent so long maintained by the Church of England, was the presentation of the following cordial letter from Dr. A. F. Ingram, Bishop of London:

To the President of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference.

DEAR SIR: I am absent from London during the month of September, but I cannot allow a gathering such as the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, representative of so many who love and serve our Lord Jesus Christ in different parts of the world, to assemble in the Metropolis without sending them a line of greeting.

I notice that a prominent member of the Conference, in a published interview last week, said: "There never was a more loyal Churchman than John Wesley until he was forced to organize a separate ecclesiastical body. But Wesley never formally withdrew from the Church of England."

It is that love of your founder for the Church to which he belonged which makes us, in the Church of England, feel a special interest in that body of Christians which your Conference represents, and we deeply regret the causes which led to the formation of Wesleyans into a separate organization.

While we recognize with admiration the zeal and fervent love displayed by your body in good works throughout the world, and the noble generosity which has contributed well-nigh a million pounds to your special Commemoration Fund, it is still our hope and prayer that in the Providence of God it may one day be reunited to the old Church from which you and we equally recognize that it sprang. May God guide your deliberations by His Holy Spirit and make them fruitful for the good of the world and helpful towards the reunion of Christendom! Your fellow servant in Christ Jesus,

A. F. LONDON.

An interesting paper was read by Rev. Edward Boaden on the position of Methodism in the Eastern Section, in the course of which he referred to the tendency of the various bodies of Methodists to unite in making one strong church, a tendeney which he attributed in a large measure to the influence of these decennial Ecumenical Conferences. He said: "Methodism in this section presents an aspect of ever-growing unity. At no time in its history has it been so free from strife as now. Denominational divisions have not diminished, it is true; but organic unions between portions of them have happily been accomplished. Following the lead of Canada, to which the place of honor must be signed, most of the Methodists in New Zealand united as one church since the Ecumenical Conference of 1891. The new and imposing Commonwealth Australia is in this direction, as in some others, outstripping brave and democratic New Zealand; for all sections of Methodism there now virtually, and will actually, form one organic whole. In Great Britain Methodist Churches are coming together, if not organic union, yet for various practical purposes."

JOHN WESLEY'S CHAPEL IN CITY ROAD, LONDON

Dr. John F. Goucher, of Baltimore, dealt with the same subject in the Western section, and presented some remarkable statistics of the growth of Methodism in America. He, too, looked forward hopefully to union of the various bodies in the near future. He said: "Two-thirds of all the Methodists in the world are enrolled in the United States. The Methodist Church of Canada has the largest enrollment of any Protestant Church in the Dominion, numbering 285,000, with church property valued at $16,000,000, and an estimated population of 1,000,000. In the Province of Ontario, the Methodists are about one-third of the total population. In the United States, during the nineteenth century, the population increased from 5,305,925 in 1800, to 76,295,220 in 1900. The Methodist Communicants increased 91.17 times, or one and one-third times faster than the population. They numbered in 1800, 64,894, and in 1900, 5,916,348 or 610,423 more than the entire population of 1800. They were to the population of 1800 as one to eighty-two, and in 1900 as one to thirteen. Estimating two and one-half adherents for each communicant, the Methodists numbered 20,707,218, or more than one-fourth of the entire population.

"Canadian Methodism has enriched the entire church by its impressive example, illustrating how desirable is for brethren to live and labor in unity. There is a stirring, would it were a ground swell, of the same spirit in the United States. There is one movement in particular, which many among the wisest and most devout would hail with unspeakable joy. A federation between the two great branches of Episcopal Methodism, substituting co-operation for competition, would concentrate and economize energy and resource, and increase efficiency."

The sessions throughout the Conference were characterized by enthusiasm and hearty fraternal feeling. Summing up the results, Bishop Galloway said: "The Conference has marked another distinct advance in closer co-operation between the several branches of our great ecclesiastical family. The Conference has given evidence of wide hospitality to progressive Christian scholarship.

"On the great ethical questions of the day the Conference has spoken with characteristic emphasis, without compromise or hesitation. Methodism insists on high ideals in holy living, and on the stewardship of wealth. The Conference uttered a voice that will be heard and heeded throughout the world.

"I believe this great Conference has brought England and the United States nearer together. I am sure these nations never were so united in purpose and spirit as to-day. Every American will return to his home profoundly impressed with the sincere and universal sorrow of England over the tragedy which has so sorely bereaved our beloved country.

Throughout the Conference there was deep interest manifested in the crime which has shocked the whole world and the most intense earnestness in the prayers offered by delegates of all nations, so long as President McKinley lived, for his recovery. The closing session was a memorial service for the departed statesman. The platform was draped in black and white and British and American flags were entwined about the pulpit. The organ played a Dead March, impressive addresses were made and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung. Ambassador Choate was among those present. It was remembered as a sad coincidence that when the Ecumenical Conference was last held in London in 1881, there was a similar service in memory of President Garfield whose death from the assassin's bullet occurred while the Conference was in session.

DELEGATES TO THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE AT THE WESLEY CHAPEL

Leading Delegates at the Ecumenical Conference in London

1. Dr. W. T. Davison. 2. Rev. W. Wakinshaw. 3. Bishop C. B. Galloway. 4. Rev. Joseph Odell. 5. Sir Chas. Skelton. 6. Bishop J. F. Hurst. 7. Dr. T. B. Stephenson. 8. Rev. Jesse B. Colbert. 9. Rev. W. J. Townsend. 10. Rev. W. L. Watkinson. 11. Mr. C. J. Little. 12. Rev. F. Galpin. 13. Rev. W. Stephen. 14. Rev. T. W. Bourne. 15. Rev. J. Smith Spencer. 16. Mr. R. W Perks, M.P. 17. Rev. W. J. Williams. 18. Dr. D. Brook. 19. Bishop A. Walters. 20. Dr. Scott Lidgett. 21. Rev. A. Clayton. 22. Rev. E. Boaden.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Legislation Needed

WHATEVER may be its defects, this Government of ours is the best the world has ever known. No country on the globe enjoys so much freedom, and nowhere are the people so happy, prosperous and contented. It is a "sweet land of liberty" in reality, not merely in name, and if those immigrants who come here to escape the evils of monarchies, oppression, and class privilege in the Old World, find that they cannot live under our form of government, then it is certain they could not live anywhere. Such are the disturbers of the world's peace, the chronically discontented, the lazy, worthless, shiftless, vagabond element, which all civilized lands would gladly spew out from their borders. They are not welcome here, and we do not want them. Our gates should be barred securely against such fomenters of treason, such plotters against the public peace. While every good and worthy man or woman from any land under the sun is welcome, we must, in self protection and for the sake of our future peace, shut out, hereafter, those who are the enemies of the Republic, whether they be known as Anarchists, Communists, Nihilists, or what-not. They are utter irreconcilables, foes to all forms of authority, and incapable of comprehending what loyal Americanism means.

This class, fortunately small, is dangerous, and in view of recent events it should be rendered harmless as expeditiously as possible. There is a strong likelihood that Congress, when it assembles, will take drastic measures for its suppression, and that the various States, each in its own right, will also pass such legislative enactments as may be necessary to discourage the traitorous propaganda, especially in the larger cities. In this work of purification, every right-minded citizen will gladly co-operate.

• • •

There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie. Rev. 21: 27.

• • •

The Libraries

MEN sometimes give their money away because they have to give it up, anyhow. They take it as far along with them as possible, and would take it clean through the eternal gates if they could, and sit down on it in Heaven; but they find no convenience for transportation of bullion across the Styx, and so, in the last moment, they throw it at a Bible Society, or a historical library, saying: "Catch this, and put me down as one of your almoners." But here is a man in health and prosperity, who hands over a magnificent donation, not because he is compelled to leave it, but because he wants to help a grand institution. Post-mortem beneficence is well, but ante-mortem beneficence is better. What a monument a man builds to himself when he builds it in books, builds it in the intellectual and moral improvement of his city, builds it while he lives, so he can read its inscription, not, "Here is entombed a man, born at such a time, and died at another time; peace to his ashes," but, "Here lies a man who loved his city, and loved humankind, and loved his God; and here he will live as long as the world lives; peace to his great, living soul."

A contribution to a public library is especially gracious at this time. Book-reading needs to be fostered. Everything in this day goes to newspapers. There are men who read three or four newspapers a day, who do not read one book in two years. By all means read the daily and weekly newspapers. Without newspaper reading you cannot be intelligent, and you cannot be useful; but you also need consecutive reading of books—books of history, books of science, books of travel, books of art, books of essay, books of poetry. You ought to have one book all the time occupying your spare hours. It ought to be on the stand, or on the counting-desk, or on your dressing-case, and every day you ought to dip into it. You want consecutive knowledge, elaborated information, wide sweeping views, such as you can get only from books.

He who blesses a public library blesses all classes of people, and blesses them for both worlds. The more such institutions you build, the more those already built will be prospered. The more people read, the more they will want to read. Make the appetite of a city voracious for literature, and all the books of your libraries will not be able to satiate it. The inspired sage said in Ecclesiastes what we quote in gratitude: "Of making many books there is no end."

• • •

A wise man is strong; yea a man of knowledge increaseth might. Prov. 24: 5.

• • •

School and Home

BACK again to school; vacation is over, and teachers and pupils are thronging with bright, rested faces and eager gladness to the familiar class-rooms. It may be the little red schoolhouse on the hill, with a stove in the corner, and a blackboard on the wall, and few appliances; but the red-cheeked country children learn many of life's best lessons from the painstaking little school-ma'am, who so energetically and patiently leads them into the intricacies of arithmetic, algebra and history. Some of our foremost men, those who are to-day conspicuous in the van of the country's progress, and at the helm of the State, had their first lessons in the little red schoolhouse.

It may be a grand city school, with marble stairs and iron railings and everything beautiful of which modern art can conceive, to which the children return. Nothing is more significant of the very genius of our republican America, than to see two thousand boys and girls, foreign-born children, or children in the second generation of foreigners, largely in the majority, all gathered for morning exercises in one of the great grammar schools. When they salute the flag, which they are taught to honor and revere, they are taking the first step towards loyal citizenship, and are being safeguarded against the insidious teachings of the Anarchist.

Private schools have taken a mighty forward stride in the last ten years, and the opportunities they afford for individual instruction are highly prized. The parent who cannot at home give time and daily care to his children when out of school, and who can afford the expense, does well to select the best academy or institute, and send his boys there, or his girls. The pupil who spends six or eight months in the year away from home without contact with the home people, is forced to a measure of self-government and self-reliance often lacking in home discipline.

One thing is, however, imperative, if children are to be rightly educated, and that is, wherever the school may be, parents and teachers should work in harmony. Too much home study should be deprecated. But, if home study is exacted, parents should see that it is tackled bravely, and finished thoroughly before children go to bed at night. In view of the children's tasks, their evening meal should be early, and if the father's business obliges him to return to a late dinner, he should not ask that the children's company be given him there. In a great measure, the most important thing in home life is the welfare of the children. They are coming on the stage which their elders must leave. These school days of theirs must soon be over. While they last, they should be utilized to the utmost, that from them the young people may emerge well prepared for the arena of life.

• • •

He commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments. Psalm 78: 5, 7.

• • •

Street Angels

A STREET angel is an expressive up-country phrase, which is used to describe a man who is agreeable and genial to acquaintances and neighbors, while he is curt and contradictory at home. The man who forgets his good manners, and takes leave of his politeness when he crosses his own door-sill may be a street angel, but he is not far from being a home devil. When a wife lives in terror of her husband's fault-finding, and children scurry from their father, as chickens fly before a hawk, there is something dreadfully awry in the man's make-up, and the atmosphere under his roof is as poisonous as a malarial swamp. If any man, in an hour of honest introspection, is conscious that he is growing harsh, morose, unreasonable and despotic in his intercourse with the people at home, let him not fancy that this disposition to sullenness and gloom is condoned by smiles, handshakes and a general air of good fellowship to those whom he meets outs[ide]. Woe unto you street angels! At the best you [are] hypocrites and dissemblers. Try to regard the wh[ole] situation and be brave enough to acknowledge that [you] are in the wrong, and then, by God's help, turn ov[er a] new leaf. Praise the dinner, and notice the housewi[fe's] pretty decorations in the parlor. Pay the wife som[e of] the delicate attentions which were hers to comm[and] when you were a lover. Treat your half-grown lad w[ith] the same consideration you show to another man, [for] man he will be before long. Help in the care of [the] littles ones, and be a home angel in verity.

• • •

Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them; provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged. Col. 3: 19, 21.

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The Wine Made at Cana

IN regard to what is said in the Bible concerning the [use] of wine, there is much confusion of ideas. To belie[ve] that the Saviour of the world would stoop to become a [con]veyor of intoxicating wine, is a subject that could be en[ter]tained only by one who has low ideals of that which is [pure] and good. A little attention given to what the Word of G[od] says on the subject, will dissipate the conclusions to wh[ich] many have readily yielded.

There are seventy-one texts in the Hebrew Scriptur[es], giving warning and reproof against the use of intoxicat[ing] wine. Two illustrations will be sufficient:

(1.) Prov. 23: 31, 32. "Look not thou upon the wine wh[en] it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it move[th] itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Here, instead of any permission being gi[ven] for the use of wine, we are told, not even to look upon [it], and that because of its fermented condition and intoxicat[ing] power. "When it is red, . . . when it moveth itself arig[ht]," etc., and then also, we are warned as to its fearful con[se]quences, "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

(2.) Isaiah 5: 22. "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to drink strong drink." Here, woe is pronounced against those who drink wine, [and] mixed wine is condemned, because it intoxicates.

The Lord Jesus Christ, who foresaw how wicked [men] would undertake to justify themselves for indulgence in ways which, in other portions of his Word, he expressly condemns and gives warning against, has so arranged [the] detail of his first miracle, that he conveys, in its very sett[ing], the truth that meets the fallacious arguments of these last days; for it is the nature of truth, to antagonize the falsehood of every age, and overthrow it. How admirably this is done is shown in the simple narrative of the miracle as recorded in John 2: 1-11.

The wine at the marriage feast had given out, and [the] mother of Jesus, conscious that he could supply [the] deficiency, had said unto the servants, "Whatsoever he say[eth] unto you, do it." Now, the mode of procedure on the [part] of Jesus forever sets at rest the blasphemous imputation that he could have anything to do with the making of intoxicating wine. Verse 6. Question: What did Jesus find the[re]? Answer: "There were set there six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews." Verse 7. What did he tell the servants to do? "Fill the waterpots with water." With what? "With water." Did they fill the[m]? How far? "Filled them up to the brim." Verse 8. What next did he say? "Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast." Verse 9. What did the governor do? "The ruler of the feast 'tasted' it." What did he taste? "The water that was made wine." Did he know where it came from? Who did know? "The servants which drew the water knew." Did the governor of the feast know what good wine was in those days? "Yes, for he 'called the bridegroom and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.'" Then what was the good wine? "Wine made from water."

The only conclusion then that can be drawn from the Scriptures in regard to wine, is, as the great Neander says, "That we are not justified in inferring that the water was changed into manufactured wine; but that Christ substituted his creative power for various natural and artificial processes, that he intensified, so to speak, the powers of water in those of wine. Indeed," he adds, "this latter view of the miracle, conforms better to the spiritual import than the former. It is the peculiarity of the work of Christianity, not to destroy what is natural; but to ennoble and transfigure it into the organ of divine powers."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

Around the Home Hearth

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Happy Days at Home

SOMETIMES wonder whether mothers fully comprehend the sweetness of the happy days at home, when the children are around them in the innocence of babyhood and early life. True, these are ays of great care and of hard work, of constant vigilce, of much solicitude. Often there are sleepless ghts, and the many illnesses which beset childhood: oup, measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, come like reatening foes to the door, and must be met and ught. Nevertheless, the mother will never again know deep, absolute contentment and bliss which are hers er the cradle: never again feel the pulse of triumph ich beats when baby first walks alone. "Oh, little t," sang Longfellow, "that such long years must nder on through pain and tears;" but it is not of in nor of tears that the mother thinks when the tiny ddler balances bravely, though unsteadily, on the npled feet and sets off for the dizzy little journey ross the floor. Parent birds fluttering over the fledgngs when first they venture from the nest know mething like this xiety, this rapture.this tchfulness,which is so ught with tender de-e. When our boys and gls are grown up they y have troubles which cannot remove, and appointments which shall be powerless to ten, but in babyhood d childish years they our very own; ours cherish,to protect and shelter.

me, little one, a loving sister beckons.
me safe across the level path, and see
e prize, the sister very surely reckons,
ll lure and treasure in your bright eyes be.
me, little one, there's only love that guides you;
d love will guard, let whatsoe'er betide you.

ness a Renovator

Among the delusions st difficult to uproot dissipate from the orary mind is the fixed a that, on the whole, ness is a blessing in guise,and does people re good than harm, if do not kill them outht. A friend writes, am wonderfully well since my severe sickness of the ring. I suppose I needed it to make me over." As her case the malady was grip, which is a most prosting and exhausting affliction, the fact that she has en better since her recovery is due, not to the illness, t to the rest of convalescence, to change of air and ne consequent on a journey she has made since she lied, and to her living more carefully in accordance th the laws of health.

Sometimes a patient who recuperates after a severe ack of fever, seems to enter on a new lease of life, d it is apparently as if a clogged chimney had been rnt out, so clean and fresh are the organs which have en subjected to the fierce internal flames. But, could e investigate, one would discover that, not so much illness, but the chance overtaxed nature has had, ring the processes of recovery, to repair wastes and new devitalized functions and restore tissues, is the pelling cause of greater health.

Most of us are spendthrifts of health. We recklessmake inroads on our capital. We drift into illnesses edlessly. We work and worry and rush into excesses hich are far out of proportion to our strength, and en we are amazed when the hour of reprisal comes. ature is an exacting creditor and demands payment th usury for all her loans.

It would be better for us, if we could pass through e without a single illness, if from the first glimmer to e last flicker of life's torch, the fire could burn with a eady and unfaltering glow. It would be a boon if children could escape wholly the string of diseases which attack them, and never lose a day with any ache or pain. Among the good things of the twentieth century it may possibly be that we shall yet be able to reckon unbroken health, with the good temper, the brave spirits, and the capacity for work, which such health will bring in its train.

If the Lord sends us illness, we must accept it as his appointment without a murmur. But all our illnesses are not sent by the Lord; they are merely permitted by him, and invited by our own folly. It is of his goodness that we are occasionally stronger after them; not because the illness is in itself a dispenser of benefits.

Mrs. McKinley

The President's sad fate has brought an unparalleled sorrow to the American people. When Lincoln fell by the hand of Wilkes Booth, the times were lurid with passionate excitement; it was the last dramatic scene in a fearful war. When, twenty years ago, Garfield was struck down, there was a personal grudge in the half-crazed brain of the assassin. The dastard who struck William McKinley had not the shadow of an excuse for his infamous deed.

BABY'S FIRST STEPS ALONE

Abraham Lincoln left a widow, with a devoted son to care for her. Garfield left wife and children. Mrs. McKinley, in her fragile health, just recovering from an almost fatal illness, is childless and alone. The little graves in Canton, always flower-strewn by the mother's hand, have made her a life-long invalid. Now the brave, strong heart on which she leaned, the man whose devotion never failed her, whose last earthly act, crowning a life of the tenderest love, was to prepare her for the ordeal and strengthen her in her coming pain, and comfort her with "Nearer, My God, to Thee," is taken from her by God's will, and she is left alone. May all true hearts compassionate and pray for her. May every woman in the wide land think of her with love. May we, in our grief that we have lost the good President, consider with all tenderness and sympathy, the one who is most bereft, the wife, widowed; the lady who goes to her old home in Canton, with her life left to her and her great desolation. God comfort her, and take her in his holy keeping.

REST IN THE LORD

Rest in the Lord, and not in aught below,
Be firm in him, and in his tender care,
Leave everything that you are carrying, so
The Lord himself will all your burdens share

MADELINE WILSON.

The Shortening Days

SO imperceptibly the seasons change that we waken some morning, surprised to find that autumn has come, and summer passed away. By the calendar, June, July and August compose the summer, but, by actual realization, in the temperate zone, September belongs to summer and December to the fall, for our rigorous winter does not set in until January. The shortening days are an indication of the year's progress which we cannot overlook. No longer are we having the lingering twilights when the day is so reluctant to go, but the darkness settles down early, and, little by little, the household gathers indoors, and settles itself to evening occupations. The children have their home work to do for school next day, their maps to draw, their sums to copy, and though the parents have grown rusty, they are drawn in as helpers, and puzzle their heads over diagrams, problems, and long lessons, and bedtime comes before anyone is ready.

We older ones are very apt to think that the school-fashions of the present are very far in advance of our own, but are we right in this fancy? Maybe, in the little district school up country, there were not the modern improvements of the graded school of to-day; but, at least, the teacher was faithful and the pupils were diligent, and we learned enough to suffice thus far for all the practical needs of life. We find ourselves very stupid when we wrestle with the children's tasks, but our minds have been turned in other directions, and we cannot readily bring our attention to bear on phases of study which have grown unfamiliar. The children's home-work is a sad burden to many of us, in the shortening days. We shall do well not to worry over it, nor to fret ourselves needlessly. School tasks are important, as they prepare pupils for the responsibilities which shall crowd on us, when school days shall be over.

Losing Temper

The most foolish thing in the world is to lose one's temper. Of old the wisest of men said, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The person in authority who is self-controlled can control others—children, servants, and employees generally. No one can govern subordinates who is not able to govern himself. When one loses temper in the home, and says bitter things, in a hasty mood, there is sure to come an after-time of sorrow and repentance, and there is a hurt in the heart which may or may not last for years. There are scars that never cease to throb, though the old wound seems to be healed. Should death suddenly snatch hence a dear one, before pardon for some injustice had been sought and granted, the regret would never pass away.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—Mrs. I. S. You have had a long, useful and honorable life, and in the evening time it is light around your path. Your rule of doing what you thought best, and leaving it, is a good one.

—Inquiring Mother. As the tree is in your own garden, just under your eyes, and the neighboring young people are in the habit of coming there for recreation, I see no harm in your daughter's entertaining a friend of her own age beneath it. As a neighbor's son, you, of course, are acquainted with him. Later in the season it will be too cold for outdoor pleasures, and the call will be made in your parlor. You, as a mother, have a right to step in and out of any place where your girls entertain friends. I cannot see that a few years hence the case will be different.

Rest your arms a little; just a week or two. Wash with PEARLINE—soak, boil, rinse the clothes—just as directed. Then go back to the old way—soap and hard rubbing on washboard, if you are willing. In any case you are better off—you are rested, and the life of the clothes is spared just that much. 640

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Famine's Havoc in Shensi

THE REPORTS OF SUFFERING AND OF WIDESPREAD MORTALITY FULLY CONFIRMED—BETTER OUTLOOK NOW IN SHANSI PROVINCE

THE earlier reports of the terrible ravages of famine and fever in China have received ample corroboration in letters from workers of the China Inland Mission. These letters, just received in Toronto, Can., by the Secretary of the Mission Board, give a startling picture of the situation in Shensi province. Mr. A. Trudinger, writing from Chuh-chih, Shensi, July 11, 1901, says:

I am thankful to say I arrived here without any serious trouble or difficulty. On the road I found the people friendly. As I got further north, prices began to rise steadily, though in the hills the crops seemed very promising. But once out on to the Singan Plain, and everything was changed, the whole place seems parched and dried up. . . . The people look thin and haggard; many dying and dead lie about, and living skeletons, such as one saw in photos of the Indian famine, are not at all infrequent. The houses and villages, too, that one passes, have an air of desolation and decay. Many dwellings have been pulled down for the sake of the timber, and many others and whole villages ln places are quite deserted. In the market towns and cities, too, the streets seem empty, business is stagnant, and most shops only have one or two shutters down, or are closed altogether, on account of the number of beggars and thieves that hang about the doors.

The reports that one heard as to deaths from starvation are only too true. It would be hard to give any estimate as to numbers just yet, but from what I gather, the winter time, from the tenth moon last year, to the beginning of the third moon this year (namely from November—December to end of April), was the worst time. In Feng-siang, they say the dead were being carried off the streets day and night. In Mei-hsien; a dozen or more were found each day, and the boy in charge of the Mission station there, says that hardly a day passed without one or more being found dead on the steps in front of the house. Huge pits were dug outside many towns and cities, in which the dead paupers were thrown, and they are still being used. This is, of course, apart from the number that died in their own homes. In the second month (March to April), the Emperor ordered the grain in the granaries to be distributed, and that afforded a measure of relief for a time, though now most of them are empty. But famine fever is raging everywhere, and I think the number of deaths must be as great as ever. It is no respecter of persons, and so the rich as well as the poor are dying.

Grain is from six to ten times as dear as in ordinary good times, the prices being higher the further east one goes.

As to the prospects, unless rain soon falls, the outlook is appalling. If rain falls soon, the land can still be sown; but if not, there seems to be no hope for the next ten months. and the famine must be really only begun. I am told that a few days ago it rained in Singan and to the east, and I sincerely hope it is so. We pray daily and continually that God would spare the people in these parts.

In Mei-hsien sickness has been very prevalent, nearly every family among the Christians has had one or more ill, and Mr. Li, the evangelist, has been called to his reward. He died of famine fever three weeks before my arrival. In Cheo-chin the Christians don't seem to have met regularly for worship. I am afraid the spiritual state here and at Feng-siang of the Christians is not very high.

I intend to stay in Mei-hsien during the hottest part of the season. I hope to visit Singan later on.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has also received, from the China Inland Mission, the translation of a letter sent by the native pastor and elders of the Christian churches of Shansi to Rev. Mr. Stevenson, July 25. The letter says:

We are glad to inform you that at present all the churches in Shansi, through God's goodness, are now enjoying a time of peace, owing to the efforts of the Governor T'sen, who has sent instructions to all the officials in his jurisdiction to put down the persecutors and protect the Christians. All persecution has ceased, therefore you need not be anxious about us.

Referring to the Famine Fund, on the last month of last year, we received through T'sien-pao-chen, the sum of 1,500 taels, and we therewith proceeded to distribute the same among the Christians in P'ing-iang-fu district, in accordance with the arrangements made by Mr. McKie and the brethren there. Then again in the first month of this year, we received another instalment of 2,000 taels. On this occasion, Mr. T'sien and Deacon Li invited us over to the city, to consult about the distribution of this amount, and it was decided it should be distributed among the Christians in the district of P'ing-iang-fu, Luh-an-fu, Sih-cheo Ta-ning and Kih-cheo, altogether about twenty-six or twenty-seven places, fearing that the money would not extend further than the places mentioned. However, we felt that the Christians in the north of the province should have a little, too, and we therefore telegraphed to Shanghai, asking whether if there were more famine relief to be sent, we might distribute it among the natives in the north of Ling-shih, where there were a few "tens" of places, and also in Uin-dn'eng district, in the south.

On June 6, Elder Hsu returned from Shanghai, bringing with him about 3,000 taels for famine relief, and after consultation together, we decided that those who had not already received relief, should now receive a large share. Moreover, the Governor Ts'en, was desirous to give a sum of money to help the people, and decided that the Christians should first be relieved, as he feared many of them would die of starvation after what they had passed through, so he consulted with Chu-ti-wen, a church member in T'ai-yuen, and decided to give 40,000 taels to be divided among the Christians, and Mr. Chu was to be responsible for its right distribution.

The wheat that was sown last year, did not spring up. Owing to the drought not a single grain could be reaped by nine-tenths of the people. In the fourth moon, (*i.e.* from May 18th to June 15th), a little rain fell, and the people were able in some places to sow a little autumn crop, but for want of more rain, what did spring up has been all destroyed. Alas! the people in Shansi have met with both famine and sword; consequently large numbers of them have died. This is manifestly God's judgment upon them! On the other hand, we are glad to say that the Christians have been protected and preserved by our heavenly Father, *none have died of starvation*. The church members who had land, clothing or other things, sold them, and so were able to keep themselves alive. These did not receive any help from the famine funds, as they feared that those who had nothing to sell, might die of hunger. However, at the present time all are alike poor, and the greater number are trusting to the church for help to save their lives. We ask that, as soon as you receive this, you will kindly pray that the Lord might open up a way for us. There are at present 6,000 to 7,000 inquirers and members in connection with the China Inland Mission in Shansi, most of whom will be without food in the sixth and seventh months, *i. e.*, July 16th to September 12th; but if God sends rain, then perhaps we will have a little hope in the eighth moon (September 13th to October 11th). [Since this letter was written, the C. I. M. has forwarded 15,000 taels for famine relief.]

Signed, SHI-TS'ING-LAN, SONG-CH'ANG-KENG, K'UH-UAN-I, HSU-PU-UIN, LUI-PEI-TEH, REN-CHING-HSUCH, IANG-SI-IONG, HAN-CH'UN-T'AI.

President McKinley as a Singer

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the well-known singing evangelist, says of the sacred song, "Sometime We'll Understand," which was sung as a solo in the rotunda of the Capitol on the occasion of the state funeral of President McKinley:

"It is a remarkable thing that this hymn was also sung in Scotland a few years ago at a great memorial service held at Edinburgh, on the occasion of the burial of the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the king of England.

"President McKinley was a fine singer, and I am informed that he was very fond of our Gospel Hymns. When I met him recently in the White House, he gave me a hearty greeting, saying be had often attended our meetings, and had enjoyed both the preaching and singing. When I remarked that I had understood he was quite a singer himself, he said: 'No, I am not much of a singer, but when I do sing. I try to do it in the spirit.'

"On the following Sunday morning, two days later, at one of the large churches in New York city, he was represented in one of the leading New York papers as singing a hymn of worship at the top of his voice. Many around him were struck with the beauty and sweetness of his bass.

"Nothing has touched the hearts of all men throughout the world more than the sadly-sweet story of the great statesman trying to sing, with his dying breath, that grand old hymn of the Church, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' This old song has always been much loved, but from this time onward through the coming years it will stand forth as one of the most sacred and best-loved of hymns in our language. I do not think I shall ever sing it again without thinking of him who passed to his reward with the song-prayer upon his lips."

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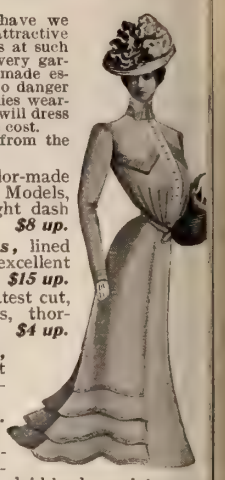

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Stylish Costumes, of Wide Welt Corduroy, the latest material, ***$17 up.***

Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts, unshrinkable, sensible garments, of plaid-back or plain materials, ***Suits, $8 up. Skirts, $5 up.***

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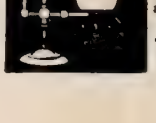

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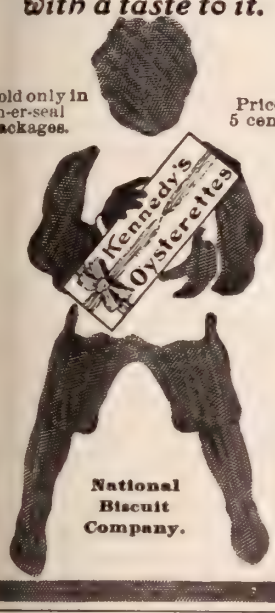

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MONT-LAWN'S VISITORS

DURING the present season an extraordinary number of people have shown their interest in Mont-Lawn by personal visits. As an ideal Children's home, the place is attracting attention far and near, and hundreds of people call to see how our work is conducted there. From the far and the middle West, from New England and the Sunny South, philanthropic men and women making summer journeys to New York, run out to Nyack and take a look at our happy little folks at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home on the Hudson. Across the broad Atlantic, the news of this beautiful work for children has traveled, and friends from foreign countries, touring the United States or here to study its institutions, often make Mont-Lawn one of their objective points.

Other visitors are those helpful friends who have contributed to the great usefulness and marvelous success of the Home. God's people in every State of the Union have aided by letters of sympathy and encouragement, by gifts and "fervent, effectual prayer," in making Mont-Lawn what it is—the model Children's Home. It is but just that those who cannot come should share with us in the happiness of knowing that God is blessing wonderfully this labor of love, and that it is become an example and an inspiration unto many.

Another class of visitors—a class in whom our helpers are as keenly interested as ourselves—are our "graduates," young men and young women, once our beneficiaries, now independent and making their own way in the world. Some of these come "home" every summer; a number are always present on the Fourth of July. On a recent Sunday, two prosperous looking young men walked in at the wide entrance, and approaching Housemother Collins, bowed respectfully and handed her their cards. The Housemother looked puzzled. What mother who has watched over 13,000 children can recall all their names and faces in a minute! "We were here," said one of the two, "the two first summers after the Home was opened. Then I was here the next season as one of the kitchen boys and tent-helpers."

It was learned that they are clerks in good commission houses in the city, and that they are helping their mothers.

"We feel that we owe more than we can say to the good influences of the Home," they said. "We learned so much that was helpful to us. We never can forget the kind, encouraging talks Dr. Klopsch used to give us."

They went to chapel, and shared in the little evening service, and then they stayed to supper. It was a very happy evening for them "at home."

On the street cars one day, as the teachers were taking the children to the Nyack boat, a young lady showed lively interest and began to help with the little ones.

"You must pardon me," she said, "if I seem inquisitive. Mont-Lawn is 'home' to me. I used to be one of the little Fresh Airs who went up each summer to get a new lease on life. I can never forget the happy times I had! We used to be so poor, and it was such a help to mother." Further conversation developed the fact that the speaker is now a teacher in one of the public schools of our great East Side.

The following letter, from Mrs. Isabella M. Glenn, of Allegheny, Pa., a Christian worker who recently visited our Children's Home, will be read with much pleasure by the hundreds at a distance who cooperate with us in this good work:

Dear Dr. Klopsch: I was so pleased with my visit to Mont-Lawn, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S beautiful Children's Home. It was a rare pleasure going up with the teachers and a party of children, to witness the delight of the little folks on the boat, and then in the coach, from the landing to the Home. It would have been amusing had it not been so pathetic, to hear the remarks of some of the children who saw the country for the first time. "Why, there is cabbage growing!" "Look, quick, see how the corn grows on tall sticks!" "I hear bees humming!" "There are birds flying!" I recognized various buildings—the dining-tent etc.,—from the excellent pictures of them which have appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. I saw the children around the long tables in the big picturesque dining-tent. Oh! how they ate! With appetites sharpened by play, and rambles in the woods, they made the good bread and butter, meat and vegetables (and there was no lack), disappear like magic! At night, we heard the girls in Hope Cottage sing their evening song, and say "Our Father."

THE LAST PARTY OF CHILDREN GOING HOME FROM MONT-LAWN

While constantly impressed with the care and comfort provided for the physical well-being of the children, I was even more deeply pleased by the beautiful Christian atmosphere of the place and the lovely spirit of the Superintendent and Housemother, Miss Collins, and her corps of assistants. By example, precept and training, your workers are influencing hundreds of lives to better things. I heard your own name called lovingly on all sides.

In the morning we joined a party of children returning to the city, and we could sympathize with them in their regret at leaving the Home. Each child had some trophy. Many had bunches of flowers—golden-rod seemed to be the favorite—that they were carrying home to brighten up some dark room or basement. They were so happy, and they looked back, watching as long as they could see some part of the Home—then, "Good bye! good-bye! till next summer," they cried. All the way to the New York landing they "scattered sunshine" by singing the beautiful pieces they had learned. That boat and your coach has carried many happy children! I thank you for permitting me to be your guest. I was most kindly treated, and I received information which will benefit others.

The Home is now closed for the season. Cool weather has come, schools are opening, and our tenement children are returning to their studies or to their toil, refreshed and strengthened by their happy outings at beautiful Mont-Lawn.

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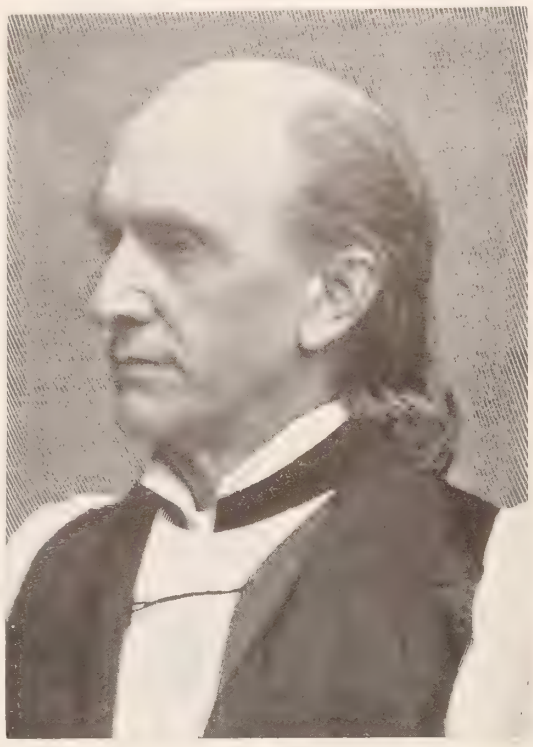
BISHOP WHIPPLE DEAD

An Apostolic Worker, the Friend of the Helpless and the Poor and the Champion of the Indians, Called to His Reward

ONE of the most picturesque figures in the United States and one of the most saintly men of modern times passed from among us, when, on September 16, the Right Rev. H. B. Whipple closed his brilliant career. No longer shall we see that tall form with its snowy hair in our pulpits, pleading for help in his wonderful work; no longer will our clergy hang with rapturous attention on the words of him whom they called "St. John of the Wilderness;" no longer will the Indians have the sure friend and valiant champion, to whom they gave the name of "Straight Tongue," to listen to the story of their wrongs and plead their cause against the rogues and despoilers in Washington. Bishop Whipple is dead, and thousands of whites, who owe their education and their spiritual standing to him, and thousands of Indians, who held him in almost idolatrous reverence, mourn their loss.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. H. B. WHIPPLE

Bishop Whipple had reached the ripe age of seventy-nine years. He began life at Adams, N. Y., and in his early manhood devoted himself to business and politics. But the great change came and the future bishop prepared for work in the Protestant Episcopal Church. After his ordination he labored at Rome, N. Y., and afterwards in Chicago until 1859, when he was elected Bishop of Minnesota. He set out at once for the field in which he was to do such magnificent work. It was a new diocese, without railroads and with huge sections undeveloped. So scattered were the cities he was expected to visit, that during the first years of his episcopate he traveled three thousand miles on horseback every year.

There were twenty-thousand Indians in his diocese, and at that time they were in a state of the most deplorable degradation. The troubles preceding and during the war, and, for a decade afterwards, had so absorbed the attention of the Government and the public that base men had matters all their own way in dealing with the Indians. One of the earliest recollections of a clergyman, now well known in his church, was of going into Bishop Whipple's study one day and finding him on his knees, with tears running down his face, pleading with God for justice for his red-skinned friends. Eventually they learned to trust him and to love him, but at first they would not listen to his earnest pleading that they would give the agents no pretext for massacring them. In spite of all he could do, they rose in rebellion under the outrages to which they were subjected and retaliated with awful consequences to the whites and ultimately to themselves. Bishop Whipple made their cause his own.

A significant story is told of his interest in the Indian. He was hurrying through the streets of a city in which a clerical convention was held, and passed a distinguished brother clergyman without any sign of recognition. The clergyman, at their next meeting, took him to task, and Bishop Whipple apologized for his apparent discourtesy. "Well," said the clergyman, "I suppose I must accept your apology, but if I had been an Indian you would not have treated me so."

The good Bishop's work, however, was not all given to the Indians. He founded and obtained the endowment of three institutions, which have done immense good in the diocese. The Seabury Theological School, the Shattuck School for boys, and the St. Mary's Hall for girls, besides other minor institutions, attest the energy and devotion of this apostolic man.

SUNDRY CHARITIES

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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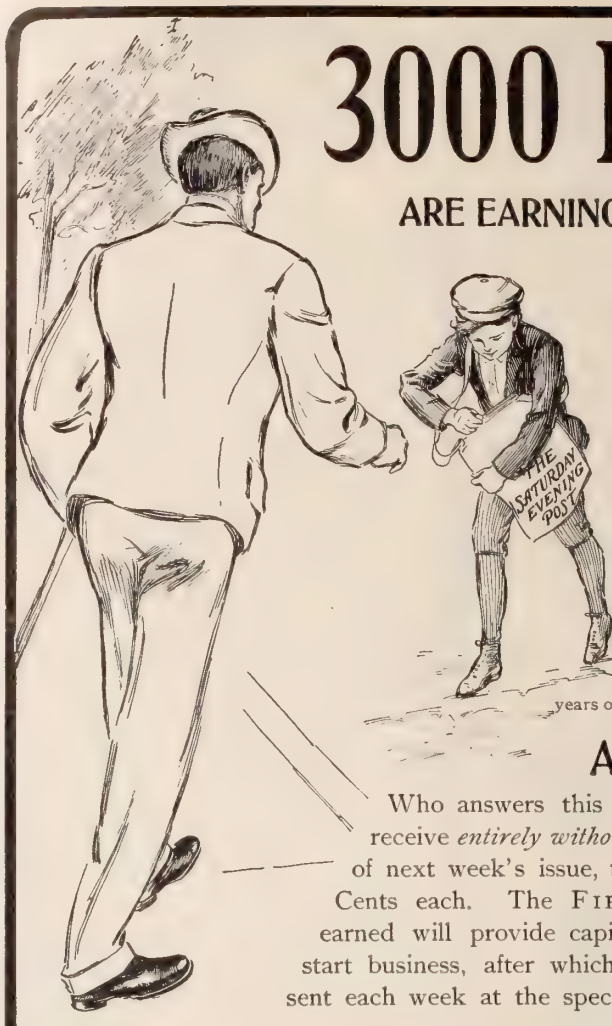
A WELSH HYMN*

WE soon shall ascend from the desert
To dwell in the land of the blest;
Reclining in peace on God's bosom,
Our wearied, faint spirits shall rest.
And then find eternal redemption
From sin and affliction and pain—
Find endless delight in adoring
The love of the Lamb that was slain.

Reviewing from Salem's fair summits
The path through the desert made clear,
Our souls shall delight in recalling
The windings that made our career;
In gazing on tempests and terrors,
Grim death and the grave, vanquished foes,
Whilst we from their power are rescued,
Abounding in love and repose,

*A reader of this journal, Mr. Z. Evans, of Carbondale, Pa., sends the foregoing stanzas, (accompanied by the verses in the original Welsh). They are from a famous Welsh hymn, the translation being by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, Congregational minister of Cardiff. The hymn is very popular in Wales, being sung in most of the Churches.



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enough to buy the bicy
for which I have be
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GOLD IN THE FURNACE

Joseph, in Slavery and in Prison, Trusting in God

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHAT was it that occupied the heart of Joseph as he was brought, a slave, probably with much indignity and severity of treatment, into gypt? Was he full of the sense of his deep rongs, and overflowing with bitterness gainst his brethren and pity for himself? We n say with the most absolute certainty, No. e have Scripture for it: "His bow abode in rength," and that strength was not his own, s hands were "made strong by the hands of e Mighty One of Jacob." His communion ith God, instead of growing less when he ad no longer the help of his believing father nd the influences of a godly home, grew ore intense, because he leaned more fully pon his God; looking like Abraham and oses, "not at the things which are seen,"— s wrongs and his trials,—"but at the things which are not seen," the absolute faithfulness of his God. Brought down to Egypt, he was bought from the Ishmaelites by Potiphar, the captain of the guard. "And the Lord was with Joseph." This would not have been the case if Joseph had failed to walk with God under the stress of the great trials through which he had passed.

Such a man is a very unusual man, and people who may hear hundreds of sermons untouched will be moved by the sight of such. The heathen, who are totally ignorant of God, are conscious that something more than man is present when they come in contact with one with whom God is. "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand." Heathen people, when missionaries come to them, are of course full of their own superstitions, and generally begin by thinking themselves right and the missionary wrong. He tells them of things they cannot see or hear or touch; how do they know that these things are so? But when they see the proof, in the lives of these men, that a living God in whom they trust makes them love their enemies and return good for evil, when they have power to return evil for evil; when they see that wisdom and strength are given to these men which is above nature, then, like Potiphar, they know there is a living God; they have seen him with his people.

The Lord made all that Joseph did to prosper. Joseph had come into the inheritance of Abraham's blessing: "I will bless thee, and be thou a blessing," and he wanted only to fill the place to which God had called him, so that he, being blessed of God, should become a blessing. He had accepted "the pit" from the hands of God, not from his brothers; he now accepted slavery also from the hands of God, not from the hands of Potiphar, and already God made him to be a blessing. All that he did God made to prosper, and his master "put all that he had under his hand. And God blessed Potiphar's house for Joseph's sake." Was not this the beginning of the fulfilment of his dreams?

Just when we seem most prosperous God sends us the greatest trials. Potiphar, incensed against Joseph, cast him into prison. This was the heaviest blow which had yet fallen upon him. Up till now his reputation had been intact, but now that it was blasted, what remained to him? His God, whom he still trusted without wavering.

Joseph had not retaliated when he was cast into the pit. When he was sold into slavery he had accepted all from the hands of God. Would he now accept a ruined reputation and an undeserved prison? Did his suffering make him wonder how God could permit such wrong? No; the first record of his prison life is: "But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed kindness unto him"—when no man had a kind word for him—"and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison." The same Presence which had shone in Potiphar's house, could not be extinguished, because of the false charge against him, in the prison. "The keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to anything that was under his hand, because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper." Joseph could not but rule, even in a prison. He was meek, and the meek inherit the earth (Ps. 37: 11 and Matt. 5: 5).

Having left his reputation with God, he was not absorbed by his own great trials, but had

> A heart at leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathize.

Two of Pharaoh's household servants were in prison—the chief butler and the chief baker. Joseph could not be indifferent to the sufferings of others. His brethren could be callous and heartless towards them, for they had not suffered, but he could not be heartless even towards a heathen. These two men, each of them dreamed on the same night, and in the morning they were sad. The presence of a man of God brings God near to the unsaved members of the household. It was a real concern to Joseph that these men were sad, and he inquired the reason. "We have dreamed a dream," they said, "and there is none that can interpret it."

Joseph replied to these men: "Do not interpretations belong to God?" He would seize every opportunity to make known the greatness and the wisdom of the God whom he served. And he begged these two prisoners to tell their dreams. The same God who had made Joseph's dreams such a reality to him, gave him also the clue to the prisoners' dreams, and he prophesied the restoration of the chief butler to his office. Joseph saw what he thought was an opportunity of helping himself, and said to the chief butler: "But think of me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house, for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews, and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon." It was the first trace of self-help which appears in the history of Joseph, and it did nothing for him. But the chief butler forgot Joseph, and two years more must pass in this severe school, while "the Word of the Lord tried him."

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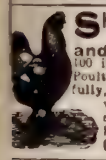

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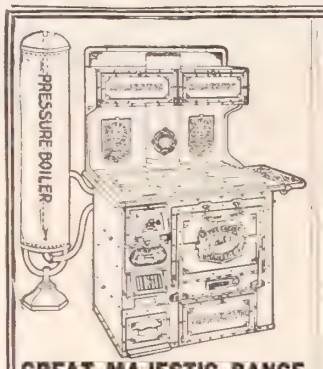

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DARK DAYS*

Affliction May Come as Discipline, or as a Call to Duty, but Always Comes in Wisdom and Love

SINCE the days of Job, and apparently long before, men have been trying to solve the problem of suffering. The common belief concerning it, as we see from the speeches of the three "comforters," was that loss of property, the death of children and personal affliction were punishment for wrongdoing. This conclusion was not affected by the fact that affliction sometimes befalls men esteemed for their integrity and piety. The uncharitable deduction in such cases was that the sufferer was really a bad man, but was clever enough to hide his iniquity from the eyes of men; but God, seeing all things, detected him and punished him. In Job's case that was the inference drawn and, as his affliction was exceptionally severe, it was assumed that it was made so to punish him for adding hypocrisy to his secret sin. The writer of the book explains the secret, and we are informed that the affliction was merely a test, to prove that Job would be as faithful in adversity as in prosperity. In spite of this explanation and of the possibility that the same, or some other reason equally consistent with the sufferer's integrity may account for his affliction, there is still a tendency to regard trouble as a sign of the divine displeasure. The sufferer himself sometimes so regards it, and wonders in what way he has offended God and forfeited his claim to his favor and protection.

Ideas of this kind ought not to be admitted either by the sufferer or his friends. There are, of course, cases in which the affliction is the direct result of sin or negligence. A father, broken-hearted by his son's wickedness, may remember that he was so engrossed in business, or pleasure, when his son was a boy, that he neglected to correct his faults or to train him in the way he should go. A man stricken down with disease may remember some imprudence or violation of natural law which has brought on the disease. A man brought to destitution in his old age may recall errors of judgment, or inattention to sound business principles, or lack of foresight which accounts for his poverty. The man who sows the wind reaps the whirlwind, even though he may be a Christian. But there are in these cases and in others, in which it is difficult to trace the affliction to any known fault, considerations which ought not to be overlooked by the sufferer or others. He ought not to abandon himself to self-reproach, nor should his friends reproach him. He ought rather to humble himself before God, and ask that whatsoever the reason of his trouble may be, he may learn the lesson it is designed to teach. Least of all should he charge God with failure to keep his promises, or say, with Naomi, "The Lord hath dealt very bitterly with me." We may be quite sure that our afflictions are not the result of chance or caprice or vindictive power, but are sent for a wise and loving purpose. It ought to be clearly and firmly settled as a fact never to be doubted by any godly man, that his heavenly father loves him, and in all that befalls him has a purpose which is intended to bring good in some way.

We are short-sighted mortals at the best, and even yet, after all the lessons of history, and of our own personal experience, are far from understanding God's ways. We see much of them in nature and in providence, but all that we know is the mere fringe of the garment in which he appears to men. It is, however, conceivable that affliction is sometimes sent purely as discipline. It may be necessary in certain cases that a child of God should learn by affliction, that neither on riches, nor honor, nor health does his well-being depend. It may be well that he should know that, stripped of everything, God's grace is sufficient for him. We are apt to think that happiness depends on outward circumstances, but many have learned by painful experience that they can be happy even in poverty and sickness. That lesson is worth learning at the cost of suffering. Or there may be a community which needs an example of patience and fidelity to God under trial. Some dearly-loved child of God may be appointed to set such an example, and affliction may be laid on one whom God can trust, in order that the lesson may be learned by friends and acquaintances. So, the Christian may have fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, bearing trial as Christ did, for the good of others. Or, it may be that some great duty lies ahead, and in order to fulfil it, some man may have his character so purged and strengthened that when the emergency comes, he will be ready to perform it. Germany might have waited long for her Bible if Luther had not been seized and imprisoned in the Wartburg. The world might never have had the *Pilgrim's Progress* if John Bunyan had not been shut up in Bedford jail. In one way or another, God fashions human character and brings his own designs to pass. Who is the Christian that he should murmur under trouble? He was bidden to expect it, and his duty is to bear it cheerfully, in the assured conviction that God knows what he is doing, and will support him in trial.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct 13. Psalm 107: 1-15.

The Singing Woodman

AS THE CHRISTIAN HERALD frequently publishes accounts of remarkable conversions, I venture to send in the history of one which impressed me as most interesting and edifying. Mark Lee is a woodman, a laborer in the forests of northern Pennsylvania, where he is but one of the large army of people who come annually from other places to these forests. In the spring-time they fell trees and peel bark; in the winter time they cut logs, and then there is the rafting to be done on the streams. This man, accustomed to all the ways of lumbermen in the forest-cabins, was addicted to almost all their vices, such as swearing, drinking, playing cards, etc. He had a magnificent voice and was accounted a splendid singer. He was by no means careful as to the character of the songs he selected for the entertainment of his audiences; mingling hymns with ballads of doubtful propriety and questionable purity. I give the substance of his narrative in his own words, as nearly as I can recall them:

"Upon one occasion, after my return home from the forests, one of my neighbors died. I was asked to go and bring to the house of mourning, a relative of the deceased living some eight miles away. She was a humble, sincere Christian woman. The night after our arrival was spent, according to custom, in what was called 'waking the dead.' I was asked to sing; I sang everything that was at all proper on such occasions; and then a few comic and somewhat questionable ballads, as I thought, to dispel their gloom. The funeral over, I consented to convey the old lady to her home. On the way, after a long silence on her part, I asked why she was so quiet?

"Her reply was: 'I have been thinking. It makes me so sad to know that you, having such a fine voice, such a good gift from God, should use it as you commonly do, to his dishonor and the undoing of yourself and others. Oh, that your voice were sanctified to serve him who gave it to you. How much good you might do!'

"These words pierced my soul, but I strove to make light of them, and to jest away their effect. But she looked so sad! I saw the tears standing in her eyes, though she said nothing more. Our journey was completed in silence.

"On my way back home, I could not get rid of her words. I thought of the harm my singing did in many instances, and was for the first time conscience-stricken about the ill use I had made of my gift. I could not ease my mind, though I tried by singing, and even swearing, to do so. Nor did her words depart from me, until I resolved I would seek God's pardon. At a meeting then in progress in a church near my home, I presented myself at the 'Mourners' Bench' for several nights in succession; there, and in secret prayer, I strove, until Christ spoke peace to my soul. From that moment, my voice and all that I am or have has been laid on the altar of my Saviour's service. That gentle little woman's words and tears brought me to my Saviour."

His life, as I know it, is a constant attestation of the genuineness of his conversion. (REV.) CHAS. L. STREAMER.

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t is a profound fact that most ails of hu-
nity come from improper and non-nourish-
food, such as white bread, hot biscuit,
rchy and uncooked cereals, etc.
A change to perfectly cooked, predigested
od like Grape-Nuts, scientifically made and
taining exactly the elements nature re-
ires for building the delicate and wonderful
ls of brain and body, will quickly change a
f sick person to a well person. Food,
od food, is Nature's strongest weapon of
ense.
nclude in the letter the true names and
dresses, carefully written, of 20 persons not
y well, to whom we can write regarding
food relief by Grape Nuts.
Almost everyone interested in pure food is
ling to have his or her name in the papers
such help as they may offer the human
e. A request, however, to omit name will
respected. Try for one of the 330 prizes.
ery one has an equal show. Don't write
etry, but just honest and interesting facts
out the good you have obtained from the
e food Grape-Nuts. If a man or woman
s found a true way to get well and keep
ll, it should be a pleasure to stretch a help-
hand to humanity, by telling the facts.
Write your name and address plainly on
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Miss L. FREEMAN CLARKE, Magnolia, Mass.

TAPS

LIGHTS out! The march is ended,
The soldier's rest is won;
His latest fight is over,
His long day's work is done.

An afterglow of brightness
Enfolds that bivouac
Where last he watched and waited;
There's glory on his track.

Wherever peril met him,
He faced it, in the van.
Through strife and toil and hardship,
God's masterpiece—a man!

To-day in thronging cities,
In lonesome solitudes,
In mining camps and workshops,
In depths of tangled woods.

Wherever men are striving,
Wherever women pray,
There's mourning for the soldier,
Who sleeps so sound this day.

There's mourning of the nations,
Far off they moan their grief;
There's mourning in our households,
For him, our fallen Chief.

Lights out. The march is over,
The last long battle won!
In presence of his Captain
He hears the words, "Well done!"

Lights out. Farewell, our Great-heart!
Lights out; our hot tears fall.
This one, our banner covers,
This was our best of all.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

"A Believer," Rich Patch, Va., writes:

I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for casting a new blessing into my life by answering an earnest prayer.

M. B. S., Yonkers, N. Y., writes:

I have been praying for three years for a dear one who had wandered away from God. God is answering my prayers. There is a change in my dear one, and I feel sure that all will be well in God's own good time.

C., Nortonville, Kans., writes:

Have received answers to prayers for the safe keeping of my dear sons. I wish to speak of this in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, because the "Answers to Prayers" have been such a help to me. I hope this may help others.

C. H. P., Evanston, Wyo., writes:

For twenty-one years I prayed that my husband would become a servant of God. Last spring he was happily converted. My six children are Christians, in answer to prayer. Many blessings have come to me because I asked of God and he gave.

R., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answering prayer. For many years I prayed for a special gift from God; my prayer is answered, and now, with Hannah of old, I rejoice in God, my Saviour. I will trust the Lord as long as I live. I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

Mrs. P. R. G., Cable, Wis, writes:

Recently, I was about to visit my old home. My husband was very anxious to accompany me, but as we live on a farm it seemed impossible for us both to leave; but I prayed to the Lord, if it might be his will, to make the way clear. The way was opened, and we made our visit to our parents in their old age.

S. A. E., Ithaca, N. Y., writes:

I have been a reader of your paper for about six years. It has helped me in my Christian life. I am specially interested in the department devoted to "Answered Prayers." Not long ago I was in great anxiety, but prayed in faith. Before night my trouble was all made right. No one but the Lord could have made it so. Another time, when rising from earnest prayer, I happened to notice the time by the clock. Soon after, I got a message which showed me that my prayer was answered most wonderfully, that which I had asked for had come to pass almost at the very time I was pleading for it. "Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

A., Louisville, Ky., writes:

These words have greatly comforted and sustained me: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Prov. 3:6.) Indeed he has directed my paths. Where the way was most rugged and shadows most sombre, where I felt my own inefficiency most keenly, and knew that I had exhausted my every resource and all my own power, and that I was helpless as a little child, I have cried unto the living God, and he has held my hand and guided my feet; the light of his countenance shone upon me, and the burden was lifted from my heart; I sang songs in the night and praised his glorious name.

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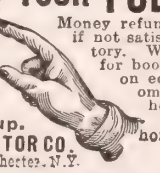

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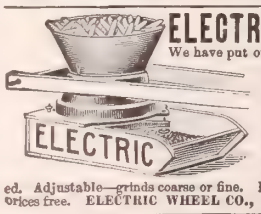

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The **"1900" Ball-Bearing Washer** is unquestionably the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented for family use. **Entirely new principle.** It is simplicity itself. There are no wheels, paddles, rockers, cranks or complicated machinery. It revolves on **bicycle ball-bearings,** making it by far the easiest running washer on the market. No strength required, a child can operate it.

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Read These Convincing Testimonials:

A DAY'S WASH IN 3 HOURS.

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The washer I received from you is the best I ever saw. It will do all you claim for it. I can do the washing in three to four hours, where it took a colored woman a whole day to do it. We have ten boys and three girls, and you can judge from that, that we have large washings. Myself and daughter would not part with this machine for twice what it cost. We live on a farm. MRS. LEVI H. HARRISON.

GREASY OVERALLS WASHED CLEAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Dec. 25, 1899.

1900 WASHER CO.

Gentlemen: I received the washing machine in good order on the 15th inst. My wife had saved three weeks' washing to try it. She commenced washing at seven o'clock, and at eleven all the clothes were on the line. It would have taken two days to do all this work the old way; and the washing was done clean. Greasy overalls, which I use in the engine room, could not have been done better in a steam laundry. She would not part with the washer if she could not get another like it, if she was offered $100.

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15 MACHINEFULS IN 4 HOURS.

CHICAGO, July 13, 1900.

Last week I started to wash with your 1900 Ball-Bearing Washer. A neighbor saw me wash my little boys' waists (which were terribly dirty) and we were both surprised to see there was not a spot left. On Monday we did a big wash of 15 machinefuls and the work was done in 4 hours. It is the best machine I ever saw (and I have tried many). It works so easy that my little boy can run it.

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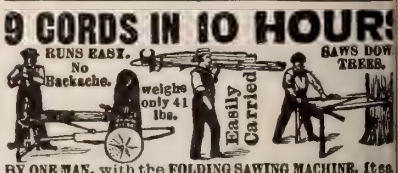

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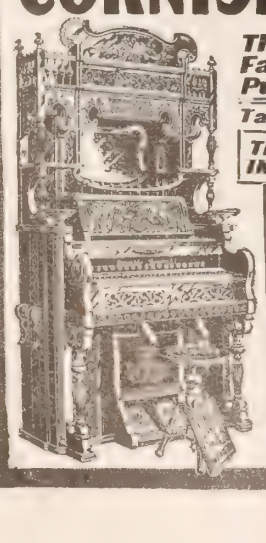

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. De Witt Talmage, D.D. Editor

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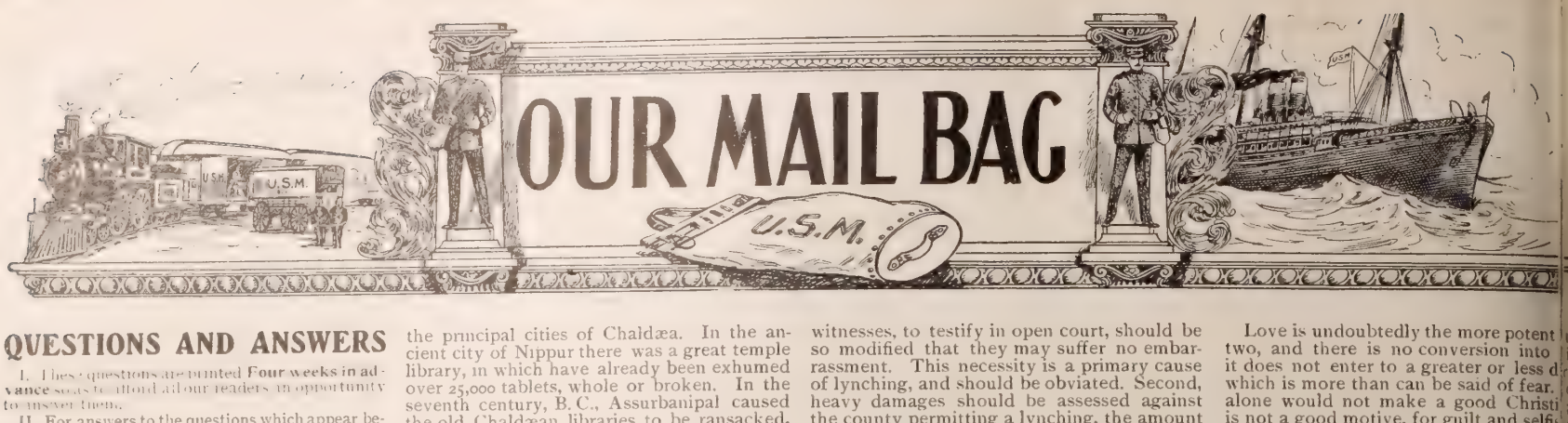
CHRISTIAN HERALD

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA

SEE PAGE 845

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, Britain's Future King and Queen, at Viger Station, Montreal



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Oct. 30

1. Who was the mother of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and where is the information to be found?

2. What is the duty of "shut ins" toward the church, and how can that duty be best performed? Also what is the duty of church and pastor toward the "shut in?"

3. In what sense are we to understand Christ's word to his mother (John 2: 4): "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"

4. In the case of a strike, such as that of motormen on the cars, would a Christian working man who is unemployed, be justified in offering to take the place of a striker?

5. In the management of church affairs, should the man who contributes little or nothing to the support of the church have as much power as he who contributes liberally, presuming that both are members in good standing?

Questions of the Week

1. To what extent may a Christian read novels? Where should the line be drawn, assuming, of course, that there are works of fiction that are really profitable?

Those novels that simply amuse are dangerous, for our literary tastes are acquired, and we unconsciously drift in this manner of reading. We must realize that the best works of fiction are much like bee-hives, from which the honey must be carefully extracted, or a sting will be received. The good or evil influence of novels, largely depends then upon the reader. In this day of trustworthy reviews, it is quite possible to reject the decidedly evil, while those chosen should be criticized by our own conscience. The line should be drawn around the boundary set by a true desire to read only that which will make us more Christ-like. W. P. S.

Our one supreme mission is to further the cause of Christ, and all our energies should be bent in that direction. Since God has called us to be his peculiar people, we have no time to read works of fiction, which merely amuse for the moment, but should aim to read only those books which make a permanent and beneficial impression, and which help us to serve Christ more faithfully. It would take a lifetime to read all the standard novels, and even these contain much that is impure and defiling. It is, of course, a foregone conclusion that no Christian can read books of that nature. But even among books which are not impure, there are many which we should avoid. Novels, as a class, give a false and fanciful idea of life, and their tendency is to unfit their readers for practical, every-day Christian life. In short, any book which is not positively beneficial, should have no place in the Christian's library. He has no time to waste on merely "harmless" books, which exert no influence either way. W. CASWELL.

2. Where was the first public library of the world located and when, and what were the circumstances that led to its establishment?

Public libraries existed in the remotest ages to which archæological research has penetrated, so that it is impossible to determine which of them was first established. The ancient people of Accad and Shumir, in the Tigris and Euphrates valley, had such libraries in their chief cities even before the Semites conquered the land, the books being clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters. About 3800 B.C., soon after the Semitic conquest, Sargon I., classified and translated into the Semitic tongue the old Accadian literature, and founded or enlarged great libraries in the principal cities of Chaldæa. In the ancient city of Nippur there was a great temple library, in which have already been exhumed over 25,000 tablets, whole or broken. In the seventh century, B.C., Assurbanipal caused the old Chaldæan libraries to be ransacked, and copies or translations of the old tablets made, and these he placed in a great library at Nineveh, containing probably about 10,000 tablets. This is especially known to be a public library, from an inscription in which the king declares that he placed the books in his palace for the instruction of his people. It seems also to have been conducted very much like a modern library. R. HULL.

3. What led John Howard to devote himself to temperance reform?

John Howard, the morning star of prison reform, was born near London, England, in 1726. In 1771, he visited parts of Great Britain and Ireland, and on his return from the latter place, he visited Bristol. Here he was taken ill, and suffered from a severe attack of gout for six months. During his sickness he determined to abstain from the use of wine and other alcoholic beverages. This total abstinence pledge he kept till the day of his death. In 1773, he was made Sheriff of Bedfordshire, an appointment which gave him authority over the county jail. In seeking to reform its abuses, the first thing that excited his attention was the awful amount of drunkenness that existed among the prisoners. The jailer kept a bar on the premises. Each person who was admitted as an inmate of the prison celebrated the event by purchasing a bowl of punch, for which he had to pay six shillings. Afterwards Howard set out to visit other prisons in many parts of England, where he found drunkenness so alarmingly common that riot and pandemonium reigned among the inmates daily. Wicked men usually paid money to the Sheriff for the privilege of keeping jail. Liquor selling furnished a large revenue. On one occasion, when visiting the Marshalsea Prison, London, he found that on a certain Sunday the prisoners purchased six hundred pots of beer! All these things led Howard, not only to be a total abstainer, but to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of temperance reform.

J. J. MUNRO.

4. What is the best method of stopping the lynching and burning of human beings in certain parts of the Union, keeping in view the fact that in many cases great provocation exists?

First, court procedure should be so quickened and simplified that justice may be at once satisfied. The present tardiness of the law is an incentive to mob revenge. The legal profession should endeavor to have the present procedure revised, that justice may be rapidly served; and legislatures should pass laws making more adequate the penalties for certain crimes. The necessity, in certain cases, of women having, as prosecuting witnesses, to testify in open court, should be so modified that they may suffer no embarrassment. This necessity is a primary cause of lynching, and should be obviated. Second, heavy damages should be assessed against the county permitting a lynching, the amount to be divided between the victim's relatives and the State school fund. Property-owners would then become interested in opposing mob-violence, and their influence would be strongly felt. Third, sheriffs and other officers should lose their offices in disgrace, and be made ineligible to hold any political office of trust or profit in the future, when not making reasonable resistance to a mob before surrendering a prisoner. Few weak surrenders would take place under such a statute, and mobs, knowing their danger, would be fewer and less daring. Fourth, law and order societies should be formed in all communities where mob violence is possible, to assist the officials and oppose lawlessness. The better class of citizens would readily enrol in such associations, and, alone, their influence would decrease lynching seventy-five per cent. Fifth, the masses should be taught by every available means that lynching is never profitable, but always the reverse; that mob-law does not lessen, but encourages crime; that it degrades and criminalizes the perpetrator and disgraces his community and nation; and that if our institutions are to endure, the law must be respected. Lastly, an earnest endeavor should be made to educate the mass of the race against which lynch law is usually directed, according to the method of Mr. Washington and others, that it may rise in usefulness and virtue. Racial prejudice will then grow weaker and weaker, and causes for lynching will disappear. JAMES BELL MAJOR.

5. Is fear or love the most frequent influence in leading men to become Christians?

I believe fear is the more frequent influence. The average evangelist of to-day may differ on this; for if he preaches a very emotional sermon on the love of God, and then asks for a show of hands from all who wish to become Christians, he may count more hands than when he preaches about Sinai's Law, and the result of breaking that law; but if we ask the Christian people individually, I believe the majority will answer that it was through fear that they were led to the Lord. And it is the Bible way; for "By the law is the knowledge of sin," and "Sin is the transgression of the law," and "The wages of sin is death." Now when people realize this, then the fear of death will constrain them to seek a way of escape. Love is more a result, and comes after we have accepted Christ; for when we realize from what we have been redeemed, then is when we love the most, and can understand something of God's love; as also in the Bible, the chapters on love were mostly written to Christians, while those on the law and sin were mostly written to the world or the unregenerate. A. A. FORSTER.

Love is undoubtedly the more potent of the two, and there is no conversion into love unless it does not enter to a greater or less degree, which is more than can be said of fear. Love alone would not make a good Christian, for it is not a good motive, for guilt and selfishness are its parents, and yet, in many instances, it may be the primary incentive that leads to a turning away from sin. This, however, is not uniformly the case as in its place there may be a self-loathing born of the slavery of sin, or a yearning for something better—something divine—begotten of contact with the Truth and true Christians. Whatever it is that has brought about the desire for a change of heart, in the drawing of men to Christ, there is concerned, principally, the realization by us of God's love as manifested in Christ, and with our acceptance of that love, with its consequences, there is born within the heart the love that "casteth out fear."

E. G. EBERHART.

Miscellaneous Questions

Mrs. T. D., Lexington, Ky. With regard to foreigners settling here, can they legally retain their titles in this country?

If they wish to become citizens, they cannot do so and retain their titles. At the time of application, they must make express renunciation of all hereditary and other titles.

M. E. T. Is the Christian life an easy or hard one?

It is a very delightful life, but it has difficulties and sometimes its penalties. A man may be placed in such circumstances in his family, or his business, that consistency to Christian principle involves him in persecution and continual annoyance. The Christian life in his case may be a very hard one. Again, there are some persons with strong propensities to evil, who must struggle daily and hourly against their own natures, if they are to be true to Christ. They find the Christian life a hard one. But they have consolations in the sweet peace and loving rest which Christ imparts, enabling them to go on their way rejoicing, even in tribulation. To others, in varying degrees, the Christian life may be comparatively easy. Men of spiritual nature and surrounded by Christian friends find it a continual delight. But howsoever a man may be situated, it is the best life, because it employs belong to the higher nature and it leads to the highest development.

J. McM., Detroit, Mich. Do you think the rainbow dates from the Flood, or from the foundation of the world? The question was raised in this city on account of a picture being exhibited, called "The Garden of Eden," and there was a rainbow in it.

Any answer must be mere speculation. Some scientists and Bible scholars have ventured the opinion that up to the time of the Deluge, the earth was enveloped in mist, which obscured the sun's direct rays, and that copious dews, instead of showers, fed the soil. After the Deluge, when the direct rays of the sun shone upon the world for the first time, the first rainbow appeared, the whole surroundings of the globe having undergone a remarkable change. (See Genesis 2: 5, also Genesis 6: 17, and 7: 4, and 9: 13.)

H. J. M., N. Y. Address it to the name of the paper, and it will be delivered.

Reader, N. Y. It is not imperative that a son should pay his father's debts. The individual sense of honor must guide in such cases. Speaking generally, we should say that where such a debt is practicable, it should be followed from motives of filial duty as well as justice.

Frank F. Barton, Oregon. We believe a man can serve God as faithfully, and derive as much spiritual benefit from the prayerful study of his Word while tending sheep on the mountains, as though he were living in a great city. Amos, the prophet, was "the herdsman of Tekoa."

J. McM., Detroit, Mich. The words "Jehovah Tsidkenu" mean "The Lord my righteousness." Authorship of hymn uncertain.

Bill, Brooklyn. 1. Cost of plant, rent, interest, and depreciation, have all got to be reckoned in making such a calculation. Even then, the workers' share might be larger than it is. 2. There seems to be no limit, legal or otherwise, to the profit that may be claimed under such circumstances.

Sunday School Teacher, Brooklyn, N. Y. and others. Your suggestion that we print the text of the Sunday School Lesson on the page of comments, we are obliged to decline. It would involve curtailing the exposition, which is already too short. Besides, it would encourage a habit not too common, of reading only the verses assigned instead of the entire passage connected with a lesson, which sometimes covers several chapters. The teacher should always read this in the Bible so as to make his lessons intelligible and show the sequence of them.

THE RED LETTER BIBLE

THIS EDITION of the Holy Scriptures is the Authorized Version, unchanged save for the variation of color in the type. Two colors (red and black) are employed, in accordance with the following simple plan:

I. In the New Testament, the words printed in red are those that are universally accepted as the utterances of our Lord and Saviour.

II. In the Old Testament, the passages in red are those that were quoted by Him, or that have direct relation to incidents to which He referred.

III. Red lettering in the Reference Column of the Old Testament directs the reader to some particular utterance of Christ, in which the corresponding quotation or allusion may be found.

IV. A RED star (★) immediately following a verse in the Old Testament, indicates that, in the concurrent opinion of scholars and theologians, the verse embodies a prophetic reference to Christ.

Here the actual words, quotations, references and allusions of Christ, not separated from their context, nor in a fragmentary or disconnected form, but in their own proper place, as an integral part of the Sacred Record, stand out vividly conspicuous in the distinction of color. The plan also possesses the advantage of showing how frequently and how extensively, on the authority of Christ himself, the authenticity of the Old Testament is confirmed, thus greatly facilitating comparison and verification, and enabling the student to trace the connection between the Old and the New, link by link, passage by passage. It sheds a new radiance upon the sacred pages, by which the reader is enabled to trace unerringly the scarlet thread of prophecy from Genesis to Malachi. Like the Star which led the Magi to Bethlehem, this light, shining through the entire Word, leads straight to the person of the Divine Messiah, as the fulfilment of the promise of all the ages.

The Red Letter Bible will be ready for distribution before the end of the present month. Published by

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, NEW YORK CITY

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, OCTOBER 9, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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ARRIVAL OF PRINCE CHUN AND SUITE AT BERLIN RAILWAY STATION

THE BODY-SERVANTS OF HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE CHUN

THE PRINCE PASSING THROUGH THE ORANGERIE AT THE PALACE

PRINCE CHUN'S MISSION OF EXPIATION

NEW international incidents arising out of the siege of Peking have attracted so much attention throughout the civilized world as the expiatory mission of Prince Chun (or Tschun) to the Emperor of Germany. During the early stages of the troubles in Peking, and immediately before the Legations were besieged and assaulted by the

xers and the riot-
s Chinese popu-
e, Baron Von
etteler, the Ger-
n Ambassador,
s brutally mur
ed in the streets
the city.

That crime start
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details were re-
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d to have been
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rmany, ran high
there was a loud
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Kaiser's domin-
s for vengeance.
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s of the young
mperor, Kuang-su,
s to communicate
the German Em
or his wish to
nd to the latter a
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ar the expression
China's great sor-
w, and tendering
h guarantees for
future as the Ger
n Emperor might
mand. Prince
un, the brother of
mperor Kuang Su,
s chosen as the
ssenger. After
ny delays, the
nce and suite ar-
ed at Hamburg
ly in September.
Then arose a ques-
n which, for a
e, was the subject
much discussion
Berlin. Such a
ssion as that of
nce Chun was unknown, in modern Europe at least. In
ental lands, the chief participant in a mission of this
aracter would be expected to abase himself, "kowtow-
g," knocking his forehead on the ground, and literally
owling like a despised worm, as he nears the royal
otstool. Emperor William knew that to subject Prince
un to so degrading an ordeal would serve no good
rpose; and besides that, it would make the Prince de-
sed in his own land. To the Prince's intense relief, the
mperor sent to him at Hamburg, a message to the effect
t the "kowtowing" would not be insisted upon.

In Prince Chun's *entourage* or suite, are included his barber, tailor, doctor, and private secretary, besides several high officials. On September 4, the party reached Potsdam, and rode in open carriages to the new palace. With the Prince sat Yin Tschang, the Chinese Ambassador to Germany. In four other carriages were the Chinese interpreters and Major von Luttwitz.

On reaching Muschel Hall, they were ushered into the Kaiser's presence. With the Emperor were Crown Prince Frederick, the other princes of the royal family, the members of the nobility, State Secretary, Ministers, Cabinet officials and military officials. The ceremony was simple, yet impressive. Prince Chun, escorted by Major-General von Hopfner, advanced, saluted the Emperor after the Chinese manner, with folded hands, and tendered him a manuscript written upon yellow silk. Then addressing the Emperor, he said in substance:

I have the honor of placing into your most kingly hands this most valuable document, in obedience to the wishes of my Imperial master. I was sent to Germany to express his Majesty's most heartfelt sympathy over the foul death of Baron von Ketteler. I am in a position to assure your Majesty that our Emperor has banished those people who brought such great trouble upon China and loss and sorrow upon Germany. The Emperor took upon himself the entire blame, and to me has fallen the task of declaring the innermost wish of His Majesty and of all the royal family, that your royal house may flourish, and that prosperity, health and good fortune may abide with you. The Emperor of China requests that the grievances you have suffered may be overlooked, and he hopes that after everything is explained, the Germans and the Chinese will understand each other better and will take better means of protecting each other's interests. This is also my own heartfelt wish

Emperor William replied with much dignity. He said, substantially:

Not a happy cause, nor the fulfilment of a polite act of courtesy has brought your Imperial Highness to me; but rather a sad and very serious occurrence. My minister at the court of the Emperor of China, Baron von Ketteler, was foully murdered with a deadly weapon, wielded by an imperial Chinese soldier in the capital of China, at high behest — an unheard-of crime, which violated and outraged all civilized customs and usages. From your Imperial Highness' mouth I have just now heard an expression of the sincerest and deepest regret of the Emperor of China, because of this occurrence; and I will gladly believe that your Imperial Highness' imperial brother personally was not a party to the violence against the embassies of foreign countries and peoples. The advisers of his government have, therefore, the greater guilt. These people must not imagine that they are receiving forgiveness for their crime through this expiatory visit, but rather will it depend upon their future behavior, in acting in accordance with civilized customs and usages whether they be forgiven. If the Emperor of China will hereafter strictly regulate his government in accordance with these usages, he will fulfil the hope that the sad results of the misunderstandings of the past year may be effaced, and that lasting peace and friendly relations may obtain between Germany and China again as heretofore.

As Prince Chun left the hall, his face was beaming with pleasure over the result of the audience.

PRINCE CHUN AND HIS SUITE

1. Maj.-Gen. Von Hopfner, Commander 3d East Asiatic (German) Infantry Brigade. 2. Secretary Wang Kuan. 3. Dr. George Mark (German), Secretary of Legation. 4. Liu Tso Kuei, Secretary. 5. Gen. Yin Tschang, the newly appointed Ambassador to Berlin. 6. Maj.-Gen. Richter, Commander 17th Infantry (German) Brigade. 7. His Imperial Highness Prince Chun. 8. Chih Ko, Interpreter. 9. Chang-Yin-Man, Vice-President of Minister al Council. 10. Liang Cheng (called Lu Chuntung), Secretary of Legation. 11. Attache. 12. Baron von Luttwitz, Major on General Staff.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

The Crystals

TEXT --- Job 28: 17:

"The crystal cannot equal it"

MANY of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text, compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal, and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming, in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Hartz mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the cave; it is the eardrop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declaring: "The crystal cannot equal it."

In the first place, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square or it is a rectangle or it is a rhomboid, or in some way it has a mathematical figure. Now, religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God is not an Anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Transparent Religion

Again, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it three thousand years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day—the crystal over the watch, defending its delicate machinery yet allowing us to see the hour—the crystal of the telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury! But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of his character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned." There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for vision. Lord, that our eyes might be opened! When the eyesalve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out: Sinai, the mountain of the law; Pisgah, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out: Hidekel, or the river of paradisaical beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrism; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces; and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible, after our eyes have been touched by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony, and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of his two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearse. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child, and why you lost your property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came, it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ." Many things you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation, but I tell you it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illumine and irradiate. Job was right. It is a glorious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Perfect in Symmetry

I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty. The lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer, and he sees in it indescribable exquisiteness—snowdrift and splinters of hoar-frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and constellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple-blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross and not enough about their crown. Do you know that the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-seven times, while it mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been cultivating an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of a half century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos and corals and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he will tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character it does not present him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of his nature, but makes that love in harmony with his justice—a love that will accept all those who come to him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland and enthrone and emparadise an immortal spirit Solomon says it is a lily, Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliaged cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz and the sapphire and the chrysoprasus—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Oh, it is not a stale religion, it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag, as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merrilies with shrivelled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all his wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the south wind; her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon and say it is a lily? Then pluck it and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slake the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your Lord and King while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's Word you acknowledge, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Wonderful by Transformation

Again, religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations. The diamond is only a crystallization. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octahedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons and our homes and our museums have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the Gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron, God, by his comforting grace, stoops and says: "They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels."

Now, I have no liking for those people who always enlarging in Christian meetings about their dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer-meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or did anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the Gospel will not be seen in this world, and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals. What a magnificent setting for these

Jewels of Eternity!

I sometimes hear people represent heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar heaven as they represent it, with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals. In one place he says: "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal." Three crystals! John says crystal atmosphere. That means health. Balm of eternal June. What weather after the world's east wind! No rack of storm clouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst tubercle. Crystal light on all the leaves. Crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the temples. Crystal light tossing in the plumes of the equestrians of heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal sea. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Potomac or the Hudson or the Rhine to spill it. Not one tear of human sorrow to embitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made. Crystal, to be spread over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal sea. That means multitudinously vast. Vast in rapture. Rapture vast as the sea, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never clouded and green with depths that were never fathomed. Arctics and Antarctics and Mediterranean and Atlantics and Pacifics in crystalline magnificence. Three crystals. Crystal light falling on a crystal sea. Crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

Effective Non-Resistance

"Oh," says some one, putting his hand over his eyes, "can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever come to those crystals?" Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have, whatever we have or have not, and we come here to get it. "How much must I pay for it?" you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystal in the mountain will change your heart which is harder than stone, for the promise is, "I will take away your stony heart and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want; God is to do everything and I am to do nothing." My brother, it is not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain and it comes to crystallization; but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal.

I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it. My friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. I will have to get rid of my sins and you will have to get rid of your sins. What will we do with our sins among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere would display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled with our touch. Transformation must take place now or no transformation at all. Give sin a chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder.

Britain's Future King and Queen Greeted by the Dominion...

CANADA'S ROYAL VISITORS

A Memorable Conclusion to a Tour Around the Globe

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

LORD STRATHCONA

THE EARL OF MINTO

WHILE our own land is for the time draped in the sable nblems of sorrow for our llen President, our neigh-ors in Canada—who have pressed the most cordial mpathy with us in our be-avement — are enjoying e exhilarating experience a royal visit. After well gh circling the globe, the uke and Duchess of ornwall and York are now gaged in visiting the incipal cities of the Do-inion, and are being feted id entertained by the rious municipalities in a yle of becoming magnifi-nce. Addresses, recep-ons, levees, illuminations, id various other forms of tertainment have kept the sitors exceedingly busy, id the hospitalities of the yal Canadians seem to inexhaustible. Not since 1860, when the Prince of Vales, a slender youth, set foot on Canadian soil, has ere been witnessed such a universal display of loyalty roughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

All Quebec turned out to welcome the distinguished sitors, who landed at that port from the royal steam cht *Ophir* on September 16. The Duchess was tall, aceful, dignified; the Duke, ruddy and bronzed, from s long sea voyage. Extensive arrangements had en made in advance, and Dominion and municipal mmittees were appointed to give suitable greeting. ,000 persons watched the brilliant procession from e landing-place. Addresses were delivered by the eutenant-Governor of Canada and the Mayor of uebec, to which the Duke made suitable reply. In e course of his remarks, he paid a glowing compli-ent to Canadian loyalty. State dinners, illuminations, ceptions and military parades marked the sojourn at uebec. Various points of interest were visited.

Their greeting at Montreal was no less enthusiastic. a pavilion erected near the station the Duke and uchess received the address of welcome. The gath-ing here was a most distinguished one, including e Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada, and dy Minto, Lord and Lady Strathcona, Sir Wilfrid aurier the Premier, and Lady Laurier, and many offi-al and military dignitaries. Fifty veterans of the outh African War received medals from the Duke's nd, and a delegation of Indians, in all the glory of ar paint and feathers, was presented. On receipt of e news of President McKinley's death, a great part of e festivities arranged by the ontreal authorities was abandoned, e royal visitors desiring to mark eir sympathy for the United States the great bereavement. Among her incidents of the Montreal sit were the conferring of the de-ee of LL.D. upon both the Duke id Duchess by McGill University, e formal opening of a new medi-l building, an inspection of the oyal Victoria Hospital, and the ception by the Duchess of an ad-ess from the National Council of omen.

At Ottawa, the Dominion Capi-l, the Duke and Duchess found a ost exuberant welcome. Ten thou-sand school children waving flags and singing the national hymn, were ranged along the walk from the railway depot to the Houses of Parliament. At the gate of that historic pile of buildings the Duke, in replying to a municipal address, made reference to the great progress made by the Dominion during the last forty years, since the visit of his father. He believed that the two races in Canada would continue more than ever to co-operate in building up the Dominion. The Duke is a good speaker, and his able and well-chosen remarks won him applause.

They passed a day among the lumbermen, made a trip on the "slides," and led a procession of Indian war canoes down the river to Rockcliffe, where a carnival of backwoods sports was held for their entertainment. Then followed a grand reception in the Senate Chamber.

According to the programme, the royal visitors will travel by rail and steamer over seven thousand miles on Dominion soil, stopping at each of the following places: Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgarry. Vancouver, Victoria, Toronto, Niagara, Kingston, Brockville, Sherbrooke, St. John and Halifax. On October 21 they will sail from Halifax for England. Since setting out upon their world-circling tour, the Duke and Duchess have visited almost every British possession on the globe. On March 16 last, they sailed from Portsmouth, England, on the steam yacht *Ophir*. They visited successively Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Aden, Kandy (in Ceylon), Singapore and Melbourne (Australia). At the latter port, on May 9 last, the Duke opened the first Parliament of the Southern Commonwealth in the Exhibition Building, before an audience of twelve thousand people. Sydney, Brisbane, New Zealand and Tasmania were next visited. then the tourists sailed for Mauritius, after which they steamed to Durban and Cape Town. From the latter port they sailed on August 23 for Canada.

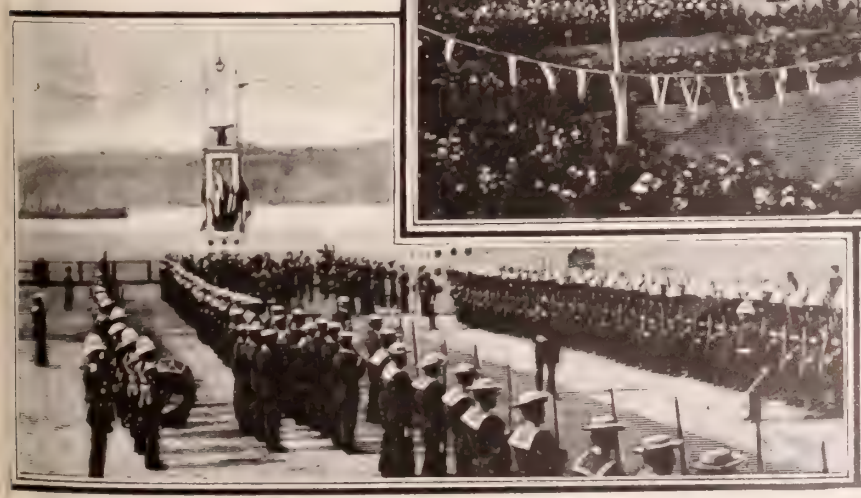
The Duke, everywhere, took occasion to thank the Canadian people for the help rendered to the Empire in the war in South Africa. It was evident that the loyal and enthusiastic service had made a deep impression on the royal mind, as was to be expected. The ties which bind the great Dominion to the mother country have been so loosened of late years in deference to the growth and development of the country, that the loyalty displayed, both in the brilliant service in the war, and in the welcome to the heir-apparent and his wife, is peculiarly acceptable. It is an emphatic answer to the pessimists who predicted that the concessions granted to the Dominion would lead to separation from the Empire. The people who thronged the streets cheering the royal couple, the decorations and illuminations of public buildings and private houses, as well as the speeches of the statesmen and public officials, all testified to enthusiastic loyalty to the crown and flag.

Everywhere the tact displayed by the royal pair has been conspicuous, and the interest they have taken in the development of the countries they have visited, shows that there is hearty appreciation of these colonial jewels in the British crown. In the course of nature, the Duke will one day be the wearer of that crown, and can have no better preparation for the duties and responsibilities it will bring, than such a visit as he is now paying to the outlying portions of the Empire of which he will be the ruler. He has visited Canada twice before, but then it was as a younger brother of the heir to the throne. Now he sees it in a different aspect and with new responsibility.

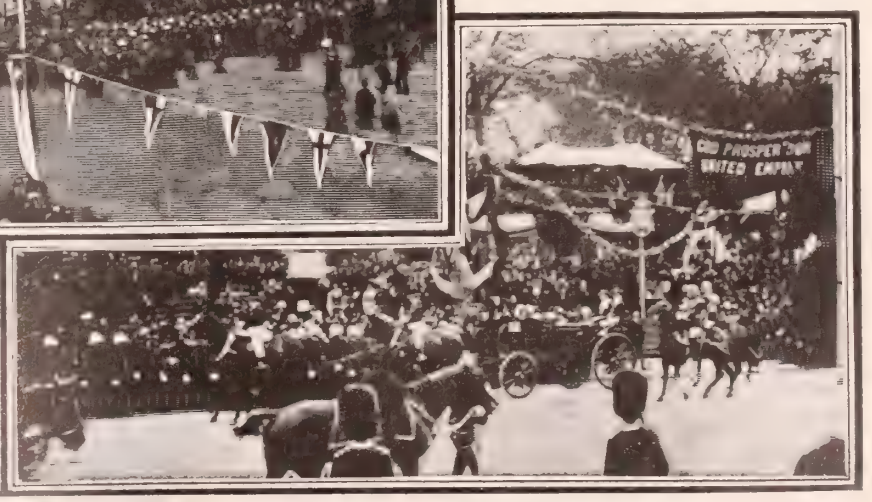
Forty-one years ago, in 1860, Albert Edward, then Prince of Wales, and now King of Great Britain, visited Canada, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm throughout the Dominion. His son, the Duke of Cornwall and York, who is now the guest of the Canadian Government, sees a land which has undergone great changes since his father's visit. In 1860 Canada's provinces were divided, much of its vast territory was but sparsely peopled, and there were in all not more than 2,000 miles of railways in operation. To-day the royal visitors find it a united and populous Dominion, in cordial union from sea to sea, rich in commerce and agriculture, with over 18,000 miles of railways, great ship canals and modern transportation facilities.

It is stated that on his return to England, the Duke will be invested with his father's former title of Prince of Wales. This is in accordance with the precedent set nearly 600 years ago by Edward III. with his son, the Black Prince.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS LEAVING QUEBEC, SEPT. 18



THE ROYAL PARTY LANDING AT KING'S WHARF, QUEBEC



THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN MONTREAL

INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL WHERE THE PRESIDENT WORSHIPS REV. JOHN M. SCHICK EXTERIOR OF GRACE REFORMED CHAPEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHURCH

By WALDON FAWCETT

OWING, possibly, to the multiplicity of interests with which President Theodore Roosevelt has been identified ever since his entrance into public life, the stanchness of his religious beliefs and his interest in church work have not been so widely known, perhaps, as in the case of some of the Chief Executives who preceded him. The fact remains, however, that the new Chief Magistrate is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and has throughout his career taken a very material interest in the welfare of the denomination.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

President Roosevelt has always made it a rule to attend divine service at least once on Sunday, where it was at all possible, but very frequently he has been denied the privilege of worshiping in a church of his own denomination. This was the case during the time he lived in Washington as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, and also during the interim of his service at the national capital as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Roosevelt made some inquiry, and being unable to learn of the existence of any Dutch Reformed Church in the city, attended from time to time various churches of the other denominations.

Immediately after his election to the Vice-Presidency, however, Mr. Roosevelt made arrangements to become a member of the congregation of Grace Reformed Chapel, at the corner of Fifteenth and O streets. This chapel is of the German Reformed denomination, but the tenets of the Dutch Reformed denomination, of which the President is a member, are so nearly identical with those of the German Reformed sect as to make either entirely acceptable to a member of the other denomination. President Roosevelt has stated that he would gladly have worshiped at Grace Reformed Chapel during his earlier residence at Washington had he known of its existence, but ascertaining that there was no Dutch Reformed Church in the city, it did not occur to him to make inquiry regarding a branch of the sister denomination. The church of which he will henceforth be a member, was brought to his attention in rather an interesting manner. Immediately after the election of McKinley and Roosevelt, Rev. John M. Schick, the pastor of Grace Reformed Chapel, wrote a congratulatory letter to each of the successful candidates, and, in closing, casually invited Mr. Roosevelt to worship with his congregation. Almost immediately he received a note, in which the Vice-President expressed his pleasure to learn of the existence of a church of his faith in Washington, and accepted the invitation to become a member of the congregation. Accordingly, on the Sunday after the Inauguration last March, the Vice-President and his family attended service at the chapel. Since his accession to the Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt has again indicated that he would make the chapel his spiritual home while in Washington.

Grace Reformed Chapel is one of the least pretentious churches in the city. The edifice is of brick, and has seating capacity for but 150 persons, being much smaller than old St. John's Church in Washington, where almost all of the early Presidents worshiped. The President's pew is the fourth from the front on the right of the centre or main tier—relatively the same position occupied by President McKinley in the church which he attended during his occupancy of the White House. The Roosevelt pew is indicated in the accompanying picture by a palm-leaf fan placed in an upright position.

Dr. Schick, the pastor, is a scholarly man, fifty-three years of age, and assumed his present pastorate in February of last year. He is a native of Virginia, hav been born in Richmond, but his collegiate and theol cal education was obtained in Pennsylvania. He ser as pastor of several different churches in Pennsylva and Ohio before coming to Washington. Dr. Sch is a pleasing and rather eloquent speaker, whose courses give evidence of thought and careful prep tion. His address at the memorial services for the President McKinley, held at his church, attracted c siderable attention by reason of the beauty of sentiments presented.

Almost from the time that he took up his pres duties, it has been Dr. Schick's ambition to enlarge present church building or to erect a new and lar edifice, but when clergymen and others who knew his longing in this direction, have written lately, expr ing the opinion that by reason of the increased num of persons who will wish to attend the church, would be an opportune time to further the project, pastor has only replied that he could not take advant of the death of President McKinley, whom he admi very much, to build up the church, and that the ma will have to take its regular course.

At the same time, the pastor holds to his original termination to provide a new building as soon as way is opened, and there is hope that the corner-st may be laid next May, when the denomination holds annual meeting in Baltimore. Many of the memb may be induced to come to Washington for the oc sion. The plan is to erect a one-story structure co ing a ground space fifty by one hundred feet in s and which would have a seating capacity of at least hundred persons. The estimated cost of the build is $30,000.

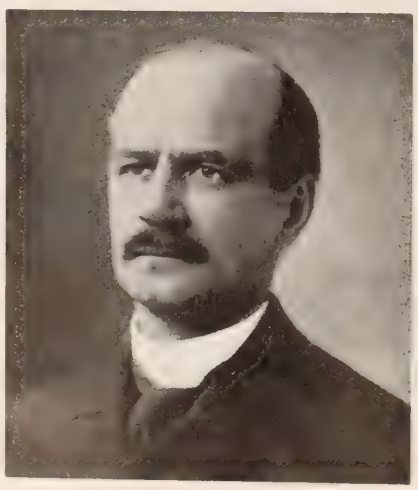
President Roosevelt has always been an advocate strict Sunday observance. On one occasion, when was a guest at a ranch in the far West, some per proposed a hunting expedition on Sunday. The fut President politely but firmly refused, and when one of men present, evidently mistaking his motive, sought assure him that the circumstance would never get the ears of the public, he remarked, dryly: "My d fellow, I find that the best way to keep out of trouble not to do anything that could make trouble. Then y do not need to tell any lies."

AN EMINENT PREACHER GONE

Sudden Death of Dr. George T. Purves, Pastor of the Fi Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York

CHRISTIAN people of all denominations will sympathize with the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York in the bereavement it has suffered. The blow is all the more severe because it was so unexpected. Dr. Purves was apparently in his usual health, but was really feeling unwell, but not so seriously as to cause alarm to himself or his family. It was, however, deemed prudent to consult his physicians. Two of them called on the evening of September 24, and while they were examining him the pastor complained of a pain at the heart. Attention was given to it at once, but it grew worse, and he shortly expired.

Dr. Purves was in the prime of life. He was born in Philadelphia in 1852. He studied at Princeton, and was licensed to preach in 1876. His first charge was at Wayne. Pa. Subsequently he settled at Baltimore, Md., and afterwards became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg. In 1892 his own university invited him to occupy the chair of Church History. Dr. Purves declined, but was ultimately induced to accept the chair of New Testament Exegesis, combining with it the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church. It was only last year that, at the urgent solicitation of the Fifth Avenue Church in New York, he consented to become the successor of the lamented Dr. John Hall. His pastorate, though so short, has been wonderfully successful.



THE LATE DR. GEORGE T. PURVES

He retained the deep interest in young men which h characterized his work at Princeton, and at the time of death was preparing a course of lectures which were to ha been delivered at Harvard at its next term.

Dr. Purves was a prominent speaker at the Ecumeni Missionary Conference last year. Never did his criti acumen and philosophic spirit appear more impressively th in the paper he read on, The course the defence of Christian should take, in view of the development of missions in heath lands. He showed, with wonderful power, how Christian embraces every good element that is found in other religio while proving by its incomparable superiority its divine orig

One of Dr. Purves' latest pulpit utterances was his serm on the late President. In view of his own death, there is n a sad pathos in the following words he then used: "Strick down while in perfect health, called upon to give up all t great opportunities before him without a sigh, and then to down with unfaltering faith in God, in Christ, and in heave that is the spectacle which our honored Executive has given his country and to the world. As he said, not our will, b God's will, be done. Passing away without a tremor, exhibited a sublime Christian faith, a faith which was h own, and in which, as I believe, he truly was a true represe ative of the American people."

Aunt Jean

"Not to be ministered unto but to minister"

BY Edith Ferguson Black.

ONVALESCENCE at last. A beautiful girl lay back on her pillows and looking pleadingly in the face of the nurse who bent over her, said: "How I wish you did really belong to us."

"Why, sweetheart?" the question ended a rare, swift caress.

"Because then we should have a right keep you, and could treat your argu- ents of humanity's need and all the dra heads of that tiresome old 'Duty' th contempt."

"Peace, my child! Remember what hillips Brooks tells us: 'Do not pray for sy lives. Pray to be stronger! Do not ay for tasks to be equal to your powers. ray for powers equal to your tasks.' ow take these drops and let me read u to sleep." The deft fingers lifted to r lips the potion they had been mixing ile she talked, and then arranged the tient luxuriously among her cushions. e girl looked up at her beseech- gly with tender eyes.

"Aunt Jean, I love you!"

"But do not need me. Peace, tle heart."

"But, dearest, we could make you ppy—"

She laid soft fingers on the pouting outh, while her heart telegraphed eyes and lips swift messages of in. The fire snapped softly from e polished andirons, the sun ssed farewell kisses through the ench windows, which fell lov- gly upon cream draperies and ade brilliant rainbows on the lvet carpet. Fine paintings, amed in golden leaves, hung on e richly papered walls: the world's st thought in crimson and cloth gold looked down on her from assively carven shelves, the warm eath of flowers exhaled from tique vases, bits of rare china re and there, fancy chairs with reless foldings of lace, and the xurious couch with its dainty five clock and no less dainty oc- pant, into whose cheeks the sh of health was creeping, and o had grown so strangely dear. Then the room which was her litary resting place when off duty bare from infrequent occupancy, ill with a sense of its own desola- on, and making no attempt to medy its gloom, against whose ndows the rain pattered and the nd howled, and over whose door e raven memory of "What might ve been" croaked its dismal dirge "Nevermore!"

She stood with clasped hands in e quick falling January twilight, e firelight glinted on her soft gray dress d lit up her wondrous crown of silver ir, until the brown eyes and mobile outh grew strangely still, then she lifted r face to heaven, "Life is—to do the ll of God!"

. . .

Aunt Jean went to the office of a well- own physician and said simply: "I ve come to report if you want me, Dr. olinstein. Is there anything for me to ?"

"Oh, Miss Ritter! How more than glad am!" and the overworked doctor led e way into his private sanctum and osed the door. "There is always work r you, as you know by experience, but is is a special case, and I have been at y wits' end to find someone I could trust with. It is a complication, first cause phtheria consequent upon measles. I ink I could bring the little chap through I had anyone to depend on, but all the st nurses are engaged, and he needs nstant attention."

"I am ready to go at once."

"Capital! My buggy is at the door, ll you come?"

The Doctor stopped at a house in one the unfashionable quarters and pre- ded Jean upstairs through sickening mes of disinfectants, while the house was shrouded in the gloom of approach- ing death.

"How are you now, Bobby? See what I've brought you—someone to make you well." The Doctor kept up a running fire of directions as he prepared his instru- ments. "Do exactly as you see me do, three times through the night. The trouble is I am called out of town until to-morrow. Poor little chap, I'm afraid it's an 'all up' case. Feed the milk freely with this iron and quinine mixed with it, as much of the beef tea as he'll swallow—there! I shall lose my train!" The Doctor hurried away, and Jean, tak- ing up the little sufferer, held him in skilful arms, while the worn-out mother, for the first time in weeks, fell asleep with a smile.

. . .

"What spell do you exercise over your patients?" said Dr. Holinstein, as, after weary weeks of nursing, he stood with Jean beside the little convalescent. "Here's Bobby thinks you an angel (and good cause he has for it too), and not one in the house but would go down on their knees to serve you."

"They overestimate me, Doctor, just as you do. Where shall I go next?"

The Doctor turned admiring eyes upon her. "Do you mean to go on guard again at once? My child, you must have rest."

"The world has need of workers, not of drones. I need to work, and prithee give it me." She dropped him a low courtesy and looked up at him with spark- ling eyes. "Do I strike you as one whose system is run down?"

"Hercules cannot stand everything. Go out of town for the summer and next winter I will promise you all the work you want."

"I cannot!" and her hands closed con- vulsively on the dainty note received that morning from Muriel Hazelton, imploring her to spend the summer in her lovely home; "this summer specially," the note ran on, "for uncle Guy is coming from the West." "I cannot! I must have work. Give me something that will keep me busy all the time."

Their eyes met, and her expressive mouth broke into a sad and wistful smile.

"Forgive me, Doctor, if I seem morbidly headstrong, but we diagnose our own con- stitutions best sometimes, who lack the 'sheepskin'. Physical rest has always been a second thought with me."

He bowed. "Do you feel equal to a troublesome case?"

"They suit me best."

"Bravo! my Florence Nightingale; then I will give you one to-morrow which I promise will leave but little space for either time or thought."

The Doctor's promise was fulfilled. It was a trying case, as bad as even Aunt Jean could wish. But after some days and nights Aunt Jean's triumph, as usual, was achieved. Her patient lay watching her intently one day, and at last abruply asked: "What made your hair so white?"

"Partly old age."

"Fiddlesticks! Don't you know you are beautiful? As I lie here and watch you, with your peaceful face and lovely, tender mouth, I begin to question some of my pet theories—"

"Then you must not lie there any longer," said Jean, as she arranged the fire, "you shall get up to-morrow."

"Impossible!" and the sunken eyes flashed dangerously. "Don't you know I am '*invalide pour toujours*'? Intend to pose as a second Simon Stylites with- out his pillar. 'So sad it is to see, a fair young life thus wrecked, and hopelessly.'" and a hollow laugh rang pitifully through the elegant chamber

"Then I shall leave at once. I never stay if my patients will not try to im- prove."

"Bravissimo! I do enjoy your pluck; but, since I cannot spare you, you must stay, if at quadruple your salary."

Jean snapped her fingers contempt- uously. "A fig for your silver and gold! So you, too, think it omnipotent. Why, the patient I did the most for never paid me at all, but with pain."

"What a multiform little monster that is! Always cropping up where least ex- pected—even with you, you demure piece of righteousness. Why is no power strong enough to cast it out?"

"Where would you find its disciplinary substitute? Unbeaten gold is not attrac- tive."

"AUNT JEAN, I LOVE YOU," SAID THE GIRL

Helen Davis tossed wearily among her pillows—"No one elects to be ham- mered."

"Probably the grain upon Araunah's threshing floor disliked the 'tribulum,' but it made a way of escape for the wheat."

"Bah! It makes me feel like Tenny- son's 'Despair.' Do you remember?" In an exquisitely modulated voice she re- peated the lines with passionate emphasis:

"O, we poor orphans of nothing,
Alone on that lonely shore
Born of the brainless nature
Who knew not what she bore!
Trusting no longer that earthly
Flower would be heavenly fruit;
Come from the brute, poor souls—
No souls—and to die with the brute."

and Jean, lifting her brave face toward the sky, responded:

"We feel we are nothing—for all
Is Thou, and in Thee
We feel we are something—
That also has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing,
But Thou wilt help us to be."

Then she answered a knock on the door, and took from the servant a silver salver, on which was a quaint dish of finest porcelain filled with dewy rosebuds on a dainty bed of maiden-hair, and laid it beside her patient.

"Are you not wilfully shutting out the light and choosing you, a darksome dwelling-place where bats do congregate'?"

The only answer was an imperi- ous wave of the thin hand, and the delicate porcelain lay shattered on the floor.

"My dear, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"How dared you say that to me?"

"Because it is true."

The invalid flung her thin arms about Jean's neck. "You are the only one with strength of mind enough to tell me I am a fool!"

The weeks fled, and still Jean worked and prayed unceasingly over her despotically peculiar pa- tient, who spent the days now on a low couch; even Jean had ceased to hope for anything more.

Very soft was her voice as she followed her nurse in the Psalms for the day. Then she continued, as she toyed with Jean's silvery crown:

"My dear, I have a confession and a prayer this morning. I won- der if you will grant it?"

"Confess to God, dear heart."

"I have and do. But it is only fair to tell you I am conquered. You don't know how I have been testing you all those weeks. I have tempted you with gold, and failed. You are imper- vious alike to wealth and flattery. For years I have wilfully blinded my eyes to the possibility of anything good in this dreary world, but your grand faithfulness has made me hide my miserable cynical head in the dust and cry 'Peccavi.' Now, dear, will you stay with me to the end? It will not be far off!"

For all answer, Jean folded her close, and time passed unheeded in the stillness.

"Some time before I go, I want you to tell me your life story. What makes me think you have one? How can I help it? Peace like yours is seldom gained without 'much tribulation,' and, believe me, I do not ask through idle curiosity."

. . .

Jean threw herself wearily on a couch in her little sitting room. All day there had been snow and rain, now an icy wind froze the drops and tossed them with stinging force into the faces of pedes- trians; near by some children were busy practising a Christmas Carol, while now and then she could hear the cry of the newsboys as they shivered on their rounds. What a contrast it was to the day they had laid Helen Davis to rest among the flowers!

(To be continued)

THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

From 1789 to 1901

MRS. JOHN ADAMS MRS. MARTHA RANDOLPH THE WHITE HOUSE AS IT USED TO BE MRS. JAMES MADISON MRS. JAMES MONROE

CLAD in deep mourning, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt entered the Executive Mansion, September 26, under sadder circumstances than have ever marked the installation of a "Lady of the White House"—although no one forgets how profoundly sorrowful were the times which called for Mrs. Lincoln's successor, nor of how the people grieved when Garfield died. With public buildings everywhere swathed in black, flags all over the Union flying at half-mast, a whole nation bowed in woe, herself as its representative wearing garments of grief, our "First Lady" needed some marks of cheer to greet her entrance into her new home; and one is glad to know that these were not lacking. Her husband met her at the door and led her to the dining-room, where a cozy luncheon was ready. With her came two of the children, Ethel and Kermit, and her housekeeper and her maid from Oyster Bay; so there was much to make her feel at home in her new abode.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

MRS. JULIA G. TYLER

A number of changes are under way in the mansion. The big, canopied bedsteads have been relegated to the attic, and pretty white bedsteads have been placed in the rooms on the south side of the building, which will be occupied by the Roosevelt children. Much furniture from the home at Oyster Bay has been brought to the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt, it is said, will look personally after the ways of her household, superintending her own marketing, and giving much time to the education of her children. Her first instructions to Secretary Cortelyou were for announcement to be made to ladies in official and social circles that, out of respect to the memory of the late President, no calls formal or informal would be expected until after Oct. 15.

There are six children in the Roosevelt family. Alice, Theodore, Kermit, Ethel, Archibald and Quentin. Alice, who is seventeen, is the daughter of Mr. Roosevelt's first wife. The household has always been a very happy one. At Oyster Bay and in the Governor's Mansion at Albany, Mrs. Roosevelt has sought to preserve the simplicity and privacy of the typical, democratic American home. Father and mother were comrades for their children; the little folks were jolly as jolly could be; guests were welcomed with hearty hospitality. Appointments of the

MARTHA WASHINGTON

house were daintiness and comfort combined. Elaborate entertainments and "swell" dinners with gorgeous decorations were not chronicled of the Roosevelts. They are not rich, and they lived well within their means.

At Oyster Bay, Mrs. Roosevelt was fond of going about in a walking-skirt, and playing with her children. She is brown-eyed, brown-haired and rosy. It is a cause of congratulation to all Americans that the beautiful home-life of the McKinley's will be followed by that of another pair of wedded lovers, whose devotion to each other has made marriage the blessed relation it should ever be. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt are the youngest couple who ever entered the White House; and with their troop of happy children they will doubtless make a merry place of the historic dwelling.

MRS. ABRAM VAN BUREN

MRS. ROBERT TYLER

Although, including Mr. Roosevelt, only twenty-six men have been vested with the position of Chief Executive of the United States, not less than thirty ladies have reigned as "Mistress of the White House." They appear on the roll of honor in this order: Mrs. Washington, Mrs. John Adams, Mrs. Martha Jefferson Randolph (daughter of Thomas Jefferson), Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Mrs. Donelson (niece of General Jackson), Mrs. Abram Van Buren (President Van Buren's daughter-in-law), Mrs. Jane F. Harrison (General Harrison's daughter-in-law), Mrs. John Tyler (President Tyler's first wife), Mrs. Robert Tyler (his daughter-in-law), Mrs. Semple (his daughter), Mrs. John Tyler (his second wife), Mrs. James K. Polk, Mrs. Bliss (Betty Taylor—Zachary Taylor's favorite daughter), Mrs. Millard Fillmore, Miss Abigail Fillmore, Mrs. Franklin Pierce, Miss Harriet Lane (James Buchanan's niece), Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Martha Patterson (Andrew Johnson's daughter), Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, Mrs. James A. Garfield, Mrs. McElroy (President Arthur's sister), Miss Rose Cleveland, Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee (Benjamin Harrison's daughter), Mrs. William McKinley and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

Four of our Presidents were widowers—Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren and Chester A. Arthur.

MRS. JULIA GARDINER TYLER MRS. JAMES K. POLK MRS. MILLARD FILLMORE

MISTRESSES OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

IRS. FRANKLIN PIERCE HARRIET LANE THE WHITE HOUSE OF TO-DAY MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON

Martha Jefferson Randolph, "the sweetest woman in rginia," was so fragile and so fond of the quiet of her n home in Albemarle, that she did not use to the fullest her opportunities of reigning in Washington during Jefferson's administration; and Mrs. Madison often supplied her place as her father's hostess. The first child born in the White House was Martha's son, James Madison Randolph. Mrs. Donelson, whom President Jackson always addressed as "My daughter," was the wife of his protege and confidential adviser, Major Andrew J. Donelson. "Lovely Em ily," as she was called, contributed much "to render General Jackson's term such a brilliant epoch in American history." Four children were born to her in the White House. As they grew up around the President, he entered into their games and plays; and some of the prettiest pictures ever presented in the White House were those of the aged hero surrounded by these merry little ones. Such scenes were duplicated sixty years later, when Benjamin Harrison became President and the little McKees ruled in their stead.

MARTHA PATTERSON

S. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

Four brides have become mistresses of the nsion—Mrs. Abram Van Buren, Mrs. John Tyler, rs. Bliss, and Mrs. Cleveland, yet only one President s been married in the hite House; that was en sweet Frances Fol- n pronounced her ws. The country was cited forty years be- e, when President Ty- married Miss Gar- ner in the Church of the scension, New York, d brought her straight Washington, where ere was a grand recep- n. This was the first esidential wedding in r history. The first rs. Tyler was an in- id, but her feebleness d not stand in the way great usefulness, and e was much beloved as e friend of the poor.

She was unable to nd the strain of fash- nable social duties, so r son's wife, Mrs. Rob- Tyler, was official irst Lady"; her daugh , Mrs. Semple, reliev- g young Mrs. Tyler nen possible. Mrs. Rob- Tyler wrote to her sis- s in the North of her mother-in-law's room: "It is a most quiet and comfortable retreat with an air of repose and sanctity about it: for here, mother, with a smile of welcome on her sweet, calm face, is always found seated in her large armchair,

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

with a small stand by her side, which holds her Bible and prayer-book, with her knitting usually in her hands, always ready to sympathize with me in any little homesickness which may disturb me, and to ask me questions about all you dear ones, because she knows I want to talk about you."

"The Executive Mansion was a place of much more than usual attraction," reads a paper in President Van Buren's day, "in consequence of the appearance there of the bride of the President's son, who was greatly admired." Another bride, "Miss Betty," as Zachary Taylor's daughter, Mrs. Bliss, was called, was warmly received. Mrs. Taylor would not appear at official functions, so "Miss Betty" was perforce "First Lady." But not for long! In little more than a year after his inauguration, the White House was draped in mourning for the second Chief to lie dead within its walls. The first President for whom the bells of Washington tolled, a month after he took the oath of office, was the "Hero of Tippecanoe." Mrs. Harrison was then making ready to come to him. Both Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Harrison felt that care and responsibility killed their husbands. Twice has the White House stood swathed in black, while its mistress lay dead within. First, when Mrs. Tyler died; next, when Mrs. Benjamin Harrison "fell asleep in Christ." Mrs. Filmore died at Willard's Hotel. Her daughter, Miss Abigail Filmore, even during her fragile mother's lifetime, had begun to bear the burdens and wear the honors of "First Lady." To Mrs. Filmore, the Executive Mansion owes its first library. The place was almost devoid of books when she went there; influenced by her, Mr. Filmore asked Congress for the necessary appropriation and forthwith a big, pleasant room was furnished with good books, and here Mrs. Filmore surrounded herself with her little home comforts, and Abigail brought her harp, piano, and guitar. Mrs. Franklin Pierce, although an invalid, bore up bravely under the fatigues of her position. She was very pious, and her scruples in regard to keeping the Sabbath, had an influence upon public life. "Each Sunday morning," we are told, by her historian, "of her four

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 857

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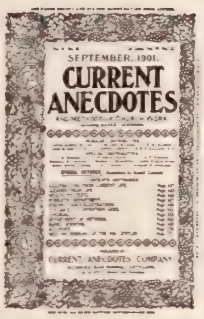

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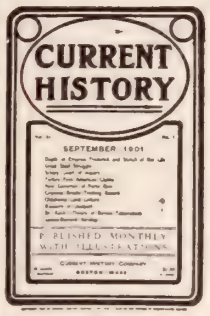

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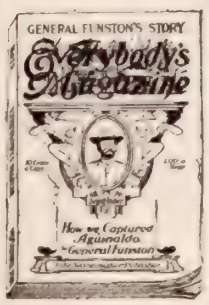

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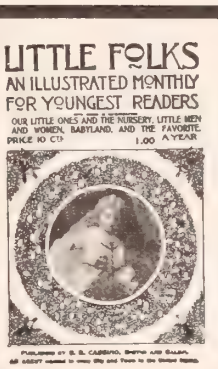

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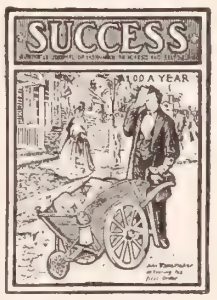

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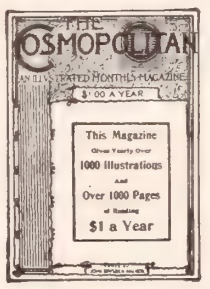

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Delivery of the Art Portfolios will begin November 10th, a they will be sent out in the exact order of the subscriptions eived. Under no circumstances will these Art Portfolios be sold for cash, nor will two sets be sent to any one subscriber. It is necessary to enforce this rule, in order that uniform treatment may be accorded to all.

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Denominational Union

THE spirit of combination is in the air. Enormous combinations of capital have taken place. The great trusts are a fact, for good or evil. Antedating them, are the great labor unions, the power of which has made itself felt in all manufacturing communities. But the spirit has not stopped there. It is leavening the churches. At the recent Pan-Methodist Conference in London, a resolution was passed, expressing the confident anticipation that the numerous branches of the Methodist family will see that it is the Divine will to effect an organic union.

Already the Methodist Churches of Australia have united, and now comes the news that in the same land the Presbyterian Churches have found a basis of union. At a great meeting held in Sydney, the moderators of the various General Assemblies met on the same platform and signed a deed of union amid the utmost enthusiasm. Nor did the movement end there. An influential committee was appointed "to devise a scheme for the federation of as many as possible of the Protestant Churches of Australia, with power to confer with the representatives of other Churches, so as to promote closer fellowship and organized co-operation, with a view to the ultimate formation of one grand Church of Australia."

The Australians are evidently a progressive people. They gave us the system of balloting now used in our political elections, and it may be that they are yet to give us the grand religious platform, on which the denominations which are preaching the same Gospel may come together in one strong united church. In any case, the movement will be watched with intense interest and with the best wishes for its success. That there are formidable difficulties in the way must be admitted; but there are none in which principle is vitally affected, and with as strong a disposition to mutual concession as has been manifested, there is ground for hope.

If success is achieved in Australia, the movement will surely spread to other lands. We may even now be witnessing the dawn of that glorious day when our Lord's prayer shall be fulfilled, "That they all may be one, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

• • •

One Lesson from the Tragedy

AFTER a brief but dignified trial, during which all the formalities of the law were complied with, Leon Czolgosz, the Anarchist, has been convicted of the murder of President McKinley, and condemned to expiate his crime in the electric chair. Two of the ablest counsel in New York State, men of long experience on the judicial bench, were appointed to conduct his defense. They undertook the ungracious task with natural reluctance; yet nothing was left undone that could be done, honorably and legally, in the prisoner's behalf. The rights of the accused, as well as those of the people, were carefully guarded, and the wheels of justice moved smoothly and without friction. At no time was the trial sensational; although his act had robbed the nation of its best-loved and most honored citizen, the assassin received the same considerate judicial treatment that would have been accorded the most ordinary criminal. It was a spectacle for the whole world to witness this trial, in which passion, or prejudice, or the desire for vengeance were not permitted for a single instant to impede the even and dignified course of justice.

Czolgosz and his hideous crime will leave for the nation a lesson that should not be neglected. In our churches, our schools, our newspapers and everywhere, the truth should be emphasized that idleness leads to vice and crime; that lawlesss antagonism to constituted authority is the parent of treason and the blackest dishonor; and that when a man abandons control of his desires and passions, he is instantly headed for savageism and every conceivable infamy. It is a significant fact which came out during the investigation of the case, that Czolgosz, nominally a Catholic, is really an infidel. It is almost invariably the case that the disciples of disorder are atheists or infidels. From denying God's authority in the universe, it is an easy step to repudiate all human authority on earth. Infidel and anarchic ideas are imbibed together at the same source. Woe be to the young man or woman who is trained in that diabolic school! It were better they had never been born.

Sound moral training is the surest pledge of good citizenship. No one who contemns divine authority can respect human laws. An impious man is reasonably to be regarded as a "suspicious person," since his impiety is of itself an avowal that he sets authority at defiance, and that the lives, property and reputations of others are unsafe at his hands. He sees with oblique and distorted vision. To him, everything in the social order is wrong and should be uprooted. He regards labor as a curse, and the laborer a slave in the yoke of the oppressor. To his jaundiced imagination, those conditions he does not approve assume the form of gigantic evils; and as he believes in neither law nor authority, he preaches redress by violence.

Czolgosz is a type of this dangerous class—the product of ignorance, impiety, and fanaticism. It is a transplantation from foreign soil, and is in no sense an American product. It has been called "the army of discontent," but it is more than probable that the failures of the discontented would have all been transformed into successes, had they worked as hard as they grumbled. Idle, aimless, without moral helm or compass, they drift about, the associates of disturbers and lawbreakers. Into their hearts, already embittered, are poured satanic suggestions, which take root and flourish there, until, like the fabled upas tree, they overshadow and poison the whole life. Such depraved natures are ripe for iniquity. They become the implacable enemies of society and the State, and their existence is a menace to the entire community.

Legislative action may restrain, but cannot eradicate this evil. Congress may shut the gate against disturbers from abroad, but our schools, our churches and our presses must undertake the larger and far more important work at home, of protecting the youth of our land from this taint by educating them to a higher and purer patriotism. Our children must be taught that which far outweighs in value all their other studies—the difference between right and wrong. If we would influence a nation's destinies, we must begin with the children. They must be taught to have faith in an overruling Providence and to recognize God's hand at the helm. They must be stimulated to a deeper love of our great Republic and a right comprehension of its principles and institutions. Loyalty to the Republic must be inculcated as a cardinal virtue, and with it, obedience to its laws, and respect for those whom the Republic has entrusted with authority. To thus raise the standard of Christian citizenship all over the land is the task of the immediate future.

• • •

Better Schools

GOD speed all reformatory movements, school reform included. Let us rejoice at the advance already made. Compare the qualification of teachers now with those who presided over our schoolboy days. It is a wonder that we know anything. We were gadded, and boxed and pulled by the ears, and stood in the corner on one foot, and kept in after school, and given extra lessons to learn. Some of the teachers no doubt were well qualified, but others, I remember, were cross and petulant and impatient and revengeful, and ignorant and boorish. I remember my old teacher used to open the school with prayer, putting one foot over on the chair, and his elbow on his knee, and his hands over his eyes, but his fingers wide open apart to see what went on, and seemed more anxious to note the effect of his prayer in the schoolroom than the effect of his prayer in heaven. Then the schoolhouse was unshaded in summer weather, and was caught between the loose clapboards in the wintry blast. We all drank out of one tin cup, and sat on benches without backs. I have not one pleasant memory of all my school-days except that which is connected with the recess and vacation.

Let us rejoice that the educational opportunities of to-day are so far in advance of what they were in our childhood. Still, the largest room in the world is the room for improvement, and we owe the grand men and women who preside as teachers in our schools better apartments in which to train and develop the young. Children are sometimes thought to be dull when t are only asphyxiated. An over-crowded schoolroo a warm invitation to scarlet fever and measles diphtheria. Money put in schoolhouses is mo saved from penitentiaries. The best way to lesson taxes is to pay more money for the intelligence of people. There is a style of economy which is worst extravagance. Good schools tend toward em almshouses. Knowledge lifts. Ignorance depres It is no rare thing to find educated scoundrelism, to the vast majority of the criminal classes, the writ of their own names is a difficult enterprise. W society knows more it will behave better. The ne paper column which discusses the school ques should be read through by every citizen, patriot Christian.

• • •

Whirlpool of Politics

BLESSED is the man who expects no political ferment. No life on earth is so full of pertu tion as the politician's life. More changeable than wind are the prospects of such an one. Better ge industrious occupation or trade and stick to it. most illustrious politicians that this country ever s all died of broken hearts—Clay, Webster, Calho Benton, William H. Seward.

The vast majority of successful men in politics accidents. The great lighthouses of American sta manship merely show others the way into the harb while they themselves get no nearer the wharf t Barnegat. Yet how many men doing well in other cupations are hankering after politics as a trade. T gradually absent themselves from their law office successful practice, and from the storehouse of pro ble traffic, and give themselves up to wire-pulling caucuses and lounging around political headquart pick up a few crumbs of political reward, and d into dissipation, and a life that ought to have b grandly rounded ends a dead failure. While we m have the ship of State manned with a skilful crew, with those who have integrity and strength to b the stress, our advice to most people is, keep out politics.

• • •

The Blessing in India

FROM many quarters, evidence has come of rich spiritual blessing that has followed as result of the beneficient, life-saving work done in In during the great famine. The latest testimony to value of the relief work, not merely as a means of s coring the perishing ones, but, under Divine provide of touching the hearts of a vast population, co from the pen of Bishop Warne, of the M. E. Chu The reverend bishop's letter is as follows:

CALCUTTA, INDIA, Aug. 29, 190

My Dear Dr. Klopsch: The amount of good have done in India is beyond all praise, and m thousands will rise up to call you blessed. I bapti when in Gujerat, over 1,300 people, the majority whom were persons who had been rescued by y Fund during the famine, and the whole populatio favorably disposed toward Christianity because of way the Christians came forward to relieve them their distresses during the famine. We will soon h *twenty thousand Christians in Gujerat*, and we much to you, and trust you will be equally blesse your work for China. God bless you abundantly!

Very affectionately yours, FRANK W. WARNE

This glad message comes to every reader of T CHRISTIAN HERALD who has had a share in the w of rescue in India, and to all who have helped Famine Fund in any measure. "Twenty thous Christians in Gujerat," is a glorious Gospel triumph which should inspire God's children everywhere w still greater zeal for service. Surely the bread t cast upon the waters, in those times of darkness death in India, has been found after many days.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requ for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also u those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are pri in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy S for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's pe

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Assassin Condemned

ONLY one end to the trial of Czolgosz was possible, after his sanity was clearly proved. In fact, he pleaded guilty, though the plea was not accepted. It was important that the forms of law should be observed, especially in the case of a man whose controlling principle was opposition to all law. He was, therefore, arraigned like other criminals, in the ordinary cot, and all the rights and privileges of prisoners on tri were accorded to him. Justice Truman C. White, of he Supreme Court, who presided, assigned as his co sel ex-Justice Loran L. Lewis, and ex-Justice Rober C. Titus, in order that anything that could be advanced in the prisoner's defense, or anything that could be ged in mitigation of punishment might be presented wi ability and force. There was, however, no plea pcible, and after the case had been formally proved th ury returned the only verdict that could be rendered. Tl prisoner maintained an impassive demeanor th ughout the trial, and made no attempt, such as was ma by Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield, to justify hi act. He insisted, when brought up for sentence, th he had no accomplices, that he alone was responsib, and that no one paid him or lured him to commithe horrible crime, and that until two days before co mitting it he had not thought of murder. Having hed the statement, Justice White sentenced the prison to die by electrocution, at some time during the we beginning October 28. It is stated that since his se ence, Czolgosz has expressed penitence and sincere rest for what he did. His removal to Auburn, where th xecution will take place, wa followed by a complete co pse. He appeared to reali, on his arrival, the doom tht awaited him. His str gth of body and mind desed him and he had to be cared to his cell, where he cod be heard howling and sh king in abject terror. It is bity that the speakers and wr rs who could arouse so we a creature to do so wied a deed, cannot be punish for the crime that was md theirs than his. Though su people may escape punishent in this world, they are wa ed that they cannot evade th udgment of God, who kn s their guilt.

The Lord knoweth how to keep the unrighteous unto the day of judgment chiefly them that walk after the flesh and despise government. Presumptuous are they, selfwilled, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities, whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusation against them before the Lord. But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they are ignorant of, and shall utterly perish in their own corruption; and shall receive the reward of unrighteousness, as they that count it pleasure to riot in the day time. Spots they are and blemishes, sporting themselves with their own deceivings while they feast with you; having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin; beguiling unstable souls; an heart they have exercised with covetous practices; cursed children: which have forsaken the right way, and are gone astray, following the way of Balaam the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness; but was rebuked for his iniquity: the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbade the madness of the prophet. These are wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever. For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure through the lusts of the flesh, through much wantonness, those that were clean escaped from them who live in error. While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption: for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage. For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire (II. Peter 2: 1-22, R. V.).

Rescued from the Rapids

A despondent girl attempted to commit suicide a few days ago at Niagara Falls. She was seen passing down Falls street on the State Reservation just after sunset. There was nothing in her demeanor to indicate that she was doing more than enjoying a quiet walk on the pleasant evening; but when she reached the edge of the water at the upper rapids her manner changed. She took off her hat and jacket and leaped into the current, which at that point is frightfully swift. In a moment she was being swept toward the brink of the American falls, not over five hundred feet away. In floating down stream the current threw her toward shore and a reservation policeman saw her. Leaping out over the river as far as he could, he grabbed her clothing, and in another minute he pulled her from the river and saved her from death. A minute later it would have been impossible to draw her out of the swift stream. So much depends on help being extended at the early stage on the way to destruction. How many there are in the rapids of sin, which lead to eternal death, who might be saved if an arm were stretched out to help them at the beginning of their downward course.

Let him know, that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death (James 5: 20).

An Asylum Burned

There was a most distressing scene at the Norfolk Asylum for the Insane in Nebraska on the night of September 23. More than three hundred patients and forty attendants were in the building. The night watchman in going his rounds, noticed a smell of burning, but could not find any sign of fire. However, he gave the alarm, and it was then found that owing to a defect in the tunnel, through which run the heating pipes and the electric lighting wires, a fire had broken out which was soon beyond control. The town is three miles away, and the supply of water was soon exhausted. Efforts were made to get the patients out, but it was a work of great difficulty. Many were unwilling to leave, and it was difficult to compel them. Some were carried down blazing stairways, and others down shaky ladders. Others, however, resisted, and two of them fought desperately the attendants who were trying to save their lives. Two, who were rescued by a brave attendant, who brought them out at the risk of his life, ran back again into the flames, and soon perished. The poor creatures were, of course, demented. Otherwise, being once saved from the flames, they would never have gone back. Yet there are many who have been rescued from lives of sin, who, with the full use of all their faculties, have voluntarily gone back to their own destruction.

If after they have escaped the pollutions of the world, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning (II. Peter 2: 20).

An Eccentric Millionaire

New England journals publish a strange story of a family which has lived in Middleborough, Mass., for eighty years past, but became extinct by the death of the last survivor last week. The founder of the family built a store there when there seemed little prospect of business, but he made a large fortune. He left it to be equally divided among his eleven children. Of these only three married, and none of them left descendants. Each left his or her share, largely increased, to the others, until the youngest, the last survivor, was a very wealthy man. He carried on the original business established by his father and lived alone, having many acquaintances but no friends. He had a large library, and he was wont to say that his business and his books were sufficient for all his needs. When near the close of his life, a neighbor, concerned for his spiritual welfare, urged him to make his peace with God, he said it had never been his habit to deal with middlemen, and he expected to treat with God when he came into his presence. The remark, if piquant, was neither wise nor courteous. His relations with God were not like his relations with the manufacturers from whom he purchased his goods. He might have learned that fact from the ministers to whom he contemptuously referred as "middlemen," and learned, too, that without a Mediator, he could not even enter his presence.

No man cometh unto the Father, but by me (John 14: 6).

EX-JUSTICE LORAN L. LEWIS JUSTICE TRUMAN C. WHITE EX-JUSTICE ROBERT C. TITUS

THE JUDGE AND COUNSEL AT THE TRIAL OF THE ASSASSIN

Leprosy Decreasing

Recent advices from Honolulu show that leprosy is being eradicated in the Hawaiian Islands. The number of lepers sent to Molokai during this year is exactly one-half of those sent last year and only one-fifth of those sent to the settlement in 1899. There are now nine hundred lepers there, while five years ago there were thirteen hundred. Unhappily, this is not due to any remedy that has been found for the disease, but to the fact that the lepers die, and not as many people are being infected. The stringency of the new regulations adopted since the Islands were annexed to the United States are, to a large extent, the cause of the improvement. Formerly, visitors were freely admitted, and allowed to kiss and hug their diseased relatives. Now a stockade has been erected, which keeps the visitors from contact, while being near enough to converse. This, and the refusal to allow a healthy wife to accompany her leper husband to Molokai, or vice versa, have prevented the propagation of the disease, and, it is believed, will ultimately bring it to a very small compass. Both the sufferers and their friends protest against the beneficent measures which prevent contact, but the facts prove that the measures are wise. The same principle of separation should be self-applied by those who are anxious to escape the malady of sin, of which leprosy is a type.

Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing (II. Cor. 6: 17).

A Moving Mountain

One of the principal mines of Butte, Mont., was closed on Sept. 23, on account of alarming displacements attributed to a movement of the mountain. It has been noticed for some time past that the shafts were changing their shape and the machinery was working unevenly. An examination by experts was made, which led to the discovery that there had been a slide of the earth to the extent of seven inches. This had broken and pushed aside the foundation of the hoisting engine, which had been laid at a cost of forty thousand dollars. The mine was closed at once, throwing five hundred men out of work. It is generally believed that the movement of the earth is due to the mining excavations, but many mining engineers and geologists assert that the movement of the Anaconda Hill is similar to the movements that have caused displacements in different parts of the city of Butte for a number of years. They declare that it is caused by a gradual and continuous sliding motion of the entire mountain range about Butte. An old mining man is authority for the statement that, in his recollection the top of Anaconda Hill has moved no less than seven feet to the south and west. Mountains have often been referred to as a figure of permanence and stability, but it appears that the figure is faulty, for even the mountains may move. In the face of this fact, which the poor miners in Montana are realizing to their cost, the prediction of the natural phenomena of the last days should no longer be derided:

The heavens departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places (Rev. 6: 14).

BRIEF NOTES

Rev. Dr. Spencer, the Canadian Evangelist, is laboring with the First Baptist Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba, during September and October, and having good congregations. He reports the growth of Christian work in Canada's great West as gratifying.

Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, O., commences its term with an increased number of students. The enrollment for the year will reach nearly 1,500. They have had the advantage of listening to Prof. Caspar R. Gregory, one of the greatest authorities on New Testament manuscripts.

The Rev. Hugh Black, after his four weeks of preaching at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, in New York, is spending a month in getting acquainted with the country. He has gone to Washington first, but plans to visit Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities, and hopes to reach Chicago.

European journals chronicle a notable lawsuit just concluded, in which 105 lawyers were employed. As usual, it was a dispute about a will. The testator, a merchant of Milan, left an estate valued at three million dollars. At the settlement, it was found that the costs of the lawsuit had absorbed two millions.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has been holding successful meetings at Dennison, Tex. He is now at Paris, Tex., where nine churches are uniting in the services. On October 16 he goes to Dallas to begin a great movement in which twenty churches of various denominations are uniting. They are erecting a great tabernacle for the meetings, that will hold five thousand persons.

Miss S. D. Doremus, Secretary of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, has sailed on a tour of the Society's mission stations in India, China and Japan. The society was the first to send an American woman to engage in zenana work in India, the first to establish a woman's hospital in Shanghai, China, and the first to open a school for girls in Yokohama, Japan. It has done a noble work in all these lands, and its representatives will be encouraged by a visit from the Secretary.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has instructed its agent at Constantinople to pay the ransom demanded by the brigands who carried off Miss Stone, one of their missionaries. It is expected that the Board will be reimbursed through the efforts of the State Department, but in the meantime it is important to effect Miss Stone's release from captivity. It appears that Mrs. Tsilka, the wife of an Albanian preacher, was carried off at the same time. There were eighteen persons in the party in all, but the others escaped with the loss of their watches and money. The brigands are believed to be Bulgarians, not Turks.

Faithfulness Always Crowned--Here or There

JOSEPH EXALTED

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR OCTOBER 20 GENESIS 41: 38-49
GOLDEN TEXT: "THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR." 1 SAM. 2: 30

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand
And follow thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace Divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.
—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

. . .

The Lesson Story

"WHAT'S in a dream?" Our dreams seldom mean more than indigestion. But when there was no Bible, God spoke to men in dreams. He promised Joseph, in those boyhood dreams about the moon and stars bowing to the sun, and the sheaf to which other sheaves courtesied, the very greatness that is described in to-day's lesson. The butler's dream, which Joseph interpreted, was a middle step to the king's dream, which begins this lesson.

More wonderful than the unfolding of the fairy tent, taken from a magic nut, which spread and spread until it covered a king's whole army, were the events which came out of the two dreams of the great Pharaoh of Egypt. Foolish dreams they seem, as we read them over, and yet out of them came release from prison of a man who shortly was made a ruler next to the king himself. Out of the dreams came also storehouses which covered the land of Egypt; and out of the dreams came plenty for thousands of hungry people.

These were the dreams: Pharaoh seemed to see seven fat cows coming up out of the Nile river, and they fed in the meadow. His dream went on, and he saw seven lean cows come up out of the river. They did not eat grass, but instead, they ate up the seven fat cows! Pharaoh dreamed again, and saw seven good heads of wheat—called in the Bible "ears of corn"—growing on one stalk; and then he saw seven thin heads of wheat, and the thin ones ate up the seven full ones. "What do my dreams mean?" demanded Pharaoh of the wisest men in his kingdom; but they could not tell him. Then the king's butler remembered the promise he had forgotten for two years. He spoke to the king about Joseph in prison, how he had told him the meaning of his dream, and also the dream of the baker. Pharaoh sent at once for Joseph. He came as soon as he had shaved himself and put off his prison clothes.

Joseph was then a young man, only about thirty years old. Already the wonderful events foretold in Joseph's boyhood dreams are unfolding. When Pharaoh told Joseph that he had sent for him that he might learn the meaning of his dreams, Joseph modestly said, "It is not in me," but full of faith in his God, he added, "God shall give Pharaoh an answer." And Joseph told Pharaoh just what God revealed to him, that the seven fat cows and the seven full heads of wheat meant seven years of plenty in Egypt; and the seven lean cows and the seven thin heads of wheat, seven years of famine, which would eat up all the grain raised in the plentiful years. God made Joseph wise to suggest to Pharaoh that much of the corn—whatever the people did not need—during the seven years of plenty, should be gathered into great barns, so that the people might have food during the years of famine.

Pharaoh was so well pleased with Joseph that he said: "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house." And he put his gold ring on Joseph's finger—his seal ring—which gave him power to do whatever he should please in the name of the king. And he had garments of white linen, like the king's own, put upon him; and a gold chain was placed around Joseph's neck as a sign of power, and Pharaoh told him he should ride in the chariot next his own, and he commanded all of the people to bow down to him as they did to the king himself. Surely a more wonderful unfolding than that of a fairy tent, and this a real one! The best of it all was, that Joseph set immediately to do the work for which he had been placed in such a high position, to arrange for the storing of the grain to be used during the years of famine. How busy he must have been during those seven years of plenty! How often he must have used the seal ring of Pharaoh as he planned for the building of the storehouses in every part of the land! One less "wise and discreet" than Joseph would have his head turned by his sudden elevation; but honors were to him but opportunities to be a blessing to others.

Illustration and Application

Whoever believes the Bible must believe that God spoke to men in dreams and visions, when there was no Bible, or only an incomplete one. Such visions were the miracles of the night. Like other miracles they are no longer needed, now that we have the greatest miracles of all ever before us, namely: the Bible, and the living Word, Jesus Christ, to whom it points us; and our ever-present guide, the Holy Spirit (I. Cor. 2: 10). The theory that other revelations are to be expected, as if the Bible was not a complete rule of faith and practice, opens the way for such false prophets as those which Mohammedans, Mormons and Dowieites and several other sects accept as of inspired authority, whose visions are regarded as new chapters of divine revelation. They do not supplement the finished Bible, but are to be tested by it. "If they speak not according to this Word, there is no light in them."

"He Giveth to his Beloved in Sleep"

"IT IS NOT IN ME: GOD SHALL GIVE PHARAOH AN ANSWER OF PEACE"

But in rejecting supernatural claims for dreams of our time, let us not neglect their natural significance. Telling dreams at breakfast, and attaching to them some superstitious meaning, is an offence against good sense and good taste. But it would be good sense to remember dreams silently at table as warnings against dream-provoking sins of diet. Perfect sleep is dreamless, and we should wish a guest such sleep rather than even "pleasant dreams." Perfect darkness and perfect silence conduce to such perfect sleep.

. . .

How like the change from night to day was Joseph's call from prison to palace, from slavery to sovereignty! Perhaps there had come to him some night in prison, as to John the Baptist, a time of doubt, when his boyhood dream of sun and moon and stars seemed a mockery, and he could have adopted Holland's "Song of Despair:"

From Night to Day

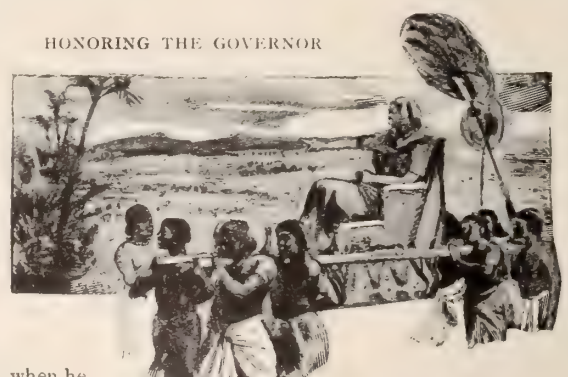
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead,
God has forgotten the world.

But Faith replied in antiphonal chant:

Day will return with a fresher boon,
God will remember the world

"It is not so much brilliancy of intellect and versatility of resource, as persistency of effort and constancy of purpose that give success. When we see a young man whom labor cannot weary, whom drudgery cannot disgust or dishearten, who meets reverses with an erect, unflinching bearing, we know that he will win. There is no keeping him down," so writes the editor of *Success*.

HONORING THE GOVERNOR



Out of the long Arctic night of thirteen years, into which his young soul entered when he was cast by his brothers into the pit, he emerged at last into the promised sunrise of his early vision. For every child of God the night of sorrow and trial shall pass into the sunburst of the dawn—here or there.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the East another day
Shall chase the bitter dawn away.
What though our eyes with tears be w
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.
—CELIA THAX

When the day came to Joseph, how asy it was to see that his long night of s ery had been an evening school of prepa ion to rule! Ruling Potiphar's househol and ruling the prison, though he was a slave, had prepared him to rule I pt. From Potiphar, and later from his ow prisoners, the chief butler and chief i er. he had learned the innermost secr of government. So our darkest hou are schooling us for greater usefulness. he most beautiful patterns of Brussels la are spun in a darkened room, the only ght being admitted through a very sma in- dow directly upon the pattern. So life ten seems all dark and mysterious, save nly one ray of light falling on the next s in our own path of duty. That is a ays clear, and that is enough.

. . .

Joseph had God's word for it th he was to be as the Sun. Cast into son on a false charge, it ght have seemed to one c ess faith that evil had de oy- ed that divine word But the word of God i not bound, not even the word he has s en to a boy, when as yet the Bible wa not written, much less can chains, or prise , or fires destroy the Bible. Just as Dr. J son had finished translating the New sta- ment into Burmese, he was cast into p on. His wife took the precious manuscrip nd buried it in the ground. But if left t e it would soon decay; while to reveal its ist- ence to its foes would surely lead de- struction. So it was arranged tha she put it within a roll of cotton, and brin to him in the form of a pillow, so har nd poor that even the keeper of the j son did not covet it. Some time aft he was hurried off to another prison, le ing everything behind him, and his ol pil- low was thrown into the prison yard, to be trodden der foot as worthless cotton; but after a few hours one c the native Christians discovered the roll, and took it hom ind there, long afterwards, the manuscript was found with the cotton, complete and uninjured. Not Bible saints ne, but the Bible itself God has often delivered from p on. "The word of our God abideth forever."

Prisons Can Not Chain God's Word

. . .

After all, the great lesson in this passage is that daily th- fulness in lowly tasks is the straight road to true su ss. Faithfulness cannot fail, wha ver happens. He fails who is unfai ul, even though crowned in this wor for a time. Not only in heaven, b in history also he shall be uncro ed. Let boys and girls in lowly places think more of faithfu ess and less of position. Better be a big man more than fil g a small place than a small man rattling around in a large ce. Make yourself as big as possible on the inside. Make ur- self greater than your position as the best way to get o of it into a larger one. If the promotion does not come i his world, be sure it will in the next. Many a Great-heart ho is called great in the kingdom of heaven, has been g tly useful in a small place all his life. As Pharaoh turne for counsel and help to a Christian slave and prisoner, ri in the wisdom that God gives, so, mo the high have turned to the lowly ho were richer than they in this ce. Professor Park, of Andover, on of America's greatest theologians, ed to say that he had learned mo of spiritual things of an old woma in an almshouse than from anybody se. Another Christian professor said at he owed very much spiritually to er- vant in his home. "I have lea ed more from her," he said, "than om any of my distinguished colle es upon whose preaching I am delig ed to wait." "Can we find such a o as this, a man in whom the spirit of od is?" said even heathen Pharaoh, en confronted with the great proble of famine. Even for political positio in critical times those who are truly en of God are desired. Great rs have been mostly men of faith, of whom conspicuous x- amples were our own Washington and Lincoln.

"Faithful Over a Few Things, Ruler Over Many"

. . .

Joseph for thirteen years pulled the oars of duty wit his back to the future, but God was steering all the while nd every stroke in the darkness brought him nearer to the th e.

Joseph before the king was calm, because he knew he as the protected ambassador of a greater King. Latimer, ile preaching one day before Henry VIII., stood up in the il- pit, and seeing the king, addressed himself in a kind o lo- liloquy, thus: "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care of at you say, for the great King Henry VIII. is here." The he paused, and proceeded: "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, ke care what you say, for the great King of kings is here."

ON AUTUMN DAYS

by

Margaret E. Sangster

The Fire on the Hearth

I WISH I could persuade every woman who can manage it, to have, in these early days of the fall, an open fire. A bit of fire on the hearth, that one can see, and poke, and heap wood on, or stir to a leaping blaze, if it be made of soft coal, is a ceaseless delight, and carries with it a great deal of cheer. One comes in, cold and shivering in a damp, raw afternoon, when the east wind strikes with a razor-like thrust at the marrow of the spine, and no hot air rising from a register or diffused from a steam radiator is such a comfort as the fire that one can look at, and cuddle down beside, and toast one's toes in front of its genial blaze. An open fire invites to sociability, if a dear friend share it with you, and is as excellent a setting for confidences as ever was starlight or moonbeam. Also, it is very ornamental, and furnishes a shabby room so that it looks like a palatial apartment, suggesting, as always does, fullness and plenty, and all things bright and fair.

We are apt to light our furnaces too early in the season. An occasional showery day in our climate does not mean winter by any means, and we may have a taste of Indian summer seasons before snow flies. The longer we can defer the heating of our houses against winter's rigors, the better for our health and for the roses in our children's cheeks.

Drift-wood, crystallized with the salt of the sea, makes a fire of marvellous mystery and charm. Pine knots are very satisfactory, mingled with harder woods, birch, chestnut, hickory, and oak. American cannel coal is cheaper than English, and serves the same purpose while, for steady service, a good grade of anthracite coal in a grate is not to be despised. The gas log has been made to resemble a wood fire so exactly that it can deceive the very elect, until they notice the absence of ashes, and it has the advantage of being lighted with a match, extinguished at discretion, and never making the least litter or dust. Choose what you like, my lady, but have an open fire.

An Idyl of Tender Love

There are few households in which the tenderness of our late President for his invalid wife, has not been spoken of with real appreciation since his death. An equal devotion is, no doubt, shown by many husbands to many wives, but it was given to Mr. McKinley his high place to show the splendor of chivalric gentleness to all the world. Truly, he wore the white flower of blameless life in all men's eyes, and his country rejoices in the memory of his purity, simplicity and fidelity to a holy home ideal, as much as in his qualities of courage and statesmanship. Not a long time shall we cease to mourn for William McKinley, nor ever cease to give God thanks for his illustrious career.

We are apt to feel and express more compassion when youthful lovers are separated by death, than we do when the parting comes after a lifetime of mutual love. Yet, in a true wedlock, every year adds to the union of the two hearts, and the wrench is more keenly felt by the long-married than by those who have been together but a little while. When there has been the dependence of the weak upon the strong, the loss is, perhaps, more vitally felt, more insupportable than in other conditions.

Let us never fail to thank God for the beautiful and happy home life of this land of ours. As the autumnal dusk closes in, we like to catch glimpses of homecomings, husbands running up the steps to be greeted by fair wives, children running to the door to meet the fathers, wafts of laughter and fun flashing out into the darkness from the lighted houses upon the cold streets. In the country neighborhood you walk under the shadowy village trees, and here and there gleam forth the friendly lamps of home, the camp fires of love.

When earthly days are over, the lights of home will rise,
Star-like to give us welcome, the lamps of Paradise,
In that sweet heaven that waits us beyond these changeful skies.

"The Great White Father"

At Mr. McKinley's funeral nothing was more touching than the grief of the Indians, who, braves and squaws, formed part of the long procession that viewed his remains in Buffalo. "May the great white father sleep in peace" was the pathetic inscription, in the Sioux language, on the wreath the red men brought.

Indians of our Western forests, Chinese, Italians, Bohemians, people of all nationalities, wept for the great white father. "We are heart-sick that he is gone," said the wife of a Russian Jew in Norfolk street, New York, as she talked to a Settlement visitor. And it is indeed because a father is gone, that the September of 1901 will be remembered with a great pang of grief.

FIDO ON GUARD

Mother and baby may safely sleep; Fido, the steadfast, his watch will keep

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS

We are so sinful, Lord, so oft we fall,
And thou forgivest in thy mercy great,
May we, too, pardon, since our errors call
For thy strange patience with our low estate.

The False Word

HOW helpless we are in the presence of the false word. Among Christian nations the lie is regarded as the sign of the most degraded moral character. A person whose word cannot be trusted implicitly is looked upon with aversion and contempt. Quite the opposite condition prevails in heathen lands, especially, perhaps, in India, where the cleverness of the liar is commended, and the subtlety of the Oriental mind is lent to the subterfuges and evasions of deceit.

When one discerns in a child a tendency to slyness and intrigue, or a disposition to have recourse to the false word, it is wise to sit down and think what has been amiss in the training. Has there been harshness, which has frightened the timid nature? Has there been a wrong example, in either parent, in recounting with approval, successful tricks and practices not altogether sincere? Have promises and threats been made and broken? Is there somewhere in the child's ancestry anything to account for the lapse into deceit? As we would deal with a physical taint or deformity, doing our very best to cure it, so should we endeavor to cultivate truth and eradicate falsehood in the growing youth.

False words imply falseness of heart. One may act as well as utter a lie. Or, one may deliberately keep silence, and leave a mistaken impression or an error of statement uncorrected. Lying is incompatible with Christian character.

THE RAINY DAY

LITTLE slanting silver drops
Falling into brook and copse;
Little drops that one by one
Into springs and rivers run,
Soaking into thirsty ground,
Bathing meadow, knoll and mound;
Washing all the faded leaves,
Drenching pastures, shorn of sheaves.

Little drops that downward drift
From the plenteous clouds a-rift,
What a rainy day ye make
Hither as your way ye take,
Blessings on you, falling fast,
Blessings on you, whirling past,
Silver slanting drops of rain,
Dashing hard against the pane.

The Cigarette Habit

I passed a group of well-dressed little fellows the other day, boys between eleven and thirteen, every one of whom was puffing away at a cigarette. Probably their parents were not aware of the habit, though it would seem that any wide-awake mother would know by very evident traces, whether her little son smoked or not? Do not mothers kiss their boys in these days? Do they never look into the miscellaneous contents of Jack's and Jimmy's pockets? Are the boys never in the house long enough for their mothers and fathers to cultivate an acquaintance with them? If my boy must smoke a cigarette, I'd rather have him do it openly than furtively; rather have him sit on the front porch and smoke, than skulk behind the back fence. But I think boys should be taught the peril and folly of this indulgence, shown how it saps their strength and destroys their athletic powers. Several years ago, the students in a famous Western high school were so often and so ignominiously defeated in baseball contests with other schools, that the faculty looked into the matter. They found out that the boys were beaten because, in skill and endurance and physical condition, their percentage was away below their opponents; they were cigarette smokers, and some of them were so confirmed in the vice as to be little cigarette fiends. No boy will ever be a really fine athlete, football, baseball, or basket-ball player, runner, jumper, or gymnast, who weakens his heart and poisons his blood by cigarette smoking. Fathers might set their lads a good example by non-smoking.

W. COOKING.

LITTLE NATIVE SUNSHINERS AT TOTTORI, JAPAN

WILLIE PAENTER

MAKING SUNSHINE IN MANY LANDS

If I can stop one heart from breaking
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.
EMILY DICKINSON.

SUCH has been the sentiment of hundreds of letters that have come in, relative to Sunshine work, since the last Sunshine article appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. While it is evident that many of the writers have been in need of good cheer and encouragement, their letters were full of the desire to "ease some life of the aching, or cool one pain."

Branches are forming rapidly. The Escondido Sunshine Branch of California has sent in a long report. Mrs. P. J. Grunhap Fox, Honorary President and founder of this branch, has succeeded in starting a society of eighty members, and sends in a full list of names and addresses. She writes:

I do hope so much that this branch may prove a blessing to this community. You know we are told that it is more blessed to give than to receive. I do not think that all blessings end with receiving. Please do not judge that I am trying to shirk my duty by not taking the presidency of the branch. I will do everything in my power to assist in the work; am proud of the noble society, and feel thankful that the thought originated in the dear old State to which I belong.

This society has taken as its branch motto:

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good work and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Mrs. A. W. Wohlford has been elected President. Miss Ida Oaks, Vice-President; Miss Belle Nulton, Secretary; Mrs. Genevive Thomas, Treasurer.

If you wish to form a Christian Herald Sunshine Branch, send to Miss Susan Parsons, President, Room 92, Bible House, New York, for the necessary instructions. You will be furnished with an enrollment blank, constitution and by-laws, etc. All questions will be gladly answered. Enclose five cents for a constitution, and two cents for a reply. The badges are very pretty indeed; nickel stick-pins, five cents; clasp, ten cents.

Just Think of a Smile

Would you like to know where the smiles are all hid?
At once ask your heart, then, I pray;
For 'tis there they are kept. Now, do as I bid,
Don't longer this duty delay.
Just think of a smile, and again and again
Others will follow apace;
And not only children, but women and men
Will note that there's joy in your face.
Think only of pleasant and beautiful things;
Serener will then be your mind.
And don't you forget that cheerfulness brings
The brightest of smiles to mankind.

It has been said that once a great personage was asked which he would rather have, good reading matter, or the gold and jewels of India. His reply was, that with the gold and jewels alone he could not be happy, and from his books he could not be parted. Here is a little girl in Hutchinson, Ore., who writes:

We moved down here from Iowa two years ago, and always have had nine months' school every year. This season we have had only four months. The school we belong to now is seven miles from our home. I would like books to read, but we cannot afford to buy any. Do the members pass things on? If so will some one pass on Elsie Dinsmore's book called, *Elsie's Holidays at Roselands*. Your little friend, IRENE KRINGLE.

Has any member this book or any other to send to the little girl so far out of reach of civilization, and so anxious to secure good reading matter?

On account of ill health, Mr. and Mrs. Olivet E. Brower, both Sunshine members, have moved to a little farm at Quaker Farm, Conn. Mrs. Brower pays her Sunshine dues by taking her neighbors out driving in her buggy. Reading matter is especially scarce, and will our friend in Lovettsville, Va., pass on her books to this family.

Remember there are no dues to the organization. Here are some other ways of paying Sunshine dues:

Mrs. J. C. Thayer, a gentlewoman, has been an invalid for several years and finds herself just a little bit lonesome at times. Her address is, Arcade, N. Y. Will Mrs. Sarah S. McElree, of South Carolina, please send an occasional ray? Good magazines would be appreciated by Mrs. L. M. Prior, of Underhill, Vt. She is a partial shut-in. Miss Elsie Wagoon, of Harmony, Me., is an invalid and wishes to correspond with some Sunshine member. Miss Mary E. F. Brett, of 48 Cottage st., Cambridge, Mass., spreads good cheer by helping in the Chinese Sunday School work in Boston every Sunday. Miss Brett has also offered to write letters to shutins. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which Miss Lena Stevenson so kindly offered to pass on, will be appreciated by Miss Susan E. Rice, of Falling Springs, Pa., care of Mrs. Bowers. Bound books will be thankfully received by Mrs. Emily Verdery Battey, President of Robinson Springs Sunshine Branch, Robinson Springs, Ala., for her circulating library.

At Evans, Col., there lives an old man, the first member of the International Sunshine Society. He does much good work in the Sunday Schools and prisons, as well as through many other channels. All kinds of religious papers can be utilized. Address "Uncle Dan" Westover, President of the Evans, Colorado, Sunshine branch.

Mrs. J. H. Geffken, of Brimfield, Mass., has been confined to her bed for many weeks, and would like good cheer in the shape of cheery letters, and Mrs. S. Brown, of Fairhaven, Vt., Box 261, would also appreciate an occasional sunshine ray.

There is much sorrow in the home of Mrs. H. F. Lewis. Recently her beloved son passed away. Will someone kindly remember her now and then. Her address is Newell, Iowa.

Don't Worry

Why shadow the beauty of sea or of land
With a doubt or a fear?
God holds all the swift-rolling worlds in his hand,
And sees what no man can as yet understand,
That out of life here,
With its smile and its tear,
Comes forth into light, from Eternity planned,
The soul of good cheer.
Don't worry—
The end shall appear.
—ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD,
Boston, Mass. A Sunshine Member.

One of the most interesting Sunshine branches is that of the Blackfoot Indians, Miss Emelia J. Frost, President. The little Indian girls and their mammas have found new interest in life since they belong to a society, pay dues and wear badges. If anyone wants to fill their hearts with special delight, send them a box of pretty things. Address, Miss Emelia J. Frost, President Blackfoot Sunshine branch, Blackfoot, Idaho (Indian Reservation).

The Tottori Sunshine branch, Mrs. Fanny Borden Bartlett, President, is greatly interested in what the little American children are doing. Mrs. Bartlett has forty members, and each one strives daily to do one kind act for Sunshine. Little Mottie's report for one day was that she "did not pull Mittie's hair."

MISS FROST AND HER SUNSHINE INDIAN GIRLS

INDIAN SUNSHINERS OF IDAHO

ANSWERED PRAYERS

M. T., New Baltimore, writes:

My life has been very dark and sad for the past six years; indeed there seemed to be no bright side; but I determined to go to Jesus with my troubles, and ask him to change my heart so that I would see the bright side of life. He has heard and answered my prayer, and I am happier than I have ever been. Since I accepted him he has indeed been my Saviour from sorrow.

S. S. R., Leaksville, N. C., writes:

New Year's morning I began with renewed faith to ask God to convict and convert a dear loved one, and to send him home. He has been absent twelve years. We had heard nothing from him during the time. I asked God to convict while I was praying. In June my dear one wrote home, saying he had bowed in prayer to God New Year's Day for the first time in his life. He had asked God to help him to a new and better life, and God had answered his petition. The next day another letter came, telling us where he is, and saying that he is coming home.

B., Pittsburg, Pa., writes:

A month ago we were much troubled about a very dear boy. I asked God to help us if it were his will. I felt sure that my prayer would be answered, and in less than a week God granted my petition.

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THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 849

f- years' stay in the White House, s would request, in her gentle, conciliato way, all the attaches of the mansion to go to church. Mrs. Andrew Johnson w another invalid wife of a President; h mantle fell upon her daughter, Martha Patterson. Louisa Adams, the talented and accomplished wife of our sth President, lost her health soon after h entrance to the White House. It was d ng her reign that Lafayette was the Nion's guest, spending several weeks of h stay in America in the Mansion. It was during Mrs. Polk's occupancy th dancing was discontinued at White Hse functions. It was never resumed.

ur first lady of the White House ner lived in the building which now bs that name (its cornerstone was not la till 1792), bestowed upon it in honor other early home, the "White House," w're the "engagement of Martha Custis a General Washington took place." T first occupant of our Executive Mansi was Abigail Adams. She was one of th strongest, ablest, wholesomest of wom, and though she was in the Mansion le than six months, her impression a les there to this day. But of all the w men who ever lived in the White House, D y Madison, perhaps, left most indelil the stamp of her character upon it. Ding her reign, people went there not o because it was the President's Hse, but because it was socially the mt delightful place in the world. She w merry, intellectual and generous.

lmost ranking with Dolly Madison a Mrs. Cleveland, Harriet Lane, Presid Buchanan's niece, may be regarded as ne of the most brilliant and popular w men who ever presided over the White Hse. Her uncle was a bachelor. Many o ur "First Ladies" have been "Lady Bntifuls" to the poor. Piety. too, has be their marked characteristic.

will be seen that the purple of ou Republic is not always a light burden to he women who must wear it. The he ts of the people go out to Mrs. Roosevein earnest sympathy and with sincere he that she may find more roses than my others have found in the pathway of ublic service. MYRTA L. AVARY.

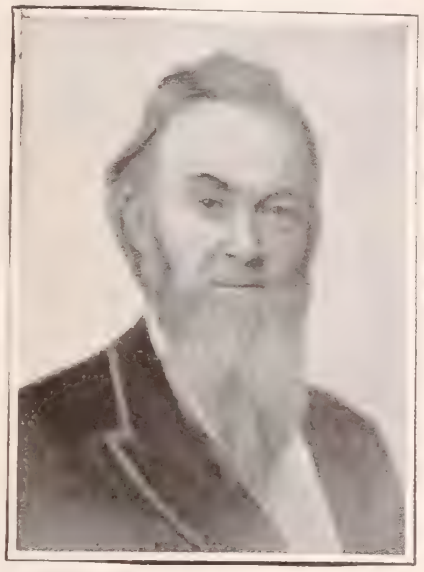
ttacked at McKinley's Tomb

mysterious and unexplained attack on the guard at President McKinley's tob, Westlawn Cemetery, Canton, O., to place on Sunday night, Sept 29. T men, one of them masked, crept up to he sentinel in the darkness. The latter challenged one of the men twice, and th made ready to fire, when his rifle w knocked upward by the second intr er. At the same instant, the guard w struck on the head by some blunt instrment, his uniform was slashed, as thigh by a knife, and he was bodily hed into a gulley near the vault. The assilants escaped. It is believed that th purpose was to blow up the vault with sce explosive. A strong guard was put ontuty.

A Brilliant Editor Dead

ews of the death of Dr. William C. Gy, editor of the *Interior*, has caused sere sorrow in all Presbyterian circles. DGray had a strong, manly personality, wch inspired respect even in those who dered with him, while it won the loving rence of his friends. Every one knew th the intrepid editor had strong convictins, and that his views on topics secular a religious were entitled to profound rect. His death removes a man of hesty and worth, and leaves the world a the church poorer by his loss.

e was seventy-one years of age, and h been editor of the journal with which h was so closely identified, for thirty yrs. He was a native of Ohio, the gdson of a soldier who fought in the Rolutionary war. His early intention w to be a lawyer, and he was admitted to he bar in 1852. Already he had made h mark in journalism in the Miami *Lnocrat*, and in the following year he established the *Tribune*, of Tiffin, O. In 1863 he became editor of the *American*, of Newark, O., in which position he remained until he assumed charge of the *Interior* in 1871. His health had failed early in this year, and an operation it was necessary for him to undergo recently caused him further shock from which he could not rally. His life of brilliant and useful service in this world closed on September 29.



THE LATE DR. WM. C. GRAY

A BAD BARGAIN*

Esau's Readiness to Sacrifice the Future to the Present a Common and Disastrous Disposition

BAD bargains are made so often, and by so many people, that Esau's experience is by no means unique. Few people there are who have not at some time disposed of a possession at a price far below its value, and have learned only at a later time how foolish they were. Many have coveted so ardently some thing in the possession of another, that they have given for it a possession the loss of which cripples and hampers their future lives. Some have made bargains of service which have galled and irritated them for years. No one is wise at all times, and, unfortunately, it often happens that in the moments when one is off one's guard, there is some shrewd person at hand to profit by it.

Esau was evidently an impatient, impulsive man. He thought that he would die if he did not get food immediately. His reasoning was logical enough, if his premise had been correct. His birthright was of no value in comparison with his life. But it is very unlikely that his life depended on that one meal, or that no food besides that particular dish could be secured on easier terms. He was hungry, there was a savory dish within reach, and he felt he must have it at any price. Many a young man has fallen into mischief in the same way. It would be well if every parent and teacher made it a rule to teach the children to control the appetites. It would be one of the best elements of training that could be imparted. The drunkard who cannot pass a saloon; the thief who cannot see valuables within his reach without stealing them; the passionate man who cannot meet his enemy without an irresistible impulse to kill him—all might have been saved from falling, if, when boys, some wise, kindly teacher had taught them to keep their appetites and passions under control. We talk in these days a great deal about the evil of anarchy, but the evil we have most cause to dread, is the anarchy in our own being. The wise king spoke truly, when he said that "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city." Many a man whom we call great, could do great achievements, but if he were asked to stop drinking, or smoking, or indulging some other propensity, would have to confess that he could not. Few there are so well trained that they have every appetite and impulse so thoroughly under control, that the spirit which ought to rule can say "no" when it will, and have its mandate obeyed.

Primogeniture counted for much in that land and in those times, as it does to this day in monarchical countries. Esau knew well enough what he was selling, but the near-sighted man could think of nothing beyond present gratification. That is the difficulty with which the preacher and the Christian worker have to contend; they cannot get men to see that, apart from right and wrong, it would pay them to turn to God—that he who gives himself to sin wrongs his own soul. If they could succeed in convincing men of that fact and inducing them to act upon it, the time would come when they would love righteousness for its own sake and would follow it even at a loss. But the initial step is the conviction that sin, first and last, is a bad bargain. "Now are we the sons of God," says the apostle, "and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." There may be heights inconceivable to us, which will yet be within our reach if we fulfil present conditions. But there is no hope of any such promotion if we surrender to the flesh. If we live to the flesh we shall die. Therefore we forfeit not only the blessedness, of which we do know, but infinite possibilities. Degenerate sons who do not value their privileges are known in every community. Many a young man is toiling for a pitiful wage, living from hand to mouth, who might be living in comfort and be his father's heir, if he would only live a clean life. So it is with every human being. God waits to welcome him to the privileges of sonship, is ready to help him to overcome the evil in his nature and to make him an heir of God—the highest dignity in the universe. But how many are surrendering all that it implies in order that they may have some ephemeral pleasure that momentarily gratifies their animal nature!

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 20. Genesis 25: 29-34.

DOUBTERS.

Can Be Changed by Knowledge.

If there is any doubt about making brain power by the use of certain food, the doubter should make the following experiment:

Helen Frances Huntington of Gainesville, Ga., says: "Just a word of commendation concerning Grape-Nuts, which I have found to be the most wholesome, nourishing and appetizing food that has ever come to my knowledge.

I am not a dyspeptic, but being constantly engaged in severe brain work, I found that I did not thrive on ordinary diet; even a moderate dinner dulled my brain so as to be practically incapable of critical work. I tried meat juice, peptonoids, the two-meal system of light breakfast and no supper, which brought on nervous depletion and sleeplessness, so I resorted to one and another of the various health foods, which all seemed alike tasteless and valueless as a brain food, until quite by chance, I had a dish of Grape-Nuts food served as a dessert. I liked it so well that I began to use it daily, for supper, four teaspoonsful in a saucer of hot milk, eaten before it dissolves to mushiness.

This point should be remembered as, after a certain time, evaporation seems to affect the sweet nutty flavor of the food, as in the case of certain fine-flavored fruits.

The result in my case was simply astonishing. I had no desire whatever for sweet pastries, meats, or in fact anything else; and my brain was as clear and active at night as on awaking from a long, refreshing sleep.

The peculiar advantage about Grape-Nuts food is that it supplies the nutritive qualities of a varied diet without the bad results of heavy eating. I cheerfully recommend its use to all brain workers, if not as an exclusive diet, certainly for the last meal of the day. I always take it with me when traveling, which saves a deal of annoyance and discomfort."

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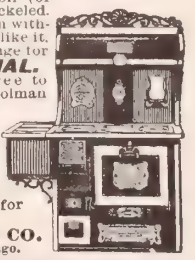

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Lost Gospels of the 1st Century*

WHEN Christianity had become partially established by the teaching of Christ and the preaching of his apostles and disciples, there arose among the Christians of the various churches a necessity, and hence a demand, for some written testimonies or records of the life and doctrines of their great Master. But this need was not so apparent or pressing in the first century, and especially during the lifetime of those who had been with Jesus, and had been his followers and companions.

Of the numerous gospels which were in circulation in the second century, not more than three can with any certainty, or with any high degree of probability, be traced back to the times of the apostles. These are the Gospel of Paul, the Gospel or Recollections of Peter, and the Oracles or Sayings of Christ, attributed to Matthew.

Ewald, one of the best of the German critics, concludes that there was a Gospel of Paul; thinks it was in the Greek language, and that it may have been written by the evangelist Philip.

It may be inferred that it afterward became incorporated into the Gospel of Marcion (A.D. 145), since Marcion was a follower of Paul, and for his own gospel claimed the sanction of that apostle.

Marcion was a native of Sinope, a town of Asia Minor, on the south shore of the Black Sea. It is supposed that the church at Sinope was furnished by Paul, at the time of its formation, with a collection such as he supplied to the other Asiatic churches; containing records of the life and teachings of Christ.

It was the opinion of Jerome, and of several other writers, that when Paul spoke of his gospel (Rom. 2 : 16; 16 : 25; II. Thess. 2 : 14), he referred to a written gospel then in circulation.

There is, however, a more distinct trace of the Gospel of Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, ch. 11, vv. 23 to 25. By comparing this passage with Luke 22 : 19, 20, it will be seen that the language is almost identical; while the parallel passages, Matt. 26 : 26 to 28, and Mark 14 : 22 to 24, have no such complete similarity, though the idea is the same. The Gospel of Luke, whether directly, or through Marcion's, was founded partly upon the Gospel of Paul. That Paul had something to do with a written gospel, which now appears, in whole or in part, in the compilation of Luke, is generally acknowledged; and this passage in First Corinthians, taken in connection with the corresponding passage in Luke, is strong evidence that in Corinthians Paul refers to a written gospel, which he had "delivered" to the church at Corinth, and a portion of which written gospel appears in Luke 22 : 19, 20. Paul may have referred, also, to the same gospel in Galatians 2 : 2.

The opinion of Ewald is, that the Greek Gospel of Paul was the first ever written. There was probably no great length of time intervening between the origin of that and of the other two gospels of the first century. The testimony of Irenæus (A.D. 190), concerning this gospel is, that it was written by Luke. "Luke, also, the companion of Paul, recorded in a book the gospel preached by him." Notwithstanding the positive language here used, the statement is to be taken with some allowance. Irenæus was fully committed to the four gospels, and was engaged in endeavoring to give them authority. He may be said, in fact, to have introduced them to the notice of the literary world; since he is the first author who mentions more than one of them. He speaks frequently of these gospels, and argues that they should be four in number, neither more nor less, because there are four universal winds, and four quarters of the world.

* From *The History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200*, by Charles B. Waite, A.M. Fifth edition. Pp. 556; cloth binding. Price $2.25. Waite & Co., Chicago, publishers. An invaluable book of reference for Biblical students and scholars generally.

The Gospel or Recollections of Peter was a book more generally known than the Gospel of Paul, and of the existence of which there can be no doubt. In the year 190, a large number of these Gospels of Peter were found in use by the church of Rhossus, in Cilicia; and so much were the Christians of that church attached to them that it became necessary for Serapion, one of the bishops, to suppress them, and to substitute the canonical gospels in their stead.

The Oracles, or Sayings of Christ, in the Aramaic language, we know but little about. It has been generally conceded, on the authority of Eusebius, that Papias (A.D. 125) had such a book, and that he wrote commentaries upon it.

The three gospels were the germs of the three synoptic gospels, respectively. That is, the Gospel of Paul was the germ of the Gospel according to Luke; the Gospel of Peter, of the Gospel according to Mark; and the Oracles, of the Gospel according to Matthew.

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And makes thine inmost grief his chosen part.

What is thy joy to-day?
A mind in wonder at its own keen knowing,
A soul wherein God's planted truth is growing,
A life with eager, happy love o'erflowing?
Rejoice!
He knoweth all thy way,
And hears with perfect love thy praising voice.

*From *Wayfarings*, a volume of verses, by George Herbert Clarke. Illustrated, pp. 94. Price $1. Windsor & Kenfield Pub. Co., Chicago.

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Holidays for Jesus; sketches of a short journey through some parts of Canada and the United States in 1900, by J. C. Smith. Copiously illustrated, pp. 239, cloth binding. J. P. Matthew & Co., Dundee; Blackwood & Co., London, and Religious Tract Society, Edinburgh, publishers.

Kids of Many Colors, by Grace Duffie Boylan and Ike Morgan. A very attractive book of juvenile jingles, prettily illustrated in colors, and showing babies and youngsters of every nation under the sun. The book is sure to delight the young folks. Pp. 158, cloth binding. Jamieson Higgins Co., Chicago, publishers.

The Voyage of Ithobal, by Sir Edwin Arnold; illustrated by Lumley. The story of Ithobal, the captain of Pharaoh's fleets who sailed around Africa, and his many adventures—a poetic allegory, by the author of *The Light of Asia*. Pp. 226, cloth binding, top-gilt. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York, and John Murray, London, publishers.

Faiths of Famous Men, in their Own Words; comprising the religious views of the most distinguished scientists, statesmen, educators, philosophers, theologians, literary men, soldiers, business men, thinkers and others. Compiled and edited by John Kenyon Kilbourn, D.D. Alphabetically arranged, convenient and valuable as a book of reference. Pp. 379, cloth binding. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

The Rubaiyat of Mirza Mem'n, beautifully printed and bound and richly illustrated. In a note accompanying the volume, the publisher, Henry Olendorf Shepard, says: "Many and beautiful as are the versions of Old Omar now before the public, I venture to believe that on a careful and sympathetic reading you will find the present one worthy of a place among the best. While this paraphrase is in the form of Fitzgerald's, the translator has studiously avoided imitation, and has drawn his 131 quatrains mainly from the prose versions of Nicolas and McCarthy. One who knows has said of it that 'the verbal portion has been constructed with supreme care, every word weighed for the purpose of carrying the deepest import. Many of the strophes are very sonorous, and in several instances are lines and couplets containing the most beautiful pictures clothed in original forms.'" To students and lovers of rare and beautiful books, this volume will be specially welcome. The art, typography, paper and binding are excellent, and form a worthy setting for the famous poem. Henry O. Shepard Co., 212-214 Monroe street, Chicago, publishers.

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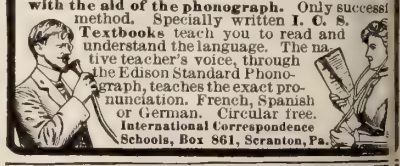

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FIDELITY TRIUMPHANT

seph's Trust in God Vindicated by His Advancement

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

OD is honored by those who place unswerving confidence in him and in his word. Thirteen years had passed by ce Joseph had dreamed of future rule. He l been sold by his brethren for a slave, and l passed over two years in prison under a fe and wicked charge; but his trust in God l only deepened, and his communion with H remained unbroken through all the tremendous tests with which God had honored H loyal servant. Man had failed him all tough this time of testing. Potiphar, who H so highly esteemed him, had listened to a acted upon the wicked accusations of his we against Joseph; and the chief butler, the cy man whose aid he had asked in his time c rouble, had forgotten him. "Put not your tst in princes, nor in the son of man, in vom there is no help" (Ps. 146: 3). But Jeph knew that he was yet to bear rule, for G had shown it to him.

Meanwhile, there is little doubt that he fyed, both for Potiphar and for Pharoah t king. Was it an accident, or was it rather t direct sequence of Joseph's prayers that Froah dreamed? One man's communion wi God brings God into a house, a city, or and. Little did the august personage tlk, who dreamed a dream which none of t state counsellors, none of the heathen agicians, none of the wise men of that land ofearning and of culture could interpret, th this marvellous dream was in any way cnected with a man who was serving his tie as a prisoner in the state prison. Little d Joseph think that his prayer for Pharoah, a his patient, prayerful waiting for the abmplishment of God's promises were in a way connected. Yet so it was. The dm made a great impression upon the kg. The failure of all his heathen priests a wise counsellors to interpret it made the csciousness that there was something supernral in this communication all the more nked, and made the king more ready, when G's time was come, to accept his interventi by Joseph.

haraoh was in perplexity; the dream was tlk at court, and the chief butler called tohind the man who had helped him when hhad been in a like position with the king. Hcame forward with the confession, "I do remember my faults this day," and he reorted to Pharoah the circumstances of his dm, and that of the chief baker, in the pon, and of the true interpretations of their fow prisoner Joseph. It was a last resource fthe king, and unhesitatingly he sent for Jph. What a moment for God's tried sant—to be sent for to stand before the kg! The word of the Lord had tried him, b he had been found faithful. Would he nt be uplifted? Joseph had no time for pparation other than to shave himself and pon other raiment, but he was found prepd. All the last thirteen years had been a pparation for this moment, and when Praoh addressed him, telling of his dream, ar that none could interpret it, adding, "I he heard say of thee, that thou canst understd a dream to interpret it," Joseph's awer was characteristic, "It is not in me; G shall give Pharoah an answer of peace." Joseph had been God's witness in Potip's house, he had been God's witness in tl prison, he could be nothing else at the cort of Pharaoh. They who can witness for G in the midst of his people, but who are al "Hail fellow, well met" with the world, wfind some day that they have trimmed w the world once too often, and that they hg their part "with the unbelievers." Jos's life was described in the words "The L was with Joseph"; and circumstances, wther those of a prison or of a court, could neaffect his real life; he was ever in the presen of a greater than Pharaoh, before whom hwalked and whom he served. The consis presence of God gives power and dity at all times.

haraoh told his dreams. "And Joseph said nt Pharaoh, The dream of Pharoah is one; G hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to o." How did this young man know so qkly the interpretation of the dream, withoaving so much as half an hour to pray ov the matter? One who is in the habit of pyer, and who begins his day by communin with God, lives in his presence, and has aear open all the day for his voice. Those w pray by fits and starts do not know what it to live in the sanctuary; and they may nd a special preparation to draw nigh unto G. God must have shown Joseph the interpitation as he stood before the king; and he ga it with all the authority of one who was st of his affair; there was no perhaps. "We spk that we do know, and testify that we hve seen" (John 3: 11).

haraoh was a heathen king, but like his sant Potiphar, he was able to recognize hisuperior in a man with whom the Lord w A profound impression had been made on he king and on his servants. Thus, in oday, the man was exalted who had learnedo accept his deep humiliations from the hd of God. Pharaoh said to his servants: "an we find such a one as this is in whom th Spirit of God is?" Pharaoh recognized G in his words to Joseph: "Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou." And Pharaoh appointed Joseph to be second in Egypt, gave him his signet ring, and all the insignia of office. There was something truly great and noble in this king, who would brave caste—feeling and national pride, in thus appointing a foreigner — and one who came straight out of prison, having entered Egypt as a slave—to so high a position, and so suddenly. But Pharaoh saw for himself, and judged for himself what was for the benefit of his people. Would that more kings resembled him!

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The "Breaking Plow" Evangelist

THIS summer I had the pleasure of camping with Rev. John Willan and his family while he was holding a camp-meeting in Northern Wisconsin. A few years ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD printed an account of camp-meetings held by Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Willan in the Kickapoo Valley. Mr. Willan is sent out by the Wisconsin State Home Missionary Society, and travels in the sparsely settled districts of that region, preaching and planting churches. He is often called the "Breaking Plow Evangelist," as his work takes him in places where no preaching has ever been heard. Oftentimes, when he can go no further with his team of Indian ponies, an account of the roads, he has to go on horseback through the woods for ten or fifteen miles. This might be pleasant during the summer months, but is very hard and difficult in winter and spring. Many times, in his circuit of 200 or 300 miles, he has to break his own way through the snow, or travel roads hub-deep with mud or water; but nothing seems to daunt him in his work. He has his reward from his Master, and people who everywhere receive him gladly.

In summer, he holds tent meetings wherever there is an opening. These are usually well attended. There is no division on account of sect. This year, at Martin, Wis., Mr. Willan conducted the services in a half-finished church and lived in a tent close by. One earnest, Christian man fixed up his big farm wagon with seats, and went down his road every night, assisting people who had no teams but who wished to come. Every Sunday afternoon a band of Christians conducts a flourishing Sunday School. A prayer-meeting has been started which will be the "pulse" of the church. These Home Missionaries are doing a great work, although the outer world may hear little about them.

A. E. B.

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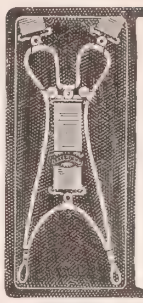

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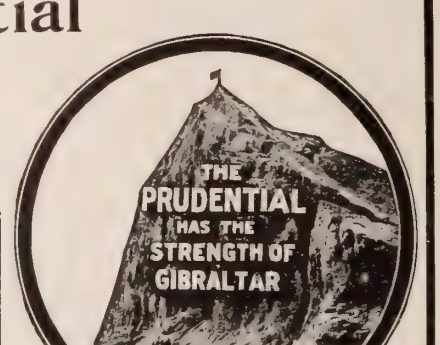

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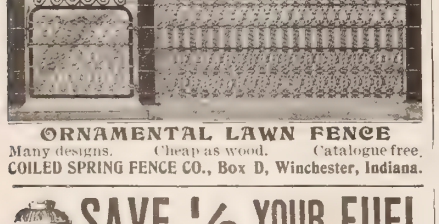

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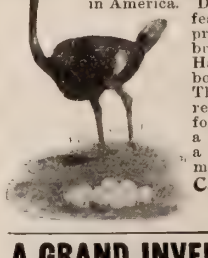

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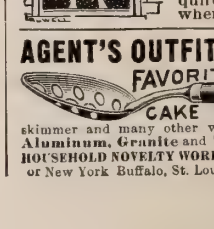

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 42

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1901

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER ANNUM

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HELD BY BRIGANDS FOR A RANSOM

Miss Stone, the Prisoner of Bulgarian Bandits = Three Governments Working Earnestly for Her Rescue

MISSIONARY circles and the friends of missionary effort throughout the globe are deeply agitated over the capture by brigands, near the Turko-Bulgarian frontier, of Miss Ellen M. Stone, an American missionary and a companion of Mrs. Tsilka, the wife of an Albanian preacher. Some of t facts concerning this remarkable abduction have already appeared in THE RISTIAN HERALD, but the details since received add greatly to the interest and portance of the case.

iss Stone, with a ty of native Chris- is connected with the sions, was traveling m Bansko to Djumas out one hundred es east of Salonica l in the mountain ges of Macedonia r the Bulgarian fron-), through a part of country which is ally considered safe. ong the party was s. Katarina Stepha- Tsilka, a native of ania and a Christian vert. While the party e passing through a le in the mountains, e suddenly appeared groups of men, one front, in the ordinary s of the country, the er behind them, ssed as Turkish sol- s. All the party were e prisoners, and e subjected to a rch for valuables. er taking their ney, jewelry and ches, the plunderers o spoke the Bulga- language, though ssed as Turks) liber- all except Miss ne and Mrs. Tsilka. s occurred on Sep- ber 3. The main y of the party found r way to a place of ty, some of them ying the news of the auction to the Ameri- Board Mission at akov, in European key. Two of the lents who were with s Stone at the time he attack made this ement:

"The whole party—out fifteen to eighteen re suddenly stopped narrow valley, and were compelled to le the river and as- d the wooded moun- side as fast as eats could make n. Not all the brig- s could be seen, but nty were counted at time, and it was the ion that there must been forty of them, ssed like Turks, but ing bad Turkish. y spoke occasionally good Bulgarian. They knew Miss Stone, showing that they e mainly after her. She and Mrs. Tsilka were taken on further and seen no more. remainder were relieved of valuables and compelled to stay all night under strict rd. After sunrise, the brigands who watched them went up the mountain and the mainder of the party were free. The teachers and Bible-women returned to sko." As a full day elapsed before the authorities could be informed of the abduction, the brigands had an opportunity to escape with their captives to a place of security, remote from the scene of their lawless exploit. It quickly became apparent that the outlaws had a definite purpose in the capture of Miss Stone, for Mrs. Tsilka, who was taken with her and also held prisoner for a time, was liberated and sent to Bansko, to procure money for the prisoner's pressing needs. It was also announced that the outlaws demanded a ransom of twenty-five thousand Turkish pounds ($110,000) for Miss Stone's liberation. This demand was mentioned in a letter from Miss Stone to Rev. Dr. Haskell, American Board Missionary at Samakov, and a place was named where the brigands would receive the money, after which, so they pledged their word, the prisoner would be restored to her friends. Mrs. Tsilka was the bearer of a letter from Miss Stone to her friends. "She gave me the letter," said the Albanian woman, "and then she took a cross from her neck, held it up and prayed to God for deliverance." When Mrs. Tsilka came away, the captive missionary was still kneeling in the attitude of earnest prayer.

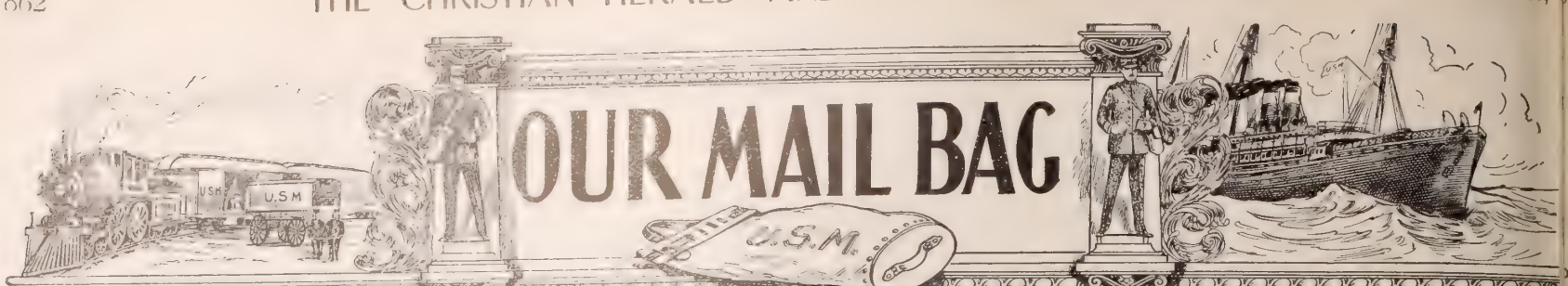
MISS ELLEN M. STONE

The American Board Missionary in Turkey, who was Captured by Brigands and Held for $110,000 Ransom

On the demand for ransom becoming known, there was great indignation among the missionaries and converts. Both the Bulgarian Government and that of Turkey began active measures with a view to hunting down the brigands, and the American Government was duly notified by its representative of the abduction and subsequent events. Four battalions of Turkish infantry were sent to the Bulgarian frontier, and ten companies of Bulgarian troops were also massed there, the two forces uniting in an effort to capture the outlaws. An infantry force was sent to search the mountain defiles near the scene of the abduction, and all the frontier passes were closely watched. In Sofia, the Bulgarian police made several arrests of suspected persons, who were believed to be accomplices. It is reported that the leader of the abductors is Bous Sarafou, President of a revolutionary committee in Macedonia, and that he and his followers planned the capture to embarrass the Government, and involve it in political complications with Turkey. Sarafou is said to be a desperate character, who would hesitate at no crime, if he found his plans thwarted.

A somewhat different light is thrown upon the situation in a statement made by B. Wardlaw Thomson, an American in Samakov. He declares that the capture of Miss Stone was not the act of mere brigands, but a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 865



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I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Nov. 13

1. A Western Sunday School is divided on the problem presented in the parable of the Prodigal Son, as to which was the better character of the two, the one who left his father's home or the one who remained there. What is the solution?

2. Is it better to use the singular, or the plural, verb in speaking of the United States "The United States is" or "The United States are"?

3. What is the best answer to give to persistent borrowers of books, implements, etc., who keep them a long time and sometimes do not return them at all. Is this a case in which we should "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again" (Luke 6: 35)?

4. Is a pastor justified in urging his people to vote a certain political ticket at the elections?

5. If a woman brings suit for divorce, and the husband is innocent of the charges brought against him, but is willing that his wife should get a divorce, should he allow the case to go against him by default, or should he vindicate himself, at the risk of perpetuating an uncongenial union?

Questions of the Week

1. Would the use of a liturgy in church be more conducive to a devotional spirit than extemporе prayer?

A liturgy, or form of service, must not degenerate into a formal service. Properly understood, the liturgy quickens, develops and guides the Christian consciousness and church life of a people, and is the surest safeguard against fanaticism. The Jews, under the old dispensation, had their liturgy, and Christ used it and so sanctioned it (Luke 4: 15). He also taught a form of prayer. To say that one cannot worship God "in spirit and in truth" under the forms used by Christians for centuries, expressive and beautiful as they are, is as though one should say that they cannot truly sing printed hymns in praise of God. In a lecture on "Worship in Non-Liturgical Churches," Dr. Boardman said: "We need forms of devotion as well as the spirit of devotion. The older I grow, the more incompetent I feel for attempting to lead the people's devotions extemporaneously. As the flying years bring with them more of experience and observation, the more I shrink from the possible disasters incident to extemporaneous prayers—for instance, grammatical blunders, tortuous movements, forced retreats, explanatory parentheses, ill-timed allusions, unfortunate reminiscences, and oblivious as unfortunate, unintentional exaggerations, personal idiosyncrasies, capricious moods, theological processes, conscious mentalities; in one word, egoism. . . . Why take such pains to elaborate our sermons before finite, sinful men, and yet presume to extemporize our prayers before an infinite and sinless God?" G. E. KRAUTH.

. . .

This question cannot be answered by an unqualified yes or no. Some who have been brought up with a liturgy, always prefer that form of prayer. In the case of some, I believe it is an advantage to know the words that are coming, and these catch beforehand the spirit of the words. I apprehend that this would be the class of people who are mentally rather shallow, but inclined to be spiritually devout. I have no doubt at all, in my own mind, that the same words repeated over and over again tends to formality with the great majority. For my own part, I would not even repeat the Lord's Prayer at every service, for I know that in myself at least, the words would in part lose their effect. I may say, too, that I have known several persons who, through marriage or otherwise, have left the Anglican Church to worship in the Free, and who would by no means return to liturgical forms; but I cannot recall any case in which a person brought up to free prayer become encumbered of a liturgy. What is needed is earnest, intelligent, devout extempore prayer; with this, I believe, there would not be much demand for set forms. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

2. When a young woman, who has received a college training and actually entered upon her profession, under good auspices, marries, is it advisable to drop her profession, or to continue it to the fullest extent her relationship will permit?

The young woman would certainly be justified in continuing the practice of her profession as far as her marriage relations would allow; but in a majority of cases, if she fulfilled her duties as a wife, there would be no place for her profession. The average man wishes in his wife a home-maker, housekeeper and companion, and no woman can accomplish this and at the same time do justice to a profession. If she attempts to do both, she will surely specialize in one at the expense of the other. The only exception would be that of a woman without home cares, who, practicing the same profession as her husband, should thus by sympathizing with his pursuits, become to him the companion and helpmeet he desires. M. L. M.

. . .

The question is an absorbing one, and is capable of being answered both affirmatively and negatively. I know of a home where the wife and mother finds recreation in the pursuit of a profession in which she was trained before marriage—that of literature, and I can readily understand how an artist, a physician, a dentist, a designer, an architect, a milliner, might still continue a professional calling, even after marriage, and without causing unhappiness. Why should years of preparation be wasted? These, however, I admit, are exceptional cases. Generally speaking, a woman is wise in laying aside all professional ambition when she weds, for then she "gives hostage to fortune to prevent great undertakings," in other words, she, for love's sake, pledges herself to self-effacement, and to become a dear household deity, instead of what she might have been had she heeded the voice of ambition. After all, no rule can be formulated as to woman's course after marriage. It is a question of temperament, training and opportunity, and each must decide for herself.

MARIA AYLMER.

3. A metaphor is used in the Bible to describe death, the law and God's care over his people. Name the metaphor and the places where it is used.

A shadow. DEATH—Job 10: 21: "Before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness, and the shadow of death." Job 16: 16: "My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death." Psalm 23: 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, etc." See also Job 24: 17; 28: 3; 34: 22; 38: 17. Psalm 44: 19; 107: 10; Isaiah 9: 2; Jer. 2: 6, 13: 16; Matt. 4: 16; Luke 1: 79. LAW—Heb. 10: 1: "For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offer year by year, continually make the comers thereunto perfect." Heb. 8: 5: "Who served unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, etc." Also, Col. 2: 17. GOD'S CARE OVER HIS PEOPLE — Psalms 36: 7: "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God; therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wing." Isaiah 51: 16: "And I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, thou art my people." Also Psalm 63: 7; 91: 1; Isa. 25: 4; 32: 2; 49: 2; Lam. 4: 20.

R. E. HOUGH.

. . .

Correct answers have been received also from L. Mudge, Isalene V. Wright, M. I. Tarpley, Clara R. Abbott, W. L. Caswell, L. J. Heatnole, H. B. Mills, G. H. Rogers, Margaret P. Johnson, Amelia Hoyt, William H. Olmstead, C. P. Atkinson, F. H. Richards, Louise C. Tower, Fred L. Sawyer, May Clough, Samuel Williams, and Heppie W. Hamilton.

4. Can one love his child too much?

Most certainly not. It is the lever that rules the world, and it is God's second best gift to man. There is nothing in this wi more sacred and more beautiful than mother's love for her child. She who n forts in sorrow, soothes away pain by gentle touch, quiets all fears, charms a vexation, trouble or remorse by her adm tion, and holds to her heart though all world forsake or treat with contempt. Se indulgence, which spoils a child, is often sidered as pure love, but the supreme love God expected the parent to exercise l well to the child, physically, intellectu and morally, and the affection either pa may have for the child is only an illustra of our capacity and readiness to reach pure love. We shall find as we approach understanding of God's love, each child we have is better and dearer, and we re that this faculty which is placed in the hu heart is to be made just as pure, noble great, as man is capable of.

MRS. MARY C. LI

. . .

One should love honor, country and before all else, even before his children. loves his child too much if he indulges every whim, passes its faults uncorrected its young passions uncontrolled; if he plies it freely with money'; if he consent its evasion of salutary discipline and sc tasks; if he neglects its moral training cause the child finds it "tiresome"; praises its very faults as virtues and the encourages it in conceit and arrogance. these ways, one may love too much, t hurt and ultimate ruin of the child's w nature. J. A.

. . .

Yes, undoubtedly. Many a father m an idol of his child. Said a fond father only yesterday, as he pointed to his l daughter, "How I do love that dear girl." decided impression made was that he not loved her better than life, but also better all else beside. The Master settles this ter so clearly and decidedly, that we make no mistake. (See Matt. 10: 37), that loveth son or daughter more than n not worthy of me." Also Luke 14: 26 any man come to me, and hate not his children, . . . yea, and his own life als cannot be my disciple." That is, if a places any object above Christ in his a tion, he cannot be his disciple.

JOHN H. SHERRAR

5. What should be done with lazy men who have families of small children, when they have acquired the habit of looking to benevolent people for the support of their children, who would starve if they were not helped?

In view of the fact that every experi tried heretofore has failed to solve the p lem, might it not be worth while to follo this suggestion: Establish a State institu on a large scale, under competent, intelli and sympathetic management, where t indigents shall be required to serve time render service (buy their own liberty) w there is a great variety of methods of emp ment and occupation (for these unfortu need a sort of kindergarten treatment) ha their work changed quite frequently, ascer ing that which gives them more stimul labor than others. The uninviting wooc is a tremendous mistake, so far as offering incentive to better and more useful life, w is our principal aim. The institution sh be self-supporting in time, and by a judi system of rewards, penalties, and recomp for services, under humane treatment, I t if these poor unfortunates are ever to re any inspiration to a useful life, and find sphere, it would be there.

WALTER W. HUBBAR

. . .

A man of this kind should be first ta aside by a tactful person and kindly, plainly, shown what relation he bears t ciety, and what relation he should bear. should be made to realize that the speak interested in his welfare, and suitable ployment should, if possible, be provi that he may have no excuse for remaini idleness. If this method of awakening manhood fails, he should be warned th he made no endeavor to provide for his ily he would be prosecuted for vagrancy. will likely effect a cure. If not, he shoul arrested without much trouble to those porting his kindred. By taking this ste ciety will be relieved of a parasite, at l for a time. Other unprincipled idlers, le ing a lesson, may see the need of a chan their habits; and the prisoner himself doubtless reform, after a sentence or tw the workhouse. JAMES BELL MAJO

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SPECIMEN ILLUSTRATION

THE TIMBREL

Timbrel, tabret Heb. *toph*. In old English tabor was used for any drum. Tabouret and tabourin are diminutives of tabor, and denote the instrument now known as the tambourine. Tabret is a contraction of tabouret. The Hebrew *toph* is undoubtedly the instrument described by travelers as the *duff* or *daff* of the Arabs. It was played principally by women, Ex. 15: 20; Judges 11: 34; 1 Sam. 18: 6; Ps. 68: 25, as an accompaniment to the song and dance. The *duff* of the Arabs is described by Russell as "a hoop sometimes with pieces of brass fixed in it to make a jingling) over which a piece of parchment is stretched. It is beaten with the fingers, and is the true Gymbalum of the ancients." In Barbary it is called *bar*.

If there is a Volume in all the World which should be Read Intelligently and Understandingly, it is the Bible—the Book of books—that Heaven-Inspired Volume which is the Foundation and the Corner-stone of our Glorious Faith. Yet no other Volume is so Rich in Important Allusions and References which require Intelligent Elucidation. Even the Illustrious Eunuch, when Philip questioned him pointedly, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" was forced to confess: "How can I, except some man should guide me?"

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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PORTO ★ RICO'S ★ INAUGURATION ★ DAY

PORTO RICO seems well pleased with her new Governor, Hon. William H. Hunt, and her new Governor has many good reasons to be well pleased with Porto Rico. He has been most warmly welcomed. His inauguration, which took place under circumstances rendering it as sad as impressive, was marked by exceeding good will toward the new Executive.

Governor Hunt said in his brief address, "What was to have been a great holiday had suddenly become a time of universal grief;" less than a hundred persons were present to witness the simple ceremony initiating him into the duties of his office. The meeting was held in the Council Chamber of the Executive Mansion at San Juan. The company included the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Porto Rico, the members of the Executive Council and the House of Delegates, the heads of the Executive Departments, the Bishop of Porto Rico, the Rev. Dr. Drees, the Alcade and other city officials of San Juan, and a few invited guests. During the ceremony, an Insular policeman stood back of the Governor holding a standard bearing the new coat-of-arms of the island. The day was Monday, Sept. 16, when President McKinley's body was on its way from Buffalo to Washington. Dr. Brumbaugh, who opened the meeting, said, in part:

"The late lamented President of the United States, on the 27th day of August, commissioned the Hon. William H. Hunt to be Governor of Porto Rico, and accepted the resignation of the Hon. Charles H. Allen, to take effect on the fifteenth day of September. In pursuance of law thereof, we have met in this solemn hour to attend to the inauguration of the Hon. William H. Hunt."

The Right Reverend J. H. Blenk, Catholic Bishop of Porto Rico, followed with an eloquent prayer for "the welfare, the success, the happiness and prosperity of our island, and our beloved friend, the distinguished Governor of Porto Rico." The prayer included a most fervent petition for "our country overwhelmed with gloom," because "our great, our beloved President McKinley has been stricken down by a most cruel blow."

Chief Justice Quinones then administered the oath of office, which pledges the Governor "to support, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Porto Rico against all enemies, foreign and domestic." After repeating the oath, the Governor signed written copies of it in Spanish and English. The regular inaugural address outlining his political policy, was, naturally, dispensed with, and the Governor spoke of him who was in all hearts—the nation's dead—and expressed his sincere appreciation of the manifestations of popular grief in Porto Rico. He said: "Words of sympathy and condolence have come from every point in the island, from the hamlets in the mountains, the valleys, and the cities by the sea. No cables can properly convey to the mainland the truth of this widespread sentiment here. I thank the people, and can only say that my highest ambition is to be worthy of the great trust confided to me for them by the patriot we mourn."

An impressive benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Drees, the Protestant clergyman, after which the company, forming in line, shook hands with the Governor and his wife, and then passed quietly out of the building.

A pleasant incident of the day was the reception by the Governor of a beautiful testimonial from the people of Mayaguez, presented through Mr. Mateo Fajardo, the Mayor. It is an eagle mounted upon the trunk of a tree, with outspread wings, just in the posture of alighting, and bearing in its beak a letter addressed to the Governor. The whole figure is six or eight inches high, done in silver, except the envelope of the letter, which is of gold. It is local handiwork and reflects credit on Mayaguez, at the same time that it bears testimony to the Governor's popularity among the Porto Ricans and to their desire to support him earnestly and honestly in the duties of his high office. Another and a very solid indication of the attitude of the islanders was given the day after his inauguration, when a deputation from the Chamber of Commerce of Porto Rico notified him of his appointment as the Honorary President of that body, "as an expression of gratitude for co-operation with the Chamber's work in behalf of our commercial community."

The loyalty and patriotism of our beautiful little island has been demonstrated in a way that must endear her to all her sisters on the mainland. No State here has shown profounder grief for our President. All her cities and hamlets went into mourning; all her bells tolled; all her cannons boomed; in her public buildings and churches there were memorial meetings, where her prominent citizens voiced public sorrow and her preachers of all creeds prayed for "our country," and for "La Senora McKinley." The *San Juan News* is advocating the erection of a McKinley monument there as a fitting tribute "to the one most loved by the people of this island." The little town of Manati decided at once to erect a tablet to his memory, inscribing it with his name in gold letters. The same loyalty which prompted grief for the dead President, is showing itself in kindly expressions toward Mr. Roosevelt. In matters commercial and educational, the island is making progress. A bright future is before her. Her newspapers and her prominent men are showing a commendable public spirit and an enterprise which must tell in favor of the island's enlarged prosperity. Her charms as a winter resort will contribute, too, to her development.

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE IN MOURNING

PROTESTANT CHAPEL IN PORTO RICO

WAYSIDE REFRESHMENT FROM COCOANUT TREES

GOVERNOR HUNT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Third Watch of the Night

TEXT --- Isa. 21: 11: Watchman, what of the night?

WHEN night came down on Babylon, Nineveh, and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor; or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passer-by raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch, from six to nine; the second, from nine to twelve; the third, from twelve to three; and the fourth, from three to six. I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from twelve to three o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetstone, they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter, and with brain weary of the long line of figures and the whims of those who go a-shopping, seek the face of mother, or wife and child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centres of bargain-making. Let idlers clear the street and give right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants! They have earned their bread and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over ten thousand evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families."

The Watch of Relaxation

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ball-room is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who, on either side of the white, glistening boards, await the signal from the orchestra. Concert-halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress, or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. Drawing-rooms are filled with all gracefulness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner; mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene, until it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded troops advancing and retreating. The dashing span, adrip with the foam of the long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curb-stone. Mirth, revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence, mingle in the great metropolitan picture, until the thinking man goes home to think more seriously, and the praying man to pray more earnestly. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes twelve, and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam-whistle five miles away. Oh, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary, who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry, which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first-born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the sacrament to a dying Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste. Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window, is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid must be resisted, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

Oh, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought!—a whole city at rest! Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood, with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow, and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care, and anxiety, and worriment, and pain. Let the city sleep.

But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be to-night thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread, lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window-pane, and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us?" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah! you would not ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse. "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more

They Need Your Pity

The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope, and through the broken window they see the crystals of heaven; but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, Where I give ten prayers for the innocent who are suffering I will give twenty for the guilty who are suffering.

Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "Oh," you say, "it is locked" No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter any insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand! Look at those two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near you your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like those beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. O Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms! Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that the scarred and bruised face of that young woman ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn, Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities are full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

The Criminal's Watch

Do you know it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work? It is the criminal's watch. At half-past eight o'clock you will find them in the drinking-saloon, but toward twelve o'clock they go to their garrets, they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky, and a cry of "Fire! fire!" Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They began by robbing boys' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank, and are preparing to blast the gold-vault. Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes.

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away, and though the wife be waiting in the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks. Put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little ago put out a sign of copartnership will this win wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be n money-till that will spring a leak. In the third wa the night pass down the streets of these cities, ar hear the click of the dice, and the sharp, keen str the balls on the billiard-table. At these places chant princes dismount, and legislators, tired of m laws, take a respite in breaking them. All clas people are robbed by this crime—the importer o eign silks and the dealer in Chatham street p handkerchiefs.

Gambling and Drinking

In one year, in New York city, there were seve lion dollars sacrificed at the gaming-table. Pe some of your friends have been smitten of thi Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it. haps there may be a stranger here from some hotels. Look out for those agents of iniquity tarry around about the hotels, and ask you, "W you like to see the city?" "Yes." "Have you seen that splendid building up-town?" "No." the villain will undertake to show you what he ca "lions" and the "elephants," and after a young through morbid curiosity or through badness of has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will enchanted ground. Look out for these men who around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek and patronizing air, and unaccountable interest your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool i cannot see through it. They want your money.

In the third watch of the night, also, drunke does its worst. The drinking will be respecta eight o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at nine ative and garrulous at ten, at eleven blaspheme twelve the hat falls off, at one the man falls to the asking for more drink. Strewn through the dri saloons of the city, fathers, husbands, sons as go you are by nature, perhaps better. In the high of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his f revelers, who try to get him to bed, or take him where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake children. They have had disgrace enough.

My friends, you see all around about you the that something radical be done. You do not s worst. In the midnight meetings in London a multitude have been saved. We want a few hu Christian men and women to come down from the est circles of society to toil amid these wanderin destitute ones, and kindle up a light in the dark even the gladness of heaven. Do not go wrap your fine furs and from your well-filled tables, wi idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. bread, take raiment, take medicine, as well as take p There is a great deal of common-sense in what th woman said to the city missionary when he was her how she ought to love God and serve him. she said, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, hungry, you could think of nothing else!"

Practical Help Needed

A great deal of what is called Christian work go nothing, for the simple reason it is not practic after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an lance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributi tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christia in this country, said to him, "What are you distril tracts for now? There are three thousand men ing to death. Bind up their wounds, and then dist the tracts." We want more common-sense in Ch work, taking the bread of this life in one hand a bread of the next life in the other hand. I rejoice God that never are sympathetic words uttered, a prayer offered, never a Christian alms-giving ind in but it is blessed. There is a place in Switze I have been told, where the utterance of one wor bring back a score of echoes; and I have to te that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous a helpful word, uttered in the dark places of th will bring back ten thousand echoes from heaven. there in this assemblage those who know by expe the tragedies in the third watch of the night? I a here to thrust you back with one hard word. Tak bandage from your bruised soul, and put on it the ing salve of Christ's Gospel and of God's compa I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one that gets reformed by the grace of God than over and nine that never got off the track.

I could give you the history in a minute of one best friends I ever had. Outside of my own fa

HELD BY BRIGANDS FOR A RANSOM

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

political plot, deliberately planned, for the purpose of exciting international feeling against Turkey. He adds, however, that both governments are making strenuous efforts for her rescue.

United States Consul Dickerson, on Oct. 2, left Constantinople for Sofia, in Bulgaria, to make further investigation into the case. The

TYPES OF ALBANIAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF SALONICA, TURKEY

BRIGAND TYPES ON TURKISH BORDER

United States Government has already taken such action in the matter as may hasten the rescue and ultimately result in the two responsible governments bringing the aggressors to justice. The abductors, it is said, had boldly announced that the ransom must be paid not later than Oct. 8, but no alternative was mentioned. There were no apprehensions of violence, and the officials of the American Board of Foreign Missions believe that, as soon as the brigands realize that the threats and demands are unavailing and that no ransom will be paid, they will release their captive. To yield to their demands and pay a ransom would be to give such an impulse to brigandage that no missionary in the East would be safe.

A quite a different view of the case was taken by the State Department at Washington. It was believed that Miss Stone was in imminent peril, and that the brigands were not likely to be influenced by sentimental motives or swayed from their purpose by appeals for mercy. They would carry out their threat of death, or a worse fate, unless the money were promptly paid. This opinion was shared by many people, and it was decided by the relatives of Miss Stone, and their pastors, to appeal to the whole nation to subscribe the ransom. The appeal was issued through the American Board. At the last hour, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD was urgently requested to assist in the movement of the raising of the ransom. It did so gladly, and soon the telegraph wires were flashing messages to liberal hearts in many States, and an army of messengers was busy bearing communications to wealthy merchants in New York City, resulting in over $2,000 within five or six hours.

Up to Tuesday, Oct. 8, the day set for the ransom to be paid, something less than one-half the amount had been contributed. To relieve anxiety, the proprietors of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cabled to Mr. Peet, representative of the American Board in Constantinople, inquiring whether it was possible to gain an extension of time beyond Oct. 8. This answer came by the Bible:

KLOPSCH, New York,

Pera, Oct. 7, 1901.

Amount of ransom and time limit under negotiation between Wait. (Signed) PEET."

This hopeful message was confirmed by a despatch to the Associated Press from Sofia, stating that United States Consul Dickerson had secured the consent of the brigands to an extension of one month, a portion of the ransom to be deposited meanwhile.

Conflicting reports concerning Miss Stone's condition have come over the cable. One cablegram represents her as in a pitiable plight from weakness, caused by being dragged from hiding-place to hiding-place by her captors in their haste to elude their pursuers. A second doubts whether she still lives. Another, apparently equally authentic, say she is well and by no means hopeless. Turkish troops from Serres and Daumaya are scouring the mountains known as the Despot range and Bulgarian infantry from Kostendil are also busy, while

MRS. KATARINA TSILKA

in a third section six companies of frontier guards are blocking exit in the only other direction by which the outlaws can leave the hills.

Miss Ellen M. Stone is one of the veteran workers of the European Turkey Missions, laboring first at Samakov, then at Philippopolis, and now at Salonica. She left the United States in 1878 to go to Samakov. She visited this country in 1882, and again in 1885, as escort to a returning sick missionary colleague. She is a member of the First Church of Chelsea. Mrs. Tsilka is the daughter of a wealthy and prominent gentleman of Macedonia. He sent her to a boarding-school, and when she returned home he discovered that she had become a Christian. He drove her forth, but has relented since and made peace. Mrs. Tsilka came to the United States to fit herself to go back to her people as a medical missionary. She took four American diplomas; one at the Moody Schools at Northfield, a second at the Sloan Maternity, a third at the Presbyterian Training School for Nurses, and a fourth in Obstetrics at Cornell. She was married in 1900, sailing immediately afterwards for Macedonia.

Our Ellen M. Stone Ransom Fund

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has received the following amounts towards liberating Miss Ellen M. Stone:

D. O. Mills	$250	Mark A. Hanna	$100
J. & W. Seligman	250	Stephen Whitney	25
Chas. L. Hyde, Tuxedo Pk.	50	Richard L. Eells	50
Hon. Chas. A. Schieren	100	Mrs. George Westinghouse	500
Bankers' Loan & Invest. Co.	10	Mrs. Garrett A. Hobart	200
S. V. White & Co.	25	J. D. Lippincott	30
N. W. Harris & Co.	50	Thomas R. Patton	25
Edw. Lauterbach	25	Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage	100
E. G. Burgess	20	Mrs. T. DeWitt Talmage	100
H. E. Wu Ting Fang	100	Louis Klopsch	100
Louis Fleishmann	25	P. B. Bromfield	25
Paid over to Kidder, Peabody & Co., $2,160			$2,160
Balance			None

All the expenses connected with these operations are borne by the proprietor of this paper. We wish here to acknowledge our indebtedness for the hearty and practical co-operation of the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Postal Telegraph Company, both of which companies very generously handled all telegrams expeditiously and free of expense.

It will be observed that among the contributors is His Excellency, Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister in Washington, who takes this opportunity of showing his gratitude for the generosity with which America helped China in the recent famine and flood troubles. J. & W. Seligman is one of the leading banking firms in the country and represents the Hebrew element.

Now that the time for paying the ransom has been extended, an opportunity is afforded to all friends of missionary effort to co-operate in saving Miss Stone. Fifty thousand dollars more must be raised before the ransom can be fully paid and the peril averted. We trust that many of our readers will aid this worthy effort by sending in their contributions quickly. Every sum will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

THIRD WATCH OF THE NIGHT; A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ney had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the West. He was of splendid personal appearance; but he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw me coming out of the saloons, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him. So the time went on. After awhile the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sick-bed. I hastened. It took me but a very few moments to get there. I knelt and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord who made it.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring him to the church. Somebody said: "You cannot bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said: "You will bring him in church; he stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him!" As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. On one side of the pulpit sat his little child of eight years, a sweet beautiful little girl, that I had seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan. On the other side sat the men who ruined him; they were the men who had poured the wormwood into the orphan's cup. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say: "What a pity that so generous a man should be destroyed?" No; they sat there, looking as vultures look at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin-lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood Cemetery, and they blasphemed and they drank. Oh, how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help. But there is a man who will not reform. He says: "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe there are five acts in a tragedy.

Act the first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamation of: "How well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window-pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect and cruelty and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh, what a blasted heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds, but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. Blackness of darkness forever. But I cannot look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! Quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man but the end thereof is death."

A GREAT PROTESTANT SHRINE

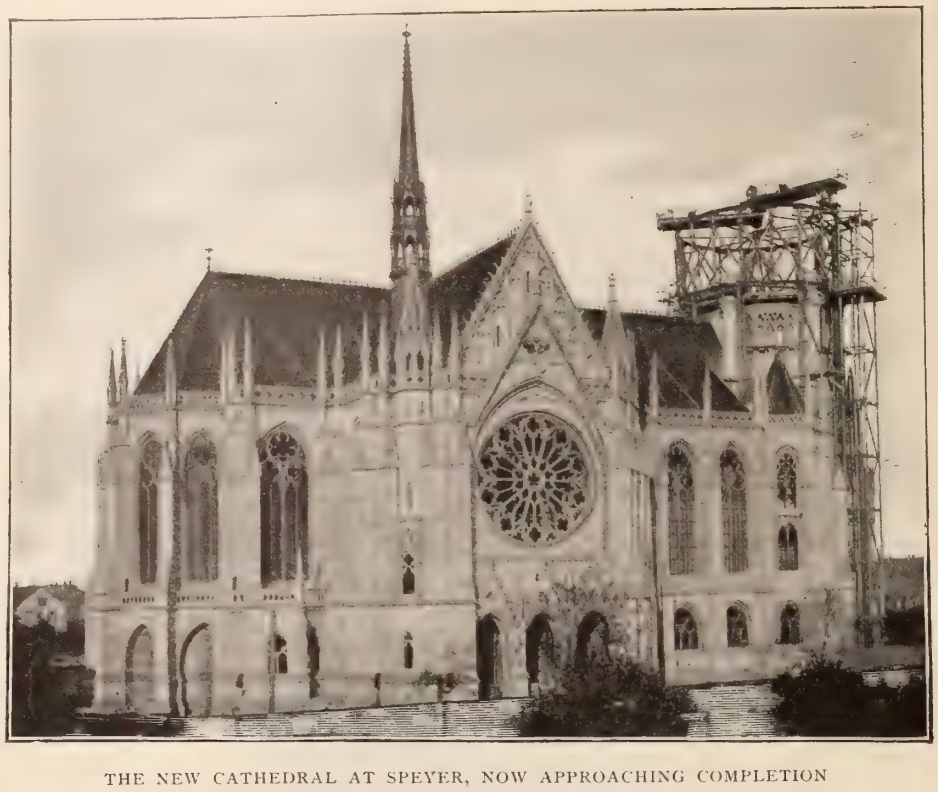
Hon. Chas. A. Schieren Writes of his Journey to Speyer and the Progress of the New Cathedral

WHILE in Germany recently, I visited the city of Speyer-on-Rhine, to see the new cathedral which has been in process of building for so many years, and is nearing completion. I was agreeably surprised to find it a most beautiful structure. The cathedral is about as large as Trinity Church, New York, although the steeple will be higher, reaching, when completed, an altitude of over three hundred feet. Everything seems to have been done, both as to exterior and interior, to make the cathedral a worthy memorial to Protestantism.

The photograph which I enclose, was taken in honor of my visit, and gives a pretty good idea of the present condition of the cathedral. The belfry tower had been started a few weeks before I arrived, which was June 20th, and the committee expected it to reach its height of about 200 feet this fall. The immense bell, "Kaiserglocke," donated by Emperor Wilhelm II, lay on the ground, ready to be hoisted in position as soon as the belfry is finished; it has a fine, rich, deep tone, pleasing to the ear, and can be heard for miles over the surrounding country.

Professor Guemble, the originator, and energetic spirit in this stupendous enterprise, was highly pleased to receive a representative of the Lutheran Church of America. He gave me a most royal welcome, and was untiring in his efforts to explain every detail of the splendid structure. He was disappointed in not being able to finish the cathedral this year, but adverse circumstances presented themselves which stopped the work for a short period. Two of the benefactors of the cathedral died this year, one of them, the late Henry Villard, who was a native of Speyer, and who had given most liberally toward the cathedral. Mr. Villard also founded a Lutheran Deaconess' Home (a grand monument to his memory) and a Manual Training School (Gewerbe Schule) for young men, in his native town. He certainly proved himself a worthy son of the city of his birth. Professor Guemble depended largely upon another liberal gift from him, but his sudden death cut it off. However, he was rejoiced to receive another subscription of ten thousand reichsmark the day of my visit, which greatly encouraged him.

The erection of this magnificent cathedral is another illustration of what one man can accomplish with a determined will, and implicit confidence in the ultimate success of the work. Professor Guemble possessed a childlike faith, and firmly believed that the Lord, in due time, would provide means to complete the cathedral. Many discouragements presented themselves during the years of patient labor, but not for a moment did he waver or lose faith in the ultimate result.



THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT SPEYER, NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION

Professor Guemble had able and energetic assistants. One of them, Dr. Albert Beyschlag, who visited this country last year, and was successful in getting many people interested in the Speyer Cathedral. Dr. Beyschlag, by his earnest appeals and courteous manner made many friend obtained liberal contributions. Notably he enlist Lutherans of this country in furnishing the statue of for the central figure in the group of statues to be pl the rotunda of the cathedral. This group represer six princes who made such vigorous protest in the meeting of the Diet called by E Charles V. in the year 1529, w generally considered the birth Protestantism.

Protestants from all over the made contribution toward this dral. The stained glass window all donated by ardent lovers of th eran Church, and many are s works of art, principally illustrat life of Christ. Some comme historic events of the Reformati are beautiful, and exceedingly i ing. I urged Professor Guemble t a descriptive pamphlet or catal all the articles donated, and pub many prominent American nan among the donors. J. Pierpont M donated the richly-carved, soli pulpit, most artistically execute descriptive of a historic event Reformation.

All Protestantism may justly b of the near completion of this cathedral. Evidently no exper been spared; the best material a best workmanship have been em to make it a lasting and endurin ument.

During my absence the subsc to the Luther Statue have almost just at a time when they ar needed. Professor Guemble mad tract with Mr. H. Hahn, a well- sculptor of Munich, and I am upon to make the first payment thousand reichsmark (about $1, While the committee can meet mand, another of like amount wi be forthcoming, and it must be p cause we have guaranteed the c It is hoped that the interest in this ment will be revived, and our minded Lutheran friends through church at large will take up spec lections in their churches or Schools, or make personal contributions. Almost a th copies of that beautiful, large photograph entitled " and his Family," are still on hand, and a copy of th will be mailed gratis to every donor toward the Luther Fund. All contributions will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

CHARLES A. SCHIE

JAPAN COMING TO CHRIST

THOUSANDS CONVERTED IN A NATIONAL REVI L— A PENTECOSTAL WAVE SWEEPS THE GREAT C IES

REV. MR. AKUNO
A prominent native Christian

AT the conference of missionaries held in Tokyo last October, a committee was appointed to co-operate with the Japanese pastors and evangelists in an effort to spread the Gospel throughout Japan. The movement met with almost universal approval, and arrangements were accordingly made for united evangelistic services in all parts of the country. The services in Tokyo were preceded by a daily union prayer meeting, which began on the 12th of May. It was at first attended by about 200 persons; but in the course of a week the number and interest had so greatly increased that only a part of the people could get inside of the church. Those who were outside knelt and prayed in the same way as those who were within. The Holy Spirit was manifestly present, and there was earnest crying unto God for his presence and blessing on the services which were to follow.

The meetings were at first confined to a single ward, and held in six different churches at the same time. The interest increased so rapidly that the services which followed were conducted in several wards. Placards were posted in conspicuous places, and banners carried through the streets; also hand-bills distributed everywhere, inviting the people to the meetings. Bands of students, and others, who were filled with the Spirit, went out on the street singing hymns and preaching to the passersby. Such a unity of spirit and readiness to work for the salvation of souls have never been seen in Japan before. At the end of June, the special meetings were temporarily discontinued. They are to be resumed again as soon as the hot season is ended.

Among many things that are of interest and importance we would mention the following:

1. The services were held in the churches, which were always thronged. Hitherto it has been found necessary to use the theatres or other public buildings, because those who were not Christians could not be indu l to come to ordinary places of worship.

2. There was no attempt to make a disturbanc and the police took special pains to promote the succ s of the work.

3. While there was deep and very general i rest there was no excitement or unseemly noise or d onstration of any kind.

4. The preaching was the simple, old, old stor told in plain and earnest words, in reliance on the Holy irit alone to make it effectual. There has been an a mpt hitherto on the part of some to formulate a Chris nity expressly for Japan, but no one in these meetings s ght to substitute any new or advanced scheme of sal tion in place of the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ.

NATIVE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN TOKYO

The results have been simply wonderful; su an awakening has never been known before in the h ory of Japan. The general expression of those wh ave seen and know of the work, is that it is certain the hand of God, and that it is in answer to prayer. t a thanksgiving service held on the 6th of July, r orts were made from fifty-one churches in the vario dis- tricts. The total number of converts and inquire was 5,307. This is the actual number of those wh ave their names publicly at the different gatherings. hat all of these have been truly converted is not be expected. From ten to twenty per cent. have nce connected themselves with the churches, and othe are being gathered in. Among these are men who ave been criminals, drunkards, gamblers, and brothel-ke ers, and such as are regarded as the most hopeless and an- doned. The spirit of God has taken possession o eir hearts and they have truly been born again.

Not only has the criminal and degraded class een reached, but those in high station and wielding eat influence have become new creatures in Christ sus, and are now working to bring others to Christ. Not only in Tokyo, but in Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka, ga, Nagasaki, Sendai and other cities there has been eep interest, and hundreds have been brought to Chris

It is the purpose of those who have had this w in charge to continue in this same line, with still g ter energy and courage, as soon as the hot seaso has passed and the weather will permit.

H. Loo

Yokohama, Japan.

"THE FEAST of TABERNACLES"

A Revival in a Reformed Jewish Synagogue of the Ancient Hebrew Ordinance

TEMPLE Ahavath Chesed ("Loving-kindness") on Lexington avenue and Fifty-fifth street, New Yor is one of the most influential Reformed Jewish congregatis. Rabbi I. S. Moses, formerof Chicago, in charge of the ngregation, though imbued withhe spirit of reform, yet sugsted to his Board of Trustees ecently the revival of the pictesque and ancient Feast of *Succh* ("booths"). The construon of this temporary habitatic is described in Nehemiah 8: 116. With the aid of several dies of the congregation, Rab Moses succeeded in erecting model *succah*. The structure as situated in the temple courutilizing the three stationary alls, while the fourth wall, at thentrance, consisted of thin boa, enveloped in drapery. Thepor in the centre was overhunwith an immense, heavy silk ag. The roof was covered withvergreens, so arranged that the y and stars were visible, in accdance with the rabbinical injuction, which symbolizes that howver frail our dwellings may he, are always protected by our eator. The interior decoratio of the tabernacle were veryttractive. The walls were covd with immaculate damask, pon which hung fanciful clus's of various domestic and tropil fruits, interwoven with Amcan flags. Since the Tabernacle Feast also commerates the "Ingathering Harvest," a large variety of plain nd fancy vegetables were heaped on one side of the all. The large table in the centre bore varied fruits, arranged upon silver salvers several stories high. The chief attraction, however, was an enormously long *hallah* (twist of bread), over which a benediction was pronounced before it was broken.

THE TABERNACLE OF THE AHAVATH CHESED CONGREGATION

1. Messrs. Manilla. 2. Kutner. 3. Paskuez. 4. Superintendent of Sunday School. 5. Rabbi Moses. 6. Mr. Kohner (President of Congregation). 7. Mr. Gumsberg (Cantor). 8. Adolph Benjamin. 9. Henry Mandelbaum.

On the first night of the feast, after the service in the synagogue, the rabbi invited the congregation to the *succah*. The chief ceremony within the *succah* consists of *kiddush* (benediction over a cup of wine),and *hamatzeh* (benediction over bread), in which all the congregation then participated. The rabbi chose as assistants for the service the oldest members of the congregation. To any Christian observer, it would appear like a regular communion service, the only difference being that while the latter is characterized by solemnity and awe, the former commemorates "a season of rejoicing" (Deut. 16: 13-15), and the scene was one of joyfulness.

The benedictions pronounced in the Tabernacle were as follows: over the wine—"Blessed art thou. O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who createst the fruit of the vine"; over the bread—"Blessed . . . who bringest forth bread from the earth"; over the *succah*—"Blessed . . . who hath sanctified us by thy commandments, and hast commanded us to dwell in the Tabernacle." Also—"Blessed . . . who hast kept us in life, and hast preserved us, and enabled us to reach this season." Orthodox Jews, especially in Europe, eat and sleep in the *succah* for a whole week during the continuance of the Feast of Tabernacles.

It is safe to predict that this striking innovation by Temple *Ahavath Chesed* will be the forerunner of like changes in many other Hebrew Congregations.

A. BENJAMIN.

DUCAL PROGRESS THROUGH CANADA

THE tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York across the continent was completed according to programme. The royal party reached Victoria, the "Garden City of the Pac Coast," on October 2, in time for the Duke to oper he annual fair there, after which they started east rd again, Toronto being the next city on the achelle of visitation. Toronto has been making ready for nths. Among the preparations was the erection of o of the mo magnificentrches distting hed visitors er passed undin this or in y other coury.

Th progress of Cada's futureulers has beenarked by contious ovationsnot by any mea limited to thees. Along therte, people coulbe seen in littleroups by the adside or stang in the door of their farhouses, wavig greetings the royal trainped on.

Th welcome at Cawa, the Capal, was natally the mostotable of the rious municial receptions At the stati, the royal partwere met by Governor-Geneal Lord Min, Sir Wilfrid aurier, the lmier, and Mayf Morris, the tter, like the Lord Mayor of London, "all splendid in a great gown of scarlet cloth richly furred, surmounted by a gold chain." Bands were playing merrily. School-children, citizens and soldiers were out in full force, and streets were festooned everywhere with banners and bannerets. At night, the illuminations were of exceptional beauty; the trees, in all directions, seemed "loaded with great gold fruit," because of being hung with big round orange-colored lanterns; and the House of Commons stood out against the sky like a lace-work of light. The unveiling of the late Queen's statue on Parliament Hill was the distinguishing feature of the Ottawa visit. Medals were conferred on veterans of the South African War, and, in some instances, the Victoria Cross was given. A magnificent set of furs was one of Ottawa's gifts to the Duchess. Toronto's school children have provided a toy set of Toronto's public buildings, with a plan of the city, for the royal children. In British Columbia the Coast Indians presented the Duchess with their most precious and venerable relic, the "Hat of the Chief."

RECEPTION OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT OTTAWA

Many very interesting incidents have marked the royal journey. One of these was when the Duchess, after pinning his medal on a blind soldier's breast, took his hand and said, with tears in her eyes: "When I go home I will tell my sister Mary, I had the pleasure of meeting you." Her sister, the Duchess of Teck, had known the youth and had spoken to her of him. The royal pair have shown lively interest in Canadian development and done much to endear themselves to the people.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—Postage must be prepaid outside the U. S., Canada, the Mexican Republic and Cuba, $1.00 extra a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Mat

The Abducted Missionary

IN all the long record of missionary experience, there is no more thrilling page than that which tells of the capture of Miss Ellen M. Stone and her companion and fellow-worker, Mrs. Tsilka, by bandits, in the wild mountain fastnesses on the Turko-Bulgarian border. Whether the abduction of the American missionary was accomplished solely for the purpose of securing a ransom, or had ulterior political motives, as some of the cable despatches have suggested, will hardly be considered at the present moment.

What has absorbed the attention and excited the indignation and horror of the civilized world is the fact that in a supposably peaceful district of southern Europe, a Christian woman, who had been spending the summer in those mountains, teaching and doing good, should be rudely seized and carried off to some remote hiding-place. Such deeds were probably not infrequent in mediæval times, but they are not now to be tolerated, and the government whose laxity makes them possible must be made to bear the full responsibility.

Although the American Board has expressed the conviction that Miss Stone's life is not in imminent danger, and that no violence need be apprehended, the State Department in Washington takes a different view of the case. Indeed, it has not hesitated to declare unofficially, that in all probability, the threat of the brigands, to sacrifice their captive, will be carried out, unless the ransom demanded is fully and promptly paid. Such a tragic sequel, however painful to contemplate, would only be a repetition of similar atrocities which have been perpetrated by brigands in other southern European countries in recent years. Italy and Greece have notoriously failed to make traveling safe within certain parts of their respective borders.

In the present case, it is likely that the stories of the fabulous wealth and generosity of Americans having penetrated to those Macedonian mountains, the cupidity of the lawless element was aroused and the crime was planned solely for plunder. The American Board has declined to accede to the demand for a ransom, on the ground that if the Board yields to such a demand, it would be placing a premium on brigandage, endangering missionaries everywhere, causing infinite pain and anxiety to friends at home, seriously embarrassing the missionary work, and jeopardizing the results of long years of consecrated toil.

To pay the ransom, therefore, would be to establish a dangerous precedent. At the same time, the natural solicitude of relatives and the sympathy of an interested public in Miss Stone's case have been so pronounced, that the Board has sent out an appeal in their behalf, inviting the whole nation to contribute the ransom and to share in the work of rescue.

Whatever the result of these efforts, the Government will doubtless insist on a full reckoning with Turkey and Bulgaria for this outrage, and it will be the subject of diplomatic correspondence for months to come. It is to be hoped that the deplorable experience of Miss Stone and her companions may give rise to a vigorous movement for the suppression of brigandage and the punishment of the outlaws, which will result in benefit to travelers and sojourners in foreign lands generally, and to none more than to the missionaries themselves.

Episcopalians on Divorce

GREATER interest than ordinarily is excited by a religious assemblage is aroused in the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, now in session in San Francisco. Several questions of vital importance to that Church are being considered by the high dignitaries and other delegates there assembled, such as the new name proposed for the Church, and the various questions arising out of ritualistic tendencies, which some of the clergy have developed. But the interest of the general religious public is not concerned so much with these matters, which are of internal concern, as with the legislation which the Convention has been asked to enact in connection with marriage and divorce. Not that the Convention can interfere with the courts, or can impose restrictions on the freedom of divorce, but it can prohibit the clergy of the Church giving its sanction to unions which it does not approve.

The legislation proposed is twofold. One of the new canons suggested, forbids a clergyman to solemnize a marriage when either of the parties to it has a husband or wife still living, unless such person has obtained a divorce in "a court of competent jurisdiction for cause existing before such marriage." Thus, if this canon is adopted, although the Church will not condemn divorce, it practically condemns both the wrongdoer and the innocent victim to remain unmarried so long as the other lives. It is possible that either may go to a clergyman of some other Church or to a civil officer, and be legally married, but neither can have the sanction of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the union, nor must a clergyman of that Church perform the marriage ceremony. The second canon provides the penalty for offending members of the Church. Persons so divorced and married again, are excluded from baptism, confirmation and communion, in other words, excommunicated, except in the case of "the innocent party to a divorce for the cause of adultery."

The direct effect of such legislation, if it is adopted, may be relatively small, but its indirect influence will probably be extensive. The attitude it implies is logical and dignified. It does not interfere with personal liberty, but it declines to sanction by its benediction unions of which it does not approve. So the Church will preserve itself from complicity in the laxity now all too prevalent in this matter, and apply such deterrents as are within its power to its own members. To what extent its example will be followed by other religious bodies, time will show. We can imagine the consternation that would be caused by all denominations taking the same position. If every person contemplating obtaining a divorce, with the usual sequence of another marriage, knew that the ceremony would be unblessed by the Church, not a few would hesitate to incur the odium. It is probable, however, that the influence of the Convention will consist chiefly in its characterization of such marriages. That the bishops and clergy should condemn them, implies that in their opinion they are offensive in the divine eyes, and that fact will weigh with God-fearing people. There will inevitably be a difference of opinion among theologians on the subject, but the decision by so learned and pious a body as the Convention will certainly have its effect.

It would be well if such action as the Convention may take, should not only influence other denominations, but give stimulus to the movement for securing a uniform divorce law for the whole country. The present anomalous situation of the courts of one State granting a divorce which is not recognized in another, and a marriage which is valid in one State being regarded as illicit in another, is intolerable. Legislation so stringent as that which the Convention is asked to adopt, could not be enacted in any State Capital, nor perhaps would so stringent a law be desirable; but if the religious bodies, with some approach to uniformity, made a definite statement of their views, public opinion would surely be affected. Then there would be some hope that if a model divorce law were prepared, eliminating the worst of the present abuses, the State Legislatures might adopt it, and so the evil that is sapping the foundations of our social purity would be remedied.

Fishing for Gudgeons

FISHERMEN tell us there are certain specimens of the finny tribes that are extremely wary and hard to hook. They look all around the bait before they venture a nibble, and they disdain to rise at a fly. Then there are "fool" fish, that jump at and swallow any kind of lure, the moment the hook strikes water. Nothing that swims is so easily caught as these gudgeons; yet hardly more easily than the shoals of human gudgeons, who are attracted by the golden bait thrown out by speculators, and by that alert class of fishermen who are always angling for the pocketbooks of the credulous.

This is an age of exploitation and adventure, of good and bad enterprises, of genuine and bogus investment. It is a peculiarity of many schemes that they appeal to the cupidity of the man or woman who, by industry and thrift, has saved a little money and put it by for a rainy day. They want, not thousands nor hundreds, but the dollars and the dimes. In printed words that glow, they describe the attractions of their particular project, and demonstrate, to a mathematical ce how it must pay unheard-of dividends. Buy s the concern, and you will get every dollar back year, and own your stock besides. It is just like a fortune, for with your holdings doubled every months, you can already reckon yourself on the highway to millionairedom. Ten shares will yi a sufficient income for life, twenty will make yc tively rich, a hundred will give you a place amc nabobs. If you are credulous, and dazzled by t tering temptation, you mail your check, get a d or two, paid out of your own money, and then– tire concern explodes, being either raided by thorities or flung into the hands of a receiver, you, with thousands of other gudgeons, pret hooked.

There is an old-fashioned rhyme, which it w well to recall whenever any one tempts you w offer of sudden wealth:

> If a friend has a scheme which he shows very cl
> Will net you a full twenty thousand a year,
> Tho' it seems like a fortune to others' hands thr
> Take counsel from caution and—let it alone!

Many people write to us inquiring as stability of certain investments. Let them re that really substantial enterprises are not fina the gudgeon fishing plan; that reputable busir dertakings do not need to be hawked about, in attract capital. Distrust any scheme which p ten, fifteen, twenty per cent. returns. Investig you will generally find it "wild-cat," or "crook other words, a humbug, devised to empty your book or deplete your savings account. Safe ments yield only moderate returns. The wise contented with reasonable increase; the fool for more and loses all.

Irritating Days

THERE are times when everything seems wrong. From seven o'clock A.M. till te affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning room is cold, and a button is off and the brea tough, and the stove smokes and the pipes bu you start down the street nettled from head All day long things are adverse. Insinuation losses, meanness on the part of customers. T bottle upsets and spoils the carpet. Some one wrong turn to the damper and the gas escap agent comes in determined to insure your life is already insured for more than it is worth, a are afraid some one will knock you on the head the price of your policy; but he sticks to you, s you pictures of Old Time and the hour-gla death's scythe and a skeleton, making it quite that you will die before your time, unless you t papers in his company. Beside this, you have in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, a are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joi no surgeon can set it.

The probability is that if you would look weather-vane, you would find that the wind is east, and you might remember that you have los sleep lately. It might happen to be that you ar joint instead of the day. Be careful and n many letters while you are in that irritated mood You will pen some things that you will be sorry fo ward.

Let us remember that these spiked nettles of part of our discipline. Life would get nauseati were all honey. That table would be poorly s had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little mustard, pepper, and horseradish, that bring th even when we do not feel pathetic. If this wor all smoothness, we would never be ready for emi to a higher and better. This world is a poor hi post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mounta had better whip up and hasten on toward the wa where our good friends are looking out of the watching to see us come up.

IMPORTANT NOTICE IN REGARD TO IN

All letters mailed to India, whether to our orphar the missionaries in charge, should be prepaid at the five cents for each half ounce. Whenever a letter is paid, the post office collects double postage.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Millenary of a King

WORTHY of special notice is the celebration which has just taken place in England of the thousandth anniversary of the death of King Alfred. It is doubtful whether any other king has been, or will be, so honored. That a man should have so impressed himself on the nation he ruled, that a thousand years after his death the people should have united to commemorate his reign implies unusual greatness. A great deal of myth and romance has gathered about Alfred's personality, but sufficient well-established facts are known to account for the celebration. He was, first of all, a military hero. It was no small achievement, with the means at his disposal, to drive out of his country the Danish invaders, in spite of their superior arms and better discipline. Defeated time and again, he never yielded to despair, even when all his followers had lost hope. Struggling valorously, fighting with his own hands at the head of his army, Alfred at last wrested victory from his foes. Then, he was an able administrator. His code of laws showed singular ability and a judicial mind, and he took care that they were impartially executed. He created a fleet, and though it was necessary at first to man it with foreigners, he saw to it that his own people should learn the art of seamanship. He was also a pioneer in education. Not only did he invite learned foreigners to his country, but with his own hand prepared text-books, translating some from foreign tongues and writing others. The schools he established were numerous and efficient, and these not only for the children of the nobles, but for the children of the common people. The era of Alfred was consequently a beginning of the English nation. The celebration of his millenary consisted in the unveiling of an heroic statue of the king in his own city of Winchester, an imposing gathering of eminent men, who went in procession to his grave and other sites identified with his life, and an inspection of the Round Table and other relics of his reign, which are carefully preserved in the national museums. Lectures and eulogistic addresses by famous orators concluded the ceremonies. The celebration shows how true were the words of the Psalmist:

The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance (Ps. 106: 6).

A Anatomical Freak

A remarkable discovery was made a few days ago at an autopsy. A patient in the City Hospital at St. Louis, Mo., was suffering from a disease which had all the symptoms of appendicitis, except that the pain and the inflammation were on the left side of the body, while the appendix is on the right. After the patient's death it was found by a post-mortem examination that not only was the appendix transposed, but the heart was on the right side instead of the left. The right lung, with its three lobes, was on the left side and the left lung, with its two lobes, was on the right side. The stomach was on the right side instead of the left. The liver was on the left side instead of the right, and the spleen was on the right side instead of the left. "I never saw such a case before," said the operator, "though a few are recorded. I do not think that the transposition of the organs has any connection with the appendicitis. That was merely a coincidence. Still, it may have cost the man his life, as it confused the diagnosis." Ministers and Christian workers who deal with spiritual maladies cannot be misled in that way. They know that always the heart is turned from God, and until it is turned to him, there is no hope of recovery.

Mine heart is turned within me for I have grievously rebelled (Lam. 1: 20).

Cost of Prolonging a Life

A curious suit is before the Orphans' Court of Pittsburg, Pa. An eminent physician recently sent a bill to the executors of a wealthy man, for upwards of five thousand dollars. As the medical services charged for in the bill were rendered during a comparatively short period, the executors refused to pay so large a sum, and suit has been brought for the amount. In explanation, the physician states that about one-half the indebtedness was incurred during the last month of the patient's life, when he devoted all his time to him. He believes that he actually kept him alive by his skill for that month, and he considered that one hundred dollars for every day that he enabled the man to live was not an unreasonable compensation. In confirmation of his contention, he showed that during that time the patient had been able, by certain transactions, to add a million dollars to his fortune. If the physician had dealt with the millionaire himself, instead of with his executors, he would probably have had no difficulty in getting a great deal more than a hundred dollars a day for the prolongation of his life. Men seldom consider money when life and death are in the balance, though they neglect to secure eternal life, which might be had without money and without price.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely (Rev. 22: 17).

THE THOUSANDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF KING ALFRED

1. King Alfred's Statue at Winchester. 2. His Jewels. 3. His Round Table. 4. His Home. 5. His Grave

Sinking in Gold

A visitor to Denver, Col., who has been spending some years in New Zealand, tells a remarkable story of an experience he had shortly before sailing for the United States. He went to a district near the mouth of the river Zaldas, to visit some friends who have a farm in that vicinity. He missed his way and came out on the river bank. As he sat on his horse, hesitating which way to take, his hat blew off and rolled into the river. As he saw it floating near the bank, he alighted and went to the edge of the stream to recover it. Instantly he became aware that he was on a quicksand and was fast sinking. He had heard of the quicksand from a man who had discovered a way of extracting the gold from it. So rich was it in the precious metal that it yielded twelve hundred dollars to the ton. As he was sinking so rapidly, the thought of the value of the sand crossed his mind, but did not improve the situation. It was no consolation to him that it was gold that threatened to smother him. He shouted with all his might, and soon a man with a lariat came to his help. It seemed as if the rope would cut him in two, but at last he was drawn out and thankfully stood on solid ground. It was fortunate for him that some one was at hand to draw him out of the golden sand, for if he had been left to himself he would have lost his life. How many there are among the gold in other places who are in far greater danger. They are in peril of losing their souls in its treacherous toils! God alone can deliver them from its enslaving and benumbing power.

The care of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful (Matt. 13: 22).

A Circuitous Journey

A press despatch from Macon, Ga., reports the arrival there of a train which had made a long journey to reach its destination. When it was within thirty-five miles of Macon, a washout was discovered which barred further progress. Orders were sent to it to take another route which would bring it around by way of Dublin, but on the way another washout was found. A run was then made to Helena, but a third washout prevented the train reaching Columbus. Finally it went to Jesup, thence to Montgomery and Atlanta, and at last reached Macon, forty-two hours behind time. To avoid the washout the train went around a good part of the State of Georgia. Macon is in the geographical centre of the State. The run to Dublin carried the train to the east of Macon; thence it went back to its stopping place, then south almost to the coast, and then west and north to Atlanta, passing through more than two-thirds the length of the State, and finally turned south for a good quarter of the State's length before it reached its destination. The longest way round proved the shortest way home. The railroad officials must have felt proud when they brought their passengers safe into Macon. Probably in no other country in the world would there have been such persistency in trying to overcome an obstacle. Would that there was always the same indomitable energy in striving to enter the kingdom of God so that Christ's words might be fulfilled:

The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and men of violence take it by force (Matt. 11: 12).

An Heiress Dead in a Poorhouse

A firm of New York bankers made a pathetic discovery at Wilkesbarre, Pa., last week. Seven years ago they became administrators of the estate of a citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., who had died without making a will. The estate proved to be worth forty thousand dollars, and it was soon found that the nearest of kin was the sister of the deceased. Efforts were made to trace her, but were unsuccessful, until a clue led them to Wilkesbarre, There they learned that the woman of whom they were in search died last November in the poorhouse. In early life she had married a physician of Wilkesbarre, who died thirty years ago. She soon fell into indigent circumstances, and had to work hard to support herself. Seven years ago she had an illness, which incapacitated her for labor, and she was committed to the poorhouse. There she lived until her death, never knowing of the search that was being made for her, nor that a fortune awaited her claiming it. If she had known, how eagerly she would have applied for her inheritance! She would not have needed the urging that has to be used to induce people to seek the heavenly inheritance which they might have through Christ.

An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you (I. Peter 1: 4).

BRIEF NOTES

Our part in the great work of civilization of Africa is of a mixed character. We have sent many missionaries there, and two weeks ago a vessel sailed from Boston, Mass., for west Africa with a cargo of rum and other intoxicating spirits, valued at $110,000.

One hundred girls from Dr. Barnardo's Homes have just been sent to Canada, and 300 boys went out a few weeks ago. It is proposed to send 400 more young emigrants of both sexes before October. Canada is now the home of some 12,000 of these waifs. Exceptional success has attended them, only 15 per 1,000 have failed to make their way.

The employees in stores in several French towns have issued an appeal to the public, asking the people to make no purchases on Sunday. The response has been so general that the tradesmen find it is useless to keep their stores open, and have agreed to close them on the Lord's day. A similar movement is beginning in several districts of Paris.

What one earnest Christian may do is seen in an incident communicated to the *Congregationalist*. A lady noticed a gang of fifty Italian laborers at work near her home. She saw that they never went to church on Sunday, though there was a Roman Catholic Church near. She bought fifty Italian Testaments and gave one to each man. Soon afterwards one of their number, who could speak English, went to her and asked if there was any place where they could go to hear that book explained. She sent to the nearest city for a minister who could preach in Italian. He came, and has now begun a work that promises good results.

Occupations for Women—VIII

Secretary, Companion, Mother's Assistant

AMONG the purely domestic occupations which invite the attention of refined women the three which I have grouped together take a high place. Many women of wealth, with the numerous obligations laid upon them by society, in these rushing days, require the services of a private secretary. Such a young lady must have a very complete equipment for her post. A good education, particularly in English, is indispensable, and acquaintance with French is, in New York, frequently insisted upon by an employer. German, too, would not come amiss. The uncertain, sprawling, untidy handwriting, affected by many young women, would not be tolerated in a secretary. She must write a clear, legible and neat hand, all the better if it be characteristic. She must know how to compose a good letter, to express herself gracefully yet concisely, and she must be systematic, good-tempered and prompt. During the season of fashionable entertainments in large cities, it is not unusual for a young woman to have several employers, to whom she goes at fixed hours, addressing invitations for them, replying to their correspondence, and receiving her payment at a stipulated sum per hour.

Sometimes a literary man, who has on hand some large undertaking in the line of bookwriting—a compilation or a history, perhaps—requires the aid of a clever woman in looking up references, verifying dates, and making indexes, as well as in copying his work on the typewriter. For copying, in long hand, there is no demand at present. A private secretary to be useful to an author, or to a man of business, or a statesman, should be a stenographer, able to take dictation swiftly, and a very accurate operator on the typewriter. Nobody is fit to be a secretary who has not a high sense of honor, and who cannot be relied on to keep silence as to her employer's business, the work being confidential.

Companion

An invalid gentlewoman, an elderly lady living alone, a lady about to travel, or a lady whose husband and children are obliged to be much away from home, may need a companion. The position is thoroughly respectable, but has certain difficulties peculiar to itself. The companion is not a lady's maid, and is not supposed to undertake the work of a domestic, yet she renders inevitably, in an obliging construction of her office, a good deal of personal service. She must be ready to efface herself on many occasions; in popular parlance, she must play second fiddle. In traveling, she bears the brunt of the disagreeable, and saves her employer annoyance. At home she undertakes a hundred small commissions, drives or walks to a station to meet an arriving guest, and speeds the departure of the visitor who leaves by an inconveniently early morning train. She acts as a buffer between the servants and their mistress, and, if she have a talent for singing, playing, reading aloud, soothing a headache, or charming away a mood of melancholy, she uses it at every proper occasion. Her amiability and cheerfulness are forever on tap, and, for all this subtle, intangible generosity of ministry, she receives a comfortable home as one of the family, and, from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, as a usual honorarium.

Mother's Assistant

Since mothers' congresses, clubs, and conventions have done their good work in calling mothers to study the individual peculiarities of their children, and to adapt to each child the means best suited to its character, hundreds of women have become unwilling to entrust an ignorant nursemaid with the care of their little ones. Mothers understand the great importance of the first precious years. They are awake to the fact that early impressions are the most enduring. So, it has gradually come to pass that young women of culture and fine education, fresh from high-school or from college, find waiting for them in refined households the place of an elder daughter, or a youthful aunt; the place to the mother of a kinswoman, who has general charge of the nursery, and a great deal of undisputed though delegated authority there; who is a nurse to the little ones just as their mother is, and is, as well, their teacher, playmate, and friend. This avocation is a pleasant one to a child-loving young woman, and her value in it is tripled, if she have taken a course in kindergarten. She should be a sincere Christian, for she influences childhood vitally in the freshness of its morning.

"I TELL YOU, IT'S FINE!"

Domestic Pets

When children have pets, whether the common lovable house cat and dog, or something else that requires care, a parrot, a monkey, or a canary, they should never be allowed to treat them with neglect. Food and water should be regularly provided. The pets should be kept clean, and should have a warm bed at night. A child who forgets to care for an animal that belongs to him will be otherwise irresponsible in after life.

Simple Directness in Prayer

DO you ever think how much we miss by being involved in our prayers, how much we would by simplicity and directness? We are an about Gerald, who is ill with a run of slow fever, maladies the most wearing on the victim and the discouraging to friends and care-takers. We down to pray, and we say, "Oh, Lord, bless thy servant, who is so weary and sick," and this is all but it would be shorter to say, "Bless Gerald." Lord knows every one of our names. Has he not "I have called thee by thy name. Thou art mine." not the Shepherd call each sheep by name? Let very direct, very definite in our pra believing that

Wherever he may guide me
No want shall turn me back
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

Enjoying a Feast

These jolly little fellows may be ed to fine banquets when they manhood, and even while they are dren they may sit down at bount spread tables, but they will never anything in their lives much better the hot potatoes they have bake themselves in the ashes. "I tell it's fine," says Tim to Mark, and the merry chaps bubble over laughter and fun as they eat their feast. Indeed, I don't know tha veriest epicure in the land ever par of a viand more delicious than a potato, baked in its jacket, and with a little salt, and an appetite s ened by a brisk walk on an autumn We might flaunt our defiance at dy sia and its tortures, if we could be tented with such simple fare.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

—LOIS. Your mother is wise. A sc girl should not go to parties.

—JEAN. To spell badly is a dis Overcome the fault by study of th tionary.

—FRIEND F. Your letter was so that I could not understand your Write again.

—DRESSMAKER. If you do your don't worry over disagreeable custo Worry kills more than work does.

—WANDERING WILLIE. Do you it kind to keep your mother in igno of your whereabouts? I think it unm

—G. K. G. Many very happy mar occur in which the wife is a few year older of the two. There is no rule abou

—MRS. J. W. A. The dear child has ing heart, and it has room for a good friends. I think she loves mother

—MARGUERITE. Your husband petting, not fault-finding. Men are onl boys—most of them. You are too exac

—TEACHER. A person may teach and dislike the profession, if she is faithful and conscientious, yet the teachers love their work.

—CYNIC. The world is not growing worse, but the graph and printing-press spread out its wickedness befo every day. I really think it is steadily growing better.

—CHRISTINE. If you care for your friend, write to h once. In a few months it may be too late. Why did yo unbend when he tried to show that he was sorry for the

—S. C. F. Prayer and pains will set free the daught whom you speak, especially now that her father is no l with her. The second trial, very vaguely described, m endured. Write to the secretary of Home Missions of denomination, state your third problem, and await his r

—SISTER'S LITTLE HELPER. Have two pans for dishes, one of clear, hot water to rinse them in after wa with soap. Dip each piece by itself, and dry quickly clean towels. Pile plates, saucers, cups, etc., by themse Take glass and silver first.

Aunt Jean

"Not to be ministered unto but to minister"

BY Edith Ferguson Black.

CHAPTER I.—Continued

OOR child! her life was proof enough that earth's choicest things cannot be ght with gold, and yet people, in fe of the knowledge, will give their ls for it with the zeal of a Livingstone. igh-ho! what a world of misery it is. If could only wake up with Bellamy to fl it but a dream." She held up her l hand, while a mournfully sweet smile lit p her fine face. The firelight danced on the broad band of gold which she ve constantly upon her third finger; the dmonds which were sunk in its surface fhed and sparkled, few, but she no-td that one of their number was miss-i. "Poor tired Helen! What could s have done in her life to make her dell so constantly on the idea of repara-ti?"

ttached to her watch-chain was a key the case which she carried always with h. She lifted it curiously. "What f h she had in me, poor child, to expect n to promise on such conditions. I am sanxious to know her history; but of crse I never shall, even though I hold y, little key, in my very fingers. Just ge you one turn in yonder lock—ah, no, Ien, your faith in me at least shall not bshattered, though I meet you at last othe shores of Eternity with the secret s between us." She shut her eyes and cld almost fancy she heard the voice o he dying girl pleading.

Promise me, darling, you will wear t ring always, and not till the missing jel is replaced, attempt to read my s'et. When the missing link is added t he severed chain, you will judge me n e mercifully."

What made her dwell so much on Helen I is to-day? Many experiences had c e to her since she had closed that sad c pter of her nursing life—fevers and sallpox, broken limbs, and all the thou-s'd-and-one horrors of hospital life h kept her busy, in spite of the doctor's ptests and Helen's pleadings that she wld give up work and live on the hand-she annuity she bequeathed to her. "My dr, I must work while I can," she had awered. The money she accepted gdly, and spent it all, as Helen's almon-eamong the poor.

A servant came to the door with a yel-l envelope. She knew its import. It w from Dr. Holinstein, and contained t brief words:

Report for duty at Central Station in t e for 5.45 train east. Escort will meet y at Oskaloosa Junction and drive you t destination. Case of deferred conva-l ence. HOLINSTEIN.

A Happy Christmas."

ean passed a thin hand across her f head. It could not, must not be, that s was breaking down! She rose deter-n ately, though every nerve quivered, a began her simple preparations. She ner thought to wonder who or where the pple were, it made so little difference.

CHAPTER II.

T the close of a long drive the car-riage drew up before an old-fash-ioed country house, and Aunt Jean was ushered into a large, low room, whose dp-set windows and heavily-studded c ing filled her æsthetic soul with de-lit. Sinking into a roomy arm-chair, s waited to be summoned to her pa-tit. A soft, spicy fragrance filled the a reminding her of Muriel Hazelton. A s sm of loneliness caught and held her h rt as in a vise, and she shut her eyes t keep back unwelcome tears. Suddenly s was blindfolded by soft hands, while a oice strangely familiar, exclaimed joy-o ly:

Caught at last! Oh, you dear old a el, how splendidly we've trapped you! Y u can't get away from us again."

She looked up bewildered, to see Muriel h self, radiant with happy color.

But, my patient?"

You shall see her presently; but you've g to let me have twenty minutes, stand-a time, to feast my aching eyes on you."

She led her at last up the broad stair-case into a room filled with breath of flowers and delicious aroma of spruce, while in delicate sprays of holly she read her welcome.

"Now, behold your patient!"

Jean looked round curiously. The luxurious bed had never been touched, a low couch was drawn beside an open fireplace, but it, too, was empty. Muriel led her in front of a long mirror, "There, you dear old goose; look in and see if Dr. Holinstein didn't do well to call it 'deferred convalescence?'" Wonderingly Jean obeyed, and noted with surprise how thin and worn her face had grown. Slowly the truth dawned upon her, and with a cry that was almost a sob, she turned and caught Muriel to her heart.

"A DEEP VOICE NEAR HER STARTLED HER."

"You see," ran on that lady, after she had got Jean comfortably arranged on the couch, "it seemed so hopelessly impossible to get hold of you, that mamma decided you had not properly fulfilled your contract and that my system really needed extra nursing. I knew asking you would be no use: I had tried that till I was weary of my life because of these 'daughters of Heth,' so we decided to come down to stay a few weeks with Uncle Joe, so that you couldn't possibly suspect anything till we had you fairly in our power. Oh, it's delicious; and that dear old Dr. Holinstein did manage it so beautifully."

"How the child does talk," said Mrs. Hazelton, looking with proud delight at her fair young daughter. "Hadn't you better let Jean be quiet now, dear? It is nearly time for dinner, and the rest of us want to enjoy her a little."

"Not at all, my patient is far too weary for any excitement. We will have dinner cozily together up here, and then have a lovely evening examining our thoughts by firelight. It is bad enough to have to share her with the rest of you to-morrow."

Aunt Jean for once had to give up her usual role of the ministering angel and submit to be ministered unto. It was very sweet, and in her weariness really welcome. She brightened under it, and, as they told her, seemed almost as cheerful in the family party as if she was with a patient.

A lovely day was drawing its mantle of evening about it as the family assembled in the cheery sitting-room. Jean was surrounded by the little Hazeltons, who were listening eagerly to a vivacious description of some of her hospital experiences. The rest and change had brought new color to her cheek, and a new sparkle to her expressive eyes.

"Isn't she beautiful!" whispered Muriel, as she nestled up to her father. "It's no wonder the boys call her the 'Duchess,' and yet, after all she's gone through, she is as brimful of fun as the rest of us."

Then she sprang up with a cry of delight: "Uncle Guy!"

All looked towards the open door and ran to welcome the stranger; Jean, ashy pale, rose tremblingly, and fled like a hunted deer to her room. When she appeared again, it was in her regulation dress for hospital duty, and a keen observer would have noticed she was holding herself in rigid self-control.

"It was cruel of you," cried Muriel, tears of disappointment in her eyes. "I wanted Uncle Guy, of all people, to see you at your best."

"Hush, ma belle;" and Jean laid soft fingers on the rosy lips, "I needed to make myself remember that I must get me back to work."

Later in the evening Jean was standing in the deep bay window, her aching head against the casement, while, with tight-clasped hands, she strove to still the throbbings of her heart. Outside, the moon shone brilliantly and flooded the waiting earth with glory as it lay expectant in its robes of white. A deep voice near her startled her. "Am I to have no share," it asked, "in the peace and goodwill that you give to the sick and suffering?" Just as he spoke a sound of music came from the children's room, where the young voices were singing their evening hymn. He waited patiently, looking with hungry eyes at the pale, proud face.

"Mr. Hazelton has surely little need to crave good-will when all men give it him; the peace must come from God."

"The peace I need just now must come through one of his angels."

"Then I will pray him to send it you to-night."

He leaned forward eagerly. "Will you, do you, pray for me? Oh! Miss Ritter—Jean—"

Her lips quivered; one swift glance at the handsome face so near her, then her eyes sought the sky, and her voice was stilled into the passionlessness of repressed feeling: "I pray for the world."

He shrank back, his lips working painfully under his heavy moustache. "At least let me give you this, and so fulfil a dying legacy and a living trust. I had hoped you would let the ring carry a double significance."

He handed her a tiny packet, then, with a generous desire to shield her from observation, went back into the room.

Safe in the shelter of her own room Jean opened the box with trembling hands. There, on a velvet cushion, reposed the missing diamond, bearing on its sparkling bosom the single letter "J." Far into the night she sat absorbed. The time had come at last to read Helen's secret.

"You did not know, darling," the story ran; "how should you? that I was Guy's cousin and lover, long before he became yours. So good he was, so brave and true; I believe I fell in love with him in my cradle; and he was so gentle with me! Always delicate, I was pampered in every wish, and it was a very exacting tyrant he had to please. I need not tell you he did please me in everything, though he, of all my subjects, absolutely refused to compromise either principle or duty. How I loved him! I should have gloried to lay me down beneath his feet, and he, in his grand simplicity, never dreamt of anything but cousinly affection! I knew I was nothing to him, but I loved on; there was always the hope that I might be some time. At last I found out he did love another, and that hope died; from that day I experienced the miseries of the nether world. He always stayed with us when he was in ——, and I used to torture myself watching the light in his face as he sat near me in the evenings, thinking of you! I hated you—remember, darling, I never knew you, and forgive.

"One day he spoke to me of you—how loyal he was! It seemed as if he could not bear to mention your name except to his own heart, and I—fainted away at his feet—and still he did not see!

"At last one day he came to me in great distress. He was just on the eve of departure to plight you to him forever, when he received a cable that his father was dying in England, and it was imperative he should sail at once. There wasn't a moment to lose, he had dashed off a letter to you, and he handed it to me with a package, asking me, for his sake, to get them to you,—he knew no safer way! Oh, Guy, my darling! The very spirits of evil took possession of me from that moment,—my dear, will you be able to forgive me,—in my grave?

"I opened the package. I had everything in my power. Guy had sailed,—I had been the last to wave him farewell from the pier, while my heart was weeping tears of blood. There lay the ring—your ring—to circle your finger constantly with messages from him. The sight maddened me,—darling, sometimes I feel as if it was too much to expect you to forgive—I opened the letter, and read the tender, passionate words, that no eye but yours was ever meant to see!

"Sometimes I think the very prince of evil delights to make his throne in human hearts. In a very fit of frenzy I dashed out your name at the top of the letter and substituted my own, then read it over and over until every word was stamped on my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 874

"FORGIVE AS WE FORGIVE" ✳ JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 27TH. GENESIS 45 : 1-15

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT:—ROM. 12 : 21: "BE NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL, BUT OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD."

OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS

WHEN we pray, "Forgive as we forgive," many of us thoughtlessly ask God not to forgive us. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift" (Matt. 5 : 23, 24). In these words Christ requires that we forgive before we are forgiven. Shall God or a grudge occupy our hearts? They can no more dwell together than light and darkness. What if God should say to you, as you have said to someone who has done you a real or fancied wrong, "I can forgive anything but that?" If anyone was ever justified in saying so, it was the man who in the lesson of to-day showed how much nobler is forgiveness than revenge. "To err is human, to forgive divine." It was not an element of weakness but largeness of heart that made President McKinley say of his assassin, in the very moment after he was shot, as bystanders seized him, "Don't let any one hurt him." He was solicitous, lest there should be some lawless revenge to the dishonor of his country, and free even in that first moment of pain and shock, as he was to the last, from any personal feeling against his murderer, in the spirit of him who said, while his crucifiers nailed him to the cross, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The Lesson Story

"Revenge is sweet." Is it? The story of Joseph dealing with his brethren shows us that forgiveness is sweet indeed, while revenge is only bitter-sweet, reversed, sweet first, perhaps, but certainly bitter in the end. When Joseph had been sold by his brethren, can we think of him crying out, "I will pay you back some day for your meanness!" If he had made such a threat, what an opportunity came to him for doing it! Exalted to be the ruler of all Egypt, and of such unlimited power that Pharaoh had said to him: "Without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt," he could have done what he pleased with those brethren of his when they came into his presence. They were helpless before him, having come at least two hundred and fifty miles to buy food. Joseph could have refused them food, and they would soon have been dead men, and their families would have died as well. Joseph might have had revenge a hundredfold! But Joseph had set no trap for his brethren. They came only because of their necessity. Joseph had not seen them, nor probably heard of them for the space of twenty-one years. But he recognized them at once. They had changed very little in appearance, for they were grown men when he last saw them, and they had kept on with the same occupation as shepherds. On the other hand, they did not recognize Joseph, because he had grown from boyhood to manhood, and was to all appearances an Egyptian, and was called by an Egyptian name, "Zaphnath-Paaneah." No disguise could have been more complete. Joseph could have swooped down upon those brothers of his with a revenge so full as to glut his soul. But instead, he chose to enfold them with love and forgiveness.

He first tested them in several ways. He had them kept in prison for three days that he might get a close view of their characters. He held Simeon as an hostage until the others should go and bring back Benjamin, that he might know if their hearts were kind toward their brother. He had the money which they had paid for food put into their sacks to test whether or not they loved money as much as they did when they sold him for the price of a slave. He further tested their feeling for their brother Benjamin by ordering his valuable silver cup to be placed in Benjamin's sack, and sending out a search warrant for it. Joseph did none of these things out of revenge, but rather that he might know if it would be wise for him to forgive them. And how did the brothers stand the test? Simeon willingly remained in prison until Benjamin was brought. The money was returned each time it was put in the sacks. And when the silver cup was found in Benjamin's sack there was such sorrow that all of the brothers returned to the great ruler of Egypt to plead his innocence at the risk of their own lives, and for the sake of the old father, whom they now wished to comfort, rather than deceive, as they had once done.

Would revenge have been "sweet" then? The joy of forgiveness was greater. So great was it, that the heart of Joseph was thrilled by it. He could not but shed tears, glad tears. It was too sweet for aliens to gaze upon, and so he ordered that he should be left alone with those whom he was soon to call "brethren." And when he said to them, "I am Joseph whom ye sold into Egypt," and saw the consternation of his brothers, who expected only revenge, he endeavored to quiet their fears and to reassure them. He even told them that in God's own providence he had been sent into Egypt. God had, indeed, brought blessing out of the cruel act of the brothers, but that did not change wickedness into goodness. We may know how completely Joseph forgave his brothers, in that he put his arms around the neck of each one and kissed him. But not until he had done this did they dare to talk with him. Then followed the happiness of Joseph sending his brothers to bring the dear old father.

Illustration and Application

He wept aloud. This is but one of many illustrations of the familiar saying, "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

Royal Tears Some years ago Gen. David S. Stanley, of the United States army, was leading a force across the plains, laying out the route for a great railroad. There were 2,000 men, 2,500 horses and mules, and 250 wagons heavily laden. One day the general was riding at the head of the broad column, when suddenly his voice rang out, "Halt!" A bird's nest lay on the ground directly in front of him; in another moment the horses would have trampled on the nestlings. The mother bird was flying about and chirping in the greatest anxiety. But the brave general had not brought out his army to destroy a bird's nest. He paused for a moment, looked at the little birds in the nest below, and then gave the order, "Left oblique!" Men, horses, mules and wagons turned aside and spared the home of the helpless bird. Months and even years after, those who crossed the plain saw a great bend in the trail. It was the bend made to avoid crushing the bird's nest. Let no one think of tenderness as weakness. It is manliness and godliness at once. We look up and say, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." And this is also the crowning quality in that ideal of Christian manliness—"gentleman."

"HE FELL UPON HIS BROTHER BENJAMIN'S NECK AND WEPT"

* * *

They were troubled at his presence. It was remembered sin that made them miserable in the presence of Joseph's God-like kindness. In prison they had recalled their sin of twenty-one years before as vividly as if it had been of yesterday. "We are verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us and we would not hear" (Gen. 42: 21.) There had been, no doubt, a momentary sweetness in revenge when those less favored, because less worthy, sons of Jacob exiled the envied favorite by selling him into slavery. But we cannot too often repeat the saying, "Nothing is true pleasure that is not pleasant to remember." A sinful pleasure is pleasant only in the brief act, but bitter for years in memory—if unforgiven, for eternity. "Remember," God cries to Dives in hell, and his selfish enjoyments while neglecting the poor became flames of remorse to torture him. Even in this world it is not worth while to have a "good time" that passes away with the having, to leave in memory only pictures that arouse self-reproach for a score of years, or forever. much pleasanter to hang on memory's wall such pictur doing good as brightened even the afflictions of Job (cha

Bitterness of Remembered Sin

A well-known photographer of New York recently ha country house overhauled. A new skylight was added alterations were made in the roof. The men took their and did not overwork themselves, but this did not pre the roofer from presenting a bill almost as "steep" a calling. When the owner of the house expostulated, i explained to him that the men had to be paid for their and they had spent several days on the job. "No won said the photographer; and then he produced a numb snap-shot photographs representing the men on the ro his house as taken from the attic window of an adjo building. Some were sitting smoking, some were re newspapers, and others were lying on their backs. "W said the astonished roofer, "these are my men." "Ex so," replied the photographer, "and they are earning money." Memory takes snap-shots of all we do, and negatives of every neglect and every fraud, and whe books of memory are opened, here or there, we must our record, which only forgiveness can correct.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear. —JOHN KEE

* * *

Come near to me. Let any one im Joseph taking an opposite course with brothers, saying: "

The Nobility of Forgiveness

cruelty God has over for my good, but that not in the least chang meanness of your act in selling me, brother, for envy, and now you shall hav 'anguish' and plead in vain for delivera Who does not see that in that case Jo would have shown himself so ignoble we should know no more of him than o of the other mummied grand viziers ho died and left no sign? For the momen revenge may seem manlier than forgivenes in the calm test of history forgivene magnanimity, which means greatness of

A gentleman once told Sir Eardley W about an injury that had been done to hi an opponent. After describing all the cumstances, he said, "Don't you think t ought to resent and expose it? Wou that be the most manly course?" "Yes answered Sir Eardley, "it would certain the most manly course to resent it, would be God-like to forgive it!"

In the following story we see how gr give way in sublime moments: Ca Rankin of the *Galatea* hated Captain Fr of the *Norwalk*, a rival boat, and Ca Frazier hated him in return. They were out in a violent storm, in which the *Ga* had her shaft broken. The ships came w hailing distance. "Shall we speak the *walk*, sir?" asked the second officer. if we can help it, sir," responded the ski But the indecision on the *Galatea* was missed by a signal coming from the *Norw* mainmast. "What's the trouble?" it Then the *Galatea* signalled the reply, " broken—unmanageable." "Shall I tak your passengers and crew?" asked the *walk*. "Can't tell yet," was the reply. next sentence that glimmered from the *walk's* signal lights furnished the inspir for a hymn that has been sung all over Christendom. It "I'll stand by until the morning—subject to your comm The next night the two rivals rode into port togethe disabled *Galatea* being towed by the belated *Norwalk*. their passengers and cargoes had been discharged, Ca Rankin walked over to the *Norwalk's* pier, where Ca Frazier was giving orders. "Goin' uptown, Fraz?" he a "B'lieve I am, Rankin," answered Frazier. And the grizzled sea-dogs, who had not spoken in years, strolle town, arm in arm. By mere brute strength or the adroi of weapons we may conquer an enemy, and compel hi sue for pardon or mercy, but how much greater is the ach ement of turning an enemy into a friend!

* * *

Be not grieved nor angry with yourselves. How k Joseph sought to palliate the awful sin of his brothers minding them how a divine Provic had "made the wrath of man to praise and to serve and save man! We a danger of being too lenient with our sins, and too severe with the faults of ot

How to Learn to Love Your Enemies

Let us reverse this propensity, and, while judging ours more severely, consider more charitably those who wronged us, whose heredity and environment, perhaps, have been less favorable than ours. Thus the love of pi not the love of esteem or sympathy, shall be aroused to our enemies. So shall we pray, "Forgive as we forgive.

Across Mountain and Prairie

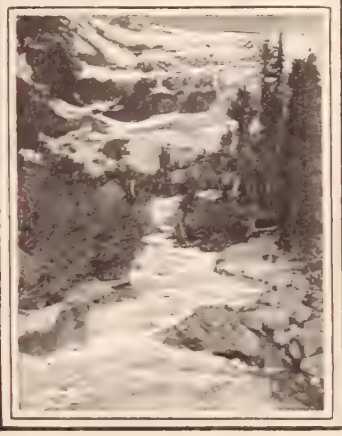
A JOURNEY ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC FROM ST. PAUL TO VANCOUVER

ORE absolutely than at any time since Columbus first made the discovery, is the paradox true to-day r Americans that the quickest and most rect way of finding the East is to search r it in the West. Only four days of a irsuit of the horizon where the sun dips each day's end, are all that is necesry to make the modern traveler from e Eastern States realize that there real- are no longer such things as East and est, but only interims between the joury's starting-point and its destination. Especially is this true of a voyage over e Canadian Pacific from St. Paul, Minsota, to Vancouver. In almost a straight e across the Northern half of our Conent the compound locomotive for four ys rushes Westward in the beginning of effort to find the East. Beyond St. Paul, e Canadian Pacific. unlike the other eat transcontinental railway systems of e Western Hemisphere, passes through cities and few towns of importance. country in the world. One hears great accounts of the marvelous fertility of the virgin soil; farmers at the station will tell you of "forty bushels to the acre," and profits of many thousand dollars per year. I was informed that several hundreds of Americans have recently moved across the border, and taken up homestead claims in this province. For nearly five hundred miles west from Moose Jaw, the land is one unbroken prairie, sometimes undulating and rolling, more often flat as a table. For miles it is devoid of any sign of human habitation. Across it our train makes its way, stopping only to give the locomotive a drink of water at some tower built near a spring in the wilderness. In the centre of a copse of bushes, a gray prairie wolf stood motionless, staring at us as we passed him on the sleeping cars. His pose was as alert and expectant as though he were awaiting some Seton Thompson to take his photograph. At intervals scattered over the plain, are on further investigation I found that it does not move forward, but that it was a kindly glacier which was slowly receding.

One of the peculiarities of this part of the world is the almost entire absence of newspapers. The railway itself is one of the most important factors in binding a whole country together; but it crosses a primeval solitude. Apparently with a view to allaying the yearning for news, the railroad provides bulletin blackboards in the little railroad stations in the mountains, where the telegraph operator writes the most important events of the day the world over, as they are wired to him from Montreal.

At Kamloops, two hundred and fifty miles from Vancouver, the train is well on the down-grade towards the Pacific. The mountains dwindle into hills; the landscape is broken by pretty little lakes and winding rivers, along which cattle are grazing. Within six hours after leaving Kamloops, the first section of the journey to

KICKING HORSE CANYON, B. C.



ON HEICHELWAY RIVER, B. C.

A BRITISH COLUMBIAN GLACIER

ations are fifty and one hundred miles art. Waking on the Soo Line division the Canadian Pacific the first morning t from St. Paul, the passenger finds nself in the grain belt of North Dakota. an average of about once in every ur, the train draws up at a little station, the midst of a cluster of small frame uses. The arrival of the puffing locotive is apparently the event of the day, d a crowd of men, women, children and gs are on the platform to watch it pass. ey are brown and sunbaked; true chilen of the soil, which sometimes clings to m in considerable quantities, for this the land where water is at a premium. t the American light is in their eyes, light of hope and self-respect that are rn of intelligence. To look at these North kotans, is to almost involuntarily const them with the peasantry of continental Europe. These are not "Men with Hoe:" they are men of the thrashing-chine and the hundreds of thousands bushels. Outlined against the sky in background is a public school-house, variably the best building in the village. Between the villages there are few uses. Stubble in the field shows that grain crop has recently been harvested. around are the signs of man's work, t man himself is few and far between. r hours, from the car window, one sees ly the treeless land, on which the houses ow constantly scarcer the nearer one proaches to the Canadian border. At village of Portal are two railroad stans of the C. P. R. with not more than a arter of a mile between them. Over e floats the Stars and Stripes, and over other the Union Jack. The two flags ard the line which separates our Reblic from the Dominion.

On again into the wheat plains of Manba. Here the traveler has his first view the sod houses which dot the prairie clusters. Lumber is remote and exasive, and the new settler's first home often this crude pile of prairie earth. me of this prairie of Assinaboia is said be the most naturally productive wheat white skeletons. They are the bones of buffaloes who were once the monarchs of this domain. All around, too, through the short grass, are long, zigzagging lines, half furrow half trail. Over them the buffalo herds walked for ages in their travels from one river to another.

The entire stretch of country from Medicine Hat to Calgary keeps constantly in one's mind Freiligraths' lines on "The Steppes":

The trails where buffaloes have trod,
All seem to have been marked by God—
The furrows in a giant hand.

Calgary is the weather anomaly of North America. Its climate is a composite of the prairie wind and a dry mountain cold. Snow falls in Calgary in August, while it has days in January and February so mild as to make overcoats hardly necessary.

After Calgary the mountain. It is upgrade now, and our faithful locomotive is puffing hard, away in front of the long train, while an "extra" is pushing in the rear. At first the hills are low; nothing more than a sort of billows in the dead level of the plain; but they afterward steadily increase in height until, about forty miles from Calgary, one suddenly begins to realize that he is at the meeting place of the Selkirks and the Rockies, in the heart of some of the finest scenery in the world. In the very centre of mountain surroundings like these lies Banff, forty-five hundred feet above the sea, at the foot of Pechee mountain, twice as high. Banff has deservedly become one of the most famous summer resorts of Canada. By a happy arrangement, the hotels in these mountains furnish the meals for the railroad passengers in lieu of the dining-car, which is left behind before reaching Banff. This gives the passenger a chance to inhale the fresh mountain air, and to eat at a table that does not swing and lurch in rounding curves. Behind one of these restaurant hotels I made my first acquaintance with a real, live, cold glacier. It had the general appearance of a glazed lake of snow sliding down the side of a mountain, apparently always about to overwhelm the hotel, but the East, via the West, is over. We have reached Vancouver, where a big, white steamer—the *Empress of China*, is awaiting us. N.

The Famine in Shansi and Shensi

From the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, Chairman of the Famine Relief Committee in China, comes a letter which sheds more light upon the conditions that prevail in the famine-stricken province of Shensi. Mr. Smith writes from Chefoo, Aug. 20, to Dr. Klopsch, as follows:

"Your telegram, announcing a third remittance of $20,000, was some time in reaching me, but I telegraphed at once to Mr. Squiers, Secretary of U. S. Legation, asking him to consult Dr. Lowry, in Peking, and also Dr. Duncan, and others, in Shansi. Soon after sending the telegram, I received the enclosed letter from Dr. Edwards with some new details. . . The China Inland missionaries in Shansi have telegraphed for more help in their work of reconstruction, which is one of great difficulty. Many Christians have recanted under the terrible pressure of last year. In the proclamation by the Governor, to which Dr. Edwards alludes, the facts of the famine are recited, and then it is mentioned that Drs. Atwood and Edwards of the American Jesus Church, 'having collected in their country much gold coin, have come to Shansi and Shensi, and, with no distinction of sect, have impartially relieved distress, thus exhibiting a fondness for virtue and benevolent deeds, with great kindness and no selfishness. All our suffering people ought to be unitedly thankful.' . . . The governor wishes his people to understand from this that the Jesus Church is not an 'irregular body' (literally 'like projecting teeth'), but a blessing to all the people."

In the letter from Dr. Edwards, which is dated at Tai-yuen-fu, (Shansi), Aug. 3, the writer says:

"Duncan, Smith, and Pereira start for Sian-fu (Shensi) early next week. The famine there is reported to be very bad, human flesh selling for 180 cash per catty."

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Forced to it again, I determined to see if it could not be made palatable and found at once that when I followed directions and boiled it long enough, that I not only liked it, but gave it to my husband for several days without his finding it out. I have the name of making splendid coffee, and we always used the best, but of late I have given Postum to guests many times in place of coffee and have never been detected yet.

Our four children have not drank coffee for three years, and all have gained health and flesh since using Postum. One son, who was always sick, has been greatly benefited by its use, and as above stated, I have gained twenty-five pounds since taking up Postum. I am healthier to-day than I have been for years and give Postum all the credit. Please do not use my name in public."

This lady lives in Burlington, Iowa, and the name will be furnished by the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., to those interested.

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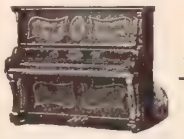

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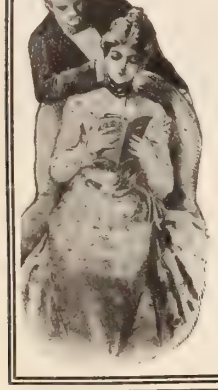

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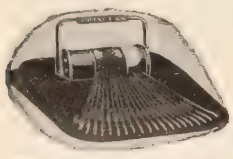

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AUNT JEAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 871 . . . . . .

brain in letters of fire as I rolled them like a sweet morsel under my tongue, imagining in that brief delirium of joy, that it was really me he loved instead of you—the unknown girl, whom I hated.

"Poor fool! conscience does not die as easily as some would have us think! Ere long I stood aghast, but it was too late. The mutilated letter, wet with my tears, crumpled by my passionate kisses, its fair page sullied with the ink I had in my haste dropped upon it, could never go beyond my keeping now. Even you would have pitied me then, dear,—a soul so utterly desolate never stood upon God's earth. I dared not send you the ring alone, for, without the preparatory letter, you might have sent it back. I dared not tell the truth and face the scorn of my cousin's outraged confidence.

"How long I stood transfixed in agony I never knew. When at last I came to myself I was in bed, with a trained nurse in attendance. For weeks I hung between life and death, too weak to move, much less to think. An awful weight seemed crushing in upon my brain. Days and weeks passed, of awful, impenetrable silence; the horror of them makes me shudder even now. Long after, I learned how Guy, staying grandly at his post of duty, in a misery of hope deferred, had taken your silence at last as the knell of all his hopes. He wrote to me for news, but of course the letters were laid aside unanswered. He wrote to ———, and was told that your relatives had moved away and that you were dead. When you told me your story that night in the gloaming, I could easily see that when you removed to Brixton with your aunt, and on her death went into the hospital with the malignant fever which you had caught from her, just where the clue was lost. The similarity of names accounted for the rumor, and no one would recognize in the pale nurse at Bellevue Hospital, with that strange wealth of silver hair, the radiant creature of Guy's dream. What a mystery life is! Three hearts breaking for want of each other, all within a radius of a few paltry miles.

"Guy accepted an important post under Government far in the Western States, and as the years passed I heard he was a wealthy man, and I; ah! heaven, you were well avenged!

"Then you were installed in the household to nurse this poor wounded life of mine back to health, and you fulfilled your task with an angel's skill. You found me a mocking demon, you have made me once more a human soul; it matters little that the earthly casket is beyond medicament.

"You thought I gave you strange welcome that first night you came, and attributed it to one of the many phases of my supposed disease. You did not know that I found myself confronted for the first time by my Nemesis in the flesh! How little you thought, as you tried to woo me with your patient winsomeness, that you were pointing the goads of remorse with an agony which made every nerve quiver. You did not know, those evenings when I forbade a light on account of my eyes, that I wanted to prove the truth of my miserable secret in your lovely chiselled face. How greedily I watched you, those long hours you thought me sleeping, until I seemed to read your very soul. Demons would have pitied me as I looked at you and thought of my poor Guy, and knew I had myself to thank for it all!

"I was conquered at last. I began to love you as I never thought I should love again. My one thought now was to be the means of bringing you together, as I had been the wretched cause of keeping you apart. Ah, me! who is it has said, 'to wreck a life, needs but a human will; to blend again the shattered fragments in harmonious union, needs a God!' I telegraphed for Guy to come to me at once, only to find that he was on the Continent. I cabled to his address there, and was told he had just left on a sea voyage, to be gone six months. I knew then I should never hear his dear voice say he forgave me, when he knew the truth. You wondered I grew worse so suddenly. Don't you know, dear, that hope is the strongest tonic you can have? My hope was dead?

"I have told him everything, and enclosed in the letter the tell-tale diamond which I had removed from what you thought my ring. Long ere he reads it I shall be beyond all human need, but whenever he comes, he will find you waiting, his ring on your finger, his snow-crowned queen! Remember, he has been waiting for your answer all these weary years."

. . .

The next morning dawned brightly, and Jean, with a strange jubilance in her heart, and a wondrous pity shining in her eyes, went softly through the quiet halls into the old-fashioned conservatory to dream among the flowers. Great orchids blazed at her from their hanging shelves, palms reared their graceful heads around her, and geraniums and hyacinths vied with each other in glory of crimson and white. How sweet the old world was.

"May I break in on your musings?"

She flashed round upon him. He, too, had spent the night in vigil, and the brave eyes were strangely weary. One glance at her tender, smiling mouth, the pure face tinged with a sweet reserve, and impetuously he held out his hands, and Jean, conscious only that at last she was face to face with the only man she had ever loved, while the sunlight of the present dispersed the mystery of the past, laid hers within them without a word.

The day, like some delicious dream, passed all too quickly. Towards its close Jean stood in her own room, watching the dying sun flood meadow and lake with glory. Her lips parted in a smile as she thought how eagerly her kind friends had welcomed her into the family and Muriel's rapture over what she deemed the success of her scheme. There was a light tap at the door, and Guy came towards her, a spray of magnificent Marechal Niel buds and orange blossoms in his hand, which he laid lightly against her dress, with a caress in eyes and voice which spoke volumes. Early in the day he had pleaded for an immediate marriage.

"Why should we delay, dear heart? Surely we have paid a heavy enough penalty! Dr. Dollinger will be among the guests this evening, what could be more appropriate?" And Jean, looking into the eloquent face, hearing again Helen Davis' dying plea, gave shy and sweet consent.

He drew from his pocket now a tiny case and slipped on her finger a massive band of ruddy gold. "I judged well, did I not? I shall miss this little comforter, it has been my constant companion all these dreary years." Inside were their initials interwined, with the date. "It was my first find of gold," he continued, "and I had it made into this, so that whenever I found you, all would be ready."

"And if you had not?" questioned Jean.

"It would have been buried with me."

The merry company hushed themselves into silence as Jean entered the room on Mr. Hazelton's arm. Her dress of soft cream flannel, with her badge of office, the white cross, upon her shoulder.

"I like it so," she had said, when Muriel urged that it was not bride-like; "you forget that I have been and am, married to my work."

"I like it also," and Guy kissed the silver hair reverently. "It always reminds me that I lost a beautiful girl and found an angel."

They stood together near the old-fashioned fireplace, the flames leaped and twined themselves about the massive logs and fell with cheery glow upon Jean's pure, pale face, and Guy's handsome bearded one. They stood apart in a holy stillness, this man and this woman, who had so well earned their right to the joy of union. Then every knee was bowed and the venerable clergyman lifted trembling hands of blessing over the silver head and the brown.

In the midst of the congratulations, Muriel sprang forward, and, catching up some sprays of holly, laid them lightly on Jean's hair.

"With joy and good-will I crown you, our Queen. Just think, you do belong to us now forever—our very own 'Aunt Jean.'"

THE END.

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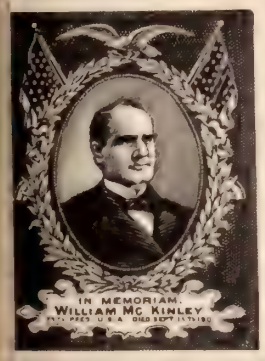

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AN IMMORTAL HYMN

The Story of the Authorship of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which President McKinley Sang in the Shadow of Death

SIXTY years ago, across the Atlantic, a young woman, struggling through physical suffering and spiritual doubt to find her way to God, wrote the words of that beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." A few weeks ago, the greatest and best-beloved man in America, lay in a darkened room in Buffalo, racked with pain, dazed with anguish, tortured with the thought of leaving his fragile wife comfortless, uttering no word of bitterness against his cowardly slayer, sinking with failing heart into the darkness of death, and singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!" After all was over, as his poor, mangled body was borne on its way to Washington and to Canton, all the bands played, and the men and women and little children sang: "Nearer, my God, to Thee." No hymn in all the sacred books of song—save "America"—is probably now so dear to the hearts of our people. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has become a national anthem. God grant

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

that in our martyred President's hymn may be found the watchword for a new America!

Perhaps, Sarah Adams, the woman who wrote this hymn, did not think very much of it—so simple it was, so easily welling up from the deeps of experience, it flowed from her pen. She had done ambitious, laborious work. For one thing, she had written a lengthy, dramatic poem—a religious play called "Viva Perpetua"—and she looked for great things to come of it. Few people have heard of it; perhaps, like most of her productions, it is out of print. But the hymn has lived—there is in it that which strengthens and comforts men and women and makes them better—something which voices their own yearnings God-ward. Little did the writer think when she was pouring out her heart in these lines, that they would carry consolation and hope to so many troubled souls as have found true inspiration in them.

Of Sarah Flower Adams, not much has been written. She was born February 22, 1805, in a quiet English village. Her father, Benjamin Flower, was editor and proprietor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer;* he was a widower, and himself directed the education of his two daughters, Eliza and Sarah. Both were fragile, both were brilliant. Sarah early developed literary gifts, writing both prose and verse. Her sister was musical, and set Sarah's poems to music.

On the death of their father, the two girls became the wards of their pastor, Rev. William J. Fox, a noted London preacher and the Editor of a literary magazine, which numbered such famous contributors as John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, Charles Dickens, Leigh Hunt and Robert Browning. On the list with these appeared Sarah Flower, and her work attracted a good deal of attention. The charming home of the sisters, just opposite to that of Mr. Fox, was frequented by literary and musical people. It was quite the fashion to admire the pretty, graceful young poet. She was, it is said, Robert Browning's first love. To her alone of all his friends, he showed his book of poems, and because of her encouragement and through her efforts they were published. Thus she has been called the discoverer of this master among the poets. Through her encouragement to another writer, the attachment sprang up which resulted in her marriage.

Among Mr. Fox's contributors was one who signed himself "Junius Redivivus." Through the magazine, she sent him a note expressing admiration of his work. He replied. A literary correspondence, developing into one of cordial friendship, ensued. In 1833, she met Mr. William Bridges Adams, a man of scientific and literary attainments, and widely known as a civil engineer. It was a case almost of "love at first sight." It was only after their engagement that Sarah discovered in her betrothed, "Junius Redivivus," and he in her, the "S. Y.," whose letters had so charmed him. They were married in 1834, and the union seems to have been a happy one. But her beloved sister was dying of consumption. Long years of watching over the suffering one, who faded slowly away, told upon the fragile poet; and in 1848, two years after Eliza's death, Sarah passed away. We are told she died singing. At her funeral, one of her hymns was sung, "He giveth sun, he giveth shower," a sweet and touching lyric which yet holds a place in sacred song.

To Fox's *Hymns and Anthems*, published in 1840-41, Sarah Adams had contributed thirteen hymns. One of these was "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which with a number of others, was composed to be sung in Mr. Fox's church. The tune now so popular is the work of an American, Dr. Lowell Mason, of New York, who wrote the score in 1860.

In *Immortal Hymns and Their Story*, Dr. Louis Albert Banks says: "This hymn is a beautiful study of Jacob's vision at Luz. It is always sung by caravans of pilgrims from Christian lands, when in making the tour of Palestine, they camp at Bethel, near the scene of the patriarch's resting place." Dr. Banks relates many touching incidents, illustrative of its power to comfort in times of trial. Once, on a battlefield, a brave little drummer-boy, fearfully shot, went to heaven singing it. Bishop Marvin, homeless and desolate, wandering through a frontier wilderness, heard a poor woman in a wretched cabin singing it; and his faith was reassured. It is King Edward's favorite hymn as it was his mother's. It has been translated into many languages. But to no other people now can it be just what it is to us; and on that lowly grave in the quiet village churchyard at Harlow, England, where Sarah Adams lies, many a flower will be laid by Americans who will pass that way.

The Destiny of the Jew

In the September issue of *The People, the Land and the Book*, the leading articles are: "Jewish Evangelization," by the Rev. Thomas B. McLeod, D.D.; "May Hebrew Christians Keep the Sabbath?" by the Rev. William C. Daland; "Modern Zionism," by a Zionist; and "The Old Paths," by Alexander McCall, D.D., of England. The number is rich in specially excellent translations, including three Hebrew tales, one each from Austria, Denmark and Hungary, characteristically illustrated, and each in its way a literary gem. All the articles give evidence of scholarly qualities, and the magazine as a whole is one that ought to be specially valuable to students and entertaining and instructive to Bible readers generally. In the August number, the review of Jewish history, by the Rev. T. Archer, D.D., of London, in his article on "The Dispersion of the Jews," was a presentation of absorbing interest. *The People, the Land and the Book*, now in its second volume, is published in the American Tract Society Building, New York; $1 a year; single copy, 25 cents.

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The Story of an African King

HEATHEN AND SOT, YET THE GOSPEL IS SPREADING IN HIS DOMINIONS

FROM one of our most active missionary workers in Africa, the Rev. Erwin H. Richards, of Inhambane, Superintendent of the M. E. Missions in East Africa, comes an interesting letter, which explains some curious phases of Gospel work in the Dark Continent. After acknowledging receipt of ten dollars, sent to him through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, he writes as follows:

"I send you a photograph of one of our native chiefs. His name is Patagwana, and his son has some name that was given him in the diamond fields—it may hap to be 'penny,' 'shilling' or "pound,' breeches,' 'waistcoat' or 'dust-pan,' with many others. 'Blekfast,' is one of our native converts here (breakfast). 'Carriage' is the name of a man and 'shirt' of a lady, both of them leading converts on our oldest station. This chief, Patagwana, is a cross between the Batswa, who do not tattoo the face, and the knob-nosed Machopa, who tattoo the face and whole body. The chief owns several square miles of land, and is chief magistrate over all who reside on his lands. He has neither shirt, coat or other regular garment, never tasted bread, potatoes or steak; never slept on a bed, never combed his hair, saw the alphabet or heard of everlasting life. He knows how to make alcoholic drinks out of corn, Kaffir corn, farina, honey, cane, cashew and some few other ingredients, and he is maudlin most of the time. A portion of his 'palace' is seen in the cut. It is rudely built of sticks from the nearest available spot, selected without choice, reeds from the nearest swamp and mud from any handy pool. Grass, when there is any, forms the roof. Neither Patagwana nor any of his ancestors ever attempted to find out the truth of anything, or to improve their condition and surroundings. He will never care for truth, knowledge or everlasting life. He will say, as many other 'kings' of the land have said: 'Oh, I'm too old to learn anything; but here are my children, you can take them and do what you like with them.'

"These chiefs are easily induced to grant favors to the missionary, and once granted, they do not appear to readily cancel them. Four of our native converts have been for three years in possession of such grants for land, sufficient for mission purposes, and have at the present time hopeful schools and regular church services on each of the stations. At first, many people turn out on all occasions out of mere curiosity, to see, but not to hear. Later, they fall off in attendance almost entirely. Then a few children are persuaded to attend by the teacher, and in due time there is a church, with a wife or two of the chief and several of his children as first members, and ultimately a firm Christian institution is strongly planted there. It costs only one hundred dollars a year to keep the preacher and ten boarding pupils. This includes salary of teacher and preacher, and food for the pupils, housing, outfit, etc., for the first year, and after that, owing to their increase in need of clothing and school outfit, it takes $150 for a station. Those received at first are on probation, and are not cared for better than at their own homes. But after it is discovered that they are really in earnest and are worth our confidence, we clothe them, give them blankets and better housing, so that it costs about $10 per year per pupil. If after two years of probation, they manifest the fruits of having been born again, we receive them.

KING PATAGWANA AND HIS SON

"Look first at this poor ignorant, drunken native 'king,' and then at the neat church, with its intelligent and clean school children, and note how readily and how fully the Gospel changes the whole conditions of living, both for the present and for the hereafter. There are at present three or four teachers ready to be sent out to other native chiefs, and thousands of native villages awaiting the coming of the evangel; but there is nothing with which to support them. We have at present 54 full church members in good standing, with 132 probationers, 60 of whom are in our station boarding-schools. Our gain in probationers for the last three months has been 23. Our population is upwards of 3,000,000 souls, 2,900,000 of whom never saw a missionary probably, or ever heard of the life to come. We are trying to sow good seed in good ground, rather than merely utter the sound of the Gospel over vast mileages of wild natives from whom random fruits only could be expected. We welcome prayers, material aids and helpers from whatsoever source the Lord shall call them.

"ERWIN H. RICHARDS."

Inhambane, E. A.

Scott's Last Words

Scott on his deathbed at Abbotsford asked Lockhart to read to him. "What book shall I read?" asked Lockhart. And Sir Walter replied, "Why do you ask that question? There is but one book; bring me the Bible."

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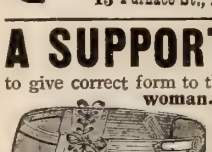

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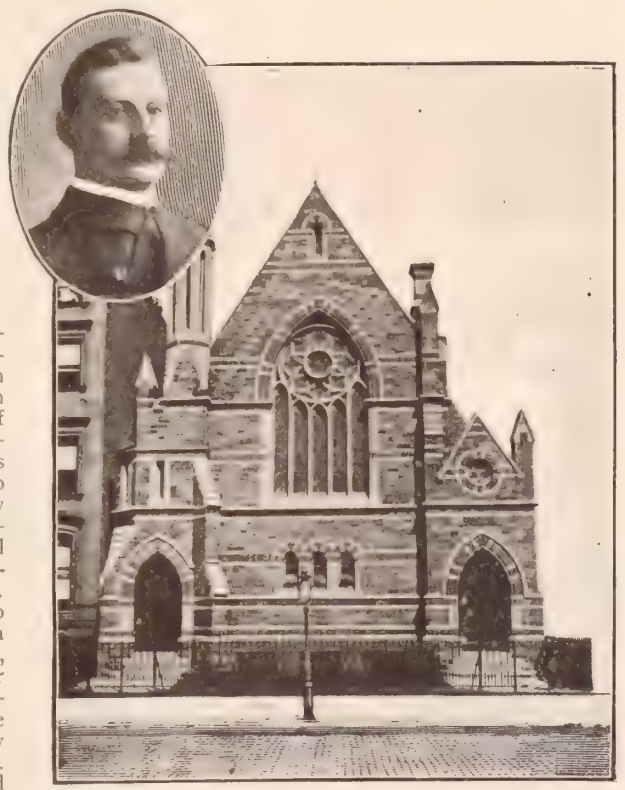
A Church of Three Languages

Christian Work in the Domestic and Foreign Field on International and Inter-denominational Principles

UNION in a double sense is the keynote of a movement, which comes to realization, in an interesting ceremony that takes place in New York on Sunday, October 20. A new church, a picture of which is here given, is then to be formally dedicated with appropriate services. It is situated at Seventy-second street, between Third and Lexington avenues. It will represent not only a union of denominations, but a union of nationalities. On Sundays there will be two services in English and one in German; on Wednesdays another service in German and on Tuesdays and Fridays a service in Swedish. Thus the building will serve three nationalities. It will also serve all Evangelical denominations in standing for the simple Gospel without sectarian bias.

MRS. R. TJADER

The pastor of the church through whose efforts the movement originated, is Mr. Richard Tjader, of Stockholm, Sweden, who speaks fluently all three languages, and is an earnest advocate of inter-denominational aggressive work. He has a record in Europe which should insure him a hearty welcome from all Christian workers. In Stockholm he was pastor of one of the largest Free churches in the city, and is strongly commended to American Christians by Prince Oscar Bernadotte, the famous royal mission worker, the second son of King Oscar. Another testimonial to his usefulness is written by Sir George Williams, of London, the founder of Young Men's Christian Associations. The late Mr. D. L. Moody also, who witnessed Mr. Tjader's service, and availed himself frequently of his help here and in Europe, also wrote a letter shortly before his death acknowledging the value of his assistance, and praying for him a rich blessing on his labors. Many well-known ministers and laymen in Europe have also written in commendation of Mr. Tjader's energy, ability and devotion to Christ's cause.



REV. R. TJADER AND HIS INTERNATIONAL CHURCH

Mr. Tjader's work has familiarized him with all classes. For about seven years he labored in Germany with the famous Swedish Evangelist Franson, traveling across the country from the Prussian frontier, on the east, to the farthest Western provinces in the Rhineland and Westphalia. The meetings were held sometimes in churches, often in the larger theatres, and occasionally in the ballrooms of aristocratic mansions. The success which attended them led a Russian Princess to desire a similar blessing for her own country. At her urgent request, Mr. Tjader made two visits to Russia, preaching in St. Petersburg and the Baltic provinces. In 1898, Mr. Tjader had the privilege of working with Mr. Moody in our Western States, and, at Mr. Moody's request, held meetings with Professor Towner in Chicago. During the following summer he took part in the Northfield Conference.

Aggressive work in so many lands led Mr. Tjader to take a deep interest in mission work among the heathen. This interest was deepened and stimulated by a tour he took around the world with his wife, shortly after their marriage in the fall of 1899. Together they visited the stations of the foreign missionaries in heathen lands, and studied the problems of missionary work on the field. The result of their study was a new organization designed to extend still further the kingdom of Christ among the heathen. The sight of large districts in which the Gospel had never been preached, and the vast populations among whom only one or two missionaries were laboring, made a deep impression on the mind of the young worker, and he resolved, in Christ's strength, to do something definite to bring the Gospel speedily into neglected fields. On his return to America, he discussed his plans with earnest friends, and finally the International Union Mission was organized and regularly incorporated. Like the China Inland Mission it is undenominational, its broad, Christian platform being "Salvation through Christ to all who believe and are willing to begin a new life through the power of the Holy Spirit, and the full consecration of Spirit, Soul and body to Christ and for his service." Its aim is to stimulate interest in the home churches in foreign missionary work, to support missionaries who are laboring independently in heathen lands, and to send out new workers to fields as yet untouched by existing organizations. Already, although the Society has been in existence scarcely a year, it is supporting twenty missionaries and native evangelists in China and India. Mr. Tjader disclaims any idea of rivalry with existing societies, and seeks only to extend the work in co-operation and sympathetic fellowship with them on a broad evangelical basis.

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BIBLE READING*

Why the Superficial, Mechanical Perusal of God's Word Fails to Benefit the Reader

WHY do we read the Bible? The question is worth asking, if only for the purpose of finding out whether the reading is fulfilling the object desired. Some there are who read it as a matter of duty. The Christian Endeavor pledge requires it, and to read a chapter or two every day is not a very onerous duty. To open the book anywhere and read a certain quantity, or for a certain length of time, satisfies the obligation, and it is not important whether one reads Chronicles or Corinthians, Solomon's Song or in the Gospel of John. Some who read it less mechanically, read it as they might go to an arsenal to find weapons for theological disputation. Others read it for consolation, taking such parts as seem applicable to their own special circumstances and neglecting the remainder. The fourteenth chapter of John, the twenty-third and a few other Psalms, make up the Bible of this class of readers. To none of these classes is the wonderful book all that it might be, nor to any of them does it fulfil its true purpose. Many a person who boasts of having read the whole Bible a dozen or a score times knows little about it and is no better for the exercise.

The real reason why we should read the Bible is, that it contains the message of God to the human race, and is intended to be a guide to life in this world and a preparation for the world to come. To dip into it here and there, to read it mechanically and without an effort to grasp its meaning, or the lessons it contains that are pertinent to our circumstances, is to miss the object for which it was given and to lose the blessing it is capable of imparting. There is no special merit in mere cursory reading of the holy Book. The mere fact that half an hour or an hour every day is given up to the reading of its pages, does not make one a better Christian, nor fulfil the real purpose of the pledge. We treat no other book in that way. A student or a business man taking up a manual of the subject to which he is devoting his life, shows more intelligence in his use of it, than the average Christian does in the use of his Bible. The young lawyer or the young physician consults his authorities with some activity of mind, some effort to master the contents of his text-books. Quite as much intelligent effort is needed in the study of the Bible, and if we have a right appreciation of the issues involved, we shall make an infinitely greater effort to get at the meaning of the Book and apply its lessons. And such an effort pays. The truths it contains do not lie on the surface. It is a mine which must be worked, if it is to yield its valuable treasures for our use. Not that profound learning or great mental grasp is required. They may be brought to bear, with proportionate results; but without them the main purpose of the Book may be fulfilled. It is the alert mind, the devout spirit, the earnest desire to appropriate the lesson that will bring a blessing on the reading.

Sitting down to commence the study of the book, there ought to be an effort to conceive of God's mode of revealing himself to man. It is said that an ant cannot see a man, and there is an infinitely greater difference between God and his creatures than there is between a human being and an ant. We cannot see God, cannot really conceive of his majesty and infinity. How then could he make himself known? Holy and wise men obtained glimpses of his attributes; the Holy Spirit showed them parts of his ways, and to poets and prophets were granted visions of his modes of dealing with the world, and messages were intrusted to them for conveyance to men in terms which they could understand. Thus we get the Bible, which is, necessarily, more of a library than a single book. Having realized that fact, the next step is to get an idea of the individual books; when they were written, to whom they were written, and the general purpose each writer had in view. At various times in the world's history various truths needed to be taught. When a wrong conception of God prevailed, a man was raised up to correct the error. Gradually, and by stages, the conception of God is made clear. Moses and the Israelites in the wilderness did not have so intelligent and true an idea of him as did David and Solomon, nor did those two kings see him so clearly as did Isaiah and the later prophets. But they prepared the way for the glorious revelation made by him who could say: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Even he did not complete the revelation. He was so perfect, so far superior to ordinary men that they could not understand him. So men with imperfections, men of a lower order, were commissioned to interpret him to the world, and Paul and Peter, James and John enable us to understand the teaching of the Christ. Inspiration runs through the whole volume in its histories, its parables, its philosophy, its poems, its prophecies, all tending toward the completion of revelation, so that we may know the character and will of God, and govern ourselves so as to please him. It is by understanding the Bible in this way that the reading of it is beneficial to the Christian life.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Oct. 27. II. Timothy 3: 1-17.

The Dream of Youth

(From an address by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan)

WHY is it that the elder man sometimes seems to check the hope of the young soul? If I could take that man aside I would say to him, "Why is it, my friend, that you have tried to check the dream and vision and hope of youth?" And I think his answer would be full of pathos. I think he would say to me, "I have tried to check that vision because I also once dreamed a dream and saw a vision and built my castle in the air. Oh, I see it now. How fair a dream it was, how wonderful a castle it was. But the years have gone, and I am now at the end of the day's work, the sun is westering, and look what I have built! Nothing but that!" "What is that, father?" "That is only a cube of solid masonry, and no line of it has any flashing splendor. I dreamed, and this is all I have done." "Wait a minute. Did you say that was solid masonry?" "Yes." "Did you say it was a cube, four-square?" "Yes." "Have you been honest about your work? Have you done your best?" "Yes." "Then know that a four-square thing always finds a place in God's four-square city, and presently, father, you will find that he will lift your slab of honest work and incorporate it into the city he is building, and then your solid, honest, commonplace work will be seen to flash with a splendor and glory that you have never dreamed of, even when you built your castle in the air." And, because I believe that, I want to say to fathers, Do not check the hope, the aspiration, the dream, the vision of these young people. God wants the hope and the dream to make them his.

WALKING WITH GOD

WALKING with God, oh! wonderful life,
Calm and serene in the midst of earth's strife;
Walking with him, I am free from all dread,
Filled with his Spirit, oh! softly I tread.

Walking with God, oh! fellowship sweet,
Thus to know God, and in him be complete;
Walking with him whom the world cannot know,
Oh! it is sweet through life thus to go.

Walking with God in sorrow's dark hour,
Soothed and sustained by his infinite power;
Oh! it is sweet to my soul thus to live,
Filled with a peace which the world cannot give.

Walking with God, oh! may my life be
Such that my Lord can walk always with me;
Walking with him, I shall know day by day
That he is my Father, and leads all the way.

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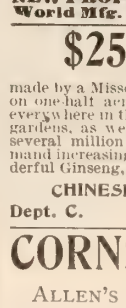

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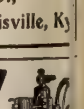

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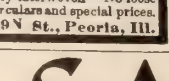

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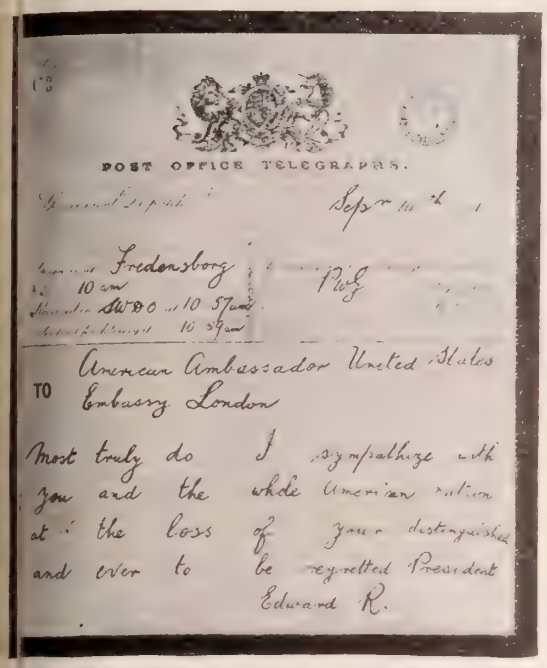

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Sept 14th 1

Fredensborg

10 am

10 57am

10 57am

TO American Ambassador United States Embassy London

Most truly do I sympathize with you and the whole American nation at the loss of your distinguished and ever to be regretted President

Edward R.

The foregoing is a photographic facsimile of the telegram of condolence sent by the King of Great Britain to the American Ambassador in London on learning of the death of President McKinley.

MAGNANIMITY IN POWER

...Joseph's Reception and Treatment of His Brothers

BY MRS. M. BANTER

IN his homelife, in his slavery, and in his imprisonment, Joseph had learned to serve; and thus he was ready to God's hand in everything which happened to hi He must serve God in his relations wi his brethren. Therefore he neither glori himself over them by telling them at on of his greatness, nor yet did he indulge in s natural feelings of joy and interest in se g the brethren whom he had neither seen n heard of for over twenty years. His one th ght was, What does God want of me? H would he have me act that he may make hi elf known to my brethren?

seph spoke to his brethren through an in preter; they knew not that he unders d them when they said, "We are verily guy concerning our brother, in that we saw th nguish of his soul when he besought us, an we would not hear; therefore is this distr come upon us." He turned from them an wept, but the moment was not yet ripe fo him to make himself known to them. Th who would enter into God's plan for th nversion of their loved ones must learn pa nce and self-control. When all is ripe, Go moves forward, to forestall him is to sp his work.

rived in the land of Canaan, they told th father all which had befallen them, and wh they opened their sacks, and each man fo d his money in his sack, they were afraid, an Jacob reproached them. Poor Jacob! he as not lifted by his faith in God above th power of circumstances. He was yet a ma who looked at the "things which are seen an emporal." Contention came in between th ther and his sons; the time was coming wh there must be another journey to Egypt, or ey must all die of hunger. Jacob declad that he would not let Benjamin go; his so repeated that the governor of the land ha sworn that they should not see his face exc t their younger brother were with them. an hey refused to go without him. At last Ju h, the man in whom the spirit of rule was de oping, took the matter in hand, and offe d to be surety for Benjamin.

is arrangement was at last unwillingly acc ted by their father, and the brethren, wit Benjamin, set out with their father's pra r: "God Almighty give you mercy bef re the man [how little he knew who that ma was!], that he may send away your oth brother and Benjamin." But he added to e prayer, "If I be bereaved of my childre I am bereaved." Poor Jacob sat down un his sorrow; he did not inquire of the Lo what it meant for him. How many so-call believers thus yield to sorrow! "All thi things are against me" is imprinted on the faces, and sounds in the voices of many who would, nevertheless, take the position of chiren of God! Around them are believers wh have heavier trials and more frequent tha they, but these being one with God in his lan for them, willing learners in God's scho l, their song is quite another. Counting it joy when they fall into divers temptatio or trials, they say, "All things work toger for our good; God is love, and he kn s we love him." It was with hearts hea er than that of Joseph when he first we into Egypt that his brethren took this the second journey. With servile humility the approached the steward of Joseph's house to explain that they were no way responsible that their money was in their sacks, and the reply was, "Peace be to you [Salaam—the salutation of the East], fear not: Your God, the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: your money came to me" (Gen. 43: 23).

What? Was God, their father's God, known in Egypt? Surely the steward must have learned of Joseph to know God! But it was surprise upon surprise. They were brought into the governor's house, and even their asses cared for; and they learned that they were to dine with the governor himself at noon. Joseph accepted their present, asked after their aged father, and when he saw Benjamin, he said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake? And he said, God be gracious unto thee, my son." They set out, wondering at the change in the governor, when, not far from the city, Joseph's steward overtook them, charging them with stealing the silver cup. Their journey had seemed so prosperous, they were all together again; Benjamin was with them, the governor of Egypt seemed so favorable, and in conscious innocence they each opened his sack to be searched.

To their amazement, the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. They returned to the city, and fell before Joseph on the ground. Circumstances were all against them; they had no case, they could only yield to the overwhelming evidence against them. It was utter surrender when Judah said, "What shall we say to my lord? what shall we speak, or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants. Behold, we are our lord's servants, both we and he with whom the cup is found." Judah offered himself and all his brethren for bondmen, just what in their iniquity they had once made their brother Joseph. But Joseph would have Benjamin alone a slave. Then Judah, in the most touching language, told the story of his father's sorrow at parting with Benjamin. He told how his father was an old man, and Benjamin the child of his old age; his brother dead, and he alone left of his mother, "and his father loveth him." He told of Jacob's unwillingness to let Benjamin accompany them, saying if evil should befall him, they would bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. And then he told how he had become surety for his young brother, and he offered himself as Benjamin's substitute. God's purpose was accomplished. Joseph's brethren were all broken now. Then Joseph commanded his servants to leave him alone with the men, and he made himself known unto his brethren.

What an announcement for his brothers! It is just with such an announcement to a lost sinner, when he who is not ashamed to call us brethren makes himself known in his power to save and to keep, and in his wondrous glory.

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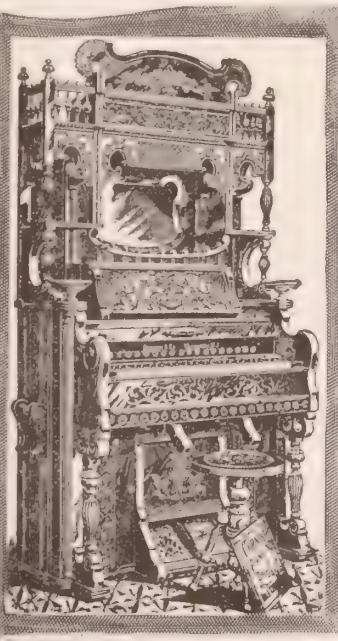

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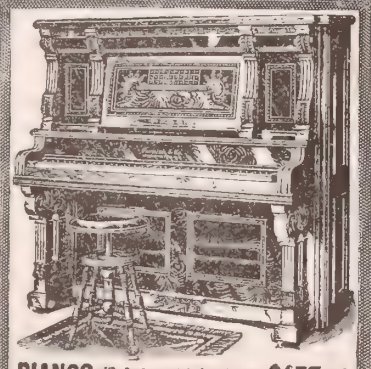

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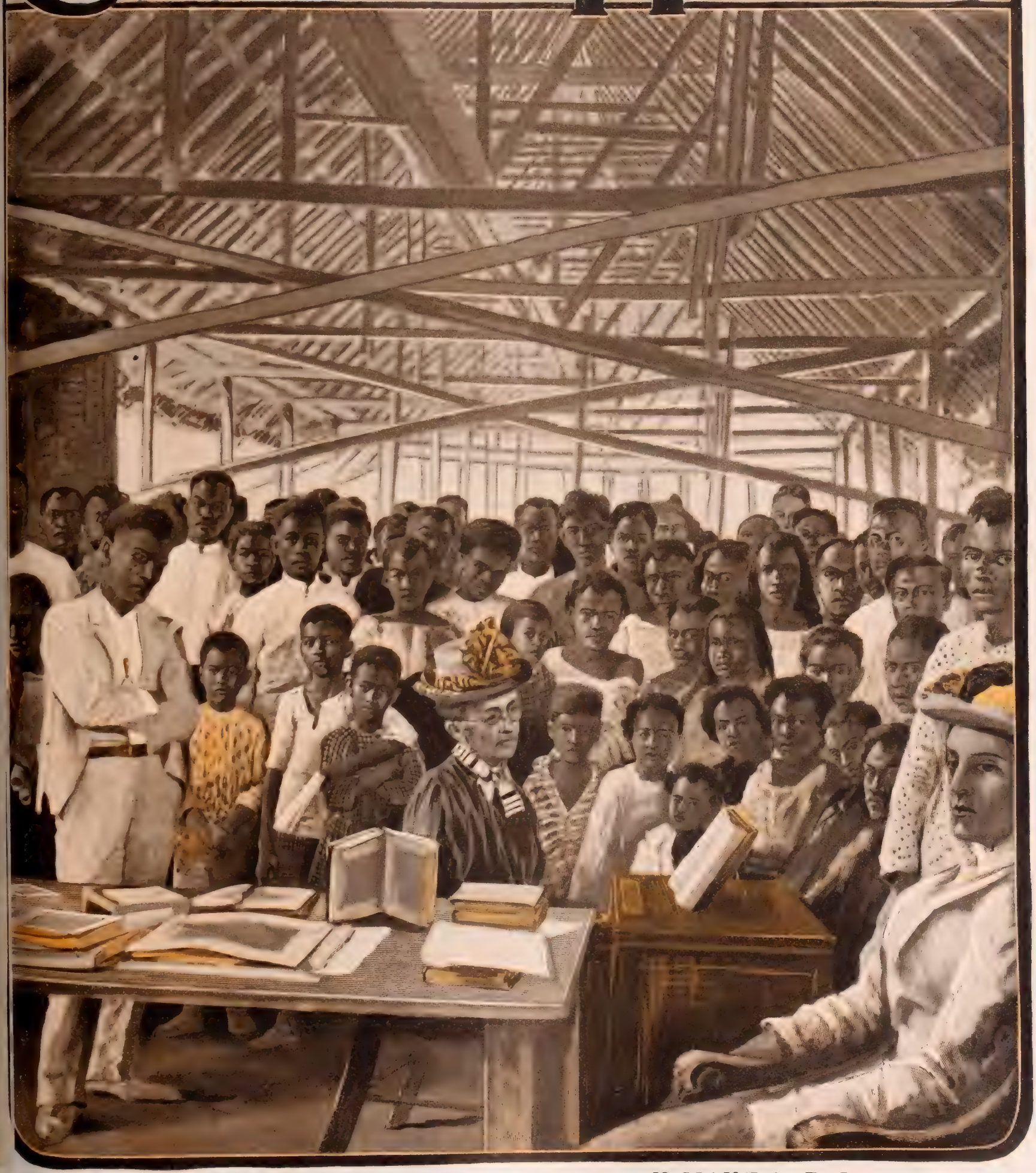

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VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Nov. 20

1. What is the significance of the frequent use of the number forty in the Bible, and in what particular instances is the number made prominent?

2. What is the origin of the phrase, "Freedom of the city," and what is its present significance?

3. Outside of sacred Scripture, what were the most striking instances in history of individuals being held for ransom?

4. What was Irving's basis for the Rip Van Winkle story, and where is its counterpart to be found?

5. What is the true definition of "martyr"? Does martyrdom imply conscious and voluntary suffering for a principle, and the positive rejection of an alternative which would avert that suffering, or can one become a martyr unconsciously?

Questions of the Week

1. What measure should be taken to protect public men from Anarchists while maintaining our freedom of asylum and freedom of speech?

Anarchy should be recognized as a dangerous delusion amounting to insanity, and the persons who manifest either by words or actions that they are insane in this respect should be permanently restrained or confined. If this measure were taken our public men would be thoroughly protected from the assaults of such madmen. Our freedom of asylum would be maintained; as under the statutes of the United States insane immigrants can be lawfully sent back to the country whence they came, and we would be relieved from the dangerous scum which is now pouring in upon us. Our freedom of speech would not be affected, as the babblings of those who are confined as insane would carry no weight, and would not be published. Finally, such a theory would not prevent the punishment of overt acts of anarchy.

A. T. JOHNSON.

Anarchists should be prohibited from publishing in book form, in the press, or in any other way that might influence others, any literature advocating their views. Nor should they be allowed to hold public meetings, the purpose of which is to preach their doctrines. To Emma Goldman's book can probably be traced the cause of President McKinley's assassination. Any attempt to organize anarchistic societies should be punished by deporting the leaders. Any attempt on the life of the President, Vice-President or a Cabinet member should be punished by death. "Freedom of speech," does not mean or include license to directly or indirectly threaten the life of a nation's high officer. A. D. M.

2. Ought the franchise to be restricted, or should we continue to allow the ignorant loafer to cast a vote that counteracts the vote of the intelligent citizen?

The franchise should be restricted. If this were done, (1) justice would be served, (2) the ignorant loafer would have an incentive to learn and his ignorance would disappear, (3) his effort to learn would teach him to work. He would no longer be an ignorant loafer, but an intelligent citizen, fitted for the best use of the franchise. Thus both the ignorant loafer and the country at large would be benefited by a restriction of the franchise.

H. M. WOODRUFF.

We cannot afford to sacrifice manhood suffrage. It is the keystone of our liberties. To restrict the franchise would be to create, at a single stroke, a "governing class," which would ultimately crush the Republic. There should be no ruling class, no governing class, no class legislation. Restricted suffrage would be a step backward in the direction of mediæval oppression. But while the use of the ballot should be open to all (men and women alike), the voter should be compelled to qualify (1) as being able to read and write; (2), as not being a criminal. Poverty is not a crime, and should not prevent the exercise of the suffrage. The remedy for present conditions is in our own hands. With compulsory education everywhere enforced, there soon need be no "ignorant loafer" problem. Let us do nothing unworthy of the Republic, or that would cause its noble and broad-minded founders to shudder, could they revisit these scenes, and see the dangers that menace "government of, for, and by the people."

D. H. GREENE.

* * *

The franchise ought to be restricted. It is not right for those who contribute nothing to society materially, mentally, or morally, to have the same voice in the government of the community as those who have produced the material, mental and moral resources of the community. There is a sense in which society is like a stock company and every one is entitled to be heard in proportion to the amount of resources he has contributed. But the best practical plan of the suffrage that can be fallen upon is an equal individual franchise of such as measure up to given conditions. Those conditions should be such as to empower the man of real character, and debar the man of bad character and no capability in the affairs of an industrious and moral free community. Such plans are being increasingly sought after in the hope of purifying elections and uplifting legislation.

C. P. A.

3. If a pastor can no longer preach the doctrines of the church to which he belongs, ought he to resign, or try to lead his people to the truth as he sees it?

All denominations have a distinctive creed or confession of faith, and a pastor is engaged to preach the Word of God in conformity to the doctrines of a certain Church. Being a consecrated servant of God, he should make the utmost endeavor to lead on and lift up his flock to truer aspects of the divine will, which God has revealed unto him. He cannot do otherwise and be faithful. With sincerity and candor he should frankly state to the Church (convincingly if possible), his divergent views and abide by their decision on the matter. He ought not to remain, unless upheld in his course by the Church, and he ought not to resign without one supreme effort to convince them of the truth and justify his own position. Reason demands a full presentation of the case, a fair consideration, conscientious decision and a peaceable acquiescence. WALTER W. HUBBARD.

* * *

He should resign. He cannot honestly hold his position. He undertook to preach the doctrines of a certain Church with the understanding that he was to teach said doctrines as the Church taught and hold the same. Therefore, for him to continue in the Church and teach contrary to what she teaches is dishonest. As to whether he sees the truth in the right light or not is out of the question. He may be right and the Church wrong, still that would not justify him in continuing in the Church in which he promised to preach as she sees the truth.

A. D. MEARES.

4. Does incompatibility of temper ever reach a point justifying divorce?

Undoubtedly, yes. No line of argument will ever show that the Creator of the Universe ever intended that one of his beings should ever voluntarily browbeat and abuse another who had no means of defense, and who was denied the right of flight. No stigma whatever should rest on one who seeks divorce from one with whom happiness is an utter impossibility. Because a man or woman has, through mistake, been united to a brute instead of a loving helpmeet, is no reason or argument why such condition is bound to continue till death, but rather an argument for separation, that the innocent may be, perchance, united to some one with whom the pursuit of happiness may be continued to life's close. WM. W. CASY.

* * *

If, after a long trial, a man or woman finds home life intolerable, on account of differences in temper, there should be a separation, in hope that time would remedy the difficulty. A divorce is wrong; the Bible tells us that a man who marries a divorced woman, or vice-versa, is an adulterer. On the other hand, for a man and woman to live together in constant discord is very injurious, not only to the chief parties, but to the children that might be brought into the world. If a quarrelsome disposition would not be inherited, it would be attained by the constant influence of example. Separation would remove the danger of the influence over weaker minds, while there would be a possibility of differences being adjusted and reunion taking place.

ROSALIE I. CUSACK.

* * *

The friction which is known as incompatibility of temper, usually manifests itself in petulance, mere rudeness, disagreeable manners or constant ebullitions of ill-temper—in popular phrase, man and wife cannot get along together. The highest point of such unpleasantness is reached when the state becomes chronic. It is, however, neither reasonable nor expedient that such a state of affairs should justify divorce. If both m and wife offend, it is certainly not reasona "to divorce savages and barbarians, beca they act as such towards each other." If occupies an attitude of prudent conciliat much can be done to better conditions, a life together is practicable, although unple ant. In short, the domestic infelicity aris from incompatibility of temper fails to dem strate an absolute impossibility that the dut of married life can ever be properly discharg and until that impossibility is clearly sho the integrity of a bond as sacred as that marriage should be maintained.

A. T. JOHNSON

5. In view of the fact that Paul withstood Pe "because he was to be blamed" (Gal. 2: may we regard both men as inspired?

The question of inspiration is not involv in the incident that took place at Antio when Apostle Paul rebuked Apostle Pe for his inconsistency. It is simply a quest of human weakness. While under the in ence of certain High Church Jewish-Ch tians, who came from James, Peter withdr and separated himself from the Antio Christians, "fearing them of the circumcisio The result was that Barnabas, and doubtl many others, were affected by his exam which became a scandal in the commun To save the Church from an apostasy, P took Peter to task for his conduct and buked him openly, as his conduct was an tack on Gospel liberty. The writings of P and Peter that have found their way into New Testament Canon are, beyond all dou inspired, but to say that every word t uttered during their Christian lives was spired is what we do not believe. Paul a Peter had human weaknesses and limitatio like other men. But when they wrote thoritatively under the guidance of the H Ghost, they were kept free from errors a mistakes, and in this way were inspired.

J. J. MUNRO

A PERSONAL CARD FROM DR. KLOPSCH

I APPEAL to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to co-operate with me in a matter that gives me great concern. Most of our readers correctly suspect that my life is a very busy one. Time has become a very important factor with me, and the problem ever before me is that of reducing matters to such a system that the handling of them may involve no needless waste in that direction.

My first care is, of course, the proper and satisfactory administration of CHRISTIAN HERALD affairs, and it is in connection with these that I invite your help. During the months of October and November, it is comparatively easy to ship premiums and renew subscriptions promptly. During December we receive from 10,000 to 15,000 letters a day, and it is difficult then to handle the business to the entire satisfaction of our subscribers—particularly on account of the pressure on mail and express facilities incident to the Holiday Season.

If our own subscribers would co-operate with us, by renewing during October and November, we could give them the best service; and that is what we are planning to do. Neither delays by mail, nor by express would then interfere with their plans or ours. To ensure this best and promptest service to the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family is the object of this appeal.

Renew NOW. You lose nothing, as your subscription will be dated ahead from the present date of expiry, and not from the date of your remittance. You will thus help me personally more than you can imagine, and relieve me of much care and anxiety, for which I shall be ever grateful. I want to please you; HELP ME TO DO IT.

New York, Oct. 22, 1901. Wm Klopsch

Miscellaneous Questions

Moses H. Sydenham, Editor of *The C tral Star of Empire*, of Kearney, Neb., se us these suggestions, which we commend the attention of pastors and readers gen ally:

1. Urge the display of Jehovah's Ten Comma ments on the walls of every public school-roon every grade in this Republic! The saloon p ticians, infidels, agnostics, sceptics, and Jes have been running our schools quite long enou

2. Urge that our church pastors do someth more for their salaries than simply preaching t sermons on Sundays, with probably running prayer-meeting Thursday nights. Urge them open their churches every night through the w and encourage the worldly to come by a continu revival—not just for a few weeks, and then give over to Satan! Satan's servants have their places worship—the saloon, etc.,—open all the time, ev day and night, and Sunday, too, when they can.

From a soldier in Washington Barrac D. C., this grateful letter comes:

DEAR EDITOR:—I have long desired to w you an expression of my appreciation of T CHRISTIAN HERALD. I have been a soldier the past three years, and my duty has been such to prevent me from attending divine services. have received your paper through Mrs. Ida Morton of South Edmeston, N. Y. My consta companions are the Bible and the Herald. T paper has been a ray of sunshine to my life, disp ling much of the gloom and sadness that genera settle around a soldier. I trust that all my frien will enjoy your paper as much as I have.

Hospital Corps, U. S. A. M. C. W

E. H., Washington, D. C. Can one be a follow of Christ and be a lyncher or an anarchist?

No. Christ's kingdom is not one of v lence. He counseled obedience to law a to constituted authority. He rebuked l disciples, when they would have resisted wi swords. His followers, faithful to his teac ings, should be neither law-breakers nor d turbers of the peace. A lyncher violates t law to wreak revenge in specific instance an anarchist is an enemy of all law and go ernment, and would destroy both.

C. F. C., Marsh, Pa. To what extent may a Chr tian pray for means to pay a debt incurred preparing for the ministry, when his incor barely provides an economical living?

We make no mistake in taking all our car and burdens to our Father. As to prayi for specific material blessings, it is very dou ful whether a Christian should do so, exce in cases of real emergency. He should see the spiritual blessing, and all the rest will l added, according to the Divine promise. G will assuredly open a way for us out of o troubles, if we ask him.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

OUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN AT HOME

The Great English Divine Settles Among us—He will Carry Forward Evangelist Moody's Life-work

MRS. MORGAN

THE RESIDENCE IN BALTIMORE

THE MORGAN CHILDREN

WHEN the distinguished English divine, the Rev. G. Campbell organ, was called to take Mr. Moody's Northfield ork, he settled himself in hat has been called the ome city" of the country. altimore is a city of urches as well as Brook-n, and statistics show that e church attendance ere, in proportion to pop-ation, is greater than in y of the larger communi-s in the United States. Eutaw Place, where Mr. organ has his home, re-nds one of the Champs ysee in Paris. It is a ry artistically laid-out enue. From the front indow of the Morgan use, one has a refreshing ion of trees, shrubs and wer-beds. One of the arest buildings is a Jew-temple, one of the finest the country. In the suburbs are country houses with roundings that recall the West of England, with its gged hills and deep valleys.

Mr. Morgan, like all of the English, has a fondness outdoor life, otherwise the strain of his labor uld probably soon break him down. Yet his appear ce is deceitful. The average observer might believe s tall, slender man, with pronounced intellectual tures, a semi-invalid, requiring the constant care of physician; but he is really possessed of great vitality d has an excellent constitution. He is a hard rker. Rising about seven o'clock, as soon as morn-devotions and breakfast are er, he is found in his study ading, writing or dictating. e may remain thus engaged of the forenoon, or merely an ur; but while he works, his n or the stenographer's pencil s over the paper as rapidly it can move. All of his ad-sses are prepared with ex-me care. He takes volumin-s notes, yet he never reads his mons, and the listener might agine that he was preaching emporaneously. He is a great der, and the walls of his rary and study give an indi-ion of his literary tastes. He an ardent lover of art, and has ne very choice works. A hun-d portraits of divines and lay-n, both American and British, within range of his eyes, the rtrait of his great American end, Mr. Moody, having the ce of honor, on his writing le.

Mrs. Morgan is an excellent e of the English gentle-man. Her wedded life began 1888. She is extremely do-stic in her tastes, with all the otion and affection necessary the rearing of her children. e three sons show already e mother-training, although eldest is but eleven and the ngest five years of age. Per-cal Campbell, the oldest, is tly named after his father. ngsley John is the second child, and the youngest Crossley Frank, Crossley being the name of one his father's most intimate friends. They are all ght and unusually intelligent for their age. A ghter died several years ago. The head of the sehold may be truly called a family man, being not y parent but companion to his children, sympathiz-with them in their troubles and becoming one of m in their recreations.

Clergymen of all denominations have given Mr. Morgan a hearty welcome to Baltimore. When arrangements were made for the opening series of his meetings in Baltimore this fall the principal clergymen cordially approved of the idea.

The plan to be followed in Baltimore is to be carried out all over the country, and Mr. Morgan will probably conduct the Northfield extension work in all of the more important cities. It is the intention to be entirely undenominational, and he will only conduct services in response to calls extended him by the representative Protestant clergymen of a community. Already the demand for these meetings is so great that his dates are filled for the balance of the present year, while plans are being prepared which cover 1902. The Congregationalist church, to which he properly belongs, has not a large following in Baltimore, although the Associate Reformed congregation, one of the largest in the city, really represents this denomination. It is probable that Dr. Morgan will be affiliated with this church, and at times will fill the pulpit at the invitation of the pastor, Rev. Oliver Huckel; but he will be absent from the city so much in carrying out his work that he can scarcely be considered a permanent member of this organization.

Mr. Morgan does not consider himself an evangelist, in the popular sense of the term, although the newspapers and public generally refer to him as such. He is too modest to consider himself as Mr. Moody's successor—another title which has been given him.—and he dislikes to be placed in such a position. When selected to take up the Northfield extension work, after the death of his friend, he stated that he would be willing to come to this country and endeavor to carry it out after his own plan, and his services were accepted with this understanding. While his meetings are, of course, open to all, the idea is to arouse more interest in religious work among those who have had the advantages of such instruction—to expand and increase what might be called Christian sentiment, in the belief that those who are affected, will act as assistants in the spreading of real Christianity. It is doubtful if any other man could have been selected more fit for this work. Mr. Moody recognized Mr. Morgan's ability from the first, and, as is well known, considered him his most able assistant at the Northfield meetings.

THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN IN HIS STUDY

Mr. Morgan's friends among the ministers and laymen at London and Birmingham will not believe that he intends taking up his residence in America permanently. Dr. Parker, of London, in his farewell address to Mr. Morgan, said: "This is the only ray of comfort I have about the whole business. He will be glad when he is seated in the City Temple once more. We shall be glad to see him. He will return, bearing his sheaves with him, and we shall thank God in a grateful and resounding anthem." "Gypsy" Smith, the noted English evangelist, whose work was one of the incentives that led Mr. Morgan to devote his life to such labor as he is performing, offered his tribute at the same meeting. "We shall see him again," he said. "He will come back, and if he does not come back, some of us will go to America. If we are spared until he comes back, we will give him the same welcome, and if we are not spared, then, from the battlements of the Homeland, we will wait to welcome him there."

Strong in home evangelism, there is no warmer friend and supporter of foreign missions than Mr. Morgan. At the recent annual meeting of the American Board, in Hartford, Conn., he delivered an eloquent address on missionary effort, and rebuked the Christian Church for its apathy and indifference. All that has been done in the past, he said, has been accomplished by a few enthusiasts. Christ commanded missionary work and every Christian should gladly obey. It is ours to hope right on. Missionary effort is the necessity of Christian life, and we cannot escape from it. The first conscious thrill of the life of God within the human soul is a missionary passion. The Church is a union of saints with Christ for the salvation of men.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

A Warm Invitation

TEXTS { "COME." Gen. 6: 18
"COME." Rev. 22: 17

IMPERIAL, tender and all-persuasive is the word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting ante-diluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its sceptre. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

To-day I weigh anchor, and haul in the planks, and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the further shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word—"Come." The dictatorial and commendatory in religion are of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven. Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word—"Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

Victims of Invitation

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity, or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine-glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through the underground-life of the city." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowsing in the corner of the bar-room, said: "There he is; Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

Now we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them, yea, it will draw the whole earth back to the God from whom it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was scepticism ever brought into love of the truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step and hiccough? No. It was: "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing"; "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire"; "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring"; "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the *Princess Alice*, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

Invitation to Solace

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties, and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world, the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others, the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages, and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects. On the other hand, the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored.

What we all need, whether up or down in life or halfway between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word—"Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw, or axe, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or shoe-last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

Faith in Operation

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in an humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said: "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said 'what is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said, 'my child, God will provide; thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last: He will send us h though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiti all the day for something to come, but until we saw y we knew not how it was to come." Such things t world may call coincidences, but I call them almigh deliverances, and though you do not hear of them, th are occurring every hour of every day and in all pa of Christendom.

Experience Qualifies

But the word "Come" applied to those who ne solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered some one who has experienced that solace. Th spreads the responsibility of giving this Gospel c among a great many. Those who have lost prope and been consoled by religion in that trial, are the or to invite those who have failed in business. Those w have lost their health and been consoled by religion the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Th who have had bereavements and been consoled in th bereavements are the ones to sympathize with th who have lost father, or mother, or companion, or chi or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day a in good health, and buoyant in this journey of life, w would have been broken down or dead long ago but the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religio So we say—"Come!" The well is not dry. The buck are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. Th is just as much mercy and condolence and soothi power in God as before the first grave was d or the first tear started, or the first heart brok or the first accident happened, or the first fortune va ished. Those of us who have felt the consolat power of religion have a right to speak out of our o experiences, and say—"Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world mak when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spre does not stick. The broken bones under their bar age do not knit. A farmer was lost in a snow-sto on a prairie of the far West. Night coming on, a after he was almost frantic from not knowing whi way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleig and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take r out to safety." He hastened on until he heard t bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he fou that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency those who are thus confused in the forest, or on t moors, they were both moving in a circle and the r ner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner the other lost sleigh round and round. At last occurred to them to look at the north star, which w peering through the night, and by the direction of th star they got home again. Those who follow the a vice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fear round, for it is one bewildered soul following anoth bewildered soul, and only those who have in such tir got their eye on the morning star of our Christian fai can find their way out, or be strong enough to le others with an all-persuasive invitation.

What the Invitation Means

"But," says some one, "you Christian people ke telling us to 'come,' yet you do not tell us how to come That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Cor believing! Come repenting! Come praying! Aft all that God has been doing for six thousand yea sometimes through patriarchs, and sometimes throu prophets, and at last through the culmination of all t tragedies on Golgotha, can anyone think that God w not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outl construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks whi with statues, and green with foliage, and all a-spark with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in t house, or walk in the parks? Has God built this hou of Gospel mercy and will he then refuse entrance to h children? Will a government at great expense bui life-saving stations all along the coast and boats th can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surg and then, when the life-boat has reached the wreck of ship in the offing, not allow the drowning to seize t life-line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Sha God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassinatio escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have believe and so many things in the shape of a creed th I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No; no! Yo need believe but two things; namely, that Jesus Chri came into the world to save sinners, and that you ar one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both those things!" Do you really believe them with a your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed fro death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughte

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN (EPISCOPAL), WASHINGTON, D. C. REV. ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF ST. JOHN

A CHURCH of MANY PRESIDENTS

St. John's, in Washington, where Fourteen Executives, from Madison to Lincoln, have Worshipped

PPOSITE the White House on Lafayette Square, in Washington, is St. John's Episcopal Church, which is known in the national capital as the "Court Church," by reason of e large number of diplomats and public officials o have always worshiped there. It is one of the storic church edifices of the country and is fraught th interesting associations. So many Chief Magis-tes have regularly worshiped there that for many ars a pew has been set aside for the President of United States. The pew, because of the limited ting capacity of the building, has been occupied some time past by Secretary Hitchcock of the In-ior Department, who surrendered it to the wife of esident Roosevelt upon her arrival in Washington.

Presidents Worshiped There

In this church fourteen Presidents of the United tes have worshiped, including every Chief Execu-e from Madison to Lincoln. The building is simple, d-fashioned and unpretentious in the extreme. It s erected in 1816, and was designed by Benjamin trobe, architect of the United States Capitol. The urch is in the form of a Latin cross, and is well-nigh lden in many places by a profusion of Virginia eper and English ivy. The original design of the ilding was in the form of a Grecian cross, but 1820 it was given its present contour by the ad-ion of a portico, supported by six columns. Save interior furnishings, the edifice has changed little appearance in three quarters of a century. The ws are small and covered with red damask, while the ar, with its cross of gold, manifests similar simplicity. Immediately after the completion of the church, and fore any pews had been sold, a committee from the stry called upon President Madison, and offered him ew, which he accepted, and thereafter occupied quite gularly. Although all the men who presided over the destinies of the nation, from the time St. John's Church was completed until after the Civil War, were more or less regular attendants at services at the little house of worship opposite the Executive Mansion, not all of them were regular members of the congregation. Enrolled among the latter, however, are the names of James Madison, James Monroe, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler, and Zachary Taylor. Two memorial windows in the church perpetuate the record of this membership.

Notable Memorial Services

Mrs. Letitia Tyler, wife of President Tyler, was a communicant of the Episcopal Church, and when she died the rector of St. John's Church, Dr. Hawley, preached the funeral sermon at the Presidential mansion. The funeral of the famous Dolly Madison, widow of President Madison, was held at St. John's Church, a stone's throw from the house in which she died.

Of the later Presidents, Arthur was the most regular attendant at the "Court Church," although most of the other Chief Magistrates of the past third of a century have gone there on special occasions. The late President McKinley once told the rector that it was his custom, when in the White House, to wheel his chair into a position from which he could see the spire of old St. John's, and that the sight invariably soothed and comforted him. One of the last occasions upon which President McKinley attended services at St. John's, was at the time of the memorial service in honor of the late Queen Victoria.

Among the present members of the congregation at St. John's are Admiral Dewey, Chief Justice Fuller, General Miles, Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, and a host of Cabinet members, diplomats and Senators. To serve upon the vestry at St. John's, has, from time immemorial, been accounted one of the greatest honors at the national capital, and it is reported that Admiral Dewey, when asked one day as to his highest personal ambition, next to achieving victory at Manila, replied jokingly, that it was to be allowed to retire and live peacefully in Washington, in order that he might be permitted to "pass the plate at St. John's." General Winfield Scott served as a member of the vestry of this church for more than a score of years, and a handsome window, dedicated to his memory, was presented to the church by Hamilton Fish. President Arthur presented to the church a most beautiful window in memory of his wife, and, after he died, the vestry placed below it a tablet to his memory. Other windows are commemorative of various officers of the Army and Navy, including General Robert C. Buchanan and Rear-Admiral Charles Wilkes.

Many notable services have been held at St. John's. In addition to the obsequies already mentioned, there might be noted those of Ex-Secretary John Sherman and Lord Herschel, Ex-Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. Here Lady Curzon, the Vicereine of India, was married, and here also took place the wedding of Hon. Lillian Pauncefote, the daughter of the British Ambassador, and Mr. Robert Bromley.

The Rector of St. John's

The Rector of St. John's is Rev. Alexander Mackay-Smith, a man of large means, who combines with great ability an unusual gift of eloquence. He is assisted by Rev. Frank H. Bigelow, M.A., and Rev. Ernest M. Paddock, B.D. The Rector of the "Court Church" is deeply interested in charitable work of all kinds. The enormous receipts of St. John's and the comparatively small expense for the maintenance of the church itself, make it practicable to render aid to many worthy institutions. The congregation supports outright St. Mary's Colored Chapel and St. John's Orphanage, both large and thoroughly deserving enterprises.

Washington, D. C. WALDON FAWCETT.

A Warm Invitation

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends m now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! ince of God, why do you not come and take your onet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you t mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your lat is anchored, why do you not go ashore. Just plant ur feet hard down and you will feel under them the ck of Ages. I challenge the universe for one in-nce in which a man in the right spirit appealed for salvation of the Gospel and did not get it. Man ve! Are you going to let all the years of your life go ay with you without your having this great peace, s glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you ing to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at ur feet because you are too indolent or too proud to op down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could h one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the son of sin when here is a Gospel key that could lock your incarceration? No; no!

An Avalanche of Power

As the one word, "Come," has sometimes brought ny souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou d all thy house into the ark"; "Come unto me all ye o labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest"; ome, for all things are now ready"; "Come with us l we will do you good"; "Come and see"; "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come' and let him that heareth say 'Come' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky, saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming, "Come! Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

Authoritative Proclamation

When Russia was in one of her great wars, the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting, "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says 'Peace?'" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says Peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says Peace?" Then the messenger responded: "The Czar says, 'Peace.'" That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry, "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!"

If you ask me, "Who says Peace?" I answer, "Christ our King declares it:" "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting Peace!

India Helps Starving China

(From the Bombay Guardian)

WHILE suffering continues to overwhelm, hearts that can sympathize devise means of rendering help, and it is a testimony to the power of Christianity when the forces of good are organized on behalf of terrors in remote places of the earth. We have this week received for the relief of famine in China the sum of rs. 59 from village Christians, of Godhra circuit, per Rev. Robert Ward; also rs. 5 from Mrs. B. (the address by oversight was not noted); also the sum of rs. 30 from G. C. F., South India. This will all be forwarded to the editor of the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD, to form part of the magnificent volume of relief being gathered in that centre. It should be remembered when Christians such as these in the Godhra villages give, that the amount represents perhaps ten times more self-sacrifice than if given by a community of similar numbers in an English village.

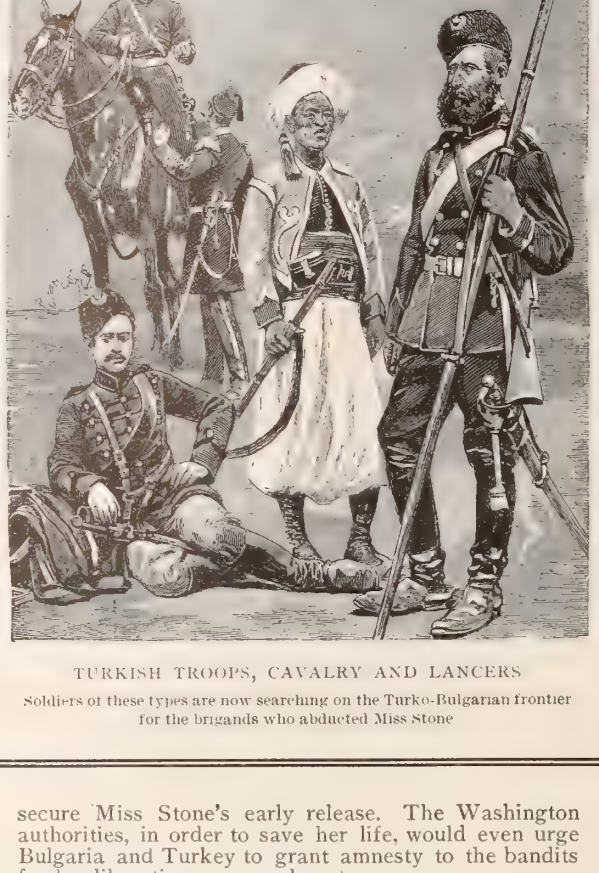
ALL EAGER TO SAVE MISS STONE

THE ABDUCTED MISSIONARY KEPT PRISONER ON A MOUNTAIN IN TURKEY—HER EARLY RELEASE EXPECTED

IF the expectations of the United States Government and those of the American Board of Foreign Missions are realized, Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary who was lately abducted by brigands on the Turko-Bulgarian frontier, will in all probability be free and restored to her friends before this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reaches the hands of its readers. Assurances have been received from both the Bulgarian and Turkish Governments that earnest efforts are being made for her release, but it has been considered prudent to withdraw the troops who were pursuing the brigands. It was feared that the latter, finding themselves closely pressed, might kill their prisoner, rather than permit her to be rescued. Bulgarian police have traced the bandits to Gueltepe mountain, near Dubnitza, on the Turko-Bulgarian border. A cable despatch from Sofia, says some shepherds have informed the Bulgarian officials that Miss Stone and eighteen of her captors are on the heights of Jakorunda (or Jakurut), in Turkish territory. A third rumor located the captive at Rilo, in a Greek convent. U. S. Consul-General Dickinson, noting the activity of the troops sent against the bandits, urged Bulgaria to wait until Miss Stone was liberated in pursuance of the pending negotiations before making any attempt at suppressing the outlaws by force.

Up to October 14, there had been no definite news of the abducted missionary beyond what is stated above. It was understood, however, that negotiations were still going on, secretly, for her release; but whether these were progressing favorably or otherwise was not disclosed. Dr. Haskell, a missionary of the American Board, and Consul-General Dickinson are both at Samokov, where they are still trying to arrange terms with the brigands; but the recent attempt to surround and capture the band before the prisoner's release nearly upset the entire negotiations and might have resulted in Miss Stone's life being sacrificed. This experience has made the outlaws wary, and if again molested, they may make the prisoner suffer for the zeal of her friends. Miss Stone is said to be well cared for. She is not living in a cave, but is kept prisoner in the home of a peasant in the mountains.

Up to October 14, one-half of the ransom had been contributed. It was learned that the bandits had insisted upon the payment of the whole before their prisoner would be set free. They pledged their simple word that faith would be kept, and there was no alternative but to accept these conditions. The first instalment to be paid amounts to $35,000, and this, it is understood, has already been handed over, being transferred by Consul-General Dickinson to Missionary Haskell, whom the brigands themselves selected as the agent. Officially, our Government takes no cognizance of the ransom fund payment, though unofficially it is aiding, by all the means in its power, the movement to secure Miss Stone's early release. The Washington authorities, in order to save her life, would even urge Bulgaria and Turkey to grant amnesty to the bandits for her liberation, were such a step necessary.



TURKISH TROOPS, CAVALRY AND LANCERS

Soldiers of these types are now searching on the Turko-Bulgarian frontier for the brigands who abducted Miss Stone

As has already been stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, there is a suspicion of politics in the abduction. One significant fact is that the amount demanded as ransom for Miss Stone is practically the same as that paid by Turkey to the United States last summer as indemnity. Still another view is, that the capture has been instigated by the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee, to make trouble between Turkey and the United States. It is only just to Bulgaria to state that that Government has strenuously denied any responsibility for the abduction. It points out that while nothing is positively known of the composition of the brigand band, it was undoubtedly formed in Turkey; that Miss Stone was captured near Mehomia, a short distance from a Turkish post, and her captors were s on Oct. 9, in the hills between the Turkish lages of Eleschnitza and Jakorunda; all these f tending to show that she has never left Turk territory.

It is believed by the Washington authori that the missionary will doubtless be releasec soon as the ransom is paid. Part of the ran fund has already been forwarded to the Ameri charge-d'affairs at Constantinople. After the lease, and as soon as the responsibility is fi this Government will demand a substantial ind nity, in behalf of Miss Stone.

At the annual meeting of the American Bo held in Hartford recently, the case of Miss St was freely discussed. President Capen announ that the abductors and their victim had been tra to a mountain in Bulgaria, and that the lady wo soon be rescued, as troops had surrounded retreat. He said:

"It is a comfort in our tears to know that Government is doing everything that possibly be done for her rescue. Secretary Smith and self met President Roosevelt and Assistant Se tary Adee in conference over this matter. President has made this case his own; if Miss Stone were a member of his own family he co hardly put more heart or more energy into Every power of diplomacy is being used for rescue. It may be necessary that a ransom s be paid, but that will not close the incident; it be but the beginning of the chapter."

The report of the Prudential Committee of Board recited in detail the action the Board taken in the case. Referring to the conference Washington, the report said: "It was evide the positive conviction of the Government that step (the payment of the ransom) was the first to be taken. When she is released, there will vigorous attempt not only to secure the retur the money, but, furthermore, to bring about s conditions that such an occurrence shall not be poss in the future." The Government itself is the custodia the ransom fund now being contributed for Miss Sto release. In accordance with the Government's w the Boston bankers have not made any public st ment concerning the amount of money in hand, or sum sent to pay part of the ransom. Such a statem will be made later. Meanwhile, the State Departm is anxious to have all the money necessary raise soon as possible.

In addition to the sums already acknowledged in week's issue, the following contributions to the St ransom fund have been received by THE CHRIST HERALD:

Previously acknowledged	$2,160.00
P. F. Collier	25.00
George L. Elliott	25.00
Mr. Herrlich, New York	5.00
Total	$2,215.00

SOUL-WINNING UNDER CANVAS

A MEMORABLE GOSPEL CAMPAIGN IN BINGHAMTON AND ITS SUBURBS

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., and the adjoining manufacturing town of Lestershire, have been enjoying a Gospel tent campaign of three weeks' duration, which has been in many ways a remarkable one. Two tents have been in the field, under the management of one committee. The services opened on Sunday, September 1. In Binghamton, the tent was in the heart of the business section of the city, while in Lestershire the canvas was pitched in the vicinity of the shoe factory. In the Binghamton tent, known as the "Glad Tidings," Prof. W. S. Weeden and Rev. J. W. Van de Venter were the workers, while under the Lestershire canvas, christened "Park Place Tent," by reason of its location, Ferdinand Schiverea was the moving spirit, with Evangelist John A. Davis and Prof. W. H. Pike as assistants.

This tent campaign was born in the minds and hearts of some business men, and when it was suggested to the Ministerial Association that body questioned its ability to successfully arrange the financial end of it, and voted not to undertake it. Undaunted by obstacles, the business men said: "We'll have a tent campaign, anyway, and father it ourselves. If the Lord's hand is in the enterprise—as we herein believe it to be—we can well afford to trust him for the money, and all else." Accordingly, the "Union Gospel Tent Campaign Committee" was organized, with W. S. Reed as Chairman, and L. M. Bowers,

THE GOSPEL TENT, "GLAD TIDINGS," AT BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

of the American Linseed Co., as tre urer. The wisdom of the undertak has been demonstrated at every mo While the weather remained favoral the evangelist spoke nightly to 1, and 1,800 people, for the most part th who were not accustomed to freque ing churches. The numbers who c fessed Christ have, on some occasio been more than a score in a sin service, and on one Sunday afterno when Mr. Schiverea spoke to men or thirty-five persons confessed Chr Mr. Schiverea spoke, and Prof. Weed sang on two occasions from the Co House steps at the noon hour, befor large gathering of men and women; a in Lestershire daily open-air noon-c meetings were held. So successful h the campaign been that already pla are being perfected for another n summer, with at least three tents in t field. Prof. Weeden and Rev. Van Venter, as well as Mr. Schiverea, ha spent the entire summer in this kind work. Messrs. Weeden and Van Venter have labored at Piqua and Sh by, Ohio, and at Warren, Pa., while M Schiverea has given nearly all his ti to the Philadelphia Tent Work Co mittee.

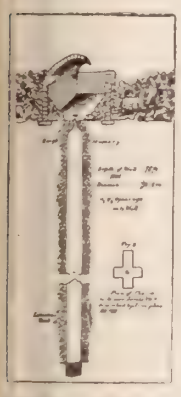
During the last days of the Bingha ton campaign, Fanny J. Crosby, t blind hymn writer, labored under t auspices of the committee, and w many hearts by her moving presen tion of the story of Jesus and his lov

Binghamton, N. Y. J. R. CLEMEN

ABRAHAM'S WELL, BEERSHEBA THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH JOB'S WELL (BIR EYUB)

V. THE WELLS and POOLS of PALESTINE

N the hot countries, the question of water is always a serious one. In Egypt, of course, the only problem is how to raise the water of the Nile to the level of the fields, and great quantities of it are dnk by the people. Palestine was described to Israel as "land that drinketh water of the rain of heaven" (Dut. 11: 11), and the saving of rain-water was the problem in the country. Nor could it have taken the people long to see that, by assisting nature a little, the winter torrent flowing to waste could be made to fill a reservoir.



S ION OF JACOB'S WELL

In Hezekiah's Pool, within the wall of Jerusalem, we have such a reservoir, some two hundred and forty feet long, by half as wide, and twenty deep. The stone taken out here might have been used nearby to build the city wall or other structures. Outside the wall, in the valley of Hinnom, is a similar pool; but this, from its location in a valley, needed a dam at the lower end. Still more is that true of the three great reservoirs in the valley of Urtas, south of Jerusalem, known as Solomon's Pools, and anciently used to supply drinking water to the city.*

Great care was taken that no water should run to aste, and so the reservoirs in Jerusalem are connected l conduits through the rock, which must have been rced with great labor. At the point of overflowing, t highest in a series sent its water to the next, and so down, until the last, as at Siloam, would water the gdens in the King's Dale.

When this system was in use, there were fountains at vich the people could drink; but they are now out of er and useless. In traveling through the country, sings are found which answer the same purpose, and out these the women gather with their jars. The ce ornamental masonry may be much broken, but if water continues to flow the people are content. It said that a beggar in Jerusalem asks only for bread winter, and only for water in summer; and when the

*As stated in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the kish Governor of Jerusalem has decided to reopen Solomon's ols, to remedy the deficiency in the city's water supply.

little reservoirs under the houses are emptied, water is brought in from a mile away, and sold from goat-skins, borne on the backs of donkeys.

It is, however, about the deep wells that interest especially gathers, and the first question at Jacob's Well is, "Why was it dug?" The question is natural, for there is running water nearby from the springs of Shechem, now Nabulus. The answer is, that the value of the water was so great that a sojourner like Jacob must provide water for his own flocks, or he could not be suffered to remain. Jacob's well is wholly undisputed, and no one doubts that it is more than three thousand years old. As we approach it, we find that it does not come up to the level of the ground, and we must climb down to it over rough rocks. This is due to the custom of the early Christians to build churches over sacred places. There was no harm in this while the buildings stood, but when they fell, through war or earthquake, the result was most deplorable. Now, Jacob's Well once had its curb above the surface, and our Lord sat there and talked with the Samaritan woman; but now the ruined church blocks the entrance. When we get down to it, we find that the mouth of the well is a stone block, well designed to keep surface water or dirt out of it, and that the mouth shows marks of the ropes used with the leather buckets. The well has been very thoroughly explored. The bottom of it is somewhat filled up with stones, but the explorers went down as far as they could, and examined it. It is now walled around.

THE WELLS OF BEERSHEBA

Of all the wells in Palestine, none can be more interesting than the group at Beersheba, in the south. At the time that Abraham began to make them, his nearest neighbors were the Philistines, and there was some strife among the herdmen until Abraham and their king, Abimelech, made a covenant. From this covenant, the well or wells were called Beer-sheba, "well of the oath," and from the fact that Abraham slew at that time seven lambs, there has always been a tradition that the wells were seven in number. But travelers could not find so many—some only two, some as many as five—and it was only last year that Prof. George Robinson, of Chicago, found all seven.

JERUSALEM'S WATER SYSTEM

Five of the wells he found open and in use. The sixth one had been found by laying bare some of the curbing stones, but it is not yet cleared out. The seventh was shown him under injunction of secrecy, as a man had built a garden wall and did not dare to let his discovery be known; but he showed some of the rope-worn curbing stones. It seems that the government, which taxes the planting of a tree, also sets itself against opening the wells.

Seven wells would seem excessive if this were not an excellent grazing region, and it is pleasant to know that the Bedouin are increasing their flocks and needing more water than formerly. Well number one, as Professor Robinson numbers them from the west, is free from additions, but that two and five have sakiehs or Egyptian wheels, with a series of pockets, and that four has a pulley arrangement. This would imply that the Arabs mean to irrigate lands for crops, as well as to water their herds. We see one of the old troughs, into which the water was poured for the flocks, and we remember how Rebekah poured out for the beasts, after she had given drink to Abraham's steward. At the well, Jacob also met Rachel, and at the well Moses met Zipporah, no doubt near the ending of the day, when the flocks were gathering home and the weary travelers were looking for rest and Eastern hospitality.

Wells were always approached with eagerness. On their long journey, the Israelites sang over a well in Moab, "Spring up, O well; sing ye to it" (Numbers 21: 17), and Robertson of Irvine has made a beautiful poem upon it beginning:

As when pilgrims, faint and weary, where the sandy billows swell,
Sing, across the desert dreary, "Spring up, O well!";
So the church, the royal daughter, brought in wilderness to dwell,
Sings, in search of living water, "Spring up, O well!"

REV. T. F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

JACOB'S WELL LAST WELL, BEERSHEBA THE DRIED-UP FOUNTAIN NORTHWEST WELL, BEERSHEBA MOUTH OF ANCIENT WELL

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The Memorial Arch

THE violent paroxysm of the nation's agony at the taking off of our late President has calmed into the question, What can we do to perpetuate his memory? The poets will keep on chiming their cantos of praise, and the sculptors will put his noble form into marble and all the great cities of the land will lift their tall shafts of carved masonry; but in Washington, the capital, it has been resolved to commemorate our martyred President in a grand and glorious and magnificent arch. That is God's favorite form, the tree-branches in an arch, the rainbow in an arch, the over-spanning heavens in an arch. It is a shape, a form that hovers with descending beauty and rises with ascending charm. In the "Washington Monument" at our capital we have all that can be done in high pillar of stone to suggest the majestic character of our first President, but I am glad that at a recent meeting in Washington it was resolved to build for William McKinley an arch, for that suggests the arm of the nation's affection thrown over the memory of a man whose virtues will be known a thousand years if this world so long continues. The arch, not like that at the head of Champs Elysees, commemorating Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, for soon after came the defeat at Waterloo. An arch, not like that of Titus, which celebrated his return from a great siege, but who at his death had only one regret, and that a sadness that he had not put to death his own brother. An arch, but not like that of Janus, for that celebrated a heathen deity. An arch, but not like that of Severus, for that commemorated a conqueror who could not conquer himself, and who banished his own sister from Rome, because she spake such imperfect Latin. Desecrations all these of the God-originated arch. But the arch which we will build near the entrance of the great bridge which will soon leap the Potomac, will be in honor of one whose life was one long scene of moral triumph, victory over early environment, victory over later antagonisms. victory that led him on from his mother's knee till he took the throne of the nation.

All creeds and religions will join in rearing that memorial arch, so broad was William McKinley's religion. While positive in his own belief and an advocate of the doctrines of his own denomination, he took us all in. He did not believe that the human race must go into heaven through one small gate, but thought, as many of us do, that we may have twelve choices of gates: "On the East three gates, on the West three gates, on the North three gates, and on the South three gates." My right to my religion implies your right to your religion. On the platform of the meeting that night, when we laid the plans for building the Memorial Arch, all religions were represented, and the lion and the lamb laid down together, and we could not tell which was the lion and which the lamb. No one will doubt that our departed President was worthy of all that art and patriotism can do in keeping him in memory. He had many attractive qualities, but in all my acquaintance with him, since thirty years ago I was on the platform with him at Canton, Ohio, he presiding, until our last interview, the characteristic that seemed dominant in his nature was love—love of wife, love of children, love of country, love of God. And how the nation responded in the same feeling, and so many tears were never shed over any other grave, and so many bells were never tolled for one obsequy, and never before did all the wheels of traffic and business and manufacture come to a dead halt for five minutes.

I am informed that the Memorial Arch will be erected on United States property, and that will make it your arch and my arch, and the arch of every man, woman. and child in our nation. If ever a heart was large enough to take in all sections of this country, from the St. Lawrence River to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the New York Narrows to the Golden Horn of the Pacific, that heart was the heart of William McKinley. Proposing, as he did in his speech at Atlanta, Ga., that the cemeteries of the Confederate soldiers as well as the cemeteries of the Federal soldiers be protected and sculptured, and on Decoration Day floralized, let us fulfil his wishes next thirtieth of May, when we embroider with flowers the pillows of the slain. Peace to the ashes of the brave boys who fell in battle, whether they wore the blue or the gray! Peace to all those whose lips have taken the sacrament of the dust! Let the United States Government do as a mother does when her two boys are killed in a quarrel. She does not stop to ask which was in the right and which was in the wrong, but, putting one arm over one boy and her other arm over the other boy, kisses them both. So in the springtime let our motherly government treat the slain of the Civil War; putting one arm over the Northern grave and the other arm over the Southern grave, let her give them both a patriotic caress.

It is right that a costly mausoleum be built at Canton, Ohio, where the President sleeps with his two children, and where he will wait the coming of her who was more than all else to him in life and death; but we need something appropriate in the national capital, where he did his greatest work and won his most lasting fame. In the parks of the capital, in equestrian statuary, where ride the heroes McPherson and Thomas and Logan, and where will soon ride our William T. Sherman, there ought to be a most impressive commemoration of our assassinated ruler.

He must have known that the nation would do him these monumental honors, for I am glad to say that while in election times he was roundly abused, he was praised to his face as no American ever was. It is a bad habit we have in this country of denouncing our public men until dead, and then, by big funerals, attempting to atone for the wrongs we did them when they were alive. We do not give them the bread of praise while they live, but we give them a stone when they are dead. Again and again have State legislatures passed resolutions bitterly condemning their United States Senators, but when the Senators were dead they were in the State capitol put on wondrous catafalques and the minute guns sounded, and everything was craped into midnight gloom. I am glad that our Nation began its triumphal arch for Mr. McKinley while yet his keen eyes could see it and his illumined face could respond to it.

If on that memorial arch to be lifted there is to be any especial sculpturing of the scenes of that good man's lifetime, I hope there is one phase of his life that will come out clear and strong. If on one side the arch the sculptor shall represent him on Capitol Hill addressing a great multitude on Inauguration Day, on the other side, let it be a home scene. William McKinley was a home-body. Wherever he went he took his home with him. Never in your time or mine has there been a better fulfilment of the conjugal oath. "In sickness, and in health, till death us do part." There are many people who would testify that the vow was kept from the day when the bride and groom joined hands in the Presbyterian Church at Canton, Ohio, until those hands were unclasped in the last good-bye. In these days, when light literature puts into frivolity and derision the most sacred relationship, it will be well if sculptor's chisel on the arch to be raised shall cut in marble William McKinley at home. How much that wife was to that husband he never told us in words, but he told us in more powerful actions. I warrant, she helped him ascend that ladder of power and fame until he reached the topmost rung. I warrant that his extraordinary kindness to her was preceded by her extraordinary kindness to him. The wife seldom gets her due. Men go out into the commercial, or professional, or political world, and do great things, and get all the credit, while in most cases there is a reason at home for the marked success. There is a silent partner in that firm, and she is not always silent, either. There has yet to be a re-distribution of coronets. Women of America come up and get your dues. Yes, put the home-life of William McKinley on that coming arch. He made that word home a more sympathetic word, a more tender word, a more momentous word than ever before. God bless our homes! If we are right there we are all right, if we are wrong there we are all wrong.

Soon let the Memorial Arch arise at Washington. Let not the severest elements of nature damage it. May no accident occur during its construction. May the sunlight of many centuries gild it. May it stand with its lessons of home, and liberty, and righteousness until the last bondage is broken, and our dear old world has completed its work, and the angel of the Apocalypse, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, shall "swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer."

An Editor's Farewell

OUR readers will be interested in the following ...dition we are able to make to the tribute pai... this journal on October 9, to the memory of Dr. W... Gray, editor of *The Interior*. It is a pathetic mess..., having the flavor of a patriarchal blessing for his breth... of the press. In publishing it, *The Interior* says:

A few days before his death, when the periods of ...sciousness were perceptibly growing briefer and far ... apart, Dr. Gray suddenly waked from a profound slu... and said, "I have a message I wish to deliver." An assis... hurried to his side with pencil and paper, and he dicta... without hesitation, correction or revision, the following li...:

"I expect within a few hours to glide off the stays li... launching ship and be afloat on the wide ocean of eter... and I desire to say to my contemporaries of the pres... whom I am probably the senior, that they have contrib... to the pleasures of my long editorial life. I have never ... one of the fraternity who did not leave me happier whe... retired. There has, therefore, grown up in me a more th... respectful, even an affectionate, regard for the member... the religious editorial fraternity, and to them I send a co... and loving greeting. I expect in a few hours to be in... shadows which are only a brighter life, and from that m... region I call back most cordially, God prosper and bless... all!

W. C. GRAY.

Only a few weeks before the beginning of his illn..., he wrote in his journal the following beautiful expres... of the premonitions he felt, that the end was not far ...:

In the old times of river navigation, we were accusto... to loiter at a poor hotel of the period, or walk up and d... the landing, waiting the coming steamboat. The shore... of the stream were, at that time, covered with forests, and ... winding channel gave but short vistas. But while yet ... away the boat would blow its hoarse blast, and we someti... could see her pillar of smoke rising above the trees. The ... was busy excitement, a hurrying to and fro of steved... and truckmen and passengers. When she had landed ... made her exchanges, and turned her prow again into ... stream, there was fluttering of handkerchiefs from dec... shore, and not infrequently some tears.

It seems to me that I have heard the sound of the co... ship pretty distinctly at times, and more faintly and soft... others, the peal modified by the wind and by the trees. ... anyway, the boat is on the river and headed my way. S... already past due, and must not be expected to delay ... long. Already I see her plumes of smoke and hear ... plash of her wheels, and I step upon her deck for a jou... into the unknown, from which there is no return.

He was not mistaken. The ship was indeed ne... hand. When it came for him, there was no trep... tion, no reluctance. His words were those of a ... who though about to sail into the unknown, ... "soothed and sustained by an unfaltering trust."

Farmers' Wives

NO class of persons is more deserving of symp... than the wives of modern American farm... This applies especially to those in the eastern sec... of our country. In proportion to numbers, mor... them become inmates of the lunatic asylums tha... any other class. This is attributable to the perpe... grind of labor, and the unbroken monotony of t... lives. The social features of the old-time farm ... appeared when cheap transportation made farm... profitless. The "help" was discharged, and the far... and his wife have since been compelled to do all ... work themselves. Many of the farms have ... sold to foreigners for less than the value of the ... provements. The churches are no longer centre... social life; indeed, many are closed for the want of ... port. Hence the deplorable condition of farmers' wi...

A hopeful era has now happily begun. If ex-P... master Wanamaker had done nothing more for ... manity than the inauguration of the free rural deli... of the mails, he deserves a monument, and he alre... has the gratitude of millions of farmers' wives. O... every day they are brought into touch with the out... world. Daily papers are taken where before was ... the village weekly, and there is more frequent ir... change of correspondence. A marked change for ... better is everywhere apparent. The cheap literat... illustrated, is another factor in this happy reaction. ... these may be added the electric trolley railroads, t... ersing the country, the cars stopping on call, and ... rates within the farmer's ability to pay. How m... there is included in the kingdom of Christ, when s... means are inspired to uplift humanity!

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Death of the Ameer

NEWS of the death of Abdur Rahman, the Ameer, or King, of Afghanistan, has caused some apprehension in European capitals. His country lies between the territories of Russia, Asia, and the frontier of British India. Russia has ng coveted the land, but the late Ameer, supported by England, succeeded in keeping it out of the Muscovite clutches. No one appears to know what the young man who will succeed to the throne may do, and there consequently looms up on the horizon a cloud of ominous portent, dark with the possibility of a gigantic struggle between Russia and Great Britain. The deceased potentate was fifty-six years of age. His early years were passed in exile and in battle. His grandfather, Dost Mohammed, who died in 1863, left eighteen sons, and there was a struggle hong them for the supreme power. Abdur Rahman ught for his father's cause, but was unsuccessful and as driven from the kingdom. For twelve years he ed miserably in Russian territory. He never, however, abandoned hope, and after a long struggle, he had e joy, in 1881, of receiving the homage of all the tribal iefs and being recognized by England and Rus- as the Ameer. Since that time his reign, though troubled one, has been successful. He used to en himself to a goat standing between a bear on e north and a lion on the south. But England inted a "buffer" state between her own territories d those of Russia, and she aided the Ameer in aintaining his independence. He leaves four sons, e eldest of whom, Habibullah Khan, was carely trained to be his father's successor. It is rerted that one of his brothers aspires to the throne d may head a rebellion. Already hints have been ade in St. Petersburg that in the event of civil ar, Russia might enter to restore order. As this ep would inevitably be resisted by England, there no little anxiety about the situation. The Afans have need to pray that God will grant the essing to their new ruler that Solomon sought his son:

HABIBULLAH KHAN

'o give unto the young man knowledge and discretion rov. 1: 4).

Rare Operation

The life of a fourteen-year-old boy was saved a w days ago by are markable operation, performed the surgeons in a Brooklyn hospital. The tient was suffering from a wound in his foot, sulting from his stepping on a rusty nail, which d entered the sole to the depth of an inch. The ot had been fomented and poulticed, but too late prevent the mischief affecting the blood. When was taken to the hospital, his body was rigid, d so drawn that it rested on the back of the ad and the heels. The jaws, also, were firmly cked. Various remedies were tried without result, d the surgeons then decided that an operation the head could alone save the boy's life. A rtion of the skull was lifted, and some antitoxin s injected into the brain cavity. The skull was en closed. In a short time the muscles relaxed, d the jaws opened and closed easily. The surons believe that the boy will soon be well enough leave the hospital. To persons unfamiliar with atomy, it must seem strange that an operation the head should be resorted to, to remedy a ound in the foot. But the surgeons knew that by aching the seat of the evil they were doing better an dealing with the local trouble. The same prinle is effective in spiritual maladies. A change of art is the surest way of securing a reform of life.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he (Prov. 23: 7).

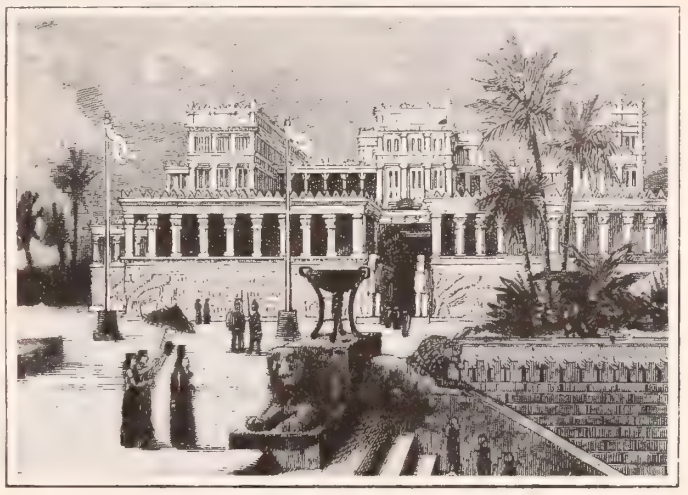
Quaint Golden Wedding

A large party, chiefly of German nationality, assemed a few days ago in a house near Sheepshead Bay, Y., to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding its owner. They received a warm welcome, and took rt in some quaint ceremonies which are common in e part of the Fatherland from which they came. In the course of a speech made by their host in recognition of their congratulations, he narrated his history since his marriage took place in Stuttgart fifty years ago. For some years he had been a sailor. During one of his visits to America he visited some countrymen who lived on Long Island. He asked them why they did not reclaim more land from the sea. They replied that it would not be worth the trouble and expense. The sailor thought otherwise, and at last they agreed that if he would reclaim the land he might have it for his own. He set to work at once, and soon had a dry place of rich soil and erected a snug house on it. Three years ago the owners of the property, perceiving how valuable it had become, ousted the sailor by process of law. He found another place in similar condition which he has reclaimed, and as it is an island at high tide he has built a bridge to it and has built himself a home. But even now, he has built on land which may be claimed by others, and the more he develops it, the more likely it will be that their claim will be enforced. His labor is like that which the sinner does in this life, which inevitably ends in loss and disappointment.

He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes (Haggai 1: 6).

Relics of Ancient Babylon

A cable message from Berlin to the New York *Sun*, reports a discovery of interest to Bible students as well as antiquarians. It reports that Dr. Koldevey and his party, who are excavating on the site of ancient Babylon, have uncovered walls which they believe to have been part of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. One of the walls is faced with glazed tiles, which seem to have wonderfully withstood the ravages of time, and are artistically ornamented with flowers and tracery. In the courtyard near the wall were also found several bricks, evidently part of a mosaic pavement, the design of which was composed of enamels and glass-raised work. Among their other finds in the courtyard were coffins, coins, stone utensils, and fragments of stone inscriptions. Dr. Koldevey considers the recent finds as fully proving that this part of the city contained the finest of the Babylonian palaces, doubtless, that of Nebuchadnezzar. Meanwhile, excavations are being carried on in the business quarter of Old Babylon, where the Arabs found the entire business documents of the Babylonish firm "Egibi & Son"—possibly the oldest house of business of which the world holds record. These documents included unpaid bills, day-books, ledgers, etc. They were made of hardened clay, and the wonder is that they had not crumbled away during the course of the centuries. This discovery shows how literally the prophecies against Babylon have been fulfilled.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S PALACE

From a restoration suggested by the ground plan and excavations

Her foundations are fallen; her walls are broken down (Jer. 50: 15).

THE LATE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN

The Missing Link

A new work by Professor Haeckel announces a discovery in Java which will interest scientific men. It is that of a monkey nearer akin to the human race than any hitherto known. It belongs to the gibbon family, but is more intelligent than any yet met with. It never runs on all fours, and when tired it throws itself on the ground with one arm under its head like a child. Its height is about that of a child of six years. It has several cries, but these are so changed by modulation that they represent many emotions. Its gestures resemble the human, and when it has oranges or bananas given to it, it holds them in the left hand and peels them with the right. The natives do not consider the gibbons as animals, but as men, who, on account of extreme wickedness, have been bewitched. In this they libel the poor monkey, though their idea of the effect of wickedness is not far from the truth. It does change a man, but not in outward appearance so much as in the spiritual nature.

What they know naturally as brute beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves (Jude 10).

BRIEF NOTES

There are about 1,000,000 blind people in the world, asserts a statistician. The largest proportion is in Russia, for there nearly 200,000 walk in literal darkness.

Pastors, committees or other parties contemplating a visit to Palestine, Egypt, Asiatic Turkey or any part of the Orient, can learn of a competent and well-recommended guide and linguist by addressing Ephraim Aboosh, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has resigned the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Yonkers, N. Y., to take up missionary work in the Philippine Islands. He expects to start for his new field of labor before the end of this month.

The census returns just published, show that there are still more men than women in the country. The figures are: Males, 39,059,242; females, 37,244 145. The entire population has increased since the census of 1890 by 13,233,631. The foreign-born population number 10,460,085. This is a greater number than in 1890, but a smaller proportion of the whole. The proportion of colored to white population is also slightly smaller than in 1890. The number of colored persons is 8,840,789. The Chinese number 119,050, and the Japanese 85,986.

The new revised version of the Bible, containing the changes of the American revisers incorporated in the text, is favorably reviewed by the English press, which strongly approves the great majority of the changes. Most of the reviewers prefer the American to the English version. The grammatical correction of substituting "who" for "which" in such cases as the opening words of the Lord's Prayer, is alone a great improvement.

Recent visitors to London report that so-called liberal ideas of Sunday observance have worked disastrous results among the poor. The upper and middle classes, instead of going to church on Sunday evening, entertain their friends. The servants, waiters, caterers, etc., have in consequence to work seven days in the week, and Sunday is becoming the busiest day.

The post offices of Europe have been visited by a statistician anxious to learn the relative size of the correspondence of the rulers. He learns that the average daily mail of the Pope is 22,500 letters and newspapers. King Edward VII. comes next, with 3,000 newspapers and 1,000 letters. The Czar and the German Emperor receive each from 600 to 700 letters.

THE CITY OF WUHU, CHINA, WHERE GREAT LOSS HAS BEEN SUSTAINED BY THE FLOODS IN THE YANGTZE RIVER

Thousands · Perish · in · China's · Great · Flood

BY the latest mails from China, details have been received of the disastrous inundation in the Yangtze Valley, by which many thousands perished. No calamity of the like magnitude, says the *North China Gazette*, has been seen there for three-quarters of a century. Breaking down over the lowlands with a vast onrush, the Yangtze River swept everything before it—crops, trees, houses, and even soil, and countless human lives were engulfed by the swollen waters. Hupeb, above Hankow, is largely valley, and that section of the province is an unbroken lake. Junks sail over the ruined rice fields. Northern Hunan is also largely under water, and so also is Kiangsi. Boats can sail over the tops of the tallest trees. In many places where the water is not so deep, natives may be seen paddling about in tubs, for the want of boats. The survivors will have a terribly hard struggle for existence. They have no seed for second planting.

A correspondent, who has made a tour of the flooded districts in one portion of the Yangtze Valley, writes to a Shanghai paper that thousands of homes are totally wrecked, with probably an equal number of lives lost, while tens of thousands have lost home, crops, and all property capable of destruction. Immense farming districts on either side of the river are overflowed. In some places the water has extended inland 100 miles. Below Nganking an immense dyke that protected a large plain broke, and swept away thousands of homes and destroyed growing crops. The survivors put up straw huts, or with boats took away the remnants of their possessions. The houses, built of mud dissolved and sunk out of sight. Here could be seen a whole village with roofs just out of water, or possibly the temple walls still standing, all the rest of the village having disappeared. Some small Chinese war-boats have assisted a few to escape with their lives, while many more piratical crews have been doing just the opposite. Dead bodies float down the great river, and no one seems to care. The Hsiakuan city outside of Nanking was so flooded that boats went everywhere through its streets. Parts of Nanking itself were under water, and people had to leave their homes and camp for the time on higher land. This scene is repeated all along the river at Wuhu, Nganking and Kiukiang. At the former place the city front presents the appearance of a city on rafts. Large river steamers have been washed up and stranded in fields or on sand-bars. Around Wuhu, the hills are crowded with fugitives, and many have perished. Miss Emma Mitchell, of the M. E. Mission, has opened a soup kitchen, and is doing excellent work among the women and children.

Rev. Mr. Beals, an American missionary to China, now visiting this country, has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the interesting photograph of the Yangtse River at Wuhu, which appears on this page. The present flood extends back of Wuhu fully one hundred miles into the interior, reaching the large cities of Nansing and Ning-kueh-fu. Mission houses have been flooded as well as native houses. The damage is widespread and overwhelming.

As already stated in cablegrams to THE CHRISTI HERALD, active relief work has already been begun a local committee in Shanghai, and a great deal of g has been accomplished in the Yangtze Valley amo the destitute population. Rev. Arthur H. Smith and associates on the China Famine Relief Committee co-operating with the Shanghai Committee, and h turned over for their use among the flood sufferers unexpended balance of famine moneys in their han

Human Flesh on Sale in Shensi

An Associated Press despatch from Tacoma, Wa Oct. 7th, says: "The steamship *Glenogle* brings new human flesh being publicly sold in the famine distr of Shensi, China. Babes and young children are be butchered. The Empress Dowager has comman that the practice be stopped, but is able to enforce orders only around Hsian Fu (the capital).

"The money collected by THE CHRISTIAN HERA has been distributed, **saving many from starvatio**

Mr. F. H. Nichols, the correspondent of THE CH TIAN HERALD, has arrived in China, and is now pr ably on his way to Shensi. He cables the news t the famine is practically at an end, except in that pr ince, and that 50,000 are destitute at Singan (the ca tal). Through the good offices of United States Minis Conger, our correspondent has been provided with armed escort, so that on the perilous journey to Sing fu he will be amply protected. His letters will descr actual conditions in the afflicted province.

THE WORLD'S FINEST SUBWAY

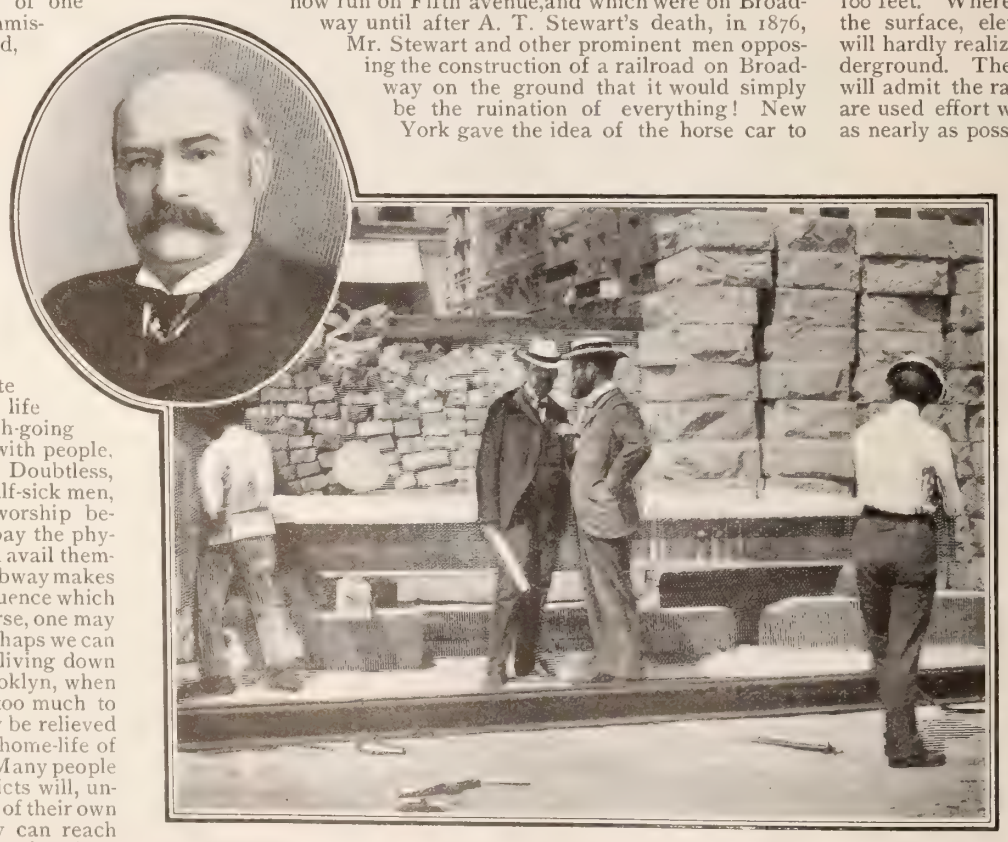
THE annual increase of travel on the street railways of New York for the past ten years has been not less than ten million passengers! With every improvement in service, there has been corresponding enlargement in the number of those seeking transportation. H. H. Vreeland, President of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and George J. Gould, President of the Manhattan Railway Company, express themselves as of one mind with the Rapid Transit Commission, which has the Subway in hand, in believing that the construction of the latter will enhance rather than detract from the usefulness of existing means of travel. The surface and elevated lines are congested to an almost intolerable degree at certain hours of the day. Any relief of this condition will attract to these roads many people who now walk or stay at home rather than sit or stand in crowded cars. "As you make ways of travel pleasant, more people travel," say authorities. One is told, too, that the Subway will contribute to the social, moral and religious life of the city. Thus, during church-going hours, most cars now are packed with people, numbers of whom must stand. Doubtless, many fragile women and tired, half-sick men, who now forego attendance on worship because they feel that they cannot pay the physical tax that may be involved, will avail themselves of the privilege when the Subway makes room for all. To illustrate the influence which may be exerted on social intercourse, one may quote Harlem folks, who say: "Perhaps we can renew acquaintance with friends living down town or across the Bridge in Brooklyn, when the Subway comes." It is not too much to hope that congested sections may be relieved to a considerable extent and the home-life of the city affected for the better. Many people quartered in thickly settled districts will, under new conditions, have dwellings of their own in the suburbs, from which they can reach their places of business in comfort and on time.

The street cars of Greater New York carried in 1900 1,067,790,275 passengers, Manhattan cars alone transporting 717,256,224. In 1884, all Manhattan lines carried 350,000,000. Less than fifty years ago there were four railroads here, carrying 18,500,000; five years later, there were six, carrying 36,500,000. In 1746, the ox-cart, was the only means of public conveyance; then came the "busses"; next the stage coaches, which are now run on Fifth avenue, and which were on Broadway until after A. T. Stewart's death, in 1876, Mr. Stewart and other prominent men opposing the construction of a railroad on Broadway on the ground that it would simply be the ruination of everything! New York gave the idea of the horse car to the world, and the world's first street railway was ch tered here in 1831.

In many respects the subway will be the best unc ground road ever constructed. It will be clean, li and dry; in marked contrast to the London tunnel will be near the surface for a greater part of its leng At Fort George, however, it will be nearly 150 feet de and at the One Hundred and Eighty-first street stati 100 feet. Where the track is more than thirty feet fr the surface, elevators will be provided. Passeng will hardly realize for much of the way that they are derground. The roof will be flat, and wherever possi will admit the rays of the sun. Where artificial lig are used effort will be made to render the illuminat as nearly as possible like that of daylight. As electr ity is the only power to be employ there will be no smoke or dust. V tilation will be first-class. Floors v be of cement; walls and ceilings concrete. Supports and framew are of steel. Stations will be roon concrete platforms, with walls glazed enamel, or of glass tile some warm neutral tint. Elect lights will be at frequent interva

The term "tunnel" does not fi describe the road its entire leng for in certain sections to the treme north, it will be a viaduct elevated structure. It will be tw ty-one miles long, beginning at t loop around the Post Office, exte ing in four tracks (two express, t local) to Ninety-sixth street; th dividing into two branches (of t tracks each) one of which, the W Side Line, will run to Spuyten D vil Creek; the other, the East Si Line, to Bronx Park. From the lo to One Hundred and Fourth stre will be fourteen minutes by expre to either terminal in thirty minut There will be forty-eight statio

Contractors expect to finish t road before the date set in the c tract—September, 1904. If so, th like the big tunnel itself, will something unique in constructi The first ground was broken Mar



J. B. MCDONALD ENGINEERS PARSON AND DEVO INSPECTING WORK

PROGRESS ON THE NEW YORK TUNNEL

1. UNDER UPPER BROADWAY WITH HAMMER AND SHOVEL. 2. VIEW OF ELM STREET, NEAR PRINCE. 3. CROSS-SECTION SHOWING HOW THE UNDERGROUND STATION WILL LOOK AT TWENTY-THIRD STREET
4. TUNNEL WORK UNDER A HILL AT 155TH STREET. 5. AT CONCRETE PORTAL, 157TH STREET.

4, 1900, by Mayor Van Wyck, with a silver spade. It as a gala day, the event being celebrated with music nd speeches. The President of the Rapid Transit ommission is Alexander E. Orr; William Barclay 'arsons is Chief Engineer, John B. McDonald is the ontractor. August Belmont is President of the Rapid Transit Subway Construction Co., the Engineer in Chief is S. L. F. Deyo, and the General Manager E. P. Bryan. The road will cost $35,000,000; it belongs to the city. About eight thousand men are employed in the work, which goes on night and day, with eight-hour shifts, Sunday being excepted. Besides these eight thousand in the city, thousands outside are finding employment in the Rapid Transit work. In iron and coal mines, cement shops, steel mills, forest, and lumberyards, labor contributes in various ways to the construction of the new tunnel, which, when complete, will be one of the century's greatest engineering triumphs.

Manliness is Christlikeness * Death of Joseph

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 3. GENESIS 50: 15-26

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT:--SO TEACH US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS THAT WE MAY APPLY OUR HEARTS UNTO WISDOM. PSA. 90: 12:

WHEN Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, was told that Joseph's brothers had come, it pleased him well, and out of the generous impulses of his heart he proposed to Joseph that his father and brothers, and their families, should come to live in Egypt, and that they should be given the best of everything. He said: "Send wagons in which the mothers and the little ones shall ride. And see to it that both food and clothing are given to your brothers for themselves and their families, so that they may have plenty on their journey." Joseph was made glad by the king's kindness, and he got all things ready, as the king had said, and from his own riches he sent a present to his old father of nuts and wheat and meat, the best to be found in all Egypt.

But the old father was slow to believe the good news which his sons brought him, that Joseph was yet alive, and was the lord of Egypt. But when he saw the Egyptian wagons and the treasures they held, he could no longer doubt, for these were proofs at once of love and power, and he said: "It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die." And ere long Jacob and his sons, their wives, and children, were on their way, seventy leading persons with their families and servants. The Lord God himself met them on the way, and said to Israel: "Fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will make of thee a great nation. I will go down with thee into Egypt, and I will also surely bring thee up again." And so the aged traveler, one hundred and thirty years old, was cheered upon his way. He knew of a certainty that he was doing the right thing.

Joseph got his royal chariot ready, and went out to meet his father. So thrilled, so gratified was the father to see his long-lost, well-beloved son, that he exclaimed: "Now, let me die, since I have seen thy face." But Jacob lived for seventeen years after that to enjoy his restored son, and to rejoice in his exalted position. Joseph speedily presented his father to the king. The hoary head, which is a crown of glory, took precedence of the crown of Egypt, and Pharaoh bowed his head to receive the old man's blessing.

After this, the kinsmen of Joseph were located in the best part of Egypt, in the land of Rameses, a Gosshen is called, and until the five remaining years of famine were passed they were nourished by Joseph at the king's request. The famine in Egypt became so sore that people paid all of their money for food, then they gave their land in payment of it, and then they sold themselves as slaves to Pharaoh.

When Jacob grew to be one hundred and forty-seven years old, he died; his dying words were blessings upon the two sons of Joseph: "The angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lads." And what a funeral Joseph gave his father! First, there was an embalming of his body, and then universal mourning for forty days through Egypt, and then a funeral cortege back to Jacob's home, which was enhanced by the glory and pomp of Egypt, for all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house and the wise men of Egypt participated in it. And Jacob was laid in the cave of Machpelah, the family tomb of Jacob's grandfather, Abraham. And what did Joseph encounter on his return to Egypt? The craven fear of his brothers, who were so small-souled that they could not understand Joseph's full and free forgiveness. They thought his forgiveness would last only during the lifetime of their father. Joseph shed bitter tears to be so misunderstood, as he looked upon them prostrated before him. He did not chide them for their distrust, but reassured them with promises of continued support and kindness. If it is so hard for mean men to understand a great and noble man, how infinitely more difficult is it for even the best men to understand God.

Joseph sealed his promises with a strange seal, even with his bones, for he said, "When God shall fulfil his promise of bringing you back to your own land, ye shall carry up my bones from hence." And Joseph died a hundred and ten years old. More than two hundred and forty years afterward, Moses took the bones of Joseph with him when he led Israel from Egypt to the Land of Promise.

The death of rulers! What a varied history the record would make even if we should survey but one land or one century! For instance, our own Presidents from Washington to McKinley. And may our new President be as noble and useful to the world as was Joseph, and be Christ-like, Christian in deed as well as word.

Illustration and Application

Death always calls for a review of life. Joseph's is the first life given in the Bible that can be set up as a pattern. Other Genesis saints, as we have said, were "good for their age," but Joseph was good for any age. Howbeit, his corner in grain suggests that he was human. But for that error, which may have been of the head rather than the heart, we might think he was only a story-book ideal. Though not faultless, he is one of the noblest examples of the manliness of Godliness. What is manliness but to be a man in the fullest sense, to be all that man was made to be when he was created in the "image of God?" To be manly is therefore to be Godlike or Godly, "the image of God," which is, to be Christlike or Christian.

Let us note how many ways Joseph was like Jesus, when the great exemplar had not yet come to dwell on earth, and when even the beginning of the Bible had not been written; and consider how much more Christlike we ought to be with the life of Jesus before us, and the whole Bible in our hands.

Joseph, like Jesus, was a "beloved son," more loved than his brothers because purer. And let all children remember that is the beginning of manliness, Godliness, Christlikeness, to be a pure and dutiful child at home, as Joseph was, as Jesus was.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him, "Now, pray a little prayer of your own." And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."

Little Mary had given her heart to Christ. She wanted very much to show that she loved him, but there seemed to be nothing she could do. "You might thread grandmother's needles," said mother. "Her eyes are so dim that she cannot do it herself, and I know she would like to find a half-dozen needles threaded and ready for use every day on her cushion." "But would that be serving Jesus?" asked Mary. "Yes, it would be a helping hand held out to one of his very dear ones. Jesus would regard that as done to himself."

Joseph, like Jesus, was sent by his father to bear loving messages and gifts to his far-off brothers. We, too, should be Christlike in bearing to our sinful brothers God's messages of pardon and his "unspeakable gift." When life is ending the memories of such messages will outshine all other words we have spoken. During Mr. Moody's last journey home from Kansas City, the train was delayed by an accident to the engine, and much time was lost west of Detroit. As they were leaving that city the new engineer sent back to find out if it were true that D. L. Moody was ill on the train. Learning that he was, the engineer sent word, "Tell Mr. Moody that I will do my best to make up lost time. All I am I owe to him. He led me to Christ twenty years ago." The train ran the next 127 miles in as many minutes.

Joseph, like Jesus, "came unto his own and his own received him not." Are we not like those who rejected the Father's message and messenger? Let us rather be like Joseph and Jesus in that they did not give up those who at first rejected the message.

THE TRADITIONAL TOMB OF JOSEPH

Joseph, like Jesus, was sold for silver. Let us beware lest our likeness be to those who sold a brother, aye, a Christ, for greed. If we have suffered indeed from human greed and hate, let us, like Jesus and Joseph, give no place to despondency or revenge, but trust the Providence that makes the wrath and envy and greed of man to praise him and serve us.

Stay firm. Let not the future,
Though dim and drear,
Fill thee with dread foreboding
And anxious fear.
'Tis only thine to follow
Where he shall lead:
Thy Shepherd King provideth
For every need.

Joseph, like Jesus, had "anguish of soul." Let us not shrink from following Christ even to Gethsemane, when the deliverance we plead for is not God's will.

I thank thee, Lord, for mine unanswered prayers,
Unanswered save thy quiet, kindly "Nay";
Yet it seemed hard among my heavy cares
That bitter day.
I wanted joy: but thou didst know for me
That sorrow was the gift I needed most,
And in its mystic depths I learned to see
The Holy Ghost

—OLIVER HUCKEL.

Jesus "took the form of a servant" voluntarily, as Joseph that of a slave involuntarily. The lowliest toilers, therefore, should be first to welcome the Divine Carpenter.

AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY AND MUMMY CASE

I think the King of that country comes out from among his tirel
host,
And walks in this world of the weary, as if he loved it the most·
For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and du
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for h

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.
He puts his hand to their burdens, he enters their homes at night
Who does his best shall have as guest the Master of life and ligh

This is the gospel of labor—ring it ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of love came down from above, to live with the men v
work.
This is the rose that he planted here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

Joseph, like Jesus, was tempted, but yielded not. His wo
to Potiphar's wife might well be the motto of the White Cr
movement. "How shall I do this great wickedness, and
against God?"

"While traveling in a coal-mine district," says Dr. Cuyl
"I noticed how very dingy the town
peared. The coaldust seemed to black
buildings, trees, shrubs, everything. But
the foreman and I were walking near
mines, I noticed a beautiful white flow
Its petals were pure as if it were bloom
in a daisy field. 'What care the owne
this plant must take of it,' I said, 'to k
it so free from dust and dirt!" 'See he
said the foreman, and taking up a ha
ful of coal dust, threw it over the flow
It immediately fell off, and left the flo
as stainless as before. 'It has an enam
the foreman explained, 'which prevents a
dust from clinging to it. I think it m
have been created for just such a pla
A Christian spirit, in which Christ has p
fied the very depths of desire, will thus thr
off every foul thought."

Joseph, like Jesus, was a prophet.
cannot interpret dreams that tell the fut
fate of men and nations, but "every one w
received a word from God, and speaks
without a lisp is a prophet," and shall in
ence, if not foretell, the future.

Joseph, like Jesus, was put with crimina
The butler and baker recall the two thiev
one penitent, the other impenitent, that w
crucified with Christ. Joseph had suffe
yet more keenly than he did in prison wh
his own brothers cast him into the pit to
In any wrong we have done a fellow m
even by neglect, we have not only wrong
a brother, but him also who said, "Inasmu
as ye did it unto one of the least of these
did it unto me."

So shall all speech of now and of to-morrow
All he hath shown me or shall show me y
Spring from an infinite and tender sorrow,
Burst from a burning passion of regret.

Joseph, like Jesus, forgave his enemies.
is ever the nobler way, as may be seen fr
the following story. Richard Morton a
Samuel Whitfield were well-to-do farme
who lived on adjoining tracts of la
One morning in the summer, Richard s
his neighbor coming slowly up a lane near the house, see
ingly in search of something, and hastened out to meet hi
"Good-morning, neighbor Whitfield," was his salutation; "
your gray horse you're looking for, is it? Well, then, list
to me. I caught the beast yesterday evening wandering
the lane close to the gate of my clover pasture. I thought
myself: 'He'll push his way inside next.' So I shut him
in the pound, and told the village constable. You can g
him out whenever you are willing to pay the fine, but I gi
you fair warning that I shall always do the same when I fi
your horse loose in the lane." Samuel Whitfield's answ
was a very quiet one. "Listen to me now, Richard. T
morning from my window I saw your cows stamping in
garden. I ran downstairs, turned them out, and drove th
to your yard, carefully shutting them in and fastening t
gate. And look you, friend, I give you fair warning. I sh
do the same thing if I ever find those cows straying agai

Is there any question which course was meanness, a
which was manliness and Godliness—Godlikeness? "Be n
overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Joseph, like Jesus, was delivered from humiliation in
lordship; gave the bread of life to the nations; and forgi
ness even, and invited the most unworthy who had repent
and received forgiveness to come and dwell with him in t
best land.

With thee, O Lord, in lands of light,
With thee, O Lord, in lands of night.
Or with thee in Gethsemane,
But more than all, with thee.

ON AUTUMN DAYS

by

Margaret E. Sangster

THE WEDDING SEASON

THE beautiful autumnal days are chosen by many young people for the most important crisis of their lives—the honeymoon. Through October and November we hear the merry chime of marriage bells, the sweet strains of the wedding march, and each bride, in her adornment of white gown and veil, receives our homage. A church wedding attracts a rong, often of those little acquainted with either bride groom, for there is a touch of nature that makes the hole world akin, and it thrills at the mention of a edding. See the lovely procession coming down the sle—the ushers, the flower-girls, the maids of honor, e fair maiden who is the centre of everything, on her ther's arm, following her mother, whose heart on this casion is beating with very mingled sensations, rtly joyful, partly sad. At the altar they meet the idegroom with his best man, waiting for them, and e minister steps forward, and presently, in a very tle space, the solemn words are said that make the o friends husband and wife.

or a contract which is so nding, and which is to last r a whole life, the marriage remony is very brief. We p up with congratulations, hen the pair reach their home, d we watch with interest the spective mothers, to both of hom this wedding is fraught th such deep solicitude. any a needless jest and witti- sm are aimed at the mother- -law, foolishly, as a rule, for e is usually disposed to be a ry good and kind friend to e new son or daughter, which e marriage has given her.

If she is wise, she will care- lly avoid offering advice to e young couple. They must left to themselves during the st year of their union, to ake their own decisions, to dure the consequences of eir own mistakes. No stran- r, least of all a relative- ranger, should intermeddle th the two whom love has ined in one. As they set out r the wedding journey, or for e new home, the path looks ry bright. God helping em, it will never lead through adow that his sunlight can- ot scatter.

When the new homes of this utumn are founded, whether farmhouse or city flat, log bin or mansion, in small or rge towns, in obscurity or in nspicuous place, they will ve the best chance for true ppiness if the fear of God d the love of God are in them. Begin right, dear ung people. Read and pray together, and build your mily altar from the first. Ask a blessing on your first eal. Whatever else is omitted in your home life, let ligion, pure and undefiled, have prominence there, and ke pains very soon to have a church home, too. The ability of this Republic depends on the purity and ety of its simple homes.

Comfort One Another

Comfort one another,
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.

What is the sorrow, friend, that is clouding your ce and dimming your eyes, and taking the life from ur step? Is it grief for a dear one gone—for other, for sister, for child? Do you miss the little ndering one who used to clutter the house with his ys, and run in with a shout, and clasp wee dimpled nds around your neck? Oh, how the heart aches for ittle Boy Blue! No human hand is soft enough to be ressed upon that burning spot in your heart. No rthly love can help you to be cheerful. But One ere is, in the skies, who can assuage your grief and ry your tears. One walked through the garden of lies, and gathered yours; yours, but his too, and he has transplanted it into the sweet fields beyond the swelling flood. And one day he will send for you, and you will find your lost flower in his care.

A Golden Wedding

After fifty years! Gone are the brown locks, the rose bloom, the slim, straight shape, the bright and effervescent pride of youth. But maturity may be beautiful, and age does not always mean weakness. The other day, on Long Island, an aged beach-comber and his wife, both Germans, celebrated their golden wedding. Their home is a little house, built by their own hands, of driftwood tossed in by the waves. They are poor, but two happier people it would be hard to find. When the tide comes in, their home is surrounded by water, but they rather like that, and their friends and neighbors managed to eat a plentiful supper on the day of the golden wedding in that tiny home. "No gold here," said the sturdy old husband, "except the golden opinions of our neighbors." He might have added, "And the pure gold of honest hearts, tried through a long life."

INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN HOUSE, YAKUTAT BAY, ALASKA

NEVER MIND THE TROUBLE

NEVER mind the trouble, mother,
That the little ones may bring,
They who lately flown from heaven,
On some guardian angel's wing,
Came to clasp you, came to love you,
Came with messages that bless,
Came to lead your heart world-hardened
Back to peace and righteousness.

Never mind the trouble, mother,
Made by restless little hands;
Be not hasty to reprove them,
Nor to weary with commands.
Make them not repent their coming
From their pure, celestial joys;
O, be cheerful, glad and grateful
'Mid their frolic, fun and noise.

Never mind the trouble, mother,
Nor that patience is required
For the oft repeated cares, when
Feet and hands and heart grow tired.
There is blessed compensation
In fair childhood's dimpling charms,
In dear eyes where heaven is smiling,
In the clasp of loving arms.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

With the Indians in Alaska

WHEN we grow discontented, as we sometimes do, with our own environment; annoyed because the old shades are faded, and we cannot afford new ones; the carpets shabby, and the purse too flat to replace them with finer and more modish fabrics; when we compare ourselves with our neighbors and are vexed that their splender surpasses our own, we may find a tonic in making a pilgrimage to an Alaskan home. The red man in Alaska, living with primitive simplicity, is satisfied with a fire on the hearth, even if it burn in a smoky chimney and the low roof is blackened with its soot. He asks for no luxurious easy chairs. A bench running around the walls of the living room fills his ideal of comfort. Thick clothing is a must-be, and he and his family are fortunate if they are swathed in thick woolens, or furnished with skins. The spoils of his hunting and trapping must bring what money he requires, and at all times pelts may be seen drying from poles and bars propped up against the ceiling. Outdoors, the Indian condescends to hunt and fish, but within his home he is an autocrat, living in lazy inertia, and waited upon, hand and foot, by his womankind. To the children he is not unkind, and they grow up around him, as bears' cubs in the den. It is hard to be sick in such a home as the one our artist has photographed, and as there is very little of tender ministry or patient care-taking, those who are too ill to rally under Nature's handling, usually die, and are little mourned. Gentleness and sympathy are qualities which come from Christian civilization.

Much missionary work is being done in Alaska, and schools are being established for the little ones. A generation hence, an Alaskan house, even among the Indians, will be far more comfortable than those we see now. And then, who knows, the squaw may feel as we do about her carpets and her curtains!

The Fall Cleaning

With the advent of cool weather, and in the pleasant interval before stoves are put up, and furnaces started, the housekeeper's thoughts turn to her autumnal cleaning. The house may have been cleaned in the spring, but the summer dust has sifted into crannies and corners, and it needs going over again. Many women prefer to take up carpets in the fall and to do whatever painting and papering may then be necessary, so that the home may be inviting, and present that air of being in good order which is pleasing to right-minded housekeepers. The masculine mind seldom appreciates the need for this thoroughness on the part of the women, and yet, scientific discovery marches along the old time-honored path, and we are persuaded that she who would keep from her door diphtheria and typhoid, and have her olive branches strong and sturdy around her table, must make frequent war upon germs and microbes, and this she can do only by the most rigid cleanliness. The notable housewife does not upset the whole house at once. She cleans one room at a time, beginning at the top of the house, and omitting nothing, so that when she gets through with all her domestic labor, the whole house is "clean as a whistle."

After the process is over, it is well for her if she, the house-mother, take a prudent thought for herself. If ever she is in want of a good rest, it is now, in autumn. A visit to her sister or mother, whom she has not lately seen; a drive over the hills with her husband; a few days of taking life with ease, and letting somebody else bear the daily burdens, may add years to her useful career, and make her a happier comrade on the road for her dear ones.

BRIGHTER DAYS *in the* PHILIPPINES

THE RAPID PACIFICATION OF THE ISLANDS OPENS THE WAY FOR THE GOSPEL

ON SKIRMISH LINE, SAN MATEO, LUZON

TRAINED NURSES' QUARTERS

ENTRANCE TO LEPER HOSPITAL, MANILA

ALTHOUGH the crack of the rifle and the roar of the field-gun are still heard in remote parts of the Philippines, where isolated bands are still in arms against the American government, the greater part of the archipelago is at peace. Our correspondents in Manila and at other points write very hopefully of the outlook for religious work.

Writing from the town of Bacolod, in Negros, Mr. W. F. Norris says:

Bacolod, the provincial capital of Occidental Negros, is very prettily situated, overlooking the sea. Passengers arriving at low tide are transported ashore in a caribou cart, or, as sometimes happens, on the backs of natives. The vegetation here is more tropical in appearance than in Manila. From the windows of my room are visible cocoanut trees and bamboo, both of which grow taller than the species I have seen in Luzon.

There is no Protestant religious organization in Bacolod, and I think none in the island, excepting the Institute at Dumaguete. This institution is under the management of Rev. Mr. Hibbard, of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hibbard was stationed at Manila for a time, where, in conjunction with Rev. James B. Rodgers, he was engaged in missionary work and also conducting religious services on Sundays in the Presbyterian chapel. Both are men full of zeal, and under whose wise and prudent administration no needless cause of offense will be given to the sensibilities of the various classes, nationalities and races of this diversified people.

The death of Rev. Mr. Davidson (already mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) was a great loss to religious work in the Philippines.

The Y. M. C. A. have a branch establishment at Iloilo, twenty-seven miles distant in the Island of Panay. This institution is doing most effective work in the archipelago. It may be doubted whether since its organization the Y. M. C. A. has done greater good than during the past two years in this part of the world. Its messages of cheer in the shape of books, papers and periodicals, follow wherever the soldiers go, and in the places where there are considerable garrisons, as at Manila, Iloilo and Cavite, rooms are fitted up where the men so disposed can congregate and indulge in games, read and write, and find a home. The Y. M. C. A. rooms afford the only place of recreation outside the saloon. I wish the American patrons of the Y. M. C. A. in Manila could see the eagerness with which the "soldier boys" gather at the evening entertainments. The value of the benefaction is the greater owing to the fact that, deprived of the Association rooms, the boys who gather there would be in a moral sense homeless, in any town of the archipelago. Nor are the gift and giver unappreciated. In speech or lecture, the utterance of the name of Miss Helen Gould always elicits a cheer. Hers is the most popular name, among the enlisted men, of the United States Army.

This island of Negros has enjoyed almost complete immunity from hostilities during the insurrection. A civil government, under the United States authority, was established by General Otis over two years ago, at the request of the inhabitants. With the exception of depredations committed on sugar estates in certain localities, the island has escaped the ravages of war, and, as a consequence, is in a more prosperous condition than most other sections. It is naturally a very rich island—the richest of the group. The chief crop is sugar, of which it produces large quantities. There are no seaports and no large towns, the city of Iloilo, on the island of Panay, being the foreign port for the sugar producers of Occidental Negros.

There is, or was, a peculiar sect, called Babalaynes, living in this island, but death or desertion has so thinned their ranks, that only a mere handful now remains. They appear to have been a political as well as a religious body. Their chief object being a redistribution of the land. To this end, they aimed at the destruction of the large sugar estates, trusting that from the chaos thus produced, a reapportionment of the lands would be made, giving to every poor man his small farm. To effect this object seems to have been the design of the bands before referred to as descending from the mountains and ravaging the plantations. Whatever his crimes may be, and in whatever light he may be viewed by the law-abiding element, I have an idea that by his followers the leader of the Babalaynes is regarded as a sort of modern Robin Hood or Philippeno Gracchi.

MISS CONDICT DELIVERING TRACTS AND GOSPELS TO PRISONERS IN THE MANILA JAIL

Another correspondent in the Philippines, Miss Alice Condict, of Manila, writes encouragingly of the progress of evangelical work in that section. She has forwarded two interesting photographs. That on the first page of this issue shows a religious service in progress in a public cockpit—a place formerly devoted to the brutal sport which, in the days of Spanish rule, constituted the chief pastime of the people of Manila. Miss Condict has a fair-sized and intensely interested audience, and the old pit, which formerly echoed the shouts and oaths of the excited Filipinos over their favorite sport, now resounds with the songs of salvation. Another photograph represents the same missionary as a worker among the convicts of the public prison, which she is visiting for the purpose of distributing tracts and Gospels. Among our other illustrations on this page is a picture of the leper hospital in Manila. It is three miles from the centre of the city and has one hundred and fifteen inmates, who do a certain amount of manual labor in farm gardening. [illegible] mounted guard, stationed at each entrance, prevents the lepers from escaping to the outside world. Still other photographs show the trained nurses' quarters in Manila and a party of American troops on the skirmish line at San Mateo, Luzon island.

A Temperance Lesson

Chief Khama, of the Bamanghwato tribe, South Africa, who is now known as one of the most progressive native rulers in the country, was not always a potentate of order and progress. In a recent letter to the *Bechuanaland News* the aged chief tells how his country was ruined by the drink traffic. He writes:

"In the older days we were given to liquor, and there was great destruction among us. By giving heed to the matter, I found that the drink was the beginning of the destruction. And in 18[illegible] I forbade European liquors in my town; but the destruction and the disputes did not cease. In 1876 I forbade Secwana liquors, and then it was that the disputes ceased. There were also many chieftains, my younger brothers, who liked drink very much; but I persuaded them to leave it alone. In 1895, however, one of my people began to make beer to drink in my town. I went and called him, and asked him how he came to bring drink into my town. But my younger brothers, whom I induced to refrain from drinking liquor, began to defend him strongly, and fought me, refusing all my entreaties. Then the quarrel began in earnest. You can ask all those who drew away a portion of my town from me by means of drink, whether they have lived together. Their towns are scattered where they went to reside. As for me, I do govern. I have people; I have a country. But you, where are your lands? O, ye righteous chiefs! You who have preserved your towns by means of drink! Have you any people? Or have you any countries? Answer me! I hear, I govern. And they who say that I have destroyed my town on account of my hatred of drink, let them sign their names, so that I may know who they are. How I shall rejoice if you speak right."

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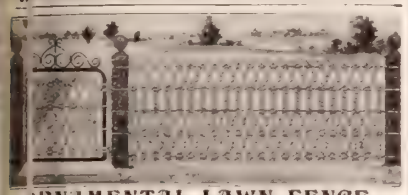
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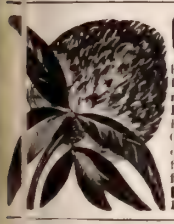
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A Letter that Brought Light

THE STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF JOHN McNEILL, THE GREAT SCOTCH PREACHER AND EVANGELIST

...BY... REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.

FEW living men have stirred the world more by their ministry than John McNeill. It is interesting to know how he found the Lord. He had been brought up in a Scotch Presbyterian home, and was therefore well instructed in the Bible, and in all the outward knowledge that clusters about Christianity, yet he had grown to be a young man before he came to know Christ as his Saviour. During all of his

EVANGELIST JOHN McNEILL

boyhood, he had expected that when he got older he would, as a matter of course, join the church and become a Christian; but time passed on, and the great act did not transpire. He knew that his father and mother greatly desired his conversion, and he felt that it was his duty to confess Christ, yet he did not see the way clear.

In his perplexity, young McNeill took a wise course. He wrote to his pastor—that is, the pastor of his father and mother—beginning his letter in this way; quoting from the 16th Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles:—

"And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed. And the keeper of the prison, awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying: Do thyself no harm, for we are all here. Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." "And now," continued John McNeill, in his letter to the old Scotch minister, "Minister, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all about Jesus, and all the Bible says of sin and salvation, and heaven and hell. I believe all about it, but I don't feel one bit the better. There is something wrong." He signed his name to that, and sent the letter away.

Two or three days afterward he was just going to throw open the booking-office window to sell the tickets for the 10:30 Sugar-Brokers' Train to Glasgow, when he saw the postman coming around. He gave John a letter. He glanced at the post-mark, and knew the minister's handwriting. He will never forget the reading of that letter. It said:

"You will never know, unless you should become a minister yourself, how glad I am to get a frank, open, honest letter from you about your spiritual condition, even although evidently you are all in the dark. I am glad you have taken Acts 16:31 as a challenge text. It says: 'Believe,' in your heart, of course, as you believe in your mother, your wife, for it is faith, not in a proposition of Euclid, but believe, have full confidence in, the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. But, John, you say you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but don't feel a bit the better of it. Now, I want to know which I am to believe about you? Am I to believe yourself saying, 'I don't feel a bit the better,' or am I to believe God uttering his verdict on you in the Word that can never lie—God saying that the man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is, and shall be, eternally saved."

McNeill says that he saw in a moment that he had made the mistake of checking all God's Word by his feelings, and reducing all God's Word, no matter what it said, to the level of his feelings. He now saw that that was no faith at all. But the minister clenched it when he said: "John, you would quote the text as if it read, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will feel easier,' instead of 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' God says it. Never mind your feelings."

That explanation lifted the curtain from around the young man's mind and heart, and he saw the spiritual regions stand out bold and clear. There was no great feeling even then. It was a case of seeing. What the eyes are to the body, faith is to the soul. He was saved. He didn't shout. He took a walk in the station along to the far end of the platform. He said to himself, "Has the station been whitewashed?" The very dingy brick walls, all covered with smoke and soot from the engines, looked whiter. It was not the walls, it was his own mind and heart that were brightened.

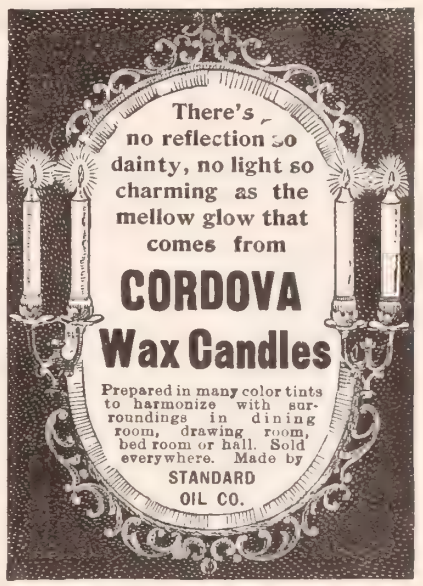
After a little, he went back and sold the tickets and said nothing about it. Next morning when he woke up, the devil whispered to him, "It's all a hoax." But McNeill said stoutly, "Has God's Word altered through the night?" He looked up Acts 16:31 and found it just the same, so he went on resting his heart on God's Word, and so continues until this day.

Old Folks' Day

The recent celebration of "Old Folks' Day" in the Presbyterian Church, Vineland, N. J., was a very interesting event. The pastor, Rev. Dr. David H. King, conducted the services. There were present more than twenty people over eighty; fifty over seventy, and two one hundred years old. The last two were Mr. James Green, who counts an even century, and Mr. March Lamb, who proudly claims 104. Mr. Green looks, if anything, more venerable than the age he names. He has a good memory; recalls voting for Andrew Jackson in 1828, and has a faint recollection of casting a vote for President four years before that. The unique anniversary of "Old Folks' Day" was instituted in the Vineland church in 1890. Since then, it has grown in interest and the attendance in numbers.

A Temperance Leader Gone

In the death of Rev. A. P. Sturgess, the temperance cause lost a worker, who will long be missed. The circumstances of his death, as will be remembered, were very sad. He and his wife were among the victims of a recent railroad tragedy near Newark, N. J., which left vacant chairs in many homes. Dr. Sturgess was born in Litchfield, New York, sixty-five years ago. His father was a preacher, and he early felt that he must follow the same high calling. During his labors as a pastor, he become deeply interested in temperance work, and among other activities conducted a temperance weekly in Boston. In 1900, he became Superintendent of the Syracuse District of the Anti-Saloon League. He was considered one of the best speakers of the League. The double funeral of himself and wife was held in the Parke Presbyterian Church, Newark, where he had served as pastor for twenty-six years.



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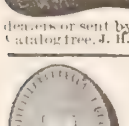

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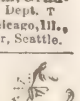

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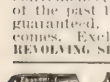

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The Triumphs of the Cross*

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

THE power of the Bible confirms the proposition that it is a revelation from God. It is the living Word. God's heart throbs in it, and his arm is felt in every chapter. It transforms character; it comforts in sorrow; it helps men to live and to die. It makes a revolution such as no book of human authorship has done. Pastor Hirsch says that in his parish visitation he gave a Bible to a seller of low literature. At first she refused it, and, when she consented to accept it, she said, "I will sell it." "All right," replied Mr. Hirsch, "but read it before you sell it." When he returned to that book-store several months afterward, he found that all the low literature had been cast out. The woman, who had never read the Bible before, was so impressed with its truths, and her character was so changed, that she decided to run only a first-class bookstore. The Bible thus cleanses and keeps clean every heart and business that will accept its teachings. After the battle of Inkermann, a dead soldier was found with his bloody finger pressing upon a leaf in his Bible. As they lifted his body, the leaf tore out, and one of his comrades read aloud the words upon which his finger rested, "I am the resurrection and the life!" While he was dying, he looked through these words of God into the future, bright as hope in Christ could make it. And no other book could give such an experience to a dying soldier on the battlefield.

A colporteur handed a pocket Bible to another soldier of the Crimean War as the troops were leaving Toulon. He said, "I will light my pipe with it." The colporteur regretted that he had given it to him, but prayed that God would somehow use it for his good. Several years afterward the colporteur stopped for a night in a peasant's home in France. He saw lying on the table a well-worn, soiled Bible. On opening it, he noticed the front leaves were torn out. The mother said to him, "I prize that book very highly. My boy was in the Crimean War and was mortally wounded in one of the battles. It was this book that led him to Christ, and gave him a hope of heaven." The colporteur recognized the book as the same one that he had given to the soldier at Toulon. He had torn out some of the leaves to light his pipe with, yet, when the hour of suffering arrived, he turned to the book which he had despised, for light and comfort.

The book is life and light and joy to every one who believes it. It brings about a revolution through the immediate agency of God. It introduces a new light, which grows and develops after its kind. There is no such thing as evolving flesh into spirit, and the natural into the spiritual man. The first birth is not the germ out of which the second birth grows. We become partakers of the Divine nature; it is God in the soul making all things new.

The attempt to make men Christians by a process of education has been tried with dismal failure. Bishop Colenso took a band of Zulu youth and gave them a good education in England. After they had advanced in their studies, he suggested that they now turn their attention to the consideration of the claims of Christianity; but, in the words of Dr. Gordon, "They kicked up their heels and went back to their former heathen practices." The good Bishop had to confess that his experiment was a failure. Hans Egede spent fifteen years in Greenland educating the people, attempting, as he said, to bring them to a point where they could be intelligent Christians. With a broken heart he preached his farewell sermon from the text, "I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength for naught." Two years later, John Beck succeeded Egede on this field. He began at once to preach Christ crucified, and the result was the conversion of Karjanack, who became a flame of evangelistic zeal amid the frozen regions of Greenland. Christ's death and resurrection in their revolutionary power effected in him at once what fifteen years of training could not accomplish in others.

Some of us have heard from the lips of John G. Paton how the whole Island of Aniwa had been turned to Christ, so that among all its inhabitants there is not a single heathen. Such is the Bible, because the living Christ goes with it and works as he will.

*From *Theology at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century:* Essays on the present status of Christianity and its Doctrines. Edited with an Introduction by J. Vyrnwy Morgan, D.D. Among the Essayists who contribute to this valuable work are Dr. Henry A. Stimson, Frederick Harrison, Dr. L. W. Batten, Dr. H. Martyn Hart, Rabbi Hirsch, Dr. S. D. McConnell, Dr. George H. Hubbard, Principal Faunce, President Eliot and Dean Farrar. They cover every aspect of Christianity, doctrinal and practical, and show the present tendency of Christian thought and life. Pp. 544. Price $2.50. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

The Perils of the Dance*

WHEN we speak of the dance nowadays, we usually mean the waltz. And what is waltzing? Is it not dancing gone mad? Is it not the whirlwind—the awful result of careless sowing through generations past? The wild, passionate, insistent, though polished and courtly, libertine of modern society?

Let it be thoroughly understood, I am not writing about the dance as it was in scriptural times; not about the dance as it was in log-cabin days; not about the dance as it might be; but about the dance as it is,—the intoxicating cup of sensualism, the destroyer of virtue, the blunting hammer of the finer and higher sensibilities, and eventually the curse of body, soul, spirit, home, and happiness! I am writing about the dance as a dangerous pathway leading oftentimes to sorrow here, and hell hereafter, and if I choose harsh words occasionally in handling my subject, it is because no other kind will equal the emergency. The ballroom is one way, and a very broad way, too, to ruin.

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, senior bishop at the time of his death, and one of the most gifted intellects of his church, wrote on the subject as follows:

"In the period of youthful education, I have shown that dancing is chargeable with waste of time, the interruption of useful study, the indulgence of personal vanity and display, and the premature incitement of the passions. At the age of maturity it adds to these no small danger to health, by late hours, flimsy dresses, heated rooms, and exposed persons; while its incongruity with strict Christian sobriety and principle, and its tendency to love of dissipation, are so manifest that no ingenuity can make it consistent with the covenant of baptism. It would give me sincere pleasure to have expressed a very different opinion, because I am well aware that few of my readers will relish my unaccommodating sentiments on such a theme. But candor and honesty forbid, and I may not sacrifice what I believe to be the truth, in the service of worldly expediency."

The uniform testimony of all religious specialists is, that as the love of dancing increases the love of the Lord and his work decreases. The spirit of the dance is not the spirit of the Master. If the one be harbored, the other will not remain. Where the experiment is tried of retaining both, a horrible muddle is the result, a corruption which disgraces the holy "vocation wherewith we are called." (Eph. 4: 1). The dance is a deadly poison to the higher life, and he, who professing Christianity, takes it into his spiritual system, wounds our Lord afresh, and by the act classes himself with the traitors of old who killed the world's only hope by nailing the Son of Mary to the cruel cross.

*From *Pitfalls of the Ball-Room*, by Geo. F. Hall. A powerful presentation of a subject which has attracted great attention from leading church organizations and thinkers all over the country. The dangers of this alluring form of recreation, dancing, as practised at the present time, are considered with a breadth of reasoning and a purity of tone that render the book a most desirable one for every family to read. Pp. 240, paper covers, 25cts. Laird & Lee, Chicago, publishers.

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GOD SENT DELIVERANCE

How a Party of Evangelists was Unexpectedly Vindicated from a Criminal Charge

T the time of a great religious revival in 1744, two noted preachers of the time, Mr. Rowland and Mr. Tennent, were meeting with greater success than was pleasing to the tavern-keepers, who found it injurious to their business. Mr. Rowland, in particular, was possessed of a pleasing manner and great eloquence, and soon became quite celebrated, greatly to the disgust of his opponents, who regarded the revivalists as fanatics and hypocrites. There was at this time a man named Bell, a person well educated and possessed of a keen intellect, but devoid of principle. He was thought to be connected with a gang of robbers. This man, unfortunately, bore a very striking resemblance to Mr. Rowland in external appearance, so much so, indeed, that he might easily pass for the preacher. One day a friend of Mr. Rowland's met Bell at a tavern at Princeton. He addressed him as Rowland, and invited home his friend as he supposed, and it was with some difficulty that Bell convinced him of his mistake. This hint was enough for Bell. He went the next day to a nearby town, where he knew Mr. Rowland had preached once or twice, but was not intimately known. He introduced himself as Mr. Rowland, and was invited to preach the next Sabbath. To this he consented, and was invited to the home of one of the deacons and treated with the utmost respect. He was invited to ride to church with the ladies, in the carriage, and the master of the house accompanied them, mounted on a fine horse. When they had nearly reached the church, Bell suddenly discovered that he had left his notes in his room, and proposed going back on the horse, as he could go faster in this way, and he could get the notes. To this the gentleman readily agreed. This was the last seen of the preacher, for upon their return, they found that their house had been rifled.

Wherever Bell stopped, he called himself the Rev. David Rowland. At the time of this robbery, Mr. Rowland and Mr. Tennent, accompanied by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stevens (both members of the church where happened this robbery), were holding meetings at a town in Pennsylvania. Soon after their return, Mr. Rowland was charged with the theft, and gave bonds to appear at the next term of court. On the trial, Messrs. Tennent, Anderson and Stevens appeared as witnesses and easily proved an alibi, by declaring that on the day the robbery was committed they were with Mr. Rowland, and heard him preach, as did many others. The jury acquitted him, but the affair was not yet ended. The person from whom the horse had been stolen was positive Mr. Rowland was the thief. His opponents collected a mass of evidence of this kind, which they thought proved the fact; but as Mr. Rowland could not be tried again, their vengeance was directed against the witnesses by whose testimony he had been cleared; and they were arraigned for perjury. After an examination, they were indicted, and Mr. Anderson, living in the county town, and conscious of his innocence, demanded a trial at the first term of court. He was found guilty, and sentenced to stand one hour on the courthouse steps, wearing this inscription on his breast, "This is for wilful and corrupt perjury," which sentence was executed.

Messrs Tennent and Stevens were summoned to appear at the next court, and Mr. Cox, a lawyer of eminence, was employed to conduct their case, but as they could not prove an alibi, their case looked doubtful. Mr. Cox requested to see their witnesses before the day of their trial. Mr. Tennent answered that they had none but God. Mr. Cox replied, "If you have no witnesses the trial must be put off, otherwise you will certainly be convicted. Strong testimony will be brought against you and you have nothing to oppose it." Mr. Tennent said, "I know all this, but I know I am innocent, and God will not suffer me to fall. Therefore, gentlemen, go on with the trial."

Mr. Cox told him that before a heavenly tribunal this might be all important to him, but would not avail in the present case; "but," he continued, "there is one chance, as I have discovered a flaw in the indictment which may prove favorable." Mr. Tennent asked an explanation, and was told it was to admit the fact, in a legal point of view, and rest on the law in the case. This Mr. Tennent refused to do. He assured his counsel God would bring about his deliverance in some way, and he did not wish the trial delayed.

Mr. Stevens was not of the same mind, and took advantage of the opportunity, and was discharged on the exception. Mr. Tennent started for the court, and now comes the strange part of the affair. He had not gone far before he met a man and a woman, who stopped him, and asked if his name was Tennent. He replied that it was, and asked if they had business with him. The man replied, "You know best as to that." He gave his name, and said they (his wife and he) were from Pennsylvania; that Messrs. Tennent, Rowland, Anderson and Stevens had lodged at their house on the night of the robbery. They had heard Mr. Tennent preach the next day, and had seen all the gentlemen several times during the day. The man said, some nights before, he and his wife had each dreamed at the same time that he (Mr. Tennent) was in great distress, and they, and they alone, could relieve him. Considering it merely a singular coincidence, they went to sleep again, when the dream was repeated to both twice, in precisely the same way. This made such an impression on their minds that they decided to visit him, and here they were.

Mr. Tennent took them at once to his lawyer, who found their testimony all he could wish. Before the trial began, another witness appeared, and before the day was over, still another. In short, they traced every movement of the defendant during the Saturday, Sabbath and Monday in question. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, without leaving their place.

This was taken from the court record, and is essentially true. Mrs. E. J. P.

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REST IN THE PROMISE

Joseph's Confident Belief in God's Overruling Power

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

THE book of Genesis, which is a book of beginnings and of births, ends with the description of two deaths—those of Jacob and of Joseph. Each of these deaths was characteristic of the life. Jacob was occupied with the place of his burial: his last charge to Joseph was concerning it. To the very last he could not fully trust God's promises: he must make sure of man, because he was not fully sure of God. True faith rests: "we which have believed *do* enter unto rest" (Heb. 4: 3). Joseph, when he came to die, could be quite satisfied to be buried in Egypt, leaving only a charge that when the children of Israel should go out of Egypt, his bones should be taken up out of Egypt into Canaan. Both patriarchs believed God's Word; but Jacob mixed up a great deal of human anxiety and human effort with his faith. Joseph simply counted on his God, and added neither his own efforts nor yet dependence on any human creature, to his simple but real faith in God.

It must have been God's intimation to Jacob that the time for him to die approached; it was "after these things that one said to Joseph, 'Behold, thy father is sick.'" When Joseph heard of his father's sickness, he took his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, to seek the transmission of the hereditary blessing of Abraham upon them. And Jacob did bless them, but he could not transmit that inheritance of faith which shone in Joseph as a true son of Abraham. Yet there was no small meaning in the way in which the now blind old man crossed his hands, laying the right hand on Ephraim, the younger, and his left hand on Manasseh, the elder one. God always chooses that which is lightly esteemed among men. Joseph in this matter did not understand, and sought to transpose his father's hands; but Jacob had his commands from God, and knew what he was doing. Both sons were to be blessed, both were to have their grandfather's name, with Abraham's and Isaac's called upon them; but the younger was to be the greater.

The last of Jacob's strength was spent in an inspired prophecy about his sons. It was worthy of this patriarch that his life's evening should not be absorbed by the ministry during his last hours to a worn-out and dying body, but rather the communication of God's messages to his family. In Jacob's charge each son's character and his future were traced by the unerring hand of him who knoweth what is in man. Jacob, after blessing them, "everyone according to his blessing, charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people," and repeated to them his desire about his burial, regarding which he had made Joseph swear. "And when Jacob had made an end of charging his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." Joseph faithfully carried out the desire of his father, and Pharaoh entered into the arrangements for the princely and expensive funeral of Jacob in Canaan, which followed after seventy days of mourning in Egypt. Joseph's education was not yet complete; he had been fitted by God through severe lessons in his early life to be ruler over Egypt, and by way of rehearsal, to become a blessing to "all the nations of the earth," as God had promised Abraham (Gen. 22: 18), and as the Jews shall yet be (Zech. 8: 13).

Joseph was now to be tried in a way which would put him to the test, even more than all else which he had already gone through. He had given abundant evidence to his brethren of his full pardon for all their past injustice and evil dealing with him; he had never manifested the least retaliation against them; all his behavior was such as to call forth and demand their deep gratitude, and their fullest confidence. But it was just in this that he was to be tried.

Joseph had had it in his power to wreak vengeance to the full upon his brethren, but instead of this he had treated them with the most magnanimous kindness, and begged them to forget their sin against him, saying, "It was not you, but God, that brought me hither to preserve you a posterity in the earth" (Gen. 45: 7). What, then, must have been his bitter disappointment when, after his father's death, he perceived that a change had come over his brethren, which reached a climax when a message reached him from them: "Thy father did command before he died, saying, So shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee, now, the transgression of thy brethren and their sin, for that they did unto thee evil; and now, we pray thee, forgive the transgression of the servants of the God of thy father." What could it mean? Had they suspected him of playing a part all these seventeen years? Had he given them any ground for such suspicion? Could it be that they had carried their suspicions to Jacob, and embittered their father's last days by insinuations against Joseph? This was worse than when "his feet were hurt with fetters;" again, and more deeply, "the iron entered into his soul" (Ps. 105: 18).

The wording of their message, the naming themselves as "the servants of the God of thy father," while they cherished such unworthy and uncalled for thoughts against him who had acted so in the spirit of God towards them, enhanced the bitterness of their suspicions. The archers again "sorely grieved him and shot at him, and persecuted him" (Gen. 49: 23). "But his bow abode in strength," and again "the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the Mighty God of Jacob." He did not defend himself, he did not reproach them, but he who had all power in the land, he who could have done so much against them, and who had been such a benefactor, and whom they so unjustly suspected and misunderstood, met them only with tears. "Joseph wept when they spake to him." He had no other weapon. "The Shepherd, the Stone of Israel" (Gen. 49: 24), who was his lineal descendant in the line of "the father of all of them that believe," wept over Jerusalem when the lineal descendants of the unbelieving seed of Abraham knew not their Messiah when he appeared, nor "the time of their visitation" (Luke 19: 41–44).

A MOUNTAIN MISSIONARY

THE life of a missionary of the American Sunday School Union is often full of the trying and interesting adventure which falls to those who travel through forests and over mountains. Usually, his tours are made alone. Sometimes, for "a short trip," he takes his family along, and they are helpful in starting Sunday Schools and in visitation work. The following account of one of Missionary Little's "short tours" may interest many readers who enjoy a "tale of woods and streams." It is supplied through the courtesy of the Secretary of the A. S. S. U., Rev. E. P. Bancroft, 158 Fifth avenue:

Early one morning my wife, her mother, and our four youngest children, left Greenville in a stout, covered wagon, our destination being Anderson Branch, N. C., where I had an appointment for the Sabbath following. We stopped at noon by a beautiful mountain stream, fed our horses, and cooked dinner over a camp fire. After dinner, we began climbing the mountains. A thunder storm caught us on top. The family took refuge in an old barn, and I staid with the frightened horses. The wind blew a gale and drove the rain into the wagon, soaking everything. Bad roads were worse after this, and the wind had blown trees across our way. With my axe, I had to chop trees and fallen boughs out of the road. It was beginning to grow dark in the mountains when we reached the first dwelling, whose owner said he could not keep us. He said that about a mile further, in a deep ravine, we would find a lumber camp, and perhaps there we would be allowed to occupy one of the "shacks," in which the men cooked and slept. It was quite dark when we reached a point where, by the noise of the talking and singing of the lumbermen, we could locate their camp. Our arrival was a surprise to the men, who, however, kindly vacated one of the rude board shacks, in which there was a small fireplace. We presented a sorry plight. Slipping and sliding down the mountains, we had been beaten by the foliage of the bushes and trees, and had suffered from frequent falls in the mud.

The first work was to build a fire by which the women and children could warm and dry themselves and cook a supper. The next was to bring the horses and such things as we needed down the mountainside—we had left our wagon on top, the way being too slippery, dark and unknown, to risk descent in it. When this was over, our hot coffee and bread and butter was a welcome feast. Disposing ourselves on the floor and on two rude bedsteads made of small trees, we wrapped up in the damp bed-clothes and went to sleep. Next morning the sun shining and a beautiful day before us.

After a breakfast of fried pork, coffee and bread, we carried our things back up the mountain to the wagon, hitched the horses and set forth. About three miles from where we camped we came to the top of Rich Mountain, where we stopped until afternoon, spreading damp clothing on logs and bushes in the sun to dry. We were absent eight days on this trip. The roads were almost impassable in many places. We were, however, fully repaid for all discomforts, for we were enabled to do much missionary work. Perhaps that night among the kind lumbermen, we sowed some seed that may bear good fruit.

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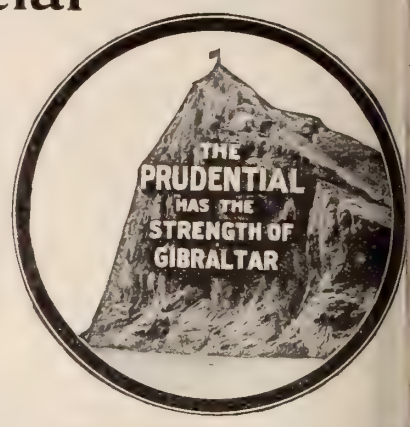

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GOD'S LEADERSHIP*

s Discipline Sometimes Painful Al-ays Tending to the Development of haracter

MEN frequently boast that they are self-made, meaning that by their own unaided efforts they have attained the position they oc-py. Others, who are in poverty or ob-scrity, complain that luck has gone ainst them, implying that life is a game chance, in which merit does not al-ys gain its reward, and the industrious honest worker does not always suc-d. In the Orient, they place the re-nsibility on fate, and believe that good evil fortune is meted out by an inflex-ible will, and that no effort can change t course of events, which are all mapped o before life begins. More intelligent, well as more encouraging, is the view othe Psalmist which, in part, is the Christian view, that God leads his chil-dn and adapts the circumstances of tr lives to their development and their her interests. A cursory view of life ds not always justify the Psalmist's thkful avowal. The Christian's life is n always in green pastures and beside s waters. Sometimes it is passed in t hurly-burly of a troubled scene, in the nst of conflict and with uncongenial as-ates. He has to suffer, and that, too, f faults not his own. Misfortunes of fi and flood and robbery come upon hi. It seems in many cases, as if he h more of them than wicked men, and o'n he dies without such vindication a reparation as came to Job.

: is to be noted that under the Chris-ti dispensation, there is no promise of p-sperity being the result of righteous-ns. Indeed, Christ warned his follow-e that in the world they would have tribulation. In our time and country the, is, perhaps, a better prospect be-fo a godly young man than before one w takes no interest in religion. People a more disposed to respect him and tr t him, but even among ourselves, the ne who is really a consistent Christian isften at a disadvantage in business a must refrain from methods which big gain to less scrupulous men. To fow where Christ leads, is neither in o time nor any other, a sure or even a p able way to worldly success. It does n insure immunity from trouble, nor fr the ordinary ills of life. It is well t this should be understood at the be-ging of the Christian life. Those who fow where Christ leads seek other ob-jes. Wealth and honor may come to thn, but it is not for those that they ta that path. But whatsoever their wldly lot, there is for those whom God l-s, a peace and joy that no worldly cumstances can give. In the con-sciusness that all the events of life are d-gned to develop the spiritual life th e is a deep satisfaction. It is beyond resignation; it is acquiescence in God's w. To be thwarted in a design causes nidistress, because the thwarting is an e-idence that success would have been in rious. Sickness, poverty, bereave-m t are accepted as parts of God's plan f spiritual growth or for increased ca-p ty for service. "It doth not yet ap-pe what we shall be;" but that this life preparation is the only solution of th great problem.

his mode of looking at life is far re-mved from fatalism. It does not repress effort. It is simply making the supreme ob ct of life the highest spiritual devel-opment and the most efficient service. Wldly business may be pursued with al earnestness, care and fidelity, but succe in it is subordinated to the higher ob ct. That is God's will for man, and in having the same will and desire man pr himself in the divine way, and is sure of attaining success in it. God's leading is ever upward to the higher planes, and on he way he removes by his discipline the dross from the soul and increases its st ngth. The discipline is often painful, but it is necessary, otherwise it would not be applied, and its results tend directly to perfection of character.

What, then, becomes of prayer, if God's w is to be accepted cheerfully and with-out question? If we leave everything in his hands, to do with us whatsoever he w why should we ask him for anything? There remains much to ask him for. We need strength to do and bear his will. We need perception to see the lessons our trials are designed to teach. We need that subordination of the flesh to the spirit that only he can give. Even in worldly matters we may follow our Lord's example when he prayed that the cup might pass from him, adding, as he did, if it might not pass from him unless he drank it, God's will may be done. The dutiful child may express his wish, though he will not tease to have an earthly father gratify it. We know that God does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. If, therefore, the lesson of some impending trial be already learned, the trial may be averted. The one indispensable condition of the leadership of God is confidence and trust in him.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 3. Psalm 23.

A WORK OF FAITH

A Mission and Training Institute to be Established at Pittsburg, Pa., in Dependence on Divine Support

FAITH in God, such as Mr. George Muller made the principle of his life, has been exercised by a worker in our own land, in beginning a new enterprise. It is a work of a different kind from that of the famous orphanages, but it is a very necessary and very beneficent work. It is the establishment of a Bible School, similar in its object to that which Mr. Moody organized in Chicago. The need for such an institution in the Middle States has long been felt, but the way to establish it did not seem to be open. Now, however, a beginning is to be made, and it is to be distinctly a work of faith.

On the last Sunday in September, the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church, of Canonsburg, Pa., heard with deep regret that their pastor, Rev. Charles H. Pridgeon, had decided to sever his connection with them, which has continued with marked success for twelve years past. Mr. Pridgeon is a young man, and it was hoped that a long career of usefulness in this, which was his first charge, was before him. His explanation, however, showed that in resigning his pulpit, he was thinking not of his own interests, but of the larger needs of Christ's kingdom.

Mr. Pridgeon intends to establish an Institute which shall be at once a mission and a training school for Christian workers. It is not to be a college, for theology will not be taught there, but there will be systematic Bible study, combined with music and the methods of evangelistic work. It is to be located at Pittsburg, Pa., where a consecrated, wealthy Christian has placed a suitable building at Mr. Pridgeon's disposal. It is to be entirely undenominational, though it is hoped that it will become a useful help to all evangelical denominations. An interesting feature of the work, is that the students will not be required to pay fees for tuition. There will be a small initiatory fee, but even that will be remitted in cases where, as so often happens, there is ability and consecration in a candidate who is without means. Mr. Pridgeon believes that in a work commenced with no object but that of extending Christ's kingdom there will be no lack of funds. He is confident that God will supply all that is needed. His wife, who is well known in New York, and has marked ability as a worker and a musical teacher, is heartily with him in the enterprise and will aid him in all branches of the work.

President Roosevelt's Sermon

Dr. J. W. Crenshaw, of Cadiz, Ky., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the 2d of October is just received, containing President Roosevelt's remarkable sermon, delivered in the Presbyterian Church at Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 11, 1901. I write to suggest that this sermon, together with the one delivered at Chicago a short time since, on 'Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only,' be published in two forms, one a cheap edition, with which we can sow the land 'knee-deep,' and one in handsome binding, for the 'centre table.' I want to see that every boy in my community has a copy, simply for the asking, and even without the asking. We should be proud of a President who can preach such sermons, and show our appreciation by sending them broadcast over the land."

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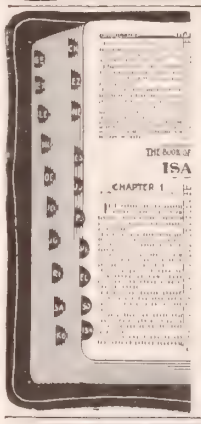

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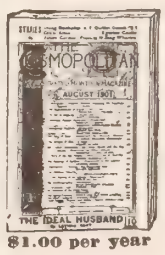

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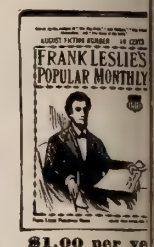

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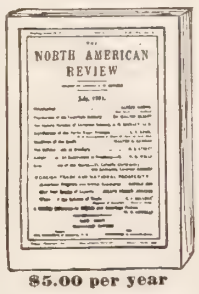

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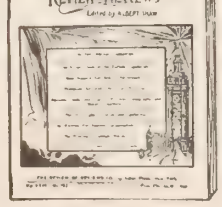

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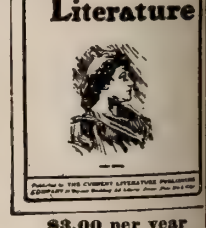

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24 Pages

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 24—NUMBER 44

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

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SEE PAGE 910

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A HANDSOME RESIDENCE IN KNOXVILLE, TENN.

THIS attractive property is about two miles from the centre of the city of Knoxville, Tenn., whose climate is considered one of the most delightful in the United States, approaching very nearly that of Asheville, N. C., the famous health resort. The house is in the most fashionable suburb of Knoxville. It stands on an elevation overlooking the river and the view includes several miles of the river in two directions, with the Chilhowee and Smoky Mountains as a background. The grounds comprise 8 acres, at the back of which flows a mountain stream. There are beautifully laid out walks, flowers, driveways, etc. The house is of brick, built only four years ago. It contains 12 rooms, and has all the conveniences and luxuries that its outside appearance would naturally suggest. It is lighted by both gas and electricity. No expense was spared in its interior arrangement and finish. It is known throughout the State of Tennessee for its elegance and beauty. The entire property is for sale for just what the house cost to build four years ago, when every thing was low—$30,000—and only $5,000 is required in cash.

AN IDEAL FLORIDA HOTEL SITE

I have for sale, in Daytona, Florida, some building lots with a total frontage of 235 feet on the Halifax River. The lots run back 500 feet to Palmetto Ave. From one of the lots the natural forest has never been cut—on the other stands a good store building and a dwelling. There is also another small lot fronting the ocean, which could be used for pavilion, bath houses, etc. The location of the store is indicated by the cross in the above picture.

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The property, buildings, riparian rights and beach lot will be sold for $35,000 —half cash. This is exceptionally low, and offers golden opportunity for some enterprising man with capital. Write for full details.

A BARGAIN AT TOMS RIVER, N.J.

THIS is a fine little farm of 8½ acres on the main road from Toms River to Island Heights, and only eight miles from Lakewood, New Jersey's most exclusive summer resort. There is a fine orchard on the farm. The house is modern, has six rooms and plenty of porch room, and is fully furnished. The railroad station and post office at Toms River are only 1½ miles away. Besides affording a comfortable home, this farm can be made profitable by the sale of fruit, fowls and farm produce —these finding a ready sale in the neighboring summer resorts.

The price of the property is $7,500. Write for terms and full description. I have a number of New Jersey farms in desirable locations. Tell me approximately the size, location and price you wish to pay, and I will send descriptions of places that will probably suit you.

A California Orange and Lemon Orchard

THIS is a splendid little orchard of 9 acres, all in oranges and lemons, ten years old and in full bearing. It is in San Diego County, within 2 1-2 miles of the ocean and 3 miles from the Mexican line. It is piped and flumed for irrigation, and independent of the water system, as there is a good well on the premises. The cottage shown in illustration below is one story, hardwood finished throughout, with two verandas. There is a double-walled lemon house (for packing), chicken houses and barn. The climate is ideal. The present owner came here a year ago in very poor health. Has regained it now, and wishes to return to his business in the east. The property is a bargain at $5,000. Write for terms and particulars.

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THIS desirable property is only half a mile from Norfolk, Mass., and only 23 miles from Boston, on the N. Y., N. H., and H. R. R. The farm covers altogether 14 acres, 8 of which are under plow, and 3 1-2 are in native timber. There is a good orchard, a fine lawn set out with young shade trees, strawberry bed, one acre of blackberries, and some currants. The house is exceptionally well built. Its size is 34 x 26 feet; 8 rooms, bath room, and a large attic in which two more rooms could be made; furnace heat; running water on two floors. There are two good wells on the place, and a windmill supplying water to house and barn. The barn is 40 x 18, with cellar. There are two large hen-houses on the property. This property is admirably suited to the requirements of a gentleman who desires a pleasant home and small farm. The price is very low—$4,000—$2,600 down, balance on mortgage. I have some other Massachusetts properties that may interest you.

Tell Me What You Want

An Attractive Country Seat in Carroll Co., N. H.

THIS is a fine estate of 123 acres—60 of which are in native timber. It is in one of the most picturesque sections of New Hampshire. The commodious house was built by day labor in 1898, is hardwood finished and has open fireplaces. There is a fine apple orchard, and a grove of maples yielding 250 lbs. sugar yearly, a good barn and servant's house. There is plenty of bass, trout and pickerel fishing, and partridge-deer shooting. The house is at an elevation of 1,050 ft. above sea level. The place is an ideal country estate for a gentleman of leisure who is fond of good sport and beautiful scenery. The illustration at the upper right hand corner of this page, is one of the picturesque views which this property affords. Price $4,750—$2,500 cash. The house alone cost $4,200 to build. Write for details, photographs and plans.

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THE lot on which this residence stands is 80 x 110 ft. The house is 20 feet from the street line, and has 16 rooms, two baths, hot water heat, two porches, and all modern conveniences. It is tasteful in design and finish, and the grounds are well kept and nicely terraced. Reading is a thriving city of 80,000, with splendid school facilities. The property is offered at $8,000—half cash. Write for further details.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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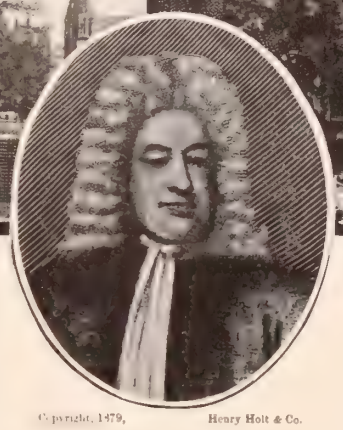

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ELIHU YALE

HOW to celebrate appropriately the two-hundredth birthday of Yale University must have been a problem of some difficulty even to the eminent men to whom it was confided. The imposing ceremonies of last week are a sufficient proof of their large-minded comprehension as well as of their tact and artistic taste. What Yale is to the nation at large and what it has done for the nation during its past history were shown by object lessons that none could fail to understand, and by living examples of whom the whole nation is proud. About 11,000 men are still living who have graduated from Yale. They are scattered over the whole world, and no small proportion of them left their work in distant lands to take part in this great celebration. If one can imagine the long muster-roll of the eminent graduates, now dead and gone, looking on, what an assemblage of historic characters living and dead, that New England town would have held! The dead were not forgotten, but the living formed a group that sufficiently attested that Yale is not obliged to go back to the grave to prove her efficiency as a teacher, and her claims on the gratitude of the nation. Her living sons occupy places so prominent in statesmanship, in science, on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit and in all the walks of life in which learning and talent are needed for success, and are doing service so valuable that the University is entitled to be proud of them. Distinguished men from the universities of our own and other lands came to congratulate Yale on her bi-centenary making, with her own alumni, an assemblage as illustrious as any that the world has seen in recent years.

The celebration began appropriately with a service in Battell Chapel, on Oct. 20. Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, always popular with Yale men, was the preacher. In the afternoon the pulpit was occupied by Dr. George P. Fisher, whose writings have made the Yale University of our generation famous the world over. To him the service must have been pathetic, as it was the close of his long and brilliant career in connection with the university. On Monday two orations celebrated the contributions of Yale to the professions of law and medicine. Mr. Thomas Thacher, of New York, who graduated from Yale thirty years ago, spoke for the former, and Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins, of the 1870 class, for the latter. On Tuesday the subjects were the work of Yale as it has contributed through her sons to the development of the great West in intellectual and educational life, and the share Yale has had in the advance of science and letters during its past history. President Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, was the orator on the former topic, and was able to bear the testimony of an eye-witness, and ex-President Daniel C. Gilman, now of Johns Hopkins University, who graduated from Yale nearly half a century ago, dealt with the latter. On Wednesday was recited the Commemorative Ode, written by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, a graduate of Yale in 1853, and an address was given by Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court of the class of 1856. The day was further conspicuous by the visit of President Roosevelt, on whom the University conferred the degree of LL.D., as it conferred the same degree, one hundred and twenty years ago, on George Washington.

The most picturesque feature of the celebration was the torchlight procession on Monday night, in which two thousand students took part. This was so arranged as to represent the successive eras in Yale's history. The academic seniors, costumed as Indians, indicated the earliest period; next came the scientific seniors, attired in cloaks and tall hats, representing the colonial period; then a band in long coats and beaver hats such as the students wore in 1812; and so on down to the present time, when the academic garb was enlivened by a group of rough-riders and a detachment in the uniform of the naval brigade from the Cruiser *Yale*. Following were great bodies of graduates in the order of graduation, all wearing blue caps and gowns and bearing torches. Not only was the campus, but the whole town of New Haven illuminated for the occasion, the municipality having grown out of the old jealousy of "gown and town" so thoroughly as to be proud of its famous seat of learning. It voted $1,500 for decorations, and the business men of the town gave upwards of $2,000 for general use in the festival.

The musical features of the celebration were not likely to be neglected in the hands of Dr. Parker, Professor of the Theory of Music in the University. The Greek Festival Hymn, written by Professor Goodell and set to music by Professor Parker, was beautifully rendered by a specially trained choir, at the Wednesday celebration. Professor Parker's great work, *Hora Novissima*, was presented under his leadership. There was also an organ recital in Battell Chapel, by Professor Jepson, and Dr. Sanford, Professor of Applied Music, led a student's chorus in popular music and the singing of old and new songs and hymns. On Tuesday afternoon there was a grand concert on a most elaborate scale in the Hyperion Theatre, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Wilhelm Gericke.

EX-PRESIDENT DWIGHT — PRESIDENT ARTHUR T. HADLEY — PROF. GEO. P. FISHER

Exhibitions of rare interest also formed part of the bi-centennial celebration. One was that of antiquated manuscripts and volumes bearing on American education and the history of the University. It included the old text-books of 1701, and on, in complete series to 1850. A loan collection was also made of old diplomas, the earliest of which was conferred on Nathaniel Chauncey in 1702. A fine collection of old pianos and clavichords was in the exhibition of the Musical Department, and a number of pictures by John Trumbull, the Revolutionary painter, whose large canvases in the Capitol at Washington are familiar to all visitors.

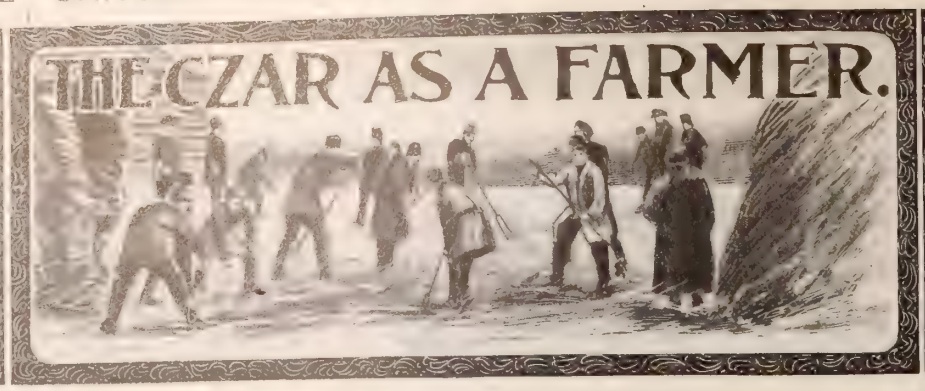
In addition to all these, there was a series of volumes prepared specially for the occasion by members of the faculty, each dealing with the progress made during the two centuries in his respective field of study.

This was the fourth grand celebration in the history of Yale. The first was in 1718, when the institution, after being removed from Saybrook, on Long Island Sound, where it was founded in 1701, to New Haven, had what was then described as "a splendid collegiate house." This was a plain structure of wood painted blue, a picture of which appears on the next page. The interior was divided into a chapel, also used as a dining-hall; a library, a kitchen and twenty sets of rooms for the students. The celebration was held in the chapel, and among the distinguished guests were Governor Saltonstall and Hon. William Taylor, who represented Elihu Yale, "of London." As Mr. Yale had given $2,812 toward the founding of the college, the trustees "solemnly named the building Yale College," to perpetuate the memory of the benefactor, "who had granted so liberal and bountiful a donation for the perfecting and adorning of it." In 1751 a second

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE CZAR AS A FARMER.

A RUSSIAN MUJIK



SCHOOLBOYS RECEIVING A LESSON IN AGRICULTURE

"THE LITTLE FATHER"

BESIDES being "Autocrat of all the Russias" and head of the Greek Orthodox Faith, the Czar has always evinced a desire to be the leader of his people in matters of industry. As president of the Trans-Siberian Railroad he often presides at the meetings of its directors, and it is his pride that with his own hands he drove the first spike in its construction, eight years ago, at Vladivostok.

Under his rule Siberia has become the garden spot and hope of the Russian Empire. American seed grain has been introduced, and Yankee methods of agriculture are taught by specialists who travel from district to district. Model farming villages have been built by royal command all through Siberia and money advanced to the new settlers, to whom every opportunity has been offered to become independent farmers.

With 90 per cent. of his 140,000,000 subjects dependent on the soil, the Little Father at St. Petersburg naturally gives much of his time to the consideration of different plans for the amelioration of their condition. The Russian mujik, or peasant, is not progressive; moreover, he is hardheaded, prefers his primitive plough which, without much exertion on his part, may be made to scratch the soil; looks with horror on innovations unknown to his fathers, and absolutely refuses to alter his methods, unless at express command of the Czar. No Russian would disobey the White Father, any more than he would commit sacrilege, or show disrespect to the Ikon, or holy picture which hangs in the room of every Russian, high or low. Evidently the Czar relies on the force of example for carrying out his reforms. Everywhere on his appanages, or private lands—which embrace thousands of square miles in various parts of the empire—every known agricultural improvement has been introduced; further still, on these great plantations are maintained numerous experimental agricultural stations. In Central Asia it is tobacco and cotton seed from America that are experimented with, and the peasants are sent to learn the best methods of cultivating the new products. In the Trans-Caucasus, tea-growing has been successfully introduced, and the peasants are being initiated by Chinamen into the art of preparing the leaves for the market. In the Caucasus and the Crimea, the vineyards are being brought to perfection.

The Russian Government, recognizing the fact that alcohol is the great curse of the country, is seeking in every way to mitigate the horrors it creates. Vodka (pure rye brandy), is the drink of the peasant. During the long winter nights, and even during the days, the mujik remains in his cottage, asleep on the stove. A few million men, women and children, it is true, find work at home: lace-making, carving all kinds of wooden ware, wheelmaking, moulding clay and painting Ikons; but for the vast majority, who neither read nor write, there is nothing to look forward to during the long winter months. These seek oblivion in drink. In vain the Government has taken the vodka traffic in han and made it a monopoly. The peasants being forbidde to drink over the bar, vodka is sold to them in bottle which they merely step outside long enough to empty and come back for more; often pawning their clothin in lieu of cash. Royalty has organized a temperanc movement on a grand scale in the large cities, wher free, open-air concerts are given, at which tea and so drinks are served. Temperance restaurants have bee established, and in summer, great barges take the pe ple out on river excursions. The temperance movemer is growing, yet there are whole districts in Siberia th are deserted, simply because the bread made from th wheat grown in the damp climate, ferments to such a extent that it causes a light form of intoxication.

The Czar spares neither effort nor expense in placin object lessons before his simple folk. Immense barge a thousand feet in length, on the open decks of whic experimental farms are operated, float down the gre streams of Russia, stopping at every village. Th peasants are invited aboard, and there given practic lessons in modern farming, and in this way new metho and plants are introduced. Children of the peasan attend schools where, in addition to reading, writin and arithmetic, they learn valuable lessons in practic agriculture. On Arbor Day they plant various kin of trees, over which they are expected to watch, and summer they assist in harvesting and in haymaking.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD.

FARMING IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA

BRINGING IN THE HARVEST

YALE'S BICENTENARY

.. Continued From Preceding Page ..

celebration was held, which consisted mainly in a long oration in Latin by Tutor (afterwards President) Ezra Stiles, covering almost "the entire range of human knowledge," with special reference "to the promulgation of education among the Chaldeans, Chinese and Phœnicians." The third celebration was in 1850, in President Woolsey's administration. Only one day was allotted to it. The graduates, then a thousand strong, marched in procession to Centre Church, where President Woolsey delivered an oration. Afterwards there was an alumni dinner on the lawn, and a graduate celebration in the evening.

YALE COLLEGE IN 1718

No more impressive object lesson of the growth of our country could have been given than the celebration of this bicentenary. The University has kept pace in its development with the development of the nation. The poor little college, over which Thomas Clap reigned with such vigor in 1740, grew in spite of its proverty and its difficulties. In his day there were only two professorial chairs, one of Divinity and the other of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics. Sixty years later, under President Dwight, there was only one department in the College; there were only four buildings, and the seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen together, made a total of not more than 212 students. That was the situation in 1801 under Dr. Dwight. When his grandson handed the reins to President Hadley, a century later, there were thirty-seven University buildings, 108 Professors, 162 tutors and 2,582 students. Such a growth in the comparatively short space of one century is truly phenomenal. To the men of 1801, lookin back over the first century of the institution's existenc the attainment seemed wonderful, as it was, in vie of the obstacles which had been overcome. What the tainment will be during the third century on which Ya has entered, who can tell? But the future is bright wi hope and she goes forward with the nation's good wishe

BATTELL CHAPEL

BRIGANDS AND THEIR VICTIMS

Outlaws who Have Terrorized Society and, as in the Case of Miss Stone, Exacted Heavy Ransom for their Prisoners

ROFESSOR William Roscoe Thayer speaks of brigands as the "unerring products of bad vernment," and the case of the issionary, Miss Ellen M. Stone, ized by brigands for ransom in urkey, has been a vivid reminder the civilized world that Profes- r Thayer's definition is true. here has been no more striking umph of Christian civilization the nineteenth century than the adual extinction of brigandage, hich, until far into that century, evailed in a large part of Europe. d in at least one of the principal publics of America. Indeed, in e ruder period of the Far West d Southwest, brigandage—that organized outlawry for the pur- se of plunder and extortion—was t unknown in the United States, d the Civil War also left bands desperados in its wake whose erations might fairly come under same head. At present, brig- dage is extinct in every civilized gov- nment of Europe and America, it is ogether unknown in Protestant coun- es. Where it still lingers in western and uthern Europe, its survival is due to ustice exercised in the name of gov- nment, or to absolute anarchy, such as evails in parts of the Turkish Empire. During the turmoil of the Middle Ages, en the weak had no rights which the ong were bound to respect, it was dif- ult to tell where brigandage ended, and w and order—such as they were—began. he struggle between England and France er the crown of the latter country con- ted thousands of the unhappy French o brigands, and some of the fairest provinces of France were raided and ried for years by robber chiefs, who led themselves English or French, as might seem to their advantage, and o lived by plunder.

The despotism, cruelty and superstition hich have characterized so- led government in Italy l Spain, Greece and Tur- y, have been mainly re- onsible for the existence brigandage of those coun- s down to the present y. In Italy, the Bourbons couraged brigandage, and ed the chiefs of banditti as truments to carry out ir despotic policy. Brig- dage had been regularly ployed by Ferdinand, the tored Bourbon sovereign, harass Murat, when the er was king of Naples. erdinand," Professor ayer tells us, "had kept nca, Guariglia, Fra Dia- o, and others only less in- ous than these chiefs, in pay. He had even ap- nted Fra Diavolo a brig- er-general and Duke of ssano. Romance has suc ded in throwing a glamor respectability round these lebreakers, but their ex- ploits, when shorn to the sture of truth, appear ply as crimes, vulgar or e or bloodthirsty.

The prevalence of brig- dage indicated the corrup- n of the Government and t lawlessness of the peo- Everything conspired t make brigandage popular and profita- . There were many discharged soldiers o had now no occupation, and who pre- red banditti to toil. There were also ny criminals who, escaping arrest, took the mountains, and preyed on the peas- ry. Some of the communities sympa- ted with the brigands, but more fre- ently they were terrorized into paying bute. The situation grew so serious that en the Bourbon Government felt the disgrace. In each province a Junta was appointed, composed of the intendant, the egal commander of the troops, and the judge of the criminal court. They drew up a list of outlaws, set a price on every out- law's head, and when one was captured, they had only to identify him with a name on the list. Identification having been es- tablished, he was executed without trial.

This Draconic method might have served the ends of justice had the lists been honestly compiled, but the Juntas ultimately became more hateful to peace- able citizens than the brigands them- selves, and the Government was at length actually compelled to enter into a treaty with leading brigands, one of whom, Gaetano Vardarelli, was taken, with his forty followers, into the king's pay. Hav- ing thus got them into his power by deceit, Ferdinand had them entrapped and butchered.

It may be needless to say that such methods of putting down crime did not have satisfactory results. Brigandage continued to flourish, and survives to this day in Italy and Sicily. The existence of brigandage in Sicily and southern Italy, is, no doubt, largely due to the wretched condition of the Italian and Sicilian peas- antry. A notable instance is that of the famous brigand Mussolino, who terrorized a large section of Italy for years and de- fied all efforts at capture, but was run to earth at last.

It is probable that European Turkey and the mountainous parts of Greece have never, in modern times, been free from brigandage. Indeed, the very lead- ers who fought for Grecian independence acted much like brigands in dealing with cargoes of flour sent from America for the relief of the starving poor of Greece. This was probably the first example of the charitable work of benevolent Amer- icans, which was so splendidly carried on in later times by readers of THE CHRIS- TIAN HERALD. A committee sent from New York in 1827, three cargoes, on the ship *Chancellor*, the brig *Six Brothers*, and the brig *Jane*. Dr. Howe, a mis- sionary, had charge of the distribution. The cargoes were landed and put in a storehouse, and the poor Greeks flocked in throngs for the food. Suddenly Coloc- otroni, a Greek commander, caused the storehouse to be closed, and tried to seize all the flour. The American man-of-war *Constitution* was not far away, and Dr. Howe appealed to her commander, who made Colocotroni desist, and the greater part of the flour ultimately reached the poor as originally intended.

TYPES OF BRIGANDS IN ARABIA AND SYRIA

PEASANTS OF THE TURKO-BULGARIAN BORDER, WHERE MISS STONE WAS ABDUCTED

In 1870 brigands perpetrated a crime, not far from Athens, which aroused the horror and indignation of civilized man- kind. Several English travelers, men and women, went to visit the battlefield of Marathon. The party included Lord and Lady Muncaster, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Vyner, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd and child. They were seized by Greek brigands, who demanded a ransom of 25,000 pounds sterling ($125,000). The brigands allowed the women and several others to go back to Athens, but kept three of the captives, Herbert, Vyner and Lloyd, as hostages for the payment of the money. Troops were sent from Athens to attempt a rescue of the prisoners and found the three Englishmen dead, their throats having been cut as soon as the brigands learned that the troops were coming to attack them. The Rev. Hugh Callan, M.A., a Scotch clergyman, who traveled in Albania in 1898, says that "internecine feuds —murder, robbery and pillage—go on daily."

Did space permit, many instances might be mentioned where captives were held for ransom. In 1871, an Englishman, his wife and her lady attendant, were taken by brigands in Valencia, and compelled to per- suade friends to purchase their freedom. In 1870, two English tourists were taken near Gibraltar and paid $27,000 ransom. In 1874, Arthur Hazeldin was seized by banditti in the mountains of Anda- lusia, and his liberation cost his friends $35,000, which they gladly paid to save his life. In 1894, the entire body of local magistrates at Lamia, in Thessaly, were seized by a notorious bandit and his followers, but the situation quickly changed and the bandit crew was exterminated. In 1880, Col. I. H. Synge, an Englishman, was seized in the Cara- feria district of Macedonia, by a noted brigand named Nicko, and released after a heavy ransom had been paid by the British Government. Capt. Marriott and Mr. James Whitall, both Englishmen, were captured near Smyrna, in 1896, and $50,000 was demanded for their release. In 1898, three French ladies were seized at Ismidt, near the Turkish capital and only released upon payment of $50,000 by the French Government—the amount being afterwards repaid by Turkey. As a rule, the European Governments pay the ran- soms demanded for their subjects, and are repaid later by the Government on whose territory the act of brigandage takes place. Between 1860 and 1880, the British author- ities paid out $125,000 in connection with fourteen seizures by brigands. M. Louis Chevallier, a French engineer, was seized in 1898 in Macedonia, in the same territory where Miss Stone was captured, and he was de- tained for $125,000 ransom. In the same region, Mme. Branzeau, a French subject, was abducted, and only re- leased upon payment of ransom. At a more recent date, the Rev. Arthur J. Smith, of the Howard Ave- nue M. E. Church, New Haven, Conn., was seized by bandits while visiting the tomb of Polycarp, near Smyrna, and he, with his companions, only escaped by flight after a severe handling, by a courageous dash for liberty. A notable case in our own land was the kidnapping of young Cudahy by a Western des- perado, who exacted a heavy ransom from the father for the son's return.

The case of Miss Stone may justly be regarded as one of the most outrageous crimes in the history of ban- dittism, and the more likely, for that reason, to arouse the Christian world to the necessity of effacing such ves- tiges of this barbarous and savage practice as continue to mar the map of Europe and of the world.

HENRY MANN.

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THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Far-Reaching Influences

TEXT--Job 38: 31:
Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?

WHAT is the meaning of that question which God put to Job? Have we all our lives been reading it, and are most of us ignorant of its beauty and power and practical suggestiveness? A meaningless passage of Scripture many thought it to be. But the telescopes were busy age after age, and astronomical observations kept on questioning the skies until the meaning of my text comes out lustrously. The Pleiades is a constellation of seven stars appearing to the naked eye, but scientific instruments reveal more than four hundred properly belonging to the group. Alcyone is the name of the brightest star of that group called the Pleiades. A Russian astronomer observed that Alcyone is the centre of gravitation of our solar system. Hugh Macmillan says that the sun and its planets wheel around that centre at the rate of four hundred and twenty-two thousand miles a day in an orbit which it will take nineteen million years to complete. The Pleiades appear in the springtime, and are associated with flowers and genial warmth and good weather. The navigation of the Mediterranean was from May to November—the rising and the setting of the Pleiades. The priests of Belus noticed that rising and setting two thousand years before Christ.

Now the glorious meaning of my text is plain as well as radiant. To give Job the beautiful grace of humility God asked him: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" Have you any power over the laws of gravitation? Can you modify or change an influence wielded by a star more than four hundred thousand miles away? Can you control the winds of the springtime? Can you call out the flowers? How little you know compared with omniscience! How little you can do compared with omnipotence!

The probability is that Job had been tempted to arrogance by his vast attainments. He was a metallurgist, a zoologist, a poet, and shows by his writings he had knowledge of hunting, of music, of husbandry, of medicine, of mining, of astronomy, and perhaps was so far ahead of the scholars and scientists of his time that he may have been somewhat puffed up. Hence this interrogation of my text. And there is nothing that so soon takes down human pride as

An Interrogation Point

rightly thrust. Christ used it mightily. Paul mounted the parapet of his great arguments with such a battery. Men of the world understand it. Demosthenes began his speech on the crown, and Cicero his oration against Catiline, and Lord Chatham his most famous orations with a question. The empire of ignorance is so much vaster than the empire of knowledge that after the most learned and elaborate disquisition upon any subject of sociology or theology the plainest man may ask a question that will make the wisest speechless. After the profoundest assault upon Christianity the humblest may make an inquiry that would silence a Voltaire.

Called upon, as we all are at times, to defend our holy religion, instead of argument that can always be answered by argument, let us try the power of interrogation. We ought to be loaded with at least half a dozen questions and always ready, and when Christianity is assailed, and we are told there is nothing in it, and there is no God, and there never was a miracle, and that the Scriptures are unreasonable and cruel, and that there never will be a judgment day, take out of your portable armory of interrogation something like this: "What makes the condition of woman in Christian lands better than in heathen lands? Do you think it would be kind in God to turn the human race into a world without any written revelation to explain and encourage and elevate and save? And if a revelation was made, which do you prefer—the Zenda-Vesta of the Persian, or the Confucian writings of the Chinese, or the Koran of Mohammed, or our Bible? If Christ is not a divine being, what did he mean when he said, "Before Abram was, I am?" If the Bible is a bad book, where are the evil results of reading it? Did you see any degrading influence of the book in your father, or mother, or sister, who used to read it? Do you not think that a judgment day is necessary in order to explain and fix up things that were never explained or fixed up? If our religion is illogical and an imposition upon human credulity, why were Herschel and Washington and Gladstone and William McKinley its advocates? How did it happen that our religion furnished the theme for the greatest poem ever written, *Paradise Lost*, and to the painters their greatest themes in the "Adoration of the Magi," "The Transfiguration," "The Last Supper," "The Crucifixion," "The Entombment," "The Last Judgment," and that all the schools of painting put forth their utmost genius in presenting "The Madonna"?

Why was it that William Shakespeare after amazing the world as he will amaze all centuries, with the splendor and power of *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Coriolanus*, and *Richard the Third*, and *King Lear*, and *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, wrote with his own hand his last will and testament, beginning it with the words: "In the name of God, amen! I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, in perfect health and memory (God be praised!), do make and ordain this my last will and testament through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting, and my body to the earth whereof it is made"? Had Shakespeare lost his reason when he wrote his faith in Christ and the great atonement? Put your antagonist a few questions like that, and you will find him excusing himself for an engagement he must meet immediately, or he will start on a retreat like that which our Northern troops made for yonder Long Bridge after the battle of Manassas. A discourse on God's omnipotence and man's limitations would not have had such an effect upon Job as the interrogation of the text: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades"?

Ancestral Influences

These words also recognize far-reaching influences. Job probably had no adequate idea of the distance of the worlds mentioned from our world, but he knew them to be far off; and we, who have the advantage of modern sidereal investigation ought to be still more impressed than was Job with the question of the text, as it puts before us the fact that worlds hundreds of thousands of miles distant have a grip on our world. There are influences which hold us from afar. There may have been in our ancestral line perhaps two hundred years ago, some consecrated man or woman who has held over all the generations since an influence for good which we have no power to realize, and we, in turn, by our virtue or vice, may influence those who shall live two hundred years from now. Moral gravitation is as powerful as material gravitation, and if, as my text teaches and science confirms, the Pleiades, which are millions of miles from our earth influence the earth, we ought to be impressed with how we may be influenced by others far away back, and how we may influence others far down the future. That rill away up amongst the Alleghanies, so thin, you think it will hardly find its way down the rocks, becomes the mighty Ohio rolling into the Mississippi and rolling into the sea. That word you utter, that deed you do, may augment itself as the years go by until rivers cease to roll, and the ocean itself shall be dried up in the burning of the world. Paul, who was all the time saying important things, said nothing more startlingly suggestive than when he declared: "None of us liveth or dieth to himself." Words, thoughts, actions, have an eternity of flight. As Job could not bind the sweet influences of the Seven Stars, as they were called, so we cannot arrest or turn aside the good projected long ago. Those influences were started centuries before our cradle was rocked, and will reign centuries after our graves are dug. O, it is a tremendous thing to live! God help us to live aright.

Astronomers can easily locate the Pleiades. They will take you into their observatories on a clear night, and aim their revealing instrument toward the part in the heavens where those seven stars have their habitude, and they will point to the constellation Taurus, and you can see for yourself. But it is impossible to point to influences far back that have affected our character and will affect our destiny. We know the influences near by—paternal, maternal, conjugal—but by the time we have gone back two generations, or at most three, our investigations falter and fail. Through the modern interesting habit of searching back to find the ancestral tree, we may find a long list of names, but they are only names. The consecration or abandonment of some one two hundred years ago was not recorded. It would not be so important if you and I, by our good or bad behavior, blessed or blasted only those immediately around us, but our goodness or our badness will reach as far as the strongest ray of Alcyone—yea! across the eternities. Under this consideration, what do you think of those who give themselves up to frivolity or idleness, and throw away fifty years of their existence as though they were shells or pebbles or pods, instead of embryo eternities?

I suppose one of the greatest surprises of the next world will be to see what wide, far-reaching influence for good or evil we have all exerted. I am speaking of ourselves, who are only ordinary people. But who can fully appreciate the far-reaching good done by men of wealth in Great Britain for the working classes? Mr. Lister, of Bradford; Edward Akroyd, of Halifax; Thomas Sikes, of Huddersfield; Joseph Wentw and Josiah Mason, and Sir Titus Salt. This last soul, with his vast wealth, provided 756 houses at c rent for three thousand working people, and cl and cricket ground, and croquet lawn, and concert and savings bank where they might deposit sor their earnings, and life insurance for those who lc further ahead, and bath-houses, and parks, museums, and lecture halls with philosophical ap tus, the generous example of those men of a pre generation being copied in many places in Canad the United States, making life, which would othe be a prolonged drudgery, an inspiration and a joy.

At Dunfermline, Scotland, is a stone house, the on the second floor twelve feet by fourteen in The annual rent of that room years ago was That was the one room in which the father and m of Andrew Carnegie lived with the whole fa Influences were started there which made Ar Carnegie the most distinguished philanthropist time, and what his gifts of great libraries on both the sea will do for the coming generations I d think any angel of God would have enough capac calculate. Who could bind the sweet influences o Pleiades?

After a while, there will be a man who will c churches and missionary societies and Bible distrit what Andrew Carnegie has done for libraries, anc the millennium will be here. As the snow-drops b to January, and the honeysuckle to June, and the anthemum to November, so this bloom and fragra generosity on the part of the world's wealth mear advancing summer of the world's release, of Ed stored, of paradise regained. You say there are t to discourage. I know it. But I am not now exp sepulchres full of dead men's bones and all unclea I am watching the day-break. I am studying the that streams into the darkness. I am considerin sweet influences of the Pleiades.

Notice also in my text the influence of other v upon this world. We all regard the effect whic continent has upon other continents or one hemis upon the other hemisphere. Great harvest or dr on one side of our world affects the other side world. A panic in Wall street, New York, has its in Lombard street and the Bourse. The nations earth cablegramed together, all feel the same th delight or shock of woe. But we do not appreci influence of other worlds upon our world. The of my text rouses us to the consideration. It tak the worlds of known and unknown astronomy to our world in its orbit.

Every World Dependent

on other worlds. The influence is felt all throu heavens. Every constellation is a sisterhood. planet feels the benediction of Alcyone and other stars of the Pleiades. Yea! there are two worlds that decide the fate of our world—its re tion or its demolition. Those two worlds are the quarters of angelology and demonology. From t world came Christ, come ministering spirits, co gracious influences. From the other world rise all s and diabolic influences. From that world of moral rose the power that wrecked our poor world six sand years ago, and all the good work done sinc has not been able to get our world out of the bre But the signals of distress have been hoisted an lifelines are out, and our world's release is c The good influences of the consecrated people world will be centupled by the help from the he world, and the divine power will overcome t moniac. O, man! O, woman! Expand your ide know the magnitude of a contest in which three are specially interested. From all the seven w which my text calls the Pleiades, there come no powerful influences as from the two worlds that now mentioning. My only hope for this world is reinforcement that is to come from another But that is promised, and so I feel as sure rectification of all evil as though looking out window to-day I saw the parks and the gardens f ing into another paradise, and the apocalyptic flying through the midst of heaven with the new the kingdoms of this world have become the king of our Lord.

My text called Job and calls us to consider "the influences." We put too much emphasis upo acidities of life, upon the irritations of life. upo disappointments of life. Ammianus Marcellinus that Chaldea was, in olden times, overrun with but many of them lost their power because the swamps produced many gnats, that would get in eyes of the lions, and the lions, to free themselves

gnaw, would claw their own eyes out, and then starve. And in our time many a lion has been overcome by a gnat.

The little, stinging annoyances of life keep us from appreciating the sweet influences. And how many of these last there are! Sweet influences of home, however plain it may be! That is the harbor into which we sail. There we lay out our plans. There we extend our sympathies. There we talk over our successes. There we unload our griefs. Its four walls shut out a prying and inquisitive world. Thank God for the home in which we were born, the home in which we now live, the home in which we expect to die!

Not sufficiently do we recognize the sweet influences of the wife. We men are of a rougher mold, and our voice is loud, and our manners need to be tamed, and gentleness is not as much of a characteristic as it ought to be, and we often say things we ought to take back. It is to change this that the good wife comes in. The interests of the twain are identical. Sweet influences that make us better men than we otherwise would have been or could have been! The last chapter of Proverbs recognizes the good wife's influence when it says: "The husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land." That is, his apparel indicates that he has someone to look after his wardrobe, and his manners show that he is under refining influences at home. But no one fully appreciates the sweet influences of the wife, until the dark day comes, and the slight symptoms become serious, and the serious phases of disorder pass into the fatal, and the temperature rises, and medical ingenuity is exhausted, and you are told for your consolation that, "while there is life there is hope," which means that there is no hope at all, and the precious life flutters, and is gone, and you must put out of sight the one who from the day she took the vow under the orange blossoms under the marriage bell, had been to you more than all the world beside. Then you realize as never before what had been the sweet influences.

Sweet influences of friendship! If we have behaved ourselves tolerably well, we have friends. In our days of mirth they come with their congratulations. In times of sorrow they come with expressions of solace. In times of perplexity they come with their advice. They come with us at weddings and at burials. If there is anything good in us they find it out, and our frailties they overlook or excuse. If something appears against us they say: "Wait till I hear the other side." If disaster shall befall us we know from whom would come the first condolence. Family friends; church friends; business friends; lifelong friends. In our heart of hearts we cherish them.

Sweet influences of our holy religion, surrounded, as we are, by all the amenities of Christian society—men and women who have felt the refining and elevating power of the Gospel! Sweet influences of the Sabbath—fifty-two of them chiming their joy into every year! Sweet influences of the Scriptures, with their balm for all wounds and their light for every darkness! When the heirs of a vast estate in England wished to establish their claim to property worth one hundred million dollars, they offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of an old Bible, the family record of which contained the evidence requisite. But any Bible, new or old, can help us to a vaster inheritance than the one spoken of, one that never fades away.

The sweet influences of the heavenly world, which many wise men thought for a long while was Alcyone, the centre of the constellation of the Pleiades—world of our future residence, as we hope; world of chorus and illumination; world of reunion; world where we shall be everlastingly complete; world where our old faculties will be intensified and quickened and new faculties implanted; world of high association with Christ, through whose grace we got there at all, and apostles, and poets Habakkuk, and St. John of Patmos; and Hannah More and Mrs. Hemans and Miss Sigourney, who struck their harps till nations listened; and David, the victor over Goliath with what seemed insufficient weapons; and Joshua of the prolonged day in Gibeon; and Havelock, the evangelist hero, and those thousands of men of the sword who fought on the right side. What company to move in! What guests to entertain! What personages to visit! What choirs to chant! What banquets with lifted chalices filled with "the new wine of the kingdom!" What victories to celebrate!

The stories of that world and its holy hilarities come in upon our soul, sometimes in song, sometimes in sermon, sometimes in hours of solitary reflection, and they are, to use the words of my text, sweet influences. But there is one star that affects us more with its sweet influences than the centre star,—the Alcyone of the Pleiades,—and that is what one Bible author calls the Star of Jacob, and another Bible author calls the Morning Star. Of all the sweet influences that have ever touched our earth, those that radiate from Christ are the sweetest. Born an Asiatic villager, in a mechanic's home, living more among hammers and saws and planes than among books, yet at twelve years of age confounding robed ecclesiastics, and starting out on a mission under which those born without optic nerve took in the clear daylight, and those afflicted with unresponsive tympanum were made to hear, and those almost doubled up with deformities were straightened into graceful poise, and the leprous became rubicund, and the widow's only son exchanged the bier on which he lay lifeless, for the arms of his overjoyed mother; and pronouncing nine benedictions on the Mount of Beatitudes, and doing deeds and speaking words which are filling the centuries with sweet influences. Christ started every ambulance, kindled every electric ray, spread every soft hospital pillow, and introduced all the alleviations and pacifications and rescues and mercies of all time. He was the loveliest being who ever trod our earth—more beauty in his eye, more tenderness in his manner, more gentleness in his footstep, more music in his voice, more dignity in his brow, more gracefulness in the locks that rolled upon his shoulders, more compassion in his soul.

Sweet influences of the Holy Ghost, with all his transforming and comforting and emancipating power. When that power is fully felt there will be no more sins to pardon, and no more wrongs to correct, and no more sorrows to comfort, and no more bondage to break. But, as the old-time ship captains watched the rising of the Pleiades for safe navigation and set sail in Mediterranean waters, but were sure to get back into port before the constellation Orion came into sight,—the season of cyclone and hurricane,—so there is a time to sail for heaven, and that is while the sweet influences are upon us, and before the storms overtake the delay. Open all your soul to the light and warmth and comfort and inspiration of that Gospel which has already peopled heaven with millions of the ransomed, and is helping other millions to that glorious destination. Do not postpone the things of God and eternity till the storms of life swoop and the agitations of a great future are upon us. Do not dare wait until Orion takes the place of the Pleiades. Weigh anchor now, and with chart unrolled, and pilot on board, head for the reunions and raptures that await all the souls forgiven. "And they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

GIRL-LIFE IN AN INDIAN TRIBE

MISS STANDING YELLOW MISS RUNNING WATER MRS. SQUAW MAN AND BABY NELLIE LONE WOLF ANNIE AND MARY DEERFOOT MISS YELLOW BEAR

PARENTAL lack of interest, so generally ascribed to the training of an Indian maiden, is found to have its existence only in the minds of those who do not understand the Indians. When one wishes to know the exact conditions surrounding a reservation girl of from ten to twenty, he concludes that few girls of any race are watched more closely than those being reared to womanhood by Indian parents.

While scholastic education has not until recently played such an important part in the life of the redskin maiden, other things required strict tutelage, even in bygone days. She was instructed in those primitive arts which would enable her to keep her husband's wigwam, and that would prepare her for the tasks of amusing and pleasing his lordship of the camp and caring for his little red babies. She was taught modesty, the principles of virtue were drilled into her, and faithfully her mother imparted to her the thousand-and-one things which would make life one of morality and industry. The Indian girl of to-day must go away to school at five and remain there until she has mastered all the simple lessons given by Government school teachers. She is divested of her blanket, and taught how to clothe herself neatly and well like a white girl. Her clothes are made by her own hands, at first awkwardly, but later with dispatch and precision.

The papoose is reared nowadays in either a small two-room government house or a tepee. She is allowed to play in the dirt and with toads, frogs and other wild things until she is five years old; then her education commences. Her school-life is much the same as that of her white sister; an Indian girl, however, learns more rapidly and remembers longer. She is quickly an adept at penmanship, spelling and geography. Grammar is her most difficult study. Their teachers find Indian girl students excelling in deportment.

It is not much more than five years since an Osage chieftain auctioned off his favorite daughter for 100 ponies, the same being the highest price offered by a score or more of Indian bucks. It was the cause of so much opposition that the Government finally put a stop to this. Now the Indian girl can choose her own husband,—a plan which may not suit the parents, but elopements have become a matter of such common event in the Indian country that a girl's preference is not often opposed.

The future of the Indian girls of the reservations of the Southwest is bright. Government statistics prove that every year they are casting aside more and more their blankets and other evidences of barbarity, in donning the garments and taking up the ways of the pale-faces. The old Indians, whether they can be induced to part with their ancient customs or not, are in favor of putting their daughters in school, that they may be prepared to take their places in the world. In the West it may seem strange to pass through an Indian village to-day, and find Indian girls mastering the typewriter and studying a short-hand book; but such are the sights one beholds.

The photographs given show the typical Indian maiden and woman of to-day. Miss Standing Yellow belongs to the Silver Moon Poncos; Miss Running Water is a Caddo Indian; Miss Nellie Lone Wolf, a Kiowa; Misses Deerfoot are Wichitas; Miss Yellow Bear is a Comanche. Thus, one sees in all the tribes, cultured, intelligent young women coming forward to take up the Red Man's problems, and solve them by teaching a rising generation the ways of civilization and of Christianity.

WM. R. DRAPER.

Wichita, Kan.

"Good News to the Poor" ✳ Israel Oppressed in Egyp

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 10. EXODUS 1 : 1-24

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT -- EXODUS 2 : 24 : GOD HEARD THEIR GROANING AND REMEMBERED HIS COVEN

I LIKE the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and with heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp—better with love a crust,
Than living in dishonor—envies not
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot;
But, with a smile, and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler; he alone is great
Who by life heroic conquers fate.

—SARAH K. BOLTON.

Genesis has told us of the formation of the world, now Exodus will tell us of the building of the chosen nation. It was all "God's building," even the hard toil on the treasure cities, which served as an industrial school for Israel to prepare them for the later building of the Tabernacle and the nation. The founders of the United States saw in the Exodus story the picture of their own nation building. To the American negroes it is the story of their own emancipation. Christians in every land have seen in this book the type of their pilgrimage from the bondage of sin, through the discipline of earthly trial, into the better life here, and the better land beyond.

Three timely topics in to-day's lesson: 1. Oppression. 2. Immigration. 3. Labor.

The Lesson Story

"An exile from home!" Such every Israelite felt himself to be in Egypt, especially after Joseph's death and the death of Apepi, the Pharaoh who honored him, left them without influential friends in a strange land. In the United States, in one or two generations an immigrant family ceases to feel alien, except in the case of one race, and that is the very race that kept itself a separate people in Egypt for hundreds of years.

The Egyptian Emperor or Pharaoh of Joseph's time, Apepi, was the last of the shepherd dynasty, which consisted of foreign rulers, such as the Manchu are in China to-day. He would not object to elevating Joseph, another foreigner, to the second place in the kingdom. But when the book of Exodus takes up the story, native rulers have long been restored to the throne, and, having frequent occasion to fight the Asiatic races, are afraid to have too many Asiatic immigrants, lest they join the enemy in some of these wars. In the first fourteen chapters of Exodus, which cover about a century, there were probably three Pharaohs—Seti, in the first chapter; Rameses II. in chapter two, and Meneptah I. in chapters five to fourteen. (The foregoing is condensed from George Rawlinson's *Egypt and Babylon*, which treats also the difficulty about the duration of the captivity. Compare Gen. 15: 13, 14; Ex. 12: 40, 41; Gal. 3: 17, which should not be allowed to crowd out the greater problems that need even more than the brief time allowed for lesson study in the class.) When Seti came to the throne, the Hittites, who are spoken of in the Bible as a great people, which sceptics thought an error until recent discoveries of inscriptions proved it, were threatening to give Egypt another conquest and another series of "Shepherd Kings," a term the Egyptians used in reproach, as if to intimate that their less educated and more vigorous conquerors were "outside barbarians." These Hittites had conquered Syria, and were threatening Egypt by an alliance of the foes of Egypt in Asia and North Africa, attacking from both sides. This was why Seti was so afraid to have nearly two millions of Hebrews in his land, who would sympathize with the Hittites because of a race affinity, and also because the Egyptians had, since Joseph's death, oppressed them, not by slavery, as we understand it, but by what is still known in despotic countries as *corve*, or forced unpaid labor for the king, which is often no better than slavery. Seti compelled the Hebrews to build store cities, which were arsenals and granaries combined, and a wall like that of China on his Asiatic frontiers. His purpose was not alone to protect his frontiers against outside foes, but also to check by overwork the growth of his dangerous Hebrew immigrants, who had entered Egypt not more than two thousand in number (seventy heads of households and their families and following), and were now two millions. "He made their lives bitter with hard bondage." But God's blessing more than counterbalanced the Emperor's oppression, and still they increased. Let us hope that in their souls, as well as their bodies, they found God's blessing more than a match for man's curse.

This Bible story is at almost every point confirmed by the stone books of Egypt. Explorers have dug up "Rameses" and "Pithom," and found bricks made of dried clay with scant supply of straw to hold them together and with the name of Pharaohs of this very period stamped on them. Professor Dr. George Ebers, one of the greatest of Egyptologists, says: "The whole account agrees so exactly with the actual conditions of Egypt in the time of the nineteenth dynasty, at the close of which the exodus occurred, that we can scarcely doubt that we have, in this case, to do with old and true traditions." (*Sunday School Times*, May 7, 1887.) That some still doubt the Bible, whose truth has been a thousand times confirmed by such explorations, is but a new illustration of the saying, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

Illustration and Application

God heard their groaning. These words of our martyred President, dying of an Anarchist's bullet, "It's God's way; his will be done," still echo in many hearts, and raise strong questionings. "It's the devil's way," says one earnest Christian; another recalls in reply that in the story of Job, when Satan had despoiled him, the stricken man said, submissively and trustfully, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." Is anarchy, and its opposite and prompting, despotism, "God's way?" Or is it the devil's way? Or is it man's own free way? When disaster comes to us by the fury of the storm, it is not so difficult to say, "God's will be done," as when we are wronged by some bad man, for an example, an Anarchist or an oppressor. But let us not so soon forget how God used the envy of Joseph's brethren and the lust and lies of Potiphar's wife, to fulfil his promise to Joseph of coronation and usefulness. Among the "all things" that "work together for good," we must include even anarchy and oppression, those twin hyenas of man's social life. But we, too, shall be working for good when we slay them both, as we must before the prayer can be answered. "Thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth."

Is Oppression and Anarchy "God's Way?"

"Why does not God kill the devil?" "Why does he not make evil impossible?" "How can man have his will and yet God have his way?" All these old questions, that we cannot settle, but which we should think about, underlie the old, old problem of the oppression of God's poor and the weak ones by his rich and strong enemies. In every age the oppressed have cried out, "Why is his chariot so long in coming?" But history is full of instances where he has come, as in this Exodus story. When Frederick Douglass was speaking hopelessly of American slavery, Sojourner Truth arose and exclaimed, like a Miriam, "Frederick, is God dead?" It was not long before, through a Red Sea indeed, these slaves were brought out with a mighty hand. In every hour of sorrow and mystery let us say, "Thy will be done."

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
Whose will be done!

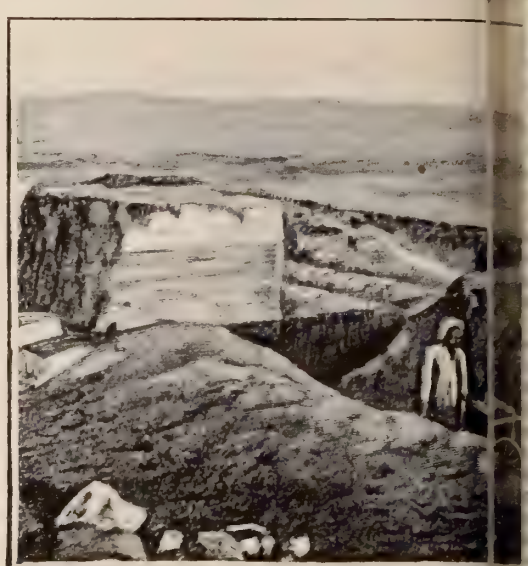
—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Let us deal wisely with them. The United States is almost the only country in which foreigners are a serious problem. In London and Berlin the foreign element is scarcely 2 per cent. In many American cities, and in some whole States, those of foreign parentage can outvote the native population. Commercially also the foreigners crowd the natives out of many a living. And when to all this is added the fact that the foreign Anarchists among us have recently killed a king and a President, we are prompted to deal severely in word and deed with our foreign element.

What Shall we do with Our Immigrants?

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE EMBALMED CORPSE OF RAMESES II.

Immigration restriction should surely be undertaken in earnest, in protection of purity as well as property and life. Mormons, Anarchists and demi-monde should be rigidly excluded. This will not be easy, for there is an almost resistless threefold alliance of the steamboat companies, the brewers and the priests, that has thus far defeated every adequate bill for restriction of immigration. But with all this let us have no hatred or oppression of foreigners as such, but treat them in the spirit of universal brotherhood. Let us not speak of "sheenees" and "dagoes," but count every man as the brother of Christ and so our brother also. Even the Old Testament law was, "Thou shalt not oppress a stranger, for ye know the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt" (Ex. 23: 9). Even those foreigners who are not what they should be can be won to Christ by brotherly kindness. Especially should Christians in every town see that foreigners get Christian reading in their own beloved tongue.



PART OF PITHOM BUILT BY THE ISRAELITE

Labor in Eden before the fall was surely not a curse. It overwork, work for too long hours a day; for seven of six days in the week; unpaid work; a done in the spirit of oppression on one s servility on the other, as in this lesson, curse. But even upon such work God c blessing. It is much for the laborer to know, as th ites did, that God is ever near to bless him. Ev a Christian workman is not being justly treated, even he may be a slave, as was Joseph in Potiphar's hom prison, and as the Israelites were in Egypt, his work be faithfully done. Some good will come to the out of good work even if he is not properly paid for the story of this lesson the Israelites learned, in buil cities for Pharaoh, mechanical arts for future use.

Is Labor a Curse?

And let employers in the shop and the home whether they are not oppressing in body and min whom they employ. You abominate injustice in Eg in your nearest neighbor.

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be.
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek.

At the time of Queen Victoria's death the followi was told by Rev. Dr. Wallace Williamson, to show same Gospel fits rich and poor, hi lowly: "Not many autumns ago," he went to preach, as I often do, to the of the poorhouse connected with Edinburgh parish of St. Cuthbert's. Next morni humble audience sent me, through the Governor, warm note of thanks, telling me what help and comf had had from my sermon. Only a few days passed received a command from the Queen, then at Balm preach the following Sunday in the church of Crathie did I preach, think you? The very sermon I had p in the poorhouse! After service, dining at the cas honored by her Majesty with a special drawing-roo view, she most graciously asked me to supply her, own private use, with a copy of my sermon. It was small encouragement," concluded Dr. Williamson, the poorhouse and the throne united in response to t Gospel." Another story shows how the Gospel y beautiful fruits in a poorhouse saint, who is rich in fa

One Gospel for All

"I went once to see a dying girl whom the wo roughly treated. She never knew her father or her her home had been the poorhouse; her couch, the cot; and yet, as she staggered in her weakness th picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell New Testament, and she had touched the hem of t ter's garment, and had learned the new song. trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the of her presence as she came near the crossing. 'Oh, said, 'God sends his angels. I have read in his Wo they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister who shall be the heirs of salvation?' And when I a in my cot they stand about me on the floor, and w heavy darkness comes, and this poor side aches so s he comes, for he says, 'Lo, I am with you,' and I rest.'"

The gospel of Moses, Isaiah and Christ, as found 4th of Luke, is literally "good news to the poor" the spirit of Christ, working through the convictions into actions and institutions, the wrongs the poor an have so long suffered from masters and rulers shall come to an end in an era of social justice, of which t of jubilee was but a picture.

Every one shall help on that day who accepts the p deliverance, typified in the story of Exodus, from th age of sin, through the blood of Christ our Passove bondage of sin includes both body and soul, an worlds. Its bondage need not wait for any heroes, fo cipation is already provided and only waits their acce The papers recently told a pathetic story of three ne the South who never till recently had heard the story Emancipation Proclamation, and have all these fort worked as slaves under a hard master. Whether th is true or not, a more amazing thing is true, name many men and women have known for forty years th offers them freedom from the guilt and power and sin, and yet have refused this highest freedom.

THE STORY OF LITTLE YUTE-HO-JI

YUTE-HO-JI AND HER LITTLE CHINESE FRIENDS

WHEN Mrs. McKinley was so very ill in San Francisco—on the occasion of the Presidential visit last summer—three of the small Chinese maids in this photograph carried her some flowers. They were Foon Ying, Tsun Fa and Foong Seen. The sick lady was ...ll to see them that day, but the President (who has ...i· then passed away) left her bedside for a moment, ...ped to the landing of the stairs, shook hands with ...h iny ones, accepted their flowers, bade them Good-...y and returned to his wife, and they, as heroines, to ...Mission Home. The President's kindness reached ...umblest Chinese child, as well as the loftiest of ...arth. There is great mourning among the Chinese ...ren over his lamentable death, for they all knew ...tory of his kindness and had learned to love him. ...w. when these Chinese children happen to be ...ected with international questions, as well as re-...is ones, especial interest centres around them. ...is the case with the tiniest one in the Home. ...is seated upon the lowest step in the photograph ...her name is Yute-Ho-Ji. She is one of the most ...nating children I have ever known. Whether her ...n consists in her utter unconsciousness that she ...ng observed, or because she is unusually gifted ...can tell. Playing with the children about her, ...-Ho-Ji little dreams what she has escaped, unless ...where in her childish brain is lodged the memory ...uelty. She was purchased in Hong Kong for the ...ous sum of ten dollars, when only a year old, ...brought to this country by a woman purporting to ...r grandmother—one, who knew that in a few ...; she could sell the child for ten times that sum. ...e was trouble about the landing papers, and the ...an and child were sent by the Government officials ...e Presbyterian Mission Home. There was no ...place except the jail or the Mission Homes, as ...were wards of the Government, until it could be ...ed that they had or had not a right to land.

...ey had only been in the Home a short time when ...came apparent to all that the woman was not the ...dmother of the child. The little one seemed ter-..., and it was soon discovered that the woman was ...ly beating her for whatever she did, good or bad. ...case was reported, the Collector of the Port ad-...d matters, the "grandmother" left and the child ...ined.

The Tiny Slave Rescued

...ee from the tyranical power of the one she feared, ...ttle one, like some flower brought into the sun-...bloomed into great attractiveness. Her case in-...ted many outsiders. The Grand Jury could not ...ve that such tiny ones were brought from China ...kept here and sold for slaves. They ordered ...-Ho-Ji to appear before them. She went, accom-...ed by the Superintendent, Miss Cameron. So ...pletely did she win all hearts, that the magistrates ...ury visited the Mission Home to see the others, ...like this little one, were rescued from slavery.

...at was a year and a half ago. Yute-Ho-Ji is now ...and a half, and sings hymns alone, and in perfect ...ish, and repeats Bible verses. It touches every ..., when, with imploring voice, she looks into a ...ger's face and says, "Feed my lambs."

...the step above Yute in the photograph are Tsun ...nd Foong Seen. The first is a beautiful child ...ing scarcely a shade of Chinese blood. Foong ...is plain, but remarkably precocious. One Sun-...when some older children had taken something ...urch to "nibble" during the long service, they ... upbraided for it after church. Foong Seen, near-...seemed greatly interested in the conversation. ...ing forward she said: "When I get to be a big ... won't eat things in church. If I do, people will ... don't have any good teaching at the Mission ...e." The honor of the Home is very dear to even ...youngest child. They have been taught they must ...heir Christian light shine into the darkness of heath-...hinatown. Their voices are very sweet in song, ...the Bible has been well learned by them. These ...: little ones are inseparable. Foong Seen is under ...are of Chin Mui, the blind girl who was, when ...e small, shut up by relatives in a hen-coop for many ... She was rescued by a more humane Chinaman, ...ght to the Mission Home and there, thought pro-...ced by the oculists incurably blind, has received ...th greatest kindness. She cuts and makes Foong ...'s clothes, teaches the child new tunes and many ...ns, and is a mother to the little one whose own ...er gave her to the Home. Both Tsun Fa and ...ng Seen were born in the Home, their mothers ...ng been rescued and brought there.

A Little Chinese Endeavor Maid

...h Lon (standing on the upper row) is one who be-...e well known some years ago, when the Christian ...eavor Convention met in San Francisco. She was ... very small, but being an Endeavorer, she took part. ... belongs to the Chinese Christian Endeavor So-...y in the Mission Home, and is a King's Daughter, of the Chinese Presbyterian Church. She was taken, when very young from one of the vile dens of Chinatown. When about five years old she surprised the Home by taking up an English Bible, and reading it as if she were an English child. Those hearing her thought it was some chatter with which she was familiar. They turned to the Old Testament and were indeed amazed to hear her read that equally well. When or how Ah Lon learned none ever knew. She has been, until quite recently, the alto singer in the choir of the Chinese Presbyterian Church. One Sunday not long ago, the organist failing to arrive in time, Ah Lon was asked to take her place. Without a moment's hesitation she walked to the organ, her little feet scarcely reaching far enough to touch the pedal, and played for the entire congregation as if she were accustomed to the place.

A Chinese Mother's Sorrow

The smaller one next to Ah Lon is Foon Ying (Margaret) who still bears, and ever will, the mark of what she suffered because her mother would not renounce her Christian faith. The mother, Hoong Leen, was a girl rescued by Miss Culbertson many years ago. She was a pleasant Christian girl, but none dreamed how steadfast she could be. She became the wife of Woo Hip, a successful Chinese merchant in Los Angeles. They had a happy home, with two little children, a boy and girl. The father, also a Christian, was devoted to his old parents in China, and longed to take his wife and children to his old home and show them to his father. When they reached Hong Kong the husband was smitten with the plague, and reached his father's home violently insane. He died, and his young Christian wife and children were left with the heathen parents. Her little ones clung to her when they saw her grief at being bidden to go back to what they could not understand, ancestral worship. This she could not do. Then, at the heathen rites at the burial when the parents strove to appease the angry gods, she resolutely refused to take part. Nowhere would she bow down to idols. The angry parents charged her with being the cause of their son's death, and from that hour no mercy was shown her or little Foon Ying. The boy escaped cruel treatment because of the inordinate love of the Chinese for a boy; but life became a daily torture to the mother and the little girl. Then came the thought of help from the old Mission Home in San Francisco. She did not appeal in vain, and immediately upon receipt of the money, she left for America. She had borne up bravely, but the struggle had been too great. Hardly had the boat left China, when Hoong Leen's strength gave way. Day by day she grew worse, and soon knew that she must die. Surrounded by heathen Chinese on the steamer, with none to care for her, her only hope was in Christ, and her constant prayer was to be spared until she could place her little ones in the Mission Home. Her prayer was answered. She reached San Francisco, where, after intense suffering, she passed away. It was her dying request that Foo Ying might be trained for a medical missionary, and the boy for a minister, thus would they prove a blessing to heathen China. Her son, Ah On (Henry) has been placed in the Presbyterian Orphanage in San Anselmo.

THE CHINESE MISSION HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

A Child Heroine

Last and largest of the girls in the group is Ah Ching. During the "bubonic plague scare," two years ago, Chinatown was quarantined and barricaded, with policemen on guard at every corner. Yet this girl, alone and unprotected, passed the guard and flew to the Mission Home to implore the indefatigable superintendent to hasten to the bedside of her dying sister Leen Gow, that they might bring her to the Mission Home. The Christians who had helped her in her hour of distress, and cared for her dying sister, were the friends she wanted, and after that sister's death, the girl decided to remain at the mission. Vain were the continued pleadings of her relatives. They appealed to the court, but Ah Ching's straightforward replies convinced the court that they should give her to the Home, and Miss Cameron, to the child's delight, was appointed her legal guardian. She is in every way a remarkably gifted child. She has already expressed a desire to unite with the church, and will soon be enrolled with Ah Lon and scores of others of those "saved by grace," who are now members of the Chinese church of San Francisco.

San Rafael, Cal. MRS. P. D. BROWN.

Our Relief Work in China

Mr. Francis H. Nichols, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S special correspondent in China, who lately arrived at Peking on his way to Shansi and Shensi, has been most cordially received by the Chinese authorities. From Peking, October 15, he cabled that he had been provided with a military escort, and was about starting for Pao-ting-fu (in Shansi) and Singan-fu (in Shensi). He had met Prince Ching, the military Governor of Peking, at the latter's residence, by official invitation. The Prince informed him that the Emperor had personally desired that Prince Ching express China's thanks for America's generosity to the famine stricken people. Mr. Nichols reached Pao-ting-fu, October 18, and found THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief work making a great and favorable impression on officials and people. The Lieutenant-Governor personally expressed the deep gratitude of the province for the aid rendered. In Shensi, the famine is increasing. Rev. Dr. Duncan is doing excellent service at Singan-fu in relieving the distressed.

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Our Gift of Seed to India

BOMBAY, Aug. 7, 1901.

THAT consignment of seed, so long on the way, is being distributed all over India, and will be a great blessing to very many. We have packed and sent out twenty-five large lots of it, and are getting very grateful letters in return. The responses to my notice in the papers were more numerous than I had anticipated, but we will do our best to send some to all. It is distributed only to missionaries in charge of orphan age gardens and farms. The delay will not greatly, if at all, hinder it being planted in good time. It is a fine gift, and I wish we might get another lot next year.

Yours very truly, (Rev.) W. H. STEPHENS.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor

G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Ransomed with Gold

CRIME is kaleidoscopic. The latest phase in the changing features of perpetrating great outrages is to demand vast sums of money from those who suffer at the hands of criminals. Demanding a ransom at the risk of their victims being murdered, and upon terms that will protect the guilty party, seems to be the favorite method. The son of a Western millionaire was, a short while ago, abducted by a brutal thug, named Pat Crowe, who, in cold blood, demanded an enormous sum of money, and promising, if paid, the boy would be returned in safety, but if not, would suffer death. The money was paid by the anxious and anguish-stricken parents, and the son came home to tell a tale of horror. His abductors now stipulate to the police terms on which they are willing to surrender themselves to justice. A beloved missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., Miss Stone, is now held as a captive in the mountains of Bulgaria by a band of murderous brigands, and they also demand as a ransom a vast sum of money. Shall this latter be paid, as it was in the case of young Cudahy?

. . .

Are we justified in paying these enormous amounts, thus establishing dangerous precedents, and perpetuating the most horrible of crimes? Can we afford to suffer the loss of such valuable, promising and beautiful lives by our withholding the ransom money demanded? Not to comply with the demand, and pay the price promptly seems like assenting to their death; while to hasten with our gold, and pour out our treasure seems like compounding the awful guilt of these murderous hordes. No sum of money, be it ever so large, can ever be named as a true standard of valuation of a human life. There are gradations also of value, some lives ranking far higher than others in the service of their country and in the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. We hesitate not to say, **Miss Stone must be ransomed with gold, cost what it may!** No amount of money can be regarded as an over-valuation of her precious life. Jesus Christ paid a far higher price, his own blood, as an infinite ransom for her soul.

. . .

But when we say this we are also convinced that our great Republic, that guarantees protection to all born under the flag, must, as a duty it owes itself and all our citizens, first notify the great powers that if such a price is paid, and the captive liberated, the money shall be returned by the Government under which the crime has been enacted. It must be as clearly understood that if her sacred life be taken because the money is not paid, that Government shall also be held responsible by the United States. Brigandage as outlawry must find no toleration or protection in any country, far less from a Christian nation.

. . .

If it is asked how could such a vast sum of money be repaid by a bankrupt power—and how could it be collected? We answer, that while we are in favor of universal peace with all the powers, and abhor war, and would do all in our power to avert any international struggle, yet, if "it must needs be that offenses come" the all-persuasive power of the presence of our war ships, and eloquence of our guns would soon settle the claim of the blood-money being restored. To pay this immense amount of money to the brigands and count the case closed, without protest from the United States Government, means to imperil the lives of all our missionaries and travelers in these brigand-infested countries. *Redeem the captive at once* but insist that the price of her redemption shall be made good by the powers that protect these murderous hordes.

. . .

In the case of Crowe vs. Cudahy, there ought to be no compromise with the ruffian and no agreement upon the terms laid down by the self-confessed criminal. This is compounding crime and is a menace to the life of our Republic. Law must be honored. The majesty of justice must be upheld, and to comply with the stipulations of the fugitive from justice is to play into the hands of the criminal element, and endanger the young lives of other wealthy citizens prospective heirs to vast estates. Better far that a much larger sum of money shall be paid to the scientific detective agencies, to hound and ferret out and punish the guilty conspirators according to due process of law, and thus deter the criminal element from repeating such infamous outrages!

Is War Necessary?

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found, presented fully and frankly both sides of a controversy which cannot fail to interest every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Hudson Maxim, the inventor of the most powerful explosive known to science, and one whose name has been identified for many years with the grim pharaphernalia of war, writes in support of the proposition that the sanguinary strife of nations is a necessity, that it tends to the advancement of civilition, and that whatever helps civilization helps Christianity. This is the world's view, which urges that peace can only be secured through war; that there is "Bible warrant" for fighting, and that it is useless to indulge the hope of an enduring peace on earth.

But while the Christian's confident expectation of a period of lasting peace coming to bless mankind may be regarded as "foolishness" by the learned of the earth, who have little in common with the children of faith, he is, nevertheless, justified in praying, looking and working for the coming of that day. Peace! the sweetest of all the material gifts heaven sends to humanity, for it brings happiness and prosperity in its train. The believer sees in the spread of Christianity throughout the nations a sure sign of the ultimate realization of that promise of "peace on earth and good will," which was sung over Bethlehem, and foretold, long ages ago, by the holy prophets and sages. Up from the dark deeps of sin and savageism toward light and Christianity, the world is still slowly struggling. It took ages to convince man that his fellow-man was not his slave; that murder was a crime; that the poorest serf had rights and human feelings; that justice belonged to all men alike; that tyranny and brutality carried their own punishment. It may take many more years to compel world-wide recognition of the truth that war is barbarism, and that no principle is ever really settled by resort to violence; but that day is even now on the way, and will come as sure as to-morrow's sunrise. In that time the "debt which civilization owes to gunpowder" will be recalled with shuddering, and men will wonder how their progenitors could ever have indulged in the "great game of war," with all its gory and inhuman accompaniments.

Dr. Talmage's contribution to the discussion voices this hope very clearly. "The last wars of the world are now being fought; I expect to see the last cannon spiked." May the time come soon! So while war may, in the present condition of the world's affairs, be apparently unavoidable, let us hold fast to the hope that the transformation of the race may not be so far distant, when arbitration and universal peace will everywhere prevail.

The Time of Fruit Harvest

(See picture on first page)

IN the matchless beauty of the autumnal days, there is something which appeals to that side of man's nature which springtime with its buds and blossoms, and full-foliaged summer with its wealth of woodland music, its "languors and its lilies," may not reach. It is the season of rest and thankfulness and the poet interprets its spirit aright:

> In autumn-time, when fruits are ripe,
> And nature yieldeth offering sweet,
> And all the world lies calm and still
> And grateful, at the Maker's feet,
> Then man lifts up his heart and says:
> "O, Father, for thy fruits and flowers,
> For sunny days and gracious showers,
> And treasuries of golden wheat,
> We thank thee now, in reverence meet."

The time of the falling of the leaves is the year's holiday-time. Such work as remains to be done in fruitful field, orchard, or garden, is as play compared to the springtime's ploughing and sowing and summer's hoeing and reaping. Golden pumpkins decorating the ground only wait to be lifted to the wagons. Tomato vines are simply to be torn up against Jack Frost's coming, and hung in some friendly corner of the garret or barn, to go on yielding their ripening treasures for some time to come. Stalks of roasting ears stacked nearby keep them company. And, if down South, maybe a few watermelons, tucked in a snug nest of ha... their chance of doing duty as a novelty on Thanksgiv..., even at Christmas feast. Late berries and wood-... spread on boards, are drying in the sun. In Flori... California, Cuba, and Porto Rico, where it is fruit ... almost all the year round, folks are wondering what th... orange yield will be. That may not be known until b... January and March. It is not altogether ill that som... our fruit crop is short; otherwise, we might take ou... ings too much as a matter of course. This year the y... only half of what it was last; the same is true of the ... crop. There is a silver lining to the cloud, howev... farmers are getting good prices for all the fruit the...

While the fruits and nuts are being stored away, bi... ory logs rolled under the shed, prophesy of sparklin... merry games, toasting apples, and roasting chestnut... ping corn, nice stories, pleasant chats, and long ev... crowded to the brim with home pleasures. Perhaps ... evenings will furnish happy opportunities for the con... of courtships begun at the ingathering of the apples! ... fun, to be sure, there is in an apple harvest! The you... and maidens, old folks, the children, the hired man, t... visitor, help. The ladder is set to the side of the tr... up climb adventurous pluckers of crimson, green ... striped beauties hanging on the bough. Polly hol... apron, and Robin, tossing apples down, looks into h... the delightful things his bashful tongue has not yet d... utter. And grandfather and grandmother, sitting in t... smilingly recall the days of their youth. "Now," say... "it is life's autumn with us. Presently, the snow will ... and we shall be folded away, but not to sleep always. ... has all seasons for his own."

HEAVEN, HOME and HAPPINESS

OUR NEW PREMIUM BOOK -- B... MARY LOW... DICKINSON

MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY, who has been asso... with Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson in the prepara... this great work, writes:

In this volume, we have tried to show what the poe... preachers and teachers, the hymn writers, the story-... the historians, the busy men and women of affairs hav... and thought about **Heaven, Home and Happines...** three themes dearest to the human heart, representir... arately and in unity what all the world's a-seeking.

How to make a true home; how to be happy on... and how to enlarge the happiness of others; how ... Heaven at last and what Heaven may be like when ... there, are all told in this work in the words of the ... noblest and best thinkers and doers. Every one ... better for reading this book; every home will be b... and happier for its presence. Every one should be ... Heaven for reading it; and every one, we believe, wi... more comfortable thoughts about the dear ones go... fore. The bereaved wife or husband, the desolate o... the mother parted from her child, the lover grieving f... beloved, the friend mourning for the friend, will eac... all find here some special word of hope, just fitted to ... her case, from some great-hearted soul who has suffer... found comfort.

Who but fain would know how to be happy? Hap... is not luck, not accident, not the result of God's favo... for this or that child. It is a science; it should be a ...

To be happy is at once duty and privilege. The sele... in this department are helpful in that they go to sh... what happiness consists; how it may be attained an... in spite of circumstances. And then there are many ... some bits given just for the sake of the smile they will ...

Ancient and modern authors have been drawn upon; ... rities over seas and celebrities at home; hymns, stori... poems that have become classics of the household ... been laid under tribute. Nameless flowers—humble ... wayside blossoms—have been gathered too, because ... sweetness justified the plucking. Folk-lore plays its ... and the old Plantation melody is not missing from our ... of ballad and blossom.

Perhaps with all our care, some favorite may be m... If so, we shall be sorry, for we want this book to perfec... the need of many hearts. It would be impossible to p... in a volume many times this size all that, the world's ... ones have said about these tremendous themes. S... effort has been to cull carefully and tenderly from eac... den of thought its fairest flower, and bind these to... as a fragrant offering for the table around which the ... circle gathers for pleasant evening hours.

This superb volume is sent with THE CHRISTIAN H... for one whole year on receipt of only Two Dollars. I... really want it subscribe at once. The book would m... beautiful Christmas gift.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Protestant Episcopal Convention

MANY important matters were considered by the General Episcopal Convention, which has now closed its sessions in San Francisco. The sessions were held in the beautiful church on the corner of Bush and Gough streets, which was recently consecrated for Trinity Parish. The presiding Bishop of the church, the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, of Rhode Island, being now ninety years of age and in indifferent health, was unable to make the journey to San Francisco. His duties were performed by other bishops, among whom was the Right Rev. William C. Doane, of Albany, N. Y. Each diocese sent four clergymen and four laymen to represent them in the house of deputies. Its President was Rev. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, New York, who has occupied that office for fifteen years past. He, however, was also unable to attend, and Rev. John S. Lindsay, of Massachusetts, was elected in his place. A leading member of this house was Dr. William R. Huntington, of Grace Church, New York, whose speeches were heard with close attention, and who had charge of several important measures. One of these measures was designed to admit to the church certain religious bodies, chiefly Scandinavians, who are practically in accord with the church, but have a ritual of their own. Dr. Huntington pleaded eloquently for the change, which might ultimately have widened the doors of fellowship, but it was lost by a small technical vote. The principle of the change was, however, admitted by a resolution, in qualified form, at a later session. Other proposals were for a change in the name of the church, which was referred to a committee to report at the next Convention in 1904. Another subject was that of giving the clergy the right to use readings from the Revised Version in the Church services. This, also, was referred to a committee. The question in which most interest was felt by the public was that of divorce. The proposed change forbade clergymen officiating at the marriage of divorced persons while the persons from whom they were divorced were still living. The house of Bishops passed that change in the canon, but it was lost in the house of Deputies. The missionary Bishops elected were Dr. Graves for Hankow, China; Dr. Brown for Porto Rico; Dr. Brent for the Philippines; Dr. Keator for Olympia, Wash.; and Rev. Cameron Mann for North Dakota. The result of the Convention appears to have been a disappointment both for the conservatives and the liberals, the measures advocated by both having failed to pass. As in the early church, the leaders were men differing in temperament, honestly and sincerely holding different views of truth.

BISHOP H. C. POTTER

Having then gifts differing according to the grace given unto us (Rom. 12: 6).

The Cost of Royal Society

Tourists returning from Europe complain of the imposition practiced upon them at several hotels during their journeys on the continent. On arriving in a French city or at a Swiss or German watering place they would go to the best hotel, expecting to pay the prices usually charged at such establishments. It often happened that the King of Belgium or some other royal person, or some Russian grand duke would be pointed out to them as they dined in the restaurant of the hotel. The royalties have been scattered rather thickly over the continent of late, seeking restoration of health, and as a rule they preferred taking their meals in company rather than in stately solitude in their rooms. The visitors were naturally interested in seeing the illustrious personages, but when their bills were presented they found they were charged double or treble prices for everything. On protesting, they were reminded of the distinguished company they had been keeping, and were told that such a privilege was well worth the extra money. Not all the Americans thought it so, though doubtless there were guests who were well content to pay for such privileges. Unhappily, an infinitely higher honor which may be had without money is too often despised:

If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me (Rev. 3: 20).

Saved by his Dog

Some anxiety was felt at Laurel, Del., recently about a hunter, who had been absent from his home for four days. He had started out with his dog to hunt for coons, intending to return on the next day. He was seen entering a dense forest and no one saw him afterwards. Searching parties went in various directions, but without finding trace of him. At last, on the fourth day, a dog was heard howling by one of the searching parties in the forest. They made their way to the part from which the sound came, and there found the animal, who led them to an old well. They could not see the bottom, but one of the party was lowered by a rope, and there at the bottom was the missing hunter, weak and unconscious. He was drawn up and carried to his home. The four days he had spent in the empty well, had been days of utter despair. They would have ended in his death if his dog had deserted him. The dog could not save him, but he stayed with him, and his cries brought those who could save him. This is the position of many who deplore the fall of those they love. They may be encouraged by the knowledge that to such cries the ear of Christ is ever open.

When he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears, unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared (Heb. 5: 7).

TRINITY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON

Breaking Into Jail

A jail is a building which one would have thought was safe from burglars, but a press despatch from Rochester, N. Y., reports that a burglary was committed a few days ago on the jail at Wayland. A constable and his son always sleep there. On the night in question the constable, while preparing to retire after a late visit to the cells, heard a stealthy noise, and on proceeding to a room from the window of which there was a view of the outside of the jail, he saw two men sawing the strong iron bars of a window a few yards away. He aroused his son, and the two men, having armed themselves, went to the room just as the two burglars crawled through the aperture they had made. They were immediately overpowered and locked up in cells. They explained that they thought the building was a bank, having been misled by the strong bars at the windows. They must have deplored their folly in breaking into a building in which there was nothing to steal and in which only punishment could be expected. They would not have done so if they had known, but there are many who show similar folly in entering the service of the evil one in spite of the warnings of God's word:

He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me, love death (Prov. 8: 36).

Ashore in a Fog

Thrilling stories are told by the passengers rescued from the wrecked steamer *Hating*, of the Canadian Pacific Line, who arrived at Vancouver, B. C., from the Klondike, on October 14. They say that at times during the voyage, the fog was so dense that an object three feet ahead of the ship's bows could not have been seen. The captain and mate were on the bridge peering into the fog. All the passengers were on deck, all anxious about their safety. As the narrowest part of the channel was reached a sudden gust of wind lifted the fog momentarily. In that instant the captain saw rocks to the right, fifty feet ahead. He signalled to reverse the engines, but it was too late. The vessel by her own headway ran into a narrow groove between two jagged ridges and held fast. One foot either way would have resulted in a crash that would have sent her to the bottom. Great holes were stove in her side, through which the water poured, but held up by the ridges on either hand, there was time to get the passengers off with the precious gold. The vessel cost nearly a quarter million dollars and was making her last trip of the season. How many there are who in the voyage of life meet similar disaster. The future is hidden from them, and when they do realize their danger, their propensities are so strong, that there is no power within them that can stay them in their career.

Afterward when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears (Heb. 12: 17).

BRIEF NOTES

In Cairo a converted Moslem, skilled in argument, preaches Christian truth three times a week to 600 Mohammedans.

The leaders of the Zionist Movement are organizing a monster demonstration throughout the world in connection with the fifth Zionist Congress.

The Salvation Army has branches in forty-nine different countries, and prints its fifty-five periodicals in twenty-one languages.

There are 120,000 enrolled Christians in Japan, of whom a third are Protestants and the rest are divided between the Greek and the Roman churches.

Dr. N. D. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, in fulfilment of a promise made to Dr. Gray of *The Interior*, preached at the funeral service on Oct. 2. Dr. Gray's instructions to him, given not long before his death, were: "Tell the brethren that I always loved principles and never hated a man. Tell them that I hope they will forget my mistakes and remember my Master."

A decree of divorce granted recently by a court in Michigan to an applicant after a year's residence, was declared worthless by a court in Toronto, when it was presented as a defence in a charge of bigamy. The case has been appealed to a higher court, and the result is anxiously awaited by many couples who have been relying on the validity of American divorces.

Rev. J. Pearse, of Madagascar, who has now seen thirty-eight years of service in that island, declares his conviction that the Malagasy Church has never been stronger or purer, or more full of promise, than it is to-day. "The Jesuits have now a very large staff in the island, but round the capital they make no perceptible headway. There is a good demand for the Bible, and it never had so many readers, or humble and sincere followers of its precepts, as at the present day."

A recent Australian mail brings news of the death of the oldest Methodist minister in the Southern Hemisphere, the Rev. Thos. Adams Bayley. He was nearly ninety years of age, and his ministerial record covered twenty-five years of service in England and forty in Australia.

BISHOP W. C. DOANE

The Bible Teachers' College, of Montclair, N. J., commenced its fall term on Oct. 15. A Woman's department has been organized and a suitable building leased as a home for the students. Regular instruction for the term will be given by Mr. Robert E. Speer, of New York; Dr. F. S. Schenck, of New Brunswick Theological Seminary; Dr. Robert W. Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary and others with Dr. Wilbert W. White, Principal of the College. Mr. Speer will conduct a course of studies on the theory of the Christian Life, on Wednesday afternoons. Dr. Schenck will conduct a course of studies on Thursday afternoons on Psychology and Pedagogy. Dr. Rogers, on Fridays and Saturdays, will conduct two courses, one on Psalmody and Wisdom Literature, the other on the history and prophecy of the Babylonian period. Dr. White will conduct courses in the Gospels and on Prayer. He will also give a series of book studies, and will conduct the Sunday School Normal class which meets on Friday evenings.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

Both Sides of a Great Question Discussed at Length

MR. H. MAXIM:—Is it consistent for a loyal Christian, who believes that war is contrary to the teachings of the Prince of Peace, to engage in the manufacture of material designed exclusively for the purpose of war?—ED. CHRISTIAN HERALD.

HUDSON MAXIM'S REPLY

HUDSON MAXIM

THE question asked me by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is a very important and a very timely one. The great majority of Christians throughout the world, while they hate war, are often called upon to themselves become warriors and to fight for their doctrines of peace. According to the annals of history, wars have almost invariably been caused by one party attempting to rob another party, or one people another people. On such occasions, it is self-evident that the blame for the wars rested with the robbers. Those who fought in defense of their lives and property, although actual participants in warfare, were guiltless.

Of course it has sometimes happened that the attempt to rob and plunder has been mutual, and that both participants were aggressors, as were Napoleon and Alexander in the Russian war. In the great majority of cases, however, one side has been on the aggressive, and the other on the defensive.

When an officer of the law catches an evil-doer in the act, and is attacked by him, if in making an arrest the officer is compelled to draw his own revolver and shoot the malefactor, he does a justifiable act. We have here war in miniature, and it may be taken as a type of all wars. While we are free to grant that *wars are wrong*, yet the wrong rests entirely with the offenders instead of the defenders of human rights.

Housebreaking is wrong, yet the brave knight who, in mediæval times breached a castle wall to free some prisoner unjustly held, did a wholly commendable act. Similarly, one nation which has raised an army to free from bondage slaves held by another nation, has done an equally commendable act, and the blame for the war rests with those who held the slaves.

War is an ugly and an awful thing, while some peace theories are very beautiful, and they are quite safe in times of peace; but when slaves have to be freed, then, as in our great Civil War, the true Christians take down their old swords and shoulder their old guns and go to the front. If we read the inscriptions on the monuments erected to the memory of those who died in that awful struggle, we find it was an army of Christians who fell.

War is often a necessity. It cannot always be avoided, and when it comes we want the best tools we can get with which to fight. It is criminal negligence for a nation not to be prepared for war. It is criminal negligence for a great nation not to be abreast of the times in arms and equipments.

Improved guns and ammunition, improved destructive agencies for offense and defense, are but means of saving life. Modern armies and navies are but elaborate life-saving systems, as humanitarian in character as the life-saving services along the coasts of civilized countries, whose duty it is to warn vessels of danger and to succor those who may be cast away. The fort is as humanitarian in its nature as the lighthouse, and the seacoast rifle is as much an implement of mercy as the gun that throws the life-line to a stranded wreck.

Civilization and Christianity go hand in hand. Whatever helps to spread civilization also helps to spread the teachings of Christ. Therefore, whatever helps civilization must help Christianity. We now have a starting point and a foundation on which to base our reasoning.

If we shall be able to show that gunpowder and civilization go hand in hand, the same as do Christianity and civilization, and that improvements in implements of war and in every branch of the art and science of fighting have tended and are constantly tending to spread Christian enlightenment over the earth, then we shall have proven our case. Christian civilization, steam and gunpowder are the great Triumvirs, who have been the architects of the modern world.

The debt which civilization owes to gunpowder is one of the greatest that history has to record. In every land, and upon every sea, gunpowder stands guardian over all the accumulated wealth and progress of the nations.

The earth-jarring thunder of the seacoast gun—the hum of the great steel bolt as it speeds along its way—the crash into the steel ribs of the battleship—are all voices that speak of the highest development in the arts and sciences of an iron age where chemistry is king.

The fighting instinct has, perhaps, been the ruling trait of our race from remote antiquity where fact blends with fable. The sun of civilization's dawn broke through a war cloud, and what light it has since shed on mankind has been through rifts in clouds of war. The fighting instinct has made ours the dominating race. It is the fighting instinct in business that has cleared the land of forests, planted industries and civilization over vast continents, and united them with ties of trade, reducing the ocean to a ferry.

Often at the bayonet's point, trade and civilization, and even Christianity, have been forced upon the savage, and upon exclusive and unwarlike peoples, and now Christianity, civilization and militarism, sisters of strange relation, hand in hand embrace the world.

In direct proportion as the wealth of a nation is increased, its powers of offense and defense should be increased. In direct proportion as a nation becomes a world power in commerce, so must its naval and military strength become world-wide and world-powerful. International interests are largely founded on the security guaranteed by naval and military prowess.

In *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle says:

> The first ground handful of nitre, sulphur and charcoal drove Monk Schwartz's pestle through the ceiling. What will the last do?
>
> His own answer is that it will "achieve the final undisputed prostration of force under thought, of animal courage under spiritual."

Again Carlyle says in the same work:

> Such I hold to be the genuine use of gunpowder: that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have more mind, though all but no body whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. Hereby, at last is the Goliath powerless and the David resistless; savage animalism is nothing, inventive spiritualism is all.

It was George Washington who said that the best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war. There never was a better Christian or a greater warrior than George Washington.

What does the Bible say about Christ's mission of peace? Let us quote:

> And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men (Luke 2: 13, 14).
>
> And thou, child, shall be called the Prophet of the Highest . . . To guide our feet into the way of peace (Luke 1: 76, 79).
>
> And his name shall be called . . . The Prince of Peace (Is. 9: 6).

I hold that there is nothing whatever in the foregoing quotations inconsistent with warring for the right. From the nature of things, war is often the price of peace, and justice can only be enforced by the sword. In the great American Rebellion it was the voice of guns alone which could command the emancipation of the slaves.

An apostle of the Prince of Peace may often best serve his Master by becoming a good soldier. The Christian armies that turned back and drove out of Europe the invading Moors rendered their Master better service than had they, in order to escape war, fled before the advancing Turks.

Should China become really aroused and advance during the next twenty-five years as rapidly as have the Japanese during a like period in the past, and should the great "Yellow Peril" rise in its might and threaten the Christian world, is there a single soldier of the Cross now enlisted in the cause of Peace who would not gird on his cartridge belt, shoulder his gun and go and fight in the defense of his religion and his home?

Let us again quote from the Scriptures:

> The Lord is a man of war (Ex. 15: 3).
>
> The Lord of Hosts is his name (Is. 51: 15).
>
> Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight (Ps. 144: 1).

It is evident that there must have been a misunderstanding of His true mission by Christ's followers, for He said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword" (Matt. 10:

> I am come to send fire on the earth (Luke 12: 49).
>
> For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain; for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil (Rom. 13: 4).

* * *

There can be but one interpretation of Christian duty and but one interpretation of true peace. Without justice, the mere absence of war does not constitute peace to the Christian. Neither to the Christian is war ever waged in the interest of justice incompatible with the peace principles which underlie his religious faith. Therefore, the true interpretation of peace is absence of war, where justice reigns, and the true Christian mission is to see that justice be done, for without it there can be no righteous peace. Such peace as can reign with injustice becomes the abettor of injustice.

Intellectual acuteness is always much in measure to necessity. The peoples of the northern nations who have had to contend with the winter's cold, and who have had to war with the wolf of hunger through the long months of frost, are far superior intellectually to the inhabitants of tropic climes. Necessity is the mother of invention. With the increase of necessity, the alertness and sagacity of the individual, who must meet the changed conditions, must also be increased, or he must perish. Such has been the history of the race. It is obvious that nothing could so stimulate intellectual acuteness as war, calling for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

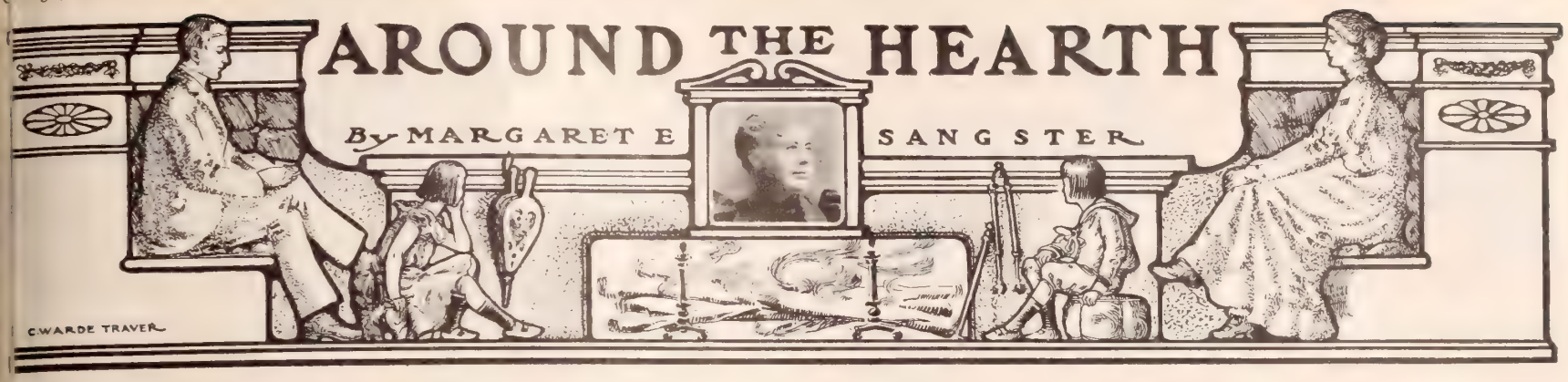
OUGHT CHRISTIANS MAKE OR SELL FIRE-ARMS?

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

WAR a necessity. Accident and disease and plague do not carry off the people fast enough, and wars must remove the surplus population of the earth. Suppose that the hundreds of millions of people who in the centuries past were ejected by war, had been permitted to live on to old age, what a crowded and cluttered up world this would have been. Beside that the scroll of heroes would never have been made up, and Cæsar and Alexander and Miltiades and Wellington and Washington might never have been heard of. Instead of deploring war, we ought to hail it with gladness and thanksgiving. Such heathenism and brutal theories as these have sometimes been publicly, but oftener in private, announced. So far from adopting such ideas we believe war to be the worst curse that ever smote the nations. It is wholesale murder. It is national and international assassination.

If this be so, then ought Christian men have anything to do with the manufacture or sale of instruments of death? That question has recently been asked in most startling manner. My answer is that the nation which would stop the making of fire-arms, and cease the building of fortresses, and the launching of battleships would commit suicide. The best way to keep peace is to be fully prepared for war. How long, suppose you, foreign nations would keep their hands off if they had not heard something of our navy at Manila and our army at Santiago, and of the Northern and Southern forces of our Civil War, now all united under one flag and ready, shoulder to shoulder, to meet the whole earth in battle array? Not for oppressive, but for defensive war, we must be ready until all the civilized rulers of the earth shall solemnly swear before high Heaven that under no circumstances will they attempt bloodshed, but will leave all to a jury made up of the leading men of all nations. Even then, all the republics and empires of the earth ought to keep enough military equipment, not only to put down disorder at home, but to put down by military force any nation that would break its pledge of substitution of treaty for murder.

My opinion is that the last wars of the world are now being fought. I expect to see the last cannon spiked, and instead of the vulture it will be the dove. But until that time comes, I hail with gladness the report of new and better American battle-ships, and guns of longer range, and fortresses better manned. The manufacturers who turn out cannon and sabres and howitzers and artillery, and armor for ships, are engaged in a lawful and righteous business, and if I were a mechanic I would as conscientiously make a sword as a carving knife, a rifle as a spade. We must take things as they are, not as we would like to have them. Meanwhile, let it be known that most of that which is now cabled from Berlin and London about the Czar, Nicholas the Second, as a disturber of nations and of himself in personal peril, is syndicated defamation. Those two syndicates at Berlin and London never allow more than ten days to pass without misrepresenting something concerning Russia and its ruler. All that talk about the emperor encased in armor, and daring not to move out, and in hysterics of fear, is fabrication. The Czar is as happy a ruler as the world holds to-day. He is in no more peril than any man or woman who reads these lines. There were no armed men anywhere about when we visited the Czar last summer. We saw no ride through the streets of St. Petersburg unattended. "But," says some one, "do they not assassinate rulers in Russia?" Not so much as in the United States. They assassinated Alexander the Second, but for that one outrage our country has seen three rulers slain—Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William McKinley. There is not so much nihilism in St. Petersburg as in Chicago and New York. Nicholas the Second will live to see the principles of his Convention at the Hague carried out, and to see some of the thrones of Europe, which, because of jealousy, now mock at God, rocked down, never again to rise.



The Hearing Ear

LOOKING over some large congregations, I have lately been wondering how many among them have what may be called the hearing ear. One hears a very earnest sermon, and sees on many fes a trace of what appears to be earnest thought. E coming out of church the conversation is thought- lc. is composed of idle words, and ranges over the cntless everyday topics; there are familiar greetings a laughing exchanges of gossip, and besides the in- eable letting down which follows intense excitement, tre is often a reaction which takes ay the effect of the good seed. It w not sown on stony ground. It s ply fell on good soil, but super- fully, where there was no depth of e h. More than we are ready to con- c e does the responsibility a b o u t paching lie with the one who hears. Hve we trained ourselves in the mat- tof listening? Do we give our whole a ntion to the speaker? Are we d ply enamored of the truth, so that w long to know it, in its depth, and b dth, and full sweetness? Are we c vinced that we do not attend church f entertainment, but for instruction? T office of the pulpit is to teach; the p ilege of the pew is to be taught. I we acknowledge this?

here are times when people lose the g d of an excellent discourse, because t preacher has eccentric mannerisms, a rsh voice, or grotesque gestures. H garb may be rough, and yet he m eloquently tell of righteousness, of p don, of Christ's love, of the Holy Srit, and of a future judgment. John t Baptist was a man of rough ex- t r, who came from the depth of the d rt to awaken a slumbering nation. C him, our Lord said, that there had n been born of woman a greater man th John the Baptist.

Ve, who have attended the sanctuary f long years of precious Sabbaths, o ht to have garnered up a harvest of w lth for the quiet hours of the even- ff. Whenever we hear a sermon, we o ht to read by ourselves over again t portion of Scripture which contains t text, and the hymns which we sing s uld be again conned in the twilight. N long ago, a family who had been n h profited in the morning service, s together in the gloaming, and recited e y verse they could think of, which b e on the minister's text, and then s g in the eventide the sweet hymns w h choir and people had lifted up in praise, in the earlier day. Thus the s vice was continued and the sweet influence prolong- e ill the shadows fell.

An old-fashioned custom, now too often obsolete in h e life, was that of talking over a sermon in the h sehold, and requiring from the children the text a the heads of the discourse. This insured attentive l ening on the part of the younger people, and, besides its spiritual effect, was a valuable mental discipline.

Our Sundays should deepen our spiritual life, and l d us to greater purity in the day by day routine. A we gather in God's house, there should go from h rt to heart an impulse to more entire consecration; a rvor and kindling from the Holy Ghost should fan o embers, and increase our devotion, and cause our l e to burn more brightly.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

A Sabbath well spent, brings a week of content." V are preparing for the beautiful home above, where th go no more out forever.

"Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths never end."

Food and Raiment

We are not promised superfluities nor luxuries, but, if w are the children of God, we are told that we shall have whatever is needful on the journey of life. Food enough for each day, raiment to keep us warm and protect us from the weather, and a shelter from our enemies, if we have any, and from the elements. We worry now and then, because we do not see the road before us, because crops are poor, and money is scarce, and times are hard. But all the while our Father knows what we need before we ask him, and our food and clothing are secure. Sometimes, when we fully trust him, he feeds us on the finest of the wheat, and the garb we wear, washed white in the atoning blood, is fit robing for the children of the King.

GIRLISH CONFIDENCE

BONNIE'S PRAYER

DEAR little Bonnie, four years old,
Thoughtful as child of her age could be,
Said her prayers, as her mother told,
Nightly, kneeling beside her knee.

But she said one night, this quaint little elf,
"I've a wish my mamma, so good and true,
Let me kneel by the bedside all by myself
And make my prayers as the big folks do."

So all were quiet as mice could be,
While Bonnie, robed in her night-gown white,
Stole on tiptoe and bent her knee
All alone for her prayers that night.

Only a moment the wee head bowed,
Then the face came up with a smile most fair,
And the other children laughed aloud
At the wondrous shortness of Bonnie's prayer.

There came a little flush of dismay
Over the radiant face so small,
"I couldn't think of much to say,
So I said, 'Lord, keep me,' and that was all."

Papa kissed her and gravely smiled,
"That was the best of prayers, my dear;
It was all you needed to say, my child,
You could ask no more if you prayed a year."

From "Life and Song." Poems by Anna R. Henderson.

Mr. McKinley's Will

IN Mr. McKinley's will, made some years ago, there was a touching revelation of his devotion to Mrs. McKinley, the greater that when he made the will, there was no probability that he would be the one to go first. "My chief concern is that my wife shall have enough to live in great comfort." "I wish everything arranged for the comfort and pleasure of my wife," the phrases recur. "I desire that my mother shall have everything to make her old age comfortable and happy."

The dear old mother was in heaven to welcome her son when he reached the shining shore. The idolized wife survives, and there will be no stint of comfort for her as long as she lives. And a whole nation is proud of the husband whose forethought was so lovingly expressed.

A great deal of trouble would often be saved, if everyone who has even a little to leave, would make a will, and put it into legal shape.

Miriam's First Love Affair

It seemed to the dear grandmother, that only yesterday Miriam had been a wee lassie learning the alphabet, yet, here she was kneeling by her lap and telling her that she had accepted John Gordon, and meant in a year or so to be married. "And you are not yet twenty?" said grandmother, smiling. "Yes, dear," replied the girl, "but please remember how old you were, or how young, when you were married to grandfather." "We grew up sooner in the old days." said the lady musingly. "I was not seventeen when I stood up with Hugh, before the minister. I never had my hair put up in grown people's fashion till my bridal morning. Well, well, and now my little Miriam has heard the same, old sweet story, and her woman's life is beginning in earnest!"

Miriam's parents were dead, and her home had always been with her grandmother, a very happy and sheltered home. No rude blasts of fate or touch of unkindness had ever come near the child. John Gordon was a neighbor's son, a man to be trusted and honored, and it was a relief to the grandmother, that her affections had been won, not by a stranger, but by a man she knew all about.

The tie between the two women, the young and the old, was very strong. They understood one another, and there was no danger of alienation, nor would they drift apart, when Miriam had other interests. She would always tenderly cherish and lovingly esteem the guardian of her childhood.

The Door of the Lips

Let six people who have been present at a scene describe it, and though all may be truthful, impressions will differ, so that there will be some discrepancies in statement. In speaking about friends or foes, we should set a watch upon our lips, and, if we can, narrate facts, not mere impressions.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—MATILDA B. Tight lacing may cause the redness of the nose which is your mortification.

—LULU. You would better consult a dermatologist about your skin. You probably need exercise.

—EDNA. You should advertise your old china. Do not part with it for little. It is valuable to collectors.

—JOHN. You might knead the bread yourself if your wife has not the strength for the task. Why don't you?

—F. M. B. Your parents should not control you. At thirty-two a woman should be permitted to marry the man she loves, without outside opposition.

—EXPERIENCE. At fifty you can hardly enter the lists as a typewriter with young girls. If I were in your place, I would try for a position as working housekeeper.

—JEAN. Adopt a little one, by all means. If later God sends you a child of your own, be just in your attitude to the child of your adoption. Have you strength for this?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG -not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Nov. 27

1. Is it not equally murder in the sight of God for a man to kill another in war or in private life?

2. Are some children naturally born more bright than others? Is there such a quality as inherited or inborn genius, or is it merely the result of culture, environment and a right direction of individual tastes and predilections?

3. Where the author of a historical novel introduces in his book Bible characters and events, does it tend to increase or decrease reverence for the sacred Word?

4. Where can rich people do the greater amount of good to mankind: in founding libraries, where books and newspapers are cheap and abundant; or in building comfortable cottages, in the place of the miserable tenements, which nurture ignorance and crime in the cities?

5. May we expect that the world will be converted before the second coming of Christ?

Questions of the Week

1. Who was the mother of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and where is the information to be found?

The childhood of Mary is wholly legendary. Joachim and Anna, supposedly the parents, were both of the race of David, the former living in Nazareth and the latter in Bethlehem. In the legend they pass through similar experiences to those of Zacharias and Elizabeth, and Hannah. Their daughter Mary was dedicated to the Lord at the Temple where she remained from her third year until she was fourteen, and then unwittingly betrothed to her cousin Joseph. Eusebius, an early ecclesiastical historian, respects Anne as the mother of Mary. The genealogy of the father of Mary (or Mariam in the Hebrew), is recorded by Luke in the third chapter; the twenty-third verse reads, ". . . Joseph, which was the son of Heli, which was the son of Matthat." . . . the "son" by good authorities, is translated "son-in-law!" Heli was, therefore, Mary's father. Matthew gives Joseph's father as Jacob, son of Matthan, which is another spelling for the name Matthat, so Mary's Heli, and Joseph's father Jacob were brothers. A number of writings professing to supplement the New Testament were known in the early ages of the Church, but are excluded as forgeries, from the canon, and arranged as a New Testament Aprocrypha. In it are a "Gospel of Mary" in ten chapters, and a "History of Joseph," these have the legendary accounts of Joachim and Anna. H. F. BROCKETT.

. . .

The mother of Mary, the mother of Jesus, was Anne, or Anna (as in the Greek), and her father Joachim. The information is not found in the New Testament, but is given in a book of early date, called *Protevangelion Jacobi*, that is, "The Gospel according to James," a work never received into the Canon of Scripture. Although in the Roman Catholic Church the whole literature of legends was condemned by the decrees of Gelasius, yet many of its details—such as the name of the Virgin Mary's mother—crept into the traditions of the church, and are believed by many.

JOHN H. SHERRARD.

Correct answers have also been received from Amelia Hoyt, W. S. Magee, Mrs. Frank Burton, G. H. Rogers, Mrs. S. L. Lapp, Mrs. M. H. Place, and G. E. Krauth.

2. What is the duty of "Shut-ins" toward the Church, and how can that duty be best performed? Also, what is the duty of Church and pastor toward the "Shut-in?"

The work done by and for the "Shut-ins" may be made one of the most delightful features of church life. Those who are unfortunately shut into the narrow walls of home or boarding-place should never have cause to feel neglected or forgotten by the Church. Neither should the "Shut-ins" allow themselves to be shut out from the love and sympathy of their spiritual brothers and sisters. They should occasionally send messages expressive of prayerful and loving interest in the welfare of the Church--to be read at some prayer meeting. If able, they should be regular contributors to the church treasury. The conditions being favorable, some might aid the Sewing Society in making fancy articles for sale, or in sewing for the needy. Others might write letters to other "Shut-ins," and in thus trying to cheer their fellow-sufferers, cheer themselves. The "Shut-ins" should see the pastor in their homes as often as consistent with his other duties, and in the course of a year, should also meet a large number of the Church members. A prayer meeting or a quiet social might be held now and then with a "Shut-in." Books, flowers, fruit, cooked dainties, warm and comfortable clothing should be supplied according to the needs and tastes of the recipients. The Church Calendar should be sent to each "Shut-in" every week. A bright, cheery letter should now and then be sent to those who cannot see callers. In short, Church members should do to the "Shut-ins" as they would be done by, if they themselves were "Shut-ins."

MRS. LUCY T. WILSON

. . .

The Christian whom "God hath shut in" cannot be "shut out" from his holy work. The many quiet hours—fraught with the purifying fire of pain—may be spent in Divine companionship, learning from the great Architect the more perfect plan of building the soul's temple and storing it with the sunshine of peace or resignation. With the spiritual life thus strengthened, the "Shut-in" holds a sceptre of helpfulness that is felt throughout the church, and keeps him in loving touch with all departments of church work. "The Church can help the "Shut-in" by letting him feel that he is always counted as one of the spiritual family, though compelled to be "absent in the body" from public worship. When holding meetings of special interest, such as conventions, rallies, C. E. Union work, etc., make the "Shut-in" a part of the meetings by sending flowers with badge of society and programme of work. Never allow Easter or Thanksgiving to pass by without a greeting to your invalid. I have seen this plan tried, and it proved a means of growth in Christian fellowship.

ADELIA POPE BRANHAM.

Excellent answers also come from Margaretta Vaughn Wilcox, Ruth Barber, W. W. Hubbard, Mrs. Frank Burton, G. H. Rogers and C. P. A.

3. In what sense are we to understand Christ's word to his mother (John 2: 4): "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"

According to Dr. Edersheim, in his *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, Christ was repudiating the idea that seemed about to be seemingly confirmed, that his divine power was to be subject to his human relationship to his mother. In the exercise of all the functions of the human child he was absolutely filial. "He was subject to them"—his father and mother. But to do a miracle he must be above the plane upon which he could have human ties. Not as her son, but as her Lord he could do a miracle. In the question he asks, "What community exists between you and me in the exercise of a divine function." The appeal to the mother of Christ was, if not refuted there, a dishonoring of the real divinity which he possessed. The appeal to the "mother" now, dishonors the Divine Son, and makes of his Messianic power a trifling thing. C. P. A.

. . .

The language of Christ on this occasion appears somewhat mysterious and cannot be fully explained. The epithet "Woman," however abrupt it may sound to English ears, in Greek signifies respect, and was used by men in addressing females of highest rank. The expression "What have I to do with thee?" (In plainer form "What hast thou to do with me?") though it may imply a gentle reproof, may only be designed to intimate that whatever filial duty Jesus might owe to his mother, gave her no right to interfere with his public duties. He was "about his Father's business," and knew when and how to act, without any human direction. His "hour" was not yet come, and he probably had reasons for delay, unknown to her, and it is evident she did not understand this as a refusal, because she directed the servants to obey his orders.

F. P. WILLIAMS.

4. In the case of a strike, such as that of motormen on the cars, would a Christian working man who is unemployed, be justified in offering to take the place of a striker?

A strike may be either just or unjust. If the strike be a just one, for the redressing of a real grievance, or the resisting of actual oppression, let the Christian worker stand aloof. He would not be justified in committing the meanness of working against his fellow-man. If, however, the strike be arbitrary and uncalled for, as many are, he may accept employment with a clear conscience. It is well in any event to be fully informed as to the facts before acting.

JOHN DAYTON.

. . .

No man with a strong sense of justice would voluntarily strengthen the cause of the oppressor and weaken the cause of the oppressed by taking the place of a striker, when the cause of the strike is a just one and his situation one of crying necessity. In one sense, however, in this free country with its free institutions, every one is at liberty to and has the moral right to engage with an employer on harsher terms than his fellows, in order to secure a job, and it is an evident indication that he needs work most who is willing to receive less pay. When any considerable number of men are willing and anxious to engage work on terms against which others have struck, it does not seem that the strike is either a wise or a justifiable one. Some strikes ought never to succeed; others should call forth a willing sacrifice from every one for the cause of justice and humanity. Certainly, the Christian would be the last one to seek to profit at the cost of the welfare of his fellows. The justice of the strikers' cause is the pivotal point in the question.

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

5. In the management of church affairs, shou the man who contributes little or nothi to the support of the church have as mu power as he who contributes liberally, pr suming that both are members in good stan ing?

Assuming the two to be equally able give, the more liberal should have the mo power, whether that word be understood relating to official, *i.e.*, delegated, prominen or to the personal, subjective influence whi is the result of inherent excellence of char ter. Spontaneous liberality in giving is o of the best of all criteria of a genuinely lo able, because loving nature, hence the poss sor of such a disposition is morally certain acquire a greater ascendancy over the hea of his fellows, than the man of niggardly stincts, whether that eminence be aided official promotion or otherwise. On the oth hand, liberal giving, *per se*, should not be t test of the esteem in which a church memb is to be held. The measure of ability is t Master's test, and each one must dischar his duty in the line of giving, by the light that test, for himself alone.

ARTHUR H. BIGG

. . .

Position and power in the church must n be dependent on contributions to the suppo of the church. The bane of the church h been that she has catered to men of weal or position in giving them places in t church for which they are by no means And the church is reaping the bitter fruit that godless policy in the worldliness in which she has fallen. It is spiritual char ter, combined with executive ability, th alone ought to be recognized in the condu of the church's affairs.

JOSEPH HAMILTON

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There can be no fixed rule in such matte Ordinarily, those who contribute liberally, they are active members, are entitled to co sideration in all questions relating to t church's welfare, as their liberality argu well for their spiritual interest. Again, may be an easy matter for them to gi generously, compared with others wh though poorer, may be far more valuable counselors. I have known one instance whe a large part of the spiritual life of a chur revolved around a single member of the co gregation, comparatively poor in means, y rich in grace and wholly consecrated to t Lord's work. His example energized and spired others and influenced the whole churc The real power in a church is the zealou practical Christian who, consumed with "passion for souls," is recognized as a leac by all who are laboring for the spiritual w fare of the flock. E. H. BURNETT

IN OUR THANKSGIVING ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 27 NEXT, WILL APPEAR THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF A NEW SERIAL OF UNRIVALLED INTEREST, ENTITLED:

"THE NEEDLE'S EYE"

Florence Morse Kingsley

By Florence Morse Kingsley

AUTHOR OF "TITUS, A COMRADE OF THE CROSS," Etc.

THIS latest work of Mrs. Kingsley, written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is unquestionably the greatest that has yet come from her gifted pen. It is a story of our own times, and possesses a powerful human interest that will fascinate all who read it. Domestic life, and the glitter of gilded society are placed side by side in vivid contrast. It is shown how the ambition for great wealth and high position may be indulged at too heavy a sacrifice, and may blight even the noblest lives. Throughout every chapter of this realistic work, there is a sweet and wholesome charm that cannot fail to be enjoyed by the appreciative reader. We strongly commend all to read Mrs. Kingsley's grand story **"THE NEEDLE'S EYE,"** to begin in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, November 27.

Miscellaneous Questions

Emma R., Pittsburg, Pa. I read in the account the famine in Shensi that the natives are s ing human flesh at about 180 cash per cat What is the equivalent in American money?

It is about one cent a pound.

Reader. Who was the author of the hymn beg ning, "I once was a stranger to grace and God?"

The hymn, which is entitled "Jehovah Ts kenu" (the Lord my Righteousness), was wr ten by Robert Murray McCheyne in 18 The author was born in 1813, died 1843.

A reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERAL Mrs. J. A. Oderquist, of Clinton, Minn., sen this letter, which may have an interest f many readers of THE MAIL BAG:

Mrs. J. J., Jacob, Ia. The laws affecting marri women differ in various States. Consult a lawy

In THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some one ask last year (Sept. 5, 1900) how a person could built up when the whole system was weak a poor. A doctor answered that drinking the l "strippings" of cow's milk warm would build the system. I tried it, and in half a year I gain thirty-six pounds, and am now strong. Nothi has helped me like this, and I am very thankful THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and the doctor w gave the advice.

Subscriber, Santa Barbara, Calif. It is base gratitude, and the worst possible taste for a daug ter-in-law to act the termagant in the home of ag people, whose hospitality she is enjoying.

Anxious Friend, Everett, Mass. She should a here to her resolution to let cards alone, and prayer and good example she may yet win her hu band back.

Burt L. Newkirk, Munich. Although, in a sp itual sense, a person might consider himself jus fied in saying of a Christian friend, just dead, "I is well," the world would not regard it as oth than equivocation.

BYRON SUNDERLAND

A TRIBUTE TO A FAITHFUL SERVANT of CHRIST

By REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE

AMONG the recent departures from this world, the going of the Pastor Emeritus, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Washington City, has caused great sorrow, and called forth much eulogium. A more completely rounded life than that of Dr. Sunderland we know not. From early manhood, in the twenties, to old age, in the eighties, he was always

THE LATE REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND

busy on the right side. He was in make-up and characteristics unique, and different from any man we ever knew. He was short in stature. Isaiah prophesied such a man when he wrote: "A little one shall become a thousand." Our departed friend illustrated what we have often noticed, that the height of stature and amount of avoirdupois weight does not decide the amount of one's effectiveness. Many a man with vast physical equipment does not weigh a half ounce on the side of the world's betterment, while many a one of small stature has weighed a ton on the right side of the moral balances. David, the King of Israel, was so small a mite that he upset the gravity of Goliath, yet the sword of the giant is hung up in history as impotent beside the sling of his dwarfish combatant. Napoleon was about five feet in stature. Archibald Alexander, head and shoulders above other preachers of his time in theological attainment, yet not more than up to their elbows in physical height; one of the smallest and one of the mightiest men that God ever made. Isaac Watts set his diminutive personal presence in immortal rhythm.

Dr. Sunderland used often to mirthfully tell how President Lincoln made allusion to his physical size, when the doctor at the White House confronted the President for the purpose of advising some movement in the time of the Civil War, and the President, looking at the doctor from head to foot, said, "Well, every little helps."

But what a great soul he was! Consecrated, patriotic, poetic, logical, effective in pulpit and on platform. Fearless, he could wield a battle-axe. Against the evils of his day he gave many a stout blow. At times he was a warrior of the type of Joshua, but the sun and moon did not have to stand still to allow him to complete his victories. He was a man of peace, but when war was on, he worshiped the Lord of hosts. If you were in the wrong and traitorous to your country, you might as well meet a lion robbed of her whelps as to meet him. But ordinarily he lamb-like in his nature was more evident than the lion-like. Children loved him, and the sick liked to have him come into their room, so soft was his step, so kind his voice, so sympathetic his look, so comforting his prayer.

If sometimes he was what the Bible calls "a son of thunder," he was oftener "a son of consolation." No statistics could ever be tabulated telling the number of sorrows he soothed, the perplexities he scattered, the kind words he spake, the sermons he preached, the souls that through his instrumentality were saved. Dr. Sunderland was one of the few men who could use wit and humor and sarcasm in a Christian way. Those who have been seated with him at family table know his talent for repartee, his wealth in vocabulary of amusement. While never touching anything like frivolity in the pulpit, his way of holding up to scorn something reprehensible would put upon his audience the broad smile. In that he imitated Elijah, who advised the Baalites to pray louder, so as to wake up their god, who might be taking an afternoon nap; and also imitated Christ, who sarcastically complimented the corrupt Pharisees by saying, "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." So many of Doctor Sunderland's sermons gleamed here and there with sudden brightness. There was nothing sombre in his character. His religion seemed to agree with him.

The dear old church where he preached so long is filled from pulpit to front door and from floor to ceiling with his memories. Officiating at weddings, he was especially effective, and sweeter than the orange blossoms were the words he would utter, and after the vows were pledged and the twain moved out the aisle, all thought that if the happiness of the young couple were ever wrecked on the sea of life, it would not be from any lack of auspicious launching. But the volume of his life is closed. Goodby, old friend, till we meet where there is no parting!

What a shout of welcome must have greeted him at the gate of heaven when he ascended. Tens of thousands of souls whom he had in some way blest, I think were ready to hail him. Some ministering spirit between earth and heaven may have announced in glory that the soul of our friend was about to enter, and it did not take a moment to assemble a great multitude to be present at the arrival. What celebration and reunion, and reminiscence and doxology!

BRAVERY

TO toil and strive for those she loves,
To stand beside a grave and weep,
To see the earth hide what is dear,
And wish she, too, could go to sleep.
To work for those who need her care,
For still life brings its stern demands,
No time to soothe her aching brow,
No rest for tired brain and hands.
To bravely labor on and wait,
To count the slender fare each night,
To see sweet trusting lives depend
On her to make their burdens light.
To meet each duty with a smile,
To live and to herself be true,
To scatter sunshine by the way,
And bless God for his mercies too.
Brave heart, thy Father claims for thee,
A starry-crowned eternity.

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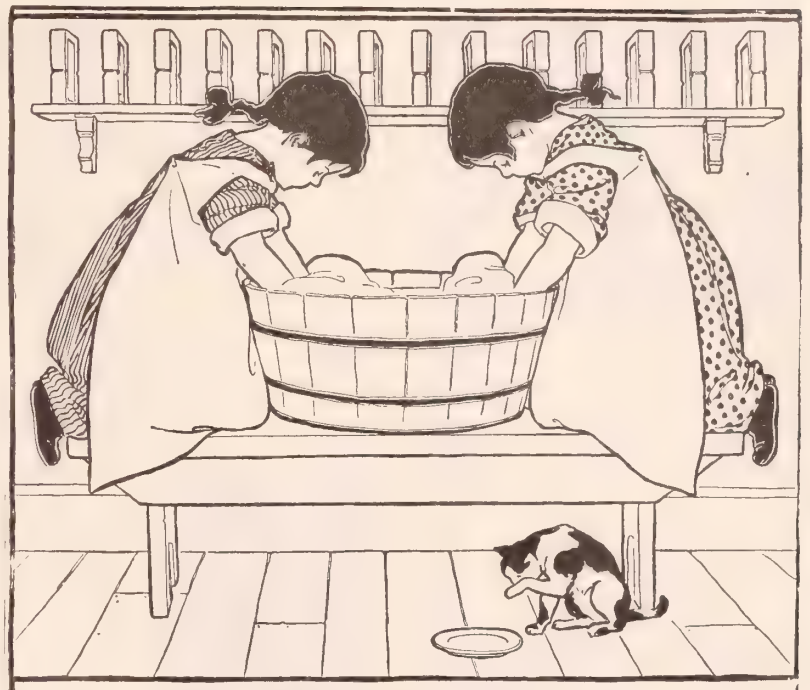

TUB TRUTHS.

A DROP of ink will color a whole glass of water. It is an inch of yeast which makes a pan of bread rise, and a single cake of soap containing unabsorbed alkali can ruin a hundred times its cost in laces and fine embroidery. After all, is it wise to take such risks with common soap? Of course you can get along without Ivory Soap. So can a wagon without axle grease—but it goes hard.

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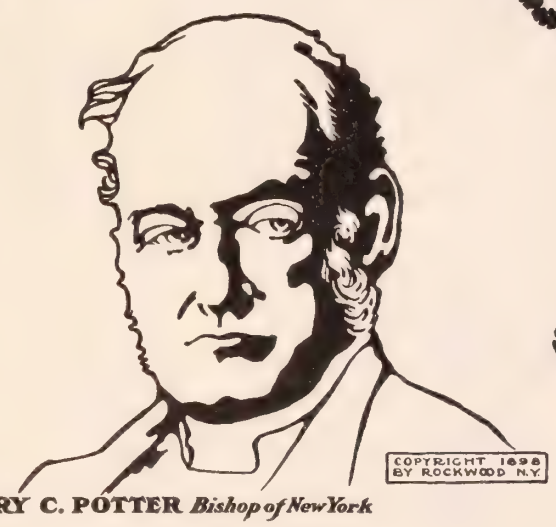

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WHEN TWO MET

By MARY C. FRANCIS

THERE was the usual night revelry in one of the most disreputable saloons at the lower end of the Bowery. It was Saturday evening, and the week's earnings were being freely spent in that nauseous, tainted atmosphere, where, at times, the smoke from ill-scented cigars made a blue haze that half-veiled the stage, with its shabby belongings, whereon at intervals appeared "artists" of more or less doubtful talent and repute. The piano was being banged by a man who looked like a butcher's assistant, and a very blonde young woman was diligently at work on a song relating to the pleasure of visiting the old farm. There was a rather mixed gathering, the usual habitues, some verdant sightseers from the country, an imprudent Westerner with a roll which he injudiciously displayed, a newspaper man escorting a party of his friends who wanted to "see Bohemia," a candidate for the Legislature, who had dropped in merely to assure his friends that he would not forget them at Albany, and a party of four who made a distinct element by themselves, two men in evening dress, and two women, chic and well-groomed, richly but quietly gowned in black and wearing heavy veils. These latter sat as far apart from the company as possible, and surveyed the scene with that deep interest of the Four Hundred when it sees the underworld.

The blonde young woman had considerately ended her vocal selection and had been replaced by two specialty artists who were now doing astonishing things with balls and hoops. The politician was for the twentieth time assuring his constituency that it would be his pride to see to it that laws were made for the rich as well as for the poor, and the Westerner was trying to decide whether the change the waiter had brought him represented what was left of a $10 or a $20 bill, when a young man entered. He bore the evident signs of an inexperienced and verdant youth, and looked about him with the air of one who sees such sights for the first time. He sat down at a table occupied by three sailors and tried hard to appear at ease.

"That," proceeded the newspaper man, continuing his exposition for the benefit of his party, "is a young fellow who has never been in such a resort before. If we stay here a while longer we may see something happen to him; he has not one chance in ten of getting out of here without a new experience."

"Well, something may happen to him, but I think he looks as if he could make things happen to others if he were to start out," said one of the girls of the party, "See his broad shoulders and his strong hands, he is used to farm work and has the strength of a young ox."

"Yes, very true, it might come out one way or another, but you must remember the odds would be against him here. Look over at that table in the corner. See that girl with the dark, curly hair? She is Fighting Kate. She's not a half bad sort when she isn't drunk, but she usually is, and she's pretty far gone just now. She's as brave as a lion, though, saved a baby in a fire a week ago. We published her picture, and she was so proud she had three fights the next day, but she was too popular to be arrested. 'Howdy, Kate?' He spoke familiarly to the girl as she passed the table on her way out. 'Going home early, ain't you?'"

"Yes; I'm afraid I'll be late to Sunday School in the morning if I don't," she replied.

"Oh, come now, Kate, you don't expect us to believe that you ever were inside a Sunday School, do you?"

"Wasn't I! Why, I went a whole year reg'lar when I was only nine years old and got a Bible for it, and I learned the Shorter Catechism by heart. Likely you can't say as much yourself."

"You're right, Kate; but somehow I never connected you with church work. It don't seem quite like your forte. Now, my friends here are all active church workers"—a horrified exclamation came from the women, but Kinsley went on calmly—"and I'll wager that there are others in this room at this moment who are no strangers to the sanctuary; they're like us, merely looking around a little in a quiet way. Are you feeling pretty good, Kate?"

"Never felt better in my life."

"Then do something to prove your early religious training right now."

The girl threw back her head and looked about the room; then she burst into a laugh.

"Why, there's them here that ud look well passing the contribution plate," she said. "Look at that rich old man over there with the wad. He's a deacon or something, and that swell lot over there belong to St. Paul's or Trinity very likely, and that innocent young guy there with his first glass of beer. He's never been away from home before. Oh, what a joke! I'll go you! Listen!"

She whirled, planted one hand on her side and without warning broke forth into the hymn, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." Her voice, a full, not unmusical soprano, was strong and clear. She missed never a word or a note, but sang the entire song through to the end amid such an astonished silence as had never before fallen upon that place. Every eye turned in amaze upon her, every ear drinking in the melody of that hymn that has brought tears to the eyes of thousands. Ere the first stanza was ended not a glass clinked, not a voice sounded. The raucous piano had stilled its brazen banging; the artists on the stage stood dumbfounded; the proprietor, who at first had started forward, was stayed by a sign from the politician; the waiters stood with unnoticed glasses. Everything came to an absolute standstill while Fighting Kate rolled out the stanzas of the song. When it was ended, "Bravo!" cried a voice, and "Bravo!" cried another. There was a tremendous clapping of hands, a stamping of feet and boisterous cheering. Kate paid not the slightest attention to their applause, but swung off into: "Bringing in the Sheaves." The half martial suggestion of the music appealed to many; there was a subdued tapping of feet on the floor. At the chorus the piano took up the accompaniment and more than one masculine voice burred a wordless refrain. By the time this song was concluded nearly every one in the place, fallen under the strange spell, was humming or singing with the girl. The Western man looked slightly dazed; the politician nodded his head approvingly.

But the three sailors, deeply intoxicated, did not approve. One turned to the young fellow, whose eyes were fixed on the girl with a deep stare, and said: "Think you've got into a revival by mistake, eh, don't you? Bowery prayer-meeting reg'lar on Saturday night."

CONCLUDED ON FOLLOWING PAGE

A SCIENTIFIC BREAKFAST

Rightly selected food will relieve more tha half the diseases. Try a scientific and health breakfast:—Fruit of some kind, preferabl cooked; a dish of Gape-Nuts withcream; tw soft-boiled eggs. Put two eggs in a tin pi cup of boiling water, cover, and set off fo nine minutes. Whites will then be the co sistency of cream, and most easily digeste One slice of bread with butter; cup of Postu Cereal Food Coffee.

On that breakfast you can work like a hors and be perfectly nourished until noon. Yo nervous troubles, heart palpitation, stomac and bowel troubles, kidney complaints an various other disorders will gradually disa pear and firm solid health will set in.

Why? You have probably been living o poorly-selected food, that is food that do not contain the required elements the bod needs. That sort of food, and coffee, is th direct or indirect cause of more than half th ills the human body acquires.

Grape Nuts is a perfectly cooked food an both that and the Postum Food Coffee co tain fine microscopic particles of phospha of potash obtained in a natural way from th grains of the field and by scientific food e perts incorporated into food and drink. Th element joins with the albumen in food t make gray matter, which is the filling of th brain cells and the nerve centers all over th human body.

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COFFEE DID IT.

Would have been Fatal if Kept Up.

"Coffee! ! Oh, how I did want it after the nervous strain of public work. Something warm to brace me up was all the breakfast I craved, but every time I drank it, I suffered the dying sensation that follows it with heart fluttering and throbbing of the throat and ears.

I had no strength to throw away in that way, so decided that hot water must do for me.

One morning I came to breakfast in the home of some friends in Pueblo, Colo., just in time to see the Mother pouring some rich yellow coffee into mugs for the two little boys. One little chap had thrust his fingers in the mug and was licking them with such approving smacks. This opened the way for me to say, 'Are you not afraid of the effects of coffee on the little folks?' The mother explained that it was Postum Food Coffee made at Battle Creek, Michigan, and remarked, 'We think there is nothing like it.' Then she explained how the new coffee had weaned them away from the use of the old-fashioned coffee and tea because 'it is so wholesome.' I drank it there for the first time, and was delighted, not only with the delicious flavor, but the after satisfaction it gives. One day I was speaking with our family physician's wife about Postum, when her daughter remarked, 'Yes, Mamma, we are out of Postum, and I have used coffee for the last two mornings and it always brings the tired feeling and troubles my stomach and bowels, but Postum makes me feel all right.'

In one home they served Postum in such a way that it was tasteless. I have found that Postum boiled sometimes five minutes, and sometimes ten, is nothing more than spoiled water, but when it is made with two heaping teaspoonfuls for each cup, and boiled fifteen or twenty minutes it becomes a tried and proven breakfast favorite, and for refreshment and wholesome nourishment, has no equal," H. M. Yates, Goshen, Ind.

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WHEN TWO MET

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

The young fellow flushed hotly and hurled an unexpected reply at his companion: "Well, it's not the first time I've been at a prayer-meeting." The sailor laughed roughly. "Hear that, Jim? He's a returned missionary, and Fighting Kate's his pal. She's——" The young man jumped up and squared himself threateningly.

"Not a word about the girl," he cried.

"Don't get gay," growled the sailor, "she's no better than she ought to be. You'd make a fine pair, I don't think."

The young fellow's right arm shot out; the sailor went down. The two others fell upon him; Kate rushed up. Within less than five minutes a typical Bowery fight had taken place. The police rushed in; the swell party fled with precipitant haste, and Kate, the three sailors and the young man were marched off under arrest, while a trail of broken glass and several blood-stained faces told of the reality of an episode in "East-side low life."

* * * * * * * * *

On Monday morning five very sober and very disheveled prisoners appeared in the police court to answer a charge of drunk and disorderly. The officer told the tale, and, though the young man, who gave his name as Tom Smith, asserted that he was not at all intoxicated on the night in question, the magistrate shook his head and read him a lecture, winding up by fining all parties concerned three dollars apiece. The three sailors could not pay, and were remanded; but the young fellow paid the fine of himself and Fighting Kate, and they were discharged, with the advice of the magistrate not to be found in the docket again.

They walked out of the musty court-room together.

"Where are you going?" asked Smith of the girl.

"Nowhere," sullenly.

"Well, let's go somewhere and talk it over," he said, good-naturedly, "and then I'll go home. My folks knew I'd come to New York for a little visit, but they'll never know how I spent the time, and it's a good thing they won't."

They went into a cheap restaurant and sat at a table, and he ordered the best lunch the place afforded. Country bred, his stomach had revolted at the fare offered while he looked up, and he ate voraciously at first, while his companion, more accustomed to dissipation, partook more lightly. After a while they talked.

"You're awful afraid of your folks finding out where you've been and what you've been doing, ain't you?" she asked, with a half sneer.

He flushed: "Well, yes, to tell the truth I am, or rather I should say that I'm glad they'll never find out. What I have said refers to what my feelings would be if they did find out, for my parents are respectable people, and they have every confidence in me."

"It'll be in the evening papers to-night. Jack Kinsley, that newspaper man, knew who the swells were, and they'll publish all their names and make a sensation out of it."

"Well, no matter; I didn't give my right name. Say, do you know I think it's a shame for a girl like you to be here in such a life. You're fit for something better. Why don't you go home?"

"I haven't any."

"You must have had once."

"So long ago I don't remember much about it."

"Well, it seems strange, but you couldn't guess what I was thinking about while you were singing on Saturday evening in that place—my sister, who ran away from home about ten years ago and was never heard of again. Her name was Kitty"—the girl started slightly—"and she was a pretty little thing, so pretty that she got petted by everybody until she was vain and spoiled. When she was twelve years old she was the most beautiful young girl in the town and was sought and courted by everyone for her clever ways. We were not rich, and she didn't like the little household duties mother asked of her, and was always saying she would go out into the world some day and make a famous name and get rich and buy a home for all of us, for she was the most generous little creature, with all her faults. Father was going to give her the best education he could afford, and she was to have special training in music, for she gave promise of having a fine voice; but one day she ran away, and from that hour to this we have never heard a word from her, and we do not know whether she is dead or alive. She must be about your age now." He looked at her inquiringly. The girl had turned pale. She looked fixedly at him; her eyes seemed to penetrate through and through him, as though she suddenly saw something below the surface. Her breath came hurriedly through her lips.

"What is your real name?" she asked in a veiled voice. He started and reddened. "My real name," he stammered, "why, really."

She half rose from her chair and bent over the table toward him. With a quick motion she pushed up the sleeve over his arm and looked with starting eyes—"The scar!" she cried." "The scar! Tom, do you remember the morning you were burnt?"

He sprang up, white as death. "What do you mean?" he cried. "I am Tom Norton. Who are you?"

She swayed and put out her arms unsteadily.

"I'm Kitty," she said, and fainted.

They carried her into an anteroom, and when she had recovered Tom knelt beside her and took her hands in his.

"Kitty, come home with me," he said. "They've never forgotten you—they've always looked for you to come back; they've always loved you. And, oh, Kitty, don't you remember what good times we used to have playing together. Oh, come home, come home; it will be just like it used to be."

She turned away and groaned and hid her face in her hands. "No, Tom; I can't. They know."

"But they don't," he said; "and even if they did it wouldn't make any difference. Oh, Kitty, no wonder I thought of you when I heard you singing that night. Look, you have saved me; I'll never go there, or to any place like that again as long as I live. Come, we'll go home together and tell them all about it, and it'll be all right. You don't know how glad they'll be to see you."

"Listen," she gasped. "I'll never go; never in the world, unless you can tell me that they, they believed in me, for I haven't been as bad as you might think. I was ambitious, and thought that I would make a name; but it was too hard and I was too young, and then I took to drink; but I never forgot—I never forgot."

The tears rained down her face. He kissed her tenderly, and she clung to him in an agony of sobs.

"Kitty," he said, "your name has never been mentioned that mother didn't say she believed you'd never forget your early training. She's always believed in you, and so have we all."

That evening, when the 6:15 train at the Grand Central pulled out of the station a brother and sister seated in it were on their way home to a little Massachusetts town in the Berkshires, and a father and mother were frantic with delight over the telegram they had received:

"I've found Kitty. Will be home this evening. TOM"

BOOKS RECEIVED

Love Idylls, by S. R. Crockett, author of "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "Joan of the Sword Hand," etc. This is a volume of short stories, capitally told in the author's characteristic style. The leading stories are "The Fitting of the Peats," and "The Count and Little Gertrude," and these are supplemented by seven other shorter sketches, each with a plot and interest of its own. A delightful volume for leisure hours. Pp. 315; cloth. Price $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

A Dream of Empire, or the House of Blennerhassett, by William Henry Venable. This belongs to the class of historical novels, and the leading characters in the tale are Aaron Burr and Harman Blennerhassett. Burr's ambitious plot to stir up war with Mexico, divide the Union and create an empire of the South and West furnishes the theme, and the course of his political intrigues is closely followed. A book well worth reading. Pp. 344; cloth covers. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

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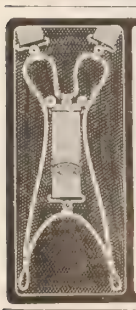

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GRATEFUL ARMENIAN CHILDREN

THOSE who aided with this paper in the work of caring for orphans left homeless and helpless by Armenian massacres, will rejoice to see in the following letters that their good deeds are bringing forth much fruit in Mardin, as well as in other places in Turkey, from

A LITTLE ARMENIAN WARD

which they have heard through similar communications previously published. Rev. C. Dewey, of the American Mission at Mardin, writes, Sept. 2, 1901:

DEAR DR. KLOPSCH: Your check for the last $100 of the $1,200 you promised us three years ago, towards the support of orphans, was received promptly. Our heartiest thanks are due to the friends of humanity, who, by their generous gifts, have enabled us to help a few of the thousands of orphans thrown upon the world homeless and destitute by the sad events of 1895. At the very outset we found we were undertaking no light task. Difficulties innumerable, and apparently insuperable, sprung up before us. It was a Godsend to receive THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S promise of $1,200, to be paid in quarterly instalments of $100 each, running through three years. Our aim from the first has been to give to these children the fostering care of a Christian home, and to develop in them manly and womanly character, thus fitting them, not only to care for themselves, but to be helpful to others. Some are being prepared to take responsible situations as teachers. Manual training has been introduced. All the boys have had some instruction in carpentry and weaving, while the girls are being trained for household work.

I enclose two letters (in Arabic, with translations), in which two lads speak for themselves:

To Our Honored and Esteemed Friends:—May God prolong their lives, Amen! After kissing your hands and asking about your welfare, I thank you for your favor and kindness to me. I pray to God constantly for you. MUSA HANNA.

Musa is fourteen years old and is ready to enter the High School. The writer of the next is eighteen; he is one of the most advanced of our orphans. His father, a leading member of the Protestant church in Kutturbul, was killed in the massacres. He is an earnest, sturdy fellow, and though not at all brilliant is steady and reliable. As he says, he will graduate from the High School next summer, and then will be ready to take up work as a teacher.

To Our Beloved and Honored Friends:—May God preserve them. We tender you our heartfelt thanks for what you have done for us in these four years. Though God has taken our parents from us he has raised you up in the place of parents, to us and has caused you to care for us and bring us along to the point where we can care for ourselves and begin to help others also. From the time when your servant came under your care until now it is four years. In one more year I shall finish the prescribed course of studies in our school and take the graduating certificate. Then I will teach. Kissing your beloved hands. Amen.

ABDUL-KERIM IFRAIM.

Pharaoh's Brick

IN connection with the Sunday School Lesson explained on page 908, the following extract from an article written for THE RED LETTER BIBLE by that eminent scholar, Dr. T. F. Wright, is of special interest: "The brick of which I send you a photograph is made of Nile mud and chopped straw. Stamped upon it is the cartouche or signature of Rameses II, who is now recognized as the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, and compelled them to make bricks and build his treasure cities. Professor Petrie has traced the Egyptians from the beginning, when the people used flint instruments only. Then came a race tilling the soil, then a race knowing metals; and then a period of decay set in, and what he calls the 'first cycle' was completed. Next came a 'race from the Red Sea,' whose first king was Mena, and Petrie has found his tomb and body. Some account of all this is given in the report of the Egyptian Exploration Fund for 1900. Some of the earliest attempts in art are most interesting.

"Long after Mena the Israelites were in Egypt, and here belongs the hard face of Rameses II., who was the oppressor of Israel. His body, found a few years since, lies in the museum at Cairo, and confirms, by its very look, the account of the hard master who set taskmasters over the Children of Israel, and compelled the people to build for him the forts or treasure cities of Pithom and Raamses.

"Not only has the body of Pharaoh been found, but we can go to the treasure city Pithom, mentioned in Exodus 1, 2, and see the thick walls built of both kinds of brick, with and without straw."

Suffering in Russia

There is a report of severe famine in Russia. $48,000 has been appropriated for the government of Saratoff; $203,000 for Tauris; $50,000 for the non-military peasants in the Don basin, and $95,000, with a supply of autumn seed, for Yekaterinslaff. The government's famine fund is $265,000, and the Emperor ordered it increased to $7,000,000.

Revival Work in New York

THE three famous Noon-day Prayer-Meetings at Fulton street, old John street, and Greenwich street, in New York, have taken on new life this fall, conducted, as they are, under the auspices of the Twentieth Century National Gospel Campaign. For the entire month of October, Fulton street is in charge of Rev. David James Burrell, D.D., Greenwich street of Rev. J. F. Carson, D.D., and old John street of Rev. Theodore S. Henderson, D.D.

At Greenwich street, Rev. Dr. Carson referred to President McKinley's death, relating several instances of conversion as a result. He told of a leading Christian merchant of Brooklyn, who had often talked in vain to a friend, a man of the world, about his relations to God. The day after William McKinley's funeral, this friend walked into the office of the merchant, and reaching out his hand, said, "Come, it's all settled!" "What is settled?" was the reply. "My relations with God," replied the former man of the world. "The way President McKinley died is the way my father and mother died, and their religion is good enough for me." Another man had been converted and joined the church while young, but had fallen away and for many years had gone the way of the world, till the President's triumphant Christian death turned him back to the Saviour.

Dr. Henderson, at John Street Meeting, told of a policeman who recently joined his church. He had been picked up out of the gutter by a Christian policeman, who took him to his own home, instead of to the station house, and led him to Christ. "I know several men on the force just like these," said the speaker. Not long since I was called to Brooklyn to baptize the children of a policeman who is a member of Cuyler Chapel, and a most consistent Christian.

At the Fulton Street meeting, where Dr. Burrell has charge, many unusual requests for prayer are received. One was from a Southern minister, asking for prayers that his wife might cease swearing and turn from all her evil ways!

From these simultaneous meetings, held at the same time that the second year's appeal is circulated broadcast by the National Central Committee, it is the hope of the Committee that there may be an awakening to more earnest prayer and service throughout the nation.

REV. JOHN LEWIS CLARK, D.D.

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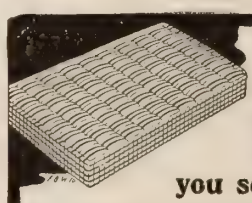

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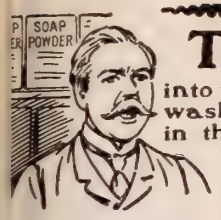

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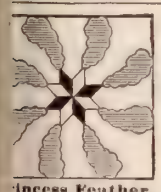

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AN EVANGELIST'S REUNION

Rev. H. W. Brown's Visit to the East after Series of Labors in Distant Cities

CHURCHES and conventions in the East and Middle States have been cheered during the summer by the presence of a well-known worker whose labors of late years have been given to the West. Rev. Hugh W.

REV. HUGH W. BROWN

Brown has had a hearty and cordial welcome wheresoever he appeared, and has had the gratification of seeing that Christian people do not soon forget their absent friends.

Mr. Brown looks as if the promise to Christ's servants, that they who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, had been fulfilled in his case. The passage of years has left little trace on form or features, and his voice has the old-time power and compass. There is little to show that for nearly thirty-five years he has been going from place to place, often by rough ways of travel, and preaching the Gospel in all kinds of surroundings. During the past year he has labored in Texas, Wyoming and Colorado, besides filling long-promised engagements in various parts of Illinois. It has been a year of abundant blessing. Looking back over it, Mr. Brown is filled with thankfulness for the evidences of divine help which have been manifested in many ways and places. Especially in mining towns, the work has prospered. In one rough town, of about 5,000 population, 140 persons were led to make confession of Christ, and in other towns there were similar ingatherings.

It has been a great pleasure to the indefatigable worker to meet old friends at Ocean Grove, N. J., where he opened the great meeting of Sept. 8 with prayer; at the Christian Alliance Convention at Nyack, N. Y., where he took a prominent part in the exercises; and at the Baptist Young People's Union Convention, in Chicago, at which he is ever a welcome speaker. He was planning a tour for the fall and winter on the Pacific Coast, which he purposed extending to Oregon, Washington, and possibly Alaska. Urgent requests were, however, made to him to spend the coming season in the East, and many tempting opportunities for labor were placed before him. These he is now considering, with a strong probability of accepting them. His permanent address is 7331 Seward ave., Chicago, Ill.

Hugh Miller on Geological Prophecies

These latent scientific prophecies seem to have been so deeply imbedded in the sacred text that the world has not seen them hitherto, nor indeed could see them now, were it not that our advancing science is revealing them. The geologic prophecies, though they might have been read, could not be understood till the fulness of the time had come. It is only in the brighter light of increasing scientific knowledge that these grand old oracles of the Bible, so apparently simple, but so marvelously pregnant with meaning, stand forth at once cleared of all erroneous human glosses, and vindicated as the inspired testimonies of Jehovah.

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O H, what are you doing for Jesus?
In a world full of sorrow and sin,
Are you winning some souls for his kingdom
While [illegible] so many to win?

O, what are you doing for Jesus?
What are you doing to-day?
Jesus has called you for service—
O, ask him to show you the way.

O, what are you doing for Jesus?
You are gifted on purpose to do
Something useful to honor the Master
Who sorrowed and suffered for you.

O, somewhere do something for Jesus,
For the years travel swift in their flight;
Whatsoever good thing your hand findeth.
Delay not to do with your might.

When life and its work shall be over,
When you enter the city afar,
Surely you will not wish to be wearing
A crown that has never a star!

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Thriving Under Discipline

Egyptian Oppression of the Jews Defeating Its Own Purposes

BY MRS. M. BAXTER

WHEREVER God's people are to be found, they must be reckoned with; they are always a power for good or for evil. Israel is God's outward, earthly people, chosen to be a blessing to the nations; but in this respect "they are not all Israel which are of Israel" (Rom. 9: 6). Joseph had indeed been blest and made a blessing according to God's promise to his forefather Abraham (Gen. 12: 2), because he wholly followed the Lord who was "with him." But now Joseph had "died, and all his brethren, and all that generation. And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them" (Exod. 1: 6, 7). Abraham, who had learned to wait so confidently for the fulfilment of the promises of his God, passed out of this world, seeing as his descendants, according to the promise, only Isaac, Esau, and Jacob. He died in faith, not having received the promises, but having "seen them and greeted them from afar" (Heb. 11: 13); but he saw the day of Christ, and was glad (John 8: 56), and as a stranger and pilgrim on the earth proved that he sought after a country of his own, a city prepared for him, the heavenly Jerusalem which cometh down out of heaven (comp. Heb. 11: 14-16; 12: 22-24; Rev. 21).

But the promise that he should be the father of a great multitude began to be fulfilled, first in the family of Jacob, which, when entering Egypt, numbered already seventy grown men, and which during four generations, the four hundred years of their sojourning there, had increased to six hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and thirty. All through their history the Jews have been a people who have multiplied more than the people of other lands, and their increase in the last two generations has been enormous. In Russia, which contains more Jews than any other land at the present time, notwithstanding much oppression and persecution, they multiply so fast that Russia does not know what to do with them. The Jews throughout the earth have nearly, if not quite, doubled in number during the last half century—a sure sign that the times of the Gentiles are coming to an end.

What are we to do with the Hebrews? was, in Moses' time, the question before the government of Egypt. What are we to do with the Jews? is the one problem which forces itself upon the Russian and German Emperors and the Sultan of Turkey. How are we to compete with the Jews? is the question among the financiers of the world. How are we to keep pace with the Jews? is the question in many a branch of commerce. And the time is coming when the jealousy of the populations will say what the "new king" (introducing a new dynasty) of Egypt said to his people, "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we [or "too many and too mighty for us."] Come, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply, and it cometh to pass that, when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves unto our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land."

Human politics, which leave God out of count! None can touch his children but by his permission. But he did permit. Why was this? Instead of being like Joseph, a blessing to the Egyptians, and bearing witness to their God, the children of Israel had fallen into idolatry. God said to them, "Cast ye away every man the abominations of his eyes, and defile not yourselves with the idols of Egypt: "I am the Lord your God. But . . . they did not every man cast away the abominations of their eyes, neither did they forsake the idols of Egypt" (Ezek. 20: 7, 8). Just in measure as we fall under the power of evil example in others, we are in their power, just in measure as we stand with God among those who know him not, he gives us power over them, as he gave to his servant Joseph.

Two kings were reigning over Egypt at this time, Seti and his son Rameses II., who reigned as his coadjutor. "Therefore they [these two kings] did set over them [the children of Israel] taskmakers to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh store cities, Pithom and Raamses. But the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew." No measures of man's oppression could controvert the word of the living God. He willed that this people should multiply, and they always have multiplied, and always will. Again and again their enemies have determined to exterminate them, but after the most awful massacres which have cut off hundreds of thousands of them, they have sprung up again like the grass. After nearly two thousand years without a land, with no national status in the earth, their very language ceasing to be a living languages, they have a vigor which no other people possesses; they live and flourish in every climate, speak every language, they can accustom themselves to any circumstances, and they retain everywhere their individuality. A Jew is always a Jew, whether English, American, French, German, Russian, Greek, Italian, Spanish, etc.

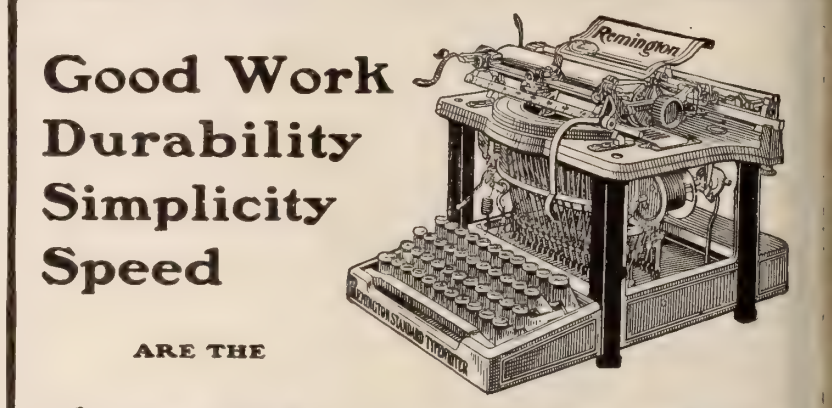
"The Egyptians were grieved [R. V. margin, "abhorred"] because of the children of Israel." Jealousy leads to hatred. "And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigor; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage; in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service wherein they made them serve was with rigor." The persecution of the Jews in Russia and Roumania at the present day, although it is on another line, is equally severe. They are shut out from many kinds of employment, permitted to hold very little property, only a certain percentage are permitted to study as physicians, etc., and the restrictions are such as to keep millions of them in a state of semi-starvation. Yet the more they afflict them, the more they multiply and grow, and it cannot be long before we see them again, where God says they will be, in their own land. Whether this will come to pass through the Zionist movement, which, in five years, has two thousand adherents among them, or whether in some other way, we know that God's Word will be fulfilled. Nothing can stand against the Word of the Most High. He must ever be supreme.

The oppression of Israel and their deliverance was foretold by God to Abraham, when God came unto him in a vision, and a "horror of great darkness came upon him. And he said unto Abram, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation whom they serve will I judge; and afterward they shall come out with great substance . . . in the fourth generation they shall come hither again" (Gen. 12: 16). And the present scattered condition of Israel was foretold to Moses, and also the return of the people to their own land, when they should confess their sins (Lev. 26: 33-45). But Ezekiel tells us of a gathering of Israel into their own land and a subsequent repentance (Ezek. 36: 24-36). And this may be what Zephaniah refers to in the words, "Gather yourselves together; yea, gather together, O nation that hath no shame, before the decree bring forth." This looks like the Zionist movement; a gathering together which does not wait for the Lord's decree.

If God's chosen people of old could not depart from him and worship the idols of Egypt without bringing upon themselves oppression and humiliation from the idolaters among whom they lived, can we, who are now as individuals in the school of God, expect that our education can be conducted without suffering? Truly this is the day of grace, and we are not under the law, but the law is written upon our hearts. There is a judgment, as well as an education, in the discipline, through which, as individuals, we have to go. "If we would judge ourselves we should not be judged. But when we are judged, we are chastened [educated] of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world" (I. Cor. 11: 31, 32). As Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph each had his special education, so is it with each member of Christ's body.

A Little Child's Influence

When the pastor and congregation of the African Methodist Church of Kingston, N. Y., several months ago, decided to rebuild their frail old church, which had been almost demolished by storms, a little member of the flock took a prominent part in the general effort. This young worker was Julia Cuspell. She had been baptized in the church, and had almost grown up in its shadow, from babyhood. While yet a mere toddler in short dresses, Julia developed unusual musical talent. Soon she learned to sing very sweetly the old church hymns, and to play the organ, both of which she did to the delight of the congregation. Her zeal in helping to raise the building fund was an inspiration to many in the church. A few weeks ago, the little congregation was saddened to hear of her serious illness, and when their little singer was called away by death, they mourned as though every family had been bereft of a dear one. Julia was buried in the little Kingston Cemetery on the same day upon which the late lamented President McKinley was laid at rest at Canton. The pastor of the Kingston Church, Rev. F. F. Matthews, will gladly acknowledge on behalf of the congregation any aid that may be extended in rebuilding their church.



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GOSPEL IN THE MINES

Missionary Tour Among the Lonely Camps of Central Wyoming

THE road northwest from Rawlins, Wyo., is only traveled by the stage from Fort Washakie, a few ranchmen and few emigrants. Deep sand along the road makes traveling a very slow operation. The sheep have cleaned up all the grass near water where camping would be possible. The water in the small creeks and lagoons is so strong of alkali that the banks are covered with the white deposit. Cowboys tell a story of one of these little lakes, whose waters are strong enough to bear up an egg.

Twenty miles from the stage road, and 150 miles from Rawlins, we found the first of a little group of mining camps—a community of several families, a store and several saloons, but no one interested in religious things. We were told, however, that the young lady who had taught school there in winter was a Christian, and her influence was still felt in the camp. Twelve miles away, up a woody canon, we found a town larger than the first, known as Atlantic. Here we found people anxious for the Gospel teaching, and we announced a meeting for the next day, the Sabbath. That afternoon we drove over the hills four miles to South Pass City, where we expected to see the mines operating, but the men were standing around the streets with their best clothes on. We were approached by the mine manager who asked for the preacher of our party. He informed us that two of his miners—George F. Lange and Luther M. Duling—had been killed the night before by a premature explosion, and they were waiting for the coffins to be brought by wagon from Lander. We conducted the funeral service. It is their custom to bury the dead without any service save prayer read by one of the men.

We were able next day to organize promising Bible schools in both South Pass City and Atlantic. At South Pass City, we found earnest men and women anxious to have the children enjoy religious privileges. Although we found no church members, we elected suitable officers and teachers. At Atlantic, we were fortunate in meeting a young man who had been a church member in the East, and who became superintendent of our school at the earnest request of the people. The only church member Atlantic had for years was an old lady, who died last year and was buried without a prayer; she was a Methodist. We are hoping that these points may some day be grouped as a Presbyterian Church.

Four miles north of Lander, we organized a very encouraging school at Milford, on the north fork of the Popoagie River. Ten miles northeast of Lander, we found a community on the south fork of Popoagie, similar to Milford, and here, also, we organized a good school. The people here, at Lyons and at Milford, were anxious to have regular preaching services.

In many of the homes visited, we found no evidences of Christianity. In some we found copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the only religious paper we saw on our trip. It has proved its silent sermons and carried the Gospel into homes that have never been visited by any missionary before.

Lonnie, Wyo. JAMES LYNCH.

Still Working to Save Miss Stone

Up to October 21, the efforts to rescue Miss Stone from her brigand abductors had not proved successful, although the negotiations were still progressing. She had at that date been forty-six days a captive. Four thousand Turkish and Bulgarian troops were still on the border, and the authorities of both countries were making strenuous efforts for her release, although Bulgaria absolutely denies complicity in or responsibility for the outrage, and refuses to take any part in the ransom negotiations. Opinion is again divided concerning the political aspect of the affair, and it is still believed that the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee has been a party to the kidnapping. Some of the reliable despatches state that another letter has been received from Mme. Tsilka, Miss Stone's companion, begging that the pursuit of the outlaws be stopped, lest they murder the captives. Their hiding place, she says, is underground. The Rev. R. W. Thompson, of the Sofia Theological Institute, says the captives are suffering great hardships, being strapped upon horses, and taken from place to place in severe weather, Miss Stone being clad in light summer garments. Their food is coarse bread and roasted mountain sheep. It is reported that two other missionaries, Messrs. Baird and Haskell, who were conducting the ransom negotiations with the brigands, have not been heard from, and apprehensions are felt for their safety.

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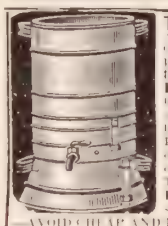

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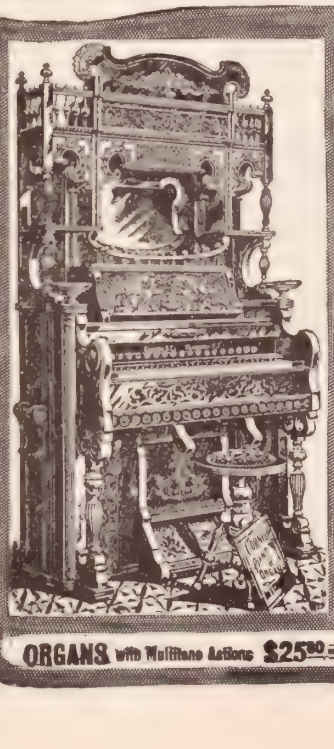

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Messages of Impending Ruin to a People in the Enjoyment of National Prosperity

SAD and apparently hopeless was the mission undertaken by both the prophets, whose words, with a singular lack of perception, are associated with the topic. They were alarmed by the dangers menacing the prosperous kingdom of Israel. They warned the people that their destruction was inevitable. It was true that God was able to protect them. Mighty as was the great kingdom of Assyria, it was as nothing in his sight. He could deliver his people from any and every enemy. But why should he do so? His people were unfaithful to him and were disregarding his law. The fact of their relations to him was all the more reason why he should not interpose on their behalf. He had done so much for them that he might naturally expect they would prove a righteous nation. They had not done so; they were like the heathen nations and were much more culpable, because they knew better and were under greater obligations. God might overlook the wickedness of their neighbors, but he could not tolerate the iniquity of the people whom he had delivered and who were called by his name. It is true that they were attentive to the national worship and made liberal offerings, but these were a mockery while they were morally corrupt. It was as if they were trying to bribe God with offerings to bear with their selfishness, their oppression of the poor, and their immorality. God could not be treated in that way, and he already had an instrument of punishment at hand in the Assyrian king.

The gist of the message of the two prophets was an indictment of the nation and a warning that punishment was approaching. The people did not heed the message. It was a time of prosperity, and the rich were too intent on their pleasures and their luxury, and the poor too harassed by the awful burden of their poverty to attend to the preachers. Besides, the message was an unpopular one. They might have caught the popular ear if they had bragged about the greatness of the country; quoted statistics of the crops and congratulated the people on their prosperity. But they were not optimists, and they were more distressed by the sins they witnessed than delighted by the signs of wealth and luxury around them. They laid bare the evil under the surface and declared that God would punish such a nation. So they were despised and condemned as pessimists and croakers, and things went on in their old way. Such preachers would receive similar treatment now among us. Yet, some such message is needed. We have become too proud and arrogant. Our prosperity has intoxicated us. Because as a nation we are so rich, we are disposed to congratulate ourselves and to ignore the gigantic evils that are leavening society. It is true the gifts to colleges, libraries, and Christian institutions were never so large as now; that religion is outwardly honored, and that we call ourselves a Christian nation. But there are enough blots beneath the decorous exterior to arouse concern. Our worship of wealth, our indifference to the suffering of the poor, our awful divorce record, the appalling immorality prevailing in our great cities, the scepticism and open infidelity to be met with everywhere are ominous signs of national corruption, which all history shows to be the precursors of national decadence. Like ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome we are being tested by prosperity. Woe to us if we yield as they did.

The evil, which is the special subject for the day, is in itself a very serious menace to the nation. Statistics show that drunkenness is on the increase among us. Close observers tell us that it is now affecting our women, which is a most ominous sign. Of all the reforms that our nation needs, there is none that would do so much for its betterment as the reform of our drinking customs. Intoxicating liquor is the fruitful cause of poverty and crime. Wheresoever it is withdrawn from a community, that community becomes more peaceful, more prosperous and more law-abiding. The liquor habit destroys the moral tone of the individual. He becomes lazy in his sober moments, and either a fool or a ferocious animal when he is intoxicated. Unhappily, the habit is so insidious that the victim is enslaved before he is aware of his danger. At first he knows that he can stop drinking at any time. But he likes it, and as he is sure that for him there is no danger, he continues drinking. Gradually the stimulant becomes necessary. He misses it when, through any cause, he abstains for a day or two. Then the habit becomes imperious, and after a time he is unable to abstain. Thousands among us are treading that dangerous course.. The most hopeful way of reform is to begin with the young. To convince them that the way of abstinence is the way of safety; to encourage them to like water as a beverage; to make them understand that liquor is in no way beneficial to their health, and to induce them to make no beginning in the pernicious habit—these are the ways in which we may hope that the next generation may be a more sober one than this. The social reformer could engage in no work so patriotic as this. His success would do more for the elevation of the people than any other to which he could set his hand.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 10. Hab. 1: 13-17; Amos 6: 1-6.

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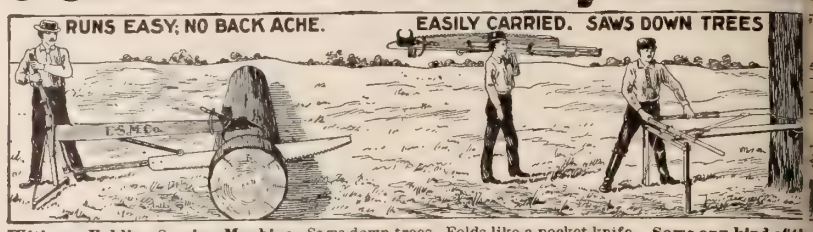

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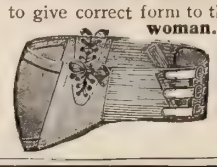

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CHRISTIANITY AND WAR : : : Continued From Page 912

defense of life and home on the one hand, and offering on the other the coveted rewards of conquest. No branch of industry has played so great a part in the civilization and enlightenment of mankind as the development of implements of war.

Without the stimulus afforded by the constant menace of neighboring powers, a nation may allow its arts and sciences to remain stationary, as China has done for the last thousand years.

Stimulated by the menace of war, however, all this is changed, and the ingenuity of the people is taxed to its utmost to meet the peril. The discovery and introduction of gunpowder called for a complete revolution in military implements and operations. Since then, improvements in weapons have kept pace with improvements in gunpowder, and improvements in all the arts and sciences have followed. The development and perfection of gunpowder, and the harnessing of that energy which can now hurl a half-ton bolt of solid steel through three feet of iron, has been a giant task, and could only be accomplished by corresponding accomplishments in other industries.

Nothing ought to be plainer to the intelligent mind than the likeness between an efficient military system and an efficient police system.

There have, however, in recent years, been voiced in the press many dreams of impracticable peace theorists, who cry out against the inhumanity of modern implements of war. If these theorists will look into the past, they will see that the history of nations is the history of wars, and we may tell these same peace lovers that but for the great bulwarks erected by the sons of Mars along their frontiers the pretty general peace which the world now enjoys could not last for a day.

As to the results upon civilization of improvements in implements of war, there can be but one interpretation, and that is that more will be done by money and machinery, and less fighting will be done by hand, thus permitting and demanding that larger numbers remain at home engaged in industrial pursuits, while the home is defended less by blood and more by the fruits of industry.

The inventors of deadly engines of war place in the hands of scientific and enlightened nations the means of controlling wars. Such inventions have put an end to the time when barbarian hordes can overrun and subdue the earth, to ravage, destroy and enslave, by sheer brute force and power of numbers.

COMFORT IN SORROW

In Gethsemane of sorrow
Jesus prayed, "Thy will be done";
Then an angel from the Father
Brought sweet comfort to the Son.

In Gethsemane of sorrow
Other hearts are bowed in prayer,
To the will of God submitting,
They will find the angel there

F. B. MELVIN.

A Little Band's Work

"We are very busy with a large school and helpers as usual," writes Rev. Dr. E. H. Richards, in his last letter from Inhambane, Africa, in acknowledging receipt of $5 from our Bishop Taylor Industrial Band. In Middletown, Connecticut, 1893, under the call of Bishop William Taylor, ten persons banded themselves together, to give not less than $1 per year for mission work in Africa. Bishop Taylor, in 1897, resigned his work in Africa, and the payments were made to Dr. Erwin Richards, a most consecrated and honest missionary, who for more than twenty years has been giving his life for the salvation of the heathen in a vast region, where truly "The harvest is great and the laborers few." At present, Dr. Richards is in need of an educated Christian lady to supervise one of his schools. This, too, is a famine year with him, and he is in special need of financial help. Our little mission band here has been depleted by death and by other removals, so that only three or four of our original members remain. We cannot do what we would, yet we do not forget the Master's words: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." Our donations to Dr. Richards have gone for school-work; closely calculated, $12 provides board and education for a child in his home-school for a year. MARY F. BURTON.

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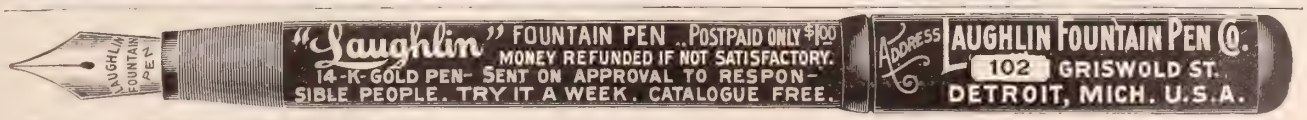

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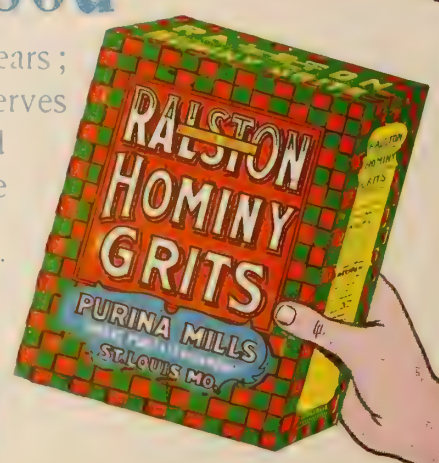

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SCENES IN THE CAREER OF THE BISMARCK OF JAPAN --- SEE PAGE 931

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OUR RECENT GUEST, JAPAN'S GREATEST STATESMAN, MARQUIS ITO, "THE MISSIONARIES' FRIEND"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The usual five new questions are omitted this week, in order that other letters to "The Mail-Bag," many of them long delayed, may receive attention. Hereafter, once a month, the entire page will be devoted to this class of letters.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

* * *

Sam. B., Trenton, N. J. 1. What is the religion of Czolgosz, the assassin of the President? 2. I understand that he was fairly well educated. Am I right?

1. He was baptized a Catholic in the Polish Church of Detroit, but forsook all religion when he embraced the doctrines of anarchy. This is his own statement. 2. He could neither read nor write, never attended any school, and went to no church. This he told the superintendent of the Albany prison.

L. R. B., Indianapolis, Ind. Please give the meaning of the floral emblems used so much in church architecture and religious literature.

In the passion-flower some have thought they found the crucifixion symbolized—the leaves representing the head of the spear which pierced our Lord's side; the tendrils, the cords binding him; the pillar in the centre, the cross; the stamens, the hammers, and so on. The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley are emblems of humility and of our Lord; the rose is also a type of the Saviour. The Easter lily is used as a symbol of the annunciation, and of the Virgin Mary; also of the festival whose name it bears. The laurel is for victory and glory; ivy and laurestinus, constancy and immortality; the little white flower called Star of Bethlehem, is the Advent and Epiphany emblem; the fleur-de-lis, snowdrop and marigold, are sometimes used as the Virgin's emblems; the heart-shaped pansy is the emblem of charity; cypress and rosemary, of the grave, the tree of the former, on being cut, never revives; rosemary flourishes the better for clipping; the trefoil, or conventional representation of a three-leaved plant like clover, is an emblem of the Trinity.

L. J. E., Snapping Shoals, Ga. A pastor is requested by the negroes of the colored churches in the community to preach for them when he is not otherwise engaged. His congregations object, on the ground that it is not customary, and will hurt his influence with white people who are out of Christ. What is his duty in the matter?

We do not know how people who are "out of Christ" will regard his accepting the invitation, but we believe that all who have Christ's spirit would approve of his doing so. They subscribe for sending missionaries to India and Africa, and they honor the men who go; so there would be no logical reason for their disapproving of a white minister working in colored churches at home. The duty is certainly nearer, and there is all the greater reason to rejoice if, by his preaching, the colored people are helped and brought into a clearer and better understanding of the principles of Christianity.

Helen S. S., Bellingham, Mass. If the Lord hardened Pharaoh't heart so that he did not let the people go, how was it possible for him to do otherwise than he did?

The true interpretation is that the Divine message of warning and the plagues which followed were the occasion of Pharaoh's heart being hardened. Thus the expression which has been translated as "hardened," is, in Hebrew, "strong" implying that the influence of the events had been to make the king's heart stubborn or rebellious. (See Ex. 7:13, 14; 8:19, and 9:35). Elsewhere in the same narrative the Hebrew expression is capable of being translated "made heavy" (as in Ex. 7:14 and 8:15 and 32; also Ex. 9:34). The passage in Ex. 7:23, which may be rendered as in the Authorized Version, and also as "he (Pharaoh) set his heart even to this," expresses the condition of Egypt's ruler, who had set his face like a flint against Jehovah, and was alternately depressed and defiant, but not repentant.

J. W. C., Trinidad, W. I. What is the Monroe Doctrine, and how did it originate?

President Monroe, in his annual message to Congress in 1823, embodied a clause, declaring that the United States should consider any attempt on the part of the European powers to "extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety"; also, that "the American continents, by their free and independent position which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers." This declaration was called forth by the attitude of the European alliance, which was believed to contemplate the reduction of the Spanish colonies in America, then in a state of revolt. The United States had already recognized the independence of these colonies.

Sunday School Scholar, Dallas, Tex. When was the first Bible printed?

In 1450–55, at Mentz, Germany. It was in two folio volumes, contained 1,282 pages; a few copies are still in existence. The work is of much excellence and beauty. This, we understand, is not only the first Bible, but also the first book ever printed.

Anxious Inquirer, Plainfield, N. H. What constitutes a call to the ministry? Is a sense of the burden of souls, a desire to work in the Lord's vineyard and a willingness to obey Christ's commands sufficient?

More than these are necessary. There should be fitness and capacity for the work. This can be tested by giving addresses in Sunday Schools and at mission churches, which can be done by persons engaged in business. If the addresses are effective, if God blesses them to the conversion of the hearers, there is evidence of a call to the ministry. The experiment does not imply inferiority of the sphere, but that the test can be more easily made in that way than by a regular sermon in a church. Then there is a question of circumstances. If the way to the ministry is beset with difficulties, there is ground for doubt of the call, because God opens the way to those whom he calls to serve him.

L. E. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. I have heard that the Higher Criticism repudiates all belief in miracles. Is that so?

No, it has nothing to do with the question of the credibility of miracles. Its work is done on the construction of the books of the Bible. It proceeds on the theory that most of the books are compilations of older documents, and that the compilations were revised and edited by later scholars after they were made. Many of the theories advanced by the Higher Critics are rejected by conservative scholars. Dr. Green, of Princeton, vigorously upheld the homogeneity of the Pentateuch, which is a crucial question.

H. F. B., East Orange, N. J. 1 Where did the name Apostle's Creed first originate and why named? 2. What are the Apples of Sŏdom? 3. What is the Appian Way?

1. It is held by some early writers that this creed was composed by the Apostles themselves, during their stay at Jerusalem after Christ's ascension, and that it was agreed upon as a rule of faith. Tradition adds that "each contributed his sentence and left it as a rule to be given to all believers." 2. A fruit found in the Plain of Jordan and near the Dead Sea, tempting to the eye, but bitter in taste and filled only with air, and a silky seed, like that of the silk-weed. 3. It is the highway from Rome to Brundusium, which was constructed by Appius Claudius.

Mrs. C. F. E., Chesterland, O. 1. Where in the Bible may be found good authority for capital punishment? 2. Is it according to the teachings of Christ?

1. See Gen. 9:6. 2. No; see Rom. 12:19; Heb. 10:30.

L. A. W., Hamilton, N. Y. May the casting of the ballot, for any particular policy of government, become a moral duty, in so far that the minister should pass upon the moral quality of the proposed policy and preach the duty of voting for or against it?

There are extreme cases, involving some great moral public question, national, State or municipal, in which a pastor would be justified in advocating from the pulpit the cause of righteousness and good government and in urging his people to support that cause. In such cases, he should be able to rise above mere considerations of faction, and to make it quite clear that he is not a partisan or electioneering, but is actuated by higher motives. Ordinarily, however, the pulpit should leave politics alone. The preacher who turns the pulpit into a campaign platform is apt to alienate one part of his congregation and lose the respect of at least some portion of the other part.

Reader. A man of well-known piety is appointed by his pastor to lead the evening prayer-meetings. Is he justified in leaving his wife alone with her small children at their home "in the woods" to attend these services?

Such questions must be referred to the individual conscience. If husband and wife both clearly see it to be his duty to answer the call, he should go. The wife may aid and strengthen him by her own prayers during his absence. There may be cases, however, in which the husband would not be justified in leaving, but these are exceptional. He should try to arrange to have his wife accompany him, if possible.

M. G., Knoxville, Tenn. Who wore the first bridal veil mentioned in Scripture?

Rebekah; when she "lighted off the camel" and went to meet Isaac, who was meditating "in the fields at eventide," and looking for her, she "took a veil and covered herself."

Margaret M., Mentor, Kan. 1. Why should the celebration of Christ's birthday begin the day before—why should we have Christmas Eve? 2. If Christmas falls on a Sunday, is it a violation of the Fourth Commandment if the regular Christmas entertainment is held thereon?

1. Jewish festivals began in Christ's time, as they do now, with the even. It was natural that in this respect Christian custom should follow Hebrew, Christ, his disciples, and nearly all of his followers being of that nationality. The celebration of many more holidays begin by practice, if not by statute, the night before, New Year's Eve being an illustration in point. If, too, we consider Christ's birthday as consisting of twenty-four hours, beginning with the even, we see a very natural reason for the celebration of Christmas Eve as well as Christmas morning. 2. A worldly entertainment on Sunday is inappropriate, to say the least of it; and beca[use] Christmas falls on Sunday, would not j[ustify] it. Sunday School exercises might pa[ss] as they do at Easter, of the nature of [a] festival; and any pious form of family rej[oicing] would certainly be in order. The corre[ct] swer to this question depends altogether what you mean by "entertainment."

D. K. Williamsport, Pa. Was ever a Ca[tholic] ruler assassinated? Please give the dif[ference] rulers that have been assassinated and religious belief.

1. A larger number of Roman Cat[holic] rulers than those of any other faith have by assassination—this, of course, applies to Christian countries. In heathen l[ands] assassinations have been legion. The fo[l]ing list gives the most notable assassina[tions] of rulers since that of the great pagan, J[ulius] Cæsar, 44 B. C: Albert I., German Emp[eror], 1308; James I., Scotland, 1437; James, Re[gent] Scotland, 1570; Henry III. and Henry [IV.], France, 1589, 1610; Charles III., Duke of Parma, 1854; Michael, Prince of Servia, [1868]; President Carnot, France, 1894; Eliza[beth], Austrian Empress, 1898; King Hum[bert], Italy, 1900; all Roman Catholics, alth[ough] Henry IV. of France (Henry of Navarr[e] is believed, was at heart a Protestant. [Seven] England's assassinated sovereigns—Ed[ward] II., Richard II., Henry VI., and Edward [V.] —were Roman Catholics,—for it was [not] with Henry VIII. that England bec[ame] Protestant. Gustavus III., of Sweden, [1792], was a Lutheran. Marat, of France, stab[bed] by Charlotte Corday, was more infidel [than] anything else. In Russia, out of eight [sov]ereigns from Ivan IV. to Alexander II. [four] have been assassinated. They belonged to the Greek church. Sultan Abdul Aziz, of Turkey, 1876, and Nasreddin, Shah of Persia, 1896, were Mohammedans. Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India, 1872, was a Protestant. William, the Silent, of Orange, 1584, was a Protestant. Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley were Protestants.

In Doubt. Is it a sin for a pure Christian young woman to marry a man who has led an immoral life?

It would assuredly be a very great [sin], morally and in every other way, to make such a choice deliberately; yet, if the sinner is truly repented and reformed, we can understand how it might be. Ordinarily speaking a woman who makes such a choice, unless she has absolute evidence of the man's thorough reformation, invites a lifetime of misery and regret.

Reader, Malta, Ill. We leave these questions to the political journals.

Subscriber, Shirley, Ind. Write to Biglow & Main, publishers, N. Y., for the hymns.

Subscriber, New Brunswick, N. J. We can[not]. Write to the *Medical Record*, New York.

A. B. D., Kemptown, Md. If your conscience reproves you, you would do well to seek another position.

W. S. W., Malvern, Ia. You will find the hymn "Lead Kindly Light," in nearly all of the popular collections.

E. J. S., Berlin, Wis. It seems to us that Thanksgiving Day meets all the requirements described in your letter.

D. W. J., Providence, R. I. Write to the Missionary Board of your own church concerning your desire to labor in the foreign field.

Reader, Ottawa, Wis. For full information concerning naval appointments, write to Secretary, Naval Examining Board, Annapolis, Md.

Phil, N. H. One year's residence in the State, four months in the county and thirty days in the election district, are required of voters in New York State.

In behalf of the benevolent work of the Christodora House, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster desires to acknowledge various recent contributions from readers of this journal.

Thos. R. H., Plymouth, Pa. Sunday photography is like any other Sunday work—desecration unless it can be shown to be a work of absolute necessity, which we very much doubt.

Mrs. Alice M. Williams, a returned missionary from China, writes thanking THE CHRISTIAN HERALD "for the splendid effort which has been made" for the famine sufferers in Shansi and Shensi.

F. F. S., Waterbury Centre, Vt. It is a point of honor and filial respect to pay a father's debts. Unless the debts be a burden on the estate, in the shape of notes, mortgages or other obligations they cannot be recovered by law, but the son or daughter who has the means, honors the dead parent by paying the just debts.

Reader, Montreal, Can., writes that there was (and possibly still may be), a standing offer of $10,000 by the British government for the discovery of perpetual motion. "An inventor named Longitude," he adds—"a man in the south of England—once had two balls running for years; but they lost their rotundity, and he lost his reason and died in an asylum."

A PERSONAL LETTER FROM DR. KLOPSCH

I APPEAL to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to co-operate with me in a matter that gives me great concern. Most of our readers correctly suspect that my life is a very busy one. Time has become a very important factor with me, and the problem ever before me is that of reducing matters to such a system that the handling of them may involve no needless waste in that direction.

My first care is, of course, the proper and satisfactory administration of CHRISTIAN HERALD affairs, and it is in connection with these that I invite your help. During the present month, it is comparatively easy to ship premiums and renew subscriptions promptly. During December we receive from 10,000 to 15,000 letters a day, and it is difficult then to handle the business to the entire satisfaction of our subscribers—particularly on account of the pressure on mail and express facilities incident to the Holiday Season.

If our own subscribers would co-operate with us, by renewing during November, we could give them the best service; and that is what we are planning to do. Neither delays by mail, nor by express would then interfere with their plans or ours. To ensure this best and promptest service to the members of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family is the object of this appeal.

Renew NOW. You lose nothing, as your subscription will be dated ahead from the present date of expiry, and not from the date of your remittance. You will thus help me personally more than you can imagine, and relieve me of much care and anxiety, for which I shall be ever grateful. I want to please you; HELP ME TO DO IT.

New York, Nov. 5, 1901.

Klopsch

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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PROF. R. A. TORREY, SUPERINTENDENT

MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

D. B. TOWNER, MUSICAL DIRECTOR

A GREAT CAMP of SOUL-WINNERS

.. The Moody Institute of Chicago and its Army of Young Workers for Christ ..

WHEN Dwight L. Moody, America's best-beloved evangelist passed from earth to heaven, it was feared lest the great work he had founded in Chicago, the Moody Bible Institute, would suffer from the want of his energizing presence and deep spiritual personality. That fear, however, as the event has proved, was groundless, for the work he established, with the prayers and earnest struggles of many years, is to-day stronger and better than at any time in its history. His legacy to Christian effort in America has been richly blessed and it has once more been demonstrated before the world that God permits no good work, established solely for his glory, to languish and fail, but prospers it abundantly and raises up friends and helpers on every side.

Such has been the history of the Bible Institute. Mr. Moody was president of its board of trustees, and had almost complete freedom in the control of affairs. He directed its policy. He outlined plans for work, pursuing those methods of teaching and training that would train out men and women such as his own varied and lengthy experience convinced him were much needed in the army of Christ. He was in constant personal touch with every phase of the work, receiving weekly and monthly reports. He raised, by his own prayer and efforts, practically all the money required for running expenses.

MISS E. S. STRONG, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

The first year that elapsed after his death proved that he was a wise master-builder. It was the best year in every respect that the Institute had known. The attendance of students averaged higher than ever. The spiritual tone was good, the class-room work satisfactory. The place taken in the world by old students gave cause for increasing gratitude. The number of students enrolled in the men's department was 290, women's department 181; states and territories represented, 38; foreign countries represented, 18; denominations represented, 41. The evening classes showed an attendance aggregating 9,000, more students finishing the complete courses than ever before. The statistics are instructive, showing increased attendance and redoubled activity in all departments.

Practical religious work has always been a prime feature of the Institute curriculum. In the whole year 323 cottage meetings were conducted by men students, also 246 open-air meetings; the women conducted 112 mothers' meetings. Men and women students together held 986 children's meetings, 1,498 mission services, and 1,506 other religious services. This, in addition to hospital and other visits, invitation calls, and Sunday School work. Students are required not only to study the theory of Christian work, but also to engage in it personally. The homes and churches and missions, the police stations and carbarns, the prisons and poorhouses and other institutions in Chicago and vicinity, benefit by this ministry. In summer, people are gathered in the parks for open-air services and in tents. In every avenue of practical usefulness, the students are held ready to take advantage of opportunity. This work

MOTHERS' MEETING (THE YOUNG WOMEN IN FRONT ARE LADY RESIDENTS)

DURING A RECITATION IN THE LECTURE HALL

A CHILDREN'S SERVICE THE FRESH-AIR HOME A SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS

is, of course, supplementary to the regular studies at the Institute, but is by no means the least important part of the training.

More Moody students are now serving God in home and foreign fields than ever before. They are found in nearly every country under the sun. At the outbreak of the troubles in China, fifty-one former Moody students were heralds of the Christ in that great empire. Of these, two were called to suffer martyrdom. Five were in Peking throughout the siege. Many more were driven from their stations in the disturbed districts.

Twenty-two of last year's students are now preachers and singers in evangelistic work; nineteen are pastors, mostly in frontier and rural churches; thirteen are missionaries under the American Sunday School Union and other Boards; sixteen are home missionaries; eight are foreign missionaries; eleven are in city and rescue missions; nine are pastors' assistants and church missionaries; six are in educational work, as Bible teachers, etc.; five are Y. M. C. A. secretaries; four are Y. W. C. A. secretaries; one is a deaconess; one a hospital chaplain. Since the Institute was founded in 1889, two hundred and thirty-one students have gone to home, city and rescue missions, and among the North American Indians; two hundred and two have engaged in evangelistic work, as preachers and singers; three hundred and ninety-seven became pastors, pastors' assistants, church visitors and choristers; seventy-one are with the American Sunday Union and other Boards; thirty-four are Christian Association secretaries; one hundred and eighty-six are in foreign lands; forty-four are in educational and philanthropic work; sixty-four are superintendents of responsible institutions and organizations in the largest cities of this country and Canada.

The work of training men and women for Christian service, inaugurated by D. L. Moody at Chicago, in 1889, has resulted in the sending out of over 3,000 men and women during the twelve years that have elapsed since that time. They are scattered all over this land, and over 200 are in foreign fields. Mr. Moody is "yet speaking" through them, for the training in practical methods and the instruction in the English Bible they receive, are both framed along lines that he laid down. He saw the need in the churches of live, earnest workers, and the Moody Institute is the servant of the churches in trying to send out bands of men and women who shall hold up their pastors' hands, and help spread the news of the Gospel in neglected fields.

Out of many incidents that are reported from time to time in connection with the present work of former students of the Moody Institute, a few have been selected and are given below. These serve to prove that the Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation, when preached by self-sacrificing, spirit-filled workers.

Worked for Christ While Dying

"A few months ago," writes W. L. Crist, a former Moody student, now laboring in the Gospel field, "while engaged in evangelistic work in southwestern Iowa, God wonderfully blessed our labors, and some of the vilest sinners in the community accepted Christ as their Saviour. People marveled and wondered. Upon investigation, I learned that a few months before a very wicked young man of that vicinity had been converted on his deathbed. The day before his death he sent for all his friends, relatives and associates in sin, and told them about the Saviour he had found. After a private talk with each one, he would not let them go until they promised to meet him in heaven. Then offering a prayer to God to save them, he would turn and talk to another.

"This he did until a few minutes of his death. Of the sixty conversions, over two-thirds were those with whom he had talked and prayed. He had done all he could, and will receive as a reward many fitting stars in his crown."

"I am in the foot hills of the Ozark Mountains, Moselle, Mo.," writes another worker. "My field of labor seems to have no border lines. I am the first resident pastor in this section. Have two churches, preach three times every Lord's day, and often in school houses through the week. Beside this I have much missionary work. My pony and I make many tours, so we reach those who never hear—some here have never heard—the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For example, a few days ago while on a tour I came to a one-room log cabin. The poor father lay very sick. The mother was heart-sick, and seven half-clad children stood looking on. I read and prayed. The father cheered, the mother comforted, and those children who had never been to Sunday School were found in my school the next Sunday. The oldest son came to me and said, 'I want to be a Christian.' As my Master went among the hills of Galilee, I want to go among the hills doing good. Pray for my field, and that I may be filled with the Spirit's power for service."

MR. MOODY'S ROOM IN THE INSTITUTE

THE BEAUTIFUL MAIN STAIRCASE

Working in Chinese Villages

Allen N. Cameron, one of the Institute students, is now in China. He has secured type and press, and is printing tracts in Chinese for widespread circulation. In a recent letter he says he has four sermons by Mr. Moody which he proposes to reprint, and continues: "I spent some weeks in the Province of Hunan last fall, and sold 2,222 Gospels, Acts, and Genesis, and gave away some fifteen thousand free tracts, besides speaking, singing, etc. I visited five walled cities and twenty-five villages. Hunan, with fifteen million population, has only five missionaries. My Christian cook and I spent eight days in Hunan's capital, Changaha Fu, and got out safely after selling 615 books. Had four soldiers' escort daily, but no mobs or riots. Oh, how urgently help is needed here in every province."

The Gospel in the Michigan Forest

A. Bentall, a Moody student of 1[illegible], writing from Sherman, Mich., says: "I will give you a report of last Sunday's work. Preached in Sherman at 1[illegible] (I am my own sexton), took charge of Sunday School and taught Bible class. Had then a hurried lunch and mounted my horse (a missionary horse for which a friend sent harness last week), and traveled nine miles to a school house. There is no village near, but I have from five to fifty people every Sunday afternoon. The nearest house is half a mile away. They are much interested, and before the close of summer we hope to have the church, which has been defunct for three years, reorganized. All through last winter I drove there, often when drifts were so high that we were in constant danger. Once we were lost in the woods, but never have we failed to go, rain or shine."

Laboring for Souls in India

Andrew Johnson, another Moody student, writes from Pochora, Khandesh, says: "Within the last 10 months the Lord has enabled me to hold 110 street meetings in eighty-five towns and villages, to audiences of, perhaps, thirty-five or forty, and if the Lord continues to give me strength, I hope to be able to visit the rest of the towns, about eighty more, belonging to this station before the hot weather sets in. To my knowledge I am the only missionary in the whole Khandesh district that is doing itinerary preaching this year, as there are seventeen counties like Pochora in the district, you see there is plenty of room for more itinerants. I believe God wants a host of men in India, China and Africa at present to fill up the gaps—men who know God and his Book, and are willing to plod a lifetime if need be, unnoticed, and perhaps unappreciated, except by the Master himself, and his smile from day to day."

World-Wide Influence

Our illustrations on these two pages will afford the reader some idea of the Institute and its doings, but for a full understanding of the extent of the work carried on there, and of the practical methods employed to equip the great army of spiritual workers who are in training there, nothing short of a visit to the Institute can suffice. During each year, eminent divines and teachers from many lands visit the Institute and speak to the students. The influence of this great training school is felt to the far ends of the globe, for its workers and its publications are found wellnigh everywhere. Any reader wishing to know more concerning the Institute should write to Mr. A. P. Fitt, secretary, 80 Institute Place, Chicago, who will reply to all inquiries.

Miss Stone's Own Story of Her Work

AMONG BULGARIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN — A NIGHT WITH ROBBERS IN A TURKISH GUARD-HOUSE

A BULGARIAN BIBLE-WOMAN

SINCE her capture focussed the world's attention upon her, Miss Stone's past life in Bulgaria and her missionary activities there have acquired a new interest and peculiar significance in the eyes of the public. Through her misfortune, she becomes an international history-maker, commanding regard outside, as well as inside, of religious and missionary circles. What did she do, it is asked, which caused the brigands to show such recognition of her value as capture her and put a price on her head? Below, timony in her own words, uttered or written in her ys of freedom, show her life to have been that of t the true, gentle, humble servant of God, doing all good she could to everybody at all es. Incidentally, she is shown to a very brave and resolute woman. Miss Stone learned to love the coun- in which she labored, and its people. ring her last visit to this country 6-7) she had much to say before the oman's Board of Missions in Boston, l other congregations, of the "fair le land of Bulgaria," making kindly, brief mention, of its past brave uggles for freedom, its ruler Prince, rdinand, and his good wife (now ceased), Maria Louisa, telling with de how Ferdinand had appointed Court Stationer and Publisher oung woman educated at the Sama- Mission station by American wo- n. From that and other schools in lgaria where American missionaries or, native girls, she said, had gone th to exert as Bible women, teach- . musicians, and wives of prominent n, an influence for good on the re- ious, social and intellectual life of "fair little land," which had seemed long forgotten of God. She spoke quently, as she has before and since tten eloquently, of the beautiful es and devoted labors of American l native co-laborers; of her own hievements she has so little to say, t it is difficult to put together the ord of her deeds. Rev. Dr. J. F. rk, associated for twenty years with ss Stone in the Bulgarian field, says recent pamphlet, when speaking of lonica, the station which was Miss ne's headquarters at the time of her oture: "Miss Stone's efficient efforts ong the Bible workers, teachers and women in many places has been of at value. Some of her workers are ing more for Christ than many of the achers. They have been welcomed en in Turkish homes." For twenty- ee years Miss Stone has had charge the Bible women's work in Bulgaria. e speaks of that work thus in one of letters:

ndividual workers continue their classes women who are learning to read, some- es numbering as many as twenty-six. e children's meetings, with an atten- nce of from twenty to seventy in differ- places, together with their temperance etings, are a power for good. The Bible men teach also in the Sunday Schools, ere the twenty, thirty and sometimes y or more women and girls in one class nonstrate the dearth of laborers here. en, we have women's prayer-meetings day evenings; and other prayer ser- es in the churches.

She made many long, arduous and ngerous journeys, visiting schools, ding the Scriptures to the women their own homes and in public meetings, preaching, ching, praying, distributing the Word of God. She ates the following incidents of a Macedonian tour:

In the next village, a bride met us with a close clasp of hand, and begged us to come to see her. . . . In an- er, we read the Bible and prayed with a reunited family, d gave the child some pretty Bible-texts in Bulgarian. . . As we passed through the streets, we met with no deness. Women and children, sitting at their gates, rose ltely and responded cordially to our greeting. This was te in contrast to the stones with which they formerly eeted any Protestant. . . . At noon-hour, in Kallipote, e women were gathered in their holiday attire, not far from the market-place—some of them representative women of the village. The moments were few, for we were passing travelers. Of what should we speak? One, ruder of speech and coarser of face, began to remark upon the stranger's dress from hat to boots; another rebuked her, saying, "Let us hear what she has to say." The record of the next few moments is in heaven. It was one of those interviews when heart seemed to touch heart. After noontide repast, my heart sent me after those women again. They were waiting, and more in number than before, several of the newcomers being older women—one with white hair glistening under her dark-blue kerchief. They had placed a low stool for me in their midst out of the sun; for this old mother, too, there was a similar seat; the rest were upon the ground.

Only one of her letters gives a clear idea of dangers encountered. It speaks of a tour undertaken in company with Rev. Dr. House and several native workers.

Thursday night we spent in a lonely mountain khan (inn), with a robber on the other side of the fire from us. You may be sure that I heard his planning. I could not sleep. Thankful enough were we when, long before dawn, the khanje (inn-keeper), aroused the robber and sent him on his way, bidding him wait for us along the lonely road. We were a very silent party climbing the mountain, expecting the robber to come upon us anywhere. But as the hours passed, we thanked God for deliverance . . . Darkness overtook us upon an unknown road, and we sought shelter in a deserted Turkish guard-house. We tied our horses upon the ground floor, divided our bread with them and got ourselves and our belongings upstairs—all this in the thickest darkness. There must have been robbers secreted somewhere inside. We were aroused by the sound of horses passing out. Mr. Petanschken went down and came back reporting that the door had been opened from within, the heavy stone with which he had barricaded it having been set to one side. Our two best horses were gone. It was hard traveling in the rain, but at last we arrived at Serres, and had such a good time among some of the most hospitable, loving Christian souls I ever met. To-day, we went down through the market, and were interested to find good Bulgarian flour in American bags; it was pleasant to our eyes to read even the label of American flour mills in our own language . . . After a long walk, we reached the Bulgarian school which I visited two years ago . . . Last night I had a good talk with my hostess and her sons. They are all very kind to me. May the Lord open their eyes to see that their salvation is from him! . . . We have recovered our horses. God was so merciful! Every one marveled at answer to prayer for horses. Of course, we have been obliged to pay for them some way — about $80, besides expenses of the trip. Pastor Boyardjreff never lost hope that we should recover them, and I shall never forget his petition as we stood together in the guard-house that rainy morning, ready for our tramp, that we should find our horses. It was through the Turkish Government that we recovered them; the Turkish Governor was most kind and did all he could to expedite matters.

MISS ELLEN M. STONE

Has this the ring of prophecy?

It was very sweet and restful and comforting on Monday to feel that it was the day which you had assigned to me for remembrance before God. Miss Haskell has just told us that to-day is the day appointed for special prayer for our school, and we have given ourselves up to the glad consciousness of help coming—help for us. School has gone on as usual, save that special mention was made at prayers this morning of your praying for us. From four to five, we attended regular meetings at the church. Then we felt that we could not allow the day to pass without at least a half-hour spent at the Master's throne with all those who are praying for us in that far away land of America. So we cut short our study hours this evening, and one of our Bulgarian teachers led us in our service, pointing us to the prevailing power of the prayer of faith, and to the immediate answer in Peter's release, when the Church was gathered together praying. What will not God do in answer to the fervent prayers of his children?

Up to October 28th negotiations for Miss Stone's release were still proceeding. United States Consul General Dickinson, now at Sofia, expresses the hope that the Bulgarian Government, by bringing pressure to bear on the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee, may soon be able to effect Miss Stone's release. Should these efforts fail, the only alternative is to pay the ransom. Mr. Dickinson is said to have secured positive proof that the members of the Macedonian Committee are implicated in the abduction. There were reports current that Madame Tsilka, Miss Stone's companion in captivity, had died, but they cannot be confirmed. The captives are now said to be held at Nevrokup, twenty miles from Melnik, which lies due north of Salonica. Communications have passed between the agents of the brigands at Melnick and Mr. Eddy, the American charge-d'affairs, and Mr. Peet, of the American Board, regarding the ransom, and early results are hoped for.

Miss Mary Haskell, daughter of Rev. Dr. Haskell, of Samar, an American missionary, was the first person to receive any communication from the brigands. Miss Haskell writes:

Into my hands at the dead of night a brigand delivered the only communication received from Miss Stone since her death-like captivity. My father and the whole family had been long asleep, when a bandit bearing a letter knocked repeatedly at my bedroom window. Replying to the question, "What do you want?" the brigand handed a letter through the half-opened window, concealing his face and figure. I urged him for information. He showed me an enormous revolver, saying, "If you look in my face or make any trouble I will blow your brains upon the opposite wall."

He then directed me to give the letter immediately to Dr. Haskell, saying if the contents should be disclosed to any except those mentioned, my father and his family would be put to death. It was addressed to my father. Upon the envelope were the words, "To be delivered at once." I tore open the envelope and found a letter for Treasurer Peet and one for my father, asking him to deliver the letter. I opened the letter because it was a blackmailing epistle, similar to those sent to other members of the mission, demanding that money be placed at certain remote places upon fixed dates under penalty of death. Both letters were in Bulgarian.

THE REAL STORY OF MISS STONE'S ABDUCTION

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is privileged to publish the following from a letter from Mr. Gregory M. Tsilka to friends in this country. He was one of the party whom the brigands attacked:

DEAR MISS RYDER: SALONICA, TURKEY, Oct. 7, 1901.

On our way from Mrs. Tsilka's home to our work we were surrounded by a large group of armed men, about twenty-five in number, and carried in the forest. After that they took Miss Stone and my wife. They kept the rest of us all night, and in the morning they were gone, having carried with them Miss Stone and Katherine. Pretty nearly one month passed before we got any answer from them, and now they ask $100,000 ransom for both of them. They must be saved soon. So please do something and collect as much help as you can from the nurses and some of their friends and send it by mail to Salonica.

Miss Ryder, please pray for the safety of your friend and my wife.

Gregory M. Tsilka

PRESIDENT OF ROBERT COLLEGE on the ABDUCTION

This letter from President Washburn, just received, states with remarkable clearness the situation in regard to the negotiations for Miss Stone's release:

DEAR DR. TALMAGE: ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 11, 1901.

All Americans here are deeply interested in the fate of Miss Stone, and, for my part, I have been much moved at the outburst of practical sympathy which has been evoked in her behalf. Dealing with brigands in Turkey is a peculiar business, and it is probable that the publicity which has been given to this raising of money will very much increase the difficulties of those who have the matter in hand. You can see that the payment of such a ransom as is demanded would be to offer a premium to brigands all over Turkey to turn their attention to American missionaries, who have heretofore seldom been molested, though three have been killed since I came to Turkey forty-three years ago.

The chief difficulty in the case of Miss Stone has not been to find money, but to find Miss Stone and the brigands. If, as is generally believed, it is a band of political brigands, I do not think that her life is in danger, and when found, she ought to get her liberty without any exorbitant payment. Unhappily, up to the present time, it has been impossible to get any reliable news as to where she is, or who the brigands are who have captured her. The American, Turkish and Bulgarian Governments seem to be doing all that they can. It is a terribly hard case for all concerned; but Miss Stone is a brave Christian and is no doubt meeting this trial as her sisters met theirs in China.

George Washburn

THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

THE REBOUND of VIRTUE or VICE

TEXT—Isa. 40: 22: It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth

WHILE yet people thought that the world was flat and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it—God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle.

There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles; but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you find him geometrizing you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle, then the curve, which is a circle that died young. If it had lived long enough it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides.

Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over thirty-five thousand columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and compass. Every artist has his moulding-room, where he may make fifty shapes; but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's molding room, but I do say, out of a great many figures, God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is he that sitteth on the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, and the throne of God the centre of that circle.

Appreciation of this would correct the architecture of churches, whose shape is often a defiance of divine suggestion. When men build churches they ought to imitate the idea of the Great Architect, and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of his right hand; but he did not throw it out in a straight line, but curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from his hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows, but it will in due time make complete circuit and come back to the place where it started—the hand of God—pure and Edenic.

The Scientific Circle

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? A scientific ship-builder says it is because men are imitating in some respects what the small wits deride, the old model of Noah's ark, not as we see it in old-time pictures, but as it really was according to the account given. Great ships have we now, but where is the ship on the sea to-day that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety—two of each kind of living creatures, hundreds of thousands of species?

Pomology will go on with its achievements, until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year 1. If the makers of colored glass go on improving, they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Min ster, which was built in the year 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists; but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men.

If the world continues to improve in masonry, we shall have after awhile, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, sixteen hundred years ago—that mortar today as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point.

If the world stands long enough, we may have a city as large as they had in old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries of England, and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh, no! But it is swinging in a circle, and will come around to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction, the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

Well, now, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turns, and if it turn it turns around, and if it turns around it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that, I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth.

Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible—Shakespeare copying his "Lady Macbeth" from her picture—slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Elijah the prophet put down his compass, and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel, the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said. "That will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after they came around. hoping to bury her. They find only the palms of the hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs that devoured Naboth. Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

Back to Theocracy

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century, or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government—that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After awhile the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then, all nations finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for theocracy, and say: "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world." Every step —monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy —only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy, or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits.

But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events, and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the Pyramids it took 2,000 men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it into the Pyramids. If men short-lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of eternities afford to wait?

What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation, the 6,000 years of the world's existence has been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

Fruit After Many Days

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker, the return is much quicker than that. The circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sabbath School child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer-meeting. It is all gone; you will never hear of it perhaps, you think. A few years after a man comes up to you and says. "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No; I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says. "I was in the Sabbath School class over which you were the teacher. One Sunday you invited me to Christ; I accepted the offer. You see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says, "That is where I preach." Or, "Do you see that governor's house? That is where I live."

One day a man comes to you and says, "Good morning." You look at him and say, "Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you." He says, "Don't you remember, thirty years ago, giving a letter of introduction to a young man—a letter of introduction to William E. Dodge?" "Yes, yes, I do." He says, "I am the man; that was my first step toward a fortune; but I have retired from business now, and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up to my house and see me."

Or a man comes to you and says, "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer-meeting so years ago. I sat back by the door. You arose to ma an exhortation. That talk changed the course of r life, and if I ever get to heaven, under God I will o my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty or thir years the circle swept out and swept back again to yo own grateful heart.

The Circle of Retribution

But sometimes it is a wider circle, and does not r turn for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses f burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expens has these items among others:

One load of fire fagots	3s. 4d.
Cartage for four loads of wood	2s.
Item, a post	1s. 4d.
Item, two chains	3s. 4d.
Item, two staples	6d.
Item, four laborers	2s. 8d.

making in all twenty-five shillings and eight pen That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstance but it kindled a light which shone all around the wo and aroused the martyr spirit, and out from that bu ing of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider a wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunnin circumscribing, overarching all heaven—a circle.

But what is true of the good is just as true of t bad. You uttter a slander against your neighbor. has gone forth from your teeth; it will never come bac you think. You have done the man all the mischi you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You sa "Didn't I give it to him!" That word has gone ou that slanderous word, on its poisonous and blasted wa You think it will never do you any harm. But I a watching that word, and I see it beginning to curv and it curves around, and it is aiming at your hea You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. rolls into your bosom, and after it rolls in a word of a old book rolls in after it, saying, "With what measu ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudge hi the room in your house. You are impatient of h whimsicalities and garrulity. It makes you mad t hear him tell the same story twice. You give him foo he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. Yo wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gon very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He going to stop. But God has an account to settle wit you on that subject. After a while your eye will b dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grin ing will be low, and you will tell the same story twic and your children will wonder if you will never b taken away. They called you "father" once; now the call you the "old man." If you live a few years longe they will call you the "old chap!" What are thos rough words with which your children are accostin you? They are the echo of the very words you used i the ear of your old father forty years ago. What i that which you are trying to chew but find it unmast cable, and your jaws ache and you surrender the a tempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gav to your father for his breakfast forty years ago.

A gentleman passing along the avenue saw a so dragging his father into the street by the hair of th head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct was about to punish the offender, when the old ma arose and said: "Don't hurt him; it's all right; fort years ago this morning I dragged out my father by th hair of his head!" It is a circle. Other sins ma be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment o parents is punished in this world. That circle is mad quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous though that the good and the evil we start come back to us Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bac we have done coming back to us—unless divine inter vention hinder—coming back to us with welcome o delight or curse of condemnation?

Culmination of Influence

Oh; I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through earth, through heaven; and at last, the wave of influence, having made full circuit, strikes his soul. Oh, then I would like to see him! No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of Paul's influence, save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth.

I should not like to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age, his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" IN CHINA

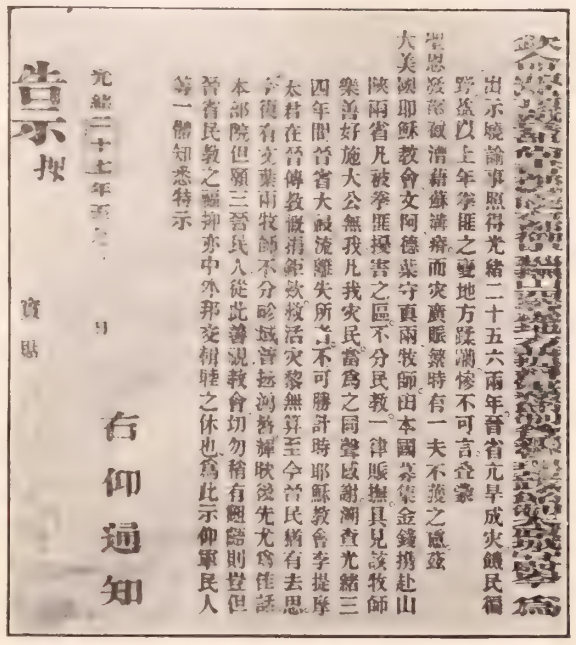
An Official Proclamation by the Governor of Shansi Regarding the Relief Fund

DR. E. H. EDWARDS, one of the missionaries who has been prominently associated with Chairman Arthur H. Smith and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Committee in work in Shansi has forwarded to us from Tai-yuen-f in Shansi, a document of unique interest. Dr. Edwards writes:

would take this opportunity of thanking you and the scribers to your paper, as also the proprietor, for the re- they have sent for the distressed of this province. As will have gathered from letters already sent you, the ress in the province of Shensi has been very much worse than that in this province. The contributions sent through r paper have already had some good effect here, speci- in drawing a distinction between the Protestants and nan Catholics. The latter are trying to get all they pos- y can out of this poor people, and are consequently in- sing the ill-feeling against them. Enclosed is a trans- on of a proclamation, which has been issued by the ernor of this province concerning THE CHRISTIAN HER- relief money, as also a photograph of the same, which I ught might interest your readers.

he proclamation sent by Dr. Edwards is given with, both original and translation.

he proclamation is read from right to left and from to the bottom. The first column contains a list of titles of the Governor with his name. Then follows: proclamation issued to make known the following: Be nown that last year and the year before there was great ught in this province, causing much suffering and hunger- ken people were everywhere. Last year the country devastated by the Boxer rebellion and the misery was nd words. By the Imperial favor, money was again ributed to arrest the distress and revive the land (like



THE OFFICIAL SHANSI PROCLAMATION

water being let into a barren waste). But the suffering was widespread and those to be relieved many, and the anxiety was great lest one should not obtain relief. Therefore the two American Protestant missionaries, Wen-ah-teh (I. J. Atwood), and Yeh-sheo-chen (Dr. Edwards), brought for the two provinces of Shansi and Shensi money contributed in their country. Everywhere where there had been mischief done by the Boxers, they relieved all according to one rule—not distinguishing between Christians and non-Christians. Let all understand that these missionaries are willing and pleased thus to distribute relief without any idea of gaining merit. All my people who are in distress should with one voice return thanks for this. Previously in the third and fourth years of the present reign there was also great calamity in this province and those wandering about homeless were beyond counting. At that time the Protestant missionary, Li-ti-mo-tai (Rev. Timothy Richard), preached in this province and brought much money, generously contributed, and thus saved alive innumerable people who were in distress. The people of this province should at this time think of that, for now the missionaries Wen and Yeh have come to again save all who are loudly wailing, without distinction of boundaries, and the dawning of the sunshine is the same now as it was then. This is certainly good news! I, the Governor, am anxious that on account of this the people of this province will think well of the religion (church), and not in the least speak evil of it. Thus not only will both non-Christians and Christians of the province be benefited, but also there will be the blessing of friendliness (created) between China and foreign countries.

This proclamation is for the information of officials and people both civil and military. All should be perfectly acquainted with it. Fully acquaint yourselves and notify others. Issued in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Kwang-hsu, fifth moon. A proclamation with seal. Let it be carefully exhibited everywhere.

apan's "Grand Old Man" Visits Us

...HOW MARQUIS ITO AND COUNT INOUYE BECAME THE FRIENDS OF CHRISTIANITY

See Illustration on First Page....

WHEN Commodore Perry's fleet entered the Bay of Gedo, Japan, in 1853, there was an almost unanimous feeling on the part of the Japanese that the "hated foreigners" ought never to be allowed to pollute their sacred soil. The signing of a treaty, however, by the Shogun established commercial relations with other powers, and opened a few ports to their vessels and merchants. Small tracts of land were also granted for residence to European travelers and diplomats.

Still, some of the provinces refused to accept the terms of the treaty, and ten years later, a couple of foreign ships that were attempting to pass through the Straits of Shimonoseki were fired upon. This act of hostility resulted in the sending by other nations of some vessels of war to punish the hostile forces, and open the way for ships to pass the straits without being molested. After the destruction of the earthworks, and the capture of the town, a large indemnity was exacted, and a pledge that no further occurrence of a similar character should take place.

During the conduct of the negotiations, two young Japanese took an active part. They were deeply impressed with the superior equipment and efficiency of the foreign ships, and also of the army and navy. Filled with the desire to find out the secret of the military strength of alien countries, and thus to prepare to cope with them in the future, these two young men left their country secretly, in defiance of the law. They reached London with only one dollar between them, and without a friend to whom they could go for advice or assistance. In the providence of God, a report of the arrival of the two Japanese waifs in London reached Mr. Hugh Matheson, a wealthy Christian merchant, who was largely interested in trade in the East. He took them both into his own home, and provided for them in every way that they could desire. They were diligent students and keen observers of all that they saw; but what impressed them especially was the character and nobility of their kind benefactor. Quietly and steadily they were moulded by his influence, and filled with admiration and esteem for his goodness, as well as his greatness. Instead of hating foreigners, they grew desirous to promote more intimate relations with other countries, and also to elevate their own people to a similar condition of enlightenment and prosperity.

After two years in England, they returned to Japan to take an active part in the revolution, which brought about the establishment of the rightful sovereign upon the throne and the inauguration of a new and better order of things. Gradually they rose from one grade to another, and in the great changes which took place, new and ever-increasing responsibilities were intrusted to them. In the marvelous transformation which has taken place in Japan, no names have been more prominent or worthy of honor than those of the two young men who learned in that Christian home in London the secret of true prosperity and greatness. One of these is now Count Inouye and the other, Marquis Ito, who has been called three times by his sovereign to fill the highest position of service in the Japanese Empire.

That two men with such a history have filled so large and important a place in the progress of their country is one of the many examples of God's presence and the control of human affairs. The remarkable success of missionary work in Japan has, to a greater extent than is now or probably ever will be known, been due to the influence of that Christian merchant in London on the lives and character of these two men. Neither has ever professed Christianity, yet both have in various and important ways given assistance to the efforts of the missionaries. For one thing, all have special reason for thankfulness, that the old spirit of hatred and opposition has almost utterly passed away, and that complete religious toleration is now the law of the land.

As an example of what Christianity owes to Marquis Ito, I may mention that during the war with China, while he was Prime Minister, the distribution of Scriptures to the army and navy was officially sanctioned, and Christian work in the hospitals was not only allowed but encouraged. It was by his assistance also that a copy of the Bible, especially prepared for that purpose, was presented to the Emperor. About two years ago, a new minister of education issued an edict, particularly intended to exclude all religious teachings from the schools. This was so at variance with the policy which had prevailed when Marquis Ito was at the head of the Cabinet, that a committee called upon him and asked his opinion in regard to the matter. Without hesitation he condemned the measure, and regretted its enactment. Not long after, he was again appointed to the head of the Cabinet, and now Christianity is more free in Japan than ever before.

So God raises up men now, as in days of old, to carry on, in one way and another, the great work of establishing his kingdom among men.

Yokohama, Japan REV. HENRY LOOMIS.

Marquis Hirobumi Ito is now in this country on a tour around the world. He is accompanied by a distinguished suite. In his American programme, he included a visit to Washington to pay his respects to the President, a trip to the Buffalo Exposition, and a visit to a number of our leading cities. He comes as a private citizen; yet such is the universal appreciation of true greatness of character that Marquis Ito has been feted everywhere. Yale honored him with a degree, and in Chicago, New York and Washington he was the "lion of the hour" during his stay.

THE REBOUND OF VIRTUE OR VICE: Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life. It rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it "lieth four square." That does seem to militate against this idea of a circle; but do you not know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other, and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says: "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." And again he says: "I saw round about the throne four and twenty seats." And again he says: "There was a rainbow round about the throne."

The two former imply a circle; the last, either a circle or a semicircle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheatre of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenses. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a centre, and what is the centre of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory; his all the praise; his all the crowns. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about him. Take off the imperial sandal from his foot, and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from his brow, and see where was the laceration of the briers. Come closer, all heaven. Narrow the circle around his great heart. O Christ, the Saviour! O Christ, the man! O Christ, the God! Keep thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of heaven.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner known to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—Four cents for each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, the Mexican Republic and Cuba.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Let the Truth Prevail

SEVERAL readers have written to us inquiring as to the truth or falsity of certain rumors concerning the China Famine Relief Fund. We do not usually give heed to canards of this class, which are indiscriminately leveled at religious as well as secular work, but in the present instance, as the statements have appeared in a Western newspaper, which credits *The China Times* as its source of information, we consider it due both to the contributors to the fund and to the members of the Missionary Famine Relief Committee at Tientsin, that these charges should be promptly refuted. We give below the charges themselves, side by side with the reply:

1. *That the China Famine Fund has gone into the hands of Chinese officials.*

Unfounded. The fund moneys have been remitted direct to the Committee at Tientsin, and the distribution (as shown by the missionaries' letters) has been conducted through them and the native religious auxiliaries, and not through Chinese officials in any instance.

2. *That it never reached its destination, and was not applied to the relief of the famine sufferers.*

Absolutely unfounded. It was taken to Shansi personally by Rev. E. H. Edwards and I. J. Atwood, and to Shensi by Rev. M. B. Duncan. The Governor of Shansi, in a public proclamation, has thanked the missionaries and their American contributors for the aid thus rendered. That proclamation is published, in Chinese and English, in another part of this issue. It speaks for itself, and is a complete refutation of the charge that the fund went into the hands of Chinese officials. The Governor, referring to Messrs. Atwood and Edwards, distinctly says: "They relieved all, according to one rule, not distinguishing between Christians and non-Christians," an eloquent testimony to the fact of their faithful service and their personal handling of the Fund.

3. *That Li Hung Chang devoted funds intended for Shansi relief to the purchase of articles for the royal palace at Peking.*

Devoid of the slightest foundation in fact.

4. *That Earl Li has virtual possession of the fund.*

Equally unfounded and gratuitous. He has never controlled, or attempted to control, the fund or its distribution, either directly or indirectly.

5. *That there was no need for the relief movement, as the famine conditions were grossly misrepresented.*

This is equivalent to asserting that Li Hung Chang, the missionaries, both American and English, the correspondents of the various Missionary Boards in this country, the American Consuls, the native Christians, and the leading English press thoroughout China, were all engaged in wilful misrepresentation—a suggestion which is altogether too absurd to be entertained by any sensible person.

6. *That China is, and always has been, abundantly able to feed its own hungry.*

The Imperial Government's reverses left it greatly crippled financially; and the provincial finances of the famine provinces were also practically exhausted by war, drought and famine. They had provincial and local relief funds, but these proved inadequate. Earl Li knew these facts when he invited American aid for the famine relief.

Incidentally (and to show upon how slight a foundation such charges may rest) it should be explained that the relief fund of Shansi province mentioned by the Shanghai *New Press*, is a China Provincial Relief Fund, not the fund raised by American contributors and distributed through the Tientsin Famine Relief Committee.

Our Missionary Committee in China consists of the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, Tientsin, chairman, and Irenaeus J. Atwood, M.D., Rev. E. H. Edwards, Rev. H. H. Lowry, Rev. M. B. Duncan, associate members. These gentlemen, on assuming charge of the fund, were, at their own request, granted full authority in all matters relative to apportionment and distribution, they assuming all responsibility. Remittances have been made to this committee exclusively, **not one dollar** *having been distributed through any other channel.* That they have fulfilled their commission with scrupulous fidelity we have not the slightest doubt.

Partial accounts of their stewardship have already appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, notably reports of the work of Messrs. Atwood and Edwards (issue Sept. 18, p. 792) and the signed official report of the distribution by the Committee of Shansi Christian churches (see issue Oct. 2, p. 834). And when the full reports are presented they will clearly and conclusively show that the Committee have performed their whole duty in a manner befitting their honored station and sacred calling.

The Chinese Minister's Denial

CHINESE LEGATION, WASHINGTON,
26th October, 1901.

Editor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, *New York City.*

DEAR SIR: My attention has been called to certain newspaper reports which allege that the money, which was so generously given by the citizens of the United States, and in raising which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD took such a prominent part, for the relief of the famine sufferers in the districts of Shensi, China, went no further than the pockets of Chinese officials, and especially implicating His Excellency Li Hung-Chang.

Will you kindly state for me, through the columns of your paper, that there is no truth whatever in these newspaper reports, and that the whole story is an unmitigated falsehood. It is, as you know, perfectly absurd on the face of it, because the money did not go through any Chinese official's hands. Viceroy Li had nothing to do with the distribution of the money so liberally contributed by Americans, as the distribution was made through agents of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, responsible foreigners residing in China, of whom most, if not all, are, I believe, American missionaries.

By your publishing this letter in your paper, I shall be greatly obliged. Yours very truly,

WU TING-FANG.

A Cure-All

IT seems that in the olden time, as well as now, there were naughty people abroad. In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, Dominie Rubel, of Flatbush, was deposed from the ministry for various irregularities, and went to doctoring the body instead of the soul, and advertised, "It has pleased Almighty God to give me wisdom to find out the universal pill that will cure most diseases."

We are afraid of the descendants of Dominie Rubel, who are attempting with some universal pill to correct the world's disorders. Look out for the quacks in all departments, and the country grocery which has on its shelves patent medicines for the extirpation of all complaints from run-a-round to catalepsy. A potion that proposes at the same time to rejuvenate liver, spleen, brain, nerves, and cuticle, is a lie on the face of it. A gunner trying to shoot in ten directions at once will hit none of the targets. We believe in specialists. The anatomy of the human ear is enough to employ a man's genius for a lifetime, likewise the eye. He who professes to know everything knows nothing. When you get sick you had better call in a doctor who does not make extravagant pretensions. Beware of the universal pill.

Sometimes a good and talented man will go off on a tangent. He has found out something in the educational, mechanical, or scientific world that will renovate and reconstruct everything. It will make the earth over again. He is crazy to have everybody take it. "Down with this pill," he says, "it is a corrective for everything." But the prescriptions are wofully apt to get mixed.

India's Gift to China

EVEN in the greatest benevolent movements, it is seldom one finds so touching an instance of consecrated sympathy as that which is described in the following letter, from an American missionary in India:

MAZAGON, BOMBAY, September 25.

My dear Dr. Klopsch: I am sending you twenty pounds ($100) for the China Famine Fund. This money has been given by the following:

By Indian Christians who, remembering God's mercy to them in the last famine, desire to help their brethren in China.

By Christian lepers in the asylums at Pui and Poladpur. When these lepers were told of the suffering in China, they expressed a desire to help, and requested that their daily dole of rice be reduced, and the saving sent to China.

By the children rescued in the last famine. Not having money of their own, they have denied themselves certain articles of food, and raised money to save the boys and girls of China.

By the child-widows and girls saved by Pundita Ramabai. By some of the wild people of the hills near Bombay. Having themselves been saved from great distress, they have been touched by the story of China's suffering and gave their mite.

By Hindoos, Mussulmen and Jews, in a mission district south of Bombay, where the Christian pastor used the descriptions given in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and met with a ready response from his non-Christian friends.

J. E. ABBOTT.

Truly, China's plight has touched India's heart. Nothing could be more beautiful than the spontaneous offerings of these people, who so lately were themselves saved from famine and death. It must make the hearts of generous Americans glow to know that their example of Christian benevolence has borne such blessed fruit.

...An Art Gallery For Every Home

THE premium propositions illustrated on the right middle pages of this issue, and to which we specially direct the attention of our readers, cannot fail to commend themselves for their range of variety, high quality and remarkable value. Tens of thousands of families are annually at the holiday season on the lookout for the premium offers submitted by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with a view to utilizing them in connection with their plans for gladdening the hearts on Christmas Day of friends and kindred dear. And never before were such opportunities presented as these to which we now call attention, and, in addition, with whichever proposition you may accept, premium or no premium, or magazine combination, as the case may be, you get our Art Portfolio, the most phenomenal gift ever made by publisher to subscriber. Twelve superb pictures magnificently executed, each one a veritable gem, all worth framing, are sent free, all charges prepaid, immediately on receipt of your subscription. Here is something positively unprecedented in the publishing line.

. . .

WE do not wish to unduly urge you to send in your subscription as early as possible, but we would suggest that it would be the part of wisdom not to indulge in unnecessary delay, as we expect such an enormous demand for our Art Portfolio that it would not surprise us if we were unable, later on in the season, to meet the demand promptly. During the present month we know that we can meet all requirements, and of course we shall try our best to get enough of these Art Portfolios to go around, at least till New Year's Day. But it is always better to be even a month ahead of time and get what you want, than to be one day too late and miss it.

. . .

A Book to Brighten Your Life

MARY LOWE DICKINSON'S remarkable book entitled, *Heaven, Home and Happiness*, promises to be the most attractive premium ever offered to our readers. It is in demand ahead of any other premium offered, and tens of thousands of households will be brightened, cheered, and benefited by the presence of this volume. There is that in it which appeals alike to the hearts of the aged, the middle-aged, and the young. It matters little whether you are rich or poor, or what your condition in life may be, *Heaven, Home and Happiness* will brighten many an hour of your life, and will endear itself to all who read it.

. . .

The Bible for All Christendom

OUR Red Letter Bible is the greatest innovation in Bible publication since the days of the Revision. It is not necessary here to dwell on its remarkable features, as they are fully explained on pages 938 and 939. It is a great work. It invests the Bible with a new interest, even to those who have made it the "man of their counsel and the light of their path" since their childhood days. No matter how many Bibles you may have, the Red Letter Bible, sooner or later, will find its way into your home because it will impress itself upon you as a necessity without which there will be always something wanting.

. . .

Our Attractive Magazine Combinations

THEN, there are the magazine combinations, affording the advantages of reading in other directions at only half the usual price, or even less. We may say, without fear of contradiction, that no combinations elsewhere presented can compare with those we offer. Indeed, the best interests of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD family are always loyally and conscientiously considered and advanced by the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the enormous subscription list—over 280,000 a week—evidences the hearty appreciation of our efforts on the part of all lovers of pure, bright, elevating and helpful literature.

. . .

Please remember that our Art Portfolio goes with every subscription, and that its twelve large, beautiful pictures will contribute to gladden twelve hearts on Christmas day, and brighten your own home for many years to come. Act promptly. Do it to-day.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

International Courtesies

UNERAL ceremonies of a very significant character were witnessed on October 19, at Lundy's Lane Cemetery, on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. A short time before, while some excavaons were being made in the cemetery, nine skeletons ere found of bodies evidently hastily buried. Near em were the tattered fragments of uniforms, on which re some buttons much corroded. An examination of e buttons, however, showed that the uniforms had en worn by soldiers of the Ninth Regiment of United ates infantry. Evidently the skeletons were Ameri- n soldiers who had fallen in the battle of Lundy's ne, which was fought on July 25, 1814. They must ve been interred in a common grave, which, being marked, had remained unknown for eighty-seven ars. The Canadian authorities decided to give them ore honorable burial. It was at first proposed to ve them up to the United States, but after consulion with our officers, it was deemed more appropate to let them lie in the soil on which they had ught and died. The Dominion Government granted rmission to United States troops to enter the country aring arms, and accordingly, Company K of the Fourenth Regiment of Infantry, crossed the border to pay e last tribute to their dead comrades in arms. An cort of British troops met them on the bridge and toether they marched to the cemetery where they gave e remains military burial.

ter the ceremony the Amern soldiers attended the unling of a monument to ueen Victoria, which has en erected near the scene of e battle. It was a signifint spectacle—that of the diers of the two nations ing cheers for King Edrd and President Rooset, within sight of the cemry where the American d British dead repose side side. If the spirits of se departed enemies were king on, with the light of rnity upon them, they, too, uld rejoice that the promhas been fulfilled:

shall give peace in the land, and shall lie down, and none shall e you afraid, neither shall the rd go through your land (Lev. :5).

he Earth Burning

A singular spectacle is witssed near Gaston, Ind. A tion north of that town has ught fire, and the soil of out eighty acres is burnfiercely. It was formerly swamp, but was drained ly this year, and is now te dry. Decayed vegetable tter accumulating during ny ages has made a deposit many feet in thickss. A small fire was made there for the burning refuse, and after a short time it was noticed that i was burning downwards. Gradually the fire spread, d though water in large quantities was thrown n it, the flames smouldered and broke out in new ces. It spread under the surface, sending forth a t quantity of dense smoke. Attempts have been de to smother it by ploughing, but without succss, and the laborers were nearly suffocated by the oke. The soil burns like coal, and it furnishes excelt fuel for the fire. Unless a heavy rain should fall. re is little hope of its being extinguished until the ole layer, which is of unknown depth, is consumed. ch a phenomenon shows that there is no intrinsic probability in the prophecies of the ultimate fate of whole world.

he elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and works that are therein shall be burnt up (II. Peter 3: 10).

Studio Romance

A New York artist who is setting out for a several nths' sojourn in Germany, tells a remarkable story of nobleman whose guest he will be there. Nearly ee years ago, a tall man of fine presence entered his dio and asked where he could earn a few dollars sing as a model. The artist engaged him, and afterrds recommended him to other artists, who emyed him. The model was evidently very poor, and s not in good health. Missing him for some days, artist sent for him, and learned that he was very ill. He went to see him, and finding that his illness was likely to be a long one, obtained admission for him to a sanitarium. The artist was away from the city for some months, and when he returned, went at once to seek his model, but he could find no trace of him. Recently, however, he received a letter from him in Germany, saying that by the death of his father and elder brother, the latter of whom had been accidentally shot, he had fallen heir to the title and vast estates of one of the princely families of Germany. He said that the artist's kindness to him had undoubtedly saved his life, and he begged him to pay him a long visit. The artist has accepted, and he will doubtless receive a warm welcome. All men are not so grateful for kindness rendered. Those whom Christ saves and who through him will inherit eternal riches, do not always show the gratitude to him that he deserves at their hands.

Albeit I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides (Philemon 19).

Saved from Drowning

There was a strange rescue from drowning in Central Park, New York, a few days ago. A number of children had gathered around the Conservatory pond watching the miniature yachts, when a little girl about ten years old overbalanced, and fell in. The child did not know that the water is not deep. Instead of standing up, she struggled, and, in some way, managed to keep her head under water. Before the policeman could get to her, a boy, seemingly about fourteen years of age, and very well dressed, jumped into the pond and carried the girl to safety. She was trying to save herself, and would probably have lost her life in doing so if no one had been at hand to save her. There are many people who lose their souls in that way. When they realize that they are in real danger, they try to reform or to earn salvation, instead of yielding themselves to Christ, who is able to save them.

To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness (Rom. 4: 5).

AMERICAN AND BRITISH TROOPS IN CANADA ON OCT. 19, AT THE FUNERAL OF THE HEROES OF 1814

Wireless Telegraphy

An astonishing exhibition of wireless telegraphy was given a few day ago. Not only were all the results of the telegraph and telephone achieved without wires, but power was applied. On a small lake was a miniature vessel anchored. The spectators were invited to map out a course, and they did so marking a tortuous route. The anchor was taken up and immediately the vessel started. A man, in a shed on the shore, directed the course of the vessel by the wireless apparatus, following exactly the marking on the map that had been supplied to him. The vessel was at some points of its course more than five hundred yards distant from the shed in which the operator was. Conversations by telephone and by the Morse alphabet were held between two sheds 500 yards apart, between which there was no wire. The inventors do not attempt to explain the system, but they declare that they proceed on the known fact that the earth is a huge reservoir of electricity, and that no wire is necessary where there are instruments capable of directing and receiving the current. The character of the instruments used is at present a secret. If, as would appear, the earth itself is a conductor and wires can be dispensed with, the whole electric system will be revolutionized. Thus in a new sense the words of the Psalmist will be fulfilled:

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world (Ps. 19: 4).

Over the Falls in a Barrel

Such fame as comes through useless deeds of daring has been won by a woman at Niagara. On October 24 she entered a barrel specially constructed to resist pressure and hard blows, and weighted at the foot with lead to keep it upright. Straps were fixed to the bottom, passing over the woman's shoulders; and over her head was a pillow to prevent her being hurt by being flung against the top of the barrel. The barrel was towed out to the middle of the stream, about a mile from the falls, by two boatmen and set adrift. It kept an upright position and passed over the brink at a point on the Canadian side about two hundred feet from the curve of the horseshoe. It was lost sight of for a few minutes and was then seen floating near the rocks on the Canadian shore. Ropes were thrown out and the barrel caught and drawn in. Fifty minutes had elapsed from the time the barrel was set adrift. When it was opened it was found to be about one-third filled with water. The occupant has ecaped with no injury but a contusion on the side of the head, and she was able to walk to the hotel. She admitted, however, that the nervous strain had been awful, and declared that a million dollars would not tempt her to repeat the journey. It is strange that anyone should wilfully put life in peril for the mere glory of doing some useless thing that has never been done before. How infinitely higher is the glory, to which comparatively few aspire, of risking life in the service of God!

They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible (I. Cor. 9: 25).

BRIEF NOTES

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has fitted up a house in New York as a club for his large Bible class. No expense has been spared in making it in every way homelike and helpful to the young men.

Two new Baptist pastors are beginning work in famous churches in New York this fall. Dr. A. P. Johnston, formerly of St. Louis, Mo., is already installed in the Fifth Avenue Church, and Dr. George C. Lorimer, of Boston, Mass., is coming to the Madison Avenue Church.

Australia has proportionately more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000 people; Russia only 55 to the same number.

According to the census of last year, the Chinese in this country have decreased from 107,475 a decade since to 89,800, and in California alone from 72,472 to 45,753. But during the same period the Japanese have increased from 2,039 to 24,300, and in the Hawaiian Islands from 13,120 to 61,111.

The Social Settlement idea is being applied with success by Berea College, Ky. Miss Adelia Fox has established a house in a mountain district known as Narrow Gap and is doing an excellent work. Sewing school, singing school and other activities are much appreciated by the people.

Marquis Ito, of Japan, who recently visited this country, said to a fellow traveler that the missionaries were doing a good work, and he wished there were more of them in Japan. It was due to his promise of assistance that a Bible was prepared by the three Bible Societies and through him presented to the Emperor.

The recent report of the Moravian Church shows that it has 478 missionaries in the field. The total number of souls under the care of the missionaries is 96,877, an increase of 1,453 during the year, twenty missionaries have been called into the service during the year; ten have retired from service, and three have died.

The monastic societies of France, against which the recent act was passed, were largely engaged in the wine and spirit trade. M. Clemenceau says that 2,500 establishments were in some kind of trade. Five sold wine wholesale; six, liquor; two, alcohol; four, all kinds of intoxicating liquor retail; seven held licenses as distilleries and nine as inns.

According to reports received by the British Consul-General at Shanghai, Mr. Warren, 900,000 persons in An-Hui province and 300,000 in Kiang-Su province are starving. The famine in these districts is spreading. Available funds are inadequate. Chinese and foreigners are contributing, and a Committee of Consuls has been formed to assist the sufferers.

MISS HANNAH YOSEPH JACOB KURDISH LADIES IN THE ANCIENT STYLE OF DRESS A KURDISH HUSBAND

WIFE-SELLING AMONG THE KURDS

Our Correspondent in Persia Describes Peculiar Phases of Life in that Country

IN a recent letter from Miss Hannah Yoseph, our correspondent in Persia (which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), she told of her travels in remote parts of the Persian Empire and of a visit to the young bride of a powerful native chief.

In the letter below, her interesting story of her visit to attend the wedding of Moshbahy Dwan is continued.

URMI, PERSIA, Sept. 13.

We were speaking of the crucifixion. Fatima Hanim (Lady Fatima) the stepmother of Moshbahy Dwan, said, "Koran teaches us that Hezrat Issa (Lord Jesus) when he was carried to be crucified, God, in Christ's stead, made some one else to look like him, and so Christ himself escaped unrecognized, and therefore was neither crucified nor died: the young man, Judas Iscariot, was crucified instead of Christ." "Tourat and Injil," I said, "teach us that through his crucifixion, death and resurrection, we will be saved. Many hundred years before the time of Issa, prophets, the same prophets whom you believe, like Moses, David, Abraham, Isaiah, etc., told of this Saviour. You profess that you do believe in Injil and Tourat; if you really do believe in them you will have to believe in their words too."

"Fatima Hanim, your words are very good; but we are not taught so." She continued, saying that about sixty or seventy years ago, "the king or his princes used to exact so many beautiful girls from each Christian village, and so soon as the poor Christians heard about such command, the elders of each village gathered together all the girls about the age of twelve, and they did what at that time was called *Kiz Yazan* (writing of fish), that is: The elders put down the names of the marriageable girls and the boys, and then threw lots, and any name that fell to any boy he would have that girl, and when the king's men would come, all would be married, and there would be left no girl to spare."

"Well," I said, "I am very thankful that those evil times have passed away, and hope they will never come again."

Next day we came to Kalajvokh, and Hagi Vazir's daughter-in-law kept me over night. She seemed to be a very religious woman. I had seen many Mohammedans pray, and during the Nakuts (intervals between the different parts of their prayer when they are allowed to talk), but this woman at this time was reading from a book and meditating. After her prayer she asked me if we Christians pray. I explained to her how we are taught to pray, and I prayed with her, and when I got through she said to one of her maids, "Our prayers are nothing. I cannot put my mind upon what I am saying. This morning, when I was praying, I heard you talking, and I said to myself, 'I wonder what she (the maid) is talking about.' I was repeating prayer words and turning the prayer beads with my fingers without knowing what it was that I was saying."

THE SALE OF A WIFE AMONG THE PERSIAN KURDS
Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

A KURDISH BAZAAR (MARKET OR FAIR) IN PERSIA

My pictures were again brought out, and on seeing the picture of Moses, she said, "Moossah Paykam (Moses the Prophet) was partly dumb, because his tongue was burned. Some one said to Pharaoh," she continued, "'From among the children of Israel a prophet will arise who will take away thy riches from thee,' and Pharaoh commanded that 'every baby boy among the Israelites should be put to death,' and the mother of Moses put him in a box, and, after sealing it, threw it in the sea, and the box was found and brought to Assiah (the Pharaoh's wife), and she, being childless, kept it. One day, while child Moses was playing in the lap of the king, he took hold of the king's beard and pulled the string of the jewels that ornamented him, and the king said to Assiah, his wife, 'This child is that prophet, and he must be immediately killed.' But she said, 'Not so; let them first bring two bowls, one filled with live coals, and the other filled with jewels. If the child puts out his hand and takes hold of the jewels, he is the prophet, and you may kill him; but if he takes hold of the coals, he is not the prophet.' Accordingly the bowls of jewels and live coals were brought in, and the child Moses stretched his hand and want to grasp the jewels, when God immediately sent his angel Gabriel and turned the hand toward the live coals and filled his hand with the live coals and carried it to his mouth and burned his tongue, and made him almost dumb.

"Our religion," she continued, "is very good, except that our men may so many wives, and make us miserable. My husband has gone again to Tabriz to take a fresh wife to himself, and one only child, my son and myself, have been put away from the house to make room for her. I have been married to the father of my son nearly twenty years and he has married many times. Some of the women have been kept a few days, some a few months, others not over a year, and our moolah (priest) says we are not to speak a word. Even the malaka (angel) cannot hear what we hear and suffer day by day.

Sin, as well as disease, will swallow up the nation. This is certain, that no nation on earth will ever increase or prosper in anything when that nation does so deliberately break and transgress the law of God and nature.

HANNAH YOSEPH JACOB.

Our correspondent writes us that she has left Maragha and gone to continue her work as a medical missionary at the city of Urmi. She has recently been united in marriage to a young Nestorian,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

The Christian Herald for 1902

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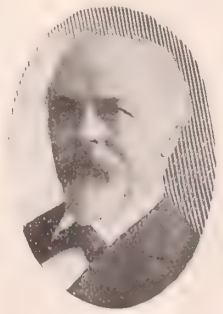

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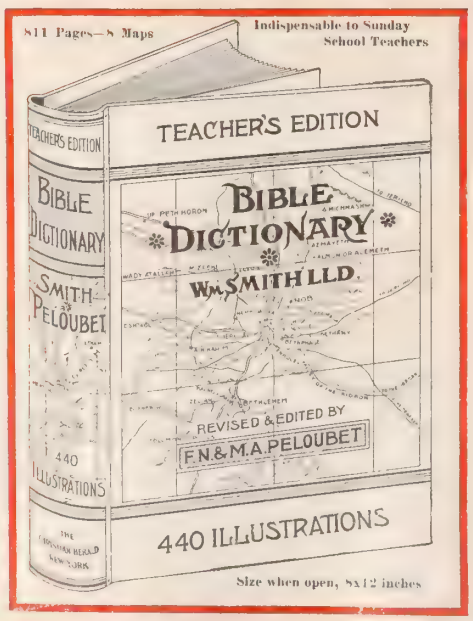

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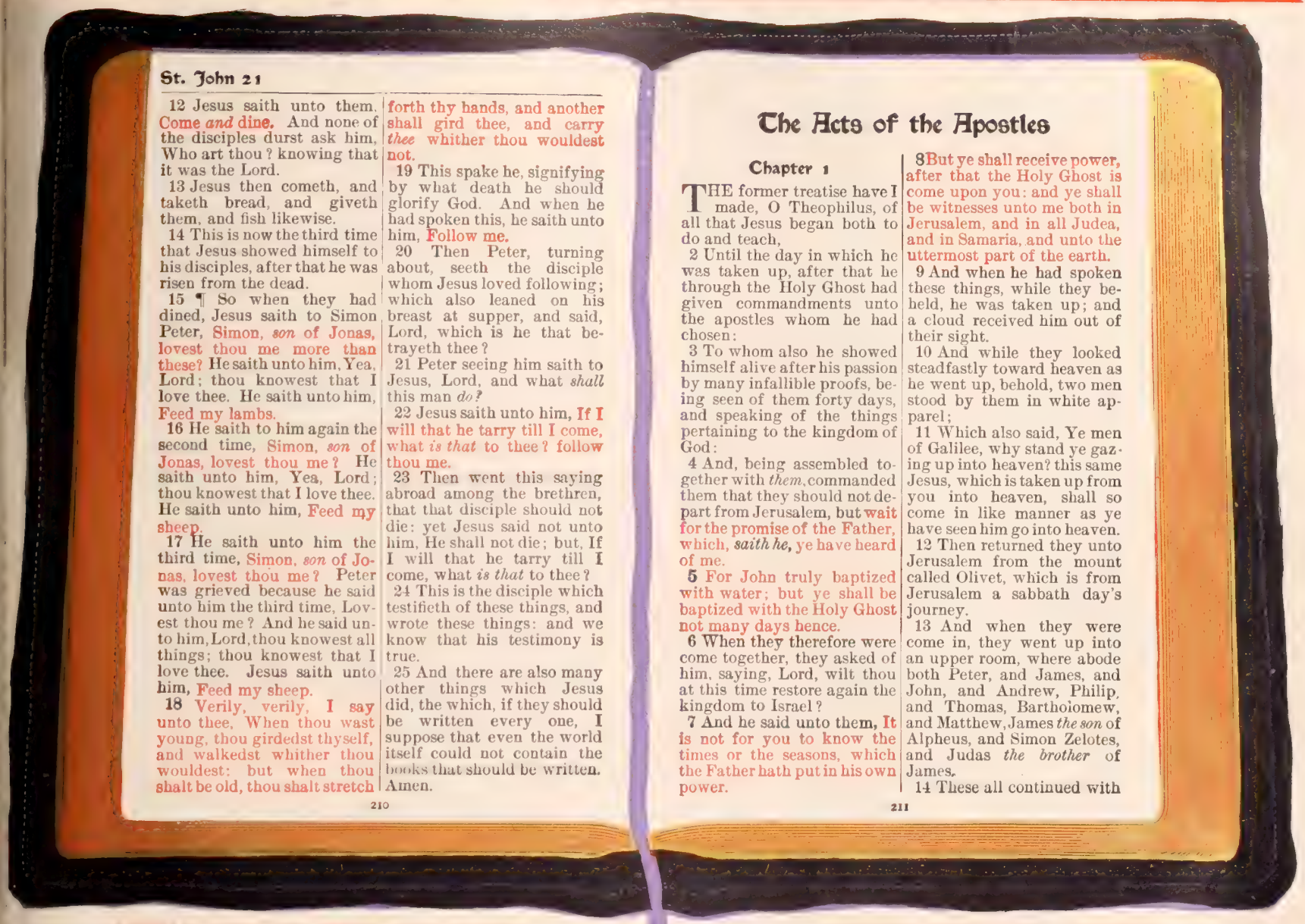

St. John 21

12 Jesus saith unto them, Come *and* dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

13 Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

14 This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

15 ¶ So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

16 He saith to him again the second time, Simon, *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

17 He saith unto him the third time, Simon, *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

18 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry *thee* whither thou wouldest not.

19 This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me.

20 Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?

21 Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what *shall* this man *do?*

22 Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what *is that* to thee? follow thou me.

23 Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what *is that* to thee?

24 This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things: and we know that his testimony is true.

25 And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen.

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The Acts of the Apostles

Chapter 1

THE former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach,

2 Until the day in which he was taken up, after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom he had chosen:

3 To whom also he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God:

4 And, being assembled together with *them*, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, *saith he*, ye have heard of me.

5 For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.

6 When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?

7 And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.

8 But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

9 And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

10 And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel;

11 Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

12 Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey.

13 And when they were come in, they went up into an upper room, where abode both Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, Bartholomew, and Matthew, James *the son* of Alpheus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas *the brother* of James.

14 These all continued with

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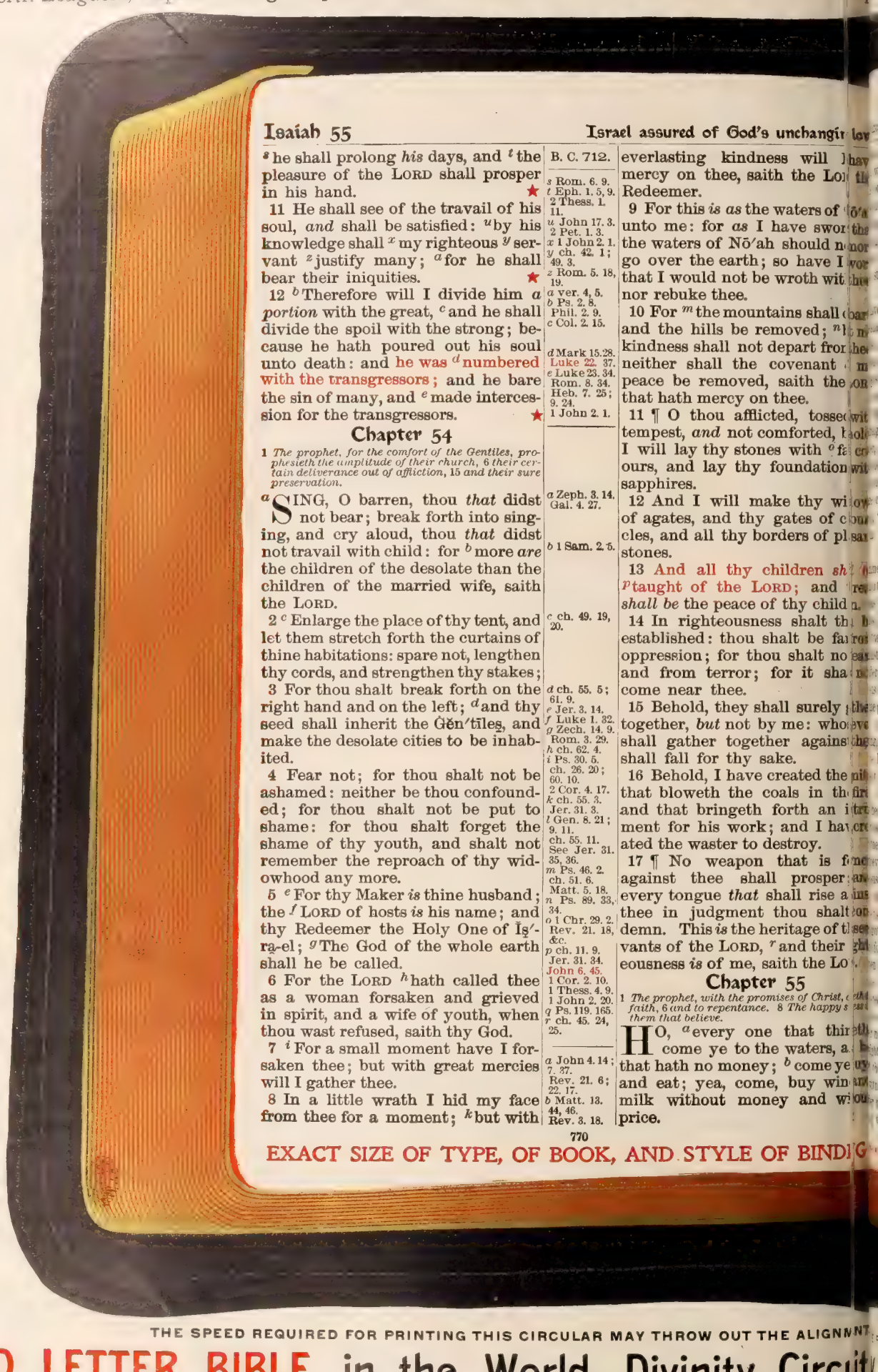

Isaiah 55 — Israel assured of God's unchangi[ng lov]

[s] he shall prolong *his* days, and [t] the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand. ★
11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, *and* shall be satisfied: [u] by his knowledge shall [x] my righteous [y] servant [z] justify many; [a] for he shall bear their iniquities. ★
12 [b] Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, [c] and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was [d] numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and [e] made intercession for the transgressors. ★

B. C. 712.
s Rom. 6. 9.
t Eph. 1. 5, 9. 2 Thess. 1. 11.
u John 17. 3. 2 Pet. 1. 3.
x 1 John 2. 1.
y ch. 42. 1; 49. 3.
z Rom. 5. 18, 19.
a ver. 4, 5.
b Ps. 2. 8. Phil. 2. 9.
c Col. 2. 15.
d Mark 15. 28. Luke 22. 37.
e Luke 23. 34. Rom. 8. 34. Heb. 7. 25; 9. 24. 1 John 2. 1.

Chapter 54

1 *The prophet, for the comfort of the Gentiles, prophesieth the amplitude of their church, 6 their certain deliverance out of affliction, 15 and their sure preservation.*

[a] SING, O barren, thou *that* didst not bear; break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou *that* didst not travail with child: for [b] more *are* the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the LORD.
2 [c] Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes;
3 For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; [d] and thy seed shall inherit the Gĕn'tīles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.
4 Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more.
5 [e] For thy Maker *is* thine husband; the [f] LORD of hosts *is* his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Ĭs'ra-ĕl; [g] The God of the whole earth shall he be called.
6 For the LORD [h] hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God.
7 [i] For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.
8 In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; [k] but with

a Zeph. 3. 14. Gal. 4. 27.
b 1 Sam. 2. 5.
c ch. 49. 19, 20.
d ch. 55. 5; 61. 9.
e Jer. 3. 14.
f Luke 1. 32.
g Zech. 14. 9. Rom. 3. 29.
h ch. 62. 4.
i Ps. 30. 5. ch. 26. 20; 60. 10. 2 Cor. 4. 17.
k ch. 55. 3. Jer. 31. 3.
l Gen. 8. 21; 9. 11. ch. 55. 11. See Jer. 31. 35, 36.
m Ps. 46. 2. ch. 51. 6. Matt. 5. 18.
n Ps. 89. 33, 34.
o 1 Chr. 29. 2. Rev. 21. 18, &c.
p ch. 11. 9. Jer. 31. 34. John 6. 45. 1 Cor. 2. 10. 1 Thess. 4. 9. 1 John 2. 20.
q Ps. 119. 165.
r ch. 45. 24, 25.

everlasting kindness will [I] have mercy on thee, saith the Lo[RD] thy Redeemer.
9 For this *is as* the waters of [Nō'ah] unto me: for *as* I have swor[n that] the waters of Nō'ah should n[o more] go over the earth; so have I [sworn] that I would not be wroth wit[h thee] nor rebuke thee.
10 For [m] the mountains shall [depart] and the hills be removed; [n] [but] kindness shall not depart fro[m thee] neither shall the covenant [of] peace be removed, saith the [LORD] that hath mercy on thee.
11 ¶ O thou afflicted, tosse[d with] tempest, *and* not comforted, [behold] I will lay thy stones with [o] fa[ir colours], and lay thy foundation [with] sapphires.
12 And I will make thy wi[ndows] of agates, and thy gates of c[arbuncles], and all thy borders of pl[easant] stones.
13 And all thy children *sh[all be]* [p] taught of the LORD; and [great] *shall be* the peace of thy child[ren].
14 In righteousness shalt th[ou be] established: thou shalt be fa[r from] oppression; for thou shalt no[t fear] and from terror; for it sha[ll not] come near thee.
15 Behold, they shall surely [gather] together, *but* not by me: who[soever] shall gather together agains[t thee] shall fall for thy sake.
16 Behold, I have created the [smith] that bloweth the coals in th[e fire] and that bringeth forth an i[nstru]ment for his work; and I ha[ve] created the waster to destroy.
17 ¶ No weapon that is f[ormed] against thee shall prosper; [and] every tongue *that* shall rise a[gainst] thee in judgment thou shalt [con]demn. This *is* the heritage of t[he] vants of the LORD, [r] and their [right]eousness *is* of me, saith the Lo[RD].

Chapter 55

1 *The prophet, with the promises of Christ, c[alleth to] faith, 6 and to repentance. 8 The happy s[tate of] them that believe.*

HO, [a] every one that thir[steth] come ye to the waters, a[nd he] that hath no money; [b] come ye [buy] and eat; yea, come, buy win[e and] milk without money and w[ithout] price.

a John 4. 14; 7. 37. Rev. 21. 6; 22. 17.
b Matt. 13. 44, 46. Rev. 3. 18.

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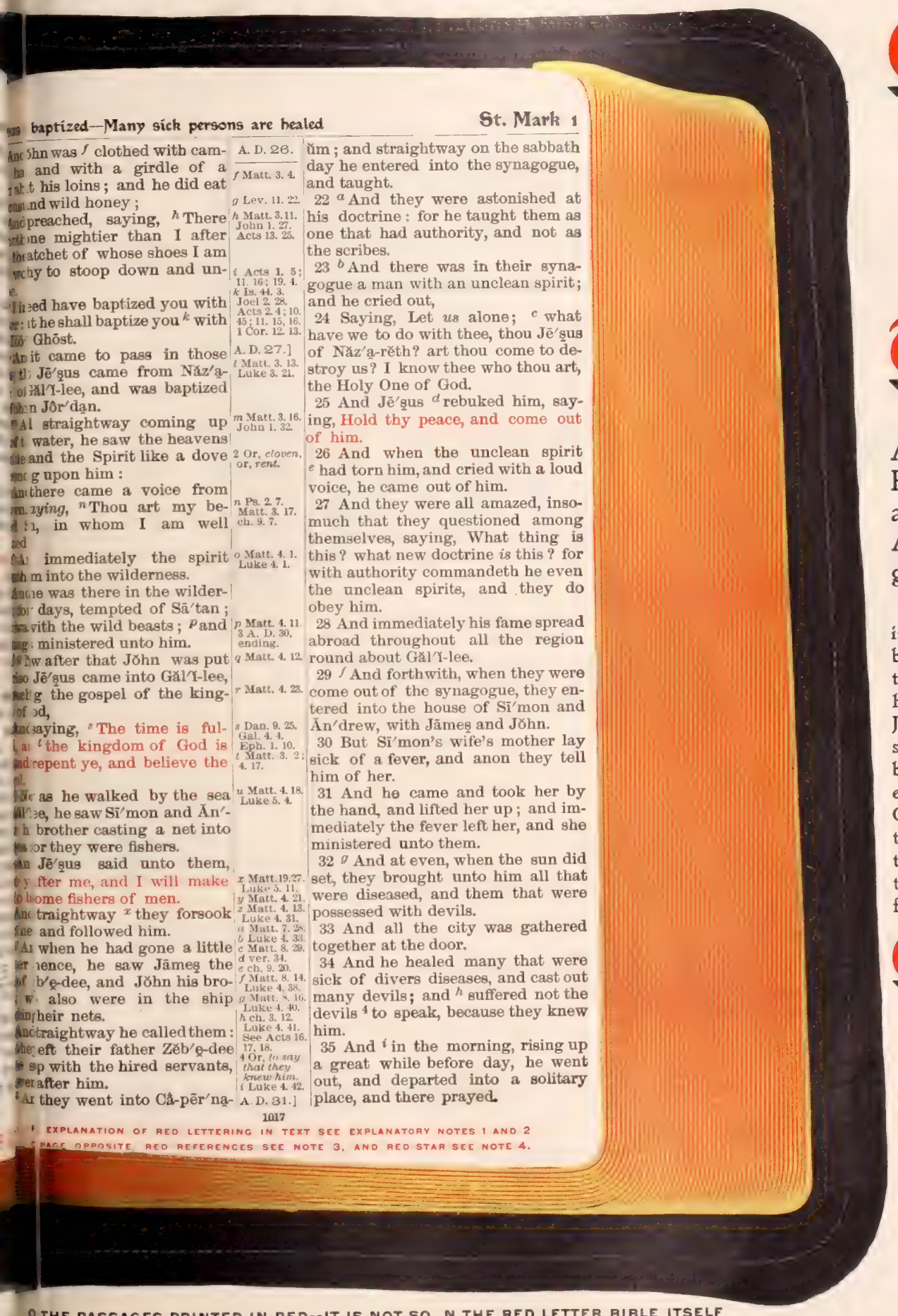

...ism baptized—Many sick persons are healed St. Mark 1

...And John was [f] clothed with cam-
...hair and with a girdle of a
...skin about his loins; and he did eat
...locusts and wild honey;
...And preached, saying, [h] There
...cometh one mightier than I after
...me, the latchet of whose shoes I am
...not worthy to stoop down and un-
...loose.
...I indeed have baptized you with
...water: but he shall baptize you [k] with
...the Holy Ghost.
...And it came to pass in those
...days, Jesus came from Năz'a-
...reth of Găl'i-lee, and was baptized
...of John in Jor'dan.
...And straightway coming up
...out of the water, he saw the heavens
...opened, and the Spirit like a dove
...descending upon him:
...And there came a voice from
...heaven, saying, [n] Thou art my be-
...loved Son, in whom I am well
...pleased.
...And immediately the spirit
...driveth him into the wilderness.
...And he was there in the wilder-
...ness forty days, tempted of Sā'tan;
...and was with the wild beasts; [p] and
...the angels ministered unto him.
...Now after that John was put
...in prison Jesus came into Găl'i-lee,
...preaching the gospel of the king-
...dom of God,
...And saying, [s] The time is ful-
...filled, and [t] the kingdom of God is
...at hand: repent ye, and believe the
...gospel.
...Now as he walked by the sea
...of Găl'i-lee, he saw Sī'mon and An'-
...dre'w his brother casting a net into
...the sea: for they were fishers.
...And Jesus said unto them,
...Follow me, and I will make
...you to become fishers of men.
...And straightway [x] they forsook
...their nets, and followed him.
...And when he had gone a little
...further thence, he saw James the
...son of Zeb'e-dee, and John his bro-
...ther, who also were in the ship
...mending their nets.
...And straightway he called them:
...and they left their father Zeb'e-dee
...in the ship with the hired servants,
...and went after him.
...And they went into Ca-per'na-

A. D. 26.

f Matt. 3. 4.
g Lev. 11. 22.
h Matt. 3. 11. John 1. 27. Acts 13. 25.
i Acts 1. 5; 11. 16; 19. 4.
k Is. 44. 3. Joel 2. 28. Acts 2. 4; 10. 45; 11. 15, 16. 1 Cor. 12. 13.

A. D. 27.]

l Matt. 3. 13. Luke 3. 21.
m Matt. 3. 16. John 1. 32.
2 Or, *cloven, or, rent.*
n Ps. 2. 7. Matt. 3. 17. ch. 9. 7.
o Matt. 4. 1. Luke 4. 1.
p Matt. 4. 11. 3 A. D. 30, ending.
q Matt. 4. 12.
r Matt. 4. 23.
s Dan. 9. 25. Gal. 4. 4. Eph. 1. 10.
t Matt. 3. 2; 4. 17.
u Matt. 4. 18. Luke 5. 4.
x Matt. 19. 27. Luke 5. 11.
y Matt. 4. 21.
z Matt. 4. 13. Luke 4. 31.
a Matt. 7. 28.
b Luke 4. 33.
c Matt. 8. 29.
d ver. 34.
e ch. 9. 20.
f Matt. 8. 14. Luke 4. 38.
g Matt. 8. 16. Luke 4. 40.
h ch. 3. 12.
i Luke 4. 41. See Acts 16. 17, 18.
4 Or, *to say that they knew him.*
k Luke 4. 42.

A. D. 31.]

...ăm; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22 [a] And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

23 [b] And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out,

24 Saying, Let *us* alone; [c] what have we to do with thee, thou Jē'sus of Năz'a-rĕth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25 And Jē'sus [d] rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.

26 And when the unclean spirit [e] had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

27 And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine *is* this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him.

28 And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Găl'i-lee.

29 [f] And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Sī'mon and An'drew, with James and John.

30 But Sī'mon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her.

31 And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.

32 [g] And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils.

33 And all the city was gathered together at the door.

34 And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and [h] suffered not the devils [4] to speak, because they knew him.

35 And [i] in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.

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...PAGE OPPOSITE. RED REFERENCES SEE NOTE 3, AND RED STAR SEE NOTE 4.

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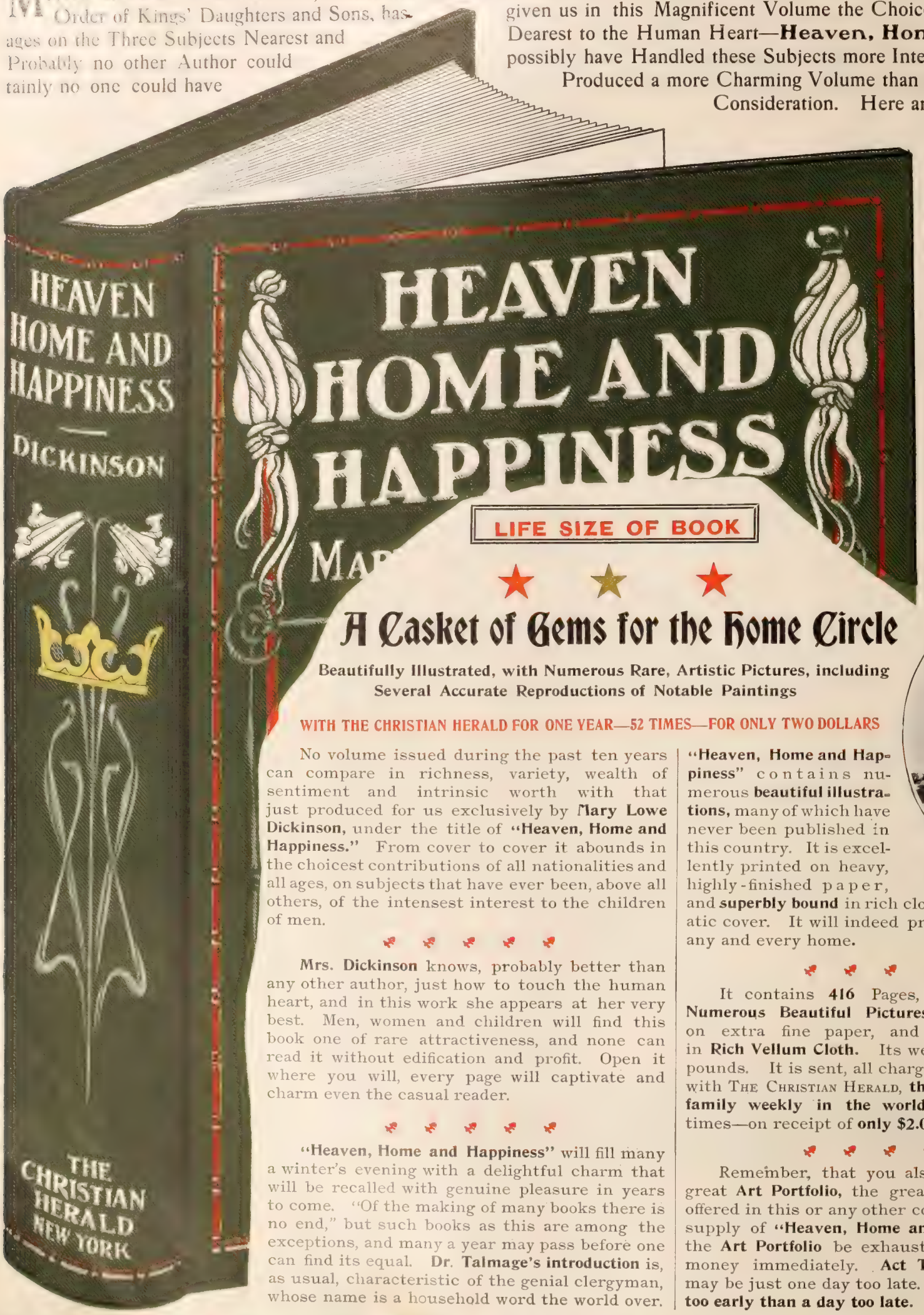

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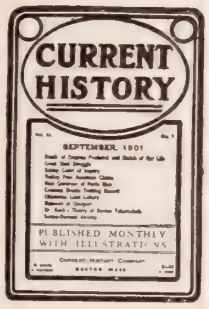

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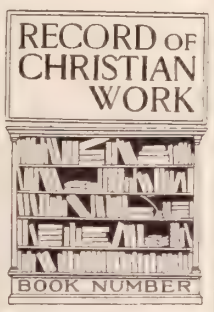

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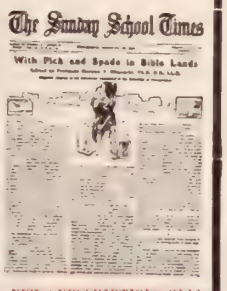

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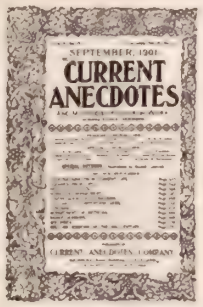

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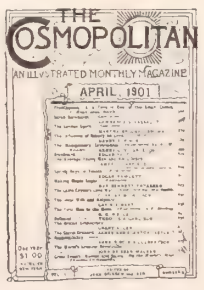

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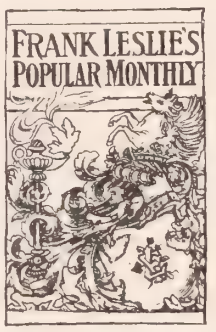

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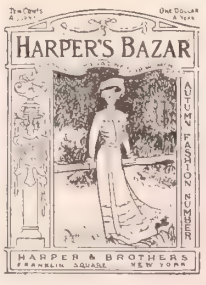

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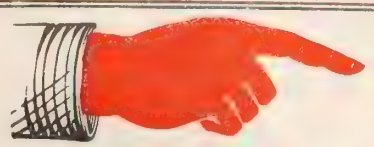

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A Homesick Heart

NAOMI." The old man did not look up from the money he was counting, and arranging before him in gleaming piles; there was the chink of coins pressing against one another, as he laid hem carefully together, and the light that streamed hrough the casement fell on his thin, wiry, white hands nd the yellow gold.

"Yes, father," said the young girl, not turning her ead. Her eyes, wistful and sad, had a far-away look. he was longing for home, longing for a sight of Spain, here she had spent her childhood, and, away from hich, she was pining like a transplanted flower.

"It will take money, much money, my child, to go ack, but I have it, and I will take our passage to-mor-ow. We are but pilgrims and strangers here, and what atters it where we tarry? If you cannot be well and ntent anywhere else, you shall again go to your moth-'s country, though I can find only an empty house ere, and a grave covered with myrtles where my Hilda eeps."

The girl by the window did not move, but over her 'ce flashed a sudden swift color, a blush that came and ent quickly, and her eyes shone. Her face was trans-gured. Her father felt e brightness, though did not see it.

"H o m e sickness is ard for youth," he said, ntly, "and, Naomi, you ill see Lorenzo again. orenzo has written. e is doing well. Three ars ago I was of an-her mind, f o r you ere both children, but ow, if Lorenzo and you ll love one another, I ll not say No. We ve but one life to live, d, for some natures, ve is enough. And, st or West, Naomi, me is best."

They talked long that y, when the glittering ld was put back in e chest. Naomi sat in r father's lap, and put r arms about his neck. d, he thought, how ch she grew like her ther. Signor Ferrano s a scholar and a phi-opher; he was also, terly, deteriora t i n g d becoming too fond money. The lust of arding was eating in-his heart. From this ful greed, he h a d en roughly startled the chance word of a ctor, an old friend and untryman, w h o, re-tly visiting him, had tched Naomi keenly. "Ferrano," the man had said, ake Naomi home, or you will lose her. She will go her mother did, unless you can restore her by the ic of a great joy."

The physician was wise. Ah, to how many of us uld the tonic of a great joy prove the most wonder-restorative in the world. Blessed are they who have in their power to discover this sovereign remedy. omi's father cared for gold, but he cared more for daughter than for his treasure, after all; and the o went home to begin a new epoch in their lives, ere Lorenzo was waiting for his bride.

ur Own Way

To have each day the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to thee.

Very early in life, we see the baby striving to have own way, and as we go on in the course of our eers, if we are candid with ourselves and honest fvard God, we must be aware that we find it hard to ign our wills fully to the Divine control. He or she o has reached the place where, instinctively and without demur, God's will in greater or less things is accepted, has arrived, indeed, at the Beulah land, the stage where the blessed life begins.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS

Through the clouds and the mists,
Through the sun and the shower,
Be this thy one comfort,
In each changeful hour,
That Jesus thy Saviour
Is ever on high.
Keep thy glance on his beauty
Who reigns in the sky.

LOIS BRAMWELL.

A Sunday Scrap-Book

A mother in our circle has a bright idea, and passes it on. She writes that she has been impressed with the beauty of the illustrations in our Sunday School columns, many of them being reproductions of pictures by the old masters. In a book of bright-colored cambrics, she has pasted those which she most admires, and every Sunday afternoon she tells the story of the picture her little boy prefers, thus giving him a Sunday treat. The idea of a Bible scrap-book, kept for Sabbath afternoons, is an excellent one. Under each picture may be printed or pasted a text from God's Word. A Bible with good clear type may be cut up for this purpose. A hymn may be added, and the older children in the family may find good rainy day occupation in manufacturing such a book. Children in a hospital, or in a home remote from towns and libraries, will also greatly enjoy such a beautiful scrap-book.

"IT WILL TAKE MONEY, MUCH MONEY," SAID THE OLD MAN

JUST AWAY

I CANNOT say, and I will not say
That he is dead, he is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land.
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you, oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,
Think of him, faring on, as dear
For the love of There as the love of Here.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Saving the Birds

MOST of us who read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are in fullest sympathy with the Audubon Society, and with others, not connected necessarily with any organization, who desire to save the birds. For two reasons birds are entitled to protection. The first is that their grace and beauty, added to their sweet songs, make them the most attractive of little neighbors, and the second, that they are the best friends of the farmer, and the defenders of the crops, destroying as they do, an immense number of insect marauders, which would else multiply beyond our power to cope with them. Birds are not merely ornamental objects in nature; they are exceedingly and unceasingly useful. A young woman in Texas, who calls herself simply a farmer-girl, has been doing everything she can to fight the greed and vanity which cause a wholesale slaughter of the birds annually in some localities, that women's hats may be adorned with feathers and plumes. She has personally appealed to the Governors of many States, addressing them in the character of a private individual and in most cases she has received courteous replies from these prominent men. Not satisfied with this, the young advocate of the birds has sent paragraphs in their b e h a l f to 100 newspapers and maga-z i n e s, and wherever she has had a chance to interest acquaintances, she has availed herself of it. N o w, her example should be imitated. We s h a l l never put a stop to the d e s t r u c t i o n of the birds, by talking about it and doing nothing. Each of us must decline to w e a r wings and plumage on her hat, and each must educate her children into a similar distaste for millinery which is a relic of barbarism. We quote with approval the words of the Governor of Texas: "The fashion which demands the slaughter of beautiful birds for its gratification is truly awful, and I shall rejoice, as I should think all good people will, when it shall disappear before the frown of public opinion and under the ban of law.

Aunt Prudence Payson's Catch-All

MARJORY.—It is your house. Have it painted to suit your own taste.

JULIE.—Why hurt the young man's feelings? You can surely be polite.

HANNAH F. L.—Your letter is much prized and is touching and tender. Thanks.

M.—The lady to whom you sent the beautiful poem and letter, sends you her hearty thanks.

IN DOUBT.—It is always permissible to send flowers to one who has served you. Enclose your card.

JULIA.—For your complexion, bathe daily, exercise freely, avoid sweets and fats, and sleep nine hours a day.

ISABEL.—Do not hesitate to excuse yourself to friends when you are ill or busy. I would not use the form "Not at home."

W. A.—Your testimony about your servant speaks well for the mistress. There is always something to be said on both sides.

READER.—You may ask the guest to say grace, or do it yourself. If you are the head of the house, do it yourself as a rule, unless your guest is a cleryman.

MARIE.—Girls wear their hair braided in pig-tails until they are sixteen. Teasing is not to be endured from anybody, if it can be helped.

CATHARINE.—I am sorry that you feel so sensitive about the closeness in age of your little ones. Think how pleasant it will be for them and you a little later on, when they will be such congenial companions. And, if you could only know it, you are living your happiest days now when the children are all under your hand in the home.

What it Means to Save a Child

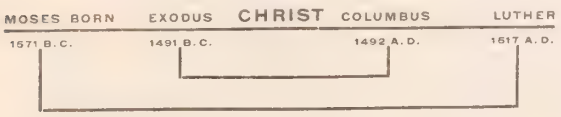
THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 17.
EXODUS 2: 1-10

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT--TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO, AND WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT. PROV. 22: 6

WHAT was Moses' birth year? How few can tell without turning! But tie the date with similar dates already familiar and you can never forget.



We all know the date of America's discovery, 1492, "after Christ." We shall as easily remember that the Exodus was 1491 "before Christ," when we have once associated these beginnings of great nations. We know Moses was born eighty years before the Exodus, 1571 B.C., and may fix it in mind by grouping Moses with Luther, who began the Reformation in 1517—the same figures, with one changed about.

. . .

The Lesson Story

At the time of Moses' birth, Seti, the Pharaoh of the first chapter of Exodus, had died, and his son Rameses II., the Great, was on the throne. He does not seem so very far away now that he has so recently had his photograph taken for the first time. He has been raised from the dead, as it were, to be one more of many such witnesses that the Bible is true. The uncovered Egypt of the explorers is found to be in every respect the Egypt of the Bible.

The hard labor put on the Hebrews by Seti had not prevented their increase, under God's blessing, and so Rameses outheroded Herod by ordering a slaughter of the innocents, the murder of all the boys that should be born in Hebrew homes. The greatest of men was born under that sentence of death in a little slave cabin that was hardly more than a kennel, such as genius often nestles in. In that cabin Amram and Jochebed raised three of the greatest leaders: Miriam, eleven at the time of our story; Aaron, three, and Moses, the new baby. No wonder mothers' clubs to this day call themselves Jochebed societies! Not every faithful mother can give the world children as great as hers, but she can give it children as good.

With what trembling joy Jochebed must have hid her baby in her bosom! How her heart must have fluttered at the slightest sound, lest the executioners were already on her threshold! How she must have tried by all a mother's arts to keep her babe from making cries that would betray him to those who were seeking young children to destroy them! How each day she must have snuggled him closer to her loving heart, thinking it might be the last day she would have him to love! As he grew larger, and his cries grew stronger, she felt that she could conceal him no longer in her home, and so set her mother-wit to work to make a plan by which she might keep him openly and safely. Love is the true mother of invention. She had heard that the daughter of Pharaoh was a childless wife, and so she even planned how her imperilled babe might become the adopted son of the Princess. What boldness there was in the scheme!

The second point in her plan was no less daring, namely, that she should receive a royal appointment as the wet-nurse of her own child! To carry out her plan, she studied carefully the habits of the princess, and found that she came frequently to a certain point at the river Nile to bathe. So Jochebed said to herself, "I will place my sweet child, where his loveliness and helplessness will appeal to her lonely heart. And she took a little basket, and made it water-tight with pitch. How soft she must have made it! And then she must have wrapped her child in the most beautiful clothes she could provide, for so much depended upon the attractiveness of the child. Her babe being snugly tucked in, she launched the tiny boat containing her heart's best treasure, and anchored it safely amid the stiff, tall papyrus stems. She would fain have remained close by, but she knew that her mother-heart would betray her. She, therefore, took her daughter Miriam, into her counsels, and told her to watch what should became of her little brother. Miriam was a wise child for she stood afar off, though near enough to see the little basket. She probably busied herself with gathering lotus flowers, so that her mission might not be apparent. Jochebed's scheme worked well. When the princess came down to bathe, she discovered the tiny ark, and told one of her maids to lift it out, and bring it to her. And when she opened it, she saw the child, "and behold, the babe wept." Her heart was touched. She knew it was one of the doomed Hebrew children, and thought, perhaps, that it had been cast into the river to die, at the king's command. "If I take him for my very own, his life will be safe," she said to herself, and straightway her purpose was formed to make him her adopted son. And she called his name Moses, which meant "drawn out of the water." Miriam came near enough to hear the princess say, "This is one of the Hebrew children;" near enough to see the gentle handling, even fondling, of her little brother; near enough to see the expression of mother-love on the face of the princess, and so she thought it was safe for her to offer to get a Hebrew nurse for the babe. The princess assented, and Miriam ran to get her mother. Jochebed's plan was working well. And so the mother received her own child from the hands of the princess, with the promise of wages for his care! No need of listening any longer for the step of the executioner, for her child was under royal protection!

How long could she keep him? Certainly until he was three years old, for Hebrew mothers did not wean their children until they had reached that age. It has even been suggested that the boy lived with his father and mother until he was twelve years of age. There is a legend that when he was hardly more than three years old he was brought by the doting princess into the presence of her father, the king. The crown was playfully placed upon his head, when his tiny hands reached up, took it off, placed it on the floor, and then stood upon it. Great was the alarm at this act, for it had been a saying that the crown of Egypt should be destroyed by an alien.

Beside the picture of Moses, the outcast child, rescued by mother and sister, and king's daughter, place the picture of Moses at the earthly coronation of Christ, on the Mount of Transfiguration, acting as one of the two ambassadors from the court of heaven, and hear in the background "the song of Moses and the Lamb," sung by the redeemed in glory--

MOSES' SISTER MIRIAM WATCHING THE ARK

look on this picture, and then on that, and learn WHAT IT MEANS TO SAVE A CHILD.

. . .

Illustration and Application

Who is the outcast child, and how can mother and sister and king's daughter work with God to save and train him?

The Outcast Child

"Born of poor but honest parents" is the familiar opening of nearly all the biographies of the world's great leaders. The story of Moses is one of many to cheer the boy who is born amid seeming disadvantages. The race to which he belonged were oppressed immigrant laborers. As they worked under tasks intended to kill many of them, they sang pitifully, like those in like case in modern Egypt, before England took it in hand:

They starve us, they starve us;
They beat us, they beat us.

It is good in all ages to sing away pain with songs of faith as did one whose singing was so entrancing that passing strangers paused to ask a young girl at his door, "Will you please tell us who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?" "Yes, indeed; it is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg and so he's just singing the pain away the while." When her child was born under sentence of death, Jochebed hardly knew whether to rejoice or lament, but she bravely faced the duty of the hour with faith.

The gates of life swing either way,
On noiseless hinges, night and day.
One enters through the open door,
One leaves us to return no more;
And which is happier, which more blest,
God knoweth best.

We greet with smiles the one who comes
Like sunshine to our hearts and homes,
And reach our longing hands with tears
To him who, in his ripened years,
Goes gladly to his heavenly rest;
God knoweth best.

He guards the gates. We need not dread
The path these little feet must tread,
Nor fear for him who from our sight
Passed through them to the realms of light,
Both in his loving care we rest;
God knoweth best.

We cannot, especially at this season, speak of Moses as outcast child, and not remember that Jesus was born in stable, because there was no room for mother in the inn. For his sake and "in Name," let us plan to rescue every outc child within our reach. A mother, one nig noted that when she put her girlie to b she moved to one side as if to make ro for some one else. To her mother's "Why she answered, "I want to leave room for sus, because he has not where to lay head." We can best make room for Jesus caring for the bodies and souls of despis and neglected children, for he said: "In much as ye have done it unto one of the le of these ye have done it unto me." Phill Brooks once said, in substance, that he w helps a child helps the world in the best p sible way. To translate this lesson litera into life, we must search out the poor forei children that are born under the curse of e surroundings, for which Government is par responsible, and seek to save their lives a their souls.

. . .

The Faithful Mother

In our lesson, we have a miniature C dren's Aid Society, which we should imita without waiting for a con tution and by-laws. There danger that we shall l half our opportunities w ing for some "committee." First in this chi saving group was the faithful mother. "G made mothers before he made minister says Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, and he decla that ministers have small chance of savi children whose parents are not leading th to God. Statistics show that the father is influential as the mother. In a test case was found that in families where only t mother was a Christian, one-third of t children were professing Christians, wh there were two-thirds where both pare were Christians. A friend visiting a great p losopher met the little daughter at the ga and thinking the child must be taught w derful things by such a father, asked, "W is your father teaching you?" "Obedienc was the child's reply. We may be sure t was Moses' first lesson. He was prepared command by learning to obey.

Miriam's helpfulness reminds us that ol sisters in our homes might do much to sa guard their brothers—not the

The Wise Sister

tle ones alone—against pe worse than those that thre ened only the life, not the s of Moses! Our fears are too much of p sical perils. "Fear not what kills the bod Jesus says, "but much more what kills t soul." Moses' sister showed not only wisdo but quiet courage in saving her brother. is the fashion to excuse girls for being c ardly. They should be ashamed of fear, a aroused to be brave.

A shipwrecked crew in an open boat, dr ing, drifting helplessly, and apparently ho lessly, on the boundless sea. Their vessel h been wrecked in mid-ocean, and their co rades drowned before their eyes, they bei powerless to render help.

Several days had now passed, and not ship had been sighted. "Will help never come?" piteou cried one poor fellow after another, as daily their faces came more haggard, and into their eyes crept signs of despa

"A sail!" suddenly shouted one of the crew.

Color rose in their pallid cheeks, and an earnest "Tha God!" came from their lips, as a small brigantine bore do upon them.

As she drew nearer, the shipwrecked men discerned woman at the wheel, steering. No one else could be seen board. What could it mean? The mystery was soon solv when they went aboard. The girl's father, the skipper, a several of the crew, whilst outward bound from Cuba, h died of fever, leaving the daughter and two or three seam as sole survivors. From her childhood she had accompani her father in his vessel, and from him had gained a kno ledge of nautical matters.

As the seamen knew nothing of navigation, she, bra girl, was steering for Vigo, in the Azores, a big black d being her constant and faithful companion.

Welcome, indeed, was the aid of the shipwrecked cre who now took turn at the wheel until the anchor was dr ped in Vigo Bay.

In the voyage of life let the daughters be ever ready take the helm when father's or mother's hand fails.

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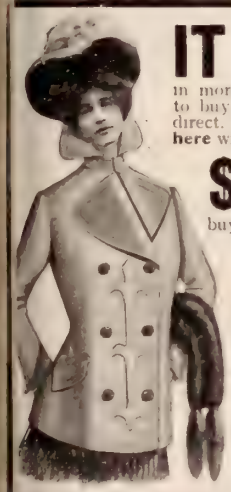

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PREPARATION FOR SERVICE

The Deliverer of Israel Undergoing Discipline

By Mrs. M. Baxter

NONE of us can be too grateful for early discipline; nothing in after life can replace it. Those are indeed to be pitied who have grown up to consider their own will and pleasure as the first thing, and who have never learned obedience, self-restraint, or consideration for others. But no parental training can take the place of God's education. There is no school like his. "Who teacheth like him?" (Job 36: 22).

The very birth of Moses was connected with the promise of deliverance, and it occurred at the very time when the oppression which Israel suffered was becoming unendurable. Before the children of Israel began to cry to the Lord for deliverance, he was already preparing the deliverer. There must have been some communication of God to his parents about this child. His beauty might have given them the greatest desire to preserve his life; but it could not have inspired them with faith for his preservation; faith must have a word of God to rest upon. It is more than possible that God made known to these parents, as he afterwards made known to Zacharias and Elizabeth concerning their son, the future of the child.

What a moment must that have been when Miriam brought a royal command to the believing mother to do what her heart longed for, but which was forbidden by the law—to take her beloved babe and nurse him! Thus God responds to faith. "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." She was even to be rewarded for that service, which otherwise would have been against the king's command. "With God all things are possible, and all things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark 10: 27, 9: 23). What a joy, but what a responsibility for this mother, to use every opportunity to instil right principles into the heart of her son as his intelligence began to develop. He had been saved from death that he might serve God's purpose. What a type of those who by faith have "passed from death unto life," that they may "live no more unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again!"

Jochebed was to nurse her son for Pharaoh's daughter, and consequently when he grew old enough he matriculated in the schools of Egypt, and became an apt scholar. "Pharaoh's daughter . . . nourished him for her own son, and Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." He was evidently one of the scholars of the day, and a man who made his mark; for he was "mighty in his words and works" (Acts 7: 21, 22, R.V.) But through the instrumentality of a mother's training, the grace of God awakened him to something which he esteemed more than the high position which his adopted mother destined for him. We may well believe that Pharaoh's daughter was proud of her adopted son, and that she expected her country would be a gainer by his talents, cultivation and personal influence. But deep down in his heart there were mightier influences at work than earthly glory and power. He knew God, and saw things from God's point of view. He understood the call of God to him to be the Deliverer of his people, and no doubt many a time of prayer was witnessed from the unseen world in the house of Amram when Moses could steal away to see his parents.

Moses had had his test, first of all, as to whether he would remain true to God when all his education in the schools must have received its tone from the State religion of Egypt, which was gross idolatry. And Moses had passed through all and still stood true to God. "When he was well-nigh forty years old, it came into his heart [no doubt from God] to visit his brethren, the children of Israel" (Acts 7: 23). He "looked on their burdens," he began to take in what they were suffering, and seeing one of them suffer wrong, he defended him, and avenged him that was oppressed, smiting the Egyptian; and he supposed that his brethren understood that God, by his hand, was giving them deliverance, but they understood not (Acts 24, 25, R. V.). How was this? Was he not the chosen deliverer? Surely yes; but he had many examinations to pass in God's school before he would be ripe for the office which he so rashly took upon himself. When he smote the Egyptian, he "looked this way and that, and when he saw that there was no man, he smote him" (Exod. 2: 12). This is not the way of faith. Faith looks only one way, up to God, and then it does not matter what man may be present; there is no need to fear. And yet, down in the depth of his heart, he was loyal to God and to his people. He knew what taking up the cause of his people involved, and he faced it. By faith he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. Perhaps the alternative was at this time presented to him. But he chose rather to be evil entreated with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. He knew that it would be sin in him to forsake his true vocation. Accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; for he looked for the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured as seeing him who is invisible (Heb. 11: 24-27, R. V.). Moses' school was a severe one at this time. Everything seemed against him. He had been ready, from loyalty to God and love to his people, to forsake the most enviable position, probably, in the then known world. And what, after all, did his heroic sacrifice accomplish? His brethren did not believe in his vocation, which he knew he had received from God, and for which he had given up so much, and when he attempted to reconcile two of them which strove together, they only reproached him, saying, 'Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Thinkest thou to kill me as thou killedst the Egyptian yesterday?" Poor Moses! he had yet to learn that, to do God's work, he must know how to do it in God's time and in God's way. His heroic enthusiasm might do for the mighty words and works for which he was famed in his service in Egypt, but God needs no might from man but simple faith and obedience; and big Moses must become little Moses before he could be any use to God.

Moses "feared." Faith never fears; but "he said, Surely the thing is known," and he fled, for "Pharaoh sought to kill him." He had lost his all in Egypt, and had made the position of his people no better at all; and he, the chosen deliverer of God's people, really called of God, had to flee from Egypt as a criminal to escape justice!

A Church in a Tree

NEXT to the giants of the Yosemite Valley, California, the largest trees in the world are found in Australia. Of these, a species of the eucalyptus, locally known as the "red gum-tree," takes the

A TREE-TRUNK AS A CHURCH

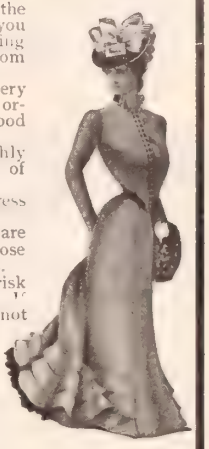
lead. One of these giant trees in Gippsland, Victoria, was felled at a distance of twenty feet from the ground. The wood of these trees is very soft when growing, and when newly cut down, but hardens when it is dead. In this tree, while the wood was still soft, the stump was hollowed out, openings for doors and windows were cut, and a roof was placed upon it. In this way a room was formed, said to be twenty-five feet in breadth, and capable of accommodating fifty people. Religious services have frequently been held there, the people for miles around assembling out of curiosity; but this curiosity has led to blessing, and a movement is now on foot for erecting a substantial church.

A Timely Gift

Mrs. A. S. Steele, Founder and Manager of the Steele Home for needy children, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes to the proprietor of the Christian Herald as follows:

"I received twenty-five dollars as a gift. What a surprise! Surely it comes at a good time, when I have over 120 needy children to shoe as well as to provide with warm winter clothing. How such a gift does strengthen my faith! Looking at these things from a human standpoint, it does seem wonderful to know that all these years (nearly eighteen) since I started this home, I've never had to solicit a dollar, directly or indirectly, I've never run in debt, I've never been sick in bed a whole day, and yet I've received and cared for over 800 inmates here. I've clothed, fed, trained and educated them, hiring many helpers. It has surely been a precious privilege to care for so many whom nobody wanted and for whom no one was willing to care, because, at the time, they were too young, or too sick, or too troublesome, or too vicious. No church or society or individual is pledged to aid us in any way. This county pays me thirteen cents a day for each child sent here by the Judge only until the day it is ten years old, after that I keep them at my own expense. I have a pension of $12 per month. That is the only salary I have or have had in this work. Yet, thus far, the Lord has provided for us, though I've no idea, from day to day, from what sources the gifts of cash or clothing, shoes or soap, bread or bedding may come. If I knew the name of the donor, I'd write a personal letter to him or her.

New Winter Suits and Cloaks.



HERE are a few of the advantages which you have in purchasing your suits and cloaks from us:

First—We make every garment especially to order, thus insuring a good fit and finish.

Second—We thoroughly sponge and shrink all of our materials.

Third—We pay express charges everywhere.

Fourth—Our prices are one-third lower than those charged by retail stores.

Fifth—You take no risk in ordering from us. If what you get does not please you send it back and *we will refund your money.* Our Catalogue illustrates:

New Cloth Gowns, tailor made, ***$8 up.***
Silk-Lined Suits, lined throughout with excellent taffeta, ***$15 up.***
Stylish Costumes of Velveteen, Velvet Cords and Wide Wale Corduroy, $17 up.
Fashionable Cloth Skirts, $4 up.
Rainy-Day Suits and Skirts, either plaid back or plain, ***Suits, $8 up. Skirts, $5 up.***
Long Outer Jackets, newest designs, ***$10 up.***
Jaunty Short Jackets, $7 up.
Rain-Proof Coats and Skirts.

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

Write to-day for Catalogue and Samples; you will get them *free* by return mail. Be sure to mention whether you wish samples for suits or cloaks, so that we can send you a full line of exactly what you wish.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

If you are looking for exceptional bargains in Musical Instruments and if you will tell us what Instrument you play, we will send you, **free of any charge, postpaid,** our handsomely illustrated catalogue which is

A PERFECT AND SUPERB MUSICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

giving in detail full information about all musical instruments and their real values.

STRAUSS MFG. CO.,
Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World.
142-146 W. 14th St., Dept. 19, N. Y. City.
You can't afford to miss it. Write to-day.

Vapo-Cresolene
AN INHALATION FOR

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Grip, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever,

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

An interesting descriptive booklet is sent free, which gives the highest testimonials to its value.

ALL DRUGGISTS.
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton Street, New York.

Send to me for copy of "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

[illegible] store gelatines [illegible] "regular price" [illegible]

Knox's Gelatine

It is the only exclusively calves' stock gelatine made in the country, and is designed for those who want the best even if they have to pay 2½ cents a package more for it. To offset this, I guarantee Knox's Gelatine to make a pint more jelly than any other package of equal size; a **quart more** than most.

I WILL MAIL FREE

my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" if you will send the name of your grocer. If you can't do this, send 2 two-cent stamps. For 5c. in stamps, the book and full pint sample. For 15c., the book and full two-quart package, two for 25c. Pink color for fancy desserts in every large package. A package of Knox's Gelatine will make two quarts—a half gallon—jelly.

CHAS. B. KNOX, 55 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

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"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"

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a week will about pay the premium on an Endowment Policy for $1,000. A small amount you say. It may appear to your eyes like this.

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Twenty years from now however when the policy matures, you may need the money, and the amount of the policy will look like this

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In addition to the face of the policy, accumulated profits are paid. If you would like further information fill up and mail coupon below.

THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY, Dept No. 60
120 Broadway, New York.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for $ [illegible] issued to a man [illegible] years of age.

Name .....

Address .....

How Herod Built the Temple*

SEVERAL motives weighed powerfully with Herod in favor of his magnificent scheme for rebuilding the Temple of Zerubbabel. It was the secret growth of excited Messianic expectations among the people, and the hope that he could avail himself of these, and persuade them that he was the promised Messiah of the Jews! We have already observed that some at least of the Herodian party were willing to accept this strange Messiah! They assiduously pointed to the prophecy of Haggai: "Who is left among you that saw this house in her former glory? And how do ye see it now? Yet fear not. Yet once it is a little while, and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord. The latter glory of this house shall be greater than the former, and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord." And did not the old Temple, built by a handful of poor returning exiles, and far inferior in size to the Temple of Solomon, look very mean, and dwindle into something like discreditable insignificance when it offered so marked a contrast to such magnificent buildings as even the old Asmonæan residence? Was it not completely overshadowed by the towering fortress to which Herod had now given the name of Antonia, and the truly sumptuous palace of white marble and Grecian Doric architecture which he had built for himself, with its flowering trees, dove-haunted gardens, and its two great wings, the Cæsareum and the Agrippeum?

When Herod brought his astounding proposition before a great assembly of people in the Temple, they raised endless difficulties. "Where was the necessary wealth to come from?" Herod pointed in reply to his apparently inexhaustible resources. "But would it not be sacrilege to pull down that venerated structure?" Herod pointed out that it was already crumbling to swift decay. "But what guarantee was there that, if they allowed it to be destroyed, he would ever really build another?" He pledged himself that not a beam or stone of it should be removed until everything was ready for the construction of its more magnificent successor. "But the Jews were not skilled in carpentry or architecture, and it would be absolute sacrilege to let Gentile feet enter the Court of the Priests, and Gentile hands busy themselves with the stones and timber of the Holy of Holies." Even on this point Herod met them. Though Gentiles might labor at the substructions, and at the Court of the Gentiles, none but priestly hands should touch the sacred building itself. A thousand priests, and ten thousand Jewish artisans should be thoroughly trained in all the work of architecture, and none but they should approach the Holiest. All else could be made ready for them. Overborne by such reasoning and such concessions, the people accepted the kingly offer. The priests and workmen were trained in hundreds of workshops, and by the time that the substructions and outer courts were ready, and all the materials of hewn stone and carved timber had been prepared, the priests were provided with priestly robes, and, after eight years of costliest toil, the old sanctuary was taken down with infinite reverence. A year and a half was occupied by the architectonic priests in noiselessly rearing the new structure in its place. So completely did the king respect the scruples of the Pharisees that—though he had been freely permitted to visit the works until the Court of the Gentiles was completed, and profoundly as he was interested in a task for which he had emptied his treasury—he never once set foot within the forbidden precincts.

The actual building was sufficiently completed for all purpose of worship in B.C. 14. The rearing of the sanctuary itself only occupied eighteen months; the main courts and porticoes occupied eight years. Herod fixed the dedication on the anniversary of his accession, hoping that both events would be observed as a common feast, and he offered on the great altar a triple hecatomb of oxen. The new Temple was a structure of such memorable beauty as to extort even from the rabbis the confession that he who had not seen it did not know what beauty was; and as though to justify their admiration for it by a celestial sanction, they declared that during its building, in order to prevent delay, rain had only fallen in the night-time, and fine weather had returned at the dawn of day.

*From *The Herods*. By Frederick W. Farrar, D.D. A work recounting the history of this wonderful family, whose influence so deeply affected the Jewish nation. Pp. 236. Price, $1. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

The Kitchen-Garden*

IN 1876, twenty-four little girls in the first industrial school in New York marched from their kitchen into the large dining-room, carrying ordinary scrub-brushes adorned with the national colors, and because it was Centennial Year, scrubbed and swept to the tune of "Hail Columbia." The inspiration had come through the first sight of kindergarten games in an uptown school. Was it strange when the remark was made, "You need a kindergarten in that mission in the slums," that one's thought should pass quickly over the bright, large schoolroom, where the children were being well taught, to the room below stairs, where the kitchen-girls, with sober, uninterested faces, were taking their turn at work that they considered humiliating and tiresome, and that the reply should come quickly enough, "We need a kitchen-garden"? Yes, the name was suitable (an old-fashioned vegetable garden, where the homely, necessary, substantial things of life grew) to our system for teaching children how to make homely duties beautiful; from little hints or seeds should grow much, adding to the comfort and beauty of a home. For eighteen years, this kitchen-garden has been the delight and joy of the poor. It seems scarcely possible that eighteen years and more have elapsed since fifty bright New York young ladies met in the beautiful drawing-room of the President of the school referred to.

It is doubtful if kitchen-garden will ever, in this country or any other, so elevate the honorable duties of housemaid and housekeeper that the position will be in demand. All we can hope from the kitchen-garden for years to come, is to make house-keeping easier, home more comfortable and cheerful, manners more self-respecting, and if cooking-garden is added to the kitchen-garden to make living more economical and healthful. While many already know, it may be necessary to explain for the benefit of those who do not, that kitchen-garden is a system by which children are taught the many little duties which, when properly performed, go to make a home comfortable, except the cooking of food. The lessons are made interesting and restful, and as far as possible beautiful, elevating even the scrubbing of a floor or table. Observation is cultivated, and working from principle engendered,

If our work we do and are happy too,
Our Heavenly Father knows it,
And he helps us sing life's best sweet song,
And gives us grace to close it.

The system is a combination of songs, exercises and plays designed in a thoroughly practical way to train a child in simple housework. It is divided into six distinct parts or occupations, each taking a month to master. They comprehend the following details of domestic work: Kindling fires, waiting on the door, bed-making, sweeping and dusting, completely arranging a room, with the manipulation of broom, whisk-broom, dusters, etc.; also all laundry processes, from the preparation of the tubs to the delicacies of polishing and folding and scrubbing, and of laying a dinner-table in the due order of courses. Last of all comes the mud-pie play. Moulding clay as a substitute for dough and pastry, the children knead bread, turn tiny rolls, cut out biscuits, and make pies. All the lessons are enlivened and emphasized with appropriate songs. Thus, with the simple device of toy appliances for real domestic apparatus, the children acquire the order, precision and neatness essential to household service.

*From *How to Teach Kitchen-garden*, by Emily Huntington. A practical volume of object lessons in household work, including songs, plays, exercises and games, illustrating household occupations. Illustrated, cloth covers, pp. 169. Price $3.00. Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y., publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Passing of a Great Queen: A Tribute to Victoria, by Marie Corelli. Pp. 80; cloth. Price 50 cents. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

America for Thee: Duet with Piano Accompaniment, written and composed by Mathilde Weil Ojerholm. Price 25 cents. M. E. Book Concern, Chicago, publishers.

TAKE THEM OUT.

Or Feed Them on Food They Can Study (

When a student begins to break down fr[om] lack of the right kind of food, there are o[nly] two things to do; either take him out of sch[ool] or feed him properly on food that will rebu[ild] the brain and nerve cells. That food [is] Grape-Nuts.

A boy writes from Jamestown, N. Y., s[ay]ing, "A short time ago I got into a bad c[on]dition from overstudy, but Mother hav[ing] heard about Grape-Nuts Food began to f[eed] me on it. It satisfied my hunger better th[an] any other food, and the results were mar[vel]ous. I got fleshy like a good fellow. [The] usual morning headaches disappeared, an[d I] found I could study for a long period with[out] feeling the effects of it.

After I had been using Grape-Nuts F[ood] for about two months I felt like a new [man] altogether. My face had been pale and t[hin] but is now round and has considerable co[lor] I have gained greatly in strength as well [as] flesh, and it is a pleasure to study now tha[t I] am not bothered with my head. I passed [all] of my examinations with a reasonably g[ood] percentage, extra good in some of them, [and] it was Grape-Nuts that saved me from a [full] year's delay in entering college.

Father and mother have both been [im]proved by the use of Grape-Nuts Fo[od]. Mother was troubled with sleepless nig[hts] and got very thin, and looked care worn. [She] has gained her normal strength and lo[oks] and sleeps well nights." Don E. Cooper.

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Containing all the latest effects in Ladies', Misses' and Children's **Capes, Jackets, Skirts, Waists, Suits Furs, etc.** Write for it to-day. **Agents Wanted.**

No. 2120. Ladies' Jacket made in the auto style, of a good quality covert cloth, in black, tan or blue; entire garment edged with velvet piping and lined with a good quality Italienne cloth; two pockets; latest style sleeves with cuffs; 27 in. long; half-fitted back. Price **$5.00**

SEND $1.00 returning this advertisement, and giving your name, address, number and color of Jacket, and your bust measure, and we will send same to your nearest express office

C.O.D. SUBJECT TO YOUR APPROVAL

EDWARD B. GROSSMAN

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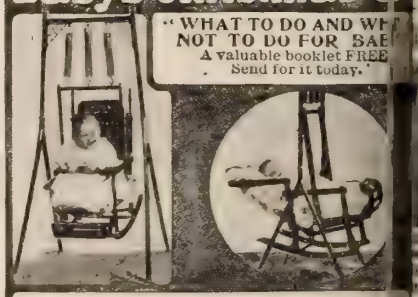
"WHAT TO DO AND WH[AT] NOT TO DO FOR BAB[Y]" A valuable booklet FREE. Send for it today.



Glascock's Combined Baby Jumper [and] Rocking Chair is an ideal Christmas or B[irth]day gift for baby. Makes baby happy and hea[lthy]. Gives mother plenty of spare time. A Jum[per], Rocking Chair, Bed and High Chair all combi[ned]. Portable and lasts a lifetime. Endorsed [by] Physicians. A picture book FREE.

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Usefulness and stability g[uar]anteed. Light, compact [and] handy. Equipped with auton[atic] tension, stitch and feed regul[ator]. **Buy of your dealer** remit $2 and we will send [you] the machine, charges prepaid.

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THE "1900" FAMILY WASHER FREE.

Greatest Invention of the Age. Labor and Expense of Washing Clothes Cut in Two.

No More Stooping, Rubbing or Boiling of Clothes.

Every Household Needs One.

THE "1900" BALL-BEARING FAMILY WASHER

Sent FREE to anyone answering this advertisement, without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid, on 30 day's trial. The 1900 Ball-Bearing Washer is unquestionably the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented for family use. **Entirely new principle.** It is simplicity itself. There are no wheels, no cogs, no levers, rockers, cranks or complicated machinery. It revolves on **bicycle ball bearings,** making it by far the easiest running washer on the market. No exertion or strength required, a child can operate it. No more stooping, rubbing, boiling of clothes. Hot water and soap all that is needed. It will wash **Large quantities of clothes** (no matter how soiled) **perfectly clean in 6 minutes.** Impossible to injure the most delicate fabrics. As the Sup't. of the Savannah Yacht Club says:

'It is a wonder. Our washing is very large and we have always had two women on Monday and often Tuesday. Our cook and the yard boy **now do the washing in 4 hours much better than before.'**

NEWMAN, Ills., July 5, 1900.

I can testify that the 1900 is the best washer and the most running machine. It will **absolutely clean** the bosoms, cuffs, and bottoms of ladies white skirts better than can be done by hand. The washings that my wife with from 5 to 7 hours to put out by hand, can easily be done in 2 hours. R. A. SKINNER.

KENDALL, Ky., March 21, 1900.

I did a double washing for myself yesterday and made $1 from my boarders, besides all my cooking, milking and housework. It takes less soap with your machine than in the old way. I have no need of the washboard any more. MRS. L. A. BARTON.

ONALASKA, Wis., Jan. 4, 1901.

I have a family of 5, and as I had a 2 weeks wash it was an immense one. Had it all out in 3 hours and had nicer looking clothes. I did not even put my hands into the water. I cannot too strongly recommend the "1900" Washer. MRS. J. M. WILSON.

Write at once for catalogue and full particulars to

"1900" WASHER CO.,
181 State St., Binghamton, N. Y.

GRAND INVENTION | 300,000 Sold LAST YEAR.

for taking Turkish, Hot Air and Vapor Baths at home, 3c each. **Opens the millions of pores,** draws out poisons which cause disease. Millions enjoy **Our New Style "Quaker" Bath Cabinet** weekly. Beautifies complexion. Prevents disease. Relieves Colds, Fevers, Rheumatism, Grippe, Female Ills, all Blood, Skin, Kidney and Nerve diseases. **Guaranteed.** Best made. **30 days' trial.** Price complete $5.00. Face Attch $1.00 extra. Order today. **Book to Patrons FREE. WRITE US. AGENTS WANTED—$100.00 MONTHLY & EXPENSES.** World Mfg. Co., 15 World B'ld'g, **Cincinnati, O.**

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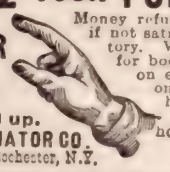

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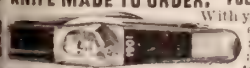
$10 KNIFE MADE TO ORDER. FULLY WARRANTED.



With your photo, lodge emblem, name and address in an indestructible transparent handle. Cut to order after you send photo. $1.00. Blades are hand forged, finest steel. Large Commission paid AGENTS for soliciting orders. Send for circular, terms and territory. CANTON CUTLERY CO. 1105 E. Second St., CANTON, OHIO

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

WIFE-SELLING AMONG THE KURDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 934

KURDISH SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS

Dr. Joseph Jacob, son of a native pastor who did missionary work among the Mohammedans of Urmi for many years. Dr. Jacob has studied medicine in London for several years and only recently returned to Persia. Husband and wife will now continue together in Christian missionary work.

Concerning the illustrations which accompany her letter, Mrs. Jacob writes:

"These were taken on my last journey. As there was no photographer nearer than Sabolagh, I had to write to one to come from that place. One of the photographs shows a Kurdish sheepfold at midday, when the little lambs meet their mothers. It was a beautiful sight, and one of the pleasantest memories of my life to see a hundred or more soft, beautiful lambs, each trying to find its own mother sheep. What wonderful love is given even to animals! In the centre of the picture are several women who, having milked the goats, are now shaking the skin (filled with sour and fermented milk) and making butter out of it. A few shepherds are standing near. The tents in the background are the folds in which the sheep lie at night.

"Another photograph shows the Kurda bazaar of which I gave you an account in a recent letter. Girls are sold in this bazaar sometimes. Nearby a number of lepers have made their home, and some of these unfortunates are seen standing in front. Still another photograph shows five Kurdish ladies in the ancient style of dress. In the last picture, the tall man on the right is selling his wife to the smaller man on the left unheeding the mother's sorrow over her children being taken away from her. She does not like her new husband, to whom she has been sold; yet she has no more power to protest than the sheep and cattle that are brought to the bazaar to be sold. The final photograph is that of your correspondent in the ancient Kurdish dress, spinning wool."

It will be remembered that in a previous letter, our correspondent had described the Kurdish custom of wife-selling, and also of making a present of a wife to a friend or guest. These customs have apparently prevailed among the Kurds from time immemorial. Kurdish chiefs often have an amazing plurality of wives. Indeed, the advent of a new wife is, in some of the homes of the great, an event of almost annual occurrence. Such a condition of morals inevitably produce domestic chaos, and the very worst form of misery and unhappiness.

A BLASPHEMER CONVERTED

THE following remarkable experience is related by a student of the late Evangelist Moody:

"One evening during some special meetings held recently, the gentleman who was working with me went with me to take supper at the house of a man considerably over middle age. From his early days this man had been a horse-trader, and was known as the most blasphemous man in the community. During supper I got into conversation with him about his relation to the Lord Jesus Christ, and tried to show him some passages from the Bible. He told me that this was useless, for, in the first place, he didn't know whether that was the Word of God or not, and in the second place he couldn't read, and wouldn't know whether I was telling him truly what the Bible said. I lifted my heart to God for guidance, and said to him:

"'My friend, it may be that you cannot read, and that you do not know whether this really is the Word of God or not, but you do know that something in there,' placing my hand on his breast, 'tells you that what I have told you about your own sinfulness and God's love is all true.'

"The words went home. He assented to all that I said, and asked me to show him just how he could be saved. There and then this old hardened sinner accepted Jesus as his Saviour. My friend and I knelt with him in prayer, and he poured out his heart to God for forgiveness and in thanksgiving. When we got up from our knees, I said to him:

"'The next thing for you to do is to confess Christ before men,' showing him Romans 10: 9, 10. He demurred at first, saying: 'Why, the people will only laugh at me if I get up!' But I held him to it, and finally he promised he would do so at the meeting. We went over to the meeting together, and when the time came, and he got up to testify, it was just as he had anticipated—the whole audience burst out in shouts of derisive laughter. He said to me afterwards, 'Now, didn't I tell you what they would do?' I said, 'Yes, but are any bones broken? Did it do you any harm?' 'No.' 'All right,' I said: 'now keep on confessing Christ.'

"The next evening he got up and gave his testimony again amid similar shouts of laughter and assertions that he wouldn't last another twenty-four hours. But the next evening he was on hand again with his testimony, to the amazement of the whole community, who began to see that there was power after all in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to save a man from sin. To make a long story short, his wife and children, and those of his grandchildren who were old enough to understand, have all accepted the Lord Jesus Christ. Through the old man's earnest perseverance a little church has been erected in the village, where formerly there was no religious service."

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is made of the finest materials, by the most skillful mechanics in America, and back of the individual guarantee is the greatest watch factory in the world.

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Finest Knit Underwear in the world, for Women, Children and Infants. Forty-eight page **free** catalogue with 48 life Photographs is worth sending for. NOVELTY KNITTING CO., 328 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Children's Knit Night Drawers a specialty.

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PERFECT
Tooth Powder
Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

LADIES WANTED
TO SELL OUR
Handsome Petticoats and Rainy Day Skirts
Exclusive territory given. Our agents are earning independent livings. Write us for catalogues and particulars. PARIS SKIRT CO., 133 Viaduct, Cleveland, Ohio.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
are perfect in action. Over 40 years' experience guides the manufacture. Get the improved. No tacks required. To avoid imitations, notice script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

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Healthful for the bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Made of knitted wool fabric, lined with soft, white wool fleece. Worn in rubber boots absorbs perspiration. Sold in all sizes by dealers or sent by mail, 25c. pair. Parker pays postage. Catalog free. J. H. PARKER, Dept. K, 103 Bedford St., Boston.

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This Ladies' Dongola Kid Boot, Lace or Button, Patent Leather Tip, Opera Toe, 2 to 8, D, E or EE, sent post-paid on receipt of $1. Equals any $2 boot sold. Our make. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. FREE—Our catalogue with illustrations of 150 BARGAINS in shoes; also a Subscriber's Ticket which secures a Liberal Cash Bonus on your year's trading. DEXTER SHOE Mfg. CO. CAPITAL $500,000. CLERK 9 BOSTON, MASS.

MISSIONS*

Progress Made During the Century a Basis of Hope for the Great Consummation

GOSPEL work in this dispensation is outlined in the verses associated with the topic. Not by imperial edict, not by legislation, do men become Christians, but by individual choice. The offer to Christ, in his days of temptation in the wilderness, of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, showed an entire misconception of his mission. The kingdom at which Christ aimed was a conquest far higher, infinitely more difficult, than the tempter ever conceived. Christ would have men choose him for their king, because they believed in him and loved him and he did not want any in his kingdom who came from any other motive. Anyone who was looking for riches, or honor, or power, had better keep away. They would be disappointed. The rewards he had to offer were of a different order. Only people who ardently desired them, who were prepared to make sacrifices to attain them, were eligible to become his subjects. These privileges and rewards were to be fully explained, and every man who appreciated them and fulfilled the conditions, was to be admitted. Thus the explanation, the proclamation, the preaching, was the initial step. "How should they believe in him of whom they had not heard?" The statement of the rewards and the privileges of a member of the kingdom was to be made, and when the message reached men who desired them, the way to attain them was to be made plain. No one was to be forced into the kingdom.

In that way the kingdom has grown from its small beginning. Force and compulsion have never been applied. So it will be to the end. Eventually there will come a time when every tongue on earth will own Jesus as Lord. The past century has witnessed a long step toward that glorious consummation. No generation since the time of Christ contained so many of his followers as this. The work among the heathen, which was in its infancy a hundred years ago, is now being prosecuted by thirteen thousand missionaries, aided by seventy thousand native workers. A million and a quarter heathens have given satisfactory evidence of a change of heart and are now in connection with churches in heathen lands. In civilized lands the preaching goes on, and multitudes are being added to the kingdom, but with all this effort, though Roman Catholic and Greek churches are included, less than one-third of this generation is even nominally Christian. The Protestant churches of the whole world do not contain more than 162,000,000, while the population of the world is over fifteen hundred millions. About one person in ten is all that can be counted as belonging even nominally to the Protestant faith. How much, therefore, remains to be done before the world is won for Christ! Confucianism in China claims 256,000,000; Hindooism, 190,000,000; Mohammedanism, 176,000,000; Buddhism, 147,000,000, and so on. This is discouraging, but when we remember the situation in the year 1800, the progress that has been made seems to be enormous. Then, all told, there were not more than 200,000,000 Christians in the whole world; now the number is over 500,000,000. If the same ratio is maintained during the century on which we have entered, the generation which witnesses the beginning of the twenty-first century will be over one-half Christian.

One strong ground for hope is that in heathen lands so much pioneer work has been done. The seed sown in the beginning of missions is coming to the harvest. In India, especially, the aid rendered through this journal to the famine-stricken people is having a mighty influence. Missionaries report the breaking down of prejudice and a realization of the superiority of Christianity to other religions such as never was witnessed before. The missionary who was enabled by our readers to feed the starving, is welcomed now when he carries the message of the Bread of Life, in cities where once he was opposed and persecuted. He is cautious about receiving converts now, lest it be said that they are becoming Christians from interested motives. But the time is not far distant when a great accession may be expected.

Besides this, there is ground for hope, in the better organization of missionary work. The Ecumenical Conference in New York brought the laborers in the field together and there was a beginning made in union and fraternity which had previously been absent. Not in rivalry, but in holy emulation will the societies work in the future, and there is even prospect in some fields of co-operation. If, as we may hope, the time is coming when the societies agree to preach Christ to the heathen world without distinction of sect or creed, we shall be brought nearer still to the glorious victory, in which the kingdoms of darkness are all illuminated by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

Botaka's Conversion

From the Congo Mission comes this interesting story of the conversion of a girl, which is sent by Miss Lily Ruskin:

A girl of about seventeen years of age, named Botaka, was a member of the school here until about six months ago, and also for a long time a member of the seekers' class. She professed to be converted, and when present at the baptismal service when Boluka and Yek'okwala were baptized, I remember her saying, as we came up from the river: "Mamma! I am dying of sorrow because I was not thought worthy to be baptized with these other women."

From that time onward she earnestly wished to be received into the Church. It was thought best that she should undergo a thorough testing before she was received, and so it was put off for a time. During this waiting time she proved, not only to us, but to the people in the town (which was in some ways more important), that she was born again, and really lived out, as far as she knew how, the life imparted to her by the Holy Spirit.

At the March meeting the names of Botaka, Bomolo and Iseyambindo were proposed for church fellowship, and approved of, but as Botaka was sick (as we thought not very seriously), her case was postponed for a later date. On Sunday morning, March 14, the other two candidates were baptized, Bomolo, a woman about thirty, and Iseyambindo, an elderly man. We had a very good service with the realized presence of the Lord, and looked forward to the not distant time when we should again assemble thus at the baptism of Botaka. But God had other plans for his child, for only two or three days after she was received into the "Church militant," she entered into the presence of her Lord, and saw him face to face.

Of course, we grieve, because it seems to our imperfect vision a loss to the work; but yet does not the Lord of the vineyard know what is best for his own work far better than we? The testimony of all who were with her during the last few days of her illness, is that her one subject of conversation was Christ and salvation.

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*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 17. Rom. 10: 13-17.

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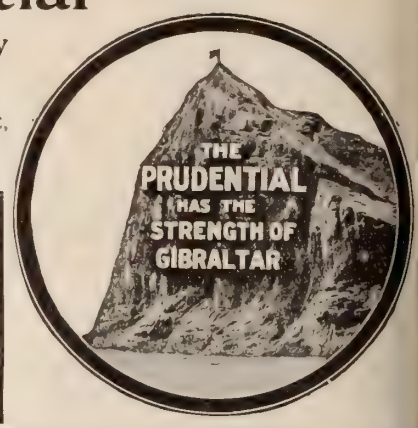

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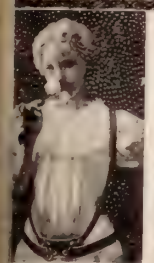

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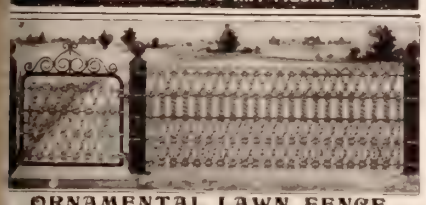

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Two Comanche Evangelists

NO better illustration could be given of the manner in which the Indians of the Southwest are turning into the strait and narrow path, than a little incident witnessed in a restaurant at Law-

BIG EAGLE AND SQUAW

ton recently. An Indian, a large man of mature years, a Kiowa half-breed, entered. He was dressed like a white man, and had an intelligent appearance; but he seemed nervous and ill at ease about something. The place was crowded with a hurrying lot of business men, anxious to get back to their work. Heads were turned toward the red man, as he seated himself at one of the crowded tables. Finally he seemed to pull himself together, and raising his hands above the table, he looked around the board, saying:

"Me Jesus man." He then proceeded to say the simple words of blessing the food. The incident touched all who were present.

There are a number of Indian Christians of the Wichita and Comanche tribes spreading the light of the Gospel in the foot hills of the Wichita Mountains. Camp meetings are now taking the place of medicine dances, and are carried on with the same fervor which has heretofore characterized the wild dances. The Comanches are led by Big Eagle and his squaw, both converts for the past five years. They are not accompanied by any white people, and carry on their work in a simple but effective manner. Some of the half-breeds who were present say that as many as fifty converts are made at a single meeting.

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WHOM have I, Lord, in heaven but thee?
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Whom have I, Christ, on earth but thee?
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O, fill me with thy Spirit now,
And guide me by thy Word.

Whom have I in my heart but thee?
Thou Holy Spirit blest,
My body make thy dwelling place,
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The Great Expectation

All Christians of the First Century in Accord in the Hope of Christ's Second Coming

BY REV. GEO. C. MURRAY*

NO one can read the New Testament with care without discovering that the members of the Early Church were men of hope as well as men of faith. Indeed, hope seems, more than faith, to have been the conspicuous feature of their character. Their faith looked back to Calvary; but, in a sense, it was an act completed. They were not always looking backward; forward they peered with steady gaze. The attitude of expectation was their daily, hourly attitude. To them it clearly seemed a consummation most devoutly to be wished. They constantly referred to it as "a lively hope," "that blessed hope," "this hope," "one hope," "our hope," "the hope of our calling," the hope set before us." Every reference shows that it completely filled their hearts, and was the dominating influence in their lives.

The late beloved evangelist D. L. Moody made the admission that he was originally much opposed to this doctrine, "until," said he, "from constantly meeting with it in the reading of Scripture, I was constrained to become a believer in it, and now it is, to my mind, one of the most precious truths in the whole Bible."

It could not be a spiritual advent they were looking for; a coming of the Lord into their hearts, for quickening and enlightenment; for such sweet spiritual presence they had never lost. "Lo, I am with you alway," he had said, "even to the end of the world;" and evermore "Christ in the heart the hope of glory" was to them a living, grand reality. They did not need a coming of that kind.

Nor could they mean the destruction of the city of Jerusalem; and passing strange it seems that this should ever have been thought to have fulfilled the prophecy. What was there in this sad event to constitute a hope? It was a hope these men possessed! What had this city's fall to do with Gentile saints? Yet they, as well as Jews, were made partakers of the Church's hope. Above all, why, if the destruction of Jerusalem fulfilled the Scriptures relative to Christ's return—why was the coming of the Lord proclaimed, and eagerly desired, long after Salem's towers were in the dust? The Gospel according to John was surely written after that. So were his three Epistles, and the Book of Revelation. The testimony of the Early Fathers is also to the effect that the hope of Christ's return remained, like a meteor in the heavens, long after Jerusalem was removed.

No; if Greek and English words have any meaning, those employed by the apostles and the Fathers, with their equivalents in our own mother tongue, all go to show that a personal and glorious coming of the Lord was what those men of God were waiting for. No other coming ever crossed their minds.

The reasons for such unanimity and enthusiasm in the entertainment of this hope, must have been both weighty and worthy. The foremost reason must have been, that Christ himself had said he would return. The word of seers and prophets, of apostles and of angels, was of use, and these had all united to affirm that he would come again; but, after all, the Master of the House, rather than any servant, was the One whose word was to be heard. If he said, even once, he would return, that would be quite sufficient for the faithful heart. Many times the Lord had pledged his word to this effect. He said distinctly, "If I go . . . I will come again." "I will come to you." "I go away and come again unto you." He spoke of himself as the "Son of Man," who should "come in the glory of his Father;" as the "Nobleman" who "went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return;" as the "Master" for whose coming the servants were to watch; the "Bridegroom," whose appearing the wise virgins all would hail; and as the "Lord who yet would come and reckon with the stewards of his house. In these, and many ways beside, the gracious Lord assured his loved ones he would come again, and they, with trustful hearts, were content to just take him at his word.

Would God this were the Church's hope to-day! Only comparatively few within her bounds lay hold of it. The doctrine of the Second Advent is by most neglected, although the Word of God is full of it. When not entirely relegated to the lumber room, it is often held up to ridicule, and they who dare to say that they believe in it are treated as—well-meaning folk, perhaps, but—simple souls, and far behind the age. Well, some of us are quite content to be behind the age. Whenever it, in any matter, goes ahead of Jesus Christ and his immediate followers, we shall let it go. Simple we may seem to modern men to be; but it is the ancient truth we hold, the good old way we tread; and though we look "like them that dream," we still will watch and wait the coming of our Lord.

* From his article in the October number of *The Prophets, Now*, which contains also "Prophecy and Promises," by Rev. T. Graham, M.A.; the Zionist Congress, etc. Price six cents. For sale by M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York.

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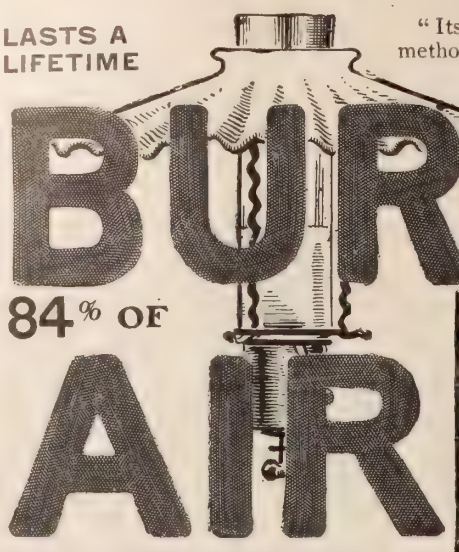

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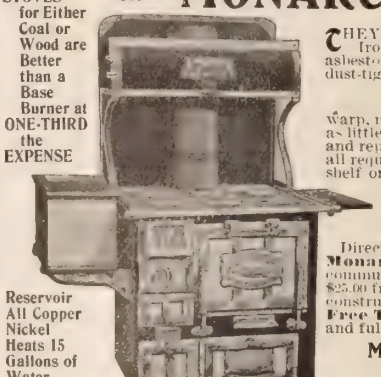

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For nine years I prayed for the conversion a loved one; God has heard and answered y prayer.

A. Louise Morris, Bridgeport, Conn., rites:
I desire to acknowledge publicly my gratitude to y Heavenly Father for his marvelous answer to ayer. God fulfils his word when we abide in him.

Martha Kimond, Acree, Ga., writes:
I wish to acknowledge God's goodness in answer- my prayers. I am thankful to my blessed heav- ly Father for the many times he has heard my uests. I am poor and alone, but he is indeed the sband of the widow.

L. G. F., Honeaye Falls, N. Y., writes:
I want to acknowledge God's goodness in answer- prayer. I was in deep trouble, and I prayed nestly and in faith, and he heard me. How can doubt him, there are so many promises in his ord? Have faith, and pray without ceasing.

Mrs. M. B. C., Triune, Tenn., writes:
receive so much comfort from reading "An- ered Prayers" that I want to add my testimony. ave prayed that ways might be opened up for my ldren, and they have been, and that God is taking e of them. Let his holy name be praised.

P. W. J., Boston, Mass., writes:
was in trouble day and night. I prayed to my eavenly Father to help me. My prayer is an- ered. In him will I ever trust. Blessed be God ich hath not turned away my prayer, nor his rcies from me. I will sing praises to my God ile I live.

M. H. W., Springfield, S. Dak., writes:
wish to add my testimony to the many who e had prayers answered. Not alone in the er things, but in the common every-day affairs life God has heard and answered my prayers.

M. C., Kirby, Pa., writes:
feel I owe it to God and man to write and add testimony. I prayed for the safety of a very r friend, and God heard and answered my yer. I have received much comfort in reading nswered Prayers." May this testimony be a p to some discouraged souls.

L. E. O., Gravois Mills, Mo., writes:
have had so many blessings sent me, so much rcy shown me in answer to prayer, that I should thankful to be the means of causing some un- py soul to find relief in the same way. I have ite had a season of special trial, in which no one God could help me. But he has helped me, and wered my prayers in such wonderful ways that ten find myself repeating "O that men would ise God for his mercy and his wonderful works to children of men." I am thankful for this de- tment in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We need acknowledge God's goodness to us, and ngthen one another's faith.

The Peopling of Our Continent

n the latest number of *The American An- arian*, the following appears concerning peopling of the American continent: "The coveries which have been made by various plorers in different parts of the continent w that there must have been different es on the continent before the discovery. is is hinted at by those who have explored mounds and noticed the difference in the lls as well as the art products. The ex- ination of the symbols in Central America compared with those found in Southern a, would suggest that there was then an uded cultus which differed from that of native, and give evidence of contact with w Zealand in pre-Columbian times. The st conclusive evidence is that which is fur- hed by the examination of the portrait es found scattered over the continent. No can look at these portraits without recog- ng Malay faces, and at the same time icing features and head ornaments which very different from the Malays, and which hind us of the best type of Asiatic faces; fact they resemble Aryan faces more than y do Malays or Mongolians, and yet they er from them. It will be acknowledged by that on the northwest coast there are ved columns which resemble those in New land. If one will go through the Field seum, in Chicago, he will find a carved post the New Zealand room which is identical h others from Alaska, with the very same and head-dress and symbols, which pre- t most striking and startling resemblances."

Sympathy Over McKinley's Death

rom many quarters of the globe—Canada, xico, Great Britain, Germany, and the nds of the sea—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD received letters from its readers, express- the general sorrow over the death of Presi- t McKinley. A missionary correspondent Porto Rico writes describing the public se of deep bereavement, for the people of island regarded the late President as their sonal benefactor. At St. John (Antigua,) Thomas (Danish W. I.) and Georgetown merara), memorial services were held, and h tributes were paid by press and pulpit to dead President. Rev. W. Haupt, of Dant- , Germany, writes of the general sorrow in t city over the affliction, and asks "which er is sure of his life nowadays"?

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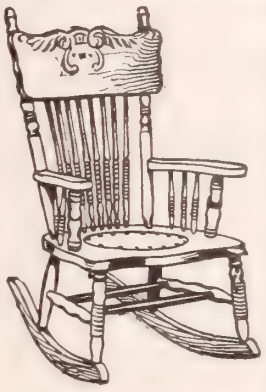

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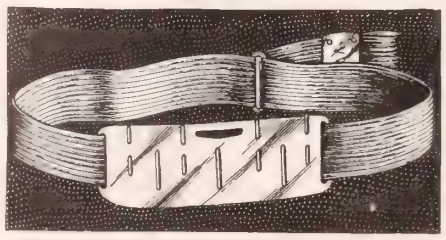

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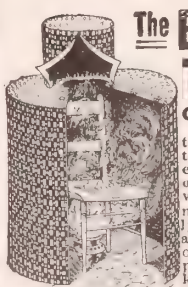

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VOL. 24—NO. 46. PRICE, 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1901

SEE PAGE 958

ARABS OF CAIRO LISTENING TO AN AGED SCRIBE OR STORY-TELLER

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Dec. 11

1. What would be the best course of Bible reading for a small circle of young or newly converted Christians, who know little of the sacred volume and are anxious to become well acquainted with it?

2. Could the tempter have fulfilled his offer to Christ (Matt 4: 9) if it had been accepted?

3. Who was Apollonius and what were the leading features of his philosophy?

4. What is the tradition of the two brothers connected with the site of Solomon's temple?

5. What amount (weight or quantity) of solid food per diem, is considered by competent authorities to be required for a man and what for a woman?

Questions of the Week

1. A Western Sunday School is divided on the problem presented in the parable of the Prodigal Son, as to which was the better character of the two, the one who left his father's home or the one who remained there. What is the solution?

So far as I can judge, the elder son seems a little narrow, a little selfish, perhaps. It may be that in his life of unremitting duty, no circumstance had occurred to develop the larger charities the father was putting into practice. But he had lived up to all the cardinal virtues, while to the younger son is charged a whole catalogue of vices. That he retained the wisdom to see his folly, and was noble enough to return to his father and acknowledge his guilt was sufficient proof of a desire to retrieve in the future the errors of the past, to call forth the father's forgiveness. The ordering of the feast seems to have been just an ebullition of joy, which, to the sore conscience of the prodigal, must have been sweet indeed. It left no doubt as to his status of sonship in his father's heart or home. But at best he was a laborer in the vineyard at the sixth or ninth hour; and, since we have no record as to what use he made of his restored possibilities in the succeeding years, the score seems largely in favor of the elder brother, who had ever given a man's serious service to the world's constant need. S. T. G.

. . .

In this "pearl of parables," as in the two which precede it, Christ is defending his course in receiving publicans and sinners (Luke 15: 1), of whom the prodigal son is the type. He is rebuking the Pharisees and Scribes, verse 2, for murmuring instead of rejoicing at his receiving sinners. Of these Pharisees and scribes the elder son is type. Surely the younger, with his deep penitence, is the better of the two. The captious Jewish hierarchy, says a writer on this subject, "were still in church relations 'ever with' God. Yet they were forfeiting their organic sonship by being like this elder son 'angry' because Jesus was calling wanderers home." Little, indeed, of the angelic is therein that piety which wraps itself in cold self-complacency and refuses to be glad when sinners long estranged come back to God. We must guard indeed against the error of thinking that the repentant are dearer to God than the life-long Christian. If the late-returning sinner is welcomed with joy, the faithful, life-long believer is regarded with deep satisfaction better still. But of such a believer the elder brother hardly seems a type. AMELIA HOYT.

2. Is it better to use the singular, or the plural, verb in speaking of the United States—"The United States is" or "The United States are"?

When the concept is of a plural nature, the verb is written in the plural; but when the concept partakes of the singular idea, the verb is written in the singular form. "Happy is that people [nation] whose God is the Lord." Ps. 144: 15. "Bring forth the blind people [individuals] that have eyes," Is. 43: 8. Here we have a word in one sentence used with a singular verb, and in the other with a plural verb, according as the concept partakes of the singular or the plural idea. "The United States is a powerful nation," is perfectly proper; also, that "The United States form a bulwark of strength," is equally good; and in all similar cases the concept will determine the number of the verb. WM. T. HIESTAND.

. . .

It is a matter entirely dependent upon the thought and meaning of the speaker. The singular verb is, however, to be preferred. It is a collective noun, governed by the same grammatical regulations as "family." Thus, "the family is in want," is preferable to, "the family are in want." So also here, "the United States is," rather than, "the United States are," although the latter is correct and fully authorized by good grammarians. We refer to the consolidation of the forty-five States as one single unit, without reference to the individual States which compose the collection. But when we consider the individual States which form this compact we may, without error, say "the United States are."

MARIA WORKMAN.

3. What is the best answer to give to persistent borrowers of books, implements, etc., who keep them a long time and sometimes do not return them at all. Is this a case in which we should "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again" (Luke 6: 35)?

The best answer to give such borrowers must vary according to circumstances. I would answer such a person very politely, but firmly, thus: "I am sorry, but I cannot loan you any 'more' of my books, etc.," or whatever else it may be. If I buy a tool, for instance, it is because I need the instrument, and while I would have no objections to loan it to someone who may need it for a while, and who, I feel, will return it when through, I certainly would not lend it to a person who I know (perhaps from previous experience) will not return it. I do not see that the Bible reference in Luke 6: 35 could have any direct reference to such a case. If a person loaned out his articles to such borrowers too often he would soon be without anything, and would be encouraging (in my opinion) a species of robbery. BERRY.

. . .

The enforcement of the just rule to do to others as you would have them do to you would undoubtedly have a salutary effect upon him who is quick to borrow and forgets to return, who is ever ready to assume an obligation and dilatory in fulfilling same. This is a decidedly undesirable trait of character and it is your duty to impress upon him this unpleasant fact, to the extent of discouraging, if not altogether eradicating it, first, by personal example of the contrary virtue; second, attempt at recovery of every article so procured, as a matter of principle and reproof; third, stern yet loving rebuke at each manifestation of such an unworthy spirit; fourth, refusal to encourage such species of dishonesty by decided refusal of request, plainly stating the reason. You should not wish others to favor such evil habits in yourself and should not yourself indulge them in theirs. Your whole influence must be against it.

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

4. Is a pastor justified in urging his people to vote a certain political ticket at the elections?

We think a pastor is never justified in urging his people to vote at all, much less for any party. We see no Scripture warrant for this. Christ never hints at any instruction in this matter, nor do we find anything regarding it in any part of the New Testament. The only directions as to the Christian's relation to government are that he shall obey the law, pray for rulers, pay his taxes and keep separate from the world. His citizenship—(*politeuma*—politics), is in heaven, and he cannot be a citizen of two countries at the same time. He can do the most good in this world by preaching Christ and snatching men out of the world. This seems like strange doctrine, but if carefully and prayerfully p- dered, we believe it will be seen to be only safe and scriptural attitude for the Ch- tian. W. J. M

. . .

Hardly. There are so many opportuni- for turning his well-meant intentions i- wrong, that in nine cases out of ten he is posing himself to misrepresentations and p- secutions that will result in his ruin. This not a fanciful view. It has been demonstra- time and again. Politicians generally h- slight scruples when it comes to carrying t- point or ruining one's reputation. The m- ister should take frequent opportunities urge upon his hearers the duty of voting good men and measures, but he will su- make enemies by taking sides.

L. T. RIGHTSELL

. . .

From the pulpit, no. Not that it is - herently wrong, but because it usurps the short hours which should be devoted to the position of God's laws. Elsewhere, the pas- is not only privileged, but duty bound to u- men to so administer public affairs so t- God's will and the interest of the commu- shall be best served. ROBERT MCBURNEY

5. If a woman brings suit for divorce, and husband is innocent of charges brought against h- but is willing that his w- should get a divorce, sho- he allow the case to go agai- him by default, or shoul- vindicate himself, at the r- of perpetuating an uncon- nial union?

Non-resistance is the law Christ. The Christian sho never resist evil, either for saving of his goods or for reputation. Mat. 5: 39., H- 10: 34. The man in quest should not refuse to vindic- himself for selfish reasons, release himself from an "unc- genial union," but he should fuse to vindicate himself Scriptural grounds. God take care of his reputation, his future happiness. It is a question of policy or exp- ence. What is right should the first question, and t- should be done, and cor- quences left with God. " good thing will he withh- from them that walk uprightl- W. J. MOSIER

. . .

He ought to vindicate h- self, otherwise he is in a p- tion analogous to that of a m- compounding a felony. T- advantage he will gain by silence in being released fr- an uncongenial marriage sho- not be considered. He sho- do right without regard to own advantage or disadvanta- He owes it to his own go- name and to the community prove his innocence. If he is silent and allo- the case to go against him by default, his g- will be presumed, and his example will quoted and will do harm, especially if he i- Christian. There is no need to make an eff- to oppose the granting of a divorce, but ought to go on the stand and make a sole- declaration of his innocence. If he does n- he contributes to an outrage on justice, a- is in legal phrase *particeps criminis*—a p- taker in crime. EDWARD WRIGHT

Miscellaneous Questions

W. C. R., Bonny Eagle, Minn. Your propositi- for the erection, by popular subscription, of McKinley arch to span Pennsylvania Ave., Was- ington, is an interesting one. We agree with y- that it should meet with a ready and universal sponse.

S. A. L., Mooresville, N. C. If a majority vote - him he is certainly right to accept, provided he c- perform the duties satisfactorily to the church. T- fact that a clique may oppose, however, would u- doubtedly deter some men from accepting, as would mean lack of harmony and trouble ahead

A TYPICAL SOUTHERN HOME IN ALABAMA

At this season, when the trees and shrubs in the Northern and Middle States are almost bare, the Southern woods and gardens still retain their luxuriant foliage. In Southern Georgia and in many other States roses, violets and many other flowers are yet blooming in the well-kept gardens.

Our new Serial Story, by **Florence Morse Kingsley**, Author of "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," entitled:

"THE NEEDLE'S EYE"

will begin in our THANKSGIVING ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 27TH : : :

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1901

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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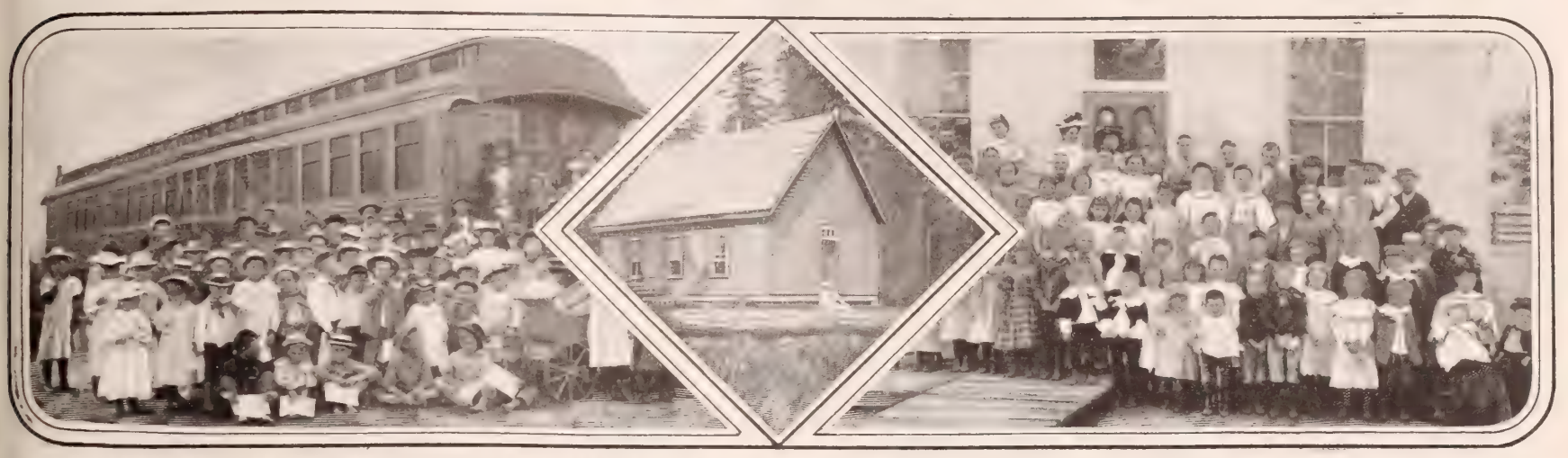


A CHAPEL CAR SUNDAY SCHOOL IN CALIFORNIA — BAPTIST CHURCH IN SHASTA COUNTY — SUNDAY SCHOOL IN NEVADA, ORGANIZED BY CHAPEL CAR

PLANTED · ELEVEN · THOUSAND · SUNDAY · SCHOOLS

The Record of Sixty Years of Consecrated Labor by the Baptists in the Domestic Field

DR. ROBERT G. SEYMOUR

ONE of the most significant statistical facts of our time is that an analysis of the members added to our Protestant churches last year shows that an average of eighty-three in the hundred came from the Sunday School. This is interesting from a psychological standpoint, in that it shows how much more frequently conversion occurs in early than in later life. It carries also an impressive lesson on the value of the Sunday School as a nursery for the church. Evidently, the work of planting Sunday Schools is one that yields a sure and quick return for the labor and money invested. Our readers have taken a deep interest in this branch of the American Sunday School Union's work for many years, they will therefore be glad to hear of another organization, which has done highly successful work on the same lines.

As far back as the year 1840, the American Baptist Publication Society, which had for sixteen years been doing vigorous work in the circulation of Bibles, tracts and religious literature, resolved "to promote Sunday Schools by such measures as experience may prove expedient." So energetically has this resolution been carried into effect, that in the sixty-one years which have since elapsed, no less than 11,935 Sunday Schools have been organized through its efforts. It was soon found that the two spheres of labor aided one another. The profits on the business done by the publication department aided in the support of Sunday School missionaries, and a direct help was given to the new schools by the books which were granted to form a library. On the other hand, the organization of a Sunday School encouraged reading and increased the demand for books. Besides this, there is the tendency, especially in country districts, of the Sunday School to develop into a church, and in this way a large number of Baptist churches have originated.

An important service to the schools organized by the Society is the Institutes which are regularly conducted. In opening up new territory the Sunday School missionary must work with such material as is accessible. He is able, as a rule, to induce earnest Christians to serve as teachers, but it frequently happens that their readiness to undertake the work is greater than their capacity. Some are deficient in knowledge and many have no aptitude for teaching. To remedy these defects the Institutes have been organized, which prepare the teacher for his work. More than five hundred of these are held every year, with the result that the teachers become familiar, not only with the lessons, but with the best pedagogic methods of imparting knowledge. The holding of the Institute has become an important branch of the Sunday School missionary's work, and it has proved so effective an aid, that the Publication Society has now under consideration a proposal to establish a National Institute, which shall direct the studies of teachers orally or by correspondence and grant diplomas for proficiency. This is one step in the direction of solving the much-discussed problem of providing trained teachers for the Sunday School.

The Missionary and Sunday School work of the Publication Society is under the charge of Dr. R. G. Seymour, whose portrait appears on this page. Among the zealous missionaries in the field are: Rev. Silas X. Floyd in Alabama and Georgia; Mr. Ernest Fagenstrom in Minnesota; Rev. G. Melby among the Swedes of the same State; Mr. Wilson A. Holmes in Ohio; Mr. Charles Rhoads in Missouri; Rev. Carl Oberg in Iowa and Nebraska, and Mr. J. L. Rupard in Oklahoma. Their work has been greatly extended and facilitated by the introduction of the Chapel Car and the Gospel Wagon. Time was when, as the name "Colporteur" indicates, the bearer of Gospel literature tramped through the country bearing his stock slung around his neck. Both the colporteur and the missionary have reason to bless the better times on which their lot has fallen. The Publication Society has now eighteen Gospel Wagons in the field, and it proposes to continue its efforts until there is a Gospel Wagon in every State and Territory. Thousands of remote homes have been reached by this agency, which must have remained untouched by the pedestrian workers. The results of the agency are beyond computation. A speaker at the recent anniversary of the Society told how a colporteur in a remote settlement asked permission to leave some tracts. The good woman whom he addressed misunderstood him, and bluntly replied, that if he left any tracks around her home, she hoped they would be with the heels pointed toward her door. He did leave some tracts but they were pointed heavenward as it proved in the end. These humble, earnest workers have left their tracts in many an isolated district and the seed they sowed has been nurtured by the Sunday School missionary and has developed into churches. In some instances the Sunday School has preceded even the saloon, and, as one of the workers remarked, it was an achievement to be proud of to get ahead of the saloon, in any way.

LOG SUNDAY SCHOOL AT MAYOWORTH, WYOMING

It is ten years since the inauguration by the Publication Society of that department of work which is known as the Chapel Car Work. The first car was named Emmanuel. It was an experiment at the outset, but it soon proved its utility. The railroads welcomed it, and one after another gave it free passage over their lines. A profane utterance of a man, who was puzzled by the first appearance of the car in his neighborhood, proved true. He asked what the car meant, and being told that it was a church and parsonage combined, said that he had seen sleeping-cars, cattle cars and all kinds of cars, but a church car beat the devil. "Yes," said the missionary, who overheard the remark, "it does, and that was what it was built for." So successful was it that cars numbered two, three, four, five and six were built in rapid succession at an aggregate cost of one hundred thousand dollars, and have carried the glad tidings of salvation over thousands of miles of tracks. Through this agency alone, one hundred and eighty-two Sunday Schools have been organized in districts in which no religious service was held, and at the Gospel meetings held in the cars over two thousand persons have been brought to make confession of Christ. An illustration of the usefulness of the chapel car occurred not long ago at Bird's Point, Mo. No religious service had been held in the locality, but when the chapel car was run on to the siding, curiosity brought an audience together. Mr. and Mrs. Neil, the missionaries on board, presented the Gospel in a forcible way, and the people were impressed. Larger audiences came on the following evenings, and before the car resumed its journey a Baptist church, with thirty members, had been organized. The car has been instrumental, also, in preparing revivals. In one week's journey in Michigan, neighborhoods were visited in which the churches were weak and lifeless. The singing and the earnest preaching so stirred the people that a new impetus was given to religious work, and over fifty persons were added to the membership of the churches.

The Society recently celebrated its seventy-seventh anniversary at Springfield, Mass. The various reports showed that its venerable age in no sense implies senility or feebleness. Its manifold operations are, on the contrary, indications of increased energy and remarkable enterprise in reaching districts and classes untouched by others. As in other societies, the chief need is one of funds for the almost unlimited development of its work.

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...
Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Bad Habits Conquered

TEXT--Prov. 23: 35: When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again

WITH an insight into human nature, such as no other man ever had, Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wishing for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get over this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more!"

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He, in the spirit of bravado, said: "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurement it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas, for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life. Complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

You compare what you are now with what you were three or four years ago, and you are greatly disheartened. You are ready with every passion of your soul to listen to a discussion like this. Be of good cheer! Your best days are yet to come. I offer you the hand of welcome and rescue. I put the silver trumpet of the Gospel to my lips and blow one long, loud blast, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come, and let him come now." The church of God is ready to spread a banquet upon your return, and all the hierarchs of heaven fall into line of bannered procession over your redemption.

Years ago, and while yet Albert Barnes was living, I preached in his pulpit one night to the young men of Philadelphia. In the opening of my discourse, I said: "O, Lord, give me one soul to-night!" At the close of the service Mr. Barnes introduced a young man, saying: "This is the young man you prayed for." But I see now it was a too limited prayer. I offer no such prayer to-day. It must take in a wider sweep. "Lord, give us all these souls to-day, for happiness and heaven!"

Obstacles to be Overcome

So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes, he said: "Oh, God, thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong, and how hard it is for me do right. God help me!" That man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck to your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen soul may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us,-but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I cannot believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication, who knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, and ruining him—body, mind and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves that it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat upstream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our heart and to our bad habits, we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara and try to row upstream.

A Smoker's Ordeal

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies: "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After a while he says: "I am going to do as I please; the doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is, we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips, and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking juggernauts.

Suppose a man of five or ten or twenty years of evil-doing resolves to do right, why all the forces of darkness are allied against him? He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries: "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist in a determination to keep to his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It is one long, bitter,

Exhaustive, Hand-to-Hand Fight

with inflamed, tantalizing, merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclination pounces upon him like a pack of hounds, all their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer.

In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but that he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty and going at a death leap.

I have also to say if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. The prodigal, wishing to return, tries to take some professor of religion by the hand. The professor of religion looks at him—looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation—and instead of giving him a firm grip of the hand, offers him the tip-end of the longer fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh, how few Christian people understand how much Gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind, and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed?

The prodigal wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer-meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why! are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer-meeting. Well, the dying thief was saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this, unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

We say of some man, "He lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church." In all our great cities there are men who are five thousand miles from church—vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners, but if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people are almost sure to put up their hands horror and turn away their faces, as much as to say "Is it not shocking?"

How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all o churches are going to get into heaven I do not kno unless they have an especial train of cars cushion and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They ca not go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. ye who curl your lip of scorn on the fallen! I tell y plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same i fluences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, a the refined, and the Christian, you might have been crouching wretch in stable or ditch covered with fil and abomination. It is not because we are natural any better, but because the mercy of God has protect us. Those that are brought up in Christian circles a watched by Christian parentage should not be so ha on the fallen.

Hindered by Non-Essentials

I think, also, that men are often hindered from turning, by the fact that churches are anxious abo their membership, too anxious about their denomin tions, and they rush out when they see a man about give up sin and return to God, and ask him how he going to be baptized—whether by sprinkling or imm sion—and what kind of a church he is going to join. is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechis and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist love feasts, a Baptist immersions, when a man is about to come o of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of t Gospel.

Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the se and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the bo says to the man in the water: "Now, if I get you asho are you going to live in my street?" First, get hi ashore, and then talk to him about the non-essenti of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if only joins Christ and starts for heaven? O, you, n brother of illumined face and a hearty grip for eve one that tries to turn from his evil way! take hold the same hymn-book with him, though his dissipati shake the book, remembering that he that "converteth sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul fro death, and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because want you to understand I know all the difficulties in t way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannib may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be u riveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go him frankly and earnestly and tell him these habits y have, and ask him, if there is any help in all the sources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do n go on with a long rigmarole, which some people c prayer, made up of ohs and ahs, and forever-and-f ever, amens. Go to God and cry for help.

I remember that in the Civil War I was at Antieta with other members of the Christian commission, look after the wounded. I went into the hospital aft the battle, and I said to a man: "Where are you hurt He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen a splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simp fact is, when a man has a wounded soul all he has to is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just ho up the wound. It is no small thing, when a man is n vous and weak and exhausted, coming from his e ways, to feel that God puts

Two Omnipotent Arms

around him and says: "I will stand by you. The mou tains may depart and the hills be removed, but I w never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the ne is too good to be true and cannot believe it, and loo up in God's face, God lifts his right hand and takes affidavit, makes an oath, saying: "As I live," saith t Lord God, "I have no pleasure in the death of t wicked." Blessed be God for such Gospel as this! "C the slices thin," says the wife to the husband, "for the will not be enough to go around for all the children; c the slices thin." Blessed be God, there is a full loaf f every one that wants it. Bread and enough to spar No thin slices on the Lord's table!

I remember that while living in Philadelphia, at t time I spoke of a minute ago, the Master Street Hos tal was opened and a telegram was received, sayin "There will be 300 wounded men to-night. Please ta care of them." From my church there went out twen or thirty men and women. As the poor wounded m were brought in no one asked them from what Sta they came or what was their parentage. There was wounded soldier, and the only question, was how take off the rags most gently and put on the cool ban

le and administer the cordial. And when a soul mes to God, he does not ask where you came from or at your ancestry was. Healing balm for all your unds; pardon for all your guilt; comfort for all your ubles.

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, it all your bad associates. One unholy intimacy will your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of e Church, there has not been an instance where a man pt one evil associate and was reformed—among the teen hundred million of the race, not one instance. ve up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is t ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five d companions, nor three, but one.

What chance is there for that young man I saw along street, four or five young men with him, in front of rog shop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently isting, until after a while they forced him to go in? was a summer night, and the door was left open, and aw the process. They held him fast, and they put cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong nk. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also to seek Christian advice. Every ristian man is bound to help you. If he declines to p you he is not a Christian. Now gather up all ır energies of body, mind and soul and, appealing to d for success, declare this day everlasting war inst all evil influences. A half-and-half work will ount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink k now and you are lost. Push on and you are saved. Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, t he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on ock near which he was dying, "Sparta has con-ered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may m to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your ger in your own blood and write on the Rock of es, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some of you, like myself, were born in the country. d what glorious news might these young men send me to their parents, that this afternoon they had sur-dered themselves to God and started a new life! I ow how it is in the country. The night comes on. e cattle stand under the rack, through which burst trusses of hay. The horses have just frisked up m the meadow brook at the nightfall and stand e-deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie wn and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, ir feet warm under their feathers. When the nights cold the flames clap their hands above the great k-log and shake the shadow of the group up and wn the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an ır, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking After a while the father breaks the silence and s, "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-ht?" And the mother answers, "In no bad place, I rrant you. We always could trust him when he was ome, and since he has been away there have been many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." en at 8 or 9 o'clock, just before they retire, for they go early to bed, they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the gladdest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered the evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor.

Oh, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house and gone from the field and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the church-yard, they cannot answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as they wanted you, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the air and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

This hour the door of mercy swings wide open. Hesitate not a moment. In many a case hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man! Cultured young man! Honored young man! Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is, that every young man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there were a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. I have been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

"Oh, no," said the bad angel; "come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floors tessellated with unrestrained indulgence. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me!"

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight, upward and away, until a door swung open in the sky, and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel led the way through gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated it would never open. Past each portal there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of the bolts, and the scenery on each side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine, poured forth bubbling tears of foaming blood. And on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel: "What is that serpent?" and the answer was: "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that lion?" The answer was: "That is the lion of all-devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that vulture?" The answer was: "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain."

And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the street corner; I trusted it all. Why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and he said: "I was sent from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night at the street corner I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha! Ha! You are here! Come, now, let us fill the chalice and drink to darkness and woe and death. Hail! Hail!"

Oh, young man! will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your soul, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour decides eternal destinies.

MISS STONE'S BULGARIAN BIBLE-WOMEN

THE grief among the Bulgarian Bible-women over the captivity of Miss Ellen M. Stone is greater than we, this distance, can realize. Miss Stone s a sympathizing friend, as well as an nest teacher, entering into all their tri- rejoicing over their victories, proud of spiritual children. They seem to be stuff martyrs are made of—these native nverts. Miss Stone tells of one whose sband drove her forth from his home l from her children because of her th, recalling her when he found he uld not do without her, only, however, eat and otherwise maltreat her. He uld not shake her calm. When he eatened to kill her, she said, "I shall n the sooner go to God." By faith l prayer and gentleness she won the tory. He became one with her in rist. Miss Stone writes thus of one her band of Bible-women gathered ound her at their annual conference at makov:

s it a small thing that in a village where a ng girl is the only worker, there being no acher, ten souls should have been added the church at the communion which mark-the close of her year of work? Her suc-s will not be wondered at when we learn w willing she was to do anything by means which she might be able to reach some ul. Passing through a village street one y, and seeing a woman at a window in the ond story of a house, salutations passed ween them; encouraged by the woman's erness, she inquired if she would like to k with her. The woman said yes, but some her relatives living in the yard would not prove of her talking with a Bible-woman. ow can I enter then?" asked the girl. "Can climb up here?" She looked at the stone ll of the house and thought she could t; but here was a soul to be taught. By help of a neighboring branch and the man's hand, she climbed into the window.

MISS STONE (CENTRE) AND A TRAINING CLASS OF BULGARIAN BIBLE-WOMEN

The visit was repeated until the fearful inquirer became the fearless disciple of Christ, and six or seven other souls in the same yard became his followers.

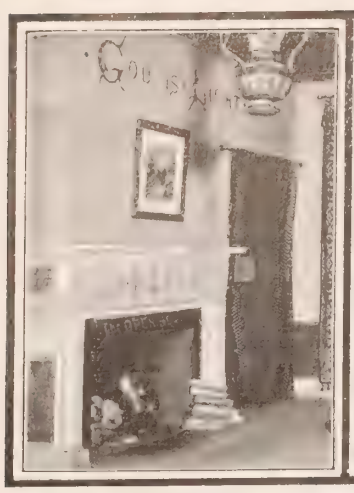
She says of another:

Comparatively late in life, a widowed daughter-in-law in a proud old Macedonian family was brought into the fold of Christ. Griefs had broken her heart, and the balm of Christian sympathy came most sweetly to her spirit. Persecutions came. Her own children would not have her in their homes, though their pride forbade them to leave her to suffer for material necessities. Her trials only drove her nearer to the Lord. How she worked among the society ladies who had been her former friends! Only the last great day will reveal how many stars she won for her crown during her short but full Christian life. Blessed Baba Sebastia! Her lamp was trimmed and burning when her summons came to rise and meet her Lord.

There was Stepha, the first assistant in her touring work, accomplished, gentle and winning, who made many converts, among them Katrinka, who under Lady Strongford's patronage, was fitted for a trained nurse, and afterwards, in this capacity and as a Bible-woman, found ready access to rich Turkish homes. Her latest assistant, Mme. Tsilka, won the love and admiration of all with whom she was thrown when in this country. So successful was she in surgery that the Turkish Government sought to engage her services, giving her the salary of a medical officer. But she declined; she would rather, she said, work for the Master and for the poor. Her husband, Rev. Mr. Tsilka, like herself, won many friends in this country; and his classmates at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, express the deepest sympathy for him.

There are indications that the brigands who abducted Miss Stone and Mme. Tsilka have been thoroughly frightened by the storm their outrage has stirred up, and are now ready to surrender their prisoner. They are now represented as being more anxious to save their own heads than to exact ransom; but it is still believed by our own State Department that the ransom will have to be paid in order to make Miss Stone's safe release absolutely certain. It is probable that Turkey and Bulgaria will not only be ultimately compelled to refund any ransom that may be paid, but that punitive damages will be demanded by our Government. Both of these claims Turkey is preparing to resist.

THE CHAPEL FIRESIDE



THE OLD COLONIAL MANSION, WHERE HOMELESS MEN FIND SHELTER

B. M. B. MILLER

THE OPEN HEARTH

HARTFORD'S UNIQUE RESCUE MISSION

ONLY a street back from the Connecticut River, at Hartford, stands a unique rescue mission, founded thirteen years ago by a converted infidel. The building is an ancient colonial mansion; one hundred and thirty-five years ago it was the finest in Hartford. From its three great, old-fashioned hearths, and the use which was to be made of the place, it received the name of "The Open Hearth," at the time the mission was first established there.

For thirteen years the glow and cheer of "The Open Hearth" has welcomed wandering, wayward and unfortunate men. No matter how broken in body or spirit a man may be, there is a cordial word and a brotherly hand-clasp for him here, if he is willing to try to work his way to better things. Even though he came from a jail or prison "the string is always on the latch." The past is ignored. The superintendent believes that hanging on to the past holds a man back from any high achievement. He discourages in his rescued men all allusion to the old life of sin, and seeks to have them "forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those things that are before . . . press towards the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ."

For the man, however, who is not in earnest there is no room. The persistent tippler, the shiftless idler must make place for those who use opportunities, and who seek to help themselves.

Over twenty men saved at "The Open Hearth" are now trusted employees of business firms, receiving salaries ranging from $1,000 to $1,500. Some who came direct on release from prison to this mission are filling such situations. One of these, whom to any but the eye of faith it seemed impossible to save,—"not worth the saving," some said,—holds to-day a responsible position drawing $1,800 salary. Superintendent Miller visits the jails once a week and sees personally all discharged prisoners. The year's record shows 700 prisoners who came for advice and prayer to "The Open Hearth;" 500 helped in material as well as spiritual ways. Last year 13,148 men were lodged at ten and fifteen cents a night; 20,401 meals were served at five cents each—less than cost, of course. Attendance at Gospel services was 24,760; 100 men openly accepted the Master, demonstrating by their lives an actual change of heart. Two of the mission's rescued sons who have passed over the river to the Home beyond, left bequests—$1,000 and $3,000, respectively, to "The Open Hearth" as evidence of their gratitude and affectionate interest. A big wood cellar furnishes employment for inmates. Four hours' work per day secures a man his board and lodging, leaving him time in which to seek other work.

A TYPICAL WOOD-YARD SCENE

Every night, when Gospel service and prayers are over, the "Hearth" quiets down for slumber. Often in winter, after the cots are all filled, forty or fifty men, for whom beds cannot be found, crowd around the hearth in the Reading Room; and a man keeps a big fire roaring all night; and weary wayfarers sleep on the tables, chairs and floor—for none are sent out into the cold.

The work is undenominational, and has the active sympathy and support of all the evangelical churches of the city. The outside forms of aid to the poor are many. For instance, the Superintendent buys coal in summer in 500 ton lots and sells it in winter to needy homes at actual cost. If a child brings an order for coal, he will not accept it where there is a man in the family. One of his reasons for pursuing this course is that it gives him a chance to talk to the men, and thus do them, perhaps, a lasting good.

"The Open Hearth" is very popular with all the children in the neighborhood. A yard, provided with big sandpiles, furnishes a playground for all the boys and girls around. A special service is held Thursday evenings for them. These services attract many newsboys, who are fond of Mr. Miller and "The Open Hearth" playground. Mr. Miller has a great liking for little folks, and loves to gather the children in. After the bright spirited songs with which the services are opened, he interests his youthful audience in stories of the Christian life. He is a writer of children's stories, and has a happy turn for holding the attention of little folks. The Apostle's Creed and the Lord's Prayer form a part of every service, and always at the close, each boy and girl and boy receives a picture illustrating some scene in the life of Christ. The superintendent believes in preventive work and is seeking honestly to bring the children to the Master.

An article about "The Open Hearth" would be incomplete without giving the story of its founder. B. M. B. Miller was born in Windsor, Conn., in 1868, and came to Hartford when seventeen years old. A year later, he was converted in an Episcopal church, by a sermon by Bishop Nichols, now of California. Though over eighteen, he was an agnostic. He had been reading infidel books and had become imbued with their scepticism. His prayer had been: "O God, if there be a God, reveal to me the truth." With his conversion, his whole life changed. He took out of his trunk a little Bible his mother had placed in it and began to study God's Word with faith. At the same time he began to try to help others in the Recreation Rooms of Christ's Church. Then came larger work described above.

AN EASTERN "TELLER OF TALES"

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

IN every land and age, civilized and otherwise, the *raconteur* has a function which possesses a peculiar fascination for many minds. In our own country, the person who can effectively relate some incident that has both point and striking interest, is pretty certain to be sure of a welcome, whether on the platform or in the social circle. His prototype is found in the professional story-teller of the Orient—a functionary whose art and pleasing skill have held the ear of kings and courts and other listeners almost from the beginnings of time. The "remembrancers" who, by the recital of the events of former days, soothed the sleepless hours of kings, the court poets, minstrels and "tellers of tales," all belonged to this class of professional entertainers, although it should not be forgotten that the "remembrancers," or recorders, were really the historians of facts, and not of imaginary happenings, as might well be suspected of the others.

Travelers in the Eastern countries, particularly in Arabia and Persia, still encounter the "teller of tales," and yield to the fascinations of his quaint world-old narratives, which may be related either before a company of guests or by the bedside of some dignitary or some specially honored visitor. Our correspondent at Urmi, Persia (Mrs. Hannah Yoseph Jacob), in one of her recent letters, describing a visit to a Kurdish lady, tells how one of these story-tellers (a woman) soothed her to sleep by her droning recital of some of the old Kurdish folk-lore legends and tales of the nursery sort. Abdurrahman Khan, the late ruler of Afghanistan (who passed away last month), was accustomed to having a native story-teller sit by the royal couch almost nightly and lull him to sleep with the stories of Afghan prowess in the "days of old." This ruler did not specially value the tales on account of any literary or dramatic merit, but took them purely as a sleep-inducer, and so convinced was he of their potency as a soporific that, when he "dropped off," the tired professional was relieved by another of the same class, who kept up the "tale of wonder" in a monotonous, sing-song throughout the night, Abdurrahman declaring that the drone of the man's voice made him sleep soundly, and was essential to his comfort. His "teller of tales" quitted regularly at daybreak.

In the photograph on the first page, an old Arab, who may be either a professional reader or a scribe, has a pair of deeply interested auditors, who are following every word that comes from his lips. It may be a letter from Bagdad, Teheran, or Tabriz, a "gazette" from some still more distant part of the Orient, or possibly a modern version of some old tale, or fragment of Eastern folk-lore. The dress and surroundings of the trio are such as the traveler may see in Damascus, Cairo, Beirut, and many other cities, where the "rush and drive" of occidental life have not influenced the population. Time still moves slowly among the races of the Orient.

Off to Win Souls in Heathen Africa

A Party of American Missionaries, of the Africa Inland Mission, Sail for Kangundu, E. A.

ON the morning of Saturday, Oct. 26, there sailed from the port of New York, on the Atlantic Transport liner, *Menominee*, for London, a party of eleven persons, six of them being adults five children. They were a group of missionaries, the Africa Inland Mission, bound for the foreign ld. The party includes the Rev. Charles E. Hurlt, of Philadelphia, Founder of the Pennsylvania le Institute and Director of the Africa Inland Mis-n, his wife and five children; the Rev. Lee H. Down-and wife, of Philadelphia (where Mr. Downing has n a teacher in the Institute); and Dr. Henderson, a her medical missionary on the west st of Africa. The twelfth figure the photograph is that of a friend is not of the party. Proceeding to terdam, they will be joined by Miss ily Messenger, a native of Wies-en, Germany, who has spent sev-e years in Philadelphia as an In-ute student. They will sail from terdam on the steamer *Gouver-r*, of the German East Africa i. their port of destination being Mbasa. From that port they pro-d inland by rail for over 200 miles, point where they will be trans-fed to bullock-wagons or some silar conveyances, in which they travel forty miles further, to ngundu, their final destination. ngundu, in British East Africa, is e 325 miles inland from Mom-a, and a station which was estab-lied there by the Africa Inland sion. several years ago, is vigor-o and thriving. There are three te Christian male teachers there present conducting the work, but white woman has ever been seen the mission station or in that part African territory. Mrs. Hurlburt, s. Downing and Miss Messenger, therefore be pioneers in their own uliar field of spiritual labor among native women of the country. Few es from the history of consecrated sionary effort in heathen lands are e interesting or instructive than se that tell of the founding and wth of the Africa Inland Mission. Established on ely undenominational lines five or six years ago, it has ady been abundantly blessed and its work has ex-ded year by year. Doubtless some of our readers recall the account, which appeared in these pages 896, of the expedition undertaken by Dr. P. Came-Scott and a party of American and English mis-naries in East Africa, and the opening of the first sion station at Nzawi. In that party were three es and five men. On hing Mombasa, the wo-n were left there, while men went forward to ect a mission site in the i-rior. They chose a hill erlooking the beautiful awi Valley, and there an operations, Dr. Scott anwhile returning to mbasa. On February 3, 7, Dr. Scott, with two of ladies and a caravan of men, set out for the in-tor, reaching Nzawi, bruary 28. Soon another tion was opened at Sakai a third at Kilungu. ngundu station was next ened, and the first experi-e there proved an ex-dingly rough one, by son of a native rebellion ainst the British which urred about that time. us, within ten months er opening the first sta-n, four stations had been nly established. Six d brick buildings and f a dozen grass buildings were erected in that time, d also houses for men, chickens and goats. The soil d been tilled, and crops of potatoes, wheat, barley, ckwheat, corn and oats started. Fortunately the cli-te at all the stations is a healthy one, and the heat unendurable.

Concerning the work at the stations, Dr. Scott wrote follows:

Our school work has not been large, but carried on faithly since its inception in March. The school is composed boys from various sections of this great continent: for ricans are a migratory people. One boy is from far dist Unyoro, another from Msangu in the south, two from Nyamwezi, one from Zanzibar, who has traveled all over the Congo, one from the Soudan, the others being from our own districts. Several of these boys are supported in school by friends in America. My sister does not report these boys as being exceptionally bright, but faithful. They make splendid vocalists, and have phenomenal memories. Another branch of our work has been that of the dispensary, and this has been attended with many good results.

Our work has been distinctively that of pioneering, and we have been working at a great disadvantage, owing to the fact that we knew nothing of the language of the people among whom we have come to labor. Many of us have had much cause for thankfulness in the matter of health.

And now a word might be said about the people among whom we have come to labor. The Wakamba occupy the territory known as Ukamba. It extends from the Tsaro River to Kikuyu. The population is estimated between four and five hundred thousand. The men (a great many of them) are almost naked, with the exception of the brass wire which is freely worn around their necks, arms, waists, and legs. They also make very fine chains out of small brass wire, and great bunches of this is worn in the ears. They are generally well-built fellows, tall, thin, but muscular. As a rule, they have straight-cut features, high in the forehead, and rather intelligent in appearance. The costume of the women is rather picturesque. In front, they wear a small apron of cloth or goatskin, about five inches deep, by seven in breadth. Behind they wear a long V-shaped piece of hide, which reaches to the knees; they also wear an oval hide fastened over the shoulders, which reaches to the hips. The women do not wear so much brass wire, but the quantity of beads some of them carry around their waist and neck is really wonderful. They are an agricultural people, and also possess large herds of cattle and goats. Their weapons of defense are chiefly the bow and arrow and a long sword. Their houses are small conical grass huts, with a door so small, that it is with difficulty you can crawl in when down on "all fours."

THE PARTY OF MISSIONARIES WHO SAILED FROM NEW YORK FOR EAST AFRICA

NEW NATIVE CHURCH, NOW BUILDING AT UMTALI, SOUTH-EAST AFRICA

We have had times of trial; also times of blessing and times of sorrow; but also times of joy; patience has been put to the test, but God has answered prayer; our need in every particular has been very great; but his promise has not failed. Our hearts are full of thanksgiving for all the marvels of his grace.

The American headquarters of the Africa Inland Mission are at No. 516 Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.

Church Building in Heathen Africa

In a letter from a missionary of the M. E. Mission at Umtali, South East Africa, to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the writer says:

"I am sending you a photograph showing our new native church, in process of construction. When we arrived here (less than six months ago), we found that nothing was being done for the hundreds of natives in this place; so, after looking to God for his blessing, we hired six natives and went into the forest and cut sticks and poles, and began to build. Rev. Mr. Ehnes assisted in putting on the roof. The missionary must be resourceful. Now, regular services are being held here every Sunday afternoon. God's Spirit is working in the hearts and minds of the natives. There are several cases of conversion, and we expect to baptize several before the end of the year. My wife has a class of forty boys. She began with the alphabet, and now some of them can read in the New Testament. The church is to be dedicated next month by Bishop Hartzell, who will be here to organize the East Equatorial Conference.

"We are expecting to make plans for a general forward movement, with a Central Africa as the objective point. We need the prayers and sympathy of God's children in the great work we are attempting for the Master."

On Custer's Battlefield

IT was a picture full of meaning (writes a correspondent in *The American Missionary*) to see a group of Indian girls gathered on the heights of Custer's last battlefield to strew flowers over the mouldering remains of those who fell there. As one looks from the monument over the ridges near and far, dotted with the little white tombstones of the soldiers, the whole scene of the battle is spread out before the eye. Eastward are the billowy ridges over which Custer's troops urged their tired horses in the early morning. To the southeast lie the valleys, which were dotted with lodges and swarming with life. Beyond were the crowded villages, most of which Custer could not see through the willows and cottonwoods fringing the stream Among those who fought against our army there was "Yellow Earrings," one of Sitting Bull's warriors and his follower to the last. Long ago he went back to his old Dakota home. As these lines are written, this word comes from our missionary there: "The work among the old people is such a blessed work. These old Indians have such strength of character as only the chase and war could develop—tender and kind of heart, fearless and strong. I called upon an old man, Yellow Earrings, to pray at our meeting. I am sure the prayer touched the heart of Christ. He said:

"'Saviour, be kind to me and bear with me. I am an old, ignorant man. I grew up without the Bible and knew nothing of thee in my youth. Though I try now to follow thee, I often lose the way, not because I do not want to go in the right road, but because I do not see clearly. Bless my people and be merciful to us. When we sin, wipe out the sin, because we love thee, and thou didst die for us.'"

The New Mormon President

The new President of the Mormon Church is Joseph Fielding Smith, a nephew of the founder of the church. He is sixty-three years old. He served the Mormon community as a missionary in various lands, and was for some time President of the European mission.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. [illegible] $1.50 [illegible]

Remittances [illegible] to be made in the [illegible] Registered [illegible]

Foreign Postage. [illegible]

Change of Date. [illegible]

Expiration of Subscriptions.—The date on the wrapper indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—Give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Prayer for a Revival

AT this season of the year, when our churches of all denominations are making their plans for the winter's work, would it not be possible to have a combined effort to obtain a genuine old-fashioned revival? Such a movement must be the work of the Holy Spirit. It can never be manufactured, or produced by artificial means; but it might be expected in answer to earnest, united prayer. God's arm has not lost its power. He is as willing as ever to bless his people, and his ancient challenge still remains in force: "Prove me now, herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." It may be, as James suggests, that we have not because we ask not. Here and there, in isolated communities, there has been a hopeful movement in which many souls have been brought into the kingdom; but the national harvest, of which the church is in need, is delayed. What is the reason? Can it be that this greatest of all blessings, which would gladden the hearts of all Christians, is withheld until all Christians unite in imploring it? The time for such a united effort is singularly appropriate. Never before have the denominations drawn so near to one another. There is a recognition of comradeship on all hands that is being felt everywhere. One difficulty that has hitherto hindered such a movement is therefore removed. It is possible now in every city, town or village of our broad land to bring together Christians of every name in a movement of common interest. If it were possible to get a general agreement throughout the country that during a whole week united meetings should be held simultaneously in every community, to entreat an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, who can tell what the result might be?

How to Stop It

MUST the war between Capital and Labor go on forever? We think not. The Gospel theory of the golden rule will after awhile come in. It will put one hand on the broadcloth shoulder of Capital, and put the other hand on the homespun-covered shoulder of Toil, and say, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That is, the lady of the household will say, "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were down-stairs." The maid in the kitchen must say, "I will have the same industry and fidelity down-stairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of this principle before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil, and he will say to him, "Why, it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week, so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

After awhile, crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do. He says, "Shall I stop the mill, or shall I run it on half time, or shall I cut down the men's wages?" He walks the floor of his counting-room all day, hardly knowing what to do. Toward evening he calls all the laborers together, and then the manufacturer says to them: "Men, times are very hard; I don't make twenty dollars where I used to make one hundred. Somehow, there is no demand now for what we manufacture, or but very little demand. You see I am at vast expense, and I have called you together this afternoon to see what you would advise. I don't want to shut up the mill, because that would force you out of work, and you have always been very faithful, and I like you, and you seem to like me. I don't know what to do."

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you. I don't know how the others feel, but I propose that we take off twenty per cent. from our wages, and that when the times get good you will remember us and raise them again." The workman looks around to his comrades, and says: "Boys, what do you say to this? all in favor of my proposition will say ay." "Ay! ay! ay!" shout the voices.

* * *

But the mill-owner, getting in some new machinery, exposes himself very much, and takes cold, and it settles into pneumonia, and he dies. In the procession to the tomb are all the workmen, tears rolling down their cheeks, and off upon the ground; but an hour before the procession gets to the cemetery, the wives and the children of those workmen are at the grave waiting for the arrival of the funeral pageant. The minister of religion may have delivered an eloquent eulogium before they started from the house, but the most impressive things are said that day by the working-classes standing around the tomb.

That night in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers, the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populace looks over the iron fence of the cemetery; but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfilment of the Christlike injunction: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No. I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasantest incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound. For some time past the iron and steel trade has been extremely unprofitable, and the employers cannot, without much loss, pay the wages fixed by the board, which neither employers nor employed have the power to change. To avoid this difficulty, the workmen in one of the largest steel works in Sheffield hit upon a device as rare as it was generous. They offered to work for their employers one week without any pay whatever. How much better that plan is than a strike would be."

But you go with me, and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking-houses, storehouses, and other costly enterprises where this same Christlike injunction is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left hand, your right eye and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism. Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

* * *

The great want of the world to-day is the fulfilment of the Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivetic. All the political economists under the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor. During the Revolutionary War there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! yo heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift? That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—yo heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief." It was Washington. Now, that is the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven, the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift.

"Train Up a Child"

PARENTS and teachers have an important admonition in the confession made by the miserable creature whose crime has just been expiated. He said that the suggestion to assassination came to him in a speech by Emma Goldman, and that he brooded upon it until the impulse to kill the President became irresistible. Is not this the clue to many other crimes? The victims of evil impulse often do become mere automata. They are driven by a power that controls them to the commission of horrible deeds, which even their own reason condemns. Many drunkards have acknowledged that when the longing for liquor comes upon them, there is no penalty, no power that can keep them from indulging it. This condition is largely the result of defective training. The disposition frequently shows itself in childhood. A boy seeing something he wants, or craving some indulgence, will dwell upon it until he is ready to sacrifice any possession or brave any punishment to gratify his desire. If he acquires the habit of yielding, he is liable to become a lifelong slave to his impulses. He might be saved from such horrible servitude by kindly and judicious discipline if he were taught in early life how to control his desires, if he were warned of the evil of brooding on some coveted indulgence; if, in short, he were helped to acquire the habit of self-control, he might be saved from crime and misery. Our conception of education as a mere process of cramming the mind with knowledge is largely at fault. Until we realize that moral training is necessary to the development of the child, we must prepare to be shocked by the crimes of people who plead that they are the creatures of irresistible impulses.

A BEAUTIFUL ART GIFT FOR YOU

AS this edition of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, there is every indication that the demand for the Great **Art Portfolio**—which has been prepared with infinite labor and expense, with the view of presenting a copy to each and every subscriber—will far exceed anything we could have anticipated. Already the fame of this superb collection of Twelve Masterpieces of American and European Art seems to have spread everywhere, and it is quite evident that our facilities, extensive as they are, will be pushed to their fullest capacity to supply even the initial demand.

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THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Turkish Port Menaced

ONCE more the irrepressible Eastern question is disturbing the Cabinets of Europe. Turkey has aroused the indignation of the French Government and there appears to be danger of open hostilities. The matter in dispute is a question of money. Some time ago certain French contractors undertook the construction of some quays in Constantinople, on the understanding that when completed the Sultan would purchase them, raising a loan of eight million dollars for the purpose. When the time for the purchase came, the Sultan delayed action and would neither buy the quays himself, nor permit the contractors to sell them to anyone else. The contractors appealed to their government and diplomatic pressure was brought to bear on the Sultan. He, however, still delayed settlement on various pretexts. Finally, diplomatic relations were severed. The French Ambassador at Constantinople was withdrawn and the Turkish Ambassador at Paris was notified that his further official stay in the French Capital was not desirable. It was expected that so marked a step, which, with any other power would have been regarded as a preliminary of war, would have brought the Sultan to terms. but he still continued to delay. The French Government, losing all patience, dispatched a fleet of warships to the eastern Mediterranean. Their precise destination was kept secret, but rumors are circulated that Smyrna is the port they are bound for, and, it is surmised, that the French intend to take possession of the Turkish Custom House there and hold it until they have collected sufficient dues to pay the sum owing to the company which constructed the quays, and to pay also another sum of two and a-half millions, said to be due from Turkey as indemnities to Frenchmen in other causes. The Sultan, on hearing of the expedition, manifested no disposition to yield, but, on the contrary, took measures to prevent the French seizing Smyrna by placing submarine mines in the harbor and strengthening the fortifications. Later, however, he made promises of payment, which may avert hostilities. This is not the first time by many that Smyrna has been menaced by a hostile fleet. It is an ancient city, the history of which goes back nearly three thousand years. It was captured in 1402 by Timur, but it soon passed into Mohammedan hands, and has remained so to this day. It is of interest to the Bible student from the fact that one of the seven churches mentioned in Revelation was located there. The message to that church was one that in its present circumstances, the city would be glad to apply to itself, for it must suffer severely if there should be a struggle between France and Turkey for its possession, but its people have now no claim on the encouragement given to the ancient church, to which Christ said:

TYPICAL GROUP ON THE SMYRNA DOCKS

THE PORT OF SMYRNA MENACED BY THE FRENCH FLEET

Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer (Rev. 2 : 10).

Saved by the Chaplain

There was a dangerous fire in New York last week. It was in the premises occupied by a rubber and belting manufacturer. A watchman discovered it late at night and turned in an alarm. The firemen found that a gas pipe in the cellar was leaking, and in some way the gas had become ignited and had set fire to the stock of rubber. Being in the sub-cellar, it was difficult to reach. The smoke was exceedingly dense, and the stench almost insupportable. The firemen worked hard, but one after another they were overcome and were carried out into the fresh air to recover. They returned as soon as they regained consciousness, but were able to stay among the fumes only a few minutes at a time. When the flames were almost under control, some question arose that had to be submitted to the Battalion Chief. He could not be found, though it was known that he had come to the fire. The firemen were too exhausted to make a thorough search, and the fire was requiring all their attention. Just then, the Chaplain of the Department, William St. Elmo Smith, arrived, and was told of the mystery of the Chief. He at once plunged into the smoke and searched for the missing man. He was found completely unconscious on the floor. Unaided, the Chaplain dragged him to the ladder, up which he was carried. The Chaplain worked over him until an ambulance arrived, and undoubtedly saved his life. The chaplain gave a practical illustration of the spirit of his calling. In his spiritual work he has doubtless found it necessary to seek those who are in danger as well as to preach to those who will come to hear him.

Go out into the highways and hedges, and constrain them to come in, that my house may be filled (Luke 14 : 23).

Instead of Lighthouses

An experiment is being made on the St. Lawrence which may have an important bearing on river navigation. It is a scheme devised specially to do away with the lighthouses, buoys, and the entire paraphernalia for night navigation between Montreal and Quebec, and substitute a submerged electric system which, however, will apply to all inland navigable waters. The main idea is to sink an electric cable in the centre of the navigable channels, with power transmitted from a power house at Montreal, and lines of colored lights at or above the water level each side of the channel, the lights on one side being of a different color to those on the other side, and supported by cork floats. The difference will be that mariners will not be warned of the danger, but will be shown the path of safety. The object to be attained is the same, and in the voyage of life both ways are needed, for men often leave the path of safety and need to be warned of the dangers which may wreck their souls.

All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness (II. Timothy 3 : 16).

An Ancient Festival

A ceremony that has been annually observed for thousands of years has just been celebrated in Cairo, Egypt. It is called "Cutting the Khaliz." It takes place when the Nile reaches the highest point in its annual overflow. A steamer is gaily decked, and amid the plaudits of thousands of spectators rides down the river, as a proof of the inundation having taken place and the prospects of a harvest being good. The ceremony has been shorn of some barbarous features. It was formerly the custom to find the most beautiful girl in Egypt, and, having dressed her in gorgeous robes, cast her into the river as the bride of the Nile. Her companions, and even her own family, took part in this ghastly sacrifice, and the selection of the girl, even though, as generally happened, she belonged to an aristocratic family, was esteemed an honor. The Khaliz, to which the title of the ceremony refers, was a canal which formerly ran through Cairo and was filled only at the Nile inundation. Its bank was cut to show that the river had risen to the height needed by the agriculturists for the annual sowing. The English have filled up the canal because its filth was a menace to the health of the city. The ancient ceremony is therefore now without its two most conspicuous features, for the people are now prevented sacrificing the virgin and they have no canal to cut. They do well to be grateful, for if the Nile failed to rise in its season, famine would follow. But it is well that they no longer offer their dreadful sacrifices in their celebration. Better still would it be, if they knew why all such sacrifices are forever unnecessary.

Who needeth not daily, as those High Priests, to offer sacrifice for this he did once, when he offered up himself (Heb. 7 : 27).

A Child in Peril

A deed of daring was performed by an employee of the Ontario & Western Railroad on October 30, which resulted in saving the life of a child. The early morning train was nearing Goshen, N. Y., and had just turned a curve when the engineer saw a little girl toddling along the track ahead of the train. He uttered a cry of consternation, and shut off the steam and applied the emergency brake. It was evident, however, that the speed of the train would not be checked before it overtook the child. The engineer turned in an agony of distress to tell the fireman of the tragedy impending, but the fireman was not in his accustomed place. He, too, had seen the little girl, and being himself a father was shocked by her danger. He had crawled out of the cab, and, though the train was running at terrific speed, had made his way along the running board. The engineer saw the man leap from the board to the pilot, and held his breath in fear of his slipping off. But the fireman was sure-footed. He kept his balance and, reaching out an arm a foot or two beyond, snatched up the child before the pilot struck her, and lifted her safely to the pilot. In a few minutes the train came to a standstill, and the heroic fireman, with the rescued child in his arms, returned to the cab. How thankful the child's parents must be to the brave man who took such an awful risk to save her life. She is too young to appreciate the service he rendered her, but when she grows older she will hear of it and understand. We may hope that she will hear too of One who, to save her from a fate even worse than that she escaped, laid down his life, and that she will consecrate her life to Him.

Christ died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them (II. Cor. 5 : 15).

BRIEF NOTES

The Rev. Arthur Sowerby, of the Baptist Missionary Society, the only missionary who escaped the massacre in Shansi, North China, is returning to his station there, and will be accompanied by the Rev. Joshua Turner.

The two famous gold cities of Ballarat and Bendigo in Australia, have, for the first time in their history, Temperance Mayors. They have both issued notices that at the municipal entertainments no intoxicating liquor must be provided.

Through the efforts of two native Christians who came into the district from Tinnevelly, seventeen Shanar villages in South India have asked for Christian teachers, and the whole community, numbering 60,000, seems likely to be affected.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's labors at Dallas, Tex., have been blessed of God to a large ingathering of souls. Two important meetings were held on October 27. At the first, which was for young men only, about 2,500 were present. Of these three hundred asked for prayer, more than one-half of whom have since made public profession of Christ. At the general meeting, in the evening, it was necessary to use two churches for the overflow, and they were crowded to the doors. The scene was one that will not soon be forgotten in the city.

GEMS FROM THE WORLD'S GREAT PULPITS

Living Thoughts from the Recent Sermons of Eminent Preachers of Many Denominations

MORAL ESTIMATES

DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK

THE enmity toward God that we have to get rid of, the indifference or even antagonism to his holy will that we need to be delivered from, is not in what we do, but in what makes us do it. We judge men by what they do, for if we are going to judge them at all that is the only ground we have to go upon. It is bad enough that the doctors can look straight into our bodies, and it would be intolerably embarrassing if any scheme of moral perforation should ever be able to turn a man's heart and conscience inside out, going right through clothes, flesh, bones, clear to a man's ethical marrow. And the embarrassment we should experience under those circumstances means that what our acts tell our neighbors about ourselves is only very distantly related to what our hearts tell us about ourselves. Now it is only when you get to that spot in a man where he does his desiring that you reach the real ground of what a man is. A man is morally to be measured not by what he says or does, or even thinks, but by what he wants, by his likings. And for a man who behaves very well, but who would not behave nearly as well if it were not that something or other makes him afraid to behave badly, for such an one to claim that because he behaves well he is therefore a good man is a piece of transparent evasion; he is lying to himself, and he knows he is lying to himself.

DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP

DR. H. P. DEWEY, CHURCH OF THE PILGRIMS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EVERY pure highly ordered life is a kind of judgment seat before which other lives are made to stand, and its verdict of condemnation or approval they are certain to feel. Every elevated life exerts, also, the judgment of encouragement. Instinctively we turn to those more distinguished in their rectitude, and feel that in them we have the sanction and the guarantee of our own poorer virtue. They seem to invite us up to their level and to declare our inborn relationship with what is highest and best, and we fain would come up to their standard, meet the judgment of their better doing and be approved. Still higher do we look to him who is the perfect ideal and long to be worthy to stand before him because we have attained unto something of the measure of the fullness of his stature. Yea, more; we would not only have the judgment of approval before him: we would also have the judgment which permits us to be in company with him. And so, in and through every other ambition, is the desire to be worthy, to stand at last before the Son of Man and hear him say, not only 'Well done,' but also 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' into the eternal fellowship of kindred spirits united in the bonds of worthiness."

CHRIST'S CULMINATING POWER

DR. CAMDEN M. COBERN, DENVER, COLO.

ONE of Christ's most astonishing claims was this: That he was able as a divine Saviour to pardon sin, answer prayer, and give comfort to the believer anywhere, world without end. To-day millions believe that he is doing now all over this world just what he claimed he would do. He claimed that although he should die, his religion would not die; but that a church with himself as its centre should, though beginning as a mustard-seed, grow until it should revolutionize all civilization. He taught three years, predicted his martyrdom, and died; died while yet a youth, and yet his presence is felt to-day in every government and in almost every home on the civilized globe. He never stepped out of Palestine, but now walks with power to the ends of the earth, and is acknowledged as King by ten thousand times ten thousand subjects. He has, as Jean Paul says, "Lifted with his pierced hands empires off their hinges, and has turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs armies." Who to-day does not acknowledge that this religion is just fitted to the needs of this world? What is the power of this Christian religion now working in the world and in human hearts? It is he: fitted for the world as if the world were made for him; fitted for the heart as if the heart were made for him. It is he, the divine Christ, "the Son of the Living God."

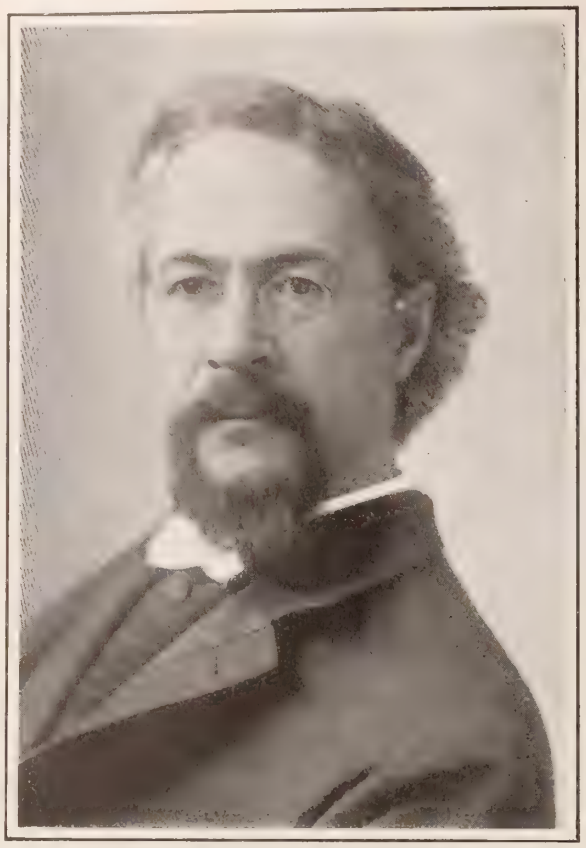
PRESIDENT McKINLEY

DR. J. F. DICKIE, IN THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN, GERMANY*

WE are struck with consternation and horror at the dire calamity that has come to the whole nation in the loss of the President. Has death triumphed then? Are these trappings and suits of woe the tokens of his dark victory? O death, thou carriest away in thy devouring rage the learned and the ignorant, the old and the young, the slave and the oppressor, the peasant and the king, the pauper and the President. Yet how brief and deceptive is thy seeming triumph! Thou art compelled to cry out, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. From eternity to eternity God is love.

We express our feelings of sympathy with the nation bereft of its President. In every home from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is deep regret. From the eyes even of strong men the teardrops of sorrow fall. The whole land mourneth: Thou, O Lord God has smitten us full sore. Thy right hand hath been heavy upon us. Thou hast suffered the hate of the assassin to see its desire upon the President. Thou hast taken away the father of his people. Yet O Lord we are silent because thou hast permitted it to come upon us. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

*At the memorial service, when Dr. Dickie preached, the Emperor was represented by the Lord Chamberlain, Count zu Solms Baruth; the Master of Ceremonies, Count von Kanitz, and Baron von Lucanus, Chief of the Civil Cabinet. The Secretary of Foreign Affairs was present in person. The service was attended also by the Ambassadors of Great Britain, Spain, and Turkey. A large number of American and English persons then visiting Berlin thronged the auditorium.



DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST
Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York

TRANSFORMATION BY THE CROSS

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, BALTIMORE, MD.

THANK God, the force of the Cross remains. The forces of evil may still be cast out by the return in individual life and social ideal and national character to the recognition of the supremacy of the spiritual as expressed in the pathway to light through the death on the Cross. Let the man who hears my voice to-day but consent to bury selfish interests in identification with Christ, and he will find the power of the Cross sufficient to cast out every form of evil that has hitherto mastered him. Let society but consent to reconstruct itself upon the principles of the Cross, denying selfish ambitions, refusing to labor for selfish ends, and each to serve the rest, and society will be renewed, regenerated, by the power of the Cross. Let but the nations learn that greatness consists, not in mastership of the weak by the strong, but in the service of one to all and the intercourse in love of the tribes and families of the earth, and the Cross shall be found to have healed the wounds of the nations by proclaiming, first the evangel of a great service, and by them communicating the dynamic of a new life. And there is no other healing for humanity but by way of the Cross. I thank God the attraction of the Cross lives. What is it, the attraction of the Cross? The Cross? No, the Cross will not attract you, my brother. What will attract? The Christ. Said he: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw." It is here we have made our mistake: we have too long been trying to be attracted by the Cross, and we never can be. But let the vision of the Crucified once break upon our souls and we shall forget the Cross in our eagerness to get to the Christ. We must come, then, by way of the Cross, and any Christ uplifted other than by the way of his Cross is a false Christ. I must come by that way to see him, but coming there I am to see him. It is the King of Love that attracts men, and when we see him as King of Love we begin to understand his Cross, and are thereby healed.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY

REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON, MIMICO, CANADA

THE nature and functions of the spiritual body cannot be adequately understood until the spiritual body is actually put on, just as a caterpillar cannot understand the butterfly life until it becomes a butterfly. Yet I believe there is one theory in regard to the spiritual body that is sustained both by reason and revelation; and I believe this theory will go far to explain our Lord's fleshly appearances during the forty days, though at that time the mortal had put on immortality. The theory, then, which I would advance is this: That th spiritual body is endowed with the capacity of transformin itself at pleasure into the natural body, and back again int the spiritual. We say the spiritual body, for we mean tha this power of transformation belongs to spiritual bodie generally, and not to that of Christ alone. Thus we avoid th invocation of a miracle, rightly considered. To be sure, suc a transformation would be a real miracle to us in this lowe realm of being; but it might, perhaps, be no miracle, but natural law, in a higher realm. It seems to me that electricit not only gives an illustration of quick and radical bodil transition, but it gives us a hint of the material of which th spiritual body may be composed. Electricity itself, so swif in its motion, and so powerful and glorious in its effects may possibly be the very substance of the spiritual body It is more likely, however, that a more ethereal substanc still, as yet entirely unknown to us, may be the materia Even electricity would seem to be too cumbrous to meet th necessities of the case, but it certainly does give us a hint o glorious possibilities.

HOW THE KINGDOM WILL COME

DR. SAMUEL J. NICOLLS, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ST. LOUIS MO

THE masses of the people need help; but no laws, no com binations of men for self help, no theories of socia reform can by themselves secure it. The sovereign remed is that declared by our Lord: "If the truth shall make yo free ye shall be free indeed." If the kingdom of God is eve set up on earth it will come through the regeneration of eac individual. "Except a man be born again he cannot see th kingdom of God." Just laws and their faithful execution wholesome limitations of wealth and power, adequate re wards for labor, shorter hours for toil, and general education all have their places; but, after all, the supreme forces in th purification and elevation of society are moral and spiritual Without these all the rest are mocking delusions. But, alas what multitudes in our midst utterly ignore this fact, and liv under the dominion of their sense. They are a law unt themselves, and so live without God and without hope in th world.

HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL

DR. N. D. HILLIS, PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE real sculptors of the face are not from without; they are hands spiritual working from within. Every though is an artist. Every purpose cuts like a chisel. Every praye lends dignity to the brow. Every impure desire leaves a mark of degradation. In a bad man one can see mud in th bottom of the eyes. It was this that Ruskin had in min when he spoke of "the operation of the intellectual power upon the features, in the fine cutting and chiseling of them in the removal from them of signs of sensuality and sloth, by which they are blunted and deadened; in the substitution o energy and intensity for vacancy and insipidity; in th keenness given to the eye and the fine molding to the brow in the open and reflective comprehensiveness of the eye an the forehead; in the waxing of the intellect that wears dow the flesh, and the moral enthusiasm burning its way out t heaven, through the emancipation of the earthly vessel until the face takes on an ideal glory, a purer and highe range than that of the mere material form." The fact non can deny. It is this, doubtless, that explains the strang facial resemblances between some husbands and wives i old age. They began fifty years before, unlike in face an feature. Perhaps the one was blonde and the other brunette But after long living in the same home, loving the sam books, thrilling with the same ambitions, cherishing th same solemn purposes, they stand forth stamped with facia resemblance without, as they have long been brother an sister within. And all these considerations of face building remind us anew of the apostle's words, "Whatsoever thing are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things ar lovely, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are o good report, think on these things."

THE EVERLASTING GUIDE

DR. W. T. DAVISON, WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH, BLACKHEATH, ENGLAND

WHEN the Psalmist said, The Lord will be our God, he meant to the end and beyond the end.

> And though from out this bourne of time and space
> The tide may bear me far,
> I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
> When I have crossed the bar.

Whatever bar it is, whatever bit of sand, on which the waves break, whatever sea there is beyond the next life, or the life beyond that, and any number of lives, he will be our Guide to follow. There is something very pathetic when we think of the helplessness of men as regards the pilgrimage of life. What children we are, we strong men who are able to do so many things in life and to do them well. Stanley tells us that when he and his party were about to cross the Dark Continent for the first time, starting from Lake Tanganyika, a good many of those strong men burst into tears, not through cowardice or weakness, but simply because their emotion must find vent. Ah! but they had before them what arid deserts, what impenetrable forests, what savage beasts, what men worse than beasts in crossing that continent so unknown. Yet that journey was nothing to that which you and I have to take. But if we will only take God as Guide for ourselves, a Guide for our loved ones, a Guide for the Church, we have in him an eternal unfailing helper; as able as he is willing; wiser than the wisest, stronger than the strongest, and more tender than the kindest heart.

THE GREATEST OF FLOWER SHOWS

IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK

GROUP OF PALMS AND FOLIAGE

The Flowers of the Fall

FAR up the sky, the white clouds rally,
The winds come sweeping through the valley,
We hear the tempest's bugle-call;
We prize the flowers of the Fall.

Not now, the fragile petals flushing,
With tender pink and faintly blushing,
Are Spring's sweet buds, that charm the day
When April dances into May.

But, strong to challenge rude disaster,
The sumac and the fearless aster,
The gentian and the cardinal,
Bring up the legions of the Fall.

On highway and on slope and meadow,
So bright its radiance casts a shadow,
Wherever foot of man hath trod,
Behold the sturdy goldenrod.

And, careless of the frost's chill nipping,
With cups of sweet for honeyed sipping,
The serried legions marching come,
Autumn's chief guard—chrysanthemum.

Ere long by mountain, field and river,
Bare boughs will lean, stark branches shiver;
To-day, the world with banners fair,
Receives the Winter's bleaker air.

And Autumn, if she must be dying,
Breathes out her life, with colors flying;
In pomp and beauty to the last,
She reigns, and then—the Fall is past.

M. E. S.

A BASKET OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

CROSS the big pond which separates us from our English cousins, there is a practical interest in everything connected with gardening and farming, ch is in strong contrast with anything we have known il recently over here. From Queen Alexandra down, women of the aristocracy, Lady Je, Countess Edith, Duchess Tall- ers, Baroness Fairview, whatever stately names and titles may be, only patronize, but actively prose- industries which have their origin ne cultivation of Nature, and many ng girls of good family and edu- on, take courses in bee-keeping, cy-lore, fruit and flower-raising and like, and find in the avocation a chance for self-support.

Ve have had Flower-Shows in New k before this autumn, but never any g on a scale so grand, or carried so beautifully in every detail, as in present year. The immense floor- ce of Madison Square Garden, the ars and balconies, everything which kes the Garden a place of popular ort for shows of every description, ed to form a magnificent back- und for foliage and bloom. Aisles stately palms, tropic evergreens, the iety and charm of a great forest miniature, met the eye as one entered garden. There was, of course, a rose , a violet day, an orchid day, and a ysanthemum day, and prizes were arded to those who sent the finest cimens and arranged the most strik- displays. Park gardens and pri- green-houses were among the tributors. Many ladies and gentle- of wealth, as well as professional florists, are doing t they can to invent and develop new combinations for example, chrysanthemum culture, and as one eys the results, one is almost bewildered, so fas- ting and so extraordinary are flowers which have responded crossing of types, to fertiliza- and to the constant and lov- care of the gardener.

he geraniums made a brave w; they are always bold, fear- flowers, which know how to their finest goods, so to speak, he shop-window. For sheer ctiveness in making a brilliant s of color, geraniums are un- assed, indoors or out. Their nds of the great begonia clan ied to the front, and some su- b specimens were in evidence. the orchids. those flowers of stery and dream, exotics from torrid zone, but responsive to kindly care of flower-lovers a colder clime, were the most hanting features of the scene. ruits and vegetables, Pomona's t, were in generous profusion, prizes were awarded to vari- exhibitors for best success in ing apples, pears, peaches and grapes. One well-known New York merchant, famed as a Christian philanthropist, showed twenty-five varieties of table vegetables, and carried off the first prize for celery. Ladies in competition were awarded prizes for grapes grown under glass and for tomatoes, the real winners being the gardeners, Swedish, Scotch, or Dutch.

TABLE DECORATIONS, AWARDED FIRST PRIZE AT NEW YORK FLOWER SHOW

The vegetables appealed to the utilitarian, rather than the ornamental view-point and so there was much longer lingering on the part of visitors, beside the spicy-sweet and radiantly variegated pinks and carnations, the roses of almost countless shades of difference, and the splendid chrysanthemums. There is a new rose, called "Mrs. Oliver Ames." It is cherry-red, and hails from Boston. But it cannot expect to be the prime favorite that the American Beauty is.

The Flower Show, in the eyes of any thoughtful observer, was attractive not only in itself, but in the crowds that it drew day by day. One noticed a great many tall and graceful young women, with the air that stamps New York girls as very strong and vigorous. Children, accompanied by an elder sister or governess, fathers and mothers wandering here and there among the flowers, and interchanging happy glances; critical visitors, learned in the sciences of seeds and bulbs, and soils and temperatures, a great friendly, cheery succession of people of all ages and types were drawn together by the Flower Show. The groups chatted eagerly, laughter and jests rippled out. Inevitably the blue-coated policeman stood or sauntered about, but one could only hope that his services were required merely for direction and guidance. Somehow pickpockets and flowers are oddly contradictory, yet, as we know by occasional mournful experience, and by the revelations of Josiah Flynt, the prowler in society seizes for a field day, just such opportunities as a flower or any other show affords.

New York, in October, overflows with guests from other sections of the country. The country cousins who have entertained city people all summer, now come to town for their own outing. Western and Southern merchants are here to buy goods, and their pretty wives and daughters are with them to enjoy the metropolis. There is always enough to please stranger-folk from the Battery to the Bronx, from the Bridge to Central Park, and they may be known by their pleased and eager looks, their manner of leisure, as opposed to the New Yorker's habitual rush, and by some curiously subtle phases of accent.

The Westerner is distinct, a trifle abrupt, and has r's to spare. The Southerner has vowel sounds in predominance, and speaks with soft-voiced gentleness. One and all they are welcome within our gates.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF CATTLEYA LABIATA ORCHID—FIRST PRIZE

"Therefore My People Are Gone Into Captivity"

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON | INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 24. ISAIAH 5: 8-30 | BY DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS | GOLDEN TEXT: WOE UNTO THEM THAT ARE MIGHTY TO DRINK WINE. ISAIAH 5: 22

THE lessons take but a step aside in turning from the bondage in Egypt to the worse bondage of drink. Israel was not to blame for its enslavement under Rameses; but for the captivity to Rum, which led to the captivity in Assyria, they were themselves responsible. The Bible names as two of the causes of the captivity, Sabbath-breaking and intemperance (Neh. 13: 18; Isa. 28: 1; 5: 13). In Isaiah's time "the drunkards of Ephraim," that is, the ten tribes, had just gone into captivity, and he foresaw that like intemperance in Judah would so surely produce the same result, that he spoke of its captivity of a hundred years later as already accomplished: "Therefore my people are gone into captivity." Judah's captivity to drink was a present fact, and that was worst of all. Sin should be more dreaded than its punishment. Byron exclaims for every sin-bound captive: "Myself am hell."

The Lesson Story

The long period between the Egyptian bondage and the Assyrian captivity, Isaiah epitomizes in the opening verses of our lesson chapter by the allegory of the vineyard, used all through the Bible as a picture of God's relations to his people (Psa. 80: 8-19; Isa. 5: 1-7; Jer. 2: 21; Hos. 10: 1; Matt. 21: 33-36; John 15).

The vine is transplanted by God's mighty and loving hand from Egypt to the Land of Promise. There he does everything possible to make it fruitful. He digs about it, gathers out the stones, and builds a hedge and watch-tower to protect it. He exclaims: "What more could I have done for my vineyard that I have not done in it?" He looks for rich clusters of sweet grapes; but it bears only wild grapes, deadly nightshade, and apples of Sodom, pleasant to the sight, but ashes and poison to the taste. He goes far away, and gives his husbandmen another trial. At the time for fruit, he sends his servants for the harvest, and they are stoned away. After that there is nothing left but judgment. The unfaithful husbandmen are punished, and the unfruitful vineyard left to desolation.

The meaning of the vineyard allegories that we have combined is clear. God gave the Jews a land flowing with milk and honey. He hedged them against surrounding idolaters by mountains and deserts. He placed them at the junction of Europe, Asia and Africa, where they might give the glad fruits of righteousness to the world. He gave them the law from Sinai, and wondrous teachings by the prophets. And yet, instead of yielding the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, they yielded the wild grapes described in the lesson, covetousness and intemperance.

The founders of the United States often noted what their sons should not forget, that America is the modern Land of Promise. God sifted three continents for the seed with which he planted this nation. And he cries to us: "What more could I have done for my vineyard that I have not done in it in planting it in a new land, hedged with oceans against monarchy and church and state traditions? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth the wild grapes of greed and appetite and lust, all increasing at this hour?"

Illustration and Application

Woe unto them that rise up early that they may follow strong drink. Let us recall what was so fully proved in the September temperance lesson, that the "mocker," wine, promises to give back for the money spent on it, strength and health and joy, but really gives the opposite in all three cases—weakness, disease and woe. Over and over again, the Bible links "wine," and "woe" (Prov. 23: 29; Isa. 5: 11, 22; 28: 1; Hab. 2: 15). And every day they are linked in life, and the links are those of a galling chain. It drags its victim out of bed early for his "eye-opener," and keeps him up late for his "nightcap." As he takes the same thing to warm him in winter and cool him in summer, so he takes to arouse his powers in the morning the very thing he will take to put himself to sleep at night. So easily does the "mocker" deceive his ready slave!

Wine and Woe

A relative of the writer, who was boarding at a hotel, was helped out of a sleepless spell one night by a glass of brandy. He repeated that sleeping draught at nine o'clock for several weeks until one evening he discovered that he was wishing for nine o'clock to come. He heeded this warning clank of his chain, and broke it in time. Say to some drinking friend: "You think you do not care for your glass; that you can stop as easy as not. Stop for a week, and see how it seems." One man, who laughingly accepted such a challenge, said to the challenger at the end of the week, "I thank you for warning me in time. I had no idea what a hold the drink had upon me." All of which illustrates the great saying: "Sow an act, and you reap a tendency; sow a tendency, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny." Let this warn us against the beginnings of bad habits, and urge us to the beginnings of good ones.

Isaiah's reminder, that the drinking begins "early" and ends "late," ought to suggest further limitation of the saloon hours. Why should the worst business have the longest day? And it has been growing longer of late, until it has come to pass that many saloons never close. The saloon is bad at all hours, but doubly so in leisure hours. Liquor and leisure never meet but for mischief. For that reason many States close saloons on all holidays, and for the same reason they should be closed at the usual hours of business closing every night, that they may not become loafing, treating, plotting resorts. Isaiah's words, "till wine inflame them," reminds how alcohol sets passion on fire, and raises red flags in eyes and nose. Napoleon, the great leader of men, chose them by their noses. He was right. Men's noses often throw great light on their characters, as any barkeeper knows.

The harp and the lute, the tabret and the pipe, and wine are in their feasts. It would curtail the attractions of the saloon if they were forbidden by law to use music. Any musician who will sell himself for a saloon siren should be excluded from all other opportunities to use the gift he has so prostituted, and he should be counted the guilty accomplice of the rum-seller in his promotion of vice and crime. There is an amazing lack of conscience among many musicians. They play or sing whenever and wherever the fee is forthcoming, as if they had no more responsibility than an orchestrion. One night it is a saloon, the next a foul theatre, the third a church gathering or a party in some Christian home. Strange that even Christians forget that the man behind the song is as important as the melody. The writer has seen young men flocking to a saloon on the run when music sent forth its invitation. Whenever sentiment is not ready to suppress the evil traffic altogether, let it be stripped of all its bait and traps, so that only those shall enter a saloon who go there to drink. Few of the young would enter in such case.

Music as a Siren

THE SCULPTURED GROUP OF LAOCOON, EMBLEMATIC OF THE LIQUOR CURSE

It was the custom to store liquors in church cellars in Boston. As late as 1850, and probably later, the cellar of the stone church on Bowdoin Square was used by the Trull Distillery near by for the ripening in hogsheads of New England rum. Some one found a hymn book in a pew and copied into it the following verses:

There are spirits above and spirits below;
The spirits of love and the spirits of woe,
The spirits above are the spirits of love;
The spirits below are the spirits of woe.
The Spirit above is the Spirit divine;
The spirits below are the spirits of wine.

They regard not the work of Jehovah. In this declaration Isaiah teaches that spirituous and spiritual things do not harmonize. Half a century ago Bibles and bottles dwelt together in harmony in homes and churches. Even now there are many who profess to be Christians, and to desire above all things to be as spiritual and useful as possible, who use intoxicating beverages daily, and offer them to their guests. Is it not true that intoxicating beverages, even when not used to intoxication, strengthen the unspiritual forces in us? Will any question that alcohol quickens passion, the chief foe has to fight in the battle of the spirit against the fle Nearly all churches exclude liquor-sellers from members but many of them receive a tippler as a member with even an admonition. What sense is there in this theor many that the seller is a sinner, while the buyer may saint? If it is wrong to sell intoxicants, it is wrong to m tain the business by patronage or petition or vote.

Can the Bible and the Bottle Dwell Together?

Therefore my people are gone into captivity for lac knowledge. Though many drink with full knowledge their sin, saying, defiantly, to those t treat, "Nominate your poison," a far gre number are carried into captivity "for l of knowledge." If their path from ch hood had been sown knee-deep with best temperance literature, they would not have been chanted and enchained. First of all, the parent and tea should make every child familiar with the fact that scie translating God's book of nature, declares that alcohol poison, whether dressed in wine or whiskey, and so harm as a beverage, whether taken moderately or immoderat It is especially important that they should know that danger in drink is not alone the danger of becoming a dr ard or even drunken, of which no one will ever admit he danger, though many greater men fallen. Here are five scientific transla of God's law in nature, who say those were never drunk may injure themse and their children by what they call mo ate drinking:

Captivity for Lack of Knowledge

Dr. Benjamin Rush, in his celebrated e in 1885, said: "Ardent spirits often bring fatal diseases without producing drunken I have known many persons destroyed them who were never completely intoxica in the whole course of their lives. The tary instances of longevity which are now then met with in hard drinkers, no more prove the deadly effects of ardent spirits t the solitary instances of recoveries from parent death by drowning prove that the no danger to life from a human body l an hour or two under water." Dr. Anstie, of the greatest of the physicians of our day, says: "Many drinkers who were n drunk have yet transmitted very unst nervous systems to their children." The don *Lancet*, December, 1884, says: "Along of all the teetotalism that exists, there is a palling amount of tippling that does not tinctly intoxicate, but saturates the prin organs and destroys them more quickly t would an occasional debauch. . . . William Gull has said that it is one of commonest things in our society for peopl be injured by drink without being drunka The injury occurs, and goes on so quietly it is very difficult to observe its access o progress." Sir Henry Thomson, F. R. says: "I have no hesitation in attributir very large proportion of some of the n painful and dangerous maladies which c under my notice, as well as those which e medical man has to treat, to the ordinary daily use of fermented drinks taken in quantity which is conventionally deemed n erate." Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson London, has more recently made a sim declaration.

Children and all others having learned God in nature warns us against alcohol, sh next be taught that God in history repeats same warning in thousands of tragedies. did Hinduism, in Old Testament times, fo wine? Why was it that Buddha, five hund years before Christ, in his fifth commandm required total abstinence of all his follow Who was it that Mohammed, also, in found the second greatest of the uninspired religi forbade wine? Had not the history of even then proclaimed that moderate drink is the straight road to drunkenness, drunkenness the door to hell? Is there significance in the fact that every drunk since history began, has intended to be on "moderate drinker?" What is a fair log inference from the fact that the Ameri churches, whose leaders of a century ago cerely believed that the teaching of "m eration" would cure drunkenness, abandoned that method ter a half century's trial, and have ever since adhered to t abstinence as the only preventive of drunkenness. Does God, then, add to the prohibition of alcoholic beverages wh he has expressed in the laws of Nature, a second giving of t law in the records of Providential History, for instance the historic fact that even men who could conquer the s mission or the admiration of nations have often been c quered by the cup which they sought to use in "moderatio

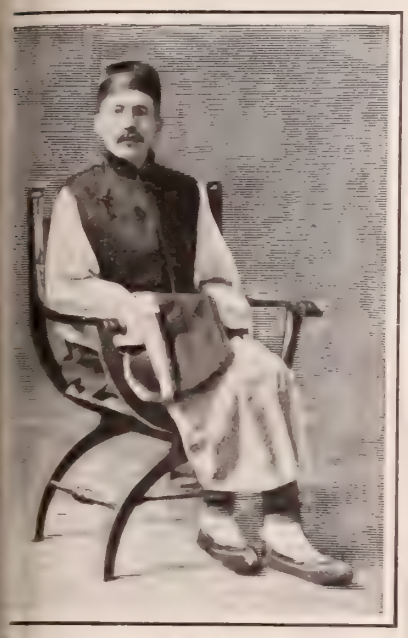
Woe unto them that draw up iniquity with cords of fa hood and sin as it were with a cart rope. This probably terprets that feeling that made a drunkard that when he walked the street, and came front of a saloon it seemed as if a rope dragging him in. The "rope" is a serpent is crushing out his life and that of his children, a mod Laocoon tragedy in real life. Laocoon was punished Apollo for marrying without that god's permission—perh also for warning the Trojans against the wooden horse fil with hostile soldiers, by which Troy was taken. It is not exposing a deadly gift, but by accepting it, that the mod Laocoon comes to his living death.

A Modern Laocoon

Let him make speed. Thus drink leads men to defiance God, about whose delayed judgments they sneer.

PREACHES IN CHINESE DRESS

HE Rev. E. E. Aiken, a missionary who lost his wife in China, is now in this country with his two children. While engaged in his work in hina, he invariably wore the native



REV. E. E. AIKEN

stume, as it gave him greater opportunies of access to the people he sought serve. He has appeared before Ameri- n audiences in the same costume. Mr. ken says the Chinese now regard the xer movement as having utterly colsed. They now entertain a kindlier ling toward Christians than they have ne at any previous time. The passing the storm of war and massacre is to be lowed by a brighter day than has yet wned upon "the land of Sinim." eaking of the Chinese people, he says: 'It could hardly be expected that a eat, ancient and conservative race uld change their religious beliefs and stoms, and adopt Christianity without struggle. In the recent uprising in rth China, we see history repeating elf; yet the power of Christianity in the rld is now so great that it does not m possible for religious persecution to to the lengths which it reached in ny former instances. Witness the way which persecution has already been pped and the wrongs of many native ristians righted through the interfer- ce of Western nations.

'Moreover, the experience of the past China has been that the war with Great itain in 1842, the war with Britain and ance in 1860, and the war with Japan 1894, each successively resulted in open- the empire far more than before to mmerce and modern civilization, as ll as to missions. The uprising of 1900, s true, differed from all that had gone fore in that it represented a tremendous pular movement in reaction against erything foreign, Christianity included. ie fact that, as such, it has totally led, must be as apparent to the Chinese emselves as it is to all the world; and, twithstanding the anarchy which still evails in some districts, there are aldy signs of beneficent results."

Beecher on the Living Book

No book has had so important and so gh a use as the Bible. It has shined in minds of past generations to guide the ys of men; to make them strong for ty, patient in suffering, upright in life, signed in death. It is the one book in ich righteousness sounds its admonins from beginning to end: . . . in which ine character is set forth as pure, e from human passion, and centered love and benevolence. The best oughts of men are expressed in the ble, and the best thoughts, best actions, st motives and feelings . . . have been ade possible by it. It is a living book, ooting out rays of light and heat into the world.

TRANSIENT TROUBLES

OF every trouble under the sun,
This truth is writ in gold,
Long ere the passing year is run,
'Twill be as a tale that is told.
You sit in the shadow and mourn to-day,
But you'll dry your eyes to-morrow;
There's never a trouble that comes to stay,
And there's ever joy after sorrow.

So lift your head, and look up to the sky,
So valiantly take the road,
There's gladness waiting you bye and bye,
Soon you will drop the load.
God sends us our troubles one at a time,
But our joys make haste in troops;
There's a place to rest, if you'll only climb,
And the coward it is that droops.

No matter how dark the present hour,
There's sunlight to follow the rain,
The barest field with bloom will flower,
And the birds come back again.
There's never a trouble that's here to stay,
You'll dry your eyes to-morrow;
You may sit in the shadow and mourn to-day
But bliss will banish sorrow.

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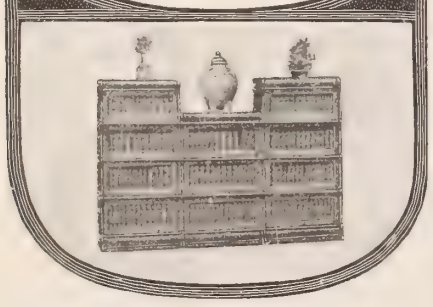

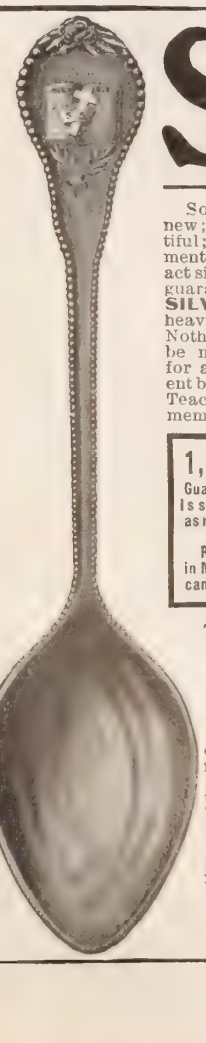

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The Great Highway*

IT was Emerson who said that "traveling is a fool's paradise," but one who reads Mr. Creelman's remarkable book, *On the Great Highway*, which has just appeared, will be inclined to disagree with the Sage of Concord. The famous war correspondent thrills and surprises his readers with a sense of the bigness of the world and the oneness of the human race. It is a great and moving book, beginning with a benediction by the Pope and ending with the beautiful dying prayer of the late President McKinley. Between these two majestic scenes stretches a brilliant world of adventure—wonderful battles, talks with kings and philosophers, and all the surprising events of a famous journalist's life.

The author takes his readers around the world through courts and camps. There are chapters on "the white shepherd of Rome," the storming of Ping Yang, the King of Corea and his hermit nation, a ride with the Japanese invaders in Manchuria, the battle and massacre of Port Arthur, the author's walks and talks with Count Tolstoi in Russia, the battle of El Caney (in which the author was wounded at the head of the storming column), a thrilling and profoundly religious description of the burials of General Grant and Gladstone, an interview with Louis Kosuth, "the Washington of Hungary," a tear-compelling story of the death of the Czar's English nurse, a talk with Sitting Bull, wonderful scenes on the firing-line in the Philippines, adventures in the Black Republic and newsgathering in a balloon. The closing chapter is a word-picture of the death of "McKinley, the Forgiving." We quote a remarkable passage:

In the afternoon of his last day on earth the President began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked Dr. Rixey to bring the surgeons in. One by one the surgeons entered and approached the bedside. When they were gathered about him, the President opened his eyes and said:

"It is useless, gentlemen; I think we ought to have prayer."

The dying man crossed his hands on his breast, and half-closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. The yellow radiance of the sun shone softly in the room.

"Our Father, which art in heaven," said the President, in a clear, steady voice.

The lips of the surgeons moved.

"Hallowed be thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

The sobbing of a nurse disturbed the still air. The President opened his eyes and closed them again.

"Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven."

A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. The sunlight died out and raindrops dashed against the windows.

"Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face and the trembling lips.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

"Amen," whispered the surgeons.

A Siberian City of Churches†

AS the feeble and halting train that brought us from Lake Baikal, following the meanderings of the swift Angara River, drew near to Irkutsk, the capital of Central Siberia, we received the impression of a small city dominated by a score of great churches. And this impression was not dissipated when we crossed the Angara on the bridge of boats that links the city with the railway on the other side and found ourselves within the city precincts.

You cannot look up without seeing a beautiful dome or spire. In the waters of the Angara the great cathedral is reflected, flanked by two other churches which in any other city of its size would be considered marvels. The principal street of the city seems to lead up to and terminate in another lofty and imposing church, while every section of the town has its own ecclesiastical buildings of lesser magnitude. Brooklyn must look out for its laurels as the City of Churches when it comes in competition with Irkutsk.

The interior of the churches is quite equal to their exterior, and they blaze with sacred pictures and icons, framed and matted in gold, so that the chief impression one gets is of walls of solid gold, chased and fretted and highly ornamented, with the face of Christ or the Virgin or some Oriental saint peering out between the shining plates.

The Russians are evidently an extremely devout and religious people. This is evidenced by their churches, which are always, both metaphorically and literally, higher than the chimneys of their factories. In the small towns along the line of the railway the church is always the one conspicuous object. The village may be, it probably is, built entirely of logs, without a single frame or brick house within its border. But the church, with its glittering dome and blue and green towers, always lifts its Greek cross skyward, and reminds the poor Moujiks that there is another world above the flat plains of Siberia.

The unabashed devoutness of the peasants tells the same story as their churches. Our fellow-travelers in the fourth-class cars from Stretinsk never omitted their morning devotions, their ablutions being an entirely secondary matter. The poorest boatman would always cross himself and bless his crust of black bread before he ate it. The soldiers with whom we journeyed for hundreds of versts, undismayed by the presence of their comrades, would every morning face the rising sun, and though they could secure no possible privacy, would, with genuine devoutness, pray for ten minutes at a time, standing bareheaded and reverential in the crowded railway car in which they were traveling. Such genuine devotion speaks well for the church which fosters it, and for the country that is peopled and defended by faithful devotees, for no nation without a religion which took strong hold of the hearts of the common people ever greatly influenced the destinies of the world.

Irkutsk has had time enough to grow, for it was founded thirty years after the *Mayflower* sailed into Plymouth harbor, and is about ready to celebrate its quarter millennial. Founded originally as a military post to withstand the attacks of wandering Tartars, its naturally advantageous situation has made it the metropolis of Siberia. It is now the seat of government of the province of Eastern Siberia, and contains something over fifty thousand inhabitants. It contains twenty-five Greek churches, substantial Catholic and Lutheran churches, and two synagogues. There are no less than forty schools, among which are seminaries for girls, military and technical schools of various kinds, so that the young idea of Irkutsk has no excuse for not learning how to shoot.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Osgood U. S. Standard Scales. An illustrated catalogue and price list, which should be in the hands of everybody who wants to buy scales for the home, the office, the freight shed or the farm. Any CHRISTIAN HERALD reader may procure a copy by addressing the Osgood Scale Company, Binghamton, N. Y.

Tom Huston's Transformation, by Margaret B. Love. This is the story of a man who, disappointed in love, lost position and influence, but who, later was redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled, and regained his place among manly and honorable men. The story shows the power, both for good and evil, of womankind, and carries a wholesome moral. Pp. 90; cloth covers, 50 cents. The Abbey Press, publishers. New York.

*From *The Great Highway*, by Mr. James Creelman, the famous journalist and war correspondent; a book replete with human interest, full of vivid description of places, peoples, and stirring events; leading experiences in a life of active journalistic service.

†From *A New Way Around an Old World*. By the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. The record of his latest journey around the globe. Copiously illustrated with photographs. Pp. 213, cloth covers. Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers.

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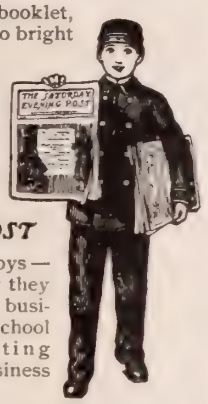

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THE INGERSOLL CHURCH

Re-opening of the Building in which the Father of the Famous Agnostic Used to Preach : : : :

SPECIAL interest attaches to a service held recently in the little church, a picture of which is here given. The building has a peculiar fame, in that it was the church in which the father of the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll used to preach. It stands in the hamlet of Hanover Green, N. Y., near Waterville. For many years it has been unoccupied, and its doors and windows have been boarded up. There are many families in the neighborhood,

INGERSOLL'S FATHER'S CHURCH

but either they have other church connections, or do not attend any church, so the old edifice, in which the notorious agnostic heard his father proclaim the truths which he spent his life in assailing, has not echoed the sound of praise and prayer for a quarter of a century. The long silence has now been broken, for a few weeks ago the building was once more crowded with eager listeners, and from the impregnable Book the Gospel message was declared within its walls.

The incident came about in connection with the work inaugurated by Mr. H. B. Gibbud, of Springfield, Mass., among the hop-pickers. Every season, for ten years past, Mr. Gibbud has arranged for Gospel services among the thousands of men and women who go to the hop gardens of Oneida and Madison Counties in New York State to gather the harvest. The evangelists travel in a wagon through the district, visiting the gardens during the day, distributing tracts and religious literature. In the evening a Gospel service is held in some centrally situated place, sometimes in a farm-house, sometimes in a barn or schoolhouse and occasionally at the crossroads in the open air. Evangelist E. C. Baker was working this season in the district, and noticing the old disused church asked permission to hold a service in it. It was readily granted, and the building was opened and cleaned. Notices were sent out that a Gospel address would be given there on Sunday afternoon. The day turned out wet and the roads were muddy, but that did not deter a large audience from assembling. Two ministers from the neighborhood came to help the evangelist. There was some hearty singing of hymns and an earnest sermon from John 3: 16. After the service there was some social talk among the neighbors, and a desire was expressed to have the historic church opened again. This was no meaningless suggestion, for a hundred dollars was contributed on the spot toward putting it in decent repair. Some of the older persons present described Dr. Ingersoll as an earnest preacher, with great power as a revivalist. All appeared delighted at the prospect of the old church being again opened and promised to support it.

The Barbados Mission

S. Antoinette Esterbrooks, Superintendent of the West India and South American Mission, at Barbados, W. I., is arranging to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the work in that country. In recent years the work has grown so materially that two halls are now rented for the purpose. There are urgent calls to extend the mission's operations to Trinidad. Any one desiring to know further concerning the work may address Mrs. Esterbrooks, at the Mission, Barbados, W. I.

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SLAVES OF APPETITE

How the Victim of the Drink Habit May be Delivered

By Mrs. M. Baxter

GOD has made men to be interdependent; seeking not every man his own, but every man another's good (I. Cor. 10: 24). If a man in his business seeks to become rich, utterly regardless of how his methods may affect other men, he is sinning against the general good, and sooner or later judgment will overtake him. The whole of the liquor trade, which is so lucrative financially, comes under this category. How will those answer at the great day of account who have become rich and lived lives of ease and luxury by the manufacture or the sale of that which fills our lunatic asylums, jails and workhouses on earth with its miserable victims?

The superintendent of a large lunatic asylum was heard to say recently that out of 2,000 inmates, the insanity of 1,400 was caused by drunkenness! In the statistics of crime, probably the percentage of victims of the drink is not much below these terrible figures; and all who visit poorhouses know how large a proportion of those who are supported by the rates levied on the industrious and sober, have become paupers through the drink. Probably two-thirds of the public money spent on jails, lunatic asylums and poorhouses might be saved if those who are getting rich on the manufacture and sale of liquor were learning, according to the apostle Paul, "to maintain good works [or honest trades] for necessary uses"; not to entice other men to sin. And if the liquor trade thus impoverishes the country and forces those who do work to maintain those who do not, how much more terrible is its result in the unspeakable ruin of immortal souls! "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink" (Hab. 2: 15).

But no man is forced to become a drunkard; each man is responsible to God for his own soul. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night until wine inflame them!" This is not woe to the great brewer, or to the distiller, or the successful saloon-keeper; that is spoken in Hab. 2: 15. Here it is, Woe to the drunkard, who lets himself be taken in this snare of the devil. He, as well as those who have made it easy for him to sin, must each one "give account of himself to God" (Rom. 14: 12). The drunkard may reproach the liquor manufacturer or seller, but he cannot carry that reproach against his fellow-sinner to the judgment bar of God. He must give account for his own sin; his own misappropriation of his own life. And the manufacturer or seller may easily retort against the reproach of his victims that if they did not patronize him so well he could not make sin so easy for them. But will he in this way meet the solemn charge of a holy God who has been warning him year after year, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink?"

But why should many a generous-hearted man or woman fall into this terrible snare. We believe many of those who are naturally kind-hearted and generous easily become a prey to the drink, for the very reason given by the prophet (Isa. 5: 12): "They regard not the work of the Lord, neither have they considered the operation of his hands." They think they have power over their own will; they do not see that the Lord alone can save them. They do not believe in their need of salvation, and therefore they do not regard the work which the Lord Jesus did for them upon the cross; and they try to keep themselves by good resolutions, when the Lord is our keeper, who can never be taken unawares, for he "shall neither slumber nor sleep"

"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure, and their glory and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it." What an ending to a misspent life! The only appropriate epitaph for such would be, "Here lies a man who has lost all." But when God renders to every man his desert, and "the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled," then the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness." He shall not do wrong; he will be glorified in the salvation of those who receive the Saviour, but he will also be glorified in the judgment of "them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ" (II. Thess. 1: 8).

God calls us to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, the dwelling-place of God. Our bodies as well as our souls are bought with a price; we are not our own, and we have no right to dispose of ourselves (I. Cor. 6: 19, 20). We belong neither to God's enemy nor to ourselves. We are God's property by creation and by redemption. Satan seeks to persuade us that we are our own, and that we have a right to the disposal of all we are and have; and it is only when we are alive to God's rights to us, so that we yield ourselves to him unreservedly that we are free from the oppressor. As soon as our will is one with God's will, and our trust is placed in him, the power of the enemy is broken, and we are free. But our only safety is in continual dependence upon and communion with him.

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"LIZA ANN"

An Episode from Real Life Among the Mountaineers

I AM sitting in the firelight. A log of green wood resting among the ashes ladens the air with perfume, and as the flames lick their prey, the sound of boiling sap is heard. I gently rub the wood, and myriads of sparks leap at my touch, reminding me of the

THE MOURNERS IN THE LOG CABIN

remark of Eliphaz: "A man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward."

There is a one-roomed log-cabin across the mountain, where for the first evening motherless children mourn. The wind moans around the chimney, the miner's lamp flickers and smokes in the fitful draughts, and poverty and grief go hand in hand in that lonely home across the mountain.

Two days ago, I sat preparing my sermon. It was to be the first sermon of its kind that the poor mountaineers had ever heard, and it must be simply told, in an interesting way. A rap on the door interrupted me, and without waiting for my invitation to enter, the door slowly opened, disclosing a ragged, starved-looking boy of about ten years of age.

"What is it?" I asked, seeing he was too frightened to volunteer any information.

"Please sir, Lizy Ann is a-dyin', an' they say fer yer ter come quick," he answered.

Not many moments passed before I was following the messenger up the steep mountain trail. After an hour's climbing, we turned to the right and entered a log-cabin, standing back among the woods.

As 'Liza Ann and I talked of the home to which she was hastening, the mountaineers who filled the room sobbed aloud. All day I sat at the bedside, and when the pain lessened, 'Liza would smile at me, and glance upward. Evening drew on, and life yet struggled for the mastery. The bare cabin looked more desolate in the shadows. The rough walls partly covered with newspapers, the articles of clothing, oil-can, boots, tobacco and dried herbs that hung from the rafters, the clumsy mantel, all helped to form a picture more barren, seemingly, than in the daylight. The room was lighted only from the fireplace, and the shadows crept up and down the walls, like evil spirits.

As night wore on, the sufferer whispered to us, asking us to sing. We gathered close about her and sang her favorites. Tears rolled down the rough faces of the mountaineers; toil-worn hands sought each other, as the music floated out on the night.

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide.

But darkness was not deepening for 'Liza Ann. Day, eternal day, was dawning, and as, with CONTINUED ON PAGE 970

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"I have since sung the praises of Postum Food Coffee on many, many occasions and induced numbers of friends to abandon coffee and use Postum, with remarkable results. The wife of a college professor said to me a short time ago that nothing had ever produced so marked a change in her husband's health as the leaving off of coffee and the use of Postum Food Coffee." Edith Smith Davis, Appleton, Wis.

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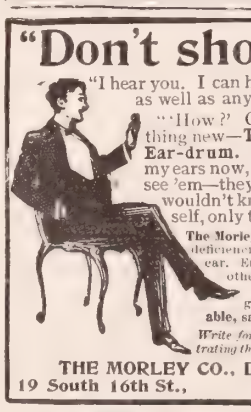

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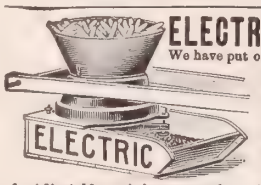

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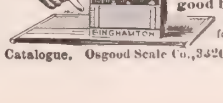

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"'LIZA ANN"

CONCLUDED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

gaze riveted on things beyond, she beheld the glories of eternity, she smiled again and again:

"Oh thet beautiful home! thet shinin' home! thet blessed home! We air all one thar!"

Poor, storm-tossed soul! There had been for her no beautiful home in this world, nothing but helpless ignorance, hard work and poverty. But all that had vanished.

One who had come up out of great tribulation and had washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb was beholding the mansion prepared for her.

A little after midnight she fell asleep in Jesus. The lines traced by years of care faded, and an expression of perfect peace took their place.

Following the custom of the mountaineers, we spent the remainder of the night in song. As the faint light of morning crept through the small window, one man stretched himself and said:

"I bet they hed a lively time ter Hinkers last night. His wife died yistidday, an' all the Hinkers come over. Ther powerful good at singin' an' I 'low they hed a lively time."

The mountaineers bury their dead as soon as possible after death, and all that was earthly of 'Liza Ann was to be laid at rest early that afternoon. As the light grew stronger, we saw that the rain was softly falling, and chilling everything it touched. A cold wind blew the moisture indoors, and we shivered as we sat around the breakfast table, eating the meal of corn pone, salt pork and black coffee.

For years 'Liza Ann had been saving a blue calico "to be laid out in," and long ago she had chosen a spot on the mountain-side, above the house, for her grave. Though still early in the morning, the cabin was soon filled to overflowing with newcomers for the funeral; some standing around gossiping, and some sewing on the blue gown. From the front of the house came the sound of hammer and saw, as the men constructed the coffin of boards and covered it with black cambric. On the hillside other neighbors were digging the grave. After the clothes had been finished and admired by friends, Bet Mosley said in a decided tone:

"I ain't never made it no rule ter dress the corpse afore I ate, an' so I'll wait tell atter dinner ter finish."

In the corner around the stove, women were preparing "drap dumplin's," chicken, corn pone and coffee, for there must be a dinner at every funeral, or people will say the mourners are stingy. The room seemed too small for all it must contain. One woman sat on the boards, holding the poor, forsaken, earthly tabernacle of 'Liza Ann. Once we all had to vacate the cabin while the men took from the rafters a board with which to finish the coffin.

After dinner, all was made ready for the photographer. One of the most cherished possessions of these mountain folk is a photograph of the departed as they lie in the coffin ready for burial. 'Liza Ann wore her blue calico, plainly made, white cotton gloves, and a black hood. Often the personal belongings are laid in the coffin, but in this instance these were omitted.

After the likeness was taken, we followed the coffin up the steep hillside. Cold rain, driven by a sharp wind, lashed our faces. The mountain peaks frowned in the gathering gloom, and mists gathered in the valley below. The rope with which to lower the coffin had been forgotten, and a mountaineer, in mud-splashed cow-hide boots, was dispatched to rob two mules of their bridle-reins to answer in its place.

The earth filled the grave to the accompaniment of wails of anguish, and I moved from one mourner to another, trying to comfort them. After the last words had been said and the last loving touches had been given to the mound, we descended the hill and made our way to our separate homes, with me going the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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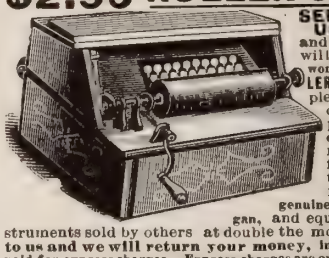

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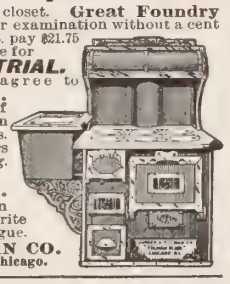

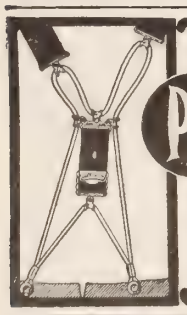

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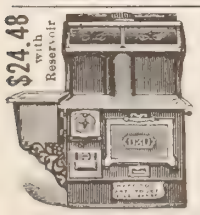

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National Blessings Involving National Responsibility and the Sleepless Vigilance of Christian Citizens

MUCH easier is it for us to offer thanksgiving to God, than it was for the people to whom the prophet addressed his words. ıe little nation, with Assyria on one side d Egypt on the other, led a harassed e. Proud, intolerant, impatient of for-ın control, the people were in constant nger of the calamity which eventually ne upon them of being torn from their loved land and carried into exile. With e prescience of far-seeing statesmen, iah and his brethren saw the inevitable wnfall approaching, and vainly strove introduce the moral and religious re-ms which might have averted it. Je-ah loved his people, they declared, d he was able to protect them, but why uld he do so, when they disregarded law and led selfish, luxurious lives? iah, Amos, Hosea, plainly told the ple of their sins, and warned them t if they persisted in them, Jehovah uld bring judgment upon them. As should say in these days, their habits re ruining the nation and undermining i strength. But a period of probation s granted them. Isaiah urges them to e advantage of it. He paints the aracter of Jehovah in glowing colors, uring them that he would forgive them l take them under his protecting care, hey would only turn to him and obey h. Their state would not only be pre-ved, but would become the greatest in t earth and the leader among all the rions.

Ve are apt to think of the history of hel as of something quite remote from and of these utterances of the prophets matters pertinent to their nation and t circumstances of the time, but of no cern to us. Yet the picture they draw the Divine government is true and Cl is the same Being now that he was hose days. We have good reason for thksgiving, but we have also good son to remember the dangers that be-a nation enjoying "fulness of bread a abundance of idleness." Our huge s, the unprecedented volume of trade, vast increase of our population and national wealth, are matters we have ight to rejoice in at our national thksgiving and we ought to make them subject of thankfulness to God. But ought, at the same time, to consider ther our lives show our consciousness ne responsibility that such prosperity ils. If we are heedless of that re-sibility, if we disregard God's law live as if our prosperity was the work ur own hands, to be used for selfish oses, God will surely punish us as a n, in some way, as he did his an-t people. Our responsibility is all the ter because of our being a self-govern-people. No chronicler can say of us e historians of Israel said, that the caused the nation to sin. In every munity, in every State and in the n at large, the popular will is su-me. If in any community unrighteous-prevails and wickedness is domi-, it is because the people desire to it so. There are few communities hich if the Christian people held to-er they would not have the deciding in the elections and could compel righteousness.

e have no occasion to glorify God, as ah did, for "making of a city a heap of a defenced city a ruin." Our lot st in happier times, and we have no nies whose downfall would arouse nal rejoicing. But we have enemies ar own ranks of whose machinations hould take heed. A right spirit of ksgiving includes an appreciation of lessings and a determination that in ime they shall not be impaired. The t now being made in many sections cularize the Lord's Day is an instance int. Our Thanksgiving includes the rvance of that day, and the ancient hets attributed the fall of Israel in part to disregard of it. If we are thankful, as we ought to be, for the weekly day of rest from secular pursuits, we ought to be the more careful that the next generation shall enjoy the same privilege, and to that end we should strenuously resist every attempt to make it a day of amusement and social entertainment. The condition of the working people in France and other European nations, in which the Lord's Day is not observed, ought to be a warning to us. Our Thanksgiving includes also gratitude for the sanctity of family life, and this, too, is menaced by the lax divorce laws of certain States, which might be repealed if the Christian citizens insisted upon it. By all means let our Thanksgiving Day be a day of national rejoicing, a day of unalloyed gratitude for the blessings which God has showered upon us; but let our joy be that of sober, intelligent men, who love our country too well to allow the enemies of God to undermine its piety and its purity.

The Man who Made Modern Japan

To write the Marquis Ito's biography, says Frederick Palmer in *Scribner's* for November, is to write the history of the country since the revolution. To read the constitution is to read him, for he draughted it. Whether out of office or in office, his has been the great dominating influence for the last twenty years. He has been as frequently the power behind the premier as the premier. Out of office or in office he has always had the ear of the Emperor. His first cabinet was from 1886 to 1889; his second, 1892–1896; his third, January to June, 1897; his fourth, October, 1900, to May, 1901. The wonder of what he has accomplished is a part with the wonder that an edict should make the lords of provinces give up their fiefs and *samvrai*, cut their queues, lay aside their swords, and face, with the masses, the problem of earning a living, when handicapped by soft hands and minds trained only to chivalrous etiquette. The modern Japan which his policy has brought forth was made possible by the religious devotion of nobles and coolies to the Emperor, which made the imperial wishes law; by the intense patriotism and the official integrity of the retainers of the Daimios, who have become the officers of the army and navy and members of the civil service. As an Occidental, I should place integrity as the first cause. When you have official servants so proud that even the postmen will not accept a Christmas present, a statesman knows that, whatever his errors of construction may be, the timbers are sound. As long as men become policemen on less than a coolie's pay for the honor of serving the Government, it will never lack for first-rate ability to fill its offices.

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*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Nov. 24. Isaiah 25: 1-8.

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T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. Editor

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1901

VOL. 24—NO. 47. PRICE, 5 CENTS
Offices: Bible House, New York

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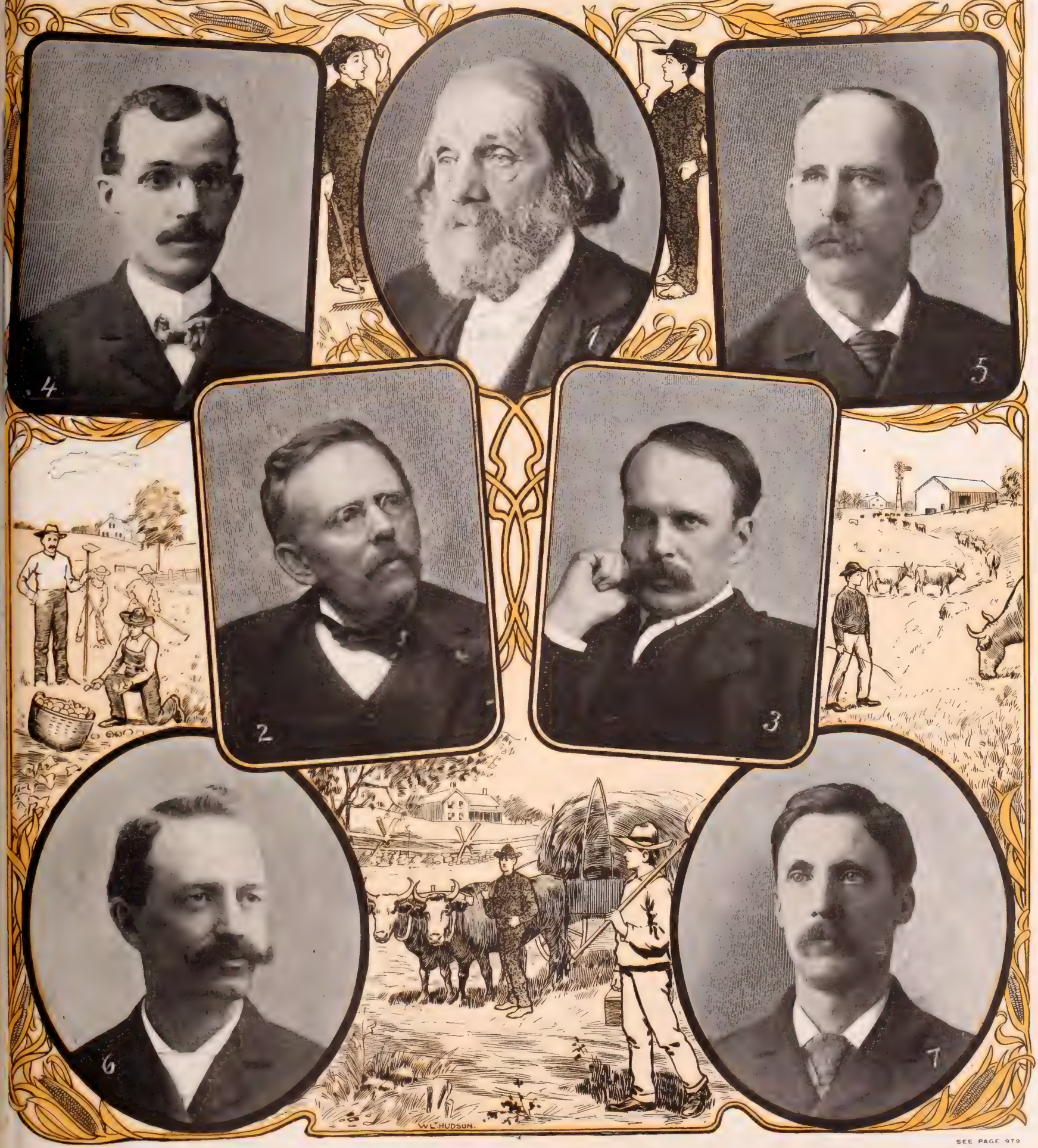
CHRISTIAN HERALD



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These Questions will be Answered Dec. 18

1. What three kings were denounced in the Old Testament in the same words and threatened with the same fate"

2. When, where and how did the custom of publicly burning mortgages or notes on churches originate" Is it of American or foreign origin?

3. Does God repent" If not, how are we to understand such passages as Gen. 6:6; Jer. 42: 10, where he is said to do so"

4. Is it better for the average young man to leave home to "see the world" or to remain steadily at home, except for occasional periods of limited travel, which do not break off his home connection?

5. Would it tend to decrease the number of divorces if all clergymen would agree not to solemnize a marriage when either of the parties had a divorced partner still living?

Questions of the Week

1. What is the significance of the frequent use of the number 40 in the Bible, and in what particular instances is the number made prominent?

While the superstition regarding the number forty may have arisen from its Scriptural use, it is supposed that it is not merely an arbitrary period, for a hint at the explanation of its origin lies in the fact that forty days approximate to a division of the early lunar year by the mystic number nine. Some of its prominent Scriptural uses are: Moses was forty days on the mount (Ex. 24: 18, etc.); Elijah, strengthened by angel food, fasted for forty days (I. Kings 19: 8); the rain of the flood fell for forty days (Gen. 7: 12); Noah opened the window of the ark after forty days (Gen. 8: 6); the spies spent forty days in searching Canaan (Num. 13: 25); Moses twice fasted and prayed for forty days (Deu. 9: 18-25); Ezekiel bore the iniquities of Judah forty days (Eze. 4: 6); Nineveh was allowed forty days to repent (Jonah 3: 4); the Israelites wandered forty years in the wilderness (Num. 34: 33); Goliath defied Saul's army for forty days (I. Sam. 17: 16); forty days was the period of embalming (Gen. 50: 3); the Lord fasted for forty days (Matt. 4: 2, etc.); the arisen Lord was seen for forty days (Acts 1: 3); the Jews were forbidden to inflict more than forty stripes (Deu. 25: 3). It is noteworthy that Jerusalem was destroyed forty years after Christ's ascension, and tradition says Jesus was forty hours in the tomb. Lent lasts for forty days, as does also quarantine. St. Swithin betokens forty days' rain, while the ancient laws concerning physicians, knights, husbands, wives, widows, sanctuary privileges, fines, etc., all cluster about this number. PHILIP F. SCHNEIDER.

Its significance is maturity or completeness. It generally symbolizes temptation as in the case of Christ in the wilderness; a solemn experience as in the sojourn of Moses in the mount; chastisement as in the wanderings of the Israelites in the desert; an interval before destruction as in Jonah's warning to Nineveh. It must not be understood as a definite figure but as a round number implying a long period. Its use in II. Sam. 15 [illegible] point. Absalom is there represented as plotting against his father. The length of life assigned to David shows that forty years could not have been occupied in such a manner. The use of the word forty in that instance is either a copyist's error, putting forty for four, or is an example of this indefinite use of the word forty. EDWARD WRIGHT.

2. What is the origin of the phrase, "Freedom of the city," and what is its present significance?

It dates back to the ancient Greek and Roman communities, where the citizens could, by vote, elect strangers to citizenship, later, when the rulers became supreme, they assumed this right. A burgess, or citizen, has ever been one who held some particular privilege in a municipal corporation. From this ancient custom it has come that magistrates throughout the United Kingdom, but more especially in Scotland, may confer the privilege of citizenship upon a person, by election of the magistrates of the burg, the burgesses taking a peculiar oath on election. The same privilege may be acquired in England, and from this comes our term, "Freedom of the city." It is now considered a mark of distinguished favor in many parts of the world, when cities are receiving visits from notable persons, either natives or foreigners, to confer upon them by election of the magistrates the privileges of citizenship. Their names are entered in a burgess list or register of municipal electors, but they are not entitled, when not resident or not carrying on business in that particular town, to exercise the municipal franchise or be inducted to the town council. Gen. Grant was elected to this privilege in London, Liverpool and Edinburgh during his tour of foreign countries. PHILIP F. S.

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3. Outside of sacred Scripture, what were the most striking instances in history of individuals being held for ransom?

King Richard I of England, on his way back from a Crusade to the Holy Land, was taken prisoner by the Emperor of Austria and held for ransom for £100,000. Twenty shillings was assessed on every knight's fee, and the clergy subscribed liberally to raise the sum. David Bruce, of Scotland, was ransomed for 100,000 marks. After the battles of St. Quintin and Gravelines, in the war between France and Spain, the ransoms due by French prisoners to the Prince of Orange and the superior commanders were estimated at two million crowns; the Duc de Longueville paid Count Horn 80,000 crowns as his ransom. King John of France, who, at the battle of Poictiers, was captured by the Black Prince, was compelled to pay £500,000 in instalments. It was during King John's imprisonment that the name "brigands" originated, being first applied to mercenaries who held Paris in the king's absence, and who made themselves notorious for their ill-behavior.

FRED. L. SAWYER.

Darius offered ten thousands talents for the ransom of his mother and his queen, and he agreed to give Alexander his daughter Statira in marriage, with all the Asiatic provinces to the westward of the Euphrates for her portion. Alaric fixed the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome, as follows: All the gold and silver in the city; all the rich and precious movables; all the slaves who would prove their title to the name of barbarians. Louis IX. of France being taken captive by Almoadin, son of Melecsala, offered one million besants in gold for the ransom of himself and his fellow-prisoners. The Brahmins begged of Mahmud to accept a ransom of ten million pounds sterling for their god, who was taken by the enemy. C. H. SCHNEPEL.

4. What was Irving's basis for the Rip Van Winkle story, and where is its counterpart to be found?

It was from the German superstition of Emperor Frederick der Rothbart and the Kypphauser Mountain, Irving drew his "Rip Van Winkle." The tradition lived from the fourteenth century until the eighteenth, before it was printed, at Bremen, as Otmar's "Volkssagen." The story tells of the sleeping Emperor Frederick, upon his ivory throne in a subterranean castle, with his head bowed upon a marble table, through which his long beard had grown. At the end of each century he awakens and asks, "Do the ravens still fly on the mountain?" and at the answer, "Yes," resumes his long sleep. His chosen knights dwell with him. A pair of lovers visited the castle, were feasted, and joyfully sent home with presents, to find they had been absent two hundred years. The second visitor (and counterpart of Rip) a goat-herd, Peter Klaus, was tending his flock, when a young man silently beckoned him to follow, and they went into a deep dell, where twelve knights were playing at skittles. Peter Klaus, seeing a can of wine, drank from it, and was overpowered with sleep. When awaking, found himself alone, and rubbing his eyes, looked about him to find, instead of his goats, new trees. Descending the mountain, he found the village altered, most of the people strangers, and his few acquaintances much older. Upon inquiry, he hears he has been away twenty years. The background of Irving's story was furnished from his intimate knowledge of the Catskill Mountains, his wanderings through Sleepy Hollow, noting the habits and customs of the villagers, and conversing with its sages and wise men. Diedrich Knickerbocker, whom he makes the author of the legend, was taken from life. HELEN F. BROCKETT.

5. What is the true definition of "martyr"? Does martyrdom imply conscious and voluntary suffering for a principle, and the positive rejection of an alternative which would avert that suffering, or can one become a martyr unconsciously?

The true definition of "martyr," is "one who dies as a witness to a principle or element of his doctrine or faith." The word is from a Greek word, through the Latin into English without being changed. It is from an old Sanskrit root, which means to remember. In the Greek, the word means a witness, but as the most frequent testimony in the early Church was by death, the word has ever since had the significance of one who dies to test [illegible] or witnesses with his blood. To consti[illegible] martyrdom for any cause, the victim mus[illegible] conscious of occupying a place which, at le[illegible] is open to the opposition of those who de[illegible] to remove him from that position. One [illegible] not be an unconscious martyr, but onl[illegible] victim. The well-known dangers attend[illegible] the high office of President of the Un[illegible] States, when agents of avowed anarchy [illegible] abroad in all lands, constitute the late lam[illegible] ed President a martyr to the principle of [illegible] derly government. The words he spoke[illegible] protect his assailant from enraged blows, t[illegible] the law might be kept in its supremacy, sh[illegible] him to have possessed the proper spirit of [illegible] votion for a martyr to lawful order. C. P.

A martyr is a witness—a witness for G[illegible] for truth and righteousness—one tried b[illegible] by action and suffering, and found faithfu[illegible] his conscience and to Christ through ev[illegible] trial. Such, at least, are those who, by [illegible] grace of God, are entitled to the name [illegible] Christian martyrs. "Unto you it is give[illegible] says Paul to the Philippians, "in the bel[illegible] of Christ, not only to believe on him, but [illegible] to suffer for his sake." Not every suffe[illegible], however, can be considered a martyr, e[illegible] though he may be a Christian, for it is p[illegible] sible that even Christians may suffer for th[illegible] own faults, and not for righteousness' s[illegible] (see I. Cor. 11: 30); but he who is persecu[illegible] and made to suffer for conscience's sake, [illegible] cause he refuses to compromise his princi[illegible] of right, though it would, without do[illegible] prove to him a temporal gain, is as assure[illegible] a martyr for the cause of truth and righteo[illegible] ness as he who gives his body to be burn[illegible] The thought would not occur in the mind [illegible] a true Christian man as to whether by do[illegible] so and so he would be considered a mart[illegible] but his first thought would be whether [illegible] would exalt or abase his Saviour by do[illegible] this thing, and by deciding in favor of [illegible] right, and being willing to suffer persecuti[illegible] if need be, he unconsciously becomes o[illegible] By usage, however, the title which belongs [illegible] faithful Christians in general, has come [illegible] modern times to be restricted to those w[illegible] suffer unto death. LEONARD NONES.

Miscellaneous Questions

Subscriber, Manor, N. W. P. 1. How many Chr[illegible] tians are there in the world? 2. Is the num[illegible] of Christians increasing as fast as the increa[illegible] of population?

1. The number of Christians in the wh[illegible] world is estimated at 501,600,000, which [illegible] cludes 240,00,000 Roman Catholics, and [illegible] 000,000 of the Greek Church. 2. If, as s[illegible] tisticians estimate, the population of t[illegible] world is 1,544,500,000, the proportion of Chr[illegible] tians is about one-third of the whole. At t[illegible] beginning of the nineteenth century, the pop[illegible] lation of the world was estimated at 437,00[illegible] 000, and the number of Christians at 200,00[illegible] 000, or 45 per cent. of the whole. The[illegible] figures would imply that Christianity, in sp[illegible] of the fact that it has more than doubled [illegible] number of adherents during the century, h[illegible] lost ground relatively; but the figures a[illegible] doubtless inaccurate. In 1800, statisticians h[illegible] no idea of the population of Africa, and but[illegible] vague idea of that of a large part of As[illegible] During the past ten years, owing to the h[illegible] vest reaped from the seed sown by the ear[illegible] foreign missionaries, the rate of increase h[illegible] been very large, and this may be expected [illegible] continue, but it is doubtful if even yet [illegible] keeps pace with the increase of population.

Mrs. W. A. J. R., Summit. Certainly not; [illegible] relation either by birth or marriage.

D. M. C., Rechburg, N. Y. Consult an oculi[illegible] No layman can advise on such matters.

Rev. A. Lewis, Edgecomb, Me., is conducting [illegible] gospel work in a rural district where religious lite[illegible] ature could be used to advantage.

M. C., Vintondale, Pa. Yes; Fanny Crosby [illegible] Mrs. Alexander Van Alstyne. She was married [illegible] 1858. Her husband was a pupil in the Institutio[illegible] for the Blind.

W. A. T. A Life of Christ, in verse, by a maste[illegible] hand, might be a great success from a litera[illegible] point of view, but could hardly be valuable on an[illegible] other ground.

R. V. C., Gloversville, Neb. We believe Divi[illegible] Providence has led this nation from the beginnin[illegible] till now, though it is beyond human power to trac[illegible] its workings infallibly.

Mrs. S. A. H., Carthage, Tex. We believe th[illegible] Mohammedans have a traditional "Tomb of Eve[illegible] but nothing is known of "the first mother" of th[illegible] race, further than what is recorded in Scripture.

Joseph O. A., Newark, Ill. 1. A surprise part[illegible] with dancing and games, is not an entertainment b[illegible] attending which a pastor will add to his spiritua[illegible] influence. 2. They are not mentioned in the Bible

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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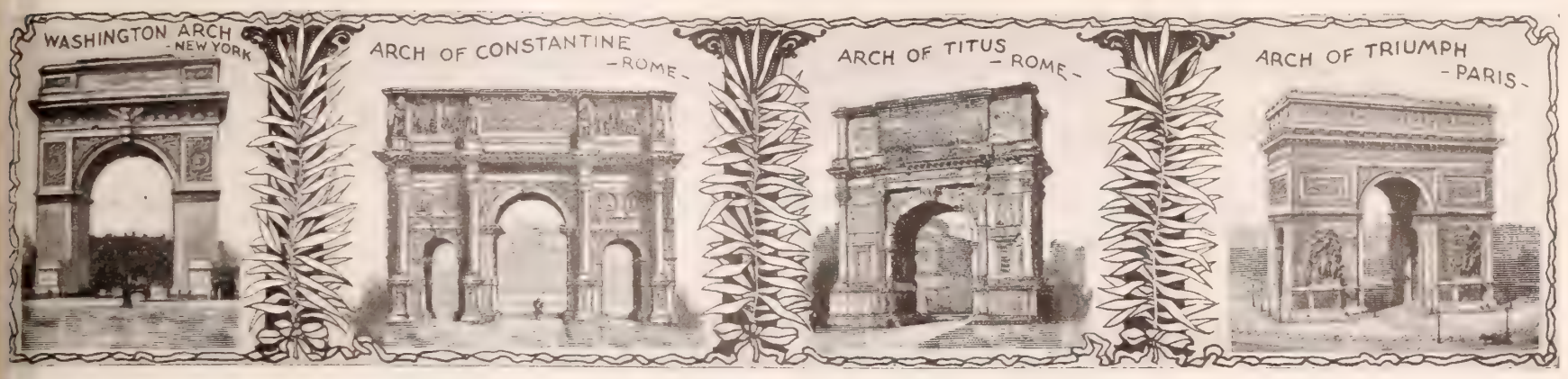


TO RAISE THE McKINLEY ARCH

The National Memorial Arch Association Organized in Washington, and Now at Work

[T is sometimes said that we Americans laud our heroes to the skies one day, and forget them the next. Yet, in the main, the great men of American history have always been remembered and enduringly honored. There are to be found in almost every State of the Union monuments of more or less importance which have been reared to the memory of some of our illustrious citizens.

There is at this time a movement on foot which, when carried to a successful termination, will stand throughout the ages as a refutation of the charge that America forgets the services of her distinguished sons. This is the William McKinley National Memorial Arch Association, which has for its object the erection of a fitting memorial to the late martyred President. Just after Mr. McKinley's funeral there was a great deal of talk about a proposed memorial to his memory. His home town of Canton immediately took steps to put the project into execution, but it was felt that there should also be one which would be more national in its character. For this reason, a committee of leading citizens of the District of Columbia organized the William McKinley National Memorial Arch Association, for the purpose of building a great National Memorial at theCapital, which would be commensurate with the dignity of the nation and befitting the life work of the distinguished President it was to honor.

The project was taken up cordially by the most prominent men in both official and private circles. President Roosevelt at once gave it his hearty support. Mr. Henry McFarland, the Commissioner of the District, who was a warm personal friend of President McKinley, accepted the appointment at the head of the Association, and inaugurated aggressive measures in starting the movement. He called a meeting of the Board of Trade of Washington, at which Mr. Gage, the Secretary of the Treasury, agreed to act as treasurer of the organization. Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, the multi-millionaire mine owner of Colorado, became its permanent secretary, and Mr. Charles J. Bell, of Washington, was made the chairman of the executive committee. It was decided to invite President Roosevelt and the members of his Cabinet to become honorary members of the Association. The Governors of the various States and Territories, the members of the Supreme Court, and a large number of prominent men and women in private life were invited to serve as national Vice-Presidents. Permanent Washington headquarters were then secured in the Kellogg Building on F street. Mr. Barry Buckley, a gentleman who has had a wide experience in undertakings of a similar nature, was made assistant secretary and placed in charge of the office. With the assistance of several clerks, Mr. Buckley is prosecuting the work of the Association and attending to the immense correspondence which now entails upon it. Commissioner McFarland has received many letters from the Governors of the States, extending thanks for the honor of being chosen as Vice-Presidents, and expressing their willingness to co-operate heartily with the committee.

Among others who have been named national Vice-Presidents are Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme Court; Bishop Anderson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Mr. J. E. Browne, Commander-in-Chief Union Veteran Legion; E. R. Campbell, Commander-in-Chief Sons of Veterans U. S. A.; John Lee Carroll, President-General Sons of the Revolution; Francis E. Clark, President United Societies of Christian Endeavor; Thomas J. Conaty, Rector Catholic University of America; R. Dryenforth, Commander-in-Chief Union Veterans' Union; Charles W. Eliot, President Harvard University; James Gibbons, Cardinal Roman Catholic Church; John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief United Confederate Veterans' Association; William R. Harper, President University of Chicago; Emil G. Hirsch, Rabbi Sinai Congregation; W. H. Hubbell, Commanderin-Chief Spanish War Veterans; David Starr Jordan, President Stanford University; F. L. Patton, President Princeton University; Henry Codman Potter, Bishop Episcopal Church; John M. Schofield, Commander-in-Chief Military Order Loyal Legion, and Eli Torrance, Commander-in-Chief Grand Army of the Republic.

In addition to these, it was decided to give the

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER, FIRST V. P. — HON. HENRY MCFARLAND, PRESIDENT — HON. LYMAN J. GAGE, TREASURER

OFFICERS OF THE MCKINLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

MR. WALSH, Secretary of Association — GEN. NELSON A. MILES, Vice-President — MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP, Third Vice-President — MRS. FAIRBANKS, National Vice-President — HON. J. W. FOSTER, Ch'm. Com. Foreign Subscriptions — MR. CHARLES J. BELL, Ch'm. Executive Committee

women of the country representation in the Association. Miss Helen Gould was made the first woman national Vice-President; Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President-General of the Children of the American Revolution; Mrs. Hearst, of California, and Mrs. Sternberg, wife of the Surgeon-General of the Army, were also appointed in this capacity.

Miss Helen Gould wrote at once saying that she was very much pleased to be appointed, that she was in the fullest sympathy with the object of the Association and should take pleasure in giving it her support. Mrs. Fairbanks and Mrs. Lothrop pledged the assistance of the Daughters and Children of the American Revolution. Other ladies will soon be identified with the work, and there is no doubt that the women of the country will do their share and more toward the erection of the arch.

A dozen or more committees have begun active operations toward raising the money for the Memorial. General Miles has charge of the Army Committee, and Admiral Dewey that of the Navy. Both of these gentlemen are giving the matter personal supervision, and expect to raise a large sum in the form of contributions among the soldiers and sailors.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, chairman of the Committee on Churches, with his accustomed vigor, addressed letters to many of his colleagues, and placed in the hands of the executive committee the names and addresses of more than one hundred thousand ministers of the different denominations. Hon. John W. Foster, as the head of the Committee on Foreign Subscriptions, has appointed an American Vice-President in all of the foreign cities where Americans are residing. Mr. Mitchell Dryenforth has charge of the Committee on Fraternal Organizations, and will appeal to every fraternal society in the United States. The labor organizations are represented by Mr. Gompers, and the patriotic ones by Mr. J. W. Douglas. The school children and the students at the universities and colleges will be given an opportunity to give by Doctor W. T. Harris, the Commissioner of Education at Washington.

Every contributor to the fund, from the smallest to the greatest, is to receive a handsomely-engraved receipt, which may be preserved as a memento of the Memorial. These certificates of receipt have been designed by Superintendent Meredith of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. They are beautifully executed, and will doubtless be cherished in many thousands of American homes through the coming years, as souvenirs of the nation's grateful testimonial to the sterling, statesman-like qualities of "the good Pre dent."

The form which the Memorial should take was d cussed for some time before a conclusion could reached. Mausoleums, sarcophagi, monuments a arches were discussed, but without result. It was last suggested that, as President McKinley had sho an earnest interest in the plan to erect a memor bridge over the Potomac River leading to Arlingt the memorial to his memory should be an arch approa ing to this bridge. This plan met with universal proval, and was adopted. As yet the design for t Memorial has not been called for, but it is understo that it will be by far the most magnificent archway this continent, and may, perhaps, be something af the style of the Napoleon arch at the Barriere Neuilly, in Paris.

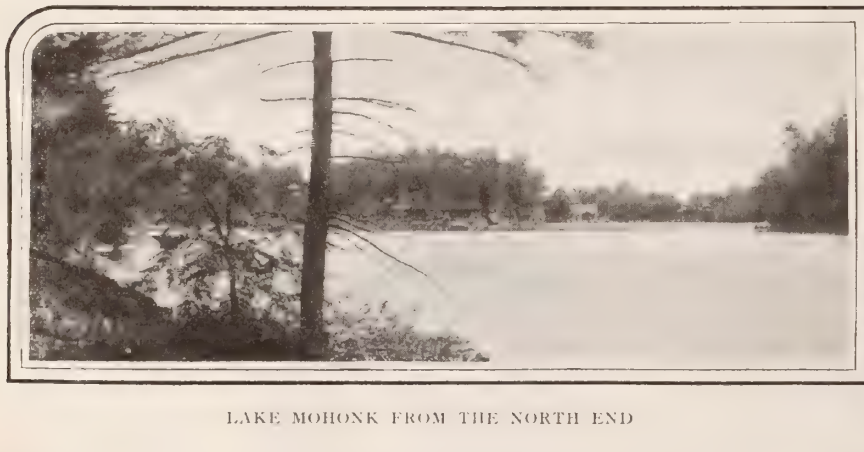
This famous Paris arch cost more than $2,000,0 but it is believed that with the $1,500,000, which t Association expects to raise for the McKinley arch, fine a one as that can now be built at Washington. is anticipated that it will require two years to ra the money and build the Memorial. When finish it will be a work of which the whole country will proud, and which will do justice to the memory the martyr-President.

ABBY G. BAKER

CHAMPIONS OF THE INDIAN

The Service Rendered by the Lake Mohonk Conference to the Indian Wards of the Nation

By... W. C. DENNIS



LAKE MOHONK FROM THE NORTH END

THE PICTURESQUE ROAD TO SKY-TOP

TIME was when the name of Indian was one of terror and hatred. Then came the time when it was one of shame. Terribly has the white man avenged the sufferings mental and physical that the red man caused his forefathers. The wrongs the Indians have suffered at our hands are a blot that can never be effaced from our fair fame as a nation. But at least we may hope that an era of justice has now set in, and that no more such wrongs can be perpetrated in future. The conscience of the nation has been aroused, and such outrages as those which occurred so lately as a quarter of a century ago would no longer be permitted. No small part of the credit for this better condition of our relations with the red man is due to the Conference which meets annually at Lake Mohonk, N. Y. That Conference has voiced the rights of the Indian, and has exposed the plots of the unscrupulous men who have robbed him of his lands and his supplies. Not wilfully has our Government wronged the red man, but it has been deceived and duped by men who sought their own advantage at his expense. His protests, even when they reached Washington, were unheeded, and he was often silent under injuries through pride or despair. Now, however, through his friends who assemble at Lake Mohonk, his situation is better understood, and he has an influential voice raised against his spoliation

Mohonk is a mountain 1,200 feet high, crowned by a lake eighty feet deep, which, in turn, is rimmed around by cliffs which culminate in the bold summit of Sky-Top, 300 feet above the lake. The mountain is part of the knife blade range called the Shawangunks, in Ulster County, N. Y. Mohonk is the Indian name for Lake of the Sky, and Shawangunk is the way to spell Shongum. The Mohonk House, romantically located at the north end of the lake, is the home of the Indian Conference. Every year since 1883, Hon. Albert K. Smiley has invited a large number of prominent men and women, in and out of public life, who were interested in the Indian question, to meet in conference at his mountain home as his personal guests. The college president, the missionary, and the politician, meet and exchange views with perfect freedom, and go away with a better understanding of each other and of the Indian. Out of this friction of ideas some important conclusions are always evolved which are embodied in the platform adopted at the close of each meeting. The Conference has thus come to be one of the most important influences in shaping the policy of the Government on Indian affairs. Since the Spanish War the Conference has devoted a portion of its time to the consideration of the condition of the inhabitants of our new possessions.

The Conference this year, which occurred on Oct. 16, 17, 18, was full of interest. Among those in attendance were: Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Cuyler, Mr. D. W. McWilliams, of Brooklyn; Dr. Frissell, of Hampton; Captain Pratt, of Carlisle; Indian Commissioner Jones, Hon. W. D. Foulke, the new member of the Civil Service Commission, Congressman Sherman, Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and nearly all the members of the board of Indian Commissioners, an unpaid body with co-ordinate authority with the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

The great object for which the Conference has always worked has been the placing of the Indian on terms of perfect equality with the white man as an American citizen, and then allowing him to work his own salvation. This policy recognizes that the Indian as a race is doomed; it seeks to save him as an individual. For years the policy of the Government was just the contrary of this. We herded the Indian on reservations; we made treaties with the tribes as with foreign nations; we denied him American law and American citizenship. Now all is changed. We make no more treaties with Indians; federal law is partially extended to the reservations, and last and best, under the provisions of the Dawes bill, the President has the power to allot the tribal lands in severalty, and each allottee becomes an American citizen. When the allotment is complete and the trust funds held by the Government paid over, the Indian question will have disappeared. Allotment is made at the discretion of the President, and so liberally has the power been exercised, that, in the opinion of many, it has proceeded too rapidly. Citizenship, many believe, has been thrust on the Indian, as on the negro, before he was ready for it. But the situation on the whole is distinctly hopeful, and the Conference is able to declare in its latest platform: "The nineteenth annual session of the Lake Mohonk Indian Conference congratulates the country on gratifying evidence of healthy progress and important results attendant upon efforts that have been put forth in recent years for the education and elevation of the Indian races. These are seen in a federal school system providing for the education of upwards of 25,000 Indian children, and the allotment of over 6,500,000 acres of land to over 55,000 Indians with a secure individual title; and in the possession of these Indians of all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizenship. We note with special satisfaction the action of the Department of the Interior since our last meeting, in issuing regulations for licensing and solemnizing marriages of Indians a preventing polygamous marriages."

Notwithstanding all that has been done, there is mu still to do. At present the spoils system is perhaps t greatest obstacle to the disappearance of the agen and to the successful management of the agency wh it still exists. The appointment of agents has be farmed out among the Senators from the States which the agencies exist. The platform contains strong appeal to President Roosevelt to put a stop this abuse. There is the more hope of the appeal ing successful, because Mr. Roosevelt attended the C ference in 1892, and thoroughly understands the Indi situation.

Another very important question that I can only o line in such an article as this, is the question of wa and means of Indian education. We have to ask o selves whether the unit of effort should be the tribe, t family, or the individual; should the school be taken the Indian, or the Indian taken away from his ho surroundings and brought to the school? Almost admit that the Indian can be best approached (speaki purely from an educational standpoint) from his religio side. Again, the Indian who has no moral atmosph at home needs a different education from the white m who has. He needs to have this atmosphere furnish in the school. But we do not believe in this country anything that looks like a union of church and Sta hence the efficiency of our Government schools in s plying this needed religious environment is diminish All the contract denominational schools have given Government aid except Hampton.

There is great need for more religious training. H shall we give it? Some say, with Captain Pratt, t there should be no such thing as a non-religious g ernment school. Some say the only remedy lies greater activity on the part of the churches. The C ference adopted the following conservative declaratio "This Conference puts itself on record as believing schools both in Indian neighborhoods and at a distan from them; the proportion to be maintained betwe the two must be left to be arranged from time to ti by experience. The eventual result to be reached the abolition of all distinctively Indian schools and incorporation of the Indian pupils in the schools of country." . . . . The Christian religion is the basis Christian civilization, and the new opportunities open before the American people, and the new responsib ties laid upon them, demand the co-operation of Christian churches in an endeavor to indulcate t principles and impart the spirit of the Gospel of Chris

A Mission of Flowers and Fruit

The Work of a Band of Christian Women in the Hospitals and Homes of the Sick Poor

"BEAR ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." The practical working out of this divine precept is the inspiration of "The Flower and Fruit Mission," connected with Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, West 104th Street. The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, the pastor, with the Rev. Charles Howard Cookman, as assistant minister, fully endorse this agency for doing Christ's work. The object of the Mission is to receive contributions of bread, groceries, clothing, medicine, and offerings of flowers and fruit, and to distribute them in the homes of sickness and poverty, or in hospitals and homes for aged people. Mrs. Low is Superintendent of the work, aided by her assistants Mr. Smith, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Wm. Rhodes. Miss Areson is Chairman of the "Mercy and Help" Department, aided by Miss Townsend, of the W. C. T. U. Department. These leaders meet every Thursday morning in the Vestry of Grace M. E. Church to receive the gifts. The generous responses from loving hearts to the appeal from The Flower and Fruit Mission have enabled the workers to distribute thousands of bouquets of flowers, besides much fruit, clothing and necessary supplies. All these things have gone into homes of sickness and poverty, and where God has said to some loved one "Come apart and rest awhile"—a card with a printed text of Scripture is tied upon each bouquet of flowers, which will bear a message of love and cheer to the "Shut-in."

SOME OF THE WORKERS OF THE FLOWER AND FRUIT MISSION

It is a beautiful sight to see these Christian women start out on their mission of love, each carrying a large basket of flowers and fruit. In the hospital wards many eyes brighten as these workers go from bed to bed leaving fragrant gifts to greet the invalids.

One of these ministering women writes: "We have seen the gates of opportunity open at our very feet this summer and autumn, and we stand amazed. It is easy to see how a simple bunch of flowers, put in the hand of some sick one, gives the opportunity to speak a word for Jesus, and by the sympathetic touch to win a soul."

A very touching scene is recorded of a dying woman, who said, as the flowers were laid on her bed: "Please put one on my breast until I have passed away." Within an hour she died.

A young mother, wasted to a skeleton by consumption, was visited. Her baby, seven weeks old, lay in the next room to her, pale and weak, with but little life left in its frail body. She had sent for these Christian women, who prayed with her and pointed her to Christ. In a few days she was greatly changed, and her face was like a sunbeam. She had accepted Jesus, and felt willing to die.

The next night her gentle spirit had obtained release. These are but a few of many similar scenes brought to the attention of these ministering women. Their beneficent work is not confined to Grace Church alone, but reaches out to the needy and neglected of the whole community.

The Flower Mission will gladly receive any gifts intended for the sick, and the donors will have the satisfaction of knowing that they bring sunshine into weary hearts and homes. Such aids to the work of the Mission will be gladly acknowledged by Mrs. Low, Grace M. E. Church, West One Hundred and Fourth street, New York City.

FAMINE-SWEPT SHENSI

Nearly One Third of the Population Dead, the Officials Estimate — "The Christian Herald" Relief Welcomed

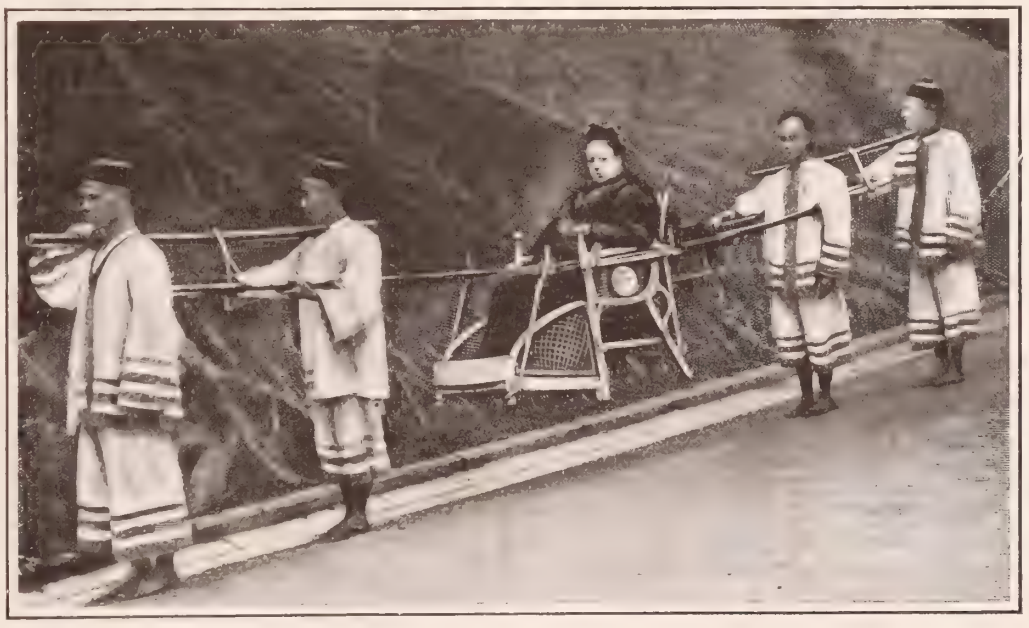
DR. M. B. DUNCAN, the missionary who carried to the starving people of Shensi the relief contributed through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has sent the following letter, which will be read with deep interest by all who have aided the relief movement:

H'SIAN, SHENSI, Sept. 6.

Dear Friends: You will be pleased to have a letter as to how we got on when we came here. I need not go into the particulars of the journey from T'ai-yuan, further than to say that all along the way we were received as the guests of the Government and well treated. We stayed in kung-kuans in almost every place, and, with one exception, were well received. We bought our own chairs in T'ai-yuan, and we had bearers, pullers and escort distributed at every stage by the officials, as we came along. The usual number of the procession was made up as follows: First, the five cavalrymen from T'ai-yuan, who accompanied us all the way and served us splendidly, even after we arrived in H'sian-fu: then there were twenty-four bearers, eight for each chair; twelve pullers, four for each; six men sent to accompany from each h'sien, and always two or more foot soldiers, besides a few cavalrymen usually sent from the various camps along the route. Thus our troops numbered in all usually forty to seventy—a rather imposing following.

There was a regular *furore* before our arrival, as it was reported that the foreigners were coming with a large following of foreign soldiers. After it became known that we only numbered three, and that our escort was Chinese, the fears were allayed. On entering Shensi, we were much concerned as to the reception that awaited us, but our fears were speedily dismissed when, on our arrival at the T'ur-Kuan Pass, the whole of the officials turned out to meet us. The Tao-T'ai was particularly frank, and as he was the private secretary of Yung Lu for some considerable time, we took heart again that the previous record in Shansi would be sustained in Shensi. Nor were we disappointed, for all the five days to H'sian from the Pass, we were well received, and the officials seemed even more cordial than those east of the river.

On reaching H'sian, we were met by a runner sent by the two H'sian officials to conduct us to the house prepared for us near the Fut'ai yamen. Immediately we arrived, the district magistrates came to call, and we began the round of return visits that continued till yesterday, when we finished off with the officials of the Wai Wu-Pu—the new foreign office—Wang-Wen-Shao and Chu-Hung-Chi. The seven highest officials, from the Governor downwards, invited us to a feast. It was a semi-foreign spread, in that the tables were placed together and covered with a white cloth, but the food was Chinese, only of the first and sumptuous kind.



A MISSIONARY TRAVELING IN A CHAIR CARRIED BY CHINESE COOLIES

The present Governor of H'sian has been to Russia and Berlin, so he has been compelled to outgrow the ordinary Tartar limitations.

There cannot be any question but that all officials of any worth are exceedingly anxious that the Court return to Peking. It is equally clear that the reactionists would prevent it if they could, and that they dread the domination of foreign influence.

The facts regarding the famine are hard to determine with accuracy. The testimony of these officials, who even wish to minimize its horrors, is that at least **thirty per cent. of the population throughout the province has perished.** Official relief was stopped at the end of the sixth moon (middle of August), but the distress continues, and will persist till the autumn harvest has been gathered. The prospects are fair. Even the abundance of an autumn crop will not end the distress, for many are now living on grain borrowed on the growing crop, which many will have consumed before it be gathered. The work of relief with the funds of the American CHRISTIAN HERALD scheme has now begun.

In H'sian City alone, according to reliable investigations, there are some 50,000 destitute, including those in the Government refuges, who are now without means of support, since the official relief has been stopped. The Governor has kindly offered every assistance, and at present the Tam T'ai, who had the charge of Government relief, is now working in co-operation with Dr. Smith and Mr. Duncan in organizing relief. Within a few days, some 60,000 taels will be transformed into bread. The method adopted is as follows: The lists of the needy are revised, and then relief given to cases verified by those deputed both by the Government and by the foreigners. The relief has been both timely and beneficial. In order to secure promptness in the distribution, the Governor promised to make up any deficiency, should the funds be insufficient to place in the hands of all the poorest a sum of not less than $1.00 at once. Some do not like the idea of the foreigners being the dispensers of charity, but the starving poor have no such scruples. It is significant of the direness of the need that the Governor has been allowed, by edict of this day (Sept. 6) to extend the limit for the purchase of degrees at reduced rates for another year, that fundsmay be raised to help.

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THE AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

HOPE

TEXT—HEBREWS 6: 19: "Which hope"

THERE is an Atlantic ocean of depth and fullness in the verse from which my text is taken, and I only wade into the wave at the beach, and take two words. We all have favorite words expressive of delight or abhorrence—words that easily find their way from brain to lip; words that have in them mornings and midnights, laughter and tears, thunderbolts and dew-drops. In all the lexicons and vocabularies there are few words that have for me the attractions of the last word of my text, "Which hope."

There have in the course of our life been many angels of God that have looked over our shoulders, or met us on the road, or chanted the darkness away, or lifted the curtains of the great future, or pulled us back from the precipices, or rolled down upon us the rapturous music of the heavens, but there is one of these angels who has done so much for us, that we wish throughout all time and all eternity to celebrate it—the Angel of Hope. St. Paul makes it the centre of a group of three, saying: "Now abideth faith, hope, charity," and though he says that charity is the greatest of the three, he does not take one plume from the wing, or one ray of lustre from the brow, or one aurora from the cheek, or one melody from the voice of the angel of my text: "Which hope."

That was a great night for our world when in a Bethlehem caravansary the Infant Royal was born, and that will be a great night in the darkness of your soul when Christian hope is born. There will be chanting in the skies, and a star pointing to the Nativity. I will not bother you with the husk of a definition and tell you what hope is. When we sit down hungry at a table, we do not want an analytical discourse as to what bread is. Hand it on; pass it round; give us a slice of it. John speaks of hope as a "pure hope." Peter calls it a "lively hope." Paul styles it a "good hope," a "sure hope," a "rejoicing hope," All up and down the Bible it is spoken of as an anchor, as a harbor, as a helmet, as a door.

Unlimited Supplies

When we draw a check on a bank we must have reference to the amount of money we have deposited, but hope makes a draft on a bank in which for her benefit all heaven has been deposited. Hope! May it light up every dungeon, stand by every sick bed, lend a helping hand to every orphanage, loosen every chain, caress every forlorn soul, and turn the unpictured room of the almshouse into the vestibule of heaven. How suggestive that mythology declares that when all other deities fled the earth the goddess Hope remained.

It was hope that revived John Knox, when on shipboard, near the coast of Scotland, he was fearfully ill, and he was requested to look shoreward and asked if he knew the village near the coast, and he answered, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify his holy name in the same place." His hope was rewarded, and for twenty-five more years he preached. That is the hope which sustained Mr. Morrell, of Norwich, when departing this life at twenty-four years of age he declared, "I should like to understand the secrets of eternity before to-morrow morning." That was the kind of hope that the corporal had in the battle, when, after several standard-bearers had fallen, he seized the flag and turned to a lieutenant-colonel and said, "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ, and that I am glad to give my life for my country." That was the good hope that Doctor Goodwin had in his last hour, when he said, "Ah, is this death? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend!"

Philip de Morney, Prime Minister of Henry IV., when asked in his last hours whether he was certain of eternal felicity, replied, "I am as confident of it from the incontestability of the spirit of God as ever I was of any mathematical truth from all the demonstrations of Euclid." That was the hope that cheered Vara, the converted native of the island of Aimeo, when he said in his last moment, "The canoe is on the sea: sails are spread; she is ready for the gale. I have a good pilot to guide me, and a good haven to receive me."

No better medicine did a man ever take than hope. It is a stimulant, a febrifuge, a tonic, a catholicon. Thousands of people, long ago departed this life, would have been living to-day but for the reason they let hope slip their grasp. I have known people to live on hope after one lung was gone and disease had seemed to lay hold of every nerve and muscle and artery and bone.

Alexander the Great, starting for the wars in Persia, divided his property among the Macedonians. He gave a village to one, a port to another, a field to another, and all his estate to his friends. Then Perdiccas asked: "What have you kept for yourself?" He answered triumphantly: "Hope." And whatever else you and I give away, we must keep for ourselves hope—all-comforting, all-cheering hope. In the heart of every man, woman and child that hears or reads this sermon may God implant this principle right now.

Many have full assurance that all is right with the soul—they are as sure of heaven as if they had passed the pearly panels of the gate, as though they were already seated in the temple of God unrolling the libretto of the heavenly chorister. I congratulate all such; I wish I had it, too—full assurance—but with me it is hope. "Which hope." Sinful, it expects forgiveness. Troubled, it expects relief. Bereft, it expects reunion. Clear down, it expects wings to lift. Shipwrecked, it expects lifeboat. Bankrupt, it expects eternal riches. A prodigal, it expects the wide-open door of the father's farm-house. It does not wear itself out by looking backward.

It Always Looks Forward

What is the use of giving so much time to the rehearsal of the past? Your mistakes are not corrected by a review. Your losses cannot, by brooding over them, be turned into gains. It is the future that has the most for us, and hope cheers us on. We have all committed blunders, but does the calling of the roll of them make them any the less blunders? Look ahead in all matters of usefulness. However much you may have accomplished for God and the world's betterment, your greatest usefulness is to come. "No," says some one, "my health is gone." "No," says some one, "my money is gone." "No," says some one, "the most of my years are gone, and therefore my usefulness." Why, you talk like an infidel. Do you suppose that all your capacity to do good is fenced in by this life? Are you going to be a lounger and a do-nothing after you have quit this world? It is my business to tell you that your faculties are to be enlarged and intensified and your qualifications for usefulness multiplied ten-fold, a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold.

Is your health gone? Then that is a sign that you are to enjoy a celestial health compared with which the most jocund and hilarious vitality of earth is invalidism. Are your fortunes spent? Remember, you are to be kings and queens unto God; and how much more wealth you will have when you reign forever and ever! I want to see you when you get your heavenly workdress on. This little bit of a speck of a world we call the earth is only the place where we get ready to work. We are only journeymen here, but will be master-workmen there. Heaven will have no loafers hanging around. The Book says of the inhabitants: "They rest not day nor night." Why rest when they work without fatigue? Why seek a pillow when there is no night there? I want to see you after the pedestrianism of earth has been exchanged for power of flight, and velocities infinite, and enterprises inter-stellar, inter-world.

I suspect that the telescope of that observatory brings in sight constellations that may comprise ruined worlds which need looking after, and need help saintly and missionary. There may be worlds that, like ours, have sinned and need to be rescued, perhaps saved by our Christ, or by some plan that God has thought out for other worlds as wise, as potent, as lovely as the atonement is for our world. The laziness which has cursed us in this world will not gain the land of eternal activities—so much tonic in the air, so much inspiration in the society, so much achievement after we get the shackles of the flesh forever off. Do not dwell so much on opportunities past, but put your emphasis on opportunities to come. Do not count the battles lost, but scour your musket for victories to come.

New Powers and Opportunities

Am I not right in saying that eternity can do more for us than can time? What will we not be able to do when our powers of locomotion shall be quickened into the immortal spirit's speed? Why should a bird have a swiftness of wing when it is of no importance how long it shall take to make its aerial way from forest to forest, and we, who have so much more important errand in the world, get on so slowly? The roebuck outruns us; the hounds are quicker in the chase, but wait until God lets us loose from all limitations and hinderments. Then we will fairly begin. The starting post will be the tombstone. Leaving the world will be graduation day before the chief work of our mental and spiritual career. Hope sees the doors opening, the victor's foot in stirrup for the mounting. The day breaks—first flush of the horizon. The mission of hope will be an everlasting mission, as much of it in the hea hereafter as in the earthly now. Shall we have g all as soon as we enter realms celestial—nothing to learn, no other heights to climb, no new anthe raise, a monotony of existence, the same thing ove over again for endless years? No! More progre that world than we ever made in this. Hope will on the hills of heaven and look for ever-bright landscapes, other transfigurations of color, new g rolling over the scene, new celebrations of victori other worlds, heaven rising into grander heavens of glass mingled with fire, becoming a more bri glass mingling with a more flaming fire. "Which h

Lost Ones Restored

Now let me introduce this feeling into the liv some who are at times hopeless. There is a f whose son has gone wrong. Father and mother about given him up, he seems so headlong, so ung ful, so dissipated, and the old folks do not know ha story of moral precipitation. He has ceased wi home, but they hear of him through people whc to carry bad news, and every time the report is deplorable. He swears, he gambles, he drinks, he into all the shambles of sin. His former employer there is no hope for him, and all outside the f agree in thinking he will never reform. The fathe mother have not quite given him up, and these w are to strengthen their hope. That boy is going to back. You have a hold on him that you must not Through prayer you may win the eternal God for side of the struggle. You must enlist all the hea dominions, cherubim, and seraphim, and archang the movement to save your son. Some day or night he will call a halt to his infamous prac Something will happen to him, as happened in a York hotel to a son of one of the most distingui clergymen of Scotland and one of the Queen's chapl "When can I see you?" said a distinguished loc young man at the close of one of my services in Broc Tabernacle. I said, "You can see me now." He "No; I want a private conversation with you at own house. When can I come?" I said, "To-mo night." "Your name," I asked. He gave me his n the exact name of his father, whose name was k and is known through the Christian world, though ago he departed this life. Returning home, I took book of which his father was the author, and ir picture at the opening of the book I found tha young man had most markedly his father's feat So I was sure there was no deception.

Family Reunions

On the following evening he came. He said th was the black sheep of the family flock. He had dered the world over, and been in all kinds of wic ness, but a few nights before, after reading a l from his mother in Scotland, he had retired for s but in the adjoining room he heard some young me such horrible conversation he could not sleep. He shocked, as he had never before been, by the tal bad men. He arose, struck a light, took out the l from his mother, and knelt down by his bedside said: "O, Lord, God of my mother, have merc me!" He said that since that prayer he was ent changed, and loved what he before hated, and h what he before loved, and asked what I thought i meant. I replied: "You have become a Christian." said he might be called at any time to leave the cit never saw him again, but it seemed to me that he turned his back upon his wicked past and had sta in the right direction. And it may be so with your Write him often. Tell him how you are all thinkin him at home, and, it may be, your letter in hand may call upon his mother's God to help and save l Hope! you of the gray hairs and wrinkles. Hea has its thousands of souls who were once as thorou wrong as your boy is. They repented, and they with the old folks in the healthy air of the eternal where they have become young again. Hope on, though you may never hear of your son's reformat and others may think he has left this life hopel who knows, but that in the last moment, after he ceased to speak and before his soul launches av your prayer may have been answered, and he be on the first to meet you at the shining gate. The prod in the parable got home and sat down at the feast, w the elder brother, who never left the old place, st pouting at the back door and did not go in at all.

To another class of persons I introduce the ange hope, and they are the invalids. Perhaps after watching, or overwork, or towering grief, your nerv system is ruined. Perhaps you have a hidden disor that the world knows nothing about, and which you

SAVING THE BOYS

SEE PORTRAITS ON FIRST PAGE

Leaders in the Movement for Helping and Training the Men of To-morrow in Conference in Boston

STORIES of the work being done in various cities for the welfare of the boys of our country have appeared in this journal at different times. The work is one of the most useful and hopeful in the whole sphere of philanthropy, and is doing more than any other to advance our national interest in the next generation. A wise step was taken recently in bringing together the men who are the acknowledged leaders in the movement. The meeting was held in Boston, Mass., under the presidency of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who has from the beginning taken a deep interest in the movement. The object was a comparison of the methods adopted for bringing the boys under good influence, and the discussion of details of the work. Our readers are already familiar with the plans which have been carried out by the workers in the Boys' Clubs, and these were fully described and endorsed at the meeting. All the reports showed that the work was appreciated by the boys, and that a marked improvement in their manners and their character had been observed wherever a Boys' Club had been established. Among the leaders present were Jacob Riis, author of *The Children of the Poor;* Rev. William H. Cuddeback, of Detroit, Mich., whose work among boys has won for him the name of "The Boy's Pastor;" Mr. Thomas Cochrane, Superintendent of the famous Boys' Club, of Fall River; Prentiss A. Jordan, Superintendent of the Pittsfield, Mass., Boys' Club; George W. Hinckley, Founder and Superintendent of the great work for boys at Good Will Farm, East Fairfield, Maine; Mary E. Cragie, President of the Brooklyn Public Library Association; Charles W. Birtwell, of the Boston Children's Aid Society; Henry F. Burt, head of Boys' Clubs in Chicago Commons; Hugh F. Fox, President of the New Jersey State Board of Children's Guardians; Frank S. Mason, of the Bunker Hill Boys' Club; Samuel V. Dike, Secretary of the National Society for the Protection of the Family.

Mr. Jacob Riis was able to give the meeting the history of the Boys' Club of New York, the origin of which he describes so eloquently in his famous book. It was probably the first Boys' Club in America and it is now in possession of the finest building of its kind in the whole country. It is just completed, and with its furnishing cost about a quarter of a million dollars. Mr. Thomas Chew related the history of the Boys'

THE BOYS' CLUB AT FALL RIVER, MASS.

Club of Fall River, Mass., of which he is superintendent. The club, from a very small beginning, has grown to a membership of one thousand, and has a building, the gift of Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of New York, which cost $85,000.

The Good Will Club, for boys, in Hartford, Conn., was founded some years ago by Miss Mary Hall, and it is still under her supervision. It has a membership of more than 700, and its home is in the buildings once used as a school for girls by Catherine Beecher.

The Pittsfield (Mass.) Boys' Club, of which Mr. Prentiss A. Jordan is superintendent, has a membership of more than five hundred small and large boys, who find the pleasant rooms of the club a far better place than the street as a place in which to spend their evenings.

The Boys' Brotherhood of Philadelphia is an organization of which Dr. Edwin J. Houston is president, its object being to direct the physical, mental and moral development of boys and lead them to Christ. It has a brotherhood house, in which the boys find the very best of Christian influence.

The work of the George Junior Republic, for boys, at Freeville, N. Y., is too well known to need any detailed description here.

A very much older work of a somewhat similar kind is the Thompson's Island Farm School for Boys, in Boston Harbor. It teaches scientific farming, and it was founded nearly one hundred years ago, and its superintendent is Mr. Charles H. Bradley.

The story of Good Will Farm for poor boys, at Fairfield, Maine, has already been described in this journal. Mr. George W. Hinckley, the founder, was the originator of the Good Will Farm movement, and he is still superintendent of the work at Fairfield. Many hundreds of boys have been made better during the progress of the work, which, from a very small beginning, has developed into one of the most important organizations for boys in America. The work is not confined to boys alone, for there is a cottage for girls, and another one is being built.

Some of these institutions were founded for the reclamation of boys who had already gone astray, but their chief glory is in the fact that, in providing a meeting place and wholesome amusement, they have given the boy's life a right impetus and direction before the evil influences of the street have gained a power over him. All honor to the men who are devoting their lives to this noble purpose. We sincerely hope that their recent meeting has given them encouragement in their self-sacrificing labors, and imparted new inspiration.

HOPE

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

...with any delicacy speak of. Perhaps it may be a rheumatism that distorts and inflames, or a neuralgia that runs its sharp knife along the temples of your head. Perhaps insomnia keeps you as wide awake at twelve o'clock at night as at twelve o'clock at noon, and hour after hour, like one in the Bible times, you cry: "Would God it were morning."

I cannot take the diagnosis of your disorder, but let me cheer you with one of two thoughts. Such marvelous cures are being wrought in our day through medication and surgery that your invalidism may yet be entered. Persons as ill as you have got well. Cancer and tuberculosis will yet give way before some new discovery.

But if you will not take the hand of hope for earthly convalescence, let me point you to the perfect body you may yet to have if you love and serve the Lord. Death will put a prolonged anæsthetic upon your present body, and you will never again feel an ache or pain, and then in his good time you will have a resurrection body, about which we know nothing except that it will be painless and glorious beyond all present appreciation. What must be the health of that land, which never feels cut of cold or blast of heat, and where there is no east wind sowing pneumonias on the air, your fleetness greater than the foot of deer, your eyesight clearer than eagle in sky—perfect health, in a country where all the inhabitants are everlastingly well! You who have in your body an encysted bullet ever since the Civil War! You who have kept alive only by precautions and self-deals and perpetual watching of pulse and lung! You of the deafened ear and dim vision and the severe backache! You who have not been free from pain for ten years! How do you like this story of physical reconstruction, with all weakness and suffering subtracted and everything jocund and bounding added?

I do not have anything to do with the gloom that Harriet Martineau expressed in her dying words: "I have no reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one, and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated." Would you not rather have the Christian enthusiasm of Robert Hall, who, when some one said, "I will be satisfied if I manage somehow to get into heaven," replied, pointing to a sunken vessel that was being dragged up the river Tay: "Would you like to be pulled into heaven with two tugs like that vessel yonder? I tell you I would like to go in with sails set and colors flying."

Again, let me introduce the element of hope to those good people who are in despair about the world's moral condition. They have gathered up appalling statistics. They tell of the number of divorces, but do not take into consideration that there are a thousand happy homes where there is one of marital discord. They tell you of the large number in our land who are living profligate lives, but forget to mention that there are many millions of men and women who are doing the best they can. They tell you the number of drunkeries in this country, but fail to mention the thousands of glorious churches with two doors—one door open for all who will enter for pardon and consolation, and the other door opening into the heavens for the ascent of souls prepared for translation.

Those pessimists do not realize that two inventions of our times are going to make it possible under God to bring this whole world into salvable and millennial condition within a few weeks after those two inventions shall be turned into the service of God and righteousness, as they will be. I refer to the telegraph and the telephone. If you think that God allowed those two inventions to be made merely to get rapid information concerning the price of railroad stocks, or to call up a friend and make with him a business engagement, you have a very abbreviated idea of what can be done and will be done with those two instruments. The intelligence of the world is to be expanded, and civilization will overcome barbarism, and illiteracy will be extirpated, and the promise will be literally fulfilled—"A nation born in a day."

Let Hope say to the foreboding: "Do all you can with Bible and spelling book and philosophic apparatus, but toil with the sunlight in your faces, or your efforts will be a failure. The pallor in the sky is not another phase of the night, but the first sign of approaching day, which is as sure to come as to-night will be followed with to-morrow. Things are not going to ruin. The Lord's hosts are not going to be drowned in the Red Sea of trouble. Miriam's timbrel will play on the high banks "Israel Delivered." High hope for the home! High hope for the church! High hope for the world!

I introduce the Angel of Hope to those who have through decease lost Christian friends. "How could I find them," says a bereft soul, "up there in the land of the multitudinous?" You may find them by inquiry, by heavenly escort, and by unfailing memory of the guard at the gate. "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels." So you see there will be an angel guarding each gate. As you go in ask the armed guard. He saw your loved one pass through, and will know the direction to take, and by what fountain or in what street of gold is the mansion prepared. The blessed Christ knows where your departed loved one is, and he will tell you it no one else will. Fifty ways of finding out the whereabouts of your ascended one. "But will I surely know him when I get there, for he will be so changed?" Yes; for you will be just as much changed, and the old affinity will assert itself. The soul will be as easily distinguished by soul there as on earth the body is distinguished by the body.

Open that closed instrument of music in your parlor that has not been played on since the hand of the departed player forgot its cunning. Put up before you on the music board the notes of the hymn of Isaac Watts and sing "There is a Land of Pure Delight"; or James Montgomery's hymn, "Who Are These in Bright Array"; or Filmore Bennett's "Sweet Bye and Bye"; or "Jerusalem the Golden." Take some tune in the major key—"Ariel" or "Mount Pisgah." While you play and sing the Angel of Hope will stand by you and turn the leaves and join in the rapturous rendering. Reunion with the loved and lost! Everlasting reunion! No farewell at the door of any mansion! No good-by at any of the twelve gates! No more dark apparel of mourning, but white robe of exaltation! Hope now is on its knees with face uplifted, but Hope there will be on tiptoe or beckoning you to follow, saying: "Come and hear the choirs sing! Come and see the procession march! Come and see the river of life roll! Come with me over the hills that rise into everlasting heights." Celestial Alps and Himalayas hoisted into other Alps and Himalayas!

From this hour cultivate hope. Do so by reading all the Scriptural promises of the world's coming Edenization, and doubt if you dare the veracity of the Almighty when he says he will make the desert roseate, and the leopard and kid will lie down in the same pasture field, and the lion, ceasing to be carnivorous, will become graminivorous, eating "straw like an ox;" and reptilian venom shall change into harmlessness, so that the "weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice's den, and there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." So much for the world at large.

Then cultivate hope in regard to your own health, your own financial prosperity, your own longevity, by seeing how in other people God mercifully reverses things and brings to pass the unexpected, remembering that Washington lost more battles than he gained, but triumphed at the last. And, further, by making sure of your eternal safety through Christ Jesus, understand that you are on the way to palaces and thrones. This life a span long ending in durations of bliss that neither human nor archangelic faculties can measure or estimate—redolence of a springtime that never ends, and fountains tossing in the light of a sun that never sets. May God thrill us with anticipation of this immortal glee! "Which hope."

I said in the opening of this subject that my text was only the wave on the beach, while the whole verse from which it is taken is an ocean. But the ocean tides are coming in, and the sea is getting so deep I must fall back, wading out as I waded in; for what mortal can stand before the mighty surges of the full tide of eternal gladness? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage. For countries not in the International Postal Union, the U. S. Canada, Mexico, and Cuba, add $1.00 a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Our Relief Work in China

IN another part of this issue, we print two letters from Dr. Moir B. Duncan, a member of the Missionary Relief Committee, and the chosen agent of that committee to conduct THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund relief work in the province of Shensi. His reports are most encouraging, and show that the relief contributed by America arrived at a critical time, when the local and imperial relief funds were practically exhausted and thousands of the populace were facing death from starvation. He was gladly welcomed by officials and people, and every facility for effective distribution was placed at his disposal. At the time of sending his letter, the work of life-saving was already well under way, the food generously supplied by God's people in America reaching the hands of the famine-stricken people direct, and absolutely without being diverted or interfered with by Chinese officials.

It has been asserted in some quarters that the imperial government of China did little toward assuaging the sufferings of its subjects in the provinces affected by famine. Dr. Duncan shows this characterization of the Chinese to have been an unjust one. The imperial government in a little over a year had spent in Shensi alone, 120 *wan of taels* (about $900,000) and the provincial government 300 *wan of taels* (over $2,000,000), besides large sums contributed from other provinces, and from various sources.

Up to Sept. 14 **fifty thousand famine sufferers** in Shensi had been succored by Dr. Duncan and his assistants, from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. Later reports will doubtless show a much larger number rescued from starvation, through the same beneficent means. Divine blessing rests upon the work, and the prayers and sacrifices of our people at home are already finding a glorious answer.

The Divorce Question and the Protestant Episcopal Convention

THE recent Convention held by the Protestant Episcopal Church in San Francisco, Cal., must pass into history as one of the most important ecclesiastical gatherings of the new century. This, because of the personnel of the body, and as it embraced nearly all the most prominent bishops, clergy, and well-known laymen, and because of the grave and vital questions discussed and action taken by that august council.

Among the important questions brought before the body that aroused considerable debate was, whether the Church should refuse its sanction to the remarriage of persons who had been divorced. This was brought about by a new canon sent down from the "House of Bishops" to the "House of Deputies," and which reads as follows:

No minister shall solemnize a marriage between any two persons unless, nor until by inquiry, he shall have satisfied himself that neither person is the husband or the wife of any other person then living, or has been the husband or the wife of any other person then living unless the former marriage was annulled by a decree of some Civil Court of competent jurisdiction for cause existing before such former marriage.

Correlated with this subject the following resolution was submitted by the House of Bishops which reads:

Resolved, The House of Deputies concurring, that Title II., Canon 13, section 3, section 4, section 5 be repealed and in their place be inserted the following canon:

Of persons marrying after divorce. No person divorced for a cause arising after marriage and marrying again during the lifetime of the other party to the divorce, nor any person marrying a person so divorced, shall be admitted to baptism or confirmation or be permitted to receive the holy communion until the written approval of the Bishop shall be given; provided, that this prohibition shall not apply to the case of the innocent party to a divorce for cause of adultery; and provided, also, that the sacraments shall in no case be refused to a penitent person in imminent danger of death.

Heated debate and the most intense feeling instantly prevailed. Dr. Huntington, of New York, proposed an amendment as a way to compromise, "permitting the innocent party to remarry." This amendment was lost. Then the conflict was renewed over the prohibitive act. To all intents and purposes, had it passed, it would have virtually assumed the position of the Roman Catholic Church. The best minds of the Convention saw this, and with them it was greatly doubted whether such an enactment would have either a restraining effect, or reduction of the number of applications for divorce.

Beyond a doubt the Prohibitive act would have found great favor with the High Church or ritualistic party, whose sympathies are more with Roman Catholicism than the great body of Episcopalians. The attitude of the Convention, however, was most pronounced against any such legislation, and regarded it not only as unjust and oppressive, but unwarranted by the word of God.

. . .

It must be conceded by students of sociological questions that while such a canon might have reduced the number of applications for divorces, it never would increase marital felicity, but in all probability would greatly increase vice, and the scarlet crime which justifies divorce—viz., marital infidelity. After a long discussion as to what formal disposition should be made of the canon as a whole, a motion to refer it to a committee to report in 1904 was lost by a unanimous vote, and the whole was rejected with one divided, and no dissenting diocese. This present agitation for better marriage canons has failed, but it had far better fail to become a law of the church than that the church should be unmerciful and unlike Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church.

. . .

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, says:

I am not among the rigorous. I think we have no right to be wise above that which is written, and I think we do a great injustice and a grievous wrong to a large class of men and women who have married and raised families in perfectly good faith.

Bishop Graves, of Laramie, says:

My opinion is that the measure is altogether too strict.

Bishop Gibson, of Virginia, says:

I did not prefer the canon as passed, because I thought the canon which we had already was more in accordance with the Bible.

Bishop Kinsolving, of Texas, says:

I voted against this proposal coming from the House of Bishops, and would have been satisfied to leave the canon law of the Church as it is, and I think the measure proposed is a little too sweeping and drastic myself. I think a milder attitude and one providing for certain exceptions in cases to be considered might have accomplished a sufficiently good present purpose.

Bishop Randolph, of Virginia, says:

The old rule is based on the teachings of Christ, and has operated well.

Bishop Leonard, of Salt Lake, says:

I do not favor the proposition to forbid all remarriage. I stand on the old canon; the old canon suits me just as it stands. I do not think it is a good plan for us to try to go too fast. I am conservative on that proposition. I do not think I could define my position any better than that. The old canon is not all that I could want, but still it expresses my position very fully, better than anything that has been proposed. I am glad to see that the whole country is interested and is moving along that line; but I would rather the rest of the country should catch up with us than that we should go still further ahead of the other people. I would rather that they should try to come up to our level than that we should go so far beyond. And, of course, there are a large number of people who are not Christians at all, who are not going to be influenced particularly by what we say or think.

These conservative servants of Christ recognized the fact that many good people at present not communicants would be alienated from the Church, while others now within its pale would leave it, and multitudes would not be influenced at all by such drastic measures.

. . .

It still remains true that there is needed all over our land to-day an immediate reform and reconstruction of our divorce laws. Our present laws are a scandal, and a shame. In some States marriage and divorce stand in the proportion of one to ten, one divorce to every ten marriages. In the District of Columbia during the year 1899, there were a little over 3,000 licenses granted by the Supreme Court for marriage, and during the same year, 1,008 applications for divorce were filed in the courts of the District. Granted that only 100 were actually divorced, still there is the fearful revelation of nine-tenths seeking to be free who are leading lives of misery, bound to each other, where love has died out, if it ever existed!

The sturdy debate failed in San Francisco by attempt to unite two extreme factions by a compro utterly beneath the dignity of that body, and the Ch of Christ; and never could have commanded respect of the great outside world. The debate, ever, shall not have been in vain if it arouse aggressive spirit in all our churches, and amon our statesmen to secure a uniform law which shall a to all the States alike, North, South, East and W and which shall comport with the sacred Script This is to be the coming great campaign in the twen century, and unless there is some arrest speedily n of the deplorable and dangerous progress downw in regard to marriage and divorces in the United St it will become a serious question if we ever celeb the second centennial of the grandest Republic a ever rose in history! Immorality is the fatal roc which all past ruined empires have sunk. "Righte ness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to people." If the foundations be destroyed, what the righteous do?

Disabled Ministers

THE Church suffers where there is no adequate vision made for her ministers. Until sickness old age overtakes them they are generally well c for. They receive enough, by the exercise of a economy, to feed and clothe themselves and their f lies. Usually, at the cost of commendable sacri they give their children a good education. When, ever, from whatever cause, the period of disab arrives, grave questions arise both as to the welfar the church and the minister's support. It beco apparent that for the average church and minister t should be a separation; and no one appreciates situation as keenly as the minister himself; he w resign forthwith if he had a warrant for even a mo ate support. A pitiable attempt is made by s Protestant denominations to meet this exigency, but annuity is so meagre, that it seems to emphasize poverty and to humiliate the man. The Jewish and Roman Catholic Churches, wisely provide for s period. The practical question presses: "Should the Protestant Church put forth more effort to pens her disabled ministers?" Considering the ten y required for intellectual training, the large expens curred, and the small stipend received during the pe of vigor, precluding the possibility of saving to considerable amount, is it not reasonable and right God's disabled and superannuated ministers shoul pensioned, without being pauperized? Apart from Christian aspect, this matter should receive the c sideration of the humanitarian. It would be bu proper recognition of value received. For, it must admitted, that in every community the minister sta for whatever is best, in law and order, in morals, in t perance, in education, in culture and public spirit. these days of immense wealth, and when its possess are seeking for various worthy channels through wh to distribute it for the good of humanity, let disabled ministers receive their due proportion serious regard.

What to Wear in Church

A VERY thoughtful contingent of Christian women much opposed to the plan of removing hats du church service. They think that women doing so liable to misunderstanding, and that they appear to pay little reverence to the place. Their feeling is founded on ancient conception of propriety which ordered a woman to covered in public, and especially in God's house to be clothed upon with modesty as with a garment. If any woman, sitt without her bonnet in church, should thereby feel hers uncomfortably conspicuous, the good of the hour would her be impaired, and, equally, if she gave others discomf by violating their ideal, she would not be quite blameless.

There is a suggestion of a new fashion in church bonn a very plain, small and quiet bit of head-gear, which wo interfere with no one's sight of the minister, and concentr no attention. There has not come a single voice of opp tion. "Keep the big dressy hats for other occasions," wri one friend, "but adopt something simple for church." T best taste indicates that our church toilettes should be pl rather than showy, and that the rich should wear nothing ostentatious that the poor beholding, should stay away fr the house of the Lord.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Prince's World Tour

EWS comes from Berlin that the young Crown Prince, and heir-apparent to the German throne, Frederick William, will, in all probability, set out soon on a tour of the globe. In ancient times, foreign travel was the prerogative of bold and adventurous spirits alone, but in these days, and with our multiplied transportation facilities, by land and sea, a rld-tour has become a recognized part of the edu- tion of those who aspire to a wide knowledge of man affairs. Transcontinental railroads and swift ean liners, have made comparatively safe and pleasant at which less than half a century ago was a hazardous perience. Prince Frederick William, who is only neteen, and the eldest of six sons, will profit greatly his contact with the people of other lands, and ll return to Germany broader in mind and far more erant in ideas than if he had never set foot beyond e confines of his future empire. He has, like his unger brothers, been carefully educated under the rect superintendence of his father, whose instructions his sons' tutors were that the boys be trained to nor, truthfulness, patriotism, and especially in re- ion, besides learning the ordinary branches of educa- n. The little nine-year-old child, Princess Victoria uise, the only girl in the imperial family, is a great vorite with all, and especially with the quiet and oughtful Prince Frederick. The Empire over which, the natural course of events the Prince will ultimately le, is vitally concerned in the development of his aracter. Besides the direct power that will be vested him, there will be the indirect influence which in monarchical country an Emperor al- ys necessarily exerts over his people r good or evil. It is still true as it was ancient times:

"or the transgression of a land many are the nces thereof: but by a man of understanding knowledge the state thereof shall be prolonged rov. 28: 2.)

mployees Rewarded

Mr. Carnegie's latest step in the course has adopted of distributing his wealth his lifetime, instead of waiting to do it will at his death, is a graceful act of preciation of the services of the men o helped him to gain it: Twenty-three ployees of the Edgar Thompson Steel orks at Braddock, a plant of the Car- gie Company, have been rewarded for eir faithful service by substantial gifts bonds which will make them junior rtners in the concern. The total amount stributed among them is understood to about a million dollars. The rule verning each employee's portion was at he should receive bonds now yielding nually a sum equal to the salary paid to m, so that his income will be practically ubled. About one half of the bene- iaries received their bonds outright, d the others will receive the annual rnings of the bonds, which will stand in eir names. This recognition of faithful rvice is an example that deserves to be tensively followed, and if the principle re generally adopted there would be wer strikes and less hostility between pital and labor. It encourages the ristian to know that he, too, serves a aster who will surely reward him for lelity.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou st been faithful over a few things, I will make e ruler over many things (Matt. 25: 21).

Boyish Adventure

The attempt of six boys to reach the ffalo Exposition in spite of their being thout funds, has had a sad ending. Six ys, the oldest of whom was only eighteen, nceived the project of traveling from eir homes in Brooklyn, N.Y., to Buffalo, recently. They d heard and read so much of the wonders of the Ex- sition that they could not rest until they had seen it. hey set out on a freight train, in which they concealed emselves. They had previously practised jumping on d off moving trains in the Pennsylvania Railroad rd, and had acquired some proficiency in that danger- s practice. They succeeded in getting off the freight fore they were discovered, and then set out on foot for few miles. But they became hungry and were glad to rn a little money to buy food by the way. A farmer gave them a day's work and they bought some bread and drank some water from a brook by the roadside. They reached Sharon Springs safely, but there one of them fell ill. The others developed similar symptoms, and took the first opportunity of leaving their sick companion and returning home. There four of them became ill with typhoid fever. Two of them died, and two others are critically ill. It is supposed that the water they drank from the brook was contaminated. Doubtless they had foreseen many of the dangers of their adventure, but this was one that they would not be likely to expect. It is so with young men whom curiosity leads into paths of sinful pleasure. They too often drink draughts which poison their souls.

They whose judgment was not to drink of the cup have assuredly drunken; thou shalt not go unpunished, but thou shalt surely drink of it (Jer. 9: 12).

Death of Li Hung Chang

China's greatest statesman and her most enlightened ruler died on November 7. He was seventy-nine years of age, and had been one of the most conspicuous figures in Chinese affairs for half a century. He was little known outside his own country until the visit of General Grant to China in 1876. The American general conceived a deep respect for the Chinese statesman, and when he returned often spoke of him with expressions of high esteem. The Bismarck of China, Grant called him, and the title was deserved, though, as Li used to say after Bismarck's fall, the parallel did not hold good to the end, as he was still in power and authority. Li became prominent during the Taiping rebellion in 1853,

THE LATE LI HUNG CHANG

when he was nominally at the head of the army, which was really controlled and directed by General Gordon. Before that time, however, Li had earned distinction in the university of his country by passing the three great ordeals of examination and coming out at the head of fifteen thousand competitors. After the Taiping rebellion the government showered honors upon him, and he held the highest place in the Empire as viceroy of Chili. It was he who had the difficult task of negotiating the treaty of peace with Japan after the disastrous war which humiliated China. His wisdom in making peace on the best terms he could gain was, however, unappreciated by his government, and for a time he was under a cloud. But he was indispensable to the rehabilitation of the country and was soon reinstated in power. In 1896 he made a tour of the world, receiving everywhere the honors due to his genius. It will be remembered that in the recent famine he showed how fully, in contrast with most of his countrymen, he had kept himself acquainted with public events, by appealing for help to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which had done so much for India in a similar calamity. There were many and serious defects in his character, but at this time of bereavement the world will remember only the services he rendered to his country, which now sustains such a loss as led the Poet King of old to exclaim:

Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day! (II. Samuel 3: 38).

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AND HIS SISTER

BRIEF NOTES

At this season, there are thousands of poor in New York City who will look for their Thanksgiving dinner to the generous readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, who in past years have regularly helped us to set forth a bountiful Thanksgiving feast for the homeless ones at the Bowery Mission. We expect to do so again this year, and to supply a wholesome, substantial meal to the friendless waifs who gather at the Mission doors every Thanksgiving. Any contributions our friends may send us toward this special benevolence will be gratefully received, and acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Depressing reports of the condition of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the famous pastor and mission worker of London, are received.

A record contribution was made on October 27, by Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, New York. In response to the appeals of Dr. E. S. Tipple, the congregation subscribed seventy thousand dollars at the three services, to clear the church of debt.

It is expected that the famous Baptist pulpit of Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., rendered vacant by the removal of Dr. A. C. Dixon to Boston, will be occupied by Dr. P. S. Henson, of Chicago, who is not only an eloquent preacher but an able expositor of prophecy.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie is reported to have made arrangements for another magnificent public benefaction. It is to be a great Polytechnic Institute to be located at Pittsburg, Pa. The building, appliances and endowment are expected to involve an expenditure of thirty-three million dollars.

Dr. J. Milton Greene has sailed for Cuba to take charge of the Presbyterian missions on that island. Accompanying him were Rev. A. Waldo Stephenson and Miss Mabel Bristow. Dr. Greene has already done valuable service in Porto Rico, and formerly in Mexico. His success among the Spanish-speaking-races encourages the hope of a great work being done in Cuba.

Interesting meetings have been held at Louisville, Ky., by Mr. S. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, New York. A man who was converted in Water street has started a Rescue Mission in Louisville, which is doing good work. Mr. Hadley's visit was made the occasion of special meetings, which were largely attended. At one of them eight men, who had been deeply moved by the Gospel message, made profession of conversion.

Our Orphan Waifs in India

Missionaries Testify to the Spiritual Results of the Benefactions of our Readers to Orphans of the Famine

CHEERING testimony to the value of work among orphan children, comes from missionaries in India who received help from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund in supporting the orphans of the 1897 famine. As our readers will remember, various sums of money were received after the close of the Famine Fund, from Railroad Companies and other sources, which, with a small balance not distributed among famine sufferers, was applied to orphan work. A contribution was sent to Pundita Ramabai, sufficient to support for a year one hundred of the child widows she had rescued from starvation. The balance was divided among twenty-two missionaries, who had undertaken the support of orphans, in such proportions as would maintain the children assigned to the fund for three years.

A NILGIRI FAMILY IN THE INDIA JUNGLE

DWARFS OF THE NILGIRI TRIBE

It is gratifying to learn from these missionaries, who report in letters recently received, that the result of the three years' work has been eminently satisfactory. Many of the children proved so intelligent that they have become teachers and helpers in the missions; others who received industrial training are now able to earn their own livelihood by their trades; and of nearly if not quite all of them the highest hopes are entertained of their leading consistent Christian lives. It is the unanimous testimony of the missionaries that no work has ever yielded so much, in proportion to the money invested and the care bestowed. There is always an apprehension of the adult convert relapsing into heathenism; but these bright children, after their three years' training, are so thoroughly grounded in the faith of the Gospel, that the missionaries have unbounded confidence in their remaining faithful through their future lives. Such assurances are doubly welcome at this time, when the five thousand orphans of the famine of 1900 are beginning their training as the adopted children of CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. The news that the missionaries send of the beneficiaries of the fund of 1897 will bring joy and hope into many an American home, which now counts an orphan in India as a member of the family. God has abundantly blessed the work, as we felt sure he would, and that blessing encourages us to hope that the larger number now deriving their support from our readers, will, in like manner, become the children of the Kingdom.

Rev. Dennis Clancy, who is conducting the work at the Methodist Episcopal Mission at Allahabad, during the absence of his brother, Rev. Rockwell Clancy, writes: "It is amazing the progress the children whom your readers have supported, have made in the three years. I venture the assertion that few children in America are better acquainted with the Bible than they. I scarcely know what we should have done with them without the money received from you."

Rev. E. S. Hume, of Bombay, writes, that the orphans of 1897, who were supported in his institution by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD fund, gave remarkable evidence of the genuineness of their conversion by the eagerness with which they helped in caring for the orphans of the later famine. "They helped in the bathing, feeding, and teaching of the newcomers, have nursed them when sick, have taught them to pray, helped them in committing passages of Scripture to memory, and in many other ways have shown that spirit of helpfulness which springs from a heart changed and renewed by divine power. The boys have organized a Christian Endeavor Society. Every Monday they meet for prayer and the development of plans of Christian usefulness. Their committees are numerous, each with its special duty. Some of their assignments are unique; but they are all inspired with the desire to render help where it is most needed."

Dr. R. A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, writes: "The money received from you went toward the support of eighteen boys and fifteen girls, who were admitted into our Orphanage during the famine of 1897. By the blessing of our Heavenly Father, every one of these thirty-three children is living and doing well in body, mind and soul. Six of the boys are preparing to become teachers, and one of them will graduate next November. Two others are now rug-weavers, and are able to support themselves and contribute to the support of their parents and younger brothers and sisters. Another is making a good living for himself by the same handicraft. Two are earning a fair income as carpenters. Another is a rope maker. Three are farmers and so on. Of the girls several are studying in the higher branches of our schools; others are employed at good wages in rug-making. All have been taught sewing and housework and are doing well. I hope that these will all prove good Christians, and many of them who have become communicants have given undoubted evidence of Christian character. I know those among your readers who contributed to their support could see the young people whom they have helped, they would be well satisfied with the results, and would, I think, in the case of the younger ones who are still with us continue their help. I thank you most heartily, and all who through you have helped me to look after these children. I am sure they will be rewarded for what they did."

Among the letters recently received is one from Rev. Geo. N. Thomssen, the Baptist missionary of Bapatla. He writes from "the Hills," whither missionaries go for a brief vacation in order to get some relief from the intense heat. It has been found that the white man can endure a longer strain, if, every year, he goes to the Hills for a week or two for cooler air. During his visit Mr. Thomssen visited the Hill tribes called the Nilgiris, whom the Basle mission is trying to convert. They are without exception, the most degraded of all the inhabitants of India, but even among them the Gospel is gaining influence.

The pictures at the foot of the page were taken at Godhra, where there are a large number of orphans, 18

ORPHANS IN THE MISSION AT GODHRA

REV. R. C. WARD, ON THE MISSION CAMEL

THE MISSION WAGON AT GODHRA

of whom are being supported by readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Rev. Robert Ward, who is in charge, did excellent service in the famine, and so efficient was his work, that the Government availed itself of the knowledge and experience he had gained. "You would not recognize Godhra Mission House now," he says, writing to Dr. Klopsch. "Since you were here we have made accommodation for 500 children, and are very busy getting the newcomers in order." Mr. Ward has a camel at his station, on which he makes preaching journeys to distant villages. He, like other missionaries, reports that since the famine, the people who were formerly opposed to Christianity now give the missionary a cordial welcome, and listen to his message

Occupations for Women—IX

Dressmaking and Millinery

THESE are time-honored occupations, and date back to great antiquity. Women must have pretty and serviceable gowns and headgear, and those who can furnish them with these are always sure of a good livelihood.

It would be a revelation to some women to enter a fashionable dressmaker's establishment in New York. There is no sign on the house, the door-plate may bear a family name, but it is precisely like that of any other householder in the street, and carries no hint or suggestion of trade. One is shown into a elegantly appointed drawing-room, where, if a new customer, one waits with what patience one may, until the great lady is ready to receive her. A new customer, however, must usually have credentials of some sort, for the gowns and wraps made here are very costly, and, being ordered from the house, material, trimmings, making and all are not for the purses of those who first consider economy. Every summer, Madame goes to Paris or Vienna, spends some weeks, and returns with new models, which represent the creative thought of Parisian and Austrian fashion-dictators. In the work-rooms, out of sight, there are the employees of the establishment; the fitter, who does nothing but fit; the operator on skirts, who sees only that the skirts turned out by the establishment are graceful and English; the girls, who do, each of them, a single part in the making of a dress. They are paid by the day or week, the fitter receiving a high salary, the skirt-maker equally well paid, the rest faring no better than, possibly not so well as they would, if they went out by the day.

Many dressmakers who carry on their profession at their own homes in a much less elaborate manner than this, earn an excellent income. They are always autocrats, and their fellow-women learn to submit them respectfully, and to wait with docility on their pleasure. I wish all women were conscientious about paying them immediately when they send their goods home. It is related of a well-known evangelist from abroad that while preaching to an immense audience in an American city, he asked all who were under religious conviction to lift their heads, adding: "If there are those here who are in debt to their dressmakers and tailors they need not lift their heads"; the inference being that deep religious conviction and honesty must always accompany each other.

The dressmaker who works by the day in a family has always plenty of clients. When she arrives, the ladies of the household usually arrange to assist her, and the place becomes, for the time, a fortified camp, everything yielding to the fact that there is a dressmaker in the house, and that her time is very valuable. She cuts and fits and plans, and does the nicer and more complicated parts of the work, and the ladies work under her direction. Her average payment is anywhere from one to three dollars a day, with her meals, the rate of remuneration differing according to the quality and to her own deftness and style.

Millinery is less difficult to learn than dressmaking, but requires more native talent, more taste, knack and skill. A young woman in New York was left suddenly dependent on herself after a childhood of wealth and luxury. Her friends advised her to try journalism, teaching, or art. "I have no aptitude for these things," she said. "I will be a milliner." She apprenticed herself to a fashionable milliner, and devoted six months to learning the trade thoroughly. Then she took another course under a buyer, and learned how to shop, what to purchase, where to go, and how to manage her stock. When she opened her shop, her success was assured beforehand, and she speedily became an enviably independent business woman.

Two young ladies from the South observed, several years ago, that Northern girls had not so many dainty and charming toilettes made from thin fabrics, organdies, mulls, Swiss muslins and sheer wools, as they might have, garments suited rather to the individual than following one slavish style. So they opened a suite of rooms, and began making airy, pretty dresses for any lady to wear in summer, and they soon had no reason to fear the wolf at their door.

In any line, originality and daring count. The woman, who can strike out anywhere for herself, is sure to reach the goal she sets before her. Brains tell everywhere in the world market, as against stupidity. Behind clever fingers there must be a clever head.

"Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The withered leaves lie dead."

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—A WIFE. It must be fatiguing to tell your husband every thought. I certainly should not bother him if I were you.

—ETHEL. Answer the letter, even if you must say no. It is rude not to reply to a respectful letter.

—OLIVE. You can best secure the position you desire by advertising in a religious newspaper.

—DOTTIE. Talk the matter over plainly with your mother and tell her your wishes.

The Winter Wardrobe

ONLY the other day we were busy over our summer clothes, and here are the cold winds, and wet roads, and dark skies, which precede winter. We must look out now for a garb that will protect us from the piercing blasts, and enable us to meet the rigors of the coming season with indifference.

Where shall we begin? The person who thinks first of show and display, naturally considers her outside garments before she plans for underwear. The proper order is, however, to give most thought and attention to the clothing worn next the skin, and, if one must exercise rigid economy; let that be excellent, even if the external clothing is plain and coarse. One finds it hard to impress this fact on the minds of those who regard dress as of supreme importance and who have little acquaintance with society. The cook and the housemaid often spend more in proportion to their means, on their gowns and hats, than does their employer, and I have often seen domestic servants very scantily supplied with night-dresses and stockings, when their best gown, worn proudly on their Sunday afternoon out, was of satin or silk.

In providing for children let this be the rule, good, well-fitting and comfortable under-clothing first, then whatever can be afforded for externals. For grown women, it is always a safe rule, to spend most on shoes and gloves, for a woman well-shod and neatly gloved may wear exceedingly plain apparel, and still make a presentable appearance.

If obliged to go out in all weathers, be careful to provide extra wraps, easily removable when entering a house. Women often take serious colds on leaving church, where they are apt to sit through a service with their "things" on, not taking off the close-fitting jacket that is hard to discard without assistance. Going out from a heated audience room, into icy air, they are an easy prey to cold, and cold may herald pneumonia or pleurisy.

The Ripened Leaves

The vivid moment in the gorgeous coloring of the autumnal woods, is when the leaves are ripe and a sudden sharp kiss of the frost has heightened their reds, yellows, purples and browns into regal spendor. Walking through the forests and under arching boughs in our rural villages is like a promenade under a series of magnificent garlands and bouquets. Then, comes some night, a wild wind, a last onslaught of the tempest, and the trees will stand in the statuesque beauty of bare boughs, looking skyward. But for every fallen leaf, there will be a bud unrolled next spring.

So Nervous

"But, I'm so nervous! I'm impatient with Lulu, but I can't help it. She is such a fractious child.

"Perhaps Lulu is fractious because her mother is nervous. Do you ever try hard for self-control? Only the mother who can rule her moods, her voice, her temper, can have equable and gentle children."

"When you feel as if you could fly out of your skin, for you cant't keep still, and you don't know what's the matter, how are you to control yourself?"

"A good plan is to sit perfectly, absolutely, movelessly still, for a few moments. Don't speak, don't frown, don't give way to any twitching and gesticulating. Refuse to speak loudly, or to scold. Think whether you are not overworking. Half the nervous misery in the world is directly due to being overwrought and never really rested. Dare to be lazy and to let things go. Get into the sunshine. And do not storm at Lulu, poor child."

"God's Biddings Are Enablings"

THE CALL OF MOSES

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC. 1.
EXODUS 3: 1-12

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT:
CERTAINLY I WILL BE WITH THEE. EXODUS 3: 12

MOSES' life is divided into three periods of forty years each: 1. His educational preparation for his life-work through training in his own home and in Pharaoh's college. 2. His meditation and secular preparation in God's "brush college" of the wilderness. 3. His manifold work as deliverer, teacher, and leader of his people.

The story before us comes in where he turns, at God's call, from eighty years of preparation to forty years of work.

The Lesson Story

Nothing is said in the Bible about the childhood of Moses beyond the time when, as a foundling, he became the son of Pharaoh's daughter, with his own mother as his nurse. It is left to our imagination to picture him as a bright boy, day by day adding to his store of knowledge, until he became skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians. The next mention of him is the rash act of slaying a cruel Egyptian taskmaster who was maltreating a Hebrew workman. Living in the palace, as he did, we may be sure he would hear many bitter things said about his people, the Hebrews. The words would enter as steel into his soul, and help to develop the deliverer in him. This was a part of God's plan, but the time had not yet come for Moses to strike an effective blow on behalf of his people. Neither Moses nor his enslaved countrymen were yet ready for the Exodus, as his fruitless avenging of his countryman proved. (Acts 7: 23-29). The killing of the Egyptian having shown they were not ready for his leadership, Moses fled to the land of Midian, there to take up the life of a shepherd. He needed to have yet forty years more of schooling before God could use him as the deliverer of his chosen people. It is not enough that God calls us, we must let him qualify us, and for that, solitude, as well as study, is needed. The Bible tells us little about this period, only that he took up the cause of the shepherdesses against the rude shepherds who had been in the habit of driving away their sheep from the water which they had drawn from the deep well.

A class of boys in a London Board School were being examined orally in Scripture. One of their special subjects of Scriptural study for the year had been the life of Moses. "What would you say was the general character of Moses?" asked the inspector; "that is to say," added he, "what sort of man was Moses?" "He was meek," said one boy; "brave," answered another boy; "learned," added a third boy. "Please, sir, he was a gentleman," piped forth a pale-faced, bright-eyed, neatly-dressed lad of eleven or thereabouts. "Gentleman!" repeated the official, with a look of unmistakable surprise, "What do you mean?" The well-behaved little boy promptly replied in the same thin, nervous voice, "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'" Through his gallantry in that case, Moses gained his noble wife, Zipporah, who was one of the shepherdesses, and who became the mother of his two sons, Gershom and Eliezer. There is no further record in the Bible of Moses' life during those forty years in Midian, except that he kept his father-in-law's flocks, but all of the while he was being prepared in the faithful discharge of plain duties for the greater work before him.

At last God's time was ripe, and suddenly the call came in a most startling manner. The Lord would reveal his glory to Moses, and so impress him with his high commission. God did not show his face to Moses, but he did show his shining glory, veiled by a bush that it might not be too dazzling to look upon. God might have called to Moses out of heaven and felled him to the ground, as he afterwards did Saul of Tarsus; but he chose rather to make his light a beacon by which Moses should be brought to his very side, where he could talk with him. Moses saw the light and thought it was a burning bush, but marveled that it was not consumed, and so proceeded to investigate it. What he thought was fire was the glory of God. How accustomed Moses grew to that light as it afterwards shone daily upon his pathway for forty years in the pillar of fire when he was leading God's people through the wilderness! When he came up to the bush, he heard the voice of God saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground." It was "holy" because God was there. And having put off his shoes Moses, as it were, stood uncovered in the presence of a king, ready to receive his bidding. In deepest reverence Moses hid his face and bowed to the ground, not daring to look up. God laid before Moses his great plan for the deliverance of his people. In striking contrast with the former rashness of Moses was the humble reply; had God called him to be Israel's deliverer indeed? "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" But he was reassured by God's promise to be with him, and by the four miracles which he was given power to do as signs that God had sent him, guarantees of his commission, namely: the turning of his shepherd's rod into a serpent, then back into a rod; the leprosy brought upon his hand, and the swift following cure. But learned as Moses was, he declared himself, in the usual modesty of greatness, unable to give God's message fittingly to Pharaoh. And again God reassured him by the promise that his brother Aaron should accompany him as spokesman.

Had Moses failed to go, had God
Granted his prayer, there would have been
For him no leadership to win—
No pillared fire, no magic rod,
No wonders in the land of Zin.

No smiting of the sea—no tears
Ecstatic, shed on Sinai's steep—
No Nebo with a God to keep
His burial! Only forty years
Of desert watching with his sheep!

Illustration and Application

Five hundred years had passed since God called Abraham, the Washington of Israel, the father of his country, to lead a chosen family to the Land of Promise: and now he was to be succeeded by the Hebrew Lincoln, the emancipator, Moses.

"GOD CALLED TO HIM OUT OF THE MIDST OF THE BUSH."

It would be a most profitable study to compare the call of Moses with other divine calls to duty all through the Bible. Most like it are the calls of Isaiah (Chap. 6) and of Paul (Acts 9), both commissioned by God's own voice, the first-named out of that same shekinah glory whose lambent flame played harmlessly in the branches of the bushes on Horeb, which did not picture Israel unconsumed in the flame of affliction, but God filling his people with grace and glory. (For martyr churches that defy the fires of persecution, the fiery furnace of Babylon, where persecuted saints walked unhurt with Christ, is a fitter symbol.) But Moses, Isaiah and Paul were all called to preach. More emphasis is needed on the fact that the "callings" include trades as well as professions. Men who despise their handiwork, or think of it as merely a means to win money, not as a ministry to God and man, to which they are called, need to hear anew the divine words about the call of Bezaleel, the mechanic, the later associate of Moses: "See, I have called by name Bezaleel, and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom and in understanding, to work in gold and in silver and in brass and in cutting of stones and in carving of wood, to work in all manner of workmanship (Ex. 31: 2-5). A[illegible]

eler, standing outside Cologne Cathedral, expressed his a miration of its beauty. "Yes," said a laborer, who was ne "it is a fine building, and took us many a year to finish "Took you!" exclaimed the tourist. "Why, what have y to do with it?" "I mixed the mortar, sir," was the mode yet proud reply. The laborer had a right to feel that he h a share in the grand work. By consecrated service an where, one helps in the work of building up human socie into a holy temple in the Lord.

But to most of us God's calls to duty come through son other person—a mother, a pastor, or some modern seer a prophet in whom the Bible lives anew. Even Peter receiv his call through Andrew, his brother, whose example sham many of us (John 2). God's call to Pharaoh came not dire but through Moses, who was to him, with his mighty m acles, "the finger of God."

During a season of revival, a friend was praying one eve ing for a certain unconverted neighbor. After this mann he prayed: "O, Lord, touch that man with thy finger; tou with thy finger, Lord!" The petition was repeated wi great earnestness, when something said to him: "Thou a the finger of God! Hast thou ever touch this thy neighbor? Hast thou ever spok a single word to him on the question of s vation? Go thou, and touch that man, a thy prayer shall be answered." It was voice from the throne. God's servant aro from his knees self-condemned. He h known the man as an impenitent for a qua ter of a century, yet had uttered not a wo of warning. Hundreds of opportunities h come and gone, but the supreme questi of life had been set aside for such topics the weather, the latest news, politics a trade.

First, God calls to salvation, saying, "B hold, I stand at the door, and knock. H that hath ears to hear let him hea Then comes the call to save others: "L him that heareth say Come." We shou not forget that the words, "The Spirit a the bride say Come," mean the "Spir filled Church says Come"—not the pul and the religious press alone, but the t Church in all its members, the lowliest little finger of God to touch some other so with a prompting to heed God's "Com and "Go."

Not often are men called miraculousl like Moses and Isaiah and Paul. All t Apostles but one heard from Christ only quiet "Follow me."

Our Friend, our Brother and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

Some will hear God's call only when l speaks to them out of the fires of bereav ment or financial disaster or some oth "fiery trial." And to those who love hi even, he finds it necessary to speak oft out of such fires. Mary of Bethany w mourning the death of her brother, Lazar disappointed—perhaps displeased also that Jesus had not come in response to t message, "He whom thou lovest is sick nor yet when he was informed that Lazar was dead. Four days later, when Jes came, Martha promptly went forth to me him, but Mary would not go at first. Th came to her rebellious heart the messag "The Master is come and calleth for thee To every sorrowing heart comes that me sage from one who can comfort in sorro and who calls us to forget our own sorro in comforting others and in carrying fo ward the good work of those who ha died. When a soldier falls in the fro rank, the comrade behind him does not t treat to mourn, but moves forward to f his place in the firing line. Is your li lonely because of comrades fallen, or b cause you are "shut in," or shut out in so position where there are few boon co panions? Think how lonely Moses mu have been when he gave up Egypt's Unive sity and palace and busy marts for t pastures of Midian! Especially was it t ing, because he had already been called t be Israel's deliverer, and daily they we dying of oppression. So also was it wit David, anointed king, yet a fugitive pursued, like a hunte deer, by Saul, through years whose trials were preparing hi not only to rule Israel, but also to comfort the world with h psalms. Such lonely years Christ was called to spend in Naza eth and Paul in Arabia, after visions of the "Father's business had called them to call the multitudes to God. Whethe such lonely hours are given us to prepare to live or to pr pare to die, to the Christian they are "lonely" only in m ments of beclouded faith. One is not lonely who knows h is alone with God.

Lonely? Ah, no, not lonely,
While Jesus standeth near!
He comes within the tent door,
I feel his presence here.

. . .

A Scottish shepherd boy was wont in his night watches t measure the star distances in the sky by beads on a strin He called himself "God Almighty's scholar," and felt himse divinely taught, as he thus lived "near to Nature's heart. The world now knows him as James Ferguson, the great a tronomer and inventor. So Moses was in God Almighty school all those wilderness years, learning all about th country through which Israel was to be led, though this h knew not then.

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To Feed the Bowery Waifs

MRS. BIRD'S PLEA FOR A THANKSGIVING SUPPER FOR HER TWO HUNDRED HOMELESS BOYS

OUR readers are already familiar with Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery Boys," and her noble rescue and soul-winning work among the young lads who drift to the Metropolis from all parts of the country. Her present plea in their behalf will be read with general interest:

MRS. SARAH L. BIRD

"Dear Friends: We have a meeting for young boys in the Bowery Mission every Wednesday night, which has proved a great success. Most of these boys are motherless as well as homeless, and they come to the great city to get work. They find it very hard to earn enough to keep them from starving, and some even eat the food from the ash barrels. Many become familiar with sin in its most degrading form, yielding to the temptations of the saloon and dance halls, and, after a few months, unless put under better conditions, they are apt to drift into the ranks of the criminals.

"Many of these same boys love to sit in the seats of the Bowery Mission and sing the Gospel songs. We know that many who frequent our Bowery Home are saved unto righteousness. The only hold we can have upon boys of this wild, restless class is by endearing them to us by kindness, and making them feel that they belong to our big family at the Mission.

There is no time in the whole year when we get so near to their hearts than at our Thanksgiving gatherings. Last year the generosity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers made it possible for us to give them a Thanksgiving supper, and it was a sight to see the two hundred hungry boys, seated at the long, attractive tables, with snow-white tablecloths, laden with good things, big fat turkeys, steaming vegetables, celery, cranberries and mince pies. It made no difference to them what dignitaries were on the platform, for their eyes were fixed on the turkeys. Those who served them were greatly amused at the table talk; one sober-faced fellow said to his "pal" by his side: "Say, Jim, them's genooine turkeys; no fake in this Bowery grub." Another, looking suspiciously at the green tops of the celery, said: "Bob, look at the red-headed fellow, he's eating them roots."

My attention was drawn to a sad, pale-faced boy, and I asked him where he lived. He replied: "Well, you see, I don't live nowhere, since I went to that excursion to Boston with my father and mother, and that day I lost them. That was a year ago, and they don't advertise me, and so they don't find me."

We notice a great improvement in the lives of these boys. I told them at our meeting last night that our numbers were increasing so rapidly, that I was getting a little anxious to know where we would get turkeys enough for our Thanksgiving supper, but added, "Perhaps some of you don't like turkey!" No one but those familiar with a Bowery audience could imagine the outburst of groans and "Oh my's!" which followed my suggestion. A suppressed answer came from some quarter suggesting "Christian Herald turkeys," and relief came at once, for they had taught me this lesson: To cast all my care upon the good, kind-hearted readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. So, dear friends, I leave the situation with you. If you would like to have a share in giving these homeless boys a Thanksgiving supper, money can be sent me through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

SARAH J. BIRD.

The Preacher Made Hay

And Won the Sceptic's Friendship, Paving the Way to his Conversion

THE recent death of Bishop Parker, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, recalls an incident that took place in his early ministry, when he supplied a small parish in Northern Vermont. I was personally acquainted with Dr. Parker before he was made Bishop and I once heard him tell, in his own quaint way, how a kind act and the ministry of *a pitchfork* were the means, in God's hands, of the conversion of an avowed sceptic when everything else failed. When I mentioned the matter to Mr. Daniel C. McFarland, the subject of that conversion (which took place nearly forty-three years ago), he vouched for every word of it. Recently I wrote to Mr. McFarland, and he kindly furnished these details of the event, which will interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He was born in 1826; his educational opportunities were very limited, and he was early thrown upon the world to work his own way. He grew up somewhat of a sceptic, though having the form of Christianity. He fortunately married a good Christian woman, but after her death, what little faith he had in religion seemed to suffer an entire eclipse. He came to the conclusion that there was no God, and that the religion of Christ was a farce!

Time passed on and he married again, but not a Christian. In 1857 Rev. E. P. Parker was sent to the Lunenburg Circuit. It was a hard field and full of discouragements, but the young preacher's faith was strong. Revivals in those days were more common than now. The new pastor had not been long in town before he found out that many persons were sullenly opposed to the Gospel. One man, a farmer, was pointed out to him as an agnostic. The man was well versed in the usual stock arguments against the Bible, and he was known among his neighbors as an avowed infidel. He had not entered a church in four years. Mr. Parker prayed for him and urged upon him the claims of the Gospel, but his efforts apparently failed.

The preacher and his wife called upon him repeatedly, but apparently made no impression. Next summer (1858) was a very wet season, and the hay crop was a partial failure. One day in August Mr. and Mrs. Parker started out to visit Mr. McFarland's home. As they went along the farmers everywhere seemed to be busy shaking hay and getting it into the barns. It was the only fair day in two weeks. McFarland saw the minister coming and started for the hayfield with a pitchfork over his shoulder. Mr. Parker saw him and followed. McFarland said to himself, "Well, there's that preacher coming to talk religion to me; but he'll find that I cannot stop for that kind of stuff." The minister took in the situation at a glance. Turning to McFarland, he said, "I would like to pitch in and help you to-day if you have no objections." "All right, I'll take the sweat out of you to-day, young man," was the sceptic's sneering answer.

Mr. Parker pitched hay all that morning and afternoon, and worked so well as to tire out McFarland. When night came, all the cut hay was in the barn in good condition. The sceptic was profuse in thanks; he had changed his opinion of preachers. Mr. Parker had won his confidence. The sceptic began to tell his neighbors that any preacher, who could pitch hay as good as Mr. Parker, was worth listening to.

Next Sunday McFarland and family were in church, and they kept it up all that summer and fall. The following winter, under Mr. Parker's ministry, a blessed revival took place in the church, and among the first fruits was the conversion of the agnostic and his wife. After a specially searching sermon, which the agnostic believed to have been aimed at his own heart, Dr. Parker invited him to the parsonage, where he talked with him and prayed with him, concluding by urging him to pray for himself. The stricken man cried out: "O, God! I surrender all to thee!" and soon afterward the great peace filled his soul.

"From that time till to-day," writes Mr. McFarland, "I have been rejoicing in my Saviour."

JOHN J. MUNRO.

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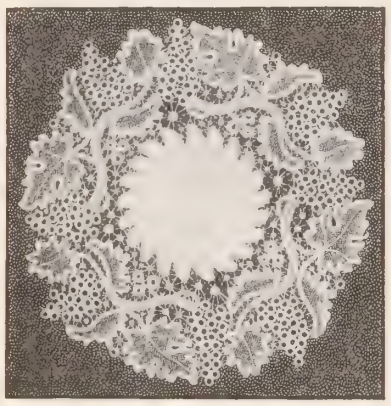

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Scruggles and His Beauty

By MARY C. FRANCIS

THERE may have been a tougher boy on the East Side than Scruggles, but there is no record of the fact. He was twelve, a gamin of the street, a terror to the neighborhood, unkempt in person, and unregenerate as to manners, not to say morals.

There was little that was reprehensible that he had not done. At an earlier stage of his career the roof garden of the Educational Alliance had known him, to the grief of the teachers and the despair of the eminent philanthropists who took pride and delight in the reforming and educative influences of the methods so successfully used there. He had caused a riot by tying a firecracker to the tail of a cat at an otherwise well-conducted Fourth of July celebration; he had frightened a mother into hysterics by swinging her baby out over the end of the pier

"SCRUGGLES SNUGGLED THE DOG CLOSER AND STARTED EASTWARD"

"for fun"; he had caused a runaway that had almost killed a man, by slyly prodding a horse with a lighted brand, and had indulged in similar occupations which for some, come under the head of amusement.

The police did not take the same view of it, and though he had never been formally under arrest, he had been hauled to the station-house of the precinct, and roundly lectured by the sergeant. Scruggles naturally gloried in this distinction, and boasted that he would be arrested yet; whereby, I trust, it is clear to the unprejudiced reader that Scruggles had ambitions of his own. His world was bounded by the section enclosed by Second avenue and the East River between the City Hall and the Twenties, and it was rarely that he had been farther west than the Bowery, though, on a memorable occasion, he had made what was equal to a transcontinental journey by traversing the entire length of Christopher street.

"Huh! It ain't much," he announced on his return with the air of a traveler who has seen strange lands. "Second av'noo's good enough fer me."

But Scruggles did not exhibit the red welts that were hidden under his tattered trousers, and did not hint that his body was so bruised and sore that he could scarcely walk. Instead he swaggered and posed, as others of a larger size might have done, smoked the stumps of cigarettes he had gathered out of the street and was great in his small world, and no one knew that his black-browed father, who would not care if he broke every commandment in the Decalogue, had nearly beaten the life out of him for what he called "running away." Beatings for non-ethical reasons were familiar to Scruggles, and he maintained a strict privacy regarding them which did him no injustice.

After that, when Scruggles foraged far afield, he was more cautious, and he succeeded in getting back from Central Park undiscovered and bearing with him a trophy which might made him at once the envy and butt of the rest of "de gang"—nothing more nor less than a dog, a beautiful little thoroughbred terrier.

Strange to say, the dog had cultivated Scruggles, something no animal had ever had reason to do, and Scruggles had adopted him without knowing it. Coming out of the Park at the Circle the little creature, apparently frightened almost to death, ran at him yelping and barking frantically, circling, turning, leaping, then crouching at his feet with an all but human note of keen distress in the shrill little voice.

For once Scruggles neither kicked the dog or threw a stone at him; he was too much astonished, and not without reason. The dog was thoroughbred from the tip of his dear little nose to the extreme end of his tail, that ended in a highbred curl. He was snow white, and the fine hair was soft, fluffy and silken all over his tiny body, now quivering with intense excitement. His eyes were blue and were scintillating with half shed tears, at least that was the impression Scruggles got, and he picked him up to investigate the more closely. Then, for the first time in his rough young life, he felt the thrillings of fear shooting through the slender frame, and the vibrations in some mysterious manner had a new effect on him. He did not know what that effect was, but involuntarily he stroked the little head, whereupon the dog ceased yelping and gratefully licked his hand.

Scruggles was not the fainting kind; if he had been he would have fainted then and there. He looked furtively around. In that jam and rush characteristic of the great entrance to the Park, no one seemed to notice him. The little dog seemed to realize that he had found a haven, and cuddled down contentedly on Scruggles' tattered and dirty arm; he was still panting and agitated; his body was hot and palpitating, and his tongue stuck out of his red mouth; he was evidently exhausted. He wagged his tail feebly and looked appealingly up into Scruggles' eyes.

That youth snuggled the dog a little closer, with an almost involuntary muscular action, and started Eastward. And thence, all the way to Second avenue and Twelfth street he trudged to the unsanitary shelter he called "home," carrying the tiny creature. Long before he had reached it the warmth of the small body against his arm, the unconscious trust, the utter helplessness of the tiny animal had awakened something in Scruggles, and no power in the world could have taken the dog from him without a fight "to the finish." When he finally reached his destination the dog was asleep. It was after eight o'clock, and he had had no supper, but, as his father was on the Island for thirty days, he knew he would at least have no beating; so he curled himself down by the dog and, wearied by his long tramp, fell asleep also.

The next day Scruggles investigated the papers. Sure enough, in a pink evening sheet appeared this advertisement: "Lost, on Thursday, in Central Park, a Maltese terrier, answers to the name of 'Beauty.' Invalid cannot rest without him. Liberal reward." Then followed a name, Randolph Mason, and the address, Seventy-second street, near the Park.

Scruggles did not know exactly what an "invalid" was, but he found out from the nearest newsboy without betraying his ignorance. Then he went back to the dingy little room. "Beauty!" he called to the dog. With dog cries of joy the little creature leaped up and barked until his quivering CONTINUED ON PAGE 987

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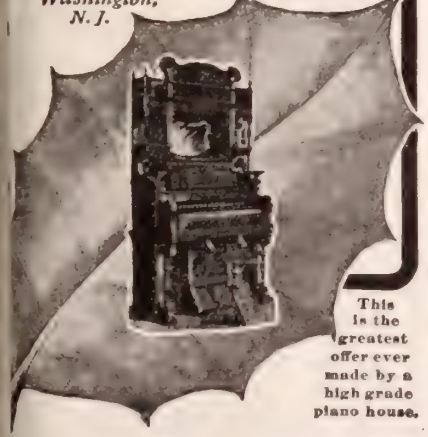

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SCRUGGLES AND HIS BEAUTY

Continued From Preceding Page

body seemed ready to burst. He raced back and forth across the floor, his graceful form a white flash, darting in curves and gyrations of delicate agility. Scruggles watched him, fascinated, then he took him up and held him against his face. Beauty, partly from hunger, partly from joy, partly from ethical motives licked the dirty countenance, and kept on licking until in that desert appeared an oasis.

"What's the matter with yer?" cried his sister, passing the door. She stood and laughed at him. "You an' the dog's pretty sick," she continued, "an' half o' yer face is licked off." She tossed a broken handglass towards him, and went out with a shrill laugh. Scruggles looked in it. Undoubtedly his face was clean where the dog had licked it. A dark red color crept up under this unwonted area. Scruggles looked at Beauty, and the dog seemed to smile a sagacious and reproving smile as he wagged his tail. Without ado, Scruggles, still carrying Beauty, went down to the sink and washed his face, drying it with the remnants of a sleeve. Then he consulted the glass once more. The general effect was satisfactory, and Scruggles was not yet sufficiently fastidious to note the dark rim about the roots of his hair. In fact, it was a noble first effort. Beauty plainly signified his approval—an approval which did not extend to the unpalatable food which was the best Scruggles was able to afford him—but he ate with zest, and then showed a disposition to play and be played with, and the astonished Scruggles actually exerted himself for most of the evening by associating with a dumb animal on terms of amity, after which completing theday on the street, he was obliged to whip three boys who made fun of him for having a clean face.

The "liberal reward" had now no charms for Scruggles. Beauty was his, "to have and to hold," and no wealthy invalid should have him again. "I ain't sick," he argued to himself, "an' I kin give him a better time than he'd have shut up in a house, an' then bein' dragged out in a park in a carriage an' bein' lost. Why didn't he hold on ter his dog. Ain't that so, Beauty?"

Beauty wagged his tail vehemently and barked intelligently. Being a thoroughbred he was not charmed with his surroundings, and for the same reason he made the best of them. Also, he was undoubtedly grateful, and possibly diplomatic.

At the end of a week, leaving Beauty safe in the seclusion of the dingy little room, Scruggles went on an exploring expedition to Madison avenue and Seventy-second street, and reconnoitered. Fortune favored him. A gust of wind blew the evening paper out of the hand of a maid at the basement steps to the servants' entrance, and Scruggles gallantly chased it across the street, captured it and brought it back to the woman, taking off his cap and bowing profoundly as he did so. The servant was not impervious to the chivalry of the matter, and Scruggles, being clean and having persuaded his sister to mend his clothes, was not unpresentable, bright, twinkling hazel eyes and a freckled nose lending an individuality of their own to his face. Conversation naturally ensued, and when in a few moments a summer storm broke in a sudden fury of driving rain and cracking thunder, the maid hustled Scruggles down into the servants' quarters, where, amid what was for him luxury, he sat at a table and was made much of, and surrounded by pie, cheese, the remnants of a shrimp salad and a *marron glace*—not that he knew by name aught but the pie and cheese—Scruggles fed himself and elated his hearers with tales of the East Side. Incidentally he learned all he wanted to know about Beauty's former master, and the old debate of returning the dog came up in his mind as he trudged back to Second avenue, for they had told him that Mr. Mason grieved constantly after his pet, and his rest was so broken that the doctors had to place him under the influence of opiates to get him to sleep.

Before he got back he decided that he would return Beauty. Then as the dog crept over the floor by him in the darkness and cuddled his soft, silken little body against Scruggles' bare breast, felt the warm breath on his cheek and the little tongue licking his forehead, ears and chin, something gave way within Scruggles and in the gloom a thing happened that had never happened to Scruggles in all his brief life—tears flowed silently down his cheeks, and, quietly weeping, he fell asleep.

The struggle that now tore him kept him in distress for three days. Beauty was pining. He resented the confinement and the close air. He missed his baths and the food did not agree with him. In dog fashion he entreated Scruggles, and on the afternoon of the third day, Scruggles borrowed a basket with a lid, put beauty into it and started up town. This time he went to the front of the big brown stone mansion, and as he came in front of the steps a man, plainly a doctor, came out and was about to enter the waiting carriage when Scruggles stepped up and, taking his cap quite off and bowing very low, said, "How is Mr. Mason?"

The doctor turned in amazement, and regarded Scruggles for a moment before he said: "Why do you ask after Mr. Mason, my boy?"

"I—I've got something for him," said Scruggles. Beauty had succeeded in pushing the lid of the basket partly off, and poking out his alert little head, recognized the doctor, and gave shrill, sharp yelps of joy. The physician gave a start and grabbed Scruggles by the arm.

"Come in, quick," he said, and almost dragged him up the steps. Through a sumptuous entrance hall, down a dimly lighted corridor, past a splendid library, past open doors that revealed every evidence of wealth, they hurried until they reached a bright, sunny room, the windows open, flowers on every hand, and on a luxurious couch near one of the windows an emaciated figure, lying white and languid on the pillow.

"Randolph!" shouted the doctor, "look here." He pushed Scruggles forward. Beauty, now wild with excitement, leaped out of the basket and rushed to the sick man, barking as never dog barked before. The invalid sprang up, embraced the dog, and, with tears rushing down his face, uttered tender words of endearment, while Beauty, almost frantic, barked, yelped, and then, to Scruggles' envy and despair, began to lick his master's face. This was too much. Scruggles turned his head away, feeling such jealously and blighted hope as falls to the lot of one deserted by a sweetheart.

"Come here, my lad," said the sick man, and Scruggles went, and Beauty stood on his hind legs and looked from one to the other, with a look that plainly said: "I love you both, and you must be friends."

The doctor busied himself by writing on a little paper, and then said: "You won't need this digitalis to-night, Randolph."

"No, and I won't need it again," replied the invalid. "I'll get well now. What is your name, my good boy? Tell me all about it. John, bring a chair."

Scruggles sat down on a chair so soft that it frightened him, and told the sick man all about it, listened to with great attention by the invalid, the doctor and all of the servants who could conveniently pass the door.

It was late when Scruggles left the big brown stone house, and when he did he rode with the doctor in his carriage to Second avenue and Twelfth street, and the doctor held brief converse with Scruggles' mother, who really meant well in her way.

To-day Scruggles is the trusted messenger in a Wall Street banking firm. They call him Edward now, and he is the support of his mother and sister, for the father disappeared after the thirty days on the Island, and perhaps it was just as well, for now they are living comfortably in a modest, up-to-date apartment house, the latest result of the tenement house reform.

Mr. Mason is no longer an invalid, and Beauty is impartially devoted to both, at which you would not be surprised if you had the pleasure of knowing Beauty as well as I do.

[THE END]

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From the Bastile's Dungeon*

THE Bastile seemed to be the Land of Forgetfulness. The Governor had so forgotten Cluny, that his name called up no recollection. He did not know whether he was in the prison or not. He did not know whether he was alive or dead. The head gaoler also had forgotten. Men lost their identity within those walls. The very books of the prison had forgotten Cluny. Their keeper grew cross, and positive of Neville's non-entering, as volume after volume refused to give up his name. But Israel and his men, standing there so determined and so silent, forced him to go back and back, until he came to that fateful day when, before the dawning, the young man had been driven within those terrible gates.

"On whose order?" asked Israel, speaking with sharp authority.

"On the order of his Eminence, Cardinal Mazarin," was the answer.

"I thought so;" then turning to the head gaoler he added, "you have the order for release. We are in haste."

"Time is not counted here. We know not haste," was the answer.

"Then," said Israel, flaming into passion, "you must learn how to hasten. I give you ten minutes to produce Lord Neville. After that time, I shall return to his Eminence and report your refusal to obey him."

The gaoler had never before been accosted in such language. As word by word was translated to his intelligence, he manifested an unspeakable terror. It was impossible for him to conceive the manner of man and the strange authority that dared so to address the head gaoler of the Bastile. He left the chamber at once, and within the time named there were sounds heard which made all hearts stand still—the slow movement of feet hardly able to walk—the dismal clangor of iron, and anon the mournful sound of a human voice. But nothing could have prepared Cluny's comrades for the sight of their old companion. His tall form was attenuated to the last point; his eyes, unaccustomed to much light, would not at once respond, they looked as if they had lost vision; his hair straggled unkempt over his shoulders, and the awful pallor of the prison on his face and neck and hands was more ghastly than the pallor of death. His clothing had decayed; it hung in shreds about his limbs; but there was a glimmer of his old self in the pitiful effort he made, as soon as conscious of human presence, to lift up his head and carry himself without fear. An irrepressible movement of arms, a low wail of pity, met him as he entered the room, and he looked before him, anxious, intent, but not yet seeing anything distinctly.

"Cluny! Cluny! Cluny!" cried Israel; and then Cluny distinguished the buff and steel uniforms, and knew who it was that called him. A long, sharp cry of agony, wonder, joy, answered the call, and he fell senseless into Israel's arms.

They lifted him to the open window, they laid bare the skeleton form of his chest, they called him by name in voices so full of love and pity that his soul perforce answered their entreaties. Then the Governor offered him some clothing, but Israel put it passionately away. They were worse than Babylonish garments in his sight; he would not touch them. He asked only for a public litter, and when it was procured, they laid Cluny in it, and his comrades bore him through the streets of Paris to their lodging on the outskirts of the city.

When they left the gates of the prison there was a large gathering of men, and it increased as they proceeded—a pitiful crowd, whose very silence was the highest eloquence. For they understood. Cluny lay prone and oblivious to their vision. They had seen him come from the Bastile. He was dead, or dying, and these angry, weeping soldiers were his comrades. They began to mutter, to exclaim, to voice their sympathy more and more intelligibly. Women, praying and weeping audibly, joined the procession, and Israel foresaw the possibility of trouble. He felt that in some way order must be restored, and inspired by the wisdom within, he raised his hands and in a loud, ringing voice, began the favorite hymn of his troopers; and to the words they had been used to sing in moments of triumphal help or deliverance they carried Cluny, with the solemn order of a religious service, safely into their camp. For when the hymn began, the crowd followed quietly, or dropped away, as the stern men trod in military step to their majestic antiphony:

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And the King of glory shall come in."
"Who is the King of glory?"
"The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And the King of glory shall come in."
"Who is this King of glory?"
"The Lord of hosts; the Lord mighty in battle,
He is the King of glory!"

*From *The Lion's Whelp*, a powerful and fascinating story of Cromwell's time. By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. Pp. 383. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

A Notable Book

"THE GREAT HIGHWAY," by James Creelman, the famous war correspondent, is already winning golden opinions. Julian Hawthorne writes: "It is memorable, both as literature and as contemporary history. Nothing else in the same line so authoritative, so vivid and so fascinating has been published within my knowledge."

Max O'Rell says: "It is a work full of electric power. It contains the experiences of a most adventurous and extraordinary life, told with great force and in a brilliant, sparkling style, full of humor and philosophy."

Julian Ralph has this characteristic comment: "The special correspondent is to-day knight-errant, and Creelman has long carried his plume in the van of the adventurous band. In his book we read of a life as strongly contrasted with the lives of the millions of men as was the career of Jeanne d'Arc when the mass of women were men's chattels." *The Great Highway* is a volume of 418 pp., cloth binding with decorative cover, finely illustrated. Price, postpaid, $1.35. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston, publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Way of Belinda, by Frances Weston Carruth. A charming love tale of to-day, with the action laid in New York, is also issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers, New York. Pp. 310; cloth binding. Price $1.50.

The Eternal Quest, by J. A. Stewart, a story of love and war, the scene of the latter being laid in South Africa during the Boer campaign. Full of modern interest. Pp. 378; cloth covers. Price $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, publishers.

Tree Chart of the Old Testament, giving, in the form of a genealogical tree, the line of descent from Adam to Christ, with names and dates in which the leading persons lived. Interesting and educational, a valuable aid to Bible study in Sunday Schools and Bible Classes. Price $2.00. H. L. Bert, Marion, Ind.

The Romance of a Pussie Cat, by Frederick Rogers, D.C.L. A unique and amusing book, the scene of the story being laid in New Ontario, "in the land of the Grimalkins." It is moral, humane, humorous and instructive. Pp. 239; cloth binding; illustrated. Price $1.50. American Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich., publishers.

The Heroine of Santiago, by Antoinette Sheppard, is a historical tale, giving vivid and realistic descriptions of Cuban warfare, and dealing very fully with the Spanish-American War. The fearful sufferings of the reconcentrados are touchingly described, and an insight is given into Cuban methods and customs, and the castes of the upper and lower classes are well set forth in the characters. The author has skilfully blended with the romance many thrilling incidents from the Cuban wars. Cloth binding, 260 pages. Price $1.00. The Abbey Press, New York and London, publishers.

The Leeper Photographs in Bible and Classic Lands. These constitute a series of beautiful and instructive photographic reproductions, the original photographs having been taken by the Rev. J. L. Leeper, D.D., during his travels in the East. The views are well chosen, and the groupings and character studies are exceedingly artistic. "Stock" subjects are carefully avoided. To students of Bible and Oriental history, to those about to travel in the lands pictured, and to lovers of the beautiful everywhere, these pictures will be peculiarly acceptable. Published by the Leeper Photographic Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

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BECAUSE no dealer can sell it. I am not going to be fooled by the claims that there is something else "just as good" as the Ostermoor, but shall send my money direct to the makers.

Price List on Regular Sizes

2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.,	$ 8.35	All 6 feet 3 inches long
3 feet wide . . . 30 lbs.,	10.00	
3 feet 6 inches wide, 35 lbs.,	11.70	
4 feet wide . . . 40 lbs.,	13.35	
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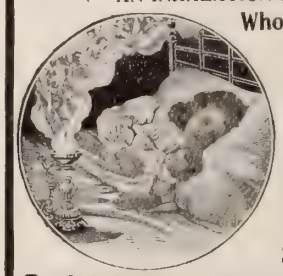

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Grip, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever,

Don't fail to use CRESOLENE for the distressing and often fatal affections for which it is recommended. For more than twenty years we have had the most conclusive assurances that there is nothing better. Ask your physician about it.

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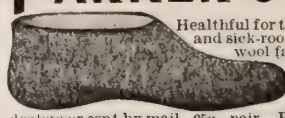

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4 for 10 cents

We will send to any one, 4 handsome Duchess Lace Handkerchief Patterns, all different. Also our new 100 page catalogue of Fancy Work Novelties and Handkerchiefs. All for 10 cents.

C. S. DAVISSON & CO.,
391 Broadway, New York. Dept. 16.

FAMINE-SWEPT SHENSI

Continued from Page 977

In a letter dated Hsi-an-fu (Shensi), ept. 14, via Hankow, Dr. Duncan writes s follows:

"The officials have given every facility or arriving at a satisfactory estimate of ie places where distress is most severe, nd also in rendering every assistance in iscovering those in greatest need. The rst thing done was to invite us to food, nd talk over the condition of affairs and ecide upon the districts to be helped. Isi-an City was first to be relieved, as ie need seemed the greatest. The fact iat there has been official and imperial elief given here in the winter, drew a rge number of the destitute to this place the hope of obtaining relief. Then the opulace here has little or no land on hich to rely for subsistence. We de- ded, at the strong recommendation of ang Tao T'ai, who has been in full iarge of all the Government relief in ie Province during the year, to begin ere, and then take on other places as ioney and need seemed to decide. We pportioned the funds as follows: For is city (with a population of nearly a illion), 30,000 taels; for the T'ung Chou refecture. 6.000 taels; for the Christians eight districts, 6,000 taels; for relief in ie Ch'ien Chou district. 6.000 taels.

"The balance to be distributed in the ost needy parts of San Yuan Ling Tu'ng nd Kao Lin districts. The Swedish mis- onary, Mr. Tjader, is distributing the elief in T'ung Chou. Mr. Trudinger, an ustralian, is to help here and in the h'ien Chou district. We hope that by nother mail we will be able to give you ore particulars as to the details and orking of the arrangements. We are ght in the thick of the work. The hinese have a special regard for America s the one nation that has no axe to grind, nd look to her to uphold their rights and elp their cause. It is, therefore, a great leasure to them to have help from the iendliest of foreign lands.

"Yours fraternally,
"MOIR B. DUNCAN."

Another letter says: "The severity of the famine in Shensi may be gauged from the fact that not fewer than thirty per cent. of the population have already fallen before the scourge. This is the official return of the death-rate, resulting from the lack of bread. In no previous famine has the Government displayed greater energy in coping with the distress.

"Relief measures were begun in the seventh moon of last year (1900) and have been continued ever since—a period of thirteen months. In sixty-three out of the eighty-three districts distress prevailed, and these sums have been spent in relief:

By the Imperial Government,	$120	Wan	of taels
By the Provincial Government,	300	"	"
From the other provinces,	30	"	"
Borrowed from Kansu province,	20	"	"
Received from the sale of offices,	50	"	"
		$520	Wan
Private charities,		35	Wan
Total,		555	Wan

"Approximately nearly 4,000,000 dollars

"The officials have done all that could be either desired or expected in assisting the distributers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Fund. The first place to be assisted was the Western Capital, as Hsi-an-fu is now called. The city was divided into eight districts, and thoroughly canvassed from door to door to discover those in greatest need. **About 50,000 have already been helped.**

"The work is proceeding in other districts as the funds will allow. Mr. Tjader, of the Swedish Mission, is acting in the T'ung Chou Prefecture, and Mr. Trudinger, of the C. I. M., in the west of Hsi-an. The help has been timely, tiding over the pinch between the stoppage of official relief and the reaping of the autumn harvest."

THE STONE RANSOM FUND

UP to November 10, no definite news had been received concerning the release of Ellen M. Stone, the missionary captured by brigands in Bulgaria. A letter had, however, been recently received by her friends, which stated that both the missionary and her companion, Mme. Tsilka, were alive and in good health. There are still hopes of her early release.

The following contributions to the Ransom Fund have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

Andrews, Rosina L.	$1 00	Spencer, Miss D M.	2 00
Arnold, M H	25	Steele, E H.	1 00
Aylsworth, Anna M.	1 00	Taylor, T R.	2 00
Millar, Alpheus	1 00	Thompson, Amanda.	25
Barger, P L K	5 00	Thompson, J B.	25
Bartlett, Mattie	50	Trundy, Mrs J W	50
Beng, Mrs T	1 00	Tundrum, W B	25
Burns, T J	1 00	Urton, E C	10 00
Cannon, O D	1 00	Valentine, J W	25
Clark, H S	2 00	Valentine, Wm.	25
Colburn, H H & wife	3 00	Varley, A M	25
Conant, S	1 00	Walker, Louis A	1 00
Cooley, Mrs D.	1 00	Warnen, Edw P.	1 00
Crofts, Hannah.	1 50	Welander, Olaf N.	1 00
Crumbergh, Mrs M P	5 00	Wheeler, Ella J	1 00
Cubbage, J R.	5 00	White, B A	1 00
Davis, Caleb & wife	4 00	Wiley, B.	25
Davis, Geo P.	1 00	Williams, Miss A	1 00
Dikeman, Miss Caroline	100 00	Williams, A G	3 00
Donk, Mrs N L.	1 00	Williams, J F	2 00
Douglas, A J	1 50	Young, M.	50
Eaton, Mrs Anna R.	1 00	Margaret, Vermilion, Kans	5 00
Eaton, Miss Mary S	1 00	Rida, Intervale, N H	5 00
Elder, Thos D	1 00	A A, Springfield, Mass	1 00
Ansey, Rosa E.	25	A H C, Lynnfield Ctr. Mass	5 03
Ferguson, Mrs J L	1 00	C O D, Mechanics'bg. Pa	15 00
Floyd, Mary E.	1 00	H M M, W Newbury, Mass	1 00
Forrester, Ernest G.	5 00	J A R, St John, Can.	50
Fowler, Alice J.	1 00	L M G, Leeds, Mass.	10
Gallup, M E	3 00	L O B, Glen Wilton, Va.	3 00
Gardner, Mrs D H.	3 00	L S R, Boston, Mass.	1 00
Geles, Amanda C	1 00	M E W, N Y City.	1 00
Gilmore, Sarah A	20 00	M J G, Paris, Ont, Can	2 00
Gray, Nellie E.	1 00	N N L Loyal, Wis.	50
Griggs, W	5 00	T M B, Phila, Pa.	4 00
Hamlin, C.	25	T M C, Hookset, N H.	1 00
Hamlin, Mrs C	1 00	——, Rantoul, Ill	55
Harmier, Henry.	1 00	——, San Anselmo, Cal	25
Harris, New.	10 00	Friend, Bellville, Tex	25
Hayward, S T.	2 00	Friend, E Tilton, N H	25 00
Hedges, Mrs Chas S.	1 25	Friend, Long Branch, N J	1 00
Hershey, Simon A.	1 00	A Friend Meadow Grove, Neb.	2 00
Hetrich, Mrs M J	50	A Friend, Rock, Mass	1 00
Hills, Leonard	5 00	A Friend, Rutland, Vt	5 00
Himmel, Rev Peter.	1 00	I H N, Kenosha, Wis.	1 00
Hood, Jean	50	I J N, Armstrong, Ia.	2 50
Hoyce, J W.	1 00		
Ivenhart, Ed	25		
Iverson, Mrs Alfred.	1 00		
Jefferson, W A.	50		
Jefferson, J A.	25		
Jobe, P H.	25		
Jones, Ben F	1 00	A Reader, Frankfort, Ind	5 00
Jones, C C	25	Citizens of Leonard, Tex	17 20
Kirtley, S F	5 00	Bapt Ch, W Townsend, Mass	2 00
Knight, Mrs Wm S.	50	S Sch class of boys, Little Rock, Ark.	1 25
Knox, C L	25	Nichols Aid Soc, Hershey, Neb	1 00
Laughun, P O	25	Y P Aid Soc, Hillsdale Ch, W Va.	10 00
Lincoln, Mrs I P.	25	Y P S C E, 7th Day Bapt Ch, Milton, Wis	2 70
McCrea, Mrs S P.	1 00	Allegheny W C T U, Pleasantville, Pa.	10 00
Mallory, E A	5 00	Bapt Miss Soc, Shelbyville, Mo.	1 55
Mathewson, A W	10 00	Christian Miss Soc, Shelbyville, Mo.	60
Maxwell, Land M C	2 00	King's Dau Circle, Shelbyville, Mo.	1 25
Mears, Phœbe.	1 00	M E C S Soc, Shelbyville, Mo	5 15
Morris, T.	2 00	Bapt Y P S C E, W Somerset, N Y.	1 00
Morrison, E	1 00	From people of Leonard, Tex	2 80
Myer, Mrs Edgar.	50	The Ladies of Sedro Wolley, Wash.	2 10
Myers, J W.	2 00	Pacific Church, Florin, Cal	9 75
Newlin, M A	1 00	Cong'l Church, Metamora, Mich	2 00
Noble, Anna E.	1 00		
Norton, Mrs R	2 00		
Oswald, Wm W	1 00		
Price, Mrs H D	5 00		
Puckett, Mrs C.	50		
Robinson, Mrs W H.	1 00		
Robinson, L W	10		
Rutt, A.	1 00		
Rutt, J W.	10		
Rutt, S L	25		
Shner, F I	25		
Shaffer, C W.	25		
Shaffer, J C	1 00		
Sharp, Nettie	2 25		
Simmons, J H	25		
Smurr, L J	1 00		
Snelling, E H	1 00		
Spahr, J.	10		

A Martyr at Fourteen

A missionary lately returned from China, describing some of the native converts who were martyred during the Boxer outbreak, writes: "Li Rutang's only child, a bright girl of 14 years of age, fled after her father's death, taking with her a New Testament. Some relatives wished to save her, but said she must burn her book. She refused. She ran with the book under her arm into the millet. She was not known by any of the Boxers. She was discovered in the millet. Her book was testimony, and the only testimony, against her. She was brought to the place of execution, and asked if she were a believer. She replied she was. The child fearlessly stood before the tormentors, who asked her if she were not afraid. 'Afraid or not afraid, it is all one,' she replied. But with a smile she met the sword which cut her down."

A Common Sense Policy

clear in its terms, with no confusing technicalities, is issued by The Prudential. It amounts simply to this: You pay the premiums promptly, and we pay the policy at once, in the event of satisfactory proof of death. Cost moderate.

The Prudential
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JOHN F. DRYDEN, PRESIDENT. HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.

Fill out this slip and send to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of Policies.

For $..... *Age*.....
Name .....
Address .....
Occupation.....
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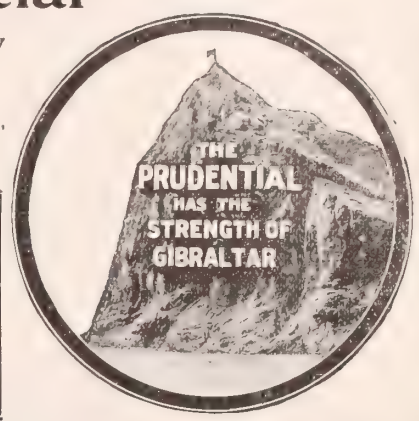

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Why do you permit a custom at the communion table which you would not tolerate in your own home? Would you like to know where Individual Communion Cups are used? *Send for our free book—it tells all about it. A trial outfit sent free.*
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20 HENS

working steadily at one time cannot hatch so many chicks as one of our 200-egg size

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Des Moines Incubator Co.,

This 50 Egg BANTLING SPECIAL

is the equal of any incubator made in hatching quality. It costs less because it is smaller. The methods of heating, regulating, ventilating, etc. are thoroughly reliable and results are guaranteed, if you follow instructions. It's the biggest bargain in the batch at the price. Fully described in **Our 20th Century Poultry Book.** Sent for 10c, worth $1. We have 115 yards of thoroughbred poultry.
Reliable Incb. & Brdr. Co., Box B-16, Quincy, Ill.

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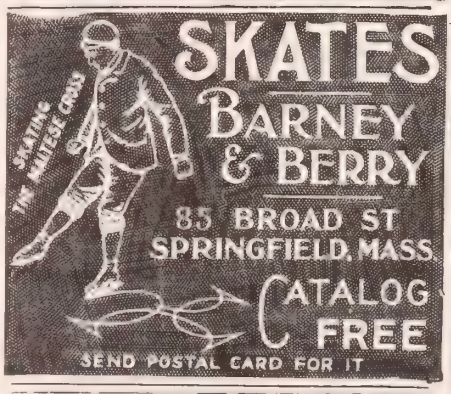

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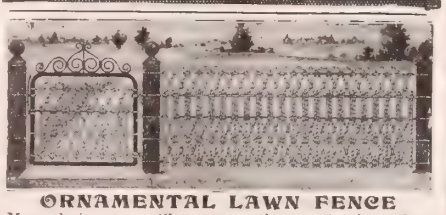
NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND TAKE NO OTHER THE GENUINE HARTSHORN



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save feed, save money and **produce better results.** Made of best cast iron with steel linings; boiler made of extra heavy galvanized steel. Capacity 25 to 100 gallons. Circular and price free.
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twice as many eggs if fed raw cut bone.

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is such a success that we will send it to you **ON FREE TRIAL**—no money required. Easy work, no waste—or don't keep it. Free cat'lg explains all.
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If you want to be rid of that **corn**, you'll send us 15 cents right away for a box of **A-CORN SALVE.** If we don't remove it, no pay—we send money back, if you say so.
Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Largest Nursery. Fruit Book free. Result of 76 years' experience
STARK BROS, Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.; Etc

CHILDREN of GOD

The Clue to Attaining Divine Sonship is in Yielding to the Leading of the Holy Spirit

IN one sense, all men are sons of God. Paul told the Athenians that they were his sons though they knew nothing of Christianity. Deriving their being from God, depending for their continued life on his bounty, they must be his children. But that is the involuntary and the lowest idea of sonship. It may exist with the densest ignorance, even with rebellion. A man who does not recognize the relationship, and the man who does know it, but lives as an enemy of God, is still a child of God in that mechanical sense of the word. But there is a higher sense, as the Apostle intimates, in which a man may be a son of God. In our human relationships we appreciate this difference. The degenerate son of a good man does not seem so much his son as does a boy of honorable and clean life. The father deplores his son's degeneracy, and would rejoice over his repentance and reform. That is how God feels towards erring men. When they are restored and yield themselves to the Spirit's influence—are led of the Spirit, is the Apostle's phrase—they become godly, or God-like, and are, in the true sense, his sons. As the father in the parable of the Prodigal Son said, his son "was dead, and is alive again, was lost, and is found." The wayward son was his son all the time he was away, but his filial nature was dead, and only when it revived did the father recover the son whom he had lost.

This view of human nature makes a life of sin all the more deplorable. We are not so much surprised when a lad born in the slums takes to evil ways, but when a youth who has been reared in a respectable home by godly parents becomes a reprobate, the calamity seems far worse. So when men forget their divine sonship and voluntarily give themselves to evil ways the disaster is appalling. Apart from revelation there is enough in human nature to give a clue to the fact of sonship. Near akin as we are to the brutes, and so much nearer than we formerly supposed, the difference between us and them is immense. That one divine spark of the soul, existing even in the most degraded man, differentiates him from the most intelligent dog. He is clearly of a higher order of being. The attributes of God, as we know them, in his power over the universe, in his intelligent action toward a definite goal and in his moral sense, are all reflected in man. He has a divine nature nearer akin to God than to the brutes. His supremacy in the world is no mere titular, but a very real thing. Animals far stronger than he, he harnesses and drives to work for him. The forces of nature have, one after another, been subjugated until even the lightning, once his dread, is now so controlled as to give him light and communication, and motive power. Only on the spiritual side does he appear to lack God-likeness. And even there the capacity is present, though it is often altogether dormant. But glimpses of it we do see. The tenderness, the helpfulness, the pity, the magnanimity sometimes displayed by even wicked men, are flashes of divinity showing the latent sonship of God.

How, then, can this latent power be developed? This is the great problem of humanity which can never be solved apart from revelation. The spiritual capacity needs quickening and it needs power. It was this need which brought the Son of God to earth and it has proved true that to as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God. Man has a part in his own development, but it is a receptive one. The power comes from God, but it is not operative unless man yields to it. His experience in the material world furnishes the clue to his procedure. All his triumphs over nature have been won by adapting himself to natural law. When he has discovered the existence of a law, he has not opposed it, but has applied the law to his purposes. Water will not run up hill, and the man who attempted to make it do so would only waste his time. What he has to do is to adapt his machinery to the known law and then the water will work for him. When we learned what electricity would do, we had simply to provide the apparatus by which its power could be utilized. So it is in spiritual matters. If a man will yield himself to the influence of the Holy Spirit, he is in the way of infinite development. So long as he resists, it is useless to him. Christ came that men might have life and might have it more abundantly. That life he gives freely and its effects are marvelous. It cleanses and it invigorates. It brings moral order into the soul, where before anarchy prevailed. So great is the change, that Christ described it correctly as a new birth. From the time it is received the man as a spiritual being begins to grow. He is a son of God, partaker of his nature. His education begins and endless possibilities of development are placed within his reach. In this way, and in no other, can men become in very truth the children of God.

A further inducement is added by the Apostle to that of spiritual development. Not only does the man in becoming a child of God attain a more perfect humanity, but he gains an assurance of inheritance "If children then heirs." We understand very well the enviable position of the youth who is heir to a great estate, but what is it to be an heir of God himself? This is promised to those who have been born again.

"A Book from Heaven"

"Some years after Shansi province was opened to the Gospel" (writes a member of the China Inland Mission) "a missionary passed through the hill district of Taning and sold a copy of Mark. That Gospel found its way to one of the temples, and there was found by a priest named Chang. He took the book home to his village, and, being unable to read it himself, asked his village teacher, Ku, to read it to him. These two commenced studying the book. Soon they came to the conclusion that the book, as they said, was from heaven. Day by day, night by night, they studied it. In a short time both gave up their idolatry, and turned to the Lord. After about three years, they first heard that there was a missionary in the prefectural city of P'ing-yang Fu, three days' journey away. They went down to visit him, and soon Chang and K'u were baptized. They began to think of their former co-religionists living some five days distant. They went up there, and God blessed their visit, and eight families put away their idols. That was the commencement of our little Hsiao-i church, where there are now some seventy in fellowship. Chang is pastor of the church. The Boxers three times sought his life. He hid in the hills, but God delivered him."

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 1. Romans 8: 14-17.

COFFEE COMPLEXION.

Many Ladies Have Poor Complexions from Coffee.

"Coffee caused dark colored blotches on my face and body. I had been drinking it for a long while, and these blotches gradually appeared, until finally they became permanent and were about as dark as coffee itself.

I formerly had as fine a complexion as one could ask for.

When I became convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I changed and took to using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, and as I made it well, according to directions, I liked it very much, and have since that time used it entirely in place of coffee.

I am thankful to say I am not nervous any more, as I was when I was drinking coffee, and my complexion is now as fair and good as it was years ago. It is very plain that the coffee caused the trouble. Please omit my name from public print. Mrs. ——, 2081 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill." The name of this lady can be given by the Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

Most bad complexions are caused by some disturbance of the stomach, and coffee is the greatest disturber of digestion known. Almost any woman can have a fair complexion if she will leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee and nutritious, healthy food in proper quantity. The food coffee furnishes certain parts of the natural grains from the field that nature uses to rebuild the nervous system, and when that is in good condition one can depend upon a good complexion as well as a general healthy condition of the body.

Quality Strictly First Grade.

Pan-American Souvenir Coffee Spoon.

The Exposition Souvenir Spoon issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. is proving very popular. Many highly complimentary letters have been received from purchasers expressing surprise and pleasure at receipt of such a fine souvenir at so low a price.

These are not cheap, worthless souvenirs. They are made of best material, carefully and handsomely finished and fully guaranteed. They are serviceable and will last for years. Spoons of like quality sold at 50 to 75 cents at the Exposition.

Sent post paid to any address for twenty cents in coin.

In ordering: Detach coupon below, fill in your name and address plainly and mail direct to factory. If you do not wish to mutilate magazine, spoon will be sent upon receipt of price, without coupon.

Lake Shore Pan-American Souvenir Coupon.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Niagara Falls, N. Y. Enclosed find twenty cents in coin for which send me one L. S. & M. S. Ry. Souvenir Coffee Spoon. Address

Name.....

No. ..... Street

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Other machines, $7.50 to $24.50

5-Piece OVER-STUFFED PARLOR SUIT consisting of Sofa, Patent Rocker, Arm Chair and 2 Side Chairs, covered in four-toned velour, trimmed with fringe and tassels..... $15.50

THREE-PIECE BED ROOM SUIT consisting of Bed, Dresser, Wash Stand, all solid oak with high golden oak finish, with 24x30 inch oval French plate mirror. Swelled front, top drawers.... $17.90

And a Full Line of Everything Needed at Equally Low Prices.

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Commission of the Deliverer

Self-Confidence and Self-Distrust Changed to Faith

By Mrs. M. Baxter

A REAL cry to God, a real appeal to him for help, not by way of experiment, but through a belief in his power and his illingness, never goes unheard. "The chil-en of Isreal sighed by reason of the bond-e;" it told their anguish, but it did nothing r them; a sigh is addressed to nobody. hen, however, they cried to God in their uble, "their cry came up unto God," and od heard their groaning," "remembered s covenant," "saw," and "took knowledge" en. 3:23-25, R. V.). And yet they did not e the answer. But while their cry was going to God, he was at work. He saw in this y a turning from the gods of Egypt, and a ening of the people for the deliverance ich was in his heart to give them. He was rking in Midian on the education of the liverer, while the oppressed people in gypt were crying for deliverance. Let us t say that prayer is unanswered because do not immediately see how God is an-ering.

Moses was keeping the sheep of his father-law; and, by the providence of God, was me to Horeb, the mountain which should signalized in future as a place where God ould again and again manifest himself.

Moses' education in the desert had not been vain; his self reliance was gone, he would longer rush on before God, and take mat-s into his own hands; but he had yet much learn of confidence in God. Forty years fore, Moses had thought to undertake the liverance of his people; but Joseph had before he died, "God will surely visit , and bring you out of this land." Moses, forestalling God, had really retarded the liverance of his people instead of further-g it. But now God had arisen, and the ng was going to be done. "I am come wn to deliver them. . . Come, now, refore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, t thou mayest bring forth my people, the ldren of Isreal, out of Egypt."

But Moses still stood in the way of his God. tead of self-reliance, he was now filled with f-distrust, but it was self all the same. It s not now the thought of how great he was, of how little he was that occupied him: Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh?" says. He had yet to learn that the great tter was not what he was nor who he was, t what God was, and what he was going to "Certainly I will be with thee," ought to ve satisfied him; this had been the inspira-n and the power of the life of Joseph. But ses had yet to be conquered before he uld become a fit instrument for his great rk; he was not yet fully trusting. God's n was so different to what he had expected. Moses' education in philosophy, science and ural law had left its mark upon him, and had not yet come into the simplicity of th. He continued to make objections, al-ough God had assured him of ultimate suc s. Just now his former experience was onger in his eyes than the Word of God. ehold, they will not believe me," he said, r hearken unto my voice" (Gen. 4: 1). He no confidence that God had been work-on the people, but expected to find them t as he had left them. This was flatly con-dicting God, who had said, "They shall ken to thy voice" (3: 18). And yet the rd had patience with his timid, doubting vant.

With the presence of God, with his mes-e already put into his mouth, with a power en to him to work miracles, with God's urance that the elders of Israel should ken to him, and that Pharaoh, who should first oppose, should be overcome in the l, on what ground could Moses make any ther opposition? The man who had been conscious of himself, of his position, of his wer in deeds and also in words, now says, h Lord, I am not eloquent, neither hereto-e, nor since thou hast spoken to thy ser-nt; for I am slow of speech and of a slow gue." What a change had come over the n who had been mighty in word! He was y out of practice in public speaking, his rning was probably much forgotten, and re was everything in his circumstances to ke him shrink from the impossible task, manly speaking, which lay before him. thing could enable him for it but a confi-ce in God which made him lose sight of self. But unbelief is no excuse for diso-dience. God succeeded in the end, for in sketch of him as a man of faith in Heb. it is said, he "endured as seeing him who is isible."

t is most instructive to mark the patience h which God met all the distrust of his vant on the ground of his own incapacity, the consideration of who he was who had l, "Certainly I will be with thee" (Gen. 2). "Who hath made man's mouth? . . . t not I the Lord? Now, therefore, go, and ll be with thy mouth, and teach thee what u shalt speak." Oh, how long it is before come to the point of trusting our God to tch us in critical moments, when and what speak, and when to be silent. Moses was yet trustful, but what could he ask more? He was unreasonable. If God were real, and if he indeed would be true to his word, Moses could not be better equipped. But he felt nothing, saw nothing. He had only him who is invisible to rest upon, and, as yet, he was not fully weaned from the visible. "O Lord," he says, "send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." And God was angry, justly angry, and made a compromise which cost Moses dear. He gave him Aaron his brother, to be spokesman for him, the man who, when Moses was in the mountain forty days and forty nights, led the people in their worship of the golden calf (Exod. 32: 1-6).

Moses must learn yet another lesson before he was fit to be the leader God had destined him to be: things in his family must be put right. His father-in-law was made willing to part with him, and on the journey God gave him the full message which he was to deliver to the king of Egypt, when he should harden his heart, "Thou shalt say unto Pharaoh, Thus saith the Lord, Israel is my son, my first-born; and I have said unto thee, Let my son go that he may serve me, and thou hast refused to let him go; behold, I will slay thy son, thy first-born." But how about Moses' first-born? The child was as yet uncircumcised. Undoubtedly this was a bone of contention between the parents. But God must have his place in Moses' family. God met Moses on the journey at the rest-house, and sought to kill him. Moses understood God's purpose, and at once commanded his wife to circumcise the child; and in spite of hard words from her, it was done, and Moses lived.

The Lord brought about the meeting of Moses and Aaron in that very "mountain of God" where he had appeared to Moses, and there he told his brother all that God had revealed to him. They went together into Egypt, and together spoke to the elders of Israel, and "did the signs in the sight of the people." And it came to pass just as God had said, "the people believed; and when they had heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that he had seen their afflictions, then they bowed their heads and worshiped," and Moses' ministry was begun.

SUNDRY CHARITIES

The following sums have been contributed by our readers for the support of the worthy causes mentioned below:

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Women's Miss Soc Cong'l Church, Fremont, Mich	30 00

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Rev D H Lee, Mem Fd, Calcutta, India

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Hawaii Helping China

China's famine plight has touched the hearts of God's people all over the world. Lately, we had letters from India, expressing in a substantial manner the sympathy of her people with the suffering Chinese. Below is a letter from the Hawaiian Islands, which tells its own story:

Chinese Mission House,
Honolulu, Oct. 11, 1901.

To the China Relief Work—The Christian Herald, New York City.

Enclosed, please find draft on New York City for $120.00, which, please apply for the relief of the famine sufferers in North China. There has been some delay in forwarding this, but I trust it will be of service. Above amount is from:

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Every case of Larkin Soaps packed as purchaser orders; your own selection to amount of $10.00 from this list:

Sweet Home Family Soap, per bar. For all ordinary laundry and household purposes it has no superior. Full size.	$0.05
White Woolen Soap, per bar. For flannels, infants' clothes and laces.	.07
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Honor Bright Scouring Soap, per bar. To make things bright. Equal to 10c. kinds.	.05
Boraxine Soap Powder, (full lbs.) per pkg	.10
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Old English Castile (6-oz. cakes) per ¼-doz. A pure, unscented, milled Castile Soap.	.30
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Witch Hazel Shaving Stick or Tablet, each. Several higher priced. None better; few equal.	.10
Sulphur Soap, scented, antiseptic, per ¼-doz	.25
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The Chariot Race,	Roe L. Hendrick.
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1901 Vol. 24—No. 48. $1.50 a Year. Price Five Cents

CHRISTIAN HERALD

HOME FOR THANKSGIVING WITH THE OLD FOLKS

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The Astors and our wealthiest families have made their money from the increase in value of real estate. You can prove this point if you will take the pains to look it up. New York City property has increased in value more than that of any other place because of its enormous growth in population, and this growth of values and population is still going on. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bridge trolley, and elevated, the immense tide of increased population has turned Brooklynward. The attention of the public has been called to the great advantages of Brooklyn because it is only in that section that New York can grow —*please note that point, as it is the keynote to the situation.* The influx of people into Brooklyn is so great as to severely tax Brooklyn Bridge—as a result new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed) and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough the only section in which New York can grow, but property in old New York City, the same distance from City Hall, would cost 20 to 40 times the money—*note that point carefully*, it is absolutely true.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

UIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR — NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1901 — BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK. 28 PAGES

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A STREET SCENE IN TIENTSIN TO-DAY — FRANCIS H. NICHOLS — JUNKS ON THE PEIHO RIVER

· A · RELIEF · JOURNEY · ACROSS · CHINA ·

Our Correspondent Tells of Mr. Allen's Perilous Mule-back Trip, with the Silver Sycee, to Succor Singan

BELOW is the first of a series of letters from Mr. Francis H. Nichols, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S special correspondent, who lately went to China for the express purpose of visiting the nine provinces. His letters, with the accompanying istrations, constitute the first actual history of the at famine that has yet appeared:

TIENTSIN, October 8, 1901.

n the province of Shensi, "thirty per cent. of the ulation have perished. In Singan city alone, acding to reliable investigations, there are some fifty usand destitute." Such is the first information of ine conditions which I have encountered on my arl in China.

s the traveler from the Occident stands here on the shold of the Chinese Empire, the first impres- which it produces upon him is its vastness a diversity. The mountain provinces are ost as far acry from the seacoast as ntsin is from America. Tientsin and

talked over the famine. This is what he told me: "Rains have recently fallen in Shansi, but drought and famine still continue in Shensi; and consequently it is on that province that the Relief Committee has recently concentrated its efforts. Mr. Moir B. Duncan, a member of the Committee, has charge of the relief work in Singan, Shensi's capital, while Dr. Edwards is at T'aiyuan, in Shansi."

The difficulties of distributing famine relief in China have this year been exceptionally great, owing to the unsettled condition of the country. In fact, to hear from Dr. Smith's lips the story of what has had to be overcome, makes one wonder that anything has been accomplished at all. In the first place, the most trustworthy assistants in relief distribution, would naturally be the native Christians. They are almost the only persons upon whom the missionaries can rely for an investigation of cases of individual suffering. In Shensi, many of them have been massacred and the survivors scattered. Only during the last few months have a few remnants of formerly large congregations begun to straggle back to the stations of the returned missionaries. These few surviving Christian Chinamen, absolutely forgetful of all they have suffered at the hands of their enemies, are now, under the direction of Mr. Duncan, earnestly engaged in the work of "doing good to those who have spitefully used them." They are the chief agencies co-operating with the Relief Committee in feeding the hungry. But they are not nearly so numerous as they were, less than two years ago, and their places are hard to fill.

Sending money in China is a very different operation to what it is in America. $20,000 can be cabled from New York to Tientsin in a few hours. But when that sum is reduced to taels it may take days, even weeks, to forward it a few hundred miles. Before the recent disturbances it was easily possible to send taels into the interior by a clumsy sort of Chinese bank draft; but these are no longer issued and are now almost an unknown quantity in the inland provinces. Consequently, any attempt to get relief funds to Shensi is a task of no ordinary magnitude. The first taels, 15,000, for Singan, were sent on mule-back over the mountains. It is safe to say that very few Americans know what a tael is. As a coin, it does not exist. It is only a measure of weight of silver bullion, which is the nearest approach to a uniform currency that China possesses. The bullion is cast into molds in the shape of shoes, which give it the name of "sycee" (Chinese for shoe). These shoes of silver are packed in cases specially made for the purpose, and are very heavy, two of them being as much as one mule can carry. It was in this cumbersome fashion that the first relief for the hungry went over six hundred miles into the distant town of Singan.

THE SHI MEN GATE, TIENTSIN

BOXER PRISONER AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE

SAILORS BRINGING UP FOOD STORES

ping, and the remnants of many burned villages nd them, are still concerned with little else than ign indemnities, repairing railroads, and the afterh of Boxers. The famine is another and a fara y question. For all practical purposes it might be nother country. But there is one place where the ine is not forgotten. To find it, you must have r 'rickshaw put you down at the gate in the stone l which encloses the compound of the American rd of Foreign Missions. This is the temporary e of the Rev. Arthur Smith, Chairman of THE RISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund. The comnd seems like a breath of Christian America proed upon this distracted, trouble-torn land. Within l quiet of its shaded walks and gray stone buildings, can for the moment forget the ruined buildings ade, and the foreign sentries in the crowded, dusty ets, who are perpetually challenging the scared shaw men and half-naked coolies.

r. Smith gave me a real American welcome, and we sat down on the sofa in his front parlor and

Mr. Duncan had preceded it by a few days, and had arranged for its distribution. The man who had charge of the caravan was Mr. Edgar Pierce Allen. He is an American, who has lived many years in China, and has a large practice in the Chinese courts as a lawyer. To carry such an amount of treasure through a disorganized country was a work of considerable danger and great responsibility. But Mr. Allen accepted it at Dr. Smith's request. At his own risk, and at great inconvenience to himself, he became the Committee's agent in transferring American dollars into food in the mountains of China. He has to-day told me the story of his journey.

At the request of Mr. Conger, Mr. Allen was provided by Li Hung Chang with a special passport, called a "Hoo Chow," and a letter of instructions to officials en route, called a "Choen Pai." "To Tingchow, the first stage of the journey," Mr. Allen said, "the sycee was carried on a railroad train, on which I was a passenger. The railroad officials refused to take any

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 1011

A Thanksgiving Sermon

By Rev T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

VICTORIES OF PLOW HAMMER AND PEN

TEXTS { HE THAT PLOWETH SHOULD PLOW IN HOPE -- I. CORINTHIANS 9 : 10
HE THAT SMOOTHETH WITH THE HAMMER -- ISAIAH 41 : 7
THEY THAT HANDLE THE PEN OF THE WRITER -- JUDGES 5 : 14

THERE is a table being spread across the top of the two great ranges of mountains which ridge this continent—a table which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific seas. It is the Thanksgiving table of the nation. They will come from the East and the West and the North and the South, and sit at it. On it are smoking the products of all lands, birds of every aviary, cattle from every pasture, fish from every lake, feathered spoils from every farm. The fruit baskets bend down under the products plucked from the peach fields of Maryland, the apple orchards of Western New York, the orange groves of Florida, the vineyards of Ohio, and the nuts threshed from New England woods. The bread is white from the wheat fields of Illinois and Michigan, the banqueters are adorned with California gold, and the table is agleam with Nevada silver, and the feast is warmed with the fire-grates heaped up with Pennsylvania coal. The hall is spread with carpets from Lowell mills, and at night the lights will flash from bronzed brackets of Philadelphia manufacture. The fingers of Massachusetts girls have hung the embroidery; the music is the drumming of ten thousand mills, accompanied by the shout of children let loose for play, and the gladness of harvesters driving barnward the loads of sheaves, and the thanksgivings of the nation which crowd the celestial gates with doxologies until the oldest harper of heaven cannot tell where the terrestrial song ends and the celestial song begins.

"Driving barnward the loads of sheaves."

Welcome, Thanksgiving Day! Whatever we may think of New England theology, we all like New England Thanksgiving Day. What means the steady rush to the depots and the long rail trains darting their lanterns along the tracks of the Boston and Lowell, the Georgia Central, the Chicago Great Western, the St. Paul and Duluth, and the Southern Railway? Ask the happy group in the New England farm-house. Ask the villagers whose song of praise in the morning will come over the Berkshire hills. Ask all the plantations of the South which have adopted the New England custom of setting apart a day of thanksgiving. Oh, it is a great day of national festivity! Clap your hands, ye people, and shout aloud for joy! Through the organ pipes let there come down the thunder of a nation's rejoicing! Blow the cornet! Wave the palm branches! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

For two years and a half this nation has been celebrating the triumph of sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes, and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if on this year's Thanksgiving in church and homestead we celebrate the victories of the plow, the hammer, and the pen; for nothing was done at Santiago or Manila that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field, and mechanic's shop, and author's study by those who never wore an epaulette, or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsill. Come up, farmers and mechanics and literary men, and get your dues as far as I can pay them.

Things have marvelously changed. Time was when the stern edict of Government forbade religious assemblages. Those who dared to be so unloyal to their king as to acknowledge loyalty to the Head of the Universe were punished. Churches awfully silent in worship suddenly heard their doors swung open and down upon the church aisle a score of muskets thumped as the leaders bade them "Ground arms!" This custom of having the fathers, the husbands, the sons and brothers at the entrance of the pew, is a custom which came down from olden time, when it was absolutely necessary that the father or brother should sit at the end of the church pew fully armed to defend the helpless portion of the family. But now, how changed! Severe penalties are threatened against any one who shall interrupt religious services, and annually, at the command of the highest official in the United States, we gather together for thanksgiving and holy worship. To-day I would stir your souls to joyful thanksgiving while I speak of the mercies of God, and in unconventional way recount the conquests of the plow, the hammer and pen.

Most of the implements of husbandry have been superseded by modern inventions, but the plow has never lost its reign. It has furrowed its way through all the ages. Its victories have been waved by the barley of Palestine, the wheat of Persia, the flax of Germany, the rice stalks of China, the rich grasses of Italy. It has turned up the mammoth of Siberia, the mastodon of Egypt, and the pine groves of Thessaly. Its iron foot hath marched where Moses wrote, and Homer sang, and Aristotle taught, and Alexander mounted his war charger. It hath wrung its colter on Norwegian wilds, and ripped out the stumps of the American forest, pushing its way through the savannahs of the Carolinas, and trembling in the grasp of the New Hampshire yeomanry. American civilization hath kept step with the rattle of its clevises, and on its beam hath ridden thrift and national plenty.

I do not wonder that the Japanese and the Chinese and the Phœnicians so particularly extolled husbandry, or that Cincinnatus went from the consulship to the plow, or that Noah was a farmer before he became a shipbuilder, or that Elisha was in the field plowing with twelve yoke of oxen when the mantle fell on him, or that the Egyptians in their paganism worshiped the ox as a tiller of their lands.

Piltheus, the king, found some rich gold mines in his province, so he turned all the population to digging in the mines. Tillage was neglected, and there came a great famine. One day the wife of the king invited him to a great banquet, and he came in and sat down, and there were pieces of gold in the shape of bread, and pieces of gold in the shape of biscuits, and pieces of gold in the shape of joints of meat, and the king was disgusted, and he said: "I cannot eat this." "Neither can the people," said his wife most suggestively, and then they went back to the tillage.

To get an appreciation of what the American plow has accomplished I take you into the Western wilderness. Here in the dense forest I find a collection of Indian wigwams. With belts of wampum the men lazily sit on the skins of deer, smoking their feathered calumets; or, driven forth by hunger, I track their moccasins far away as they make the forest echoes crazy with their wild halloo, or fish in the waters of the still lake. Now tribes challenge, and council fires blaze, and

"The Plow has never lost its reign."

warwhoops ring, and chiefs lift the tomahawks for battle. After a while, wagons from the Atlantic coast come to those forests. By day trees are felled, and by night bonfires keep off the wolves. Log cabins rise, and the great trees begin to throw their branches in the path of the conquering white man. Farms are cleared. Stumps, the monuments of slain forests, crumble and are burned. Villages appear, with smiths at the bellows, masons on the wall, carpenters on the housetop. Churches rise in honor of the Great Spirit whom the redmen ignorantly worship. Steamers on the lake convey merchandise to her wharf, and carry East the uncounted bushels that have come to the market. Bring hither wreaths of wheat and crowns of rye, and let the mills and the machin of barn and field unite their voices to celebrate triumph, for the wilderness hath retreated, and the pl hath conquered.

Within our time the Presidential Cabinet has added a Secretaryship of Agriculture. Societies are constantly being established for the education of the plow. Journals devoted to this department are circulated through all the country, Farmers, through such culture, have learned the attributes of soils, and found out that almost every field has its peculiar preferences. Lands have th choice as to which product they will bear. Mar lowlands touched by the plow rise and wring their wet locks in the trenches. Islands born d on the coast of Peru and Bolivia, are transporte our fields and make our vegetation leap. Highw by this plow, are changed from boggy sloughs, i roads like the Roman Appian Way. Fields go thro bloodless revolutions until there the farm-house sta In summer, honeysuckles clamber over the trellises. one side, there stands a garden, which is only a fa condensed. On the other side, there is a stretch f meadow land with thick grass, and, as the w breathes over it, looks like the deep green oc waves. There goes a brook, tarrying long in its w ings, as if loath to leave the spot where the reeds s and the cattle stand at noonday under the shadow the weeping willows. In winter, the sled comes thro the crackling snow, with huge logs from the woods, the barn-floor quakes under the thumpings of the fl or the deafening buzz of the treshing-machine. Ho stand beneath mow-poles bending under loads of h and whinny to the well-filled oat-bins. Comfort lau at the wind rattling the sashes and clicking the ici from the eaves.

"The rushing of the wheat through the g elevators."

Parts of our country, under industrious tillage, h become an Eden of fruitfulness, in which religion sta as the tree of life, and educational advantages as tree of knowledge of good and evil, not one of th forbidden. We are ourselves surrounded by well-l tured farms. They were worked by your fathers, perhaps your mothers helped spread the hay in field. On their headstones are the names you b As, when you were boys, in the sultry noon you sou for the harvest field with refreshments for your fath and found them taking their noon spell sound asl under the trees, so peacefully now they sleep in s country churchyard. No more fatigued, Death plowed for them the deep furrow of a grave.

Although most of us have nothing directly to do w the tillage of the soil, yet in all our occupations we f the effect of successful or blighted industry. We m in all our occupations, rejoice over the victories of plow to-day. The earth was once cursed for man's s and occasionally the soil revenges itself on us by fusing a bountiful harvest. I suppose that but for the earth would be producing wheat and corn and sw fruits as naturally as now it produces mullein stalks Canada thistles. There is hardly a hillock between forests of Maine and the lagoons of Florida, betwe the peach orchards of New Jersey and the pines Oregon, that has not sometimes shown its natural total depravity. The thorn and thistle seem to h usurped the soil, and nothing but the rebellion of plow can uproot the evil supremacy. But God is g Now, if one of our seasons partially proves a fail the earth seems to repent of it the next summer in m munificent supply.

Praise God for the great harvests that have b reaped this last year! Some of them injured drought or insects, or freshets, were not as bountifu usual, others far in excess of what have ever bef been gathered, while higher prices will help make for any decreased supply. Sure sign of agricult prosperity we have in the fact that cattle, and hor

d sheep, and swine, and all farm animals have, dur- g the last two years, increased in value. Twenty illion swine slaughtered this last year, and yet so any hogs left. Enormous paying off of farm mort- gages has spoiled the old speeches of the calamity-howlers. If the ancients in their festivals presented their rejoicings before Ceres, the goddess of corn and tillage, shall we neglect to rejoice in the presence of the great God now? From Atlantic to Pacific, let the American nation celebrate the victories of the plow.

"Wagons from the Atlantic Coast come to those forests."

I come next to speak of the conquests of the Ameri- n hammer. Its iron arm has fought its way down om the beginning to the present. Under its swing e city of Enoch rose, and the foundry of Tubal Cain sounded, and the ark floated on the deluge. At its ang, ancient temples spread their magnificence, and hariots rushed out fit for the battle. Its iron fist note the marble of Paros, and it rose in sculptured inervas, and struck the Pentelican mines, until from em a Parthenon was reared whiter than a palace of e and pure as an angel's dream. Damascus and Jeru- alem, and Rome and Venice, and Paris and London, d Philadelphia and New York, and Washington, are t the long protracted echoes of the hammer. Under e hammer, everywhere dwellings have gone up, ornate d luxurious. Schoolhouses, lyceums, hospitals and sylums have added additional glory to the enterprise, s well as the beneficence of the American people. ast public works have been constructed, bridges have en built over rivers, and tunnels dug under mountains, d churches of matchless beauty have gone up for im who had not where to lay his head, and the old eory is exploded that because Christ was born in a anger we must always worship him in a barn.

Railroads of fabulous length have been completed, er which western trains rush past the swift-footed deer, aking the frightened birds to dart into the heavens at e cough of the smoke-pipes and the savage yell of e steam whistle. In hot haste our national industry dvances, her breath the air of ten thousand furnaces, r song the voice of uncounted factories, her footstep e flash of wheel-buckets, and the tread of the shaft d the stamp of foundries. Talk about antediluvian ngevity. I think the average of human life is more w than it ever was. Through mechanical cilities men work so much faster and ac- mplish so much more in a lifetime that a an can afford to die now at forty years s well as one of old at 900. I think the verage of human life in point of accom- lishment is now equivalent to about 800 ears, as near as I can calculate it. In l our occupations and professions we feel e effect of a crippled or enlarged mechan- al enterprise. We all have stock in every ouse that is builded, and in every public nveyance that is constructed, and in every ip that is sailed. When we see the ard-working men of the land living in com- rtable abodes, with luxuries upon their ble that once even kings could not afford, aving the advantage of thorough education, f accomplishment and art, we are all ready t this season to unite with them in praise o God for his goodness.

You shall yet see American labor rising p with a stronger arm and a stouter heart nd a swarthier frame. New cities will be uilt. Commerce on the lakes will take ew wings. Where now stand unbroken for- sts great capitals of business and affluence will rise, and treams that have idled away six thousand years will be arnessed to ponderous machinery and compelled to il and sweat like the Chattahoochee and the Merri- ac. At one of our great dry docks we shall yet build he model ocean steamship. It will come together nder the chorus of a thousand American hammers. he shall start amid a great national hurrah, and move ar out at sea as though an island had been unanchored ith its forests of masts, or as if some one had said in cripture phrase unto a mountain, "Be thou cast into he sea." The volcano in her heart will sprinkle on the ea a baptism of fire, and as she goes up the channel of t. George, among the shipyards of the Old World, and mong the wheels of Liverpool and Manchester shall e announced the skill and the glory of the American ammer.

Now I come to speak of the conquests of the pen. his is the symbol of all intellectuality. The painter's encil and the sculptor's chisel and the philosopher's aboratory are all brothers to the pen, and therefore his may be used as a symbol of intellectual advance- nent. There are those disposed to decry everything American. Having seen Melrose and Glastonbury by noonlight, they never behold among us an impressive tructure, or, having strolled through the picture galleries f the Louvre and the Luxemburg, they are disgusted vith our academies of art. It makes me sick to hear hese people who have been to Europe come home talking with a foreign accent, and aping foreign customs, and talking of moonlight on castles by the sea. I think the biggest fool in the country is the traveled fool.

But, considering the youth of our nation, and the fact that comparatively few persons devote themselves entirely to literature, I think we have great reason to thank God for the progress of our American literature. As historians have we not had in the past such men as Bancroft and Prescott; as essayists, Irving and Emerson; as jurists, Story and Marshall and Kent; as theologians, Edwards and Hodge; as poets, Pierrepont and Sprague and Longfellow and Bryant; as sculptors, Powers and Crawford and Palmer; as painters, such men as West and Cole and Inman and Kensett? And among the living Americans, what galaxies of intellectual splendor and power! Edward Eggleston and Will Carleton, and Mark Twain, and John Kendrick Bangs, and Marion Harland, and Margaret Sangster, and Stockton, and Churchill, and Hopkinson Smith, and Irving Bacheller, and Julia Ward Howe, and Amelia Barr, and Brander Matthews, and Thomas Nelson Page, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and William Dean Howells, and a score of others; some of them fixed stars and some meteors.

As the pen has advanced our colleges and universities and observatories have followed the waving of its plume. Our literature is of two kinds—that on foot and that on the wing. By the former I mean the firm and substantial works which will go down through the centuries. When, on the other hand, I speak of literature on the wing, I mean the newspapers of the land. They fly swiftly and vanish, but leave permanent results upon the public mind. They fall noiselessly as a snowflake, but with the strength of an Alpine glacier. This unparalleled multiplication of intelligence will either make or break us. Every morning and evening our telegraph offices, with huge wire rakes, gather up the news of the nation and of the whole world, and men write to some purpose when they make a pen out of a thunderbolt.

It needs great energy and decision and perseverance for a man to be ignorant in this country to-day. It seems to me that it requires more effort for him to keep out knowledge than to let it in. The mail bags, at the smallest post offices, disgorge large packages of intelligence for the people. Academies with maps, globes and philosophic apparatus have been taking the places of those institutions where thirty or forty years ago you were put to the torture. Men selected for their qualifications are intrusted with the education of our youth, instead of those teachers who, formerly with a drover's shout and goad, compelled the young generations up the hill of science. Happy childhood! What with broken tops and torn kites, and the trial of losing the best marble, and stumping your foot against a stone, and some

"UNITE IN PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS GOODNESS"

body sticking a pin into you to see whether you will jump, and examination day, with four or five wise men looking over their spectacles, to see if you can parse the first page in *Young's Night Thoughts*, until verbs and conjunctions and participles and prepositions get into a grand riot worthy of the Fourth Ward on election day. What a schoolhouse that was in New Jersey, where some of us went! It was called "Herod's schoolhouse," because of its nearness to the residence of a man by the name of Herod; but it was doubly appropriate, because of the massacre of the innocents. In that schoolhouse we were compelled to sit upright for eight hours—what an undertaking! And hours were longer then than now. We had various kinds of punishment in that school, too. One was to bend back the hand, smiting it with the ruler. Another was to strike the boy on the head, thus stimulating the brain. And another was to take the culprit over the schoolmaster's knee, so that information came to the boy from both directions.

How things have marvelously changed! We used to cry because we had to go to school. Now children cry if they cannot go. Many of them can intelligently discuss political topics long before they have seen a ballot box, or, teased by some poetic muse, can compose articles for the newspapers. Philosophy and astronomy and chemistry have been so improved that he must be a genius at dullness who knows nothing about them. On one shelf of a poor man's library is more practical knowledge than in the four hundred thousand volumes of ancient Alexandria; and education is possible for the most indigent, and no legislature or Congress for the last fifty years has assembled which has not had in it rail-splitters and farmers and drovers, or men who have been accustomed to toiling with the hand and the foot.

"Crying because we had to go to school."

The pen which Moses dipped in the light of the first morning, and Jeremiah filled with tears, and Ezekiel thrust in visions of fire, and Matthew touched with the blood of a cross, and St. John dipped in the splendors of beatific glory—that pen has wrought marvels for all classes of our people. To-day your libraries and colleges and schools and publishing houses, and churches celebrate the ever-growing conquests of the American pen, and our prospects are all the time growing brighter and brighter.

Who these many years hath turned back from our land the violent plagues which have swept with their train of terrors through other countries? Who hath grown in our fields harvests richer than Sicilian or Russian grain fields? Who hath lifted marsh after marsh, and built town after town, until every gleam on the wave of the lakes is answered by the gleam of city towers, and the roar of the ocean at one side of each harbor has been answered by the din of a great metropolis on the other—one hundred and sixty thousand miles of coal running side by side with one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of iron, the iron to pry out the coal, the coal to forge and smelt the iron? Make this calculation for yourselves, if you can make it; if England's coal-bed, thirty-two miles long by eight miles wide, can keep, as it does, seventeen million, six hundred thousand spindles at work in that small island, what may we not expect of our national industries when these one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of coal lands shall unite with the one hundred and sixty thousand square miles of iron, both stretching themselves up to their full strength and height—two world-shaking giants.

The grain fields have passed their harvests above the veto of drought and deluge. The freight cars are not large enough to bring down the grain to the seaboard. The canal boats are crowded with breadstuffs. Hark to the rushing of the wheat through the great Chicago corn "elevators!" Hark to the rolling of the hogsheads of the Cincinnati pork-packers! Enough to eat, and at low prices. Enough to wear, and of home manufacture. If some have and some have not, then may God help those who have to hand over to those who have not! Clear the track for the rail-trains that rush on bringing the wheat, and the cotton, and the rice, and the barley, and the oats, and the hops, and the lumber, and the leather, and everything for man and everything for beast.

Lift up your eyes, O nation of God's right hand, at the glorious prospects! Build larger your barns for the harvests. Dig deeper the vats for the spoil of the vineyards. Enlarge the warehouses for the merchandise. Multiply galleries of art for the pictures and statues. Advance, O nation of God's right hand; but remember that national wealth, if unsanctified, is sumptuous waste, is moral ruin, is magnificent woe, is splendid rottenness, is gilded death. Woe to us for the wine vats, if drunkenness wallows in them! Woe to us for the harvests, if greed sickles them! Woe to us for the merchandise, if avarice swallows it! Woe to us for the cities, if misrule walks them! Woe to the land, if God-defying crime debauches it! Our only safety is in more Bibles, more churches, more free schools, more good men and more good women, more consecrated printing-presses, more of the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, which will yet extirpate all wrongs and introduce all blessedness.

But the preachers on Thanksgiving morning will not detain with long sermons their hearers from the home group. The housekeepers will be angry if the guests do not arrive until the viands are cold. Set the chairs to the table—the easy-chairs for grandfather and grandmother, if they be still alive; the high chair for the youngest, but not the least. Then put out your hand to take the full cup of thanksgiving; lift it, and bring it towards your lips, your hands trembling with emotion: and if the chalice shall overflow and trickle a few drops on the white cloth that covers the table, do not be disturbed, but let it suggest to you the words of the Psalmist, and lead you thankfully to say, "My cup runneth over!"

"I Have Called and Ye Have Refused"

MOSES AND PHARAOH

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC. 8. EXODUS 11: 1-10

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT: THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE SAVED THEM. ISA. 63: 9

Speak thou unto Pharaoh, King of Egypt, all that I say unto thee.

SUCH was the commission God gave to Moses. As credentials, he was empowered to do four miracles. Straightway he appeared at the court of Egypt, with his brother Aaron, whom God had appointed as his spokesman. Moses was eighty years old, and Aaron eighty-three, but they were young men for those times, in full vigor. In earlier years, Moses had, no doubt, dressed as an Egyptian of the household of Pharaoh, but forty years shepherding had changed his looks, so that when he stood before Pharaoh he probably was not recognized. Aaron, too, was rugged in appearance, his name indicating that he was a mountaineer.

But Rameses II. had passed away, and Meneptah I. reigned in his stead. The issue was clear-cut, and contained but one proposition, "Let my people go." The wall of determination not to do this was as adamant in the heart of the king. Moses was to be used as God's battering-ram to bring it low. First, came the miracles of the rod changed to a serpent, and the hand made leprous and swiftly healed. The wonders done by the magicians were not miracles at all, but mere feats of legerdemain similar to those which are common to this day among the jugglers of the East. In ancient mythology we read of Achilles, who was invulnerable, save at one point—his heel. His enemy, Paris, learned of this, and gave him a wound there that was mortal. Meneptah had one vulnerable point, and that was his religion, which deified nature, and counted every form of animal life an object of worship. His grandfather had offered two vases of wine to a frog as "the sovereign lady of both worlds." Meneptah worshiped the river god in the Nile; the soil, also, as the earth-god Seb; the sun as Ra; the atmosphere as Shu; the wind as Sutech. He worshiped, also, the god Apis, the sacred bull, and the scarab or sacred beetle. Once, twice, three times, four, five, six, seven times, eight, nine, ten times in the ten plagues it was necessary for God to wound him in his religion. The first attack was upon his river god, when its waters were turned into blood; the second, that of the frogs, was against the same god; the third, the lice, was against the earth god Seb; the fourth, that of flies—winged pests, was against Shu, the god of the atmosphere; the fifth, the murrain, was against the bull god Apis; the sixth, the boils, were against Typhon, the wind god; the seventh, the hail and fire, was against Shu; the eighth, the locusts, was against Scarab; the ninth, the darkness, was against the sun god Ra; the tenth, death of the first-born, was a just recompense for the killing of Hebrew children.

After each assault, Meneptah would send for Moses and say that he had determined to let the people go, and then he would change his mind, and bring on himself another judgment of God. While Meneptah's faith in his gods was being undermined, and the faith of all Egyptians as well, the faith of the Hebrews in their God was being strengthened, for two reasons. It was a battle between the true God of Israel and the false gods of Egypt, which fully proved that these so-called gods were but the creatures of Jehovah.

Picture the desolation of the scene at the end of the series of plagues; the banks of the sacred river foul and discolored; houses polluted and filled with foul odors of dead frogs; the fields stripped of every green thing; instead of animals grazing, dead carcasses lying about; trees thrown down and broken by wind and hail, and burned by lightning, and mourning in every Egyptian home because of the death of the first-born. Only in Goshen, where the Hebrews dwelt, these things were not so. The contrast made the desolation seem all the greater. It was like a foregleam of heaven and hell.

"THERE WAS A GREAT CRY IN EGYPT"

Illustration and Application

Like a panorama there passes before us the long line of prophets who have dared, as God's fearless ambassadors, to rebuke sin even in royal courts. After Moses before Pharaoh—say rather Pharaoh before Moses—comes King Saul before Samuel, David before Nathan, Ahab before Elijah, Belshazzar before Daniel, Pilate before Christ, Agrippa before Paul, and many a like scene in the newest Testament of modern history, as when John Knox, who "never feared the face of man," rebuked Mary Queen of Scots for her follies and sins. From West Africa comes a fresh story of a savage king rebuked by a Christian boy.

Rebuking Sin in High Places

Agay when young was a slave, and used to carry salt from Akwamu to Kumasi. His master was a head chief of a town or village. One day he was summoned to Kumasi to appear before the king. But the charge against him was false and cruel.

Agay went with his cast-down master. After the king's officials had represented the matter to their monarch, and when judgment was about to be given to the prisoner, Agay bravely spoke up for his innocent master. He addressed the king of all Ashanti as follows:

"King! you have men to wake you, wash you, dress you; you have men to cook your food, light your pipe, carry your stool; men to fight for you, flatter you, and do anything you please, except that you have no one to speak the truth and tell you when God does not like your palaver."

His head was cried for. The people who stood around feared the worst things would happen to the boy for this bold and daring interruption. But the king said, "No! let him finish." He spoke so earnestly, and argued so forcefully about the innocence of his master, that the king not only acquitted him, but kept the boy in his service.

Soon after he again pleaded a case so justly and impressively that the king promoted this boy, who had "dared to be a Daniel," somewhat as Daniel of old was honored. Agay continued to distinguish himself, and eventually became the king's chief linguist, adviser and minister, greatly honored by king and people alike.

The cause of Christ suffers so much from lack of courage that the fearlessness of faith as seen in Moses before Pharaoh needs to be dwelt upon. Many a Christian who fails to do right when not his life, but only his living is in jeopardy, may well learn from the pagan. Pompey was warned against the danger of his returning from Egypt to Italy to meet a new trouble in his own land, but his heroic answer was: "It is a small matter that I should move forward and die. It is too great a matter that I should take one step backward and live." There is no safer place than the post of duty. When soldiers were dodging as they heard the bullets whiz by, the general shouted: "Stop that, you'll dodge right into the way of the bullet." In the path of duty "man is immortal till his work is done."

. . .

But while Moses and Aaron were safe in seeming peril, Pharaoh and his first-born and his property and his people were in danger, though in seeming security. Death came not to those who fearlessly did their duty, but to the disobedient. Pharaoh's sceptre he had himself turned into a serpent, like many other wicked kings. Every Israelite killed by "the slaughter of the innocents" and by overwork was avenged by Him who has said for all ages, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." The innocent suffered in the households of the guilty, as they always do. When any man sins he endangers his first-born and all his family by heredity or example or otherwise. If sin were done when 'tis done it would not be so serious a matter, but science and history, as well as Scripture, tell us that those that hate God curse their children's children "to the third and fourth generation."

Disobedience Brings Death

The worst death, however, in this lesson is the eternal death of Pharaoh, which occurred while he was yet alive, when he "hardened his heart" in wilful, persistent rebellion against God. Worse than the changing of water to blo was the changing of his heart to stone. Volumes have be written to explain the statement that God hardened Pl raoh's heart (Ex. 11: 10). A Hebrew rabbi, Dr. Herm Baar, explained it thus in a Hebrew orphanage: "If a sen ble child is corrected, nay, even punished for its wro doings, it heeds and remembers the punishment, and usua tries to avoid it in the future by showing remarkable signs great improvement. Quite different is it with a stubbo child; the more it is reproved and punished, the more i yielding and hardened it often becomes." The explanati is partly in the passage already quoted, that Pharaoh h dened his own heart (Ex. 4: 21). The case is like that Job, who in losses that Satan was allowed to bring on hi said, "The Lord hath taken away." Pharaoh was the Sat in the case before us, and his own heart his victim. In t exercise of free choice, without which one could be only irresponsible machine, he rejected the very miracles th had softened Moses' heart and aroused it to duty, as a wou be suicide might use the same wind that carried another bo to harbor to dash his own upon the rocks. Job's case al explains the passages about Pharaoh being raised up th divine power might be shown upon him (Ex. 9: 16; 11: Rom. 9: 15-18). As God allowed Satan to deal with Job he did, knowing the result would be a lesson to the world, God used the free acts of Pharaoh for a like purpose. L us not debate too long about Pharaoh's "hard heart," b look to our own. For us, as for Pharaoh, free will holds t helm to make what God gave to be means of life unto life, a means of dea unto death. "Thinkest thou this, O ma that judgest them which do such thing and doest the same, that thou shalt e cape the judgment of God? Or despise thou the riches of his goodness, and fo bearance, and long-suffering not knowi that the goodness of God leadeth thee repentance? But after thy hardness ar impenitent heart, treasurest up unto th self wrath against the day of wrath, a revelation of the righteous judgment God?" Pharaoh's case was one of "go pel hardening." A boy of twelve to-da in many cases has heard the invitation come to Jesus in church and Sunda School oftener than his grandfather, the days of circuit riders and monthly se mons, heard it in a lifetime. Very ear in life the heart may be hardened like highway by rejected invitations. "To-da if ye will hear his voice, harden not yo hearts." Your heart is not yet dead there is left in it any fear lest it be alread hardened, hardened beyond the power the promise, "I will take away the ston heart, and I will give you a heart of flesh

One ship drives east, and another drives wes
With the self-same winds that blow,
'Tis the set of sails and not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go.

Like the waves of the sea are the ways of fat
As we voyage along thro' life,
'Tis the set of the soul which decides its goa
And not the calm or strife.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

. . .

Pharaoh is like many of us in his pr longed efforts to induce God to accep something less than fu obedience and complet submission. On God's firs miraculous call, he turne his back. At his secon judgment, he promised t let go of what God bade him give up "to-morrow"—how like the sinner of to day! After two more judgments, he sai Israel might go—but not far away. H would keep his sin near enough to re sume it, like many who repent but fai to "burn their bridges" against a return t their sins. After the ninth judgmen call, he said the men might go, but no the women and children. He knew th men would be soon back in such case. A little later, he sai all the people might go, but not their flocks. He knew th wilderness, and counted on hunger to restore his slaves Only when death spoke in his own house God's command did he make full submission to the King of kings and say "Go all of you and all that you have." Only on this ful submission did God's judgments cease, and when that wa presently taken back by his stubborn will and he pursued th Israelites to the Red Sea, there came on him and his people what might be called the eleventh plague, the most destruct ive of all, the drowning of his army, perhaps of himself also There is an awful warning in this story for us all against a partial consecration. Ananias and Sapphira brought a like judgment on themselves for a like cause. "We can serve God without condemnation only when we serve him without reservation." In the Old Testament God's judgments were often inflicted in this world. But it is not for us to interpret every flood and fire as a judgment of God, and

God Will Accept No Half Submission

Deal damnation round the land
On each we deem His foe.

Because, in the punishment of individuals he does not always "pay by the day," let us not suppose that word shall fail, "The wicked shall not go unpunished." Let us then waste no time in dribbling out our consecration, consenting to serve God in home and church, but only with mental reservations in business and politics and pleasure.

The Needle's Eye

A NEW SERIAL STORY WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Chapter I.—A Wintry Dawning

ABOVE, blazed myriad stars set close in a heaven of infinite darkness; below, shone the dimly luminous face of earth, piled high with fresh-fallen snow. Betwixt the two a bitter wind whined fitfully, the snow leaping up in misty swirls to greet it, only to sink again in fastastic ripples and curiously-wrought rests in fence-corners and hollows.

Erastus Winch emerged from his house into this mystery of cold and night, and stood for an instant, staring about him with the blank, unseeing eyes of one newly aroused from sleep. The wind hurled itself upon his heavy, stoop-shouldered figure, tearing savagely at his garments, which became on the instant all white and sparkling with the transfiguring snow crystals. He raised his smoky lantern that he might consult the black-visaged thermometer, which rattled unsteadily on its rusty nail beside the door. "Five below!" he ejaculated, scowling at the unoffending register of temperature. "Humph!"

The immediate result of his subsequent cogitations appeared in a brisk reopening of the closed door. "'Liz'beth! I say, 'Liz'beth! Be ye goin' to lay abed all day? It's more'n four o'clock a'ready, ye'd ought to have yer fire a-roarin' by this time. Consarn it! Didn't I tell ye yiste'day I was goin' to mill to-day?"

The sound of stove-lids and poker in active co-operation appearing sufficient answer to this harangue, the door clapped to a second time, and without further pause the man plunged into the drifted path leading to the barn, which loomed huge and black amid the spectral whiteness of the surroundings. As he opened the door—with difficulty—because of the clogging snow, a mingled odor of hay and feed, of steaming bodies of cattle and horses, of harnesses and wagons, grease-besmeared; of huddled fowls, of nests and haunts of swallows, rats and mice—an odor indescribable and not to be mistaken—in a word, the smell of a barn, as tightly closed as possible against wind and cold, rushed out like an invisible presence to greet him.

Erastus Winch loved this smell, though he was doubtless unaware of the fact; it was the pleasantly suggestive odor of "prop'ty"—as he was wont to term his material possessions. With the odor came sounds, also indicative of the presence of "prop'ty." There was a subdued but expectant stirring in the darkness, a noise of shuffling hoofs, of deep-chested breathing, of heavy bodies rubbing uneasily against frosty stalls, of grunting and squealing from the pen of the condemned swine, the quick flutter of wings, and the shrill note of the cock challenging the familiar twinkle of the smoky lantern. Pleasant sounds every one, and welcome to the ear of the farmer, as the "All's well!" to the sailor on board his flying vessel, or the long-drawn call of the muezzin to the inhabitant of an Eastern city.

LYING ON THE HAY AT HIS FEET WAS THE FORM OF A WOMAN

The master of the barn responded to these tokens of fealty from his dumb slaves after the manner of his kind. "Whoa, thar!" he bawled loudly, as he set down his lantern on a convenient barrel. "Ha'n't ye got no more sense 'an to tear yer insides out, ye tarsal critters?"

There being manifestly no possible answer to this inquiry, the man proceeded to his task of forking down hay into the mangers, of measuring grain and chopping turnips for the hungry cattle. In the midst of these operations another sound smote upon his ears, a sound which caused the heaped measure to drop from his shaking fingers. It was unmistakably the cry of a young infant. It seemed to arise from the black depths of the haymow.

Now if there be anything on earth more helpless or more harmless than the young of the human species, it is yet to be found. Perhaps because of this, a baby's cry shakes the soul of a man and wrings the heart of a woman. Erastus Winch had heard this sound once before on a winter's morning—a single cry, then silence. Whether he would or no, in the stillness that followed this singular interruption of his labors, he lived over again the hour which saw his first-born and only child breathe and wail—once.

He frowned as he refilled the measure. "I hope I ain't fallin' into the ways of them fool spiritoolists," he muttered. Enlivened by the humor of this conceit, he called loudly upon the poultry to approach and be fed. Sounds of satisfaction, of greed, of anxiety, of anger arose here and there from feathered throats. Into the midst of the clamor struck again that other sound, faint, yet insistent, the cry of the helpless human atom newly arrived out of eternity. The man seized his lantern and strode determinedly toward the haymow. "I ain't no fool!" he strenuously assured himself. "If thar's anythin' in that thar hay 'sides fodder, I'll find it, or my name ain't Winch."

There was something. Having found it, he stood stark still for a full minute at a loss for words of sufficient significance to express his wonder. What he saw by the light of the lantern was solemn enough and mysterious enough and sad enough to have melted a heart of stone. Lying on the hay at his feet was the form of a woman. This much he saw at a glance; then his amazed eyes told him more. This motionless figure was not huddled frowsily together, after the manner of homeless vagabonds who take refuge from the storm and cold in the first rude shelter that offers; it lay upon its rude couch in the majestic attitude of a queen, who, having relinquished an earthly crown, passes on into kingdoms eternal.

The woman was dead—this much was evident even to the dull perceptions of Erastus Winch. He stared at the still loveliness of the white face unwinkingly. "What—what—" he muttered, stammering thickly in his bewilderment. Then he stooped to draw aside the folds of a heavy cloak which concealed something that had hitherto escaped his notice. The something stirred feebly, and for the third time sent forth its piteous appeal for human aid.

"'Liz'beth! 'Liz'beth!"

The woman turned quickly from the hot stove where she was superintending the frying of the matutinal pork. She recognized in the tones the familar appeal of musculine inability to feminine efficiency. "Wall, 'Rastus," she said resignedly, "what's happened now?"

"What's happened?" repeated the man, stamping the snow off his cowhide boots with vicious emphasis. "You kin well ask! Say! how many tarnation times hev I got to tell ye to lock the door to the barn? You must ha' left it open agin las' night when you fed the calves, an' a tramp's got in thar an' died."

"You don't say!" The woman's hands were uplifted, sympathy and horror dawned in her dim eyes. "In the barn! An' we asleep an' warm in our bed! Why didn't the poor fellow come to the house; he could ha' slep' by the kitchen stove 's well as not."

"Not much he couldn't," growled her husband, unwinding the woolen comforter from about his neck. "'T ain't a man, anyhow; it's a woman, an' thar's a baby.—Come now, ye don't need to fly off the handle like that, if 'tain't dead a'ready 'twill be time you see it. I want my breakfast first thing, d' ye hear?"

The woman had snatched up the lantern, and, casting the skirt of her calico gown over her head in feeble defiance of the storm, was already out of hearing.

"Women are such consarned fools!" soliloquized Erastus Winch, regarding the frying-pan sourly. "Pork a-burnin', an' everythin' goin' to thunder, an' don't keer, ef thar's a baby in a hunderd miles of em!"

He clumsily removed the smoking utensil from its position over the blazing sticks, spattering his hands with the boiling fat as he did so, a circumstance which by no means soothed his already ruffled temper. After which he followed his wife in her hasty flight to the scene of the tragedy, communing with himself as he went concerning the unforeseen circumstance which threatened to upset his plans anent the inmates of the pig-sty.

Elizabeth Winch had found her way to the side of the dead woman, where, first wrapping the baby in warm arms of compassion, she stood gazing into the white purity of the sleeping face.

"Lord save us!" she was murmuring to herself, "Now did you ever! Poor thing—an' we asleep an' warm in our bed."

"'Twa'n't our fault," said her husband, sulkily eyeing the dead woman, whom he conceived on the instant to be the cause of his smarting fingers as well as of his disordered plans. "S'pose I'll hev to hitch up fust thing an' git the cor'ner up here," he continued, with rising irritation! "What bizniss had the likes of her to come sneakin' 'bout other folk's prop'ty—and the poor-house not a mile further on! The Lord knows I pay taxes 'nough to git quit of paupers, dead or alive!"

"Now, 'Rastus," protested his wife, "prob'ly the poor critter couldn't walk another step. But, land! I mus'n't stan' here; she's stun dead, that's plain; but this 'ere baby's as live as a cricket—poor lamb!"

"That young 'un's a-goin' to the poor-house, soon's I c'n git my breakfas' an' hitch," quoth the man loudly. But Elizabeth, being a thin, agile woman, was again out of hearing.

He repeated his words with added emphasis half an hour later. The two had partaken of their meal in haste and silence, the woman casting an occasional glance toward the wooden rocking-chair, where, warmly covered, the waif slept quietly.

Erastus Winch had followed these glances with frowning eyes. Now he pushed back his chair with a loud, scraping sound, and deliberately wiped his mouth upon the back of his hand. This was the familiar signal for a prompt renewal of the grinding labor, which made up their daily lives. Elizabeth was wont to respond by springing at once from her chair and instituting a vigorous attack upon the breakfast dishes. This morning she sat still in her place; her eyes, as she lifted them to her husband's face, shone with an unaccustomed light.

"'Rastus," she began timidly, "I wish—that is, I've been a-thinkin' that—"

"Yas!" broke in the man, noisily ruminating the departing flavors of his recent meal; "I know what you've been a-thinkin' well 'nough. You want I should 'low ye to keep that thar young 'un; but I ain't a-goin' to do it. It'll start fur the poor-house in jes' ten minits f'om now. I'll stop to Dundor's on the way back, an' he'll see to gittin' the corpse away."

He paused with his hand upon the latch, and fixed his greenish eyes full upon the woman. "An' I'll tell ye 'nother thing I ain't 'a-goin' to hev neither—an' you'd better pay 'tention to what I tell ye. I ain't a-goin' to hev all the women-folk in this 'ere neighborhood a trapsin' through this house an' runnin' all over my barn, peekin' an' pryin' an' clackin'. Don't ye tell nobody what's up. Time nough fur gabbin' when the hull thing's out the way. That's my way of tendin' to bizness, an' its been my way fur more 'n forty years back. I'm going out to hitch up the critters now; whilst I'm gone you c'n git the water a-bilin'. I'm goin' to kill them hogs jes' 's I said, if we be late. Consarn the tramp anyhow!"

Elizabeth had not stirred from her chair during this harangue. Her husband suddenly became aware of this. "What you settin' thar for?" he demanded. "Looks like you was waitin' fur kingdom come. I hain't no time to fool away, I tell ye!"

"'Rastus Winch," said the woman slowly, "I'm a-goin' to keep that baby."

"You're a-goin' to keep that baby—eh?"

"Yes, I be. The Lord ain't never givin' me none of my own, 'xcept—" Her voice broke, and she raised her apron to her eyes.

Erastus Winch set his back against the door; his grim face hardened. "You ain't no call to bring that up," he said harshly. "The Lord's done by ye 'cordin' to his will. Ye ain't got no children 'cause he don't want ye to have none."

"He's give me this one. I'm a-goin' to keep it!"

"Wall now, I say ye ain't, an' I'm the one to say, I guess!" Why, consarn it, hain't ye got 'nough to occ'py yer time? Thar's the cows a-comin' in afore long—thar'll be a dozen or more calves to look arter. An' hens, an' turkeys, an' geese to set, an' chicks an' goslin' to feed; an' all the while the milk to take keer of an' butter to make. Ye ain't a-goin' to tie yer han's with no beggar brat, if I know it. 'Sides, we can't 'ford it. He'd eat his blamed head off in no time!"

Elizabeth Winch arose from her chair. She was a tall, angular woman, whose dress, complexion and hair had long since acquired the hopeless tints of her surroundings. But the eyes in the faded face shone suddenly bright and clear, and the voice rang out in the forgotten tones of youth. "'Rastus!" she cried, "you say the Lord ain't give me no children 'cause he don't want me to have none. Then why did he give me sech a hankerin' after 'em? He doos want me to have 'em, an' he meant I should have 'em!"

"Why ain't you got 'em then?" sneered the man, repenting the words as they escaped his lips in the light of the answering flash from the eyes of the woman.

"You don't need to ask that question," she answered bitterly. "If I'd ha' had half the care you give the milk critturs mebbe—but thar ain't no use talkin' 'bout it. That's my baby in the cheer yonder, an' he ain't agoin' to the poor farm this day ner any other day."

The man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, then he burst out in loud, blustering tones, "Whose house is this, anyhow? Ain't it mine? Say, ain't I a right to tell what I'll hev an' what I won't hev in my own house? Consarn it! What d' ye mean by talkin' that way to me? I tell ye, ye hain't got no time to fool with that young 'un. It's agoin' whar it b'longs jest as quick as I kin git it thar."

Elizabeth walked swiftly to the side of the rocking-chair. She laid her work-distorted fingers lightly, caressingly on the soft-heaving wrappings which betrayed, chrysalis-like, the life pulsing within. "'Rastus," she said, tremulously, "this is your house, but ain't it mine, too? Ha'n't I slaved and worked for what we've got ever sence we was married jest as hard as you have—an' harder mebbe? Ain't I got some rights here? I've took keer of calves an' chickens faithful all my life. Now can't I give a little time to him? It won't be much, husband. I kin do more fur you ef I have him."

"Now, 'Liz'beth, you're a-talkin' what ain't good hors sense," said the man, tugging argumentatively at th short tuft of gray whiskers which depended from hi chin. "An' what's more, you know you be. You don want that boy any more'n a cat wants two tails; an' I'r blamed sure I don't; so that's settled." He turned pe emptorily as he spoke and laid hi hand once more upon the latch. "I'r a-goin' to hitch now. I'll stop at th door fur the young 'un, an' mind yo don't hender me with no more o your tarnal nonsense." He slan med the door heavily behind him.

Elizabeth dropped on her knee beside the rocking-chair, her thi shoulders shaking with suppresse sobs. "My baby," she whispered "my baby—mine—mine."

When, ten minutes later, the frost jingle of bells and harness apprise her of the fact that the "hitchin' up had been accomplished, she opene the door, closed it carefully behin her and stood waiting ankle deep i the unswept snow.

Her husband eyed her sourly a he pulled up his horses. "Hand i out," he commanded briefly.

"I've got somethin' to say to you 'Rastus."

"Wall!"

"If you take that baby away fror me, 'Rastus Winch, I'll never fee another chicken; I'll never look a another calf; I'll never cook yo another meal of victuals, nor lift finger in your house agin as long a I live. So help me God!" Th woman's face was pinched and colo less, but solemn determination wa written in every line of it.

The man's jaw fell; he thrust on leg tentatively out of the sleigh, the slowly pulled it in again, and me chanically drew the blankets close about his knees. "You're a durne sight bigger fool 'an I took ye fu 'Liz'beth," he said, with a raspin cough. "You'll be mighty sorry fo this afore you're through!" With tha he curled his lash with vicious empha sis about the flanks of his shiverin horses and disappeared in a cloud o glittering snow dust, which smote th woman's white face like needles.

"I'll never be sorry for it!" sh cried exultantly. She laughed aloud in the face of the rising sun. Lon shafts of pink and yellow splendo streamed across the dazzling blue white of the fields, transfiguring th haggard figure with the celestia tints of morning. From the gnarle orchard closes sounded the gay caro of a chickadee; sparrows called shril ly from their rugged nests under th eaves. The woman stared abou her with wide eyes, her starved sou swelling in her shriveled breast.

Then the thought of the dea woman seized her like a threatenin hand. "I must look," she muttered "There'll be a letter, mebbe—or a name. Somebody 'll take him away from me!"

There was no letter, no name, n sign—even on the worn clothing i which the unknown was clad. Eliz abeth satisfied herself of this. A sweet-smiling mystery, flower-pure snow-clad, the dead mother vouch safed no answer to the burning ques tions in the eyes of the living mothe who bent over her. She reverently touched one of the waxen hands "I ain't like you," she whispered. "but I'll love him an' take keer o him faithful as long 's I live!"

Then she uttered a short, sharp cry. There was something after all lying on the hay and half covered by one exquisite palm. Elizabeth drew this object toward her with shaking fingers, and, wrapping it in her apron, fled toward the house.

In the rosy light of the new day, which streamed in at the kitchen window, she examined what she had found. It was a book—a Bible, bound in shabby, russet-colored leather. On the fly-leaf something was written in a delicate hand. To Elizabeth's unaccustomed eyes it seemed almost illegible. She spelled it out word by word: "The stretching forth of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel!" Below this were two other words written in bolder characters. She stared at them intently, but the strangely twisted letters conveyed no meaning to her brain.

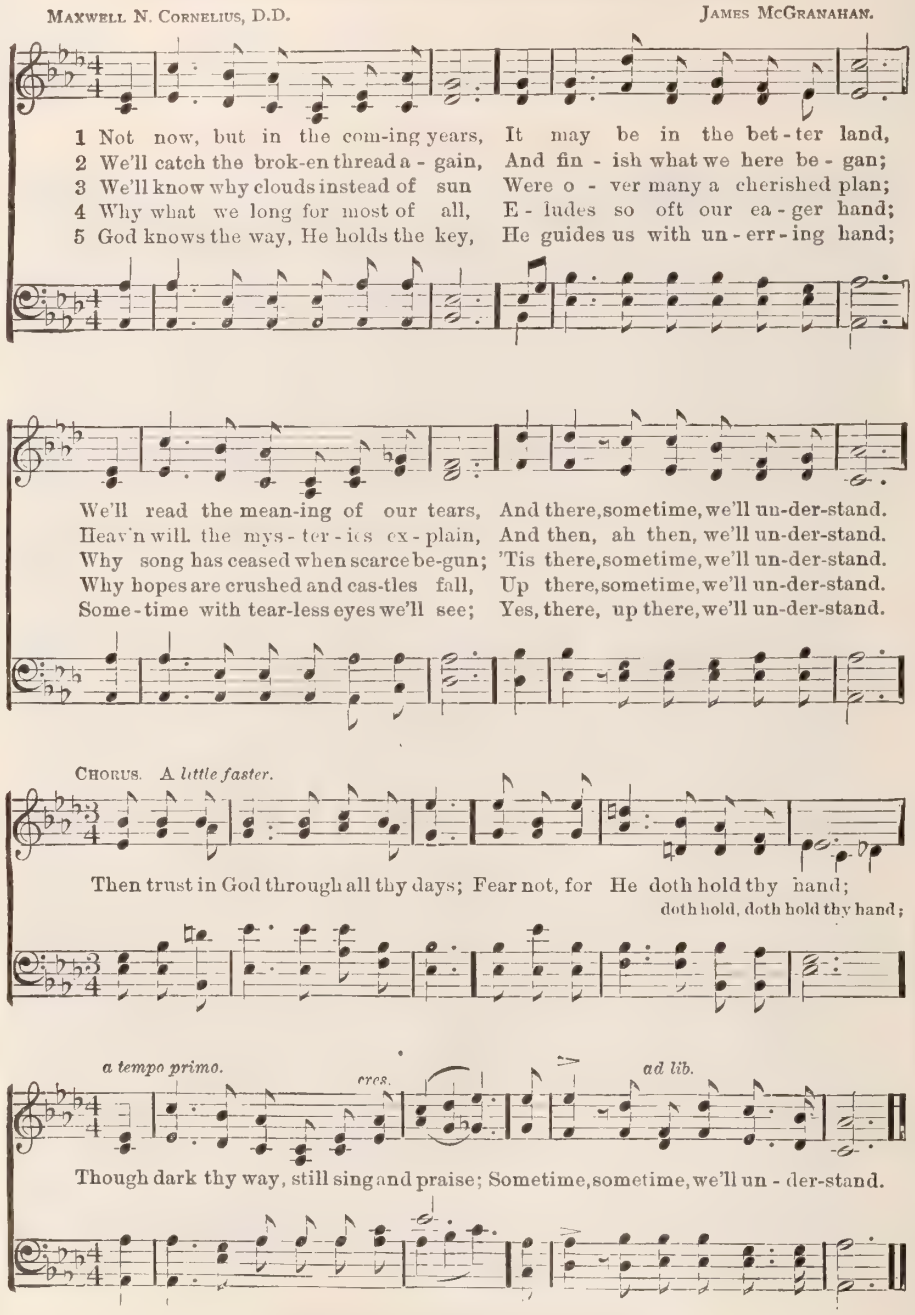
"It's a name, mebbe," she muttered. "I—I'll keep it keerful for him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sometime we'll Understand

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13: 7

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



From CHURCH HYMNS and GOSPEL SONGS.
Published by THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., New York & Chicago.

SEE THE HISTORY OF THIS FAMOUS HYMN ON PAGE 1017

WEIGHING AN INVISIBLE GAS

THE "PURIFYING POWER"

CHANGE FROM INVISIBLE GAS TO SOLID

CHRIST'S BLOOD AND MAN'S HEART

Unique "Chemical Talks" on Religion by Mr. T. S. Gladding at the Bowery Mission

MR. THOMAS S. GLADDING, President of the Y. M. C. A., Montclair, N. J., has recently become one of the most active workers in connection with the Bowery Mission. The circumstances under which Mr. Gladding associated himself with this work were very touching. Four years ago he was bereft by death of his son, Willard Gladding, a bright, promising boy. Mr. and Mrs. Gladding felt the bereavement very keenly, but bore it in a spirit of resignation. More than ever interested in young men, and especially in those who had been neighbors and companions of their son, they built, at their own expense, the splendid gymnasium, which is attached to the new building of the Montclair Y. M. C. A. It is a most beautiful and complete gymnasium and exists as a memorial to the youth whose life came to such a sudden close four years ago.

In the spring of this year Mr. Gladding suffered another, and an even deeper sorrow, in the death of his wife. The morning after she died he met the superintendent of the Bowery Mission. He and his wife had always been deeply interested in the Mission's work. Often had they visited the hall, and never without doing kind and efficient work among the destitute and friendless men who throng to its meetings. To the superintendent Mr. Gladding declared his intention of seeking consolation in earnest Christian service among these poor and homeless. Several conferences were held, and, after carefully studying the needs of the work, Mr. Gladding voluntarily decided upon giving up his beautiful residence in Montclair, N. J., and establishing a Christian home in the neighborhood of the Mission, where young converts, who are now living in Bowery lodging-houses, and liable to the fiercest temptations and most degrading kind of associations, might find an abode with moral influences and surroundings. A suitable building has been purchased by Mr. Gladding, and is now being furnished. It will shortly be opened, when the work will begin in earnest. Meantime he has been rendering excellent service in the meetings at the Bowery Mission. Every alternate Sunday evening he is the appointed speaker.

It is, however, in the Young Men's Weekly Meeting that Mr. Gladding's services have been in greatest request. As a member of one of the most prominent firms of analytical chemists in the city, he is a recognized scientific authority. Three recent addresses he has delivered on spiritual subjects, illustrated by chemical experiments, have awakened the interest of the young men to an unusual degree. As Mr. Gladding stands at his table, with his jars and balances and other paraphernalia in front of him, or as he picks them up in rapid succession and uses them, never for a moment does the interest flag; and when the spiritual truth is driven home in a lovingly, earnest and eloquent manner, it is easy to see how convincing and effective this method of preaching the Gospel is.

The first of the three addresses, had for its subject "God's Power to Transform for Good." This was illustrated in many ways, such as sodium and muriatic acid; in themselves corrosive and destructive substances, yet changed in combination into the useful and necessary article of table salt. Carbon, the commonest of all materials upon which human life subsists, which can be transformed into the flashing diamond, serves for many most interesting and striking experiments. The second address was on "The Reality of Invisible Things," illustrated by the dissolving of common objects, such as sugar or salt, in water, yet in their invisible state being as real and as necessary as when seen. Carbonic acid gas, invisible yet real; a candle plunged into a bottle filled with this gas becoming immediately extinguished. Several very delicate experiments were made on this subject, requiring the use of the most finely adjusted scales, showing that this invisible gas had both weight and power.

The third address was on "God's Power to Save and Keep." A jar of pure water represented man in a state of innocency. Another jar of an equally fine looking liquid represented the power of evil, for does not the devil come as an angel of light? A few drops of this innocent-looking liquid dropped into the good-man bottle, and in an instant the contents are as black as ink. How is this to be remedied? Not by good works, for pour as much pure water over the bottle as you will, no difference is perceptible. But the cover is taken from a larger vessel filled with a crimson liquid, representing the blood of Christ. Some of this precious blood is poured into the black and poisoned fluid, and in an instant it is pure again. It is of no avail to pour the crimson flood over the tainted bottle, if the stopper is not taken out. No change comes even if you plunge the corked bottle into the crimson cistern. The man must open his heart and take Christ in. Such were some of the truths driven forcibly home by illustrations so striking as to produce instant conviction in many young minds. These "chemical talks" will be given by Mr. Gladding frequently during the winter months, and our readers are asked to pray that they may be made a means of blessing.

J.G.H.

The Red Man's Thanksgiving

IN wagons and buggies, the old red-skins came over the plains toward Chilocco. They were headed toward the beautiful white stone structures which stood out in relief against the approaching darkness. In all, there must have been a hundred wagons, as many buggies, and twice that number of horseback riders, who arrived at Chilocco Indian schools on the night before Thanksgiving. These schools are just south of the Kansas border, on the line of the Santa Fe Railroad, and are considered to be the best Indian schools in the United States, except Carlisle. There are many hundreds of pupils, who are advanced rapidly under Prof. Goodman.

At nightfall, praise service is held on the lawn, and the full-bloods, whose children are attending the school, hear, perhaps for the first time, an appeal to the Deity.

On Thanksgiving Day, the baseball and football teams, composed of big husky giants, contest in games, while the old people gather around and watch the strange sport. Young women play basket ball before the eyes of their astonished mothers. At evening, a service is held in the large chapel, where the young orators burst forth in their eloquence, and the young women strain their musical ability to the utmost. The old folks, whose ears are not trained to such noises, sit in mute wonder; but they are being taught a lesson.

AN INDIAN THANKSGIVING DAY CELEBRATION AT CHILOCCO

These meetings at Chilocco on Thanksgiving have been arranged for the good of the old people. They are not allowed to visit their children at all times, but on Thanksgiving Day the teachers offer them this opportunity. It is a strangely happy lot of redskins that gathers on the school grounds. While those pagans of the old school do not give thanks for anything, because they have been taught no better, they see their children in a civilized community, and it helps and comforts them. In all the tepees, there has been for years grumbling against the taking away of the Indian child to attend school. These gatherings please the old folks greatly, and are rapidly teaching them that there is something specially agreeable associated with Thanksgiving Day.

WM. R. DRAPER.

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy sent to foreign countries outside the U. S. Canada, Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Thanksgiving Thoughts

AMONG the things to be grateful for are improved municipal and national conditions. We do not suppose that New York was any worse than other cities, but its opportunities of theft were larger! It stole more because it had more to steal. We suppose that if they had the same opportunities, if there had been the same largeness of spoils in Boston, Philadelphia, Charleston and New Orleans, the political cormorants would not have stopped short of the same magnitude of outrage. The prominent offenders were not worse than hundreds of political corruptionists. They were smarter, and they knew how to clutch a million when the stupid fellows knew only how to clutch the thousands. But never since God corrected the politics of Sodom by burying the city in brimstone, were there greater outrages enacted on earth than in some of our cities, under the disguise of municipal government; frauds about parks, about pavements, about station-houses, about pipes, about city halls, about aqueducts, about courts, about accounts, about elections; frauds about everything. Fraudulent men applied for contracts to fraudulent officials, who wrote contracts upon paper they had stolen, and then went home over pavements, every stone of which had been put down in dishonesty, and in carriages, every spoke and rivet of which were evidences of their crime. Fraudulent election inspectors sat around fraudulent ballot-boxes, and took fraudulent votes, and made fraudulent returns, and sent to our State legislatures, men fit only for the idiot asylum or the penitentiary.

. . .

Things went on until the decent people in all our cities for years were under the very saddest depression. The newspapers did not dare to speak out for fear they would lose the public printing; the pulpits did not dare to speak out because there were prominent men in the churches who had one hand on the spoils and the other hand at the throat of the clergy, telling them they had better be prudent and keep quiet. Matters were beyond all human redemption; and no statesmanship, no skill, no human wisdom would ever have met the crisis; but the Lord God Almighty rose up, and he put it into the hearts of the best men of both parties to band together and lay their hands to the work. The monstrosities were exposed, the vagabonds of fraud were arrested, the moral sentiment in all the cities was roused up. Although the work has only fairly begun, the prospects are brightening, and all the cities in this land will yet be redeemed. It is time, I think, for tax gatherers and reformers, and Christian men, to assemble in the churches with thanksgiving to God for the deliverances effected, and the deliverances that are to come; and to remember that while honest men may be the instrumentalities, the Lord alone can save the city. Oh, when we look off upon the wreck of routed office-holders, when we see to-day men whose names only a little while ago made cities stand in awe, now playing hide and seek with sheriffs and constables, when we see the patronage of our great cities going out of the hands of the abandoned and miserable into the hands of men whose integrity cannot be questioned, we feel that we must clap the cymbals of triumph, as did Miriam, on the banks of the Red Sea, and cry out, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea."

. . .

Furthermore: We have cause for gratitude that our nation is in more perfect peace than ever before. The Spanish War nearly put down sectionalism, but the assassination of our late President brought all sections into expressions of sympathy that positively obliterated the last difference between the North and the South. We were for a great many years under the delusion that we were at peace in this country; but there never has been any peace until within a few years. It was war of pen and war of speech. Look at the *Congressional Record* of 1830, was that peace? The *Congressional Record* of 1837, of 1846, of 1857, of 1860. Was that peace? No! Because of the inimical nature of the interests of the North and the South, many of us remember there was perpetual collision. It was free-trade men against tariff men; it was free labor against slave labor; it was Massachusetts against South Carolina; it was New York against Virginia representation. It was Charleston *Mercury* against Albany *Journal*. Challenge, altercation, and duel all over the land. Even at the time that Brooks was cudgelling Sumner, and Potter thrashing Pryor, and chains were stretched around Boston Court House to keep fugitives from escaping from the hands of the marshal, and all our northern cities were in riot and bloodshed about the relation of black men to their owners, we were under the delusion that we were at peace. Monstrous absurdity! It was war perpetual. Pennsylvania Hall burned on account of this political agitation in the city of Philadelphia; was that peace? The printing press of the Alton *Observer* thrown into the river; was that peace? In 1820, when the air was hot with sectional imprecation about the admission of Missouri as a slave State—was that peace? The burning of a college in New Hampshire, in 1835, because colored youth were admitted—was that peace? The Presbyterian and the Methodist Churches, North and South, split with a fracture that shook all Christendom on account of political agitation—was that peace? No! All Billingsgate, and scum, and vituperation, and hatred, and revenge and blasphemy on both sides were exhausted. It was war of tongue, war of pen, war of trade, war of church—war! bitter, furious, consuming, relentless.

. . .

Thank God, that time has gone by. We have come to a new state of feeling—a brotherhood such as we have never enjoyed. And our Congress, instead of spending nine-tenths of its time, wasting the public treasury in discussing sectional difficulties, as it used to do, will give nine-tenths of its time to the discussions of the agricultural, the mining, the manufacturing, the commercial, the literary, and the moral interests of this nation.

Are we not to be thankful to God for this state of feeling? He hath not dealt so with any other nation. Praise him, all ye people.

Unanswered Letters

RECENTLY I received a letter from a stranger in Nebraska, saying that he had bought a large tract of land and had got in trouble about it, and he wanted me to loan or give him $15,000. I told my wife to send him the $15,000 right away, but as she did not happen to have that money about her, the probability is, it was not sent. I received a letter from a young man, saying, he would get married if I would send him money enough to pay for his wedding trip. A man in New England wants to become a lecturer, and wont I write him two or three lectures. Two letters from people who are desperate, and if I do not send them relief they will commit suicide. A man writes me for my autograph enclosing a postage stamp. Not getting an answer, he writes me to be honest enough to send back the postage stamp. Getting no answer to that he writes me: "You scoundrel, you stand there and preach the Gospel, and yet dare cheat a man out of a postage stamp." Letters through the Post Office are handed in at my door and left for me at the door of churches, until my pockets are full and my tables are full and the shelves are full and the closets are full, and *one* of my ideas of the loveliness of heaven is that there will be no morning and evening mail. I have piles of letters of good advice telling me how to preach and how not to preach, and the poorer the syntax and etymology, the more urgent the counsel. Letters discussing theological points, spelling the word God with a small "g." Multitudes of welcome letters of encouragement, which are to me perpetual and everlasting help, and which go into the very fibre of my immortal nature, and through all eternity I will thank God that I read them. I say these things to excuse myself for seeming unfaithfulness in postal correspondence.

The Sword Sheathed

ALTHOUGH in many parts of the world international relations are unsatisfactory, the world is talking more of arbitration, and the putting of the sword back in the scabbard than ever before.

The time will come when any nation proposing war will be prohibited, by all other nations making protest.

The time will come when arbitration will entirely supersede gunpowder and keen steel. So long ago as the time of William Penn the efficacy of arbitration was demonstrated. He proposed to come to America, and, without any weapons, treat with the worst savages. Charles II scoffed at him, and said, "What? Venture yourselves among the savages of North America? Why, man, what security have you that you will not be in their war kettle within two hours after setting your foot on their shores?" "The best security in the world," said William Penn. "I doubt that, Friend William," said the king; "I have no idea of any security against those American cannibals but a regiment of good soldiers with their bayonets and muskets, and, I tell you beforehand, with all my good will for you and your family, to whom I am under obligations, I will not send a single soldier with you." "I want none of your soldiers," said William Penn; "I depend upon something better." "On what?" asked the king. William Penn answered: "On the Indians themselves, on their moral sense and on the protection of God." It is a fact in American history, that for seventy years the red men kept that treaty, and it was not broken until the white men broke it. A venerable general of the United States Army, who had fought more battles for our Government and against the Indians than any other man, told me that, in all the Indian wars, to his personal knowledge, the white men were the more to blame. Now, if the treaty made between William Penn and the American savages could last seventy years, certainly intelligent nations ought to be able to keep the peace. In most wars, the question at issue is as undecided after as before bloodshed. In our war with Great Britain in 1812, the question involved was the impressment of American seamen. Two years and a half the war raged. Our Government expended three hundred million dollars and lost thousands of lives, and the question still remained unsettled about the impressment of American sailors. Some say wars are necessary, to clear off the superfluous population of the earth, and that had it not been for the hundreds of millions slain in battle, the earth would have been too crowded with inhabitants. But our opinion is that people die fast enough. What with the choleras and the yellow fevers, and the cyclones and the shipwreck and the earthquakes, depopulation needs not be accelerated. The best thing you can do with a man is to save him, and the worst thing you can do with a man is to kill him.

An Old-Time Thanksgiving

(*See illustration on first page*)

WHEN the boys came home for Thanksgiving, what a gala time we had, and what hearty welcomes were given, as the big lumbering stage-coach rolled up and deposited its precious load at the front gate. The chief event was the dinner; and when we pushed back from the table, there was such roaring and racketing and fun. The old people were as young as any, and what with blindman's buff, and leap-frog, and hide-and-seek, and molasses pulling and wrestling, and rushing out bareheaded leaving the door wide open, and boisterous glee, Thanksgiving Day meant something.

Somehow, you never later could gather that group around the same holiday table. Ring that dining bell to day, and they will not answer. The old folks long ago got through their pilgrimage. Their ankles ached, their shoulders stooped, and it was high time that they took a long rest under the shadow of the old country meeting-house. Ring that bell to-day never so loudly, and all the chairs will be unoccupied save one or two. Thank God for the joys of Thanksgiving and the griefs, for they have had hallowing influences, and we have been saved from many a sin when we remembered those old times.

You may not possess all the blessings of parlor and drawing-room and library and dining-hall, but still you all know something of the height and depth and length and breadth of that sweet, tender, joyous, triumphant word "home." Look not upon it merely as a place to stay as the lion looks upon his lair, or the fox his burrow, or the eagle his eyrie. Call it not your residence, or your house, or your lodgings, or your domicile; but for the sake of your old father and mother—whether here or translated—for the sake of childhood, for the sake of the dead, for the sake of all that is good and beautiful and true and blessed, call it "*home*."

Gather your children together, open the musical instrument if you have one, if not, open your heart, the grandest of all musical instruments. "O! give thanks unto the Lord for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Persian Festival

WITH a history stretching back over forty centuries Persia has innumerable national events to celebrate either in joy or gloom. One of these, which is known as the festival of the rtyrs of Carbella, was recently observed. The ac-npanying photograph pictures the scene as it was nessed in the palace of the Governor of Maragha. e leaders, in white robes, were wailing and shouting l gesticulating wildly. They appeared to be working mselves into a frenzy. Gradually the wild voices ed to give expression to the emotions of the people. ey proceeded to self-inflicted castigation. One and an-er could be seen lashing themselves with mad fero-. Even then the demoniac excitement had not ched its culmination. Only the sight of flowing od could content participants and spectators. Knives shed, and from great gashes cut on their own bodies blood spurted on the white robes of the infatuated ders. It was a horrible spectacle. A Christian lady o witnessed it, hurried away sick at heart. She had n warned against appearing on the streets, for at such es public feeling against Christians runs high. But knew that a life was at stake and she, as a physician, st see her patient. Commending herself to the pro-tion of God, she hurried past the palace in which the tival was being held. At the entrance and at the ners of the streets there were groups of men who d taken part in it, and on the roadside lay the bodies some who had fainted from loss of blood. Scarcely ing to look at them lest she should give offence she nt on her errand of mercy, grieving that there were e among the infatuated devotees to whom she dare claim the message of deliverance from the bondage superstition.

it such a fast as I have chosen? A day for a man to afflict his l? Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? . 58 : 5).

Romantic Lawsuit

The Supreme Court has just given judgment in a suit ich has been in the California courts for upwards of r years. It involved the fortune of two orphans, a y and a girl, respectively ten and thirteen years of e. Some years ago, when children were very young, y were abandoned in the eets of Hanford, Calif., d their parents could not traced. The Women's ab of the city took charge them, but there was some ficulty in obtaining a suita-home for them. Eventu-y, a childless couple offer-to adopt them, and the ldren were transferred to ir care. The couple appear have become very fond of children, and the hus-nd, when he died recently, t a will bequeathing his perty to his wife for her e and after her death to the o children. The will dis-peared in some mysterious y, and when it was found er the widow's death, it d been mutilated. The mes of the two children d been torn off. Relatives the testator claimed the tate, and as the children re so young and had no gal guardian living, it seem-probable that they would lose their inheritance. he case, however, was fought by their friends, and tnesses were found who had seen the will before it is mutilated and could testify to its contents. The preme Court has now decided that the children are e legal heirs. It is well for the Christian that no such ntroversy can arise about his inheritance. His adop-on carries all the rights of sonship.

e have received the Spirit of adoption . . . and if children, n heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ (Rom. 8: 15-17).

eceived by the Fog

A serious mistake, which might have proved fatal, is made by a passenger on a Pennsylvania train a w days ago. He had gone forward in the train, look-g for a friend, and had afterwards returned to the rear. e went from one car to another on his quest until he ached the last car on the train. He was not aware at it was the last car, and when he came to the rear or he opened it and went out on the platform. There is a dense fog at the time, which prevented his seeing that there was no other car. He stepped forward, expecting to step on the platform of the next car, but, instead, fell over into the roadway. The train was going rapidly, so that the shock was severe. He was stunned at first, but recovered consciousness after some minutes. He was scarcely able to move, but realizing how dangerous his position was, dragged himself off the track. He had barely got clear of the rails when an express train thundered over the place where he had just been lying. He was unable to walk, but was found by a telegraph operator, who took him to the nearest hospital. We may hope he will not make a similar mistake in the journey of life. But that is not so common. The common mistake in that case is that in stepping off at death there is no continuation, whereas we are assured that there is a life beyond that will never end.

The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever (1 John 2 : 17).

A Strange Bonfire

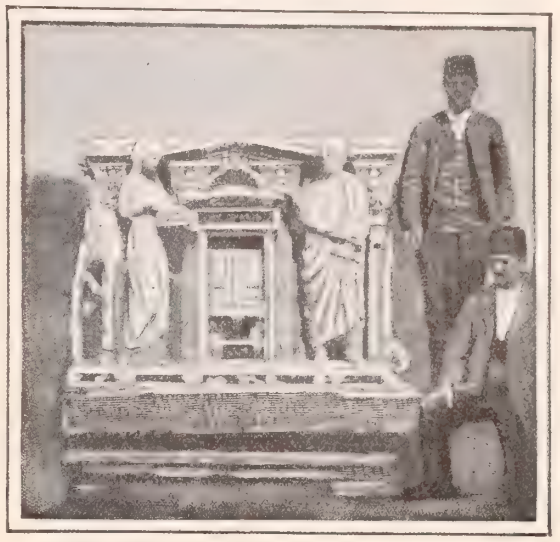
A singular act of destruction evoked many protests in Montclair, N. J., recently. A man now resident in New York City formerly occupied a handsome home in Montclair. There he suffered a series of bereavements. His wife and children died, leaving him utterly alone. He closed his home and sent all the contents of his home to a storage warehouse. He did not go near the town again for seven years. Two weeks ago he suddenly appeared there, and going to the storage house paid a bill of over four hundred dollars for the care of his property. He had the furniture, plate and linen piled on wagons and drove with them to the woods on the brow of the Orange Mountains. The goods were then removed by his direction from the wagons and heaped together for burning. Some of the men who helped in the work begged hard that they might have some of the articles, but the owner refused. With his own hands he wielded an axe, breaking up everything breakable and then set fire to the heap and waited until all was consumed. He said that he did not wish anything to remain in existence that could remind him of the loved ones who had passed away. Most men prize the articles that have been used by their lost dear ones; but this man seems to have been unable to bear the pain that would be given by the sight of objects associated with them. Perhaps he has not been able to take to himself the comfort that Paul gave to the Christians of his day:

If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him (I. Thess. 4 : 14).

A PERSIAN PASSION PLAY AT THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MARAGHA

A Notable Discovery

Press despatches from Asia Minor report one of the most interesting finds of modern exploration. In the course of excavations at Arbali, in Konia, a wonderful sarcophagus has been dug up. It is in a state of remarkable preservation; the figures, some of which are among the most beautiful of ancient sculpture, being as sharp and unworn as when they were new. The sarcophagus strongly resembles that of Alexander, which may have served as a model for it. No clue has yet been found to the identity of the body it must once have held: but from its magnificence and from the place at which it was found, the inference is drawn that it was the coffin in which the body of Antipater was placed



SARCOPHAGUS, SAID TO BE THAT OF ANTIPATER

One end of the sarcophagus is shown in the accompanying picture. On one side are representations in bas-relief of equestrian figures engaged in conflict, and on the other side, figures around a seated statue, probably that of Antipater himself. It is difficult to realize that this was the last resting place of the powerful warrior and statesman who died nearly twenty centuries ago. His greatness is now only a matter of history and the identity of his sarcophagus a matter of conjecture. So it is with all earthly glory. It is well for the Christian that his trust is in One who endures forever.

They shall perish, but thou remainest (Heb. 1 : 11).

Fighting in Christ's Tomb

A cable message from Jerusalem reports that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, surmounting the traditional tomb in which Christ's body was placed before the resurrection, was the scene of a sanguinary affray on Nov. 4, between Franciscans and Greeks, during which there were a number of casualties on both sides. The dispute arose on the question as to which community had the right to sweep the church. Troops had been posted in the vicinity for several days previous to the outbreak, in order to prevent the anticipated collision, but they were suddenly outnumbered and overpowered by the contending parties. The conflict shows how little heed the combatants must have paid to the spirit and teaching of Him whom they wanted to honor. Their conduct proved that they belonged to the very class whom he denounced:

Woe unto you, because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say: If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets (Matt. 23 : 29).

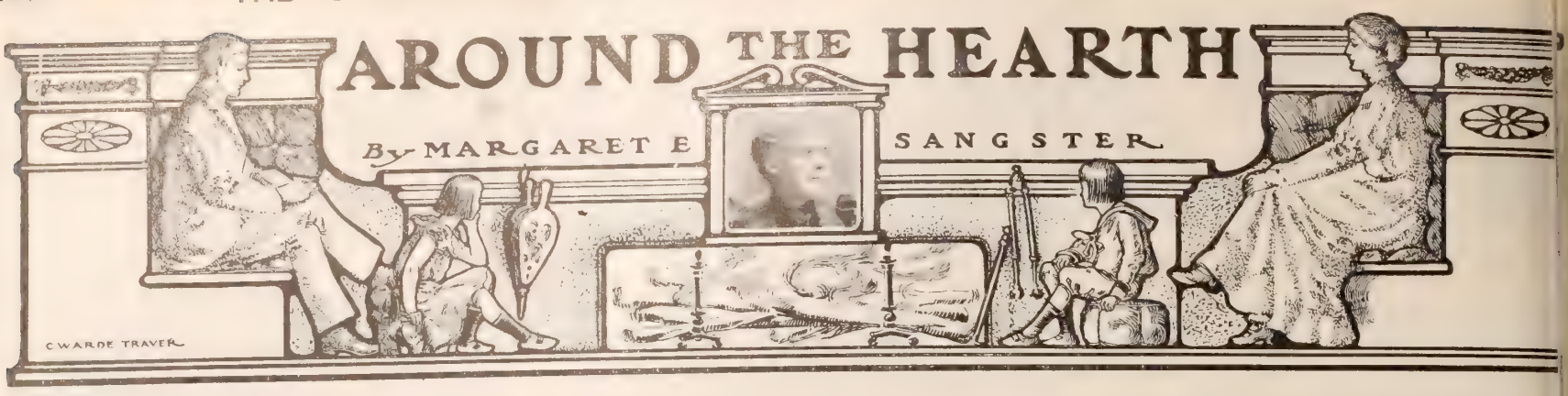
BRIEF NOTES

Renewing subscribers will confer a great favor on the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if, when renewing, they state that their subscription is a RENEWAL, or attach, if convenient, the yellow date tab to their letter.

Rev. Henry M. Tyndall, who has been doing valuable work of an unsectarian character in the upper part of New York City, hopes to occupy the new People's Tabernacle this month. The amount already subscribed toward the cost of the building is $35,000.

Dr. Joseph Parker, the venerable Congregational Pastor of the City Temple, London, writes: "All my engagements outside my own pulpit are cancelled. I retire to think, to serve quietly, and soon to go up. May God bless all my brethren with a double portion of his Holy Spirit."

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has just completed a notable series of fourteen lectures to Pastors, Evangelists, Sunday School Teachers and lay workers at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. The subjects covered by the general title of "The Crises of the Christ" included the Incarnation, the Baptism, and the Temptation.



The Shelter In the Woods

ALL day long they had tramped through the mountains, a man, a monkey, and a little maid. They had an organ, too, but it was wheezy and worn out, and but for the funny capers of the monkey and the sweet face of the child, the tired-looking organ-grinder would have gathered few pennies from the farm-houses he passed, though they were still haunted by lingering summer-boarders. A few city folk are wise enough to sip the cup that autumn brews, a cup garlanded with clematis and bitter-sweet, and crisp with the first sharpness of the frost. Oh, the rare charm of the fall, when the leaves are turning yellow and red, and the corn is gathered in, and the grapes are purple on the vines.

The little maid was brave, she had walked many miles with her father and the monkey, had slept under the open sky at night, or crept under the thick branches when the rain fell, had eaten such food as her father could get for her, and cuddled up under his ragged coat with the monkey at her feet, when the day's work was done, but at last she was very home-sick. For, she had a home, and a mother, and there was a bambino there, and oh! how good it would be to have her mother's eyes to look into, and her mother's hand to hold, if only father would say that the summer was ended. The woods were growing very cold, even when father built a fire in the twilight and pitched a little tent near by, and Nina could no longer think the roasted potatoes were a feast; she wanted her mother.

One night, the moon was up so very bright that they did not need a fire for light, only for warmth. And Nina was fast falling asleep when she heard a voice she knew, on the highway. She sprang up. In a mountain wagon there were a half dozen persons, returning from a drive; among them was a young lady who exclaimed, "Why, Daddy, see that bit of an encampment. Is that where the organ-grinders stay at night? What a hard life! I'll never give them such tiny bits of copper any more. They shall have silver out of my purse!"

As she spoke, Nina darted forward, a little scarlet-skirted figure, out of the deepening dusk.

"Oh, Miss Jean, Miss Jean!" she cried, clasping her little hands.

"Why, Nina Calovalla!" cried Miss Jean in her turn. "Why, my dear! Where did you come from?"

"We've been on the road, Miss Jean, Father and I," explained Nina, "but we're going home soon and I'll be at Sunday School again; I will, Miss Jean!"

The little Italian Mission child and her teacher had met by accident on a by-path of the mountains, and there followed a long talk, and at the end of it, the friends in the big wagon took up a little collection, and next day, the tent, and the organ, and the monkey, and the maiden, and the tired man, all went home.

Such a small home, tucked away in the garret of a tenement in Forsyth street, but there was a baby there, and a woman also kissed them and cried over them when the wanderers came back, and love was there, dear love that makes the poorest home as happy as a palace.

When Nina again shall go to Sunday School, and study her lesson with Miss Jean, there will not be a blither child in New York.

Games of Chance in the Parlor

The temptation to indulge in games of chance sometimes presents itself to Christians in the guise of sweet charity, and even in the white robe of a zealous religious purpose. Church fairs, in the effort to sell articles of value, too expensive for the single buyer, introduce the lottery, and social clubs of men and women, meeting for the avowed object of raising money to do good, play progressive games which are rewarded by prizes. In all these recreations and amusements, there is peril. The principle of giving full value for every dollar should penetrate all life's routine, and when this is encroached upon, the moral fibre of our nature is weakened. Gambling is an offense against honesty and honor; as much an offense when the prizes are bangles and baubles and gewgaws, as when dollars are involved and exchanged. There can never be a safe compromise with evil in this world of ours; never can one overstep the straight line without risk to one's soul, and to one's neighbors.

About Keeping a Vow

Is a vow to be broken or kept? Kept, as a rule, since probably a man does not make a vow through mere caprice, but with a certain solemnity. Yet there are circumstances which modify all cases. A young man may vow that he will not marry until his annual income reaches a designated amount. By reason of ill-health, or demands of his relatives, or poor crops, or any one of a dozen hindrances, the man may see his youth slipping away, and the money he wants a dissolving view. Yet he can earn enough to keep a wife in comfort and raise a family if God gives it to him, in the community where he lives; he will be as well off as his neighbors, and there is a true heart waiting for him. He knows that a girl worth having as a wife will say yes if he asks her, knows, though she has never, by any unmaidenly forwardness told him. Love has its subtle signals. The vow he made would best be broken; God will absolve him in its trampling under foot.

In an hour of anger father and son part vowing never to speak to one another again. Such a vow is unnatural and wicked, and the sooner it is broken the happier will be the foolish persons who have allowed a quarrel to separate them. A vow should not be lightly made, as it is in its nature a pledge before God. But God pardons human infirmity, and when one sees that he or she has taken a wrong step, He will forgive the effort to get back into the right pathway.

THE FIRST SNOW

Ho! sifted through the winds that blow,
Down comes the soft and silent snow,
White petals, from the flowers that grow
In the cold atmosphere.

These starry blossoms, pure and white,
So softly falling thro' the night
Have draped the wood and mere.

BUNGAY.

THE LITTLE BROWN LEAF.

SAID the little brown leaf, as it hung in the air,
To the little brown leaf below:
"What a summer we've had
To rejoice and be glad,
But to-day there's a feeling of snow.

"I am lonely up here on the tree so high,
With the leaves all off the bough,
So I'll flutter down
To my comrades brown,
Who are resting so softly now."

Said the little brown leaf: "When work is done,
And it's time to go to sleep,
One bids good-by to the frolic and fun,
And shuts his eyes on the merry s
And O but the rest is deep!

"For God is up in heaven above,
And God in the world below—
In the summer light,
In the wintry night,
In the tempest and the snow."

With a sigh as brief as the fall of a leaf,
The little brown leaf dropped through
The amber gold
Of the breeze-swept wold,
And the sky—it was blithe and blue.

MARGARET E. SANGSTE

Praise the Lord!

ONE cannot read the psalms David without realizing h their music vibrates to prai The key-note of those beauti ancient lyrics is rejoicing. David wa man of war, a man of the march and tent, but he was a shepherd before he a soldier, and he was a musician bef he was a shepherd. Throughout changeful life, he loved to strike his ha and to sing to the Lord, ascribing to h the glory for every triumph, every resc every gift that came to him from the ski For any one of us, who feels discourag or weak; who is weary with the battle life, and distressed at its hardships, would be a bracing exercise to study psalms, verse by verse, writing down ev text which carries with it an exhortati to praise, or which rises like the song the lark in the morning, thrilling w ecstasy, and dominant over pain.

. . . .

Comfort one another,
For the way is often dreary;
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.

Yes, but we have sad hearts becau our faith is so halting. We so little l lieve in God. "Our God, whom we ser is able to deliver us, and he will," let t strait be what it may, let the danger be ever so i minent, let the trouble be ever so overwhelming.

How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word,
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
Ye, who, unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—WEDDING PARTY. The bride does not walk in wi the best man. If her father does not escort her, she m walk in with the groom.

—PERPLEXED MAIDEN. The young man will probab soon find out for himself that your mother has withdraw the objections. You should not tell him so.

—A. J.-J. It is not customary for a lady to suggest to man that he shall call again. If made welcome on a fir occasion, he repeats his visit at his own discretion.

—R. S. V. P. Win the young lady if you can. The di ference in your age is not material, and socially, you a eligible. Caste lines of the kind you seem to fear, do n exist in America.

THANKSGIVING AT THE HOPEWELLS'

By Margaret E. Sangster.

THERE were times when Mother Hopewell felt neglected, but she never owned it. Not a neighbor, nor an acquaintance, nor the most intimate old friend ever heard her say that the big shut-up house was lonesome, that Cyrus was so deaf that he was hard to talk with, and that sometimes she wished she had t least one child to come and keep her company. Madam Hopewell was a proud old body. She had a oul that sought no sympathy from outsiders. Whatver she might do in private, no one in Daleside could eport that she was anything but cheery, bright and ncomplaining. She was growing old, but her flag was ying bravely from the masthead still.

Her husband, Cyrus Hopewell, was of a less obstinate rmness, of a much more pliant character. Cyrus had eferred to his wife through forty years of happy wedock, and he would continue to do so till the end. He issed the children and grandchildren less than she id, but made more fuss about it in the privacy of their ome. To the public he was as silent as Miranda, nowing that she wished it, and that it would vex her he seemed to be finding fault.

The Hopewell boys, John and James, were prosperous erchants in New York. Ruth Hopewell was a successful artist in Boston. Margaret was married, and ad a brood of small children, who ept her busy in her wee parsonage ome in the far West. Cynthia, s president of a college in the South, ame back for summer holidays hen she did not go to Europe, but he had not passed a single Thanksiving under the parental roof, since er girlhood. The old mother nought wistfully of her bonny boys nd girls, as they had been, when ney grew up, all too busy and too seful, and too successful to have me to spare for father and mother.

"If Cyrus and I should die, they'd ome to our funerals," she said to erself, as she pottered over the bueau drawer where she kept as reasures such things as mothers rize—a few faded ribbons, a baby's ock, a pair of little red shoes, the ertificates Jack brought home from he Academy, the gold medal Cynhia won for a composition, just the lotsam and jetsam of youth that the rown up children had left behind nd forgotten.

"Let us die together, good Lord," he said, kneeling at the low chair by he western window. Thanksgiving vas near, and her heart was heavy. She realized that she stood in the orefront of the family, alone; almost he heard the faint boom of the wave hat would soon sweep her with the est of her generation out into the ilence and mystery of the eternal sea.

The sons and daughters had inited their parents to keep Thanksiving with them, but both Cyrus and Miranda shrunk from the state nd splendor of John's avenue manion, and the gay people at James's ouse, equally frightened them, as f they were beings of another sphere. To go to Margaret's, that would be deal, but Margaret, dear child, lived so far away, four whole days' journey, and they hardly felt equal to the atigue.

"Miranda!" It was Cyrus calling from the foot of he stairs. "Here's Mrs. Loomis. Won't you come down?"

"Yes, dear, coming!" answered a brisk voice, and the old lady hurried down to welcome the wife of her minister.

After a little talk, Mrs. Loomis unfolded her scheme, a kind one, which she was quite eager over, pressing he matter with gentle insistence.

"Frank and I are so by ourselves in the world, both beng orphans, that we can never get up a family party on holiday, but we've been thinking how fine it would be f you and Mr. Hopewell would step across the road nd help us eat our Thanksgiving turkey. Now, lease, please don't say no, dear Mrs. Hopewell."

The invitation was graciously refused, but a counter one was given. Would not the pastor and his wife come to them, and bring little Theodore and Agnes, and to this Mrs. Loomis consented. She went home with a glow at her heart, meaning that it should not be her fault if the day did not prove delightful to her old friends, for, with womanly intuition, she divined how dreary holidays were for them, and both her husband and herself were genuinely indignant with the Hopewell children.

But, in James Hopewell's house, there was a silent, thoughtful laddie, who took very little part in the roystering games of the rest. And, for the past year, a fear had tugged at his mother's heart, that this boy was not to be long spared to her. For him to express a wish was to have it gratified, and he said one evening:

"Mother, I'd like to have a great house rally of our kith and kin, up at grandfather's in Daleside. Could it be managed? I'd love one Thanksgiving there. Somehow, I feel as if I'd get stronger if grandmother could take care of me, as she did that winter I broke my leg skating on the Daleside pond."

"Dear darling! wouldn't mother be pleased to hear you?" said the pretty lady in the soft gown; the lady of the anxious eyes. "Tell we just what you'd plan, if you could, and—I'll consult Daddy, and—we'll see!"

"OUT STEPPED CYNTHIA . . . AND THE FAMILY GROUP WAS COMPLETE"

The result was, that a great many letters, with special delivery stamps, were written, and several telegrams sent. To Margaret there went a generous remittance in money. She was to bring her whole family, down to the baby, and her husband was to find a supply for his pulpit and come along. The Hopewell connection was stirred to its remotest bound, and the two stout, gray-headed brothers entered into the plot with an *elan* that amazed their wives and their young people. John and James began themselves to take a keen interest in going home for Thanksgiving.

It was at first meant to have the whole thing a surprise, but Cynthia recklessly telephoned to Jack from Georgia, that a surprise might be too great a shock to the old father and mother. Finally they arranged for Ruth to go first, casually, for her to break the news that Margaret was coming, then James and his wife, and the invalid boy would follow, and at last, on Thanksgiving morning, the remainder of the clan, fifteen in all, would pile in and overflow the homestead. Although means were ample there, and food abundant, the city housewives decided to pack big hampers with delicacies and to carry a supply of cooked and canned provisions, for, "we are a troop, and enough to tax any commissary department in New England," said John's wife.

Three days before Thanksgiving, just as the twilight deepened into starry night, the latch was lifted, and to the two old people sitting by the hearth, entered Ruth. She was a slender woman, with a lovely face, and her clothing was as a sheath to a lily. She slipped off her furs and sat down, half crying, half laughing, at her mother's knee.

"I've come home, Mammy; home for Thanksgiving," she said, and the gladness of Mother Hopewell's face repaid her for leaving her studio in the midst of the busy season, and missing two opening views on which she had counted.

Early the next day she went to the post-office, and returned with a letter.

"Maggie's taken it into her head to come," she announced. "Mother, we'll have to open the whole house, heat it, furbish it, make it like old times. Won't it be fun?"

Other letters kept coming. Cyrus, dear old fellow, grew so excited that he could not keep still. He looked a dozen years younger.

The Loomises found it out, that a big house party was on foot, and they were fain to withdraw from their pledge to be at the dinner, but Mother Hopewell would not hear of such a thing. "Why," she said with decision, "we always had the minister's folks in the old days, and now the old days are coming back. We'll not do without his reverence and the mistress of the manse, not we." Ruth seconded her mother so warmly that Mrs. Loomis laid aside her fears, and began to help with the grand preparations.

Thanksgiving Eve, the rural expressman drove up and left an immense box filled with hot-house flowers, a novelty in the country, so far from town florists, and a basket of grapes, oranges, bananas and fruits conserved in sugar.

And, then, an hour later, when the nine o'clock train arrived, there was Margaret with a baby in her arms, and a chubby child clinging to her skirts, and three more little heads behind her, with the tall, pale, tired-looking home missionary bringing up the rear. After the greetings had subsided, and they were tucked into their rooms, a carriage came, and here were James and his wife and their boy Hugh, who was the prime mover and mainspring of the family gathering, the clans having responded to his summons, so to speak. That was sufficient for that night.

Next morning the rest arrived, all smiling, jolly, hilarious, and never did father and mother look more elated than Mr. and Mrs. Hopewell as they stood in the doorway to welcome old and young who came thronging in.

"All here but Cynthia!" sighed the mother. "Poor Cynthia! If she could be here, too!"

Even as she spoke, there was a jingle of sleigh bells, for snow had fallen over night, and a sleigh from West Daleside glided up to the back door, skirting the driveway with a flourish. And out stepped Cynthia, a dignified figure, whose was the serenity born of much managing of gay Southern lassies, sweet and mirthful, and obedient notwithstanding their high spirits, to the lightest look or word of their New England president. Cynthia, too! The family group was complete.

In the clear, bracing air of the hills, with his grandmother's old-fashioned nursing, Hugh Hopewell picked up strength, lost his white cheeks, and grew sturdy and robust, as they had not thought he would. Wonderful are the effects of fresh air when it blows across leagues of mountain space, and has no taint of the city in its free breath.

"I shall stay here!" said the lad, "and learn farming, and by and by forestry. Grandfather should haveone boy tostand at his side."

CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE

THANKSGIVING AT THE HOPEWELLS'

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

"We'll not leave Mother alone so much," resolved one and another daughter and granddaughter. She needs some one to help her, now that she is growing more feeble than she used to be."

But when they canvassed the matter, there was not one whose occupations would let him or her make a home at Daleside. Hugh was the single one who had a free foot. And Madam Hopewell, overhearing considerable discussion, ended the balancing of pros and cons with her usual directness and energy.

"Now, Jane, and Cynthia, Ruth, Mabel, Maggie, Ellen and all of you, I am not in my dotage. I don't want any chick or child to come here to take care of me. I'm able to take care of father and myself yet. What I do ask, is that there may not be such long spaces between visits Let the old home beckon you back oftener. Don't leave us to such wofully long spells without you, and come to us on holidays. I wish the children might oftener be at the farm in the summers. And I'll coddle Hughie and make a man of him again; and one thing makes my Thanksgiving sweeter, Hugh wants to stay with grandmother!'

"That he does!" cried Hugh from the depth of the big armchair in the next room.

"Returned Upon His Own Head"

A Remarkable Instance, in Real Life, of a Man's Impious Arrogance, Leading to His Ruin

"I WILL break you up then," said the proprietor of a large distillery in Western Pennsylvania, about the year 1875, to his new neighbor. "I will start a coal-mining business right here upon my own property and I will run you out," he declared.

The newcomer had recently opened up a coal mine near the distillery, and the distiller had hoped to profit by the convenience and saving it would be to him in buying coal. The coal operator, being a Christian man, had positively refused to furnish any coal for the purpose of manufacturing the soul and body destroying product.

The man did not, of course, like to be reproved or opposed in his plans, and was of a very wrathful and vindictive disposition. In his anger, he was stirred up to that point of presumption which often brings men under present judgment. Napoleon reached that perilous point when he made the defiant reply to Madame de Stael, "I propose and I dispose." She had met his boastful plans with the words of caution,—"Beware! Man proposes, but God disposes." Like the fig tree after it was cursed by Christ, Napoleon's fortunes declined from that time.

Many circumstances seemed calculated to help fulfil the distiller's threat, and the offended man proceeded to carry it out. Against the coal operator was the dullness of the times, the strong competition in the business, and, still worse, the heavy obligations he had to meet in the near future. For several reasons prosperity was seemingly sure to abide with the distiller. His brand of whiskey had a wide reputation, and he had already built up a large business. He owned the buildings, etc., and besides that possessed a good tract of coal land. Altogether, it did not appear likely that "his mischief should return upon his own head, and that his violent dealing should come down upon his own pate."—Psa. 7:16. It did though, nevertheless, for his very efforts to fulfil his threat were the direct means of his own bankruptcy in the end. He had to go nearly $100,000 into debt in sinking a shaft and getting all the machinery, coal-tipple and other things set up, which were necessary to conveniently and economically handle the coal in quantities. He expected, however, to manage the debts all right in due time, for he had already proven his capacity for business.

But, when matters became most deeply involved, a few unforeseen things occurred which overturned everything upon him. The famous whiskey which he manufactured made a man drunk, who, while in that condition, insulted his wife and daughters. The same anger which he had exercised towards his Christian neighbor was again so stirred that he procured a gun and shot the drunken man dead. For this he was confined in the penitentiary several years. During his confinement there was no person to attend to his business who understood it, and who would take a sufficient interest in it to properly manage the distillery and the new coal business venture. The result was that the creditors rushed in to save their claims. Everything was sacrificed. His family was left penniless, and in such straits that one of his daughters had to apply for assistance to the very man her father had sought to destroy. Her request was for the use of a room in one of the buildings which he controlled. She wanted to teach school in it. He was glad to return good for evil, and told her she might have the whole building if she needed it, and entirely free of charge also.

About a quarter of a century has passed away. Nothing remarkable has occurred in the history of the first mine. With the other, however, it is different, although it changed hands under the sheriff's hammer, a kind of blight seems to still rest upon it. People notice it, and every once in a while they feel called upon to say, "There goes that —— Mine again," on account of some evil happening. Once it was a great explosion, causing many fatalities. At another time, more recently, it was a fire, which destroyed both original and added improvements to the extent of tens of thousands of dollars. Besides these, there were other things of a similar nature. Like the rebuilding of Jericho, the mine appears to be under a curse. Judgment is God's strange work. He delights not in it. Occasions sometimes call for it though. He would, as he says, much rather be exercising his loving kindness in the earth, and men should be in condition to receive it instead of the other.

G. C. G.

The Story of a Poem

FEW poems have had a stranger history than that beginning—

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

The lines are usually credited to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton; they appear over his name in scores of "reciters" and anthologies. The author, however, is Mr. J. L. McCreery, of Washington, who published the poem in a Philadelphia journal in 1863. In the following year a Mr. Eugene Bulmer concluded an article on immortality, contributed to a Chicago paper, with the verses, omitting to state their source. The poem with the signature "E. Bulmer" was copied into a Wisconsin periodical. Jumping to the conclusion that "Bulmer" was a misprint for "Bulwer," the editor of another Wisconsin paper changed the "m" to a "w," and so the world came into apparent possession of a new poem by the author of "Rienzi." His name gave it an immense popularity; it appeared in most of the newspapers of the English-speaking world. Despite the statement by "Owen Meredith," in 1870, that none of the Lyttons had ever heard of the poem, it has been circulating ever since with "Edward Bulwer," "Bulwer Lytton," or "Lord Lytton" as signatnre.

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NEW YORK'S LATEST "SETTLEMENT"

It is the Gift of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., and is a Model of its Kind

AMONG the many structures in New York City devoted to social and philanthropic purposes, there are few that are more unique than the new building known as the Westside Neighborhood House, which has lately been erected in connection with the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. It is located at No. 501 West Fiftieth street, and is understood to be the gift of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., costing $100,000. The Settlement will have the usual educational, social and philanthropic features, and in a religious sense it will be evangelical and undenominational.

Connected with this work is the Armitage chapel, at No. 741-743 Tenth avenue, which, besides a good-sized auditorum has a primary department, four individual class rooms and two administration rooms. The Neighborhood House is a fire-proof five-story building with many club rooms, baths, auditorum, reception and sitting rooms, kindergarten and day nursery, bedrooms for resident, library and class rooms, gymnasium, cooking and manual training rooms, and the roof is to be used as a garden. It will literally be a model club house for the West Side poor. No attempt will be made to duplicate work done by other Christian Churches of any denomination whatever.

The Lepers of the Philippines

MANILA, PHILIPPINES, Sept. 10, 1901.

To The Christian Herald:

YOUR paper is a great delight to us, away off here in this corner of the globe, and I write to interest you in the poor lepers of these islands. It is said that many years ago, the Spaniards sent a boat loaded with priests to China, and that the boat came back filled with lepers. Be this as it may, we have collected here five to six hundred of them and propose very soon to place them on an island, where their families may live at one side and visit them daily. They have been driven from place to place, and have had no word of sympathy, only hearing the old cry of "unclean!" Now we are trying to make a place attractive and home-like for them. They are very musical and many of the younger members of the families are educated. We are anxious to get a piano and some musical instruments for them, and we would ask the readers of your paper if they will not help us. We are arranging for a Christmas celebration and have had material given for a few loose wrappers, which we are making up for them — also some bright fancy bags, made of cretons.

If you could help us to bring a little sunshine into the lives of these people, it would be a great charity. We want bright pictures, and anything that will help to make them feel that we care for them, as Christ cares for us, even though each of us must be lepers in his sight. MRS. L. M. MAUS.

[We commend our correspondent's plea to our readers. Apropos, it is interesting to note that leprosy in Hawaii has greatly decreased since that island came under our control.]

To Wear Out or to Rust Out?

We have been told that a noted New York clergyman, who died suddenly a short time ago, was warned by his physicians, several years before the end, that, unless he ceased work altogether, he could live only five years at the utmost. "That is as God pleases," he said. "My part is to fill up the measure of my life with work." And he worked literally to the last gasp.

To wear out, to the earnest soul seems far more desirable than to rust out. Better strenuous toil than inglorious repose. There may be a golden mean, however.

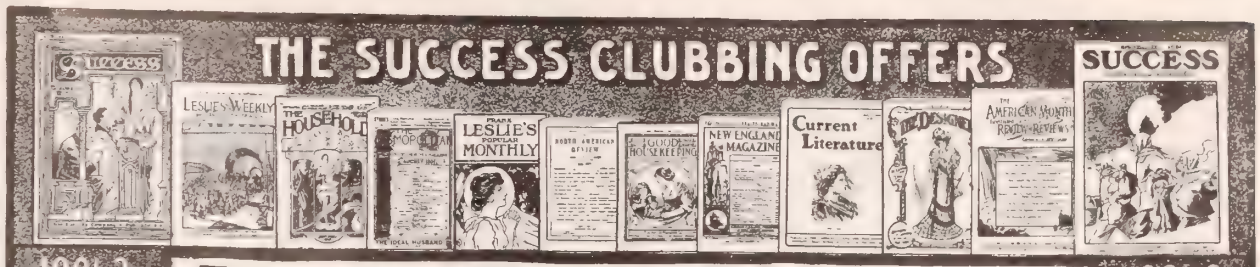
THE WINTER WINDS

November breezes, sharp and chill,
Without one note of cheery glee,
Are singing over vale and hill
And bring sad memories to me.

The birds in flocks go swiftly by,
To find a home in warmer clime;
And tiny snowflakes softly lie
On ground late covered over with rime.

But though the scene is dull and drear,
Hopes fair and sweet to me are borne,
When winter's past, spring will draw near,
And Earth rejoice in gladsome dawn.

CARO LYNNE.



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Thanksgiving Sunshine

What the Society is Doing to Gladden the World at this Festive Time of the Year...

THE Sunshine Branches among the colored people always celebrate Thanksgiving Day. Some of the most enthusiastic workers may not have sufficient clothes to keep them warm as the cold days come on, but they plan well for the Thanksgiving turkey. Many reports have been sent in at headquarters telling how great dinners were to be given, where every member of the branch would be invited. For months pennies have been saved, and lines laid for "a great time" Thanksgiving Day.

A letter running over with expressions of thankfulness comes from the colored have, as they expressed it, "the best time of their lives" this Thanksgiving.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Sunshine Branch is growing so rapidly that now almost every State in the Union is represented. The requests made for reading matter were so promptly answered that within a week from the time of publication all the members I had in mind were supplied with more than they could read in months.

Sunshiners might send papers and magazines to a little library in Colorado—a free Sunshine library, where everybody for miles about is free to stop and take

"CATCHIN'" THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

branch at Live Oak School, Baton Rouge, La. Mrs. Ada C. Pollock Blundon, the president, writes: "We have been here twelve years in Live Oak School, and while we feel we have done little, we are, nevertheless, thankful for having been able to do that little. It takes only 10 cents a week to pay the tuition for a year's schooling here and still there are many little boys and girls in the neighborhood who have no one enough interested in them to furnish that small sum. I wonder if there is not some one who would like to give a thank offering for some great blessing bestowed upon them during the last year."

The Nebraska State Federation of Women's Clubs is trying to raise a fund sufficient to pay for the training of a young colored girl in a kindergarten. When she has taken the full course she will be engaged as teacher to the colored people somewhere in the South. Miss Anna Vanderzee of Lincoln, a Sunshine member, hopes to get the scholarship. Mrs. Anna E. Moore, of Myrtle, Neb., is state president of Nebraska Sunshine.

Mrs. J. B. Coates, a prominent woman in charity work in Laurel, Md., told her friends that she thought the colored folks ought not to be forgotten this Thanksgiving time; but she got little sympathy, and had to do her organizing almost alone. The colored people, however, appreciated what this one white woman tried to do, and showed their gratitude in many ways. Several families will meet together and books and papers. Mrs. M. E. Young, of 4328 York Street, Denver, Col., is an invalid, and shut-in, whose chief joy is in dealing out good papers and other reading matter where it is wanted. The smelters all call for magazines, no matter how old. All the workmen about know they are welcome to them. Invalids send for short stories, that are cut out and pasted.

There are 38 workers of this Sunshine Branch, and Mrs. Young is president. Our friends should see that she is supplied.

Miss Annie Fields Alden, Metuchen, N. J., has charge of a large Missionary Sunshine Branch, and can use all the Sunday School cards sent her. She can use all kinds of clothing as well.

One dear woman who lives out in the mountains of Montana, with a broken back, writes: "Oh, Dear Sunshine! My mail comes only once in three weeks, Please, please don't forget to send me something. It seems as if my heart would break when the mail carrier passes me by and I know I must wait another long three weeks before I can even get a postcard from the great big world again."

Mrs. Mary Watkins, of Mesa Grande, Cal., is Sunshine President of the Sunshine Branch at Mesa Grande. For food they have been obliged lately to resort to boiled grass, and some of the children are almost naked for the want of clothes. The matrons and field workers will see that every article is utilized. So in clearing out your garrets, do not forget to make up a barrel for the Indian branches.

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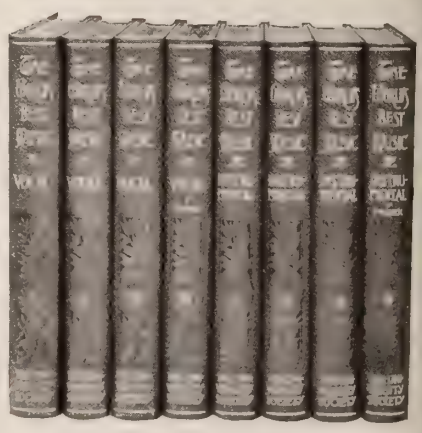

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MISS STONE MAY NOW BE FREE

IF intimations contained in the cable despatches from Constantinople are to be relied upon, Miss Ellen M. Stone, the captive missionary, who for many weeks past has been a prisoner in the hands of brigands, may now be free. United States Consul-General Dickinson, it was stated, had been authorized by our Government to sign an agreement that the bandits should not be punished. This

ELLEN M. STONE
(From an Early Photograph)

was demanded by Miss Stone's captors as an indispensable preliminary to her release. The amount of ransom finally agreed upon was said to be $60,000. Mme. Tsilka, Miss Stone's companion, will also be liberated, no ransom being demanded in her case.

Mrs. Almira S. Steele, the well-known Christian worker, and Founder of the Steele Home for Colored Orphans at Chattanooga, Tenn., was the intimate friend and companion of Miss Ellen M. Stone in her school days. Mrs. Steele has been deeply interested in the fate of the abducted missionary. To a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Mrs. Steele said:

"Ellen M. Stone was my most familiar friend in our school days and during our young womanhood—a friendship that has never been broken. She was sent out to the foreign field by the ladies of the three Congregationalist Churches of Chelsea, Mass. Miss Stone was a member of the Chestnut Street Congregational Church, Rev. Mr. Titsworth, now of Milwaukee, being pastor. She went to the foreign field at the same time that I was sent to the home missionary field. She was a teacher in the city of Chelsea when she resigned to go abroad. That was in October, 1878. Her mother and my mother were early friends. Miss Stone is 55 or 56 years of age. She always addresses me as 'Dear Silent Partner,' because we are so far apart.

"Miss Stone chose the foreign field because she felt that there was such a dearth of interest in that work, even though she was doing finely in the home field. She had charge of the Infant Department in her own home church; she was a fine singer, and lent her influence and assistance to many phases of church work. Her heart, however, was fixed on working abroad. She was an only daughter.

"'Myra,' she said to me: 'I have this hope, that by my going—when humanly speaking, I would be greatly needed here, being an only daughter—other hearts may be turned to the foreign field, and that my going will quicken the interest of many in that branch of the work.'

"And surely it has been so. Her mother, before Ellen's birth, was deeply interested in foreign missions. She publicly dedicated her daughter to the Lord, saying: 'I dedicate this child to thee; take her into thy service and, if it is thy will, into the foreign field.' But she never told her daughter, and Ellen never knew it until after her decision to go abroad, when her mother told her.

"Miss Stone was at one time on the editorial staff of a religious paper, under Dr. H. M. Dexter. She was a rare worker in every department. She is vivacious, bright, sunny, and active, delighting to be a comfort to every one with whom she comes in contact."

Our photograph of Miss Stone is one taken twenty years ago, in the earlier years of her missionary career. It is furnished through the kindness of Mrs. Steele.

Training for Work in India

ONE feature of home life in India impresses every visitor. It is the hardships of the women. The custom of child marriage, now happily beginning to lose its observance among the more educated classes, is fruitful of misery. Many of these girl wives are mothers when they are only twelve or thirteen, and some have large families before they are twenty. The result is seen in the prematurely aged faces of women of thirty years, and the decrepitude of women of forty. Then, too, many thousands of women suffer needlessly. In the Mohammedan households they are secluded, and there are many Hindoos who also require their wives to live in retirement. This is especially true in Northern India, where the freedom permitted to women in large Western cities like Bombay is unknown. Shut up in the zenanas, the women's quarters of their husbands' houses, they often suffer torture for years which any American doctor could relieve or cure in a few hours. Many of them would be horrified at the idea of a man visiting them or prescribing for them. Sometimes no attempt is made to give them relief, and very often the ignorant native woman doctors who are called, apply silly charms or absurd and barbarous remedies, which do more harm than the disease. Native doctors will often prescribe for patients whom they have not seen, whose symptoms are described by their husbands, and the best that can be hoped for in such cases is that the so-called remedies will be harmless. Beneficial they cannot be.

Some time ago, a well educated native physician, Dr. P. B. Keskar, whose self-denying work during the horrors of the famine made his name familiar to our readers, visited this country and witnessed the noble work being done here for the medical education of women. He saw at once how great a blessing a woman trained in one of our colleges might be in his native land. There would be no prejudice against her entering the zenanas and giving relief to the suffering women. Husbands who would not permit a man to visit their wives would be glad to avail themselves of the help of a skilful woman doctor. Dr. Keskar determined to consecrate his daughter to this noble service, and she, a highly educated girl, gladly acquiesced. She is now here waiting to begin her studies at the Philadelphia Women's Medical College. She will need some assistance in the payment of fees and for the purchase of books and instruments. We are sure that among our readers and in the Christian public of America there are many who will gladly unite to remove that obstacle to her noble ambition. It will be a pleasure to send this grand Christian girl back to India fully equipped with the best education America can give, that she may minister to the souls and bodies of her suffering sisters in her native land. Contributions sent to this journal for the purpose will be gladly received and acknowledged.

A Singular Papyrus

Among the papyri recently acquired by the University of Strasburg are some remains of a curious Greek poem on creation, in which the word *logos* is used of a Divine person. The universe, says the poet, was in confusion, the four elements—water, fire, air and earth—being at war with one another. The supreme deity, Zeus, sent, therefore, his son Hermes with the golden "wand of order." Peace was restored, and the fabric of the world was constructed, but the only light was the pale radiance of the stars. "Then went forth Hermes, with his glorious son, the Logos, to seek out a place on the earth where he might build a city." The poem is not earlier than 300 A.D., so that there is ample room for Christian influence, but, on the other hand, it is possible that it represents, not Christian thought, but speculation in non-Christian circles.

NOT FAR FROM HOME!

Not far from home! 'Tis but a little way—
This life's horizon lies just over there—
A few short years—or months—perchance a day
And I, the heavy burden that I bear,
Shall lay aside—not rudely, but as falls
The eyelid down to sleep—and thus respond
To that behest, by which the Father calls
Not out of life, but into life—beyond.

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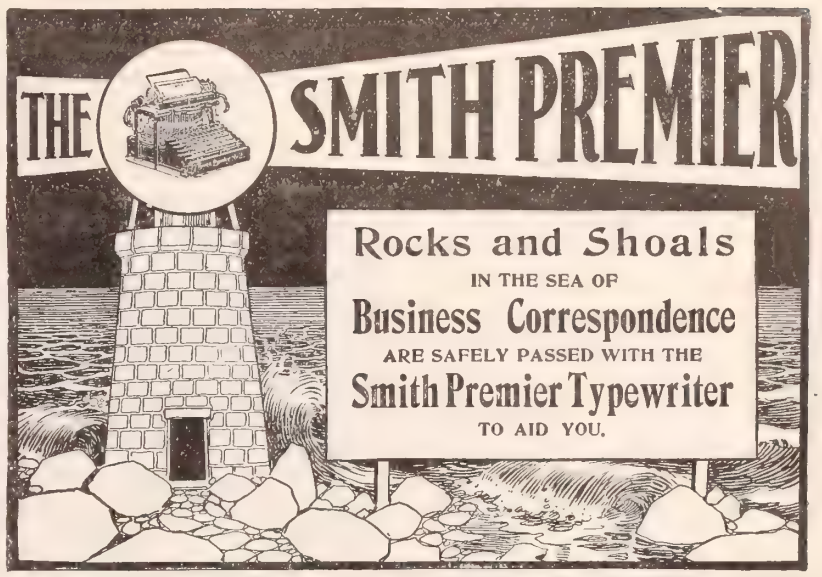

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Ch. H.
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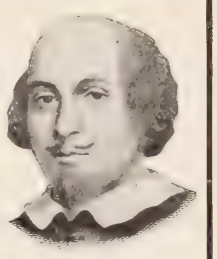

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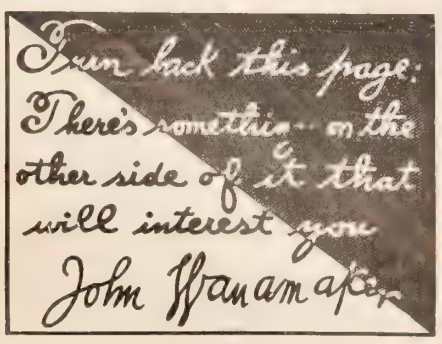

GOSPEL PROGRESS IN AFRICA

A CHRISTIAN FAMILY AT PAKUTI, EAST AFRICA
(The group is in front of the Inhambane Mission School)

CHRISTIANITY is making rapid progress in East Africa. In a letter to a friend in Connecticut, who is warmly interested in his missionary work, the Rev. Erwin H. Richards, of the Methodist Mission at Inhambane, writes:

"I pray you to remember us again, for it is a famine year with us. All foods are exorbitantly dear, but we must feed our children. Everything counts. Our mission is doing nicely, although at present we have none but native teachers, trained on the spot, to help us out. We have all the children for whom we can provide, but were means forthcoming, would readily take more. May God open the doors for you as he sees we have need."

Accompanying Mr. Richards' letter is a very interesting photograph of a group of native Christians at the Inhambane Mission station. These are members of one family, all of whom have been won from heathenism. They have adopted to some extent the manners and dress of civilization, and, as the picture shows, all are more or less clad, in strong contrast with their unevangelized neighbors in the same section, who still cling to the heathen dress and the customs handed down through ages of savageism.

The Inhambane Mission has done excellent Gospel work since it was first founded some ten years ago. Some of the workers have passed away, others are laboring for Christ in different fields, but Mr. Richards, the pioneer and founder, still plods on faithfully and prayerfully, confident that God's blessing is on the work, and that it will yet accomplish much for the regeneration of the benighted people of East Africa.

A SOUL-SAVING CHURCH

AN extraordinary record was presented recently at the annual meeting of a Wesleyan Methodist Church in Manchester, England. The church grew out of a mission established fifteen years ago. The report showed that there are no less than twenty-one public services, with an average of 15,000 attendances every Sunday. Each week there are thirty-three prayer-meetings, nine Bible classes, eighty fellowship meetings, with a membership of 5,212, four theological classes, thirty open-air services, and twenty-one lodging-house gatherings. When it is remembered that the voluntary workers number over 1,000, some idea may be formed of the numerous channels through which their energies are directed. Almost every form of Christian activity is attempted, and were it not for this trained and ever-willing band of workers, it would be impossible to continue the mission on so extensive a scale.

An outstanding feature of the organization is the care which is taken of the young. Over 2,500 scholars attend the Sunday Schools, and nearly 1,000 of these meet in Christian fellowship. In the Ragged Schools and Special Children's Services the poorest and most neglected are reached. Everything is done to cheer the homes of such, and to give them a chance of improving their condition.

Facing the evils of drunkenness, gambling, impurity, special and vigorous efforts are made to lay hold of the working men and women, and every Saturday evening over 4,000 persons attend the temperance gatherings. Not only at these meetings, but daily, an earnest pledge-signing crusade is maintained. The Aggressive Leagues have been worked with increased vigor, and are doing effective service, both in rescuing the drunkard and gambler, and in surrounding those saved with helpful influences. The difficult work of midnight missions has also had satisfactory results, which give cause for deep thankfulness. The workers patiently and perseveringly persist in their efforts to save sad lives, and many wonderful trophies of rescue reward them. In these midnight efforts there is equal need, and ample scope, for work among fallen men. These have been gathered to special meetings held at the midnight hour, and the efforts made have borne abundant fruit. The Tuesday midday services have become increasingly popular, and it is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a service at noon on Manchester's busiest day. Fifteen departments of social work are judiciously and successfully maintained, and only one desire is kept in view—to give every man and woman a chance, however destitute and degraded.

The Gospel in Syria

During a recent tour in Syria a Christian lady reached the town of Bekfeya where she found what she appropriately calls, "an open door." She writes: "Bekfeya and neighborhood is the seat of the Archbishop and Bishop of the Maronite Church, which is practically Roman Catholicism. Dr. B. Manesseh for some time has had a dispensary there, and administers healing to the bodies and souls of the people; but he can only give one day in the week, having other heavy calls to attend to. Since starting the dispensary there, he has had several messages to leave the place from the Maronite bishop, who even offered to pay all the expenses he has incurred if he would only go; but he feels that the Lord has set before him an open door, and he dare not shut it. It is an 'open door' as regards the people themselves. They gladly listen. One man said to me, 'If you would only stay three months I could gather fifty people to hear. We do not want your money; we want to hear.' This very man said to me, 'Pray for me, I am a sinner'—and he was a Maronite. It was joy to tell him of the Saviour."

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A Relief Journey Across China

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 995

responsibility in regard to it, but I succeeded in stowing it in an armored car, in which were some French soldiers. At Tingchow, I was met by the magistrate, who had been previously notified of my coming from Peking. He gave me a guard of twenty-one mounted men, and accompanied me a considerable distance towards the next station. I now began to realize the full import of the 'Choen Pai.' It not only meant that I was to be given an escort to ensure my safety, but that, in addition, my guards were to provide me with food and the best lodging at night that was in their power. Not only was I not compelled to put up at ordinary Chinese inns, but in many cases I found lodgings prepared for us in some of the best houses of the villages through which we passed. On more than one night I slept in a deserted temple. At every township or village, the highest local official would invariably come out to meet us. In some cases they invited me to a sort of feast. I was surprised to find how well informed they all were of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund. Each in turn thanked me as its representative, and they all seemed to regard it as a sort of generosity of which only Americans are capable. They said that they knew that some money was being raised in America for the famine sufferers, but none of them had any idea that the amount was so large.

"As we continued on our journey westward," Mr. Allen went on, "the character and uniform of my guards constantly changed. During one day's journey they consisted of two men armed, and two others, one of whom carried a spear and the other an umbrella. One set of guards had a band, consisting of a kettle drum and a triangle. The triangle was tinkled every ten minutes, and the drum beaten every hour. At T'ai-yuan, my journey's end, I was most pleasantly received by the viceroy, who repeated what the subordinate officials had said in thanks and appreciation of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S efforts on behalf the sufferers."

All the sycee in Mr. Allen's caravan was forwarded from Fungtai-wan to Singan. It formed the nucleus of the funds at Mr. Duncan's disposal. Since then, at Mr. Duncan's request, 15,000 taels more have been sent to him from Hankow, on the Yangtse River.

The latest report from Mr. Duncan in Singan is a letter just received in Tiensin, dated September 6, Mr. Duncan says: "The testimony of even those officials who wish to minimise the famine horrors is, at least thirty per cent. of the population throughout the province have perished.' The governor has kindly offered every assistance, and the Tao-tai, who had charge of government relief, is now working in co-operation with Dr. Smith and myself in organizing relief. Within a few days, some 50,000 taels will be transferred into bread. The method adopted is as follows: The lists of the needy are revised and then relief given to cases verified by those deputed by the government and by the foreigners. The relief has been both timely and beneficial. In order to secure immediate distribution, the governor promised to make up any deficiency should the funds be insufficient to place into the hands of all the poorest a sum of not less than $1 at once."

All around this doorway of north China are the signs of war and devastation. In order to reach Tientsin, the traveler has to take the railroad at Tongku, about 40 miles distant. The country between the two places is a vast marsh, which somewhat resembles "the flats" between Jersey City and Newark. It is drained only very imperfectly by crude canals, which have existed for centuries. Yet living over this huge malarial waste is a population of more than 180,000. Apparently on almost every large mud bank is a village of mud-houses, where generations of Chihli Chinamen have lived in absolute defiance of all accepted laws of health. Their principal occupation is making bricks out of the clay mud at the bottom of the marsh.

It was along these canals and through these swamps that the foreign troops advanced upon Tientsin, and the condition of the villages to-day shows that they spared not. As the railroad train grinds along on its embankment, the passenger can see thousands of mud huts, from which the thatched roofs are gone, standing in absolute desolation in the slimy, oozy water. This destruction is the work of the invading army. No painter could want a better picture of man adding to a natural desolation in nature. Here and there along the canals are junks with half naked coolies, who look more like animals than human beings. But the villages have gone; simply wiped out.

The chief military strength of Tientsin formerly lay in its mud walls. These, the foreign Provisional Government and the allied troops are rapidly demolishing, and in their place building a wide, macadamized road, which will extend round the entire city.

Foreigners in their different concessions are busy repairing the wrecked buildings. Chinese carpenters and bricklayers are at work on every side, which gives to the most injured streets something the appearance of a western "boom" town. Soldiers are everywhere; all but Americans, who do not care for "concessions" nor contend for foreign territory.

To walk through the streets of Tientsin is to have forcibly impressed upon one the fact that the Chinese are accustomed to bearing burdens. Only in front of market wagons, which come from the country, one finds mules or small horses. All the rest of the draying is done by human beings. A low truck with small wheels is loaded down with cases of merchandise, three or four coolies push and shove behind, and a dozen more pull at ropes in front. Progress is slow. The faces of the human dray horses are sometimes painful to look upon. They struggle and perspire and stagger at the load. But this is the way that loads have been drawn through Chinese streets for hundreds of years. The streets have no attempt at sidewalks and only the principal ones are macadamized. For the rest, it would hardly be exaggeration to say that they are not streets at all. They are only a tangle of narrow lanes between the houses, always muddy even in dry weather and redolent with a composite of smells.

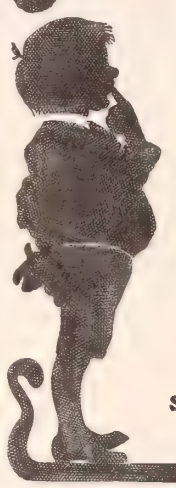
The one man to whom more Tientsin Christians owe their lives than any other human agency, is Mr. Edward Cousins, the great missionary merchant of the city. Mr. Cousins is head of the British Municipal Council, and one of the richest men in Tientsin. He is a devoted Christian, and when the Boxer attack began, he turned his splendid residence and compound into a place of refuge for more than fifty missionaries and nearly a thousand Chinese converts. From his own warehouse, he supplied them with food. He organized a hospital corps, and protected them until relief came. The men who were directing the Boxer guns knew that Mr. Cousin's home sheltered missionaries, and for that reason specially directed their fire against it. I was shown yesterday a recently stopped hole in the roof of the veranda, where a shell came through and exploded not far from where two missionaries were sitting. That they escaped seems almost a miracle.

Other merchants, knowing that Chinese converts were the especial object of Boxer hatred, objected to Mr. Cousins harboring native Christians. His reply was "If you drive them out, fifty missionaries will go too, and you will be responsible for turning that number of American and British subjects over to the mercy of the enemy." These arguments prevailed, and the nucleus of the missionary churches in Tientsin to-day were saved.

FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

The Methodist Thankoffering

The general Methodist plan of raising $20,000,000 as a Thankoffering Fund for the advancement of the religious work of that denomination, has now reached a total of over $13,000,000. It was intended to complete the fund by January 1, 1902, but it is now probable that the time limit will be extended. Methodists of Manhattan and the Bronx have contributed some $400,000 of the $1,000,000 they pledged as their part of the fund.



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The Anniversary Issue and Christmas Issue of **Leslie's Monthly** are worthy of preservation as examples of the highest point attained in artistic magazine illustration in colors and black and white.

Among the fiction and bright special articles which will appear in **Leslie's Monthly** during 1902 are products of the pens of Nansen, Zangwill, Ballington Booth, Henry van Dyke, Owen Wister, C. G. D. Roberts, Ralph Connor, Booker T. Washington, Frank R. Stockton, Mary Wilkins, Margaret Sangster, Conan Doyle, Sienkiewicz, F. Hopkinson Smith, Ian MacLaren, Hamlin Garland, Quiller-Couch, Bret Harte and a multitude of others.

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GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

Audubon and Humboldt*

HUMBOLDT was to appear at the Academy, and the portfolios of his invaluable discoveries were to be on exhibition. Audubon, as an art student, obtained permission to see the folios of the great *savant*, and he took Knitter (his old French governess from Nantes) with him. He loved her, because she had prophesied good of him.

The two passed along the gay streets and into the halls made renowned by Cuvier. They entered the exhibition room where the priceless books lay under guard.

After they had seen them they sat down together on a seat apart from those allotted to the members of the Academy, and waited for the great Humboldt to arrive.

"He used to be a feeble boy," said the Knitter, "and they did not regard him as very bright; but he loved plants, and they called him the 'little apothecary.' He associates with kings now."

"But he lived for his cosmology," said Audubon. "He never thought of associating with kings in his early studies. He exiled himself for the true knowledge of science." The members were coming in, many of them wearing decorations.

At last the hall rang with sudden applause. Humboldt appeared, and on his heart shone a golden star that had been given him by the Russian court. He wore the decorations of greatest royal societies.

How grand he looked—that wonderful man who had trod the summits of the Andes, sailed the unknown rivers under the Southern Cross, and enriched the charts of the stars!

Society people took snuff in those days, or pretended to do so. It was a sign of hospitality among such men as these rather than habit, and a snuff-box was passed around.

It was made of gold, and was studded with jewels. It gleamed.

"The Emperor of Russia gives snuff-boxes to those who most benefit mankind," said the Knitter of Nantes to young Audubon. "It may be he will send you one some day." The boy naturalist started.

"Why do you dream such things as that? It is your heart that dreams. But how dare I to say it—I see what I would most like to be in that man."

"And ideals grow," said the Knitter. "It is like the pattern seen by Moses on the Mount of Vision. The pattern became a tabernacle, the tabernacle the temple, the temple the church, and all was like a chart of heaven. A man may do what he sees."

The golden snuff-box gleamed as they passed it round. Then the speaker of the society rapped on the table, and the snuff-box vanished from sight, and all was still.

Humboldt arose, king-decorated. Why did he thus appear? He loved plants—the blooming earth. Was it not as noble to love birds—the singing world?

The "little apothecary" had studied the stars from the crystal heights of the Andes. He would one day view them from the Ural and Altai Mountains. It was plants that had showed him the way.

The Knitter and the boy went out, and the good woman dropped these golden words on the crimsoned twilight air:

"The little apothecary? He can who thinks he can."

"If he do perfect work," answered Audubon. "Such work I will do—there lies the merit."

Self-Examination†

THE study of the inner life becomes the duty of every thoughtful soul. Introspection may sometimes be harmful, but again it is in some cases indispensable. There are three forms of introspection.

The first is scientific. Large service is rendered in these days by the students of what is called "the new psychology," who as psychologists and physiologists investigate normal and morbid conditions and seek to know society the better through the study of the individual.

The immediate object of such self-scrutiny is educational. It promotes the habit of attention, which is more difficult when fixed upon one's own self in his interior processes, and all the more valuable when it is at all successful. This habit cultivates the analytic power; measures one's own intellectual quality; aids in the study of literature; contributes to the better education of the morbid, unfortunate, and vicious representatives of the race; tends to self-culture; broadens the fields of consciousness; and increases their extent and the student's command of them; and there is no process by which one's own soul is so stimulated to self-activity and productiveness.

Self-scrutiny has a religious value. One may thus increase his interest in both ethical and spiritual phenomena, test his personal and religious condition, protect himself, if his work be wisely wrought, against self-deception, develop sympathy with other people, and increase his power to harmonize and discharge the varied duties which his multiplied relations impose. There may be utter selfishness in religious self-examination. This is especially the danger if it be conducted under pressure of fear and superstition or of excessive personal solicitude. Dr. Horace Bushnell, in a very able sermon, warns against the unprofitable type of religious self-scrutiny. He says that generally "in noting things that pass in us we have only a look at the huddle of their transition." He condemns the man who is "always boring into one's life," who is always trying to "study and cipher over himself"; and he wisely makes appeal in behalf of discrimination, and insists upon prayer to God that his Holy Spirit may examine and reveal us to ourselves.

In self-examination we may detect movements, tendencies, and prevailing forces within us. We may study chains of association by which we are led from step to step through a given mental process. We may learn how our sentiments and moral faculties are affected by both fact and fancy. We may compare personal impressions and experiences with others who, engaging in the same studies, seek to know themselves.

It was the habit of the old Stoic Sextus, as he went to his bed at night, to ask of himself, "What evil thing have I conquered this day? what vice resisted? or in what way might I have become a better man?" Seneca tells how at night his wife would keep silent while he for a time looked back over the day, calling up his deeds, hiding nothing from himself, remembering the words he had spoken; and he insisted that we should daily compel the soul to give an account of itself. He says: "Anger will cease or become more moderate which knows it will daily have to come before a judge. What then more beautiful than this habit of beating out a whole day? What a sleep is that which furnishes opportunity for such an examination! How tranquil and profound and free when the soul has thus been commended and admonished!" The day has not yet gone by when wise Christians may learn useful lessons from wise pagans.

BOOKS RECEIVED

What Saith the Scripture concerning the Christian's Relation to Law, by S. Foster Grady, City Missionary, Trenton, N. J. A compact, yet comprehensive booklet, in which many points of interest to students and Christians generally are clearly discussed. 40 pp. Price, $1 per dozen. S. Foster Grady, 231 Bellevue avenue, Trenton, N. J.

History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred, by Charles B. Waite, A.M. Fifth edition, revised. This is a volume of intense interest to pastors, teachers and students of the world's religious progress. It presents the most complete record of the events connected with the Christian religion during the first two centuries, that has ever been presented. Pp. 556, cloth covers. C. V. Waite & Co., Chicago, publishers.

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*From *In the Days of Audubon;* a Tale of the Protector of Birds, by Hezekiah Butterworth; the picturesque story of the life and work of the great naturalist. Finely illustrated by Clinedinst and others. Pp. 236, cloth binding. Price $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

†From *The Inner Life.* A study in Christian Experience. By Bishop John H. Vincent. An exceedingly helpful and interesting little volume of seventy-two pages. Cloth covers. Published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston and Chicago

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THE VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA AND THEIR SPLENDID RECORD DURING THE PAST YEAR—THE ANNUAL RALLY

CARNEGIE HALL, New York, was the scene of a large and representative gathering on the evening of November 12, the occasion being the annual meeting of the Volunteers of America. Gen. Ballington Booth delivered an address, in which he gave a comprehensive account of the work of the organization during the past year.

In their outdoor work, the Volunteers reached 1,864,951 persons, and through their indoor meetings, 1,241,567 persons heard the Gospel. The agencies through which these people were reached raised in their own support during the year $81,012.65. The Volunteers have five branches of philanthropic work. Through their sociological branches, they have received 234,814 men, and fed some 371,297 persons at a nominal cost. This does not include the thousands who have been fed on holiday occasions. Through the House of Mercy branch, 348 women have been helped and cared for, while through the Volunteer tenement work, recently started, 1,563 families have been visited, and over 4,500 helped with food and clothing. Through the Volunteer Prison League, in thirteen State Prisons, 12,000 members have been enrolled, while over 2,000 have graduated from Hope Halls, 75 per cent. of whom are known to be doing well.

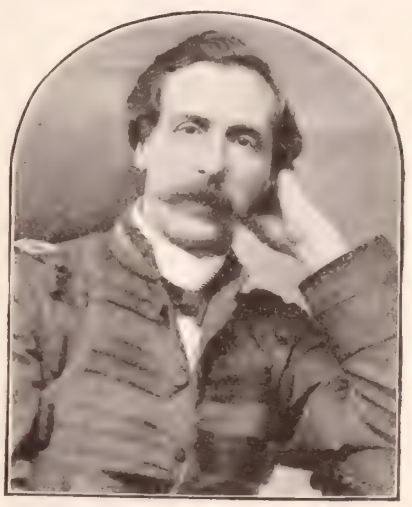
He then spoke of the tenement work done by the officers in the field among the suffering poor of the metropolis, and related several instances of unusual misery and poverty where the sufferers had been relieved.

One starving family of seven persons were found, who were in such desperate straits that the children readily consented to sell their baby sister for "something to eat." His recital of these cases touched the sympathies of the audience deeply.

Mrs. Maud Booth, "the Little Mother," followed in an eloquent address. She told of being in touch with over 20,000 prisoners, 2,000 of whom had already passed through their Hope Halls, and of this 2,000, 75 per cent. were doing well and keeping their vows of reform. From coming in contact with the convicts, she learns of their wives, their mothers, and their children; and the homes and lives of all are brightened by the love and sympathy held out to them.

She cited many remarkable instances of hearts won to Christ and sinful lives transformed through the instrumentality of the prison work. One specially notable case was related in which an unfortunate erring girl and her brother, an ex-prisoner, were both won, the girl to-day being a noble Christian woman and the man an earnest "saver of souls."

Letters were read from President Roosevelt, Mayor-elect Low, W. E. Dodge, and others, expressing the warmest sympathy with the work of the Volunteers. Several thousand dollars were contributed by the audience in aid of the work of the organization.



GEN. BALLINGTON BOOTH

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH

Chinese Fidelity

MANY incidents are quoted in a recent letter from Dr. Ross, of Moukden, in China, of the courage of Chinese converts in the face of death. He says that when the Boxers went to Wang-ching-men, they found fourteen Christians, all of whom they put to death. They knew that they could save their lives by renouncing Christianity, but not one of them did so. "There was no weak one among them. They bore witness to the truth. One, Wang, was singing and praying up to the moment when he was beheaded. One old man, Swin, formerly of considerable influence in the village, but one whom we all considered a weak member, was apprehended and bound. The crowd of beholders appealed to him to save his life. Why should he continue in the Jesus religion? 'Let him bend the knee and crave their forgiveness.' 'No,' he replied, 'I cannot. The Jesus religion is true. What of my life? The religion I possess is an everlasting inheritance.' He continued preaching the truth in which he believed till he was beheaded.

"At Sin-pin-pu, Deacon Chang was seized, and asked to recant or die. He refused in any way to deny the faith, and was beheaded. Swun Haiting was brought before the Boxers, and asked whether he was a Jesus religion man. He thereupon began to preach to them the religion in which he believed, and for his 'impenitence' was beheaded. Twelve other members of his family died with him for their faith, which they would not renounce.

"Mrs. Hia, of Yungling, one of the ablest women I have seen in Manchuria, was taken. She would not renounce the faith. She asked time to pray, according to the custom of her religion. She had a napkin on her head, on account of some sickness. This she took off, and knelt, praying for some time. She then stood up and sang a hymn, 'At the Gate of Heaven'; and while singing with all her heart, she was beheaded."

A Railway to Mecca

As an illustration of the progress the East is making in civilized methods, the *National Geographic Magazine* gives these facts concerning the new Damascus and Mecca Railway: The first section of the road was opened in September. Thousands of spectators had gathered at Mezireh in the early morning. The governor-general of Syria, accompanied by sheiks, ulemas, and prominent men of Damascus, boarded the railway carriages, which were decked with Turkish flags, and the train moved off amid the shouts of the enthusiastic Mussulmen. The arrival of the train at the other end of the section, Dera, was likewise greeted by an immense crowd. The Sultan, in his palace on the Bosphorus, 1,000 miles away, meanwhile was receiving bulletins telling of the successful opening of the railroad. Much importance is given by the Turkish papers of the capital to the construction of this route. They credit the Sultan with originating the plan, and state that as soon as the connections between Damascus and Mecca and Medina are completed, he will push the road northward to connect with the Anatolian railway to Constantinople. It will bind together the provinces from Constantinople to the Gulf of Aden.

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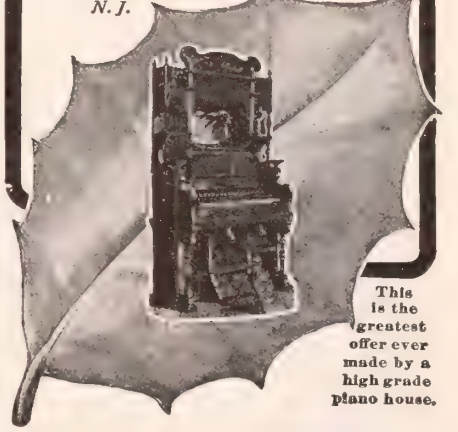

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Dec. 25

1. Who are the "unnamed persons" of the Bible and where are their names to be found?

2. Is it warmer at any time north of the equator, than south of it, and if so what is the cause?

3. How did the term "Blue Book," applied to certain Government publications, originate, and what colors do various countries employ in issuing their "Blue Books"?

4. What is the best method of curing a child of a stubborn disposition?

5. If a man, who is engaged in a business that is injurious to the public, is converted late in life, should he continue to retain the fortune he made in it, or is he bound to beggar himself by relinquishing all that he possesses?

Questions of the Week

1. Is it not equally murder in the sight of God for a man to kill another in war or in private life?

Whether the killing of a man in private life or in war is equally murder, or murder at all in God's sight, depends on the circumstances. There is only one case in which it is right for a man to kill a fellow-man in private life, and that is in defence of one's own, or another's life. Other than this, God denounces, as in the case of Cain killing Abel, or David putting Uriah in the front of battle. While God says no murderer shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, he plainly upholds war for a just and righteous cause. (See Joshua 6:17, 21; Judges 7:22, and others.) Therefore, killing men in war is not necessarily murder in God's sight. It is the nature of the case, which may make either one more wicked than the other.

CORA H. MACQUEEN.

. . .

While war is essentially wrong, and only to be tolerated as the necessary extremity of conditions, it is still not equally wrong to go to war and to kill in private feuds. In private life, men may ordinarily have protection by the law, while nations must sometimes go into war, just as an executioner discharges the painful duty that ends a man's life. A soldier in battle is not only authorized, but is required by the very oath of his service, to act as an agent of the country under whose flag he serves. The death he causes is not a murder, but an execution. But as we are sometimes to suffer rather than do violence in private life, in order to be Christians, so it is the duty of Christians to strive to hasten the day when nations will be able to settle differences in a civilized way rather than by the barbarism of war. C. P. ATKINSON.

2. Are some children naturally born more bright than others? Is there such a quality as inherited or inborn genius, or is it merely the result of culture, environment, and a right direction of individual tastes and predilections?

Undoubtedly some children are born more bright than others. Many have to labor intensely to master principles that others acquire almost by instinct. If genius was acquired, not born, no pupil would ever reach beyond the precepts of his teacher, and society would remain stationary, if it did not retrograde, which is not the case. It is inborn, not acquired genius, that shines forth so brightly in Galileo, Newton, Cuvier, Agassiz, Jefferson, Michael Angelo, and scores of others who have soared above their surroundings and environments. In general, history records that great men have risen not from high places and opportunities and special training, but from humblest surroundings. Lincoln from the rail-pile, Grant from the tan-yard, Greeley from the farm, Franklin from the tallow-tank, Edison from the telegraph, Gross from the street arabs and thousands of others too numerous to mention. Nearly all the great men of history have blazed forth almost instantly, not as the climax of a life of careful preparation, but from conditions that in general indicate, we may say, an instinctive intuition.

WM. W. CASE.

. . .

That there are the greatest inequalities in natural gifts, of every kind, is daily attested by the evidence of our senses. It is well known that, while good breeding and culture can do much towards refining harsh features, they can not confer absolute beauty; and, in like manner, though favorable environment and careful education can do much to develop mediocre abilities, yet the same training would have had greater fruits if applied to greater natural powers. There are, of course, numberless things, in a world like ours, to arrest the development of genius, to thwart and counteract it; too often we see "Pegasus in pound," doing the drudgery of the world, with abilities unrecognized and ineffectual; while mediocrity, with its one talent sedulously improved, fortuitously well-sped, bears the palm of the world's honor. Thus is the Scripture verified—"There are first which shall be last, and the last shall be first." HELEN E. MALONE.

3. Where the author of a historical novel introduces in his book Bible characters and events, does it tend to increase or decrease reverence for the sacred Word?

We believe the introduction of Biblical characters into novels has a tendency to decrease reverence. Certainly, it strongly confuses truth and fiction in the mind of the reader. A man who is not a close Bible student will recall the account of Christ's healing of the lepers and other incidents of Christ's life upon earth, and be doubtful as to how much of his knowledge he owes to the Gospel narrative and how much to the novel. We cannot see how inventing conversations between Bible characters, or making them converse with imaginary characters, can tend to increase reverence for the Word of God. Rev. 22:18. E. B. VAN VALZAH.

. . .

Reverence for the Bible need not be violated if, first, the motive of the author be pure; second, his conception sufficiently lofty, and third, his power of delineation just and accurate. When an author measures up to these three conditions, respect for the Bible may not only be maintained, but interest awakened in the closer study of its own pages and life stories, unparalleled for beauty, sweetness and strength of style; should he fail in either of the first two particulars, the tendency would necessarily be to lower the Bible in the esteem of the general reader. If this standard is true, the introduction of the Deity is, therefore, forbidden or impossible of entire success, on the ground that however pure the motive, human conception and delineation should stagger at the presumption and shrink in modesty from the appalling task-fore-ordained failure.

AMELIA FERRETT.

4. Where can rich people do the greater amount of good to mankind; in founding libraries, where books and newspapers are cheap and abundant: or in building comfortable cottages, in the place of the miserable tenements, which nurture ignorance and crime in the cities?

If I had a large amount of money which I wished to dedicate to the service of mankind, I would not build or endow public libraries to any great extent. In this age literature is so cheap that a person of very moderate means can have almost whatever he wants. Besides, a book bought and owned is better every way than one borrowed. More than this, while the free library no doubt helps very many, it

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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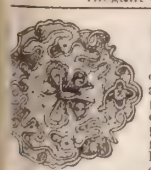

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Our Mail-Bag

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

certainly puts a premium on useless or injurious literature. Examine the records of any public library and see the preponderance of fiction that is read, as against all other kinds of books, and you will probably be in doubt as to whether, upon the whole, the free library is not more of a bane than a blessing. A far better outlet for philanthropy, in my judgment, would be the building of good homes, which people could have for a nominal rent; and the building or endowing of public baths and wash-houses, where people would have a chance to cultivate the habit of cleanliness. I have known cases in which dirty surroundings fostered the habit of reading trash; it was such a relief to escape from the real to the ideal. More comfort and cleanliness, with less trashy romance, would be a boon to this age. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

. .

If each plan is put into operation separately, more good will, as a rule, be accomplished by the former than by the latter, because a library may influence, proportionally, such a vast number of people, for example, $100 invested for the betterment of some poor family's condition, would benefit that one family only, while $100, if invested in a library, might benefit a thousand. Again, if good books are placed within reach of the poor and needy, they will, according to the general rule, receive such wholesome inspiration from their reading, as will enable them to work out their own destiny better than before. Finally, I believe that a happy co-operation of the two methods would work the greatest miracle for bettering the conditions of the unfortunate. O. S. J.

. . .

[A very large number of answers to this question have been received. Ninety per cent. of the writers contend that money invested in building homes produces better results than in establishing libraries.—ED.]

5. May we expect that the world will be converted before the second coming of Christ?

Our faith in God should lead us to believe that the world will be converted before Christ comes. To believe otherwise would imply the thought of such a failure in God's plans as is inconceivable. I am aware that the predictions in the Epistles and the Revelation appear to favor the opposite view, but perhaps they were not intended to be accepted literally. One reason for thinking so, is that they imply battle and wholesale destruction of Christ's enemies, which is inconsistent with his character. The conversion of the world seems an achievement so stupendous as to be impossible; but so did the situation to-day seem to be nineteen hundred years ago. Who could have thought that the little company of a hundred and twenty unlettered, obscure men and women, who gathered together after Christ's death, would grow into the enormous number who to-day own him as their Lord? The influence of Christian nations is growing at a prodigious rate, and it is not inconceivable that, when it culminates, there may be such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit that millions will be brought into the kingdom in a year. God is not willing that any should perish, and I believe that, having undertaken the work of redemption, he will succeed in his own way and time, and that eventually there will be a generation which shall be entirely Christian, and there will be a time when every knee shall bow, and every tongue own Jesus as Lord. L. E. C.

. . .

No! We need not expect to see the world converted before the Lord's return. This is the age of the Gentiles. The age during which God is seeking out a people for his name. The calling out of the church to become the bride of his Son (Acts. 15:14). Again, the conditions which the word of God describes to precede his coming, are not what we would find in a converted nation. His disciples asked him for a sign of his coming. He did not tell them, when you see a converted world. No. His answer was:—"Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars." "Nation shall rise against nation." "Love of many shall wax cold." "False prophets shall arise, and deceive many." "As the days of Noah were," etc. (Matt. 24:34-41). Again, Paul speaks of the great apostacy which shall mark the time of the end; also of the Antichrist, the man of sin (II. Thess. 2:3; I. Tim. 4:1. See also I. John 2:18). Remember, "All these are the beginning of sorrows." Christ's coming will bring with it the Millennial reign. He will introduce the age, when nations will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks (Isa. 2:2-4). This seems to have been the view of the primitive church. It has among its many able supporters, Dean Alford, Prof. Delitzch, Dr. Tregelles, and Dr. Bonar.

PHILIP BAUER.

Miscellaneous Questions

Reader, Newark, N. J. Why do we say in the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation?" Why should we suppose God would do this?

It is a prayer for support and deliverance when we are tempted. Another translation reads, "Bring us not into temptation." Dean Alford gives still another translation, "Leave (or abandon) us not in temptation"—which probably conveys the meaning intended more clearly than the terms used by earlier translators.

Reader, Harlem, New York. Why do not all Christian newspapers and people use the divinely inspired name of Sabbath for the first day of the week instead of the Pagan name of Sunday?

The name, Lord's Day, is better than either, because it suggests the real reason of keeping that day sacred. We observe it because we wish to honor our Lord, who, on that day of the week, completed his redemptive work by rising from the dead. The word Sabbath is misleading, because it conveys the idea only of rest, which was an appropriate name for the Jewish institution, but does not fitly characterize the Christian sacred day, which is one of service and spiritual activity. If all Christians made the first day of the week a day of unbroken rest, there would be a grievous decrease in the prosperity of Christ's church. They do not keep Sabbath, but are found in the house of worship, in the Sunday School, or distributing tracts, or doing something to advance Christ's cause.

Inquirer. At what time in Israel's history was the cloudy pillar taken away?

According to the best commentators it was with them during the whole period of their sojourn in the wilderness and was withdrawn when no longer needed to guide them. There is no mention made in Scripture of the time of its withdrawal.

Mrs. E. R. D., Lampasas, Tex., writes:

It makes me sorry to think the rich are so blind as to think they are doing good work in giving thousands to build libraries. If they would build homes for poor widows, or give to the poor, how much more acceptable it would be to God.

Our correspondent takes too narrow a view of the matter. Multiplied opportunities for education are among the most hopeful signs of the age.

Rev. H. V. W., Elk Park, N. C. It is totally unnecessary.

B. J. G., Towanda, Pa. The phenomena of dreams and the influences that control our sleeping hours form too large a subject to dismiss in a paragraph. Read up on the subject in some good encyclopedia.

A committee of the United Mine Workers of America, at Merceline, Mo., writes that at a recent meeting resolutions of sympathy were adopted on the death of President McKinley and forwarded to Mrs. McKinley.

Anxious One, Westville, N. J. Not only is our Government doing all it can for Miss Stone's release, but the Christian people of America are praying for her, and have subscribed largely toward her ransom.

Reader, Belmont, N. Y. It is a husband's duty to provide for the material wants of his household, and if, having the means, he declines to do so, he can be compelled by law to make such fixed provision as may seem proper.

S. H. C. There is no need to change your prayer because of your bereavement. You pray for others, as well as for yourself. There are doubtless some whom you know and whom you can remember in your daily petitions.

D. M. S., Lexington, Mo. A true Christian will not willingly inflict pain upon any of God's creatures, even the least. Wanton slaughter of fowl, fish, deer and other animals for the mere love of sport is to be condemned.

E. M. G., Osceola, Ia. Marriages of persons holding different religious faiths are apt to turn out unhappily. It is "an unequal yoke," the strain of which few natures can stand. It seems to us that the objections are well founded.

Reader. 1. Flags are half-masted for mourning. 2. It is quite customary in times of public mourning, to drape and display the national flag even on private buildings. 3. With God nothing is impossible. 4. No remains of Noah's ark now exist.

Treasurer John Muntz, of the Venezuela Mission, in acknowledging receipt of a contribution to the mission's work, writes: "We are truly grateful for your continued fellowship, and thank our Father in heaven for all these tokens of his good hand upon us."

John Haussmann. 1. Dr. Talmage's sermons are published in German by Philip Pickel, Hamburg. 2. A lie told for financial gain in business is a lie, even if it is told without intent to injure. Yet if it deceives and defrauds, we cannot understand how it can be called "innocent."

Mrs. P., Napperton, Ont., Can. The passage in Matt. 12:44, "which, when a man hath found, he hideth," etc., implies that his desire to possess the treasure is such that he will take no risks; therefore, adopting the world's wisdom, "he hides it again and keeps his discovery a secret until he has bought the field." If the owner of the field knew that it contained a treasure, he would not sell it, but would claim all it contained as his, and the discoverer of the treasure would have nothing for his pains.

TWICE TOLD TALES.

No Meat Extracted from them by Some who most Need the Facts.

We have more than twice, told the reader of the fact that he or she may perhaps easily discover the cause of the daily ill-feeling and the experiment is not difficult to make.

But there are readers who think truths are for some one else, and not for themselves.

Some day the oft told fact will flash upon upon us as applicable when the knowledge comes home, that day after day of inconvenience and perhaps suffering has been endured, the cause not being recognized or believed, although we may have been told of the cause many times over, but never believed it applied to us.

It would startle a person to know how many people suffer because they drug themselves daily with coffee. We repeat it, it is a powerful drug, and so affects the delicate nervous system that disease may appear in any part of the body, all parts being dependent for health, on a healthy nervous system.

Relief from coffee for 30 days has relieved thousands of people who never suspected the cause of their troubles.

The use of Postum Food Coffee is of great benefit to such, as it goes to work directly to rebuild the delicate cell structures from the elements nature selects for the work. Relief from a heavy drug and the taking of proper nourishment is the true and only permanent method.

We have no agents or branch stores. All orders should be sent direct to us.

Reduced Prices on Suits and Cloaks.

YOU are now in the middle of your buying time, but the cloth manufacturer's selling time is over. That's why he will make his best materials for us now at far less than regular prices—and that's why we can offer you **suits and cloaks, of bran-new materials, made to order at one-third less than regular prices.**

Nearly all of our styles and materials share in this sale.

Note these reductions.

Suits, former price $10, reduced to $6.67.

$12 Suits reduced to $8.
$15 Suits reduced to $10.

Costumes of Corduroy, former price $21.50, reduced to $14.34.

$24 Costumes reduced to $16.

Skirts, former price $5, reduced to $3.34.

$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.

Long Outer Jackets, former price $10, reduced to $6.67. $15 Jackets reduced to $10.

Rainy-Day Skirts, former price $6, reduced to $4.

$7.50 Skirts reduced to $5.

$9 Skirts reduced to $6.

Reduced Prices on Rainy-Day Suits, Rain-Proof Coats and Skirts, etc.

Catalogue, Samples and Reduced Price List sent *free* upon request, but write quickly, for this Sale will last a few weeks only, and the choicest goods will be sold first. If what you get does not please you, send it back. *We will refund your money*

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

Here Is Your Chance

Handsome Tab Collarette Worth $10.00 for only

$4.98

Made from choice full skin Baltic Seal with Astrachan yoke and high storm under collar. Six large fur tails, silk lined and extra heavy inter-lining.

Muff to match $1.98.

Send $1.00 as a sign of good faith and we will send garments by express subject to examination. If not satisfactory have agent return package and we will refund money cheerfully.

Our New Fall Catalog No. 210, FREE. A postal will bring it.

AMERICAN CLOAK & FUR CO.,
174-176 State St., Chicago, Ill.

HORSE BUCKED.

Rider Severely Hurt.

A Cincinnati man visiting in Texas, on a ranch, was thrown from a horse and so severely injured that his life was despaired of. He takes pride in telling how food saved his life. The heavy drugs given seriously injured his stomach and as he says "It seemed I would soon have to starve in the midst of plenty. My stomach refused to digest food and I ran down from 165 to 133 pounds. When my appetite failed I was ready to give up, and it looked as though I would soon 'wink out.'

One morning the foreman's daughter brought in what she called a splendid food and it turned out to be Grape-Nuts. A little skeptical I ate it and found it was good, and just the kind of food I could keep on my stomach which had been almost burned out by the vile drugs.

I felt that I had obtained a new lease of life for improvement set in at once. A week later I was weighed and had gained two pounds. My weight has since steadily increased by the constant use of Grape-Nuts, and I am now better than I have been in years, as my friends will all testify.

In all kinds of athletic sports I notice I have a greater reserve force than formerly, for which I am indebted to Grape-Nuts. Taken in moderation it is the greatest food of its kind in the world, being equally well adapted to athletes and invalids." Paul Alwin Platz, 1906 Biglow Ave., Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

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For busy people who want to make the journey quickly with the conveniences of luxurious travel.

Leave Chicago { 10 a. m. / 8:00 p. m. / 11:30 p. m.

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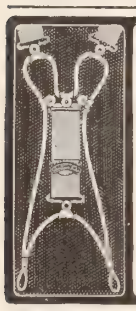
UNION PACIFIC AND
SOUTHERN PACIFIC R'YS

The best of Everything.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS BY THIS ROUTE



Only on the PRESIDENT Suspender

No other suspender has the comfort-giving principle of the President. Every pair guaranteed. If "President" is on the buckles it's genuine. Trimmings can not rust. Price 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 209, Shirley, Mass.

PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS (TRADE MARK)

Healthful for the bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Made of knitted wool fabric, lined with soft, white wool fleece. Worn in rubber boots absorbs perspiration. Sold in all sizes by dealers or sent by mail, 25c. pair. Parker pays postage. Catalog free. J. H. PARKER, Dept. K, 103 Bedford St., Boston.

A MACHINE to weave fence of coiled hard steel spring wire at half price of factory fence. $25 buys wire for 100 Rod Fence. Catalogue Free. Address

Carter Wire Fence Mach. Co. Box 31, 12 Mt. Sterling, O.

YOU CERTAINLY WILL if you order fence from us once you are certain to do it again.

THE ADVANCE FENCE is sold direct from the factory to the farmer at wholesale prices. You get the best price. Entirely interwoven. No loose ends. Many heights. Write for free circulars and special prices.

ADVANCE FENCE CO., 149 N St., Peoria, Ill.

The Right Use of Ability*

Example and Service Required of Men Endowed with Talents

MEN attain a new dignity when viewed from the standpoint of Solomon, who said that "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." That is to say, that God reveals himself to the world by the light he has kindled in the souls of certain men. Inspiration is the light that has shone on the world revealing the way to God. We see God in man more or less clearly, and in the person of Christ we have "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Men who are too obtuse to see God in nature, too ignorant, or too prejudiced, or too lazy to seek knowledge of him in his Word, are still not without the light, because they have before them men who are to a certain extent incarnations of him, men who live by the light and life he gives them, and who are reflections of his image. The image is often marred, often defective, for, alas, the mirror is covered with the dust of the world's highways, and is seamed and flawed with its own inherent defects. But even so, the image is visible and we know that the lives and characters that we see are luminous with a light not their own.

Christ's conception of his church was that it should have the cleansing and preserving quality of salt, and that it should give light to the world. Men were not to be saved for themselves. They are saved that they may save others. When the Christian is really in earnest, when he is a consecrated man, intent on doing all in his power for his Lord—then we learn how much can be done by one man to purify his neighborhood and to light his fellows on the way heavenward. So much is expected of every Christian. He should take stock of himself, try to learn what gift or power there is in him that he can use for Christ. If he is only an employee, his work should be so thorough, so conscientious and so well done that he receives the approval and the confidence of his employer. If he is an employer, there ought to be such kindness and consideration in his conduct, that his employees reverence him and hold him in respect. No matter what his station, he ought to set himself to so live that the light within him shall shine in such a way that others will perceive the divine in the human.

In these days of strenuous educational effort, we are liable to forget that the mental power and the talents on which we set so high a value, and the knowledge that we hold in so great esteem, need something more before they can be of real service in the world. Our own national history furnishes examples of men of great ability and of fine education, whose lives seem to have missed the mark. They somehow failed to exert a good influence in their generation. There have been others, too, whose fate has been far worse, in that they have exerted an evil influence. It is but lately that one such man left the world. A man of splendid gifts, logical, eloquent, genial, capable of doing grand service in the world, yet blighting the lives of all who were attracted to him by his wondrous gifts. It is not sufficient for usefulness that we possess power of mind, and have brilliant talents. The Divine touch is needed to give them direction and influence. The gold must be minted and must bear the stamp of the Government before it becomes current coin. There is something awful about the life of a man of transcendent ability, who is doing no useful service, or, worse still, is doing harm with it. Better far be mediocre or inferior, if all the power we do possess is being used in Christ's service. The man who buried his talent in the earth was punished for his idleness, but what would have been the fate of the five-talent man if he had spent his capital in pleasure or riotous indulgence? So, it concerns us rather to see that our ability is rightly and fully employed, than to be envious of those more richly endowed, whose responsibility is proportionately greater.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 8. Matt. 5: 13-16

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

Best in quality—largest in quantity—applied with a cloth—makes no dust—does its work quickly, easily and effectively.

MADE BY PROPRIETORS OF "RISING SUN STOVE POLISH."

THE Internal Bath

More Important than the External

If external cleanliness is essential to health how much more important is internal cleanliness? Every disease arises from the retention of waste and foreign matter in the system—Nature's drainage being clogged. In the vast majority of cases the clogging is in the colon or large intestine. Positively the one harmless and efficient means of clearing away this waste is the internal bath given with the

J. B. L. CASCADE

This treatment is a sovereign remedy for and prevention of 90% of all Digestive derangements. It is Hygienic, scientific and logical. It is a perfect tonic, with no after depression. Its action

Prevents Appendicitis

Biliousness, Dyspepsia Obesity, Headaches, Constipation, etc. It is recommended and prescribed by such eminent physicians as Dr. DANIEL LEWIS, Pres. N. Y. State Bd. of Health. Dr. HERMAN J. BOLDT, Prof. Post Graduate Hospital, N. Y. Dr. W. B. DE GARMO, Prof. Post Graduate Hospital, N.Y. Dr. CYRUS EDSON, and many others, among whom are the following clergymen, who testify as to its great value: Rev. JOHN POTTS, Victoria College, Toronto, Can.; Rev. A. T. BOWSER, 906 Broome Street, Wilmington, Del., Rev. JOSEPH WOOD, Germantown, Pa.; Rev. CHAS. S. TINKER, Orange, N. J.; Rev. J. N. WATERBURY, Tawas City, Mich.; Rev. W. H. HILLER, M. E. Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Were it possible to reproduce here our file of voluntary letters of commendation received from prominent people, who do not ordinarily permit the use of their names in advertisements, no doubt could exist in one's mind as to the extraordinary merit of the **"J. B. L. Cascade"** treatment.

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The Ralston Health Club, which as an organization has had the greatest growth of this or any age, having almost ***Ten Million Members Throughout the World,*** *authorizes us to say: "Our 'Cascade' is not endorsed by the Ralston Health Club of America, as that Club never endorses anything, no matter how good, but it has been officially adopted by the Club for use in the inward bath treatment, which is one of its many systems of natural cure."*

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GOLD DUST

makes the clothes white and clean without injury to the fabric in any way.

"Housework is hard work without Gold Dust."

For greatest economy buy our large package.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago.

CLASS PINS this style, with any 4 letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, sterling silver, 25c. each; $2 50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; $1.00 a doz. Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design for estimates. Catalogue free. Bastian Bros., 37 Rochester, N. Y.

FENCE! STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong. Chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free. COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 47, Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

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now prepared by an improved process, the result of years of scientific investigation, may be confidently relied upon as being of

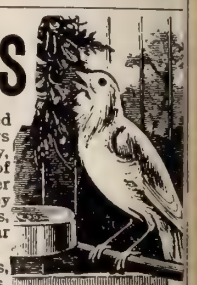
Absolute Purity and Free From Disagreeable Taste and Odor

MOLLER'S OIL always gives satisfactory results because of its perfect digestibility and the fact that it may be taken continuously without causing gastric disturbance.

In flat, oval bottles only, dated. See that our name appears on bottle as agents. Explanatory pamphlets mailed *free*.

Schieffelin & Co., New York

Canaries



We have this year visited the leading canary breeders and trainers in Germany, and imported as fine a lot of trained singers as were ever brought to America. They are beautiful, hardy birds, with wonderfully soft, clear musical voices.

Catalogue of canaries, parrots, and other birds, 200 illustrations, very complete, free if you mention this paper.

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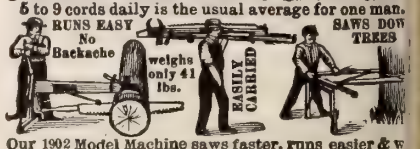
SAWS ANY WOOD IN ANY POSITION ON ANY GROUND 4 in. to 5 ft. Through

1 MAN with a FOLDING SAWING MACHINE BEATS 2 MEN with Cross-cut Saws

5 to 9 cords daily is the usual average for one man.



Our 1902 Model Machine saws faster, runs easier & will last longer than ever. Adjusted in a minute to suit 12-year-old boy or the strongest man. Send for catalog showing latest improvements. First order gets agency. Folding Sawing Mach. Co. 55 N. Jefferson St., Chicago.

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Make Big Money

With the Globe Incubator there are failures—every fertile egg hatches. It is simple to operate any person can handle successfully. With its system of hot water pipes for heat and the ventilation being so perfect it hatches stronger healthier chicks and more of them to the 100 eggs than any other. Teachers, preachers, students, professional men, business men, farmers, farmer's wives, mechanics and day laborers, with no experience and little money, make their leisure hours pleasant and profitable with Globe Incubators. There is always a good market for chickens. Write for catalogue, price lists and full information free. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 411, Freeport, Ills, U.S.A.

Don't Let Hens Loaf

They'll work overtime on raw cut bone. A worker lays, a layer pays. You can loaf half the time and still cut more bone with

Mann's Bone Cutter 1902 Model

than with any other type. It cuts all, shin bones, meat and gristle. Wastes nothing. Never clogs.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL—no money in advance. Free Cat'lg explains

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These trade-mark crisscross lines on every package

GLUTEN FLOUR For DYSPEPSIA

SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR

K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

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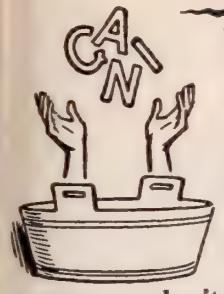
In either case you need a scale this fall and winter. Don't put it off. We can sell you an Osgood Scale. High grade. Guaranteed. Built on honor and at reasonable prices and terms. Free Catalogue.

OSGOOD SCALE CO., 332 Central St., Binghamton, N. Y.



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The correct thing costs less in

BISHOP (*Grand Rapids*) **FURNITURE**

and you get the LATEST STYLES, FINEST QUALITY and SAVE ONE-THIRD. We ship anywhere on approval. Keep in your home five days, if not satisfied and you have not saved money, return at our expense. A very desirable

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would be **No. 987 Music Cabinet**, one of the most popular designs ever produced. The ends, top and front are made of genuine figured mahogany. The door and upper drawer are inlaid with white holly. Bottom of drawer finished with bird's-eye maple and hand polished throughout. Four adjustable shelves. Handsomely shaped swell front. Height, 40 inches. Width, 19 inches. Depth inside, 13 inches.

Our Price to you direct is **$13.90**

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FREE This elegant full size **REED ROCKER** will be given free to the agent selling only **12 Packages** of our groceries, such as Coffee, Soap, Yeast Powder, Spices, Extracts, etc. To each purchaser the agent gives free a **6-quart Granite Preserving Kettle.** We also give agents free for selling our goods, Furniture, Sewing Machines, Couches, Ladies' Watches, etc. **Cash** commission also paid. **NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE.** We ship goods and premiums and allow agents time to deliver and collect for the goods, and then remit us. **We pay the freight.** Write to-day for our **famous easy plans** of earning everything you want in a few hours' enjoyable work. **BROCKSTEDT MERCANTILE HOUSE, 13 N. 2d St., Dept. 513, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

$24.48 with Reservoir

Steel Range

at ½ agents' prices. Guaranteed for 5 years. Send for free catalogue (4 styles) also catalogue of **Sewing Machines** and **Buggies and Harness in colors.** 1000 things you want. Reference this paper. Address

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Box 391, Alton, Ill.

The only manufacturing company in their line selling direct to the consumer.

3 Pair Bed Blankets for $2.69

Are you in need of Bed Blankets? To advertise our business we will sell you **3 Pair for $2.69.** We will send them C. O. D. by express, with privilege of examination. A chance of a life time. If they are not worth double the price, do not take them; otherwise pay express agent $2.69 and express charges. Address

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Agents, Secure Your Territory

and our liberal terms, enabling you to earn $25 to $75 a week taking orders for

"SUN" INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMPS.

Each burner yields 100 candle power of brilliant light. Cheaper and better than kerosene. Used in homes, stores, halls, churches, etc. Conforms to insurance underwriters' rules. Write today. **Sun Vapor Light Co.** (licensee of the ground patent for vapor lamps), **Box 518, Canton, Ohio.**

THE "BEST" LIGHT

is a portable 100 candle power light, costing only 2cts per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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MY HEART SHALL THANKFUL BE

OH, gladly let my lips enumerate
The joys of earthly sense,
The comfort in the days unfortunate,
And grief's dear recompense.
For good or ill that yet has come to me,
My heart shall thankful be.

With gratitude I think upon the past;
For sunny days—or sad;
The cherished flowers, the chilling winds could blast,
Left sweets to make me glad;
No frost can rob me of their memory,
And I shall thankful be.

With thankful heart I face the coming years—
My Father's at the helm;
My bark is safe—I ride bereft of fears,
For naught can overwhelm.
That I am his, who ruleth earth and sea,
My heart shall thankful be.

Vineland, N. J. MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

Work of the Tombs' Mission

MORE than a quarter of a century ago, a band of Christian men of all denominations, under the lead of the late Dr. Howard Crosby, organized what is known as the Gospel Mission to the Tombs. The aim of this society is to bring the Gospel to men and women in the City Prison. No modern rescue mission work shows such splendid results for the small outlay used to carry it on. In the Tombs Prison where nearly fifteen thousand persons come each year, there are unrivalled opportunities for presenting to men and women the story of redeeming love. During the past year, the Tombs Chaplain was able to secure a pardon for two men in prison. In one of these cases when Governor Odell, after a thorough investigation, signed the man's pardon, the Chaplain went to his house to inform his wife and children. He found them on the verge of starvation, and hoping against hope. When he told them of the pardon, they would hardly believe him. When he showed them the Governor's letter, they wept for joy. The Gospel of Christ and a little human kindness have changed that prisoner's life and transformed his home.

Many cases of conversion among prisoners might be mentioned. The chaplain keeps in touch with these cases by visiting the Penitentiary, Sing Sing, Auburn, and Elmira Reformatory. Recently, he went to Sing Sing and called upon five men with whom he formerly labored in the Tombs. All gave evidence of continued saving grace and the genuiness of the change.

Hundreds of letters come from men, women, and boys, some of whom are now in prison, and others in the outside world where they are living good lives. These letters nearly all show that while in prison the writers decided to live for Christ.

The work of the Tombs Mission is by voluntary contributions. $2,000 are needed to carry it on. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers are already familiar with the work and have given it their hearty indorsement.

Contributions may be sent to George E. Sterry, Treasurer, 79 Pine street, New York City. Rev. J. J. Munro, Chapain of the Tombs, will gladly answer any letters desiring information concerning the mission and its work.

The Story of a Famous Hymn

(*See Page 1000*)

THE hymn, "Sometime We'll Understand," was one of those sung at President McKinley's funeral in Washington, and since that event, it has had a larger hold upon public interest and affection. Very little is known concerning its author, Rev. Maxwell N. Cornelius, D.D. His name does not appear, so far as the writer can discover, in any biographical book or dictionary of hymnology. To Mr. Hubert P. Main, of Biglow & Main, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is indebted for the following information, gathered by Mr. Main from letters written to himself by members of the Cornelius family. Dr. Cornelius was born July 30, 1842, at Mt. Jackson, Pa. As the result of a severe illness, he became lame when only eighteen. After graduation from the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., 1869, he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Oakdale, Pa., then successively he was the spiritual shepherd of congregations in Altoona, Pa., Pasadena and San Francisco, Cal., and at Washington, D. C., where he died, March 31, 1893. His wife (before her marriage Miss Mary Davidson, of Monongahela, Pa.), preceded him by a year. He wrote several hymns. "Sometime, we'll Understand" was first published in 1891 by Biglow & Main, in *Gospel Hymns*. It was rendered some years ago at the funeral of the Duke of Clarence, heir to the British throne. During Mr. Sankey's recent visit to Philadelphia, he sang this hymn to an immense audience in Dr. Conwell's Church, giving incidents of its history in the address which preceded it. The hearers were deeply impressed.

Although Mr. Ira D. Sankey has now been over thirty years working in the evangelistic field, his marvelous powers of holding an audience by speech or song are enlarged rather than diminished. He addressed mammoth meetings on the same afternoon in Philadelphia. The immense auditorium at the Pennsylvania Railroad Y. M. C. A. was crowded, and hundreds were turned away.

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The washer I received from you is the best I ever saw. It will do all you claim for it. I can do the washing in three to four hours, where it took a colored woman a whole day to do it. We have ten boys and three girls, and you can judge from that, that we have large washings. Myself and daughter would not part with this machine for twice what it cost. We live on a farm. MRS. LEVI H. HARRISON.

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Gentlemen: I received the washing machine in good order on the 15th inst. My wife had saved three weeks' washing to try it. She commenced washing at seven o'clock, and at eleven all the clothes were on the line. It would have taken two days to do all this work the old way; and the washing was done clean. Greasy overalls, which I use in the engine room, could not have been done better in a steam laundry. She would not part with the washer if she could not get another like it, if she was offered $100.

Yours truly, CHAS. BLUM, Marine Engineer,
1006 Channing Way, West Berkley, Cal.

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ISRAEL'S PROVERB

An Ancient Aphorism with a Modern Application : : : :

By MRS. M. BAXTER

SOME people in Israel being anxious to vindicate themselves, used a proverb implying that their sufferings were not a punishment for their own sins but for those of their fathers. They said: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." So Ezekiel was instructed to set them right on this subject and to assure them that God did not punish any man for his father's sin, but for his own. He went further and declared that if the son of a bad father avoided his father's ways and lived a good life, he would not be reproached for his father's misconduct. Therefore, they were forbidden to use the proverb.

The fact was that Israel did not know how to repent. The people wanted a religion which demanded no repentance, and a deliverance which demanded no walk with God. They, who were chosen to be separate from the nations, had much more in common with the nations than with their God.

A religion without true repentance towards God: a religion in which there shall be no broken heart, no immediate contact with the living God in which all contact with God shall be second-hand: this suits the fallen, perverted, natural heart of man: but this is always idolatry in one form or other. Some thing or some person is put in the place of God—a priest, if not an idol. And the emnity of the natural heart comes out in the spirit which prevails, and which dares to blame and to criticise God, and to cast on him the responsibility of its own sin. How often we hear in our own day some thoughtless, irreverent, ignorant young man say, "God made me as I am: if he chose to make me with sinful tendencies, it is his doing if I sin, when it is my nature which leads me to it. I cannot help it." It was this same spirit which was prevalent in the land of Israel when the proverb was common among th.m: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge" (Ezek. 18:2).

How God searched out and exposed the sin of his people by his prophet Ezekiel! And yet we find this man never setting himself up as anything superior to his people, never bringing his person into view,—only a yielded instrument at all times, to the God he served, and to the people who so little understood either him or his God. "The word of the Lord came to me again, saying, What mean ye that ye use this proverb concerning the land of Israel . . . As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold, all souls are mine. As the soul of the father, so the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die" (vers. 1-4). "All souls are mine"; each one responsible to me for his own sin: he cannot get rid of his individual responsibility to me, as his maker, in whose hand his breath is (Dan. 5:23); whom he should glorify. It is an awful sin for man to charge God with the responsibility for his sins.

"Have I any pleasure in the death of the wicked? saith the Lord God; and not rather that he should turn from his way and live?" This is the central point. God's people have reproached him as unjust and cruel, he asserts himself as possessor of those who understand him so little; and he asks, how should I have any pleasure in the destruction of what belongs to me? Should I rejoice in the loss of what is mine? "Yet ye say, the way of the Lord is not equal. Hear now, O house of Israel: Is not my way equal? are not your ways unequal?" Is it not the crookedness of your ways which disables you from seeing my ways aright? When the righteous turns away from his righteousness to commit sin, he shall die; when the wicked turns from his sin, I provide him a way back; he is not obliged to continue in sin; he shall live. What have you to find fault with? "Therefore will I judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord God."

But this is not the last word of him who has said, "Israel is my son, my firstborn." His heart yearns over his wicked, rebellious, unrepentant people, and he pleads with them: "Return ye and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, wherein ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" How unlike the character which popular opinion gave to their longsuffering God was the Father-heart which yearned over them! But how should they make themselves a new heart and a new spirit? All that is required of them is to return; he will do the rest. And the sequel we have in Jer. 31: 31-34, when they return (vers. 17-21), and when he promises that he will put his law within their hearts; and in Ezek. 36: 24-30, when he will cleanse them from their sins, and create within them a new heart and a new spirit. "For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live."

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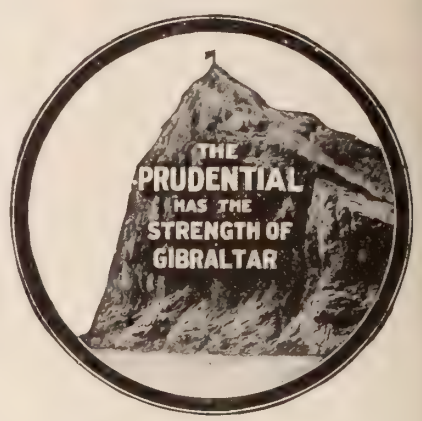

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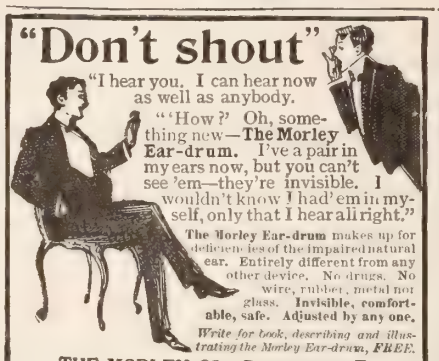

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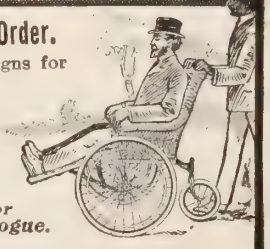

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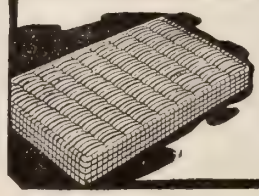

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

SUNDAY READING FOR THE "JACKIES" ON AN AMERICAN WARSHIP AT SEA

FROM PHOTOGRAPH ON THE U. S. S. "MONONGAHELA," WHILE CHAPLAIN JONES WAS DISTRIBUTING "CHRISTIAN HERALDS" TO THE CREW—SEE PAGE 1033

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The usual five new questions are omitted this week, in order that other letters to "The Mail-Bag," many of them long delayed, may receive attention. Hereafter, once a month, the entire page will be devoted to this class of letters.

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

Dr. S. N —, San Diego, Cal. Was the body in which Christ appeared to his disciples the identical body he had before the crucifixion? Was it a material or a spiritual body?

The fact that the tomb was found empty implies that it was the same body. There is confirmation also in the fact that it bore the wounds inflicted at the crucifixion (See John 20:27). That it was a material body is distinctly asserted. "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have" (See Luke 24:39). It must, however, be inferred that some change had been wrought in it by the experience it had passed through. It suddenly vanished on one occasion (See Luke 24:31). It entered the room, the doors being shut (See John 20:19). It appeared at places widely separated at short intervals. The material body had apparently been spiritualized and freed from material needs and limitations.

R. P., Va. Is it true that a man, by visiting a saloon, injures his influence?

Unquestionably. No one who values the respect of his fellowmen or who wishes to exert a moral influence in the community in which he lives, will visit such places. A man is known by the company he keeps.

W. S. R., Linwood, N. Y. 1. Why should there be so much difference between Christ's teachings (Matt. 5:44) and David's prayers for the destruction of his enemies (Psalm 83:17 and 104:35)? 2. Is a man or a nation justified in praying for the destruction of enemies in peace or war?

1. It was under a different dispensation. Christ came to introduce a better order of things in which vindictive feelings have no place. David regarded his enemies as the enemies of God, as indeed they were. There was no hope of their reformation, and he prayed as an impulsive man for their destruction as the best thing that could happen. But even he was capable of an act of magnanimity (see I. Samuel 26:10, 11). There were many things said and done under the Mosaic economy that would be wrong in the light that Christ brought. 2. A man or a nation would be justified in praying that the schemes of an enemy might fail, that he might be defeated, but no Christian would rejoice over a great slaughter of the enemy, nor be justified in praying for it. The Christian spirit would rather lead him to pray that the enemy might become a friend.

L. G. B., Lynn, Mass. Are we to understand from Isa. 65:17 that in heaven we shall forget our former life and friends?

No, the passage implies an absence of desire. The conditions will be so much better that there will be no longing for the old. A man raised out of poverty or uncongenial surroundings would not absolutely forget his past, but he would not dwell upon it, but would rejoice in his better condition. All analogy and all that we are told of the future life points to the recognition of friends and the remembrance of the mercies and blessings of the former existence.

S. S. Teacher, Scranton, Pa. What is the teaching of the Parable of the Unjust Steward (Luke 16:1-9)? How could Christ commend a course so dishonest?

It was not Christ who commended the steward, but the steward's lord, and he evidently praised him for his sharp practice, not for his dishonesty. It was a shrewd thing to do. Christ's object in giving the parable appears to have been to show that money might be so used in helping others that the benefactor would receive a hearty welcome on entering heaven from those he had helped. As the debtors would feel so grateful to the steward for reducing their debts that they would support him when he became poor, so the poor who had been helped in this life would be grateful in heaven to those who had benefited them.

J. B. D., West Point, Va. What were the names of the wise men who followed the star to Bethlehem?

Tradition gives them as Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. There appears to be no historical basis for them. Other traditions about them are to the effect that the Apostle Thomas found the men later during a preaching tour in Parthia and baptized them. Some make them Persians and give Zoroaster as the authority for associating the star with the birth of a king; others attribute it to a tradition handed down from Seth, the son of Adam.

Subscriber, Philadelphia. 1. In Luke 4:23, Christ refers to the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself." I would like to know the author of the quotation and how old it is. 2. Who is the author of Lincoln's favorite poem, "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

1. It is very ancient, probably as old as the earliest proverbial philosophy, and current in all civilized lands. In Galilee, it seems to have been a proverb quite as familiar as our "Charity begins at home," etc. 2. The author was William Knox, a Scottish poet (1789-1825).

C. N., Huscher, Kans. 1. Why is the 119th Psalm divided in so strange a way? 2. What is the meaning of the word Selah?

1. It has been called the Golden A. B. C. because each part has the heading of a letter of the Hebrew alphabet. Each part contains eight verses, and in the Hebrew each verse begins with the letter at the head of the part. It has been suggested that it was written for the pilgrims to sing as they traveled toward Jerusalem to keep the feasts. The following Psalms called, "The Songs of Degrees," took its place when the pilgrims came in sight of the Holy City. Ruskin says that his mother made him learn the Psalm and he found it withering condemnation. That good results have come from the act, is no defence. The quality of an act is not determined by its consequences. Even if the Jews who clamored for his death, and Pilate who condemned him, could have foreseen the good that would ensue, their conduct would have been wicked; for men must not do evil that good may come. But they had no such thought. The Jews hated Christ; and Pilate, from corrupt motives, gratified them, and both were responsible for their acts. Christ distinctly marked the responsibility in the case of Judas (See Matt. 26:24) while recognizing the prediction. Human laws take the same view. If you were to murder a man so wicked that his death would be a relief to his family and his neighborhood, you would be held guilty of murder and probably be hanged. How much more when the victim was the pure and holy Saviour!

R. C. G., Barnard, N. C. If the earthly parents of our Lord were first cousins, why do some of our Legislatures and some churches forbid first cousins assuming the marriage relation?

There is nothing in the New Testament to indicate that Joseph and Mary were first cousins. If there were, it would prove nothing, as the churches do not regard Joseph as the father of our Lord. The case of Moses is more in point (see Ex. 6:20), but Moses made such marriages as that of his own parents, illegal. The objections to the marriage of first cousins are usually based on physiological grounds, and these are disputed. The assertion that the children of such marriages are invariably mentally and physically inferior is not borne out by statistics.

Constant Reader, Hartford, Ont. If, as statistics show, there is in hot climates a greater prevalence of crime, suicides, etc., must we not infer that man is not entirely responsible for his conduct?

Man is certainly responsible, because he has the power to control his impulses. Many in all climates do not use the power, and some seem to have lost it and in others it has not been developed. The fault is due more to lack of training in childhood than to climate. Where the impulses and passions are strong, as they frequently are in the inhabitants of the tropics, there is the greater need for exercising self-control, but no man can be released from responsibility on such grounds. Everyone knows when he commits a crime that it is within his power to refrain from committing it. People sometimes say that they cannot help doing this or that, that they cannot resist the impulse, but when such statements are true, we regard them simply as signs of an unregulated moral nature and the excuse does not weigh with judge or jury. All our social principles are based on the consciousness that men can and ought to control their impulses and passions. There is, unhappily, in all, that condition so pathetically described in Rom. 7:15-23, in which men do the things that they hate and the good that they would they do not; but that is the condition which, as Pa explains, can be fully remedied by the pow that God is always ready to give to all wh seek it.

Mrs. M. J. Wiggin, Denver, Col., writes:

Spare the birds! How I love them! I nev adorn my hat with their feathers No good peop would follow such a wicked fashion.

M. A. H., Charleston, S. C. What is the meanir of the passage, "It is easier for a camel to g through the eye of a needle, than for a rich ma to enter into the kingdom of God."

If M. A. H. will glance at the heading o the new serial, "The Needle's Eye," which now appearing in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the explanation will probably be grasped more readily. The small wicket in the middl of a city gate was called in Eastern nomencl ture, "the needle's eye." After the large gate was closed for the night, the smaller wa left open, but so narrow was it that a came before entering, had to be unloaded and the it must needs stoop low. So, in the referenc in the text quoted, the lesson conveyed i that it is exceedingly difficult for the rich an proud to enter at the "strait gate" of righ eousness; to do so, they must cast off all bu dens and become like the meek and lowl Master.

Mrs. M. E. F., Morristown, N. J. Do the Quaker believe in the Trinity and that our Lord Jesu is equal with God?

They hold the same views in common wit all the orthodox churches on the essentials o Christian doctrine. They do not use the wor "Trinity," yet they believe in the threefol Deity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost one God and co-equal. They accept all that Scriptur teaches regarding the offices of Christ and hi redeeming and atoning mission. They believ in the resurrection, the judgment and th immortality of the soul.

Mrs. S. G., Atlantic, Ia. Is there any State in th Union where women can lawfully vote at th Presidential elections? I am positive there is and that in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming women can and do vote. In the last few month several have been incredulous when I mad that statement, and three different voters—me who claim to be well informed—have said tha in some States women might vote at municipa elections, but they were positive no wome had ever voted for Presidential electors or i one ever had, the vote had never been counted

You are right. In Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming women have full suffrage, and can vote for all officers, including presidentia electors.

A. R., New Lexington, O., sends this novel proposition:

Why not let the man who drinks pay the taxes? A total abstainer has no right to help pay the expense caused by drinking. Tax the manufacturer of the liquors and he will tax the retail dealer, and he will in turn tax the man who does the drinking and he is the man who should pay the bill, is he not?

Miscellaneous Questions

Subscriber, Deposit, N. Y. Mrs. Bird's Gospel Settlement is at No. 211 Clinton street, New York.

Martha R., Denmark, S. C. No.

D. W. D., Medway, N. Y. The answer was an unfeeling one.

Mary I. S., Newton, N. J. It was the spontaneous act of one of the spectators at the funeral—some say, a woman.

Inquirer. Certainly, a person who feels absolutely incompetent should not undertake the teaching of a Sunday School class.

Mrs. A. J. D., Elmore, Minn. 1. All the parties are acting together for the best interests of Miss Stone and the whole Church is invoking God's blessing on their efforts. 2. The fine was imposed because the article sold was a fraudulent substitute, declared illegal by statute.

M. E. W., Elgin, Neb. From a human standpoint, there are many things in the Bible that may appear inexplicable. What man can fathom the purposes of Deity or comprehend the thoughts of the Omnipotent? He who saw fit to create, may also in his wisdom see fit to destroy.

Master Philip Bliss Clements, of Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "I and sister gave a little parlor concert for China Famine work and we are sending you the money. We sang several Sunday School songs, then papa read to us about the starving Chinese and I gathered the collection."

Important Notice to Subscribers!

NEXT week's issue will contain another insert like that published on November 6th, illustrating and describing the premium propositions of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the present season. Will all subscribers who have not yet renewed, kindly make their selections, and **promptly** send in their subscriptions to this office.

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G. H. S., Dayton, O.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4, 1901

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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GREETED BY THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN — A NATIVE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS — WORSHIPERS IN THE CHURCH AT RALUANA

CANNIBALS BROUGHT TO CHRIST

How Consecrated Missionary Effort is Civilizing and Redeeming the Heathen Tribes of Neu Pommeru

TRUTH is often stranger than fiction, and the old saying revives a new and striking illustration in the remarkable story related, a few days ago, by Mr. John Hopkins Denison, a young American, who has recently returned from an extensive tour, during which he visited New Guinea and a number of little known islands in the great Melanesian group, including New Britain, the largest of the Bismarck archipelago group of islands. It lies a little south of the equator. The Island of New Britain, now known as Neu Pommeru, is located on the northeast coast of New Guinea. It is one of the few savage spots left in the world. It is now in the hands of the Germans and the imperial government has a station on its coast, but the interior of the island is still unexplored. No white man has ever dared to cross the narrowest portion, where it is only eight miles in diameter. In its extent are many tribes at war with one another, and speaking different languages. Cannibalism exists everywhere, except on the north end, which has been civilized in the past twenty years.

In 1875, missionaries first landed on the little cluster of islands, known as the Duke of York group, between the main island and the northern island, known as New Ireland. Their work was carried on with the aid of native Fijian and Samoan teachers, trained in their own land and sent out to face death for Christ's sake. Three of them were killed and eaten during their efforts to carry the teachings of Christ inland. Word was sent to the Rev. Dr. George Brown, the head of the mission, to the effect that "stones were already heated and the taro cooked with which to eat his flesh." It has been a land of unheard of savagery and barbarism. The women are practically slaves, and are bought and sold for the price of a pig. Secret societies are found whose members dress in hideous masks, and who dominate the island and murder the uninitiated and the women without hindrance. During Mr. Denison's visit, there were only two white missionaries in charge of the work. Under them are about a dozen Fijian and Samoan teachers, catechists and ordained ministers. There are also one hundred and three lay-preachers of native birth, and 2,442 church members, and nearly 13,000 adherents who attend occasionally. An institution has been started for the training of men among the natives to become teachers and ministers.

Mr. Denison stayed in the island with the missionary, Mr. Fellmann, for a month, and it proved one of the most interesting months in his life. He also visited the Rev. Mr. Chambers on Duke of York Island, and was impressed with his earnestness and consecration. He thus relates the story of one Sunday that he spent in New Britain with Mr. Fellmann:

"We started out after breakfast along the palm-shaded beach, while the bell was ringing for the service at Raluana Church. We turned in back of the house of Mr. Parkinson, one of the plantation owners, and after a couple of miles into the cocoa-nut groves, struck into the "bush." Here we followed winding native paths, through the high grass, and over fields of "pit" and sugar-cane and taro. We came at last within hearing of childish voices shouting at play, and soon found a broad open space under the trees where a number of women and children were playing together. They looked frightened at seeing us, but Mr. Fellmann soon reasured them, and they led us inside the fence of the village to an open-thatched roof, beneath which the chief was sitting. He greeted us cordially, and we seated ourselves beside him in the midst of his six little boys, who gazed at us with round and shining eyes, and laughing mouths.

REV. HEINRICH FELLMANN AND WIFE

The Missionaries among the South Pacific Cannibals

The women sat on the ground under the trees, playing with a beautiful white cockatoo, with blue eyes and a yellow plume, which danced around and bit their feet. The chief treated us to cocoanut water, and informed me that I was sitting on the grave of a relative. They bury their dear ones a few inches below the house. We could not have our service here, because a greater chief lived a little further on—"lived," for he is dead now. So on we went through the forest, accompanied by the small boys, and at last came to another small village, where we were cordially greeted by two men who tried to shake hands but didn't know how. At last the people gathered. The women wore simply the *lava-lava*, a gay cloth about the loins. We sat down on a mat made of two palm leaves dexterously braided together, and the people sat on the ground. None of them are baptized Christians, but they came to Mr. Fellmann's annual meeting, when the contributions are made, and contributed largely of their substance. The New Britain natives contributed £500 last year, which is pretty good for former cannibals. It was a picture, to sit there and look at that crowd of brown-bodied, bright-eyed savages, as they squatted in front of the thatched houses and listened to the old Gospel message!

"After the service we moved on, through forest glades and grassy plateaus, getting always higher up and further from the beach until Mount Vartzine loomed up, seemingly quite near. At a point where three paths met, we found a group of men, chewing lime and betel, one of whom, a fine-looking fellow, named Peter, is the only Christian they have yet baptized in this inland part of the bush. We came at last to a little village where a large building in native style, built of plaited palm leaves, with three peaks on its thatched roof, was the predominant feature. Mr. Fellmann announced that this was the church. On a bamboo bench covered with matting, an old man was sitting, white-haired and bearded, and blind. This was the old chief To-Watna-Kaia, (the "Son of the Evil One,") once a famous warrior. He greeted us cordially, and after some talk we went on into the teacher's house.

"Soon a chime sounded and then we heard a chant sound out. It was the people reciting the catechism. They always do this to fill in the time, until the preacher arrives. The church has only been built two months. Mr. Fellmann had a big wooden box for a pulpit, and I sat with the people on the palm-leaf matting. There were about seventy-five present. We rose during the hymns, and got down on all-fours during the prayer, which is the approved style of kneeling.

"On the way back we met To-Kaia, the famous old cannibal chief, to whom they had given the name of 'The Devil.' He had once massacred a whole village of 200, and dragged off the bodies of the wounded and dead and hung them up to the sacred trees, to be cut down limb by limb as they were needed for the feast.

"To-Kaia asked if I was a great chief in America, and Mr. Fellmann told him something of my church, and asked if he would like to send a message to my people. 'Send them my love,' he said. 'Tell them I am now a man of love. Formerly, I was a man of wrath, and a man of war, and hated all men. I have spoiled all the land about, and destroyed the men who dwelt here, in my anger. But your missionaries came and took my hands and removed them from my spear, and crossed them thus, and said 'To-Kaia, these hands must fight no more.' And see, they have not, and now they cannot, for see, they are bound by the love of Jesus.' And he held up his hands tightly clasped. 'And thus I am a man of love and love all places. Therefore, send them my love.'"

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

ANYTHING IN DREAMS?

TEXT—JOEL 2: 28:

"I WILL POUR OUT MY SPIRIT UPON ALL FLESH . . . YOUR OLD MEN SHALL DREAM DREAMS, YOUR YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS."

IN this photograph of the Millennium the dream is lifted into great conspicuity. You may say of a dream that it is nocturnal fantasia, or that it is the absurd combination of waking thoughts, and with a slur of intonation you may say: "It is only a dream;" but God has honored the dream by making it the avenue through which again and again he has marched upon the human soul, decided the fate of nations, and changed the course of the world's history. God appeared in a dream to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage; in a dream to Jacob, announcing, by the ladder set against the sky full of angels, the communication between earth and heaven; in a dream to Joseph, foretelling his coming power under the figure of all the sheaves of the harvest bowing down to his sheaf; to the chief butler, foretelling his disimprisonment; to the chief baker, announcing his decapitation; to Pharaoh, showing him first the seven plenty years, and then the seven famine-struck years, under the figure of the seven lean cows devouring the seven fat cows; to Solomon, giving him the choice between wisdom and riches and honor; to a warrior, under the figure of a barley cake smiting down a tent, encouraging Gideon in his battle against the Midianites; to Nebuchadnezzar, under the figure of a broken image and a hewn-down tree, foretelling the overthrow of his power; to Joseph, of the New Testament, announcing the birth of Christ in his own household; and again bidding him fly from Herodic persecutions: to Pilate's wife, warning him not to become complicated with the judicial overthrow of Christ.

Revelation Better than Dreams

We all admit that God in ancient times and under Bible dispensation addressed the people through dreams. The question now is, does God appear in our day and reveal himself through dreams? That is the question everybody asks, and that question I will try to answer. You ask me if I believe in dreams. My answer is, I do, but all I have to say will be under five heads.

Remark the first: the Scriptures are so full of revelation from God, that if we get no communication from him in dreams, we ought, nevertheless, to be satisfied.

With twenty guide-books to tell you how to get to New York or Pittsburg, or London, or Glasgow, or Manchester, do you want a night vision to tell you how to make the journey? We have in this Scripture full direction in regard to the journey of this life, and how to get to the celestial city, and with this grand guide-book, this magnificent directory, we ought to be satisfied. I have more faith in a decision to which I come when I am wide-awake than when I am sound asleep. I have noticed that those who give a great deal of their time to studying dreams get their brains addled. They are very anxious to remember what they dreamed about the first night they slept in a new house. If in their dream they take the hand of a corpse, they are going to die. If they dream of a garden, it means a sepulchre. If something turns out according to a night vision, they say, "Well, I am not surprised. I dreamed it." If it turns out different from the night vision, they say, "Well, dreams go by contraries." In their efforts to put their dreams into rhythm, they put their waking thoughts into discord. Now, the Bible is so full of revelation that we ought to be satisfied if we get no further revelation.

Sound sleep received great honor when Adam slept so extraordinarily that the surgical incision which gave him Eve did not wake him; but there is no such need for extraordinary slumber now, and he who catches an Eve must needs be wide-awake! No need of such a dream as Jacob had with a ladder against the sky, when ten thousand times it has been demonstrated that earth and heaven are in communication. No such dream needed as that which was given to Abimelech, warning him against an unlawful marriage, when we have the records of the county clerk's office. No need of such a dream as was given to Pharaoh about the seven years of famine, for now the seasons march in regular procession, and steamer and rail-train carry breadstuffs to every famine-struck nation. No need of a dream like that which encouraged Gideon, for all through Christendom it is announced and acknowledged and demonstrated that righteousness, sooner or later, will get the victory.

If there should come about a crisis in your life upon which the Bible does not seem to be sufficiently specific, go to God in prayer and you will get especial direction. I have more faith, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, in directions given you with the Bible in your lap and your thoughts uplifted in prayer to God, than in all the information you will get unconscious on your pillow.

I can very easily understand why the Babylonians and the Egyptians, with no Bible, should put so much stress on dreams: and the Chinese in their holy book, *Chow King*, should think their emperor gets his directions through dreams from God; and that Homer should think that all dreams came from Jove, and that in ancient times dreams were classified into a science: but why do you and I put so much stress upon dreams when we have a supernal book of infinite wisdom on all subjects? why should we harry ourselves with dreams? Why should Eddystone and Barnegat lighthouses question a summer fire-fly?

An Intimation of Immortality

Remark the second: All dreams have an important meaning. They prove that the soul is comparatively independent of the body. The eyes are closed, the senses are dull, the entire body goes into a lethargy which in all languages is used as a type of death, and then the soul spreads its wing and never sleeps. It leaps the Atlantic Ocean, and mingles in scenes three thousand miles away. It travels great reaches of time, flashes back eighty years, and the octogenarian is a boy again in his father's house. If the soul, before it has entirely broken its chain of flesh, can do all this, how far can it leap, what circles can it cut when it is fully liberated! Every dream, whether agreeable or harassing, whether sunshiny or tempestuous, means so much that rising from your couch you ought to kneel down and say: "O God! am I immortal! Whence? Whither? Two natures. My soul caged now—what when the door of the cage is opened? If my soul can fly so far in the few hours in which my body is asleep in the night, how far can it fly when my body sleeps the long sleep of the grave?" Oh! this power to dream, how startling, how overwhelming! Immortal! immortal!

Remark the third: The vast majority of dreams are merely the result of disturbed physical condition, and are not a supernatural message. Job had carbuncles, and he was scared in the night. He says: "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions." Solomon had an overwrought brain, overwrought with public business, and he suffered from erratic slumber, and he writes in Ecclesiastes: "A dream cometh through the multitude of business." Dr. Gregory, in experimenting with dreams, found that a bottle of hot water put to his feet while in slumber made him think he was going up the hot sides of Mount Etna. Another morbid physician, experimenting with dreams, his feet uncovered through sleep, thought he was riding in an Alpine diligence. But a great many dreams are merely narcotic disturbance. Anything that you see while under the influence of chloral or brandy or "hashish" or laudanum, is not a revelation from God.

Causes of Distressing Dreams

The learned DeQuincey did not ascribe to divine communication what he saw in sleep, opium-saturated, dreams which he afterward described in the following words: "I was worshiped, I was sacrificed, I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forests of Asia. Vishnu hated me. Sceva laid in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, that made the crocodiles tremble. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with the cancerous kiss of crocodiles, and lay confounded with unutterable slimy things among wreathy and Nilotic mud."

Do not mistake narcotic disturbance for divine revelation. But I have to tell you that the majority of the dreams are merely the penalty of outraged digestive organs, and you have no right to mistake the nightmare for heavenly revelation. Late suppers are a warrantee deed for bad dreams. Highly-spiced salads at eleven o'clock at night, instead of opening the door heavenward, open the door infernal and diabolical. You outrage natural law, and you insult the God who made those laws. It takes from three to five hours to digest food, and you have no right to keep your digestive organs in struggle when the rest of your body is in somnolence. The general rule is, eat nothing after six o'clock at night, retire at ten, sleep on your right side, keep the window open five inches for ventilation, and other worlds will not disturb you much. By physical maltreatment you take the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream and you lower it to the nether world, allowing the ascent of the demoniacal. Healthy people do not want this cadaverous and sleepy thing that some people call religion. They want a religion that lives regularly by day and sleeps soundly by night. If through trouble or coming on of old age or exhaustion of Christian service, you cannot sleep well, then you may expect from God "songs in the night;" but th are no blessed communications to those who willin surrender to indigestibles. Napoleon's army at Leips Dresden, and Borodino, came near being destroy through the disturbed gastric juices of its command That is the way you have lost some of your battles.

Another remark I make is that our dreams are apt be merely the echo of our day-time thoughts. I v give you a recipe for pleasant dreams. Fill your da with elevated thought and unselfish action, and yo dreams will be set to music. If all day you are gougi and grasping, and avaricious, in your dreams you v see gold that you cannot clutch, and bargains in whi you were out-Shylocked. If during the day you a irascible, and pugnacious, and gunpowdery of dispo tion, you will at night have battle with enemies in whi they will get the best of you. If you are all day long a hurry, at night you will dream of rail-trains that y want to catch, while you cannot move one inch towa the depot. If you are always over suspicious and exp tant of assault, you will have at night hallucinations assassins with daggers drawn. No one wonders th Richard III., the iniquitous, the night before the bat of Bosworth Field dreamed that all those whom he h murdered stared at him, and that he was torn to piec by demons from the pit.

The Echo of Thought

Waking thoughts have their echo in sleepi thoughts. If a man spend his life in trying to ma others happy and is heavenly-minded, around his pill he will see cripples who have got over their crutch, a processions of celestial imperials, and hear the gra march roll down from drums of heaven over jasper pa apets. You are very apt to hear in dreams what y hear when you are wide-awake.

Now, having shown you that having a Bible we oug to be satisfied not getting any further communicati from God, and having shown you that all dreams ha an important mission, since they show the comparati independence of the soul from the body, and havi shown you that the majority of dreams are a result disturbed physical condition, and having shown y that our sleeping thoughts are apt to be an echo of o waking thoughts, I come now to my fifth and most i portant remark, and that is to say, that it is capable proof that God does sometimes in our day, and h often since the close of the Bible dispensation, appear to people in dreams.

All dreams that make you better are from God. Ho do I know it? Is not God the source of all good? does not take a very logical mind to argue that ou Tertullian and Martin Luther believed in dreams. Th dreams of John Huss are immortal. St. Augustin the Christian father, gives us the fact that a Carth ginian physician was persuaded of the immortality the soul by an argument which he heard in a drea The night before his assassination the wife of Juli Cæsar dreamed that her husband fell dead across h lap.

It is possible to prove that God does appear dreams to warn, to convert, and to save men. M friend, a retired sea captain and a Christian, tells m that one night while on the sea he dreamed that a ship crew were in great suffering. Waking from his drea he put about the ship, tacked in different direction surprised everybody on his vessel—they thought h was going crazy—sailed on in another direction hou after hour, and for many hours, until he came to th perishing crew and rescued them, and brought them t New York. Who conducted that dream? The God o the sea.

Rescued Through a Dream

The Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his marvelous book en titled *Nature and the Supernatural*, gives the fo lowing fact that he got from Captain Yount, in Cal fornia, a fact confirmed by many families: Captai Yount dreamed twice one night that one hundred an fifty miles away there was a company of travelers fas in the snow. He also saw in the dream, rocks of pe culiar formation, and telling this dream to an old hunte the hunter said: "Why, I remember those rocks; thos rocks are in the Carson Valley Pass, one hundred an fifty miles away." Captain Yount, impelled by thi dream, although laughed at by his neighbors, gathere men together, took mules and blankets, and started ou on the expedition, traveled one hundred and fifty miles saw those very rocks which he had described in hi dream, and found the suffering ones at the foot of thos rocks, brought them back to confirm the story of Cap tain Yount. Who conducted that dream? The Goo of the snow, the God of the Sierra Nevadas.

Furthermore, I have to say that there are people wh

were converted to God through a dream. The Rev. John Newton, the fame of whose piety fills all Christendom, while a profligate sailor on shipboard, in his dream, thought that a being approached him and gave him a very beautiful ring, and put it upon his finger, and said to him: "As long as you wear that ring you will be prospered; if you lose that ring you will be ruined." In the same dream another personage appeared, and by a strange infatuation persuaded John Newton to throw overboard that ring, and it sank into the sea. Then the mountains in sight were full of fire and the air was lurid with consuming wrath. While John Newton was repenting of his folly in having thrown overboard the treasure, another personage came through the dream, and told John Newton he would plunge into the sea and bring that ring up if he desired it. He plunged into the sea and brought it up, and said to John Newton, 'Here is that gem, but I think I will keep it for you, lest you lose it again;" and John Newton consented, and all the fire went out from the mountains, and all the signs of lurid wrath disappeared from the air, and John Newton said that he saw in his dream that that valuable gem was his soul, and that the being who persuaded him to throw it overboard was Satan, and that the one who plunged in and restored that gem, keeping it for him, was Christ. And that dream makes one of the most wonderful chapters in the life of that most wonderful man.

A German was crossing the Atlantic Ocean, and in his dream he saw a man with a handful of white flowers, and he was told to follow the man who had that handful of white flowers. The German, arriving in New York, wandered into the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting, and Mr. Lamphier—the great apostle of prayer-meetings—that day had given to him a bunch of tube-roses. They stood on his desk, and at the close of the religious services he took the tube-roses and started homeward, and the German followed him, and through an interpreter told Mr. Lamphier that on the sea he had dreamed of a man with a handful of white flowers and was told to follow him. Suffice it to say, that through that interview and following interviews he became a Christian, and is a city missionary preaching the Gospel to his own countrymen. God in a dream!

Rev. Herbert Mendes was converted to God through a dream of the last judgment; and many of us have had some dream of that great day of judgment which shall be the winding up of the world's history. If you have not dreamed of it, perhaps to-night you may dream of that day. There are enough materials to make a dream. Enough voices, for there shall be the roaring of the elements, and the great earthquake. Enough light for the dream, for the world shall blaze. Enough excitement, for the mountains shall fall. Enough water, for the ocean shall rear. Enough astronomical phenomena, for the stars shall go out. Enough populations, for all the races of all the ages will fall into line of one of two processions, the one ascending and the other descending, the one led on by the rider on the white horse of eternal victory, the other led on by Apollyon on the black charger of eternal defeat. The dream comes on me now, and I see the lightnings from above answering the volcanic disturbances from beneath, and I hear the long reverberating thunders that shall wake up the dead, and all the seas lifting up their crystal voices, cry, "Come to judgment!" and all the voices of the heaven cry, "Come to judgment!" and crumbling mausoleum, and Westminster Abbeys, and pyramids of the dead with marble voices cry: "Come to judgment!" And the archangel seizes an instrument of music which has never yet been sounded, an instrument of music that was made only for one sound, and thrusting that mighty trumpet through the clouds, and turning it this way, he shall put it to his lip and blow the long, loud blast that shall make the solid earth quiver, crying, "Come to judgment!"

Then from this earthly grossness quit,
Attired in stars, we shall forever sit.

TO SAVE THE CHILDREN

MISS REMINGTON'S WORK IN THE SLUMS OF BUFFALO, N. Y., FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE TENEMENTS

MOTHERS' MEETING IN THE REMINGTON SETTLEMENT — MISS MARY E. REMINGTON — CORNER IN MISS REMINGTON'S NURSERY

STANDING outside a large building in Buffalo, N. Y., was a multitude of children of various ages, many nationalities and differing conditions of life. The rain began falling and soon here was a heavy downpour, but not a child stirred. No one wanted to lose the place of vantage near to the closed doors. Presently the lady for whom they were waiting arrived. "There she is! there she is! Here is Miss Remington," were cries of welcome, uttered in childish treble. The doors were opened and the children eagerly trooped in. They hurried to a large room, where they were evidently much at home. Miss Remington seated herself at a piano at one end of the room and began playing, while the children took their seats. Previous experiences prepared them to expect a treat and they had one. For over an hour, talk, interspersed with music and singing, kept them in a state of blissful ecstasy. Looking at the intent faces one could not but realize what a contrast that hour's pleasure was to the ordinary occupations of the squalid home in the neighboring tenements.

Miss Remington cheerfully explained what she was doing in that big building on Canal street, Buffalo. She has had some experience in rescue work, and many a miserable man and outcast girl have learned from her the way of deliverance from evil life and gained encouragement in beginning a better course by the power of Christ. But it is hard work. Evil habits once formed have an awful power. Bad connections and evil associates, too often undo the good work, and the victim, almost delivered, is lured back again into the old bondage.

How much better it would be, Miss Remington thought, if the children could be reached before evil habits gained power over them. It was easy to learn from a visit to their homes, or even by a walk through the streets on which they were situated, why they went astray. The little stifling rooms that they called home were often dirty, untidy, and miserable. There was no comfort there, no place to play, and the air was reeking with vile odors. The street was not much better, but here, at any rate, was room to move and room to play. But the street was a terrible school of vice.

It was at New Haven, Conn., that Miss Remington engaged in rescue work. When she went to Buffalo she began with the children. She gained permission to use the old Grand Trunk Depot, and she gathered from the streets some little children for a kindergarten, and some older ones for a Sunday School. Her happy faculty for interesting the little ones won her a large circle of child friends, who grew to love her and almost worship her. But she needed a permanent home,

TEACHERS OF CHILDREN IN MISS REMINGTON'S INSTITUTE

with better advantages for her work. She saw a large building, which had a saloon on the ground floor, and dancing rooms and tenements above. With wonderful faith, she hired the whole building for a year and had it thoroughly cleansed and renovated. The old place soon swarmed with children, for Miss Remington kept open house. She arranged classes for the girls in which they were taught home service, dish-washing, bed-making, bread-baking, etc. In the boys' classes there was instruction in cabinet-making, chair-caning, shoemaking and mending, etc., and at regular intervals all met together for one of Miss Remington's talks and musical entertainments.

Whoever may have looked askance at the work at the outset, there is but one opinion of it now. The mothers and fathers soon perceived the improvement in the manners and disposition of their children. They were more respectful and more helpful than before, and there were some of the mothers who learned things from their little daughters that they did not know before. They became so impressed with the value of these lessons, that when Miss Remington invited them to a Mothers' meeting they eagerly accepted her invitation, and the Mothers' meeting has become a weekly institution. There lessons are given in cooking and sewing, and there is always a bright talk. Even the city authorities showed their appreciation of the improvement in the neighborhood by congratulating Miss Remington on her success.

We are glad to learn that the churches and religious societies have rendered valuable aid to this zealous worker. Gospel services are regularly held in the old building once devoted to drinking and dancing. Rev. W. E. Wadge has the general charge of them and leaders are assigned by the various denominations and Christian Endeavor societies. Many new departments have been added lately as the means increased. The nursery has been a most valuable innovation, affording tired mothers a little rest while they do their work, or enjoy one of Miss Remington's social meetings. A penny savings bank is a new departure that has quite a large business. Recently a good physician notified Miss Remington, that although he did not wish to pose as a philanthropist, he had seen so much of the good that she was doing, that he would willingly respond, free of charge, to any call she might make for medical service among her young friends. Other friends have shown similar appreciation in teaching and in providing funds for entertainments or outings. Thus encouraged the good work has progressed and has proved a blessing to the city.

THE GOSPEL AMONG THE SOLDIERS

What the Army Branch of the Y.M.C.A. is Doing

MEMBERS OF THE Y. M. C. A., AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND BRANCH, NEW YORK

For the Moral and Spiritual Good of the Soldier

WHILE patriotic citizens grow enthusiastic over the brave exploits of the boys in blue, there is frequently a feeling, silent or expressed, that the soldier is necessarily a wicked profligate man. Unhappily, there are sufficient examples in the army to give color to this idea, but there is abundant evidence that it would be a grievous injustice to regard the majority in that light. There are many good men wearing the national uniform—men of upright moral life, conscientious in word and deed. There might be many more such men if the efforts now being made by the Young Men's Christian Association had been made in years gone by. The soldier has fought our battles, he has brought honor and glory to our flag, and while we have attended to his material wants and have pensioned him when he has suffered in the service, we have not done all that we might have done for the saving of his soul. It is gratifying to know that an effort is now being made to remedy our faults in this respect. The Y. M. C. A. has taken the case in hand, and with intelligence and tact is striving to make the soldier a better man. It proceeds on the principle that by providing wholesome and moral amusements and by supplying the wants that the Government does not recognize, the soldier will be weaned from bad ways and will be grateful for the attention to his comfort. The principle has been found true. The soldier has appreciated the interest taken in his welfare and has gladly availed himself of the conveniences provided for his comfort. He has learned to know his best friends, and quite understands that it is better for him to follow their advice and be in their society than to spend his time and money loafing in resorts where he gets harm to body and soul.

At the opening of the Spanish-American War, as the soldiers were gathered in the Southern drill camps, they were accompanied by a peaceful army of young men numbering two hundred and fifty, who, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., sought to bring to the soldier some of the comforts and amenities of life which, by reason of his profession, he was deprived of. They accompanied the army into Cuba, they met it at Camp Wyckoff when it returned decimated by sickness and casualties of battle. On their return home, these young men began to inquire into the condition and needs of the soldiers located in our local posts. These posts are usually unprovided with chaplains, and the men find their recreation and their entertainment on the streets and in the resorts of our great cities. The vices of the city have followed the soldier, but few of its opportunities for improvement and elevation. By reason of a petition signed by some fifty soldiers, and by invitation of the commanding officer of Governor's Island, about two years ago, an Army Department was established of the New York City Y. M. C. A. in that fort. A casemate was fitted up with games, books and papers, and presided over by secretaries who were in deep sympathy with the soldier and who sought to inspire him with the desire to reach a higher standard of life. The attendance soon outgrew the casemate. In response to an invitation given by Major B. K. Roberts at the anniversary of the New York Association, March, 1899, Mr. William C. Dodge responded, and provided an attractive Colonial building for use as a club house and Association headquarters for the men of Governor's Island. This building has an average daily attendance of over one-half the entire garrison. It contains a reading room, library, lunch room, gymnasium, parlor, writing room, etc.

One way in which the Army Branch has been of great convenience to the men is in the matter of letter writing. The Association supplies everything necessary for correspondence except the postage stamp. 2,500 letters are written every month in the four Army Branches in New York, and many a mother's heart is made glad because the Association has made it so easy for her boy to write home. A Tennessee recruit, in asking for stationery, explained: "I bought this box of paper to write to my girl, but she liked the Y. M. C. A. paper best." Possibly it was the red, white and blue shield which attracted her, but more probably it was the fact that the letter was written in the Y. M. C. A., where many a tempted young man finds refuge.

The lunch room is a popular place of gathering. If the soldier tires of "artillery pudding," he gets a triangle of pie for a nickel, or, if the other army mess dishes have lost their savor, he can regale himself on pork chops or his favorite ham and eggs. It is here he also finds entertainment, and many an evening is pleasantly spent which otherwise would have found the soldier loitering around Battery Park or drifting about the city streets. On a recent evening at 6:30 every chair in the building (150) had a soldier in it waiting for the curtain to rise for a mock trial, a watermelon case, which was to be given by a young people's society of a city church, and at eight o'clock 230 men were packed in a room about 25x30, while every window from the outside had its quota of spectators seeking to see and hear what was going on.

Soldiers are not particularly noted for attending religious meetings, yet during October the twelve services held at Fort Columbus were attended on an average by over thirty men. Among the military prisoners in Castle William, where about two hundred are confined, two services a week are held, which are greatly enjoyed and are a great inspiration to the prisoners. It is an interesting sight, the groups of young men from whom the army uniform has been taken in disgrace. They sing as heartily as if they were in a church. The windows are barred, and the speaker and his audience are under the inspection of guards armed with heavy Colt revolvers. Many of these young men have determined to learn by their errors, and ha left the Castle new men in purpo and in Christ.

The soldier's life, notwithstan ing its military glitter, is a ve dreary one. He has no privac and is constantly associated wi profane and evil men. The e pressions of approval by office and men of the efforts of the M. C. A. are universal. A rece recruit expressed his apprec tion of the building by saying th if it had not been for that bui ing and those meetings he c tainly would not have been al to stand the "breaking in" pr cess. In his own words, "I wou have cut freight." The life stc of each one of these soldiers a most interesting one, and many a thrilling tale confided to the secretary and his co-workers. In o of the forts in New York harbor there is a sold who claims to be a socialist, but he talks a good d about anarchism. He is being taught as a gunner fire a 750-pound shell, which would wreck any sk scraper in the city or, if rightly placed, a whole c block. Being of alien birth he is not particularly sympathy with our institutions. This man's leisure almost wholly spent in the Army Branch of the Y. C. A., and though he may not understand its genius cannot but understand its kindness, for kindness is t universal language of the love of the Divine Exemp which makes this Army Branch an open sesame to t hearts of the men.

The work at Governor's Island is being duplicated three other forts in New York Harbor. A few mont ago a battalion of four-hundred men came up fr Puerto Rico. They had been there sixteen mont without a chaplain and in a tropical climate, whe temptation abounds, where a quart of rum can bought for ten cents. These men were eight mont at Governor's Island, and were then forwarded China, but in the organization were forty-two soldi who were members of the Army Branch of the Y. C A., a significant fact for those who love the St and Stripes.

The work, as yet, is only at its beginning, and it w become more effective as time passes. One need l already been perceived. A piano or an harmoni would add much to the attraction of the rooms. I funds are available as yet for this purpose, but the m agers hope that some kind friends will supply the ne

Mr. George A. Sanford, Secretary of the Ar Branch of the Y. M. C. A., to whom we are indebt for these facts, points out that the soldier is unable reserve from his scanty pay any more than a nomi fee for membership. There is, therefore, a chronic ficiency between receipts and expenditure. For t filling up of this financial gap, the Association must lo to the Christian public. Nor, we believe, will it look vain. The work has proved its usefulness; the resu are most encouraging, and such work is sure of suppo Men who recognize the fact that they are the stewar of Christ and use their means in the advancement his kingdom, must surely see in this effort for the be fit of the soldier, an opportunity that should not missed. It deserves the hearty and cordial support all who desire that the soldiers of our country shou become soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

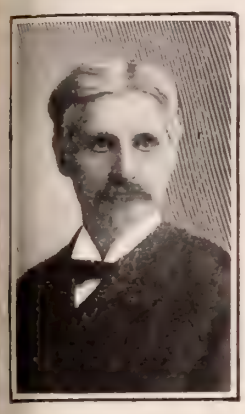
FRIENDS AT THE DEDICATION OF Y. M. C. A. ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y.

Y. M. C. A. READING AND WRITING ROOM AT FORT WADSWORTH, S. I.

NOTABILITIES OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS

The Complexion, Religious and Otherwise, of the National Legislators who Assembled this Week

THE great granite building on the Capitolian hill at Washington is again rife with life and excitement. All summer long, indeed, since the early days of spring, soon after the Fifty-sixth Congress adjourned, almost the entire structure has been in the hands of the builders. The west side of the central portion of the building, where the books of the Congressional Library were stowed away before their removal to their present magnificent home, has been remodeled into handsome and luxurious committee rooms. The Supreme Court quarters, in the east wing, has been completely made over. Its roof has been raised, its dimensions have been extended, new flooring put in, and the whole room freshly decorated. The Representative Hall has also been enlarged, and furnished with chairs and desks similar to those which were put in the Senate chamber two years ago. In short, all of the Capitol presents a very spick and span appearance for the Fifty-seventh Congress, which begins its busy session next week.



HON. W. GARDNER

It is an interesting body of men which this Congress brings together. They will represent some of the brightest brains, and, it might be added, some of the largest bank accounts in the country. Of its four hundred and forty-five members, one hundred and nine will, with two or three exceptions, take their places for the first time in these chambers, and be initiated into the honors, the pleasures, and, alas, also into the disillusionment, the testing, and the trying experiences of a Congressman's life. Politically, the Congress is divided into two hundred and fifty-four Republicans, one hundred and eighty-one Democrats, and ten Independents.

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There is no danger of the session being dull this winter, not by any means! It can safely be predicted that even the new member, who generally finds himself at such a loss during his first term, will discover plenty to keep him busy. To begin with, it is the long session, and that always means more downright hard work than can be undertaken in the short one, but, aside from that, there are measures of the gravest moment which must be brought up for legislation. The Isthmian waterway, the Ship Subsidy, the Cuban, and Philippine vexed questions, are among a few of the more important that will be considered. That it is to be an unusually momentous term is evidenced by that most infallible of signs—the immense lobby that has already settled down in the town for the winter.

The Fifty-seventh Congress is not, by a large majority, a body of old men, but does not contain as many members below the forty-year line as did the Fifty-sixth. In the United States Senate, only two fall below that age—Beveridge of Indiana, and Bailey of Texas. There are eight Senators, however, below forty-five, and nine between that and fifty. Between the years of fifty and sixty, there are twenty-nine; between sixty and seventy, there are twenty-four, while fourteen Senators have passed their seventieth birthdays. Alabama's junior Senator, Mr. Pettus, is the senior solon of the chamber in point of years, having reached his four-score milestone. His colleague, Senator Morgan, ranks next, at seventy-seven, and Senators Hawley and Hoar are the two members who are in their seventy-fifth years. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, who has been in the Senate for twenty-two years, and Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who has been there for twenty-six, are both seventy-four. All of the older men of the Senate have seen long terms of service excepting Mr. Pettus.

HON. JOSEPH SIMON

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It has become quite a practice to refer to the United States Senate as a club of rich men, but on the whole, and especially in speaking of both it and the House, the term does not apply. Of course, there are some very rich men in both the upper and lower branches. Mr. Clark of Montana, Mr. Kearns of Utah, Mr. Hanna of Ohio, Mr. Kean of New Jersey, Mr. Elkins of West, Virginia, and Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island, are the multi-millionaires of the Senate, while Messrs. Platt and Depew, of New York, Wetmore of Rhode Island, Foraker of Ohio, Foster of Washington, Jones of Nevada, Lodge of Massachusetts, Patterson of Colorado, Perkins of California, Quay of Pennsylvania, Scott of West Virginia, Warren of Wyoming, Proctor of Vermont, and about a half-dozen members of the House are by no means poor. They all could probably write their individual checks in six figures. The wealth this body represents is not apt to make it of any less import in the eyes of society matrons of the Capital who are the mothers of beautiful and marriageable daughters. That there are eight widowers and four eligible bachelors in the Senate, with double that number in the House, will mean for them an endless round of dinner and theatre parties, five o'clock teas, and receptions, if they are once entrapped in these delusive fascinations. There will be two bridegrooms in the Senate; New York's famous after-dinner-story-telling former railroad magnate, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, whose wedding in Paris, will take place early in December, and Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, who marries a distant kinswoman of the same name, about the time Congress convenes.

HON. JAS. E. WATSON

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This Congress is distinctively a body of American-born citizens, although there are in the Senate ten members whose births occurred on foreign soil. Two of that number chanced first to see the light of day under alien skies while their American parents were visiting abroad. All of the three hundred and eighty-five members of the House are native-born, except seventeen—its distinguished Speaker, who was born in Scotland, being one of the exceptions. It is interesting to note in this connection that while there are but comparatively few who register as farmers (three in the Senate and fifteen in the House) that one hundred and fifty-nine of them (twenty-one in the upper, and one hundred and thirty-eight in the lower body) were either born or spent part of their boyhood on farms. Notwithstanding this fact, or rather, perhaps, owing to this fact, they are a company of well-educated men. While many of them are self-made, in the sense that from early youth they have made their own way in life, one hundred and sixty-nine of them have been college-bred.

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It is a distinctively American body in this also, that almost every profession and calling are represented in its membership. Of course, the followers of the legal profession outnumber all others two to one. In the Senate, there are sixty-four lawyers, and in the House, two hundred and twenty-four. Arkansas and Mississippi's delegations are entirely comprised of them, and all of Georgia's but one. Connecticut is notable in that none of her Representatives belong to that profession, but as both of her Senators are legal advisers she is not likely to suffer from that. Forty-seven of the Congressmen are engaged in mercantile pursuits; fourteen are editors, eight are bankers, and six acknowledge themselves mine owners. There are several teachers among them, with but one college president. There are two physicians and one druggist; one who is the president of an express company, and another who is the president of an insurance company; there is one who was a former Comptroller of a State treasury, and another who was State Treasurer. There is one postmaster, who has seen twenty-two years of service in a New England town. There is one minister in the four hundred and forty-five members, and while there are probably a number of others who are engaged in the liquor traffic there is but one who announces himself as a brewer.

HON. H. M. GOLDFOGLE

Thirteen of the Senators were Governors of their States before coming to Washington, and several made enviable records for themselves. Mr. Warren was twice appointed Territorial Governor of Wyoming, and elected to that office after its admittance to Statehood. Senator Tillman served two terms as Governor of South Carolina. His second administration was signalized by the passage of the much-discussed dispensary liquor law. Senator Foster was the leader against the lottery forces in 1890, when the Legislature of Louisiana refused to grant the lottery company a renewal of its charter. He was subsequently nominated for Governor by the anti-lottery forces, and defeated Mr. McEnery, who is now his colleague in the Senate. Mr. Simmons, the new Senator from North Carolina, although never its Governor, was an active factor in the Legislature of his State.

HON. C. A. SULLOWAY

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Our lawmakers are not lacking in either pedigree or ancestry. Many of them come from colonial and revolutionary stock. Senator Pettus was the son of a revolutionary captain, and Senator Deboe, of Kentucky, was the grandson of another one. Senator Taliferro, of Florida, is a descendant of his great, great-grandfather, who came from England in 1650. Representative Livingston's grandfather served under Washington; Senator Foster's forebears landed at Ipswich in 1638, and his parents were Wisconsin pioneers. Senator Gallinger's great-grandfather emigrated to the United States from Holland previous to our difference with England in 1776. General Grosvenor, Ohio's best-known member of the House, has a family record of which he is particularly proud. His grandfather was a colonel in the Revolutionary War; his father was a major in the war of 1812 and he himself is a veteran of the Civil War. The new member from the Peekskill district, New York, Mr. Cornelius Pugsley is the seventh in direct descent in his father's family. His grandfather and father served also in the wars of the Revolution and 1812.

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While there is but one minister of the Gospel in the Fifty-seventh Congress—Reverend Washington Gardner, a Methodist clergyman from Michigan—there are six sons of ministers among its members. Senator Quay's father was a distinguished Presbyterian divine, who preached for nearly sixty years throughout Pennsylvania. Senator Deboe, and Senator Bacon, of Georgia, were both sons of Baptist ministers. Representatives Warnock of Ohio, and Gooch of Kentucky, are the sons of pioneer Methodist ministers, who were actively engaged in itinerating for fifty years in their respective States. Representative Calderhead, of Kansas, is a worthy son of the late Reverend E. B. Calderhead, a Western minister of the Presbyterian Church. Representative Lanahan of Texas, is the father of a son who is a Methodist clergyman. But while the ministry itself has not a large representation in the highest legislative halls, there is scarcely a denomination of the land which has not some adherents among our lawmakers. Many of them are aggressive church-workers. Mr. Watson of Indiana, has been president of his State's Epworth League for a number of years, and affiliates with that organization in the Methodist churches of Washington. Mr. Lester of Georgia, and Mr. Bates of Pennsylvania, are both Baptists, who are well-known church-workers. Mr. Bates has been a member of his church at Meadville since he was a lad of twelve; he is its secretary of the Board of Trustees, and until recently was the superintendent of its Sabbath School.

HON. RUFUS E. LESTER

Mr. Candler, one of the new members from Mississippi, is another Baptist who has held high offices in his denomination, and while he is not a preacher, he is frequently called upon in his neighborhood to assist in conducting revival services. Mr. Evans of Pennsylvania, is a trustee of the Congregational Church of Ebensburg, and has been the superintendent of its Sunday School for the past five years. Mr. Haskins of Vermont, has been a member of Saint Michael's Episcopalian Church of Brattleboro for thirty-five years, and a good part of that time one of its wardens and vestrymen.

These are but a few of those who have written of their active participation in church endeavors, but while this is the case, it is also true with the majority of them that they are, as Senator Allison of Iowa expressed it, "Good brothers-in-law to the churches, for we all pay our dues." Denominationally, the Methodists lead in both the Senate and House, there being eighty-two members who themselves, or their families, affiliate with that denomination. The Presbyterian Church comes next with sixty-eight adherents; then follows the Episcopalian with fifty-seven; the Baptist with forty-four; the Congregationalist with thirty-two; the Roman Catholic with thirty; the Lutheran with ten; the Christian with seven; the Universalist with six; the Unitarian and Dutch Reform, each with three; and the Swedish and Swedenborgen each with one. There are two Salvationists in the House, its tallest member, Mr. Sulloway of New Hampshire, and Mr. J. F. Kern, the editor of the Bellville, Ills., News. There is one Hebrew in the Senate, Mr. Simon of Oregon, and five in the House. But one of these, Judge Goldfogle of New York, indicated his church preferences. He and his mother attend the Temple Rodeph Sholom at the corner of Lexington avenue and Thirty-sixth street. This leaves ninety-three Members of Congress who, while expressing their faith in all denominations, preferred not to indicate any special preference.

ABBY G. BAKER.

HON. A. L. BATES

American Church in Berlin

Mr. F. M. Prescott, now in Berlin, writes to friends in this country that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has contributed $10,000 toward the completion of the American church building in Berlin. The structure will shortly be completed, and will be free from debt. $40,000 was paid for the site on Nollendorf Platz, and the building will cost about $40,000 more. It will have a seating capacity of 450, and a tower 120 feet high. The services will continue to be interdenominational, as heretofore. Rev. Dr. Dickey, the pastor, through his energetic efforts, has been largely instrumental in bringing the project to a successful completion. Mr. Prescott writes:

The church now holds its services in the Y. M. C. A. hall. Dr. Dickie told of his making three trips to America to get funds for the building of the church, but as it was interdenominational no particular church or society felt bound to help it, and he was obliged to return and beg personally for it. On Sunday, Sept. 15, the Sabbath following the death of President McKinley, appropriate services were held in the church, the pastor preached a sermon for the occasion. The choir was dressed in black, and the church was draped with flags and mourning. Fully 300 persons were standing, unable to obtain seats. Very impressive services were held in our church the day of President McKinley's burial.

"SAVED AND THY HOUSE" * The Passover

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR DEC. 15.
EXODUS 12: 1-17

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

GOLDEN TEXT:
CHRIST, OUR PASSOVER, IS SACRIFICED FOR US. 1. COR. 5: 7

The Lesson Story

LET us imagine ourselves in the Temple at Jerusalem about 3 P.M., April 14, A.D. 30. The Court of Israel is thronged with men, and the galleries of the Court of the Women are filled with women, all alike eager to witness the offering of the pascal lamb. The priests are standing in a long row around the great brazen altar of burnt offering, separated from the Court of Israel only by a low coping, passing blood in silver basins, the blood of the pascal lamb, from one to the other, the last priest pouring it out upon the great altar. The crowds keep coming, each man bringing a lamb, which is killed, and the blood passed to the altar—not less than a quarter of a million lambs in all. Each man goes away carrying the lamb that he and his family are to eat.

Let us follow one man to his home. The table is spread as for a hasty meal. A large plate is placed upon the table, on which there is a piece of slightly-roasted lamb, and just beside it, on the same plate, is a hard-boiled egg and bitter herbs and green onions. There are also flat sheets of very thin bread, and four goblets of wine. When the members of the family gather around the table, they are dressed as for a journey, with walking sticks in their hands, their clothing being fastened tidily and securely by girdles, so as to be out of their way when walking. Their eating is mingled with praise and prayer and song. "Why do we have this kind of a supper, father?" asks one of the youngest boys. "And why have so many lambs been killed to-day?"

The father points to the little box or phylactery which he wears upon his forehead, fastened there with leather straps, and to another upon his arm, and says, "In these, my son, the command of our God is written that we shall every year observe this Feast of the Passover, and teach our children the meaning of it. I will tell you what Passover means. Long, long years ago, when our forefathers were bondmen in Egypt, and when their sorrows were great, because they were cruelly treated by the Egyptians, being made to work like slaves, and beaten by taskmasters, they cried to God for help. And God heard their cry, and promised to bring them out of Egypt into the land of Canaan, which should be their very own. But the Pharaoh of Egypt, the king, was quite determined that they should not go, and God had to punish him very severely before he would let them go. The last punishment was the hardest of all, for God sent the angel of death into the king's house, and into the house of every Egyptian, and in every house there was one dead, the oldest child. But God told the death angel to pass over the houses of our fathers, and the sign by which the death angel knew which were the houses he must not enter was the blood of a lamb, which our fathers had been told to sprinkle on their door-posts. Our fathers were told by the great Moses, who got the command from God, that they must be ready to start on that dreadful night, that they must have a supper of lamb and bitter herbs all prepared, and they must be dressed for the journey.

"We are doing the same to-night, that we may show our God that we remember his loving kindness. And our celebration has another meaning that I would have you know. We are cruelly treated now, not by Egyptians, but by Romans, and our God has promised to deliver us by sending his own son from heaven to be our Messiah-King. So in the Passover we think of both the past and the future. We do not now put the blood of lambs on our door-posts, but we sprinkle it on the Temple altar, and by that sign we are known to be the people of the true and living God. The lamb which we eat together, a part of which has been placed on the altar, God's part, makes this a meal of friendship with God. We eat with him as with a friend.

"The egg will be hard for you to understand, my son. It is to make us think of those whom God drowned in the sea, when they were following our fathers to bring them back. Let us remember them with sorrow, and not with hatred. The 'bitter herbs' are to remind us of the cruelty our fathers suffered, and also of the sorrow which comes to us from our sins. The onions and the unleavened bread are the food of the poor. While we eat these reminders of our fathers' poverty, we must remember thankfully that everything we have is the gift of God. And the wine is a picture of God's love poured out for us."

He who has seen the blooming of the century plant can never forget it, but a greater fruition was at hand. On that, the fifteen hundredth anniversary of the Passover, it was about to burst into its fullness of meaning. But only one soul in all Jerusalem realized how momentous was the time. At the very hour when the Jewish father was telling his boy the Passover story, the very Messiah who should redeem Israel was in an upper room with his apostles, eating the pascal supper that was passing into the "Lord's Supper," a memorial of redemption from the bondage of sin through the blood of the Lamb of God, a feast of brotherhood also in which all kindred by that blood should meet as one household.

Illustration and Application

The last of the Passovers passed over into the first "Lord's Supper," bud becoming blossom, the slain lamb giving place to the broken loaf, the blood turning to wine. It is therefore necessary to understand the Passover in order to understand the Lord's Supper, and both are to be studied as pictures of the Cross, in which bud and blossom have become the ripened fruit of "finished" redemption. Both suppers are golden links in the chain of covenants between God and man, whose history is the history of redemption—the covenants of God with Adam, Noah, Abraham, which, with the covenants of the Passover and of Sinai, make up the "old covenant," or testament, that led on to what Jesus called, at the Lord's Supper, "the new covenant, or testament, in my blood." This "new" and "better covenant" was pictured in advance by the Passover, which, on the Egyptian side, was a symbol of God's justice and wrath, as we learned in the last lesson; but on the Hebrew side, a symbol of God's love and mercy. "The children of Israel had light in their dwellings." But their escape from the plagues was not because they were faultless. The 20th chapter of Ezekiel tells us they had been greatly corrupted by the idolatries and vices of their masters. It was not their goodness, but God's grace that saved them in unmerited mercy. Not on the score of "worthiness" were men admitted to the Lord's table, even in that first Passover, but through obedient faith. No doubt the very simplicity of the conditions of deliverance stumbled many of the Hebrews, who were probably as reluctant as when Christ calls them to "believe and receive and confess him."

Listen at the door of this Hebrew cabin. The mother is reproaching the father because he has brought home no lamb for his household. The shades of evening are alread gathering. At midnight the destroying angel is expecte but the doors of this home have no sign of the blood. Th Hebrew is the secretary of an Egyptian priest, from whom has learned enough to make him proud, but not enough make him either humble or wise. He answers his wife thu 'I have my doubts whether God ever really authorize Moses to scare us with that story of the death angel. I a not going to be frightened into religion anyhow. Even if t angel of justice comes I have nothi to fear. Our drunken neighbor do well to put blood on his door, but t messenger of justice would never m lest such an upright man as I am. T be sure, I have stopped praying to J hovah because it would displease n Egyptian master, and make me losen place, and he would not let me off rest or worship on the Sabbath if should ask it; but I always pay n debts, and live a good moral life. I stead of putting blood-marks on t door, I will write out a statement my charities, and tack it up, with tes monials of my good character Sure that is worth more than a few drops blood. I don't like the doctrine of t blood anyway. It smells of the sha bles." Thus he moves to amend Goc plan of salvation to make it rea "When I see your moralities and cha ties I will pass over you." His fir born girl, however, makes such an ad that he finally compromises, and han up a live lamb on the outside of t door, which he also doubly bolts. " a lamb is of any value, surely it is t lamb's life, and not its death, that w save us," he says.

In another Hebrew cabin, the fath is preparing to be busy at midnig with ablutions and prayers, thinkin that such religious ceremonies ha more saving efficacy than a few dro of blood. He has moved to amer God's simple plan of salvation to rea "When I see your ceremonies I will pass over you."

Beside a third cabin, the father stands with whip and tc ture belts, about to shed his own blood, to put that on t door as having more merit than any other blood. He h moved to amend God's plan, "When I see your penances, will pass over you."

In a fourth cabin, the father is reasoning with his wi thus: "I have killed the lamb as God commanded, for we b lieve the destroying angel will come, as he has said, but it surely unnecessary to put any blood on the door, for Gc sees everything, and knoweth them that are his."

In another cabin, the father is distressed because he has deep emotion about his sins and God's plan of salvation. H seems to think God's word should read, "When I see yo feelings I will pass over you." However, he doubting slays the lamb, and puts the blood drops on the door, sayin "I cherish a hope that we may be saved." "Cherish a hope exclaims his wife; "a hope of wha God has promised to save all who tru and obey, who slay the lamb, and p out the mark of the blood. You 'che ish a hope' that God will not lie? H promise is ground for glad assuranc What he has said is as good as done

Midnight! The loud outcries of b reavement come from Egyptian hom afar, and nearer sounds the beating wings. At the door of the disobedie moralist the death angel cries, "Y knew your duty, and ye did it not At the door of the formalist he say "Obedience is better than sacrifice Wherever the blood drops have bee put upon the door in obedience, thoug with little faith, those within are saf though assurance makes a happier fea than a faint hope.

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THE OBSERVANCE OF THE PASSOVER BY A JEWISH FAMILY IN NEW YORK

(The vacant chair is set for the Prophet Elias)

THE INSTITUTION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER AT THE PASSOVER FEAST

This Passover story is, first and mo of all, an interpretation of redemptio

Redeemed by Blood

which means the pu chased emancipatio from slavery of one wh could not free himsel Sin is, in a very real sense, a bondag A threefold emancipation is neede from (1) the guilt, (2) the power, (3) th love of sin. This emancipation th sinner cannot himself accomplis Every hour he is bound to live the bes life he can live by divine help. Hence he has no hours in which to atone fo sinful hours. Only the red coin of th Saviour's sinless heart can pay the pric of his redemption. Nor is there an power, except an indwelling Christ, mighty enough to hol down sin in these future hours. And it is but a strife, and no freedom, to resist sin while still desiring it. Only "love di vine, all love excelling," can displace the love of sin, makin him love what God loves, and hate what God hates.

The Lion of Judah can break every chain
And give us the victory again and again.

There is a suggestion of family religion, and also of th "bitter herbs" of affliction, which, taken as food in the Pass over, suggested that the Hebrews had been blessed by "th bread of tears."

The Needle's Eye

A NEW SERIAL STORY WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Chapter II.—A Mysterious Stranger

DURING the three days in which the dead woman lay in the back room of the undertaker's shop in Tacitus Four Corners, all the countryside emptied itself before the door. Solemn-faced farmers with their wives; children on their way to school; grimy young women and grimier young men, operatives in the cotton factory across the river; old people scarce able to drag their bodies from the warm nooks and corners where they dozed away their vacant days, one and all found their way into the bare little room dignified for the nonce by the terrible name—morgue.

There had been set on foot, as a matter of course, certain official inquiries, which had led up, after the frequent manner of official inquiries, to the dead wall of the unknowable. A vast number of excited rumors and gossiping surmises ended at the same impassable point. If the white mystery in Erastus Winch's barn had been dropped there out of the icy arms of the storm, its story could not have been more deeply shrouded from prying eyes.

Eliphalet Dundor—familiarly known on ordinary occasions as Liph—was disposed to regard the present "sad occasion" as an auspicious event in his business career. As coroner and undertaker, his professional pride had been deeply gratified by the prominent position in the eyes of his fellow-citizens which he now occupied. He wore uninterruptedly his most impressive air of perfunctory solemnity—becoming-ly tempered with alert politeness, together with his official suit of black clothes.

In the front of the shop certain elaborately trimmed coffins were displayed, at which the visitors cast curious glances as they passed in and out of that other room, where lay the cold presence of the dead.

"Walk right up, ladies an' gentlemen, an' view these elegant goods at your leisure," said Mr. Dundor, with a professional wave of his hand. "Now that you've taken a look at her you really can't afford to go away without seeing how comf'table we c'n make the dear departed here in Tacitus Four Corners. There 's only jest one thing we're certain of, ladies, in this vale of sorrers—we must all die some day or another, each an' every one of us. An' whilst we're su'vivors it's the greatest of all earthly comforts to feel that the dear departed is laid away by one that knows how to conduct the arrangements so 't you may say it's a pleasure to be the corpse." Many of the women shed tears excitedly as they left Mr. Dundor's emporium. It was unanimously conceded to be "more interestin' than a reg'lar fun'ral."

The short December day was drawing to its close with a gorgeous pageant of crimsons and purples which streamed far across the wintry land, kindling the village panes and windows into gem-like splendor. But his celestial radiance penetrated the dusty window-panes of Mr. Dundor's shop and mingled with the uncertain light of a smoky kerosene lamp, which, for convenience sake, was placed on the upturned lid of a pine coffin. After the active duties of the day the worthy undertaker had permitted himself the relaxation of a short clay pipe stuffed with malodorous tobacco, the while he "set up" a reception cle of the poorest and commonest kind for the meek figure which lay in the shadows beyond. The article upon which Mr. Dundor was industriously engaged differed widely from the fantastic affairs which he had displayed to the admiring public earlier in the day; a combination of wood shavings, euphemistically termed excelsior, with certain scant breadths of breezy cambric of an unpleasant bluish white, were the simple materials with which he was lining the narrow pine box of ominous shape. It was, in short, a pauper's coffin, on which profits were reduced to a point which brought a commensurate scowl to the workman's forehead. At sound of a shrill tinkle, twice repeated, which marked the opening and closing of the outer shop door, Mr. Dundor laid down his hammer, and tiptoeing across the room, applied one eye to a knot-hole in the partition. After a brief reconnaissance he hastily divested himself of his overalls and extinguished his pipe.

The newcomer stood in the midst of the shop, glancing at him somewhat uncertainly over the collar of his great coat. He was a short man, much muffled up, and wearing a slouched hat pulled well down over his eyes; Mr. Dundor's alert eyes took in these details as he advanced on creaking tiptoe from the inner room. He bowed his sleek head with a tentative air of concern and sympathy. "Ah, my dear sir, good evening," he began, sucking in the corners of his lips with a windy sigh. "Was there anything—ah—I could do for you in the mortuary line, sir? A sudden bereavement perhaps—yes, yes!"

"There was a woman," said the stranger, in a harsh metallic voice, at sound of which the undertaker again bowed low, caressing the glossy knees of his trowsers with uncertain fingers. "A woman, found dead—in a barn, was it? Can't say; just chanced to see it in newspaper. Detained at your wretched junction for an hour or more. Concluded to pass away the time by looking the matter up."

"MR. DUNDOR'S LEAN HAND CLOSED UPON THE ROLL OF BILLS"

"There was a woman; yes, sir; certainly—quite right. Found dead, as you say, sir, in a barn. Sad case—very. Funeral to-morrow."

"Let me see her."

"Certainly—to be sure. The public has been admitted as a matter of precaution—that is, with the view of securing some further evidence. I have the honor of being coroner of this deestrict, sir."

The stranger made no comment; but a certain alertness in his manner called forth a further remark from Mr. Dundor. "We have not as yet succeeded in identifying the remains," he said, frowning and thrusting out his lips with an air of judicial wisdom. "Sad case—very. Now you don't happen to be a possible acquaintance of the deceased, do you, sir?"

They were standing at the side of the dead woman, and the observant undertaker fancied that the aquiline features visible above the high coat collar quivered for an instant. "You don't happen to—ah—know this unfortinit young woman, do you, sir?" he repeated, with an insinuating smile.

The stranger turned sharply around. "What do you mean—confound you—by asking such a question?" he demanded in a low, fierce voice. "No, I don't know the woman. Why should I? Didn't I tell you what I came for? I came to please myself—to amuse myself! I said so, didn't I?"

"Oh—ah, yes, certainly, my dear sir; no offense intended; no offense whatever. But as coroner of this 'ere deestrict, you know, an' with no evidence whatever—Sad case, very, an' a nameless child, too—a very sad an' melancholy occasion, to be sure!"

"A child!" interrupted the other, sharply. "But nonsense, I don't see it!"

"There was a child—yes, certainly. The child was living—is living, I may say."

"Humph!"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't quite catch the remark."

The stranger turned his back upon the dead woman. "The funeral is to-morrow, I believe you said?"

"Yes, sir, to-morrow, at ten o'clock sharp; at the expense of the town—an' mighty little expense it is. I've buried the paupers in this 'ere community nigh onto twenty years, an' there ain't a dollar of profit in it—not a dollar."

The stranger glanced at the pine box with its cambric linings. "This is for her, I suppose," he said coldly.

"Yes, sir; an' a mighty roomy an' stylish coffin it is for a pauper. She 'll lie quiet enough, once she's put away. I ain't sure it makes much difference to 'em anyhow; it's the su'vivors 'at's pertic'lar. I c'n show you some elegant goods in all the latest styles, if you was interested in seein' 'em, sir."

"I have a fancy—mind you, it's a mere whim of mine to see this—this pauper buried decently," said the stranger, fixing his frowning gaze on the undertaker. "I should n't care to think of a dog in that!" He indicated the box with a slight gesture.

"If you—ah—happened to know anyone who is an acquaintance, or perhaps a relative of the deceased, you—" Mr. Dundor's eyes were roving inquisitively over the person of his visitor, but his words died away into an inarticulate mumble before the fierce look in the eyes above the high coat-collar. He rubbed his hands together apologetically. "You understand my position, sir, as coroner of this dees—"

"You heard what I said," broke in the stranger with a scornful shrug. "If you care to listen to what I say, then do so without remark, my time is limited."

"Certainly, my dear sir; I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I'm always ready an' anxious to ah—serve the b'reaved in any an' all—"

"Have the goodness to attend me. Place the body of the woman in your best casket. Seal it up and bury it without delay. What has passed between us need not be mentioned. This whim of mine—a mere fancy which came into my mind as I saw the woman—need not become common talk. Do you understand?"

Mr. Eliphalet Dundor's lean hand closed upon the roll of bills which the other man offered. "Very generous of you, sir, I'm sure. Nothing to be ashamed of, certainly. I—ah—quite understand, I assure you. Natural modesty of benevolent gent'man; prevent left hand knowin' right hand's doin's—eh? Everything shall be as you wish, sir; elegant casket, satin linin's, pillers soft and easy to the head, silver trimmin's, an'——"

The sound of the outer shop door as it shut to with a sharp protest from the rusty bell informed Mr. Dundor that he was once more alone.

"Curious circumstance—very," he muttered to himself. "If there had been any marks of violence on the body now, I should have felt justified in making an arrest

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OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. [illegible] $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner possible. Drafts, Express or Post-office Money-orders are preferred. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage.—For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Scepticism on the Retreat

INFIDELITY is the deadest of all dead failures. All intelligent and rightly disposed people are coming back to the only catholicon. All the good that has ever been done has been done by the Christian religion. It has built all the asylums, endowed all the colleges, lifted all the observatories, and all that infidelity has ever done put together would not keep a country poor-house from extinction. Hence, up go the churches—more than a thousand of them in the United States in a year. So many adverse influences were hanging on the wheels of the Gospel chariot that it may have been somewhat impeded, but its future acceleration will more than make up for any slackened speed in the past. Since Christianity first began its march, it has made retrogression but once, and that in the fourteenth century. It fell back to five million Christians less than in the previous century, but in the following century it rallied and recovered all the ground lost, and ever since has been marching on, until it is estimated that there are four hundred and thirty million disciples of Jesus Christ. The music most appropriate for the church of God to-day is the grand march.

In all matters, let us cultivate the habit of expecting that the best things will happen. God has governed this world so long that he must know how to govern it. The Divine administration does not change every four years. From everlasting to everlasting. In his hand we had better put everything. It is not worth while for us to bother about the future. If some other God were to be enthroned, we might well be in trepidation; but the same principles of wisdom and goodness and love which have characterized the past will characterize the future. Limited monarchy will, after a while, cease, and Republican and Democratic forms of government will give way, and the world will swing clear around to the government under which it started, namely a theocracy, which is a government by the immediate direction of God. But without waiting for that political revolution, let us by loyalty of heart and life put ourselves under the Divine government. Let us belong to the theocracy now. The mountains may depart, and the hills be removed, kingdoms may dissolve, and the world may perish; but those who trust in God shall abide strong and happy forever.

Agnostic Institutions

SOME articles have appeared of late in the press regarding the splendid record made by agnostics in building up great institutions for men's welfare and happiness. It is claimed by these writers, that "it looks very much as if the agnostics were at least as generous as those holding opposite views." The additional claim is also made that "much of the money given to the Christian church comes from men who profess no religion." Then follows a list of the great charitable institutions that infidelity has planted in this country, viz.: Girard College, Philadelphia; Lick Observatory, California; and the gift of Wallace C. Andrews, of New York, of $5,000,000 to found a college of girls modelled after Girard. Then having exhausted the list, three in all, reference is made to Mr. Butland, of Toronto, Canada, giving $50,000 for a hospital. Then, in a short apology for the meagreness of the list, states that Mr. Ingersoll and Professor Haeckel, the apostles of agnosticism, died poor, and were not able to endow hospitals, colleges, or asylums.

It is the first time that infidelity, feeling the sting of reproach for its inhumanity, has made a reply to the home thrust that nearly all the great institutions of christendom for the relief of suffering humanity have been erected by Christian men. That judging by their fruits, humanity would fare ill if left to the tender mercies of infidelity. It is beneath the shadow of the Cross and the Christian sanctuary that nearly all these institutions for suffering beings flourish and are supported. It is faith in God that generates true compassion for man. Judaism has erected some noble institutions, orphanages, asylums, hospitals and colleges, and all over our land can be seen these visible tokens of a generous philanthropy. We are not disposed to belittle what few deeds stand to the credit of such agnostics as Girard, Lick, or Butland, but modesty ought to have restrained their pens from saying, as S. M. Farrell does in the New York *Tribune*, "that the agnostics were at least as generous as those holding opposite views."

It will be a dark day for suffering humanity the world over when it has to depend upon agnosticism for the support of existing charities, or planting of new institutions for the assuagement of its woes and sorrows. Until infidelity can score a far grander record than at present, its best policy is a modest silence.

Adulteration of Food

IT is hard to get anything in our cities that has not been touched of commercial fraud. Many things once a deception have ceased to be such. Once when you bought milk of the average milkman, you supposed it to be milk; but now you buy it for water and chalk, and so there is no deception. But who can estimate the outrage practiced on the community by sugars mixed with ground glass, and baking powders with alum instead of cream of tartar. Let the official authorities of our cities put on sharpest spectacles and spy out and expose this dreadful despoliation of the people's food. Let pepper be pepper, and not brick-dust. Let coffee be coffee, instead of chicory and dried horse-liver. Let the bread that comes in from the bakery be the staff of life, instead of the sickle of death. It is generally supposed that the upper rooms of a house control the lower, the sitting room managing the kitchen. So persons denounce dietary discussion as belittling, or as the poet puts it,

> Fat ox and goose itself oppose
> And blaspheme custard through the nose.

There never was a graver mistake. The skill of the kitchen decides the health, the disposition, and, to some extent, the morals of the whole establishment. Many a battle has been lost through the dyspeptic twinge of the commanding officer. We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that go wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum pudding, mingling lemonade and custard, unmasticable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, storehouses legislative halls and the destiny of empires. The kitchen knife has often cut off the brightest prospects. The kitchen gridiron has often consumed a commercial enterprise.

The Body Dedicated

IN these days when so many are indulging in physical culture, we sometimes wonder what use these people are going to make of their athletic attainments. I am far from throwing any discredit upon physical stamina. There are those who seem to have great admiration for delicacy and sickliness of constitution. I never could see any glory in weak nerves or sick headache. Whatever effort in our day is made to make the men and women more athletic should have the favor of every good citizen as well as of every Christian. Gymnastics may be positively religious. Good people sometimes ascribe to a wicked heart what they ought to ascribe to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's diseases. Those who never saw a sick day, have more to answer for than those who are the subject of lifetime infirmities. He who can lift twice as much as you can, and walk twice as far, and work twice as long, will have a double account to give in the judgment. How often it is that you do not find physical energy indicative of spiritual power? If a clear head is worth more than one dizzy with perpetual vertigo; if an eye quick to catch passing objects is better than one with vision dim and uncertain, then God will require of us efficiency just in proportion to what he has given us. Physical energy ought to be a type of moral power. We ought to have as good digestion of truth as we have capacity to assimilate food. Our spiritual hearing ought to be as good as our physical hearing. Our spiritual taste ought to be as clear as our tongue. But where you find a great many men who realize that they ought to use their money aright, and use their intelligence aright, how few men you find aware of the fact that they ought to use their physical organism aright? W[illegible] every thump of the heart, there is something sayi[ng] "Work! work!" and lest we should complain that [we] have no tools to work with, God gives us our hands a[nd] feet, with every knuckle, and with every joint, a[nd] with every muscle saying to us, "Lay hold and acco[m]plish something." But how often it is that men w[ho] physical strength do not serve Christ. They are like[ness] ship full manned and full rigged, capable of vast t[on]nage, able to endure all stress of weather, yet swingi[ng] idly at the docks; when these men ought to be crossi[ng] and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering a[nd] sin with God's supplies of mercy. How often it is t[hat] physical strength is used in doing positive damage, [or] in luxurious ease, when, with sleeves rolled up a[nd] bronzed bosom, fearless of the shafts of opposition [we] ought to be laying hold with all its might, and tuggi[ng] away trying to lift up this sunken wreck of a world. [It] is a most shameful fact that much of the business [of] the church and of the world must be done by th[ose] comparatively invalid. Richard Baxter, by reason [of] his diseases, all his days sitting in the door of the ton[b] yet writing more than a hundred volumes, and sendi[ng] out an influence for God that will endure as long as t[he] *Saints' Everlasting Rest.* Edward Payson, ne[ver] knowing a well day, yet how he preached and how [he] wrote, helping thousands of dying souls like himself [to] "swim in a sea of glory!" And Robert M'Cheyne, [a] walking skeleton, yet you know what he did in Dund[ee] and how he shook Scotland with zeal for God. Rob[ert] Hall, suffering excruciations so that while preachi[ng] he would have to stop and rest a little, and then g[et]ting up again would preach about heaven until t[he] glories of the celestial city dropped on the multitu[de] doing more work, perhaps, than almost any well m[an] in his day. Oh! how often it is that men with gr[eat] physical endurance are not so great in moral a[nd] spiritual stature.

Honest Merchants

WE sympathize more and more with the trials of bargain-makers. Go where you will, in town or country, you will find half a dozen shops struggling f[or] a custom that would only keep up one. And so they a[re] forced to undersell one another, and when they ha[ve] got down the prices all they can by fair means, some of them feel forced to get them lower by foul.

Now, what a contest it is for our honest, upright m[er]chants when they go out into this competition! Fr[om] January to December, it is one long struggle. No qu[iet] at night for their tossing limbs, and their brain that w[ill] not stop thinking. Even the Sabbath does not d[rive] back this tide of worldliness, for its wave dashes cl[ean] over the Church, and leaves its foam on the Bibles a[nd] the prayer-books. Men on salaries, men culturing th[eir] farms, do not understand that wear and tear of boc[y] mind and soul to which our merchants are subjected [in] this day, when their livelihood, their competency, th[eir] fortune, their business honor may all depend upon t[he] uncertainties of the next hour. This perpetual exci[te]ment of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, th[e] strain that exhausts the spirit, pushes many of our ve[ry] best merchants mid-life into the grave. They find th[at] Wall Street does not end at the East River: it ends [at] Greenwood. Their life dashed out against a money sa[fe]. If there is any class of men who have my praye[rs] it is these men who are toiling in merchandise to-da[y]. O! I wish I could rub out some of the lines of care fr[om] their brow and I wish I could lift some of the burde[n] from their heart. Take a long breath. God manag[es] all the affairs of your life and he manages them for t[he] best. Consider the lilies, they always have robes, a[nd] behold the fowls of the air, they always have nes[ts]. Bethink yourself of the fact that God did not inte[nd] you to be a pack-horse. Dig yourself out from t[he] hogsheads and the shelves, and with faith in Go[d] throw your fretfulness and fears to the wind. Y[ou] "brought nothing into the world, and it is certain y[ou] can carry nothing out."

Our Art Portfolio a Surprise

"The very fine pictures in the Art Portfolio received. Th[ey] are really very beautiful. You were very generous to ma[ke] us such a valuable present." MRS. C. C., Rutland, Mass.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Our National Policy

MANY and diverse are the important questions which await the action of Congress in the session beginning this week. By the time this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is in the hands of its readers, those questions will have been outlined in the President's message. It is reassuring to know, that although the hand that should have written it is now helpless in the grave, it will in all material matters be of the same character, and indicating the same policy, as the late lamented President would have presented. There will be no radical changes in our policy recommended, but only such developments as our growing national interests require. It is obvious that among the most conspicuous matters requiring the attention of Congress, will be some legislation tending to the protection of our public men and our free institutions from the dangerous class whose representative caused our national bereavement. This question may lead to a revision of our immigration laws, with the object of excluding the enemies of law and order who come to us from foreign lands. The subject of trusts and the labor troubles will also doubtless be considered, though probably without practical result. The advisability of granting subsidies for the development of our shipping interests ought also to be discussed. Most important also for the extension of our foreign trade will be a wise and careful consideration of the Reciprocity Treaties which have been negotiated. Happily the crucial subject of the Isthmian Canal appears to have been settled by Mr. Hay and the British Foreign Office in a way that will prove satisfactory to the Senate. It is reported that all the objections urged against the former treaty have been removed, and that a canal may now be built under American control. Mr. Hay deserves great credit for this difficult negotiation, as well as for the firm and dignified conduct of all our foreign relations. It was eminently welcome to the whole American people to learn from his recent speech in New York, how high this nation stands in the esteem of foreign governments, and how cordial are our relations with them. Mr. Hay added, with special reference to the South and Central American Republics, that our Government had no desire for their territories, that it wished the prosperity of all of them, and that peace and harmony might prevail among them. Our Government, he said, would not interfere in their disputes unless at the explicit request of both contending parties. It was also with a feeling of pride in our Government that the nation received his emphatic assurance that the administration is as incapable of bullying a strong nation as of wronging a weak one, and there will be no more a surrender of our own rights, than a violation of the rights of others. Such a policy, dignified, fair and equitable, will surely commend itself to Congress and to the American people, who, whatever their political party, are coming more and more to the belief expressed by the wise king:

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people (Prov. 14:34).

HON. JOHN HAY, SECRETARY OF STATE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

A Physician's Discovery

A well-known London physician has just sailed for England after making an extended tour through the United States. He had paid special attention to the mineral springs that he had visited during his tour and had analyzed their waters. He made the astonishing discovery that with one unimportant exception, there is no curative spring in Europe that is not in existence in this country. "In going," he said, "from one end of the United States to the other, I have kept a record of the qualities of the medicinal waters I have found and I am certain that every variety, with one exception, that we have in Europe is to be found here. If the people knew of them there would be a great decrease in the number of invalids who cross the Atlantic every year to take the treatment at the various spas. They might go for pleasure or amusement, but there is no need for them to go for medicinal waters while they have so abundant a supply at home." People in all times have made a like error in spiritual things. It is not necessary to go far or to do some great thing to receive healing for the soul, but only to believe on Christ.

Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? Or, who shall descend into the deep? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith (Rom. 10:6-8).

Recovery from Cancer

Many hopeless sufferers will be cheered by the news published by the New York *Herald*, in an interview with Dr. John E. Gilman, professor in the Hahnemann Medical College, in Chicago. The professor has been using the Roentgen rays in cancer cases for a year and a half past, and has cured over fifty cases by their means. One of them was a severe case of cancer of the face, which, as it affected the brain, was a very dangerous case. The patient, after being under treatment for two months, is now nearly well and is leaving the hospital. One man was so grateful for the recovery of his wife that he has presented a very valuable apparatus to the hospital. Only one patient who has submitted to the treatment has proved incurable, and the cause in that case was constitutional weakness, which prevented a thorough application of the rays. Dr. Gilman says that the rays, pouring light and electricity through the diseased parts kill the germs, at the same time stimulating the activity of recuperative powers. All that is necessary besides the rays is medicine to supply material for rebuilding the normal tissue. Dr. Gilman believes that in the near future the application of the rays will become general in all cases of cancer and the disease will be robbed of its terrors. Precious as light was always known to be, no one until recently seems to have suspected that any application of it could have curative powers. The ancient prophet, however, told us long ago that moral and spiritual maladies would yield to the light that may be had from God.

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily (Isa. 58:8).

Why the Power Failed

The street lights and the electric railroads of the western part of New York State, which derive their power from the apparatus at Niagara Falls, were suddenly cut off one day recently. The lights on the streets went out and all the trolley cars stood still. A fuse in the power house was burned out at the same moment thus complicating the trouble. Considerable delay occurred in locating the scene of the difficulty. It was ultimately found to be at Hoffman, a village west of Lockport. A man was sent there to ascertain the cause of the break. He found that it was due to the body of a cat which was lying across the wires. The animal had evidently climbed a pole, probably to look for birds. With its feet on one wire and its tail sweeping the other, it reached a place where the insulation was imperfect and instantly it fell dead while ten thousand volts passed through its body. It fell across the two wires and remained there, thus causing what the electricians call a short circuit. The animal's body was burned to a crisp. As soon as it was removed from the wires, the telegraph and telephone service and the surface cars received power and operations were resumed. It shows how slight and insignificant a cause may derange a mighty power and cause a suspension of its beneficial action. We easily recognize this fact in material matters, but are apt to forget it in our spiritual concerns. A lack of faith, or a sin that we call venial, may prevent even Almighty power effecting the benefit of an individual or a community. The Son of God himself found his infinite power to bless paralyzed by the unbelief of the people.

He could there do no mighty work, and he marvelled because of their unbelief (Mark 6:6).

BRIEF NOTES

Renewing subscribers will confer a great favor on the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if, when renewing, they state that their subscription is a RENEWAL, or attach, if convenient, the yellow date tab to their letter.

Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, has been unanimously elected Bishop of the new diocese of Western Massachusetts. It is not certain that he will accept, as he is reluctant to leave the work he is doing in his present parish.

A Press despatch announces that Dr. George Granhaft, nephew of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Vienna, and his entire family, have been converted to Protestantism.

The Protestant Episcopal Special Convention of the Diocese of Long Island has chosen as successor to the late Bishop Littlejohn, Dr. Frederick Burgess, Vicar of Grace Church, Brooklyn. The choice of the delegates, it is said, was Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, New York, but as he positively refused to allow his name to be presented to the Convention, it was necessary at the last hour to make another selection. Dr. Burgess is well known and highly respected in Brooklyn, and his elevation to the Bishopric meets general approval.

An earnest appeal for help has been issued by the Mayor and prominent citizens of Thomas, W. Va. An extensive fire broke out on Nov. 12, and before it was brought under control, it had destroyed the homes and property of more than one thousand persons. They took refuge on the hillside, where they suffered much from cold and rain. They need help to start the world anew. Contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. W. A. Jones, Mayor of Thomas, W. Va.

When You are Engaged

WILLIAM and Evelyn met at a party, and were mutually attracted. They pursued the acquaintance, belonging to the same set of people, and having friends in common. A few months went by, and their engagement was announced.

Had they been ready to marry very soon, all would have gone well, but William's salary was too small, and his position too uncertain, to let him think of marriage for several years. Evelyn had no desire to be bound down by wifely cares, and the period of betrothal is a very pleasant one until the novelty wears off. There came a day, when months had grown into years, that Evelyn discovered to her dismay, that she was dreading the long evenings with William. They had discussed every subject under the sun. They had read a great many books. They had no common object to bind them, as the married have, in the new home, and they were drifting apart. Having made the mistake of sitting up too late, evening after evening, Evelyn's beauty became eclipsed—she grew thin and pale. Her people began to find William somewhat in the way, particularly as in the exclusive fashion peculiar to lovers, the two monopolized the parlor every night in the week, and seemed to find the others *de trop* if they came in and staid longer than a few minutes.

Nobody was surprised when, at the end of five years, the engagement was broken by mutual consent. Eventually both Will and Evelyn found other mates, but they had wasted, in an unavailing experiment at loving, some of the most precious elixir of youth. Both were disillusionized, and neither would ever again be as enthusiastic as had once been the case.

When you are engaged, plan to be married soon. Be satisfied to begin in a very modest way. You do not need superfluities. Before you are engaged, think soberly of life and its responsibilities. Ask yourselves if you are moderately sure to be contented together during the wear and tear of maybe fifty years? Trust God to guide you, and enter into no engagement without prayer.

Buttons and Strings

Housekeepers might save themselves a great deal of trouble, if, when shoes, gloves, and other articles of wearing apparel are purchased, the precaution were taken to re-sew the buttons and strings. These things have an exasperating trick of flying off and loosening at the most inconvenient moment, as they are seldom carefully finished by those who make them. A needle and thread used by the wife and mother before garments are worn, so that the connections will never become separated when they ought to be firm, will minimize domestic friction. We are ashamed of ourselves that so slight an accident as the loss of a shoe-button can upset our equanimity, yet when the yawning place convicts us of untidiness, and spoils our costume, we can scarcely avoid showing some vexation.

The provident woman keeps on hand a button bag in which she has a store of buttons of assorted sizes and descriptions. Tape, hooks and eyes, cord, needles and thread furnish her work-basket, and she is ready for any emergency.

Two or Three Secrets of Success

"Of course, a good deal depends on what you call success. Money-making is not the only thing. One must have a standard. Money not honorably earned is a curse and not a blessing."

The old aunt looked into the face of the young niece. The latter twirled her fingers.

"Money is a great convenience, Aunt Mary."

"Yes, that I grant. But I have always thought that there might be success worth having in merely making a living, keeping out of debt, and having a little to leave when one died. In these days you hear of such great sums; people forget that it is failure to spend their whole time in toiling, to heap up, when, in the natural order of things, they must leave it all, and never have much enjoyment. The successful man or woman is the one who gets most real pleasure going along and who does the most good. That's my notion."

"You are a dear, but you are old-fashioned," said the niece.

Tidiness

In the matter of tidiness in dress, very little matters tell for better or worse. Take, for example, the stray locks which refuse to be caught up in the coil at the back of the head. The tidy young lady catches them up with a small back-comb, or fastens them with invisible hairpins, or with a little circular or oval pin, which is ornamental, while the careless sister leaves them to stray over her collar or meander across her stock. The most beautiful head of hair is ruined in its effect if the back of the neck looks scraggy and neglected. Some women never smoothe out their eyebrows, and always have a distraught expression in consequence. Attention to the finger-nails points the difference between daintiness and slovenly indifference. A shoe that has lost its buttons, a glove that needs mending, a skirt which shows dangling fringes instead of a trim binding, and, in brief, any carelessness in the accessories of costume, convict one of untidiness, at once inelegant and inexcusable.

THE PETS OF THE FARM

THERE are few pets more popular on a farm than the frisky young calves, whether they are Jerseys, Guernseys, Alderneys, Shorthorns, Durhams, or some other breed. They quickly learn to know their young mistress, and by many dumb tokens show how fond they are of her. Our artist has chosen a pretty group for his picture—one that will be familiar in many farm homes.

THE FOUR WINDS

THE wind o' the West,
I love it best.
The wind o' the East,
I love it least.

The wind o' the South
Has sweet in its mouth.
The wind o' the North
Sends great storms forth.

Taken together, all sorts of weather,
The four old fellows are sure to bring
Hurry and flurry, rush and scurry,
Sighing and dying, and flitting and flying,
Through Summer and Autumn and Winter and Spring.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Appearing to Advantage

"MY children never show off to strangers. They always appear at a disadvantage when I am most anxious to have people think well of them."

The speaker's tone was plaintive. She had just said good-day to some callers whom she had desired to impress with the elegance and order of her home. The children had rushed in and out of the parlor noisily, slammed the outer doors, had a quarrel in the porch, and generally misbehaved while the visitors were there. Just before they took leave, the baby had fallen downstairs. She was not much hurt, but she made a great outcry. The call was "a scene of confusion and creature complaints," and the poor hostess was mortified and distressed.

"Phebe," said her cousin Ruth, "may I give thee two bits of counsel? Thee is too easy with the children when thee is by thyself. Then, thee allows every sort of conduct, rude, thoughtless, or whatever, without any reproof. So, the children are not to blame if they go right on in the same free and noisy fashion when thee has company. If thee had laws, and the family minded them, when alone, all would be right when there were friends here."

"Oh, yes, Cousin Ruth, I know that," said Phebe, "but I haven't any discipline, and the children are not naughty, only full of spirits and very restless. And I don't want them to be self-conscious. They'll scramble up somehow."

Cousin Ruth, being a wise old lady, said no more. But she was right. Only the household that is polite when in its own borders and by itself, is sure of being well-mannered on extraordinary occasions.

And I'm not sure that the mother was altogether wrong. We do make children bashful and awkward and self-conscious by criticising too severely their deportment before strangers. The best way is to show them constantly a really beautiful example of serenity, and to remember that good manners spring from a kind heart.

Snubbing As Disciplinary

Discipline is by many of us limited to penalty, but it has a wider meaning—it implies training, and it is training which moulds men. Fathers and mothers often snub their boys, roughly refuse their requests, or make fun of their performances, under the impression that they are thus disciplining them to endure life and its trials. This is a great mistake. A boy at fifteen is sensitive to ridicule, and dreads a snub. Its reaction is seen in his own brusqueness, and in his manner to younger companions. I heard a lady the other day call attention in a crowded room, to a boy's unbecoming neck-tie. "It is hideous" she said, "and makes you look like an Indian." When remonstrated with, she said, "Oh! Dave needs to be snubbed. It does him good."

I am sure it never does any one good, least of all a growing boy, to be treated uncivilly and rudely. And the effect is equally disagreeable on the one who snubs, making him or her unbearably arrogant and arbitrary.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—JACK. Have you no mats and scrapers at your house? I am amazed that you should wish to bring mud upon your mother's clean floor.

—ILL-TREATED WIFE. Bear with your husband as long as you possibly can. If he is breaking down the morals of your children, pick them up and run away, but not till you are sure that you have exhausted every means for the man's reformation.

—A PERPLEXED MIND. A man may be compelled to work on the Sabbath, if he is engaged as a driver or conductor on a street car. When he has a Sunday off, he will, of course, go to church. A girl who loves him will not refuse his company on account of his occupation.

SUNDAY ON AN : : AMERICAN WARSHIP

Supplying Good Reading to the "Jackies" after Service on Deck

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

AS far as possible, Sunday is observed as a day of rest on board a man-of-war. The first Sunday of each month is general muster-day, when all hands are to pass, one at a time, by the commanding officer, to be inspected by him after each name has been called out by the paymaster of the ship. On that Sunday, the Articles of War are also read by the First Lieutenant, or, as he is better known—the Executive Officer. Then, after the Captain has inspected the ship, the officer of the deck gives the order: "Watch below, rig church!" This is done on the gundeck. When all the benches are arranged, word is sent to the officer of the deck, that "church is rigged." Then, at sea, the colors are hoisted, above which goes the white triangular pennant, with a large Roman cross in the centre of it, known as the "Church Pennant."

THE "READING HOUR" ON THE WARSHIP'S DECK

Then the boys are marched below, where the Chaplain is at the desk. On a training ship, all of the apprentices are compelled to attend church. In port, both watches attend, but at sea, only the watch below, as the other watch is required on deck, to attend the sails in case they are needed. On the *Monongahela*, there is a very fine boy choir, consisting of fourteen members, all possessing excellent voices. At the services, all the lads, as well as the officers, are most attentive, and it is a real pleasure to address such a sailor audience. After church, the boys have a half-hour or so before dinner is served. At 1.30 P.M., Chaplain Jones is always on deck with a good supply of reading matter for the crew, which generous friends have sent to him before leaving port. The boatswain's mate is ordered by the officer of the deck to call all hands to the port-side of the quarter-deck if they wish any reading matter, where the Chaplain will give it to them. Down the deck they all come with a run. On a recent Sunday, the Chaplain of the *Monongahela* gave out 400 CHRISTIAN HERALDS from the 600 copies which had been sent to him before the ship left Newport. To show how eager the boys are to get this kind of reading matter, the photographs here shown are with the hope that all who can spare magazines or good books will send them to the General Secretary of the Naval branch of the Y.M.C.A., Sands street, Brooklyn, who will see that they are sent to the various ships.

The photographic illustration on the first page, shows the sailor boys receiving THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from the Chaplain. Other photographs are of groups about the decks reading them, and, as one can see by their position, enjoying them, too. There are two papers always welcome to the sailor man: THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and *Ashore and Afloat* (the latter, by Miss Agnus Weston, of the Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth and Plymouth, England.

When the pictures were taken we were about 600 miles from Gibraltar, and hoping to reach that port some day the following week. We are a sailing vessel, and we depend entirely upon the winds, but thus far have done exceedingly well.

Famine-Swept Shensi

In a cable despatch from Sian (Singan) the capital of Shensi, China, dated Nov. 16, Mr. Francis H. Nichols, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S special correspondent, announces his arrival at the chief centre of suffering. The despatch says:

"The condition of the province is truly appalling. The whole country presents a picture of desolation. One year's deaths from famine, in Shensi alone, are over 2,500,000. There will be great need during the coming winter. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S relief work makes a most favorable impression on the Chinese officials and people here."

There are many thousands of orphan children in Shensi, whose parents have perished in the famine. These will have to be provided for, and the problem is now being considered by the authorities. Unless something is done for these helpless sufferers, a very large proportion of them will be sold into a slavery which, in the case of the girls at least, will be worse even than death itself.

The Art Portfolio a Treasure

"The Art Portfolio is beautiful. I shall take great pleasure in the pictures myself and in showing them to my friends. Thank you for the lovely premium."

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WORKING FOR CHRIST AT NINETY-SIX

SOME five years ago, Mrs. Gideon Scofield, of Castile, N. Y., a devout Christian, over ninety years old, made a promise. She is now 96, and how faithfully that promise has been redeemed is told in the following words from a letter sent by a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

"Mrs. Scofield is a poor woman, yet her consecrated offering to the missionary cause consists of knitting 404 pairs of worsted mittens, which she completed on her 96th birthday; 394 pairs have been sent to mission and orphan institutes. While spending a few weeks at a friend's house in 1895, Mrs. Scofield said to some missionary associates that she would knit, 'free of charge, all the yarn that the society would furnish,' little dreaming of spending more than six years, at her time of life, in the fulfilment of this promise. Besides this self-imposed task, she has performed her home duties, as she lives alone. She puts into each knit mitten a little leaflet, which she feels may bring some soul to Christ or influence some young life. Her simple work affords her deep satisfaction, and she says she feels that her life 'has not been lived in vain.'"

MRS. GIDEON SCOFIELD
At 96, she knits hundreds of pairs of missionary socks

Imperialism of Christianity*

Men of Many Races and Tongues and Creeds Becoming One Kingdom by Loyalty to Christ

WHAT a marvelous thing when we consider its foundation and progress, is that society which Christ described as the Kingdom of God. As he said, it did not come with observation. The historians of that time passed it over as a matter of no importance. After its divine Founder left it, a full muster of its members brought together only one hundred and twenty persons. Yet now, more than five hundred millions call him Lord. Not only in number, but in influence, the growth has been prodigious. The leading nations in the world to-day are the Christian nations. True, those nations are often inconsistent and unchristian in their policy, and a large proportion of the individuals who make up the nation, are men whose lives are not governed by Christian principles; but the fact remains that they are called by Christ's name. Who would have thought it possible that in any lapse of time that little company would grow into so mighty a host? Still more unlikely that their principles would become, as we see them to-day, the dominating principles in the world's affairs. With the mightiest nations in the world, there is no stigma of a policy so fatal to it, as to prove that it is unchristian, and there are thousands of the people in those lands, who would quit their political party, sever their party allegiance, if they found that their party was controlled by men who set at defiance the principles of Jesus of Nazareth. Yet it has not been by legislation, nor by the power of the sword, that this progress has been effected, but by the inherent power of the truth working in the minds of men.

So much has already been accomplished. What of the future? The Divine Founder of our faith had a conception which does not now seem so improbable as it seemed when he uttered it. "I if I be lifted up," he said, "will draw all men unto me." We find that he does. Wherever Christ is proclaimed in simplicity and faith, converts are won. The power that in the early centuries brought men into his kingdom is still at work, and is as effective now as it was then. Its greatest triumphs are yet to come. There are many reasons for expecting them. One of the most conspicuous is the adaptation of the heathen religions to Christian thought. As was noticeable in the Parliament of Religions held here some years ago, the presentation of the Buddhist, Hindoo and Mohammedan faiths was almost unrecognizable by the stay-at-home adherents of those faiths; many of them repudiated the presentation that was made at Chicago by their representatives. The reason was, that the leaders have been unconsciously affected by Christian principles and now give prominence to the articles of their faith in harmony with those principles, and are slowly dropping those antagonistic to them. The leaven of Christianity is working in the meal, the world over, and it seems now as if the time must come when the preachers of other faiths will discover that it is Christianity they are unconsciously preaching, and will not be satisfied any longer to hold Christianity without its Christ. When that time comes, multitudes will be added to the kingdom in a day. Then, too, so much of the pioneer work—always the most weary and discouraging part of the work—has been done; the seed has been sown and the harvest will be unprecedented.

What will the kingdom be? Imperialism has come to be an unpleasant word with us. The spirit of our institutions is opposed to our ruling subject peoples, or of our holding under our sway unwilling populations. But what if our imperialism consists in such wise and benignant rule, that the unwilling peoples come to recognize the justice and beneficence of our government and ask for its continuance? That will be the condition which will usher in the imperialism of Christianity. Christ has no unwilling subjects. He rules only where his rule is desired. And he is content to wait. His servants are making him known everywhere and testifying that under his rule, alone, true happiness is to be found. Slowly, but surely, his spirit is permeating society. Even men who are not enrolled in his kingdom are applying his principles to their social relations. Our hospitals, our social settlements, our benefactions to suffering peoples show that the spirit of brotherhood is taking in the whole world and accepting the duties involved in that relationship. But far closer is the kinship of the family of Christ. That fact, too, was long forgotten, or ignored, but of late years it has come to recognition. We have not and, perhaps, never shall get rid of the various folds, but we are realizing now, more than ever before, that the flock is one, under one Shepherd. This is a most hopeful sign. The people of the kingdom are men of many creeds and of many races and tongues, but they are united in allegiance to their King. Thus the vision of the prophet is being fulfilled. The kingdom that shall never be destroyed has been set up, and even at this day it is the greatest of all the kingdoms. The dream of the conquerors of the Assyrian, of Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon, of a world-wide empire, is being realized by the Prince of Peace. No monarch has ever had so many subjects as he, and none have ever had subjects so loyal and devoted. Imperial it is and must ever be, for it is loyalty to him that is the one bond uniting all its varied components.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 15. Daniel 2: 44, 45.

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THE NEEDLE'S EYE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1029

-yes, to be sure, an arrest! But every-ing was quite regular; young woman, dentity unknown, found dead — froze. othing out of the way or suspicious in eezing. Any young woman sim'larly ituated would have froze. Sad case— ery. Ah."

Mr. Dundor had climbed to the high tool behind his desk during this soliloquy; the roll of bills lay spread out before im in the light of the smoky lamp. "Ah," e repeated, rubbing his hands as he eyed ie crisp green notes, "very generous indeed—very handsome! What a pity not o speak of the matter."

"It would get into the papers," he said, miling pleasantly to himself. "Something ke this—say: 'Mr. Eliphalet Dundor, ie well-known coroner and undertaker f Tacitus Four Corners, receives visit om mysterious person, who insists upon aying handsomely for funeral of the unnown woman found dead in that township. Mr. Dundor is a prominent citizen n' active business man in this thrivin' illage. We visited his elegant emporium t the Corners yesterday an' give the tory in his own words.' If there's money advertisin'—he!—he!" he chuckled. "I'd et a plenty of it without paying the printr a red cent."

This brought him back quite naturally the agreeable presence of the greenacks on the desk before him. "It'll pay e expenses," he muttered, "an' leave a andsome margin. There's the money om the town besides. I'll have to take at or they'll ketch on to this 'ere curious rcumstance."

He arose, lamp in hand, and walked owly to the front of the shop; the long adows of the coffins danced grotesquely n walls and ceiling, mingling with that of Mr. Dundor's own spare shape. "This 'ere 's too big for her," he muttered; "they ain't no sense in wastin' room on folks that ain't called on to move. Besides, ol' Mr. Snell's ripenin' for a better world, an' he's a hefty man. If I have to set up one like this we can't have no fun'ral to-morrow at ten; can't fetch it nohow under a day an' a half. That black cloth case 'ud do, but I as good as promised to set that one side fur Mis' Turner, an' I don't like to disappoint her; her second husband's buried in one sim'lar to it. The Lord knows I can't afford to play fast an' loose with a big fambly like the Turneres an' all of 'em onhealthy."

His mind reverted to the meek presence in the back shop. "She ain't goin' to dictate 'bout it, I guess," he said meditatively, as he tiptoed softly to the side of the dead woman. "All any of 'em ask is to be put away comf'table."

The smoky lamp shed a feeble glimmer on the pathetic young face framed in its masses of red-brown hair. "I'll miss my guess if he had n't put eyes onto her before," said Mr. Dundor. "But she ain't dressed suitable to be laid on white satin whoever she is; an' I'm legally bound to stick to my contract with the town." He turned with decision, and, setting the lamp in its former position, resumed his operations on the narrow pine box of ominous shape.

It was growing bitterly cold in the little back room, but great drops of moisture stood out on the workman's forehead. "Stylish an' roomy," he repeated to himself, with a furtive glance at the quiet figure in the shadows, "an' there ain't no su'vivors."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A CLEAR TRACK TO HEAVEN

om Keenan, the Gospel Engineer and his Unique Addresses—Leading a Revival

ONE of the most trusted employees of the Lackawanna Railroad is Tom Keenan, better known as the "Engineer Evangelist." Since Tom's nversion, many years ago, he has rarely issed an opportunity of serving the Master ho redeemed him from sin.

e is in great demand as a peaker at evangelistic serces, and his simple, earnt eloquence never fails to

REV. JOHN MAYNARD
M. E. Church, Patchogue, L. I.

MR. NASON JONES
Sec'y L. I. R. R. Y. M. C. A.

TOM KEENAN
The "Gospel Engineer"

old his audience and to touch all hearts. Revival services were lately held in the ethodist Church of Patchogue, Long Island f which the Rev. John Maynard is pastor), nder the direction of Secretary Nason Jones, the Long Island Railroad Y. M. C. A., and e spiritual results have been most gratifyg. Tom Keenan was the principal speaker these meetings. At the first gathering, six oung people openly confessed Christ and cided to begin the Christian life. As the ovement grew, the evangelist, in his own rect and forcible way, preached repentance, nviction and confession of sin, and conrsions multiplied.

Tom's appeals frequently savor of the railad vernacular. He searches the track, sees e danger ahead and on every side of the ner, and points out and interprets the rious signals. He frequently switches his arers off the main line to tell them in a iet and unobtrusive way of Jesus and his ission. Trackmen, switchmen, oilers, conctors, engineers, stokers, ticket sellers and hers, always listen with deep interest when speaks, as he talks "straight along the e" and reaches their hearts. He conducts services in the same safe way in which he runs his engine. He has held soul-winning meetings at the East Avenue Baptist Church, Long Island City; Methodist Church, Port Washington; Congregational Church, Wading River, and in the Methodist churches of Babylon, Whitestone and Port Jefferson. He occupies the pulpit with far more ease and grace than the average pastor could occupy his "cab." "When he starts the meeting," said one hearer, "all feel somehow that the great-hearted engineer is bound for the Grand Union Station of Heaven, and that all should get on board without money and without price."

At the close of a three-service Sunday at Patchogue, a conductor and a brakeman were anxious, but would not accept Christ. Engineer Keenan took train with them next morning, and while making the run from Patchogue to Brooklyn, both were won over to the new allegiance.

Tom carries the Gospel with him to the stations, the round-houses and the repair shops, where he can meet the men face to face. He was engineer for many years on the main division to Buffalo; but in order to have more time to serve Christ, he gave up the "long run," and now has his regular run on the Chester Branch, to which he returns after the leave of absence granted him expires.

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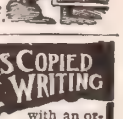

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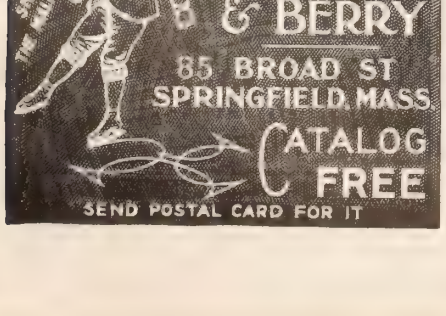

A Mountaineer Evangelist

How Dan McIntosh, Once a Desperado, was Won to Christ

DAVID once said he was a "wonder to many." Paul said. "By grace I am what I am." Those who know Dan McIntosh have found that the wonders of redemption are still seen, and the miracles of grace have not yet ceased. Dan, of Kentucky, was born thirty-eight years ago, on the Troublesome River, in the darkest Cumberlands. There was not a railroad within a hundred miles, nor a church in nearly as many, nor a qualified preacher or teacher within several days' journey of his home on the Troublesome. Dan was a grown man before he ever saw either. His father died when he was only two years old, and Dan was left to an indulgent old grandfather, who left the boy to himself generally. He went to a mountain "common school" for about two years, and learned to spell some easy words and read a little.

DAN M'INTOSH
The Mountain Evangelist

School being irksome to his highland blood, he finished it in two years and entered the free life with "the boys" on the Troublesome. He was an apt student, and soon graduated in swearing, drinking, gambling, shooting, illicit distilling and fighting. His home in "Bloody Breathitt" was a congenial one. In twenty years over a hundred men had died violent deaths in that county.

When twenty-three years old Dan concluded to marry, and found a loving and courageous mountain girl in Prudy Hogston, who took Dan for "better or worse," principally the latter. She proved a devoted and faithful wife, and stuck to Dan "through thick and thin," nursed his wounds, and raised a family of bright children. Seeking new fields, Dan moved over the mountain from the Troublesome, to the turbulent waters of the Quicksand River. Here he continued his reckless career until 1894. But God had "provided some better things" for Dan, doubtless in answer to prayer. He never forgets. In that year of grace, Rev. Dr. Edward O. Guerrant pitched a Gospel tent on the Quicksand, at a place known as Rousseau—a post-office, store and two other houses.

There was not one church along the fifty miles of the Quicksand, but there were many hundreds of sinners for whom Christ died, and Dan McIntosh was among them. To this cotton tent the untutored highlanders came in crowds, on foot, over mountains and across streams, and sat from 9 A.M. till 4 P.M. to hear the Gospel. The "old, old story" was new to them. They sat on rough logs, boards and rocks. The singing was led by Miss Ellen Converse, of Louisville, and little Anne Guerrant, who came with her father to play a little organ and help in the service. More than fifty persons publicly confessed Christ, and there was joy on the Quicksand. One day, "Uncle Nimrod" McIntosh (Dan's uncle), an old highlander, with his aged wife, came to beg Dr. Guerrant to let them join the church, and be baptized. The Doctor told them he must preach ten days before he opened the doors of the church. Uncle Nim insisted, because he lived across the river, and if it rained they could not get across, and they might not have another chance to join. The Doctor consented to make an exception of Uncle Nim and his wife. They came, and, like Zaccheus, "received Jesus joyfully," and took him back with them to their little mountain home.

Dan saw all this, and heard it. A life of reckless sin was behind him, but God and heaven and salvation were before him: "And he arose and came unto his Father." I need not say that loving Father met, embraced, forgave and saved him. From that day Dan was a new man. He turned away from all his evil ways, and served God as zealously as he had once served Satan. His hand and heart were converted: a warm heart and a strong hand, and both, and all he had, were dedicated to his service, who loved and died for him.

Always a "front man," he now became a front man in the Lord's work. He taught in the Sabbath School, conducted the prayer meetings, traveled over his native mountains and bore the "glad tidings" to his own perishing countrymen. "And all men did marvel," and many believed on Jesus for the saying of Dan. They knew he was a true, brave man, and all had respect for his honesty and sincerity, and he has won many souls to Christ by his walk and conversation. He was elected an elder in his church, and for some years has been employed by the Inland Mission (the Society of Soul Winners) as an evangelist to his own people.

The last time I remember seeing Dan, was at another meeting conducted by Dr. Guerrant, far up on the Quicksand, in a churchless country, in the big tent. The morning service began about 9 o'clock. Not long after that hour, I saw Dan and his devoted wife coming up the hill to the meeting. They had walked about twelve long mountain miles to church, across the almost inaccessible Caney Mountain. That is the kind of religion Dan got under the big tent on the Quicksand. He is still in service, trying to win souls to his blessed Master, who rescued him from sin and death.

If any one who reads this simple history feels moved to help Dan and fifty other faithful missionaries in the desolate mountains, let them write to Rev. Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, President of the Soul Winners Society, at Wilmore, Jessamine County, Kentucky. B. A.

A LETTER FROM MISS STONE

The first authentic letter from Miss Ellen M. Stone, the captive missionary, written since her captivity began, has been lately received. It is addressed to a young woman in Bulgaria, and is as follows:

"My Dear Little Sister—As the sun in all its splendor shines despite the rain falling on us from thick clouds, so great is my joy at having received your letter this morning. What a blessing your dear words bring to me and also to Mme. Tsilka, your countrywoman. To hear once more from the world awakens new life in us. We continually repeat in our hearts your assurance that our dear ones have not forgotten us, and are praying and working tirelessly for us.

"When your letter came, having received no help from any direction, our burden had become heavy indeed. Now we are lifted up with new courage and stronger faith in the Lord. I rely fully on the prayers and efforts of our friends, known and unknown.

"Remember me to all; present my loving greetings to your mother and family, and inform my coworkers that I do not cease to pray for them. I have written the particulars of our condition to Mr. Dickinson and you may ask him to see my letter.

"We have preserved our general health, despite our trials. I rejoice in the permission which has just been accorded me to write to my dearest ones in America.

"This will be the second letter which I have been permitted to write, besides those to three persons in regard to our liberation. I hardly hoped to hear that my mother was yet alive. If you can write her a word of comfort, and also my brothers, God will bless you. Mme. Tsilka joins in grateful and affectionate remembrance. Lovingly,

"October 29." "ELLEN M. STONE."

Late news is to the effect that U. S. Consul General Dickinson has discontinued negotiations with the bandits, and left Sofia for Constantinople. The bandits have refused to accept less than the full ransom ($100,000) and have fixed Jan. 1, 1902, as the last date, after which, if the ransom is still unpaid, Miss Stone must die. A determined effort will now be made to save the heroic missionary.

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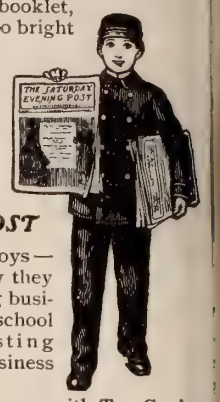

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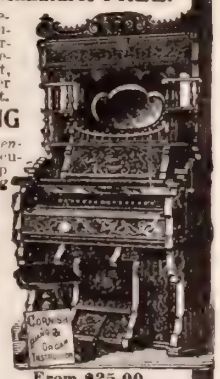

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MISS MARY A. CHANNELL

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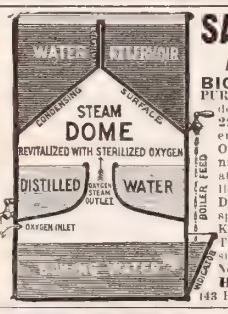

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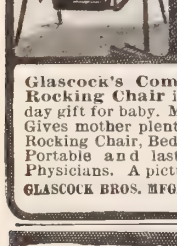

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TYPE OF THE LAMB

The Christian Significance of the Passover

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE central chapter of the Pentateuch in its significance is Exodus 12, as Isaiah 53 is the central chapter of the prophets, and both speak of the Lamb. The work of the Lamb slain is the foundation of all things for lost sinners, and he who is "born again" dates his new life from the time in which the work of the Lamb of God became a reality to his soul. No wonder, then, that the Lord spake to Moses and Aaron, saying, "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months; it shall be the first month of the year unto you."

God commanded Moses that the children of Israel should take each of them a lamb for his house, or for his house and his neighbor's, according to their number. It must be a male of the first year, and without blemish. Three days the lamb was to be kept, and on the fourteenth day of the month, at even, the whole assembly of the children of Israel were to slay each one his lamb. And the blood must be sprinkled on the lintel and two side-posts of the doors of their houses. Then they were to eat the flesh roast with fire, with unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs. Oh, how much this meant for God's people of old! How much it means for us! The cry of the children of Israel had gone up, and God had heard it, but they were yet in Egypt. Their enemies had been smitten with plague after plague, and yet their enemies lived. The deliverance which God had promised them was not yet theirs, and Pharaoh was more enraged against them than ever. God had seen their affliction, he had seen the oppression of the Egyptians; but he had not yet seen what could justify him in pardoning their sin in Egypt, and working for them a full deliverance. The first-born of Egypt were all doomed to die because of sin; but Israel also had sinned in practising the idolatry of Egypt; what could save them from being also smitten? God answers, "The blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and there shall no plague be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." The lamb was a type of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. The blood of the lamb was a life poured out, bearing witness that it was spilt for a life forfeited by sin. God must see what satisfied his holy justice before he could work deliverance, that he might be himself just and the justifier of him that believeth.

The children of Israel were to eat the flesh of the lamb. The blood was their security from the destroying angel who would smite the first-born, but the flesh was to be life and strength for their journey, for they were to eat it with loins girded, with shoes on their feet, and a staff in their hand, and to eat it in haste: for a summons might come at any moment to depart, to turn their backs on Egypt, and to break utterly with their past life of sin, oppression and misery. What a lesson for us! How many there are who are satisfied to claim forgiveness by the blood of the Lamb, who yet do not eat his flesh and drink his blood! They do not see that the very escape from the destroying angel is inseparably connected with departure from the old order of things, that the Lamb is slain to be our life-power for a life of freedom from the past, and of power to do the will of God for the future. The children of Israel were not to sit down within the blood-sprinkled door; they must stand, ready for a journey, expecting to be on the move. They were to eat the flesh, not as a feast of pleasure and self-satisfaction, but as strength to obey. Bread unleavened, and bitter herbs, "the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth" (I. Cor. 5: 8), and the bitter herbs of "fellowship with his sufferings" (Phil. 3: 10), who died for us, are the inseparable accompaniments of feeding indeed on the flesh and blood of our Lord. The taking his life to be our life must run parallel with the hating and yielding up of our own life.

The eating of the Passover was a complete break with their old life. None of the plagues had so utterly separated the children of Israel from the Egyptians as did the blood-sprinkled doorways and the passover feast. No more communication could be held between them and the Egyptians until the signal for departure was given, and then the separation was final. No one might "go out of the door of his house until the morning" (ver. 22).

Pharaoh had had his warning, but even after all he had seen of the power of the God of Israel, his heart was hardened, and he still resisted God. But now death itself had entered his palace, and the heir to the throne lay dead. And, moreover, from every house came the wail of the Eastern mourner. A great cry went up, and with one accord the king and his people urged the children of Israel to depart with their children, their flocks and their herds—all which Pharaoh had tried to keep—and all that they had. And the children of Israel asked of the Egyptians jewels and clothing, and they obtained all they asked. "Only go," was their one petition, "and take all you will."

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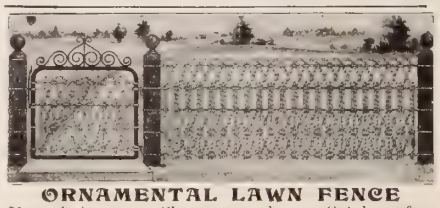

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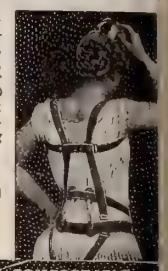

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THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH-BED HYMN

FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

DEAR EDITOR:—In your issue of recent ate, you have "The story of the author- ip of a favorite hymn—'Nearer, My od, to Thee.'" It may not be known to any of your readers, that there are two ymns beginning with the same verse nd line, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." The st one, by Rev. Harvey Ganse, D.D., te Secretary of the Board of Education, f the Presbyterian Church, who just be- re his death, deeply impressed with the ct that Mrs. Adams' hymn did not meet e wants of a large number of believers, ccepted the first verse of her hymn, and dded to it three others, which express early and fully their Scriptural views d contribute more satisfactorily and rofitably to their private and public de- otions. It is, therefore, unknown to which f the two hymns our suffering and dying resident referred. As between the two— king into account that Mr. McKinley as not only a man who "Feared God d kept his commandments:" but, as is ell known, accepted the Lord Jesus hrist as the Saviour of the world, it is kely, certainly possible, that it was Dr. anse's hymn, and not Mrs. Adams' he eferred to.

In the opinion of the writer, it is very oubtful whether he referred to Mrs. dams' hymn, which fails to express the ith of one accepting the atonement of hrist for the sin of the world by the crifice of himself. I herewith send you copy of Dr. Ganse's precious hymn at ought to be substituted everywhere. hymn book and in private and public orship, for Mrs. Adams' hymn, which so mentably lacks spiritual sentiment and evotional help.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Nearer, my Lord, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
Who to Thy cross didst come,
Dying for me!
Strengthen my willing feet!
Hold me in service sweet,
Nearer, O Christ, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Nearer, O Comforter,
Nearer to Thee,
Who for my absent Lord,
Dwellest with me!
Grant me Thy fellowship!
Help me each day to keep
Nearer, my Guide, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

But to be nearer still,
Bring me, O God!
Not by the visioned steeps
Angels have trod.
Here where Thy cross I see,
Jesus, I wait for Thee,
Thence evermore to be,
Nearer to Thee!

I. ADDISON WHITAKER.

Washington. Presbyterian Church.

Our Beautiful Art Portfolio

J. D., Brooklyn, writes: "The Art Portfolio tures received. They are well worth fram- g. The subjects are all so fine that we are lighted with them. Our friends who have en them are surprised at their artistic excel- nce. Many thanks for the beautiful gift."

rink Degrading the Savage Race

The Rev. John G. Paton, missionary to the ew Hebrides, now returning to his mission lds, has forwarded a petition to President oosevelt and Congress from the Presbyte- in General Assembly of Australia in behalf the speedy enactment of the Gillett-Lodge ll, to forbid the sale of intoxicants and ium to uncivilized races in the Pacific Isl- ds. The bill was approved by the Presi- nt and by Committees of both Houses of ongress and received a majority vote in the ouse on the last day of the last Congress, t failed to become a law. Dr. Paton ma in o extended tours in the United States ex- ained how missionary work in the New Heb- les has been hindered by American traders o sell the natives both rum and weapons. addened with drink, they use these guns to kill each other, and sometimes to kill mission- aries and even the children in the missionary orphanage. Dr. Paton writes: "Last mail tells us of eight persons shot at one station, two at another, and so on through all the group. The murderers got their ammunition for nearly all these murders from a United States trader living there."

PINEY WOODS.

Healthful, but Not Always Curative.

To go to the piney woods is a help, but if one carries along the bad habits of food and drink that have caused sickness, the piney woods will not produce a recovery.

Coffee drinking caused blindness in a Virginia gentleman, and his remarkable experience is worth reading. "I have been a coffee drinker since my earliest remembrance. If I missed coffee at a meal it brought on headache. This should have shown me that I was a victim to a drug habit. Finally, wakeful, restless nights came on. After dinner I was always drowsy, and after sleeping would waken stupid and morbid, and felt as though I had been drugged, and when this feeling wore off nervousness and restlessness would set in until I drugged myself with coffee again.

At last my eyesight began to fail. Some of the best optical specialists agreed that I had an affliction of the optic nerve, and after two or three years' treatment my eyes slowly lost their power, and I became almost sightless.

I was advised to go to a pine woods near the sea in a most isolated place. This I did and lived there for two years without any visible benefit. I gave up all hope of recovery until last spring a friend expressed the belief that the coffee I drank was the cause of all of my trouble. He had been a slave to it and had been unable to find relief until he quit and took up Postum Food Coffee.

His experience startled me and I decided to try the change, although I had but little faith in its merits. My first cup of Postum proved delicious and was a great surprise. It was evidently well made. I had not the slightest trouble in leaving off coffee, for the Postum filled its place perfectly.

During the past six months I have gained in flesh, my sallow complexion has become clear, and my eyesight gradually improved until now I am able to read and write. My mind is once more clear and active, and I no longer suffer from sleepless, nervous spells. You can imagine I feel grateful for my restoration. W. Harold Fenton, Brighton, Va."

Four Paris Salon Pictures

Reproduced in colors from the original paintings of Edouard Bisson

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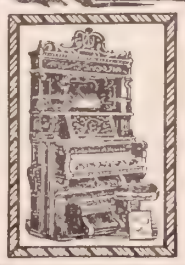

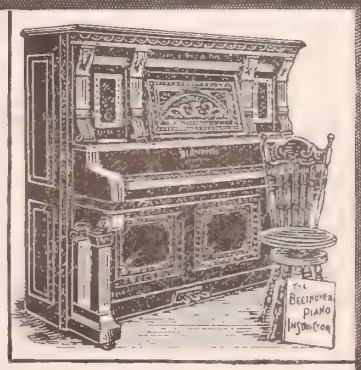

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It is a clean, bright, wholesome, entertaining family magazine. In quality and quantity of reading matter, illustrations, printing and paper it is a great American magazine, though the regular price is only **One Dollar a Year, 10 cents a copy.** The aim of Everybody's Magazine is to give its readers each month interesting, vital and well-written stories and articles, with the finest illustrations that can be procured from artists using either the brush or the camera. It is just as good as money and the best editors can make it, and is worthy a place in every American home. JOHN WANAMAKER, PUBLISHER.

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EVERYBODY'S with one of C, and one of D	3.50
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T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1901 VOL. 24—NO. 50. $1.50 PER ANNUM

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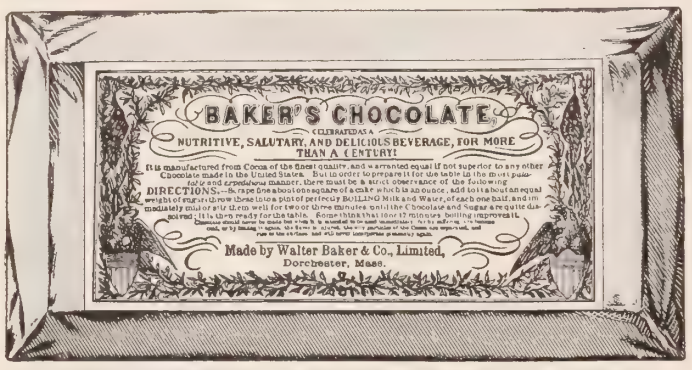

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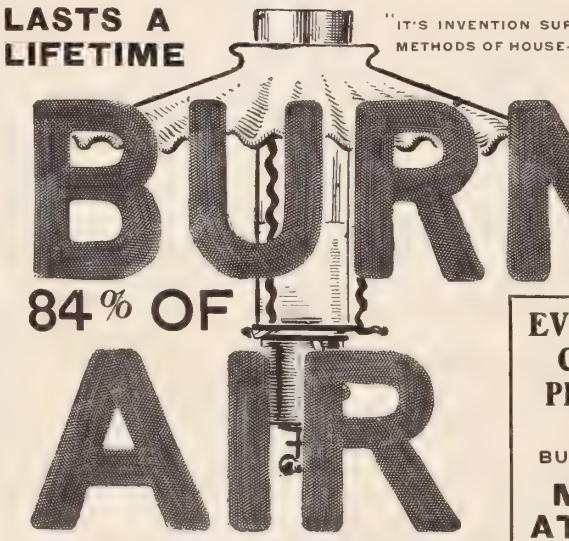

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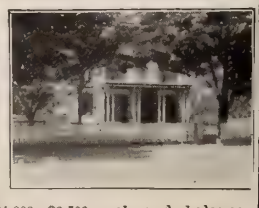
Contains 70 acres, 3 miles west of Alexandria, 6 miles from Washington. Location is high and commands beautiful view. House is large. Orchards and vineyards. Good water. Railroads and trolley lines convenient. This property will, in all probability, increase in value. Price $25,000–$10,000 down and easy terms.

A Desirable Home About 20 Miles From Philadelphia



This property, about 20 miles from Philadelphia, consists of houses, stables, fuel house, and a lot 125x150 ft. House contains 11 rooms and bath. It is nicely located and in good condition. Fine shade trees, also fruit trees. Convenient to railroad station, schools, and etc. Price $4,000–$2,500 cash and balance mortgage.

A Farm in Frontier Co., Nebraska

This farm contains 80 acres; 55 acres are under plow. The house, 16x28 ft., was built in 1893; barn, 16x46 ft. There are a number of peach and apple trees on the place. Havana postoffice is 4½ miles distant. Church and school are convenient. Price $600. Write for particulars.

A Fine Place for a Summer Residence

This consists of 21 acres in the town of Falmouth, Mass., on the South Shore, overlooking Vineyard Sound and Martha's Vineyard Island. The soil is very fertile. Temperature is low in summer and high in winter. Fishing in the Bay is excellent. The price is very low—$5,000. Write for terms.

A Desirable Building Lot, St. Martin's, N. B., Canada

This lot is located on Beach street, about 100 yards from railroad station. It is 73x178 ft. St. Martins is a very pretty little town on the Bay of Fundy. The climate is cool in summer and very healthful. This is an ideal location for a home. Price $400 cash.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 11, 1901

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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JEWS OF TANGIER WATCHING FOR THE STAR OF THE MESSIAH (AFTER DU NOUY'S FAMOUS PAINTING)

Watching for the Messiah's Star

The Ancient and Beautiful Custom Still Survives Among the Jews of Morocco

TANGIER is the most important port on the coast of Morocco, and is the diplomatic centre in which are united all the representatives of foreign governments having relations with Morocco. Strange and unnatural impressions are created in the traveler, who, for the first time, visits this Moorish City. Although the genius of Europe has taken there the taste for civilization, introducing with energy, a great many modern reforms, the seal of barbaric custom is still visible. Little streets, narrow, tortuous, with irregular pavements, many of them covered over, the majority dirty, where there are ugly structures with very low doors, and mere slits for windows, hidden away between buildings of modern structure, magnificent hotels, legations and the offices of the foreigners. This is Tangier, the capital, and the most prosperous of Moorish cities.

A MOORISH CHIEF

Among the inhabitants is a large Jewish element, following the Moors, yet finally having distinct national individuality. The commerce of the interior is controlled by Moors and Jews, although there are some Europeans engaged in various lines of business. El Zoco (The Great), the principal market, is the point where, on Thursdays and Sundays, one meets the Moorish venders, who collect to sell their products. The adjacent country outside the city walls is occupied by a class of people poorly clad, many being in filthy rags, and all selling merchandise. Intermingled with this multitude are camels, horses, burros, sheep and cattle. Here and there jugglers amuse the crowds by exhibiting trained serpents, executing barbaric plays, giving discourses, recounting history and accounts of Arabia.

Civilization advances slowly in Morocco; nevertheless in Tangier it has progressed not a little. Catholics and Protestants have well established and flourishing missions, and also schools, churches, hospitals and other charitable institutions. The Protestant missions inculcate evangelical doctrines and practice love and care for all in need, without distinction of race or creed. They give much in charitable works, care for the sick, shelter the homeless and orphans, and teach by example Christian morality. Their doctrine and example are making a deep impression upon the native heart.

There are two empires which mark the ancient grandeur of the Mussulmans—one in Europe, the other opposite, on the Mediterranean's southern shore. Morocco offers peculiar attractions to the ambitions of Europe, and diplomacy has disputed long over its possession, although each nation strives to conceal its desire to possess it. Thus far the worshipers of Mohammed have been able to preserve the integrity of their territory on the African Continent, but the time is at hand when this barbaric power will be swept away. It would be a powerful bulwark for the nation that ultimately possesses it. Which shall it be—Spain, France or England?

J. MORENO TRIVINO.

Our photographs on this page are of special interest at the present time. The Jews of Morocco hold the belief that a little child, with its pure eyes, will be the first to discover the appearance of the long-expected Messiah. Accordingly at the appropriate season (after harvest), as indicated in the Hebrew prophecies, the devout assemble on the housetops to watch for the rising of the Star, which is the forerunner of the Messiah. With them they take the youngest child, the pet of the household (*pas quede cabanas*)—who must be both perfectly formed and beautiful—and the little one is taught to look in the eastern sky for the heavenly presage of Christ's coming. This custom, the "chosen people" in Morocco, like the ancient Magi, have handed down through generations.

A YOUTH OF TANGIER

Concerning the Magi, Rev. Cunningham Geikie writes:

One tradition is beautiful. In the farthest East lived a people, who had a book which bore the name of Seth, the son of Adam, and in this was written the appearance of the Star of the Messiah, and the offering of gifts to him. This book was handed down from father to son, generation after generation. Twelve men were chosen who should watch for the Star, and when one died, another was chosen in his place. These men, in the speech of the land, were called "Magi." They went each year, after the wheat harvest, to the top of the mountain, which was called the "Mountain of Victory." At last the Star appeared, and in it the form of a little child, and over him the sign of the Cross.

THE FESTIVAL PROCESSION IN THE STREETS

A FESTIVAL DAY IN EL ZOCO, TANGIER

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...
Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Wonders of Blessing and Disaster

TEXT—JOEL 2: 30: "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth"

DR. CUMMING—great and good man!—would have told us the exact time of the fulfilment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good doctor said to me: "It is just what I had told you about France; people laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there is in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens in its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century, but there were more far-reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than into any other, and the last twenty years eclipse any preceding twenty. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph, and without any special emphasis—events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, a Xenophon, a Gibbon, would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out, in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth; convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge-hammer of iceberg, and fires melting it with furnaces seven times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it, and meteors shooting by on the other side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing-smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the *Majestic* and the *St. Paul* and the *Kaiser Wilhelm de Grosse* rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking-beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have shipped a sea, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition.

Seismic Convulsions

But it seems to us as if the last hundred years were especially characterized by disaster—volcanic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic, because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli, and Cotopaxi, and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware! Seven thousand earthquakes in two centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British Association! Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful at one o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes sixty thousand have perished; and Voltaire writes of them: "For that region it was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb; one thousand five hundred chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed!

But the disasters of other times have had their counterpart in later times. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of an earthquake; in 1882, in Chili one hundred thousand square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation; in 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857; Mexico in 1858; Mendoza, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manila terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871; Antioch in 1872; California in 1872; San Salvador in 1873; while in 1883 what subterranean excitement! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful Italian watering-place, vineyard-clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder, Capri, the summer-resort of the Roman emperors; yonder, Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, eight thousand merry-makers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of many a one of them, as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping, where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, of the Indian Archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of the earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city, until that island, which produces the best beverage of all the world, produced the ghastliest catastrophe. One hundred thousand people dying—dead! Coming nearer home on August 31, 1886, the great earthquake which prostrated one-half of Charleston, South Carolina.

But look at the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands—the Hattiah, the Sundeep and the Dakin Shabazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands the cry was: "The waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of three hundred and forty thousand, two hundred and fifteen thousand were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees!

Did You Ever See a Cyclone?

No? Then I pray God you may never have to see one. I saw a cyclone on the ocean, and it swept us eight hundred miles back from our course, and for thirty-six hours during the cyclone and after it, we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at nine o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at eleven o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out! Crash went all the lifeboats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin, and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire, and then plunged down, down, down, until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah! you never want to see a cyclone at sea.

But I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundations, and took dwelling houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin, and lifted a rail-train and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of engineer on the airbrake. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa! Never such cyclonic disturbances as in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic.

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep, answer when I call your names. The *Ville de Havre*, the *Schiller*, the *City of Boston*, the *Melville*, the *President*, the *Cimbria*, the *Oregon*, the *Mohegan*. But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answer, and the roll is as long as the white scroll of the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers! If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the ocean, what a message of pathos and

Tragedy for Both Beaches!

In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland, and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin Sands and the Skerries! The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of the hotels at Brighton Beach backward one hundred yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead Sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills, geologists now find three-quarters under the water or altogether submerged. The sea, having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas, wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic. Alas for Galveston and other cities almost drowned!

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe, and in Moscow, and the Neapolitan dominions, and Marseilles wrought such terror in the eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fevers, and the choleras, and the diphtherias, and the scarlet fevers, and the typhoids of our time. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year three million devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew eighteen thousand in eighteen days in Bossorah. Twelve thousand in one summer slain by it in India, and twenty-five thousand in Egypt. Disasters epidemic. Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood, and Laurel Hill, and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their lives battling with Southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm-tree amid the night-shade and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now, worth four hundred years once.

Blessings of intelligence: The Salmon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine-knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them! Free libraries in all the important towns and cities of the land. Historical alcoves and poetical shelves and magazine tables for all who desire to walk through them, or sit down at them.

Blessings of quick information: Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old, rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast-table, and through the newspaper at the tea-table, with an "extra" here and there between.

The Roll of Blessings

Blessing of Gospel proclamation: Do you not know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born within a hundred years, and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? Christianity is on the march, while infidelity is dwindling into imbecility. While infidelity is thus dwindling, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespear and Tennyson and Disraeli, and of any ten of the most popular writers of the day, less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing-presses. A few years ago, in six weeks, more than two million copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, but purchased, because the world will have it. The most popular book to-day is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the Church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self-sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the Northwest that for six years he was a missionary at the extreme North, living four hundred miles from post-office, and sometimes, the thermometer forty degrees below zero, he slept out of doors in winter, wrapped in rabbit skins woven together. I said: "Is it possible? You do not mean forty degrees below zero?" He said, "I do, and I was happy." All for Christ. Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary be completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or president impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first, and Christ last, and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime, and sound all the organs in one diapason, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one Gloria in Excelsis. Mighty camp meetings! Mighty Ocean Groves! Mighty Chautauquas! Mighty conventions of Christian workers! Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian Church! Mighty conferences of the Methodist Church! Mighty associations of the Baptist Church! Mighty conventions of the Disciples' Church! Mighty convention of the Episcopal Church!

All dead churches wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism, and let the light of the spring morning come in! Morning for the land! Morning for the sea! Morning of emancipation!

Morning of Light

and love and peace! Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. Blessed Christ, descend! Scarred temple, take the crown. Bruised hand, take the sceptre! Wounded foot, step on the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

These things I say because I want you to be alert. I want you to be watching all these wonders unrolling from the heavens and the earth. God has classified them, whether calamitous or pleasing. The divine purposes are harnessed in traces that cannot break, and in girths that cannot slip, and in buckles that cannot loosen, and are driven by reins they must answer.

THE FISHER BOY — THE PHILADELPHIA BUILDING — THE COTTON PALACE — THE LITTLE PIPER

THE SOUTH'S GREAT EXPOSITION OPENS

FOR weeks past, visitors from far and near have been flocking to the beautiful old City of Charleston, that they might be there in good time for the opening of the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.

There could hardly be a happier selection of place for a Midwinter Fair than this quaint historic town, where flowers bloom in open gardens the year round, and where a bowl of roses on the Christmas dinner-table is not an unusual sight. The city's claim to interest, however, is not merely an æsthetic and climatic one—it is not based simply on fragrance of blossoms, the stately beauty of palms, nor the balmy breezes blowing in from the Gulf Stream with "strange tropic warmth and hints of summer seas." Industrially, the place is of sufficient importance to command for any exhibit within her gates the sober interest of the business world; she is the chief commercial city of the second largest cotton manufacturing State in the Union; and the centre of a great cotton-raising district. Within twenty miles is the only tea farm on the Western Hemisphere. South Carolina rice is the finest rice in the world; South Carolina Sea-Island cotton is the finest cotton. At present, the Government is constructing a mammoth navy yard there, the place being one of the strongest strategic points on the Atlantic.

The site of the Exposition, a tract of about one hundred and sixty acres of land, is within the city limits, a little over two miles from the business centre. It is easily reached by electric and steam cars, and by water transportation, the grounds having a frontage of about 2,000 feet on the Ashley River, which affords at this point anchorage for the largest vessels. Architects and landscape gardeners have been busily occupied for many months laboring to produce effects that will please the eye of the most exacting visitor. The Ivory City, as the Exposition is called, because of the prevailing tint of its buildings, possesses one unique feature, which no money, skill or labor of man could provide, in the form of the magnificent live oaks—the product of the centuries—draperied with trailing gray moss, which add to the picturesqueness of the grounds.

As the Electrical Building at the Pan-American was the climax of the architectural scheme, so at the Charleston Exposition, the Cotton Palace, covering 50,000 square feet of ground, and with its dome rising 160 feet above the Court of the Palaces, is the dominant feature of Charleston's Fair. One of the most interesting textile exhibits ever seen in this or any other country is housed within. The other buildings of chief importance are the Commerce and Agricultural Palaces, Mineral and Forestry Building, Administration Building, Auditorium, Woman's, Art, Negro, Transportation and Machinery Building. Twenty-four or more States and cities have special buildings or exhibits. Maryland's headquarters is a very beautiful type of the old Colonial mansion, reached by a graceful bridge which spans Lake Juanita. Philadelphia's fine building of course has one attraction with which nothing else can be put in competition—the old Liberty Bell. Illinois is handsomely established on lovely Lake Bonita. Oregon is keeping up her fine reputation won at Buffalo in agriculture, horticulture, forestry and minerals. The little white-tented city of the United States Marines was set up some time ago by a trim company of "Boys in Blue." For months before opening day, December 1, hundreds of cars were arriving every day, bringing exhibits from places as far north as Alaska and Canada, and from farther south than Guatemala. The opportunity afforded here for showing West Indian fruits and other products is of course an exceptional one. In the Art Department much fine work is displayed.

A unique and interesting feature of the programme for the inauguration of this fair was the religious service arranged for the Sunday preceding the regular opening exercises. According to the plan given out well in advance, the sweet bells of old St. Michael's Church and of the Lutheran Church would ring their chimes as announcement. In the schedule all denominations had representation, and Handel's grand anthem, "The Lord is my Strength," and Hayden's "The Heavens are Telling," rendered by the Exposition Chorus of one hundred voices, under the direction of Mme. B. H. Barbot, found place. The President of the Exposition, F. W. Waggener, the Director-General, John H. Averill, and their associates, have labored nobly to make the Fair a success. They, as well as the members of the Woman's Department, under the leadership of Mrs. Sarah Calhoun, are entitled to congratulations on the result.

Wonders of Blessing and Disaster: Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

preach no fatalism. A swarthy engineer at one of the depots in Dakota, said: "When will you get on the locomotive, and take a ride with us?" "Well," I said, "now, if that suits you." So I got on one side of the locomotive, and a Methodist minister, who was also invited, got on the other side, and between us were the engineer and the stoker. The train started. The engineer had his hand on the agitated pulse of the great engine. The stoker shoveled in the coal, and shut the door with a loud clang. A vast plain slipped under us, and the hills swept by, and that great monster on which we rode trembled and bounded and snorted and raged as it hurled us on. I said to the Methodist minister on the other side of the locomotive, "My brother, why should ministers quarrel about the decrees and free agency? You see that track, that firm track, that iron track: that is the decree. You see this engineer's arm; that is free agency. How beautifully they work together. They are going to take us through. We could not do without the track, and we could not do without the engineer."

So I rejoice, day by day. Work for all to do, and we may turn the crank of the Christian machinery this way or that, for we are free agents; but there is the track laid so long ago no one remembers it, laid by the hand of the Almighty God in sockets that no terrestrial or satanic pressure can ever affect. And along the track the car of the world's redemption will roll and roll to the Grand Central depot of the millennium. I have no anxiety about the track. I am only afraid that for our indolence and unfaithfulness God will discharge us, and get some other stoker and some other engineer. The train is going through with us or without us. So, my brethren, watch all the events that are going by.

There is a house in London where Peter the Great of Russia lived awhile when he was moving through the land incognito, and in workman's dress, that he might learn ship-carpentry, by which he could supply the needs of his people. A stranger was visiting at that house: "What's in that box?" The owner said: "I don't know: that box was there when I got the house, and it was there when my father got it. We haven't had any curiosity to look at it: I guess there's nothing in it." "Well," said the stranger, "I'll give you two pounds for it." "Well, done." The two pounds were paid, and the contents of that box were sold to the Czar of Russia for fifty thousand dollars. In it the lathing machine of Peter the Great, his private letters, and documents of value beyond all monetary consideration. And here are the events that seem very insignificant and unimportant, but they incase treasures of Divine Providence and eternities of meaning which, after a while, God will demonstrate before the ages as being of stupendous value.

Those of you who are in mid-life may well thank God that you have seen so many wondrous things; but there are people alive to-day who may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed, and Morse and Bell and Edison have brought under complete control, has greater wonders to reveal. Whether here or departed this life, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth.

Years ago I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees vessels far out at sea. While I was talking with him, he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the *Arizona* to-night." I said: "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes; I never make a mistake; before I see the hulls, I often know them by the masts; I know them all; I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long-absent ones! So to-day we take our stand in the watch-tower, and through the glass of inspiration we look off and see a whole fleet of ships coming in. That is the ship of peace, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top-gallants. That is the ship of the Church, mark of salt water high up on the smokestack, showing she has had rough weather, but the Captain of salvation commands her and all is well with her. The ship of Heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as if they knew us, and we wave back again, for they are ours; they went out from our own households. Ours! Hail! Hail! Put off the black, and put on the white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot.

Now, the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw out the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long-lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come aboard her. Farewell to sin! Farewell to struggle! Farewell to sickness! Farewell to death! "Blessed are all they who enter in through the gates into the city."

Christmas Lesson on Wise Persians and Foolish Egyptians

By DR. and MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR DEC. 22, 1901. Exodus 14: 13-27; Isaiah 9: 1-7; Matthew 2: 1-23.—GOLDEN TEXTS: "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." Exodus 15: 1. "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Matthew 2: 11.

THE International Lesson Committee has offered us a choice between the story of foolish Egyptians fighting against God at the Red Sea to their own destruction, and the story of the Persian Magi seeking the Christ under the star of Bethlehem. Both may well be studied in contrast, as the dark and light sides of the divine Shechinah cloud, which was a light to speed the Israelites in the crossing of the Red Sea, and black darkness toward the pursuing Egyptians that they might be held back in their mad career, and find a watery grave.

The Dark Side of the Pillar of Fire

How came the Egyptians to be on the dark side? Pharaoh repented that he had let God's people go, and he started in hot pursuit after them. He made ready his own chariot, and took six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them. What a host was that! The chase was a mad one. They came in sight of God's people as they were encamped by the Red Sea. When the Israelites saw their relentless foes, they cried out to God for help, for of themselves they could go neither forward nor backward. God's banner over them was light—the pillar of fire. It moved forward, God rolled back the waters of the sea, and thus made a path by which they were to cross. The Egyptians were amazed at the sight, and they started to follow on. But there was no banner of light over them, but, instead, one of blackest darkness. They stumbled on, their chariot wheels strangely dragging. And when God, looking down from above, saw that they were all between the banks, he called upon Moses to raise his rod, that wonderful rod, that had been so much in evidence. As the rod was raised over the sea, the waters rolled to their accustomed place; and the great host of the Egyptians was drowned—the next morning their dead bodies were seen washed upon the shore. Pharaoh's overthrow at the Red Sea pictures the awful judgment that follows disregard of God's oft-repeated warnings. He had been called to duty as by fire-bells by the ten plagues. How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation as that which the Christmas chimes sound in our ears? We shall not escape. It will be dark about us. The bright side of God's love and mercy is for the penitent, for them alone is the Christmas message of "peace." As serious as was Pharaoh's disregard of God's warnings, and his final overthrow, let us not think that because judgment is delayed our sins are forgotten. "He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be cut off and that without remedy." We sin against greater light than Pharaoh rejected when we disobey and disregard Jesus Christ. A man went to California to seek his fortune. His Christian wife, in her letters, often urged him to become a Christian, and he would admit that he ought to do so, but would say he was too busy to attend to it. He would give attention to religion, he promised, when he had made a hundred thousand dollars. The faithful pastor of the church that he sometimes attended urged the same duty, and he got the same excuse and promise. Again and again he thus put aside the pleas of wife and pastor. At length he was taken dangerously sick. The pastor called, and found him at the point of death. He spoke of the dying thief's deathbed repentance; but the dying man replied, in fierce self-reproach, "There is no hope in that. That dying thief had not been urged for years by a Christian wife and a Christian mother before her, and a Christian pastor after her, to live a Christian life." And with that despairing self-reproach, he sank in death, like Pharaoh in the waves of the Red Sea.

The Bright Side of the Pillar of Fire

A wonderful song they sang in the morning and ever afterward, those people who had crossed over the sea under that marvelous banner of light. "Thou, in thy mercy, hast led forth thy people which thou hast redeemed." This was a part of their song. And Miriam, she who, when a child, had watched her brother Moses in his tiny bark amid the flags of the Nile, now in the strength of her womanhood, led the women with a timbrel in songs and dances, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Sometimes we hear music in the far distance, faintly, but growing louder as it comes nearer, until it bursts upon us with full force. The song of Israel redeemed from Egypt is the distant note of what will one day burst upon us in the song of the redeemed, the ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, who shall gather about the throne of God to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. If we are ever to hear that song we must keep on the side of the banner of light while we are in this world.

Not in miracles alone, but daily, God in nature, takes side with the right. Some years ago a ship captain, whose employees were ambitious to have their ship first out of Buffalo on the breaking up of ice in spring, started his vessel as soon as the harbor was cleared of ice, supposing that the wind would, as often before, carry the ice up the lake, break it up, and disperse it, and so prevent all trouble from it. But when the ship neared the upper end of the lake the captain found himself between two great fields of ice, that on the right extending to the Canada side; that on the left, slowly but surely moving down upon them. The ship was not prepared for an Arctic encounter like this, and how to escape from their perilous position was an anxious question. But two courses presented themselves. The first was to land on the ice, and so make their way to the Canada shore. The mate volunteered the attempt. It was fraught with danger, but he succeeded in making the exploration, and in returning safely to the ship, but only to report that the ice was entirely detached from the shore, and that escape in this direction was impossible. The second method was to reach the open channel between the ice fields in the ship's boats; but this idea was soon abandoned, for, at the rate the ice was moving before the wind, it was very certain the two fields would meet long before the boats could reach the open water, and, if caught, they would be crushed like eggshells. Under these circumstances, the captain called the passengers, and as many of the crew as could be spared from the deck, into the cabin, made a plain statement of their danger, and of his entire want of power to afford them relief, and though not a professing Christian, said, "We are in the hands of God, if he does not interpose for us there is no help, no hope. If any of you know how to pray, I wish you would do so." The mate, a Christian man, prayed earnestly, while every head was bowed in solemn anxiety. After the prayer, the captain and mate went on deck, and saw that, during that moment of prayer, the wind had changed, and now, instead of blowing the crushing ice-field upon them, it was blowing the ship slowly, but surely, through that open channel. In the presence of that strange fact, the captain and mate uncovered their heads, and the mate, looking aloft at the nearly naked yards, said, "Shall I put some more canvas on her, captain?" "No," said the captain, "don't touch her, someone else is managing the ship." And so the unseen hand did lead them to the open water, and to their desired haven in safety. In the words of Dr. Washington Gladden:

> And fierce though the fiends may fight,
> And long though the angels hide,
> We know that the truth and right
> Have the universe on their side.

When Abraham Lincoln became President of the United States, many Abolitionists urged that he should at once emancipate the slaves. When he delayed, they chided him. Among those who did so, was an intimate friend, Richard Yates, a Senator, from Illinois. To him Lincoln replied with words borrowed from the Red Sea story: "Dick: 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God' Abe: 'Let us be ready to obey God's orders promptly, whether it be to wait or to march, to 'stand still,' or 'to go forward.'"

"THE LORD OVERTHREW THE EGYPTIANS IN THE MIDST OF THE SEA"

Christmas in Prophecy and Promise

More than seven hundred years before the first Christmas, God pictured it so plainly to the prophet Isaiah in a vision that it seemed as if it had already come, and he exclaimed: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Other scenes in the life which the Son of God was to live on earth were also pictured in Isaiah's visions, so that we can make quite a full life of Christ by putting together in the right order the red passages in Isaiah in the Red Letter Bible, which were quoted in the New Testament as prophecies of Christ. There were so many of these, and they were so vivid, that Isaiah has been called one of the evangelists, with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. "Evangelist" means one who proclaims the Gospel, which is the "good news to the poor" that, through the coming of Jesus into the world and into men's hearts, the wrongs the poor have suffered from masters and rulers shall at last be done away with. About one hundred years after Isaiah gave to the Jews these exceeding great and precious promises, they were carried into captivity in Babylon as a punishment for their sins, of which they repented and comforted

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT—A REST BY THE WAY

themselves with these promises of a Deliverer. Noble-hearted Persian astronomers, among whom some of the captives lived, heard these promises that the Son of God would come to save and rule the world, and that he had been called a "Star." They rightly thought that his coming out of heaven to bring light to the world as a Star would be proclaimed by some new star in the sky. At last, after long years of waiting, these wise men or magi, saw a bright star flash out in the sky, and knew in their hearts the Messiah had come. They therefore hastened to fit out a caravan of camels to follow the star, which they believed would lead them to this heavenly Visitor. We are not to think of them as coming right after the shepherds of Bethlehem, and while Jesus was still in the manger. They arrived at least forty days later, when Jesus and his mother had been moved into a "house." There is a tradition that they were three kings, one Caspar, a beardless youth of twenty, bringing incense for worship of Jesus as the Son of God; another, Melchior, sixty years of age, with long white hair, offering gold to Jesus as tribute to a King; the third, Balthasar, forty years old, offering myrrh, significant of the sufferings of Jesus as our Saviour. Let us think of them also as representing the three original races, one the Japhethites, another the Shemites, yet another, the children of Ham, typical of the world's final acceptance of Jesus as Lord and Saviour of all.

As they neared Jerusalem, the star was hidden for a time, and as they entered the gates where merchants and rulers sat about, bending low on their dusty camels, they asked the startling question, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" No wonder Herod, the bad king of the Jews, was "troubled" with fear when his guards reported the question, and "all Jerusalem" with glad expectation, as they were yearly expecting the promised Messiah.

If that same question, "Where is he that is born King?" were asked to-day by some prophet in a city hall, and board of trade, and ball room, there would be hardly less excitement. There is little recognition that Christ is the rightful king of politics and business and pleasure. But as sure as God's Word is true, "the holy city" is "coming down," in which the prayer of Christ is to be realized, for Christ could not have taught it in vain:

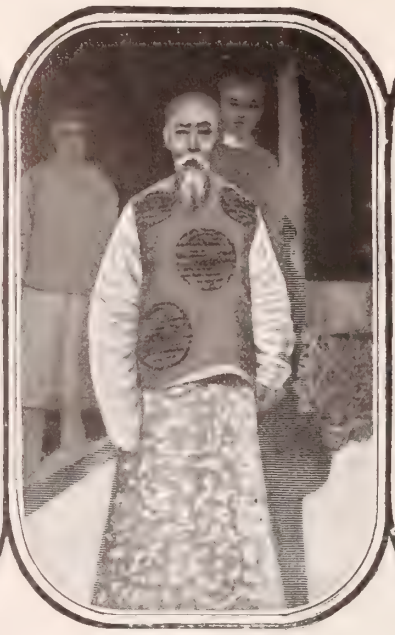
> Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth.

Herod pretended that he desired to know of the Scribes where this expected "King of the Jews" should be born, that he might "worship him," but in his heart he was plotting to kill him. The Scribes found this prophecy in Micah: "Thou Bethlehem out of thee shall he come forth unto me that shall be ruler in Israel." On that the magi set out anew for the village, only six miles away. Strangely, the Scribes did not take the trouble to go even so short a journey to learn whether the prophecy was fulfilled. Herod, however, remembered, and hardly had the magi presented their gifts to Jesus before his mother and Joseph were warned that Herod would seek to kill the child, and that they should carry him away to Egypt.

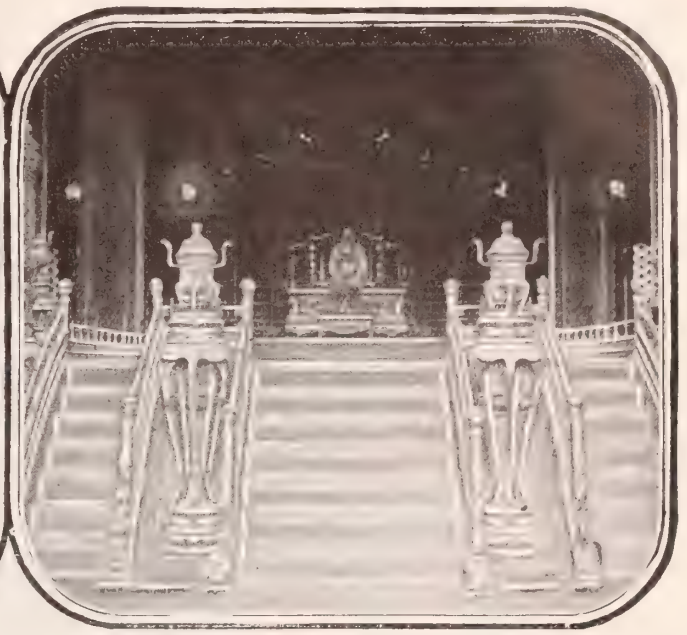
We shall miss the larger meanings of Christmas if we do not include in our thought the march of Christ down the centuries, each of which he has made better than its predecessor for women and children, and others as poor as he was, and his mother and the workman's household to which he belonged. The best Christmas gift we can receive is the "unspeakable gift" of Christ in the heart. The best gift we can give is the gift of body and soul, our two mites, to Christ. Here I give my all to thee freely, fully and forever.

AT THE CHEN MEN GATE

PRINCE CHING



THE IMPERIAL THRONE IN "THE FORBIDDEN CITY"



Taking Tea with Prince Ching

Our Special Correspondent Meets Earl Li's Successor—A Remarkable Interview —The Prince's Generous Recognition of America's Aid in the Famine

SINCE the death of Earl Li Hung Chang, Prince Ching, the military Governor of Peking, has become the leading factor in Chinese affairs. Below is published the second letter from Mr. Francis H. Nichols, our special correspondent in China, which gives an account of a most interesting interview with Prince Ching at the capital:

PEKING, October 12, 1901.

Over a cup of tea in the reception room of his residence, Prince Ching to-day talked with your correspondent about American relief for famine in China.

It is no exaggeration to say that Prince Ching is the most important character in the Chinese political life of to-day, and will continue to be until the arrival of the Emperor and the Court. Besides holding the position of head of the Foreign Office, Prince Ching's sphere of influence and power has been greatly enlarged of late by the infirmities and failing health of Li Hung Chung, who has begun to retire from active political life. Prince Ching is a Manchu of the blood royal. It was he, more than any other one man, who represented China in the tedious complicated indemnity negotiations recently concluded.

An interview with him is a thing not easy to obtain. Besides the ordinary obstacles which Chinese etiquette always places in the way of a meeting between a prominent official and a foreigner, the pressure of business under his charge has of late compelled him to almost entirely forego interviews, except on important matters of state. Yet when Major Conger, the United States Minister, sent word to Prince Ching that a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which had raised money for starving Shensi, wanted to see him, he at once acquiesced, and made an appointment for the following afternoon at his residence.

Prince Ching lives four miles from the American Legation, and as my visit was to be an official one, sedan chairs were substituted for the customary rickshaws. Mr. E. T. Williams, of the American Legation, kindly consented to accompany me and act as interpreter. There is a good deal more in the art of riding gracefully and with dignity in a sedan chair than one would imagine from a mere description of the vehicle. The chair is so heavy and cumbersome that the four bearers cannot carry it any great distance without soon becoming exhausted, so that two extra bearers trot along beside it as a relay to relieve the regular men every half-mile or so.

An outrider on a pony precedes the procession, and continually shouts to passersby to get out of the way. Progress in a sedan chair, while very comfortable for the rider, is exceedingly slow. Every few minutes the front bearer gives a short "yow," and the poles are shifted from one shoulder to another, and just when you least expect it, the whole caravan comes to a halt while the relay takes the place of the most exhausted pair of bearers.

Peking is devoid of thoroughfares that can be dignified with the name of streets. There are only crooked lanes between the houses, in which, in many places, the rain of weeks ago still lingers in stagnant pools in the hollows. At times, the sedan chair creeps cautiously along a footpath in the shadow of a wall, and at others, sways from side to side in climbing the steep grade by which one street joins another. To move from the exact centre of your chair is to bring upon yourself a volley of Chinese warnings from the bearers that the "next time you do that" you will upset the whole party. Altogether, successful sedan chair riding is an art which has to be practised to be acquired.

After an hour's shouting and swaying and jostling through dirty lanes and around corners of the wall of the imperial city, our chairs were suddenly dropped in the dusty road before a large stone gateway, that marked the entrance to the residence of Prince Ching, where a Chinese captain and twelve soldiers were loafing about. They immediately sprang up and presented arms as we left our chairs, and passing through the gateway behind a Chinese secretary who spoke a few words of English, and who had been sent to receive us.

Across a big stone courtyard, and through a long row of offices, where a score of Chinese clerks were at work, we were ushered into a sort of drawing-room. In the centre of it was a little table covered with a white cloth, and behind it stood Prince Ching.

He is a man of medium height, apparently about sixty years old. His long goatee and thin moustache are iron gray, and so is the patch of hair on the back of his head above his pigtail. His forehead is slightly forward and his cheeks are hollow, bringing into prominence his high cheek bones. His eyes are larger and less almond-shaped than those of most Chinamen, and are bright and kindly at the same time. His lips are thin and compressed. Taken altogether, his is the sort of face one would turn to look at for a second time in any crowd in the world. He would be almost as striking a personality on Broadway as in Peking. This is the man who to-day is battling against the ablest diplomats of the West for the maintenance of the integrity of the Chinese Empire. It is on those stooping shoulders, covered with a purple blouse, that to-day rests very largely the future of his country.

Prince Ching motioned us to chairs at the white tablecloth, while a servant brought in little silver cups full of tea and a plate of cakes. With a manner which had in it not a trace of stiffness or formality, he began asking questions about the famine relief fund.

"Is this money that the American people have raised," he asked, "the gift of a few men, or has it come from many sources?"

Through the interpreting of Mr. Williams, I explained as best I could that the $60,000 forwarded to China's starving ones represented the Christian generosity and kindliness of thousands of Americans. I told him that the homes of the givers covered a territory as vast as the Chinese Empire.

"And all of these have remembered China?" he said, meditatively. "It is a splendid, generous act. On behalf of our people, please convey to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD my thanks. Words (and he pointed to his lips) can hardly express the gratitude I feel. This relief for the starving in China will go a long way towards binding us closer to the people of the United States."

"It is a friendship of many years," he went on, "between your country and mine. I really doubt if any other nation would have remembered us in our hour of need as the Americans have done."

Prince Ching explained that there had been great suffering in Shansi, but that it was now very nearly at an end, owing to a recent fall of rain, but that in Shensi the famine

THE EMPRESS DOWAGER'S BED

LOOKING DOWN LEGATION STREET, PEKING

ON THE PEIHO RIVER

MISSIONARY HEROES TO THE FRONT

Two Families of Missionary Workers Going to Morocco in Faith in God's Support and Protection

FAITH in God and devotion to his service are displayed in a truly remarkable way in the lives of two families who sailed last week from New York. They are on their way to Tangier to preach the Gospel to the Moors. Knowing absolutely nothing of the language and very little of the country, poorly equipped with funds and with very slight prospects of future support, they went out serenely confident in the guidance and providential care of Him to whose service they have consecrated their lives. To the world, with its hard common sense, such a mission savors of reckless fanaticism. Yet the world owes much to such heroic souls. Only the reason that the great pioneer of missionary work gave for his life and his renunciation of honors and wealth, can be assigned for their act: "The love of Christ constraineth us." They know that they will have to endure hardship and discomfort and will imperil their health and perhaps their lives, but none of these things deter them, neither count they their lives dear unto them, if they can bring into Christ's kingdom souls now in heathen darkness that have never heard of him.

MEMBERS OF THE TWO MISSIONARY FAMILIES
1. Mr. Weiss 2. Mrs. Currall 3. Mrs. Weiss 4. Mr. Currall

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weiss and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Currall and their children, form the missionary party. Such preparations as they have for their work was obtained in a little-known institution at Shenandoah, Iowa, which was established by Mr. C. S. Hanley some twelve years ago, to give instruction to persons desirous of preaching Christ in the slums of our own great cities or to the scarcely more ignorant heathen abroad. Mr. Hanley and his wife have similar strong faith in God's loving care. They have had in the twelve years past, fifty persons in their home. Without endowment, without regular income, they have carried on their work of preparing heralds of the Cross. Contributions have been sent to them by people who knew what they were doing and had some idea of their need.

Many a time during his sojourn with them, Mr. Weiss says, there has been neither food nor money in the house for the next meal, when they have risen from the breakfast table, but never once has provision failed when the need for it came. Thus their faith has been confirmed and strengthened by experience, and they are not afraid now to put it to a new test. Mr. Weiss says that in all, three hundred evangelists are now at work in connection with this institution, besides two missionaries in India, one in South Africa, and one in Alaska, all of whom look to God alone for the supply of their temporal wants. They are all strongly enjoined to work with any evangelical denomination, but on no account to organize a new sect.

This is not the first experience in missionary work that the little party has had. Mr. and Mrs. Currall, since leaving the institution at Shenandoah, have labored for seven years in the West chiefly in St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo. Like their Master, they preached the Gospel chiefly to the poor.

CHILDREN OF THE WEISS AND CURRALL FAMILIES

Mr. and Mrs. Weiss also have had some experience in city work. They have labored, too, in the foreign field. In December, 1894, they sailed from New York for South Africa. Arriving in Natal, they went at once to Durban, and began preaching in the streets of the city. Many of their hearers were acquainted with English, and when Zulus were present, an interpreter translated their utterances. They spoke frequently in the American Mission Church in Durban to large audiences. After a year spent in Durban in this work, they went inland. They traveled from place to place assisting the missionaries of the American Board at various stations in Natal, finally reaching the Mapumulo Mission, where they settled down. From this point they covered a large circuit in all directions, preaching in a large tent, which was carried with them by the natives from place to place. Mr. Weiss was greatly touched by the kindness of the people. The natives, he says, would come to him voluntarily, bringing provisions and fruits from their own farms and gardens, so that there was always an abundant supply of food. At the outbreak of the war between the British and the Boers, they returned to America, bringing with them as a trophy of God's grace a Zulu boy, ten years old, named Makanya, who is now at Shenandoah, being educated for missionary work among his own people. He is very docile and obedient, and has won the affection of all with whom he has come in contact. He is making excellent progress in his studies, and promises to be a useful servant of Christ. He is being fed, clothed, and educated by the World's Faith Missionary Association, at Shenandoah, Ia.

During their stay in America, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss have labored in various parts of Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. In their call at this office shortly before sailing for Tangier, they left kindly messages for their friends in those States, who, they said, would be sure to get them if they were printed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, for they found this journal in all their homes. To all they bid a cordial farewell, begging that prayer may be offered for God's blessing on their labors in the unknown land to which they are going, and assuring all that they have unwavering and implicit faith in God's protecting care.

Taking Tea with Prince Ching

Continued From Preceding Page

was still acute. This confirms the reports that have been received by Dr. Smith and the relief committee.

Prince Ching not only complied with alacrity to my request for his seal on my passport to insure my safe journey to Singan, but he also had written above it a long command to the viceroys of the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, Hoopeh, and Honan, to provide me with an escort and every comfort within their power during my travels. He gave me his card, a big red piece of paper, on which was inscribed his signature in black characters.

"That card," he said through Mr. Williams, "is in itself sufficient to give you a safe journey anywhere in China." Besides all this, he promised to telegraph to the local magistrates along the route, notifying them in advance of the coming of a representative of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Famine Relief Fund. Prince Ching said that he had never had his photograph taken. I produced my kodak and asked for the privilege of a snapshot; he consented. The process of posing and of standing with the light in his face seemed to interest him immensely. He was not the international diplomat now, but a simple Chinaman in the presence of a contrivance he could not understand. He stood on the steps of his residence and smiled half incredulously, while I pressed the button. You can see the result. He clasped his hands in front of him, in the Chinese salutation, as he said good-by. The guard presented arms again, and we returned to our chairs and the American Legation.

All is now expectancy in Peking over the return of the Emperor and the Court. The forbidden city has been closed to foreigners for more than three weeks, and a guard of Chinese soldiers are stationed at the gates. Within the grounds hundreds of laborers are at work painting, plastering and patching, in order to, as far as possible, cover up the desecration of the invaders. The plaster of the huge entrance has been covered with several coats of red and yellow paint, to an extent that reminds one slightly of an effect at the Buffalo Exposition. The curious structure called the Chen Men gate has also been turned over to the Chinese. The Chen Men is a huge circular tower in the wall, through which one must pass in entering from the Chinese to the Tartar city. In it are four entrances. The one on the south is opened only once a year when the Emperor goes in state to worship at the "Temple of Heaven."

One could wish that his devotions were of more frequent occurrence, because the closed gate necessitates a detour to one of the side entrances over a road compared with which a ploughed field is smooth. Another force of men are repairing the breaches in the stone wall made by the artillery fire of the allies. All this is in order to carry out the delusion that the foreign troops inflicted no real damage on Peking and were finally compelled to leave because of the superior prowess of the Chinese army.

The Emperor, Empress Dowager and the Court have begun a royal progress from Singan to Peking. They are traveling slowly, and making long stops at the towns through which they pass, where they are received by the Taotais and Viceroys, and congratulated on their return to the ancient capital of the empire. At Kai Feng, in Honan, elaborate preparations have been made for a week of rejoicing, for it is there that the Empress will celebrate her birthday. Any Chinese imperial intention is always largely a matter of uncertainty to Western minds, and one hears all sorts of guesses as to what the imperial programme is. The opinion is expressed in a good many quarters that the Empress Dowager will not return to Peking for some time, but will remain at Kai Feng, while the Emperor returns alone to feel the pulse of the situation. Meanwhile repairs and alterations are in progress in the foreign quarter, which are rapidly transforming Legation street into a fort. Legation street runs west from the Chen Men Gate, parallel with the wall of the Tartar City, to what is known as the Hateman Gate, another large opening in the wall that separates the two cities of which Peking is composed. On the top of the wall, near the gate, the Germans are building a brick and steel platform for a heavy gun, which will command the entire section of the wall near the legations, and will be able to throw shells into any of the important strongholds of the Chinese. Barracks for additional guards are being erected in both the British and American compounds.

Recent events have at last decided the United States Government to own its own legation residence in Peking. For years the Stars and Stripes in the capital of China have floated over a compound which was rented property. At the west end of Legation street to-day, close to the Chen Men, is a vacant lot which is pointed out to every American visitor as the future home of this country's embassy. Alongside of it some gray brick buildings have now reached the second story of their construction. The gateway, with the letters U. S. in the keystone, indicates that they will be the new American barracks. Neither they nor the new home of the legation will be as imposing or extensive as the British, German or Russian buildings.

One hears golden opinions of Major Conger on all sides in Peking. An Englishman told me the other day that had Major Conger been in the service of Edward VII instead of Uncle Sam, he would long ago have been knighted and would now be writing K. C. M. G. after his name. Instead of that he is just plain "Minister Conger," always kind, always dignified, always keenly alive to his country's interests.

About half a mile from the Hateman gate, across the Slough, which by courtesy is called a street, is a huge shed of matting. Within it a score of stone-cutters are at work on the monument which the German Government is erecting to Baron Von Ketteler. It will mark the exact spot where he was murdered. From the lips of the secretary who was with Von Ketteler at the time of his death, I have heard the story of the tragedy. When the strain had reached the breaking point, the council of foreign ministers requested the Tsung-li-yamen to call upon them at an appointed time and talk over certain demands which they had made. When the yamen did not put in an appearance, Von Ketteler announced that he would go to them. He never returned. He was shot by a detachment of Chinese imperial troops. The officer commanding them, when captured by the allies a few months ago, said that Von Ketteler was killed in compliance with an order issued by Prince Tuan to kill any member of a foreign legation who might pass that way on that particular morning. Had any other of the foreign ministers accompanied Von Ketteler, they would undoubtedly have shared his fate.

One of the anomalies of the present situation in Peking is the temporary homes of the various missionary institutions. Previous to the Boxer uprising, the Methodist University and its campus covered some ten acres close to the Tartar city wall near the Hateman gate. All that remain of it to-day are a few heaps of gray bricks behind a shattered stone wall. The work of reconstruction has begun; but while it is in progress, the university is housed in an old Chinese compound, which has been made comfortable with American stoves and carpets. All that is left of the Tung Chow College of the American Board is quartered in an exceptionally attractive compound about a mile from Legation street.

FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

Twelve Perfect Gems of Art

W. B. F., Wingham, Ont., Can.: "The twelve beautiful art reproductions are perfect gems, and each one has a charm peculiarly its own. When you promise your subscribers a 'good premium,' I have learned to know it will 'be good;' but this time your premium excels anything you have ever sent out."

The Needle's Eye

A NEW SERIAL STORY WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Chapter III.—Stretching Forth of his Wings

ON the following day Elizabeth Winch stood in the open door of her house, a smile of timid welcome on her face; the minister's wife was coming up the path. "Do walk right in, Mis' Holditch," she said hospitably; "it's awful cold, ain't it? You'd better take your things off, I guess, while you're settin', or you won't sense them when you go out."

The minister's wife untied her blue veil and unpinned her heavy blanket shawl. "It's cold," she admitted; "but I was well wrapped up." She was a stout, motherly woman, with a countenance composed to a comfortable acquiescence in the inscrutable ways of Providence. "I'd like to see that baby," she added, as she emerged like a substantial beetle from its encumbering crysalis.

"You—you wouldn't be wantin' him?" asked Elizabeth, hesitatingly.

"Dear, no!" said the other, with a pitying smile. "I know too well what a piece of work it is to bring up a bottle baby! But, of course, we all take an interest in the poor child."

Elizabeth drew her guest into the tiny bed-room off the kitchen. "He's asleep," she whispered, her face glowing with joyful pride. "He sleeps most all the time when he ain't eatin'. He ain't a mite of trouble. He's growin' jest like a little weed—no, I ain't a-goin' to say that neither, weeds is ugly things. He's more like a little pink flower. There now, look at him; ain't he lovely?"

Mrs. Holditch leaned over the sleeping form, a fine motherly smile dawning in her kind eyes. She touched the soft rose of the tiny cheek with a wise forefinger. "I should say he was as healthy a child as I ever saw," she said judicially. "And I guess you know how to do for him as well as if you'd had more experience. You want to dilute his milk with boiled water, and don't feed him every time he cries."

"He ain't hardly cried sence I've had him," breathed the other, with a triumphant smile. "An' jest look at his hair, will you, a curlin' all over his blessed little head! His eyes is as black as velvet, an' he knows me a'ready; you wouldn't believe it, would you now, Mis' Holditch?"

"They're more knowing than most folks give 'em credit for," responded the minister's wife briskly. "What does Mr. Winch say about him?"

Elizabeth's face clouded. He don't want him," she said sullenly. "But I've made up my mind."

"You might name him after your husband," suggested Mrs. Holditch, elevating her eyebrows with an understanding glance.

"No, he's named a'ready. He's named 'Manuel. I named him first thing."

"Manuel!" repeated Mrs. Holditch, wonderingly. "Why, that sounds kind of a foreign and outlandish name for him, doesn't it?"

"It's in the Bible," said Elizabeth; "an' I seen it on the communion table over to Turner's Cross-roads once. 'The stretchin' out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, Oh, 'Manuel!'"

"I understand now—Immanuel. It means God with us." Mrs. Holditch glanced at the soft-heaving wrappings on the bed with a sigh. "Dear me, it's pretty hard to understand the dealings of the Lord sometimes!"

Elizabeth laid her hand on the good woman's plump arm. "'Rastus is jest a-comin' in," she whispered beseechingly. "If you could say anythin' to kind of reconcile him, I'd be terrible 'bleeged to you, Mis' Holditch."

Erastus Winch shook hands with the minister's wife, with a reluctant widening of his grim mouth. "You ain't been out to see us fur quite a spell," he began agreeably. "But of course, as I was tellin' the parson, las' Sunday, there 's them 'at pays more fur his support 'an I do; an' I s'pose they 're entitled to his partic'lar 'tention."

"I believe Mr. Holditch expects to see all the members of his congregation at least twice a year," replied the lady, with becoming meekness. "He's been very busy this week with funerals."

"Yas, it's a mighty bad season; terrible onhealthy. I've been laid up most all winter with one thing or 'nother. Crops was bad, too, an' what with money scurser 'n hen's teeth, an' everythin' way up in gee, 'tain't a very good time to incur extry expenses. What do you say, Mis' Holditch?"

"It would depend a little on what the extra expense was," said Mrs. Holditch, cautiously.

"Humph!" ejaculated Winch, with a sour look at his wife, "I s'pose you've seen it."

"Do you mean the baby? Yes, I've just seen it. He's a fine child; he'll soon grow into a strong, active boy."

"He won't be wuth his keep fur ten years," growled Winch. "My wife here is set on keepin' him; but I don't want him. I've been thinkin' of consultin' the minister on the subjec' of a man's rulin' his own house. That's Bible, ain't it?"

"'WHAT'S HE DOIN'?' DEMANDED THE OLD FARMER"

"I heard Mr. Holditch say that a likely boy, that cost practically nothing to raise, was a good investment for a farmer," observed Mrs. Holditch, in a hard, practical tone. "You'd have his services till he was of age, I suppose; I should advise you to keep the child."

Mr. Winch had been engaged in cutting a liberal mouthful of plug tobacco with a clasp knife. He shook his head with a surly glance at his wife; his jaws were occupied with the fragrant weed, but they ceased to move for a full minute in the light of the look she flashed him in return; the same unalterable determination he had faced once before shone in the faded eyes.

"Wall, I dunno," he said at length. "I guess I'm a blamed fool fur bein' so soft-hearted; but jest to please you, Mis' Holditch, I reckon I'll hev to give in 'bout the boy. 'Tain't likely he'll ever be any good to me; an' Mis' Winch 'ull hev to look out 'at she don't neglect no reg'lar dooties a-waitin' on him; can't put up with that nohow, an' money tight as 't is now. The poorhouse 'll be open fur quite a spell yet, an' one day'll do as well 's 'nother as fur 's I'm consarned."

* * * * * *

Those systematized numerical collections of facts known as statistics, however coldly dull they may appear, are the concise expression of prolonged effort, the colorless residuum in life's seething alembic. If it be stated, for example, that Elizabeth Winch has fried some fifteen thousand slices of pork; that she has washed dishes five thousand, four hundred and seventy five times; that she has fed the chickens and calves two thousand times more or less, upon which occasions she has been the patient recipient of some twenty-seven thousand rasping complaints from her yoke-fellow—all this since the December morning when Immanuel first opened his eyes to the light, it may be simply inferred that a period of five years has been added to the term of her earthly existence.

Fortunately for Elizabeth, as for many another, she was not accustomed to view her labors from the statistical standpoint. If she was bound to her narrow wheel of labor, she at least forbore to often look at her chain. At times her wan face seemed to reflect the rosy glow which pulsed in the round cheeks of Immanuel.

During these years the child grew in strength and beauty; the spreading of his wings had indeed come to fill the whole land for Elizabeth. That he linked the sordid seen with the celestial unseen she never doubted; the memory of the strangely beautiful face of the dead mother had remained with her in the guise of a living presence. She came to regard herself as in some wise guided and directed by this benign intelligence, known in the secret of her own heart as "his mother."

"She couldn't be contented in no heaven whilst he's here," she would say to herself. "More especial as she kin see 'at I ain't no ways experienced in the fetchin' up of childern. It says in the Bible 'at we'r all ministerin' sperits, sent forth to minister; an' that, I take it, means 'at they ain't allowed to stay inside no pearly gates a-singin' an' playin' on golden harps as long's their own folks needs lookin' after here below."

This curious sense of intimate and helpful companionship so grew upon her that she formed the habit of conversing familiarly with the imagined presence while about her work. "Ain't he growin' perfec'ly wonderful?" she would whisper, stooping to look at the child wrapped in the rosy sleep of babyhood. "Jest look after him a spell, an' keep him asleep ef you kin whilst I step out to feed them chickens."

The unseen mother was often similarly called upon to "keep him mighty still while 'Rastus is round;" and many were the fervent outpourings of gratitude when some dreaded crisis was safely past.

"What in under the sun would I ha' done ef you hadn't managed to quiet him down jest as you did?" she whispered on one occasion, when the child's loud crying had elicited a savage threat from her husband. "Seem's s'o I'd go crazy; but land! he shet right up the minute he laid his pretty eyes on you! I seen him a-lookin' at you as plain as day. I s'pose mebbe your wings—all shiny like—must ha' 'tracted his 'tention!"

Erastus Winch appeared as unconscious as an animal of the heavenly change in the atmosphere of his home. He went his way after his old surly fashion, and for the most part paid no manner of attention to the child. But the time came when Elizabeth detected a speculative gleam in his dull eyes as they rested upon the boy. Winch was smoking his pipe on the back porch on a summer evening; Elizabeth sat on the steps watching Immanuel as he industriously gathered fragments of wood in a basket.

"What's he doin'?" demanded the farmer, removing his pipe and pointing

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WHAT WAS THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM?

The Rev. Joseph Hamilton Believes it was the Starry Form of an Angel

THE STAR! What star? Of the countless stars that roll in space, which one is entitled to the distinction of being called **The Star?** We know not which star may be intrinsically the most important; but surely the star of transcendent human interest is the star that guided the wise men of the East to the place where the infant Saviour lay.

A peculiar mystery has enveloped that star since the night on which it appeared. The function it performed was so different from that of other stars, and it came into such close relation to ourselves, that it is not surprising that men through the whole Christian era have been trying to explain and account for it. It must be confessed, however, that the theories that have been put forward are singularly unfortunate. They do not reasonably account for the facts in the Gospel narrative, and a supposed miracle is usually lugged in, which only makes the narrative more incredible.

I take the Gospel record as a true statement of facts that actually occurred on the occasion of the Saviour's birth. With those who would exclude or explain away those remarkable occurrences I have no common ground in this discussion.

Now, any theory that would account reasonably for the star in question must fulfil certain conditions. First, the supposed star must have some peculiar appearance, to attract the notice of the wise men. Next, it must be a moving star. Then it must distinctly stop. Further, it must be near enough to indicate the particular house where the infant lay. Moreover, a supposed miracle must not be brought in, or at least no event more miraculous than other events transpiring at the same time.

Some extreme literalists have contended that the star in question must have been a real, ordinary star, just because it is called a star. Others, with more ingenuity, have labored to show that the star was formed by a conjunction of three stars—as if that would help the matter.

It is very plain that no ordinary star has any apparent motion; hence, it could not apparently stop; besides, it is too far away to indicate any particular spot. Others think the star was the *aurora borealis;* forgetting the fact that the northern light is never seen in such southern latitudes, and the further fact that the quivering character of that light would forbid its serving the purpose recorded. Others have thought that the star was a comet, which, in this case, would be as signal a failure as a fixed star or a quivering northern light. But most of our commentators suppose the star was a meteor. Evidently it could not be an ordinary meteor, even if it were close enough to answer the purpose, for a meteor never shines more than a few seconds, and it never stands still. Realising this, the meteor expounders usually imagine this meteor to have been miraculously used for the occasion.

The question is: "Is there any alternative theory which does fulfil the conditions without calling in the aid of a miracle?" I believe there is a reasonable theory that fulfils all the conditions. The theory is this: that the star in question was simply an angel. In the first place, we know (from the sacred record),that many angels were near at hand on that eventful night when Jesus was born. If an angel were wanted for this mission, a host of them hovered over Bethlehem, filling the air with their songs. It seems that the leader of that heavenly choir first spoke to the shepherds, and told them very minutely where Christ was born. Now, if we believe that an angel told certain men where Jesus was born, is it hard to believe that an angel would show certain other men the very place? If it were a question of mere credibility it would be easier for me to believe that an angel might go before and show the place without speaking, rather than that he should speak to men and tell them of the place in human language. The shepherds were in the immediate locality; so the angel gave them the minute instructions which they needed. This was enough for the shepherds. But the wise men came from afar. They did not know the locality, and needed more special guidance. So the star appeared to them while they were away in the East, and not only guided them to Jerusalem, but to Bethlehem, and then to the very house they sought. I think it not unlikely that the angel who spoke to the shepherds was the same who guided the wise men. In the one case he performed his mission by words, and in the other case by a visible sign. We may well suppose that these devout sages would not be prepared for a verbal message from an angel, but that they might readily follow the leading of a star.

This star-angel went before the wise men. He must have been near, else his motion would not have been apparent enough to be followed. It seems that he disappeared for a time on the way, and then reappeared. Not only so, but when he came to the house he stopped and remained over it as an indication that the desired place was reached. Here was voluntary motion, will,

THE MAGI LED TO THE MANGER

purpose, intelligence. These powers must have been exercised by some conscious agent outside the star, or they must have been inherent in the star itself. Which is the more likely? To suppose that a meteor was specially brought here, and by some supernatural power was caused to act in such an unheard-of way, involves a miracle of the kind that is hardest to believe. Yet this is the view that has usually been advanced, and I presume generally accepted. My theory, on the contrary, supposes that the star was merely the luminous presence of an active, conscious, intelligent, spiritual being, who was fulfilling his high mission of making known the birth of the Saviour.

This final consideration is, that an angel would naturally have the appearance of a star. Taking the Bible accounts of angels, we know that they often appeared in human form. But this is certainly not their normal appearance. Ordinarily they seem to be invisible to our grosser vision. When they do appear it is usually in a form of luminous brightness. There are many scriptural allusions, direct and indirect, in support of this view. Isaiah says, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O day-star, son of the morning." (R. V.) Without staying to discuss the question as to whom these words refer —usually applied to Satan—we must note that some great personage fell from some high estate, and that in falling he is likened to a star. And in Revelation we have a singular corroboration of the same idea. "The fifth angel sounded," says John, "and I saw a star fall from heaven." But mark: in the same sentence the star becomes an angel; "to him was given the key of the bottomless pit." Notice that I am not trying to expound the Revelation; I am only pointing out that a certain star turned out to be an angel. Why, then, is the angel spoken of as a star? Simply because he appeared as a star, and in the first instance John would not know that he was anything but a star. Is it hard to believe, then, that the star of the wise men was really an angel?

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

The adoption of the theory I have tried to recommend gives us more vivid and realistic glimpses of the unseen. This is what the world needs to-day. He does a service to mankind who even to a small extent lifts the curtain of the unseen, and shows men that there is another world and another life than this.

Toronto, Canada. REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

THE STAR SHINES ON THE CRADLE

Rev. C. M. Sheldon Believes it was "a Supernatural Light"

In answer to your questions concerning the Star of Bethlehem, I do not think I can be quoted as authority in the matter, as I make no pretentions to scientific or astronomical knowledge concerning the Star of Bethlehem. But from the Bible account, I have always been of the opinion that the Star of Bethlehem was a supernatural light in the heavens, as much a feature of the birth of Christ as the appearance of the angels to the shepherds. A miracle is a miracle, and one is no harder than another. The Bible account leaves me satisfied with the belief that the Star was not one of the regularly created heavenly bodies, but that it was a preternatural light, which appeared for that special occasion.

Topeka, Kans. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

It was a Spiritual Revealing of the Presence of Angels

It was a heavenly light, a spiritual revealing of the presence of angels. It was first seen in the East, in the place where the wise men resided, and then was seen a second time when they left Jerusalem to go to Bethlehem. Accustomed to look for the fulfilment of Balaam's prophecy, "There shall come a star out of Jacob," they saw a light which had the form of a star, and knew that the Messiah promised to the Jews had come. They therefore went to Jerusalem, but the star-like light did not lead them, and, therefore, they asked on arrival, "Where is he that is born king of the Jews?" The needed information was obtained from the Jewish scholars, who had the prophecy of Micah, and then the wise men continued their journey to Bethlehem. They needed at this point the guidance of the light to show them the right house and child, and they had it. No star, meteor or comet could have done what this light did, in being visible in a distant country, and then visible again in a southward movement from the gate of Jerusalem to a certain house in a small town. A star or constellation might be seen to the south of Jerusalem, but it could not be said of it that "it came and stood over where the young child was." The idea that it was a material star may seem at first sight to make the miracle more plausible, but on the contrary any material explanation calls for much more unreasoning credulity than a spiritual one.

The spiritual theory of the star meets with no difficulty whatever. The Scriptures abound in such appearances of light from heaven. Abraham saw in vision what seemed like a smoking furnace and a burning lamp pass between the two parts of his offering (Gen. 15: 17); Moses saw a bush as if it were on fire (Exodus 3: 2); all Israel saw the pillar of cloud and fire (Exodus 14: 20), and it was always over the tabernacle (40: 38), the glorious cloud "filled the house of the Lord" when completed by Solomon (I. Kings 8: 10). Ezekiel saw "a great cloud and a fire infolding itself" (1: 4); Daniel saw an angel whose face was like lightning, and his

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eyes like lamps of fire (10:6). Paul saw the "light from heaven" (Acts 9:3); to Peter a "light shined in the prison" (Acts 12:7), and especially in the Book of Revelation we read of "the face as the sun shineth in his strength" (1:16).

In this view of it "the glory of the Lord" which the shepherds saw was a fuller revealing of the same light (Luke 2:9), and both shepherds and wise men saw something of "the true Light, which was in the world, and the world knew him not" (John 1:9-11).

"The kingdom of heaven is at hand," this was the anouncement of the Baptist in the wilderness (Matthew

THE ANGEL OVER BETHLEHEM

3:2); of our Lord in Galilee (4:17); of the twelve sent forth (10:7); and when rejected they were to say, "Notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is nigh unto you" (Luke 10:11), and so in the East the kingdom of God and heaven was nigh, showing itself as a "bright and morning star."

Cambridge, Mass. THEODORE F. WRIGHT.

The Star Child and the Miraculous Sign

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

IN the year of Rome 747 and in the month of December the world was full of expectancy. There was a general feeling among the nations that some great event was going to happen. It was also rumored among the nations that this great occurrence would appear among the Jews.

That which was filling the greater world with a vague restlessness and excitement, was very real and tangible to a few individuals in a narrower circle. The angel had appeared to Mary, the beautiful virgin, and had revealed the mystery, the honor, and the glory that was to be hers. Joseph, the pure-hearted carpenter, had been pondering for months the solemn and august message that had come to him, and now the tax-gatherer's writ, which cannot be evaded, has come, and though it is winter, and the frail and delicate girl wife illy fitted for the journey, the carpenter-shop in Nazareth is closed, and the trying trip to Bethlehem undertaken. It is not our purpose in this story to follow them on their journey to the town made forever immortal by the birth of Jesus; to watch them as they stand before the closed doors of the crowded inn; to follow them into the little stable made from the cave in the hillside, where, in that night of nights, a child found his cradle in a manger, who was of so much importance that men ceased to count by the "Year of Rome," and began to count by "The Year of Our Lord."

Matthew has told us of the coming of the delegation of the wise men of the East. He does not tell us from whence they came, nor how many there were of them. Tradition tells us that there were three of them, but there is nothing in the inspired story to suggest that number, unless it be that three gifts are mentioned, and the inference has been drawn that each one of the wise men made the one gift. The eloquent Chrysostom believed with Saint Augustine that there were twelve of these wise men, but the well-nigh universal acceptation among Christian people is that there were three. Tradition has given us even the names and personal characteristics of these lofty seekers. We are told that Melchior was an old man, having a patriarchial appearance, from his white hair and his long snowy beard. A second, Caspar, was a ruddy and beardless youth, with all the glow and fire of his young manhood in his veins. The third, Balthasar, was in the high-noon of life, a man at his middle-aged best, and of a swarthy appearance. According to this tradition, which is perhaps the most widely spread of all, these wise men are made to represent different portions of the world and different periods of human life. The traveler in Cologne is shown three skulls when he visits the cathedral, which are said to be the skulls of these three kings. Each skull is circled with a crown of jeweled gold.

The idea is very general that they were kings, and came from the far East, because of certain prophecies which seemed to point that way. The writer of the seventy-second psalm says: "The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall give presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts." And Isaiah, in his prophetic anthem, exultingly exclaims: "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

Many noted students, and among them Kepler, the famous astronomer, have believed that the star spoken of in the sacred narrative was an unknown star which made its appearance in the Oriental heavens, because of a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter and Mars at about that time. It is certain that there was such a conjunction in the year 1604, which was followed by a temporary star, and the scientific inference is that the same star appeared at the former conjunction, which occurred at about the time of the birth of Jesus.

There is, of course, no positive evidence as to what the star was which Matthew describes. Some think it was a comet or some other similar body. Others are of the opinion that it was a meteor, resembling more or less a shooting star, which trailed slowly along at a little distance from the ground, so as to guide the wise men. Undoubtedly the language used by Matthew favors the theory that it was a miraculous illumination, as much so as the vision of angels which appeared to the shepherds. This is very clearly suggested in the words of the Scripture story, "And lo, the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." If it had been an ordinary star in the heavens, it could not have acted in that way, for it would have appeared just as far away from them in Bethlehem, as in the desert, or in their own far-away East.

There is another pretty picture in the story, after they have turned their backs on the city of Jerusalem, and have started toward the little town of Bethlehem, when the star, temporarily lost, again appears to them, Matthew says, "When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." They turned aside no more, but followed the heaven-given guide until it stood above the lowly building, wherein Mary and Joseph watched over the precious treasure that had been committed to them. With the star standing overhead, they entered the house, and are convinced that here is the King they have been seeking, and they bow down low before the Star Child and worship him. They go back to their camels, and, opening their treasures, they bring forth their gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and lay them at the feet of the little babe.

Cunningham Geikie says that when he stood in the Chapel of the Nativity, which now marks the hallowed spot where Christ was born, he saw in the centre of the floor a silver star, marking the place, it is believed, over which the Star of the East once rested, with an inscription, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary," he wept like a child, and though an armed Turkish soldier stood behind him, he forgot all about him, and, falling on his knees, he pressed his lips to that silver star, and wet it with his tears. Surely it is in the same spirit we must meet every Christmas day. Christ is the Star of our hope and our love and with eyes blinded with tears, we press onward in the light of his radiance. The Star shall not stand still for us till we see the King in his glory.

"HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING!"

A Grain of Sand

BY CARL VON DEHRMANN

I.
DOST deem this sphere on which we ride
For man alone God did provide
And that he wrought for none beside?

II.
Consider well earth's countless host
Of other tenants ere you boast
That God for puny man cares most.

III.
All things on this terraqueous ball
That walk or fly or swim or crawl,
These are God's tenants, one and all.

IV.
Man thinks earth is of wondrous size;
For man alone through space it flies;
To God it may seem otherwise.

V.
When next you walk the ocean strand,
Take up a single grain of sand
And place upon your open hand.

VI.
Consider then the coast line vast,
Where, in the aeons of the past
Great heaps of sand were upward cast.

VII.
How does this tiny grain compare
With all the grains thus gathered there?
Compute the number if you dare.

VIII.
Look out upon the starry night;
Observe the myriad points of light,
Each one a sun, than ours more bright.

IX.
And if you would still further go,
And more of God's creation know,
The telescope will help to show

X.
Millions on millions, each a sun;
Round each in ordered courses run
Planets and moons, full many a one.

XI.
But, reaching vision's outmost pale,
Where mightiest glasses sadly fail,
The camera takes up the tale,

XII.
And further on creation's way
Permits the mind of man to stray,
Evolving shadows dim and gray.

XIII.
Nor deem you that creative might
Has ceased, because the lessening light
No longer serves your feeble sight.

XIV.
Think not the myriad worlds you see
All of creation that can be—
'Tis but a nook is shown to thee.

XV.
Thus, in Jehovah's open hand
This wondrous earth of sea and land
May seem to Him a grain of sand.

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Safe Home From the Deep Sea

THESE peasant folk, who live by the toil of the sea, and find its waters kind in that they yield them bread, have many an anxious hour, but they are simple hearted and loyal, and there is great joy in a Breton cottage when the fisherman comes home from a cruise. Last night was stormy and the waves boomed as they thundered and broke on the coast, white-capped, angry, furious in the wild gale. The little one slept in his trundle bed; rosy and sweet, he awoke this morning to be picked up by his mother and carried to the boat landing to greet his father. Wife and child and dear old mother, grandmere, so well beloved all, are always ready to welcome home the manly fellow who does so much to keep alive the fire on the cottage hearth.

A thought occurs of the way that the wide world around, men toil and strive for their families, happy and fully repaid by the devotion they win at home. Sometimes there is a tempest on the sea, and the brave sailor never gets back.

Three fishers went sailing away to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down,
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town,
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Yes, men must work, but women need not always weep. Joy cometh often and brightly, in the morning. The laden creel, where the shining fish speak of a successful catch, means a great deal to the women who rear the fisherman's sturdy boys and girls. And the man himself, holding the little lad in his strong arms, tastes the honey of life.

THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred;
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam.

I climbed to reach her cottage door,
O sweetly my love sings!
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs!
As the shining water leaped of old
When stirred by angel wings.
Aye, longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream,
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights
That brought me in to thee;
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see.
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear
All for the love of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding gown, it was she wrought
Sewing the long white seam.

JEAN INGELOW.

RETURNING FROM THE FISHING CRUISE

The Passing of the Kiss

A kiss is the most intimate token of love. The mother's kiss is the holiest thing on earth. The kiss of betrothal is sacred. The good-night and the good-morning kiss in the home are beautiful evidences of regard and affection, and should never be omitted between parents and children, brothers and sisters. Promiscuous kissing is an offense against good manners, and may be a menace to health. Invalids should be very lovingly tended, but not kissed. Kisses disturb them, do no good, and may convey contagion. The Princess Alice of Hesse, Queen Victoria's most gifted daughter, lost her life from diphtheria, contracted by kissing her dying child. Wise mothers do not let everybody kiss their dimpled darlings, and many little tots are taught either to offer the cheek, or the tiny hand for an admirer's kiss, and are enjoined not to put up the roseate lips.

Twenty years ago, or thereabouts, two women friends meeting in a shop, or on the promenade, almost invariably saluted one another with a kiss. Sometimes it was perfunctory, sometimes fervid, but it was customary and not occasional. Feminine acquaintances encountering people only slightly known, in the house of a common friend, flew into each other's arms with chirp and rustle and peck.

Nobody was very greatly surprised, however, but when it was made the theme of criticism everybody perceived its absurdity, and little by little, the kiss retreated from the streets and avenues, from afternoon calls, and morning committee meetings, from society and publicity, into the guarded sanctuary of the home, where of right it belongs. Women no longer kiss in public. A cordial hand-shake sufficiently expresses one's pleasure and interprets one's good wishes, at a casual meeting.

Men of the Anglo-Saxon race have never been wont to kiss one another, save on rare and eventful occasions, but the Latin peoples are more enthusiastic and demonstrative and do not seem to mind osculation before folk. They, too, soon feel the chilling influence of present-day conventions here in America, and with us, will soon wave good-by to the kiss, meeting and parting with some less noticeable pledge of love.

The President's Children

The White House is again gay with children's voices, and Ethel, the pretty ten-year-old daughter, is up before seven, that she may set out for her day-school, to and from which she drives in the regular school omnibus that calls for her, as for the other pupils. Kermit trudges manfully off on foot to his school. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, being eminently sensible people, are bringing up their sturdy brood of boys and girls in republican simplicity.

When Christmas Comes

CHRISTMAS is almost here, friends. May I say one word about Sunday School anniversary observances? For every reason it would seem that the hallowed character of Christmas should be emphasized on Christmas Eve, if practicable, in a purely religious service, with hymns, Scripture reading, and the impressing on childish minds of the scenes that were so beautiful at the Saviour's birth, the Star in the East, the coming of the Magi, the homage of the shepherds, the song of the angels, and the Infant Jesus should be worshiped anew as he lies in the manger. Then, on some week night of the holidays, have the Santa Claus and the Christmas Tree, and the gifts and fun and frolic, if you wish. What I mean is this: keep the secular and the sacred observances of Christmas separate, and, when you gather for the Sunday School or the church festival *per se*, let there be no letting down, but uphold in youthful minds the ideal of the Babe of Bethlehem, born of a human mother, who, in the fullness of time, came to save his people from their sins.

The very general forgetfulness of our children as to the real meaning of Christ's birthday, is not their fault, but ours. I love dear old Santa Claus, but his is the secondary place. The religious observances should take precedence over all others at Christmas-tide.

The First Grandchild

Is there an elixir so sweet as that pressed drop by drop into the cup the grandmother holds, when, unspeakably proud, supremely thankful, she exhibits to her friends her first grandchild? She was utterly happy in the long ago, at the birth of her own first babe, but this later gladness has something even more divine, for God has spared her to see the coming of the second generation. The love grandmother lavishes on the baby, who is doubly hers, because her son's or her daughter's, is oddly compounded of two other affections; the child claims its own love and its parent's love, too. All the new grandmothers of the season know that this is true.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—DAISY. I beg you will not show anxiety for attentions from the other sex.

—IMOGENE. Well, I would not write to that young man. He apparently was amusing himself with you. Let him write first.

—FANNY. Wool is disagreeable to some sensitive skins. Put thin cotton stockings on the child under the warmer woolen ones.

—JOHN. You are too conceited. I do not believe the young lady has noticed your failure to call, which is, however, rather rude.

—CONCORDIA. Follow the pronunciation of those about you. The obvious way is to look at the spelling of the name you mention and use your ear.

—ELEANOR R. Make your mother-in-law very welcome in your home, and treat her with the greatest consideration, even if you think her rather trying.

—A CONSTANT READER. The lady bows first. A man cannot bow on the street to a woman whom he does not know. Such conduct is insulting as well as vulgar.

—MARGARET. You are in a difficult position, but your most dignified course is to ignore the silly girl who has so little sense of propriety; everybody concerned would best treat her with indifference.

—LITTLE PANSY. Rub a little vaseline into the roots of your hair two or three times a week. Brush your hair night and morning with fifty long, even strokes of the brush. Wash it once a month, a little ammonia in the water.

—OCTOGENARIAN. Whether or not the boiling a silver spoon in the pot with mushrooms is a sure test to tell the poisonous from the wholesome, I am not sure. You say that if poisonous, the spoon will turn black. There are simple ways of determining the difference between mushrooms and toadstools, and they are given in every botanical work. Children should let them alone, I think.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Fighting at Colon

NEW spheres of military activity on the part of our Government directed public attention last week to a conflict, the merits of which are but little understood. The result of our interference in it was a situation hitherto unprecedented in warfare. It arose out of a threat to bombard Colon, an Atlantic port in the Republic of Colombia. Colon is the terminus of a railroad which crosses the Isthmus of Panama. Our Government some years ago, gave a pledge that in the event of the Republic of Colombia being unable to protect the railroad, the United States would do so. That contingency has arisen, through a revolution which has broken out in Colombia. The insurgents gained possession of Colon, and the Government forces resolved to drive them out. Thereupon the United States troops, in fulfilment of the pledge, were landed and took control of the railroad. The curious feature of this action was that whenever a train passed through Colon, the army of the Colombian Government and that of the insurgents were forced to cease fighting until the train had reached a distance in which it was safe from stray bullets. So much respect did both parties show to the authority of the United States, that no matter how fierce the fighting was, it was suspended when train time came. The conflict itself is part of the antagonism between parties which prevails in all the Central American States. The Conservatives, on the one hand, are bent on maintaining the old traditions of Spanish rule, while the Liberals desire such civil and religious liberty and such a system of government as we have in the United States. The Conservatives have had control of the Government since, in 1886, Nunez gained the upper hand and made himself dictator. Two years ago, the Liberals, resenting the influence of the Church, demanded public schools free from clerical control and a wide extension of the suffrage. Being unable to carry their demands, they broke out in open rebellion, and after severe fighting captured Colon, which, however, they have had to surrender. Probably our force there might have been beaten by either party, as it is necessarily small, but neither of them would be willing to make the United States their enemy; so they suspended hostilities at intervals, in deference to our prestige. May the time soon come when, under the influence of the Prince of Peace, all hostilities may be not only suspended, but utterly cease!

TERMINUS OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD, AT COLON, HELD BY U. S. TROOPS

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder (Ps. 46:9).

An Extraordinary Freak

An employee in the New York Zoological Park in The Bronx, found in the park a few days ago a snake which Curator Ditmars declares is the rarest specimen in the snake line in existence. The snake is of the common milksnake variety, but has two perfectly developed heads, which are about two or three inches long. The snake shed its skin a day after it was found. Then the employees tried to feed it, but the two heads fought so hard for the food that neither mouth got much, if anything. No sooner did one head approach the food than the other attacked it viciously and it was forced to defend itself. Both heads were equally pugnacious. The curator is afraid the snake will die of starvation, although he is going to try to feed both heads at once by force. Mr. Ditmars says the snake will be one of the most valuable in the world if it does not die. It cannot live, however, if the two heads maintain their enmity to one another. It is extraordinary that even a creature of so low mental endowment as a snake, has not made the discovery that conflict between the two parts of its own nature is disastrous to the whole. But we have not much superiority of conduct to boast of. The Church of Christ has frequently by its denominational quarrels shown a similar suicidal spirit, and it existed even in Apostolic days, calling forth Paul's reproof:

Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it (I. Cor. 12:26).

Close of a Double Life

A press dispatch from Cleveland, O., reports the death of an extraordinary woman who was well-known in that city. She was married and had a quiet, respectable home. Her many friends knew her as a very intelligent lady of literary tastes, retiring and modest in manner, always dressed very plainly in black, refined in style and conversation, and taking a lively interest in charitable work, to which she made liberal contributions. Living in Cleveland, at the same time, was a woman of remarkable beauty who was never seen until near midnight. She was gorgeously attired in showy and expensive dresses and wore jewels valued at a fabulous sum. She presided over a disorderly house in the suburbs which was frequented by vicious persons of both sexes. There she ruled as an autocrat, and her genius and gaiety and disregard for the decencies and morality of life made her famous among the most profligate class of the community. Suddenly the lady in the quiet house died, and at the same time the presiding genius of the house in the suburbs disappeared. It was then discovered that they were one and the same person, though while she lived, it had never been suspected. By day she had been staid and respectable, and by night a queen among sinners. She began the double career early in life and continued it until her death, at the age of fifty-seven. It is marvelous that her identity should not have been detected, but now the world knows how she was deceiving it. Seldom has so bold an imposition been so successfully practised; but the end came at last when she must learn what the prophet meant by his warning:

Woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark, and they say, "Who seeth us? and Who knoweth us?" (Isa. 29:15).

Rioting in Athens

The Greek Capital has been for some days the scene of riotous disturbances incited by students in the national university. They doubtless have a political motive, and are part of the Slav propaganda, but their ostensible cause is a proposal to translate the New Testament into modern Greek. During the recent war with Turkey, the Queen of Greece took a deep interest in the welfare of the Greek troops, and distributed New Testaments to the soldiers. Complaints speedily reached her that many of the soldiers could not understand the books, as they were in ancient Greek. She accordingly initiated a movement for their translation into modern Greek. Immediately the students in the university entered a protest, declaring that modern Greek was no better than a patois, and that it was a desecration to publish in it the sacred Book. In combination with reckless men abounding in the city, and with disaffected politicians who were ready to take up any cause of complaint against the government, they assaulted the royal palace and the Parliament Buildings and the residence of the Premier. Regiments of cavalry were sent to disperse them, and a fight ensued, in which both parties suffered severely. It seems to us at this distance a pitiful and bigoted cause for riot and bloodshed. It appears, if the cause were really opposition to the proposal to give the people the Gospel in their own tongue, as if Greek character had not greatly changed since Paul, preaching in their city, said:

DEMONSTRATION AT THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious (Acts 17:22).

BRIEF NOTES

Renewing subscribers will confer a great favor on the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if, when renewing, they state that their subscription is a RENEWAL, or attach, if convenient, the yellow date tab to their letter.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's campaign at Dallas, Texas, has been wonderfully blessed. Twenty churches united in the movement. At the services for men only, more than one thousand asked for prayer, and it is believed that a large proportion of them have accepted Christ.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Munich, a recognized statistical authority, publishes the estimate that in Europe there are 384,500,000 Christians; 6,000,000 Mohammedans; and 6,500,000 Jews. It remarks on the fact that Protestants are increasing much more rapidly than Roman Catholics.

Dr. Joseph Parker of London, has just erected at a cost of $6,500, a home for girls at Sunderland, as a memorial of his late wife. She took a deep interest in the welfare of the girls of that town, which was her birthplace, and Dr. Parker felt that in no better way than this could he honor her memory.

The Queensland Government has appointed two Salvation Army women officers as authorized Government officials to deal with women taken into custody for street offences, drunkenness, etc. The officers attend the police courts regularly, and are on duty from 8 P. M. to 6 A. M. at the watchhouse, to which arrested women are brought.

Major Geo. A. Hilton has decided to return to the evangelistic field, where his usefulness has been so signally marked. He has resigned the position he has held with general satisfaction for some time as director of the Madison Square Mission in Third avenue, New York, so as to devote his time exclusively to the service to which he has so many calls.

A STORY BY ROUMANIA'S QUEEN

"THE REIGN OF SILENCE," A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY BY CARMEN SYLVA*

SILENCE passed through the forest. It was high noon, and all things slumbered. The birds dozed on the branches, the trees had ceased rustling, the bees were taking a midday nap, the wood-cutters and charcoal-burners had flung themselves down to rest, and the deer lay close in the thicket waiting till the burning heat of the sun should be over. Only the ants went on working noiselessly and industriously as ever; they did not feel the heat, and they required no rest. And Silence continued her way through the forest. She is as straight and tall as a young birch tree, and very fair, and moves along swiftly, yet with a sweetly serious mien, and the touch of her hand is none the less cool for all the scorching rays of the midsummer sun. She passed along under the tall trees, and the least little movement in their branches died away. For everything felt the power of Silence, though she came so seldom they did not always recognize her at once. Her hair was as golden as the sunbeams, her white garments flashed like the sparkling waters of some rippling stream, her eyes had the deep blue of a lake that lies hidden among the mountains, and her lovely lips were often parted in a smile, never in speech. She will not speak, because she knows how little regard men pay to Truth. Some are too lazy even to look for Truth, some too careless to understand it, others will not accept it if it condemns their own revengeful thoughts, others again stifle Truth in their calumnies. So Silence passed on smiling, and thought within herself: "I go my own way quietly and injure none. Alas, that so much harm is wrought by idle words!"

The Friendship of Silence and Truth

Silence usually dwells with Truth in her palace that is built of rock crystal, and has hundreds of tubes and speaking-trumpets placed in its walls, so that Truth may always know all that is going on all over the world. She only closes these when she is very tired of listening so much, and then she rests herself with looking out at the stars, or over the glaciers whose snowy purity is so like her own. But nothing rests and refreshes Truth so much as to have Silence come and sit with her, after the fatigue of all she has been obliged to hear. People sometimes think Silence knows very little, and that she does not speak because she has nothing to say, but that is their mistake. She knows more that others, since she is always listening, and loses no time in talk.

The forest in its noontide stillness is all her own, and there in its very midst stands the glorious ruin of an ancient church, which has become her temple, where she loves to linger. She sits there and dreams for hours of bygone things, and of the things that shall be. No sound disturbs her, no voice breaks in upon her meditation as she waits and watches for the time to be accomplished when Falsehood shall be driven from the world. Falsehood is her great enemy. Being noisy and talkative, the presence of Silence makes her feel ashamed. And Truth begins to have almost as great a horror of human speech as Silence has herself. They know how language is twisted from its meaning and perverted from the service of truth, and made to lend itself to Slander, and to serve as a mask for Error and Fraud. But Truth and Silence understand each other without speaking; they just look into each other's eyes, and then Truth knows all, while not a word is said. Falsehood, with her smooth tongue, steals away men's hearts, so that there is sometimes barely room left anywhere for Truth and Silence. And Falsehood is clothed in costly raiment and hung with jewels, to hide the rags and tatters underneath. If people did but guess the hideous squalor which that gorgeous attire conceals they would fly from her in horror, but with her smooth tongue and her finery she deceives them still, until she has them safely in her toils.

Madam Falsehood's Wiles

It happened one day that Truth had heard how Madam Falsehood seemed to be more busy in the world than ever, and she begged her friend Silence to go out and see how matters really stood. But Silence shrank back in horror from the stir and bustle of the crowded streets, and sought the refuge of her beloved woods. Resting there on a low, ruined wall of the old church, she gazed with her deep, unfathomable eyes into the solitude. All at once the sound of chattering voices broke in on her thoughts, and she fled in disgust deeper into the forest. But the noisy babble reached her there, and she could see that it was her old enemy, Falsehood, leading a little throng of children to the very temple of Silence, and teaching them to speak untruths within those sacred precincts. There sat Madam Falsehood, decked out in all her borrowed gewgaws, telling the little ones that none but fools would dream of speaking the truth; all her life she had never done so, and they might see for themselves how well she had thriven. Silence stepped forward noiselessly, and stood before the blasphemer, looking hard at her, and in one moment, in that terrible, accusing glance, the wretched Falsehood saw all the evil she had ever done pass before her. Nor was she alone in seeing it; the children, also, read the whole truth, and saw the snares she had set for them, and the pitfalls beneath their feet. They knew now that if they continued in her path, soon none would trust them, and that they could not even trust themselves. And all the while there passed before their eyes the long procession of those whom falsehood had beguiled and had made miserable with her wiles. They told their wrongs, and cursed her for her treachery, persuading them all would go well if they but did her bidding. And she herself writhed and turned livid, as her victims rose and passed before her, an endless train, against the broken wall. And Silence stood and pointed to the spot with pitiless finger, when suddenly and noiselessly the old church began to rise once more from out its ruined foundations, fairer and nobler and more spacious than ever it had been in bygone days. Its roof was the great vault of heaven itself; the forest trees were the columns that supported it; the floor was of crystal, and the walls were red as autumn leaves, and so transparent they shone like rubies, and were reflected in the crystal floor. And all the time there was never a sound, while the unseen hands went on building, so that the children's hearts stood still for awe, and their eyes were rooted to the spot where Falsehood groveled on the floor, writhing and wringing her hands, imploring Silence to have mercy on her and cease to put her to shame. At last she arose, disheveled and ghastly, and stole out of the temple and down the path that silence pointed out, and the children, looking on tremblingly, wondered that they could ever have yielded to the blandishments of this foul hag, who gnashed her teeth with impotent rage, and whose gay attire had changed to sordid rags.

Within the Temple

When she had gone they breathed more freely, and were able to lift up their eyes and hearts and drink in the marvels that had sprung up around them. They still stood gazing within the temple of Silence, and its unearthly beauty sank into their souls. They felt, also, how her searching glance read all their inmost thoughts; a veil was torn away, and each one knew how often he had been careless, lazy, selfish, mischievous; and all resolved to strive toward better things, and become less unworthy to enter these sacred walls.

While they thought this, it seemed to them the glance of Silence grew kinder and gentler, until all that was reproachful had passed out of it, so that at last it rested on them as an unspoken benediction. And the glorious sunlight streamed through the transparent walls on to the crystal floor, the lofty tree columns seemed to touch the sky with their waving tops, and with lingering steps the children

"CARMEN SYLVA"
Queen Elisabeth, of Roumania

crossed the threshold, and wandered slowly down the path that led back to their homes.

To their surprise, they found that more than a year had passed since they left. They thought it was that very morning Falsehood had lured them to follow her, but they knew now that she had purposely led them astray, so that they could never have found the way back again had not Silence sought them out and rescued them. Their parents, who had mourned them as lost, were overjoyed to welcome them, and the children comforted their parents still more by telling them how well the time had been spent; they had not wasted it, but had learned lessons that would be profitable to them all their lives. And they spoke truly, and showed that they had been in the school of Silence.

From that time, one never heard from them cross words, sharp answers, unkind mockery, or backbiting; and many who had not been happy formerly, and had thought themselves ill-treated, found that the quiet strength that now was in them enabled them to overcome their troubles easily. Sometimes they began to wonder in what the power of Silence consists. They recalled how she had looked at them, and had not threatened them, nor punished, nor even scolded, but they had seen and knew how much stronger she was than noisy speech. Now and then they tried to find the way back to her wondrous temple in the woods, but though they always thought they knew the place, the building had vanished. So the whole forest became to them the house of Silence, her sanctuary.

A Strange Voyage

Meanwhile Silence herself lay stretched out in a boat, that bore her across the waters of a deep mountain lake. Her long golden tresses floated behind her, raising tiny ripples as she let herself drift onward with the current, as she gazed down dreamily into the depths, below, or out towards th dark, distant shore. The waters were so tranquil that a swa that had just then come swimming up to the boat seemed a most to disturb their calm; but Silence flung her arms aroun the lovely bird, and others came along too, and she stroked an caressed them, for they are her favorites, and they understan her, while the cackling ducks and geese are odious to her.

Suddenly her hair was gently pulled, and leaning over th boat's side, Silence beheld a crowd of nymphs and wate sprites, who smiled and beckoned to her, for they though she was like themselves, this fair and gentle being, who neve spoke, and had no chattering companions to spoil the quie of their beautiful lake. They, too, always move quietly, an when they sing on moonlight nights their voices are nc louder than the breeze that stirs the treetops. So they cam around the boat and smiled at Silence, and made signs to he to join them, and she smiled back at them and let herse glide gently as a sleeping child down through their arms t the bottom of the lake.

Deeper and ever deeper they sank to unfathomabl depths, where they had to make their way through th tangled masses of luxuriant water-plants, of shapes mo varied, and richer colors than any we see on land. Fro above, the daylight streaming through the water, as throug a crystal dome, shed a subdued golden radiance over all thes marvels, as the fair water-maidens glided on, surroundin their new sister. From all sides others came to meet and we come her, and drawn on in their midst she came to where lofty palace rose in the middle of the lake. Its towers wer so high they seemed to touch the clouds, but so great was th depth they did not even reach half-way to the surface of th lake. It seemed as if the walls were formed of the wave themselves, for they were clear as crystal, and a low, ripplin sound was always heard in them—the dripping of the col green glacier stream, which flowed right through the lak and gave the palace the appearance of being built of glacier ic

The Palace of Purity

As Silence crossed the threshold, her companions watche her curiously to see the impression made on her by the sigl so new and strange; and certainly she wondered greatly wh might dwell within the dazzling ice palace, and what hanc could have collected all the treasures she saw there. But sh is not like little children, who if they want to know a thin must always ask at once; for what purpose were her eye and ears, she thought, if not to learn by. So she waite patiently till all things should unfold their meaning to he She might well be amazed as she looked around. Innume able lamps, each formed of a single shell, were suspended b long chains of pearls from a height incalculable; the seemed like huge opals, lighted up by a flame within, and th soft, subdued light was thrown by the massive ice candelab on all sides. Great mother-of-pearl shells, so smoothl rounded they seemed made for resting in, served as seat and couches. They wandered on through countless hall. each new one more spacious and more richly decorated tha the last, and everywhere shone the same pale green ligh and the drops from the ice blocks continued gently splas ing. All at once a big wave rolled back from before a doo way, and on a couch of mother-of-pearl—herself still whiter- Purity, the queen of all these realms, reclined. Silence stoo a moment awestruck, half abashed, and bent her knee, bu the other stretched her arms out in welcome, and the tw fair creatures held one another in a close embrace. Ofte had Silence wondered to herself where Purity might dwell, an had sought her in her wanderings upon earth, but all she ha ever dreamed of was surpassed by this meeting. She thoug so little of herself, it seemed to her she was quite unworth to stand in the presence of this radiant being; and now with out a word they understood each other.

But meanwhile Silence had been missed on earth. Wit out her, things had gone from bad to worse there, and Truth could hardly hold her down in the fierce struggle against False-

CONTINUED O PAGE 1069

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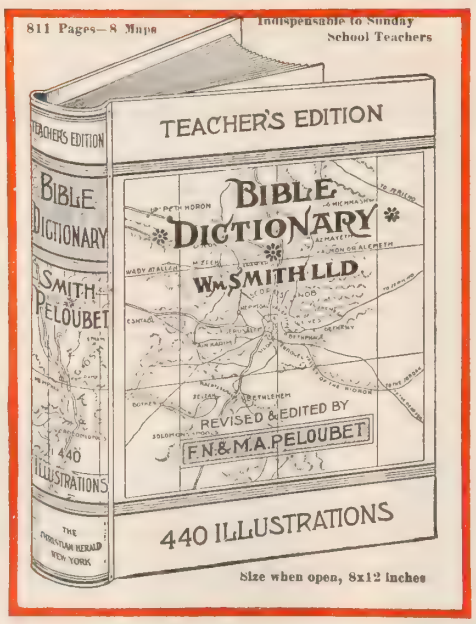

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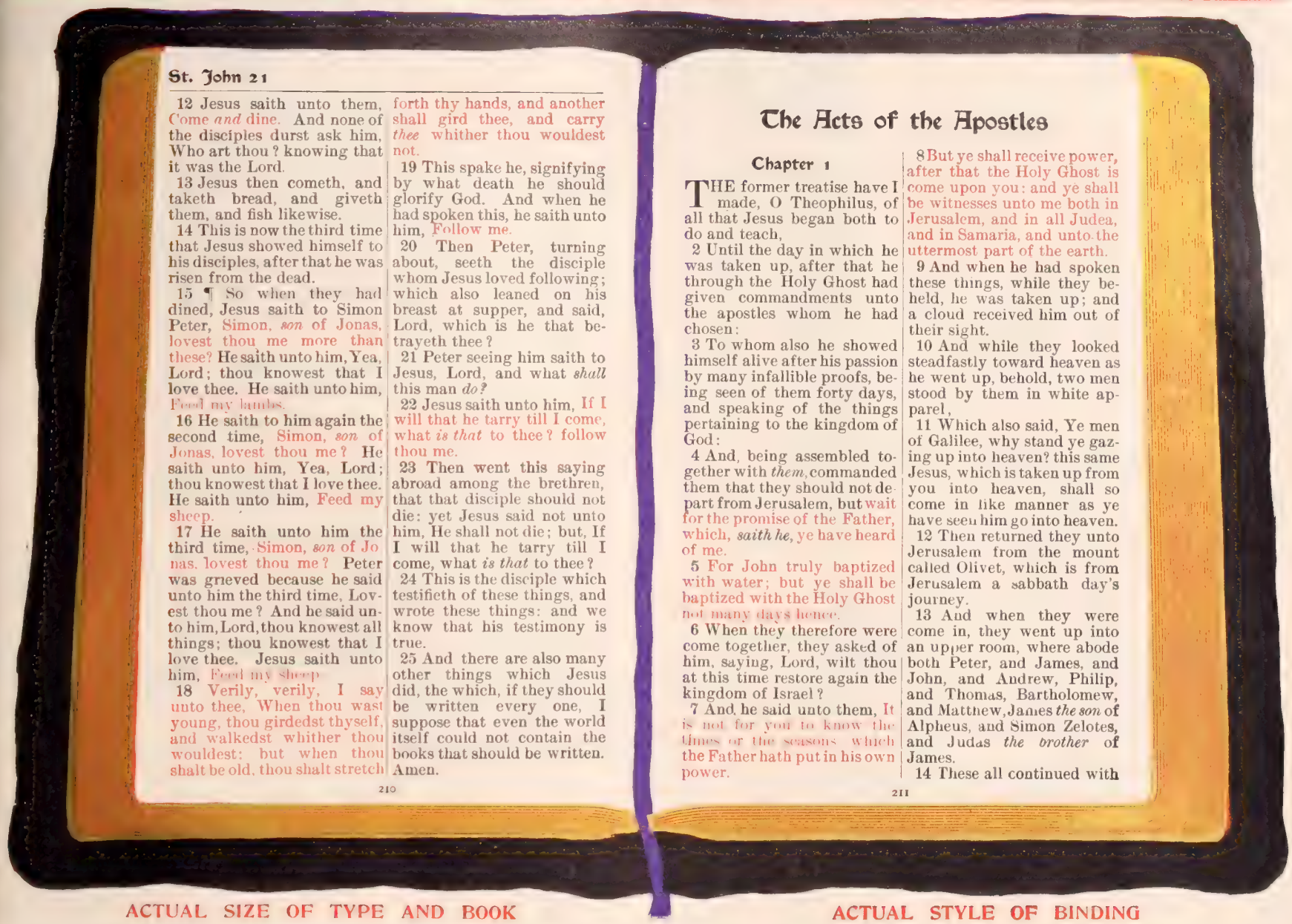

St. John 21

12 Jesus saith unto them, Come *and* dine. And none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

13 Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish likewise.

14 This is now the third time that Jesus showed himself to his disciples, after that he was risen from the dead.

15 ¶ So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

16 He saith to him again the second time, Simon, *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

17 He saith unto him the third time, Simon, *son* of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he said unto him, Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep.

18 Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest: but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry *thee* whither thou wouldest not.

19 This spake he, signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had spoken this, he saith unto him, Follow me.

20 Then Peter, turning about, seeth the disciple whom Jesus loved following; which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?

21 Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what *shall* this man *do?*

22 Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what *is that* to thee? follow thou me.

23 Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what *is that* to thee?

24 This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things: and we know that his testimony is true.

25 And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen.

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The Acts of the Apostles

Chapter 1

THE former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach,

2 Until the day in which he was taken up, after that he through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom he had chosen:

3 To whom also he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God:

4 And, being assembled together with *them,* commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, *saith he,* ye have heard of me.

5 For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.

6 When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?

7 And he said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.

8 But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

9 And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.

10 And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel,

11 Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.

12 Then returned they unto Jerusalem from the mount called Olivet, which is from Jerusalem a sabbath day's journey.

13 And when they were come in, they went up into an upper room, where abode both Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew, Philip, and Thomas, Bartholomew, and Matthew, James *the son* of Alpheus, and Simon Zelotes, and Judas *the brother* of James.

14 These all continued with

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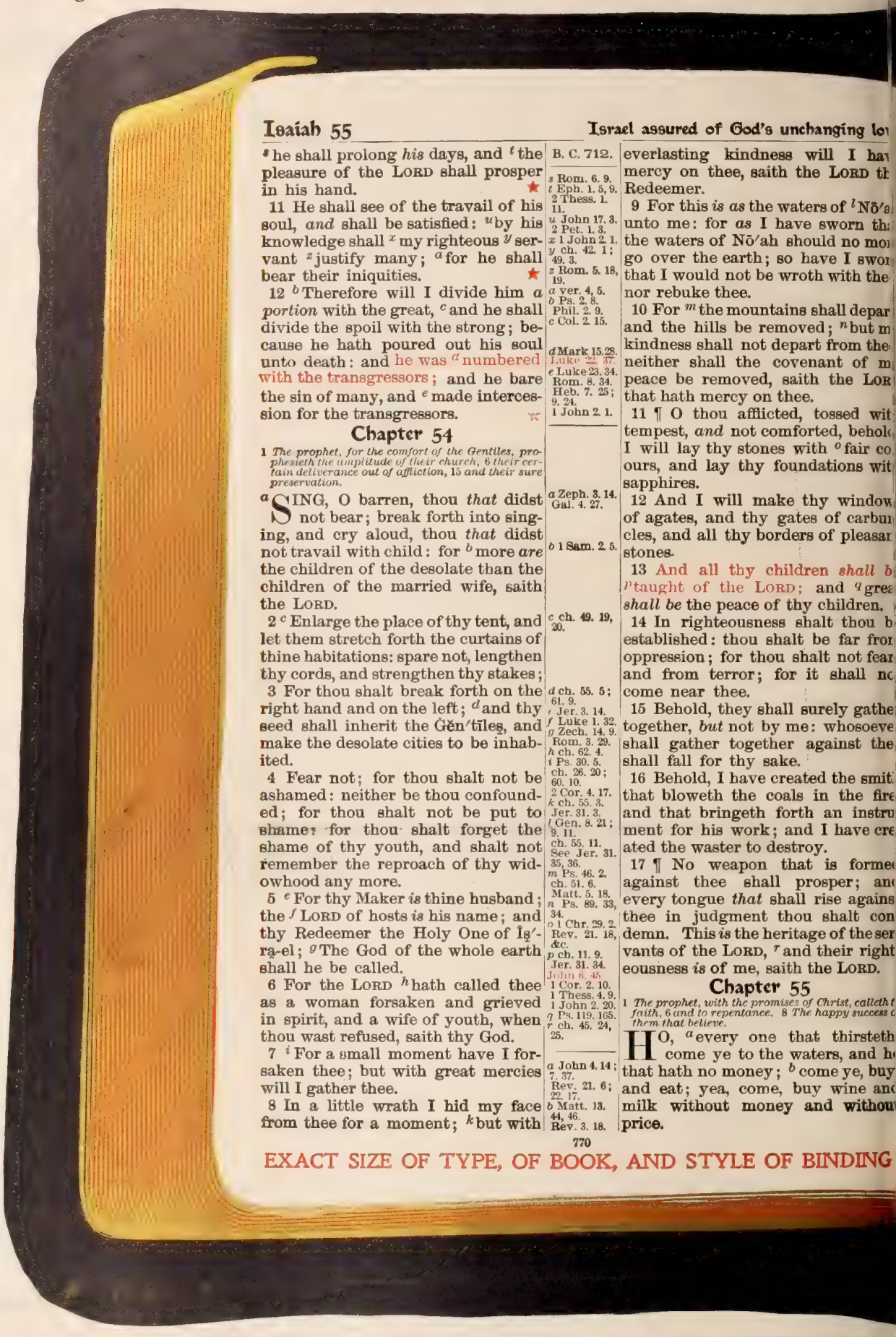

Isaiah 55 — **Israel assured of God's unchanging lo**

[s] he shall prolong *his* days, and [t] the pleasure of the LORD shall prosper in his hand. ★

11 He shall see of the travail of his soul, *and* shall be satisfied: [u] by his knowledge shall [x] my righteous [y] servant [z] justify many; [a] for he shall bear their iniquities. ★

12 [b] Therefore will I divide him *a portion* with the great, [c] and he shall divide the spoil with the strong; because he hath poured out his soul unto death: and he was [d] numbered with the transgressors; and he bare the sin of many, and [e] made intercession for the transgressors. ★

B. C. 712.

s Rom. 6. 9.
t Eph. 1. 5, 9. 2 Thess. 1. 11.
u John 17. 3. 2 Pet. 1. 3.
x 1 John 2. 1.
y ch. 42. 1; 49. 3.
z Rom. 5. 18, 19.
a ver. 4, 5.
b Ps. 2. 8. Phil. 2. 9.
c Col. 2. 15.
d Mark 15. 28. Luke 22. 37.
e Luke 23. 34. Rom. 8. 34. Heb. 7. 25; 9. 24. 1 John 2. 1.

Chapter 54

1 *The prophet, for the comfort of the Gentiles, prophesieth the amplitude of their church, 6 their certain deliverance out of affliction, 15 and their sure preservation.*

[a] SING, O barren, thou *that* didst not bear; break forth into singing, and cry aloud, thou *that* didst not travail with child: for [b] more *are* the children of the desolate than the children of the married wife, saith the LORD.

2 [c] Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes;

3 For thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; [d] and thy seed shall inherit the Gĕn'tīles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.

4 Fear not; for thou shalt not be ashamed: neither be thou confounded; for thou shalt not be put to shame: for thou shalt forget the shame of thy youth, and shalt not remember the reproach of thy widowhood any more.

5 [e] For thy Maker *is* thine husband; the [f] LORD of hosts *is* his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Ĭs'ra-el; [g] The God of the whole earth shall he be called.

6 For the LORD [h] hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith thy God.

7 [i] For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.

8 In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; [k] but with

a Zeph. 3. 14. Gal. 4. 27.
b 1 Sam. 2. 5.
c ch. 49. 19, 20.
d ch. 55. 5; 61. 9.
e Jer. 3. 14.
f Luke 1. 32.
g Zech. 14. 9. Rom. 3. 29.
h ch. 62. 4.
i Ps. 30. 5. ch. 26. 20; 60. 10. 2 Cor. 4. 17.
k ch. 55. 3. Jer. 31. 3.

everlasting kindness will I hav
mercy on thee, saith the LORD th
Redeemer.

9 For this *is as* the waters of [l] Nō'a
unto me: for *as* I have sworn th
the waters of Nō'ah should no mo
go over the earth; so have I swor
that I would not be wroth with the
nor rebuke thee.

10 For [m] the mountains shall depar
and the hills be removed; [n] but m
kindness shall not depart from the
neither shall the covenant of m
peace be removed, saith the LOR
that hath mercy on thee.

11 ¶ O thou afflicted, tossed wit
tempest, *and* not comforted, behol
I will lay thy stones with [o] fair co
ours, and lay thy foundations wit
sapphires.

12 And I will make thy window
of agates, and thy gates of carbun
cles, and all thy borders of pleasar
stones.

13 And all thy children *shall b*
[p] taught of the LORD; and [q] grea
shall be the peace of thy children.

14 In righteousness shalt thou b
established: thou shalt be far fro
oppression; for thou shalt not fear
and from terror; for it shall nc
come near thee.

15 Behold, they shall surely gathe
together, *but* not by me: whosoeve
shall gather together against the
shall fall for thy sake.

16 Behold, I have created the smit
that bloweth the coals in the fire
and that bringeth forth an instru
ment for his work; and I have cre
ated the waster to destroy.

17 ¶ No weapon that is forme
against thee shall prosper; an
every tongue *that* shall rise agains
thee in judgment thou shalt con
demn. This *is* the heritage of the ser
vants of the LORD, [r] and their right
eousness *is* of me, saith the LORD.

l ch. 54. 9.
m Ps. 46. 2. ch. 51. 6. Matt. 5. 18.
n Ps. 89. 33, 34.
o 1 Chr. 29. 2. Rev. 21. 18, &c.
p ch. 11. 9. Jer. 31. 34. John 6. 45. 1 Cor. 2. 10. 1 Thess. 4. 9. 1 John 2. 20.
q Ps. 119. 165.
r ch. 45. 24, 25.

Chapter 55

1 *The prophet, with the promises of Christ, calleth t faith, 6 and to repentance. 8 The happy success c them that believe.*

HO, [a] every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, and h
that hath no money; [b] come ye, buy
and eat; yea, come, buy wine and
milk without money and without
price.

a John 4. 14; 7. 37. Rev. 21. 6; 22. 17.
b Matt. 13. 44, 46. Rev. 3. 18.

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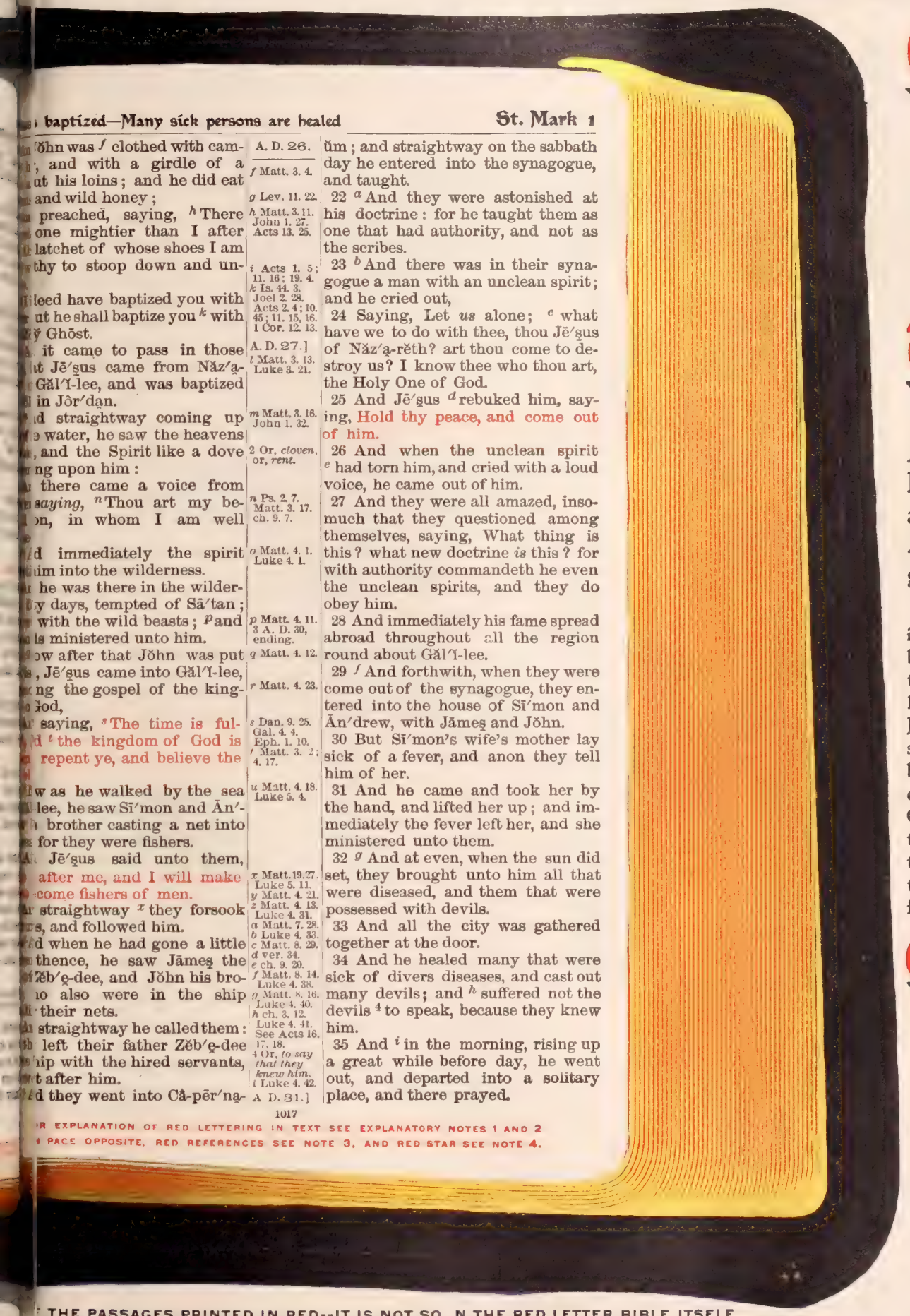

; baptized—Many sick persons are healed St. Mark 1

A. D. 26.

ŏhn was *f* clothed with cam-
; and with a girdle of a
ut his loins; and he did eat
and wild honey;
preached, saying, *h* There
one mightier than I after
latchet of whose shoes I am
thy to stoop down and un-

leed have baptized you with
ut he shall baptize you *k* with
y Ghōst.
it came to pass in those
ut Jē'sus came from Năz'a-
Găl'ĭ-lee, and was baptized
in Jŏr'dan.
d straightway coming up
e water, he saw the heavens
, and the Spirit like a dove
ng upon him:
there came a voice from
saying, *n* Thou art my be-
on, in whom I am well

d immediately the spirit
im into the wilderness.
he was there in the wilder-
y days, tempted of Sā'tan;
with the wild beasts; *p* and
ls ministered unto him.
ow after that Jŏhn was put
, Jē'sus came into Găl'ĭ-lee,
ng the gospel of the king-
od,
saying, *s* The time is ful-
d *t* the kingdom of God is
repent ye, and believe the

w as he walked by the sea
lee, he saw Sī'mon and Ān'-
brother casting a net into
for they were fishers.
Jē'sus said unto them,
after me, and I will make
come fishers of men.
straightway *x* they forsook
s, and followed him.
d when he had gone a little
thence, he saw Jāmes the
Zĕb'e-dee, and Jŏhn his bro-
o also were in the ship
their nets.
straightway he called them:
left their father Zĕb'e-dee
ip with the hired servants,
t after him.
d they went into Cā-pēr'na-

A. D. 26.

f Matt. 3. 4.

g Lev. 11. 22.

h Matt. 3. 11. John 1. 27. Acts 13. 25.

i Acts 1. 5; 11. 16; 19. 4.
k Is. 44. 3. Joel 2. 28. Acts 2. 4; 10. 45; 11. 15, 16. 1 Cor. 12. 13.

A. D. 27.]

l Matt. 3. 13. Luke 3. 21.

m Matt. 3. 16. John 1. 32.

2 Or, *cloven*, or, *rent*.

n Ps. 2. 7. Matt. 3. 17. ch. 9. 7.

o Matt. 4. 1. Luke 4. 1.

p Matt. 4. 11. 3 A. D. 30, ending.

q Matt. 4. 12.

r Matt. 4. 23.

s Dan. 9. 25. Gal. 4. 4. Eph. 1. 10.
t Matt. 3. 2; 4. 17.

u Matt. 4. 18. Luke 5. 4.

x Matt. 19. 27. Luke 5. 11.
y Matt. 4. 21.
z Matt. 4. 13. Luke 4. 31.
a Matt. 7. 28.
b Luke 4. 33.
c Matt. 8. 29.
d ver. 34.
e ch. 9. 20.
f Matt. 8. 14. Luke 4. 38.
g Matt. 8. 16. Luke 4. 40.
h ch. 3. 12. Luke 4. 41. See Acts 16. 17, 18.
4 Or, *to say that they knew him*.
i Luke 4. 42.

ŭm; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22 *a* And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

23 *b* And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out,

24 Saying, Let *us* alone; *c* what have we to do with thee, thou Jē'sus of Năz'a-rĕth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25 And Jē'sus *d* rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.

26 And when the unclean spirit *e* had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

27 And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine *is* this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him.

28 And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Găl'ĭ-lee.

29 *f* And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Sī'mon and Ān'drew, with Jāmes and Jŏhn.

30 But Sī'mon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever, and anon they tell him of her.

31 And he came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.

32 *g* And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils.

33 And all the city was gathered together at the door.

34 And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and *h* suffered not the devils 4 to speak, because they knew him.

35 And *i* in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.

A. D. 31.]

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R EXPLANATION OF RED LETTERING IN TEXT SEE EXPLANATORY NOTES 1 AND 2
PAGE OPPOSITE. RED REFERENCES SEE NOTE 3, AND RED STAR SEE NOTE 4.

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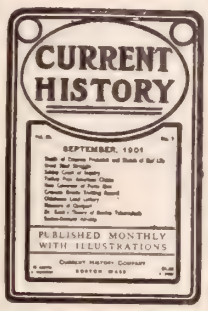

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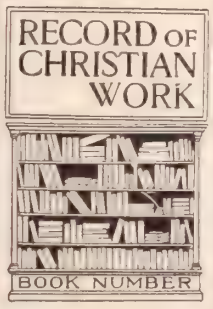

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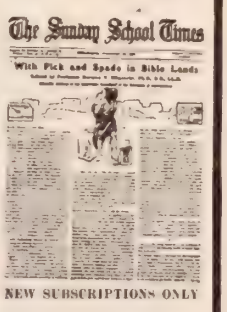

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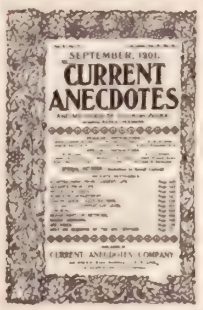

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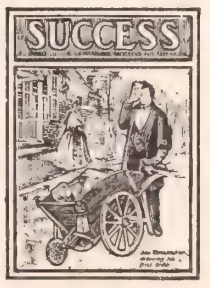

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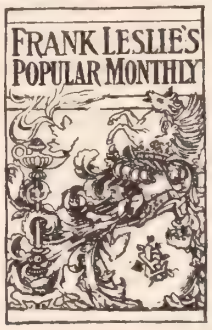

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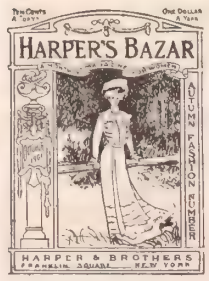

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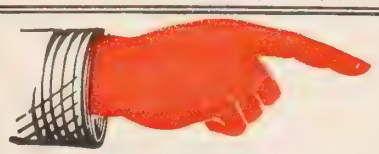

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A MOTHER'S PRAYERS

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE little room to which Mrs. Leicester retired every morning for an hour, always wore an air of mystery and awe in the eyes of her children. It was almost as bare as the cell of a nun, containing no furniture beyond a table and a chair, while on the wall hung a single engraving, a picture of our Lord in the agony of Gethsemane. Mrs. Leicester loved pictures of the Saviour, and in other rooms there were rare Madonnas, and beautiful scenes from his blessed life on earth; but in her little prayer-room there was only this one picture. A Bible, read over and over, and with many a tear-blotted page, lay upon the table, and when mother went into her closet and shut the door, Howard, Arthur, and Geraldine knew that she was reading and praying, that she was communing with her Unseen Friend. They never disturbed her then, and, as they grew out of childhood, it did not escape their watchful observation that, however sorrowful the mother's face might be when she went into her little retreat, when she came out, it always shone as with a light from heaven. In her darkest days, her face was serene when she emerged from her watch alone with Jesus, for he gave her an assurance of his presence, and the most perfect peace.

The children did not wholly realize in their early days how sad was their mother's life. They saw in their father, a genial, indulgent, boyish comrade, who was never harsh nor fretful. Sometimes, at intervals of several weeks, there were periods when they did not see him at all. They were sent away on visits, or the mother so contrived that if they were in the house, they were kept out of sight and hearing of their father. They did not dream of the transformation into a demon which took place when Ralph Leicester was in one of his increasingly frequent debauches; when his temper became fiendish, his words blasphemous, and, for the time, he was a furious wretch, with whom it was dangerous to live. Drink simply maddened this man, and made him a maniac. Many a bruise on the wife's arms, many a blow, many an outburst of violent anger, God saw and knew, but only one faithful servant in the house ever did more than suspect the story of Emily Leicester's daily martyrdom.

Through it all, she went in faith, a faith that never wavered, though her heart was breaking, to her little room, and kneeling there, committed her husband to the great love and mercy of God.

At last the strain was ended. One stormy night, as Ralph was coming home late from a carouse, his horse stumbled and threw him to the ground. The horse found his way home, riderless; the man, insensible, hours afterward was carried into the home he had profaned by his excesses. He did not die at once, there were a few days of weakness and suffering; but death came, and before it, repentance.

"There is life for a look at the crucified One," and Ralph Leicester found pardon at the eleventh hour. And when he was gone, his wife, though she grieved for the lover of her youth, entered upon a season of most restful tranquillity.

She brought her children up in the strictest abstinence. Not a drop of any intoxicant was suffered in her house, for any reason. Ever there was an unspoken dread in her soul, that some one of her flock might have inherited the weakness of their father.

Geraldine was twenty, a most beautiful girl, when she lay stricken with typhoid fever. As she came back, after a long illness, from the shores of the black river, the doctor ordered her stimulants.

"Doctor Page," said the mother, "I would rather see my child die than expose her to this peril."

"There is no peril," said the physician deliberately. "She will take the wine as a medicine merely. It will do her no harm. She must have it, and I cannot let her die, even to save your scruples."

"THE HORSE FOUND HIS WAY HOME, RIDERLESS"

Geraldine lived. The mother was right in her terror, the doctor wrong in his opinion. I have myself seen locked up buffets in houses where Geraldine was a guest: locked up lest she should stealthily visit them; have seen her fair skin bloated and covered with eczema; have steadied her staggering feet on the sidewalk, and all this before twenty-three years had gone over her head. She became at last that dreadful thing most revolting in a woman—a confirmed inebriate.

Her brothers, first Howard, then Arthur, as they went to college and to business, followed in her footsteps. Not a single child of Ralph Leicester escaped the taint. Gifted, graceful, debonair, charming,—each was hadicapped by an irresolute will; each was unable to say no; each plunged a dagger in the mother's heart, as she saw the wreck of her hopes, and witnessed the degradation of her children.

But she never ceased to pray for them. Day by day, not once now, but often, she went to her oratory, and wrestled with God for her dear ones. He is faithful that promised was her exceeding comfort, for comforted she was, else she could not have borne her burdens. Geraldine lost caste in society. People did not want in their houses a young woman who might at any moment disgrace them, who, if she could get nothing to appease her appetite but the eau de cologne on the toilet table would drink that. The mother stood by her daughter with a divine forbearance and a compassion that never failed. It was impossible for the boys to succeed anywhere; they were notoriously unsteady, and nobody could trust them, but their mother was invincible in her gentle firmness, sheltering, shielding, and protecting them by every means in her power. One cable held, the cable of the mother's love, and by that, they were heaven-lifted from the deepest abysses of despair.

And always, in the little bare room, beneath the pictured face of her Master in his agony, the mother prayed.

There came a beautiful Christmas morning, such a day of dazzling whiteness and splendor as God sometimes gives the world when every tower, and roof, and fence, and tree is a coruscation of light. But in the Leicester home there was no mirth, for in her own chamber, the faithful mother lay dying. The presents she had bought for her children were labelled, the happy festal preparations were completed, and she had been in her usual health, until two days before Christmas, when pneumonia stole in upon her, like a thief in the night, and she had no strength left for resistance.

"In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

On the wan countenance of the dying woman, an ineffable brightness glowed. She seemed to be listening, and perhaps she heard the sweet echoes of the angels who ever come on Christmas morn, "with peaceful wings unfurled." She looked unutterably happy and reposeful, to the marvel of those who stood beside her, counting the fainting heart-beats. The children were there, all of them, not one of them quite sober. I was a pitiful sight, but the mother did not seem to mind. She had sailed out into a calm sea, and the reefs near shore vexed her no longer. Her Pilot was at the helm. No sorrow in this crossing of the bar.

"Emily! Emily!" cried a friend, who had been as a sister since her girlhood. "Emily, do you still trust God? Does God answer prayer?"

She raised herself with a sudden and amazing strength. "He is faithful that promised!" she said in a clear, triumphant voice. "All my children shall be saved. They are saved now!"

The next instant she fell back on her pillows, and was gone. Gone into the everlasting bliss, the everlasting home.

By what thorny paths they walked, by what anguish they conquered only Christ can tell, but one by one, while the mother lay in the death-cold sleep in her home her children sought her sacred little room, and, one by one, they came forth victorious. From the hour of her ascension they have been free from the curse. Years have passed. One son is in the Gospel ministry; another is a business man of unimpeachable integrity and large success. Geraldine's sweet presence is seen in the homes of want and penury. She is indefatigable in rescue work, and has peculiar tact and wonderful discretion in dealing with those whom others consider as hopeless.

And, over that rescued family, what joy is there not in heaven?

There were ninety and nine that safely lay,
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was lost on the hills away,
Away from the gates of gold.

And, let us say it over and over, and never weary of that song of redemption, the Shepherd sought that sheep till he found it.

O Jesus, ever patient,
To thee thine own will come,
And, day by day, to thee will pray,
Till safe thou bring them home.

A DREAM OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE

SEE COLORED ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

WHICH of us, in childhood's happy days, had not our Christmas dream—a vision that came to us in advance of the sacred season itself, and which promised so many and such beautiful things, that even Santa Claus was unable to translate them into realities? Half the joy of Christmas is in looking for Christmas joys, of course; just as half of all the pleasures of life lie in anticipation. It does no harm to "anticipate," provided we are not cross and depressed over it when all our dreams do not come true. For even half of a Christmas dream to come true, is really wonderful demonstration of prophecy's power to bring itself to pass. You dreamed, you know, when you were little; you mentioned your dream, of course; and equally, of course, somebody reported the matter to Santa Claus—or Santa's representatives; and reasonable fulfilment came about in the natural order of events. Which of us has not written a letter to Santa Claus, telling him a thousand-and-one things we would like to have, and then stuck the same in a convenient nook or cranny of the chimney-corner? Most of us have gotten in due time some of the things mentioned in these communications. If we had received them all—why we would have had to move out of the house ourselves, bag and baggage, to make room for the dolls and wagons, and toy-engines, and kites, and knives, and other commodities falling down the chimney upon us! It is well one does not always get everything one asks for.

The sad Christmas dream is that which may not be fulfilled—even in part—the dream of the child of the poor; or the dream of a lonely little one whose father or mother is in the Better Land, and to whom Christmas, under the best conditions, can hardly mean so much as it means to more fortunate children.

According to the artist's story, the little maid in our picture is having a very beautiful dream. There is the wonderful Christmas tree; the full stocking by the mantel; the little playmates coming with pretty offerings; the wee one happy with her doll; and, above all, the noble lady, her face serene and sweet with that brooding mother-love, which is more to the child-heart and child-life than any material gifts can be. The very "spirit of Christmas" is filling the room where the child sleeps. May every dream like this which visits the children of the poor before the holiday-tide just ahead of us be more than realized! Many good Christian people are busy now trying to bring such dreams true! They could not be busy in a better cause.

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THE NEEDLE'S EYE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1049

it toward the child. "Why, 'Rastus, he's gittin' kindlin' fer me to use in the mornin'," said Elizabeth, her heart beating fast with pleasure at this token of tardy interest. He's awful smart fer his age, 'Manuel is; he helps me all the while. This mornin' when I was stemmin' gooseberries fer pies, he set an' worked at 'em as stiddy as I did. I wish't you'd notice him a little more, 'Rastus," she added, laying her hand on her husband's knee.

He recognized the tentative caress with a scowl, continuing to puff at his pipe a full half minute before he made answer. "I'm a-goin' to take consid'able notice of him f'om now on ef he's got to the pint whar he'll be useful," he said, rising from his chair and knocking his empty pipe against the door-post. "It's 'bout time I was beginin' to realize a leetl somethin' on my val'able investment—he—he!"

He paused on his way to the barn to look more narrowly at the child, stooping to feel his arms and legs. "Fer all the world as if he was a colt or steer!" murmured Elizabeth, her eyes filling with indignant tears. She called the boy sharply. He came running toward her, his curling locks flying in the wind.

"'Manuel!" she exclaimed, and held him fast, her eyes wide with sad forebodings.

The child wound his arms about her neck, "What is it, munny?" he whispered.

"Nothin'!" said Elizabeth, shortly. "Come now, I'm a-goin' to put you to bed. You must rest while you kin, deary."

The boy drew himself up to his full height. "Here's lots of kindling, munny," he said joyously. "To-morrow I'm goin' to bring water from the spring. I won't spill it!"

"No—no, child," said Elizabeth, shaking her head; "I don't want you should carry water. I'm a-goin' to send you to school; you've got to get learnin'. Yes, I'm a-goin' to sen' you to school to-morrow."

She knelt by the open window for a long time after the child had fallen asleep, looking out with anxious, questioning eyes into the rosy splendors of the evening sky athwart which swallows flitted by twos and threes, crying shrilly to their fellows of night's approach. "I wish 'Rastus wa'n't so hard," she murmured, wiping away one or two slow tears; "seems 's'o he was made of stone. 'Twa'n't always so with him; when we was first married an' come to this house to live, I remember he says to me—'twas right down on the back porch of a summer evening like this—Liz'beth, he says, ef thar's anythin' I kin git fer you, or do fer you, all you've got to do is to name it. He was awful kind in them days, 'Rastus was; an' I was willin' an' anxious to work my fingers to the bone fer him. I don't know how it come—I didn't take notice—I know I never stopped a-tryin' to please him. But —"

She started to her feet with a faint exclamation of dismay at sound of his slow, heavy step at the back door. "It got dark so kin' of gradual like, husban', I didn't think to light up," she said apologetically, as she struck a match in the dark kitchen; "'slong as I'm alone, thinks s' I, they ain't no use in wastin' ker'sene."

"Humph!" growled the man, "I know what you was doin' well 'nough. I reckon I'm jest a leetle mite smarter 'an you take me for, Mis' Winch. Now I'm a-goin' to set my foot down on this 'ere foolin' once an' fer all, an' you might 's well put yer min' to it first as las'."

"I—I don't know what you mean, 'Rastus," faltered Elizabeth, with an imploring look. "I ain't never neglected nothin' fer—fer him; you know I ain't. I never had better luck with the chickens an' —"

"That ain't the pint," he interrupted, dropping heavily into the one rocking-chair. "I've had my eyes peeled onto you—an' him, too,—fer quite a spell back, an' I see 'at yer idees wants overhaulin' on the subjec'. You ain't a-fetchin' up no fine gent'man, Mis' Winch, 'at's a-goin' to dress in broadcloth an' patent leathers when he's growed, any more 'an I'm a-settin' out to raise prize-winnin' trotters. I'm a-raisin' useful critters fer the farm, an' that's what you set out to do; but I guess you kin' of los' track of the idee all these years—eh?"

Elizabeth moistened her dry lips with a furtive look at the grim face opposite. "You ain't serious, 'Rastus, in namin' a child 'at's got an immortal soul along side of dumb critters, be ye? Course"—she made haste to add—"he'll help 's soon 's he's big 'nough. He doos 's much as ever he kin now. I—I was thinkin' we'd ought to sen' him to school, beginnin' to-morrow."

"You don't say," sneered her husband. "You're gittin' awful smart an' knowin' lately, ain't you? Mebbe we'd better sen' him to college an' make a perfessor outen him. Ef you git to thinkin' so, Mis' Winch, why o' course I ain't got nothin' to say. I gin in to ye once, an' so you guess you c'n come it over me every time; but I reckon you've got the wrong pig by the ear this time. Now ef you'll give me your 'tention, Mis' Winch, I'll tell ye what ye'r a-goin' to do—beginnin' to-morrer. First off, you'll cut that redic'lous mop of hair off him, an' then—"

"I was a-goin' to cut his hair, 'Rastus; but it looked so pret—"

"I'm a-talkin', Mis' Winch. After his head's in order you c'n sen' him out to the barn to me. I'll fin' somethin' fer him to do. That's the kin' of school he'll git fer a spell."

Elizabeth's pillow absorbed more than one bitter tear that night. "Oh Lord!" she groaned, when the loud husky breathing at her side revealed her slackened chain. "Oh Lord! You love him more'n I do—more even 'an she doos, an' you kin take care of him. Don't let 'Rastus be ha'sh with him, Lord, cause he ain't much more'n a baby! Oh Lord—Lord—Lord!" The anguish of her fears found vent in dry, inarticulate sobs, which penetrated the wakeful ear of Omnipotence in guise of compelling petition. The answer was peace and deep sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED

India's Sympathy for China

BOMBAY, October 21, 1901.

Editor The Christian Herald:—It is with great pleasure that I enclose draft for fifty dollars for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD China Famine Fund, contributed or collected by readers of *The Bombay Guardian*, in accordance with a suggestion published in our columns from the pen of Rev. Robert Ward, who—as readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are aware—realized the terrible reality of famine last year in Gujerat, and whose sympathies were stirred by the accounts of fearful suffering in China, given in the columns of your paper. It was Mr. Ward's wish to have everything at this end done as simply as possible. He wrote: "We need form no committees, and we need waste no time in talk, because the Chinese Committee of the New York CHRISTIAN HERALD is in working order, and the editor of *The Bombay Guardian* will be only too glad to form a tributary centre from which our money can be sent to the central body." Mr. Ward's appeal has not been without response. Indeed, it is pathetic to know that a substantial part of the remittance now enclosed is contributed by the Indian Christians in the Godhra circuit; some non-Christians also responded to Mr. Ward's proposal. The self-sacrifice involved when Indian Christians give a certain amount in cash is enormously more than when a like amount is raised in England or the United States of America. Yours faithfully,

F. PERCY HORNE,
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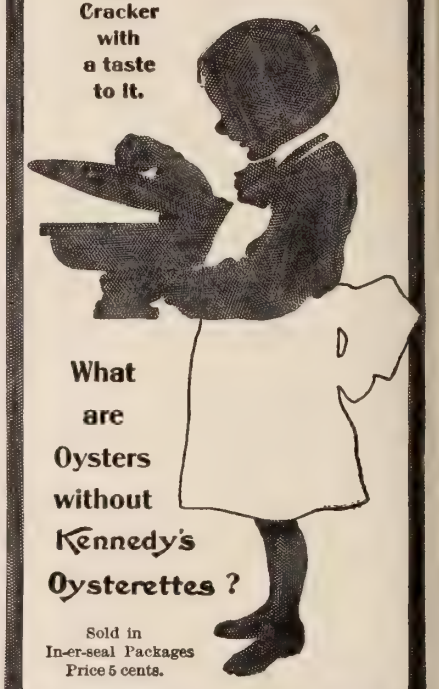

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DIVINE LEADING

The People of God Always Safe in Trusting Him . . .

By Mrs. M. Baxter

THE significant statement is made in the Bible narrative (Exod. 13: 17) that "It came to pass when Pharaoh let the people go that God led them." Would to God this were the experience of every soul which, through the blood of the Lamb, has been forgiven and set free from its past! God led the people about through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea. There was a nearer way, but the nearest way is not always God's way; and a people who would be led through the sea as on dry land must not be afraid to have first to pass through the wilderness. They might not leave Egypt a motley, disorderly crowd; God is not the Author of confusion (1 Cor. 14: 33). They marched "five in a rank" (verse 18, margin).

Moses did not forget the charge of Joseph, four centuries before, that when God should visit his people, they should carry up his bones into the land of Canaan with them. The restful faith of Joseph was justified, and in spite of all the haste with which the terrorized Egyptians thrust them out, Joseph's coffin was not forgotten, and when they reached the promised land his remains were buried in Shechem, in the land apportioned to his son (Josh. 24: 32).

The children of Israel understood now why they must eat the Passover lamb standing, with loins girt and feet shod; they were free, and every step they took increased the distance between them and their oppressors. The mighty God, whose wonders they had seen in Egypt, could draw nearer to them; he "went before them by day in a pillar of cloud to lead them the way, and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light, that they might go by day and by night: the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, departed not from before the people" (R. V.). They had visible evidence that the Lord was with them. Were they better off than we are, who have God the Holy Ghost dwelling in us? Was God's direction more sure because they had a visible manifestation of God's presence? Did it keep them from fear and unbelief? The event proves that it did not have that effect.

But if God gives special privilege, he gives with it special responsibility and special testing. God commanded that his people should encamp by the sea. And Moses was to apprise the children of Israel that Pharaoh, when he heard of their encampment, would say, "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in," and would follow them. And thus it came to pass. Pharaoh regretted his action in letting the children of Israel go, and he gathered together all his chariots to make one final effort to recover his emancipated slaves. The chariots and horsemen were rapid in their movements, and they overtook the children of Israel encamping by the sea.

Now the faith in God and Moses of the children of Israel would be put to the test. God had said Pharaoh would pursue them; it was by God's orders that they encamped; they had really nothing to fear; God had told them he would be honored upon Pharaoh and upon all his host. And yet it looked as though they had fallen into a trap and would be an easy prey to the enemy. "When they saw the Egyptians marching after them, they were sore afraid." They had seen the Egyptians smitten with plague after plague while they themselves enjoyed immunity in the land of Goshen. But now that their enemies were upon them, close to them, they believed more in the power of Pharaoh than in the power of God; they cried out unto the Lord, and they bitterly reproached Moses. It is only when our faith is tested that it becomes apparent what faith we have. At this crisis God's word counted for nothing with the people in comparison with what they saw. They judged God according to the sight of their eyes at the moment, instead of by his word and by his deeds in Egypt. He had done all which he had declared by Moses that he would do in that land, and yet now they acted as though he were not to be trusted! How did *we* treat God the last time some great difficulty assailed us? Did we trust or did we fear? Did we rest on his word or did we doubt him?

In this, their first test, they failed; what had Moses to expect in the future? It was a bitter wrong done to him; but he passed his examination at this juncture, and not a trace of wounded spirit or retaliation, or even of self-justification appears in the narrative. Thus Moses honored his God when his people failed him. Moses endured as seeing him who is invisible (Heb. 11: 27), while the people's eyes were on "the things that are seen" (II. Cor. 4: 18). Moses believed God, and said with his authority, "Fear ye not; stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Not a word about their insult to himself! While Moses spoke to the people he was still communing with God; but the time had come for action, the camp must be broken up. "The Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward. I will make it possible for them."

SUCCESS for 1902

FICTION

The character of the Fiction which SUCCESS will present to its readers during the coming year will be of the very highest order. Among the writers are:

Frank H. Spearman
Frederick Palmer
Mrs. Burton Harrison
Cy Warman
John Oxenham
Robert Barr
Phillip Verrill Mighels
Jack London
Howard Fielding
Joseph Blethen
Maurice Hewlett
Gertrude Atherton

READERS of the CHRISTIAN HERALD well know the magazine SUCCESS, founded by Orison Swett Marden, and for some years of its early life closely associated with the CHRISTIAN HERALD. Its wonderful growth in circulation and prestige is a matter of frequent note and comment. No other American magazine is so widely quoted by periodicals of all kinds,—no other is more eagerly read by its subscribers, or perhaps has a greater influence in the world for the upbuilding of manhood and womanhood. THE SUCCESS IDEA is the broadest upon which any magazine can be founded; it has the widest ramifications; it means the most to every one. Yet SUCCESS is not a "one idea paper,"—it is a general magazine of the highest class, with a distinct literary flavor of its own. In the last two years its circulation has grown from 75,000 to over 300,000, and is still increasing by the steady, upbuilding demand of a people who know what they want—AND GET IT.

POETRY

Edwin Markham
the famous author of
"The Man with the Hoe"
Ella Wheeler Wilcox
Richard Le Gallienne
Henry Tyrell
Ernest Neal Lyon
Clinton Scollard
Robert Mackay
and others, will contribute.

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Notable Articles for the New Year

"The Romance of Plymouth Church"

By S. V. WHITE

"*The Man and His Salary*," by LYMAN J. GAGE, Secretary of the Treasury.
"*The Making of a Railroad Man*," by A. J. CASSATT, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.
"*Physical Culture as a Life-Giver*," by PROF. DUDLEY A. SARGENT, of Harvard University.
"*President Roosevelt's Early Life in the Rockies*," by "BUFFALO BILL" (HON. WM. F. CODY).
"*The Air-Brake Did It*," by JAMES J. HILL, President Great Northern Railroad.
"*Thrift*," by ANDREW CARNEGIE.
"*Possibilities of the Automobile*," by HENRI FOURNIER.
"*Men who Make Farming Pay*," by RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON.
"*The Value of the First Thousand Dollars*," by RUSSELL SAGE.

"What Our Homes Do for Us"

By MARY A. LIVERMORE

"*The Habit of Charity*," by COUNT TOLSTOY.
"*The Public Use of Wealth*," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE.
"*Taxation and Its Limitations*," by HON. TOM L. JOHNSON.
"*How I Will Reach the North Pole Next Year*," by EVELYN B. BALDWIN.
The last message from Explorer Baldwin, sent to SUCCESS, per Steamer FRITHJOF, from Camp Ziegler, Franz Josef Land. Nothing more will be heard from Mr. Baldwin until late in August, 1902.
"*The Conquest of the Air*," by A. GRAHAM BELL and ALBERTO SANTOS-DUMONT.
"*What is the American Peril*" by JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.
"*Three Years of American Progress in Cuba*," by GENERAL EMILIO NUNEZ.

"The Consolation of a Noble Life"

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

"*The Predominating Influence of America*," by W. T. STEAD.
"*American Invention in the Old World*," by HIRAM MAXIM.
"*Education Late in Life*," by HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

"Longevity and How to Attain It"

By DR. FELIX L. OSWALD and others

"*Law as a Stepping-Stone to Public Life*," by SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.
"*The Need of Young Men in Politics*," by HON. GALUSHA A. GROW.
"*Transmuting Leisure into Success*," by SIR THOMAS LIPTON.
"*Mixing Brains With the Soil*," by PROF. I. P. ROBERTS, Director College of Agriculture, Cornell University.
"*Business and the Larger Life*," by EDWIN MARKHAM.
"*The Navy and Its Needs*," by ADMIRAL GEO. DEWEY.
"*Failure and Inspiration*," by HON. B. B. ODELL, JR.

"The Heroism of One American Wife" (Mrs. Peary)

By CAMILLUS PHILLIP

"*Animals as Heroes*," by W. T. HORNADAY, Superintendent of the New York Zoological Gardens.
"*Some New and Important Specific Achievements in Invention*," by PARK BENJAMIN.
"*The Advantages of Business Consolidation*," by CHARLES M. SCHWAB, Pres. United States Steel Company.

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HUMOR

The best known fun-makers will contribute in Verse, Sketch, Story and Cartoon. Among the names are:

Albert Levering
R. K. Munkittrick
Carolyn Wells
Lee Fairchild
Jerome K. Jerome
Robert J. Burdette
Alfred J. Waterhouse
Robert H. Davis
Henry Tyrrell

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"Nearer, my God, to Thee. How beautiful to know
That when our souls have passed away it is to Him we go,
Upon a snowy pillow lay a man with dimming eye,
Waiting for the end to come to bid his friends good-bye.
While others wept in sorrow, he smiled a peaceful smile,
And thinking of his future home, he murmurs all the while,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' Thy will be done,
It is His will, not mine," etc.

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GIFTS FOR OUR KING*

The Offerings of the Magi Typical of the Offerings that may Still be Made to the Living Saviour

VERY beautiful is that incident of the Magi following their celestial guide across the countries, that they might offer gifts to the newborn King. One is glad to think that his coming was greeted with some homage. His birth was so obscure, so humble, yet so momentous, as we realize at this day, that the greeting even of these mysterious strangers, redeems the world a little from its attitude of indifference. Their visit must have been a great surprise to all who knew of it, for there was nothing royal in the circumstances of the wondrous Child, to call forth such a tribute. But the wise men were wiser than they knew, for no king ever born in the purple was destined to wider rule, or more exalted station. If he were born in this time and men knew of it, what gifts would be laid at his cradle! How men would vie with one another in offering the choicest and most precious of the world's possessions! Now that we know him, and in some feeble measure understand what the world owes to him, there are no jewels too rich, no wealth too great, to serve as appropriate tribute to the Son of God. The honor of ministering to him would be sought by the world's wisest and most illustrious men, and his appearance would be hailed with acclamations from every land. It would not have to be said now, "He came unto his own and his own received him not." The gold, the frankincense of worship and the precious spices of devotion would show the world's grateful recognition of divinity incarnate.

No such opportunity can the world ever have. When he appears again, it will be in majesty and power, and there will be no merit in recognizing him then. But we stand between the two extremes, and what opportunities are ours? If we lament that we did not live in that early time, that we might have rendered him homage, how much better we can do so now? The gifts he craves, are gifts that we can make better now than in his human infancy. The homage of the heart and life are more welcome to him than the treasures the wise men brought. It was said of him that he should see of the travail of his soul and should be satisfied. Nothing else can satisfy him but the proof, living and practical, that his years of privation and hardship and his cruel death were not wasted. If he sees men inspired by his life to love him and walk in his steps, ready to bear reproach for his sake, ready to deny themselves for his love, ready to die in his cause, living higher and better lives, because of his life, he is satisfied. There is no gift that can be brought to him, or could have been brought during his sojourn in the flesh, that could please him like the gift a man may make of himself. To place ourselves at his disposal, to do the work in our generation that he did in his, to live for the salvation of the world and if necessary to die in seeking it—that is the homage he desires, and the homage we can render. And he would know. It is a fatal mistake to think of him as being at a vast distance, indifferent to what goes on in the world. "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Is he here and we withhold from him that homage that he desires so much more than the homage that we flatter ourselves we would have rendered in his helpless infancy? We are insincere if we hold aloof from his cause, if we do not give ourselves unreservedly to his service.

The gifts of the wise men may be emblems of those we bring, as men in certain societies make the tools of the mechanic emblems of their conduct. They brought gold. That, too, we may bring, by labor and self-denial. His cause needs help; the poor and the needy are around us on every hand, and he has specially made them his representatives. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them," he said, "ye did it unto me." And his loving measure of a gift fits every case. The poor widow, who cast two mites into the treasury, gave more than all the others. The liberality of the poor is precious in his sight, and the spirit in which the gift is made, whether by rich or poor is all-important. The gift that is made for love of him is the most precious of all, be it little or much, because it is the love that prompts it more than the gift itself, that he craves.

Then they brought frankincense, emblematic of worship. That, too, we can render. To reverence him, so that every act of our lives is consecrated to him; that in all we say and think and do, we look to his beautiful life, to see if we are in harmony with it; that he is made our pattern so thoroughly that, beholding as in a mirror, we are changed into his image—this is worship, the true frankincense grateful to his senses.

The wise men also brought myrrh. Its bitterness is symbolic of sorrow, and alas, it was an appropriate gift. We, too, have reason to bring it. Sorrow over our own sins and shortcomings; sorrow over the evil in the world, still so far from what it should have been after such a work as he did for its redemption; sorrow for the coldness and formalism of the church and for the worldliness that benumbs its energies; sorrow for the heathen at home and abroad, dying day by day without knowing how great a salvation has been wrought for them. He sorrows, too, over the same things, and we may bring our grief to mingle with his in sympathy. So on this anniversary of his birth we may come with the wisest of wise men, laden with gifts for our King.

* Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 22. Matt 2: 1-12.

THE CENTURY PLANT

HAVE you heard the tale of the aloe plant
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time!
And then a wonderful bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen in its blooming scene
Is the pride of the tropical bowers;
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
It blooms but once, and in blooming dies!

Have you further heard of this century plant
That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground;
And fast as they drop from the dying stem
Grow lively and lovely around.
By dying, it liveth a thousand fold,
In the new that spring from the death of the old!

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
How noiseless it floats on the silvery wave,
And silent sits in the brake,
It saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the last still even,
Amid glowing scenes of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars to heaven,
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies,
'Tis its only song, and in singing it dies!

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
The Arab's gim-elbar?
That lives in African solitudes,
Where birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how she loves her tender young,
And strives and toils for their good,
She brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food.
In famine she feeds them what love can devise—
The blood of her bosom, and feeding them dies!

You have heard these tales, shall I tell you one,
A nobler and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore.
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How he left the choirs and anthems above
For earth in her wailings and woes!
To suffer the shame and pain of the Cross,
And to die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble, O sufferer divine,
What sorrow, what sacrifice equal to thine!

Now hear these tales, you weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all!
The Saviour has taught us the seed that grows
Into earth's dark bosom must fall,
Must pass from view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear,
The seed that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many-fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain!

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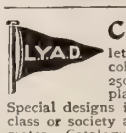

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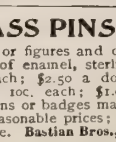

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A Useful Christian Life

MANY readers have been interested in the accounts of humble Christian lives in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In a recent issue, there appeared the story of Mrs. Gideon Scofield, who, at 96, still found time and strength to work for the missionary cause. To-day we present a brief sketch of another veteran in well-doing. Mrs. Harriet N. Bennett, who was born in Chenango County, New York, February 5, 1816, was

MRS. HARRIET N. BENNETT

converted at the age of 14 years and united with the Baptist Church. She has always ed an active and useful life. Her natural yesight is perfect, and she sews and reads without the aid of spectacles. She anxiously waits the coming of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Monday of each week. While she works, is always near to read while she rests. Mrs. Bennett has many friends in New York and Michigan, who know of her beautiful Christian life, and love her for the example she has iven of a noble, earnest, simple nature, who ives for others rather than for herself, and trives to do the Maker's will in all things.

A Missionary's Escape

In the life of Chalmers, the recent martyr f New Guinea, the following incident is elated: "There grew up among many of he people a great respect and admiration or this majestic man, who was always rave and kind, gentle to women, little children, and the distressed. He was a peacemaker everywhere, and always an agreeable ompanion, so that they trusted him implicitly and were proud to call him 'friend.' Even non-Christian natives often warned him o avoid unfriendly tribes, and would accompany him rather than have him go alone. ome years ago a treacherous massacre took lace at Kalo. It was important to bring the ringleaders to account, and to show the eople that the British Government would not llow such atrocities. Chalmers went alone nd unarmed to inquire into the facts of the ase, but suffered no harm. On another ccasion he resolved to visit the chief of a ild tribe, notorious for his many deeds of reachery. A woman on the beach warned im not to land. When he did so the crowd eemed threatening, and when he approached he chief his present was declined with someing like disdain. Seeing the serious aspect f affairs, he said to his companion, 'Gould, e had better get away from here. Keep our eyes all round, and let us make quickly or the beach.' The crowd followed, one an with a club uncomfortably near. 'I must ave that club,' said Chalmers to himself, 'or I ear the club will have me.' Talking to the avage all the way, he skilfully diverted his ttention by an attractive present, seized the lub, rushed to the beach, and gained the oat just in time."

"Too High Up"

It is related of the late evangelist D. L. loody, that a man rose in one of his meetings nd gave his experience. "I have been for ve years on the Mount of Transfiguration." How many souls did you lead to Christ last ear?" was the sharp question that came om Mr. Moody in an instant. "Well, I don't now," was the astonished reply. "Have you d any?" persisted Mr. Moody. "I don't now that I have," answered the man. Well," said Mr. Moody, "we don't want that ind of mountain-top experience. When a an gets so high that he can't reach down id save poor sinners, there is something rong." The vision on the Mount of Transguration must lead to the healing of the deoniac in the valley.

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VIII. Bel Totters.
IX. Avil Marduk Gives Counsel.
X. Cyrus, Father of the People.
XI. Belshazzar's Guests Forsake Him.
XII. Belshazzar Pursues in Vain.
XIII. Ahura Prevails Over Bel.
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WHAT WAS THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1051

It was a Miraculous Supernatural Light, Says President Clark

UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, TREMONT TEMPLE. BOSTON, Mass., November 27.

To Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I have never been able to accept the view advanced by Kepler and worked out by Dr. Ideler, of Berlin, that the Star of Bethlehem was the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, though the theory is a curious and interesting one, especially in view of the near approach of these two great worlds in this year of grace. How they could stand over "the place where the young child was," however, I do not see, nor does the theory that it was a comet, a constellation or a meteor seem to be any more reasonable. In fact, I am forced back upon the old theory that it was a supernatural light which shone from heaven for this occasion only, and guided the wise men to the cradle of Christ. This theory seems to me to present fewer difficulties than any other, though, of course, it is not free from them; but I have no more difficulty in believing in this miraculous occurrence than in many others connected with the life and death of our Lord. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

It was a Heaven-stone or Aerolite Says Dr. Talmage

I think it was a uranolith or heaven-stone, such as we all have seen flash to the earth. A night not long ago I saw in the northern sky, a light drop with such brilliancy and precision that if I had been on a hill as high as that of Bethlehem, on which the shepherds stood, I could have marked, within a short distance, the place of the alighting.

The only difference between the aerolite that dropped on Bethlehem and the aerolite to be found in our modern museums, was that an especial and Divine impression called the people who saw the former to watch its course, as leading to something wonderful.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Science Cannot Explain the Star of the Magi, Says Astronomer Serviss

All of the attempts to explain the apparition of the Star of Bethlehem on astronomical grounds are unsatisfactory and unconvincing, because none of them gives a valid account of the succession of appearances presented by the Star as described in the New Testament.

We are told that the wise men, when they were in the East, noticed the star and traveled toward it. Evidently they saw it in the western sky, since they were led into Palestine which lay to the westward of their own country.

A brilliant new star, like the recent one in Perseus, or a bright comet setting after the sun, or even the planet Venus appearing as an evening star, might have seemed to the wise men in the East a portent hanging over Palestine. But when they arrived in Palestine, the narrative says, the star "went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was."

This, if taken literally, implies a change in the apparent position of the star, planet or comet, which would be utterly impossible in nature. A comet retreating from the sun through the mid heaven might, it is true, rise higher night after night as the travelers slowly approached Palestine, until, when they had reached that country, it appeared overhead; but it is only by doing violence to the words of the narrative that such a phenomenon could be fitted to the description.

Besides, a comet so extraordinary in appearance would have attracted universal attention, and would have been recorded in the traditions and annals of many nations.

Similar objections lie against the theories which seek to identify the star of the magi with the planet Venus, or with a "new star," or with a conjunction of the larger planets. In regard to the last named phenomena, it should be noted that only a single star is spoken of in the New Testament, whereas a number of planets in conjunction would have appeared as a constellation of stars.

Anyone who is determined to find a natural explanation for the mysterious star would do better to assume that it was some luminous phenomenon in the atmosphere, but the science of meteorology would, after all, furnish little or no support to such an hypothesis.

In brief, I do not think that any acceptable scientific explanation of the phenomenon can be found By that I do not mean to say that there may not have been some natural appearance which misled the Magi, or which was misinterpreted by them. I merely mean to say that, knowing the vagaries of the Oriental imagination, it would be idle to try to guess upon what basis of natural fact the story of the Star of Bethlehem arose.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Has Seventy Grandchildren

NOT a few among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are to be counted among the nonagenarians. Among them are those who are nearing the century mark. One of these patriarchs, who is now nearing the close of a long life spent in well-doing, is Andrew Gillespie. He was born in Warren County, Kentucky, June 4, 1805, and moved to Illinois with his parents in 1811. At the age of sixteen he united with the M. E.

MR. A. J. GILLESPIE

Church, and it is remarkable that all through a long life, he has been an almost constant attendant at "the house of the Lord." Even now, at his great age, he attends as often as the weather will permit. Mr. Gillespie has been twice married, the first time in 1826, and the second in 1876, to Mrs. Eliza L. Hall, his present wife.

"Grandpa Gillespie," as he is familiarly called, has had fourteen sons and daughters, of whom seven are still living. He has seventy grandchildren, sixty-seven great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. He is still strong and hearty, takes great pleasure in reading, never wears glasses, and finds his chief solace and delight in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of which he has been a subscriber for fifteen years.

Miss Stone Still Alive

In view of the alarming reports from Turkey, about the death of Miss Stone, the American missionary, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD cabled a message of inquiry to President Washburne, of Robert College, Constantinople. The following answer, received by cable, shows that the reports that Miss Stone had been murdered by the brigands are unfounded. Bebek is on the Bosphorus, a short distance from the Turkish capital:

BEBEK, Nov. 30.

CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, N. Y.:

Stone negotiations suspended. No immediate prospect of release. Satisfactory evidence she has been well treated.

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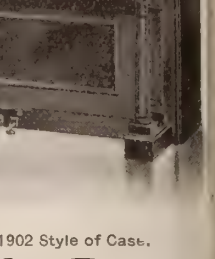

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A STORY BY ROUMANIA'S QUEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1054

...od, and Fraud, and Error, since she no ...nger had her friend with whom to rest from ...ll the noise and talking. So she sent mes...engers in all directions, and they came to ...e shores of the lake and asked the nymphs, ...hom they saw playing in its waters, for news ...f her they sought. At first the water-maid...ns would not speak, but in course of time the ...essengers made them understand they came ...om a great person. Then they hastened ...own and informed Silence of all that had ...aken place in her absence, of the terrible war ...hat had broken out and laid whole countries ...aste, and that she was longed for to bring ...eace and quiet after all the riot and confusion.

So with a heavy heart she bade farewell to ...er dear, new-made friends, and came back to ...he light of day. But things were sadly chang...d on earth, and no one knew her. Of the ...hildren whom she had once taught many had ...allen in battle, and not one remained. Quite ...a different generation had sprung up, and she ...elt strange among them. Sadly and wearily ...he toiled on till she reached the heights where ...ood the castle of Truth. But even here the ...abble of tongues and sounds of strife came ...p from the world below. And Truth herself ...ooked worn and weary; she seemed to have ...ged, and she had lost all heart to strive to ...ake men better, they were so rough, so wild, ...he told her friend that it was a hopeless task. ...ilence was full of self-reproach when she ...eard this and saw that Truth had missed her, ...nd that the world had grown so much worse ...her absence.

It seemed, indeed, as if no place were left ...or her; the forests were cut down, so she ...ould not recognize any of her old haunts; a ...obber band had taken up their abode in the ...eautiful ruin; everything seemed desecrated. ...nly the quiet resting-places of the dead were ...molested. She would linger round the ...mbs, thankful that this refuge had at least ...een spared, out of so much she once might ...ll her own. Elsewhere all was confusion, ...wlessness, and license. In all this turmoil ...d unrest, Silence thought with longing of ...e cool, quiet place under the clear waters of ...e lake, and of her who dwelt there, Purity, ...ho scarcely dares to show herself on earth, ...ce she would stifle in the air we breathe.

At first Silence scarcely knew how she ...ould set about her work, how make her in...ence felt, in all this uproar. Two hideous ...nsters, Hate and Revenge, had taken up ...eir abode in the world, and seemed to rule

Hate was a fiery dragon; Revenge a ser...nt with a hundred coils. The winged dragon, ...ate, flew through the air, laying whole dis...cts waste, burning and destroying with its ...stilential breath; and the serpent of Re...nge crept along over the whole earth at ...htning speed, and those who escaped its ...nomous fangs were crushed and stifled in ...deadly coils. It was horrible to see the ...vastation wrought by these foul monsters.

The Triumph of Silence

But Silence felt no fear. She went her way, ...d cast no glance at either of them, while ...ey disputed whose prey she should be. They ...ought they would make easy work of one ...ak girl, and the dragon darted down upon ...r from the sky and tried to scorch her with ...fiery eyes; but as she looked back at him ...th her calm, steadfast gaze, without a quiver ...the eyelids, the fire was quenched, and the ...eat, unwieldy creature grew weaker and ...aker. Then Revenge came creeping along, ...sing, and just prepared to spring. But ...ence set her little foot upon its head, and ...derneath that light tread the horrid crea...e might twist and turn—it was powerless ...harm. The monsters could not understand ...t they, who had kept all mankind in fear ...d dread so long, should be defeated thus, ...t none came to their assistance, and they ...t that the quiet strength of Silence was ...ch greater than their own.

Silence had conquered, but she could not ...l them nor drive them altogether from the ...rld. During her long absence they had ...own so big and strong, from feasting well, ...d preying on all around them, that all she ...uld do was to crush their strength and curb ...ir venomous fury, so that they might not ...ntinue to lay the whole world waste.

Thus did Silence begin her work, by setting ...n free from their direst foes. And she ...de her home once more in their midst, and ...ot among them, and her influence spread, ...le by little, for men in truth were sick of ...angling and brawling, and hailed with de...ht the gentle presence that brought them ...ace. Even the stillness of Night had been ...oken by their angry clamor, and Sleep no ...ger visited their weary eyelids till Silence ...me to close them. Silence is the best of ...nforters. She lays her fingers on the lips ...Death and takes away his horrors, and ...e's hard-fixed look on the dear dead fea...es passes at that tender touch. Her strong...d is among the dead; there she will linger, ...ing her time in case the living should once ...re drive her from their midst. And mor...s in their direst anguish raise their eyes to ...Towers of Silence, and pray for her return ...ule the world.

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THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS EVANS* — "Little Christmas"

CHRISTMAS EVANS was born at Esgairwen (Ysgarwen), in the parish of Llandysul, in Cardiganshire; he was born on Christmas Day—and hence his Christian name—in 1766. His parents, Samuel and Johanna Evans, were in the poorest circumstances; his father was a shoemaker, and although this profession has included such a number of men remarkable for their genius and high attainments, it has never found the masters of the craft greatly remarkable for the possession of gold or gear. His mother, by her maiden name Lewis, came from a respectable family of freeholders in the parish; but the father of Christmas died when he was a child—and these were hard days of poverty, almost destitution, for the poor struggling widow and her family—so her brother, James Lewis, of Bwlchog, in the parish of Llanfihangel-ar-Arth, took little Christmas home to his farm, engaging to feed and clothe him for such labor on the farm as the poor boy might be able to perform. Here he stayed six years—six miserable years; his uncle was a hard, cruel man, a selfish drunkard. Christmas used to say of him, in after years, "It would be difficult to find a more unconscionable man than James Lewis in the whole course of a wicked world." During these, which ought to have been the most vaiuable years of his life, no care was taken of his heart, his mind, or his morals; in fact, he had neither a friend nor a home. At the age of seventeen he could not read a word, he was surrounded by the worst of examples, and he became the subject of a number of serious accidents, through which he narrowly escaped with his life. There is an erroneous impression that, in those days, he was a great boxer, and that he lost his eye in a fight; the truth is quite different; he was not a boxer, and never fought a battle in his life. He lost his eye after his conversion, when he and some other young men were attempting the work of mutual help, in making up for lost time, by evening meetings, for various works of instruction; a number of his former companions waylaid him at night, beat him unmercifully, and one struck him with a stick over the eye. In after years, when some one was jesting before Robert Hall at Welsh preachers, upon his mentioning Christmas Evans, the jester said, "And he only has one eye!" "Yes, sir," he answered, "but that's a piercer; an eye, sir, that could light an army through a wilderness in a dark night." So that in his sightless eye, Christmas Evans, like the one-eyed Spiridion, the noble witness in the Nicean Council, really "bore in his body a mark of the Lord Jesus."

His First Revival

At Lleyn, Christmas Evans tasted the first prelibations of a successful ministry; a wondrous power attended his preaching, numbers were gathered into the Church. "I could scarcely believe," he says, "the testimony of the people who came before the Church as candidates for membership, that they were converted through my ministry; yet I was obliged to believe, though it was marvelous in my eyes. This made me thankful to God, and increased my confidence in prayer; a delightful gale descended upon me as from the hill of the New Jerusalem, and I felt the three great things of the kingdom of heaven—righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Indeed, very unusual powers seemed to attend him. He says, "I frequently preached out of doors at nightfall," and the singing and the praising seem to have touched him very tenderly; he frequently found his congregations bathed in tears and weeping profusely. Preaching was now to him, as he testifies, a very great pleasure—and no wonder; quite a remarkable revival of religious feeling woke up wherever he went.

His Last Sermon

Leaving the house of Mr. Griffith, of Tredegar, he proceeded on his way, preaching at Caerphilly, Cardiff, Cowbridge, Bridgend, and Neath, and he reached Swansea on Saturday, July 14th. The next day, Sunday, he preached twice—preached like a seraph, says one of his memorialists; in the morning his subject was the Prodigal Son; the evening, "I am not Ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." He was the guest of Daniel Davies, the pastor of the Welsh Baptist Church in the town, the blind preacher, as he was called, a man of great celebrity and unquestioned power. He was to be the last host of his greater brother, or rather father, in the ministry. On the Monday evening he went out to tea with a friend, who was always glad to greet him, Mr. David Walters; and on the same evening he preached in English in Mount Pleasant Chapel; his text was, "Beginning at Jerusalem." He was very feeble—perhaps we need scarcely wonder at that, after the two services of the day before.

"Beginning at Jerusalem! Why at Jerusalem?" he asked his audience. "The apostles were to begin there, because its inhabitants had been witness to the life and death of Christ; there he had preached, wrought miracles, been crucified, and rose again. Here, on the very spot of his deepest degradation, he was also to be exalted; he had been crucified as a malefactor, he was now to be elevated in the same place as a king; here were accorded to him the first fruits of his resurrection." This was the strain of the sermon: "'At Jerusalem, Lord?' 'Yes.' 'Why, Lord, these are the men who crucified thee: we are not to preach it to them?' 'Yes, preach it to all.' 'To the man who plaited the crown of thorns, and placed it on thy head?' 'Yes; tell him that from my degradation he may obtain a crown of glory.' 'Suppose we meet the very man that nailed thy hands and feet to the cross, the very man that pierced thy side, that spat in thy face?' 'Preach the Gospel to them all; tell them all that I am the Saviour; that all are welcome to participate in the blessings of my salvation; I am the same Lord over all, and rich unto all that call on me.'" Such were some of the most characteristic passages. As he was coming down the pulpit stairs he said, loud enough to be heard by many present "This is my last sermon!"

And it was even so. He was taken very ill during the night; the next day he was worse, the next day worse still, and then medical assistance was called in. On the Thursday he got up and walked for some time in the garden.

But on Thursday night he was worse again, and on Friday morning at two o'clock he said to his friends, Mr. Davies, Mr. Hughes, and others round his bed, "I am leaving you. I have labored in the sanctuary fifty-three years, and this is my comfort, that I have never labored without blood in the basin,"—the ruling power of imagination strong in him to the close, evidently meaning that he had never failed to preach Christ and him crucified. A few more remarks of the same character: "Preach Christ to the people, brethren. Look at me; in myself I am nothing but ruin, but in Christ I am heaven and salvation." He repeated a verse from a favorite Welsh hymn, and then, as if he had done with earth, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "Good-by! Drive on!"

While he was dying, the old mountain days of travel came over his memory—"Good-by!" said he. "Drive on!" He turned over, and seemed to sleep. He slept indeed. His friends tried to rouse him, but the angelic postman had obeyed the order—the chariot had passed over the everlasting hills. So he died, July 19, 1838, in the seventy-third year of his age, and fifty-fourth of his ministry.

* From *Christmas Evans, the Preacher of Wild Wales*, his Times and his Contemporaries, by Rev. Paxton Hood. Pp. 420. Cloth binding. Price 75c. American Tract Society, New York, publishers.

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young married woman, Mrs. T. L. Black-n, Oswego, Montana, had a conclusive ex-ience in the effects of coffee on her eyes. e says, "I have used coffee since a child, a short time ago my eyes began to grow k, and the least exertion such as reading sewing would cause shooting pains and y lines of light so that I could see but e else for minutes at a time.

This alarmed me and I earnestly sought cause of the trouble. Someone told me t coffee sometimes affected the eyes. I at e decided to quit it and see if I would be efited, but I must have something to take place of coffee, for I wanted to modify as ch as possible, the sacrifice of giving it up o I decided to try Postum for myself. en it came I made it strictly according to ections and was wonderfully surprised and ased with it. Husband says that my stum is very different, indeed, from that he e drank at a friend's table.

frankly own that I like Postum better than ver liked coffee. It has a rich body to it t coffee lacks. I boil it longer than twenty nutes and it improves it. Perhaps it re-res longer boiling in the high altitudes. I k it does.

or three months now I have been using stum and have been wonderfully benefited. eyes no longer pain me, and are strong as y ever were. My complexion, instead of ng sallow as formerly, is clear and rosy. I ow to a certainty that my improvement has n caused by leaving off coffee and using stum, for that is absolutely the only change ave made, and I have taken no medicine. Mr. Randall, a friend of ours, has ob-ned relief from his stomach trouble and daches by leaving off coffee and taking stum. We think we know something of facts about coffee and about Postum.

THE CONJUNCTION OF PLANETS

A Rare Spectacle in the Heavens

By Prof. Young, Princeton Observatory

As letters have come to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, from various quarters, inquiring as to the character and significance of the extraordinary planetary conjunction during November and December, the subject was referred for interpretation to Prof. C. A. Young of Princeton Observatory, a recognized authority. His answer describes the unusual collection of planets in the evening sky. Venus came into conjunction with Jupiter on Sunday, Nov. 18, about 1 a. m., and passed Saturn about 2 a. m. the next morning, so that on Sunday evening all three were very near together, Venus being about three degrees south of the other two planets. Jupiter continued to approach Saturn until the 27th of November when it passed him about half a degree to the south, so that in a spy-glass or telescope of low magnifying power, both planets were in the same field of view, the apparent distance between them being less than the moon's diameter. Prof. Young adds:

"It is hardly necessary to say that at the time of the conjunction, the three planets are at very different distances, Venus being about 74½ millions of miles away, Jupiter more than 550 millions and Saturn about 950 millions.

"Such a gathering of the three planets in the evening sky is a very rare occurrence. Conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn occur about once in twenty years; but only about one in six of them are so situated that the planets are evening stars so placed that it is possible for Venus to join them; and when the opportunity occurs, it is only seldom that she takes advantage of it. Probably it will be a thousand years or so in the long run between such triple conjunctions.

"As to its importance as affecting in any way the conditions or course of events upon the earth, it has absolutely none. Doubtless, some very sad events will come after it, somewhere or other on the earth, and will be, by some, attributed to the overwhelming malignity of Saturn, overpowering or reversing the benignant influence of Jupiter and Venus. Just as certainly, other most fortunate and happy events will also follow, and other astrologers will attribute them to the planetary configuration. But every really intelligent person knows that there is not the slightest actual connection between such accidental alignments of planets in the sky and events upon the earth. The persistent survival of astrological superstitions is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the childish weakness of human intellect, in strange contrast with its grasp and power in dealing with other matters.

"Nor is the conjunction of any significance even astronomically; it affords no opportunity for any important observation which cannot be made just as well at other times, except, perhaps, for a comparison of the reflecting powers of the surfaces of Jupiter and Saturn.

"But it is pleasant to think that we have been privileged to see a beautiful grouping of the moon and planets, which no one living ever saw before or will ever see again."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

O'ER Bethlehem's hills there shines a star,
It sends its radiant beams from far;
Proclaiming to a waiting earth,
The tidings of a Saviour's birth.

CHO.—Shine on, O Star of Faith, shine on;
O Star of Hope, we come! we come!
O best of gifts, sent from above,
Shine on, shine on, O Star of Love.

The wise men of the East, are there
With gold, and frankincense, and myrrh:
But, better far, to thee, we bring
These hearts of ours, O Christ, our King.

O Day-Star of our souls arise,
Send health and healing from the skies,
Give comfort by thine own sweet rays,
And help us as we sing thy praise.

Light of the world, shine on! shine on!
Till ev'ry heart to thee is won;
Fulfilling thus, thy blessed Word,
That all shall know and love the Lord.

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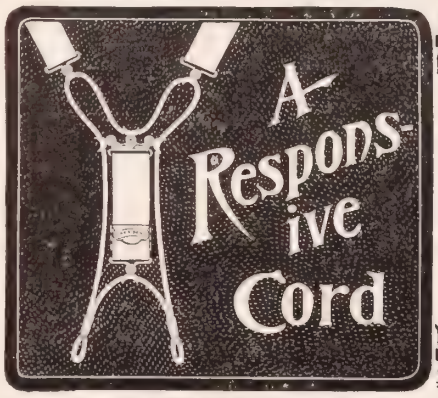

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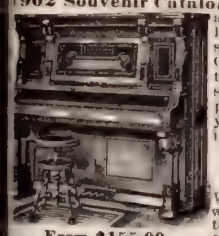

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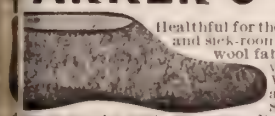

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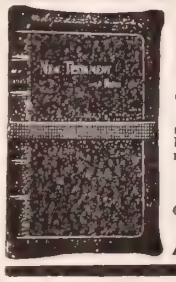

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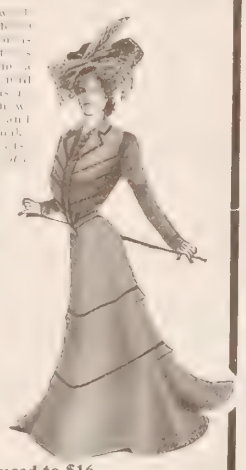

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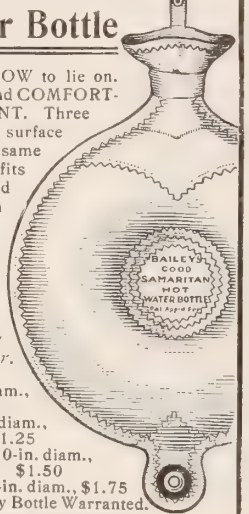

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II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and competition will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Jan. 8

1. What is the best authenticated instance of intellectual work being completed in a dream?

2. Why were the children of Israel, during their forty years' wanderings in the wilderness, each a perpetual miracle?

3. A prediction of domestic bereavement as a consequence of disregarding a warning, was literally fulfilled five hundred years after the prediction was uttered. Quote the passages containing the record of the prediction and the fulfilment.

4. Would it be possible, or advisable, for the denominations to unite in forming a general trust fund, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the support of aged or invalid clergymen?

5. If a Christian has pledged his word never to disclose a secret confided to him, is he justified in breaking his pledge, when he finds that to disclose the secret will be of general benefit to an individual or the community?

Questions of the Week

1. What would be the best course of Bible reading for a small circle of young or newly converted Christians, who know little of the sacred volume and are anxious to become well acquainted with it?

It depends on the intelligence of the young people, their previous education, and the time they are willing to devote to the study. The form of the question appears to imply the need of elementary study. In that case it would be well to begin with the life and teaching of Christ. An effort should be made to get an idea of the character of each of the four Gospels, its design and peculiarities. Then with the aid of a Harmony, such as that of Dr. Fausset in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Teacher's Bible, get a connected view of Christ's life, from a study of each incident as it is described in each Gospel. The Red Letter Bible may be used with advantage, as it enables the student to pick out Christ's own words, more readily. Then the early history of the Christian church should be studied, taking the Acts in connection with the Epistles. Following those two courses might well come a course in Jewish history, tracing the development of the Messianic idea. This would involve judicious selections from Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, combined, as far as it is possible to ascertain dates, with readings from the prophets, corresponding with the respective periods of the history as they come under consideration. For example, the early chapters of Isaiah in connection with the latter chapters of II Kings; the prophecies of Jeremiah in connection with the latter part of II Chronicles; Haggai and Zechariah in connection with Ezra and Nehemiah. The synopsis of the books at the beginning of the Red Letter Bible will be found useful as a guide in this course. Another course might be the poetry of the Bible in the Psalms and the Prophets. Still another course might be the Wisdom Literature, which might include Job with Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. Other courses will suggest themselves as the study proceeds. Besides this social plan, each student should read the Bible in order. If he will read three chapters from the Old Testament every week-day and five chapters from the New Testament every Sunday, he can read the whole Bible through in a year.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

Under the direction of the pastor or some competent leader, make out a course of reading, taking up the life of Jesus as depicted in the four Gospels, together with the several epistles of the New Testament; also a portion of the Acts of the Apostles. Out of the Old Testament take several of the prophets that say the most about Christ; and the Psalms for devotion. Use such helps as are directly needed, but beware of too many during the exercises of the circle. A concordance, Bible Dictionary and Bible History are always necessary helps. Make everything centre towards Christ. Get near, get to, the heart of Christ. F. J. STRAYER.

2. Could the tempter have fulfilled his offer to Christ (Matt. 4: 9) if it had been accepted?

No. The kingdoms and glory of the world were not his to give. He has no valid claim or right to anything in God's material universe. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The temptation of Christ in the wilderness, according to the best critical authorities, was of a subjective character. That is to say, it was a mental appeal to do wrong. It was a phantasy, a deception, a sham. This is the way Satan tempts us, and Christ was in all points tempted as we are. Satan does not need to take us up on a high mountain to show us the kingdoms of the world. He can put a mental picture before us. When we are tempted to do as he bids us and think that certain things will come to pass, we soon discover that the devil has deceived us. When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, and the father of lies. His tempting promises of glory, greatness and prosperity are all false. Obedience to him, in the end only pierces the soul with many sorrows. He makes the thief believe that his acts will never be known. But God says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The sensualist, who gratifies his lust, in the end becomes a moral leper. Lastly, he makes the sinner believe a lie that he may be eternally ruined. J. J. MUNRO.

Yes. The fact that the devil has so much to do with the affairs of men in the world is a proof of this. It has been said that Satan did not possess a foot of land in all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has always taken an active part in the ruling of them. I believe that to him had been given the power to confer upon Jesus the absolute possession of and earthly authority over all the kingdoms of the earth, and that to any one not steeled against the subtlest forms of temptation, the offer would have seemed a fair and plausible one. To Jesus it might have appeared in this light: if he accepted Satan's offer and received possession of the kingdoms of the earth, it would be an opportunity unparalleled for the extension of his own kingdom. There could be no resistance. The Church could have been founded without trouble or danger or suffering on the part of any one, and his triumph over the world would be quick and absolute. The Church actually made this mistake at an early period in her existence when the devil made precisely the same offer, and Church and State were united. The devil offered and bestowed earthly power, and what he did for the Church he could have done for Jesus, and with the same result. I do not believe it reasonable that Jesus would have been subjected to a temptation, which was in reality no temptation.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.

3. Who was Apollonius and what were the leading features of his philosophy?

Apollonius was born at Tyana, Cappadocia; various records give the date from 4 B.C. to 30 A.D., and as to his death, state he vanished from Lindus, or died at Ephesus, aged 100 years; each place erected a statue in his honor. He studied medicine in the Temple of Æsculapius with philosophers and priests, becoming an enthusiast concerning the Pythagorean system. He labored to reconcile the Oriental and Greek systems, and taught "that all sensible objects were material and corrupt, all sacrifice impure in sight of the gods; even prayer became polluted by passing the lips of the supplicant." He laid great stress on the "discipline of the will in obedience, temperance and self-restraint:" and, to carry out his teachings, wore coarse linen (no woolen), no sandals, allowed his hair to grow long, slept on the hard ground, refrained from using animal food or wines, and avoided society of women. He traveled extensively, gathering disciples in Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and Spain. He walked over Assyria, Persia, and India, visiting temples and preaching "purer morality, endeavoring to restore the rites of Paganism." He was welcomed by Vespasian, the Indian Gymnosophists, and Eastern magi. After finding Pythagoras' theological books in a Trophonius cave, and visiting the Hill of Sages, he was regarded as an oracle, able to foretell earthquakes, eclipses, perform miracles, cure plagues, summon spirits, and restore the dead to life (for this latter act he was expelled from Rome as a practitioner of Black Art). He was said to possess supernatural powers, with which he freed himself from a Roman prison, into which he was cast for exciting the Greeks against Domitian. By some he was regarded as an

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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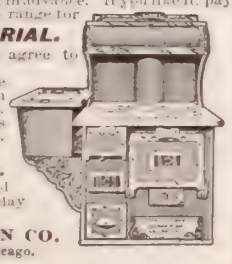

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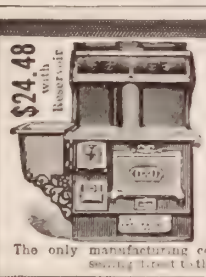

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impostor, or magician; by others, a sage, or prophet. Philostratus' history of Apollonius is drawn from imagination, and contains many absurd mysteries and miracles.

HELEN F. BROCKETT.

Answers have also been received from the following: C. P. Atkinson, E. S. S., R. Hull, Helen E. Malone, Ellen W. Robertson, Philip F. Schneider, S. B. Cooper, S. M. Sawin, E. Pearl Wright, Mrs. W. J. Woodworth, Lora Petefish, O. P. Montgomery, Myrtle Douglass, Mrs. M. A. Hoyt, L. T. Rightsell, A. S. H., G. H. Rogers, Quisqois, J. W. L., Nellie M. Cummings, G. E. Krauth, Mrs. Leora A. Howland, Glenn B. Walker, and Godet.

4. What is the tradition of the two brothers connected with the site of Solomon's temple?

The site of Solomon's temple was said to have been occupied by two brothers, one of whom had a family, while the other had none. Here a field of wheat was sown. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks and place with his without his knowledge." The younger brother, inspired by the same benevolent motives, said to himself: "My elder brother has a family, and I have none. I will arise, take of my shocks and place them with his." So on the following day they found their respective shocks undiminished. This was repeated for several nights, when each resolved to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so, and on the following night they met each other half way between their respective shocks, with their arms full. Upon ground, hallowed by such associations as this, the temple of Solomon was erected.

STANLEY M. ROLAND.

[The brothers in this beautiful legend have been variously known as Judah and Benjamin, and John and Simon. The story is preserved in the Talmud.]

5. What amount (weight or quantity) of solid food per diem, is considered by competent authorities to be required for a man and what for a woman?

Professor Dalton, one of the most distinguished authorities on physiological questions, states that the entire quantity of solid food required during twenty-four hours by a man in full health, and who takes free exercise in the open air, is as follows: Meat, 16 ozs. (or 1.03 lbs. avoir.); bread, 19 ozs. (or 1.19 lbs. avoir.); butter, or fat, 3½ ozs. (or .22 lbs. avoir. That is to say, rather less than two and a half pounds of solid food. An active working woman is supposed to need about one-half to three-fourths of this quantity. Of course it is understood that both sexes, if of weakly constitution or inactive habits, would require proportionally less.

MISS HELEN E. MALONE.

How much one should eat in order to best conserve the health is a difficult question to answer, because every individual requires to some extent a different dietary. Dr. Parkes, one of the most eminent dietary experimentalists, has formulated the following table, showing the proper proportions of solid water-free food-stuffs in ounces, required as daily food by an adult man. Class I. refers to proteids or nitrogenous foods; Class II. to fats; and Class III. to carbo-hydrates or sugars and starch:

	AT REST	ORDINARY WORK	HARD WORK
I	2.5	4.6	6 to 7
II	1	3	3.5 to 4.5
III	12	14.4	16 to 18

Another authority states that for the average woman the number of ounces of these three classes of food per day should be 4.2; and 15, respectively. Dr. H. W. Wiley, Chief of the Division of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is authority for the following statistics. The average daily consumption of food for 421 operatives, male and female, is as follows: Protein, 4.48 ounces; fats, 6.53 ounces; sugars and starch, 18.74 ounces. The United States army ration per person per day has the following composition: Protein, 4.23 ounces; fats, 5.68 ounces; sugars and starch, 16.02 ounces. The German army ration on a peace footing is: Protein, 4.02; fats, 1.38; sugars and starch, 16.90. In England the consumption of nutrients per day by the Royal Engineers, when in active service, is: Protein, 5.08; fats, 2.92; sugars and starch, 22.32. The Italian army ration on a peace footing consists of: Protein, 4.02; fats, 0.49; carbo-hydrates, 20.82. The average food eaten by 115 American college students per day amounted to: Protein, 4.20; fats, 5.33; carbo-hydrates, 15.56. While Japanese students in the government school at Tokio consume the following quantities per day: Protein, 4.06 ounces; fats, 1.06 ounces; sugars and starch, 22.32 ounces.

E. S. S.

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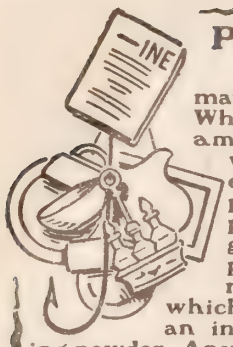

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Pearline Saves 652

Christmas at the Bowery Mission

GREAT preparations are being made at the Bowery Mission for the Christmas festivities. As early as three o'clock in the morning, the doors will be thrown open, and fragrant hot coffee, with large, delicious Bath buns, will be served to the homeless men and boys, whose deplorably destitute circumstances compel them to walk the streets to keep from being frozen to death.

It is sad that these unfortunates should number way up into the thousands, but sin and vice will have their harvest as long as poor, weak humanity will yield itself to their treacherous embrace. Many of these men and boys would gladly return home, where fathers and mothers, nearly broken-hearted, are ready to welcome them, but they either lack the means, or fear that they may be humiliated and repulsed by those whom they have so grievously offended.

When they once get to the Bowery, they are no longer the rosy-cheeked, fresh, light-hearted, happy country boys they were when they left their parents' home, to seek their fortunes in the wide, wide world. They are conscious of the change, and sometimes wonder if father or mother would know them again, were they suddenly to open the front door.

* * *

The liberty they craved seemed so sweet when they started away; but they have had a hard time of it, and oh! how thankful they would be could they only once again get back and be at home with their loved ones! Now they are on the street, with no one to care for them, while at home, night after night can be heard the sad refrain—"Where is my wandering boy to-night?" If you have a boy adrift in the world, do something to help the Bowery Mission to bring cheer and warmth on Christmas Day to the countless multitudes that will crowd its doors, eager to be among those who shall enter while yet there are food and drink for the famishing.

* * *

While the breakfast is going on upstairs, down in the basement the tireless workers of the Bowery Mission will fill the baskets of mothers and children, to whom, but for the good Christian people of this land, Christmas would only accentuate and bring into stronger relief the misery which is theirs. It is hoped that there will be enough to fill a full thousand baskets, and thus bring happiness and hope to a thousand families and to thousands of sad, sorrowful, grieving hearts. In the afternoon, Mrs. Bird's Christmas tree will contribute to gladden a thousand little ones and make them feel that Santa Claus is no respecter of persons, but loves the children of the poor as well as those of the wealthy. What a sight to see a thousand children, all thinly clad, with parched faces, but large, lustrous eyes, and on the very tiptoe of expectancy, watching every movement, while waiting to hear the welcome sound of their own name, that calls them forward to receive perhaps the only gift of that glad day, which to others is one unbroken succession of delightful surprises. May God help the children of the poor!

* * *

Then in the evening comes the turkey dinner. On this occasion Superintendent Hallimond and Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery Boys," preside, while Professor Victor H. Benke, one of the converts, enlivens the event with the grandest music the magnificent organ is capable of yielding. Five hundred hungry men join in singing hymns, while in the kitchen adjoining the Mission the most extensive preparations are going on to provide a feast that shall remind them of the days when, obedient and pure, they sat around the table of their father's home, where there was enough and to spare. Just as Mrs. Bird gets through telling the men how good God is to provide so plentifully for their needs, Superintendent Hallimond signals, and the men arise and sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow"—after which the waiters, in white aprons, come marching in, carrying trays literally burdened with a most tempting display of carved turkey, huge slices of bread, apples and steaming coffee.

* * *

This being served, Mr. Hallimond reminds the throng of One who can save from the uttermost to the uttermost, and advises them to make this anniversary of the Saviour's birth the turning-point in their lives, and assures them that if they but will it, they may eat their next Christmas dinner with the dear ones at home.

* * *

Friends, it is for this work that we ask your help. Give what you can. God will surely repay it a thousandfold. All contributions should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, where they will be promptly acknowledged.

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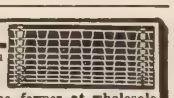

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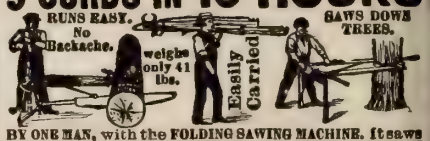

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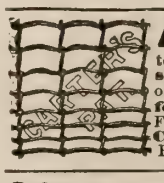

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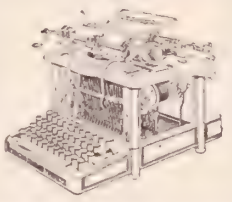

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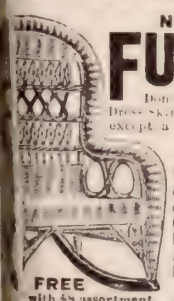

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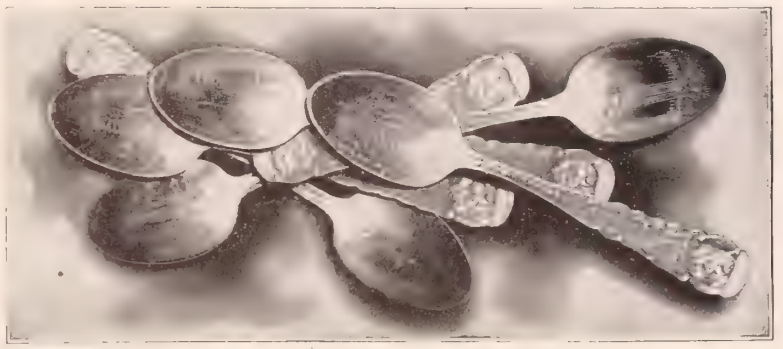
West, Home is t," if kept clean with **SAPOLIO**



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Offices: Bible House, New York

CHRISTIAN HERALD

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1901

JAMES EADS HOW, THE RICH PHILANTHROPIST, SELLING NEWSPAPERS IN THE STREETS OF ST. LOUIS

Photographed specially for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. How has consecrated his life and fortune to the moral and social elevation of the newsboys. [See page 1091]

OUR MAIL BAG

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** [illegible] to all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Jan. 15

1. Is Memory or Imagination the greater gift, and which is the more valuable to man?

2. In what sense, if any, can the collection box be regarded as an index of the spiritual condition of a church?

3. A very young person asks: "Is a Christian boy or girl supposed to live the same quiet life that an old Christian lives?" How should he be answered?

4. Is the Christian Church growing more or less spiritual?

5. Waiving the question of the desirability of church socials, should a social for the benefit of the church be held in the church building?

Questions of the Week

1. What three kings were denounced in the Old Testament in the same words and threatened with the same fate?

In the Old Testament, Jeroboam, Baasha, Ahab, kings of Israel, are each denounced in the same words and threatened with the same fate. "Thou hast provoked me to anger and made Israel to sin," are the words of denunciation; and the fate threatened is the complete destruction of their posterity and that in a most shameful manner, for it is declared of him that dieth of each of these kings in the city shall the dogs eat, and him that dieth of these in the field shall the fowls of the air eat. The reference to Jeroboam is I. Kings 14: 9, 11; to Baasha I. Kings 16: 3, 4, and to Ahab I. Kings 21: 22, 24. R. E. HOUGH.

. . .

Correct answers have been received also from Louisa A. Young; A. S. Harmon; Joseph Shackleford; John H. Sherrard; C. J. Rawlins; Lottie Harris; Dr. N. P. Hackett; S. Menchin; R. G. Kean; A. Lesh; F. L. Sawyer; M Baxter; Margaret R. Gold; H. W. Hamilton; R. A. Luker; Henry M. Douglas; D.B. Stoup; Mrs. F.E.Frost; M. R. D. D.; F. J. Strayer; Louise M. Kelso.

2. When, where and how did the custom of publicly burning mortgages or notes on churches originate? Is it of American or foreign origin?

It probably originated in England during the agitated period of the Reformation, when it was customary for the ruler to give warrants to his favorites for the possession of monasteries, or even the castles, property, and persons of those of different faith. If, armed with such force as they could muster, the royal warrants could be enforced, well and good. Frequently, however, they met with resistance and defeat, in which case the warrants, if obtainable, were publicly read, and then burned in derision. Sometimes the warrants were sent without the accompanying force, and if the party against whom they were drawn felt sufficiently secure, he would then call his retainers, and, after reading the message, publicly burn it to show his contempt for the same. This was frequently done in feudal times, the burning signifying the utter destruction of the thought conveyed in the warrant. P. F. S.

3. Does God repent? If not, how are we to understand such passages as Gen. 6: 6; Jer. 42: 10, where he is said to do so?

In the first passage cited, the word rendered repented is *yinnahem*; it is derived from *naham*, to pant, to groan, then to lament, to grieve because of the misery of others, and also because of one's own actions; whence, to repent. This is a peculiarly strong anthropomorphic expression which presents the truth that God, in perfect consistency with the truth that he "changeth not," assumes a changed position relative to man who had voluntarily changed his position, morally and spiritually, in relation to God. Man changed his position, God did not; but because of man's change God's position toward man was necessarily different from what it was before man changed and became sinful. In the second passage, the word repent, does not indicate any change in the nature or purpose of God, but a change in his conduct to man. It implies, in this connection, a pledge that all the severity of God toward the impenitent will give place to mercy when the wicked become penitent. B. F. WHITTEMORE.

. . .

It is evidently impossible for our finite faculties to form any adequate conception of God, his being, attributes, or character. Any revelation he may make of himself must therefore be incomplete. It must also be made in terms of human experience, otherwise it would be entirely incomprehensible. When, therefore, God is said in Scripture to love, to hate, to be angry, to be grieved, to repent, we are to suppose, since we cannot understand the reality of God's mental operations, that the design of the statement is "to accommodate heavenly things, so far as their nature will admit of it, to the similitude of earthly things;" and that God, in harmony with the laws of his being, regulates his conduct somewhat as men do under the influence of these emotions. Thus in Gen. 6: 6, we may understand that God was "grieved in his heart" at the wickedness of men just as a father is grieved by the disobedience of a wayward son. But since God is infinite in his perfections, this change of conduct cannot imply any change in him; it only means that in different conditions a new line of conduct becomes necessary so as to harmonize with the principles of his being. JNO. G. OSBORNE.

4. Is it better for the average young man to leave home to "see the world" or to remain steadily at home, except for occasional periods of limited travel, which do not break off his home connection?

If the young man has fixed principles and runs away from no duty, by all means let him "see the world." This opening century, where the young man must act his part, presents complex problems, civic and social, untried and magnificent opportunities, and an inexorable demand for instantaneous and intelligent action. Only the man with a comprehensive view of life as it is, will be equal to the demand. And nothing fits a man for this broad view, or enlarges his self-sided point of view, as travel. Seeing life in its wide difference, in our own country, and contrasting it with European countries, makes a man appreciate the heritage of American birth. A wholesome young man of the right sort, usually turns from the crowded life of cities, where his lack of home connection might subject him to temptation, and seeks the liberty of a rude civilization. This is not a spirit of rashness, but in the city-bred is a primal instinct to return to life under first conditions, where man still wrestles with unconquered nature. Without such an experience, the city young man is liable to lack that virility and respect for rugged truth that is the saving salt of manhood. The country-bred young man turns instinctively to the broadening friction of city life, to rouse his aspirations, and give them definite, practical mould. Travel, as no other university, educates a young man for his day and generation, which, if his life be worth while, like Abraham of old, he must serve.

R. N. SCOTT.

. . .

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," says Shakespeare. This may be true. Yet "homely wits" are more conducive to the development of sterling, upright character, than the "wits" of sharpers, gamblers and libertines, and it is with such characters that the roving youth is likely to be thrown. The young man who grows up under the quiet influences of a Christian home, and especially if that home be in the country, has an opportunity for the formation of principles which is utterly impossible to the youth who is thrown into all varieties of evil association, away from the restraining influence of home and friends. It may be, perhaps, that the young man who goes abroad into the world, may gain knowledge and acquire an ease and polish of manner of which the home-keeping youth may be ignorant; but all this is at the expense of other more important attainments. The young man who is kept closely at home, and who is taught to work, is the one who in after life develops into the useful Christian man.

Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest,
Home-keeping youths are happiest.
But they who wander they know not where,
Are full of sorrow and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

EMILY H. WATSON.

5. Would it tend to decrease the number of divorces if all clergymen would agree not to solemnize a marriage when either of the parties had a divorced partner still living?

Not to any considerable extent. It would not affect the class which contributes more than any other to the business of the divorce courts—the class which cares nothing whatever for the sanction of the clergy, and would be just as well pleased to have the ceremony performed by an alderman. Nor would it affect those persons who are fully intending to lead a single life after getting a divorce. They would get a divorce anyhow, and only later, when the opportunity of another marriage came, would they be affected by the concerted action of the clergy. So as to both these classes, the attitude of the ministers would have no effect at all in reducing the number of divorces. There remains the one class of persons who want divorce for the purpose of marrying another person, and only those in that class who would shrink from a union unblessed by the church. That is a very small class, for the husband or wife who has allowed his or her thoughts to settle on another person, must have sunk so low as to care but little what the clergyman may or may not do. Such concerted action, so far as I can see, would operate only to prevent some people who are divorced getting married again, and I am not sure that this would be either just or desirable, especially in the case of the innocent party to the divorce. If the bar to a remarriage is a punishment, why should the innocent be punished? But that is another question, which is not involved in the question whether such action on the part of the clergy would tend to reduce the number of divorces. EDWARD WRIGHT.

. . .

The united action or inaction on the part of the clergy upon any important moral question has a great influence upon society at large. More than most Christians imagine and that non-Christians are willing to admit, their power over the lives and hearts of men is more or less effective for good among all people. The unanimous refusal of clergymen to solemnize a marriage while either party has a divorced partner still living would have tremendous weight in overcoming the present laxity and in demonstrating the sanctity of the marriage relation. The educational effect in course of time would undoubtedly be fewer divorces, and appropriate legislation more in accord with Scripture authority, which justifies divorce but for one certain cause only. The direct and immediate effect would be a less number of such marriages, certainly itself a good step in the right direction. WALTER W. HUBBARD.

The People's Verdict

Concerning THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Art Portfolio, containing Twelve Superb Reproductions of the World's Masterpieces, each measuring, without Margin, 9 X 12 inches

The Pictures are Exceptionally Fine

Mrs. S. P. W., Georgetown, Mass., writes: "I want to thank you very much for beautiful premium (the Art Portfolio), which I received last week. We think the pictures are exceptionally fine, and think you are very kind to give such a superb present."

Far Surpass Expectation

Clara M. B., S. Norridgewack, Maine, writes: "I have received the Art Portfolio premium of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and the pictures far surpass anything I have been expecting."

Every One Deserves a Frame

Mrs. J. R. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "We received this morning THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Art Portfolio. Every one of its very pretty pictures well deserves a frame. Long live THE CHRISTIAN HERALD! May it continue in the future as it has in the past, to be a blessing to all the nations of the earth. Our family has taken THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from its first number."

Pleasure Mingled with Surprise

Miss A. H., Bedford, N. Y., writes: "I wish to thank you most sincerely for the beautiful Art Portfolio received some days since. It surpasses all my expectations, though my expectations were high. Each picture is a gem, but I particularly enjoy 'The Father's Welcome Home,' 'Inspiration,' and 'Ever Faithful.' My pleasure is mingled with surprise; surprise that you can afford to be so very generous. With deep appreciation of your kindness."

An Artist's Opinion

Mrs. C., Toronto, writes: "I thank you very much for the Pictures, received safely, and much admired by all friends, especially the dog's head. As I am a bit of an artist, nothing pleases me so much as pictures well chosen."

Masterpieces of Picture-makers' Art

Mrs. C. L., Virginia, writes: "I have received your premium of twelve beautiful pictures. I have shown them to many of my friends, and all agree with me in pronouncing them not only a masterpiece of the picturemaker's art, but in thinking that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is, indeed, most liberal and gracious to its subscribers."

Most Enjoyable Christmas Gift

Mrs. S. W. C., Lowell, Mass., writes: "The 'Art Portfolio' received. I return you sincere thanks. I think that no Christmas gift which I may receive can give me more enjoyment. They are all beautiful, but a little the best of all I like: 'The Father's Welcome Home,' which is being framed as a Christmas present for my son, who has two little ones of his own."

Every One a Gem

H. R. B., Omaha, Neb., writes: "Your promptness in shipping the 'art' gift is characteristic. As for the pictures, they are each and every one a real gem, fine enough to grace the walls of wealth. They will prove delightful adornment to every place where art-love exists. It is a matter of surprise to me how you can give such premiums with your paper—such good value in itself."

If you wish to be included among the possessors of this Superb Premium, you should not delay a moment to send in your subscription. Every Subscriber, whether new or renewal, gets one, as long as the supply will last

How to Frame Our Art Portfolio Pictures

Hundreds of readers who have received our beautiful Art Portfolio, write us that they think so highly of the twelve exquisite pictures contained therein that they wish to hang them upon their walls, and they ask our advice as to the best manner of framing them. The following suggestions are according to the consensus of opinion of the highest art authorities in New York City:

. . .

Use an oak frame, one to one and one-half inches wide. Choose for the color of your wood, the darkest—or nearly the darkest brown—found in your pictures A bevelled frame sloping from the outer to the inner edge is best, as this gives more depth and better perspective to your picture; however, a flat frame is in good taste, and some of these in richly-grained wood are very effective. Have no mat; according to latest and most artistic methods, your frame should come close to the edge of your picture, just concealing the latter.

. . .

The average price of such a frame as we have described is from 75 cents to $1.00; for this, you should get a well-finished oak frame with good glass. In imitation, and cheaper glass, frames can be had as low as 35 cents.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1901

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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WORKSHOPS AT THE DHELKA ORPHANAGE

BOYS' ORPHANAGE AT DHELKA, INDIA

INDIA'S SPIRITUAL HARVEST

America's Gifts to India's Starving Millions Bearing Fruit in the Salvation of Souls

FROM missionaries in India, of many denominations, cheering reports are coming of large accessions of converts. Almost unprecedented are the numbers applying for baptism. The barrier to the missionaries' work in the past was prejudice, and that is yielding to the gratitude naturally evoked by the magnificent benefaction of Christian lands. Large numbers of natives who did not need relief in the famine confess that their views of Christianity have been changed by the wonderful spectacle of their countrymen being fed by Christian hands. Political motives might account for the help rendered by the British Government, but there is no way of explaining the grand gifts of money and corn that came through THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, except the motive of compassion arising from Christian principle. They did not know that Christianity was a religion that prompted its disciples to deny themselves in order to feed strangers who were hungry. The beautiful object-lesson is doing its work. There is less opposition to the work of the missionaries and multitudes are enrolling themselves under the banner of Christ. The following letter from Bishop Warne, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is typical of other reports, which are coming from Baptists, Congregationalists and missionaries of other denominations:

"One can but wonder that our missionaries and other workers who gave their lives up to working in the midst of these diseased, starving and dying people, survived to tell the tale. Most of our Methodist missionaries were severely ill, and Rev. T. M. Hudson actually died a martyr in the work. In God's good providence, the others recovered, though some of their children succumbed to the prevalent disease. Among the bereaved parents are Rev. and Mrs. George W. Park, who lost a dear boy. He was one of the children who rode on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD corn carts rejoicing over the arrival of the food from America; but that very night he was stricken with cholera and died.

"The work of our mission in this country is intensely interesting. Ten years ago we had scarcely the beginning of a Christian community; seven years ago the forward movement began. This year began with about five thousand Christians and will probably close with nine or ten thousand, and beyond this there are approximately ten thousand persons who are known in their respective villages as Christians, because they have ceased to worship idols and have identified themselves with the Christian community; but are not baptized because we have not the workers ready to teach them, nor a sufficient number of missionaries to supervise the work. There is easily in our mission in the Gujerat country a Christian community of twenty thousand Christians in sight, and this has all come about practically within seven years! This is one of the miracles of modern missions and something over which we should give thanks to God. There are eleven million Gujeratites, and nearly a million of these belong to the class from which these twenty thousand are coming. Who can tell whereunto this will grow?

"The castes from which these converts have come are neither the very lowest nor the poorest. They include Dhegs (Weavers), Chamadis (Chumars) Bhangies (Sweepers), and some from other classes. There are signs of a break among other large classes. From among the Coolies (aboriginal tribes), there are already some converts.

"During the visit of Bishop Foss and Dr. Goucher, our whole church was stirred with the news that they had a baptismal service at which 250 were baptized, but on my visit to Gujerat the work had so grown that I was permitted to participate in the baptism of 1,339. A little under two-thirds of these were from among those who have been gathered up during the time of famine, and a little over one-third from among the people of the villages. In the future all the baptisms will be among the village people. Practically all the orphans have been baptized. I have seldom been more moved than when at Baroda, when I learned that over 300 people walked in from the surrounding country to attend religious services and to be baptized, and none of them walked less than seven miles, and some of them came as far as twenty miles. One woman walked seventeen miles and then walked back seventeen miles to her home, carrying her baby the whole distance.

"Many of those people have suffered great persecution. During the week that I was there, I heard of not less than four Christian houses being burned; but I heard of not one who thought of recanting, but every one purposed to hold fast and live for Christ.

When one remembers that beyond them there are, already about ten thousand waiting for baptism, and these ten thousand mean ten thousand more, and so on, he can but rejoice. The leaven is leavening the lump; prophecies are being fulfilled: and God is accomplishing his great purpose among the heathen nation. Praise his name."

ARRIVAL OF CHRISTIAN HERALD CORN IN A MISSION COMPOUND

BISHOP WARNE BAPTIZING CONVERTS AT GODHRA, INDIA

From a photograph specially taken by order of the Missionaries, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

NATIVE GIRLS PREPARING CHRISTIAN HERALD CORN AT GOOLINA

THE
AMERICAN PULPIT

...SERMON BY...

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

UNTRODDEN PATHS

TEXT — Joshua 3: 4:
"Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

IN December, 1889, I waded the river Jordan, and although the current was strong, I was able to bear up against it; but in the time of spring freshet, when the snows on Mount Lebanon melt, nothing but a miracle would enable anyone to cross this river. It was at the dangerous springtime that Joshua and the officers of his army uttered the words of my text to the people who were in a few hours to cross the Jordan. About that crossing we say but little, because, on a previous occasion, we discoursed concerning that piling up of the waters into crystal barricade. We only speak of the march to the brink of the river. No stranger thing has ever occurred in all history.

The Ark of the Covenant was a brilliant chest of acacia wood, overlaid with gold, on the top of which were two winged figures, facing each other. It was five feet long and three feet wide. Poles were thrust through the rings at the side, and by these poles the ark was lifted. This splendid box was to be carried three-quarters of a mile ahead of the hosts of Israel on the way to the crossing. That distance between the box and the advancing thousands must be kept because of reverence. There was a sanctity in that divine symbol that they must observe by keeping off three-quarters of a mile away. They must watch that glittering box, and follow, otherwise they would lose their way, and not arrive at the right place for crossing. They had never been there before, and they must be guided. For that reason Joshua utters the words of my text, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore," and the subordinate officers at the head of the regiments repeated it: "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

What was truthfully said of the ancient Israelites may be truthfully said of us. We are making our first and last journey through this world. It is possible, as some of my good friends believe, that this world will be corrected and improved and purified and floralized and emparadised as to climate and soil and character, until it shall become a heaven for the ransomed, but I do not think it. I have an idea that heaven is already built somewhere. Our departed friends could not wait until this world is fixed up for saintly and angelic residence. Having once gone out of the world, I do not think we will come back, except as ministering spirits to help those who remain in the earthly struggle, or perhaps to look at the wondrous spectacle of a burning planet.

Why Men Lose Their Way

But leaving that theory aside, we are very sure that we are for the first time walking the earthly pilgrimage. "Ye have not passed this way before." Every minute is a new minute, every hour a new hour, every century a new century. Other folks have gone over the same road we are traveling, but it is our first trip. New appearances, new temptations, new sorrows, new joys. That is the reason so many lose their way. They meet some one on the road of life and ask for direction, and wrong direction is given. We have all been perplexed by misdirection after asking the way to some place we wished to visit. Some one said to us: "Take the first road to the right, and having gone a mile on that road, take the first road on the left, and you will soon reach your destination." We took the advice, but our informer forgot a turn in the road, or forgot one of the roads leading to the left, and we took the wrong road and were lost in the woods, and night came on, and we were put to great irritation and trouble.

The fact is, I blame no one for making lifetime mistakes. I pity them instead of blaming them. There are so many wrong roads, but only one right one. You cannot in mid-life draw upon your youthful experiences for wisdom, for mid-life is so entirely different from youth. You cannot in old age draw upon mid-life experiences, for the two stages of existence are so diverse. What is wisdom for one man to do would be folly for another to undertake. A man of nerve and pluck is not qualified to advise a man timid and shrinking. An achievement that would be easy for you might be impossible for me. Human advice is ordinarily of little value.

So, also, it may be said to every nation, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore." Our own republic is going through novel experiences. Could wisest statesman twenty years ago have prophesied present conditions? Every President, every Congress has new crises to meet and new questions to settle. So prophecies made about conditions in this country fifty years from now may turn out as far untrue as the prophecies made fifty years ago by the greatest of American statesmen, when he declared on yonder Capitol Hill that it was unwise to think of civilization or prosperity the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and according to his belief the Pacific coast would be the perpetual abode of barbarians and mountain lions, and we must not think of annexing those forbidding regions.

The Path of the Nation

Many prophecies in regard to our nation failed, and many prophecies concerning its future will fail, because it is traveling a new road. Every step it takes on that road is a novelty. The opinion of a Monroe or a Jefferson in the far past is not of as much value as the opinion of our wisest men now. How could men know in 1823 what it would be best for this nation to do in 1901? It is belittling as well as unwise for our statesmen, who are quite equal to the statesmen of the past, and who have, in addition to the natural talents of their predecessors, attainments in knowledge that were impossible in any decade but our own, to depend on advice of men who have been dead three-quarters of a century. In all other things the world has advanced. Can it be that in statesmanship it has gone back, and that this opening of the twentieth century must consult the opening of the nineteenth century? "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

Yea! our entire world is on a new pathway. It may be swinging in the same old orbit as when by the hand of the Almighty immensity was sprinkled with worlds, but it has been rocked with earthquakes, and scorched with volcanic fires, and whelmed with tidal waves, and wrought upon by climatic changes—cities sunk, and islands lifted, and mountains avalanched into valleys. So it is another world than that which was first started in the solar system; yet it is all the time changing, and will keep changing until the hour of its demolition. Of this beautiful world, this lustrous world, this glorious world, it may be said, "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

What is the practical use of this subject? Instead of putting so much stress upon human advice, and instead of asking of the past what we ought to do, follow the divine leading as the men of Joshua followed the golden-lidded chest of acacia, which was the symbol of the divine presence. Not human but divine leadership, Joshua not consulting with his colonels and lieutenants, but consulting with God—the God of individuals, the God of nations, the God of worlds.

That three-quarters of a mile distance between the ark or sacred box and the front column of Joshua's troops mightily impresses me. It was a forceful way of teaching reverence for the Almighty. They needed to learn that lesson of reverence, as we all need to learn it. Irreverence has cursed all nations, and none more than our own. Irreverence in the use of God's name; hear you it not on the streets and in social groups, and is not a profane word sometimes thought necessary to point jocosity?

Irreverence for the Scriptures

the phraseology of the Bible often introduced into the most frivolous conversation and made mirth-provoking. Irreverence for the oath in court-room or custom-house or legislative hall by the conventional and mechanical mode of its administration. Irreverence for the holy Sabbath by the way it is broken in pleasure excursion and carousal. Irreverence on the part of children for their parents, insolence being substituted for obedience. Irreverence for rulers, which induces vile cartoons and assassination. Irreverence in church during prayer, measuring off song and sermon by cold, artistic or literary criticism, and in prayer time neither bowing the head, nor bending the knee, nor standing, as one does in the presence of earthy ruler, thus showing more respect for a man than to the King of kings. We ask not for genuflexions or circumflexions or prostrations, but when prayer is offered let us either bow the head or bend the knee, or let us in some way prove that we are not indifferent. In how many places have presumption and foolhardiness taken the place of reverence! That three-quarters of a mile between the chest of acacia covered with gold and mounted with wings—a symbol of the divine presence—and the marching regiments of Joshua suggests a reverence that is wofully lacking in social life, in legislative hall, and religious assemblage. A farmer went to the wheat field taking his son with him. The child said: "These stalks that stand straight up must have the best grain. Those stalks that bend over cannot be worth anything." Then the father broke off two of the tops of the stalks and said, "Child! that one that bends clear over has the grain." It is the soul that bows in deepest reverence which is the best soul.

But though Joshua's host observed the three-quarters of a mile command, they followed the ark, and you will do well to follow the divine leading, as the path yo tread now has not yet been trodden. "Ye have no passed this way heretofore." Many of you are sufferin from just such annoyances as have not occurred in a your history. There have been meannesses practise upon you, or you have received slights, or you are th subject of misinterpretations, or you are in the midst o sore disappointments, or there are demands made upo your strength and time more than you can meet, or som physical ailment is laying siege to your castle of healt or you are under embarrassments that you cannot mer tion even to nearest friends. You say: "Well, I neve saw anything like this. I never expected such trea ment as this. I never thought it possible to be place in such circumstances." And when you say all that yo are only translating the words of my text into your ow phraseology. If you had suffered something like thi before you would have known what to do, but here is flank movement for which you are not ready.

In Personal Experience

As you have had no experience of this kind upo which to draw for wisdom, and as you cannot fully stat all the circumstances to any human ear, go to God an tell him all about it. He knows already, but it wil relieve you and help you if you tell him.

Perhaps it is a bereavement. You have felt sorro for those who lost children, or thought you did, but no that the sorrow has come to your own nursery, it is different thing. You never could have imagined th silences about the house now that the little feet are quie and the infant voice has ceased its prattle. What sensation at eventide with no one to put to bed! Wha toys put away to be looked at on anniversary days How Christmas Day is shadowed and the world i changed! Get over it? You never can get over it i this world. Perhaps it is your first sorrow. "Ye hav not passed this way heretofore." God grant that yo may never pass this way again.

But follow the ark, and it will lead you to rivers o consolation. You will find that your child has gone int a heaven of children, a land where children are in vas majority—a score of infant souls to one manly or wom anly soul—for the vast majority of the race die ir infancy. It is the exception when people live to grow up. Heaven a great playground for children. Palaces for kings and queens? Oh, yes. But what wide halls of pleasure, what gardens of delight, what raptures such as on earth with ball, and kite, and hoop they never felt! Let him go, mother.

You Can Trust Him

in the land of music and flowers. The front door of that eternal home was opened by him who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." What a time the children have up there! Can you not almost hear their quick feet on the ivory stairs? What rounds of gladness! What laughter of eternal glee! Follow the ark, and it will lead you to the crossing into the reunions of the home where you will never part.

As our sorrows are new, our joys are new, and all our experiences are new. Our life is one long discovery of things that we did not know and could not know, because we have not passed this way before. We have found, for instance, that gratitude is the rarest of virtues. You used to suppose that if you do a kindness it will be fully appreciated and reciprocated. You have found out by experience, as you could have found out in no other way, that gratitude is apt to be only another ax to grind. While there is a possibility that you may return still more service, you are thanked, but when you can return no more advantage you are dropped. Here is a man whom you have helped in political elevation. When the time comes for the compliment to be returned you are not only refused help but you receive positive opposition. You have found out that you should do the right thing not with respect to reward or gratitude, but because it is the right thing to do.

No one has come to mid-life who has not been stung of ingratitude. On the battlefield of Alma in 1854, a wounded Russian was crying in anguish of thirst for water. Captain Eddington of the English Army, ran to him and gave him drink. As the captain was running by to join his regiment the wounded soldier shot him. Almost all languages have proverbs setting forth this perversity. English proverb: "Bring up a raven and it will pick out your eyes." Arabic proverb: "Eat the present and break the dish." Italian proverb: "The ass, after having drunk, gives a kick to the bucket." An old proverb says: "If God were to be so complacent as to carry us on his back to Rome, we would not thank him for his pains if he did not also set us down in an

GOLDEN DEEDS
IN THE IRON CITY

By... Lyman Edwin Davis

HOW THE POOR OF PITTSBURG ARE BEING HELPED AND COMFORTED THROUGH THE KINGSLEY HOUSE SETTLEMENT

THE world's better half is not only finding out how the other half lives, but is helping the other half live better! In this noble ministry of the privileged to the non-privileged, the social settlement, now multiplying throughout many cities, is becoming a very helpful factor; and the Kingsley-House Association is Pittsburg's representative of this organized humanitarian influence.

Kingsley House passed the first epoch of its history, and found its voice and mission in the Iron City, in its earlier location on Penn avenue. But the enterprise has now a permanent, ample and strategic home in the old Montooth mansion, at the corner of Bedford avenue and Fulton street, the building and grounds, together with the architectural additions essential to the proposed work, having been donated to the Association by Mr. H. C. Frick.

If Pittsburg were a fortified city of the feudal type, the inevitable castle and fortress would stand just about where the Kingsley House is now situated. And the location of this helpful home of the neighborhood on the rocky crest, which forms the last water-shed between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, and only one short mile from where they unite to form the Ohio, gives the institution a topographical outlook which ought to be suggestive and prophetic of its social and moral mission. It looks westward upon a crowded commercial triangle. But as Pittsburg's great, acute angle of commerce includes as yet both the retail and the wholesale business, as well as hundreds of the unappropriated residences of the time when the Bluff now occupied by the Kingsley House was Pittsburg's residential quarter, it follows that this quarter is interspersed and surrounded by a greater relative population. Pittsburg's vicious resorts are in this triangle, and Pittsburg's Chinatown; and beyond this angle the windows of Kingsley House look out over Allegheny City, and over the populous South-Side, and far into the lengthening West-End; so that, with the dense and comparatively poorer population of its immediate environment, this institution has within the practical, humanitarian radius of one mile fully one-half the homes, the better and the worse, the richer and the poorer, in all the Greater Pittsburg; and the Greater Pittsburg now comprises 600,000 people.

There is very little abject poverty in Pittsburg. When they found the presumably poorest woman in the lower angle of the city, she said: "Yes, I guess the' be some right poor folks about here some 'eres: but it must be fudder down the street!" But, as in all American communities, the keenest poverty is proud and elusive, and must be shrewdly found. The poverty of the Orient, is dressed in rags and flaunted in the street; but the poverty of the Levant, especially the poverty of the citizen as contrasted with the mere subject, more especially still the poverty of the American, hires a little room in a respectable quarter, and dies of starvation rather than publish itself, or else registers at a first-class hotel and commits suicide!

With quick appreciation of this elusive nature of American poverty, the various forms of activity in Kingsley House are so planned as to avoid any such appearance of charity as might wound or dwarf the spirit of independence. The kindergarten in connection with the house claims a tuition fee of five cents a week, the men's club, including reading-room privileges, an annual fee of three dollars; and the cooking-school, the medical dispensary, the manual science classes, and all kindred forms of work, are kept upon this high level of American helpfulness.

ONE OF THE STUDY ROOMS AT KINGSLEY HOUSE

A very proper exception to the rule of independence is the Summer Home up the Allegheny, where, from the first of July to the first of September, weary mothers with their little children are given a recuperating home in groups of twenty, each group remaining one week, thus giving rest and the ethical tonic of country air and sunshine to one hundred and sixty tired children of the poor, during the heated term.

The resident faculty of workers has a very efficient leader in the person of Miss Mary B. Lippincott, a woman whose genius for the work is born of that love of the neighborhood which is the soul of the true settlement-house. The head worker is faithfully assisted by several resident workers, including Dr. Rachel Robins, Miss Alice Perry, Miss Ellen Watkins, Miss Ella Johnson, Miss Margaret Gillespie and Miss Flora Dunlap; while, as a very important auxiliary, some fifty non-resident helpers are devoted to the enterprise.

When one thinks of the personal equipment of Kingsley House, of its increasing facilities, and of the opportunity which appeals at once to the best endeavors of the household and the liberal support of the city, one is ready to read the prophecy of its future from the pages of Bunyan: "And I saw in my dream that they went on; and Great Heart went before them."

UNTRODDEN PATHS:

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

easy chair." You will never be happy in this world if you do not do all the good you can and look for no responsive gratitude. All the damage I did a man who is my enemy was to take him from a position where he received $700 a year salary into a position where he has ever since received $2,500 a year. He never forgave me, but has pursued me with a pen vitriolic ever since. The worst enemy you ever had is the man you introduced and favored and helped. But be not disturbed or even irritated. You are no better than your Lord. If the world had had any thankful appreciation of his coming it would have filled that Bethlehem caravansary with flowers, which bloom there clear on into the December month; and Herod, instead of attempting his death, would have sent a chariot to fetch the infant to the palace; and the oyer and terminer of Pilate's courtroom would have pronounced him not guilty; and instead of a cross and a crown of thorns, it would have been a coronation, with all the mighty ones of the earth kneeling at the foot of his throne.

Another discovery that surprises us, because we had not passed this way before, is the fact that if two be in quarrel or in war with each other, the one who is the most wrong is the hardest and the slowest to make up. Who wrote them I know not, but I cut these two lines out, and pasted them in my scrapbook twenty years ago, for the words are so strikingly true:

> Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.

We talk about the great discoveries of the age—the electric power, the steam power, the telescopic and microscopic power—but do not say anything about the discoveries we all make year by year and day by day. There are surprises all the time. It is a new road we are traveling. "Ye have not passed this way heretofore."

But closely allied is the other fact which we hinted at in the opening—that we will not pass this way again. This is our only opportunity for doing certain things that ought to be done. On all sides there are griefs we ought to solace, hunger we ought to feed, cold that we ought to warm, kind words that we ought to speak, generous deeds we ought to perform. All that you and I do toward making this world better and happier we must do very soon, or never do at all. There is no retreat. Alertness and fidelity would not be so important if we could truthfully say: "I will be back here again. The things I neglect now I will do the next time I come. I will be reincarnated, and I will resume my earthly obligations. Having then more knowledge than I have now, I will discharge my earthly duties better than I can now discharge them. I do not give solemn farewell to these obligations and opportunities, but a smiling and cheery goodby until I see them again." No; we cannot say that. There will be no new and corrected edition of the volume of our earthly life. After we make exit from the stage at the close of the fifth act we cannot re-enter. How many millions of people have lived and died I know not, but of all the human race who have gone, only seven persons that I now think of have returned, the son of the widow at Zarephath, the young man of Nain, the ruler's daughter, Tabitha, Eutychus, Lazarus, and Christ. Among all the ages to come, I do not suppose there will be one more who will return to this life, having once left it.

Lord Bacon said that he who shall discover the way to make myrrh soluble by human blood will discover immortal life on earth, but no such discovery will ever be made. With what suggestive solemnity does this thought charge every hour of our earthly existence! It is said that it is possible to know which way the wind blew at the time of the deluge by the mark of the wave still to be found in the sand, and the direction of our influence, will leave a mark that will last forever.

At this point I ask you to notice the fact that my text does not call attention to the crossing of the Jordan, but to the way leading thereto. We all think much of our crossing of the Jordan when the march of our life is ended, but put too little emphasis on the way that leads to the crossing. What you and I need most to care about is the direction of the road we are traveling. We need have no fear of the crossing if we come to it in the right way. In other words, we need not care about death if our life has been what it ought to be. We will die right if we live right. That was a glorious thing that Montmorency, Constable of France, said, when dying from his wounds in battle. Some one standing by advised him to show the same courage in dying that he had shown during his lifetime. To this he replied: "Gentlemen and fellow-soldiers, I thank you all very kindly for your anxious care and concern about me, but the man who has been enabled to endeavor to live well for four score years past can never need to seek now how to die well for a quarter of an hour."

What an absurdity it would have been for Joshua and his men to have asked each other questions like these: "How can we cross the Jordan if we get there? Will not the water be too deep to allow us to wade? Will we not all be so saturated that we may lose our lives by exposure? How many of us can swim? Had we better not wait until the annual freshet has subsided?" No such folly did they commit. They were chiefly anxious about the way that they had "not passed before" and were ignorant of, and to keep their eyes on the golden-covered acacia box, wing mounted, which was the Ark of the Covenant.

O, hearer, stop bothering about your exit from sublunary scenes. By the grace of God, get your heart right, and then go ahead. If the Lord takes care of you clear on to the bank on this side of the river, I think you can trust him to take you from bank to bank, from the willows on this side the stream to the palms on the other side, from the last kiss of sorrowing ones on this side to the welcome, saintly cherubic, seraphic, deific, on the other side. Keep your eye on the ark, and, whatever betides, you will go through all right.

One Easter morning Massena, the Marshal of France, appeared with 18,000 armed men on the heights above the town of Feldkirch. There were no arms to defend the town, and the inhabitants were wild with terror. Then the old dean of the church cried out: "My brothers, this is Easter day. We have been depending on our own strength, and that fails. Let us turn to God. Ring the bells, and have service as usual." Then the bells rang out sweetly and mightily from the church towers of Feldkirch, and the people thronged to the houses of prayer for worship. The sound of the bells made the enemy think that the Austrian army had come in to save the place, and Massena and his 18,000 soldiers retreated. By the time the bells had stopped ringing there was not one soldier in sight. So put your trust in God, and when hosts of troubles and temptations march for your overthrow, ring all the bells of hope and faith and Christian triumph, and the threatening perils of your life will fall back, and your deliverance will be celebrated all up and down the skies. The God who led you through the way you never passed before will be with you at all the crossings.

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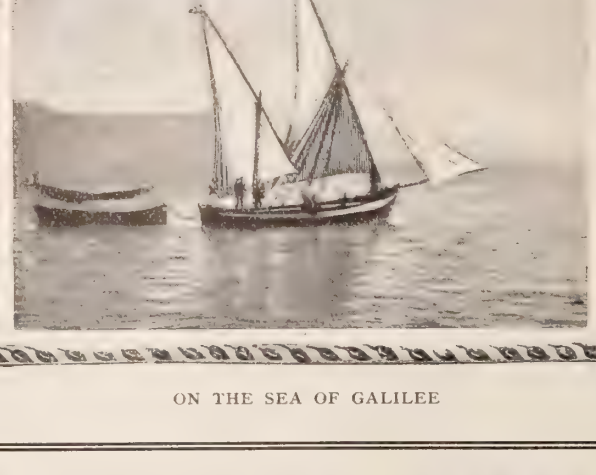
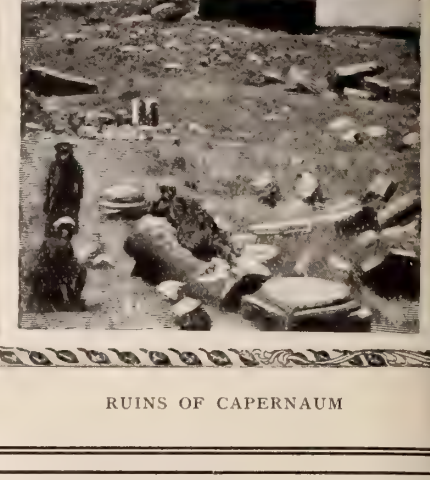
New Light on Bible Lands.

MAGDALA BY THE SEA OF GALILEE



ON THE SEA OF GALILEE



RUINS OF CAPERNAUM

VI. THE SEA OF GALILEE TOWNS

By REV. T. F. WRIGHT, PH.D.

IN the Old Testament not much is said of the towns about the Sea of Galilee. Dan, a few miles north, is fully described; and from the time of Abraham unto its capture and renaming by the Danites, and then on in the days of the northern kingdom, it is frequently mentioned. Merom or Huleh, the little lake in the large meadow, lying between Dan and the Sea of Galilee is mentioned, especially in connection with the battle there in which the Israelites, under Joshua, vanquished their northern foes (Joshua 11). Hazor, Kadesh and other places not far from the sea are named, but the list of cities given to the tribes of Zebulun and Naphtali (Joshua 19), does not contain the names of which we hear so much in the New Testament.

The name of the sea was then Chinneroth, and this name in later time took a form which we have as Gennesaret. The name Galilee, meaning "circuit," was at first applied to a limited district, but the Romans extended it over the northern province, and all the people of the province were called Galileans. The name Sea of Tiberias, which is used in John 21, was later than our Lord's time, and came from the city built in honor of Tiberius Cæsar, and now alone remaining of the shore cities, once so numerous.

The reason that this fertile district was not more fully occupied in Old Testament times is probably the same as that which accounts for the present absence of towns, and that is the lawlessness of the region. Herod won renown and power by exterminating the robbers of that locality, and to-day the traveler is more exposed to danger here than elsewhere. Everyone carries weapons and looks out for prowling bands.

. . .

For a skilfully drawn account of the district as it was in the time of our Lord, the reader is referred to *A Day in Capernaum*, by Dr. Franz Debitzsch, and to *Galilee in the Time of Christ*, by Dr. Selah Merrill. Both these writers make use not only of the New Testament, but of the account given by Josephus, who places the population and the number of boats at almost fabulous figures. But Josephus was personally acquainted with all that he described there.

In addition to Tiberias, above mentioned, we have on the eastern and more hilly and wild side Gergesa, which is connected with the legion of devils and the swine; and also, on the easterly side not far from the Jordan, a part of Bethsaida where the multitude was fed. Then, passing westward, we have the rest of Bethsaida and Chorazin, of which we know little more than the names, and then Capernaum, and then Dalmanutha, and Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene. There were other places known to Josephus.

As to Capernaum, the scene of so many events in our Lord's life that we may call it his home, there is a serious difficulty which only extensive excavations can remove. Opinions are divided between two places now known as Tel-Hum and Khan Minyeh. This division means that, taking into account all that we can read, especially in Josephus, some decide that Capernaum stood where Tel-Hum is, and where there are the ruins of a synagogue and other strong buildings, while others favor Khan Minyeh.

. . .

In favor of Tel-Hum is the name, but the locality is not as well adapted to a large city as is Khan Minyeh. This place is two miles southwest of Tel-Hum and is at the head of the Plain of Gennesaret, which extends for two miles along the western shore of the lake and runs back a mile, affording a garden spot of unsurpassed fertility. Surrounded on three sides by hills, sloping on the fourth side eastward to the shore, well watered by springs lying at its back and sending their waters through it to the lake, this plain was capable of supporting, and did support, an immense population.

One marked trace of the past remains in an aqueduct which carried the water around the face of the hill at the head of the plain and toward Tel-Hum. This cutting in the rock is about four feet wide and is used as a road, and travelers sometimes take it for a road originally, but it is most likely a part of Josephus's aqueduct. We might think of Capernaum as having covered both Tel-Hum and Khan Minyeh, as Bethsaida was on both sides of the Jordan, but it seems scarcely likely, as towns were usually compact.

Our Lord with his disciples often walked upon this shore, and it was of a sower on the plain that he spoke the parable of the seed. There were the trodden lines of travel where the plough could not break the surface, and there were the thorns which now hold the ground in full possession.

. . .

The people were fed not only from the plain but from the lake. It was only thirteen miles long by eight wide at the widest, but it teemed with fish of several kinds. This was due to the fresh flowing river always pouring in from the melting snows of Hermon and to the warmth of the valley, for the surface of the water lay eighth of a mile below the ocean level. There is pro ably not a better place for fish in the world, and c tainly none is known.

The fishermen in boats about twenty feet long—the "ships" as the Bible has it—used nets which they dre sometimes into the boats and sometimes to the sho especially if the net was heavy with evidently a lar catch. A man also waded out and used a small net Peter no doubt did when he caught the fish with t money in its mouth. Usually, however, we see in t Gospels the use of the larger net like a seine, whi was weighted on one edge and floated on the other, a was paid out from the boat, and then drawn in by bo ends. The fishing was usually done at night, when t boat would cause the fish less alarm. When the m came ashore they sorted the fish and took the best the town and cast the bad away, Matthew 13:48. the forenoon they would be mending their nets, as t Lord found them doing when he called them to becon fishers of men, Mark 1:16–20.

. . .

Small fishes, good to eat but not salable, were drie and furnished humble but wholesome food to the she herd lads who tended the flocks on the hillsides. S when the multitude went out after the Lord and ha nothing to eat, there was a lad there with "five barle loaves" (like biscuits with us) and "two small fishes John 6:9. And there where he fed the thousands, an all about this Sea of Galilee, as nowhere else on eart except at Nazareth, we are reminded on every side the Lord Jesus Christ.

. . .

The Sea of Galilee is also variously called Lake Ge nesaret, and Chinneroth (or Chinnereth). Josephu the Jewish historian, calls it Gennesaritis, which seem to have been its designation at the beginning of th Christian era. It has also been called the Sea c Tiberias, from the city of that name on its weste side, and the modern appellation is *Bahr Tuburiyel* This whole region along the borders of the lake, thoug once densely populated, is now given over to "mour ful and solitary silence." Writing of Tiberias (now t a great extent in ruins) John Carne, a well-know traveler said: "The house of the rich old Jew, wher we lodged, perishe with the rest i a recent earth quake. He came here from Aleppo and built thi house, that h might die at th Lake of Galilee on the bosom o his beloved coun try. . . The waters bathed the walls of the house, on whose terraced roof it was beautiful to walk at night and remember the hour when the Redeemer walked on the surface of the waves, through the storm and darkness, to save his disciples."

THE RUINS OF TYRE

RUINS AT TEL-HUM

THE CITY AND SEA OF TIBERIAS

OUR CORRESPONDENT'S BAGGAGE WAGON

THE DRIVER

HU KU TUNG, MAYOR OF PAOTING-FU

ONE OF OUR CORRESPONDENT'S ESCORT

OUR FAMINE COMMISSIONER IN CHINA

OUR special correspondent in China, Mr. Francis H. Nichols, in his third letter, published below, gives a most entertaining account of the hospitalities and kindnesses extended to him as the representative of the Famine Fund, by imperial and provincial officials, at the various stopping-places on the route to Taiyuen-fu:

SINLO, PROVINCE OF CHILI, CHINA, Oct. 18.

However great may be the rigor of the famine in rought-stricken Shensi, a journey towards it demonrates one thing, and that is the widespread attention hich THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S efforts for its relief ave attracted among the Chinese. Prince Ching's xpressions of gratitude find an cho in every Chinese official. As HE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S repreentative, I am traveling to Singan s the guest of the Chinese Govrnment. Notice of my coming as been telegraphed ahead to all ie local magistrates along the oute. At the end of every day's ourney, I am to be received by ie mandarin of the village and ssigned to a house specially prepared to receive me. Carts and orses are provided for my use by he municipalities through which pass, and it is all because THE HRISTIAN HERALD gave Amerians a chance to "forgive their nemies" and lend a helping hand o poor, broken-hearted China.

The first hundred of the six undred miles that lie between 'eking and Singan are accomplished by rail to Paoting-fu. This is the road which will some day be extended to Canton, and will bring the towns of the Yangse within three days of Peking. At present its embryo system is just beginning to recover from the partial destruction it received at the hands of the Boxers. A train for Paoting-fu leaves the Chen Men Gate daily.

Accompanied by a Chinese cook and a young, English-speaking Chinaman, whom I have engaged as interpreter, I bundled my provisions and belongings aboard two days ago and started southward. To American eyes, railroad trains in China are strangely and wonderfully made. Tickets are sold in the European method, as first, second and third class. The latter comprises the major part of the train and consists of ordinary open, flat cars, which do not differ in the least from those used for freight. There is scarcely any system of way bills or shipment. The company assumes little risk on anything or anybody which passes over its line. The only way to insure safe arrival of freight is to go with it yourself, and this the Chinese willingly do. Scores of them, some of them merchants of considerable wealth, sat in the open cars perched on piles of their belongings. But crude as the railroad is, it is the pride of Northern China, and that such is the case is one of the most hopeful signs that an awakening of the oldest civilization in the world has begun. The conservative element at the Imperial Court have bitterly opposed railroads for years, and the weight of public opinion was against them. It was urged that the smoke of the locomotives would interfere with the growing of crops along the route, and that the new way would drive to starvation hundreds of mule-drivers and junk-boatmen. But the result of the experiment has been so different from expectations that even Chinamen have come to see the absurdity of their arguments. They patronize it extensively, and are very fond of boasting that "you can now go a hundred miles in a day," as though it were something miraculous. At all the principal stations there is a French agent of the company, who are building the road under lease from Hwang Ksu's government, but all the rest of the employees are Chinamen from locomotive engineers to brakemen.

After six hours of jolting and bumping and the shouting of orders in Chinese, the train halted in front of a gray brick station marked in both English and Chinese "Paoting-fu." By means of three carts and numerous questions of the interpreter, I finally succeeded in finding the residence of Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Dr. Arthur Smith, head of the famine relief work. In a little "compound" I found him; a superb illustration of the sort of thing which a true missionary soldier of the Cross sometimes encounters in a heathen land. In a town of 35,000 Mr. Lowrie is at present the only English-speaking resident. The half dozen other foreigners are French engineers on the railway. A Princeton graduate and an extremely cultivated and charming man, Mr. Lowrie is leading a life of lonely self-sacrifice amid the scenes where his former friends and colaborers died for the faith. He has lived and labored in Paoting-fu for years, and by the merest chance was in Tientsin when the massacres occurred. For that reason he was the first selected to return and begin the work of gathering together the scattered fragments of native churches.

According to Western standards the brick and plaster walls of the Presbyterian Board Compound have within them few comforts; but the kindly, cheery reception given by Mr. Lowrie himself is enough to make the very rare American visitor forget that he is in China. We had just broken together a piece of the only American bread in Paoting-fu, when the big red and black card of Chou Fu, the lieutenant viceroy, was brought in. This marked the beginning of a reception and interview with Paoting-fu officials, which occupied nearly the entire afternoon. The court-yard was filled with sedan chairs, while Chinese soldiers presented arms at the door.

ENTRANCE TO THE VICEROY'S YAMEN AT PAOTING-FU

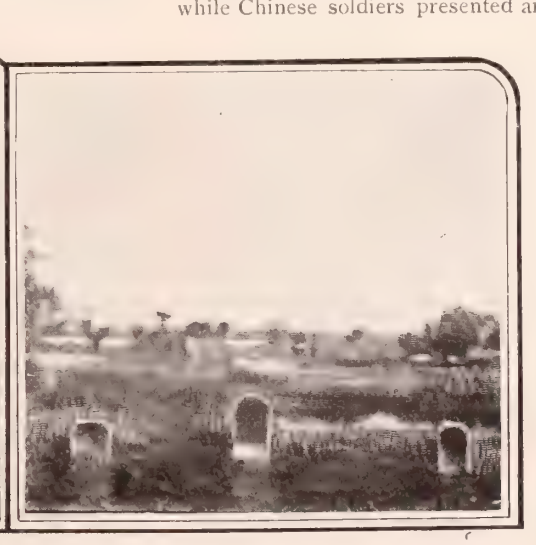
The Emperor was lodged during his recent stay in the city in the building which can be seen through the gate

After Chou Fu came Hu Ku Tung, the highest city official, whose duties are sort of a composite of mayor and police magistrate. He, too, had a retinue of retainers and secretaries.

In every well-ordered Chinese house the tables are all placed against the wall. On either side of each table are two chairs or stools. Chinese "good form" demands that the guest sit at the left of the table, which is the

MISSIONARY LOWRIE IN HIS COMPOUND

STREET IN PAOTING-FU



GRAVES OF OUR MISSIONARIES AT PAOTING-FU

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1090

OUR EDITORIAL FORUM

B. J. FERNIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR — REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor — G. H. SANDISON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. $1.50 a year in advance.

Foreign Postage.—For ... to the U. S. Colonies and Mexico ... extra.

Change of Date.—If ... two weeks to change the date, ... issue ... forwarded.

Expiration of Subscriptions. The date on the wrapper ... indicates when your subscription ends.

Change of Address.—Give both your old and your new address when you ask us to change your address.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

The World's Need

NOTHING is more certain than that Jehovah reigns among the nations. He can govern an empire as easily as he can govern an individual. It may be the Divine purpose to let the nations put their particular forms of government to full experiment, and then, when they have all failed in their experiment, that Christ in person will descend to rule the nations. It would not take him long to set up a perfect government, one suited to all lands and all people. In some morning or evening cloud he may descend. If so, blessed is that land which shall first greet him, and blessed that place where shall be set up the throne of his dominion. As he honored the Eastern hemisphere with his first coming, nineteen centuries ago, I wish that he might honor the Western hemisphere with his latter day coming. I do expect the Lord will come by the power of the Holy Ghost to transform, emancipate and save all nations.

Our world needs a radical fixing up. What a hard time it has had with earthquake and storm and conflagration and pestilence and war and iniquity of all sorts. It has suffered 6000 years of bombardment. The number of those who tried to make it worse has been larger than the number of those who tried to make it better, but the tides of better influence are coming in, the physical and moral disorders of the world are giving way, the men and women now coming on to take possession of the world are healthier as to their bodies and more ingenuous as to their minds and mightier as to their souls. The twentieth will be as far ahead of the nineteenth as the nineteenth is superior to the eighteenth. God did not build this world for a failure. From its capacity for improvement I conclude that it was constructed for some higher mission than it has yet executed. The human race must advance until there are no higher reaches of attainment.

And when the work is all done, as it will be, surely as God is strong enough to fulfil his promise, may it be found out that we have done something toward the consummation, if it be no more than to have spoken a cheering word to the disconsolate, or given a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or commended some sinful soul to the Christ who came to save sinners, even the chief.

The Conjunction of the Planets

AS many inquiries have been made concerning the extraordinary planetary conjunction of November and December—a spectacle which none now living can hope to see repeated—this journal communicated with Professor Young, of the Princeton Observatory, and with the Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory, at Georgetown Heights, Washington, D. C., requesting their explanation of the celestial phenomenon. Professor Young's answer we have already published. The answer of Captain C. H. Davis, U. S. N., Superintendent of the Government Naval Observatory, just received, encloses a statement by Assistant Astronomer Theo. I. King, in charge of the 12-inch equatorial telescope at the Georgetown Heights Observatory. Astronomer King writes that the statements from the daily press, mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S letter of inquiry, are visually correct, as regards the unusual position of the planets of our solar system, viz., the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn on November 27, Venus and Mars being at nearly the same apparent place in the sky, with Uranus and Mercury not very far out of line. "As a matter of fact," Mr. King adds, "however, viewed from the centre of the sun (which is, of course, the approximate centre of revolution), Jupiter passed Saturn on the 27th of September, at which time Venus had nearly the same heliocentric longitude, and Mercury, Mars and Uranus were also nearly together, less than thirty degrees away; Neptune was then in the opposite part of his orbit, while the earth was at a point about half-way between the latter planet and the others. Although this apparent assemblage of so many planets in one part of the heavens is rare and optically beautiful, nevertheless, you perceive, doubtless, that if such unusual relations were portents of any kind, we would already have experienced the effects of the one above detailed, which is only one of the infinite combinations which these bodies can assume in relation to each other."

Thus, a spectacle which some may have regarded as portentous, becomes, to the mind of the student of the starry depths, a sublime illustration of the wondrous variety and infinite beauty that greet us everywhere in those celestial fields of light.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return;
Her crumbling altars must decay;
Her incense-fires shall cease to burn:
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow:
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

The Cold Season

ONE-HALF of the industries of our day are employed in battling inclemency of the weather. The furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the flax of our own fields, the wool of our own flocks, the coal from our own mines, the wood from our own forests, all employed in battling these inclemencies, and still every December, with blue lips and chattering teeth, answers: "None of us can stand before His cold." Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that the God of the frost is the God of the heat; that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossom: that the God of December is the God of June.

The question as to how we shall warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicality. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window-panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coat are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm. Nearly all the pictures of Martha Washington represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garments, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington.

Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window-sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women, are necessary to warm this winter weather. What are we doing to alleviate the condition of those not so fortunate as we? Know ye not there are hundreds of thousands of people who cannot stand before His cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet, and to empty stomachs, and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common sense when, before preaching the Gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner.

Sign Your Name

I HAVE received an anonymous letter, so suggestive of good and profitable thought and asking a question in which we are all interested, that I write these lines.

Many anonymous letters are not worthy of thought.

In boyhood days we were impressed with the fertility of a certain author, whose name so often appeared in spelling books and readers, styled "Anon." He seemed to write more than Isaac Watts or Skakespeare or Blair. In the index, and scattered throughout all our books, was the name of "Anon." He appeared in all styles of poetry and prose and dialogue. We wondered where he lived, what his age was, and how he looked. It was not until quite late in boyhood that we learned that "Anon." was an abbreviation for anonymous, and that he was sometimes the best saint and at other times the most extraordinary villain.

After centuries of correspondence, "Anonymous" is as fertile of thought and brain and stratagem as ever, and will probably keep on writing till the last fire burns up his pen and cracks to pieces his ink-bottle. Anonymous letters sometimes have a mission of kindness ar gratitude and good cheer. Genuine modesty m sometimes hide the name of an epistolary author authoress. It may be a "God bless you" from someo who thinks herself hardly in a position to address yo It may be the discovery of a plot for your damage, which the revelator does not care to take the responsib ity of a witness. It may be any one of a thousand thing that mean frankness and delicacy, and honor and Chri tian principle. We have received anonymous lette which we have put away among our most sacred archive

But we suppose most people chiefly associate the ide of anonymous communications with everything cowardl and base. There are in all neighborhoods perfidiou and dastardly wretches, whose joy it is to write letter with fictitious signatures. Sometimes they take th shape of a valentine, the 14th of February being great outlet for this vile spawn. Sometimes they tak the form of a delicate threat that if you do not thus an so, there will be a funeral at your house, yourself th chief object of interest. Sometimes they will be d nunciatory of your friends. Once being called to pr side at a meeting for the relief of the sewing women c Philadelphia, and having been called in the openin speech to say something about their oppressors, w received some twenty anonymous letters, the purport o which was that it would be unsafe for us to go out o doors after dark. Three months after moving to Brook lyn, we preached a sermon reviewing one of the sins o the city, and anonymous letters came saying that w would not last six months in the City of Churches.

Let every young man know, that when he is tempte to pen anything which requires him to disguise hi handwriting, he is in fearful danger. You despoil you own nature by such procedure more than you ca damage anyone else. Bowie-knife and dagger are no more repulsive than an anonymous pen sharpened fo defamation of character.

Cruelty to Animals

SOLOMON was the founder of the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, when he said, in Proverbs: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." In other words, a man that abuses his horse or starves his cow, or beats his dog, or maltreats his cat, is no Christian. The God who heard the young ravens when they cried, will hear every cry of brutal distress. When the grasshoppers and the locusts assail our land, I do not know but they are the expression of God's vengeance against the wrongs done by man against the unintelligent creation, and that every gore of horn and every stroke of hoof are of similar meaning. Struck so often, is it a wonder that they strike back? I think we might take a suggestion of leniency toward all beasts, since they had prior possession of this world, and that man came in afterward. Fish and fowl were created on the fifth day. The cattle were created in the forenoon of the sixth day. Man was not created until in the afternoon of the sixth day. Certainly, the brute creation, first in possession of our world, ought to have a little regard from a race coming in after. In what light does this put the horrors of vivisection, or the mauling of living animals for the purpose of improving our knowledge of human physiology. In all parts of the earth, in the name of science, is this crime going on to-day, to-night. You have no more right to lacerate a living dog to find out what is best for a sick man, than you have to lacerate a living man for the benefit of a sick dog. Let this exploration be a *post-mortem* one, whether in the case of man or beast. Vivisection must, by the law of all Christians, be forbidden. Maltreatment of the brute, in some respects, is meaner than maltreatment of men, for men can make appeal against wrongs inflicted, but the brute can do nothing but suffer. We want another Professor Berghs to go forth, and defend the cause of that part of God's creation that cannot speak for itself.

To be Framed for the Schoolroom

Etta M. Y., Clinton, Iowa, writes: "I am going to have some of the Art Portfolio pictures framed for my schoolroom as well as some for my home. The pictures come to me in the nature of a 'Christmas gift' from you, and I thank you heartily for them."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Indians Bury the Hatchet

ROM a correspondent at Wichita, Kans., comes the story of a great celebration of Indians, recently held in the Kiowa camp, with the photographs reproduced on this page. He reports at the festival was one of extraordinary importance, om the Indian standpoint. It was occasioned by the se of a feud between the Cheyennes and the Kiowas, d was accompanied by the solemn burial of the tchet. It appears that forty-seven years ago, the eyennes charged the Kiowas with stealing ponies d cattle. Real Bull, a Cheyenne Chief, collected his rriors, and attacked a camp of the Kiowas in the ichita Mountains of the district we now know as klahoma. The camp was unprotected, and Real Bull d his followers did awful execution on the women d children. But later in the day the Kiowas were enuntered, and there was a desperate fight, in which eal Bull and two hundred of his men were killed. om that time there has been a feud between the two bes, and whenever parties of the one tribe met par- s of the other there was sure to be trouble. But now ace has been concluded. The story of the cause of as related by a half-breed, is that the Cheyennes were cently attacked by an epidemic from which many ed. One day while it was at its height, a Kiowa squaw, who had been ill-used and deserted by her husband, took refuge in the

TALKING IT OVER

heyenne camp. She as allowed to remain. nd subsequently beame the mother of a ild, whose skin was hite. The Cheyennes garded the occurrence an augury of good. he epidemic suddenly eased, and the child, hose birth was coincident with the happy hange, was named the White Dove. The hearts of he Cheyennes softened toward the Kiowas, and a chief as sent to them to tell them the story and present em with forty ponies. Friendly pow-wows followed, nd finally the peace festival which has just taken place as arranged. At its climax, after feasting and dancing nd quaint ceremonies, Young Real Bull, the son of he chief whom the Kiowas killed nearly half a century go, bent his head to receive from the Kiowa chief Medicine Bow the blessing of the Kiowa Manitou, which as never before been invoked on any man outside the Kiowa tribe. Then, with an exchange of presents, the Cheyennes set out for their own reservation. Whether he story of the White Dove is apochryphal or not, it is ertain that the long feud is ended, and no more will the wo tribes regard one another as enemies. Would that ll the nations of the world might similarly end their euds! That most desirable consummation will surely ome, and when it does, men will date back the influences hat have brought it about to the birth of a Child.

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government hall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called . . . the rince of Peace (Isa. 9: 6).

SCENE AT THE RECENT PEACE CELEBRATION OF THE KIOWAS AND THE CHEYENNES

BLESSING REAL BULL

A Voyage in a Box

There was great excitement at the dock at Hoboken, N. J., last week, when the Hamburg liner, *Palatia*, was nloaded. A stevedore going down into the hold of the essel to bring up the freight, was startled to hear a aint voice begging for water. It came from a man who had made the voyage from Hamburg in a large acking-case. He had provisioned the box with food nd coffee, had crawled into it, and had been sent in it s freight to New York. He had been in that stifling atmosphere sixteen days, and was almost dead. The ship's surgeon worked over him for hours, and then sent him to a hospital for treatment. With careful nursing, he recovered sufficiently to tell his story. He saw no opportunity in Germany for him to rise from the poverty to which he was born. He had heard much of the possibilities of getting on in America, but he could not get the thirty dollars to pay his fare. He then thought out the scheme of coming as freight. He had, however, no idea of what he would have to suffer. Several times in the darkness and foul air he was near dying in despair, and the rats were so numerous in the hold, and so fierce, that he had to fight for his life. It was an awful experience, and at the end he came near being sent back, as a stowaway. Happily for him, however, a broker who read his story, came to the conclusion that a man who would take such risks to get here would make a good American citizen, and he paid the expenses and gave a bond for him that he would not become a public charge within a year. Under these conditions the adventurous man will be allowed to stay. Strange, that while a man would brave so much to improve his temporal fortune, so few comparatively, accept the offer of eternal happiness, which is made to them freely through Christ.

The spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely (Rev. 22: 17).

A Church in Peril

The statement is made in an Ohio journal, that a church at Middletown is being gradually destroyed by a worm that burrows into the stone. It is a comparatively new edifice and is one of the finest in the city. The tower and the walls, especially those exposed to the sun, have become unsightly of late by reason of the number of holes bored into the stone. They are the work of a sort of beetle that is common in the sandstone region, but has never been troublesome in that section before. The beetles are black, about an inch and a half long, and have powerful mandibles, with which they easily cut their way into the soft stone. They are very strong for their size. Their mandibles are about one-quarter of an inch long and are as hard as ivory. We may hope that, though their edifice is suffering, the members of the church have not been afflicted. God's children are protected from the doom that the prophet denounced against the wicked.

The moth shall eat them up as a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool (Isa. 51: 8).

The Analysis of a Meteor

A remarkable ærolite which fell near Felix, Perry Co., Ala., has been submitted for analysis to Prof. George P. Merrill, Curator of the Department of Geology at the National Museum of Washington, D. C. The stone was broken by its fall into five pieces, which weighed altogether 2,049 grams. It is about thirteen centimetres in its greatest length by nine in breadth, and about the same thickness, and was covered, except where broken, by a very thin black crust, nowhere more than half a millimetre in thickness. The color on the broken surfaces is dark smoky gray, almost black. It is very fine-grained, with numerous small dark chondrules, not more than one or two millimetres in diameter at most, and with no metallic iron visible to the naked eye. The mass is quite soft and friable and resembles in a general way the stones of Warrenton, Warren County, Mo., and Lance, France. The color is, however, darker than is the Warren County stone, and the chondritic structure more pronounced than in that of Lance. It is, moreover, uniformly gray in color, and not speckled with white, as is the last named. Under the microscope the stone is seen at once to belong to the chondritic type. Great interest is taken in Prof. Merrill's analysis, because of the possibility of its shedding light on the question of the materials of which the heavenly bodies are composed. Many study this question who unhappily neglect that other Celestial Visitant whose coming to this world brought salvation.

I am the living bread which came down from heaven (John 6: 51).

BRIEF NOTES

Renewing subscribers will confer a great favor on the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if, when renewing, they state that their subscription is a RENEWAL, or attach, if convenient, the yellow date tab to their letter.

Rev. M. S. Rees, of Rochester, N. Y., has been holding evangelistic meetings at Wilkesbarre, Pa., in the Central Church, of which Dr. C. E. Mogg is pastor. At the end of the services the church received eighty-six persons on probation, and there are many others who have been deeply impressed.

Evangelist W. W. Bentley will be glad to assist pastors in New York or the neighborhood in evangelistic and revival work. He holds testimonials from Dr. Mac-Arthur, Bishop McCabe, etc. His address is Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

The Centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society will be celebrated in 1904. An effort is being made to raise a million dollars to extend its work in recognition of the event.

Pastors and others contemplating a visit to Palestine, Egypt, or any part of the Orient, can hear of a competent guide and linguist by addressing Ephraim Aboosh, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A chaplain in the India contingent of the British Army, reports that a recent tabulation of the force shows that of seventy thousand officers and men on the India list, 23,619 are members of temperance societies.

A man said to be the oldest man in the world has just died at the village of Khuti, in Albania, Greece. His name was Ismail Hudjo, and he was 160 years of age. He leaves behind him 200 descendants. The old man's faculties were unimpaired even up to his last hours.

The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has had prepared a very excellent "Christmas Carol Service." It is entitled "The Angel's Song," and is compiled by Giles F. Bushnell. The music is by well-known organists and musical composers. It may be obtained from the Board, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A recent visitor to Cairo, Egypt, attended a Christian service conducted by a converted Moslem who preached the Gospel with great force and lucidity. After the service he offered to answer questions, and six hundred Mohammedans, who were in the congregation discussed the doctrines of the Christian faith with him.

The Mayor of Windsor, Eng., being a total abstainer, omitted the usual beverages at his entertainments. At the close of his term, he showed that the omission was not made for economy's sake, by presenting a check for sixty-five dollars to the local charities.

A letter from S. Antoinette Esterbrooks, Superintendent of the West India and South America Missions, writes that two missionaries are urgently needed for Barbados and Trinidad, W. I. There is a great work being done in the five halls of the mission. It is, however, a faith work, so that no salary can be guaranteed. Letters may be sent to S. Antoinette Esterbrooks, Barbados. W. I.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond labored successfully in New York and Brooklyn during the early part of this month. At the People's Church in East Eleventh street, Rev. E. L. Fox pastor, there were large meetings. Services were held also at Bethany Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, and at Dr. Mosier's church. In all, over two hundred persons, including many young people, made profession of faith at these meetings.

A NOTE OF WARNING

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REVIEW

ISRAEL'S TWO LEADERS

REVIEW

BY

DR. AND MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON FOR DEC. 29, 1901.

GOLDEN TEXT—Romans. 8: 31:
IF GOD BE FOR US, WHO CAN BE AGAINST US?

THE geography of the quarter's lessons—of the year as well—is all included in three historic countries, Mesopotamia, whence came Abraham, the father of the Jewish nation; Canaan, to which God sent him, and Egypt, to which he went in one unfortunate instance. Joseph and Moses had to do with Canaan and Egypt only. The temperance lesson takes us from Canaan back to Mesopotamia, the land of captivity to which the Jews were carried, in part, because of intemperance. The Christmas lesson reverses this order, the magi coming from Mesopotamia to Canaan, whence Jesus was carried into Egypt, to be soon brought back to Canaan, then called Palestine, which has become the "Holy Land" because nearly all the earthly life of Christ was spent there.

Four persons should be kept in mind in reviewing the last quarter—God, Joseph, Moses, myself. As we recall the most important facts in the wonderful biographies of Joseph and Moses, let us, as Moses did, "see the Invisible" back of all the great deeds and words, remembering how Joseph said, "It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace;" and how Moses and Miriam sang at the culmination of the miracles of deliverance, on the far side of the Red Sea, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." But let us also keep ourselves in mind, and ask in each story given us for an example, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" It has been well said that "ours is a pronoun religion," and the first pronouns to which we are to give attention are the divine "thou," and the human "me." After our own souls are converted and commissioned, "we" should be oftener on our lips, in a Joseph-like, Moses-like, God-like concern for our people and all people, that they may also see and serve God.

We hear much of "Moses' choice" in commendation of his refusal of high office; but there are those who need to be reminded that Joseph's choice, to accept office as opportunity for larger usefulness, was equally noble, and was also made "as seeing Him who is invisible."

Joseph and Moses, with all the contrasts in their careers, were alike in one particular, the full-orbed sun, by which God pictured Joseph to himself, and the burning bush, in which God pictured Moses to himself, each representing a man aflame with the presence of God. That is the one essential thing, to be filled with God, and then we can serve him alike as shepherd or sovereign, in prison or palace, in childhood or age.

A child prepares himself to resist such great temptations as Joseph resisted, temptations to impurity, to despondence, to revenge, by resisting the little temptations of early life. A lady, while giving the finishing touches to a table spread for a dinner-party, heard the patter of naked feet upon the stairs. She then hid herself behind the window curtains. The child, in her night-dress, came into the room, climbed upon a chair, helped herself deliberately to a fine peach, and went off. The mother felt very sad, and began to consider what to do. Presently she heard the same patter of feet. The child clambered into the chair, replaced the fruit, triumphantly ejaculating, "That's one for you, Mr. Devil!" and trotted off to bed.

LANDS CONNECTED WITH THE QUARTER'S LESSON

What was Joseph's Greatest, Noblest Act?

Not the storing of the grain, for in that he wronged the people, in one particular, perhaps unwittingly, perhaps by obeying an unjust order of his superior officer, as so many to-day do what they know to be wrong, if ordered by a master to do it, forgetting that "everyone shall give an account of himself to God," and should always "obey God rather than man." Surely, we must all admit that Joseph's greatness was shown most fully in what we significantly call his "magnanimity," his forgiveness of a great wrong, a victory that most of us know by our own failure to win it, is greater than taking a city. That quality in others, however, we instinctively admire, for example, in Lincoln and Grant, whose magnanimity to a defeated foe is lauded by North and South alike. At the close of the Civil War, Col. John S. Mosby was exempted from the amnesty that was extended to most of those who had been in the Southern army. But as he was a dangerous man he was not arrested. There was always danger in the air, however, and his wife lived on a high tension of apprehension all the time. One day she announced her intention of going to Washington to see General Grant. The proud and high-strung old war-horse declared that she should not. He repeated his determination to ask no favors of the Government. But Mrs. Mosby was made out of the same stern stuff as her husband. She was resolute. Quietly she was driven to the station, and she went to Washington, where she was promptly given an audience with General Grant. He received her with marked courtesy, and spoke of her husband in generous terms such as one brave man so naturally uses toward another. He heard her pathetic story, and immediately issued a general order extending to Colonel Mosby the benefits of the amnesty. He went further, and asked if there was anything more he could do. When she returned home, and informed her husband of what she had done and detailed to him the gentle and courteous manner in which she had been received, the old warrior's heart melted with gratitude. He went to Washington in person, and thanked General Grant. From that day forward they were fast friends. And Colonel Mosby was also won to the support of the policies of General Grant, to which he had been bitterly opposed. So, by such a forgiving spirit as is beautifully pictured in Joseph, we may not only make friends of former foes, but win them also to the cause of Christ, to be his friends as well, who is a yet nobler exemplar of forgiveness, as he prays as the nails were being driven through his quivering hands and feet, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." An unselfish heart thinks less of the wrongs he himself suffers than of the harm which the wrong-doers are doing themselves by their sins. The generous heart even seeks for some palliating explanation. "They know not what they do." There are few more important warnings in the quarter than this, from the self-conquest of Joseph: God will not dwell in the same heart with a grudge. Jesus said: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your father in heaven forgive you."

In Moses' Life, What was the Greatest Personal Act, and What the Greatest Public One?

Surely, his choice to "suffer affliction with the people of God," with an eternity of coronation beyond, rather than to "enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season" in Egypt's palace, where he must stand for idolatries which he knew were a delusion. If he had chosen otherwise, besides losing heaven, and earth's best treasure, self-respect, he would have lost also the world's esteem, and might have been that mummy of a Pharaoh that Maspero, of the Boulak Museum, took through an Egyptian custom-house, and, to hide it in time of wa marked it "dried fish."

In the light of eternity, there is nothing so well wort while as serving God. In what amazing trifles many a ma as learned as Moses wastes his powers! A German profe sor, probably a lineal descendant of the erudite grammaria who, upon his deathbed, expressed his profound regret tha he had not devoted his entire life to the study of the dativ case alone, is said to have determined the exac duration of an average wink. He declares tha it takes four-tenths of a second. Of course, th learned scientist made use of special apparatu constructed by himself, and devoted much tim to arduous experiments. Better far had he use his education to make others ponder the "dura tion" of eternity, whose issues may be settled fo good or ill by a choice made in the twinkling o an eye.

Moses' greatest public act—God's act throug him—was the bringing of Israel out from Egyp tian bondage, and the chief scene in all the m racles of deliverance was the Passover, a doubl picture of judgment and atonement. The thing that Egypt had taken for gods were turne into plagues, as to-day whatever we put in plac of God, wealth or selfish pleasure, or ambition becomes a curse. An Egyptian inscription re cords the sudden death of Meneptah's first-born one of many confirmations of the Bible's minut accuracy. Pharaoh lacked an essential elemen of real greatness in being unwilling to admit hi mistakes and change his course accordingly. A learned man has said that the hardest words t pronounce in the English language are, "I hav made a mistake." When Frederick the Grea wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle it is my own fault," Goldsmith says, "His con fession shows more greatness than his victories." From the time of Pharaoh's overthrow at th Red Sea, in consequence of his persistent fight ing against God, seeking to hold as property what God bade him give up, the power of Egyp declined, and its sway was never so great again What a death, whether in the sea or elsewhere that Pharaoh must have died if he had time fo remorse! A visitor in a hospital found a young man near death. "Can I do anything for you?" he inquired, as he bent over the cot. "O, sir," cried the young man, "can you undo?" In an swer to a kindly word, he opened his heart, and unburdened his soul to the visitor. He told how he had led this companion and that one astray how he had ruined this pure life and that one. "O sir, can you undo this awful work that I have done? Can God undo it?"

On the side of the Israelites, the Passover was a home feast of mercy and thanksgiving. They were to be delivered from external bondage, but the slain lamb reminded them of a deeper deliverance from sin, which they needed yet more. We have abundant evidence that it was not because of any sinlessness on their part, but of God's grace, that they were redeemed.

THE NEW-BORN DELIVERER

. . .

Bitter Herbs of Sorrow

On this last Sabbath of the year, when its sorrows as well as its joys are recalled, we should not forget the divine meaning of the Passover's "bitter herbs." As the herbs, though bitter, were wholesome food, that strengthened the body, so God would have us recognize that there is blessing for the soul in "the bread of tears." One of the latest inventions is a process by which the bitter horse chestnuts are to be made into sweet food. The meat is dried and powdered, the bitter element is extracted, and a sweet flour remains, richer even than peas and beans. Incidentally, this reminds us, by way of reviewing the temperance lesson, that alcohol's usual course is not to take out, but introduce the bitter. But this transformation of bitter into sweet also illustrates the fact that God—sometimes by permitting evil to work and overruling it for good—can turn bitterness into bread, sorrow into strength. A shopkeeper's wife in China said to an old lady who was looking very sad, "If you want comfort, go to the Christians, they have a doctrine that comforts people." The newspapers report that "the man with a musical heart is dead." His heart-throb moved in musical rhythm, like a harp uttering a song. In a spiritual sense every heart, though it "knows its own bitterness," should beat in constant songs of thanksgiving, because God comforts in sorrow and overrules it to our good and the good of others. "Yet Sing" is the suggestive name of a Chinaman. Whatever comes, "yet sing," because God reigns. But for all of us, the most immediate lesson in this quarter is that God, who called Moses, calls every one of us.

. . .

Points and Questions

A land afflicted with plagues because of sin. That describes Egypt. Is there any modern land to which it also applies in some degree? Indeed, is there any to which it does not?

One who abused his office. That means Pharaoh. But have not we, in this land and age when almost everybody lightly accepts some office, abused these trusts and opportunities by neglect if not misuse?

God's fearless ambassador. Such was Moses. Are we such, also?

One who held on to what God bade him let go. Pharaoh did that to his own destruction. Is there not some person or thing from which God has bidden us separate to which we are rebelliously clinging?

"The wages of sin is death"—for both worlds. Are we hardening our hearts by persistent refusals to obey God, and so dying before we die?

God is the Supreme Judge, the King of kings. Are we living so that this thought is not a terror, but a tower of defense, from which we hide in the fear of man?

Coming Christmas Joys

DIFFERENT from every other joy, in its purity, its universality, its perfection, is the joy that Christmas brings. Once a year, everybody, old, young, rich, poor, wayfarer, home-keeper, lover, friend, toiler, king on the throne, peasant in the hut, sailor on the sea, everybody tastes again a draught from the sweet cup of childhood. When Christmas comes, whatever our circumstances, we go back for a little time to the simplicity and the impulsiveness of children's pleasure, to the faith of the children, and to their acceptance of the day, without thought of the future.

Our Lord came as a child. Once, he lay in a stable, and a mother bent above him, in the ecstasy mothers feel when they clasp their first-born. But he comes again, every year, as a Child. He was born again, oh! strange, sweet mystery, in every heart that loves him. And wherever there is a little child in the world, there may be a sweet thought of the Child, who brought Heaven's love and pardon to this old earth of ours.

Christmas Gifts to Men

Women and children like so many things that it is easy to choose their Christmas presents; but often a man's gifts seem to lack the personal element. If a man cares for books, the case is simplified. A subscription to an excellent religious and family periodical is always an appreciated gift, even though the man share it with the family. If it be his, he has the first reading of it as a matter of course.

There are little conveniences in leather and silver, which may be carried in the pocket, as a calendar, a shaving-brush case, a pair of scissors, or a nail-file, which any man will enjoy. A pocket diary is liked by the methodical man who keeps a daily memorandum of events and incidents. Plan carefully for father's Christmas gift. Father is a big boy at heart, he works hard, and should have a merry Christmas, if you can manage it for him.

The Christmas Markets

One realizes in a stroll through the markets of a great city like New York, how many people there are to be fed. From a multitude of hamlets and villages, by steamer and train, from places hundreds and thousands of miles apart, the food of the city comes. Turkeys, chickens, beef, mutton, ducks, geese, pork, game. There seems literally no end to the wares offered on the stalls; and no end to the fish, the oysters, the lobsters, the sea-food invitingly spread. Then, the mountains of vegetables, the stacks of celery, the vast pyramids of fruit, the long aisles rimmed on either side by butter and cheese, the immense variety of tinned goods, the attractive relishes and sauces and piquant pickles and conserves, all combine to give an impression of our great wealth as a nation and of God's wonderful bounty. We walk through the Christmas markets and we say, "Verily, O Father, thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

Christmas, on a Journey

One severe December, it came to pass that a very gentle and timid lady was traveling to see a sister who lived at the other side of this vast continent. All went well for four days, then the train ran straight into a blizzard. Blinding snow-drifts piled so high that the snow-plough could not dislodge them, nor the storm-engine clearing the way ahead, break a path. The train stalled; bitter cold outside, and not a thing to see from the windows, veiled and hidden as they were by the snow.

Miss Miriam Day had had many and strange experiences in her life, but none that required so much faith and patience as this. Six hours off, a sister's house and a sister's welcome. Luxurious rooms, a fire, a bath, a broad soft bed, and the riotous greetings of nephews and nieces. And here she was, without one she knew, caught in the toils of a wintry tempest, solitary on a snow-bound train.

Of course Miss Miriam felt blue, but she had not spent forty years in accepting the weather as part of God's will, without learning that the very best recipe for curing misery is to seek for somebody more miserable still, and give him or her some help.

She looked around more curiously and earnestly than she had hitherto done, and she found the next neighbor, a young girl, fifteen or so, with dark hair and eyes, and a childishly sweet face, who was forlornly sitting by herself, with big tears slowly chasing each other down her cheeks. Miss Miriam looked again and saw that this child was traveling under the care of the Express Company, and was tagged to the same place to which she was herself bound.

MOTHER'S LITTLE SWEETHEART

We'll be so happy, baby! mother's sweetheart, dear,
Who is finding out that Christmas is coming this bright year.

In a friendly fashion, she went over to the young girl, and offered her some biscuits from her bag. Miss Miriam never traveled without a supply of biscuits, hard-boiled eggs and chocolates. "One never knows what she may need," she was wont to observe. The dainty food was grateful to the child, who was hungry, and the companionship was more welcome still.

Miss Miriam soon found out about her. An orphan, coming from England, to an aunt in the far West; a stranger in a strange land. A child who felt more than usually desolate, because it was so near Christmas and she expected no Christmas mirth. She was not even sure that her aunt wanted her, and she was very heavy-hearted.

Miss Miriam cheered her, told her stories, promised to go with her to find her aunt, if that lady was not waiting at the station. She said too, "I'll be close by you the whole winter, so you'll have one friend in the new country."

The hours slipped by. Miss Miriam gently drew the talk to the Friend who never fails us, and when it was time to go to sleep, it was a very happy girl who closed her eyes, believing in Jesus and his love. In the night the train moved on. In the morning, late, but safe, the two travelers, who had became friends, were at their desired haven.

Holly, Pine and Fir

When the snows are thick on the ground, and the garden plants are all hidden and covered up, and we have said farewell to our roses till next summer, we appreciate the beauty of the evergreen trees. How strong they are, how spicy their aroma, how deep their tint, how resinous and balmy and crisp and cheery they are, these trees that are to be loaded with Christmas gifts and lighted with tapers, and brought into our homes, to be the centres of cheer and gladness. On the Christmas dinner-table, a miniature tree, just a baby tree, if you please, with broad red ribbons extending from it to the corners of the table, and narrow ribbons to every place, and a present at every plate. In the invalid's room, on the small round table near her hand, a little tree, with its message from the wholesome, breezy world outdoors, its look and its breath of the woods, its dainty burden of gifts meant for her delight. In the crowded city flat, a small tree, with its meanings of Christmas pleasure; small friends, but real, if you please. Away with imitation trees in the yule-tide. I have seen them, impertinent things, much like the original, but pinchbeck after all, kept packed in trunks with Christmas tinsel and trappings from year to year. Burn it up, if you have one, and procure a living tree. And in the big house, the country house, the house on the old farm, or in the old village, have a great tall Christmas tree, and if there are not children enough, ask the friends and neighbors in to share the festival.

Christmas wreaths in the windows, please; mistletoe in the parlor, for the young folks to happen under, for the true lover's troth-plight, and timid kiss; garlands in the churches, and great pleasure in making and putting them up, and everywhere, this year of grace, as it slips away from us, holly, cedar, pine and fir.

And as we twine the evergreens, let us recall the happy days we have had in the past, oh, so many of them, and let us look forward to a great many more in the future. And, too, let us ignore slights, if there have been any, forget feuds, forgive injuries, cherish no grudges, cultivate all loves, and come nearer than ever to our God, in the Christmas-tide of peace and gladness. Let us hear the angels sing:

Still through the midnight skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still celestial music floats,
O'er all the weary world.

AUNT PRUDENCE PAYSON'S CATCH-ALL

—LULU. If you cannot overcome your reluctance to take part in a C. E. meeting audibly, try to make up for this by very faithful committee work. But surely you can read a text from the Bible. Try. Do not think about yourself at all.

—WILL H. No gentleman pays peculiar attentions, monopolizing her company, to a young woman whom he does not wish to marry.

—TEACHER. Your inability to control your class shows that you lack the power of discipline. If you cannot keep order, you would better try some other field of work.

Charmed With the Art Portfolio

R. D. A., Columbus, O., writes: "I am charmed and delighted with the pictures, and only sorry because I cannot have them all mounted and put into frames or *passe partout* at once. Why, this Portfolio is worth ever so much more than I paid for the paper alone, and I have the paper besides."

The Bowery's Gospel Beacon

CROWDS AT THE OLD BOWERY MISSION SERVICES — REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF RESCUED SOCIAL WRECKS AND WANDERERS LED TO THE CROSS

WHEN the lease of the old Bowery Mission was about to expire last spring, the announcement that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would again renew it was received with a feeling of profound thankfulness by all the friends of this good work for souls. It was a case of history repeating itself, for, as readers of this paper know, the Mission would have gone out of existence on the death of its founder some years ago had not THE CHRISTIAN HERALD assumed the burden of its support.

Next came the pleasant news that the building was to be put in thorough repair; and to be painted and decorated in a manner worthy of the famous old temple. This evidence of renewed and deepened interest in the welfare of the only place of worship on one of the busiest and wickedest thoroughfares of one of the mightiest cities in Christendom was hailed with great joy by many Christian workers who know its need and worth; and by thousands of homeless men who look upon it as their cathedral. After the Mission had been in the hands of the painters and plasterers and carpenters for ten weeks this summer, a great crowd awaited the opening of the doors on Sept. 22. The formal reopening had been fixed for the Sunday previous, but on that day, the first Sabbath after our President's martyrdom, a quiet memorial service was held instead. We had a meeting each evening thereafter, and on the day of the funeral conducted a largely-attended and most impressive service; but our rejoicings were postponed. We are thankful for those meetings of that week of sorrow. Probably never since the Mission began have there been more interesting cases of conversion than during that time, in which the nation's heart was so deeply stirred and all men's hearts were serious and sad.

In surged the great crowd on our Sunday of celebration, as soon as the doors were opened. One of the first to arrive was a well dressed man, wearing an army button and medals, but, alas, under the influence of liquor. Soon after the meeting commenced he sent a written slip to the platform:—"Will you sing 'Nearer My God to Thee?' I was in McKinley's regiment—Lieut. A." Then a little later came another request. "Sing my mother's favorite hymn 'Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.' I have not heard it in thirty-five years." Both requests were complied with, and under the singing of the latter hymn the poor fellow broke down completely, and came and knelt at the front of the platform, where he remained whilst we prayed earnestly for him.

Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery Boys," was in formal charge of the meeting, an exceedingly appropriate arrangement. It was touching to witness her genuine delight at having her "boys" once more in what she termed her family gathering; and there was genuine pathos in the way this feeling was responded to by the men. Professor Benke, one of the Mission's most notable and most steadfast converts, presided at the newly-tuned organ; and the male quartette, composed of Mr. Benke and three other converts, rendered noble service in vocal music.

I wish that the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD could have seen the proud glances which that congregation directed to the newly-painted walls, and the new stained-glass windows; how eagerly they read the dear old Scripture texts that now stand out in such forceful beauty. There were many grateful words about THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S generosity, which had made this place so attractive for wayfaring worshipers and homeless sinners. The exercises were, of course, exceedingly simple.

Mrs. Bird called upon the Superintendent and Mr. T. S. Gladding to offer dedicatory prayers; Mrs. Hallimond sang as a solo Spohr's "As pants the hart"; the Superintendent read the eighty-fourth psalm, "How amiable are thy tabernacles," and spoke of having recently visited some of the great English cathedrals and finding nowhere truer worship or more uplifting influences than in the Bowery Mission. He spoke also of the providential founding of the Mission, and equally of the providential way in which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD became connected with it. He pointed out the pledge of undiminished interest in the work, on the part of the paper and its readers, as shown in the beautified and restored building, and then asked the men to pray earnestly that Dr. Klopsch might find means for carrying out his plans for making the Bowery Mission a permanent institution of the city.

Then came some wonderful testimonies. The first was from an old man, seventy-five years of age, who, entering the Mission six months ago, found peace for his soul. He was quickly followed by a young man, one of the converts of the week, who, with unmistakable earnestness, declared his gratitude for this, the first sober Sunday he had spent for seven years.

Two respectably dressed gentlemen sitting on the platform testified to having found Christ in the early summer, in the face of terrible temptation; they had held on faithfully. Next spoke the redoubtable old Irish sailor, "Captain" Monahan, now nearing eighty, who was converted in the Bowery Mission seven years ago. A wonderful testimony his! Two young men, mere boys, well educated, told of their arrival in the city, after a long tramp, only a few nights ago, of being directed while wandering in one of the city parks to the Mission; of how they came and found help and sympathy, and, above all, salvation for their souls. There were so many testimonies to be given, proving the work of grace done in the grand old Mission, that at three o'clock (and the doors had been opened at eleven) the meeting was adjourned to the evening.

Again an immense crowd assembled, and many hundreds had to be turned away for lack of room. The address of the evening was given by Mr. Charles H. Sandford, Superintendent of the Riverside Mission, Dover, N. J. Mr. Sandford is a convert of the Bowery Mission. When, chiefly through the efforts of Mr. James S. Stearns, of Morristown, N. J., a gentleman who has many such good deeds placed to his credit, the opening of the Dover Mission was decided upon six months ago, the Superintendent of the Bowery Mission was asked to recommend someone to take charge of it, and Mr. Sandford was named. Great success has attended his efforts in the New Jersey town. He is a speaker of remarkable pathos and power. The story of his own rescue from a drunkard's life and death is one of thrilling interest. On Sunday evening this story was told while he spoke from the text "Believe ye that I am able to do this?" After the service and testimonies twenty men were found kneeling at the penitential altar.

During the few weeks that have elapsed since the Mission reopened the crowds have been very large, and many interesting events have occurred. The Sunday evening meetings have been a special feature of interest, the addresses being given alternately by Dr. George Dowkontt, an old friend of the Mission, and Mr. Thomas S. Gladding. Several of the boys have also celebrated their "Anniversaries."

At the Boys' Thanksgiving Dinner, Dr. Klopsch delivered a short but interesting address, which greatly encouraged the young men present. They appeared almost startled by his statement that "in all probability some of you boys will become millionaires," and, seeing their incredulity, he very adroitly instanced the cases of Andrew Jackson and Vice-President Wilson, and at the closeof his address the boys evidently did not feel it to be such an impossible thing after all. Then there came a very tender tribute to the value of Mrs. Bird's work amongst the boys, and a reference to the Great Thanksgiving Day, at which he trusted they would all be present to rejoice over battles fought and victories won.

Christian people interested in the evangelization of our cities, and appreciating the need and value of the work done at the Old Bowery Mission (the only place of worship on one of the world's most noted highways), and who wish to aid in the continuation and enlargement of that work, can help the institution by sending contributions for that purpose to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through whose columns acknowledgment will be made. The cost of keeping this huge work going is great; and but for the aid of generous friends the good work that has been done could not have been accomplished. Help the homeless "wanderers of the night," to whom the Bowery Mission is the only beacon of hope and safety!

J. G. HALLIMOND, Supt.

THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE BOYS' CLUB OF THE BOWERY MISSION

MR. C. H. SANDFORD
Supt. of Riverside Mission, Dover, N. J.

ANSWERED PRAYERS

A Mother, Prescott, Wash., writes:

I was in trouble, and asked my Heavenly Father to help me and spare me from a great sorrow, which I feared would come upon me. I was helped; and instead of the trouble, a great blessing has come. When I was praying so earnestly for help, I saw the "Answered Prayers" in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; and no one but God knows how I was strengthened in faith by reading them.

E. G. A., Virgil, Kans., writes:

I am deeply interested in this department. God works many times by human agencies. He opens doors that would not of themselves open to us; but in doing this he is pleased to employ his servants. The answer to our prayer comes by natural means; and so we after receiving, often fail to recognize his hand. In especial times of trial and in bereavement he helps us bear our burdens; and heals our wounds. God's healing leaves no scars.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air.

Framed her Pictures at Once

Mrs. C. S. F., Woodfords, Me., writes: "I said to my daughter, who is a dear lover of art and beauty, 'Now, May, you take your choice of six of them.' She selected six, and in less than an hour she had made arrangements to have them mounted and framed. They look very fine."

The Needle's Eye

A NEW SERIAL STORY WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Chapter IV.—A Squaring of Accounts

"HE wants you should help him out to the barn, honey," said Elizabeth. "That's why I cut yer hair; big boys don't want no curls, do they?"

The child looked soberly at the long, bright tresses which hung from Elizabeth's trembling fingers. He shook his head, his dark eyes sparkling. "I'm glad I'm big," he said, squaring his small shoulders. "I like to help!"

Twenty times during the morning did Elizabeth strain eyes and ears for some token that all was well with her darling. "I s'pose she's with him," she sighed, while a hot tear dropped on the potato she was peeling. "But I dunno what in creation she c'd do fer him ef 'Rastus gits mad. He's allers awful ha'sh with colts when he breaks 'em to harness; I remember one time he killed a steer 'at wouldn't turn into the yard jest when he wanted it to. Land! I can't stan' it another minute nohow; I mus' see what he's doin'!"

The barn was empty, but a heap of corn-cobs and a measure of shelled corn revealed the initial task. "With his baby fingers!" muttered Elizabeth, shaking with indignation; "they'll be fairly raw! Well, I kin do that, an' I will after this."

She crept cautiously up into the loft and looked away across the fields. "'Rastus 'll be plantin' fodder corn this mornin', I reckon," she whispered, then caught her breath in a quick sob. "Yes, I kin see him—in his little pink apern! 'Rastus is makin' him drop corn. The sun's turrible hot, an' he ain't used to it neither. Oh, Lord—Lord!"

At noon time the small head drooped wearily over the full plate. "I don't feel hungry—very," said the child, smiling bravely into Elizabeth's anxious face; "but I guess I helped a lot!"

"You're a dummed sight more trouble 'an you're wuth, that's what you be," observed Winch, as he shoved back from the table. "You'll hev to do better 'n ye did this forenoon, or I'll try what lickin' 'll do." With that he lighted his pipe and strode out toward the barn. To Elizabeth's immense relief, she presently saw him drive away toward the village.

"I guess you'd better lay down on the lounge an' rest a spell," she said to Immanuel. "It's nice an' cool in the settin' room. Come, honey, I'll bake you a big cookie with currants in bimeby."

The child slipped off his chair with a sigh; his eyes wandered wistfully to the open door.

"Would you drather go out, 'Manuel?" asked Elizabeth, tenderly. "It's pretty hot in the sun, but I guess there's some strawb'ris gettin' ripe down by the brook where it's shady."

She watched the little cropped head as it bobbed in and out amid the lush tangle of greenery which overhung the roadway. An oriole called softly to its mate from the top of the tall elm, which held its swinging cradle; a bumble-bee yellow with pollen boomed past in the sunshine; crowds of bright-faced flowers and tasseled grasses wagged their young heads in the warm breeze. Elizabeth heard nothing—saw nothing of it all. She turned back to her kitchen and fell to scraping an iron kettle with feverish energy. "Oh, Lord—Lord!" she groaned, to the discordant accompaniment of the broken knife, "I'm awful 'fraid of what's comin'!"

Immanuel trotted soberly along the dusty road till he came to the brook, which lay across the fields like a twisted ribbon, touched here and there with a glint of silver, where its busy ripples caught the blaze of the sun. The child slipped down the steep bank into the jubilant life of the meadow. A warm, sweet smell of wild strawberries, blent with a thousand subtler fragrances of unfold-buds and full-blown, passionate flowers, greeted him like a kindly presence. He stretched his small, tired body on the soft earth with a deep sigh of content, all the vague unhappiness of the morning falling away from his spirit like a torn garment. Thousands of fluttering leaves shot through with emerald splendor spread a cool shelter above his head; peace sang in the low gurgle of the stream and breathed in the caressing wind. The child listened drowsily, and presently the sound of the brook carried him away into a dream full of comfort.

So Elizabeth found him. "Poor lamb!" she sighed, and wakened him to the sight of a big ginger-bread man, plentifully besprinkled with currants.

At six o'clock of a summer's morning a corn-field is a place of enchantment, even if one be encumbered with a big hoe, the handle of which is higher than one's head. The long arching aisles are full of gleaming lights, where the sun strikes through the blue-green leaves: the wind urges them to mysterious whisperings. Crowds of yellow butterflies—those innocent lovers of midsummer—float in mid air. Higher up little flocks of snow-white clouds wander peacefully in the blue.

Immanuel dared not look up to watch them; there were too many lusty weeds growing in the shallow trenches under the waving ribbons of the corn. Some of them stoutly resisted the big hoe in the small hands. It appeared that a personal encounter was necessary, but if a long, fibrous tap root has taken firm hold of the tenacious clay beneath the crumbling loam, and its crown of green leaves be succulent, it sometimes happens that one may decapitate a weed without destroying it. Having added a fraction of this fact to his stock of agricultural knowledge, the boy beheaded many weeds with joyful haste, burying the tell-tale stumps of the foe in the loose earth. Thus he traveled down the long row, pausing now and again to straighten his aching shoulders with a long breath of satisfaction.

Through the twinkling green leaves, the heavy, stoop-shouldered figure of his task-master could be seen approaching in the opposite direction. The farmer was cutting and thrusting thither and yon with a mixture of skill and strength, which the child regarded with honest admiration. He glanced down at his own small person, righteous ambition swelling in his soul. "I am growing," he said to himself, "and I am learning—every day, munny says so!" Many times during the past weeks he had sobbed himself to sleep; but always the morning brought the white page of a new day.

Erastus Winch had also paused to mop his wet forehead and ease his aching back; during this period of respite he fixed his savage eyes on the small toiling figure in the adjoining furrow. In another instant his heavy hand descended with crushing force on the delicate shoulders. "Ye tarnal fool!" he shouted, his face purple with rage. "I seen yer! ye need n't try to lie out of it—ye doggoned beggar brat! A-pullin' off the tops of the weeds an' hidin' 'em—I seen yer!"

There is no spectacle on earth more revolting than that of helpless childhood cowering beneath the brute strength God has set for its defense. Woe is decreed for the man who thus offends one of the little ones. Aye, let a millstone be hanged about his neck and let him be drowned in the depths of the sea; it were better for him! There was no visible presence in the corn-field; no hand appeared to stay the threatened blows, yet on a sudden Erastus Winch stopped short in his torrent of abuse and stared open-mouthed to the right and left.

"I am sorry," faltered the child. "I didn't know the weeds would grow again. I'll dig up all the roots. I'm sorry I didn't know."

"Wall, you 'll be a durned sight sorrier than you be now, time I git through with ye!" growled the man. "Now you dig them weeds, roots an' all; I'll see 'at you don't never forgit 'bout it agin, when I git ye up to the barn!"

"You'll be needin' some help for harvestin' this week, wont you, 'Rastus?" asked Elizabeth, as she set a platter of steaming beef and vegetables before her husband at noon. "Billy Giddings was here this mornin'; he's lookin' fur a job. I tol' him—"

"I seen him," interrupted Winch, spearing a potato with an iron fork. "He's comin' tomorrer at sun up."

Elizabeth involuntarily glanced at Immanuel, who was washing his hands at the back door.

"We're goin' to tackle the ten acre lot first," pursued Winch. "The boy thar c'n take a holt of the pertaters, ef he ain't too lame come tomorrer."

Elizabeth turned her face aside to conceal the look of satisfaction that crept over it. She could hoe potatoes, and the field was well out of sight of the ten acre lot. "Come in to dinner, honey," she said to the child; "I've got some nice cherry pie."

"You ain't got none fer him," said Winch, speaking thickly through a big mouthful. "That young feller's a-goin' to git his belly full o' somethin' 'sides pie, 's quick's I git through eatin'."

Elizabeth gripped the back of her chair. "What's he done to anger ye, 'Rastus?" she faltered. "He—he's nothin' but a child, husban'. You forgit 'at he 's only——"

"I don't fergit nothin', Mis' Winch; I ain't the fergittin' kin'. Fetch on yer pie, will ye; I ain't got no time to fool away."

Elizabeth turned blindly. "Here's the pie, 'Rastus," she said huskily. Then she walked to the door with sudden determination. "'Manuel," she said in a low voice, "don't ye want to go down to the spring an' fetch munny a pitcher of nice, cool drinkin' water; there ain't a drop in the house."

Winch dropped his knife and fork with a clatter. "You're a-lyin'!" he burst out. "Yer bucket's full, an' ye know it. Durn ye! you c'n come back here; I'll ten' to yer case now!" The last words were addressed to Immanuel, who, with ready obedience, had started for the spring. "Munny!" cried the child, his eyes wide with terror. "Come on!" shouted Winch, seizing a heavy horsewhip, which stood

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"'COME ON,' SHOUTED WINCH, SEIZING A HEAVY HORSEWHIP"

Our Famine Commissioner in China

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1083

place of honor, while his host occupies the chair on the right. Before any serious conversation can begin, cups of tea must be brought in and sipped by every one present. After the seating and tea-drinking had been successfully accomplished, under Mr. Lownes supervision, the lieutenant viceroy began by telling me that he had received a telegram from Prince Chung in Peking, informing him that I was on my way to Singan, and to render to me every assistance in his power.

"Of course," he added, "when His Highness commands, I obey; but I wish to tell you that in this case it gives me great personal pleasure to do so.

"I want you to say to the paper that sent all this money to Shensi, that we are grateful to the Americans for their generosity. It is being talked about all over China. It will make us love the United States more than ever."

In estimating Oriental expression of fervor a discount must usually be made in order to reduce it to a practical matter-of-fact Western level, but Chou Fu's manner was so earnest and deliberate that I am inclined to believe that he meant every word he said.

I asked him about the seriousness of the famine. "It is very, very bad," was his reply, interpreted by Mr. Lowrie. Then the lieutenant viceroy looked at the floor and was silent. The reason was another kink in Chinese etiquette, which forbids an official discussing with a foreigner the details of the empire's distress. It is considered a great demand upon his dignity to be compelled to admit that any distress exists at all. He asked about the United States, and said that "Americans were always kind."

The Mayor talked in the same strain, and then both arose, and before leaving made a formal expression of gratitude to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for "telling Americans about the hunger of Chinamen, so far away."

Paoting-fu, the capital of the province of Chili, after more than eighteen months of chaos, that began with the Boxer massacres and ended with the taking of the city by the allies, has begun to put on gala attire in anticipation of the visit of the Emperor and court, who will spend three days there on their way to Peking. The city has a population of about 35,000. Perhaps more than at any other city in North China, the labors of missionaries bore fruit here. This made it a centre of Boxer fanaticism. A row of more than twelve headstones in a cabbage-field marks the graves of the missionary martyrs. "Punitive expeditions" followed later. The former lieutenant viceroy was beheaded by the allies, and Chou Fu, a man of progressive ideas, was brought from the south of China to take his place. The Germans burned Buddhist temples, and the French subjected Paoting-fu to the greatest humiliation possible to be inflicted on a Chinese town, by blowing down a section of the city wall. But now the Boxers have gone and so have the foreign troops. Peace has come at last to troubled Paoting-fu.

Li Hung Chang is viceroy of Chili, and consequently the long low yamen building is called his residence, although he has not occupied it for years. More than a hundred workmen are now renovating the interior as a temporary residence for the Emperor. Preparations are making for a celebration on a tremendous scale, as this is the first time that Hwang Ksu has ever visited the provincial capital of the province of which Peking is the centre.

One merchant has received an order for 10,000 catties (13,000 pounds) of candles for a night illumination, another has the contract for the imperial tiffin, which will cost thousands of taels.

Mayor Wu Ku Tung gave to me an imposing piece of tissue paper, on which were a number of Chinese characters, and his seal. This Wun Shu, as it is called, announced that the bearer was going to Shensi to tell Americans about the famine there, and that he was to be given three carts and two horses for the transportation of himself and servants, and was to be provided with food and lodging as far as Tai Yuen, when he would be received by the Viceroy of Shansi.

The way to Tai Yuen is divided into stages of a day's journey each, and the Wun Shu was addressed to the magistrate of the town at the end of the next stage. He receives it, follows its instructions, and then issues a copy of it, which serves a similar purpose until the official of the next town is reached. He, in turn, repeats the process for the next stage, and so on, all the way to Shansi's capital.

Such was the end of our first day's stage. By an agreement made less than a month ago with the representatives of foreign governments in Peking, a system of relay patrols of Chinese soldiers has just been established all the way from Ting Chow to Tai-yuen, for the sole purpose of escorting and protecting foreign travelers.

MISS MITCHELL'S SOUP KITCHEN IN A CHINESE TEMPLE

Any European or American, whose passport is countersigned by his minister to China, can command the services of the patrols, although ordinarily the patrol merely rides along with the traveler in order to make him secure against attacks from robbers or nomadic Boxers, but they have nothing to do with looking up the local magistrates for him, or in finding him food and lodging. As far as Cheng Ting each patrol rides only as far as his next station, five miles away, and then turns the traveler under his charge over to the next relay.

Our patrol started from the door of the Ting Chou yamen, and rode slightly in advance through the gates in the city wall on the road towards the southwest. Each man carried a Mannlicher rifle and wore the red blouse of the Chinese army. Big, strapping fellows they were, on stocky, rugged ponies. Their pig-tails were curled up under black silk turbans and their faces were bronzed and reddened by the sun, so that they looked far more like North American Indians than Mongolians. Their manner, too, was like that of Indians. They sat very erect in the saddle, and maintained a taciturn silence, except when the leader would occasionally smile and ask, "If the foreigners were comfortable." The reply he received was always an affirmative, although compared with a Pullman sleeping car, traveling in China is not of the happiest. In a literal sense all of North China is covered with the "dust of ages." It gets in your eyes and ears and nose, and forms a thick coating on your hair and clothes. Such a thing as a road, in the American sense, would be a radical innovation which might start another revolution. A Chinese road is only the space between the fields which is not under cultivation. The fields are cared for and are reasonably smooth, but the road is neither.

The country for two hundred miles south of Peking is a plain as level as a table, in which the landscape is broken only by gray brick houses and occasional clumps of trees. Just about every inch of the land is under cultivation. By assiduous fertilizing and irrigation this sandy soil is made to bear, in most cases, two crops a year. Scattered through the fields are hundreds of men, women, and children, spreading manure for the year's second millet crop; but few of them live near the places where they work. They are nearly all residents of villages, and many walk miles every day to and from their farms.

Just before dark, we came to a massive brick archway that spanned the road. Under it stood a bareheaded man in a black gown, who violently gesticulated to the chief of our patrol. The substance of what he had to say was that we had reached Sinlo, and that quarters had been assigned to us in the village inn, to which we were escorted by a motley, chattering crowd.

One of the many things that China needs is a few good hotels. The inn where this is written is a one-story, mud building. The floors are of clay, and the chairs are kept from falling to pieces by bits of twine. The mandarin of Sinlo called a few minutes after we had settled down to a polyglot dinner, that included sharks' fins, lotus seeds and American canned sausages. The mandarin came in a sedan chair, and was preceded by a score of servants, carrying paper lanterns. He was a stout, good-natured, rural Chinaman, who asked all sorts of questions about the United States, as we sipped our tea together. He wanted to know who was "the emperor of America since the killing of the last one." When I gave him the name of our present President, he made several ineffectual attempts to pronounce it, and naively said that he couldn't understand how any man could have such a funny name.

Oh, the age of this civilization! Like the gray dust of the roads, it covers and clings like a heavy cloak. When did it begin? In the dawn of time. Who founded it? Unanswerable. Will it go on forever? The next decade may tell.

FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

Flood Relief Work at Wuhu

Miss Mitchell, an American missionary at Wuhu, is doing an excellent relief work among the Yangste flood sufferers at Wuhu. Mrs. J. Woodberry, another American missionary, has written a detailed description of the work for *The North China News*. The most available place in which to start what Miss Mitchell contemplated was a Taoist temple, and this she secured with the aid of kindly-disposed and influential natives and the local taotai. Here she has opened a general relief headquarters, which combines all the features of a free soup kitchen, a sewing room for the preparation of clothing for the poor, a general assembly room for religious services, and a schoolroom for the young. In the dining-room the cooked rice is put into bowls, and passed to the waiting rows of poor people, who sit down on the mats, and eat the wholesome food with chopsticks, after a simple "grace" has been said. Bowl after bowl is consumed, some of the hungry guests eating as many as five bowlsful before their appetites are appeased. This is the only daily meal they receive at the present time, and were it not for Miss Mitchell's forethought in organizing such a work, hundreds would have been dead of starvation.

TRAINED FOR SERVICE

Varied Experience of Two Leaders in the Lord's Work

...BY... MRS. M. BAXTER

THE inspired biographies of the two men of God, Joseph, the deliverer of Egypt, and Moses, the deliverer of Israel, show us the Master Workman forming, and then using, his instruments. We understand our God better for the study of his dealings with and through these two men: we get the clue to his dealings with ourselves and with others, and in deep adoration we say with the apostle of the Gentiles, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!".

Joseph, the son of the beloved Rachel, was born into an atmosphere of special tenderness and affection, and became the favorite son of an indulgent father, his mother having died early. Moses was born in far different circumstances: he was born under sentence of death, and only God's response to his parents' faith procured his preservation. Joseph's training was in the home-life of his father's tent, with all the surroundings of a patriarch's family, in which the sacred traditions of God's dealings with man were carefully handed down, and formed the basis of his education. Moses, on the contrary, as soon as he was old enough, was instructed in heathen literature, and taught in the highest schools of Egypt. And yet it was Joseph who was to rule in Egypt, and Moses in the wilderness! Human wisdom would have reversed this order. Man's wisdom would have used a graduate of the Egyptian universities to be Pharaoh's right-hand man, and the man who was brought up to outdoor work in keeping sheep to lead a host of shepherds and herdsmen through the desert.

But God's ways are "past finding out"; his thoughts are not as our thoughts (Isa. 55: 8), and we see in the history of these two men how much more the knowledge of God, obedience to and trust in him tells upon the future of a life than the intellectual education, valuable as that is in its place. While one verse out of the entire Bible tells of Moses' youth, his learning, and the position in Egypt which he acquired by it (Acts 7: 22) three whole chapters are given to Joseph's youth and his sufferings; first in his own home, then at Shechem, by the persecution of his brothers, and later on in Egypt, as a slave and as a prisoner. Moses, the learned man, could not be trusted with his ministry until he was eighty years of age; Joseph was ready for his at the age of thirty (com. Gen. 41: 46 with Exod. 7: 7). The learning of Moses was probably not in itself the reason of this, but its effect on Moses was to make him self-confident, and less pliable than Joseph was. Both men were fully true to God, but there was less of the flesh to be conquered in Joseph than in Moses; and thus the education of the latter for his ministry was more protracted.

Joseph gave in at once to every circumstance which God permitted. God never needed to say to him, as he said to Jacob, "I am with thee" (Gen. 28: 15), or to Moses, "Certainly I will be with thee" (Exod. 3: 12)." The Lord was with Joseph" (Gen. 39: 2-23); the presence of the Lord was his characteristic as it was that of Elijah (I. Kings 17: 1). Consequently God had no controversy with Joseph as he had with Moses. Joseph asked no questions, but let himself be led; and accepted all from the hands of his God, whom he knew and whom he trusted. Joseph suffered through the wrong-doing of others; Moses "looked this way and that" before slaying the Egyptian, to save himself from the consequences of his act; and when he knew that it was known, he fled from Egypt for fear of Pharaoh. There was no such fear in Joseph. Yet the time came when Moses was as fully yielded to God and as supple in his hands as Joseph had been.

There was power in the presence of Joseph because the Lord was with him, and in the first interview which he had with the king, his antecedents, the shameful accusation of Potiphar's wife, and his having entered Egypt as a slave, were utterly lost sight of; the king saw in him a wisdom which was not of man, and at once he was trusted with the affairs of the kingdom. Moses, on the contrary, did not carry with him in the same measure the presence of the Lord, when he first appeared before Pharaoh. His contention with God had resulted in Aaron being united with him. Aaron not having had the same dealings with God was, perhaps, not always a help; and Moses himself was not fully obedient and trustful. But as soon as he became fully one with God, when he spoke and did all that God commanded (Exod. 6: 29; 7: 2-6), then "the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people" (Exod. 11: 3).

CAST HIS LOT WITH THE NEWSBOYS

James Eads How, the Rich St. Louis Philanthropist, and his Life-work—Selling Papers on the Streets

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE

"I WANT to help these poor waifs of the streets—to reach them in their tenderest years, and teach them the need of man for his brother, the dependence of each upon his associates in the group to which he belongs. So I have come down to live among them, because I want to be one of them, to share their trials, so that I may possibly benefit them." Such is the explanation made by Mr. James Eads How, the wealthy citizen of St. Louis, whose unique philanthropy in connection with the newsboys of that city has attracted much attention.

He is the owner of a beautiful and luxurious home on Lindell avenue, an aristocratic section of the city; but he has voluntarily given up a life that promised to be one of ease and pleasure and become the tenant of a room in a common lodging-house in the slums, in order that he may live among the class he desires to benefit. Nay, more; to the astonishment of his rich friends, and the surprise of the newsboys themselves, he has adopted the calling of a newsboy, and may be seen selling papers in the downtown streets of St. Louis in all weathers. He is thus putting into practical operation the true theory of all successful Christian work—that the helper must come down to his work, if his heart is in it and he desires to do efficient service.

Mr. How has consecrated his life and his fortune to the work in question. It is as yet only in the investigating stage, but by and by, as he becomes more familiar with the situation, and learns the best and most practical methods, his philanthropy will assume a still more substantial form. Speaking on the subject with the representative of a Western newspaper, Mr. How said:

"In the work, the great work that the new age demands, it seems that the children should be taught first of all. The changes which are coming they will live in longer than we who are grown. If they come to understand how man must stand by man, they will be, I should think, the most potent influences in effecting some betterment of the present condition. This seems a little selfish, does is not, this speaking of human beings as mere tools, something like 'the economic man?' I want, too, to help the boys now. I would like to help men, too. But I don't know but what they ought to help themselves. And perhaps the boys ought to help themselves, too. Yet I cannot think that it will be wrong of any one to lend them a hand. What I am striving for now is to teach the boys, not force them, to form a co-operative association—a Newsboys' Co-operative Society, perhaps. They would be better off if they had a co-operative company, wherein all were members, so that this association could buy the papers direct from the publishers, and have the middleman's profits go to the boys collectively. They might then branch out into a co-operative company. They would be benefited by having a good, clean, wholesome place to go to spend their leisure time in, and to be able there to read what they need, and to get baths and all that? All these things might be accomplished by such an association. Such a club, or society, or brotherhood might go out of the mere traffic in papers, and become a co-operative purchasing agency for all that the boys need—their clothes, playthings, and lunches. If these newsboys can be made to work for themselves, each for himself, through co-operation with his associates, rather than by antagonism to them, it would seem, certainly, that they had stepped a little forward toward the new age. This idea of mine, or of the great body of the people with whom I am a co-worker, is to teach and live out the doctrine of love and work. If these poor waifs selling papers on the streets could learn the lesson, and many of them become missionaries of this gospel in their humble ways, great good would result, both to themselves and to others."

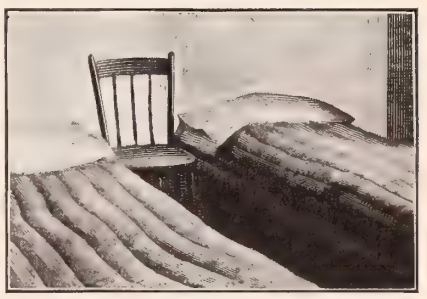
JAMES EADS HOW'S HOME IN LINDELL AVE., ST. LOUIS

It is something over a year ago since Mr. How first began his experiment looking to the betterment of the newsboys. A number of these waifs used to gather in an alley, in the rear of a building, between Olive and Locust streets, St. Louis. They had no organization and the influences that surrounded them were not of the best. He endeavored, in a tentative way to help them by organizing them, and he talked to them in a way that won their confidence and respect. It was clear to him, even then, that there was good material in the lads, and he resolved to make it his life-work to help in the moral and social elevation of their class, as a whole. He is associated with other benevolences, but there is none that lies so close to his heart as the cause of the newsboys of St. Louis.

"I cannot say how long I shall continue to sell papers on the streets," said Mr. How; "I want to gain the entire confidence of the boys." And he is unquestionably doing this rapidly, for the little fellows, far from regarding him as an interloper and business rival, love him and trust him implicitly. He is making headway, and it needs no prophet to predict that soon the rich young philanthropist will have knit to himself in the stoutest fraternal bonds, an army of newsboys, who, knowing him to be their true friend, will accept his guidance unquestioningly.

It is an interesting and unique experiment, actuated by Christ-like motives. Holding his wealth as a sacred trusteeship, this young citizen of the West is working on lines parallel with those followed by Dr. Barnardo, the founder of over half a hundred newsboys' homes in England, and by Charles L. Brace, the friend and benefactor of a great multitude of American newsboys. His efforts will be watched with deep interest by all who have the highest welfare of the waifs at heart, and who desire to see them helped to become worthy and industrious, law-abiding citizens and earnest Christians.

MR. HOW'S SLEEPING QUARTERS IN THE LODGING HOUSE



"WIDDER BROWN"

IT was three summers ago. The July sun beat down upon the hills. The hot air danced with a wave-like motion above the heated land.

Farmer Short, with a full force of "hands," had been working busily all the morning "hayin' down in the lower medder by the crick." Farmer Short is characterized by industry and despatch; his wife by economy. His directions to his help that morning were, "Boys, 'make hay while the sun shines,' I think we are goin' to have fallin' weather soon." A rain would have been a relief to all who did not, like Farmer Short, have some interest at stake that made the scorching air a benefit. As he tossed the last forkfull of hay upon the load, and leaned on his fork to rest, he glanced toward the house, half a mile away, and said, "We'll try to get one more load before dinner." Then, "Well, I swan! Mike, if there don't go Widder Brown along the lane up to our house." As he wiped the perspiration from his face with the red cotton handkerchief he carried in his hat, he said to the driver, "Mike, I'm afraid that woman will be sun-struck. I am shore!" Mike only said, as he drove away, "Must be pressin' business to make the old woman walk nigh on-to two mile this time o'day."

. . .

Mike drove to the barn, unloaded, and drove back to the hayfield. Still Widow Brown toiled on up the hot, dusty road. The next load was half on the wagon when she turned in at the gate, as Mrs. Short came out on the porch with a pan of potatoes to peel. "Land sakes, Mrs. Brown, ain't you melted?" called Mrs. Short, from the porch. "I 'spose it's foolish in me," began Widow Brown, apologetically, "but you know, last winter, when I read about the starving people in India I came over, and Edith wrote a letter, and sent some money for me. This mornin' I was readin' to mother, and I came across this," she said, unfolding THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and pointing to an article about the destitute orphans of India, "and I jist couldn't help comin' agin."

Edith, a bright girl of sixteen, had come to the door. She got a chair and a cool drink for Widow Brown, and as her mother peeled the potatoes and Widow Brown fanned herself with her black calico sunbonnet, Edith read the article about India. It said, "Children whose parents have perished are wandering everywhere. The spectacle is one of the most painful which can be found upon earth. The cries of the orphans, if they could only enter the ears of all good people in distant lands, would stir the Christian world to such a movement of sympathy and help as has never been witnessed on earth."

When Edith had finished reading, Mrs. Brown said, with tears in her eyes, "I know what it is to be a widder. And I know what an orphan has to suffer. After my man died, mother bein' past 80 years old then, and my Willie bein' too little to be much help, and debts to be paid, I learned what a hard time means. Then when Willie took sick and died I couldn't have stood it, only I knew how much trouble he had missed. When I read about orphans it means more to me than it can mean to folks who have not been through what I have."

While talking, she had untied from the corner of a black-bordered handkerchief, two silver dollars. She said, "I want you to take these, Edith, and send them. Keep out the price of the paper and stamp and send the rest. I hadn't any paper, for now that I have rheumatism so bad in my hands I can't write at all. But you tell them the money was sent by a poor widder who lives alone with her aged mother. Tell them I made the money by quiltin' a double Irish chain for a neighbor. I want it to go to these orphan children. It seems almost that I am doin' somethin' for my own boy in helpin' them."

Then Widow Brown rose, saying she must go back and get dinner for her mother. She could not be prevailed upon to stay to dinner. Edith suggested to her mother that they give her something for dinner that she could easily carry. Mrs. Short brought out two eggs and gave them to her.

. . .

When Mrs. Brown was gone, Edith said, "Well, mamma, I would have been ashamed to give her only two eggs when you have a whole basket full, and they are so cheap."

"Why, that's enough," said her mother, "it's one for her and one for her mother."

When the men came in to dinner, Edith related the whole story, laughing at the more ludicrous parts and almost crying at the pathetic ones. She concluded by saying, "Widow Brown is always doing something like that, and when I see her hands distorted with work and rheumatism, and know that they are still able to work for others, it makes me feel mean that mine never did anybody any good." "What about the rest of us?" said Mike.

"Well," said Mr. Short, "put me down for a dollar apiece for my family." One "hand" after another decided that if Widow Brown could give two dollars, he could, too. So they arranged for the money, and Edith had a neat little sum to send when she mailed her letter that afternoon. Nor was that all, a number of people, hearing of that letter, sent others of their own.

. . .

But why think about all of this now? Last week Widow Brown died. The minister read, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Though poor and unlearned, her influence was felt—not by neighbors alone—but on the other side of the world. Who can say how far down the future her works may follow her? "She hath done what she could."

In the old, neglected churchyard, surrounded by the native forest, they laid her by the side of her husband and Willie. A single sycamore tree leans toward her grave, stretching its white limbs above her as in benediction.

Elizabeth, Ind. MARTHA LAMB.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

A NEW JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA

AMONG the new works announced this year, few can compare in breadth of scope and real utility with the Jewish Encyclopædia, projected by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of New York, the first volume of which has now been issued. There is need for such a work, because the ordinary reader, Christian, as well as Jewish, finds it difficult to get in a ready and compact shape the information which it will contain. The prominent characteristic of our time in the religious world is to seek diligently for facts that will shed light on the Bible, and it is to Judaism principally that we must go for those facts. We are indebted to the Jews for the sacred book, and if we would understand its allusions, its metaphors and its point of view, we must know Jewish character, literature and history. Much of this we learn from the Bible itself, but there is a vast mine of information outside of the book accessible to Oriental scholars, but not to the English-speaking public. Even to scholars the labor of ascertaining the facts on a particular topic is enormous, for they are buried under a mass of tradition and are scattered through a wide field of literature to which there are few guides. The publishers have therefore made arrangements to present such information in an Encyclopedic form, so that the student's time and labor shall be saved. Some idea of the colossal labor involved in rendering this service, may be gained from the fact that no less than twenty-five thousand topics are contained in the provisional index prepared for the work. Twelve such volumes as that already published will be required to exhaust the field, in the thorough manner proposed. That it will be well and skilfully done is assured by the character and erudition of the editors who have the direction of the work. Among them are Dr. Cyrus Adler, Dr. Gotthard Deutsch, Dr. Louis Ginzburg, Dr. Richard Gottheil, Dr. Marcus Jastrow, Dr. Kaufmann Kohler, Dr. F. De Sola Mendes, Dr. Isidore Singer, Prof. C. H. Toy, Dr. I. K. Funk, who is Chairman of the Board, and Frank H. Vizetelly, who is Secretary. Besides these, there are fifteen consulting editors in America and twenty-nine in Europe.

The fact that the list contains the names of Christians as well as Jews is a guarantee that customs and observances having a significance of special interest to the Christian theologian will receive a due share of attention, and that we shall learn from Jewish scholars the exact import of types and ceremonies which, as we believe, were fulfilled in Christ. Thus every Biblical topic passes through two stages besides its statement in Biblical language. There is, first, the interpretation placed upon it by Jews in the Talmud, Midrash and later Jewish commentaries; and second the interpretation by the higher critics. It will also include the recent discoveries by explorers in Egypt and Assyria, the value of which is chiefly estimated by their bearing on the Old Testament.

The editors explain in their preface the plan pursued in order to exhaustively cover the subject. They have divided their labors into three great parts, which are subdivided into departments. 1. History, which includes biography, sociology and folk-lore. 2. Literature, comprising Biblical, Hellenistic, Talmudical, Rabbinical and Mediæval works. 3. Theology, which naturally includes philosophy. The biographical section is necessarily one of the most important, and so thoroughly is it intended to cover this ground that no Jewish man or woman who has attained prominence in any sphere, from the time of Abraham to the present day, shall be overlooked. This department will not show any discrimination against those who separated themselves from the ancient faith and observance, like Lord Beaconsfield and Emin Pasha, both of whom were of the Jewish race.

The first volume extends only to the topic Apocalyptic Literature. This is due not to a lack of perspective, but to the accidental circumstance that so many of the topics associated with Judaism have the first letter of the alphabet as an initial. An important word is the alphabet itself, which involves a discussion of the much-debated question of the origin of the Hebrew letters, the use of which appears to have been general up to the time of the Babylonian captivity, when they were superseded for general use by the Aramaic. The word "Academies," also is the text for some important considerations of Jewish education in ancient times. "America," also, is a prolific word, the article on which deals with the status of the Jews in our own land. Agricultural colonies, too, is a topic on which much valuable information of a modern character is supplied, affecting the situation of the Jew both in America and Palestine. Animals, Alexandria, Anti-Semitism also are topics for articles full of interest both to Christian and Jewish students. Many of the pages are illustrated from ancient and modern sources, the maps especially being of great value. This volume contains so much that must be new to Christian scholars, yet so valuable to a clear understanding of the Bible, that future volumes will be eagerly anticipated and heartily welcomed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Bugle Calls, by Benjamin Wood. A plea for trades unions. Pp. 184. Price $1. Published by Brentano, New York.

A Daughter of the Huguenots by Elizabeth W. Champney. Pp. 315. Price $1.35; Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, Fifth avenue New York.

The Evangelization of the World in this Generation. By John R. Mott. Pp. 245. Published by the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York.

The Sign of the Prophet. A Tale of Tecumseh and Tippecanoe by James Ball Naylor. Pp. 416. Price $1.50; Published by The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio.

The O'erturn o' Botany Bay; or, Dipper Folk Idylls, by Aletheia; a story strictly founded on fact. Pp. 270. Published by the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

The Convert and his Relations, by L. W. Munhall, M.A., D.D., tracing his relations to Christ, to the Church and to the world. Pp. 194. Published by Eaton & Mains, New York.

Christ and Life. By Robert E. Speer. A series of chapters on Christian life and duty. Pp. 232. Price $1. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Warwick of the Knobs. By John Uri Lloyd. A Story of Life in North Kentucky during the War. Pp. 305. Price $1.50. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, 372 Fifth avenue, New York.

Via Christi, an Introduction to the Study of Missions by Louise Manning Hodgkins, M. A. Pp. 251. Price 50 cents. Published by the Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth avenue, New York.

The Incarnate Word, by William H. Gill, D.D., being the fourth Gospel elucidated by interpolation for popular use. Pp. 273. Price 75 cents. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

The Sabbath Transferred. By Rev. Johns D. Parker, Ph.D. A monograph showing the reasons for the change of day from Saturday to Sunday. Pp. 151. Published by the author, East Orange, N. J.

Fresh Bait for Fishers of Men, by Louis Albert Banks, containing six hundred anecdotes and incidents suitable for illustrating sermons, etc. Pp. 251. Price $1.50. Published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O.

The Night Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost-Seers, by Catherine Crowe. New edition, with an introduction by Thompson Jay Hudson, Ph.D. Pp. 451. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

The Great Mystery, by Elizabeth Miller Jefferys and William H. Jefferys. Tracing the principle of sex in nature from the lowest to the very highest. Pp. 165. Price 75 cents. Published by Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

The Ten Commandments. By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. The famous sermons which have been widely quoted and discussed. Pp. 126. Price 50 cents. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago and Toronto.

Biblical Chronology. By Rev. Henry True Besse. Another attempt to construct a system of chronology from Biblical statements, with the usual unsatisfactory result. Pp. 139. Published by the Wesleyan Methodist Publishing Association.

Religion in History and in Modern Life, together with an Essay on the Church and the Working Classes, by Principal A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. Pp. 261. Price, 80 cents. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

Candle-Lightin' Time by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Illustrated with photographs by the Hampton Institute Camera Club, and Decorations by Margaret Armstrong. Lyrics in Southern Dialect. Pp. 127. Price $1.50; Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, Fifth avenue, New York.

Rome in Prophecy, by W.H. Littlejohn. A work of special interest to students of history and the Bible. Illustrated by diagrams. Cloth binding. Price 25 cents, postpaid. Published by the author at Hume, Calhoun Co., Mich.

The Early Religion of Israel, as set forth by Biblical Writers and by Modern Critical Historians. By James Robertson, D. D. Two volumes. Price $1.60 the set. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

The Cry of the Two-Thirds, by Mrs. S. R. Graham-Clark. A strong, graphically written, emotional story, dealing with modern social problems, and of special interest to all who desire the extinction of the drink evil. Pp. 678. Cloth covers. Price $1.50. J. H. Earle & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Victoria, by Mary Howitt, revised by Geneva Armstrong. A very complete and instructive volume of royal biography, valuable to the scholar and the general reader, and well illustrated with 23 full-page portraits. Pp. 549. Cloth binding. Price $1.50. B. S. Wasson & Co., Chicago, publishers.

Principles and Interpretation. By Clinton Lockhart, A. M., Ph.D., Professor of Semitic and Sacred Literature in Drake University, Des Moines, Ia. An effort, not always successful, to explain passages of Scripture the meaning of which has been a matter of dispute among theologians. Pp. 306. Published by the Christian Index Publishing Company, Des Moines, Ia.

Cosmos Pictures. These are several series of reproductions of fine art pictures, selected with great care, and representing the great events of history, famous localities, the personalities and homes of the world's greatest poets and authors. The reproductions are finely printed on heavy paper and are suitable for framing, or album or portfolio collections. Five sets of the series sent postpaid for $1. Cosmos Picture Co., 296 Broadway, New York, publishers.

Select Notes: A Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1902. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. This is the twenty-seventh year in which the authors have come to the aid of the Sunday School teacher. Experience has certainly proved valuable in this instance. The lessons of 1902 are treated in this volume in a manner superior to that of the excellent predecessors in the series. We know no work treating of the lessons of the year which tells the teacher in so concise and exhaustive a style just the facts he needs to know in teaching his class. Illustrations, maps, etc., are of the best. Pp. 361. Price $1.25. Published by W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, Mass.

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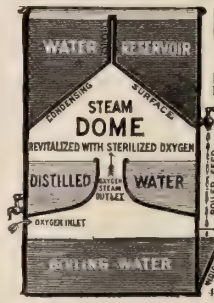

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A GREAT SINGER GONE

THE announcement, on November 20, of the death of the well-known hymn writer and famous singing evangelist, at his home in Wheaton, Ills., John H. Burke, caused widespread sorrow. The Sunday following, November 24, his wife followed him to the "Better Land." The cause of death in both cases was "sewer gas."

Mr. Burke was making his arrangements for a new Gospel-Song tour at the time his summons came. In a letter to an old friend here, Mr. Hubert P. Main, of Bigelow & Main, he wrote enthusiastically a few weeks before his death of his plans for entering afresh the field of his Master's service. He had been engaged for a while in some secular work in Chicago, but it had not been congenial; he had ever felt that "singing for the Lord" was for him life's "better part."

JOHN H. BURKE

Mr. Burke had sung the Gospel around the world. In January, 1888, Mr. D. L. Moody came to hold meetings in Chicago, where Mr. Burke was then teaching singing and leading choirs. The committee in charge engaged Mr. Burke to lead the singing during the first week, at the end of which time Mr. Moody asked Mr. Burke to continue with him through the coming campaign of four months. "That was the parting of the ways for me," Mr. Burke said afterwards, in giving the story of his life, "and I decided to give myself entirely to Gospel singing. I joined Mr. Moody in Montreal, Canada, in October, 1888, and the following winter went with him to the Pacific Coast, and worked with him, or under his direction, for about ten years, in the United States, Canada and Europe. In January, 1892, I joined Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in Scotland, and worked with them there, afterward working with Mr. Moody in England and Ireland. Returning to Scotland I joined Rev. John McNeill, of London, who had just begun evangelistic work, and worked with him until May, 1893, when we came to Chicago to take part in Mr. Moody's World's Fair Campaign. In 1894 I made a trip around the world, singing the Gospel with Rev. John McNeill. We made a circuit of about three thousand miles in South Africa, holding meetings in all the principal towns in Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and Natal. We worked in Melbourne, Victoria, Sydney, New South Wales, Adelaide, and all the cities in Australia and Tasmania, and the same in New Zealand. I have also worked with Major D. W. Whittle, Rev. A. C. Dixon, Rev. L. W. Marshall, and others. I was with Mr. Moody in his last campaigns in New York and led the Carnegie Hall choir. I worked also with Rev. A. C. Dixon through Greater New York." In the summer of 1900, he was with French E. Olivar in Salt Lake City. Meetings were held every night for seven weeks in a tent seating about 2,500 people. There were many conversions.

Mr. Burke's new Gospel-Song work was to be under the auspices of the Moody Bible Institute Extension and was to begin at New Year. In his lecture of Nov. 20, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Mr. Moody's successor, paid eloquent tribute to the dead singer; one of his latest hymns was sung and prayer was offered in behalf of his bereaved family.

A Mayor's Conversion

An incident related by Dr. Newman Hall, author of the famous little work so widely blessed of God, *Come to Jesus*, shows how much good may be done by placing a really good book in the hands of a boy. Dr. Hall was announced to preach in a thriving town on the Eastern coast of England. On his arrival he received a letter from the Mayor, expressing his regret that, owing to an accident, he would be unable to attend the service. The writer went on to explain his personal indebtedness to Dr. Hall, which increased his disappointment at missing the service. He said: "Through poverty I had to commence life's struggle for existence very early, and without education, as a fishing lad, in 1851. About two years later, I was brought under the good influence of a pious shipmate, who gave me the little book, *Come to Jesus*. He encouraged and helped me to read it. I read it again and again. It was the first book I ever read through, and its influence upon my early life was great and good. How much I owe to it for the prosperity and joy of my life I cannot tell. I must now ask you kindly to accept the warmest thanks that words by this feeble method can convey." "I called to see the writer," says Dr. Hall, "the next morning. He added an interesting fact. He had labored vainly to learn to read by puzzling over several other books, when the giver of the tract said, 'This one is so simple that a child can make it out.' 'So,' added my informant' 'I first read the booklet as a reading exercise. But by thus learning my letters, I was led to learn the Gospel.' This is a striking instance of how a person in the humbler walks of life may, by lending a little book, help a poor lad to Christ, and be the means of raising him to a position in which, by his social influence, personal exertions, and generous gifts, he has become one of Christ's 'fishers of men.'"

The Old Shoemaker and the Infidel

A reader of this paper, Mr. W. H. V., of White River, Col., sends this interesting anecdote: "In our neighborhood lived an old shoemaker on a little farm, and on rainy days and in bad weather he mended shoes. He was one of the most devout members of the church, and though he could neither read nor write, yet no one, not even the minister, could make a stronger prayer or get "nearer to God" than he. And he lived his religion every day in the week, so that no one could doubt his sincerity. We had also in our community an avowed infidel, a man who never missed an opportunity to get a crowd around him and to try to prove to them that the Bible and its teachings were false. He made the boast that 'some day he was going over to take all the religion out of the old shoemaker.' One day he wanted his shoes half-soled, so he went over and soon brought up his favorite subject. As he talked, the old man pegged away at the shoes, and said nothing. After a while the infidel wanted to know if the old man didn't think that he was about right and that 'the Bible was a humbug.' The old shoemaker stopped his pegging and looked up.

"'Well now,' he said quietly, 'if the Bible is not true, when we both come to die, I am in just as good a fix as you are. But if the Bible is true, and Christ is a reality, then when we both come to die, I am saved and you are lost.' And he smiled and resumed his work.

"When I heard of it, I said to myself that until I heard some argument that would answer the old shoemaker's, I would never read an infidel book of any kind, nor go and hear an infidel talk. Many a time during the last thirty years, when I have heard some one ridicule religion and the Bible, the old shoemaker's answer would come to my mind, and I would think 'what a poor consolation infidelity has, where it's all to lose and nothing to gain.'"

The Bible in Spain

A colporteur selling Bibles went to the village of Montalborejo in the Province of Toledo, in Spain. He sold one Bible and then was attacked and driven out by the priests. Six weeks afterward approaching the same village, he was met by a man who recognized him. "Are you not the man who sold the Bible?" With fear and trembling, he answered: "Yes, I am the man." "Then come to our village; every one of us desires to purchase your book," was the amazing reply.

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I shall be glad to send you, without charge, a receipt for a novel, dainty and inexpensive dessert for the Christmas Dinner. I have made a package of it, printed in eight colors, to show its exact appearance. Only 10,000 have been prepared, but I want YOU to have one—so please write to-day. Of course, it must be made of

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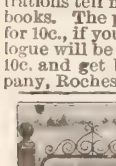

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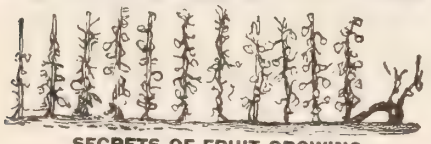

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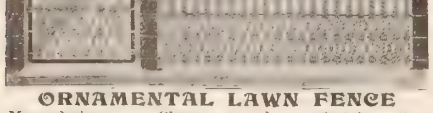

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THE NEEDLE'S EYE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1089

in a corner. "I'll larn ye both who's boss in this house!"

Elizabeth caught imploringly at her husband's arm. "'Rastus!" she begged, "don't ye—don't! Fer heaven's sake—'Rastus! Fer the sake of our own child 'at 's dead—don't ye tech him!"

Without a word, the man wrenched himself loose from the clinging hands. In another minute Elizabeth heard the heavy door of the barn shut to with a bang. "Oh, mercy, he'll kill him!" she muttered, wringing her hands weakly.

She darted into the road. There was no one in sight, but from beyond the crest of the hill there arose the faint intermittent creak and rattle of wagon wheels. The vehicle itself shortly hove into view. Elizabeth ran toward it wildly.

It was a long wagon, painted black; the man who drove the single white horse sat stiffly erect. He wore black clothes, and interposed the shelter of a black umbrella betwixt the fierce rays of the July sun and his uncovered head; a straw hat of the same somber hue, albeit tempered by age, reposed on the seat beside him. In the bed of the wagon, a wrinkled oilcloth, also of rusty black, imperfectly concealed the outlines of a long box.

Elizabeth threw up her hands with a smothered scream. "It's an awful bad sign!" she muttered. Then the more urgent fear conquered. "Mr. Dundor!" she called; "fer pity's sake do stop a minit!"

The driver of the wagon drew up at once. "Is that you, Mis' Winch? I declare I scarcely knew you! I was just on my way to —"

"Don't wait a minit!" cried Elizabeth wildly. "He'll kill the child ef somebody don't stop him! Fer the land's sake hurry! I'll hold the horse!"

The undertaker scanned the flushed face of the woman in obvious perplexity.

"It's 'Manuel! He's done somethin'—I don't know what—an' 'Rastus got mad at him. He's got him in the barn now a-lickin' him! He's turrible ha'sh, 'Rastus is. Go an' knock on the barn door, do—I beg of ye! Tell him you called to see him 'bout somethin'!"

"Why—ee, Mis' Winch, I'd like to 'bleege you, I would really, but I can't say 'at I feel called upon to—ah—interfere in a case of discipline. Who 'd I understan' you to say was gettin' c'rrected?"

"Oh, Mr. Dundor, it's 'Manuel; an' he's only six years old. You know 'Rastus, how turrible ha'sh he's allers been! Don't wait another minit! Please get out! I—I'll do most anythin' fer you, ef you only will!"

"'Manuel?" repeated Mr. Dundor with exasperating deliberation. "Why didn't I hear you'd named that there child found in your—"

"Yes, that's him! Won't you go? God bless ye, Liph Dundor!"

Mr. Dundor climbed stiffly down over the wheel, his face curiously mottled as if from the stirring of some strenuous inward motive. "The mare 'll stan' all right," he said, turning to the woman. "I guess if I was you I'd make myself scurce. 'T won't do to let him mistrust what we're up to." He made his way through the tangle of blossoming May-weed, which bordered the road, the pungent odor bringing an unaccustomed tear to his eyes. "Seein' it's *her* young one, I'll do it," he muttered. "It 'll kind of square accounts along of that casket." He bent his head to listen, then brought down his whip-handle in a smart rat-tat on the closed door of the barn. A wailing sob from within caused him to repeat the operation with urgent emphasis.

This time the door flew wide, and Winch stood on the threshold, a threateningly belligerent look on his big-featured face. "Wha'd'yer want?" he demanded.

"Why, old-hemlock, neighbor! but I'm mighty glad to find ye so easy!" began Mr. Dundor, with a free and exuberant friendliness of manner. "I was just on my way over to Jabez Turnerses with a fust-class casket for ol' Mis' Turner, I dunno as you've heard 'at—"

"I don't see as that 's any of my biz," growled Winch, laying hold on the door, with the manifest intention of closing it in his visitor's face. "I ain't got no time to fool away gassin'."

"Hold on a minit, neighbor—not so fast!" cried Mr. Dundor, with infinite tact. "That's just what it is—a little matter of business this time; it 'll fetch you in mebbe—half a dollar. That's worth a word or two—eh?"

Winch cast a frowning glance over his shoulder, then he stepped out and set his back against the closed door. "Wall!" he ejaculated with a tentative relaxation of his grim mouth.

"As I was remarkin';" observed Mr. Dundor, resuming something of the solemnity incident to his profession, "I'm on my way to Turnerses with a fust-class, a-number-one casket for ol' Mis' Turner, 'at passed away yisteday to a better lan' in an apoplectic fit; I dunno as you've heard the sad intelligence?"

"I ain't heerd it," said the other doggedly, "an' what's more I don't keer now 't I hev herd. Them Turners was always a meechin' lot. I ain't never took no stock in any of 'em."

"They are a weak set and that's a fac'," acquiesced Mr. Dundor pleasantly. "They ain't none of 'em long for this vale of tears, I reckon. That's why I stopped here. I got started with the casket, an' thinks s' I, when I git there, like enough there won't be a soul 'bout the place able to help me in with it. I want you should get onto the wagon with me an' ride out. If half a dollar 'll be any injucement, why—"

"Make it a dollar an' I'll go with ye," said Winch. "You c'n put it int' the gen'ral expenses," he added with a wink. "I'll never be able to hev a fun'ral to my place; I ain't rich 'nough."

The two men were walking slowly toward the wagon, when Winch caught sight of the anxious face of Elizabeth. "Confound it all!" he muttered. "I'd like to hev forgot what I was doin'. I'll hev to hev a word with my wife afore I go."

He thrust his shaggy head into the open window. "I seen yer—a-peekin'," he growled. "Say, Mis' Winch, I'm goin' out fur a spell, you leave that boy alone whilst I'm gone, d' ye hear? Don't you go nigh him."

"Why, where you goin' 'Rastus?" asked Elizabeth, with well feigned surprise. "Ain't that Liph Dundor? I was jist a-lookin' to see who 't was."

"Give me my coat thar an' shet yer gab," responded Winch agreeably. "An' say! If I ain't home by four o'clock, you c'n hev him drive up the cows; you c'n milk."

Elizabeth stood in the kitcheen door watching the departure of the black wagon drawn by the white horse; the mournful creak and rattle of the slow-revolving wheels floated back to her on the hot breeze. "My!" she murmured, shaking her head with a deep sigh; "it was an awful bad sign—a-meetin' that coffin plumb in the middle of the road! I'm most afraid to go out there an' look!"

TO BE CONTINUED

A Great Christmas Dinner

The Salvation Army is planning another mammoth Christmas Dinner for the Poor at Madison Square Garden. On the morning of December 25, 17,000 dinners will be distributed in baskets to poor families, each basket containing sufficient provisions for five persons. At six P.M. 3,000 dinners will be served on the main floor of the Garden, to be followed by a grand musical entertainment.

On New Year's Day there will be a fine Christmas tree celebration for children, when gifts of toys, clothing and other useful articles will be distributed among needy little ones. Thousands of unfortunates, old and young, will be made happy on this, as on preceding Christmas holidays, through the Army's generosity and devotion and the contributions of the public, which each year have given practical encouragement to Consul and Commander Booth-Tucker in this good work.

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I have been using Postum steadily for about eighteen months and have entirely recovered from dyspepsia, and all my old aches and ails. My eyes are so well now that I can see the gun sights as good as any body, but two years ago I never could hunt because of my eyes. I know it is the quitting of coffee and using Postum that has benefited me. Nobody could have dyspepsia any worse than I had. All my neighbors thought I was going to die, but I am all right now. I have to send thirty-five miles to the city of Trinidad for my Postum but it is worth while." Wm. Green, Burwing, Colorado.

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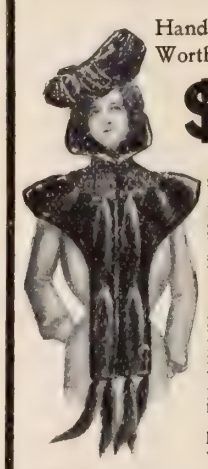

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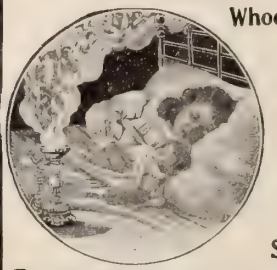

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NUMBERING THE DAYS*

..PAST EXPERIENCE A GUIDE AND A WARNING FOR FUTURE SERVICE

VERY suggestive is the petition of the Psalmist and the object he desires to attain by it: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." The prayer seems to have a forward as well as a backward look. We cannot number the days that are before us, but as we number the days that are past, we may learn a lesson for the days ahead be they few or many. Much of the value of the exercise depends on the method of the numbering. The boy numbers them gladly and eagerly, for every day added to the roll brings him nearer manhood, when he will be his own master and may do great things. In mid-life the numbering is not quite so pleasant a process. Time will not stand still even for those who would wish it to do so and every day brings old age nearer. Further on in life the numbering is apt to be attended by sadness. Even those for whom death has no terrors, who, weary of life and longing for the better land, number their days, cannot do so without regret. Looking back, the memory recalls days that have been wasted, days on which some duty might have been performed that was never done. Some, alas, have to number days that they would gladly blot from the record if they could, days given up to sin. But not in these ways does the Psalmist desire to number his days. His is a practical object. He would so number them that he might apply his heart unto wisdom.

At the close of the year, the mind turns instinctively to this flight of time. For good or ill, another year has passed and cannot be recalled. What has it brought? What record does it take away? In numbering its days, how many must be marked as wasted? The record for the majority of us is humiliating. So many good resolutions broken; so many opportunities gone by forever unimproved; so many things done which should not have been done. Conscience brings up the sad record and confronts us with it. But we shall miss the benefit of the consideration, if sorrow and regret are the only results. Unavailing remorse is the most wasteful of all emotions. It benumbs the faculties and paralyzes all effort. We have sadly to note that so much of life is gone without the good that we hoped for and then we must turn to the future with new resolve. There is so much less before us, but that little should be used with more intense earnestness. We need to number our days so as to learn the causes of our failures, so that we may avoid them in the future. The future days are more precious, because there are not so many of them as there were, and we cannot tell how few there may be. To know how and why we failed, or stumbled, is to have knowledge like a light on our way. We cannot afford to waste our days now, and we must take the light of past experience to keep us in the straight path. Not in idle regrets but with stern resolve enlightened by past failure and past success, should we number our days.

The Psalmist's resolve was to apply his heart unto wisdom, or as the Revised Version has it, that he might get a heart of wisdom. That is the attitude of the Bible throughout. The good man is the wise man because he puts himself in line with God's will. If any good is to come of the days that are left it must be in living and working in harmony with that will. How then can we find out what his will is? Only by doing such portions of it as we do understand. It is astonishing how one duty performed sheds light on the next. He that sets himself to do God's will, as far as he knows it, learns more of that will from day to day. He gains also the power to do it. God himself increaseth strength when the will is attuned to his will. He desires our purity and development, and when he sees his child striving in the same direction he adds the force of omnipotence to his puny efforts. Therefore, while we number our days, let us go forward with courage and trusting hearts. There must have been days in the past that told us of God's helping hand. Let us not forget those, and, trusting in his promise and in his power, go forward to redeem the time.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Dec. 29. Psalm 90

Barbarism in Morocco

A Country on the Borders of Civilization, yet Given over to Cruelty and Oppression

IN a recent issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a correspondent's views of life in Tangier, the capital city of Morocco. A writer in the New York *Sun* adds to the picture by describing the lights and shadows of social and domestic life in Morocco in a manner which proves that country to be still very far removed from civilization. He writes:

The young man who is now on the throne of Morocco is said by Europeans in that country to desire to correct the great abuses from which his people suffer. He has, for example, issued edicts providing for prison reform in all the large towns. All travelers say that the prisons of Morocco are nothing more than damp, fetid dungeons, horribly dirty and unsanitary, in which prisoners are weighed down with chains, scantily fed and nearly naked. These prisons are the most abominable feature of that degraded country.

Another reform which the Sultan wishes to carry out is a better system of taxation. He says the extortions practised upon the people by the Governors of provinces who collect taxes must cease. Of course, any attempt to put an end to the squeezing of the people, by which the Governors and their deputies have waxed wealthy, will make the Sultan unpopular among the official class.

The number of methods of torture used to extort money is practically unlimited. One of the favorite forms is that called the wooden jellabeer (shirt). This is a sort of wooden box large enough to receive the victim in a sitting posture. On the inside it is studded with sharp nails. Prisoners have been kept in this appliance for months at a time, until at length released by death. They have been killed in this terrible way because their friends have failed to make up the sum of money demanded of them. Another form of torture is an iron collar, by which the victim is chained to a wall at such a height as to oblige him to stand on tiptoe to avoid strangulation. The cutting off of a hand as punishment for theft, the loss of an eye in return for the malicious destruction of an eye, the amputation of a limb for a limb and the punishment of libel by rubbing the lips of the offender with capsicum pods are matters of daily practice in Morocco, and illustrate the regime under which the Moors live almost within sight of Europe. All this cruelty, as practised according to the law of the land, has produced in the Moors an indifference to life more callous than that shown by most Orientals.

The grandfather of the present Sultan was Sidi Mohammed Abdurrahman, who died in 1873. One of the closing acts of his life may be taken as typical of the benevolence of his rule. Queen Victoria had sent him as a gift a small steam launch, which he placed in a large marble tank that was one of the chief ornaments of the beautiful gardens around his palace in the city of Morocco. One day the Sultan, with two or three of his wives, was on board this boat when it suddenly capsized. A soldier on duty in the gardens, out of view, heard the screams of the women and, rushing up, leaped into the water and saved the life of the Sultan's favorite, his Highness himself having meanwhile scrambled ashore. An hour later the gallant soldier was summoned to the august presence.

"You rescued my wife," said the Sultan. The soldier beamed with loyalty and bowed.

"Did you see her?" said the Sultan.

The soldier, off his guard, replied, "I saw her."

The Sultan beckoned to an officer, murmured the simple words, "His head," and fell back among his cushions. This was the reward given for a gallant act in 1873.

The present Sultan, Mulai-Abd-el-Aziz, is about 20 years old, and seems to be the best-hearted and most respectable representative of the long line of Sultans. If he can do even a little to improve the condition of his country, his name will be in better odor than that of any of his predecessors, who have been noted chiefly for cruelty and avarice.

International Prophetic Conference

An important conference convened in Boston, Mass., on Dec. 10, the sessions of which continued until Dec. 15. It was appropriately held in the Clarendon Street Church, which was hallowed by the ministry of the late Dr. Gordon, whose interest in the interpretation of prophecy continued undiminished to the end of his useful life. Like the famous conference of 1878, it was conducted by believers in the Pre-millennial advent of our Lord. Distinguished scholars from Canada and England attended, and compared notes with American divines. We hope to publish an extended account of it soon.

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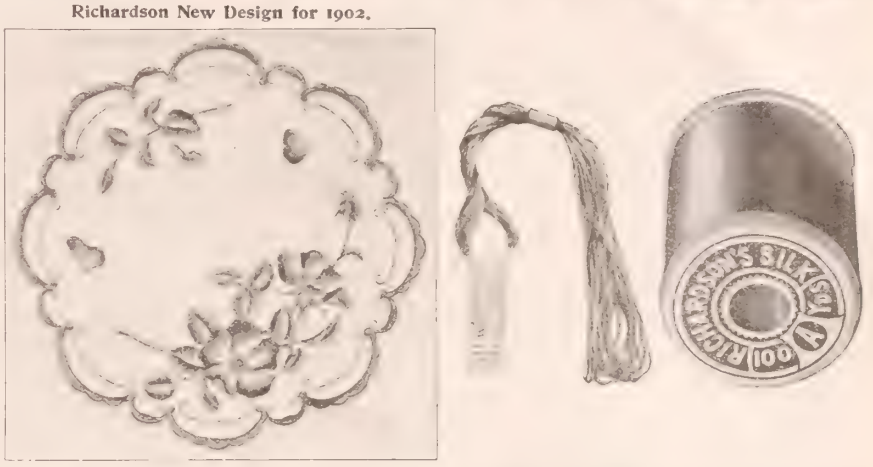

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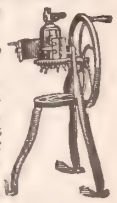

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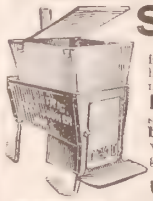

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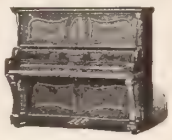

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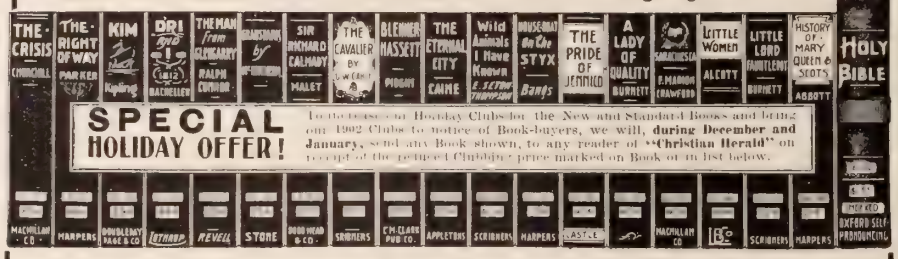

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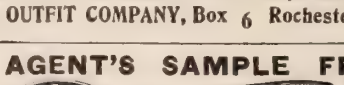

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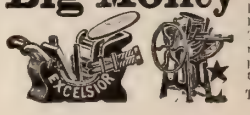

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T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1901 Vol. 24—No. 52. $1.50 a Year

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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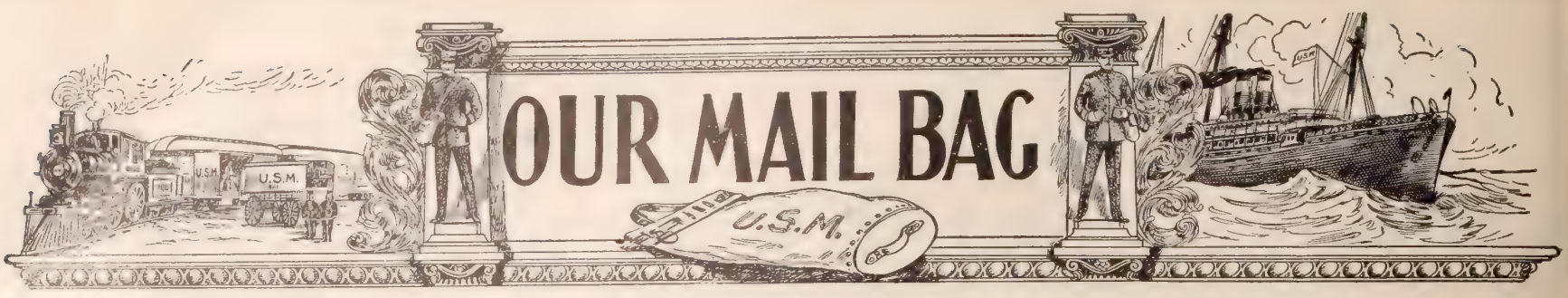
"The bells make sweet music, the bright angels sing:
For the Manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!"



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

I. These questions are printed **Four weeks in advance** so as to afford all our readers an opportunity to answer them.

II. For answers to the questions which appear below, when accepted, we will allow compensation for the matter used at the rate of **One Dollar** a hundred words. Answers should so far as possible be limited to one hundred words.

III. Answers must be received at this office **three weeks in advance** of the date in which they are intended to appear.

IV. The editor reserves the right to condense accepted answers when necessary, and compensation will be based on the matter as printed.

V. Do not write inquiring if your material has been accepted. If it appears on this page, you will know that it has been accepted.

VI. We cannot return any MSS. sent to the Editor of THE MAIL-BAG—not even if stamps accompany them.

VII. Write only on one side of the sheet, and never send on the same sheet anything intended for any other department of the paper. Correspondents answering more than one question should append their name and address to each answer.

VIII. Address all communications intended for this department, **Editor The Mail-Bag, The Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.**

Readers are invited to forward new questions which they believe would be suitable for discussion in this department.

These Questions will be Answered Jan. 22

1. Name the seven passages in the Bible in which the door stands as an emblem of different truths.

2. What event does the Jewish festival of Chanucka commemorate?

3. If a young man of energy, and a middle-aged man of experience were candidates for the pulpit of a church, which of the two would it be better to invite?

4. Which, on the whole, is the greater, the influence of the father or the mother upon the children?

5. Is food (puddings, pies, fruit cake, etc.) which has wine or any alcoholic liquor put in before cooking, liable, or has it ever been known to arouse in a person a love for strong drink? Would a person who had taken a cure for drink be liable to have the appetite again aroused by eating such things, or is the alcoholic principle destroyed by cooking?

Questions of the Week

1. Who are the "unnamed persons" of the Bible and where are their names to be found?

Among the unnamed persons in the Bible, so far as any clue to their identity can be found from legendary or traditionary sources, were these: Jannes and Jambres, the magicians who withstood Moses in Pharaoh's court; Veronica, the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment; Ben Ezra, the son of Marianne (sister of Philip the disciple), the lad who held the basket of loaves and fishes; Longinus, the soldier who pierced the Saviour's side, and Dismas and Gestas, the crucified thieves (to the former of whom the promise of Paradise was given). Nearly all of these names are to be found in the apocryphal, "Gospel of Nicodemus."

J. CORCORAN.

2. Is it warmer at any time north of the equator than south of it, and if so what is the cause?

Many Northerners have an erroneous idea concerning the temperature of the southern hemisphere, for not only is it frequently much warmer in the northern than in the southern hemisphere, but the average temperature of the former is also greater. Any isothermal map will show that the thermal equator lies almost wholly north of the geographical equator, while it is also proven by the fact that the ice sheet about the South Pole is much thicker and more extensive than that about the North Pole, so that the nearest approach to the former is more than twice the two hundred and fifty miles which separate us from the latter. The chief reason for this difference in temperature is that over three-fourths of the land lies north of the equator. The seas are the great areas of evaporation, and the continents of rainfall. This difference in the distribution of land and water also gives the greater extremes of temperature north of the equator, for the land both takes up and gives off heat much more rapidly than the water. The inclination of the earth's axis and the elliptical form of the earth's orbit cause a more rapid movement of the earth in our fall and winter as the earth approaches the sun. Hence these two seasons are shortened, while spring and summer are lengthened in the northern, while the reverse is true for the southern hemisphere.

PHILIP F. SCHNEIDER.

* * *

Owing to the earth's inclination to the plane of its annual path, its northern hemisphere in summer receives the sun's rays at an angle more nearly perpendicular than that at which they strike the southern hemisphere, while in winter the contrary is true. The greater land area of the northern hemisphere, however, makes its average temperature somewhat higher in the summer months, and, indeed, for the whole year, than that of the southern hemisphere, a given amount of heat increasing the temperature of land much more than that of water. The average in the northern hemisphere for July, its hottest month, is 72.50, while that of the southern hemisphere for January, its hottest month, is only 63 50. By taking the average of the temperatures at various points along individual parallels, it is found that the highest is 80.80, that of the 10th parallel north of the equator. This parallel is therefore the thermal equator, which fact shows, as stated, that the northern hemisphere is warmer, year in and out, on the average, than the southern hemisphere.

E. D. TAYLOR.

Answers have also been received from R. Hull, Maria Workman, F. L. Sawyer, C. P. A., Nellie M. Cummings, Katie A. Farnsworth, L. T. Rightsell, A. D. Meares, Wm. W. Case, A. H., George G. Smyth, Isaac G. Michael, Lettie R. Mann.

3. How did the term "Blue Book," applied to certain Government publications, originate, and what colors do various countries employ in issuing their "Blue Books"?

The practice originated in the English House of Commons, in the year 1681, when disputes ran high on the question of excluding the Duke of York from the succession to the throne. It was stated that false accounts of the transactions were circulated, and as a remedy, Sir John Hotham moved that the votes and proceedings of the House be printed. The motion, after discussion, was carried, and the book was printed and bound in blue vellum. The documents printed by the House of Commons accumulated gradually in bulk and variety until they reached their present extent. Some departments of the British House of Commons, however, now issue their proceedings in drab, and some in white covers. The official books of most countries are designated by the color of their covers. The principal are: France, yellow; Germany and Portugal, white; Italy, green; and Spain, red.

F. L. SAWYER.

Answers have also been received from P. F. Schneider, R. Hull, G. E. Krauth, Mrs. M. A. Hoyt and B. A. Hodges.

4. What is the best method of curing a child of a stubborn disposition?

A stubborn disposition, or unreasonable self-will in a child is a serious defect, and as it is a constitutional trait, cannot be quickly cured, nor will it yield readily to heroic treatment. Severe and harsh measures, far from being a remedy only aggravate the child and intensify the evil nature. The first requisite is a sympathetic and loving disposition and attitude towards the boy; second, impress and convince him of your genuine affection and intense interest in his best welfare; third, do not restrict his conduct unnecessarily, but with utmost candor and sincerity insist upon his plain duty and allow no violation of the rule of right; fourth, by example, judicious precept, conscientious decision, consistent Christian character, teach him how to live; fifth, guard well his life from evil associations, and by punishment only as a last resort (and then in a spirit of sorrow), family devotion, and daily intercession at the throne of heaven for him and yourself in training him, he ought to yield to the effective influences of the grace of God and faithful parenthood in a regenerated life and character.

WALTER W. HUBBARD.

* *

The task is a difficult one, something like the almost hopeless task of curing a balky horse. But there is hope with the child, because he has faculties which may be influenced. Care should be taken to avoid irritating the child by too frequent reproof. If the child learns that he cannot come into his mother's presence without being scolded for dirty hands, soiled clothes, muddy shoes, etc., he gets used to scolding, avoids it by keeping out of his mother's way and becomes sullen, and from that to stubbornness is an easy stage. Care should be taken also to avoid an issue of will. The mother says to the child, "Put that chair in its place." The boy does not obey. The mother feels she is set at defiance, and that she must be obeyed. She gets angry and says, "I will make you do it." Perhaps she succeeds by sheer force, but the boy knows that in a few years he will be too big to be overcome in that way, and his stubborn disposition remains and increases. It is better for the mother in such a case, to warn him that disobedience will entail punishment, than to compel an unwilling obedience. But the punishment should not be whipping, but the deprivation of some indulgence of food or play, of which the child is fond. He will thus learn what his stubbornness costs him, and soon arrives at the conclusion that he hurts himself by indulging it. It is important in a cure of that kind that the threatened punishment be rigorously enforced. A stubborn child is rarely, if ever, cured by physical force, or physical punishment, but by tact and affectionate warning.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

5. If a man, who is engaged in a business that is injurious to the public, is converted late in life, should he continue to retain the fortune he made in it, or is he bound to beggar himself by relinquishing all that he possesses?

The law of restitution is taught in both the Old and New Testaments, and when a person is truly converted, he will wish to right every wrong he has committed, as far as possible. If it is impossible to restore to every individual that which has been fraudulently taken from him, the money should be given to the class of individuals he has wronged. For instance, if the fortune has been made in the liquor business, it should be given to the families of his customers, or to aid the temperance cause in some way. If he does this, he can claim God's promises of daily bread. I do not see how a true follower of Jesus can keep for his own use, "blood money."

HILIE WALLACE.

* * *

In the case supposed, action would have to be governed by the man's own sense of duty. If he has defrauded individuals, he ought to recoup them for the loss they have sustained. If he has no opportunity of doing this, he might devote a large part of his means to certain benevolent schemes, and thus, in a general way, repair so far as he may the evil he has wrought. Yet, in the exercise of moderation and common sense, he need not beggar himself, but retain the means of living. We must not lay too much stress even on good works. Repentance toward God and toward men is the main thing; when that is sincere, all possible and reasonable reparation will be made; and neither God nor man will require more.

JOSEPH HAMILTON.

What they Think of the Art Portfolio

MIRANDA H. EAMES, Waltham, Mass., writes:

"I knew that you never fail in a single promise made to your patrons, yet I could not imagine all that these pictures were to be and all that they are. Lovely selections! Every one a treasure! THE CHRISTIAN HERALD becomes more and more interesting, if that were possible.

"Now pardon me if I tell you that, in the time from youth until seventy-seven years of age, I have taken many papers and come in contact with many firms; but for probity, methods of exactness and consideration toward patrons, I never saw your equals. You always keep promises. May God bless you and yours."

* * *

MR. J. H. DAVIS, Wayne, Pa., writes:

"A few days since, I invested four dollars with you, and for that amount I have received the following means of enjoyment for the coming year:

"1. An annual renewal of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which I have subscribed to with ever-increasing pleasure for many years.

"2. An Art Portfolio of twelve beautiful and helpful pictures, which I have mounted, and will pass on to others for their health and happiness.

"3. A superb copy of the Red Letter Bible, of which I am very proud, and which, in my judgment, is intrinsically worth the entire amount sent you.

"4. Annual subscriptions to two popular and stimulating Monthly Magazines, which will interest and instruct the several members of my household both young and old. And all for four dollars! The anticipated pleasure has already counterbalanced the expenditure. I am glad you are constantly seizing these and other opportunities for distributing health and happiness as the years go by. When the Master calls, you will surely carry home a very large and a very warm heart."

Have You Renewed Your Subscription?

Miscellaneous Questions

E. H., Calistoga, Calif. Does the Bible give exclusive proof of the age of the world (6,000 years), and must we ignore geological facts?

The Bible chronology (found on the margin of the Book) is not an integral portion of the Bible itself, but represents the computations of Archbishop Ussher (1580–1656).

W. H. G., Claremore, I. T. Is it right for Christian papers to advertise patent medicines?

As our readers know, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD decided, a year ago, to exclude all medical advertisements from its columns, patent medicines included. This is probably a sufficient answer to the above query. We believe, however, that there are some useful and even valuable medicines advertised, but the difficulty of discriminating makes it advisable to exclude all.

Frank A. H., Amherst, N. S. You speak very plainly about dancing, cannot you speak as plainly about card-playing? It is the chief amusement, almost the only one, now indulged in at social gatherings in our town, as much by church members as any.

We have repeatedly discussed card-playing in THE MAIL-BAG. It is in the least harmful sense, a waste of precious time. It leads to gambling, and even if it does not harm the player himself, it may, by his example, lead others to ruin. Cards are the chosen implements of sharpers and gamblers, and should be shunned by those who profess Christian principles.

M. E. A., White Plains, N. Y. Better advertise them for sale.

M. C. R., Phoneton, O. The question was answered in a recent issue.

E. A. M., Saybrook, O. See the article on the planetary conjunction in a recent issue.

D. B. R., Sumneytown, Pa. Any good work on physics will give the information you want.

Geo. E. S., Yoakum, Tex. No facts are given from which one may accurately judge of the dimensions of Jericho.

J. C., Edgewater, N. J. For information concerning the King's Daughters, write to Mrs. Dickinson, 156 Fifth ave., New York.

Mrs. J. A. T., Kelley, Ia. No, you are not obliged morally or in any other way to feed those who will not work, but who prefer an idle and aimless life to one of industry and usefulness.

M. B. D., Patterson, N. Y. 1. The devices you mention are employed by so-called astrologists and seers and are in disrepute. Better leave them alone. 2. No, the earliest Christian Gentile church was that formed at Antioch.

Reader. A wife has her legal remedy if a husband drinks so as to render home life miserable and wastes his income. She can enjoin saloonkeepers and others from selling liquor to him. It is assuredly "her business" to take all needful measures to guard the integrity and happiness of the home if he fails to do it.

R. H., Pennsylvania. 1. A lie, or anything "that maketh a lie," is condemned as sin. Thus, an untruth, whether uttered deliberately or in a passion, for gain, for malice, or for no particular purpose, is still a lie, although it may differ in degree from other lies, as being more or less wicked. 2. The right spirit of giving cannot be taught by stimulating generosity by prizes.

Mrs. S. E. H., Innis, La. You must consult your own conscience in the matter. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has frequently stated its position on the subject of dancing, declaring that the ball-room has been the door to ruin for multitudes of young people. The chief danger lies in the facility it affords for promiscuous acquaintance, at an age which is peculiarly susceptible.

Framing the Art Gems

Mrs. C. S. J., Hudson, Mass., writes: "Please accept my thanks. The pictures are fine. Four of them are already framed and are ornaments to our rooms. Your paper is a constant source of pleasure and profit."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1901

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

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PATAGONIAN WOMAN AND CHILD

THE SOUTHERNMOST TOWN IN THE WORLD

MISSIONARY OLSSON TELLS OF HIS LONG JOURNEY TO THE PATAGONIAN COAST

A NATIVE HUNTER

SINCE my last letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, I have made a long, long journey, and have now reached Punta Arenas, in the *Estrecho Magallanes*, as the natives call the Straits of Magellan. The town is about 1,400 miles distant from Buenos Ayres. I have spent forty-four days on board the Argentine transport *Chaco*, and during her voyage we called at the following places on the coast of Patagonia—Madryn, Chubut, Pyramides, Rawson, Camaron, Prada Tilly, Cabo Praso, Sea Bear Bay, Santa Cruz, Rio Gallegos, and lastly, Punta Arenas, Chili.

This has been a hard journey; a part of its trials have been due to cold winds in the Arctic south; others belong to that class which are inseparable from life on board a native vessel. I rejoice to have been permitted to bring the Bible—God's "best missionary"—to the coast of Patagonia; I believe it is the first time God's free Word has been brought hither. Bibles printed by the American Bible Society, in the Bible House, New York, have now been circulated all along this coast; they have been carried, too, by travelers many hundreds of miles inland right up to the *Cordilleras de los Andes* (ranges of the Andes). Since we left Buenos Ayres, I have been able by God's help to sell about three boxes of the Holy Scriptures, printed in several languages; the larger number naturally being in Spanish, the tongue chiefly spoken in South America. I hope to dispose of the precious contents of another three boxes which I carry with me, before going North again. How many months I shall be away from home I cannot tell yet. I am glad to think of our mission at Adroque, Buenos Ayres, as conducted by several faithful friends during my absence, and I am thankful, too, for faith's assurance that God's blessing is resting on the work there.

When our steamer, *Chaco*, left Buenos Ayres on August 31, 1901, we had about 400 people on board, including passengers, sailors, soldiers, and twenty-five prisoners, bound for Tierra del Fuego. Desperate characters were among this crew; I had some horrible thiefs and murderers for traveling companions. In truth, mine was a strange congregation of all sorts of conditions of men, at least twelve nationalities finding representation; there was the Chaco Indian, the Gaucho, of Patagonia, and types innumerable besides. To all I have presented the "Oracles of God." The Bibles excited much interest and some excitement. The blessed Word stirred many hearts and set people to thinking. Many people became eager to listen to me; and through the message that I had to bring, I became the best known man on board, sought alike by the commander and the cabin-boy. I fully believe that most of the people on board had never seen a copy of the Bible, nor heard the Gospel proclaimed in all their lives before. At one meeting, the men who gathered around me looked more like demons than human beings, while I was preaching to them the wonderful story of salvation through Christ, our Lord. Many seem to be deeply interested, while others mocked; but I was able by grace divine to master the situation, although a difficult one; standing as I did quite alone among this terrible audience as a witness for the Master. Almost every one on board took me for an American for a while, because I was selling American Bibles. Strange what a great part your young country is playing in giving the Gospel to the world! There were some anarchists on board, and the news of your noble President's death was received in different ways. To these disaffected ones, however, I was able to show that the only remedy for all evil is the blessed Gospel of Christ, which is "the power of God unto salvation to all who believe the message."

After a while I noticed that everywhere on board the men were reading the Scriptures, and many came to thank me for *El Libro Precioso* (the precious Book). One man said to me: "I like to read your book so much that I would not sell it for any price; when I feel sad, I read the book; and soon after reading it, I feel happy." An Englishman, at Sea Bear Bay, who spent seventeen years on the coast of Patagonia, said: "You are the first missionary I ever met during my long years in Patagonia." To him and his son, I gave the Word of Life.

This morning, as I write, I can see the snow on the hill above Punta Arenas. This town is said to be the southernmost city in the world. Its history and development make an interesting story. It began its existence as a penal colony in 1851; in spite of convict mutinies and the doubtful character of the settlers, it began to flourish. English farmers from Falkland discovered that pasturage could be found along the coast here, for raising sheep, swine and cattle, so there are some fine ranches in the vicinity. In 1860, the coal mines attracted attention; in 1868, the gold washings of the rivers. The place has now about 4,000 inhabitants, and is the coaling-station for many vessels.

To-morrow, we sail for Tierra del Fuego. To-day, the Pacific steamer, *Siguaria*, on her way from the West coast to Liverpool, calls here for mail and passengers. So, time does not permit me to say more about my experiences here; but I hope to write another and longer letter from the ends of the earth—Tierra del Fuego—which I hope will interest the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Ten years ago I started to visit Patagonia overland, but as there was no route open at that time, I only got as far as "Rio Negro," and from thence I crossed the mighty pampas and Andes over to Chile, a long and painful journey, carrying my Bibles with me on horseback, a distance of over 1,000 miles, in forty-seven days traveling. My great journey from Buenos Ayres to the Amazon River completed later, lasted 140 days, during which I was without news from home. The Lord has kept me from all harm through many dangers and trying adventures. "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in weariness and painfulness," he has been with me.

I send some photographs, which show some of the types of people in wonderful Patagonia who have received the Word of God at my hands. Any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who may care to aid me in this blessed work of carrying the free Gospel to those who have never had it before, can send contributions for this purpose to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, through which due acknowledgment will be made.

EMILIO OLSSON

A PATAGONIAN HORSEWOMAN

A GROUP OF PATAGONIAN INDIANS

A CHILIAN COWBOY

PUNTA ARENAS, CHILI—SOUTHERNMOST CITY OF THE WORLD

☆ A ☆ NIGHT ☆ IN ☆ BETHLEHEM ☆

A Christmas Sermon

TEXT—Luke 2: 16:

"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe Lying in a Manger"

... By ...
REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

THE CITY OF BETHLEHEM, AS IT APPEARS AT THE PRESENT TIME

THE black window-shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing, stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshiped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tintoretto and Ghirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the Magi. Correggio needed to do no more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly-built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog, in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable,

Surrounded by Brutes

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, look out, how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the cow's moan.

Behold, also, in this Bible scene, how, on that Christmas night, God honored childhood. Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair; and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces.

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a sceptre, a kingdom, under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and he can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household, he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap, gazing into the face of the mother.

God Honors Children

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves, in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples, to teach the lesson of humility. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation, in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg; and this, reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day the child is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies, and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child!

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Balthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus

Bowing at the Manger?

Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like James Y. Simpson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospels, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks, let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till, at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes, the fields were honored.

Leaders from the Fields

The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished; but we have grazing—on our United States pasture fields and prairie, about forty-two million sheep—and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text, and all those who toil in fields, all vine-dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history, God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform, and literature, and eloquence, and law, and benevolence, have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The Presidential martyrs, Garfield, and Lincoln, and McKinley, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right, the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thresher's flail, and farmer's plough, and woodman's axe, and ox's yoke, and sheaf-binder's rake, shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Consecrated Motherhood

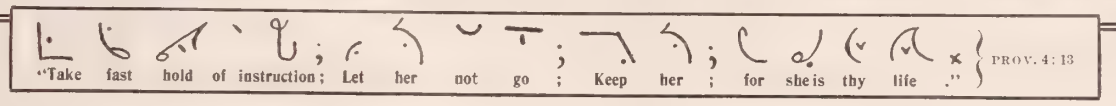
Behold, also, that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by divine arrangement, and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words, "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St. Bernard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers, arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Do you not see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a Spanish face? I never heard; but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, "that was my mother."

The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother" and the old man, in his dying dream, calls, "Mother! Mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately, with reference to the demands

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1103

"THE FATHER OF PHONOGRAPHY"

Sir Isaac Pitman and the Influence of his Invention on the World's History --- Our Phonographic Course



BEFORE presenting to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, on January 8, 1902, the first lesson of a complete course of shorthand in the Isaac Pitman system, a brief sketch of the life and work of the famous "Father of Phonography," will be read with interest.

Isaac Pitman was born on January 4, 1813, at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England. He attended the grammar school of that town, but left at the early age of twelve and became a clerk in the counting-house of a cloth manufacturer, where his father was manager. After six years' of service, he was sent to be trained in the Normal College of the British and Foreign School Society of London. He was afterward appointed master of a school of Barton-on-Humber, and subsequently established a school at Wotton-under-Edge. It was at the latter place that he first turned his attention to shorthand, and published his *Stenographic Sound Hand* in 1837. In 1842 he brought out the *Phonetic Journal*, which was edited by him for over fifty years, and in the following year established the Phonographic Institute. Besides printing his own instruction books for teaching shorthand, he issued a library of over one hundred volumes, printed entirely in shorthand.

In 1894, when he was eighty-one years of age, his life labors were officially recognized by the honor of knighthood, conferred by Queen Victoria, for the services he had rendered to the nation by the invention of phonography. Sir Isaac Pitman died January 22, 1897.

The ability to write shorthand is coming to be more and more an absolutely necessary clerical qualification for young men and women in every station of life. The very nature of the work places them in close confidential business relations with merchants, financiers, capitalists, and business people generally. In a multitude of cases, shorthand has proved the stepping-stone to very lucrative and desirable positions. A good stenographer need never want employment, as every business house employs one or more and the demand for the really capable will always exceed the supply. Charles Reade said in *The Coming Man*, "I advise all parents to have their boys and girls taught shorthand. A stenographer who can typewrite his notes would be far safer from poverty than a Greek scholar."

The Rev. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard, said, "I consider the art one of the most valuable inventions of our prolific day. It should be taught in the common schools as one of the best possible aids in obtaining a subsequent education." A report of the United States Civil Service Commission says, "The supply of male eligibles in stenography and typewriting is barely equal to the demand, and the prospects of promotion after appointment from this register are better than after appointment from the other registers. Of the thirty-nine competitors who passed, thirty-five were appointed, at salaries ranging from $50 to $100 per month." The profession of court and general reporting is a very profitable one.

THE LATE SIR ISAAC PITMAN

Pioneer of Phonography and Inventor of Pitman's System of Shorthand. From a Photograph in the possession of the family

Of all the shorthand systems, the Isaac Pitman is the best for all practical purposes, being the simplest and most natural, the most harmonious, logical and legible. This system has been chosen for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S course of shorthand lessons.

We are enabled to present to our readers (by the courtesy of Isaac Pitman & Sons, New York, with whom a special arrangement has been made to conduct these lessons), the new Twentieth Century revision of this standard system, which has never before appeared in any magazine or periodical.

Isaac Pitman's phonography was not only the first invented, but it is the latest improved. It is now written by about 94 per cent. of all the official court reporters in English-speaking countries. The Isaac Pitman system has stood the test of over sixty years of actual practice, and where rightly taught, has never been found wanting. The time and money necessary to acquire the mastery of a good shorthand system are always well spent. In the present instance, however, the extraordinary opportunity is offered to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers—and especially to the young men and women who are looking forward to an active, self-supporting career—to acquire a thorough practical knowledge of this best of all shorthand systems absolutely free of cost. The first lesson of the course will appear in our issue of January 8, 1902, and these lessons will be published twice a month throughout the year, the entire course being completed in thirty lessons.

Pitman's system is taught in the High Schools of New York City, Brooklyn, and other large American cities, and in hundreds of representative business colleges throughout the country. It is also the system taught in the Canadian schools.

The benefits of this remarkable "campaign of education" should be extended as widely as possible. There are many thousands of men and women who will welcome it with enthusiasm. Ordinarily, such a course would involve considerable outlay, but it is now open to every one for the mere cost of a subscription to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Tell your friends about it, and show them that it will be to their advantage to subscribe at once, that they may be able to take the lessons from the beginning. This course will mean—especially with those just starting out in life—the most valuable equipment they could receive for self-support. Every lesson will be clear, self-explanatory and sufficiently simple to be understood by the youngest student. Step by step, under the ablest of teachers, the learners will be taken through the most fascinating of studies until they are able to write the "Correspondence Style" used in law offices, mercantile houses and business firms generally.

Send in your subscription now, and begin with us at the very first lesson of the course.

Prophetic Students in Conference

The Recent Assembly of Expositors of Prophecy From Europe and America, in Boston, Mass.....

BY J. L. HARBOUR

REV. H. M. KING | REV. ELMORE HARRIS | DR. A. T. PIERSON | DR. A. C. DIXON | REV. W. J. ERDMAN

SPEAKERS AT THE RECENT PROPHETIC CONFERENCE IN BOSTON, MASS.

"IT would be better to call it a Bible Conference, or a Conference for the study of the Bible," said A. C. Dixon, in his address at the opening of the Prophetic Conference, held in Boston from the tenth to the fifteenth of December, in the Clarendon Street Baptist Church.

The recent Conference was entirely undenominational in character, and it called together a larger and more diversified number of speakers than any Conference yet held. It was under the direction of a committee consisting of Rev. A. C. Dixon, Rev. Emory Hunt, pastor of the Clarendon Street Church, who has recently assumed the duties of President of Denison University, one of the most important educational institutions in Granville, Ohio. Other members of the committee are the Rev. J. D. Herr and Mr. J. F. Lockwood.

Among the speakers was the Rev. Sholto Douglass, M.A., of Scotland, who came to America for the express purpose of speaking at the Conference. Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., LL.D., author of *The Silence of God*, was not able to be present in person, but he sent a most interesting paper under the title of "The Principal Aim of a Prophetic Conference," which was read by Dr. Herr, of Norwich, Connecticut.

Prof. D. S. Margoliouth, M.A., of Oxford, could not be present on account of illness, but he sent an address entitled "The Pre-eminence of the Lord's Coming in the Bible."

Another prominent Englishman, and one not a stranger in America, was the Rev. Henry Varley, who gave several addresses.

The Conference opened on the afternoon of Tuesday, December tenth, with a meeting for prayer, led by Mr. William Phillips Hall, of New York City. In the evening there was a very large audience to listen to an address of welcome by the Rev. Emory W. Hunt. The response was by the Rev. A. C. Dixon, President of the Conference.

On Wednesday afternoon the meeting was in charge of Mr. H. W. Frost, the American director of the China Inland Mission. Sir Robert Anderson's paper was read, and there was an address by Rev. Henry Varley.

In the evening, Prof. D. S. Margoliouth's paper on "The Integrity of the Scriptures" was read, and there was an address by the Rev. Sholto Douglass, in which he spoke of the prophecies relating to the second coming of Christ. Mr. Douglass believes in a literal interpretation of the prophecies and is of the opinion that these prophecies point to the premillennial advent of Christ, which he believes to be near.

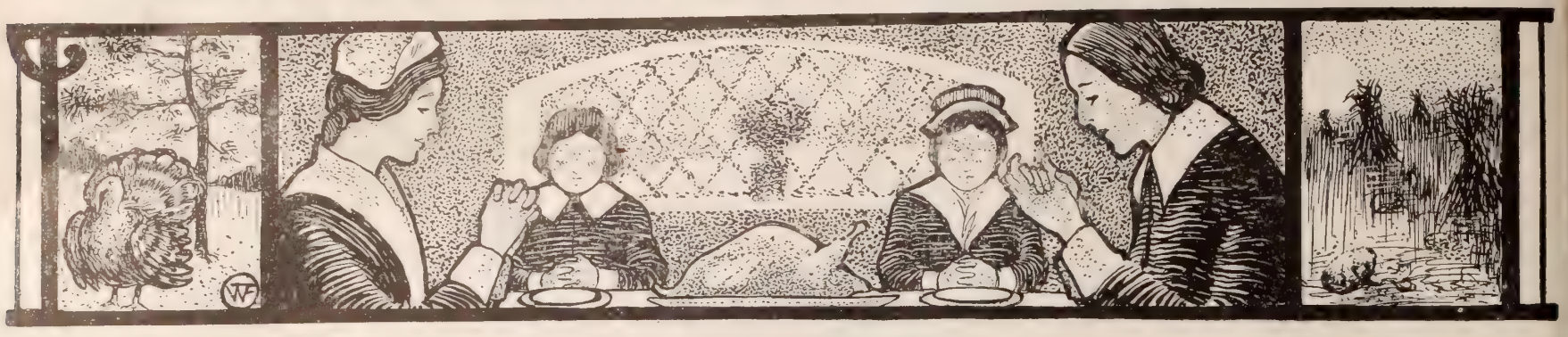
On Thursday there was an address by the Rev. James Gray, D.D., author of *Synthetic Study of the Bible*, his subject being, "The Harmony of the Old Testament Prophecies with Respect to the Coming Crisis." Following this address, Rev. I. C. Scofield gave an address, "The Signs of the Nearness of the Lord's Coming."

The evening session was very largely attended, the opening praise service being conducted by Mr. H. M. Moore, one of Boston's most consecrated laymen. Then came an address by the Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., his topic being "The Resurrections and the Judgments."

The principal address of the evening was by the Rev. Sholto Douglass, who spoke with great power on the subject of prophecy, the address being one of the most remarkable addresses of the entire Conference.

Dr. Douglass has made a life-long study of the subject of Bible prophecy, and his convictions are based on this study. He pointed out with much force the events in the history of various nations during the past decade, which might be regarded as fulfilment of prophecy, and showed how the movements of the time, in society and in government, were all tending toward the great consummation which Christ described as developing immediately before his return. We hope to publish a report of his address soon.

AUNT HETTY'S CHRISTMAS STORY



By ERNEST GILMORE

WE lived in western Kansas—almost upon the border of Colorado, she said, and I do not think you could imagine the barren wastes that our plains were for years. Ah, me! Ah, me! It is a wonder we lived through those dreary years. But there came a beautiful springtime at last, after a terrible winter of hunger and bitter cold. Mother wasn't really old as far as years went, but hard work and anxiety had worn upon her. She and father had been pioneers—had come from the East in a big emigrant wagon soon after their marriage. There were buffaloes then trampling over the ground where father built a log cabin later. Mother said it took her a long time to get accustomed to her prairie home. Poor mother! Looking backward I doubt that she ever became used to it. She said that she and the wild winds would often sing requiems together when father was off on the prairie to work and she alone—it wasn't so lonely after the first year, for then I was born. Two years later, my only brother—little Paul, was born. The other children came two years apart until there were six of us—all girls except Paul.

When I was twelve years old and Paul ten—he died. Mother was broken-hearted, so was father, I think, but they kept on with their work the same as of old. As for myself the world grew dark to me when Paul died. There was never another boy like Paul on God's earth—I'm sure of it. His eyes were the hue of God's blue sky when the sky is bluest. His hair was tinged with the glow of sunshine. He was the life of our home—the brightest star. No wonder it grew dark when that star was transplanted—went out from us to shine in heaven.

But life went on outwardly in the same old way. There was always the spring planting, but, alas! not always the harvesting. Sometimes the grasshoppers destroyed the crops, sometimes the chinch bugs, often there were other causes. Whenever there was a real harvest-home, we had a Thanksgiving and a Christmas feast. By the time I was fourteen years old, father had built us a comfortable frame-house. The log cabin was now used as a barn. We had very little furniture in the new home.

"When we get ahead a little," mother said, "we'll first buy a headstone for dear Paul's grave, and afterward we'll buy some furniture for our house." There came a beautiful springtime after a terrible winter of hunger and bitter cold, of hardships and dangers.

Oh, that beautiful springtime! I shall never forget it—never. As for mother, she seemed to grow young again, in fact she did grow young. Why shouldn't one really grow young for joy as well as grow old for sorrow? I was sixteen years old that spring. On my birthday morning, mother said smilingly, "We'll celebrate, Hetty, we'll be girls together." What a day that was! What a glorious day! We did not have a surfeit of provisions in the house, but we made the best of what there was and were grateful. After the midday dinner was out of the way, I had a delightful surprise. Mother unlocked a chest and took out something carefully folded in a towel. She told me to run along out of doors with the children—she would follow soon. Presently some one came out, I couldn't tell who at first. The one who came dancing out of the house wore a white dress, low in the neck and short-sleeved, revealing a pretty neck and arms. There were curls falling upon her shoulders. She came up to me and kissed me, first on one cheek then on the other and on my lips, after which she put her arms around me.

"We'll be girls together," she said.

"Oh, mother!" I cried out, "how pretty you are!"

"Am I?" she said; a faint rose coming into her cheeks, "I'm glad you think so. I wore this dress for the first time the day I was sixteen. It was a tight squeeze for me to get into it to-day. I'll take it off presently and give it to you to have and to hold."

Oh, the balminess of that summer day!

It was just as mother had asserted—we were "girls together."

But the corn was young then, and we were hopeful. Mother's heart was so light that there crept into her sweet eyes a wonderful radiance that reminded me of Paul.

The summer passed on—the most beautiful one I had ever known. Mother grew more jubilant day by day. The corn grew steadily without one set-back. We children played hide-and-seek among the rustling corn stalks. Mother often joined us in the game after the corn grew higher than her head.

Ah, how gently the wind blew over us! How mother enjoyed watching the beautiful corn-fields! How we all did! How the silky golden tassels danced in the balmy breeze! How good God was to give us such a promise of an abundant harvest!

But how can any one read the "next day"?

There was a sudden change which brought disaster. We awoke one morning feeling strangely weak and depressed. It was almost insufferably hot at break of day. When the sun arose it was like a blazing furnace. The wind arose with a shriek, bringing a scorching blast that nothing could withstand. It writhed and hissed like a serpent and stung as cruelly as the most venomous serpent could.

"PAUL OPENED A GREAT BASKET HE HAD BROUGHT"

The dear corn made a brave fight for life but there was no hope. Before the close of the second day—all was over. The beautiful corn-fields had vanished—left behind was one big grave—scorched and blackened. To us it was an appalling calamity.

Mother drooped like a delicate flower touched with the frost. Poor mother! Her "castles in the air" had been blown down with a breath. Her "ship" which had been coming over joy-laden had sunk at sea. Oh, it was sad, sad! Father was crushed, too, in fact he seemed to have lost all hope. He would sit for hours on the porch—his elbows on his knees with his chin resting on his clinched hands and his eyes looking far away as if he were questioning the why and wherefore of the calamity that had come to us. Mother was the first to revive. Blessed mother! She had fought her battle and won. I think she had spent a whole night on her knees first. The dreams had passed away—Paul's headstone and the new furniture. The light of victory cast its glow over mother's pale face that morning. It was just at break of day that we gathered around our breakfast table.

"I've thought it all over," said mother, with a smile that seemed heavenly, "and I feel better than I did."

"I don't see why you feel better," was father's dismal response.

"Well, you see," she continued, "it was our work to plant and hoe and water—we did our work well. We did what we could. That we gathered no harvest was not our fault. It must have been God's will."

"Hard lines for us," muttered father.

"Yes," mother admitted, "but you know, David, dear, that 'behind a frowning Providence God hides a smiling face.'"

Father looked as if he doubted the statement, but mother went on in a comforting way.

"We forgot to read our 'Book of Mercies' when the corn fell."

"There's nothing to read—it's a blank," father said despairingly.

"Oh," mother continued with a rare smile, "I find no difficulty in reading. We are all spared—not one break in six years—not since darling Paul died. How good and merciful God has been to us! We are all well. We have a comfortable house."

"Not much in it," I interrupted.

"The furniture will come—God willing," said mother; "we'll wait as patiently as we can. We have a shed full of logs and split wood enough to keep us through the coming winter no matter how bitterly cold the weather may be."

"How about clothing and provisions?" asked father, in a masterful way, "you don't find any mention of such things in your 'Book of Mercies,' do you?"

"Ah, but I do," her face glowing, "I find in my 'Book of Mercies' that thus far nakedness and hunger have never been our portion, and, as for the remainder of the way—I can and will trust my dear Father in heaven."

I shall always carry mother's picture in my heart, as she looked then. Father's lips quivered and then his face caught the glow from hers. He got up slowly from his chair, went to mother and kissed her.

"Dear heart," he said, "I've learned your lesson; henceforth I'll read the 'Book of Mercies' too."

After that, notwithstanding our great loss, our days were peaceful. The days went by, father got things, as far as possible, ready for winter. But as Christmas Day drew near, the way looked exceedingly gloomy. There was no money. Our clothing was very thin and worn. Our provisions were low. Mother, however, kept up her spirits and cheered us all.

"We haven't starved yet," she said one morning after we had eaten the last food in the house, "and we'll put 'a fence of trust around to-day.'"

"Do you expect the ravens to feed us?" father asked.

She smiled.

"In some way or other the Lord will provide," she said.

Noontime came and passed. There was no dinner—of course. The short afternoon had passed away. Little Ruth, the youngest, was crying for supper.

"We are like an omnibus," said father despairingly, "there is always room for one more; this time it is starvation. Your ravens didn't come, mother, eh?"

"Have patience," said mother sweetly and calmly; "we had something to eat this morning—there is no danger of starvation yet. God, who watches over Israel, neither slumbers nor sleeps. He has heard our prayers as the days have gone by."

She took Ruth on her lap, and rocked her until she fell asleep on her breast. Suddenly there was a sound outside that made us all leap to our feet. Had someone lost his way? Or was help coming in our extremity? The sound came nearer—surely, it was a horse's hoofs grinding the thick snow crust. We ran to the door. A horse was floundering in the snow. Father ran to the rescue.

"Helloa!" cried someone, muffled up to the ears in furs, "can you give supper and a shelter to a tired tramp?"

The horse was cared for, and the traveler brought into the fire, which—thank God—was burning brightly. Mother and I were helping our guest remove his wraps (for his

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THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

By T. DeWitt Talmage D.D.

SONGS greeted the birth of our Saviour. Angelic tongues with living fire sang the incarnation as they hovered over the hills of Judea. The music was resonant with joy. From the hour that the virgin laid her babe on pillow of straw in the manger, all Christendom has since that time made the anniversary of this Natal Day a season of gladness—a season of unbounded joy!

OLD RELIGIONS REIGNED

Wreathe the laurel, twine the bay,
Christ was born on Christmas day—

There were special seasons for these heavenly songs being sung by the celestial chorus, for there was joy in God's great heart.—joy among the first-born sons of light, joy thrilling all the heavenly empire,—joy that is yet to be put in the new song sung by redeemed millions around the throne of "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

It was the music of Liberty. When these heavenly hosts sang their *Gloria in Excelsis* the whole world was resting under galling yokes of oppression. Slavery was universal. Taskmasters were everywhere severe to those in servitude. Greece, Rome, and Palestine heard daily the groans of those in bondage. The world was in chains. But the song of the angels rang the death knell of bondage. The babe was God's emancipation. His distinctive mission was to set at liberty the captives and proclaim deliverance to the bruised and crushed sons of toil. Under the mild and genial influence of our holy Christianity, fetters fall off everywhere, until now in this morning of our new century there are few nations to be found that hold serfs. Glorious freedom! Triumphant achievement of the Cross, wherever it is lifted chains are broken and spiritual emancipation is proclaimed.

. . .

It was the music of Hope. Until Jesus appeared all the ancient religions had offered only a message of despair. No light fell upon the grave, or illumined the vast beyond. Darkness reigned in supreme, sullen majesty, and not a single star of hope gilded the future. The grave was an eternal prison. But the songs sung by the heavenly choristers on that eventful night heralded hope to a lost world. Into the soul of sinning humanity came the sweet rays of joy, and peace and blessedness, and looking down into the grave all fear had vanished, for sin, the sting of death was gone, and cancelled by a glorious Christ the Lord. They looked and beheld—

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

And this is our Christmas joy that Jesus has lifted into immortal hope the graves of all our beloved friends who sleep in him.

It was the music of Victory. When Jesus came the great mass of humanity were in serfdom and the dignity of labor was not comprehended. Toil was regarded as a degradation. Laborers were despised, and all forms of manual industry held to be a disgrace. But the Son of Mary and Joseph came to teach the world a new philosophy, and by honorable industry he proclaimed the dignity of labor, and taught that

The honest man tho' ere sae poor
Is king of men for a' that.—

Jesus counts the beads of sweat upon the brow of every son of toil. He notes all injustice done the laboring classes—and only as his spirit prevails among men will the great conflict between labor and capital cease. But that day is coming ere long—the glad Christmas of the ages—

When man to man the wide world o'er
Shall brothers be and a' that.

It was the music of complete Redemption. The value of the human soul, the infinite greatness of man as an heir to immortality had not dawned on the conception of the world before the song of the angels was sung above Judea's hills. The incarnation meant the redemption of the individual man—regenerating the heart, and elevating him to communion with God, and companionship with the angels. It links earth to heaven, and proclaims what scepticism, agnosticism, infidelity and false science never whispered, that joy and peace flowing from a full pardon of sin was possible for all men when the song of songs was sung—"To you is born in the City of David a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

"ANGELIC TONGUES SANG THE INCARNATION"

"AROUND THE CRADLE OF THE INFANT REDEEMER"

Christianity is a religion of song. Agnosticism has no gloria. Confucianism and Brahmanism have no inspiring anthems or soulful hallelujahs. Dreary, weird dirges reveal no glad hope for the present or future to heathen nations. Moral melodies are generated the instant Christ is known, for his love is the source and soul of praise. Faith in Jesus awakens gladness and creates a freeness, fulness, and depth of songfulness that the great question with a believer is "How can I keep from singing." Christian hope gives birth to a great uplift of cheerful optimism. Christ leads the world's great orchestras to-day, for every soul he has redeemed rejoices in a hope of glory. The believer's face is radiant with gladness, and his speech inevitably flows into chants, anthems and glorious melodies. Where false religions have any music it is generally found to be what one has most truthfully called "plagiarized praise."

The cruel taunt of infidelity that "the religion of Jesus is only for the mournful, defeated and disconsolate" has been disproved, for Christianity is jubilant, and has given to the world the sublimest oratorios, which are peerless in their militant spirit and hope of triumphal conquest. The literature of to-day is full of sweet lyrics, and the Christian musicians, the masters of sacred song the world over, are endeavoring to lay fresh laurels around the cradle of the infant Redeemer. Paganism is bankrupt of poetry; scepticism is songless; materialism knows nothing of soul-stirring melodies. But when Jesus was born in Bethlehem and was incarnated, he put into the heart of humanity musical vibrations that will never cease, but roll out their harmonies long after

The sun grows cold, and the stars grow old,
And the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

Ring out your songs of praise to our infant King, for his sceptre shall soon be swayed over all the world, in that promised "age of gold."

. . .

When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

A NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1100

of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fireplace, with great back log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back mother, in these Christmas times, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible as you used to: read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us, as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet.

Slow-footed years! More swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun.
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

A Wife's Most Pleasing Present

"I want to thank you very heartily for the beautiful Art Portfolio that you sent me last week. My wife thinks it is the most pleasing present that I could give her. I am more than pleased with your gift." G. E. M.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is published weekly. Subscription price, $1.50 a year, in advance.

Remittances should always be made in the safest manner available to the remitter. Register cash remittances.

Foreign Postage. For each copy to be mailed outside the U. S., Canada, and Mexico, add one dollar a year.

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Letters should be addressed, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

Entered at the Post-office, New York, as Second-class Matter

Christmas

BRIGHT Christmas morning of my soul's delight. Chime all the bells. Wreathe all the garlands. Rouse all the anthems. Shake hands in all the congratulations. Merry Christmas! Merry with the thought of sins forgiven, merry with the idea of sorrows comforted, merry with the raptures to come. Oh! lift that Christ from the manger, and lay him down in all our hearts. We may not bring to him as costly a present as the Magi brought, but we bring to his feet and to the manger to-day the frankincense of our joy, the pearls of our tears, the kiss of our love, the prostration of our worship. Down at his feet, all churches, all ages, all earth, all heaven! Down all worlds at his feet, and worship. "Glory to God, in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

. . .

What an awful subtraction from the world's brightness would have been the making of December twenty-fifth like other days of the year! Glorious day! After brightening England and Holland and Germany for centuries, it stepped across the sea, and pronounced its benediction on our shores. Why, we never get over the Christmases of our childhood! Father and mother joined in them. They forgot their rheumatisms and shortness of breath, and for a while threw off the sorrows of a lifetime, while they struggled with us as to who should first in the morning shout the "Merry Christmas!" Then, there were all the innocent mysteries as to who brought the presents, and the wonderment as to how sleighs drawn by reindeer could come down the perpendicular, and afterward, the disappointment, as some older brother or sister, with all the pride of discovery, tried to persuade us that the chimney had not been the channel of generous descent. Oh, what times they were, the Christmases of our boyhood and girlhood days! We still feel in our pulses some of the exuberance which we then unwittingly stored up for future times, when the eye might lose some of its lustre, and the foot some of its spring, and the heart some of its rebound.

. . .

How the holly and rosemary and ivy and mistletoe looked, interwoven! The Puritans may not have liked the day, and John Calvin may have pronounced it superstitious, and feared it would bring into religious observance the Saturnalia of the heathen; the decorations of ivy inappropriate, because ivy had been dedicated to Bacchus, and mistletoe inappropriate, because mistletoe had been associated with Druidical rites; but we testify that Christmas never did us any harm, and the only objection we ever expressed was that it was so long a time from Christmas to Christmas. Ecclesiastical controversy as to whether it ought to be celebrated on the sixth of January or twenty-ninth of March or twenty-ninth of September or twenty-fifth of December did not bother us then any more than it bothers us now. It always came at the right time, although a little late, and now we realize that Christmas comes opportunely, just after the shortest day of the year, December twenty-first, and at the time when days are lengthening and the sun is recommencing its upward course, telling us that spring and summer are coming. Oh, what a forest of Christmas trees—trees bearing twelve manner of fruits—now standing throughout the households of Christendom! Oh, what hosannas are ascending on this day, the Christmas of a Saviour's birth, this year blending with the Sabbath of a Saviour's resurrection!

. . .

Let the Christmas table be spread. Let it be an extension table made up of the tables of your households, and added to them the tables of celestial festivity, all together making a table long enough to reach across a hemisphere, yea long enough to reach from earth to heaven. Send out the invitations to all the guests whom we would like to have come and dine. Come, all the ransomed of earth and all the crowned of heaven. As at ancient banquets the king who was to preside came in after all the guests had taken their places at the table, so perhaps it may be now. Let the old folks who sat at each end of your Christmas table ten or twenty or forty years ago be seated, their aches and pains all gone; behold, they sit down in the exhilaration of everlasting youth!

Come, brothers and sisters who used to retire with us early on Christmas eve so that the mysteries of bestowed gifts might be kept secret, and who rose with us early on Christmas morn to see what was to be revealed. Come, all the old neighbors of our boyhood and girlhood days who used to happen in toward the close of this day to wish us a merry time. Come, all the ministers of Christ who have in pulpits for many a year been telling the story of the star that pointed to the world's first Christmas gift, and at the same time wakened Herod's apprehensions. Come and sit down, ye heralds of "the glad tidings," whether you were sprinkled or plunged, whether your thanks to-day be offered in liturgy of ages or prayers spontaneous, whether you be gowned in canonicals or wearing plain coat of backwoods meeting-house. Come in! Room at this Christmas table for all those who have bowed at the manger in whatever world you now live.

To the Aged

DO not be fretted because you have to come to spectacles. While glasses look premature on a young man's nose, they are an adornment on an octogenarian's face. Besides that, when your eyesight is poor, you miss seeing a great many unpleasant things that youngsters are obliged to look at. Do not be worried because your ear is becoming dull. In that way you escape being bored with many of the foolish things that are said. If the gates of sound keep out some of the music, they also keep out much of the discord. If the hair be getting thin, it takes less time to comb it, and then it is not all the time falling down over your eyes; or if it be getting white, I think that color is quite as respectable as any other; that is the color of the snow, and of the blossoms, and of the clouds, and of angelic habiliments.

Do not worry because the time comes on when you must go into the next world. It is only a better room, with finer pictures, brighter society, and sweeter music. Robert McCheyne, and John Knox, and Harriet Newell, and Mrs. Hemans, and John Milton, and Martin Luther will be good enough company for the most of us. The corn-shocks standing in the fields in autumn do not sigh dismally when the huskers leap over the fence, and, throwing their arms around the stack, swing it to the ground. It is only to take the golden ear from the husk.

Death to the aged Christian is only husking-time, and then the load goes in from the frost to the garner. Congratulations to those who are nearly done with the nuisances of this world. Give your staff to your little grandson to ride horse on. You are to be young again, and will not need crutches.

The Lesson of Prosperity

WE have turned a new page in our nation's career. God tried us with financial panic, tried us with war, tried us with grasshoppers, tried us with locusts, tried us with droughts, tried us with freshets, tried us with yellow fever. Now he is giving the severest test of a nation's righteousness. He is trying us with commercial, agricultural, manufacturing and literary prosperity. To the page of prosperity, what shall be the sequence? Will it be gratitude, or disruption? Will it be elevation, or degradation? Will it be more light, or more darkness? Some ascribe all the correction of our national finances to political acumen. I wonder if the Lord had anything to do with it? I wonder if something higher than anything spoken of in the political platforms wrought on our side? To God be the glory. His is the sunshine and the rain and the fertilization of a whole continent. When he smiles we prosper, and when he frowns we die.

If the rising wave of prosperity has not struck you yet, be patient—it will. First the businesses that stand nearest to the radical needs of society feel the impulse; then the next, and the next, and the next, until every pin, every needle, every hammer, every spade, every trowel, every painter's pencil, every sculptor's chisel, every hand, every foot, every brain are lifted up in the flood. But do not rush into expenditures through mere anticipated good fortune. That is the trouble. We are all tempted to spend money before we make it. Peter was so anxious to get ashore he jumped into the water and would have gone to the bottom but for Christ's rescue. If he had waited a little longer he would have reached land without getting wet. Better wait until you get ashore, than jump into expenses for which you are not ready. You may be drowned.

I hope that our coming national prosperity will last at least as long as our national distresses have lasted. For ten years there was trouble, trouble, trouble. What if we had ten years of successes; could we stand them? God only knows how much prosperity is good for us. But it is strengthening to know that he mingles the cup of life in right proportion, and that he knows what is best, and that, however we may make mistakes, he is undeviatingly right and always right. Blessed is that man who is willing in all things fully to trust him.

Ring the Bells

(See Colored Illustration on First Page)

WAKE up all the echoes of cavern and hill with Christmas bells. The days of joy have come, days of reunion, days of congratulation. "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all people."

First, let the bells ring at the birth of Jesus! Mary watching, the camels moaning, the shepherds rousing up, the angels hovering, all Bethlehem stirring. What a night! Out of its black wing is plucked the pen from which to write the brightest songs of earth and the richest doxologies of heaven. Let camel or ox in stable that night in Bethlehem, after the burden-bearing of the day, stand and look at Him who is to carry the burdens of the world. Put back the straw and hear the first cry of Him who is come to assuage the lamentations of all ages.

Christmas bells ring out the peace of nations! We want on our standards less of the lion and eagle and more of the dove. Let all the canon be dismounted, and the war-horses change their gorgeous caparisons for plough-harness. Let us have fewer bullets and more bread. Life is too precious to dash it out against the brick casemates. The first "Peace Society" was born in the clouds, and its resolution was passed unanimously by angelic voices; "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Christmas bells ring in family reunions! The rail trains crowded with children coming home. The poultry, fed as never since they were born, stand wondering at the farmer's generosity. The markets are full of massacred barnyards. The great table will be spread and crowded with two, or three or four generations. Plant the fork astride the breast-bone, and with skilful twist, that we could never learn, give to all the hungry lookers-on a specimen of holiday anatomy. The boy is fond of music, give him the drum-stick. The minister is dining with you, give him the parson's nose. May the joy reach from grandfather, who is so dreadfully old he can hardly find the way to his plate, down to the baby in the high-chair, with one smart pull of the table-cloth, upsetting the gravy into the cranberry. Send from your table a liberal portion to the table of the poor, some of the white meat as well as the dark, not confining your generosity to gizzards and scraps.

Let the whole land be full of chime and carol. Let bells, silver and brazen, take their sweetest voice, and all the towers of Christendom rain music. We wish all our friends a Merry Christmas!

The Grandest of all Bibles

CAPT. JOHN CONLINE, U.S.A., writes from Detroit, Mich.: "I am pleased beyond expression with the beautiful Red Letter Bible. It is an exquisite word picture of the most extraordinary Being that ever graced this world, with the beauty of His character, the grandeur of His principles, and the immeasurable superiority and purity of the life which He enjoined and expounded, and of which He in His person, was, and will ever remain the most brilliant example. Of course, Jesus Christ, being the Son of God, could not be otherwise than the living embodiment of truth, justice, righteousness, honor, courage, gentleness, chivalry, and all the virtues that adorn a pure and upright life. Your Bible presents the work of our Lord and Saviour with all the clearness and brilliancy of a star of the first magnitude in a clear sky at midnight."

"Each Picture a Gem"

Florence B., Philadelphia, writes: "The Portfolio is more than we expected, and we are so pleased with it. Each picture a gem. We expected something fine after what you said in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD; but this goes ahead of our expectations. Thank you so much. I am glad all the subscribers will be made happy; but don't see how you can do so much."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Prince in Palestine

RECENT letters from the Holy Land report the arrival there of an illustrious visitor. A German warship cruising in the Eastern Mediterranean, after visiting Constantinople, proceeded to Jaffa, the ancient Joppa. On board, serving as an officer, was Prince Adalbert, the third son of the Emperor William. He, with forty-nine other officers of the ship, landed, and went thence to Jerusalem. The photographs reproduced on this page, show the young Prince and his suite visiting the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of Solomon's Temple, and a later visit to the tomb of Absalom. The prince remained four days in Jerusalem. He attended a service in the German church of the Redeemer, which was formally dedicated during his father's visit recently. The party were received, by the Sultan's orders, with the utmost respect, and were conducted over the traditional scenes associated with our Lord's life and with the events of Bible history. They showed marked intelligence, indicating an acquaintance with the Bible which is not always found in young men of royal and aristocratic birth. The prince's visit, like those of other princes and potentates, who have gone to the Holy Land before him, is significant. It is an earnest of the fulfilment, which is yet to come, of the prophecy of the Seer of Patmos, who saw the New Jerusalem receiving the tributes of all the royalties of the earth.

The kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it (Rev. 21 : 24).

THE TOMB OF ABSALOM

PRINCE ADALBERT, OF GERMANY, AT THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

PRINCE ADALBERT

Worked as a Horse

During the recent storm in the western section of New York State, there was a deed of heroism performed which will not soon be forgotten by any of the persons concerned. A young Scotchman, who has been in this country since his boyhood, received some good news about two months ago. He has a wife and two children, and has found it hard work to make a living here. Sickness and misfortunes of various kinds have kept him poor, and, though he struggled with the energy and frugality characteristic of his race, he could not make much financial progress. When, therefore, in November last, he received word from relatives in Scotland that a good position in a manufactory in Aberdeen was open to him, he lost no time in disposing of his property here and setting out for New York. His wife wished to pay a farewell visit on the way to her friends at Haverstraw, so he put her and their children on a sleigh with the baggage, intending to leave the horse and sleigh at Haverstraw and make the remainder of the journey by rail. For the first few miles all went well, but then it began to snow heavily and there was a bitter, cutting wind. To make matters worse the horse fell lame, and finally fell down, breaking its leg. The man realized that they were in great danger, for there was no shelter at hand, and in such a storm his wife and children might freeze to death. His decision was soon taken. Removing the harness from the horse, he adjusted it to his own person, and going between the shafts, dragged the cutter. It was hard work, but he struggled on, and finally, after covering four miles, he reached a farm-house where he was hospitably received. If he had been asked, under other circumstances, to do the work of a horse, he would have regarded it as a degradation; but when the lives of his wife and children were at stake, he put aside his natural pride. Love is a master-passion which does not shrink from self-sacrifice. We all admire it, though few realize how much the race owes to it in the person of Christ:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant (Phil. 2 : 6).

In the Wrong Boat

A recently arrived German immigrant had a disagreeable experience in New York last week. Her friends live at a village in New Jersey, and being aware that she would be likely to be confused by the noise and bustle of New York, they gave her careful instructions how to reach the ferryboat which would take her from that city to Hoboken. But she failed to understand the directions, and when she saw a crowd of people going on board a vessel she followed them, and went down at once into the saloon. She had not been on a ferryboat and did not know what it was like. She waited patiently for some time, and then asked an officer when the boat would reach Hoboken. To her consternation, he told her she was on the steamer *Patricia*, bound for Hamburg. Her distress was so keen that the sympathy of the captain was enlisted, and he arranged with the pilot to take her back with him. For two nights and a day she was on board the pilot boat before an opportunity occurred of sending her back to New York. The sea was very rough and she suffered agonies of sea-sickness. On the morning of the second day a tug passed, and she was put on board and brought to the city, where her friends found her and took her to their home. Unpleasant as her experience was, it would have been worse if she had not discovered her mistake so soon. Unhappily, people in the voyage of life, often neglect to ascertain their destination until it is almost impossible to rectify a mistake, and they are lost through their heedlessness.

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death (Prov. 16 : 25).

Died Near Home

The body of an aged woman was found on Dec. 9, near Matawan, N. J. She usually resided with a married daughter, but recently she went to the house of a farmer, a few miles away, to help in some special work. The work was finished earlier than she expected, and she set out for her daughter's house. She was not missed, because the farmer knew that she had gone to her daughter's house, and the daughter supposed she was still with the farmer. But she appears to have lost her way, and, judging by her tracks, it is inferred that she must have wandered for two days. She was so near her daughter's home when she died that it is strange she did not recognize landmarks that must have been familiar to her. It is probable, however, that she reached the place where her body was found, after nightfall, when the landmarks could not be seen. She apparently was completely worn out and lay down on the bare ground exhausted, and was frozen to death in the night. If she had continued her weary tramp an hour longer, she would have reached her daughter's house. It was sad to come so near home and yet to miss it. Unhappily, many souls perish in the same way. They have many good qualities and a genuine admiration for the cause of Christ, but never enter the kingdom.

When Jesus saw that he answered discreetly, he said unto him, Thou art not far from the kingdom of God (Mark 12 : 34).

BRIEF NOTES

Renewing subscribers will confer a great favor on the management of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD if, when renewing, they state that their subscription is a RENEWAL, or attach, if convenient, the yellow date tab to their letter.

A systematic effort is being made to reach the Jews in every land on earth to interest them in the Zionist movement. The leaders are convinced that the Sultan will not resist the offers that can be made to him, if there is a fair response to their appeals to their people.

There are now in Southern India 220 Christian Endeavor Societies, with an aggregate of 6,029 members. A large convention was held recently at Coimbaitore.

A revival is in progress at Newtonville, N. Y., under the leadership of Rev. H. M. Boyce, of the M. E. Church, assisted by evangelists E. T. Liddell and wife. Over fifty persons have confessed Christ, and the meetings are still as largely attended as ever.

Pastors needing a temporary supply for their pulpits or assistance in evangelistic work, will be glad to hear that very efficient and capable service in either capacity may be obtained by addressing Rev. W. T. Stokes, 782 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We deeply regret to hear of the death of Mr. H. B. Gibbud, of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Gibbud's work among the hop-pickers, and in other spheres of labor in New York and other cities, is well known. Earnest, self-sacrificing, devoted, he proved himself a good and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, whose departure will be sincerely mourned by a wide circle of friends.

The Rev. F. S. Webster, of London, John Brash, of Liverpool, and W. D. Moffatt, of Edinburgh, representative speakers of the great Keswick movement of England, have just completed a six weeks' tour in Canada. They were sent out by the Keswick Missionary Council, in London, at the invitation of the three Keswick committees of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

The Washington Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn, began the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary on December 8. The programme of the celebration included a historical sermon by the pastor, the Rev. Robert MacDonald, and addresses by neighboring pastors. The church was organized in 1851, with twenty-seven members, and its present building was erected in 1860. The membership is now nearly eight hundred.

The town of Sussex, N. J. has experienced a remarkable revival of religion. All the churches united in daily meetings. The pastors made a house-to-house visitation and invited the people to the services. About eighty new members will be added to the rolls of the churches, and the former members are all taking a deeper interest in spiritual matters. Dr. N. B. Randall, of East Orange, N. J., assisted the pastors in the work.

The topics for the Week of Prayer suggested by the Evangelical Alliance follow the customary order: Monday, January 6, For a deeper realization of the power and holiness of God; Tuesday, For our nation and a continuance of God's favor to it; Wednesday, For our Churches, Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies; Thursday, For Missions, Home and Foreign; Friday, For the Family and the School and for parents in the training of their children; Saturday, For the speedy coming of the Kingdom of God.

CHILD STUDIES
BY
STECKEL, PHOTOGRAPHER, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

DOLLY DIMPLE

"I'm goin' to have a party my own self. Muvver says I may."

"Daddy gave me cups and saucers on a pretty tray."

"Fink I'll write a nice long letter to my dearest fwend."

"I'm a

A CHRISTMAS BOX

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

LINDA WEST rose wearily the day before Christmas, to go to her work in the stocking factory. I wonder if girls who have only to help their mothers about the house, and girls who have only to ask their fathers for money when they want it, ever stop to think of the one million young women in this land who toil from day's beginning to day's ending, six days a week, at the labor of loom, machine, canning factory or shop. A great host of young women, who help along the commerce of the world. In the march of invention these girls have been pushed out of the home into business, and of it they are an integral part. In the stocking factory where Linda was employed, the air was thick with flying bits of cotton and fluff, so that the workers wore a protector over mouth and nose, that they might not breathe this floating stuff. The hours were long, the work deadly monotonous, and Linda's need of money for the home dear ones was so great, that she economized on her food as well as on her clothes. In consequence, she was a very tired body on the day before Christmas.

"Can you get anything for the children, Lindy?" The mother asked the question timidly, for she was afraid of Linda's temper. Because Linda was overworked and anxious she was often fretted and cross. So hard to get necessary things—meat, potatoes, coal, wood, bread, and her mother wanted candies and dolls for the children. Only a little more money, and these little indulgences could be managed; but Linda did not see how the little more was to be found. Yet she answered her mother cheerfully:

"Yes, I'll manage it somehow."

As she went down the street to her work, she met her cousin, Allie March.

"Will you go to buy your shoes before you come home to-night?" said Allie. "You know its pay-night."

"I can get along with my old shoes. I can wear rubbers this weather." Linda's tone was indifferent.

"O, Linda! Why is it you never buy yourself anything?"

"Well, I can't, Allie. Too many to feed at home, and Pa's out of work again. Ma's sick, too."

Allie said no more. She knew it would not be worth while. Linda and she were great friends. They would work side by side the whole morning, but the rules forbade them to speak during work hours. If they did, they would be fined. As they entered the great iron gates, the manager's children, in red caps and mittens, with warm, fleecy cloaks of gray wool, and skates in their hands, went tripping by.

"Merry Christmas," they called, but the two girls made no reply. A young woman about their own age, who was the children's governess, observed the silence and the sober faces. Presently she was joined by a friend, a brilliantly beautiful girl, with large, soft brown eyes and dancing dimples, a girl wrapped in furs, and as royal as a princess in her bearing.

"Amy," said the new-comer, "Miss Cushman's to address the girls in the factory at the noon hour. Would you not like to come with her and me?"

"Yes, dear Eleanor," answered the governess, "if you and Miss Cushman mean to put any cheer in those sadly dreary lives. Those girls don't want to be preached

"Miss Cushman won't preach."

"No, I think she has too much tact and sympat do anything so stupid and unkind. I wish we make a Christmas for those girls—send every Christmas box."

"What! to five hundred girls, Amy!"

"I see it's a big contract; but could we not have a or a party, or something on Christmas, and give one a bit of a treat?"

"My dear child, to-morrow will be Christmas! Th no time."

"With all your money, my cleverness, and Miss man's experience, and the phone, and a whole day! Th plenty of time. Run on chil the pond's firm; we've g scheme on hand, or on foot you must not interrupt."

Eleanor and Amy thoug pidly.

When the noon hour c Miss Cushman, the bright pable settlement worker, knew and loved working stood upon a table and an announcement.

"Friends," she said, "You all asked to a Christmas this evening at Miss Slocu You must come prompt eight; there'll be music games, and it's not a dress-u fair, for there'll be a candy and lots of fun."

When Linda and Allie wa home, both expressed s curiosity about the invitat but both were resolved to g was a surprise and a nov both were alluring to girls had little pleasure. As Allie Linda and turned the corne go to her own home, a dark-f young man, rather of the ord "tough," stepped up and f liarly accosted her. "Goin supper over at Drolin's with to-night, Allie?" he asked h

"No, Fred, not to-night. girls are invited, the whole cr to a Christmas-Eve party, a *swarree*, at Miss Slocu and we're goin'" "Sudden, ain't it?"

"Rather, but swell, tip-top. And I'll tell you abou to-morrow, Fred, so good-night. I say, Fred, please d stay out late anywhere; it grieves your mother so."

"Don't you bother about me, Al; you needn't orders if you are my cousin," he said, shuffling a with a mixture of affection and defiance.

"Poor old Fred! He's vexed. Maybe I'd ought to h gone with him; but I'm afraid of suppers at Drolin's.

CONTINUED ON OPPOSITE PAGE

"AND CROWD THE WHARF TO GREET THEIR OWN, WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME"

WHEN THE BOATS COME HOME

O there's sorrow in the village when the boats, they sail away,
The nights are very lonesome, and most laggard is the day;
But the old folk and the young folk send their cheers across the foam,
And crowd the wharf to greet their own, what day the boats come home.

CHRISTMAS TEA

A CHRISTMAS MONOLOGUE
BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

y."

"Hello! Polly says she'll come.
O what fun 'twill be."

"Cweam and sugar, Polly? How much,
dearie? Shall I pour your tea?"

"Wish K'ismuss only lasted! Good-by,
Polly, dear! Come again next year."

CHRISTMAS IN A PALACE

VHEN King Edward VII. was Prince of Wales, Sandringham House was his favorite place of residence. There it was that the real home life of himself, the Princess, their children and grandren was passed, and there it was that their most ine friends were received. Accession to the throne has lt is said, changed the fondness of the royal pair for lace around which so many sacred associations cluster. -day, doubtless, Christmas pleasures and pastimes are on as usual at Sandringham, although, of course, the any there may be larger, for a king's household grows. rally, too, there may be somewhat more of pomp and mstance than hitherto.

cording to the routine of previous holidays, loads of ever- is are delivered at the house early Christmas week by ead gardener, who is a per- f special importance at holi- times. The day before stmas Eve, a great many nts are sent out—the last gnirs to absent friends and lves being then dispatched. ng the week, many guests e. On Christmas Eve, the nembers of the Christmas e party are received. On day a great many presents ade by the King and Queen. e is a distribution of gifts ie laborers, workmen and gers on the estate; and family receives a fine joint eef. In the evening, the stmas trees are all aglow in alace, and the children have lightful time. Christmas ing, the King's grandchil- wake to discover the many tiful gifts Santa Claus has ght them. Later, Christ- services are held in St. Magdalene's Church, and entire household attend. r lunch, a visit is made to nimals on the estate, the and Queen taking an inter- n seeing to it that even the s in the stables have a ortable time. After tea, the rican bowling alley fur- s amusement to those who like the game. The Christmas er in the dining-room crowns the day of family rejoicing.

The dining-room, with its tapestried walls and richly panelled ceiling, is the handsomest apartment at Sandringham. Members of the family seat themselves down both sides of the table, the King and Queen occupying central positions, facing each other. Queen Alexandra is very fond of skating, and, if the weather permits, the royal family spend Christmas afternoon skimming over the ice.

Their majesties are very particular that every one shall attend the church services. This they have always been, and regular attendance on divine service is expected of the royal household on Sundays, as well as at Christmas time. The church is in a very quiet and pretty spot. There are no imposing statues or monuments; though here and there are tombstones, placed by order of the king, as memorials to household servants. A stone, marking one little grave, bears this: "Suffer little children to come unto me;" the third child of King Edward and Queen Alexandra lies underneath.

THE ROYAL DINING-ROOM AT SANDRINGHAM HOUSE

Above the hall door, at Sandringham House, is a tablet with this inscription: "This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord, 1870." The place is the King's private property, and is a three-hours' railway journey from London. In the construction and appointments of the palace, comfort rather than magnificence have been considered. Sandringham House has ever been noted for the charm of its hospitality. Here, in their own private dwelling, the royal master and mistress have shown a wonderfully happy taste in putting people at their ease, and making guests thoroughly at home. Here it is that favored and intimate friends have seen Queen Alexandra at her spinning-wheel, engaged in the very womanly occupation of spinning flax, after the quaint fashion of queens of old. And here, in the royal nursery, the future King of Great Britain, Emperor of India, etc., etc., may be seen gallantly riding his hobby-horse, a sport of which his Royal Highness, little Prince Edward of York, King Edward's grandson, is quite as fond as other little boys.

The presents which come to Sandringham at Christmas times and those which are sent out are legion. Very interesting stories could be written about them, too. The little German cousins in the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam or Berlin must be remembered; of course, too, very charming gifts are received from them. If any children in the world have a good time Christmas, it is those of Germany, where Santa Claus is, if possible, held in more distinguished regard than anywhere else on earth. Then, little kinsfolk in Russia, Denmark, Greece, and other countries have part, by gift and written word of good cheer, in the holidays at Sandringham House.

A CHRISTMAS BOX *Continued*

man wouldn't like my going if she knew it. I want e what the inside of a mill-owner's home looks like. I to walk on soft carpets, and sit in velvet chairs."

vening came. The great drawing-room at the Slocum's never been so thronged, and as the three hostesses weled their guests, tears struggled for place with Eleanor's smile, and Amy's voice almost broke. Only Miss Cush- met the factory workers exactly as she would have met any other set of friends, simply, sweetly, hospitably, and on their own plane. To her the world contained only two kinds of people, those who were saved, being Christ's followers, those who were unsaved, being his foes.

It was a most successful evening. As the guests left, in every hand was slipped a little Christmas box, tied with red ribbon. In each box was a dainty handkerchief, a satin bow, and a crisp new two-dollar bill, and on a card was written, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas, with love."

To have done this in a hurry was no slight task, and other girls had come to the aid of the first three. They were well repaid by the beaming looks of the girls they had entertained. The stocking-hands had been recognized as human beings and comrades. They wakened on Christmas morning to a new appreciation of what the angels meant when they sang "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

THE SPIRITUAL LAND OF PROMISE ❋ THE PROMISE OF POWER

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR JAN. 5. ACTS 1: 1-11

By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts

GOLDEN TEXT: "YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER AFTER THAT THE HOLY SPIRIT IS COME UPON YOU. ACTS 1: 8

FROM our study of the beginnings of the Jewish Church, we turn to the study of the beginnings of the Christian Church. We left the Israelites on the safe side of the Red Sea, but with forty years of wilderness training between them and the Land of Promise. To-day we look in on the disciples of Christ when only ten days were to intervene before they would enter into a new world of spiritual power and world conquest. To the wilderness journeys of Israel corresponded the earthly life of Christ, with its miracles, its wanderings from place to place, preparing the disciples for a higher spiritual life, which, after three years of divine teaching, only one hundred and twenty were ready to receive. When Christ was about to ascend, they were so filled with patriotic dreams of conquering, rather than converting other nations, that they said to him, "Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" In response, Christ gave the great promise, which they could but slightly understand until fulfilled: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you." Israel under Joshua appropriated only one-third of the Land of Promise, unwilling to make further efforts at conquest, though sure of success. So many Christians stop short in their spiritual self-conquest, and the Church falters in its world conquest with less than one-third of Christ's ascension promises appropriated, though complete conquest in both realms is assured to all who will fulfil the conditions. At this opening of another year Christ anew calls us to receive and use to the utmost the promised power that shall conquer "the world" in us and the world outside.

The Lesson Story

What mountain on earth is nearer to heaven than any other? To answer this question it will not be necessary to find which are the highest mountains. The mountain we are seeking is the spot of earth on which the feet of Jesus last rested before he ascended to be again with his Father and the holy angels. Slowly his feet were lifted from Mt. Olivet, and he went up, up into the clouds, and was hidden from sight.

And where is Mount Olivet? Let us go to Jerusalem to find it. Let us stand on Mount Moriah, in the Gate Beautiful of the Temple. We see Mount Olivet directly opposite, but across the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flowed the brook Kedron. The Mount of Ascension is not a high mountain, only about 500 feet above the valley. It is covered with olive trees, and is therefore called Mount Olivet, or the Mount of Olives. We are not satisfied to look at this sacred mountain, but must cross the valley and stand upon Olivet itself. As we press forward, and climb it, let us try to remember the many times Jesus passed over the same ground. We would like to find the very spot from which the feet of Jesus rose on that ascension day. Some monks at the Church of the Ascension will offer to show us just where Jesus stood. But they know nothing about it. But we know that we see the same landscape that Jesus saw that day. If we were going to build a chapel to mark the place of his ascension, it would be close to Bethany.

But let us not think so much of the place as of the words Jesus spoke that day as his good-bye. If we had been there, we surely would have seen, with the disciples, his mother, Mary, and probably Joseph, of Arimathæa, if he was yet alive, and Mary Magdalene, and the other women who had come to the tomb early on that resurrection day, more than a month before. We would have seen Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and many whom Jesus had healed. We would have seen many whose names we did not know, for there were about one hundred and twenty persons in all. A feeling of awe was in every heart, for all knew that Jesus was about to do some great thing! We would have heard the blessed voice of Jesus saying: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." They could not yet understand about the Holy Spirit, although Jesus had said much about this Comforter he would send after he had gone from them (John, chaps. 14 to 17).

If we had been there that day on Mount Olivet, we would have seen Jesus, after he had spoken his last words, raise his hands—those hands that helped so many—to bless all who were gathered there, and while he was in the act of blessing, we would have seen him rise above the earth into the air, high up among the clouds, and then he would have passed from our sight. And when we were looking, hoping that the clouds might part and give us another sight of him, we would have heard a strange voice and seen two persons, whose appearance was different from the others, for they were angels, and whose voices had sweet and silvery tones, and we would have heard them say: "He will come again as you saw him go." If we had been there that day, we might have said: "Let us stay here a while, the spot is too dear to leave." But we would have seen the Apostles and other friends turning away, and starting for Jerusalem, intent on going to the very room where they had eaten the last supper with Jesus, for Jesus had told them to wait there until he should send the Holy Spirit. Would we not have gone with them? But we can even now go to the place of prayer and receive fulfillment of that same promise of power to be witnesses and workers for him.

Illustration and Application

"Does your rich son never send you any money?" said a neighbor to a woman living in poverty, knowing that her son, living in a far-off land, was reputed to be prosperous. "He sends very kind letters," said the contented, though poor, mother, "but nothing else but pretty pictures that I will show you laid between the leaves of my Bible." The "pretty pictures" were crisp bank notes, that she was speedily informed were promises to pay that she could turn into money enough to more than supply all her needs. Some one has counted thirty-one thousand promises in the Bible, enough to make us all rich in graces of character if we would but appropriate them. But most of them are but "pictures" in our Bible. A woman lost her spectacles for years, and only found them when a stranger in her home opened her neglected Bible. In it indeed are lost treasures that shall be ours when we will open it on our knees and ask God to fulfil his promises to us, we ourselves first fulfilling the conditions.

God's Promises

Human promises we learn to distrust. Every week tradespeople promise us goods at a certain time, and break these promises as often as they keep them, seldom thinking such lying even calls for an apology. There is great need for preaching and teaching on the sacredness of promises, especially of promises made to children.

Confidently may we rely on the two great promises in this lesson, the promise of power for witnessing and work in all lands, and of the final triumph of Christ in his glorious appearing as the world's King. We are weak, but he will supply power. Sin abounds, but "Jesus shall reign." These are the inspiring assurances with which we go forth to repeat the missionary life of Christ, that lies between that Christmas assurance that he should be "a light to lighten the Gentiles," and our New Year's lesson from his ascension command that we shall be his witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth.

* * *

What a geography lesson is this before us, with all the world and heaven besides in its scope! City missions, "Jerusalem," home missions, in "Judea and Samaria," and foreign missions in "the uttermost parts of the earth," are all presented as one progressive work of evangelization. The antipodal point to Jerusalem is in Hawaii, "the uttermost part of the earth" to Christ, now under our own flag, but reached by missionaries March 31, 1819. It has been a long task, the effort of Christ to develop such a sense of human brotherhood under the divine Fatherhood that the apostles would be zealous not only to Christianize their fellow-citizens in Jerusalem, and then their countrymen in Judea, but also the "heathen at home" in Samaria, and it was harder yet to raise them to make them feel the call to carry the good news to strange and far-off peoples. Even now Christian churches put three-fourths of their prayers and gifts into their own towns, even when they are more than abundantly supplied with Gospel privileges. It is like working a train up a mountain by long zigzaging to get most Christians to really pray and work and give till they feel it to Christianize other parts of their own country. Some church people near the nation's capital, asked to help secure a Sunday law for it from Congress, replied, "What business is it of ours. We will take care of our own town. Let Washington take care of itself." Except in times of war, the sense of nationality is weak, that of locality strong. And even in this twentieth Christian century, a majority of Christians show very little sense of obligation to their brothers of other tints in other zones, save when their bodies are in peril of pestilence or famine. Yet no one can read the life of Christ, who left heaven to be a missionary to the whole earth, and doubt that the fullest Christlikeness is found when we feel for the souls of those in the uttermost parts without neglecting the work at our own doors.

City, Home and Foreign Missions

* * *

The great word of Christ up to the Ascension had been "Come." He had called men to meeting, to meet him and each other to be spiritually fed and trained. But he would not have any one think that meetings are anything but preparations for "divine service" to which he bids us all "go," when meetings, which are our spiritual meals, have "fed" and so strengthened and prepared us for work and warfare. President Roosevelt, in a recent article in the *British Fortnightly Magazine*, has made a powerful plea for a philanthropy that is not so much institutional and is more personal than the common type. The churches need a like exhortation not to rely too much on formal "meetings" of crowds. The meeting now most needed is the "meeting" of man and man, the man with Christ in his soul with the man who needs that same life. Often half a dozen persons will put in days of time to "get up a meeting," to which almost no one will come who is not already in sympathy with its purpose, when in the same time they could have spoken personally to a hundred who needed the message. "Men will go for whiskey, but milk must be brought to the door." Let the meetings be but points of departure, arsenals where we get our rations and loaded rifles and orders, from which we shall "go" in obedience to the Ascension command, and in the strength of the Ascension promise, to carry a glad testimony of Christ and righteousness in all its forms in spoken word and printed page from door to door. Better fewer and shorter meetings, if necessary, to make time for this witnessing in our own Jerusalem. Not for an occasional church census only, with its formal blanks, but for monthly calls from door to door, the churches of every town might well organize their seventies to go forth as of old, two and two, in Christ's name. Protestants often charge that to Roman Catholics religion is only going to mass. But to many of us is not religion chiefly going to meetings? In some churches it is felt that only those are to speak even in meetings who can "edify." But Christ's word was "testify." No man is excused in court who is needed as a witness and has some important truth to tell, because he cannot tell it eloquently. Not to apostles only, but to the whole one hundred and twenty, some of them women, Jesus said, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." In meeting and out, by silence or speech, by deed as well as word, we witness for or against him. A South Sea Islander's closing prayer of a meeting was as follows: "O God, we are about to go to our respective homes. Let not the words we have heard be like the fine clothes we wear, soon to be taken off and folded up in a box till another Sabbath comes around. Rather let thy truth be like the tattoo on our bodies, ineffaceable till death."

"Come and Go"

THE VILLAGE OF BETHANY

THE ASCENSION

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION ON MOUNT OLIVET

The Needle's Eye

A NEW SERIAL STORY WRITTEN EXPRESSLY BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY FOR THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

Chapter V—Revelation

ELIZABETH found the child sitting motionless in the hay-mow where his mother had died. Long, cloudy shafts of yellow light descended upon his bowed shoulders from the one window high up in the dim wall. To the tearful eyes of the woman this dazzling glory appeared like mighty wings stretching up and away from the lonely little figure. "On, 'Manuel," she whispered, "look up, an' speak to munny!"

The child threw his arms about her neck with a little sob. Elizabeth covered the small tear-stained face with passionate kisses. "He's gone, deary," she whispered; "an' he won't be back fer a spell. Come in with munny an' eat some dinner; I saved a nice little pie a purpose fer you."

The boy shook his head and struggled to his feet. "I want to go," he said; "I want to go out doors."

Elizabeth involuntarily drew back before the dumb pain in the childish eyes. Then she stretched out her arms longingly, "I want to tell you somethin', 'Manuel," she pleaded. "Jes' wait a minit, deary! I didn't mean to tell you till you was growed up; but I reckon I will—though I don't sca'cely know what good it'll do."

She paused, picking absently at the folds of her checkered apron, "Ef 'Rastus was yer father," she burst out at length, "it 'ud be diff'runt! You ain't like us; I allus knew it, an' the breed's more'n the pastur' every time. Yes—if you was like him it 'ud all be diff'runt."

"Who is my father?"

The question brought Elizabeth's wandering thoughts to a standstill. "Your father?" she repeated. "Why, I—" Her face whitened a little under the impact of a sudden, startling thought which had reached her from out of the unseen. "'Manuel," she said, solemnly, "I'm a-goin' to fetch somethin' out of the spare room; you stay here till I come back."

When she returned she carried the russet-bound Bible, wrapped carefully in a white cloth. "This 'ere Bible 's yourn, 'Manuel," she said, reverently unwrapping it. "I was 'lottin' to give it to you when you was growed; but I'm goin' to give it to you now. This book was yer ma's; it tells all about yer Father which is in heaven."

The child took the book in his hands, lifting grave, questioning eyes to the woman's flushed face. "You are mother," he said, simply.

"Yes," she said, breathlessly, "as fur's lovin' you's concerned, I be. But your own mother was a beautiful lady; she died when you was a teenty baby. I've been a-takin' care of you fer her. She's with you most all the while, times 'at I can't be."

"Yes," said Immanuel, nodding emphatically. Elizabeth leaned forward to peer into the downcast face. "But you ain't never seen her, deary."

The child shook his head. "Sometimes I dream of a beautiful lady," he said. "She loves me very much."

"Yes, that's her," sighed Elizabeth, patting the little brown hand which was folded in both of hers. "She was han'some as a pictur'! But yer Father, 'Manuel, loves you a sight more 'n either of us women-folks. I couldn't begin to tell you how much store he doos set by you. I'm a-goin' to read somethin' out this 'ere book right now, then I'll have to go in an' wash the dishes. Bimeby you kin read it yerself; you know yer letters a'ready, an' I mean you shall have learnin'."

"I know all the words on the mowing-m'chine, an' most all the words on this page," said the child, eagerly producing a fragment of newspaper from his pocket. "I found it in the road," he explained; "an' the sounds of the letters make words. I found it out."

"Fer the land's sake, child, you'd really ought to hev schoolin'," was Elizabeth's comment. "Now you listen, 'cause my dish-water's gettin' stun cold."

She read from the sixth chapter of Matthew's gospel, and on through a part of the seventh, pausing now and again to wrestle with a difficult pronunciation, then gliding on triumphantly through an easier passage. "There!" she exclaimed, shutting the book with a long breath; "them 's the words of Jesus; you've heard of him frequent a'ready. He knew more 'n any other man 'bout yer Father. Somewheres I remember 'at he said you was to call no man on airth father, 'cause there is one 'at is your Father in heaven."

"Where is heaven?" asked the child, wonderingly.

"It 's up—" began Elizabeth, then she stopped short, a strange look of triumph dawning in her dim eyes. "It certainly says in this 'ere Bible, that yer Father is in heaven, same 's I read, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' An' ag'in it says 'at he 's everywhere. He made everythin' you kin see—everythin' pretty 'at you set store by, flowers an' butterflies an' the brook, yes, an' strawb'rries an' apples an' sich—everythin'. Now it jest come into my mind, though I ain't never thought so before, that if yer heavenly Father 's everywheres, then heaven mus' be—everywheres 'at he is."

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"IT TELLS ALL ABOUT YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN"

"Am I in heaven now?" asked the child, in an awed whisper. "Is my Father here?"

"Oh, Lord, don't ye let me tell him anythin' 'at ain't so!" petitioned Elizabeth, silently. Then with sudden illumination, she cried: "Yes, 'Manuel, you be in heaven now; 'cause it says 'at in Him we live an' move an' have our bein', an' there can't be anything better than that anywheres! I don't seem to sense it allers when things go cross-ways in the kitchen, but mebbe you kin ef you begin when you're little, an' think 'bout it frequent."

With that she slipped away in sudden trepidation, fancying that she heard the sound of voices from without. "If I've said anythin' 'at ain't so, Lord," she ejaculated, as she hurried along the narrow path, "jest see 'at he forgits it! I fergit easier 'n I remember, an' there 's times 'at I'm awful glad of it!—Good land! I wonder who that is, an' my dishes a-settin' round."

Two female figures were standing under the shelter of the stoop at the side door; while beneath the shade of the big soft maple a superannuated sorrel horse nibbled languidly at the fence post. "Well—well! Mis' Winch, here you be at last!" cried the visitors in chorus. "We 's been a-knockin' fer quite a spell," continued one of them, a stout, purple-faced lady, attired in a much-creased linen gown. "Lidy, she would have it you was out burryin', but I says, she can't be fur, I says, 'cause the kitchen doors an' winders is wide open."

"I jest run out to the barn a minit," said Elizabeth, awkwardly, her face on fire as she regarded her disordered kitchen from the coign of vantage occupied by the new comers. "Do walk right in the settin' room where it's cool. I guess you foun' it pretty warm a-ridin' in the sun, didn't you, Mis' Harney?" she added interrogatively, when her two visitors were seated.

"Yes, 't was turrible warm," said the person addressed, plying her palm-leaf fan with long, easy strokes. "I s'pose I sense the heat more 'n most folks on 'count of my heft. We 've been to the buryin' ground, me an' Lidy; it looks real neat at this time of the year; don't it, Lidy?"

"It cert'ly doos," assented the other, with a long-drawn plaintive sigh; "an' it's really edifyin' to read off the tombstones; it keeps us in mind of our approachin' end. I says to Mis' Harney, it won't be long, I says, before you'll be a-layin' me away in this 'ere spot. I've got my grave all picked out. How 've you been feelin' this summer, Mis' Winch? Seem 's so you wa'n't lookin' as well 's usual. An' how 's that poor unfortinit child you took to raise?"

Elizabeth's thin face flushed hotly. "I guess I'm 's well 's usual," she said, stiffly.

"An' the little boy?" persisted the lady, peering sharply out of the shuttered windows. "I don't see him 'round anywheres. But mebbe school ain't out yit."

"'Manuel don't go to school," said Elizabeth, compressing her lips tightly, as she plaited her apron strings into a frill. "He — he 's a-learnin' to home," she added, with a defiant lift of the head. "He ain't but six; there's plenty of time fur his schoolin'."

"My Benny had his primer read through twict afore he was six," observed Mrs. Harney, complacently. "But, of course, Benny was extry smart; he takes after my folks, Benny doos. Course it ain't to be expected 'at a pauper 'ud—"

"I never see a brighter child 'an my 'Manuel," said Elizabeth, sharply. "He—he kin read in the newspapers, 'Manuel kin; an' I guess there ain't many childern any smarter 'an that!"

"I want to know!" ejaculated both ladies, in long-drawn incredulity. They leaned forward and stared searchingly at their hostess' flushed face.

After a pregnant pause, Mrs. Harney settled back heavily in her chair. "We've been thinkin' fer quite a spell of takin' a boy to raise," she said, wiping the moist creases of her features with a limp pocket-handkerchief. "Our Benny don't take to the shop; I tell his pa he ain't built fer a blacksmith, and there ain't no use in talkin' 'bout it. I'd ruther he'd clerk it after a spell. Of course, Ben, he 's allers wanted the boy in the shop; but Benny's too much like my folks. So I says to Ben the other day when he was goin' on 'bout it; 'Ben,' I says, 'why don't you take a likely boy an' fetch him up to take a holt in the shop? He c'd begin,' I says, 'a-fetchin' an' carryin', a-blowin' the belluses an' haldin' the horses.' Ben says to me, 'Whar's yer boy,' he says. 'I don't want no fool boy,' he says; 'but a smart, likely boy 'at could earn his salt I'd take in a minit.' Then thinks I, mebbe Mis' Winch 'ull be glad to git red of that boy she's got. As I says to Ben, she's done her full share towards fetchin' him up, I says."

Elizabeth, sitting rigidly erect in her chair, stared at the speaker without replying.

"Why don't you tell her right out what's goin' the rounds of the village, Jane?" demanded the other lady, smoothing her bonnet strings with an air of importance. "I believe in comin' right out with the trewth every time—there's nothing so hullsome as trewth. I'm always fur tellin' things jest as they be without fear ner favor, more especial when I feel 's s'o it was my Christian dooty, as I cert'nly do to-day."

Elizabeth's eyes had shifted from the purple expanse of Mrs. Harney's countenance; her gaze seemed concentrated upon the spinster's ill-fitting artificial teeth, which clicked an animated

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE NEEDLE'S EYE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1109

accompaniment to her words. "Yes," clicked that lady with growing earnestness, "when a child gets abused so it's the talk of the town, I think it's time to interfere!"

"Ben, he hears it mentioned at the shop ev'ry once in a while," broke in Mrs. Harney. "Most everybody knows 'at your husban' is a turrible ha'sh man, I says to Ben, I guess Mis' Winch wont be the one to stan' in the way of the boy, ef it's once named to her, I says. We'd give him 'nough to eat, an' ten weeks of schoolin' a year, an' a trade."

Elizabeth had risen to her feet; red spots glowed on either sallow cheek. "You want I should gin you my child!" she cried. "My child 'at I've took keer of all these years! Ain't you 'shamed to set in my house an' go on with sech talk? You 'd give him 'nough to eat, would ye, Mis' Harney? Well, I'm turrible 'bleeged to you, but I guess I kin make out with my cookin' long side o' yourn any day in the week. I ain't forgot the cake you brought to the donation! My 'Manuel is learnin' to work on the farm, an' of course he hes to be c'rrected same as other childern. but—"

Her voice died away into silence, as her eyes wandered toward the open door.

Her guests looked at one another with meaning smiles. "I guess we'll hev to be gettin' along," remarked Mrs. Harney, rising with alacrity. "Your man 'll be comin' in fer his supper pretty soon, I shouldn't wonder. When folks don't git their dinner dishes outen the way 'fore three o'clock in the arternoon, they 'r likely to git flustered 'long 'bout tea time."

With this parting shot the two ladies turned their backs on their hostess and made their way down the narrow path to the front gate. The spinster's high-pitched giggle, in evident comment upon some *sotto voce* remark of the blacksmith's wife reached Elizabeth's ears and brought the angry tears to her eyes.

"An' I tol' 'Manuel 'at I reckoned we was in heaven a'ready!" she muttered, as she flew about her kitchen with savage energy; "Lord, what a liar I be!"

When the child came into the house, holding the book lovingly in both hands, his eyes shining like evening stars after rain, Elizabeth regarded him with a fretful wrinkling of her worn forehead. "Put yer Bible into the spare room under the bolster of the bed," she said, crisply. "You won't hev much time to be studyin' it 'cept Sundays. Then I want you should go after the cows 's quick 's ever you kin. You kin eat this piece of bread an' butter to stay yer stomick till supper's ready."

"The simple idee!" she muttered to herself, as she stood on the back steps watching the little figure armed with the big piece of bread, "Mis' Harney mus' think 'at she 's smart."

Erastus Winch returned from his expedition with Mr. Dundor in unwonted good humor. "I ain't got much app'tite," he remarked, as he reached across the table for his fourth biscuit, "for I e't pretty hearty to Turnerses. Liph, he 's a cute one; whilst we was eatin' pie an' doughnuts inside, his mare was feedin' out to the barn. I heerd him givin' Al Turner speshul d'rections. 'Be sure you rub her down keerful, Al,' he says; 'caskets is heavy haulin'. An' you kin slip an extry feed of oats into the bag if you don't mind,' he says, kind of mournful like. 'They ain't nobody so free with things temp'ral as the b'reaved,' he says to me, as we was walkin' into the house; 'seems 's 'o they didn't sense it same 's at other times,' he says. 'It doos 'em good to spen' an' be spent; it ca'ms their sorrer an' relieves their feelin's.' Say, 'Lizbeth, if I go first, don't you fergit to keep yer eyes peeled fer Liph. I swan, it 'ud make me right mad to look down f'om above an' see sech goin's on to my place!"

Elizabeth fetched a long sigh of pleasurable excitement. "Be you goin' to 'tend the fun'ral, Rastus?" she asked, timidly.

"I dunno but I be," admitted Winch, fingering with satisfaction the large round of a silver dollar in his trowsers' pocket. "Liph, he mentioned my name as one of the bearers. They 're goin' to put on style an' sen' kerridges. I s'pose you kin go in the buggy ef you 'se a min' to," he added, grudgingly.

Elizabeth's face lighted up. "My! I'd like to go real well, 'Rastus; I've stayed to hum pretty stiddy lately, an' fun'rals is always so interestin'. To-night 's the reg'lar prayer-meetin'," she went on, with a timid cough; "we ain't neither of us 'tended a meetin' fer quite a spell."

"I s'pose I kin hitch," growled Winch; "you ain't wanted to go 'n 'count of him, an' you know you ain't."

"Land! 'Manuel 's big 'nough to go to meetin'; it'll do him good," said Elizabeth, cheerfully. "We don't want folks talkin' 'bout us anyhow." She ventured the last remark with an apprehensive glance at her husband's grim face.

"Who 's been here?" he demanded, pausing with his hand upon the latch. "Some clackin' hen, I'll bet a dollar!"

"Oh, 't wa'n't nothin' of any 'count, 'Rastus; on'y Mis' Harney stopped fer a minit, an' she said—"

"Let her min' her bizness, an' do you min' yourn!" responded Winch, with a sudden lapse into his usual marital manner. "An', say!— I ain't goin' to no prayer-meetin' to-night; I've fooled away 'nough time!"

"I might 'a knowed better," murmured Elizabeth with a resigned sigh. She was standing with folded arms at the open door of the kitchen. In the west, behind dark masses of orchard foliage the sky glowed a clear, pulsing amber, yearning toward the violet hues of mid-heaven through illimitable depths of vivid green. At the verge of the violet hung the new moon, a slender thread of light; above it swung the clear burning lamp of the evening star.

"There now! ef I ain't gone an' seen the new moon over my lef' shoulder ag'in!" she muttered. "All the signs is fer bad luck!" Her eye fell upon a small figure perched on the topmost rail of the fence. "'Manuel!" she called with sudden sharpness, "come right in outen that dew this minit! Nex' thing I know he'll be down sick with milary—what with the hot sun beatin' down on him daytimes an' all."

The child clambered down from his perch with manifest reluctance. "I was lookin' at it, munny," he said, pointing his small finger at the solemn pageant of heavenly color. "I'd like to go there!"

"Don't you be a talkin' nonsense, 'Manuel," exclaimed Elizabeth, severely. "You 're a-goin' to bed this minit, that 's where you 're a-goin'!"

"Does my Father live way up on the hill?" asked the child, his eyes turning wistfully to the window, as Elizabeth energetically scrubbed his face with a coarse brown towel.

"I guess so," said the woman, absentmindedly, "now I want you should say yer 'Now I lay me,' an' go right to sleep. 'Tain't healthy fer childern to be too smart."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Beautiful, Refining and Educating

Mrs. G. C. B., New Hackensack, N. Y., writes: "The pictures came to-day. I am very much pleased. So will my mother be, too. They are beautiful, refining, and educative. Thank you very much. They will bring pleasure into many homes."

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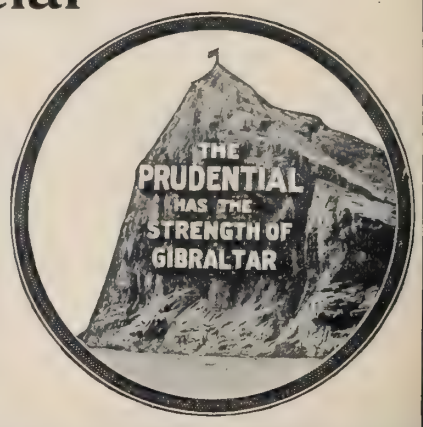

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The Miners' Sabbath Rest

IN a letter to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Dr. Alexander De Soto, of the Wayside Mission and Hospital, Seattle, gives this interesting description of the Lord's Day as it is spent in a mining camp in the Sultan River region of Washington:

"At midnight Saturday all the valves of the mining machinery are tightened and closed, the floodgates that operate the flumes are shut down and everything is still in the camp. The Lord's Day morning breaks, bringing peace and restful quiet on its wings to all in the camp. The waiting for the 'crystal portal' to swing open. His big son, who comes of old church-going stock, and who never lost a day away from Sunday School as a lad, except the day his mother was buried, tenderly props the old man up.

"A couple of cedar logs are thrown on the fire, and as they blaze up, the leader of the little meeting—a member of the old Klondike Gospel band and former worker in the old Bowery Mission—announces the hymn. From strong throats and sound lungs bursts forth, 'Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.' A

READING THE CHRISTIAN HERALD IN A MINING CAMP IN WASHINGTON

men read the Word and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The photograph I send you herewith explains itself. Our young engineer, Eugene Dan Read, one of the first converts of the Wayside Mission, is reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which all regard as the best and only camp paper in the world. 'Crystals cannot equal it,' is the theme of Dr. Talmage's sermon. They are miners and they know what a crystal is. They have risked their lives in steep places and on shaky mountain rocks to explore for the precious metal. To them, therefore, the sermon has a peculiar significance.

"The holy day is about to close, supper is over, the table cleared, and the camp bell rings for service. The bunkhouse and the various tents are emptied of their inhabitants, and they soon fill the big cabin. There is a long table in the centre, with Bibles and hymn-books; the men sit down, each taking a hymn-book. Over in the corner on a bed rests an old Scotch miner; his son, a sturdy young fellow, sits at the bedside. The old miner has done his last prospecting, and he is patiently characteristic prayer follows, which thanks the Lord for everything, praises his mercy and goodness to the workers, asks that all pride and self-sufficiency be taken away and that the hearts of the suppliants may be filled with a sense of complete dependence on God. A blessing is implored for the camp, and all in it, both men and animals, and especially the old miner, whose sands are fast running out, that he may be ready 'to go down the divide, strong in faith, to cross the river below.' Nor are the loved ones, far away in their homes across the continent and the sea, forgotten in the earnest petition that ascends from the quiet camp amid the Sabbath silence. Another hymn is sung, the Scriptures are read, and a short, homelike sermon preached. More hymns are followed by a brief prayer. 'Jesus, lover of my soul' closes the hour and a-half of worship. With a hearty 'good-night,' all except the watchman turn in. And thus ends the miners' Sunday. In these vast forest wildernesses, a Sabbath so spent consecrates the whole week and brings a blessing on the camp."

School Children Pray

A sad and terrible railroad accident occurred at Goshen, N. Y., some few weeks ago, by which three young men were suddenly taken away by death. While their remains were lying in the undertaker's rooms, the children in the Primary Department of the Goshen High School told their teacher about the fearful accident, and how sad it must be for the parents and brothers and sisters of these three young men.

When the young scholars were asked by their teacher what they could do towards helping the afflicted ones, they said they would like to offer up to God a prayer for his blessing to rest upon them. Of course, the teacher was willing, and study for the time being was suspended.

There, in that quiet school-room, each one of the little boys and girls offered up a simple earnest and heartfelt prayer to God, that he would remember the afflicted fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, and comfort them in their distress, for Christ's sake. The teacher was very much affected by the simple and unaffected piety of her little flock. Such scenes are rare, but they prove to us that sympathy for the bereaved, and true faith and love are to be found in the pure and innocent hearts of children. —S.

Delighted the Whole Household

Mrs. F. H. S., Camden, N. Y., writes: "The Art Portfolio received in the last mail. I am very much pleased. There are four in our family—two little ones. We could not decide on which was the most beautiful picture of the twelve, for we all had our choice, and all seemed to be different. Could I have only two I would take 'The Soul's Awakening' and 'Home From the Hills.' They are all beautiful."

For the Church

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FIRST THINGS*

Acceptance of Christ's Kingship and Reverent Allegiance to him the First duty in Time and Importance

WHEN John Bunyan drew the picture of the man with the rake, so intent on the sticks and straws he was gathering, that he did not see the angel hovering above him and offering him a golden crown, he presented the view which all the Bible writers from the beginning to the end take of life. Men who are absorbed in worldly affairs and neglect their spiritual interests, miss the best things attainable. As we say of a young man who gives himself to dissipation, instead of devoting himself to the preparation for a career, he is sacrificing himself. He does himself a wrong. He misses the true perspective of life. In the larger view of life, which includes eternity, the error is infinitely more disastrous. A boy at school who gave his time exclusively to the playground and made no effort to study, would not be more foolish than the man who devotes all his time and thought and energy to the acquisition of wealth or power, paying no attention to his spiritual concerns. The man's business, like the boy's games, are right and useful in their place, but the supreme occupation should be the first consideration. School is a preparation for life, as life is a preparation for eternity. A great deal of ridicule is cast on what a great writer called "other-worldliness," but who that realized the true relations of time and eternity could fail to see that the other world on which we enter at death deserves our most earnest and intense concern?

The Bible nowhere calls for a withdrawal from business life. The monks and recluses, who shut themselves up in monasteries to give themselves up to meditation and prayer, had a false idea of the spirit of Christianity. In his High-Priestly prayer, Christ expressly said that he did not pray that God would take his followers out of the world, but that in the world they might be kept from the evil. The true problem for the Christian is to be in the world without being of it. That problem has often been solved. There are men who have been successful in the world's pursuits, while they were governed by Christian principles. In any crisis in which they were required to choose between their allegiance to Christ and their worldly interest, when the two were incompatible, unhesitatingly held fast to Christ. Such crises are sure to come, but they are not the common or normal course of life. The artizan is not hampered by being a follower of Christ. Indeed, his very profession of Christianity requires him to do conscientious work, and to be fair and honest in his service to his employer. The physician, the merchant, the judge and the statesman find nothing in Christ's teaching inconsistent with the efficient discharge of their duties. They are not called to any service as followers of Christ that incapacitates them for devotion to their worldly calling. The combination has been tried again and again and always has been found possible. All the qualities which are admirable in the worldly occupation, carefulness, industry, integrity are commended in the Christian's laws of life. In fact, Christianity is a religion for men of the world and it calls for no sacrifices, at least in our land, which hinder worldly advancement.

Christianity, however, does require of its adherents supreme allegiance. It is not satisfied with the second place. If a Christian finds that his social surroundings, his occupation, his civic relations are endangering his spiritual life, he must sever his connection with them, and cannot do so too promptly. His soul and his relation to God are of paramount importance, and no sacrifice is too great that is made on their account. The consul of a foreign government finds no difficulty in living in an American city. He obeys its national and municipal laws, but all the time his allegiance is due to his own government, and he will do nothing inconsistent with that. If he were required to take some course inimical to his sovereign, he would refuse, even at the risk of unpopularity or expulsion. So the Christian is a representative of his King, and his allegiance to him is his first consideration.

Christ requires his kingdom to stand first in the order of time, as well as in the order of importance. It is essential that entrance into that kingdom be attained at the outset, no matter what other claims are pressing on the attention. It too often happens that the young man postpones consideration of Christ's kingdom till he is settled in life, or the middle-aged man until he has secured a competence. That is not the rule of Christ. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," is his injunction. He admits the middle-aged and the old, but it is an unsatisfactory proceeding. Christ requires the service of the life, not the fag-end of an existence, the best years of which have been given to the world. Nothing should stand in the way of a settlement of allegiance. Given to Christ at the beginning of life, the future is protected from evil and the consummation is a joy and a delight. It purifies and elevates all our worldly relations, and transforms our commonest duties by making them part of our service to him. Thus, the Christian becomes a light to the world, the very candle of the Lord.

*Topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union for Jan. 5. Matt. 6: 33; 8: 22; Gen. 12: 7, 8.

AUNT HETTY'S CHRISTMAS STORY

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 1102

hands were stiff with cold), when she said, regretfully, "I'm sorry I can't give you any supper, but—"

A strange thing happened then. The guest interrupted mother.

"No supper!" he said; "no supper! Can't give me any supper, when I haven't seen you in seventeen years? You haven't grown stingy since I went to Madagascar, have you? Oh, Jeanie," fixing his merry brown eyes on her in love and yearning, "I wouldn't have believed it of you. Oh, Jeanie!" and in another minute mother was sobbing on his breast.

"Oh, Paul," she cried, "Oh, Paul!" It was mother's only brother, for whom our little Paul had been named. Well, it seemed to us all as if we had almost reached heaven that night. "I heard about your scorched cornfield in Byrne," he said. "I met Jim Wakefield over there. I just reached there to-day, and I felt as if I must come right on for fear—" hesitating.

"For fear we were hungry," mother put in eagerly, "and we are." Uncle Paul's lips quivered, but he kept control of himself. He opened a great basket he had brought.

"Here's enough supper for all of us," he said, "I'm about starved for once. Let's eat all we want to-night, for by early dawn there's a wagon load of provisions due from Byrne."

Oh what a supper we had! It was wonderful to see what that big basket held. Uncle Paul had packed it himself at the hotel in Byrne, twenty miles distant. We had coffee for the first time in months. We had bread and butter, cold roast chicken, roast leg of lamb, and many other good things.

Then the little ones went to bed. For us older ones there was very little sleep; we were too full of indescribable joy. With the break of day came Christmas, and then came the load of provisions from Byrne.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," sang mother.

From roast turkey to mince pies there was everything one could desire.

Uncle Paul stayed with us for a month. Before he went away our house was completely furnished—we all had warm clothing and there was an abundance of good things on hand. Father's wallet was so full that he could hardly get the strap around it. Each and all of us had money. When Uncle Paul went away he said to mother:

"You have taught me a lesson, dear. I'm going to build."

"Build!" mother said, "What are you going to build?"

"A fence of trust around to-day!" he said.

With the spring came a monument for little Paul's grave. When it was in place, mother fell upon her knees. Clasping her hands, she looked up with eyes radiant in spite of tears.

"Dear God," she said, "dear God!"

The next year prosperity dawned in western Kansas.

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Miss A. M. N., Bennington, Vt., writes: "I am an enthusiastic lover of good pictures, and so I feel especially grateful for the pretty babies, and lovely landscapes, and the nice, big dog; I can almost hear him say, 'How do you do, and how do you like me?' Once again I say, thank you most kindly."

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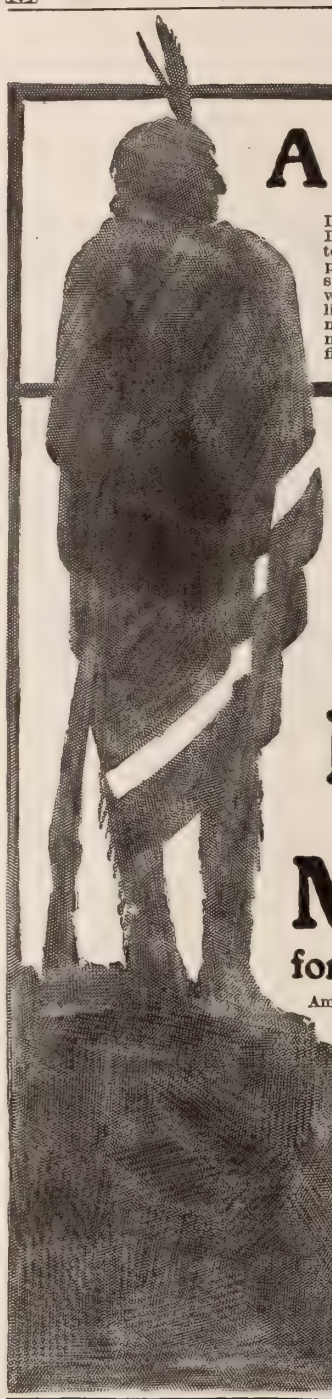

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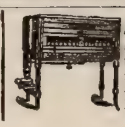

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THE PROMISE OF POWER

The Christian Life Dependent on Imparted Strength

By Mrs. M. Baxter

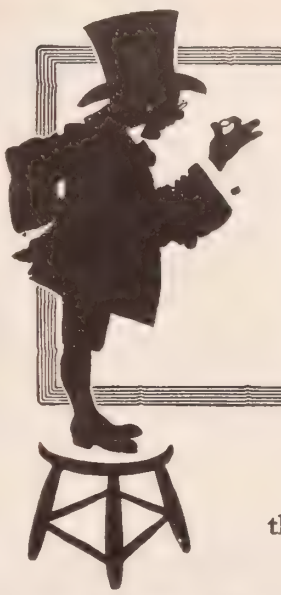
As all through the Old Testament, from the very time of the fall of man, the promise of the Messiah, the Son of God, was made to man; and the Father's pledge of the gift of his Son to redeem a lost world runs like a golden thread through the law of Moses, the Psalms, and the prophets; so the promise of the Spirit runs through the Gospels, the Lord Jesus seeking, again and again, to introduce the third person of the blessed Trinity. Already in the Old Testament, "the Spirit of Christ which was in them testified through the prophets the sufferings of Christ and the glories that should follow them" (I. Pet. 1: 2). To the Jew it was the glory of Christ's reign on earth, with their beloved Zion as "the joy of the whole earth" (Ps. 48: 2), their Messiah sitting on the throne of his father David (Luke 1: 3), the law going forth from Zion, and "the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (Isa. 2: 2, 3). But to the Church of God, what are the glories which come by the sufferings of Christ?

The glory of the Jews will be the kingdom of Christ on earth, through which they, as Abraham's seed, shall be made a blessing to all nations; the glory of the Church is that her members are composed of men and women who are a habitation of God through the Spirit (Eph. 2: 22), indwelt by God the Holy Ghost who makes them his temples. We are created, redeemed, born again, and sanctified, that we, the members, may be as our glorious Head, filled with God, manifesting God, expressing God to the creation. He was "God manifest in the flesh." We bear "about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life of Christ may be made manifest in our body" (II. Cor. 4: 10). And this is only possible as we receive the Spirit of God to possess us and use us for God.

The evangelist St. Luke, having written his Gospel, alludes to it in the commencement of the Acts of the Apostles as "the former treatise" (Acts 1: 1). "This," he said, "I made . . . concerning all that Jesus began both to do and to teach, until the day that he was received up." Jesus began. Who but the members of his body shall finish the work begun by the head? He devises the plan, his members execute it, but only as the Holy Spirit, who dwelt in him, dwells in them. Let us not forget that we are called to a life which is supernatural. We are called to be spiritual, while our nature is yet carnal; to be heavenly, while our nature is yet earthly; to be creatures of eternity while we are living in time; to live without sinning while we have a nature which is sinful. Well may we ask with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" (John 3: 9).

The life of our beloved Lord is the answer. God sent his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh. He was as weak and powerless to do the will of God as any of us are. He said, "I can of mine own self do nothing" (John 5: 30), "but the Father which dwelleth in me, he doeth the works" (John 14: 10). By the Holy Spirit possessing his human nature the Father dwelt in him and found expression through him; he was the Man (John 14: 5), he was the Word of God, because he yielded himself unreservedly to carry out all the will of God By the Holy Spirit, if we are yielded up to God as he was, Christ dwells in us to do the will of God. The Father lived in him and he held constant communion with his Father by the Spirit. Christ lives in us if we are unreservedly yielded up to him. As we commune with God, and moment by moment consent to God's will and way in everything, the Holy Spirit forms Christ in us, and God can find through us expression of himself. Do we then perceive the immense significance, the unspeakable worth of that promise of the Father which the death of Christ purchased for us, and which comes to us by faith?

The last charge of the risen Lord to his disciples concerned this great gift of God: "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high" (Luke 24: 49). Up to this time the disciples had seen the holy life of their Lord, but they had no power to live such a life; they had heard and valued his teaching, but it was a thing outside of themselves; their own self-life gave the lie to all the divine ideal which they saw in him and heard from him. They would, but they could not; they were men under the law like the case described in Rom. 7. When they would do good, evil was present with them, and they did what they hated to do; they delighted in the law of God after the inward man. But why then this strife—which of them should be the greatest? Why this utter want of understanding whenever Jesus spoke of his coming sufferings? The life of Christ was as yet a thing outside of themselves. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" was not in them, because he was not in them by their being filled with the Spirit. And Jesus had tarried with them forty days as the risen One! He had breathed upon them that they might receive the Spirit. He had opened their understanding that they might understand the Scripture; and yet there was something wanting, and for this they must wait.



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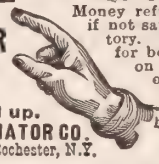


Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet on economy in heating homes

ROCHESTER RADIATOR CO.
15 Furnace St., Rochester, N.Y.

CLOVER FOR THE BLOOD.

Best remedy known for **Cancer, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Constipation, Blood Poison, etc.** Our Red Clover Extract, made from Pure Red Clover Blossoms has proven very efficacious in diseases which baffled the skill of physicians **Send for Circular.**

D. NEEDHAM'S SONS
10 Inter-Ocean Bldg., Chicago.

PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS

(Trade Mark)

Healthful for the bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Made of knitted wool fabric, lined with soft, white wool fleece. Worn in rubber boots absorbs perspiration. Sold in all sizes by dealers or sent by mail, 25c. pair. Parker pays postage. Catalog free. J. H. PARKER, Dept. K, 103 Bedford St., Boston.

Pat. Apr. 10, 1894

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT COLLAPSE

And therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle.

Sample Free by mail

Walter F. Ware 512 Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Cheap Rates California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado.

We give reduced rates on household goods of intending settlers to the above States. Write for rates. Map of California free.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO.
38 Market Street, Chicago, and 40 West 28th Street, New York.

Agent's Outfit Free.—Rim Strainer, fits any pan. Agents make 3 to 5 dollars per day. Large catalogue new goods free.

Richardson Mfg. Co. Dept. 6, Bath, N.Y.

QUAINT PHILOSOPHY

In an Advertisement

When a man acts as he believes the Infinite within him would have him act, he draws power to himself from unseen sources; that power may be shown in many ways.

Things work smoother, plans carry out, people begin to say, "lucky;" "he's a winner;" "everything he touches succeeds," etc., etc.

Ever try it? If you ever do, you will agree that it is the greatest proposition on earth.

There is a marvelous potency behind the man who acts in a simple, straightfoward way, as near as he knows, in accordance with the promptings of that invisible Deity within.

This should teach him that great and honorable work is ahead; Man at once the tool and a part of the master workman.

The tool must not be dulled and ruined by bad food, tobacco, whiskey, coffee, etc. You question including coffee among "bad habits." None of these habits are bad habits unless they weaken or lessen the clean cut power of the individual. If they do, quit them. If food and drink are not well selected, change. Put your machine in clean, first-class shape. It is the purpose of this article to suggest a way to keep the body well, so it can carry out the behest of the mind.

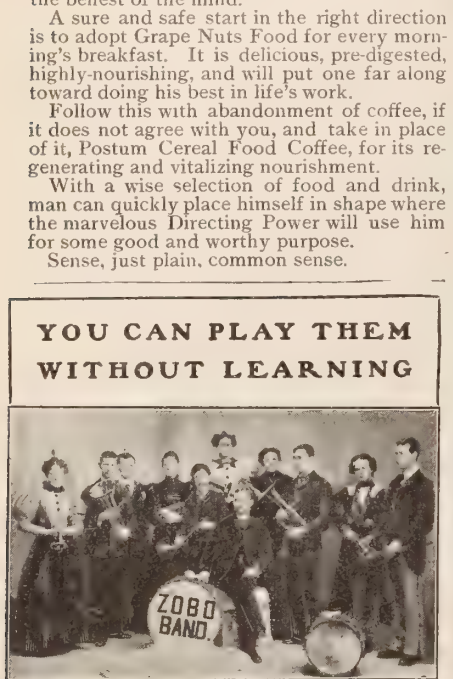
A sure and safe start in the right direction is to adopt Grape Nuts Food for every morning's breakfast. It is delicious, pre-digested, highly-nourishing, and will put one far along toward doing his best in life's work.

Follow this with abandonment of coffee, if it does not agree with you, and take in place of it, Postum Cereal Food Coffee, for its regenerating and vitalizing nourishment.

With a wise selection of food and drink, man can quickly place himself in shape where the marvelous Directing Power will use him for some good and worthy purpose.

Sense, just plain, common sense.

YOU CAN PLAY THEM WITHOUT LEARNING



CHURCH BAND OF PATERSON, N. J.

The Wonderful Zobo

A REAL NOVELTY FOR ENTERTAINMENTS AND PARTIES

The most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced, so constructed that it amplifies and changes the human voice so wonderfully as to make it strange, weird and unnatural beyond all comprehension. It seems impossible for it to accomplish so much. It gives you the vocal power of ten giants, yet its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove. Money and music-making feature for CHURCH CHOIRS and other Concerts. SING INTO MOUTH-PIECE, ZOBO DOES THE REST.

25c. SPECIAL OFFER.—To introduce the wonderful ZOBO we will send one carefully packed, together with our handsomely illustrated catalogue, prepaid for **25c.** Warranted just as represented or money cheerfully refunded.

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142-146 W. 14TH ST., DEPT. 19 NEW YORK

HOT WATER HEATING

Perfectly distributes a uniform, healthful temperature throughout the house

COMFORT AT A TURN OF THE VALVE

Send for Booklet The Homes Successful

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Ideal Boilers and American Radiators. Dept. 9 Chicago

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL.

Largest Nursery. *Fruit Book Free.* Result of 76 years' experience.

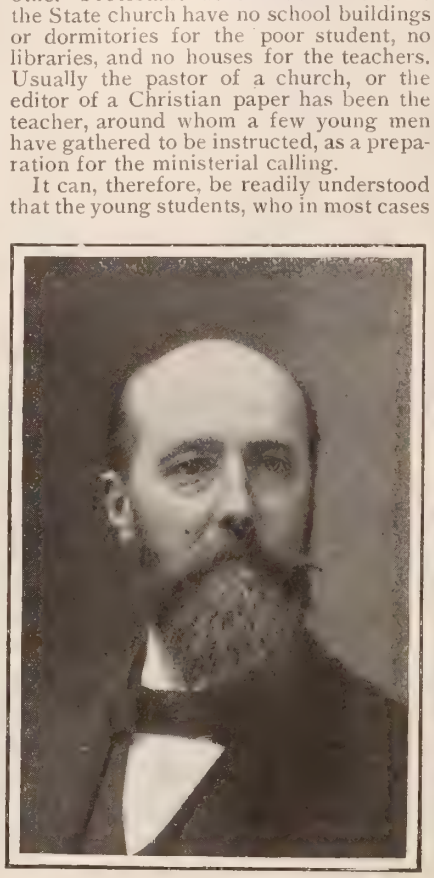
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

Pastor Jansson's Mission

Pleading for a Training School for Ministers in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark

IN Sweden, Norway and Denmark, for years past, very great difficulties have been experienced with regard to the education of ministers. Only the Baptist Church has a really good school. The other Protestant denominations outside the State church have no school buildings or dormitories for the poor student, no libraries, and no houses for the teachers. Usually the pastor of a church, or the editor of a Christian paper has been the teacher, around whom a few young men have gathered to be instructed, as a preparation for the ministerial calling.

It can, therefore, be readily understood that the young students, who in most cases



REV. K. A. JANSSON

come from the plough or the workshop, have to contend with unusual difficulties in securing the education they require for their lifework as ministers. To meet the present needs it would be necessary to build and support three schools, one in Norway, one in Denmark and one in Sweden, but this is absolutely impossible, owing to lack of means. For this reason it has been decided to unite all the forces connected with this work, and to have a union school.

At the request of representative Protestant churches in the three countries named, the Rev. K. A. Jansson has been appointed to visit the United States and enlist American support for this enterprise. The Union Seminary, which will be built at Gothenburg, Sweden, will cost altogether $40,500. Of this, $13,500 has already been pledged by the churches interested, leaving $27,000 still to be secured. Since coming to the United States, Rev. Jansson has succeeded in enlisting the interest of friends, who have given $11,000 more.

This leaves a balance of $16,000 to be still provided before the projected work can be undertaken and carried through successfully. Rev. Mr. Jansson, who is strongly endorsed by Bishop Vincent and Bishop Walden, of the American M. E. Church, who commend the project most cordially to the support of Americans generally. It is believed that there are thousands who are interested in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and who, when they learn of this opportunity, and understand the real need, will gladly aid such work. To these and to all God's people, Pastor Jansson makes appeal at this season of generous benevolences. He writes: "I trust they will listen to the call and come to our help quickly. Especially timely would it be to remember this cause now, and give a Christmas or New Year's gift for this much-needed school for the training of young ministers. God will reward the givers abundantly."

Contributions may be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York, and will be fully acknowledged.

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

A labor saver—quick and easy shiner—polishes brightest, without odor, dust or muss—up-to-date—it's a sunshine!

MADE BY PROPRIETORS OF "RISING SUN STOVE POLISH."

PRICES REDUCED

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET ONE AT COST.

$4.00 "Old Reliable" Vapor Bath Cabinet.

Our 60-Day Kill Trust Price **$2.25**

Complete with heater and direct ons. Cabinet rubber lined, good material. Over 150,000 sold. Folds smallest space. Guaranteed.

Better Than Ever and Biggest Seller

the famous **$5.00 SQUARE QUAKER** Vapor Bath Cabinet. Style 1903. Half million sold at $5.00.

Our 60-Day Kill Trust Price only **$3.50**

Complete with best heater, and vaporizing pan, and Prof. Gering's 100-page Health and Beauty Book, giving directions how to take Turkish, Russian, Hot Air, Steam and Vapor Baths at home for 3c. each, also how to treat diseases. This Cabinet, latest design, best quality materials, rubber lined, steel frame, roomy, folds flat, is entered by a door. Most convenient. Sent on 30 days trial. Guaranteed. Send for Catalogue **FREE.**

$10. Double-Walled "Quaker" Cabinet Style 1904

Our 60-Day Kill Trust Price **$6.10**

Same as $3.50 Cabinet Described above, except has double walls. Lined inside and out with rubber cloth; black ebony finish. Never soils. Finest and best on the market. Sent complete, ready for use with best heater and vaporizing pan, also Prof. Gering's 100 page guide book to Health and Beauty **FREE**

Write for Catalogue.

VAPOR BATHS Benefit everybody. Better than water. Now inexpensive. Recommended by physicians as invaluable for Rheumatism, Bad Colds, Fevers, Pains, Liver, Kidney, Skin and Blood Diseases. Purifies the blood, makes clear skin, beautiful complexion, strong nerves, refreshing sleep, invaluable for children and women. **THESE SPECIAL PRICES** are less than half others would ask you. Don't wait and miss them. **$1. Face** and **Head Steam. Attch.** reduced to **65c** Good for Beautifying the skin, complexion, and for Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Throat Troubles.

SEND NO MONEY Simply your name and full address, and let us send you our complete catalogue and special offers **FREE**, or better still, select the Cabinet you wish, send $1.00 and we will send it C.O.D. **subject to examination.** Examine it at your express office and if just as described, perfectly satisfactory, and the cheapest good Cabinet you ever saw, pay express agent the balance and express charges. If you remit us full price, goods will be quickly shipped, guaranteed as described, or your money refunded, and you save return express charges. Better order to-day. Don't wait, then complain when prices advance. **WRITE FOR BOOKLET ANYWAY.**

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FRANK H. BATTLES, DEPT. J, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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ALLEN'S ANTISEPTIC CORN PLASTER *relieves corns permanently.* To prove it I will mail *free plaster* to any one. Send name and address—no money.

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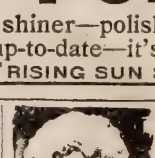
YOU CERTAINLY WILL —if you order fence from us once you are certain to do it again.

THE ADVANCE FENCE

is sold direct from the factory to the farmer at wholesale prices. You get the best price. Entirely interwoven No loose ends. Many heights. Write for free circulars and special prices.

ADVANCE FENCE CO., 149 Old St., Peoria, Ill.



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A PERFECT SHAMPOO and DANDRUFF ERADICATOR but don't take our word for it. Write for a free sample and try it. We have built up our enormous mail order business on these principles: high quality goods, low prices and "if it isn't right your money back." THE MADAME TAXIS TOILET CO.

C-371 Sixty-Third Street, Chicago, Ills.

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BY ONE MAN, with the FOLDING SAWING MACHINE. It saws down trees. Folds like a pocketknife. Saws any kind of timber on any kind of ground. One man can saw MORE timber with it than 2 men in any other way, and do it EASIER. 197,000 in use. Send for FREE illustrated catalogue showing latest IMPROVEMENTS and testimonials from thousands. First order secures agency. Address FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 55-57-59 No. Jefferson St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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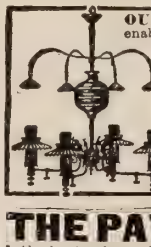
Sure Hatch Incubator Co., Clay Center, Neb., or Columbus, O.



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Cheaper than gas, electricity or kerosene. Gives abundant, white, steady light in homes, stores and any building; conforms to underwriters' rules. Write for terms and territory. Sun Vapor Light Co. (licensee of the ground patent for vapor lamps), Box 518, Canton, Ohio.

THE PAYING HEN

is the laying hen. Raw cut bone makes her lay twice the eggs. Pays you double.

Mann's Bone Cutter 1902 Model.

cuts all bones, including meat and gristle easier and quicker than others—if not, don't keep it. TRY IT 10 DAYS FREE. No money in advance. Our free Cat'lg explains all.

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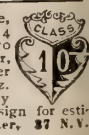
Short Crops Need Full Weight

If your crops are short you need a scale worse than ever. Prices will range higher, and every pound should be weighed on reliable, high grade scales. The Osgood fits the bill Prices and terms reasonable. Free Catalogue.

OSGOOD SCALE CO., 332 Central St., Binghamton, N. Y.

CLASS PINS this style, with any 4 letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, sterling silver, 25c. each; $2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; $1.00 a doz.



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$6,000 POULTRY CATALOGUE FREE!

Has no rival. Lowest prices of fowls and eggs; 40 breeds Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chickens. The book tells all. Grandly Illustrated, 15 best hen house plans, how to breed, feed, cure disease, etc. Send 10c for postage and mailing.

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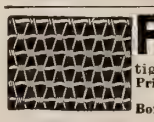

FENCE! STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong. Chicken-tight. Sold to the Farmer at Wholesale Prices. Fully Warranted. Catalog Free.

COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 47, Winchester, Indiana, U. S. A.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way when our new plan beats it 10 times. 100 Egg Hatcher Costs Only $2. Over 94,000 in use. 1000ds rest'ls. 5000 agents wanted for 1902, either sex. Pleasant work. Big profits. Catalog and 10c Egg Formula FREE if you write today

Natural Hen Incubator Co., B 84, Columbus, Neb.

$5 INCUBATORS FREE 50 EGG SIZE

Self regulating. Guaranteed for 2 years. Hatches every good egg. Send for catalogue No 60 Sell six and get one free.

INVINCIBLE HATCHER CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

The Natural Body Brace advertised in this paper in the first issue of this month, is a delightful, certain remedy for ailments peculiar to women and girls. It makes walking and work easy; gives good figure and light step. Write the Natural Body Brace Co., Box 171, Salina, Kan., for free illustrated book.

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Veal Loaf ~ Cottage Head Cheese ~ Chicken and Veal Pate ~ Beef Loaf ~ Jellied Hocks ~ Ham Loaf
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Libby's

Chili Con Carne ~ Corned Beef Hash ~ Beef Steak and Onions
Premier Concentrated Soups ~ Potted Chicken ~ Pork and Beans

Potted Turkey ~ Potted Ham ~ Deviled Ham ~ Deviled Chicken
Deviled Turkey ~ Deviled Tongue ~ Hamburger Steak and Onions

Libby's

Peerless Plum Puddings

Premier (concentrated) Soups

are among the good things prepared in Libby's famous hygienic kitchens and particularly seasonable just now. They make the holiday dinner problem an easy one.

Libby's Premier Soups are just good, pure, wholesome stock soups with the natural flavor of the meat and seasoning. Libby's Peerless Plum Puddings are nearer perfection and more like the carefully prepared home made, than any other Puddings on the market. It will pay you (for economy's sake) to place a few convenient size cans of

Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products

on the pantry shelf and be ready for emergencies.
Ask your grocer for Libby's.

Our little book "How to Make Good Things to Eat," sent free to everyone. *Libby's Atlas of the World* with 32 new maps sent anywhere for 5 two cent stamps.

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Libby's

Hamburger Loaf ~ Chicken and Ham Pate ~ Sliced Bacon ~ Peerless Boneless Chicken ~ Irish Stew
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Poor Little Willie

Willie dressed in the best of sashes,
Fell in the grate and burned to ashes.
After a while the room grew chilly
Cause nobody wanted to poke poor Willie.

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EVER HAD OUR CATALOGUE?

We supply everything you use in your daily life at wholesale prices. Our customers say they save from 15 to 40 per cent by buying of us. Worth saving isn't it? Inquire about us—ask your neighbor. Perhaps he is one of our customers. We sell only high-grade goods—nothing shoddy in our stock. What do you expect to buy this month? Tell us and we will send you free an illustrated catalogue on the subject. Remember, we return money and charges when goods are not satisfactory; you can't lose when trading with us.

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Originators of the Mail-Order System in 1871—over 30 years ago

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GIVES COMFORT

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No strain on wearer's shoulders or on the buttons. Every pair guaranteed. Trimmings will not rust. Look for **President** on the buckles of the genuine. New model now ready for men of heavy work; also small size for boys. You can get them at most dealers for 50 cts., or we will send them by mail, postpaid, to any address in the U. S. State what kind you prefer—light or dark; wide or narrow.

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TOUR IN EGYPT
nd the HOLY LAND

with photographs by I. Allan Sankey and a graphic story of how the body of Rameses II. was found in 1871 by Abder-Rasul Almad, is vividly described in the January number of

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Hasten the Invalids Recovery.

TRICYCLES for Cripples and WHEEL CHAIRS for Invalids

Built to Order in Every Size and Style.

We will be pleased to quote you prices on our special work.

Catalogue Free on request.

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Elyria, Ohio.

"Don't shout"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody.

"'How?' Oh, something new—**The Morley Ear-drum.** I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible. I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

The Morley Ear-drum makes up for deficiencies of the impaired natural ear. Entirely different from any other device. No wires, rubber, metal nor glass. Invisible, comfortable, safe. Adjusted by any one.

Write for book, testimonials and affidavits from the Morley Ear-drum. FREE.

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Who wrote MACBETH? The wise woman who got into some lamp trouble or other.

My name on every one.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

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morning and evening trains

For busy people who want to make the journey quickly with the conveniences of luxurious travel.

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Year after year for

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS PER MONTH, OR LESS,

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Our plan is purely mutual. Our Company is incorporated with live assets of over a **quarter of a Million Dollars.**

We have the best proposition offered the investment world to-day and invite legitimate investigation. **No Scheme,** but an honorable business enterprise which will do all we claim. One great commercial agency says of us: "The Company is engaged in a safe and legitimate venture, well located and entitled to confidence" **Call on or write us for particulars.**

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$15.00 to $30.00 per week and Commission

SALARY PAID WEEKLY

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Send letter showing ability and character.

Also THE PARMELEE LIBRARY,
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We Would Give $50,000 in Cash

if the people of the United States could in some way be made to realize that the greatest offer that has ever been made in real estate, or probably ever will be made, is embodied in our proposition to sell a lot in New York City with all city improvements for $480—because if the situation were actually understood by every person in the country there would not be one single foot of property left twenty-four hours after this knowledge was brought to their attention.

We are selling lots for less than $500 which are intrinsically worth $20,000, if you will take into consideration the three elements which go to make up values in New York City outside of fashionable districts:—distance from the center, transportation facilities, rate of fare.

The difference is, the $20,000 lot had transportation to it several years ago, and now is surrounded with houses costing from $10,000 to $40,000 apiece, while our land, which has only now just secured this improvement and transportation, must wait till the people realize that these have been secured, and until the solidly built portions (now so comparatively close to us) have reached and enveloped us, and actually brought the values where they rightfully belong.

Illustrations: Lot on corner 146th Street and Third Avenue, New York City, worth in 1881 $1,500, sold in spring of 1901 for $70,000 to Henry Lewis Morris. His grandfather sold it for $155 in 1853.
Lot on 50th Street, opposite Central Park, sold in 1850 for $500, in 1901 brought a price that showed an increase of $500 every 60 days from 1850 to 1901. (Authority, Real Estate Editor New York Sun.)

Utica Ave. and Linden Boulevard, Rugby. Every improvement you see has been made within 6 months

This increase will be maintained as surely as New York is destined to grow. As sure as equal transportation makes equal values, so surely will this lot be worth as much as the lot in upper Manhattan.

We can prove it if you come to New York. We will try to prove it if you will send us your name and address. Is it not worth your while? We don't ask anything of you, only a letter or a postal. If we were sure you were in good earnest we would far rather say, send us your name and we will send you tickets to New York. This you know is obviously impossible, but if you will let us put the matter before you we will in some way prove that our proposition is a sound one, if we have to bring you to New York to do it.

What we want is to have you know that we are honest, and that every statement we make is incontrovertible truth. Then we are absolutely certain that we can do business together.

We sell a lot on $6 per month payment. This carries a life insurance, a guaranteed increase of 20% in one year, a free trip to New York, all improvements, your money back if you want it. What more can we do. Now, will you send us your name?

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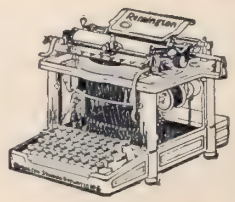

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